

Quoth the Raven



Ghoulies, Ghosties, Long-legged Beasties,
And Things that go Bump in the Night

Something Under the Bed is Drooling....

Good Lord, Deliver Us!

Its nighttime.

Outside your window, a yellow moon beams its skeleton grin through the black fingers of clouds. The orange light of a candle casts shadows across your room, drawing long black hands that seem to stretch closer toward you with each flicker. Your mother finishes her story, though you do not even notice until she kisses you on your forehead. She puts away the storybook, tucks you into your bed, and turns to blow out the candle. You ask her to leave it lit, but she smiles and shakes her head. She tells you that there is nothing to worry about, that the monsters from your storybook are only make-believe. You nod your head and try to be brave as she blows out the candle and plunges the room in darkness.

The black seems to thin around you, and the room begins to glow in the light of the great grinning moon. Your ears begin to sharpen and you listen to the sounds around you as the house settles. You hear the wind whistle in the chimney, the tree branch tap against the window, your heartbeat thudding in your chest. Your eyes are like lead and your mind begins to drift away, carried on the tide of sleep.

Bump.

Your eyes are wide open.

Bump.

Its coming from under your bed.

Bump.

Your mother told you there were no such things as monsters.

Bump.

She lied.

Imagination is a child's greatest strength, and their greatest weakness. With the power of imagination, a child can transform rocks into gems, sand into gold, tattered rags into fabulous robes. Yet when the sun goes down and the night darkens the world, a child's creativity conjures monsters from every shadowy corner and every bump in the night. These bogeymen haunt the darkness beneath staircases, inside closets, and under beds. Though the dawn may drive them off, the long-legged beasties always return to torment their progenitors. Indeed, once spawned by the mind, the ghoulies and ghosties become dreadfully real.

Read now, then, of the sinister creations of childhood fears.

And remember:

There are such things as monsters.

ScS.

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Report on Fihyrs

For the Eyes of the Fraternity

By David Gibson aka Jester

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Esteemed Brothers,

Enclosed within this letter is my final report on the creatures known as fihyrs (alternately spelt feyers). I have spent the last few months travelling from city to city, compiling all known occurrences of these hideous creatures. I have compiled a vast portfolio of firsthand accounts, which I have summarised in the following pages.

Before I begin, I will relate the events that highlight much of what I discuss later. When first dispatched on this assignment, I left the manor at Ste. Ronges and headed North, passing through Pont-a-Museau. It seemed prudent to first learn what I could of my quarry before attempting any fieldwork, thus it was my intent to travel via boat through Mordent, Dementlieu, Lamordia and the other enlightened lands, seeking what information I could find. However, my plans were disrupted when I stopped for rest at Silbervas.

There, while at suffering an atrociously prepared meal of vegetable stew boiled to the point of being mush, my evening repast was interrupted by a series of low moans. Inquiring to the innkeeper I was told it was merely the screams of the dying from Drakov's summer palace. The nightly executions in the courtyard had begun as the tyrant took his evening meal. I sat and listened to the howls and screams for several hours as the impaled slowly died. Tiring of the death rattles, I turned to the

company in the inn hoping to hear anything of use in this report. I had attempted similar conversations in Pont-a-Museau with little success so my hopes were not high. Especially given my seedy and quite lower-class surroundings.

One latecomer caught my attention. He was dressed in the worn clothes of a traveller and sitting in the far corner. His hair was fair, as was his complexion, and he bore a continual smirk across his face as if deep in some private joke. When I engaged him in conversation, he enlightened me on some of the local lore. Much of what he spoke regarded the history of the city such as its founding or the attacks of the Grey Worm.

We readily talked on the subject of fear and nightmares, something in which he appeared well versed. I was astonished to find another scholar in such dingy and squalid surroundings. When I inquired as to his background, he laughed and said that he had "much experience with nightmares and nameless dreads."

After a time the conversation turned to local rumours and he spoke of a strange creature roaming the Upper City terrorising the people of the street. Recognising some of what he spoke of I set out for the alleys and side streets of Silbervas.

I had not presumed to find a fihyr in such a small city expecting them to primarily haunt larger ones and capitals.

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Fihyrs, being creations of the human mind and nightmares, would seem more likely to be found in places with more people to spawn them. I was not even truly prepared to face such an unknown beast. Instead, I found myself wandering ankle-deep through refuse armed with a possibly ineffectual rapier and my small repository of magic.

I had been out there for the better part of the night before when I heard the moans; the very same cries of pain and despair I had heard over dinner. I ignored them to continue my hunt until I realised that the cries were coming away from the hilltop palace. Hesitantly, I approached the source of the noise while raising my weapon. It was hidden in the shadows of a doorway and far smaller than I had expected. Stepping closer I caught my first glimpse of the beast.

From the descriptions I received, I had expected a bulbous misshapen creature with long tentacles and inhuman features. Instead, I found myself staring at an oddly human face, wailing softly in agony. It was smaller than I was, the size of a young child, and vaguely humanoid; it had a large and bloated torso with atrophied limbs dangling at its sides. A long shaft protruded sharply from its back and belly. The creature moved by dragging itself swiftly along the ground on its thin limbs. The piteous thing even vaulted at times on the pole.

What stood out most, however, were the eyes, the sickly yellow spheres with thin horizontal slits for pupils. I was instantly stunned by the hideous gaze. I now know they all have eyes like that, the same ugly yellow orbs. There are many theories as to why fihyrs always have the same eyes regardless of the twisted or distorted shape the creature takes. I have seen fihyrs now with insectoid legs, the form of a wolf,

and even the embodiment of the dark, yet every one of them had the same yellow eyes.

My pause gave the creature the opening it sought. It fell from the doorway and launched itself at me. Its tiny fingers grabbed at my cloak while its fangs found their way into my flesh. It was small like a child, yet swift in its savagery. It released only long enough to let loose its piercing howl, a terrible moan.

At the time, I believed my end had come. Fortunately, its blows struck only soft flesh and it did not manage to injure me seriously. I know now that it was trying to frighten me away, rather than kill me. This alone saved my life. Regaining my composure, I managed to fight it off. Skill with my blade easily overcame its rubbery hide and soon the horror lay dead by my feet.

Saddened that in my haste I had slain my one chance of firsthand knowledge, I continued my investigation in that very same area the next morning. I learned from the locals that the creature had been stalking the children of the surrounding neighbourhoods, sending them into fits of terror. The creature had appeared nightly, tormenting its victims by knocking on their windows and scraping its nails against the panes. I even discovered the child that held the source fear that birthed the creature, whom I label the *progenitor*. The progenitor was easy to recognise, for it was his features -although hideously twisted- that the creature had borne.

Since then, I have learned much of the fihyrs. They are truly the embodiment of nightmares and dread, but they need not come from an entire city. A single person wracked with terror can easily bring such a being into existence. Likewise, they need not be

amorphous creatures, but rather may instigate fear in a more familiar guise. In the above case, the fihyr represented the terror of impalement and the screams of the dying.

Biology

When first I assigned to this gruelling task, I assumed that fihyrs, with their multitude of eyes, mouths and tentacles, were simply misshapen beasts. I knew them to be the collective fears of a large group of people, given life through some dark force. I have since learned much more of these creatures and shall attempt to dispel the myths and misconceptions that surround these beings.

The monstrosities are created from the fears of living creatures, most often humans. They may be spawned from the terrors of dreamers, or culled from anxieties of the waking. Any form of fear is enough to bring a fihyr to life, if the quantities of that fear are great enough.

Obviously, not every nightmare can generate a beast; the odds depend on the intensity of the fear and other factors, such as ambient magical energy.

These negative emotions can spring from an individual, such as a terrified dreamer, or an entire community that shares a common fear. I encountered such as a town in my travels. The villagers were besieged by a pack of huge rabid wolves, and thus their terror spawned a fihyr resembling a twisted canine with gaping maws filled with distended teeth.

Fihyrs have no real biology or place in the natural order. Fihyrs do not eat foodstuffs, nor do they have many normal biological functions. They do not even need to breathe and lack some of the senses common to most animals. My

hasty dissection of a specimen showed that they have no functioning organs, or at least no organs as we would understand them.

Fihyrs do sleep, although theirs is a light and dreamless slumber, more akin to a short hibernation state than true sleep. From the established standards of living organisms, these creatures simply should not exist. Yet they do live, and even thrive.

Scholars from other lands claim that the fear emotion is intermixed with ambient magical energies and gains independent life. It is curious, then, that our lands, which have no great abundance of magic, spawn so many fihyrs. I propose the theory that the Mists of our land bring rise to such fihyrs. The Mists have long noted for their mysterious properties. These Mists work with the nameless and silent dreads in each of us, giving life to our deepest fears.

All fihyrs spawned in *Ravenloft* have the 'Mist' type descriptor. Fihyrs may individually gain other types based on their focus and background.

Fihyrs are created of terror and so must feed on the same emotion to continue their existence. Their bodies, although composed of magical energies, are fueled by the fears of others. As they continue to exist, they slowly burn through this vital energy and cease to live unless they replenish their energy. They do this by feeding on the terror that they personally generate in living beings. Every night that they do not frighten someone, they grow weaker, eventually fading away into nothingness. It is quite possible to starve a fihyr to death,

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although this process can take over a week.

To feed, a fihyr must be close to a frightened individual. A fihyr must be within five feet of the victim, per rank (see below), to gain the benefits of having fed. The victim of feeding must remain in a state of fear for at least ten minutes per rank for the fihyr to be satiated. If they wish, fihyrs feed from multiple individuals, though this increases the total length of time by 50%. Any excess fear over the total is lost

For example: a Rank 3 fihyr can feed from one person, within a range of fifteen feet, if they are terrified for half an hour. The same fihyr may feed from multiple people, if they are afraid for a combined total of 45 minutes.

Alternately, a fihyr can choose feed on the quality of fear, rather than quantity. If at any time during their feeding the fihyr causes the victim to experience a *Major Fear Effect* (see page 77 in the *Ravenloft Player's Handbook*) the amount of time needed is halved. This also occurs if the victim fails a *Madness Save*. If a fihyr prompts a victim to suffer a *Major Madness Effect*, the aberration is considered to have gorged and not only does not need to feed for two additional days but also gains a +2 bonus to their Constitution score and an extra Hit Dice. These effects last until the fihyr needs to feed again.

For every day that a fihyr does not feed or find a satisfactory victim it loses one point of constitution. This loss can only be regained by feeding for an additional ten minutes per point lost.

A victim of feeding is considered to be upset and shaken. If an attack occurred at night, they are likely to be tired and poorly rested the next morning. Spell-casters cannot memorise new spells after a nighttime feeding. Repeated attacks may cause exhaustion or fatigue. See the *Player's Handbook* for rules on those conditions.

There is no way for Fihyrs to reproduce, by themselves since they are not living things. They are solitary creatures and while they do not avoid each, neither do they seek each other out. When they do encounter another fihyr, the two fuse. After this dreadful new union, the single creature demonstrates the abilities of both its 'parents'. The new creature always favours the appearance of the more powerful, but adopts traits of all its parts creating a hideous mismatching monstrosity. Once joined fihyrs cannot be separated.

Fihyrs are drawn to each other on sight, much like they are drawn to sources of fear. Fihyrs find it hard to resist the pull to fuse with others and must make a Will Save DC 18 to resist. They will only do this if they have a strong sense of identity or are currently in danger.

When two fihyrs make physical contact, they merge into a single being. Merging takes 2d6 rounds to complete, during which time both are vulnerable to attack and are unable to defend themselves. While merging, the fihyrs are considered prone. Merged fihyrs keep the abilities and powers of the stronger of the two based on rank or current hit points. If both are equal then

the new fihyr has half of the abilities of each.

Fihyrs can ascend in rank through fusing. While it only takes two rank one fihyrs to join to create a rank two, it takes three rank two fihyrs to create a rank three fihyr. For each increase in rank, the number of fihyrs that must fuse is increased by one. These fihyrs need not all merge at once and the unions can be spaced over a length of time.

If the merging results in an increase in rank the resulting fihyr will have a new power random chosen from those of the previously absorbed fihyrs. See *Phobia Gifts* for more information.

Ranks

In my investigation into the fusion of fihyrs it became apparent that there were different levels to the power of fihyrs. After several lesser fihyrs unite into a single form, the resulting creature is more powerful than the original two. It is smarter, stronger, tougher, and may even possess new abilities. I have thus divided fihyrs into five different rankings. With each increase in rank, the power of the fihyr increases.

Rank One: The first rank is the smallest and weakest of fihyrs. These creatures are smaller than a full-grown man and are closer in size to a child. While not physically strong, they are quite fast and agile. Rank one fihyrs spring from simple and common fears, such as fear of the dark. For a child a, bad scare produces a sufficient amount of fear to generate a fihyr as under the right conditions.

Rank one fihyrs are simple creatures with almost no sentience or ambitions. They lack the survival instinct and seldom last more than a

single night. If they survive, they grow more cunning in their methods of feeding. Typically, rank one fihyrs feed from their progenitor repeatedly.

Rank Two: These fihyrs are almost indistinguishable from those of the first rank. Both are approximately the same size, although this variety is almost twice as powerful. They are stronger and tougher often with more abilities at their disposal. Thus, they are a deadly surprise for the unwary hunter.

A single person is still enough to generate a rank two fihyr, although the terror must be particularly intense. This fear is often a phobia or other uncommonly strong fear. A rank two fihyr could also be created by a small group of people whom are all afraid of the same threat.

While not particularly smart, these monsters are far from stupid and can be quite cunning. They are aware of their own mortality and take steps to avoid obvious danger. If their progenitor becomes unavailable, or is not longer easy prey, they move on without hesitation. The creature I encountered in Silbervas was likely a rank two fihyr.

Rank Three: Fihyrs of the third rank are easily distinguishable from their lesser brethren, being almost the size of an adult male Human. While physically stronger, they lack the speed of their smaller cousins. Third rank fihyrs are most often accumulated from the combined fears of a large population, such as that of a village.

I unearthed a few scattered references of individuals generating rank three fihyrs, though it is possible these individuals generated multiple rank one or two beasts that joined together. In theory, it is possible for an individual to

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create a rank three fihyr, though it would be the result of a particularly intense phobia being triggered repeatedly over a short period of time.

These beasts are as cunning as any human; rather than exhaust a single victim, they feed on multiple targets so that each victim regains their strength between feedings. When their prey becomes resilient, these beasts move on without hesitation, perhaps even killing their former food sources if only to generate more fear in the remaining targets.

Rank Four: I shall not easily forget my encounter with fourth ranks fihyrs, the most powerful type of fihyr I have personally encountered. As large as a full-grown man, a single fourth rank fihyr is the equal of several trained warriors. Wielding a vast array of abilities, they are fearsome opponents for even skilled monster hunters. I have heard Outlanders describe these monsters as “greater fihyrs”, a label that is no exaggeration.

Fourth rank fihyrs are created by the shared terror of an entire city. Small cities under siege or wracked by an epidemic are the breeding grounds of a greater fihyr. I suspect it is possible for a single person to create a rank four fihyr although they must suffer an almost crippling phobia and be exposed to this fear for a prolonged period! I do not speak of a common and inconvenient fear but a dread that is a clinical mental illness. The result of a shattered mind put in a state of near frenzy such as someone deathly afraid of the dark being locked in a basement for days if not weeks.

These fihyrs are highly intelligent and seek not merely substance from their victims. They enjoy terrorising their prey

as a connoisseur savours the bouquet and flavour of a fine wine. It is not merely food they seek but the thrill of the hunt and the challenge of unlocking a particularly terrifying fear. They often go to great lengths to set up their meals sometimes even starving themselves to better enjoy their feasts. Most simply feed on easy victims while their real dish is ‘cooking’. Victims might find their world crumbling around them for unknown reasons, while being driven into greater and greater heights of paranoia before the inevitable. Such victims seldom survive.

Rank Five: I have had the good fortune never to encounter such a beast and only theorise at their existence. I have found precious little evidence on fihyrs in general and almost none on any above rank four. For all I know the references may have been exaggerated or some perverse anomaly but it would be remiss not to discuss the possibility.

Rank five fihyrs would undoubtedly need a large source of terror to spawn them. A large city being gripped by fear might have this effect although I cannot easily think of what could cause such horrible fright to so many people. Perhaps the destruction of Il Aluk if it had lasted longer people might have had enough time to grow afraid. Even then it might have been enough. I am unsure if fihyrs are affected by the death magiks that surround the Dead City. However, since they are not truly alive it seems likely they are unaffected so it is possible there are rank five fihyrs present in the Necropolis.

I must also bring up the possibility that a sole person could generate such an abomination. This would not be the result of accidental exposure to fear; it

would take deliberate and prolong exposure to extreme situations to invoke such a response. Someone would have to set out to frighten an individual beyond human limits to generate enough fear. Such an attempt would almost certainly be fatal. Dying in such a state of abject terror would also likely result in the victim, how shall I put this, not resting peacefully in the grave. It would be an interesting experiment to see if it was at all possible, but the uncontrollable and unpredictable nature of fihyrs make this far too dangerous to attempt.

Rank five fihyrs, if they are consistent with the changes of the species, would be remarkably intelligent, far more so than most humans. Only the most highly educated scholars and brightest individuals would be their intellectual equals. They would also likely stand taller than men and be astonishingly strong and durable.

Psychology

There is simply no easy manner in which to discuss the psychology of fihyrs; they do not think like any creatures known to man. Their minds are utterly and completely alien with none of the standard recognisable drives. And yet, there is much that is similar.

Fihyrs are creatures of a single strong emotion, fear. They do not experience fear or even think this as an emotion. To them real fear is as alien of a mental state as a particular smell or taste is to a man. A farmer does not feel “fresh baked bread” and a blacksmith does not have the emotion of “hammer striking anvil”. Fear is their food not their mental state. They may understand caution or self-preservation or even concern but they are utterly fearless.

Newly generated fihyrs are simple creatures that rely primarily on instinct.

If they are hungry they feed and when they are tired they rest. While more intelligent than common beasts they are still little more than animals. Depending on their potential and rank this quickly changes. Eventually they experience a period of leisure-time when they are neither exhausted nor hungry. They may not know fright but they can know boredom.

How a fihyr reacts to this period of time defines how that creature will act from then on. Some develop a hobby, although often twisted to reflect their focus and singular interests. Others attempt to learn more of humanity either out of some sense of curiosity or the desire to be a superior hunter. Some take steps to prolong their survival building a true lair rather than simply a place to hide from the sun and their other weaknesses.

No attempt to examine the mentality of fihyrs is complete without a look at their focus, the fear or fears that spawned them. This topic fascinates a fihyr to no end and they often go to great lengths to explore and learn more about it. It is a minor obsession. It is their preferred method of generating terror on which to feed. Even if it would be easier and faster to frighten by another method they will try to use their focus fear. Some even surround themselves with representations and images of this focus.

An example of this is the fihyr known as ‘the Crawler’. I tracked this creature throughout Port-a-Lucine for weeks before I discovered its lair. The Crawler’s progenitor had been a young noblewoman with acute arachnophobia. After her house was accidentally infested by spiders she was sent into a crippling bout of fear and locked herself away for days. The Crawler’s lair reflected this being filled with actual

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webs and dangling strips of cloth designed to mimic webbing. It had spent months harvesting an infestation of spiders throughout its home as pets. They were truly everywhere. Stylised painted web-patterns and eight-legged arachnid murals decorated the floor and walls.

This hunt offered a painful lesson to me. The Crawler, in its obsession with arachnophobia, hunted much like a spider as well. And nowhere is a spider more deadly than in the middle of its web. I lost three good companions that day and still bear scars as a reminder down my right thigh. That night inspired more than a little arachnophobia from me, something I imagine satisfied the Crawler quite nicely.

Abilities

Given they are not normal creatures I will now discuss the common abilities of fihyrs. While these may seem supernatural and fantastic they are the basic abilities of these monsters as generic and natural to them as a bloodhound's sense of smell.

Fihyrs are creatures of the night and can see in the dark as we see during the day. They are not troubled by even the dimmest of lighting conditions. Like most creatures with nocturnal sight they cannot see colours in the dark, only shades of white and grey. However, since fihyrs avoid bright lights it is quite likely they are not even able to see colour. I have had little chance to put this theory to the test though. Fihyr art does seem to take... artistic liberties with shading but this is hardly proof.

Their other senses are equally vague; given their shapes it is quite possible many fihyrs lack such basic features as a nose or ears. They do not seem to lack the ability to hear. I suspect

their auditor organs are singly different from anything we might qualify as an ear. To be perfectly honest I am not even entirely sure they feel pain. The one live dissection I ventured to attempt showed response. But, of course, it would have no fear of pain so it is impossible to be sure.

This possible lack is more than made up for by the fihyrs' bonus sense. Like humans can smell food fihyrs can literally sense fear. Skilled fihyrs can even track victims using this skill. The more intense the fear the easier it is for them to track. Fright related to their focus is even easier. There does not appear to be any organ related to this ability, it just comes naturally.

All fihyrs possess the special ability: **Terror Sense (Ex)**. In game terms this functions like the **Scent (Ex)** ability. See page 314 in the *Monster Manual* for more details.

Fihyrs are also naturally resistant to most spells and magic. I theorize that this is because their bodies are formed of the substance of magic therefore they are more resistant to magical energies directed at them. I urge caution against anyone relying solely on the mystic arts to overpower or slay such beasts.

Fihyrs are likewise immune or resistant to any spells that rely on biological functions to be effective. They are immune to all known diseases and poisons as well as spells that simulate the same. Their physiologies are simply too alien for such chemicals to be relied on.

Fihyrs also have the uncanny ability to generate and inspire fear in those they gaze at. This is not a deliberate attack, such as that of the

mythic medusa of legend. The overwhelming emotions they are composed of simply seep outward. One proposed theory is they produce an invisible scent, named a pheromone, which causes this fear. Others is they simply radiate fear like you or I radiate warmth. Whatever the cause the presence of a fihyr can inspire a nameless dread in even the stoutest of individuals.

For some of the beasts this reflexive fright is enough to provide substance, but for most it merely whets their appetite.

All fihyrs posses the **Frightful Presence (Ex)** special ability. See page 309 in the *Monster Manual* for full details.

The most common method of attack for a fihyr, other than the use of its extraordinary abilities, is by biting its victim. Almost all fihyrs have large maws filled with many thin razor sharp teeth. These fanged mouths are not designed for eating; the teeth serve no biological function and are simply another more primal method of scaring victims.

One fact of note regarding the mouths of fihyrs is that they appear to have one for every Rank. This is by no means a hard rule for judging the Rank of one of these beasts. If it is more befitting the form it may easily more or less. But on average they gain an additional attacking mouth with every Rank. I note this solely as a cautionary note. If a fihyr is encountered and smiled back with many fang-filled maws one must be prepared.

Phobia Talents

The common abilities of the fihyr are a trivial threat; especially compared with the extraordinary powers they can posses. Fihyrs gain these additional uncommon abilities from the fear that generates them. Some have control over their focusing dread such as the Burning Man; it was a fihyr spawned from a fire phobia, which had the ability to generate flames. Others are simply empowered by their horror and have been granted new ways to shock and terrify their victims. I have named these abilities 'talents'. They are essentially salient powers, but that is a term I feel does not apply to fihyrs. Salient powers are abilities that are above the norm while every fihyr has at least one talent. Their talents are a part of their being and with them since their creation.

Typically speaking a fihyr as a one talent for each rank it has. Some fihyrs are created with a veritable arsenal of talents while others gain them over time through fusion. This is not a rule but simply a generality. It is quite possible for a low rank fihyr to have multiple powerful talents. The reverse is seldom true and more powerful fihyrs almost never have just a single exceptional power.

It would be impossible to list all the myriad talents fihyrs may posses, as long as there is some new way for people to be frightened then there will be new powers. Instead I attempt to list the most common abilities found among the fihyrs. These come from common terrors among the progenitors, frequently found and understandable fears such as death or fire. Or they are simply abilities that aid in hunting making the terrifying of prey much easier.

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Darkness: Fihyrs hate the light and tend to hunt only at night. I will discuss this in more detail in the next section but suffice to say the ability to cloak itself in shadows is common among fihyrs. The prevalence of the fear of the dark among little ones also helps. This talent is all but identical to the spell of the same name magically blotting out all light so even those blessed with nocturnal vision are blinded.

Fihyrs have no extra ability that allows them to see in this darkness, they are as blind as anyone else in this ability's range. However, fihyrs can still sense those around them with their *terror sense* trait. Most use this ability to obscure themselves and hide their natures, they strive to keep themselves a terrifying mystery and heighten fears. Fihyrs will attempt to examine the area first memorising hiding places and the like so they can move about with ease. This is a deadly ability when employed in a lair.

Night Bringer (Sp)

CR Adjustment: +1

The fihyr was created from such fears as being afraid of the dark, nighttime or being blind. This talent is almost identical to the *Darkness* spell only it can be used as a move action. It usable a number of times per day equal to its Hit Dice plus its rank. For example a second rank fihyr with eight Hit Dice could cast darkness ten times that day. The spell is treated as if cast by a sorcerer with a level equal to the fihyr's Hit Dice.

The fihyr can choose to have the darkness centred on an object or itself. It can even be cast on another creature.

Illusions: For varied and abstract horrors some fihyrs are spawned with the ability to create convincing and lifelike illusions. These phantom images are used in addition to their own presence to further harass victims. Some fihyrs also cloak themselves with illusionary disguises to navigate through settlements undetected. Some even adopt false identities to learn more of humanity and its many terrors.

These phantom images are unable to physically cause harm but are more than sufficient to frighten or startle the unwary. Fihyrs are cunning in their use of such illusions with a nigh instinct knowledge of the fears of others. I have seen them use their illusions as a distraction or means of escape while others use it to confuse combatants with multiple targets.

Do not underestimate the power and skill fihyrs can demonstrate with this talent. I relate one tale of a fihyr whose progenitor had a crippling phobia of heights. He awoke one morning to apparently find his bed at the very edge of a tall cliff. He could smell the sea air and heard the small pebbles by his feet fall down the cliff face. Then from behind the unseen fihyr pushed. The man was found dead the next day, evidently of fright.

However, most fihyr illusions have a flaw or vulnerability. Perhaps they are seen for what they are through glass or reflected in a mirror. Some do not work in bright light becoming faint and transparent. Other illusions can only be seen by people of certain age groups, such as the young or old. I remember once a case where phantom birds were terrifying a young boy, birds only he could see and hear. In contrast I discovered a tale in Lamordia of one

fihyr whom had disguised itself as a butcher with its cunning illusions, but small children could see it for the creature it really was.

The vulnerability tends to be tied in with the focus of the fihr. The Burning Man, whose progenitor was terrified of fire, often used illusions of flame and heat, but this trickery cast no reflection in water.

False Fear (Sp)

CR Adjustment: +2

The fihr can generate illusions at will. This ability can be used an unlimited number of times per day and allows the fihr can cast the spell *Major Image* as a sorcerer of a level equal to its Hit Dice. These require minimal concentration and the fihr can continue to take action while generating the image. However, if the creature takes damage or is otherwise distracted it must make Concentration check or lose the illusion.

Fihyrs with this ability are often talented enough to use the spell to replicated such effects as *Disguise Self*, *Hallucinatory Terrain*, and *Mirror Image*. See those spells for their effects.

Invisibility: A common talent as these things go. Many of the creatures have the ability to vanish from plain sight. This is similar to the illusion ability described above but instead only affects the fihr.

Like the lesser spell of the same name this ability does not work while the user attacks so the fihr momentarily becomes visible when it strikes. However, it can become invisible again almost instantly, so it is difficult to get a clear view at what it looks like or even what it is. Clever fihyrs use the shadows

and distractions to strike quickly then retreat while the hunters are left confused as to the nature of their opponent.

Like the illusion talent this invisibility always has a flaw that allows the fihr to be located or seen. Perhaps it cannot hide its shadow or its reflection is visible. Once again this depends on the focus fear and the individual creature.

Hidden Terror (Su)

CR Adjustment: +2

The fihr can cloak itself in invisibility. For the most part this functions as the spell of the same name only it has an unlimited duration and can be activated as a free action. This ability is not found among those spawned by any particular fear. It is common among all fihyrs.

Powers of the Mind: This is a broad category that covers many related talents that affect the minds of their victims. The fears that generate these abilities tend to be psychological and erratic with nervous progenitors who are easily frightened by almost anything. There is not single defining characteristic of these talents save that they all strike the victim in what is perceived to be their weakest point: their mind.

Some control or manipulate the minds of their victims brining forth their doubts and insecurities while turning courage into fear. Others fill the minds of their victims with insane inhuman thoughts and images. Some fihyrs can even bewitch the minds of their victims or disorient their prey.

There is no easy defence against these abilities other than a strong will or

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some magical prevention. Victims may not know what is happening, only that some unseen and unknown force is assaulting them. To someone already weak willed or frightened these assaults can easily lead to madness.

Bewitch (Sp)

CR Adjustment: +1/4

This ability allows the fihyr to ensnare the minds of its victims and subsume their will. This essentially allowing it cast *Charm Person* upon anyone whose gaze it meets. Eye contact is required and the spell is treated as if cast by a sorcerer of level equal to the fihyr's Hit Dice.

Alternately, the fihyr can use the power upon animals. In that situation treat as a *Charm Animal* spell instead.

Emotion Control (Su)

CR Adjustment: +2

The fihyr has the ability to alter and manipulate the emotions of others bringing out repressed feelings or diminishing those present.

This talent replicates the abilities of the following spells: *confusion*, *crushing despair*, *fear*, *good hope*, and *rage*. Each spell is treated as if cast by a sorcerer of a level equal to the fihyr's Hit Dice. This ability is usable at will an unlimited number of times per day.

The *Emotion Control* talent affects those 40ft. away and is a cone-shaped emanation projected from one of the creature's eyes. The fihyr selects one emotion it wishes to bring out.

Fly (Su)

CR Adjustment: +1/2

The fihyr has the natural ability fly similar to the spell of the same name. This ability is usable at will and the

fihyr's travel speed is increased by 10ft when flying.

Night Terror (Sp)

CR Adjustment: +1/4

The fihyr can project its thoughts into sleeping minds with this talent. The fihyr must generally be looking at the target to use this ability but it is possible to send thoughts from a distance. This talent replicates the effect of the *Nightmare* spell with the frightening visions being produced and controlled by the fihyr. The spell is treated as if cast by a sorcerer of a level equal to the fihyr's Hit Dice.

If the fihyr maintains concentration and takes no other action during the night it can impose a penalty on the will save of the victim equal to its Charisma modifier plus its rank. This allows the fihyr to project particularly troubling images and feed on the resulting terror.

Telepathy (Sp)

CR Adjustment: +1/4

The creature can use the spell *Detect Thoughts* at will. The spell is treated as if cast by a sorcerer of level equal to the fihyr's Hit Dice. Use of this spell is a standard action as the fihyr must concentrate.

Whispered Fear (Su)

CR Adjustment: +1/4

This talent is the reverse of *Telepathy* and allows the fihyr to project its thoughts outward to select victims. These thoughts can either be random or focused.

As a free action it can fill the minds on those within 60ft. with random surface thoughts. Given the obsessive psyche of fihyrs these are terrifying and

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alien thoughts unlike anything even remotely human. This prompts a Horror Check with a DC of $10 + 1/2$ the HD of the fihyr. If exposed to these thoughts for more an extended period of time (6 hours minus the fihyr's rank) then a Madness Check is in order as per the rules in the *Ravenloft Player's Handbook*.

By concentrating on a single target the fihyr can intensify these thought intentionally thinking of the most terrifying situations it can. The effect of this prompts both a Horror AND Fear check and the time to elapse before the Madness check is halved. Additionally, during this intense assault the victim suffers a -2 penalty on all actions such as attacks and skills. This use of the power is a sustained standard action, once the fihyr's concentration breaks the assault ceases.

Physical Powers: These are simple physical gifts bestowed upon the creature by the fear that created them, it was not specific enough to grant them supernatural and flashy talents but it was intense enough to empower their bodies. Sometimes these are the most insidious of talents as they are unobservable and leave less of a trail than burns, bites or tales of an unseen assailant. It is hard to know for sure the cases I have read are of physically bless fihyrs or the authors simply attributed their pathetic failures to the monsters in place of their own incompetence. I have seen more than enough of that.

Examples of Physical talents include increased toughness with greater resilience, fihyrs that require more effort to be pounded into submission. Other fihyrs posses a rubbery exterior that wards off blow or the equal trait of a hard shell resembling an exoskeleton.

Fihyrs often have tentacles, nightmarish dangling limbs used for manipulation as well as movement. Some posses stronger tentacles with a greater reach and are able to strike from a distance or entangle a foe.

I have also seen fihyrs with larger and more powerful jaws; horrible maws filled with mismatched teeth that are large enough to rend limbs. These beasts can also sometimes disfigure their victims with their mauling. Their powerful jaws are not designed for eating but damage and striking terror into foes and the effects of this can sometimes be horrible.

Durable (Ex)

CR Adjustment: +1/2

The exterior of the fihyr is well protected. Its skin is either rubbery enough to deflect blows, thick and hard to ward off attacks or simply covered in a chitinous covering. The fihyr receives a +2 armour bonus per rank to its armour class. Fihyrs can have this talent multiple times and its effects stack.

Powerful Jaws (Ex)

CR Adjustment: +1/2

The fihyr has a large and mightily mouth capable of shattering bone and tearing through armour. Damage is increase up one category as if the fihyr were one size larger (see page 291 in the *Monster Manual*). For example, a fihyr with two jaws that did 1d8 damage with each hit would instead do 1d10.

If the fihyr scores a critical hit it has latched on tightly with its teeth. The victim must make an immediate Reflex saving throw (DC 15 plus the fihyr's rank and strength modifier). If the role fails the fihyr has rent at the flesh with

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its teeth permanently scarring the victim and reducing Charisma by 2!

This talent can be taken multiple times but the chances and Charisma damage do not increase.

Improved Tentacles (Ex)

CR Adjustment: +1/2

The tentacles on the beast are longer and more flexible able to easily stretch out and grasp objects. They have the agility for fine adjustment and motor skills while retaining crushing strength.

The fihyr gains an additional 5 ft. to its reach and is able to strike at foes farther away. Additionally, it gains a +6 bonus to grapple checks

Toughness (Ex)

CR Adjustment: +1/2

The fihyr is hardier and fitter. The fear that makes up its body has granted it and increased resilience to damage. This talent can be selected multiple times and its effects stack.

It gains an additional hitpoints per rank to each of its Hit Dice. Thus a rank three fihyr with twelve Hit Dice would gain 36 bonus hitpoints.

Phobic Powers: These powers are directly tied to the focus of the fihyr and are far more abstract in nature than the previously listed abilities. I find it hard to even know where to start there are simply so many possibilities. A fihyr is limited only by the fears of humanity that spawned it and feed its existence.

I am forced to simply describe the powers of the few appropriate fihyrs I have encountered personally. Firstly there was a fihyr able to produce and control flame in a small area. It was able to do this suddenly and without any

warning. There was also the Crawler that was able to spin webs at a mind-boggling rate and could summon and control much insect life. It sent waves of spiders against me while it made its moves. I also encountered a nameless fihyr in Martira Bay spawned by a noble progenitor that was frightened of blood. The creature could secrete and cover surfaces with a thick crimson liquid that hindered all movement. It slipped through the fingers of my group repeatedly before we devised a plan and brought it to my dissection table.

I have reports of fihyrs whose bites are poisonous, who spread disease and sickness or can paralyze with a lash of their tentacles. I also have more questionable reports telling of fihyrs that have spat acid, increased in size, shrunk down to far smaller dimensions, passed through walls and even physically changed shape.

As varied as these reports are and as questionable the narrative and source may be there is no denying the possibilities.

Magical Talent (Sp)

CR Adjustment: +1/rank

In place of other powers fihyrs may choose spell-like abilities related to their focus, the fear that spawned them. These spells can be chosen from either the wizard or clerical spell lists (but not both) and fihyrs use their Wisdom score to calculate DCs and level requirements.

A fihyr can purchase spells from levels equal to twice its rank plus its Wisdom bonus. Thus a rank three fihyr with a Wisdom of 14 can purchase 8 spell levels. This can be eight 1st-level spells, four 2nd-level spells or even two 4th-level spells (the maximum level it can cast). The spell-like abilities are

usable a number of times equal to the fihyr's rank. The spell can be selected multiple times for more uses. All spells are have a caster level equal to the Hit Dice of the fihyr.

For example: Crimson, a fihyr whose progenitor was terrified of blood and bodily fluids, is a rank two fihyr with a Wisdom of 13. With its 5 points ($2 \times 2 + 1 = 5$) it selects *Grease* twice (allowing it to be used 4x a day), *Disguise Self*, and *Levitate*.

Weaknesses

Despite their strengths almost all fihyrs have equally powerful weaknesses, flaws in their existence and focus that can be used to cripple or even destroy them. As they are creatures based around a single all-consuming desire or obsession the reverse of this is the antithesis of their very being. As they are based on fear these weaknesses are as diverse and varied as the fears themselves. Despite this diversity weakness can be divided into two different categories: physical and non-physical.

Physical weaknesses are vulnerabilities with a definite presence, weather or not it has substance and can be touched is irrelevant. One cannot see, hear or smell a warm breeze but it can be felt and its presence is known. It has a shape and occupies a space than can be measured and defined.

Small doses of a physical weakness are harmful to a fihyr; such as acid is to you or I. Immersion in this vulnerability causes almost instantaneous death. A fihyr obsessed and empowered by the fear of fire would be hurt my small amounts of water splashed upon it. Being dunked, as it were, in a pool or river would end the

creatures life as easily and soaking a candle.

Most fihyrs, often being the very embodiments of nightmares, are nocturnal creatures. For some this is a need rather than a preference as sunlight is instantly fatal to them. Small beams of sunlight might burn them but being exposed the full power of the sun and they wither and shrivel away.

Even without direct expose to a physical bane they have advantages. As discussed in the previous section regarding illusions and invisibility certain powers can be shown for what they are in the presence of a weakening element. The powers can still be used in the presence of the bane but it can act as a restorative removing lingering effects of talents.

Alternately, vulnerabilities that have no physical substance or presence are less damaging and have different results. These non-physical weaknesses have to substance and cannot be touched or measured. They do not wound but instead weaken and debilitate the creature. In the presence of this element they cannot use any of their special abilities and try to flee as quickly as they can. This is the closest fihyrs can come to be frightened.

An example of a non-physical vulnerability is laughter. If a single person is laughing a fihyr with this weakness is powerless and attempts to flee. If the fihyr is surrounded by laughing people it is destroyed as quickly as if it had been placed into sunlight. Other examples are such abstract concepts as faith, courage and love.

Weaknesses have one of two effects; they can inflict damage or they can weaken the fihyr.

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Damaging weakness typically inflict 2d6 points of damage for every strike. This can be increased to 2d8 or higher. Being immersed or inescapably surrounded by the weakening element reduces the hitpoints of the fihyr by one-quarter of its maximum hitpoints for each round. After four rounds it is slain.

Non-damaging weaknesses instantly strip the fihyr of all its special abilities until the weakness is removed or the fihyr manages to flee.

Most fihyrs have at least one weakness although some have two or three. Even fewer have none at all.

For each weakness a fihyr has its CR is reduced by one.

Conclusion

It is hard to say if I have truly produced any new information in this report. I have gathered much information on the variety of fihyrs, which far more than I initially assumed. However, I do not think I have learned much that would be at all useful for our goals.

If the fihyrs are indeed made-up of the substance of our land, the Mists that border the known nations, then perhaps

their essence can be made use of. I imagine having concentrated and material Mist would be useful in no end of scientific and mystical experiments. But I must caution that fihyrs are aptly named creatures and whatever substance they are made of has no doubt been corrupted and twisted to fit their new existence.

Other than that I can think of little use for my research other than its benefits to possible hunters and other adventurous types. Perhaps we could pass it off to our Most Esteemed Brother in Port-a-Lucine to pass along to those confidants of his. It might garner him some more praise and further endear their trust.

I trust though that my research and fieldwork skills have now been adequately proven and I humbly request that you consider my promotion. I think my talents and mystic skills would be of far greater use to the Fraternity at the manor instead of traipsing around the Core.

Respectfully,

Jonothan Lochspeare



Making Fihyrs

Step One: The first step in making and designing a Dread Fihyr is to think of the fear that inspired it. What was a person so afraid of that their terror took on a life of its own. This will become the focus of the new fihyr.

Step Two: The next step is to decide on the rank of the fihyr based on the intensity of the emotions as well as the

fear itself. Was the fear strong enough to create a powerful fihyr or only intense enough for a weaker creature?

Below are the base Fihyrs. These are without any special powers, talents or weaknesses that must be added later.

Rank One

Small Aberration (Mist)

Hit Dice:	4d8+4 (20)
Initiative:	+3
Speed:	30ft. (6 squares)
Armour Class:	18 (+1 size, +3 Dex, +4

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Base Attack/Grapple : Natural
+3/ -3
Attack: Bite +1 melee (1d6-2)
Full Attack: Bite +1 melee (1d6-2)
Space/Reach: 5ft./5ft.
Special Attack: Frightful Presence
Special Qualities: Darkvision 60ft., spell resistance 14, terror sense
Saves: Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +5
Abilities: Str 7, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 7, Wis 12, Cha 7
Skills: Hide +8, Listen +2, Move Silently +6, Spot +1
Feats: Dodge, Great Fortitude
Environment: Any populated
Organization: Solitary
Challenge Rating: 3
Treasure: None
Alignment: Any Evil

Rank Two

Small Aberration (Mist)
Hit Dice: 8d8+8 (40)
Initiative: +6
Speed: 30ft. (6 squares)
Armour Class: 17 (+1 size, +2 Dex, +4 Natural)
Base Attack/Grapple : +6/+1
Attack: Bite +5 melee (1d8-1)
Full Attack: 2 bites +5 melee (1d8-1)
Space/Reach: 5ft./5ft.
Special Attack: Frightful Presence
Special Qualities: Darkvision 60ft., spell resistance 18, terror sense
Saves: Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +7
Abilities: Str 9, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 9, Wis 13, Cha 9
Skills: Hide +8, Listen +2, Move Silently +6, Search +4, Spot +1
Feats: Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative
Environment: Any populated
Organization: Solitary
Challenge Rating: 5
Treasure: None
Alignment: Any Evil

Rank Three

Medium Aberration (Mist)
Hit Dice: 12d8+24 (88)
Initiative: +2
Speed: 30ft. (6 squares)
Armour Class: 17 (+2 Dex, +5 Natural)
Base Attack/Grapple : +9/+10
Attack: Bite +10 melee (1d10+1)
Full Attack: 3 bites +10 melee (1d10+1)
Space/Reach: 5ft./5ft.
Special Attack: Frightful Presence
Special Qualities: Darkvision 60ft., spell resistance 22, terror sense
Saves: Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +12
Abilities: Str 12, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 12
Skills: Hide +14, Listen +15, Move Silently +14, Search +9, Spot +7
Feats: Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Iron Will
Environment: Any populated
Organization: Solitary
Challenge Rating: 7
Treasure: None
Alignment: Any Evil

Rank Four

Medium Aberration (Mist)
Hit Dice: 16d8+48 (112)
Initiative: +6
Speed: 30ft. (6 squares)
Armour Class: 18 (+2 Dex, +6 Natural)
Base Attack/Grapple : +12/+14
Attack: Bite +14 melee (2d6+2)
Full Attack: 4 bites +14 melee (2d6+2)
Space/Reach: 5ft./5ft.
Special Attack: Frightful Presence
Special Qualities: Darkvision 60ft., spell resistance 26, terror sense
Saves: Fort +10, Ref +9, Will +14
Abilities: Str 14, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 15
Skills: Hide +16, Listen +17, Move Silently +12, Search +14, Spot +12

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Feats: Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Weapon Focus (bite)

Environment: Any populated
Organization: Solitary
Challenge Rating: 9
Treasure: None
Alignment: Any Evil

Rank Five

Large Aberration (Mist)

Hit Dice: 20d8+60 (140)
Initiative: +2
Speed: 30ft. (6 squares)
Armour Class: 19 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +8 Natural)
Base Attack/Grapple : +15/ +22
Attack: Bite +18 melee (2d8+3)
Full Attack: 5 bites +18 melee (2d8+3)
Space/Reach: 10ft./10ft.
Special Attack: Frightful Presence
Special Qualities: Darkvision 60ft., spell resistance 30, terror sense
Saves: Fort +17, Ref +7, Will +15
Abilities: Str 17, Dex 13, Con 17, Int 19, Wis 16, Cha 17
Skills: Balance +20, Hide +22, Listen +27, Move Silently +21, Search +26, Spot +23
Feats: Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Skill Focus (Move Silently), Weapon Focus (bite)
Environment: Any populated
Organization: Solitary
Challenge Rating: 12
Treasure: None
Alignment: Any Evil

Step Three: Adjust the statistics as you see fit.

Each increase of the ability score by 3 points raises the CR by +1/4.

Extra feats can be added with each feat increasing the CR by +1/4.

Extra attacks can be given with each attack increasing the CR by +1/2.

Hit Dice can be adjusted but remember this adjusts both skill points and feats.

Step Four: Add any talents and weaknesses that are needed. Remember that fihyrs tend to have at least one talent per rank.

Step Five: Add it all up adjusting the CR taking into account all the talents, modifications and weaknesses. Round any remaining fractions down. Fill in any blanks in the background and you're done.

Sample Fihyrs

The Burning Man

Rank Two Dread Fihyr; CR 8; Small-sized aberration (Fire, Mist); HD: 8d8+8; hp 40; Init +6; Spd 30ft; AC 17 (+1 size, +2 Dex, +4 Natural), touch 13, flat-footed 15; BAB/Grp +6/ +1; Atk +5 melee (1d8-1, bite); Full atk +5/+5 melee (1d8-1, bite); SA frightful Presence; SQ darkvision 60ft., SR18, terror sense; AL CE; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +7; Str 9, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 9, Wis 13, Cha 9

Skills and Feats: Hide +8, Listen +2, Move Silently +6, Search +4, Spot +1; Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative

Languages: Darkonese

Talents: *False Fear, Magical*

Talent

Spell-like Abilities: 2/day - *pyrotechnics* (DC 14); 6/day - *burning hands* (DC 13). Caster level 8th.

The Burning Man is small man, just under four feet in height, with a hunched posture and scrawny emaciated body. Its thin curved body is covered in the blackened blistered remains of skin.

It is dressed in the dangling burnt remains of rags. Wherever he goes the smell of charred cloth and flesh follows clinging in the air tenaciously.

Background

Allan Costillo was born in Rivalis where he lived his entire life. At the age of eight he was playing near the family's stove and a stray spark landed on his shirt igniting the fabric. Spreading flames that quickly shot up his arm and across his chest engulfed him.

His mother leapt into action quickly smothering the flames with a heavy quilt. Allan was spared but his arm was forever marred with thick scar tissue. After the incident Allan was left frightened and fearful of fire. The smallest spark caused him to jump and caused his heart to start pounding.

Several years after the incident Allan was at a friend's when a log rolled out of their fireplace and against the curtains. The entire house was consumed by flame in a matter of minutes. Allan awoke coughing and saw the flames all around. He could see an easy route through the fire and out a window but he was paralysed with terror and unable to move.

The flames spread outward and Allan could do nothing but watch as his friend and the family, trapped by the flames, screamed out for him to run for help. One by one they fell coughing into the thick smoke while Allan sat frozen. The last thing he heard was the sound of the shouts outside as neighbours noticed the fire. The next night the Burning Man arose from the ashes of the blackened structure.

Current Sketch

The Burning Man gains his strength from fear, specifically

pyrophobia, the fear of fire. It refuses to feed on fear not generated by fire. All other fears seem colder and less bright than that of flame.

The Burning Man is a young fihyr who only recently came into conflict with adventurers and hired mercenaries. Barely escaping with its life it has begun to examine its desires.

It has a deep-seated obsession with fire and grows anxious and excitable if it does not start at least one fire in a twenty-four hour period. If exposed to fire not of its own creation the Burning Man often becomes fascinated stopping whatever it is doing to look.

The Burning Man is a chaotic foe with no set patterns of movement or feeding habits. It moves and thinks erratically like a flickering flame. It is a creature motivated by its whims and impulses.

Combat

He can create a fan of flames with the wave of a hand and also control small amounts of fire. He can also generate illusions that he uses to create phantom blazes.

The Burning Man avoids combat whenever possible preferring instead to flee, it much prefers attacking and feeding on those weaker than him. This is not out of fear or cowardice but simply disdain for physical exertion. He will strike to defend himself but when facing skilled opponents he will run.

Its weakness is water. Any illusions it generates are seen for what they are in pools or any watery reflection. Water does not burn its skin but causes the blistered flesh to wash and fall away inflicting 2d6 points of damage per splash.

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The Crawler

Rank Three Dread Fihyr; CR 12; Medium-sized aberration (Mist); HD: 12d8+60; hp 124; Init +2; Spd 30ft; AC 23 (+2 Dex, +11 Natural), touch 12, flat-footed 21; BAB/Grp +9/ +10; Atk +10 melee (1d10+1, bite); Full atk +10/+10/+10 melee (1d10+1, bite); SA frightful Presence; SQ darkvision 60ft., SR22, terror sense; AL NE; SV Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +10; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 12

Skills and Feats: Climb +19, Hide +16, Listen +10, Move Silently +14, Search +7, Spot +6; Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (climb)

Languages: Mordentish; Darkonese

Talents: Durable (x3), Magical Talent, Toughness.

Spell-like Abilities: 3/day – jump, spider climb, summon swarm, true strike, web (DC 15),

The Crawler is smaller than its size suggests being only four feet in length It has a bulbous round body covered in a hard, thick shell-like exoskeleton. It has no separate torso and head instead resembling a child's drawing of an insect. Its several large mandible-filled mouths are placed at the front of its body below two large yellow eyes. It has eight long spider legs sticking out from the side of its body. Each ends with a sharpened point used more for climbing than combat.

Background

In Port-a-Lucine lived a young woman by the name of Lenore Piersall. The daughter of a noble she spent her entire life guarded in the manor estate by overprotective parents. She spent the

majority of her childhood being warned of illness and warded against vermin. Soon Lenore began to associate insects, especially spiders with illness, death and everything she had been warned of.

The family decided one year to take an extended trip away from home and left the manor house in the hands of their elderly caretaker and retainer. However, the gentleman passed away shortly after they left leaving the house and ground untended for the summer. When the Piersalls returned in the fall their home was filled with dust and signs of decay.

With nowhere else to stay they decided to remain there for the night and rent a room at the inn later. However, what was not known was that Lenore's bedchambers had become the home of a large number of spiders. During the night she awoke with a start feeling a tingling on her face. She lit a candle to find a half dozen large arachnids crawling over her body.

Screaming she ran from the room around a corner face first into a large web. Her parents awoke to find her curled in the fetal position still howling in terror. Inconsolable she eventually had to be committed to a local institution where she stayed for the next several months. From her the Crawler was born.

Current Sketch

The Crawler is an intelligent and fiendish creature very aware of the nature of its existence. It not only feeds on fear but enjoys it. The hunt is as important as the kill. The Crawler prefers to find targets it finds interesting, preferably ones already suffering from arachnophobia. It slowly uses its powers to startle, testing the reactions and responses.

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When it is satisfied with the victim it strikes, attack without warning and using surprise to its advantage. It typically webs the victim and hauls it away to its lair. There it leisurely torments and tortuous the victim feeding on the terror until it grows bored and simply disposes of the victim and lets its pets feast.

If it were a human the Crawler would be a sadist, but it considers itself a predator. Humans, especially their young, are weak and easily frightened and simply make excellent prey.

Combat

The Crawler seldom enters combat without knowingly having the

advantage. It prefers to retreat and strike when it has the advantage.

It maintains an extensive lair filled with small nooks that can accommodate its size, often tucked in inconvenient heights and places. From there it strikes using surprise or simply directs the fight using its arachnid swarms.

Against a single foe the it has been known to grow overconfident assuming its superiority. But if outmatched it will try to flee.

The Crawler's weakness is sunlight. It loathes and avoids all bright lights and its webs disintegrate within seconds of being exposed to sunlight.

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Things that Go Bump

Shadow Fey, Bogeymen and Other Wee Beasfies

Uri "Shadowking" Barak

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*"Now I lay me down to sleep
Pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take"*
- Child's bedtime prayer – 18th century

This article was inspired by, and contains references to, Ryan Naylor's article *Noises in the Night*, which first introduced the concept of Bogeymen in *Ravenloft*. This article uses a blending of the 3.0 and 3.5 systems. It uses 3.0 for all matters save Damage Reduction, Skill Points and Feats

Bogeymen are some of the most terrifying villains in the *Ravenloft* Campaign Setting. Born of terrifying myths, they haunt *Ravenloft*'s nights in search of innocent children to torment. With darkness and denial their closest allies, Bogeymen terrorize innocents for generations before being destroyed by a valiant hero. Yet even still, they return years afterwards, given a new body by the populace's collective fear.

The Bogeymen Subtype

Bogeymen are supernatural entities of solidified fear. These beings prey on those too innocent and too weak to defend themselves. While all naturally-formed Bogeymen are Fey, occasionally a Humanoid, Monstrous Humanoid or Giant will be granted the Bogeyman subtype by the Dark Powers for its vile actions against children, becoming a

creature of myth rather than a Darklord. Obviously, PC Bogeymen are not advised and any PC who gains the template due to his actions should instantly become an NPC. A creature that adopts the Bogeyman subtype gains a +1 to its CR.

All Bogeymen possess the following traits unless otherwise noted:

Darkvision out to 60 feet.

+2 Deflection bonus to AC.

Eyes of Innocence (Su): Adults are unable to see Bogeymen, unless the entity wishes them to see it. Only children below the age of 12 (or the equivalent age in Demihuman races), Innocents (those who never had to roll a Powers Check) or those suffering from the effects of Madness can recognize a Bogeyman for it truly is.

Bogeyman Vulnerabilities (Ex): As well as their individual vulnerabilities, all bogeymen are unable to harm those protected by bless spells or the relevant protection or magic circle spells. They all take 2d4 damage from holy water, and can be turned (but not destroyed) by clerics of good deities as if they were undead.

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The Dirty Thing

Medium Fey (boogeyman)

Hit Dice:	7d6 + 14 (45 HP)
Initiative:	+6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)
Speed:	20 ft. Climb 50 ft. Swim 20 ft.
Armour Class:	20 (+2 Dex, +6 Natural, +2 Deflection)
Attack:	2 Claws + 7 and Bite +4
Damage:	Claw 1d4 + 3 and Disease and Bite 1d6 +1 and Disease
Space/Reach:	5 ft. by 5ft./5 ft.
Special Attack:	Disease, Improved Grab, Moan
Special Qualities:	Eyes of Innocence, Spider Climb, Voice Mimicry, Vulnerabilities
Saves:	Fort +4 Ref +7 Will +6
Abilities:	Str 17 Dex 14 Con 15 Int 14 Wis 12 Cha 16
Skills:	Climb +10, Disguise +6, Hide +7, Intimidate +6, Intuit Direction +6, Jump +6, Knowledge (Local) +8, Listen +7, Move Silently +7, Open Lock +4, Spot +7, Swim +6
Feats:	Improved Initiative, Track, Weapon Focus (Claws)
Environment:	Underground (Nosos)
Organization:	Solitary
Challenge Rating:	5
Treasure:	Double coins; No goods, no items
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Advancement:	None

You see a barely-humanoid figure wrapped in filthy rags, dragging itself forward with its black nails. Beneath its filth-choked dreadlocks writhes the mass of maggots that hide its face. The worms obscure all of its features, save for its glowing green eyes and crooked, yellow teeth.

The Dirty Thing, otherwise known as “the Old Beggar”, is a horrifying creature that lurks in the dark and filthy places beneath the city. It prefers to prey on children who do not keep their rooms clean, who do not bath or wash, or those who wander into places they should not.

Sometimes, the Dirty Thing crawls into his victims' home and takes children away in their sleep. Typically, though, it lurks in some darksome alley or sewer shaft in the disguise of a filthy beggar. When a child passes by, it asks for a coin. If the child gives the beggar a coin and recites an ancient protective verse, the creature allows them to pass unharmed. Otherwise, the Dirty Thing grabs the child and drags it off into the darkness. Thus, mothers in Nosos always warn their children to give money to beggars and teach them the protective blessing at an early age.

Very few children have returned from the Dirty Thing's nightmarish realm. Those who have escaped were so traumatized by their ordeal that they succumbed to shock and died shortly after reaching the surface. Due to their similarity in nature and habitat, the Dirty Thing is often confused with the Bogeyman Alligator Lenny - they are probably born of the same collective fears, but the relation between them is otherwise unknown.

Combat

The Dirty Thing is actually less cowardly than most Bogeymen and likes toying with the adults who hunt him. While its land speed is quite slow, it is a nimble climber and prefers to dropping on unsuspecting prey from above. The Bogeyman uses his Voice Mimicry ability to separate groups of foes. Furthermore, its extensive knowledge of

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the sewage tunnels allows it to lose any pursuers in the labyrinth of drainage pipes and cesspools.

Disease (Ex): Filth Fever- bite or claw, Fortitude DC 12, incubation period 1d3 days; damage 1d3 Dex and 1d3 Con.

Improved Grab (Ex): If the Dirty Thing hits with a claw attack, it may start a grapple as a free action without provoking an attack of opportunity. If it succeeds in its grapple check, any successful grapple checks it makes in the following rounds deal automatic claw damage. The Dirty Thing most often attempts to run off with grappled opponents.

Moan (Su): The Dirty Thing can begin Moaning as a standard action and can Moan for up to 12 rounds every day. All creatures within 30 feet must make a Concentration check against a DC of 16 every round or lose their next action. On the 4th successive round of Moaning, a creature must make a Fear check against a DC of 16. Creatures that have passed the Check are immune to this effect for one day.

Eyes of Innocence (Su): Adults will see the Dirty Thing simply as another beggar. When this guise is too suspicious, the Dirty Thing will appear as a shadowy mass accompanied by a bad smell. In addition to children, Innocents and the Mad, those under the effects of narcotics are also able to see its true form - indeed, research among the local beggar community is often vital for the Bogeyman's defeat.

Spider Climb (Su): The Dirty Thing is affected continuously by the spell *Spider Climb*, as cast by a 5th level Sorcerer. This ability cannot be dispelled, but may be suppressed for 1d4 rounds.

Voice Mimicry (Ex): The Dirty Thing can perfectly mimic any sound he

has heard. To fool a subject, the Dirty Thing must make an opposed Bluff check (with an effective +8 racial bonus) against the subject's Listen check.

Vulnerabilities (Ex): Should a child give the Dirty Thing a coin and recite the protective blessing within 1 round of encountering the Dirty Thing, the boogeyman is compelled to leave the child in peace of the rest of the child's life.

The Old Beggar is also unable to harm a child who has had a bath within the 8 hours before the encounter. If splashed with soap the Dirty Thing takes 2d4 points of Acid damage (Reflex save DC 16 for half) and it may only take Partial Actions while in Daylight. A Remove Disease spell cast upon it deals the Dirty Thing 1d4 points of damage per caster level.

Basket Case

Large Fey (Bogeyman)

Hit Dice:	6d6 + 12 (40 HP)
Initiative:	+1 (+1 Dex)
Speed:	30 ft.
Armour Class:	18 (-1 Size, +1 Dex, +6 Natural, +2 Deflection)
Attack:	Club-arm +8 (+5) and slam +6 (+1) and Gore +6 (+1)
Damage:	Club-arm 1d8 + 5 (-3), Slam 1d6 + 2 (-3), Gore 1d8 +2 (-3)
Space/Reach:	5 ft. by 5ft./10 ft.
Special Attack:	Club-arm, Sadist, Spell-like Abilities, Visage of the Abuser
Special Qualities:	Eyes of Innocence, Vulnerabilities
Saves:	Fort +4 Ref +7 Will +6
Abilities:	Str 20 (6) Dex 12 Con 14 Int 13 Wis 15 Cha 14
Skills:	Bluff +8, Concentration +6, Disguise +7, Hide +5, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (Local) +7, Listen +4, Move

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Feats:	Silently +5, Sense Motive +8, Spot +4 Multiattack (B), Power Attack, Spell Focus (Illusion)
Environment:	Temperate Plains (Nova Vasaa)
Organization:	Solitary
Challenge Rating:	4
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Advancement:	None

The hulking thing turns towards you. It is a large misshapen humanoid, wrapped in a thick black raincoat. Its yellowed skin is covered with horny growths and warts; its face a mask of pure hate adorned with ram-like horns. It raises its right arm, brandishing the bony club that grows where a hand should have been.

Basket Case, otherwise known as the Bully Boogey, is one of the vilest members of an already wretched kind. Originating in Nova Vasaa, a domain characterized by hidden evil, it is born of the collective nightmares of abused children. The despicable creature preys on those who have been harmed by their own family. Basket Case digs into their traumatic past and makes them relive the nightmare. Most often it wears the illusory shape of the abusive figure and mocks the victims how weak and impure they are. The creature continues its reign of terror for years after the abuse has ended. Indeed, it only stops once its victims are driven completely insane.

While most of Basket Case's victims commit suicide in the end, a few become so hopelessly mad they turn abusers themselves, determined to prove the Bogeyman and themselves they are "strong". Basket Case prefers this result above all others, for it cannot abide childish innocence and purity. While

Basket Case appears to be strongly masculine, it occasionally wears the forms of female abusers and is actually sexless.

Combat

Despite its hulking appearance, Basket Case is a true bully - a great coward who never faces foes of its own size or strength. Though quite strong, it will fight only when cornered or when it is certain that it can win.

Club Arm (Ex): Basket Case's right arm is a deformed, club-like appendage. It deals damage as a Large Club but is considered a Natural Weapon in all other aspects.

Sadist (Ex): Basket Case delights in the harm it does to others. Should Basket Case inflict 6 or more points of damage in a single round, it gains a +1 circumstance bonus to attack and damage rolls, skill checks and saving throws for the next round.

Spell-like Abilities (Sp): 3/day: *Darkness, Major Image, Modify Memory, Silence*; 1/day: *Nightmare*. Caster Level: 6th; Save DC 6 + spell level (7 + spell level for Illusion).

Visage of the Abuser (Su): To a victim of abuse, Basket Case appears exactly as his or her abuser. In game terms, Visage of the Abuser works exactly as a permanent *Alter Self* spell cast by a 12th level Sorcerer except it is an Illusion that can only be seen (and disbelieved) by victims of abuse. Upon initially seeing Basket Case as the abuser, a victim must pass a Horror check of DC 15. Regardless of the check's result, they can not be affected in this manner more than once each day. Those who successfully saved or disbelieved the Visage three times have overcome their fears. They can never be affected by the ability again and gain

further bonuses against Basket Case (*see Vulnerabilities*).

Eyes of Innocence (Su): Adults will see Basket Case as a large but otherwise extremely unassuming man, and must make a Will save DC 18 just to recall his presence. In addition to the children, Innocents and the Mad, adults who were abused as children can also see Basket Case (See *Visage of the Abuser*).

Vulnerabilities (Ex): As a creature of corruption, silvered weapons deal 1d6 extra points of damage to Basket Case and the touch of Innocents against its bare skin deals it 1d3 points of damage per round of contact.

When stripped of his illusions, Basket Case is revealed to be weak and cowardly. Victims who successfully saved 3 times against the *Visage of the Abuser* gain a +2 sacred bonus to hit and damage rolls as well as to saving throws against Basket Case. These characters are forever immune to the *Visage of the Abuser* ability. Finally, when confronted by these characters, Basket Case's Strength score drops to 6.

Elf-Knight

Medium Fey (Bogeyman)

Hit Dice: 10d6 + 20 (75 HP)
Initiative: +4 (+4 Dex)
Speed: 40 ft.
Armour Class: 25 (+4 Dex, +6 Natural, +5 Chain Shirt)
Attack: +2 Rapier +10 and +2 Rapier +10, Masterwork Mighty Composite Longbow (+1) +10
Damage: +2 Rapier 1d6 + 3 (18-20/x2) and Ability Damage, +2 Rapier 1d6 + 3 (18-20/x2) and Daze DC 21, Masterwork Composite Longbow 1d8 +1

(20/x3)
Space/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attack: Ability Damage, Daze, Imprint of Desire, Spell-like Abilities
Special Qualities: Alternate Form, Cold and Steel Weapon Immunities, Damage Reduction 10/cold iron or magic, Darkvision 120', Low-Light Vision, Rejuvenation, Trackless Step, Twilight Power, Vulnerabilities
Saves: Fort +5 Ref +12 Will +9
Abilities: Str 12 Dex 20 Con 14 Int 16 Wis 14 Cha 22
Skills: Bluff +13, Concentration +10, Hide +6, Knowledge (Nature) +11, Listen +8, Move Silently +6, Perform (dance) +8, Perform (song) +8, Ride +6, Sense Motive +13, Spot +8, Tumble +10, Use Magic Device +10
Feats: Ambidexterity, Dodge, Point Blank Shot, Two Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse (rapier), Womanizer¹
Environment: Temperate Forest (Tepst)
Organization: Solitary
Challenge Rating: 11
Treasure: +1 Chain Shirt, 2 +2 Rapiers, Masterwork Mighty Composite Longbow (+1)
Alignment: Neutral Evil
Advancement: None

¹ See New Feats

Out of the darkened woods steps a stunning, unearthly figure: Elegant and tall, the dark-haired Elf male regards you with almond-shaped, black-violet eyes. There is an ornate longbow strapped to his back and two rapiers at

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his sides. You suspect the blades have seen use in the near or distant past.

Also called the Glanconer (or Love Talker), the Fey Lover and the Dark Man of the Woods, the Elf-Knight is a notorious Fey who haunts Tepest's forests in search of chaste women to seduce. Like the rest of his treacherous kind, the Elf-Knight's origins are shrouded in mystery. Some say he is a cursed noble Arak, banished from the Unseelie Court for a sin too heinous for even his wicked kin to bear. A more interesting theory suggests he is the supernatural product of the sexual repression of Tepestani women, given shape and purpose by the Mists. The Elf-Knight seems to take delight in seducing mortal women, then leaving them to wither and die from the longing for his unearthly touch.

The Elf-Knight always stalks one woman at a time, bewitching his victim as she walks alone in the woods. The vast majority of women courted by the Elf-Knight cannot resist the affection of their mysterious lover, and tell on one of the experience or their whereabouts in the forest at the twilight hours. Eventually Elf-Knight reveals himself to his victim and embraces her. After one or two such meetings, he disappears. His absence leaves his victim a broken shell, never to be satisfied by a mortal man's touch.

The Elf-Knight is often mistaken for an Incubus, or even the legendary Gentleman Caller of the Southern Core. At other times, the vile Fey's actions are blamed on handsome Elves. The sylvan folk wisely avoid villages visited by the Elf-knight.

Combat

The Elf-Knight is a lover, not a warrior, but will fight if he truly must. He utilizes hit-and-run tactics, repeatedly flashing to strike then disappearing back into the dense cover of the woods. He is actually quite cowardly, and will attempt to flee or bargain if reduced to less than 50% of his max HP. Those who try to bargain with the Elf-knight find that he is quite treacherous.

Ability Damage (Su): Creatures hit by the Elf-Knight's off-hand Rapier attack suffer 1d4 points of Wisdom damage. Three successive hits from the off-hand rapier force the victim to make a Madness check against a DC of 21.

Daze (Su): Creatures hit by the Elf-Knight's main-hand Rapier attack must make a Will save against a DC of 21 or become Dazed for 2d4 rounds.

Imprint of Desire (Su): Should a woman spend a night with the Elf-Knight, no mortal Man's touch can ever satisfy her. She is cursed to die from longing and suffers 1d4 points of Constitution and Wisdom damage every month (no save allowed) until she dies or is reunited with the Elf-Knight.

The ability damage cannot be removed until the Elf-Knight's *Imprint of Desire* is broken. The curse can be lifted by two means. First, the imprint may be removed by a *Break Enchantment* or *Remove Curse* spell cast by a 10th level Cleric under the light of the full moon. Second, the imprint may be removed if the Elf-Knight himself releases his victim from the charm. To do this, however, the Knight demands a dire price.

The victims of the Elf-Knight's *Imprint of Desire* often rise as Banshees after death, haunting the woods and lamenting their fate for all Eternity.

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Spell-like Abilities (Sp): At will: *Charm Animal, Dancing Lights, Faerie Fire, Major Image, Warp Wood, Whispering Wind*; 3/day: *Dispelling Magic, Insect Plague* (Death's Head Moths), *Improved Invisibility, Reality Blind*; 1/day: *Dream or Nightmare, Haste*. Caster Level: 10th, Save DC 10 + spell level.

Alternate Form (Su): The Elf-Knight can assume the forms of a Fox (use Dog stats) or a Death's Head Moth Swarm (use Locust Swarm stats) at will as a standard action. This ability functions as a *Polymorph Self* spell cast by a 5th level Sorcerer, except the Elf-Knight does not regain hit points for changing form and can only assume the two forms mentioned above. While in *Alternate Form* the Elf-Knight cannot use his *Imprint of Desire* ability, Spells or Spell-like Abilities but gains the natural weapons and extraordinary special attacks of his new form. The Elf-Knight may spend up to 12 hours a day in its *Alternate Form*, and may shift freely back and forth as long as it does not exceed 12 hours total during one day.

Rejuvenation (Su): The Elf-Knight has powerful ties to the Land and the collective being of the Tepastani. The Knight will reform within a single generation of his physical destruction. The only way to permanently destroy the Elf-Knight is to completely erase his legend from the domain's lore- an epic task which would probably involve memory manipulation on a mass scale and perhaps even time travel.

Trackless Step (Su): The Elf-Knight leaves no trail in natural surroundings unless he desires to and cannot be tracked through conventional means. However, a *Dark Sentinels* spell (see Van Richten's Arsenal page 23) is

highly effective against the Elf-Knight. The flock affected by this spell targets him above all other creatures.

Twilight Power (Su): During the twilight hours (dusk and dawn) the Elf-Knight gains a +2 Profane bonus to attacks, damage, skill checks and ability save DCs.

Vulnerabilities (Ex): The Elf-Knight suffers 2d4 points of damage per round of exposure to sunlight. He is unable to cross an unbroken line of raven feathers and will avoid ravens at all costs.

New Feats

Mastered Name [General]

You possess mystical mastery over your own name.

Requirements: Dragon, Fey, Outsider (Good or Evil) or must be able to cast 6th level spells, must be able to cast Scrying or Greater Scrying as a spell or spell-like ability, Scry 10 ranks.

Benefits: You have a True Name. Whenever anyone speaks your True Name you are instantly aware of his exact location as if you passed a *Scry* check. However, should anyone repeat your reversed True Name three times in a row, you are obliged to perform 3 tasks for him as if you were affected by a *Suggestion* spell. Once affected that way, you cannot be compelled by the same character for a year and a day.

Seductress/Womanizer

[General]

You have are charming to members of the opposite gender.

Requirements: Male or female gender, Bluff 3 ranks, Cha 15+

Benefits: You gain a +2 bonus to Bluff, Diplomacy and Sense Motive

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checks against Humanoids, Monstrous Humanoids and Giants of the other gender.

New Spell

View of Innocence

Divination/Enchantment

Level: Wiz/Sor 5

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Close (25 ft. +5 ft./2 levels)

Target: One humanoid

Duration: 10 minutes/level

Saving Throw: Will negates (if unwilling)

Spell Resistance: No

This spell temporarily gives a target the mind of a 10 year old child. For the spell's duration, the target is able to bypass Bogeymen's *Eyes of Innocence* special quality but his or her mind also behaves in childish ways. If the child-like mentality isn't role-played, the DM should force a Madness check DC 24 at the duration's end.

Material Component: A children's toy worth at least 25 gold pieces.

Tales from the Fireside

Frightening Fey

By Eddy "Wicky" Brennan

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Fear incarnate. That, my friends, is what will be discussed in my latest work. Even when we refuse to accept the presence of that which we are unable to comprehend, there remain things that linger in the darkness. These things are ready to devour us; body, mind and soul. That is, essentially, what a bogeyman is, though as I shall discuss, they are also much more.

Stories and legends of bogeymen spread throughout all regions of the world, from the ridiculous Black Cat of Harrow in Mordent to the legendary Headless Horsemen. The former is a story to frighten young children and keep them safely indoors, parents threatening their children that the cat would take them if they disrespected the wishes of their elders. The Headless Horseman may or may not be real, for I have stumbled on the occasional headless corpse in my many travels, but not the horseman itself. One meeting with an apparent survivor of the horseman claimed that the bogeyman travels different roads at random, followed by an entourage comprised of those heads it has cut from all its encounters. I found this story indeed difficult to swallow, though it did chill me to my very centre for some time and caused me to sleep uneasily until I did in fact find the missing head of one of the suspected victims after searching the nearby canal. If the horseman as intangible and beyond they grave as the stories

claim, then fetching a head from below a few feet of water would pose no difficulty.

But still, these stories do surface, grow and develop, often becoming stories that would have their beginnings long centuries ago. These stories are the stuff of nightmares for many in our world and I beg those who read this to keep an open mind, yet keep the aspect of a sceptic about them, for while I have attempted to seek out the truth to these tall tales, some of the truths I have discovered are more ridiculous and unbelievable than the stories that have grown from them. However, I have found some hard evidence, yet not enough to make a true believer out of me.

The Singing Maid

I first happened upon this tale in Kartakass shortly before I was infected with lycanthropy, but never thought much of it at the time, for the world that I once called home share many similar, all untrue or greatly exaggerated. The Singing Maid is a story that did follow me. I encountered varying recollections if it in no fewer than a half dozen lands during my first year in these dread realms. Though I dismissed them easily at first, my own insatiable curiosity drew me in to seek out the truth behind the hearthside fable.

The singing maid was supposedly – in the original tale I overheard – a

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bard from Kartakass who sang in a voice as pure as the morning light and her beauty shared only by the radiance of the moon itself. But though she was beauty to look upon and listen to, her own self was something far more hollow and vain. She was jealous of the beauty in the looks and voices of others and would secretly steal them or these gifts, ruining the voice of one, scarring the face of another. Her jealousy was her own undoing, as she was haphazard and grew more careless in concealing her own identity as time went on.

She was catch and tried by the Song Meister of Skald, her own voice was then silenced and her beauty ruined forever. Though she could no longer sing, her voice was that of a rasping adder. She cursed everyone for stealing her gifts and that she was just in her actions, that none other should bear the same gifts as she had done.

Even with her gifts taken from her, her jealousy remained and she took up once more her ways of cleansing the world of those who were now her greater in looks and ability. Once again she was tried and this time stoned to death by a mob that broke in on the proceedings and dragged her out where she was bludgeoned to death. But her final breath released a curse upon all who shared beauty and talent.

This is believed to be the earliest version of the tale from my own investigative work, but with so many poorly kept written records in many lands it is difficult to find true records on the accounts, if the woman lived at all.

However, from many people in the work, the Singing Maid is a horror that does exist.

The Singing Maid is not often seen when the legends are spoken, but often heard. Her harmonious song, stretching out throughout the night, carried on the wind. Only those who bear true beauty in appearance and/or voice are able to perceive the song and listen to its lament. These people are often found later with either their looks of gift for singing destroyed and never restored.

During my investigations, I met with one former singing in Karina who claimed, in her now broken voice to hear a beautiful song echo over her own as she sang. When making her way home one evening, the sounds of the town fading into nothingness and a sudden tightening about her throat choked almost the life out of her before it was released. She passed out, her last vision before darkness took her was a willowy woman clad in the garb of a Kartakan bard slowly strutting away into the evening. I could find no visible scars on the woman's throat, internally or externally with what inspection I could make without a skilled surgeon or sufficient magic at hand. Whatever struck her and caused her to lose her singing voice could have been one of many things if I hadn't encountered several other tales during my studies. Each of these tales bear startling similarity to that of the former bard, causing me to partly believe in the legend of the Singing Maid, but not completely, for though it is possible, there are for more avenues of investigation and other creatures that may exist in this world able to steal a persons voice.

During my study into the maid, I found no evidence of a persons' facial beauty being destroyed through any means I could not explain in other methods, but the loss of a half dozen individual singing voices through similar means does pique my curiosity and warrants further investigation in the future.

The Singing Maid

Rank 5 Ghost (Augmented Humanoid) (Undead) Com17: CR 16; HD 17d12, hp 120; Init +3; Spd fly 30' (perfect); AC 13; touch 13, flatfooted 100; Base Atk +10; Grp +10; Atk +10 (1d4 + corrupting touch) grab; Full Atk +10/+5 (1d4 + corrupting touch) grab; SA Corrupting touch, malevolence; SQ Ebon shroud, mind games – persistent image, phantom shift, rejuvenation, Turn resistance +4; AL CE; SV Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +5; Str 11; Dex 17; Con -; Int 13; Wis 10; Cha 32.

The Singing Maid is a completely ethereal and intangible bogeyman that wanders and haunts the dread realms, it feeds on beauty and singing ability. While most that it feeds upon are likely to receive a sore throat for several days, those it is truly jealous of become hideously scarred or have their singing voices utterly destroyed.

When she manifests, she has the appearance of the woman she once was, beautiful with cascading auburn hair that flows to her waist, deep hazel eyes and full lips. Her eyes are full of malevolence and jealousy directed at those she looks upon. She dresses in the garb of a Kartakan bard some two hundred years out of date, causing her

look out of place. When she does manifest to attack her victims, she looks as tangible as her surroundings with the use of her phantom shift ability.

Combat

The Singing Maid prefers to attack lone victims, but will face multiple targets on rare occasion. Her corrupting touch is her more dangerous weapon, reaching into her targets and ruining them forever.

Corrupting Touch (Su): With this ability the Singing Maid reaches in and crushes some part of her target, usually their voice or permanently scarring their features. Her standard attack deals damage, but not in the normal method, instead anyone who suffers 10 or more points of damage from her attacks is either scarred or had their voice destroyed, this effect is permanent, removed only by laying her to rest, a wish or a miracle. Those who suffer the effects of this attack will have their Outcast Rating increased by +3. Those who have their voices destroyed lose any skills such as Performance (singing) and other charisma-based have their skill ranks halved. These lost ranks are gone forever.

Aqua Sanguine

This strange and unusual fiend hails not from any land mass, instead it first rose from the waters of the Sea of Sorrows on the very dawn it appeared to the west of these lands. People marvelled and peered nervously at the new body of water as the mists retreated to unveil the chilling mass of water. And on that dawn that some of them witnessed a creature rise from

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the waves. Its ilk and kin had never been encountered in the past, but here is was, a creature alien to our own world of dry earth and the air we are accustomed to. Descriptions of the Aqua Sanguine varies from person to person, depending on who utters the tale, but a common form that has risen over the years is that the creature may have been a Reaver.

Those cold-hearted amphibious predators that hunt people and feast upon them like they were cattle, those very same creatures I have studied and still feel the chill in my bones as I recall their appearance and habits. My dear readers, it is possible that one of these creatures still lurks us, flesh and blood no longer and unbound in its killing game.

The creature strolled onto dry land and hissed into the late dawn, staring back over the waters. Some versions of the fable tell that the hiss was heard across all of Mordent that fateful morn. With the coming of this hiss, the waters along the coast began the churn and rive as countless members of the creature's race swam to the shore and stood in the shallows. So with them present, the first turned to those brave enough to be still watching the spectacle and hiss long and low before returning to the waves.

For the next few years, nothing more was seen of these creatures as people began to search out across the waves and discover new lands, opportunities and horrors that awaited their coming. Not for three years until a ship brought back cargo from a land beyond the mists. Unknowingly to the crew they brought back an extra passenger. The creature was loose on the land for a night and when the next dawn came, five bodies were found, all

ripped and torn asunder, almost beyond recognition. Mass panic broke out in the community and a hunt put on for any creature of person that may have caused such tragedy. The hunt found nothing and all was quiet for the next month while those who had perished were put to rest and the folk mourned their loss. On the next new moon, a moonless, starless night, a hiss was heard throughout the village and in the morning five more corpses were discovered, some partially devoured if you listen to the most morbid renditions of the tale that some sailors will speak of in guarded whispers.

The pattern continued, every new moon a hiss would be heard in a town of village up the coast and when dawn came, five more victims would be found. Months became years and the years stretched into almost a decade, by which time more have been learned of the Sea of Sorrows and its inhabitants and the Reaver among it most notorious. With the creature that appeared on the first dawn as the mists parted and with the aid of sailors who had encountered such creatures, it was discerned that the creature responsible was none other than a Reaver, a cold-hearted and especially bloody one at that.

Traps were set and on a new moon in October, groups of hunters settled in for their watches along the coast about each town and village on the Sea of Sorrows, anywhere south of Darkon where the killings had not occurred. They waited patiently for the creature to appear. Then, in the darkness a hiss echoed along the coast beyond Mordentshire. Barely audible over the sound of crashing waves at first, but it was repeated and the sign

was all to clear, the killer had returned once more.

Reaching for their gear and stalking out into the night, a group of hunters tracked the creature into the town and fell upon it outside the window of a young child, it was watching her, it's face and splayed hands pressed against the small pane of glass that proved to be the only portal to the infant. They fell upon it with sword and pole arm, man-catchers in the more complete versions. The creature fought hard and struck down many of the hunters, sending them to their graves, but in returned was served terrible wounds and bled freely and in time the creature weakened. Not able to defeat its attackers it fled into the night.

One man I conversed with on the subject claims to be the youngest brother of one of the surviving hunters and stated that the creature was watched from the shore as it swam back into the ocean, sinking one final time and disappearing into the darkness.

I have little doubt in my mind that this creature was a Reaver and one of the first to be encountered in this fashion, hunting humans and probably feeding on their torn corpses. It also serves as an example to the cruelty their kind can unleash upon others especially those it may view as lower down the food chain. This living bogeyman may or may not have survived the battle, but the killings do continue in a copycat fashion if the creature did perish in the salty brine. However, they are less frequent and fall only on any new moon in October.

Dread Possibility

The Aqua Sanguine may be a Reaver or another similar marine life form. It may also be the original creature that survived the battle and learned to be more cautious in its ways after nearly facing mortality at the hands of brave hunters. It is also possibility that the original Aqua Sanguine did die in the waters after the battle and rose from its watery grave as an undead monster, corporeal or not.

Should the creature have become undead, it will have a need to fulfil its last acts during its life, feasting on the flesh of an infant. It may have that ability to pass through solid matter, even if it is corporeal. The creature will fear weapons that appear similar to those that mortally wounded it, especially any form of pole arm.

Tarja

I initially heard this story while listening to a woman telling that her son had risen from the dead. Naturally I was disturbed by her cause to speak with me, but was more disturbed by the story as it unfolded in my ears. My mind could not help but swallow the tale spun into it forming images that made my soul quake within my mortal form. When she finished her tale and had me promise to find her son and place him back in the soil, I asked her how it was possible her son, who had received a full burial with blessing from those faithful to Ezra could come back from the death as a monster. Her answer was cold in my heart. She told me it was because he loved Tarja.

As I followed the path that led to the laying to rest of this woman's son, I found little on Tarja, no last name, not

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so much as a place where she was known to reside. For such a small village as the likes of Kelmont in Darkon, I found this queer in the very least. Each man I spoke with saw Tarja as something different. One person would see a tall waif with dark hair and deep-set eyes while another saw a small plump woman bubbling with joy and personality. After speaking to many about her, I decided that this Tarja could either disguise herself behind some glamour, or was not human in any sense of the word.

I had been told that the son could be seen sitting on a gravestone in the local cemetery at night no one would dare approach after dark, at least no one alive. Keeping my holy symbol close to my heart and my redoubling my faith in the Goddess, I strode into the place the locals feared most and saw the man seated on a grave, his head in his hands. At first I was not certain of what he was doing, I had never seen a member of the undead cry and found it curious. Cautiously stepping forward for a closer look I cursed under my breath as a twig snapped beneath my foot. The man's head came up quickly, looking about in the night, the only word he spoke he repeated time and again. That woman's name, this Tarja that had somehow taken this young man from his grave and cursed his soul to damnation in all meaning to the word. I could see immediately the distress and sorrow on his face and he continued to speak out into the night. "Tarja? Are you there, Tarja? Please come back to me, I love you Tarja." My heart ran cold as he heard his pitiful cries, it then broke when he began to plead to Ezra for a release from his cursed existence, he knew he

had died, but not why he had come back. He believed he was being punished for some grievous sin he was not made aware of. Forcing the tears to stay in my eyes I came out of my hiding place and walked toward him. He looked at me with a smile before he faltered and settled his gaze on the vestment about my neck hanging by its silver chain. I stopped some way from him, as I did not trust him not to attack me should the opportunity become available and I asked if the name I had for him was correct, he nodded silently.

"I thought you were Tarja" he said, "she said that I would only have to rest a while and she would come for me, take me away and we would live happily together for all time." I looked down at him, readying a spell that would bring a flaming dagger to my hand and told him that no one and no thing went on forever, that everything ends. "No Tarja, not her, she goes on forever and so do those who love her. She asked me if I would love her forever, I wanted to be with her forever and I said yes. I feel a fool now, I clawed my way out of my grave, I knew I was dead, or I should be. I never wanted to be this." His hand slapped against his still chest with a deadening thwap, from the sound alone I knew what strength he possessed, enough to break my bones without any effort. I asked him to tell me more of this Tarja, and he did.

"Tarja came into the village six months ago, everyone liked her straight away, which was odd, strangers don't get much care here, some people have been here for years and are still strangers to some of the older folk. There was something strange about her though, everyone

seemed to see something different in her, I just saw her how she is.” I asked him what he meant. “That she is beautiful, what more does a person need to know? She liked me straight away to, my mum didn’t like her though none of the woman did from what I hear. She was a threat to them I suppose, more beautiful than them and they got scared she was gonna steal their men from them. I ain’t got a woman of me own so Tarja was mine. Mum didn’t like it much, but I told her I was a grown man and allowed to take a wife if I wanted. When she heard that she had one of her turns and got mad again. I got out of the house in a hurry. She ain’t nice to know when she has her turns.

“I went with Tarja to where she lived, in the old Dedlay place, she got the place cheap she said and we knew we were in love. It would be our home. Then two months ago she asked me an odd question, she asked me how much I loved her. When I told her she asked if I would love her forever. When I said I would she told me to prove it. I didn’t understand her at first, I never been that quick, mum said I was slow after I banged my head when I was little, that I could never learn my words right, but I can speak okay, it’s the numbers and the writing I don’t know. Tarja told me that if I would love her forever, I would move back in with me mum for a week and then leave with my stuff to live with her. She told me not to tell me mum or anyone nothing about what she said.”

As the man told me this, I felt a hole growing in the pit of my stomach it was filled with a chill that sent a shiver through me. However, he didn’t notice, he just went on with his story, a distant look in his eye.

“Me mum was right pleased when I went home, she said that I should never have felt, I didn’t say nothing coz Tarja told me not to, she waas testing me and I didn’t wanna lose her. I stayed with mum a week and then packed me things she caught me doing it and asked what I was doing. Tarja told me it was okay to tell her everything when I was going back to her, so I told mum everything. She had another of her turns and I didn’t get away quick enough this time, she hit me on the head with the coalscuttle. I don’t know what happened after, but I woke up down there.” He motioned to the ground and the hole that had formed within my spilled over. This young man was not the victim of some harpy as his mother said he was the victim of her jealousy and her murder victim. I turned back to the man, forcing the bile down and asked what Tarja said about meeting him here.

“Yeah, she said that if I didn’t make it back to the house after a week she would have to go away for a bit then come back to get me. She hasn’t come though and I been waiting a long time now.” I asked him if he wanted to keep waiting for be at peace, he told me his heart couldn’t take his sadness anymore and wanted peace. I gave him his final wish and returned to the village to see the local priests and his mother.

His mother admitted everything with only a single question, she also admitted to beating her son as a small child, which would explain his learning difficulty. She was taken to the gallows after a swift trial. The priests and the grave diggers accompanied me to the cemetery in the morning, I showed them the exact

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*place where the man was to be found,.
But the earth was bare of his form.*

From that time I have heard many similar tales and encountered people who had seen the woman responsible for the loss of a young man in their village. The young men are often seen many months later as the walking dead most often zombies form my understanding of the creatures, though some retain their sharp mind and skills. These who remember who they are beg for an end to their cursed existence and I recommend that those who encounter these poor folk grant them their wish. In some tales, Tarja's name remains the same, though in others she is Karja, Kara, Tara, Mara, Sonya, Tessa, Mary and in one story, Tatania. All of the stories share the same principles and facts as the one I documented here, the woman arrives in the village, takes a man for her own and leaves with him. Months later the man returns to the area as the walking dead.

I have been unable to find this Tarja, or whatever name is true to her. I have not encountered her first hand, only in stories told to me in taverns and in the homes of those who have lost loved ones to her. But should any of my correspondents encounter this creature firsthand, I refuse to refer to anything as cruel as a woman then send word to me immediately so I may have a chance to study it in person.

Dread Possibility

Tarja is not a woman she is not even human instead she is something utterly different. She was once the apprentice to an arcanist and fell foul to one of their darker and more dangerous experiments. The accident left her alive, but without a soul. Her catatonic

body continued to live its life unaware of the world about it until the distraught arcanist cultivated and harvested an artificial soul for her. But where dark magic touches, it changes and Tarja was changed completely. Where she was once attentive and eager to learn, she became distant and easily distracted. More than once she took to her tutor's bed only to be cast out again. As the refusals became more adamant, the more determined her goal to win her tutor's affections became. Eventually she used a charm spells against her tutor and took to their bed. When the night was over, Tarja felt more alive than ever, her tutor bed in the sheets beside her. Her tutor did not rest in death and rose again that morning, having become Tarja's undead slave. The girl grew tired of her current lifestyle and left, leaving her former tutor to carry on the commands she left for it for all eternity.

After leaving her tutor, Tarja found herself becoming listless and more lethargic. She stumbled on a road and passed out, she woke to find herself looking up at a concerned middle-aged man. Looking about, she saw a younger man in the corner watching her with interest. As soon as she saw him, she felt the pull of her heart and knew he had to be hers. Three days later, she had taken the boy and left. Four months later the boy was returned to his home as one of the walking dead, he begged for death and received it from the local priest.

The earliest stories of Tarja date back to Darkon's false history so it is evident that she appeared with the domain. Locals who know of her claim that she is an agent of the Grey Realm come to harvest the living back

into the domains of the dead. More popular opinion has reduced her to the level of a bogeyman to scare young children into listening to their parents.

The only constants with Tarja is that she targets only young men below the age of twenty, appears different to all men who look upon her and leaves with her victim after several months of courting. The young men return to their homes between three and six months later as a member of the walking dead. Many of these walking dead are zombies who return to their homes and do nothing more, though a few retain their intellect and memories and long for Tarja for a long time before resigning themselves to the truth and seek out the end of their abominable existence.

In your games, Tarja is a human infused with the soul of a creature similar to the Bastellus. She may make other humanoids sleep but only through prolonged physical contact and instead of dreams, feeds on their soul. After ten feedings, her chosen partner dies and rises twelve hours later as one of the walking dead, either a zombie or a revenant with the same number of Hit Dice. These revenants do not seek out revenge, but instead long for their love to return for them.

Due to the fusion between her soul and body, the Bastellus has lost the ability to create darkness, cause insanity and infused her victims with dreams. Instead she has gained the ability to drain the souls of her lovers. She only gains sustenance from the souls of living humanoids and loves to trick people into claiming that they would love her forever, the undead she curses them with it her sick joke at their claim.

Fingerblades

While following the trail of legends that allowed me to build my profiles of The Singing Maid and Tarja, I found the mythology of Fingerblades in a random meeting with an old colleague with whom I used to travel infrequently. Together we faced more than a dozen threats to innocent people and put a stop to them all, though not without cost. Caradoc Stillheart is a Sithican elf, though that was not the concern when I first encountered him, the true reason I stumbled on him during for our initially meeting was that he in one of the walking dead, a Revenant to be exact. While he explores his own death and seeks those responsible, he tries to aid others by seeking out other creatures of the night and laying them to rest.

Caradoc had been investigating a rash of child deaths across Darkon when I met him. Knowing that his current work would interest me, he pulled me into his investigation. Our first stop was Corvia, the epicentre of the deaths. I met with the parents and other close relations of the dead and was allowed to look over the bodies, using my expertise as both herbalist and churgeon to discern the cause of death in each child. Among my findings was that one child had drowned in salt water, a large animal had mauled another, one was drained completely of their blood and another had suffered from what I call heart failure. The child's heart had simply stopped beating. In addition to these findings, to make the situation far more confusing, none of the children showed signs of outward trauma except some minor bruising and a single cut on the inside of each of their palms.

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Each time I made a discovery I would return to those I questioned for further in-depth interviews. Eventually they all mentioned the same or similar name, Fingerblades.

In legend, this bogeyman victimises sleeping children and eventually kills them. It may attack each night for months before taking the life of a victim, or simply stalk the child and kill the innocent in a single evening. There is never any evidence of someone entering or leaving, or any sign of attack on the child except some bruising and the aforementioned cuts on the palms.

While we sought out more evidence of Fingerblades, reports came in of three children in Mayvin who all woke screaming in the night, each of them having suffered broken legs in their sleep. Not wanting to abandon our cause in Corvia, both Caradoc and myself knew the protection of three living children outweighed the needs of the dead and made all haste to the town.

We found the home of the children without difficulty, as the town was a buzz of rumour and amateurish insight into the cause or the supernatural involvement. By way of natural Darkonese superstition, much blame fell on the Grey Realm. After our initial meeting with the parents and introducing ourselves to more people than either of us care to mention, since so many aunts, uncles and cousins had crept out of the woodwork to see on the children, we were allowed to see the children in question.

We entered the room where the children were being kept, iron and other protective symbols were hung on the walls, narrow window and about

the door we entered through. As they made no effect of Caradoc I knew how effective they would be against any real threat to the children. The children themselves were triplets, all in a bed at the centre of the small room. Their legs had already been set in splints, but too loosely, so I tightened them and applied balm to soothe the pain they were suffering. Later giving more balm to the parents to apply while the broken limbs healed. Unable to interview each child separately, I cast some minor spells that would allow a short period of privacy at the time between the child I was interviewing and myself. From these interviews I discerned that all of the children were dreaming that some hulking beast was chasing them through a forest, they got separated but each child remembers that the creature turned to chase them, though it was still chasing the others. They were on the brink of escape when each of them suffered some accident. One of them fell into a ravine, the others had trees fall and crush their legs. Checking the wounds again more thoroughly, I found the breaks consistent with their dreams.

The dilemma that hit me then nearly broke my heart as I realised that our foe was not only supernatural but, able to travel through dreams rendering any protection we set up for them as useful as the charms that hung on the walls about us. I bid the children a quick recovery and spoke with their parents for a time before we made our departure to find lodging and formulate some form of plan to protect the children.

The first thing we tried was to keep the children awake, but the remedies I use for stimulants may only

be used for a short time before they begin to cause physical effects, such as insomnia, mild insanity for periods up to a week in length, delusions and, in one situation, homicidal tendencies. Having faced all of them all at one time or another I felt better not giving such potent drugs to the children.

Wracking our brains for a solution, Caradoc sought outside help from the university at Martira Bay. He sent for a Prof. Merien Galde, a person I had heard little on during my life in this world and even less in the fields normally followed by scholars. When Prof. Galde arrived, I was able to see why the man stayed off the circuit, like Caradoc he was one of the walking dead, but in Galde's case a vampire. I would have staked the creature on sight if Caradoc had not stopped me, holding me back while Galde reassured me that with his presence in the room, the children would be much safer, he would not feed off anything but animals that he would caught himself. All we had to do was replace him an hour before dawn so he could hunt his food. Regretting my decision the moment I made it, I agreed to Galde's plan.

For the first eight nights that Galde watched the children, nothing of note occurred, but on the ninth night, Galde had us summoned several hours before dawn. While he had been keeping watch, the children in turn appeared to go into seizure. Only a single child was in seizure at any given time, though soon all three went into a mild seizure. He had us summoned then and tried to calm the children and hold them down so they would not re-injure their already mending legs. When he placed his hands on the flesh of one child he felt the world sink away

from him and caught a glimpse of another. He was unable to recollect much except it was dark, cold and the air was filled with the sounds of a thousand screaming children. Galde was shaken quite greatly by his experience, even a vampire became afraid of what it had witnessed and begged to be excused, he would hunt and retire early that morning.

It was after he departed that I checked the children for new injury while they slept, to my horror I found a bite mark on the outer thigh of one of the children. Galde had feed on them at least once during his nightly "protection".

I never got the opportunity to confront Galde for he was gone by dawn. He is one creature I mean to hunt in the near future, I have learned that he still resides at the university in Martira Bay and has some possible connections to the elusive Kargat. After Galde's speedy departure, Caradoc and myself decided to alternate between watching the children each night, we also cancelled our lodgings nearby and took up permanent camp in the house for both of us to be near the children at all times.

Another two weeks and many more fruitless experiments later, one of the children woke screaming in terror, Caradoc was present at the time and called me to the room. I had been near sleep but had been sleeping less while my mind remained troubled. I entered the room in time to see some shadow kneeling above the screaming child and drive its hands down toward his chest. Caradoc threw himself across the child and screamed in pain as the fingers of the figure lanced his dead flesh. The shadow went to strike again

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but I was quick with my spells and sliced at it with a battle spell I had been perfecting, a blade of holy energy that I had adapted from Halite witches in Borca. At first I thought my attack ineffective until I saw that the shadow had ceased in its attack and was turning toward me. I raised the blade again but the shadow faded, a chill laughter filling the air.

Once the shadow had left, I inspected the children and finally Caradoc. He had suffered ten puncture wounds to his back they carried a feint smell of burnt flesh and were perfectly positioned to be where the fingers had entered him. By measuring the wounds I was able to determine that the hands were roughly twenty percent larger than that of a human male and the depth of the wounds hinted that each finger and thumb was twice the length of that of a human. This abnormality I had not seen during the hurried encounter, but the wounds carried the evidence to me.

Once the child had been calmed I was able to interview him again, he claimed to be having a nightmare where a tall creature with horrible burns and long fingers like blades was chasing him. The creature grabbed hold of him just as he awoke.

We kept over vigil over the children for another month without incident before deciding that the immediate threat against them was over, though I keep in periodical contact with the family, checking when whenever I am in the area and have allies of mine check in also. In the past year since our encounter with the shadow creature, I have heard of other mysterious attacks on sleeping children, many resulting in death. It sickens me to think that I was unable to

cause the destruction of this entity during the one encounter I had with it, but without much study and repeated encounters I may be unable to do little more than distract it from its prey.

Dread Possibility

Fingerblades is a bogeyman that feeds on the fear of children while they sleep, reaching into their subconscious and giving it form in a nightmare. It then feasts upon this hunger while hunting its prey, predominantly children between the ages of five and fifteen. Those who suffer at the hands of this bogeyman – whether they survive the encounter or perish – all bear injuries with little external evidence of struggle. The only telltale signs are bruising about the injured areas of the body and a slice along the length of each palm. The cuts are cauterised and have bled very little and heal without complications. The most common injuries suffered during the nightmares are broken bones, though internal injuries that require healing spells and other more powerful magic like *Regeneration*, *Miracle* or a *Wish* are also possible. More than one victim has woken from a dream encountering this creature, dreaming that their eyes have been plucked out, only to awaken to find them gone. Severed limbs are also possible, but are rare in occurrence.

The origin on Fingerblades is not known, but popular theories by the more scholarly of those interested in the legends are that it is either some mundane creature that has transcended into becoming a new form of hideous monster, a ghost, some stalker from the Near Ethereal or, a Dream Spawn

trapped in its current form by some accident.

Whatever the creature is and how it sits with the Nightmare Court is clouded beyond measure. But if this creature is acting within the boundaries of the Nightmare Court, with or without their permission will certainly be of some interest to them.

Dreams that are visited by Fingerblades cause the victim to awaken no longer than 2 hours after they fall asleep and the victim is unable to gain sleep for the remainder of that day and loses any benefits for resting. Meaning that a spell caster does not renew her spell allotment, a wizard may not memorise spells to replace those used and all healing for resting that day is lost. The characters is also fatigued, suffering a -2 penalty to attack and damage rolls, as well as a -4 penalty to all skill checks requiring concentration and/or dexterity. Upon waking the victim is called to make a Horror check (DC 20).

Conclusions

During my investigations into Bogeymen, these four examples above are the only ones I could find conclusive evidence toward their existence. Even then most of this evidence was second or third hand at best, not encountering the creatures directly. I find it very disconcerting that all of these creatures remain at large and I continue to hear of more victims left in their wake. But I do take solace in one matter, small as it may be. Bogeymen, though common in myth are proven to be extremely rare in reality, if these creatures are true bogeymen at all. While some hideous stories like the Burning Bride,

Westcote Moor Hound and the likes of the Crawling Man are truly terrifying, there is no evidence to support their actual existence.

Unfortunately, creatures like Fingerblades that I documented above do certainly exist and are far more terrifying than any tale I witnessed while collecting information for this text. If all bogeymen are as terrible in power and resilience to our attempts to stop them, I beg that they are as rare as I believe and remain so. That one day, we will find a safe and proven method in destroying them and when that is so, we may all rest easily in our beds, no longer afraid to fall asleep, fearing what our dreams may bring.

Since my investigation with Caradoc for Fingerblades, I have found information on Galde that proves that he takes many vampire brides, primarily young boys and men approximately ten to sixteen years of age. The very existence of this vampire sickens me greatly and I am sickened more to know that I let him guard those children. Caradoc has since uncovered evidence of the matter of his murder that leads him to Martira Bay. The two of us, with more allies I am familiar with are to meet there and plan our method of destroying this creature. Every time I hear the name Martira Bay or have some encounter with it, direct or otherwise, I am opened to more evil in the place and more rumours of the Kargat. Should Galde prove to be a member and if our actions bring the Kargat against us, then so be it. I will rest easy in my grave knowing that I have done my best to protect the innocent men, women and especially the children of this world from the likes of Galde and the many others I have sent into death.

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I wish you well my dear readers and I hope to survive the journey I am to undertake in the next few days and the hunt at the end of it. If I return then I shall undoubtedly have more tales and records to share on my encounters with the unnatural and inherently evil parts of our world.

*Yours in Service to Hala,
Cernunoss and Cerridwen;
Megan Llewelyn
Nevuchar Springs, February 17th,
759 BC.*

Dread Possibility

The Crawling Man

The legend of the Burning Bride hails from Mordentshire around the turn of the year 600 BC. A young bride is said to have been in the chapel just before her wedding when the bell tower was struck by lightning. She was caught in the blaze that erupted and died a horrible death. Since that time she has returned from the dead many times trying to find the man she lost through her death and is unaware of the passage of time. When she manifests, she appears as a strikingly beautiful young woman dressed in

finery surrounded by an aura of flame. Her hair and gown are also on fire. Flames lick from the corners of her eyes and gushes from her mouth as she wails mournfully. Where she treads, a path of ethereal flame is left behind her that slowly fades over several minutes.

Those she touches are also said to suffer terrible burns.

The Crawling Man

The Crawling Man is said to creep through alleyways and narrow streets about Port-a-Lucine and feeds off stray animals. On occasion, a dead vagrant or similarly lost person shows up bearing his trademark wounds, having the torso crushed as if being squeezed in a powerful vice. The poor or the city have many stories of this bogeyman, but many hold conflicting information or are too unbelievable to be true, though some truth is told in each version of the tale.

The Crawling Man is said to move with surprising speed and possess superhuman strength and dexterity, despite the loss of his legs. He is able to climb sheer surfaces as easily as we could walk down the street and be able to track his victims by scent alone.

Scearidd

Evil Masked in Innocence

By Thomas "Malus Black" Rasmussen

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Scearidd

Small Fey	
Hit Dice:	4d6 (14 hp)
Initiative:	+3 (+3 Dex)
Speed:	20 ft.
Armour Class:	14 (+3 Dex, +1 Size)
Attack:	2 claws +6 melee; bite +7 melee
Full Attack:	Claw 1d4+3; bite 1d6+3
Face/Reach:	5 ft by 5 ft / 5 ft
Special Attack:	Claws, disfiguring bite, lullaby*
Special Qualities:	Alternate form, damage reduction, shadow calling, empathic bond
Saves:	Fort +1, Ref +8, Will +5
Abilities:	Str 16, Dex 17, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 16
Skills:	Balance +7, Bluff +8, Hide +13, Listen +6, Move Silently +10, Tumble +8
Feats:	Stealthy, Weapon Focus (Bite)
Environment:	Any
Organization:	Solitary
Challenge Rating:	4
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always Chaotic Evil
Advancement:	5-6 HD (small)

*Only in alternate form

Scearidds are most often in the form of a small bird, such as a sparrow or a nightingale. Their name is actually a corruption of the Mordentish *sceadu bridd* – shadow bird. Scearidds in bird form appear slightly different from other birds; distinguished by unnaturally bright plumage, or eyes that betray a keen intellect, or some other unnatural

quality. Each scearidd has but one such bird form. In their natural form, scearidds resemble angelic children. These creatures have pale, smooth skin, large eyes and silvery hair. They seem to radiate a soft glow, and their every movement is controlled and graceful.

Scearidds are unique among fey in that they form an empathic bond with a mortal child. Scearidds typically select children who have, to some extent, been abandoned or ignored by their family, friends, or society in general. The scearidd observes a potential child for a long time before revealing itself. If the child is willing to befriend the innocent looking fey, the scearidd creates an empathic bond between them. The scearidd chooses when to dissolve the bond, doing so if the child should reveal the presence of the fey or disappoint the fey in some manner. Otherwise, the fey typically leaves the child halfway into the youngster's teens, when imagination, playfulness and curiosity fade, but children who retain such qualities may preserve the bond for a much longer time. A few children have even gone their entire lives with the bond still intact. When the bond is broken, the child's memory of the scearidd fades away. Adults who were once fey-friends often dismiss their remaining memories as a figment of their childish imagination.

When a scearidd befriends a child who is good and innocent, little bad comes of the matter. The scearidd is

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eager to impart the wisdom of centuries to its friend, and such children are often wise beyond their years. However, not all children are good and kind. The mortal and the fey share an empathic bond, thus the scaridd knows all that the child feels, hears and sees. The scaridd sees itself as the protector of its companion and punishes the targets of its friend's envy, anger or sadness. At first, these punishments appear as nothing more. The scaridd's anger grows with each passing affront to the child, however, and often escalates the violence beyond reason. In the end, targets may suffer a dreadful accident, be trampled by a carriage drawn by startled horses, or be crushed by a ceiling that collapsed for no apparent reason.

If the scaridd truly wishes to punish a victim, it may revert to its natural form and maim the quarry with its horrible bite and claws, often letting it bleed to death. Many abusive parents and teachers have never awoken victims to the fickle nature of the scaridd.

The child itself has no immunity to the scaridd's mercurial temper. While a scaridd could not even imagine hurting its loyal friend, an ungrateful child is fair game. After noticing that several people the child wished ill have died or been maimed in accidents, the child might begin to feel guilt, or even anger at the scaridd. In such case, the scaridd will show no mercy towards its former companion, brutally killing and devouring the traitor.

Any who come between a scaridd and its objectives are subject to its murderous whims. One should think long and hard before crossing the path of a scaridd, no matter how innocent it may seem to the untrained eye.

Combat

Scaridds are not great combatants. While they do have nasty claws and a powerful bite, they are fragile creatures. Subterfuge and stealth are a scaridd's preferred tactics. A scaridd will try to disguise their murders as random accidents.

Alternate Form (Su): As a move action, a scaridd may change its shape to or from the shape of a bird. While in bird form, the scaridd retains its ability scores and skills, though the species of bird determines bonuses to armour class and attack rolls as well as hide and move silently skill checks. It loses its *claws* and *disfiguring bite* abilities, but can now use its *lullaby* ability.

Claws (Ex): A scaridd hides its claws when it is in its natural form, but it may reveal them as a free action, its fingertips morphing into wicked, silvery claws. Each claw acts as a +1 silver weapon for overcoming damage reduction.

Damage Reduction (Ex): A scaridd has Damage Reduction 3/Cold Iron. Weapons made of cold iron deal normal damage to a scaridd, as do *blessed* weapons.

Disfiguring Bite (Ex): When the scaridd uses this attack, its otherwise small mouth grows into a gaping hole filled with jagged, uneven teeth. This ability is identical to the salient ability found on page 47 of *Van Richten's Guide to the Walking Dead*.

Empathic Bond (Su): Most scaridds share an empathic bond with one child, and those few who do not are usually searching for a child with whom to bond. The bond has several different effects:

First, the bond functions as a two-way conduit for damage – any damage suffered by either the scaridd or the

child is instantly transferred to the other. This transfer functions for lethal and subdual damage, as well as ability damage. The death of either the scaridd or the child will not necessarily cause the death of the other if the damage transferred would not normally kill it.

Second, the scaridd can dimly feel the emotions of than minor accidents the child, regardless of the distance between them. Whenever the bonded child is subject to a Fear, Horror or Madness save, the scaridd must its own save against the same DC, with a +2 bonus.

Third, the scaridd may also attempt to see, hear and feel through the child. At will, a scaridd may attempt a Wisdom check against DC 5, +1 per 100 feet between the scaridd and the child. If the check succeeds, the scaridd may detect the world through the bonded child's senses. The creature has no control over the child, and loses some control over its own body during the observation. While in the child's mind, the scaridd may only take one action each round, and suffers a -2 penalty to

armour class, saving throws, skill checks and both attack and damage rolls. Any audio, visual, or sensory effects that effect the child also effect the scaridd, though it is entitled to its own saving throw.

Lullaby (Ex): While in its bird shape, a scaridd may sing a haunting tune that affects those within 30 ft. as per the spell *Deep Slumber*, with a Will save DC of 16. A scaridd may use this ability three times each day, as a full-round action. The creature uses this ability to immobilise its foes before maiming or killing them.

Shadow Calling (Su): Once per day, as a standard action, a scaridd may call for 1d4+1 swarms of birds of the same type as its alternate form. These flocks of birds serve the scaridd for 3d6 hours and use the statistics for a bat swarm, as described in the *Monster Manual*. The scaridd may mentally direct the swarm as a free action. The scaridd use this ability both to attack enemies and to cover their retreat.

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Children of the Night

Grimalkin the Breathstealer

By Jason "Javier" True

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"It had been another long day", Janice thought to herself as she entered the bedroom with her baby cradled in her arms. She set the baby in a small bassinet by her wardrobe and sat down at the edge of the bed. Slipping off her shoes, Janice gently rubbed one foot and then the other. After standing all day, she could feel her feet throb and ache.

A soft moan escaped from between her lips, but Roger, her husband, only groaned slightly before he rolled over and continued to sleep. A sardonic smile crossed her prematurely aging face. Janice loved her husband dearly, but she envied him. Taking care of their newborn baby and keeping up on the household chores was draining the vitality from her.

Sometimes she wished that they were still the young, newlywed couple that did not have a baby and all of the responsibilities that came with it. Unfortunately, wishing did not accomplish anything productive. It was merely a distraction from the tiring experiences of each and every day.

Janice was grateful, however, that the baby was finally asleep and the chores were done for the day. Slipping out of her clothes, she extinguished the lamp and climbed into bed. Gathering some the blankets around her with a heavy sigh, she tucked herself in for the night.

Laying her head back on the pillow, Janice began to feel herself slowly drift off to sleep. As her eyelids

grew heavier, Janice heard a soft cooing sound coming from the bassinet. She began to open her eyes, but the baby did not continue to cry or fret. Too tired to climb out of bed and check on the child, Janice merely closed her eyes and went back to sleep.

As Janice fell into the depths of a deep sleep, a small cat stepped forth from the shadows next to the wardrobe. The feline figure casually looked around the room before hopping into the bassinet with the baby. The cat slowly crept on top of the baby's chest and leaned in close to the baby's face. The cat licked the dried milk from the child's lips and then started sucking the breath from the infant's lungs.

The baby struggled and gasped, but the cat's weight prevented the child from rolling over. After a few more moments, the last of the infant's life had been emptied out by the malicious creature. Hopping out of the bassinet, the cat landed lightly onto the floor and left the dead child for Janice and Roger to find in the morning.

The Legend

Many midwives and wet nurses warn new mothers to keep their pets away from the children. In particular, they advise against leaving a cat alone with the newborn baby. According to the stories, the unattended cat will stick its nose in the baby's nostrils or open mouth and suck out his or her breath.

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This legend is rather common among the people of Tempest, Barovia and even Darkon. The more enlightened domains, such as Dementlieu and Lamordia, scoff at the possibility of a simple cat being able to steal the life of a baby or small child. However, there is more truth to this legend than what most scholars are willing to admit.

History

There is in fact one cat that roams the night looking for sleeping children and adults to suffocate. This cat is called Grimalkin the Breathstealer, and is no normal feline. Grimalkin is a shadow fey that has kept to the domains around the Shadow Rift for decades. In recent history, however, her prowling has begun to reach farther and farther from her dark home.

There are no official records of how Grimalkin the Breathstealer first came into being. The few scholars that actually believe in this fey feline speculate that Grimalkin was “born” over a century ago, since the wives’ tales have existed at least that long. As for her birthplace, the scattered legends are most common in Tepest and Darkon, which suggests that the Grimalkin came from either the Shadow Rift or the domains that existed there before the Rift’s appearance.

While Grimalkin’s origins are shrouded in mystery, her current activities are not so secret. Every year more and more children quietly die in their sleep, and distressed parents blame any nearby feline of being a malicious fey creature in disguise. Sadly, these accusations are oftentimes as wrong as they are correct.

Grimalkin the Breathstealer

Small Fey	
Hit Dice:	6d6 (29 hp)
Initiative:	+9
Speed:	40 ft. (8 squares)
Armour Class:	19 (+1 size, +5 Dex, +3 natural), touch 16, flat-footed 14
Base Attack/Grapple:	+3/+2
Attack:	Bite +2 melee (1d4-1)
Full Attack:	Bite + 2 melee (1d4-1) and 2 claws +5 melee (1d6-1)
Space/Reach:	5ft./5 ft.
Special Attack:	Alternate form, spell-like abilities, stolen breath
Special Qualities:	Catnip bane, damage reduction 10/cold iron or magic, evasion, immunity to cold, immunity to steel weapons, low-light vision, screaming bane
Saves:	Fort +3, Ref +10, Wil +6
Abilities:	Str 8, Dex 20, Con 12, Int 17, Wis 13, Chr 10
Skills:	Balance +12, Climb +4, Concentration +6, Disguise +5, Escape Artist +10, Hide +10, Jump +6, Listen +6, Move Silently +10, Open Lock +10, Spot +6, Tumble +12
Feats:	Improved Initiative, Multiattack, Weapon Finesse (Claws)
Environment:	Any
Organization:	Solitary
Challenge Rating:	4
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always Neutral Evil
Advancement:	7-10 (Medium)

Grimalkin has the appearance of a strange amalgamation between a goblin and an alley cat. Her body is short and pudgy with mottled green skin. Thick arms and legs as well as a generous potbelly belie her natural grace and speed. Her head, however, is that of a

black cat. Sharp claws adorn each of her hands and a long sleek tail slowly swishes behind her.

Combat

Grimalkin prefers to avoid physical combat whenever possible. Using her alternate form and spell-like abilities, Grimalkin will attempt to lull her opponents into a sense of security before pressing her attacks. By catching her victims either off-guard or asleep she will try to suffocate them before they can react.

If pressed into actually fighting in hand-to-hand combat Grimalkin will make use of her sharp claws and wicked bite to injure his opponents. If a battle is not proceeding in her favor Grimalkin will flee to safety and return another time.

Alternate Form (Su): Grimalkin can change herself into any type of domestic cat. She may spend up to 12 hours per day in her feline form and may shapeshift freely back and forth during that period as long as she doesn't exceed 12 hours total during any 24-hour period.

Evasion (Ex): Grimalkin is capable of avoiding magical and unusual attacks with impressive agility. A Reflex save that would prevent half damage in other creatures instead results in her taking no damage.

Immunities (Su): Grimalkin is immune to steel weapons and cold.

Low-light Vision (Ex): Grimalkin can see twice as far as a human in starlight, moonlight, torchlight, and similar conditions of poor illumination. She retains the ability to distinguish color and detail under these conditions.

Spell-like Abilities: 2/day – *dancing lights, ghost sounds*; 1/day – *cause fear, charm person, knock, pass*

without trace, sleep, ventriloquism.
Caster level 11th.

Stolen Breath (Su): In place of a standard attack, Grimalkin can attempt to suck the very air from the victim's lungs. If Grimalkin makes a successful touch attack, the victim must make a Fortitude save (DC 17) or take 1d4 points of Constitution damage. If the target creature is holding its breath and fails the save, the number of rounds of remaining breath is reduced by 2 per point of Constitution drained. If this reduction exhausts the entire target's remaining breath, it must begin making Constitution checks or start to suffocate (see suffocation covered in the *Dungeon Master's Guide*).

Special Weaknesses (Ex):
Exposure to direct sunlight causes 2 points of damage per round (no saving throw). Shaded cover reduces this damage to 1 point every 2 rounds.

Catnip Bane: Exposure to catnip negates Grimalkin's spell-like and supernatural abilities. Where normal cats find catnip intoxicating, she is rendered powerless while she is within a 10'-radius of the substance. If Grimalkin steps outside of the 10'-radius, her powers function again as normal. She may use her powers against creatures within the bane's effect, so long as she remains outside of it.

Screaming Bane: When a woman screams in fear or panic, Grimalkin's flesh burns like it is on fire. As long as Grimalkin stays within ten feet of the screaming, she takes 2d4 points of damage.

Dread Possibilities

- ❖ An epidemic has broken out in the village and several young children have been dying in their sleep.

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While parents and doctors are baffled as to the cause of these unexplained deaths, it is apparent that something needs to be done before all the children are dead.

- ❖ A friend of the PCs is accused for killing her own child. She swears that the child died during the night, but her husband says that the child had been smothered to death.

- ❖ The local clergy have been gathering feral cats to destroy them due to a mysterious death. The priests and their congregations are concerned that the cats are evil and will steal their breath while they sleep. Unfortunately, the rat population has begun to grow out of hand due to cats being removed from the town.

Return to Arlington Farm

The Original Domain in Third Edition

By Eddy "Wicky" Brennan

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Arlington Farm was originally presented in the Undead Sea Scrolls 2001. This article supersedes the previous version of the domain.

Cultural Level: Once Renaissance (CL 9), now slipped into Dark Ages (CL 5).

Landscape: Arlington Farm is a floating pocket that is roughly circular in shape when viewed from above. Endless fields of corn fill most of the flat landscape, stretching up from the dark rich soil and standing nearly seven feet in height when ready to pick. These fields are a maze to navigate, and it is all too easy to wander astray whilst passing through them. Several large patches of wheat and barley bring a mixture and the occasional temporary departure from the cornfields, though these are few and all too rare.

Any harvested vegetables appear to rot in moments, though they follow a natural lifestyle so long as they remain on the stalk. All of the fields seem to be in an endless loop of growth and decay, continually cycling without aid of any form. On occasion, a field carrying blight is encountered, but these are in minority to the healthy crops.

Possibly the most haunting presence within the fields is the scarecrows perched on poles that are almost twice the height of any man. These figures keep watch over the fields and protect it from the constant swarms of crows and ravens hovering in the air.

They are fearsome to look upon and exude a foul smell that turns all but the strongest of stomachs. The scarecrows appear to be unevenly spaced. Some are several hundred yards apart, and others are only a few dozen paces. Careful search of the land about these scarecrows may reveal the discarded remains of small animals and humanoids, having long decayed to nothing more than bone.

At the center of the fields, a grouping of dilapidated structures can be found. These comprise the now-abandoned house, barns, storehouses and other structures once used by the family that owned the land. All of them feature only a single story and are treacherous to navigate as portions occasionally fall in on themselves.

The focal point of the area, Arlington House, is all but a shell filled with rotten remnants of the furnishings it once contained. Some hints of the area's once greater social status can be found in the way of several examples of advanced technology, now rusted and decayed.

Leading from the buildings to the outer edge of the farm is a single, narrow dirt track. Near the end of this road, along the east edge of the farm, stands a tall and ancient oak tree. From its limbs hang dozens of rotted strands of rope. At the base of the tree, half buried in fall leaves, dirt and other debris lay many dozen nooses, marking the site as one of a great many executions.

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When not situated within another domain, the farm ends suddenly at a broken fence that hangs over tall cliffs that vanish down into the mists.

The overall dimensions of the farm vary upon where it is situated at any given time. If swallowed once more by the mists, it can stretch for dozens of miles in each direction. If implanted into another land, it could span only half a mile and even change its shape to suit where it has currently nestled itself.

Major Settlements: Arlington House (abandoned; pop. 1).

The Folk: Population – 1,027. Dread Flesh Scarecrows 100%. Languages – Kallian*, Falkovnian, Balok, Mordentish.

While a bustle of people once worked and often lived on the estate, the farm is now a desolate place, shunned by those who pass it. Its only inhabitant is now Henry Arlington. However, the fields are populated by the dread flesh scarecrows. Though dormant by day, the fields become a centre of activity and horror each night.

The Law: There is no essential law system governing the farm. However, the nights have the lands patrolled by the scarecrows that climb from their perches each sunset and exact horrific deeds upon those who trespass. Meanwhile, Henry's only prefix is that the fields must be tended to and kept safe from blight, to which he will go to any length to preserve.

Trade and Diplomacy: The farm is utterly isolated, even when positioned within another domain. It shares diplomatic relations with no other powers, neither foreign nor domestic.

Characters: There is no populace to draw characters from within Arlington Farm.

Encounters: The following sidebar lists all of the creatures that may be encountered in Arlington Farm while it is positioned in the mists. While within the boundaries of another domain, the creatures that may be encountered there (as listed in their respective gazetteers) also become possible to encounter. All animals and monsters in Arlington Farm are wild and not domesticated. The Hanging Tree in the east of the domain is haunted by many geists and valpurleiche during day and night. These spirits usually pose no threat unless angered.

Animals

1/10 – Bat; 1/8 – Rat; 1/6 – Raven; 1/4 – Cat, 1/3 – Dog, Hawk; 1/2 – Snake, small viper; 1 – Snake, medium viper, Wolf; 2 – Bat swarm, Snake, large viper.

Monsters

1/3 – Dire rat; 1/2 – Geist; 1 – Carcass hound, Carrion bat, Grave elemental, small, Tentacle rat; 2 – Carrion stalker, Dire bat, Phantom hound; 3 – Grave elemental, medium, Scarecrow, dread, 5 – Dread flesh scarecrow, Grave elemental, large; 6 – Corpse candle; 7 – Grave elemental, huge, Zombie fog; 9 – Grave elemental, greater, Valpurleiche; 11 – Grave elemental, elder.

Henry Arlington

Darklord of Arlington Farm

Male Human Undead Construct (Dread Flesh Scarecrow) Ari3/Exp6:
CR 10; HD 9d12+3, hp 70; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 19 (Dex +3, Natural +6), touch 13, flatfooted 16; Base Atk +6; Grp +8; Atk slam +8 melee (1d6) or

sickle +9 melee (1d6; crit. x2); Full Atk slam +8 melee (1d6) or sickle +9 (1d6; crit. x2); SA Stench, surprise, unnatural aura; SQ Children of the corn, damage reduction 15/blood and magic, dark vision 60 ft., feeding, low-light vision 120 ft., phobia, resistance to cold 15 and electricity 15, spell resistance 18, +6 turn resistance; AL NE; SV Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +9; Str 15; Dex 16; Con -; Int 11; Wis 14; Cha 17.

Skills & Feats: Bluff +12, Diplomacy +12, Gather Information +9, Handle Animal +6, Hide +12, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (agriculture) +11, Listen +10, Profession (farming) +12, Ride +6, Sense Motive +11, Spot +15, Alertness, Blind Fight, Lightning Reflexes, Negotiator, Persuasive, Skill Focus (profession farming), Toughness, Weapon Finesse (sickle).

Signature Items: Sickle, ragged clothing, woolen cloak.

Henry appears to be a lean, heavily weathered and tanned middle-aged man, though nothing could be further from the truth. He has spent more than six decades in the mists along with his farm. His skin is wrinkled and his mousy hair is streaked with grey at the temples, which he wears to his shoulders in a disheveled manner below his once great station. His eyes look out from below knotted brows and vary in appearance from pleasure, to concern, to hatred in a blink of an eye. He dresses in rags scavenged from his victims, and his clothes are not always the best fit. He always wears heavy boots and leather gloves for the endless work in the fields.

Beneath his clothing, Henry's body is a patchwork of scars and shreds of cloth; one piece for each time the scarecrows have come for him. Today, his body resembles more of a scarecrow

than the man he once was, but his shoulders, neck, head and hands remain untouched by these markings. Henry fears the fields as much as he loves them, and these marks only insulates that biting fear and dread of what goes on in the fields at night.

Henry speaks in an unusual accent that tends to put the inflection of any word he utters on the last syllable, making it difficult to converse with him in any language other than his native tongue. Unfortunately, no one else survives his presence long enough to learn this bizarre alien language.

He is also scatter-brained on occasion and often wanders off the topic at hand, his farm and the blight he constantly battles against. He does enjoy hearing of news from the world beyond his farm, though only if it would truly interest him. He is a polite and charming individual and looks longingly at young people who are starting out on their lives, often telling them how lucky they are to be only just beginning their experiences in the world. He will invite others to stay at his home, claiming to be in need of company and not wanting to turn people away, but his motives are more sinister as he slowly forms his plans to kill his visitors and make them into dread flesh scarecrows in his fields.

Background

Henry was born the youngest of three brothers to a family of farming landowners on a distant world beyond the misty border. He was attentive to the farm but jealous of his brothers. He wanted the farm and its accompanying lands to fall into his ownership, but, without the legal rite, this was lost to him. Though he loved the farm and was a greater farmer than his brothers, the rite of succession was not his and this ate

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away at him each day he lived, slowly becoming bitterer as time passed.

Slowly, he formulated a plan and put it into action. He started a fire one night in the west wing of the family manor. The fire claimed the lives of many servants as well as his parents. For him, it was the first step in his master plan. To everyone else, it was a tragedy, though he feigned sadness to throw off suspicion. To guarantee that the suspicion stayed from him, he framed one of the workers from the manor and had him hung from the Hanging Tree in the east of the family land.

Both of his brothers had survived the terrible blaze, although they were not unscathed. Each of them suffered minor burns and were bedridden from smoke inhalation. Taking advantage of the situation, Henry managed to alter his father's will naming him as the sole beneficiary of the farm and title of Landowner of the county. His eldest brother recovered to find that Henry had claimed the farm and it was legal, but he contested the will, claiming it to be doctored or a forgery. Henry feigned sympathy and promised his brothers that he would see justice done and the truth would come out. Until then, they would share the farm equally. Though he was set back by this sudden alteration in his plot, he was prepared for such a situation.

The brother immediately older than him was to be away for a few months. Henry saw his brother leaving and began to cry from the fields for help. His brother, recognizing Henry's distressed voice, rushed into the fields where Henry was waiting. Without warning, Henry attacked his brother from behind. His brother died without seeing the killer. To hide the remains, Henry cut

up the body and placed parts of it in many of the scarecrows scattered across the fields.

When Henry got back to the house where he and his brother lived, he commented that the scarecrows looked too sparse in the fields and that the crows were still getting in. Agreeing with his younger brother, more scarecrows were ordered for the fields and were in place by the end of the following day.

With only his eldest brother remaining, Henry quickly went into action, slowly poisoning his brother. It was diagnosed as a wasting disease, and the brother was bedridden, leaving Henry to run the farm alone. For months, his brother battled the poisons in his system and as he lay dying. Only moments from death, Henry told him everything. His brother's heart broke when he learned of the betrayal and murders.

With his final breaths, he cursed his youngest brother. "As you have betrayed those who loved you, you in turn shall be betrayed by all that you love. May a sickness grow within and a blight without until naught is felt for your rotten soul."

Henry smirked as his brother took his final breath. He had the body buried in the family cemetery beyond the fields, but, instead of letting it remain there, he chopped it up and hid it in the scarecrows so he could spend eternity with his brother in limbo. Again, more scarecrows were ordered. Henry declared that several miles of land beyond his own should in fact be his and the peasants had been stealing from his family all these years. For their thievery, he had them publicly flogged, and he personally undertook the administrations.

While at one of his public displays of punishment and execution, Henry met the daughter of a neighboring landowner. He knew he wanted her as soon as he saw her and petitioned her father for marriage. It was agreed after a brief courtship, and the pair was wed.

Returning to the farm from the wedding, Henry looked out of the carriage and ordered it to stop. He ran into the field where he had murdered his brother. Centered on the exact spot where the murder took place was a blight on the crop. He ordered the driver to take his wife to the house while he saw to the matter. He sought out the men responsible for that field and flogged them in the field among the blighted crop. So furious and blind with outrage he whipped them to death.

Knowing that no one else would enter the field, Henry hid the bodies for the time being and returned to the house. After a night of passion with his new wife, he stole into the field, cut up the bodies and placed pieces in the scarecrows. The following morning he called all the workers to him and announced that they were to avoid particular fields until the blight was contained and destroyed.

Over the next several years, Henry saw the farm dwindle to a shadow of its former glory. His pride was beaten raw by the sickness on the land. To avoid anger or depression overtaking him, he spent time with his wife and son. The following year she gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl, and the year following that she birthed a third son.

All the while Henry took out his frustration on those below him. In time he became known as a cruel master, but one that paid well. People he employed tried to avoid him, though they refused to leave him. He also stole up more

lands around his farm until he had possession of the entire county and, like wildfire, the blight spread.

Desperate for a solution, Henry entered the old manor one night and stumbled on his father's old library. Searching the books, he found a book of rituals and ceremonies. Within the smoky, half burned pages, he found a ritual that would restore his farm to its former glory. The ritual required a human sacrifice, and he laughed at the wasted sacrifices he had already made. He returned to the manor in a jovial mood and his wife was pleased to see him smile after so long and he told her that all would be well with the farm again soon. When she asked him how, he placed a finger to her lips and shushed her before going out again into the night.

Feigning anger at some of his workers, Henry stormed into the quarters of some who lived on the farm and fired out wild accusations at them. He dragged them out into the fields where he had prepared the ceremony. When they saw the altar and ceremonial circle, one panicked, Henry drew his pistol and threatened to shoot anyone who tried to run. He bound the men in a kneeling position, their heads resting on chopping blocks. He recited the passages aloud and after each repetition of the verses he brought a scythe down on the neck of a man. When he was done he cut up the bodies and hid them in the usual manner.

During the following year, the blight passed and the crops were strong once more. He smiled and held his oldest son, telling him that one day the farm would be his and he would teach him how to best care for it. He told this to all of his sons, hoping to see them argue and battle, so that the strongest and most determined would survive to

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earn the farm as he had, proving their love and devotion for the farm. However, as the harvests drew close, the blight returned.

Henry began to insist that all call him Lord Arlington as his temper worsened and his rituals continued. Each ritual brought more death and taint to his soul, but he cared for nothing other than the farm. Even his neglected wife and children watched from the side. To him, there was nothing but the farm and his pride. His farm would succeed, and the blight would fail. He could see it no other way.

For five more years, the battle against the blight raged in Henry. The flow of workers coming to the farm slowed at first and then stopped. Those who continued to work for him stole themselves into the night, taking their chances elsewhere than with a madman. All the while, Henry fumed about the blight that returned time and again.

As he stood one night looking through his bedroom window toward the fields, he remembered the curse his brother had uttered in his dying breath. Though he had laughed all those years ago, those words raised an even greater anger in him. He tore his gaze from the fields and worked his way through the manor, shouting for his wife. She met him on the upstairs balcony and he seized her, pushing her back, holding her out over the floor below.

“Tell me wife, have you betrayed me?”

Terrified, the woman could only whimper, her husband had become more of a demon than she could ever imagine.

“I asked you a question, wife; it is your duty to answer it. Do you betray me all those nights I am not with you? When I am out in the fields have you bedded another?”

As she sobbed a “no” to each of his questions, he became more forceful and his anger greatened.

“My brother cursed me! He told me that all I loved would betray me, that there would be blight; you are part of that blight wife. I love you no more!”

He threw her out over the balcony, and she hit the floor below. He looked down on her and saw her beginning to stir. Taking the stairs in a few leaps, he grabbed the nearest weapon, an axe kept by the door, and took it to his wife. All the while he taunted her and cursed her.

“Then those children I thought my own belong to someone else I suppose? That you were bedding all the men from our wedding night! Do not worry wife. You will not be alone for long. Your bastard children will be joining you in death.”

Henry heard a shout from behind him. His oldest son stood there with Henry’s pistol in his hand. The boy told him that he would never touch the others, that they were safe from his harm. He had sent them to their grandfather’s to save them from their own father’s madness. Henry saw that the boy had betrayed him and threw the axe, which lodged in the boy’s head and killed him instantly. He then called all the servants and workers who remained on the land and ordered them to leave, that he would not have them tainting his land with their hatred for him any longer. Any who refused to leave he would kill. As an example, he drew two pistols and shot two dead where they stood. Thankful of escape from their master, everyone left, leaving Henry alone with all that he loved, the farm the fields.

Henry collapsed into a deep sleep that night, exhausted from his murderous rampage. The sun was high when he

awoke and knew he had work to do. He took the bodies and cut them up, placing parts of them in the scarecrows scattered about the fields until not a single sign of flesh from those he murdered was left to be discovered.

The sun had set when his monstrous work was complete and the moon climbed slowly in the east. He looked at it and smiled as he always did at the harvest moon. In the dawn, he would begin harvesting the crops even if no one else would. Exhausted and still caked with the blood and bile of his victims, he collapsed into bed and drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

His eyes opened again but it was still dark. At first, he thought of returning to his slumber until a thump on the landing outside his room disturbed him once more. Rising from his bed and grasping the bloody weapon he had used to murder time and again that day, he crept toward the door.

Before he reached halfway across the room, the door was broken in, splinters scattering across the floor. Behind the wreckage, horrible creatures that appeared to him as the walking dead lumbered in, though as they passed from the shadows into the poor light from the curtainless window his recognition of these unearthly creatures came to his mind. His own scarecrows had come to life.

In joy, he started to laugh at the new workers at his command. The text had said nothing of this and his delight was complete. However, it was short lived. As he went to embrace one of the creatures, it struck out at him. He felt a lancing pain in his stomach and looked down to see a sickle penetrating his abdomen. He looked in disbelief at the scarecrow as another lashed out at him, then another and another. In turn, the

scarecrows struck out at him until he was nearly dead. They then dragged him out into the fields to a newly crafted scarecrow of their own making. The horror of what was happening came at once to Lord Arlington's mind, but he was too weak now to fight off his assailants. He could only look on as they slowly stitched him into the artificial man, making him one of them. His last vision as the scythe came down to take off his head was a thin wisp of mist that passed before his eyes.

Current Sketch

Henry tends to the farm as he has always done, but he now finds a greater urgency to his work. The blight is always present, and the contagion appears in one field as he tries to stamp it out of another field. This pattern infuriates him greatly as he finds no end to this cycle. Even the bodies he sacrifices to halt the blight have less effect than they once did and only slow its growth. While he spends little time reaping the harvests and sewing the fields, he has found that the crops grow and die even if he fails in these tasks and has come to let them grow on their own, letting the presence of the blight fill his time. By night he cowers in his old home, hiding from the scarecrows that wander the fields, despite his partial control over them. He remembers the fate he suffered at their hands and does not seek a repeat of those events.

When someone stumbles onto his land, Henry seeks him or her out and engages him or her as host, but has darker needs that must be filled. He takes the earliest possibility to kill them and make them part of the scarecrows to help improve the health of the crops on his farm. Unfortunately, while these acts aid his work, they also feed his fear as

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the number of scarecrows steadily grows.

Henry's greatest fear is the three nights that mark the beginning of each harvest in August, September and October. On each of these nights, he barricades his home, but to no avail. The scarecrows always enter his home, drag him into the fields and repeat his fate that he has faced more times than he cares to remember. However, when he awakes the next dawn, he finds his body whole, but a new patch of cloth has been sewn onto his body. Because of these marks he is careful to hide his body at all times and refuses to expose it.

Though he was once a kind and generous man in his youth, his actions have driven him into becoming jealous and greedy. These mark his greatest sins. He is unable to accept the fact that he is fighting a losing battle against the blight and will never surrender to it. It may be impossible to convince him of this fact, but doing so may be what eventually rescues him from his fate.

Combat

Henry is not a powerful fighter in his own eyes and uses cowardly tactics, ambush and surprise to his advantage. He will send waves of those he can control against his quarry before making a show himself. His favorite ploys involve trapping his foes in closed areas and weakening them so he can carry out his work on battling the blight and creating more scarecrows.

Children of the Corn (Su): Up to three times a day, Henry may consciously call the aid of whatever wildlife may be found in his domain. These calls are answered by 6d6 rats, 6d6 ravens, 4d4 cats, 2d6 dogs, or 2d6 dire rats and arrive in 2d4 rounds. These creatures will serve him for 2d6 rounds

before they are overwhelmed by his presence and flee. In addition to this, Henry may summon 2d4 Dread Flesh Scarecrows once a day, these creatures arrive in 2d4 rounds and serve his will for 2d4 rounds before regaining their own will, once free they will strike at any creature they see, including Henry himself.

Feeding (Ex): Henry may repair himself to regain lost hit points by eating the flesh of his victims. For each turn spent feasting on this flesh, he repairs 3d6 lost hit points.

Phobia: Henry is acutely afraid of the scarecrows in his domain. Though he is brave in their presence during the day, he is terrified of the fact that they hold sway over the land at night. Any dread flesh scarecrow or dread scarecrow in his presence that he is not in control of immediately forces him to make a Will save (DC20) or move at his maximum speed away from the creature for the round.

Stench (Ex): Henry may exude a stench like that of the dread flesh scarecrow as a free action. Living creatures within 10 feet of one of these creatures must make a Fort save (DC 16) or suffer a -2 penalty to attack and damage rolls, saving throws and skill checks that require concentration for the next minute.

Surprise: Henry moves with stealth, gaining initiative on the first round of combat and all opponents are flatfooted.

Unnatural Aura (Su): Animals, whether wild or domesticated can sense Henry's unnatural presence at a distance of 30 feet. They do not willingly approach nearer than that and panic if forced to do so; they remain panicked as long as they are within that range unless under his immediate control.

Lair

Henry resides in the rotting farm buildings that mark the centre of the domain. The entire domain has risen to some notoriety across the dread realms as it has strangely appeared and vanished again over the years, taking with it those who have traveled onto its grounds. By day, the domain is given a sinkhole of evil equal to rank 2. At night, this rises to rank 4.

Closing the Borders

The closing of the borders has two possible effects. By day, ravens and crows assault those attempting to leave the domain, turning them back toward the centre. These attacks are directed at confusion rather than an attempt to harm those trying to leave. By night the dread flesh scarecrows patrol the borders. 1d4 of these creatures are encountered each minute by those seeking to leave remain within 100 yards of the border.

If the domain is not within another and floating freely in the mists as it frequently does, then the borders are always closed.

Flesh Scarecrow, Dread

The dread flesh scarecrow is a creature crafted from a mixing of supernatural and common practice. They are the remains of the recently deceased given a new life and form within the confines of a scarecrow and brought into being by sheer will and unrivalled malice. They are the keepers of the cornfield, always watching from their perches for threats to their dominion and striking out in cold-blooded fashion at those who trespass, stalking their prey in complete silence.

Since the farm was taken into the mists, the scarecrows have secretly found that they can also augment their own selves and create others of their kind the same way Henry had done in the past. They now actively work toward multiplying their numbers and have begun to stretch out into other lands when their home visits the various domains across the dread realms.

Creating a Dread Scarecrow

“Dread Flesh Scarecrow” is a template that can be added to any small size or larger intelligent humanoid, monstrous humanoid, giant or fey (referred to hereafter as the base creature).

Size and Type: The creature’s type changes to Undead Construct. It retains any subtypes except alignment (which becomes Chaotic Evil) or subtypes that indicate kind (such as goblinoid or reptilian). It does not gain the augmented subtype. It uses all the base creature’s statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

Hit Dice: Raise all Hit Dice to d12.

Speed: As base creature, though if the base creature could fly, it loses this.

Armour Class: Natural armour bonus increased by a number based on the creature’s size.

Size	Natural Armour Bonus
Small	+1
Medium	+2
Large	+3
Huge	+4
Gargantuan	+6
Colossal	+9

Base Attack: As base creature.

Attacks: A dread flesh scarecrow retains all natural weapons,

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manufactured weapon attacks, and weapon proficiencies of the base creature. A dread flesh scarecrow also gains a slam attack.

Damage: Natural and manufactured weapons deal damage normally. A slam attack deals damage depending on the dread flesh scarecrow's size. (Use the base creature's slam damage if it is better).

Size	Damage
Small	1d4
Medium	1d6
Large	1d8
Huge	2d6
Gargantuan	2d8
Colossal	4d6

Special Attacks: The dread flesh scarecrow retains all of its special attacks from the creature subtype though loses all special attacks from its class levels, and gains those described below. Saves have a DC of 10 + ½ dread flesh scarecrow's HD + dread flesh scarecrow's Cha modifier unless noted otherwise.

Stench (Ex): Dread Flesh Scarecrows are partially made up of decaying flesh, which reeks and causes nausea in those who inhale the foul smell. Living creatures within 10 feet of one of these creatures must make a Fort save or suffer a -2 penalty to attack and damage rolls, saving throws and skill checks that require concentration for the next minute.

Surprise: A dread flesh scarecrow always gains initiative on the first round of combat and all opponents they face are flatfooted.

Special Qualities: A dread flesh scarecrow retains all the special qualities of the base creature and gains those described below.

Damage Reduction (Su): A dread flesh scarecrow has damage reduction 10/blood and magic. If the base creature already has damage reduction, it is replaced with that of the dread flesh scarecrow. A dread flesh scarecrow's natural weapons are treated as magic weapons for the purpose of overcoming damage reduction.

Feeding (Ex): A dread flesh scarecrow must repair itself to regain lost hit points. For each turn spent repairing itself, the dread flesh scarecrow repairs 2d6 hit points.

Resistances (Ex): A dread flesh scarecrow has resistance to cold 15 and electricity 15.

Turn Resistance (Ex): A dread flesh scarecrow has +4 Turn Resistance.

Unnatural Aura (Su): Animals, whether wild or domesticated can sense the unnatural presence of a dread flesh scarecrow at a distance of 30 feet. They do not willingly approach nearer than that and panic if forced to do so; they remain panicked as long as the yare within that range.

Abilities: Modify from the base creature as follows: Str +4, Dex +4, Int -2, Wis -2, Cha +0. As an undead creature, a dread flesh scarecrow has no constitution score.

Skills: Dread flesh scarecrows have a +8 racial bonus on Hide, Listen, Move Silently and Spot checks while in farmland. Otherwise, same as base creature.

Feats: A dread flesh scarecrow gains Alertness, Blind Fight and Lightning Reflexes, assuming the base creature meets the prerequisites and doesn't already have these feats.

Environment: Any farmland.

Organization: Solitary, Pair, Gang (3 - 5) or Pack (6 - 10).

Challenge Rating: As base creature +2.

Treasure: Standard.

Alignment: Always Chaotic Evil.

Advancement: None.

Level Adjustment: -

Sample Flesh Scarecrow

The creature is a vile patchwork combination of rotting flesh and rags, a blood-encrusted sickle clenched in its human-looking hand. As it draws nearer walking with surprising agility on uneven legs, one of cloth and straw, the other a cloven hoof, nausea begins to creep at your stomach from the foul stench lifting from its form.

This sample uses a Satyr as the base creature.

CR 4; HD 4d12, hp 28; Init +3; Spd 40 ft.; AC 20 (+3 Dex, +1 Dodge, +6 Natural); touch 14, flatfooted 16; Base Atk +4; Grp +4; Atk slam +4 melee (1d6+2) or sickle +4 melee (1d6+2, crit. x2) or head butt +4 melee (1d6+2); Full Atk slam +4 melee (1d6+2) or sickle +4 melee (1d6+2, crit. x2); Face/Reach: 5 ft/5 ft. x 5 ft.; SA Stench, surprise, unnatural aura; SQ Damage reduction 10/blood and magic,

dark vision 60 ft., feeding, low-light vision, resistance to cold 15 and electricity 15, +4 turn resistance, undead traits; AL CE; SV Fort +2, Ref +10, Will +5; Str 14; Dex 17; Con -; Int 10; Wis 11; Cha 13.

Skills: Hide +13, Intimidate +3, Listen +15, Move Silently +13, Spot +15.

Feats: Alertness, Blind Fight, Dodge, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility.

Combat

This dread flesh scarecrow often charges into melee with its head butt attack, following up with its sickle or damaging slam attack. This dread flesh scarecrow's slam attack is treated as a magical weapon for purposes of damage reduction.

While the scarecrow has lost the ability to play the pipes it carries with it about its neck, they have been hung there as a reminder as to what the creature once was.

The DC is 13 for the Fort save against this dread flesh scarecrow's stench.

Possessions: Sickle, masterwork panpipes.

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Growls in the Night

Dread Leprechauns

By Stephen "Sc8" Sutton

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When spring is in bloom and the forests become emerald seas, the old women tell the tale of the leprechauns. In the beginning, when the world was young, men knew them as the green-folk, for they always dressed themselves in brilliant green. The little people spent their time drinking ale, playing pranks and dancing beneath the sun, which they loved above all else. Feeling that the wee people would become troublesome if left to their own devices, King Oberon, ruler of all the faeries, charged them with an errand. The King ordered the idle emerald folk to guard his sacred stone circle and keep it hidden from curious mortals.

Long did the wee folk keep Oberon's circle, but one evening they found a man at the edge of the ring. Before they could enchant him, the stranger begged them to hear his plea. Each night, claimed the man, Oberon stole the sun and hid it in a secret vault beneath the stone circle. The stranger asked for the help of the green men so that he could free the sun and let it shine for always. Overjoyed at the idea of seeing their beloved sun at night, the wee people agreed and allowed him to dig.

As the silvery moon passed overhead, the man pulled from the earth a great iron pot overflowing with light. The green men crowded about and marvelled at the amber glimmer that came from within the kettle. The wee people knew immediately that it was the

light of the sun itself. Ecstatic at the sight, the emerald folk celebrated long into the night. When they awoke, the stranger was gone and the sun was shining in the sky.

All that day the green men danced and stumbled, intoxicated with happiness and hangovers. Yet as time wore away, they realized that once again the sun dipped behind the hills. Afraid to lose the sun once more, the emerald folk searched the stone circle, but found nothing. They then traveled to the isle of Avalon and appeared before the faerie lord to beg for the return of their precious sun. When King Oberon heard the tale, he became furious for it was not the sun, but rather the king's gold that the human had unearthed and taken.

In the throes of rage, Oberon laid a terrible curse upon the green men: Never would the emerald folk see the sun until they had retrieved every piece of gold. For their foolishness, Oberon forbade the green men to steal as much as a single coin. Only through trickery could the fey regain that which mortals had taken by deceit. With that, Oberon banished the emerald folk from his world, exiling them into a lightless land of fog and mist.

Trapped in a dour land, the wee people learned that their flesh burned in the rays of the sun. Miserable without their precious light, the green men went mad. The only substitute they found for the sun was the amber gleam of glittering gold.

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Leprechauns, Dread

Small Fey	
Hit Dice:	7D6+7 (35)
Initiative:	+3
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares)
Armour Class:	16 (+3 Dex, +3 Luck), Touch 16, flatfooted 13
Base Attack/Grapple:	+3/+3
Attack:	light mace +8 melee (1d4+2)
Full Attack:	light mace+8 melee(1d4+2) sling +6 ranged (1d3)
Space/Reach:	2½ ft./2 ft.
Special Attack:	Spells
Special Qualities:	Alternate Form, Damage Reduction 10/Cold Iron, Darkvision 120 ft, Low Light Vision, Luck, Immunities, Intuition, Trapfinding
Saves:	Fort +2, Ref +8, Wil +7
Abilities:	Str 11, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 15, Wiz 14, Cha 16
Skills:	Appraise +8, Bluff +8, Craft (trap making) +6, Diplomacy +6, Disable Device +6, Hide +8, Move Silently +8, Open Lock +8, Search +7, Sleight of Hand +8 Silent Spell, Stealthy, weapon finesse (light mace)
Feats:	
Environment:	Temperate forest, hills
Organization:	Solitary
Challenge Rating:	9
Treasure:	Standard, triple coins
Alignment:	Always Chaotic Evil
Advancement:	By character class
Level Adjustment:	+2

When in their natural form, Leprechauns appear to be tiny humans garbed in green suits. Though their clothes appear to be of fine quality, closer inspection shows that their garments are badly worn and frayed. These little people carry gnarled oak walking sticks, which act as small light maces. From a distance, they appear to

be quite jolly; their round, pink faces are perpetually plastered with a grin. The gaze of a leprechaun betrays its suffering; its bloodshot eyes bulge with desperate lunacy. Witnesses describe the voices of the emerald folk as cheerful and melodious most times, but spiteful and bitter at others.

The green men spend the daylight hours in the dank recesses of the earth, basking in the glow of their horde. Their thirst for gold drives the emerald folk to stalk wealthy humans in the hopes of acquiring more coins. To this end, Leprechauns employ their abilities of trickery to separate foolish mortals from their coin. The wee people construct intricate plots to con misers of their wealth. Leprechauns are poor sports, however, and will respond with violence should a mortal discover the ruse.

Combat

Leprechauns rarely enter combat, preferring to use trickery and magic to mislead their opponents. The wee people guard their lairs with lethal traps married to illusions and magic wards.

The emerald folk are ruthless to their opponents, frequently kidnapping or murdering the friends and family members of their enemies. Leprechauns enjoy tricking opponents into killing themselves, usually employing spells such as *silent image* and *suggestion*.

The green men are master illusionists, using a variety of magical tricks to achieve their greedy aims. Amongst their favourite illusions are disguising gold coins as vermin, masking sharp implements as amorous women, and making infants appear to be bread dough ready for baking.

Spells (Su): Leprechauns cast spells as 7th level sorcerers.

Typical Spells Known (6/7/7/5: Base save DC 13 + spell level): 0 – *Dancing Lights, Daze, Detect Magic, Ghost Sound, Mage Hand, Prestidigitation, Read Magic*; 1st – *Alarm, Colour Spray, Disguise Self, Silent Image, Ventriloquism*; 2nd – *Invisibility, Magic Mouth, Misdirection*; 3rd – *Major Image, Suggestion*.

Alternate Form (Su): Leprechauns may take the form of a cloud of scintillating golden dust, five feet in diameter. This cloud affects all objects within this area as the spell *Glitterdust*. The cloud carries the faint smell of tobacco and radiates the faint sound of harp music and distant laughter. While in this form, the leprechaun is incorporeal and is immune to harm from physical attacks. The fey may assume this form as a standard action and can remain as a cloud for a total of 12 hours each day.

Luck (Su): Leprechauns are never without their lucky charm, a four-leafed clover carried in their hat, pocket or somewhere else on their person. So long as they possess their charm, leprechauns always receive a +3 luck bonus to their AC and may reroll a failed saving throw once each day.

Immunities (Su): Leprechauns are immune to steel weapons and electricity.

Intuition (Su): A leprechaun can sense the exact location of his coins within a radius of 1 mile.

Trapfinding (Ex): Leprechauns may search for traps as a rogue. See

Chapter 3: Classes of *the Players Handbook*.

Special Weakness (Ex): Direct exposure to the sun causes 4 points of damage to a leprechaun each round without saving throw. Shaded sunlight reduces this damage to 2 points per round.

Leprechauns Characters

Rogue is the favoured class of leprechauns, though many are arcane tricksters, bards, illusionists or sorcerers.

Pot of Gold

The only treasure a leprechaun keeps is a hefty pot filled to the brim with gold coins. A leprechaun's pot acts like a bag of holding, being able to store an unlimited number of coins. As a means of protecting their troves from fellow faeries, the leprechauns make their pots from cold iron, preventing fellow leprechauns from stealing the pot easily.

The emerald folk go to great lengths to hide their pots of gold, though all their efforts are for naught. Whenever a rainbow crosses the sky above a leprechaun's lair, the bow's arch anchors itself inside the creature's pot. The scintillating beam passes through all barriers, reaching up into the sky like a beacon for treasure seekers. For this reason, leprechauns never venture far from their dens.

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On The Road

The Gypsy Core Class

By Eddy "Wicky" Brennan

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lands within the Dread Realms hold a myriad of strange secrets and even stranger people. Of the more mysterious of these peoples are the gypsies that permeate every land. Of all the gypsies, the vistani are the most famous. Yet, there are fewer vistani gypsies than there are of giomorgo, human and half-elf origin.

They travel freely from place to place, moving ever onward as they travel endlessly. To some, they are a welcome sight, but those crossed by their ilk offer a particularly harsh welcome. Most gypsies are honest and wish only to live quiet lives on the road, yet travelling swindlers and charlatans ruin the reputation of the nomads. Gypsies are also prone to wild accusations, ranging from baby snatching to cold-blooded murder.

Adventures: Adventuring comes naturally to gypsies, as they travel each day of their lives. Gypsies are not risk-takers, however, valuing life and freedom above all else.

Among a group of adventurers, a gypsy is a wealth of knowledge and an acceptable spellcaster. If necessary, they are able to defend themselves in combat and become a general well-rounded member within the party. No matter how talented they are in other areas, it is their knowledge and intellect that is most appreciated by those with which they work.

Characteristics: Above all else, gypsies have a talent for collecting vast

amounts of information. Such data ranges from the most basic of things to the most rare and outlandish pieces of learning. This aptitude often overshadows their limited spell casting ability and moderate fighting skill.

Alignment: Each gypsy has a unique outlook on life. While some gladly adhere to the local bylaws, others ignore the ways of others and live by their own code. This creates some trouble for other gypsies when a law-breaker precedes them into an area. Likewise, gypsies are as likely to be good, evil or indifferent as any other people.

Religion: A given gypsy may possess the religious beliefs as any other culture, though it is possible for them to abandon all religion and live within their own moral and ethical codes, relying on common sense and their own judgement to guide them through life.

Background: Most gypsies are born into their station, but some take on the lifestyle later in life. Giomorgo, half-elves, calibans and other unwelcome people often leave their ancestral homes and take to a life on the road. Many of these nomads only work hard and earn their vardo, though others become criminals and earn a bad name for all gypsies.

Most gypsies have no home or family to whom to return. These nomads band together in small caravans and form travelling tribes. Other gypsies

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seek a place to settle, searching endlessly to find an elusive homeland.

Races: Most gypsies are human, half-elf or giomorgo (half-vistani). As such, they tend to be outcasts and find it difficult to settle into regular society. Other races join their ranks, though they are uncommon. Vistani are generally gypsies but a given vistani might not necessarily possess levels in this class.

Other Classes: Gypsies work well with all other classes, though their inability to linger in the same place for long makes forces their allies to adopt the nomadic life.

Gypsies are often part-time members to other groups, sharing their knowledge and services to others. Regardless of their inability to create lasting relationships, gypsies are generally friendly individuals who view each new meeting as an opportunity to work, trade and learn new things that may help them in the future.

Role: Gypsies act as the intelligence agents of adventuring parties. Their job is to gather information and discern the best way to approach each situation.

Game Rule Information

Gypsies have the following game statistics:

Abilities: Sharp intelligence and physical dexterity are important to the gypsy, as is a high charisma. High intelligence allows gypsies to gather a wealth of information, while a high dexterity protects her from harm.

Alignment: Any.

Hit Die: d6.

Class Skills

The gypsy's class skills (and the key ability for each) are Appraise (Int), Balance (Dex), Bluff (Cha), Craft (Int), Decipher Script (Int), Diplomacy (Cha),

Forgery (Int), Gather Information (Cha), Handle Animal (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (all skills taken separately) (Int), Listen (Wis), Perform (Cha), Profession (Wis), Sense Motive (Wis), Sleight of Hand (Dex), Spot (Wis), Tumble (Dex), and Use Magic Device (Cha). See chapter 4 of the Players Handbook for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at 1st Level: (6 + Int modifier) x 4.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 6 + Int modifier.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the gypsy:

Weapon and Armour Proficiency: Gypsies are proficient with all light, one-handed and ranged simple weapons, the hand crossbow, rapier, short sword and short bow. Gypsies are proficient in light armour but not shields.

Gypsy Spells Known

Level	0	1	2	3	4
1 st	2	-	-	-	-
2 nd	3	1	-	-	-
3 rd	3	1	-	-	-
4 th	3	2	-	-	-
5 th	4	2	-	-	-
6 th	4	3	-	-	-
7 th	4	3	1	-	-
8 th	5	3	1	-	-
9 th	5	4	2	-	-
10 th	5	4	2	-	-
11 th	6	4	3	1	-
12 th	6	5	3	1	-
13 th	6	5	3	2	-
14 th	7	5	4	2	-
15 th	7	5	4	3	1
16 th	7	5	4	3	1
17 th	8	5	5	3	2
18 th	8	5	5	4	2
19 th	8	5	5	4	3
20 th	9	5	5	4	3

Spells: A gypsy has a natural aptitude towards magic, though their ability is too weak for them to develop stronger abilities like a true sorcerer.

In order to cast and learn spells, a gypsy must have a charisma score of at least 10 (10 to cast 0-level spells, charisma 11 to cast 1st level spells, and so forth). The difficulty class for a saving throw against a spell cast by a gypsy is 10 + the spell level + the gypsy's charisma modifier. Gypsies gain bonus spells for a high charisma score.

Like sorcerers, a gypsy is not required to prepare her spells ahead of time but is restricted in her repertoire from which spells she may choose. They follow the same rules as sorcerers in their spells casting and gaining new spells, though they may not exchange a spell they already know for another once they reach 4th level.

Gypsy Knowledge: Gypsies travel all the corners of the world and accumulate a wealth of information on such varied topics as history, local custom, religion, magic, and even hidden truths about the land itself.

At 1st level, a gypsy is allowed to add a +2 circumstance bonus all her Knowledge checks. This bonus even applies to untrained Knowledge checks. As the gypsy gains more levels, she gains this ability again and again (at 3rd, 6th, 9th, 12th, 15th and 18th level). Each time she gains this ability, her circumstance bonus to knowledge checks is increased by a further +2 (so a 9th level gypsy has a +8 bonus to all knowledge checks).

When a gypsy reaches 6th level, she gains the ability to take 10 on knowledge skill checks after she rolls her check.

When a gypsy reaches 12th level, she may take 20 on all of these skill checks.

Tralacks: Gypsies may read vistani and other gypsy tralacks they encounter and discern their meaning by rolling a knowledge check against a DC of 20. Their Gypsy Knowledge modifier applies to this knowledge check.

Wanderlust: Gypsies have a need to travel constantly and feel jittery about staying in one location for too long. It is unnatural for them to spend any continuous length of time in any place. However, gypsies may repeatedly travel along a particular trail all their lives and visit the same villages repeatedly.

A gypsy may only spend 4 days in a single place before beginning to suffer the effects of their wanderlust. On the dawn of the 5th day, and each successive day afterwards, the gypsy must make a Will save (DC 10 + days spent in location) or suffer a -2 morale penalty to all attack and damage rolls, saving throws and skill checks due to their distracted behaviour. The penalties fade if the gypsy travels for a full day away from the location. The symptoms will return however, if she returns to that same locale within 24 days.

Knife Fighting: Gypsies are not fighters by trade though they lead a lie of danger. Gypsies carry weapons that are small, appear harmless or are easy to conceal. As such, a gypsy prefers to carry at least one knife or dagger with her at all times. At 2nd level, the gypsy gains either the feat Weapon Focus or Weapon Finesse for use with her dagger. At 7th level, a gypsy receives the feat weapon specialization, applied to her dagger. At 11th level, she gains the Improved Critical feat for her dagger. At 16th level, she gains the feat Greater Weapon Specialization applied to her

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The Gypsy

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Reflex Save	Will Save	Special	Spells per Day				
						0	1	2	3	4
1	+0	+0	+2	+0	Gypsy Knowledge, Tralacks, Wanderlust	2	-	-	-	-
2	+1	+0	+3	+0	Knife Fighting: Weapon Focus/Finesse	2	0	-	-	-
3	+2	+1	+3	+1	Gypsy Knowledge	3	1	-	-	-
4	+3	+1	+4	+1		3	1	-	-	-
5	+3	+1	+4	+1		3	1	-	-	-
6	+4	+2	+5	+2	Gypsy Knowledge	3	1	-	-	-
7	+5	+2	+5	+2	Knife Fighting: Specialization	3	1	0	-	-
8	+6/+1	+2	+6	+2		4	2	1	-	-
9	+6/+1	+3	+6	+3	Gypsy Knowledge	4	2	1	-	-
10	+7/+2	+3	+7	+3		4	2	1	-	-
11	+8/+3	+3	+7	+3	Knife Fighting: Improved Critical	4	2	1	0	-
12	+9/+4	+4	+8	+4	Gypsy Knowledge	5	3	2	1	-
13	+9/+4	+4	+8	+4		5	3	2	1	-
14	+10/+5	+4	+9	+4		5	3	2	1	-
15	+11/+6/+1	+5	+9	+5	Gypsy Knowledge	5	3	2	1	0
16	+12/+7/+2	+5	+10	+5	Knife Fighting: Greater Specialization	6	4	3	2	1
17	+13/+8/+3	+5	+10	+5		6	4	3	2	1
18	+13/+8/+3	+6	+11	+6	Gypsy Knowledge	6	4	3	2	1
19	+14/+9/+4	+6	+11	+6		6	4	3	2	1
20	+15/+10/+5	+6	+12	+6		6	5	4	3	2

A Most Frightful Excerpt

From the Register of Monsters

By Stanton "Gemathustra" Fink

apokrylfaros@gmail.com

"Treason!" shouted his Majesty King Pest the First.

"Treason!" said the little man with the gout.

"Treason!" screamed the Arch Duchess Ana-Pest.

"Treason!" muttered the gentleman with his jaws tied up.

"Treason!" growled he of the coffin.

"Treason! Treason! Shrieked her majesty of the mouth..."

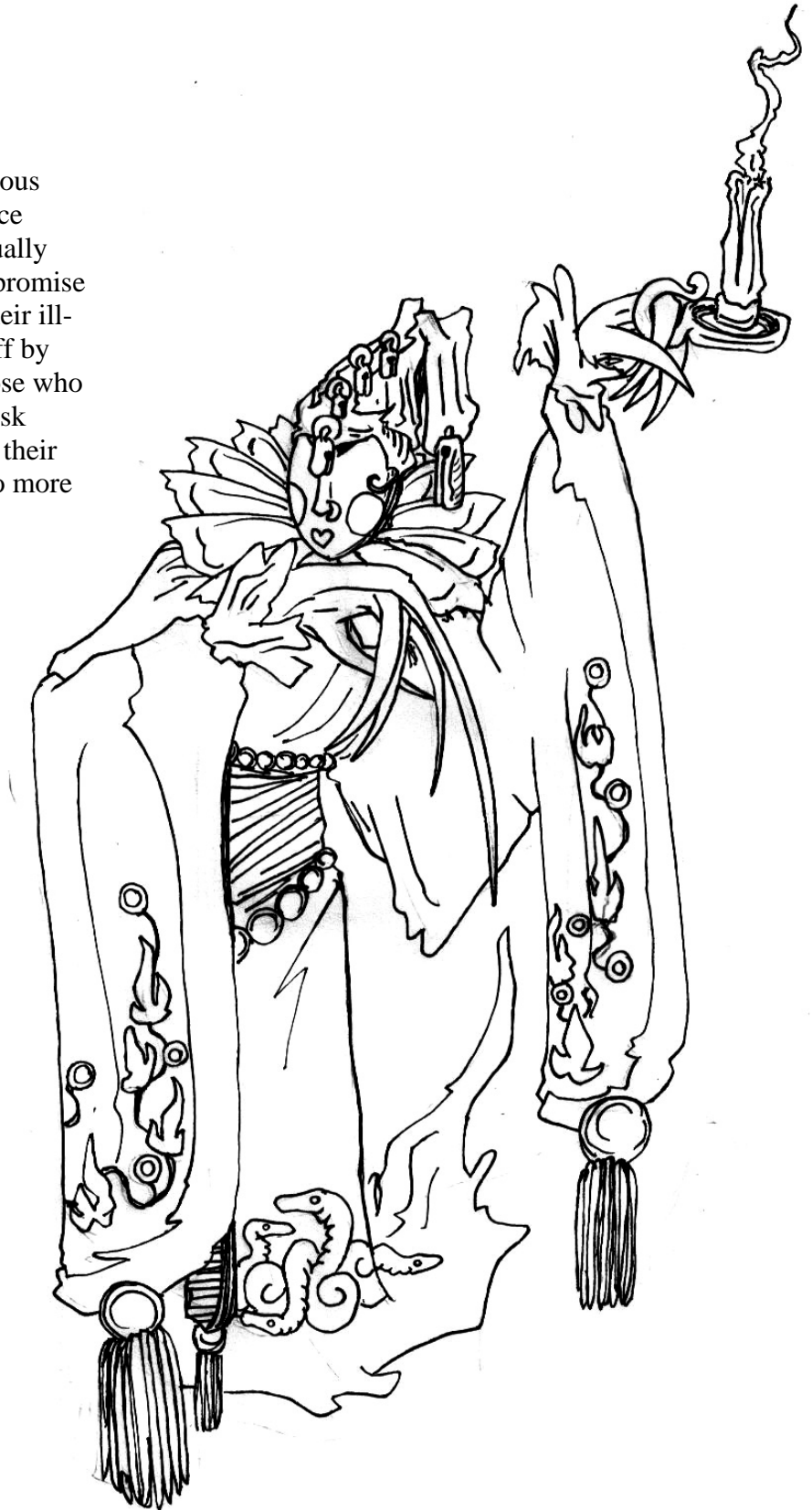
King Pest, Edgar Allen Poe



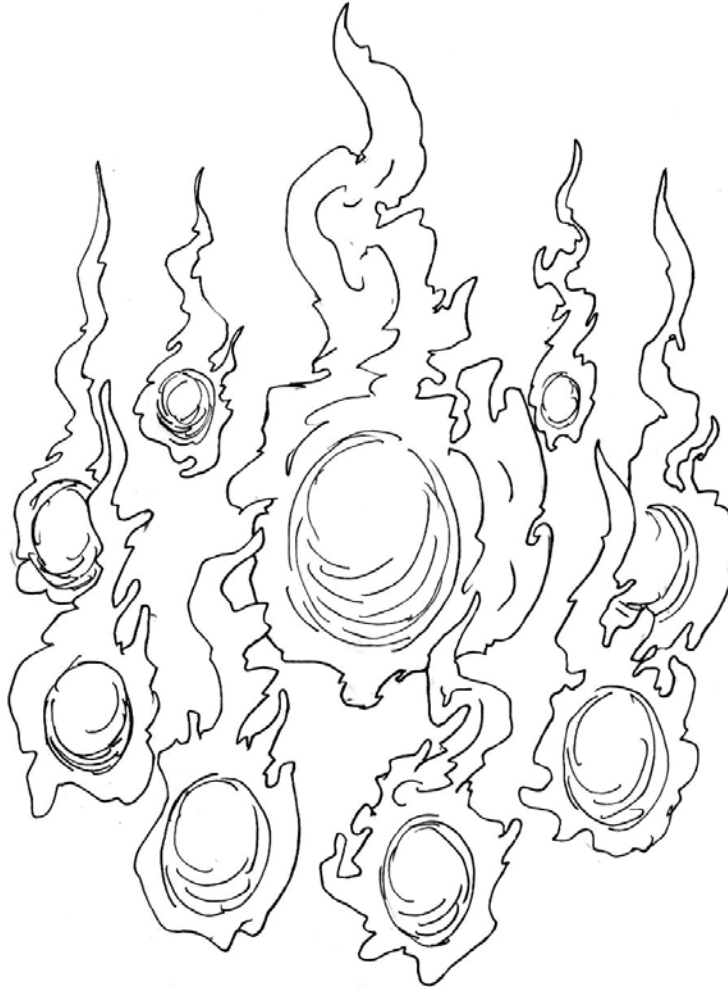
Hoonoo is a fearful demon who sallies forth in search of children who play with fire, and chops their hands as punishment...

Quoth the Raven: Issue II

Muko the Naughty Faerie is a most wicked fey who only children can see. She tempts her victims into being bad by promising them wondrous delights, like puppets that dance by themselves, or pots perpetually full of candy. Those who do promise to be bad never get to savor their ill-gotten treats and are carried off by goblins or other beasties. Those who refuse to obey their promise risk having their flesh flayed from their bones and be boiled down into more wax for Muko's candles.



Pyrococcus is a dreadful beast of flame that guards marshy graveyards in Darkon. A child who disrespects her forbearers by walking on top of a grave will have Pyrococcus follow her home and burn her house down. However, if a child writes a name of a person on a piece of paper, and buries it in the soil atop a grave in one of Pyrococcus' graveyards, it will burn down that person's house in return for burning down the child's house two score years hence...



Quoth the Raven: Issue II

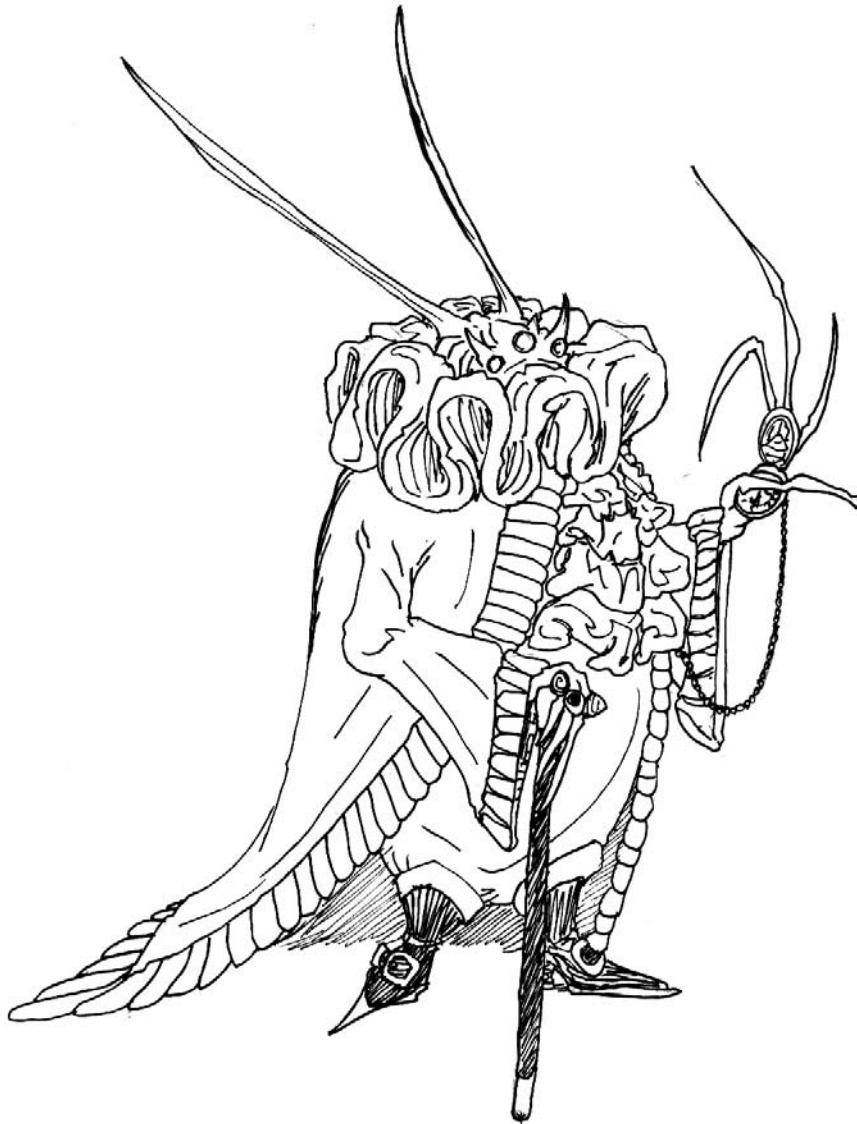
King Noodle is the spirit of a thing that may have once been a king. He longs for a true kingdom to rule. King Noodle cajoles potential subjects into coming with him to his paradise of infinite delights and staying there forever... Those foolish enough to believe His Majesty find that there is no food in his wondrous prison.



A weird and
strange monster
who lairs beneath
the bed.



Quoth the Raven: Issue 11

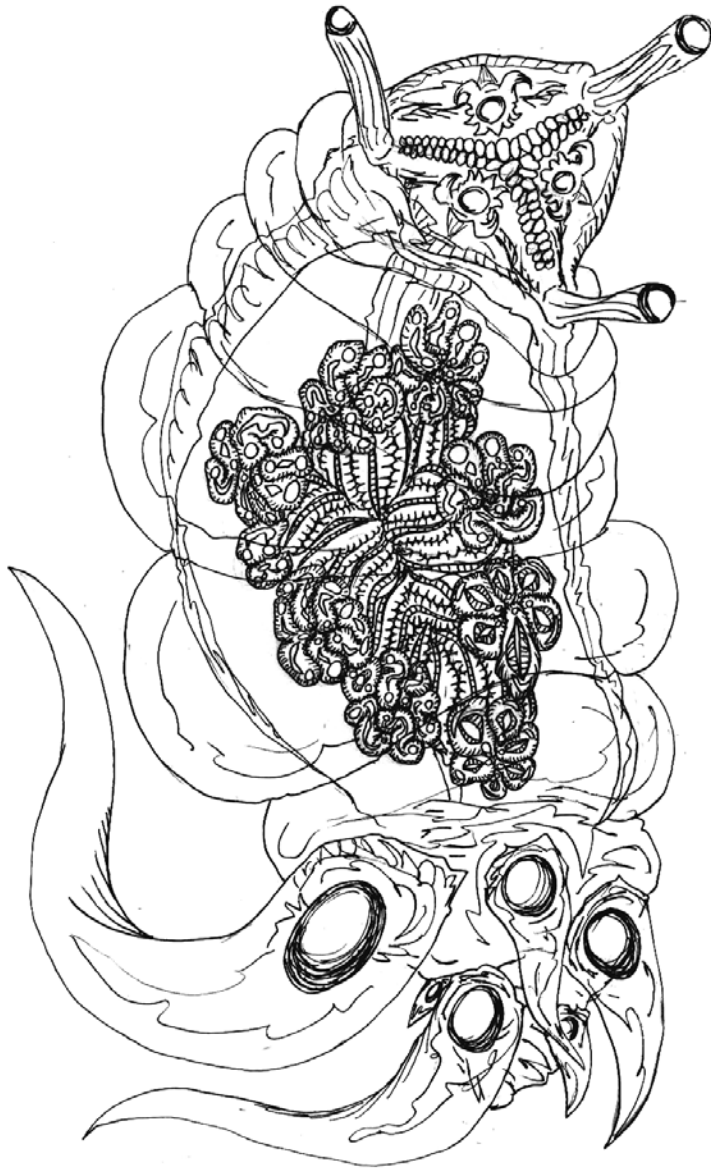


Crabe Siegnor is an evil faerie who runs a fabulous mine filled with treasure. Some say that his mine is outside Port-a-Lucine; others say it is beneath the sewers of St. Ronges. Crabe Siegnor carries off people to toil away in his mine. However, he cannot simply snatch any random person: Crabe Siegnor must first have permission to do so. Unhappy children sometime summon Crabe Siegnor, so he can take away a bully, an overbearing parent, or even an annoying sibling. Sometimes, he carries off a loved one of the summoner, in return for the promise of treasure.

In G'Henna,
parents say that
Mistress Barjan
comes in the
night, looking for
hungry children to
be taken away to
High Priest
Yagno to be
punished.



Quoth the Raven: Issue II



A hideous leech monster that lurks within the mud of the Vuchar river. In Falkovnia, it is known as Kaiser Egel, and feasts on the muddy toes of children who swim in the river after nightfall. In Verbrek, those who see Johnny Long-Fingers squirming in the water are fated to die in the river within the week.

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Somewhere beneath the shores of the Ookfi Kagamiko is the lair of a horrible monster. The Hatadaradaru imprisons people in its jelly-body, and protects them from drowning. It does this, not for its victims' benefit, but so that it might eat them alive while staying safe and moist underwater.



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This tiny beast appears as though it was made of crystal. A wizard who sought to poison his rival summoned it forth from the ether. The creature did its task with great glee, but the wizard failed to dismiss it afterwards, and it systematically poisoned everyone in the rival's city.



Millennia ago, a race of depraved sorcerers sought to build themselves a living weapon. They gathered up the fiercest monsters of the land: the Krakenbeast, the Teissemeira, the King of the Vaapolisks, the Greater Jade Fiend, and others. Once the sorcerers had their fell menagerie, they slaughtered the monsters and built an even greater monster from the pieces: The Arotrin.

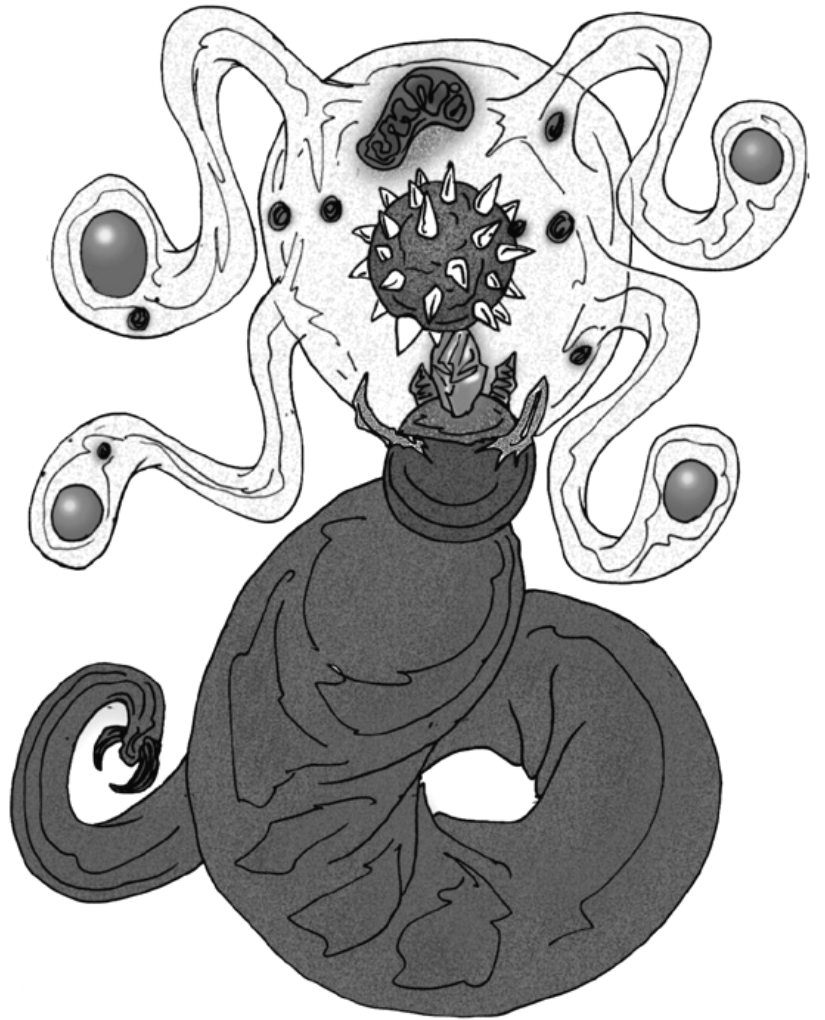
Such was the might of this creature that the strongest of magics were as rain, and the mightiest weapons were as sticks. Such was its power that the land all around it grew sick and withered away. Such was its evil that even the dead would rise up to flee its path.

A band of heroes did battle with it, though, and buried it alive beneath a mountain, where it slumbers to this day.



Quoth the Raven: Issue II

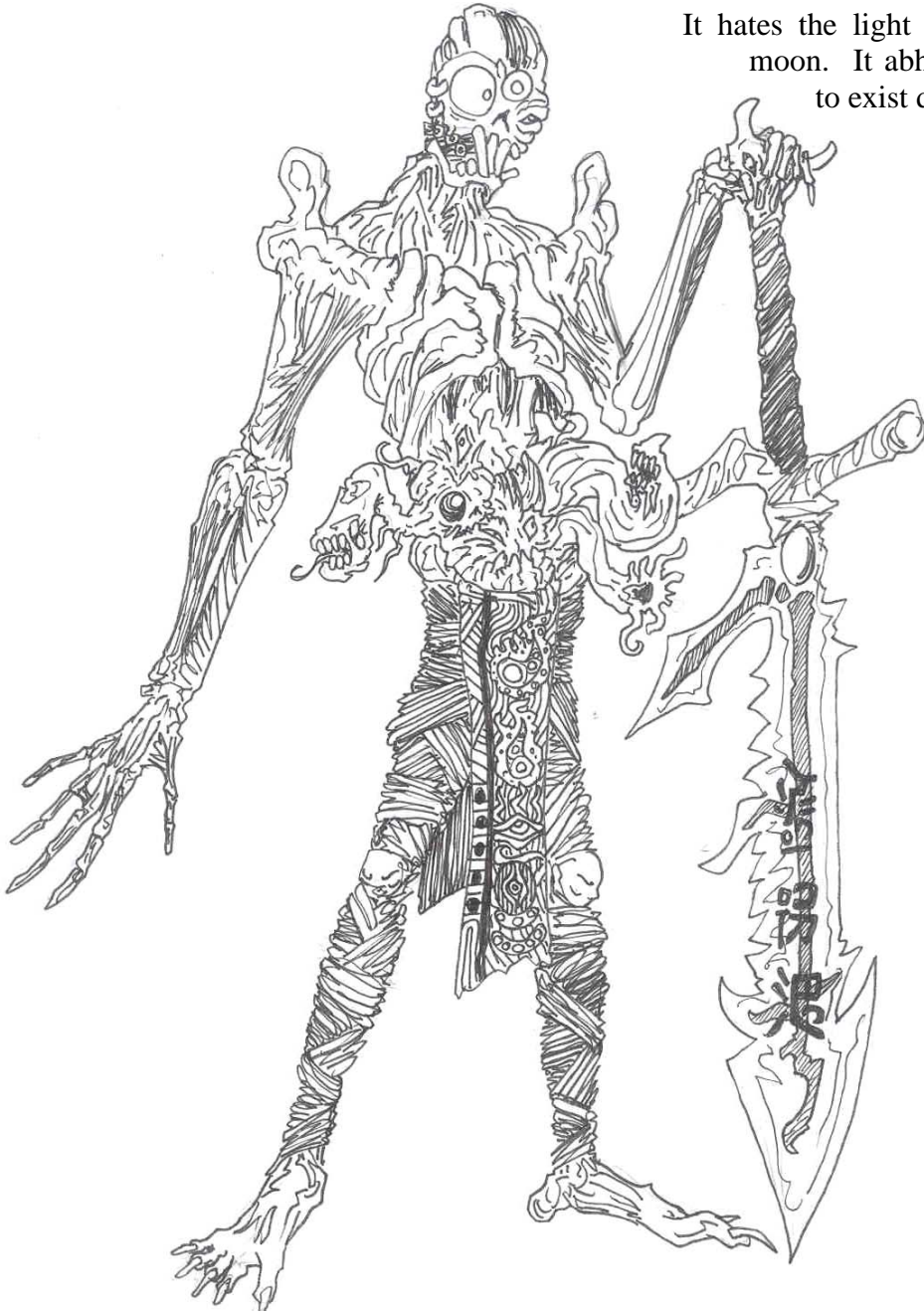
This beast is said to have been the mastermind of the Crimson Death that scourged Darkon in 688. The spirit, Megalovirus, entered into the Boglands in a bid to conquer Darkon and return it to the Gray Realms. Legend has it that Azalin personally banished it back to the land from whence it came. Rumor claims that Megalovirus continues to plot its revenge and has been soliciting aid from the hags of the Boglands...



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Misty Eye was the living toy of a foolish Arak noble. It tired the diversions of its master and ran away to play its own games, to the sorrow and misery of its playmates. It delights in pretending to be a fortune-teller, and lying about the location of a fabulous treasure in order to lure the unwary to their doom.

It hates the light and fears the rays of the moon. It abhors the dawn, as it ceases to exist during the day.



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Kystavar is a wicked faerie sorcerer. Legend holds that he was once a fey of angelic countenance, but desiring power above all else, he traded his beauty away to gain more magic. His lover was horrified with his decision and spat a curse upon him, so that as he gained more power, he would need a new body with which to wield it. Alas, in revenge, he then claimed her body.

This miserable being has been a guest in the House of Death since Time began. The Lao Goei is sometimes summoned by foolish magicians seeking to profit from the future, or unravel the secrets of the past. It is rumoured that the Old Ghost manipulates all who summon it, or worse yet, all those who so much as speak of it. What its plans entail is unknown. Some claim that it seeks to become a god, while others think that it seeks to usurp control of the Universe. A few claim that it simply wishes to be free of the House of Death, and that, they say, is the worst possibility of all.



Quoth the Raven: Issue II



Long ago, there was once a wicked sith named Khuja Kusan. All the other arak hated him. The sith despised Khuja, thinking him horribly sloppy with his hobby of eating the eyes of children and not bothering to put them out of their misery. The powrie hated him because he would often try to eat out their eyes, too. And the shee, well, what the shee thought of him must not be said in front of mortal ears.

The faeries decided to punish this most wicked fey and went to King Loht to ask permission to

slay Khuja Kusan. The King said, "Let it be known that Loht is not without justice: Go forth and return the evils wrought to their author." Before they left, Loht spoke once more: "Let it be also known that Loht is not without mercy: I grant the Arak permission to punish this knave, but I do not grant the Arak permission to be his executioner."

Thus, instead of slaying Khuja Kusan, the Arak sewed his eyes and his mouth shut and pulled out the bones of his hands and arms before they burned him to ash. Neither alive nor dead, Khuja Kusan returns on nights of the full moon to search for children's eyes to eat.

The Green Empress is the supreme ruler of all things that dwell in the dark. She is the favorite daughter of Tou Mu, the Goddess of the North Star, Supreme Patron of Wickedness and Bloodshed. The Green Empress delights in devouring the brains of the unwary and loves ensnaring the souls of the virtuous in her nefarious schemes. No one truly knows what she looks like, though. Some say she is a giant crone of hideous countenance who is clad only in a shawl woven of live snakes. Some claim she appears as the corpse of a beautiful woman wearing a robe of green silk. Still others say she is a radiant maiden with feet so huge, that she uproots trees with each step. A few say that she is really a ball of black and green flame.



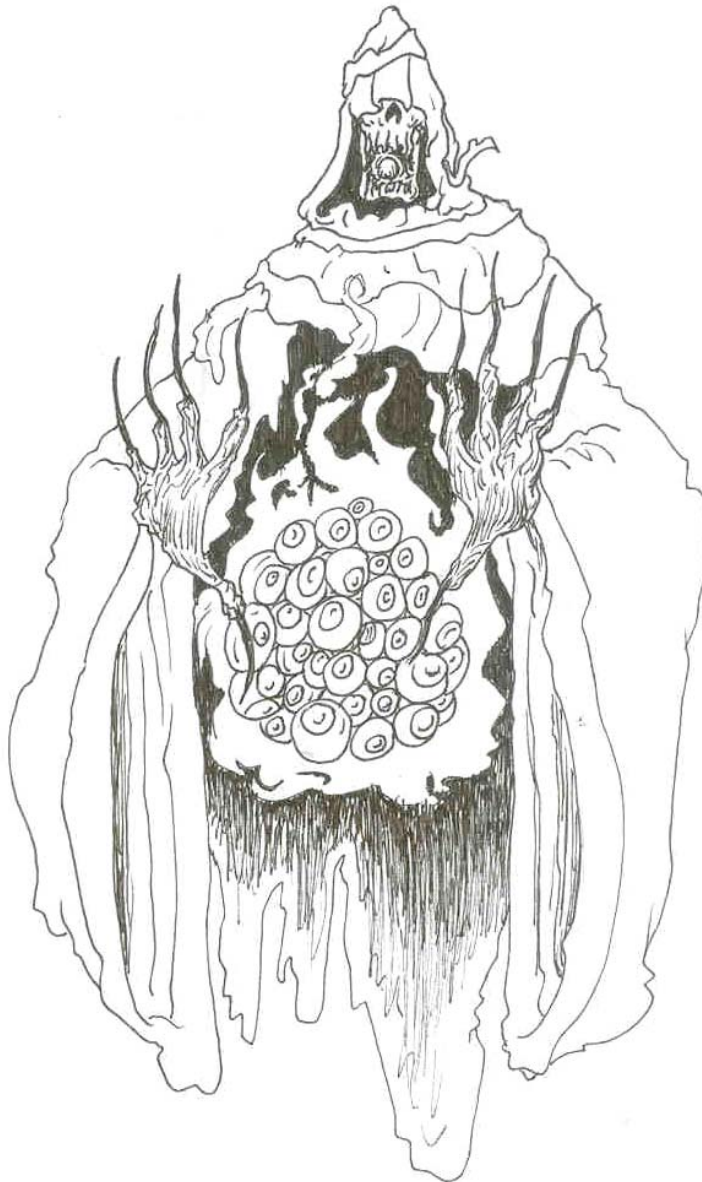
Quoth the Raven: Issue II

The witch, Fen Fa Ha, is one of the chief minions of the Green Empress. Some say she was once a nanny who went mad with grief when her wards were stolen from her. They say that the Green Empress came to the old woman and taught her forbidden magic in return for her soul and eternal obedience. Fen Fa Ha loves children: she teaches dark magic to those who do not run away from her hideous visage. Unhappy children are her favorite students, as she delights in helping her pupils work revenge against those who have mistreated them.



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The Eater of the Light is a loathsome spirit that dwells beneath Tempe Falls. It steals eyes in order to feed its master, an even-more loathsome spirit known as “The True King of the Darkness,” or, “The Frightful Thing Below.”



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“Why have you summoned me back? You wish for more improvements?”

“NO! What did you do to me? This wasn’t a part of the bargain!”

“But it was, my dear, it was... You wanted the beast’s strength, yes? I gave it to you, as I promised.”

“You, I, I hurt Sarah. I hurt her because of what you did to me!”

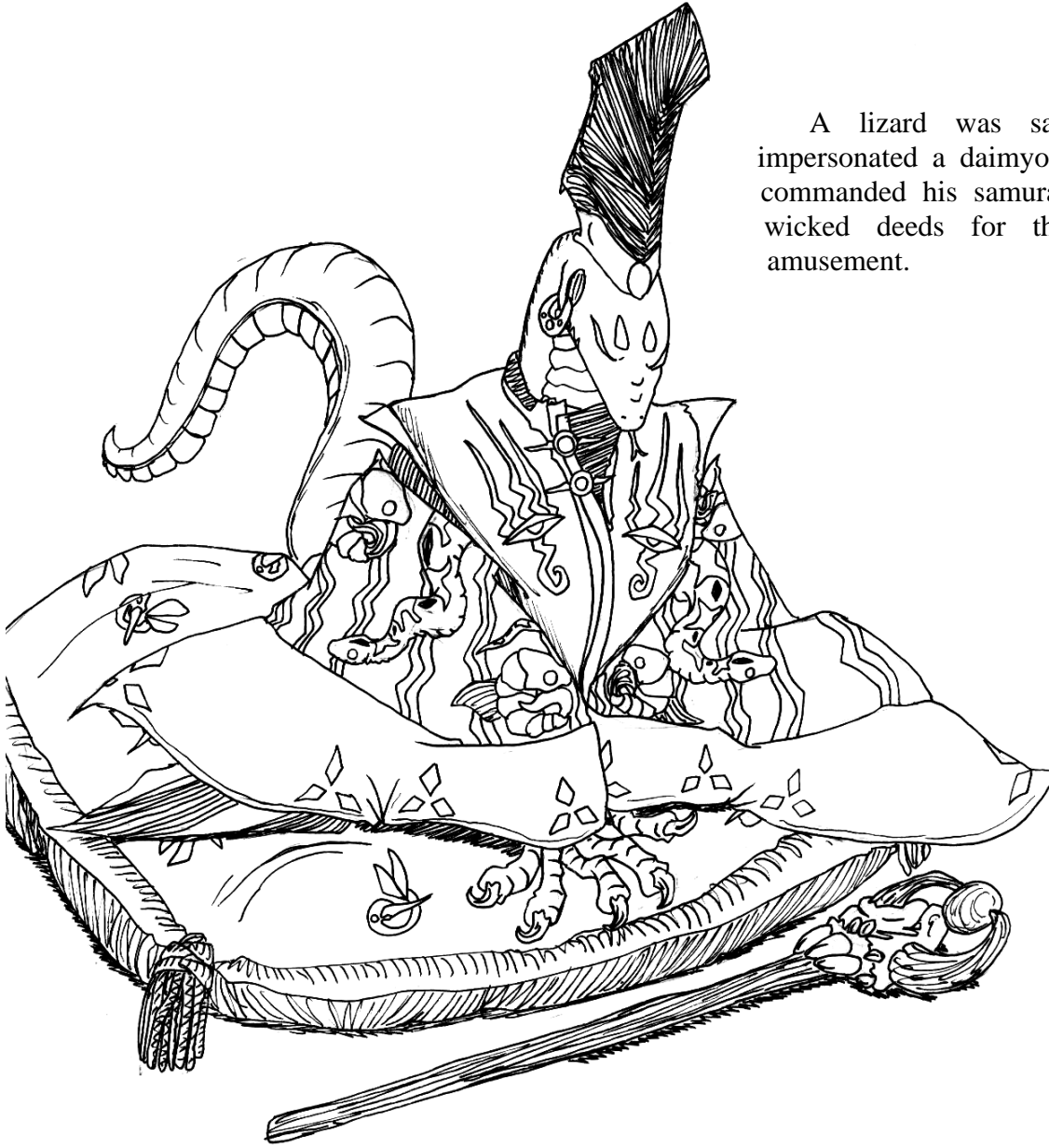
“Is that all that troubles you, my dear? I’d be more than willing to help your beloved Sarah... Free of charge, even...”

The Fenwick Witch, or “Madame Gansley of the Fen,” is said to make her lair in a tower in a marsh somewhere along the Arden River. She is said to have a potion to cure or cause any ailment, magical, mortal, or otherwise. Normally, she charges a gold coin for her poisons, and a child’s heart for her elixirs. Still, she delights in haggling with her customers before settling on a price. Woe to those who try to escape payment.



Quoth the Raven: Issue II

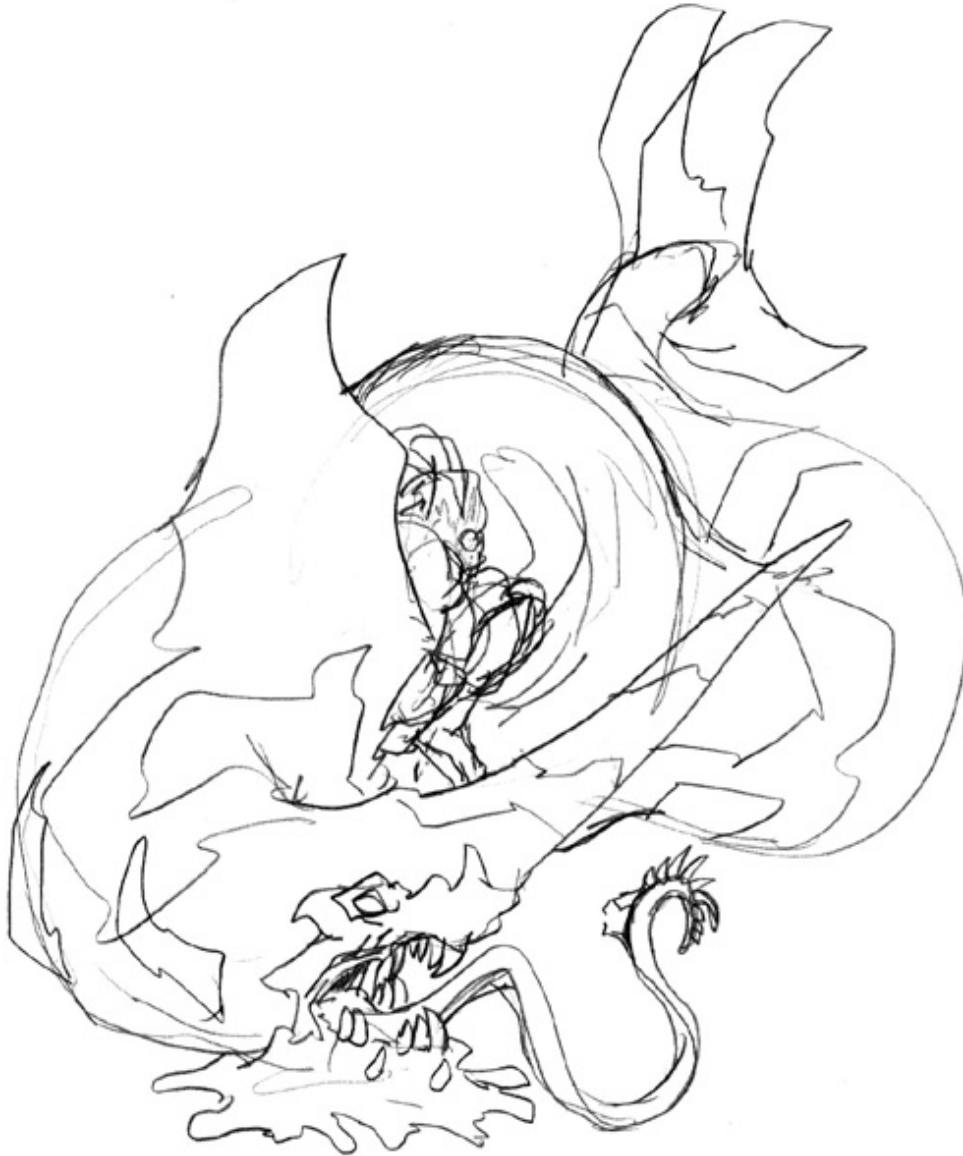
A lizard was said to have impersonated a daimyo. This spirit commanded his samurai to commit wicked deeds for their master's amusement.



The Nyhilus is an artificial spirit, formed from negative energy. Darkonians whisper that Azalin himself constructed this ethereal abomination, but it escaped his control and fled Avernus. Those who know of this beast say that its plans are far-reaching, and any hapless folk who become enmeshed in its nefarious agenda come to unpleasant ends. Only children can pierce its illusions and see the fiend for what it truly is.



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Long has It slumbered, long has It dreamed... Soon it will awaken, and all shall be Its
own....

La Petite Valacha

A Neighbourhood in Ste. Ronges

By David "Jester" Gibson

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History

The small neighbourhood of La Petite Valacha, or Little Valachan, is located on the southern side of the Ste. Ronges in the domain of Richemulot, just outside the city's ancient wall. When the mists revealed Richemulot in 694, floods of refugees left their homelands to take up residence in the deserted cities of the realm. Valachan, despite being separated by large misty stretches, was no exception.

These Valachani settlers clung together in large groups, divided from other newcomers by race and language. Thus, the majority of them made their home in a single area where they could protect each other from any outside threat that might be encountered. These numbers sharply increased after the Grand Conjunction, when the land drastically changed and many more frightened Valachani fled for their lives.

The Valachani settled around what became known as the place d'ombre, a large square of dark stone. This aged meeting place once had been ringed by trees, which now lay unhealthy from years of apparent neglect. There they set up their myriad stores and shops, nestling their homes on the floors above. An insular community from the beginning, la Petite Valacha was all but self-sufficient with hunters and gardeners working hard to provide for the community.

It is a common belief among the people of Ste. Ronges that racism lead to

the segregation of the Valachani those many generations ago. There is even the belief that the place d'ombre, roughly translated as the shadow square, was so named as a slur against the darker skinned Valachani. Instead, the truth is far less dramatic. The other settlers of the city did fear the Valachani, but more out of fear of an epidemic of white fever than any form of discrimination. Fortunately, after a few small but virulent outbreaks, the illness has died out in the city baring the occasional sporadic rash of cases.

Another common misconception is that the place d'ombre received its name from the neighborhood's reputation as the place to purchase illicit goods. While it is true the square served as a profitable black market for many years, the name actually predates the criminal activity. The appellation of place d'ombre is actually due to the dark stone used in the construction of the square and the height of the nearby buildings that often enshroud the open-space with dim light. Even the surrounding trees keep the square in a perpetual shade.

When the community was first being settled Valachani woodsmen quickly found the local game-trails and explored much of the surrounding woods. Using this knowledge, they quickly established merchant trade routes and formed ties with surrounding communities. Thus the Valachani were able to swiftly bring in goods from surrounding lands, at times bypassing

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the main roads and major rivers, thus avoiding both the taxes and guards. Contraband flew swiftly in and the folk made a hefty profit on Hazlani opiates and Borcan wines.

The place d'ombre became synonymous with the seedy underside and was deemed too dangerous and corrupt of a place for the nobles and upper class to be seen. So, of course, it quickly became a badge of honor and point of pride to have frequented the opium dens or purchased some contraband there. As the reputation of the square increased, so did guard patrols of the area. With the decreased likelihood of a bloody murder in the middle of the street, even more of the upper and middle class ventured down to see what all the fuss was about.

Currently, the square and entirety of la Petite Valacha still has a well-known reputation as a black market, but only among the non-criminal element. The true hardened criminals have long since moved to other less well-known quarters leaving voids soon filled by showmen and charlatans offering fakes and shoddy imitations along with diluted drugs of questionable quality. It is still possible to find the illegal and contraband here, but only after it has passed through the hands of several middlemen. To this day, the neighborhood is referred to as disreputable, but there is more danger of losing one's purse than one's life. The nobles and rich citizens still flock to the area in poor disguises and the locals still pretend not to recognize them. The watchmen do their best to ignore nobles and would never intentionally arrest a member of the gentry for fear of losing their jobs.

Society

La Petite Valacha is considered to be the blocks encircling the place d'ombre and all the inhabited surrounding areas. The place d'ombre is a large bricked-over square ringed by well-tended chestnut trees. There are only a few trees left, as many were cut down to build and make room for more stalls. In the middle of the square is a large grim marble statue of a mounted warrior. From the statue the various walkways spread outward; it is the hub of the square as all the paths are the spokes. Lining the paths at all times of the day are the stalls, carts and tents. These are filled with all manner of goods and produce.

The vendors serve exclusively Valachani cuisine and the craftsmen excel at woodcarvings and furniture that is both exotic and appealing. As la Petite Valacha developed its reputation as the place to go to acquire those things normally not easily found many more come seeking the illegal or heavily tariffed than came seeking food and crafts.

Typical goods vary from jewelry and sculptures to elaborately painted pottery and ornately decorated cutlery. People fill the close winding aisles between stalls and the paths are thick with moving bodies, this lends the area a claustrophobic feel. There is a constant din of shouts and calls as people holler out their wares and prices as wandering musicians play for small tokens.

The statue in the center is a large mounted figure brandishing a large spear as if he were marching into battle at the head of a great army, but the inscription at the bottom has long since eroded away. He is referred to as the Forgotten Warrior or simply the Forgotten.

The Forgotten Warrior is considered the heart of the community being located in the middle of the square. It is common for directions to be given using the Forgotten as the sole landmark. Many local legends revolve around the Forgotten and he is considered to be the local protector of the Valachani people. Children are particularly fond of the Forgotten, often telling fanciful stories of him or playing games about the statue. The most common of these involves tossing hoops into the air and attempting to get them caught on the tip of his spear.

The air in la Petite Valacha carries an unmistakable Valachan influence and is scented with the flavour of a dozen exotic spices. The entire community bears an unmistakable similarity to the realm from subtle changes made to the architecture to the style of dress and music. However, Valachan locals or frequent travelers to the land will notice this is more an exaggeration or romanticism of the culture than a true representation. The effect, however, is unchanged and travelers still feel as if they have stepped across some invisible border into a more exotic land.

Populace

The people of la Petite Valacha started as insular and self-sufficient but were neither isolationists nor afraid of outsiders. Their livelihoods benefited from the money that outside trade brought. Over generations, the merchants began to depend more and more on the people from the rest of the city to bring in wealth. Likewise, more and more goods are purchased from elsewhere in the city.

At one time the folk of the district were all pureblooded Valachani expatriates, but the following years have

seen increasing intermarriages between residents and the neighbouring boroughs of the city. As the wealth and reputation of the square grew so did its population. More and more people moved to ply their trade or make an illicit profit. Now, half a century later, it is rare to find an extended family that does not have a son-in-law of Borcan descent or a new neighbour of Mordentish origins.

Most of the populace still works as merchants and craftsmen. Furs, wood products and exotic garden-grown plants are the most common goods. Most families run either a small shop or own a small stall or two. A few families operate as guides to the city and surrounding woods, offering their services for a small fee. The Tribenik family is most noted for their skills at this and are rumoured to know ever short cut and alleyway in the city.

Those skilled in the trades are held in the highest regard in the neighbourhood. Crafts and goods bring the majority of people and most wealth into the community. Those with the talent to mimic or produce traditional goods are in high demand and are paid very well for their services.

Equally well paid are those with underground connections who can continue to bring in the shadowy goods that draw in those with heavy purses. This is a profession fraught with danger as the guards often seek to catch the suppliers, while there is always heavy competition.

The Valachani in the district work hard to maintain their standard of living and to protect this status from decline. They must be continually crafting or selling to bring in enough money for more supplies in addition to the necessary food stuffs. They look forward

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to any days of rest, especially festival days.

The largest of these is held at the end of fall in what is known as The Day of Joining. This celebration commemorates both the god Yutow's uniting of the old Valachani people and the invading Vaasi as well as the founding of la Petite Valacha. The square is decorated in bright strips of cloth and everywhere there is music and free food. The festival has grown in fame and attracts people from across Richemulot.

Surroundings

During the height of its time as the black-market in Ste. Ronges, the neighborhoods surrounding la Petite Valacha were oddly vacant. Many families simply packed up and moved elsewhere in the city to avoid being caught in possible gang wars or robbed for money. Even the increased guard activity has done little to bring people back to the surrounding blocks, resulting in a dead area between la Petite Valacha and the rest of the city.

Many of the deserted buildings were occupied by street gangs, large groups of runaways or used for other illicit dealings. It is rumoured that many buildings still are employed for such purposes, and that hidden rooms and secret passages lead to dark lairs. There is also some talk of lost or forgotten stashes of treasure or stolen goods that were hidden in a home before the thief was caught or slain. Many claim that homes such as those are guarded by the spirits of the murdered criminals who continue to guard their troves from beyond the grave.

Dark Corners

While no longer home to a vast market of underground merchandise and foreign materials, there is still a brisk amount of illegal activity in la Petite Valacha. Several large packs of pickpockets roam the square stealing from those overburdened by wealth. Most of these cutpurses are children or demihumans able to pass as such. Recently, a semi-retired halfling thief has been attempting to organize the youths and cut down on the infighting.

Likewise, there are many organized groups of beggars and poor that line the alleyways asking for copper rumors. These homeless are very territorially always being found on the same corner or by the same stall. It is a sadly common sight to see ragged wretches fighting over a disputed patch of open street.

The white fever, in truth feedings by Nosferatu, is all but unknown in la Petite Valachan now, the undead have not left. Realizing that the influx of strangers and traders paired with the dangerous reputation of the community has made feeding far easier they no longer feel the need to eat lightly. However, there are other predators in the city that do not take kindly to these attacks.

Ste. Ronges Neighbourhood (hamlet): Nonstandard; AL CN; CL 8; 150 gp limit; Assets 1275; Population 170; Isolated (96% Human, 3% Halfling, 1% Other).

Authority Figures: Jacque LaForce (Watchman), male human War5.

Important Characters: Sati Tribenik (Guide), female human Exp2/War2; Unnik Brakell (Merchant), male half-vistani Exp2/Rog1.

Perilous Pursuits

The Folkloric Warlock

By Jason "Javier" True

xaos313@hotmail.com

Jonathon and Michael, the Doogan twins, quietly crawled through the leaves and underbrush towards the old cottage. Each boy's heart was thundering within his chest, but neither one of them was willing to admit that he was scared of what may dwell within the decrepit building. Pausing behind a particularly thick bush, the twins peered through the foliage, silently watching the cottage for several long minutes.

"Well, go knock on the door," Jonathon whispered over to his brother. "We came all this way, and you cannot give up now."

"Me? Why don't you go knock on the door?" Michael replied. Realizing that he had spoken more loudly than intended, Michael clamped a hand over his own mouth and watched the cottage for a few more moments. Seeing that nothing was emerging from the dimly lit interior, he spoke again in a quieter voice. "If you are in such a hurry to be turned into a toad, then you go knock on the witch's door..."

Jonathon laughed nervously as he quietly rose to his feet and began to tiptoe towards the weathered, wooden door. Only looking back once, he nodded his head at his brother. "We will see once and for all if Matilda the Witch truly exists."

Swallowing hard, the young boy slowly walked towards the cottage door. The windows were dusty and very little light emanated from within the building. The chimney, which was broken and

falling away in places, carried no smoke to the heavens. As far as Jonathon could tell, no person had called this place 'home' in several long years.

"Please don't let the witch be at home. Please don't let the witch be at home. Please don't let the witch be at home," Jonathon whispered over and over until he finally reached the door. Taking a deep breath and closing his eyes, he lifted his hand to knock on the door. However, his fist only made it halfway to its destination before a boney-fingered hand wrapped around his wrist.

Jonathan's eyes opened wide, but the scream caught in his throat as he saw the spindly figure standing in front of him. The wrinkled face of Matilda the Witch only smirked slightly as she continued to hold onto the boy's wrist.

"I might be old," Matilda spoke slowly and solemnly, "but these ears still burn when little boys are talking about me..."

A folkloric warlock (or, in the case of women, witch) is an arcane spellcaster who has gained special powers from years of peasants' beliefs. By tapping into the mental energies created by stories and tales, the folkloric warlock, can bolster the spells that he casts and more efficiently affect other creatures. In fact, a folkloric warlock with enough history and renown can become a truly powerful force with which to be reckoned.

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Folkloric Warlock

Most folkloric warlocks are either bards or sorcerers, since their innate magical prowess and natural charisma adds to the mystique required to achieve this prestige class. A fair number of wizards, however, also pursue the benefits of this prestige class. Other classes typically do not have the ability to meet the necessary requirements, but some folkloric warlocks have multiclassed levels as fighters, rogues, or other classes.

Hit Die: d6.

Requirements

To qualify to become a folkloric warlock (Fkw), a character must fulfill all of the following criteria.

Race: Any corporeal humanoid, monstrous humanoid, or giant.

Skills: Knowledge (fey lore) 10 ranks, Knowledge (local) 6 ranks, Perform 4 ranks, Spellcraft 6 ranks.

Spellcasting: Must be able to cast 3rd-level arcane spells.

Special: The character must have played a pivotal role within a story, fairytale, or set of rumors. The character's name and role must be widely recognized, although the information need not necessarily be accurate. For each additional level in this prestige class, the folkloric warlock must be involved in another story, fairytale, or set of rumors.

Class Skills

The folkloric warlock's class skills (and key ability for each skill) are Alchemy (Int), Bluff (Cha), Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Disguise (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (Any) (Int), Perform (Cha), Profession (Wis), Scry (Int), Sense Motive (Wis),

Spellcraft (Int), and Use Magical Device (Cha).

Skill Points at Each Level: 4 + Int. Modifier

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the folkloric warlock prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency:

Folkloric warlocks gain no proficiencies with weapons, armor, or shields. Note that armor check penalties for armor heavier than leather apply to the skills Balance, Climb, Escape Artist, Hide, Jump, Move Silently, Pick Pocket, and Tumble.

Spell per Day/Spells Known:

A folkloric warlock continues to train in arcane magic, although he does so at a slower pace. Thus, when an odd-numbered level is achieved, the character gains new spells per day as if he had also gained a level in an arcane spellcasting class he belonged to before he added the prestige class. He does not, however, gain any other benefit a non-folkloric character of that class would have gained (metamagic or item creation feats, and so on). This essentially means that he adds the level of folkloric warlock to the level of some other arcane spellcasting class the character has, and uses that information to determine the spells per day, spells known, and caster level accordingly.

Spell Focus (Ex): At 1st-level, the folkloric warlock is allowed to choose any one school of magic that he has access to and make those spells more potent than normal. Once chosen, a +2 bonus is added to the difficulty class for all saving throws against spells from that school of magic.

Daunting Presence (Su): Three times per day, as a standard action, the

folkloric warlock can force all living creatures within a 30-foot radius to make a will save (DC 15 + folkloric warlock class levels + Charisma bonus) or suffer a -2 morale penalty on attacks, saves, and skill checks for 2 rounds / folkloric warlock level.

Greater Spell Focus (Ex): At 3rd-level the folkloric warlock adds +4 to the difficulty class for saving throws against spells in the school for which he took the spell focus feat at 1st-level. This +4 bonus replaces the +2 granted by the earlier feat. In addition, the folkloric warlock gains a +2 bonus on caster level checks to beat a creature's spell resistance with spells from this school. This additional bonus stacks with the Spell Penetration feat.

Legendary Name (Su): Upon reaching 4th-level, the folkloric warlock can sense when another being speaks his name. When his name is spoken, the folkloric warlock knows the exact

location and name of the speaker. This awareness is sufficient to allow the folkloric warlock to *scry* on the individual (DC 10), but it does not allow him to immediately *teleport* to the speaker's location.

Fey-Touched (Ex): By 5th-level, the folkloric warlock has become more myth than man. The character's type changes to "fey", but the base statistics and abilities remain the same. The folkloric warlock gains low-light visions (if he doesn't already possess it) and damage reduction 10/cold iron.

Timeless Body (Ex): After achieving 5th-level, a folkloric warlock has become so immortalized by legend that he no longer suffers ability penalties for aging and cannot be magically aged. However, any penalties that he already suffered remain. Bonuses still accrue over time, and the folkloric warlock dies of old age when his time is up.



The Folkloric Warlock

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort	Reflex	Will	Special	Spells Per Day
1 st	+0	+0	+2	+2	Spell Focus	+1 caster level
2 nd	+1	+1	+3	+3	Daunting Presence	
3 rd	+1	+1	+3	+3	Greater Spell Focus	+1 caster level
4 th	+2	+1	+4	+4	Legendary Name	
5 th	+2	+2	+4	+4	Fey-touched, Timeless Body	+1 caster level

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Waning Gazlight

Creatures from the Shady Corners

By Alexei "Igor the Henchman" Podgouzov

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Colonel Bogey

As in all eras, games fascinate the people of the nineteenth century. Whether they play checkers, horse races, or the roulette wheel, gamblers can make fortunes or lose fortunes with a single bet. Drawn by the potential for evil, the Red Death seized the innocuous vice of gaming and gave it a terrible form. In golf, "Colonel Bogey" is an imaginary player with a set score that other contestants are required to beat. On Gothic Earth, the term is also an alias for a competitive fey.

The creature's true nature is a mystery: Colonel Bogey may be a single monster with the ability to change its shape, or there may be a Colonel Bogey for each game or sport. Whatever the truth, the Colonel is encountered alone, except where a sport requires participants to form teams. In such cases, the Colonel appears as a group of individuals, be that a pair of bridge players, or as a whole team of baseball players.

In its true form, the Colonel's body is invisible. In order to pass in human society, the creature uses its Masque of the Form ability, allowing it to appear human for up to four hours each day. The creature dresses in whatever garments are expected to be worn for a given competition, or, if no uniform is required, it appears dressed in an impeccably clean outfit in the current fashions. The Colonel speaks the language of its victims, but prefers to

remain silent, leaving the talking to its minions.

Colonel Bogey exists to challenge and to be challenged: It subsists on the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat. Bogey tirelessly seeks out challengers. Though skilled adversaries are chosen more often, the creature is not above challenging average or even beginner contestants: To the Colonel, good sport is less important than reaffirming his brittle ego. These chosen victims are lured by telegrams or mysterious letters in which an unknown gentleman invites them to a nightly contest. The contestant is enticed with a prize of extravagant value, such as amazing wealth, eternal fame, or even the resurrection of a loved one. The fey wagers the prize against something of similar value, such as the target's heart, soul, or memories.

Stubborn victims infuriate the Colonel to no end: If a challenger refuses the call, Colonel Boogey directs his minions to coerce the player by sending threatening letters, stealing their most cherished possessions or even abducting their closest friends. In truth, the Colonel is unable to harm its target, at least until it has accepted the creature's challenge.

The Colonel is a poor sportsman and an even poorer loser. Completely obsessed with victory, Bogey cheats or even changes the rules of the game to tip the balance in its favor. If the Colonel wins the contest, he claims the wager and leaves the hopelessly deprived

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victim behind. In the unlikely event that the Colonel's is beaten or caught cheating, the creature becomes enraged and wreaks a horrible revenge.

Creafing a Bogey

"Colonel Bogey" is a template that can be added to any human character. The base human must be "optimized" for a popular field of competition. Thus, a football-player Colonel Bogey is likely to be of the Athlete class, while a chess-player will be an Intellectual. The base character's type changes to "fey".

Hit Dice: Upgrade to d6 if lower

Movement: Same as base character

Armor Class: The base character gets a +3 supernatural deflection bonus to AC

Attacks: Same as base character

Damage: Same as base character

Special Attacks: The base character keeps all his special attacks and gains the following:

Wager (Su): After winning at a competition, Colonel Bogey can extract its "prize" from its opponent as a standard action, regardless of distance. No saving throw is allowed. The prize must have been set before the competition took place, with the agreement of both parties. Common wagers include points in an ability score, the ability to cast spells, character levels, memories, or even a trait of character such as curiosity or faith in oneself. The only way for the victim to regain what she has lost is to either reclaim it in a rematch or to slay Colonel Bogey.

Spell-like abilities (Su): Colonel Bogey can pick as many spells as he has hit dice from the following list: *Blur, Calm Emotions, Confusion, Freedom of Movement, Illusory Wall, Jump, Levitation, Locate Creature, Ray of*

Exhaustion, Silence, Slow, True Strike, Zone of Silence. Each spell is usable three times per day. The save DC for these spells is set at 10 + spell level + Colonel Bogey's Charisma modifier.

Special Qualities: The base character keeps all special qualities and gains the following:

Personal Sanctuary (Su): Colonel Bogey has a secret extradimensional pocket space in which he may retreat, hold his contests, or even store captives. As a free action, the Colonel can turn any door in the Material Plane into a portal to this demesne. The portal is maintained as long as the Colonel wishes it, requiring neither concentration nor effort from the creature. The interior of the sanctuary resembles an ideal place for the competition in which the Colonel is specialized. It can thus be as vast as a great arena or as small as a private salon. The Colonel is free to incorporate personal "variations" to the competition area, such as surrounding a boxing ring with a spike-bottomed moat or conjuring an audience of zombie-like spectators.

Competition Mastery (Su): Whenever the Colonel engages in his competition of choice, he always has the option of "taking 10" on his rolls.

Masque of the Form (Su): This ability is described in the Masque of the Red Death 3.5 campaign expansion.

Compulsive Player: Colonel Bogey can never refuse a challenge to a duel in its chosen form of competition, provided the challenger offers an interesting wager. The duel must take place as soon as it can be arranged.

Sunlight Sensibility: Colonel Bogey will never willingly expose itself to sunlight, though it does not cause it damage.

Allergen: The Colonel has a special weakness towards an item,

material or set of circumstances that are related to its field of contest. Allergens cause the Colonel to flee or attack, fascinate him, damage him with contact, or make him unable to enter a particular area. For example, a whist-playing Colonel Bogey might be unable to cross a line of cards arranged in order of value, while a soccer-player might be fascinated by the sound of a metallic whistle.

Tough Arms: Colonel Bogey controls 2d4 minions who serve as messengers and bodyguards. These minions are orcs (if the base character is of 4rd-level or less), bugbears (for base characters between 5 and 9 levels) or Brutes (for base characters of level 10 or greater). Whatever their game statistics, the minions all have Masque of the Form as a bonus ability (information on Brutes and Masque of the Form can be found in the Masque of the Red Death 3.5 campaign expansion).

Fey Traits: Colonel Bogey has low-light vision, and needs not to eat, sleep or breathe.

Saving Throws: Same as base creature

Ability Scores: Same as base creature, with the exception that all scores relevant to the sport in which Colonel Bogey is specialized are raised to 20.

Skills: Colonel Bogey has a mystic +5 bonus to skills to all skills related to its chosen sport. This bonus may apply to related skills such as connoisseur, equestrian, or various profession skills.

Feats: Same as base creature

Climate/Terrain: Any, usually urban

Organization: Solitary or Team

Challenge Rating: Same as base character +1

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Always evil

Advancement: by character class

Greed Spirit

Tiny Magical Beast

Hit Dice:	3d10 (15 hp)
Initiative:	+4
Speed:	20 ft. (4 squares)
Armour Class:	14 (+2 size, +2 Dex), touch 14, flat-footed 12
Base Attack/Grapple:	+3/-7
Attack:	bite +3 Melee (1d6-2)
Full Attack:	Bite +3 (1d6-2) and 2 claws -2 (1d4-2)
Space/Reach:	2½ ft. by 2½ ft./0 ft.
Special Attack:	Mesmerism
Special Qualities:	Bicephalous, fast healing 1, low-light vision, masque of the shadow, share dominion
Saves:	Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +7 (and see below)
Abilities:	Str 6, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 20
Skills:	Hide +8, Escape Artist +5, Balance +5, Spot +6, Listen +11, Move Silently +7, Survival +7, Tracking +2
Feats:	Alertness, Keen Sense (hearing)
Environment:	Tropical forests and plains, Urban
Organization:	Solitary or pack (3-12)
Challenge Rating:	1
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Usually Neutral Evil
Advancement:	4-9 HD (Tiny)
Level Adjustment:	-

In shape, the creature resembles a black baboon, with one astonishing aberration: it has a second head, set to the left of its regular one. The bigger head snarls at you with needle-sharp teeth, while the smaller head glowers with huge yellow eyes that glare with penetrating intensity.

Greatly feared by the peoples of its native South Africa and Atlantic islands,

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the Greed Spirit is a wicked and self-centered creature. In its wild environment, the Spirit prefers to settle in proximity of human settlements, where it can exploit and manipulate the local populace at its whim. Fascinated by the white peoples that have begun to explore its home, the monster sometimes lets itself be “discovered” by European explorers. Believing it to be a fascinating object of study or a promising circus act, the unwitting victims export the Spirit to large cities, where they spread greater havoc.

Physically, the Greed Spirit is little more than a nuisance. Its supernatural powers, however, make it a real menace. The creature’s lesser head has the power of mesmerizing all those who meet its gaze, turning any human into an obedient pawn. The Spirit has the ability to endow others with this ability, corrupting them with the addictive sensation of power.

Once it has established a network of agents, the Spirit begins to demand sacrifices from its slaves. The beast’s offerings are insignificant at first, but they soon grow increasingly extravagant, including offerings of gold, jewels, or even severed limbs. The exact nature of the sacrifice imports the creature little; all it desires is enjoyment of having humans give over their most precious possessions.

Combat

The Greed Spirit is aware of its poor fighting ability, and as such prefers to remain invisible until an easy victim presents itself.

Mesmerism (Su): The spirit’s most dangerous ability is to bend the will of other creatures’ to its own. This ability functions as a gaze attack, which the victim may resist with a Will save

against a DC of 16. A mesmerized creature stands transfixed and helpless, unable to turn its eyes from the spirit’s lesser head. During the following round, the spirit may implant an irresistible suggestion (“bring me other victims”) which may include a trigger (“you will meet me here at midnight to receive new instructions”). It can likewise impose restrictions to the character’s actions (“tell no one of my existence”). As a standard action, the creature can convey one such instruction telepathically every round the victim meets its gaze. The saving throw for this ability is tied to charisma.

Bicephalous (Ex): The Greed Spirit’s two-headed nature gives it a +4 racial bonus to its Spot and Search checks. It makes all its Will Saves twice (once for each head) and only if both saves fail is the creature affected. Should one of its heads be cut off, (which can only be achieved if the creature is held defenseless), the creature would lose these qualities, but otherwise function normally.

Masque of the Shadow (Su): This ability is described in the Masque of the Red Death 3.5 campaign expansion and allows the Greed Spirit to become invisible at will. In this state, it can only be seen by its minions and creatures it intends to attack or dominate.

Share Dominion (Su): As a standard action, the Greed Spirit can share its “mesmerism” power with any other sentient creature that has met its gaze. It can share this ability with as many beings as it has hit dice. The character can henceforth employ the ability as a gaze attack, as if the spirit used its power through the character’s eyes. The Spirit has no say as to how the character will choose to use this

ability, though it can take its gift back as easily as it granted it.

This ability is highly addictive. After first use of its newfound power, the minion must make a Will save against a DC of 16 once each day to resist the temptation to use the ability. The character must succeed three Will Saves in a row to get permanently rid themselves of the compulsion. Specialized medical assistance may lower the DC at the DM's discretion. Depending on the character's use of the ability, their alignment may change to Evil.

Unsettling: Common animals react with a mix of fear and hostility towards the Greed Sprit and feel the beast's presence even while it remains invisible. For this reason, the spirit orders its minions to have such pets removed from its presence.

Shackles-Rattles

Medium Monstrous Humanoid

Hit Dice:	4d8+4 (20 hp)
Initiative:	+2
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares)
Armour Class:	15 (+2 Dex, +3 natural), touch 12, flat-footed 13
Base Attack/Grapple:	+4/+10
Attack:	chain strike + 5 melee (1d6+1)
Full Attack:	2 chain strikes + 5 melee (1d6+1)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attack:	Chain whip, shackle, volatile lullaby, dream robber
Special Qualities:	Caught Between, Darkvision (60 ft.), Don Humanity
Saves:	Fort +2, Ref +6, Will +5
Abilities:	Str 13, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 10
Skills:	Disguise +10 (see text), Search +4, Spot +4
Feats:	Improved grapple,

Environment:	improved trip Urban
Organization:	Hunting party (2-8)
Challenge Rating:	3
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always lawful evil
Advancement:	5-8 HD (Medium); 9-12 HD (Large)
Level Adjustment:	-

You close your eyes, and suddenly you see Them. Gaunt and towering black shapes, they are beetles that walk upright. From their chest hang many long iron chains, ending in shackles, manacles and gyves of all sorts and shapes. The creatures trifle with the metal joints as they walk, causing a horrible rattle to follow.

The shackles-rattles are mysterious beings that live and prosper by literally enslaving the dreams of humanity. Mortals can only see them through closed eyelids, and since the creatures appear when their victims are sleeping, most witnesses only remember them as a hazy nightmare. In the waking world, people encounter the shackles-rattles when the beasts disguise themselves in human clothing. Thus masked, the creatures are indistinguishable in appearance from regular, unassuming people. The one sure sign of the shackles-rattles' presence is the low sound of rattling chains that accompanies them. The sound is so faint, however, that most listeners may think they imagined it.

The first known appearance of the shackles-rattles dates back to the American Civil War, though these beings may have been going unnoticed far longer. Arcane scholars have theorized that the shackles-rattles might be an anthropomorphic manifestation of man's urge to enslave his own kind.

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The creatures mostly dwell on the continents of North America and Europe, for they prefer urban, industrial environments as their hunting grounds. The shackles-rattles come upon sleeping victims to steal their dream-selves, the part of the human soul that exists and acts in the dream-dimension. Once caught, the dream-selves are put to work in the shackles-rattles' subterranean factories or sold to other evil creatures.

Combat

The Shackles-Rattles use their chains as a weapon, attempting to catch their opponents' hands and feet in their manacles.

Chain Whip (Ex): The creatures' chains act as natural weapons, tripping or disarming opponents as whips (granting a +2 bonus on the latter). The creatures do not expose themselves to attacks of opportunity while doing so.

Dream Robber (Su): As a full-round action that provokes an attack of opportunity, a shackles-rattles can extract a dream-self from a sleeping victim. This dream-self is visible only through closed eyes and appears as a translucent double of the sleeper. The dream-self is helpless; the shackles-rattles easily binds it with its manacles and takes it away.

After the theft, the sleeper will not wake until 2d6 minutes later. Upon awakening, the mortal finds he has become unable to fall asleep, which makes him unable to heal damage naturally or memorize new spells. The victim must succeed at a Will save of DC 10 (+1 per sleepless night) or temporarily lose 1d3 point of wisdom and constitution. When either score reaches 0, the victim dies of exhaustion. The ability damage may be prevented

only if the character is continually cared for in a specialized medical institution. Only by freeing the character's dream-self can the victim find sleep again.

Shackle (Ex): Thanks to their chains, the shackles-rattles gain a +5 racial circumstantial bonus to their grappling checks when they use them to ensnare victims. At each successful attack, the shackles-rattles may engage a grapple without provoking an attack of opportunity. Victims must succeed a grapple check against the creature (which gets a +2 bonus for every previous successful attack) or be immobilized and helpless for one round.

Volatile Lullaby: The shackles-rattles' slender antennae secrete an airy substance that puts creatures to sleep. As a standard action, the monster can attempt to exhume the substance into its opponent's face as a touch attack. Affected creatures must succeed a Will Save of DC 14 or fall asleep as per the spell *Deep Slumber*. The DC is tied to the shackles-rattles Dexterity score.

Caught Between (Su): The shackles-rattles interact with both material and ethereal matter. So does their equipment and the machinery found in their dark factories.

Don humanity (Su): By putting on human clothing, the shackles-rattles become fully visible to mortals and gain human visage, as per the spell *Alter Self*. Depending on what garments they put on, they can appear as any sort of human adult, from an aristocrat to a beggar. The shackles-rattles can use this ability to mimic an individual person, provided they can gather clothes that the individual has worn regularly for at least three months. This ability grants the shackles-rattles a +10 mystic bonus to their disguise checks and allows them to

speak the languages of the garments' previous owners.

Hidden from View: In their natural form, the Shackles-Rattles are undetectable by hearing or scent. The creatures may only be seen through closed lids.

Wahnsinnbestie

Paranoia, it is said, is a self-fulfilling prophesy. On Gothic Earth, when a deranged individual becomes convinced that there is something plotting to destroy him, a wahnsinnbestie emerges to reassure the poor wretch that he is no longer just imagining it.

Discovered by the psychologist Wilhelm Wundt, the wahnsinnbestie (or wahnsinnbestien, plural) is the physical manifestation of paranoid delusions. Depending on the exact fantasy that birthed it, the wahnsinnbestie can appear as many different sorts of creatures. The creature might manifest as lone stalkers or a vast conspiracy. Whatever its form, the wahnsinnbestie is dedicated to the destruction of the target. The creature enjoys taunting and terrifying its prey before moving in for the final kill.

The most frightening aspect of wahnsinnbestien, however, is that once the creatures come into being, they no longer depend upon their creators. When the creature destroys its initial victim, a wahnsinnbestie can implant its paranoia to another and begin the hunt anew.

Creating a Wahnsinnbestie

"Wahnsinnbestie" is a template that can be added to any Aberration, Construct, Dragon, Elemental, Fey, Giant, Humanoid, Magical Beast, Monstrous humanoid, Vermin or

Undead. The creature's type remains unchanged.

Hit Dice: Same as base creature

Speed: Same as base creature

AC: Same as base creature

Attacks: Same as base creature

Full Attack: Same as base creature

Damage: Same as base creature

Special Attacks: The base creature keeps all its special attacks and gains the following:

Impose (Su): After its current victim is slain, the wahnsinnbestie can choose a new prey. This power takes a day to activate, during which the wahnsinnbestie must study its intended victim. This subject must have an intelligence of at least 8 to be affected. At the end of the day, the target must make a Will save against a DC equal to $10 + \frac{1}{2}$ of the wahnsinnbestie's HD + its charisma modifier. Victims who fail the save are considered to have failed a madness save and become the wahnsinnbestie's next victim. The subject gains the Paranoia effect and becomes aware of the creature stalking them.

As with a standard moderate madness effect, the target's intelligence, wisdom and charisma scores all drop by 1d6. Unlike normal madness, however, the condition cannot be cured until the wahnsinnbestie is destroyed. The creature rarely affects more than one subject at a time with this ability, lest its victims gain power in numbers. Still, small groups of individuals have been known to be affected by the same wahnsinnbestie at the same time.

Special Qualities: The base creature keeps all its special qualities and gains the following:

Its All in Your Head (Su): The wahnsinnbestie never appears as real

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except to those who already believe in its existence. All other creatures see only what is natural for them to see in the situation. Thus, a ravenous ogre making menacing gestures across the street is likely to be seen as a fat salesman fixing his tie. Only when the wahnsinnbestie does something abnormal can bystanders acknowledge its presence. Likewise, the monster leaves no physical trace of its passage, unless it would be “logical” in the context of its disguise.

Never Far Behind (Su): The wahnsinnbestie has an uncanny ability to pin-point the general direction in which their target is to be found. Should the victim escape its pursuer by moving to a new area, the monster can teleport to a random location within 1 mile of its target.

I Know Your Mind (Su): The wahnsinnbestie possesses a mystical link between itself and its target. The link allows the creature to learn all facets of

the victim’s life. The wahnsinnbestie thus knows the personality and tactics of its prey almost better than the victim himself. Nothing, save for the most obscure and repressed secrets, can be hidden from the monster. The wahnsinnbestie has circumstantial bonus of +10 to Sense Motive checks against its target and may predict its target’s actions using all knowledge available to the dungeon master.

Saves: As the base creature

Abilities: The base creature’s Charisma score increases by +4.

Skills: As base creature

Feats: As base creature

Environment: Any

Organization: Any

Challenge Rating: Same as base creature

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Neutral Evil

Advancement: as base creature

Level Adjustment: -

Queen Tera

Jewel of Seven Stars

By Andrew "Orang Santu" Cable
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Queen Tera

Female human Mystic 9/Occultist 11:
CR 20; medium humanoid (human); HD 9d6-9; 30 hp; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Base Atk +6; Grp +5; Atk Short sword +5 melee (1d6 [19-20]); Full Atk Short sword +5/+0 melee (1d6 [19-20]); SA Remote casting, spell, suggestion, summon leopard, rebuke undead; SQ Dominant personality, intimidation bonus, my name is my eye; AL NE; SV Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +9 (Fear +11, Hor +11, Mad +9); Str 8, Dex 12, Con 9, Int 18, Wis 15, Cha 13.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +6, Concentration +12, Hypnosis +10, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (ancient languages: Sanskrit) +8, Knowledge (etiquette) +8, Knowledge (forbidden lore: arcane) +17, Knowledge (forbidden lore: mysticism) +24, Knowledge (local) +3, Knowledge (religion: Egyptian) +17, Prognostication +25, Sixth Sense +14; Ancient Knowledge Expert, Courage, Greater Spell Focus (divination), Greater Spell Focus (necromancy), Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Jaded, Lightning Reflexes, Perfect Memory (visual), Persuasive, Savoir-faire, Silent Spell, Spell Focus (divination), Spell Focus (necromancy), Still Spell.

Equipment: Egyptian sacrificial blade +1 (see below), Jewel of Seven Stars (see below).

Languages: English, Egyptian, French.

A woman emerges from the darkness, dressed in white and yellow

robes with an Arabic or Indian cast to her features. A diadem in the shape of an Egyptian crown sits atop her raven-dark hair. She commands your attention, and as you look upon her, you notice her right hand bears seven fingers. Her eyes glimmer as a gigantic cat materializes and attacks.

Background

Tera was a queen of old Egypt, a daughter of the king Djoser. A disciple of the priest Imhotep, Queen Tera conducted many experiments into the possibility of eternal life. Her studies would eventually assist Imhotep and Djoser in laying waste to ancient Egypt. Through her studies, she became a master of manipulating her *ka*, or soul. She would often send it out of her body, spying on all corners of the land.

One day, she fell ill and soon after died. Exactly why she met her fate is uncertain; some say she was poisoned by agents of Akhenaton and Nefertiti, who were impatient for her to die naturally; others claim her *ka*'s connection to her body was severed while she was out of her body. Whatever the cause of her death, her name was obliterated from all inscriptions and her body hidden in the Valley of the Sorcerer. Her name was forgotten by all but the most erudite scholars, though legends remained of a shadowy sorceress-queen.

In 1887, Tera's tomb was found by an English archaeologist named Abel Trelawny. Trelawny had made his life's

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work the studying the legends of the Dark Queen, and found her tomb through hints in ancient books. When he finally arrived, he was horrified to find that Queen Tera's mummified corpse had been totally destroyed. All that remained in the queen's tomb – perhaps all there ever was – was a huge ruby. Trelawny translated a hieroglyphic cartouche on the gem as “Tera”. At last, after countless centuries, the queen once again had a name.

He sailed back to England with the jewel in hand and gave it over to the British Museum. There it remained for several years, but in 1893 it was stolen. The jewel would later turn up in the possession of a famous fortune-teller, Ann Harrington. The mystic renamed herself Madame Sosostriis and affected the dress of ancient Egypt. Unbeknownst to London society, Sosostriis is Queen Tera, resurrected by the power of her jewel.

Combat

With magical power beyond comprehension, Queen Tera is undaunted by combat. Although aware of her own failings and physical weakness, she assumes a cold air of authority in any battle. Tera never engages in battle alone; she uses her *summon leopard* ability to call an animal to engage her enemies while attempting to kill her opponents using her *sacrificial blade* while they are distracted.

Dominant Personality (Su): Through use of the Intimidation skill or more carnal means, Queen Tera may make a male character her cohort. Normal rules on the level of the cohort apply. Tera may only have one of these cohorts at a time. The allegiance to Tera will not be broken unless she is slain or the cohort is dismissed by Tera herself.

Intimidation Bonus (Ex): When Queen Tera intimidates a character, substitute hours for minutes to determine how long someone stays friendly to her.

My Name Is My Eye (Su): The name of Queen Tera functions as a scrying sensor, as described in the *scry* spell. This is part of the reason the ancient priests obliterated Tera's name from all records. Creatures viewed through the scrying sensor must make a DC 21 Will save. The save is Charisma-based.

Remote Casting (Sp): If a scryed victim fails the necessary saving throw, in addition to viewing them Tera “locks on”. She may then cast any illusion spells, as well as *sleep*, through the scrying sensor; in addition, she may use her *summon leopard* ability.

Spells: In her current guise as Madame Sosostriis, Queen Tera can use both mystic and adept spells. As a mystic, she has the use of 8/6/6/5/4/3 spells per day (domains: full access to the All and Divination domains, minor access to the Knowledge domain); as an occultist, she has the use of 7/7/7/7/6/5/4 spells per day (treat Tera as having knowledge of every spell available to her; her opposition schools are evocation and transmutation).

Suggestion (Sp): Queen Tera can also use the spell *suggestion* against a female spellcaster, of 9th level or lower, aware of her existence within an 11-mile radius of the current resting place of the Jewel of Seven Stars. The targeted spellcaster must make a Will save (DC 24) or be possessed by the need to acquire the Jewel by any means necessary. This save is Intelligence-based.

Summon Leopard (Sp): As a full-round action, Queen Tera can summon a leopard (*MM*), with damage reduction of

Tera's current CR/+1 and spell resistance 15. The leopard will fight intelligently, and can use the queen's saving throws rather than its own.

Lair

The queen's lair is currently Madame Sosostri's salon on Moorgate Street, London. She has not been installed in that locale long enough to grant it the powers of a lair of evil. When the queen is not incarnate, the Jewel of Seven Stars is the closest thing to a lair she has.

Egyptian Sacrificial Blade

Whatever Tera's incarnation, she carries a long-bladed knife (effectively a short sword) which appears out of the ether along with the queen. The sacrificial blade carries a +1 enchantment, and allows Tera to attempt a coup de grace attack even if the foe is not immobilized.

The Jewel of Seven Stars

The *Jewel of Seven Stars* is a star ruby, the size of a fist, carved into the shape of an Egyptian scarab. Hieroglyphic cartouches adorn the gem. It grants Queen Tera a +5 to caster level for all spells of the Conjunction or Summoning schools, as well as use of *astral projection* (self only) as a full-round action and with the Jewel as the only necessary material component.

Its integral use in Tera's astral travels carried with it a curse: after her death, her *ka* was banished into the Jewel. Much of the time, the queen exists only as a spirit within the gem. When a female spellcaster Tera has targeted with her *suggestion* ability acquires the Jewel, the ancient queen's

spirit is attached to the spellcaster's; treat the character as multiclassed but only for purposes of acquisition of spell use, mental attributes and feats. The mental attributes of the host remain if they are higher than Tera's. Skills are acquired as bonuses, the difference between Tera's and the host's scores being added as a bonus. Tera also grants the host the ability to speak the Egyptian language and read hieroglyphs as if it were an extant tongue.

Queen Tera is an 11th-level occultist (necromancer) with Int 18, Wis 10, Cha 12. She has the use of 7/7/7/7/6/5/4 spells per day (her opposition schools are evocation and transmutation). She also has immense spell knowledge, and knows every spell available.

Skills and Feats: Knowledge (forbidden lore: arcane) +17, Knowledge (religion: Egyptian) +17, Intimidate +15, Sixth Sense +14; Ancient Knowledge Expert, Courage, Greater Spell Focus (necromancy), Iron Will, Jaded, Lightning Reflexes, Perfect Memory (visual), Persuasive, Spell Focus (necromancy).

The above is overridden if Tera possesses an adept, in which case the adept's level is simply added to Tera's. After the death of Tera's host, the queen's spirit returns once more to the Jewel and the cycle repeats. Only by destroying the Jewel can Tera be vanquished.

Queen Tera and the Jewel of Seven Stars originally appeared in Bram Stoker's novel The Jewel of Seven Stars (1903). I have taken some poetic license with both. Madame Sosostri appeared in T.S. Eliot's "The Waste Land".

Quoth the Raven: Issue II

Credits

Contributors

Alexei "Igor the Henchman" Podgouzov. agouzov@gmail.com.

Author of Waning Gaslight. "Alexei 'Igor the Henchman' Podgouzov is an 18-year-old Ravenloft fan from Quebec City, Canada, and first time contributor to Quoth the Raven. Too shy to reveal much of himself, he's nonetheless an erratic reader of this E-zine and an avid consumer of all things Ravenloft. His players, beware: the critters he wrote about here are all set to plague them on their stay on Gothic Earth."

Andrew D. "Orang Santu" Gable
dragonfire0129@yahoo.com

Creator of Queen Tera. A 27-year old Pennsylvanian who's been a roleplayer for nigh on 15 years. I have an unhealthy (some might say) fascination with Jack The Ripper. I'm a great fan of Arthur Machen, Bram Stoker, M.R. James, and the other classic horror authors. Also, I have a great affinity for Hammer horror films and Godzilla movies. I've been a Ravenloft/Masque fan since that fateful day I stumbled into a nameless Vallaki bookshop and lodged at the Malodorous Goat...

Thomas R. Rasmussen aka Malus Black malus_black@hotmail.com.

Creator of the Scearidd. I'm a 16-year-old Norwegian who only recently got into D&D, although I've been interested in fantasy, literature and history since long before that. I got into Ravenloft because it was and is different and more

mature than the generic settings, and the underlying, thought-provoking themes of the setting captivated me instantly. Other than Ravenloft, I enjoy writing, reading, drawing, playing and listening to music, philosophy, science, culture and history.

Stanton "Gemathusta" Fink
apokryltaros@gmail.com. Author and Artist of A Most Frightful Excerpt. Please address Stanton F. Fink #5 as "His Imperial Weirdness.

Uri "Shadowking" Barak

uzibarak@zahav.net.il. Author of Wee Beasties. All my 3 Bogeysmen were inspired by popular culture. The Dirty Thing is inspired by a scene from Mulholand Drive, Basket Case is inspired by a Buffy episode while the Elf-Knight is an actual creature from Scottish myth. I first knew Ravenloft some 5 years ago from reading "Vampire of the Mists", "Knight of the Black Rose" "Dance of the Dead" and "Heart of Midnight", and became enthralled. When I also became familiar with D&D 3 years ago I played and DMed a few short campaigns set in Greyhawk, then moved to the wonderful world that is Ravenloft. Ever since then I became smitten with the setting. Also, expect my "Mist and Shadow" netbook within 2-3 months.

Quoth the Raven: Issue II

Editors

David “Jester” Gibson aka David of the Fraternity

david.jw.gibson@gmail.com Author of La Petite Valacha. David has also contributed to QtR# 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and presumably needs another hobby. He has been lost in the Mists since sucked in through a Red Box and has been trapped ever since. There he is often seen in the company of a smiling man of a possible Mordentish background. Someday David may escape the hold of the Dread Lands, but not today.

Dion Fernandez Aka Dion of the Fraternity.

souragne@yahoo.com. Dion is a 23-year old masterals student living in Baguio City, Philippines. He has been a Ravenloft fan since 1998, has contributed fan-based articles for the campaign world, including the Worlds of Ravenloft series of netbooks, and manages the Midway Haven Alchemical Observatory. Dion is also a local folklorist and scholar of urban esoterica, whatever that means.

Eddy Brennan aka Wicky of the Fraternity

Eddy@fraternityofshadows.com. Author of On the Road Again, Return to Arlington Farm and Tales from the Fireside. Member of the Fraternity of Shadows and a person of many tastes. I have had some success in the professional animation, design and illustration fields and since decided to try and write a book of poetry, I also have plans for a novel in the future (when he finds a good proofreader). Previous work in the Online Ravenloft Community may be found in the Kargatane's Book of Sacrifices, Midway

Haven's Crisis in Hunadora (a long narrative compiled by the kind souls at the Midway Haven Alchemical Observatory), The Malodorous Goat Netbook as well as previous Undead Sea Scrolls netbooks and the first Quoth the Raven. Other than Ravenloft, I have many interests including theology, some parts of history, folklore, mythology, reading, the occasional video game, art, poetry and writing in general.

Nathan Okerlund aka Nathan of the Fraternity.

Nathan@FraternityofShadows.com. I'm a graduate student in San Francisco; I teach headless cockroaches to avoid electric shocks and perform other services to humanity. Among them are money laundering (I recommend Tide), finding life mates for single socks, feeding Drusilla, and contributing to and editing the Undead Sea Scrolls. Three and a half years in the Mists and counting...

Joël Paquin aka Joël of the Fraternity, or Gotten Grabmal.

jopekin@hotmail.com or Joel@FraternityofShadows.com. The 2003 year was full of changes for me. Again, I'd like to thank my family and friends for support.

Jason “Javier” True

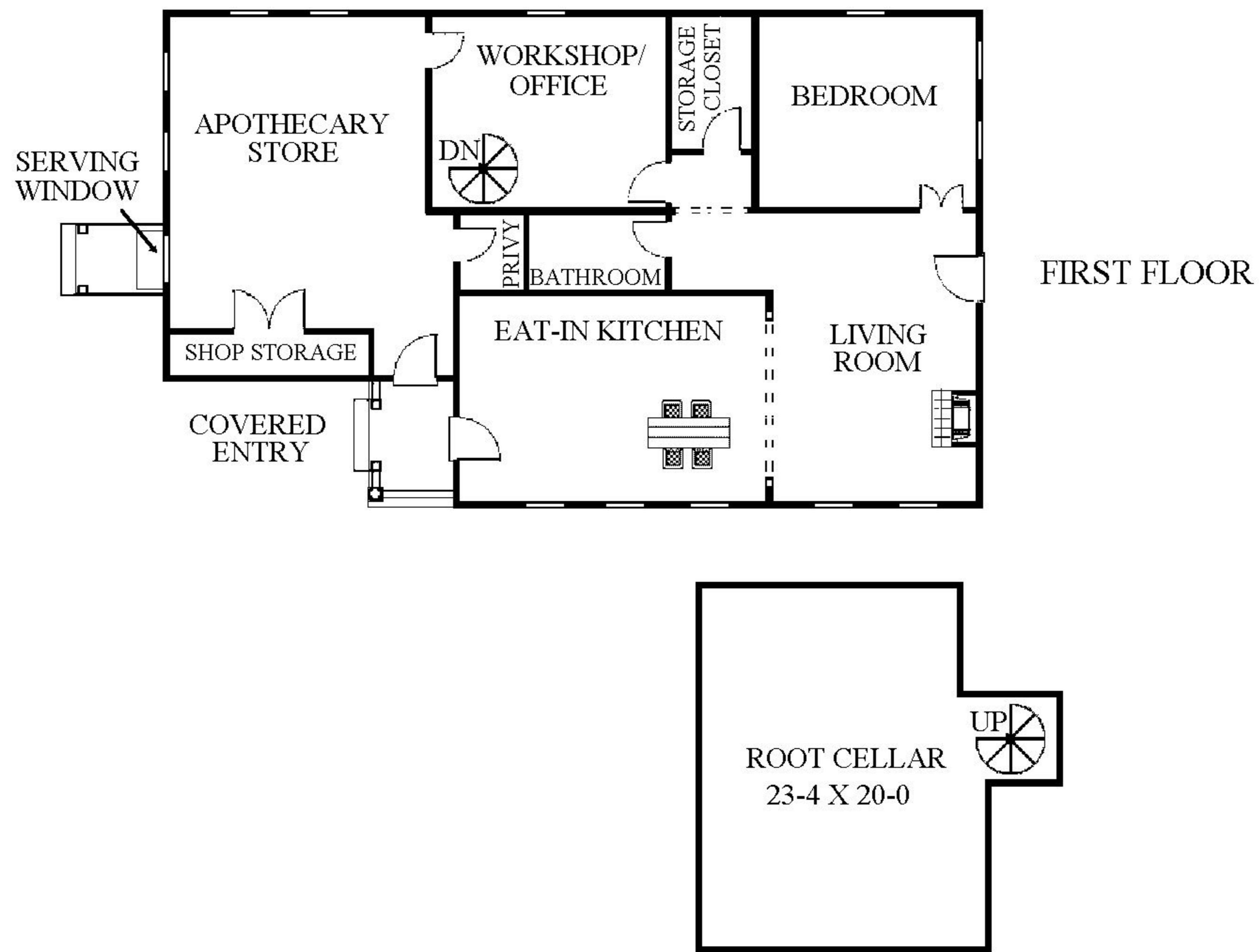
xaos313@hotmail.com. Author of Children of the Night: the Grimalkin and Perilous Pursuits: Folkloric Warlock. A 27-year-old man living in the suburban jungle of the Windy City (Chicago, Illinois), who has been a teacher, a pharmacist, and most recently a doctor. When I am not busy working, I enjoy spending time with my lovely wife or persuing my role-playing interests with friends. While there was not

enough time for me to write anything for this issue, I would like to thank all of the authors who made a contribution. It is due to their efforts that we can continue to produce our works!

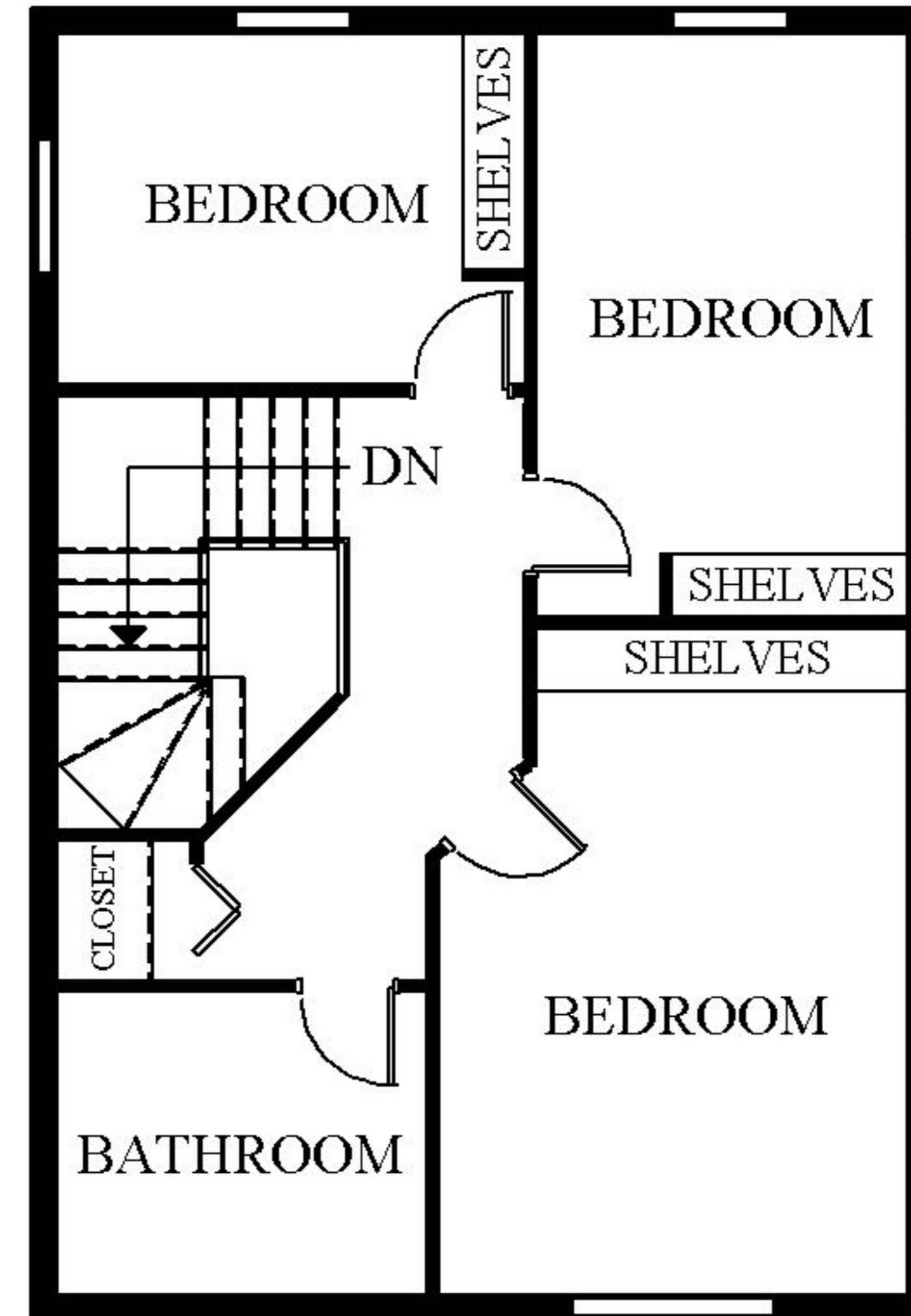
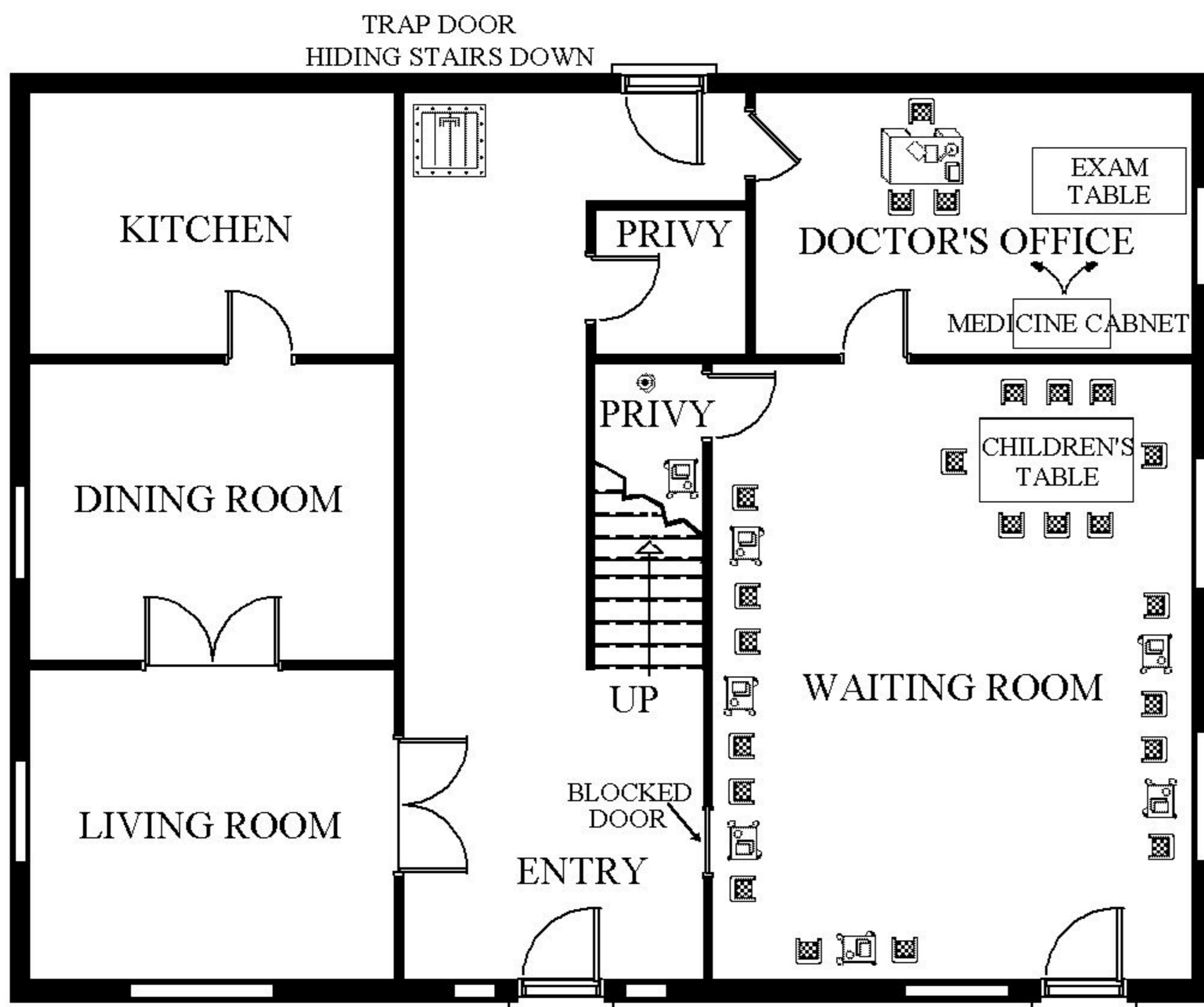
Stephen “ScS” Sutton

stephensutton@hotmail.com. Author of *Growls in the Night: Leprechauns*. I just want to thank everyone who helped put this issue together. This is easily one of my favourite issues!

ABANDONED APOTHECARY
WITH APARTMENT BEHIND



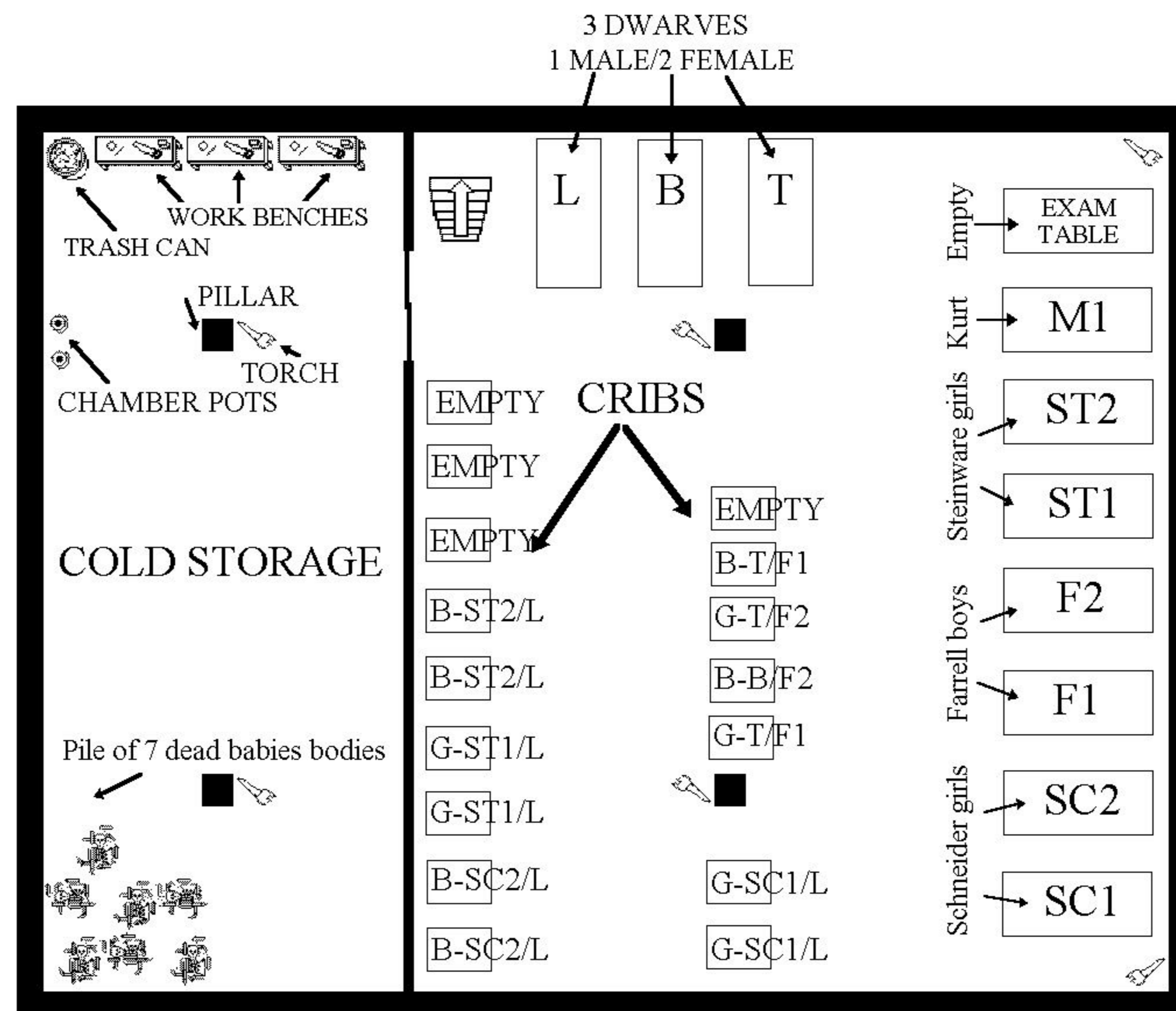
Dr. & Mrs. Raphael Estevez



* All shelving units are floor to ceiling except at windows.

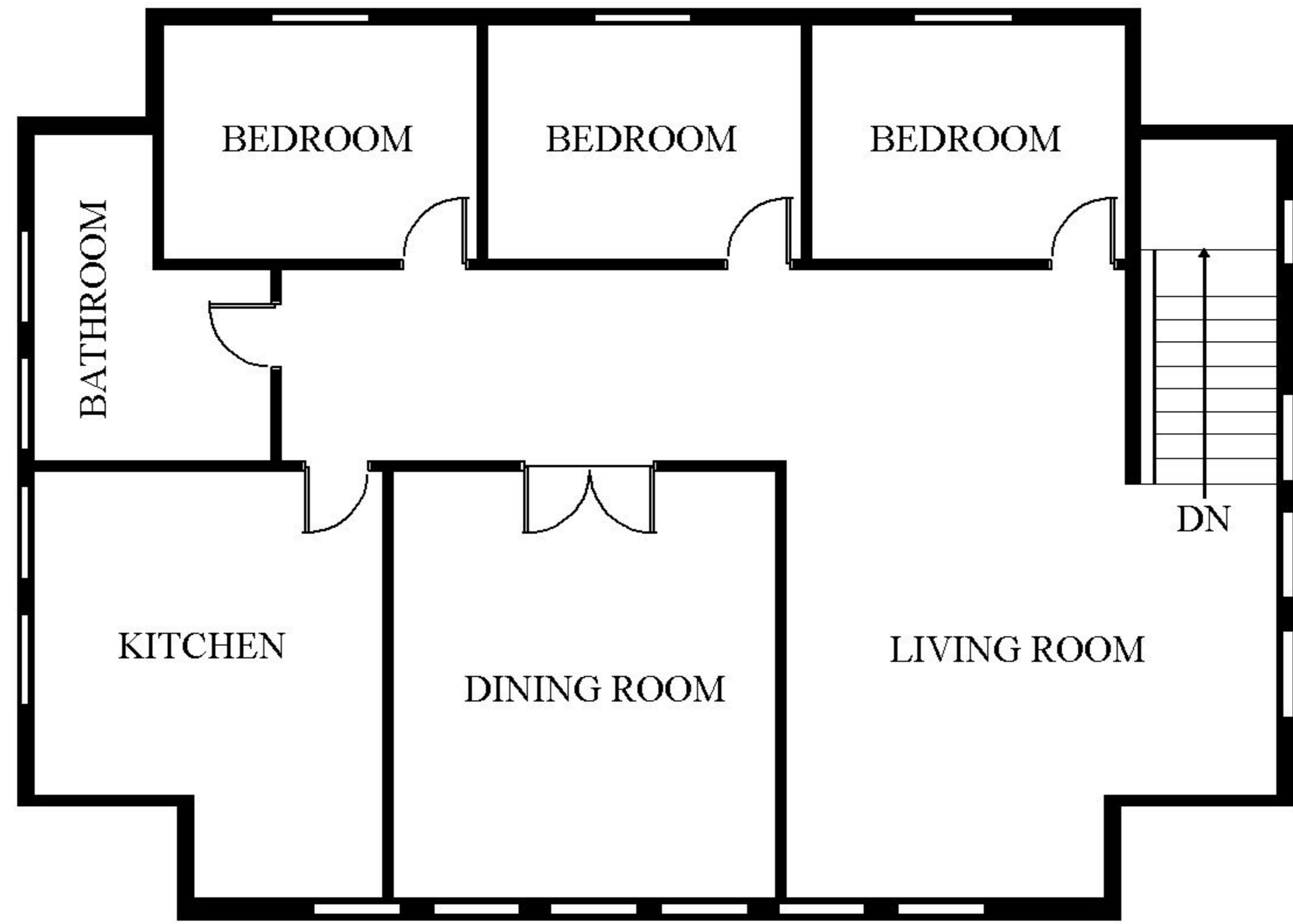
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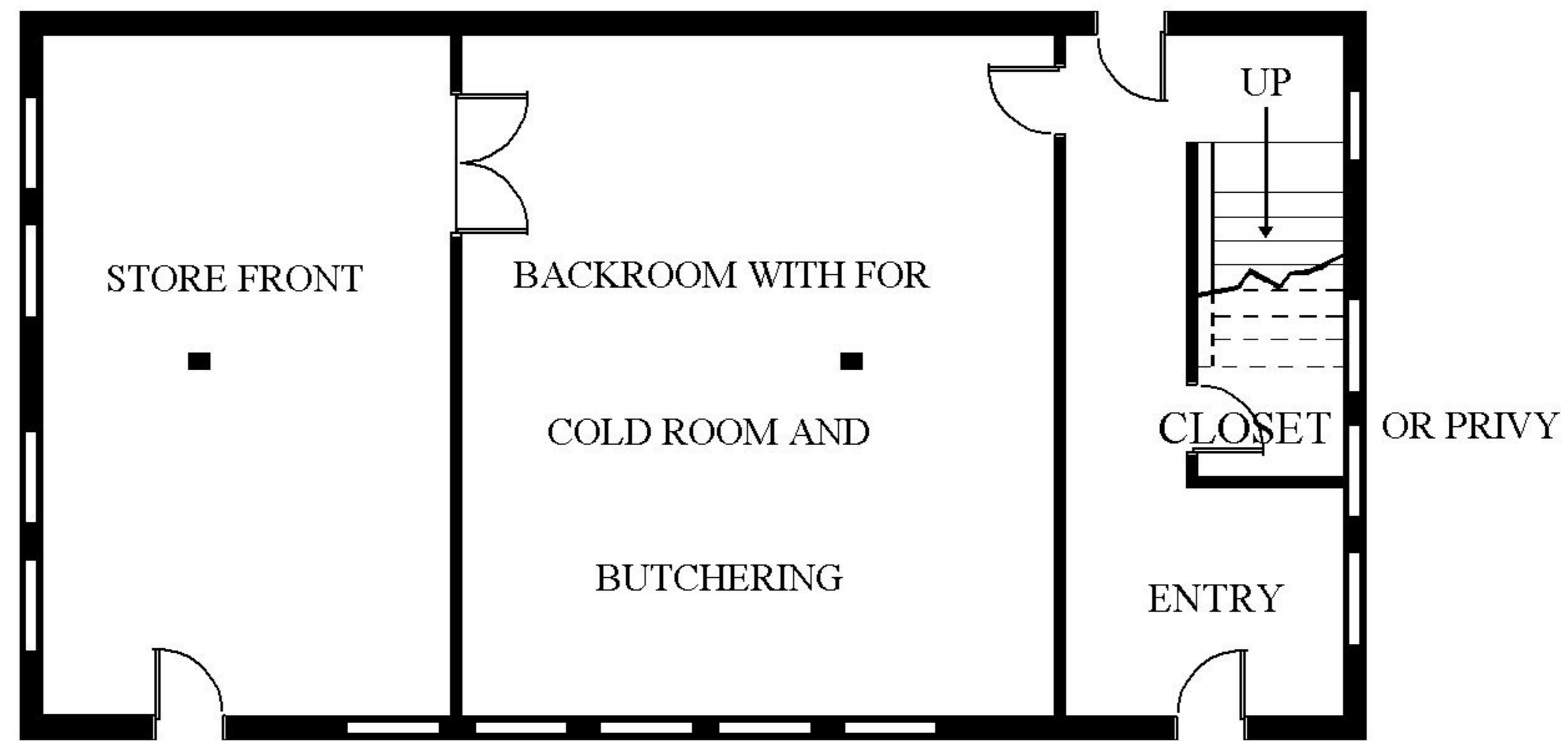


FORTIFIED BASEMENT

FARRELL-GEBHART BUTCHER



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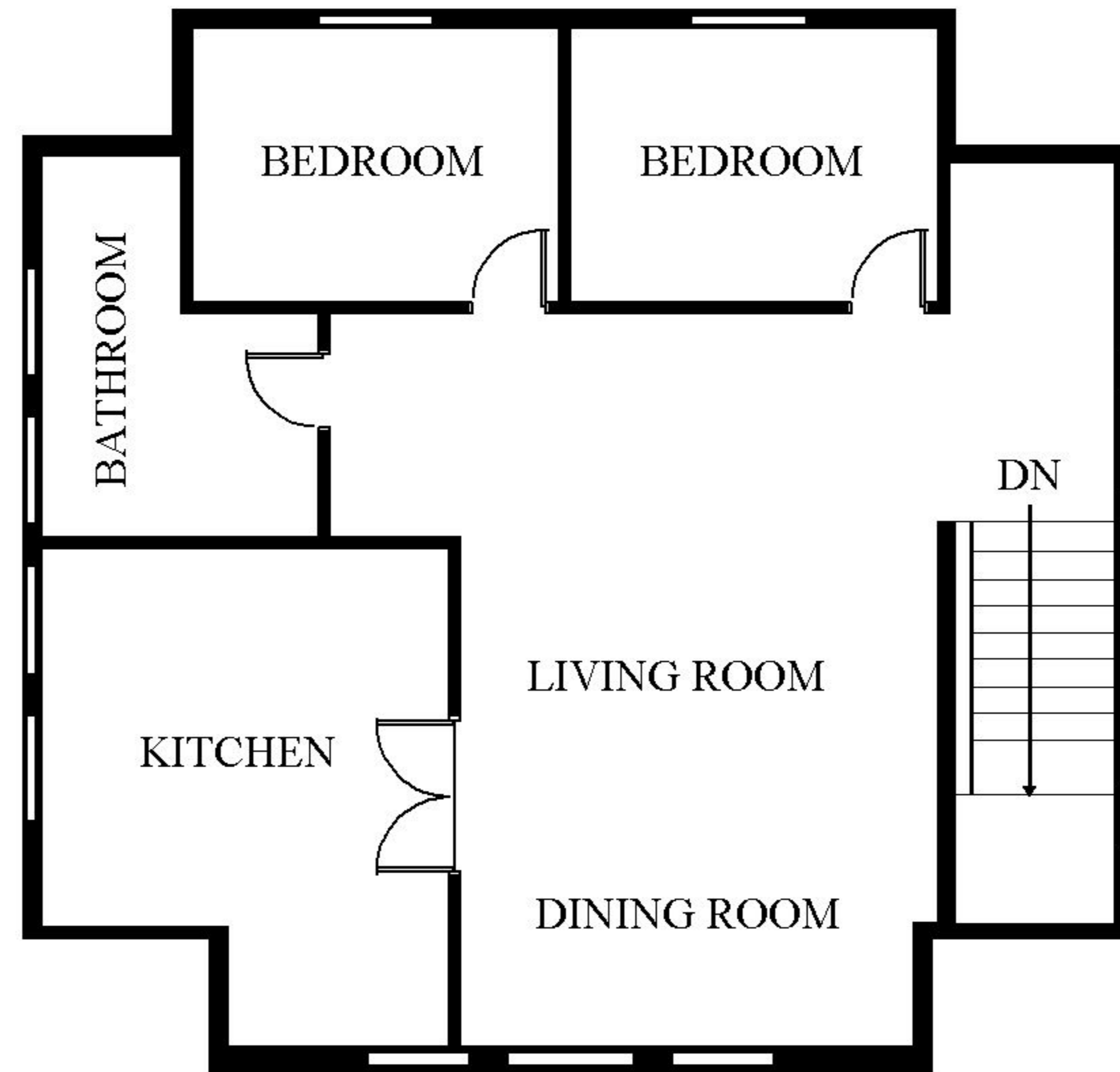


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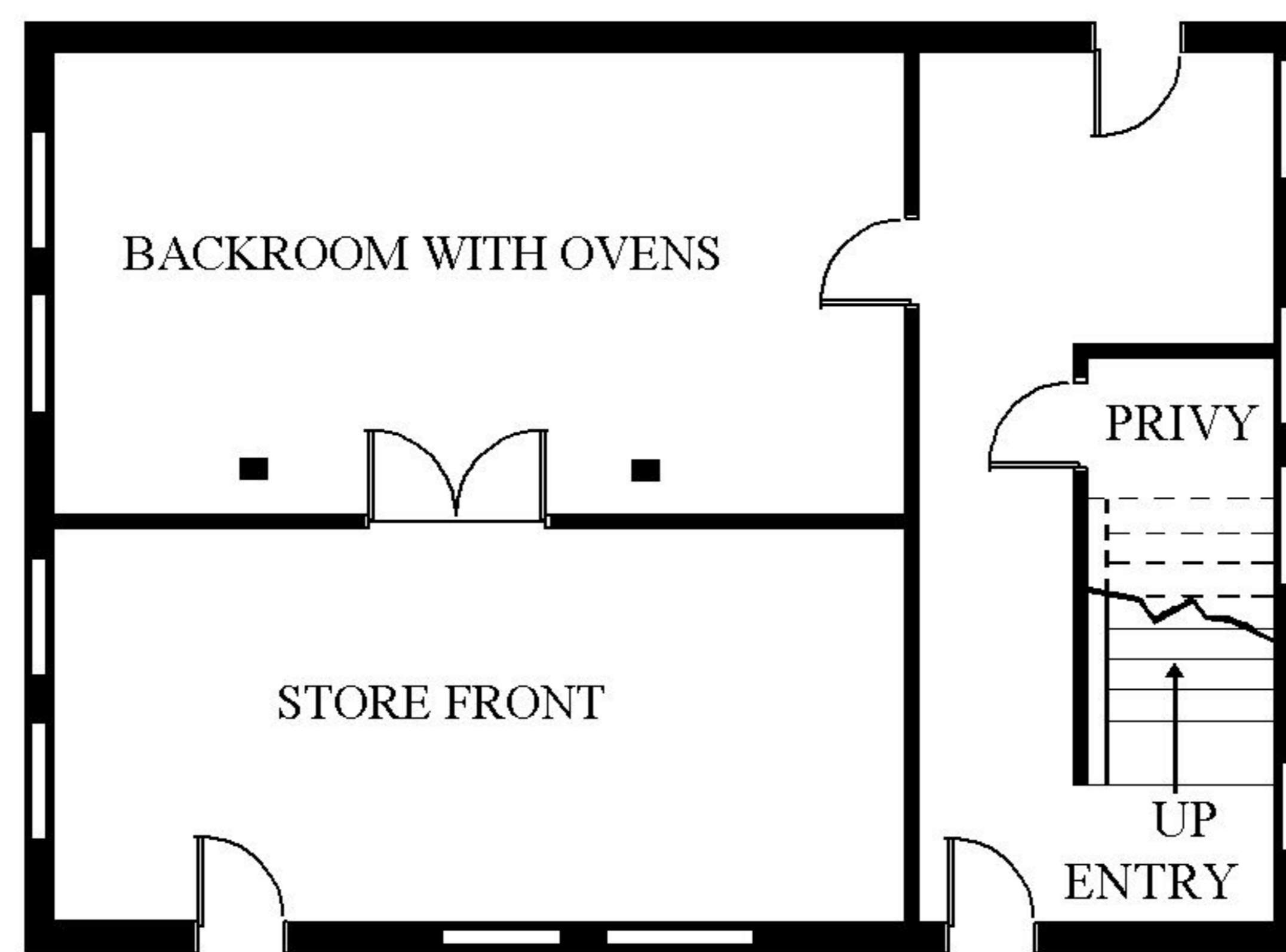


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GRUNWALD BAKERY



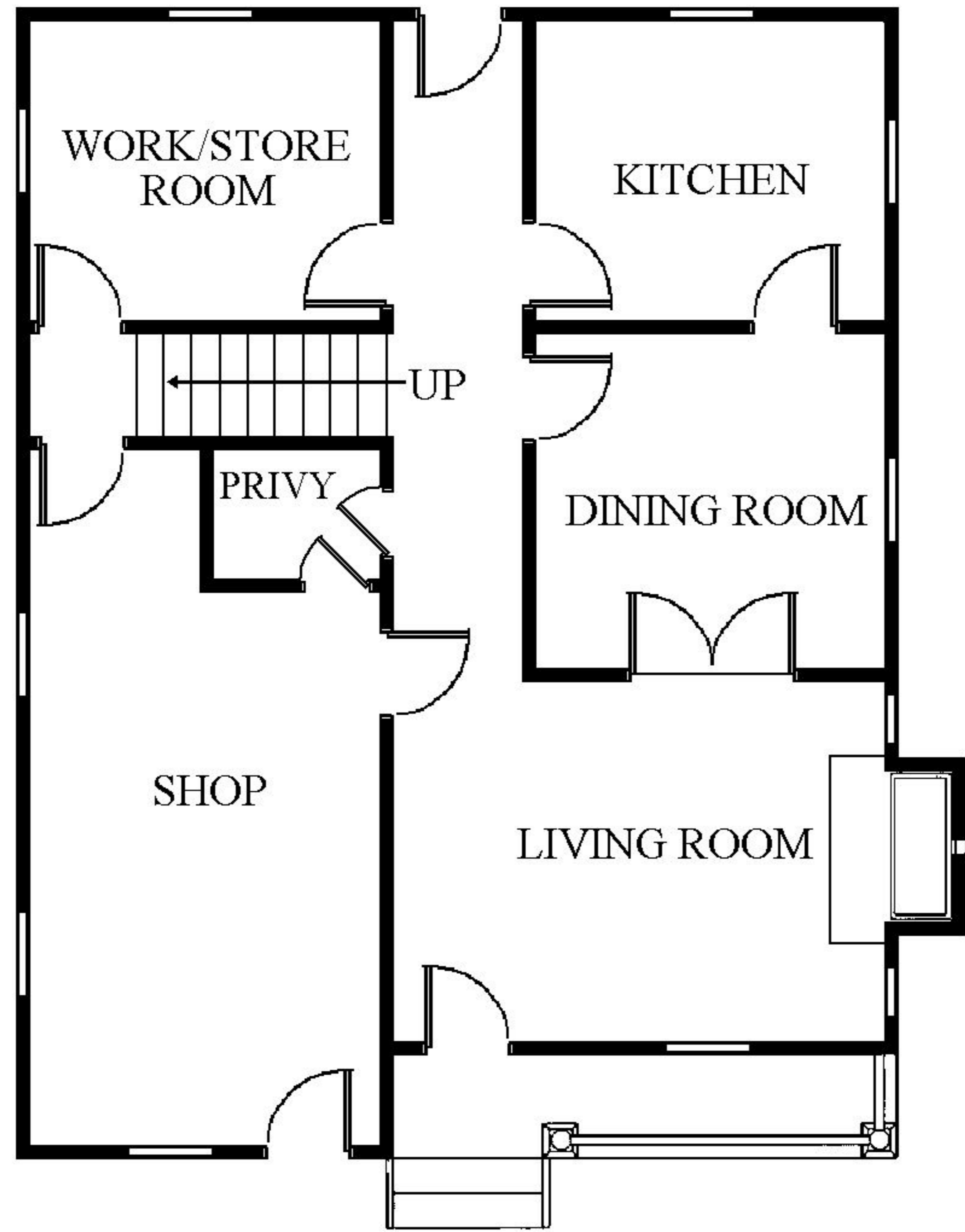
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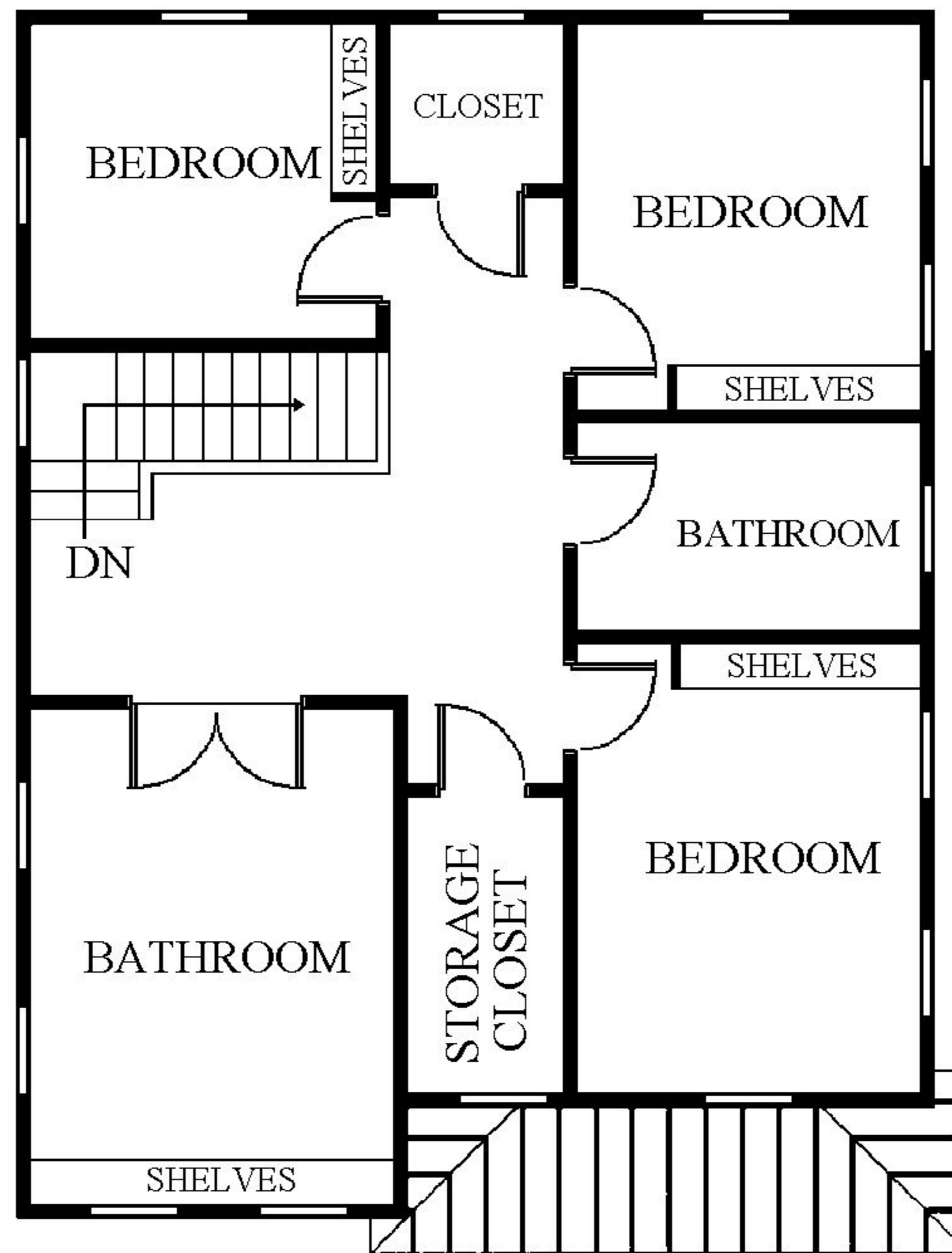
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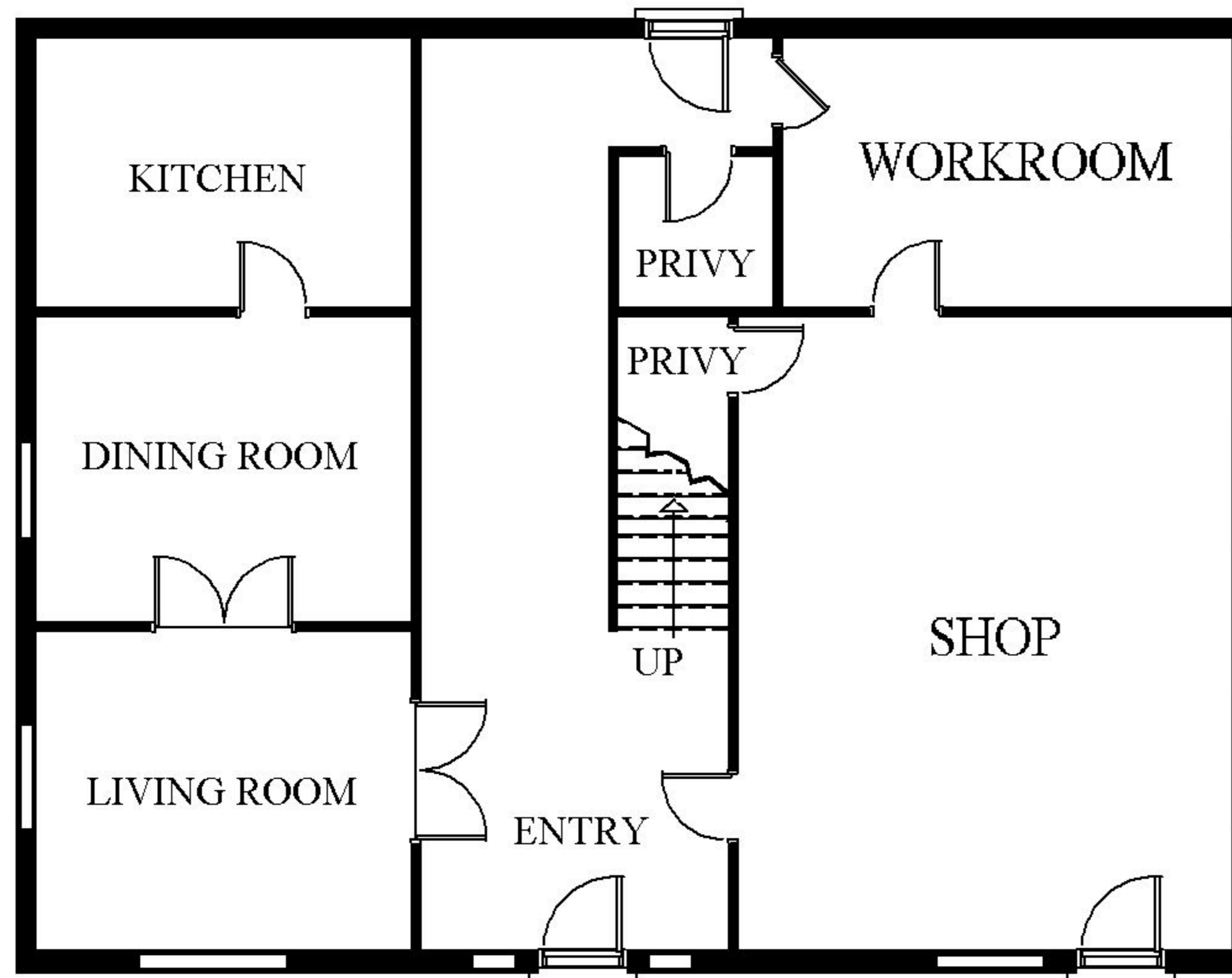


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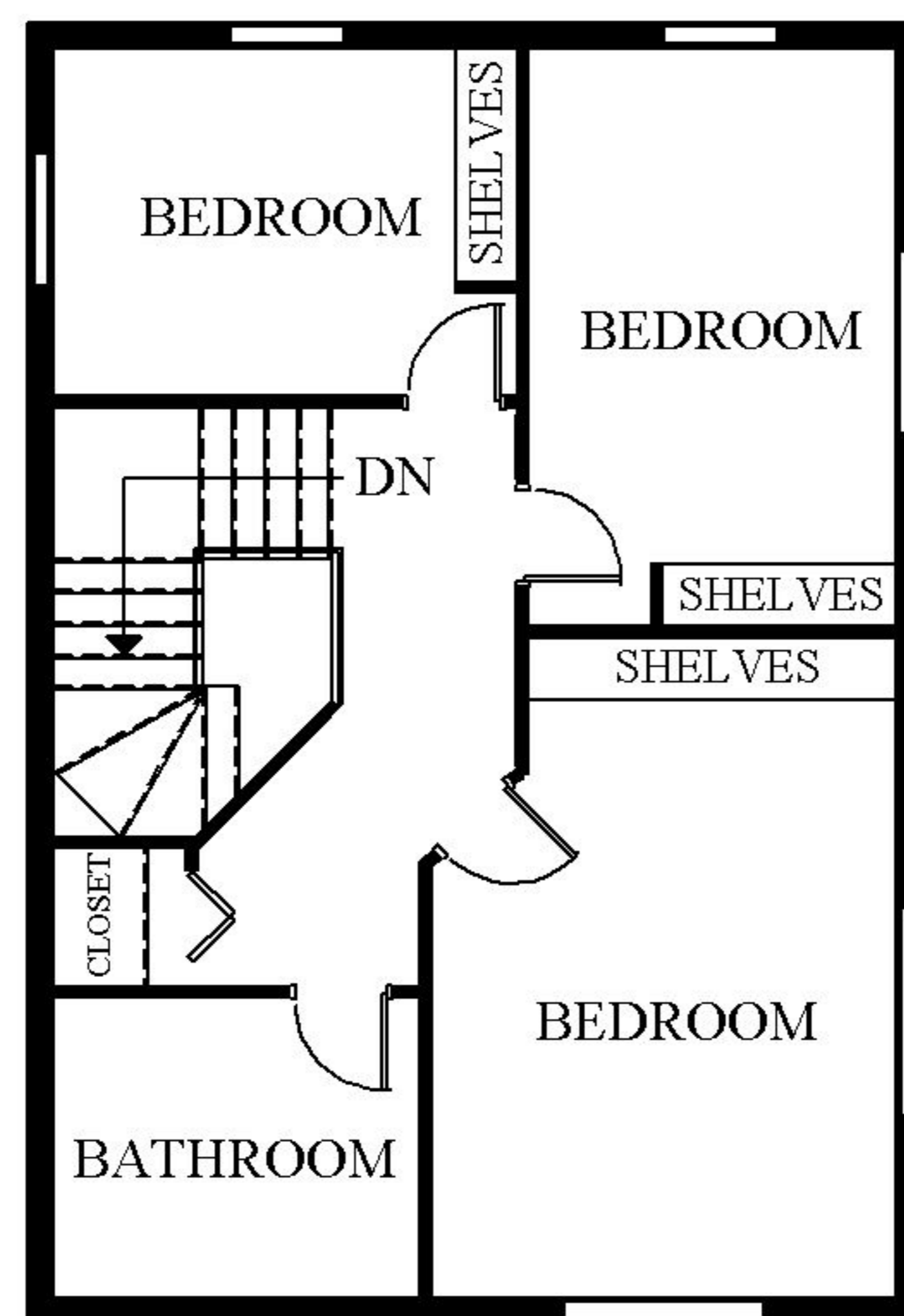


SECOND FLOOR

- * Not all houses have shelving units.
- * All shelving units are floor to ceiling except at windows.

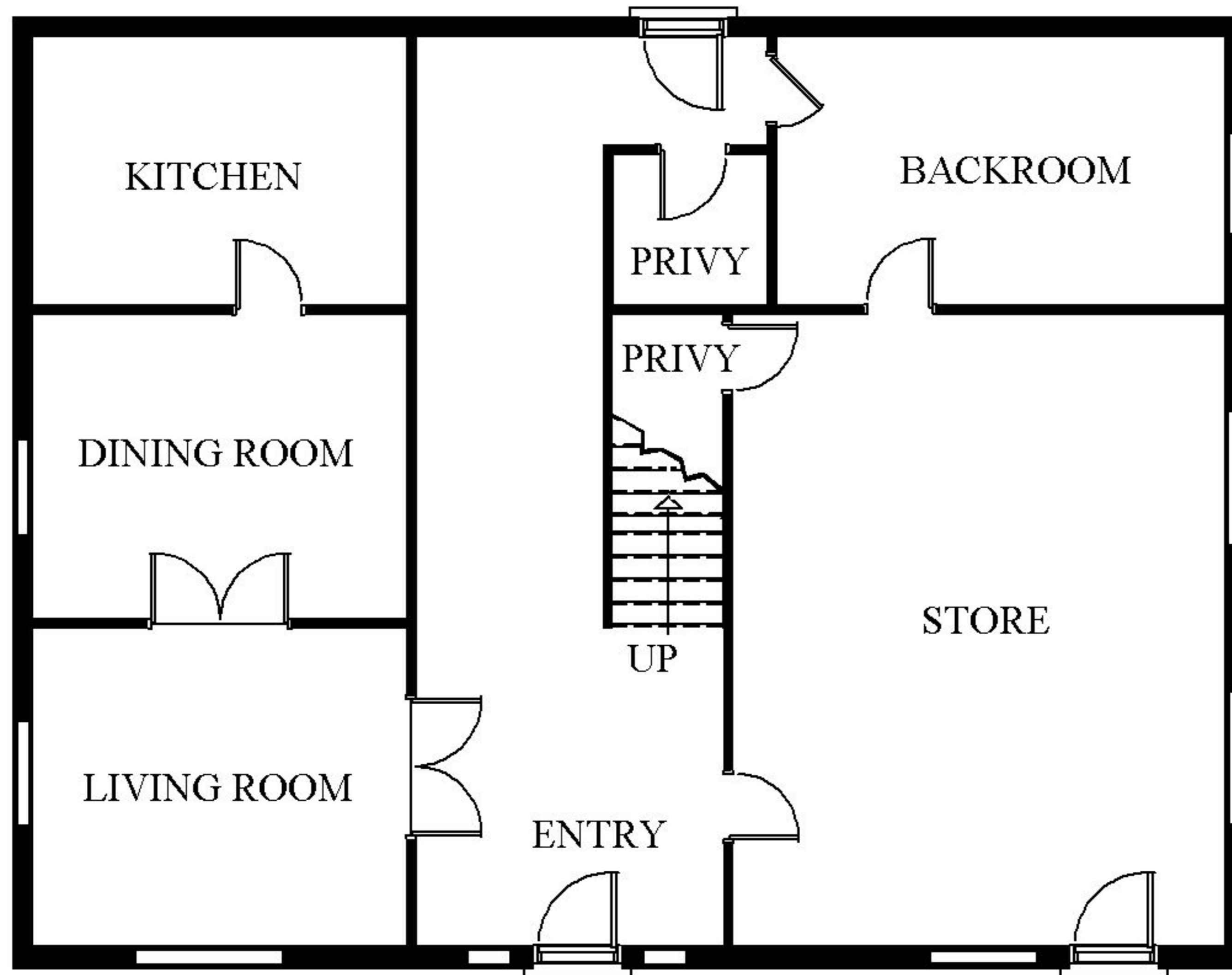


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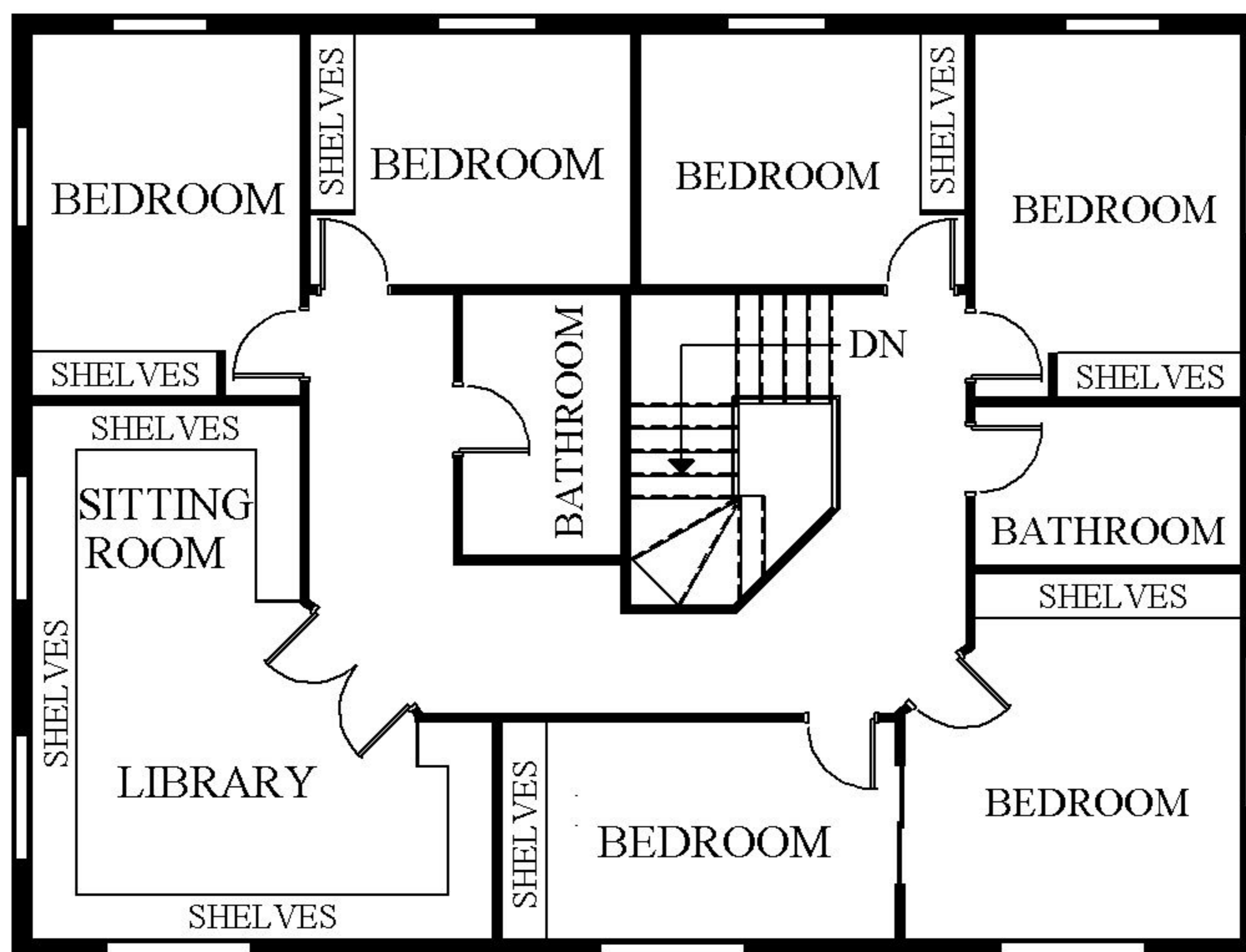


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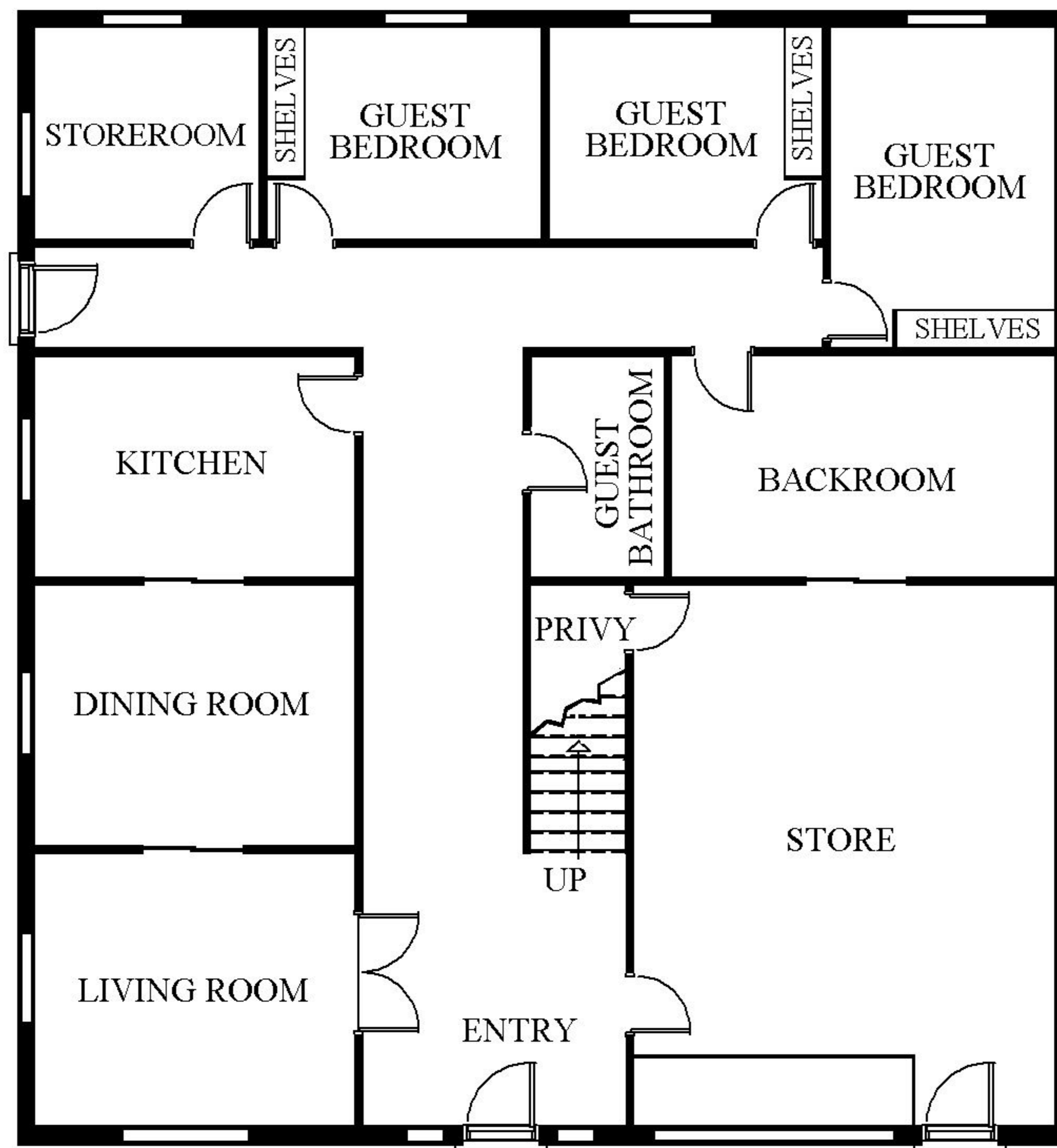


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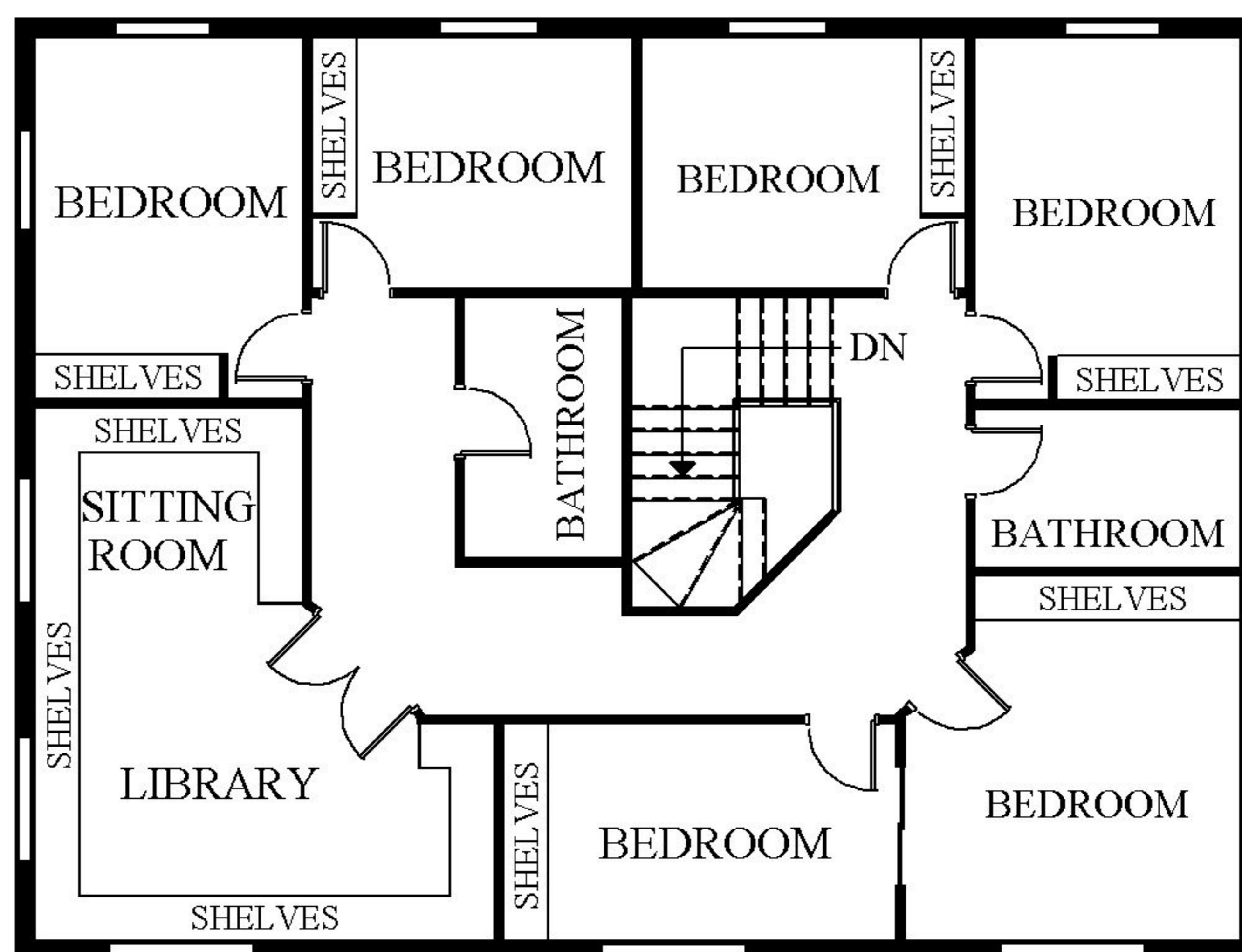


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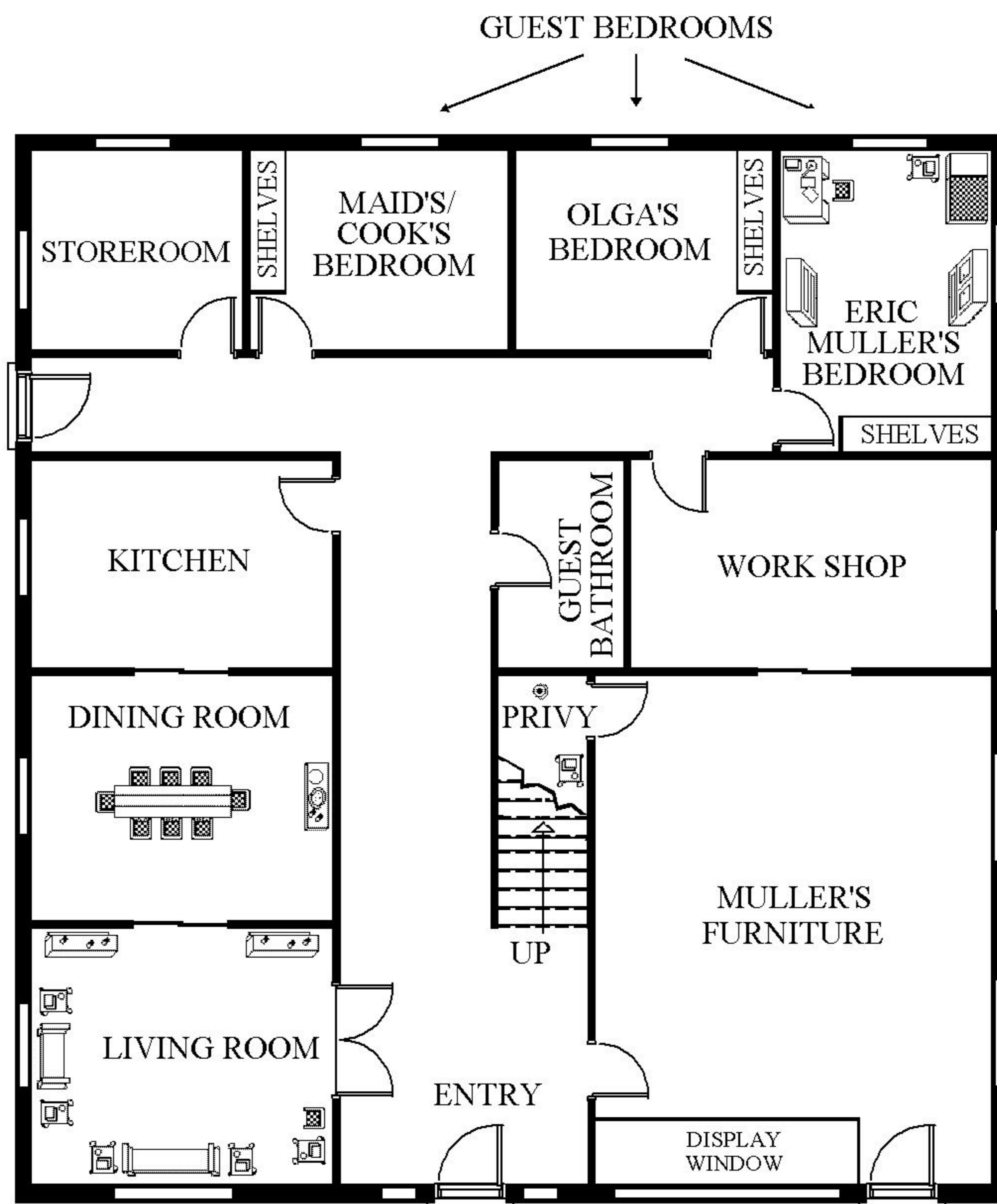
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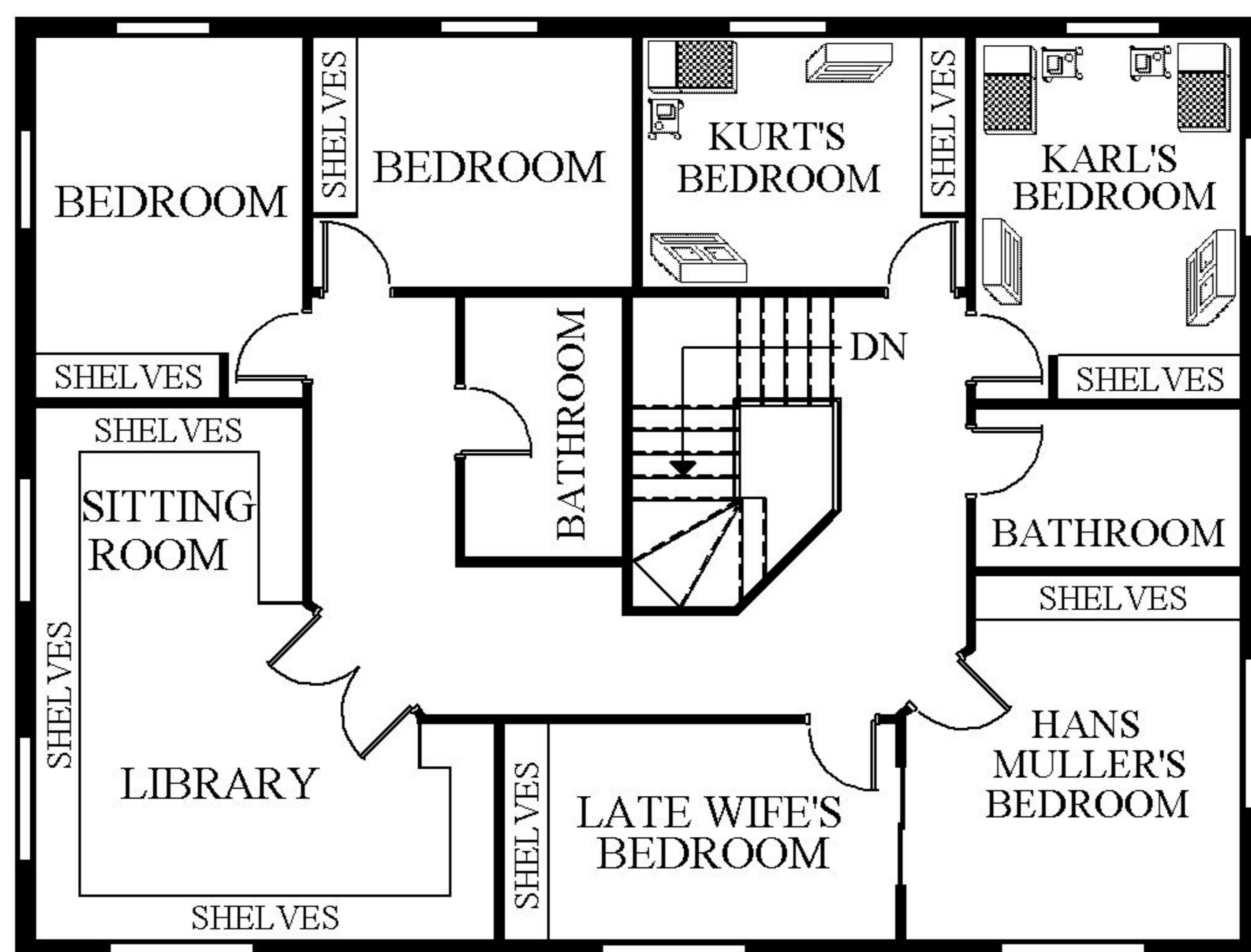
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Han's Muller's House and Shop



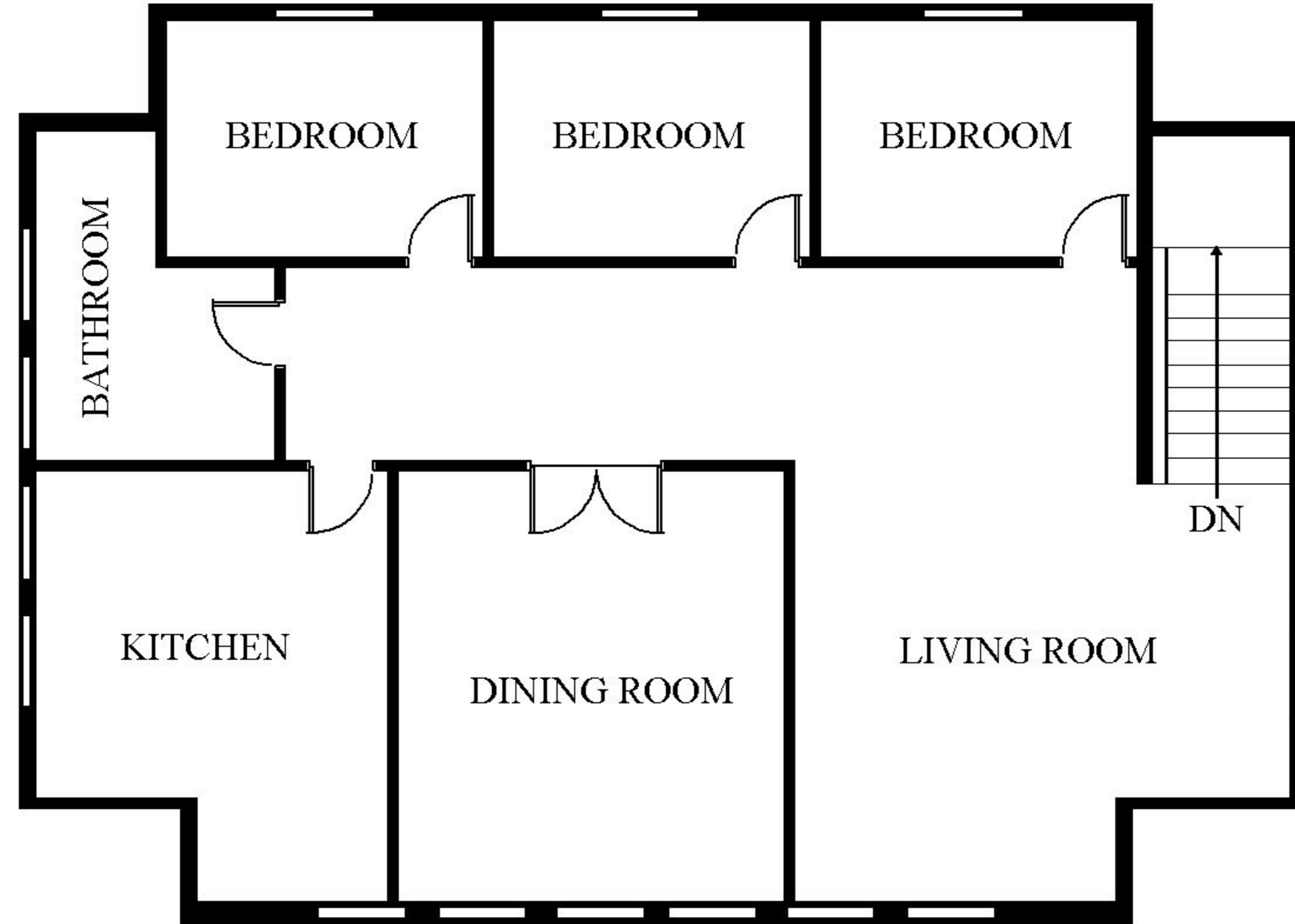
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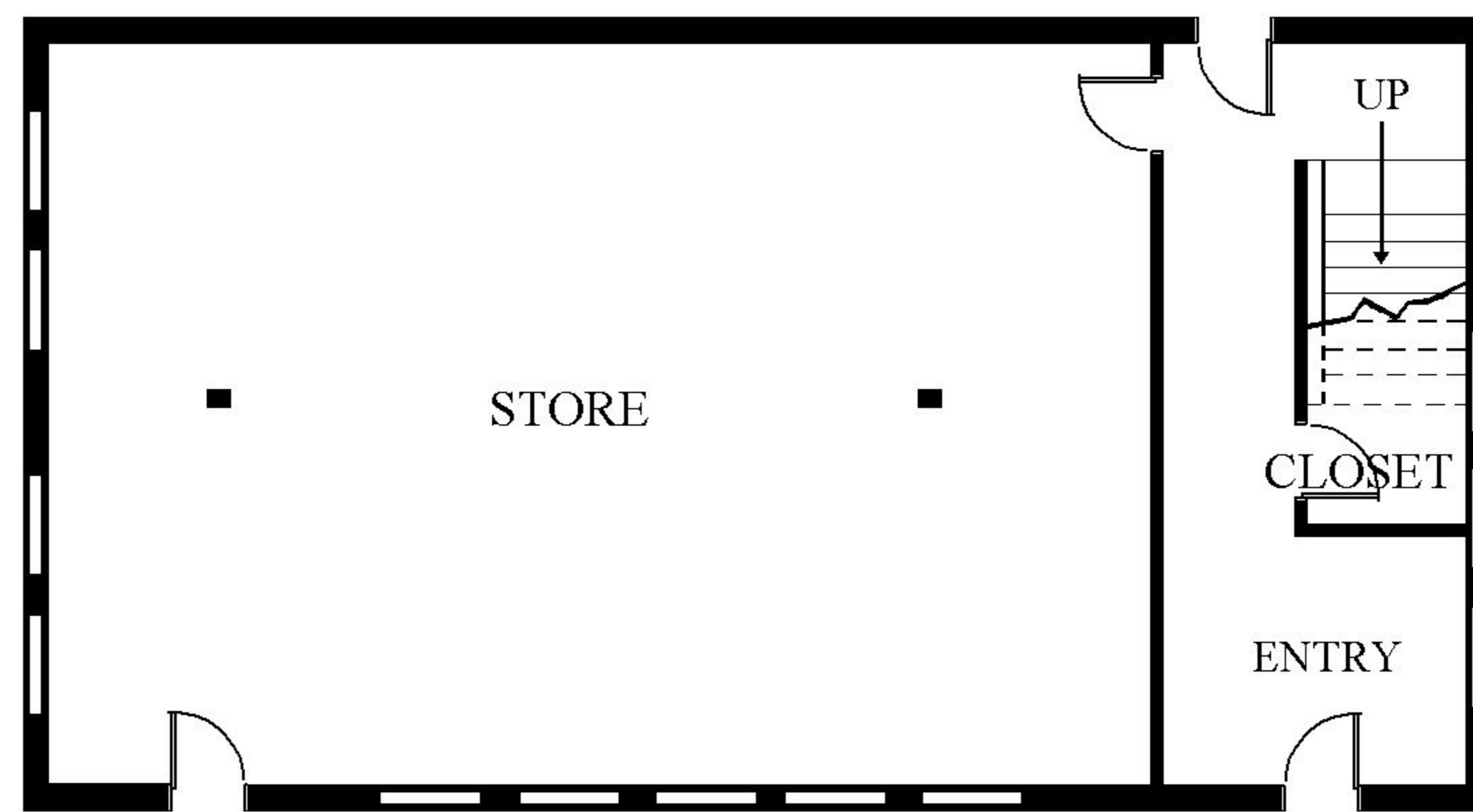


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LARGE STORE WITH APARTMENT ABOVE



SECOND FLOOR

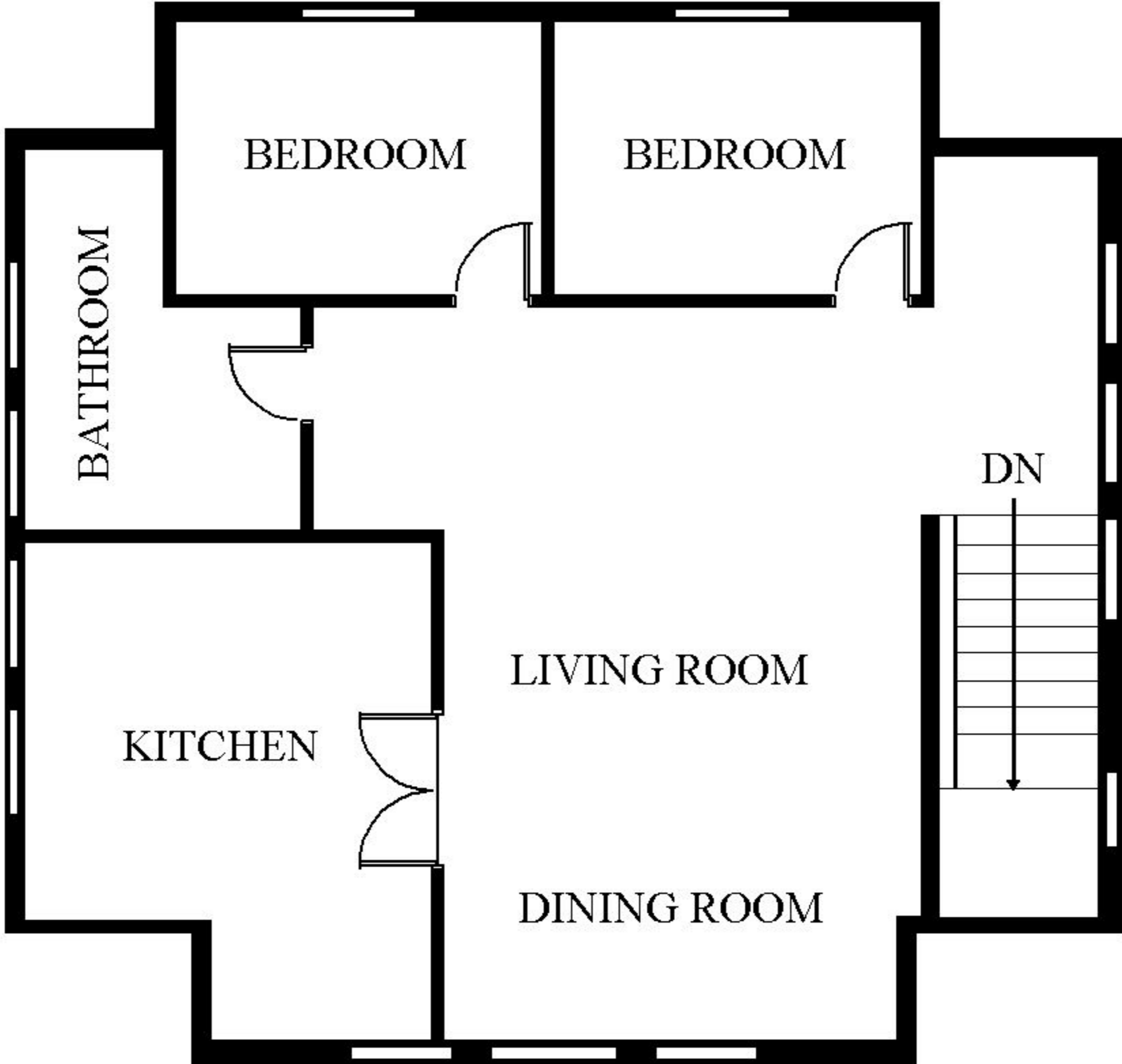


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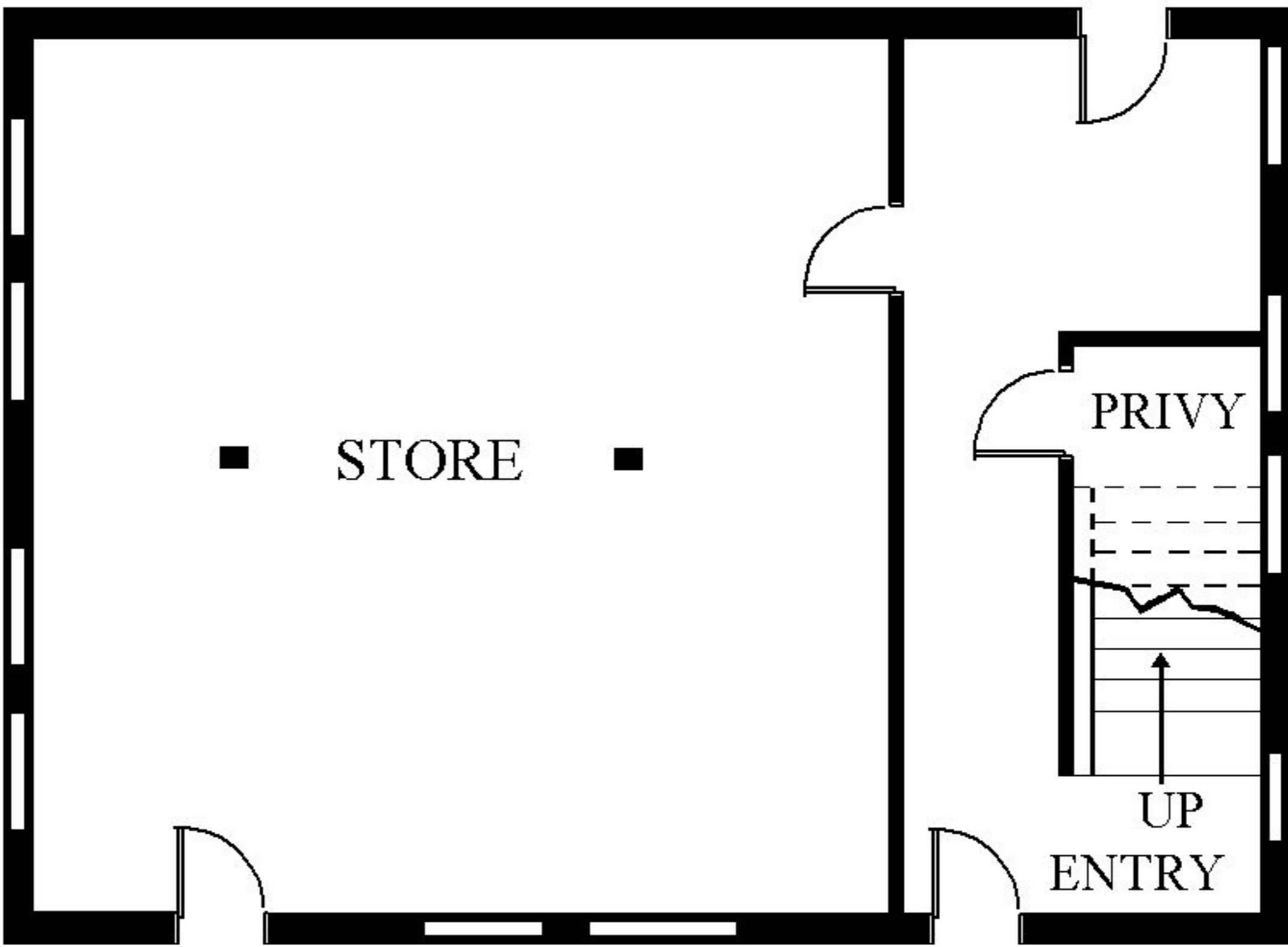


FIRST FLOOR

SMALL STORE WITH APARTMENT ABOVE



SECOND FLOOR



COVERED PORCH



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