

Alchemical Mummy

By Asplagis

Preface:

The source of inspiration for this article is Lovecraft's *Cool Air*. In it we find a weird scientist fellow who lives in a very cold appartement for some odd reason and never comes out.

Eventually a neighbour got curious and visited the man... discovering that the man had repelled death by making sure his body would not degenerate further. To do this he used chemicals and a perpetually cool environment.

I think that this would make for an interesting type of mummy, in this case the only thing the would be "immortal" would have managed to do is grant himself a form of weird unlife rather than protection from death.

Background:

The mummies could be curious scientists or their guinea pigs. All of them have found this idea from the notes of a scientist obsessed with finding a scientific way to be immortal. No one quite knows what happened to him for it is said that before he dissapeared he wanted to make sure his findings remain top secret.

But a few collegues who knew of his theories on life and death were quite interested in his findings. The man thought that death was nothing more than the degeneration of the human body into dust, the brain slowly decaying, the flesh incapable of holding itself together, bones growing soft and weak. He did not believe in a soul or any other explanation about life, life was but the constant movements of microscopic cells in the body who eventually decay like all things. So with chemicals to preserve his body he would be able to live forever in theory. And so he went on to find a solution that would have act to preserve the integrity of the body, but it had to be non harmful as well. Chemicals that could be used on food might not be quite as good on human beings, especially the brain. But after a long research he found his way to immortality. The problem was that it didn't really work... at least not the way it was supposed to. Indeed his body maintained itself for years, but slowly he was feeling fatigued and also quite bored, since he was unable to leave a special basement in his home land of Lamordia. He could not support heat, it reacted badly with the chemicals and somehow it seemed to reverse the effects of the process he went through. So he decided to take naps in the afternoon, but one afternoon he didn't wake up... His body had died in a sense. His heart did not beat anymore, nor did any of his organs really work, except his brain. To any medical tests he would appear dead, yet his mind was still alive, only dormant.

He eventually woke up... The chemicals had replaced his blood and were now the fuel for his mind and body. Indeed, the whole slumbering was caused by the chemicals working to replace the blood in his body. Unlike blood, the chemicals do not need to be oxygenated, they are self sufficient, so only a set amount is needed and they will maintain their purity for a fairly long time. When they become "unpure", it simply means that they lose some potency and need to be replaced, much like oil in a car. Also the chemicals lose their purity much faster when exposed to heat and so a cool environment is required. Extreme cold is not recommended for it might freeze the chemicals who need to be able to circulate within the brain. But if they do freeze it simply means hibernation for the alchemical mummy.

The originator of the formula supposedly died when he was burning the formulas for the chemicals and other notes... the fire got out of hand and caught on his clothing. The man was weak and the chemical in his blood was already rather unpure so he didn't last long. Of course no body was ever found when the house burned down, the remaining notes were taken by his close associates and the copies that exist are all from their hands originally. With time more than one scientist had a chance at getting these notes. In fact, some thieving organizations and other such groups have gathered copies and are selling them in the underground market. Of course there is no way to tell how accurate these are.

Powers & Weaknesses

From these notes new types of alchemical mummies came to be. Some very close to the original one, others more powerful. The notes that were left were incomplete, meaning that some scientists had to complete them somehow. Some added new ingredients based upon the theories of the originator and got various results. For one thing the chemicals are very active in the brain, meaning that some can instill madness or cause other problems. But the effect on muscles and nerves is quite special.

Nerves are usually dulled by the chemicals, while the muscles are usually hardened and the subject faces some augmentation in strength and endurance. The muscles are very hard to pull or break, and some solutions have actually made the muscles break and reform for quite some time until they had "settled down", leaving the person with very powerful muscles. The lack of need for oxygen means that endurance wise they are capable of running or doing any physically exerting task without any fatigue. But some weaker mummies have faced increase in impurity of the chemicals when exerting themselves too hard.

They sometimes get rather intriguing abilities from the chemicals., including an increase in learning capacities, adhesive properties on their skin, toxic "sweat", infravision, harder bones and tissues and many other powers, all depending on what chemicals are used in tandem with the usual ones.

The alchemical mummies usually do not age physically. It is simply an attempt at making sure the body does not degenerate further. Some might try and regenerate the body using the chemicals and perhaps gain a youthful appearance though. But again, the whole point was to stop the aging process and not reverse it. But who knows, perhaps if the originator of this little brew was still around he might have decided to try for reverse aging and make the cells regenerate at a very fast rate.

Automatons

By Stormonu

	Digger	Builder	Gatherer
Climate/Terrain:	----- Grimswald Mansion -----		
Organization:	----- hive -----		
Activity Cycle:	----- continous -----		
Diet:	----- special -----		
Intelligence:	----- nil -----		
Treasure:	----- nil -----		
N° Appearing:	1	1	1
Armor Class:	2	5	3
Move:	9 (Burrow: 1)	12	15
Hit Dice:	3	2	4
THAC0:	19	19	18
N° Attacks:	1	0	1
Damage:	1d8	nil	2d4 + grab
Special Attack:	nil	nil	shock
Special Defense:	reflection	phase	invisibility
Magic Resistance:	special	nil	10%
Size:	S (3' long)	S (2½' long)	L (8' long)
Morale:	fearless (20)	fearless (20)	fearless (20)
XP Value:	270	175	650

Description:

Automatons are the constructs of the remains of [Grimswald's](#) shattered mind. They are non-intelligent, and consist of metal shells filled with clockwork mechanisms. Each performs it's assigned task with impunity, often ignoring threats all around it as it works. Only the gatherers ever leave the confines of the labrynth.

All automatons are immune to sleep, charm and mind-based spells, unless Jasper has placed a mind into the automaton. Automatons are similarly unaffected by polymorph and death magics.

Digger: The digger looks similar to a scarab beetle, with a large drill protruding where mandibles should be. They are dark black, and can often be heard drilling before they are seen. The digger's job is to expand the labrynth and does so at the rate of a 10' X 10' X 10' passage per turn. If attacked, the digger will defend itself with it's bore, which inflicts 1d8 damage to those it attacks. Magic attacks made at the digger tend to reflect off the dark hide. Any spell cast at a digger acts as if it encountered a ring of spell turning.

Repairer: The repair automaton is roughly spider-like, consisting of a spherical body standing on 8 evenly-spaced spindly legs, bearing two manipulative arms that arc up over the body and a central "head" adorned with eyes. The repairer's job is clean, repair and maintain the labyrinth. They pick up debris, discarded items, corpses and clean the blood off the floor in the conversion lab. Repair automatons do not attack if threatened, and simply phase out and pass through a wall to escape attackers.

Gatherer: The most feared of the automatons, the gatherer appears as an 8-foot long millipede of brilliant blue. Their task is to collect victims for Jasper and gather any materials that may be needed to aid in repairs, create more automatons or fulfill Jasper's whims. The mandibles of a gatherer act in a manner akin to a mancatcher, inflicting 2d4 damage upon the victim plus entrapping the victim if the attack succeeds by a score of 5 or more. Gatherers are also able to emit an electrical shock in a 5' radius for 2d6 damage, and can become invisible at will, 3x per day for 1 hour per use.

Bejorn

By Stormonu

Climate/Terrain:	Temperate Hills and Ruins
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Night
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Exceptional
Treasure:	D, Q
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	1-2
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	18, fly 12 (MC:B)
Hit Dice:	8+3
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	1D6+2 +paralyze/1d6+2+paralyze/2d6
Special Attacks:	Poison, Charm
Special Defenses:	Immune to Blunt Weapons, 90% invisibility in shadows
Magic Resistance:	15%
Size:	M (8' tall)
Morale:	Steady (11-12)

Appearance:

Bejorns (pronounced BAY-jörn or BAY-zhorn) are nearly invisible in darkness, and are frightenly wicked in light. In the light, they appear as purple-black humanoids with large leathery wings and tight, muscular skin. They have a glassy glaze of slime coating their skin, and tend to leave small pools of the substance wherever they walk. Their great fangs drip with venom, and their wicked claws are razor-sharp. The eyes of the bejorn are pupiless and glow a blazing blue-white.

Combat:

Incredibly swift and intelligent, Bejorns prefer to strike opponents with hit and run tactics. They are careful about directly confronting well-armed and prepared opponents and shun groups of any kind. They normally strike in darkness, especially when opponents are sleeping or not on guard for attack. They are naturally immune to blunt weapons due to their rather tough hides, and submission damage only has half normal effect against them. Bejorns are capable of devising traps (preferring to immobilize, instead of kill) and force opponents into constricted areas in an attempt to gain the edge in combat. Bejorns never engage in aerial combat, though they may drag an opponent high into the air and then drop them from a considerable height.

Because of a Bejorn's great stealth, they have a +2 bonus to surprise others and have a -2 bonus to initiative when striking with their claws or weapons. Each claw of the bejorn causes 1d6+2 points of damage and forces the victim to save vs. paralysis or be paralyzed for 2d2 hours. In desperation, the bejorn can bite, and its saliva is poisonous, causing the victim to fall into a

catatonic state for 1d8+2 hours. Those whom fail their saving throw and fall to the catatonic sleep are 60% likely to be mistaken for dead without magical aid.

However, bejorns prefer not to fight, and attempt to lure lone individuals to an isolated area to Charm them and use them to bring helpless prey to their lair for feasting upon. If the Bejorn believes that someone is becoming suspicious about its existence or suspects the Charmed slave of the Bejorn to be committing foul acts, the Bejorn will either attempt to slay the Charm slave or frame him for the murders it commits, and then move on to a new area.

Habitat/Society:

Bejorns are mysterious and elusive creatures. So far, only one carcass of a Bejorn has been captured intact for study (some magical means was used to preserve the carcass), and much of the habitat and nature of the creature is a mystery. It is known the Bejorn is not a natural creation, and is some sort of evolution of another creature. However, exactly what creature the Bejorn "evolves" from is unknown. Several theories believe the Bejorn to be a mutated form of ghoul, perhaps a punishment for those whom used their great charisma to persuade others to commit evil acts. It is unknown if Bejorn can reproduce, and there have only been rumors of female Bejorns - none have been captured, and no young Bejorn has ever been seen to date. Bejorns do not cooperate with each other, and often attempt to drive each other off or slay any others it meets. The largest gathering of Bejorns ever recorded is two - and these creatures were in fierce competition to outdo each other by causing more death than the other could, eventually it led to the two bejorns being wiped out in a city street as one pitted Charmed city guardsman against a group of Charmed adventurers under control of the other bejorn, and a Charmstrike cast by the wizard in the Charmed adventurer's group unspelled the whole assembly, who fell on the two bejorn, but not before the two bejorns fell to blows for allowing the wizard to negate the Charms.

Ecology:

Bejorns are parasites that feed on other living things, and use living creatures to draw prey to them, in effect lulling the victim's suspicions. They are capable of Charming an entire village and then directing them to bring them food to feed on. Bejorns do not create useful products, but do collect treasure from the victims, though they rarely use any such items they gain. When slain, a Bejorn melts away into vapors, leaving no trace of its existence behind, except its possessions, and any grizzly murders it may have committed.

Jornhals: These creatures are aquatic versions of normal Bejorns that usually can be found in the deep seas or near barren islands far at sea. They prey upon passing sleeping mariners, and can swim at a rate of 18. Being very territorial, they tend to drive off most sea life within a half-mile area of where they operate.

Cthulhu Creatures in Ravenloft

Byakhee (servant of Hastur)

By Brett Kirby

Climate/Terrain:	outdoors
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	pack
Activity Cycle:	any
Diet:	carnivore
Intelligence:	Average
Treasure:	-
Alignment:	CE
No. Appearing:	1-4
Armor Class:	9
Movement:	6'/24'
Hit Dice:	10
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1-10/1-10
Special Attack:	-
Special Defense:	-
Magic Resistance:	20%
Size:	L (20' tall)
Morale:	16
Psionic Ability:	IV-IX Level
XP Value:	9,350 + 20 per hp

Description:

These giant furry bat-like creatures have humanoid legs that enable them to stand like men. They can be summoned by clerics of Hastur or cultist wizards through use of a *Summon Byakhee* spell (see below). They are able to *teleport* throughout the Prime Material Plane at will, carrying human beings with them on their backs or in their talons. They are intelligent, telepathic and will obey those who carry the Elder Sign or who *bind* them successfully (see below).

Byakhee spells by T.S. Brannan

Summon Byakhee

(W 6, Conjuration/Summoning) / (P 5, Summoning)

Range: Special

Components: VSM

Duration: Special

Casting time: 10

Area of Effect: 12 foot cube

Saving Throw: None

Description: Summon Byakhee will summon 1d6 Byakhee to the casters location at the end of the casting time.

The Byakhee however are free willed and will usually attack the caster at the first chance, unless Bind Byakhee is used. The material components are a drop of human blood and a whistle which is blown at the end of casting.

Bind Byakhee

(W 7, Enchantment, Evocation) / (P 6, Protection)

Range: 1d6+1 Byakhee

Components: V

Duration: Special

Casting time: 1

Area of Effect: Sight

Saving Throw: Normal

Description: Bind Byakhee must be used immediately after the Byakhee are summoned. The caster speaks the word of binding and the Byakhee roll for saving throws. If the Byakhee save they are not bound and will attack the offending mage. If they fail, the Byakhee are now bound to the caster and must perform whatever act the caster desires. This could be protecting a treasure room or the killing of a foe. The commands must be simple and specific. "Kill these monsters" is a good example, "Protect me from all harm" however is not. As soon as the act is complete the Byakhee will be free either to return or hunt down the offending spell caster. The caster can only bind a Byakhee he himself has summoned. Other free willed or otherwise bound Byakhee are not effected by this spell.

Dhole

By Derek Holland

Climate/Terrain:	underground
Frequency:	VR
Organization:	sol
Activity Cycle:	night
Diet:	Carn
Intelligence:	low
Treasure:	-
Alingment:	NE
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class	-5
Movement:	18" *10"
Hit Dice:	80
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	10-100
Special Attack:	Swallow whole, crush
Special Defense:	-
Magic Resistance:	-
Size:	G (500')
Morale:	20

Appearance:

Giant white worms covered with slime. They are summoned from other planets.

Combat:

Dholes spit a gob of acid 10-40' in diameter. The spit inflicts acid damage and asphyxiates the target (use drowning rules). If it bites, the dhole swallows an area of earth= to the size of its spit gob (and destroys the target). If the dhole tries to fall on its victim, a dex check (at -4) to avoid death.

Summon Dhole

(Wizard spell)

Level: 8

Range: 1 mile

Components: V,S

Duration: 1-4 days

Casting Time: 1 day

AoE: 1 dhole

ST: none

This spell summons one dhole from the closest planet conquered by them. After it arrives, the dhole attempts to kill the summoner and then go on a rampage. If summoned into RL, it remains until slain. Of course the spell never tells the would-be caster that it does not give any control over the dhole. It has been speculated that cultists of some Great Old One created the scrolls on which the spell is found.

Hound of Tindalos**By Debra Ruh**

Climate/Terrain:	Any place with Angles
Frequency:	very rare
Organization:	solitary
Activity Cycle:	any
Diet:	carnivore
Intelligence:	high
Treasure:	nil
Alignment:	LE
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	7
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	2+1
Thac0:	19
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1-10 (paw) constitution loss due to tongue attack
Special Attack:	pus (2d6/1D6 if save)
Special Defense:	regenerates 4 points per round
Magic Resistance:	can only be hit by magic weapons (magic weapons and spells do full damage)
Size:	M
Morale:	Steady (11-12)

Description:

The Hounds of Tindalos are especially good for campaigns using chronomancy. These hounds dwell in the distant past and inhabit the angles of time. Once a PC has contacted these creatures (probably through divination of a sort) it will go through time to reach its prey. They can materialize through any corner if it is sharp (120 degrees or less). When it first manifests, it appears as smoke pouring from a corner from which the head and then the body emerge.

Combat:

They attack using paw or tongue but not both. They are covered in pus (treat as contact poison); if the tongue contacts flesh it bores a hole in the victim (causing no physical damage but the character loses 1 point of constitution permanently).

Note: the tongue is only used 20% of the time as the creatures prefer to use their paws and ichor.

Mi-go (Secret Beast)**By T.S. Brannan & C.D. Nichols**

Climate/Terrain:	Interstellar Space
Frequency:	Very rare
Organization:	Colony (10 or more Mi-go on Earth, Luna, and Mars) or reasearch team (all sub-groups) by cities of Mi-go and the standard organization is by research teams.
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Special
Intelligence:	Genious
Treasure:	Nil (Mi-go treasures resemble blobs of slime, chunks of crystal, jagged bits of metal, and animals. These are tools and weapons for Mi-go.)
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	2 – 12
Armor Class:	4
Movement:	15"/ Fl 30" D (A in Astral)
Hit Dice:	5
Thac0:	14
No. Of Attacks:	1 weapon or 2 pincers
Damage/Attack:	varies or 1d4 / 1d4
Special Attack:	See Below
Special Defense:	See Below
Magic Resistance:	Standard
Size:	L (Five foot body, ten foot wing/leg span)
Morale:	17
Xp Value:	1400
Psionics	90 psp C,D/F,G,H

"They were pinkish things about five feet long; with crustaceous bodies bearing vast pairs of dorsal fins or membraneous wings and several sets of articulated limbs, and with a sort of convoluted ellipsoid, covered with multitudes of very short antennae, where a head would ordinarily be.... As it was, nearly all the rumours had several points in common; averring that the creatures were a sort of huge, light-red crab with many pairs of legs and with two great bat-like

wings in the middle of their back. They sometimes walked on all their legs, and sometimes on the hindmost pair only, using the others to convey large objects of indeterminate nature. On one occasion they were spied in considerable numbers, a detachment of them wading along a shallow woodland watercourse three abreast in evidently disciplined formation. Once a specimen was seen flying--launching itself from the top of a bald, lonely hill at night and vanishing in the sky after its great flapping wings had been silhouetted an instant against the full moon."

- from *The Whisperer in Darkness*

Mi Go are the Fungi from Yuggoth (Pluto), and servants of the Old Ones; Nyarlathotep and Shub-Niggurath in particular. Mi-Go can usually be found among humans when there is cult activity. The Mi-go cults formed to allow Mi-go to better gather humans for research purposes. These cults long ago fell into decay, and the Mi-go now use other means to conduct their research.

Appearance:

The Mi-go, called "pinkish spongy crabs that fly," have only two types of appendages (unlike the "legs, feelers, etc. above). Legs, multi-jointed and insectile, ending in one to four pincer-like hooks, and wings, resembling a mass of spider legs strung with slime.

Mi-go are not fungi, but that is their closest terran counter-part.

Mi-go cellular structure consists of undifferentiated cells that can instantaneously specialize. Mi-go have no organ systems, the functions being dispursed over the entire organism. Mi-go hide is not chitinous, but spongy.

Their appearance, as with most of the servants of the old ones, cause the adventures to make a Fear check on first encounter. Due to their appearance this check is made at minus two (-2).

Combat:

Mi-Go attack with strange chunks of metal and jagged crystal items that deal 1d8 to 1d10 points of damage to their victims. They rarely attack with their pincers, which are neither large nor sharp and inflict only 1d4 points of damage. Mi-go generally avoid conflicts. However, in a fight Mi-go do not fight hand to hand. Rather they use their alien weapons, including lightning guns, gravity beams, and biological toxins. The Mi-go occasionally use their slave race, the Greys to fight hand-to-hand.

Mi-Go a totally immune to the effects of cold, dark, the vacuum of space, or the astral and ethereal planes.

Mind effecting spells only have a 5% chance of succeeding due to their alien minds. They can never be charmed, held, or put to sleep. Contacting the mind of a Mi-go should result in a very hefty Madness Check.

Any piercing weapon cause minimum damage, not counting magic. The minimal damage is due to the Mi-go mostly existing in higher dimensions. They phase their bulk into other dimensions to avoid the majority of damage.

Mi-Go are also capable of knowing as many first level Wizard spells as their Intelligence X2. (Actually, Mi-go magic is just extremely advanced technology, which utilises forces that humans can not comprehend.)

Habitat/Society:

Originally, the Mi-go came from beyond the known universe, before seeping into this reality. How they did this is unknown, even to the Mi-go. Gate technology/magic is used to link them to other worlds.

They are remarkable surgeons, capable of removing the brain from the body and keeping it alive and active indefinitely. The Mi-go alter their bodies at will, via their bloody and painful surgical methods. They hone their skills and experiment with new methods on human captives. Bizarre, massive, and random physiological modifications are their speciality.

They worship Shub-Niggurath and Nyarlathotep in particular. Nyarlathotep is one of the most influential Outer Gods, and his worship is basically pragmatic. Shub-Niggurath is a perverted fertility principle, and the Mi-go worship her in order to breed. While the Mi-go worship two Outer Gods, this hardly makes them servants of the Great Old Ones. The coming of the Great Old Ones would end the Mi-go's operations on Earth. To prevent this, the Mi-go have often actively worked to hold back the time when the Great Old Ones will arise.

Mi-Go come to the Prime material planes to mine rare ores that are not located on their own home worlds. The Mi-go's presence on Earth is explained by the location of certain hyper-dimensional minerals in other dimensional locations co-terminous with the Earth. Similar materials are gathered on the moon, Mars, the moons of the outer planets, and Pluto. The Mi-go are also interested in humans, modifying the human genome over the aeons, and showing interest in the human ability to access the Dreamlands. The closest Mi-Go outpost is on Yuggoth, where they mine a special form of cold cobalt. Yuggoth is Pluto, their current and largest settlement. Mi-go can not infect others with their bodily material, save in laboratory experiments. Further, Mi-go reproduction does not involve human corpses. Mi-go reproduce in huge orgiastic ceremonies to Shub-Niggurath which involve live sacrifices, cannibalism, and much other unpleasantness.

Adult Mi-Go must eat food that they have brought with them from their home worlds as terrene food becomes inedible to them. Mi-go food is a highly toxic (to Earth life) fungus found on Pluto.

The life span of the Mi-Go seems to be immortal, but they can be killed by normal means. Mi-Go have no family units or ties to their own kind, save for the master they serve. A rotting Mi-Go corpse is as good as meal as any other. In fact Mi-go larva eat Mi-go corpses. Pincers and telepathy (normally) do not play a role on Migo communication. The color and intensity of their glowing heads, supplimented by buzzing, is the means of Mi-go communication.

Mi-Go also collect Human (not Demi-Human) brains. They remove the brain from a living human and place it in a metal tube. With this tube the brain remains alive, possibly to be

reinserted into another body on their home-world. However even the wisest of sages will not hazard a guess; the results are too horrific. Brain-cases are used on any intelligent species. Most brain-cases wind up in huge biological computer banks, forgotten and insane.

If a Mi-Go is encountered in Ravenloft, it was summoned there by accident (or purpose) and has not been able to leave. A Mi-Go can live up to 3 to 4 months without its stash of food. Towards the untimely end of its exile the Mi-Go will be quite insane and violent.

Ecology:

Mi-Go are not of this world, and so do not fit in to any ecological niche. They keep the corpses of humans and use them for procreation. Any substance made from the body of the Mi-Go would surely drive anyone insane and be extremely toxic.

Further Readings:

For more information on the Mi-go see *Delta Green* and *Delta Green Eyes Only 1: Machinations of the Mi-Go* by Pagan Publishing.

Star-Spawn of Cthulhu (Cthulhui)

By Derek Holland

Climate/Terrain:	Deep ocean (both Nocturnal Sea and Sea of Sorrow)
Frequency:	VR
Organization:	Sol
Activity Cycle:	any
Diet:	Carn
Intelligence:	Genius
Treasure:	-
Alignment:	LE
No. Appearing:	1 (with 10-100 Deep Ones and/or Dwellers of the Deep)
Armor Class	0
Movement:	20"/20"
Hit Dice:	15-30
No. of Attacks:	4 tentacles, 1claw
Damage/Attack:	5-30 (X4), 11-66
Special Attack:	see below
Special Defense:	regeneration (3/round)
Magic Resistance:	65%
Size:	G (150-250')
Morale:	18

Appearance:

Giant humanoids with wings, razor-sharp claws, and a illithid like head. People viewing one must make fear and horror checks (seeing one's form underwater just calls for a fear check).

Combat:

A Star-spawn attacks ships by either clawing out the hull or by pulling it under. It may pull sailors over first via fishing lines or nets. It also may come up and attack the crew with its tentacles. After sinking a ship, the Star-spawn and its servants feast on the crew.

Dark Leech

By Derek Holland

Climate	any
Terrain	any land
Frequency	Very Rare/Unique
Organization	solitary
Activity Cycle	night
Diet	negative energy
Intelligence	non-
Treasure	none
Alignment	Neutral
# Appearing	1
Armor Class	-6
Movement	15"/28"
Hit Dice	10+
# Attacks	2
Damage	2d8/2d8 (4d8/4d8)
Special Attacks	Each hit drains 1 level/HD from creatures with a connection with the Negative Material Plane
Special Defenses	+2 or better "to hit", absorbs necromantic spells MR 65%
Size	4-8'
Morale	18 (20 vs undead)

Appearance:

This creature appears as a dark grey shadow. When it makes contact with a creature that has a Negative Plane connection, waves of black travel from the point of contact down to the center of the Dark Leech's form.

Combat:

A Dark Leech attacks with its claws- to most creatures this inflicts 2d8 points of damage. To undead and other creatures with a connection to the NMP (negative material plane), it inflicts 4d8 points of damage and drains one HD. Each 4 HD (or level of necromantic spell) drained gives the Dark Leech one hp and 1" in height. For every 8 hp so gained give the creature another HD. When it touches a mummy, a mace of disruption, or dies, the Dark Leech explodes causing 10d8 points of damage to all within 100'.

Dark Leeches have several weaknesses- sunlight inflicts 3 points of damage/round, +2 or better or solid gold weapons can harm it, sunray blades and light producing spells do double damage, and radiant* weapons do quadrupled damage.

Habitat/Society:

The first Dark Leech was created by a wizard who was looking for a way to protect his home village from a band of ghouls and ghouls. In researching undead, he found the process in which

moribunds** absorb negative energy. He captured a shadow and altered it into the first dark leech. It did destroy the undead, but then turned on the living who were touched by darkness (either evil or failed a powers check). It was then driven off by the wizard.

They dwell anywhere land based undead dwell. And when encountering each other (other than the time of splitting), they fight to the death over the energy the other contains.

Ecology:

Dark Leeches hunt all creatures containing negative energy, including undead, those who failed a powers check or anyone (thing) that the DM feels appropriate. A Dark Leech is 4' tall and when it reaches 8', splits in to 2 and the halves separate to hunt.

If drawn out of Ravenloft, a Dark Leech withers and fades to nothing. This suggests that it is a part of the mists or feeds on the mists.

It is unknown why the Dark Powers allow Dark Leeches to exist. Maybe to cull the weak undead. Or maybe to act as batteries of evil that are easy to access.

*- see Dragon 194 (*With a Bond of Magic*)

** - see Dragon 252 (*Grim Callings*)

Death Beater

by Stormonu

Climate/Terrain:	Subterranean
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Night
Diet:	Special
Intelligence:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Nil
No. App:	1
Armor Class:	-2
Movement:	Fly 15 (MC: B)
Hit Dice:	5
THAC0:	17
No. Of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d10
Special Attacks:	Aging
Special Defenses:	+2 Weapon to be hit
Magic Resistance:	75%
Size:	S (3' diameter)
Morale:	Fearless (20)
XP Value:	4,000

Appearance:

The death beater appears as a ghostly face with a great maw filled with sharp teeth. Stretching out from this vile shape extend two long and sinewy arms each bearing a huge iron mallet. As the creature moves underground, it emits a low moan and beats these iron mallets against the nearby walls, creating a reverberating echo. This echo can usually be heard for hundreds of feet underground, and sounds like the massive beating of some inhuman heart.

Combat:

The death beater normally does not engage in combat. The creature simply moves mindlessly along, rapping it's hammers against the walls as it moves down empty corridors. Those foolish enough to get in its way face being struck by the hammers for 1d10 damage as the creature passes. If the death beater passes through a victim (who must save vs. death at -4 to avoid the death beater), the victim is aged for 1d10x10 years (10-100 years). The death beater does not slow to return an attack on those left behind, and continues on its route throughout the empty corridors.

A death beater can be attacked as it passes, but as it is undead and incorporeal, it is difficult to harm. The creature is immune to all mind-affecting and death spells, and has 75% magic resistance against all other magics. It can only be harmed by a weapon of +2 enchantment or better, or silver weapons. Holy water seems to have no effect on it, and it does not appear to be able to be turned.

Attempts to disarm Death beaters have had little success, for the hammers fly back to the Death beater, who does not slow from its appointed rounds. Death beaters are able to pass through solid objects such as walls or doors, somehow being able to allow their weapons to pass through with them.

Habitat/Society:

It is unknown what events transpire to create a death beater, or predict exactly where these beings might appear. They usually haunt forgotten tombs or abandoned caverns that lead to the underdark. Death beaters avoid wide, open caverns, preferring to move through narrow hallways, where it can rap against both sides of the corridors as it passes. Sages who have studied Death beaters have noted that the creatures do not appear to have any sentience whatsoever, and seem unaware of living beings around them. It is also known that Death beaters make repetitive rounds, ranging from being only hundreds of feet around the curcuit or several miles in length. A Death beater never turns around at any given spot, and in some cases, have vanished into solid walls, only to be later seen at the beginning of the curcuit.

Ecology:

As Death beaters are undead creatures, they contribute nothing to the ecology around them. No Death beater has been destroyed to this date, and what occurs to them at "death" is unknown.

Death Skeleton

By Luis de Pippo

Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	Supra-Genius (20)
Treasure:	A (Z)
Alignment:	Any evil.
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	13 (1d10 hit points per dice)
THAC0:	8
Damage/Attacks:	1d8*6+12
Special Attacks:	Spells, Energy Drain, Conversion.
Special Defenses:	Undead, Immune to Fire and heat, Cold and Acid, Half damage from all weapons, +3 or better weapon to hit
Magic Resistance:	80%
Size:	M
Morale:	Fearless (20)
XP:	18,000

Appearance:

The death skeleton appears as a jet black skeleton with two burning pinpoints of light in its eye sockets. Anyone that has never encountered one could think it is a lich.

Combat:

The skeleton can attack six times per round causing 1d8+12 HP with each attack. If at least four arms hit a level is drained by the victim.

The skeleton can use spells (as a 13th level caster) from the following spheres: Divination, Combat, Healing (reversed), Creation, Elemental, War, Charm, Time, Necromancy and All. They have minor access to Law and Sun (reversed). Once per day they can use Animate Dead Animals, Animate Dead and Vampiric Touch. While casting a spell they can devote two extra arms to cast another spell with no verbal component.

They have the ability to use a conversion attack. If they do nothing for a round but concentrate, the following round they can launch one attack (and only one attack) against a spell using being and transform it into a skeleton wizard, unless it succeeds in a saving throw against dead magic at -2.

They are immune to fire and heat, acid and cold. They also have standard undead immunities and a +3 or better weapon is required to harm them. Any weapon causes only half damage against these monsters. They cannot be turned.

Habitat/Society:

The only known death skeleton created was Shalaktor. He used to wander the Ravenloft looking for spell using beings to transform into skeleton wizards, until he was destroyed by Azalin. Though technically free willed, the Banished One can command any and all death skeletons and see through their eyes.

Ecology:

As undead they are removed from normal ecology.

DreamStalker

By Stormonu

Climate/Terrain:	Dreamscapes
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Night
Diet:	Special
Intelligence:	Very
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	4+4
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	1
Dam/Att:	Death
Special Att:	nil
Special Def:	mutable form
Magic Resistance:	5%
Size:	M (6' tall)
XP Value:	975

Appearance:

The shape of a dreamstalker is very mutable and imprecise. They appear as vague, human-like shadows without any definable features. They move and act with inhuman grace, matching their dream-like qualities.

Combat:

The actual weapon that a dreamstalker attacks with resembles a silver knife, but it moves so fast and flashes so brilliantly, the defender is never really sure exactly what the dreamstalker is using. The strike of a dreamstalker is incredibly deadly - a single blow forces the victim to save vs. death or die. Those who have survived the blow of a dreamstalker report feeling various things - some report feeling as if the struck area had been suddenly turned to ice, while others have reported a tingling, painful sensation as if a thousand poisoned spiders had been unleashed at the wound point. The pain is enough that those who succeed the saving throw are instantly awakened - often in a cold sweat or momentarily paralyzed by the fearsome touch. Those who return to sleep will be attacked again and again, until slain or morning comes.

Characters who attempt to refrain from falling back asleep must make a successful CON ability roll at a cumulative -1 penalty per day the character has been awake. Those who are unable or unwilling to get proper sleep will suffer a -1 / -5% penalty to all rolls per night of sleeplessness, up to a -6 penalty. Such characters are likely to become rather gruff and short-fused, and may become subject to hallucinations after three days without rest.

Dreamstalkers can be harmed by normal weapons as well as magical, and have an aversion to sunlight and reflections (they are at a -1 to hit and become AC 5 in such conditions). They have a 5% magic resistance, but are not undead and cannot be turned by clerics.

Habitat/Society:

It is believed that Dreamstalkers are manifestations of the actual ethereal plane themselves, mixed in with bits of shadowstuff and dreams. They have a hatred of all living beings, and their exact drives and motives are unclear.

Ecology:

Dreamstalkers are little more than magical assassins summoned by wizards to rid themselves of troublesome folk. Knowledge of their existence outside of wizard's summons is unknown, and no sage has yet bothered to fully search into their existence beyond their summoning by spell.

Summon Dreamstalker

(Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: 5 (Wizard)

Range: 30 yards

Components: V,S,M

Duration: 1 night/level of caster

Casting Time: 1 turn

Area of Effect: One Dreamstalker

Saving Throw: None

When this spell is cast, which must be done at night with no light greater than torch or small lit brazier, the wizard summons to his presence a dreamstalker, who will faithfully stalk and attempt to slay one named target of the caster's choosing. Once given a target, the dreamstalker travels instantly to the dreams of the victim, and begins its work. The summoned dreamstalker cannot be sent against undead or a darklord, and attempts to do the latter are 75% likely to result in the dreamstalker attacking the wizard in his dreams instead.

The dreamstalker serves for a duration of 1 night per level of caster. After this time, the dreamstalker returns to the dreams from which it was made.

The material component of this spell is a specially crafted dreamcatcher that the caster has worn for at least seven nights in a row. When the pact is completed, the dreamstalker returns to retrieve the dreamcatcher, and devours the dreams within it. If the dreamcatcher is lost or destroyed between the time the pact is made and the dreamstalker returns for it, the dreamstalker will enter the dreams of the wizard and attempt to destroy the wizard in revenge. If the dreamstalker is destroyed before it completes its mission, the dreamcatcher unravels, and is considered destroyed, but the dreamstalker will not appear to retrieve it (he is destroyed, after all...).

Drekkengeist

By Stormonu

Climate/Terrain:	Dreamscapes
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Special
Intelligence:	Average to High
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	9
Movement:	18
Hit Dice:	2+2
THAC0:	19
No. of Attacks:	0
Dam/Att:	Nil
Special Attacks:	Despair Aura
Special Def:	Ethereality
Magic Resistance:	25%
Size:	M (5 1/2' - 6')
Morale:	Champion (15)

Appearance:

The Drekkengeist is an extremely rare form of undead, found only in the minds of dreamers or within the lands of the Nightmare Realm. They appear human, dressed as they did in life, but their faces are lined with sorrow or despair. They rarely talk, and will avoid out of arm's reach of living beings. Those who do attempt to grasp a Drekkengeist will find their form fleeting, and insubstantial to all but the most enchanted of weapons.

Combat:

Drekkengeist do not fight, having given up all will to do more than watch long ago. However, the presence of Drekkengeist has a negative effect on those who are within sight of the creature. Those within 60' of a Drekkengeist find it difficult to concentrate, and feel an overwhelming sense of sorrow that causes a -4 / -20% penalty to all actions being attempted. The Drekkengeist will hover over it's "victims" until they die or escape from the dreamscape. Those who escape from the dreamscape by waking after being stalked by a Drekkengeist lose 1 hp/encounter until the Drekkengeist is slain or the character dies. Magical healing cannot heal this damage, as it is a form of mental fatigue. A character haunted by a Drekkengeist will be continued to be haunted until he/she dies or the Drekkengeist is driven off.

Those attacking the Drekkengeist will find the creature to be insubstantial, and normal weapons will pass through the fiend without harm. However, weapons enmagicked with a bless spell or of +3 or greater enchantment can harm the creature. It has a 25% resistance to all forms of magic, and being undead, has all standard undead immunities - being unaffected by sleep, poison, death

or mind-affecting spells. Drekkengeist can be turned as Shadows, but will attempt to stay within sight of their victims, and will return to follow characters.

Habitat/Society:

Drekkengeist are wandering creatures who pass from dream to dream in search of victims with strong wills (generally 15 WIS or greater) who are exerting their wills in their dreams - whether through mental combat or simple replays of the day's events. The drekkengeist seeks to drain the will of these victims for its own purposes, though it has no ability to affect the dreamscape it has invaded. These creatures are more likely to be found in dreamscapes in the Nightmare Realm, where the "will to live" has been lost through repeated attacks by the Nightmare Court.

Ecology:

Drekkengeists are formed by those who give up the will to live and die in their sleep. Fueled by their own lack of will, they are drawn to those with a strong will to feed on them.

Ecology of the Doppelganger Plant

by L.F. De Pippo

Chapter 7 of the book "Denizens of the Mists", by the wizard Dragonbane.

The Doppelganger Plant

I would like to remind the people who read this chapter that I am not a native of this strange Land of Mists. Many of the facts and theories that I will put forth in this chapter may sound like rubbish to those who are natives, but bear in mind that what you take for everything is just a small part of a great multiuniverse, where rules are varied.

In this strange place I have found myself into, many new and unusual creatures that do not appear anywhere else can be found. As I have remained trapped here for more than 17 years, I had plenty of time to study this land's strange denizens. One such "creature" is what sages call the Doppelganger plant and its sinister offspring The Pod People or Podlings.

I have received only four reliable reports of its existence, and I have been only able to examine two plants firsthand. While I have heard rumors about three other plants I was not able to verify them. Don't take heart on many of my observations and theories as they can lead to your doom should I be proven wrong.

Speculations On Its Origin

No one is sure about the doppelganger's plant origin. In enlightened circles it is thought to be the result of a magical experiment gone awry, as something so foul cannot exist naturally. A mad wizard or an angry god could have created them long ago, and let it loose upon the unsuspecting multiverse. Certain sages point to some mysterious Dark Powers, which are said to rule over this Land of Mists, as the creators of the plant. But then again nothing points that this strange lands have rulers or creators. For now we will have to limit ourselves to the known facts about the monstrous plant.

Appearance And Resistances

The plant almost always appears after some form of heavenly prediction of doom, usually a comet or meteor shower, but strangely enough not after an eclipse which is considered the worst omen of them all. The two plants that I was able to examine sprouted after a meteor shower. As a theory I will put forth that the "seeds" of the plant, if I may call them that, travel in the meteors and fall to the land where they take root. This is only speculation, as the only proof I can offer is that the plant always appears after such an incident. Also the plant can only thrive in warm and temperate regions and can not even seed regions that do not have these conditions. This is not a matter of preference, I have found that doppelganger plants cannot support themselves in any other climate.

The plant, after taking seed, grows one pod per day. That is until it reaches its maximum number of pods, then it only continues to grow its tangle of vines. The doppelganger plant looks much like any of a variety of melon-bearing crops. It spreads out in a tangle of vines between 880' and 1440' wide and broad, glossy leaves. Scattered throughout its mass are a number, from 11 to

18(1), of pods each measuring between 4 and 8 feet. The pods are the most dangerous part of the plant, because without them it is essentially defenseless.

As a natural defense the plant is also strangely flameproof, as it perspires continuously. The water that results from that perspiration is non-conductive to natural and magical lightning, so they appear to have a reduced effect when used against the plant. But its perspiration does not protect against cold, whether natural or magical, and it suffers full damage against any cold attack or cold wave. Furthermore cold freezes the vines and leaves and renders the plant fully susceptible to fire and electricity for roughly 1 to 4 minutes. Finally I have found that magical attacks that rely on magical force, such as Magic Missile or Black Tentacles, work normally(2). Maybe that enhanced perspiration is the key to the plants climate preferences, but then again maybe not.

The plant is completely immune to illusions, as it does not see in the normal sense of the word. Charm spells, even highly specialized ones such as charm plant, are completely useless against the alien intelligence of the plant and warp wood is likewise ineffective. A friend of mine, a druid of no small power, theorized that the plant will be completely immune to every spell of the plant sphere, but I can offer no solid proof about that. Also spells or psychic powers that affect the mind, including a category of spells known as phantasm, are useless against it(3). The plant is extremely difficult to destroy. Almost every attack that is brought against the plant's leaves or vines, regardless of magical weapons use, appears to inflict minimum damage.

However those directed against the pods appear to work normally(4). The two main parts of the plant are the vines and the pods. If any part is destroyed without killing the other the plant will appear dead but will regenerate the lost parts at the reason of 1' per hour. Thus the plant is extremely difficult to destroy because, first you must destroy every pod, and then destroy the leaves and vines. After the plant is dead it loses its resistance to fire and it can, and should, be burned immediately.

Mind Bondage

It is strange that such a dangerous plant has no means of physically attacking its prey, and instead must rely on a power that I call Mind Bondage. It is this power that makes the plant truly dangerous. Mind Bondage is the ability to capture the soul of a victim and place it within one of the pods that dot the plant. The power has a range of one mile per 10' radius of plant. The plant does not need be aware of a potential target, as it locates them through mystical means.

The plant is highly intelligent, almost as much as any archmage, and will usually discriminate between possible slaves. Usually it goes for the most powerful creature in the area (5), but sometimes it will settle for the highest ranking authority of the region or the person that will best help it achieve its goals.

Having once been subject to a Mind Bondage attack I have firsthand information about that dreadful experience and will describe it, so you can know when you are the subject of a mind bondage attack. While under attack your thoughts turn sluggish and you feel as if under a great mental pressure, not unlike an attack from a psionist, but much more intense. Then you feel like something is wrenching your soul from your body, experiencing an incredible agony, that leaves

you dazed and unable to do anything for a short period of time (6). Fortunately I was able to resist. Others not so fortunate find their "souls" leaving their bodies for the darkness of the pod.

An interview with one of the Pod People (or Podling as I call those dominated by the plant), yielded that the soul is torn from the body and placed into one of the pods of the plant, where it is used to nourish the plant. The attack itself is a mix between two hard to find spells: the fifth cycle spell Domination and the eight circle spell Trap the Soul. The Domination lets the plant control the actions of the Podling as if it was usurping its body, while the Trap the Soul actually traps the soul into the pod. Certain spells and magical protections can render a person immune to the plant's power. For example; items or spells that protect from charm or energy drain are effective against Mind bondage, as is the natural resistance to charm of elves and half-elves.

Also those people who call themselves psionists appear to be resistant to the attack (7). It is unfortunate that the plant can only use its attacks whenever it wants, but it is truly fortunate that only one person can be enslaved once every 24 hours period. The Mind Bondage attack can only be used against sleeping or unconscious victims, but in one case that I studied the plant was able to attack a wakeful victim. My theory is that the plant can attack wakeful victims, but chooses not to do because they are much harder to dominate than sleeping people (8).

A more insidious way of attack requires a podling. The podling cuts a pod of the plant and hides it near the chosen victim. When the victim is near the pod opens and the soul of the victim is drawn into it. The newly created podling brings the pod back to the plant and it reattaches to the plant. This method is used rarely but certain plants appear to prefer it. I have found no reason why it is so (9).

Podlings

Podlings are the unfortunate people who toil under the mind bondage power of the plant. They appear alive and are guided by the plant, who has access to any and all of its memories. I must stress the point: the podling, and thus the plant, knows everything that person once knew. The plant will use it to its advantage, especially if one of your friends have been turned into a podling. The telepathic control of the plant has no known range, as I have heard a rumor about a podling traveling everywhere in the Land of Mists, even the islands that float in the mists.

How can you recognize a podling? Actually it is not that hard. Any cursory physical examination will show that the podling is no longer alive. It no longer breathes, except when it must speak or smell, has no heartbeat and the pupils no longer adjust to light. The podlings also do not need to eat, drink or sleep. Anyone sharing more than one hour with a podling might be able to see that "something" is wrong with the podling. Of course those who intimately know him have a better chance to sense something amiss (Fred didn't drink mead?, but he always drinks mead after a hard day's work) (10). The spell Detect Charm reveals that something is controlling the podling but Detect Magic do not. Psionics do not reveal anything either. Also contacting a podling with a spell or psionic power is like contacting a wall, impossible.

As noted before the plant actually feeds from its podlings. The plant consumes every day part of the podling essence, and thus its body. This eating occurs from the inside out is not readily noticeable. As such podlings usually weigh far less than when they were alive and when they

die they will be found out to be hollow. The plant mystical can to destroy it. These abominations can depopulate a small town rather quickly and will usually be hungry. Beware.

Dragonbane of Krynn

FOOTNOTES

- (1) One pod per Hit Dice of the plant. Strange exceptions, 2 pods per Hit Dice, are not unheard of.
- (2) The doppelganger plant suffers only half-damage from fire and electrical magical attacks. Against non-magical elemental attacks (normal fire or lightning) it suffers only 1/4 damage. When subject to cold attacks the plant suffers full damage and for 1d4 rounds is susceptible to fire and lightning that will inflict full damage. Other spells, especially those of the Force school work normally.
- (3) Doppelganger plants cannot be charmed or held. Spells from the priest plant sphere, the illusion school and psionics powers that affect the mind are likewise ineffective.
- (4) Any physical attack against the plant's leaves or vines inflict only 1 point of damage. Magical weapons inflict 1 point of damage plus its bonus (a +1 weapon inflict 2 points of damage). Strength and specialization bonuses apply to the attack rolls, but not to damage rolls.
- (5) The plant usually targets the person with the highest Hit Die. That is a matter of preference, as the plant knows via the mystical link which person has the most hit die. Sometimes it will attack a weak person in a position of authority but those persons cannot nourish the plant for very long.
- (6) While the plant attacks the target is completely aware that something is trying to hurt him, but does not know the source of it. The attack causes pain as well, and someone subjected to a mind bondage attacks will be stunned (as per a Power Word: Stun) for 1d4 rounds after the attack ends, provided he is unaffected by it.
- (7) Spells, like Protection from Charm or Negative Plane Protection, and magical items, such as an Amulet of Life Protection, offer complete immunity to the plant's attacks. Elves and half-elves resistance to charm applies but dwarven, gnomish and halfling resistance to magic does not, as the attacks is mystical not magical, something akin to psionics but not really psionics. Also magical resistance does not block the attack, but anti-magic shell will. The saving throw bonus against mental attacks due high wisdom does apply. Also an active psionic defense mode grants a +4 bonus to the saving throw.
- (8) The plant can usually use its Mind Bondage power only on sleeping or unconscious victims. If the plant has no souls in its pods then it can use the power on wakeful victims, but as soon as it has a soul in its pods it loses its ability to attack awake victims. Also victims who are awake when attacked gain a +6 bonus to their saving throws.
- (9) Taking the pod near the victim has certain advantages for the plant. First the victim receives a -4 penalty to its saving throw because of the nearness of the plant. Secondly the enslavement of the podling does not count against the plant's daily limit of possessions, so a plant can enslave as many people as it has pods. Of course this way of attack carries a greater risk of discovery so the plant does not usually use it. Of course to use this attack method the victim needs to be asleep or unconscious.
- (10) The podlings are no longer alive and thus do not need to eat, drink or sleep. They also cannot mimic those last three activities so they try not to get into those situations. So a person who spends more than an hour has a 10% cumulative chance of noticing something wrong about

the podling. Intimate knowledge of the podling, best friends or lovers, rises the chance to 30% cumulative.

(11) Starting 24 hours after a person's soul entered the pod a podling will begin to waste away. They will lose 1d4 hit points per day and for every loss of 1/4 of their starting hit points the podling will weight 5% less and when it finally dies it would weight 20% less than when it was alive. The doppleganger plant can go for longer than a year without any food. But should two years pass without any food, the plant will die of starvation.

(12) For every hit point of damage inflicted there is a 5% chance of noticing something wrong about the podling. Following that the chance raises to 10% per point of damage to discover that the podling is hollow. Such a discovery forces a horror check that, if failed, causes revulsion.

(13) Podlings are immune to all psionics and spells that affect the mind, including phantasms but not illusions.

(14) The only exception to the above rule is that a psychic surgery can force the influence of the plant out of the body, but in that case the body dies and the soul departs the pod to go to whatever afterlife awaits it.

(15) A person freed from the plant's influence will need to rest a day for every hit point drained by the plant. Also it will require abundant food and drink to restore the internal organs or bones lost to the doppleganger's plant feeding. Fortunately some of the mystical essence that held together the body lingers or the result would be instant dead.

Luis F. De Pippo

El Chupacabra

By Timothy S. Brannan

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Moutains (Warmer)
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Night
DIET:	Goat Blood
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (11-12)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-2
ARMOR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	24' (Fl 36')
HIT DICE:	5+3
THAC0:	14
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4 / 1-4 / 1-8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Blood drain
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Blink
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S-M (3' to 6')
MORALE:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP VALUE:	300
PSIONICS:	Nil

El Chupacabra - Means "the goat sucker" in Spanish. Named because of the way it sucks all the blood from Puerto Rican goats.

Appearance:

It is hard to describe the appearance of El Chupacabra because sightings greatly differ. Most say it is either gray or green. Some say it has a large lizard-like tongue, others say it has wings. El Chupacabra's head has large red oval eyes and only small slits for a nose. Its teeth are large and very sharp. Most notable are it's four large canine-like fangs. El Chupacabra's forelimbs end in large reptilian claws. A bipedal creature, the Chupacabra has had many sightings where its height was reported to be anywhere from 3 and 6 feet tall. Some say it walks, some say it flies, and some say it has a kangaroo hop. El Chupacabra has spikes running from the top of its head down along its spine to its back end.

Combat:

El Chupacabra attacks with a claw/claw/bite routine common to many animals. On a natural roll of "20" on their bite attack El Chupacabra locks on to its target with it's massive jaws and begins to drain blood at the rate of 1 CON point per round. The victim loses 1-8 hp of damage automatically each round El Chupacabra is locked on. A successful Bend Bars/Lift Gates roll is needed to remove El Chupacabra. El Chupacabra can "blink" up to 360' away like a Blink Dog (q.v.). This is accompanied with a bright flash, heat and a noise like thunder. The smell of burnt

sulfur lingers in the air after El Chupacabra leaves. El Chupacabra has been described as supernaturally strong. Despite its small size it would have a strength rating of 18/00. Normally El Chupacabra is not interested in attacking humans, only goats. If it is threatened or attacked then El Chupacabra will fight to defend itself. If it finds the fighting not going it's way El Chupacabra will "blink" out to a safe distance.

Habitat/Society:

El Chupacabra spends it's daylight hours sleeping underground or in caves. A very solitary creature, El Chupacabra has never been spotted with more than one other of it's kind. One noted case were two young Chupacabras that looked very much alike. They were assumed to be brothers or at least related. El Chupacabra even nests alone.

The manner and methods of this creature's reproduction is completely unknown. Some scholars assume that it lay's eggs due to it's mostly reptilian appearance.

While it may not be evil, El Chupacabra represents a significant threat to farmers and livestock. No known attacks on humans have ever been reported, but many deaths of livestock, in particular goats, have been reported.

Ecology:

The origins of El Chupacabra are completely unknown. It has been hypothesized that they are a new race that has only recently been discovered. Others suggest that El Chupacabra is an alien life form that has come or was left here by others. Some have even suggested that they are some kind of demon. What is known is El Chupacabra is often confused with the Vampire. However El Chupacabra is not undead.

The rarity of El Chupacabra also works to its disadvantage. Many sages and wizards want to study the elusive beast. Many adventures dream of the notoriety of being the first to capture El Chupacabra.

Web Resources

The Hunt For El Chupacabra

<http://www.adventuresbeyond.com>

ADVENTURES BEYOND - CHUPACABRA

http://www.io.com/~patrik/pr_ufo.htm

Chupacabra's Phenomenon

Fairy Vampire

By Jack the Reaper

Climate/Terrain:	Temperate forest
Frequency:	Very rare
Organization:	Band
Activity Cycle:	Night
Diet:	Blood
Intelligence:	High (13)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral evil
No. Appearing:	4-20
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	6, Fl 12
Hit Dice:	1
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage:	Nil
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	Insubstantiality
Magic Resistance:	40%
Size:	T (20 cm)
Morale:	11-12
XP Value:	350

Appearance:

Fairy vampires are not undead, but rather a sinister, dark race of fairy-folk, found only in Ravenloft.

Fairy vampires look like 20-centimeters-high humans, with translucent butterfly wings on their backs. Both males and females are always immensely beautiful, with delicate shape and graceful movement, yet they have a sinister atmosphere about them. Only a careful observant may notice the tiny, middle-sharp fangs in their mouths.

Fairy vampires dress with what seems to be cut leaves and weaved spider-webs. Their bodies emanates at all times a colourful glow, so from distance or when moving fast, they appear just like little, floating spheres of light, and might easily be mistaken for will-o-wisps or similar creatures. The colour of the glow changes between individuals, but the most common colours are purplish-pink, red, yellow and blue.

Fairy vampires are known to speak only their own strange language.

Combat:

Fairy vampires tend to avoid direct combat with creatures which are larger and stronger than themselves. They can become incorporeal at will, and thus to escape such situations. They can also become invisible at will, but their glow remains nevertheless - they can't diminish it.

By brushing a victim's brow, a fairy vampire can completely erase all of the victim's memories, leaving his mind a blank, unless the victim succeeds in a saving throw vs. spells. The lost memory may only be restored by using spells. Fairy vampires also have a gaze attack, which causes the equivalent of Confusion spell until sunrise. Again, the victim is allowed a saving throw.

The fangs of a fairy vampire are too small to cause damage, but the victim of a fairy vampire's bite is affected by sleep spell, and cannot be awakened until dawn. No saving throw is allowed this time.

In addition, fairy vampires possess two more powers: once per night, they can create Dancing Lights. While in group of three or more, fairy vampires can also move in an Hypnotic Pattern, luring enthralled victims after them.

Fairy vampires are unaffected by holy symbols and water, and cannot be turned. They are immune to non-magical weapons. If reduced to 0 hit points, a fairy vampire will turn incorporeal and invisible, and will fly away, to reform the next night. The only way to destroy them is to tear apart their silk coccons (see below), exposing them to the sun. They can also be burned by normal fire.

Certain herbs or flowers (DM's discretion) may protect people from fairy vampires. They won't be able to cross a line of those herbs, and will not drink the blood of someone who ate those herbs before going to sleep, or who carries a portion of them on his or her body.

Another strange weakness of the fairy vampire is mirrors. If a mirror is presented before them while they move in an Hypnotic Pattern, they will be affected by their own reflection, and will hover in front of the mirror until the sun rises and turns them into dust.

Habitat/Society:

Fairy vampires live in temperate forests. They are known to be encountered in Tepest, Falkovnia, Darkon and the Shadowborn Cluster.

During the day, fairy vampires secrete a silk coccon around their bodies, thus protecting themselves from the deadly rays of the sun, and fall asleep. When night comes, the silk evaporates and the fairy vampires fly to find prey.

Fairy vampires exist on blood, preferably of sentient being. They usually come to sleeping victims, bite them with their tiny fangs (using their Sleep ability to ensure that the victim won't awake), and lick the thin stream of blood from the wound. As they drink only small quantities of blood, it is very likely for a bitten person to awake at dawn, feeling nothing worse than slight dizziness.

However, the bite of a fairy vampire carries with it much more dangerous consequences. The victim of the fairy vampire's feasting is being afflicted with a strange illness, known as the Sleeping Curse.

The curse manifests by putting its victim to sleep, as with the spell, randomly. The affected person can be in the middle of an act, when suddenly his or her eyes close and he or her falls asleep on the floor. The victim cannot be awakened by any means, and will only awake after the set sleep duration has passed. On the first days of the curse, the victim will only fall asleep for one or two times every day, and will awake after few minutes. As days pass, however, he or she will fall asleep more and more frequently, for longer and longer times. On the seventh day of the curse, the victim will fall asleep and will not awake. He or she is not dead, but will sleep forever, until released from the curse or dies from starvation or old age. The curse can be removed at any time by killing the fairy vampire which bestowed it.

When fairy vampires want to reproduce, they pick a random victim and bite him or her until overcomes by the Sleeping Curse. When them curse manifests and the victim falls asleep on the seventh day, the fairy vampires will come to him or her by night. They will erase the victim's memory and, using their Hypnotic Pattern, will lure the sleep-walking victim into the heart of their forest. Then, they will wrap him or her completely in a cocoon of their silk strands. The victim will remain sleeping inside the cocoon for ther rest of the night and the next day, and may still be rescued; on the next night, however, the silk will disintegrate, and 1d6 newborn fairy vampires will hatch from inside it. The victim's body is irrevocably destroyed.

Ecology:

The origin of the fairy vampires is unknown. Some say that they were created by a sinister green hag or other evil being. Other claim that they were at once normal fairy folk, who fell prey to some curse or corruption. Another folktales associate them with the legendary island of Neverland, as one such a creature is rumored to be a constant companion of the island's shadowy lord.

The silk strands, if kept intact by magical means, can be used in the creation of sleep-inducing potions and items.

Garbage Elemental

by L.F. De Pippo

Climate/Terrain:	Nosos
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	6
Hit Dice:	8, 12, 16
THAC0:	8 HD: 13; 12 HD: 9; 16 HD: 5
No. Of Attacks:	1
Damage / Attacks:	4d10
Special Attacks:	Disease
Special Defenses:	See below
Magic Resistance	Nil
Size:	8 HD: L (8' tall), 12 HD: L (12' tall), H (16' tall)
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	8 HD: 3000, 12 HD: 7000, 16 HD: 11000

For general information see Elemental Ravenloft in the first Ravenloft monstrous compendium.

Combat:

A garbage elemental cannot travel through fire, but can travel in the water. It can lurk beneath the stinking piles of garbage of Nosos while victims draw near. When they are right above it, it explodes upwards and attacks, imposing a -4 penalty on all surprise rolls.

When Garbage elementals engage in combat, their preferred means of attack is simply a blow from their mighty fists. The damage they inflict is dependant on their size, with 8 HD elementals delivering 4d8 points of damage, 12 HD elementals delivering 4d10 points of damage, and the massive 16 HD elementals inflicting 4d12 points of damage.

Garbage elementals are less effective when striking targets that are airborne or made of fire (such as pyre elemental). Any physical damage they inflict is reduced by 2 points per die (to a minimum of 1 point per die). Every time that they hit it forces a saving throw against poison. Failure to save means that the person has caught a mortal disease that makes him lose 1 point of constitution until death. The disease can be cured by a Cure Disease spell and it does not continue if the victim does nothing but rest (every day resting and doing nothing but eating and drinking prevents the constitution lost). Obviously this attack does not work on golems or other elementals.

Habitat/Society:

The garbage elemental is a variant earth elemental that can only be summoned in Nosos, specifically in areas of huge garbage deposits. It appears as a towering, man-shaped mass of earth with garbage exuding from it.

Luis F. De Pippo

Gray Ones

By Charles Phipps

Climate/Terrain:	The Nightmare Lands/Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Hive
Activity Cycle:	Night (usually)
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Exceptional (16) with Animal traits (1)
Treasure:	Any
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
N° of Appearances:	1-100
Armor Class:	5
Movement:	15
Hit Dice:	8+4
Thaco:	15
No of Attacks:	1 or 3
Damage/Attacks:	1d5 bite 1d8 claws 1d10+3 tail or by weapon type
Special Attack:	Poisonous tail
Special Defenses:	Stealth
Magic resistance:	Special
Size:	Medium (humanoid form), Large (7' monstrous form)
XP Value:	5,000

Appearance:

Gray Ones have two forms: in their humanoid form they appear as an exact double of their "host" (see below) down to scars and birthmarks. However anyone looking into their eyes will know something is amiss for they show absolutely no emotion except a look of pure sadistic glee when killing. They usually wear black and lifeless clothing with a tendency to be heavy even in the hottest regions.

Their monstrous form is unmistakable, appearing as seven feet long beings covered in black (though some varieties are albino white) skeletal plates. They have no eyes and sense through sonar and microscopic vibrations. Their heads are elongated and their mouth is filled with long sharp fangs that can devour men whole. Their tail is topped with a huge claw which drips poison constantly.

They speak whatever languages their host knows, usually with an even tone and slight hiss.

Combat:

The Gray Ones are terrifying foes in combat and prefer to strike en masse and from the most unexpected places. They are naturally skilled in stealth and inhumanly quiet making no sounds imposing a -3 penalty on opponents rolls.

To this end they employ natural Spider Climb and Web abilities.

When they need to maintain their identity they usually attack in their human form with whatever weapon they bring on hand. Their skill in the weapon is the same as their host and usually choose one who is talented in.

However if they do not need to maintain the image of humanity, they immediately shift to unhuman form, and strike with their claws which are like Mirthil. Their second attack is always the bite.

Their tail is their most dangerous weapon: for some horrid reason it functions as a +3 magical weapon and is coated with a paralyzing agent. Those struck by it must immediately save vs. Death or become paralyzed for 1 to 4 turns in which the gray ones usually infect their hosts. They are completely immune to mind affecting spells. Cold, even magical cold, inflicts only half damage, and any psionist who touches their mind must make a saving throw at -2 penalty or go insane.

The Gray ones are not without weaknesses however: fire is their bane and they are like kindling to it. All nonmagical and magical fire inflicts double damage upon these beasts and many show an irrational fear of it.

It should be noted that sadly most Gray Ones fight to keep their hosts alive since they need human bodies to reproduce.

It is also whispered some Grays have acid for blood though this is obviously a new trait to their species and thankfully limited for now.

Habit/Society:

The Gray Ones were created several thousand years ago on an unknown Prime Material World by a Demigod of Nightmares. The species was to be used to destroy the forces that were annihilating his followers (in this case an empire of the elves). The creatures quickly overwhelmed the planet's inhabitants and within two centuries they assimilated the entire population.

The Elven Navy (see Spelljammer) watched with horror this development and ultimately destroyed the world with a weapon known as the Mosaic. The Gray Ones were destroyed as a race... or so they thought.

The Dark Powers had taken a clutch of the creatures eggs and deposited them in the Nightmare Lands where they were discovered by the witch Mullonga. She used a few Abber nomads to feed her new creatures, and thus new Gray ones were produced. The Nightmare Man soon discovered Mullonga's new pets and he helped her enlarging the breed by lending the Gray Ones to other Darklords to use as their minions. They are a perilous gift to say the least, for the Darklords hold no real control over them (they recognize only the witch Mullonga and the Nightmare Man as their masters), and often these creatures produce more chaos than needed by the lords. Gray Ones share a mass mind that has two main focuses: procreating the race and servitude to those higher in the hive. Rank in the Hive is determined very simply by power and magnitude of

evil. Grays can naturally feel malice and those who show some amounts of it may find themselves allies (thus fiends find fantastic friends here).

Ecology:

Grays are the creation of a mad demigod and servants of the Nightmare Man and Mullonga, although like humans they have an Ecology which mimics that of the spiders (they lay eggs in weblike environments).

Gray as mentioned above need hosts to survive. Whenever one is gathered he is usually bound in a cocoon in the Grays' layer which can be anywhere from a Hive (in the Nightmare lands) or a innkeeper's room prepared for this. Then the Gray one implants an egg somehow (gray ones despite appearances are asexual) in the living being: in one hour a new gray in monstrous form will emerge from the host and will grow into a new Gray and be able to assume their host's form in 24 hours. They will have all of the host's abilities and memories though in an alien and twisted mind. It is rumored some gray ones can pass along their memories to their "offspring" as well by racial memory.

Grays live close to a thousand years until they are devoured by their fellows, unaging.

Iron Skeleton

By Luis de Pippo

Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Band
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	Non (0)
Treasure:	No
Alignment:	Neutral
N° Appearing:	3-9 (2d4+1)
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	6
Hit Dice:	4 (40 HP)
THAC0:	17
Damage/Attack:	1d6*6
Special Attacks:	Sword Dance
Special Defenses:	Undead, Half damage from all weapons, Maximum hit points for hit dice
Magic Resistance:	No
Size:	M
Morale:	Fearless (20)
XP Value:	3,000

Appearance:

An iron skeleton is produced by melding four additional arms to a common skeleton and using the Iron Skeleton ritual, found in Shalaktor's Book of Undead or by the direct intervention of the Banished One. No matter what method is used, the process fuses the arms and turns the bones to iron.

Combat:

The iron skeleton can attack a single target six times for round, but they cannot attack multiple targets. They never use weapons because their claws are excellent weapons causing 1d6 points of damage. If all of their attacks hit in the same round the victim must save versus death magic or be cut into little pieces. If the saving throw is made then the victim suffers another 2d20 points of damage.

Because their bones are made of iron they receive only half damage from all weapons types except for bludgeoning weapons that only causes 1/4 damage. Because of the strength of the ritual they always have maximum hit points. As undead they are immune to sleep, charm, hold, cold, fear, polymorph, paralyzation and dead magic. A rust monster or spell that causes rust does them 8d8 points of damage regardless of the level of the spell.

They are turned as ghouls.

Habitat/Society:

The skeletons are created by the ritual in Shalaktor's Book of Undead. Three human bodies are required and during the ritual the bones harden to iron and are brought back to "life". It is rumored that a spell of the ninth circle exists that can duplicate the effects of the ritual, but no proof have ever been found.

Ecology:

As undead their only purpose is to serve their creator. The bone of one of these skeletons can be use as a material component for a Wall of Iron spell.

Iron Zombie

By Luis de Pippo

Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Group
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	None (0)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	1-4
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	6
Hit Dice:	5 (50 HP)
THAC0:	15
Damage/Attacks:	1d8*2
Special Attacks:	None.
Special Defenses:	Undead
Magic Resistance:	5%
Size:	M
Morale:	Fearless (20)
XP:	3,000

Appearance:

An iron zombie looks like a normal zombie, except that their skin is made of iron. They are created using the Iron Zombie ritual, found in Shalaktor's Book of Undead or by the direct intervention of the Banished One. No matter what method is used, the process turns the skin and bones to iron.

Combat:

The iron zombie can attack only a single target. They never use weapons because their claws are excellent weapons causing 1d6 points of damage. Because they are made of iron they receive only half damage from all weapons types.

Because of the strength of the ritual they always have maximum hit points. As undead they are immune to sleep, charm, hold, cold, fear, polymorph, paralyzation and dead magic. A rust monster or spell that causes rust does them 8d8 points of damage regardless of the level of the spell.

They are turned as ghosts and unlike common zombies they roll initiative normally.

Habitat/Society:

The zombies are created by the ritual in Shalaktor's Book of Undead. Only one human body is required and during the ritual the skin and bones harden to iron and are brought back to "life". It is rumored that a spell of the ninth circle exists that can duplicate the effects of the ritual, but no proof has ever been found.

Ecology:

As undead their only purpose is to serve their creator. The bone of one of these zombies can be use as a material component for a Wall of Iron spell.

Melegelean (Anti-Lich)

By Benjamin Huffman

Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Unique
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Night
Diet:	nil
Intelligence:	Exceptionally Intelligent 15-16
Treasure:	varies
Alignment:	NG
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	2
Movement:	12 / fl 14 (B)
Hit Dice:	10+
THAC0:	9
No. of attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	2d8+3
Special Attacks:	see below
Special Defenses:	see below
Magic Resistance:	5% per 50 years of age
Size:	M (man sized)
Morale:	Fearless (20)
XP Value:	8000

The melegelean is quite possibly the single creature whom high undead fear most. If indeed, the undead has ever heard of such a power. As far as any common scholar is concerned no such entities exist, however, this is not true.

Currently, there is only one melegelean in existence. The possibility of more being created is certainly not impossible however, and until that time, it is highly unlikely, the first melegelean will fall from his power.

Combat:

Melegeleans rarely enter battle, but when they do, it is certain to be a fight to the death. Melegeleans will not run from battle.

The melegeleans have an aura of holiness (25') so powerful, that any undead of 3 hit dice or less must make a saving throw vs. death magic or turn to dust. Any undead under 8 hit dice, must save vs. death, or flee a total distance of 1 mile. Any evil creatures, 9 hit dice or less, within the aura's radius must save vs. spell or flee 1 mile.

Simply by pointing his finger and speaking a word, a crackle of angelic power does 10d6 to undead creatures, 6d8 to all evil creatures, with a saving throw vs. breath weapon to receive 3/4 damage. In addition, he can conjure up a tunnel of light, that stretches from the sky to it's

intended target. The melegelean can only do this once per 10 years, and the victim must save vs. death (+6 penalty) or be instantly destroyed.

When the melegelean is created, it receives a special bond with its weapon. This increases the weapons efficiency, giving it a natural +3 (although for combat purposes, it can effect creatures who normally need +5 or better), and does 2d8 regardless of the weapon type. With this weapon, he also receives a +2 to attack with it. As well, each time the weapon successfully strikes, it acts as a 15th level priest turning undead (when fighting undead) and an 8th level priest turning undead (when fighting evil:Chaotic Evil, Lawful Evil, not Neutral Evil).

They are immune to sleep, charm, enfeeblement, polymorph, insanity, and death spells, and suffer only 1/4 damage from elemental attacks. Only weapons with +2 and above can harm the melegeleans, although they can let down this defense if they so choose. In addition, any powers the melegelean had in their former life they retain. If there is a way to destroy melegeleans, it has not yet been found.

Habitat/Society:

For the most part melegeleans are solitary creatures. However, they do employ friends and family they may have known in life to do errands for them, and keep them company. Other than that, the melegeleans keep to themselves, only to descend upon the land when they become aware of a growing evil. When this occurs, they first warn the villain with a handful of cryptic warnings, and if they are ignored, he slays the fiend.

Ecology:

Melegeleans are no longer living, they are cursed angels. Cursed, because they are denied Heaven, angels because they have ascended into the ranks of the holy undying. The process of becoming a melegelean is mostly unknown, but it has been discovered that the spirit is sent to the Cheribum Courts, where it is decided whether the individual should proceed to Heaven or walk the earth forever as a melegelean. No one but the melegelean knows what happens during this part of the process, and the melegelean will never tell. He cannot, or he will be utterly destroyed.

Nidalia's Dragon

By L.F. de Pippo

Introduction

When Elenia Faith-Hold first became the lord of Nidalia she fabricated a tale of a marauding dragon that attacked the villages, and only by her protection could the villagers hope to survive. For years the tale served to keep the villagers in line and to discourage open rebellion against her rule.

But many people in the villages now have started seeing the dragon as a savior and have sought him out. They feel that once the dragon deposes Elenia then a group of adventurers could deal with him, something impossible to do with Elenia. Many of the rebels that live in the western part of the realm know the truth, after all they are the survivors of the dragon raids and they saw no dragon but Elenia. Yet still, they hope that the dragon somehow exists and is trapped by Elena and once free it will depose the fallen paladin.

The tales of the dragon have always been a lie of Elenia's, but now something have entered the domain of Nidala, something that can change the power structure of the domain forever.

Gloom

Gloom is a powerful Shadow Dragon from the same prime material world that Elenia hails from. During his youth Ebonbane, the fiend that ruled the ancient empire that fought the Shadowborns, forced him into servitude. During his servitude he fought Elenia, then a powerful paladin for good. But Elenia was stronger and cunning than the dragon suspected and she inflicted a throat wound to Gloom that has impaired his speech and breath weapon ever since. He was forced to retreat from the battle, but not before he vowed revenge.

When Kateri Shadowborn finally defeated the fiend, the dragon was free from his control but not from his desire to have revenge upon Elenia. He sought her out, and again he was bested and had to flee. But this defeat was different, as he sensed a shadow growing in Elenia. Deciding that he could not defeat her physically, at least for now, he would defeat her morally by turning her into a pawn for evil.

For many years he was the shadow that troubled her. She sensed she was being watched and that an evil presence was taking interest in her, but she could not pinpoint the source because the dragon was cloaked from her. When she slept, he whispered the dark deeds that peasants do. When she was awake, he guided her to the towns that needed correction by using his shadow power as a way to make her angry with the peasants. He instigated her campaign against the neutral people of her world. He also guided her to towns where she could dispense high justice. Of course the towns she was guided to were always those from her homeland that had been steadfast in their support of Faith-hold during the war. Gloom was overjoyed when her unicorn steed deserted her, and was doubly pleased when Belenus turned her eye from her.

When she lost her powers he decided that the time was right and that she should know who had made him into what she was now: an evil avenger. He hoped that the news would crush her and that he would be able to kill her easily as her fighting spirit would desert her. He found her in a deserted

church and was about to speak, but then a strange mist started to rise. When the mist lifted he saw that he was alone in the church, with no sign of Elenia.

For years he scoured the countryside looking for her. He found no trace of her but her legend that was growing. Finally he came to a place that was filled with the strange looking mist that he had encountered before, when she had disappeared. Blinded by thoughts of revenge he entered the portal and found himself in Nidala. Hearing about the legendary dragon he decided to use it to his advantage.

Current Situation

Gloom was delighted to know that his hated enemy was the lord of this strange realm and immediately started working to subvert her rule. Adopting the guise of a holy man he has appeared in the villages, preaching rebellion. As he can not talk he usually picks one of the local children and has him speak on his behalf, thanks to his domination power. Thus far he has succeeded once, but Elenia crushed the rebellion.

Gloom is still afraid of tackling Elena physically so he won't attack her. He lives in a complex of caves in the mountains, protected by shadow guardians. The dragon has managed to convert the rebels from a rag-tag band into a regular army. He is preparing for the day when they can attack the Faith-Hold.

Gloom is also sending dreams of despair to Elenia, taunting her with the dark deeds she had done. Gloom has been in Nidalia for some time without being seen, but two years ago the dragon sightings have increased in the domain. His voice is the one that torment Elenia when she rides away. He has also placed the compulsion on her. Before his arrival Elenia paid snitches to tell of the dragon, but now she is worried that a real dragon might be in her domain. She sees this as an opportunity to boost the faith of her people in her, but is troubled because she thinks that she recognizes the dragon. Lately she has also started sensing evil from her trusted lieutenants as they are afraid of her and the dragon. Elenia's inquisitors have been busier than ever, as Elena sees rebellion everywhere. Her disciplining raids have become a common occurrence and even in the capital there is a general feeling of unrest. It won't be long since open warfare erupts in the once peaceful domain of Nidalia.

Combat

Gloom is a standard juvenile Shadow Dragon, except that he cannot speak, thus he cannot cast spells nor use his breath weapon.

Special Powers: Gloom can manipulate shadows to create the effect of the shadow monsters and demi-shadows monsters. He also posses the psionics powers of contact, Mindlink, Domination, Attraction (which he used to play the compulsion) and Dream Sending. The Dark Powers granted all those abilities but they also extracted a toll, he cannot leave the domain, not that he would leave anyway with Elenia here.

Luis F. De Pippo

Shapeshifter

by Alan Lafond

	Shapeshifter	Larva
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any civilized	Lair
FREQUENCY:	Rare	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Tribe	Brood
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	As human	None
DIET:	Bodily fluids	Cerebral fluids
INTELLIGENCE:	High to genius (13-18)	Animal (1)
TREASURE:	L,M,P(A)	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-10	10-100
ARMOR CLASS:	-2	6
MOVEMENT:	As form, 18	3
HIT DICE:	12	2 hp
THACO:	9	20
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2 or by weapon	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d6/1d6	1d2
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Shapeshifting, Psionics	Psionics
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	+2 or better weapons to hit, psionics	Psionics
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Immune to fire, cold, and electricity	Nil
SIZE:	Any	T (6" to 12" long)
MORALE:	Champion (16)	Unreliable (2)
XP VALUE:	8,000	35

Appearance:

The shapeshifters are a race of creatures capable of taking whatever form they wish. Though their ability seems magical, it is actually a natural skill for them. In their true form, they appear to be a slime of some sort. However, unlike normal slimes, they have the ability to solidify their forms to appear as any solid object, from as small as a coin to as large as a dragon. When in a form, they have all its physical capabilities, such as flight, movement rate, etc. The shapeshifter is also a lot more intelligent than a normal slime, and in fact has even developed psionic powers. The larva are the young, which are incubated in fresh, human brains. The larva cannot shapeshift, but do have limited psionic powers, enough to get out of danger, usually.

Combat:

Shapeshifters, in their true form, can create pseudopods with which they can attack twice each round for 1-6 points of damage. In most humanoid forms, they will use weapons (or create them) to attack with. Larva rarely fight, but if forced, choose to swarm one enemy. They do very little damage, however, doing only 1-2 points of damage.

Psionics Summary:

Shapeshifter:

<i>Level</i>	<i>Dis/Sci/Dev</i>	<i>Attack/Defense</i>	<i>Score</i>	<i>PSPs</i>
12	3/6/13	EW,II/All	Int	200

Due to their close affinity with altering their forms, all psychometabolic powers cost only half the PSPs. Those listed below cost nothing, and are known by all shapeshifters.

-- Psychometabolism - Sciences: energy containment. Devotions: body armor, body control, cell adjustment, ectoplasmic form.

-- Telepathy - Sciences: mindlink, probe. Devotions: contact, ESP, invisibility.

Larva:

<i>Level</i>	<i>Dis/Sci/Dev</i>	<i>Attack/Defense</i>	<i>Score</i>	<i>PSPs</i>
6	1/1/2	EW,M-	10	40

-- Telepathy - Sciences: mindlink. Devotions: contact, invisibility.

Habitat/Society:

The shapeshifter will live anywhere, as long as there are humans to prey upon. They live in small tribes of anywhere from ten to a hundred members. Often they will form an organization in a town or city as a front for their lair. Though evil, they are fanatically loyal to their tribemates. Shapeshifters are androgynous. Every five years, a shapeshifter will lay from fifty to one hundred eggs, which are incubated in a human brain. After two weeks, the eggs hatch, and tiny worm-like larva emerge. Within another week, when they reach 6" long, the larva will grow large enough to defend themselves, and develop mild psionic skill. After one month, when they have reached a full 12" in length, they will develop the ability to shapeshift. At this point, their worm-like bodies melt into a liquidy slime form, and they take on the full powers of an adult. Very few survive to this point, however. Usually, only one to three larva become adults.

Ecology:

Shapeshifters subsist on a diet of various bodily fluids, taken from a human body. Though any recently dead body will suffice for their dietary requirements, they prefer their victims to be still alive when they feed, for they are freshest when still warm and living. A shapeshifter lair is easily recognized by all the dehydrated human corpses usually left strewn about, although some tribes are more careful than others, and may dispose of the bodies. This is especially the case with those living in heavily populated areas, where there is a greater danger of discovery.

Skeleton Wizard

By Luis de Pippo

Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	Genius (18)
Treasure:	Z
Alignment:	Any evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	7 (1d4 hit points per dice)
THAC0:	13
Damage/Attacks:	1d6 or by weapon
Special Attacks:	Spells, Paralysis
Special Defenses:	Undead
Magic Resistance:	20%
Size:	M
Morale:	Fearless (20)
XP:	6,000

Appearance:

Visually a skeleton wizard looks like an iron skeleton (q.v.) but it has only two arms and pouches for spell components (if the optional rule is in use). They are created with a foul ritual contained in [Shalaktor's Book of Undead](#) or by the power of the Banished One.

Combat:

The skeleton wizard fight with their spells or magical items if at all possible. They cast spells like a twelve level wizard (4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 1) and always have offensive spells memorized. They can also attack with their claws that do 1d6 points of damage or with a weapon. If their claws hit the victim must succeed a saving throw against paralyzation or be held (as if a hold person spell) for 2d4 rounds.

As undead they are immune to sleep, charm, hold, cold, fear, polymorph, paralyzation and dead magic. A rust monster or spell that causes rust does them 8d8 points of damage regardless of the level of the spell. Because of their link with their former lives they are turned as spectres.

Habitat/Society:

When the caster wants to create a new skeleton wizard it must acquire a living wizard. After the ritual is used a new skeleton wizard arises. They are magically loyal to their creator and always protect them. If their creator is destroyed most skeleton wizards seek a safe place where to "live" and adapt to their new forms. After this they go to the world to learn new spells (usually cloaked with illusion magic). Some of them seek a way to be alive again.

Ecology: Apart from death bodies there is only one thing the skeleton wizards produce: magical items.

Skull Spider

By Jack the Reaper

Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Group
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Nil
Intelligence:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Nil
No. Appearing:	2-20
Armor Class:	5
Movement:	10
Hit Dice:	1d4 Hit Points
THAC0:	12
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	Special
Special Attacks:	Poison
Special Defenses:	Undead
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	S (1 feet diameter)
Morale:	Fearless (20)
XP Value:	30

Appearance:

Skull spiders are the creations of evil necromancers and wizards, who use them as guards and servants. They are composed of a human or demihuman skull, and two skeletal hands. The lower jaw of the skull has been removed, and the two canine tooth have been replaced with the sharp fangs of a vampire. The skeletal hands are attached to the skull through their thumbs (which are fused into it), and the finger-bones form the creature's "legs".

Combat:

Skull spiders can leap to a distance of 10 feet forward, 5 feet upward. When ordered to attack, they jump on their victims and try to secure a hold on them (making an attack roll). If they succeed, they cling to the victim, and won't release it unless ordered to do so or destroyed. The victim or his allies can remove them only by making a successful Strength check on 1d20. On the round after that, the skull spider automatically bites its victim, who must make a saving throw vs. poison. If succeeds, he suffers only 1d6 points of poison damage, though the poison is horribly painful. If fails, the victim suffers 2d6 points of damage, excruciating pain, and also begins to suffer from hallucinations in which he sees everyone around him as a living skeleton. The flesh and muscle tissues of a victim who failed his saving throw start melting around the bite wound, exposing the bone. The victim will suffer an additional damage of 1d4 every round as his flesh melts all over his body, and can do nothing but scream and writhe in agony, until the skull spider is removed and a Neutralize Poison spell is cast on him. Only Cure or Regeneration spell can heal the damage inflicted by skull spiders, even after the poison was neutralized. The victim

must also make a system shock roll, or to lose permanently a Constitution point for every round in which he was affected.

Skull spiders are immune to mind or life affecting spells. They can be turned as skeletons.

Habitat/Society:

Skull spiders can exist virtually in any place their master commands them. They are usually found in large groups, up to 20 creatures, which swarm upon their enemies as one.

Ecology:

Skull spiders don't eat or reproduce anything, as they are not part of the natural order. First created by Meredoth of the Nocturnal Sea, the secret of their creation is now known to other wizards of fame as well, including Hazlik of Hazlan and Azalin of Darkon. Rumors exist about varieties of those creatures which can fly, duplicate themselves when hit, or explode.

Slaad Familiar

By Robert Sweeney

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral (evil)

HD: 3

Hp: 24 + 5 (+6 at night =30hp)

AC: 5

MV:15"

N° Attacks: 2

Damage: 1-2/1-2+ 25% implant pellet

MR: 25%

Regeneration: 1/r

Size: Small, 1' tall

Special Attacks: Pellet (grows into Slaad larvae/parasite), poison in centipede form.

Special Defenses: Mist form, Leaps as per Jumping NWP, insane

Special Abilities: Polymorph, mist/centipede, Commune with Chaos 6/day, (25% the right answer, 75% a hallucination. Yes, this is most often a wild hallucination; they are crazy, remember.), Invisibility (but can't make shadow invisible), Polymorph (Slaad can polymorph into gaseous form or one other insect/slug/ or pudding-life form).

Special Weakness: only 25% + 2%/master's level of success per attempt to use magic abilities. They can keep trying next round, however.

As Familiars: +1 level, access to its senses telepathically, telepathy with Slaad, blindfighting NWP, regenerate 1/r, 25% MR.

Description:

Slaads are basically a CN variant of the Quasit familiar.

Looking like a bipedal carnivorous toad with wicked blades growing from the back of their hands, the Minor Slaad exists to be a familiar for CN, CE, or CG individuals. The coloration of the Slaad's natural form shifts randomly along the color spectrum. Somber Slaads slowly rotate their mottled patterns through a spectrum of dark shades, purples, grays, etc.. energetic or enthusiastic Slaads shiver slightly as if with a bright colored static (red, yellow, orange, green).

All slaad seem to be misshapen and malformed. Such is the nature of life on the place where they natively dwell.

A sample of slaad familiar might have enormous Bulbous eyes covered with a milky cataract, the left larger than the right. Needle sharp teeth line its mouth, some longer, some shorter. Its right leg bears more powerful muscles than the left, but its movement does not suffer. Atop its head a vestigial horn sprouts from the right eye and sweeps back along the skull.

Psychology:

Slaads are Schizophrenic in highly stressful situations. Most possess multiple personalities and suffer frequent hallucinations. They fully enjoy their madness, however, seeing insight in lunacy. They commonly 'gaslight' their 'masters' in an attempt to share the insight of their lunacy with him/her.

Senses:

Slaads are blind to normal light. Their eyes only register light and dark and fuzzy shades of gray. However, because of this, they have learned to fight in the darkness much like Grimlocks (-1 to hit). They trace their prey by sound, scent, and handy echolocation (6" radius).

Speech:

Slaads communicate via their echolocation click emitters. Most creatures cannot hear these tones. Slaads cannot "talk" in lower voices. Their echolocation click emitters appear like eyes with milky white coverings to people unfamiliar with their kind of life.

Insanity:

As they are seriously deranged already, Slaads are immune to mind influencing spells and psionics.

Ecology:

Slaads evolved under a different circumstance than earth-bound life. On their homeworld, magical flows erupt and flow regularly rendering the dark half of the planet a shadowy gray wasteland, and the brightly lit half a verdant field of fungus like growths of many colors, shapes, and styles.

Their evolution under such circumstances has enabled them to learn a different type of diet. They must 'eat' one magical spell per day. Those with masters devour one spell completely at random with no concern for level or type. The master, no matter what he tries to do, cannot stop the creature from doing this. Slaads without masters must feed of the psychic residue generated by a human (or humanoid/demihuman) mind suffering from insanity. Thus, masterless Minor Slaad will often slink about the alleys of insane asylums.

Reproduction:

Slaads are parasitic creatures. Each time they strike with their claws in combat, they have a 25% of implanting a pellet in the victim (save vs poison). The target must make a saving throw vs poison or the larvae will hatch and send out an echolocation signal to the other Slaads indicating it is entrenched. At this time, the victim will suffer the effects of an Ego Whip. Commonly, the other Slaads will then break off their attack on that victim.

The larvae wiggles its way to the victim's brainstem (under cover of secreted local anesthetics) where it begins growing. The victim will begin suffering hallucinations and other signs of developing insanity. The victim suffers Madness checks 1/day.. 10 failed madness checks indicate permanent insanity. Fewer failed checks can be "healed" by one week of rest per failure after the larvae has been removed. It takes the larvae 1-10 days to fully develop, at which time they leave the host in mist form and travel to the one that spawned them.

Their "father" can ask the larvae 3 yes/no questions that the victim might have been able to answer. The larvae have a 75% to know the right answer.

The rest of the time, they lie (but fully believe their lie). Normally, their "father" would then gate them back to their homeland where they would develop into normal adults, in RL, however,

the Slaad's attempt at doing this simply spits their 'children' into either the mists (25% chance), Bluetspur, (25%) chance or the nightmare lands (50% chance).

Children going into the mists feed off the essence of that place, commonly becoming mist horrors or some other vile creatures from suckling at the teat of the dark powers.

Children going into Bluetspur wind up in the Elder's Briny brain pool.

There they are either destroyed (90%) or manage to quickly bond with a tadpole/mind flayer. Said tadpole, should it come to term, would be a CE illithid, seriously insane, that is quickly put down by the fellow illithids.

Those finding themselves in the nightmare lands seat themselves in dreamscapes of the insane and slowly develop into Minor Slaads. Upon adulthood, they can no longer draw nourishment from the dreams of the insane and must leave the nightmare lands for the waking world. There, they must #1) find a spell caster or #2) take up residence in an insane asylum or #3) generate their own insane to feed off of.

The Soul Rangers

By Mark Graydon

There were these six guys from Lamordia and they were all evil, but they didn't know that about each other. After travelling for a while, they came upon the old temple, and the Gate that the Gatekeeper was guarding. He told them all that if they beat him in a game of chance, that they could see their homes again. Some of them had come from other worlds, and some were just tired of adventuring. So they all agreed to play one hand of poker. They lost, of course. They tried to leave right then and there, but the Gatekeeper used his powers to trap them all in a magical cage of Gates. Then, he proceeded to use his Soul Stripper wand on each of them, transforming them into Soul Rangers.

Jeff, the Bard - This character was extremely morbid...he sung eerie songs and told many lies...

William, the Fighter/Thief - This man used his trusty carbine gun in all things. He was great shot...but only because he practiced on his own screaming wife and children...

Zakery, the Necromancer - A creepy character, always lurking over dead bodies holding a strange abacus that he claimed would steal the soul of the enemy so that it wouldn't return to haunt them...

Selkirk, the Assassin - A thoroughly disgusting man, who frequently used poisons and diseases to kill his victims...claimed he used painless ones...and why was he so good at sneaking around?

Robert, the Fighter - a vicious, cruel, and violent man. Always had his pet boar with him, and seemed to have trained it to be extremely vicious...

Norton, the Thief - A highwayman, who wanted to go icognito for awhile...always wore a bandit mask however, and was very secretive and ruthless...

Anyway, upon transformation, these six became the loyal servants of the Gatekeeper, and he plays them in much the same ways that he plays his Order of Lost Souls.

JA - THE RATTLESNAKE

Soul Ranger, Neutral Evil.

Armor Class: 8

Movement: 12

Hit Dice: 8

Hit Points: 41

THAC0: 13

No. of Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d8

Special Attacks: Singing

Special Defenses: Nil

Magic Resistance: Nil

Str: 10

Dex: 6

Con: 10

Int: 15

Wis: 11

Cha: 10

Com: 2

Appearance:

Ja is a Soul Ranger through and through. He appears as a skeleton wearing a black leather trenchcoat and a red bandanna. He carries a gruesomely sharp battle axe and a lute.

Background:

Ja was a bard of some reknown. However, he was an evil person, and told lies about anything to get his way. This man was a very unique person in that he had absolutely NO morals or guilt. He would lie to women to seduce them, to shopkeepers to steal from them, to anybody he could just to put himself that much higher. A truly evil man such as this would be hard to find!

Current Sketch:

Since Ja has become the Gatekeeper's pet, he has kept his bardic history. Thus, he still has his lute, and plays mournful songs on it from time to time. Ja still remembers some of his past life, and often mourns this when nobody is around. But never does he feel remorse for his evil actions in the past. The thought that he may deserve what has happened to him hasn't occurred to him yet.

Combat:

Ja mainly attacks with his battle axe. He can also play haunting tunes on his lute, but this attack he reserves for before battle or from hiding.

On his lute, Ja can play many tunes, with the following effects:

Mournful Dirge: This diddy causes all who hear it to make a Fear check or suffer a -3 penalty to all die rolls due to depression.

Haunting Melody: This tune causes paranoia and fear. All listeners get a +1 bonus to any surprise rolls, but a -4 penalty to any Fear and Horror checks they must make.

Screaming Song: This song is Ja's only attacking one. Any living being who hears this suffers 1d6 damage from the stabbing and shrieking notes. Ja often screams along with this song.

WOKS - THE LOOTER

Soul Ranger, Chaotic Evil.

Armor Class: 7

Movement: 12

Hit Dice: 8

Hit Points: 28

THAC0: 13

No. of Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d12

Special Attacks: Nil

Special Defenses: As Skeleton

Magic Resistance: Nil

Str: 12
Dex: 13
Con: 15
Int: 11
Wis: 16
Cha: 14
Com: 2

Appearance:

Woks has had his appearance horribly mutated since his transformation into a Soul Ranger. He has large tusks of bone extending from his face in all directions, with two large ones coming up in front of his eyes.

The rest stick out around his face and mouth.

The clothes Woks wears are tattered and ripped, but he thinks he is the height of fashion in Ravenloft. He wears a cowboy hat, brown trenchcoat, and gloves.

Background:

Woks was a horrible man before he was changed. He beat his wife and children, and drank heavily. He also had a special fondness for his snaplock musket, with which he shot many things. One expression of his was, "I'll shoot anything that moves, and if it doesn't move, I'll shoot it to see if it will move."

As such, one night when Woks was very drunk, he came home to something that enraged him. His wife and children were packing up their things to leave. She told him that she had had enough, and that she was just going to leave everything except the clothes they had to him. But, Woks was very drunk. He got his musket and shot his wife through the head. This amused him, this knowledge that even when drunk, he could shoot very well. Then, he calmly stalked and shot all five of his little children.

Woks covered the crime by saying that his wife and children had left for their mother's for a visit. None of the neighbors heard the shots because Woks lived quite out of the way.

Current Sketch:

When Woks was transformed, the dark powers took their turn. Woks had certainly attracted their notice with his bloodthirsty murders, and now, the tusks on his face reflect this. They feel like gunshots against the inside of his skull, and they force the skull outward making tusks.

These tusks grow as well, and Woks will either have to chop them off, causing hideous pain and suffering, or lose all his former face to a mass of bony protrusions.

Combat:

Woks dark pennance has not come without a gift however. Now, he can gore and tear with the tusks, causing 1d6 damage.

Woks also still has his musket, with which he usually snipers people. He causes 1d12 damage each round with a shot from this. The Gatekeeper has enchanted the weapon to never need be reloaded either, but only in the hands of an undead creature.

He has affixed a cruel hooked blade onto the bottom of his gun with which he may slash, causing 1d4 damage.

Finally, Woks still has his theiving skills, which are shown below.

PP: 65%
OP: 15%
F/RT: 5%
MS: 35%
HS: 20%
DN: 25%
CW: 95%
RL: 10%

ZASS - THE SOUL TRADER

Soul Ranger, Neutral Evil.

Armor Class: 6
Movement: 11
Hit Dice: 8
Hit Points: 23
THAC0: 14
No. of Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d4
Special Attacks: Spells, Abacus of Soul Trapping
Special Defenses: Spells, Abacus of Soul Trapping
Magic Resistance: Nil

Str: 6
Dex: 15
Con: 6
Int: 15
Wis: 16
Cha: 13
Com: 2

Appearance:

Zass is a disturbing sight. He wears dark leather clothing, and a peaked cap. He has a pair of dark glasses on, and long silvery hair flows around his head. He also wears a pair of large, dark leather gloves, and carries an Abacus.

Background:

Zass, formerly known as Zakery was a dark and sinister Necromancer who was part of the ill-fated group that travelled to the Gatekeeper's lair and fell prey to his Soul-wand.

But before this time, Zakery was a most sinister man. He would lurk in graveyards and battlefields looking for lost souls. He would take these poor spirits, telling them that he could deliver them to rest, but in reality, he would capture them and trade them to dark beings.

He had a special abacus that he would use for this purpose. Each bead on the device could hold a soul. When a bead was moved over to the left side, the soul in that bead was trapped. When the bead was moved over to the right, the soul was free to go. The beads cannot be moved by gravity, only by a hand touching one and dragging it along its track to the other side. If the bead is left in the middle, then the spirit is trapped in constant agony, as part of it is pulled out of the bead, and part is kept in. Zakery would do this as punishment to enemies that particularly bothered him.

Zakery would capture the souls of his fallen enemies claiming to his companions that he was capturing the spirit so that it wouldn't trouble them anymore. He couldn't trap ghosts this way, unless they were dispersed (defeated) in combat.

What Zakery did with these souls is hidden away. He learned to feed upon them, but soon stopped this, because it tended to have a detrimental effect upon him. So, he started bargaining.

When he was confronted by a powerful and evil creature, he would barter a soul away or two. Most of the time this worked. When it didn't, well that was what his companions were for.

Current Sketch:

Zakery still goes around looking for souls, although he is much more open about it now.

Combat:

Zass is a dreadful opponent. He rarely engages in physical combat, due to his poor strength and constitution. He can attack with a dagger that he keeps on his person though.

Zass also still use his Abacus of Soul Trapping on fallen victims. Such victim's must be freed from the device before they are raised, or else an evil spirit will inhabit the body and turn it undead.

Zass also has his spells to cast. He studies his spells in the same manner as a Lich, and casts them normally. He casts as a level eight Necromancer.

Level 1: Animate Dead Animals, Comprehend Languages, Feather Fall, Find Familiar, Identify, Light, Locate Remains, Shield, Shocking Grasp, Spider Climb, Unseen Servant

Level 2: Darkness 15' Radius, Death Recall, Detect Evil, ESP, Fog Cloud, Ice Knife, Past Life, Whispering Wind

Level 3: False Face, Iron Mind, Non-Detection, Paralyze, Spirit Armor

Level 4: Evard's Black Tentacles, Summon Spirit

SEP - THE HOST BODY

Soul Ranger, Chaotic Evil.

Armor Class: 6

Movement: 12

Hit Dice: 8

Hit Points: 36

THAC0: 13

No. of Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d3+1

Special Attacks:

Special Defenses:

Magic Resistance: Nil

Str: 16

Dex: 15

Con: 11

Int: 12

Wis: 16
Cha: 11
Com: 2

Appearance:

Sep looks much different than any of the other Soul Rangers. He is dressed in all dark clothing, with a low cowboy hat. He also wears a mask that looks a lot like a gas mask, but only more primitive. As such, all that can be seen of his face are his eyes, and the bone sockets around them.

Background:

Sep, or Selkirk in life, was an Assassin. As such, he used poisons on a daily basis. He was an evil man, and when he learned that diseases could do the same as poison, only slower, he took them up gleefully.

When Selkirk joined the adventurers that became the Soul Rangers, he was kind of on vacation. He had no assignments, and his master (whom he only knew as "The Brain") had not given him anything for awhile. Thus, he took the opportunity to head out with this group and do what he pleased.

Selkirk had learned and made a number of things in his life however. He had created a special mask that had a permanent Filter spell cast upon it, thus protecting him from gases. He also, had found a way to turn poisons into gases and keep them in canisters. When the need arose, he would open these canisters and hurl them at his enemies. Most of the time he used simple poisons, but occasionally he used diseases, and whole towns have been destroyed by only one of his canisters.

When getting a target, Selkirk would usually use diseases, since they were much more reliable in destroying the target, and anyone nearby.

Current Sketch:

Sep has been roaming the lands for some time now, and has learned of something that he wants very badly. Magical viruses. He searches everywhere when he can for these horrible creatures, in hopes that he can capture them and use them to further his evil desires. So far, he has found none, but he still searches and listens for rumors.

One thing that Sep isn't aware of, is that his body has become a host for a number of viruses. These creatures don't harm him, but they do interfere with his life. Unknown to him, these viruses lash out and kill any other viruses that come near. Sep's body is riddled with numerous parasites, and they won't attack each other or their own kind, but any new viruses, such as the magical viruses he seeks, will be destroyed. Since all the viruses on his body are also in his canisters, they pose no danger. But Sep is doomed to never get another virus.

Combat:

Sep can fight with a knife if need be, but he much more prefers his canisters.

Sep has ten canisters strapped to his chest, and each one holds something different. Five are poisons, five are diseases. The poisons can be made through herbs that he can get in the forest, but he must catch the diseases in towns or on his victims.

Canister 1: Type G Poison
Canister 2: Type H Poison
Canister 3: Type I Poison

Canister 4: Type J Poison
Canister 5: Type K Poison
Canister 6: Contagion, like the spell
Canister 7: Plague Curse, like the spell Canister 8: Scourge, like the spell
Canister 9: Cause Disease, Debilitating, like the spell Canister 10: Cause Disease, Fatal, like the spell

Also, bare contact with Sep can inflict any of these diseases, which is up to the DM. The character does get a check to avoid the disease.

This is a Constitution (Health) check with a that has the following modifiers:

If Sep touches the victim in a moist environment: -2 penalty

If the character wears the same clothes after being touched by Sep: -2 penalty

If Sep touches the victim in an area with fresh, swirling air: +4 bonus

If the character wears gloves and touches Sep: +2 bonus (Note that since Sep is corpse, there is a -2 penalty, but this is offset by his wearing gloves and inflicting diseases with his touch which makes it more difficult. This modifier only comes into play if a victim touches Sep, instead of Sep touching him.)

If the victim bathes after being touched by Sep: +4 bonus

Thus, as you can see, this check must be made after the character has had time to perform these actions if he wishes. But they must be done right away.

Sep lost his thieving skills upon his transformation, due to his lack of practice in them, and his lack of interest.

ROTT - THE FACE RIPPER

Soul Ranger, Chaotic Evil.

Armor Class: 7

Movement: 13

Hit Dice: 8

Hit Points: 34

THAC0: 12

No. of Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d6+1

Special Attacks:

Special Defenses:

Magic Resistance: Nil

Str: 17

Dex: 12

Con: 14

Int: 9

Wis: 11

Cha: 12

Com: 2

Appearance:

Rott is a Soul Ranger through and through. He appears as a skeleton in a dark blue trenchcoat and a cowboy hat. He also has one very distinctive article of clothing however. He has a large muzzle strapped to his face. This muzzle points out, as if it were intended for a dog as well. He carries a short sword at his hip, and usually has his trusty Boar with him.

Background:

Rott, or Robert as he was known in life, was a sadistic man before his changing. He was nasty, vicious, evil, and violent. He was prone to drinking, but not too often, as he usually wanted to be sober when he did his horrible deeds.

Robert has a pet as well. It is a large Boar with dark blue fur. The creature has a gleam of intelligence in its eyes, and a cruel streak a mile wide. The creature delighted in killing its prey viciously and terribly, and of course used its tusks to do so. Thus, Rott took to sharpening them. They now gleam in the slightest light.

Rott started to become even more violent however. He started to reward his Boar by tearing the face of the victims off, and feeding it to the creature.

This grisly work started to affect Robert's mind however, and muddled it. He started eating the faces himself. But he wouldn't kill just one person now. He would kill as many as possible so that he and his Boar could get an equal share of "meals".

The Robert was changed to Rott, and his whole life changed with him. He gained a delectable power from the Dark Powers; the ability to rip one's face off with his bare hands! However, his curse is that he must feed upon them. Even as an undead creature, he must feed upon them, otherwise he slowly weakens (loses 1 HD per week spent unfed).

The Gatekeeper learned of this however, and saw it as gruesome, disgusting, and attracting FAR too much attention for his liking. Thus, he called Rott to him, and muzzled him. Using a combination of Strahd's Baneful Attractor, Mask of Death, Throbbing Bones, and Enchant an Item spells, he made it so that the muzzle was fused into Rott's skull.

Current Sketch:

Even with his muzzle, Rott hasn't given up his habits! He know however, must strain the faces he rips through the muzzle, and he has stopped ripping people's faces off considerably. He only does so once a week now.

Rott currently wanders the land, simply taking pleasure in violence and horrible deaths. He often visits morgues and cemeteries if there are fresh victims who were horribly mutilated. All he wants however, is to observe these people, to learn new tricks.

Combat:

Rott can fight with a weapon, and he still has his short sword with him. It is unique among such weapons, for his has many barbs, hooks, and sharp spikes on it. Also, his strength helps him wield it.

Rott can also rip off faces, if he takes his gloves off. He can only rip faces off however, not other parts of the body. If he chooses to do so, then he has a +1 penalty to initiative, and a THAC0 of 16. If he hits, he causes 1d3 damage, and the victim must save vs. death magic. If successful, Rott has only scraped the victim, and nothing else happens. If the save is failed, then the victim's face is ripped off, and can only be replaced with a Graft Flesh, Repair Injury, or similar spell. The victim also starts to bleed horribly, taking 1d12 damage per round, and effectively incapacitated.

Rott also tells his Boar to attack often. However, if the creature is near death, he will do almost anything to defend it and escape.

Rott's Boar: AL: LE; AC: 7; MV: 15; HD: 3+3; hp: 14; THAC0: 17; #AT: 1; Dmg: 3d4; SA: Nil; SD: Fight after death; MR: Nil; SZ: S (3'); ML: 15; XP: 175
Str: 9; Dex: 10; Con: 8; Int: 4; Wis: 3; Cha: 2 - Rott's Boar will fight for an additional 1d4+1 rounds when he is between 0 and -6 hp. At -7 he dies immediately.

Rott and his Boar also have a unique way of healing. By eating a face, they can be healed 1/3 of their current damage.

Tactyle

By Shadowspawn the Dragon

Introduction:

"See no evil, hear no evil"

The tactyle is a foul yet sad creature, driven solely by an insane hunger for the sensations it has been deprived of. Having only the sense of touch to guide them, these creatures wander endlessly through a dark, silent world with no smell, no tastes and no emotions at all, just the need to find the next victim and absorb his/her feelings. It makes no noises except for a light rasping sound when moving, similar to the scratch of soft fur when being carelessly dragged about. No attempt to communicate with such creatures has ever been successful, and the use of mind-communication either through spell or psionics calls for an immediate madness check because of the wholly alien nature of these senseless beings.

TACTYLE

Climate/Terrain:	Underground areas
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary or pack
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Special
Intelligence:	Animal to Semi (1 - 4)
Treasure:	nil
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	1 or 1d4
Armor Class:	3
Movement:	6 (see below)
Hit Dice:	3+3
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	2 or 1
Damage/Attack:	1d4/1d4 or special
Special Attacks:	see below
Special Defenses:	see below
Magic Resistance:	Nil (see below)
Size:	Small (2-3 ft.)
Morale:	Champion (16)
XP Value:	2000

Appearance:

A tactyle looks very much like a 3 to 4-foot tall bundle of fur coats, or a small figure, vaguely humanoid, covered with a heavy, oversized hooded fur coat. Actually, it might be mistaken for a child playing with an adult's coat, for its furry skin, usually dull black or brown in color, is folded many times over, with obvious lots of furry tissue hanging from the four small extremities taken as limbs. Its "hooded head" looks always bowed, hiding the creature's true alien appearance. Its hands look tiny and chubby. When looked under daylight or another bright light, the monster can be perceived for what it is, as its "hands" are three-fingered disgusting suckers,

its "hood" actually is a part of its body, and its "face" has no distinguishable eyes, nose, mouth or ears, just a spongy tissue riddled by unequal skin patches that are highly adhesive. Anyone looking at the creature's "face" for the first time must make a fear check. Gnomes must also make a horror check upon the realization of what they are facing. When the former identity of the tactyle (see Ecology) is revealed, the characters must make a horror check (gnomes have a -2 penalty and, depending on the situation, a madness check might be in order). These creatures tend to avoid brightly-lit areas and hide in shadows most of the time.

Combat:

The slow, clumsy tactyle may at first look easy to defeat. Nothing could be farther from the truth, though, as they are fearsome opponents. Whenever it senses the presence of a living being within range, the creature radiates an aura of dullness, which affects all living creatures in a 30-foot radius. Anyone subject to the aura and failing a saving throw versus paralysis starts to feel tired, weak and bored, suffering the effects of a slow spell and an additional -1 penalty in all dice rolls until he or she is attacked or leaves the area. The tactyle then moves in to attack.

A tactyle makes two attacks per round with its sucking hands, inflicting 1d4 points of damage with each successful hit. If both three-fingered suckers hit in a given round, the creature has adhered to the victim's body and in the next round it automatically attaches its "head" unless the victim makes a save vs. paralysis with a -1 penalty. In the second round that it is attached to the victim, the monster starts feeding on the character's senses and Dexterity. The victim must succeed in a saving throw versus death magic every other round while attached. Each round the victim fails the save, he or she loses one sense and 2 points of Dexterity. The senses are drained in the following order: hearing, vision, taste and smell (touch is never drained). When a victim is drained of all four senses or reaches 0 in Dexterity, one of two things may happen: if the victim was a gnome, halfling, dwarf or any other small-sized humanoid race, he or she becomes comatose and develops a black furry cocoon, emerging from it as a new tactyle after seven days. If the victim was of any other race, he or she simply falls into a coma-like state, and cannot be awakened unless blessed first. Other spells can be used as detailed below.

The absorption process is quite painful for the victim, as it leaves permanent deformity: the tongue swells and becomes sickly gray, eyelids fuse together and ears enfold themselves. The sight of such a fast transformation calls for a horror check. When the sense of smell is lost, the victim still breathes (in the case of gnomes and other small humanoids, the horrible transformation has already begun). At any time during the process the person can be freed if the tactyle receives more than 10 points of damage at once in the same round. The victim, though, is utterly unable to freed him/herself without help, as the searing pain is enough to drive one crazy.

The tactyle feeds on this pain as well as on the lost senses. Once freed, the victim may be treated as follows:

The damage must first be treated with a Remove Curse, then reversed by an appropriate curative spell: Cure Blindness and Cure Deafness work in the two initial stages for the respective losses; taste and smell require a Heal, Regeneration, Dispel Evil, Limited Wish or Wish spell. Empathic Wound Transfer and Wound Conferral also work but only transfer the affliction to the caster or the third party, respectively. Cure Disease has no effect. Once the cocoon stage has initiated,

only a Dispel Evil, Limited Wish or Wish will bring the victim back. Raise Dead, Reincarnation and Resurrection do not work on a cocoon, as the victim is not truly dead.

Once sated, the monster usually leaves the area, unless attacked. If this happens it defends itself to the best of its abilities, not out of courage, but because of a special feature of its curse: although not directly affected by many forms of attack, the creature does feel the pain they would normally inflict and suffers a lot. In this case, every round it has a 50% chance of entering a berserker rage that doubles its movement rate, gives it a +2 to attack (not damage), and worsens its Armor Class by 2. If real damage is inflicted during a sucking process, as stated above, the creature separates itself from its chosen victim and redirects the attack to the nearest attacking foe.

As it is totally blind and deaf, spells that affect such senses (including most illusions and many enchantments and necromantic spells) are useless against the tactyle. Also, invisible and hidden-in-shadows or silently-moving foes have no special advantage against it, as it can feel subtle changes in the environmental heat and movement through the air around it, to a maximum radius of 50 feet. Surprising a tactyle is almost impossible (1 in 1d20 chance), while the monster itself has 85% chance of moving silently and hiding in shadows (at its normal movement rate). It can feel the border between lit and dark areas through heat waves with 80% accuracy when moving from one to another.

Only +1 or better weapons or weapons of pure silver can harm a tactyle, but even then piercing weapons cause only one point of damage plus the magical bonus (no bonus for Strength,), due to the creature's double-folded layers of skin. Similarly, magical bludgeoning weapons cause half damage (add magical and Strength bonus, then round down). Magical slashing weapons cause normal damage, and emit a cloth-ripping sound when they do it. As noted, the creature still feels the pain and will attack the damaging opponent with redoubled strength.

Fire-, water-, earth- and cold-based spells inflict half damage (rounded down) to the creature (if a saving throw is applicable and successfully made, one-quarter damage), but electricity-based spells and attacks inflict 150% damage. The tactyle knows that and must make a morale check at a -2 penalty whenever it feels electricity in the air (even when it has not directly hit its body, such as if a lightning strikes a nearby tree). Due to the creature's cursed nature, though, it feels pain every time it is hit by a damaging spell, even when damage is minimum, so it will avoid spellcasters at any cost. It is also quite vulnerable to spells and powers that inflict pain, as well as to the Flesh to Stone spell (whenever a saving throw is applicable, it is done at a -2 penalty).

Habitat/Society:

Tactyles do not form communities, but sometimes they gather in packs of 1d4 creatures in order to bring down a particularly powerful foe, as they feel during combat. Some sages speculate that they can also feel magical and perhaps even psionic dweomers around characters and creatures with such abilities. They tend to avoid such beings whenever possible. It has been reported, though, that sometimes a tactyle eagerly advances and attacks an illusionist, either gnome or human. Perhaps they can distinguish the magical vibrations of the Illusion school and knows that such magic has almost no effect against them. Or perhaps they attack out of hatred, as illusions are the preferred spells among gnomes and they may instinctively resent the presence of anyone

that reminds some small portion of their feral minds of anything from their former lives. This behavior still remains a mystery.

Ecology:

Tactyles are unnatural creatures, most of the time spawned by others of their foul breed, as a result of their feeding habits. However, they can also be created through the use of powerful alteration magic. The gnome alchemist Kasselheim Blightlyng has created the first tactyles a long time ago. Shunning illusion and everything that related to it, the alchemist tortured dozens of gnomes and created these monstrosities during his experiments with the senses and sensations, particularly tact, as sight, smell and hearing might be more easily tampered with by the illusions created by his peers. The results of Kasselheim's research were too well succeeded and went a lot farther than he had expected, giving birth to a race that has indeed the strongest sense of tact, while having no other senses at all. In the end, they are pitiful beings, but woe to the fool that feels compassion and fails to perceive the danger! They are also merciless monsters and will (literally) listen to no cries of pain and no begs for release.

A tactyle must feed at least once every seven days, getting the four senses of any sentient being (even animals will do). Undead are of no use to them, even vampires, as they feel no body heat in such creatures and probably perceive their senses as "tainted". If unable to absorb the senses of at least one sentient living being per week, the creature loses one HD and goes through the effects of the berserker rage. Every week it goes without "food", it loses an additional HD until it dies. Then its skin quickly rots away, leaving nothing more than a mass of bubbling gore. Besides their direct assault on other creatures' senses and possible spreading of their cursed race, tactyles have no other impact on the environment, and pay no attention to it either. They carry no treasure and keep no permanent lair or horde, leaving everything with the victims. Some sages speculate that the skin of a tactyle might be used in the creation of different types of magical bags (of holding etc.). There is no price established to such a dreaded (and considered by many as of ill luck) byproduct of this creatures, though, and gnomish communities might want the skins to burn them in a proper funeral ceremony.

Werehawk

(The Winged Guardian of Justice)

By Shadowspawn the Dragon

LYCANTHROPE, WEREHAWK

Climate/Terrain:	Temperate wetlands
Frequency:	very rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity cycle:	any
Diet:	carnivore
Intelligence:	High to Genius (13-18)
Treasure:	see below
Alignment:	lawful good or neutral good
No. appearing:	1-3
AC:	6
Movement:	12 (human form), 1, Fl. 33 (B) (animal form), 12, Fl. 24 (C) (hybrid form)
HD:	5+2
THACO:	15
N° Attacks 3:	(animal form) or 1
Damage:	1d2/1d2/1 (hawk) 1d4+1/1d4+1/2d6 (hybrid) or by weapon
Special attacks:	see below
Special defenses:	+1, silver or cold-forged iron weapon to hit
Size:	S (animal) / M (human)
Morale:	Champion (15)
Magic resistance:	Nil
XP:	Warrior classes 975 Minor spellcaster 1,400 Major spellcaster 2,000

Background:

In Ravenloft, most creatures known as lycanthropes are evil and hostile, some quietly preying on unwary humans or humanoids that see them as common neighbors, others attacking any sentient creature they encounter in the forests. But a few of them behave just like the animals they are associated to, hunting only for food, fighting only to protect themselves, their lairs or their families. Fewer yet join the ranks of Goodness, striving to keep what little peace and happiness they can manage to achieve for them and their loved ones against the constant, countless menaces found in the Land of Mists. Such is the case of the werehawk, a rare breed of lycanthropes created by an ancient god of Law and Goodness to defeat Evil in its most terrible manifestations.

The werehawks count their tale back to the years when Ankhtepot ruled over the nation from which Har' Akir was taken away by the Mists. After being cursed by Ra, the evil pharaoh used his newfound powers to kill most priests. Ra observed that, although his curse had effectively made Ankhtepot suffer as he deserved, he did not learn the lesson, but instead was trying to take personal profit from his misfortune. Then the god summoned one of his mostly devoted priests

deep into the desert and there taught him a special ritual by which he would be transformed into a new creature and then become able to confront the evil pharaoh and his minions.

But by the time the faithful priest had finished the ritual, the other priests had already killed Ankhtepot and entombed him. The power of Ra waned from that area, and as the Mists raised around the forming domain, the priest got lost. He was transported through the Mists to another land, far away from Har' Akir. Since that time he has spread his lycanthropy to a few chosen, teaching them the tenets of Ra's faith. He soon discovered that his powers had been warped and diminished, but that did not diminish his faith. On the contrary, the ranks of the werewhaws are slowly growing and spreading as tiny stars in the ever-dark skies of the Demiplane of Dread.

Appearance:

As most true lycanthropes, werewhaws can assume three shapes at will. Their humanoid aspect usually is that of a man or woman with deep brown eyes, raised eyebrows, a hawk-like nose, tanned skin and few body hair. Their bodies normally are elegant, light and agile, and their general demeanor is serious and thoughtful. They rarely smile and almost never laugh, as preciously few things can make them truly happy. In secondary aspect the werewhawk looks like a huge hawk, a noble, fearsome 3-foot tall bird, with a wingspan of up to 7 feet. Their plumage usually is silver or ash in color. Their tertiary aspect is that of a humanoid creature, about 7 feet in height, with red eyes shining in a hawk head. Their feet turn into huge talons, and their arms become wings of up to 15-foot span.

Combat:

Because of their superior eyesight, werewhaws can only be surprised on a roll of 1 in 1d10, unless somehow blinded. The creature employs attacks according to its current form. In human form is must rely on weapons, and werewhaws usually do not have any supernatural strength often associated with other lycanthropes.

In huge hawk form it prefers to make a diving attack from a height of 100 feet or more in the first round of combat, with a +2 to hit and inflicting double talon damage. It cannot attack with the beak in the same round of a diving attack. During the rest of the combat, the creature attacks with its talons and beak. Werewhaws target eyes and they have a 25% probability of striking an eye whenever its beak strikes. Opponents struck in the eye are blinded for 1d10 rounds and have a 10% chance of losing the use of the eye. In hybrid form, the werewhawk uses the same tactics for diving attacks and eye pecking, but inflicting considerably more damage (20% chance of permanent blindness). In either form, the werewhawk can only be hit by magical weapons or those made of silver or cold-forged iron. Its natural allergen is the nightshade. Creatures hit by the werewhawk have 2% chance per point of damage inflicted of contracting lycanthropy. Different from other lycanthropes, infected werewhaws usually transform during the day and not at night. Most werewhaws are warriors, either fighters, rangers or avengers (aiming mummies as their enemies), able to go as far as the 10th level. Roughly 10% of all werewhaws may have some priestly abilities, having major access to the All, Charm, Creation, Healing, Necromantic and Sun spheres and minor access to Animal, Combat, Elemental and Weather, and rising in level as far as the 6th-level. They are also able to turn undead and have a +2 bonus to their turning rolls against desert zombies and mummies. They can only wear non-metallic or bronze armor and are restricted to bludgeoning weapons, but can use a bronze shield. Any granted powers associated

with the cult of Ra have been lost. From sunset to sunrise they cast spells as if they were one level lower than they are, as a sign of their link with the sun.

Among the priestly werehawks, less than one in ten is able to advance in level until the 12th level, subject to the same restrictions. There are rumors and tales telling of the Knights of Ra, warriors consecrated by the priestly werehawks to perform good actions and battle evil. If these rumors are to be believed, there should be no more than a half dozen of such warriors. Among them, perhaps, there might be one paragon, or so the werehawks hope...

Habitat/Society:

Werehawks are even rarer than wereravens. They form family units of usually one couple and from one to two small children. The young remain with their parents until they reach the equivalent to human adolescence, which usually happens around 10 years. At this age they look like 15-year humans, and are able to go adventuring. Until that date, they are taught in the mysteries of Ra's faith and about the need for goodness to prevail. Most of them also follow the path of Law, but some prefer to keep balance and become Neutral Good instead. So far there has been no report of evil werehawks. Their families tend to live alone in the outskirts of society, as some domain lords (especially those who are spellcasters or highly connected with the Land) are able to feel their presence as if they were paladins, regardless of their true class. At DM's discretion, other powerful and evil entities might be able to sense their presence at a distance of up to 100 yards. Werehawks are known to be in good terms with wereravens and might even live near them, if not for this detection aspect. Werehawks will by no means endanger their trusted allies, so they avoid wereraven-populated forests. This seems to be a quirk given by the Dark Powers as to ensure those two good lycanthrope races will not join forces that easily.

If the DM is willing to accept a werehawk PC, no more than one should be in a party. Werehawks don't like to work as a team, unless they are all from the same family, as they know that the more of them get together, the easier will be for the creatures of darkness to spot them. The werehawk has the following ability adjustments: Wisdom +1 (to a maximum of 18), Strength -1.

Ecology:

Werehawks are carnivore, eating as much as 15 pounds of fresh meat or 30 pounds of cooked meat everyday. They suffer a 1/8 hit point loss for each day they stay without feeding properly (refer to the article *Beasts at Heart* in the Book of Souls). Because of this, werehawks that settle down tend to become herders. They will not willingly kill a sentient being for food, unless in extreme conditions. If they do that, they are subject to the same alignment changes all other lycanthropes may suffer.

White Wolf

By Stormonu

Prologue

Norrick squatted in the hall, holding his knees nearly against his face. The air was bitterly chill since the fire had gone out. He held his steel blade in his hand, the blade pointed down, the chill metal biting his bare skin. His companions were all clustered in the hall, heavy furs thrown over them, their bodies unmoving as if dead.

Wisps of frosty air blossomed from Norrick's mouth as the howl rose above the pitch of the wind outside. Norrick stretched his stiff, cold muscles and rose as the howl died down. He jostled his sword in his hand, trying to warm the skin that clung to the frozen steel. It was coming again, and this time there was no fire to drive it away.

White Wolf's Domain:

Somewhere in a frozen island drifting through Ravenloft, lies a perpetually frozen plain, frosted with a foot-thick layer of snow upon every surface. In the very center of this plain sits a stone and wood cottage, ancient yet inviting. This cottage is only one story, yet has rooms enough to comfortably house five separate occupants. The larders have long been emptied, its woodstock gone and the furniture threadbare. The past occupants have cut back the thick woods from the cottage to some seven-hundred feet, and the stumps of felled trees extends to within fifty feet of the cottage. To the east of the cottage lies a thin stream, its top frozen over, but within one can catch half-drowsed fish.

Within the house, there seems no remaining clues to the current whereabouts of the previous owners. A few moth-eaten blankets of fur and mattresses of feathers can be found in the bedrooms, along with a fireplace in each, and all the wardrobe trunks and drawers have been emptied to leave naught but a thin lining of dust within them.

The kitchen is likewise, containing a strong table marred with cut-marks from ancient meals, and bare counters and cabinets long left barren. The stove within the kitchen has been well-tended over the years, though it has a coat of dust upon it to show its long disuse. Within its bowels one can find the ashes of ancient fire, now some three winters dead at least.

Perhaps the most intriguing room of the cottage is the living room, with its plush, but threadbare appointments. A large plush and faded chair sits upon an elegant carpet, facing the entrance. Beside it is a low table, upon which rests an ashtray and a long-forgotten pipe laid neatly beside it. There are old ashes still in the pipe, and amid the dust in the ashtray some bits of tobacco may still be found.

Also in the living room is a great fireplace of stone, the ashes of a long-ago fire still in the hearth. Atop the mantle is a great clock, wound down over the neglected time. Above that looms a bear head, its lips curled back in a snarl, but its snout covered in a fine coat of dust.

Along the walls of the living room stand two great oil portraits, one of a dark, well-groomed man with long beard and curling hair, the other a bright picture of a lady in fine raiment with skin that seems to glow with beauty, and with locks of golden hair.

Those venturing out into the chill air find it hard going. Those who remain outside, even protected against the chill elements still suffer 1d2 points of damage per round from the stinging cold. Those who venture out along the plains find them without end, and no kind grace makes the path back to the cottage any the shorter, and the furious winds and snow that whip up on the domain may obscure all paths back to the safe haven of the house. The real domain is only about 500 feet across. Once the characters enter the domain however, whether or not the White Wolf is active, the border closes - making the plain "endless". So, when the players first enter the realm, they are only about 250 feet from the house, about 2 rounds distant.

At any given time, there is a 1 in 4 chance that a storm blows up outside lasting an hour, and any who are caught within the howling wind and blowing snow suffer 1d8 damage per round if unprotected against the cold, and 1d4 if protected. Even those with magical protection against cold suffer 1 point of damage per round. A character who loses more than ½ their hit points to the cold begins to suffer the first effects of hypothermia and frostbite (to exposed areas), resulting in a -2 penalty to all ability scores until the character is treated (by magic or with the healing proficiency).

Those within the unheated house are not safe from the elements either, and as long as no fire blazes in the house, those within suffer 1d2 points of damage as if they were outside. Being inside however, does protect one from the raging storms outside. As long as a fire blazes in the room the characters are in (or an adjacent one if doors are left open), no damage is taken. However, beyond the dangers of the house, there is an even worse fate awaiting them. If characters are foolish enough to chop down wood from the nearby forest to heat the house, or hunt the fish in the stream, they awaken the spirit of the White Wolf, and its curse. If the characters can manage to survive in the cottage one night without burning wood from the forest, or eating fish from the stream, they have won their freedom, and when they depart from the cottage, they find they can traverse the plains to arrive in the mists or another realm, at the DM's discretion.

If, however, the White Wolf is awakened, the characters' only escape is the White Wolf's destruction. Luckily, the White Wolf is afraid of fire, and as long as fire burns in the house, it will not enter. However, the White Wolf has complete control of the weather once awakened, and is likely to batter the house with storm to prevent those inside from going to get more wood. It will attack those attempting to gather wood, though it will prefer to attack those not wielding fire of some sort.

Eventually, the characters may discover the trapdoor in the rear room of the house (hidden under a bed) that leads down into the cellars - and the older part of the house. Within these dark, frozen tunnels lie the frozen corpses of the last victims of the house. Most notable of these corpses is one that resembles the man in the portrait, seated in an earthen chair holding a flintlock pistol. Beside him are five bullets of lead and enough Smoke Powder for an equal number of shots. Note that the pistol shots cannot permanently slay the White Wolf, but may draw it off for some

time. Further, within the vest pocket of the dead man is a bottle of strange, syrupy fluid. If this fluid is poured down the gullet of a corpse, it will act as a Speak with Dead spell, cast at 14th level. The old man knows how the White Wolf can be defeated permanently, but since he does not wish to see his house destroyed, will not reveal it unless prodded. If used on the other corpses, they know how to hurt the White Wolf, but do not know how to permanently destroy it. There are about 6 corpses in the basement; one for each bedroom plus the original owner. The owner of the house brought each of the bodies to the basement after they had died so they wouldn't be in the way upstairs. Then the fire finally died upstairs, and the owner was too fearful to venture outside, he set himself up in the basement, thinking the wolf would never come there. It didn't, and he froze to death waiting for it, in the cold. As for those who have died since this place has become a pocket domain, their corpse ends up replacing one of the ones below, but never the owner's body. This of course occurs while the characters aren't looking. Empty wooden casks and barrels can be found here, and if this wood is used instead of the wood from the woods, it will not awaken the wolf, but if the White Wolf is already awakened, it will not quell it. The White Wolf may also attack characters who dare to brave the cellars. The White Wolf is a noncorporeal entity, much like a ghost. It can pass through doors, walls, and floor. It has no restriction to enter the house, but won't appear where there is fire or a strong heat source. Since the cellars are kept unheated, those venturing there will be prime targets.

Note: The white wolf didn't bother anyone from the original crew in the cellars because only the dead were being brought there. If they had attempted to glean the wood from the crates and barrels, the Wolf would surely have attacked.

White Wolf

Climate/Terrain:	Arctic
Frequency:	Unique
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any (Night preferably)
Diet:	Life Energy
Intelligence:	Low (6)
Treasure:	nil
Alignment:	Neutral (evil)
No App:	1
AC:	-2
Move:	15
HD:	6+6
THAC0:	15
N° of Attack:	1
Damage:	1d6 + Str drain
Spec Attacks:	2 level drain, Ice breath weapon
Spec Defenses:	+2 weapon to be hit; spell immunity
Magic Resistance:	25%
Size:	M (4' at shoulder)
Morale:	Fanatical (20)
XP Value:	10,000

History:

The White Wolf was brought into existence long ago because of a dispute between a land owner and a nearby group of druids. The land owner cleared many miles of forest for his own purposes and hunted many of the animals of the woods down for sport. He then hunted down and slew the nearby druids when they protested. As the last died in the falling snow, he cursed the land owner - that the land itself would avenge themselves. Shortly thereafter the White Wolf arose, and slew the land owner, and all of his guests. The realm was drawn into Ravenloft, and those who have wandered into the realm of the White Wolf have had to content with its mighty wrath.

Appearance:

The White wolf appears as a large wolf of unequalled size. Its coat is silver except for a stark white underbelly and a streak of purest black along its back and tail. The eyes of the White Wolf seem to be empty holes into the land about it, and the whole of the creature is transparent and altogether unnatural. Being noncorporeal, it leaves no trace of its passing.

Combat:

The White Wolf strikes by biting at its foes, dealing 1d6 damage from the sheer cold (and leaving no visible mark) and draining 1 point of Strength from its victim. A foe drained to 0 Strength lapses into unconsciousness. Against sleeping foes or those who have lapsed into unconsciousness, the White Wolf stands within 3' of the victim and begins leeching 2 life energy levels per round. Victims drained of their levels die, apparently frozen to death. If pressed, the White Wolf can breathe a Cone of Cold, 5' wide and 10' long that deals 2d8 damage to those caught in it, and douses any fire it contacts. The White Wolf can only use this attack once per day, and usually reserves to use it against fire-wielding opponents.

In combat, the White Wolf is immune to weapons of less than +2 enchantment, or that are made of silver. It suffers maximum damage from any fire attack, and avoids it wherever possible. However, if slain by such attacks, it is merely disappated for the period of 12 hours, in which it will reform. The White Wolf can only be permanetly slain if the cursed cabin within the heart of the domain is burned to the ground. Another way might be to find the bodies of the druids who cast the curse and lay them to rest (but that means facing the freezing cold outside to find them, whilst being hunted by the wolf..). The third alternative is to offer some sort of tribute to the White Wolf to "pay" for the use of the wood - and the only thing I can think of in that matter is for a PC/NPC to sacrifice themselves (perhaps a reincarnated manifestation of the real owner who has been with the PCs?).

Cold-wrought iron that passes through the White Wolf heals it for 2 hit points per strike. The White Wolf also has the same immunities as other undead - being resistance to charm, sleep, hold and death spells. Ice magic cast at the White Wolf heals the beast for 1 hit point of damage per HD of damage it would have caused.

Habitat/Society:

The White Wolf is not really a creature of undeath, but more a manifestation of the barren, cold earth stripped by the accursed landowner, and driven by the will of the beasts and druids who were slain. Its only goal is the destruction of those who violate the woods, whether their use is just or malicious.

Ecology:

The White Wolf is not a natural beast, and reverts to vapor when slain.

Witch Mare

By Stormonu

Prologue

Nimblethumbs awoke with a slight start. After the initial disorientation of being roused from deep sleep faded, he looked up beyond the crackling campfire. The night was chill, and he could see the cold wisps of his own breath before him, disappearing into the icy mist surrounding the campfire.

At the edge of his sight, surrounded by a white nimbus from the setting moon, a black steed stood, its fiery eyes transfixed on him. It bore a saddle of the blackest leather, studded with gold, and its nostrils flared cold goutts of steam into the drifting mist about it. Each impatient stomp of its hooves showered sparks across the damp grass, and Nimblethumbs felt a shiver of excitement run down his back.

Nimblethumbs looked to comrades, each asleep around the sparking fire, dreaming blissfully. Careful not to disturb his companions, he stepped around the camp towards the waiting steed. His hand out, Nimblethumbs spoke soothingly to the horse. It did not flinch or cast about, and he lightly placed his hand on the great beast's forehead, then lightly took up the reins. As he stepped to the side of the horse, he continued to speak soothing words.

This wasn't the first time he had seen the horse at the edge of the camp. The first night, he had attempted to awaken his comrades, but the horse vanished before they saw it. He had tried to drive it away the second night, but now it was back again.

Nimblethumbs examined the saddle for signs who might be the owner of the horse. There were no engraved letters as he had hoped, and there were no identifying brands or other marks on the horse's flanks.

"Well, big boy," Nimblethumbs stated, gazing into the horse's yellow eye, "let's see what your game is, shall we?"

Without another word, Nimblethumbs lept astride the saddle. He had hardly grasped the reigns when the horse suddenly turned from the camp, and bolted into the woods, and heavy mist. As the horse raced through the thick foliage, Nimblethumbs protected his face with one hand as twigs and sharp thorns slashed at his face and body. With his other hand he grasped the reins, and fought against the horse's actions. Despite all his jerking against the reins, the horse neither swerved nor slowed.

Finally, without warning, the foliage parted, and the horse slowed to a canter. Pulling his scraped and battered hand from his face, Nimblethumbs was faced with a sight that made his jaw drop.

The fog had melted away, and so had the night. Before him rose the familiar shapes of a village he thought he would never see again, the wisps of black smoke from the warm cottages rising in the morning mist. He could not believe that even the strange land of Barovia could shelter a village so like his own.

As he closed to the small town, he stopped a passing farmer, on his way out to the fields. "Excuse me, kind sir, what village is this?"

The man put down his pack, laughing as he did so. "Why Nicholas," the man cried out in a pleasant voice, the use of his own true name catching Nimblethumbs off-guard, "This is Hommlet, don't you remember? Why Missy will be right glad to see you back! Where have you been?"

Nimblethumbs politely smiled, still wary and amazed at where he now stood. He did step down from the horse as the farmer continued. Still caught in shock, Nimblethumbs did not catch the man's name, or most of his talk. Finally, he managed to burst out, "Is the old inn - The Welcome Wench, still open?"

"Aye," the farmer replied, sensing the conversation coming to an end, "she's likely to just be opening her doors now."

"Thanks," breathed Nimblethumbs, and continued into town.

As the farmer had stated, Nimblethumbs found the inn, and stepped in after tying the horse outside. The interior hadn't changed in the slightest, and it began to put Nimblethumbs at ease. For the first time in so many months, Nimblethumbs was able to sigh deeply and relax, free of worry and concern. With a plate of hot food and a bit of wine, the hour passed quietly for Nimblethumbs. But as the fourth hour wound to a close, the sounds of agitated neighs and whinnies bellowed from outside. Tossing the barkeep his fare for the meal and drink, Nimblethumbs hurried outside.

He found the great black mare untethered, not more than a few feet from where he had tied it. The horse whinnied and bucked, and Nimblethumbs carefully approached it, trying to calm it. "What's wrong?" he kept asking it, grasping for the reins.

Finally, the horse seemed to calm. Nimblethumbs stepped to the side of the horse, calming it with soft strokes. As his hand brushed the saddle, he felt a queer sensation - almost like a command. Before he could stop himself, he swung up onto the saddle, and took the reins. Like a shot, the horse bolted away from the town, with Nimblethumbs astride the back. The wind raced in his face, and as he raced towards the nearby woods, a sense of impending dread began to creep over his heart. With a great bound, the black horse leapt into the dark woods with abandon, as if hell itself were on the heels of horse and rider. Again Nimblethumbs brought up his arm to shield his face ...

And he awoke with a start as his companions nudged him to wake. "Come on, sleepyhead," Norrick was stating, the grim companion standing over him, dressed, shaved and tightening his shoulder belt.

"We've given you more than enough sleep this morning," Jealce was saying as she was scattering the ashes of last night's fire.

Nimblethumbs ran his hand over his face. He felt exhausted, as if he had had no sleep through the night. He looked to the far side of the camp, to where the nearby Slavich woods stood, like silent and brooding sentinels. Had he dreamed the return home? If it wasn't, would the horse return again?

The Witch Mare

nightmare

AC: -4

HD: 6+6

Hp: 48

Align: Neutral Evil

#Att: 3

Dam: 2d4+2/2d4+2/2d4

Powers:

Burning Hooves, Paralyzing Cloud, Empathic link to rider (save vs. spells at -2 or falls under power of the Witch Mare for the night), Empathic link to animals (can control wild or domesticated animals, of up to 12 HD at one time. Trained animals receive a save vs. spells to avoid)

Personality/ Current Sketch:

The Witch Mare came to Ravenloft quite by accident. Originally a creature of the outer planes, the Witch Mare had gained the reputation as a deadly efficient messenger between the minions of the lower planes. However, those who hired the Witch Mare could rest in the assurance that the beast would scour to the end of existence to complete its mission. The Witch Mare was held in fear by the other nightmares who were aware of it, for it had no compunction to slay rival message-carriers, and scoffed at those who belittled themselves by becoming beasts of burden for the overweight, egotistical fiends. While in the outer planes, it was hired by a Amnizu named Par'Ziel to deliver a message to his baatezu master, a pit fiend named Lazzon, the latter who had traveled to the Prime plane. The Witch Mare tracked Lazzon to the prime plane, only to discover that the fiend had again traveled to another plane, under mysterious circumstances. Undeterred, the Witch Mare continued its search, and was eventually found its way into Ravenloft, unaware of the true nature of the plane, and believing that Lazzon had traveled there.

To the Witch Mare's horror, it could neither find trace of Lazzon, nor a means of escaping the plane. For many years, the Witch Mare travelled the realm of Ravenloft, seeking means to escape the plane, and desperately seeking word of the location of Lazzon. It began to reason that if it had so much trouble to escape Ravenloft, that Lazzon would likely be trapped as well, and pay a handsome reward for both the message and a means of escape.

Although the Witch Mare has not been able to find Lazzon, or been able to escape Ravenloft entirely, it apparently has found a way to find temporary release. The Witch Mare has discovered that if it links up with a mortal being, it can escape with the rider from the mists of Ravenloft for up to four hours. Where the rider and mount arrive accords to the whim of the rider. However, as time passes, the Witch Mare is able to effect more and more control over the rider's mind, and

will begin to direct the rider to go where it wants - travelling in search of Lazzon. The Witch Mare firmly believes that if it is able to deliver its message to Lazzon, it will be able to free itself of the grip of Ravenloft forever.

The Witch Mare will appear to a single (preferably) human during the dark hours of night. The Witch Mare prefers those of questionable morals, and will avoid groups at all costs. It is also persistent. It will attempt to coax a potential rider to mount it by appearing to that individual for five nights. If the potential rider mounts the saddle of the horse on any of the five nights he is visited, the two bond until the death of either one or the other (though the character can still attempt to resist riding the Witch Mare). Further, each night the potential victim must make a saving throw vs. spells at -2 to resist the empathic call of the mount. If the rider can resist for five nights, the Witch Mare will leave, and seek other potential candidates.

If a rider mounts the saddle of the Witch Mare, the horse leaps off, and uses its magical Plane Shift ability to transport the character to a desired location on any plane (including other places within Ravenloft, the inner planes, the Prime or outer planes). The rider may remain up to four hours before the Witch Mare must return. The character may attempt to resist the empathic call to return, but must successfully save vs. spells at -2 to do so. If the rider returns with the Witch Mare to Ravenloft, he loses 1 point of Constitution from the aurdors of the ride (Constitution can be regained at the rate of 1 point per day the victim rests in bed, and does not ride the Witch Mare). If the Witch Mare is forced to return without a rider, the Witch Mare loses 4 hit points. From that point on, the Witch Mare will attempt to lure the character back, returning each following day, so it may regain the damage it takes (it regains all lost hit points upon the return of the character to Ravenloft). This means that if a character manages to ride the Witch Mare out of Ravenloft, and resists returning for 16 days, the Witch Mare will die, and the character will be, for the most part, free of the clutches of Ravenloft (but this is the DM's decision if this escape is final, and the other PCs will still be trapped on the Demi-Plane...). Conversely, if a character drops to 0 Constitution, he returns from the ride and shortly thereafter dies of exhaustion (perhaps never awakening from his "pleasant dream").

Further, for each trip that the rider makes, the time he stays at his chosen destination shortens by 20 minutes. At that point, the Witch Mare attempts to urge the character back, and uses the remaining time to search for Lazzon. Those who resist must save vs. spells at -2 every 20 minutes they are near the horse. Those who fail return to the saddle under the mental domination of the the Witch Mare, allowing it to search for Lazzon until the four hours elapse. If the character continues to resist, the horse continues attempts until the four hour limit is reached, then is forced to return, with or without rider.

If a character manages to resist riding the Witch Mare any night he is Ravenloft, the Witch Mare invades his dreams, riddling the night's sleep with horrid nightmares - nightmares intended to make the character want to return to "home" to check things out. The character suffers the effects as if he were being affected by the 7th level Wizard spell, Nightmare (reverse casting of Dream). If others attempt to drive off the Witch Mare after it has bonded to a PC, the Witch Mare becomes extremely aggressive, and may even charge PC's at night. During the day, it will use it's empathic powers to turn wild beasts - even domesticated ones (though trained animals receive a

save vs. spells to resist) - into vessels of it's revenge, trying to badly injure, kill or incapacitate those who may be keeping the rider and the Witch Mare apart.

Wolfen

By R. Sweeney

Frequency:	Presumed Rare
Diet:	Carnivore, blood preferred
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
MV:	18 with bursts of speed up to 24 for 1 round (must rest for 1 turn before can sprint again)
	Human: 15 sprint to 18
AC:	5 w/ adjustments for high Dex
	Human: Ac 10 w/adjustments for High Dex
HD:	2+2 and as Character Level (special)
# Attacks:	1 (bite)
Damage/Attack:	1-4 + blood drain.
Special Attacks:	Psionics/Magic
	Blood Drain (Weak Enthrall)
	Music/bardic skills
	Possible Character Class
Special Defenses:	1 to AC if able to move (due to speed)
	Surprise/surprised as per an elven ranger
	Human and Wolf forms (See below)
	Possible Demihuman abilities
Stats:	-1 to Str, +1 to Dex, -1 to Con, -1 to Wis, -1 to Int, +2 to Chr
	(Max 19 in any stat)
Size:	M or S
PSPs:	Can hold 10 PSPs per level or HD whichever is greater
Ecology Quirks:	3 required for mating (special, see below)

Background

The origins of the Wolfen are in some degree of uncertainty. They appear to be a variant of Vampyre descended from Wolfwere stock. Those few who know of them suspect either:

- A Dhampire contracted Lycanthropy.
- A wolfwere mated with a Vampyre.
- Some sick wizard was mucking with reality again.

Appearance

Wolfen appear as thin, long legged wolves odd only due to their retractable claws (much like a cat). They leap or spring with great ease, clearing 10 - 15 ft leaps without much concern while in Wolf form. They possess a keen night vision (3x), but no infravision. Still, it is said that drinking the fluid of a Wolfen's eyes will grant their gift of night vision to the imbiber. (However, the person drinking of their eye fluid will suffer -2 to hit and saves in areas of bright illumination; the effects last for 2 hours.)

Combat

Wolfen normally attack with a bite. Their saliva has anti-coagulant properties, which enables them to drain 1-4 points of blood per round. After 5 lost hps and every 10 thereafter of draining, the victim must save vs. wands or lose a point of strength. After every 10 points of damage, they must save vs wands or lose a point of constitution.

A wolfen's bite causes mild enrapture, the effect weakening the victims' resolve to fight. Those bitten must make a wisdom check at -1 per round of 'feeding' or fall into a complacent coma from which they may return with time if the Wolfen allows them to live. The bite of a wolfen eases fears and calms hearts. Some say an extract of their saliva can be drunk to give courage. This is incorrect. The Saliva reduced the victim's visceral fight or flight responses, robbing him of adrenaline strength to fight. It in no way instills courage, rather it simply calms the nerves (and there are other negative side effects as well.. see below). To be bitten by a wolfen is not to feel drug like euphoria, but rather to feel no pain, no fears, no worries, a sense of calm. A light lulling trance and feeling of peace. During this time, one's senses heighten and the enraptured sees, hears, and smells everything around them in infinite detail.

The emotionally distraught may become dependent on the wolfen's feedings to escape their fears or worries .. much like one would take to the bottle to seek solace. Most people do not grow addicted. Eventually, the senses will return to those bitten. Some may experience a madness check as they remember the loss of will to fight.

Fear, as an element, cannot be so easily banished as the wolfen's special bite seems to imply.. simply held back for a period of time. Within 30 minutes of being fed upon, full ability to feel fear returns and the victim is overload. For the next 24 hours (or until they make or fail an honest fear check, whichever is the lesser) they are -4 on all saves vs. Fear. During this time, they may welcome the visitation of another wolfen to stop the unreasoning fear of everything.

For every point of blood the wolfen drains, they gain one PSP. Wolfen with Wild Talents can use these powers. This is the only way wolfen regain PSPs, however, and being low on PSPs feels like being hungry to the poor wolfen. 10 PSPs drained by a spell using wolfen can be used to cast one level of spells. Thus a wolfen mage (or cleric) that has just drained 20 points of blood can cast 2 first level spells or one second level spell (assuming he is of level to cast a second level spell). Wolfen mages (or clerics) don't 'forget' their spells, but they must drink blood to gain the power to cast them. All wolfen can heal one point of damage per 25 points of blood drained. Such healing happens instantly. Alternately, the Wolfen can expend 25 PSPs to double their normal rate of healing for the next 24 hours. (Thus full bed rest heals 6 points of damage.)

Psionics/ Magic:

Wolfen have no psionic or magical skills unless they take an appropriate character class.

Music/Bardic Skills:

All Wolfen have a natural skill for music, acting, theatrics, or arts. In wolfen form, their howls can 'alter reactions' as a bard of their level or HD (the greater). Their howling in combat inspires themselves and their fellows as per a bardic inspire effect from a bard of level equal to their HD/Class Level. (Three rounds of howling are required, but the wolves can fight during this time

with no penalties.) Unlike a bard, they can also choose to reverse this effect and shake the opponent's morale. A save applies as per bardic 'alter reactions' ability. Failure allows the wolfen to force reversed affects of a bard's inspirational power to affect those hearing (range is as per the bard's inspire ability).

Thus, when acting in group the wolfen normally howl before combat for three rounds, hiding in the bushes or out of sight, stalking and spooking their prey. The wolfen will be +1 to hit, +1 to save, and +2 to morale. (As will any on their side). The enemy will be -1 to hit, -1 to save, and -2 to morale unless they save. (A separate save for each effect.)

Human Form:

In Human form, they are skilled singers, actors, and artists. They can alter reactions and inspire as a bard of their level would. Wolfen who are bards add +4 to their effective level when using their alter reactions and inspire abilities. They can use the inverted powers as well.. but this requires conversation with the target. Note: they cannot fight and inspire at the same time as they can in wolf form.

Reproduction/Ecology

The Wolfen have an unusual reproductive cycle. Three are needed for reproduction, 2 wolfen and one demihuman.

- 1) Male mates with a female wolfen and then with a humanoid female. Humanoid female's child will be born a wolfen in it's human form. The human form will be almost identical in appearance to the mother and female.
- 2) Male mates with a female wolfen. The female then mates with a humanoid male. The wolfen woman gets pregnant and bears a child that very closely resembles the humanoid male she mated with and will always be male.

Sex based differences:

Males are hardier: +1 con.

Females are swifter: +1 mv and +1 dex.

The wolfen will gain all advantages and weaknesses of the demihuman their parent mated with. Thus an elven wolfen is possible .. as is a dwarven one. Both are extremely unlikely due to the scarcity of demi humans in Ravenloft, but the wolfen may actively seek out these unique races.

The Phenotype of the person mated with becomes the human form of the wolfen's offspring. However, there are penalties. Once per year (at a minimum) the wolfen will be drawn to feed upon a member of his or her phenotypic stock (at least 10 pts). The blood of their phenotypic stock will be greatly preferred over all others (giving double the PSPs of other types of blood.)

Diet

Wolfen can subsist on a diet of only blood (requiring no water if enough blood is present) but they lose 10 PSPs per day just by living. Thus young or weak Wolfen must feed regularly. However, if they begin to fall below 50% PSP capacity, they will have to eat meat to make up for the lack. In human form, they can eat vegetables, but find them unpleasant and not very nourishing. They do not gain PSPs from meat, only blood. They do not regain PSPs via sleep.. only blood.

Odd types of blood:

Phenotype blood: (blood of their apparent species): 2x PSPs

Note: Failure to consume 10 pts of blood from phenotype each year results in -1 con. This is permanent, painful, and cannot be regained by any means other than great magic.

Werewolf or Wolfwere blood: 3x PSPs.

Vampire: 4x PSPs.

Vampire of Phenotype: 5x PSPs.

(Thus a wolfen with a stash of vampire blood in a bottle can be quite potent!)

Wolfen PC

Wolfen easily could be a PC race, since they are designed to use 'character levels' like humans do. In fact, their ability to progress in levels is among their greatest power when you come right down to it.

As a PC, however, I fully expect the Player to roleplay the odd personality of the Wolfen .. namely, they are much like the Tremere of Vampire the Masquerade. The love beauty and pretty things especially art in all its forms and music. In this respect, they would get along well with the Wolfweres of Kartakass. However the latter far outstrip them in raw power, at least at the beginning. With levels, the Wolfen can become a match for the Theranthropes.

Meanwhile, the Wolfen have a peculiar idea about their diet. The average man has 5 pints of blood.. however in a first level warrior, these 5 pints hold the life essence of only 10hps. But in a 17th level warrior, the 5 pints of blood could hold a heady life essence of 125 hps. Thus, the Wolfen become something of snobs and connoisseurs when it comes to the blood they drink. They can drink any blood, even that of animals, but the blood of truly powerful creatures excites them.. much like a fine aged single malt scotch.

But, as you will note then, a Greater Wolfwere, possessing 80 hps for 5 pts of blood, also grants a heady triple power blood: 160 pts per 5 quarts. As you can see, then, Wolfen *love* werewolves and wolfweres. But not in the kinda way that makes these others comfortable....

Wolfen retain more bestial minds, more emotional less rational (reflected in their -1 to Int and Wis) but they are not stupid... well not most of them. They can cooperate with the Wolfweres of Kartakass for personal gain and love of music. Indeed, since both Wolfweres and Wolfen are accomplished performers they may just draw together based on that. However the Wolfweres would remain just a bit leery of the Wolfen all the same. Still, while working together they could probably make truly heart wrenching music.

Thus, the PC Wolfen should choose some snotty attitudes about what kind and types of blood he or she prefers (the blood of young women, children, warriors, wizards etc.) and they will always lust for the more 'powerful' sources of blood. (Higher levels over lower levels). Wolfen have learned to make a 'blood wine' (like the drow) to store blood of their victims until they need it. Such bottles should be treated with reverence and respect by the wolfen if, say, it contains the blood of a patriarch vampire of their phenotype. (100 hps x 5 = 500 blood points). So great

would their reverence be for such a bottle of 'wine' that their moral goes up by 5 when protecting it and they are +1 to hit and damage.

Note: Wolfen do not contract lycanthropy. Nor become vampires from drinking vampire blood.