



# FOES & MALEFACTORS

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*A collection of nemeses to be found in "GLIMMER'S RIM".*

# NUMBERS?! THERE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE NUMBERS!

This document is designed to comply with the rules & systems of Dungeon Crawl Classics.

Most of Glimmer's Rim was built with no assumptions about the game you'd run it in, but combat is a central pillar of many RPGs, and leaving you to build stats from nothing seemed insufficient. My solution is this: I've built stat-blocks for these monsters in two systems my Kickstarter backers wanted: DCC and 5E. If you don't use either game, I hope they can at least be a springboard to make your conversion easier.

All text in this folio is free to pillage, plunder, convert or cannibalize for parts. If one of these monsters is right for a book you're working on, put it in there and sell that shit. I only ask for credit. In return, if any of you have the patience and fortitude to convert these stats to your native system, I hope you'll let me host it on the [GLASS//CUTTER] website alongside all the other versions we wind up making as a community.

Alright? Alright.

## SOME OTHER THINGS:

First, you'll notice that not every single living thing on Glimmer's Rim made it into this document. There are a couple different potential reasons for this. They were either:

1. Too powerful to even worry about. If the party tries to kill The Dame, or Aethir, or (god help them) the Salt Mother without doing anything to weaken them first, they will die certain and unpleasant deaths. No need for stats.
2. A Boring/Unnecessary/Unlikely Foe. I wound up with way too many enemies for an adventure of this size, and I had to cut something somewhere. If your party wants to kill Jacquese or the Warden or swat down the dragonflies, fine! Let them. They do it. If you really want stats, I'm sure you can gin something up from the DCC bestiary. Elenet is maybe the most glaring omission here, but again—she seems an unlikely foe, and if I end up being wrong, then there's giants in the bestiary already.

Second, while I strove to make these stat-blocks match my understanding of what DCC stats are supposed to look like, I may have ordered some things contrary to "house style", and I know I added a few new bits of info at the end:

1. *Death Throes*. Special things that happen & 0 HP.
2. *Wants*. Should be considered base-state desires that are subject to change.
3. *Hoard*. Loot, baby. What they find when they search the body (or lair).

## ENCOUNTER SIZES

Every creature in this folio falls into one of the following categories:

**SOLO:** Likely only one encountered at a time. Solitary creatures. Lone wolves.

**PACK:** Roam in numbers. Roll a d6. On a 1-2, they number one less than the Saltborn's party. On a 3-4 it's even numbers. 5-6 and the PCs are outnumbered by one.

**HORDE:** Twice the size of the Saltborn's party.

**SWARM:** Many treated as one. They conform to normal rules for swarms.

**UNIQUE:** You will see only one of these creatures in this life. When it's gone, it's gone.

# WANDERING MONSTER TABLES

For variety, or just because your players killed everything else, already. Rude.

## WANDERING MONSTERS; DUNES

1. A swarm of **Scuttling Gemcrabs** scouring the beach for fresh decorations to shimmer their shells.
2. **The Maxolotl** splashes happily in its tide pool—directly in the way of the Saltborn's progress.
3. **A Faceless Mammoth** roots at the treeline for deeply-buried limbs with fresh leaves to eat.
4. **Pact Cultists** dig for mollusks & harvest the flesh. Thrilled to have a better harvest stumble up.
5. **Chosen Ones**, plotting a raid on **The Rookery (D2)**. Engrossed in their plans. A further 1-in-6 chance they are led by Dee, if she yet lives.
6. Pick an unrolled result from the Tangle/Bayou table. Out of their element and on the back foot.

## WANDERING MONSTERS; BAYOU

1. **A Grandmother Boa** hangs hidden like a sturdy vine. Squeezes prey into jelly and drinks her food.
2. **The Dire Catfish**, sifting at the swamp bottom for baubles. Spots you before you spot him.
3. **Musqueorda**, bellies empty and egg sacs full.
4. **The Bog Creep** crawls from the mire, arms held wide and looking for company.
5. **Pact Cultists** bear rejected Godflesh on a skiff they pole northward—an offering to the Dame.
6. Pick an unrolled result from the Tangle/Dunes table. Disoriented, high and barking unfamiliar words from awkward mouths.

## WANDERING MONSTERS; TANGLE

1. **Stone Boar** working at a fresh dig—graphite, limestone, bismuth and quartz.
2. A mongoose and cobra, locked in fierce combat. Politely refuse assistance on either side. They are long term sparring partners.
3. A **Moss Sloth**, hibernating in stony boughs, a **green-gold carcanet (RA)** matted in damp fur. If woke, fury. Scoops out eyes with knife-long toes.
4. **Pact Cultists**, sprouting mushrooms from their ears, noses, eyes. In the thrall of the **Charm Tree (T4)** & smuggling covert supply runs of harvested bones from the Embrace to their new master.
5. Roll a D3 on the Embrace table. Escapee from the Salt Mother's corpse.
6. Pick an unrolled result from the Bayou/Dunes table. Lost and getting more so.

## WANDERING MONSTERS; EMBRACE

1. **Forsaken Flesh** drops from the ceiling, sloughs from the walls, seeps from the floor. Unworthy of its place in such a holy corpus.
2. A **Column Of Eyes** on patrol.
3. **Leaking Dreams** slipped from a crack in the Saltmother's skull.
4. Pick an unrolled result from the Bayou/Tangle table. Terrified and skittish.

## AGNES SCRATCH, SALT PROPHET

*Unique*

INIT +3; ATK Tempest Orb +3 ranged 120 (2d4+2 plus *thunder clap*), Derelict Grip ranged 50 (special); AC 12; HD 6d10; MV 30; ACT 2d20; SP invulnerable to water and drowning, can move between unconnected bodies of water, weapons that fumble when attacking her turn to salt; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +3; AL chaos.

Half-burnt, robed in leper's tatter and old as a miser's boot, yet, she is a force to be reckoned with. On her turn she will usually lob two tempest orbs at foes, blasting them with a ball of compressed storm energy that deals damage and forces a Fort 12 save or deafness. She can also use her derelict grip three times a day to sap water from 20 square feet of ground. Any creatures in the area must make a Ref 13 save or take 1d6 damage as they are lashed by whips of summoned sea-spray. Any who later come adjacent to or enter this area must make a Fort 13 save, or take the same damage. The area remains a puddle of whip-water for 1 hour or until Agnes dies, whichever comes first.

Agnes cannot drown or be harmed in any way by water. Once per turn she can teleport from any one body of water to any separate body of water within twice the range of her maximum speed. Any fumbles on attacks made against her with melee weapons turn the used weapon to salt.

Agnes fights only at direst need—otherwise leaving the bloody work to her lackeys. When she does fight, it is with no reservation. She would rather die than lose the Embrace. Before combat, she will do her best to lead the Saltborn up to her chambers, and use her puddles to move between pockets of open space, attacking the Saltborn as they catch themselves in her bone web.

Death Throes: Agnes points at the lowest-HP Saltborn. Fort DC 16 or death. Drown in empty air. On save they take 2d6+5 damage and cough up briny sputum.

Wants: to bind the Salt Mother back into Her bones. To see Her tear the world apart in Her rage.

**Hoard: Agnes' Raiment, the Pelagic Stave, the Ripple Athame, the Ring of the Wine-Dark Eye (all RA).**

## BOG CREEP

*Unique*

INIT +0; ATK Discharge +5 ranged 20 (1d8/1d4/1d2/1d1); AC 10; HD 6d20; MV 25; ACT 1d20; SP un-dead, damage resist 2, vulnerable to fire, *morass*, *burst*; SV Fort +5, Ref +0, Will +8 AL chaos.

Verdigris wet flesh oozes and drips from an emaciated frame. Abattoir reek seeps from a slack, broken jaw. It stumbles forward, mewling pathetically. The bog creep has long decayed from normal flesh to a walking *morass*. Weapons that strike it catch in the quagmire ooze. The more you try to free them, the more likely you are to get stuck yourself. This is what the creep wants. It will only come unglued when it dies. For every creature it has attached itself to, its speed is reduced by 5.

The creep stumbles forward, seeking someone to wrap in its sticky embrace, and will try to drag them back to its lair beneath the swamp. If confronted in numbers it spits a thick wad of bog-peat at anyone it's not already attached to, dealing 1d8 damage on the turn it hits, and dealing a lingering 1d4, then 1d2, then 1d1 damage on each of the targets following turns. Any future attacks on the same creature do not reset the counter, but instead stack an entire separate chain of future damage. Any character so afflicted may spend one turn cleaning itself fully of the creep's bile, and so negate all future damage from those attacks.

The creep is so decayed that its vitals are obscure. It resists the first 2 damage of every attack made against it until it has been softened up by any fire damage, which doubly effective on the peaty creep.

The bog creep is un-dead and can be turned by clerics. It doesn't eat, sleep, drink or breathe and is immune to disease and poisons. It is immune to all mental effects and cold damage.

At half-HP, the creep *bursts*, using its next action to detonate its sludge across a 30 ft. radius. Each creature in range saves Ref DC 12 or takes 2d8/2d4/2d2/2d1 damage for the next four turns and is paralyzed for the same duration. Afterward, it is emaciated and pathetic, abandoning the attack and using all future actions to drag its prey desperately back to its lair.

Death Throes: Melts, chirping wetly and grasping until its fingers are nothing more than an oil slick.

Wants: No one knows.

**Hoard:** A bell-metal funeral barge, sunk and hid away inside its waterlogged lair.

# BONE CHIMAERA

*Solo*

INIT +0; ATK Bite +5 melee (2d6), Swipe +5 melee (2d4), Chest Gape + 8 ranged 80; AC 13; HD 5d8+10; MV 40; ACT 2d20; SP un-dead, half damage from piercing and slashing weapons; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +8; AL law.

An awful flux of skeletal patchwork, nothing where it ought to be. Fingers in the role of teeth, slithering spinal wrists splay out into rib-bone claws. Death need not be ugly, but this one certainly is.

The Bone Chimaera is a mindless servant of the **Charm Tree (T4)**. It is a machine that harvests bones. It has no instinct to preserve the bones that it has already collected—that's just not in its programming.

In Combat, the Chimaera jumps into the fray, biting one nearby enemy, and swiping a vertebrae tail at up to two enemies within ten feet of each other. Once per combat, it will target a foe near death with its Chest Gape. Its rib-bones open like jaws and fire a compact wad of bone from the hollow where a living thing would keep its heart. Target takes 2d8+4 damage on hit and the cannonade unfolds into one of the **Ossuary's (FM)** skeletal beasts. If target is killed by this attack or by the scabbling claws of the resultant skeletal beast, it is instantly transformed into another Bone Chimaera at half-HP.

Chimaeras are un-dead and can be turned by clerics. They don't eat, sleep, drink or breathe and are immune to disease and poisons. They're immune to all mental effects and cold damage. In addition, the Chimaera's bones are harder for mundane weapons to damage than flesh, and all piercing and slashing damage is reduced by half.

Death Throes: The Chimera detonates, and every creature within a 50 ft. Sphere saves Ref DC 15 or takes 4d6 damage, half on save.

Wants: To take more bones and grow, then return to its master for dissolution.

Hoard: It, in itself, is a prize and a curiosity if you can put it back the way it was. Otherwise, little.

# CAPT. H. CRUIKSHANK

*Unique*

INIT +2; ATK Spectral Sabre +3 melee (2d6+3, plus *deathgrip*); AC 10; HD 4d12+10; MV fly 40; ACT 2d20; SP un-dead, immune to non-magical weapons, *nihil orb*, *geist tricks*, *revenant*; SV Fort +1, Ref +5, Will +8; AL neutral.

The undying shade of Jeacquese's piratical partner. Clung to this false life out of pure vindictive wrath against whoever is to blame for his death, but too narcissistic to realize it was pretty much all on him. For lack of a better idea, he mostly hangs around the wreck of his ship, fucking up anyone who comes too close.

Cruikshank treats his ship like a haunted house. When discovered, he'll use his turn to attack twice with his Spectral Sabre, dealing 2d6+3 damage and forcing any target hit by it to save Fort DC 14 or lose a stacking 5 ft. of movement as infantile spectral hands emerge from the shipwood to grab at their clothes. Any one whose speed is brought to 0 by this effect is dragged prone by the grasping hands and is restrained until they make the save, Cruikshank is destroyed, or he chooses to end the effect. He will always save enough movement after his attack to fly through the nearest wall, floor or ceiling and disappear. On the next turn, he will use his Geist Tricks to mess with intruders by causing a novel effect in the room occupied by most of the Saltborn:

Captain's Cabin—The bedding comes to life and try to smother the Saltborn.

Hold—Rotting crates turn into hungry Mimics. Rusted cannon try to ram easy targets.

Deck—The stays and sheets descend to try and grapple one of the Saltborn. Then they start to choke.

After his spooky trick is foiled, he'll reappear swinging his sword wildly and occasionally spending an action on his *nihil orb*. When he manifests this swirling globe of darkness within his misty claw, Everyone in eyesight saves Will DC 13 (8 if they know to avert their eyes) or see one horrible suspicion they have long held in the secret corners of their heart confirmed in the swirling darkness. Oh, and they take 1d12 damage. Anyone who looks twice in a single fight is paralyzed until damaged.

Cruikshank is un-dead and can be turned by clerics. He doesn't eat, sleep, drink or breathe and is immune to disease and poisons. He is immune to all mental effects and cold damage.

Cruikshank is incorporeal and can pass through solid matter. He cannot be harmed by physical weapons unless they are magically enchanted and if killed, he will return to spectral form after 24 hours, unless he is somehow convinced of his narcissism (or it is fed by the sacrifice of Jeacquese on the altar of his vanity). Either of these will put him finally, and thankfully, to rest.

Death Throes: Shreds to wisps of sickly green light.

Wants: VENGEANCE! Against...hem. Uh.

Hoard: There's the **Black Iron Strongbox (RA)** on his ship, otherwise just...ghost juice?

## CHOSEN OF THE PACT

### Pack

INIT +2; ATK Twin Kris +4 melee (1d4), Arbalest +4 ranged 200 (1d6+6, plus *knockback*); AC 13; HD 2d10+6; MV 30; ACT 1d20; SP *fervor*, *bloodlet*; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +4 AL law.

True believers, each and all. No Chosen can be convinced to betray the Salt-Pact by logic, guile or glamour. They are the blessed few that Agnes Scratch selects for the honor of ritual evisceration, living short lives of devout service til their number comes up. They protect Agnes and the Embrace and they ensure the able, steady function of the harvesting operation. In return, they are granted a certain elevation above their unburdened brethren. A cultist whose heart is promised to the Salt Mother is honored and inducted into a tight-knit band of brothers who also count the few days down to their own deaths. Once a week, a Chosen cultist is sacrificed by Agnes in the Sanctum and their freshly-stilled cardiac muscles are slathered onto the massive, pounding heart of stone secreted beneath the Altar of the Deep.

In combat, they form up with blades at the front & an arbalest or two behind. They only retreat to raise alarm. They are not afraid to die. Chosen wielding their Twin Kris attack one creature twice, each for 1d4 damage. Those who fire arbalest deal 1d6+6 damage and knock hit targets off their feet, but must spend an action to reload their weapon after two shots.

A Chosen who has been damaged in battle gains *fervor*, and deals an extra +2 damage on all of its attacks. Once, when no remaining Chosen in a battle have more than 10 HP, they may all spend an action to *bloodlet*. They use their rings to cut a deep gouge into their own hands and fling the blood in a 15 ft. arc. Everyone in range must save Will DC 17 or take 2d6 fire damage as they are burned by unholy sacrament.

Wants: to be made one with their god.

Hoard: A ring with a hidden, retractable iron spike.

## CHAMELEON EELS

### Swarm

INIT +4; ATK Nibble +6 melee (1d6, plus *ambush*) AC 10; HD 12d10+6; MV N/A; ACT 1d24, 6d12; SP *refractory sheath*, *writhing net*; SV Fort +2, Ref +8 Will +0 AL none.

A deep, clear tidal pool brimmed with writhing eels. Their skin cells bend light, and these *refractory sheaths* make them appear to merely be a strange refraction of the water. From the surface, this camouflage is impossible to see through. In the water, the effect is somewhat ruined and creatures in their pool can roll a DC 15 skill check to spot them (DC 10 once they've been attacked by the eels).

The pool itself is a 50 foot column of crystal water with a shining cup of gold at the very bottom. The cup is as easily visibly from the surface as the eels are imperceptible. The eels let their prey descend to the bottom of the pool and retrieve the grail. Then they toy with them on their way to the surface. Saltborn begin to drown after a number of rounds equal to their Stamina score divided by three. (Minimum 2).

When they strike, they spend their strongest hit die to form their *writhing net*, which makes a nearly impassable barrier above their swimming prey, DC 18 Agility check to slip through. This ability is disabled after the swarm is reduced to half-HP. The rest of their attacks are spent on Nibble, which deal 1d6 damage each. When the eels are as yet unseen by their target, these Nibbles automatically hit.

Wants: to eat thieves that try to steal their treasure.

Hoard: **The Grail of Absalom (RA).**

## COLUMN OF EYES

### Solo

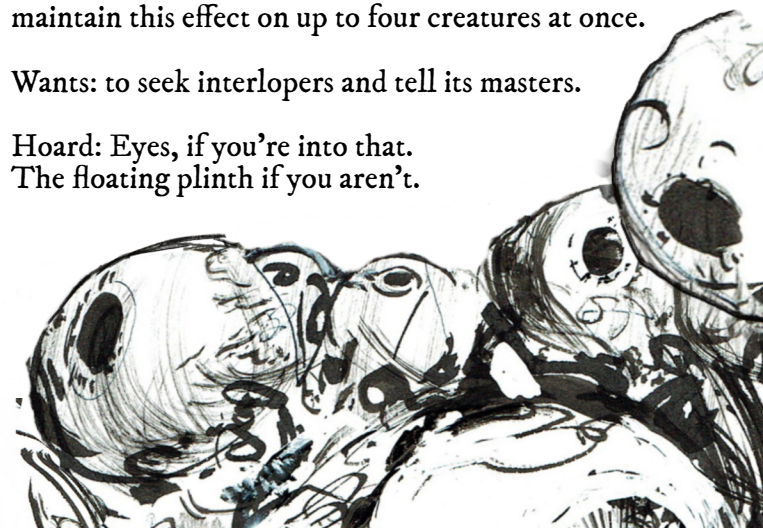
INIT +2; ATK Baleful Eye +5 ranged eyeshot (1d4, plus *mindgrip*); AC 10; HD 2d8; MV fly 15; ACT 2d20; SP *alarum*; SV Fort +2, Ref -2, Will +10 AL law.

A five foot glass jar of eyes. Blue, green, grey, red, crystalline, eightfold, windowed. All harvested. It floats around on an anti-gravity plinth.

The perfect watchdog, it is single-minded in the execution of its duty—finding intruders and setting off an *alarum*. Every creature within 15 feet of the Column saves Will DC 13 or takes 2d4 damage as a pulse of psychic energy explodes outward, seeking the nearest of the Pact's leaders and alerting them of the Saltborn's presence. After the *alarum* is set off, the Column uses all future actions to fix intruders with its Baleful Eye until backup arrives. Creature hit with the Baleful Eye take 1d4 damage and save Will 13 or suffer the effects of its *mindgrip*, unable to move until the Column is killed. The Column can maintain this effect on up to four creatures at once.

Wants: to seek interlopers and tell its masters.

Hoard: Eyes, if you're into that.  
The floating plinth if you aren't.



## CRYPT STALKERS

*Horde*

INIT +2; ATK Snap, +4, melee (1d6+2); AC 12; HD 2d6; MV 45'; ACT 1d20; SP *Soul Gnaw*, *Spry*; SV Fort -1, Ref +2, Will +1; AL neutral.

A vacant strigine face, the body of a starveling dog. Sharp ears dwindle to trailing silk wisps. They usually eat ghosts, but have long since emptied the cemetery. Now they hunt to free new souls.

Crypt stalkers are *spry*, and can jump from headstone to headstone to mausoleum roof with the grace of a king in his court. In combat they stalk potential prey from these promontories, waiting for an advantage, then strike as a pack, snapping at stragglers and any who show weakness.

If a creature (other than a member of its pack) dies within 10 feet of a crypt stalker, it may use its *soul gnaw* to gain 1d6 HP.

When a Crypt Stalker has been demoralized or is the last beast standing in its pack, it will show its belly, whimper, and otherwise submit. Not yet tamed, but certainly cowed.

Wants: Any souls to eat in general, but the trapped Mist-Wraith in particular. He looks so tasty and has been taunting the crypt stalkers from behind his bars.

Hoard: **Treasure (RA)**, long used as a chew toy.

## DEE, PRIME CHOSEN

*Unique*

INIT, ATK, AC, HD, MV, ACT all same as **Chosen of the Pact (FM)**; SP *shatter feint*, *shuffle the stack*; SV Fort +3, Ref +8, Will +4; AL law.

Play-caller for all the Pact's kidnappings, thievery, and assorted meat crimes. She always heads for the fray.

The first time one of her fellow Chosen fall in battle, she uses her *shatter feint* to blip out of existence, appear next to the most vulnerable member of the Saltborn, and make a free Twin Kris attack.

At half-HP Dee expends a charge from her blink dagger to *shuffle the stack*. Everyone flickers to random locations on the battlefield and she poises herself to escape. She must warn Agnes Scratch that the battle has turned.

Wants: her heart to be the one that revives the Saltmother.

Hoard: The **Blink Dagger (RA)**: a coin-purse full of dried pomegranate seeds.

## DEFILED FIRE ANTS

*Swarm*

INIT +5; ATK Mandible +1, melee (1d4, plus *fever*); AC 11; HD 4d8; MV 40; ACT special; SP Mandible all targets within 20 x 20 ft. space, half damage from all non-AOE attacks; SV Fort -2, Ref +12, Will +2; AL law.

Red as a broken thumb and coated in widow's hair wisps of The Charm Tree's dominating spore weft. The ants pour from the thin veins of fungal forest floor, pick a victim, swarm them up and try to stage a kidnapping before anyone interferes. They occupy a shifting 20 x 20 space and use their Mandible on any creature who enters or starts its turn in their area. Creatures bitten by the Mandible take 1d4 damage and must save Fort DC 10 or become paralyzed. Save DC goes up by 2 every time it is made. Any paralyzed creatures fall prone into the ants and are carried off toward the Tree.

Wants: to bring new servants to Mother Tree.

Hoard: The fungal spores, if scraped carefully and distilled, could make a potion of domination.

## DELPHIC SNAILS

*Just the Three*

INIT -5; ATK None; AC 1; HD 1d1; MV 5; ACT 3d0; SP None; SV Fort -5, Ref -5, Will +10; AL law.

They cannot attack. They *will* not attack. Pathetic and powerless, they are at your mercy, the poor things. Crush them under heel if you like. Just don't let them scream.

Wants: to offer fateful choices.

Hoard: Their stones, of course. Their shells, as well, if you glue them back together after crushing them.

## DIRE CATFISH

*Solo*

INIT +4; ATK None; AC 10; HD 3d8; MV swim 60; ACT 1d20; SP checks as a fifth level Thief for hiding in swamp water and for swallowing loot; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +0 AL none.

Older than you. Bigger than you. Might be smarter than you. His soft drab flesh is speckled through with glinting hairs that mimic the shine of The Dame's excretions. He's not much for attacking. Instead, he prefers to pick the pockets of anyone wading by. Tries to hide until he strikes, but attention won't stop him. He's incorrigible.

Wants: to swallow the shiniest trinket it can reach, but prioritizes anyone wielding the **Whalebone Blade (RA)**.

Hoard: A fist sized diamond, flawless and grown over like a bezoar in its gullet.

## DIRE MITES

*Horde*

INIT +2; ATK Latch +3 melee (1d4/8/2d6+6); AC 11; HD 1d6; MV 20; ACT 1d20; SP burrow; SV Fort -2, Ref +5, Will -2 AL none.

Furry black nibblers the size of a balled fist. Sewn through the nest and coming up for fresh blood. They pick a victim Latch on for 1d4 damage, and do not let go. Every turn the mite remains attached, the target takes 8 damage. When latched, attacks made against the Mite auto-hit, but if killed, the body shears off from its fangs and they sink into the flesh, dealing a further 2d6+6 damage. The Mite *can* be safely removed, using an action to carefully unfasten it.

Mites still in the Rukh's nest can use their movement to *burrow* into the woven straw, popping up next turn.

Wants: Your blood.

Hoard: Nothing.

## DROWNED MYRKA

*Unique*

INIT +4; ATK Death Grip +6 melee (special, see below) Sap (special, see below); AC 10; HD 6d12; MV 20, swim 40; ACT 2d20; SP *charnel gaze, come hither, drownhands, stoneweak, undead*; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +6 AL chaos.

Mottled flesh, mildewed hair. Eyes of cindered coal. Unfashionable tatters of antique wardrobe. Speaks with a wet rattle in her chest and smells of doused brimstone. Myrka dwells in a dark, dank grotto of coral stone. At the back, her pool. The entrance was a bit of a squeeze.

If Myrka decides it's time to drown you, she will begin by sighing a sea-foam fog across the grotto. Her charcoal eyes will set the mist to glowing, flashing in a pattern she learned from watching the **Psychoptic Nettles (FM)** out in the bay. Her *come hither* call forces everyone within eye-shot to save Will DC 13 or use their next available movement to walk over to the lip of her pool. If a creature fails this save, it rolls again on its next turn. On a success, it shakes her thrall, on a fail it climbs into the water. Any creature affected thus cannot resist Myrka's Grip until they take damage.

On her turn, if Myrka's hands are free, she will use her Death Grip. On a hit she grabs her target and drags them into her pool. At the beginning of their next turn, water will force its way past teeth and down nostrils. They will take 3d6 damage every turn that they remain underwater. If Myrka is already gripping somebody, she must use one of her actions to maintain it. She uses her other action to Sap them. This attack auto-hits and deals 10 damage to the gripped target. Myrka then heals 10 HP.

If there are no Saltborn within the reach of her grip, Myrka will use her charnel gaze to fix her glowing eyes on any creatures she can see. The target must save Will DC 15 or react as if to the effects of *come hither*.

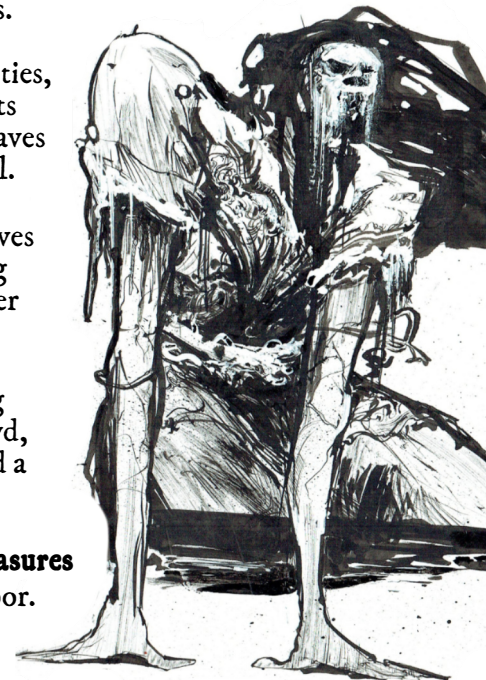
The first time a creature steps into Myrka's pool while she is gripping another creature, the withered arms of her past victims reach up from the murky depth to drag them down. Treat this attack like a second Death Grip. Myrka can Sap this creature.

Myrka is un-dead but cannot be turned by clerics so long as she is in her pool. She doesn't eat, sleep, drink or breathe and is immune to disease and poisons. She is immune to all mental effects and cold damage. She resists damage from all non-magic, non-silvered weapons. Myrka loses all these resistances & immunities, attacks at a -5 and cuts the DC of all of her saves when outside her pool.

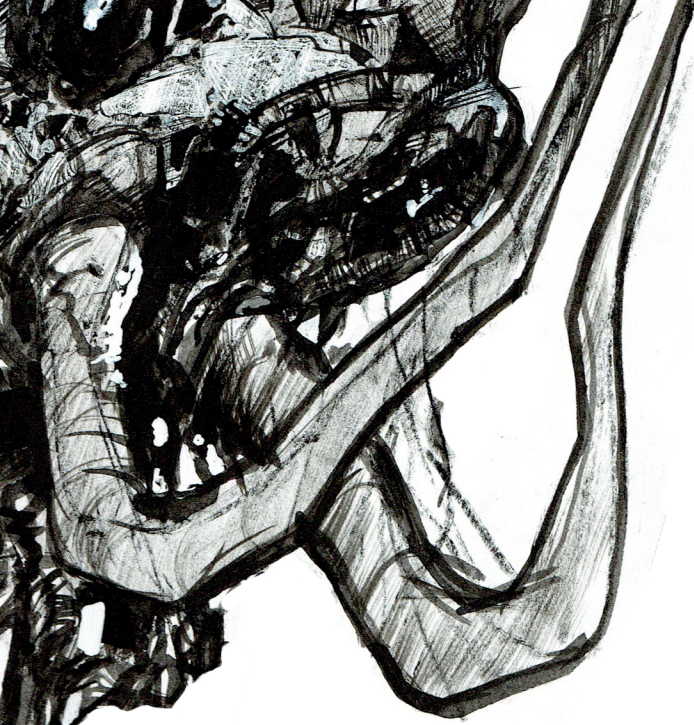
Death Throes: dissolves into sea foam, cursing Rahvd's name with her final breath.

Wants: In descending order: to drown Rahvd, to drown anyone, and a pleasant chat.

Hoard: **Three Treasures (RA)** at the pool's floor.







## FACELESS MAMMOTH

*Solo*

INIT -2; ATK Charge +7 melee (2d8, plus *trample*) Sweep +5 melee (2d6); AC 9; HD 10d12; MV 25; ACT 2d24; SP None; SV Fort +9, Ref -2, Will +0 AL none.

A mangy, scabbed mastodon with ropes of tangled hair covering empty eye sockets and hung into a low beard to mock its missing trunk. It roots around the treeline, digging buried branches from the gold-dust sand & eating them. Very protective of this unearthed bounty.

If threatened the Mammoth will charge at the source of the loudest sound it heard, using up to twice its normal movement to bum-rush its target, *trampling* everything in its way. Stones crushed, Trees flattened. Any creatures in its path save Ref DC 13 or take 1d8 damage. At the end of its charge, the target take 2d8 damage, if hit, and is knocked prone. After its charge, the Mammoth Sweeps, attacking all adjacent creatures. If it hears someone else next turn, rinse & repeat. If no new sounds, blind Sweeps.

It will use its Charge to escape if in mortal fear.

Wants: to eat; to be left alone.

Hoard: Ivory tusks and **Treasure** tangled in its mane.

## FORSAKEN FLESH

*Pack*

INIT always first; ATK Plunge +4 melee (1d4, plus *subsume*), Meld (special, see below); AC 8; HD 2d8; MV 20, climb 20; ACT 1d20; SP undying, half damage from piercing and slicing; SV Fort +5, Ref -9, Will +0 AL none.

A slouching pile of animate meat propelled by wads of twitching muscle. Flesh rejected by the body of the Salt Mother, but nevertheless cursed with a foul mockery of her life. It hangs from ceiling and walls, waiting for a target to Plunge down upon. On a hit, it deals 1d4 damage and carpets its target, grappling it (escape DC 13). Attacks aimed at The Flesh share damage with target. It only releases on death.

Once a wad of Forsaken Flesh has stuck itself to a target, it will use all further actions to Meld itself onto its newly stolen form. This auto-hits, dealing 2d8 damage every turn as it exudes a vitriolic jelly, fusing itself to the subsumed creature (half damage on Fort save DC 15).

Forsaken Flesh halves all damage taken by piercing and slicing, and once defeated it will reform in 1d6 hours if the 'corpse' is not burnt.

## GHARIAL VISCOUNTS

*Pack*

INIT -3; ATK Bite +5 melee (3d4+2, plus grapple escape DC 14) Death Roll +5 melee (2d8+4 plus *terror*); AC 17; HD 3d10; MV 30, swim 40; ACT 2d20; SP -5 on checks to notice, find or track gharial in water; SV Fort +4, Ref -2, Will +0 AL chaos.

Lazy, wicked dandies of crocodilian royalty. They sneer through their needlesnouts and generally make everyone feel lesser and threatened.

The Vicounts laze around a wide flat stone in the middle of the Drowning Pools. The water here is shallow, but hot and riddled through with deep hidden troughs. If provoked to violence (hilariously easy to do), They bite their prey, dealing 2d8+4 damage and forcing a save Fort or Ref 13 or target is grappled. They use every action to bite until they successfully grapple prey, then they drag them into the water and Death Roll for a further 2d8+4 damage. Targets hit by the roll must save Will DC 14 or gain *terror*. Terrified creatures begin drowning immediately as they scream their last lungful of air out into the muddy water.

If leading other monsters in a concerted attack, they spend their allies' lives cheaply.

When in swamp water, checks to notice, find or track a Viscount are made with an added -5 modifier.

Wants: the Dame's favor; to learn any exploitable weaknesses of her other courtiers.

Hoard: bellies hissing with stockpiled tax levies repurposed as gullet stones. If guts are split open, two **Treasures (RA)** are found per dead Viscount.



## GLUTSHARK

*Unique*

INIT -2; ATK Lash +5 melee reach 20 (1d6+2), Snag melee reach 20 (grapple, escape DC 15) Swallow (special); AC 11; HD N/A; MV 20; ACT 4d18; SP Alternate destruction method, see below; SV Fort +6, Ref -2, Will -10 AL chaos.

A war-torn basking shark, bloated & bloodless. Whips of severed intestine allow for an awkward imitation of a centipede's crawl. They snake out to Lash prey for 1d6+2 damage or Snag nearby prey, ready to stuff them ignobly into the gaping toothless mouth. It will use one of its actions every turn to Swallow a grappled creature, doing 3d6+2 damage & consuming the target. On its next turn the swallowed creature takes 1d6 damage and saves Fort DC 3 or falls unconscious in the cramped space. Every turn, this DC doubles. All attacks and escape rolls (DC 16) made within suffer a -2 modifier.

The Glutshark cannot be destroyed except by the failure of its gills. Every 2 attacks that hit it, however, make it less effective and more pathetic. Each time, remove one: Half Speed (chose twice, can't move), Half Reach, Sight, Any Attack. Every 8 successful attacks, empty its belly as it retches miserably.

In 2d4 rounds it will asphyxiate, gills flexing with futility in the callous air. Until then, it feasts. If it gets all the Saltborn in its gullet before dying, it returns to the sea. Never flees.

Wants: to eat and eat and eat and eat.

Hoard: An ancient, undigested corpse in threadbare funerary linen, **Tarnished Torc (RA)** at its neck.

## GRANDMOTHER BOA

*Solo*

INIT always first; ATK Bind +10 melee (1d6 plus *constrict*), Dribble +5 ranged 25 (1d6 plus target blinded for 1 round); AC 13; HD 4d8; MV 10; ACT 2d20; SP *camouflage*; SV Fort +0, Ref -2, Will +0 AL chaos.

Toothless, half-blind & delirious with age. Lost her way quite a while ago. She hangs around the swamp in the guise of a vine, waiting for prey to use her as a handhold. She squeezes them into juice. Grandmother Boa is hungry but not mindless, muttering uncertainties to herself as she Binds her prey, dealing 1d6 damage and grappling them (escape DC 18). Every turn she is able to maintain her grapple, she doubles damage dealt.

If the Saltborn sue for peace and offer to help her back to the Dame's court, she'll cut off the attack. If they try to save their bound companion with steel, instead, she'll use her extra attack every turn to open wide and spray venom from her fangless gums. Anyone hit takes 1d6 damage and is blind until the start of her next turn.

The Grandmother Boa's *camouflage* allows her to hide as a fifth level Thief when she keeps utterly still.

Wants: A snack; help getting back to the court.

Hoard: **Treasure (RA)** grasped at the end of her tail.

## LEAKING DREAMS

*Pack*

INIT +4; ATK Indevil +5 melee (1d8 plus *miasma*); AC 17; HD 3d8; MV 40; ACT 1d20; SP halves all non-magical damage; SV Fort +0, Ref +9, Will +5 AL chaos.

A towering man made of chains? A swirling eye of storm? It shifts even as you look at it, crept out from a crack in the Salt Mother's calcified skull. The last bellowing nightmares of her flesh-bound mind waked by fresh meat slathered in her brain cavity. Her will is the sea, now, but her flesh still begs for freedom.

The dreams caper about, cavorting and shifting from one phantasm to the next. Each Dream Indevils one of the Saltborn, dealing 1d8 damage on a hit and slipping up through nostrils and earholes to hide in the target's mind as a oneiric *miasma* until its next turn. It hops from Saltborn to Saltborn, unable to help itself. A lapsed ascetic at a smorgasbord.

Once they have each tasted all the different minds that the Saltborn have to offer, they fly off on the wind.

Wants: to play out its unknowable little psychic drama.

Hoard: It evaporates when it dies, leaving a pool of concentrated somnial fluid. Prized among alchemists.

## MAXOLOTL

*Unique*

INIT always last; ATK Stomp +5 melee (1d8), Gill Mane +5 reach 15 (1d10 plus poison as adder); AC 12; HD 12d12+12; MV 30; ACT 3d20; SP *cell bloom*; SV Fort +9, Ref -5, Will +3 AL chaos.

A 20 ft. long salamander, fat and lazy. It lounges in a beloved tide-pool, splashing happily. This tide-pool is always in the next place maximally inconvenient to the Saltborn—blocking the only obvious exit to the Billets, in the path of one of Aethir's stones in the Vitriol Garden, etc. If no inconvenience can be easily found, hold off until an opportunity presents itself.

The Maxolotl never attacks of its own accord, but it will not be convinced into movement by anything other than violence. If it gets its blood up, it Stomps twice and uses its last action for a Gill Mane attack.

When the Maxolotl is reduced to Half-HP it uses its *cell bloom* to split into two Large Axolotl, each with half the remaining HP of the original. The die size of their attacks is decremented by 1. This happens again when the two new axolotl are likewise reduced to Half-HP. These last 4 Medium Axolotl burst in a swarm of Tiny Axolotl on death. Most burrow into the sand and escape, but any creature within 5 ft. of the burst must save Fort DC 14 or have a number of them seek and find some soft tissue to dig into, dealing 2d6 damage and making healing impossible until removed.

Wants: Peak moistness.

Hoard: **Treasure (RA)**, squirreled away.

## MOSS SLOTH

*Unique*

INIT always last; ATK Scythe +8 melee (2d10+4), Pluck +10 melee (6d6, and target loses eye, one use); AC 8; HD 8d10+6; MV 15; ACT 1d20; SP *immovable, feral rage*; SV Fort +4, Ref -4, Will +8 AL chaos.

It sleeps through almost anything, but if roused, it is utterly furious. DC 16 Sleight of Hand check to cut the **Green-gold Carcanet (RA)** from its damp mane without waking it. Otherwise, red eyes open and a foul screech sends warning birds up out of the canopy.

It attacks with a grumpy languor, Scything its waker for 2d10+4 damage. When reduced to half-HP, the Sloth enters its feral rage, doubling its MV and AC. It gains a second Action Die and immediately Plucks the creature that damaged it, dealing 6d6 damage and removing one of the target's eyes on a hit.

The Sloth is *immovable*. Effects that move their target, or change their position do not effect it.

So long as the Saltborn linger here, the Moss Sloth is implacable, but it has no patience for a chase. If they run, it's done.

Wants: Just five more minutes.

Hoard: The Carcanet, remember?

# MUSQUEORDA

*Horde*

INIT +4; ATK Jab +5 melee (2d4, plus *leech*); AC 10; HD 1d6+1; MV fly 40; ACT 1d20; SP if unseen, attacks gain the backstab bonus of a 5<sup>th</sup> level Thief; SV Fort +1, Ref +5, Will +10 AL chaos.

Big blood-bellied leechflies with a quirk to their reproduction. Their larval forms eat only psychotropic neurochemicals. When a Musquorda feeds on a victim, it plants an itty-bity egg that travels up the bloodstream, through the heart and up into the brain where it gobbles up any atypical brain signals. These guys hone in on adventurers like crazy. Those dudes are always dosing themselves with something crazy.

Musquorda zip quickly in and out, sneaking in Jabs that deal 2d4 damage & heal the Musquorda by the amount dealt. If hit, the target must save Fort DC 12 or have a Musquorda larva lodge itself in their circulatory system. Anytime over the next 24 hours they can make a DC 20 skill check to dislodge the little bastard. After that, it's in their brain and the only safe way to get rid of it is to take 6 or more psychic damage in a single day. That'll kill it. Otherwise it will grow and grow, feeding off all atypical neurochemicals, until eventually they fall unconscious and it bursts out of their swollen skull.

Until then, they cannot become intoxicated, and can neither suffer nor benefit from any effect that might reasonably work by changing their neurophysiology.

If a Musquorda gets three Jabs in, its belly fills and it drifts away fat and happy.

Wants: Blood, to lay their eggs.

Hoard: A live breeder is prized in some circles of the Dame's Court. Insta-sobriety is a handy thing when you've got plots to execute in the middle of a drug orgy.

# THE OSSUWARY

*Unique*

INIT +2; ATK Grim Claw +5 melee (1d6+4), Bone Chuck +5 ranged 35 (1d8+2); AC 13; HD 7d10; MV 25; ACT 2d20; SP *call the dead*, *mindswarm*; SV Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +6 AL chaos.

A great shaggy bird, its lank plumage twined through with bleached ribs and skulls. It serves the Charm Tree & does it's bidding zealously, collecting skeletal remains wherever it can find them. It will not stop. It *cannot* stop.

If attacked, falls into fervent rage & throws itself wildly at the Saltborn. This doesn't last. If the tide turns, it will retreat & let its minions sacrifice themselves.

On its turn it makes One Grim Claw and one Bone Chuck.

The first time it's hit with an attack, it *calls the dead* with a horrid shriek. Bones rise from the earth and reform into 1d4 skeletal beasts. Each might be:

- 1.) Snakes
- 2.) Dogs
- 3.) Apes
- 4.) Boars
- 5.) Kestrels
- 6.) Giant Rats

Stats as their fleshy counterparts.

At half-HP, a *mindswarm* of **Defiled Fire Ants (FM)** pours from the Ossuway's hide. Twice normal size, their Mandible enralls uniquely: Those who fail their save use their next action to attack an ally or heal the Ossuway.

Death Throes: The Ossuway falls to the ground, dead. After a silent moment, the bones in its feathers begin to glow a sickly green. They lift into the air, puppeting the bird-corpse ragdoll. Defeated or no, its minions are drawn to its embrace. Snake spines fuse into eye sockets. Forelimbs come together like bundles of sticks, each terminating in a grasping mouth of fingers, claws & talons. Now they fight a **Bone Chimera (FM)**.

Wants: bones needs 'em NEED GIVE ME TEETH

Hoard: It's all bones, dude.

# PACT BOTCH

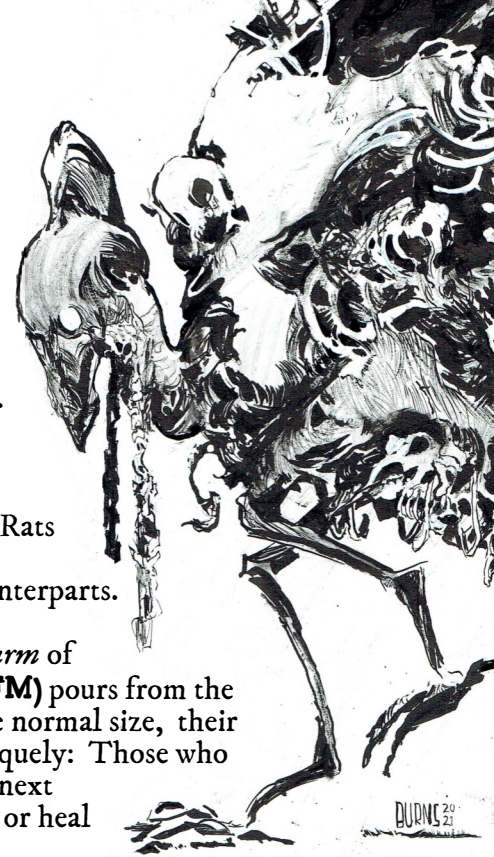
*Pack*

INIT +0; ATK Dissect +3 melee (1d4); AC 9; HD 2d6; MV 30; ACT 1d20; SP *raise*; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +0 AL various.

Stitchfolk and sawbones. They build Agnes' mindless army. Grisly work, but what isn't in the Pact? Each of them serve under Ripley's watchful eye and most would lean toward him if a split with Agnes Scratch were imminent. Botches avoid battle where possible, shout for help when able. When forced to fight, skittish and unpredictable. If in the **Botchworks (E4)**, some of the botches will try to *raise Undrowned* to fight for them.

Wants: Many, but all keep their secrets. This close to the heart of the Pact, true devotion is required.

Hoard: The many tools of their trade, shining and neat.



## PANGOLIN KNIGHT

*Unique*

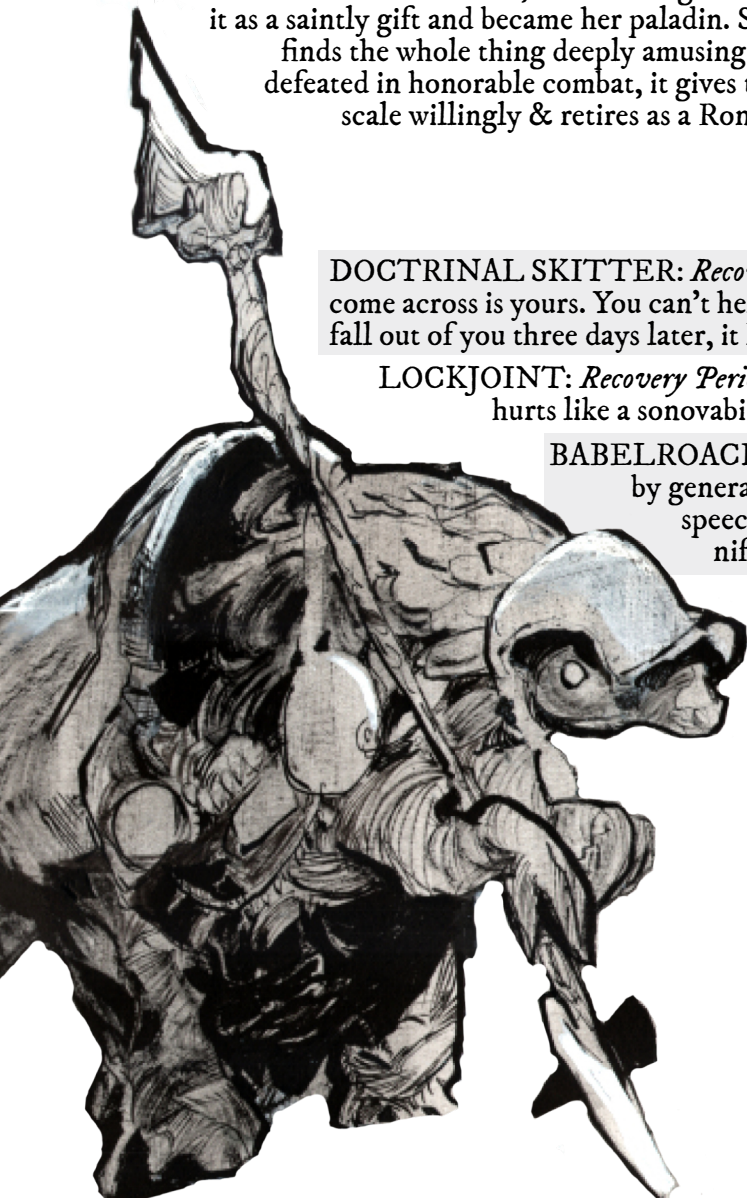
INIT +1; ATK Fence +5 melee (1d6+2); AC 15; HD 3d8; MV 25; ACT 1d20; SP *duelist*; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +4 AL law.

Totters like a drunk under the weight of its too-tall befeathered lance, yet it has no mount to joust from. It makes every effort to perform the role of the respectable champion, but everything it does is just...*cute*. It hates it when outsiders find it adorable—it needs to be big and tough like its chosen patron.

The Pangolin Knight does nothing that is sneaky, dishonorable, or which might detract from the Dame's splendor. It fights to first yield, not to the death. When in single combat, the Knight's duelist skills quadruple the Action Dice it can use. If it draws first blood, its AC increases by 1.

Wants: to bring honor to its liege by chivalric heroism.

Hoard: a **Scale From the Exalted Maw (RA)**. The Dame shed it a while back, but the Knight took it as a saintly gift and became her paladin. She finds the whole thing deeply amusing. If defeated in honorable combat, it gives the scale willingly & retires as a Ronin.



## PARIAH BEAR

*Unique*

INIT -2; ATK Swipe +4 melee (1d8+2); AC 15; HD 6d6+6; MV 30; ACT 2d20; SP *cough, blight*, immune to disease (sorta); SV Fort +10, Ref +0, Will +2 AL chaos.

A pharmacological nightmare of virus, culture, parasite and infection swarming over mangy fur and exposed, bruise-blue flesh. Its muzzle leaks sanguine bile. Its eyes are pits of worms. It lives in a cloud of quivering mites. To touch it is to be made unclean. You will wither. Friend and foe alike will shun you. Eyes will refuse to linger. It takes more than water to cleanse this taint. You can give a disease to the Pariah Bear, but it confers no disadvantages or ill-effects.

In combat, it Swipes twice. If both Swipes hit one creature, save Fort DC 15 or be pinned beneath the Bear. After pinning a creature, the Bear *coughs* a lungful of worms over its pinned target. The target has one turn to use its action to clean the worms off or they go for the soft spots. They start digging into eyes—blinding until they are cleared (DC 13)—and into nostrils and mouth, choking. Eating them clears up your throat and allows continued breathing. They are bitter and juicy.

Any creature who hits or is hit by the Pariah Bear at melee range must save Fort DC 12 or contract a blight:

**MISER'S SWEAT:** *Recovery Period 1 week.*

Dehydration and a lust for gold. Exhaustion +1.

**GRAYSAP:** *Recovery Period 1 week.* Monochromatic vision.

**DOCTRINAL SKITTER:** *Recovery Period 3 days.* Every creed, religion, dogma conspiracy you come across is yours. You can't help yourself, gobbling up every faith you can find. When they all fall out of you three days later, it knocks your knees out from under you. Was it all truly a lie?

**LOCKJOINT:** *Recovery Period 24 hrs.* Cartilage turns to iron. Everything refuses to bend. It hurts like a sonovabitch. All Agility rolls are twice as hard (always last in Initiative).

**BABELROACH:** *Recovery Period 6 Months.* An earwig, genetically malformed by generations in The Bayou Vesper. Translates animal calls into known speech. Nights in the Tangle become a chorus of sex & death. Kinda nifty until it starts to eat your eardrum.

**MEMETIC BLOCK:** *Recovery Period 3 Months.* Your brain Starts losing connection with societal signals & data. Once per day, the GM can force a 3-in-6 chance that the infected character acts in a situation with untempered self-interest (player's discretion). What's cooperation good for anyway?

The Pariah Bear's cough permanently increases the save for blights by 3. If a creature contracts more than three blights, they are cursed to be seen as a pariah by all they meet.

Wants: Nothing. Not anymore. It wanders, collects and spreads. Then it returns to the cave it has made its den. There's no thought attached to it. Just habit.

Hoard: It's corpse is an epidemiologist's dream. To anyone else it's a nightmare barren of value.

## PHTHORIC PIRANHA

*Swarm*

INIT always first; ATK Gnaw +5 (1d4); AC 11; HD 4d8; MV swim 40; ACT special; SP attack all creatures in a 20x20 space, *blood frenzy*; SV Fort +0, Ref +10, Will -5 AL chaos.

Three thousand needle teeth churn through the acid bath of a pitcher plant's belly, seeking meat. Kill one, there's two more in its place.

The Piranha swarm is trapped in the pitcher plant, and their swarm takes up the entire cramped space of the acid pool. If you are in the acid, you're amongst them, and they'll Gnaw you every turn they get. Their *blood frenzy* escalates over time. Every time the swarm hits any creature with a Gnaw, all future Gnaws do an additional 1d4 damage, regardless of target. The frenzy cools once the swarm has been reduced to half-HP.

Wants: To escape the acid pool, really, but they haven't got the mental bandwidth even to cooperate amongst themselves, never-mind a nice juicy adventurer.

Hoard: Plenty of **Treasures (AR)** down here. They aren't the first to get caught in the pitcher plant's trap.

## PSYCHOPTIC NETTLES

*Swarm*

INIT +0; ATK Flail +4 (1d8+2 and pulled under); AC 10; HD 8d8+10; MV swim 30; ACT special; SP attack all creatures in a 200x200 space, *eyelatch*, *reverie*; SV Fort -5, Ref +3, Will +1 AL none.

Eyeless sacs of gelatinous bio-luminescent meat, extruding quivering spines and trailing taut, muscular feelers. They collapse into pulsing, useless heaps if kept out of water for three rounds.

Nettles are drawn to the coral of the bay, and make their homes in the hollows. When the wind sings through the Phantom Chorale, they breach the surface to listen, drifting in a graceful arc back down to the water and winking like paper lanterns in the twilight.

The nettles' glow throbs in a sympathetic rhythm to the coral-song, lulling watchers into a *reverie*. Any who watch the nettles dance for more than a moment must save Will DC 14 or be charmed. Charmed creatures use all available movement to walk into the surf, repeating this save & effect every turn until they shake the spell or swim into the nettles' embrace.

Within their massive swarm, the nettles wait—drawing in prey. They Flail all uncharmed interlopers and fix their charmed prey with an *eyelatch*. Dealing 3d10 damage and sucking liquefied memory out through the

eye socket. That's what they eat, leaving hollow brain husks behind. Anyone thus killed resurrects with no mind. Survivors find they can no longer form visual memories.

Wants: To forever be dancing to the coral-song.

Hoard: Dusky pink bezoars in a sort gelatinous gullet—the crystallized and indigestible memories of past victims.



## RIPLEY, ARCHBOTCH

*Unique*

INIT +0; ATK Mind Pith +6 ranged 60 (2d6, *stun*); AC 12; HD 5d20; MV 30; ACT 2d20; SP *blood weave*, *compel*, *retinue*; SV Fort -2, Ref +0, Will +7 AL law.

Once head of the Sanguine Hive, Ripley is now fallen to the humble post of servile alchemist. Yet, Agnes Scratch is his best chance at escape from The Rim. He can be patient. Wait for his opportunity. He's always accompanied by a *retinue* of 3 **Pact Botches (FM)**.

Ripley disdains the use of any crude weapons, but is ever eager to employ his "talents". He uses two Mind Piths on his turn, hitting for 2d6 damage each and pushing the target back one place on the initiative track. In later turns, he may choose to cast only one Pith on his turn and use the other action to *compel* a Saltborn within 30 ft. Save Will DC 12 (15 if target has been hit with a Mind Pith) or Ripley forces target to do one of the following:

- Use any of its attacks, spells, powers or resources on a chosen creature within range.
- Tell Ripley any secret it knows.
- Perform any skill within its power.

When reduced to half-HP, Ripley engages his *blood weave*, forcing every creature that has been hit with a Mind Pith in the last six hours to save Fort DC 15 or have trace amounts of their blood acidify. 6d6 damage and they are paralyzed until the start of their next turn. Half damage on save, and no further effects.

Wants: Escape. To re-seize his lost power.

Hoard: Four tiny glass vials. Within, three drops of blood from each of the other leaders of the Pact. Just enough. Just in case.

## SALT-PACT CULTISTS

*Pack*

INIT +0; ATK Kris +2 melee (1d4), Bola +2 ranged 15 (1d2, *tangle*); AC 10; HD 1d8+1; MV 30; ACT 1d20; SP *cult morale*; SV Fort 2, Ref +0, Will +3 AL various.

Sailors, Merchants, Soldiers, Pilgrims, Refugees, Outcasts, Slaves. A hodgepodge of every kind of person ever lost at sea. Any given band of cultists is formed of motley folk only guaranteed a single commonality: they were drawn into the gravity well of Scratch's sway.

Pact Cultists are down and dirty skirmishers, but overused to easy picking from the feeble Debris. On their turn they either cut you with their Kris or try *tangle* you with a Bola. Tangled creatures are either:

- Knocked prone. 1 action to untangle and stand.
- Disarmed. 1 action to untangle and reequip.

Before every encounter, roll 1d6 to test *cult morale*:

1-2: Fanatics, all. They will die for the cause.  
3-4: A clever bastard. The last standing will try and trick the Saltborn with false diplomacy.  
5-6: Cowards. They yield or scatter if overwhelmed.

**Wants:** Many, but almost all work hard to bring about their master's wishes. The ones who can't at least fake devotion fast become grist for the meat mill.

**Hoard:** One meaningful **Treasure (RA)** per group. Maybe also a note or clue to aid aimless Saltborn.

## SCUTTILING GEMCRABS

*Swarm*

INIT +1; ATK Snip +6 melee (1d8, halves damage at half-HP); AC 20; HD 4d8; MV 20; ACT special; SP attack all creatures in a 20x20 space, *soft belly*; SV Fort +6, Ref +0, Will -6 AL none.

A dozen barbed crabs, their shells encrusted with the best and brightest gems of the beach. They mill about the area, digging for gems. The very best are fought over, the rest discarded. They really only want these gems & only fight if attacked (or if they see a prize too good to refuse). Once wound up, they Snip everyone in their space, but if one of the Saltborn spends their turn flipping over some of the Gemcrabs, their *soft bellies* reduce their AC to 10 until their next turn.

**Wants:** to cover their back with the most beautiful diamonds, rubies & opals it can find. The bigger they grow, the more ornamentation they require.

**Hoard:** A kingly sum on each wide shell.

## SEA WOLF

*Pack*

INIT +3; ATK Harry +2 melee (1d6+2, *spook*); AC 12; HD 2d6; MV 15, swim 40; ACT 1d20; SP *bay*, *pack vengeance*; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +1 AL chaos.

A bristling mane of thorns, a jaw like hands clasped in prayer. Flowing, iridescent stripes along its torso make it hard to lock your eyes onto its shape. A deadly hunter, bred by nature to creep up onto land and snag unwary waders before slipping back into the sea.

When a Sea Wolf attacks, it Harries its target, *spooking* them into a 5 ft. backpedal with their next movement. If they feel threatened, each Wolf can *bay* once per combat, calling 1d4 additional wolves with a wet howl. The Sea Wolf pack is only 15 head strong.

Whenever a Sea Wolf is killed, the next attack made against the killer is suffuse with *pack vengeance*. The Action Die for that attack is a D30.

**Wants:** The respect of its pack.

**Hoard:** Depends. They aren't fussy eaters—who knows what you'll find.

## STONE BOAR

*Pack*

INIT -1; ATK Gore +2 melee (1d8, *charge*); AC 13; HD 3d8; MV 30; ACT 1d20; SP half damage from non-magical weapons and fire, hides in stone as a fifth level Thief; SV Fort +6, Ref -1, Will +0 AL none.

A walking boulder of granite sewn through with veins of shining opal. Onyx eyes set in a furrowed, stony brow. Tusks tipped in black diamond. Bristling tufts of crystalline fur chime at the wind and the shifting of rock-muscle. Stone Boars protect their rooting quarries jealously. Otherwise as mercurial as any dumb beast.

If they attack, Boars Gore the most obnoxious intruders first. If the Stone Boar moves at least 20 ft. straight toward its target during the attack, the attack bonus and damage dice are doubled. Target saves Fort DC 11 or is pinned beneath the Boar.

**Wants:** Stone. They wander the Tangle looking for fossilized roots to break up and incorporate into themselves. The biggest ones are oldest.

**Hoard:** Anyone looking at its corpse would think it was a master-craft of stonemithery. One hell of a statue.



## SYBIL WURM

*Unique*

INIT always first; ATK Consume +10 melee (2d10+6 and *swallow*), Ruin Salvo +8 ranged 120 (2d6+6 and save Ref DC 14 or be pinned in place) Crush AOE 10x30 save Ref DC 14 (8d6, half on save); AC 12; HD 12d12; MV 30, burrow 30; ACT 2d30; SP *peer beyond, fickle fate, reweave*; SV Fort+12, Ref +0, Will +12 AL law

A world-shaking pillar of righteous fury, plated in spiked armor & trailing wisps of crimson skein thread from her cavernous maw—the fates of her enemies severed and used for decoration. The Wurm will destroy anything that threatens the Delphic Snails. Ruins their bodies and snaps their connections to the outside world and fate itself. Every turn she Consumes one of her foes, save Ref DC 14 or be *swallowed*. There's plenty of room in the Wurm's stomach to move and attack, but anyone who starts their turn there takes 2d6 acid damage and has a cousin, childhood friend, minor enemy or other acquaintance purged from existence. They feel it. The Wurm uses her other action to either fire a Ruin Salvo of javelin quills at a distant target or slam her body down on a clump of foes, Crushing them.

After each of the Wurm's turns, it may *reweave* fate, re-rolling its initiative and choose which to keep. Once per day the Wurm may start its turn with 6d20 Action Dice.

The first time the Sybil Wurm is hit with an attack, it may *peer beyond*, forcing the attacking Saltborn to declare their next turn now to reasonable specificity. The Wurm acts on this knowledge. When their turn comes, target Saltborn must stick to their declared plan as best they can, abandoning any impossible actions

When brought to half-HP, the Wurm twists *fickle fate*. Every creature within earshot saves Will DC 18 as the Wurm screams-sings a temporal edit. The GM names the most used class feature of every Saltborn that failed the roll. They must replace it with the corresponding feature of a random class.

**Death Throes:** With the sagging Sybil Wurms last breath, she detonates an empathy bomb. The Saltborn each and all are instilled with the undeniable certainty that what they have done is deeply, horribly wrong. It is the worst thing they will ever do.

**Wants:** to protect the helpless Delphic Snails.

**Hoard:** Every piece of her is potently magical. Each of her manifold eyes can peer into a different plane of existence. Her teeth ground down and inhaled show you the manner of your death. Thread dyed in her blood can weave tapestries that rewrite history. If you eat of her flesh, you are unbound from the web of fate until you feel hunger gnawing once again. Don't even get me started on the bones.

## TOOTHPICK JACANA

*Horde*

INIT -1; ATK Peck +3 melee (1d4+2); AC 10; HD 1d6-1; MV 20, fly 10; ACT 1d20; SP *pepperbox brood, cold turkey*; SV Fort+2, Ref +1, Will -2 AL chaos.

Four foot needle-beaked sandpipers, heads downturned and eyes squeezed shut. They're in the throes of the mother of all hangovers and their kids are tucked up under their wings, begging for food. The salt-pan near the swamp's edge is dotted with little caldera that spit up tiny sandstorms every few seconds. The Jacana are familiar and try to use these blinding bursts to their advantage, shooting for hit-&-run tactics—Pecking you just enough to feed themselves & their nest, then off into the dust. The whole thing goes to shit, though. They can barely function through withdrawals.

If a Jacana gets two or more foes adjacent at the same time, a clutch of hidden fledglings burst from its chest, pecking aimlessly. All targets save Ref DC 13 or take 2d6 damage, half on save.

Any creature hit by two or more Pecks is poisoned as by a scorpion & feels queasy until their next meal.

**Wants:** to return to court; to get high; and (if all else fails) a bit of meat to eat.

**Hoard:** some small trinket leftover from salad days.





# TRAPDOOR KOMODO

*Solo*

INIT +0; ATK Bite +5 melee (3d4/3d2/3d1), Tail Swipe +3 all adjacent (1d6); AC 14; HD 3d8; MV 30, burrow 20; ACT 1d20; SP immunity to poison; SV Fort+2, Ref -2, Will -2 AL chaos.

Mean eyes, rot-black claws, reciprocating teeth strung with gobs of caustic, cinnamon sputum. Swirling scales aglitter in the sun, when it *is* in the sun. Mostly it isn't, hid in the winding tunnels beneath the Garden, popping up from one or another hatch of hard packed sand to Bite prey, Swipe on its next turn then burrow back underground to ambush a new victim while the linger acid of its bite continues to damage its last victim. Anyone fool enough to follow it into the tunnels is next on the menu. The Komodo's on home turf down there.

The Trapdoor Komodo cannot be poisoned.

Wants: a meal, some treasure, peace.

Hoard: at a low pocket of its tunnels, piled up. Every gems plucked carefully out from the garden above and a further **3 Treasures (RA)**.



# UNDROWNED

*Horde*

INIT -4; ATK Scrabble +3 melee (1d4+2); AC 8; HD 2d6; MV 20; ACT 1d20; SP un-dead, *salt's grip*; SV Fort+4, Ref -4, Will +1 AL law.

Dredged out from the depths and sewn up with a bucketful of seawater inside. To remind them what they are. The Salt Prophet brought them back to serve her, and they do. There's nothing left of what they used to be. The Sea took that from them. Agnes gets what's left.

All Undrowned are given a single command at birth. "Dig"; "Patrol"; "Flay". This defines the edges of their existence. A cultist can refine their actions in a given moment—tell them to wait, or to do what they're doing in a different way, but a digger was born to dig. A flayer can do nothing but flay. If the Saltborn cause enough trouble (Eg. Kill a bunch of cultists, disrupt the dig site, etc.) Agnes Scratch ups their cognitive load to hold a secondary command: "Kill All Interlopers".

Undrowned are un-dead and can be turned by clerics. They don't eat, sleep, drink or breathe and are immune to disease and poisons. They're immune to all mental effects and cold damage. In addition, an Undrowned cannot be destroyed so long as it keeps full of water. It will persevere, rolling d5s for its Action Dice, until it has been drained.

Wants: Null.

Hoard: Perhaps some small token of a previous life. A sea-smooth stone or waterlogged pipe.

# THE VANTALAK

## Unique

INIT +2; ATK Rend +8 reach 10 (1d8+2, *bleed*), Apocalypse Maw +8 melee (3d6, *hobble*); AC 15; HD 4d12; MV 40; ACT 2d20; SP half damage from all non-magical weapons, *slink*, *ur-hunter*; SV Fort+2, Ref +8, Will +0 AL chaos.

Death poured into four paws and a tail. It winnows. Pares away the weakness starting at the bottom, but everything is weak compared to it. All is chaff in the Vantalak's eye. There's a few on this isle that could give it an honest fight, but why bother? It's a murder machine. What could it have that anyone on that level would want?

It plays with its food; takes no threat seriously. It would be a fatal weakness if it had ever met anything that was a match for it. If you're unlucky enough to be on the other end of this game, know it will start of batting you with a couple of Rends each turn. Rend bleeds you, so you leak out another 2 HP every turn you don't heal or bandage yourself.

If you manage to get a few hits in, the kid gloves are like to come off. The Vantalak will start mixing bites from its Apocalypse Maw. Every time it hits, roll 1d4 to pick the limb it bites. That limb is now *hobbled*. Arms swing weapons worse and hold shields awry. -2 to any held item. Legs twist and refuse weight. -5 speed. If the Maw attack is a natural 20, the limb is instead sheared cleanly off as if by a scalpel's stroke.

The Vantalak takes only half-damage from all non-magical weapons and can track any living thing that it has smelled for any distance, to any location.



When reduced to half-HP, The Vantalak *slinks* behind the nearest too-thin piece of environment & disappears. Randomly determine a Saltborn who has not gone yet this round. After their turn, the Vantalak will pounce from their blind spot and attempt to pin them down. Going forward and including now, the Vantalak's initiative is shifted to come directly after the target Saltborn. If the Vantalak's ambush would defy logic ("everyone back-to-back so it can't surprise us!") it waits for the perfect moment to strike. It is patient. This is its favorite part.

Wants: To be entertained. A lethal enterprise.

Horde: Besides the stash in its feather-bed, its teeth and claws could be made into weapons non-pareil.

# THE VANTALAK'S SHADOW

## Unique

INIT +2; ATK Nightclaw +4 reach 10 (1d6+2, *sap*), Leap +4 melee (*smother*); AC 11; HD 4d6; MV 40; ACT 1d20, 1d10; SP None; SV Fort+1, Ref +5, Will-2 AL chaos.

A slinky little zigzag of midnight. Torn from its home some many years past, it has made do playing shadow to lesser subjects. Then it saw you. Now it'll jump from Saltborn to Saltborn trying to get home, but it is not practiced at shadowing humanoids. It isn't perfect. If discovered, it'll lash out.

In combat it will either use its turn to Nightclaw, *sapping* the target's shadow and healing by the damage dealt, or Leap on a Saltborn, trying to *smother* them. Smothered targets are grappled and blind (Escape DC 12). At the beginning of their next turn, they take 3d6 damage and then may make an escape check. Damage dealt to the Shadow while smothering is shared with its target.

Wants: To make its way back home to its master, but anything better than a fossilized tree will do for now.

Hoard: Dead, it falls at your feet—a shroud of nothingness. That's pretty rad.