

RAVAGING HORDES

BELGOI STALKER

Group, Organized, Intelligent
Bow (d8 damage) 6 HP 1 Armor
Near, Far

Special Qualities: Detect mind

Once they sense your mind using their little bells, you can't escape. Not without a fight you may not win. The desert scrub is a dangerous place to go exploring on your own and if you fall and break your leg or eat the wrong cactus, well, you'll be lucky if you die of thirst before the belgoi find you. They prefer their prey alive, see—cracking bones and the screams of the dying lend a sort of succulence to a meal. Sickening creatures, no? They'll hunt you, slow and steady, as you die. If you hear a bell ringing in the desert wind, well, best pray Death comes to take you before they do.

Instinct:

- To prey on weakness
- Doggedly track prey
- Strike at a moment of weakness

BELGOI HUNTER

Solitary, Intelligent, Organized
Ceremonial dagger (d10+2 damage) 18 HP 1 Armor
Close, Reach

Special Qualities: Detect mind

Oh, a hunter! How nice. I suspect you didn't know the belgoi didn't consider themselves all hunters, did you? Yes, they all hunt, but with a true hunter there is a terrible difference. The hunter is the one who, among his tribe, hunts to satisfy the strange rituals of the belgoi. Frightening? Too right.

Instinct:

- To carry out the rituals of the tribe
- Inflict suffering on others
- Drive the tribe into a fervor

BELGOI CALLER

Solitary, Intelligent, Organized
Sword (b[2d10] damage, 1 piercing) 12 HP 2 Armor
Close

Special Qualities: Detect mind

Every tribe has a leader. With these terrible creatures, being leader isn't about size or sharp teeth but about

cruelty. About a willingness to kill your brothers and eat them while the tribe watches. Willingness to desecrate the tribe in a way that crows them to you. If they're that awful to each other—to their living kin—think about how they must view us. It's hard to be mere meat in a land of carnivores.

Instinct:

- To drive the tribe
- Demand obedience
- Send the tribe to hunt

FORMIAN DRONE

Horde, Organized, Cautious
Bite (d6 damage) 7 HP 4 Armor
Close

Special Qualities: Hive connection, Insectoid

With good cause, they say that these creatures (like all insects, really) are claimed by the powers of Law. They are order made flesh—a perfectly stratified society in which every larva, hatchling and adult knows its place in the great hive. The formian is some strange intersection of men and ants. (Though there are winged tribes that look like wasps in the Mekillot Mountains, I've heard. And some with great sawtooth arms like mantids in the Forest Ridge.) Tall, with a hard shell and a harder mind, these particular formians are the bottom caste. They work the hills and honeycombs with single-minded joy that can be known only by such an alien mind.

Instinct:

- To follow orders
- Raise the alarm
- Create value for the hive
- Assimilate

FORMIAN TASKMASTER

Group, Organized, Intelligent
Spiked whip (d8 damage) 6 HP 3 Armor
Close, Reach

Special Qualities: Hive connection, Insectoid

It takes two hands to rule an empire: one to wield the scepter and one to crack the whip. These ant-folk are that whip. Lucky for them, with two extra arms, that's a lot of whip to crack. They oversee the vast swarms of worker drones that set to build the mighty caverns and ziggurats

that dot the places that formians can be found. One in a hundred, these brutes stand two or three feet taller than their pale, near-mindless kin and have a sharper, crueller wit to match. They'll often ignore the soft races (as we're known) if we don't interfere in a project, but get in the way of The Great Work and expect nothing less than their full attention. You don't want their full attention.

Instinct:

- To command
- Order drones into battle
- Set great numbers in motion

FORMIAN CENTURION

Horde, Intelligent, Organized
Barbed spear (b[2d6]+2 damage) 7 HP 3 Armor
Close, Reach

Special Qualities: Hive connection, Insectoid, Wings
Whether in the form of a legionnaire, part of the formian standing army, or as a praetorian guard to the queen, every formian hive contains a great number of these most dangerous insectoids. Darker in carapace, often scarred with furrows and the ceremonial markings that set them apart from their drones, the formian centurions are their fighting force and rightly so. Born, bred and living for the singular purpose of killing the enemies of their hive, they fight with one mind and a hundred swords. Thus far, the powers of Law have seen fit to spare mankind a great war with these creatures, but we've seen them in skirmish—descending sometimes on border towns with their wings flickering in the heat or spilling up from a sandy mound to wipe clean a newly-dug mine. Theirs is an orderly bloodshed, committed with no pleasure but the completion of a goal.

Instinct:

- To fight as ordered
- Advance as one
- Summon reinforcements
- Give a life for the hive

FORMIAN QUEEN

Solitary, Huge, Organized, Intelligent, Hoarder
Crushing mandibles (d10+5 damage) 24 HP 3 Armor
Reach, Forceful

Special Qualities: Hive connection, Insectoid

At the heart of every hive, no matter its size or kind, lives a queen. As large as any giant, she sits protected by her guard, served by every drone and taskmaster with her own, singular purpose: to spread her kind and grow the hive. To birth the eggs. To nurture. We do not understand the minds of these creatures but it is known they can communicate with their children, somehow, over vast distances and that they begin to teach them the ways of earth and stone and war while still pale and wriggling larvae, without a word. To kill one is to set chaos on the hive; without their queen, the rest turn on one another in a mad, blind rage.

Instinct:

- To spread formians
- Call every formian it spawned
- Release a half-formed larval mutation
- Organize and issue orders

GITH BLOODWARRIOR

Horde, Intelligent, Organized

Jagged blade (d6+2 damage, 1 piercing) 3 HP 0 Armor

Close, Messy

The gith horde is a savage, bloodthirsty, and hateful collection of tribes. There are myths and stories that tell of the origin of their rage—a demon curse, a homeland destroyed, magic gone wrong—but the truth has been lost to time. Every able gith, be it man or woman, child or elder, swears fealty to the warchief and their tribe and bears the jagged blade of a bloodwarrior. Men are trained to fight and kill—gith are born to it.

Instinct:

- To fight
- Fight with abandon
- Revel in destruction

GITH BERSERKER

Solitary, Large, Intelligent, Organized

Cleaver (d10+5 damage) 20 HP 0 Armor

Close, Reach

Special Qualities: Mutations

Stained in the unholy ritual of Anointing By The Night's Blood, some warriors of the horde rise to a kind of twisted knighthood. They trade their sanity for this honor, stepping halfway into a world of swirling madness. This makes berserkers the greatest of their tribe, though as time passes, the chaos spreads. The rare

berserker that lives more than a few years becomes horrible and twisted.

Instinct:

- To rage
- Fly into a frenzy
- Unleash chaos

GITH BREAKER

Solitary, Large

Hammer (d10+3 damage ignores armor) 16 HP 0 Armor

Close, Reach, Forceful

“Before you set out across the Wastes, hark a moment to the tale of Regnus. Regnus was like you, sir—a warrior of some repute, in his plated armor and with a shield as tall as a man. Proud he was of it, too—Mountainshield, he called himself. Tale goes that he'd set his eyes on rescuing some lost merchant's daughter, a kidnap from Altaruk. Regnus came across some gith in his travels, a dozen or so, and thought, as one might, that they'd be no match. Battle was joined and all was well until one of them gith emerged from the fray with a stone club bigger than any man ought to be able to wield. Built more like a braxat, they say it was, and with a single swing, it crushed Regnus to the ground, shield and all. It were no ordinary gith, they say. It were a breaker. They can't make armor or shields of their own, see, so maybe it's jealousy drives these burly things to crush and shatter the way they do. Effective tactic, though. Careful out there.”

Instinct:

- To smash
- Destroy armor or protection
- Lay low the mighty

GITH ONE-EYE

Group, Psionic, Intelligent, Organized

Inflict Wounds (d8+2 damage ignores armor) 6 HP 0

Armor

Close, Reach, Near, Far

Special Qualities: One eye

In the name of the Old Ways and by the First Sacrifice of Elf-Flesh do we invoke the Old Powers. By the Second Sacrifice, I make my claim to what is mine—the dark energies of Night. In the image of our forebears, I walk the path to what was once ours! I call to the Planes! I call to the clouded sky! Take this mortal organ, eat of the flesh of our enemy and give me what is mine!

Instinct:

- To hate
- Rend flesh with psionics
- Take an eye
- Make a sacrifice of a sentient creature and grow in power

GITH SHAMAN

Solitary, Intelligent, Organized

Elemental blast (d10 damage ignores armor) 12 HP 0

Armor

Close, Reach, Near, Far

Special Qualities: Elemental power

The gith are as old a race as any. They cast bones in the dirt and called to what they once were as the elves built their first cities. They have waged wars, conquered kingdoms, and fallen into corruption in the aeons it took for men to crawl from their caves and dwarves to first see the light of the sun. Fitting, then, that the old ways still hold. They summon the powers of the world to work, to fight and to protect their people, as they have since they first arrived under the two moons.

Instinct:

- To strengthen gith-kind
- Give protection of earth
- Give power of fire
- Give swiftness of water
- Give clarity of air

GITH SLAVER

Horde, Stealthy, Intelligent, Organized

Whip (d6 damage) 3 HP 0 Armor

Close, Reach

Red sails fly in the Bay of Maray. Red sails and ships of bone, old wood and hide. The warfleet of the horde. Gith up that way have taken to the sea, harassing island settlements and stealing away with traders and their kin. It's said the custom is spreading south and the gith learn the value of free work. Taken to it like a sacred duty—especially if they can get their hands on elves. Hard to think of a grimmer fate than to live out your life on a gith galley, back bent under the lash.

Instinct:

- To take
- Take a captive
- Pin someone under a net

- Drug them

GITH SHADOWHUNTER

Solitary, Stealthy, Psionic, Intelligent

Poisoned dagger (d10 damage, 1 piercing) 10 HP 0

Armor

Close, Reach

Special Qualities: Shadow cloak

Not every attack by gith is torches and screaming and enslavement. Among those who remember the Old Ways, poison and murder-in-the-dark are considered sacred arts. Enter the shadowhunter. Gith cloaked in psionically-created shadow who slip into camps, villages, and caravans and end the lives of those within. Do not be so distracted by the howling of the berserkers that you don't notice the knife at your back.

Instinct:

- To kill in darkness
- Poison them
- Melt into the shadows
- Cloak them in darkness

GITH WARCHIEF

Solitary, Intelligent, Organized

Iron Sword of Ages (b[2d10]+2 damage) 16 HP 0 Armor

Close, Reach

Special Qualities: One-Eye blessings, Shaman blessings, Elemental protection from mortal harm

There are chiefs and there are leaders of the tribes among the gith. There are those who rise to seize power and fall under the machinations of their foes. There is but one Warchief. One gith in all the horde who stands above the rest, bearing the blessings of the One-Eyes and the Shamans both. But one who walks and knows of the once mighty power of the githyanki. But one who bears the Iron Sword of Ages and carries the ancient grudge

against the civil races on his shoulders. The Warchief is to be respected, to be obeyed and above all else, to be feared. All glory to the Warchief.

Instinct:

- To lead
- Start a war
- Make a show of power
- Enrage the tribes

THRI-KREEN WARRIOR

Group, Organized, Intelligent

Gythka (b[2d8] damage) or Chatkcha (d8 damage) 6 HP

3 Armor

Close, Reach or Near, Far

The thri-kreen are not a militant race by nature. They only appear to be because they attack to hunt prey... often.

Instinct:

- To hunt
- Protect the pack
- Feed the pack

THRI-KREEN SPY

Solitary, Stealthy, Intelligent, Organized

Gythka (w[2d10] damage) or Chatkcha (d8 damage) 12

HP 2 Armor

Close, Reach or Near, Far

A kreen pack was defeated during a failed attack on a small caravan. The caravan survivors caught one alive, but barely so. Through its clicks and broken common and in a state of delirium it told the caravan of the greatest of hunting packs. It described an inescapable swell of power of some great kreen empire would rise up and hunt freely across the Tablelands. The tale spread and now, when encountering thri-kreen, men watch and

worry that the dying thri-kreen's tale was true. That there are powers beyond the Tablelands that watch and wait. They fear that the mantis people thought so little of might be more than what they seem.

Instinct:

- To spy on the Tablelands
- Reveal their secrets
- Strike at weakness

THRI-KREEN CALLER

Group, Elemental, Magical, Intelligent

Elemental Force (d8+2 damage, ignores armor) 6 HP 3

Armor

Near, Far

Special Qualities: Aquatic, Mutations

Part priest, part outcast among their kind, the caller speaks with the voice of the winds, of the mountains, of the sun and the rain. They can be known by their mutations—stone chitin, perhaps, or gossamer insect wings. They speak in a strange tongue that can call and command creatures of the Wastes. They commune with the land around them and cast strange spells that hide oases from travelers and defilers alike. It is the Callers who sense spirits of the land whispering of vast plain where an empire of thri-kreen dwell. Are these tidings good or do they forebode a great danger to the land? The Callers speak but few hear them.

Instinct:

- To protect the land
- Prevent non-kreen from finding (and destroying) fertile lands and oases
- Command beasts of the Wastes
- Reveal the existence of a kreen empire to thri-kreen

LEGIONS OF THE UNDEAD

ABOMINATION

Solitary, Large, Construct, Terrifying

Slam (d10+3 damage) 20 HP 1 Armor

Close, Reach, Forceful

Special Qualities: Many limbs, heads, and so on. Corpses sewn onto corpses make up the bulk of these shambling masses of dark magic. Most undead are crafted to be controlled—made to serve some purpose like building a tower or serving as guardians. Not so the abomination. The last aspect of the ritual used to grant fire to their hellish limbs invokes a hatred so severe that the abomination knows but one task: to tear and rend at the very thing it cannot have—life. Many students of the black arts learn to their mortal dismay the most important fact about these hulks; an abomination knows no master.

Instinct:

- To end life
- Tear flesh apart
- Spill forth putrid guts

BANSHEE

Solitary, Magical, Intelligent

Scream (d10 damage) 16 HP 0 Armor

Near

Special Qualities: Insubstantial

Come away from an encounter with one of these vengeful spirits merely deaf and count yourself lucky for the rest of your peaceful, silent days. Often mistaken at first glance for a ghost or wandering spirit, the banshee reveals a far more deadly talent for sonic assault when angered. And her anger comes easy. A dwarf who failed to fulfill his focus, the banshee makes known his displeasure with a roar or scream that can putrefy flesh and rend the senses. If you can help fulfill the focus he failed to complete in life, they say he might grant rewards. Whether the affection of a tortured spirit is a thing you'd want, well, that's another question.

Instinct:

- To share the agony of failure
- Drown out all other sound with a ceaseless scream
- Unleash a skull-splitting noise

- Disappear into the Wastes

FAEL

Solitary, Large, Intelligent, Hoarder

Smash (d10+3 damage) 16 HP 1 Armor

Close, Reach, Forceful

Most folk know that the undead feed on flesh. The warmth, blood and living tissue continue their unholy existence. This is true for most of the mindless dead, animated by black sorcery. Not so the devourer. When a particularly wicked person (often a manipulator of men, an apostate priest or the like) dies in a gruesome way, the dark powers of Dungeon World might bring them back to a kind of life. The devourer, however, does not feed on the flesh of men or elves. The devourer eats souls. It kills with a pleasure only the sentient can enjoy and in the moments of its victims' expiry, draws breath like a drowning man and swallows a soul. What does it mean to have your soul eaten by such a creature? None dare ask for fear of finding out.

Instinct:

- To feast on souls
- Devour or trap dying soul
- Bargain for a soul's return

GHOST

Solitary, Devious, Terrifying

Phantom touch (d6 damage) 16 HP 0 Armor

Close, Reach

Special Qualities: Insubstantial

Every culture tells the story the same way. You live, you love or you hate, you win or you lose, you die somehow you're not too fond of and here you are, ghostly and full of disappointment and what have you. Some people take it upon themselves, brave and kindly folks, to seek out the dead and help them pass to their rightful rest. You can find them, most times, down at the tavern drinking away the terrors they've seen or babbling to themselves in the madhouse. Death takes a toll on the living, no matter how you come by it.

Instinct:

- To haunt
- Reveal the terrifying nature of death

- Haunt a place of importance

- Offer information from the other side, at a price

GHOUL

Group

Talons (d8 damage, 1 piercing) 10 HP 1 Armor

Close, Messy

Hunger. Hunger hunger hunger. Desperate clinging void-stomach-emptiness hunger. Sharp talons to rend flesh and teeth to tear and crack bones and suck out the soft marrow inside. Vomit up hate and screaming jealous anger and charge on twisted legs—scare the living flesh and sweeten it ever more with the stink of fear. Feast. Slave or noble, wizard, sage, or templar all make for such delicious meat.

Instinct:

- To eat
- Gnaw off a body part
- Gain the memories of their meal

KAISHARGA

Solitary, Magical, Intelligent, Cautious, Hoarder,

Construct

Magical Force (d10+3 damage, ignores armor) 16 HP 5 Armor

Near, Far

“You spend years sculking from prying eyes, then even more hiding your power from those who fear it. There's never enough time for research, to perfect the art, to become truly great. The next thing you realize, you are tired, old, and weary. It took me ten years to learn the rituals and another four to collect the material and you see before you the fruits of my labor. I endure. I live. I will see the death of this age and the dawn of the next. It pains me to have to do this, but, you see, you cannot be permitted to endanger my research. When I send you to the Gray, at least you'll have the company of all the others that have disturbed me.”

Instinct:

- To un-live
- Cast a perfected spell of death or destruction
- Set a ritual or great working into motion
- Reveal a preparation or plan already completed

MEORTY

Solitary, Hoarder

Smash (d10+2 damage) 16 HP 1 Armor

Close

There were cultures who revered the law. To defend these laws, these people spent weeks preparing a sacred corpse to forever enforce these often odd rules. Temples, pyramids, and great vaults of stone are built to house these ancient defenders. Do not be tempted by these vaults—oh, I know that greedy look! Heed my warnings or risk a terrible fate, for these honored dead do not wish to be disturbed. And if you find yourself in a distant village and they spin three times before entering a home, I found follow their lead lest a meorty deems you in violation of the laws of its domain.

Instinct:

- Enforce the ancient ways
- Curse them
- Wrap them up
- Rise again

SHADOW

Horde, Large, Magical, Construct

Shadow touch (d6+1 damage) 11 HP 4 Armor

Close, Reach

Special Qualities: Shadow Form

We call to the elements. We call on fire, ever-burning. We summon water, life-giving. We beseech the earth, stable-standing. We cry to the air, forever-changing. These elements we recognize and give our thanks but ask to pass. The elemental we call upon this night knows another name. We call upon the element of Night. Shadow, we name you. Death's messenger and black

assassin, we claim for our own. Accept our sacrifice and do our bidding 'til the morning come.

Instinct:

- To darken
- Snuff out light
- Spawn another shadow from the dead

SKELETON

Horde

Slam (d6 damage) 7 HP 1 Armor

Close

Dem bones, dem bones, dem dry bones.

Instinct:

- To take the semblance of life
- Act out what it did in life
- Snuff out the warmth of life
- Reconstruct from miscellaneous bones

SPECTRE

Solitary, Hoarder

Withering touch (d10 damage) 12 HP 0 Armor

Close

Special Qualities: Insubstantial

For some folk, when they pass, the Gray cannot release their grip on the places they love most. An ancient priest whose devotion to his silent god is unyielding. A merchant who cannot bear to part with his vault. A drunk and his favorite tavern. All make excellent spectres. They act not out of the usual hunger that drives the undead, but jealousy. Jealousy that anyone else might come to love their home as much as they do and drive them out. These places belong to them and these invisible spirits will kill before they'll let anyone send them to their rest.

Instinct:

- To drive life from a place
- Turn their haunt against a creature
- Bring the environment to life

T'LIZ

Group, Stealthy, Organized, Intelligent

Supernatural force (d8+5 damage, 1 piercing) 10 HP 2 Armor

Close, Forceful

Special Qualities: Changing form, ancient mind
So much like us, and yet tainted. Their spirits have endured through defiling magic, while their bodies are ever on the verge of wasting away. They crave knowledge and power, but also the essence of the living to extend their bodies that much longer.

Instinct:

- To manipulate
- Charm someone
- Feed on their essence
- Retreat to plan again

ZOMBIE

Horde

Bite (d6 damage) 11 HP 1 Armor

Close

When there's no more room in the Gray...

Instinct:

- Braaaaaains
- Attack with overwhelming numbers
- Corner them
- Gain strength from the dead, spawn more zombies

THE WASTES

ANKHEG

Group, Large

Bite (d8+1 damage) 10 HP 3 Armor

Close, Reach

Special Qualities: Burrowing

A hide like plate armor and great crushing mandibles are problematic. A stomach full of acid that can burn a hole through a stone wall makes them all the worse. They'd be bad enough if they were proper insect-sized, but these things have the gall to be as long as any given horse. It's just not natural! Good thing they tend to stick to one place? Easy for you to say—you don't have an ankheg living under your corn field.

Instinct:

- To undermine
- Undermine the ground
- Burst from the earth
- Spray forth acid, eating away at metal and flesh

ASSASSIN VINE

Solitary, Stealthy, Amorphous

Thorns (d10 damage, 1 piercing) 15 HP 1 Armor

Close, Reach, Messy

Special Qualities: Plant

Among the animals there exists a clear division 'tween hunter and hunted. All it takes is a glance to know—by fangs and glowing eyes or claws or venomous sting—which of the creatures of this world are meant to kill and which stand to be killed. Such a split, if you have the eyes to see it, cuts the world of leaves and flowers in twain, as well. Druids in their forest circles know it. Rangers, too, might spot such a plant before it's too late. Lay folk, though, they wander where they oughtn't—paths into the deep wastes covered in creeping vines and with a snap, these hungry ropes snap tight, dragging their meaty prey into the underbrush. Mind your feet, traveller.

Instinct:

- To grow
- Shoot forth new growth
- Attack the unwary

B'ROHG

Group, Large, Organized, Intelligent

Club (d8+7 damage) 14 HP 1 Armor

Reach, Forceful

A race of titans still dwell on the plains and mountains. Primitive and yet sought out to stock the arenas of the City-States.

Instinct:

- Shake the earth
- Retreat, only to come back stronger

DRAKE

Solitary, Huge, Terrifying, Cautious, Hoarder

Bite (b[2d10]+5 damage, 4 piercing) 16 HP 5 Armor

Reach, Messy

Special Qualities: Elemental blood, Wings

After the Dragon and the sorcerer-kings, they are the greatest and most terrible things this world will ever have to offer.

Instinct:

- Bend an element to its will
- Act with disdain

DWARVEN WARRIOR

Horde, Organized

Obsidian Axe (d6 damage) 7 HP 2 Armor

Close

For ages, men believed all dwarves were male and all were of this ilk: stoic and proud warriors. Axe-wielding and plate-wearing. Stout bearded battle-hungry dwarves who would push them, time and time again, back up out of their mines and tunnels with ferocity. It just goes to show how little men know about the elder races. These folk are merely a vanguard, and they bravely do their duty to protect the riches of the ancient Dwarven realm. Earn their trust and you've an ally for life. Earn their ire and you're not likely to regret it very long.

Instinct:

- To defend
- Drive them back
- Call up reinforcements

EARTH ELEMENTAL

Solitary, Huge

Smash (d10+5 damage) 27 HP 4 Armor

Reach, Forceful

Special Qualities: Made of stone

Our shaman says that all the things of the world have a spirit. Stones, trees, a stream. Now that I've seen the earth roil under my feet and fists of stone beat my friends half to death I'd like to believe that crazy old man. The one I saw was huge—big as a house! It came boiling up from a rockslide out of nowhere and had a voice like an avalanche. I pay my respects, now. Rightly so.

Instinct:

- To show the strength of earth
- Turn the ground into a weapon
- Meld into stone

ELVISH WARRIOR

Horde, Intelligent, Organized

Bone Sword (b[2d6] damage) 3 HP 2 Armor

Close

Special Qualities: Sharp senses

"As with all things they undertake, the elves approach raiding, thievery, and battle as an art."

Instinct:

- To gain wealth and status in the tribe
- Strike at a weak point
- Use the desert wastes to advantage

ELVISH DEFILER

Solitary, Magical, Intelligent, Organized

Arcane fire (d10 damage ignores armor) 12 HP 0 Armor

Near, Far

Special Qualities: Sharp senses

Elvish magic of the past, I'm told, was in harmony with the natural world. Now of course they have fallen even lower than human mages, defiling willfully to defend their tribe, and consequently, improving their standing in the tribe.

Instinct:

- To unleash power
- Work the magic that benefits the tribe (and themselves)

FIRE BEETLE

Horde, Small

Flames (d6 damage ignores armor) 3 HP 3 Armor
Near

Special Qualities: Full of flames

Scarabaeus pyractomena! What a delightful creature—see how its carapace glitters in the light of our torches? Not too close now, they're temperamental, you see. The fire in their belly isn't just metaphorical, no. Watch as I goad the beast. Aha! A spout of flame! Unexpected, isn't it? One of these creatures alone, if it comes up from below, can be a hellish nuisance to a farmstead or village. A whole swarm? There's a reason they call it a conflagration of fire beetles.

Instinct:

- To enflame
- Undermine the ground
- Burst from the earth
- Spray forth flames

GIANT

Group, Huge, Intelligent, Organized

Thrown rocks (d8+3 damage) 10 HP 1 Armor

Reach, Near, Far, Forceful

Ugly or beast-headed: Take your pick, they might see a difference but both groups cause the same amount of trouble. Hope you like having crodlu thrown at you.

Instinct:

- Ruin everything.
- Throw something
- Shake the earth

HEJKIN

Horde, Small, Intelligent, Organized

Spear (d6 damage) 3 HP 1 Armor

Close, Reach

Nobody seems to know where these things came from. Elves say they're the dwarves' fault—dredged up from a hidden place beneath the earth. Dwarves say they're bad elvish children, taken away at birth and raised in the dark. The truth of the matter is that hejkin have always been here and they'll be here once all the civilized races have fallen and gone away. Hejkin never die out. There's just too damn many of them.

Instinct:

- To multiply
- Charge!
- Call more hejkin

- Retreat and return with (many) more

HEJKIN CHANTER

Solitary, Small, Magical, Intelligent, Organized

Acid orb (d10+1 damage ignores armor) 12 HP 0 Armor

Near, Far

Oh lord, who taught them magic?

Instinct:

- To tap power beyond their stature
- Unleash a poorly understood spell
- Pour forth magical chaos
- Use other hejkin for shields

JHAKAR

Horde, Small

Gnaw (d6 damage 1 piercing) 7 HP 1 Armor

Close, Messy

Who hasn't seen a tamed jhakar before? It's like that, but far more nasty and not afraid of you anymore.

Instinct:

- To devour
- Swarm
- Rip something (or someone) apart

PURPLE WORM

Solitary, Huge

Bite (d10+5 damage) 20 HP 2 Armor

Reach, Forceful

Special Qualities: Burrowing

Iä! Iä! The Purple Worm! Blessed is its holy slime! We walk, unworthy, in its miles of massive tunnels. We are but shadows under its violet and all-consuming glory. Mere acolytes, we who hope someday to return to the great embrace of its tooth-ringed maw. Let it consume us! Let it eat our homes and villages so that we might be taken! Iä! Iä! The Purple Worm!

Instinct:

- To consume
- Swallow whole
- Tunnel through stone and earth

ROC

Group, Large, Organized, Intelligent

Talons (b[2d8]+1 damage, 1 piercing) 10 HP 1 Armor

Close, Reach

Special Qualities: Mighty wings

Some the size of horses. Bigger, even. Their cry pierces the mountain sky and woe to those who fall under the shadow of their mighty wings.

Instinct:

- To rule the heights
- Attack from the sky
- Pull someone into the air

ROT GRUB

Horde, Tiny

Burrow (d6-2 damage) 3 HP 0 Armor

Hand

Special Qualities: Burrow into flesh

They live in your skin. Or your organ meat. Or your eyeballs. They grow there and then, in a bloody and horrific display, burrow their way out. Disgusting.

Instinct:

- To infect
- Burrow under flesh
- Lay eggs
- Burst forth from an infected creature

SPIDERLORD

Solitary, Large, Devious, Intelligent

Mandibles (d8+4 damage) 16 HP 3 Armor

Close, Reach

Special Qualities: Burrowing

Even spiders have their gods, whispered to in webs with little praying arms.

Instinct:

- To weave webs (literal and metaphorical)
- Enmesh in webbing
- Put a plot into motion

SSURRAN

Group, Stealthy, Intelligent, Organized

Spear (d8 damage) 6 HP 2 Armor

Close, Reach

A traveling psion once told me that the ssurran came before we did. That before elves and dwarves and men built even the first of their wattle huts, a race of proud lizard kings strode the land. That they lived in palaces of crystal and worshipped their own scaly gods. Maybe that's true and maybe it ain't—now they dwell in places men long forgot or abandoned, crafting tools from volcano-glass and lashing against the works of the

civilized world. Maybe they just want back what they lost.

Instinct:

- To destroy threats to ssurran
- Ambush the unsuspecting
- Trade with desert tribes

TWISTED EXPERIMENTS

ANAKORE

Group, Construct

Claws (d10 damage) 12 HP 2 Armor

Close

Clawed monstrosities that burst from the ground to attack and drag their victims down with them just as quick, these creatures were thought to once be men who were touched by a terrible curse.

Instinct:

- To hunt
- Strike from darkness

BULETTE

Solitary, Huge, Construct

Bite (d10+5 damage, 3 piercing) 20 HP 3 Armor

Close, Forceful

Special Qualities: Burrowing

A seasoned caravan guard learns to listen for the calls of a scout or sentry with a keen ear. A few extra seconds after the alarm is raised can mean life or death. Different cries mean different responses, too—a call of “gith!” means draw your sword and steady for blood but a call of “bandits!” says you might be able to bargain. One alarm from the scouts that always, always means it’s time to pack up, whip your kank’s antenna and run for the hills? “LAND SHARK!”

Instinct:

- To devour
- Drag prey into rough tunnels
- Burst from the earth
- Swallow whole

GAJ

Solitary, Construct

Mind touch (d8 damage, ignores armor) and Pincers (d10 damage) 12 HP 4 Armor

Close

Special Qualities: Mind touch

A very distinctive-looking creature. Something like a white crab, I think. Long crickety legs, anyhow. Has several eyes as I understand it—but they use their feathery antennae to sense the minds of others. Feed that way, too. Sift through the memories of sentient beings for the choicest bits. That’s what they eat, don’t matter what race, neither. Their merest touch shatters the mind. Psions last longer but under the scrutiny of a gaj, it’s a foregone conclusion. Only the sorcerer-kings know where they came from, but they’re a curse if you value your sanity.

Instinct:

- To feed
- Destroy minds
- Gain strength from consuming mental energy

GIRALLON

Solitary, Huge

Rending hands (d10+5 damage) 20 HP 1 Armor

Reach, Forceful

Special Qualities: Many arms

The pounding of the jungle drums calls to it. The slab of meat on the sacrificial stone to lure in the great ape. Girallon, they call it—a name from the long-forgotten tongue of the kings who bred the beast. Taller than a building, some say. Cloaked in ivory fur with tusks as long as scimitars. Four arms? Six? The rumors are hard to verify. Every year it is the same: some adventurer visits the Forest Ridge seeking the ape and returns, never quite the same, never with a trophy. The pounding of the drums goes on.

Instinct:

- To rule
- Answer the call of sacrifice
- Drive them from the jungle
- Throw someone

OBSIDIAN GOLEM

Group, Large, Construct

Obsidian fists (d8+5 damage) 10 HP 3 Armor

Close, Reach, Forceful

Special Qualities: Obsidian

A staple of the enchanter’s art. Every hidden mage, or dabbling templar knows this. As much an art as a science, the crafting of a fine golem is as respected in the Cities as a bridge newly built or a fortress erected in the mountains. Unceasing watchdog, stalwart defender, the obsidian golem lives to serve, following its orders eternally. Any enchanter worth his salt can craft one, if he can afford the materials. If not...

Instinct:

- To serve
- Follow orders implacably
- Use a special tool or adaptation, built-in

SILT HORROR

Solitary, Huge

Giant tentacles (d10+5 damage) 20 HP 2 Armor

Reach, Forceful

Special Qualities: Aquatic

”All that’s been seen of these things are its tentacles.

Tentacles thicker ‘round than a barrel. Smart, too, these Horrors. Knows just when to strike—when you’re all too drunk or too tired or run out of clean water, that’s when one gets you. No, I ain’t ever seen one. I’m alive, aren’t I?”

Instinct:

- To rule the Sea of Silt
- Drag a person or ship to a silt grave
- Wrap them in tentacles

PEOPLE OF THE LAND

ADVENTURER

Horde, Intelligent

Sword (d6 damage) 3 HP 1 Armor

Close

Special Qualities: Endless enthusiasm

“Scum of the earth, they are. A troupe of armored men and women come sauntering into the village, brandishing what, for all intents and purposes, is enough magical and mundane power to level the whole place. Bringing with them bags and bags of loot, still dripping blood from whatever poor sod they had to kill to get it. An economical fiasco waiting to happen, if you ask me. The whole system becomes completely uprooted. Dangerous, unpredictable murder-hobos. Oh, wait, you’re an adventurer? I take it all back.”

Instinct:

- To adventure or die trying
- Go on a fool’s errand
- Act impulsively
- Share tales of past exploits

GLADIATOR

Solitary, Intelligent, Organized, Cautious

Sword (b[2d10] damage) 12 HP 4 Armor

Close

What youngster doesn’t cling to the rail at the arena, blinded by the sun on scraps of metal armor, wishing they could be the one adorned in steel and fighting to hear the crowd roar? What slave youth with nothing doesn’t wish to trade it all in for the fame and glory? A gladiator is many things—a warrior, a weapon, a slave too, but a gladiator cannot help but be a symbol to all who see him. A gladiator means something.

Instinct:

- To live by a warrior’s code
- Make a stand
- Lead other gladiators into battle

GUARDSMAN

Group, Intelligent, Organized

Spear (d8 damage) 6 HP 1 Armor

Close, Reach

Noble protector or merely drunken lout, it often makes no difference to these sorts. Falling shy of a great adventurer, the proud village or estate guard is an ancient profession nonetheless. These folks of the constabulary often dress in the colors of their lord (when you can see it under the mud) and, depending on the richness of that lord, might even have a decent weapon and some armor that fits. Those are the lucky ones. Even so, someone has to be there to keep an eye on the gate when raiders have been spotted. Too many of us owe our lives to these souls—remember that the next time one is drunkenly insulting your mother, hmm?

Instinct:

- To do as ordered
- Uphold the law
- Make a profit

HALFLING THIEF

Solitary, Small, Intelligent, Stealthy, Devious

Dagger (w[2d8] damage) 12 HP 1 Armor

Close

It would be foolish, now, to draw conclusions about folks just because they happen to be good at one thing or another. Then again, a spade’s a spade, isn’t it. Or maybe just the savage, wild-haired type of Halfling have the mind to stay in their forest homes and aren’t the type you find in the slums and taverns of the mannish world. Perhaps they’re there to cut your purse for calling them “halfling” in the first place. Not all take so kindly to the title. Or they’re playing a game, pretending to be a child in need of alms—and your arrogant eyes can’t even see the difference until too late. Well, it matters little. They’re gone with your coin before you even realize you deserved it.

Instinct:

- To live a life of stolen luxury
- Steal
- Put on the appearance of friendship

HUNTER

Group, Intelligent

Ragged bow (d6 damage) 6 HP 1 Armor

Near, Far

The Wastes are home to more than just beasts of horn and scale. There are men and women out there, too—those who smell blood on the wind and stalk the plains in the skins of their prey. Whether with a trusty longbow bought on a rare trip into the city or with a knife of bone and sinew, these folk have more in common with the things they track and eat than with their own kind. Solemn, somber and quiet, they find a sort of peace in the wild.

Instinct:

- To survive
- Bring back news from the Wastes
- Slay a beast

MERCHANT

“Ten foot poles. Get your ten foot poles, here. Torches, bright and hot. Kanks, too—stubborn but immaculately bred. Need a linen sack, do you? Right over here! Come and get your ten foot poles!”

Instinct:

- To profit
- Propose a business venture
- Offer a “deal”

NOBLE

Are they granted their place by the sorcerer-kings, perhaps? Is that why they’re able to pass their riches and power down by birth? Some trick or enchantment of the blood, maybe. The slave bends his knee and scrapes and toils and the noble wears the finery of his place and, they say, we all have our burdens to bear. Seems to me that some of us have burdens of stone and some carry their weight in gold. It’s a tough life.

Instinct:

- To rule
- Issue an order
- Offer a reward

RAIDER

Horde, Intelligent, Organized

Dirk (d6 damage) 3 HP 1 Armor

Close

Desperation is the watchword of raiding. When times are tough, what else is there to do but scavenge a weapon

and take up with a clan of nasty men and women? Caravan raiding, poaching, scams and cons and murder most foul but we've all got to eat so who can blame them? Then again, there's evil in the hearts of some and who's to say that desperation isn't a need to sate one's baser lusts? Anyway—it's this or starve, sometimes.

Instinct:

- To rob
- Steal something
- Demand tribute

RAIDER KING

Solitary, Intelligent, Organized

Trusty knife (b[2d10] damage) 12 HP 1 Armor

Close

Better to rule in hell than serve in heaven.

Instinct:

- To lead
- Make a demand
- Extort
- Topple power

SLAVE

Covered in muck, downtrodden at the bottom of the great chain of being, we all stand on the backs of those who grow our food on their farms. Some slaves do better than others, but none will ever see a coin of gold in their day. They'll dream at night of how someday, somehow, they'll escape.

Instinct:

- To get by
- Plead for help
- Offer gratitude

SOLDIER

Horde, Intelligent, Organized

Spear (d6 damage) 3 HP 1 Armor

Close, Reach

For a commoner with a strong arm, sometimes it's this or be a raider. It's wear the colors and don ill-fitting armor and march into the unknown with a thousand other scared men and women conscripted to fight the wars of our time. They could be hiding out in the Wastes instead, living off poached erdlu and dodging the king's guard. Better to risk one's life in service to the powerful. To bravely toss one's lot in with one's fellows and hope to come out the other side still in one piece. Besides, the

sorcerer-king needs strong men and women. What is it they say? A handful of soldiers beats a mouthful of arguments.

Instinct:

- To fight
- March into battle
- Fight as one

SPY

Beloved of templars but never truly trusted. Mysterious, secretive and alluring, the life of a spy is, if you ask a commoner, full of romance and intrigue. They're a knife in the dark and a pair of watchful eyes. A spy can be your best friend, your lover or that old man you see in the market every day. One never knows. Hells, maybe you're a spy—they say the Way that can turn folks' minds without them ever knowing it. How can we trust you?

Instinct:

- To infiltrate
- Report the truth
- Double cross

TEMPLAR

Hated and feared by all who gaze upon them, the templars of the sorcerer-kings rule at their king's behest. Many call on the magic of their king, others the Way, and others the carefully placed dagger. Whatever the case, they are despised and given a wide berth.

Instinct:

- To lead
- Set down the sorcerer-kings' law
- Collect and hide political secrets
- Commission political or undertakings in the name of the sorcerer-king

VEILED ONE

Magical

Not all those who wield the arcane arts are adventuring wizards. Nor necromancers in mausoleums or lackeys of sorcerer-kings. Some are just old men and women, smart enough to have discovered a trick or two. It might make them a bit batty to come by that knowledge, but if you need an ally in the fight against defilers, might be that a Veiled One will help you, if you can find him and prove your worthiness.

Instinct:

- To learn
- Cast the right spell (against defilers)