

Deadly Distractions

These creatures are not meant to challenge the fighter's sword arm, but to puzzle and frighten. Taken head-on they will pose little threat, but knowing how to take them head-on, or that there is any danger at all is where these organisms will pose most difficult to parties. The underworld is a mythic place and those that are not cautious may never return.

– *Telecanter*

Bantling

Armor Class: 9 [10]

Hit Dice: 1d4

Attacks: -

Saving Throw: 18

Special: Crying attracts wandering monsters

Move: 6

Challenge Level/XP: A/5

When encountered, the bantling will appear as a dirty, scraped up human infant. On seeing adventurers it will begin crying loudly. These shrieks are likely to bring wandering monsters. If picked up or given something to drink it will stop crying briefly. If given any kind of food it will fall into a peaceful slumber for about an hour. After that time has passed it will wake again and begin wailing for more food. As the bantling sleeps it grows. On first encountering it it will barely be able to crawl, after a first feeding it will be able to toddle haltingly on it's own. Each meal and sleep cycle will add an apparent 2 years to the bantling's age.

This bantling never speaks, just cries and eats. It will not attack and if threatened

with harm will scutter off into the darkness to find safety where it will lose age each hour until it is again an infant, waiting for another party.



Blind Agnes

Armor Class: 9 [10]

Hit Dice: 1d4

Attacks: -

Saving Throw: 18

Special: Sight will steal vision

Move: 12

Appearing as a young woman, pale and eyeless, stumbling through dark passages, a blind Agnes is an ill omen for those that see her. Anyone close enough to see the white holes of her eyes will have their own eyes stolen by Agnes. She will gain her victims eyes and with them sight. Once she is able to see, blind Agnes will attempt to flee.

The poor soul that loses their eyes to blind Agnes will still see, but through the eyes set in Agnes' face. Their vision will follow wherever Agnes goes, while they must negotiate their actual surroundings sightless. Stories tell of men crying



out about wondrous treasures only to step unknowingly off of ledges to their death.

There are at least two ways for the victim of a blind Agnes to regain their sight. The first is by waiting, after a matter of hours they will regain their eyes and see as normal. The second is by slaying the blind Agnes. But as she falls dead, her eyes see things no one was meant to see, and a victim that regains their sight in this way is often reduced to whimpering and moaning of the horrible sights they were forced to witness.

Blue Blob

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Hit Dice: 1d4

Attacks: Attack (1d6)

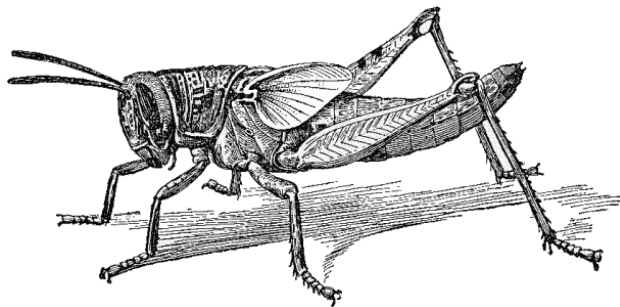
Saving Throw: 18

Special: Spells cause it to grow

Move: 3

Challenge Level/XP: A/5

A rare occurrence, these pale, aquamarine amoebae seem to be the result of intense arcane energies. They are often the size of a cat and harmless if left alone. If any form of arcane magic is used on them, however, they will approach the caster and try to devour it. Arcane energy causes blue blobs to grow: they add a hit die for approximately every spell level cast at them. Sages seem unsure if there is an upper limit to this growth.



Cave Locust

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Hit Dice: 1d6

Attacks: Bump (1d4) or Spit

Saving Throw: 18

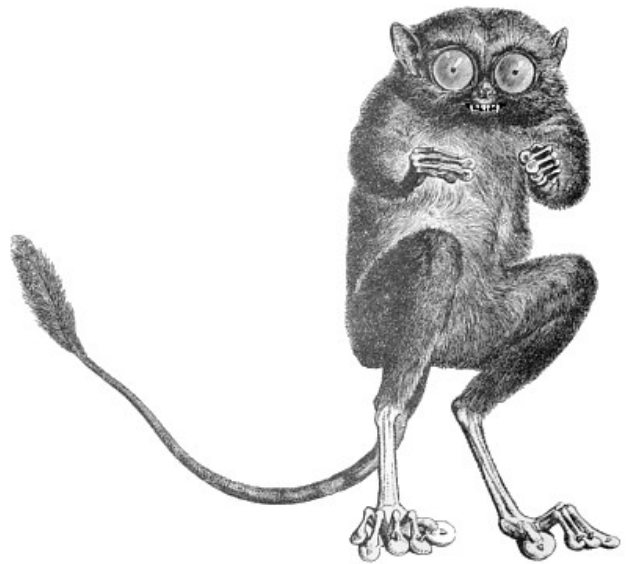
Special: Spittle causes nausea

Move: 6/18 (flying)

Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

These skittish herbivores the size of a dog, are a mottled-grey that blends into cavern walls. If seen, they appear to be a large statue of a locust. If bothered, their first inclination is to flee, which entails leaping with their powerful hind legs. Unfortunate adventurers in the path of such a jump will not soon forget it.

Cave locusts unable to flee unhindered begin emitting a piercing, shriek-like noise that may draw wandering monsters. As a last resort, a cornered cave locust will spew brown spittle on attackers. This sticky mess is so noisome as to cause anyone smelling it to become nauseous enough to hinder their ability to move and fight.



Cave Tarsier

Armor Class: 6[13]

Hit Dice: 1d4

Attacks: 1 (Bite 1-2)

Saving Throw: 18

Special: Make parties more likely to be surprised

Move: 18

Challenge Level/XP: A/5

These small scavengers dwell in dark caves and have learned to associate noise and light with

potential food. They will follow an adventuring party in hopes of fresh meat, whether it is the remains of some wandering monster the party dispatches, or the party itself.

While no direct threat to adventurers, the peril is the noise and movement they produce just out of torch light. Cave tarsiers scrambling over the rocky floor and bounding from stalagmite to stalagmite make it very hard for a party to hear what *other* creatures may be lurking down a tunnel. Parties beset by cave tarsiers are unlikely to surprise and much more likely to be surprised.

Their great eyes shine in the dark.



Facula

Armor Class: 2[17]

Hit Dice: 1d4

Attacks: -

Saving Throw: 15

Special: Only hurt by magic

Move: 18

Challenge Level/XP: A/5

No one is sure if this phenomenon is a living organism, some by-product of intense arcane

energies, or a thinness in the barriers between the planes of existence. Faculae are encountered only in the darkest depths. They appear hovering over the heads of living creatures. There is generally a single light that flickers from head to head in a group of creatures. There are tales of faculae even flitting back and forth between men and humanoids fighting each other.

They cause no direct harm to their host. The danger arises from the inescapable light of the facula. As bright as a torch, it is an ill occurrence indeed for a scouting thief or a wounded mage trying to find cover in a battle.

Dispersing a facula is a difficult task requiring magic.

False Fortune

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Hit Dice: 1d4

Attacks: Attack (1d6)

Saving Throw: 18

Special: -

Move: -

Challenge Level/XP: A/5

This small organism is able to perfectly mimic a valuable item of a few pounds in weight. This item when placed in a dark, enclosed place assumes its motile form and begins feeding. Looking like a tarry, black mess, the motile form



will digest everything non-metallic in a backpack in one turn, everything else in two turns (Magic items may prove indigestible). After consuming everything in its enclosed space the false fortune will return to the shape of the item it had when found.

It will not attack, but if it encounters a living creature where it is feeding, its digestive acids will do 1d6 damage a round.

Glass Golem

Armor Class: 9 [10]

Hit Dice: 3hp

Attacks: Glass (1d8)

Saving Throw: 18

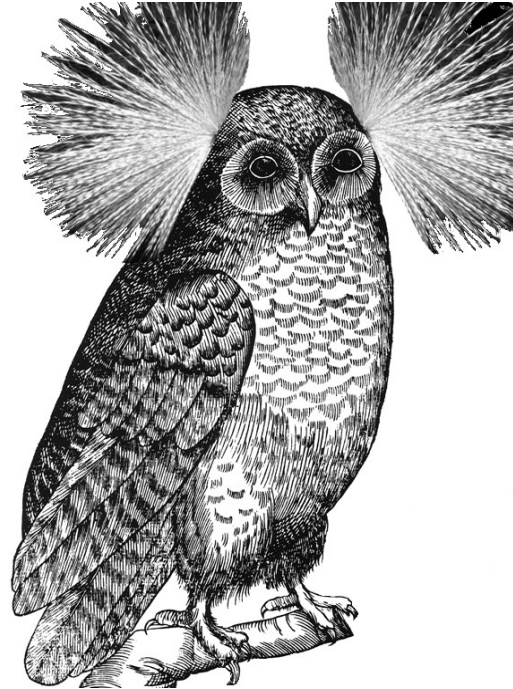
Special: Releases poison cloud on shattering

Move: 6

Challenge Level/XP: A/5

A glass golem appears as a hollow glass figure half again as tall as a man. Inside its clear shape, green-black swirls curl like foul smoke. Often a representation of a dignitary or civil servant, they are created to watch a doorway or prevent access to an area, and are found holding glass tablets inscribed with these instructions. Though these tablets have a razor sharp edge to them, a glass golem will only attack if forced to in fulfilling its orders.

Glass golems are silent but may try communicating their orders through gestures. If the golem is shattered the noxious vapors trapped inside it will be freed to the doom of all onlookers.



Greater Crested Potionguide

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Hit Dice: 1d4

Attacks: Flurry (1d3)

Saving Throw: 18

Special: Can detect potions

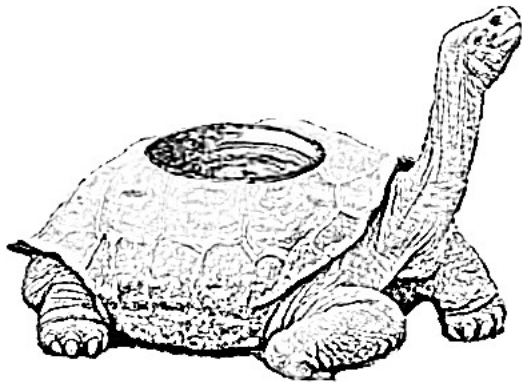
Move: 4/18 (when flying)

Challenge Level/XP: A/5

This bird looks much like a small, dark-grey owl, except for its finely feathered double crest. On encountering a potionguide, it will generally put on a display-- riffling its crest, unfurling its wings-- and then take flight a small distance away to repeat the process. Its intent is to get onlookers to follow it and to travel towards its eventual goal-- a cache of potions. Potionguides can sense potions through doors, through walls, even in locked chests. If any obstacles appear in the path toward their goal, they will hang back, only to continue leading once the obstacles have been dealt with by those they guide.

On achieving the potion cache, the potionguide will attempt a surprise attack on anyone with a potion in hand. Using a flurry of wings, its aim

is for the potion to be dropped and shattered, where it can lap up, with its broad grey tongue, the magical liquid it so desires.



Grey Tortoise

Armor Class: 2[17]

Hit Dice: 1d6

Attacks: 1 (Touch ages)

Saving Throw: 15

Special: Ages victim 5 yrs. per hit

Move: 6"

Challenge Level/XP: B/10

Exceedingly rare, these ancient creatures appear as large, mundane tortoises, with the exception of a bowl-like concavity in their shell. When filled naturally, water in the depression is said to function as a window into the future.

Elves will often quest to find these tortoises before difficult decisions in order to consult their divinatory pools.

A side affect of the touch of the tortoise almost unnoticed by elves, is the aging of the one being touched by 5 years. Some sages speculate that grey tortoises do not, in fact, breed but that a fixed number maintain their existence through continual rejuvenation.

On being encountered grey tortoises will slowly close and seek to touch. If attacked they pull into the safety of their shells. The shell and carcass is most likely very magical and valuable, although any elves learning of their destruction would be none too pleased.

Torporous Worms

Armor Class: 9 [10]

Hit Dice: 1hp each

Attacks: 1hp per turn

Saving Throw: 18

Special: Touch causes numbness & drowsiness

Move: 3

Challenge Level/XP: A/5

These worms are actually a kind of caterpillar that dwells in the small cracks and crevices of underground passages. They are covered in fine bristles which numb flesh even through clothing. On seeing a motionless creature, torporous worms will begin crawling towards it, slowly, by the hundreds. Once this silent tide of grey worms is moving it can seem as if the very stone of a floor is undulating.

A creature covered in torporous worms will drowse, undisturbed, while the hungry caterpillars begin feeding. Stories tell of adventuring parties foolish enough to bivouac underground, waking to the wet sound of flesh being stripped from their comrades' bones.

The worms themselves are defenseless if not handled, and on any movement or commotion around their prey, will begin retreating.

