

THEM'S MONSTERS!

COMPATIBLE WITH
**DCC
RPG**



**A COLLECTION OF CURIOUS CREATURES
FOR DUNGEON CRAWL CLASSICS!**

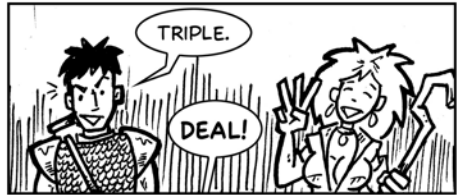
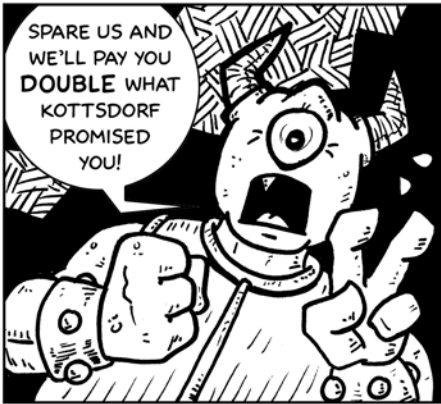
by Joshua LH Burnett

MOONBLOSSOM + CHANCE

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2020



Slugboys: Init: +0; Atk spear +2 melee (1d8); AC 13; HD 2d8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; Fort +3, Ref +0, Wil +1; AL N; SP half damage from blunt trauma.



AND SO...



Syklopsnik the Monster Boss: Init: +2; Atk mace +5 melee (1d8+2); AC 15; HD 5d8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; Fort +3, Ref +1, Wil +2; AL C; SP infravision 120'

The sanity assassin?
The terrible infant?
The dreaded Humbaba?

What are those you ask?

THEM'S MONSTERS!

Inside this slender volume you will find brand-new fantastical creatures for use with the *Dungeon Crawl Classics RPG*.

Carrion Knight
Chaos Ooze
Cleric Lick Mountain
Crovoborge
Cybersnail
Eyeless Dead
Humbaba
Iron Medusa
Millennium Tortoise
Muldasyinkovi
Pumpkin Knight
Raw Head
Sanity Assassin
Sludge Dwarf
Sludge Golem
Terrible Infant
Void-Belly Giant
Weremoose

This amazing zine introduces a new playable class, the **Dungle**—a race of hearty little beetle people. You'll also experience **Grist for the Mill**, a one-page 0-level funnel!

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THEM'S MONSTERS!

A Collection of Curious Creatures for Dungeon Crawl Classics

Written and Illustrated by Joshua LH Burnett

Edited by Leighton Connor

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Carrion Knight

Carrion knights are the remains of the officers who commanded the un-dead armies of the Witch Lords of Ur. Kissed by the Lord of Flies, these warlords served their necromantic masters for centuries, leading their armies in bloody conquest, feeding flesh and souls into the Witch Lords' furnaces for centuries. They barely noticed as their blood slowly turned to dust and their flesh sloughed away beneath the ever-present gnawing of maggots. Eventually, all that remained was bloody armor filled with fat flies and indomitable evil will. Carrion knights haunt abandoned fortresses and forgotten battlefields, looking to continue wars a thousand years resolved.

A carrion knight resembles a large warrior clad in scab-red plate armor chased with tarnished gold. The knight does not speak, but emits a constant metallic buzzing, the hum of a thousand flies, that rises in pitch as the carrion knight's battle fury grows. Skeletons and zombies instinctively follow the will of a carrion knight, and the monster often commands a small platoon of lesser undead.

Carrion Knight

HD: 9d8 (40 hp); **AC:** 18

Init: +0; **Act:** 1d20

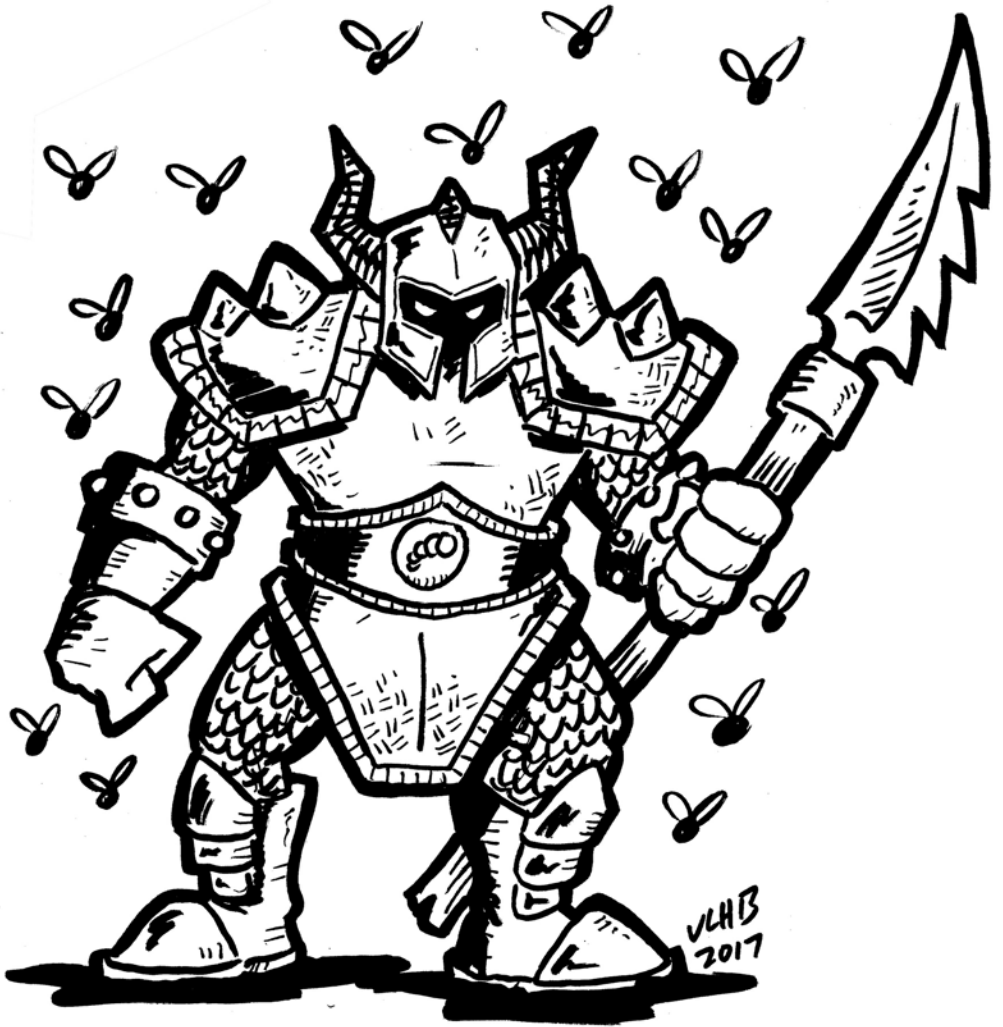
Attacks: Glaive +9 melee (1d10+exhaustion)

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +3

Move: 20'; **Align:** C

Special Abilities:

- Un-dead
- A character hit by the carrion knight's glaive attack must make a DC 13 Fortitude save or become exhausted. An exhausted character suffers -1d to their action dice until they sleep for the night or receive 2 dice worth of *Lay on Hands* from a cleric. Multiple failed saves are cumulative. A character whose action dice are reduced to 1d3 dies.
- Once per turn the carrion knight can release a 10' radius cloud of flies centered on itself. Anyone caught within this cloud takes 6d6 damage from blood loss. A DC 13 Fortitude save reduces this damage by half.



Carrion Knight

Chaos Ooze

Get yourself a cauldron made of radioactive thorium. Drag the cauldron into Deep Down Below and fill it with demon spit. Finely dice a wizard of sufficient power and place into the cauldron. Slowly boil for 666 days until the diced wizard becomes a fine slurry. Mix in the ground-up bones of 17 elves and strike with a lightning bolt.

If you're very, very unlucky, you'll create a chaos ooze.

This gelatinous, formless creature is raw conceptual Chaos given physical form. The chaos ooze is the size of a large couch and resembles glowing opalescent putty constantly shifting in and out of itself while extruding unpleasant pseudomembers. The creature exists partially within theoretical geometries, and most mortal creatures find it disturbing to look upon, much less target with attacks. Only wizards, elves, and other creatures with activated phlogistic glands can comfortably perceive the chaos ooze.

In combat, the ooze attacks by lashing out with sharp tendrils of quasi-plasm. It can also unleash a cracking bolt of raw chaos energy that destroys matter and corrupts the flesh.

Chaos Ooze

HD: 8d8 (42 hp); **AC:** 14

Init: +2; **Act:** 1d20

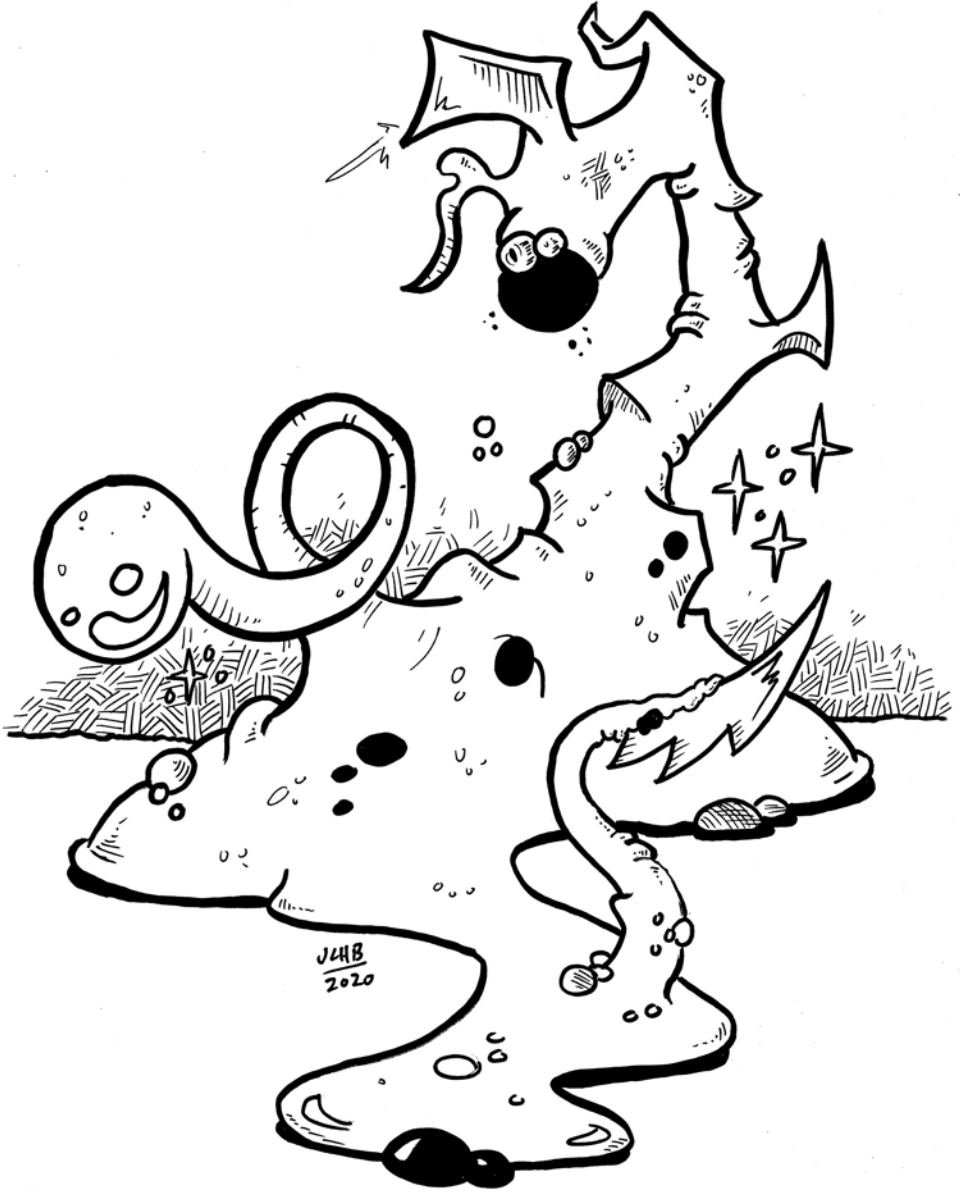
Attacks: Pseudoblade +8 melee (2d5) or chaos bolt +6 ranged (1d7 + corruption, 60' range)

Saves: Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +5

Move: 30'; **Align:** C

Special Abilities:

- Can move along walls and ceilings at normal movement speed.
- A character struck by the ooze's chaos bolt must make a Fortitude save to resist the corrupting radiation of the bolt. The DC for the save is equal to the damage rolled +10. If the save fails, roll 1d6 to determine the severity of the corruption. 1-3: Minor Corruption, 4-5: Major Corruption, 6: Greater Corruption.
- Non-wizards and/or non-elves suffer -1d to strike the chaos ooze.
- A character who strikes a chaos ooze with a non-magical weapon must make a Luck roll. If the roll fails, their weapon melts like wax.



CHAOS OOZE

Cleric Lick Monster

Loremasters and church historians believe the so-called cleric lick monster was developed by blasphemous wizards 1000 years ago during the infamous Atheists' War, when the League of Sorcerers declared war against the gods and their servants. By combining the flesh of heretical men with that of demonic goats, they created a being that resembles a lanky goat-headed human covered in shaggy wool. The goat head is mounted by black, serrated horns. A tongue of obscene length and aspect lolls from a slack jaw full of square teeth. The creature's voice is a shockingly loud scream of fury and insanity.

The cleric lick monster likes to make its lair under bridges or in caves near well-traveled roads. It enjoys waylaying travelers, especially suspected adventurers, in its hope of killing a cleric. The monster can instinctively detect persons capable of casting clerical spells. In combat the monster will use its tongue attack against any suspected clerics, while using its club or horns to keep the clerics' allies at bay.

Cleric Lick Monster

HD: 4d8 (20 hp); **AC:** 12

Init: +1; **Act:** 2d20

Attacks: Club +4 melee (1d8), headbutt +2 melee (2d5), or lick +6 melee (1d3 + special, 10' reach)

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +5

Move: 35'; **Align:** C

Special Abilities:

- A cleric (or other spellcaster that uses clerical spells) hit by the monster's lick attack must make a DC 15 Will save or gain 1d3 disapproval and take a -1d penalty to all spellcasting rolls for the next 1d6 turns. Die penalties from multiple lick attacks don't stack, but disapproval does.



CLERIC LICK MONSTER

Crovoborge

The Crovoborge guards the tunnels that lead to the Underworld and its ghoulish inhabitants. Some theologians speculate that the Crovoborge is a gnostic evolution of the watch-ravens that used to patrol the great Tomb Castles in the Age of Kings. Other, more sensible scholars believe that ghoul-princes created him themselves, using advanced spells and whatever raw materials happened to be at hand. It is unknown if the Crovoborge is a singular entity or one of many. Only one has ever been encountered at a time, but the improbable distances between encounter locations seem to indicate more than one such creature.

The Crovoborge is man-sized, but short, with a head like the skull of a crow. He wears black-lacquered scale mail and a plumed helm and carries a halberd that flickers with purple witch-light. The Crovoborge does not talk, but the two scarab beetles that live in his skull speak for him. Tom, a green beetle, lives in his left eye socket and has a high-pitched nasally voice. Danny, an orange beetle, lives in his right eye socket and has a deep, velvety voice. Both beetles carry tiny little halberds that are purely ceremonial. Their relationship is competitive but convivial.

Crovoborge

HD: 6d8 (36hp); **AC:** 16

Init: +3; **Act:** 1d24

Attacks: Halberd +6 melee (1d10, further 1d6 damage each round until a DC 14 Fortitude save is made. The wound drips small purple snails.)

Saves: Fort: +5, Ref: +2, Will: +3

Move: 30'; **Align:** N

Special Abilities:

- Un-dead; 120' infravision
- If either Tom or Danny are killed, the enraged Crovoborge gains a 1d20 action die. If both are killed, his second action die becomes 1d24.

Tom the Scarab Beetle

HD: 2d4 (5hp); **AC:** 10 (20 while in eye socket)

Init: +2; **Act:** 1d20

Attacks: None

Saves: Fort: +0, Ref: +2, Will: +6

Move: 10'; **Align:** L

Special Abilities:

- AC: 20 and automatically succeeds at all saves while hidden in the Crovoborge's eye socket
- Automatically sees invisible creatures
- Heal himself, Danny, or the Crovoborge for 1d6hp every round

Danny the Scarab Beetle

HD: 2d4 (5hp); **AC:** 10 (20 while in eye socket)

Init: +3; **Act:** 1d20

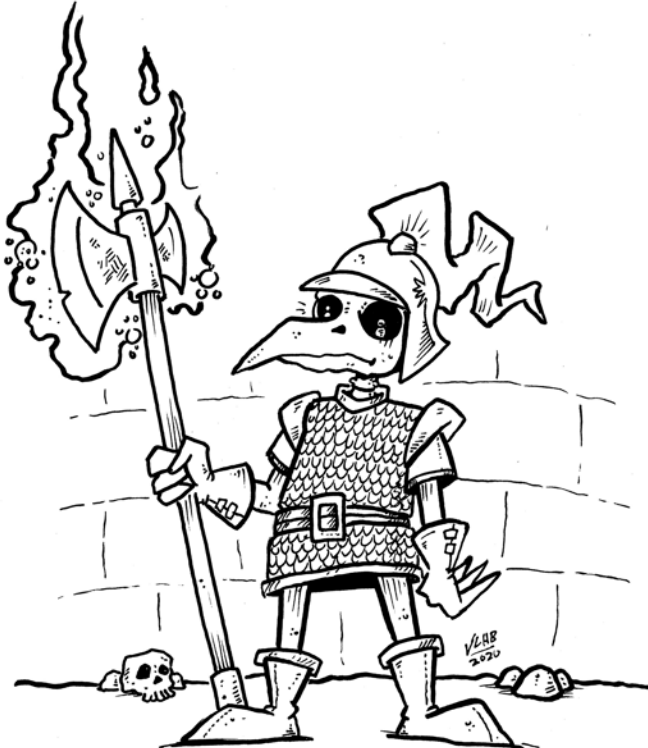
Attacks: Arcane bolt +4 ranged (3d4 damage, 120' range)

Saves: Fort: +0, Ref: +3, Will: +5

Move: 10'; **Align:** C

Special Abilities:

- AC: 20 and automatically succeeds at all saves while hidden in the Crovoborge's eye socket



CROVOBORGE

Cybersnail

The awesome cybersnail was the favored war mount of House Maalwen when the Elves first came to this world from Nibiru. The elephant-sized mollusks were enhanced by arcane technology with living metal and organic circuitry grafted to their flesh. The shell of a cybersnail is a spiral encasement of pearlescent non-ferrous armor. Twin laser cannons jut from either side of the creature. Many cybersnails were mounted with riding platforms atop their shells, with enough room for four elven spellsnipers.

Alas, the Nibiru invasion ended thousands of years ago, and even the oldest living elf has forgotten their legacy. The glass towers crumbled and the mighty cybersnails roamed unmastered. Since their augmentations were bonded to the creatures on a genetic level, cybersnails breed true. Baby snails are hatched from metal eggs with armored shells and tiny blasters.

The arts of snail-wrangling are long lost to all but the most adventurous of malacologists. Most cybersnails wander free, skulking through underground caverns and mossy swamps. Only the Gray Paladins dedicated to Blorgamorg use them as mounts with any frequency.

Cybersnail

HD: 4d10 (28hp); **AC:** 16

Init: +1; **Act:** 1d20

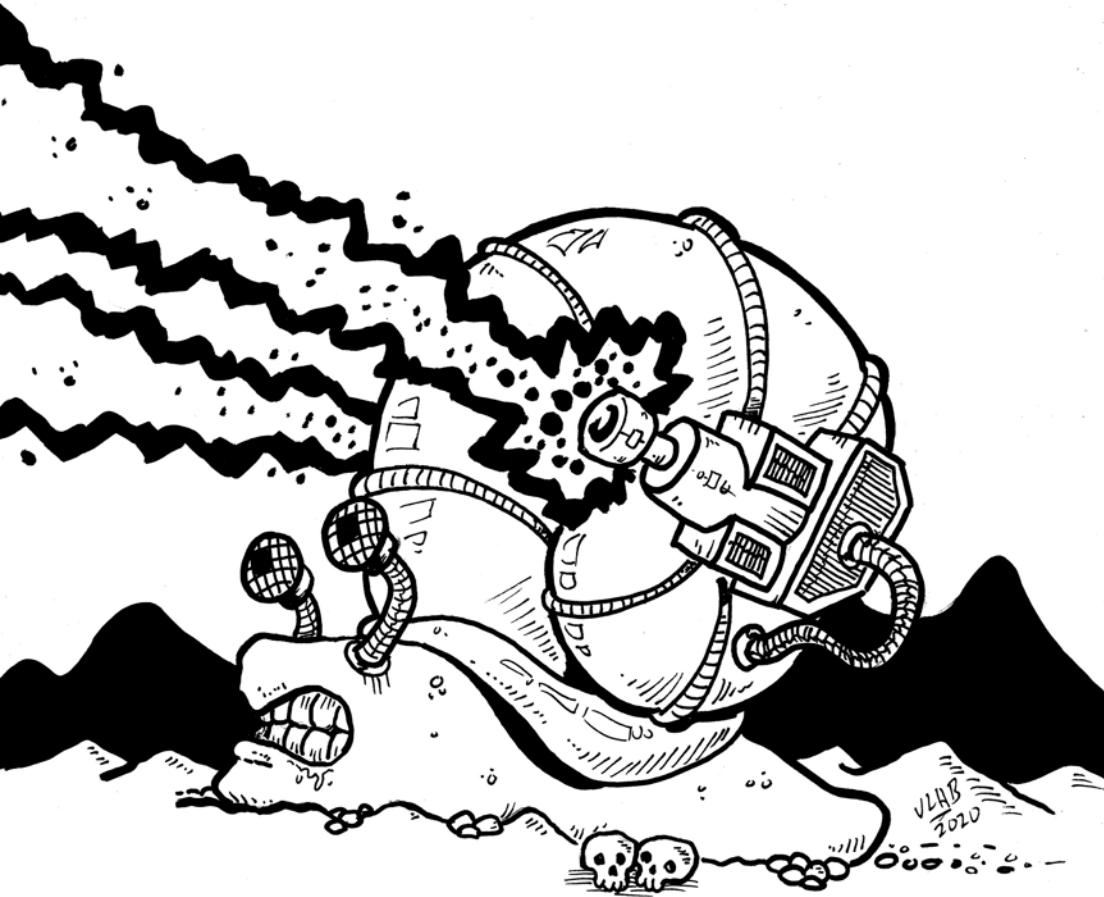
Attacks: Laser cannons, +5 ranged (3d6 damage, 180' range)

Saves: Fort: +8; Ref: +0; Will: +3

Move: 20'; **Align:** N

Special Abilities:

- The cybersnail can move along walls and ceilings at its normal speed.
- The cybersnail can retract completely into its shell, dropping its Movement to 0' and increasing its AC to 20. It heals 1d4 damage per round while in such a state.
- Instead of making direct attacks, the cybersnail can use its laser cannons to lay down suppressing fire. Every creature in a 60' x 60' cone must make a DC 14 Reflex save or take 2d6 damage. After such an attack, the snail cannot use its laser cannons for 1d3 rounds while they recharge.



CYBERSNAIL

Dungle

Scholars believe that dungles evolved from the dire dung beetles that haunt the Glowing Desert far to the south of Xöthma-Ghül. In time, they moved into the great necropolis upon which the Crepuscular City would eventually be built. Forming loose tribes within the mighty dungeon, dungles functioned as scavengers and often served as minions of more powerful monsters. When Imperious Perfectus conquered the necropolis and built his city atop it, he offered the dungles an opportunity to live and work within the city.



Dungles are now a mainstay of Xöthma-Ghül, a constant presence in the background of the Crepuscular City. They often work jobs that other sapients are reluctant to do. Dungles maintain sewers, sweep roads, clean smokestacks, and tend middens. In recent years, more and more younger dungles have struck out on their own, seeking a life of adventure beyond the sludge-beds. Whether this is a passing fad or sign of greater change within dungle society remains to be seen.

Dungles resemble halfling-sized humanoid wingless beetles with large black eyes, tiny mandibles, two arms and legs, and dull green-brown shells. They speak their own language of clicks and chirrups, and speak other languages with high-pitched twangy voices. Dungles are fully adapted to city life and usually form small neighborhoods containing several cooperating nest-tribes. Though small, their dung beetle heritage makes dungles incredibly hardy and utterly immune to poison or disease.

Dungles usually only wear simple tool belts and harnesses, although hooded robes and capes go in and out of fashion. Hats are always popular. Many dungles paint their shells with elaborate (some might say garish) whorls and patterns. Male and female dungles are almost indistinguishable, although elderly males tend to grow long gray beards.

Dungle Class

Hit Points: A dungle gains 1d8 hit points at each level.

Weapon Training: The dungle's short stature and spindly arms prevent it from using large weapons. Dungles are trained to use the blowgun, blackjack, club, crossbow, dagger, dart, garrote, hand axe, mace, shortbow, shortsword, sling, and staff. Dungles cannot wear armor, but they may use shields and helmets.

Alignment: Dungles are mostly interested in adaptation and survival, and therefore tend towards Neutrality. More civic-minded dungles cast their lot with Law. Chaotic dungles are rare, but sometimes show up in the criminal underworld.

Bug-sized: Dungles are small creatures, usually around 3' tall and rarely weighing more than 50 pounds. Their small stature lets them slip into holes and passageways where larger creatures won't fit.

Urban Skills: Due to their upbringing as urban survivalists, Dungles know the Thief skills *Sneak Silently*, *Hide in Shadows*, and *Climb Sheer Surfaces*. Their bonus to use these skills increases with their level.

Slow: Dungles have short legs, and their base movement is only 20'.

Thick Shell: While they can't wear armor, the dungle's exoskeleton provides them with a natural +1 AC bonus that increases as they gain levels.

Toxin Resistance: Having evolved from dung beetles, dungles are utterly immune to all natural diseases and poisons. In a fantastical magical world, the Judge may have to determine what counts as "natural."

Hardy: Dungles are amazingly hardy and adaptive with an almost supernatural survival instinct. Unlike most other classes, the dungle doesn't have static saving throw modifiers. Instead it has a saving throw bonus die that increases with each level. When it has to make a saving throw, the dungle rolls this die, along with the

d20 and any relevant Ability modifiers. (For instance, a 3rd level dungle with a 16 Agility would make a Reflex saving throw by rolling 1d20+1d5+2.)

When making saves against effects that offer half-damage on a successful save, if the Save die result is a 3 or higher, and the save succeeds, the dungle only takes a quarter of the damage.

Languages: At 1st level, a dungle automatically knows Common, the dungle racial language, plus one additional randomly determined language. A dungle knows one additional language for every point of INT modifier, as described in Appendix L.

Level 0 abilities: A 0-level dungle has a speed of 20' and is immune to natural poisons and diseases.

1d8	0-Level Occupation	Gear
1	Dungle Sewer Worker	Wrench (as mace), glowworm lantern
2	Dungle Street Sweeper	Push broom (as staff), bucket
3	Dungle Ragpicker	Rusty shortsword (1d5), basket
4	Dungle Chimney Sweep	Chimney brush (as staff), top hat
5	Dungle Tinkerer	Screwdriver (as dagger), alarm clock
6	Dungle Scrap Dealer	Crossbow, 1d6 bolts, 1d3 tin pans
7	Dungle Shell Painter	Palette knife (as dagger), brush, 1d3 jars of paint
8	Dungle Labor Organizer	Placard (as staff), megaphone

Level	Attack	Crit Die/ Table	Action Die	AC Bonus	Skill Bonus	Save Die
1	+1	1d8/III	1d20	+1	+2	1d3
2	+2	1d8/III	1d20	+2	+4	1d4
3	+2	1d10/III	1d20	+2	+6	1d5
4	+3	1d10/III	1d20	+3	+8	1d6
5	+4	1d12/III	1d20+1d14	+3	+9	1d7
6	+5	1d12/III	1d20+1d16	+4	+10	1d8
7	+5	1d14/III	1d20+1d16	+4	+11	1d10
8	+6	1d14/III	1d120+1d20	+5	+12	1d12
9	+7	1d16/III	1d120+1d20	+5	+13	1d14
10	+8	1d16/III	1d120+1d20 +1d14	+6	+14	1d16

Level	Title
1	Scrounger
2	Scrapper
3	Scumbler
4	Grunger
5	Grungemeister



Eyeless Dead

Sometimes, Lawful clerics or paladins break their vows to the gods. Sometimes those divinities punish those transgressions by striking the heretics blind and denying them the peace of the grave. The eyeless dead are the murderous undead remains of these faithless holy men. They rarely travel far from their benighted basilicas and unhallowed temples. While they cannot see their senses of hearing and smell are greatly enhanced. They hunt living interlopers by tracking them via their breath.

Eyeless dead are shambling humanoid corpses with desiccated gray skin that hangs in leathery tatters. Their rotten eyelids are stitched shut, and they dress in the tattered remains of holy vestments over rusted chainmail.

The Eyeless Dead

HD: 3d8 (13hp); **AC:** 16

Init: +2; **Act:** 2d20

Attacks: Claw +3 melee (1d4) or sword +3 melee (1d8)

Saves: Ref: +1, Fort: 5, Will: +3

Move: 30'; **Align:** C

Special Abilities:

- Un-dead; Immune to damage from non-magical weapons; Blind
- The eyeless dead cannot see, but they can navigate their tombs through instinct and their heightened sense of smell. They detect living creatures by their breath. Stealth, darkness, even invisibility will not hide a living creature from the blind dead. Their only hope to evade detection is to hold their breath.
- A character can hold their breath for 3 rounds without difficulty, as long as they only move at half speed and take no physically strenuous activities. After 3 rounds, the character must make a DC 13 Fortitude save or gasp for breath. The DC for the Fortitude save increases by 1 each round.
- A character making strenuous actions (moving at normal speed, fighting, climbing, knocking down doors, etc.) must make the saving throw every round to continue holding their breath and does so at a -1d penalty.
- As long as the character can hold their breath, they are treated as *invisible* to the eyeless dead. If a character fails their Fortitude save to hold their breath, all eyeless dead within 300' are immediately alerted to their presence. A character who stops holding their breath must wait 1d4 rounds before they can attempt to hold their breath again.



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EYELESS DEAD

Humbaba

Humbaba is a terrifying ancient giant created by the powers of Chaos to guard the unholy Forest of Razors and the treasures hidden therein. He is the gods' favorite monster. The dreaded beast stands over 15' tall with a simian build. His face is a mass of raw intestines. He has the claws of a lion, the horns of an auroch, and a deadly viper growing between his legs. He is cruel and boastful, but his confidence turns to cowardice when fate turns against him. If his life is in danger, Humbaba will beg for mercy.

Many lesser monsters—especially those furthest removed from humanity—revere Humbaba as a kind of priest-king or minor god. These servitor creators often undertake pilgrimages to the Forest of Razors to make offerings of flesh and treasure to the dreadful giant. Such treasures are hidden within Humbaba's lair where he can enjoy them in covetous solitude or (very rarely) give them as gifts to favored Chaos champions.

Humbaba

HD: 20d12 (150 hp); **AC:** 16

Init: +3; **Act:** 3d20

Attacks: Claws +20 melee (2d6) or horns +15 (4d6) or snake bite +13 (2d6+poison)

Saves: Fort +12, Ref +6, Will +8

Move: 40'; **Align:** C

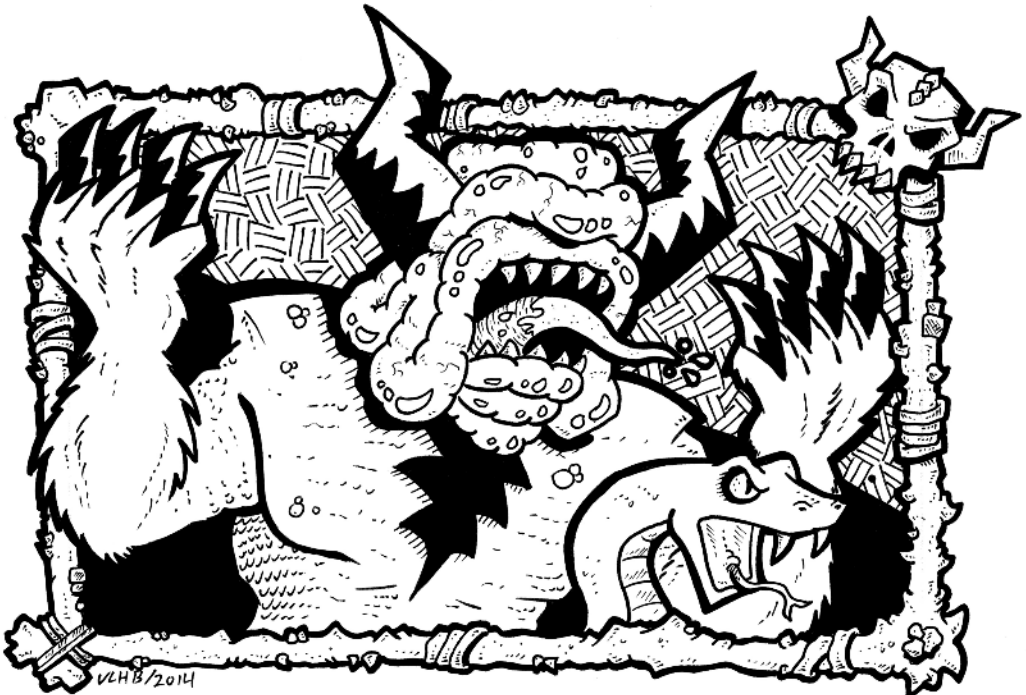
Special Abilities:

- Humbaba is immune to normal weapons. Only unarmed attacks or magical weapons can harm him.
- A character bitten by Humbaba's snake member must make a DC 16 Fortitude save or die.
- Anyone who slays (or aids in slaying) Humbaba is cursed by the gods and loses 1d6 Luck.

Forest of Razors

When Chaos first touched the world, the Forest of Razors sprung up beneath Its thumbprint. It is a sprawling snarl of twisted black trees taller than castle towers. The trees' spider-jointed limbs hang heavy with deadly sharp, serrated metal leaves and red-purple tumor fruits that weep narcotic poison. The wormy earth beneath the trees has never seen the sun, and lies pulpy with the decayed bones and flesh of the once-living things that fell victim to the trees' blades.

Few dare enter the Forest of Razors, but treasures tempt the boldest. Chaos artifacts are born within the shadows of the trees, created five minutes ago and having existed forever. Many relics of Law have also been buried beneath the Forest, safely hidden from the Lords of Order. It is said that a boat carved from the trunk of a tree from the Forest of Razors can sail to other words, unimpeded by the guardian serpents that gird the universe. This is the forest that Humbaba calls home.



HUMBABA

Iron Medusa

The iron medusa is a more horrible version of the common medusa created by the serpent men during the Age of the Sibillance. This creature was designed to tempt heroes to their doom, in that fargone age when heroes were often fooled by such things. Few iron medusas remain, but the immortal monsters are still known to haunt lonesome mountain ruins and temples from times gone by.

From the neck down, the iron medusa resembles a voluptuous woman. On its head, the monster usually wears a close-faced bronze helmet of ancient design. When the iron medusa removes this helmet, its true nature is revealed. Instead of a head, a mass of thirteen serpents sprouts from the creature's neck. The iron medusa can attack with bites or venomous spit, targeting up to three different opponents. This magical venom transforms unfortunate victims into rough statues of high-quality iron. Obscure sages believe that the iron medusa feeds on the decaying isotopes released from this atomic transmutation.

Iron medusas often share lair space with oxidation beasts, which dispose of any inconvenient evidence that might tip off adventurers. It is said that a master smith can use the iron from a transformed hero to craft a magical haunted sword that moans in despair when wielded.

Iron Medusa

HD: 6d8 (30 hp); **AC:** 15

Init: +2; **Act:** 3d20

Attacks: Bite +6 melee (1d4+transmutation, 10' reach) or venom spit +8 ranged (transmutation, 40' range)

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +5

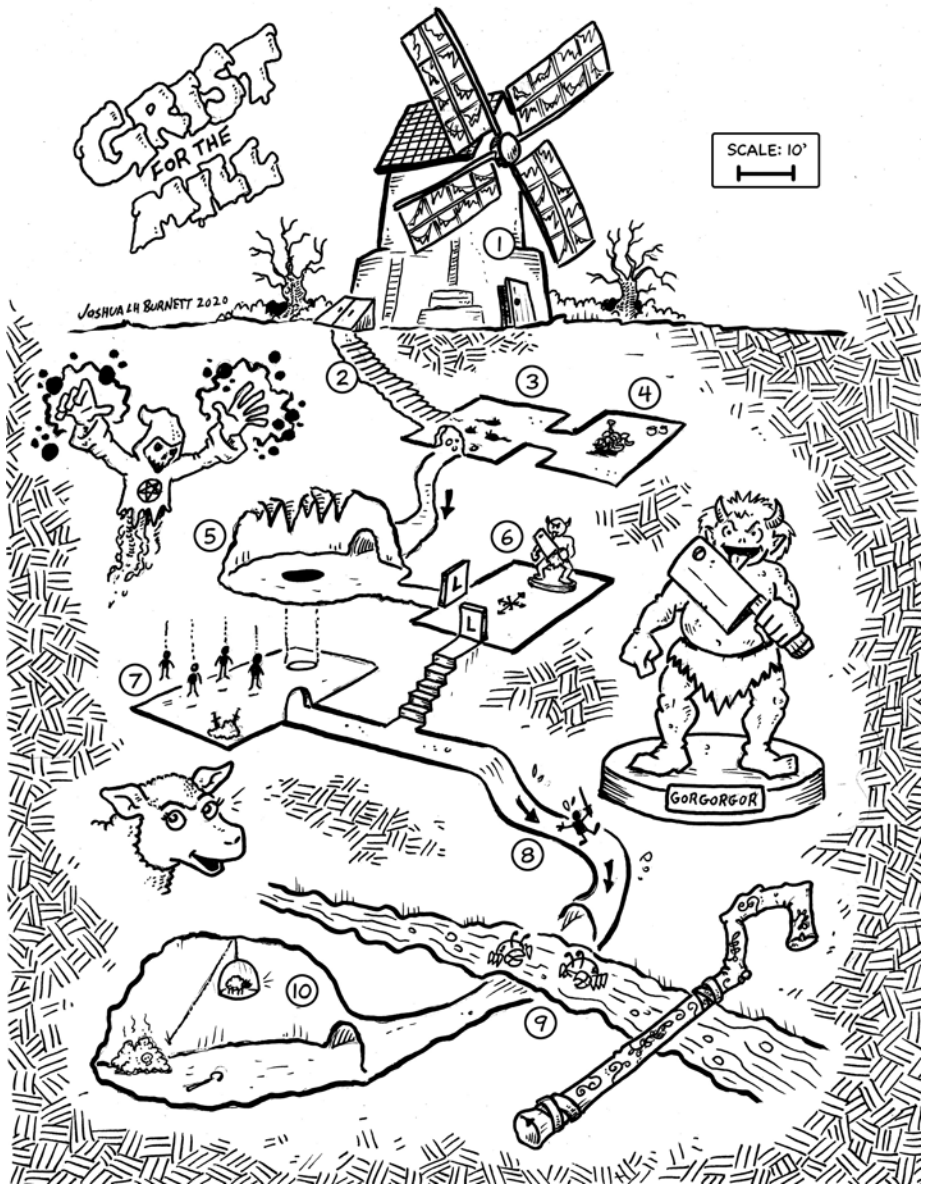
Move: 30'; **Align:** C

Special Abilities:

- A creature hit by the medusa's bite or venom spit must make a DC 16 Fortitude save or be permanently transformed into an iron statue. This transformation is permanent until reversed by restorative magic or divine intervention.



IRON MEDUSA



The old abandoned windmill just north of Boggart's Hollow is rumored to be the haunt of ghosts, witches, and demons. Over the years, dozens of villagers have disappeared after wandering too close to the old mill, but that's just the way of things. People go missing, monsters eat villagers, and life goes on. But today, things have changed.

Tonight, the village shepherdess, Molly Brubaker, came running into town in a panic. While Molly was out tending to her flock, some great shambling ogre-like beast came stalking from the shadows of the windmill and snatched away Lucibelle the Educated Sheep. Lucibelle is the pride and joy of Boggart's Hollow—a symbol of luck and fortune. Her theft certainly spells doom for the entire village. A rescue party of desperate townsfolk has been quickly assembled!

The creature also took her shepherd's crook after she dropped it and fled. The crook is a family heirloom dating back 5 generations. She will happily reward it to whoever rescues Lucibelle.

1) Mill Interior: Smells of dust and dry rot. Massive old millstone at the bottom of the central shaft. Trough around the stone is full of fine white powder (bone dust). Ladder leading up to cluttered loft

(6) Half-Ground Skeletons: Init: +0; Atk bone dust throw +1 ranged (1d4, 20' range); AC 10; HD 1d6 (4hp); MV 20'; Act 1d20; Fort +0, Ref +1, Wil +0; AL C; SP half damage from piercing

Loot in the loft: small bag of salt (5 handfuls), pitchfork (1d8), wood axe (1d6), leather apron (+1 AC), 50' rope, lantern half-full of oil

2) Cellar Doors: Rusty iron doors. Wooden stairs below are worn and slick with blood and bits of meat. Dark and dusty.

3) Rat Room: Seven rats, the size of small dogs, lie dead and scattered on the floor. Innards ripped out. Blood leads through wooden doorframe. Hole busted through another wall, revealing a tunnel.

4) Gory Store Room: Old storeroom filled with rotten boxes and crates. The pile of blood and rat guts is actually killer viscera!

Killer Viscera: Init: +0; Atk intestinal grip and strangle +2 melee (1d4, DC 10 Fort save each round or take another 1d4 damage); AC 12; HD 3d8 (15hp); MV 30'; Act 3d20; Fort +2, Ref +1, Wil +0; AL C

Loot: Crate holds silver sickle (1d5) and clay stature of **Baraamu**, the god of farm animals. If broken open, the statue hides healing potion (2d4hp) and a silver nugget worth 50gp.

5) Natural Cavern: Large chamber full of thick, blunted stalactites. Large, gaping hole in center of room (10' across). Hole drops 30' to the chamber below. Walls of hole are rough but slick with moisture. DC 11 to climb without aid.

Undead half-witches fly out of the hole. Withered gray corpses in tattered black robes. Fetid old entrails from the waist-down.

(5) Half-Witches: Init: +1; Atk spellbolt +2 ranged (1d5, 60' range) or snatch-and-grab +3 melee (no damage, see below); AC 11; HD 1d8 (5hp); MV 30' fly; Act 1d20; Fort +0, Ref +2, Wil +1; AL C; SP If the half-witch grabs a target, it will carry them over the pit next round and drop them. STR roll DC 10 to break free. If half-witch is hit by an attack, it must make a DC 13 Will save to keep hold of target.

6) Evil Temple: Stone doors sealed with glowing Chaos sigils. Automatically open at the touch of a Chaotic character. Inflicts 1d6 damage to a Lawful character (DC 12 Reflex save for 1/2 damage). Neutral characters can pick the door lock or batter it down (DC 12).

Rusty iron statue of **Gorgorgor** the god of cannibalism. Holds giant magical cleaver (2d5 damage, requires 2 hands) in front of his hideous face with one hand, like he wants to lick it. Pulling the cleaver free triggers a gout of acidic bile to spew from the statue's mouth. DC 13 Reflex save or 2d4 damage.

7) Chain Cave: Dozens of rusty, spiked, and hooked chains hang from the ceiling, suspending naked human bodies 5' off the floor. All are dead, unless the players need replacement 0-levels. Pile of rusty and rotted gear in one corner.

Discarded gear: holy water, large butcher knife (1d6), 1d3 torches, wooden bucket, rusty chainmail (AC +3, -6 check, 1d6 fumble), jar with 1 handful of salt, wooden shield (+1 AC)

8) Slippery Slope: Sloping tunnel of well-worn stone covered in slime. PCs must make Luck roll or loose footing and slide down. Sliding characters take no damage but splash into the underground river, to be surprised by crabs. Characters who take precautions (rope, spikes, etc.) can make the Luck roll on 1d16

9) Underground River: Cold and murky with minerals. Waist deep but slow. Giant albino fiddler crabs hide beneath the water.

(3) Giant Albino Fiddler Crabs: Init: -1; Atk great big claw +2 melee (1d8); AC 14; HD 2d6 (7hp); MV 25'; Act 1d20; Fort +3, Ref +0, Wil +0; AL N

10: Raw Head's Lair: Large natural chamber. Littered with bones and scraps of flesh. A large pile of raw meat and bone hunkers in one corner. Lucibelle the Educated Sheep hangs from an iron cage suspended 20' from a rope 20' above the ground. Tied off on hook in wall near the meat pile.

Meat pile is actually a **Raw Head** (p.30). Luck roll to avoid surprise!

Loot: *Molly's Shepherd's Crook*. Polished wood carved with images of ivy and vines. Serves as a *quarterstaff* +1. Also gives +2 to spellcasting rolls.

Millennium Tortoise

The seaside village of Siltmere is famous for two things. One is the high-quality paper products made from native silt-reeds. The other is the millennium tortoises. Millennium tortoises are large terrapins with kindly eyes and long white beards. The tortoises are given free rein in Siltmere, allowed to roam wherever they wish. Injuring a tortoise is a grievous crime, punishable by an overnight stay in the eel pits. At any given time, 50-100 millennium tortoises can be found wandering the flowered and sandy streets of Siltmere.

Residents of Siltmere use exotic inks to write poetry on the shells of living millennium tortoises, believing that it brings good luck. This has also become a popular tourist activity. The tortoises don't seem to mind.

Millennium Tortoise

HD: 3d6 (10hp); **AC:** 16

Init: +0; **Act:** 1d20

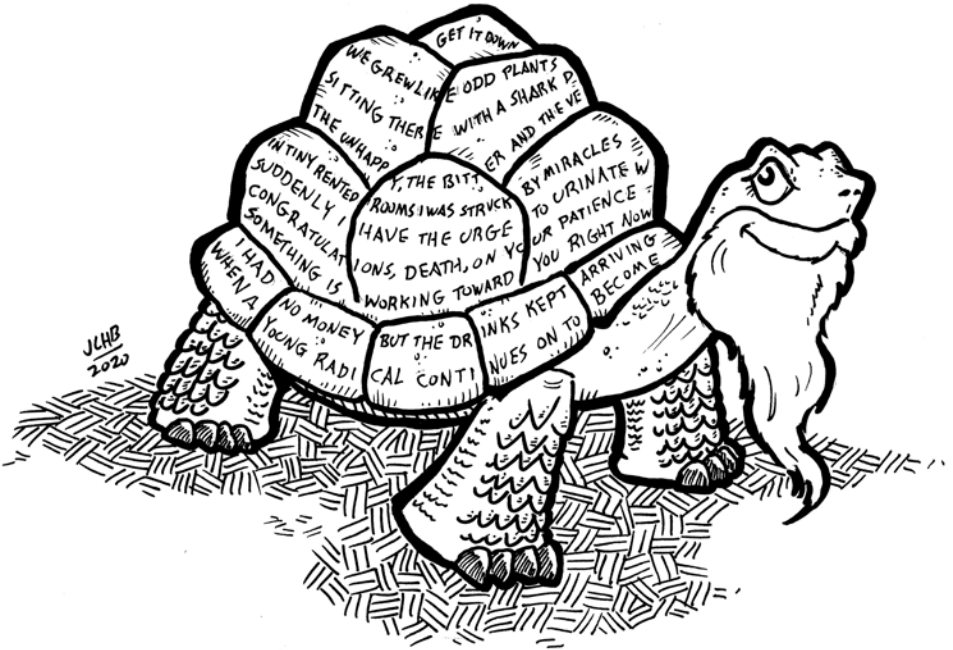
Attacks: Bite +3 melee (1)

Saves: Ref +0, Fort +3, Will +6

Move: 10'; **Align:** L

Special Abilities:

- A character that takes at least 30 minutes to write poetry on the shell of a millennium tortoise gains 1d4 Luck. A character can only benefit from this blessing once in their life.
- Millennium tortoises are beloved by the gods. A character loses 1 Luck each time they attack a millennium tortoise, whether they hit or not.



MILLENNIUM TORTOISE

Muldasyinkovi

The Muldasyinkovi is a demonic creature from the 19th Hell of Withering Despair. In its natural form, the Muldasyinkovi broadly resembles a giant bacteriophage. The demon's personality matrix is housed in the coffin-sized, glowing green crystal that forms the bulk of the creature's mass. This crystal is supported by five multi-jointed legs that end in vulture-like talons. Two slender black eyestalks extend from the fleshy central hub where the legs connect to the crystal.

The Muldasyinkovi can shapeshift into the form of a small mammal (usually a dog or cat). The demon can speak like a man in this form. Its favorite trick is to "befriend" a human in its animal form and whisper insane blasphemies into the human's ears while they sleep, slowly driving them insane.

Muldasyinkovi

HD: 6d8 (36hp); **AC:** 16

Init: +3; **Act:** 1d20+1d16

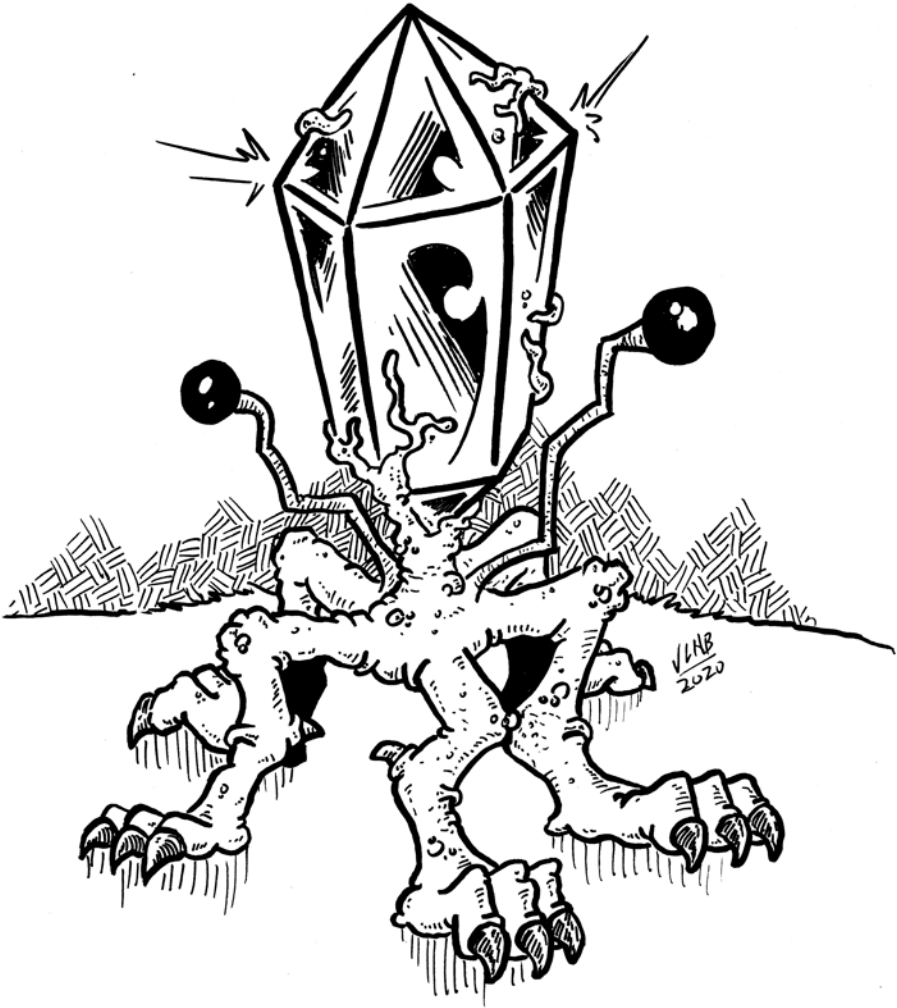
Attacks: Claw +5 melee (1d8) or Sickness Ray +5 ranged (1d6, Fort save DC 13 or lose 1d3 Strength, 120' range)

Saves: Fort: +3, Reflex: +2; Will: +2

Move: 30; **Align:** C

Special Abilities:

- Shapeshift into a small mammal at will
- Immune to electricity, charm, sleep, poison, and disease
- Suffers 1d6 damage from holy water
- Blasphemous whispers: A sentient creature subjected to the nocturnal whisperings of the demon for a full week must make a DC 17 Willpower save or lose 1 point of Personality permanently.



MULDASYNKOVI

Pumpkin Knight

Pumpkin knights are fey proto-creatures bound into suits of enchanted black plate armor. A flickering green witch-light glows within the jack-o'-lantern that serves as the creature's head. These fey beings are often mistaken for constructs or even plant creatures.

Pumpkin knights are created by arch-fey. They are often used as shock troopers by the Psychedelic Overlords for the armies of Faerieland and the Autumn Court. On the mundane plane, pumpkin knights are sometimes summoned to serve wizards or elves with faerie patrons. They are often attracted to earthly locations thick with wicked sylvan magic.

When a pumpkin knight is slain its body, weapons, and armor instantly fall to ash and burning leaves.

Pumpkin Knight

HD: 5d8 (30 hp); **AC:** 18

Init: +1; **Act:** 1d20

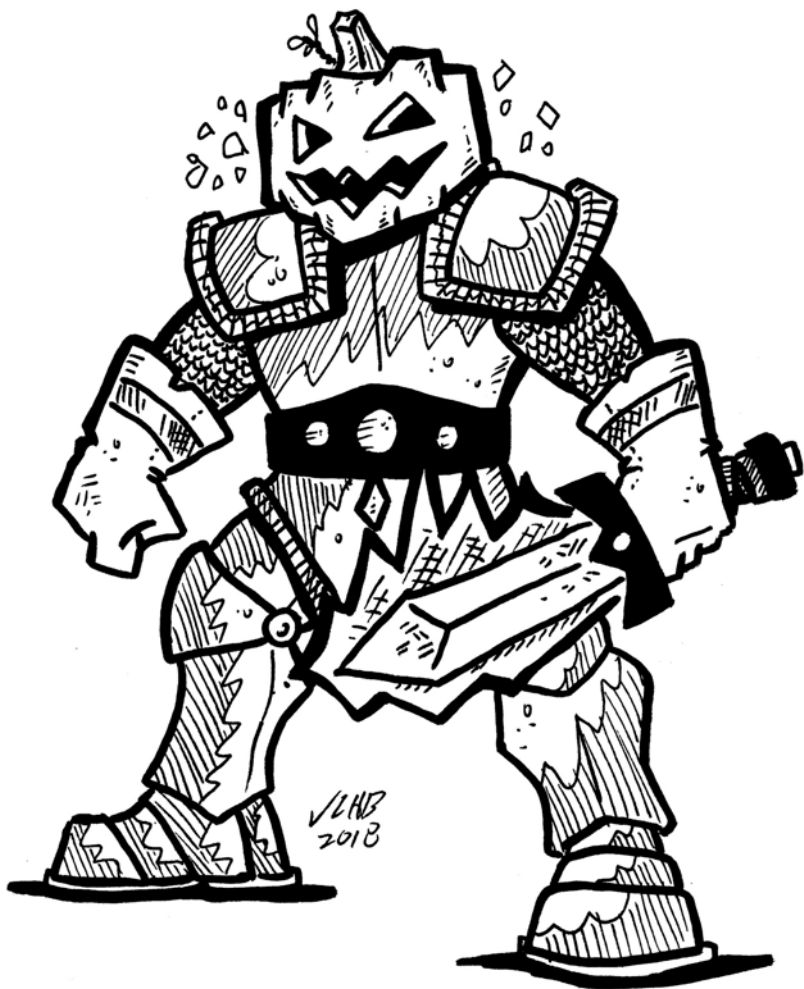
Attacks: Flaming longsword +5 melee (1d8+1d6)

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +2

Move: 30'; **Align:** C

Special Abilities:

- 3 times per day, the pumpkin knight can turn itself invisible for 1 turn or until it attacks. An invisible Pumpkin knight has +2 to its attacks and automatically surprises any opponents.
- Once per turn, the pumpkin knight can breathe a cone of magical fire, 15' long and 15' wide at the base. Anyone caught in this cone takes 4d6 damage. A DC 13 Reflex save reduces this damage by half.



PUMPKIN KNIGHT

Raw Head

Cannibals are notoriously messy eaters; cannibal cults only compound the issue. When a cult of significant size indulges in one of their many bloody orgies—feasting upon the still-living flesh of their wailing victims—the bones, gristle, and offal are often casually discarded in some forgotten heap. These rotting piles of human meat are left to sit and fester in the shadowy corners of evil temples and forsaken grottos. When the dark energies of murder and Chaos seep into these gory piles, **Gorgorgor**, the Anthropagic God, sometimes blesses them with His power, spawning a raw head.

Raw heads are hideous monsters of hunger and rage and have no loyalty to the cults that spawned them. They often slaughter their benefactors then take up residence in their abandoned shrines, eagerly awaiting new prey.

A raw head is a large shambling humanoid, similar in size and gait to an ogre. They are skinless, and their bodies are masses of raw, bloody muscle tissue and gristly sinew. Their head is like that of a bull's but completely stripped of flesh, showing only sticky yellow bone. Unlidded, blood-shot eyes roll madly in the large sockets.

Raw Head

HD: 5d8 (28hp); **AC:** 13

Init: +2; **Act:** 2d20

Attacks: Horns +2 melee (1d8) or fists +3 melee (1d6)

Fort: +3, **Ref:** +2; **Will:** +1

Move: 30'; **Align:** C

Special Abilities:

- If the raw head's exposed, bloody flesh is hit with a handful of salt, it takes 1d3 damage and loses one of his Action Dice for a round due to pain.
- As an action, the raw head can gobble up a nearby corpse and instantly regain 1d6 hp.



RAW HEAD

Sanity Assassin

The creature known as the sanity assassin is native to the Chaos planes and arrives in our world through spontaneously generated obsidian gates. The creature feeds on abnormal theta-waves generated in the brains of sapient creatures. This causes crippling insanity in its prey, eventually leading to complete psychosomatic cellular breakdown.

The sanity assassin is the size of a buffalo with a sack-like body made of pseudo-flesh that glows like a blacklight. It moves along the ground on a large, slug-like foot. Small eyes run along the length of the body, and numerous cartilaginous tubes sprout from its sides. These tubes create an atonal piping and wailing as the creature breathes. Several long tentacles sprout from the front of the creature. Each tentacle ends in a distressingly human-like mouth that whispers blasphemies into the ears of its victims.

Sanity Assassin

HD: 5d10 (30hp); **AC:** 14

Init: +2; **Act:** 4d20

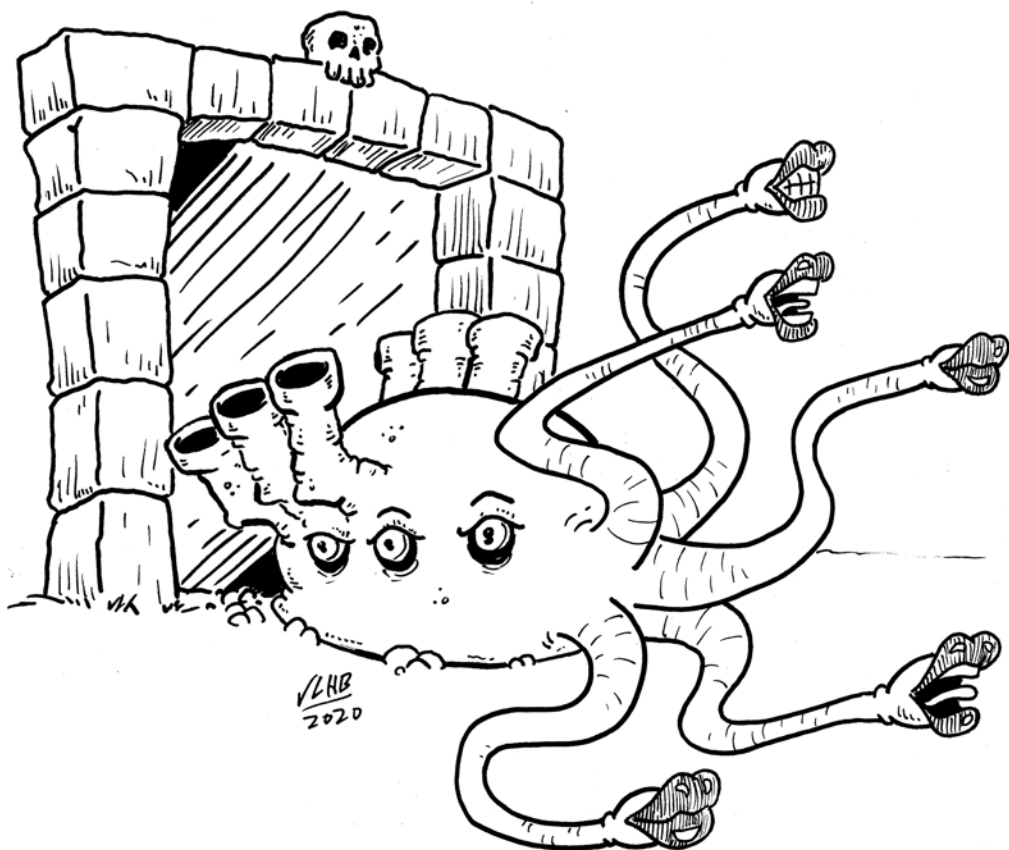
Attacks: Tentacles +5 melee (1d4+1d6 PER drain+grapple, 15' reach)

SV: Fort +4, Ref +0, Will: +6

Move: 20'; **Align:** C

Special Abilities:

- The mad piping of the sanity assassin causes hysterical paralysis in its prey. Any living, hearing creature within 60' of the sanity assassin must make a DC 14 Will save or be frozen, unable to move. The victim can attempt this save each round to throw off the paralysis. A successful save means they are immune to the piping for one hour.
- The sanity assassin can attack up to four different creatures with its tentacles. A creature hit by a tentacle takes 1d4 damage and is grappled. The victim also takes 1d6 Personality damage, as the tentacle mouth hisses blasphemies into their ears. A DC 14 Will save reduces this Personality damage by half. A grappled victim automatically takes hit point and Personality damage each round. The victim can make a DC 15 Strength roll to break free. Allies can also attack a tentacle directly. An individual tentacle has AC 16 and 5 hit points.
- A creature reduced to 0 Personality by the sanity assassin must make a Luck roll or instantly disintegrate and be absorbed by the monster. Their gear will be left behind.



SANITY ASSASSIN

Sludge Dwarf

Sludge dwarves plumb the poisonous depths of the Deep Down Below, mining, collecting, and refining the most noxious and dangerous of alchemical substances under the earth. They sell these chemicals to the various factions of the Deep Down Below as well as evil wizards and alchemists on the surface world.

Sludge dwarves are thinner and more wiry than other dwarves, with greasy green-black beards and hair. Their gray skin is mottled with scaly patches and unhealthy purple lumps. Gritty brown slime perpetually coats their clothing and gear. The **sludge thrower** is a disgusting hand-held weapon connected by a hose to a tank full of caustic ooze worn on the user's back.

Sludge Dwarf

HD: 2d8 (10 hp); **AC:** 14

Init: +1; **Act:** 1d20

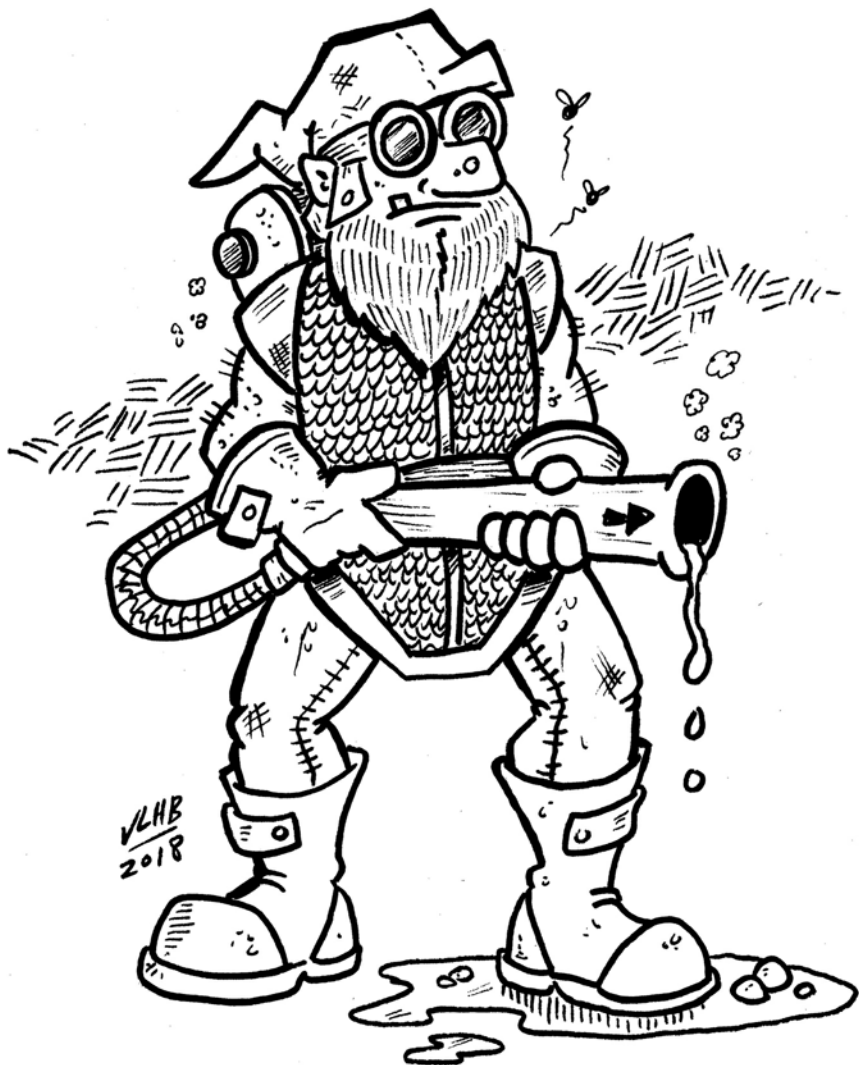
Attacks: Sludge thrower +3 ranged (2d4+poison, 60' range) or shortsword +2 melee (1d6)

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +2

Move: 20'; **Align:** C

Special Abilities:

- Immune to all poisons
- 120' infravision
- The sludge thrower can shoot 12 times before depleting its tank and requiring a refill from a sludge dwarf chemical vat.
- A creature hit by the sludge thrower's attack must make a DC 12 Fortitude save or lose 1d3 Strength.



SLUDGE DWARF

Sludge Golem

Sludge golems are foul constructs created by sludge dwarves using a combination of industrial alchemy and diseased magic. Sludge golems are often found in sludge dwarf facilities, serving as guards or heavy labor.

The golem is an 8' tall humanoid construct made of dense, mostly-solid sludge. The sludge is mottled purple and green and has a texture like gritty, greasy mud. It reeks of harsh chemicals and sewage. Its mouth and eyes are merely hollow depressions in the front of its lump-like head, and its long arms end in mitten-like fingerless fists.

Sludge Golem

HD: 10d8 (50 hp); **AC:** 14

Init: -1; **Act:** 1d24

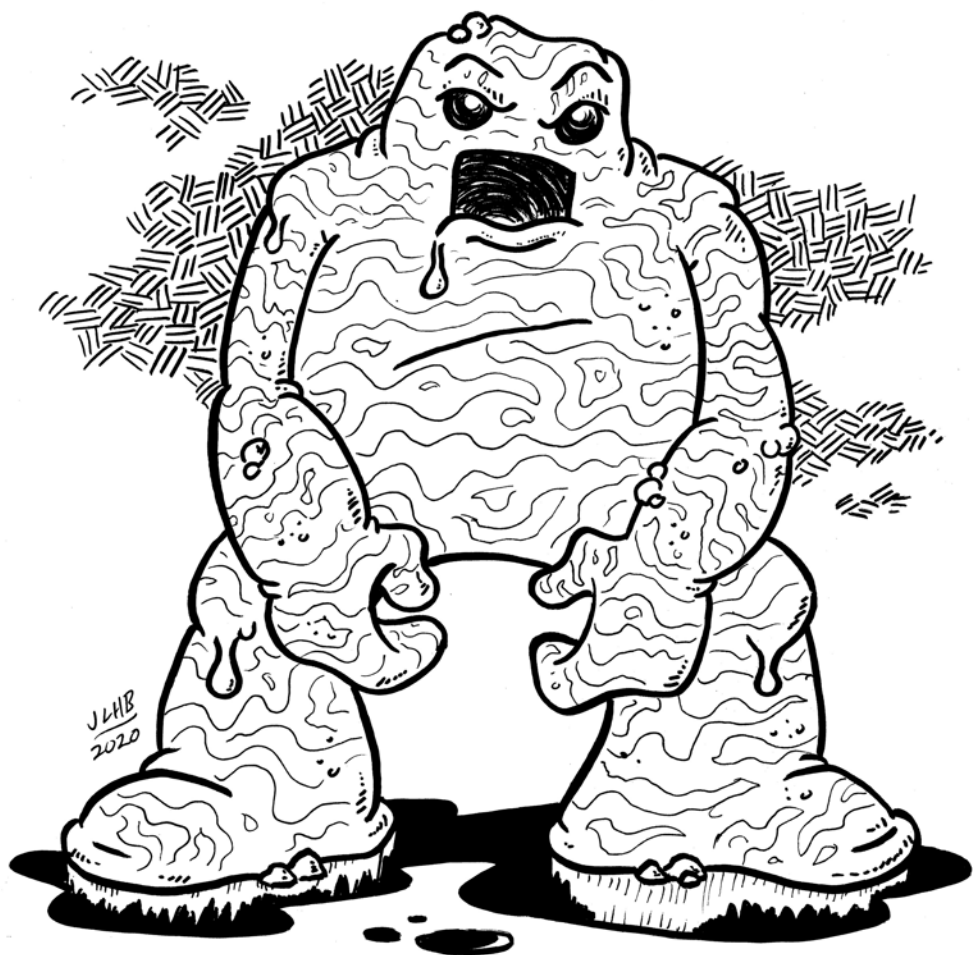
Attacks: Fist +8 melee (3d10+disease)

Saves: Fort +10, Ref +0, Will +5

Move: 30'; **Align:** N

Special Abilities:

- Construct: Immune to poison, disease, and mind-affecting spells
- Immune to non-magical and/or piercing weapons.
- A character hit by the golem's fist attack must make a DC 15 Fort save or catch Sludge Fever. An infected character loses 1d6 STR and can no longer gain sustenance from mundane food. Sludge Fever can only be cured by magic (2 dice of *Lay on Hands*, for instance).
- Once every 2d6 rounds, the golem exhales a 20' cloud of disease. Creatures caught within the cloud suffer a -4 to all attacks and must make a DC 13 Fort save each round or take 1d6 damage. The cloud lingers for 2d4 rounds.



SLUDGE GOLEM

Terrible Infant

The terrible infant is a giant human baby, twice the size of an elephant, crawling naked through caverns and large dungeon chambers on calloused hands and knees. Where its mouth should be is only a blank expanse of pink flesh. Where its eyes should be are two gaping mouths, full of jagged teeth and thrashing tentacle-tongues. These mouths constantly wail and cry as though in pain or hunger.

Some say the terrible infant is the orphaned child of a dead god. Others believe it is the result of the forbidden union between elf and dwarf. Still others speculate that it is the final result of some horrible mutation that fell upon a powerful and corrupt wizard. All fear what it might eventually grow up to be.

It is always hungry. If you hear the cries of a baby ten levels down in the dungeon, you should run.

Terrible Infant

HD: 12d12 (90 hp); **AC:** 16

Init: -1; **Act:** 2d20

Attacks: Bite +12 melee (4d6+grapple, 20' reach)

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +0, Will: +3

Move: 20'; **Align:** C

Special Abilities:

- The terrible infant's bite attacks have a 20' reach. Rubbery tentacle-tongues lash out to grab and pull victims into its eye-mouths. A character hit by the infant's bite attack is grappled. A grappled character cannot move and takes a -2d penalty on all actions until they make a DC 15 Strength roll (no dice penalty) to break free. The infant can use an action to automatically chew on a grappled character for 4d6 damage with no attack roll required.



TERRIBLE INFANT

Void-Belly Giant

The void-belly giant stalks the blasted Northern wastes, insatiable in his hunger and implacable in his need for chaos. The origins of this monstrous creature remain shrouded in mystery. Some scholars speculate it is the corpse of a primal Chaos Titan brought to dreadful un-life by the Witch Kings of Ur. Certain bards claim he is none other than the mighty hero of old, Druuj the Slayer, cruelly denied entry to the afterlife by fearful gods. Heretical elven sages claim he is the earthly avatar of a supermassive black hole given alien thought and will. The truth remains a mystery, but it is said that whoever learns the true nature of the giant will gain control over it and bring the world to ruin.

The void-belly giant stands 18' tall and walks with a purposeful gait in defiance of his undead nature. His flesh is ashy and gray and constantly oozes foul-smelling black mucus from a thousand wounds. Black and broken teeth grimace evilly from the depth of a massive beard made of rusted iron, and his eyes burn like exploding supernovae.

The giant gets its name from its most distinctive feature--the swirling black void in the middle of his bloated and distended stomach. This massive singularity burns and howls with the death of distant stars and serves as a gateway to a violent pocket dimension. In combat, the void-belly giant sucks its opponents into this void where they are battered and blasted by cosmic energies. Those who die there are lost forever, their souls torn asunder in the maelstrom of nil-space.

Void-Belly Giant

HD: 18d10 (126 hp); **AC:** 16

Init: +3; **Act:** 2d24

Attacks: Greatsword +25 melee (4d10+13)

Saves: Fort +18, Ref +4, Will +10

Move: 40'; **Align:** C

Specials Abilities:

- Un-Dead; Infravision 300'
- Immune to non-magical weapons
- Once every 2d6 rounds, the void-belly giant can forgo his actions to attempt to draw enemies into his void. All creatures within 60' must make a DC 17 Strength check. Those that fail are drawn into the void and disappear from the universe until the end of the giant's next round. While inside the void, creatures are blasted by powerful cosmic forces and must make three saving throws to avoid damage: a DC 15 Fort save to avoid 6D6 damage from crushing gravity, a DC 15 Reflex save to avoid 5d7 damage from blasts of Hawking radiation, and a DC 15 Will save to avoid 4d8 damage from psychic miasma. At the end of the giant's next round, the creatures are forcibly ejected from the void, back to the real world, flung 1d6x10' from the giant in a random direction.



VOID-BELLY GIANT

Weremoose

Weremoose are lycanthropic monsters that prowl the primordial forests under the dark of the new moon. They are dedicated to the powers of Balance and Nature and dedicate themselves to protecting the dark secrets of the woods. They despise humans, dwarves, and dungsles and barely tolerate elves and halflings. Some weremoose herds are aligned with spookier druid cults and bring them human captives to be burned in great wicker effigies to appease the elder spirits of stream and stone.

A weremoose has three forms—that of a normal human, that of a great bull moose, and that of a cervine hybrid of man and moose. In this hybrid form, the weremoose stands seven feet tall with mighty antlers that stretch three feet from either side of its head. The weremoose can shift between these three forms at will, except on the three nights of the new moon, when it must take its hybrid form.

Weremoose (hybrid form)

HD: 5d10 (35 hp); **AC:** 13

Init: +2; **Act:** 1d20

Attacks: Bite +3 melee (1d8+lycanthropy) or gore +5 melee (2d6)

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +4

Move: 30'; **Align:** N

SpeciAlign:

- Moose bites are very nasty. A human who suffers damage from a weremoose's bite attack must make a DC 13 Fort save at midnight for the following three nights. If the victim fails any of these saves, they will become a weremoose on the following new moon. Three dice of *Lay on Hands* from a cleric can replace a failed save.
- A demihuman bit by a weremoose must make a single DC 14 Fort save the first new moon after the attack. If they fail, their body explodes messily, killing the demihuman. 1d3 fully grown weremoose step out of the viscera, ready to prowl the forests. Four dice of *Lay on Hands* from a cleric can stop this infection if applied before the next new moon.

Weremoose (bull moose form)

HD: 4d12 (25 hp); **AC:** 12

Init: +1; **Act:** 1d20

Attacks: Bite +2 melee (1d4+lycanthropy) or gore +4 melee (2d4)

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +4

Move: 40'; **Align:** N

Special Abilities:

- The weremoose's bite transmits lycanthropy, as described above.



WEREMOOSE

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