

## CRINWIN

*Horde, small, hoarder, intelligent, cautious, stealthy*

**HP 3 Armor 1** (dodging, reflexes)

**Damage** claws, rocks, or stolen tools d6 (*close, crude*), choking fingers d6+2 (*hand*)

**Special Qualities** arboreal (climb and jump like squirrels)

**Instinct** to covet

- Z Mimic noises, words, cries for help
- Z Hide or vanish into the trees
- Z Snatch something and dart away

Keep your mouth shut out here, hear me? Those tree-dwelling savages are listening. Next thing you know, one of us gets lured off in the night cuz we hear you asking for help. Get found in the morning, dead and naked and blue around the throat. Yup, keep your mouth shut, and kill ever damn one o' those bastards you see.

## NAILADD

*Group, stealthy*

**HP 6 Armor 2** (carapace)

**Damage** poisonous bite d8 (*hand*)

**Special Qualities** webs, prodigious leaps

**Instinct** to drag off prey

- Z Leap on prey and pin it to the ground
- Z Inject a paralytic venom
- Z String up prey in a web cocoon, to slowly eat later

So far, these man-sized spiders have thankfully avoided the hunters and trappers in the Wood. And they certainly haven't come near town. But they're out there, rest assured, and growing in numbers. What else could be stringing up deer and crinwin in webs thirty feet off the ground and sucking them dry. Gods, you better *hope* it's just spiders.



## HAGR

*Solitary, large, terrifying*

**HP 16 Armor 1** (thick hide)

**Damage** meaty hands 1d10+3 (*close, forceful*) or tree trunk 1d10+5 (*reach, crude, forceful*) or hurled heavy thing 1d10+3 (*thrown, near, forceful*)

**Special Qualities** evil eye, that makes brave warriors quail to look upon it

**Instinct** to compulsively shape its environment

- Z Pluck things from the ground, as if weightless
- Z Obsessively stack things to exacting standards
- Z Throw a tantrum when things aren't just right

Misshapen brutes with sagging flesh and one bulging eye so filled with hate it'll stop you dead in your tracks. They spend their days collecting fallen branches, looking for just the right one to add to their home of rotting logs. The others they pile neatly, reverently. Surely they were servants of the Green Lords, once bred to build, and now long ages hence, building still.

## FEATHERED DRAKES

*Group, stealthy, organized*

**HP 6 Armor 1** (scales)

**Damage** claws & bite d8+2 (*hand, messy, 1 piercing*) or boney crest d6 (*close, forceful*)

**Instinct** to pick off weak-looking prey

- Z Charge heedlessly through the brush
- Z Slip through the trees, unseen and unheard

Z Let their prey spot one while the others surround it

A bit taller than a grown man, with claws yea-long, teeth like a saw, and that ridge on their heads they use to go crashing through the woods. Might follow a party for days without anyone knowing it, waiting for someone to get separated or fall behind. Then? Then they close in for the kill.

