

Ba-Rykue - Barinith, Lesser

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Climate/Terrain: Any lower planes

Frequency: Rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Carnivore

Intelligence: High (13-14)

Treasure: 1/2H, T

Alignment: Neutral Evil

No. Appearing: 1

Armor Class: -1

Movement: 12 FL 30 (C)

Hit Dice: 7

THAC0: 12

No. of Attacks: 3 or 1 + weapon

Damage/Attack: 1d10/1d4+4/1d4+4

Special Attacks: Backstab, swoop, *Chill* or *Heat Metal*, *Acid Web*

Special Defenses: Immune to Acids, Gases, Flame and cold. Hit only by +1 or greater magical weapons. Regenerates 1 hp per round unless it is done by spells or holy items/weapons

Magic 15%

Resistance:

Size: Medium (4' + to 7')

Morale: Steady (11-12)

XP Value: 17,000

The Ba-Rykui are the lowest form of Barinith. They are grey skinned with bat-like wings and a heavily muscled body. The average height is 5' though they are so solid they normally weigh in excess of 220 lbs. The wings are very veined and make a warm wind due to the high body temperature of the creature.

Normally the Ba-Rykui is a solitary hunter going after any creature it discovers that it believes will make a good trophy to bring back to the elders. If it is on a declared hunt for a specific creature the hunter will do anything necessary to bring the head back to the elders. If this requires enlisting non Barinith allies it will do so. Any time the Ba-Rykui can get lesser creatures to do the bleeding and dying it considers that a victory.

Combat: The Ba-Rykui is an ambush hunter. They are well aware of the fact that they are on one of the bottom rungs of the Lower planar ladder of power and



(A Ba-Rykui, embarking upon the hunt...)

Habitat/Society: The society of the Barinith is totally based around the hunt. They are very status conscious and take any excuse to brag of their kills. If given time they will eat the flesh of a victim as they believe they can gain power and knowledge this way (10 percent chance to be able to recall any memory including spells for 1 turn per victim level, +1 hp per victim's hit dice gained for 1 day).

Once per cycle the Elders of the Barinith on a particular plane will have a conclave. During this gathering of all the plane's Barinith they will declare a hunt for each sub species. All of that type will go after the aforementioned creature (this is not a species, but a single named being they hunt) with the winner being raised to the next level of existence by the elders.

"...the hunt callsss..."

might and they use every advantage they have to tip the scales in their favor. They will use their strong claws to dig a well camouflaged hole or use a swoop attack. If ambushing from the ground and they have a piercing weapon (spears are favored) they will use a X3 backstab. With their +4 bonus to damage due to strength this is a formidable attack.

If that does not destroy the foe they will normally take to the air. Any air attack will be a swoop with the spear held foremost to make a double damage attack, they may also bite on 50% of these attacks (1d10 points of damage). They will use their innate abilities of *heat* or *chill metal* three times per turn to disarm opponents and acid web once per turn to trap them and make the kill easier.

...al waysss..."
-the mind of a Ba-Rykui-

Ecology: The main impact of the Barinith is to weed out the creatures of the plane that they can hunt. They have no need to eat on their own, merely do so for the magical benefit. In many cases Barinith have kept large pieces of a powerful foe in *bags of holding* or similar containers so they may be eaten later as an emergency power boost.

Barzu - Baatezu, Lesser

© 1999 by Gary Ray, Artwork © of RICHARD Damien. See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	Baator
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Exceptional (9-16)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Lawful Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	6
Movement:	18
Hit Dice:	7
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1-12 or by weapon
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	See below
Magic Resistance:	30%
Size:	L (9' tall)
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	5,000



(A Barzu, thinking impure thoughts...)

Barzu are hideous creatures with a tough hairless hide, scimitar horns, fangs, and a physiology that requires a steady diet of fresh meat as well as plants.

The fiend who impregnates the doe is thought to appear as a irresistibly handsome stranger who promises excitement and intrigue. It is unclear whether this is actually true, or whether it's a folk story told to keep potentially promiscuous does in line.

Combat: The Barzu attacks viciously with its scimitar horns or by weapon. Most Barzu lack the discipline to learn weapon skills, and instead rely on their horns. Barzu who attack their opponent can do triple damage, but only receive one attack that round.

Opponents impaled should roll a save versus petrification or they remain stuck on the Barzu's horns, resulting in automatic hits the following round until a successful save is made. Barzu magic resistance is similar to that of their fiendish parent.

Barzu are never surprised.

Habitat/Society: Barzu, like many fiendish

"Damned if you do,
damned if you don't..."
-From a Speech to the troops by a
blood war commander

"Humans?" Malignus telepathed across the battlefield.

A legion of lemure, lined up in a slimy line of snot, oozed at the twenty or so thousand disorganized dretches who threw themselves haphazardly into the battle. The dretches died by the thousands, but their sheer numbers threatened to overwhelm the dull-witted blobs, who looked much the same whether dead or alive.

"Of course," Bachel thought back, "by the hundreds! It's my normal afternoon. How about elves?"

In a blind rage, an elite army of cambions,
wielding glowing bastard swords in the dim light

wielding glowing bastard swords in the dim light of the Abyss, sliced through the remaining lemures and eyed the grotesque nupperibo with a growing blood lust.

"Yes, elves too," thought Malignus, his fangs dripping green acid as he considered the various races he had defiled. "although I find them too passive. Maybe because they live so long - no spirit. Now a bariaur, that could be entertaining."

The cambions slashed into the vastly outnumbered nupperibo. Counter-attacking the cambions, several hundred barbazu waded into combat, their glaives clearing a path in front of them, leaving many a cambion without leg or arm.

"Ahh, a bariaur would be quite a treat, but their females would never go willingly. They won't even mate with centaur. I know I tried to force them."

Bachel thought as he cracked his whip enthusiastically at a nearby air wing of chasme, while flaming a group of lazy dretches that huddled terrified around his feet. "You could force them, of course, but that's against our rules. And besides, they hurt oh so much more when they know they weren't forced."

The chaotic miasma of chasme descended from the commanding balor upon the distracted barbazu, who were busy hacking limbs from a frantically disintegrating legion of cambion.

"Oh yes?" thought Malignus, his bat wings stiffening with excitement, "I think I'm up for the challenge."

The sky momentarily grew black as the chasme bug creatures plunged their sharp pointed noses into the barbazu, who looked back fearfully to Malignus, their pit fiend leader, for further orders. But there were no further orders, this was the Blood War. You fight until you die, and if you survive today, rest assured, you'll live to die tomorrow.

Barzu are the offspring of a greater baatezu and a female bariaur. Only a baatezu with polymorph ability could ever hope to mate with a female bariaur, and only then in bariaur form. Barzu are

creatures such as cambion and alu-fiends, are considered freaks and outcasts. A Barzu is never accepted in Bariaur society and is considered a joke in baatezu circles.

Barzu are often killed young if they make it to Baator, which has no place for such an outcast in its rigidly ordered social structure. Those that aren't killed outright either flee back to The Outlands or are recruited and secretly held by greater baatezu for unauthorized missions and assassinations.

There is a stiff penalty for even the most powerful baatezu who harbors a barzu, but the risks are offset by the success rate of the barzu, who seem to possess a high degree of stubbornness inherited from their bariaur mothers.

Those barzu fleeing to The Outlands from Baator, or those on their way to Baator through The Outlands, may meet up with a wandering band of Barzu who live around Ribcage. This band, known to Outland bariaur as Spagon (spawn), hover around Ribcage basking in the Baatoran planar energies that emanate from the gate town. The flock is sometimes utilized by visiting fiends who wish to accomplish acts of revenge and murder in The Outlands without links back to themselves. Many of these acts are against competing fiends, or mortals who reneged on their agreements or "bargains."

Payment to Spagon is usually in the form of a promise. Sometimes this promise involves a homeland in Baator, something promised for centuries to the Spagon, but never fully delivered. The promise may also be revenge against a group that has wronged a barzu, such as the flock of the barzu's mother.

As with most bargains with fiends, the bargainer is never satisfied with the end result. For example, barzu returning to Baator are likely to find their homeland a concentration camp for hungry fiends.

Occasionally a Barzu is born that is not evil, although its environment surely drives it towards that end. Like other outcasts, they will remain doomed to a miserable existence.

Ecology: Barzu can reproduce, although the

always maie.

During the seventh month of pregnancy, the barzu rips through the mother in the middle of the night with its scimitar horns. The mother is killed and the Barzu usually steals away into the night, instinctively making its way to a portal to the lower planes. As these births are extremely rare, Bariaur flocks often believe this to be an animal attack on the mother, rather than a hellspawn birth.

offspring will kill the mother, much like the Barzu. Most hybrid creatures would likely have little to do with a barzu.

Please Visit [The Tale of the Bariaur](#) for more chant on this creature!

Cat Hair - Tanar'ri, Least

© 1999 by [William Northern](#). Artwork © of [Yigit Savtur](#). See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	The Abyss
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Swarm
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Blood & Decaying Flesh
Intelligence:	Nonintelligent (0)
Treasure:	Nil (see below)
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	100-1000 (d10 x100)
Armor Class:	-4 (size & speed)
Movement:	3" fl 21" (D)
Hit Dice:	1
THAC0:	16
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1 (cut)
Special Attacks:	<i>Fear</i> (Roar), Blood Absorption
Special Defenses:	Size, <i>Fear</i> (Roar)
Magic Resistance:	Immunity to mind control
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Steady (11-12)
XP Value:	975

Cat hair is by far the most harmless (in appearance) of all tanar'ri. Each cat hair looks like an actual strand of hair. Only an enchanted item (such as a *gem of true seeing*) could reveal the many tiny razor sharp tubes that form the follicles covering the main strand. The Cat hair has a small slitted pupil on both ends and, therefore, does not have a definite top or bottom. The eyes are almost ornamental and vestigial, as the creature relies on its follicles to sense heat, movement, and stationary objects. These creatures vary in length and color, and they each weigh nearly a full pound.

Cat hair floats as if caught in a sudden gust of wind. They are quite small and cannot be distinguished for what they truly are at distances more than three feet away (even by true tanar'ri). A traveling swarm may resemble an average dust storm to the Abyssally unaware. Cat hair do not have any form of visible communication, but they will always travel as a swarm and will never be encountered individually.

Combat: The initial attack of the cat hair falls into two major categories and both are often used



(Cat Hair harmless? Not likely!)

Due to the small size of cat hair, most victims aren't aware of what's attacking until it's too late. These horrid creatures are immune to all forms of mind control due to their highly chaotic nature. Wind-based attacks will disperse the swarm for no greater than 10 minutes and fire/cold-based attacks will only do half damage (after a failed save).

"I'll just wait for this
dust storm
to blow over ...
OUCH!"

-a soon to be dead-

together. The cat hair can mimic the sounds of various types and sizes of cats. This is accomplished by vibrating its follicles (similar to how a cricket generates its sound). As the cat hair increases its speed, the larger (and louder) of cat sound that can be duplicated (a curious float will generate the purring of a domestic cat, while an agitated dart will duplicate a lion's roar). A swarm will circle its intended prey and create such an aura of *fear* that a party will usually disperse (wisdom check -3). It's at that point that an isolated target will fall victim to the second part of the Cat hair's attack.

The swarm will surround the intended target and continue to generate *fear* as it closes for an attack. Each cat hair will then attempt to locate any and all bared flesh to brush against it. This brush is the equivalent of sliding a razor blade across bare flesh. Once blood has been drawn, the cat hair will lapse into only what can be called a feeding frenzy. The creatures will land on all bleeding areas of the victim until, by sheer weight, the victim will collapse. Cat hair move like worms once they have landed on their target and when one comes in contact with the wound, it will begin to absorb the blood like a sponge. Each cat hair can absorb roughly 6 oz. of blood if left undisturbed. Once the prey has been drained, the swarm seeks another moving target. Further, the swarm will never separate to follow different targets.

booked cutter-

Habitat/Society: Cat hair favors dark, moist areas and will seldom be encountered in well lit surroundings. These creatures are extremely antisocial and will attack any living creature entering their territory. The creature has no lair to speak of but, in a specific territory, decaying bodies will contain whatever treasures they were carrying before their demise.

Ecology: Although similar to a swarm of insects in many ways, cat hair does not have a hive or central nest. The swarm will rest in a dormant fashion on the last victim conquered, which will resemble a body completely covered with hair. The layer of the Abyss on which they reside, called the Cat's Meow, is the main breeding ground for this creature. However, swarms have occasionally appeared on many a dark and cavernous layer as well. There is no lead role in the swarm. For all intents and purposes, all cat hair are equal parts of the greater whole of the swarm.

Centimere - Barinith, Greater

© 1999 by [Leonidas](#). Artwork © of [Yigit Savtur](#). See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain: [Gehenna](#), The Grey Waste,

[Carceri](#)

Frequency: Very Rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Carnivore

Intelligence: Genius (17-18)

Treasure: U, V x 2

Alignment: Neutral Evil

No. Appearing: 1

Armor Class: -6

Movement: 18

Hit Dice: 13+2

THAC0: 8

No. of Attacks: 7

Damage/Attack: 3-18/1-8 x 6 or by weapon +10 x 6

Special Attacks: Venom, Acid Cloud, Trample, Breath Weapon, *Fear*

Special Defenses: Immune to Heat, Cold, Acid and Poisons. Regenerates 4 hp/round, only hit by +3 or greater magical weapons, impossible to surprise.

Magic 65%

Resistance:

Size: Huge (12'+ to 25')

Morale: Fanatic (17-18)

XP Value: 27,000

The Centimere is the great enforcer for the Wise Ones. Any Barinith that is being recalcitrant or seditious will soon have a visit from this massive horror. The body of the centimere is much like that of a tremendous centipede. There are seven sections, each with four insect-like legs. The torso is manlike, though heavily chitin coated. There are three torso sections, each appearing to be a human torso, stacked one atop another. Each torso has its own set of well muscled arms.

The head is large and insect-like. It is angular with large compound eyes set to either side, and mandibles dominating the face. The whip like antennae lean slightly to the rear and are sensitive to any movement. From head to rear section they measure 25' in length and a normal specimen will weigh 4,000 lbs. The chitin-armor



(The enforcer of the Barinith, the Centimere!)

"My sweet go---
EERRRRKKKK!"

-A Prime, upon first
seeing the mighty Centimere-

Given 50' to charge, the centimere will use its trample ability. They charge with a THAC0 of 10 and stamp upon any creature doing 5d8 points of damage to those caught under them. Each round after the first a save vs. paralysis must be attempted to escape the pummeling feet.

Each round the Centimere regenerates 4 HP. Like all Barinith they are immune to Heat, Cold, Acids and Poisons. They may only be hit by a weapon of +3 or greater enchantment. The antennae sense all movement within 50' making them impossible to surprise. Awe at the sight of a centimere makes all creatures of less than 8 levels or hit dice within 25' save vs. spells or be frozen in place by *fear* for

of the creature is dark red with black whorls in a seemingly random pattern. It is slightly ridged and reflects very little light.

Combat: The Centimere in combat is a fearsome thing. Each of their six arms will normally wield a different magical weapon. They prefer giant sized weapons that their awesome size allows them to use in one hand. Their incredible strength (22) gives a +10 to all damage rolls. The great mandibles bite for 3d6 points of damage, on a roll of 18 or higher a limb is severed as per a *sword of sharpness*.

Like all Barinith, the Centimere's skin sweats a powerful acid. When they get excited (as in combat) this becomes an acid aura that burns all within 10' for 1d10 points of damage with a save vs. breath weapon for half damage. Once every five rounds it may use a poison and an acid spray. Each covers a cone shaped area 30' long and 12' wide at its farthest end. Those struck by the poison must save vs. poison or die in 5 rounds (lose 20% of hit points per round until dead, this continues regardless of healing for either 15 rounds or until neutralized). The acid spray does 5d10 points of damage with a save vs. breath weapon for half.

1d6 rounds.

Habitat/Society: The Centimere are the favored Barinith of the Wise Ones. They are used as enforcers for all those that disobey their will. They rarely take part in the hunt, though they will seek out those that have slain several lesser Barinith. None can be allowed to flout the Wise Ones on their home planes of [Gehenna](#), The Grey Waste and [Carceri](#). When any outsiders tries to establish an embassy or have dealings with the Barinith, it is normally a Centimere leading two [Jehorra](#) that does all the talking. If negotiations fail, they are quick to make a meal of the supplicants.

Ecology: Centimeres enjoy hunting those that they consider "lesser" creatures. They are too large to be truly skillful at anything beyond ambush tactics, though they are endlessly patient. Any large or greater class creature may see these leviathans rise up from the ground screaming exultantly. There have been precious few survivors of these awesome ambushes.

Echideneco - Tandar'ri, Greater

© 1999 by [Heiner de Wendt](#). Artwork © of [William Teo](#). See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	The Abyss
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary or Mother with Daughters
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Very (11-12)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	1 or 3
Armor Class:	-5
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	9
THAC0:	14
No. of Attacks:	9
Damage/Attack:	2d4+9 x6 (arm tentacles), 2d8+9 x2 (tails), 1d8+9 (bite)
Special Attacks:	Tail poison, venom bite
Special Defenses:	+2 or better magical weapons to hit
Magic Resistance:	45%
Size:	L (10 feet tall)
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	12.000



(The Brutal Echideneco)

The Echideneco are supposedly related to the Marilith tandar'ri. They look quite similar (female upper body, snake-like from the waist down, six tentacle-like arms), but are larger and more fearsome fighters. They have two tails, each with a long sting at the end, and the mouth is filled with long, razor-sharp teeth. Their faces usually show expressions of pure hatred and bloodlust.

Combat: The echideneco are tandar'ri that have concentrated on melee combat. They consider magic or distance weapons such as bows "lowly" and unworthy for them. Indeed, they have lost (or maybe never had) all tandar'ric magical abilities; they do retain the standard immunities, though.

Echideneco attack with their six tentacle-like arms that bear an unimaginable strength (**Strength 21, +9 damage adjustment**). Each tentacle-arm inflict 2d4+9 points of damage, and a character who got hit by one has to make a Strength check or be

"My daughters, I feel hungry."

"What about that Bal or over there? I've never killed a Bal or up to now."

-Echideneco "family", soon before their deaths

Habitat/Society: Despite their fierce fighting prowess, the echideneco are usually seen as lowly fiends. They're killing machines against whom only the most powerful beings could hope to win, but they are not able to do any subtle influencing, strategical planning or something similar. Very often, the echideneco are forced into guardian service; as much as they hate this, they have

knocked several feet away.

Their two tails hit for 2d8+9 damage, and the sting at the end of each tail injects a lethal poison. If the victim does not save vs. poison, it dies instantly as the infernal liquids burn him from inside. Even if the victim succeeds the saving throw, it carries the venom inside its' body now, and the next saving throw vs. the echideneco poison gets a cumulative penalty of two points.

The horrible fangs of the echideneco inflict 1d8+9 points of damage as the fiend rips the flesh from its' victim. Also, it injects an acid-venom into the victim's blood (*immunity vs. poison doesn't help, but immunity vs. acid does*). If for some reason the acid-venom only touches the skin, but doesn't enter the body, it just inflicts 1d3 points of damage for 2 rounds; as soon as it enters the body, though, the victim has to manage a system shock roll in the following three rounds. If one fails, the acid destroys the victim's veins and brutally breaks the blood circulation, thus killing the poor sod.

If the victim manages all three saving throws, the body overcomes the acid-venom, but the victim still suffers a loss of one point of constitution. This can be regained by at least 12 hours of rest, or by magic as powerful as a *Heal* spell.

realized that fighting prowess alone isn't enough to free them.

The echideneco have no interest in treasures or magical items; they want to prove their personal might and abilities, and would never use magic to enhance their own power, nor would they trade with or bribe anyone.

Ecology: It has been suggested by various sages that the echideneco are a kind of "ancient form" of the marilith, a metaphorical "fiend-dinosaur". If this theory is true, most of these beasts have probably evolved into mariliths, during the last millennia or so.

The echideneco are able to impregnate themselves once each decade, and they always give life to two female echideneco. The daughters work together with their mother surprisingly well, hunting other fiends (or whatever crosses their way) and sharing their food equally.

Echideneco that were imprisoned in the Abyss for about a century have shown some interesting aspects: Not only have these beasts become calmer the more they were suppressed, they also were not able to give birth to children when the possibility of contacting the prime material plane was cut off from their "jail". It seems the daughters' souls are actually "stolen" from the Prime, though how exactly is yet unknown.

GROZU - Barinith, Medial

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Climate/Terrain: Gehenna, The Gray Waste,

Carceri

Frequency: Uncommon

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Carnivore

Intelligence: High (13-14)

Treasure: S,V

Alignment: Neutral Evil

No. Appearing: 1

Armor Class: -1

Movement: 18 Jump 36

Hit Dice: 6

THAC0: 14

No. of Attacks: 2/1/1

Damage/Attack: 1d10/1d10 or 3d8 or 2d6

Special Attacks: Acid Cloud, Poison, Bite, Stun
Gaze

Special Defenses: Immune to Fire, Cold and Acid
based attacks, +1 or greater
weapon required to hit

Magic 10%

Resistance:

Size: Medium (4' to 7')

Morale: Elite (13-14)

XP Value: 9,000

The Grozu is the most common of the Medial Barinith. They hop about their home planes constantly seeking powerful foes to test themselves against. When Hunts are declared it is the Grozu that lead the hordes of lesser and least Barinith against foes too weak to justify the attentions of a Jehorra. The Grozu are the weakest Barinith that actually have a chance of gaining the attention of the wise ones. They are constantly judged, with those who are found wanting demoted to Shilfana. Infighting is common for this rank, as they are always trying to one up each other.

The Grozu are insect-like creatures. Their two segmented legs allow them to jump great distances or gallop with an odd crablike gait. Their two huge eyes give them incredible distance vision and their antennae sense movement within 50' making them impossible to surprise. They also have two powerful arms end



(The insatiable Grozu)

Like all Barinith the Grozu sweat a powerful acid. When excited (as in combat) this causes an acid cloud in a six foot area doing 1d6 points of damage per round to all inside it. The Grozu is immune to his own poison, in addition to the standard immunities of fire, ice and acid based attacks. Only +1 or greater magical weapons can hope to damage a Grozu.

Habitat/Society: The Grozu is by nature the most solitary of all Barinith, though they are occasionally forced into near proximity. On these occasions it is inevitable that fights will break out between rivals, often lasting until one is dead or it is broken up by a Greater Barinith. They are happiest when hopping about their home plane seeking out foes to count coup against. The honor brought by a successful kill will bring them ever closer to their goal of being elevated to a superior species.

Ecology: The Grozu is a fearsome predator, constantly hunting and eating all it can reach. It is unknown if they are that hungry or if they are acting out their instinctive response to any living thing.

"Yup - I saw that
thrice-damned critter
comin' T'was hoppin'

in a single large claw, with tiny dewclaws acting as their thumbs. The skin texture is a rough dark brown chitin.

Combat: In combat the Grozu are notable for their recklessness. They attack almost without thought, closing with a foe in great leaping bounds. They will first attempt to jump on a foe, hitting with their rear spike for 3d8 points of damage. If they miss they will swipe with both arms at a single foe. Each can do 1d10 points of damage. If both hit the Grozu will bite its foe doing an additional 2d6 points of damage and forcing a save vs poison or die in three rounds.

The two large eyes of the Grozu can stun any creature that looks at them (save vs spells to avoid) for 1d4 rounds. This is normally used to allow the Grozu to close with a foe without being destroyed.

...I was hoppin
round the rocks, lookin'
all bug-like... I yelled,
'Don't look at it!'...

...but it was **too**
late, they'd already
been 'grozu-ed'."

-First hand account of an
encounter with a Grozu-

Iaiwi, Drone

© 1999 by [Michael Truman](#) Artwork © of [Giorgio Baldessin](#). See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	Urban
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Colony
Activity Cycle:	Varies
Diet:	Parasitic
Intelligence:	Animal (3)
Treasure:	As host
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	1 or 5d4
Armor Class:	5
Movement:	fl6 (A)
Hit Dice:	1
THAC0:	20
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d4
Special Attacks:	Possession, see below
Special Defenses:	Host, see below
Magic Resistance:	nil
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	1000

The Iaiwi (Ee-yai-we or Yai-we) are encountered on Krangath and the colder parts of Mungoth, as well as various isolated locations. They have also been encountered on the Plane of Ice, extremely cold areas of the Waste and the more isolated regions of Cania. In their true forms, Drones appear as amorphous spectral blobs, much like slimes, oozes, puddings or jellies, although they are usually in hosts.

Combat: If lacking any host or keeper, Drones will attempt to possess creatures of animal or lower intelligence. Without a Keeper, a Drone cannot possess more intelligent creatures, but it can possess mindless undead. If it does have a host, it can use its limited abilities to protect itself or others of its kind.

All Iaiwi share these common powers, immunities and vulnerabilities.

- immunity to all damage from natural cold, half damage from magical cold.
- can *Feign Death* at will.
- save at -2 against fire attacks.



(Alien and deadly, the Iaiwi Drone!)

Habitat/Society: Almost nothing is known about the social structure of Iaiwi. They tend to arrive in small, isolated settlements, which they quickly take over. From there on, they will infest groups of travellers with a spare Keeper or two and some Drones.

Ecology: A Keeper can produce one Drone per day. A Drone can go one week without a host, after which it will die. It should be noted that Paladins, as well as members of certain races with keen senses (Elves, Half-Elves, Planetouched and all Paramortals of any stature above Least), will sense a chill and uneasiness while around the Iaiwi. Although it requires a great deal of concentration to pinpoint it, True Seeing will reveal what they are.

"Want dark on Fiends eh? Well you've found the right tout. What is it you're

- save at +2 against poison, acid and electrical attacks.
- ability to inherently sense all other Iaiwi within a 5 mile radius.
- telepathic communication with all Iaiwi within a 5 mile radius, usually only one Iaiwi can be communicated with per round
- immunity to all forms of mind control
- *Mind Blank* (always active)

A Drone without a host can attempt to possess an unconscious victim, the victim must save vs death, and a successful save will wake the victim back up. While possessed, a victim cannot knowingly and willingly harm any Iaiwi. The host is also subject to a *Charm Person* spell. When the charm is broken (see the spell description), the host can do as they please (though still not harm Iaiwi) for one hour for each point of intelligence and wisdom before the charm reasserts itself. The host will never betray their alignment or beliefs, and the more dedicated members of many factions with strong beliefs in freedom, chaos, pointlessness or the lack of emotion (Indeps, Anarchists, Bleakers, Dustmen, Fated, Xaositects) have shown a great deal of resistance to Iaiwi possession. Ciphers also show a great resistance because they act too fast to be controlled, and Signers can often force the Iaiwi out. Any race with a resistance to charms or mind control (Elves, Aasimar) can resist the possession.

A Drone can also attempt to place a *Suggestion* once per week, but the nature of these suggestions are limited by their intelligence. Drones that inhabit mindless creatures such as zombies or slimes have complete control, and will basically try to survive until they find a Keeper.

Holy Word, *Dispel Evil* or *Symbol of Pain* will sever the Drone from its host, as will extreme pain (enough to cause unconsciousness). Killing a host will throw the Drone out.

While in a host, the immunities of a Drone are passed on to its host. Drones can only use their *Feign Death* power if it and its host agree to use it. A Drone regenerates one HP per hour. In its incorporeal form (without a host), it is immune to nonmagical weapons, but can be harmed by silver.

Looking for darks on? 'Ri, 'Leth, 'Loth, 'Zu or ... other. Other eh? The kind that possess, you mean Mezzikim? No?

That's right, you said 'other', what's it look like? A blob of flesh and tentacles that looks like a tree? Yes ... I think I know what you're talking about, let me get that leafer ... yes, 'Born of the Fourfold Furnaces - a Catalogue of the Spawn of Gehenna'

here it is, the Iaiwi, 'Creatures from the Dead Furnace of Krangath, the lesser Iaiwi resemble amorphous spectral blobs, while the more powerful of their race look like trees, sprouting tentacles and made of molten flesh ..."

-A tout whose hende about the darks of the Lower Planes.--

Jehorra - Barinith, Greater

© 1999 by Leonidas. Artwork © of Yigit Savtur.

Climate/Terrain: Grey Waste, Gehenna, Carceri
Frequency: Rare
Organization: Solitary
Activity Cycle: Any
Diet: Carnivore
Intelligence: Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure: U, S
Alignment: Neutral Evil

No. Appearing: 1
Armor Class: -3
Movement: 24
Hit Dice: 10
THAC0: 11
No. of Attacks: 5
Damage/Attack: 3-12/2-12 x 2/1-8 x 2 or by
 weapon

Special Attacks: Acid Cloud, Poison Spittle,
 Spells, Amputation, Backstab

Special Defenses: +2 or greater weapon to hit,
 regenerates 2 hp/round,
 immune to acid, fire, cold and
 poisons

Magic 45%

Resistance:

Size: Large (7' to 12')

Morale: Champion (15-16)

XP Value: 20,000

The Jehorra are the huntmasters of the Barinith. They lead the *Gurris* (Great Hunts) of the species against the most powerful of foes.

They appear to be a praying mantis version of a centaur. They have the full lower body up to the large forelegs, above this is a humanoid torso with two man's arms leading to an antlike head. The entire body is covered by a black nonreflective exoskeleton. Small streaks of purple form a tiger stripe patter across the entire abdomen.

The large compound eyes set of the sides of the head give 320 degree vision, and the antennae sense movement within 50' making it impossible to suprise a Jehorra. The enlarged jaws have a pronounced overbite and are extremely sharp. The crushing bottom arms are mantis like and stay curled by the body except when attacking.



(The Fearsome Hunter, Jehorra)

If a creature is near enough the Jehorra will bite for 3d4 points of damage. When bitten the victim must save vs. poison or die. As the Jehorra prepares for combat it will spit poison on its weapons and forearms. The first creature struck by each of these attacks must save vs. poison or go into shock from the pain for 1d6 rounds.

Like all Barinith, the Jehorra sweats a potent acid. When they get excited (like in combat) they begin to sweat profusely causing all within 10 feet to suffer 1d10 points of damage per round with a save vs. breath weapon for half. They are immune to damage from fire, cold and poisons. Each round, 2 hp are regenerated.

Habitat/Society: The Jehorra train the lesser Barinith. They are harsh teachers, often severely damaging their students. When a great hunt is declared, it is the Jehorra who lead it. They will ensure no Barinith shirks their duty and see to the awarding of honor to the killer. The Jehorra will

Combat: The Jehorra in combat is an awe-inspiring sight. Each of them has the abilities of a 9th level mage and will normally use their spells to soften up a foe from afar. Once melee is joined they will draw their weapons. One spear is always a *Lifestealer* that does 2d6+10 points of damage and drains one level as energy drain on any hit roll of 18 or higher. The second weapon is a *Glaive of Sharpness* doing 4d4+10 points of damage and removes a limb on a roll of 19 or higher. Both are +3 weapons for both hit and damage. Each of these weapons may be used one handed by the Jehorra and does +7 points of extra damage due to their strength of 19.

The midnight black exoskeleton gives the jehorra a 98% chance to hide in shadows, and their great skill allows a 95% move silently. They backstab as a 9th level thief, gaining x3 damage with their *Spear of lifestealing*.

The large, praying mantis-like second arms (located near the joint of the torso and the abdomen) get first attack in any round due to the speed with which they strike. Each may attack a separate opponent doing 2-12 points of bludgeoning and slashing damage, or both may be directed against the same foe. If that is the case a single attack roll is made. If the attack is successful it does 4d6 points of damage and on a roll of 18 or higher will sever a limb as a *sword of sharpness*.

normally see that the body of the victim is carried back to the lair for the feasts of power. This is where an honorable foe is consumed by the whole group of Barinith in the belief that its strength will be granted to them.

"Why did it have to be a bug?"

I HATE bugs!"

-Moriss, upon his initial encounter with a Jehorra-

Ecology: The Jehorra serves as the master of its food chain. They fear no creature and will slay their appointed foe or die in the attempt. The greatest of foes are assigned as single targets of the Jehorra. Great honor is bestowed upon any foe that slays one single handedly (though they will then be declared the target of a great hunt).

Karaycai - Tanar'ri, Lesser

© 1999 by Heiner de Wendt. Artwork © of Craig Koehler.

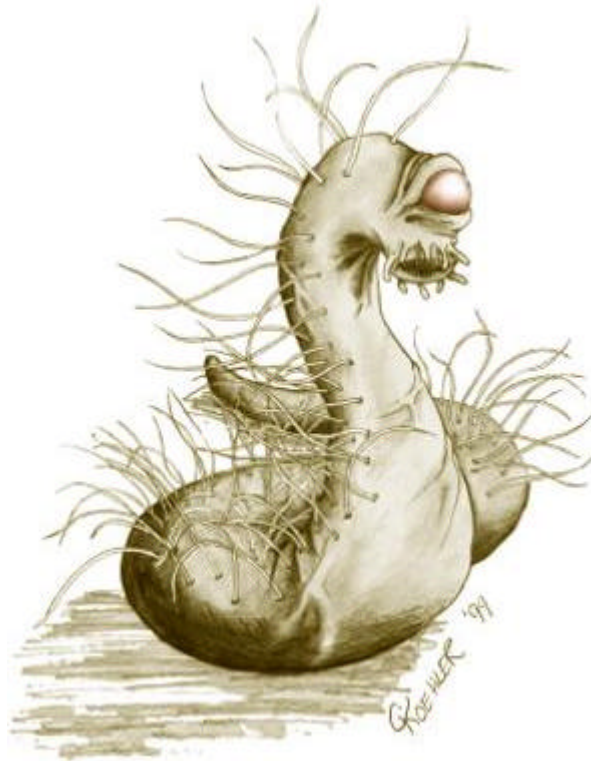
Climate/Terrain:	The Abyss
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	None (20%) or A, X
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
<hr/>	
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	2
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	5
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d3
Special Attacks:	<i>Spellslinging</i>
Special Defenses:	Tanar'ri immunities, +2 or better weapons to hit
Magic	40%
Resistance:	
Size:	S (3 feet tall)
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	10,000

Karaycai, or "Spellslingers", are worm-like creatures with countless feelers spread all over their body. They move just as a normal worm would except, of course, if they use their innate magical abilities.

The "skin" colour of karaycai varies, but they tend to be either ash gray or dark brown - no matter what color they are, however, they always look somehow foul and slushy. They communicate via telepathy but they can not control this telepathy, however, and everyone within ten feet of the creature "hears" what they "say".

Combat: The karaycai are cruel beasts that love to torture a victim a long, long time before actually killing it. Indeed, it may often happen that a karaycai forgets about a battle surrounding it while torturing one defeated enemy.

The karaycai have a bite attack, but despite their large mouth, their teeth are quite stumpy and weak. Thus, their bite only inflicts 1d3 points of damage each round. The karaycai love to



(Abyssal mage's bane, the Karaycai!)

I like chaos
 *thus, my mortal
Chaosmage*
 *I allow you one
spell *
 before I attack
 -Karaycai, not knowing about
 the Hassardeur's *spell key*

Habitat/Society: The karaycai are beings that combine the wildness of the Abyss with the cunning of powerful magicians. They often attack like berserkers, but they also know how to use their abilities with good effect. And as they aren't exactly silly, they also know when it isn't a good idea to fight, or when it is time to flee.

endlessly chew on a hapless victim, watching it die very slowly and enjoying every moment of it.

The real danger of a karaycai lies in its' *spell slinging*. Whenever they observe a spell completely failing due to the nature of the Abyss (e.g. in case of prohibited spells, as *Summon elemental*, or if a spell does not work but instead results in a wild magic surge), it can "suck up" the power of this spell, so that nothing at all happens. During the next 24 hours, the karaycai has to unleash the spell (if it waits longer, the spell will unleash automatically), but now it is controlled by the spellslinger. A *Summon elemental* would, of course, still not work if the karaycai doesn't have a spell key, but a wild magic surge would take effect normally, only that the karaycai would know the exact effect and could control where the magic is directed.

The karaycai can "store" no more than five such effects at any one time. In addition to this and the abilities available to all tanar'ri, the spellslingers have the following spell-like powers: *clairvoyance*, *ESP*, *fly*, *shield*, *suggestion*, and *telekinesis* (3 times per day).

They can also attempt to gate in 1d3 karaycai (30% chance) or 1d4 rutterkin (40% chance) once per day.

Thus, they often lay traps to victims they consider "worthy" enough (i.e. that might have treasures they want; note that they surely use such items if they consider it necessary), but at the same time don't seem to be hard to defeat. A rutterkin might become the victim of a karaycai (even a rutterkin the spellslinger has gated in itself), but a succubus (which has the power to gate in balors) usually can consider herself safe from this beasts.

Ecology: Mortals and other visitors of the Abyss that prove they are too weak and too stupid to survive often become victims of the karaycai. This, of course, is especially true for mages that have not yet learned how to cast spells in the Abyss. In a plane like this, the only place for the weak and the dumb is that at the wrong end of the food chain.

Law Eater - Tandar'ri, Greater

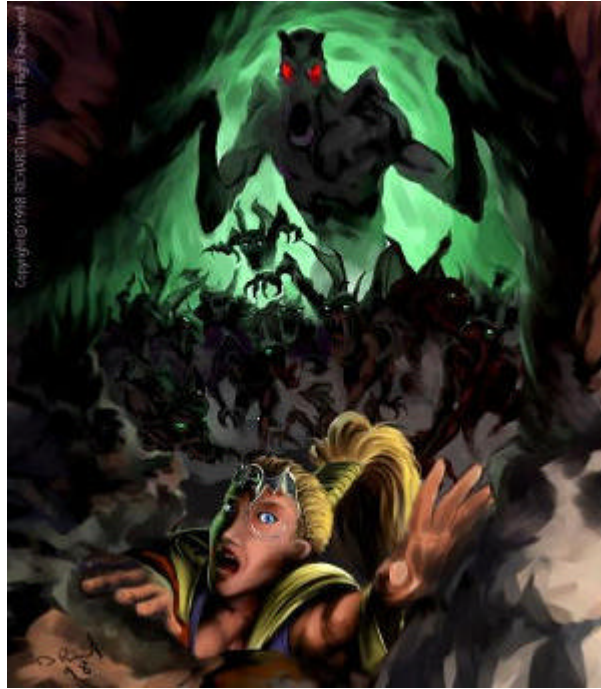
© 1999 by [Heiner de Wendt](#). Artwork © of [Richard Damien](#). See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	The Abyss, occasionally on lawful planes
Frequency:	Uncommon in the Abyss, very rare on lawful planes
Organization:	Organization?
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore (see below)
Intelligence:	Average to Genius (8-18)
Treasure:	D, Q
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	1-80 (1d4*1d20)
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	20
Hit Dice:	7
THAC0:	14
No. of Attacks:	2 plus special
Damage/Attack:	1d4+6/1d4+6 or by weapon+6
Special Attacks:	<i>Law Eating</i>
Special Defenses:	Tandar'ri immunities, +2 weapons to hit
Magic Resistance:	60%
Size:	M (6 feet tall)
Morale:	Varies (12-20)
XP Value:	15.000

Law Eaters seem to be a sub-species of Babau. They're, among tandar'ri, also often called "True Chaotics", "Real Babau", "Idiots" or "Freedom fighters". The one thing that fits to every Law Eater is that he (she/it) is unique - even more so than the tandar'ri in general. No one law eater looks like any other; most have many similarities to babau (shape, size, etc.), but even law eaters the size of a whale or with the shape of a pit fiend have been seen. Chant has it there even was a law eater who had the size of a whale AND the shape of a pit fiend.

As unique as their appearance is, so are there abilities. (The above statistics are only the "most common" law eaters, but the DM should feel free to change the statistics of any particular law eater). There might also be some who are Lesser, Least or even True Tandar'ri.

Law Eaters usually share two other things with



(A horde of law eaters attacking...)

"I WILL kill you!
 Look! A six-headed
 ape!
 GARRGGALAA.....
 Lalalalalalalaaa!"

-A relatively sane Law Eater

As soon as the law eater gets some time to rest after devouring the lawful essence, he turns into a slimy-liquid form again. Slowly, though, they take on their true form again, only leaving behind a dark brown, crystalline slime. This slime contracts itself into some geometric form then. In effect, it becomes an ioun stone that changes its' wearer's alignment to lawful. Usually, the law eaters suddenly destroy that ioun stones after their creation.

others of their race: Their mind is even more chaotic than that of a normal tanar'ri, and contacting their mind results in an additional permanent feeble mind. That is, if the contact with the mind of a tanar'ri would result in a 6-week-feeble mind anyway, curing the victim would need to cure the victim TWO times. (The DM can feel free, of course, to also change this particular effect as he wants). Further, all law eaters have one special attack, which gives them their name: *Law Eating* (see below).

Combat: The common law eater attacks with his two powerful claws, often trying to disarm a mighty opponent by breaking/tearing off/whatever the opponent's arm/tentacle/whatever. Then, they use the weapon themselves. One legend tells of a law eater who killed five paladins, each with his own holy sword, before he died himself due to the effects of some of those swords against the law eater.

Their truly fearsome attack, though, is the *Law Eating*. They bite an opponent (normal THAC0), and then turn into a fluid, slimy-liquid form and enter the victim's body through the wounds their bite created (strangely, though, the bite itself doesn't really harm the victim). Effectively, they possess the victim's body then, but instead of "misusing" it, their aim is to rip all lawfulness from the being.

(Each round the victim is possessed, a saving throw vs. death magic is needed). As soon as one saving throw fails, the law eater manages to pierce his teeth into the victim's very mind, and tearing out any pieces of lawfulness. The tanar'ri devours this lawful essence, turning the victim into a being of chaotic alignment and obvious insanity. Then, the law eater leaves the victim's body again, usually by forcing the victim to vomit the tanar'ri in its' slimy-liquid form (a horrible moment for the victim - but then, he's insane now, anyway). If the victim manages to succeed in five saving throws, the law eater can't keep himself in the body anymore and suddenly flees from the victim (of course, also only after the vomiting).

In addition to the above and the general tanar'ri abilities, the law eaters have one randomly chosen spell ability from each spell level up to and including the sixth. Often, though, they use these abilities like wild when it doesn't help them at all, and then again forget to use them when it could save their life. Of course, no cutter should count on these mistakes of the law eaters. Just be prepared for anything.

Habitat/Society: How each law eater fits into any society really depends on the individual. In tanar'ri society, though, they're usually seen as extremists, with some considering them even too extreme, others thinking their ideas are good, but their ways are just barmy, and still others viewing them as "freedom fighters". Some, though, absolutely hate the law eaters, because they're responsible for the ioun stones of lawfulness. They think it would be better to just slay lawful beings, instead of risking the creation of such a damned piece of magic.

Ecology: In the Abyss, law eaters often appear when some place turns slowly towards lawfulness. In fact, they're most often seen in Graz'zt's layers, eager to spread some chaos where the laws of trade try to settle down. Graz'zt, on the other hand, has officially stated that he pays a good price for any dead law eater brought to his palace (it's not known, though, if entertaining bounty hunters will really be happy with that "good price").

Outside of the Abyss, law eaters only visit planes of law. This is one of the only REAL rules that the law eaters follow: they're either in the Abyss, or on some lawful plane. There, they spread chaos and destruction until they're either destroyed or return to the Abyss. Especially on the good and neutral lawful planes, their "visits" leave horrible scars for decades or longer, in the plane as well as in its' inhabitants.

One occasion is known where a group of a few hundred law eaters have started out a real siege on an Acheronian cube. After a long, long time, they've turned all its' inhabitants into insane chaotics, and finally the whole cube shifted into the Abyss. It's unknown, though, what happened with the cube afterwards.

Loather

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Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Any
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	Varies (see below)
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
<hr/>	
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	10 (see below)
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	1
THAC0:	20
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d2
Special Attacks:	Disease, <i>ESP</i> , <i>Know Alignment</i>
Special Defenses:	Protection from Harm, Immunity to Mind-Affecting and Mind-Reading Spells
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Medium (4' to 7')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	4,000

"He looked like one of us. Nothing about him was unusual. Nothing - or so it seemed. When he came into town, he was just a stranger. But it didn't take long before everyone seemed to know - and like - him. He was charming, and talkative. He was friendly to everyone. It took less than a day before his schemes worked out."

This introduction to the *Tome of the Loather* was the first sign ever the Fraternity of Order found about the beings called Loathers. It took decades until the countless fragments of the Tome were unburied by faction members. It seems someone was interested in making sure the Tome would never be read by anyone; it was nothing but chance and extreme devotion of the members of our Fraternity that crossed these plans. With even more research, we also found out why that someone did not simply destroy the Tome. It turned out the book was magically protected, and even high-level magic could not permanently harm it. It always repaired itself after some time; the only way to "destroy" it was to scatter its



(A Loather, twisted by his own inner evil)

Habitat/Society: Loathers fit in perfectly into any society. They know how to make friends with everyone, and subtly pull their strings to bring ultimate doom. Sometimes, their schemes work out over cycles or decades, other times, it's just a matter of a few moments. They use intrigue and lies as well as presents and compliments to

pieces all over the multiverse. We have, unfortunately, not yet found out how this magic works. The Tome, as well as our own research, has provided us with about all the darks there are about The Loathers - and in the long run, this might be far more important than the secrets of the Tome's magic.

Origin: Loathers are of human origin, seemingly without exception. They once were normal mortals, but some events, or maybe simply the individual's own nature, turned it to embracing pure evil. Living the lives of criminals and perverts, they somehow got into contact with yugoloths. The exact details of what happened then are dark. Our best sages suggest that they met an Ultraloth, or maybe even higher beings in the ranks of yugoloths, and struck a deal. The mortals, with all their devotion to evil, would serve the fiend in a way that would bring pleasure to himself. For that, the planeborn Evil would imbue the mortal with powers that, used intelligently, would make it near-invincible. Not enough, becoming a Loather means becoming immortal - at least if you are successful. After the deal is struck, the Loather takes on a nomadic lifestyle. He settles in towns and other inhabited places for a short time, spreads confusion, destruction and doom - and moves on. Until the cycle repeats and he settles again.

Combat: Loathers usually do not fight. It seems only the most intelligent humans are chosen to become Loathers (although Yuddar the Ranting, an intelligent but sometimes confused member of our Fraternity, is sure this intelligence is GIVEN to them - a cold, evil intelligence which is what turns the mortals into evil beings in the first place). They scheme and use everyone as puppets, but they avoid direct action whenever possible.

If they are forced into combat, they are horrible fighters (and it seems Loathers never have any class). Their defenses, though, are quite good. They have always active powers of ESP and Know Alignment, giving them both hints at who wants to harm them, and time enough to avoid that the being ever gets the chance to harm them. But even if their plans do not work out as they intended, it is not that easy to kill a Loather. Throw a fireball at him, and he will just laugh about it; not even his clothes will get burned. Shot with an arrow at him, and he will laugh

as well as presents and compliments to achieve their goal. Each Loather seems to have its own "style", but where ever they come, in the end there are usually no survivors.

The inhabitants of a region nearly always fall to the plans of the Loather, wiping themselves out. Some Loathers concentrate on small regions, little villages and such, others prefer kingdoms or even whole Prime Material worlds. Most though seem to love the change, and bring destruction to single individuals or small settlements one day, just to doom a whole world in the following decade or century. In any way, they love what they do, delighting in their evil plans. If they fail, they shrug it off; the next victims are already waiting. Even if they just scared a few people, they are satisfied. And if not - they can come back a few decades or centuries later, when people have forgotten about them.

"...they're just
yugoloth
wannabe's..."
-Bubhouse screed on the
subject of Loathers-

Note that Loathers can show up everywhere, from Prime Material worlds to the Inner and Outer Planes. A member of the Fraternity of Order was also sent to the Astral Plane to research if a Loather was responsible for the recent wiping out of a complete Githyanki fortress.

Ecology: It seems even most yugoloths don't know about the Loathers. These beings work independently from the fiends (although definitely in their service, or at least in the service of one or a few fiendish individuals). They don't "produce" anything, although they may gather great treasures during the centuries. They either collect what once belonged to their victims, or even gather items that are personally important to someone, so they can use it cycles later when the victim has already forgotten about the item - and is deeply moved when encountering the item again (a fact the Loather then uses to pull the strings of that person). Young Loathers, though, have nothing but their clothes. And even a few old ones don't have personal belongings - for example, if they love to take on the role of a beggar (interestingly, each single Loather seems

again; bury him alive, and he will unbury himself when he thinks it's safe again.

Loathers have a near-perfect protection from harm; there is only one exception. If a brave character, with the intention to destroy the evil that the Loather embodies, takes a direct and successful action to kill the wicked creature, it is as easy to kill as any human. The brave soul may not do it for finishing a mercenary contract; it may also not be done to rob the Loather, or for any other selfish reason. It seems that only thoughts of purity, defying evil and absolute braveness (which can be seen in the direct battling, instead of using long-range weapons or similar things) breach the powerful defenses that protect a Loather.

Still, even the bravest of heroes often fail when they fight a Loather. His schemes, as said, usually overcome their opponents before those even know they are his opponents. Using his mind-reading powers, he easily finds out how to handle a character, and has the genius to work out a near-perfect plan.

Also, loathers of great age have often accumulated fantastic treasures, some of them providing them with powerful magical armor and weapons that give them the ability to stand a fight. Also, Loathers are completely immune to any mind-affecting spells, as well as similar psionics. It is as impossible to read the mind of a Loather, as well - even finding out its alignment isn't possible via any supernatural means.

Finally, they often use their power to cause a disease (as per the reverse of the spell *Cure Disease*) to bring down known or probable foes - often using deadly diseases, and (if really pressed) suggesting the opponent to tell him of a way to heal the disease, if the victim stops to oppose the Loather. Of course, the ways to overcome the disease usually either include the victim's death, or a way to absolutely bind it to the Loather's service (or any other way to get rid of it).

to have one cover story that he uses over and over again, just adapting it to a particular situation). Of course, over the centuries, they become perfect in that one disguise.

It is not perfectly known how they become "immortal". They do still age, but it seems their evil deeds let them overcome the effects of passing time. The sage Murianna Winterblossom suggests that for each life they destroy, they have one more cycle to live, while smaller evil deeds bring them less time. Still, a successful Loather could add up so many evil deeds that he would keep on living for millennia even if he didn't do any further evil. Yuddar the Ranting stated this theory is nothing but "the barmy mutterin' of a soddin' elven leatherhead", and is sure Loathers age normally, and are simply replaced by a new Loather when they die, to keep up the illusion of immortality.

Tandar'riaur - Tandar'ri, Lesser

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Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	R
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	6
Movement:	15
Hit Dice:	7
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	2-12, 1-6, 1-6
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	See below
Magic Resistance:	30%
Size:	L (9' Tall)
Morale:	Steady (11-12)
XP Value:	3,000



However, what they cannot forgive is the violent nature of the Tandar'riaur, which evolves quickly as soon as the young buck is capable of any form of action.

The young Tandar'riaur will harm, kill or defile everything within its power. As it grows older, so does its strength and likewise its destructive power.

The Payira master, torn between his love for the buck and his duty to the order, often gives the creature away to a loving tiefling family in hopes they might better be able to control and cultivate the youngster.

"The only good Tandar'riaur is a dead tandar'riaur"

-Mayor of Tradegate after recent tandar'riaur attack

Bachel the Balor, or "Render" as his friends called him, screeched in pain. He turned and saw a large creature with scimitar horns, kind of like a bariaur but more sinister and crafty. The creature had just impaled one of its horns in his left side. It would have been a mortal blow to any other creature, but was a mere scratch to Bachel.

Bachel waved his hand and a bolt of blue-green lightning shot from fingers and into the hideous creature, vaporizing it from the inside out.

Unfortunately, the Tandar'riaur is beyond anyone's control, as it only understands pain and suffering and thrives when inflicting these attributes on others. Only the strongest of creatures, both physical and mental, could possibly hope to control one.

Once the Tandar'riaur reaches its teenage years, it often attempts to find an outlet for its violence, usually by working as a mercenary or cutthroat.

It's in the teenage years that the Tandar'riaur's

"What in hell was that?!!" Bachel telepathed across the battlefield to his pit fiend rival Malignus.

"Bwa ha ha ," Malignus laughed. "I see you've met my son."

The battle continued beneath them in the Outland valley. Lemures oozed and overwhelmed a legion of beleaguered cambions. A dozen beholders, brought here from some unholy alliance with the beholder god, zapped lemures into sticky paste with rays from their eyestalks.

"How can that thing be yours?" thought back Bachel, trying to comprehend the losing battle, the assassination attempt and his rival's intentions all at once.

"Yes, you didn't smell him did you?" Malignus chided, with no sense of regret or distress over the death of his son. "That's because he's an Outlander -- never even stepped foot in Baator."

"But when did YOU sire a son in The Outlands?" Bachel asked naively, playing on Malignus' ego to gain more information.

The cambions threw their last bit of strength against the lemures, pushing them back nearly twenty yards before the beholders flew in for the slaughter, their eyestalks shooting a rainbow of colors at the nearly spent cambions.

"It was that little bet of ours, about the bariaur, remember?" Malignus telepathed.

The battle was nearly over and the Baatoran forces had clearly claimed victory on the field. An army of dwarves waited to the north, ready to contain the battle if it spilled over into their territory. They started to advance on the defeated forces, looking to

sex drive begins to play a role in its violent behavior, driving it to attempt to mate with any creature it can. These tendencies towards sex and violence continue throughout its lifetime, causing great fear and hatred from those who know of it. Luckily for most creatures, the actions of the Tanar'riaur are extreme enough to keep it away from populated areas which have a reasonable level of law and order.

Without order, such as in warring regions, the Tanar'riaur has free reign to spread its type of terror. More than one peasant in a war torn region has opened his door to find a Tanar'riaur.

Although it's a little known fact, many tieflings are born from Tanar'riaur rapes in regions of war.

Combat: The Tanar'riaur attacks with its two front claws and its vicious bite. They eschew weapons and any type of armor, as they think it interferes with their lust -- both for battle and sex.

Opponents of the Tanar'riaur must save versus fear or flee in panic of the horrible beast.

Tanar'riaur magic resistance is similar to that of their fiendish parent.

Tanar'riaur have the spell-like powers of other tanar'ri, including darkness 15' radius, infravision, and teleport without error. They rarely use these abilities in their "carnal" pursuits, as they greatly enjoy the fear and pain they cause by breaking down doors and using force.

Tanar'riaur receive the immunities of their fathers:

Full Damage: acid, iron weapon, magic missile, silver weapon.

express their frustration and anger with their sharp axes and swords.

Bachel looked to the advancing dwarves and the beholders who were now focusing their deadly eyestalks on the Tanar'ri leadership.

"Next time maybe I'll have a little horned surprise of my own!" Bachel telepathed to Malignus, right before teleporting back to The Abyss.

His commanders and few surviving troops were left behind to be slaughtered by the beholders, and waiting dwarves. Such was the price of failure.

Tanar'riaur are the male offspring of a Tanar'ri and a female bariaur. It is believed that the pure chaos and evil of the Tanar'riaur, combined with its incessant desire to defile and desecrate all that is alive, cannot possibly be contained in a female form. Others believe that the female Tanar'riaur are easier to spot at birth and may simply be drowned, as some flocks do with horned does.

At birth the Tanar'riaur appears to be a normal male bariaur, although without horns. A member of the Payira Order appears shortly after the births to induct the newborn into the order. Most bariaur flocks are never aware of the true nature of the Tanar'riaur because of the short time they spend with the newborn.

The payira master who raises the Tanar'riaur soon discovers the true nature of this creature. Within a few weeks from birth, the Tanar'riaur's skin changes color from brown to red. Its hair never grows, leaving it to look like a large rodent. The normal molars of the vegetarian bariaur grow into sharp fangs, designed for ripping flesh. The cloven hooves grow claws at the ends. Even the

Half Damage: cold, fire (magical), gas.

No Damage: electricity, fire (non-magical), poison.

Tanar'riaur have no ability to gate in other creatures.

Habitat/Society: Tanar'riaur are welcome in all places where violence and defilement rule the day. A Tanar'riaur would never wish to live within bariaur society, although it may occasionally prey on its does.

Although Tanar'riaur are welcome in The Abyss, they would rather live elsewhere, where there are more opportunities to satisfy their lust.

Tanar'riaur are not very intelligent but they understand the need to work within organized groups to satisfy their destructive urges. They are the literal embodiment of the monster terrorizing the countryside, and without a group of soldiers or cutthroats to back up its heinous actions, a Tanar'riaur would live a short, brutish life.

Tanar'riaur care little for money or payment of any type, beyond the opportunity to wreak havoc on civilian populations. Often they will patiently fight battles against organized armies, knowing that success will result in the town or city being sacked and pillaged.

Tanar'riaur would never fight in The Blood War, as there are not enough rewards or opportunities.

Ecology: Tanar'riaur live to satisfy their lusts for violence and sex. They are fully capable of reproduction and are thought to be extremely potent, as witnessed by the many Tanar'riaur offspring in occupied war zones.

social activist payira could forgive these "deformities."

Tanar'riaur have no allegiance to their Tanar'ri fathers or respect for their bariaur mothers. They also have no desire to visit or live in the Abyss, or associate with other Tanar'ri, unless it somehow fulfills their short term goal of destruction and defilement.

Please Visit [The Tale of the Bariaur](#) for more chant on this creature!

Voodracoor - Tanar'ri, True

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Climate/Terrain:	The Abyss
Frequency:	Very rare
Organization:	Solitary or Cult
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore, Minds
Intelligence:	Genius to Godlike (17-21)
Treasure:	C, F, H
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	1 or 2-5 (1d4+1)
Armor Class:	-7
Movement:	10
Hit Dice:	10
THAC0:	10
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	1d4+7/1d4+7/1d6+7
Special Attacks:	Voodoo, Mind Eating, Fear aura, Magical weapon
Special Defenses:	Tanar'ri immunities, +3 weapons to hit
Magic Resistance:	70%
Size:	L (9 feet tall)
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	22,000

The Voodracoor belong to the least known tanar'ri, as they are extremely rare. In fact, it is very, very bad luck if one ever meets one (and especially a group) of these horrible fiends.

Voodracoor appear as large humanoids completely covered in wide, flowing hooded robes of darkest colors. Trying to get a glance at their faces under those hoods only reveals dark, red-glowing eyes in pure darkness. Whenever a voodracoor is slain or otherwise defeated, he simply vanishes, no matter what precautions are taken. Thus, no one knows what these beasts truly look like.

Combat: Voodracoor attack with powerful fists hidden under their long, wide sleeves. They have a strength of 19 (+7 damage adjustment) and each hit with a fist inflicts 1d4+7 points of damage. All Voodracoor possess one Abyssal-forged magical weapon, which is additional to any other treasure the fiend has. Roll randomly on the special



(The mysterious Voodracoor...)

"Die."

-Rumored to have been said by a Voodracoor

When a voodracoor controls a being in this way, it can also use another power it has - the *Mind Eating*. It touches the doll's head with its' hand (or whatever appendage the creature might have; observers only see that the doll is under the sleeve) and suddenly the victim gets a headache that is worse than all the pain the howling winds of Pandemonium could cause.

It is, in any case, paralyzed for the whole round and the round thereafter. If the victim fails a

weapons tables in the DMG, or choose one freely. A full 10% of these special weapons also have intelligence; in fact, the soul of a dretch has been imprisoned in the weapon then, to serve the Voodracoor. Such weapons always have the special ability to cast *stinking cloud* once per day, but all other abilities of the dretch are lost. The normal rules for intelligent weapons with alignments apply, though.

Depending on the kind of weapon, the voodracoor loses one or both fist attacks when using the weapon (do not forget the size of the Voodracoor - a normal two-handed sword could be used one-handed by the creature). The Voodracoor also attack with a head butt if possible, inflicting 1d6+7 points of damage; these moments are the most probable of an opponent seeing the glowing eyes of the beast.

In addition to those available to all tanar'ri, the voodracoor can cast once per round at the 10th level of spell use: *chill touch*, *command*, *ESP* (always active), *polymorph other*, *sleep*, *true seeing* (always active). Furthermore, they're always surrounded by a powerful fear aura in a radius of 20 feet. A being inside the fear aura has to save vs. paralyzation at a -2 penalty every round or flee in terror for 2d4 rounds.

The most beloved power (by themselves, of course) of the voodracoor is the *Voodoo Ritual*. The voodracoor has to concentrate one round in order to create a small doll out of the fabric of space surrounding the fiend. This doll looks very similar to one being in sight of the voodracoor. After creation of the doll (which is, for any rules purposes, just a non-magical, wooden doll), the voodracoor has to bring the doll to body contact with the appropriate victim (thus, a character completely clad in armor is quite safe from this power of the fiend).

After this contact, the voodracoor (and only the voodracoor) can use the doll to control the victim absolutely. Just breaking the doll would instantly kill the victim (and create quite a gory mess), moving it around could make the victim fly through the air or even attack his friends, and so on. This control lasts as long as the voodracoor sees the victim. If the fiend is somehow separated from his victim, though, and meets the character again later (as improbable as that is), the doll still has the power of control over the character.

and the round thereafter. If the victim fails a saving throw vs. death magic, the being's mind is completely sucked out of him, leaving just a mindless, though still living, shell. It seems the voodracoor gain something from this, though what exactly is unknown. Curiously, they use this power very rarely.

Note that this power works on all mortals and on all undead up to, but not including, "Special" status. It works on all Least and Lesser tanar'ri and baatezu, but only on those yugoloths with a magic resistance of less than 50%. It does not work on any other 'paramortals', strangely.

Habitat/Society: Voodracoor are mysterious creatures who have never been observed to speak, eat or interact with anyone, except by fighting or controlling them. They always seem to be on a kind of mission, and it has been observed that the various rulers of a layer ignore them. It is thus very probable that the voodracoor are direct servants of the Abyssal lords, maybe even their creations.

A truly fearsome sight are the voodracoor cults. In such a cult, two to five of these beings apparently try to accomplish some very definite goal (as gaining a magical item, killing a particular person, or something similar), and nothing, absolutely nothing can stop them, then. They never give up when in a Cult, fight until slain or successful, and do not care for anything but reaching their goal.

When the voodracoor appear in a Cult and their goal has to do with a particular being, one of them nearly always uses the *Voodoo* power in order to reach that goal. The other voodracoor then work perfectly together to make sure the *Voodoo*-casting voodracoor will be successful.

Such cults can also appear outside the Abyss, though this happens rarely. Only one occasion is known where the Voodoo Lords appeared in the Blood War, and they "only" killed the baatezu army's commander before disappearing again (this, though, was the key event, ensuring the success of the tanar'ri army during that battle).

Ecology: The voodracoor, or Voodoo Lords, do not seem to fit into any ecology, except (and even this is only a guess) in some obscure and convoluted Abyssal system, wherein they

possibly serve the layers' rulers. Then again, so few is known about these fiends that about anything could be possible.

Zon'de - Aasimon, Undead

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Climate/Terrain: Lower Planes
Frequency: Vary Rare
Organization: Solitary
Activity Cycle: Night
Diet: Carnivorous
Intelligence: Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure: Nil
Alignment: Neutral Evil

No. Appearing: 1
Armor Class: -5
Movement: 15, Fl 36 (B)
Hit Dice: 10
THAC0: 11
No. of Attacks: 8
Damage/Attack: 1d4/1d4/
 2d6/2d6+2/
 1d4+1/1d4+1/
 1d8/1d8

Special Attacks: *Aggressive Aura, Alignment Drain*

Special Defenses: Regeneration, +2 to hit, immunities

Magic 60%

Resistance:

Size: Large (7' to 12')

Morale: Fearless (19-20)

XP Value: 10000

If you're ever on the Lower Planes, and you stumble upon a pure white, yet monstrosly hideous creature, you can be pretty sure it's a Zon'de, a cursed Aasimon. Everything about this abomination is white - skin, teeth, fangs, even blood. That's about as far as any resemblance between them and their former self goes.

Zon'de (*pronounced Zon-Dhay*) are beings of almost pure evil. It is said that if someone lives long enough to look the creature straight in the eye, he might be able to see the terrible despair the beast is suffering from. Somewhere within, a spark of good that even the foulest fiends cannot eradicate, remains.

Combat: Such is the evil that the Zon'de radiates that everyone within 20 feet of it must make a succesful saving throw versus Spell. Those of neutral or evil alignment that fail this save immediately attack any good creatures around.



(A Zon'de, seeking goodness to consume!)

Habitat/Society: Zon'de are vengful creatures that dwell on the Lower Plane they were created upon and attack everything good they encounter. They can't stand direct sunlight, so they usually only come out at night. When two Zon'de meet, they fight till death, so as to try to relieve the other of its suffering.

Ecology: On the rare occasion that a winged Aasimon (thus excluding Lights and Agathinon) travels to a Lower Plane and is defeated by a fiend that has the knowledge to turn the body into one, a Zon'de is created. Usually Baatezu and Yugoloths are responsible, as Tanar'ri cannot remember the intricate magical patterns and rituals required for this horrible act. Fortunately, there are also few other fiends who can.

When other Aasimon encounter a Zon'de or learn of its creation, they normally send out adventurers to free the poor sod from his current state, as well as avenge the wrong that has been done him. Zon'de live in constant agony because of their sudden evilness. It is only by absorbing the goodness of others can they abate this pain.

Those of good alignment merely become very aggressive - they receive a +1 to damage rolls, but a -1 to hit because of the blind hate they're experiencing. A Zon'de further has all the immunities of a normal Aasimon. They regenerate 2 hit points per round and can be hit only by +2 or better weapons.

When attacking, a Zon'de rakes with its claws, bites, uses its horns, and four of the claws it has on its huge wings. The pure fury of their attacks makes them foes to be reckoned with. What's more, their bite also drains a being of its goodness. After every successful bite, the victim must make a save vs. Death Magic or lose some goodness. After two (three for elves and aasimar) bites, good becomes neutral. After two more bites, neutral becomes evil. Since this draining is the only way a Zon'de can relieve its own suffering, it usually starts by attacking good creatures and leaves when everybody is evil. Lastly, Zon'de can be turned as 10 HD undead.

"I don't believe
that...
Nothing can curse
an Aasimon!"
-young slave, upon hearing
about this creature-

Seeing one usually leaves a big impression on even the most hardened of cutters. The sheer desperation of a Zon'de is said to be enough to drive even a halfling Sensate into the arms of the Bleak Cabal.