

DOOL SPIRIT

Group, small, amorphous, devious, planar, stealthy, terrifying

HP 13 Armor 2 (defensive, amorphous)

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

Special Qualities naught but living shadow, helpless in complete darkness, feeds on fear

Instinct to taunt, scare, and frighten

- Z Shape sound and shadows to unnerve and frighten
- Z Sense a victim's secret doubts and worries
- Z Slip silently from shadow to shadow

Scavengers of the spiritual realm, slipped half into this world from across the Black Gates. They cluster around dool trees and wait for foolish mortal creatures to pass nearby. They long to leave this meager existence and feast on more rarified terrors.

CAVE BEAR

Solitary, large

HP 16 Armor 1 (hide & fur)

Damage claws, bite, hug d10+3 (*hand, close, forceful, messy*, 1 piercing)

Instinct to fill its belly, to protect its young

- Z Rend, maul, crush
- Z Move with surprising speed and grace
- Z Sniff out food, or trouble

Ulwin met one in a clearing. Licked its lips and eyed Ulwin's catch. What Ulwin *shoulda* done is drop his catch and back out of there, slow-like. At least he was smart enough to go limp after the first whack. Dragged his bloody self home, but they had to cut off his leg and what was left of his arm. Never went back in the Wood, Ulwin.

Anyhow, stay clear of them and they'll stay clear of you, most likely. Except I hear the sow might've had herself a litter lately. And you don't wanna get between a mamma bear and her cubs, let me tell you.



BUTCHERBIRDS

Horde, tiny, organized

HP 3 Armor 0

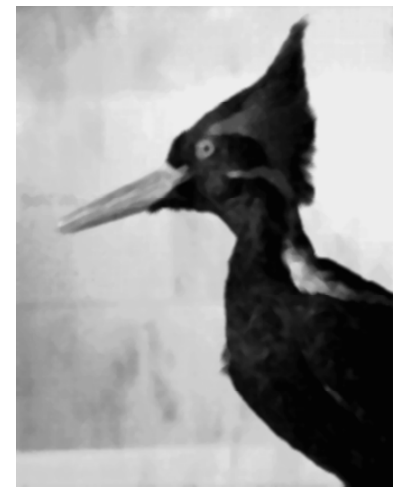
Damage peck d6-2 (*hand, messy*, 2 piercing)

Special Qualities flying

Instinct to feast on bloody, bloody meat

- Z Grab on to prey or food and stab stab stab
- Z Fend off any who would steal the flock's meal
- Z Scent blood from miles away

Rhian was skinning this coney for dinner when I heard the first caw-caw-caw. Three of 'em, then six, then a dozen, all lookin' at that coney like it was theirs. Guto tried to shoo 'em off, and at first they's just flapping and squakin' and holdin' their ground. Then Guto gets too close and one gives him a stab. I remember it so clear. The world went still as he started to bleed, all their eyes on Guto now. And then nothin' but squaks and flaps and screams and that sick wet sound of beaks stickin' poor Guto again and again and again.



GYLGLYD VINES

Solitary, huge, stealthy, amorphous, devious

HP 23 Armor 2 (woody, amorphous)

Damage strangling vines d8+3 (*hand*)

Special Qualities only harmed by fire and slashing, and only at the thickest stems

Instinct to entice and ensnare

- Z Lure prey with lovely flowers
- Z Drug and subdue with euphoric scents
- Z Slowly entwine them, unnoticed, and hold them fast

A grove of trees, draped in green deep and thick, speckled with flowers of iridescent blue and pink and yellow. So beautiful, your breath catches in your throat, and when you do take a breathe it has the sweetest scent. You'd like nothing more than to step closer, and closer, and breathe in the beauty of this place. Oh, what was that your foot just brushed against? A bleached skull? And the vines growing up your calf? Ah, pay them no mind.

