

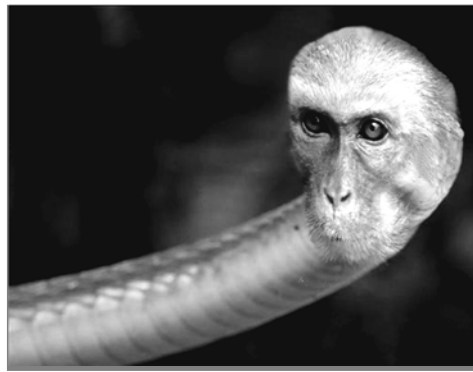
SWYN

Solitary, large, stealthy, magical, intelligent, cautious, horder

HP 16 Armor 3 (scales, reflexes)

Damage constriction d8+3 (*hand, forceful, ignores armor*)

Instinct to indulge its ego



Z Grasp something or someone tightly in its coils (figuratively or literally)

Z Appear out of nowhere and lock eyes

Z Hold someone fast with its gaze and soothing voice

Z Turn the weak-willed into fawning servants

The Green Lords bred swyn out of desperation, borrowing secrets from the Things Below. They wanted spies and saboteurs. What they got was a race of petty, craven narcissists.

Each swyn fancies itself the greatest, the most beautiful, the most magnificent of beings. They have exacting tastes, far more subtle and refined than any of their peers. But should you embarrass, defy, or simply bore one, you'll be savagely and brutally devoured.

Few of these creatures survive, thankfully. The fae hunt them and they shun others of their kind, jealous of territory and wealth. But every dozen years or so, some compulsion drives them all to the ruins of An-Mohr Dun, entourage in tow, where they engage in elaborate, ostentatious displays and mating rituals. There, amidst the sickly white trees, the next generation of swyn are seeded. There, perhaps, these foul things might be wiped out once and for all.

When you **lock eyes with a swyn**, mark XP if you do what it suggests. If you **resist**, roll +WIS: **on a 10+**, you shake off its influence and act as you wish; **on a 7-9**, choose 1:

Z Stand dazed, eyes locked on its, fighting for control of your mind

Z Start acting as it compels you, but stop yourself partway through

Z Harm yourself to regain control (1d6 damage, ignores armor)

On a 6-, you come to your senses later, at a time of the GM's whim, with no memory of what you've done or what's happened to you.

COEDWIG

Horde, tiny, magical, planar, amorphous

HP 6 Armor 2 (woody hide, amorphous)

Damage nasty thorns d6 (*hand, 1 piercing*)

Special Qualities thorns all over, to touch them is to bleed

Instinct to viciously protect its ward

Z Shape thorny plants or vines into a body

Z Cause vicious thorns and spines to sprout from nearby plants

Z Grab on and refuse to let go

Each thorn on a plant is a sword, brandished boldly against a world that would defile its flowers, steal its fruit, and devour its delicate buds. What, then, are the coedwig? Only Danu's swords, brandished by the Mother herself in defense of her most beautiful and vulnerable children.



CEIRWMAWR

Solitary, large, terrifying

HP 16 Armor 0

Damage hoof d10+1 (*close*) or antlers d10+3 (*reach, forceful*)

Special Qualities awe-inspiring antlers, fearless

Instinct to tolerate no disrespect

Z Toss aside a barrier or foe

Z Suffer harm without flinching

Z Make a show of strength

Majestic. Proud. Antlers so large you can scarce believe how deftly it moves through the woods. They are the royalty of the deer. It is said that only the Pale Hunter can give them chase, and that any mortal who dares to stalk them quickly finds the tables turned.

Questions:

Z What special property does folklore say the ceirwmawr's antlers possess?

Z What dire fate is said to befall those who slay a ceirwmawr without the Pale Hunter's permission?

