

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.

"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

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

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 barbazus 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 barbazus, 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 barbazus, 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 always male.

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 male.

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

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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 Resistance: 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 - Tanar'ri, Greater

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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	45%
Resistance:	
Size:	L (10 feet tall)
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	12.000



(The Brutal Echideneco)

The Echideneco are supposedly related to the Marilith tanar'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 tanar'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 tanar'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' 'Twas 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:	Paresitic
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 re-asserts 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

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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).