

Karaycai - Tanar'ri, Lesser

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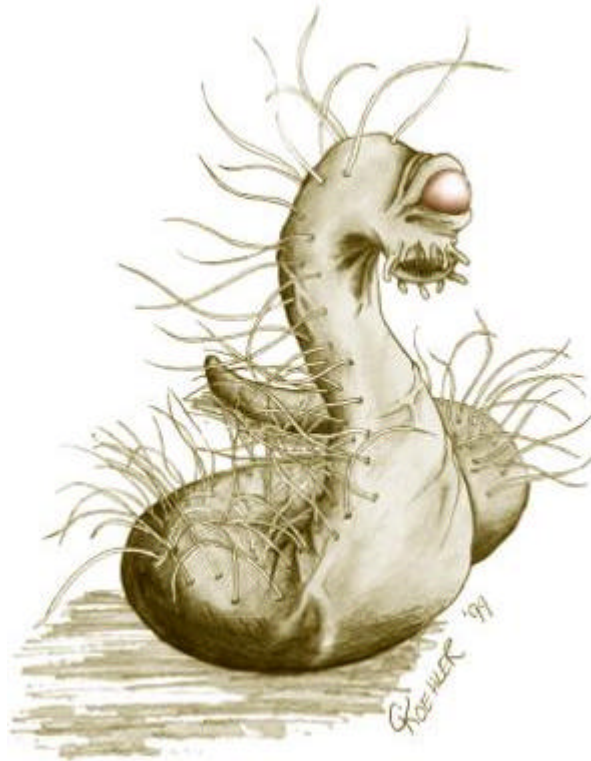
Climate/Terrain:	The Abyss
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	None (20%) or A, X
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	2
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	5
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d3
Special Attacks: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

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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:	Tanar'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 tanar'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 tanar'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 Tanar'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
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, ESP, Know Alignment
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 Ultroloth, 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.

Tanar'riaur - Tanar'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 Tanar'riaur, which evolves quickly as soon as the young buck is capable of any form of action.

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

"The only good Tanar'riaur is a dead tanar'riaur"

-Mayor of Tradegate after recent tanar'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.

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.

Unfortunately, the Tanar'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 Tanar'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 Tanar'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 succesful 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.