

# TORCHBEARER

## The Petersen Bestiary

### Volume 2

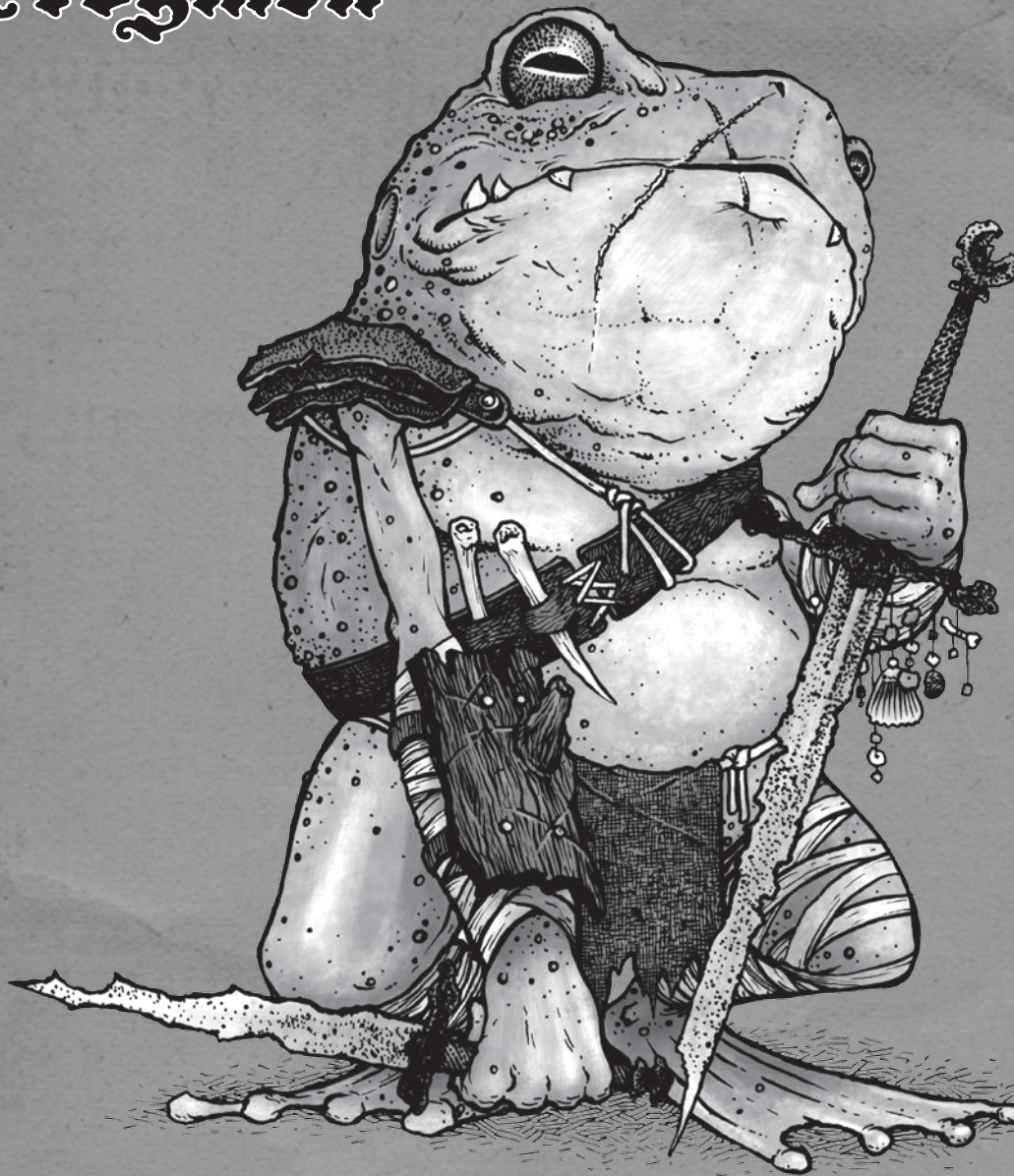
by David Petersen



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# Frogmen



<b>Might:</b> 2	<b>Nature:</b> 3
<b>Descriptors:</b> Leaping, Spawning, Guarding	
<b>Conflict Dispositions</b>	<b>Conflict Weapons</b>
<b>Drive Off:</b> 6	<b>Drive Off Weapons</b> Attack: +1s, <i>Leaping Attack</i> Defend: +1D, <i>Make-shift weapons</i> Feint: +1D, <i>Chameleon Skin</i>
<b>Capture:</b> 8	<b>Capture Weapons</b> Attack: +1s, <i>Leaping Attack</i> Defend: +1D, <i>Make-shift weapons</i> Feint: +1D, <i>Chameleon Skin</i>
<b>Convince:</b> 3	<b>Convince Weapons</b> Defend: +2D, <i>Easily Confused</i>
<b>Armor:</b> Patchwork scavenged armor—as leather armor but only works on a 6.	
<b>Instinct:</b> Always protect the eggs and tadpoles	
<b>Special:</b> Frogmen must keep their skin damp and moist, thus they can never stray too far from their boggy homes. If dried out, they are -1s to all actions. Frogmen speak their own degenerate tongue.	

Scholars and bards often wonder aloud at the origins of the frogmen. Were they once a great people now fallen? Or were they beasts raised up into a mockery of intelligent peoples?

Regardless of their origins, frogmen inhabit lost, forlorn swamps, bogs and marshes. Their abiding drive seems to be to spawn and fill the world with their progeny. Thus they are always in search of safe, remote places to lay their eggs. One finds them inhabiting sunken ruins, ferociously guarding their spawning pools.

They piece together their gear, adorning charms, and weapons from fallen travelers and scavenged goods. Nothing they own or wear is ever clean or honed; it is twisted and broken and covered in moss, rust, and decay.

The Frogmen travel in groups of 5-12, but it is not unusual to see one alone scouting for lost pits in which to lay eggs. Frogmen like their meals cold, raw, and slightly rotten, so any adventurer who dies at their hands is given a shallow wet grave to keep until ready.

*Peter*

# Strix



<b>Might:</b> 2	<b>Nature:</b> 2
<b>Descriptors:</b> Blood-sucking, Flying, Swarming	
<b>Conflict Dispositions</b>	<b>Conflict Weapons</b>
<b>Kill:</b> 4	<b>Kill Weapons</b> Attack: +1D, <i>Needle-Sharp Proboscis</i> Feint: +1s, <i>Leathery Wings</i>
<b>Flee:</b> 5	<b>Flee Weapons</b> Feint: +1s, <i>Leathery Wings</i> Maneuver: +1D, <i>Tiny stature</i>
<b>Drive Off:</b> 3	<b>Drive Off Weapons</b> Feint: +1s, <i>Leathery Wings</i> Maneuver: +1D, <i>Tiny stature</i>
<b>Armor:</b> none	
<b>Instinct:</b> Always drop silently from above.	
<b>Special:</b> Strix cannot be convinced or otherwise persuaded. <b>Drain blood:</b> A successful Attack or Feint indicates a strix has inserted its proboscis into the acting character's flesh. Once so attached, the character loses one point of disposition every action until the strix is removed or all of the character's hit points are lost. Even characters with the Stubborn ability can be knocked out in this manner.	

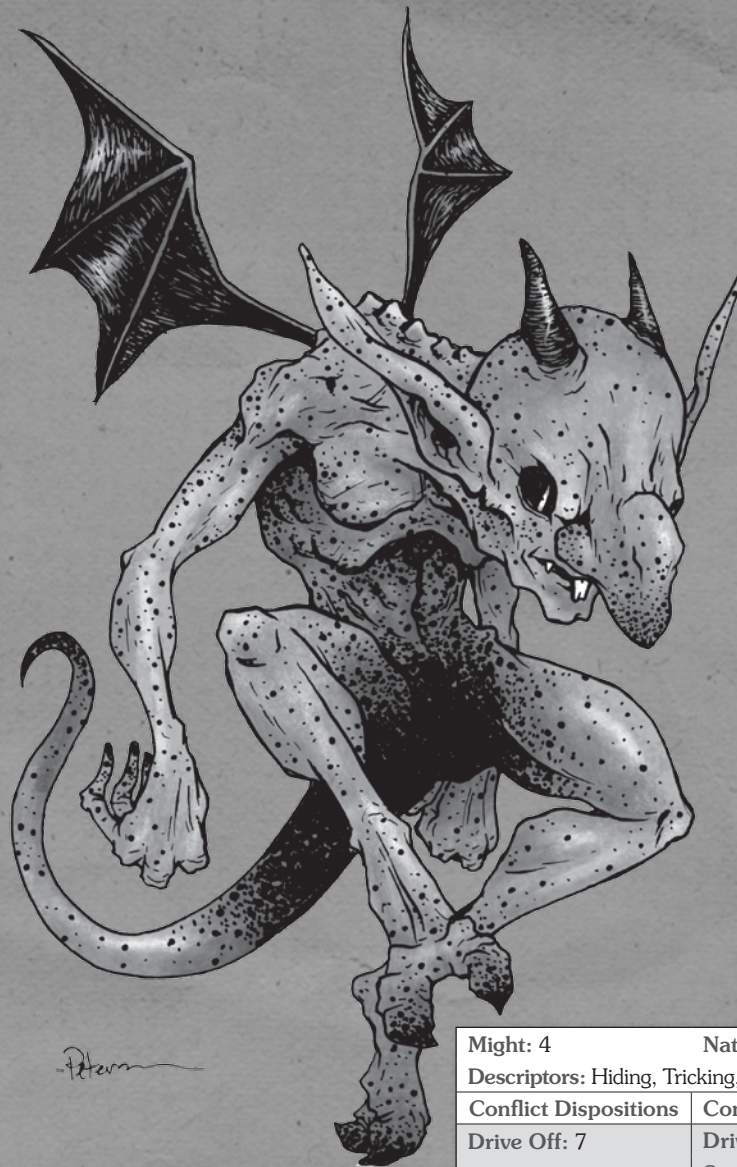
A single strix alone sounds like a colony of bats beating towards you. One can only imagine what a swarm of Strix must sound like, since that is likely the last sound you hear before all the blood and humors are drained from your body. Two sets of leathery wings lift a body that's little more than a leathery sack, meant to swell with the life fluids of its victims.

A long rigid proboscis protrudes from the maw. It is capable of piercing flesh, bone, and organ alike. Their claws serve them to cling to their victims while they drink their life's blood.

Strix dwell in subterranean caverns, clinging among the stalactites, like nightmarish bats. They drop down on unsuspecting prey to feed in swarms if four to ten; the only warning is their hideous chitter.

So feared are strix swarms, that other underworld dwellers like kobolds or orcs will circumnavigate infested caverns and give them a wide berth.

# Cinder Imp



Cinder imps manifest in hearths of homes, inns and fortresses in which the fire has burned for too long, or in which anger feeds the flames. They are, however, more mischievous than murderous. They cause hearths to flare up even when the flue is closed. They fling sparks onto the carpet even with the fire is properly banked. And they'll clog a chimney, chuckling as smoke billows out into the chambers.

Cinder imps are not related to the similar mischief-causing fey, but they are often mistaken for them. When they are set upon by brave homeowners or innkeepers thinking to rid themselves of a cluricaun or brownie, cinder imps become nasty and show their demonic nature. They spew sparks and ash and choke dwellings with clouds of acrid smoke.

There are tales of cinder imps as useful companions and helpers if treated well, but those making the reports may have been urged to say so as hostages in their own homes.

Might: 4	Nature (Demonic): 3
Descriptors: Hiding, Tricking, Burning	
Conflict Dispositions	Conflict Weapons
Drive Off: 7	<b>Drive Off Weapons</b> Special: +1s, <i>Nasty Attitude (as sword)</i> Attack: +2D, <i>Burning Ash</i> Maneuver: +1D/-1s, <i>Acrid Smoke</i>
Trick or Riddle: 6	<b>Trick or Riddle Weapons</b> Attack: +1s, <i>Nasty Attitude</i> Feint: +2D, <i>Mischievous</i>
Capture: 4	<b>Capture Weapons</b> Special: +1s, <i>Nasty Attitude (as sword)</i> Attack: +2D, <i>Burning Ash</i> Maneuver: +1D/-1s, <i>Acrid Smoke</i>
Armor: None	
Instinct: If slighted, repay the insult ten-fold	
<b>Special:</b> Cinder imps are fond of flattery. If flattered by their interlocutor in a trick or convince conflict, they suffer -1D to their action.	
<b>Glowing:</b> At will, the cinder imp can glow as an ember give off light like a candle.	
<b>Hearth Imp:</b> A happy cinder imp can heat a home and give all residents +1D to recover from being exhausted, injured or sick.	

# Elder Nixie



Elder Nixies are ancient nixies who have slowly over the aeons lost much of their human-like appearance. Elder Nixies are dangerous and powerful, and among their people they are the god kings and god queens of the seas, lakes, and oceans. They exist in both salt and fresh waters and view the world above water mostly as inconsequential—just the civilized people would see ant-hills. Elder Nixies lay dormant in the silent deeps, sleeping and dreaming of strange worlds. If disturbed by wrecks or debris sinking from above, by foolhardy souls delving too deep, or fouling the water with their arrogance, an Elder Nixie will rise from the depths to scourge the surface dwellers and exact punishment on the transgressors.

With the creatures of the deep at their disposal, they can bring down mighty ships, flood valleys, and kill hundreds of land-dwellers. That is not to say an Elder Nixie is not above fighting their own fight. So as not to disturb the other beasts below, an Elder Nixie will reach above surface with long spindly arms and drag land-dwellers below.

Might: 6	Nature: 8
Descriptors: Shape-shifting, Sea-Dwelling, Scourging	
Conflict Dispositions	Conflict Weapons
Kill: 13	Kill Weapons Attack: +2s/-1D, <i>Storm Fury</i> Feint: +1D, <i>Protean Form</i>
Flee: 9	Flee Weapons Attack: +1D, <i>Unearthly Fluke</i> Feint: +1D, <i>Protean Form</i>
Drive Off: 17	Drive Off Weapons Special: +1D, <i>Submerged (as sword)</i> Feint: +1D, <i>Protean Form</i>

**Armor:** Ancient scales (as leather but also works against magic)

**Instinct:** Always punish defilers.

**Special:** Elder Nixies may command any nearby aquatic life to help them, including nixies. Help grants +1D outside of a conflict, and +1D in a conflict if assigned a hit point.

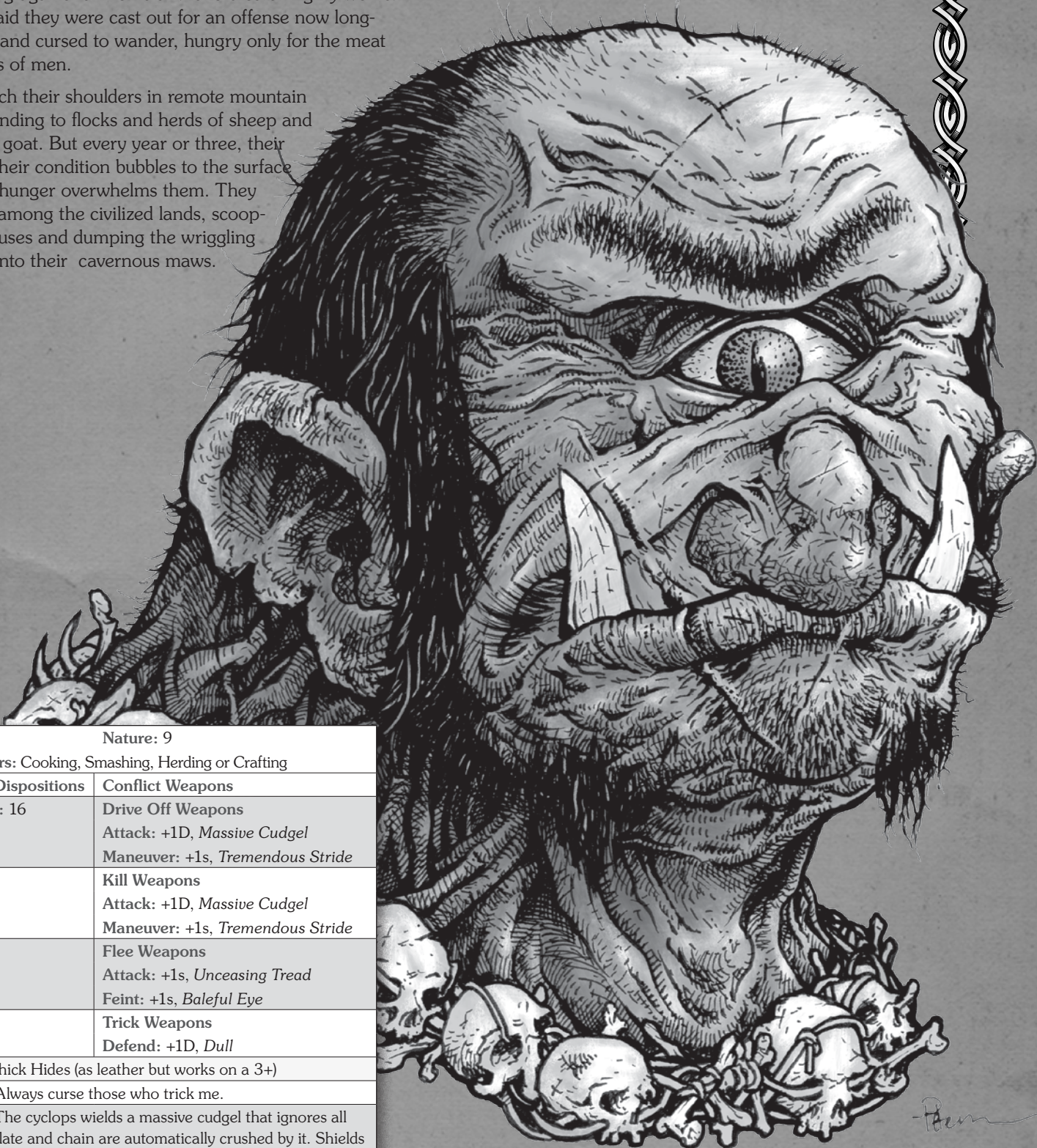
**Shape-shifting:** Elder Nixies can transform themselves into a variety of creatures including black horses and fair maidens.

**Reflection:** Giving a clear mirror to an Elder Nixie will confuse it either delaying it momentarily (outside of a conflict) or if used as a weapon, granting +1D to Feint or Maneuver.

# Giant Cyclops

These lumbering giants are rumored to be the off-spring of the Lord of Forges. Once, they helped him at his labors, hammering against chthonic anvils to create mighty works. But it is said they were cast out for an offense now long forgotten and cursed to wander, hungry only for the meat and bones of men.

They hunch their shoulders in remote mountain valleys, tending to flocks and herds of sheep and mountain goat. But every year or three, their anger at their condition bubbles to the surface and their hunger overwhelms them. They rampage among the civilized lands, scooping up houses and dumping the wriggling contents into their cavernous maws.



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Might: 7	Nature: 9
Descriptors: Cooking, Smashing, Herding or Crafting	
Conflict Dispositions	Conflict Weapons
Drive Off: 16	Drive Off Weapons Attack: +1D, <i>Massive Cudgel</i> Maneuver: +1s, <i>Tremendous Stride</i>
Kill: 12	Kill Weapons Attack: +1D, <i>Massive Cudgel</i> Maneuver: +1s, <i>Tremendous Stride</i>
Flee: 8	Flee Weapons Attack: +1s, <i>Unceasing Tread</i> Feint: +1s, <i>Baleful Eye</i>
Trick: 4	Trick Weapons Defend: +1D, <i>Dull</i>
Armor: Thick Hides (as leather but works on a 3+)	
Instinct: Always curse those who trick me.	
Special: The cyclops wields a massive cudgel that ignores all armor. Plate and chain are automatically crushed by it. Shields provide no bonus and if used are automatically splintered.	
Mighty Grip: It takes four successes (rather than three) to disarm a giant cyclops.	
One-Eyed: If blinded, reduce its disposition to 1.	

*Bern*