

THE LAMEST AD&D MONSTERS EVER

v0.9

by

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(Freddo)

T H E L A M E S T A D & D M O N S T E R S E V E R ! ! !

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LL          AAA      MMMM   MMMM  EEEEEEEE  !!
LL          AA AA    MM MM   MM MM  EE        !!
LL          AA  AA   MM  MMMM  MM  EEEEEEEE  !!
LL          AAAAAAAAA  MM          MM  EE        !!
LL          AA        AA  MM          MM  EE
LLLLLLL AA          AA  MM          MM  EEEEEEEE  !!

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-----> BY FREDDO v0.9

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For years, TSR has been trying to placate gamers desire for diversity by releasing more and more monsters for the AD&D game. The problem is that there are only so many monsters possible before the designers find themselves really scraping the bottom of the barrel. TSR has been there before, the flumph really was lame and I'm certain that the beholder was designed when Gary Gygax had a serious case of writers block and came up with the utterly pathetic idea of "a big eye with lots of little eyes that eats characters for breakfast." But somehow TSR has managed to bounce back. The beholder turned out to be really quite good and the flumph was only a minor hiccup. But now I say enough! There are no more monsters possible! Monsters are becoming increasingly lame and pathetic. Let this netbook serve as a warning to all those who'll buy anything just because it has the TSR logo on it. It might not actually be any good. In fact, the creatures in the next monstorous compendium appendix might just end up like the ones here. Although that would truly be lame.

But enough with the rambling! Here, for the whole world to see, are the creatures of my own design which are, in my opinion, the LAMEST creatures ever for AD&D.

If anyone has any suggestions or creatures which they think belong here, contact me at choc_frog@hotmail.com. The latest version of this netbooks is always available for download from my webpage at:

<http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Cavern/1399/rpg.html>

If you actually use any of the creatures contained here, please e-mail me and tell me what your players thought and how many of their characters decided that suicide was a preferable option to actually fighting such a lame beast.

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I N D E X

BABY BALROG
COOKIE GOLEM
FLUFF
TICKLE-ME ELMO
TRANSVESTITE TROLL
(okay, not many so far, but more to come)

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BABY BALROG

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Subterranean
FREQUENCY: Very Rare
MOVEMENT: 18 (36)
ORGANISATION: Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE: Any
DIET: Carnivore (rats, insects)
INTELLIGENCE: Very (11)
TREASURE: Nil
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

NO. APPEARING: 1
ARMOUR CLASS: 6
MOVEMENT: 18 (36)
HIT-DICE: 2
THAC0: 19
NO. OF ATTACKS: 2 (claws/whip)
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1-4/1-6
SPECIAL ATTACKS: None
SPECIAL DEFENCES: +3 weapon or required higher to hit
MAGIC RESISTENCE: 80%
SIZE: S
MORALE: 9 (not quite confident with its abilities yet...)
XP VALUE: 270

The breeding habits of balrogs are still a source of debate amongst scholars. Some believe that balrogs, owing to their extremely magical nature, don't actually "do the deed" as we would understand it and that balrogs are, by nature, asexual. Others believe (although it is scary to think about how they came across this information)

that balrogs are quite active sexually and that the reason they are so rare is that they are all off in the secret balrog mating grounds, having a lot more fun than most of us. While the methods of balrog breeding remain unknown, the results are not. Baby balrogs look exactly like balrogs in miniature, standing about as tall as your average halfling. Like regular balrogs, they carry a flaming whip and are hostile to just about everything and anything. They just run away with their tails (?) between their legs at the slightest sign of danger.

COMBAT: In combat, baby balrogs attack with their itty bitty claws and their tiny little flaming whip. When they attack, they let out tiny, high pitched imitations of a fully-grown momma balrog cry (Yup! Yup!). They fight rather well, the only problem being that while they begin combat with a confident, swaggering attitude they get very dissatisfied when they're not as powerful as daddy and run away crying.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Baby balrogs are solitary creatures, having been dumped in a dungeon by their parents in order to teach them something about life as a big balrog. Their parents usually leave them there to fend for themselves for a few hundred years before they come and collect. And momma seems to always choose to pick up junior just as her little darling encounters some cruel, nasty adventurers.

ECOLOGY: Baby balrogs fend for themselves in a dungeon quite well, usually living off rats and snakes, although they like kobold when they can get it. Very few creatures pray on baby balrogs, just in case momma turns up just before they start their meal...

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COOKIE GOLEM

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Any
FREQUENCY: Very Rare
ORGANISATION: Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE: Any
DIET: Nil
INTELLIGENCE: Non (0)
TREASURE: Nil
ALIGNMENT: Neutral

NO. APPEARING: 1
ARMOUR CLASS: 10
MOVEMENT: 24 (48)
HIT DICE: 1/2 (1 H.P.)
THAC0: 20
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d3
SPECIAL ATTACKS: None
SPECIAL DEFENCES: None
MAGIC RESISTENCE: 10%
SIZE: T
MORALE: 20
XP VALUE:

The cookie golem was created by a baker/wizard who was, to be perfectly honest, stark raving bonkers. It seemed that he had some mad delusions of grandeur involving him as ruler of the world inhabited entirely by sentient cookies. Luckily for the world, his plans fell through. However, before he died, the baker left in his notes the plans for creating the easiest to make, the fastest to make, and the lamest, golem of all time, the not really dreaded at all cookie golem. A cookie golem takes one week to make by a Wizard of at least level 3. The wizard makes the dough at a cost of 5 gold pieces, uses cookie cutters to cut out the shape of a man and while the cookie

is baking, casts Jump, Mending and Magic Mouth. The result is the utterly useless Cookie Golem.

Cookie Golems don't give two figs about their masters orders. They simply run around all the time yelling "Run run as fast as you can, you can't catch me I'm the Gingerbread/Chocolate Chip/etc. Man!" Because of their utter uselessness, very few wizards can actually be bothered creating the stupid little things.

COMBAT: Cookie Golems don't seem to do a lot of fighting. They're too busy trying to evade their masters. However, when they are forced to fight, the average Kobold would find them a complete pushover, if they can catch one that is. When defeated, cookie golems usually make pretty good eating.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Cookie Golems, if they can escape from their master, seem to develop some form of intelligence over time. In game terms, this can be measured as 1 point per month for six months, after which they stay as they are, as thick as two house bricks. These "free cookies" sometimes band together in groups which sit around at night and tell each other stories of the fury of the oven, of the dreaded Cookie Monster and of the awe inspiring King Cookie, who lives in a magical land where cookies are free from evil people who would eat them. Luckily for us, most cookie golems are eaten long before they can hear such tales.

ECOLOGY: Yeah, right!

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FLUFF

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Just about anywhere.

FREQUENCY: Very Rare, or common if the DM really is a bastard.

ORGANISATION: Solitary

ACTIVITY CYCLE: Any, it doesn't care

DIET: Milk and cookies

INTELLIGENCE: Very (11)

TREASURE: Nil

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

NO. APPEARING: 1

ARMOUR CLASS: 10

MOVEMENT: 6 (8)

HIT-DICE: 1

THAC0: 19

NO. OF ATTACKS: 0

SPECIAL DEFENCES: Cuteness

MAGIC RESISTENCE: 0%

SIZE: S

MORALE: 20

XP VALUE: 65

The Fluff is the cutest creature that could ever exist. It is small and fluffy with big, dewy, "Aww, who could hurt it" puppy-dog eyes. Actually, it IS a fluffy ball with eyes, there's nothing else to it. No brains, no internal organs, nothing but fluff and eyeballs. Fluffs move through a kind of magical levitation similar to beholders. If you're having trouble imagining what they look like, think of a floating tribble with the biggest, cutest eyes you've ever seen.

Although they look so cute, fluffs are actually quite evil creatures. They attempt to use their unbelievable cuteness to rise in power in a nation. Although their inability to communicate effectively except through moving their eyes does pose obvious difficulties, some fluffs have managed to become the pets of powerful kings

(imagine it, "lets go to war with the neighbouring kingdoms, Fluffy goes all gooey eyed when I talk about it"). There are rumours of fluffs actually becoming the head of state in democratic nations. Who could vote against such a cute thing?

COMBAT: In combat, fluffs cannot attack. They have no arms, no legs, no magic, no psionics and no spells. They could conceivably attempt to ram someone, but it would inflict the same amount of damage as a teddy bear thrown by a weak kobold. However, Fluffs have a major defence. Their unbelievable cuteness means that no one, no matter what alignment, can bring themselves to harm a fluff under any circumstances. Instead, would-be attackers simply melt into a ball tears and insipid grins.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: It is rumoured that somewhere in the mass of planes, there is a fluff homeworld ruled by the Great High King Fluff. Nothing is known about the place because the few wizards who have chosen to research this obscure lore have gone insane, sitting around all day going "awww, how cute"

ECOLOGY: No one knows. Although if one thinks about how they would breed, they just don't seem quite so cute any more.

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TICKLE-ME ELMO

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Sesame Street, Small childrens rooms, anywhere where Sesame Street is broadcast (just about everywhere that has TV/Crystal Balls).
FREQUENCY: Very Rare, or common on the earthly plane.
ORGANISATION: Unique
ACTIVITY CYCLE: Day
DIET: Nil (lives on brain-waves registering as "STUPID")
INTELLIGENCE: N/A
TREASURE: Nil
ALIGNMENT: Neutral (pathetic)

NO. APPEARING: 1
ARMOUR CLASS: 5 (plush, but small and fast)
MOVEMENT: 12 (20)
HIT-DICE: 2
THAC0: 19
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1 or laugh
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1-4
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Laugh
SPECIAL DEFENCES: +5 weapon or higher required to damage Elmo.
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 50% (ignores it, having too much fun)
SIZE: T
MORALE: 18
XP VALUE: 175

The Tickle-Me Elmo is, quite simply, the single best creature in the world, indeed in all the planes, at simply PISSING ADVENTURERS OFF. This happy, simple little creature only wants to play. Too bad for the adventurers that he doesn't have a very good way of going about this. The little bastard simply runs up to the characters and yells "let's play! let's play!" If the characters ignore him, he'll continue for months until he see's someone more interesting or he decides that the characters are stuck up grown ups. If the characters attack him, then he still doesn't fight. He just thinks they're playing.

COMBAT: Elmo is immune to all but the most powerful magical weapons. He just thinks that his opponents are playing and ignores any pain. Magic can sometimes get his attention and hurt him, but don't count on it.

Whenever someones attack would have hit Elmo, even if the weapon can't actually harm the little ****, Elmo uses his special laugh attack. Laughing, Elmo says "Ha ha ha, that tickles!" Any character of wisdom 10 or less must save vs spells at -4 or realise that Elmo is just so cute and cuddly and that they simply must play with him. This enchantment lasts for 1d6 days when the character comes to his senses with a bad hangover and dreadful, frightening memories of what took place whilst playing with Elmo. Characters with a wisdom of 11 or above make the saving throw at +1 and only play with Elmo for 1d4 days until the effect wears off.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Tickle-Me Elmo exists simply to play. Play and fun is all that gives his life meaning and he travels the entire universe looking for friendly looking people to play with. Alas, he always seems to choose adventurers. DM's, feel free to have Tickle-Me Elmo turn up in what appears to be a perfectly normal dungeon and watch in delight as the players faces show all sorts of amusing expressions of disbelief.

ECOLOGY: As a solitary wanderer, Elmo has no real home. However, he does seem to spend quite a lot of time in Sesame Street, located on the demi-plane of Complete Idiocy.

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TRANSVESTITE TROLL

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Far away from other trolls, bars

FREQUENCY: Very Rare

ORGANISATION: Solitary

ACTIVITY CYCLE: Night

DIET: Herbivore

INTELLIGENCE: High (11)

TREASURE: Q

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

NO. APPEARING: 1

ARMOUR CLASS: 4

MOVEMENT: 12

HIT DICE: 6+6

THACO: 13

NO. OF ATTACKS: 3

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon, +8

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Shock

SPECIAL DEFENCES: Regeneration

SIZE: L

MORALE: 11

XP VALUE: 2000

Some trolls just don't feel at home in normal troll society. These trolls are more intelligent than most trolls and feel that there must be more to life than waiting for adventurers to turn up loaded with greek fire, torches and Melfs Acid Arrows. These exceptional individuals leave their trollhole and go out into the world trying to find some meaning to life. As a way of marking themselves as different from regular trolls, transvestite trolls have taken to wearing bright, floral mu-mu's. Note that a transvestite troll can be either male or female (how do you tell the difference?), it's the dress that matters, not the gender.

Most transvestite trolls can speak common as well as trollspeak.

COMBAT: Transvestite trolls are pacifists. Extreme, pointless violence is a notable feature of the traditional troll society which the transvestite trolls are rebelling

against. However, hostile adventurers first encountering a transvestite troll will be subject to its shock attack. This attack is a result of seeing a troll wearing a bright yellow and orange floral dress. The transvestite troll gains automatic surprise and each character must make a save vs paralyzation or be struck dumb and unable to move or speak for 1d4+4 rounds. The troll will try and use this time to escape. If forced into combat, the troll will fight like a regular troll, but will try to subdue the characters rather than kill them. Most transvestite trolls carry a broadsword which they prefer to use instead of their fists (bare handed attacks are very troll-like).

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Most transvestite trolls are solitary by necessity rather than nature. When they encounter others of their kind, they tend to band together and form "troll-rights" groups. These groups never seem to achieve much, something about it being hard for people to listen to a troll wearing a dress. Still it is rumoured that one such group of about 12 members is planning to hold a troll-rights march in Waterdeep. Should prove to be interesting.