

Species, Breed: Darkstrome

Type: Not applicable.

Class: Fiend.

Align: Unholy.

Gender: Male.

Level: 31st

Number encountered: 1

Experience points: 3,100

Characteristics

Awareness: 30

Charisma: 22

Constitution: 40

Coordination: 45

Dexterity: 45

Intelligence: 24

Mental-strength: 37

Strength: 50

Wisdom: 20

Movement:

Flying: Can't

Grounded: 18

Swimming: 6

Luck: 180

Oxygen-points: Does not need oxygen to live.

Blood-points: Does not need blood to live.

Attack descriptions:

R-30 Unhallowed Blade: 3

Damage: 4-D10 +6 x3 (+60 for the rank of the enchanted weapon). See: "Special".

Range: 3 spaces (15').

Attack Type: Sharp.

Special: **Unhallowed Wrath:** Roll an additional D6 with each attack. If a 6 is rolled, all foes within the "Range" of attack must attempt to defend against the Darkstrome's offensive attack-roll, or be struck for x2 damage (including foes directly behind the Darkstrome).

Defense: 45

Offense: 45

Damage-Points: Roll 1-D12 +8 x level.

Treasure: %Roll needed to have money and treasure:

Copper: 10+ to have 1-D100 x 1,000

Bronze: 12+ to have 1-D20 x 800

Silver: 14+ to have 1-D12 x 600

Electrum: 16+ to have 1-D10 x 400

White-gold: 18+ to have 1-D8 x 200

Yellow-gold: 36+ to have 1-D6 x 100

Black-gold: 72+ to have 1-D4 x 100

Treasure item(s):

Rare: 25+ to have 1-D4

Legendary: 75+ to have 1-D4

Note:

The Darkstrome will have a chance of possessing extra treasure (other than the items rolled for in the above chart):

100% chance of having Darkstrome Seed Plate Armor. See: "Special Defenses".

100% chance of having R-30 Unhallowed Blade. See: "Attack Descriptions" on page 2.

20% chance of having 1 Oracle.

Description:

Annihilation Strike?: Yes.

Description: The Darkstromes have the appearance of the race type, "Leviathan", yet these creatures harbor an unholy darkness about them.

Eye color: Black.

Eye shape: Large and oval.

Hair color: Black. This creature's hair does not reflect any form of light.

Hair texture: Thick and coarse.

Height: 16'-0"

Skin color: Black.

Skin texture: As a Leviathan's.

Posture: Biped (like an animal with two feet).

Weight: 750 lbs.

Dislikes: Holy creatures. The Darkstrome will go out of its way to destroy a holy creature.

Disposition: Hateful and against all that is good, this one history was successful in raising the most shameful banner in the history of the Leviathan race. Within the Continuum Library in Blightstone Citadel lies the *Blood Scourge Tome*. This terrible script holds but a small account of the history of the rise of the Darkstrome. The following entries were written by Algron, a Recorder who witnessed it all:

Day 1:

I, Algron, have accepted the call from the leaders of my people to document a situation most dire. I am expected in the Southern Forest two hours before sunset. This will be my first official calling as a Recorder to illustrate and document an incident which has, as I have been informed, recently occurred. I am to say nothing of my assignment to anyone but my master.

As I journey into the Southern Forest, I sense something is wrong. Those who guide me are the headmasters of each guild represented in Blightstone Citadel. There are a total of one score and six of us. The silence is nearly as disturbing as their countenances. Even the normal sounds that have always accompanied the forest are silenced. It seems the very air about the area is stifled, choked. The others speak in hushec tones, their guard high. All carry weapons in hand. I am chilled at the mood. Something is wrong here.

Day 2:

We traveled through the night in silence. I shall not attempt to ask any more questions. I did so once and was physically stopped by a blade-point. I fear this situation is more dire than I know. I shall remain silent for the duration. I do not exist.

Day 3:

We travel, the forest and its inhabitants matching our silence. The men and women that surround me at all times are very particular about camping arrangements. An Apothecary has given everyone a potion and instructions (which were read, not spoken) to sip it once in the morning, then once at night. None sleep now. We travel deeper into the forest, all watching, waiting, as if they expect something to happen.

Day 4:

Nisha, the Psychic Guild Master came to me and took my hand this afternoon. As she slipped her delicate hand into mine, I could hear her thoughts suddenly flow with my own, as though we were two rivers joining, merging as one.

"We are nearing the area. Steel your mind young Recorder. If something happens, stay close to me. I will protect you."

"What is happening?" I inquired in thought. She told me but one word before withdrawing her hand from mine, breaking the link between us.

"Death."

Abomination! Desecration! The scene I have beheld! Why did they call on me? Would that I had never been born, so terrible a scene I have witnessed! Women and children sacrificed upon an alter, crafted from solid ruby. Oh that I could perish now! I could not bear it. I had to walk away.

I have prepared my bedroll. I need to sleep . . . maybe I will be lucky enough to never awaken.

As I left the area, I saw the Guild Masters faces -- haggard and stricken with shock and grief. Through his tears, the Elemental Guild Master is quickly preparing earthen graves. Hundreds of graves will have to be created to accommodate the slain of our people. What enemy could have done this so secretly, so quietly, without attracting the attention of others? Women and children taken out from Blightstone Citadel, the guards vanishing with the passing of a single night. No hue and cry raised . . . nothing.

This evening, as I lay upon my bedroll, struggling against the images torturing my mind, Nisha came and knelt beside me, taking my hand. I could feel her hand trembling as she spoke with me. She did not attempt to comfort me, but rather rile me.

"They will pay for this," she hissed in my mind. The vehemence of her thoughts caused me to recoil. I tried to pull my hand from hers, but I found I could not move. She gazed into my eyes for the longest while, as if searching me. I closed my eyes to hide myself from her wrath, but she entangled her free hand through my hair, jerking my head back, forcing me to open my eyes. As I peered into Nisha's eyes, glistening with tears of sorrow and rage, I realized just how fair she was. As I caught hold on that thought, I heard her scream into my mind.

"If that is what will bring you back. Algron, get up, get up! Stand!" She released me and stood, fingers still locked tight with my own. I slowly stood, not daring to look toward the scene of carnage. "Good, Algron, you made it." He embraced me tight, and as she did, I felt her entire being shaking. Slowly I wrapped my arms about her and held her back.

"Nisha, what do we do now?" I lamented. Withdrawing from me, she broke the mental link once again, and shook her head.

"We go after the ones responsible for this atrocity. But to do this, we need you to decipher runes upon the alter. If you do not, we may pass up this chance." Now I understood why I had been chosen. I had the gift of Runesight from birth. Their hope was that I could decipher the runes. Wracking sobs began to shake my frame.

"I will try. But after, I need to leave this place. Nisha, please let me leave."

"I will go with you. Algron, we need to know what happened here. You are our only hope of translating the runes from off the alter. If you do not, we are at a dead end, even as we begin." Understanding washed through my mind. Indeed, I had to return to that horrible scene.

I did so, and deciphered the runes successfully. The runes formed the words of a covenant, made between Gorothe, the Unholy Jahtha, and the men who were the husbands to the wives and children they sacrificed. This deed had been planned by our own brothers.

I read the covenant, but broke it into two parts. I read the last half of it first, and then the first half after, fearing that if I stated the words to the covenant, Gorothe would hear me. I feared we would be found out. As I read, I beheld twenty-five of the most powerful men and women in our kingdom stricken with shock and disbelief. After finishing the words three times, I departed from them, heading for home.

Nisha stayed with me as she promised.

Five years after we discovered our dead:

Nisha stayed with me throughout the entire conflict, fighting a war I was honored to be part of.

One-thousand Leviathan men, who chose to betray our people to become the unholy Darkstrom, terrible servants of Gorothe, The Unholy, were vanquished.

During this conflict, an unbreakable loyalty and love evolved between myself and Nisha.

And yet we battled for the freedom of our lands.

We had no time to complete the loyal commitments we held in our hearts for one another. Our nation needed us.

Triumph:

At the ending of the Age of War, many of my brothers and sisters have paid the ultimate price to be rid of the majority of the Darkstromes, who have been banished into the confines of the underworld.

We hunt the remaining handful who have fled to their despicable master for sanctuary, following them boldly into Goroeth's stench-permeated realm.

We overtook them in the valley just west of the plane gate erected by Halith, our chief sorcerer. Before we could kill more than half of the traitors, Goroeth answered their plea for aid, sending forth an army of unholy servants to repel us from his realm, countering us.

Though we lost many good men and women, we weakened the army of Goroeth severely before being driven out.

Now, back on the earthen plane, our beloved world, I recall that final battle. Goroeth himself was badly wounded by Roth, who revels in his success in making Goroeth bleed. Roth is the strongest among us, and our fearless leader. He has never known defeat, until today. Still, his spirits are high. And why should they not be? He nearly killed Goroeth, The Unholy! Roth is a good man, and I will always follow him with confidence.

As we retreated from the unholy realm, Goroeth vowed in great wrath to undo the spells which bound his most trusted servants from their underworld prison. Just prior to retreating back through the plane gate, I recall how Roth turned upon many unholy impudent fools, driving them back from him, which bought him just enough time to shoot Goroeth with an arrow. It lifted our spirits to see Roth so fearless. I could not help but laugh as we all retreated back home.

One year after the Great Conflict with Goroeth:

The history of what has occurred, I have written. I did not write much concerning the past few years, due to the impact I would trespass upon your mind as you read this. Needless to say, we are victorious. Our people are safe.

Be aware that all the Darkstromes were not destroyed. Many are sealed within the confines of the underworld, banished forever. A handful remain in the safety of Goroeth's realm. It is those Darkstromes that concern me.

I will donate these writings to the Continuum Library. I have no need for such dark stories, and do not wish any to happen upon them by chance, lest they be infected with a sense of dread and sorrow.

Keep a vigilant watch, for I know the danger is not passed. As the Sentinels keep Blightstone Citadel safe, so must we all keep our loved ones sheltered from harm. Never forget what you have read, but let not a few dark words steal your light of hope. Unlike so many others out in the world, we are victorious, and that is saying something.

Three years after the Great Conflict:

Nisha and I were married three moons after our victory over the Darkstrom. Life seems to be returning to normal, once again. Our first child, Simeon, will know peace.

Fears: None.

Habitat: Fearmist, Underworld, Wastelands. This creature is rarely found in other regions as well.

Immunities: Beguile, Charm, Disease, Fear, Pain, Remorse, Shock, Sickness, Sleep, Stun. Also immune to the abilities of undeads summoned, Thurium Devastation

Life-span: Mortal Stasis. After the Darkstrome had given themselves to Goroath, they simply stopped aging. In essence, their lives will never end unless they are slain.

Likes: Honored partnerships and pacts from others.

Needs: Unknown.

Note: None.

Special Abilities:

Infra-Red-Vision: As the Psychic spell.

Night-vision: As the Psychic spell, after being subjected to darkness for more than 1 turn (5 seconds).

Special Defenses: Class-6 Darkstrome Seed Plate Armor:

Damage-Reduction: 3 vs. physical damage (33 vs. holy attacks). See: "Armor Powers" (below).

Alloy/type: Krannik-steel plate.

Special: Unholy Aura: Damage-reduction: 33 vs. Holy attacks.

%Roll needed to turn: Acid: 59+

Blunt-edged: 57+

Cold: Can't

Electricity: Max.-strike

Fire: Max.-strike

Needle: 44+

Sharp-edged: 57+

Value:

Due to the unholy nature of this armor, the value of will be negotiated during game-play. This is not a normally traded or sold set of armor.

Maelstrom Aura:

A mass of swirling shadows revolves about the Darkstrome at all times. There is a 91% chance each time magic is used, whether by spell or item, of failing while within 10 spaces (50') of the Darkstrome. Enchantments will have a 46% chance of failing as well.

Resistances: This creature has the following resistances:

Cold: 50%

Electricity: 50%

Fire: 50%

Gases: 90%

Magic: 91% See: "Maelstrom Aura" (above).

Mental-attack: 40%

Mind Alteration: 40%

Paralysis: 30%

Petrification: 30%

Poison: 30%

Spiritual-attack: 40%

Trap: 30%

The Darkstrome will receive a premonition if it is about to set off a trap, but only if the 30% resistance to traps is rolled successfully.

Special Offenses: **Spirit of War:** Divine Favor that gives the Darkstrome its regular attack +2 actions per turn. See: "Divine Favors", "Spirit of War" for details.

Summon Minion: The Darkstrome will call forth one random undead to serve it. There are two ways to accomplish this unholy summoning:

Dark Summoning: The Darkstrome must permanently expend a certain amount of its own damage-points as follows: Thurium Death`Runner: 500, Zombie Assassin: 200, Zombie Knight: 100. Though it prefers sacrificing a sentient being upon an altar of ruby, it will expend its own life (damage-points) to accomplish this task if the need is dire. A Darkstrome that uses its own damage-points to accomplish this task must be in dire need.

Unholy Sacrifice: The Darkstrome must sacrifice a sentient being upon a constructed altar. When this is done, it can then invoke Summon Minion.

No matter how Summon Minion is invoked, the summoning effects work similar to the "**Summoning Horn**" as far as "Area of Effect", "Effect Time", "Explanation", as well as the visual appearance of the summoning ring (it will be a deep-purple illumination, instead of a blue ring of blue light).

Roll on the following chart to know what undead will be summoned:

%Roll: Undead type summoned:

01-10: Thurium Death`Runner

11-35: Zombie Assassin

36-00: Zombie Knight

Notes: If the Darkstrome is slain, all summoned undeads will fall to the earth 1-D6 turns after the Darkstrome's death. Note: If this happens, The Thurium Death`Runner will instantly attempt a Thurium Devastation.

Summon Minion can only be invoked again when the current summoning has been completed.

There are few powers known that will stop a summoning process, besides slaying the Darkstrome.

Unhallowed Blade: See: "Attack Descriptions" on page 2.

Susceptibilities: Family members of the Darkstrome who were barbarically sacrificed. If any spirit of the Darkstrome's family appears visually before the Darkstrome, the once Leviathan's will be mentally tormented, thus becoming more susceptible to the physical world. If this occurs, the Darkstrome will suffer x3 damage from abilities, spells and weapons of a physical nature.

Weapon Susceptibility: Rank-3 (or better) magical, or Rank-0 (or better) enchanted, weapon to harm.