

Buried  Beneath

# The Journal

A COLLECTION OF JOURNAL ENTRIES  
AND MONSTER COMPENDIUM





## The Druid...

Something strange has been happening in the village recently, and it's beginning to worry me. The lush greenery and blooming flowers are not common for this area, and it seems like something more is going on. I can't help but feel like it's connected to the heavy rainfall that has been pouring down on us relentlessly.

Last night, I heard whispers among the villagers about a strange fire and chanting in the distance. But it was raining too hard for any fire to be burning, and I can't shake the feeling that something dark and ominous is at play.

As I set out on my journey, the rain pounded down on me like a never-ending barrage. I shifted into my werebear form, feeling the power surge through me. My thick fur protected me from the elements, and the forest was thick with the smell of wet earth. The sound of the rain drowned out all other noise, and I followed the trail of the glowing fire and chanting until I came upon a clearing in the woods.

There, in the center of the clearing, was the source of the strange fire and chanting: an Elder Shaman. It stood taller than any creature I had ever seen, with totems woven throughout its body. The totems glowed with an eerie blue and red light, casting an ominous shadow over the surrounding trees. The Elder Shaman's control over the weather was evident, as lightning flashed and thunder boomed overhead.

I knew I had to fight this monster and put an end to its dark magic. I shifted back into my human form, my heart pounding with anticipation. With a deep breath, I charged towards the Elder Shaman. It was a fierce battle, with lightning strikes and gusts of wind blowing around us. But I was determined to defeat this monster, no matter the cost.

I swung my staff as if my life depended on it, knocking the totems off the Elder Shaman's body one by one. As the totems shattered, the blue and red glow faded, and the Elder Shaman grew weaker. But it fought back with all its tricks, using its control over the weather to strike me with bolts of lightning and gusts of wind.

It was a battle of strength and willpower, and I refused to back down. I shattered the last totem on the Elder Shaman's body, and it let out a terrifying sound I had never heard before succumbing to the ground. The rain stopped abruptly, and the sun began to shine through the clouds once again warming my battered face.

I also collapsed to the ground, exhausted and wounded, but relieved that the battle was over. As I lay there, I couldn't help but think about what could have happened had I not found the Shaman. The village would be safe for now, but are there more threats looming? This was a question I didn't have the answer to, but for now, I would rest and heal my wounds.

I spent the next few days recovering from my injuries and trying to piece together what had happened. I knew that the Elder Shaman must have been working with someone, but who? And why did they want to bring so much rain to the village? These were questions that haunt me day and night.



## The Knight...

I remember the day the illness first struck. It was as if a dark cloud had descended upon our village, casting a pall over everything in its path. The victim was one of our own, a young man who had shown such promise and dedication to his training. And yet, in a matter of hours, he was reduced to a writhing, feverish mass of flesh, his life slipping away before our very eyes.

We did everything we could to save him, but it was no use. Even the local Cleric, with all their divine powers, was unable to heal the damage that had been done. We laid him to rest that very evening, his body committed to the earth in a solemn ceremony that left us all feeling hollow and empty inside.

And then, the real horror began. The commotion outside my window that night was like nothing I had ever seen. The ground shook beneath me as a terrible monster emerged from the earth, its massive form towering over the village like a dark shadow. It was the Golem Parasite, an ancient creature that had been dormant for centuries, slumbering beneath this very village.

As I approached the beast, it unleashed a deafening screech that sent nearby villagers fleeing in fear. Its massive form was made of stone and earth, with tendrils of black and orange ooze snaking through its body like veins.

But what struck me the most was the swarm of zombies that surrounded it. They were once the villagers who had fallen ill, now twisted and transformed into mindless creatures under the control of the Golem Parasite. Their eyes were blank, their bodies writhing with an unnatural energy as they shambled towards me.

My sword flashed in the moonlight as I charged towards the swarm, cutting through the writhing mass of bodies with ease. But for every zombie I struck down, another seemed to take its place.

As I fought, I realized that the Golem Parasite was using the zombies as a shield, manipulating their bodies to protect itself from my attacks. I had to find a way to break through their ranks and reach the monster itself.

And then, I had an idea. I reached into my pack and pulled out a flask of holy water, blessed by the Cleric at the funeral. I poured the flask out on the blade of my sword and used my torch to set it ablaze. I threw the flaming sword as hard as I could at the Golem Parasite, watching as the holy fire from the sword, now embedded firmly in the Golem's chest, spread quickly across its body.

The Golem Parasite writhed in agony as the holy fire burned through the ooze that veined through its rocky exterior, weakening it enough for me to strike. I used my dagger and sliced through its main tendril, severing the parasite from the rest of its golem body.

The zombies, no longer under the control of the Golem Parasite, fell to the ground, their bodies lifeless once more. And the Golem Parasite itself was now nothing more than a stained spot on the bottom of my boot. We had won, but at what cost?



## The Mage...

Earlier today, I had a feeling something was off...  
A sense of unease that I couldn't quite put my finger  
on...

I decided to meditate, hoping to find some clarity. As I sat in deep concentration, my mind drifted to memories of past battles, the victories, and the losses. I thought about my loved ones, my fellow villagers, and the responsibility that rested on my shoulders. It was up to me to protect them, to keep them safe from harm, whatever that harm may end up being.

Suddenly, I felt a jolt of energy that snapped me back to reality. The ground trembled, and I knew that the danger I had sensed earlier was now imminent.

I rushed to gather my things and retrieve my ancient manuscript, which held a vast collection of spells and incantations. As I flipped through the pages, I felt the radiating power of the ancient texts, the knowledge and the magic that had been passed down through generations flowed from the edge of every page.

I found what I was looking for, "The Gimly Bubble" spell, which could shield us from the incoming evil.

But as I scanned the ingredients list, my heart sank. I was missing the critical component, goralx femur. It was an essential ingredient that I couldn't do without, and I had no idea where to find it.

I set out to gather the remaining reagents, determined to find a way to protect my people. Leg of vormole, eye of skeeter, powdered goblin tooth - I gathered them all, but the gorlax femur eluded me. Time was running out, and the screams in the distance grew louder.

As I raced back to the village, I saw it. The Monstrosity - a grotesque creature towering above the village, wreaking havoc, and destroying everything in its path. My heart sank as I realized that I was too late. But I refused to give up. I had to find a way to protect my people.

I cast the only spell I had left, a makeshift barrier that could slow down the Monstrosity. But I knew it wouldn't hold for long. I stood there, watching as the creature slowly broke through the barrier, inch by inch, and I knew that it was now or never.

I summoned all the magic I had left, and I felt it flow through me - a surge of power, of determination, of courage. I chanted the ancient words, and I watched as the Monstrosity slowed, frozen in place. It was my moment of opportunity.

I charged at the creature, my staff in hand, and I attacked with everything I could muster. The battle was fierce, but I refused to give up. I knew that my people were counting on me. I fought with every ounce of strength I had left, and finally, with one final blast, the Monstrosity fell.

As I looked around me, I saw the destruction, the chaos, and the devastation. But I also saw hope. The people of the village were safe now, and I knew that they would rebuild. I had done my job, and I had done it well.



## The Monk...

I have never seen the villagers so worried and anxious before. Their voices carry through the monastery walls like the howls of the wind, bringing with them a sense of dread and fear. They whisper among themselves, talking of a name that sends shivers down my spine: Noxstipula.

Noxstipula, the Night Shade, a local legend passed down from generation to generation through folk stories and song. I have heard of this creature before, but I never truly believed in its existence. It was said that on the eve of its arrival, the sky shall darken as night and day violently collide. Once the darkness defeats the light, Noxstipula will ascend from the bowels of the earth to usher in a new existence of pain and servitude where light is non-existent.

As a woman of faith, I should not let such superstitions affect me, but I cannot help feeling a sense of uncertainty in my gut.

Today, the sky is clear and blue, but there is an eerie darkness that looms over the village. The air is thick and hard to breathe in, and I cannot help but feel that something terrible is about to happen.

As the night falls, the villagers barricade themselves in their homes, and I retire to my study, trying to pray away the unease that is gnawing at my insides. But no matter how hard I try, I cannot shake the feeling that we are all in grave danger.



A deafening roar shakes my study walls, and in that moment, my heart leaps into my throat as I know that Noxstipula is real and it's here. I grab my gear and rush outside, ready to fight the creature head-on. As I step outside, the darkness engulfs me, and I can barely see my hand in front of my face. But I am not alone. I can hear the sound of swords clashing, and the screams of the villagers as they fight for their lives.

Noxstipula is a creature of darkness, and it moves with the speed and agility of a shadow. Its glowing eyes pierce through the darkness like two flames, drawing me closer to the heart of the creature. But I am a woman of faith, and I fight with the power of the light on my side. I strike the creature swiftly and repeatedly with my imbued fists, and it shrieks in anguish with every blow. We clash again and again, the sounds of our bones and flesh colliding and tearing seem to echo in the darkness.

In the end though, it is my bond with the villagers that gives me the strength to defeat Noxstipula. Seemingly beaten and broken, I rise to my feet. I can feel the creature's malevolent presence getting closer. But I stand my ground, waiting for the perfect moment to strike. Noxstipula charges at me with blinding speed, but I am ready. I use the creature's own momentum against it, hurling it through the air with a well-placed punch. The creature crashes onto a nearby villager's extended pike, impaling itself on the sharp tip. It lets out a final blood-curdling howl before dissolving back into the darkness from which it came.

The remaining villagers come out of their homes, cheering and celebrating, and I feel a sense of relief wash over me. We have survived the Night Stalker, and the darkness has been defeated... for now.



## The Paladin..

I have always prided myself on my unwavering faith in the divine. I have spent my entire life devoted to serving the Light, and have always believed that I am on the side of righteousness. But on this particular day, as I found myself face to face with the Bone Dragon, I began to question everything I have ever known.

It started with a dream. I was walking through a field of wheat, enjoying the warm sun on my face and the gentle sway of the stalks around me. But as the peaceful moment was shattered by an ungodly shriek, the sky above me grew dark, and a massive winged shadow blotted out the sun. I looked up to see the Bone Dragon circling above me, its bony wings flapping through the air in what I thought should have been a futile effort.

At first, I thought it was just a product of my overactive imagination. After all, how could there be a flying undead dragon made entirely of bones? But when I heard the same ungodly shriek in the waking world, echoing through the halls of my monastery, I knew that my worst fears had come to life.

I woke from my dream, leaping from my bed to see shadows darting around my chamber. I have never felt so helpless. The Bone Dragon was unlike anything I had ever encountered before. Its bony jaws dripped with a caustic substance, and the unnatural way it moved its body sent a chill down my spine. I raised my hammer, my arms heavy with fear.

But just as the Bone Dragon was about to strike, something strange happened. Its eyes glowed with an eerie blue light, and it let out a mournful wail that echoed through the monastery. And then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the Bone Dragon vanished. I was left standing in the hallway, my hammer still raised, my heart racing. I didn't know what to make of what had just happened. Was this some sort of divine intervention? Or had I finally lost my mind?

The days passed, and I could feel the Bone Dragon's presence lurking in the shadows. It seemed as though it was waiting for something...

Then, one dark and stormy night, I heard that ungodly shriek again. This time it was different, it was louder and more intense than ever before. I knew it was time.

I readied my hammer and prepared for battle. The Bone Dragon emerged from the darkness, its bony wings slicing through the air with a familiar sinister hiss. Its jaws clacked together menacingly as it lunged towards me, its skeletal wings and claws scraping against the stone floor.

I stood my ground, my heart heavy with dread. I knew that this would be the fight of my life. The Bone Dragon lunged at me with its jaws open wide, but I dodged to the side and swung my hammer with all my might. It made contact with the Bone Dragon's skull, sending shards of bone flying in every direction.

As the storm raged on outside, I could feel the power of the Light coursing through me. I knew that I was fighting for something greater than myself, for the Light and all that it stood for. With a final swing of my hammer, I struck the Bone Dragon's ribcage, shattering its glowing heart, and it let out a mournful wail before crumbling into a pile of dust before my feet.



## The Bard...

Tonight was supposed to be the night of my grand production, and I, the great and illustrious Bard, was the star of the show. Months of hard work and dedication had gone into crafting my new songs, and the stage was set for a performance that would go down in history. I could practically see the headlines already: "Bard's Amazing Performance Brings Down the Tavern!"

But fate, it seemed, had other plans for me. As the roof caved in and vile bugs poured out onto the floor, my first thought was not for the safety of the villagers or even for my own life. No, my first thought was for my beloved lute, which was now crawling with the repulsive creatures.

I mean, really, how dare they defile my instrument in such a way? The audacity of these bugs! I tried to maintain my composure and get back into my performance mindset, but it was difficult with the buzzing and crawling all around me. And then, just when I thought it couldn't get any worse, I noticed my lute was infested with bugs once again!

I let out a frustrated scream and flung the lute across the room. The villagers were screaming and running for their lives, but all I could think about was the injustice of it all. I mean, I was the Bard! I deserved better than this!

But as I watched the bugs swarming around me, something inside me shifted. I realized that this was my moment to shine, my chance to show my skills off to the villagers. I grabbed my sword and waded into the thick of the swarm, swinging and slashing with all my might. I fought like a warrior, with a fierce determination that would have put any knight to shame.

As the last of the bugs fell to the ground, I breathed a sigh of relief. But my triumph was short-lived, as I heard a low, ominous buzzing coming from the far end of the tavern. I cautiously approached, sword at the ready, and there it was: The Swarm Host, an ancient and evil giant bug, looming over me, its mandibles clicking frantically.

I knew I had to face this monster, for the sake of the villagers and for the sake of my own glory. I took a deep breath and charged forward, slashing at the Swarm Host with all my might. But it was no use; the creature was too powerful, too ancient and cunning.

I found myself backed into a corner, its minions closing in from all sides. I was outnumbered and outmatched, and for a moment I feared that my time as the great and illustrious Bard was coming to an end.

But then I remembered my training, the long hours spent honing my skills and perfecting my craft. I took a deep breath and let the music flow through me, channeling all my power and energy into one final, epic song.

The Swarm Host screamed in pain and fury as it fell lifelessly to the ground while the music filled the room. I could feel the song's power coursing through me, and I knew that I had still put on the best concert this village has ever and will ever get the pleasure to enjoy.



## THE ELDER SHAMAN

Boss - King of the Forest

The Elder Shaman is a creature of ancient and unfathomable power that has ruled over the dense and untamed forests for centuries. Its totemic form is that of a massive and grotesque figure, with limbs and features that appear to have been crudely fashioned from twisted branches and bark. Its eyes are like pools to another world, and is said that behind the tribal wooden mask that obscures its face, the creature has one red and one blue glowing eye that can pierce through the darkest of nights.

With its totemic staff, the Elder Shaman can control the weather, summoning raging storms, heavy fog, and even wildfires at will. It is believed to possess an inherent understanding of the natural world and can draw power from the spirits of the forest. The creature is also a master of illusion and can shape-shift into other forms to confuse and deceive those who would seek to challenge its authority.

Legends tell of the Elder Shaman's insatiable lust for power and its willingness to strike dark bargains with those foolish enough to seek its aid. Many brave souls have entered the forest in search of glory and adventure, only to fall prey to the monster's cruel machinations. The creature is known to be cunning and patient, often biding its time until the perfect opportunity presents itself to strike. Despite its malevolent nature, some in the nearby settlements whisper of the creature's potential for great wisdom and insight, believing that it may hold the secrets to unlocking the true power of the forest. Yet, to seek the aid of the Elder Shaman is to invite a fate worse than death, as its reign over the forest is absolute, and few dare to challenge its authority.

# THE MONSTROSITY

Boss - Unstoppable Hunger



The Monstrosity is an ancient and fearsome creature that has been slumbering for millennia. Its form resembles that of a massive, lizard-like beast, with sharp claws and teeth that can rend even the toughest armor. What sets the Monstrosity apart from other beasts, however, are its two pairs of eyes: both sets are located beneath its jawline. These additional eyes seem to glow with a dark, malevolent energy, and are said to grant the creature an unnerving sense of awareness.

One of the most remarkable abilities possessed by the Monstrosity is its resilience. The creature can take massive amounts of damage without flinching, seeming to shrug off even the most grievous wounds. Additionally, the beast has a potent regenerative ability that allows it to heal from the most severe injuries in a matter of moments. These traits have made the Monstrosity a near-unstoppable force, capable of shrugging off all but the most potent of attacks.

Legends abound of the Monstrosity's origin, with many believing it to be an ancient god that was worshipped in a bygone era. Whether it was revered or reviled in the past, there is no denying that the creature is a force to be reckoned with. Few have dared to awaken the beast from its slumber, and fewer still have lived to tell the tale of their encounter. The Monstrosity remains a powerful and mysterious force, a testament to the raw and primal power of the ancient world.



## Ogre Brute

Monster - Towering Behemoth

The Ogre Brute is a towering behemoth with bulging muscles, leathery skin, and a single, bloodshot eye that seems to glow with malevolent glee. This formidable foe is known for its incredible strength and durability, as well as its ability to halt even the bravest heroes in their tracks. With its massive fists, the Ogre Brute can smash through walls and crush even the sturdiest of shields. Its thick hide makes it resistant to most forms of physical harm, and it can shrug off spells and curses with ease. As if that weren't enough, the Ogre Brute emits a powerful aura of fear that can freeze even the most courageous warriors in place, rendering them helpless against its onslaught. Any adventurers foolish enough to face an Ogre Brute should prepare for a brutal and potentially fatal encounter.



## Gnoll Slinger

Monster - Lurking Terror

The Gnoll Slinger is a cunning and dangerous foe, a master of ranged combat who strikes from the shadows and can swap positions with its enemies at will. With its deadly sling and expert aim, the Gnoll Slinger can pelt its foes with rocks, arrows, and other projectiles from a safe distance, peppering them with blows and wearing them down over time. But its true power lies in its ability to teleport behind its enemies with each attack, allowing it to evade danger and strike from unexpected angles. To make matters worse, the Gnoll Slinger is known to lurk in hidden tunnels and passages, emerging only when it has the advantage and slipping away when the odds turn against it. Any adventurers hoping to defeat a Gnoll Slinger must be prepared for a battle of wits and skill, as well as brawn, and be ready to adapt to the creature's unpredictable tactics.



# Banshee

Monster - Malevolent Spirit



The Banshee is a terrifying undead creature that strikes fear into the hearts of adventurers with its haunting appearance and deadly powers. Its spectral form shimmers and shifts, and its glowing eyes radiate malevolence, causing nearby objects to vibrate with each passing note of its ghostly wail. The Banshee possesses the ability to heal itself, making it difficult to wear down in battle, and it can retaliate against heroes that defeat it. To make matters worse, the Banshee is also faster and more agile than most undead creatures, able to dart around the battlefield with unnatural speed and strike from unexpected locations. Any adventurers facing a Banshee must be prepared to use all their skills and resources to overcome its otherworldly powers and raw speed.

# Goblin Scout

Monster - Devious Tactician



The Goblin Scout is a devious and social monster, using its small size and ranged attacks to strike at enemies from a distance while darting around the battlefield with remarkable speed and agility. Its scrappy appearance and ragged clothing make it difficult to spot in the shadows, making it a perfect ambush predator. When attacked, the Goblin Scout will signal other Goblin Scouts to advance, creating a swarm of foes that can quickly overwhelm unsuspecting adventurers. To make matters worse, Goblin Scouts have a preference for targeting innocent Villagers before turning their attention to heroes, making them particularly loathsome foes. Adventurers must be prepared for a battle that tests not only their combat skills but also their tactical acumen, using all their wit to outmaneuver and outsmart these cunning creatures.



## Thiefling Skulk

Monster - Greedy Ghoul

The Thiefling Skulk is a sneaky and short creature with a blue, shimmering skin. It lurks in the shadows and strikes with lightning-fast speed, stealing any gold or treasure it can get its hands on. Heroes must beware when fighting these creatures, as they grow stronger and more formidable the more gold they smell on their opponents.

It is rumored that these creatures have a particular fondness for shiny objects, often collecting and hoarding them in their lairs. Heroes who come across a Thiefling Skulk's hoard should prepare for a fierce battle, as the creature will not easily give up its treasure. Though not particularly strong, these creatures are incredibly agile and can dodge most attacks, making them a formidable opponent.



## Skeletal Wolf

Monster - Skeleton's Best Friend

Skeletal wolves are undead creatures that roam the night in packs, hunting for prey. They are the reanimated remains of wolves, brought back to life by dark magic. Their skeletal bodies are covered in ragged fur, and their glowing eyes gleam with an otherworldly hunger. Skeletal wolves are known to grow in strength and ferocity as their numbers increase, making them a formidable threat to even the most experienced adventurers. Their bites carry a deadly curse that slowly drains the life force of their victims, leaving them weakened and vulnerable. It is advised to avoid confrontation with these beasts, as they are difficult to kill and are not easily intimidated. However, if one must engage them, it is recommended to use fire-based attacks and weapons, as they are particularly effective against undead creatures.

## Toxipede Spitter

Monster -



Toxipede Spitters are a menace to any adventurer who dares to cross their path. With their slick and iridescent green exoskeletons, they can blend seamlessly into the foliage.

They are a ranged monster that uses their long and flexible tentacles to shoot toxic venom at their prey.

If a hero manages to damage them without finishing them off, their toxic skin expels a noxious gas that will harm anyone within range of the cloud. Their most dangerous ability is their ability to secrete a sticky substance, which can slow heroes in their tracks and leave them at the mercy of the Toxipede Spitter's venomous attack.

Adventurers must exercise caution and strategy to overcome this cunning creature.

## Gelatinous Blob

Monster -



The Gelatinous Blob is a fearsome and adaptive creature that can change its shape and generate new blobs if not killed quickly. It may be slow, but don't let its sluggishness fool you, as its high health makes it a formidable foe.

The blob puddles it spawns are no less dangerous, as they are a pool of acidic ooze that damages heroes who make the mistake of stepping in it. These creatures are relentless, and even when they seem defeated, they can quickly regenerate and continue their pursuit. Take caution when engaging a Gelatinous Blob, for it's a battle that will require patience and cunning to overcome.



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