

## Riul Large Aberration

**Hit Dice:** 6d8+12 (39 hp)  
**Initiative:** +2 (Dex)  
**Speed:** 40 ft., climb 40 ft.  
**AC:** 17 (+2 Dex, +5 natural)  
**Attacks:** 2 claws +7 melee and bite +2 melee; or spit +6 ranged  
**Damage:** 2 claws 1d8+3 and bite 1d6+3 plus 2d6 acid; or spit 1d6 acid  
**Face/Reach:** 5 ft. by 10 ft./10 ft.  
**Special Attacks:** Improved Grab  
**Special Qualities:** Nullify light, tremorsense, blindsight 60 ft.  
**Saves:** Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +2  
**Abilities:** Str 16, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 11, Wis 10 Cha 9  
**Skills:** Hide +11, Listen +6, Move Silently +11, Spot +6

### Climate/Terrain:

Any subterranean land

**Organization:** Solitary or pack (2-4)

**Challenge Rating:** 5

**Treasure:** Standard

**Alignment:** Usually neutral evil

**Advancement:** 7-12 HD (Large)

### COMBAT

The riul attacks with a deadly combination of claws and bite. If its prey is out of reach, it launches balls of acidic saliva. Its spit attack has a maximum range of 40 feet.

**Improved Grab (Ex):** A riul that hits a Medium-size or smaller enemy with both claw attacks may automatically grab that enemy. It may maintain a grapple with two of its claws while moving at normal speed on its other legs and continuing to bite or spit. Riul often drop down on opponents, grab a target, then carry them off to devour them.

**Nullify Light (Sp):** As a free action requiring no concentration, the riul automatically dims any light source within a 50' radius of itself. The light is not completely extinguished, but its output is reduced by 90%. This reduces most torches and lanterns to a dim glow that does nothing to reveal an attacking riul. The riul cannot turn off this ability.

**Tremorsense:** The riul can automatically sense the presence of any creature within 100' that is in contact with the cave walls, floors, or ceiling.



## Riul

### The Assailant Unseen



## Encounters

*How disturbing! During my journey to the gnome town of Bishtim, I frequently made use of a series of rather convenient tunnels that made my passage to the towns cavern much easier. I even ran across a curious cave that seemed almost to be a dwelling, though I could find no trace of the beings that had carved the strange runes into the walls, or left their markings on the various formations. Now, imagine my surprise when my friend Ibil informed me that those were traps made by a creature he called a riul. Also, imagine his astonishment at how I had not ended up a shrunken husk of a discarded meal in those tunnels. I cannot believe how fortune smiles upon me — for by all rights I should be dead.*

*-From the Journal of Bessimus Camfor*

Occasionally, while wandering through the winding depths, one may stumble upon one or more smooth-walled and -floored tunnels. They are exceptionally accommodating to just about any creature smaller than a brath, and they make a welcome break to crawling through the damp cracks and crevices of the world below. Now, remember the old adage that if it seems too good to be true, it probably is. Then, draw a weapon, and make ready to fight for it. These tunnels are traps set by an amazingly cunning predator to lure travelers with the promise of easy passage. In these tunnels the riul wait in specially hollowed sections for prey to wander unsuspectingly beneath them, then they strike, entangling with wickedly sharp grasping appendages, and stabbing with their large, dagger-like fangs. In some instances, such as mine in my early years, one might get lucky, and saunter down an abandoned or currently empty collection of tunnels, but don't count on that. Complacency, in that matter, will get you killed.

The riul themselves are something to behold, standing roughly ten feet high on six long legs that end in sharp chitinous points. Two more appendages hang from their abdomens, each with a set of sharp, grasping claws that fold tightly against the abdomen when not in use. Their heads are large and adorned with five orange orbs that serve as eyes. Beneath those eyes rest a set of large, piercing mouthparts, used to inject digestive fluids. They clack and pulse in a vulgar and disturbing manner as the creatures hunt and feed. Their shiny black carapaces are as hard as steel, and stiff wire-like tufts of hair protrude from the gaps in the joints.

In those few regrettable instances where I have encountered more than one riul, it has become apparent to me that they are not simply predatory animals, as most tend to think. Their actions reveal a real, if alien, intelligence, and I feel that I have perceived the inflections of language in the clacking of fangs and harsh hissing. On one occasion, I could have sworn that one of a group that attacked us was adorned with some

form of decoration, but what I mistook for the glint of jewelry could have very well been light reflecting off their shiny armor. I should also mention that on one of my earliest sojourns down the riul tunnels, I came across a chamber filled with strange sculptures and wall carvings that I have not seen since. Could this have been a riul dwelling chamber? Someday I may learn the answer to this question, but I fear I may not like it.

Once entangled in their clutching limbs, the prey is injected with a caustic acid that melts the victim's insides into a viscous soup, which the riul will suck up through a retractable proboscis located within its mouth. Once injected, the unfortunate is routinely dead within seconds, unless they can be attended to immediately, and that still is no guarantee of survival. Staying alert is the best armor against them, and light helps to some degree, although, it would appear, the riul have some novel ability to either dampen the effects of light, or intensify the surrounding darkness. Should their ambush fail, they will attack savagely, and with every weapon they have at their disposal. When potential foodstuffs have escaped their initial attack, the riul will fire a stream of digestive acids, aiming for the head, or sensory parts of the body. Having failed that, they wade in, stabbing with their great legs and swiping with their grasping claws. If any of their limbs are lost in combat, the riul will usually realize it is out-matched and seek to flee, perhaps to return later with brethren enticed by sharing an easy meal. It is strongly suggested that the riul not be allowed to flee, for they are tenacious, and once they have been wounded they exhibit an amazing drive for vengeance, and a propensity for remembering exactly who the source of their grief was. They have been known to stalk an assailant for days, carefully choosing the time and place to make full use of their advantages. Once you have crossed their path, remain alert until you are well out of their territory, or are quite sure the beast, as well as its comrades, are quite expired. The only safe riul is a dead riul.

**Low Level (1-5):** An unscrupulous gnome tunnel guide named Imfi the Lout has formed a deal with a riul. In exchange for left-over goods, the gnome leads travelers unknowingly into the foul arachnid's clutches. A friend of the heroes has recently gone missing after hiring the gnome to lead him through an ancient silver mine. Observant characters might notice that Imfi wears a necklace that once belonged to their missing friend.

**Mid Level (6-10):** Our group of heroes find itself lost in a maze-like collection of smooth, well maintained tunnels. They realize quickly that they are in a network of riul hunting tunnels and must make their way out, the whole time finding themselves under constant ambush from lurking monsters and hidden traps. A chamber near the center of the tunnels holds the riuls' hoard of treasures taken from past victims.

**High Level (11+):** Crosimo the Senectuous has recently received a frantic message from an old friend detailing a horrible grimoire he has discovered. Few details are given, but there are hints that the friend is in grave danger. Crosimo dispatches a band of Guild Wanderers to aid his comrade immediately. However, when they get to the cavern in which the friend was hiding, Crosimo's friend is dead, and the party finds themselves under attack from a host of powerful riul. The body of Crosimo's friend conceals a magic book. The tome is actually a cookbook written in the language of the deep gnomes. A mischievous nowyr has enchanted it with a charm that attracts the riul.

