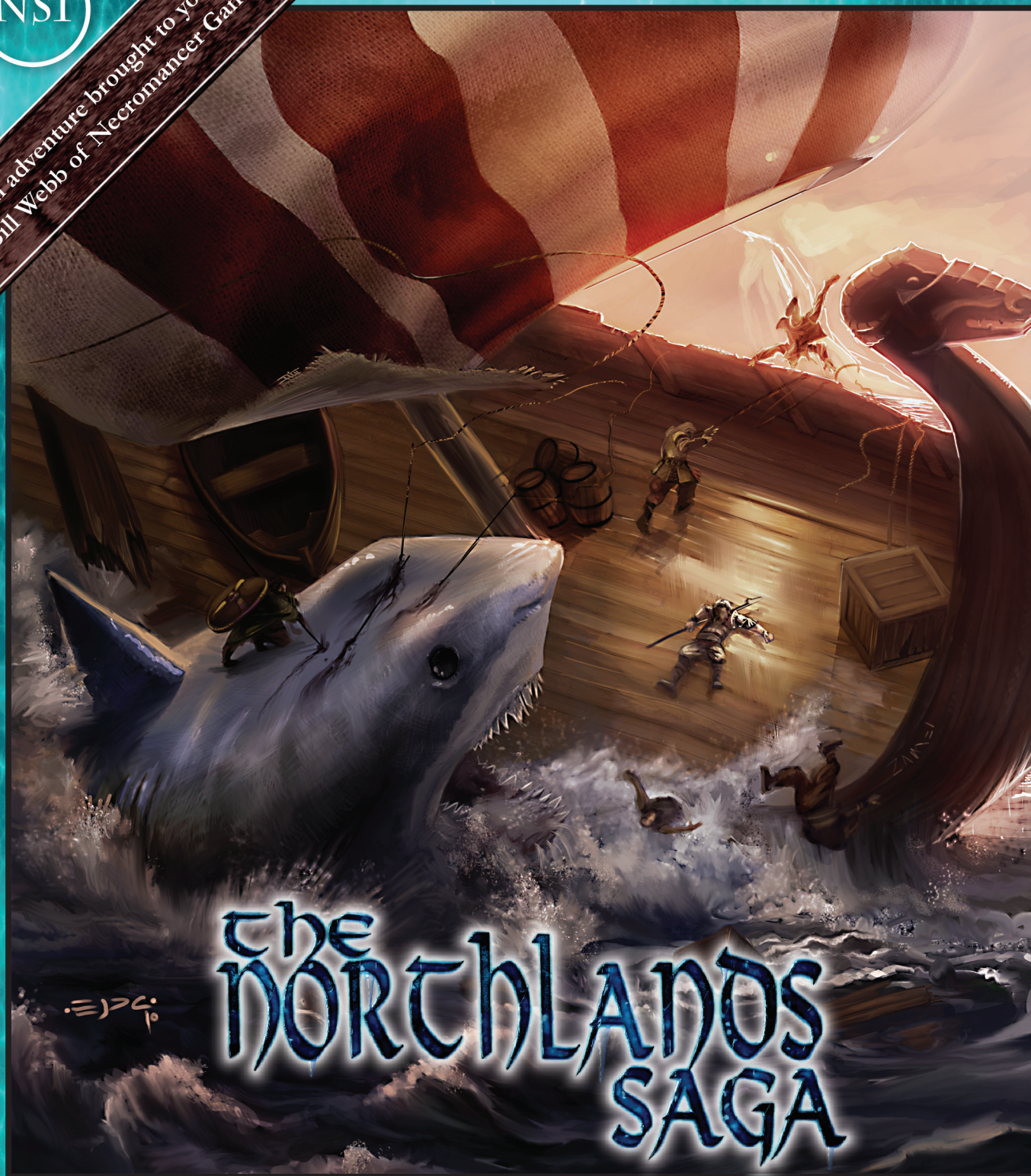


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— Vengeance of the Long Serpent —

By Kenneth Spencer



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# Vengeance of the Long Serpent

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***Vengeance of the Long Serpent*** is an adventure for the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game, designed for a party of three to six characters of 5th to 7th level. It offers a chance at rich rewards for little risk, but appearances are deceiving. The land is rugged, cold, and largely unexplored. Fierce monsters lair in the inland expanses, but the greatest danger is the natives of the far north. These people, who call themselves the Children of Althunak, are followers of an evil god who plots to bring a reign of cold and darkness to the world. Finally, the season is well advanced, and winter comes early in the north. Will the PCs' voyage of fortune and discovery turn into a journey into horror and darkness?

The adventure can be played as a stand-alone adventure, or it can be continued in ***Beyond the Wailing Mountains*** by Frog God Games. The Far North can be used as a locale for further adventures beyond this one or even the Northlands Saga.

## The Northlands

The adventure starts in a northern port in a part of the world called simply the Northlands. It should be simple to drop either the Northlands or the port of Halfstead into an existing campaign. If the you not wish to do so, the following paragraphs provide enough information for the Northlands to be used as a setting for this and other adventures, or be added to a 'sandbox' style campaign.

The Northlands are divided into petty kingdoms and city-states ruled more by the hereditary nobility than by the various monarchies. The people are largely human, though a fair number of dwarves have found their way into Northlander society. The land itself is mostly wild and untamed swamps and forests, broken by mountains in the north and east. The summers are cool and wet, and the winters are long, cold, and see heavy snowfalls.

Northlanders themselves as an independent people who often see need to rebel against their lords and kings. Part of this independence is the Thing, a combination of legislative and judicial body that passes laws and rules in criminal cases affecting a specific locality. The Thing has no power to enforce these laws, and leaves that up to the individuals affected, especially the nobility. However, the law binds all, from the lowliest thrall (serf) to the mightiest jarl (baron). This has resulted in a constant state of near lawlessness, as much of the duty of keeping society together falls to society as a whole. The upside is that the Northlanders take contracts and oaths very seriously, as well as loyalty and friendship.

The Northlanders themselves are tall, big-boned, and fair-skinned people, with hair ranging from platinum blond to dark brown, and eye color tending towards blue or hazel. In many ways they are like the people of the southern lands, though the harsh winters and short summers of the Northlands have bred a hardy and independent people. Warfare and raiding is endemic in the nearly lawless north, as are generational blood feuds between clans. Hard work and honesty are held in high regard, as are courage and honor.

Trade and raiding are the most famous of activities that the Northlanders engage in, and these two are sure routes to fame and fortune. It is these two activities that often bring the Northlanders to foreign lands, and the difference between a trading and raiding expedition is usually one of opportunity. A jarl or other wealthy

personage owns the ships, and the crews are often his most loyal followers. It is considered proper for a ship's captain to be generous with his crew, and the appellation of 'ring-giver' — a giver of valuable gifts — is one sought by all honorable men of means. However, the majority of Northlanders are farmers, craftsmen, and townsfolk who live prosaic lives of toil and common joys.

## Adventure Background

In eons past, many dread gods rose and fell, thrown down by deities of good and their heroic champions. Most of these elder gods were born when the world was young, and were savage and feral, drawing their power from the primordial forces of nature perverted to evil and destruction. Most of these elder gods have long since been destroyed, but a few remain, sleeping away the ages and waiting for the opportunity to rise again.

One such elder god is Althunak, the Lord of Ice and Cold. His is not the natural changing of the season, of the cycle of autumn, winter, and spring, but instead the continual death of a perpetual winter. His cult once flourished when the races of the world were young, but he was challenged and destroyed by some of the earliest heroes to walk the world, or so it was thought. Wounded and harried, he fled into the Far North where the eternal ice and darkness would protect him. His cult followed, but even they could not long survive in the frozen north, and eventually they died away. Althunak, bereft of worshippers and fearful that the gods of good or their servants might soon find him, hid himself beneath a great frozen lake, drifting into a deathless sleep. Althunak's hidden abode was beyond the realms of men, and even the hardest dwarven explorers rarely traveled so far north. It looked as if the dread elder god would lie sleeping and waiting for all eternity.

Fortune, or perhaps misfortune, came with the fall of the Kingdom of Uln many centuries ago. This occurred a few hundred years after the death of the last of Althunak's cult in the frozen north. The Ulnat, as the people of Uln are known, were overrun by goblinoid tribes and fled their lands for new homes. Over the generations they drifted north and west, until they came to settle along a rocky coastline called the Seal Coast. Here the refugee Ulnat established first one, and later a string of villages.

It is a son of the Ulnat who awoke the Lord of Ice and Cold ten years ago, and has placed his people, and possibly all the Northlands, in peril. Elvanti was a cruel and haughty man who quarreled constantly with his elders and his fellow villagers. His family was wealthy by his people's standards, and well connected. Elvanti lusted after the most desirable maiden in his village, but was rebuffed by her and the village elders. In his anger and shame, he journeyed out across the tundra, seeking to prove himself in their eyes, all the while cursing them for not recognizing his great worth. Elvanti traveled further than any of his people had before him, crossing the Wailing Mountains and the great fields of ice that lay beyond. The wind tore at him, and the cold seeped through his furs and sealskins, until he was at the point of death from exposure. It was then that he stumbled upon the ruins of the Temple of Ice and Stone.

Desperate, Elvanti opened the great doors — the first person to do so in centuries — and was greeted by the avatar of Althunak.



Offered not just life, but the power to make those who had spurned him tremble, Elvanti quickly submitted to the Lord of Ice and Cold, becoming the first high priest of Althunak in nearly a millennia. Ablaze with power, Elvanti returned the following spring to his village, and struck down those who opposed him, taking the maiden as the first of his Snow Brides. Ruling one small village was not enough for Elvanti or his new god, and so he began a series of conquests and forced conversions, until he ruled all but one of the villages of the Ulnat. Leaving his most loyal follower, the High Priest of the Coming Winter, in charge of finishing the conquest and constructing a second temple to Althunak, Elvanti the Chosen of Althunak returned across the Wailing Mountains to attend his fell master.

Into this sailed the *Long Serpent* and her crew, chasing the dream of good sealing and a profitable voyage. The ship had sailed north for three weeks in search of new sealing grounds. Far beyond any land they knew, they found a long, treeless coastline. The area was rich in fat seals, and so the men set up a camp and began the labor of hunting and rendering. After five days, a party of strange men armed with spears and knives attacked them. The leader of the voyage, one Olaf Henrikson, was slain in the battle, and his men decided to seek revenge. The next evening they sailed farther north, coming upon their attackers' village at dawn. Taking the villagers by surprise, the sailors quickly overwhelmed the settlement, driving the inhabitants away and thoroughly looting the place. In addition to a wealth of hides and ivory, they found several heavy gold and amber necklaces. Information gleaned from the few prisoners they took revealed that the necklaces came from a ruined 'village of great stones' inland. Their numbers had been reduced in the previous day's ambush, and so the crew of the *Long Serpent* decided to sail for home.

## Adventure Summary

The characters are in the port of Halfstead in the Northlands kingdom of Hordaland, no doubt broke and looking for profit and adventure. They see the longship *Long Serpent* return from a voyage to the Far North, having suffered terrible losses but also laden with a vast amount of treasure. Meeting one of the crew, Hallbjorn Bolverkson, they are encouraged to join with him and purchase the ship for a second expedition before the season advances.

During their journey north, they hunt whales, battle sea serpents, and face an unusual winter storm in the middle of summer. Along the way they lose Hallbjorn over the side, but pick up a stray young man in a skin kayak. The young man leads the party to his village, where the PCs are informed of the evil cult of Althunak that has been plaguing the Far North. The villagers beseech the heroes to come to their aid and put down this threat.

The party then leads a campaign against the Children of Althunak, learns of the Second Temple of the Lord of Ice and Cold being built out on the tundra, and travels across the barely thawed land. Along the way they must battle wandering monsters and unseasonable cold, as well as avoid patrols of cultists. At the temple, they find that work is proceeding slowly at the hands of a multitude of slaves. After assaulting the temple, the party can then cast down its stones and destroy the cult while it is still in its infancy.

The adventure should take place over the course of two months — just enough time to run through what is left of the arctic summer. Keep track of the amount of time the PCs use, and give them clues as to the coming winter months. Five weeks into the adventure the seals and walrus leave in great masses, as do the herd animals of the tundra. Sea birds fly away, heading south, and even whales become a rare sight. Seven weeks in, the temperature begins to drop and twilight grows longer, deepening into full night. By the eight-week mark, the snows begin and the Far North has entered the grip of a natural (for now) winter.

## Adventure Hooks

The following adventure hooks can be used as side adventures in *Vengeance of the Long Serpent*, or as further adventures that feature the Far North:

1. Strange creatures, at least strange to the Northlanders, abound in the Far North. The most impressive of these are the mighty mammoths that migrated from a more southern locale in the summer. Mammoth hunting could prove to be a very profitable and dangerous activity, and finding a new source of high quality ivory would motivate any merchant house or independent operator.

2. A trading post could be established in the Ulnatland, leading to an influx of amber, walrus ivory, and furs. This would put existing sources at a disadvantage, and may prompt retaliation, a particularly grim prospect in a land beyond the authority of any king or temple.

3. There are lands beyond Ulnatland where the various migratory animals go during the winter months. These lands are unknown to the Northlanders, and indeed to other peoples in the campaign world. If Ulnatland has the potential for great profit, why not these land beyond? A voyage of exploration and adventure awaits.

4. Along similar lines, other groups may be facing a problem not unlike that faced by the ancestors of the Ulnat, namely the loss of their homeland. Perhaps the lands of the Far North that lay beyond the Wailing Mountains or to the southwest contain uninhabited but rich land suitable to the refugees.

## Beginning the Adventure

The PCs should find themselves in the northern port city of Halfstead. While there, a longship sails into port, its crew carrying both grave news of the death of their captain and members of their crew in battle with strange foreigners and exciting new treasures taken from these same savage tribe to the far north.

### Halfstead

#### HALFSTEAD

N small town

**Corruption** +2; **Crime** -3; **Economy** +1; **Law** +3; **Lore** +2; **Society** -2

**Qualities** insular, strategic location

**Danger** +0

**Government** overlord

**Population** 1,850 (1,500 humans; 200 dwarves; 50 elves; 100 other)

#### Notable NPCs

**Jarl Olaf Henrikson** (N male human aristocrat 3; deceased—see below)

**Hallbjorn Bolverkson, tavern owner** (N male human expert 5)

**Base Value** 1,100 gp; **Purchase Limit** 5,000 gp;

**Spellcasting** 4th

**Minor Items** 3d4; **Medium Items** 1d6; **Major Items** —

See the "Settlements In Play" section in Chapter 7 of the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game *GameMastery Guide* for details.

## VENGEANCE OF THE LONG SERPENT

You are sitting in your favorite tavern, wiling away the day and looking for any clues to a profitable venture. Outside, a commotion is starting in the streets, and people are moving briskly, some running, towards the beach. The tavern door opens, and a young man sticks his head in.  
“The *Long Serpent* has returned!”

If the PCs ask about the *Long Serpent* and make a DC 10 Diplomacy check, they discover it is owned by Jarl Olaf Henrikson, a local nobleman. The jarl sailed on a sealing expedition at the end of spring, hoping to find good hunting in the lands in the Far North. Further investigation reveals that the jarl is a popular man in the area, and has a young wife and two small children.

Heading to the beach, you see the sleek lines of a longship being drawn up onto the sand. The ship is a fine specimen, its prow carved in the shape of a snarling dragonhead, its wood polished to a golden brown, and its single mast straight and tall. The men hopping down off the ship are scraggly and tired, but still exude an aura of strength and power. They do not, however, look as excited as the crowd that has gathered on the strand.

The cause of their gloomy demeanor becomes evident as the sailors greet their families, but not every family has a sailor to meet them on the shore. Seeing that not everyone who sailed on the *Long Serpent* has returned, the crowd grows somber and starts to disperse.

The party can attempt to speak with the sailors as they leave the waterfront, but these men have had a harrowing journey and a DC 10 Sense Motive check reveals that the crew of the *Long Serpent* are in no mood to talk with strangers at the moment. One sailor does stand out. He is a large, blond man with a barrel chest and a beard that hangs down to his collar in thick rings. With a DC 10 Perception check, the PCs notice that he alone of the bunch walks by himself, and heads from the shore to the nearest tavern.

Once there, he slumps his sea bag in a corner and sits down for a pint of ale and some bread. The other patrons leave him alone, and if the barkeep is asked, he will reply that Hallbjorn owns the place, and always drinks alone. Any who approach Hallbjorn will be sent off by a sour look and guttural growl.

As the night wears on (or just before the PCs give up and leave), the lone sailor's mood lightens somewhat until he stands up, orders a round of drinks for all present, and lifts his cup to Jarl Olaf Henrikson. Once all have drunk, Hallbjorn begins his story.

“We set north on the whale-road to chase the seal in lands not hunted before. It was a bold move, but we had faith in our jarl, for Olaf Henrikson was a man filled with mind's worth, always a ring-giver and stout in the spear-din. The *Long Serpent* clove through the waves and our dragon's head steered by the North Star. After three weeks of flirting with the billow maidens, Old Kalf of the bright eyes spotted a rocky peninsula rising from the sea. This we steered towards, hope deep in our breasts.

“There we found an inlet, and put the wave-steed up on a sandy bed. Our camp was made and we began searching the shores for seal sign. This we found, and in abundance. We set to and soon had a mountain of hides and plenty of fat aboil in our pots. It was after five turnings of the sky-candle that tragedy and fortune stuck us in unequal measure.

“As we slept — even the night-men dozing, for we had seen no sign of men or monster — we were awakened by horrid shouts. Many strange men, clad in furs and brandishing spears and harpoons, flooded into our camp. The spear-din was mighty, and though we fed many of our foes to the eagles and scattered the rest, our losses were more than we could bear. Our breaker-of-rings, our greatest easer-of-raven's-hunger, that steadfast man always in the front when slaughter-dew lay broad across the grass, was dead. Not less than three spears, their iron teeth through his lungs and throat, had felled him. Others died that night, sent to feast at the table of the gods, plucked from the ground by horse-bound maidens and carried to the great hall of the Hanged God.

“The next morning we saw the trail of the villains who would take a man's battle-seat in the night, those hall-burners, and our newest of foes. We put the *Long Serpent* back to sea, loaded with our bitter rewards of seal slaying, and headed ever further north. We found a village of rough hide-draped huts and small, arrow shaped boats. These were the foes for which our blood-embers thirsted. In the morning light, as men of justice and heart would, we descended upon them, watering the ground with their hearts, raising the spear-din, and covering their village with the raven harvest.

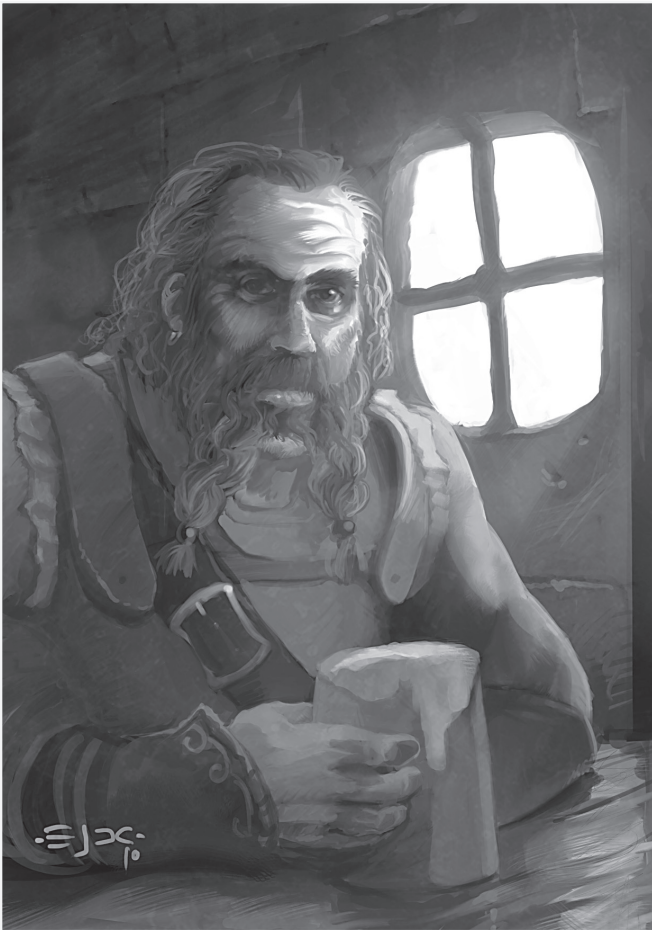
“Inside those tiny halls, we found a vast fortune. Walrus teeth, seal and otter hides, Freya's tears, strange trinkets made of Sif's hair, and other treasures. Seeing this wonder, and knowing the price we paid, I took one of the strange men, and threatened him with my blood-worm, for if there was this in a small village, what may lay elsewhere? He told me of a great village made of stone that lay inland for many days, a place that is the home of his perverse god. Then he cursed me in the name of this ‘Althunak.’ I snapped his wolf bones and threw him into the sea.

“The *Long Serpent* turned her stern to the north, and crossed the whale's way for home. That was four weeks ago, and now I am here, rich beyond by dreams, but sad, for I mourn the loss of the greatest man I have ever followed, and many shield-brothers besides.

“But also my heart has the first flutterings of courage return, for am I not a man of the sea and spear? You there (he gestures at the party) I warn you, though you seem to me to be stout men, not unused to the weather of weapons, the toll to travel the sail's road north is heavy. I have need of folk such as you, for I will take the *Long Serpent* back north. I would finish the task that slew the brothers of my heart and made others choose to quiver in their beds this coming winter.”

As proof of his deeds, Hallbjorn dumps a large bag of gold and silver jewelry he took as part of his share from the village. Although tarnished and hacked into pieces (the better to distribute the loot) the items are still recognizable as once having been strange — almost alien — jewelry, plates, and cup carved with scenes of glaciers and monstrous beasts, as well as foreign coins of an unknown manufacture. Characters examining these items may make DC 20





Knowledge check to ascertain some information.

A successful Knowledge (religion) yields that the plates and cups belong to a cult that practices some sort of sacrifice, but that the monsters and other beings on them, including the prominent display of a terrible bestial visage with long fangs and a crown of spearheads pertain to no known existing deity or pantheon. If successful on a DC 25 or better, it reveals that the plates and cups belong to a long-dead cult that worshipped a primal god of winter and ice called Althunak, who was destroyed millennia ago by the other gods.

A Knowledge (geography) checks reveal that the coins come from a distant nation far across the northern seas, one thought long destroyed.

Finally, a successful Knowledge (history) check determines that the style of jewelry is one that was common nearly a thousand years ago across the northern lands.

## Acquiring a Ship

After Hallbjorn has told his tale and singled out the party among the crowd in the tavern, he invites them to sit with him drink a while and tell of their journeys and lives. After drinking with the party, Hallbjorn becomes very jovial, even going so far as to proclaim them his new friends and brothers. As the night wears on, and the hardy sailor gets deeper into his cups, if the party continues to hear him out, Hallbjorn makes them an offer.

“Aye, you are the best of mates a man like me can have. Strong, honest, and you know how to have a good time once the sailing is done. I am not a cringing maiden like those others, and though our losses were great, I plan to give freely of my fortune and go out to win another. Let’s toast to the next voyage of the *Long Serpent* and her new crew! In the morning we will march to the Widow Olaf’s cottage and offer her a split share of the boat, and she’ll take it, I tell you! That woman has no need of such a fine sea steed, and by the time her sons are old enough to cross the whale-road and face the spear-din, we’ll hand over to them a dragon-headed vessel whose mind’s worth had grown to be heard across the Northlands, aye, and beyond!”

The next morning, Hallbjorn is still be excited over the idea of taking the party out as crew mates and sailing back north. He finds them, wherever they may be, at an hour unfit for men and women who have been celebrating new found friendship until late in the evening with the following announcement.

“The tide leaves tomorrow two spans past dawn, and we will be on it! Good fortune, my brothers, for the Widow has agreed to split shares with us for a second voyage north. The season is late, but we can be away and back, our fortunes made or lost. Come, let us toast the new venture and seek our wyrd in foreign lands!”

Assuming that the PCs agree to this arrangement and the voyage, Hallbjorn will split the proceeds of the voyage with the party, each person receiving an equal share with the Widow Olaf taking five shares total. The party is to get their gear together and help outfit the boat as best they can, and Hallbjorn is willing to give them 500 gp each to get what they need, provided they agree to serve as his crew with him as captain. Each PC will need to provide supplies to feed himself and any retainers or animal companions for a span of at least 2 months. Hallbjorn will see to the general outfitting of the ship, though the PCs are encouraged to buy any mundane supplies they may need to compliment the ship’s. Mainly this should take the form of adventuring gear, as the ship will not have a ready supply of that on board. See the side box on page 5 for the city’s base value and availability of magic items for sale. See the “Equipment” and Magic Items sections in Chapters 6 and 15 of the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game for pricing.

# The Voyage North

True to his word, the *Long Serpent* is refitted and ready for another voyage in two days time. Hallbjorn has been running the dockworkers and ship chandlers ragged, but in the end he has managed to put together enough food and other provisions to last a crew of thirty for two months. He excitedly calls the crew together and introduces his new found friends to the twenty sailors he has hired on. These men will work for quarter shares, and are all experienced seamen (N male human expert 2; Profession [sailor] +9). Although not fond of foreigners, they will soon take to the PCs, unless any of the party proves to be troublesome.

The journey north is mostly under clear skies and with a good breeze blowing from the southeast. There is no need to take to the oars, and thus most of the trip can be spent in idle endeavors. Sailors are inveterate gamblers, and Hallbjorn is possibly the worst of the lot. Story telling and music are also ways to pass the time, and any bards in the group find an attentive and appreciative audience.

All is not be pleasant, however, and there are hardships to face. The wind and waves are calm, but the sea is cold and nothing stays dry for long unless well protected. The longship is open with no enclosed belowdecks to speak of. Play up the discomfort of the journey, as salt water breaks across the bow and douses the party; fresh food runs out in a week, leaving salted pork, twice-baked bread, and dried fish as the primary ration. Most of the time there is no opportunity to light a fire. PCs who do not have any ranks in Profession (sailor) should be required to make a DC 15 Fortitude save each morning for the first week or become sickened for 24 hours. Possibly the worst part is that the Northlanders find the whole experience invigorating and fiendishly mock any who express discomfort.

The PCs should each make DC 10 Profession (sailor) check once per week to determine their usefulness on the ship. A failed check results in a loss of 1 day's rations for the ship as a PC's error either causes a portion of the supplies to be damaged or lost overboard or causes a delay in the trip that results in the extra food consumption. In addition, have the PCs make DC 15 Perception checks at irregular intervals. These should be used to either set up a random or planned encounter, or to give a sense of mystery to the sea (false contacts and half-seen objects).

Periodically, every three days or so depending on the mood of the players and GM, roll on the following random encounter table to liven the mood or break the monotony of sailing. Unless otherwise noted, during any encounter the captain and crew are occupied with manning the ship leaving the PCs to deal with any threats.

## Random Encounters at Sea

d20	Encounter
1–5	No encounter
6–7	Sail Ho!
8–9	Minor Storm
10	Dire Shark
11	Strange Lights
12	Dragon Turtle
13–15	Pod of Whales
16–17	Wreckage
18	Giant Crabs
19	Sea Hag
20	Giant Squid

**No encounter:** Nothing unusual happens in the next few days.

**Sail Ho!:** A sail is spotted on the horizon, another longship out on its own voyage. They could be traders, explorers, or pirates. They do

not make contact with the *Long Serpent* unless the PCs want to catch up to them and they or the crew succeed on three consecutive DC 20 Profession (sailor) checks. What occurs if they catch up to them is beyond the scope of this adventure and is up to you.

**Minor Storm:** A small storm blows up and tosses the *Long Serpent* around for a day and half. The crew have their hands full keeping the ship aright. Have the PCs make a DC 20 Profession (sailor) check (they can aid another on it). If unsuccessful 1d4+1 days of rations are lost due to some error on the part of the PCs. The crew grumbles about this but makes no overt threats.

**Dire Shark:** A huge shark begins to follow the ship, its mouth a cavern of teeth that leads to an empty gullet. It makes a couple of attempts to ram the ship, which cause no damage to the vessel but has a 10% chance of causing a crewman to fall overboard. It is otherwise no threat to anyone who does not enter the water and wanders away after 1d4 minutes if no morsels of food are forthcoming.

### DIRE SHARK

CR 9

XP 6,400

hp 112 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* “Shark, Dire”)

**Strange Lights:** The northern lights shine bright for three days and nights. This is nothing new to Northlanders, but bizarre to those from points south.

**Dragon Turtle:** This fearsome beast is spotted on the horizon, and although it goes on if left unmolested, its presence still causes some consternation.

### DRAGON TURTLE

CR 9

XP 6,400

hp 126 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* “Dragon Turtle”)

**Pod of Whales:** Use “Whale Hunting” below, or use them merely for ambiance.

**Wreckage:** Broken planks, lost oars, and snapped spars float by. Amongst the wreckage are a few bodies of men — familiar to sailors in the North as dead from some massive attack.

**Giant Crabs:** A cast of 2d6+6 giant crabs is spotted to the west, a possible source of food and wealth. The ship catches up to them if the crew makes a DC 20 Profession (sailor) check (which the PCs can aid) allowing the PCs to hunt the beasts. The crabs defend themselves and can climb over the low gunwales of the ship with a DC 15 Climb check. Every crab slain and brought aboard ship provides either 1 day's rations for the crew or 50 gp to the expedition's profit to be divided into shares at venture's end.

### GIANT CRABS (2d6+6)

CR 2

XP 600

hp 19 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* “Crab, Giant”)

**Sea Hag:** Land is spotted on the northern horizon but soon proves to be little more than a wave-washed rock protruding from some sunken island. On the island is Althwin, an evil and cruel sea hag who attacks those aboard the ship with her evil eye if they sail near to investigate. In her lair 100 feet beneath the waves (DC 23 Perception check for anyone who dives down) is a total of 550 sp, four large pearls worth 150 gp each, and a basalt statuette of some northern sea god worth 25 gp.

### SEA HAG

CR 4

XP 1,200

hp 38 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* “Sea Hag”)

**Giant Squid:** A giant squid attacks the ship one morning, fights for



## THE VOYAGE NORTH

long enough to grab a few tasty morsels, and then retreats. Half of the members of the crew will assist in this battle while the others try to save the ship from capsizing.

### GIANT SQUID

XP 6,400

hp 102 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* “Squid, Giant”)

CR 9

## Events at Sea

Three planned events occur during the voyage: a chance to do a little whale hunting, a terrible storm as they near the Far North, and an encounter with a lone kayak far from any known shore.

### Event 1: Whale Hunting

At least two weeks into the voyage, Hallbjorn (or a PC on a successful Perception check) spots several plumes of spray shooting up out of the sea a few hundred yards away. When Hallbjorn learns of it, he approaches the PCs with a plan.

“Lads (and lassies) see what breaks the salty plain yonder? In one fell swoop we can have all the provisions we will need, even if we are forced to over winter in the Far North. Plus, the fat would be well put to render, and light many a lamp back in Halfstead, at least a few silvers a pint. What say you, do we put over and take us a whale?”

If the PCs are interested in this idea, then they can tack and row

towards the pod of whales with a DC 15 Profession (sailor) check made by the crew and attempt to harpoon one. A DC 15 Perception check determines that some of the whales have a long tusk or a horn protruding from their mouths. A DC 15 Knowledge (Nature) check reveals that these are narwhales, a smallish species of northern whale famed for their ivory. They tend to flee aggressors, but the males (who are tusked) have been known to turn on their attackers, ramming them with their six-foot ivory tusk.

Rather than play out a battle with a narwhale, have the PCs attempt a DC 25 Profession (sailor) check to successfully harpoon and kill one of the creatures and reel it in for harvesting. If three such checks are unsuccessful, then the pod of whales dives and escapes. No more than one whale can be taken in this way, as the ship is not large enough to take and butcher more. A successful whale hunt yields an extra month of supplies for the ship and 2,000 gp for the ship’s profits. In addition, the PCs receive 1,000 XP for taking the whale.

### Event 2: The Storm

One morning near the end of the third week, the sky is red at sunrise — a sure warning that a storm is coming. The crew quickly begins to prepare the ship, battening down loose items, putting out any lit fires, taking down the sail and mast, and tying themselves to the oars. Hallbjorn is beside himself with glee, as he loves nothing better than fighting the wind and waves, and ties himself to the rudder. Many of the sailors pray to the gods of storm and sea and make small offerings, hoping for courage and protection from the coming tempest. If the idol was recovered from the sea hag’s lair, they use it as a focus of their prayers and offerings (this provides a +1 bonus for everyone aboard on all Skill checks and saves made during the storm). In a few short hours the sea turns choppy and white capped, the sky darkens with fierce clouds, and a strong wind begins to blow from the east.



“We’re in the teeth of it now”, Hallbjorn yells from the stern, “and there’s naught for us to do but face Donar’s wrath and ride her out!”

The storm breaks over the ship in a howling scream of wind, tearing at the cloaks and beards of those poor unfortunates on the *Long Serpent*. Waves crest over the bow as Hallbjorn turns the ship into the teeth of the storm. The crew, including the PCs, must strain at the oars to maintain enough forward momentum to allow Hallbjorn to control the ship. A heavy, pounding rain begins to fall, and soon any PC not physically up to the task of pulling the heavy oars is instead ordered to bail freezing seawater from the ship. The temperature is dropping, and ice begins to form on any exposed surface, prompting the bailers to split their attention between scooping up liquid water and breaking solidified ice off the deck and hurling it overboard in chunks. During the storm a DC 25 Profession (sailor) must be made every minute. The crew counts as one entity making the check, and any PCs who are rowing can aid them. Bailers must make a DC 15 Acrobatics check each minute to maintain their footing on the slick deck. If the individual falls, the next Acrobatics DC is 20 to regain his footing.

The storm’s fury continues to increase, as does the fear of the crew. Let the party react as they will to the storm, and note that for later. Hallbjorn is hard pressed to keep the *Long Serpent* on course, and calls for the strongest PC to join him at the rudder (DC 10 Acrobatics check to make it back without falling). The sea is mounting to touch the sky, and the ship rides up one mountainous wave only to crash down into a cold and wet valley of the sea. Sleet and then hail begin to mix in with the rain, driving into the faces of the crew. Lightning flashes above, and soon the dragon’s head is a glow with St. Elmo’s fire.

After 10 minutes a rogue wave strikes the ship, washing across the decks and tugging everybody against their lifelines. All the PCs should make DC 15 Acrobatics or Strength checks to keep from being washed overboard with a +10 bonus if they stated they used a lifeline. A PC who has fallen from an earlier failed Acrobatics check has a –2 penalty to this check. Likewise if the previous Profession (sailor) was failed, all aboard take a –5 penalty to the check. Those who are not swept overboard are left soaked and cold, somewhat stunned by the furious power of the sea. Those who are swept overboard must make a DC 10 Reflex save to catch himself at the last moment and remain prone on the ship’s deck as the wave recedes. Failing the Reflex save results in the PC going overboard. Such a PC must make a DC 20 Swim check each round to stay afloat and near the boat until someone can throw him a line and bring him aboard with a DC 20 Strength check (aid another is allowed).

A shout rings out, possibly from the PC who is helping Hallbjorn with the rudder. The wave snapped the brave Northman’s lifeline, and he has disappeared over the side. In the distance, his red head can be seen bobbing away before the darkness, rain, and waves hide him from view. Later, one of the crewmen claims to have seen a face in the wave, a terrible bestial countenance with long fangs and a crown of spearheads. This image is familiar to any who examined Hallbjorn’s loot from the first voyage as one of the strange bestial images it bore.

The storm abates after 15 minutes. Though no Skill checks were made for the crew of experienced seamen, 1d4+4 of them are washed away in the storm as well. After the storm, the weather clears quickly and the *Long Serpent* can continue its journey north. A new captain needs to be chosen, and the crew will back a PC who has the most of the following traits:

- Acted with courage
- Is from the Northlands
- Is a follower of a good deity of war, storms, sea, or travel
- Is human or dwarf
- Has shown him or herself to be friendly and generous
- Has at least 3 ranks in Profession (sailor)

If multiple PCs are vying for the position, have them make Diplomacy, Bluff, or Intimidate skill checks, with a +2 bonus for each of the above traits, to win over the crew. The person with the highest total is elected the new captain, and must decide to either push on or go back. Really, they should push on, or the rest of the adventure is moot. The trip north will continue with at least one PC making a DC 20 Survival check to navigate towards the *Long Serpent’s* Camp with a +2 bonus for Hallbjorn’s maps and notes.

## Event 3: The Lone Kayak

Two days after the storm, the PCs spot a small craft adrift on the sea with a successful Perception check. A DC 20 Perception check reveals it to be a narrow hide boat, pointed at each end, and has a single deck that covers its entire top, save for a small hole. A lone figure sits slumped in the hole. Alert PCs might recognize this as the same sort of boat that Hallbjorn described the strange men of the north using. The party can easily change their course slightly and retrieve the boat with a DC 10 Profession (sailor) check. If they do, continue with the following. If not, go to Exploring the Far North below.

Once brought on board, the young man proves to be near death from exhaustion and exposure. A DC 15 Heal check or any magical healing allows him to recover in short order. Otherwise he dies in a few hours of extreme fatigue and hypothermia. Once he is able to speak, it becomes quickly obvious that the only word in Common that he understands is ‘Help,’ which he states repeatedly while pointing across the sea to the northeast. His native language is a debased dialect of a long-dead language belonging to the same ancient empire that the coins Hallbjorn showed the party (recognizable as such with a DC 15 Knowledge [history] or Linguistics check). He does point to himself and identify himself as “Yilithi”. Other than pleading for help and pointing the way towards his village, the young man is polite and respectful. If the party decides to follow Yilithi’s directions rather than Hallbjorn’s navigation charts and notes, he leads them to the village of Laquirv (see Exploring the Far North).

**YILITHI, ULNAT WARRIOR**  
**XP 400**  
**hp 25** (See Page 14)

**CR 1**



# Exploring the Far North

The PCs spot the Seal Coast one morning in the fourth week of their voyage, rising out of the cold northern sea as a grey mass of cliffs and shallow coves. If they choose to follow Halbjorn's notes and crudely drawn maps rather than Yilithi's directions, they make landfall at the *Long Serpent's* camp (Area 8). From there they may explore the coast to the north or south, sailing to any of the points shown on the map of Ulnataland. If they instead follow Yilithi's directions, proceed with "The Village of Laquirv" below.

The Seal Coast is indeed rich in seals and walrus, and enterprising folk can quickly make a fortune in ivory and rendered blubber. Depending on the needs of the party and players, the GM can allow them to spend some time hunting and rendering before introducing the main part of the story, namely the Children of Althunak. For each day spent camped on the coastline, the PCs can make a single Survival check (aid another is allowed). If the check is 10 or better, the PCs have added 25 gp to the venture's profits from the ivory and rendered blubber recovered as well as 1 day's worth of rations for the PCs and crew. If the check is 15 or better, the day's profit increases to 50 gp and 2 days' rations and if 20 or better, increases to 100 gp and 4 days' rations. A DC 25 Survival check results in a magnificent haul worth 250 gp (though still only 4 days' rations). After 5 days at any one location, the DCs increase by 1 for each additional day spent there as the area is hunted out.

Throughout this time, Yilithi persistently tries to get the PCs to set sail with him for the southwest, but he knows that the PCs are his best chance for help and, therefore, does not push them so much that they may be tempted to put them out of their camp. In fact, if they give him a definite timeline of when they will follow him, he assists them in their hunts, providing a +3 bonus of their Survival checks in an attempt to secure their friendship. At any point that seems the most dramatic, the GM can have the PC's camp raided by cultists, they could spot cultists in the distance out on the tundra, or kayaks out to sea, or even throw in a few wandering monsters from "Across the Tundra" below.

## The Far North

*Vengeance of the Long Serpent* takes place in a region called the Far North, a land of ice and tundra that lies well within the Arctic Circle. It lies to the northeast of the Northlands, and is a land beyond the boundaries of the known world. The map labeled Ulnataland covers a portion of this territory, and details the locations used in this adventure. The following features are on the Ulnataland map.

### 1. Alcanavt

This village has the dubious distinction of being the site of the rebirth of the Cult of Althunak, and both the Chosen of Althunak (Elvanti) and the High Priest of the Coming Winter's home village. Whereas other villages have a ruling elite of Children of Althunak, Alcanavt is almost entirely converted, from the village elders down to the lowliest slaves. The High Priest himself resides in the Second Temple, but his most loyal followers rule this and the other villages. Outside of the village stand the frozen remains of Elvanti's parents, the former elders of the village, and the parents of the woman who spurned him. They stand facing west, their bodies encased in an unmelting prison of magical ice. Approaching them, one can see that their eyes still move, though their faces and forms are frozen in abject terror.

Enterprising or heroic PCs may attempt to free these people from

the infernal ice that coats them. The ice cannot be permanently removed through physical effort, as for each piece chipped or melted, a new piece grows in its place. The ice has a hardness of 10, 50 hp, and regenerates 10 hp per round. If all the ice is physically removed, it will simply grow back at the rate of 10 hp per round. It is a magical effect, and cannot be 'killed' but must be dispelled (treat as a 6th-level spell cast by a 20th-level cleric).

The village itself is unvalled and is composed of several skin huts set in a semi-circle facing the coast. Eight dog sleds sit covered with hide tarps to the north of the village. To the south is a five-foot high and ten-foot long trash midden of animal bones, broken tools, and other refuse. Along the coast is a narrow sandy beach with twelve skin kayaks pulled up above the high-water line. There are **16 cultists**, **2 shamans**, and their families (noncombatant) live in the village, though a third will be gone at any time either hunting on the tundra, sealing along the coast, or fishing off shore. Twenty slaves, all devoted converts of Althunak (of which **10 are Ulnat warriors**), serve the needs of the cultists and their families. Additionally, each family of cultists maintains **1d4 dogs** (treat as wolves) to guard the village, help in the hunt, or pull sleds during winter.

### 2. Gualivik

This village is said to be the first place the Ulnat landed when they fled Uln many generations ago. As such, it has always been the center of Ulnataland, even as the people themselves spread north along the Seal Coast. Now it rivals Alcanavt as the largest of the villages of the Children of Althunak. The village is like the other Ulnat villages in that it is unvalled, composed of several hide huts (twenty in all), has a large midden of refuse to the north (five feet high and twenty feet long), keeps ten sleds under hide tarps to the south, and has fifteen skin kayaks pulled up on shore. There are **11 cultists**, **2 shamans**, and their noncombatant families, in addition to **20 dogs** (treat as wolves) and thirty-five slaves (**12 Ulnat warriors**) live here. A third will be gone at any time hunting on the tundra, sealing along the coast, or fishing off shore.

A mile off the coast is a small tree-covered island called Heroes' Rock. It is here that the first Ulnat buried their most-honored dead, a tradition that disappeared a generation after they arrived in the Far North. For more information, see "Heroes' Rock" below.

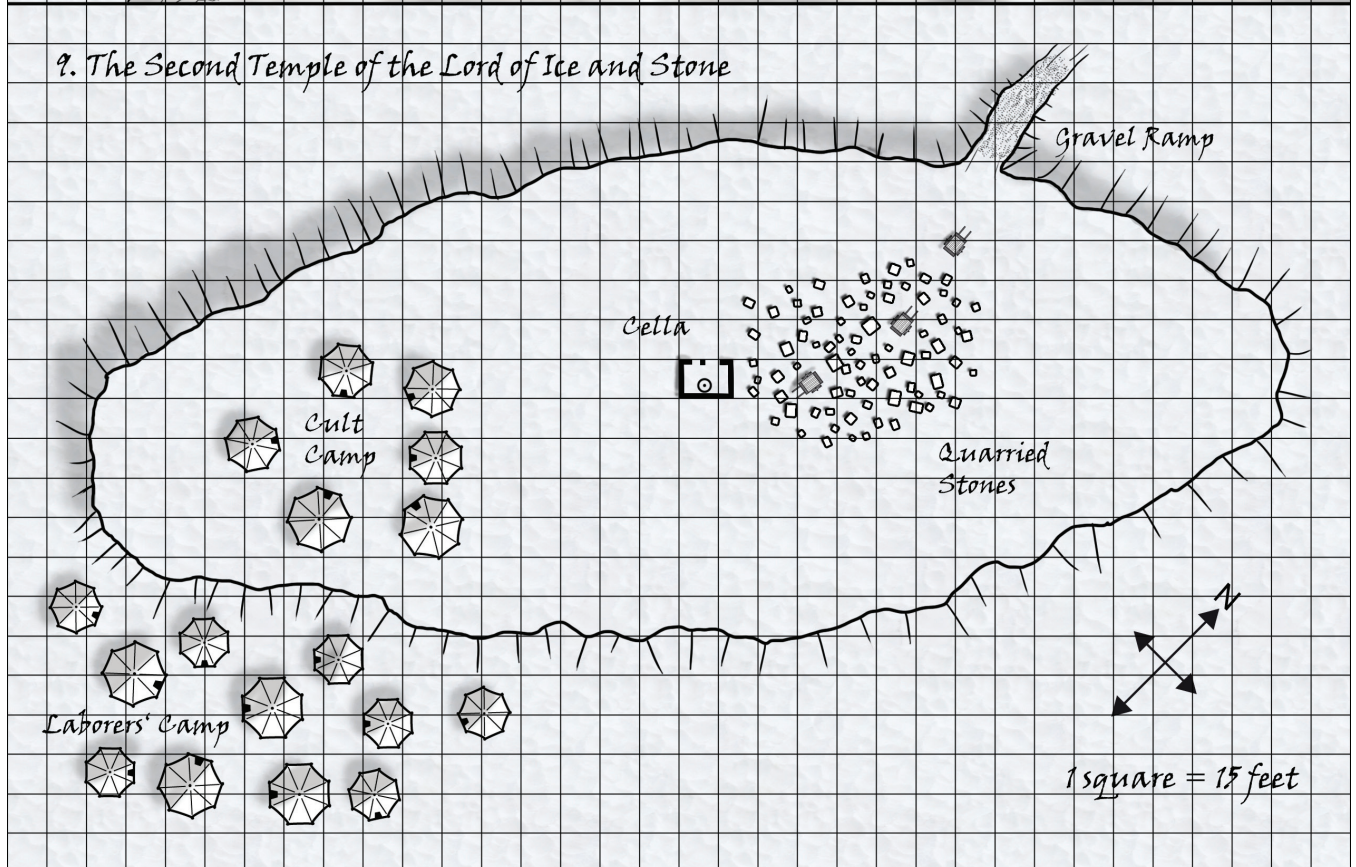
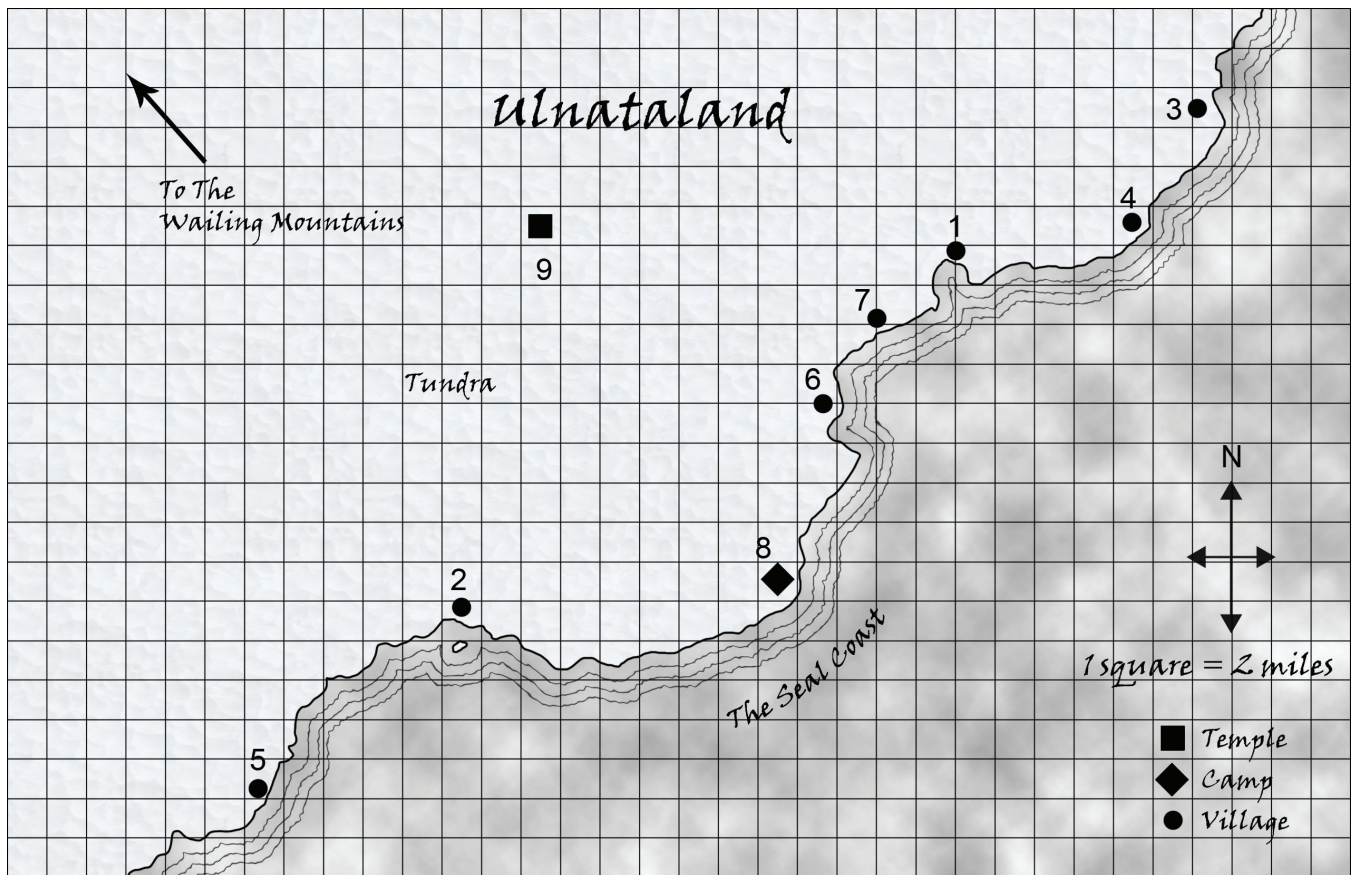
### 3. Hranavik

This village is the farthest north of the Ulnat villages, and the most recent to fall to the Children of Althunak. It is a village that has gotten over its initial shock, and is starting to resist their conquerors in small ways. Most of the villagers are slaves and have begun to intentionally fall short on their duties. Stews are over or under cooked, clothes are washed and then rubbed with nettles, and mending is done in a haphazard fashion so that items quickly become unmended. The cultists placed in charge of Hranavik are starting to fear an uprising. So far they have taken draconian precautions, such as increasing physical punishment and decreasing rations, but this seems to just encourage the people of Hranavik to further heights or resistance.

The village has a partially completed wall of undressed stone, a precaution taken in the days before the conquest by the Cult of Althunak. The wall begins to the north of the village at the trash midden (a three foot high and eight foot long pile of refuse). Unless there is word of trouble to the south, this wall will remain in its current state, encompassing half the village in a three-foot-high mound of carefully fitted stone. The local genius behind this idea has



## EXPLORING THE FAR NORTH



been taken to the Second Temple in order to further its construction (see the Second Temple of the Lord of Ice and Cold below). The rest of the village consists of thirty hide huts, nine dog sleds to the south of the village under a hide tarp, and twenty skin kayaks pulled up on shore. Carefully hidden under the sleds are several harpoons, spears,

and war clubs, secreted there by the slaves. The village is home to **2 cultists**, a **shaman**, and their noncombatant families and forty slaves (**17 Ulnat warriors**). There are **8 dogs** used to guard the village or help in the hunt.



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### 4. Intulvik

This village was conquered by the Children of Althunak nearly three years ago, and has suffered greatly under the cruel tyranny of that dark cult. This summer the entire village has been relocated inland to the Second Temple in order for the slaves to work on the construction and the village's cultists to supervise the work as best they can. Nothing remains of the village but a few scattered bits of debris, a large trash midden, and the obvious signs of there having once been fire pits and hut.

### 5. Laquirv

See The Village of Laquirv below.

### 6. Nanavak

This is the village that the crew of the *Long Serpent* attacked and burned in retribution for being ambushed. The few survivors fled to the Second Temple and have not yet returned to their ruined homes. Nothing remains but charred ground and unburied bodies.

### 7. Norvagak

One of the loyal villages of the Children of Althunak, Norvagak willingly gave itself over shortly after Elvanti returned from beyond the Wailing Mountains and demonstrated his might at Alcanavt. The village is home to **8 cultists**, **2 shamans**, and their families, as well as fifteen sorely treated and nearly dead slaves (no warriors). The cultists have been working their slaves non-stop in order to preserve enough food for the coming winter, which they hope will be long and brutal. In their depravity, the elders of the village, all Children of Althunak, have even gone so far as to have the bodies of dead slaves smoked and salted.

The village is like many of the Ulnat villages, it is unwallled, consists of a dozen hide huts, possesses a long trash midden to the north, and is guarded by **1d3+7 dogs** (treat as wolves). To the south is a pile of sleds covered by hide tarps, and skin kayaks are lined up on shore. Of special note, one of the huts is used for smoking and preserving meat, and any venturing inside will find three human corpses hanging up alongside the more prosaic elk, seal, and fish meat.

### 8. The Long Serpent's Camp

All that remains of the former sealing camp are the bones of several seals and fifteen cairns of stone carefully mounded facing the sea. It would be a great sacrilege to disturb these stones, especially if the intention is to loot them. If some foolish PC should attempt this, any Northlander NPCs with him become hostile. Furthermore, grave robbers should be thoroughly punished, so feel free to have the disturbed dead rise as **wights** (see *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary*). There is little of value in the cairns, though the largest (Jarl Olaf Henrikson's) contains a platinum ring worth 100 gp and a +1 *battleaxe*.

### 9. The Second Temple of the Lord of Ice and Stone

See "The Second Temple of the Lord of Ice and Stone" on page 18.

### The Seal Coast

This cold and rocky coast supports hundreds of thousands of seals,

walruses, and sea birds during the summer months. Cliffs rise up along the coast, broken here and there by beaches that tend to be more rock than sand. The cliffs are home to hosts of sea birds, including gulls, ospreys, cormorants, frigate birds, puffins, and terns. Fur bearing seals, as well as elephant seals, walruses, and sea lions cover the shores. The seas are filled with fish, crabs, squid, krill, whales, and porpoises.

### Tundra

See "Across the Tundra" below.

### Wailing Mountains

These high and imposing mountains are composed of gray stone and rise oddly out of the surrounding tundra. There are no foothills or general upslope in the approach to the Wailing Mountains, just a sudden springing of towering masses of stone. The mountains themselves are sheathed year round with a thick layer of ice from their peaks to half way down their steep flanks. The mountains support no life, as the wind whips from the west scouring even the shale and scree from the stony slopes.

## Inhabitants of the Far North

Use the following stat blocks for the cultists of Althunak and residents of the various villages.

#### CHILDREN OF ALTHUNAK CULTIST CR 1

XP 400

Male Ulnat human barbarian 2

CE Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +5; **Senses** Perception +6

**AC** 15, touch 11, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +1 Dex)

**hp** 26 (2d12+6 plus 2)

**Fort** +6; **Ref** +1; **Will** +1

**Defensive Abilities** uncanny dodge

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** mwk greatclub +6 (1d10+3)

**Ranged** javelin +3 (1d6+2)

**Special Attacks** rage (9 rounds/day), rage power (animal fury)

**Str** 15, **Dex** 13, **Con** 16, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8

**Base Atk** +2; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 15

**Feats** Improved Initiative<sup>B</sup>, Weapon Focus (greatclub)

**Skills** Handle Animal +4, Perception +6, Profession (fisherman) +3,

Survival +6, Swim +4

**Languages** Ulnat

**SQ** fast movement

**Gear** hide armor, masterwork greatclub, 5 javelins

#### CHILDREN OF ALTHUNAK SHAMAN CR 5

XP 1,600

Male Ulnat human adept 7

CE Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +2; **Senses** Perception +4

**AC** 16, touch 12, flat-footed 14 (+3 armor, +2 Dex, +1 shield)

**hp** 41 (7d6+7 plus 7)

**Fort** +3; **Ref** +4; **Will** +7

**Speed** 30 ft.

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**Melee** mwk sickle +4 (1d6)

**Spells Prepared** (CL 7th, melee touch +3):

2nd—*bull's strength*, *inflict moderate wounds* (DC 14), *web* (DC 14)

1st—*bless*, *command* (DC 13), *inflict light wounds* (DC 13),

*obscuring mist*

0 (at will)—*guidance*, *stabilize*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 12)

**Str** 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 12, **Int** 10, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 12

**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 15

**Feats** Alertness<sup>B</sup> (with familiar), Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Improved Familiar, Light Armor Proficiency<sup>B</sup>, Shield Proficiency

**Skills** Craft (alchemy) +6, Heal +8, Knowledge (local) +6,

Knowledge (nature) +6, Knowledge (religion) +6, Perception +4, Profession (herbalist) +8, Sense Motive +4, Spellcraft +6

**Languages** Ulnat; empathic link with familiar, speak with familiar

**SQ** summon familiar (ice mephit)

**Combat Gear** *potion of cure moderate wounds*; **Other Gear** +1 leather armor, light wooden shield, masterwork sickle, stone holy symbol of Althunak

### ICE MEPHIT FAMILIAR

**XP** —

*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* “Mephit”

N Small outsider (cold)

**Init** +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +6

**AC** 21, touch 14, flat-footed 18 (+2 Dex, +1 dodge, +7 natural, +1 size)

**hp** 20 (7 HD); fast healing 2 (when below freezing)

**Fort** +3; **Ref** +5; **Will** +5

**Defensive Abilities** improved evasion; **DR** 5/magic; **Immune** cold

**Weaknesses** vulnerability to fire

**Speed** 30 ft., fly 40 ft. (average)

**Melee** 2 claws +5 (1d3+1)

**Special Attacks** breath weapon (15-foot cone every 4 rounds, 1d4 cold plus sickened 3 rounds, Reflex DC 13 for half and negates), deliver touch spells

**Spell-like Abilities** (CL 6th):

1/hour—*magic missile*

1/day—*chill metal* (DC 14), summon (level 2, 1 ice mephit 25%)

**Str** 13, **Dex** 15, **Con** 12, **Int** 9, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 14

**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 16

**Feats** Dodge, Improved Initiative

**Skills** Bluff +9, Fly +10, Perception +7, Stealth +13

**Languages** Auran, Common; empathic link with master, speak with master

**SQ** share spells

### ULNAT WARRIOR

**XP** 400

Male Ulnat human ranger 2

N Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +1; **Senses** Perception +6

**AC** 15, touch 11, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +1 Dex)

**hp** 23 (2d10+6 plus 2)

**Fort** +6; **Ref** +4; **Will** +1

**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee** spear +4 (1d8+3/x3) or mwk shortspear +4 (1d6+2), handaxe +2 (1d6+1/x3)

**Ranged** javelin +3 (1d6+2)

**Special Attacks** favored enemy (animal +2)

**Str** 15, **Dex** 13, **Con** 16, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8

**Base Atk** +2; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 15

**Feats** Endurance<sup>B</sup>, Two-Weapon Fighting<sup>B</sup>, Weapon Focus (shortspear)

**Skills** Climb +4, Handle Animal +4, Perception +6, Profession (fisherman) +6, Survival +6 (+7 tracking), Stealth +3, Swim +4

**Languages** Ulnat

**SQ** two-weapon fighting combat style, wild empathy +1

**Gear** hide armor, spear, masterwork shortspear, handaxe, 2 javelins

### GUARD DOG

**XP** 400

**hp** 13 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* “Wolf”)

**CR** 1

## The Village of Laquirv

If the PCs follow Yilithi's directions, he leads them northwest for three days (or southwest along the coast if from Area 8). On the morning of the fourth day they spot a fog-shrouded coastline that resolves as they draw closer into a small inlet and a village (Area 5). The village is a small affair, not more than fifteen hide-covered huts and maybe twenty kayaks pulled up on a rocky beach.

The villagers panic as the longship approaches and can be seen fleeing into the tundra, their most prized goods in hand. Astute observers who make DC 20 Perception check note that there are very few males among the villagers, and the few that can be seen are either very old or very young.

As the *Long Serpent* grinds ashore on the rocky beach, Yilithi vaults over the side and wades ashore. With his arms raised, he addresses his village, prompting one old man to come down from the tundra. What happens next depends on the party. If they are peaceful, the villagers return and the old man, Jarvi, will speak with them. If they are aggressive or violent, the villagers scatter to the four winds and wait for the foreigners to leave. The party may loot the village, but it





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has little of value (only 30 gp added to the venture's profits).

A party that shows to have good intentions is greeted with the sight of the old man embracing Yilithi, and then approaching them. In heavily accented Common, he introduces himself as Jarvi, Yilithi's father and one of the village's elders. The PCs are welcome to stay, and soon the hesitant villagers prepare a meager feast of salted seal blubber, lichen soup, and sea bird eggs (eaten by chipping a hole in the shell and sucking the yolk out). During the feast, Jarvi tells the party the tale of his village.

"Many years ago when I was as young as my son, a storm blew me far out to sea. I paddled and sailed for many days, and made my way to a green and fair land, warm and full of game. I was foolish as to the ways of the southern folk, and was caught hunting the short-haired bison that are too stupid to run away. My captor pitied me for I was far from home, and took me into his household, where I learned of your ways and language. In time I longed for my own people, built a new kayak, and returned home.

"Ten summers ago, a young man named Elvanti was in disfavor with the elders of the village of Alcanavt. He sought the hand of the happiest maid that his people had to offer, but none approved the marriage, not even the maid Klinqa. Elvanti was angry, for his parents were rich in furs and seal fat, and his uncle was the village shaman. He turned to them, but they replied that he must abide by the wishes of his elders and the girl.

"In anger and shame, he fled across the tundra, vowing to return with the heart of a great-tusked one to prove his worth. He was gone that summer, and into the winter, and all feared he was lost. Before the ice broke the following spring, he wandered back into his village, his body sprouting shards of ice and cold fire. With great gusts of wind and snow, he laid low the elders, his parents, the shaman, and even Klinqa's parents and brothers. Elvanti then proclaimed he was the Chosen of Althunak, the great God of the North, Bringer of Cold, and Lord of Winter. Those who would follow him found themselves gifted in strange ways, and those that did not froze to death, though their huts were warm and fires lit.

"For ten summers we have fought off the Children of Althunak, but the other villages were not as lucky, one by one they have fallen, and soon we will as well. Our sons and daughters die beneath our cousins' spears, the hunting has gone poor for us, and the winters are ever colder. When I heard that the Dragon Riders had come with their skins of shiny metal, I sent my two sons, Yilithi and Kelvani to find them. One has returned and brought you here to save us; I only hope it is not too late."

If asked about where his people come from, Jarvi will wave his hand around, encompassing the village, the shore, the sea, and the tundra. He is willing to help them help him and his people, and once he has taken a measure of the party, tells them the legend of Heroes' Rock.

"They say that long ago we Ulnat came from a far away place across the sea to the southwest, a land of warm springs and mild winters. There we had a great land of many stone-walled villages, much wealth in the form of yellow discs and shining stars plucked from the heavens. I know not if that is true, for it does not sound like us but the metal-skinned men who ride the dragon ships.

"They say that we came across the sea in great kayaks that were larger than even those of you Dragon Riders. Again, this sounds like so much old men's tales, but it was an old man who told me, and one who told him, so that is what it is. When we first came here, so the old men say, we built many villages, the first at Gaulivik. The other villages were built later, including a lost one high up in the Wailing Mountains to guard a pass called the Vigilant Way. This I don't know, for I have not seen it. What I have seen is the tombs on Heroes' Rock, off the Seal Coast opposite of Gualivik. There a great stone midden is piled and a rock with strange carvings. Go there, and you may find the graves of those who lead out people here. If they were men like you then mayhaps they had mighty spears to vanquish evil.

The legend of Heroes' Rock is the best means Jarvi knows to help the PCs, and if the PCs agree to help his people he provides them directions to Heroes' Rock, just off the coast from Gualivik. It is only a day's travel from Laquirv. Jarvi further assists the PCs by providing them and their crew with an additional 3 days' rations, though that is really more than the village can spare. Yilithi accompanies them to Heroes' Rock but will not step foot on the island. There are a total of 16 families in the village, but there are only **4 Ulnat warriors** among them, including Yithili, so the village cannot provide much in the way of combat support.

Whether the PCs travel to Heroes' Rock or not, Jarvi provides them with the general locations of the six coastal villages and suggests that the PCs might wish to begin their campaign against the cult by striking at each of these in their Dragon Ship to rid them of their captors. The crew of the ship will sail for the PCs but will not participate in the actual raids. The PCs may opt instead for an inland campaign, in which case their crew will not accompany them beyond the coast. However the PCs elect to proceed in their quest, see "Against the Children of Althunak" on page 18.

## Heroes' Rock (CR 8)

This steeply sloped island sits a mile off the Seal Coast opposite the village of Gualivik (Area 2). It is covered in dwarf firs that have been shaped and stunted by storm and wave. The island presents no serviceable landing, but a small cove on the leeward side allows enterprising folk to clamber out of a boat and up a twenty-foot cliff (DC 10 Climb check). A top the island there are neither trails nor signs of man, merely a tangle of interlaced branches and large boulders. At the center of the island is a rough tomb made of stacked stone, mortared with clay and moss. Seeds from trees and sea grass have found purchase on the tomb, and it is nearly overgrown in its entirety.

The tomb is twenty feet long, three feet high, and barely seven feet wide. It is angled along a northeast to southwest course. On the southwestern end one stone bears faint markings in an ancient language (identifiable as Old Uln with a DC 20 Linguistics check). The inscription is barely legible, but if charcoal rubbings or other means of bringing out the writing can be found, the inscription reads as follows.

## EXPLORING THE FAR NORTH

“Here lies Hvrán Kalsong the Third, last of his line, who led his people from the Fall and into the far lands to the north. Beside him are his wife, she of the Fair Eyes, a sorcerer of her people, the Elkani, who live far towards the setting sun.

“Also placed here by his request is their son, Hvrán the Half Born, who slew the serpent of the sea and saved the colony of Gualivik.”

**Treasure:** If the PCs decide to investigate the tomb, they will have to dismantle the rock cairn, requiring three DC 20 Strength checks. Once this is complete, three cavities reveal the remains of two men and a woman, all wrapped in long windings of gold embroidered cloth. The woman clutches a wooden wand tipped with a ruby (a *wand of fireball* CL 5th with 3 charges), and the two men each clutch glowing longwords (a +2 *longsword* and a +1 *magical beast bane longsword*).

**Development:** Disturbing the treasures within the tomb awakens the sleeping souls of the deceased, and causes them to confront the party. Read the following.

“Who comes here to steal from the honored dead, to desecrate their tombs and rob them of their eternal rest?” Speaks the shortest of the mummified male corpses.

“If you come to steal, be gone lest you incur our wrath,” intones the taller of the men.

“Hearken. These men may be heroes, though not of our people. Let them lay forth supplications if they are so and beg for mercy if they be but common thieves,” says the woman.

The party must decide if they are going to fight these three or lay a claim before them. If they choose to fight, then spirits rise as **3 wraiths** (unaffected by the sunlight). If the PCs talk, they must make a DC 25 Diplomacy check to change the spirits’ attitude from unfriendly, with a +2 bonus if any PCs are good aligned and a +5 bonus if they explain their quest to help the spirits’ descendants against Althunak. Bluff and Intimidate checks automatically fail (they can see into the hearts of men and are unmoved by braggadocio). If the party can convince them of their good intentions, the three surrender their magic items, provided they promise to return them when their quest is done. If this promise is not kept, the PCs find themselves hunted by the 3 wraiths.

**WRAITH**  
**XP 1,600**

**hp 47** (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* “Wraith”)

**CR 5**

## Across the Tundra

The interior of the Far North is a vast tundra dotted with small microclimates that support stunted and twisted trees and shrubs. The wind is strong and a constant force that man, beast, and plant must contend with. During the day the temperature slowly rises to slightly over 50°F, and at night it dips into the upper 30’s (and approaches freezing by morning). Mosses, lichens, and heath cover the ground. These low-lying plants often grow in clumps that are separated by small rivulets of melt water. Boggy areas are common around the lakes and are often the breeding ground of all manner of nasty little flying things such as mosquitoes, black flies, and no-see-um (a very tiny biting fly).

During the summer the sun rarely dips below the southwestern horizon, instead dropping low in the sky for a long five-hour twilight before rising to begin another day. PCs will have to adapt to this near constant daylight, something that will no doubt throw them off in regaining spells, etc. This means that, when you take into account

the openness of the terrain, that there are few places to hide on the tundra.

Gathering food is difficult, as is hunting, and both activities suffer a –2 penalty to Survival checks. Tracking is somewhat easier as the ground is moist all summer and the low-lying plants do not bounce back quickly once they are trod upon (+2 bonus to Survival checks). Herds of musk oxen, caribou, woolly rhinos, and mammoths wander the tundra, as do the wolves and great cats that prey upon them. Most of these animals tend to be in the southwestern portion of Ulnatland, preparing for their annual migration to slightly warmer winter grounds.

The PCs may very well want to explore the tundra, either before or after dealing with the Children of Althunak. There is little for them to gain in treasure, though bringing back a mammoth tusk or two would be profitable and impressive. If they decide to spend time on the tundra, check for random encounters once a week on the table below.

### Tundra Random Encounter Table

d20	Encounter
1–5	No encounter
6–7	Band of Cultists
8–9	Mammoth!
10	Wolves
12	Strange Lights
13–15	Musk Oxen
16–17	Caribou
18	Woolly Rhinoceros
19	Saber-Toothed Tiger
20	Dire Bear

**No encounter:** Nothing unusual happens this week.

**A Band of Cultists:** A band of 1d8+1 Children of Althunak cultists are out on patrol, hunting, or traveling. If they spot the party, they attack.

**CHILDREN OF ALTHUNAK CULTISTS (1d8+1)**

**CR 1**

**XP 400**

**hp 26** (See page 13)

**Mammoth!:** A herd of 1d10+5 of these massive beasts ambles by, ignoring the pesky fleas that dare to intrude on the summer feeding and breeding grounds. If the PCs actually attack and survive a pitched battle with the herd (they do not retreat unless three or ore are killed), the PCs can add 7 days’ rations and 2,000 gp to the venture’s profits.

**MAMMOTHS (1d10+5)**

**CR 9**

**XP 6,400**

**hp 133** (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* “Elephant, Mastodon”)

**Wolves:** A pack of 3d4 hungry wolves will stalk the party for days, attacking at the first opportunity — e.g. when someone is wounded, weakened, or alone.

**WOLVES (3d4)**

**CR 1**

**XP 400**

**hp 13** (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* “Wolf”)

**Strange Lights:** The northern lights are aglow, familiar to Northlanders but strange to those from other places.

**Musk Oxen:** A herd of 1d12+6 of these shaggy beasts form a circle at the approach of the party, their horns pointed out and the 3d6 noncombatant young in the middle. Each musk ox slain adds 2



## EXPLORING THE FAR NORTH

days' rations to the party's stores.

### **MUSK OXEN (1d12+6)**

**CR 4**

**XP 1,200**

**hp 42** (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Aurochs")

**Caribou:** Deer like animals move by in a great herd thousands strong, heading towards the southwest and their winter forage. The PCs can secure 1d6 days' rations by hunting them with a DC 12 Survival check.

**Woolly Rhinoceros:** This fearsome and irritable beast has taken a dislike to the party and will attempt to drive them off, only closing to attack if injured. It is worth 3 days' rations if killed.

### **WOOLLY RHINOCEROS**

**CR 6**

**XP 2,400**

**hp 76** (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Rhinoceros, Woolly")

**Saber-Toothed Tiger:** Treat this massive predator stalks the party for several days before attacking late one night, grabbing a victim and running off. Attacks will continue for three nights, stop, and then resume for another three nights.

### **SABER-TOOTHED TIGER**

**CR 8**

**XP 4,800**

**hp 105** (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Tiger, Dire")

**Dire Bear:** This grumpy and hungry beast will hang around the party's camp hoping to score a quick meal. If slain, he can provide the party with 2 days' rations himself.

### **DIRE BEAR**

**CR 7**

**XP 3,200**

**hp 95** (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Bear, Dire")

# Against the Children of Althunak

At some point the party is going to have to deal with the Children of Althunak. They may be attacked while sealing or hunting on the tundra, sail into a cultist-dominated village, or hear the sad tale of Jarvi and decide to help out. Taking on a growing cult to an elder and primordial god is no easy task, but it is one that heroes are made for, or possibly from. Following the incident with the *Long Serpent*, the Children of Althunak are on guard against incursions by outsiders into their domain. The High Priest of the Coming Winter, has sent messengers to all his followers warning them to expect an attack from the seas. Since that attack has yet to come, they elders of the various villages have slackened their attentiveness and gone back to the mundane tasks of hunting, building, and slave management.

Once the PCs have been spotted and the alarm is raised, patrols will fan out along the coast, kayaking from one beach to another and setting up watch camps on the bluffs. The villages will be struck and moved inland, leaving only the kayaks and sleds (carefully hidden — DC 30 Perception checks to notice from sea) and the midden piles (DC 15 Knowledge [local] checks to recognize for what they are). If any intruders have been spotted on the tundra, patrols will also roam that area hoping to catch sight of the party. A lot of how the Children of Althunak react will be based on the PCs' actions, and is thus up to your discretion and judgment.

A few salient points should be kept in mind, however. First, the cultists are by nature aggressive hunters and will seek to evade notice until they can set up an ambush. The thought of fortifying a location and waiting for an attack will not enter their heads, considering that they are semi-nomadic in lifestyle. Second, the cultists do not know if this is a concerted attack or another wandering group, and are divided as to how to deal with the threat. Third, Althunak himself is not ready to make his presence known outside of the Far North, and is encouraging his high priest to deal with the matter quickly and finally. This means that any battle with the cultists will be one to the death. Finally, the season is drawing late and thus provisions need to be brought in to last the long winter. If a patrol spots a juicy herd or school of fish, they will likely swoop in and take it, returning to their duties when so able.

The party is not alone in this struggle, at least unless they are very foolish or unlucky. The residents of the village of Laquirv will come to their assistance in any way they can, mainly in supplying provisions and guides. Furthermore, the slaves held by the Children of Althunak are largely unconverted to the new faith, and are more than happy to assist in throwing off their shackles, provided the odds are decently stacked in their favor. The PCs could very easily find themselves at the head of an avenging army, though one whose main goal is to survive the battle and somehow provision themselves for the winter.

converts are brought into the fold, and priests are ordained. Once complete, it will act as a new home for the lord of Ice and Cold, allowing him to move out beyond his frozen home beneath the Lake of Eternal Ice, a first step in his conquest of the lands to the south.

The temple itself sits on an exposed slab of bedrock that rises out of the surrounding tundra. The slab is one hundred and fifty yards long and sixty yards wide, roughly lozenge shaped and orientated in a northeast to southwest direction. A small encampment of tents is clustered around the slab in a haphazard style. Upon the slab is a fifteen by twenty foot stone structure made of crudely cut stones layered with ice and snow. The walls rise up fifteen feet into the cold air, but do not support a roof. The cella itself is open to the sky, the better to feel the breath and blessings of Althunak. There is one double doorway in the northwestern face of the sacristy, aligned towards the Temple of Ice and Stone itself many miles away beyond the Wailing Mountains. Inside, the statue of Althunak rests, a seven-foot-high, finely carved stone masterpiece showing a fierce and gaunt bearlike man clutching a scepter in one hand and a sickle in the other. His face is a snarl of hate and rage that displays sharp teeth. A crown of spearlike icicles covered in dried blood surmounts the figure's head. Painted in blood on the walls is the holy symbol of Althunak, a gaping maw filled with icicles.

Around the temple, unfinished stones sit amid tools and wooden sleds. In the winter stone is quarried from the Wailing Mountains and transported on dog sleds to the work site. Construction occurs in the summer, interrupted periodically for hunting. Most of the labor is provided by captives and slaves who are often overworked building the temple and seeing to the needs of the priesthood and the Children of Althunak. During the summer there are between 1d10+20 male slaves (**1d6+10 Ulnat warriors**) working on the temple, with an additional 1d10+10 women tending to the camp and performing housekeeping chores.

**Creatures:** The Children of Althunak spend their time hunting, praying, and directing the work but, as the project is beyond the experience of any of the Ulnat, it is advancing slowly. At any given time there are at least **5 cultists** and their families at the Second temple. During important holidays (the solstices and equinoxes, ordinations, conversions, and the sacrifice of any important foes) an additional **1d10+10 Children of Althunak cultists** and their families will be found at the Second temple. Each cultist is accompanied by **1d3 hunting dogs** (treat as wolves). The **High Priest of the Coming Winter** lives in the temple, sleeping next to the altar in bear form. He is attended in his rituals by any Children of Althunak that are present, and is served by three female personal slaves.

## The Second Temple of the Lord of Ice and Stone

Deep in the tundra is the site of the Second Temple (see Area 9), a new temple that Elvanti has ordered his lesser priests to build in order to further spread the power of their fell god, Althunak. The Second Temple is still under construction, but the main cella (central house for the god and his cultic statue) and altar have been finished. It is here that sacrifices to feed the hunger of Althunak are made, new

**CHILDREN OF ALTHUNAK CULTIST** CR 1  
XP 400  
hp 26 (See page 13)

**CHILDREN OF ALTHUNAK SHAMAN** CR 5  
XP 1,600  
hp 41 (See page 13)

**GUARD DOG** CR 1  
XP 400  
hp 13 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Wolf")



## AGAINST THE CHILDREN OF ALTHUNAK

### HIGH PRIEST OF THE COMING WINTER

XP 3,200

Male Ulnat human natural werebear adept 7

CE Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger)

**Init** +2; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +3

**AC** 16, touch 12, flat-footed 14 (+3 armor, +2 Dex, +1 shield)

**hp** 41 (7d6+7 plus 7)

**Fort** +3; **Ref** +4; **Will** +8

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** mwk sickle +5 (1d6)

**Spells Prepared** (CL 7th, melee touch +3):

2nd—*bull's strength*, *inflict moderate wounds* (DC 15), *web* (DC 15)

1st—*bless*, *command* (DC 14), *inflict light wounds* (DC 14),

*obscuring mist*

0 (at will)—*guidance*, *stabilize*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 13)

**Str** 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 12, **Int** 10, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 10

**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 15

**Feats** Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Light Armor Proficiency<sup>B</sup>, Run, Shield Proficiency

**Skills** Craft (alchemy) +6, Heal +9, Knowledge (local) +6, Knowledge (nature) +6, Knowledge (religion) +6, Profession (herbalist) +9, Spellcraft +6

**Languages** Ulnat, lycanthropic empathy (bears and dire bears)

**SQ** change shape (human, hybrid, and wolf; *polymorph*), summon familiar

**Combat Gear** *potion of cure moderate wounds*; **Other Gear** +1 leather armor, light wooden shield, masterwork sickle, stone holy symbol of Althunak

### HIGH PRIEST OF THE COMING WINTER (HYBRID FORM)

CE Large humanoid (human, shapechanger)

**Init** +2; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +3

**AC** 22, touch 11, flat-footed 20 (+3 armor, +2 Dex, +8 natural, –1 size)

**hp** 69 (7d6+35 plus 7)

**Fort** +7; **Ref** +4; **Will** +8

**DR** 10/silver

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** 2 claws +8 (1d6+6 plus grab), bite +8 (1d6+6 plus curse of lycanthropy)

**Spells Prepared** (CL 7th, melee touch +8):

2nd—*bull's strength*, *inflict moderate wounds* (DC 15), *web* (DC 15)

1st—*bless*, *command* (DC 14), *inflict light wounds* (DC 14),

*obscuring mist*

0 (at will)—*guidance*, *stabilize*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 13)

**Str** 23, **Dex** 14, **Con** 21, **Int** 10, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 10

**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +10 (+14 grapple); **CMD** 22

**Feats** Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Light Armor Proficiency<sup>B</sup>, Run, Shield Proficiency

**Skills** Craft (alchemy) +6, Heal +9, Knowledge (local) +6, Knowledge (nature) +6, Knowledge (religion) +6, Profession (herbalist) +9, Spellcraft +6

**Languages** Ulnat; lycanthropic empathy (bears and dire bears)

**SQ** change shape (human, hybrid, and wolf; *polymorph*), summon familiar

**Combat Gear** *potion of cure moderate wounds*; **Other Gear** +1 leather armor, light wooden shield, masterwork sickle, stone holy symbol of Althunak

CR 7

### HIGH PRIEST OF THE COMING WINTER (ANIMAL FORM)

CE Large humanoid (human, shapechanger)

**Init** +2; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +3

**AC** 19, touch 12, flat-footed 17 (+2 Dex, +8 natural, –1 size)

**hp** 69 (7d6+35 plus 7)

**Fort** +7; **Ref** +4; **Will** +8

**DR** 10/silver

**Speed** 40 ft.

**Melee** 2 claws +8 (1d6+6 plus grab), bite +8 (1d6+6 plus curse of lycanthropy)

**Str** 23, **Dex** 14, **Con** 21, **Int** 10, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 10

**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +10 (+14 grapple); **CMD** 22 (26 vs. trip)

**Feats** Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Light Armor Proficiency<sup>B</sup>, Run, Shield Proficiency

**Skills** Craft (alchemy) +6, Heal +9, Knowledge (local) +6, Knowledge (nature) +6, Knowledge (religion) +6, Profession (herbalist) +9, Spellcraft +6

**Languages** Ulnat; lycanthropic empathy (bears and dire bears)

**SQ** change shape (human, hybrid, and wolf; *polymorph*), summon familiar

Unless the PCs have waited until the Autumnal Equinox to assault the temple, the most of the Children of Althunak will be off hunting or engaged in some other activity far from the temple. If the PCs are particularly powerful, increase the number of Children of Althunak to make any attack on the temple more challenging. Bands of hunters wander into the area frequently, often stopping at the temple for a few days of worship and fellowship. The hunters are in their home territories and are making no attempts to stay hidden or cover their tracks near the temple, especially as game in that area has been depleted or driven off.

If the PCs are approaching the temple, they can be spotted from a distance of twenty miles on a clear day, due to the lack of cover on the tundra. Closer in, the dog's may be able to scent any approaching strangers, and will set up a raucous barking if alerted. This is especially true of the party, all of whom no doubt carry items and clothing whose smell is quite different from that of the locals.

**Tactics:** In the event of an attack, the Children of Althunak throw themselves at the intruders, attacking to kill and fighting to the death. Any foe that falls is dragged off to the sacristy for sacrifice, unless the body is obviously dead or cannot be safely retrieved. The high priest holds back, only fighting to defend the cella unless the battle is going poorly, at which point he will utter a guttural bellow and charge out in hybrid form and hope to turn the tide in the favor of the cult. The slaves will not enter the fight until the high priest has been defeated, at which point they will swarm over any wounded or solitary cultists, and then turn on the cultists families and dogs in an orgy of vengeance and bloodshed unless stopped by the PCs.

Once the defenders are defeated, the party must deal with the temple itself. To truly end its influence, the altar should be thrown down and broken into fragments — something the surviving slaves are more than happy to do. Inside the cella, there is a small fortune in items used by the cult for their dark worship. The altar cloth is made of white linen and gold thread, and is itself centuries old and worth 500 gp as an antiquity. Upon the altar are four silver and gold candlesticks of strange design, valued at 55 gp each. The sacred vestments worn by the cultists during rituals consist of Ulnat-made masks and musk ox-hide robes (50gp total). Additionally, there is a willow bark chest that contains fifteen pieces of gold and amber jewelry (necklaces, tiaras, and bracelets) of strange design similar to the ones Hallbjorn showed the party back in Halfstead, and worth a total of 15,000 gp.

# Concluding the Adventure

Destroying the Second Temple and slaying the High Priest of the Coming Winter will break the Children of Althunak, allowing the surviving Ulnat to finish them off (if the GM so desires, the hunting down of the remaining cultists can be played out). Each liberated village lends more freed slaves as well as those willing to switch sides as the wind blows (a warm wind from the south, perhaps). The season is likely getting far towards the short arctic autumn, and this should spur the party towards setting sail and heading back to Halfstead. When they do so, they leave with the good will and blessings of the Ulnat, as well as an ample reward. Jarvi, representing a grateful people, gifts them with ivory and amber worth 1,000 gp, a stack of hides which should fetch 300 gp in Halfstead, and any of the jewelry taken from the Second Temple (provided that they promise to melt it down and thus ruin its perfidious design). Furthermore, he has a secret hoard of trade goods he has accumulated in the hopes that some Northlanders would one day come to his village. The hoard consists of a few coins of mixed denominations (15 gp in value) and a staff made of petrified wood carved with images of reindeer and mammoths (a *staff of the woodlands*). Additionally, the PCs are welcome in the Far North anytime, and the Ulnat hope they will return in the spring to trade. The journey home will be as swift and safe as the fates, and the GM, allows.

The adventure may not be over, however, but just beginning. The Children of Althunak have been defeated but not the god himself, and he will continue to plot and scheme from his icy temple beyond the Wailing Mountains. The PCs may be visited with foul weather, sudden and mysterious freezings, or even be stalked by creatures of ice and cold. Althunak will be somewhat stymied in his quest for revenge, for he does not wish to tip off the other gods as to his

continued existence. The Far North itself can be used for ongoing adventures, as no doubt there are many dangers and treasures beneath the vast tundra and frozen seas of ice. There is also a fortune to be made from the seals and walrus that throng the shores of Ulnataland every summer.

When the PCs return to Halfstead, the Widow Olafson is expecting some sort of payment for the use of her boat from the venture's profits. Although the original arrangement was with Hallbjorn, the party should, if they have any honor at all, continue to recognize the deal including the portions owed to the widows of Hallbjorn and any crewmembers lost. After receiving her shares from the spoils, the widow makes them the following offer.

Halbjorn spoke highly of you before he left on his ill-fated journey, and I am inclined to trust the word of a man so rich in mind's worth. My sons will not have need of the *Long Serpent* for some time, and I have enough wealth from my husband and from this voyage to have a new ship built for them when the time comes. It would be a shame for such a noble sea steed to sit on the beach and rot away, its dragonhead silent and name forgotten. If you are men (and women) who can bring glory and honor to it, and thus to my sons, my husband's brave memory, and myself, I will gift it to you. All I ask is that in five years when my eldest boy is ready to begin to learn the trades of the sea, that you take him with you and teach him well. May Donar and Wotan see over you, and find for you many brave adventures and great deeds to be done.

Finally, there is the issue of Althunak and his Temple of Ice and Stone. Alas, that is a story for another day, to be continued in the **Frog God Games** adventure *Beyond the Wailing Mountains*.



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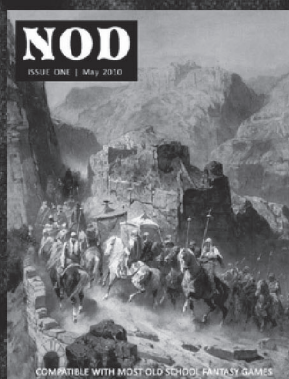


*But every night I go abroad, Afar into the land of ...*

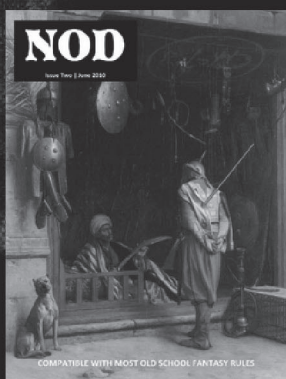
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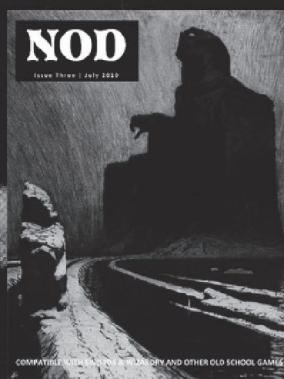
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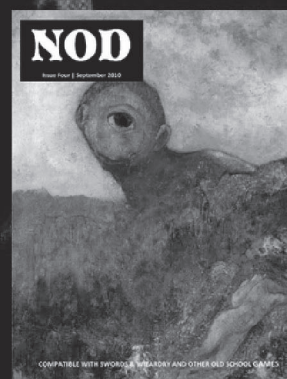
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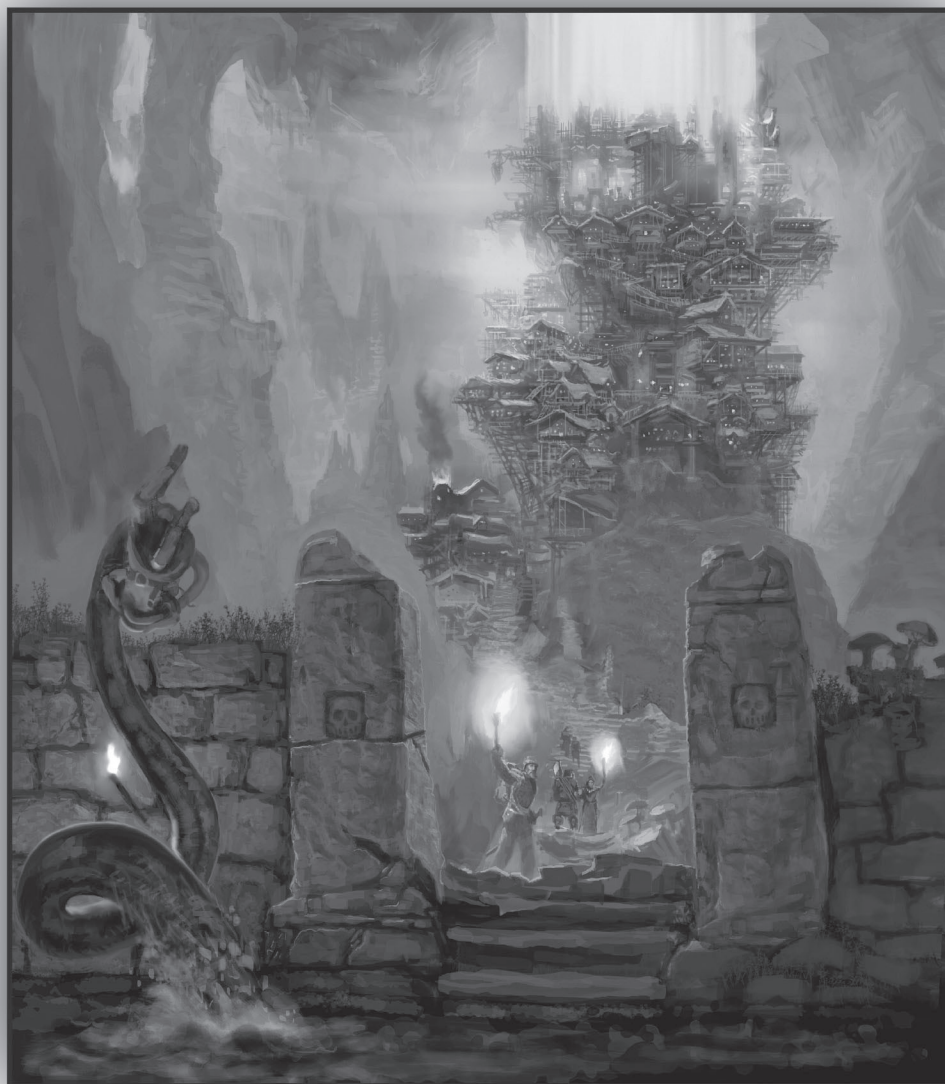


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