

Citadel of Pain

Louis Agresta • Rone Barton



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LOUIS AGRESTA • RONE BARTON



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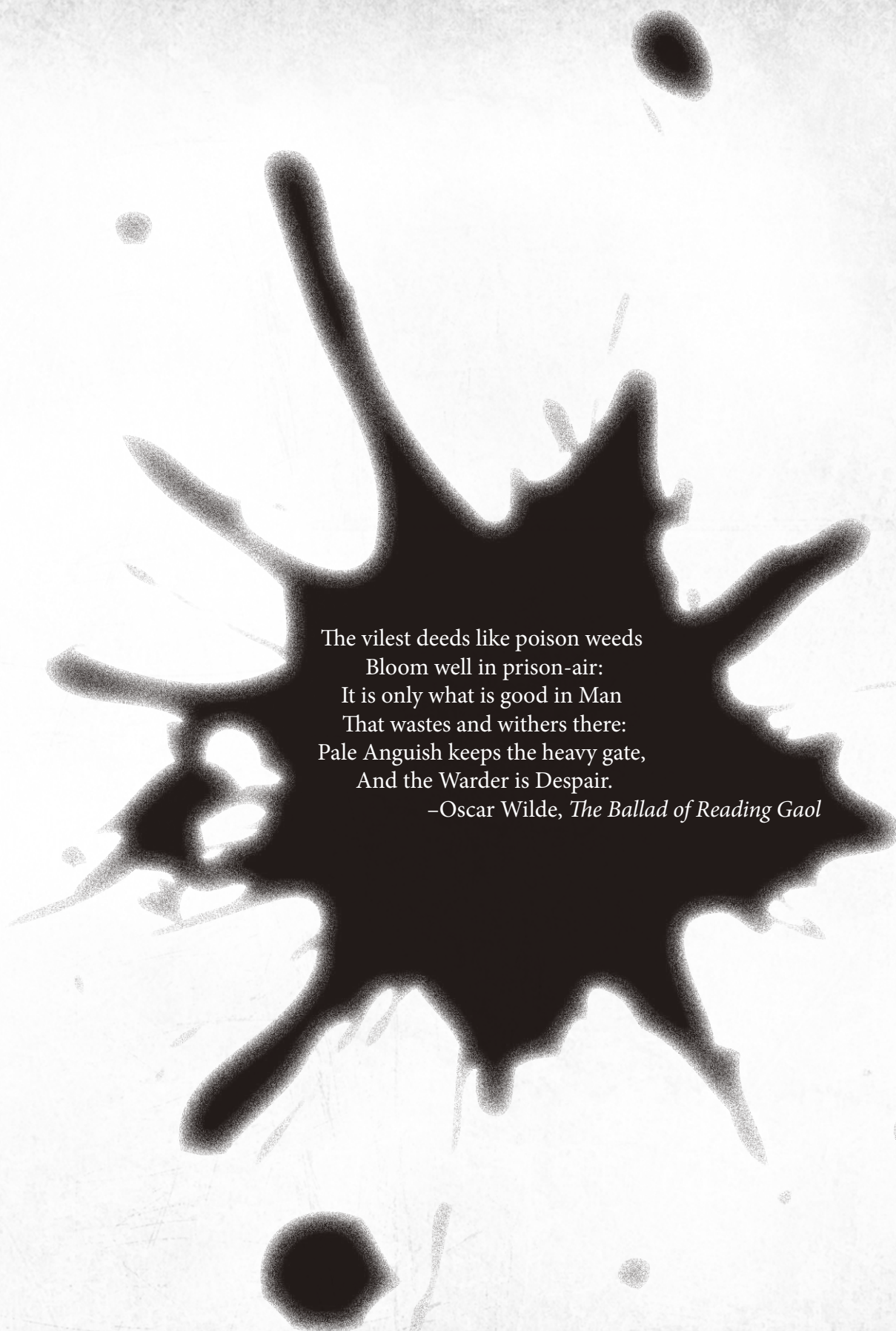
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The vilest deeds like poison weeds
Bloom well in prison-air:
It is only what is good in Man
That wastes and withers there:
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the Warder is Despair.

—Oscar Wilde, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*

Citadel of Pain

A GAMING PAPER ADVENTURE FOR PLAYER CHARACTERS OF 7TH LEVEL

Trapped in the abandoned Citadel of a demented baronet, alongside monsters imprisoned when the fortress fell, the adventurers must locate an alchemi-mechanical torture device called the Eureka Rib. The monsters believe the Rib holds the power to free them all, and they turn the Citadel into an abattoir to claim it.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Decades ago the Baronet Vilseph Dumond occupied Rogthandor, a massive and crumbling fortress thrusting from the plains near the Duchy of Kerthos. History would rename this bastion the Citadel of Pain, for it was within Rogthandor that Baronet Dumond—a tireless wizard, alchemist, and inventor—imprisoned his citizens. Within months, the mad baronet depopulated his lands, using his captive people as test subjects for his experiments.

A few fortunate escapees whispered through broken teeth and split jaws of devices that demonically warped the bodies and minds of the tortured. They spoke of soldiers transformed into potent battle-machines by the final masterpiece of the baronet's researches. He set the failed experiments against each other in an arena—warped and twisted creatures battling for his amusement.

No sooner had the baronet stripped the humans and allied races from his lands than their sworn enemies, the monster races, filled the vacuum. Eventually the Duke of Kerthos could ignore the problem of Rogthandor no longer. When his army arrived to reclaim the territory and storm the Citadel of Pain, the monster races took shelter inside the fortress. The ensuing siege triggered an experimental alchemical defense: sheets of liquid stone, immune to many spells, poured like oil from the fluted chimney-tower of Rogthandor and sealed all inside.

Mere decades later, the allied races have repopulated the baronet's former lands. Memories linger, though, and few dare build near the Citadel of Pain. Today unbroken ivy skeins every wall of the once-mighty bastion; if any within yet survive, nothing on the outside demonstrates their intention to return.

WHAT THE BARONET BUILT

Hrorribbble! Aheee! They knocksth outsth all me teeths withs a sthpik! Tied up and spitht through withsss iron sthpikes, I wasth. On the masthines, thrashing. Blood thrpraying. And the sthcreaming! Oh I can thtill hears the sthscreaming. Thso loud! How could anysthing be thso loud? Whereths it comin' from I thoughtsth? Where? Then I realisthed—me! It waths me sthcreaming!

Within Rogthandor the baronet pursued his lifelong ambition to construct the ultimate torture device. Dumond believed enough pain, properly applied, would drive the sentience from a sufferer. Once separated from the victim, he distilled the sundered sentience, transforming it from its semi-incorporeal state into a viable liquid. When Vilseph Dumond finally succeeded, the end result was more than just an implement of agony or interrogation. His creation, the *Eureka*

Rib, injected liquefied sentience into his body. Dumond believed that by assimilating an excess of liquid sentience he would transcend physical limitations and raise himself to godhood.

What Vilseph's masterpiece of anguish achieved—if anything—is lost to history, and none have seen Dumond or his device since the alchemical defenses sealed the Citadel. But the monster tribes living within Rogthandor believe Dumond's creation shall free them all by transforming mortals into gods. Somewhere within the notorious Citadel of Pain, they believe, the *Eureka Rib* awaits discovery.

WHAT REMAINS INSIDE THE CITADEL

Me? Worried about busting into Rogthandor? Nah. Why? Won't be nothing inside but ruins, corpses, and gold. All them monsters will've eaten each other or just starved. They're carnivores, right? All that goo covering the fortress means inside there's been no food except each other for decades.

Sealed within the Citadel the monster races survive, cohabitating in uneasy peace and participating in a strange but thriving economy. The races trade at the Bazaar located within a defunct gladiatorial arena, overseen by malformed creatures called the Deviceless.

The Deviceless collect the alchemi-magical runoff of the Citadel's torture devices in a massive cistern that dominates the former arena. Manipulating crude, foot-powered centrifuges and other imperfect techniques, they separate this potent slurry into usable, albeit weakened and semi-stable, potions. The Deviceless test the results on themselves—growing deformed in the process—and trade the final product in the Bazaar. These unpredictable demipotions serve as currency inside Rogthandor.

THE CITADEL'S SECRETS

The White Witch whispers to us. Place your soft ear against Her cold stone and listen. Just listen. Her words will come. She tells us of the Rib. She tells us of Her god. She whispers find one, find the other. She promises to set us free. Have you come to Embrace Her pillar? Have you come to be set free?

Although rumor has it the baronet perished inside Rogthandor decades ago, his creations remain. In addition to the lost *Eureka Rib*, the fortress holds four minor artifacts dubbed the *altars of affliction*: imperfect prototypes crafted in pursuit of the baronet's mad ambition. Each of the four dominant monster clans holds an *altar* at the heart of its territory. Most clans worship their *altars* as deities, torturing their own within them to produce elite cadres of transmogrified defenders, while praising the beneficence of their "god" above the others.

The *altars* hold secrets:

THE ALTARS LIVE

Only the monster clans' priests and leaders know the *altars* are semi-sentient, likely insane. Some among the leadership suspect their *altar's* specific rites and dogma stem from its fragmented attempt to influence the particular monster clan clustered about it.

THE ALTARS HAVE AN AGENDA

For their own reasons, the *altars* seek their missing maker. They see locating the *Eureka Rib* as the next step in finding Dumond.

THE ALTARS FEED THE CISTERN

Only the Deviceless understand that each *altar* somehow sends the effulgence from its tortured victims down to the Deviceless' cistern whether or not the torture successfully created an elite of its kind.

WHEN THE PCS ARRIVE

The Deviceless have a problem: their cistern of alchemi-magical sentience is drying up, threatening their wealth (if fecal fungi, dried lizard, and lichen moonshine can be considered "wealth"). In order to refill the lowering levels of sentience, the Deviceless plan to provoke an arms race, galvanizing the tribes into producing more of their elite cadres through torture on their respective *altars*, but without triggering a war. With this in mind, the Deviceless attempt to turn the adventurers' arrival to their benefit.

ADVENTURE SYNOPSIS

Twith Ballancastor—leading alchemical practitioner of his day, dilettante adventurer, and secret admirer of Vilseph Dumond—plans to penetrate Rogthandor riding a drilling machine of his own devising. Promising to share the treasures locked within, Twith garnered support from the reigning Duke of Kerthos, Lord Ninius Lonn, and the adventure turns on the PCs joining this expedition. A variety of hooks help GMs jumpstart play.

Having joined Ballancastor's expedition through whatever means the GM determines, the PCs follow his drilling machine as it successfully penetrates the outer layer of stone shell sealing the Citadel of Pain. Ballancastor's victory proves short-lived. Even as this expedition enters, they trigger Rogthandor's defenses anew and liquid stone sloughs down in their wake. Amidst dripping gouts of alchemical sealant, Ballancastor's vehicle abruptly runs amok. The PCs must save as many of the expedition's supplies as possible, and their efforts determine how well provisioned they are now that they, too, are sealed inside.

Following the initial failure of Twith's expedition, the party finds itself in the Hall of Bones. The Hall stands adjacent to the upper levels of the arena where Vilseph Dumond once pitted the mutated failures of his experiments against one another. Today it houses the bustling Bazaar of the Deviceless. Merchant's cries, the sizzle of frying food, and the hum of commerce draw the PCs to investigate.

The Bazaar provides informational encounters, helping the party understand life within the Citadel. They see the Deviceless selling demipotions and may notice them hauling the slurry of extracted sentience in and out of a massive cistern. Depending on how many edible provisions they were able to salvage after the wreck of drilling machine, the party soon identifies alternative food sources available for purchase in the Bazaar, such as fungi-hash and roast cave lizard. The PCs also learn the majority of customers trading in the Bazaar belong to one of four races: ogres, minotaurs, troglodytes, or bugbears. Aging human warriors—Dumond's original militia, complicit in his crimes and abandoned when their master fled Rogthandor—work for the Deviceless and keep the peace. Finally, the adventurers observe that tensions between the four races and the human guards run high.

Before long, a troglodyte gang picks a fight with the PCs. This encounter may win them allies important later in the adventure, or it may land them in prison. Either way, it brings them to the attention of the Deviceless who own the Bazaar.

The leaders of the Deviceless reveal they were once human (junior alchemists and technicians who worked under Dumond) and

HOOKS

THE EFFICIENT DUKE

The current Duke of Kerthos, Lord Ninius Lonn, wishes to move into Rogthandor rather than spend gold to construct a new fortress. Provided it really is safe, he is certain that with a little effort toward public relations and a thorough scrub, the place will be as good as new. Lord Lonn hires the party to destroy anything and anyone dangerous within the Citadel, clearing it out entirely. The Duke especially wants this legendary device called the Eureka Rib smashed beyond use, and asks the PCs to return with proof of its destruction. Lonn inserts the party within Ballancastor's expedition and cautions them not to reveal their mission, as Ballancastor wants all alchemical devices he uncovers—dangerous or not—to remain in one piece for study. The Duke offers 5,000 gp and half the spoils of Rogthandor in compensation.

HIRED BY THE GUILD

Twith Ballancastor is a loose cannon, and the Alchemist's Guild wants him brought to heel. Given his protection by Duke Ninius Lonn, the Guild cannot stop Ballancastor's unauthorized expedition into Rogthandor. Instead, they hire the party to pose as mercenaries. After entering Rogthandor, the Guild wants the party to declare themselves emissaries of the Guild, seize all alchemical devices, and declare the Citadel to be Guild property. They offer 2,500 gp each and all Rogthandor's nonalchemical treasure as payment.

ON A MISSION OF MERCY

The tortured apparition of a once comely teen noblewoman appears to the party in a communal dream. Somehow, the PCs know she is Allirae Lonn. In the vision, her ectoplasmic flesh distorts in sudden surging crunches, twists her body into brutal knots, and tears cacophonous screams from her distended, toothless mouth. From broken lips, the ghost implores the party to come to Rogthandor and destroy the Eureka Rib, a diabolical machine she warns is capable of transforming men into gods. After answering a few questions, the apparition shudders, stares off into an unseen distance, and vanishes, whispering, "My eyes. Yes, it comes to me. Ripped from tortured beast, the hardened shell spins and fools dance. Wet the blood of those who walk between, unexpected the reward. Yes, yes I see it. They walk toward power unknowing. Hurry—the window closes!"

proposition the PCs: if the party helps them find a device called the *Eureka Rib*, they can all escape together, leaving the monsters behind. They continue to lie to the PCs, telling them one of the *altars of affliction* controlled by a monster clan is the *Rib*, but they are unsure which one. They propose the PCs visit each tribe in order to discover who controls the real *Eureka Rib*. For easy access to the tribes' rulers, they propose a deception: the PCs will pose as bodyguards, joining a Deviceless ambassador on a "peace mission" to soothe tensions. The Deviceless insist the peace mission is sincere, while in truth they care only about the shrinking levels in their cistern. The Deviceless do not expect the PCs to find the legendary *Eureka Rib*. They offer it as a lure to entice the party's compliance. Their ambassador actually seeks to spread fear, incite an arms race, and pit the PCs against the monster races—anything to motivate the tribes to transmogrify more elites with their *altars of affliction*.

In the event the party took on the entire Bazaar and won, the crafty Deviceless leader couches this proposal as an attempt to swap his life for knowledge of the *Eureka Rib*. If the party decided to take on the entire Bazaar and lost, they hear the Deviceless' proposition while imprisoned.

Whether on a mission for the Deviceless or exploring on their own, the PCs encounter the *altar*-transmogrified, ruling elites of the four monster tribes on the dungeon's upper floor. The party also enters the Slog, the lower floor where the un-transmogrified "normal" monsters live their oppressed and dismal lives. Fighting, sneaking, or intriguing their way to the heart of each upper territory, the PCs are presented with an accumulation of clues to reinforce the notion that the *Eureka Rib* is their ticket out of the Citadel. The strongest clues, found near each territory's *altar of affliction*, point to the *Rib's* location. Each *altar* also tempts the party to use it, offering transmogrification and power in return for pain and unexpected side effects.

The clues eventually convince the PCs they know the location of the *Eureka Rib*. It lies in natural caverns beneath and adjacent to the lower Bazaar. No one enters these caves because local legend maintains they imprison the aberrant castoffs of Dumond's earliest experiments—transmogrification rejects onto whom the Deviceless have been dumping the unusable byproduct of their alchemy for decades.

In dark and cramped caverns, the PCs discover that decades of alchemical byproduct have fused these aberrations of Dumond's work, warping them into a single, ever-hungry, many-mawed gelatinous entity. Eventually they reach the room they believe holds the *Eureka Rib*. Instead, they discover the condenser—the device which converts vaporized sentience to liquid and pumps it to the *Eureka Rib*—a diagram detailing the location of Dumond's hidden study, and a lever for raising the *Rib* from its secret location. All along, and unbeknownst to anyone until the final battle, the Deviceless have sheltered the ultimate *altar of affliction*, for the *Rib* lies at the bottom of the very cistern they seek to refill. Finally, the party must survive the Undying Engineer, the *Eureka Rib's* undead guardian, to use this knowledge.

The PCs emerge from the caverns onto a battlefield raging across the upper floors. Rumors they found the *Eureka Rib* have triggered a war, and the party's past interactions with the clans determine who sides with whom. The adventurers must fight their way through the conflict to reach and operate the *Eureka Rib*.

Within the cistern, the PCs uncover a sarcophagus pincered by curved copper-plated ribs, poised to drown or transmogrify those daring enough to risk all in order to escape the Citadel of Pain.

SPECIAL CONSIDERATIONS

FOOD IS LIKE GOLD

Trapped inside Rogthandor for decades, why have the monster tribes not starved? The answer is two-fold: fungi and slilches. Using culinary innovations like mushroom soup, lichen vodka, and fungalnaise—a mayonnaise-like substance made from scum coating the caps of rotting mushrooms—the monsters have proven inventive and adaptable. To ensure that Rogthandor's inhabitants would survive if closed off from the world, Dumond created the slilch: an ebon-skinned creature not unlike a rat crossed with a lizard crossed with something alien and grossly inedible. The protein-packed, sightless slilch grows to 10 inches in body length with mats of long, stringy hair. It constantly excretes gummy mucus and skitters quickly on clawed feet along walls throughout the Citadel, making the place appear darker than it is. Slilches taste best de-haired, fried on a stick, and slathered in fungalnaise. Some prefer to

add slilch slime into soups and stews for a tangy variation. Everywhere the PCs turn they find slilches—skewered and grilled in the Bazaar or simply lurking on damp rock shelves, staring white-eyed at the party, dripping.

In Rogthandor, casting *create food and water* makes for a lucrative endeavor. No one in the Citadel has eaten surface food in decades. If the PCs munch bread in the Bazaar or offer cheese to a starving child, they might as well be flashing platinum bars in a land of copper bits.

The food situation provides ample opportunity for fun and flavor. Here is one idea: should the PCs prove too brazen with their newfound food wealth—casting *create food and water* in the middle of the Bazaar of the Deviceless for example—consider an ill-planned attempt by thugs to kidnap the party's cleric and turn him or her into a food-making slave.

DEMIPOTIONS AND THEIR EFFECTS

The Deviceless haul out the alchemi-magical runoff from their cistern, divide it among themselves according to the obscure rules of their guild, then refine it into demipotions. A demipotion resembles a normal potion, but it delivers an attenuated version of a normal potion's effects along with unpredictable side effects.

The Deviceless' poorly crafted liquids serve as currency among the Citadel's denizens. Consequently, adventurers encounter demipotions throughout the Citadel of Pain in a variety of ways: being traded or sold in the Bazaar, found among the treasures of their foes, or offered as payment for services rendered.

Frequently labeled with their beneficial effect—not always accurately—the name of the crafter, and sometimes the crafter's rank, each demipotion falls into one of three grades: apprentice, master, or grandmaster blends. Depending on the grade, drinking a demipotion delivers both the potion's primary benefit (at a fraction of its fixed numeric and variable effects) and a random side effect. Apprentice demipotions deliver their primary effect at 25%, often attended by the more negative side effects. Master demipotions work at 50% effectiveness and grandmaster demipotions at 75%. Gold piece value follows grade: value apprentice demipotions at 25% of the gp price for a normal potion of that type, 50% for master, and 75% of gp value for grandmaster.

Example: A demipotion of sleep (*master*) might enable the imbiber to cast sleep as if using a scroll, but only convey a 5-foot burst lasting 30 seconds per level and bringing slumber to only 2 HD of creatures. All its numeric values are halved, and the GM rolls for side effects.

After any creature drinks a demipotion, roll on the appropriate side effects table below to determine what else afflicts the imbiber. Side effects last for the duration of the potion. In the case of instantaneous effects, side effects last for CL × d6 rounds:

APPRENTICE GRADE (D20)

1. User shrieks constantly and as loudly as possible until the potion wears off.
2. Until the end of the next round, imbiber's fingers extend into long, spindly claws capable of delivering an offhand attack (1d8×3). On the following round, the claws lose their sharpness (no longer serving as weapons) and the user takes a –1 miscellaneous penalty to melee and unarmed attacks for 3 more rounds.
3. As if connected by magnets, the user's knees draw toward one another and hold firm for 5 rounds. While in this awkward stance, foes with a Strength score less than 35 cannot move the user from

his square or knock him prone, even by a bull rush or similar tactic. User's speed reduces to a waddling 1/4 of normal movement for the duration, regardless of any contravening speed enhancing spells, feats, or other effects.

4. User grows elephantine ears that hear conversations up to 200 feet away for the next 5 rounds. However, sounds within 30 feet that are louder than normal speech cause intense pain. Apply the deafened condition as long as the nearby sound persists.
5. User's four canine teeth extend into fangs for 1 round, granting a natural bite attack (1d6/x2). At the beginning of the following round the teeth fall out. Apply a -2 to all Charisma-based skill checks until the potion wears off, at which point new teeth magically replace the fangs.
6. Imbiber's face snaps into a hideous, leering expression, and he becomes obsessed with romancing the gender to which he is normally attracted. For the duration of the potion, imbiber attempts to woo any and all gender-appropriate targets that do not attack him.
7. User sprouts a third eye on the sole of one foot. The user can now see with his boots off, but the pain from walking on this eye reduces movement to 1/2 the normal rate.
8. User becomes addicted to slilch meat—preferring it to the exclusion of any other foods—and, on a failed DC 10 Will save, abruptly drops all other activities when spotting it. Every week, the save DC increases by +2, to a max DC 20. Failing the save on any three consecutive rolls compels the PC to search out and eat slilch to the detriment of all other endeavors, including combat. The character does not receive another Will save until they satiate their slilch craving.
9. User develops the irresistible urge for nudity and immediately removes all clothing and/or armor (even while battling armed foes) for 5 rounds.
10. All of the user's hair grows at an accelerated rate. For every 5 rounds of hair growth, reduce movement by 5 feet. The effect lasts 20 rounds. One hour after the 20th round, all the character's hair falls out, leaving them entirely depilated.
11. User's nose inverts and sinks into his head. This pushes against the brain, reduces Intelligence by -2, and eliminates the sense of smell. Healing spells of cure critical strength or higher reverse the effect. Remove curse also reverses the effect.
12. User's torso spins 180 degrees, reducing movement to 1/4 normal and granting a -2 to all attacks, combat maneuver checks, Dexterity-based skill checks, and Dexterity-based saves.
13. User's lips seal shut, his cheeks inflate like balloons, and he floats to the ceiling for 3 rounds, unable to talk or cast spells with a verbal component.
14. User polymorphs into an id ooze for two rounds as per the spell polymorph in all other respects. See the "gray ooze" entry in the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary for details on the id ooze.
15. For the next half hour, the imbiber grows uncontrollably irritated and snarls at everyone. Afflicted characters comply with requests to which they would normally accede, but do so with ill grace and insults.
16. User's lips swell so horrifically large they block the character's nasal passages and eyes. The user still breathes through the mouth, but acquires the blinded condition. Add +2 to Swim checks for buoyancy.
17. For 3 rounds, the user's limbs shrink to the length of 1 foot and his neck to 1 inch, garnering a -2 on all attacks, combat maneuvers,

Dexterity-based skill checks, and Perception checks. Character is unable to hold weapons larger than size Small.

18. User's body disappears in a flash, but his head remains. The falling head takes 1d4 damage if it lands on stone, 1d2 if it lands on wood, and no damage if it lands on soil or a softer material. The detached head remains fully functional, maintains the ability to cast spells with only verbal components, and is in no way distressed or inconvenienced by its lack of lungs, organs, extremities, etc. At the end of 2 rounds the character's body reappears and functions normally, but the character starts the round prone.
19. User smells like dung set ablaze for a full 24 hours, granting a +2 bonus to Intimidate checks made during that time. User makes all other Charisma-based skill checks at -6. Anyone attempting to locate the user by scent receives a +4 circumstance bonus to do so.
20. User thinks the next new face he sees is that of his mother and will refuse to attack or let harm come to "her" unless "she" attacks him. In all other respects, proceed as if the stranger had successfully charmed the user. This effect lasts 5 rounds.

MASTER GRADE (D20)

1. The bottom half of the user (beltline and below) becomes invisible for 3 hours as per the spell.
2. User can detect magic for 10 rounds, but takes 1 hp of damage for every round of flesh-to-flesh contact with any magic item, including her own.
3. For the next 10 rounds, the user sings rather than speaks. Bards add +2 to all variable effects derived from singing.
4. User's eyes loosen in their sockets. As a move action, user may dislodge her eyes and dangle them from the optic nerve 6 inches below the chin. Grabbing the eyes and shoving them around cover or over the edge of an obstruction grants user line of sight while retaining full cover. Anyone witnessing such an act must make a DC 15 Will save or acquire the sickened condition for 3 rounds.
5. User's stomach gurgles uncontrollably for 1 day, issuing discernibly violent, guttural threats in Common. Add +4 to Intimidate checks and -2 to all other Charisma-based skill checks.
6. Regardless of gender, the user gives live birth to a slilch. The slilch loyally defends its new parent with its life. Despite having no attack of which to speak, it makes a fine pet.
7. For 3 rounds, user and user's possessions shrivel to stick thinness, adding a +2 size bonus to Armor Class.
8. For 3 rounds, user's merest touch freezes up to 5 cubic feet of liquid.
9. For 3 rounds, user's merest touch sets fire to wooden objects as if with a torch.
10. Spider legs replace user's arms and legs. For 3 rounds the user is able to spider climb but may not hold objects.
11. User transforms into a big, immobile ball of tangled flesh with a face, acquires DR 25/piercing or slashing, and receives SR 15. User may still cast spells requiring only a verbal component. Any character may use a full action to roll the flesh ball onto its face, muffling the voice and preventing spell casting. The effect lasts 4 rounds.
12. User's torso polymorphs into a fully extended folding fan. Movement drops to 10 feet; however, repeatedly bowing at the waist creates a gust of wind (CL 10). The effect lasts 3 rounds, after which the user reverts to normal.
13. User's teeth grow so white that her smile adds +2 to Diplomacy checks; however, during potion's duration the user cannot speak a lie.

14. For 1 hour, the user is compelled to sniff everyone she meets, lowering all Charisma-based skill checks by -2. User acquires the scent ability.
15. For 1 hour, user changes gender and gains +2 Charisma.
16. User's presence causes live slilches to flee and dead slilches to twitch.
17. User falls asleep for 10 minutes and projects a dream image of herself into the real world. The user's slumbering body falls prone, but the image may act in her stead until the effect wears off. A dream image cannot be injured or dispelled. It is limited to moving, seeing, hearing, and speaking. A dream image cannot cast spells. Material boundaries, including the walls of Rogthandor, do not impede a dream image.
18. User smells like delicious, freshly baked bread for 1 hour. This grants a +2 bonus to Charisma-based skill checks. However, if the user falls below zero hit points, opponents do not leave her alone. Instead they try to eat her unconscious body.
19. User gains a limited wish, but that wish can only be used to benefit an enemy. It cannot be used to leave Rogthandor.
20. A raincloud appears over the user, dowses her in icy cold water, and permanently cleanses her of any curses. User develops a cold and the sickened condition for 1 day.

GRANDMASTER GRADE (D20)

1. User loses the need to sleep for 3 months. Spellcasters must still rest the requisite time to recover spells.
2. User's body is covered in steel nipples. Add a +3 natural armor bonus to AC.
3. User loses the urge to eat or drink for 1 full month with no ill effects.
4. User can talk to Rogthandor itself and ask the Citadel 1 question. Rogthandor answers any question not involving the Eureka Rib.
5. User suddenly reads and speaks 1 new language of the GM's choice for 1 month.
6. User vibrates with such intensity a mirror image appears for 1 hour. The image will not dispel, even if struck by a foe.
7. User gains 2 points of Strength for 24 hours and develops blood-red skin.
8. User gains 2 points of Dexterity for 24 hours and develops forest green skin.
9. User gains 2 points of Intelligence for 24 hours and develops turquoise blue skin.
10. User gains 2 points of Wisdom for 24 hours and develops bright yellow skin.
11. User gains 2 points of Constitution for 24 hours and develops pitch black skin.
12. User gains 2 points of Charisma for 24 hours and develops light-glittering skin.
13. For 1 hour, the user's soles excrete slime. As long as both feet remain bare and in contact with the ground, at will the user may slide across the ground like a fast snail, speed 40 feet.
14. User hiccups out 2 ghostly buffalo that silently charge around him and absorb 25 hp of damage as if from stoneskin before dissipating.
15. For 1 hour, user gains +40 to Jump checks, but only for high jumps.
16. User's hands excrete bubbling green acid for 5 rounds. The acid does not harm his person or possessions, but user's melee weapons spray

the acid as he fights, inflicting an additional 1d4 acid damage per attack.

17. User sprouts twinkling purple minotaur horns, granting a natural attack. Gore + (Base Attack + Str modifier), 1d6+Str/×2
18. User's skin becomes like that of a chameleon, improving Stealth. Treat lightly armored characters as wearing a cloak of elvenkind, but the ability is supernatural and not spell-like. Heavier armor negates the effect.
19. User's neck sprouts steely vampiric antennae. They drink blood from willing victims and restore lost hit points to the user at the rate of 1/round, max 10. For every 1 hp healed, the antennae deliver 1 hp of damage. Unwilling victims scare the antennae, which chatter in panic and retract into the user's shoulders. The effect lasts 1 hour.
20. User glows with golden light and automatically rolls a 20 on his next three attack rolls. Not used for confirming critical hits.

LOVE AND HATE IN ROGTHANDOR

Faced with the inexorable demands of survival and influenced by the *altars of affliction*, the monster tribes in the Citadel developed distinct cultures and adapted to each other's proximity. However, monsters will be monsters, and the peace of decades remains a fragile one punctuated with raids, murders, assassinations, and conflicts. The Deviceless maintain peace by offering a neutral ground on which to trade food and fresh water, and by threatening to withhold demipotions from any tribe grown too fractious. This strategy worked until now. As the adventurers progress through the **Citadel of Pain** their behavior influences the monster tribes' postures. When the rumor spreads that the adventurers located the *Eureka Rib*, war erupts. With at least seven factions in the mix, keeping tabs on everyone's stances could prove challenging to any GM. Use the following chart for assistance:

THE WAR TRACKER

Faction	Hate	Love
A. PCs		
B. Deviceless		
C. Ogres		
D. Bugbears		G
E. Minotaurs	C, F	
F. Troglydites	E	
G. The Slog	D, F	A, A

The factions are labeled A to G. The adventure text indicates when GMs should place a letter in another faction's Hate or Love column. The Deviceless, the ogres, and the PCs have no columns because they hold a special status clarified later in the adventure.

Example: The text might read, "If the PCs kill the minotaur king, place an A in the minotaur's Hate column." This indicates the minotaurs have an ongoing reason to hate the PCs.

The War Tracker also shows which tribes oppose the PCs during **The Battle for the Eureka Rib**.

INTERFACTION ACTIONS

Intermittently, the adventure suggests GMs consider unleashing an Interfaction Action. Interfaction Actions pit tribe against tribe, but

always occur with the PCs present. Interaction Actions are invitations to improvise encounters that GMs should feel free to accept or ignore. They do not stipulate which tribe takes the Interaction Action. Instead the Interaction Action asks the GM to consult the War Tracker.

Example Interaction Action: *A tribe sends assassins while the PCs talk to the minotaur king. Check the War Tracker. Consider sending a CR 6 assassin disguised as a minotaur from whichever tribe currently hates the minotaurs most.*

STARTING THE ADVENTURE

OUTSIDE ROGTHANDOR: BALLANCASTOR'S EXPEDITION

However the GM brings the PCs to Rogthandor, they join the Ballancastor expedition moments before its official launch. When they approach Rogthandor the day of the expedition, read or paraphrase the following:

The ancient fortress of Rogthandor juts ominously from the plains of Kerthos, squat and square, slathered in an uneven mudslide of exuded petrification like some colossal melting cake. A single broken chimney towers above the structure. From here magmatic stone once poured before freezing in timeless place.

Nearby, a crowd of nearly one hundred people gathers around a strange siege engine, the drill at its fore butted against the slagged-stone exterior of Rogthandor. A thin man in violet robes darts about the contraption, wrench in hand, fine-tuning its workings. Climbing above the fray, a banner-draped box built atop a dodgy wooden platform serves as a creaking nest for a noble, who shouts down and boisterously peppers everybody with handfuls of heather blossoms.

The air boils with celebratory excitement. Commoners cheer the soldiers assembled around the vehicle, although a few jeers float up from the back.

SETUP

Twith Ballancastor, celebrity alchemist, is on the scene by request of Lord Ninus Lonn, the current Kerthosian ruler. Twith makes final preparations and tunes his latest creation, an alchemically charged vehicle designed specifically for piercing the impossible hardness of Rogthandor's stony shell. Twith is a wunderkind dandy dressed in shirt and breeches of softest silk. Throughout the expedition's launch, Lord Lonn remains atop his timber platform witnessing from on high.

A score of guards in green and white uniforms stand near Twith and his two assistants, receiving last-minute instructions about the formation to keep while following Twith's vehicle.

ACTION

The crowd readily parts for PCs wishing to inspect Twith's drilling machine. When the party approaches the vehicle, read or paraphrase the following:

Twith's vehicle sports an enclosed pilot's cockpit, seating three. A massive drill tip, machined from the sharpest section of a bulette snout, fronts the cockpit. Nearby, two slaughtered displacer beasts sprawl across a butcher block. One of Twith's assistants drains clear liquid from their tentacles into a trough. From there, the musky substance gutters through a hose into the vehicle's tank. Another assistant signals for a test run, and the bulette snout spins to a blinding speed with a rising, whizzing, ear-numbing crescendo. Displacer beast fluid pumps through black iron tubes and sprays the whirling drill bit, lubricating it.

PCs attempting to speak with Twith receive polite brevity. He is bent on his coming task. Twith walks with a limp that he denies exists, and always carefully enunciates every spoken syllable, laboriously aping the nobility.

If asked about Vilseph Dumond, Twith betrays a touch of hero worship, "What an honor it is to sharpen steel against such a paragon of the arts alchemic!" Asked about the mechanics of his contraption, Twith assaults the PCs with a litany of scientific-sounding jargon. Twith relishes calling the alchemical stone sealing the Citadel *dumondite*.

If the PCs have not already found a way into Ballancastor's expedition, he asks them to join his venture and waves them to his sergeant at their first sign of acceptance. The sergeant sizes the PCs up, grunts, and points them into line directly behind Twith's machine.

Rumors Outside Rogthandor

Waiting for the expedition to start, PCs who canvas nearby commoners or fellow hirelings may learn any of the following about Rogthandor and its surroundings. All rumors have an element of truth to them. Roll or choose the rumors the PCs learn.

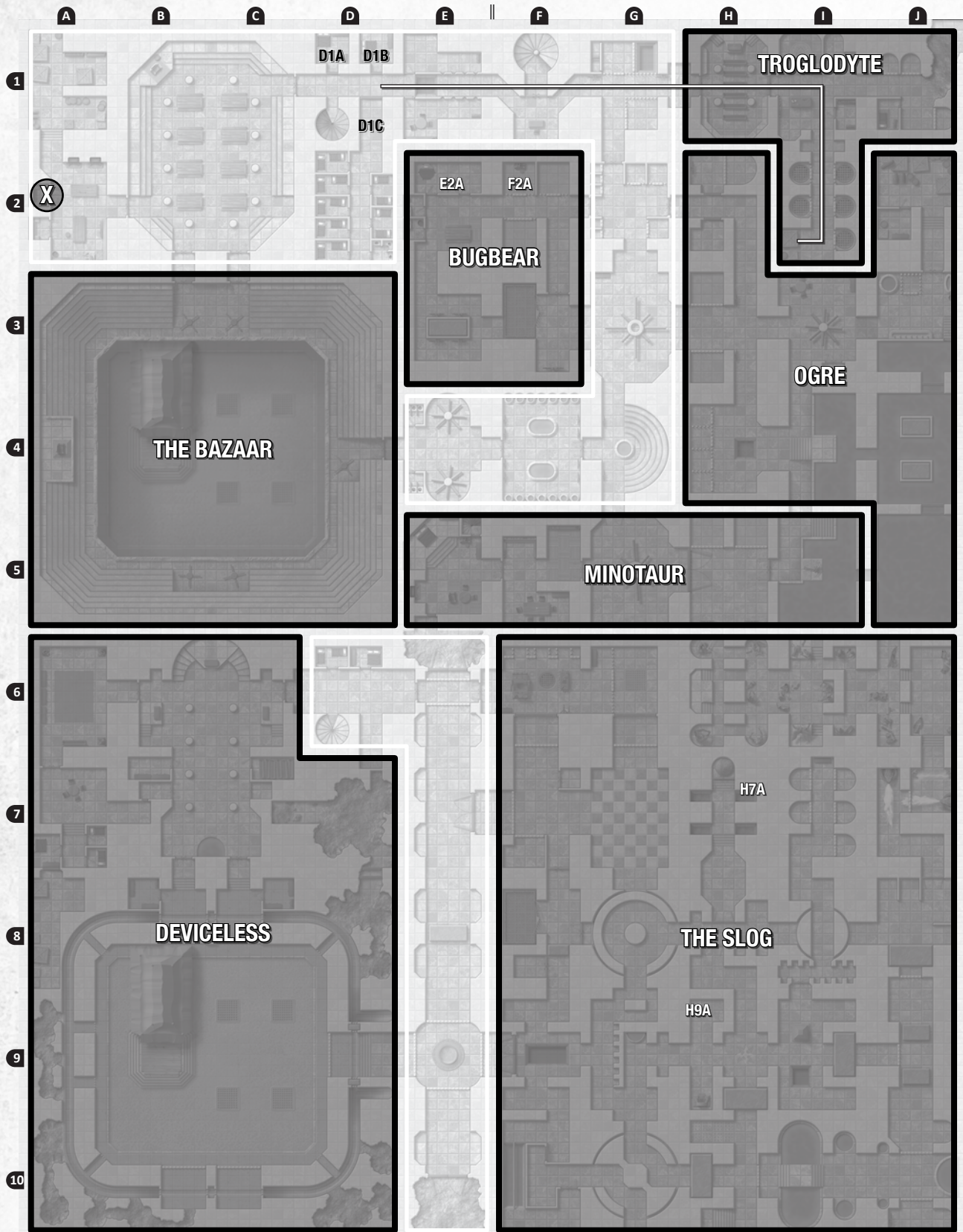
DC 10

1. "They say Lord Lonn hired the most powerful mages to open Rogthandor, but no spell pierces its shell!"
2. "Some of us are here just to watch this new alchemist fail. There's an expression in these parts for something that can't be done. You say, 'Just pop into Rogthandor and have a look, why don't you?'"
3. "When the baronet's spell did that," the man gestures at Rogthandor, "thirty years ago, it trapped monsters and Kerthosian infantry alike. Damned be they who crack the lid and breathe deep the powdered flesh trapped within that great stone coffin, that's what I say!"
4. "This is nothing but grave robbery, plain and simple!"
5. "Those walls are a hundred feet thick."

DC 15

1. The surrounding territories are conflicted about believing anyone will crack the cold shell of Rogthandor. Lots of these folk are official witnesses for the wagers of far-off noblemen and gambling dens.
2. "At age eleven, alchemical prodigy Twith Ballancastor became the greatest alchemist of our time."
3. Lonn commissioned many alchemists before Ballancastor, but none even scratched Dumond's protective shell.
4. Lonn wants Rogthandor emptied so his lands attract more tenants. The area around the Citadel is rich with untilled soil, yet most are too superstitious to move anywhere near the place.

THE CITADEL OF PAIN



DC 20

1. "I heard if you want to stay safe going into Rogthandor, stick close to Twith. Stands to reason he must have engineered things so he'd be safest."
2. Many spectators are giving the guards extra rations because a local witch had a premonition about this expedition eating vermin to stay alive.
3. "If you do make it in, you never know what you'll find or what will find you. It's said Lord Lonn once had a team try sapping Rogthandor from below. It failed, but they placed ear to stone and detected vibrations inside—terrible screeches, alien calls. Horrors innumerable!"

CONCLUSION

Once the PCs take their place in the expedition's ranks, commoners lavish the party with a week's supply of extravagant rations: chocolates, salted bacon, jam, fresh fruit, fine cheese, and the like. Unless they possess a handy haversack or similar magic, the PCs have no time to store these items before the expedition pushes forward.

ENTERING ROGTHANDOR, THE CITADEL OF PAIN (EL 5)

Shortly after the PCs join the expedition, the adventure begins. When ready, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

Twith starts his vehicle to the cheers of the flag-waving crowd, hops into the cockpit with his assistants, and seals the lid. Moments later, the sputtering contraption's metal-tracked wheels roll forward. Its spinning drill whines up to speed and connects with the alchemical stone blanketing Rogthandor. At first, the wall holds firm. The tip emits a high-pitched yowl with puffs of white smoke, but then a grinding, followed by a deep hum, rumbles from inside the vehicle. Its metal exterior frosts over, as if from a sudden arctic gale. With a loud pop and a spitted burst of pebbles, the drill inches into the rock. The crowd roars. Twith's vehicle digs in slowly, but soon the men march forward, cramped in their formation, shuffle-hopping one stuttered step at a time.

.....

Once the last man in line enters the tunnel drilled by Twith, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

The vehicle burrows faster, lengthening the path behind it. Then, audible over the roar of shattered rock and the screech of Twith's drill, one of the rear guards screams in agony. The shriek cuts off abruptly as a blob of liquid stone falls from the tunnel's ceiling and lands atop the doomed mercenary. The dripping stone solidifies the moment it comes into contact with his head, taking his hair and scalp with it. Behind the last man, daylight dims. The tunnel fills with regenerating stone and the sun winks out. Suddenly, only torches guide the way.

As the tunnel fills in behind, the guards panic, screaming for Twith's vehicle to go faster, tripping over one another to reach the machine in vain hope of safety.

A chunk of falling stone hits the top of the drill, but it maintains course and speed, chewing inward toward Rogthandor's interior. The air thickens with stone particulate, choking, smothering.

.....

DUMOND'S INDESTRUCTIBLE BARRIER

The solidified stone sealing Rogthandor is called *dumondite*, and the stolen sentence is the molecular glue granting *dumondite* remarkable cohesion and resistance. Trying to pierce the *dumondite* covering Rogthandor with spells like *dimension door*, *passwall*, *plane shift*, *stone shape*, *teleport*, or other modes of ethereal or astral travel fails as if encountering a *forbiddance*, only without alignment damage. Transmutation spells such as *transmute rock to mud* also fail. Strangely, the walls of Rogthandor do not block summoned creatures. Short of a full wish, Twith's corkscrewing contraption is the only way inside.

SETUP

The tunnel dug by Twith Ballancastor's drilling contraption is 15 feet wide and 25 feet long. While the machine itself is 5 feet wide and 10 feet square, its drill bit digs 5 feet deep into the wall ahead and crumbles the stone inward from 5 feet to its left and right.

There are seven safe positions in the tunnel. A PC occupying a safe position means no sloughing alchemical stone strikes her. The safe locations are: the two 5-foot squares along the left and right sides of the drilling machine; the single square directly behind the machine; and two 5-foot squares on top of the machine.

At this juncture only five guards survive, and the PCs must jockey with them for the safe positions behind, around, and atop Ballancastor's machine. Four of these guards panic, one remains helpful in the face of terror.

The helpful man is a young warrior named **Newt Cleaveheart** (CG male human fighter 3), who rides the rearmost spot on top of Ballancastor's machine.

See **Ballancastor Man-at-Arms** below for full statistics.

ACTION

It will take 1 round for Ballancastor's drill to penetrate the inner castle wall of Rogthandor. The first 5 feet of his machine behind the bit—as well as those standing to the left and right—enter the Citadel at the top of the second round. For now, the drilling machine moves at a speed of 10 feet, taking the remainder of the machine and anyone standing immediately behind it fully inside Rogthandor at the end of the third round.

Every round a PC is not in one of the squares immediately adjacent to the machine's body or riding atop it, a chunk of falling stone attacks them. The stone delivers damage on a successful combat maneuver check. If the stone succeeds by 5 or more, the struck PC must also make a DC 15 Acrobatics check or drop one random item carried in hand.

Falling Stone

CMB +15 melee (3d6)

CR 5

Every round, the panicked guards attempt to move to a safe position. If anyone blocks their path, the NPC attempts a combat maneuver to switch places with them. Add a +2 circumstance bonus for panic-induced strength if switching places with a PC will put a crazed NPC into a safe position adjacent to Ballancastor's machine.

Ballancastor Man-at-Arms

CR 2

Dressed in the green and white of Kerthos, this soldier bites down on anxiety, showing the world a proud resolve.



Male human fighter 3

XP 600

CG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; Senses Perception +1

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 16 (+4 armor, +2 shield, +1 Dex)

hp 31 (3d10+9)

Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +0

Defensive Abilities bravery +1

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee longsword +2 (1d8+2/19–20/x2) or

Melee light steel shield –3 (1d3+1/20/x2) or

Melee unarmed strike +5 (1d3+2/20/x2)

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +3; CMB +5; CMD 16 (17 vs. bull rush, 17 vs. grapple)

Feats Improved Shield Bash, Power Attack, Pushing Assault, Shield Focus, Weapon Focus (longsword)

Skills Acrobatics –1, Climb +5, Escape Artist –1, Fly –1, Intimidate +6, Perception +1, Ride +4, Sense Motive +0, Stealth –1, Swim +0

Languages Common

SQ armor training +1 (Ex)

Gear chain shirt, light steel shield, longsword, backpack (empty), bedroll, blanket, and 2 days' worth of rations

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Pushing Assault (Ex) If the man-at-arms is wielding a weapon with two hands, he can push the target back 5 ft. instead of dealing Power Attack damage.

At the beginning of the first round, Newt extends his hand to any PC

adjacent to the back of the drill, offering to pull them onto the machine. It requires a DC 18 Climb check to scramble up. On success, Newt moves to the front of the machine. Anyone who fails this Climb check must make a DC 15 Acrobatics check or fall prone. Anyone riding the back of Ballancaster's machine may attack those directly behind it.

At the top of the second round, if any NPCs still fight the PCs for position, read or paraphrase the following:

.....|

A panicking soldier brushes her hand against a wet spot on the tunnel wall and adheres there as it suddenly dries. She begs for help and another in her company swings a sword wildly, aiming to sever her wrist—it is already too late. An avalanche of liquid stone engulfs her from behind like horizontal quicksand. Her helper turns to run, but a stray dollop smacks the side his face, drops him to the ground, and cements his twitching form to the tunnel floor.

.....|

These are no longer guards accompanying the PCs—these are shrieking animals biting and clawing for a safer position in a small, dark, shrinking hole, which grows darker with each torch lost to the mounting swells of relentless rock. Only two NPCs remain to attempt displacing PCs from the safety of Ballancaster's machine.

DEVELOPMENT

PCs may attempt a combat maneuver to pull NPCs off the top of the drill. An NPC pulled from the top gets 1 round to reach a safe position adjacent to the drill. Should a dislodged NPC fail to regain a safe position during that round, narrate his sudden death beneath a chunk of liquid rock.

A2–B2: THROUGH THE KITCHEN

After 3 rounds, PCs following the drill enter Rogthandor proper. Read or paraphrase the following:

Twith's steely juggernaut punches through a wall and releases a rush of oddly fresh air. Abruptly faster as resistance vanishes, the vehicle drives through a kitchen full of pots, pans, tables, and stoves, and then hurtles onward through the far wall into another chamber before finally coming to rest, its embattled drill winding down to quiet.

A teenage troglodyte in a black leather cat suit stands in the kitchen, a huge metal tureen of reeking goulash quaking in her hands. She radiates genuine concern, "Scaly saints! Are you all alright?!"

SETUP

Dumond's liquid stone expands only to the point at which it forms a perfectly flat, level patch where the tunneled hole leads into the kitchen.

The kitchen extends north, becoming storage space filled with cooking implements, dishes, and utensils. Twith's vehicle entered Rogthandor just to the right of two larders filled with alchemically created spices, mushrooms, strange oils, and dried slilch meat.

ACTION

At the very top of the fourth round, regardless of initiative order, the liquid stone of Rogthandor swallows any NPCs who survive but do not occupy a safe spot adjacent to Ballancastor's vehicle. As they die, the troglodyte **Saskeeth** (NG female troglodyte commoner 1) runs to a soldier buried to his waist in the expanding stone and tries to pull him free. Her tureen falls to the stone floor and, still trying to help, she slips in her stew and crashes to the ground. She holds the dying soldier's hand and weeps as he ceases to twitch.

Saskeeth poses no threat to the PCs; their appearance likens them unto divine emissaries in her eyes. Saskeeth limps and lurches when she walks, the result of multiple, improperly set fractures. She cowers from any physical threat.

Though unlearned in Rogthandor's layout and history, Saskeeth explains (if well treated) that the kitchen is neutral territory, shared between the five tribes. She happily shares what she knows of the tribes: miscellaneous information such as their leaders' names or that everyone trades "at the Deviceless Bazaar, through there." She also knows the route from the kitchen to troglodyte territory. Even if questioned closely, however, Saskeeth does not mention the *altars of affliction* or the *Eureka Rib*.

Saskeeth See "troglodyte" in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* for full statistics.

B1–C1 & B2–C2: CHAMBER OF BONES

Once the PCs head east from the kitchen, read or paraphrase the following:

A spacious ossuary hosts stone pillars laden with heavy wooden shelves. Tables line the walls; upon every surface, thousands of neatly arrayed bones form primitive yet beautiful mosaics. The bones of different species each monopolize a different wall. Skulls with bull horns line the west wall, except where Twith's excavator knocked them down and splintered them.

THE RESOURCES OF ROGTHANDOR

Ever aware that his enemies might besiege him, Dumond devised ways to keep Rogthandor self-sufficient. The water that spills from wall fountains and courses through pipes scattered across the complex originates in rooms where Dumond imprisoned a water elemental. He crafted additional conduits that draw directly from the Plane of Air, ventilating the Citadel through small holes in the complex's ceilings. Equipment tapping directly into the Plane of Fire keeps the stoves and wall sconces perpetually lit. Throughout Rogthandor, the water is fresh and the air temperate and pure, save for a faint, musky hint of fungus.

The excavator also plowed a massive pile of bones, wood, and stone into the northwest corner of the room.

Two identical passages lead south, ringing with the din of a large, distant crowd. Ballancastor's drilling vehicle, however, lies still and silent.

SETUP

Careening through the room, Ballancastor's out-of-control machine chipped away half a pillar holding the ceiling aloft, plowed through a huge pile of bones in the center of the room, and pinned a ton of stone, shelves, and bones into the passage at the room's northeast corner.

If the PCs tolerated Saskeeth, she follows the party into the ossuary, saying, "We keep the bones of the noble dead here because it's a shorter trip to harvest the juicier bits for the most powerful Rogthandorans. This place is really just a meat pantry dressed up to seem dignified. Welcome to cannibal paradise! The privileged would rather eat a fellow citizen than my slilch stew. Harrumph!"

Succeeding at a DC 15 Knowledge (nature) check, PCs examining the skeletons throughout the Hall of Bones identify fragments from each of the Rogthandoran species: human, bugbear, minotaur, ogre, and troglodyte. Those who succeed by 5 or more notice oddities: human skeletal remains warped and bent, oversized bugbear skeletons, minotaur bones bearing excessive repeated fractures, ogre skulls with holes in the foreheads, and troglodyte bones partially composed of black iron.

ACTION

If the PCs open the drill's cockpit, they find alchemical concrete encases everything within. Twith's stone-crusted arm hangs forever frozen in a tardy attempt to reach the latch. Further inspection reveals a crack in the top of the vehicle where Dumond's liquid stone entered, sending the device smashing into the ossuary.

PCs examining the rubble pile in the northeast hear mumbling voices from beyond it. A voice louder and clearer than the rest bellows, "Of course this would happen now! (pause) I'm sure it *was* a Deviceless alchemist, but so what?! I'm not telling Muskbringer we couldn't whip him up a snack, and I'm not going the long way around on a sore hoof! Get some strong backs and move this now!"

If at least four PCs succeed at a DC 25 Strength check, they may take the 10 rounds needed to dig through the pile. Shorn chunks of *dumondite* in the detritus foil attempts to use *move earth* spells to clear a passage.

DEVELOPMENTS

If PCs remain here for 10 full rounds, they witness a crew of four depressed and weary minotaurs breaking through the heap of bones to the northeast. The minotaurs, clad in togas of black slilch leather, prove uncharacteristically approachable. The PCs' presence fascinates them. Provided the PCs deal in a friendly fashion, the minotaurs caution that disturbing the remains of the dead serves as a poor introduction, but they promise not to say anything if the PCs do not.

WAR TRACKER UPDATE

If the PCs ignore the minotaurs' advice about the bones, attack them, or desecrate the honored dead, add an A to every faction's Hate column.

ACT ONE

Act One provides the PCs with an opportunity to learn about the society of monsters living in the Citadel and to experience its strangeness. While the party may eschew engaging the Citadel's peoples or learning their history, Act One serves three important functions: (1) it plants seeds and clues that assist PCs unraveling Rogthandor's mysteries, (2) it teaches the party that a thing called the *Eureka Rib* is their ticket out, and (3) it points the adventurers deeper into the dungeon.

SYNOPSIS

Having survived entry into Rogthandor, the PCs swiftly realize they are trapped. Nothing in their repertoire penetrates the hardened, alchemi-magical walls sealing Rogthandor. Depending on their success dealing with the expedition's failed entry, the PCs find themselves more or less well-provisioned, possibly with men-at-arms to consider. The unexpected din from the Bazaar of the Deviceless likely draws them to investigate while exploring their immediate surroundings. The Bazaar splits into two zones: the bleachers above and the Bazaar proper below. From the Hall of Bones, the PCs enter on the bleachers level.

Eventually, the adventurers likely descend to the bustling Bazaar below—a gladiatorial field converted to a market selling fried fungus, slilches, and salvaged goods. As the party explores the Bazaar floor, GMs choose an appropriate time and place to throw a “feel good” encounter at them called **Bullied by Troglodytes** below. In this encounter, a gang led by troglodyte monks challenges the PCs for right-of-way. Resolving this conflict, the party may befriend a minotaur princeling named Tallbones Gorestomper. They may also reunite a father—lost when the Citadel fell—with his son Newt, who accompanied the Ballancastor expedition. Either way, the Deviceless notice them. The Deviceless approach the PCs and suggest they search for the *Eureka Rib*, a device they claim will free them all from Rogthandor. As cover, they propose the PCs escort an “ambassador” to visit each of the four tribes and investigate their *altars of affliction*. One of these, they claim, must be the *Eureka Rib*. But which one? Act One concludes when the PCs leave the Bazaar in pursuit of the *Eureka Rib*. The adventure also works if the PCs ignore the Bazaar entirely and explore the deeper dungeon on their own.

MISCELLANEOUS FEATURES OF ROGTHANDOR

GMs will note that not every chamber of Rogthandor is described in these pages. Common areas and those with interesting features that are not claimed by any faction are described in brief below.

While the areas occupied by the monstrous factions are labeled where

BALLANCASTOR'S GIFT

Word of the party's arrival flies through Rogthandor like lightning, electrifying the populace and energizing the Cult of Escapists. In short order, the Slog underclass trickles in to the Hall of Bones to gawk at Ballancastor's drilling machine. They festoon the broken vehicle with emblems of hope and loss: rare phosphorescent mushrooms, little flaming bowls of slow-burning fungus, plates of slilch meat, and jugs of lichen liquor. Returning to the drill, the PCs find it transformed into a shrine to hope—Ballancastor's limp hand still juts incongruously from among this outpouring of offerings. On the wall behind the driller someone scrawled, “Set us free!”

necessary, the specifics of the Bazaar, the Slog and other areas remain for GMs to develop. During this development process, GMs should remember the Citadel isn't an abandoned dungeon, it's a town full of people. People need space, and here, space is finite. As a result, Rogthandor's residents make use of every bit of available space as residences, sleeping quarters, kitchens, larders, privies and more.

Many role-playing encounters and Interfaction Actions are suggested herein, and the intriguing layout & political borders of Rogthandor add more mysteries for PCs to contemplate. While the Citadel is an enclosed social and economic system, GMs still have the freedom to tailor this adventure to best fit the campaign, players, and PCs. Create obstacles to be overcome that are specific to the PCs' skills, challenge PCs' perceptions of how certain species interact with them and with each other, as demonstrated by the cooperation shown by the Citadel's residents, baffle inquisitive PCs with the wonders of *dumondite* and the bizarre, often haphazard appearance of the maze of pipes, let PCs explore the complication culture with the Citadel, and so on. Personalize Rogthandor to suit players' styles too, and make the adventure memorable for everyone.

A1: KITCHEN

Like A2 described below, this room acts as a kitchen for Rogthandor's many residents. While both rooms are considered to be public, each race prefers to cook in its own area with its own utensils, recipes, and so on. With food being such a commodity within the Citadel, each morsel, secret ingredients, and special techniques are all closely guarded knowledge.

D1: SPIRAL STAIR

A plain stone spiral staircase connecting D1 to D8. Considered common area and frequently used by Slog dwellers traveling to the upper level to serve their elites by cooking, cleaning, etc.

E1: DINING ROOM

An informal dining area for all those who've prepared meals in the kitchens and for those up from the Slog who wish to eat their meals here rather than returning below. Depending on when the PCs arrive (and how much attention their arrival has attracted), there may be very few citizens in this room or it could be full and rather raucous with people eating and enjoying being seen.

F1: BLOCKED STAIR

This spiral stair once led to a tower or other structure, but is now impassable. Heading up, the stairs vanish beneath thick folds of *dumondite*.

G1: TENSE THOROUGHFARE

Technically a public area, the troglodytes whose territory begins in H1, maintain a presence in the foyer that joins this chamber to their home. They glare intensely with their cold reptilian eyes at anyone who passes through the area.

G2: LOUNGE

This room, with its many alcoves, is a common area where many of the residents of the Slog meet for business deals, imbibing home-brewed liquor, socializing, and romance with some degree of privacy. *Fantôme* bugbears also guard the entrance into their territory of F3. See F3, page 32 for details.

I2: PLUGGED

Once five large oubliettes, a buttery lump of *dumondite* now plugs each one.

G3: GAMBLING HALL

This room is informally divided into different areas, the size and location of each defined by the number of citizens from each faction gathered here to engage in various games of chance. While the various races most commonly segregate themselves, a lucky run or an accusation of cheating can attract a crowd of all the races. *Fantôme* bugbears also guard the entrance into their territory of F3. See F3, page 32 for details.

E4: UNRECOGNIZABLE MECHANISM

The eastern wall holds a mechanism smashed beyond all use or recognition.

F4: WATER ROOM

Pipes from J4 (see below) lead here to fill this chamber's two pools with water suitable for cleaning clothes and bathing. The northern pool has been designated over time as the one where males bathe, and the southern is where the females wash. GMs are left to determine the cultural biases of one race's males sharing the chamber with females of another, both genders of a race bathing at the same time, etc. The barrels along the north and south walls contain potable water. The machinery with Rogthandor that brings the water here also drain the pools periodically and keeps the barrels full without overflowing.

G4: AMPHITHEATER

Once a place for Dumond to offer entertainment to his guests, it later came to be a grim arena where the mad alchemist forced some of his slaves and earliest creations to fight to the death, with wagers made on the outcomes. Abandoned for a long time due to its grim past, a few talented residents have recently taken up performing here as a way to scrape up a bit more income from the elites of Rogthandor passing through to eat, meet, or gamble. A PC bard or other performer could almost feel at home here.

I5/I10: RUSTED SHUT

A large airlock hatch sits at the bottom of the reservoir, but it rusted shut long ago. If opened it may flood the lower level. See page 61 of **Act Two, The Slog** and **I4 Ogre Float** for more details on the hatch and floods of this sort.

C6: DOORS TO DEVICELESS TERRITORY

Standard iron doors, locked and barred.

D6: SECRET DOOR

A secret door exists in this room that links to D7, the lower Condensing Room and the home of the Undying Engineer (see page 69). The iron door that leads to C7 the Deviceless enclave is locked and only Deviceless masters carry the keys to unlock it.

E6/E10: NO EXIT

A pit in the floor of E6 is sealed with *dumondite*. The beginning of a long, dark, dank passage that ends in a dead-end at E10, this area has become the Citadel's foremost mushroom farm. Organic refuse is brought here by the various factions and from across the Slog, and many of the edible mushrooms so common throughout Rogthandor are cultivated here. Plots are tended (i.e., guarded) by their owners at all times, though it's often the very young and very old tasked with such duties. Trouble is uncommon, as too many brawls over borders end up destroying vital foodstuffs. Many slilch also live here, and an owner can trap as many as possible, but poaching is strictly taboo.

E9: RUSTED GATES

Once granting access to the tunnel beneath the Bazaar, these thick gates rusted shut long ago (hardness 10, hp 20, Break DC 26).

E10: NO EXIT

A pit in the ground sealed with *dumondite*.

RUMORS IN THE BAZAAR

Walking through the Bazaar and talking to merchants or shoppers, the PCs may pick up the following rumors with Knowledge (local) or Diplomacy checks. The adventurers learn these same rumors speaking with residents in the Slog. Not all rumors are true; each is marked with a (T) or an (F) to note its veracity. Roll or choose the rumors the PCs learn.

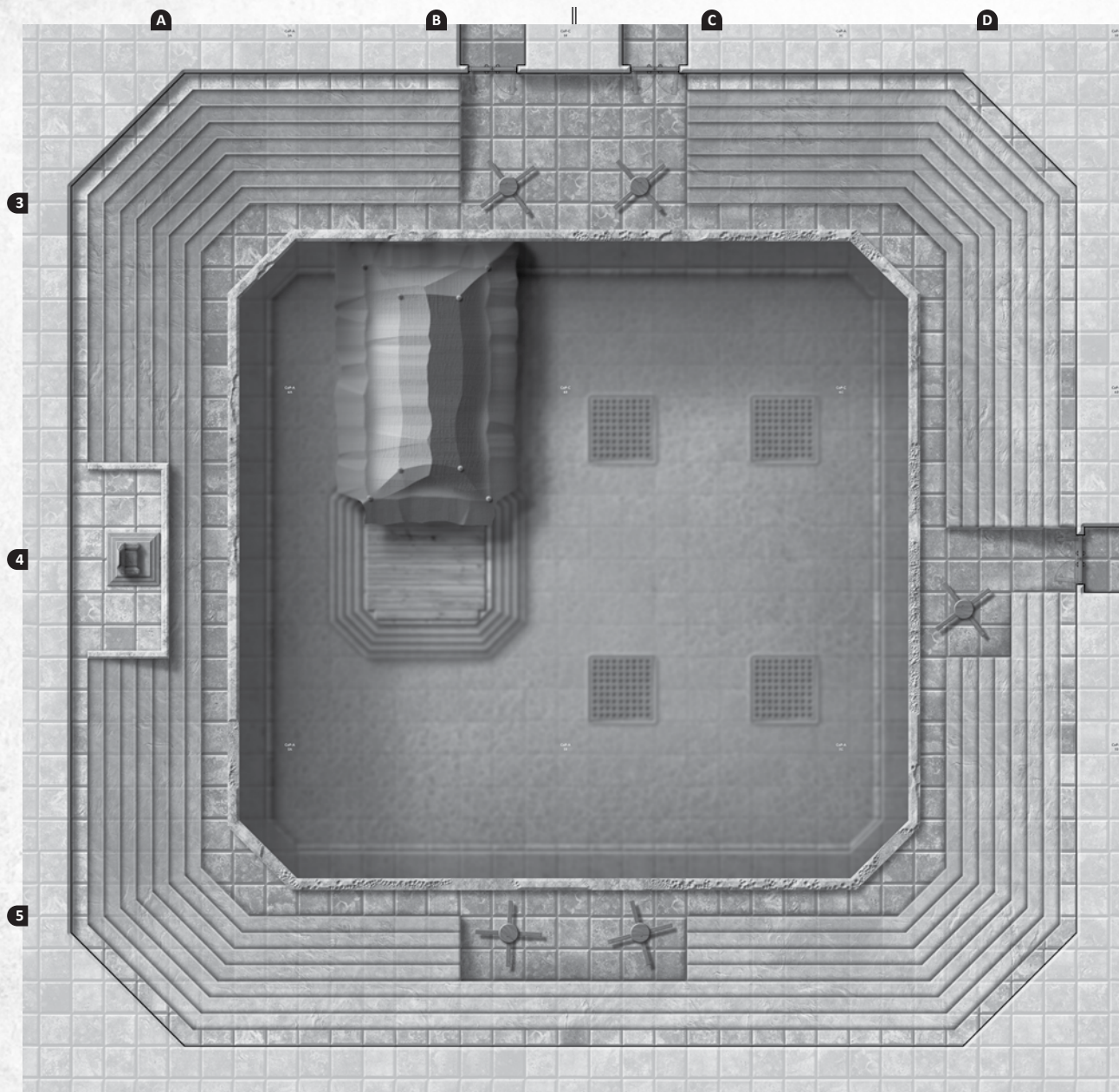
DC 10 (d6)

1. "Prices going up again. The Deviceless are changing the demi-to-hand rate. I swear it doesn't pay to scrape pipe-shrooms anymore!" (T)
2. "The minotaurs and trogs are at each other's throats. Might be 'nother war soon." (T)
3. "Heard the Ogre Lord's marrying his daughter to a dark dreamer. Wouldn't want my daughter marrying one of them, that's for sure!" (F)
4. "Ya hear 'bout the guard went mad in the Slog t'other day? Deviceless passing through from above had to bomb him. Left guts and burn marks all over the halls." (T)
5. "I heard something attacked this minotaur in the main corridor not long ago. The main corridor, right off the Slog! No one is safe." (T)
6. "You noticed the stray dogs gone missing? Ever since someone knocked over that slilch stand a while back. It's about time someone ate those things." (T)

DC 15 (d8)

1. "Psst! Brother! I heard one of the bugbears or maybe them ogres found the *Rib*. We'll get out of here any day now!" (F)
2. "I heard one of them found the *Rib*—the minotaur king or that trog master, can't recall which—and they're gonna use it to kill us all!" (F)
3. "Heard the Deviceless are going to ban the ogres from the Bazaar. That'll lead to killing, you mind me if it don't." (F)

THE BAZAAR



4. "Heard a pipe burst in the Slog, spat poison and gas and killed a bunch of folks." (T)
5. "Seems like everyone on Top is sendin' more folks to the altars than ever before. War's in the air, I tell you. I'm stickin' to the Slog." (T)
6. "The trops up Top kidnap folks right out of the Slog. No one is safe these days." (T)
7. "Minotaurs've been at each other's throats. Hard to say if King Hellhorn's gonna keep his throne or not." (T)
8. "So he tells me he's been robbed. Someone busts his Slog nook while he's out and what do they take? Books. Old stuff saved to burn for warmth. He's the one got driven away from the sconces for flatulence. Ok so flatulence is bad, but is it a reason to die from cold and damp? I don't think so." (T)

DC 20 (d8)

1. "Heard someone found a cache of magically preserved fruit from Without. Heals wounds, grows back hair, and gives you visions of blue sky! Really! My cousin heard it from his girl who had it from a mate." (F)
2. "A new Deviceless apprentice is about to make Master." (T)
3. "Trops have been getting uppity. Someone better put them in their place." (T)
4. "I heard the dreamers issued another prophecy. Came out of that cave of theirs and sang it to the walls. Creepy, but apparently we're 'all getting out of here soon.' Escape is at hand. Har har! Freaks." (T)
5. "We need to exterminate whatever lives in those caves. Some big gloopy tentacle came between the bars the other day and nearly swiped a child right from the Bazaar!" (T)

6. "Deviceless seem on edge these days, you noticed?" (T)
7. "Rains bones, I tell you! Right out the ceiling. Now what's that all about? No good, that's what I say. No. Good." (T)
8. "Ogres haven't been seen in a while. Must mean they're cooking something up. They'll kill us and eat us all one of these days. Ogres are bad news." (T)

A TO D – 3 TO 5: BLEACHERS ABOVE THE BAZAAR (EL 9)

As the PCs enter the bleachers above the Bazaar (cornered by A3 and D5 on the map), read or paraphrase the following:

.....

The din of a bustling crowd grows louder: a huge echoing sound, woven from the voices of different species, both men and monsters. From above, concentric rows of stone coliseum bleachers descend to a five-foot walkway. The walkway and its banister border the open view to the arena's lower level, and the collective roar is loudest from below.

On the upper level, small, tented shops and makeshift stalls ascend from the narrow walkway up into the bleachers. These tented shops thrive with hawkers belting out bargains galore, creating the upper Bazaar.

Along the outer edge of the walkway, rope ladders spill from each of the banister's four corners to the Bazaar below. One ladder easily takes the weight of a descending ogre carrying a troglodyte child piggyback.

A leather-clad young man waves from a nearby rope ladder. He beams a rakish grin while tapping his palm expectantly.

.....

If the PCs ask questions or spend time examining the area, a minotaur bumps past, muttering a sincere apology. A bugbear girl carrying a tray offers to sell them "slich" sausage jammed between mushroom buns in return for something called a "gambler's demi." (See page 8 for explanations of currency within the Citadel.)

SETUP

None of the monster merchants on the bleachers expects the PCs to attack them. They try to sell the PCs food or salvaged junk as the party passes. At each corner of the walkway below the bleachers, a rope ladder descends into the Bazaar. Intended to grant the guards swift access from the ground level, anyone may use them. A con artist from the Slog stands by the ladder nearest the PCs, trying to charge a "rope toll" to climb down into the Bazaar proper.

PCs likely approach the crudely maintained banister and peer over the edge. When they do, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

Long pipes of varying size and hue crisscross high above the bustling Bazaar below: brass, steel, iron, even a mica-flecked pipe leaves a wall and angles into the floor. Pipes everywhere. A bright ring of wall sconces jetting steady flame lights the view.

On the arena floor, slow herds of minotaurs, brisk streams of troglodytes, merry bugbears, and ogres fraternally shove one another from tented shops to ramshackle stalls arranged in dense rows and columns. Humped creatures wrapped in bandages wander unmolested in small groups. Human guards stand sentinel at key intersections and atop a massive stone cistern.

.....

ACTION

The PCs might approach the grifting toll-taker or a merchant along the bleachers. GMs should feel free to put information PCs might learn from the con artist into the mouths of merchants, and vice versa. Any gold or silver the party offers confuses all but the older merchants. Older tradesmen raise an eyebrow, perhaps remarking, "Not much use for these around here," but sell their merchandise to the PCs for exorbitant fees—two to three times the gp amounts listed in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook*.

PAYING THE ROPE TOLL

A bored young man named **Jonesy Scratchfist** (CN male human rogue 1) stands by a rope ladder and waits for creatures to approach. He blocks the ladder and holds out his hand without stating an amount, as if *everyone* knows the cost.

If asked what's below, the fellow looks confused, "The Bazaar of course." If the PCs offer money or inquire about the toll in terms of coin, he raises an eyebrow, "You're pulling my leg, right?" If the PCs offer him outside food—iron rations, for example—such abundant wealth temporarily bewilders him, "Uh, sure. Wow. Rations? I've heard of those... er... that's about right. Sure. Go on down." After which he bolts through the crowd for the Slog.

If the PCs simply ask the toll price, the tough says, "A nervous demi or a human hand." This slang means either a demipotion crafted by a lesser alchemist or a portion of local food roughly fitting an adult human hand. He does not want an actual human hand, although the adventurers may mistake his meaning. "No, no. What're you crazy? A human hand? I meant a handful of fungi or slich of course! What's wrong with you?"

If the PCs ask after other routes to the Bazaar, the con artist slumps dispiritedly while intoning, "Out the doors. First left. All the way to the end. Left again. First right. Down the spiral stair. It's more dangerous. Takes longer. Ladder's just a half demi or a hand." A DC 20 Sense Motive overcomes the grifter's Bluff and reveals he scams food for a trip down a ladder he doesn't own.

Jonesy Scratchfist See "pickpocket" in the *The Pathfinder Roleplaying Game GameMastery Guide*, *NPC Gallery* for full statistics.

STORES OF THE BAZAAR

The following represent a sample of merchants populating the Bazaar. Use the following on the bleacher level or on the Bazaar floor.

STORE SCONGA'S DOUBTLESS DEMIS

Proprietor Scong "Honest Eyes" Organgargle (CN male half-ogre expert 3); see "shopkeep" in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game GameMastery Guide*, *NPC Gallery* for full statistics.

Wares 10 demipotions: 2 *cure moderate wounds* (grandmaster), 3 *freedom of movement* (master), 2 *water breathing* (apprentice), and 3 *water walking* (apprentice).

Scong resembles an ogre in all respects except for his startling, limpid-blue, human eyes. Exiled for his disturbing (to an ogre) gaze, Scong scrounges the less populous Citadel corridors for demipotions, earning him many scars. He rarely trades with the Deviceless alchemists, so his wares are usually mislabeled.

If the PCs visit Scong's shop, read or paraphrase the following:

Beneath a rickety stall, a scarred half-ogre gestures to a stacked row of darkly hued, roiling potions in dirty, chipped vials. "Demipotions aplenty!" he boasts. "Ambrewsias to improve yer being!"

Scongla drove off the stall's former owner and does not know how to maintain his store. Scongla's ramshackle tent threatens to topple during any discussion with the PCs. Scongla must spend half his attention propping up leaning poles and collapsing sheets, which adds a -4 on all his Sense Motive, Perception, or similar opposed rolls. Should the PCs help Scongla fix his stall with a successful DC 12 Knowledge (engineering) check, Scongla offers the party 3 free demis.

Scongla labels his inventory randomly and incorrectly. When PCs buy a demi from Scongla, roll a d10: On a 1-2, they acquire a demipotion of *cure moderate wounds* (grandmaster); on a 3-5, they acquire a demipotion of *freedom of movement* (master); on a 6-8, they acquire a demipotion of *water walking* (apprentice); on a 9-10, they acquire a demipotion of *water breathing* (apprentice).

Scongla trades his entire stock of demipotions for a week of iron rations, and walks away a wealthy half-ogre. If Scongla feels he did well in trade with the PCs, he happily shares up to DC 15 rumors from **Rumors in the Bazaar**. GMs should determine the numbers of rumors via how well the players roleplay the scene. However, Scongla dislikes discussing the ogre faction. He has nothing but bitterness to share if they come up. Should the PCs mention the outer world, Scongla scoffs uncertainly and calls them liars. Inwardly their revelation shakes him to the core.

STORE THE BURLMEISTER'S BATTERY

Proprietor Hamish "Handy" Burlmeister (LN male human expert 3); see "shopkeep" in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game GameMastery Guide*, *NPC Gallery* for full statistics.

Wares Improvised weapons manufactured from scavenged materials. Any standard weapon from the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook* provided it inflicts no more than 1d6 damage.

If the PCs visit Burlmeister's Battery, read or paraphrase the following:

Iron plates hammered onto wood scrap form a solid building with an open, iron-plated door. Within, the human proprietor squints outside his shop. Weapons—of a sort—perch on the walls around him.

"Don't know you yet," he growls. "Come in and get yourself a Hamish. Special going today. Buy something from me, I'll consider you very special."

Hamish served as apprentice weaponsmith to Vilseph Dumond's militia before Rogthandor fell to the monsters. His master died in the initial invasion, and his skills are self-taught. Consequently, his weapons prove serviceable but unattractive. Hamish carries more than his share of impotent anger toward the monster tribes.

PCs who buy from Hamish soon learn he dislikes bartering; his prices are his prices. Hamish mashes his wares together from scavenged materials. All in the Citadel recognize "a Hamish" as nearly everyone buys their first weapon from him, and everyone divests themselves of their Hamish as soon as possible. Owning a Hamish marks a novice

warrior, and NPCs encountering a PC wielding one may mock them.

Hamish also dislikes chitchat, so PCs only learn up to DC 10 **Rumors in the Bazaar** when engaging him with Knowledge (local) or Diplomacy checks. If the PCs mention the outside world, Hamish dismisses their claim as nonsense. Should they persuade him with a DC 20 Diplomacy check, Hamish pales. He shoos the PCs out, then slams and bolts his iron-plated door. The idea of returning to the surface terrifies Hamish. PCs who return to Burlmeister's Battery find Hamish blitheringly intoxicated. He remains so throughout the rest of the adventure and runs whenever he spots the adventurers.

STORE THE SLITHERY SLILCH

Proprietor Mabel Trogtromper (NG female bugbear expert 4/warrior 1); see "barkeep" in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game GameMastery Guide*, *NPC Gallery* for full statistics.

Wares A brew garden serving roasted fungalnaise slilch and potent pots of "lichen lightning."

If the PCs approach the Slithery Slilch, read or paraphrase the following:

The aroma wafting from this open-air shop is unlike anything in the outside world and thoroughly unpleasant. Inebriated creatures of various races nosh messily on fried lizard. A leering, obese bugbear in an ill-fitting leather bikini leans over a rail and presents a plate of meat slathered in gray sauce.

"Tender roast slilch steak with a dollop of fungalnaise, oh noble ones! If you come wealthy, then forget this."

The shaggy woman tosses the crisped lizard over her shoulder into a drunken ogre's maw. The ogre burps, gives the thumbs up, and winks. The proprietress reaches into a nearby pot and collects stew in a bowl, "Fortunately, there was a funeral last month. For a limited time to those of means, I offer Rogthandor Ghoulash. Ghoulash, with an H, get it? Savor the flavor of an ogre named Trabor!"

Everyone laughs, save the drunken ogre who places a solemn fist to his chest, raises his eyes, and spills his tankard in respect.

Mabel welcomes all customers. She refuses local food in payment, but should the PCs offer her gold or rations instead of demis, Mabel freezes then accepts without comment. Mabel belongs to a cult called "Escapists" who believe in a *Fantôme* prophecy of liberation from Rogthandor. A true believer, she instantly concludes the PCs come from Without.

Mabel represents a way for GMs to inspire the party should they find themselves unsure how to proceed. As an Escapist, Mabel may convey any information the PCs need in order to advance the plot.

A TO D - 3 TO 5: ATTACKING THE BLEACHER FOLK (EL 9)

If the PCs attack folks in the bleachers, assaulted creatures try to scream for help and flee. Nearby merchants immediately cry out, calling the PCs "Pact breakers!" or "Violators!" as they holler for the guard. If the party fails to quiet such shouting in 3 rounds, a guard climbs one of the four ladders, arrives at the beginning of the fifth round, and immediately attacks the PCs. Simultaneously, another guard and the bugbear lieutenant, **Hrolf Gutsucker** (LN male bugbear fighter 6), enter the bleachers from the eastern passage and close on the party.

Bazaar Guard (2)

This haggard, graying warrior wears a tattered green and white uniform,

CR 5

SLAVE FOOD OF ROGTHANDOR

To feed his captives, Dumond created the slilch: a small, ebony creature resembling a rat crossed with a gecko. Slilch are cannibalistic, feeding only on each other. They gestate in a fortnight and each viviparous brood numbers 30–45 offspring. Left alone, slilches amass in such overwhelming numbers that they cover every pale stone surface of Rogthandor in bubbling reptile midnight. Every Rogthandoran kills ten a day merely to control their teeming population. While nutritious, the slimy, fatty flesh of the slilch tastes like mud fried in old grease. Rogthandorans try to alter slilch flavor, but to little avail. Slilch leather provides clothing material, and only the most important wear anything else. Scraps of clothing from before the Citadel fell always indicate status, wealth, or power.

decades old. A uniform only seen at costume balls or in plays about old battles.

XP 800 each

Female/Male human fighter 6

LN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; Senses Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 12, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +1 shield, +2 Dex)

hp 65 (6d10+24)

Fort +9, Ref +4, Will +3

Defensive Abilities bravery +2

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee mwk battleaxe +13/+8 (1d8+7/20/×3) and

Melee light steel shield +10/+5 (1d3+4/20/×2) or

Melee unarmed strike +10/+5 (1d3+4/20/×2)

Special Attacks weapon training (axes) +1

TACTICS

Morale Bazaar Guards will fight until reduced to 10 hit points or less, then retreat.

STATISTICS

Str 18, Dex 15, Con 18, Int 12, Wis 8, Cha 10

Base Atk +6; CMB +10; CMD 22 (24 vs. disarm, 24 vs. trip)

Feats Cleave, Iron Will, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (battleaxe), Weapon Specialization (battleaxe)

Skills Acrobatics +5, Climb +7, Escape Artist +0, Fly +0, Intimidate +8, Perception +5, Ride +5, Stealth +0, Survival +6, Swim +2

Languages Common, Draconic

SQ armor training +1 (Ex)

Combat Gear demipotion of cure light wounds (master); **Other Gear** armored coat, light steel shield, mwk battleaxe

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Enforcer (Ex) If the guard deals nonlethal damage with a melee weapon, he makes a free Intimidate check to demoralize.

Outflank (Ex) Flanking bonus increases to +4 if the other flanker also has this ability, and ally gets an attack of opportunity if the guard scores a critical hit against the target.

Precise Strike (Ex) +1d6 precision damage for melee attacks if the guard and an ally with this feat flank the same target.

Hrolf Gutsucker

CR 7

This bugbear tries to fit among his human companions by wearing a green and white uniform, jury-rigged to accommodate his size. He pins his ears beneath a metal headband and masterfully primps his plentiful, shiny fur into wisps and curls with slilch-fat mousse.

XP 3,200

Male bugbear fighter 6

LN Medium humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft., scent, Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 13, flat-footed 21 (+6 armor, +3 Dex, +5 natural)

hp 92 (6d10+3d8+36)

Fort +10, Ref +8, Will +4

Defensive Abilities bravery +2

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee +1 icy burst adamantine battleaxe +13/+8 (1d8+6/19-20/×3) or

Melee unarmed strike +11/+6 (1d3+3/20/×2)

Special Attacks weapon training (axes)

TACTICS

During Combat Whenever possible, Hrolf prefers to bull rush his foes into subordinates who attempt to grapple the target. Hrolf forces his men to practice this routine religiously. Bazaar Guards receive a +2 misc bonus to their CMB when grappling foes Hrolf bull rushes to them. This bonus stacks.

Morale Rather than fail, Hrolf attempts to block advancing enemies with his Stand Still feat and fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 16, Dex 16, Con 18, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 6

Base Atk +8; CMB +11 (+13 bull rushing); CMD 24 (26 vs. bull rush)

Feats Blind-Fight, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Improved Bull Rush,

Improved Critical (battleaxe), Power Attack, Stand Still, Step Up

Skills Acrobatics +0, Climb +12, Escape Artist +0, Fly +0, Intimidate +10, Perception +9, Ride +0, Sense

Motive +6, Stealth +8, Survival +6, Swim +0

Languages Common, Goblin, Minotaur

SQ armor training +1 (Ex)

Combat Gear demipotion of bull's strength (master), demipotion of charm person (apprentice) **Other Gear** breastplate, +1 icy burst adamantine battleaxe

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Coordinated Maneuvers (Ex) +2 CMB if Hrolf is adjacent to an ally with this ability.

Notes: The only non-human leader in the Bazaar Guard, Hrolf constantly strives to prove himself, making him overeager and prone to mistakes. Add a +2 misc bonus to all Bluff checks used to misdirect Hrolf in the course of his duties.

For any bull rush that sends a character into the banister, roll a d20. On a 1–5, the banister snaps. Add a cumulative –2 to this roll every time the banister fails to break. If the banister breaks, a DC 25 Acrobatics check keeps the character on the walkway. Failing this check by less than 5 leaves the character hanging from the edge by their fingertips. A failure by 5 or more sends the character plummeting 50 feet to the Bazaar floor below. PCs hanging from their fingertips require a DC 20 Strength check to pull themselves prone onto the bleacher floor.

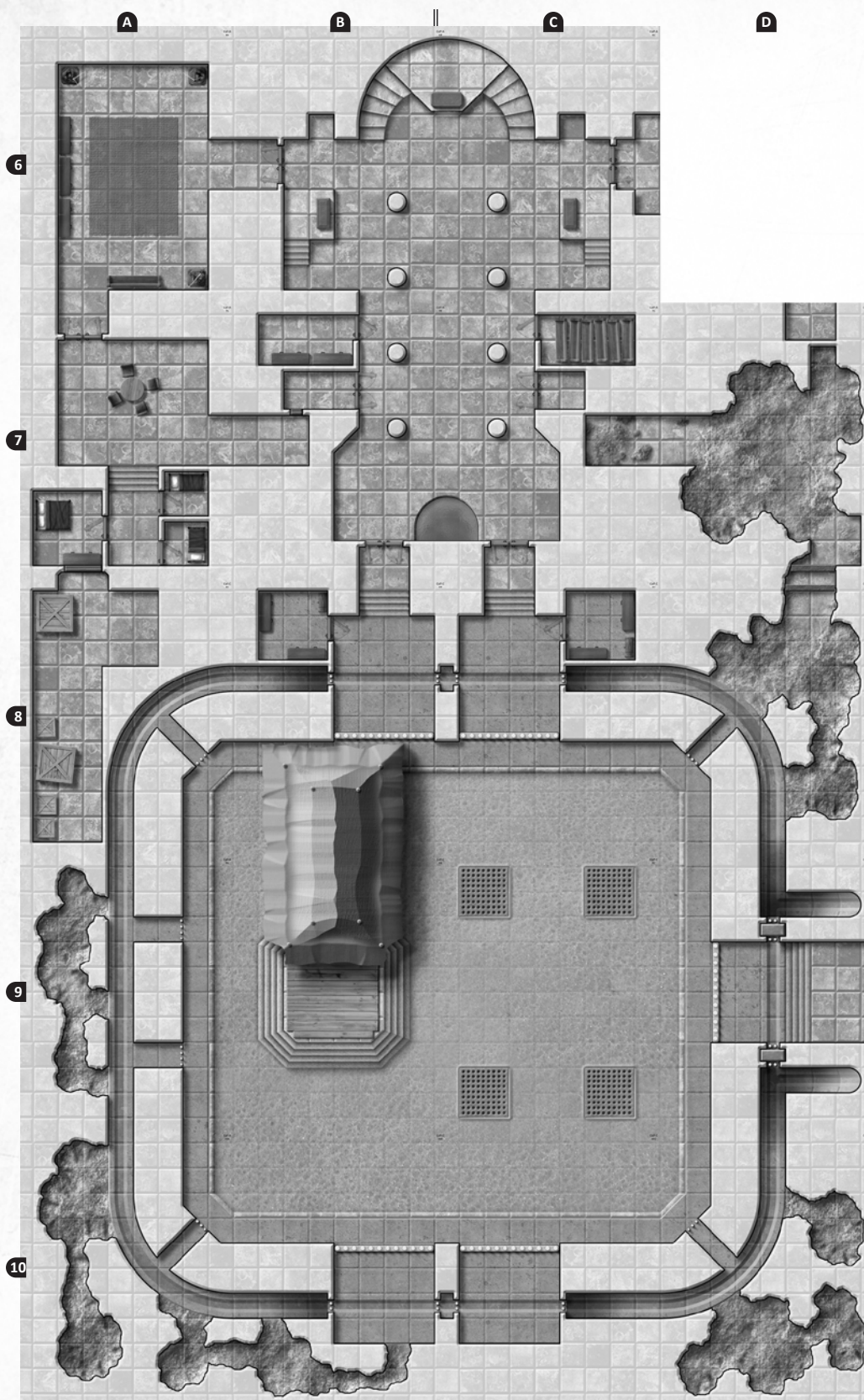
CONCLUSION

Winning

If the PCs encounter Hrolf and his guards, any witness can identify the PCs. If the party subsequently visits the Bazaar floor, at a choice moment with guards present consider having a witness materialize from the crowd and finger the PCs, “Them! They attacked the bleachers!” The alerted guards attempt to subdue the PCs and deliver them to the Deviceless. See **Hired by the Deviceless** for additional details.

However, if the PCs prove victorious and slay all witnesses, they walk the

THE DEVICELESS TERRITORY



Bazaar floor with impunity. Should the PCs take their bleachers battle down and assault the entire Bazaar, see **Bazaar of the Deviceless—Market Floor** for details on opponents and the consequences of victory or defeat.

Losing

If Hrolf and his crew defeat the adventurers, guards capture whomever they can and imprison them. See **Hired by the Deviceless** for additional details.

Exit Stage East

If the PCs elude Hrolf, exiting east they leave just as a crowd of patrons enters. The party may hide in the confusion and evade pursuing guards. Should the PCs encounter Hrolf after they leave the bleachers, Hrolf stops and asks, “You lot seen anyone causing trouble running out this way?” Should the PCs shrug or otherwise say no, Hrolf believes the adventurers and rushes to D4.

WAR TRACKER UPDATE

Win or lose, if the PCs fight the Bazaar Guards on the bleachers but spare their lives, add an A to the Slog’s Love column.

BAZAAR OF THE DEVICELESS—MARKET FLOOR

Exploring this area establishes the rich feel and flavor of Rogthandor and foreshadows coming events. When and where GMs feel the time is right, they throw a “feel good” encounter at the PCs called **Bullied by Trogodytes** below.

Whether the party climbs down from the bleachers or walks through the entrance at D9, when they enter the Bazaar, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

Though it was once a gladiatorial arena, the Bazaar was repurposed for commerce by the denizens of Rogthandor. The sandy floor buzzes with monsters trading and socializing among the many tents and stalls. The air fills with bartering and gossip, harmless shrieks and yips, and the unflattering sputter of poor diets and poor manners.

Pipes cross overhead at different heights. Some have been snapped off in midair, while others plummet into the ground—for example, a mica-flecked pipe angles from the northern arena wall and disappears into the floor. Rust and design clearly indicate most pipes stem from Dumond’s reign or later. Folks in the Bazaar hang signs or drape wet clothes over the lower ones. Along the outer wall, heavy iron portcullises lead into darkness and the Bazaar patrons noticeably avoid them.

To the west, a wide stone cistern rises above the Bazaar, roofed in wooden planks. Atop it a guard in green and white sits upon a stool beneath a heavy leather half-tent, eyeing the crowd warily and clutching his crossbow.

.....

PCs interested in the iron portcullises may witness two additional events:

Near one portcullis, a hunched creature wrapped in bandages exits the structure to the north of the cistern, crosses to the portcullis, and tosses a murky liquid from a covered pail through the bars. A moment later, oddly muted roars chill the heart of everyone at the Bazaar. All freeze and fall quiet until the dreadful cacophony abates.

SEEN AND NOT SEEN IN ROGTHANDOR

In the Citadel of Pain, the effects of not learning information often prove as fun as learning information. To avoid the “tag team” or “pile-on” effect, wherein players metagame their Perception and related checks, consider prerolling.

Ask players to preroll five or more checks for Diplomacy, Knowledge (dungeoneering), Perception, and Sense Motive. Jot down the results for each character.

When you would normally offer a player a roll to observe or sense something, simply consult your notes and mark off the prerolled result. This behind-the-screen action prevents the other players from “piling on” and using metaplay to turn each call for a skill check into five or six rolls.”

Near another portcullis, a bugbear teen grabs a fussing minotaur half his size by the horns, “I told you not to go there! Respect your elders, kid.” A troglodyte grandmother pinches the bugbear’s ear until he lets go of the minotaur, “And the same to you, Garf. Don’t tell me you’re becoming a bully?” The bugbear defends his actions, “He was by the grates! We’re not allowed to get that close!”

BACKGROUND

The Bazaar of the Deviceless is neutral ground. Here the Deviceless sell their demipotions. The four tribes socialize and trade in the Bazaar, but tensions always simmer. Scuffles frequently break out, and blood flowed freely in the past. Today the Deviceless maintain a zero-tolerance policy for violence and rely on the remains of Vilseph Dumond’s alchemically amplified militia to keep the peace.

Abandoned by their leader when the monsters arrived, these troops survived by aligning themselves with the Deviceless. They are old, tough, enhanced in subtle but potent ways, and scarred both internally and externally. These fighters fight monsters, live with monsters, even breed with monsters. Each one gave up on ever reclaiming the world Without. Morose and bitter, the grizzled veterans of the Bazaar Guard prove uncompromising when maintaining order. Only duty remains to them.

SETUP

TENTS AND STALLS

Tents and stalls fill the Bazaar floor—some constructed of elaborate tapestries or filled with salvaged rugs, others as crude as a board resting on two busted buckets. Businesses are owned and operated by merchants of the four monster tribes, and Bazaar commerce bustles. Human merchants prove rare, although tents managed by Deviceless journeymen and newly minted masters are not uncommon. The Bazaar is not arrayed uniformly, but is generally arranged in rows of tents and stalls 5–15 feet deep, separated by a causeway 10 feet wide. Some causeways stretch to 15 feet while others shrink to 5 feet.

THE CISTERN

The alchemi-magical sentience slurry of Rogthandor collects in this huge receptacle, and from here the Deviceless draw the material components of their demipotions. Boarded over the top with a tent built around its back half, the cistern dominates the Bazaar. The tent extends off the cistern and hides the path from the western entrance into Deviceless territory. The Deviceless post two guards near the cistern at all times: one pacing atop it, and one by the tent entrance. In addition to these two, Hrolf and his companions, seven more Bazaar Guards, and Master Ambassador Uria Jaal patrol the market.

After making a successful DC 20 Perception check, PCs interested in the cistern catch a brief glimpse inside the heavy leather tent. They see a deformed human carrying a covered pail descend a ladder behind the cistern. He carries the pail north and out of view.

ACTION

If the PCs explore the Bazaar, the strangeness of its abundant monster population is readily apparent. Should the PCs ask what they find around them, read or paraphrase the following:

The Bazaar buzzes with the aggressive merriment of racial tolerance. Beings like men foully twisted by mutation wear looped strips of fabric, rather than the abundant black leather worn by most. They hawk liquid in small vials while flanked by human guards.

Nearby, two young buck minotaurs grasp each other's forearms and clack horns over a comely sow. She sits nearby, diving into a bowl of slilch heads with chopsticks, watching excitedly.

An ogre wearing a black cloak and an elaborately folded leather facemask depicting a beautiful woman dances, collecting spectator's tips. When he unwittingly frightens a baby ogre, the mother chases the mummer across the Bazaar with a club to the hissing jeers of troglodyte merchants. A human guard lowers his battleaxe to block her way, "No bludgeoning, ma'am. Not even for deserving fools."

As the PCs take note of the Bazaar, the Bazaar takes note of them. Nothing hostile or overt: just quietly pointed fingers, sideways glances, and whispers behind hands or paws.

At an appropriate juncture, read or paraphrase the following:

A bugbear mother and her young scramble out of the way. There is no malice in her depthless white eyes, only a remote twinkling of apprehension. Rather, she exudes reverence and curiosity. One of her brood reaches out with innocent curiosity, but she reels the child in for a terse lecture, "Show respect and give distance. They come from beyond the world."

This young bugbear and his mother play a role in the encounter **Bullied by Troglodytes** below.

DEVELOPMENTS

If the PCs enter the Bazaar battling Hrolf and his men, the other Bazaar Guards—except the one guarding the cistern tent—immediately leave their posts to engage the PCs. Master Ambassador Uria Jaal and Hrolf (if he lives) join them one round later, seeking to subdue the party.

BULLIED BY TROGLODYTES (EL 7)

Nothing dictates exactly when GMs initiate this "feel good" encounter, except that it works best while the party explores the Deviceless Bazaar. Consider unleashing these events just before the adventurers tire of potion sellers and food hawkers, but before they seek other encounters.

When ready to begin the encounter, read or paraphrase the following:

This lane of the Bazaar resembles its fellows: a dirt and stone causeway lined by merchant's tents selling salvaged goods and fried

"FEEL GOOD" ENCOUNTERS

At first blush, a battle with multiple low-CR creatures seems pointless. For most adventures this proves true, except at the beginning. Early on, easily slain or disabled opponents let the players feel powerful and heroic. Aside from delivering good fun, the "feel good" encounter serves to cement the party's loyalties, helps them bond with NPC allies, and encourages them to fully and willingly engage the adventure. Used sparingly, the "feel good" remains an important tool in the GM's toolbox.

fungus. Between each merchant, a narrow gap connects to the next lane of the Bazaar.

A somber minotaur—bulging arms encased in ornate brass bands, his neck hung thick with ornamental chains—nods pleasantly in passing. Others tend to avoid eye contact.

Abruptly, two things occur: a thin man, wrapped head-to-foot in strips of cloth, thunks an iron chest down in the causeway. With one foot on the trunk, he declaims, "A new master of the Deviceless is made! Me! Come one, come all! I, Thom Bakerson, am now open for business. No finer purifier in all the Citadel! Enjoy my wares! Finest the Deviceless offer!" At this, the minotaur jogs over to Thom and starts a friendly haggle.

At the same time, a commotion arises in the opposite direction. Folks crowd to the sides of the lane, shouting and jostling, as two black-skinned troglodyte toughs lead a string of green troglodytes tied at the wrists. One of the captive trogs hisses and shoves a bugbear mother with its roped hands. She topples over a slilch stand, hairy toddler clasped in her arms, and knocks a tray of roasted meat to the ground. The mother and the merchant scream, while the baby cries in the street.

SETUP

The party occupies one of the Bazaar's wider lanes: 15 feet of stone and dirt floor stretch between two rows of shabby vendors' tents. The tents face the lane and vary in depth from 5 feet to 15 feet. Between every tent and its neighbor, a 2-foot-wide gap leads to the next lane of stalls and tents.

By squeezing, anyone may move through the 2-foot gaps to the next lane without disturbing a vendor's wares. Using a single move action to navigate the 2-foot gap instead of squeezing requires a DC 12 Acrobatics check to avoid toppling vendors' wares. Navigating the gap between tents with a double move raises the Acrobatics check DC to 17. Traversing a gap without spilling vendor goods, pursued by a foe, or while fighting increases the Acrobatics DC to 22 and imposes a –2 on attack rolls while in the 2-foot gap.

Failing any of these Acrobatics checks means the PC overturns tables, knocks items from shelves, and otherwise wrecks the vendor's stall. Failing by 5 or more means the character flattens the vendor's entire store.

Characters may barrel between lanes or through displays without incurring penalties of any kind. However, disregarding merchants in this way automatically smashes their products and topples their tents and stalls, incurring their wrath.

ACTION

The action turns on the PCs' response to the demands and insults of

the troglodyte leader. If they let the troglodytes by unmolested, the lizard band heads toward Thom Bakerson, the potion hawker. The lesser troglodytes laugh and hiss as they pass, insulting the PCs in broken Common despite their captive state. "Next time scared hu-man, you move faster for troglodyte master!" or "So soft and ugly. Probably taste like maggot. Pfft." The last troglodyte thumps its chest at the PCs "You—little worms! Go shop somewhere other. We prissssners—what you excuse?"

Unhindered, the troglodyte leader strikes the haggling minotaur from behind, tosses him to the ground, then threatens Thom, demanding "free samples." The troglodyte prisoners, still roped together, surround the fallen minotaur and kick him senseless in a blur of resentful feet. If the PCs interfere with the minotaur's beating, the captured troglodytes back off and cower. Should the PCs defend the potion seller, the troglodyte leaders attack them. Neither the injured minotaur nor the terrified potion seller participates in the fight.

If the PCs refuse to give way, the two robed troglodyte leaders, Acolyte Narooth and Master Issthakt, assume threatening martial arts stances. Issthakt tries one last time, "Step aside little men. Step aside for your betters as is only fitting. It is not your fault you are less. Your only fault is failing to act accordingly. Do not doubt I will punish your ill manners should you not obey." If the PCs refuse to step aside, the troglodyte master shakes his head at their foolishness and instructs Acolyte Narooth to attack them. He then tries to reach the potion seller unless attacked.

Troglodytes (3) See "troglodyte" in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* for full statistics.

TACTICS

Morale Despite their resentful bravado, the moment Acolyte Narooth drops their lead, these three troglodytes run for it, charging past the PCs for freedom. However if the PCs attack one of their number, all three attempt to slay the aggressor. In resentment, fear and rage they fight until dead.

Acolyte Narooth

CR 3

This troglodyte whirls on one toe precisely, ending her spin in a catfish stance and rattling black iron fingers against the side of her iron cheeks like whiskers.

XP 800

Female troglodyte monk 3

LE Medium humanoid (reptilian)

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 90 ft., Perception +1

Aura stench (30 ft., 10 rounds, DC 13)

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 12, flat-footed 18 (+7 natural, +1 dodge)

hp 39 (5d8+10)

Fort +10, **Ref** +3, **Will** +4

Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft.

Melee 2 claws –1 (1d4/20×2), bite –1 (1d4/20×2) or

Melee unarmed strike +5 (1d6+1/20×2), claw –1 (1d4/20×2), bite –1 (1d4/20×2)

Special Attacks flurry of blows, Stunning Fist (DC 14)

TACTICS

During Combat Acolyte Narooth uses Stunning Fist on every attack. She tries to flank PCs engaged by her regular troglodytes and use trip, bull rush, or other combat maneuvers to send the PCs crashing into vendors' tents.

Morale Obedient to a fault, Acolyte Narooth fights to the death As long

as her superior, Master Issthakt, remains. If her master falls, Narooth fights to the death seeking revenge. If her master flees, Narooth attempts to cover his retreat, blocking pursuit, after which Narooth flees.

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 10, **Con** 15, **Int** 9, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 16

Feats Coordinated Maneuvers, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Natural Armor, Improved Unarmed Strike, Scorpion Style, Stunning Fist, Weapon Focus (unarmed strike)

Skills Acrobatics +6, Climb +5, Escape Artist +5, Intimidate +7, Stealth +9 (+4 in rocky areas)

Languages Draconic, Common

Combat Gear *demipotion of jump* (apprentice), *demipotion of mage armor* (apprentice) **Other Gear** +1 bracers of armor, club

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Coordinated Maneuvers (Ex) +2 CMB if Narooth is adjacent to an ally with this ability.

Master Issthakt

CR 5

Iron Carp troglodytes swim to the depths of torment and return invulnerable and enlightened. "You would do well to lay down your arms, or we will take your arms for our meal."

XP 1,600

Male troglodyte monk 5

LE Medium humanoid (reptilian)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 90 ft., Perception +1

Aura stench (30 ft., 10 rounds, DC 13)

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 13, flat-footed 19 (+1 Dex, +7 natural)

hp 54 (7d8+14)

Fort +11, **Ref** +5, **Will** +5

Defensive Abilities evasion; **Immune** disease

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft.

Melee 2 claws +0 (1d4/20×2), bite +0 (1d4/20×2) or

Melee unarmed strike +6 (1d8+1/20×2), claw +0 (1d4/20×2), bite +0 (1d4/20×2)

Special Attacks flurry of blows, ki strike

TACTICS

During Combat Master Issthakt starts with a Dazzling Display. He dips heavily into his ki pool to enhance his defenses and uses Stunning Fist liberally. If he stuns a foe, Master Issthakt pummels that enemy mercilessly, trying to crush them before they recover.

Morale Irritated by any resistance, Master Issthakt fights almost to the death. If reduced to 5 hp or if the Bazaar Guard arrives, he flees.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 18

Feats Combat Reflexes, Coordinated Maneuvers, Dazzling Display: Unarmed Strike, Great Fortitude, Improved Natural Armor, Improved Unarmed Strike, Scorpion Style, Stunning Fist, Weapon Focus (unarmed strike)

Skills Acrobatics +8, Climb +5, Escape Artist +7, Intimidate +10, Stealth +11 (+4 in rocky areas)

Languages Common, Draconic

Combat Gear *demipotion of create water* (master), *demipotion of cure moderate wounds* (apprentice), **Other Gear** +2 bracers of armor, club, 1 week's dried fungus rations

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Coordinated Maneuvers (Ex) +2 CMB if Issthakt is adjacent to an ally with this ability.

Bazaar Guard (4) See *Bleachers Above the Bazaar* for full statistics.

DEVELOPMENTS

Angry Vendors

If anyone knocks over a vendor's goods, the vendor screams and throws broken wares at the offender. The merchant focuses on the nearest culprit, regardless of whether this makes sense. (For example, the merchant ignores that a troglodyte threw the PC into the tent, but directs his ire exclusively at the PC whose body struck his belongings.) Characters subjected to the attack of an offended merchant suffer a -2 to Dexterity as well as to all attacks, saving throws, and skill checks while within 15 feet of the angry, goods-tossing vendor.

Protecting Master Thom Bakerson

If the PCs protect Thom, the potion seller runs for help. Thom returns with the guards 3 rounds later. The guards arrive with orders to restore order and escort the PCs to Ambassador Jaal. Grateful to the PCs, Thom intervenes with the guards in any subsequent conflict, persuading them to treat the party politely. He urges the PCs to meet with the Deviceless leader as the guards eventually ask.

Protecting the Downtrodden

If the PCs save the minotaur from troglodyte boots, the wounded creature introduces himself as Lord Tallbones Gorestomper, thanks the PCs profusely, and suggests they call on him. Lord Gorestomper also insists the guards treat the PCs well.

Family Reunion

If the young mercenary Newt Cleaveheart accompanies the PCs, then while the guards insist the PCs accompany them, read or paraphrase the following:

Staring hard at one of the Bazaar Guards, Newt staggers forward. "Fa—gulp—father?" A grizzled, one-eyed guard whips his bearded head around and squints at the young man. Then his face melts, his shield and axe fall to the ground, and he wraps bulging, scarred arms around Newt. Both men weep openly, their family resemblance now obvious. The battered guard holds his son at arm's length to look him up and down. "Newt! By the gods, how?! How are you here with me!?" He pauses. His voice trembles, "And your... your mother?" He stares into his son's face, desperate to know but fearing the reply.

Newt's father, a guard named Angus "Red Wrists" Cleaveheart insists the other guards treat the PCs politely and invites the PCs to his home in the Slog. He advises the party to meet with the Deviceless leader and assures them no ill will come of it.

If Newt died entering Rogthandor, consider reversing matters. Have Angus approach the PCs, "Excuse me, I know this is farfetched, but you don't happen to know a boy named Newt Cleaveheart do you? Last I saw him he was yay high, but he'd have grown by now..."

WAR TRACKER UPDATE

Update the War Tracker for the following conditions:

1. If the PCs protect Lord Tallbones, add an A to the minotaur Love column.
2. Conversely, if the PCs attack Lord Tallbones or merely watch the troglodytes beat him, add an A and an F to the minotaur Hate column.
3. If the PCs defeat the troglodyte monks, add an A to the troglodyte Hate column.

WHO ARE THE DEVICELESS?

The oldest Deviceless were once Vilseph Dumond's lab assistants. When the monsters stormed Rogthandor, Vilseph left them to their fate. Combining forces with the baronet's abandoned militia, the allies held off their attackers long enough to establish an uneasy peace. Eventually they set up the Bazaar and grew powerful by creating demipotions, which they release or withhold from the monster tribes as needed. Perhaps regretting their earlier misdeeds under Vilseph, the Deviceless test their demipotions on themselves. Constant self-experimentation transmogrifies the Deviceless horribly, rendering them inhuman. To compensate, the Deviceless wrap themselves in rags like mummies and never reveal their faces or bodies to outsiders.

Deviceless born after the "invasion" leave the womb transmogrified. Young Deviceless only climb guild ranks—novice, initiate, apprentice, master, and grandmaster—by developing new demipotions and testing them on their already deformed bodies. This makes Deviceless born inside Rogthandor even more deformed than those born Without. As a people the Deviceless rejected the outside world long ago. The Deviceless leader, Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe, has them all convinced they can never leave the safety of Rogthandor, that the outside world holds only pitchforks and extermination for their kind. Sometimes the foolish and idealistic still aspire to leave, however.

4. If the PCs defeat the troglodyte monks but wreck merchant goods in the process, add an A to the troglodyte Hate column and another to the Slog Hate column.
5. If the PCs slay the fleeing troglodyte prisoners, add an A to the Slog Hate column.
6. Conversely, if they save the fleeing troglodytes or cut their bonds, add an A to the Slog Love column.

CONCLUSION

While the adventure requires no specific outcome in the Bazaar, matters work well if the PCs accompany the guards to meet Master Ambassador Jaal and Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe. If the party reunites Angus with his son and the party refuses to meet the Deviceless, the grateful guard ensures his fellows drop the matter. However, if the party did not reunite the Cleavehearts and they still refuse to come quietly, then the guards attempt to subdue the PCs and drag their unconscious bodies to the Deviceless leader.

ENGAGED BY THE DEVICELESS

(EL VARIES)

This roleplay encounter turns on the PCs interacting with the Master Ambassador Uria Jaal, usually after **Bullied by Troglodytes**. Ambassador Jaal is on a mission to secure the PCs' assistance. She likely approaches them under one of three general circumstances: the PCs are conquerors, the PCs are prisoners, or the PCs defeated the troglodytes without running afoul of the Bazaar Guards and accepted an invitation to treat with her and the grandmaster. See **Developments** below for suggestions on spinning this encounter to fit either of the first two circumstances.

BACKGROUND

The Deviceless Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe instructed Ambassador Jaal to "...stir up the monster tribes and get them killing each other. They

grow too powerful and must be culled. The strangers' novelty and power shall surely lend themselves to mayhem and murder among the monster elites. Entice these newcomers with our knowledge of the *Eureka Rib*. After all, the *Rib* was real. It could be one of the *altars of affliction*. What do we know? If you actually find the thing, it may free us. Dangerous, but a good problem to have."

In truth, the last thing Crabbe wants is to return to the surface where he expects to be executed as Dumond's accomplice. Consequently, Crabbe does not tell Jaal his primary goal: refilling the Deviceless cistern. Every dead transmogrified elite monster means their leaders need to produce a replacement, and the transmogrification process produces the alchemi-magical slurry of sentience that fills the cistern. Crabbe feels the party's presence incites more violence, which results in the death of more transmogrified elites, which in turn means more replacements being produced on the *altars*, thereby refilling the cistern. Searching for the *Eureka Rib* (the location of which Crabbe does not know) is merely a lure for the powerful newcomers to visit the tribes.

Jaal, who never questions her grandmaster's orders, genuinely believes every false word she tells the PCs. She knows her primary mission is to trick the elites into culling themselves, but she has sincere faith that her secondary mission, finding the *Rib*, is also real. Because the grandmaster did not communicate the full picture to Jaal, she sometimes acts in ways counter to his ultimate purpose; generally, however, engineering the death of monster elites satisfies Crabbe's ends.

If the party agrees to treat with Master Ambassador Uria Jaal, read or paraphrase the following when they meet:

.....

Ambassador Jaal approaches. Strips of cloth wrap tightly around her pleasing form, but a mysterious splotch of clear wetness seeps through at her sternum.

"Thank you for hearing my proposal. We are the Deviceless, and I am Master Ambassador Uria Jaal. Many of us served as Vilseph Dumond's laboratory assistants long ago. We, his former alchemists, know a genuine miracle when we see one—you somehow penetrated the *dumondite* wall! This gives hope that together we may escape. Might you deign to cooperate with us?"

.....

ACTION

In the ensuing question and answer session, Ambassador Jaal relates that the four monster tribes—driven inside Rogthandor by the duke's army long ago—each control territories centered on sophisticated torture devices called *altars of affliction*. "Some of these ridiculous monsters even worship the devices. But we believe the greatest machine is actually Dumond's masterpiece, a mechanism called the *Eureka Rib*, and it holds the key to our exodus. Until now we have not dared seek it, but your appearance shifts the balance of power."

When asked what she wants from them, Ambassador Jaal replies, "Join me in visiting each of the tribes to determine who holds the *Rib*. I will claim to be on a diplomatic peace mission, bringing word from Without. Your presence shall surely open doors often closed to us—with any luck, we will be led directly to each *altar of affliction*. Please understand we must keep our partnership a secret. The monsters have not the sense of a toe knuckle and might accuse us of perpetrating a hoax if handled indelicately."

If the PCs question why the Deviceless want their help, Ambassador Jaal reiterates that the monster rulers often deny access to their territories, but the party's prominence shall surely overcome such reluctance.

If the party wishes to know how they will recognize the *Eureka Rib* if they find it, Ambassador Jaal answers, "I surely cannot say, for I have never seen it. None have seen it. However, if we look not, we shall find not, yes? And I have no doubt your talents and extensive experience with the strange and the arcane shall make clear which is the *Rib* and which merely an *altar*. Are you not skilled in such matters? But come, the shock of your arrival is an opportunity we mustn't squander, a momentum to ride into their territories before the novelty that is you wears thin."

Master Ambassador Uria Jaal

CR 7

Her shape, though alluring and lithe, hides beneath wraps of sourly jaundiced bandages, splotching wetly at her sternum. Uria's sultry, long lashed eyes and persuasive voice impel you to trust her.

XP 3,200

Female human alchemist 7/wizard 1

LN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +11

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 12, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +2 Dex)

hp 49 (7d8+1d6+8)

Fort +6, **Ref** +7, **Will** +4

Resist poison +4

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +6 (1d3+1/20/x2)

Ranged bomb +8 (4d6+4 fire)

Alchemist Spells Known (CL 7th, 6 melee touch, 7 ranged touch)

3rd (2/day)—*gaseous form*, *thorn body* (DC 17)

2nd (4/day)—*barkskin*, *detect thoughts* (DC 16), *invisibility* (DC 16), *whispering wind* (DC 16)

1st (5/day)—*disguise self*, *shield*, *crafter's fortune* (DC 15), *expeditious retreat*, *keen senses* (DC 15)

Wizard Spells Known (CL 1st, 6 melee touch, 7 ranged touch)

1st (2/day)—*magic missile*, *charm person* (DC 15), *crafter's curse* (DC 15)

0 (at will)—*detect poison*, *message*, *light*, *acid splash*

TACTICS

During Combat Uria Jaal holds her own skin in high regard. She likes to talk her way out of problems, but if that does not work she prefers to lob bombs at foes from concealment.

Morale Convinced her mission outweighs any situation or friendship, whenever she reaches 20 or fewer hit points she flees back to the Deviceless compound.

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 14/15, **Con** 13, **Int** 18, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 9

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 18

Feats Brew Potion, Deadly Aim, Deceitful, Extra Bombs, Master Alchemist, Persuasive, Scribe Scroll, Throw Anything

Skills Bluff +9, Craft: Alchemy +17, Diplomacy +9, Disguise +1, Intimidate +1, Knowledge (arcana) +8,

Knowledge (dungeoneering) +15, Knowledge (local) +15, Knowledge (nature) +15, Perception +11, Perform (oratory) +7, Spellcraft +15, Use Magic Device +6; **Modifiers** +7 Alchemy

Languages Bugbear, Common, Minotaur, Ogre, Troglodyte

Combat Gear *demipotion of gaseous form* (grandmaster), *greater demipotion of invisibility* (master), *bandages of rapid recovery* **Other Gear** +4 bracers of armor, *cape of the mountebank*

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bandages of Rapid Recovery These linen bandages have the same color and softness as the feathers of a dove, but their antiseptic smell suggests a less natural origin. Any creature wrapped in these bandages recovers



from wounds and ability damage each day as if receiving complete bed rest regardless of activity (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook*). A creature actually receiving long-term care (from the Heal skill) or complete bed rest while wearing the bandages gains a +4 bonus to its effective level or Hit Dice when determining how many hit points it recovers each day. The bandages are destroyed once removed or when the wearer recovers all hit points and ability damage, whichever comes first. Cost 100 gp.

Alchemy +7 (Su) +7 to Craft (alchemy) to create alchemical items, can identify potions by touch.

Enhance Potion (4/day) A number of times per day equal to her Intelligence modifier, the alchemist can cause any potion she drinks to function at a caster level equal to her class level.

Fast Poisoning (swift action) (Ex) Apply poison to a weapon as a swift action.

Infuse Mutagen (Su) When the alchemist creates a mutagen, she can infuse it with an extra bit of her own magical power. This inflicts 2 points of Intelligence damage to the alchemist and costs 1,000 gp in rare reagents, but the mutagen created persists on its own and is not rendered inert if the alchemist creates another mutagen. This does not allow an alchemist to gain the benefits of multiple mutagens—only the most recently imbibed mutagen has any effect.

Master Alchemist The alchemist may create 4 doses of poison in the time it would normally take to create 1 dose, and may create alchemical items 10 times as fast.

Mutagen (DC 17) (Su) Mutagen adds +4 to a physical attribute, –2 to a mental attribute, and +2 natural armor for 10 minutes/level.

Physical Enhancement +1: Dexterity (Su) +1 bonus to physical ability, +1 per 5 levels (change per day).

Sticky Poison (4 uses) (Su) Any poison the alchemist creates is sticky.

When the alchemist applies it to a weapon, the weapon remains poisoned for a number of strikes equal to the alchemist's Intelligence modifier.

Swift Alchemy (Ex) The alchemist can construct alchemical items in half the normal time.

Telekinetic Fist (7/day) (Sp) 30-foot ranged touch attack (1d4+0)

Notes: Ruthless in her mission to see monster elites dead, Jaal avoids blame falling on the Deviceless at nearly any cost.

DEVELOPMENTS

Conquering the Bazaar

If the PCs conquer the Bazaar and force information from the Deviceless, the mutated alchemists beg for mercy and offer the secret of escape from Rogthandor in exchange for their lives. When spared they relate that legends say a lost device called the *Eureka Rib* holds the key to escape and that one of the *altars of affliction*, held unknowingly by a monster tribe, is the *Rib*. They pretend to desire escape from Rogthandor and agree to help the PCs. If she lives, they assign Master Ambassador Jaal to the party and, if the party demands, shower them in apprentice-grade demipotions, but without explaining about relative quality grades or side effects. Additionally, the Deviceless will attempt to betray the party to a monster tribe at the first opportunity.

Finally, the Deviceless try to hide their grandmaster from the PCs. If they fail, Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe attempts to perpetrate the lie about the *Eureka Rib* being an *altar of affliction*. If the PCs catch him lying—either through Sense Motive or a spell such as *zone of truth*—the grandmaster does not know the location of the *Eureka Rib*. Note: It remains possible the Rib could be an *altar*, but he lied when he said he knew it was an *altar*. If questioned about his motives, the grandmaster remains silent even through torture and death, because revealing the mission to refill the cistern imperils his people.

Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe See **The Battle for the Eureka Rib** for full statistics.

Captured

If the Bazaar guards capture the party, they strip them of their possessions and drag them in chains before Ambassador Jaal. She demands the PCs make restitution for their crimes by protecting her as she travels to each monster tribe. Her mission is none of their business. Once the PCs agree, they must drink one of Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe's potions to seal the deal. The potion is a *potion of geas* (CL 11) with sufficient draughts for every party member. It compels the PCs to “act as Master Ambassador Jaal's bodyguards and take her to visit the leader of each monster tribe.” It does not specify that she must be alive when they escort her, only that they take her to all four leaders.

WAR TRACKER UPDATE

Update the War Tracker for the following conditions:

1. If the PCs conquer the Bazaar, add 1 A to the Slog Hate column and 2 As to every other Hate column.
2. If the Deviceless capture the PCs, add an A to the Slog Love column.

ACT TWO

SYNOPSIS

In Act Two the PCs explore the interior of Rogthandor, penetrating the territories of the monster tribes. Whether by intent or by accident the party confirms that a device called the *Eureka Rib* holds the power to

free them and gathers clues to its location. At every step, the denizens of Rogthandor attempt to embroil the PCs in their rivalries and, wittingly or unwittingly, the adventurers' actions shake up the local power structure, setting monster race against monster race and driving Rogthandor toward war.

The order in which the party encounters the monster tribes does not matter. Each tribe guards its territory, and the PCs have a number of options when exploring: they can launch a frontal assault, interact with NPCs to gain access, or sneak inside.

In traveling from territory to territory, the PCs likely discover that the elites of each tribe—those transmogrified by their respective *altars of affliction*—inhabit the upper floors of Rogthandor, while the unenhanced denizens, dubbed the Slog, inhabit the floor below and are not happy about it.

SPECIAL CONSIDERATIONS

ALTARS OF AFFLICTION

Given the opportunity, the *altars* tempt the PCs to use them, offering power and insight. Adventurers may torture themselves on the *altars* as frequently as circumstances allow, but once transmogrified by an *altar of affliction*, no other *altar* will have them. Consequently, PCs may receive only one *altars'* boon. The *altars* have minds of their own, however, and may never grant such boons, instead remaining coldly amused by a given PC's repeated and painful (but fruitless) attempts.

GOT GEAR

Key members of each monster tribe possess items instantly recognized by everyone in Rogthandor. When the PCs arm themselves with these signature possessions, it impacts the delicate political balance within the Citadel. These items are:

- The Oneironaut's doll of omens
- King Hellhorn's axe
- Muskbringer's club
- Ock Imesh's scabbard
- Sifu Grothk's bracers

When the PCs enter a tribe's territory wearing one of these items, check the War Tracker to see if that tribe hates the item's original owners. If so, they attack the PCs.

Example: *The party enters Fantôme bugbear territory bearing King Hellhorn's axe. The War Tracker shows the bugbears hate the minotaurs (an excess of Es in the bugbear Hate column), so the bugbears instantly attack the party, mistaking them for minotaur allies.*

Should the PCs initiate an assault on any tribe while wielding or wearing these items, the party's victims also assume the PCs represent the tribe whose item they display.

Such events require GMs to update the War Tracker.

1. When a PC wearing a signature item kills a monster from another tribe, place the letter of the item's tribe in the Hate column of the dead monster's tribe. (For example, if the party attacks the troglodytes and a PC wielding King Hellhorn's axe kills a troglodyte, the troglodytes assume the PCs represent the minotaurs. Place an E in the troglodyte's Hate column.)
2. If any PC wears the Oneironaut's *doll of omens* into the Slog, many Slog dwellers resent this. Add 3 As to the Slog Hate column.

DESIGNERS' NOTE

If the PCs attacked and conquered the Bazaar in the beginning of the adventure, merely walking into any tribe's territory unchallenged and interacting with key NPCs is off the table. After the PCs conquer the Bazaar, the tribes lock down their territories: doors shut and barricaded, guards ready to repel trespassers, or booby traps and ambushes set. As a result of this heightened state of alert, even sneaking into any given territory should prove difficult. PCs may still talk, trick, tip-toe, fight or bargain their way to the heart of a tribe's territory; however, gaining access is always more difficult -- by at least +2 DC -- as the denizens of Rogthandor now consider the party a hostile tribe in its own right.

ALIGNMENT IN ROGTHANDOR

The pressures of imprisonment and forced cohabitation modulated the alignments of monsters inside Rogthandor. For simplicity, consider shifting the evil and good descriptors in monster alignments to neutral, except where an altar of affliction is involved. For example, change all normal troglodytes' alignments from CE to CN, but leave the Iron Carp Troglodyte alignments as LE.

3. The common troglodyte is terrified of being kidnapped—a common enough occurrence that has spawned nightmare stories about Sifu Grothk and his *Iron Carp* acolytes. If any PC wears Sifu Grothk's bracers in the Slog and a troglodyte notices, normal troglodytes gather around and praise the party: "The bracers of Grothk! All hail the slayers of the Black Dragon!"

CLUES

The adventure contains many ways for PCs to learn about the *Eureka Rib*. Whether they take the direct route—slay foes, take their stuff, learn from what they find—or befriend NPCs, needed information often connects to the Citadel's history, the politics of its inhabitants, or the plotting of its *altars*.

However, GMs only need concern themselves with three matters: the PCs must learn the *Eureka Rib* exists, that it is the key to escape, and that it resides in C7-D7, **The Condensing Room**. The last is incorrect, but in the condensing room PCs learn the *Rib's* true location and how to operate it.

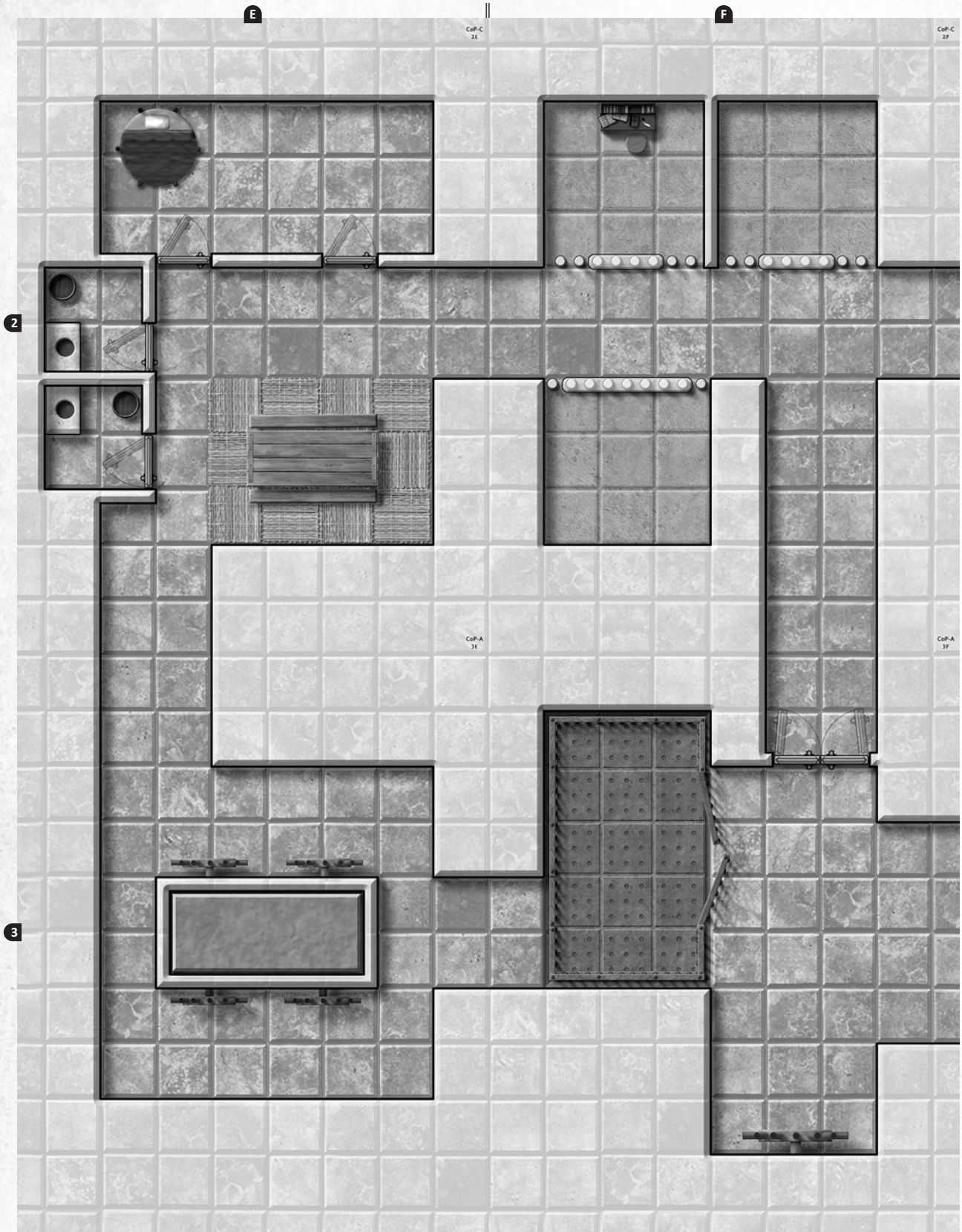
COLLECTION BOXES AND PIPES

The most obvious clues the PCs find are special boxes and pipes placed above every *altar* called Collection Boxes. Each sports a permeable grate facing their *altar* and usually a permanent *gust of wind* blows from the *altar* into them. A distinct brass pipe leaves every Collection Box, traverses the ceilings of Rogthandor, and eventually joins three identical pipes above the concealed door in area 1D.

Given all the pipes crisscrossing the ceilings of Rogthandor, one never notices a Collection Box pipe unless specifically looking for it. Once identified—above an *altar of affliction*, for example—the pipes prove easy to track. The moment a PC asks about a pipe (but only if they express a specific interest) GMs should mention the adventurers notice that pipe in every room through which it runs.

Consult the map on page 12, **The Mini-Map** for the path each special pipe takes from its Collection Box to 1D.

BUGBEAR TERRITORY



MASTER AMBASSADOR URIA JAAL

Throughout the adventure, Uria attempts to incite violence. She is happiest when the PCs kill monster elites. To this end, she whispers continually in their ears: paranoid suspicions, flattery, outright lies, surreptitiously chucking things at monsters then quietly pointing at the PCs. Whatever triggers a fight and leaves her safe to trigger the next. For example, she might say of an NPC, "He's lying. Torture the truth from him!" or to a PC, "He has a powerful sword. It would look good on you." Uria runs the risk of overplaying her hand and winding up on the wrong end of PC swords. No matter. If Uria incited the PCs to wreak violence and mayhem upon the monster tribes, she goes to her death or to her grandmaster satisfied.

FANTÔME BUGBEAR TERRITORY

BACKGROUND

When bugbears found themselves trapped within Rogthandor, they grabbed what territory they could: a small, defensible area with only two exits and a room containing the *Fantôme*, one of Dumond's altars of affliction. This altar is a portal to the realm of nightmare, held in check by the chained spirit of noblewoman Allirae Lonn, the last person sacrificed upon it.

Lying on the dark altar with Allirae granted unholy nightmares to those bugbears who risked their lives for terrible power. The nightmares transmogrified them utterly, leaving them 9 feet tall and immensely strong, but also marking them with hideous mutations.

This strange sect has a problem. Six years ago, they brought an aspirant to Allirae's altar. He not only survived the trial, he received a prophecy in dark dreams foretelling escape from Rogthandor. Since then, the *Fantôme* has refused to work, transforming not a single bugbear more nor transmitting a single additional vision. It left them unprepared for the coming liberation. Convinced their altar broke, this troubles the *Fantôme* bugbears greatly for they genuinely care about the survival of their lesser brethren in the Slog.

The *Fantôme* did not break. Inspired by shards of divination, Allirae decided to stop transforming bugbears and turned all her energies to luring the PCs to either "free" her or "fix" her. With the adventurers' arrival, she sees a way to ride them, literally, to freedom. For the first time in decades the tortured spirit of Allirae Lonn feels a subtle, dangerous emotion—hope—but her decision to prioritize her own escape holds dire consequences for all Rogthandor, for Allirae's spirit serves as a literal doorway holding back the predators of dream.

SYNOPSIS

Fantôme territory is a surreal landscape wherein dream bleeds into reality through the mouths of the half-awake, half-dreaming *Fantôme* bugbears. Secure in their power, as much a part of the dreaming as of the waking world, the *Fantôme* bugbears do not respond to the PCs with aggression unless attacked.

The party likely forces itself into the presence of the Oneironaut, the leader of the *Fantôme* bugbears, who asks them to repair the *Fantôme*. Alternately, Allirae Lonn's spirit draws the PCs, perhaps implying falsely that the *Fantôme* bugbears hold her prisoner.

While not critical to the adventure, should a PC lie beside Allirae on the altar, she attempts to transfer herself into them, imparting a horrific mutation and freeing a nightmare predator from the realm of dream called the Incuborso.

Ambassador Jaal proves unusually quiet throughout the party's sojourn within *Fantôme* bugbear territory—even when first meeting the Oneironaut. However, once she learns the *Fantôme* itself requires repairs, she exercises every ounce of her persuasive powers to encourage the PCs to fix it.

SETUP

Of all the transmogrified monster elites, the *Fantôme* bugbears occupy the smallest territory. Only half partaking of the waking world even when conversing, they dream between sentences. The party always finds them standing like sleepwalkers, still and disassociated from surrounding stimuli.

The *Fantôme* bugbears actively avoid distraction from the dream. Consequently, they disabled all but one flame sconce in each room, creating low-light conditions throughout their territory. Some rooms hold no light at all. All the walls in *Fantôme* bugbear territory bear extensive murals depicting the nightmare visions of the dark dreamers. If asked, any bugbear willingly explains the source of their art: active visions from the realm of dream.

INTERFACTION ACTION

When contemplating an Interfaction Action in *Fantôme* bugbear territory, consider one of these possibilities:

ROVING WAR BAND

Have a faction that hates the PCs attack while they explore bugbear territory. Consult the War Tracker. The faction with the most As in its Hate column sends an EL 7 or 8 war band after them. The foe boldly violates bugbear territory. Narrate them slaying one or more *Fantôme* bugbears until they face the PCs alone. Do not involve any of the noted *Fantôme* bugbears (below) in the formal combat; instead let them dream on or observe.

Afterward, place the letter of the attacking tribe into the *Fantôme* bugbear's Hate column. See the **Battle for the Eureka Rib** for some suggested NPC mixes to create EL 7 and EL 8 encounters.

ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT

While the PCs meet with the Oneironaut, assassins from the tribe that most hates the bugbears (their letter appears most frequently in the bugbear's War Tracker Hate column) attack. If not noticed by the PCs, the assassins open with demipotions of *hold monster* (grandmaster) that successfully freeze the Oneironaut and his attendants. This leaves the PCs alone with the assassins. The assassins ignore the frozen bugbears until the PCs are neutralized. If the PCs spot the assassins first and sound the alarm, the Oneironaut's attendants hurry their leader from the room, leaving the assassins to the PCs.

Use the statistics for two assassins provided in **Appendix One** of the adventure, or create your own EL 8 opponent.

Update the War Tracker as follows:

1. After this conflict, place the letter of the attacking tribe's assassins into the *Fantôme* bugbears' Hate column.
2. If the PCs fight the assassins, place an A in the Hate column of the assassin's tribe.
3. If the PCs prevent the Oneironaut's murder, place an A in the bugbears' Love column.

ENTERING BUGBEAR TERRITORY

After the PCs reach F2 or F3, read or paraphrase the following:

Four giant bugbears stand equidistant along the hallway's entire length. From within long, hooded robes patched with squared scraps of clothing, they stare upward, eyes open and unblinking, some streaming tears. Their toothy maws hang ajar, spilling drool with every guttural snore.

F2: LONG HALL OF THE DARK DREAMERS, NORTH END (EL 8)

If the PCs look west to *Fantôme* bugbear territory from F2, read or paraphrase the following:

This dark, bare room extends south into a long hallway, while another chamber lies beyond it to the west. Murals clog the walls: images of furry children devouring their parents atop leathern windmills transition into blue skies rich with cumulous clouds shaped like unspeakable humiliations.

F3: LONG HALL OF THE DARK DREAMERS, SOUTH END (EL 8)

If the PCs look west to *Fantôme* bugbear territory from G3, read or paraphrase the following:

A dark hallway runs north, while a massive cage blocks the western wall. Murals of emaciated, sobbing gods weeping upon the world transition into a grotto of vivacious mermaids in a gory feeding frenzy, feasting upon a hapless bugbear clutching a snapped yellow rose.

ACTION

These four bugbears guard *Fantôme* territory and are both asleep and awake. Attempts to talk to them stir them to life briefly, as do attempts to pass them. By default, they only rouse to prevent incursions. The PCs have numerous avenues for bypassing them.

If the PCs attack or try to trespass west toward E2 or E3 without permission, the two nearest *Fantôme* bugbears fight back. The other two remain immobile, but yowl an alarm in their sleep that draws the ordinary bugbear attendants from F2a and E2 within 2 rounds. If the party attacks all four *Fantôme* bugbears at once (with a *lightning bolt*, for example), all four attack the party but do not howl their alarm and do not summon the ordinary bugbears.

If the party defeats any two bugbears, the other two remain dreaming unless the party approaches within 10 feet, at which point they respond as if unaware the adventurers slew their two fellows.

Alternately, the PCs might choose Diplomacy or Stealth to circumvent the four guards. If Uria accompanies the party, add a +5 bonus on all Diplomacy checks for this purpose. Uria wants the PCs deep in *Fantôme* territory. The further they penetrate, the greater the likelihood of violence when discovered.

If PCs attempt to speak to the *Fantôme* bugbear guards or simply walk past them to the west, read or paraphrase the following:

A bugbear abruptly stops snoring and softly intones, "You are lovely, a welcome breeze for the aggrieved, flavoring the tongues of the starving with your exotic scent of distant hills and sun sweet rivers. But you may not see the Oneironaut without an appointment. Unless..."

The bugbear falls silent. If the PCs ask what the bugbear was about to say and succeed at a DC 20 Diplomacy check, read or paraphrase the following:

The bugbear returns to his trance, but the one beyond picks up the conversation, "...unless you come to mend that which needs mending."

The bugbears fall silent and do not respond to further prompting. However, if the PCs insist they have "come to mend what needs mending" and succeed on another DC 20 Diplomacy or DC 15 Bluff check, the dreaming bugbear guards point a path through their dimly lit domain to F2a.

Fantôme bugbears (4)

CR 6

From within its hooded robe, this giant stares reverently up and away, as if to a distant mountain peak, taking instruction from voices that aren't there.

XP 600 each

Female/Male bugbear

NE Large humanoid (aberration)

Init +8; Senses darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 13, flat-footed 21 (+4 armor, +4 Dex, -1 size, +8 natural)

hp 63 (3d8+30)

Fort +7, Ref +8, Will +8

OFFENSE

Spd 35 ft.

Melee longspear +9 (1d8+13/20/x3) or

Melee heavy mace +9 (1d8+9/20/x2) or

Melee unarmed strike +11 (1d4+9/20/x2)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

Special Attacks various (see below)

TACTICS

Morale If the battle goes against them, the bugbear with oversized ears (see below) heads west at highest altitude, legs tucked up to his chest, to bring *Fantôme* bugbear reinforcements.

STATISTICS

Str 28, Dex 19, Con 22, Int 12, Wis 18, Cha 15

Base Atk +3; CMB +13; CMD 27

Feats Fleet, Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Armor

Skills Acrobatics +1, Climb +14, Escape Artist +1, Fly -1, Heal +8,

Intimidate +6, Perception +10, Ride +1, Stealth +9, Survival +8, Swim +6

Languages Aklo, Common, Goblin

SQ nightmare mutation

Combat Gear *demipotion of divination* (apprentice), *demipotion of eagle's splendor* (apprentice) **Other Gear** hide shirt, heavy mace, longspear

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Nightmare Mutation (Su) Every *Fantôme* bugbear suffers a unique mutation drawn from nightmare. Taken in conjunction with its other

features, the mutation provides the bugbear sufficient advantage to raise its CR +1 from 5 to 6. See the appendices of the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* for guidance designing your own nightmare mutation.

Notes: Each of the four bugbears has a distinct nightmare deformity aiding it in combat.

Bugbear at B1a North As a move action, this bugbear's grossly oversized ears flap with hummingbird swiftness, raising him up to the 15-foot ceiling. As the ears flap, the dozens of hoop earrings emit a sound like metallic laughter.

Bugbear at B1a Mid North As a full-round action, this bugbear splits open its head and its neck becomes an undulating, stretchy orifice capable of swallowing Medium creatures whole. Splitting its head in this fashion grants the bugbear the *Grab* (Ex) and *Swallow Whole* (Ex) (3d6 acid, AC 14, hp 6) abilities.

Bugbear at B1a Mid South 1/day as a standard action, a clawed demon's arm tears from the meat of this bugbear's back, raking the air with audible strength and speed. Treat the claw as if it were a spiritual weapon (CL 6) with *Sickening Critical* as a bonus feat.

Bugbear at B1a South 3/day as a move action the bugbear opens his mouth and the head of a fetal bugbear laughs at the party from within while singing a child's song. Treat the song as a bard's confusion spell (CL 6).

F2A: RECEPTION

(EL VARIES)

If the PCs head west from the eastern half of F2, read or paraphrase the following:

This reception area, lit by a single sconce over a wooden desk, bears murals depicting a limbless bugbear female zealously birthing a mounted cavalry regiment. Masses of ropy scar tissue conceal the horse soldiers' pink, featureless faces. This same cavalry charges around the room's other walls, slaughtering many species of terrified fey. An unhorsed soldier's lance skewers seven creatures through their abdomens. Spitted, they writhe in torment and roast over a flaming fissure in the ground. Bugbear-sized slilch overcoats litter the floor near the room's southern wall.

If the PCs drew no ordinary bugbears to area F2 or F3, an ordinary bugbear in a loincloth sprawls across the desk, reviewing a ledger. This bugbear is **Turgo** (CN male bugbear commoner 1), personal assistant to the Oneironaut. His natural intelligence is exceptional for a bugbear. Other ordinary bugbears stand in the southern wing of this room chatting quietly.

ACTION

If the PCs charge in for battle, Turgo attempts to flee and get help, leaving the bugbear attendants in the southern portion of F2a to delay the PCs. Two rounds later he returns with the Oneironaut's Attendant from area E2 and joins the fight against the PC invaders.

If the PCs enter peaceably, Turgo puts down his accounting scroll—recording services rendered and payments collected in the Slog—and stands.

If the PCs talk to Turgo about anything other than repairing the *Fantôme*, please read or paraphrase the following:

"I am Turgo and I am to tell you not bothering the dark dreamers. They thank you visiting their dream art murals and a good day hope for you."

If Uria accompanies the party and knows the *Fantôme* is broken, she attempts to deflect discussions that might end in the PCs assisting. If, despite Uria's interference, anyone offers to repair the *Fantôme*, read or paraphrase the following:

"Good news. Follow me. When you meeting the Oneironaut, please to tell him what great job I do. They keep us regulars here because they say, 'We operate better in woken world than they.' Heh, lookit that. I rhyme."

Asked about the prophecy of escape, Turgo explains he is not an Escapist. He confides his bosses are horrid freaks addicted to their own dreams, but he enjoys his job.

Turgo See "bugbear" in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary*, except Intelligence of 13 and +1 to all skills.

Bugbear Attendants (3) See "bugbear" in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* for full statistics.

E2: STANDING ROOM

(EL VARIES)

If the PCs enter this chamber from the south or the east, read or paraphrase the following:

In this unlit room, an enormous bugbear stands motionless at the room's center. His hair is so astonishingly overgrown that his beard joins his chest hair to form a body-concealing robe of woolly macramé. His hair falls thicker than the heaviest rug, adorned with brightly colored beads, painted slilch skulls, and china dolls crafted for the royalty of yesteryear. An ordinary bugbear on a ladder delicately paints the highest part of a mural here in compliance with directions from the hairy giant. The mural depicts an urban landscape where humans fall into the sky upside down, reaching in panic for the city below. Peasants hang in public squares, floating like balloons at the end of taut strings. A shower of blood rains heavenward, coating the horizon in pinkish mist.

The hairy *Fantôme* bugbear is the Oneironaut: the mystical leader of his kind and the last bugbear blessed by the *Fantôme*. His eyes are cloudy silver, obscuring his pupils.

If the Oneironaut's Attendant (NE male *Fantôme* bugbear) did not battle the PCs in area F2a, then he holds a mop in one hand, pushes a bucket under the muralist's ladder, and waits impatiently, foot tapping the floor.

SETUP

Two open doorways lead into an unlit northern room. Two adjacent open doorways lead west. A 5-foot-wide passage leads south into a 10-foot-wide corridor. PCs with light sources or darkvision make out a four-poster bed tucked into the room to the north.

ACTION

Should the PCs charge in, blades and spells flashing, the Oneironaut and his two companions fight back. If the PCs approach peacefully and Turgo is present, he tugs the Oneironaut's hair, tinkling its many decorations, and introduces the PCs, "Oneironaut, visitors come." The Oneironaut remains silent and dreaming, muttering instructions to his muralist, but the PCs feel his expectant attention on them.

After the party finishes any opening conversational gambit, the Oneironaut responds in a tremulous voice, utterly ignoring what they said, "You have come. I knew you would. Your presence signals the end. You are here to repair our *altar*. Come."

Without waiting for a reply, the Oneironaut shuffles to the northern room. The Oneironaut's Attendant mops foul-smelling stains from the floor. The muralist descends, picks up the heavy, slopping bucket, and carries it through a door to the west.

Bugbear Muralist (1) See "bugbear" in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* for full statistics.

Oneironaut's Attendant See *Fantôme* bugbears above for full statistics.

TACTICS

Morale These bugbears fight to the death to protect the Oneironaut.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Oneironaut's Attendant: Nightmare Mutation, Whip Tongue As a move action this bugbear extends its tongue into a whip, granting it an offhand attack (**Melee** +9 (1d4+4/20/×2) as if it had both Exotic Weapon Proficiency (whip) and Two-Weapon Fighting as bonus feats.

The Oneironaut

CR 9

Peering down wisely like a roosting owl, his long hair so interwoven it forms a fastened robe all around him, this titanic goblinoid explains, "The price of exalted knowledge is but a question posed, then answered in dream."

XP 6,400

Male bugbear sorcerer 4

NE Large humanoid (aberration)

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 120 ft., scent; Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 13, flat-footed 20 (+4 Dex, -1 size, +11 natural)

hp 107 (3d8+4d6+54)

Fort +12, **Ref** +13, **Will** +15

OFFENSE

Spd 35 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +13 (1d4+9/20/×2)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks *acidic ray*, deforming tentacles

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 4, +13 melee touch, +8 ranged touch)

2nd (4/day)—*dust of twilight* (DC 15)

1st (7/day)—*enlarge person* (DC 14), *hypnotism* (DC 14), *reduce person* (DC 14), *true strike*

0 (At will)—*bleed* (DC 13), *daze* (DC 13), *light*, *acid splash*, *ray of frost*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 13)

TACTICS

During Combat If attacked the Oneironaut unleashes his tentacles then follows foes about, casting spells. The tentacles operate independent of the Oneironaut, so he moves and casts each round while the rubbery mutant appendages grapple opponents.

STATISTICS

Str 28, **Dex** 19, **Con** 22, **Int** 12, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 16

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +15; **CMD** 29



Feats Blind-Fight, Deep Sight, Eschew Materials, Fleet, Improved Initiative, Step Up

Skills Acrobatics +1, Climb +14, Escape Artist +1, Fly -1, Heal +8, Intimidate +7, Perception +12, Ride +1, Spellcraft +13, Stealth +9, Survival +8, Swim +6, Use Magic Device +7

Languages Aklo, Common, Goblin

SQ aberrant

Combat Gear *demipotion of expeditious retreat* (master), *demipotion of rage* (apprentice), *demipotion of shout* (master), *demipotion of transformation* (apprentice); **Other Gear** *cloak of the Oneironaut* (+4 resistance), *doll of omens*

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Deforming Tentacles (Su) The Oneironaut's torso is a seething mass of tentacles. When unleashed from his hair cloak, they function like *black tentacles* (CL 9) except they cannot be dispelled or damaged independent of the Oneironaut. Both the tentacles and opponents grappled by the tentacles move with him. Additionally, the Oneironaut's tentacles force a DC 19 Reflex save the round following a successful new grapple. Failing the Reflex save immediately incurs a side effect (roll a d6 to determine which):

1. Massive sucker marks scar the character's face. Permanent -1 to all Charisma-based skill checks except Intimidate. +1 to all Intimidate rolls.
2. Tentacle leaves an acidic burn mark around character's throat. Speech hoarsened. A permanent -1 to all Charisma-based skill checks except Intimidate. +1 to all Intimidate rolls.
3. Tentacle enters an orifice, grabs an organ, and inflicts an additional 1d6 damage. -2 circumstance penalty on CMB rolls to escape the

grapple. Repeats each round until grapple broken.

4. Tentacle inflicts suppurating wound. The wound leaks stinking pus incurring a -4 penalty to all Charisma-based skill checks. Suppuration persists until a *heal* or equivalent power restores the PC's full hp. Forever after, should the character drop to 20 hp or below, the suppurating wound reopens, resumes leaking stinky pus, and once again applies a -4 penalty until *healed*.
5. Character acquires a fear of hair and pulls out all of their own at the first opportunity. Permanent -1 to all Charisma-based skill checks.
6. Roll twice, ignoring a 6 on future rolls.
7. Effects are cumulative and one individual may acquire multiple deformities fighting the Oneironaut.

Doll of Omens A foot-long china doll in a dirty silk dress, eyes closed, that clips onto clothes or body hair. When held or otherwise carried, it functions as a *lantern of revealing* except its eyes flick open and it reveals invisible creatures and objects when the doll passes within 10 feet of them. The doll also grants its owner a +4 resistance bonus to all saves as a *cloak of resistance*.

Notes: *Battling the PCs the Oneironaut screams, "She dreams a place beneath still and murky waters!"*

DEVELOPMENTS

If the PCs follow the Oneironaut peacefully north, a DC 10 Perception check reveals he leaves a trail of clear slime behind him. Peering underneath his "robes" requires a DC 25 Sleight of Hand check. Success reveals the Oneironaut lacks a humanoid torso. Many 8-foot-long, grey-white tentacles dripping with clear albumen support his upper frame. If the PCs ignore the Oneironaut and head north on their own, he follows quietly.

E2A: THE FANTÔME

(EL VARIES)

The rich appointments of this unlit master bedroom pale beside the lavish bed set in the room's corner.

Carved from ebony inlaid with a sea of onyx eyes, this round, six-poster canopy boasts comfy bedding in a soft splash of plums, lavenders, and white. Long, diaphanous gauze rises from the bed's outer edge to an overhead hook in the ceiling. Atop the bed, a desiccated corpse in a disintegrating dress lies in repose.

If Uria is present, she warns the PCs against repairing the bed.

SETUP

The walls of the *Fantôme* room lack murals. However, any PC who can see in this dark room and expressly examines the ceiling finds a mural stretching across its full length. The mural depicts an enormous golden rib cage built into Rogthandor's exterior, opening like a gate through which march all the monstrous tribes in smiling procession.

If PCs dreamt of Allirae Lonn (See **On a Mission of Mercy**), they recognize the corpse despite its state. Anyone who makes a DC 10 Perception check notices writing carved into the headboard. The message reads, "Sister if you think you'll sink not drink. Find the rib and blow this clink," and includes a veiled reference to the cistern. It means "Cistern. If you think about it, you'll sink to the bottom to investigate, not drink from it. Find the Eureka Rib and escape this prison."

Under the bed, investigating PCs discover a sticky iron drain in the floor.

ACTION

The Oneironaut Speaks

If the Oneironaut is here and the PCs have not attacked him, he waits for an opportune moment and speaks, "There is power in sleep, and some dared dream upon the *altar*. Those who survive, she gifts and curses beyond imagining. I was the last to make the trial. I lay beside the Lady and closed my eyes, and I saw the universe for what it is. All that it is. That is when the *Fantôme* spoke the prophecy to me. That is when the *Fantôme* worked last. Six years past, and not a day since."

Any other bugbear present intones, "He was the last to hear her voice. To him she deigned to speak."

The Oneironaut adds, "Our altar works no more. We no longer propagate our special kind. How to defend our people against the Citadel's more ambitious and wily factions? Will you lie upon our *altar* and learn how to mend her? She foretold your coming. She warned she would only speak to you."

At which point the Oneironaut points at the PC with the highest wisdom, "You. Please rest beside her, but with care. Her body is holy and must not be disturbed."

To Sleep, Perchance to Dream

The first PC who climbs onto the bed falls dead asleep, no save, and the lady of the *altar* speaks in their dreams. Read or paraphrase the following for the dreaming PC:

A noblewoman comes to you by the mossy shore of a woodland pond, "I was Allirae Lonn, the last of Vilseph's victims upon this evil bed. Dumond wished the *Fantôme* to bring dreams so frightening that sleepers might flee their bodies to escape them, but I became trapped between dream and the waking world both, and that was a complication he had no time for."

She draws closer. Her breath smells of jasmine.

"Each of the *altars* connects to the others. All bear the imprint of their creator. In eternal slumber, the eddies of fate drain along the periphery of times to come, and I know he built the *Eureka Rib* last. All the *altars* sense this. They are awake, you know, sentient to a degree. They hunger to know the *Rib* more than anyone. Vanity? Curiosity? I know not, but I tell you many claim the *Rib* infuses mortals with the power of gods. Do not succumb! Use it to destroy itself, and the other *altars* of *affliction*. Even my bed brims with eldritch horrors. I can feel it scratching at my back, hateful, hot on my neck. Let us open the walls of Rogthandor and dissipate Dumond's malevolence. Save me."

The Lady leans forward and kisses you, cooing for a satisfied moment before her face shrivels and rots away from the bone. Her eyes sink into her head, disappearing altogether. Her tongue falls off inside your mouth, and she vanishes into dust.

The PC must choose, agreeing to save Allirae or not. Upon either answer, the PC wakes from the dream to find no time has passed.

The Fantôme (Minor Artifact)

Aura moderate necromancy, moderate divination, moderate enchantment; CL 17th

Slot none; **Weight** 200 lb.

DESCRIPTION

Carved from ebony inlaid with onyx, this round, six-poster canopy

THINGS ONLY ONE PC SEES

Things only a single PC sees sometimes pose problems. They pressure GMs to show a handout or whisper secrets to that single, thrilled player, while boring or irritating most everyone else. Only one PC at time may ride an altar of affliction and not all will wish to risk themselves, but their caution should not bar players from the fun. Consider sharing handouts illustrating "single-viewer" visions with all the players. Narrate such moments aloud to the table, with the caveat that only the viewing PC knows the information. For example, "The Fantôme shares a vision with Shiela the Destroyer. Only she sees this in her head. Here is the handout -- pass it around -- and this is what happens..." Frequently, this approach raises excitement and tension as all players learn what is at stake, even if their characters do not.

bed bulges with faded but comfy bedding. Atop the bed, undisturbed for decades, lies the desiccated corpse of a young woman, her mouth yawning in a rictus of torment. Attempting to sleep on the *Fantôme* has no effect. It just rattles in place angrily. Only those chosen by Allirae receive the bed's boon.

Effects

At will, Allirae pulls any who lie upon the *Fantôme* to sleep, shows them visions, and begs them to save her.

Boon

Anyone saving Allirae receives the following Special Ability: **Nightmare Mutation, Whip Tongue (Su)** As a move action, the character extends his/her tongue into a whip, granting it an offhand attack (**Melee** +9 (1d4+4/20/x2) as if it had both Exotic Weapon Proficiency (whip) and Two-Weapon Fighting as bonus feats.

Curse

The whip tongue literally transfers Allirae's spirit to the chosen character's mouth. The whip tongue also condemns the character to forever talk as if they had a mouth full of rocks. This incurs a permanent -2 to all Charisma-based skill checks but does not impede spellcasting. Finally, tearing her spirit from its corpse, the players open the portal to dream and release a nightmare predator called the Incuborso.

Dumond built the *Fantôme* to test the hypothesis that nightmares might make sentence easier to extract since the victim's thoughts have already left the body and passed into dream. Instead he created a portal through which the predators of nightmare sought to pass, eager to feast upon the living. To seal this portal but retain it for further study, Dumond bound the spirit of Allirae Lonn, a local noblewoman, to block the mystic entrance. Allirae's body is the door to dream, her spirit the key in the lock.

DESTRUCTION

While a victim's spirit remains bound to the *Fantôme*, destroying the artifact proves impossible. Destroying the victim's body liberates the spirit and makes the bed vulnerable, but it also releases the Incuborso. Freed of its binding spirit, the *Fantôme* takes 25 hit points to destroy. It has a hardness of 5.

DEVELOPMENTS

Asking About the Eureka Rib

The Oneironaut knows for a fact that his people's altar is not the *Rib*, and he also knows that none of the other tribes' altars are either, for that matter. He is willing to share this information if asked.

Destroying the Fantôme

Destroying the *Fantôme* fails As long as Allirae Lonn's spirit remains attached to the bed. However, attempting to damage the altar may also damage Allirae's desiccated corpse. Once the PCs destroy or remove her body, Allirae's spirit flees, making the *Fantôme* vulnerable. It also frees the Incuborso, which attacks. Additionally, any *Fantôme* bugbears (including the Oneironaut) who witness the PCs accidentally damage Allirae's corpse interfere to prevent further damage. Should the party persist—or worse, deliberately damage, dishonor, or disparage the corpse—the bugbears attack the party in outrage.

Fixing the Fantôme

The *Fantôme* is not broken. If the PC lying on the bed refuses Allirae's gift, the Oneironaut asks the party if another has the courage to save the Lady. If no one lies down, the Oneironaut dismisses them, "She screams her despair like a mother over a wagon-crushed child. Be gone false saviors, you have doomed us. We soothe her sorrow." All *Fantôme* bugbears abruptly fall asleep and do not reawaken unless attacked, or until the final battle of Act Three.

Investigating the Collection Box and Pipe

Anyone on the bed feels a draft blowing upward that billows the canopy gauze. Anyone investigating the ceiling where the canopy gauze comes together discovers a squat Collection Box affixed to the ceiling. The pipe leaving the Collection Box heads slightly west of north.

Saving Allirae

If a PC accepts Allirae's gift, the dreamer awakes to find all *Fantôme* bugbears in a stupor. The PC who accepted Allirae into his mouth receives both the boon and curse of the *Fantôme*. He also unleashes the Incuborso. After a PC with Allirae in his mouth leaves the bed, her spirit no longer binds shut the door to dream. Immediately, the Incuborso steps through her corpse and attacks the party.

In the ensuing battle, the whip tongue in the PC's mouth repeatedly shouts, "Shut the door! Shut the door!" The *Fantôme* bugbears remain in a stupor until Act Three and do not participate in this battle.

THE INCUBORSO

CR 11

Corkscrewing from the ether upon a coiling vortex of purest darkness, the flickering form of the Incuborso appears, its upper half a shadowy bear. Hooked, lamprey teeth extend in concentric rows, its claws gangling and serrated. Eyes of red flesh swivel without focus, heralding its hateful presence with the fetor of rotted flesh.

XP 12,800

Male dream predator

NE Large outsider (animal)

Init +9; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +24

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 14, flat-footed 20 (+5 Dex, -1 size, +11 natural)

hp 157 (10d8+99)

Fort +16, **Ref** +12, **Will** +9

DR 5/magic; **Immune** poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10, electricity 10, fire 10; **SR** 23

Weaknesses light blindness, light sensitivity, vulnerable to light

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft., fly 80 ft. (good)

Melee 4 claws +18 (1d6+11/20/x2), 2 bites +18 (1d8+11/20/x2)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

Special Attacks grab

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10)

1/day—*blasphemy* (DC 21), *contagion* (DC 23), *desecrate* (DC 22), *destruction* (DC 27), *horrid wilting* (DC 24), *unhallow* (DC 25), *unholy blight* (DC 24)



3/day—darkness (DC 22), poison (DC 24), unholy aura (DC 28)

STATISTICS

Str 33, **Dex** 21, **Con** 29, **Int** 4, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 16

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +20 (+24 grapple); **CMD** 35 (39 vs. Trip)

Feats Combat Reflexes, Endurance, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Run, Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Acrobatics +9, Climb +18, Fly +7, Intimidate +14, Perception +24, Swim +23

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Poison (Sp) Touch deals 1d10 Con damage, repeats in 1 min.

Smite Good (Su) +3 to hit, +11 to damage, +3 deflection bonus to AC when used.

Unholy Aura (Sp) +4 to AC, +4 resistance, and SR 25 against good spells.

Notes: As long as Allirae's body remains on the bed, the Incuborso receives damage reduction and spell resistance from its connection to dream. If the PCs destroy or remove her body, the Incuborso loses these abilities. Treat the Incuborso as an outsider stepping through a gate or similar spell.

E2B & E3: STOREROOMS

These two rooms act as larders for the Bugbear enclave, storing foodstuffs, clothing, etc. Since the bugbears spend most of their time in a dreamlike state, true sleeping quarters are not needed, though it's possible these rooms served before the tribe fell into its reverie. One storeroom bears a mural of an open coffin filled with mucous-slathered worms, viscera, and bright fruit. Four vipers hang in pallbearer positions, teeth sunk into the casket wood, venom dripping from their tails.

The other room contains a mural depicting the stone cistern from the Bazaar looming over a crowd. Everyone lines up and devotedly smashes their faces to pulp on its exterior.

The first mural's coffin represent the *Fantôme* bed, while the second mural indicates the cistern collects the fruits of pain and is more than it seems.

If PCs head west from **F3** or south from **E2**, they reach a storeroom containing cleaning equipment and paint supplies. A massive stone block fills the aerial center of the room, connected to the ceiling by taught chains. A lever juts from the wall.

SETUP

This storeroom was once used for crushing prisoners. The lever rusted into place, but a DC 20 Disable Device or DC 30 Strength check loosens it. Pulling the lever drops the stone block to the floor below. Anyone beneath when it falls must make a DC 20 Reflex save or suffer 10d6 damage.

F3: THE CAGEVATOR

This area holds a cage wide and tall enough for two elephants. Hinges near the top lip allow the two faces of the cage to fold outward.

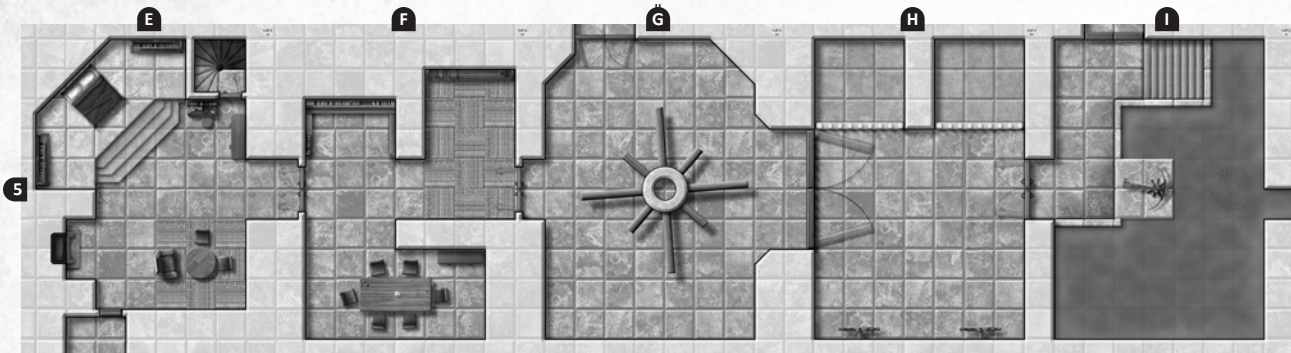
SETUP

Originally designed to lower Huge-sized creatures down to the arena, the bugbears repurposed this 25-foot-by-15-foot cage into a private elevator capable of transporting any bugbear down to the Slog.

The cage's eastern side unlocks at the top in multiple sections. Each section hinges such that an unlocked section falls down and away. The cage's western side holds only one such section, opening onto location **E3**.

Generally the *Fantôme* bugbears keep the cagevator on the upper level,

MINOTAUR TERRITORY



blocking access. See **Entering the Slog, Developments** for additional details.

WAR TRACKER UPDATE

When the party leaves bugbear territory, update the War Tracker as follows:

1. If Ambassador Jaal attacked or otherwise angered the *Fantôme* bugbears, add a B to the *Fantôme* bugbear Hate column.
2. If the party attacked or otherwise angered the *Fantôme* bugbears, add an A to the *Fantôme* bugbear Hate column.
3. If the PCs destroyed Allirae's corpse, with or without saving her, add two As to the *Fantôme* bugbear Hate column.
4. If the party defeated the Incuborso, place an A in the *Fantôme* bugbear Love column.

WHITE WITCH MINOTAUR TERRITORY

SYNOPSIS

The PCs enter minotaur territory and either provoke an immediate hostile response or find themselves involved in a power struggle between King Hellhorn and Muskbringer, High Priest of the *White Witch*, the minotaurs' *altar of affliction*. If the PCs befriend Hellhorn, he requests they help him eliminate his rival.

SETUP

There are four ways to enter minotaur territory: from the guarded stairwell between E5 and E10, through the door at G5, through the door in I5, or swimming the tunnel from J5.

A successful DC 25 Diplomacy check allows PCs to bribe the stairway guard at E10. The bribe must include 5 demipotions of at least master grade and gourmet food from Without. Reduce the DC by -5 if Gabrele introduces the PCs, as the guard is related to her people. See **Entering the Slog** for details on the Slog's relations with the elites above. If Ambassador Jaal accompanies the party, she quietly suggests the party slay the guard and have done. If pressed to help, she grumbles a few words of assistance and reduces the Diplomacy DC to bribe the guard by another -5.

Witch-Kissed Warrior

Your blade severs the minotaur's wrist. Instantly, a bubbling pink worm crawls from the stump, seemingly fattening on air alone. It expands, sprouts hair, and a fresh hand replaces the old. The minotaur says, "Ow."

Female/Male minotaur fighter 1
LN Large monstrous humanoid
Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +11

CR 5

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 14 (+2 Dex, -1 size, +5 natural)
hp 67 (7d10+28); regeneration 10 (acid or electricity)
Fort +10, **Ref** +7, **Will** +5

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.
Melee battleaxe +10/+5 (2d6+6/20/×3) and gore +5 (1d6+2/20/×2) or **Melee** unarmed strike +10/+5 (1d4+4/20/×2)
Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.
Special Attacks powerful charge (gore +11, 2d6+6)

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 15, **Con** 19, **Int** 9, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 12
Base Atk +7; **CMB** +12 (+14 bull rush); **CMD** 24 (26 vs. bull rush)
Feats Cleave, Great Fortitude, Improved Bull Rush, Power Attack, Vital Strike
Skills Acrobatics +3, Fly +0, Intimidate +9, Perception +11, Stealth +6, Survival +11
Languages Common, Giant
SQ natural cunning (Ex)

Combat Gear *demipotion of cat's grace* (apprentice), *demipotion of protection from chaos* (master), *demipotion of good hope* (apprentice);
Other Gear battleaxe

If the PCs assault minotaur territory, all the *Witch-Kissed* warriors (including King Hellhorn and Lord Gorestomper) rush to meet them, except for the following: Muskbringer, his two *Witch-Kissed* bodyguards, and the initiate in H5 stay put, as do the two *Witch-Kissed* sentinels guarding against ogres in I5.

INTERFACTION ACTION

Should the GM desire an Interfaction Action in minotaur territory, consider one of the prior suggestions or the following:

THE FRIENDLY AMBASSADOR HATES YOU

To initiate this Interfaction Action, find a tribe that fulfills two conditions:

1. The tribe has two or more As in its Hate column.
2. The tribe is not in the minotaur Hate column and has one or more letters in the minotaur Love column.

A "friendly" ambassador from this tribe interrupts the PCs' audience with the minotaur king. Whatever the PCs want, this ambassador works against, offering arguments or even bribes to defeat the PCs' purposes. The ambassador trivializes the PCs, dismisses them, talks over them, steals their stage, and seeks their removal from minotaur territory. If Ambassador Jaal accompanies the party, she points out the offenses to the PCs, harps on them, declares the rectitude of striking back, and otherwise encourages bloody retribution.

For example, if the PCs ask the Minotaur King to allow a visit to the White Witch, this ambassador might interject, "My people will pay you 500 lbs of Slich hide per year to deny this request, your most Gloriously Charging Majesty!" To which Uria might respond, "Are you going to stand for such interference? And you call yourselves warriors?!"

Update the War Tracker as follows:

1. If the PCs overcome the ambassador diplomatically, update the War Tracker as follows:
 - a. Add an E and an A to the ambassador's tribe's Hate column.
 - b. Add an A to the minotaur's Love column.
2. If the PCs humiliate the ambassador, add an A to the ambassador's tribe's Hate column.
3. If the PCs kill the ambassador, add two As to the ambassador's tribe's Hate column and one A to the minotaur Hate column. No minotaur intervenes in this fight, but the violence displeases King Hellhorn.
4. If the ambassador works against the Deviceless' interests or angers Uria Jaal, place a B in the ambassador's tribe's Hate column.

Craft an EL 7 or EL 8 encounter by giving the ambassador bodyguards from his tribe. See **Act Three, Battle for the Eureka Rib** for some suggested NPC mixes that create EL 7 and EL 8 Encounters.

E5: THRONE ROOM OF THE MINOTAUR KING (EL 9)

When the PCs enter E5, read or paraphrase the following:

Low stairs in the northwestern corner of this chamber lead to a dais. Upon the dais squats King Hellhorn's throne: a blanket-topped slab of white marble. Ancient paintings and sculptures hang on mahogany-paneled walls. Once a pristine gallery, the wooden walls show decades of accidental marring from the unmindful swinging of horned heads.

If King Hellhorn is present, he sits upon his throne. A guard stands to each side Lord Tallbones Gorestomper at the base of the steps. The brooding Hellhorn mutters to himself. "... Muskbringer. . . don't . . . grrr . . . priest . . ." Lord Tallbones looks genuinely concerned for his king.

SETUP

Exits lead through double doors to the west and down a spiral staircase in a 5-foot-by-5-foot room east of the King's throne. The minotaur king typically requires petitioners wait at the top of this stairwell, cramped precariously until a guard ushers them into his presence.

ACTION

Given his poor mood, King Hellhorn does not take kindly to demands or requests by anyone about anything for any reason. However, if the PCs befriend King Hellhorn or if Lord Tallbones Gorestomper is already their friend, the king at least listens to requests. If the PCs ask to visit the minotaur *altar of affliction*, the *White Witch*, Hellhorn agrees in exchange for a service. Read or paraphrase the following:

King Hemonomos Hellhorn, elbow dug firmly into knee, props his downcast face on a ham hock fist, "I am comforted you have come. That sanctimonious Muskbringer shows stones like boulders to bar

me from our holy *White Witch*. Just because I do not wish to create more of our... hmph... our *special* kind? He is mad to produce an overwhelmingly powerful army loyal to him. Thus, I am forced to act in kind, blocking entrance to our precious altar from all directions save ogre territory.

"Find me the priest's acolyte—the one who recruits from the Slog for the *White Witch*'s trial—and bring him here alive that I may use him to challenge Muskbringer's hold over my people. Do this thing for the *White Witch* minotaurs, and you will earn a king's gratitude."

Minotaur (2) See "minotaur" in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* for full statistics

Lord Tallbones Gorestomper See *Witch-Kissed Warrior* above for full statistics.

TACTICS

During Combat If the PCs attack, Lord Tallbones defends his King at all costs, bull rushing PCs away whenever possible.

Morale He gladly dies to protect his liege.

His Charging Majesty King Hemonomos Hellhorn CR 8

Grumbling King Hellhorn radiates the shackled desperation that comes with realizing one's power slips away. "What I wouldn't do for them that bring remedy!"

XP 4,800

Male minotaur fighter 1/ranger 3

LN Large monstrous humanoid

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +16

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 10, flat-footed 24 (+10 armor, +1 Dex, -1 size, +5 natural)

hp 99 (10d10+40); regeneration 10 (acid or electricity)

Fort +13, **Ref** +10, **Will** +6

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft.

Melee *undercutting axe* +15/+10 (2d6+8/20/x2), gore +9 (1d6+2/20/x2) or

Melee gauntlet +14/+9 (1d4+5/20/x2), gore +9 (1d6+2/20/x2) or

Melee unarmed strike +14/+9 (1d4+5/20/x2), gore +9 (1d6+2/20/x2)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks powerful charge (gore +11, 2d6+6, DC 2)

TACTICS

During Combat King Hellhorn attacks the closest, unarmored spellcaster with the *undercutting axe* and unleashes the weapon's *ray of enfeeblement*. If he cannot reach the spellcaster in a single move, Hellhorn uses *Shield of Swings*, *Vital Strike*, and steps 5 feet to close with his spellcasting target. After striking the spellcaster with the axe's ray—or if he loses half his hit points—King Hellhorn employs *Cleave* with *Power Attack* to down as many opponents as possible.

Morale King Hellhorn fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 20, **Dex** 15, **Con** 19, **Int** 9, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +16 (+18 bull rush); **CMD** 28 (30 vs. bull rush)

Feats Ability Focus: Powerful Charge, *Cleave*, *Endurance*, *Great Fortitude*, *Improved Bull Rush*, *Power Attack*, *Shield of Swings*, *Vital Strike*

Skills *Acrobatics* -2, *Climb* +4, *Diplomacy* +4, *Escape Artist* -3, *Fly* -5, *Intimidate* +13, *Perception* +16, *Ride* -3, *Sense Motive* +2, *Stealth* +1, *Survival* +11, *Swim* +0

Languages Giant, Common

Combat Gear *demipotion of bull's strength* (master), *demipotion of cure serious wounds* (apprentice), *demipotion of detect poison* (master), *demipotion of detect secret doors* (apprentice); **Other Gear** *banded mail of luck*, *undercutting axe*

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Shield of Swings When Hellhorn takes an attack action while wielding a two-handed weapon, he can choose to reduce the damage by half to gain a +4 shield bonus to AC and CMD until the beginning of his next turn. The reduction in damage applies until the beginning of his next turn.

Undercutting Axe This +1 giant-bane battleaxe feels unusually heavy, as if it were made from something more than mere wood and steel. Once per day its wielder can, as a swift action after a successful attack roll, invoke a maximized *ray of enfeeblement* on the target (11 point Strength penalty, 7 rounds, Fortitude DC 16 for half).

King's Hellhorn's Problem

The minotaurs have long maintained only the noble-blooded are worthy of the *White Witch*. Muskbringer claims visions from the *Witch* revealed traces of noble blood among all the normal minotaurs trapped in Rogthandor. As a result, all should be elevated.

This is a bald-faced lie. The *Witch* couldn't care less about noble blood, and Muskbringer's move is a pure power-play aimed at creating more *Witch-Kissed* loyal only to him, hoping to eventually stage a coup. King Hellhorn cannot prove this, however, and most minotaurs grant credence to Muskbringer's visions. Stalemate.

The scheming priest has a weakness. His recruiter in the Slog is a cowardly grifter named Mangy Thinhook. If the upper floor minotaurs learn this creature recruits *White Witch* sacrifices for Muskbringer, this association alone discredits the priest. The King and Lord Tallbones are too well known to tromp the Slog looking for Mangy Thinhook.

Master Ambassador Uria Jaal

When she meets the minotaur king, Master Ambassador Jaal expounds upon the "ogre threat" and encourages Hellhorn to attack the ogres before it's too late. The King grunts and dismisses her implication, "Bah! You sound like that cursed priest. Ogres are always aggressive. Go away. We have our own problems."

The news of Muskbringer's nascent rebellion surprises Jaal, but births a new plan: she decides to encourage conflict between Muskbringer and the king. She argues against the PCs accepting King Hellhorn's mission and "involving themselves in bullheaded politics." In stark contradiction, she later encourages the PCs to join Muskbringer and attack Hellhorn. Given a choice, the Ambassador Jaal favors Muskbringer to replace Hellhorn, as Muskbringer appears the more aggressive of the two. If civil war seems beyond her skills to engineer, she satisfies herself with goading the PCs to attack *Witch-Kissed* minotaurs or to get themselves attacked.

DEVELOPMENTS

Capturing Mangy

If the PCs accept the king's mission, they seek Mangy Thinhook in the Slog. See **F10—The Preacher** for additional details. If the PCs complete the mission, the king marches them and Thinhook into area **H5**. He confronts Muskbringer and Mangy. "Muskbringer, you false priest! You profane the *Witch* with commoners. Commoners recruited by THIS trash!" He jangles Thinhook by the neck like a puppy, "Death to the false priest! Who is with me?!" The king and his followers turn on Muskbringer, who surrenders immediately.

F5: ROYAL GUARD BARRACKS

Of-mended sleeping pallets lie scattered about this unoccupied hall, heavy with the sleep musk of minotaurs.

SETUP

This hall serves as a barracks for the minotaur king's most loyal guards. Two alcoves extend to the north and one to the south. The northwestern alcove holds a wooden table assembled from chunks of disparate, aging furniture. Wooden shingles, carved to replicate common playing cards, sit in a stack beside a bowl of half-chewed mushroom jerky. The northeastern alcove stores food: dried slilch, lichen tea, and baskets of edible mushrooms. To the south, a rusting iron gate hangs open.

DEVELOPMENTS

Vilseph imprisoned experimental subjects for the *White Witch* in the southern room off this hall. Characters who investigate beyond the rusted iron door find a crude monthly calendar scratched into the eastern stone wall. Beside the calendar, words appear in an increasingly jagged hand:

HANDOUT #1

"He told us we'd be safe. Liar. We'll die here. I wonder how many days?

I curse the Duke of Kerthos for granting this madman a baronetcy. May his wife birth a squamous obscenity and his line perish.

Not again. I can't not again no no no not again no

Monsters. Monsters everywhere. They can't reach me in this cage. Why are monsters loose in here? Hah. Always been monsters loose in here.

War. I hear the war. They've come to free us. I hear stones thump against the outer wall. I will not lose heart. I will stomp out his heart and cut out his eyes and revenge myself. When they free us.

The siege engines—strangely muffled. What is going on?

No hope. No food no water no hope. Days. Monsters at the cage doors. He came. Surrounded by frightened men. He laughed and said he would feed me to his rib. I to die and he to live. He whispered he'd leave us all trapped within, that his rib would free him. Mad. How can I be trapped within if I'm dead? I will die soon. I will never leave.

Whereistheribwhereistheribtheribtheribtheribtheurekarib-whereistherib"

END HANDOUT

G5: HALL OF THE MINOTAURS

(EL 5)

When the PCs enter and have a chance to glance around, read or paraphrase the following:

A turnstile dominates this hall, formed from a giant rusted wheel with polished wooden arms, upon which dangle trophies and dirty laundry. Chairs sit between the spokes in small clutches.

Homemade doors lead west and east. The western door bears carvings revering the minotaur king, while the whittling on the eastern double doors depicts a small white circle within a larger black one. A rusting iron door faces north.

SETUP

The minotaurs barred the room's northern door (hardness 10, hp 60, Break DC 34) from the inside with three bars, then chained and padlocked those bars with three padlocks. Each padlock requires a DC 20 Disable Device check to open. Once all three are unlocked, a move action removes the chain. Without padlocks and chain, the Break DC of the door reduces from 34 to 28. Removing the bars—another move action—reduces the Break DC to 23.

The massive turnstile's arms stand 3 feet off the ground and obstruct easy movement through the room. The minotaurs use the arms to hang battle trophies, rest their dinner plates while eating, dry laundry, etc. Treat any square through which a turnstile arm juts as blocked to movement. PCs making a successful DC 15 Acrobatics check may move through, ducking or jumping as if it were merely difficult terrain. Jumping onto a turnstile arm or fighting from atop one requires a DC 20 Acrobatics check every round. Failure sends the PC to the ground prone between randomly selected turnstile arms. All Acrobatic DCs increase by 10 if the turnstile is moving.

Rust holds the turnstile in place, but three successive DC 18 Strength checks grind off enough rust to move it. Unfrozen, a DC 14 Strength check pushes the turnstile either clockwise or counterclockwise. Once in motion, the turnstile remains in motion for 3 rounds, and the arms move 5 feet per round. Everyone in the path of a moving arm must make a DC 20 Acrobatics check or be knocked prone.

ACTION

A single *Witch-Kissed* warrior guards the northern door of this room. If he was not alerted by fighting in another room, PCs likely find him snoring. Grant the party a +2 circumstance bonus to Stealth checks against a sleeping guard.

Witch-Kissed Warrior (1) See **Witch-Kissed Warrior** above for full statistics

DEVELOPMENTS

If the PCs convince this guard they are peaceful with a DC 18 Bluff or Diplomacy check, he orders them back the way they came. If attacked, he howls like a wounded cow while fighting. The party has 2 rounds to silence him or, at the top of the 3rd round, his wailing alerts the *Witch-Kissed* warriors in **H5**, who fling open the doors between **G5** and **H5** and attack the PCs.

H5: WHIPPING POST OF THE WHITE WITCH (EL VARIES)

When the PCs enter from the east or west, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

Stopping short of the ceiling, a simple column of white marble juts from a wide, circular pool of black oil. A long tether hangs from its top, ending in a leather harness. Above the column, a brass box attaches to the ceiling. Exits lie through doorways to the east and west. A wide swath of old blood stains a section of the southwest wall.

.....

SETUP

The White Witch

The most evolved and sane of the *altars*, and possibly the most ruthless, the *White Witch* recognizes the PCs as the outsiders it sensed

penetrating Rogthandor. It wants a party member in the harness so it can communicate its desires directly.

During any fight, the *White Witch* tries to strike foes by flinging its rope and broken harness around the room. Once per round it makes a combat maneuver (CMB +12) to succeed. PCs struck by the rope and broken harness cannot move that round (except for a 5-foot step) and acquire the blinded condition until their next initiative. Combined, the rope and harness extend 15 feet from the side of the *White Witch*, creating a 30-foot zone in which the *altar* can strike. The black oil surrounding the *White Witch*'s base functions like a permanent *grease* spell (CL 12).

The *White Witch* occupies the center of the room athwart a 20-foot circle of black oil. Double doors on the east and west walls offer the only egress. The remains of rusted iron gates bear evidence that the northern alcoves once held prisoners, but the minotaurs put them to different use. In the alcove on the west hang kilts, ceremonial robes, and decaying leather harnesses. Curtains block the alcove to the east, but PCs who enter find Muskbringer's private chamber containing an empty makeshift desk, a dirty mat for kneeling, and a variety of bloodstained flagellant's tools.

A dried bloodstain on the wall in the southwest corner bears mute testimony that not all harnesses remain intact while the *White Witch* spins. PCs who inspect the room and succeed on a DC 20 Perception check note bits of leather at the base of the wall, beneath the bloodstain.

The White Witch (Minor Artifact)

Aura moderate necromancy, moderate transmutation; CL 17th
Slot none; **Weight** 3500 lb.

DESCRIPTION

The *White Witch* appears a simple, white marble column sitting in a pool of black oil. A long tether hangs from its top, ending in a leather harness that magically adjusts to fit the victim. Once the harness secures a living creature, the column spins. Slowly at first, the victim staggers through the pool of slick oil; then spinning faster and faster until the harnessed creature swings around 9 feet off the ground. Abruptly, the pillar freezes. Its hapless prisoner wraps around the column in the blink of an eye and smacks against it. Those who venerate the *White Witch* dub this the Ceremony of Embrace, and those who survive it are known as *Witch-Kissed*.

Effects

Once the harness clicks closed, the Ceremony of Embrace requires 4 rounds to complete. Victims who succeed on a DC 20 Acrobatics check may cut the harness in the first round with impunity. Cutting during the second round flings them against a nearby wall for 6d6 points of damage, or 8d6 points of damage if cut loose in the third round. There is no save. Completing the Embrace and being "kissed" inflicts 10d6 bludgeoning damage at the beginning of the fourth round. During the Ceremony of Embrace, the *White Witch* may introduce minute variations in its spin, inducing zoetrope-like visions in its victim.

Boon

If the victim survives the kiss and is also below 0 hit points, the *Witch* conveys a permanent *regenerate 10* (electricity, acid) to its victim and casts *heal* (CL 17) on them.

Curse

The *Witch* may also inflict a mania about the *Eureka Rib* on its victim.

Vilseph Dumond created the *White Witch* to test the hypothesis that prying sentience free from flesh requires bringing bodies to the very edge of death. Yet death itself somehow placed sentience beyond his reach; so he incorporated regeneration into his torture device. By flinging sufficient victims against the column at high speed, Dumond



reasoned that some, by pure chance, would strike the perfect balance between life and death, creating an opportunity to snatch their essences from them. He was right.

Mania Eureka Rib

Type insanity; **Save** Will DC 17

Onset 1 day

Effect target grows sickened whenever the *Eureka Rib* is mentioned or if companions actively seek it. Target feels compelled to find the *Rib* and believes finding it will eliminate the sickness. Confronted with the actual *Rib*, the manic character must make a Will save against the insanity or become fascinated by the object for 1d6 rounds. See the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game GameMastery Guide, Sanity and Madness* for additional details. Characters who contract the disease hear the *White Witch* as if targeted by a *telepathic bond* (CL 17). Curing the mania cuts off this connection.

DESTRUCTION

Constructed of white marble around a *dumondite* core, the *White Witch* chips easily and shatters after suffering 200 hit points. Additionally, anyone who cuts the tether or destroys the harness temporarily prevents it from operating. The *White Witch* has a hardness of 5.

ACTION

Depending on the PCs' prior actions, the room may hold only loyal servants of High Priest Muskbringer, or it may also contain transmogrified minotaurs undecided about the conflict between king

and priest. If the latter are present, they do not attack the PCs unless attacked themselves. Instead they conclude the PCs represent the king (whether true or not) and shuffle about uneasily, even if the PCs attack Muskbringer and his minions.

The PCs most likely arrive while Muskbringer supervises a Ceremony of Embrace. If so, they find kilted minotaurs, bare to the waist, fastening one of their kind into the *White Witch* harness. Nearby, a white-haired leader reads from a makeshift book, "She who is unsparing and benevolent. She who mends the broken and sightless. She who culls golden wheat from moldy chaff. May She show mercy to the aspirant, that he may know Her glory and serve Her. May the *White Witch* remake him unbreakable or, if his essence proves unworthy, spit him hollow. Her will is our path."

Assuming the PCs do not interrupt, events proceed:

As soon as they secure the aspirant into his harness, the column starts slowly rotating. The harnessed minotaur wades heavily through the black oil as the column gains speed, tugging at his leash. Eventually he loses his footing and reels helplessly around the column like an exhausted fish on a line. Soon enough, he rises aloft, whipping through the air in a brownish blur. Abruptly the pillar stops—

How events conclude depends on whether the *White Witch* notices the PCs observing the Ceremony of Embrace. If the PCs remain unseen, events conclude thus:

.....
 —and the minotaur winds around the alabaster pole faster and tighter, until he crashes against it—*WHAP*—instantly flattened into a twitching mass of oozing meat. Yet his body rebuilds! Crumbled bone reforms and stitches together, sinking beneath the slurp of resealing skin. The assembled minotaurs cheer. Their leader shouts, “He survives the Ceremony of Embrace! Aspire no longer, exalted bull! For you are *Witch-Kissed*!”

Alternately, if the PCs enter the room with no attempts at Stealth or Disguise, the *White Witch* notices them, informs Muskbringer, and concludes the Ceremony of Embrace differently:

.....
 —and the tether snaps, sending the harnessed minotaur headlong into the southwest wall at catastrophic speed. *WHAP!* The solid bits slide to the floor, trailing a gruesome stew. The assembled minotaurs fill the room with dejected sighs.

Muskbringer

Alerted to their presence, the high priest recognizes the PCs and the opportunity they represent. As allies, the party could make overthrowing King Hellhorn much simpler. Given the chance, Muskbringer tries to negotiate. He places his bitten ear against the marble column, “Yes, my goddess? I will ask.” Next he holds the harness over his head and addresses the party, “Blessed ones, she craves your Embrace. Come strap in. Her blessing ends the frailty of the body. Ride upon Her. It is a great honor to thee.”

If the PCs decline the offer, Muskbringer talks a bit more to the column, then declares his unflinching obedience, “I hear and obey, mine goddess! One way or another, one shall embrace you!” He and his bodyguards attack, while the undecided minotaurs look on. They seek to subdue one party member, but eagerly slay the rest.

Fence-Straddling Warriors (4) See *Witch-Kissed Warrior* above for full statistics.

Muskbringer’s Bodyguards (3) See *Witch-Kissed Warrior* above for full statistics.

Notes: One of these bodyguards is the aspirant in the harness either waiting to Embrace the White Witch, already transformed into a *Witch-Kissed warrior*, or dead. If the PCs interrupted the ceremony, his harness requires a full round to remove before he engages the PCs.

MUSKBRINGER HOARY OX, HIGH PRIEST OF THE WHITE WITCH CR 7

Handsome white hair coats this piously outspoken minotaur. He assures you his snowy hue symbolizes purity, “Won from holy embrace in Our Lady’s arms.”

XP 3,200

Male minotaur druid 3

NE Large monstrous humanoid

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 15 (+2 Dex, –1 size, +6 natural)

hp 56 (6d10+3d8+9); regeneration 10 (acid and electricity)

Fort +8, **Ref** +8, **Will** +10

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee club +11/+6 (1d8+4/20/×2), gore +6 (1d6+2/20/×2) or

Melee unarmed strike +11/+6 (1d4+4/20/×2), gore +6 (1d6+2/20/×2)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks powerful charge (gore +11, 2d6+6)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3)

5/day—*acid dart* (DC 14)

Druid Spells Known (CL 3, 11 melee touch, 9 ranged touch)

2nd (2/day)—*soften earth and stone*, *summon swarm*, *flame blade*

1st (3/day)—*magic stone* (DC 14), *longstrider*, *faerie fire*, *shillelagh* (DC 14)

0 (At will)—*create water*, *read magic*, *detect magic*, guidance (DC X13, virtue (DC 13)

TACTICS

During Combat While his bodyguards hold the PCs away, Muskbringer drinks his *demipotion of haste*, casts *summon swarm* and then *longstrider*. Afterward, he chooses one foe to subdue with his club, hoping to capture that PC for the Embrace, while charging and goring anyone who interferes.

Morale Muskbringer fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 14, **Con** 13, **Int** 9, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 11

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +13 (+15 bull rush); **CMD** 25 (27 vs. bull rush)

Feats Great Fortitude, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Natural Armor, Persuasive, Power Attack **Skills** Bluff +8, Climb +8, Diplomacy +2, Fly +0, Handle Animal +4, Heal +6, Intimidate +10, Perception +12, Sense Motive +6, Spellcraft +3, Stealth +4, Survival +14

Languages Druidic, Giant, Common

Combat Gear *demipotion of augury* (master), *demipotion of bear’s endurance* (apprentice), *demipotion of detect thoughts* (master), *demipotion of haste* (apprentice), *demipotion of know direction* (master), *demipotion of remove curse* (apprentice); **Other Gear** +3 defending thundering club

DEVELOPMENTS

Asking Muskbringer about the Eureka Rib

If the PCs mention the *Eureka Rib* in Muskbringer’s hearing, his horned head whips around. He stomps up close to the PC who spoke, “The God of God. What do you know of the *Rib*? She tells me it shall lead all Without. We must find it.” Neither Muskbringer nor the *White Witch* realizes he holds a written clue to the *Rib*’s location.

Muskbringer’s Book

Under his arm, High Priest Muskbringer holds a “book”—a loose collection of parchment scraps tied with twine between thin pieces of wood—in which he describes the visions granted him by the *White Witch*. Most are frustratingly confusing attempts by Muskbringer to make sense of what he has seen.

The real clue resides on a scrap of parchment tucked between other pages. This bit of parchment holds a sketch of a perforated box and a pipe emerging from it. A cloud or vapor of some sort rises toward the box. Notes in a long, cursive hand read:

HANDOUT #2

“WW perfection approaches.

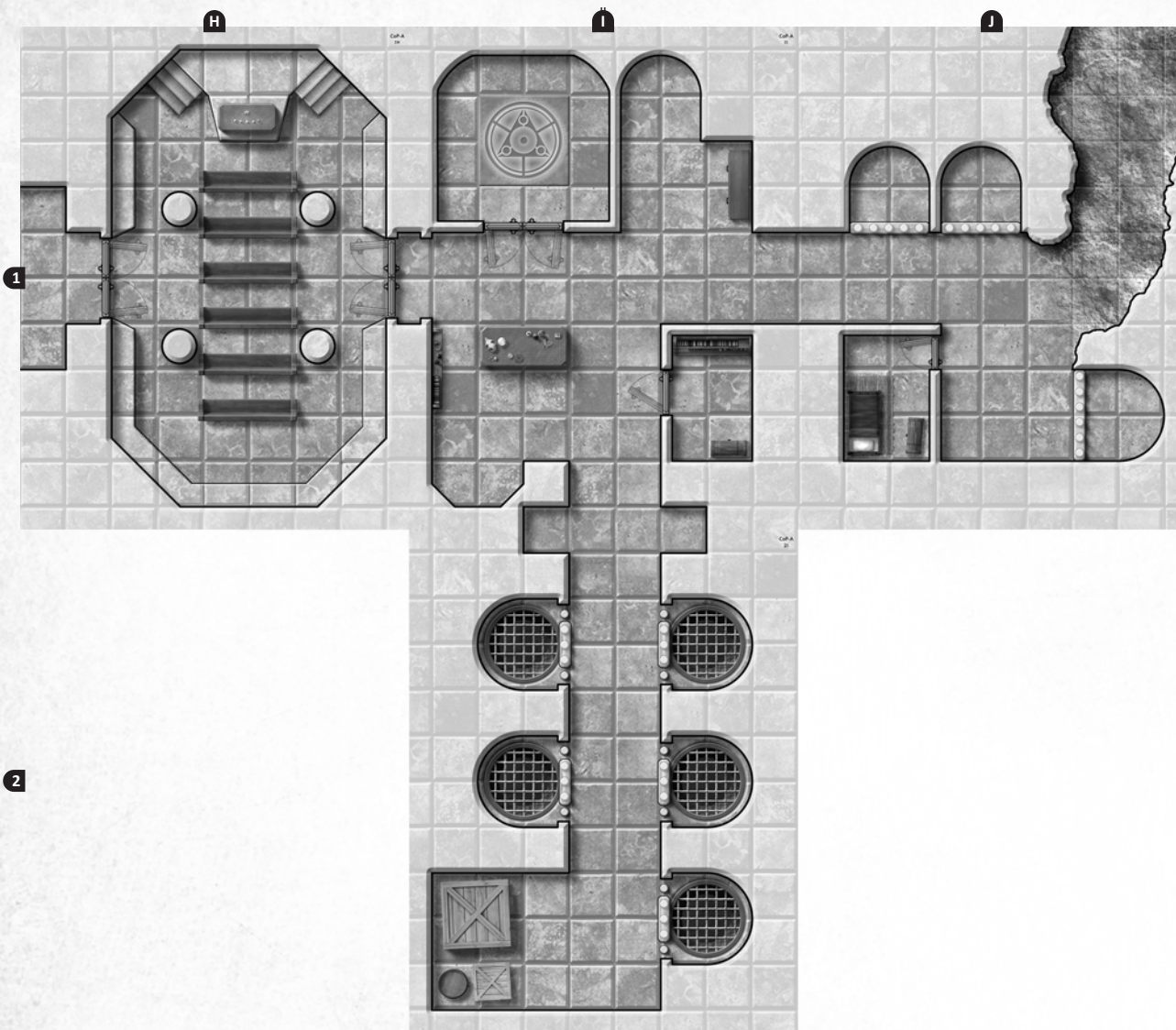
Collection Box flawless. Just needed wind.

Must name this material something. Will think on it.

Collects and holds even better tha—”

END HANDOUT

TROGLODYTE TERRITORY



Riding the White Witch

PCs who ride the *White Witch* may earn her boon, provided the harness attached to the swinging rope does not snap. PCs who examine the harness on the tether make a DC 20 Ride, a DC 15 Knowledge (engineering), or other appropriate check to determine if the harness is too worn to use. If they succeed, they may replace the harness with a more reliable one from the room to the north. If they fail the check, the damaged harness snaps before the *White Witch* grants its boon, and flings the PC into a wall for 6d6 damage. PCs who smack into a wall from a faulty harness may ride the *White Witch* again.

Any PC who successfully rides the *Witch* and gets “kissed” receives her boon, her curse, and the following vision:

Spinning around the marble column faster and faster, the room’s details swirl into a haze of dull color. The blurs coalesce into actual shapes, then sharpen and depict a zoetrope-like show: the Deviceless appear, so busy watching monster shapes dine greedily on bread that they fail to notice a rack of mutton hanging behind them, dripping juices onto the floor.

A single voice stitched from the cawing of a thousand crows declares, “Go where you are not allowed to go!”

A sudden wave of fiery pain and all goes black. The room seeps back into view, wreaking agony through the senses, until the choral howling of singing minotaurs signals a return to the waking world.

Attempt to Destroy the White Witch

All minotaurs—even those with whom the party previously formed friendships—attack if the PCs attempt to destroy this *altar of affliction*. If the party proceeds despite opposition, the *altar of affliction* starts to spin if they damage it. Desperation forces invention; the *White Witch* dips its rope into the pool of black oil and, spin after spin, sprays the walls with words:

no hurt I
know the way out
why why why no no no stop stop stop
please I want to live

PCs notice this message, even if they’re engaged in battle.

Investigating the Collection Box and Pipe

PCs who decide to examine the *White Witch* and stand adjacent to the pillar detect a draft blowing from the ground to the ceiling. Looking up, they notice the Collection Box. A pipe protrudes from the box and exits the room heading northwest.

15: OGRE WATCH (EL 8)

When the PCs enter this room, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

A corner-hugging path connects exits at the north and west, skirting a retaining wall and the immense pool of fresh water behind it. Pieces of furniture, curtain rods, and broken crates float in the water, while little colored flags fashioned from precious cloth scraps jut from the bobbing flotsam.

A set of stairs at the north slopes toward water level. Across the pool, a low arch on the eastern wall peeks just above the waterline. A carving on the door to the north depicts a minotaur herd charging naked across the plains, chasing a panicked elven archer with a throwing axe lodged in his back.

.....

SETUP

The minotaurs barricaded the north door (hardness 10, hp 60, Break DC 28) into ogre territory.

The water runs 25 feet deep and is strangely warm. In the past, ogres swam the underwater tunnel (which is 25 feet high and 5 feet wide) and emerged to raid minotaur territory. In response, the minotaurs mounted a crude ballista on a 10-foot-high platform, pointed it at the eastern exit, and seeded the water with makeshift buoys from which dangle 25-foot-long weighted ropes. Swimmers bump these ropes, jostle the flag-bearing buoy above, and alert the guards.

If the PCs enter this room by swimming through the underwater tunnel, read or paraphrase the following when they come close enough to see:

.....

The underwater tunnel's western end opens onto a wide, deep pool. A grove of taut ropes ascend upward from the stony floor and attach to pieces of furniture, curtain rods, wooden crates, and other flotsam.

.....

ACTION

The PCs enter from one of three directions: through the door to the north, from the *altar* room to the west, or from the underwater tunnel on the east wall. If the PCs battle in the *altar* room then venture here, the minotaur guards are ready; they swiveled the ballista to point west and set an ambush. Pressed against the wall, one guard strikes the first head peeking through the door, while the other fires the ballista. They attempt the same tactic if the PCs take more than 1 round to break through the door to the north. These guards follow orders and never leave their posts.

If the PCs enter from the west quietly and peacefully, this confuses the minotaur guards, who were busy picking their hooves clean with blades. They want to know who the PCs are and what they are doing here. They do not suspect the PCs unless the party attacks or otherwise gives itself away.

If the PCs enter wearing signature possessions from tribal leaders, the

guards mistake them for aggressors of that tribe and yell "[Insert monster type] assault! Invaders!" All living minotaurs, except Muskbringer and his guards, respond to this cry and attack the party. If the adventurers swim in from J5 and jostle a rope buoy, the guards fire the ballista at the buoy. Consider the PC who jostled the rope as having concealment. If the adventurers navigate the buoy ropes without triggering them and emerge from the water, the guards yell, "Ogre assault! The ogres are attacking!" again rallying every available minotaur, except Muskbringer and crew, to this location.

Witch-Kissed Warriors (2) See **Witch-Kissed Warrior** above for full statistics

BUOY TRAP

CR 9

Type mechanical; Perception DC 29 (25 if vision unimpeded by water);

Disable Device DC 24 (20 if unimpeded by water)

Trigger location; Reset none

EFFECTS

Any who lack at least 5 ranks in swim, or who possess at least 5 ranks in swim but fail a DC 17 Stealth check, and attempt to move through the trapped area cause a buoy on the water's surface to bob and reveal their approximate location.

MASTERWORK HEAVY BALLISTA

As a ballista (see "siege engines" in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook*) with the following changes.

Atk +1 ranged (3d8)

Special A heavy ballista does not stop when it strikes a target, but continues an additional 10 feet past its first victim, inflicting an attack against creatures in every square through which it passes. The damage decreases with each successful hit: the first foe struck suffers 3d8 points of damage, the second foe suffers 2d8 damage, and the third 1d8. The accuracy and damage of a heavy ballista do not change when fired into water.

The minotaurs stacked 10 bolts beside the ballista.

WAR TRACKER UPDATE

If the PCs help King Hellhorn eliminate Muskbringer or vice versa, place two As in the minotaur Love column of the War Tracker.

IRON CARP TROGLODYTE TERRITORY

SYNOPSIS

A makeshift monastery populated by transmogrified troglodyte monks awaits the PCs. The PCs may convince the monks' leader to grant access to their *altar*, even allowing adventurers to try the *altar* themselves, provided they capture a normal troglodyte from the Slog for him.

BACKGROUND

The *Iron Carp*, one of Dumond's *altars of affliction*, transmogrifies normal troglodytes: their scales transform into black iron, their pupilless eyes glow, their strength and agility increase, and alignment switches to lawful. In the wake of such transformation, the troglodyte leader, Sifu Grothk, founded a monastery solely for the transmogrified. The mere mention of their ordinary kin causes many transmogrified troglodytes to spit in distaste.

SETUP

The *Iron Carp* monastery stretches from H1 to the northeastern-most inner walls of Rogthandor, including area I2. From the archway, PCs intermittently spot iron-skinned troglodytes practicing martial arts in

H1. Monastery walls bear torch sconces, water faucets, weapon racks, clothing pegs, and the occasional decorative vase. These monks lead a Spartan existence.

INTERFACTION ACTION

If GMs stage an Interfaction Action in troglodyte territory, consider one of these or substitute a previous suggestion:

THE COUP D'ÉTAT

Assuming the two troglodyte monks from **Act One, Bullied by Troglodytes** survived their confrontation with the PCs, the adventurers walk in on Master Issthakt and Acolyte Narooth preparing to attack the *Iron Carp* leader, Sifu Grothk. They argue with Grothk, insincerely claiming the PCs' arrival heralds imminent escape from Rogthandor, and that they must cease transmogrifying themselves immediately. Otherwise, they warn, the troglodytes Without will never accept their return. Neither believes this argument, it is merely their excuse to grab power.

If Ambassador Jaal hears this argument, she leaps into the debate, instigating wherever she can, "Are you going to let him talk to you like that?" and encouraging the PCs to attack Grothk.

Eventually, Sifu Grothk declares the debate over and orders Issthakt and Narooth to silence. The two turn to the PCs, past conflicts notwithstanding, and cry for aid. Then they attack Sifu Grothk. In turn, Grothk calls on the PCs to stop the two renegades who dare attack their master in the party's name. If present, Ambassador Jaal prods the PCs to intervene, but without being specific, "What's wrong with you?! Help!"

If the PCs attack Issthakt and Narooth, Sifu Grothk stands back and observes. Should the party win, he thanks them. If they attack Grothk instead, the two schemers drop back to watch matters play out. If the party wins, they claim rulership of the troglodytes. If the party loses, they attack a weakened Grothk. As long as the PCs support the winning side, conclude this Interfaction Action by placing an A in the troglodyte Love column on the War Tracker.

CHALLENGE TO SINGLE COMBAT

Just as the PCs open dialogue with Sifu Grothk, a champion arrives from a tribe that hates the PCs. Escorted into Sifu Grothk's presence, the champion challenges the party's most potent fighter to single combat. This excites Sifu Grothk. He halts all talks and clears his training hall to host the fight. If the challenged PC accepts, use an assassin of the champion's tribe from **Appendix One—Assassins**.

If the PC wins, update the War Tracker as follows:

1. Add an A to the champion's tribe's Hate column.
2. Add an A to both the troglodyte and Slog Love columns.

H1: IRON CARP TROGLODYTE LAIR ENTRANCE (EL 5)

Two sentries guard an archway leading east into troglodyte territory. None shall pass save those authorized by Sifu Grothk.

Two troglodytes guard the passage east. They brandish quarterstaves and wear loose slith leather pants, belted with bright silk sashes stolen from old tapestries. The bare-chested guards' eyes beam with turquoise radiance, and their burly muscles flex beneath skin formed of black iron scales. The sound of clanging steel weapons echoes from farther east.

SETUP

The pit in the northeastern corner once contained a cage lift; however, the machine lies smashed at the pit's bottom. Cables dangle down the shaft and shattered equipment clings to the walls—enough that a DC 20 Climb check is needed to traverse the wreckage. Once a character successfully climbs between floors by this route, reduce the DC to 15 for subsequent attempts.

ACTION

If Ambassador Jaal accompanies the party, she thrusts her hands together into a single fist, holds it in place, and looks back to the PCs, motioning them to match her gesture. If the PCs follow suit, she mumbles a few words, and the guards return the gesture then wave the party through. Uria escorts the party straight to Sifu Grothk at **H1** without interference. She anticipates greater opportunities for mayhem at the heart of troglodyte power.

If any party member refuses the proper salute, the guards deny entry to all but Uria. If this occurs, she runs out 3 rounds later, chased by two *Iron Carp* acolytes, screaming for her life and begging the PCs to save her. A DC 19 Sense Motive sees through this Bluff. If confronted about this Bluff, she confesses to panicking. Troglodytes upset her (true); they killed her mother when she was a child (lie).

Iron Carp Acolytes (2) See **Acolyte Narooth** for full statistics.

TACTICS

During Combat If attacked, these guards step east behind the archway and into the foyer. They duck around the corners, take cover, and call for assistance. They attempt to hold this position by tripping incoming foes, using their Scorpion Styles to impede movement, and stunning their attackers.

Morale They fight to the death.

The troglodyte guards ignore anyone climbing up or down the shattered elevator pit in the northeast corner of **G1**.

DEVELOPMENTS

Just Passing Through

Rogthandorans consider **G1/H1** a public passage. The *Iron Carp* sentries spend their day glaring at passersby. If the party passes through, the monks remain silent and still, but step within 10 feet of the entrance to troglodyte territory and warn the party to halt and identify themselves.

Armed With the Secret Phrase

In the Slog, the PCs may uncover the secret phrase "Carps creep caves." Whispered to these sentries, they respond, "Iron is the way," and welcome the party into the monastery. The monks inside regard the adventurers suspiciously, but assume they belong; Grothk, however, asks their business.

Entering the Monastery by Force

If the party attacks, but eliminates or silences the guards in 2 rounds, the guards fail to raise the alarm; otherwise, at the top of the third round of battle, four unarmed monks rush in from **H1** to attack. Four more arrive the following round wielding sianghams. If the melee continues past eight rounds, or if the PCs slay more than five troglodytes, Sifu Grothk calls from a distance, commanding all to fall back to the practice cave at **H1**.

H1: THE PRACTICE CAVE (EL 10)

If players head east from foyer between **G1** and **H1**, read or paraphrase aloud the following:

Simple weapons festoon this studio's walls. To the north, short stairs lead to a dais, atop which sits a gilded wooden throne adorned in shredded purple cushions. From the ceiling behind hangs a white bed sheet painted to depict a black fist curling into a fish's tail at its wrist. The room's sconces nest close to the ceiling, higher on the wall than most in Rogthandor, and flicker down on all below. An archway leads west.

Unless they responded to an alarm, the room contains eight monks taking martial instruction from Sifu Grothk. If they live, Acolyte Narooth or Master Isstakt train here as well, either assisting the Sifu or challenging him if the GM enacts the **Coup D'État** Interfaction Action.

If the PCs fought their way to this room and instead find the monks practicing their art, read or paraphrase the following.

The clamor of sparring troglodytes fills the air, reptilian battle cries muted beneath the rattle of iron skin smashing iron skin. At a command from their leader, all stop and face the dais in perfect unison. Moving slowly, each step landing with the thud of metal on stone, the *Iron Carp* troglodyte chief, Sifu Grothk, climbs the stairs to the dais and sits his throne, black iron scales audibly ripping its upholstery. Grothk wears magnificent bracers on his wrists, cobalt blue ceramic inlaid with platinum demons.

SETUP

The walls are crowded with weapons. As a full action, characters adjacent to a wall may locate and acquire any simple weapon from the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook*.

ACTION

The PCs are here to talk, or they are here to fight.

Fighting

If the PCs created a ruckus slaying *Iron Carp* troglodytes on their way to this room, read or paraphrase the following when they enter instead of the text provided above:

Atop a dais to the north, the leader of the *Iron Carp* monastery smashes his gilded throne to splinters with a single blow of his fist, "You trespass upon the sacred ground of the *Iron Carp* and slaughter its keepers? I shall pound your body limp and savor your innards!" Grothk clacks his arms together overhead, cobalt blue ceramic bracers inlaid with platinum demons spark briefly before he vanishes from sight. His empty throne rattles and falls still.

Attacking Grothk incites the full fury of all surviving *Iron Carp* monks, who close on the PCs while Sifu Grothk circles ethereally, singling out the most powerful spellcaster in the party.

Iron Carp Acolytes (4) See **Acolyte Narooth** for full statistics.

Sifu Grothk

CR 8

This troglodyte radiates lethality counterpointed by the way he discerns your every gesture. Unlike the other, stiffer monks of his black iron-scaled

kind, the Grothk moves with a graceful flow and abundant confidence bordering on swagger.

XP 4,800

Male troglodyte monk 8

LE Medium humanoid (reptilian)

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 90 ft.; Perception +16

Aura stench (30 ft., 10 rounds, DC 17)

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 17, flat-footed 22 (+2 Dex, +7 natural)

hp 76 (10d8+20)

Fort +13, **Ref** +8, **Will** +9

Defensive Abilities evasion; **Immune** disease

OFFENSE

Spd 50 ft.

Melee 2 claws +10 (1d4+3/20×2), bite +10 (1d4+3/20×2) or

Melee unarmed strike +10/+5 (1d10+3/20×2), bite +10 (1d4+3/20×2)

Special Attacks flurry of blows (+6/+6/+1/+1), *ki* strike

TACTICS

During Combat Sifu Grothk prefers to open battle by biding his time. He uses his bracers to go ethereal, positions himself near any spellcasters, and waits for the party's buffs to expire before striking. However, if any party member touches the *Iron Carp* at **T4**, Grothk immediately appears behind his chosen target, attempts to stun them and deliver the maximum possible damage before the party reacts. Then he jaunts again and repeats the tactic.

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 11, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +12 (+14 trip); **CMD** 27 (29 vs. trip)

Feats Gorgon's Fist (DC 18), Great Fortitude, Improved Natural Armor, Improved Trip, Improved Unarmed Strike, *Ki* Throw, Power Attack, Precise Strike, Scorpion Style (DC 18), Stunning Fist (DC 18), Two-Weapon Fighting

Skills Acrobatics +15, Climb +11, Escape Artist +6, Intimidate +9, Perception +16, Stealth +14 (+4 Stealth in rocky areas)

Languages Draconic, Common

Combat Gear *demipotion of legend lore* (apprentice), *demipotion of owl's wisdom* (apprentice), *demipotion of sanctuary* (master), greater *demipotion of magic fang* (apprentice); **Other Gear** bracers of the blue demon (as a *cloak of ethereality* except reappearance renders all foes within 5 feet flat-footed)

Notes: As Sifu Grothk attacks, he narrates his martial technique with lines such as, "Carp Bites! Carp slaps you with its tail! Carp pulls you beneath the waves! Carp scales cut your skin!"

Talking

If the PCs talk to Grothk about the *Iron Carp*, their mere presence upsets him and fuels his suspicion that great change looms for Rogthandor. Should the PCs mention escape, add a +2 circumstance bonus to all Diplomacy checks with Grothk aimed at securing release from the Citadel of Pain.

However, if the PCs ask to examine the troglodytes' altar of affliction, Sifu Grothk stiffens. The party must succeed at a DC 20 Diplomacy check to soothe his rattled scales or Grothk demands they depart. If they succeed at this check, read or paraphrase the following:

Grothk clears his throat, "I would consider it. But hear me. Your mysterious arrival is surely a sign of things to come. Doom seeps into Rogthandor day by day, and soon we *Iron Carp* monks shall face our most arduous test. We need initiates to face the *Iron Carp*,

but those slithering peons below are a shivering embarrassment to our race's legend. We ask the Slog troglodytes to join us politely, but the idiots refuse to volunteer. They fear for their insignificant lives. Vigilance! Formidability! What matter sacrifice to ensure our survival in Rogthandor? So we take them by force. It is for the best.

"In their fear they grow crafty. They see us around every corner and in every blind spot. They are wary and resist. What times! The monastery needs initiates. Bring me one living troglodyte from the Slog, willing or unwilling. We will place the wretched creature in our *Iron Carp* and improve its sorry condition, after which you may examine our *altar* as you wish."

Ambassador Jaal strongly urges the PCs against this mission, quietly pointing out how such a kidnapping would be an evil and monstrous act.

DEVELOPMENTS

The Monks from the Bazaar

If Narooth or Issthakt fought the PCs at the Bazaar and are not staging a *Coup D'État*, they attempt to sway Sifu to dismiss the PCs. Add +5 to the Diplomacy DC to elicit Grothk's offer to swap an ordinary troglodyte for access to the *Iron Carp*.

If the PCs Appease Grothk

If PCs bring Grothk a candidate for the *altar*, Grothk considers them allies and offers the adventurers the privilege of using the *Iron Carp*. Assuming the PCs do not kill him or destroy his *altar of affliction*, Grothk puts the kidnapped or boondoggled candidate into the *Iron Carp* after the PCs depart. See **Entering the Slog** for additional challenges and results associated with securing a troglodyte for Grothk.

If asked, Grothk insists the *Iron Carp* is the *Eureka Rib*. After all, it is clearly the most potent *altar of affliction* in Rogthandor.

The Folded Page

Grothk keeps a terrible secret, proof that the *Iron Carp* is not the *Eureka Rib*. Between his bracers and flesh nestles a folded page from Dumond's journal, the *Transmogrim Epoch*, reading:

HANDOUT #3

"Imolenya, alas that time's cruel tyrant dragged you beneath the fields before you could see my *altars of affliction* completed. You would have particularly adored the *Iron Carp*, so reminiscent of the balls we tossed in our youth, possessed of similar simplicity. My chosen enter it and roll. Still, each of the four is an otherworldly marvel that but informs my fifth and greatest masterpiece. If only the *Eureka Rib* arrived one season sooner, my darling cousin. I would have sent for you. We would have bathed in the essence of agony, the stew of our inferiors, and you would have lived to see our family's foretold hegemony realized, the ruins of this paltry keep tumbled about us."

END HANDOUT

I1: COMMONS

Multiple chambers form a common area for the monks. Attached rooms contain dining tables, clothing pegs, and a slitch leatherworking station. There is an exit to the east and a hallway leading south.

ACTION

Four monks perform domestic chores here: sweeping, polishing, and cleaning dishes. They do not respond to combat outside this room unless summoned by Grothk. They pay no attention to PCs escorted



or introduced by other monks, but if the PCs storm in with blades and spells readied, these troglodytes fight.

Iron Carp Acolytes (4) See *Acolyte Narooth* for full statistics.

TACTICS

During Combat The acolytes close fast.

Morale The acolytes fight to the death.

I2: HALLWAY OF THE IRON CARP (EL VARIES)

If PCs head south from the Commons, read or paraphrase the following:

A circular mosaic of azurite and malachite tiles follows a hallway that extends south. Small alcoves line the east and west walls along the way. Manhole-sized circles of pale stone bulge from the floor in each alcove.

SETUP

At its southern end, the hallway breaks west into a 15-foot-by-15-foot square. Dumond's *Iron Carp* rests here, settled into a shallow, bowl-shaped depression at the room's center atop a rusting floor drain, attended by two monks. Any character examining the stone circles recognizes they are made from *dumondite*, the same liquid stone sealing Rogthandor.

Iron Carp Acolytes (2) See *Acolyte Narooth* for full statistics.

TACTICS

Morale The Iron Carp monks revere their *altar of affliction* as a god and defend it with their lives.

The Iron Carp (Minor Artifact)

Aura moderate necromancy, major transmutation; **CL** 17th
Slot none; **Weight** 1700 lb.

DESCRIPTION

Crudely fashioned fish-like scales of hammered cast iron coat the exterior of this sphere. A manhole lid opens to reveal a wooden interior from which protrude hundreds of syringe-like spikes. Once candidates close themselves within, monks roll the sphere north to **I1** then back to the bowled depression that secures the device. The troglodytes call this the Trial of the *Iron Carp*. Candidates undergoing the Trial enter and exit the *Iron Carp* only at its resting spot in the southwest corner of **I2**.

Effects

While rolling inside the *Iron Carp*, its syringes extract quarts of blood from candidates, inflicting 8d6 damage, and 1d4 Constitution drain (Reflex save DC 17 for half). Once the *Iron Carp* rolls to a stop, an effulgent red mist steams from underneath its scales—vapors float up to a brass box on the ceiling overhead, liquids bleed into a drain below.

Boon

To candidates who survive the Trial, the *Iron Carp* bestows the following permanent effects: it raises all ability scores by one, turns the character's alignment to lawful, and transforms their skin into black iron scales (natural Armor Class +1).

Curse

Transformed characters acquire a vulnerability to electricity (see the Glossary in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary*), and spells such as *heat metal* reduce their movement by 10 feet.

Vilseph Dumond created the *Iron Carp* to explore the notion that blood ties the mind to the body. He hypothesized that removing most of a victim's blood, subjecting them to pain, and simultaneously transforming their body into "not" their body might loosen sentience within the bodily shell, priming it for extraction.

Crudely fashioned scales of hammered cast iron coat the exterior of this sphere. A manhole lid opens to reveal a wooden interior from which protrude hundreds of syringe-like spikes. Once candidates close themselves within, monks roll the sphere north to **I1** then back to the bowled depression that secures the device. The troglodytes call this "the Trial of the *Iron Carp*." Candidates undergoing the Trial enter and exit the *Iron Carp* only at its resting spot in the southwest corner of **I2**.

DESTRUCTION

As its name suggests, Dumond constructed the *Iron Carp* from necromantic black iron. Those who seek to destroy it must inflict 250 points of damage, and then complete the *Carp's* destruction by sundering it with a good-aligned weapon within one hour of dealing the requisite damage. The *Iron Carp* has 250 hit points and a hardness of 12.

ACTION

If a PC undergoes the Trial of the *Iron Carp*, the four naked monks tasked with rolling it appear. These holy rollers quiver joyously over their task, eager to learn if the result of rolling the *Carp* will yield glory or a bloody pulp.

Waiting to begin, one of the naked holy rollers seems antsy, as if wishing to talk to the PCs. With a DC 10 Diplomacy check, the acolyte volunteers the following: "Always wondered where the bright mist goes after it hits that box overhead. Some of that gunk always drains through, and I have to scrub the *Carp*."

DEVELOPMENTS

Taking the Iron Carp for a Spin

If a PC rides inside the *Iron Carp*, blood courses from their body. The PC

CEREMONY OF THE IRON CARP

When candidates enter—or are shoved into—the *Iron Carp*, as many monks as possible occupy area **I1**, while others fill the alcoves along the walls of **I2**. They clap and sing troglodyte songs of strength and death as the rollers push the altar north and then back again.

Survivors of this harrowing ride receive salutes and congratulations. If a candidate emerges sheathed in iron scales, the troglodytes hold revels and throw an immediate feast in their honor.

passes out, but wakes to a whisper formed from a million tiny popping bubbles, "I have dreamt the *Eureka Rib* lies by the drowned king. Is it true? Are we but ancestors to perfection? I want to know our master's drunken golden child. Find it."

Investigating the Collection Box and Pipe

PCs who examine the *Iron Carp's* resting place detect a draft blowing from the ground to the ceiling. Looking up they notice a Collection Box. A pipe leaves the brass box along the ceiling and heads east to the hall, runs north up the hall, and travels due west out of troglodyte territory.

J1: SLEEPING QUARTERS

If PCs head west from **I1**, read they find 16 crumpled piles of slilch hides, makeshift bedding reeking with a stench fit to putrefy fish and iron filings.

Something tore away the masonry in the northeast part of the room, and a rough hewn stone passage leads east, then north.

J1A: GROTHK'S QUARTERS

Heading east and north from the **Sleeping Mats**, the party enters Grothk's private quarters. Exotic wall rugs line the northern and eastern walls of the damp, cave-like room. The space also contains a chest of drawers and an oaken bed frame supporting a rectangular mattress of bundled slilch hides.

Grothk misses the caves of his former existence and ordered this room excavated to recreate their feel. His quarters burrow into the natural rock from which Rogthandor was originally carved, but behind every wall rug hides Grothk's torment: Dumond's impregnable stone seals all within, and bloody fist stains reveal Grothk's frustration with his tribe's captivity.

Beneath the bed frame, Grothk keeps a lockbox holding four grandmaster blend demipotions (GM's choice). This average lock (DC 25) hides a Poison Dart Trap (see "Traps" in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook* for details). Grothk carries the key in the pocket of his pants.

WAR TRACKER UPDATE

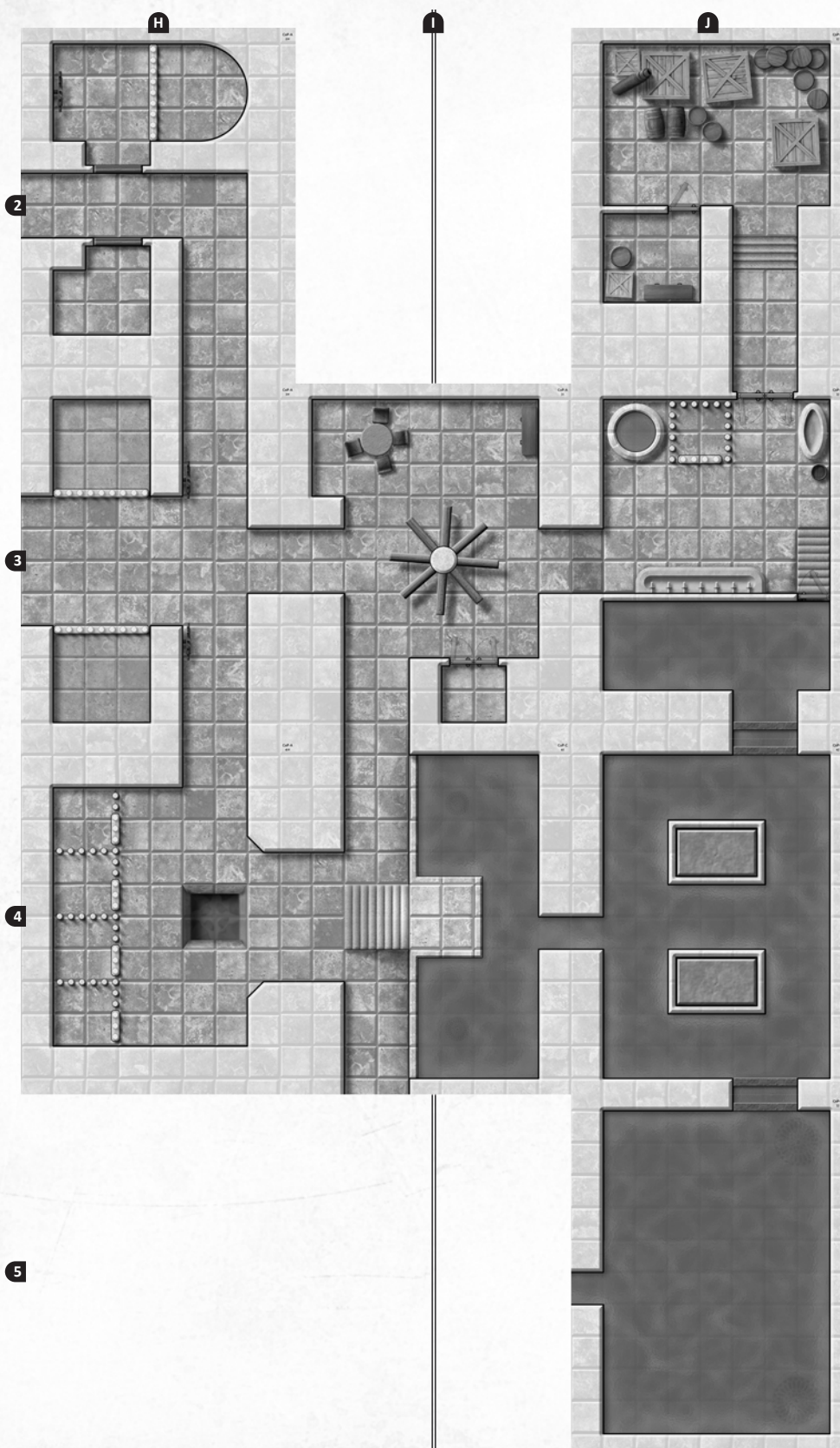
If the PCs appease Grothk and bring a troglodyte to him (willing or unwilling), Grothk is thrilled. Place two As in the troglodyte Love column on the War Tracker.

RIDDLE'S END OGRE TERRITORY

BACKGROUND

When Ock Imesh and his children sat upon *Riddle's End*, the altar of affliction outdid itself. It granted Ock a higher than usual Intelligence

OGRE TERRITORY



bonus coupled with a severe case of arcanomania. Ock immediately plotted to murder all his fellow ogres and seize their magic. Months later, he succeeded. Only his children remain, protected by Ock's sense that his children are also his possessions. Additionally, Ock decided to avoid creating his own competition and to never again transmogrify others. He dismantled and toppled *Riddle's End* into the reservoir in J4.

SYNOPSIS

The PCs enter ogre territory only to find it strangely empty. Dried blood stains the walls but they find few other traces of ogres. Eventually the PCs meet Ock Imesh, the Ogre Lord, and his twin children, Efyf Imesh and Ayfer Imesh. Either the party encounters the Ogre Lord as he lounges on a makeshift raft and paddles about the reservoir in I4—in which case Ock opens negotiations with them via *message* as they stumble through his territory—or the party telegraphs a hostile approach and the ogre family shadows and then ambushes them.

If the PCs bargain with Ock Imesh, he negotiates falsely. He promises them access to “the most powerful magic in all Rogthandor” if they perform a small service for him on the lower level. It is a trap. Ock and his children suffer from arcanomania, the compulsive desire to know and possess magic, inflicted when the *Riddle's End* transmogrified them. From the moment they meet the PCs, the ogres scheme to rob them.

When the PCs run his errand and reach the Ogre Lord's chosen spot, Ock drops massive stone pillars and a flood on the party. Then the ogres attack. If battle turns against the Imesh brood, they flee.

If Master Ambassador Jaal accompanies the party, Ock Imesh considers her a potential magic-making machine. The lure of owning his own Deviceless alchemist proves too much to resist and, one way or another, he tries to enslave her.

SETUP

Ogre territory comprises areas H2-H4, I3 and I4, and J2-J5. There are four ways to enter: through the reservoir tunnel in J5, through the door from minotaur territory in I5, or down the two open passageways in H2 and H3. The Imeshes ransacked ogre territory months ago, stripping it bare and jamming everything worth having into J2 and J3. Adventurers will find slilch-gnawed ogre bones and dried blood stains throughout the zone.

INTERACTION ACTION

Should the GM stage an Interaction Action in ogre territory, consider adapting the **Roving Warband** from *Fantôme Bugbear Territory*. Ock Imesh hides while any incursion weakens the PCs, after which he and his children attack.

H2: EMPTY ENTRANCE

Nothing but the ogres' fearsome reputation guards this entrance. When the party passes, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

It is hard to tell where crude ogre tribal markings end and the bloodstains begin, as both demonstrate similar composition and a lack of artistic sophistication.

.....

SETUP

Bones in the hallway trail like breadcrumbs to northern and southern rooms where ogre skeletons, uniformly serrated by the gnawing of slilches, drape across one another haphazardly.

DESIGNERS' NOTE

For easy reference, Appendix Two contains a list of magic items worth over 1,000 gp that appear in this adventure. To avoid triggering metagame suspicions about our ogres, consider adding the PCs' personal items to this list before embarking on the Citadel of Pain.

H3: ONCE A KING (EL 7)

Unable to resist playing with his stolen magics, Ock Imesh locked the corpse of Magus Goom, the previous Ogre Lord, in one of the two cells (H3a and H3b; Goom is in H3b) and exhausted a *wand of animate dead* on it. When he emptied the potent necromantic wand to animate Goom, Ock concluded the magic simply transferred to its new vessel; consequently, Ock considers Goom a magic item and plans to keep this undead toy forever. The Imesh brood frequent Goom's cage, fascinated by the magics coursing through his undead frame. Goom is too powerful an undead for Ock Imesh to control.

When the PCs approach or pass this corridor, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

Prison cells bracket north and south rooms off this hall. The portcullis closing the northern cell is jammed halfway down, but the southern meets the floor. An ogre girl stands here, staring past the bars into the southern room. She weaves and bobs her head, listening intently to a faint, miasmal voice moaning its sorrow.

.....

SETUP

This short corridor contains two huge cells. The portcullis that should seal the northern cell is jammed open, but the southern gate imprisons the zombie remnant of Magus Goom. A lever beside the southern cage, just beyond the reach of prisoners, opens both gates when pulled.

ACTION

Ayfer stands here fascinated by the magics coruscating through Goom's flesh. She nods her head in tempo with his speedy shuffles and pitiful cries. PCs who successfully make a DC 30 Perception check or enhance their hearing by magical means overhear Goom, “Pleeeeee kiiiiiii meeee!”

If Ayfer notices the PCs but they make no hostile moves, she grunts and continues staring. If they shout questions or approach, she yells, “Ogre territory! Piss off!” and resumes her study. However, once she sees the PCs, the third eye in the center of her head remains fixed on them.

If the party closes or attacks her, she uses a swift action to pull the lever and then flees around the northern corner. Once she turns the corner, Ayfer *vanishes* and uses *Stealth* to circle (H3 to H2 to G2 to G3) around and spy on the PCs. Once she determines who possesses the most powerful magics, she reports to her father, avoiding conflict with the party. Goom, freed from his cage, attacks the nearest living creature to which he has line of sight.

Ayfer & Efyf Imesh, Riddle's End Ogres

F5

XP 800 each

Female/Male ogre rogue 2/wizard 1

CE Large humanoid (giant)

Init +5; Senses low-light vision; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 10, flat-footed 17 (+3 armor, +1 Dex, -1 size, +5 natural)
hp 59 (6d8+1d6+21)
Fort +6, **Ref** +5, **Will** +6
Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.
Melee javelin +4 (1d8+5/20/×2) and
Melee shortsword +8 (1d8+5/19–20/×2) and
Melee unarmed strike +8 (1d4+5/20/×2)
Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.
Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6
Wizard Spells Known (CL 1, 8 melee touch, 4 ranged touch)
1st (1/day)—*vanish* (DC 11)
0 (At will)—*bleed* (DC 10), *ghost sound* (DC 10), *message* (DC 10), *read magic* (DC 10)

TACTICS

During Combat The Imesh siblings prefer to *vanish* then sneak attack their foes. They never use consumable magic items. Given a choice, Ayfer and Eyfr would rather murder adventurers in their sleep than face them in battle.

Morale While the siblings disengage and flee when reaching 10 or less hit points, afterward they attempt to follow the party unseen—especially the character with the most potent magic item—and attack again when opportunity affords.

STATISTICS

Str 21, **Dex** 12, **Con** 15, **Int** 11, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10
Base Atk +4; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 21
Feats Extra Rogue Talent, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Scribe Scroll, Toughness +7
Skills Acrobatics +9, Climb +10, Escape Artist +0, Fly -2, Perception +9, Ride +0, Stealth +6, Swim +4, Use Magic Device +8
Languages Giant, Common
Combat Gear *demipotion of enlarge person* (apprentice), *demipotion of feather fall* (master), *demipotion of water breathing* (apprentice)
Other Gear studded leather, javelin, shortsword

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Powerful Sneak (Ex) The Imesh sibling takes a full attack action at -2 to hit until his/her next turn. Sneak attacks during this time turn sneak damage rolls of 1 into 2.

Unraveling Eye (Su) A third eye in the center of the forehead functions as a permanent *detect magic*. The eye is expressive, widening in the presence of strong magic, and it always stares at the most potent magic item it sees. This behavior is involuntary.

DEVELOPMENTS

If Master Ambassador Jaal accompanies the party and sees Magus Goom, she exclaims, “By the gods I... I know that ogre. I recognize that feather mantle. That’s Magus Goom. He rules—once ruled this territory.”

Magus Goom

CR 7

This undead ogre’s downcast eyes lack any sparkle, and its dead third eye dangles from a hole in its forehead like an old prune at the end of a putrefying optic nerve. At the slightest sound, its head snaps up with impossible speed, grimacing with frenzied anguish and hunger. A tattered feather mantle clothes its decaying shoulders.

XP 3,200

Male ogre, fast zombie

NE Large undead

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 13, flat-footed 19 (+4 Dex, -1 size, +10 natural)

hp 112 (17d8+17)

Fort +5, **Ref** +9, **Will** +10

Immune undead traits

OFFENSE

Spd 50 ft.

Melee 2 slams +20 (1d8+13/20/×2), unarmed strike +20 (1d4+9/20/×2) or

Melee unarmed strike +20/+15/+10 (1d4+9/20/×2)

Special Attacks lunge -2 to AC for +5-foot reach

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

STATISTICS

Str 28, **Dex** 19, **Con** 0, **Int** 0, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +12; **CMB** +22; **CMD** 36

Feats Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lunge, Toughness

Skills Fly +2, Stealth +0

Languages Bugbear, Common, Giant

Notes: *The whole time he fights, Magus Goom moans, “Killlll meeeeee! Kill meee please killlll meeee! The Rib riddles to live forever not like this not like Rib this kill meeee, pleeeeeease kill meee nowwww!”*

H4: RAIN OF BONES CHAMBER

The Imesh family stacked many murdered ogres here and left them to rot. Slilches cleaned the meat away and currently nest among the remains.

If the PCs head south from H3 or west from H4, read or paraphrase the following:

|.....|

Ogre bones pile up 3-feet high and wall-to-wall in a room reeking of decomposition. So many, it is a wonder any remained for the communal ossuary. Exits lie to the north and east, but only across shifting clusters of femurs, rib cages, skulls, desiccated hunks of flesh, and slilch nests. Near the western exit, bones slip down a sprung pit trap like hourglass sand.

|.....|

SETUP

This room once housed live prisoners fed to creatures caged below. Ock triggered the feed chute when he piled corpses into the room. Uncaring, he left the trap swinging open. Bones regularly skitter down a slope of skeletal remains and vanish through the opening.

The piled bones reduce movement to one-quarter speed. Any character passing through must make a DC 15 Acrobatics check or fall prone. Characters who fall prone send more bone fragments sliding down the slope and through the open pit, causing the entire bone mass to shift ominously.

Prone characters must immediately succeed at a DC 15 Climb check or start a boneslide toward the hole. If triggered, a boneslide sends the entire room of remains trundling toward the opening in the floor and sweeps any PC in the room toward the pit at 5 feet per round.

Characters swept into the pit must make a DC 20 Acrobatics check to hang from the edge or fall 50 feet to the floor below amid a shower of ogre skeletons. Bones continue to pour over the first hanging character for 5 rounds, making it impossible for anyone to pull themselves out of the pit trap unaided. Every round a character hangs in the open pit with bones pummeling him from above, he must make a DC 12 Strength check to retain his grip. For each round after the first that a PC hangs in the pit with bones pouring over them, add +2 to the Strength check DC.

Triggering a boneslide automatically alerts Ock Imesh. Unless characters beat a DC 15 on their Stealth checks, crunching through this room even without triggering a boneslide grants Ock Imesh a +4 on his Perception checks to hear them approach.

I3: SHATTERED CAPSTAN

Read or paraphrase the following:

A jumbo capstan stands here, its polished, oarlike handles sawn free and stacked against the wall like firewood. Its wheel has rusted in place, while decades-old sawdust on the floor slowly disintegrates.

SETUP

Scattered trash and thick, spongy dust fills the room. Eight bars like sawed-off wooden oars lean against the wall. Someone cut these from the capstan's stone wheel, leaving thick wooden plugs behind. Each capstan bar has the broken condition.

Any character who examines the capstan recognizes the stone at its base is *dumondite*, the same material sealing Rogthandor.

ACTION

PCs who repair the capstan—either with a DC 25 Craft (woodworking) check, a DC 25 Profession (carpenter) check, a similar skill check, or by restoring 18 points of damage to each wooden bar with a *make whole* spell—may make a DC 20 Strength check to turn the wheel.

DEVELOPMENTS

Turning the capstan wheel clockwise generates a loud, repetitive thump-click that bangs hollowly from below the stone floor. For each thump-click, the chains in area J4 drop 5 feet into the water. Once 50 feet of chain accumulates in the bottom of the reservoir, a hidden counterweight turns over and yanks the chains back to the ceiling. If the chains are connected to the pillars in J4 and the pillars have also been released via the switch in J9, it requires a DC 35 Strength check to turn the wheel and slowly lower the pillars to the ground in J9, triggering a flood. See areas J4 and J9 for more details.

The capstan does not usually turn counterclockwise. However, interested PCs who succeed at a DC 30 Perception check notice a suspicious floor stone slightly north of the capstan. A DC 15 Strength check forces the suspicious stone down with an audible click, after which the wheel will turn counterclockwise. Pushing it clockwise spins it 180 degrees before it locks into position with a massive “snap.” Once locked in this fashion, the wheel refuses to turn again, no matter how much strength the PCs apply.

PCs who possess the diagram of Dumond's secret study from C7-D7 receive a +15 to Perception checks to find the special floor stone.

I4: OGRE FLOAT (EL 9)

Ock Imesh reclines upon a makeshift raft, paddling from end to end and dangling his big green feet in the water. He enjoys floating and contemplating the magics of his items, and the PCs likely find him at this task. If Ock knows the PCs entered ogre territory, he still floats on his raft, but he casts *mage armor* on himself and hangs his sword, scabbard, and a sack holding his other magic items on underwater hooks connected to the raft.

When the PCs approach, read or paraphrase the following:

A retaining wall cuts north-south, holding back a pool of water to the east. Atop the surface, a musing ogre paddles a makeshift raft, splashing intermittently and dangling his plump green feet in the water without a care in the world. A set of stairs leads up to water level.

SETUP

The retaining wall stands 5 feet high. A 10-foot extension into the water rises an abrupt 5 feet, then levels off creating a 10-foot-by-5-foot stone dock at water level.

Across the pool in the center of the eastern wall, the top of an arch peeks above the waterline indicating a submerged tunnel. Beneath the water, the tunnel is 5 feet wide, 10 feet long, and 25 feet deep. PCs who swim this channel find 2 inches of air between the water's surface and the tunnel's peak.

ACTION

Ock Imesh hails the party in hopes of opening negotiations, learning more about them, and maneuvering them into a position where he can steal their magic. If the party mounts the platform to water level, the black third eye in Ock's forehead snaps intently toward them, but the ogre waves amicably, “Well met, attractive strangers. Good for me the fish aren't biting today. Hee hee.”

If the PCs ignore his overtures and attack, Ock uses a readied action to dump himself into the water, grabbing his stuff as he sinks -- including his sword -- and retreats through J4. Ock proceeds to J3, climbs the ladder, continues to I3 and sneaks back around, invisible, to observe the PCs. His children join him, and the three await a good opportunity to ambush the party.

If the adventurers respond to Ock's overtures, the Ogre Lord avoids answering questions concerning the fate of his fellow ogre elites. Instead, he grins and changes the topic to the PCs: Who are you? Why are you here?

If, in discussion with Ock, the party asks after his *altar of affliction* or the *Eureka Rib*, read or paraphrase the following:

“Hmmm... To know the truth you need to know your facts. The Deviceless once celebrated a grandmaster demipotion designer named Fenthius. As all good things come to a death-rattling end, so it was for Fenthius. Alleged to have blended toxic ambrewsias that killed two people, his fellows banished him. Today he hawks liver jam and mushroom tea in the Slog. They say he kept his formula book. If we secured it we'd learn to produce our own demipotions. Think of it! I'll give you Fenthius's current whereabouts right now. You bring me his book of recipes, and I'll give you ten minutes with *Riddle's End*. Or should I call it... the *Eureka Rib*.”

This is a ruse. While Ock erroneously believes *Riddle's End* is the legendary *Eureka Rib*, no Grandmaster Fenthius ever existed, as any Deviceless attests. Fenthius was an apprentice banished to the Slog for stealing from a grandmaster. The Deviceless find him an embarrassment, so any protestations of Fenthius's true nature ring falsely. Apply a -5 circumstance bonus to Sense Motive rolls designed to tell if any Deviceless—Ambassador Jaal, for example—lies when

denying Fenthius was a grandmaster.

If the PCs consider his offer, Ock Bluffs and pretends to reconsider sharing Fenthius's location. He seeks assurance the PCs will not steal the formula book for themselves, and tries to secure some small magic item ("To be returned, of course. To be returned, good friend!") to hold while waiting for Fenthius's book.

If the adventurers and Ock cut a deal, read or paraphrase the following:

My spies tell me Fenthius runs a small stand in the Slog, north of the empty fountain. He's a wily fellow, and changes his location and identity from time to time. He alerts his loyal customers to where he'll be (and using what name) by scrawling encoded poems. Find him before he once again slips through the cracks.

Ock Imesh the Ogre Lord

CR 9

The Ogre Lord's eyes, even the black, veiny third on his wrinkly forehead, twinkle with unusual intellect. This roguish ogre wears leather armor and a belt slung sword.

XP 6,400

Male ogre fighter 1/rogue 3/wizard 3

CE Large humanoid (giant)

Init +5; Senses low-light vision; Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 9, flat-footed 15 (+1 armor, -1 size, +5 natural)

hp 94 (1d10+7d8+3d6+33)

Fort +12, Ref +8, Will +10

Defensive Abilities evasion, trap sense +1; DR 5/piercing or slashing.

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft.

Melee sword of subtlety +12/+7 (1d8+6/19-20/x2) and

Melee unarmed strike +11/+6 (1d4+5/20/x2)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks powerful sneak, sneak attack +2d6

Wizard Spells Known (CL 3, 11 melee touch, 7 ranged touch)

2nd (1/day)—*spider climb* (DC 13)

1st (3/day)—*mage armor* (DC 12), *shocking grasp*, *vanish* (DC 12)

0 (At will)—*bleed* (DC 11), *ghost sound* (DC 11), *message*, *prestidigitation* (DC 11), *read magic*

STATISTICS

Str 21, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 10

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +13; **CMD** 29

Feats Arcane Armor Training, Arcane Strike, Extra Rogue Talent, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lunge, Scribe Scroll, Toughness +11

Skills Acrobatics +15, Bluff +7, Climb +13, Escape Artist +6, Intimidate +10, Perception +12, Stealth +11, Use Magic Device +8

Languages Common, Giant

Combat Gear *demipotion of detect snares and pits* (master), *demipotion of mnemonic enhancer* (apprentice), *demipotion of read magic* (master), *demipotion of spell immunity* (apprentice), *demipotion of spider climb* (master), *demipotion of water breathing* (apprentice), *scroll of clairvoyance* (CL 5), *wand of unseen servant* (20 charges, CL 5, range 410 feet, reach); **Other Gear** *boneless leather*, *feather token* (whip), *sword of subtlety*, *javelin*, *marvelous pigments*, *oil of keen edge*, *oil of magic weapon*, *restorative ointment*, *ring of water walking*, *robe of blending*, *scabbard of vigor* (1/day), *waterproof scroll case*

TACTICS

Before Combat Ock prefers deception over confrontation. Given the option, he uses his *vanish* ability, tries to lure characters away from their



groups with *message* and *ghost sound*, and attacks anyone he successfully isolates.

During Combat Denied this approach, he utilizes Stealth to sneak attack or to simply steal potent magic items and run off. Ock adopts hit-and-run tactics whenever feasible.

Morale When Ock concludes he is losing the fight, he attempts to trade information about the *Eureka Rib* for his life. When brought below 50 hit points, as a free action he says “Hey, you know. We really don’t have to do things this way. I know what can get us out of here.” At 40 hit points he adds, “No, really. It’s called the *Eureka Rib*. We can escape! Aren’t you a little interested?” At 25 hit points he yells, “I know where it is, curse you!” Brought below 15 hit points, Ock flees. His favorite escape plan involves releasing the pillars in room J4 and riding them to the Slog below. Once in the Slog he runs away, leaving any pursuers to deal with the ensuing flood and with Wazzle, hoping those complications cover his retreat.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Boneless Leather This suit of +1 leather gives its wearer the ability to twist and contort his body in virtually any direction. He gains a +5 bonus on Escape Artist checks, a +5 bonus on Acrobatics checks to reduce damage from falls, a +5 bonus to CMD, and DR 5/piercing or slashing.

Powerful Sneak (Ex) Ock Imesh takes a full attack action at –2 to hit until his next turn. Sneak attacks during this time turn sneak damage rolls of 1 into 2.

Scabbard of Vigor (1/day) Once per day, as part of the action of drawing forth the weapon held by the scabbard, the wearer can order it to endow the weapon with an enhancement bonus on attack and damage rolls. The duration of the effect depends on the desired enhancement bonus for the weapon.

Bonus Duration

- +4 1 round
- +3 3 rounds
- +2 5 rounds
- +1 10 rounds

Unraveling Eye (Su) A third eye in the center of the forehead functions as a permanent *detect magic*. The eye is expressive, widening in the presence of strong magic, and it always stares at the most potent magic item it sees. This behavior is involuntary.

Notes: If the party stops combat to speak with him, Ock Bluffs to convince the party he recently acquired a clue to the *Rib’s* location. He then directs them to the lever at J9, claiming Dumond hid the *Eureka Rib* in a block of stone (technically true), and that the lever releases a block of stone when pulled (also technically true). Ock even shares some of the *Rib’s* back-story (GMs discretion) to lend credence to his claims.

DEVELOPMENTS

Ambassador Jaal

If Ambassador Jaal accompanies the party, Ock asks that she remain behind to insure the party deals in good faith instead of requesting a magic item as collateral. The situation flusters Ambassador Jaal. Unsure if the missing ogres—and the fate of Magus Goom—should terrify or delight the Deviceless, she wishes to assess how potent a force the ogres remain. When Ock Imesh demands her for a hostage she sputters her indignation, but agrees if the PCs press her to accept.

This is a mistake. As soon as the PCs leave, Ock and his children overpower her, strip her of all belongings, and chain her in J3. They demand she craft demipotions for them, ignoring her protestations that she cannot. If the PCs abandon her, she spends the remainder of her life imprisoned and tortured by mad ogres.

Friendly Negotiations

If it grows clear to Ock the PCs will not attack him, he gestures in the

water, subtly. In response—and assuming she escaped the PCs in any earlier encounters—his daughter Ayfer rises to the surface and responds to something a PC just said. Assuming he evaded the party as well, Eyfr steps from a corridor behind the party, leans against a wall and nods hello. At an appropriate juncture inform the most observant PC they notice Ayfer sneak a magic wand from her father’s belt. If the PCs alert Ock to this transgression, read or paraphrase the following:

.....|
Ock snickers, “Give it back, my girl. You are an unforgivably snot-skinned twerp of an heir!”

Ayfer returns her father’s wand and he holds both his daughter’s wrists in one meaty hand. He gives a little shake, “Ayfer, what did I tell you?”

No sooner does Ayfer apologize than her father musses her hair, “You’re just sorry you got caught again. Relax, you’re still my favorite. What’s mine is yours and what’s yours is mine.”
.....|

When Ayfer hands back her father’s wand, PCs who succeed at a DC 15 Perception check notice Ock filching Ayfer’s bracelet from her wrist.

Taking the Deal

If the party accepts Ock’s proposal, he escorts them from ogre territory with smiles and warmth, extremely pleased the party lacks the anti-ogre prejudices that plague others in Rogthandor. Once the PCs depart, Ock primes his trap—a snare he devised, but never used, in the war against his fellow ogres.

First Ock seals the airlock between J4 and J5. Next he summons his children and they stand atop the underwater pillars in J4. Ock directed the PCs to area J9, north of the fountain. The Ogre Lord reads his *scroll of clairvoyance* and observes until the PCs arrive. Once a PC stands directly below one of the J4 pillars, Ock casts *unseen servant* from his wand and instructs it to pull the lever in J9 that springs the trap.

Dismantled and separated from their chains (see area J4 for details), the pillars on which the ogres stand slam down like stone elevators cut from their cables. Ock and his children ride the falling pillars, which crack into the floor and topple. As the pillars fall and water gushes through sudden gaps in the ceiling, Ock shouts, “Butcher them! I want their magic! All of it!” He and his family *vanish*, leap from the pillars before they crash flat, and stalk the PCs in the flooding room.

Unless the PCs detect the *unseen servant* before it triggers the trap, any characters beneath the plummeting pillars must make a DC 20 Reflex save or suffer 3d6 damage (save for half). The pillars topple in a random direction the following round. Anyone caught beneath a toppling pillar also suffers 3d6 damage (DC 15 Reflex save for half).

The falling water swiftly rises to knee-height for a human. The gaps in the ceiling create twin 10-foot-by-10-foot waterfalls, of sufficient force to knock prone all beneath them who fail a DC 15 Acrobatics check. The waterfall holds prone victims in place for 10 rounds—after which the water slows to a trickle—or until the trapped character succeeds on a DC 25 Strength or DC 20 Escape Artist check. Treat prone characters held by the water as pinned. If the hatch between J4 and J5 is not shut, the waterfall does not stop in 10 rounds, but continues indefinitely (see J4 and J9 for additional details on this trap).

J2: OGRE FUNGAL PANTRY

Dampness from the nearby reservoirs makes this mud-filled storeroom a garden of mushroom plenty. Fungi grow from mounds of spilled

earth. Lichen coats the stone walls, inches thick. The room also holds the remaining ogres' largest source of protein: ogre jerky, which hangs from the ceiling, itself dotted with tiny white mushrooms, a last meaty memorial to the Imesh family's murdered tribesfolk.

J3: BATH CHAMBER

This unkempt bath chamber holds cauldrons stained with boiled ogre innards, slilch, and unrecognizable plant matter. Five rusting spigots poke from the south wall, and a cracked ceramic tub lies on its side in the northwest corner. Shards of ceramic and twisted metal litter the floor. In the southeast corner of the room, a mold-damp set of rickety wooden steps rises 5 feet to a door.

The door opens onto the northernmost extent of the reservoir rooms, water lapping right to the sill. An iron ladder drops from the sill into the water. Additional iron rungs poke from the walls to the right and left of the door, allowing someone standing atop the ladder to open the door one-handed. The door is unlocked.

J4: BETWEEN SUNKEN PILLARS

Determined never to transmogrify another ogre lest he create competition capable of displacing him, Ock Imesh ripped the *Riddle's End* from its perch atop the twin stone pillars of this room and sank it between them.

If the party enters this room with their heads above water, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

The water filling this dark, dank chamber is blackly opaque. Incongruously, a brass box hangs from a low ceiling that drips condensation. Attached to it, a pipe leads out of the room. A brass chain ending in an eyehook dangles from the center of the box. Around this cable—set in equidistant, squared formation—swing four massive iron chains, each ending in big hook just above the water's surface.

.....

Otherwise, if the party first enters this room under water, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

Under water two tall, adjacent blocks of pale stone loom mysteriously, each capped by an iron staple. Hundreds of fist-sized openings pepper the walls beneath the surface, each the mouth of a recessed pipe, sucking currents of purest water.

.....

The pipes inset across the walls spread water throughout Rogthandor. PCs who examine the pillars recognize they are made from *dumondite*. As soon as a character under water swims within 10 feet of the gap between the pillars, they see the *Riddle's End*. Read or paraphrase the following:

.....

Dumped between the two blocky pillars, an arched iron bridge lies on its side. Massive chains ending in eyehooks sprout from each corner. A throne of enameled bronze juts from the bridge's flat center.

.....

BETWEEN THE FLOORS

The floors between the two levels of Rogthandor are 30 feet thick. The ceilings on both levels are 20 feet high. This means someone falling through a pit trap or other opening likely travels 50 feet before hitting the ground on the lower level.

SETUP

Two 15-foot-high *dumondite* pillars lurk beneath the water, former pedestals for the *Riddle's End altar of affliction*. Massive iron staples jut from their tops, clamps to which the hooked ends of the iron bridge affix.

These pillars once comprised a mechanism for raising and lowering the *Riddle's End*. In the Citadel's prime, a release switch combined with clockwise movement of the capstan at I3 slowly lowered the pillars. This unwound the massive chains above and carefully drained the water so that technicians might repair or modify the device under Vilseph Dumond's direction. The release switch on this floor rusted away long ago, but a backup switch in the room directly below still operates.

Throwing the backup switch in J9 when the bridge and chains do not connect to the pillars sends these massive *dumondite* blocks slamming through the floor to the lower level amid gushing water. See area I3 for details on raising and lowering the chains in this room. See area J9 for more on the effects of dropping these pillars to the lower level.

The Riddle's End (Minor Artifact)

Aura minor divination, major transmutation; **CL** 17th
Slot none; **Weight** 750 lb.

DESCRIPTION

A throne, plated in delicate curvatures of enameled bronze, uses thick chain belts to strap users into a surprisingly comfortable seat. A bucket drops onto the victim's head, attendants secure it tightly with chain straps, and a winch pulls the bucket—and the victim's head—up and away from the body. Once the spine cracks, the *Riddle's End* infuses victims' gray matter and attempts to pry sentience from their brains.

Effects

Stretching the neck until the spine cracks inflicts 7d6 damage and 1d4 Dexterity drain, no save.

Boon

Victims who survive receive the following: any 1st-level spell from the wizard spell list as a spell-like ability (3/day), an increase in Intelligence to 11 or the victim's current intelligence +1 (whichever is greater), and a permanent *detect magic* ability (Sp).

Curse

The *Riddle's End* grants *detect magic* in the form of a black and veiny third eye in the center of the forehead. The eye opens and closes, observes and rotates as it likes, and is entirely outside the victim's control. When it sees magic items exuding moderate or greater potency, it widens and weeps inky black tears. The victim also contracts arcanomania.

Arcanomania compulsive mania to own magic

Type insanity; **Save** Will DC 17

Onset 3 weeks

Effect Target is sickened whenever it sees magic items it does not own. Target feels compelled to grab and hold such items, but resists the compulsion on a DC 5 Will save. Each week thereafter, the DC to resist the compulsion to grab any magic item increases by +2. Afflicted characters who resist the compulsion to grab magic items must succeed



on a Will save against the insanity (DC 17) or become fascinated by the object for 1d6 rounds. See the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game GameMastery Guide*, *Sanity and Madness* for additional details.

As it stretches the victim's neck, the *Riddle's End* sometimes grants visions to its prey.

Vilseph Dumond created the *Riddle's End* while experimenting with the nerve conduits connecting spine to brain. He hypothesized attenuating the connection between the upper and lower nervous systems might weaken the grip that the brain has on sentience.

As it stretches the victim's neck, the *Riddle's End* sometimes grants visions to its prey.

DESTRUCTION

Any who suffer the *Riddle's End* curse must make a Will save against their insanity each round they attempt to damage it. This applies even if a character attempts to destroy the *Riddle's End* before the 3-week onset for arcanomania expires. Afflicted characters who fail this save must actively protect the *altar* from harm for three days, after which they may resume trying to destroy it. The *Riddle's End* has 200 hit points and a hardness of 10.

Players examining the iron bridge that propped the *Riddle's End* above the water find the following seemingly melted into the iron:

*I am here and also there
Removed, replaced, made anew*

*I see. I see the power in all things
I think. I am. I am more than ogre
Follow the me that was taken
It leads to Eureka!*

A shard of Magus Goom's departing sentence cut this into the bridge. It conveys his confused, dreamlike experience of suffering under the *Riddle's End* and his attempt to interpret that experience.

DEVELOPMENTS

Repairing the Riddle's End

Repairing the *Riddle's End* means first hauling its 750-pound bulk from the water—including the iron bridge—and placing it athwart the twin *dumondite* pillars. If players fail to devise a means to retrieve the *altar*, a DC 10 Knowledge (engineering) or Knowledge (dungeoneering) check resolves the matter for them.

After removing the *Riddle's End* from the water, the party finds a strange bucket tangled around an arm of the central throne. The bucket has internal head clamps, a hose coming from the top, a thick chain running up through the hose, and thin metal chin straps. The hose and large chain run 10 feet long, and the chain ends in an oversized eye hook. PCs who examine the ceiling notice a Collection Box with a matching hook hanging 15 feet from the floor. Attaching the end of the chain to the hook dangles the bucket at head height for any Medium-sized creature sitting upon the *Riddle's End* throne.

The moment the hook from the Collection Box slips through the eye of the bucket's chain, the PC who attached it detects a faint breeze blowing up the tube to the Collection Box.

All this assembly attracts Wazzle, the water elemental's pet octopus. If the hatch between J4 and J5 remains open, Wazzle investigates. Once he realizes the room brims with food, Wazzle attempts to use Stealth, slip up to the nearest PC, grab them, and retreat to J5 to savor his repast.

Stretched by the Riddle's End

The *Riddle's End* grants a vision to PCs who survive its ministrations. Read or paraphrase the following to convey the vision:

.....

In a moment of pain, the neck wrenches. White out. From the whiteness a black dot grows, larger and larger, a dark tunnel swallows. Travelling, rushing, aloft on a cloud of brightly colored mist. Reaching an echoing space enclosed by black walls. Falling through the brightly colored mists. Splashing into liquid. Sinking, turning, moving straight. Now a river rapids, bright shifting liquid. Kerplunk into vastness. Floating, orbiting something massive and dark.

.....

This describes what it is like to travel the pipes to the condensing room and cistern from the point of view of sentience dislodged by the *Riddle's End*.

Investigating the Collection Box and Pipe

The pipe leaving the Collection Box above the *Riddle's End* heads west-northwest.

J5: PRINCE OF WATERS (EL 10)

BACKGROUND

When Vilseph Dumond supplied Rogthandor he faced engineering challenges refitting the ancient fortress, including securing fresh water.

He imprisoned a water elemental, bound it to this room, and ordered it to maintain the level of a multi-chamber reservoir. Pipes run from these chambers, supplying water to the entire fortress. Whenever denizens use water, the elemental instantly supplies more from its own substance.

During its imprisonment, the elemental stole a pet octopus from a temporary holding pen of aquatic animals—subjects acquired for a line of experimental inquiry Dumond later abandoned. The elemental kept its freshwater rainbow octopus, now grown to giant size, as a pet to assuage its loneliness. It named the creature Wazzle, Aquan for “friend.”

SETUP

The water in this room runs 25 feet deep. Its ceiling hangs unusually low, arching a mere 5 feet above the water's surface. Ceramic tiles panel the walls, stained gray with time and neglect. To the north, a 10-foot-by-10-foot brass airlock hatch (hardness 10, hp 90, Break DC 30) hangs open 10 feet from the bottom, revealing an underwater tunnel. PCs underwater (and only those underwater) who succeed at a DC 15 Perception check notice the open hatch at the limit of visibility. Beating a DC 25 Perception check also notices a pair of matching 5-foot-by-5-foot hatches set into the floor.

ACTION

For years Wazzle lived with the sting of hunger, surviving on lichen and the occasional unwary monster. Wazzle no longer fits through the 5-foot-wide underwater tunnels to **J5** and **J4**, making protein scarce. PCs passing through **J5** prove too rich an opportunity for Wazzle to resist. The giant octopus ambushes the party from behind the underwater airlock door on the north wall. Once Wazzle pounces, the water elemental “rescues” its beloved pet and also attacks.

Huge Water Elemental See “Elemental” in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* for full statistics.

Notes: Dumond bound the elemental to this room. It cannot leave.

Wazzle the Freshwater Rainbow Octopus See “Octopus, Giant” in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* for full statistics.

DEVELOPMENTS

Fleeing Wazzle

It takes a full-round action to close and lock the underwater hatch between **J5** and **J4**. As long as Wazzle grips at least one character firmly in his tentacles, he permits his other food to flee without interference, content with the meal in hand.

Hatches in the Floor

These hatches require a DC 20 Strength check to twist open. Once open, they drain the water from all the reservoir rooms onto the floor below. Commanded to maintain the levels, the elemental pumps out water at its maximum rate, but never shuts the hatches. See **Act Two, The Slog** for details on how this flood affects the lower floor.

Characters in **J5** when the hatches open must make a DC 20 Swim check every round or the current sucks them through the opening and dumps them 25 feet into **J10**. A successful Swim check allows characters to move away from the open hatches at half their normal swim rate. This includes Wazzle, if present. Should the giant octopus fail his check, his head jams in the hatch and he requires a DC 25 Strength check to pull loose. While jammed, his head plugs the gap and stops the flow of water. The water elemental is unaffected by the draining water.

Flooding the Slog

Various developments in ogre territory pour water into the Slog. If the

PCs have eliminated the water elemental, such developments likely drop the reservoir contents into the Slog but do not drown the lower level. If the elemental survives and continues to refill the reservoirs, circumstances threaten a continual flood. Should PCs enter the Slog, such a continual flood trumps all other issues and presents the PCs with a challenge. See **Act Two, The Slog** for details.

CONCLUDING THE RIDDLE'S END OGRES

If Ock Imesh flees the PCs, he reappears during **The Battle for the Eureka Rib**. During the battle, Ock cleaves to one objective: steal the most powerful magic item owned by a PC. If the party slew his children, Ock also seeks revenge on the killers—after he steals the most powerful magic item.

THE SLOG

BACKGROUND

The transmogrified elites of Rogthandor control its upper reaches. The Deviceless control the upper and lower levels of the Bazaar. Everyone else (including the Bazaar Guard) lives in the Slog, undivided by race and united by dispossession. They spend their unwashed days hunting slilch, scraping mushrooms off pipes, distilling liquor, squabbling, loving, dying, and getting by.

Rogthandor does not offer much to steal or hoard, but the rulers of each tribe fill themselves on roast slilch in fungalnaise, while the hungry children of the Slog play among abandoned equipment, swapping their grandparents stories of the world Without.

In response to their rulers claiming the lion's share of food, a crude thieves' guild evolved. More a gang of toughs than anything else, they fight to ensure hunger never becomes starvation, and that the powerful transmogrified elites face united opposition whenever a whim leads them to prey on the normals in the Slog.

Most members of this gang—dubbed the Slog Slammers—belong to the Escapist cult, though its leader, Gabrele the Fist, remains skeptical.

SYNOPSIS

When word of Ballancastor's drilling machine reaches the Slog, it electrifies everyone. “The day of escape is at hand,” they whisper. “Someone from Without has come Within.”

“It's a ruse,” others counter, “don't get your hopes up.” And yet everyone does.

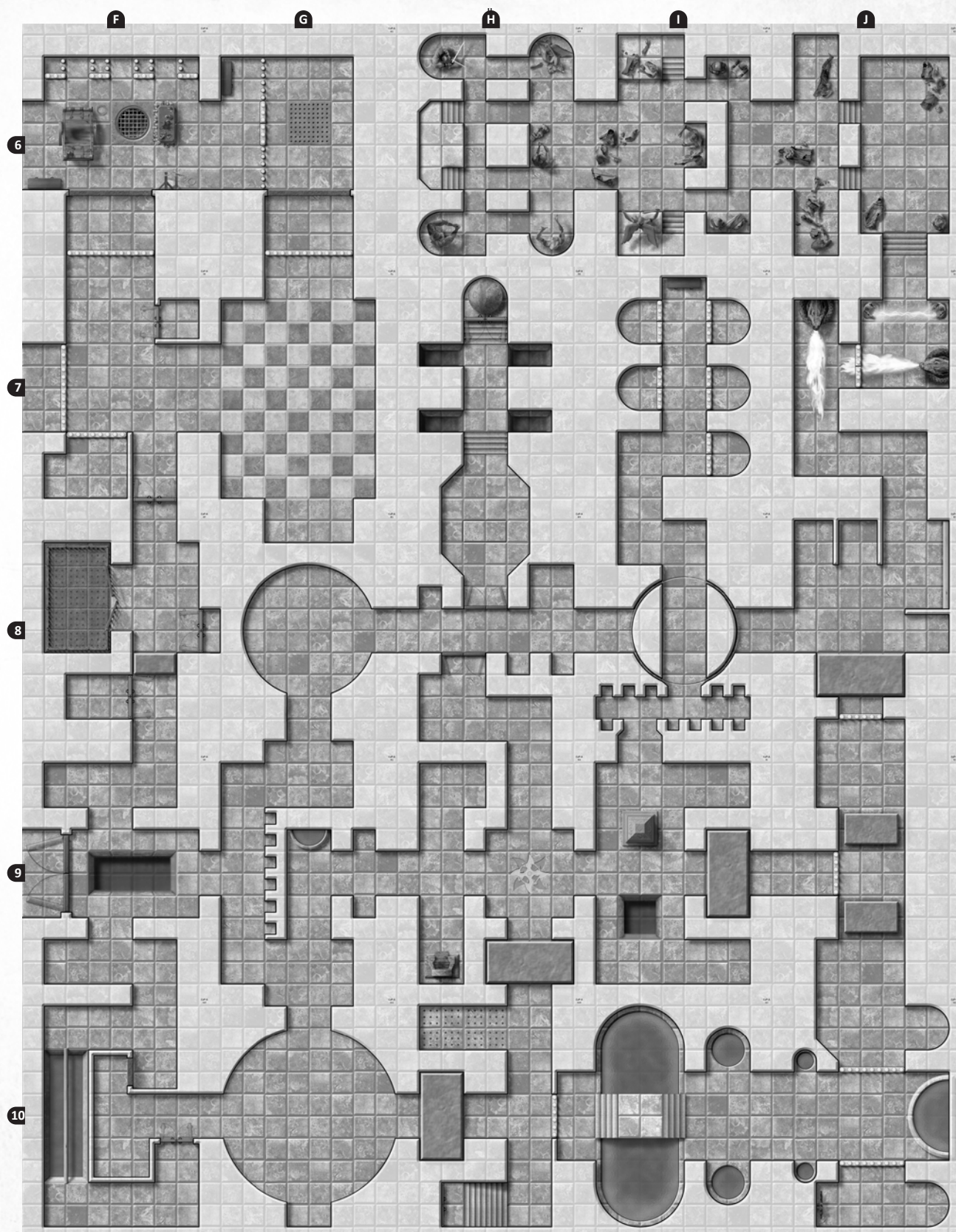
If the PCs defeat the troglodyte monks in the Bazaar or conquer the Deviceless, the belief in imminent escape reaches a fever pitch. Consequently, when the PCs first enter the Slog, the inhabitants greet them as heroes.

Events of the adventure draw the PCs to the Slog repeatedly. Examples include: accepting a mission from a tribe's leader, by invitation of Angus, to access one of the many back doors into elite territory, because a flood threatens and Gabrele begs the PCs for help, in search of Vilseph Dumond's secret chambers, or simply to rest and recuperate.

Adventure in the Slog likely proves nonlinear. However, if the PCs decide to lay waste to the Slog, the Slog Slammers oppose them, transforming this area into a hit-and-run battlefield. See **Entering the Slog** below for details.

Finally, Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe monitors the PCs through reports from Ambassador Jaal's *whispering wind* spell, spies, and rumors. When

THE SLOG





he realizes the PCs might actually find the *Eureka Rib*, Crabbe takes action. When the PCs visit the Slog, preferably to rest, he unleashes creatures specifically grown to hunt them down. See **Let Slip the Hounds** below for details.

SETUP

Filled with twists and turns, the Slog occupies the eastern half of the bottom floor—from **F6** in the northwestern corner to **J10** in the southeastern corner. The Slog sports three primary entrances off the public thoroughfare that runs north-south from area **E6** to **E10**. These primary entrances are: the northern passage at **F6**, the middle passage at **F7**, and the lower passage at **F9**. Other points connect the Slog to the territory of their transmogrified rulers above. Most of these are guarded, but a few are secret, known only to Gabrele the Fist.

Everyone knows the Slog connects to the upper floor at the following locations:

PUBLIC ACCESS POINTS

1. **E10** A stair up, guarded by a minotaur. See **White Witch Minotaur Territory, Setup** for additional details.
2. **G6** Climb to the upper level. See **G1** for additional details.
3. **H9** A disturbing rain of bones obscures a pit into ogre territory. See **H4 Rain of Bones** for additional details.

In addition, Gabrele knows two secret locations. See **Entering the Slog, Developments** below for details

ENTERING THE SLOG

(EL 9)

Even if the PCs enter the Slog in disguise, eventually someone recognizes them. The PCs' presence excites them and, if asked, almost any Slog dweller accompanies a PC anywhere, innocent and eager. All Slog dwellers know the public access points to the territories above and how to find them.

When the PCs enter undisguised or when a Slog dweller recognizes them, read or paraphrase the following:

Turning a corner, the Citadel's ghetto blooms with bustle, but suddenly everyone freezes. Mothers, fathers, and their monster children fall silent and stare. A child asks, "Is that them? Are they going to free us?" In an instant, the Slog jerks back to life and an adoring throng swarms closer, "The Saviors! From Without! Escape is nigh!"

ACTION

Welcomed as heroes, dirty bugbear children pepper the party with questions: "Is it true you'll take us out of darkness? Are plants Without green like momma said?" Everyone talks to and about the PCs simultaneously. They point, they cry, they present infants for kissing, and they offer up their lousy food in tribute. When this dizzying salvo thins player patience, a husky voice interrupts, "Alright, alright. Clear it along."

Gabrele and her Slog Slammers arrive to disperse the crowd, "Let 'em breathe!" Provided the PCs have not attacked the crowd, she confronts them, hands on hips, "So you're our new saviors are you? What brings you to the Slog?"

Gabrele the Fist, young and skeptical leader of the Slog Slammers, turns all her powers of Sense Motive to their answer. She visited the drilling machine, but she remains only partly convinced the PCs actually arrived from the semi-mythical "Without."

If the PCs lie and Gabrele detects it, she invites them to the Bazaar for a drink and some slich stew, her treat. There she presses them for information about their intentions. Should the PCs refuse to leave with her, she still presses them for information, just more directly. Unless the PCs attack a Slog dweller, Gabrele remains content to "escort" the PCs, following them wherever they go, trying to decide if they really are the saviors destined to bring the Slog to freedom.

Should the PCs insist she stay away, Gabrele shrugs, "Have it your way," and stops following them. Asking any Slog dweller how to find Gabrele triggers her reappearance in 5 rounds.

If at any point she realizes the PCs intend to kidnap a Slog dweller, an outraged Gabrele spits in their direction and orders the party to leave. If they do not, Gabrele fetches the Slog Slammers and attacks.

Gabrele the Fist

CR 7

"The trogs kidnap, the minotaurs lure with religion, the ogres leave you bereft. The bugbears dream and offer hope, but no action. The Deviceless will do anything to survive, no matter who it hurts. The folks here in the Slog need heroes. They need someone to free them. They don't need another faction sucking them dry."

XP 3,200

Female ogre ranger 3/rogue 2

CG Large humanoid (giant)
Init +3; Senses low-light vision; Perception +14

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 12, flat-footed 19 (+5 armor, +3 Dex, -1 size, +5 natural)
hp 81 (3d10+6d8+27)
Fort +9, Ref +10, Will +6
Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft.
Melee battleaxe +9/+4 (2d6+5/20/x3) and
Melee quicksilver +11 (1d8+3/20/x2) and
Melee unarmed strike +11/+6 (1d4+5/20/x2)
Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.
Special Attacks assault leader

STATISTICS

Str 21, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 10
Base Atk +7; CMB +13; CMD 26
Feats Bloody Assault, Cleave, Endurance, Iron Will, Power Attack, Toughness +9, Two-Weapon Fighting
Skills Acrobatics +11, Bluff +5, Climb +13, Disable Device +8, Fly +1, Intimidate +12, Perception +14, Sense Motive +14, Stealth +11, Survival +6, Swim +9
Languages Common, Giant
Combat Gear *demipotion of expeditious retreat* (apprentice), *demipotion of haste* (apprentice), *demipotion of speak with dead* (master); Other Gear +2 *slith* and iron studded leather armor of spell and acid resistance (13), quicksilver +2 returning, seeking alchemical silver hand axe, battleaxe

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Assault Leader (Ex) 1/day when Gabrele misses an attack, allow an ally also flanking that target an immediate attack.
Bloody Assault Gabrele takes -5 to all attacks and maneuvers until her next turn to add 1d4 bleed damage to all weapon melee attacks.
Slog Slammers (4) Use “Tomb Raider” statistics from the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game *GameMastery Guide* for all Slog Slammers, regardless of race.

DEVELOPMENTS

Blood of a Preacher Man

If the PCs ask after a minotaur preacher, any Slog dweller piously directs them to **F10**, but they find no one. If they ask Gabrele, she wants to know why they are interested. If the adventurers explain, Gabrele smacks a fist into her hand, “I knew it! Direct from above. The bastards! Not enough they keep us on the edge of starving, they kidnap and kill us for their power. Come on!”

Gabrele leads them to **F10**, just before Mangy Thinhook arrives. See **The Preacher** below for details.

The Flood

If the PCs fought Ock Imesh and he escaped by riding the pillars to the lower level, he likely failed to close the hatch connecting room **J4** to **J5**. The water elemental in **J5** pumps out water to keep the reservoirs full. Unchecked, the elemental produces enough water to turn the lower level of Rogthandor into a fishbowl.

If a continual flood threatens the Slog, a Slog Slammer seeks them out. Read or paraphrase the following:

.....|
A troglodyte rushes up, screaming, “A flood! A flood from above!
Please help us! We’ll all drown!”
.....|

See **Where Ogres Fear to Tread** below for additional details.

Asking for Access

In addition to the public pathways between the Slog and the territories above, Gabrele knows more secret ways. If the PCs befriend her, prove their hatred for the elites above, or convince her they intend to free everyone within Rogthandor, Gabrele shares the location of the two secret entrances.

- Proceeding to **F8** with a long pole, Gabrele beats a special rhythm on the bottom of the cagevator. Minutes later the cagevator drops two feet and a furry bugbear face squints at the party from the darkness, “What do you want?” This is Turgo from **F2a Reception**, summoned by a fellow attendant. He accepts bribes for access to *Fantôme* Bugbear territory, provided the party succeeds at a DC 20 Diplomacy check and “promises not to disturb the dark dreamers.”
- Proceeding to **J10**, Gabrele points out two circular plates in the ceiling that drip rusty water. She explains they are the underside of hatches opened from the other side. A DC 25 Disable Device check opens them from this side, slamming the character opening them with a column of water and unleashing a flood. At the top of the second round Wazzle lodges in the hole, sticks for 1 round (temporarily halting the water), then flops on the PCs. Additionally, the flood proves unending if the party does not slay the elemental or close the hatch in **J5**. See areas **I4**, **J4**, **J5**, **J9**, and **J10**, as well as **Where Ogres Fear to Tread** below for details on flooding the Slog, columns of reservoir water, Wazzle, and related matters.

Ruthless PCs may beat these locations out of Gabrele by inflicting 20 points of nonlethal damage combined with a DC 25 Intimidate check.

F10: THE PREACHER (EL 8)

If the PCs are here at the right time—led by Gabrele or because they set an ambush—they witness an assignation between a naïve young minotaur and Mangy Thinhook, Muskbringer’s recruiter in the Slog.

SETUP

The room contains an old acid vat against the west wall. Roughly 5 feet wide, 30 feet long, and 5 feet deep, it offers total concealment to any who hide inside. Examining the bottom of the vat finds it tacky, as if recently used. On the third round standing or crouching inside the vat, faint fumes accumulate. Exposed characters must succeed at a DC 15 Fortitude save or acquire the fatigued condition. Each round in the vat thereafter, the save DC increases by +2. A 3-foot-high retaining wall (built to contain acid spills) traverses the room, creating difficult terrain for any who attempt to cross over it.

ACTION

Mangy Thinhook reiterates a passel of lies about transmogrification, including, “It hurts only a little, then the power floods you. As one of us you will have food to feed your family, always. There’s no real risk, just be strong and brave enough. Your mother fears for you. Your father fears you. Your friends are jealous of your strength. Show them all. They’ll be so proud.”

Unopposed, Mangy Thinhook sneaks the young minotaur up the stairs at **E10** to Muskbringer.

If the PCs reveal themselves, Thinhook’s hired muscle attacks while he flees. He threads the maze of Slog corridors as fast as possible to break line of sight with the party. The moment he succeeds, Mangy Thinhook uses Stealth to blend with the Slog dwellers. On the following round, he Disguises himself to evade the PCs. Mangy Thinhook only fights

if cornered. He knows Muskbringer will break him on the *Witch* if he confesses to luring young minotaurs, but a DC 25 Intimidate check compels him to confess.

If Gabrele accompanies the party, she stays out of the fight, watching and noting what actions the PCs take, if any.

Bugbear Thug (1) See “bugbear” in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* for full statistics.

Minotaur Thug (1) See “minotaur” in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* for full statistics.

Ogre Thug (1) See “ogre” in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* for full statistics.

Mangy Thinhook

CR 6

His tawny hair replaced in patches by mite-ridden, bluish-gray skin, this wiry minotaur's thin horns are each crowned with a spiked gauntlet, and his eyes bulge from within an unforgivably homely face.

XP 2,400

Male minotaur cleric 3

NE Large monstrous humanoid

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +13

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 10, flat-footed 14 (+1 Dex, –1 size, +5 natural)

hp 59 (6d10+3d8+9)

Fort +8, **Ref** +7, **Will** +9

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +10/+5 (1d4+3/20/×2), gore +10 (1d6+4/20/×2)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks powerful charge (gore +11, 2d6+6)

Spell-Like Abilities

4/day—*acid dart* (DC 12), *touch of evil* (DC 13)

Cleric Spells Known (CL 3, 10 melee touch, 8 ranged touch)

2nd (1/day)—*hold person* (DC 13), *soften earth and stone*

1st (3/day)—*inflict light wounds* (DC 12), *protection from good* (DC 12), *magic weapon* (DC 12)

0 (At will)—*bleed* (DC 11), *create water*, *detect poison*, *purify food and drink* (DC 11), *resistance* (DC 11)

TACTICS

During Combat If he cannot flee, Mangy hangs back while his thugs engage. He casts *protection from good* on himself and *magic weapon* on his ridiculous gauntleted horns. Finally he casts *hold person* on a foe and charges them, channeling a smite through his horns.

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 12, **Con** 13, **Int** 9, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 9

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +12 (+14 bull rush); **CMD** 23 (25 vs. bull rush)

Feats Blind-Fight, Channel Smite, Great Fortitude, Improved Bull Rush, Power Attack

Skills Appraise +3, Bluff +0, Climb +7, Fly –1, Intimidate +6, Perception +13, Sense Motive +7, Spellcraft +4, Stealth +3, Survival +11, Swim +7

Languages Giant, Common

Combat Gear *demipotion of charm person* (apprentice), *demipotion of expeditious retreat* (apprentice), *demipotion of haste* (apprentice)

Notes: In his youth, Mangy jammed floppy, oversized, spiked gauntlets onto his thin horns, hoping for more powerful attacks. Instead he rendered himself a laughingstock. When he went to remove the gauntlets, his swollen horns had bent them and they stuck. While the gauntlets do not inflict more damage than his normal gore attack, they do allow Mangy to treat his horns as a single melee weapon with a gore attack.

The moment two of these thugs die, the last puts down its weapons and surrenders. Alternatively, if Gabrele accompanies the PCs, the

thugs fight for 1 round before recognizing her. Then they put away their weapons, embarrassed, saying, “Oh. Hey. Didn’t know you had an interest in this, Gabrele. Sorry.”

J9, H10-J10: WHERE OGRES FEAR TO TREAD (EL 9)

PCs find this area damp and largely empty. Most denizens of the Slog avoid it, as the walls leak water and render it too wet for comfort. Even troglodytes grow mold on their skin living here.

Scattered about, inquisitive PCs find the detritus of an early age. For example, empty ponds at **I10** filled with skeletons from a thousand carnivorous fish, or shattered glass and piled sahuagin bones behind the southern portcullis in **J10**.

When the PCs reach **J9**, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

The stink of mold assaults the nostrils. A rusted lever sticks from the wall; near it pokes a second lever with a snapped handle. Water trickles from above, especially heavily down the eastern wall, its rivulets framing graffiti.

.....

SETUP

PCs close enough to read the graffiti discover a freestyle verse written in Ogre. Translating it reveals the following:

“And you stood there looking for me. But the me you hoped to see was not there. Instead you continued to baste in the dung tub of your own ignorance, too proud to admit to staring passersby that you were caught in an act. The very act of playing the part of competent adventurer, poorly. My, how we all laugh so cruelly at your expense. You hope to find me and what was mine, but I have found you, and I shall have what is yours. The one known as Fenthius is not who you thought he was. He was an insignificant failure of a man, and though you think you know that Fenthius changed his name, it is actually me who has changed his name. Mine as well. You can call me Sweetest Ambush Ever, and I’ve got a little surprise for you, you (smudged) idiot.”

In Ogre, this rhymes. The writing is small and the text long to lure the party into grouping around and reading it.

ACTION

If Ock Imesh sent the PCs here, when they finish reading or cross beneath the pillars, his *unseen servant* jerks the unbroken lever down, releasing the pillars above. PCs who pull this lever on their own also release the pillars from above and flood the room with water. It requires a DC 24 Disable Device check to render the unbroken lever inoperative. A DC 20 Strength check snaps the rusted lever off, after which not even an *unseen servant* can pull it.

The second lever, already broken when the PCs arrive, controls the watertight sealing stones located at **H9**, **H10**, **I9**, and **J8**. PCs easily locate the snapped lever among the detritus of the room. A DC 30 Disable Device check allows a PC to jury-rig a solution and pull the second lever. Alternately, PCs who repair the lever with spells like *make whole* pull it easily. Pulling the second lever drops the stones, preventing the falling waters from spreading to the rest of the Slog.

DEVELOPMENTS

Circumstances that drop a pillar open a hole between the reservoir on the top floor and the Slog below. If the airlock door between **J5** and **J4** remains open, this risks the elemental in **J5** flooding the entire lower

floor, starting with the Slog. If the PCs seek to end a continual flood already in progress, or if they trigger the problem themselves and the airlock between **J5** and **J4** remains open, then 5 rounds after the PCs arrive the current sweeps up a curious Wazzle from **J5**, sucks him through the hole in the floor of **J4**, and deposits the half-starved, part-colored cephalopod in waist-high water. It senses the PCs and attacks.

Wazzle, the Freshwater Rainbow Octopus See “octopus, giant” in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* for full statistics.

H6–J6, J7: INVITED TO ANGUS CLEAVEHEART’S HEARTH

If the PCs befriend Angus Cleaveheart, he invites them to his barracks home—the area within the Slog the Deviceless’ human guards reserve for themselves. Two Bazaar Guards protect the entrance at **J8** and deny anyone not accompanied by one of their own. The PCs find at least four Bazaar Guards here at all times, eating, resting, or playing with their families.

If the guards welcome the PCs, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

Angus invites you into the welcoming nooks he and the other guards call home. He points to rolled mats upon which to sleep, flasks of fresh water, and he ladles bowls of hot stew onto the table, its aroma rich and appealing. Half-human kids flit about playing games of imagination, wrestling, or telling stories.

.....

If Hrolf is present, despite any past conflicts, he grunts in greeting.

ACTION

If the PCs attack, all guards present attempt to hold them in **J7**.

Bazaar Guard (4) See **Bleachers Above the Bazaar** for full statistics.

TACTICS

Morale Defending their families, the guards fight to the death.

I7–I8: VILSEPH DUMOND’S SECRET STUDY (EL 11)

Hidden in the heart of the Slog lies Vilseph Dumond’s secret workroom and study—the great man’s retreat and thinker’s sanctuary. Encased in *dumondite*, here Vilseph devised his most fell schemes and planned the experiments that eventually resulted in the *Eureka Rib*.

When Vilseph left Rogthandor he burned his notes, but left his wealth locked inside his secret study. Slog dwellers pass the entrance every day, never suspecting the pale patches of stone on the wall mark the access to their gaoler’s private sanctum.

To PCs who pass this area and succeed at a DC 30 Perception check, a DC 25 Knowledge (engineering) check, or a DC 25 Knowledge (dungeoneering) check, explain that splotches of lighter-colored stone speckle the walls of this hallway.

Once noticed, an additional DC 20 Knowledge (engineering) or Craft (alchemy) check identifies the pale patches as *dumondite*, the same material forming Rogthandor’s alchemical shell. PCs alerted to the patches and aware they are *dumondite* may make another DC 30 Perception check or a DC 20 Disable Device check to confirm something lies behind the stone walls.

SETUP

Vilseph carved his sanctuary from living rock, and then poured *dumondite* around the floors, ceilings, and walls, creating a box. Finally, he crafted a sophisticated *dumondite* door and tied its mechanism into the capstan in **I3**. When that capstan rotates counterclockwise, it withdraws the dead bolt from the door. Even if someone uncovers and picks the lock to this door, it will not open unless the dead bolt is also withdrawn. See **I3** for additional details.

Once PCs suspect a concealed door, a DC 15 Perception check locates a vaguely keyhole-shaped depression in one of the *dumondite* patches on the wall. Melting or cutting away this patch—using the *Eureka Rib* to do so, for example—reveals a keyhole. A DC 30 Perception check indicates the lock is trapped. Vilseph took the key with him, but a DC 30 Disable Device check picks the lock. If the same Disable Device check beats a DC 35, it picks the lock without triggering the trap beyond the door.

ACTION

When PCs open the door to Vilseph’s secret study, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

A wheeze of stale air blows past as the door opens, tomblike. Within, opulent tapestries carpet the walls and a gilt mirror set opposite the door reflects any who stand in the doorway.

.....

If no one disabled the trap, then the PC who opened the door notices a faint glimmer of blue actinic glare in the mirror before the trap triggers.

Mirrored Chain Lightning Trap CR 27

Type magic; **Perception** DC 30; **Disable Device** DC 35

Trigger touch, timed; **Reset** none

Effect spell effect (empowered *chain lightning*, 12d6 electricity damage, DC 22 Reflex save for half); multiple targets (all targets within 30 feet of each other, up to 12 targets total; no target may be hit more than once)

Once inside, read or paraphrase the following to the survivors:

.....

These swiftly abandoned, luxurious rooms grow more lavish the more deeply they’re explored. However, the chambers’ many bookshelves remain bare.

.....

DEVELOPMENTS

Scattered about Vilseph’s secret study, the adventurers find the following treasure:

- 130,000 gp in combined gold, electrum, platinum, and gems piled haphazardly in the northwest alcove
- 1 *cauldron of brewing* in the northeast alcove
- 1 *bowl of commanding water elementals* on a desk beside an open journal; a corncob pipe rests on its rim and the bowl contains pipe ash
- 1 *philosopher’s stone* used as a paperweight for blank parchment scraps

On the desk in the first alcove to the left, adventurers find a journal. Written by hand on both its cover and spine is the title: The

Transmogrim Epoch by Baronet Vilseph Dumond. It lies open beside the bowl of commanding water elementals, the old pipe, a dried inkwell, and a fountain pen.

The open page reads:

HANDOUT #4

*"Metamorphosis is no chance phenomenon;
it is the faerie queen tearing forth from firefly's husk;*

*it is the darker world so lovely once mountain's heart bleeds hot;
Ascension must birth from our agony, for we are not born us as
yet."*

END HANDOUT

The book chronicles Vilseph's descent into madness, his experiments, and the eventual construction of the *Eureka Rib*. GMs should consider this book license to share whatever portions of the adventure's backstory interests the players. Moreover, if GMs plan to continue the adventure with Dumond as a recurring villain, consider planting clues in the *Epoch* about his current location or his plans.

Cauldron of Brewing A cauldron of brewing looks like a fine cooking pot with four stout legs. The cauldron is capable of heating any liquid placed in it to a precise temperature (anywhere from just above room temperature to hot enough to boil salt water) and maintaining it indefinitely, while remaining only slightly warm to the touch on the outside. A cauldron of brewing provides a +5 competence bonus on Craft (alchemy) skill checks.

Construction Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, trained in Craft (alchemy); Cost 1,500 gp

LET SLIP THE HOUNDS (EL 9)

Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe concludes the PCs are too popular, too dangerous, and too likely to actually find the *Eureka Rib*, so he decides to assassinate them. He captures a pack of stray dogs, transmogrifies the innocent creatures into ravening horrors, and sets them on the PCs trail. They slink into the Slog, tracking the party, and attack them wherever found.

GMs may unleash this encounter as appropriate. Consider running it during a moment of downtime when the PCs rest in the Slog and believe themselves safe and protected. Narrate the hounds slaying innocents and destroying friends or hosts before attacking the party.

Hounds of the Lost (4)

CR 5

The red canines glide on wings of stretched skin, their blue scaled muzzles jammed open by an overabundance of barbed orange teeth.

XP 400 each

NE Medium advanced fiendish half-dragon dog (animal)

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 15, flat-footed 17 (+5 Dex, +7 natural)

hp 30 (1d8+14)

Fort +10, **Ref** +8, **Will** +4

Immune acid, paralysis, sleep; **Resist** cold 5, fire 5; **SR** 10

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft., flying 80 ft. (average)

Melee 2 claws +10 (1d6+9/20×2), 2 bites +10 (1d8+9/20×2)

STATISTICS

Str 29, **Dex** 20, **Con** 25, **Int** 8, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 25 (29 vs. trip)

Feats Skill Focus (Perception)

Tricks Attack, Down, Fighting, Guard, Seek, Stay, Track
Skills Acrobatics +10 (+8 when Jumping), Climb +13, Escape Artist +6, Perception +12, Survival +6 (+4 when tracking by scent), Swim +14

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Breath Weapon (Su) 1/day breath weapon deals 2d6 acid damage, DC 18.

Flying Jump When using the run action, a hound moves 40 feet then leaps into the air. It attains 40 feet of height and glides another 40 feet along its initial trajectory, achieving up to 80 feet of horizontal movement (half run, half glide). On a successful DC 15 Acrobatics check a hound may leap to a solid surface and rebound, changing trajectory up to 180 degrees and continuing to glide. A hound may rebound multiple times in one jump, but each such directional change consumes 5 feet of the 40 feet the hound may glide. Given an appropriate landing place or a grip for its claws, the hound may halt itself instead of rebounding from a solid surface.

Smite Good (Su) 1/ day +2 to hit, +2 to damage.

OTHER LOCATIONS IN THE SLOG

H7A: FLACCID CARP

If the PCs pass by this location and have not yet brought Sifu Grothk a candidate for the Trial of the *Iron Carp* (see **Troglodyte Territory, The Practice Cave** for details) they find it empty. However if they brought Sifu Grothk a candidate and left the Sifu alive, when the adventurers pass by they find the candidate dead, obscenely gored by multiple small punctures.

H9A: SASKEETH'S NOOK

If Saskeeth survived her initial encounter with the PCs in **Through the Kitchen**, they may stumble across her or seek her out in her home where she lives with other young troglodyte women. Read or paraphrase the following:

|.....|

Saskeeth from the kitchen lives here in squalor with other troglodyte girls. The moment she sees you she stands at attention and smiles weakly, waving in hopes you remember her.

|.....|

ACTION

Assuming they have not offended or harmed her, the PCs find Saskeeth here and she worships them as deliverers. Saskeeth joined the Escapists after encountering the party, and when the PCs approach she sheepishly confesses she knows a secret password into troglodyte territory. "Carp's creep caves," she whispers, "We use it to send our leaders food and messages. It will get you past the sentries."

I8: ROUNDED WALL

Entering the many-alcoved corridor located at the southern end of **I8**, adventurers notice that the back wall of the largest alcove is rounded.

CONCLUDING ACT TWO

Act Two ends when the PCs trace the four pipes from the *altars of affliction* back to **D1**, armed with enough knowledge that what they find impels them to explore areas **C7** and **D7**.

D1: ANTECHAMBER OF THE UPPER CONDENSING ROOM (EL 5)

If the PCs walk to the concealed door on the southern wall of **D1** and specifically search the area, read or paraphrase the following:

DESIGNERS' NOTE

We strongly advise against revealing the location of this door simply because the PCs walk past it or due to random chance. While the adventure can support finding the upper condensing room early, we expect your players will have more fun earning discovery of this room.

Mammoth slabs of perfectly smooth stone obstruct two doorways on the northern wall of this corridor. Four brass pipes pierce the stone near the ceiling on the southern wall. They extend into the middle of the corridor, turn west, and vanish from view.

SETUP

A DC 30 Perception check locates a concealed door on the southern wall beneath the four brass pipes. If the party followed these brass pipes here from an *altar of affliction*, reduce the Perception DC to 20. Anyone who exceeds this Perception check DC by 5 or more also discovers the door is trapped. Once found, the trap requires a DC 20 Disable Device check to neutralize.

ACTION

If the adventurers open the concealed door on the southern wall without disabling the trap, the two stone slabs blocking rooms **D1a** and **D1b** drop into the floor. The slab blocking **D1a** jams halfway. Opening the concealed door to **D2** also unleashes the room's insane occupant, who bull rushes the PCs and may knock someone into **D1b**. See **D1c** below for details on the mad occupant of the upper condensing room.

D1b appears empty. It once released a massive cloud of toxic gas, but the bulk of this volatile gas dissipated long ago. However, people who enter the room inhale the last traces of *vilsephone*—an odorless, invisible airborne toxin. Treat anyone entering the room as if they inhaled burnt other fumes. See "poisons" in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook* for details. Enough gas remains to affect two characters.

Those peering into **D1a** must make a DC 25 Perception check. Failure means they believe the room empty but catch a glint of gold in the far corner. Success notices the glint of gold but also recognizes the floor of this room is unusually dark and smooth. The glint of gold originates from a pyrite vein running through the natural stone at the back of the room.

A DC 15 Strength check pushes the 4 feet of jammed stone door down into the floor. Alternately, characters may climb over it into the room. Fixing the door releases the gray ooze previously blocked by the stuck slab. Adventurers who climb over the wall step in the ooze.

Gray Ooze See "gray ooze" in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* for full statistics.

D1C: AMONPOTILLAE THE MAD

Some months before Vilseph Dumond abandoned Rogthandor, the baronet's men captured a wounded unicorn named Amonpotillae. Vilseph had only just begun to experiment on the magical beast when events drove him from the Citadel of Pain. Rather than set Amonpotillae free, Dumond imprisoned him in the upper condensing room. Cut off from his native forests—indeed from all living things—expecting more torture, and faced with an eternity of imprisonment, Amonpotillae went completely mad.

When the PCs open the concealed door leading to this room, read or paraphrase the following:

Rounding the corner, as if in slow motion, charges a bloody unicorn covered in scratches, eyes ablaze with hurt and madness. Seeing the way open, he lowers his head and his hooves pound a furious, room-shaking cadence into the stone.

ACTION

Amonpotillae, a celestial unicorn driven to frenzied madness by decades of imprisonment, charges out and attacks everyone he can reach. *Restoration* cures Amonpotillae of his insanity. If cured, he speaks to the party first in Sylvan, then in Common. If subsequently attacked, Amonpotillae flees deeper into Rogthandor, seeking an exit that no longer exists.

Amonpotillae

CR 6

This powerful unicorn's mad eyes betray decades of haunted isolation. He has dug bloody scratches into his own flesh just to mark the days.

XP 2,400

Male advanced celestial unicorn

CG Large magical beast

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +15

Aura magic circle against evil

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 17, flat-footed 14 (+8 Dex, -1 size, +5 natural)

hp 64 (4d10+30)

Fort +10, **Ref** +12, **Will** +8

DR 5/evil; **Immune** charm, compulsion, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10, electricity 10; **SR** 11

OFFENSE

Spd 60 ft.

Melee gore +13 (2d6+8/20×2), 2 hooves +12 (1d4+8/20×2)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

Special Attacks powerful charge (gore, 2d8+8), smite evil (1/day)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th)

At will—*detect evil* as a free action, *light*

1/day—*cure moderate wounds* (DC 19), *greater teleport* within its forest territory (DC 24), *neutralize poison* (DC 18),

3/day—*cure light wounds* (DC 18).

STATISTICS

Str 26, **Dex** 26, **Con** 23, **Int** 17, **Wis** 25, **Cha** 26

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +14; **CMD** 32 (36 vs. trip)

Feats Improved Natural Attack (Gore), Multiattack, Weapon Focus (Gore)

Skills Acrobatics +16, Climb +12, Fly +6, Intimidate +10, Perception +15, Stealth +16, Survival +9 (+3 in forests), Swim +16

Languages Common, Draconic, Elven, Sylvan, Treant

DEVELOPMENTS

Freed of insanity, Amonpotillae may prove a useful ally. He will not accompany the party—intent on personally verifying that Rogthandor traps them all—but he does know Vilseph sealed the privy in this room to prevent access to something beneath it. Asked to remember, Amonpotillae relates that Dumond (he spits cud when speaking the alchemist's name) muttered while in the privy, "... can't let them down there, where it all happens, can I? No, no. Transcendence is mine. Mine! Even the engineer stays behind..."

D2: THE UPPER CONDENSING ROOM

When the PCs enter this room, read or paraphrase the following:

Repurposed from a barracks into some sort of plumbing complex, all four pipes entering over the concealed entrance head to a privy in the southeast corner. Inside, the four ceiling pipes connect to a single, silvery conduit as thick as a man's arm, which runs into the floor through a wide circle of pale stone.

SETUP

All four smaller pipes run into a central pipe cast from 2-inch adamantite (hardness 20, hp 80, Break DC 29). Adventurers who shatter it and find a means to navigate the narrow causeway may pass directly down to **D7**, north of the **Shining Door**. See **Act Three, The Lower Condensing Room** below for more details.

DEVELOPMENTS

Any PC with Knowledge (engineering), Knowledge (dungeoneering), Knowledge (architecture), or a similar skill easily determines the approximate direction to **D7** below the privy.

ACT THREE

BACKGROUND

If the elites of each monster tribe paid attention to events and not their petty squabbles, they might realize the PCs stand poised to free them from their decades-long imprisonment. In truth only the Deviceless leader, Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe, wishes to keep everyone locked within Rogthandor. He fears the punishment authorities might visit upon him were it discovered he yet lives, for Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe served as personal secretary to Baronet Vilseph Dumond. During that tenure, he organized the depopulation of the Baronet's lands and, among other crimes, oversaw the torture and disposal of Dumond's experimental subjects.

Crabbe long ago convinced the ruling Deviceless not to seek the Without, arguing the "unchanged" would meet them with pitchfork and torch, then swing them from the nearest trees. Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe snuggles down to sleep with his lies and keeps many secrets tucked inside his twisted mind, not least of which includes the formula for crafting *dumondite*, the liquid stone sealing Rogthandor.

SYNOPSIS

At the end of Act Two, the PCs guessed the location of the *Eureka Rib*. Proceeding to the suspected location, they discover not Dumond's ultimate artifact, but the Condensing Room. Here they meet the Undying Engineer, who secretly keeps the mechanisms of Rogthandor working.

In the Bazaar above, trouble brews. Horrified to learn the PCs survived his hounds and may actually find the *Eureka Rib*—a device Dumond hid even from Sinias, a device he is not entirely convinced exists at all—the grandmaster determines to end the adventurer threat once and for all. He seals them beneath the Bazaar with *dumondite*.

The PCs discover a diagram of the *Eureka Rib* carved in the walls of the Condensing Room that reveals the *Rib's* location and explains

how to operate it. Overcoming the Undying Engineer, and despite the alchemical sealant Grandmaster Crabbe deployed against them, the PCs emerge from underneath the Bazaar into the middle of a war between Rogthandor's many factions.

The cumulative effect of the PCs' actions to this point determines which tribes are fighting each other and, more importantly, who is determined to slay the PCs. The party must fight through a war zone as the *Eureka Rib*, dripping with liquid sentience, rises from the bottom of the Deviceless' cistern. While fending off foes long enough for one PC to activate it, the party must decide whether to wield the *Rib's* power to free only themselves or whether to shatter Rogthandor and liberate all those imprisoned by the Citadel of Pain.

THE DISCARDED (EL11)

BACKGROUND

Many of Vilseph Dumond's earliest transmogrification experiments failed, and the mad alchemist pitted those failures against each other in the gladiatorial arena for his amusement. Eventually Vilseph grew bored and caged the survivors in the drainage tunnels that connect the caves below his arena. When Vilseph abandoned Rogthandor, he left these tormented aberrations—dubbed the Discarded—trapped in their tunnels. Over the decades, the Deviceless dumped thousands of gallons of alchemical waste onto the Discarded.

This waste fused Vilseph's Discarded monstrosities into a single, massive jelly—a voiceless Discarded ooze that squeezes through the drain tunnels beneath the Bazaar like an eternally circling, inexpugnable bowel movement. Mindless, yet vibrating with the rage of its once-sentient components, this titanic pudding absorbs every scrap of organic material in its way.

SETUP

The adventurers enter the drain tunnel beneath the Bazaar in one of three ways: they discover the secret door in **A8**; they locate the secret door in **D7**; or they remove one of the six grates in the Bazaar, drop into the short access chute, and walk into the drain tunnel. It is a 5-foot drop from a grate in the wall of the Bazaar to the floor of the 5-foot-by-10-foot access chutes. Caves attached to the drain tunnel—carved by the Discarded before they coalesced into a crazed pudding—also have 5-foot ceilings. The drain tunnel is cast iron.

If the PCs enter the drain tunnel anywhere other than **D8**, they find the tunnel empty. Read or paraphrase the following:

Sterile ceramic lines this empty, round tunnel dappled in light leaking from access chutes up to the Bazaar. Neither high nor wide, the way ahead requires crouched travel in a single file.

Once the PCs reach **D8**, read or paraphrase the following:

Where the drain tunnel curves from west to south, two gaps open in its outer wall as if someone simply tore through the metal. These openings bracket the bend with an expanse of undamaged pipe curving between them. A translucent, rubbery substance fills both gaps, perfectly flat as if held back from the tunnel interior by panes of glass.

ACTION

The Discarded fills the entire cave in **D8** probing the sealed door leading to **D7**, trying to reach the meal it senses beyond. Some remnant of sentience compels the Discarded to pump its entire bulk into the cave, treating the entrances into the drain tunnel as if they were closed doors.

The Discarded notices any characters that touch it or any that pass by it without succeeding at a DC 15 Stealth check. Anyone it notices, it attacks.

The Discarded

CR 10

Lurching forward in blubbery pulses, this enormous ooze's pseudopods gleam with dripping acid. Chomping, shouting mouths swim just below its translucent, charcoal gray surface. One pops out, extending past its roaring fellows, retching forth a stream of spittle that sizzles where it lands.

XP 9,600

Advanced aberrant ooze

N huge ooze (aberration)

Init -3; **Senses** all-around vision, blindsight 60 ft.; Perception +9

Aura frightful presence (60 ft., DC 23)

DEFENSE

AC 7, touch 5, flat-footed 7 (-3 Dex, -2 size, +2 natural)

hp 141 (10d8+88)

Fort +11, **Ref** +0, **Will** +0

Defensive Abilities ooze traits, split; **DR** 5/bludgeoning; **Immune** flanking, critical hits, paralysis, poison, polymorph, precision damage, sleep, stunning

Weaknesses vulnerable to cold

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft.

Melee 2 slams +11 (2d6+7/20/×2) or

Melee 2 slams +11 (2d6+7/20/×2), constrict +11 (2d6+7/20/×2), 6 Bites¹ +6 (1d4/20/×2)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks selective acid (DC 23), corrosion, grab

TACTICS

Before Combat The Discarded waits until as many as possible pack into the tunnel between the two cave entrances in **D8**, then it oozes from both exits simultaneously and attempts to engulf foes.

During Combat It sends pseudopods glopping out to slam, grab, and constrict any PCs not caught between its two halves. If PCs flee, the Discarded pulses itself through the tunnel, chasing the largest concentration of organic material.

STATISTICS

Str 20, **Dex** 5, **Con** 26, **Int** 0, **Wis** 5, **Cha** 5

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +15 (+19 grapple); **CMD** 22 (cannot be tripped)

Skills Perception +9

SQ amorphous

SPECIAL ABILITIES

All-Around Vision The Discarded can see in all directions and cannot be flanked.

Amorphous (Ex) The Discarded's body is malleable and shapeless. It is immune to precision damage (like sneak attacks) and critical hits, and can move through an area as small as one-quarter its space without squeezing, or one-eighth its space when squeezing.

Corrosion (Ex) An opponent constricted by the Discarded suffers a -4 penalty on Reflex saves made to resist acid damage to clothing and armor.

Blood Drain (Ex) On a successful grapple, several of the creature's



mouths attach to its target. Each round it maintains its grapple, the mouths automatically deal 1d4 points of bite damage and 1 point of Constitution damage as it drains the victim's blood.

Engulf (Ex) (6d4+2 CON, AC 7, 24 hp) This ability functions as swallow whole, except for the following changes: An engulfed creature is trapped in the Discarded's body where several of its mouths continue to feed and drain blood. The Discarded can engulf only one foe of its size, or 2 foes of a smaller size at a time. If an engulfed creature cuts its way free (DR still applies), the Discarded simply flows together again and can still use its engulf attack.

Selective Acid (Ex) The Discarded secretes digestive acid that dissolves organic material very quickly, but does not affect nonferrous metal or stone. Each time a creature suffers damage from the Discarded's acid, its clothing and armor take the same amount of damage from the acid. A DC 23 Reflex save prevents damage to clothing and armor. A metal or wooden weapon that strikes the Discarded takes 2d6 acid damage unless the weapon's wielder succeeds on a DC 23 Reflex save. If the Discarded remains in contact with a wooden or metal object for 1 full round, it inflicts 23 points of acid damage (no save) to the object. The save DCs are Constitution-based.

Spittle (Ex) Each round as a free action, the Discarded can emit a stream of acidic spittle at one target within 30 feet. On a successful attack, the target is blinded for 1d4 rounds unless he succeeds on a DC 23 Fortitude save. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Split (Ex) Slashing and piercing weapons deal no damage to the Discarded. Instead, the creature splits into two identical creatures, each with half of the original's current hit points (round down). Once reduced to 20 hit points or less, no Discarded or piece of a Discarded can be split further.

1 Only applies to grappled or engulfed foes

Notes: While the Discarded chases food or battles foes, its floating mouths bellow and roar their blend of tortured agony and desperation to feed. Foes must be grappled or engulfed for the Discarded to use its bite attacks on them.

DEVELOPMENTS

The Grandmaster Knows

Unless the PCs make a point of sneaking in, Grandmaster Crabbe learns they entered the drain tunnel beneath the Bazaar. He decides to seal them below, cooks up a batch of *dumondite*, and coats each of the access grates in the impenetrable liquid stone.

As the PCs fight the Discarded, inform them every 2 rounds that the drain tunnel grows slightly dimmer. Crabbe's people start at the tunnel farthest from the PCs, and by the time they seal all six grates the drain tunnel is pitch black.

If the PCs break off their battle to investigate the dimming light or if they flee the Discarded, just as they reach the mouth of the very next access chute leading to a grate and the Bazaar above, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

Square beams of light and the collective din of the Bazaar filter through the grate at the end of the access chute. In the next moment, both light and sound waver as something splashes heavily across the opening and drips from the bars. With a second thick splash, both illumination and noise vanish as the dripping liquid freezes, solidifying into pale stone.

.....

Once the PCs witness the sealing of the first access chute, roll initiative for Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe. The PCs have until that initiative on the next round to escape through a grate into the Bazaar; otherwise liquid stone prevents egress from all the remaining access chutes, apparently sealing the PCs into the drain tunnel.

D8: THE SHINING DOOR

If anyone enters the cave in D8 and steps within 15 feet of its northern edge, they spot a shining door, rust free, sporting an equally burnished airlock wheel and lever. It requires a full-round action to pull the lever, spin the wheel, and open the door to D7.

Sealing the door behind requires a move action and blocks the Discarded from following. If the Discarded reaches the door before the PCs close it, the monster tries to follow, wrapping its substance around the edge of the door. An opposed Strength roll allows the PCs to force the door shut, leaving the Discarded behind. If the Discarded enters C7, the Undying Engineer (see below) joins the battle against it.

The door is a one-way access point. When the PCs close it they hear a hiss, followed by the clack of a bolt driving home. Nothing opens the door again from the D7 side. PCs seeking to break the door face a 6-inch thick, adamantite, masterwork door imbued with *arcane lock* (hardness 60, hp 240, Break DC 44).

C7-D7: THE LOWER CONDENSING ROOM (EL VARIES) BACKGROUND

Vilseph Dumond's altars of affliction rip sentience from torture victims and send the vaporous ectoplasm to the condenser, which transmutes it into liquid. Condensing requires a special vat, a pump to offload the condensed extract, and an engineer to maintain the equipment.

BACK AND LOOKING FOR BLOOD

Should the PCs escape the drain tunnel despite Crabbe's attempt to seal them below, they may seek payback. Consider a showdown between Crabbe and the PCs witnessed by a stunned Bazaar. If the PCs capture the grandmaster, he too believes the Eureka Rib lies hidden in the condensing room. Dumond, who shared much with Crabbe, never confided the Rib's location to his assistant—an oversight that fills the grandmaster with timeworn bitterness.

Intending to live forever, the mad baronet decided some workers should serve eternally. To achieve this he invented a necromantic serum that alchemically transformed the imbibor into an undead. He forced a gnome engineer to drink the serum, imposed commands on the resulting undead, dumped the hapless creature through a hole into D7, and bottled him in with a *dumondite* plug.

Over the years the gnome forgot more and more of his living persona, becoming the Undying Engineer: an undead automaton forced into the mission imposed by his creator, which is to keep the support apparatus for the Eureka Rib functioning at all costs.

Recently, the Undying Engineer interpreted his mandate more broadly. Reasoning that subsisting solely on the liquid sentience in the condenser would drive him mad and imperil his mission, the undead gnome tunneled out of his prison and crafted a secret exit into Rogthandor. He slips out at night to search for books or to experience the sheer pleasure of crunching something solid between his teeth.

When the PCs pass the airlock door, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

The hewn cave floor gives way to white tiles. Across their flat, shiny surfaces a verdant light pulsates from a chamber to the east. A faint hum and the rhythmic "blurg... blurg... blurg" of splashing liquids echo in the cave.

.....

Once they can see into C7, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

On the southern wall, two enormous metal plates etched with strange designs bracket a well-oiled lever.

A massive vat dominates the narrow chamber's western extent, radiating a green luminescence into the cave. The vat gurgles rhythmically, flushing and humming like a pump. A single pipe from the cave to the west hugs the ceiling and punctures the base of a large stalactite. A long, glass tube, which covers the hollowed tip of the stalactite, plummets down and stabs through the top of the vat.

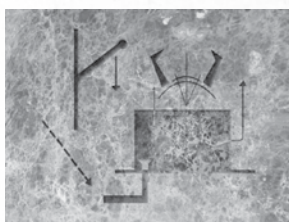
Between the stalactite and vat, a brass mechanism bursting with knobs and dials clamps around the glass tube. Bright mist descends from the stalactite into the mechanism. In the glow of its small, round window, the mist condenses into liquid and continues down the glass tube, to collect in the immense vat. A mica-flecked, clay pipe exits the vat at an upward angle and vanishes into a loudly thrumming box mounted on the southwestern cave wall.

SETUP

The cave in **D7**, which took the Undying Engineer years to expand by hand, connects to a 10-foot-by-30-foot room running east to west, mostly in **C7**. A single pipe—instantly recognizable as the pipe from **D2**—punches out of the ceiling just north of the Shining Door, runs northwest, then turns west into the 10-foot-by-30-foot room. Inside the **C7** extension, the pipe enters a stalactite near the ceiling. Beneath the stalactite, a massive condensing vat dominates the center of the chamber, leaving only 2-1/2 feet around it. Characters larger than Small must squeeze to circumnavigate the vat.

On the southern wall of the 10-foot-by-30-foot room, east of the vat Dumond embedded two steel plates etched with alchemical symbols and strange designs. A large, well-oiled lever juts from between the plates.

HANDOUT #5



END HANDOUT

North of the entrance to the vat room, the Undying Engineer filled the cave nook with books.

ACTION

The Undying Engineer tends the equipment and adjusts the mechanisms. Though concealed, he makes no particular effort to fully hide. When the PCs notice him, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

Partially obscured by a pipe bristling with dials, a gnome wearing a lab coat turns a spigot on the side of the vat and fills a mug with oily goo. He empties it and returns to his dials and knobs. Without looking up, he remarks, "Hello, good inspectors. The pump works fine, so if you've come because I've been slipping out, it's within my mandate. No one saw me but that guy I ate, and he's been quiet of late. Hey, I rhymed!" The gnome pats his belly.

.....

The Undying Engineer prefers talking to fighting, eager for company. He strives to maintain concealment around the edge of the vat, concerned his appearance will scare the PCs. The Undying Engineer willingly answers questions about the condensing vat, the pipes, and the *Eureka Rib*, although he has no idea what the *Rib* does, nor does he know Dumond's fate.

If asked about the two steel plates, the gnome explains they depict the mechanism behind the *Eureka Rib* and "some of Dumond's other contraptions." If pressed for specifics, he shares that the lever in the wall raises the *Eureka Rib*. He does not care if the PCs pull it.

Over the course of conversation, the Undying Engineer may speculate that Vilseph must yet live; otherwise, he theorizes, his compulsion to care for this equipment would fade. "But perhaps not," he shrugs. "It was an alchemical transformation, not true necromancy."



If the PCs attack, the Undying Engineer maintains a fully defensive posture, circling the vat and asking them not get so worked up, "Let's be rational here. Are you crazy? What have I ever done to you?" Only if they wound him for 15 or more hit points, threaten the condenser, or discover the secret door to **D6** (DC 20 Perception check to locate) will he attack. The Undying Engineer reasons the PCs will reveal his location, endangering the equipment. That he cannot allow.

The Engineer

CR 9

This little fellow, in shabby garments of bygone fashion, putters dutifully from dial to dial, lever to lever. How gaunt his ghoulish face! How industrious and well-trained for a sentient, overworked corpse!

XP 6,400

Male gnome commoner 3/expert 6

NE Small undead (augmented humanoid)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Perception** +21

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 14, flat-footed 17 (+2 Dex, +1 size, +6 natural, +1 dodge)

hp 90 (6d8+3d6+45); fast healing 10

Fort +7, **Ref** +7, **Will** +7

Defensive Abilities defensive training; **DR** 10/magic, 10/silver;

Immune undead traits; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft.

Melee 2 slam +8 (1d6+3/20/x2)

Special Attacks blood drain, energy drain (3 levels, DC 20)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 9)

1/day—dancing lights, ghost sound (DC 13), prestidigitation, speak with animals

TACTICS

Morale The Undying Engineer's primary motive is protecting the machinery. If a battle takes him below 20 hp, he protests "Wait, wait, wait! I know where there's gold. A LOT of gold! Spare me and it's yours." He then exchanges access to Dumond's secret study in I7 for his life.

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 14, **Con** 0, **Int** 17, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 19

Feats Ability Focus (Energy Drain, 3 levels), Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Go Unnoticed, Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Attack (Slam), Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Sidestep, Toughness +9

Skills Bluff +12, Climb +6, Craft (blacksmith) +9, Craft (carpentry) +9, Disable Device +7, Fly +4, Knowledge (arcana) +14, Knowledge (engineering) +14, Knowledge (nature) +14, Perception +21, Profession (engineer) +12, Sense Motive +11, Spellcraft +14, Stealth +25, Swim +6, Use Magic Device +15

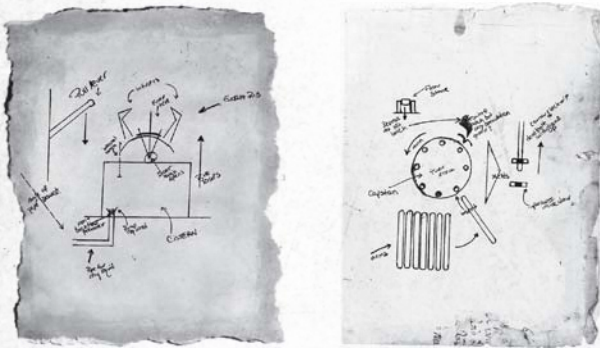
Languages Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Gnome, Sylvan

DEVELOPMENTS

Kill Me, Steal My Memoirs

If the PCs bargain with the Undying Engineer in order to spare his life, or if they slay him and search his books in the northern cave nook, they acquire his memoirs titled, Grikkaallzstrikzanaust Inskallturrvankat. (Gnomish for Autobiography of an Undead Gnome Engineer Who Has Forgotten His Own Name and No Longer Cares.) Within they read the laboriously penned, heartrending tale of a gnome betrayed by his employer. Torn from a family he loved, slowly slipping into indifference, and unable to muster indignation for the crimes he suffered, the author also annotated copies of the diagrams found on the C7 wall. The annotated diagrams reveal the need to turn the capstan in I3 counterclockwise to open Dumond's secret study at I7.

HANDOUT #6



END HANDOUT

Activating the Eureka Rib

When the PCs pull the lever, read or paraphrase the following:

A deep grinding noise grows louder and more intense, vibrating between the walls and the vat as if the world's mightiest clockwork was winding up to create time itself. The machinery trembles but holds together. Dust falls from the stone ceiling as the vibrations settle into a steady rumble.

If present when the PCs pull the lever, the Undying Engineer exclaims, "Oh my. No one has done *that* in a very long while. I hope it has enough fuel." He shrugs, taps a nearby dial, and explains the liquefied sentience from torture victims ran low a while back.

Pipe out of Mind

Any PC who visited the condensing room recognizes the mica-flecked clay pipe in the Bazaar. This pipe exits the eastern end of the north wall, and then angles down into the arena floor less than a hundred feet out, aimed directly at the Deviceless' cistern. Any PC who examines this pipe puts an ear against it and hears the telltale "blurg... blurg... blurg" of pumped liquid sentience burbling through on the way to the cistern.

THE DEVICELESS ENCLAVE

Should PCs sneak into the enclave, the heart of the demipotion production process awaits them.

BACKGROUND

Sinias Crabbe served as Dumond's personal assistant and taught many of his master's skills to his fellow Deviceless. Here in the enclave, far from prying eyes, the Deviceless craft their demipotions. Because the craft of distilling demipotions from the cistern's contents is a vital trade secret, the Deviceless do not even allow their human guards to enter the enclave. Covered by their tent, Deviceless acolytes extract sentience slush from the cistern and covertly transport it to the production facilities in A6. They place the sentience inside strange machines, attempt to discover which transmogrifying components are present, then separate, distill, and bottle the demipotions.

Only Sinias realizes that the Deviceless' cottage economy siphons off and sells the very juice the *Eureka Rib* needs in order to free them all.

SETUP

A6–A8, B6–B7, and C6–C7 comprise the core of the Deviceless enclave. The main entrances stand at B8 and C8. A door prevents passage on the eastern border of C6. The floor inside the enclave is tacky from sentience slush tracked in by boots, spilled from buckets, or dribbled from mouths.

B8–C8: DEVICELESS ENCLAVE, MAIN ENTRANCES

If PCs head to the northern end of the Bazaar, read or paraphrase the following:

A thick cloth tarp drapes down across the center of the northern wall. Someone bumbles behind the tarp like a clumsy actor behind a stage curtain. The fabric shifts.

ACTION

The tarp is a trained mimic. It attacks any non-Deviceless who attempt to pass through.

Tarp See "mimic" in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* for full statistics.

B8 EAST, C8 WEST: THE WAITING ROOMS

In these storage rooms, the PCs find a score of empty buckets set neatly in rows to dry. Bits of curled bandage strips float lazily on a draft of remarkably fresh air, which is exhaled by vents on the walls.

B6–7, C6–7: ENCLAVE MAIN HALL

Once a church, this spacious marble hall stretches from north to south, its lofty frescoed ceiling stabilized by ornate columns. Stairs at the north lead up to a platform with a table and chairs. Rooms and small halls branch off the main gallery.

SETUP

Doors leading to A7, B7, and D6 are cast from iron and locked. Only Deviceless masters hold keys.

ACTION

Many Deviceless congregate here, but ignore the party unless they draw attention.

Deviceless Master (1) See **Master Ambassador Uria Jaal** for full statistics.

Deviceless Apprentice (6)

CR 2

Physically, something is clearly off—a stiff gait, unexpected bulges, some subtly inhuman anatomical addition—but behind the bandages, this alchemist's sharp eyes gleam with the light of genius.

XP 600

Female/Male humanoid expert 4

LN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; **Senses** Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10 (+1 Dex)

hp 17 (4d8–4)

Fort +0, **Ref** +2, **Will** +6

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee dagger +3 (1d4/19–20/×2) or

Melee unarmed strike +3 (1d3/20/×2)

STATISTICS

Str 11, **Dex** 12, **Con** 9, **Int** 16, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 14

Feats Eclectic, Iron Will, Persuasive

Skills Appraise +10, Craft (alchemy) +10, Craft (glass) +10, Diplomacy +1, Disable Device +6, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (nature) +10, Linguistics +4, Perception +7, Sense Motive +1, Spellcraft +7, Survival +7, Swim +4

Languages Bugbear, Common, Ogre, Troglodyte

Combat Gear demipotion of invisibility (apprentice), demipotion of protection from arrows (apprentice), demipotion of repel vermin (apprentice); **Other Gear** dagger

A6: PRODUCTION ROOM

Blinking and buzzing otherworldly devices and more mundane laboratory apparatuses dominate this production facility. Shelves 20 feet high bulge with potion bottles, mostly empty. The floor is especially tacky and reeks of syrup, body odor, and burnt hair.

DEVELOPMENTS

A DC 20 Perception check discovers shelves holding the GM's choice of 20 unlabeled demipotions (3 grandmaster, 7 master, and 10 apprentice).

A7, A8: SLEEPING QUARTERS

The Deviceless sleep in this small complex of rooms. It is also where they launder their filth-ridden bandages and hang them before slumber.



SETUP

A concealed door in the southeast corner requires a DC 20 Perception check to discover and a DC 20 Disable Device check to open.

ACTION

Four Deviceless occupy this area, napping or cleaning their bandages. All are naked, displaying truly unfortunate mutations.

Deviceless Apprentice (4) See **Deviceless Apprentice** above for full statistics.

BATTLE FOR THE EUREKA RIB (EL VARIES)

The adventure culminates in a huge battle for which the PCs' past behavior dictates the disposition of friends and foes.

SYNOPSIS

To use the *Eureka Rib* the PCs must reach it, but as they cross to the dripping device, their foes and allies clash. If the PCs have more foes than allies, their foes attack them in the Bazaar. If the PCs' allies outnumber their foes, the adventurers cross the field of battle unopposed, their allies blocking and deflecting enemies. Once the PCs reach the *Eureka Rib*, Grandmaster Crabbe attempts a surprise attack. If the Ogre Lord survives, he lurks invisibly, awaiting the right moment to strike.

To prepare for this challenging conflict, follow these steps:

CHECK WHO HATES AND WHO LOVES

Consult the War Tracker. It reveals who hates the PCs and who loves them. Identify factions with more As than other letters in their Hate column. These factions are foes and immediately target the PCs, weapons drawn and blood in their eyes. Identify factions with more As than any other letter in their Love column. These factions are allies, determined to protect the PCs, ready to follow orders or even sacrifice their lives for them.

DETERMINE ADDITIONAL ENCOUNTERS

One of three situations describes the party's current status: either the PCs have more allies than foes, more foes than allies, or equal numbers of both. If the number of allies is equal to or greater than the number of foes, then the PCs face up to two obstacles—the Deviceless and the Ogres—between them and the *Eureka Rib*. However, if the PCs' foes exceed their allies, then the excess of foes attacks them on their way to the *Rib*.

Example: If the Slog (1 ally) loves the PCs, but the minotaurs, bugbears, and troglodytes do not (3 foes) then two factions (3 foes – 1 ally) of the GM's choice attack the PCs headed for the *Eureka Rib*.

ASSEMBLE ATTACK SQUADS

If foes stand between the PCs and *Rib* (as determined above) GMs must assemble attack squads from the stat blocks provided in the adventure. Consider constructing EL 7 or EL 8 encounters for each foe that reaches the party. For convenience, here are some combinations that achieve EL 7/EL 8 encounter strengths, though other mixes work too:

Bugbears

EL 7 6 bugbears
EL 7 2 bugbears and 1 *Fantôme* Bugbear
EL 8 4 bugbears and 1 *Fantôme* Bugbear
EL 8 2 *Fantôme* bugbears

EPIC BATTLES AND CINEMATIC STYLE

The battle for the *Eureka Rib* plays best as a great melee filled with heroic deeds and sacrifices. In part, the players are the audience for these events, but watching from the sidelines often sabotages the fun. Sacrifices and heroic deeds are more exciting if the players participate in them directly. On the other hand, running formal combats for multiple simultaneous fights in a big battle could result in boredom for players awaiting their turn.

Consider proceeding cinematically, narrating events as the PCs charge for the *Eureka Rib*. Envision this like a game of football: The PCs have the ball. The *Eureka Rib* is the goal. Allies are defenders. Foes rush up, only to be tackled by allies, who remain behind keeping enemies off the party. If allies outnumber foes, soon only the adventurers remain, rushing to score. Briefly narrate each ally block.

Example: "Gabrele rushes to meet the White Witch minotaur head-on. Horns impale her within reach of the charging monster's head. Blood sprays, but Gabrele rams her blade behind the minotaur's neck, "Go on! I've got this! Get to the Rib and free my people from hell!"

Only when the PCs specifically declare they engage a foe should the GM roll dice in formal combat. Finally, avoid the "pile-on" effect. Three-way battles that include NPCs attacking NPCs sound good, but often slow the game. For epic, fast-paced battles, keep PCs fighting one foe at a time and put allies' heroics in the realm of story instead of the initiative order.

Minotaurs

EL 7 3 minotaurs
EL 7 2 *Witch-Kissed* warriors
EL 8 1 minotaur and 2 *Witch-Kissed* warriors
EL 8 3 *Witch-Kissed* warriors

Troglodytes

EL 7 4 troglodytes and 2 *Iron Carp* troglodytes
EL 8 4 troglodytes 4 *Iron Carp* troglodytes

Slog Slammers:

EL 7 2 Slog Slammers
EL 8 1 Slog Slammer and Gabrele the Fist

After emerging from below, in or near the Bazaar the party hears roaring and the clash of weapons. Entering the Bazaar unnoticed requires a DC 15 Stealth or Disguise check. Once the PCs are recognized in the Bazaar, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

Gangs of monsters square off against one another, bellowing threats and shaking weapons. The tension mounts as the wooden planks across the top of the cistern abruptly lift and snap, toppling the guards and collapsing the Deviceless' massive tent. Revealed by the falling boards, alchemical symbols ignite along the stone lip. Something massive rises, rumbling from below. Everyone stares until a voice in the crowd shouts, "There they are! They're here!" The fighting begins again in earnest and they charge, blades high, howling for blood.

.....

ACTION

When the PCs arrive, foes prepare to charge them while the leaders of friendly tribes exclaim, “What should we do?” They gesture at the *Eureka Rib*, “And what’s that thing?” Allies accept any reasonable orders as the fury of battle sweeps down. Soon chaos reigns—flattened and burning tents, corpses draped like obscene decor, clashing monsters. Blades, blood, and fangs fill the Bazaar. The *Eureka Rib* rises on a pillar like some bloated, slobbering vulture anticipating a banquet.

At first, the Deviceless hold back. Any guards still loyal protect the entrances to **B7** and **C7**. Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe observes the chaos from concealment just past the entrance at **B7**, waiting to pounce.

As the PCs cross to the *Eureka Rib*, unleash any attack squads selected in **Determine Additional Encounters** above. Once the PCs reach the *Eureka Rib*, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

A massive, pearlescent sarcophagus rises from within the cistern, dripping with the tormented essence of liquefied minds. With a hiss and a clank it locks into place, then snaps in half. Two steel hooks the size of a man’s curled arm swing out from the sarcophagus’s sides like scissor blades or a beetle’s maw. Inside, a velvet-lined seat beckons.

.....

Using his readied action, Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe leaps from hiding, “To me, men!” and attacks the PCs. However, if the party reunited Newt and Angus Cleaveheart, then—much to Grandmaster Crabbe’s surprise—the guards grumble but do not follow him. Angus holds them back, “Hang on, men. Maybe the world Without won’t treat us as harsh as he says. My son didn’t, did he?”

Because of this speech, no guards will side with Grandmaster Crabbe against the PCs. Angus forbids Newt to fight for the PCs, although the young mercenary clearly wishes it. If Master Ambassador Jaal lives, she sides with Grandmaster Crabbe.

Master Ambassador Uria Jaal See Ambassador Jaal’s full statistics in **Act One, Engaged by the Deviceless**.

Bazaar Guard (3) See the Bazaar Guards’ full statistics in **Act One, Bleachers Above the Bazaar**.

Grandmaster Sinias Crabbe

CR 10

Sick-stained, yellowing bandages cover this elder’s ill-favored face and hunched, rawboned body. Yet for one so clearly weak, the shrewdness in his glance knocks palpably upon the soul.

XP 9,600

Male human alchemist 8/wizard 3

LE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +6; **Senses** Perception +11

DEFENSE

AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10 (+2 Dex)

hp 61 (8d8+3d6+11)

Fort +8, **Ref** +9, **Will** +7

Resist poison 6

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee *staff of power* +9/+4 (1d6+2/20/×2) and

Melee unarmed strike +7/+2 (1d3/20/×2)

Ranged bomb +10/+5 (4d6+4 fire) and



Ranged concussive bomb +10/+5 (4d4+4 sonic)

Special Attacks delayed bomb, fast bombs

Alchemist Spells Known (CL 8, 7 melee touch, 9 ranged touch)

3rd (3/day)—*amplify elixir* (DC 17), *draconic reservoir* (DC 17), *remove blindness/deafness* (DC 17)

2nd (5/day)—*barkskin*, *invisibility* (DC 16), *perceive cues* (DC 16), *see invisibility*, *vomit swarm* (DC 16)

1st (5/day)—*bomber’s eye* (DC 15), *comprehend languages*, *endure elements* (DC 15), *expeditious retreat*, *true strike*

Wizard Spells Known (CL 3, 7 melee touch, 9 ranged touch)

2nd (2/day)—*alter self*, *cat’s grace* (DC 16)

1st (3/day)—*mage armor* (DC 14), *magic missile*, *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 15)

0 (At will)—*mage hand*, *message*, *detect magic*, *acid splash*, *arcane mark*, *mending* (DC 14)

TACTICS

Before Combat A man of secrets and deceptions, Grandmaster Crabbe prefers others die in his defense while he poses as a harmless old alchemist.

During Combat He strikes when least expected, preferring poison or assassination. He disguises his *staff of power*—found in Dumond’s workroom the day the baronet abandoned Rogthandor—as a walking stick and none realize its arcane potency. If forced into an open fight, Grandmaster Crabbe protects himself with *mage armor* then attacks from behind his guards.

Morale If reduced to 20 or fewer hit points, the grandmaster flees. However, if freeing Rogthandor is at stake he fights to the death to prevent it, willing even to unleash a retributive strike to keep Rogthandor sealed.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 12, **Int** 18, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 19

Feats Bouncing Spell, Brew Potion, Catch Off-Guard, Deadly Aim, Deceitful, Deft Hands, Extra Bombs, Improved Initiative, Scribe Scroll, Throw Anything

Skills Bluff +8, Craft (alchemy) +18, Craft (baskets) +2, Diplomacy +16, Disguise +8, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (arcana) +16, Knowledge (engineering) +16, Knowledge (local) +16, Perception +11, Profession (herbalist) +14, Sense Motive +11, Sleight of Hand +16, Spellcraft +16, Use Magic Device +19

Modifiers Alchemy +8

Languages Common, Draconic, Minotaur, Ogre

Combat Gear *demipotion of expeditious retreat* (grandmaster), *demipotion of longstrider* (grandmaster), *demipotion of locate creature* (grandmaster), *demipotion of see invisibility* (grandmaster), *elixir of hiding*, *elixir of vision*

Other Gear *staff of power*, *amulet of magecraft* (evocation), *circlet of persuasion*

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Amulet of Magecraft (Evocation) Each silver link that makes up this heavy necklace represents a well-known concept of arcane theory. A universalist wizard who selects the necklace as his bonded object (which counts as an amulet) may choose one school of spells each day when he prepares spells. He then can use the necklace to spontaneously convert any prepared wizard spell of that school into any other wizard spell of that school he knows; the desired spell must be of the same level or lower than the prepared spell. For example, if the wizard chose “evocation” when he prepared his spells that morning, until the next time he prepares spells he can spontaneously convert a prepared *fireball* into any other evocation wizard spell of 3rd level or lower that he knows. **Cost** 10,000 gp.

Concussive Bomb (Su) When the alchemist creates a bomb, he can choose to have it inflict sonic damage. Concussive bombs deal 1d4 points of sonic damage, plus 1d4 points of sonic damage for every odd-numbered level, instead of 1d6. Creatures that take a direct hit from a concussive bomb are deafened for 1 minute unless they succeed at a Fortitude save.

Delayed Bomb (Su) The alchemist can place a bomb so that it explodes a number of rounds after the alchemist lets it go. This delay can be any number of rounds as chosen by the alchemist, up to a number of rounds equal to his level.

Fast Bombs (Su) An alchemist with this discovery can quickly create enough bombs to throw more than one in a single round. The alchemist can prepare and throw additional bombs as a full-round action if his base attack bonus is high enough to grant him additional attacks. This functions just like a full attack with a ranged weapon.

Hand of the Apprentice (Su) Throw the melee weapon you are holding 7/day.

Mutagen (Su) Mutagen adds +4 to a physical attribute, –2 to a mental attribute, and +2 natural armor for 10 minutes/level, DC 18.

Precise Bombs (Su) Whenever the alchemist throws a bomb, he can select a number of squares equal to his Intelligence modifier that are not affected by the splash damage from his bombs.

The Eureka Rib (Minor Artifact)

Grinding slowly upward from the bottom of the rune-limned cistern emerges a sarcophagus formed from the hinging halves of a single great pearl. It opens to reveal a plush interior.

Aura moderate necromancy, major transmutation; **CL** 17th

Slot none; **Weight** 2150 lb.

DESCRIPTION

Alchemical symbols (Dumond’s private notation) line the lip of the massive stone cistern that serves as the *Eureka Rib*’s outer shell. When

someone pulls the lever in the condensing room, a stone pillar rises from the bottom of the cistern with the *Rib*’s pearlescent sarcophagus on top. The rising pillar locks into place at the precise moment the sarcophagus passes the cistern’s edge. A hiss and a click sound as the contraption locks into place. The lid pops open and titanic, twin pincers unsnap, swinging up like shining scissor blades.

The *Eureka Rib* seats one. The target sits within the *Rib* and pulls shut the lid. This locks the sarcophagus and drives the *Eureka Rib*’s giant steel pincers through the sides of the sarcophagus and into the passenger’s ribcage. The pincers pump liquid sentience into the imprisoned target.

Effects

The *Rib* presents its punctured occupant with three visions; each illustrates how to use the *Rib*’s power to escape Rogthandor (see **Developments** below for details). If the occupant refuses to choose a vision, the sarcophagus remains locked, trapping the occupant within until someone destroys the *Eureka Rib*.

Boons

The occupant and his/her companions receive the artifact’s boons only after a vision is chosen. After the occupant chooses a vision, the *Eureka Rib* drives hundreds of gallons of pressurized liquid sentience through the occupant’s body, and then cycles it back through the pipes connected to each *altar of affliction*. All the available liquid sprays from Collection Boxes, drips into drains, and spreads throughout Rogthandor. The process takes a few minutes, during which time the occupant writhes in impaled agony. It also has the following effects:

1. The occupant and his/her adventuring companions become linked as if by a permanent *telepathic bond*.
2. Through the power of surplus mind over matter, the occupant and his/her companions no longer age. Foes and accidents may still kill them, but otherwise they become effectively immortal.
3. Fragments of sentience filter throughout the group linked by the *telepathic bond* effect, and memory fragments from tortured victims lodge within their minds. All linked characters gain 10 ranks in a skill they do not have, as chosen by the GM. These represent the skills and knowledge of those murdered on the *altars of affliction*. When using these skills, characters hear the voices of the dead instructing them.
4. The occupant of the *Eureka Rib*—and no one else—receives a +2 bonus to one ability score, gains the craft (alchemy) skill if they do not have it, and receives +10 miscellaneous bonus to craft (alchemy) checks that involve torture or necromancy.

Vilseph Dumond created the *Eureka Rib* to collect the liquefied sentience ripped from torture victims and inject the sentience into his body. However, serving as a repository for so many minds for so long has induced self-awareness in the *Rib*; it knows both itself and its role. Dumond built the *Rib* not just to transcend his mortal frame, but to serve as both an escape hatch and self-destruct mechanism should he ever need them. Consequently, via its pipe and Collection Box network, the *Rib*’s reach extends throughout the structure of Rogthandor itself like tree roots into soil, intimately penetrating the whole of the Citadel.

DESTRUCTION

As long as the sarcophagus portion of the *Eureka Rib* remains at the bottom of the *dumondite* cistern, it is nearly impossible to destroy the *Rib*. If the sarcophagus is raised from the bottom of the cistern, however, the *Eureka Rib* proves easy to dismantle. Inflict 200 hit points of damage and the sides of the sarcophagus shatter, forever destroying the *Rib*.

DEVELOPMENTS

OGRES STRIKE BACK

If Ock Imesh and/or his children live, they lurk invisibly and wait for just the right moment to attack the PC with the most powerful magic item. Ideally, Ock disarms the chosen victim and runs off with the object. However, if Grandmaster Crabbe battles the PCs and uses his *staff of power* in Ock Imesh's line of sight, the staff instantly becomes the object of Ock's desire. The Ogre Lord waits for the battle between the PCs and the grandmaster to resolve, and then attacks the wielder of the *staff of power*—or, better yet, steals it for himself.

USING THE EUREKA RIB

The *Eureka Rib* is an exception to the rule that PCs may only experience one *altar*. Even if already transmogrified by an *altar of affliction*, a PC may enter the *Eureka Rib* and suffer its potencies.

In most eventualities, the PCs use the *Eureka Rib* themselves, induce an ally to use it, or force someone into the device. The *Rib* presents three short visions to its occupant with a mental demand to choose one.

When someone enters the *Rib*, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

The lid of the *Rib* swings shut and locks in place. Two giant steel pincers puncture the sarcophagus, smash into the occupant's sides with crushing strength, and plunge through into his/her ribcage. The *Rib* begins to pump the distilled sentence of hundreds of tortured souls into the impaled occupant. The pain is an unbearable, primal sea of fire until all goes black. In the distant void, three white dots swirl and dart like dueling stars, growing larger as they approach. They each present a hazy, circular window through the nothingness, a view into different possibilities.

The window in the center shows the Citadel from outside on a sunny day. The alchemical stone shell sloughs from Rogthandor in a sluggish wave of transformation, revealing the original structure, perfectly preserved save a large hole in its side. The heroic adventurers exits this hole, followed by a legion of cautious and bewildered Rogthandorans hugging their children close and looking for reassurance.

The window to the left displays the heroes beside a wall inside the Citadel, and they simply walk through the stone to the outside. After escaping they touch the wall behind them, marveling and wondering that it remains completely solid. Inside Rogthandor a minotaur woman touches the very spot through which the heroes so recently passed. Her hands clench into fists. She slams her head against the solid, impassable rock and sinks to the floor in tears.

The window to the right also shows the party walking straight through the walls of Rogthandor, which remain just as solid after passing through them. The scene changes to a view of the cistern, which ignites like phosphorous and sends white fire arcing through the pipes veining Rogthandor. The devastation within sends shockwaves through the surrounding lands, but the alchemical shell remains intact and every inch of Rogthandor's interior—flesh, bone, rock, and adamantite alike—smolders at the bottom of a fiery crater.

The implication is clear: choose one of these realities or be forever lost to darkness.

.....

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

The adventure ends when the PCs leave Rogthandor, having chosen between destruction, freedom, abandonment, or death. Depending on the party's actions and/or the occupant's choice, read or paraphrase the appropriate text:

DESTROY THE EUREKA RIB WITHOUT USING IT

Destroying the *Eureka Rib* without using it triggers a massive explosion that blows open a hole in the wall beside the cistern. Energy lashes back through the pipes connected to the *Rib* and destroys all four *altars of affliction*. The explosion also shatters the pipes and sprays liquid sentience on everyone in a 120-foot radius. After the explosion, anyone caught in the blast staggers around, drenched in a mist of the cistern's strange fluid. Then a blinding blade of sunlight pierces through the gaping rip in the wall behind where the cistern once stood, grabbing everyone's attention.

All the PCs (and any NPCs of the GM's choosing within the 120-foot radius) receive the first three of the *Rib's* four boons.

CHOOSE TO FREE THE CITADEL'S INHABITANTS

If the *Rib's* occupant chooses to free all who suffer within Rogthandor, read or paraphrase the following:

.....

The *Eureka Rib* opens as the empty cistern and the column supporting it melt. The stone walls behind the cistern cleave and fall away in sheets, revealing the *dumondite* shell behind them. This too sloughs off, growing increasingly translucent. Throughout the Citadel, the dissipation of *dumondite* triggers small collapses.

The monster tribes gather around, passive, weaponless, enmities forgotten. They stare through the vast opening in the wall, eyes squinting from a light most have never known. Slowly they collect their wits and their wounded, peering around in bewilderment.

.....

If the PCs exit through the side of Rogthandor, the monsters follow en masse. Duke Lonn's military, camped outside Rogthandor, backs away, clearly intimidated by the size and formidability of the monsters behind the PCs.

Celebration breaks out: minotaurs spin around in the wind, deeply inhaling the countryside's sweetness. Bugbears and ogres point to Lonn's men and wave. The Kerthos soldiers, quite confused, wave back. A tiny troglodyte girl with large, wet eyes takes a PC's hand and asks, "Who will we be now?"

The party receives all four of the *Rib's* boons as described above. In the course of destroying the *dumondite*, magical energy lashes back from the *Rib* through Rogthandor's pipes and destroys all four *altars of affliction*.

CHOOSE TO FREE ONLY THEMSELVES

If the *Rib's* occupant chooses to leave the monster races behind, the *Rib* grants the occupant and his/her companions the power to pass through



dumondite as if it did not exist. However, after exiting the Citadel, the *dumondite* regains its impenetrability and the characters cannot return. The party receives all four of the *Rib*'s boons in addition to the knowledge that they may leave Rogthandor by simply walking through its walls.

Duke Lonn and his men still vigilantly guard Rogthandor. When the PCs appear, cheers spread across the assembled troops, except for the unimpressed Duke Lonn, who raises his hands as if to ask what happened.

CHOOSE TO ESCAPE AND DESTROY ALL WITHIN ROGTHANDOR

If the PCs chose to leave the monster races behind, the *Rib* grants them 1 hour to depart. For the next hour they can pass through *dumondite*—and therefore out of Rogthandor—as if it did not exist, but they cannot return.

The moment the hour runs out, a muffled implosion booms within Rogthandor and an earthquake knocks everyone in or around the Citadel to the ground. The Citadel's walls become scalding hot. Over the next 24 hours an alchemical phosphorous incinerates all who remain behind, destroying the *Eureka Rib* and all four *altars of affliction*.

If the PCs stand near Duke Lonn after the brief earthquake tosses everyone to the ground, Lonn laughs aloud, "Well, I guess we shan't worry about wicked ol' Rogthandor anymore, eh? Who's hungry?"

The party receives all four of the *Rib*'s boons, but no XP is awarded for the incinerated inhabitants.

BEYOND THE ADVENTURE

Depending on the PCs' choices, completing the Citadel of Pain may impact a campaign in unexpected ways. The players may wish to develop the storylines, themes, and characters introduced within the adventure. Here are some ideas for incorporating the end results into your home campaign:

VOICES IN THEIR HEADS

The skills gained through the *Eureka Rib* represent fragmented minds and memories from victims Dumond sacrificed on the *altars of affliction*. GMs might decide that, in addition to skills, PCs receive the memory of a vast treasure trove or of a political secret potent enough to shake the duchy. Other PCs might receive not just a memory, but entire personalities lodged in their heads—personalities that argue with the PCs whenever they use the skill granted by the *Rib*. The opportunity to place the memories and personality fragments of others into the minds of the PCs creates nearly limitless possibilities for hooking players into the next stage of your campaign.

VILSEPH IS OUT THERE

The mad alchemist endured the *Eureka Rib*, and then abandoned Rogthandor just as the monster tribes invaded and the human armies attacked. What happened to him? Where is he? Consider narrating this scene as the power of the *Eureka Rib* floods its occupant:

His head lifts from the rough wooden table as his soft, chubby hand covers the mouth of his thrashing female victim, "Shhhh." He sniffs the air and raises a shaggy black eyebrow, "Ahhh. A rival. I should have expected that." Crunch. Startled, the man examines his hand, shakes it. Blood and other fluids cling like yolk, "Now I've gone and broken the night's work." He pinches his lips in disappointment, but the motionless woman on his table only stares.

MONSTERS UNLEASHED

If the PCs freed the inhabitants of Rogthandor, then Duke Lonn may eventually blame them for any ensuing chaos. Safely ensconced in his castle, the duke declares the PCs responsible for the monsters running amok in his lands and demands the party exterminate the former inhabitants of Rogthandor. The monsters in turn look to the PCs for succor, worshipping them as heroes. Consider pitting the PCs against the duke, or have Lonn lease Rogthandor to the party—provided they pacify the region and pay their taxes.

APPENDIX ONE—ASSASSINS

Bugbear Assassin

CR 6

This hulking, leather-clad beast hides within a shadow, stepping out only to pull a trigger and slay the target with but one bolt from her crossbow.

XP 2,400

Female/Male bugbear assassin 3/rogue 2

CE Medium humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 14, flat-footed 18 (+5 armor, +4 Dex, +3 natural)

hp 71 (8d8+16)

Fort +4, **Ref** +12, **Will** +4

Defensive Abilities evasion, uncanny dodge; **Resist** +1 save bonus against poison

OFFENSE

Spd 35 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +9 (1d3+4/20/×2)

Ranged light crossbow +7 (1d8/19–20/×2) or

Ranged +2 *cunning huntsman* +11 (1d8+2/19–20/×2)

Special Attacks death attack (DC 13), sniper's eye

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 18, **Con** 15, **Int** 10, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 23

Feats Deadly Aim, Deceitful, Fleet, Rapid Reload (light crossbow)

Skills Acrobatics +11, Bluff +8, Climb +10, Disguise +8, Escape Artist +11, Intimidate +8, Perception +7, Sense Motive +8, Sleight of Hand +9, Stealth +22

Languages Common, Goblin

Combat Gear *demipotion of invisibility* (master), *demipotion of true strike* (apprentice), *demipotion of mirror image* (master), *demipotion of alter self* (apprentice); **Other Gear** +2 glimmered studded leather of shadow, +2 crossbow of the cunning huntsman

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Crossbow of the Cunning Huntsman +2 bonus on critical confirmations if wielder has 5 ranks in Knowledge (creature type); +2 to Survival checks to track a creature wounded by this weapon; +1d6 damage to creatures tracked with this bonus.

Sniper's Eye (Ex) Assassin can use ranged sneak attack vs. targets with concealment.

Troglodyte Assassin

CR 6

This iron-scaled brute beats his fist against his bare chest with a clang, daring you to fight.

XP 2,400

Female/Male troglodyte assassin 3/monk 3

LE Medium humanoid (reptilian)

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 90 ft.; Perception +7

Aura stench (30 ft., 10 rounds, DC 17)

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 15, flat-footed 18 (+3 Dex, +6 natural)

hp 74 (8d8+24)

Fort +12, **Ref** +8, **Will** +6

Defensive Abilities evasion, uncanny dodge; **Resist** +1 save bonus against poison

OFFENSE

Spd 45 ft.

Melee 2 claws +8 (1d4/20/×2), bite +8 (1d4/20/×2) or

Melee unarmed strike +8 (1d6/20/×2), claw +8 (1d4/20/×2), bite +8 (1d4/20/×2)

Special Attacks death attack (DC 12), flurry of blows

STATISTICS

Str 11, **Dex** 17, **Con** 17, **Int** 8, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 11

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +6 (+8 Grapple); **CMD** 20 (22 vs. grapple)

Feats Deceitful, Fleet, Great Fortitude, Improved Grapple, Improved Unarmed Strike, Scorpion Style (DC 16), Stunning Fist (DC 16), Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +10, Bluff +6, Climb +5, Disguise +7, Escape Artist +8, Intimidate +4, Perception +7, Sense Motive +7, Sleight of Hand +8, Stealth +15 (+4 in rocky areas)

Languages Draconic, Common

Combat Gear *demipotion of invisibility* (master), *demipotion of true strike* (apprentice), *demipotion of mirror image* (master), *demipotion of alter self* (apprentice)

Minotaur Assassin

CR 6

This stealthy minotaur appears from nowhere, goring its enemy's abdomen and tossing the body aloft with a mighty whip of its neck. The poison coating the tips of its silver-shod horns ensures that when the enemy lands, it is already dead.

XP 2,400

Female/Male minotaur assassin 3

NE Large monstrous humanoid

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 14 (+2 Dex, –1 size, +5 natural)

hp 112 (6d10+3d8+36)

Fort +9, **Ref** +9, **Will** +5

Defensive Abilities uncanny dodge; **Resist** +1 save bonus against poison

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +11/+6 (1d4+4/20/×2), gore +11 (1d6+6/20/×2)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks death attack (DC 13), powerful charge (gore +11, 2d6+6),

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 15, **Con** 19, **Int** 10, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +13 (+15 bull rush); **CMD** 25 (27 vs. bull rush)

Feats Great Fortitude, Improved Bull Rush, Power Attack, Shadow Strike, Vital Strike

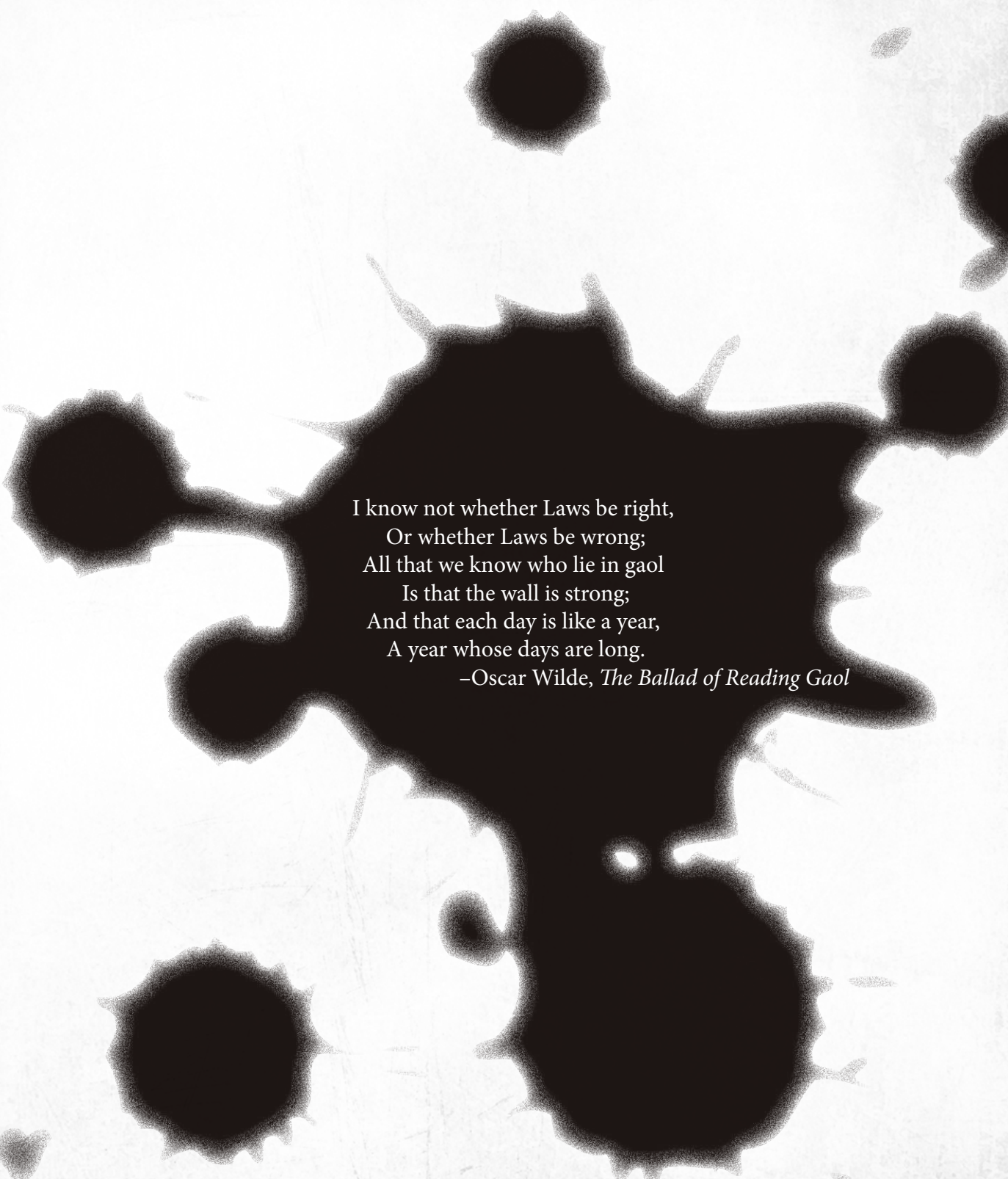
Skills Acrobatics +10, Climb +10, Disguise +10, Fly +0, Intimidate +10, Perception +9, Stealth +7, Survival +10, Swim +8

Languages Giant, Common

Combat Gear *demipotion of invisibility* (master), *demipotion of true strike* (apprentice), *demipotion of mirror image* (master), *demipotion of alter self* (apprentice)

APPENDIX TWO—MAGIC ITEMS BY GOLD PIECE VALUE

ITEM	GP VALUE
Scabbard of Vigor	1,800
Dust of Sneezing and Choking	2,050
Cauldron of Brewing	3,000
Marvelous Pigments	4,000
Restorative Ointment	4,000
Circlet of Persuasion	4,500
Amulet of Natural Armor +2	8,000
Robe of Blending	8,400
Glamered Studded Leather of Shadow	10,625
Wand of Unseen Servant, Reach	11,250
Boneless Leather Armor	12,170
Doll of Omens	13,000
Ring of Water Walking	15,000
+4 Bracers of Armor	16,000
Robe of the Oneironaut (Resistance +4)	16,000
Banded Mail of Luck	19,150
Amulet of Magecraft (Evocation)	20,000
+1 Icy Burst Adamantine Battleaxe	21,010
Sword of Subtlety	22,320
Undercutting Axe	23,320
Amulet of Natural Armor +4	32,000
Crossbow of the Cunning Huntsman	32,335
Quicksilver	32,336
Slitch and Iron Leathers	34,200
Bracers of the Blue Demon	60,000
Bowl of Commanding Water Elementals	100,000
Staff of Power	211,000
Philosopher's Stone	off the charts



I know not whether Laws be right,
Or whether Laws be wrong;
All that we know who lie in gaol
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.
—Oscar Wilde, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*

THANK YOU TO ALL THESE KICKSTARTERS! YOU MADE THIS PROJECT POSSIBLE! THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT AND PATIENCE.

GMChris	Kevin Spent	Brendan Creecy	James F. Taylor
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Adam Poots	Andrew	John Collins	David Hicks
Lauren Pedersen	Chad Summerford	Hamprecht	David.Wilson
David W Gray	William Whitehead	Seth Herdt	Kimberly White
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Majuba	Bill Brodie	Ross Mills	Todd Morgan
Temmogen Fifth Horseman	Eleanor Ide	tanalos	james simon
Jonathan McAnulty	Erick B. Frey	john	Anestis Kozakis
Clay Dowling	Andrew Fox	mark gallicchio	patrick wigglesworth
Jeff Tillotson	Marc	Karl Schwols	Andrew and Heleen Durston
John Capodilupo	Chris Sharp	Andyman61533	Shane Czyzewski
AJ Fritz	anthrorob	Scott Bianchi	James Priebnow
Watashiii	kimberly phippis	Dance of Ruin	Carl Ross
Aaron Gallagher	rimmep	Bram Novak	Ocanthus
Michael Holland	Kroazhdu	Rockrolla	j.akers
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Zachary Bey	Leandro Costa	eric neumann	Steven Blewett
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James Miller	Maggie Schostak	Lawrence Meyer	Morgan Hazel
jgolbez	Michael D Beam	Mark Wallace	Kevin Athey
Trevor Yarmovich	Seth Gipson	keith robinson	Julian Christopher Geritz
nsgrizzly	Donald Wheeler	Gigi Corradini	PallidSign
Chad Toopes	Joshua Burall	p2thead	Kenneth McKowen-Taves
JessReneGertsen	Alexandre Franke	Jesse Butz	scantrontb
Michael Hachey	John Fiala	J.Rencher	Morgan Lake
Patrick McGrath	mearls	Eric Tillemans	Markus A. Gockel
JonTschida	Laura Sullivan	Lee Saddler	
Joseph	Dean Perez	Chris Zank	
Adam Dray	cmeyer86	Thilo	

I curse the duke of Ferintosh for granting this madman baronetcy
may his wife birth a squamous obscenity and his line perish

not again. I can't not again

monsters. monsters everywhere
They can't reach me in this cage.
why are monsters loose in here?
not again

war, I

hear the war. They've come to free us.

I hear stones thump against the outer

wall. I will not lose heart. I will stamp out
his heart and cut out his eyes and revenge
myself when they free us!

Always been monsters loose in here

The siege engines—strangely muffled
what's going on?

no hope no water no food... no hope.. Days. monster

He came, surrounded by frightened men. He laughed and said, "I'm not afraid of you at the cage doors."

feed me to his ribs. I to die and he to live...

He whispered he'd leave us all trapped within that his rib would free him.

How can I be trapped within if I'm dead? I'll die soon. I'll never...

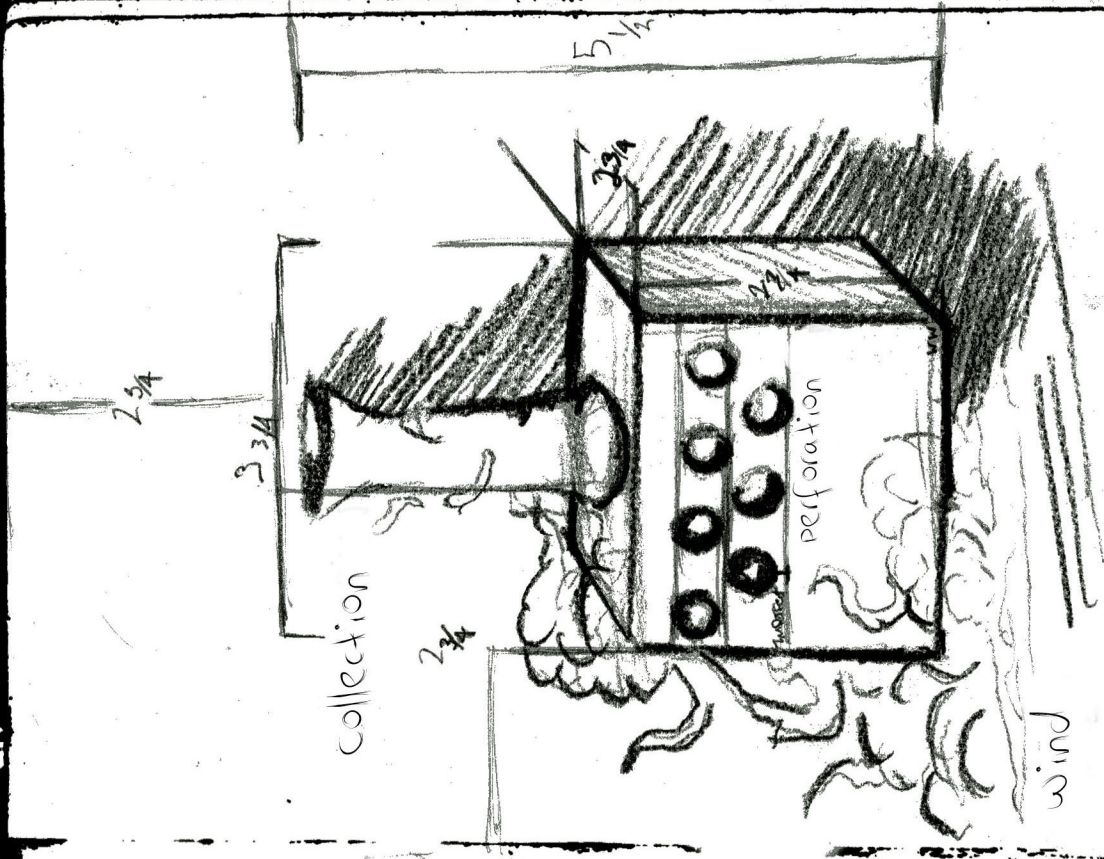
where is the ib where is the ib where is the ib where is the ib where

ww perfection approaches

collection box flawless. Just need wind.

Must name material. will think on it.

collects and holds even better than ex-



Imolenya, alas that time's cruel tyrant dragged you beneath the fields before you could see my Altars of affliction completed. You would have particularly adored the Iron Carp, so reminiscent of the balls we tossed in our youth, possessed of similar simplicity. My chosen enter it and roll. Still, each of the four is an otherworldly marvel that but informs my fifth and greatest masterpiece. If only the Eureka Rib arrived one season sooner, my darling cousin. I would have sent for you. We would have bathed in the essence of agony, the stew of our inferiors, and you would have lived to see our family's foretold hegemony realized, the ruins of this paltry keep tumbled about us.

metamorphosis is no chance

phenomenon;

it is the faerie queen tearing

forth from firefly's husk;

it is the darker world so lovely

once mountain's heart bleeds

hot.

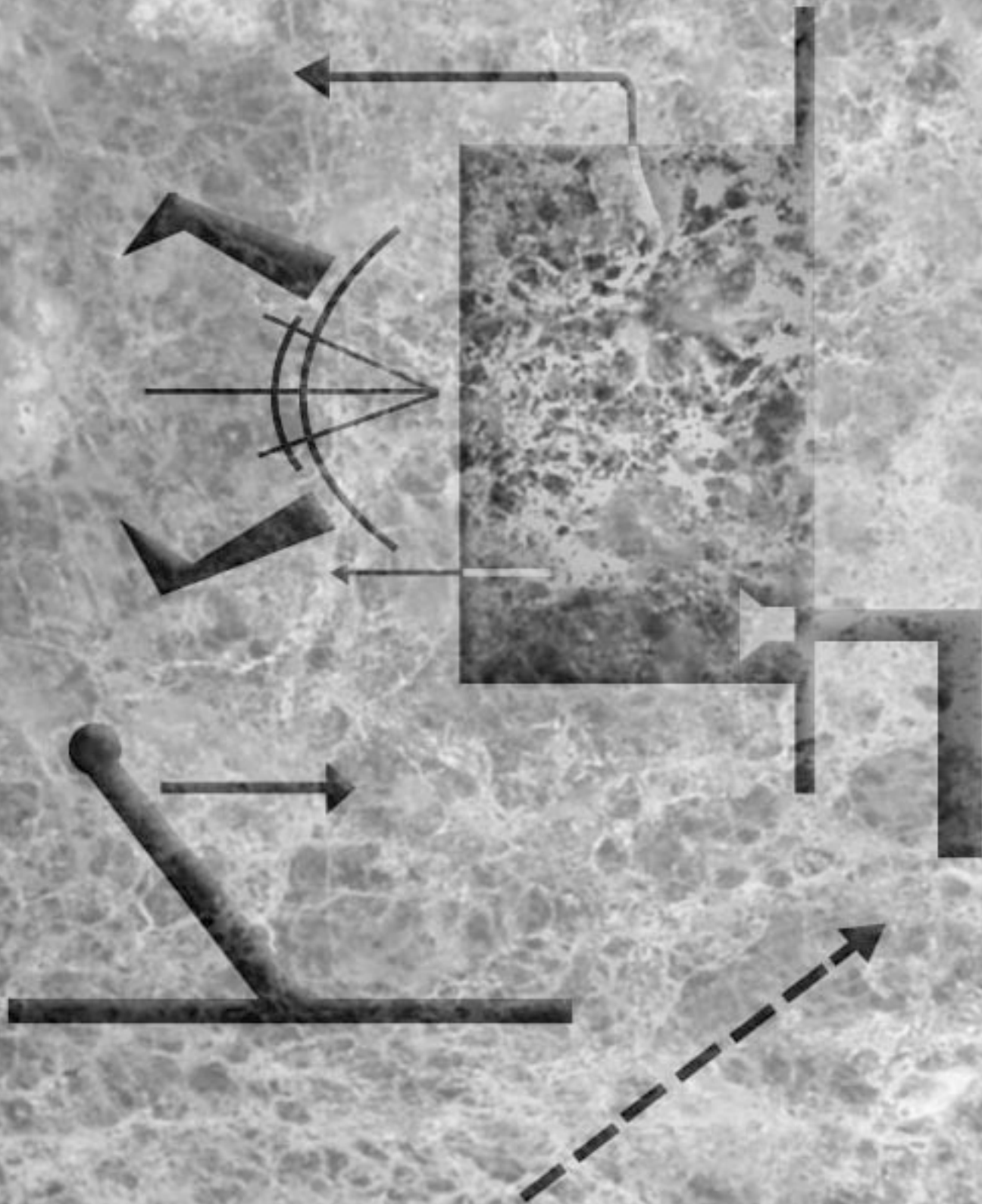
Ascension must birth from our

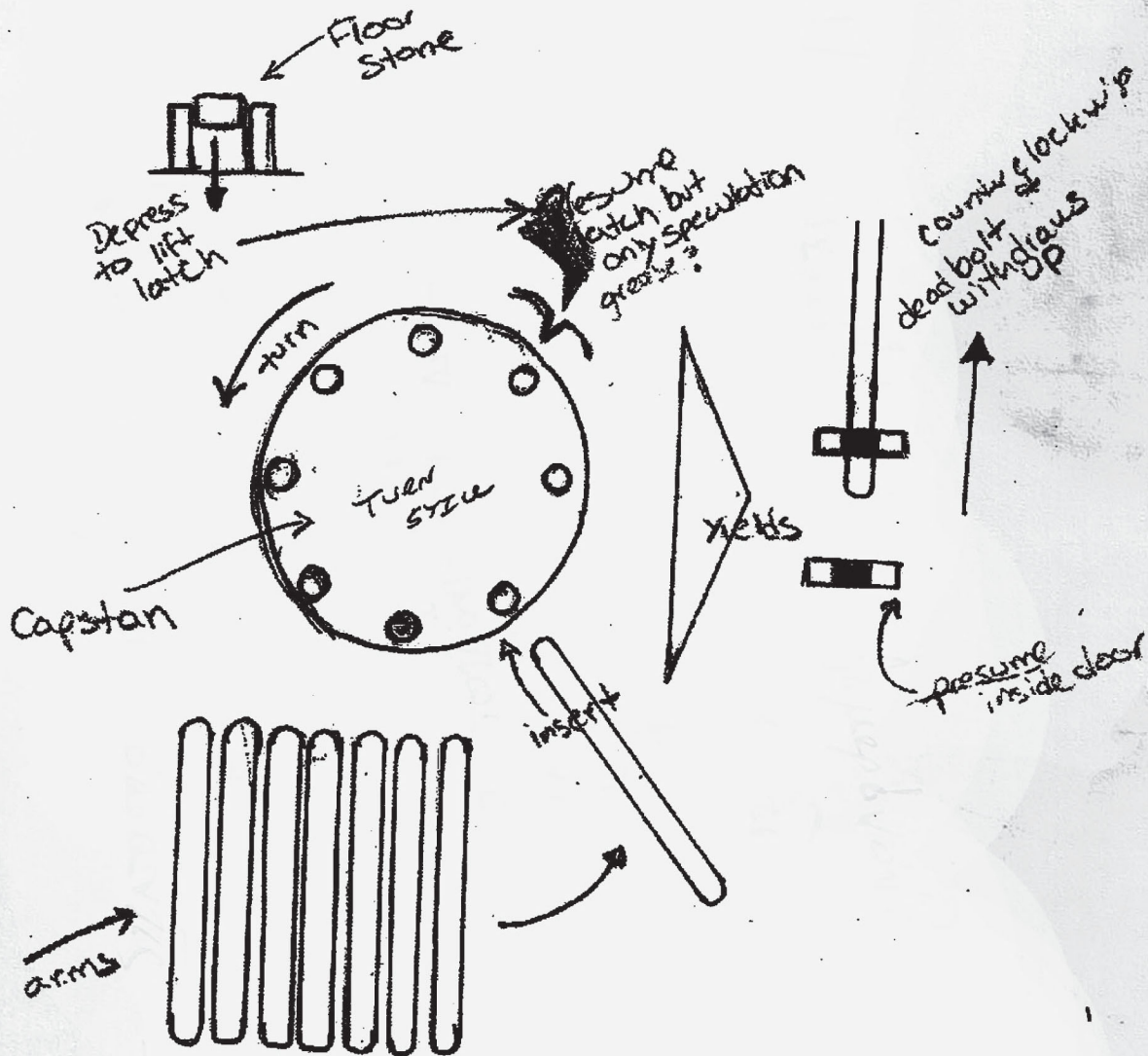
agony, for we are not born us

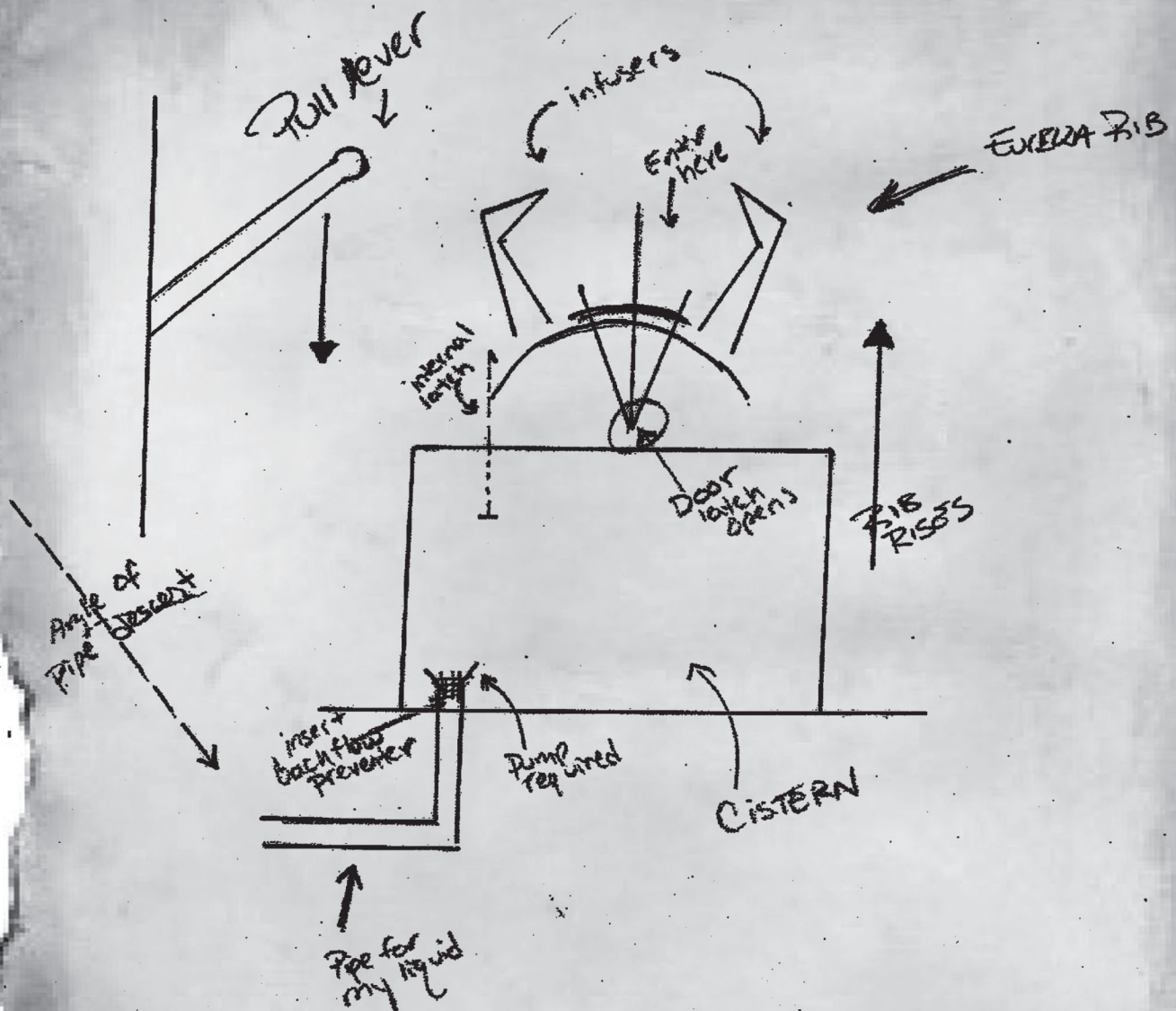
as

yet.









Love and Hate in Rogthandor

Faced with the inexorable demands of survival and influenced by the *altars of affliction*, the monster tribes in the Citadel developed distinct cultures and adapted to each other's proximity. However, monsters will be monsters, and the peace of decades remains a fragile one punctuated with raids, murders, assassinations, and conflicts. The Deviceless maintain peace by offering a neutral ground on which to trade food and fresh water, and by threatening to withhold demipotions from any tribe grown too fractious. This strategy worked until now. As the adventurers progress through the **Citadel of Pain** their behavior influences the monster tribes' postures. When the rumor spreads that the adventurers located the *Eureka Rib*, war erupts. With at least seven factions in the mix, keeping tabs on everyone's stances could prove challenging to any GM. Use the following chart for assistance:

The War Tracker

Faction	Hate	Love
A. PCs B. Deviceless C. Ogres		
D. Bugbears		G
E. Minotaurs	C, F	
F. Troglodytes	E	
G. The Slog	D, F	A, A

The factions are labeled A to G. The adventure text indicates when GMs should place a letter in another faction's Hate or Love column. The Deviceless, the ogres, and the PCs have no columns because they hold a special status clarified later in the adventure.

Example: The text might read, "If the PCs kill the minotaur king, place an A in the minotaur's Hate column." This indicates the minotaurs have an ongoing reason to hate the PCs.

The War Tracker also shows which tribes oppose the PCs during **The Battle for the Eureka Rib**.

Fantome Handout

A noblewoman comes to you by the mossy shore of a woodland pond, “I was Allirae Lonn, the last of Vilseph’s victims upon this evil bed. Dumond wished the *Fantôme* to bring dreams so frightening that sleepers might flee their bodies to escape them, but I became trapped between dream and the waking world both, and that was a complication he had no time for.”

She draws closer. Her breath smells of jasmine.

“Each of the *altars* connects to the others. All bear the imprint of their creator. In eternal slumber, the eddies of fate drain along the periphery of times to come, and I know he built the *Eureka Rib* last. All the *altars* sense this. They are awake, you know, sentient to a degree. They hunger to know the *Rib* more than anyone. Vanity? Curiosity? I know not, but I tell you many claim the *Rib* infuses mortals with the power of gods. Do not succumb! Use it to destroy itself, and the other *altars of affliction*. Even my bed brims with eldritch horrors. I can feel it scratching at my back, hateful, hot on my neck. Let us open the walls of Rogthandor and dissipate Dumond’s malevolence. Save me.”

The Lady leans forward and kisses you, cooing for a satisfied moment before her face shrivels and rots away from the bone. Her eyes sink into her head, disappearing altogether. Her tongue falls off inside your mouth, and she vanishes into dust.

Iron Carp Handout

Blood courses from your body. You pass out, but wake to a whisper formed from a million tiny popping bubbles, “I have dreamt the *Eureka Rib* lies by the drowned king. Is it true? Are we but ancestors to perfection? I want to know our master’s drunken golden child. Find it.”

White Witch Handout

Spinning around the marble column faster and faster, the room’s details swirl into a haze of dull color. The blurs coalesce into actual shapes, then sharpen and depict a zoetrope-like show: the Deviceless appear, so busy watching monster shapes dine greedily on bread that they fail to notice a rack of mutton hanging behind them, dripping juices onto the floor.

A single voice stitched from the cawing of a thousand crows declares, “Go where you are not allowed to go!”

A sudden wave of fiery pain and all goes black. The room seeps back into view, wreaking agony through the senses, until the choral howling of singing minotaurs signals a return to the waking world.

Riddle's End Handout

In a moment of pain, the neck wrenches. White out. From the whiteness a black dot grows, larger and larger, a dark tunnel swallows. Travelling, rushing, aloft on a cloud of brightly colored mist. Reaching an echoing space enclosed by black walls. Falling through the brightly colored mists. Splashing into liquid. Sinking, turning, moving straight. Now a river rapids, bright shifting liquid. Kerplunk into vastness. Floating, orbiting something massive and dark.

Eureka Rib Handout

The lid of the *Rib* swings shut and locks in place. Two giant steel pincers puncture the sarcophagus, smash into the occupant's sides with crushing strength, and plunge through into his/her ribcage. The Rib begins to pump the distilled sentience of hundreds of tortured souls into the impaled occupant. The pain is an unbearable, primal sea of fire until all goes black. In the distant void, three white dots swirl and dart like dueling stars, growing larger as they approach. They each present a hazy, circular window through the nothingness, a view into different possibilities.

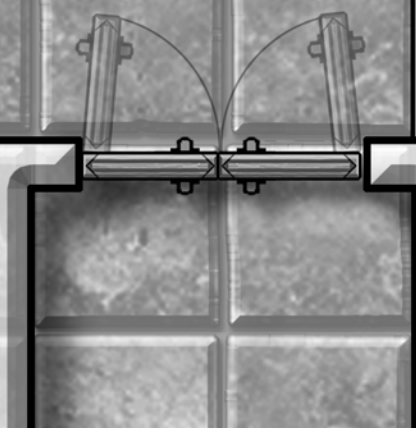
The window in the center shows the Citadel from outside on a sunny day. The alchemical stone shell sloughs from Rogthandor in a sluggish wave of transformation, revealing the original structure, perfectly preserved save a large hole in its side. The heroic adventurers exits this hole, followed by a legion of cautious and bewildered Rogthandorans hugging their children close and looking for reassurance.

The window to the left displays the heroes beside a wall inside the Citadel, and they simply walk through the stone to the outside. After escaping they touch the wall behind them, marveling and wondering that it remains completely solid. Inside Rogthandor a minotaur woman touches the very spot through which the heroes so recently passed. Her hands clench into fists. She slams her head against the solid, impassable rock and sinks to the floor in tears.

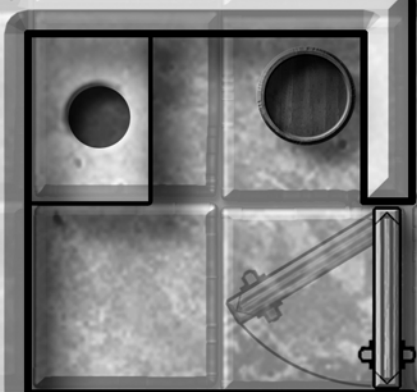
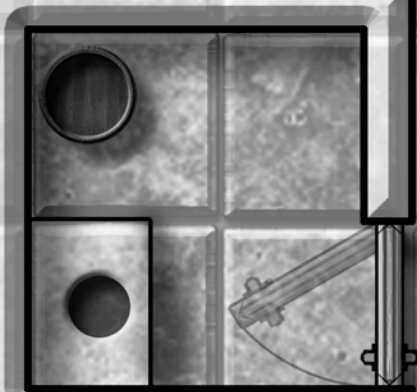
The window to the right also shows the party walking straight through the walls of Rogthandor, which remain just as solid after passing through them. The scene changes to a view of the cistern, which ignites like phosphorous and sends white fire arcing through the pipes veining Rogthandor. The devastation within sends shockwaves through the surrounding lands, but the alchemical shell remains intact and every inch of Rogthandor's interior—flesh, bone, rock, and adamantite alike—smolders at the bottom of a fiery crater.

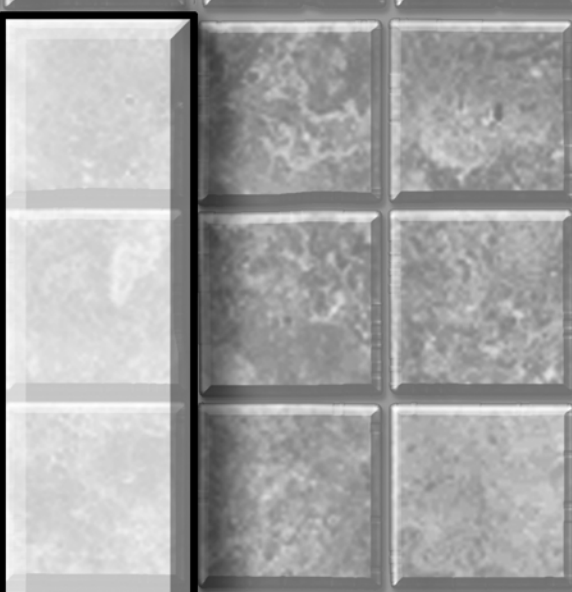
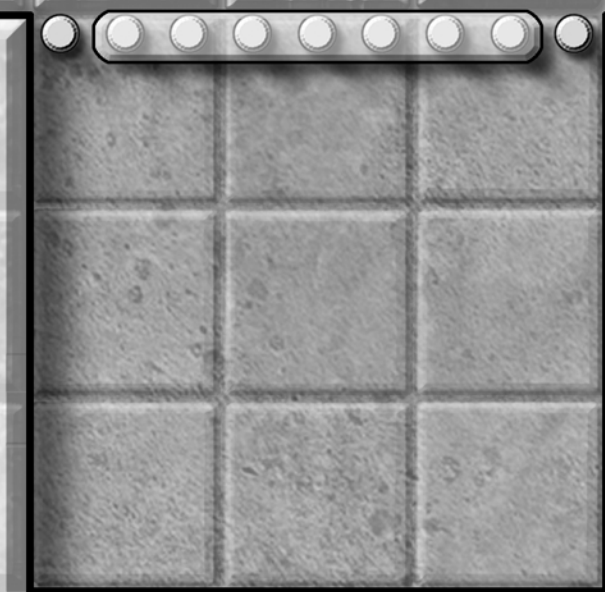
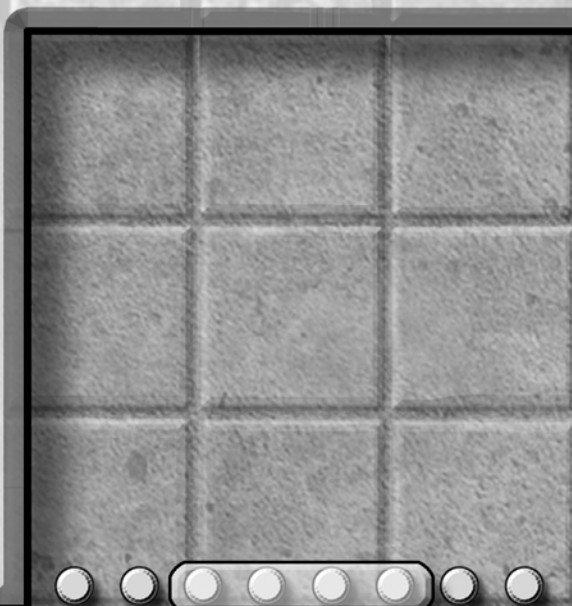
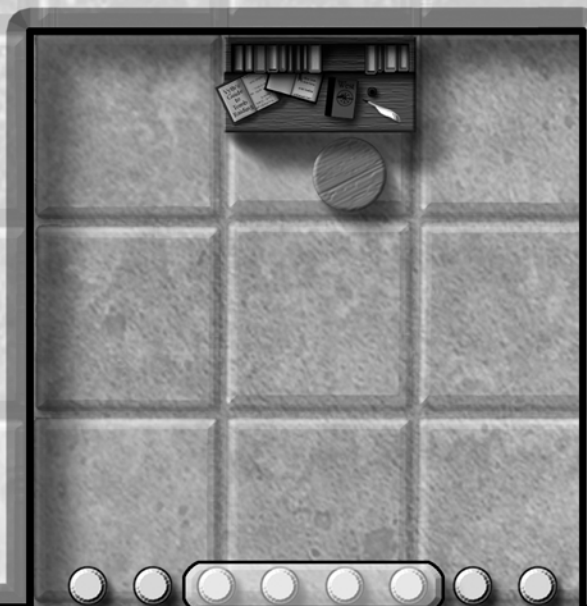
The implication is clear: choose one of these realities or be forever lost to darkness.

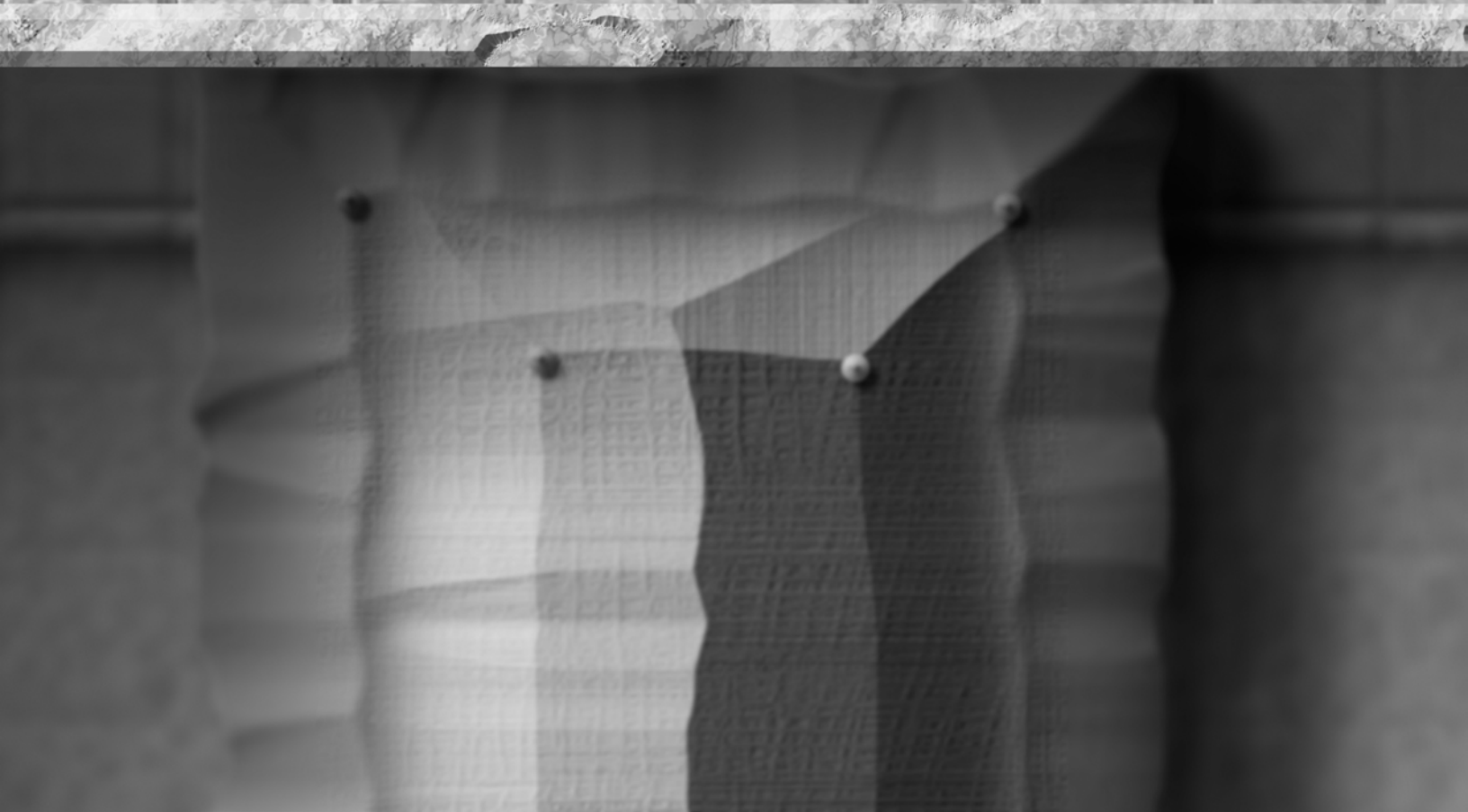


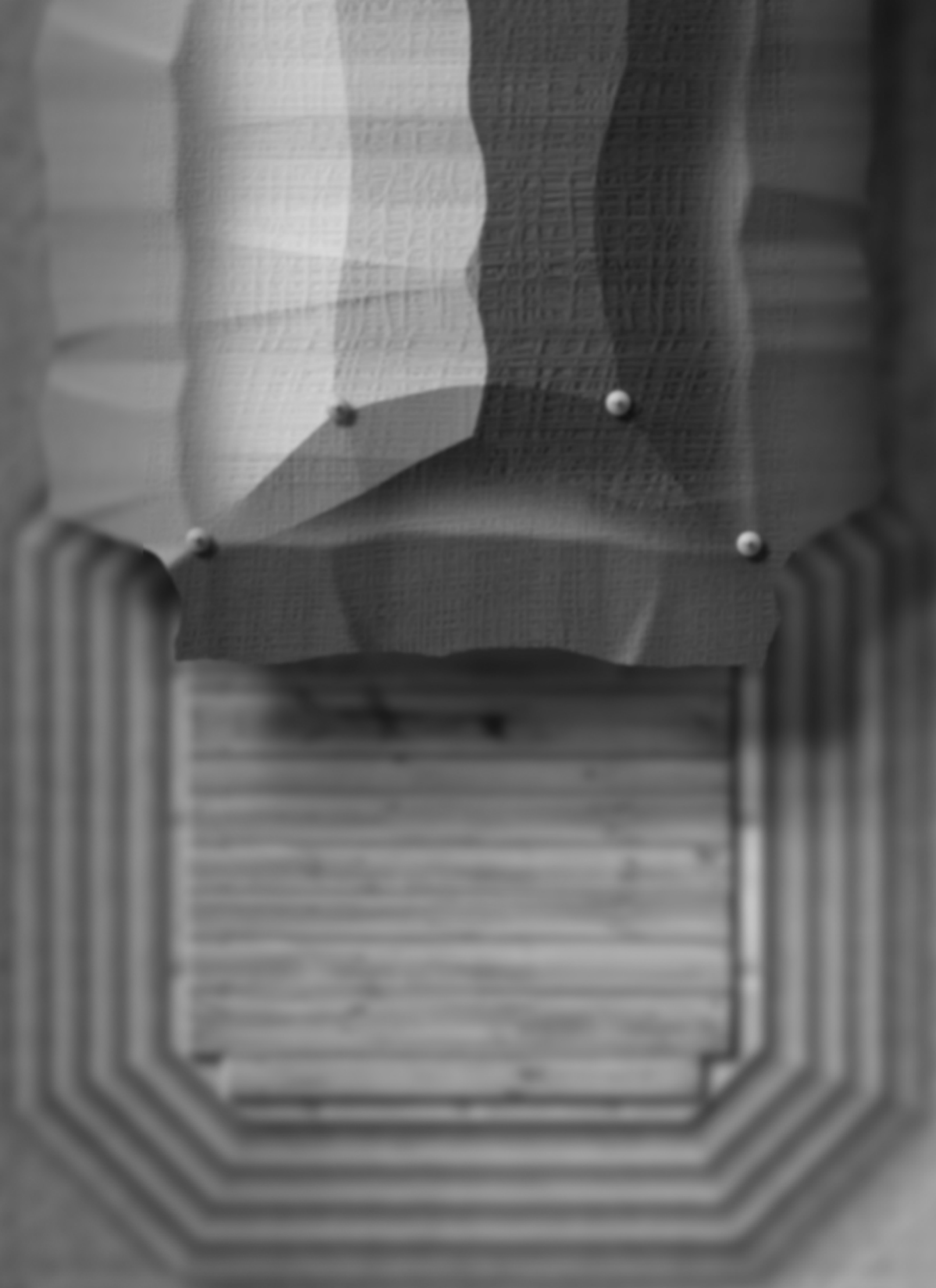


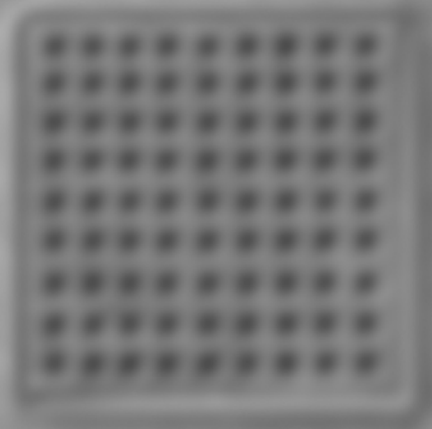
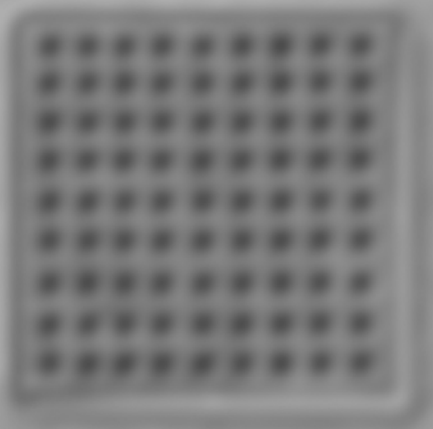
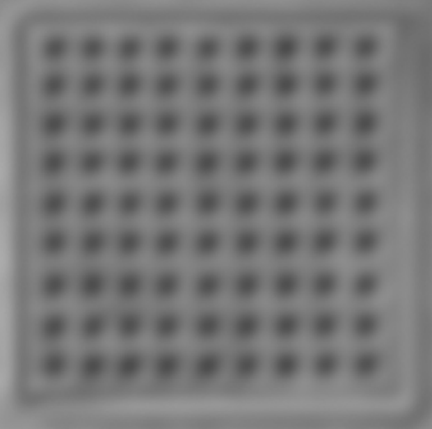
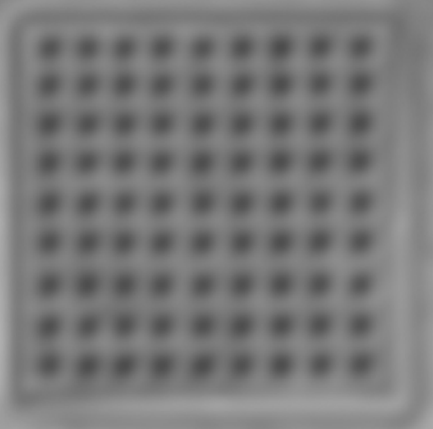


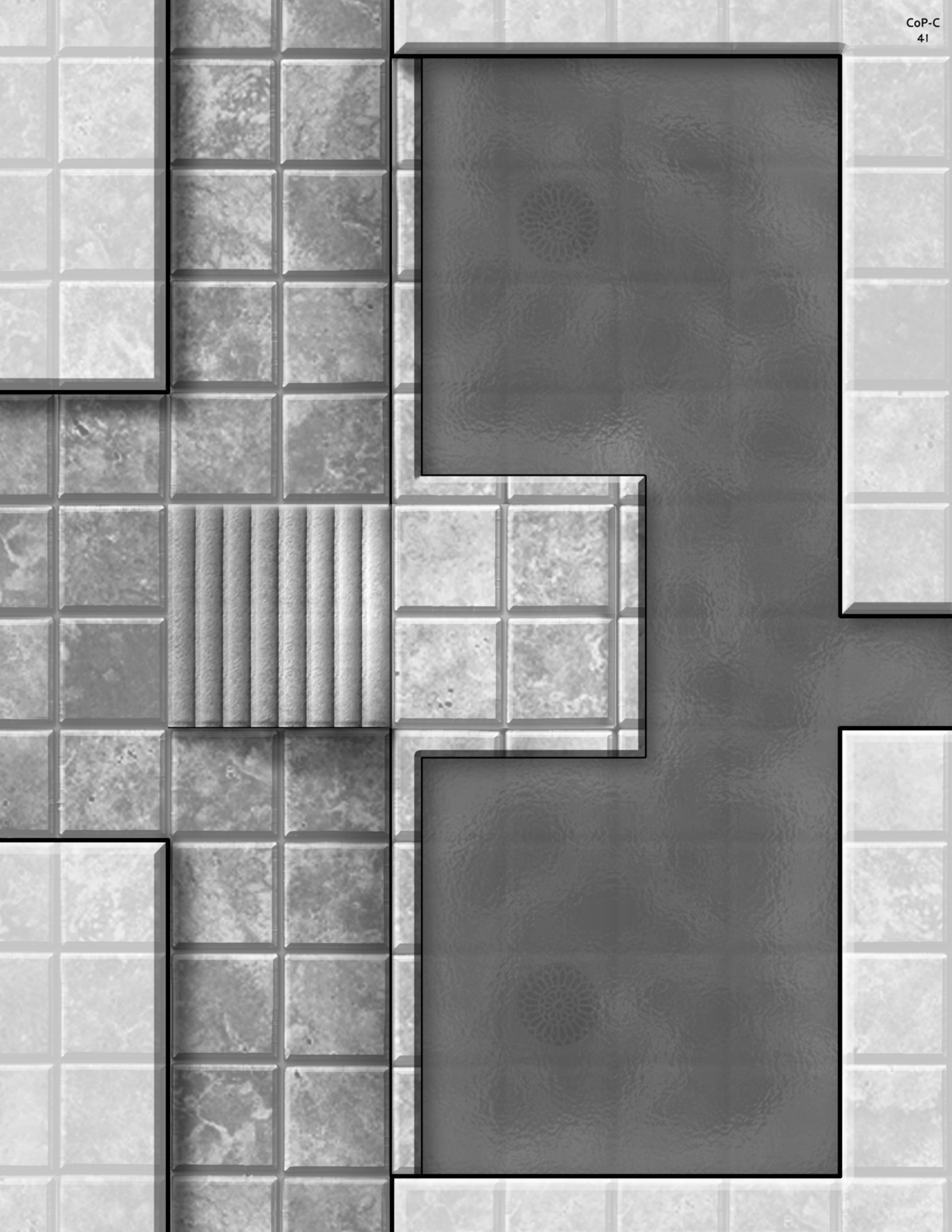


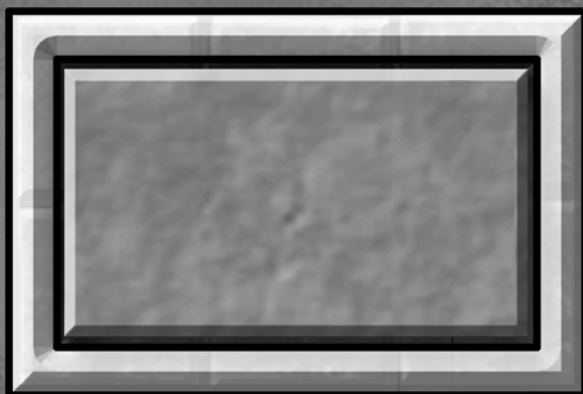
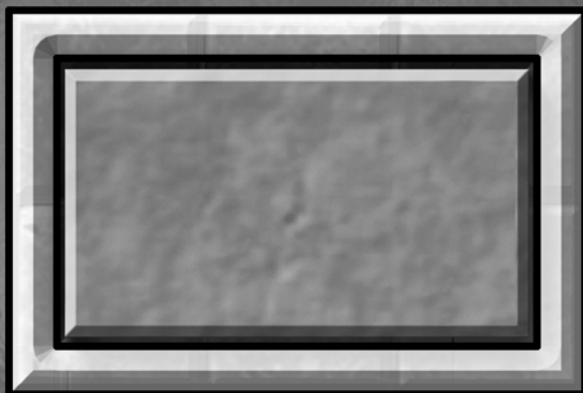




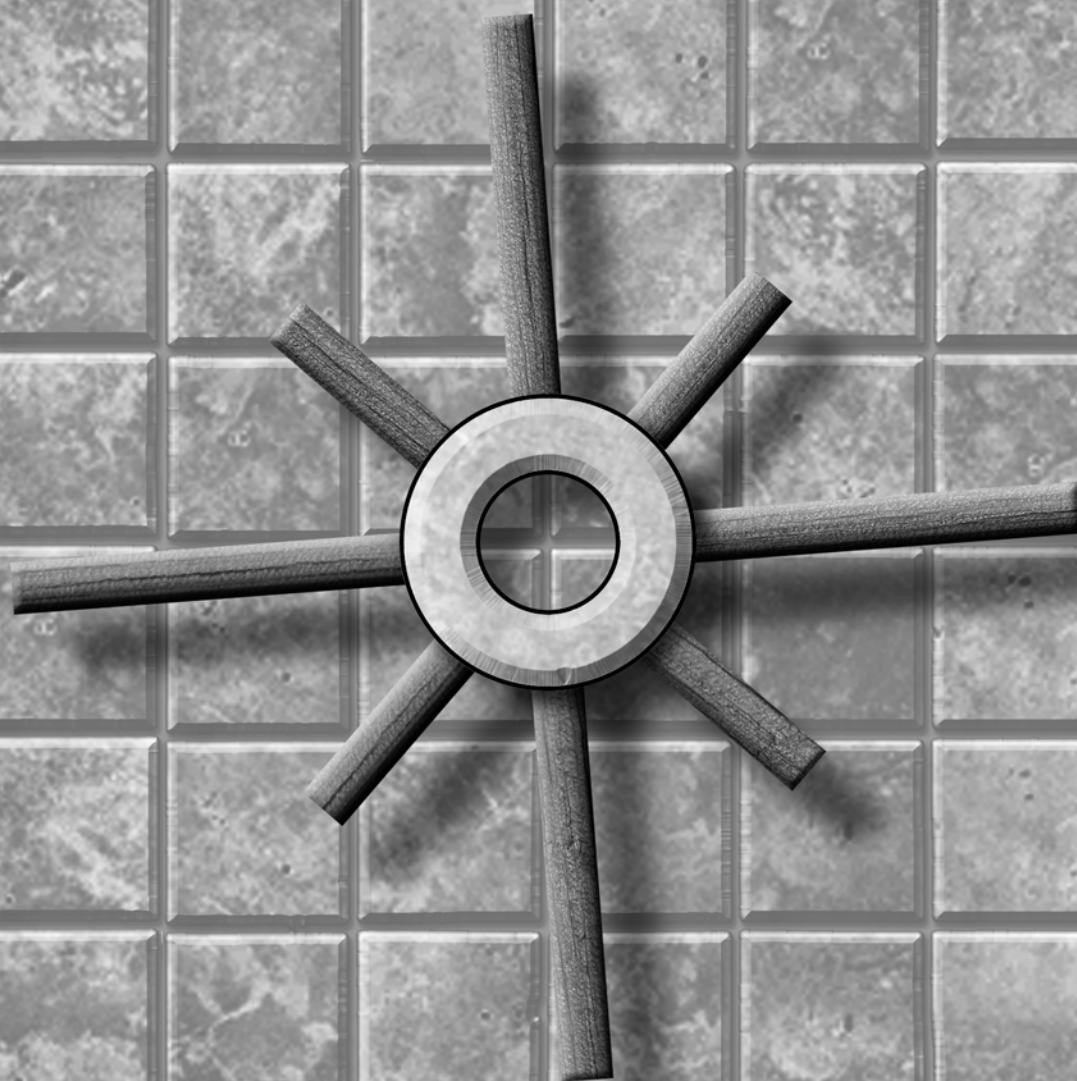






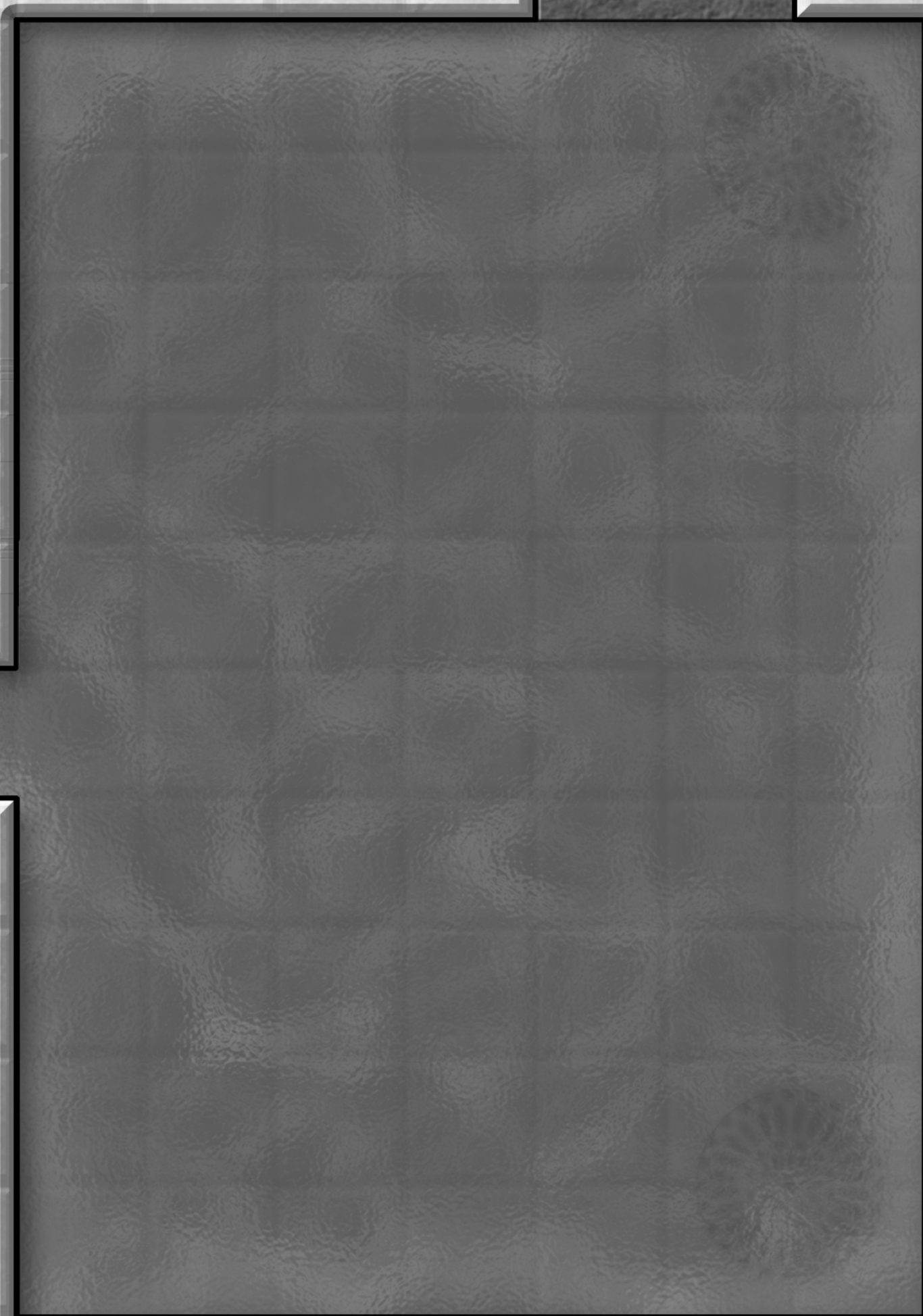


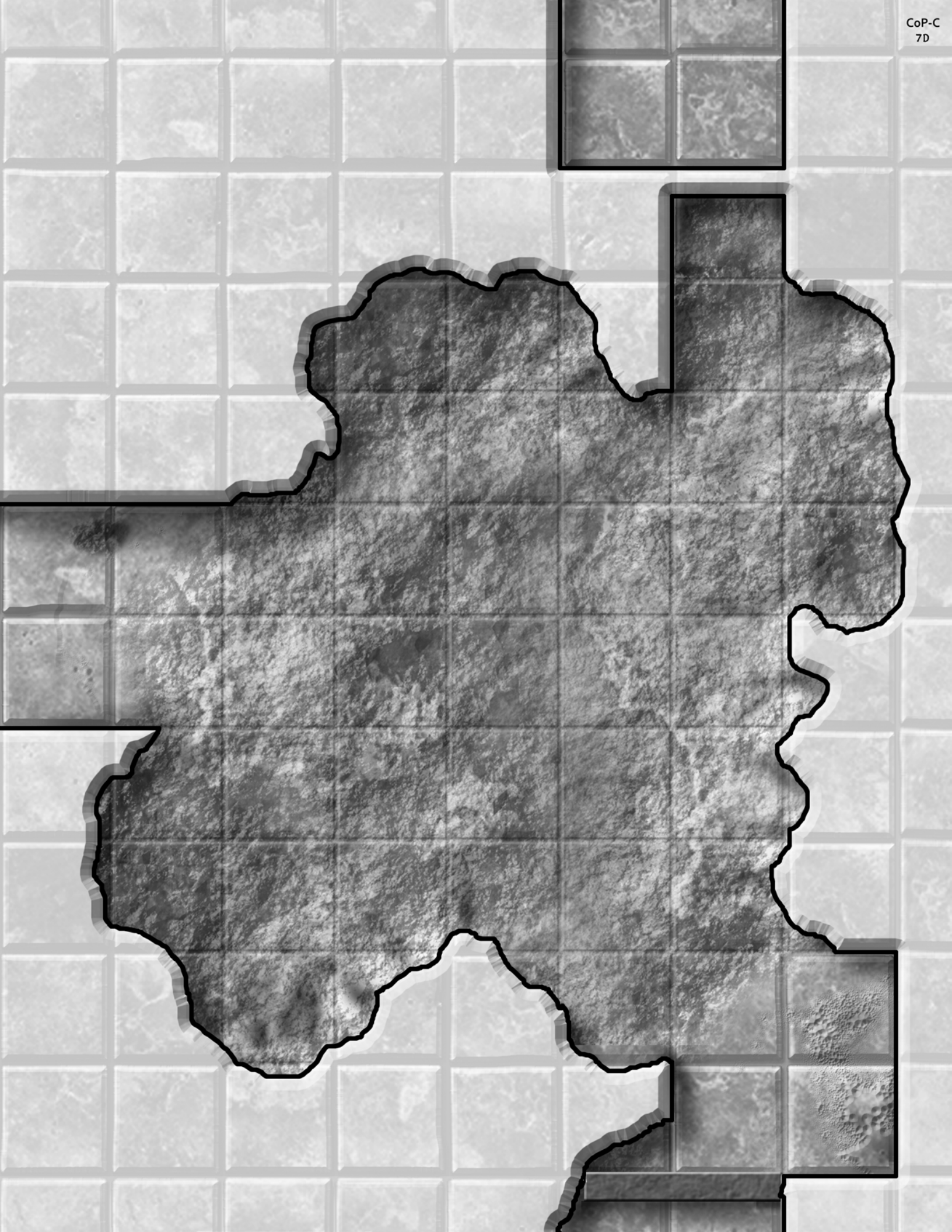


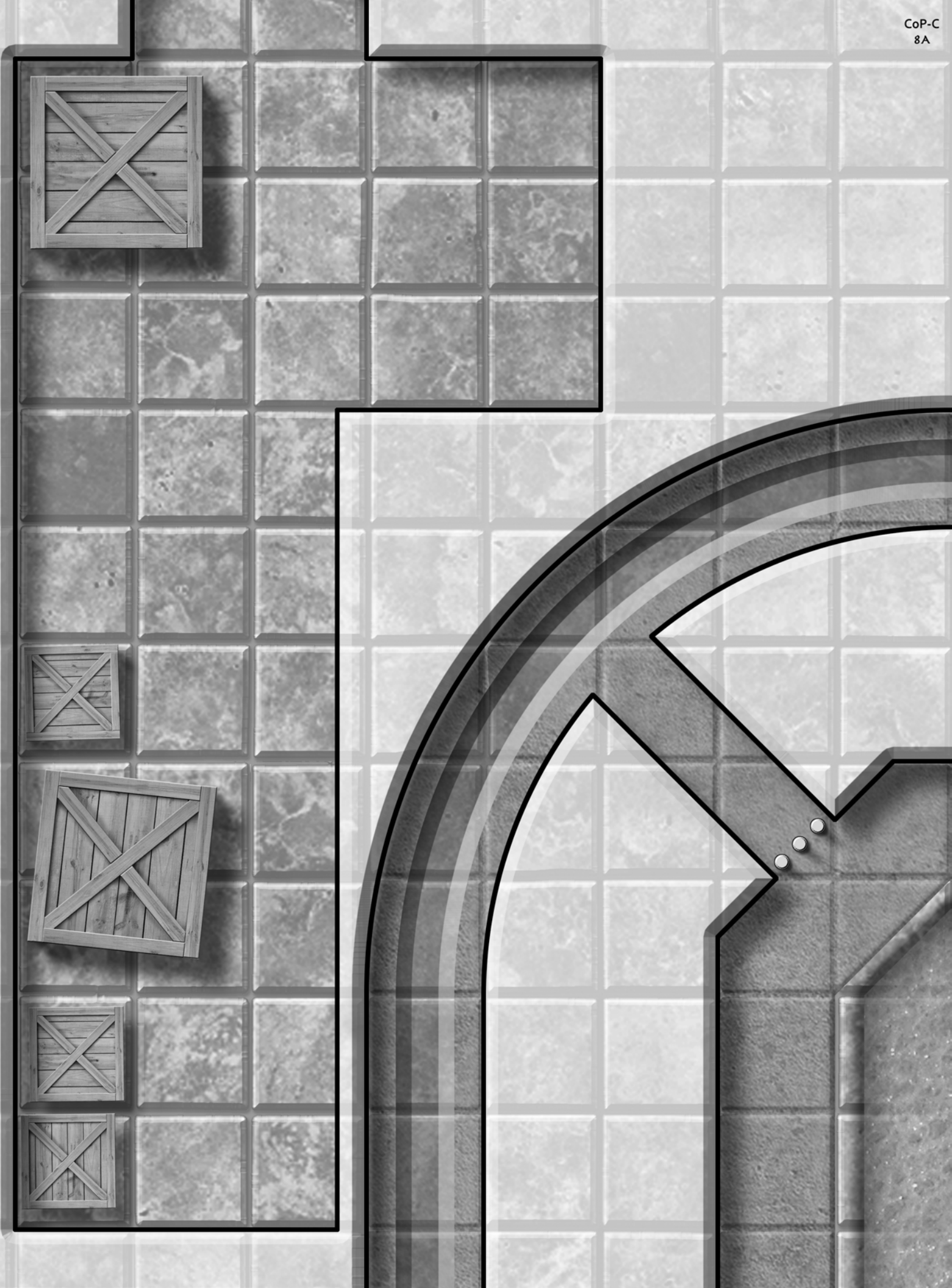


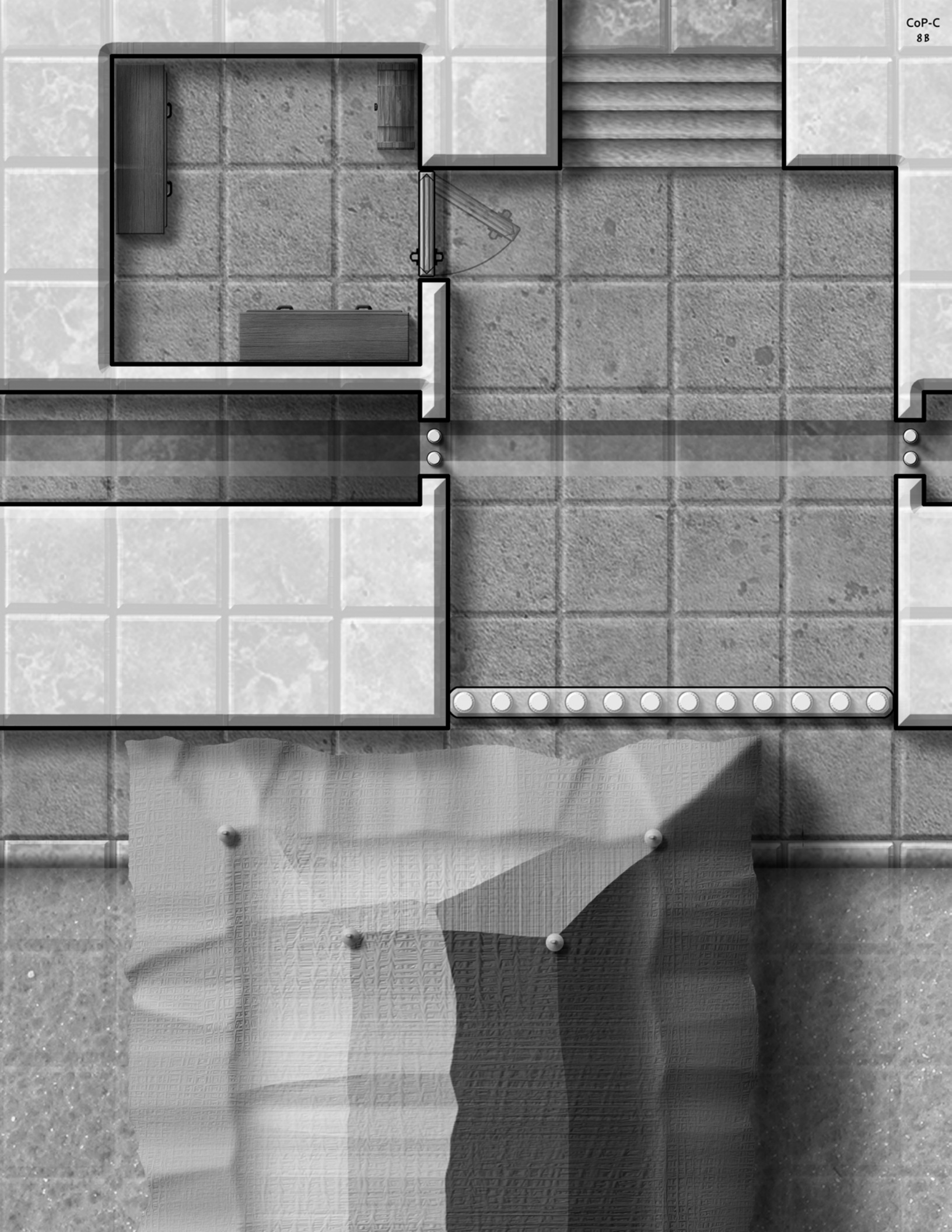




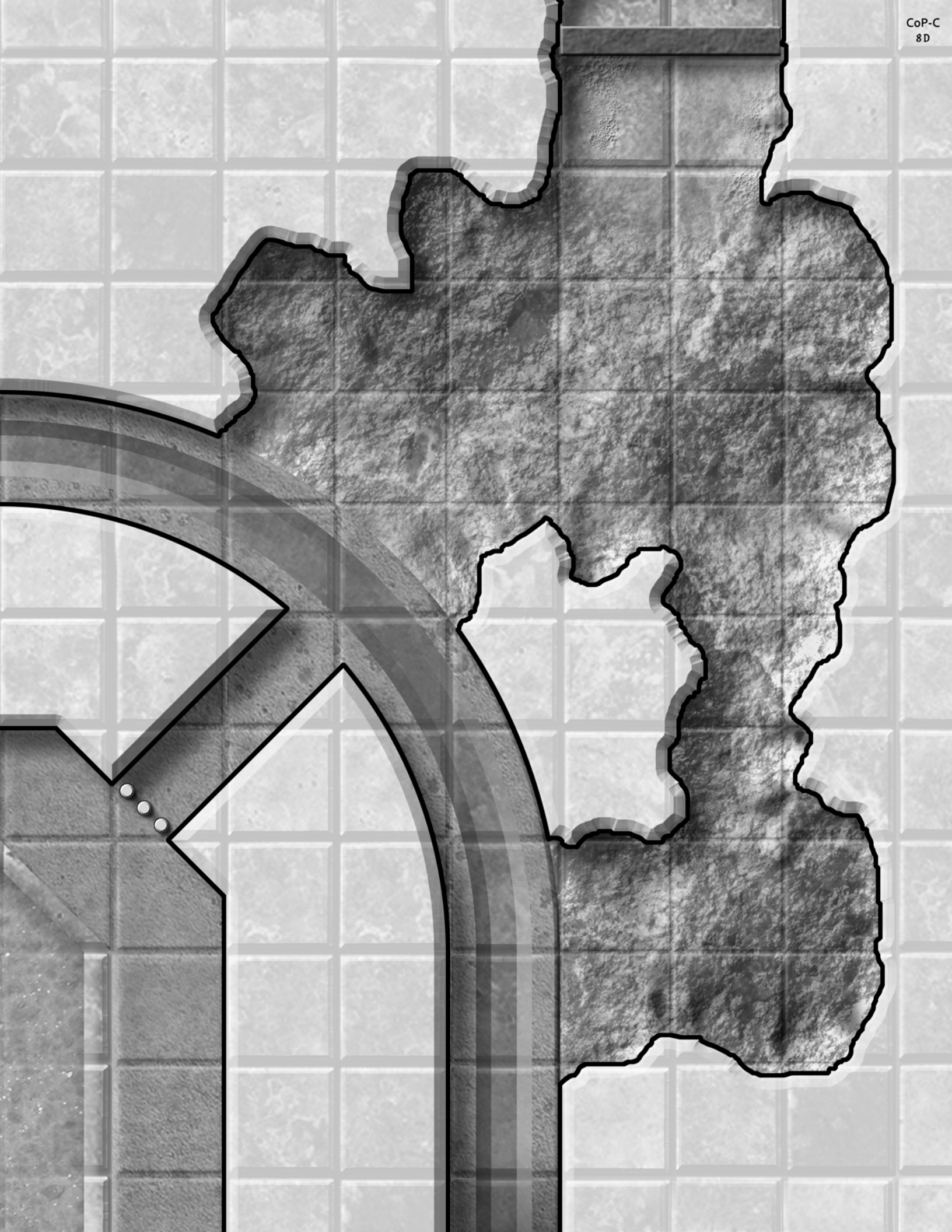


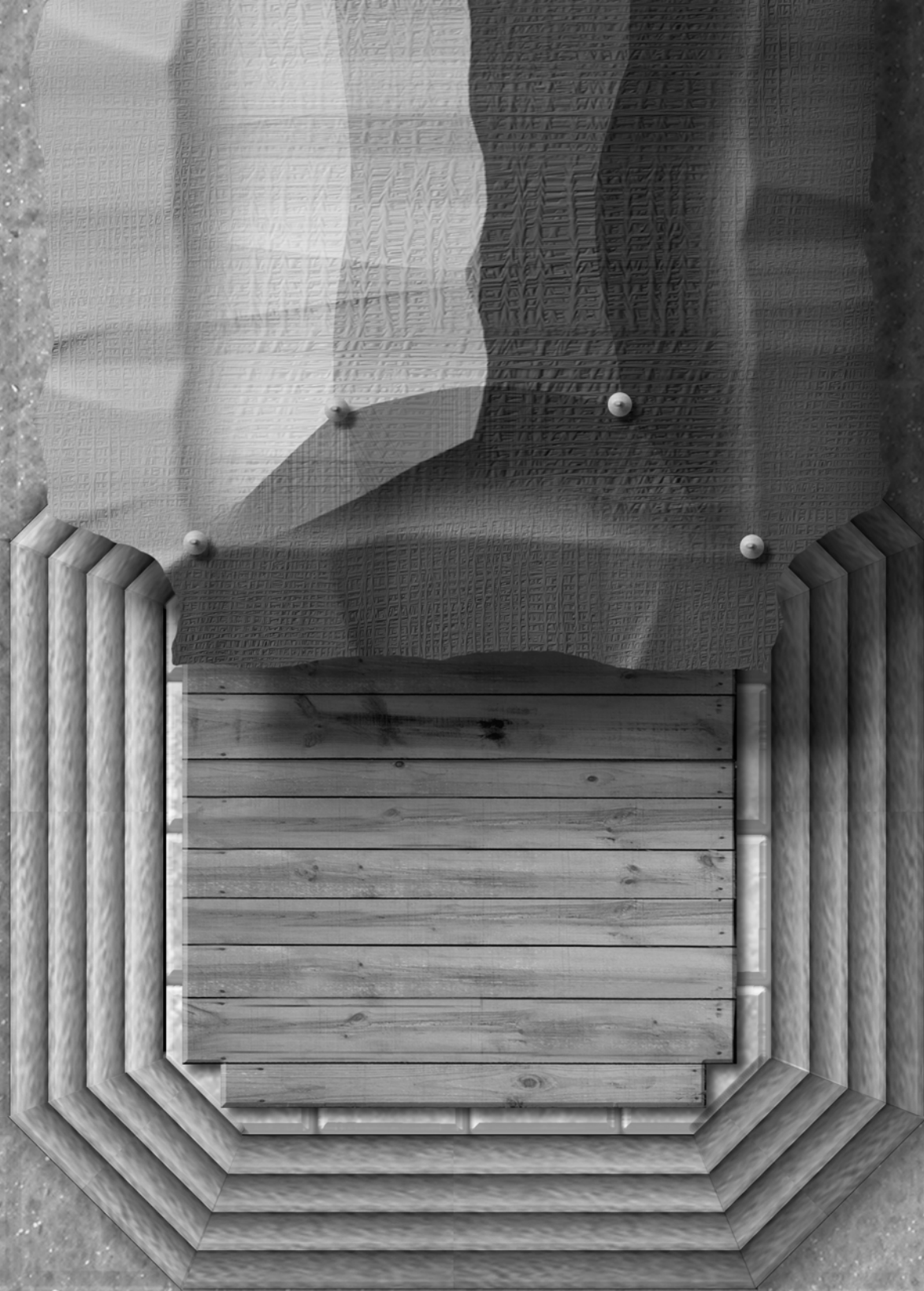


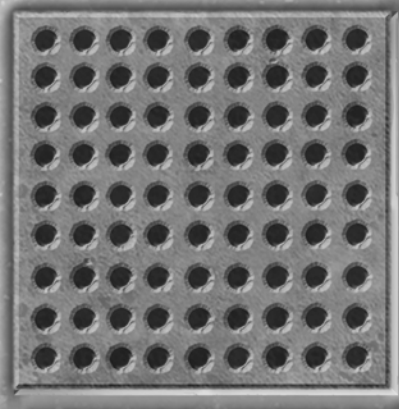
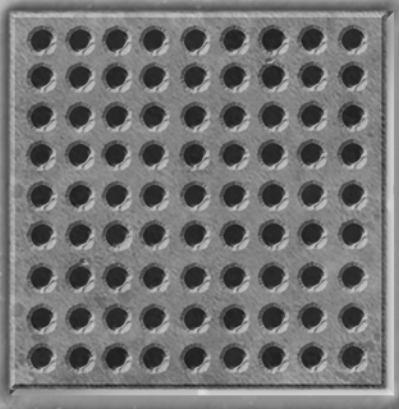
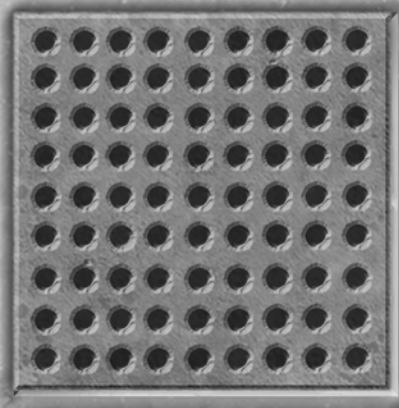
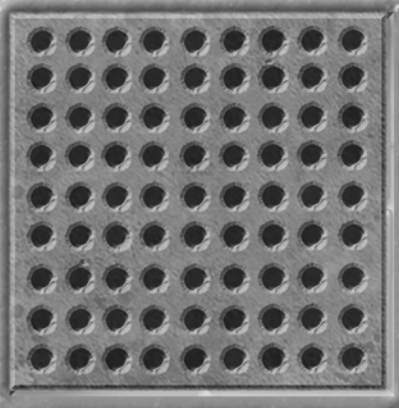


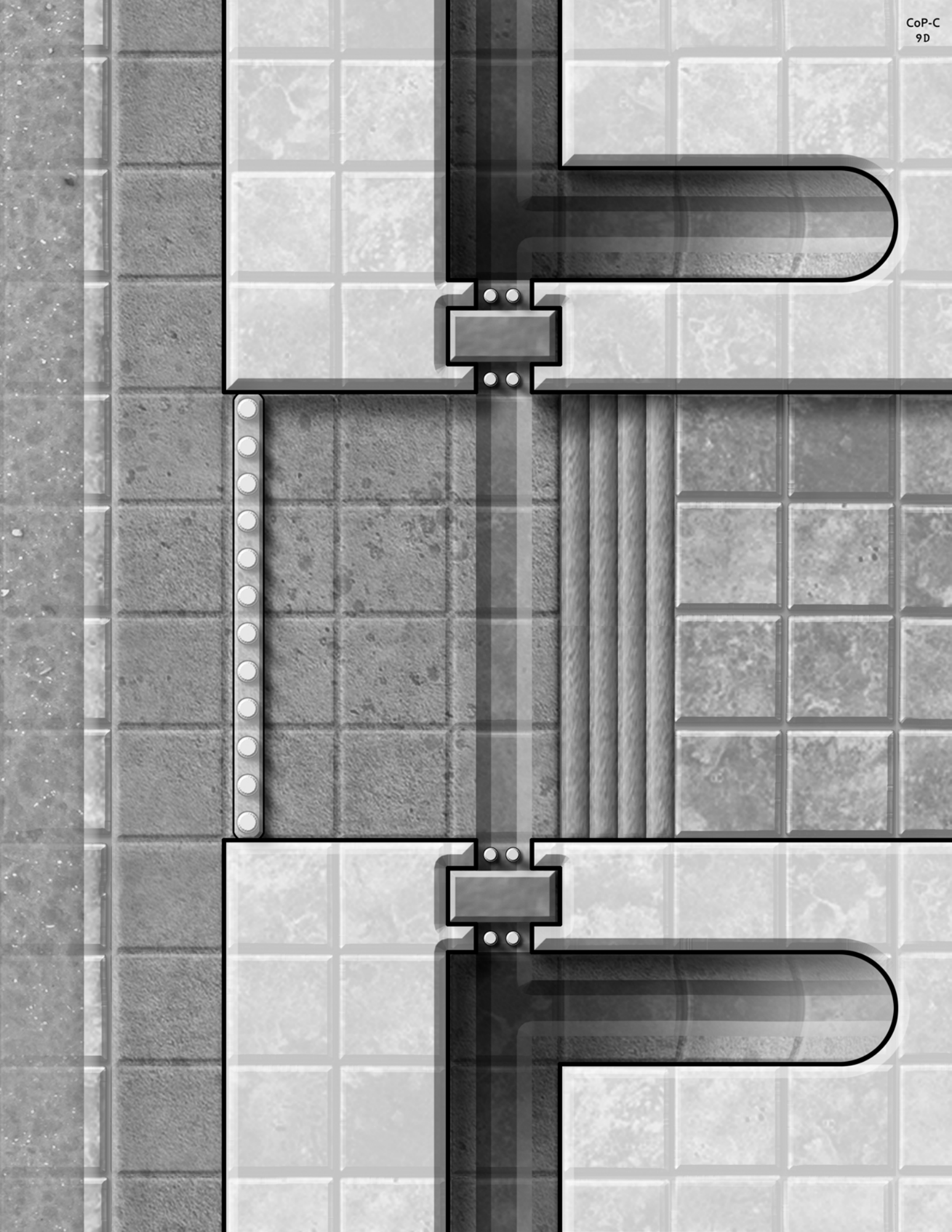


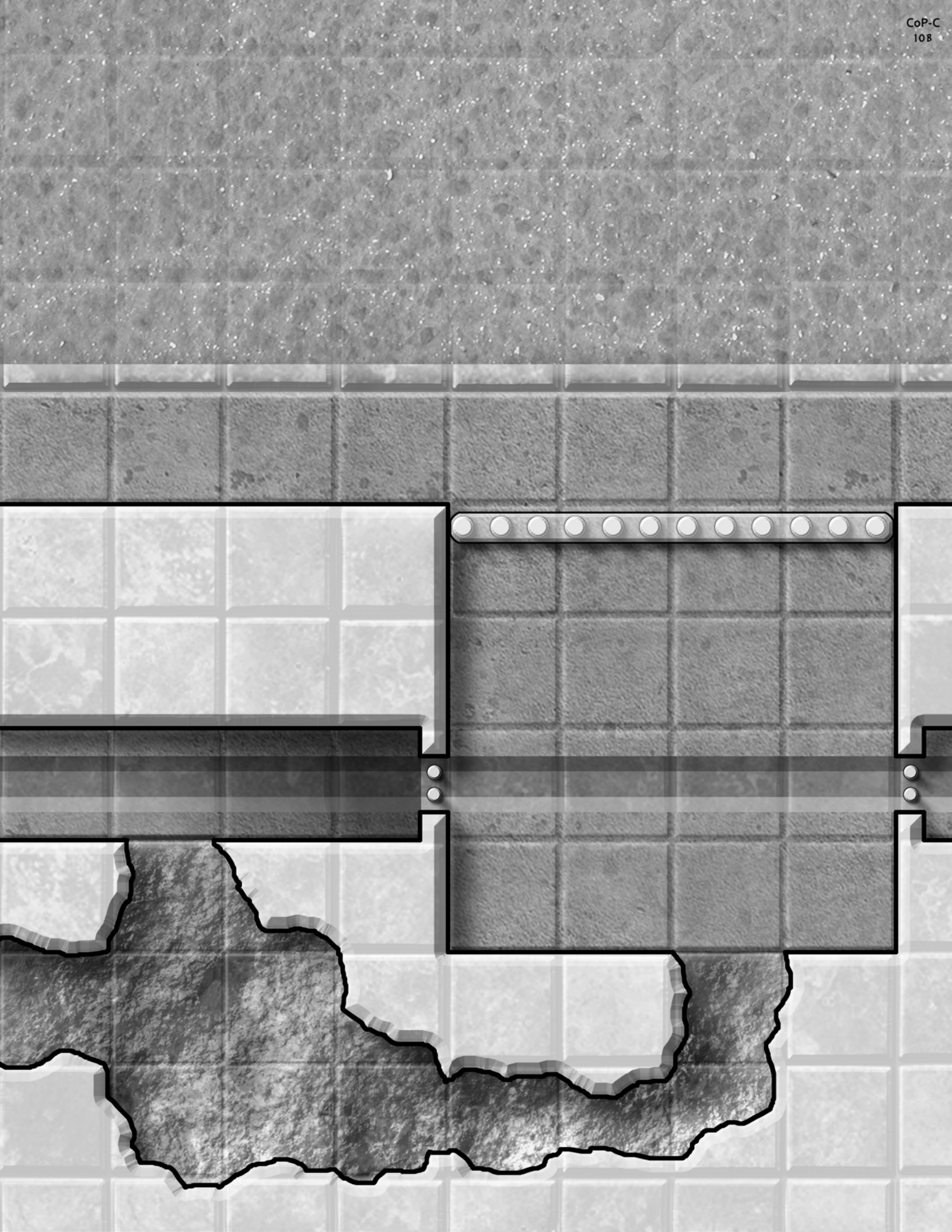




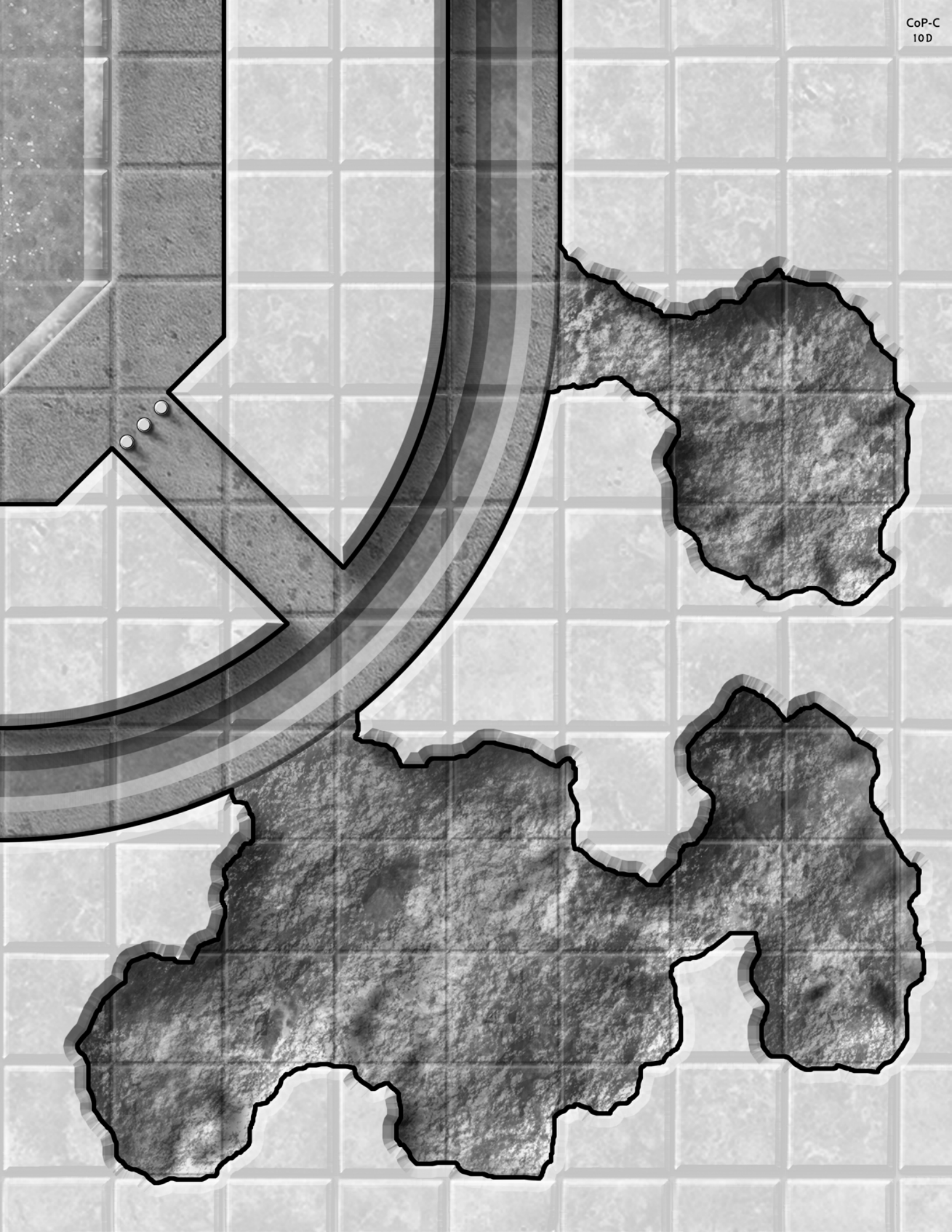












Citadel of Pain

Beware the Mad Baron's Legacy!

Welcome to Rogthandor, a massive and crumbling fortress history has dubbed the Citadel of Pain. Years ago, Baronet Dumond imprisoned his citizens in the citadel, using them as test subjects for his twisted experiments. Dumond's ambition was to construct the ultimate torture device in the belief that by consuming the agony of others he could turn himself into a god.

In pursuit of this goal, he allowed his lands to become overrun by monsters and creatures out of nightmare, who soon became the citadel's new residents. During the Baronet's final days, an alchemical liquid poured from the tower of Rogthandor, sealing the keep and its residents inside a magic-resistant shell of stone.

Now, decades later, a powerful digging machine will carry a group of brave adventurers beyond the ivy-enshrouded walls and into the heart of Rogthandor. Can your PCs survive the horrors trapped within the bastion and solve the mystery of the Citadel of Pain?

This Gaming Paper Adventure Includes:

- Uses the entire 7'x10' map contained in *Gaming Paper Adventures: Mega-Dungeon 1*.
- 24 additional map sheets unique to this adventure that work with *Gaming Paper Adventures: Mega-Dungeon 1*.
- 6 pages of illustrated handouts to immerse players in the *Citadel of Pain*.
- A Faction Tracker sheet to help GMs and players keep track of the shifting alliances among the groups they encounter.

Citadel of Pain is a massive adventure for 7th-level characters. Written by Louis Agresta and Rone Barton, with stunning artwork by Joel Biske and Aaron Anderson, this adventure is compatible with *The Pathfinder Roleplaying Game* and *Gaming Paper Adventures: Mega-Dungeon 1*.

