



NEDEXODUS CHRONICLES:

ANCIENT TREASURES



TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: ÆGIS OF MAKASH

Service in the Imperial blockade of Unthara is a difficult and thankless job. Danger threatens many directions: the Brotherhood, grim and greedy mercenaries lured by Khaynite gold to break the blockade, and—perhaps worst of all—the foul necromancer Xon and his quickslaver allies. Despite this, the commander of the marines aboard the Imperial Alliance warship *Cassandra's Smile* received a blessing both familial and divine in the form of an enchanted trident, imbued with powers that give the quickslavers pause.

HISTORY

The House of Vianden is no more. Political machinations by rivals put the Viandens out of favor with Empress Cassandra. The heads of the house were accused of withholding proper tribute to the crown and bureaucratic maneuvering that fall just this side of treason. Their titles were stripped, their properties confiscated by the Imperial Crown, and their lands distributed to satisfied rivals. Only two scions of the former noble house remain: Klaus and his younger sister Anna. Klaus, at the verge of manhood, took to service in the army to prove his loyalties to the Empress and the Alliance. Anna, still a child, was sent to a convent.

Ten years later, Klaus Vianden was thriving, having been accepted as a recruit in the Imperial Men-at-Arms. Once his training was completed, it took him only three years to attain the rank of Commander. However, the enemies of his former house were ever watchful, and manipulated events so that he was given a most dangerous command. Commander Vianden was sent to the worst assignment of the Untharan blockade in the Primax Sea.

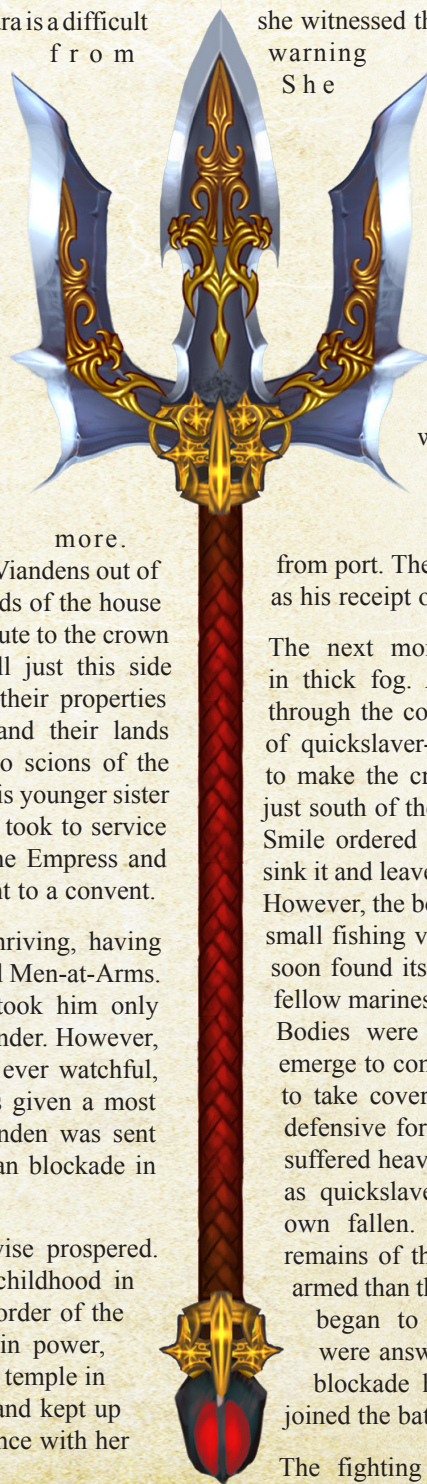
Meanwhile, his sister Anna had likewise prospered. After spending the remainder of her childhood in the convent, she took her vows in the order of the Venerate Makash. She grew swiftly in power, attaining the rank of High Priestess of a temple in Perahta. She managed to locate Klaus and kept up regular, if infrequent, mail correspondence with her remaining family member.

One night, during an unseasonal storm, she had a terrible dream in which

she witnessed the death of her brother. Anna took it as a warning from Makash and the Sanguine Lord. She went to the finest smith in Perahta and commissioned the forging of an unusual weapon—a bladed trident. When it was completed, she laid it upon the altar of the temple and prayed over it, beseeching her Venerate to imbue it with power. When the weapon was ready, she arranged to have it delivered to Klaus the next time he put into port. In her letter that accompanied it, she prayed that “the aegis of Makash” would guard him from harm—a blessing that Klaus mistook for the name of the weapon. He did as she bid, taking the trident with him when he next cast out from port. The Venerate was surely watching over him, as his receipt of the weapon proved timely.

The next morning dawned with the sea shrouded in thick fog. As *Cassandra's Smile* wended its way through the concealing mists, it intercepted a boatload of quickslaver-infested bodies. They were attempting to make the crossing from Unthara to a remote shore just south of the Caneus-Reis border. The captain of the *Smile* ordered the boat intercepted, thinking to simply sink it and leave the invaders to be swallowed by the sea. However, the boat was merely one in a fleet of dozens of small fishing vessels headed for shore, and the warship soon found itself swarmed by attackers. Klaus and his fellow marines were hard-pressed to fend off the attack. Bodies were felled, only to have the quickslavers emerge to continue the fight. Klaus ordered the sailors to take cover belowdecks, arraying his marines in a defensive formation around the hatches. The marines suffered heavy losses, their position further threatened as quickslavers began to infest the bodies of their own fallen. Faced with the horrifically animated remains of their fellow marines—better armored and armed than the initial invaders—the defenders' morale began to flag. Anna's prayers for her brother were answered, however, as another ship from the blockade happened on the fighting, and its crew joined the battle.

The fighting was fierce and the marines suffered amazing defeats, but in the end they prevailed—in large part due to the powers of the trident. Klaus was given an Imperial commendation



and offered a new command in the less perilous region of the Orin Sea. Klaus refused, feeling it proper to stay in the thick of things. He did request that his sister be allowed a transfer to a temple closer to his command, so that he might have closer contact with his family. This also allowed him to consult with her about producing more weapons of this type, as they may prove to be a turning point in the battle against the quickslaver menace.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

Slaver's Defiance is a trident with a broad, bladed steel head, its tines decorated in worked gold. The haft is wrapped entirely in strips of red eelskin, and the butt of the weapon bears a red garnet the size of a hen's egg, held in a gold and steel fitting.

Aura strong abjuration and conjuration; **CL** 9th
Slot none; **Price** 27,315gp; **Weight** 6 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

The Aegis of Makash is a +2 ooze *bane trident*. Due to the construction of its razor-edged tines, it can deal slashing as well as piercing damage. As a full round action, the wielder may take a single attack, or melee touch attack, at any quickslaver infesting a body. On a successful hit, the body is suffused with a golden light and the quickslaver is expelled from the body and staggered for one round. The silver markings normally found on such a body turn golden. The body can never again be infested by a quickslaver thereafter. The wielder of Aegis of Makash also gains a +2 resistance bonus against diseases.

CONSTRUCTION

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *dispel law, resistance, summon monster I*; **Cost** 13,815 gp

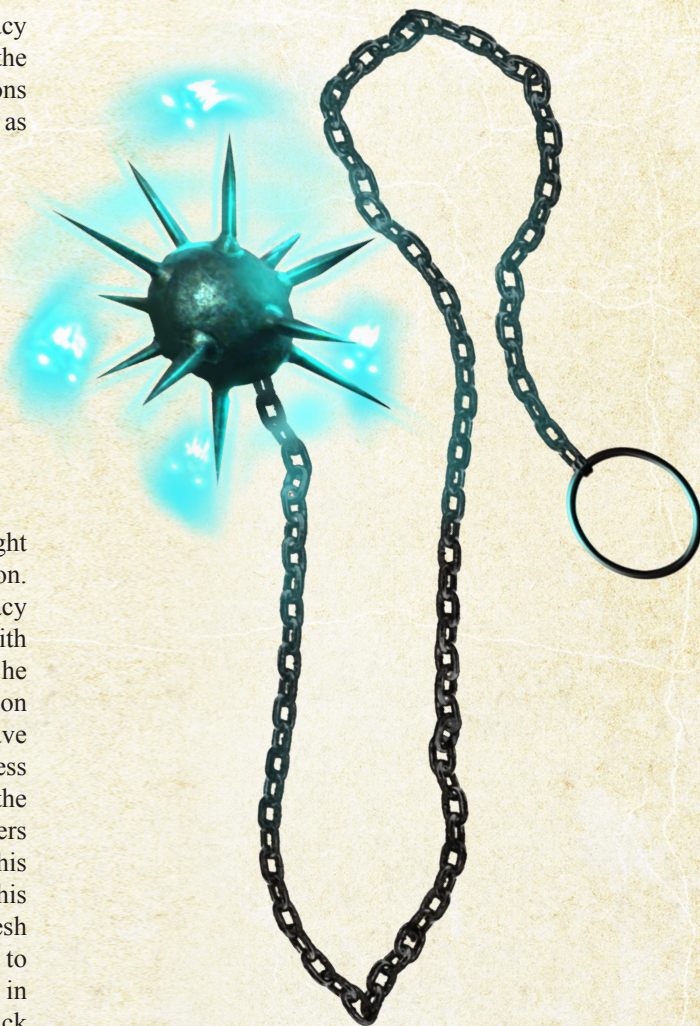
TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: CLAW OF XON

Over the course of the Twilight War, the Reis Confederacy committed many atrocities; chief among them was the employment of the necromancer Xon. His undead legions and horrific experiments served the Confederacy well, as he developed a powerful weapon for his reanimated troops. This weapon's dark origins were steeped in blood; foul necromantic rituals gave it the power to tear forth the souls of men, turning them into ghostly specters that hungered for the living. Xon gifted these weapons to his most trusted servants and powerful creations so that they might spread his evil influence across the battlefield, drowning out the sound of clashing steel and cannon fire with a wailing choir of tortured souls.

HISTORY

During the days of the Twilight War the Confederacy sought to augment its forces by employing the necromancer Xon. For years his undead horrors supplemented Confederacy troops on the battlefield crushing their enemies with unholy fervor. After each battle Xon's forces grew as he raised dead soldiers to join his shambling horde. Xon cultivated this new army and installed a powerful grave knight as the army's general. Then, testing a new process using his disturbing necromantic magic, he extracted the iron from the blood of hundreds of slaves and prisoners to forge a new weapon for his new general, befitting his power. Weaving even darker and fouler magic into this weapon he imparted it the power to not just tear flesh and pulp bone, but also rend the very soul from a body to serve the weapon's wielder before passing on. Placed in the hands of his grave knight general this weapon struck resolve-shattering fear into the hearts of all who beheld it, including his allies within the Confederacy. On the battlefield Xon's general felled men by the dozens, tearing the souls from their ragged bleeding bodies to stand at his side and strike down the men they once called allies. As the success of his design became apparent, Xon began crafting more of these unholy weapons to outfit his undead forces. Soon a tidal wave of ghastly spirits flowed over Xon's enemies, leaving a desiccated field of withered husks behind them. When the leaders of the Confederacy were informed of Xon's horrific methods, they decided that he must be dealt with before his undead legions grew so large that the Confederacy could not hope to contain them. With this decision made, the Confederacy descended upon Xon's army in full force, and the conflict was short but

dreadfully bloody. After the battle, soldiers gathered the terrible weapons to destroy them. However, some were



left behind or stolen by corrupt Confederacy agents for personal use. Since that day these weapons have been used to devastating effect in the hands of powerful necromancers, anti-paladins, and others. Many religious factions seek to destroy these weapons so that they may never again taint the souls of good men.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

A Claw of Xon is a terrifying weapon to behold. The weapon's grip is a plain iron chain flecked with blood and ending in a large metal loop. The head is a smooth and heavy iron ball with four-inch spikes jutting out at regular intervals. A trio of wailing ghostly figures swirl and dance about the head, casting a pale green light over the entire weapon.



NEW SPECIAL MATERIAL**BLOOD IRON**

Using dark rituals and foul magic, necromancers have developed a technique of drawing forth the iron in a creature's blood to be used in constructing potent weapons. This despicable process taints and strengthens the iron making it suitable for the creation of necromantic items. If an attack with a weapon made of blood iron hits a target suffering from a bleed condition, that creature takes 1 additional point of damage from the attack as the weapon drains blood from the wound. When this effect triggers, the weapon also repairs 1 point of damage it has sustained. A creature that takes this extra damage more than once in a round must make a DC 12 Fortitude save (+1 DC per point of bonus damage beyond the first dealt that round) or be sickened for one minute. The wielder of the weapon can choose to inflict 1 point of Constitution damage to themselves to repair up to 10 points of damage that the weapon has sustained. Items without metal parts cannot be made from blood iron. For example an arrow can be made of blood iron, but a quarterstaff cannot.

Blood Iron has the same hp and hardness as steel.

Blood Iron weapons are always masterwork, which is included in the material price.

Weapon +3,000 gp

Aura strong necromancy and transmutation; **CL** 15th

Slot none; **Price** 96,015 gp; **Weight** 10 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +1 *wounding blood iron heavy flail* is constantly swarming with spectral images of screaming faces. The tortured screams that emanate from the weapon make stealth impossible for the wielder and cause any creature within 30 ft. of the weapon except the wielder to become shaken. A creature slain by a Claw of Xon has its soul torn from its body and imprisoned within the weapon, up to 3 souls may be imprisoned in this manner. As a standard action, up to three times per day, the wielder of a Claw of Xon can force a soul out of the weapon and control it. The soul has the same stats as a shadow and appears in a square adjacent to the wielder. A creature whose soul is contained within the weapon is not able to be restored to life, even by *clone*, *raise dead*, *reincarnation*, *resurrection*, *true resurrection*, or even a *miracle* or *wish*. Only by destroying the weapon can a trapped soul be set free.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *bleed*, *cause fear*, *create greater undead*, *trap the soul*; **Cost** 48,708 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: DAEMONWATCH BLADE

The Var Shaal religion of the desert-dwelling gevet is inscrutable to those not of the people. It is said that a great temple lies in the desert where the gevet race was supposedly born. According to one fragmentary report from a zealous daemonslayer, the temple is guarded by fierce warriors that bear deadly blades and mercilessly hunt interlopers that threaten or defile their people's sacred ground.

HISTORY

Journal fragments recovered by a merchant, one of the faithful, and delivered to the Sanguine Cathedral circa 90 AU in Nyssa. They belonged to Joss Krenovic, a daemonslayer from Tusya in the Arman Protectorate, last seen in the Dominion over a decade ago:

Day 10: We have now entered the deep desert. According to the locals we spoke to at the mission, the gevet have a great temple hidden in the wastes. These mongrels not only openly flaunt their daemonic ancestry, they go so far as to claim they revel in it. Surely whatever is harbored in this temple of theirs should be investigated. We do not have the numbers for an outright assault—there being but a half dozen of us—but I shall see this place for myself. Once I am sure of its unclean state, I shall petition the Church for a force to cleanse it.

Day 14: —most unhelpful. Our guides are nervous, but still lead us to our destination. Their anxiety confirms my suspicions. This place of worship is heretical. Like a pustule, it should be lanced and drained of its filth and made pure.

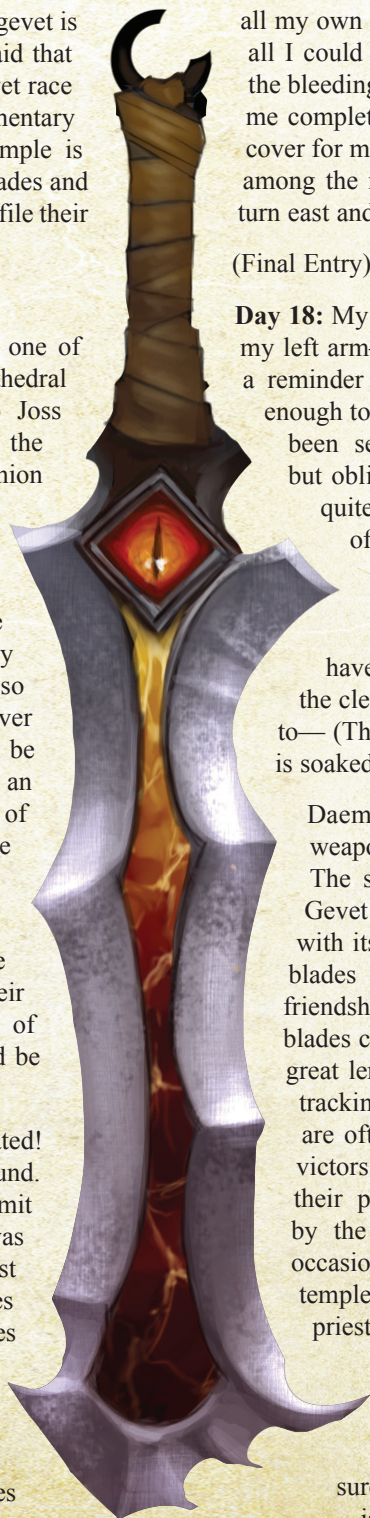
Day 16: By Dhazvok's red spear, we are defeated! Our guides led us to a heavily guarded compound. The guards at the gate were impertinent. I admit that I did not see who drew steel first, but it was those daemon-tainted bastards that drew first blood. They wielded ugly two-handed blades with great ferocity. What unholy magic resides in their steel, I do not know, but it is enough to defy the blessings of the Sanguine Lord. We were given great, gaping wounds for our troubles and were forced to withdraw, leaving three of our own behind. Our guides fled back into the desert like the curs they are. Lexx and Yuri bled out and fell during our retreat. I managed to heal

all my own wounds but one. A clumsy dressing was all I could manage, but it seems to have stemmed the bleeding. The Sanguine Lord has not abandoned me completely, as a sandstorm arose and provided cover for my escape. For now I sit in a small hollow among the rocks, awaiting its passing; then I shall turn east and make for the nearest settlement.

(Final Entry)

Day 18: My Lord is with me. I yet have a wound on my left arm—still resisting any healing magics—as a reminder of my failure. I have food and water enough to make it back to civilization. There have been several small sandstorms that have all but obliterated my trail. I am safe now, though quite tired and will be cleaning the sand out of unmentionable areas for days after I leave this desert, but I shall return home. When I am healed and have given my report to the Prelate, perhaps I shall have the opportunity to return and help with the cleansing of that place. I should dearly like to— (The writing ends here; the rest of the page is soaked in blood.)

Daemonwatch blades are the traditional weapons of the temple guards of Var Shaal. The swords are inlaid with shards from the Gevet Stone, increasing the weapons' magic with its strange power. In rare instances, these blades are gifted to those who have shown friendship to the gevet. Rarer still are those blades captured by force, as the gevet will go to great lengths to recover them from thieves; the tracking powers of the daemonwatch blades are often employed in this manner. Would-be victors are often caught, still suffering from their persistent wounds, and are slaughtered by the very thing they sought to take. On occasion, bearers of these blades will leave the temple, sent forth on quests on behalf of the priestesses. Gevet who encounter a bearer of a daemonwatch blade treat them with deference—usually out of respect, always out of fear—and avoid giving offense. A gevet with such a blade is surely in service to Var Shaal; a non-gevet is either a great friend of the temple, or a powerful enemy. In either case,



gevet are careful to avoid confrontation with such an individual.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

This greatsword sports irregular serrations along the length of its broad blade, and wickedly curved spikes around its broad point. The flat of the blade is inlaid on both sides with honey-colored stone, shot through with a milky marbling. Set into the base of the blade is a large crystalline eye, like that of a great reptile. The grip is wrapped with a long strip of plain but serviceable leather, tied off about the crescent pommel.

NEW WEAPON PROPERTY

EVERDEATH WEAPON PROPERTY

An everdeath weapon is made from shards of the Gevet. Damage done by an everdeath weapon inflicts infernal wounds like a bearded devil. Damage inflicted by the weapon does not heal naturally. The caster of any effect that would heal damage must succeed at a DC 20 caster level check or fail. A bearded devil with an everdeath weapon doubles its bleed damage.

Trying to bring a target back from the dead that was killed by an everdeath weapon requires a DC 25 caster level check or it fails. The everdeath weapon absorbs the souls of those it kills.

Moderate evocation, strong evil; **CL** 9th; Craft Arms and Armor, *inflict serious wounds* or *vampiric touch*, must have a piece of Gevet; **Price** +2 bonus.

Aura moderate divination and evocation, strong evil; **CL** 9th

Slot none; **Price** 77,350 gp; **Weight** 8 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

A daemonwatch blade is a +1 *unholy everdeath greatsword*. When a blade wounds a creature, a mystic link is created through the target's blood. The wielder of the blade can track down the last creature struck as if using a *locate creature* spell, but without a range limit so long as both blade and creature are on the same plane. This ability lasts for up to 12 hours after the last of the damage inflicted by the sword has been healed. The bearer of the blade gains a +2 circumstance bonus on all Bluff, Diplomacy, and Intimidate checks made against geverts.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *inflict serious wounds* or *vampiric touch*, *locate creature*, *unholy blight*, must have a piece of Gevet stone; **Cost** 38,850 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: DANCING DRAGONS

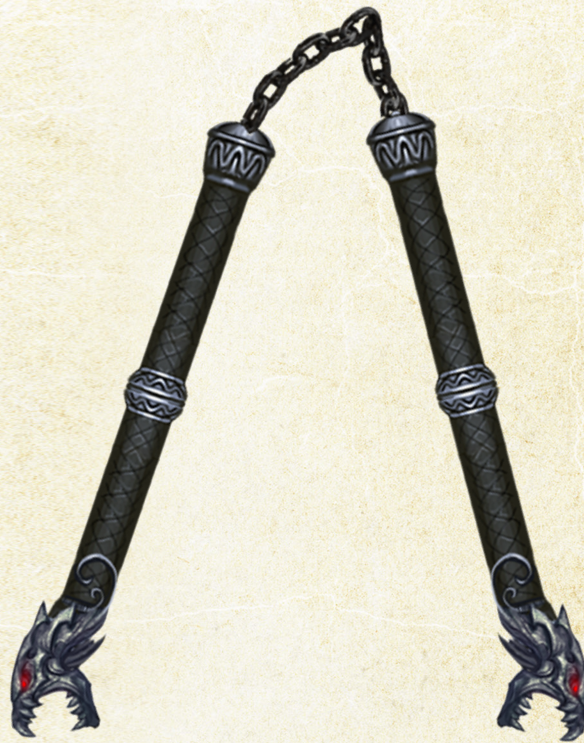
Scattered across the face of Exodus are the Nexus Gateways, ancient magical portals that connect with each other as well as other worlds and dimensions. They cannot be controlled completely, though—on occasion they open without warning, sometimes bringing terrifying things from across the planes. One such occasion brought the wandering hero known as the Monkey Prince, who left behind tales of his madcap adventures and a powerful weapon known as the Dancing Dragons.

HISTORY

On a warm, mild night in 84 AU, the Nexus Gateway in Awenasa flared to life of its own accord. From the blazing energies of the gate sprang a single form—lean, spry, and robed—into the courtyard surrounding the gate. Its arrival did not go unnoticed. The gateway was always watched by a cadre of guards, as this occasion wasn't the first time a Nexus gate had let through something from beyond. The proud Panther Warriors at the gate demanded the being to surrender. With a laugh the creature instead attacked. The guards were soon put on the defensive as this lightning-quick creature set on them with flashing nunchaku, striking with blinding speed and leaping about the courtyard with ease. The guards, veterans all, found themselves engaged in a pitched battle against a single and seemingly untouchable foe.

The savage combat drew the attention of a young nobleman named Maroka, cousin and potential suitor to the Imperatrix Lolani, the latter desire stymied by her budding relationship with Bial Eland. Hurrying to see the source of the commotion, Maroka and his entourage found the carnage of fallen warriors and—fighting off the last desperate defenders—a single simian humanoid. The creature was covered in golden fur, clad in silken robes of royal blue. Its long, slender tail lashed the air as it fought. Whirling its weapon, it moved as fluidly as water and swiftly as the wind, ready to trip or disarm its few remaining opponents. However, the alarm had roused the rest of the garrison and more defenders were coming, likely enough to overwhelm the brash warrior. Maroka, struck by admiration for the stranger, felt determined to test his mettle against the strange being. The young nobleman warned his entourage back and strode forward, raising his Bal club and calling out a challenge. It's unclear whether the beast-man understood the man's words, but it recognized his intent. The creature leapt free

of its foes and beckoned the young nobleman on. The two engaged in an epic clash, fighting until they both collapsed from exhaustion.



Intrigued by this strange but honorable person, Maroka declared that the simian challenger had his personal protection, demanding the troops stand down and allow him to escort the simian to Lolani. After much convincing, the Imperatrix let the beast live, so long as Maroka took it from her city, eager to move the thing that embarrassed a squad of her elite troops as far away as possible.

Thus began a great friendship. The simian, whom Maroka dubbed the Monkey Prince, learned what he could of the local language, and taught Maroka some of his own tongue. The two roamed the expansive jungles of Bal, testing themselves against all the terrors of the wilds in great adventures. They fought together against savage beasts, caliban raiders, and wild enuka tribes. They explored ancient ruins swallowed by the jungle, great caverns in the depths of the earth, and lost shipwrecks off the coast. They would amass fortunes only to toss them away on hedonistic pursuits, piles of fine food, and buckets of ale, and then head back into the wilds to gain more. One day—after five years of adventures and revelry—the Monkey Prince made clear his intention to return home. Maroka and the Prince returned to Awenasa, where they bade the

Imperatrix for permission to open the gate so the Monkey Prince could return home. She agreed,



and the gate opened. Before departing, the Prince gifted Maroka with his nunchaku, then he stepped through the gate. The two friends never met again.

Maroka continued his adventures, but some months later he vanished without a trace. His noble house loosened its purse-strings to hire diviners and expert trackers, who eventually located the young nobleman's body in the deep jungles. Though they returned him to his house, they could not find the Dancing Dragons among his possessions. The whereabouts of the potent weapons are currently a mystery.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

These nunchaku are crafted of mithral and bound in some type of black, scaly hide. The caps of the rods are fashioned into roaring dragon-heads with eyes of red garnet. The exposed metal of the weapon is strangely cold to the touch, yet the hide is oddly warm.

THE DANCING DRAGONS

Aura strong evocation and transmutation; **CL** 15th
Slot none; **Price** 30,802 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

Enchanted as +2 *mithral countering nunchaku*, the *dancing dragons* also have several other amazing attributes. The entire weapon is partially animate—the dragon-heads can snap and bite at opponents in combat. Before each attack, the wielder can choose for the weapon to deal bludgeoning, piercing, or slashing damage.

When the *dancing dragons* are used to disarm an opponent, their wielder may imbue the disarmed weapon with the *dancing* weapon ability, causing it to attack the disarmed opponent for 4 rounds as per the ability description. At the end of the fourth round, the effect ends and the weapon falls to the ground. This ability can be used three times per day.

Three times per day as a full-round action, the wielder can whirl the *dancing dragons* about, releasing a blast of cold in a 10-foot radius. All affected creatures must make a Reflex save (DC 10 + 1/2 wielder's character level or HD) or take 6d6 cold damage and be staggered for 1 round. A successful save halves the damage and negates the staggered effect.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *animate object*, *cat's grace*, *cone of cold*, crafter must be at least 15th level; **Cost** 15,802 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: DEATH'S FOLLY

Not every weapon has some epic tale of war, love, and loss attached to it. Some weapons' stories are folk myths or fairy tales, never written down, and of unknown antiquity. Most of these weapons are as imaginary as the stories themselves. Some, however, indeed exist, and those who might have laughed at the tales of minstrels and old women may have an unpleasant surprise awaiting them. Death's Folly is such a weapon.

HISTORY

There is a story that is most often told in an island village deep within the harsh jungles of the Reis Confederacy. It sits in the middle of a large lake where its simple folk fished the waters for their daily keep. They say their island has been there since the beginning of the world and has remained unchanged ever since.

One day a boy was born to a loving couple in this village. After he was barely a season old Death came to the boy in the form of a life-threatening disease. Death was used to the harsh feelings that others had for him but was surprised when the boy was neither angry nor sad. Rather the boy was insulted.

"Cowardly Death." The boy said. "You only come to me at this age and in this form because you fear me. You know you cannot take me unless I seek you out."

Death chuckled even as his boils rose on the boy's sweaty skin.

"I am Death." Death said. "I can take anyone in any form I choose at any time I choose. It matters not your age or circumstances, boy. When I come, you are taken."

But with two words the boy gave Death pause. "Prove it."

Death considered the boy's words for a moment. Normally he would not consider this childish dare but Death was an old and vain sort of spirit and so he pulled himself away from the boy leaving him healthy and renewed.

"Very well." Said Death. "I will come for you three more times in this life. Should you resist me those three times I will not come for you again until you seek me out."

The boy readily agreed. Four years passed and like all children the boy became filled with the boundless energies of youth. It was then that Death came for the first time as promised. He came in the form of a great pike that patrolled the waters around the island, snatching children and animals that came to swim or drink in the lake.



The villagers despaired and their shaman, after consulting with his spirits, came to them and said. "It is the boy's fault that Death comes to our village. Throw him to the pike and Death will be sated."

As the villagers reached for the boy to throw him to the pike he spoke to the, "I do not fear Death. I will go to him and show you how youth may beat him."

And so the boy tied himself to the mightiest tree on the little island and threw himself to the lake. When the pike came the boy grabbed it by the mouth and held it; the rope strained but kept the boy from sinking below the water. For six days and nights the boy struggled with the pike until it gave into the boy's boundless energy and was killed when the boy struck it with a stone and collected its teeth.

Death hissed away from the pike vowing to return.



Ten more seasons past and the boy became an older boy on the verge of manhood. Though he did not have the boundless energy of boyhood he was quick and clever. It was at this time that Death came for the boy again.

This time Death came in the form of a band of slavers who snuck in at night to slice the throats of the men and take the women to be sold in the markets of their dark homeland. But the boy was keen in the darkness having been taught the secrets of night fishing by his father. He had fashioned Death's teeth into blow darts coated in the poison of the Mambi-Mambi frog. Before Death's slavers even knew that the boy was there, he slew three of them with these darts and when he pierced the eye and brain of their leader, Death's men fled into the night vowing to return one last time.

Taking the club of the slavers leader the boy grew into a man at the prime of life, strong, powerful, and willful. He attached Death's Teeth to Death's club and with it he defended the village against many enemies. That is until Death came for the third time.

This time Death came in the form of a great army and rode at its head on a massive war beast. When the villagers saw this army they accused the boy saying. "You have humiliated Death twice now and for your transgression he will come for us all."

The boy, wiser now than he was laughed at them. "Death can only take those who fear him. No matter what form or what time or what place Death will always be a coward who kills babies in the night. I will stand against Death as I did before and you will watch as I triumph."

Donning the armor of his forefathers and taking up his club he set out to wait for death on the bridge separating his village from the rest of the jungle. When Death came again he called out to Death. "Come, Death, I have bested you twice now. But now I am a man and as a man I fear not you or any form you may come to me. Let this be our final attempt and vex me no more."

Enraged at his humiliation at the boy's hands, Death marched the entirety of its army towards the boy. But, on the bridge of his village, and in the armor of his forefathers, wielding Death's own weapons, no man or beast could slay him. Though the army came relentlessly and without mercy the boy swung his club again and again felling each foe that stepped forward. Finally Death's army was defeated and he knew then that he could not take the boy now. Death limped away in defeat.

Aura moderate necromancy; **CL** 6th
Slot None; **Price** 4,230 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +1 *morningstar* is made from a solid branch of darkwood fitted with the needle-like teeth of a large lake pike. When this weapon successfully hits an opponent they must make a Fort DC 15 save or take 1d4 points of Con damage. A successful save negates this effect. This counts as a poison for the purposes of immunities or bonuses to saving throws.

CONSTRUCTION

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *poison*; **Cost** 2,115 gp

Many seasons passed and the boy who became a man became an old man and then an ancient man. All those he had ever loved or cared for grew old and Death came for them but never did Death seek the boy. Eventually the boy's body became tired, his mind withered, and his heart weakened. Every day became a thousand agonies but Death never came. Eventually the boy, growing tired of life lifted himself from his bed with an effort that many seasons before would have seen him to the top of a mountain and he stepped from his door to seek Death who waited on his doorstep. Death reached its hand for the boy and the boy took it. It was only then, did the boy die. The villagers gathered the boy's weapon and placed it in a shrine to their gods as a symbol of courage and prowess in the face of Death.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

This heavy spiked club is carved from a thick branch of darkwood and fitted with a number of pike teeth coated with a black poison that may not be removed even when cleaned or rubbed. Scholars argue about whether or not such a weapon could honestly be the fabled Death's Folly but some point out that the stories tend to exaggerate much about their protagonists, and that this weapon may simply be modeled after the story by a craftsman of the Reis jungles.

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: EMISSARY'S GLADIUS

The Phoenix Guard is the military arm of the Cult of the Emissary, a zealous offshoot of the Sanguine Covenant. Their most devout members are often awarded gifts for their service and dedication: magical blades that sap an opponent's mettle to increase the wielder's might. They are often found in the hands of Phoenix Guard officers as they lead their forces against those that would oppose the will of the Emissary.

HISTORY

The Rylosian Hermitage sat upon a secluded hillside some 50 miles north of the Abaddon River basin, on the edge of a small lake. The hermitage was supposedly in Janus Horde territory, but national borders were often fluid and the folk dwelling there were not concerned with matters of land rights. Contemplation and communion with nature were important, not the futile struggles of human powers. The building was a fortress, with solid stone walls and only one viable approach. Nothing of real value was kept within, and travelers that announced themselves—no matter whose banner they flew—were given shelter and hospitality within. Even so, strife eventually found its way to the gates and those gathered within could not ignore its bloody call.

Early one morning, in the late summer of 90 AU, the hermitage was attacked. The enemy had taken a band of hunters, who were returning with game to replenish the larders. Using the hunters' stolen outfits, the advance scouts disguised themselves to gain admittance. Once inside, they secured the gatehouse and opened the portals to the enemy. Their troops took the courtyard before the alarm was raised by a scullery lad, on his way to the kitchens to help prepare breakfast. The banners borne by their infantry left no question of their identity: a fiery bird, above a banner reading "Eternal Rebirth," the crest of the Phoenix Guard.

The hermitage was not taken easily. Among the anchorites that sought seclusion there, many were strong and well-adapted to a hard life in the wilderness. Hunters, trappers, mountain men—they were quick to respond to the danger and each was handy with a bow, spear, or blade. However, they were a collection of individuals; the foe was a well-trained unit of fighting men, organized and prepared. The Phoenix Guard

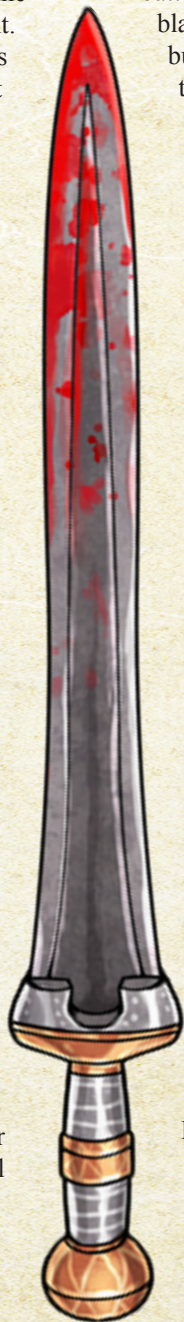
fought their way through the Rylosian resistance, which steadily strengthened. Druids of Rylos shape-shifted for

battle: A pair of great hunting cats, a stolid bear, a black wolf, and a sharp-taloned eagle joined the fight, but were likewise struck down despite the blood they spilled. The last knot of resistance was met at the chapel.

Crucius, devout servant of Rylos, challenged the enemy's leader in single combat. She accepted. Drawing her blade, a magnificent sword gifted to the most loyal of the troops, she met him in the middle of the chapel's aisle. Crucius seemed the superior warrior, his martial skills backed by divine magic. When wounds began to bother him, he would heal them with a spell and fight on; the soldier had to simply endure the strikes laid upon her by Crucius. Each time the Phoenix Guard commander struck true, though, Crucius faltered. She even seemed to gain more and more power as the fight went on. The priest began to look bewildered. His prayers, calling upon Rylos for aid, stumbled upon his lips; the words suddenly forgotten, the magic dying before it could take form. Crucius was forced back against the altar by the commander's sword, her arm seemingly more powerful now than when she was fresh at the battle's beginning. Finally, a thrust to the abdomen took the last of the fight from the priest, as his eyes rolled up in his head and he collapsed unconscious. Without ceremony, the commander laid Crucius' body out upon the altar and opened his throat, desecrating the altar. With the priest's death, the resistance was ended and the remaining Rylosians surrendered. The commander declared the place to be a heretical affront to the Sanguine Lord. In this declaration she was correct; the chapel was not dedicated to Rylos the Venerate, but Rylos the God, Lord of Beasts and patron of hunters. This dedication explained the remote location of the hermitage and why its attendants preferred their privacy.

All those remaining were offered a choice: renounce their heresy and accept the Sanguine Lord as the one true God, and his Emissary as the only path to salvation, or join in the fate their pagan priest. Most were stoic, choosing heresy and death over salvation. Their bodies joined Crucius and became ash when the place was set aflame in the Phoenix Guard's

departure. A few, including myself, were saved that day and live on to serve the Emissary, cleansing



the land and bringing the people to righteousness. I see now that what I originally grasped out of fear of death is what I now hold out of faith and devotion. All heresy must be rended asunder so that the true faith may persevere. All hail the Sanguine Lord and his Emissary! All hail the Phoenix Guard!

—The testimony of Tomas Calibri, initiate of the Emissary, and lost son of the Sanguine Lord returned to the path.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

An Emissarite's Gladius is a broad blade some two feet in length, forged of dark steel. The beveled groove along the blade's length sports two holes: one that resembles a stylized heart and the other a spear or javelin. The hilt bears a grip of wood, tightly wrapped in braided leather.

Aura moderate necromancy; **CL** 7th
Slot none; **Price** 25,320 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +2 *heartseeker gladius* saps the will of opponents to feed the strength of its wielder. On a successful critical hit, the blade inflicts 2 points of Wisdom damage on the target. It then imparts a +1 enhancement bonus to the wielder's Strength for 1 minute. Enhancement bonuses from the Emissarite's Gladius stack with one another, and each critical hit resets the duration. For example, on the first round of combat the wielder scores a critical hit and gains +1 to Strength; on the following round, she scores another critical hit and the enhancement bonus increases to +2, lasting 1 minute from that round.

CONSTRUCTION

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *bestow curse*, *bull's strength*, *death knell*; **Cost** 12,820 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: EUHUDI'S SACRIFICIAL KNIVES

In the ancient Wyldlands of Bal, a savage people worshiped their terrible god through bloody human sacrifices. Here, the Brotherhood of Khayne survived for centuries, both in the jungles and in the city-state Xehitoch. It wasn't until the height of Euhudi's time as high priestess that the rest of the world would come to know just how bloody their handprint on society would be...

HISTORY

From 390 BU until her capture by Darai's Naphil army in 380 BU, Euhudi served as the last and greatest high priestess of the Brotherhood of Khayne. It was her duty to ensure that the followers of Khayne, the bloodthirsty god of murder and chaos, showed their respect and duty to him. Atop the sacramental pyramid, she would perform her rituals and the blood of the sacrifices would stream from the altar down to bathe the stones of Khayne's temple.

As a high priestess, she would perform her rituals with exacting detail: from the cleansing of her body; to the robes she wore; to the methods she used to open the sacrifices tied to Khayne's altar. It is said that her ritual always used the same set of knives on the bodies of those chosen to be sacrificed.

Legend has it, that one night early in her time as high priestess, a vision of mystic runes came to her in a dream. She found an iron worker in Xehitoch who carved in these runes in her ritual blades. Though there was never a translation of the symbols made by outsiders, but it is said that they are a pact between Euhudi and Khayne for protection of her as long as she never gave up her faith.

Years of sacrifices set dried blood into the ridges of the symbols, which was said to be a link to the blood magic of the priestess and her god. The blades were never purified or cleaned after the symbols were carved, and yet they never lost their sharpness.

When Euhudi was captured in the battle between Naphil and Baargon in 380 BU, she was brought to Naphil with only her personal belongings. Her knives were hidden in her cloak, and only when she started to implement her practices within the Naphil priesthood did anyone ever see them again.

The only written evidence of their existence is in the form of a scroll dated around 365 BU that has been preserved in the tome *The Bloody Brotherhood: A History*, written

by Hinric Shanteen (20 BU - 57 AU), a historical tribune turned scholar at the famous Sihr Academy. Though much



of the original scroll was burned in a fire during the conflict with the Reis Confederacy, the paper contains a fragmentary journal entry from a young unnamed priest from Naphil that mentions the knives in a ceremony:

"... I did not believe my eyes at first, but as the Queen held up the first blade into the air and spoke the words to praise her god for our triumph in battle, it seemed as if the moonlight brought a glow to the red blood. I know not if this was just an illusion, but in that moment, I felt as if I was in the presence of my god and heard promises of glory and conquest beyond my dreams whispered into my ear. I knew then that this was my path, and I would..."

Many believed the knives followed their owner into the unknown when she disappeared, but in 263 BU, a group of Covenant missionaries were sacrificed in a city of the Reis Confederacy, triggering a war between the Confederacy and the Caneus Empire. No one identified exactly the group that performed the sacrifices, but one of the exsanguinated bodies had the symbols from the lost knives carved into its flesh.

Since then, there is muted talk of members of the ancient Brotherhood of Khayne perhaps being

still in existence, hiding among the people of Exodus. No longer are their sacrifices large, public ceremonies, but there will occasionally be a ritually murdered victim found in which the symbols are carved into the flesh. Whether they are perpetrated by one who carries one of the three original sacrificial knives is unknown. Yet any magical investigator or scholar who examines these bodies can confirm that the murder was done in a sacrificial way similar to that of Euhudi, and that there is a faint residual energy of a power that has long since been thought banished from the world.

DESCRIPTION

The Sacrificial Knives of Euhudi was originally a set of three knives. The largest of the three was a two-sided dagger that was used to split the flesh in clean strokes with little pressure. The second was a bit smaller; a thin serrated knife with a tiny hook on the end. This was meant to help separate the flesh from muscle and bone. The third knife was a tiny blade, meant to be used for delicate cutting and carving that needed a perfect amount of control by the wielder. All three knives were stored in a rolled up piece of leather made from the flesh of a human sacrifice, stained blood red, and tied with a strap made of woven human hair. The handles of each knife are wrapped in matching leather, and the symbols are etched into the flat part in the middle of each blade. They are stained with a deep blood red hue that will not wash away.

The engravings on the knives can only be able to be read by a true Brotherhood of Khayne member or through the use of a read magic spell:

- **Two Sided Dagger:** *Blood for the Power of Khayne*
- **Serrated knife:** *Flesh for the Strength of Khayne*
- **Tiny Carver:** *To Rise Again*

Aura moderate necromancy and enchantment; **CL** 8th

Slot none; **Price** 9,942 each; **Weight** 1 lb. each

DESCRIPTION

As a weapon, each knife in the set acts like +1 *keen dagger*. The knives are ill-suited for combat and impose a -4 penalty to attack rolls.

This item is used for making sacrifices to Khayne. If a knife is used to perform a coup de grace on a helpless humanoid victim, the user feels the knives instructing them unconsciously on how to perform their ritual. The wielder is then compelled as if affected by a *greater command* (Will DC 17) to enact the intricate ritual of sacrifice to Khayne. The ritual takes 3 rounds, and the wielder, if they fail their save, will not react to any distractions or attacks. After completing the task, they see that they have carved the symbols from the knives into the flesh of the victim. The sacrifice grants the user and any member of his party that is a believer of Khayne a +2 profane bonus to their saving throws. For every additional knife used, the bonus increases by 1 to a maximum of +4 when all three knives are used. If all three knives are used, all worshippers of Khayne also receive a +2 luck bonus to AC.

Any participant who is not a believer gets a +1 profane bonus to their AC instead. Using extra knives gives such a participant no extra bonuses.

These effects last for 72 hours. After 72 hours, all bonuses end, and another sacrifice will be necessary to regain the favor of the god. With each sacrifice, the user loses 12 hours of duration for its effects until a single sacrifice grants the bonus for only a 24 hour period (72, 60, 48, 36, and 24). When the duration reaches 24 hours, the time remains unchanged thereafter.

The bonuses are granted upon the sacrifice of a living, intelligent being. Using the blades on a dead sacrifice or a non-intelligent being invokes a curse on the user and all of the participants of a -4 profane penalty to AC. A proper sacrifice removes the curse. This effect can also be removed with a remove curse spell.

The user feels an addiction to the knives and the power. The user can throw a DC 13 Will Save against the addiction after the bonus has faded, and must make a Will save every 24 hours after until 72 hours have passed to be able to be free of the addiction.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *greater command*, *keen edge*, *prayer*, *shield of faith*;
Cost 4,871gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: GENTLE HAND OF LAW

During the reign of the Mad Emperor, civil upheavals were commonplace in the Caneus Empire. The final line of defense for the Emperor is the High Guard, charged with safeguarding their liege against all threats, foreign or domestic. The Lady-Commander of the High Guard, torn between duty to her monarch and empathy for her persecuted fellow citizens, prayed to the Sanguine Lord and all his Venerates for grace. Her prayers were granted in the form of a weapon, one with which she could continue her duties without shedding the blood of her compatriots.

HISTORY

In 524 BU, after decades of religious oppression at the hands of Emperor and self-proclaimed Archprelate Vincent Eland, the nobility rose up to rebel in response to his vicious purges of their ranks. When the final assault by the rebel forces descended on the palace, the Lady-Commander of the Imperial High Guard, Katryne Abromeit, led the defense. Katryne took no joy in her duties that day, as every attack rebuffed left dead to be mourned on both sides. Her own family was said to have joined the rebellion, along with most of the noble houses and the commoners that owed fealty to them. These were her fellow citizens, yet she would not break the oath she swore to defend the Imperial family with her life.

As the assault continued the rebels breached the outer gate, and Katryne's High Guard moved to reinforce the troops holding the gap. In a fierce sortie the High Guard repelled the attack, allowing the castle guards to close the gate and reinforce while the rebel forces regrouped. Katryne had lost her sword during the fight—torn from her grasp as it lodged in a now-fallen foe—so she sought it amid the pile of dead near the gate. Spotting its hilt amongst the carnage, she climbed over the bodies and attempted to pull it from the corpse. As the body rolled over, she recognized the dead man who refused to give up her blade: her elder brother, Bronys. She had slain her sibling in the melee without even recognizing him. Shaken and heartsick, she left both blade and body and turned away, leaving her second-in-command in charge as she retreated to the palace chapel.

the Sanguine Lord, Katryne wept. She prostrated herself, crying out to her God and His Venerates for mercy. She would not abandon her duties, but she could not bring herself to shed the blood of one more citizen of the Empire to fulfill those duties. She mourned her brother, her family, and her nation. She begged for a way to resolve her crisis. She prayed for the attack to stop, for the Emperor to stand down and surrender, even for Emperor Vincent to die, so she could relinquish her duty with honor intact—anything that would be a balm to her soul and the Empire. Her pleas were met with silence and the staring, sightless gaze of the statues of the Venerates around her.

Her eyes wandering amongst the stone visages, Katryne's gaze settled finally upon the statue of Dhazvok, patron of the war against heresy. The Emperor's constant persecution of pagans and heretics had brought down all this death and pain upon her and the rest of the Empire. Screaming, she pulled her mace from her belt and charged, ready to smash the statue to rubble in her grief and rage. However, as she brought the upraised weapon down, she felt a jarring halt as something blocked her blow.

Looking up, Katryne saw that the statue of Laita, Venerate of Rulership, had thrust its silver scepter out to parry her strike. A metallic radiance flowed from the scepter over Katryne's weapon, and an overwhelming sense of peace washed over her. As she lowered her weapon, she knew her plea had been heard. Composed again, she returned to the fight with the mace in hand.

The rebel forces eventually overwhelmed the palace defenders. Katryne Abromeit fought valiantly in defense of the Emperor, laying about with her mace, striking thunderous blows that felled her opponents but shed no blood and broke no bones. Katryne fell in combat, but survived the conflict. When she had recovered from her wounds, she was escorted to the throne room of the newly resurrected and crowned Albrecht Eland, who accepted her surrender as she offered up the mace she had used in the battle. Emperor Albrecht praised her for her adherence to duty and offered her a place within

his own High Guard, which she gratefully accepted, serving the new Emperor well for decades before retiring with honor.



Standing amidst the vaulted arches and surrounded by images of the Venerates arrayed before the altar of



The mace she carried, named The Gentle Hand of Law, still sees service centuries later, usually borne by the Lord- or Lady-Commander of the Imperial High Guard. The Sanguine Covenant have crafted similar weapons for those warriors in service to the Empire that honor Katryne's memory by refusing to shed the blood of their nation's citizens in the course of duty.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

This heavy mace is simply crafted and devoid of ornamentation. It consists of a cylindrical darkwood head with a steel core, sporting many steel studs on its surface. The head is attached to an oaken haft, capped in steel with a leather-wrapped grip.

GENTLE HAND OF LAW

Aura strong conjuration and evocation; **CL** 12th
Slot none; **Price** 22,312 gp; **Weight** 6 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

The gentle hand of law is a +1 merciful spellstoring heavy mace. On a confirmed critical hit, the mace releases a blast of numbing energy, inflicting 1d2 points of Dexterity damage on its target and causing the target to drop any held objects or creatures (forcing it to release a grappled opponent, for example).

CONSTRUCTION

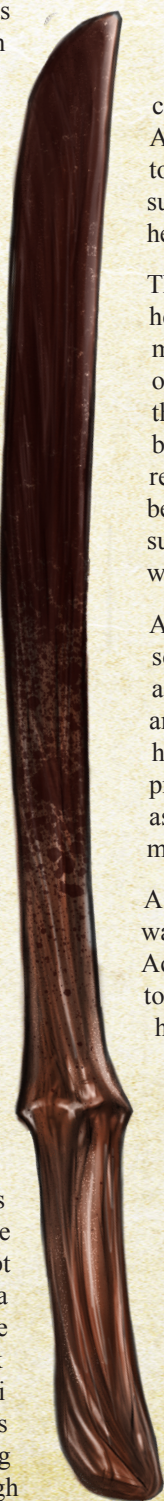
Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *cure light wounds, hold person*, creator must be at least 12th level; **Cost** 11,312 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: GRASSCUTTER

Anyone can kill with a blade made of steel, and legions of swordsmen have made names for themselves with such weapons; only some are skilled enough to kill with a wooden sword. One warrior and his descendants are legendary for killing legions of warriors and mighty creatures armed with only a wooden blade: Yushi Abo and his clan. This mighty warrior and master swordsman was already a hero of renown before claiming a blade that was both reward and punishment: the sword known as Grasscutter.

HISTORY:

There was once a warrior from the island of Xao, in the Casian Sea off the coast of Gavea, known as Yushi Abo. Yushi was renowned for his amazing swordsmanship, formidable fishing skills, and his passionate love of drinking. In 207 BU, as reckoned by the inhabitants of the Exodus mainland, Yushi and his best friend, Acrux Sael—druid and Imperial gardener—were caught during one of Yushi's alcohol-fueled fishing trips in a wild storm on the Casian Sea. The storm raged for hours, swamping and smashing the little fishing boat. After the storm passed, the two friends drifted at sea, clinging to the wreckage for three days. They were attacked by a passing shark, which managed to take one of Acrux's legs off at the knee before they drove it away. Exhausted and suffering from thirst and hunger, the two managed to wash ashore on an unfamiliar island. Yushi dragged Acrux ashore and tended to him. Yushi built a temporary shelter and brought water from a nearby stream that emptied into the sea. Once they had both quenched their thirst, Yushi left his friend to rest in the shade of their shelter. He found a strong piece of hardwood for a weapon and went inland to the jungle for food. While exploring, Yushi came across the nest of a megalania, which held three young. There were easier prey to be had in the jungle and no doubt plenty of forage as well, but Yushi was a warrior and a prideful one at that. Despite fatigue and exposure, he went after the young reptiles, determined to bring back a feast. Though each was the size of a large dog, Yushi easily dispatched them. He gathered them by their tails and began dragging them back to camp. While making his return trek, a deep, rumbling roar echoed through the jungle. Yushi realized that the sound must be the mother megalania returning to the nest to discover her



missing young. Yushi hurried back to the camp and informed Acrux of their dire situation. Yushi prepared for the arrival of the great reptile by carving his piece of wood into a makeshift sword. Acrux cast an *ironwood* spell on the wooden sword to give them a fighting—if desperate—chance to survive the vengeful mother, and used what few spells he had remaining to bolster them for the battle ahead.

The mother megalania, trailing Yushi by the scent of her dead young, burst from the jungle. She was a true monster of her kind, 24 feet in length and weighing over a ton. She tore across the sand and fell upon the two shipwrecked men in a frenzy. After a short but terrible battle, they managed to drive the great reptile back into the jungle. Both men knew they had been lucky to drive the beast off and would likely not survive a second encounter. Escape from the island was their only chance.

After nearly a week of evading the megalania and scrounging materials together, Acrux and Yushi built a raft that they hoped would withstand the open sea and deliver them back to Xao. Acrux helped as best he could, using his magic to bind the wood and help preserve their supplies. They loaded the raft with as much dried meat, fruit, and water as they could manage, and then prepared to leave.

As the two struggled to get the raft into the open water, the mother megalania found them once more. Acrux, unable to flee over the sands with only one leg, told Yushi to get the raft into the water and prepare himself to fend off the beast. Yushi assured his friend that he would return as soon as their raft was afloat. Struggling and straining, he managed to move the raft into deeper water. He rushed back to his friend, but he was too late. The megalania was too powerful—Acrux had sacrificed himself. Tearfully, Yushi waded out to the raft and clambered aboard, watching the beast devour the remnants of his best friend as he paddled away.

Days later, Yushi was spotted by the crew of a large fishing boat, who rescued him and returned him to Xao. Still grieving for his lost friend and ashamed for the part his overweening pride played in Acrux's death, he used his remaining wealth to turn his wooden blade into a serviceable weapon

by seeking out powerful wizards. In remembrance of Acrux Sael, Yushi committed himself to



mastering the wooden sword he called Grasscutter. As atonement for his part in the druid's death, he swore to never use another weapon again. He went on to become an even more acclaimed warrior, both his and his blade's fame growing as the years passed. It is said that the spirit of Acrux Sael appeared to Yushi Abo at his deathbed, forgiving him and promising to watch over his descendants. The spirit then touched the blade and disappeared. The great warrior sighed his last breath a moment later. After his death, Grasscutter was passed down to the descendants of Yushi Abo, each wielder becoming a great fighter in their own right, extending the legend of the family and its ancestral blade through many battles and adventures throughout the world of Exodus.

DESCRIPTION & CONSTRUCTION:

Grasscutter is a wooden sword with a single-edged, slightly curved blade similar to that of a katana. It is carved from a single piece of teak, the centuries darkening the wood to nearly black: the blood of many fallen enemies has left a rusty stain soaked into the grain. The handle is wrapped in a simple leather grip. Grasscutter is 3 ½ feet in length and weighs 4 pounds.

Aura moderate transmutation; **CL** 12th
Slot none; **Price** 120,000 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

STATISTICS

Alignment NG

Senses 60 ft., sight and hearing

Int 10, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 13, **Ego** 18

Communication empathy

Power Grasscutter can use *magic aura* on itself at will

Special Purpose Defend the bloodline of Yushi Abo

Dedicated Power Manifest Acrux Sael's spirit (This functions in all ways like a Summoner's eidolon, except that the spirit's stats are as shown below. Summoning takes a full round action. If slain, the spirit cannot be summoned again for 24 hours. While the spirit is manifested, Grasscutter loses its intelligence and any other properties associated with it until the spirit is dismissed or slain.)

DESCRIPTION

In most hands, *Grasscutter* functions as a +1 *club*. If wielded by a fighter, its full powers can be unleashed, and it functions as an intelligent +2 *impervious keen longsword of speed*. The sword carries a fairly powerful curse as well. Once it has been wielded in combat, the wielder feels compelled to wield no other melee weapons in battle other than *Grasscutter*. The wielder's ability to use ranged weapons remains unaffected. A successful *remove curse* spell (DC 20) allows the wielder to discard the wooden blade, but the curse will reassert itself should *Grasscutter* be used in combat again. If wielded by one of Yushi Abo's descendants or one dedicated to the protection of a descendant, its special power can be called upon: a manifestation of Acrux Sael that functions like a summoner's eidolon.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *fabricate*, *haste*, *keen edge*, *make whole*, *planar binding*; **Cost** 60,000 gp

ACRUX SAEL, GUARDIAN SPIRIT

NG Medium outsider

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +14

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 13, flat-footed 18 (+1 dodge, +2 Dex, +8 natural)

hp 68 (9d10+18)

Fort +9, **Ref** +5, **Will** +8

Defensive Abilities evasion; **DR** 5/evil; **SR** 23

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee slam +13/+8 (1d8+6 plus push)

Special Attacks *frightful presence* (Will DC 16)

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 24

Feats Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Toughness, Weapon Focus (slam)

Skills Knowledge (nature) +12, Perception +14, Profession (gardener) +14, Survival +14

Languages Celestial, Common, Druidic

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Frightful Presence (Ex): Acrux can activate this ability as part of an attack. Opponents within 30 feet must make a Will save or become shaken for 3d6 rounds. The DC of this save is Charisma-based. If Acrux has at least 4 more Hit Dice than an opponent, that opponent becomes frightened instead. Foes with more HD than Acrux are immune to this effect.

Magic Attacks (Su): Acrux's attacks are considered magic and good for the purpose of overcoming damage reduction.

Push (Ex): Whenever Acrux makes a successful slam attack, he can attempt a free combat maneuver check. If successful, the target of the attack is pushed 5 feet directly away from Acrux. This ability only works on creatures of sizes equal to or smaller than him. Creatures pushed in this way do not provoke attacks of opportunity.

Acrux Sael, the guardian spirit, appears as a tall lanky man of late-middle years, dressed in simple garb. His head and face are covered in salt-and-pepper stubble, his skin brown from decades of outdoor life, his eyes hidden by a permanent squint. He is an earthy fellow, fond of drink and speaking in old adages and proverbs.

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: HELLFROST HAMMER

In 73 AU an undead terror led a savage band of humanoids and giants north out of the Ice Crag. Its horde breached the Sanguine Barrier and began a short but brutal reign of terror in the southernmost reaches of the Arman Protectorate. The undead leader of the warband wielded a mighty dark hammer infused with it the dread chill of the South, sapping both warmth and life from its victims. The monster and its followers ran rampant for several weeks until reinforcements arrived and finally brought the nightmare to an abrupt end. Though the threat was put down years ago, the fear of the dread weapon and the creature that bore it is still fresh in the minds of the citizens that dwell near the southern frontier of the Protectorate.

HISTORY

The Protectorate was still confronting the fresh threat of the Janus Horde when Gorkath the Shambler, a caliban transformed into a wight, breached the southern border wall. With an army of calibans, ogres, and even a handful of frost giants in his wake, Gorkath quickly became the stuff of nightmare, descending on settlements with no greater goal than their total destruction. Loot and pillage appeared to be secondary. The slaughter was horrendous, made doubly so by the might of the band's leader and his magic hammer, a weapon that struck with the deathly chill of the cold southern wastes. Worse yet, the kills seemed to empower Gorkath, making him more terrible and inexorable with each victim he struck down. Terror sent the populations of entire villages fleeing north ahead of the marauders.

As the flood of refugees streaming northward became too great to ignore, the Protectorate diverted forces to quash the raiders. Initial contact led to a series of skirmishes as the monstrous band executed a fighting retreat back toward the Ice Crag, pursued by Protectorate troops. There were significant losses on both sides. Finally as Gorkath and what remained of his forces neared the Sanguine Barrier, a barrage of fire descended upon them from a unit of Artillerists that had circled to cut off their retreat. The assault obliterated the band of humanoids and their undead leader. Nothing of Gorkath remained but a single clawed hand, still clutching his deadly weapon. Protectorate officers took possession of the warhammer, returning it to the capital for study. The secrets of its construction and enchantment were eventually discerned and it is thought at least two more of its type have been created

in the years since Gorkath was destroyed. Some still wonder how a savage brute like the Shambler came into possession of such a



powerful weapon. It has been theorized that the wight was the agent of something more sinister. There may yet be something vile and powerful lurking in the Ice Crag, something that used Gorkath's band to

probe and test the Protectorate defenses. Still, it has been nearly two decades without further attacks of such scale. Perhaps it was a fluke, an isolated incident. However, the most cautious still keep a watchful eye to the South.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

A hellfrost hammer is crafted of dark steel. The head of the hammer is encircled by grinning skulls, each bearing a gold ring clenched between its teeth. Each ring is fastened by a gold chain to the rings borne by the skulls to either side of it. The handle is wrapped in leather dyed a deep blue. Blackened metal wire overlays the leather in a diamond pattern. The steel head contains a core of lead, giving the weapon greater heft than normal and increasing the force of its impact.

NEW WEAPON PROPERTY

BLACKFROST WEAPON PROPERTY

The blackfrost weapon property may only be added to a weapon with the frost or icy burst property. It infuses the weapon with the dark cold of southern Exodus. If a blackfrost weapon deals more than 3 points of cold damage it also deals 2 points of Dexterity damage.

Aura strong evocation and necromancy; **CL** 15th
Slot none; **Price** 77,312 gp; **Weight** 8 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +2 *blackfrost icy burst warhammer* can infuse its wielder with the life force of the fallen. When used to coup de grace a living opponent that is helpless or dying, the hammer floods its wielder with warmth and vitality, granting 3 temporary hit points per hit die of the victim and cold resistance of 5. If the victim has the fire subtype, the cold resistance granted rises to 10. The temporary hit points and cold resistance last for 10 minutes per hit die of the victim. If the wielder of the warhammer is undead, the hammer grants 5 hit points and a +1 to attack and damage rolls for the same duration. These benefits stack (e.g. a living wielder that performs a coup de grace on two 1 HD opponents in two consecutive rounds gains 6 temporary hit points and has cold resistance 5 for a 199 round duration.)

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *chill metal* or *ice storm*, *cone of cold*, *death knell*; **Cost** 38,656 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: HELM OF THE COMMUNAL MIND

In 489 BU the Nexus Gateway in Qijom spontaneously opened and a battle from another world spilled over into Exodus. The warriors on one side wore unique helms, completely devoid of visors or eye slits, they provided magical senses to their wearers while shielding them from the primary attack of their quarry: a medusa. These helms were eventually copied and built by the Wyrddancers of the Dominion. In recent years Section Omega took an interest in these helms and acquired one for study. They were able to reproduce the effects using psionics.

HISTORY

Not long after the Battle of the Rain of Blood, peace in the Dominion was momentarily interrupted. The disturbance was brief and touched little beyond its point of origin, but it brought a significant change. Qijom's Nexus Gateway flared to life one dark evening and beings from another world came through. First there came a medusa, which petrified the warriors guarding the Nexus Gateway. Shortly thereafter, a small group of tall, slender humanoids followed, armed with blade and bow and seemingly blind, as their golden helms sported no visor through which to see. A short, confused battle ensued, and the medusa was slain. The victors then surrendered to Dominion forces, as they meant no harm and wished to win their goodwill. They were strangely beautiful aliens, with their elongated ears, dark eyes, and beautifully lilting language: elves. Guards escorted them before the Khagan to tell their tale.

In their distant homeland, an old and exceptionally cruel medusa had preyed upon the elven settlement for many years. She was a cunning creature and avoided the counterattacks the elves staged, or led them into ambushes and created new statues to decorate her lair. In order to end this threat, elven wizards designed six magical helms to protect from the medusa's petrifying gaze, yet allow the wearer to still fight effectively. They were given to six volunteers, who then tracked the medusa to her lair, an ancient ruin. Taken off guard with her greatest offensive maneuver neutralized, the medusa opted to flee. The elves followed their quarry through the ruins, the medusa fleeing into unfamiliar territory. In her retreat, she accidentally activated an ancient magical gate which transported her to the Nexus Gate on Qijom. The elves were unsure where the gate led, but had pledged to destroy the medusa. They chose to follow.



Khagan Al Kasim was impressed by these strange visitors and their tale. He allowed them to stay as his honored guests. He charged his Wyrddancers with finding a way to reopen the gate to their home so they could return. This was eventually accomplished, and in return for his hospitality, the leader of the elven band offered up his magical helm. The Khagan gladly accepted. Eventually spellcasters were able to recreate the helm, a good thing since they are more effective in groups. To this day elite bands of Khalid Asad wear these helms into battle when facing enemies who use abilities or spells that are dependent upon an opponent's sight.

Recently Section Omega learned of the helms. They approached the Dominion for permission to study a set of helms. Having had trouble in the past with spellcasters aiding renegade psychics, they were interested in the helm's ability to negate a certain amount of arcane offense. That was the reasoning they gave, at least, and the Khagan appeared satisfied with it. He granted their request and soon they had effective psionic versions for use by their field agents.

PSIONIC HELM OF THE COMMUNAL MIND

Auras moderate psychometabolism and telepathy;

ML 9th

Slot head; **Price** 74,250 gp; **Weight** 3 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

The psionic version of the *helm of the communal mind* functions in a similar manner to the magic version, with the following exceptions. First, the functions of the helm are not subject to the *silence* spell, but will not function within the area of a *catapsi* effect. Second, the helm only functions for a total of 60 minutes per day. Third, the psionic version of the helm is constructed with a fitting where a cognizance crystal can be affixed. This allows the helm to draw power from the crystal to continue functioning once its daily time has elapsed. While drawing power from a crystal, the helm continues to function for an additional 10 minutes per day for every power point contained in the cognizance crystal.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *mindlink*, *sense link*, *touchsight*; **Cost** 37,125 gp

HELM OF THE COMMUNAL MIND

Auras moderate divination and transmutation; **CL** 9th

Slot head; **Price** 86,400 gp; **Weight** 3 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

When worn, this helm completely blocks vision, protecting the wearer from gaze attacks, visual illusions, or offensive spells that only work on sighted creatures—such as *color spray*. The helm of the communal mind grants the wearer blindsight in a 60 ft. radius. Furthermore, the helm can be attuned with up to five others of its type. One helm can be attuned to another by physical contact as a full round action. A maximum of six helms of the communal mind can be attuned in such a way (requiring a total of 5 rounds). Helms remain attuned until the wearer attempts to attune to another beyond the first five, at which point the first helm of the five attuned is detuned. When attuned, the wearer of one helm can “see” the 60 ft. area around every other attuned helm, and is aware of its position in relation to the wearer’s own position, even if the other wearer is more than 60 feet away. Therefore it is possible for the wearer of a helm to fire a ranged weapon or cast a spell at a target within 60 feet of the wearer of an attuned helm as if he had line of sight to the target. However, if another helm wearer’s range of blindsight does not touch or overlap then any intervening area is unseen, allowing the possibility of cover or obstruction. With the shared sensory information from other attuned helms, the wearer receives a +1 dodge bonus to AC and a +1 bonus to initiative checks for every other helm attuned to his own who is involved in the same combat, up to a maximum of +5. The helm of the communal mind can function for up to 90 minutes a day, and those minutes do not need to be consecutive, but must be used in blocks of 10 minutes at a time. Activating or deactivating the helm is a standard action, and donning or removing the helm is a move action. If a *silence* spell is cast upon the helm’s wearer or if he enters the spell’s area of effect, all benefits of the helm are suppressed until he leaves the area or the spell ends.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *echolocation*, *share senses*, *telepathic bond*, creator must have a familiar; **Cost** 43,200 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: ICHOR STING

At the dawn of humanity, when the First Ones were fighting their apocalyptic war with the Kaga, among their allies was a sorceress of incredible anger and fury; even among the mighty First Ones she was among the most terrible to behold. Her name is long lost to the deterioration and mercies of time. Yet her legacy and her hatred live on.

HISTORY

Only a few scholars know that after a long and hard siege of her fortress, a handful of heroes faced her earth-trembling power in her own throne room. They were determined to end her existence and free Exodus from her wrath for all time. She would not of course go easily into oblivion.

She had spent nearly all of her spells, and exhausted every defense she had constructed. One of the persistent and stalwart heroes managed to land what should have been a fight-ending blow to her leg, severing it just above the knee. So great was her anger and such was her power that instead of yielding the fight to a merciful death, she instead tore her own femur bone from her thigh and wielded it as a weapon of vengeance against her foes. Her nature was that her very body was enchanted with deadliness, and she lashed her foes with her own blood and tendons causing deep wounds and poisoning them with her black hatred. Rather than hinder her ability to fight it had seemed the heroes only roused her rage into a storm of evil fury that devastated the land about them. The heroes who so bravely stood against her fell, but at least they managed to weaken her to the point where the remaining soldiers gathered outside could move in and finish her off. It is said that she did not die until all her limbs were severed from her body and her head was taken from the torso and burned in enchanted fire. Only then did the blasphemous epithets and curses stop spewing from her fang filled maw.

That should have been the end of it, but a legacy of the First Ones could never have been buried and forgotten so easily. It was not until millennia later that an archaeological group working under the flag of Abaddon, excavating a First One city, discovered that her femur bone, still imbued with the magic of her hate. At first the archaeologists mistook the gruesome weapon as the grisly remains of some underground predator. Its bone had turned to a dark stone brown over time and the blood and flesh that formed its blade had hardened into a foul smelling tar-like substance

that refused to come free of the femur. It was discarded as garbage and forgotten by the archaeologists until



one of their workers picked it up as a souvenir of his adventures in the wilderness.

The worker, a disgruntled man already angry at the pitiful pay and poor treatment he was getting as a menial laborer, was driven to madness by the hate still contained by the weapon and he slaughtered everyone in the camp to a man. Janissary investigators reported that the victims had apparently been slashed to pieces by a bladed weapon, or had succumbed to some horrific blood disease that killed in moments. The only person unaccounted for was the worker who picked up the femur bone. He was later found several miles outside of the camp having died in the forest of sheer exhaustion. The weapon was not recovered.

Since then, there have been whispered stories of madmen wielding a weapon made of flesh



Aura strong necromancy; **CL** 17th
Slot None; **Price** 58,637 gp; **Weight** 6 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +2 *vicious unholy* whip deals lethal damage, unlike other whips. As a full round action a wielder can force Ichor Sting to take on the form of a blade made of blackened flesh and bone. In this form the weapon acts as a +2 *vicious unholy* bastard sword. When an opponent is struck with the sword they must make DC 18 Fort save or be infected with Demon Fever (PFRPG 557). Those who make this save are immune to this effect for 24 hours. The weapon is mildly intelligent and every night fall the Ichor Sting will attempt to force its wielder in a murderous rampage trying to kill or otherwise harm every living creature in sight. The wielder can resist this effect with a DC 15 Will save. Failure to make this save drives the wielder into a rampage and will kill everything near him until dawn. This is a mind affecting compulsion effect.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *dominate person*, *enervation*, *rage*, and *unholy blight*, creator must be evil; **Cost** 29,318 gp

and bone, a whip of ichor and blood that cuts as deep as any blade. The story was always the same. A hapless fool would come across the weapon and would take it up, being driven by some malevolent will to enact extreme vengeance on anyone who has ever slighted them. The Janissaries treat this matter with the utmost seriousness and have placed dozens of watch posters in search of the weapon dubbed *Ichor Sting*, which has gained all the infamy and fear of any wanted criminal.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

For all intents and purposes, *Ichor Sting* appears to be an ancient fossilized femur bone of some alien creature with a long tendril of black tar and stretched muscle tissue clinging to it. When it is grasped around its bone the tar-like substance comes to life and undulates on its own as if it were alive. When willed by the wielder into its blade form the blood and muscles harden and become an obsidian colored blade, slick with blood.

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: INFINITE FURY

The pursuit of knowledge and magic is paramount to the Cynean people and the Cynean wizard Kal-Dor pursued this goal with a fervor and fire unmatched by any of his brethren. However, when this wizard had mastered magic to the extent that he claimed to understand even the Kaga itself, he found his life empty without a goal for which to strive. Using his knowledge and understanding of the arcane arts he crafted a device to serve as both weapon and companion in his new quest: mastery of martial combat.

HISTORY

Kal-Dor was a cynean wizard who sought the same thing that enraptured the rest of his kin: knowledge and mastery of the arcane. He traveled all across Exodus in search of strange magical devices, new spells, magical theories, and scraps of esoteric lore forgotten by time. He sought out scholars and wizards of renown to teach him their secrets, and even plumbed the depths of ruins left behind by the First Ones to discover the secrets within. As he studied, his mastery of the arcane forces grew with astonishing speed, and it was said his powers rivaled, if not surpassed, that of the Sorcerer-Kings. Yet, despite having completed his life's goal of mastering the arcane, Kal-Dor was unfulfilled, for now he had nothing for which to strive. While meditating on what he had learned, Kal-Dor determined that since he had mastered his mind, he must now master his body. With this new revelation he decided that if he were to become a master of martial combat he would need a weapon befitting such a goal. Using the wealth of knowledge he had accrued, Kal-Dor crafted the blade known as Infinite Fury. This powerful sword would help in his quest with its many magic properties: powerful abilities to compensate for the weaknesses of his waning body so that he could stand toe to toe with the youngest of fighters, the ability to take the form of various weapons, for just as magic has many schools so too do the martial arts, and perhaps the most important feature: an arcane intelligence he named Sana-Dol. Sana-Dol would observe and record all of Kal-Dor's battles, storing the knowledge and techniques of the myriad of fighting styles that he encountered so that he might add them to his own. Kal-Dor encountered



fighters whose origins and techniques were as varied as the magic he had mastered, and overcame all of them, each one adding new maneuvers to his repertoire, and ensuring that he always had the perfect counter or offensive strike for any situation. This continued for many years, but knowing that he would not live forever Kal-Dor set his final plan into motion. He asked his friend and companion, the arcane intelligence Sana-Dol, to ensure that their work would be finished and to find able warriors to wield Infinite Fury, expanding its knowledge until, just as he mastered the arcane, it had mastered the art of combat. Sana-Dol agreed and arrangements were made to have the sword sent faraway and placed into the hands of someone worthy upon his death.

To this day no one knows who initially received the sword but it has changed hands dozens if not hundreds of times since. Sometimes taken as loot by the victor of a battle, other times found coincidentally by a new master after the previous one grew tired of fighting and fulfilling the blade's needs, and sometimes it is lost for years waiting for a new warrior to claim it. Regardless of how one comes upon the blade they all find it useful, as its array of abilities ensure that any can wield it with ease and understand the basics of many styles. Many who have wielded it claim that it offers insight into enemies or their fighting styles, constantly adapting the wielder's own to exploit his opponent. A rare few claim to have felt the true power of the blade; a rush of knowledge and magic that transforms their mind and body into that of a peerless warrior and striking, blocking, and countering, with a seemingly endless number of maneuvers. To this day the blade is coveted for its power and the struggle to possess it ensures it never stays in the same hands for long. There are Sasori who seek to unlock techniques that have been lost to time while some P'Tan desire to use the blade against the First Ones. In an almost ironic fashion many Cynean have no interest in the blade and consider the intelligence housed within it to be the only worthwhile reason to pursue ownership. But regardless of who wields the blade it is certainly destined to change hands again and again until it finally completes its goal.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

Infinite Fury is an elegant curved blade made of two separate lengths of mithral forged with an empty heart-shaped space between them to balance the blade's weight. The mithral grip is wrapped in fine brown leather that shows signs of wear and ends in a spiked pommel set with a thumb-sized shining sapphire.

Aura strong Divination and Transmutation; **CL** 16th
Slot none; **Price** 171,815 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

STATISTICS

Alignment N

Senses 60 ft., darkvision and hearing

Int 16, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 10, **Ego** 15

Communication speech

Power *Tactical Acumen* 1/day

Special Purpose Defeat powerful and varied enemies

Dedicated Power Transformation at will

DESCRIPTION

Infinite Fury is a +2 *defending transformative mithral longsword* that grants its wielder proficiency with whatever form it takes. Sana-Dol's constant pursuit of battle has given it a wealth of information that it imparts on its wielder giving them a + insight 2 bonus on all knowledge checks made to identify a creature. As a full round action a wielder can focus on the knowledge within the blade to gain insight on an enemy within 60ft. This grants the wielder a +10 insight bonus on all checks made to identify that creature and gives the weapon the bane special property of the appropriate creature type or subtype.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirments Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *Major Creation, Summon Monster I, Transformation, Tactical Acumen, True Strike*; **Cost** 85,908 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: JUDGMENT SEEKER

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS:
JUDGMENT SEEKER

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In 540 BU Emperor Vincent's persecution of the pagans was in full swing, and those who were still brave enough to live in the Caneus Empire and continue their worship chose to go underground. The clergy used any mean at their disposal to root out the pagans and locate those within the Covenant helping them to hide or fight back. To this end they created a number of powerful spears much like the fabled holy avengers. Called *judgment seekers*, these spears have become a symbol of Dhazvok's unrelented hatred of heretics, for good or for ill.

HISTORY

At the height of Emperor Vincent's madness, a group of druids planned on assassinating the emperor as he did his yearly hunt in the forests outside his summer home commemorating his rise to power. They were discovered by the work of a clever demonlayer named Argen Karmsson who had been investigating the circle of druids for some weeks. Before he could warn the emperor and put a stop to the plot the druids captured him and kept him prisoner for several days.

Eventually he managed to free himself and strangle one of the druids left to guard him. Taking up the druid's spear he hunted the others one by one in their own lair until he and the spear was covered in blood. A single surviving druid managed to escape the lair and decided to continue on with the plot as planned. After several hours of chasing the more capable druid through his home forest, they arrived at the grounds of the emperor's summer palace. On his hunt, and unaware of the danger he was in, the Emperor Vincent was caught off guard as the druid emerged from the underbrush in the form of a massive dire bear. With only seconds to spare, the tired, haggard, and weakened inquisitor hurled the spear in his hands with a whispered prayer to his god. The throw had almost no chance of striking and history might have been vastly different if it had not.

The spear struck true, digging deep into the druid's rib cage, and piercing his heart. Stunned by his brief brush with death, Emperor Vincent could only look on in shock as his attacker fell dead mere inches from his throat. What happened next is

lost to legend. Some stories say that Argen bowed down

on one knee and asked the Emperor to pardon him for the interruption before collapsing, dead. Others say he simply collapsed where he stood and was found later. Still, some rumors persist that he walked out of the woods fully renewed and healthy.

Regardless the Emperor saw the spear as a sign that he should launch a new holy crusade. He charged his priests with the task of developing a number of sacred weapons based upon the spear that saved his life, and armed the greatest inquisitor's of the covenant with them. Since all paladins were blasphemers, he reckoned, he would arm his inquisitors in their stead.

The priests created a weapon which they deemed the *judgment seeker*. Piercing through lies and stealth to slice open the hearts of heretics and pagans, it came to represent everything that was twisted about the methods Emperor Vincent used to keep his detractors and targets in check. While many inquisitors carried spears to honor the memory of Argen Karmsson, only the most highly skilled or highest ranking inquisitors carried *judgment seekers*.

In a bitter turn of irony, it is rumored, that Argen sought to assassinate Emperor Vincent some years later when he sought to punish him for crimes against the church. His *judgment seeker* was broken shortly after he was caught and executed. For his loyalty to the Caneus Empire and to the Sanguine Covenant, a statue of him was built to honor his memory just outside the main temple of the Covenant in the capital city some years after Emperor Vincent's demise.

Despite its storied history and closeness to a dark period in their history the Sanguine Covenant continues the use of the *judgment seekers*. Now, however they have turned the holy spears away from the mostly passive druidic cults onto true heretics and other creatures that threaten their religion. Still, grudges remain among the druidic cults in the hinterlands of the empire and wise inquisitors often choose a different weapon when going into these regions to avoid attracting unwanted attention.



Aura strong enchantment; **CL** 18th
Slot None; **Price**; 123,715 gp **Weight** 7 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +2 *cold iron* spear becomes a +5 *wounding cold iron* spear in the hands of an inquisitor of the Sanguine Covenant.

This sacred weapon grants the wielder the benefits of the Endurance feat to the wielder. It also allows the wielder to use fear (once per round as a standard action) at the class level of the inquisitor. In addition whenever the inquisitor uses her bane ability on the weapon it is extended for a number of rounds equal to her wisdom modifier.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *fear*,
Cost 61,857 gp

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

Judgment seekers are solid spears of polished ash, tipped with a cold iron spear tip at one end and a brass knob for balance on the other. Carvings of saints, prophets, and martyrs of the Sanguine Covenant cover the spear.

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: MALICE BLADE

The Janissaries are part knight, part monk, and part sorcerer. With their unparalleled powers over the mind and blade alike it is no wonder that they would produce powerful and exotic weaponry best suited for their unique form of combat and philosophy. Perhaps one of the most bizarre weapons crafted by the Janissaries warriors was a red crystal blade forged from purest emotional anger and hate known as the Malice Blade.

HISTORY

According to the sect's historians, the Janissary known as Regmar Hultsson sought the ultimate physical manifestation of his own aggression and blood thirst in battle. He reasoned that if he could isolate that rage into a terrible weapon his prowess in battle could only increase, as it would be his pure focused mind directing a weapon made from his own aggressive nature.

For decades, he studied the methods of the Cavians, researched the lost secrets of soul knives, and even went so far as to study various martial arts and magical disciplines based upon controlling and directing raw emotion. After nearly forty years of hard study and finally mastering a number of different disciplines, Regmar finally felt he was ready to separate his aggressive energies from his conscious mind. He isolated himself in a remote part of the fortress and meditated for twenty-one days, forming the blade into a solid weapon of crystallized mental energy.

The results were both better and worse than he could have ever truly understood. He had indeed created a weapon every bit as terrifying as his years of pent up rage and battle fury. And it was, in fact, powerful when wielded in the right hands. The tragedy was that without the fury now contained within the blade he was incapable of wielding the weapon. Regmar retired to a pacifist's life teaching new recruits how to focus and harness their mental powers and never again touched a weapon. So his story ended.

Malice Blade, however, among the Janissaries, has become something of a legend as a weapon that unlocks and enhances a warrior's natural battle fury. The stories also tell a warning, as a warrior who takes up the blade runs the risk of losing control and entering an unstoppable battle frenzy devoid of honor and chivalry.

The weapon has been wielded successfully only by a small number of notable Janissaries including Rygar Telagson, Harumi Takamashi, and the most recent wielder, Thelan

Malakash. In the hands of these three Janissaries Malice Blade has tasted the blood of demons, undead,



villains, and monsters of indescribable horror. While much of the credit has gone to these worthy wielders, it is without a doubt that their success might not have been possible without the additional fury provided by the Malice Blade.

However a recent observation has Thelan Malakash concerned about the viability of the sword as a usable weapon in the future and he has been hesitant to draw it as a result. Originally the blade was a cloudy color not dissimilar to amethyst. Over time, he has noticed that with each wielder the blade darkens and grows redder. In his hands the red has deepened into a dark crimson. He has also noted that nearly all the wielders of the weapon retired early, becoming pacifists not unlike the blades creator. He fears that the weapon actually drains and stores the aggressive feelings of the wielder, and worse, actually drains the anger and aggression out of those it

strikes. Considering that the weapon unleashes this anger in the midst of combat, he fears that



Aura strong psychokinesis; **ML** 15th;
Slot None; **Price**; 54,670 gp **Weight** 15 lbs

DESCRIPTION

This +3 *psychokinetic collision* crystal falchion emits a glow resembling a torch whenever it is used in combat, or it is held by an agitated or angered wielder. As a swift action, the wielder can use the blade to enter a bloodthirsty rage as per the *rage* spell (CL 15th), granting instead a +4 morale bonus on Strength and Constitution. The wielder must succeed in a DC 17 Will save to willingly drop out of the rage. Failure to do so forces the wielder to seek combat wherever it might be found and throw himself recklessly into battle without mercy until there are no enemies available to attack. In either case, when the rage ends the wielder is fatigued.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *concussive blast*, *matter manipulation*, creator must be able to enter a rage like the barbarian ability at least once a day; **Cost** 27,335 gp

given enough time the weapon will simply become uncontrollable in anyone's hands. He has yet to find a suitable solution to this problem. For now, he prefers a weapon forged from his own mental energy as opposed to the Malice Blade, and only draws it in circumstances where he feels he has no other alternative.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

The Malice Blade appears to be a falchion crafted out of a single piece of deep red crystal. It glows malevolently whenever its wielder feels angry or is in the midst of battle.

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: MORDANT WRATH

In the midst of the Age of Mind and Magic, one of the Sorcerer-Kings sought an alliance with a great green dragon against the Cavians. When the wyrm would not give its power willingly, the sorcerer took it by force. Using blood rituals he gifted his greatest general with a measure of the dragon's physical power. He then took her spirit and bound it into a powerfully enchanted axe to arm that general for battle.

HISTORY

Kavelin Skybright, Sorcerer-king, waged a war against the Cavians fueled by righteous indignation. That a race of noxious beastmen, no better than vermin, could seek to best the arcane might of humankind seemed to him supreme audacity. He taxed his powers to their limits, seeking to obliterate them from the face of Exodus. He made pacts with daemons, allied with monsters, and made whatever dark bargains that were required to obtain more aid for his arduous and genocidal task. It was in the pursuit of yet more power that he attempted to bargain with one of the mightiest of creatures: Jazykjeda, a great green dragon that dwelt in the heart of an ancient forest.

At first the dragon was amenable to Kavelin's offer of alliance. However, the suggestion that Jazykjeda serve as a mount for the Sorcerer-King, or one of his generals, stung the dragon's pride. She flatly refused. Kavelin attempted to use his magic to force the dragon into submission and, enraged, she attacked. The battle was fierce, but Kavelin prevailed. The creature's horde of minions was claimed and Kavelin used ritual blood magic to instill his greatest general, Markahm, with strength and vitality from the dragon's heart blood. The Sorcerer-King went one step further, and imprisoned the dragon's very spirit, impressed with its powerful rage. Intent on gaining service from the dragon in some form, Kavelin bent his arcane prowess towards creating a weapon suitable for his greatest general. A magnificent axe was forged and the Sorcerer-King plied his spells to instill the spirit of the dragon within it, magnifying and enhancing the magic already laid into the weapon. When he finished, Kavelin presented his General Markahm with Mordant Wrath. The weapon held only a portion of the dragon's formidable spirit, but seemed to have retained all of Jazykjeda's fury, though less focused and cunning. The axe was content, even driven, to destroy anyone that was not its wielder.

History is unclear as to the events that followed. Some tales say that the Markahm led Kavelin's armies to many victories until the Cavians finally crushed him, taking



the axe as plunder. Others say that the vengeful spirit of the weapon turned the general against his master and that Markahm used the axe to kill the Sorcerer-King, or that Kavelin destroyed the general for his treason, or even that they killed one another in a brutal battle and the weapon vanished. Whatever the truth, Mordant Wrath has changed

hands countless times over the ages.

In modern times it most often resurfaces in



Sametia, where it is known and greatly coveted by those barbarians known as Fists of the Dragon. They view General Markahm as one of the first of their kind, having been imbued with power from the dragon's blood. The weapon will serve a particular master well, often propelling the warrior to the head of a horde. Eventually, the warrior then falls in his continuing quest to slay greater and greater foes. Often a barbarian will lose the weapon, and his life, to a dragon – seemingly the weapon seeing them as rivals. Then the axe will sit in the dragon's horde until the next mighty warrior comes to slay her and lay claim to the weapon. The cycle has repeated itself no less than three times in the last decade alone. Nonetheless, the day may yet come when a horde leader turns the blade's power on the civilized lands and paints them red with blood.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

Mordant Wrath is both beautiful and terrible. Its haft is a sturdy branch from an ancient mountain-ash, smoothed and stained dark, with a simple leather wrapping for grip and a steel cap and ring at its end. The head of the axe is a marvelously wrought blade in the shape of a stylized dragon head, its fanged mouth agape. The dragon's eyes and a rune of power at the base of the axe head glow with an angry red light.

NEW SPELL

CORROSIVE CONSUMPTION

School conjuration (creation) [acid]; **Level** magus 5, sorcerer/wizard 5

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range touch

Target creature touched

Duration 3 rounds

Saving Throw none; **Spell resistance** yes

With a touch, this spell causes a small, rapidly growing patch of corrosive acid to appear on the target. On the first round, the acid deals 1 point of acid damage per caster level (maximum 15). On the second round, the acid patch grows and deals 1d4 points of acid damage per caster level (maximum 15d4). On the third and final round, the acid patch covers the entire creature and deals 1d6 points of acid damage per caster level (maximum 15d6). The target can spend a full-round action to scrape off the acid, or can wash it off with at least 1 gallon of liquid to halve the damage for that round and negate the remaining rounds of the spell.

Aura strong enchantment and conjuration; **CL** 17th
Slot none; **Price** 189,820 gp; **Weight** 12 lbs.

STATISTICS

Alignment NE

Senses 120 ft., darkvision, blindsense, and hearing

Int 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 16, **Ego** 19

Communication empathy

Power rage 3/day

Special Purpose slay all except itself and its wielder

Dedicated Power *corrosive consumption* at will

DESCRIPTION

This +3 *furious corrosive burst* greataxe contains a fragment of a great green wyrm's spiritual essence. While its intellect has been dulled by its interment into steel, its force of personality is still quite strong. While it can only communicate empathically, Mordant Wrath does have a voice of sorts, the metal of its blade vibrating in metallic growls and roars to express its ceaseless rage and hunger for the destruction of all living things. These unnerving sounds provide the wielder with a +2 circumstance bonus on all Intimidate checks. In pursuit of its purpose, the axe can enact its dedicated power with but a touch, but it can also be delivered as part of a regular melee attack, though no more than once in a round.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *acid arrow*, *corrosive consumption*, *rage*; **Cost** 94,910 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: OATHBREAKER



Oathbreaker is a guisarme notorious among the leaders and great scholars of the Sanguine Lord's church. A Sanguine Covenant paladin bore the weapon in an attempt to sidestep her vows for the ostensibly greater good, and can help free others from their limitations as well. Though its effect is only temporary, it is supplemented with other powers which can theoretically keep others from ever realizing what has happened.

HISTORY

Long ago, terrible persecutions of pagans by believers in the Sanguine Covenant swept the Caneus Empire. The obsessed Emperor oversaw much of the populace suffer sword-point conversions, leaving only a tiny fraction of the original faith of the Empire intact in the most remote regions. Despite a great deal of cruelty and suffering inflicted in the name of the noble Sanguine Lord, these brutal tactics did prove largely successful. However, anything less than total victory was not enough for a few of the most ruthless in the church. One paladin believed that the only way to truly redeem the nation from its old, mistaken, ways was to finally erase the few stubborn holdouts.

Although a skilled craftswoman in her own right, the paladin convinced the Emperor's personal magical smith to help her forge a unique guisarme that would allow her to root out the last resistance by whatever means necessary. She knew that she risked her soul, but she believed her actions would be justified by saving

many more. In

her own warped perspective, she was doing a service to the Sanguine Lord for the

Aura strong conjuration; **CL** 11th
Slot none; **Price** 108,308 gp; **Weight** 10 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This +3 *axiomatic guisarme* protects its owner with a +2 insight bonus on Will saving throws against mind-affecting effects as long as it is carried. By planting the butt of the pole on the ground and touching a target as a standard action, the wielder can use *cure serious wounds* or *remove disease* a combined total of three times per day. Once per day, when Oathbreaker is successfully used to make a combat maneuver against a summoned creature, that creature must succeed on a Will save (DC 19) or fall under the control of the wielder as if the wielder had summoned the creature. Also once per day, if the wielder would suffer a loss of class abilities or the negative effects of a *geas* as a result of taking a prohibited action or changing his alignment, so long as they remain on the Lawful axis, the owner can attempt a Will save (DC 19); if he succeeds, he is temporarily immune to those consequences. Every 24 hours thereafter, he must make a new saving throw with a DC +2 greater than the previous one. If he fails one of these saving throws or another creature takes possession of Oathbreaker, the consequences take effect.

CONSTRUCTION

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *cure serious wounds*, *misdirection*, *nondetection*, *summon monster VI*;
Cost 54,308 gp

greater good, even if it might be against his will. Such was her arrogance that she resisted the stripping of her paladin powers for a time even after resorting to torture against the clerics of the old gods. Her certainty in her own righteousness was visible to any spirit that studied her for even a moment, and so she cowed more than a few summoned servants of the pagan priests into accepting her mission as their true calling and turned them against their summoners.

In the end, the Archprelate and his servants learned of the paladin's misdeeds and brought her to trial. She nearly escaped being revealed as fallen from grace, but her smith ally had a change of heart. He was so appalled by the true depths to which she had sunken with his help, that he revealed to the inquisitors the scheme



to preserve her powers and rank, and put himself at their mercy, begging for forgiveness. The paladin was executed for her crimes and her name was wiped from all records, but the guisarme was so remarkable that the priests could not bring themselves to destroy it. Instead, it was locked away with the intention of keeping it a secret from any but the church leaders.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

Oathbreaker is a sturdy, well-built guisarme of a solid shade of deepest blood-red. It never shows any blood on its surface no matter the color or volume of the blood it has spilt.

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: OMEN BLADE

A short sword of sharpest obsidian, once wielded by a crime lord concerned with fate and intelligence gathering, *Omen Blade* offers occasional warnings against misjudgments and especially curses. In addition, the wielder can accept an ill omen on himself in order to inflict similar misfortune on an enemy.

HISTORY

Less than two hundred years ago, a ring of skillful rogues, assassins, and thieves plagued Amitola in the Reis Confederacy. Far from the power of the Confederate government to control, their influence seemed impossible to challenge to the common people they victimized. One particularly infamous leader of this secretive syndicate was a panther warrior named Barassa. Whispered rumors said he rose meteorically through the ranks of his gang through the use of the same enchanted weapon that made him such a notoriously difficult thief to catch. One rumor claimed he had traded his soul to the blood-witches of the woods in exchange for this sword. Others said it was a twist of fate that delivered the weapon from a mysterious long-dead craftsman to its first known owner.

Barassa was a brutally effective leader, keeping order among his lackeys with threats and ruthless sacrifices that put him ahead of any rivals, despite what any onlooker would expect to be catastrophic losses. In the end, the limited foresight offered by *Omen Blade* proved a false insurance. Barassa became too reckless, feeling as if his own cunning granted him prescience, as certain as the sword's, but longer-reaching. In his greatest gambit, he allowed most of his chief lieutenants to be killed by a rival so that Barassa himself could kill the foe while he was weakened from the fight. Unfortunately for the crime lord, his servants had been too easy a challenge and his rival slew him and took his blade from him.

In the years that followed, *Omen Blade* changed hands many times, going from one powerful thug to another, until few could keep track of it. In the present day, at least three notorious criminals simultaneously claim to bear the legendary weapon in order to intimidate their rivals, ironically also marking themselves for assassination by yet another rival, afraid of the consequences of waiting to take action; the victor, truthfully or not, claiming inheritance of the weapon.



DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

Omen Blade is a short sword composed of glossy obsidian that shines like a mirror. The hilt is bound with gorilla hide and the pommel is adorned with crow feathers. It glows with jagged lines, as if the blade is about to explode into a thousand shards, when a foe falls victim to its curse or its owner foolishly disregards one of its warnings.

Aura strong divination; **CL** 12th
Slot none; **Price** 71,185 gp; **Weight** 2 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This +4 *short sword* has a critical threat range of 18-20 due to its perpetually razor-sharp edge. It warns its owner of potential misjudgments or curses. All objects and creatures with the ability to lay curses and hexes cast no reflection in the surface of the blade. If an action is likely to immediately (within 1 round) result in a curse for the omen blade's owner while it is in her hands, it slips and falls to the ground as a warning.

Once per day as a swift action, the wielder can cast *bestow curse* (DC16) on a target that has taken damage from the sword. The curse expires after one hour and can be removed like any other curse. The wielder may elect to suffer from an identical curse, and deny both targets a saving throw. Spell resistance applies normally.

Once per week, the blade can be asked for an omen as per *augury* with a command word, the answer is empathically communicated to the wielder.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *augury*, *bestow curse*, *keen edge*; **Cost** 36,685 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: PEACE & TRANQUILITY

In 5 BU, at the climax of the Twilight War, a thousand Janissaries arrayed themselves against two opposing armies; their force was outnumbered a hundred and forty to one by the combined troops upon the field. In addition to their formidable mental and martial prowess, the monks brought forth various artifacts and weapons of power. The Janissaries used these items with ruthless skill and sent both armies fleeing from the field. Among these powerful items were twin swords, wielded by the Final Arbiter who led the victorious strike against the assembled troops and creatures of the Confederate Army.

HISTORY

In the final battle of the Twilight War, the Janissaries provided the world with a shocking display of their power, facing two massive armies and forcing both from the field with a comparative handful of troops. A thousand monks took the field, possessing formidable mental power as well as many dangerous weapons and artifacts from their citadel's armory. Final Arbiter Shani Bakradze led the attack against the army of the Confederacy, wielding a pair of powerful weapons newly crafted for the conflict: Peace and Tranquility.

Bakradze's strategy was simple and direct: strike the left flank of the army's reserves, and spearhead a push directly toward the Reis command. The swift thrust caught the enemy off guard and the initial push was met with little resistance until they encountered a unit of animal handlers that released scores of carnivorous arcanebloat apes into the Janissaries' ranks. Even the onslaught of magically-altered animals was little more than a momentary delay. It was not long before the monks broke through to the elite troops guarding the Reis force's generals.

The Janissary advance hit the last line of defense for the Confederate command: the Panther Warriors. Fists, feet, and staves clashed with claws, fangs, and war clubs. Bakradze and a dozen others pushed past the battle line to engage Confederate sorcerers and Khaynite priests in hand-to-hand combat. At that point, the Final Arbiter unleashed the powers of the twin blades. In mere seconds many of the most powerful arcane officers and clergy were mute, their magic choked off in their throats. Others were left limp and unmoving on the ground. When the magical elements of the Reis forces were annihilated, their generals called for a retreat. With similar success by the Janissaries on the other side of the field, the battle ended, opening

the way for the formation of the Imperial Alliance and the possibility of prolonged peace.



Shani Bakradze's efforts upon the field of battle made her a hero of the early Imperial Alliance. Her presence—and that of the blades she carried everywhere from then on—evoked respect, and more than a little fear. In tense situations, having the presence of the Final Arbiter and her blades provided great incentive for diplomacy and nonaggressive solutions to conflict. She served for several decades afterward, seeing the Alliance through its difficult birth and early years, then retired from active service in 41 AU. She served out the remainder of her life in the citadel as an instructor until her death in 60 AU.

Since Bakradze's withdraw from active duty, Peace and Tranquility have been borne by Janissaries in missions all across the world. Whether or not these blades are the only pair of their kind, or merely one of several sets bearing the same name, is uncertain. While there

is never more than one set present in any given Janissary mission, it is said that the blades have been seen in the possession of different agents in far-flung locales in the same period of time. This lends credence to the theory that more than one set of the blades has been crafted since Shani Bakradze bore them in the last battle of the Twilight War.

Whatever the case, these weapons are often on hand when important Janissary intervention happens. They are visibly present especially in cases where spellcasters are involved, and when the Imperial Alliance wishes resolution with a minimum of bloodshed. The names of the weapons are not entirely ironic, as their reputation is often enough to make aggressors rethink their position and choose more peaceful resolutions to conflict rather than risk a first-hand demonstration of the blades' power in the hands of an experienced Janissary. Extra incentive is often found in the subtle suggestions that the Janissary in question also personally received combat training from Shani Bakradze or one of her favored pupils. Should these situations still result in conflict, the result is usually a quick suppression of violence by the Janissaries present, with the most dangerous spellcasters made silent and unmoving.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

These butterfly swords are simply and elegantly designed. They feature the standard D-shaped guard, crafted of unadorned steel with soft leather wrappings on the grips. The blades are fine-tempered steel, each just over a foot in length. The only ornamentation is some vine-like gold leaf work embellishing the guards at the base of the blades.

Aura strong transmutation; **CL** 12th
Slot none; **Price** 45,920 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This pairing of butterfly swords consists of Peace, a +2 *ki focus butterfly sword*, and Tranquility, a +1 *ki intensifying butterfly sword*. When fighting defensively with both weapons, the wielder gains a +2 shield bonus to armor class in addition to the normal benefits from fighting defensively.

By expending an extra ki point when using Peace to make a stunning fist attack, the wielder may instead cause the target to become mute, immobilizing the vocal chords (treat this as a silence effect, but only affecting the target; Will save, DC is equal to that of the wielder's stunning fist). This effect lasts 12 rounds.

If an extra ki point is expended making a stunning fist attack with Tranquility, the wielder may instead paralyze the target (Fort save, DC is equal to that of the wielder's stunning fist +1). This effect lasts 12 rounds.

CONSTRUCTION

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, creator must be a monk; **Cost** 27,820 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: PROTECTORATE TWILIGHT BOW

Not every weapon is created with the individual in mind. In the modern world of Exodus many weapons are built with the intent of mass production to fuel the march of war. Thus it was with the Protectorate Twilight Bow. A weapon built with massive battles with Dominion forces in mind, its overwhelming cost and difficulty in manufacture made it a laughable example of bad military spending.

HISTORY

In the year 93 BU during the Twilight War, Tsar Georgy II of the Arman Protectorate commissioned his researchers to create a weapon that could be handled by his archers and Bowman that would potentially end the war.

Though the engineers and artificers of the Arman protectorate at the time were clever they lacked the creativity and military sense required to fulfill the projects main goals. In the end, after years of failed lines of research into explosive weaponry, crossbows that utilized wands as ammo, and various other forgotten weapons, the group applied their mechanical knowledge to the old standby, the longbow. Utilizing the latest theories regarding the efficient application of mechanical force, they used a high tensile wire and pulley system to lend an incredible amount of strength to the shot with relatively little pull on the bow. The design was complex and required a great deal of maintenance but was quite ingenious in adding a modern twist to an ancient weapon. Unfortunately the cost of deploying the weapon to troops in the field was exorbitant in the extreme, and proper utilization would have bankrupted the Protectorate.

So furious was the Tsar at the failure of the engineers to produce anything of worth after spending scandalous amounts of money on the project, he immediately replaced the engineers and sentenced them to serve on the frontlines as regular soldiers.

The bow itself was stored in the armory of the capital and was mostly forgotten. The occasional engineer or noble with a certain mechanical bent would bring the bow out to showcase its novelty and power. Though it was never considered for mass production it did gain some minor notoriety as an example of Armanian technical skill and the folly of over-thinking a problem. It might have remained that way were it not for the end of the Twilight War.

At the end of the war there were a number of mercenary armies and adventuring groups who fought under the banner of the Protectorate

who needed payment. Already on the verge of financial collapse and with greedy armies ready to turn on the Protectorate if not given satisfaction, the Tsar had no choice but to open up his armories and magical storehouses, allowing them to take their payment in weapons and magical items as well as money. The bow fell into the hands of a group of adventurers who were master saboteurs and scouts during the war. Their leader, a ranger and archer named Yergev Sermikovski, took the bow as his personal weapon. Impressed by its power and range he traveled to the Dominion in peace time and had it enchanted by the sorcerers there into an even more formidable magic weapon. Dominion sorcery and Protectorate technology combined would make a poignant remark about the potential power behind any unity of the nations, as the weapon served with distinction in minor conflicts and adventures all around the continent for years. Eventually the adventurers founded their own private mercenary company, the Lightning Dragons. Ever since wherever this company

went the Protectorate Twilight Bow went with them.



Aura strong evocation; **CL** 12th;
Slot None; **Price** 62,500; **Weight** 3lbs

DESCRIPTION

This +4 *seeking mighty composite longbow* functions in all ways like a normal bow except for the following: it acts as if the wielder has a +4 bonus from their strength score even if the wielder even if their bonus is lower, though it does not grant an additional bonus to a higher Strength. It has a range increment of 200 ft. This bonus is an extraordinary ability, not a magical or supernatural effect. The weapon also magically confers on its wielder extraordinary aim, such that it ignores the first 5 points of hardness of any object it hits, and that object's first 10 points of damage reduction.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *true seeing*, creator must have at least 15 ranks in Knowledge (engineering); **Cost** 31,250gp

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

The Protectorate Twilight Bow looks, for all intents and purposes, like a 5 foot tall heavy composite longbow made of brass and lightweight mithril. It is strung with a high tensile wire and pulled with the assistance of a number of highly complex gears and pulleys, allowing even a weak wielder to lend incredible power behind the projectile. Thanks to Dominion sorcery the weapon glows with an eerie blue fire when the bow is drawn.

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: RAINDROP

The name of Varelina Fetema Sara was infamous among law enforcers and government officials throughout the Imperial Alliance. A human born to a gevet mother, she was a notorious spy. A gleaner of many secrets, she long evaded the pursuit of Protectorate Peacekeepers, Imperial men-at-arms, and even Janissaries. The many powerful figures preyed upon by Sara pointed fingers at the Dominion, the Phoenix Guard, and the Confederacy as the powers behind the spy's activities. All have denied any connection to the woman. She may have worked for all or none of them. A few even claim she served the First Ones or Xon. Some wild rumors say that she still gathers information for the Isle of Silk and Iron in preparation for an invasion. Whatever the truth, part of the spy's success was due to the properties of Raindrop, a powerful combined sword and shield disguised as a simple umbrella.

HISTORY

Raindrop's history begins and ends with Varelina Fetema Sara, the item's original owner. Both were unknown until 83 AU, when imperial guards stumbled upon an intruder in private senatorial chambers. After the guards raised the alarm, they fought a running battle with the intruder, who used her unusual weapon to wound several of them and deflect crossbow attacks from guardsmen on the walls, before leaping headlong off a parapet and floating away from pursuers, avoiding capture. Over the next two years, Sara was implicated in several break-ins at key government locations throughout the Imperial Alliance, including the Archprelate's private offices in Nyssa. On the rare occasions she was spotted, the spy always managed to elude capture through skill, cunning, and the powers of her unusual weapon.

Finally, in 88 AU, the Senate's demands for action produced results. Sara was lured into a trap. Several janissaries—working in cooperation with a team of id hunters graciously loaned to the operation, courtesy of Director Taysnita—leaked word of secret senate meetings and rumors of coming conflict with the Confederacy, as well as documents of war drawn up for the occasion. The bait proved worthy and the spy once again infiltrated the Senate. This time the janissaries were ready. Sara was able to slip away before the trap closed completely, but the id hunters trailed her. This allowed the janissaries to ambush

her later, taking her two days later when she thought she had made good her escape.



Returned to Aremyhk amid much pomp and circumstance, Sara was imprisoned. The Senate arranged for a trial. Interrogation of the clever spy provided nothing of use, as she resisted both conventional and magical means of information extraction. Her equipment, including Raindrop, were held as evidence. Three days before the trial began, Varelina Fetema Sara escaped and vanished without a trace. Two days later, it was discovered that Raindrop was missing from the lock-up where it had been held. Whether the spy reclaimed her weapon, or whether it was claimed by another thief, is unknown. Sara is still one of the criminals most wanted by the Imperial Senate, but neither she nor her weapon have been seen since her capture, nor has there been any evidence linking her to later crimes.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

At first glance, this appears to be nothing more than a finely crafted umbrella with a canopy of silk—painted in swirls of crimson, violet, and aquamarine—stretched over thin wooden ribs. Its handle is crafted of darkwood, wrapped in raw silk, with a silk ribbon tied to its base. With a twist and a pull, a two-foot blade of fine, razor sharp steel is revealed.

Aura strong abjuration and transmutation; **CL** 12th
Slot none; **Price** 96,000 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

The handle of this silk parasol hides a +1 *keen dueling wakizashi*. When the weapon is drawn, the rest of the umbrella, while open, functions as a +1 *animated light steel shield*. The shield, either in hand or animated, allows the wielder to function as if she has the Missile Shield feat. Once a day, the wielder may twirl the open umbrella to create a *hypnotic pattern effect* (CL 12), the effects of which remain in place until the end of that round. The wielder continues to spin the umbrella as a free action each round with the effect in place until the end of that round. When the parasol is open and in hand, whether the blade is sheathed or not, the wielder gains the benefit of a *glide* effect when falling.

CONSTRUCTION

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *animate object*, *cat's grace*, *glide*, *hypnotic pattern*, *keen edge*, *shield*; **Cost** 48,000 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: RAMPAGER'S IRONS

Stories of weapons with mysterious powers abound in Exodus, but one of the most popular tales of these weapons speaks of the Rampager's Irons, the guns cursed by the insidious betrayal of a young Arman Protectorate officer and his brother's revenge. Driven by the guilt of the surviving brother, these cursed guns roam Exodus seeking revenge against those who wronged them long ago.

HISTORY

Upon the rise of the Janus Horde, the Arman Protectorate found themselves short on manpower and long on enemies. Thousands of soldiers were mustered and sent to war, carrying the banners of their fledgling nation. Among them were two brothers, Arkady and Matvei Bemt. The twin brothers were stout of body, strong of heart, and filled with love for their country. As volunteers in an infantry unit, they deployed together to the front lines of the conflict with the Janus Horde.

Charismatic and swift with his favored pistol, the younger brother Matvei rose swiftly through the ranks of their company, soon taking command of the unit. While popular with the rank-and-file soldiers, the officers felt threatened by the young gunman's rise. Behind the young man's back, his fellows hatched a plan to rid themselves of the charismatic youngster. Fearing for their positions, they planted evidence that Matvei provided the secrets of gunpowder to the Horde and other enemies of the Protectorate. Each evening at sundown, Arkady would approach his brother and speak with him.

"Brother, please! They seek to brand you a traitor," pled Arkady.

"Nonsense, Arkady! My comrades trust me with their lives, and I trust mine with them. Surely you've been drinking far too much!" Matvei replied, polishing his favored pistol with a smile. "Go, rest. You have guard duty at sun-up."

"Matvei, please listen to me. You're in danger here!"

"Go, Arkady. We'll not speak of this anymore. You're dismissed."

As he had every night for weeks, Arkady saluted, leaving his brother to his pride.

After a time, at the rise of the full moon, the company was called to the yard to face a squad of men in black hoods and holding muskets. Beaten and stripped of his



uniform, Matvei was blindfolded and dragged before the men while pleading for mercy.

"Men, this officer is a traitor! He has been selling the secrets of our weapons to the enemy!" barked the colonel, "He shall be executed for his crimes!"

"What proof?! Show us proof!" Arkady cried, his fellow soldiers grabbing onto his arms to keep him from running to aid his brother, "You don't have proof!"

The colonel held a stack of papers aloft, upon which the men recognized the innards and workings of their sidearms laid out in ink on the parchments. He told the story the traitors constructed and of the silent bounty placed on the man by the Forger's Guild. Arkady cried out in anguish as the colonel confirmed the web of lies his enemies had weaved. The company of soldiers shouted and called for blood: execute the man who dared share the protectorate's secrets!

"Lieutenant Matvei Bemt, in the name of the Tsaria, you are hereby sentenced to death for your crimes against the Protectorate! Executioners, aim!"

"No!" Arkady strained against the other soldiers, tears streaming from his eyes.

"Fire!"

It is said that Arkady did not move from that spot for many hours, staring at his brother's blood as it seeped into the stones of the yard, cradling his brother's pistol in his hands. A man who survived the night tells that he heard a mad laughter erupt from the courtyard; moments before, the air was filled with fire and smoke as Arkady went on a rampage to avenge his brother. One by one, any soldier that stood to fight or defend the traitorous officers who enacted his brother's death were gunned down, along with the men who supported the unjust death. Legend has it that the colonel escaped into the plains, tailed by a maddened Arkady, pursued by the flare of ghostly gunfire and smoke.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

Created out of standard masterwork pistols, the Irons have no such indication of their function. They appear as a pair of old, hastily produced flintlock pistols in well-worn holsters; the pistols look moments away from exploding of their own accord and smell distinctly of fresh blood when fired.

Aura moderate enchantment; **CL** 12th
Slot none; **Price** 28,250 gp; **Weight** 8 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

These +1 *pistols* always appear as a pair. The guns refuse to function for a character without the grit class feature. Characters with the grit feature may wield one of the pistols normally. Once per day, the wielder may spend all remaining grit points (minimum of 1) to draw the second pistol and enter a rampage. This rampage functions as the rage barbarian class feature, but grants a +6 profane bonus to Dexterity instead of the morale bonus to Strength and Constitution, and lasts for a number of rounds equal to the number of grit points spent. Gaining additional grit does not extend the duration of the rampage. The rampage can be ended early with a successful DC 20 Will save. The wielder becomes exhausted at the end of the rampage. Additionally, at the conclusion of the rampage the wielder must make a Will save (DC 20 +1 for each round spent in the rampage) or be affected by a *geas/quest* spell (CL 12th). This *geas* instructs the bearer to seek out and kill the nearest member of the Forger's Guild, who is seen by the wielder to have a distinct blood-red aura about them.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *rage*, creator must be at least 9th level; **Cost** 14,125 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: SCEPTER OF PERPETUAL SACRIFICE

Khayne demands blood from his followers and their enemies alike.” — Yeggrahk, Bloodmancer

The most devout priests among Khayne’s worshippers revel in shed blood, whether from their own flayed backs and lacerated limbs or from tortured victims consumed by diabolical rites of sacrifice. Cannibalism is encouraged, and his apostles rouse a bloodlust as primal as the deity it is inspired by. No true minister of the dark god’s teachings considers his own blood too sacred to spill, and their traditions of mutilation extend far past the shallow waves cast in the histories of Exodus by his best remembered devotees. While mass sacrifices and other common rites of devotion are better known, the *Scepter of Perpetual Sacrifice* represents the crowning achievement of Khayne’s earliest zealots. This ancient weapon is emblematic of and testament to the Blood God’s primordial power, with its most potent abilities fueled by the wounds it inflicts on both victim and wielder.

HISTORY

In ages past, long before high priestess Euhudi first touched upon the lands of Bal and prior to the recorded histories of man, another of the Blood God’s notable worshippers washed the wild territories with oceans of gore. Yeggrahk the Bloodmancer’s influence grew throughout the disparate jungle tribes and plunged the countryside into frequent civil wars, all with no greater purpose than to strengthen the crimson tide. More than one of the stepped pyramids scattered across the region have been used by his bloodthirsty congregation, monuments raised in honor of their ruthless patron that have been sites of innumerable grisly offerings. These temples were built on the backs of slaves who eventually gave their own lives to the construction of the profane shrine. It was atop one of these shrines that Yeggrahk’s *Scepter of Perpetual Sacrifice* first eviscerated human flesh.

While some wrote Yeggrahk off as a crazed masochist, in truth the Bloodmancer understood the primordial nature of his god’s worship in ways

that still mystify scholars of the forbidden. To this day, the potent magics at work in his weapon have not been

replicated; thus, the scepter remains unique throughout Exodus. Yeggrahk knew that while true power can be attained through blood, the most potent knowledge is borne from fresh crimson tendered by both the devout and the defiled, the seeker and the victim.

Khayne’s gifted priest honed his grisly craft across the jungles of Bal, sacrificing every captured opponent on the blood-soaked pyramids in gory ceremonies that sometimes lasted for days. As the cannibalistic horde felled more of Yeggrahk’s enemies in crazed attacks, the dark god gifted his apostle with evil blessings that would ultimately be the ambitious Bloodmancer’s undoing.

With these new abilities at his disposal, the region was soon rid of all worthy opposition, and Yeggrahk looked beyond the borders of Bal for new blood to spill.

In a campaign of psychotic fortitude for such a small and undisciplined force, Khayne’s potent preacher mounted an ill-fated attack on a nearby rising power to the southwest, an exiled Sorcerer-King of Abaddon named Crasyth. The battle seemed impossible; the magician’s fortress was nearly impregnable and his enslaved soldiers endless. As all seemed lost, the bloodlust of Yeggrahk’s tribe was awoken by Khayne’s endless hunger, and every warrior tripled in prowess and became enraged. Despite the enchantments and fear binding his forces together, Crasyth’s army broke under the rejuvenated wave of cultists. The blood priest charged to the fore, propelled through the air by a jet of gore that brought him face to face with the surprised Sorcerer-King.

The Bloodmancer impaled both himself and Crasyth on the symbol of the Yeggrahk’s power in one last desperate attack. This act of mutual and complete bloodshed confounds would-be enchanter and craftsmen, but it is required to create a *Scepter of Perpetual Sacrifice*. This element is also the cause of the weapon’s constant hunger for blood.

With no immediate voice of command both armies quickly fell into disarray, and the battlefield emptied

of combatants—save for the corpses of hundreds of slaves and savages. Yeggrahk’s acolytes



quickly gathered what remained of their prophet and placed him, along with the tool of his office, deep within the catacombs below their temple to the Blood God. The malevolent weapon has since ensnared a greedy tomb raider, who quickly succumbed to its bloodlust, and has found victim after victim throughout Exodus.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

Weathered gray leather straps wind around the base of the scepter to cover its two and a half foot grip. Two jagged pieces of metalwork protrude from a few inches above the ancient straps, the cold black haft leading up to a carved wooden sculpture of meticulous detail. The ornamentation is a chilling demonic face with pincers extending from its sides and curled horns holding a crackling flame. Ruby-red eyes gaze out from its malevolent countenance; they sparkle when light hits them, seeming to flash with insatiable hunger.

SCEPTER OF PERPETUAL SACRIFICE

Aura strong transmutation **CL** 14th

Slot none; **Price** 128,302 gp; **Weight** 11 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

The *Scepter of Perpetual Sacrifice* functions as a +2 *keen flaming burst spear*. In addition to the burst quality, when the attacker scores a critical hit both the wielder and the victim take 2 points of temporary Constitution damage as the protrusions on the haft and head of the weapon stab into their flesh. The eyes of the demonic visage then surge red and the wielder receives a +2 profane bonus to all other attributes (Strength, Dexterity, Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma) and damage reduction 3/- for a number of rounds equal to the damage dealt divided by 4 (round down, minimum 1). Additional critical hits extend the duration of these effects, stacking both bonuses and durations. The staff continues to deal 2 temporary Constitution damage to the wielder and victim every time a critical hit is confirmed. After the initial attribute boost, subsequent bonuses are reduced to +1, while the damage reduction remains at 3/- for the entire duration of the effect.

The scepter thirsts for the blood of the dying. For every week that the owner does not slay an intelligent creature with the staff, they receive a cumulative -1 profane penalty to all checks based on Wisdom, Intelligence, and Charisma until they do so. Selling, abandoning, or otherwise transferring ownership of the weapon is the only other way to remove this curse, which disappears one week afterward. Any good-aligned creature wielding the *Scepter of Perpetual Sacrifice* suffers -2 temporary negative levels. Against a creature that does not have blood, this weapon functions as a normal +2 *keen flaming burst spear*.

CONSTRUCTION

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *stoneskin*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *death knell*, *bull's strength*, *cat's grace*, *eagle's splendor*, *fox's cunning*, and/or *owl's wisdom*;
Cost 64,151 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: SILENCE



Whispered to have been forged with blood, sweat, and steel by an Arman warrior-priest, Silence is a shortspear with the power to turn aside spells aimed at the wielder and pierce spells on enemies. Used long ago by its creator to quiet the magical mumblings of the Sorcerer-Kings' servants, Silence draws on the primal simplicity of the old Arman religion. It can toss aside or rebuff many forms of magic.

HISTORY

When the Arman invaded Abaddon, they soon realized they needed to develop smarter tactics for fighting the Sorcerer-Kings and their magical servants. One of the chief seers of the Arman was an aged man named Einjar the Hooded. He never revealed his face, preferring to speak from a veil of secrecy and masking his true intent in riddles. Yet despite his frustrating habits, the Arman warlords learned to trust his insight, for his obscure words often made their meaning clear just in time to be used most effectively. When the company came up against the arcane might of a Sorcerer-King for the first time, Einjar and his fellow shamans were appalled by the vulgar display of his magic and tested to the limit of their endurance to keep pace with his practiced trickery.

Thereafter, Einjar retreated to a desolate corner of Abaddon for one long week. He knew there must be a way to make this challenge easier to manage, and he believed he could find it in solitude, with the chance to open himself to a glimpse of the divine. He never afterward clearly shared what he saw then, but he spoke of Valkyries, a well filled with blood, and a spike of earth atop a mountain. It is widely reported he returned with a hole torn in his signature hood, allowing a glimpse at the scar where his left eye had been. But even more widely told of is Silence, the blessed spear he carried in his weathered left hand. This spear he presented at the beginning of each battle to the most well-respected champion of the Arman invaders as they proceeded to wipe out the strongholds of the Sorcerer-Kings. However, it was lost during the final siege of the war, and some believe it was stolen by the last Sorcerer-King and now lies buried with other treasures

under Godpointe. Many an Arman would dearly love to reclaim it, but none know where it now lies with any certainty.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

Silence is a shortspear of elegant yet rustic design. Its haft is rough and regular; its head broad and crudely serrated. It cuts deeply and seems to bite into the air itself, offering negligible but faintly detectable resistance to any movement other than a thrust. When used to disrupt magic, it turns the ruined spell into a flash of raven's feathers, said to symbolize the dismissal of magical treachery by the old Arman gods.

Aura strong abjuration; **CL** 13th
Slot none; **Price** 138,301 gp; **Weight** 3 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This +1 *vicious cold iron shortspear* grants its wielder a +2 resistance bonus on saving throws. In addition, once per round, if the wielder is aware of a spell cast that targets him or includes him in its area or effect, he can take an attack of opportunity to brush the spell aside. He makes an attack roll and gains spell resistance equal to the result of the attack roll. He need not threaten the spellcaster in melee, but he must be aware of the spell. If he rolls a natural twenty, the spell is negated by this spell resistance and the spell affects its caster instead of Silence's wielder. Finally, once per day, as a swift action after successfully dealing damage, Silence can affect an enemy with a targeted greater dispel magic effect (CL13). Silence cannot affect spells that do not allow spell resistance.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, antimagic field, greater dispel magic, spell resistance, spell turning; **Cost** 69,150 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: STAFF OF THE RED MAGE

The early days of adventuring in Exodus can be traced back to the days in the aftermath of the First Ones' reign. In those days, groups of soldiers and warriors fresh from combat and unwilling to align themselves with the new nations of Exodus found work as mercenaries dealing with the remaining servants and monstrous creations of the First Ones. They worked mainly for treasure - and in some cases power - and were often as dangerous to the people they were helping as the monsters they slayed. The concept of adventurers as heroes did not take shape until the appearance of the adventurer known as the Red Mage and his companions The Company of the Staff.

HISTORY

No one knows who the Red Mage was or where he was from. Prevailing theories state that he was once a Sorcerer-King disillusioned by the overwhelming power and wealth his position offered him who instead opted for a life of obscure heroism, helping humankind when needed and asking for little in return. He was recognized by his red garb and his staff, a unique magic item that only the Red Mage has ever carried. Many called him the original true adventurer and many aspiring adventurers and adventuring companies try to set themselves by his example. Adventurers owe many of the innovations and common expectations of their craft to the work and effort performed by the company of the staff.

Perhaps what is most interesting about the Red Mage is the fact that he still lives to this day, just not as the same person. Though he dies his staff and his title are always passed on to a worthy individual that was closely associated with the previous Red Mage. Often, this person is known by their name, and becoming the Red Mage simply

adds a title. Other times, the person's true identity is unknown and people only know them as the Red Mage. The Red Mage also isn't limited by race or class. There have been Human Red Mages, Gevet Red Mages and even P'tan Red Mages. These men and women run the gamut come from all professions and abilities. The only thing that stays the same is the Red Mage's signature staff that is both an awesome weapon and a magical device that inspires the Red Mage's allies and enhances their capabilities to their fullest potential. Even if one of the Red Mage's is lost under hundreds of tons of rubble or engulfed in magma, the new mage always appears to have the same staff with the same capabilities as before. It is unknown whether or not the staff somehow knows who its inheritor is and automatically travels to them upon the predecessor's death or whether the new Red Mage somehow is imparted with the knowledge of how to craft the new staff.

The current Red Mage is a blood-red colored Cynean. Currently he is seeking some magical means of destroying the Quickslayers. Now that he knows their origin - thanks in no small part to the Janissaries. He feels he is close to finding a means to deal with them permanently - if Zon does not destroy him first.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

The Staff of the Red Mage appears to be a solid oak staff, colored black. On one end of the staff is set a large red gem that glows with a powerful flame. The other end housed blue gem that constantly has a thin sheen of frost on it. The staff itself is covered in a number of archaic runes that predate the modern nations.



Aura Strong Enchantment; **CL**; 14th
Slot None; **Price**; 76,200gp **Weight** 7lbs

DESCRIPTION

This staff has the following spells and is also treated as a +1 *flaming*/+1 *frost quarterstaff*.

- *Good Hope* (1 charge)
- *Greater Heroism* (2 charge)
- *Heroism* (1 charge)
- *Haste* (1 charge)

If the staff is lost or destroyed, it can be remade by the current Red Mage at one third its normal crafting costs – instead of half. In addition, the Red Mage can spend a full round action to return the staff to his hands as a greater teleport spell of the staff's caster level. This ability functions so long as the staff and the Red Mage are on the same plane.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *good hope*, *greater heroism*, *haste*, *heroism*, creator must be named as the new Red Mage or successor of the Red Mage, **Cost** 38,100gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: TWIN FURIES

The religion of the dark god Khayne is divided and scattered, with each small cult worshipping their bloody lord after their own malicious fashion. One of the largest cults in the Brotherhood of Khayne—as well as the most ruthless and organized—is the Untharan Brotherhood, a monastic order in which adherents practice draconian discipline, ritual bloodletting, and the art of war. While they spend much of their efforts aiding the rest of the Brotherhood in fending off the quickslavers, members of this order have occasionally clashed with the forces running the Imperial blockade of the islands of Unthara, wielding weapons of terrifying power. Among these weapons are the Twin Furies, a matched pair of kamas that focus the hatred of Khayne into a fierce presence upon the battlefield.

HISTORY

The Brotherhood of Khayne established in the Lesser Untharan Islands has, in recent history, struggled to survive. Caught between the blockade of the Imperial Armada and the threat of the quickslavers from Greater Unthara, even the bolstering presence of the First Ones has not been enough. To strengthen their defense, they've recruited any mercenary force willing to aid them. One such force is Cilas Adler—a tall, bald, brooding man who does not speak of his past. Rumors say he was a failed Janissary, cast out of the order and exiled from the Imperial Alliance. This may well be true—his fighting style being quite similar to the martial techniques employed by the Janissaries—but Cilas was close-mouthed about his origins and events that led him to brave the strait and settle in the islands. Whatever the case, he came to Unthara with little but the clothes on his back and quickly became an important name. He opened a fighting school in Dwyer, taking only the most ruthless and determined students under his tutelage. He soon amassed a crop of talented protégés, each one a fierce opponent in both armed and unarmed combat, able to sow mayhem on any battlefield.

promised him what he asked if he would convert. Cilas did so without hesitation. The fighting school, renamed the Temple of the Skull, became renowned among the Untharans, and the militant monks trained there became an undeniable asset. Garanku continued pouring money into the school, providing his best students with weapons blessed by the dark powers of Khayne. To Cilas himself, Garanku presented the Twin Furies, weapons of ferocious power that have sunk their fangs in all the enemies of the Brotherhood. Most recently they did their bloody work on spies.

One day, realizing Janissaries had infiltrated the ranks of sell-swords hired to bolster the Brotherhood's armies,

Cilas alerted Garanku and General Maruk. How Cilas knew the mercenaries were Janissaries is unknown. What is known is that he took them unawares in a community mess hall, a band of his best students at his side and the Twin Furies in hand. Surprised and outnumbered four to one, the Janissaries were taken down quickly, though they acquitted themselves well, taking down half of their opponents before only the Janissaries' leader remained. Cilas faced off with him in single combat that raged about the mercenary camp. After quite some time the battle seemed even, with both combatants grievously wounded. But the

master of the Temple of the Skull wasn't about to lose. He beat down the janissary with a blinding series of strikes, ending with him hooking both Furies into his opponent's chest and tearing it asunder. Cutting out his foe's heart, he left without another word and returned to the Temple of the Skull with his students. Soon after, he sent the heart to Garanku to be burned upon Khayne's altar as a sacrifice. It's a mystery why Cilas took it upon himself to defeat the Janissary leader in single combat and deliver him so brutal an ending. A mercenary once asked Cilas if he knew the leader, and Cilas killed with not a word uttered. No one has dared question him about it since.

This tale is known outside of Unthara because the Imperial

Alliance received a letter describing the battle and the demise of the Janissaries in great



When Cilas petitioned the powers of Dwyer for weapons and a larger training hall, the head priest of Khayne, Garanku,



detail, apparently as a warning against further espionage. The person who penned the letter is unknown, and it's doubtful that the missive deterred the Alliance from further reconnaissance. It has, however, shed light upon a deadly new enemy among the ranks of the Untharans that bids careful watching. If the threat of the quickslavers is ever brought to an end, it may be the people of mainland Exodus that next feel the might of Cilas, his Twin Furies, and the martial might of the Temple of the Skull.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

The matching kamas are crafted with serrated blades reminiscent of the forelegs of a mantid, forged of red-tinged steel. Their hafts are wrapped in blue and violet ribbons of raw silk, and their reinforcing bands and hooked end-caps are fashioned of the same sanguine steel as the blades.

TWIN FURIES

Aura moderate enchantment and necromancy; **CL** 9th

Slot none; **Price** 38,604 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

A matched pair, the First Fury is a +1 *furyborn kama* and the Final Fury is a +2 *vicious kama*. When used together as a full attack action (i.e., when two-weapon fighting or as part of a flurry) and both weapons hit during the round, the wielder can make a rend attack, doing damage equal to 1d6 + the First Fury's current modifier + the wielder's Strength modifier. If the wielder is a follower of Khayne, then the 1d6 damage inflicted by Final Fury on the wielder is considered nonlethal damage and any attempts to Intimidate foes while wielding the weapons gain a +4 circumstance bonus.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *enervation*, *rage*, crafter must worship Khayne; **Cost** 19,604 gp

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS: WYRMCLAW & DRAGONSBREATH

TREASURES OF NEOEXODUS:
WYRMCLAW & DRAGONSBREATH

53



The tales of Desert Shade, First Khagan of the Dominion, are many, varied, and often made of equal parts fact and fiction. One particular tale tells of an enemy wizard that opposed him in the early days, before he declared himself Khan of Khans. According to this tale, Desert Shade was nearly defeated. He was saved by a gift from a rival of the enemy wizard: a magical scimitar and shield, which gave the First Khagan the edge to defeat his enemy and forge a kingdom.



HISTORY

In ages past, a warrior of surpassing skill and cunning earned his place as leader of the Cordelian people. His name is lost to time, but he is known as Desert Shade to the people of the Dominion. Yet there was a time when his legacy was in doubt, when a cunning enemy opposed him at every turn. Had it been so, there may have been no Dominion and Desert Shade's name would not have rung through the ages.

In the early days of his career, before the founding of the city of Qijom, Desert Shade insulted the honor of a powerful wizard. This wizard, known only as Burning Sands, then turned his considerable talents toward undoing all that the mighty warrior had built. He vexed Desert Shade greatly, killing his men, stealing his treasures, and causing great turmoil among his people. Many times Desert Shade attempted to put an end to Burning Sands, but always the wizard's cunning and arcane power kept him one step ahead of Desert Shade. The wizard would escape time and time again, unstoppable as the desert wind, leaving behind destruction and the echoes of mocking laughter. Desert Shade's people began to scatter,

seeking sanctuary with other khans. Then one day a visitor arrived at Desert Shade's camp, seeking audience.

The visitor was a sorcerer called Blessed Oasis. She told Desert Shade that Burning Sands was an enemy in common. If he would listen to her advice, she could assist him in defeating the wizard and saving himself from ruin. With little left to him but his wits and wisdom, Desert Shade accepted her counsel.

Soon after, Desert Shade announced his impending marriage. A great caravan conveyed his bride from another khanate. In the midst of the trek, Burning Sands attacked. He summoned a great wind, sending blinding sand that panicked the animals and scattered the guards. The wizard then approached the silk palanquin carrying Desert Shade's bride-to-be. With a wave of his hand, the silk covering was ripped away. To his surprise, there was no young maiden within. Instead, Desert Shade leapt forth, brandishing a magical scimitar and shield, both newly crafted for him by Blessed Oasis.

Burning Sands was confident, having met the warrior on the field of battle before and been victorious each time. He sent a bolt of blazing fire at Desert Shade, only to have it swallowed by the shield. In a rush, Desert Shade charged forward, his scimitar moving in a flashing blur. The wizard, protected by spells that could turn the sharpest blade, never flinched. But when the blade landed, his protections faded like smoke before a wind. The flashing blade bit deep and the desert sands drank thirstily of the wizard's blood.

No fool, the wizard attempted to flee, using his magic to leap into the sky like a bird and escape. This time, Desert Shade leapt into the air after him. His sorcerous ally, invisible and accompanying him on the journey, used her magic to grant him flight. As the two soared through the



air, Desert Shade raised his shield and used the wizard's own magic to engulf him in a blast of fire. Burning, the wizard plummeted, falling hard upon the sands. As he attempted to crawl away, the First Khagan landed, strode up, and beheaded him with a final stroke.

With the death of the wizard there was much rejoicing. Desert Shade did indeed marry, taking his Blessed Oasis as his bride. It is said that her influence was the impetus for the formation of the magocracy and that she was the first of the Wyrddcaster bloodline. Whatever the truth of this tale, the weapon and shield are fact. They are often found in the hands of warriors seeking to defeat magical foes, and are quite effective in such tasks.

DESCRIPTION AND CONSTRUCTION

This scimitar is forged of blued steel. Its sports an elaborate guard crafted of gold, in the image of an imperial dragon. The hilt is wrapped in raw red silk, overlaid with intercrossed straps of black suede leather, accented in gold. A golden ring is attached to the pommel.

The round wooden shield is crafted of layered strips of lacquered wood. A pair of imperial dragons is emblazoned on the shield's face, painted in lime, rampant and appearing to chase one another around the wooden surface.

WYRMCLAW

Aura strong abjuration and transmutation; **CL** 12th
Slot none; **Price** 40,315 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Wyrmlaw is a +1 *keen dispelling burst scimitar*. Additionally, if the weapon does not already have a *dispel magic* or *greater dispel magic* stored, it can siphon the spell from foes. On a successful hit, if the target has either of the spells prepared (or an available spell slot of the appropriate level in the case of a spontaneous caster), it must make a Will save (DC 19) or lose the spell, which becomes stored within the blade. If the target has both spells, the wielder chooses the spell to be siphoned.

CONSTRUCTION

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *greater dispel magic*, *keen edge*; **Cost** 20,315 gp

DRAGON'S BREATH

Aura strong evocation; **CL** 12th
Slot none; **Price** 22,153 gp; **Weight** 5 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Dragon's Breath is a +3 wyrmsbreath (fire) light wooden shield that is crafted to be used with the scimitar Wyrmlaw. When both shield and scimitar are used together, the shield's powers can be used to enhance the weapon. As a free action, the shield's bearer can use a stored charge from the shield to grant Wyrmlaw the flaming weapon quality for 1 round. This ability may be maintained as a free action each round thereafter for as long as Dragon's Breath has charges remaining.

CONSTRUCTION

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *burning hands*; **Cost** 11,153 gp

ÆGIS OF MAKASH



Item Description

Notes:

Item Code _____

Aura strong abjuration and conjuration; **CL** 9th**Slot** none; **Price** 27,315gp; **Weight** 6 lbs.

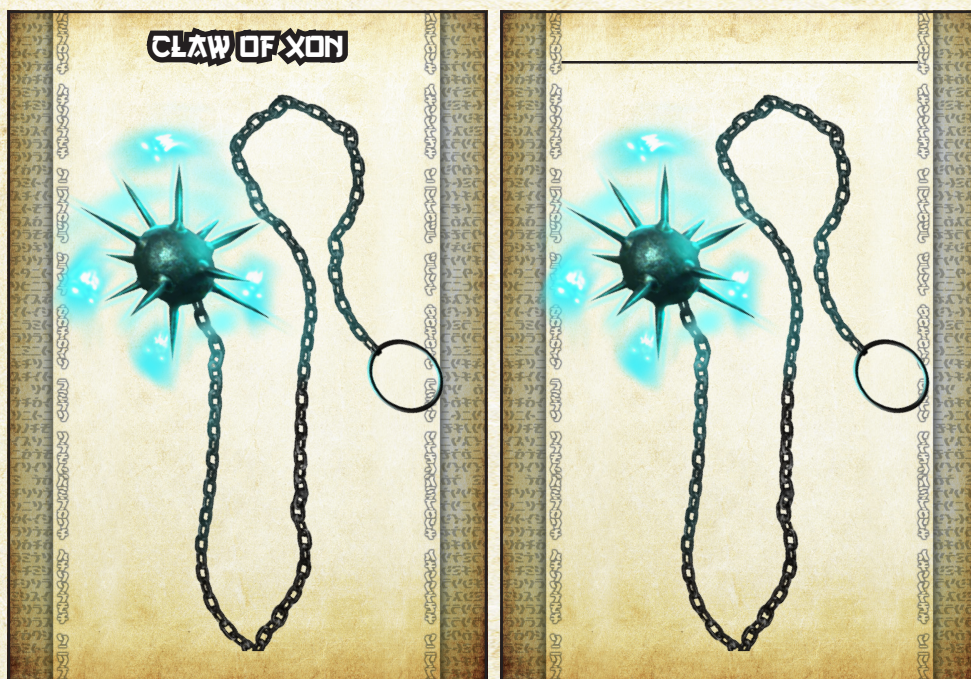
DESCRIPTION

The Aegis of Makash is a +2 ooze bane trident. Due to the construction of its razor-edged tines, it can deal slashing as well as piercing damage. As a full round action, the wielder may take a single attack, or melee touch attack, at any quickslaver infesting a body. On a successful hit, the body is suffused with a golden light and the quickslaver is expelled from the body and staggered for one round. The silver markings normally found on such a body turn golden. The body can never again be infested by a quickslaver thereafter. The wielder of Aegis of Makash also gains a +2 resistance bonus against diseases.

CONSTRUCTION

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *dispel law, resistance, summon monster I*; **Cost** 13,815 gp.

ÆGIS OF MAKASH
WEAPON CARDS



Aura strong necromancy and transmutation; **CL** 15th

Slot none; **Price** 96,015 gp; **Weight** 10 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +1 wounding blood iron heavy flail is constantly swarming with spectral images of screaming faces. The tortured screams that emanate from the weapon make stealth impossible for the wielder and cause any creature within 30 ft. of the weapon except the wielder to become shaken. A creature slain by a Claw of Xon has its soul torn from its body and imprisoned within the weapon, up to 3 souls may be imprisoned in this manner. As a standard action, up to three times per day, the wielder of a Claw of Xon can force a soul out of the weapon and control it. The soul has the same stats as a shadow and appears in a square adjacent to the wielder. A creature whose soul is contained within the weapon is not able to be restored to life, even by *clone*, *raise dead*, *reincarnation*, *resurrection*, *true resurrection*, or even a *miracle* or *wish*. Only by destroying the weapon can a trapped soul be set free.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *bleed*, *cause fear*, *create greater undead*, *trap the soul*; **Cost** 48,708 gp

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

CLAW OF XON WEAPON CARDS



Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

Aura moderate divination and evocation
strong evil; **CL** 9th
Slot none; **Price** 77,350 gp; **Weight** 8 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

A daemonwatch blade is a +1 *unholy everdeath greatsword*. When a blade wounds a creature, a mystic link is created through the target's blood. The wielder of the blade can track down the last creature struck as if using a *locate creature* spell, but without a range limit so long as both blade and creature are on the same plane. This ability lasts for up to 12 hours after the last of the damage inflicted by the sword has been healed. The bearer of the blade gains a +2 circumstance bonus on all Bluff, Diplomacy, and Intimidate checks made against gevets.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *inflict serious wounds* or *vampiric touch*, *locate creature*, *unholy blight*, must have a piece of Gevet stone; **Cost** 38,850 gp

DAEMONWATCH BLADE
WEAPON CARDS

DANCING DRAGONS



Aura strong evocation and transmutation; **CL** 15th
Slot none; **Price** 30,802 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

Enchanted as +2 mithral countering nunchaku, the *dancing dragons* also have several other amazing attributes. The entire weapon is partially animate—the dragon-heads can snap and bite at opponents in combat. Before each attack, the wielder can choose for the weapon to deal bludgeoning, piercing, or slashing damage. When the *dancing dragons* are used to disarm an opponent, their wielder may imbue the disarmed weapon with the *dancing* weapon ability, causing it to attack the disarmed opponent for 4 rounds as per the ability description. At the end of the fourth round, the effect ends and the weapon falls to the ground. This ability can be used three times per day. Three times per day as a full-round action, the wielder can whirl the *dancing dragons* about, releasing a blast of cold in a 10-foot radius. All affected creatures must make a Reflex save (DC 10 + 1/2 wielder's character level or HD) or take 6d6 cold damage and be staggered for 1 round. A successful save halves the damage and negates the staggered effect.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *animate object*, *cat's grace*, *cone of cold*, crafter must be at least 15th level; **Cost** 15,802 gp

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

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DANCING DRAGONS WEAPON CARDS

DEATH'S FOLLY



Aura moderate necromancy; **CL** 6th

Slot None; **Price** 4,230 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +1 *morningstar* is made from a solid branch of darkwood fitted with the needle-like teeth of a large lake pike. When this weapon successfully hits an opponent they must make a Fort DC 15 save or take 1d4 points of Con damage. A successful save negates this effect. This counts as a poison for the purposes of immunities or bonuses to saving throws.

CONSTRUCTION

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *poison*; **Cost** 2,115 gp

Item Description

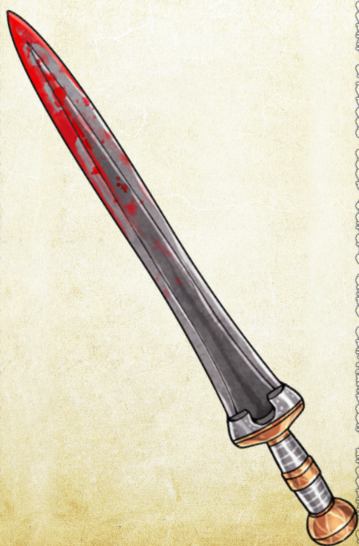
Notes:

Item Code

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DEATH'S FOLLY
WEAPON CARDS

EMISSARITE'S GLADIUS



Aura moderate necromancy; **CL** 7th
Slot none; **Price** 25,320 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +2 *heartseeker gladius* saps the will of opponents to feed the strength of its wielder. On a successful critical hit, the blade inflicts 2 points of Wisdom damage on the target. It then imparts a +1 enhancement bonus to the wielder's Strength for 1 minute. Enhancement bonuses from the Emissarite's Gladius stack with one another, and each critical hit resets the duration. For example, on the first round of combat the wielder scores a critical hit and gains +1 to Strength; on the following round, she scores another critical hit and the enhancement bonus increases to +2, lasting 1 minute from that round.

CONSTRUCTION

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *bestow curse, bull's strength, death knell*; **Cost** 12,820 gp

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

EMISSARITE'S GLADIUS WEAPON CARDS

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a textured, slightly mottled appearance with some creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound, showing the stitching and the inner cover material. The overall tone is warm and yellowish-cream.

[illegible]

Three different types of swords are displayed vertically. The top sword is a dagger with a short, curved blade and a simple hilt. The middle sword is a curved scimitar with a long, sweeping blade and a hilt featuring a large, ornate guard. The bottom sword is a broadsword with a wide, flat blade and a hilt with a large, cross-shaped guard.

These effects last for 72 hours. After 72 hours, all bonuses end, and another sacrifice will be necessary to regain the favor of the god. With each sacrifice, the user loses 12 hours of duration for its effects until a single sacrifice grants the bonus for only a 24 hour period (72, 60, 48, 36, and 24). When the duration reaches 24 hours, the time remains unchanged thereafter.

The bonuses are granted upon the sacrifice of a living, intelligent being. Using the blades on a dead sacrifice or a non-intelligent being invokes a curse on the user and all of the participants of a -4 profane penalty to AC. A proper sacrifice removes the curse. This effect can also be removed with a remove curse spell.

The user feels an addiction to the knives and the power. The user can throw a DC 13 Will Save against the addiction after the bonus has faded, and must make a Will save every 24 hours after until 72 hours have passed to be able to be free of the addiction.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft, Magic Arms and Armor, *greater command*, *keen edge*, *prayer*, *shield of faith*; **Cost** 4,877gp

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, greater command, keen edge, prayer, shield of faith; **Cost** 4,871gp

SACRIFICIAL KNIVES OF EUHDI



The image displays three distinct sacrificial knives, each with a dark, polished blade and a handle featuring a brown and gold geometric pattern. The knives are arranged vertically, showcasing their unique designs: a small, curved knife at the top; a large, curved knife with a prominent guard in the middle; and a long, straight knife at the bottom.

Aura moderate necromancy and enchantment; **CL** 8th
Slot none; **Price** 9,942 each; **Weight** 1 lb. each

DESCRIPTION

As a weapon, each knife in the set acts like +1 keep dagger. The knives are ill-suited for combat and impose a -4 penalty to attack rolls.

This item is used for making sacrifices to Khayne. If a knife is used to perform a coup de grace on a helpless humanoid victim, the user feels the knives instructing them consciously on how to perform their ritual. The wielder is then compelled as if affected by a *greater command* (Will DC 17) to enact the intricate ritual of sacrifice to Khayne. The ritual takes 3 rounds, and the wielder, if they fail their save, will not react to any distractions or attacks. After completing the task, they see that they have carved the symbols from the knives into the flesh of the victim. The sacrifice grants the user and any member of his party that is a believer of Khayne a +2 profane bonus to their saving throws. For every additional knife used, the bonus increases by 1 to a maximum of +4 when all three knives are used. If all three knives are used, all worshippers of Khayne also receive a +2 luck bonus to AC.

Any participant who is not a believer gets a +1 profane bonus to their AC instead. Using extra knives gives each a participant no extra bonuses.

As a weapon, each knife in the set acts like +1 keen dagger. The knives are ill-suited for combat and impose a -4 penalty to attack rolls.

This item is used for making sacrifices to Khayne. If a knife is used to perform a coup de grace on a helpless humanoid victim, the user feels the knives instructing them unconsciously on how to perform their ritual. The wielder is then compelled as if affected by the *greater command* (Will DC 17) to enact the intricate ritual of sacrifice to Khayne. The ritual takes 3 rounds, and the wielder, if they fall their save, will not react to any distractions or attacks. After completing the task, they see that they have carved the symbols from the knives into the flesh of the victim. The sacrifice enrages the user and any member of his party that is a believer of Khayne + a +2 profane bonus to their saving throws. For every additional knife used, the profane bonus increases by 1 to a maximum of +4 when all three knives are used. If all three knives are used, all worshippers of Khayne also receive a +2 luck bonus to AC.

Any participant who is not a believer gets a +1 profane bonus to their AC instead. Using extra knives gives such a participant no extra bonuses.

GENTLE HAND OF LAW



Aura strong conjuration and evocation; **CL** 12th
Slot none; **Price** 22,312 gp; **Weight** 6 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

The gentle hand of law is a +1 merciful spellstoring heavy mace. On a confirmed critical hit, the mace releases a blast of numbing energy, inflicting 1d2 points of Dexterity damage on its target and causing the target to drop any held objects or creatures (forcing it to release a grappled opponent, for example).

CONSTRUCTION

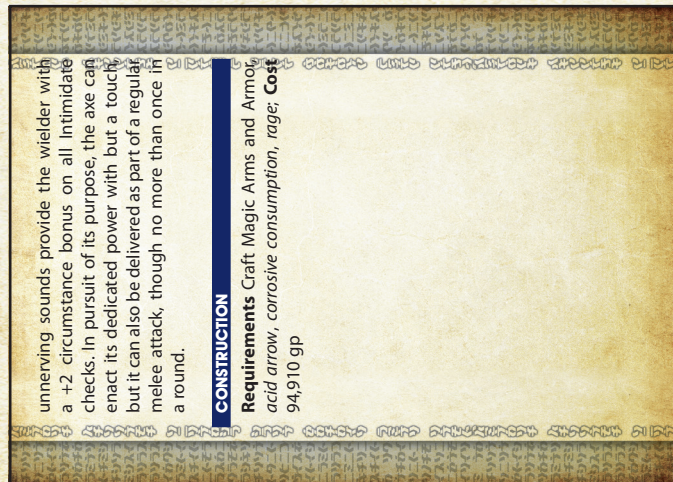
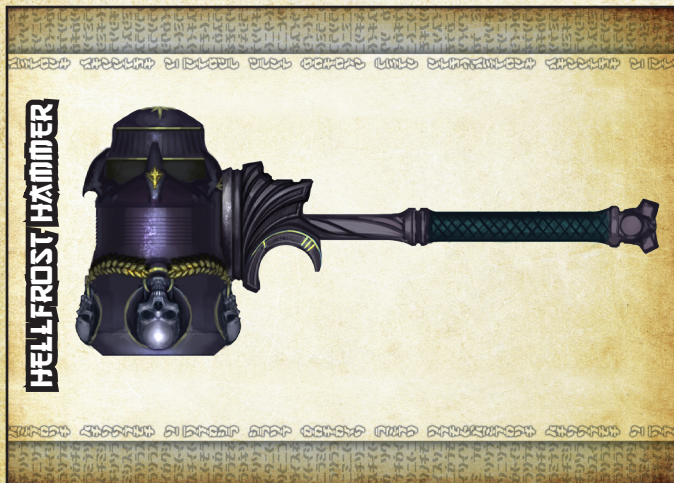
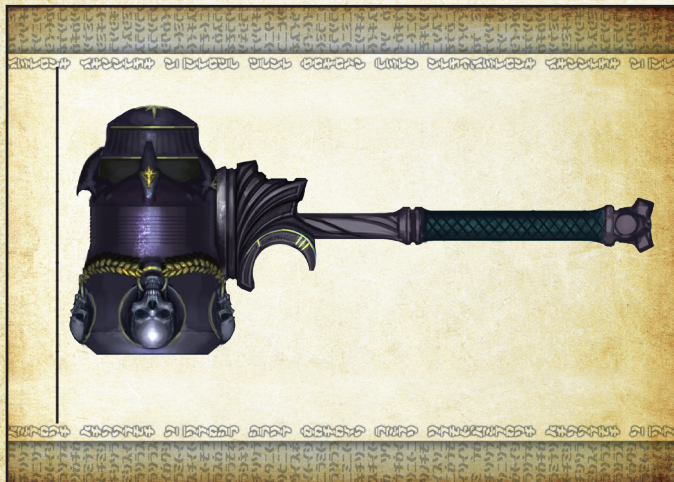
Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, cure light wounds, hold person, creator must be at least 12th level; **Cost** 11,312 gp

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

GENTLE HAND OF LAW WEAPON CARDS

HELLFROST HAMMER
WEAPON CARDS

HELM OF THE COMMUNAL MIND

WEAPON CARDS

HELM OF THE COMMUNAL MIND



Auras moderate divination and transmutation; CL 9th

Slot head; **Price** 86,400 gp; **Weight** 3 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

When worn, this helm completely blocks vision, protecting the wearer from gaze attacks, visual illusions, or offensive spells that only work on sighted creatures—such as color spray. The helm of the communal mind grants the wearer blindsight in a 60 ft. radius. Furthermore, the helm can be attuned with up to five others of its type. One helm can be attuned to another by physical contact as a full round action. A maximum of six helms of the communal mind can be attuned in such a way (requiring a total of 5 rounds). Helms remain attuned until the wearer attempts to attune to another beyond the first five, at which point the first helm of the five attuned is detuned. When attuned, the wearer of one helm can “see” the 60 ft. area around every other attuned helm, and is aware of its position in relation to the wearer’s own position, even if the other wearer is more than 60 feet away. Therefore it is possible for the wearer of a helm to fire a ranged weapon or cast a spell at a target within 60 feet of the wearer of an attuned helm as if he had line of sight to the target. However, if another helm wearer’s range of blindsight does not touch or overlap then any intervening area is unseen, allowing the possibility of cover or obstruction. With the shared sensory information from other attuned helms, the wearer receives a +1 dodge bonus to AC and a +1 bonus to initiative checks for every other helm attuned to his own who is involved in the

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

Auras moderate psychometabolism and telepathy; CL 9th

Slot head; **Price** 74,250 gp; **Weight** 3 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

The psionic version of the *helm of the communal mind* functions in a similar manner to the magic version, with the following exceptions. First, the functions of the helm are not subject to the *silence* spell, but will not function within the area of a *catapsi* effect. Second, the helm only functions for a total of 60 minutes per day. Third, the psionic version of the helm is constructed with a fitting where a cognizance crystal can be affixed. This allows the helm to draw power from the crystal to continue functioning once its daily time has elapsed. While drawing power from a crystal, the helm continues to function for an additional 10 minutes per day for every power point contained in the cognizance crystal.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *mindlink*, *sense link*, *touchsight*; **Cost** 37,125 gp



same combat, up to a maximum of +5. The helm of the communal mind can function for up to 90 minutes a day, and those minutes do not need to be consecutive, but must be used in blocks of 10 minutes at a time. Activating or deactivating the helm is a standard action, and donning or removing the helm is a move action. If a silence spell is cast upon the helm’s wearer or if the wearer enters the spell’s area of effect, all benefits of the helm are suppressed until he leaves the area or the spell ends.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *echolocation*, *share senses*, *telepathic bond*, creator must have a familiar; **Cost** 43,200 gp

Aura strong necromancy; CL 17th
Slot None; Price 58,637 gp; Weight 6 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +2 vicious *unholy* whip deals lethal damage, unlike other whips. As a full round action a wielder can force Ichor Sting to take on the form of a blade made of blackened flesh and bone. In this form the weapon acts as a +2 vicious *unholy* bastard sword. When an opponent is struck with the sword they must make DC 18 Fort save or be infected with Demon Fever (PFRPG 557). Those who make this save are immune to this effect for 24 hours. The weapon is mildly intelligent and every night fall the Ichor Sting will attempt to force its wielder in a murderous rampage trying to kill or otherwise harm every living creature in sight. The wielder can resist this effect with a DC 15 Will save. Failure to make this save drives the wielder into a rampage and will kill everything near him until dawn. This is a mind affecting compulsion effect.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, dominate person, enervation, rage, and *unholy* blight; creator must be evil; **Cost** 29,318 gp

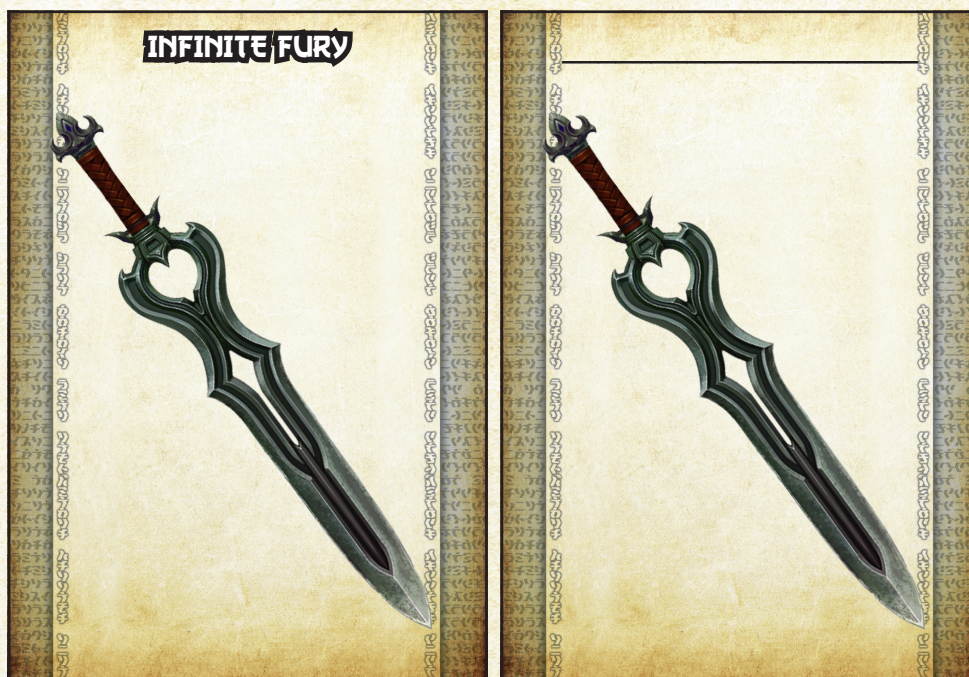
ICHOR STING**ICHOR STING**

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

ICHOR STING WEAPON CARDS



Aura strong Divination and Transmutation; **CL** 16th
Slot none; **Price** 171,815 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

STATISTICS

Alignment N

Senses 60 ft., darkvision and hearing

Int 16, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 10, **Ego** 15

Communication speech

Power *Tactical Acumen* 1/day

Special Purpose Defeat powerful and varied enemies

Dedicated Power Transformation at will

DESCRIPTION

Infinite Fury is a +2 *defending transformative mithral longsword* that grants its wielder proficiency with whatever form it takes. Sana-Dol's constant pursuit of battle has given it a wealth of information that it imparts on its wielder giving them a + insight 2 bonus on all knowledge checks made to identify a creature. As a full round action a wielder can focus on the knowledge within the blade to gain insight on an enemy within 60ft. This grants the wielder a +10 insight bonus on all checks made to identify that creature and gives the weapon the bane special property of the appropriate creature type or subtype.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirments Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *Major Creation, Summon Monster I, Transformation, Tactical Acumen, True Strike*; **Cost** 85,908 gp

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

INFINITE FURY WEAPON CARDS

JUDGMENT SEEKER

Aura strong enchantment; CL 18th

Slot None; **Price**; 123,715 gp
Weight 7 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +2 cold iron spear becomes a +5 wounding cold iron spear in the hands of an inquisitor of the Sanguine Covenant.

This sacred weapon grants the wielder the benefits of the Endurance feat to the wielder. It also allows the wielder to use *fear* (once per round as a standard action) at the class level of the inquisitor. In addition whenever the inquisitor uses her bane ability on the weapon it is extended for a number of rounds equal to her wisdom modifier.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor
feat, **Cost** 61,857 gp

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

JUDGMENT SEEKER WEAPON CARDS

MALICE BLADE WEAPON CARDS

Aura strong psychokinesis; ML 15th;
Slot None; Price: 54,670 gp Weight 15 lbs

DESCRIPTION

This +3 *psychokinetic collision* crystal falchion emits a glow resembling a torch whenever it is used in combat, or it is held by an agitated or angered wielder. As a swift action, the wielder can use the blade to enter a bloodthirsty rage as per the rage spell (CL 15th), granting instead a +4 morale bonus on Strength and Constitution. The wielder must succeed in a DC 17 Will save to willingly drop out of the rage. Failure to do so forces the wielder to seek combat wherever it might be found and throw himself recklessly into battle without mercy until there are no enemies available to attack. In either case, when the rage ends the wielder is fatigued.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *convulsive blast*, *matter manipulation*, creator must be able to enter a rage like the barbarian ability at least once a day; **Cost** 27,335 gp

MALICE BLADE



Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

MORDANT WRATH
WEAPON CARDS

Aura strong enchantment and conjuration
CL 17th
Slot none; **Price** 189,820 gp; **Weight** 12 lbs.

STATISTICS

Alignment NE
Senses 120 ft., darkvision, blindsense, and hearing
Int 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 16, **Ego** 19
Communication empathy
Power rage 3/day
Special Purpose slay all except itself and its wielder
Dedicated Power *corrosive consumption* (Ultimate Magic 212) at will

DESCRIPTION

This +3 *furious corrosive burst* greataxe contains a fragment of a great green wyrm's spiritual essence. While its intellect has been dulled by its interment into steel, its force of personality is still quite strong. While it can only communicate empathically, Mordant Wrath does have a voice of sorts, the metal of its blade vibrating in metallic growls and roars to express its ceaseless rage and hunger for the destruction of all living things. These



unwerving sounds provide the wielder with a +2 circumstance bonus on all Intimidate checks. In pursuit of its purpose, the axe can enact its dedicated power with but a touch, but it can also be delivered as part of a regular melee attack, though no more than once in a round.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, acid arrow, *corrosive consumption*, *rage*; **Cost** 94,910 gp

Item Description**Notes:****Item Code**

OATHBREAKER WEAPON CARDS



<p>Item Description</p>	<p>Aura strong conjuration; CL 11th Slot none; Price 108,308 gp; Weight 10 lb.</p>
<p>DESCRIPTION</p>	<p>This +3 <i>axiomatic guisarme</i> protects its owner with a +2 insight bonus on Will saving throws against mind-affecting effects as long as it is carried. By planting the butt of the pole on the ground and touching a target as a standard action, the wielder can use <i>cure serious wounds</i> or <i>remove disease</i> a combined total of three times per day. Once per day, when Oathbreaker is successfully used to make a combat maneuver against a summoned creature, that creature must succeed on a Will save (DC 19) or fall under the control of the wielder as if the wielder had summoned the creature. Also once per day, if the wielder would suffer a loss of class abilities or the negative effects of a <i>geas</i> as a result of taking a prohibited action or changing his alignment, so long as they remain on the Lawful axis, the owner can attempt a Will save (DC 19); if he succeeds, he is temporarily immune to those consequences. Every 24 hours thereafter, he must make a new saving</p>
<p>CONSTRUCTION</p>	<p>Craft Magic Arms and Armor, <i>cure serious wounds</i>, <i>misdirection</i>, <i>nondetection</i>, <i>summon monster VI</i>; Cost 54,308 gp</p>
<p>Notes:</p>	<p>throw with a DC +2 greater than the previous one. If he fails one of these saving throws or another creature takes possession of Oathbreaker, the consequences take effect.</p>
<p>Item Code</p>	<p></p>

**Omen Blade**

Aura strong divination; CL 12th

Slot none; Price 71,185 gp; Weight 2 lb.

Description

This +4 short sword has a critical threat range of 18-20 due to its perpetually razor-sharp edge. It warns its owner of potential misjudgments or curses. All objects and creatures with the ability to lay curses and hexes cast no reflection in the surface of the blade. If an action is likely to immediately (within 1 round) result in a curse for the omen blade's owner while it is in her hands, it slips and falls to the ground as a warning.

Once per day as a swift action, the wielder can cast *bestow curse* (DC16) on a target that has taken damage from the sword. The curse expires after one hour and can be removed like any other curse. The wielder may elect to suffer from an identical curse, and deny both targets a saving throw. Spell resistance applies normally.

Once per week, the blade can be asked for an omen as per *augury* with a command word; the answer is empathically communicated to the wielder.

Construction

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor; *augury*, *bestow curse*, *keen edge*; **Cost** 36,685 gp

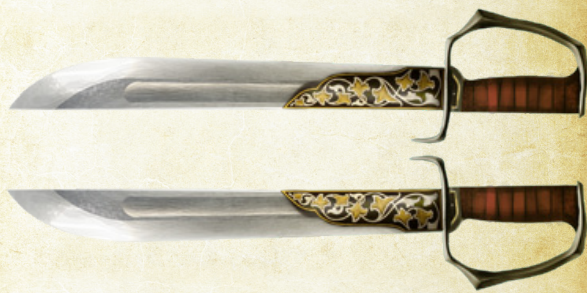
Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

**OMEN BLADE
WEAPON CARDS**

PEACE & TRANQUILITY

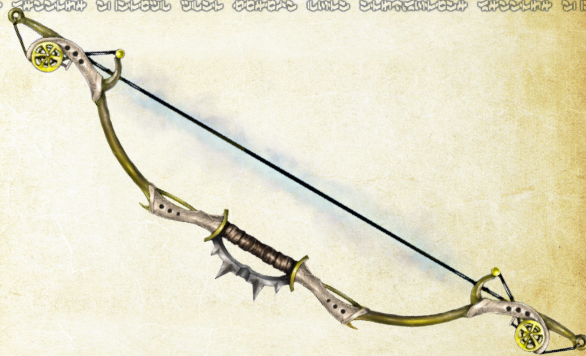


Item Code

If an extra ki point is expended making a stunning fist attack with Tranquility, the wielder may instead paralyze the target (Fort save, DC is equal to that of the wielder's stunning fist +1). This effect lasts 12 rounds.

CONSTRUCTION

TWILIGHT BOW



Aura strong evocation; **CL** 12th;
Slot None; **Price** 62,500; **Weight** 3lbs

DESCRIPTION

This +4 seeking mighty composite longbow functions in all ways like a normal bow except for the following: it acts as if the wielder has a +4 bonus from their strength score even if the wielder even if their bonus is lower, though it does not grant an additional bonus to a higher Strength. It has a range increment of 200 ft. This bonus is an extraordinary ability, not a magical or supernatural effect. The weapon also magically confers on its wielder extraordinary aim, such that it ignores the first 5 points of hardness of any object it hits, and that object's first 10 points of damage reduction.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, true seeing, creator must have at least 15 ranks in Knowledge (engineering); **Cost** 31,250gp

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

PROTECTORATE TWILIGHT
BOW WEAPON CARDS



Aura strong abjuration and transmutation;
CL 12th

Slot none; **Price** 96,000 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

The handle of this silk parasol hides a +1 *keen* dueling *wakizashi*. When the weapon is drawn, the rest of the umbrella, while open, functions as a +1 *animated light steel shield*. The shield, either in hand or animated, allows the wielder to function as if she has the Missile Shield feat. Once a day, the wielder may twirl the open umbrella to create a *hypnotic pattern effect* (CL 12), the effects of which remain in place until the end of that round. The wielder continues to spin the umbrella as a free action each round with the effect in place until the end of that round. When the parasol is open and in hand, whether the blade is sheathed or not, the wielder gains the benefit of a *glide* effect when falling.

CONSTRUCTION

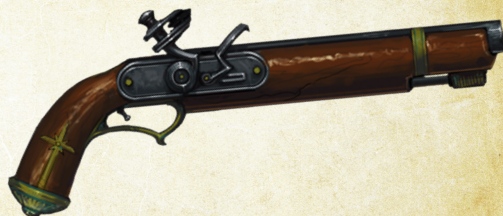
Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *animate object*, *cat's grace*, *glide*, *hypnotic pattern*, *keen edge*, *shield*; **Cost** 48,000 gp

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

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RAMPAGER'S IRONS



DESCRIPTION

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, rage. Creator must be at least 9th level; **Cost** 14,125 gp

Notes:

tem Code

RAMPAGER'S IRONS WEAPON CARDS

SILENCE



Aura strong abjuration; CL 13th
Slot none; Price 138,301 gp; Weight 3 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This +1 vicious cold iron shortspear grants its wielder a +2 resistance bonus on saving throws. In addition, once per round, if the wielder is aware of a spell cast that targets him or includes him in its area or effect, he can take an attack of opportunity to brush the spell aside. He makes an attack roll and gains spell resistance equal to the result of the attack roll. He need not threaten the spellcaster in melee, but he must be aware of the spell. If he rolls a natural twenty, the spell is negated by this spell resistance and the spell affects its caster instead of Silence's wielder. Finally, once per day, as a swift action after successfully dealing damage, Silence can affect an enemy with a targeted greater dispel magic effect (CL13). Silence cannot affect spells that do not allow spell resistance.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, antimagic field, greater dispel magic, spell resistance, spell turning; **Cost** 69,150 gp

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

SILENCE
WEAPON CARDS



STAFF OF THE RED MAGE

Aura Strong Enchantment; CL 14th
Slot None; Price: 76,200gp Weight 7lbs

DESCRIPTION

This staff has the following spells and is also treated as a +1 flaming/+1 frost quarterstaff.

- Good Hope (1 charge)
- Greater Heroism (2 charge)
- Heroism (1 charge)
- Haste (1 charge)

If the staff is lost or destroyed, it can be remade by the current Red Mage at one third its normal crafting costs – instead of half. In addition, the Red Mage can spend a full round action to return the staff to his hands as a greater teleport spell of the staff's caster level. This ability functions so long as the staff and the Red Mage are on the same plane.

CONSTRUCTION

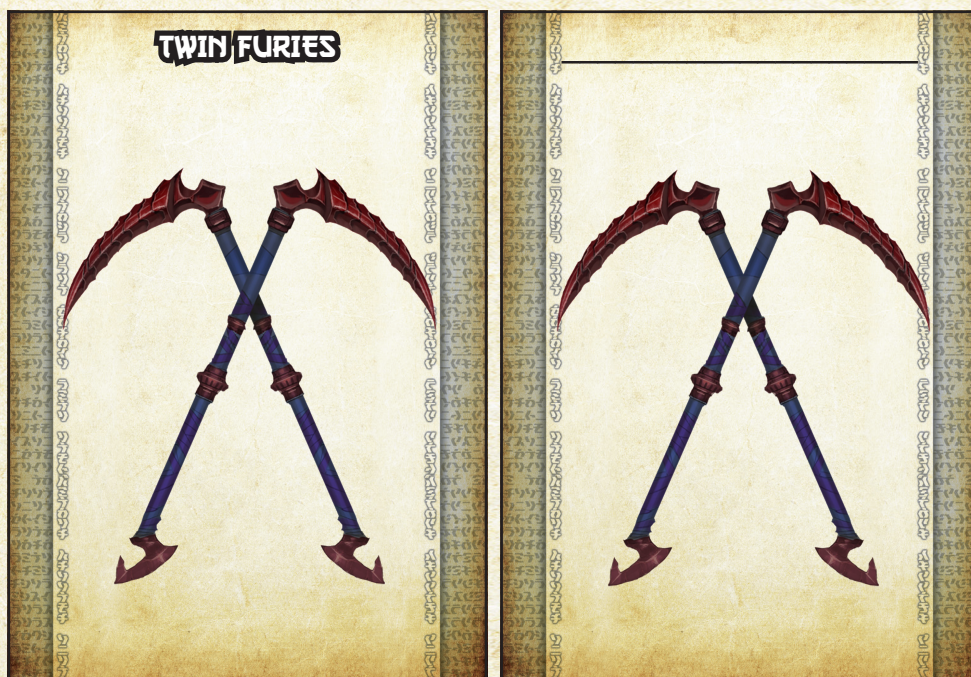
Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, good hope, greater heroism, haste, heroism, creator must be named as the new Red Mage, or successor of the Red Mage, **Cost** 38,100gp

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

STAFF OF THE RED MAGE WEAPON CARDS



Aura moderate enchantment and necromancy; **CL** 9th

Slot none; **Price** 38,604 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

A matched pair, the First Fury is a +1 *furyborn kama* and the Final Fury is a +2 *vicious kama*. When used together as a full attack action (i.e., when two-weapon fighting or as part of a flurry) and both weapons hit during the round, the wielder can make a rend attack, doing damage equal to 1d6 + the First Fury's current modifier + the wielder's Strength modifier. If the wielder is a follower of Khayne, then the 1d6 damage inflicted by Final Fury on the wielder is considered nonlethal damage and any attempts to Intimidate foes while wielding the weapons gain a +4 circumstance bonus.

CONSTRUCTION

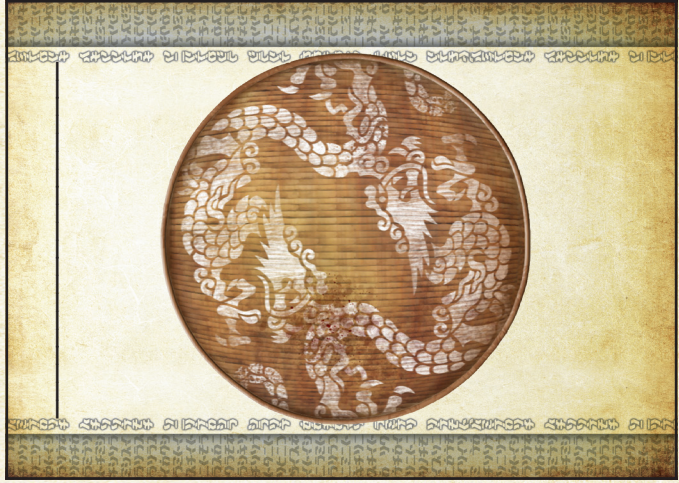
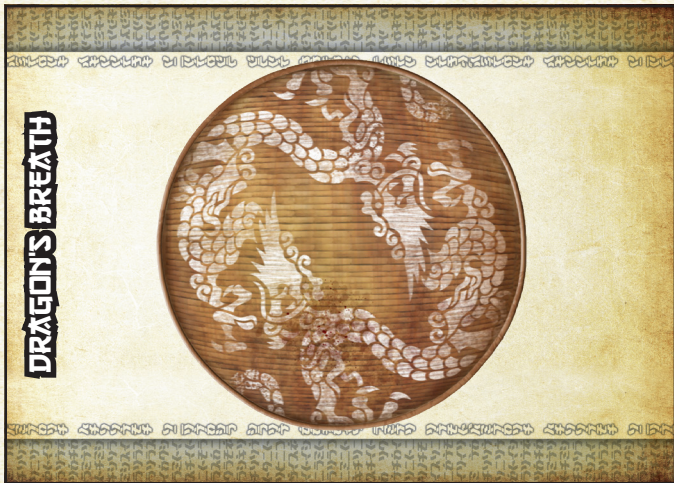
Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *enervation*, *rage*, crafter must worship Khayne; **Cost** 19,604 gp

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

TWIN FURIES WEAPON CARDS



WYRMCLAW & DRAGON'S BREATH WEAPON CARDS

WYRMCLAW

Aura strong abjuration and transmutation;
CL 12th
Slot none; **Price** 40,315 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Wyrmlaw is a +1 keen dispelling burst scimitar. Additionally, if the weapon does not already have a *dispel magic* or *greater dispel magic* stored, it can siphon the spell from foes. On a successful hit, if the target has either of the spells prepared (or an available spell slot of the appropriate level in the case of a spontaneous caster), it must make a Will save (DC 19) or lose the spell, which becomes stored within the blade. If the target has both spells, the wielder chooses the spell to be siphoned.

CONSTRUCTION

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *greater dispel magic*, *keen edge*; **Cost** 20,315 gp

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

DRAGON'S BREATH

Aura strong evocation; **CL** 12th
Slot none; **Price** 22,153 gp; **Weight** 5 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Dragon's Breath is a +3 wyrmsbreath (fire), light wooden shield that is crafted to be used with the scimitar Wyrmlaw. When both shield and scimitar are used together, the shield's powers can be used to enhance the weapon. As a free action, the shield's bearer can use a stored charge from the shield to grant Wyrmlaw the flaming weapon quality for 1 round. This ability may be maintained as a free action each round thereafter for as long as Dragon's Breath has charges remaining.

CONSTRUCTION

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *burning hands*; **Cost** 11,153 gp

Item Description

Notes:

Item Code

WYRMCLAW & DRAGON'S BREATH WEAPON CARDS

Written By Jeff Lee

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A HOUSE DIVIDED

NEOEXODUS CHRONICLES: ANCIENT TREASURES

The NeoExodus Chronicles: Ancient Treasures is created for use with your NeoExodus: A House Divided campaign setting home gaming for the Pathfinder RPG. The NeoExodus Chronicles: Ancient Treasures sourcebook focus on unique and interesting magical and mundane items that you can use in your NeoExodus home games that give you more a personal connection to the item. This sourcebook comes with a background and history of all the ancient treasures, their special mundane and/or magical qualities plus additional information. Everything you need to incorporate and of the NeoExodus Chronicles: Ancient Treasures into your character's background and your gaming sessions is here making them even more appealing, special and personal.



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