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GM'S MONTHLY MISCELLANY: COMPENDIUM 2015





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GM'S MONTHLY MISCELLANY: COMPENDIUM 2015

Featuring material from some of Raging Swan Press's newest products as well as classic releases of yesteryear, advice articles and material from Creighton's on-going design of the megadungeon Gloamhold, the GM's Monthly Miscellany series is a terrific free resource for the busy, time-crunched GM.

Design: Christian Alipounarian, Alexander Augunas, John Bennett, Creighton Broadhurst, Robert Brookes, Kat Evans, Andy Glenn, Richard Green, Steve Hood, Ben Kent, Andrew J. Martin, Jacob W. Michaels, Julian Neale, David Posener, Martin Tideswell, Jacob Trier, Josh Vogt, Nicholas Wasko, Mike Welham, Brian Mønster Wiborg and Daron Woodson.

Development: Creighton Broadhurst

Editing: Creighton Broadhurst

Cover Design: Creighton Broadhurst

Layout: Creighton Broadhurst

Interior Art: John Batten, Robert Brookes, Paul Daly, Dyson Logos, William McAusland, Bradley K. McDevitt, Matt Morrow, Arthur Rackham, Tommi Salama and David Sharrock. Some artwork copyright Paul Daly, used with permission. Some artwork copyright William McAusland, used with permission.

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gatekeeper@ragingswan.com

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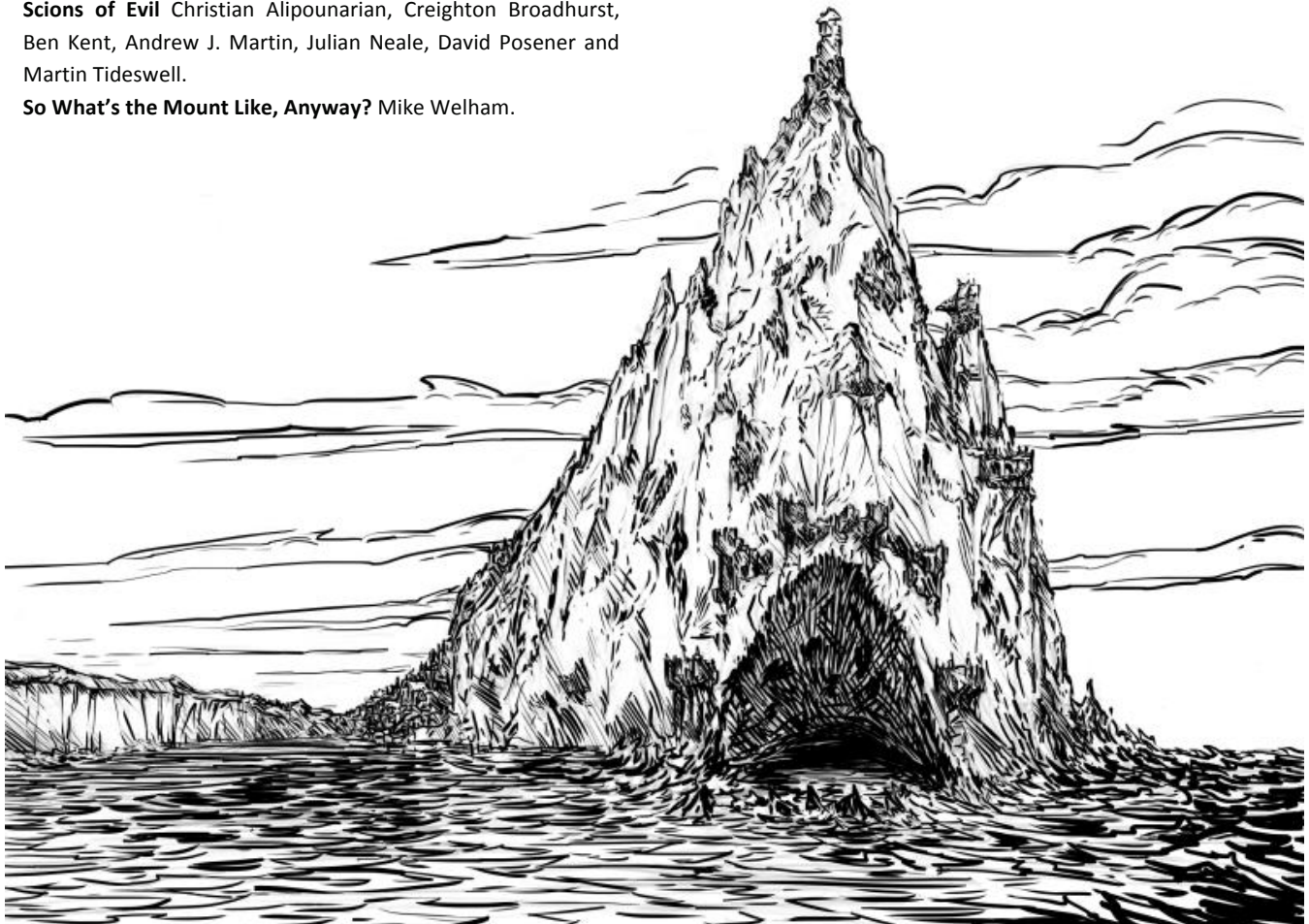
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FEATURED PRODUCTS

As well as new, never seen before material from the upcoming Gloomhold campaign setting, this *GM's Monthly Miscellany* presents material from several Raging Swan Press products including:

- **Alternate Dungeons: Abandoned Temple** Mike Welham.
- **Alternate Dungeons: Abandoned Village** Daron Woodson
- **Alternate Dungeons: Alchemist's Laboratory** Nicholas Wasko.
- **Alternate Dungeons: Mystic Ruins** Alexander Augunas.
- **Ancient Empire of the Troglodytes** John Bennett.
- **Campaign Events: Masquerade Ball** Katherine Evans.
- **Campaign Events: Urban Riot** Nicholas Wasko.
- **Caves & Caverns** Creighton Broadhurst and David Posener.
- **Duergar of the Obsidian Citadel** Matt Morrow.
- **Gibbous Moon Collector's Edition** Creighton Broadhurst and Jacob W. Michaels.
- **Henchfolk & Hirelings** Christian Alipounarian, Creighton Broadhurst and Andy Glenn.
- **I Loot the Body** Josh Vogt.
- **Places of Power: The Fragrant Tower** Jacob Trier.
- **Places of Power: Valley of the Rocks** Creighton Broadhurst.
- **Scions of Evil** Christian Alipounarian, Creighton Broadhurst, Ben Kent, Andrew J. Martin, Julian Neale, David Posener and Martin Tideswell.
- **So What's the Mount Like, Anyway?** Mike Welham.
- **Subterranean Enclave: Dilath's Hold** Brian Mønster Wiborg.
- **Town Backdrop: Wolfsbane Hollow** Robert Brookes.
- **Urban Dressing: Dwarven Hold** Josh Vogt.
- **Urban Dressing: Elven Town** Josh Vogt.
- **Urban Dressing: Logging Town** Josh Vogt.
- **Urban Dressing: Port Town** Josh Vogt.
- **Urban Dressing: Trade Town** Josh Vogt.
- **Urban Dressing: War-Torn Town** Josh Vogt.
- **Village Backdrop: Aldwater** Jacob Trier.
- **Village Backdrop: Coldwater** Creighton Broadhurst.
- **Village Backdrop: Edgewood** Mike Welham.
- **Village Backdrop: Hopespyre** Jacob W. Michaels.
- **Village Backdrop: Idyll** Mike Welham.
- **Village Backdrop: Kennutcat** John Bennett.
- **Village Backdrop: Red Talon** Richard Green.
- **Village Backdrop: Saint Fiacre** Alexander Augunas.
- **Village Backdrop: Sea Bitch** Richard Green.
- **Village Backdrop: Tigley** Steve Hood.



ABOUT THE DESIGNERS

Christian Alipounarian has been wasting copious amounts of time gaming since 1981. He joined the Living Greyhawk campaign staff in the nineties as regional adventure coordinator and editor for the Kingdom of Keoland region. He has written many rounds of modules for not just that campaign but also for the RPGA's Living Kingdoms of Kalamar and Living Death campaigns, as well as for the independent Legends of the Shining Jewel. He was a playtest lead for the 4th Edition Dungeons & Dragons game and is a contributor to products produced by Empty Room Studios Publishing and Raging Swan Press. He holds an undergraduate degree in history and a graduate degree in social science. He lives in northern New Jersey with his cat, Ava.

Alexander Augunas lives outside of Philadelphia, USA where he tries to make a living as an educator. When he's not shaping the future leaders of tomorrow, Alex is a freelance writer for esteemed Third-Party Publishers for the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game such as Radiance House (Pact Magic Unbound series) and Raging Swan Press (Alternate Dungeons series) and acts as a co-host and blogger on Know Direction's Private Sanctuary Podcast, where he has earned the nickname, "The Everyman Gamer." Recently, Alex has forayed into the realm of First-Party Freelancing and also operates his own publishing company, Everyman Gaming, LLC.

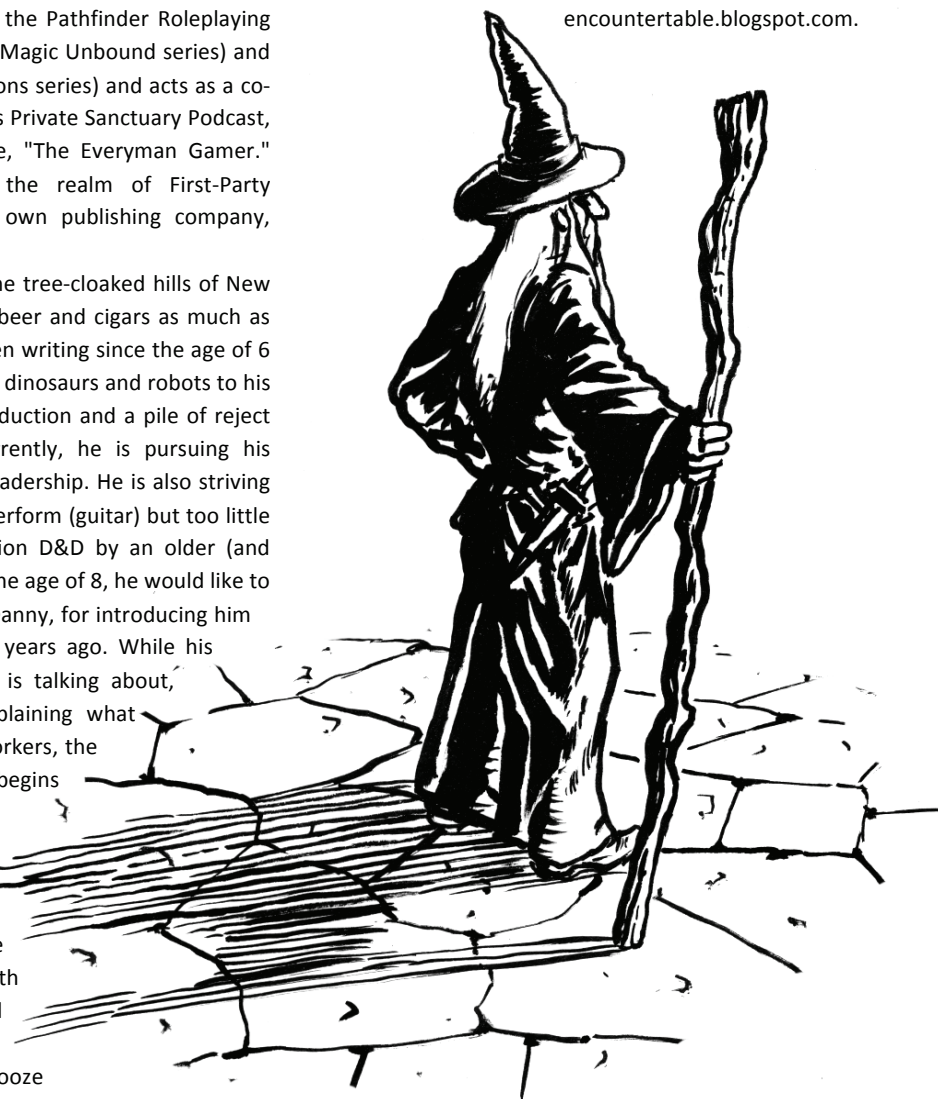
John Bennett makes his lair in the tree-cloaked hills of New Hampshire. He enjoys heavy metal, beer and cigars as much as he enjoys playing RPGs. John has been writing since the age of 6 when he would narrate stories about dinosaurs and robots to his mother. He has a degree in film production and a pile of reject letters to go with his scripts. Currently, he is pursuing his Master's degree in Organizational Leadership. He is also striving to achieve at least one skill rank in Perform (guitar) but too little avail. Coerced into playing 1st edition D&D by an older (and bigger) kid in the neighbourhood at the age of 8, he would like to take a moment to thank his friend, Danny, for introducing him to the world of gaming many long years ago. While his friends and players know what he is talking about, John has been unsuccessful in explaining what bugbears are to his family and co-workers, the latter fleeing his office when he begins rambling.

Creighton Broadhurst lives in Torquay, England where, apparently, the palm trees are plastic and the weather is warm. He shares a ramshackle old mansion with his two children ("Genghis" and "Khan") and his patient wife. Famed for his unending love affair with booze

and pizza he is an enduring GREYHAWK fan.

An Ennie Award winning designer (*Madness At Gardmore Abbey*) Creighton has worked with Expeditious Retreat Press, Paizo and Wizards of the Coast. He believes in the Open Gaming License and is dedicated to making his games as fun and easy to enjoy as possible for all participants. Reducing or removing entry barriers, simplifying pre-game prep and easing the GM's workload are the key underpinning principles of the products he now releases through Raging Swan Press. You can read his thoughts on game design at creightonbroadhurst.com.

Robert Brookes was one of the top 4 finalists in Paizo Inc's RPG Superstar 2014 competition. He is a freelancer with a background in video game design both as a content designer and concept artist and leverages that experience in his tabletop design. You can find more of his design insights and OGL creations at his personal Pathfinder blog, the Encounter Table encountertable.blogspot.com.



Kat Evans began playing D&D before she could read, thanks to her indulgent and patient older sister and never looked back. She blogs about gaming and fashion at fashiongoblin.com and her writing has appeared in *Wayfinder* #12. When she's not gaming, writing or sewing Kat works in the tech industry in Boston.

Andy Glenn The most important things in Andy's life are his gorgeous wife and two children, a precocious son and bossy baby daughter. The family lives on the Channel Islands. He also has a sinister cat trained to rub up against his nervous players' legs when DMing candlelit Ravenloft by night.

Gaming has given him lots of friends but his current group is the best, they all bring something different to the table as wargamers, figure painters and book collectors. One player has been nicknamed Judas when he helped the DM by pointing out that a critical hit with an arrow should actually do *triple* damage on the last standing character. That was almost two years ago but some things are never forgotten.

His two other interests are Liverpool Football Club (a declining soccer team now hopefully in revival) and the Green Bay Packers (very much on top of their game).

Richard Green has been playing D&D since 1980, running the game in all five editions, as well as plenty of other RPGs. Previous freelance design credits include the *Midgard Bestiary* for 4th Edition D&D (Kobold Press) and work on the *So What...* series for Raging Swan Press. In 2014, he published *Parsantium: City at the Crossroads*, a city sourcebook for use with the Pathfinder RPG and all editions of D&D (Ondine Publishing). Check out parsantium.com for more information.

Richard lives in London with his wife Kate and two cats. When he's not playing and writing roleplaying stuff, he likes to watch Crystal Palace FC try to win football matches.

Steve Hood lives in the crammed back room of a friend's house in Plymouth surrounded by maps, sketches and unfinished artwork from his oft misunderstood imagination. Attending the Plymouth College of art and design he can usually be found scribbling away on a map or sketch at most times of the day, when not vigorously pursuing proficiencies in abilities no good to man or beast. An avid collector of war games models, books and general clutter, his lifetime goal is to own his very own study (preferably in a tower) filled by a small library and other paraphernalia from all over the world.

Ben Kent has memories of seeing "bigger kids" playing RPGs in the hallways of his Elementary school. After overhearing the destruction of skeletons beyond number at the hands of a skilled cleric, he immediately settled upon such games as the sort of thing he'd enjoy.

Living with his wondrous and encouraging life-partner Tiffinie and their two beautiful young daughters in Ontario, Canada, Ben continues to find role-playing games the sort of thing he enjoys. He is eagerly looking forward to the day his daughters are both grown up enough to roll the dice instead of

eat them, so they can join their parents at the table (and thus ease the difficulty in finding babysitters on gaming days).

Ben's eventual objective is complete dominion over the earth, but there's a lot of competition in that field. He's presently working as a customer service agent by day and superhero/game designer/bug squasher/father figure by night. Now that he's been published, he's honestly not sure his life could get much cooler.

Andrew Martin was born in the United States and now residing in eastern China, Andrew is both an aspirant teacher and writer. Holding a long-fostered love of role-playing games and the act of playing, he spends much of his free time simply dreaming up various characters and plots, and occasionally even commits them to paper! He loves richly developed worlds and personas, with a special interest in dark fantasy, gothic horror and gritty westerns. He is engaged in a never-ending battle with his own lethargy, and whenever he earns a minor victory against this insidious foe, he uses the resulting window of motivation to further his practice in writing.

Jacob W. Michaels has been gaming for 30 years, since he was introduced to Advanced Dungeons and Dragons in the third grade. A newspaper editor in eastern Pennsylvania, he's a two-time finalist in Paizo's RPG Superstar, making the Top 16 in 2012 (when he garnered acclaim for his *Unfettered*) and 2014 (when his guttersnipe was among the top monsters). He had his first module, *Ironwall Gap Must Hold*, published in 2013 by *AdventureWeek.com* and his work has appeared in *Wayfinder* and with Jon Brazer Enterprises.

He lives with his faithful hound, Holiday, who hasn't inherited his interest in role-playing, but enjoys when her dog friends come over during games. His parents and sister have always been supportive of his hobby, and he appreciates his wife's encouragement, even if her reaction to watching her first (and only) gaming session was "there are some things you can never unsee."

Julian Neale began his interest in roleplaying games with the classic "red box" in the early 1980s, then quickly progressed onto 1e AD&D when buying the *Player's Handbook* from none other than Ian Livingstone and Steve Jackson - of *Fighting Fantasy* and Games Workshop fame - at a convention in London. Julian has run and played in many games and game systems over the years, and likes writing game stuff for fun. He has contributed to *Dragon* magazine and the *Kingmaker Adventure Path* for Paizo, and is excited to work with Raging Swan Press. Julian currently lives in the north of England, but plans to relocate further south in the future.

David Posener adores his long-suffering wife and two sons who, frankly, have no idea what he's talking about most of the time. David is based in Sydney, and his work as a Logistics Consultant, much to his disappointment, contains fewer undead-filled warehouses and demon-possessed forklifts than he was led to believe. David started gaming with the book *Grey Star the*

Wizard, circa 1985, back when we eschewed that dice business and goddamn STABBED out random numbers. The next year, he received the D&D Basic Set red box as a birthday present and has been gaming ever since. His GMing style has been likened to a horrible Frankenstein combination of historical epic, gritty survival horror and *Flight of the Concords*-style song-filled whimsy.

He is yet to live down naming a NPC "The Crimea Reaver".

Martin Tideswell has a vivid imagination honed by years of playing with toy soldiers and an unhealthy interest in vampires. He discovered Dungeons & Dragons at the age of 11 and the rest, as they say, is history...

Martin is now 38 and has been a full-time newspaper journalist for two decades. Through high school, college, house moves, job changes, marriage and the arrival of children, fantasy roleplaying has been his one constant. Martin lives with his wife Denise and his two adorable daughters – Lois and Mina – in a quiet avenue in Wirral, Merseyside. In the box room, he burns the midnight oil scripting adventures and plotting world domination and/or immortality by nefarious means.

Jacob Trier has been a book-worm since before he could walk. Growing up, the library was one of his favorite places, and his love of fantasy and role-playing games was kindled by Sword and Sorcery pick-your-path books and Dragonlance novels. At age ten, he got his hands on the AD&D 2nd edition Players Handbook, and he has been a gamer ever since. His singular claim to fame was an unsuccessful run at the title of RPG Superstar in 2012.

When he isn't slaying trolls or guiding his players towards certain death and dismemberment, he's busy playing the roles of father and husband. He and his lovely wife are the proud parents of two lively sons, both future gamers if their dad has anything to say about it. Trained as a journalist, he pays the bills handling communication at a local Social and Health Care College. He lives near Aarhus, Denmark.

Josh Vogt is a full-time freelance writer and editor. He works with a variety of RPG developers and publishers and has sold fiction to Paizo's Pathfinder Tales, Grey Matter Press, the UFO2 & UFO3 anthologies, Intergalactic Medicine Show and Shimmer, among others. His upcoming debut fantasy novel is also with Paizo's Pathfinder Tales. You can find him at JRVogt.com or @JRVogt. He is made out of meat."

Nicholas Wasko is a soon-to-be doctor currently at the University of Connecticut School of Medicine. He devotes most of his time to his academics, pursuing interests in neuroscience and stem cell research. When not studying, Nick enjoys reading, writing, exploring the wilderness with his girlfriend, and performing improvisational comedy - all of which synergize with his love for the Pathfinder RPG. He has spent the past four years designing a homebrew campaign setting with his identical twin brother Chris, and recently started exploring freelance design. Nick is delighted to be making his professional writing debut

with Raging Swan Press, and is looking forward to more opportunities to contribute to the Pathfinder RPG community.

Mike Welham has been gaming off-and-on for over 30 years. While he has played using numerous game systems, he has always had a fondness for Dungeons & Dragons and its offshoots. The third edition of Dungeons & Dragons renewed a flagging interest in roleplaying games, but the introduction of Pathfinder sparked a long-dormant desire to write for roleplaying games. Mike has written for Clockwork Gnome Publishing, Open Design, Paizo, and Rite Publishing, and (much to his surprise) he won Paizo's RPG Superstar contest in 2012. He is quite happy with the prospect of his first publication with Raging Swan Press.

Mike lives in Kernersville, North Carolina, with his ever-patient wife, two roleplaying game-savvy children (one has started his university career, however), a puggle, three cats and a turtle. He believes the solution to the impending empty nest syndrome will be to allow more creatures of his imagination to make themselves at home.

Brian Mønster Wiborg hails from Denmark the ancient Viking kingdom, where he lives with his overbearing wife and two young sons, whom he trains to be wizards, although it seems that a bard and a barbarian is most likely result of his manipulation. He has played RPGs since 1990 and has tried a variety from AD&D, Call of Cthulhu, TMNT, and Star Wars, the old D6 version mind you, not the modern D20. Today it is Pathfinder he mainly plys his evil trade in.

He started GM'ing mainly because he thought the dungeons he explored were built by kind-hearted souls, he was convinced that a trap should aim to kill or at least seriously maim, because why else would you bother with using the trap to protect yours precious dungeon? This idea was sparked by his exposure to Grimtooth the Troll and his magnificent traps. He has been called an evil GM but he usually just replies "I am a realistic GM, and you take 65 points of damage, so roll up a new character!" Apart from rpgs he also enjoys everything Sword and Sorcery be it books, comics, RPGs, or movies, especially Conan.

Daron Woodson is a published (self- and otherwise) third-party author for the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game by Paizo Publishing, LLC. In addition to over six years of administrative writing experience, Daron has authored over one hundred high-rated and well-reviewed products under the trade name Abandoned Arts, and also works as a freelance author and content editor for several other third-party PFRPG publishers, and for online writing services like Scripted and Writer Access. Daron lives in Jacksonville, Florida, and spends the majority of his efforts there avoiding any direct contact with the sunlight.



FOREWORD

Welcome to *GM's Monthly Miscellany: Compendium 2015*!

2015 has been an excellent year for Raging Swan Press. I've been delighted with the progress we are making and I'm looking forward immensely to 2016.

A huge part of our success this year has been our Patreon campaign. We launched the campaign

in March and already (at time of writing) almost 80 people have signed up. They get our books earlier and cheaper. In return, those 80 people have changed the way Raging Swan Press operates. At the start of the year, we were paying our freelancers one cent a word. Now, we are paying seven cents a word. That's an epic achievement and one of which I'm insanely proud. I can't wait to hit out next milestones; next up is paying our artists and cartographers more! If you want to learn more about the campaign—and I hope you do—head on over to patreon.com and search for Raging Swan Press.

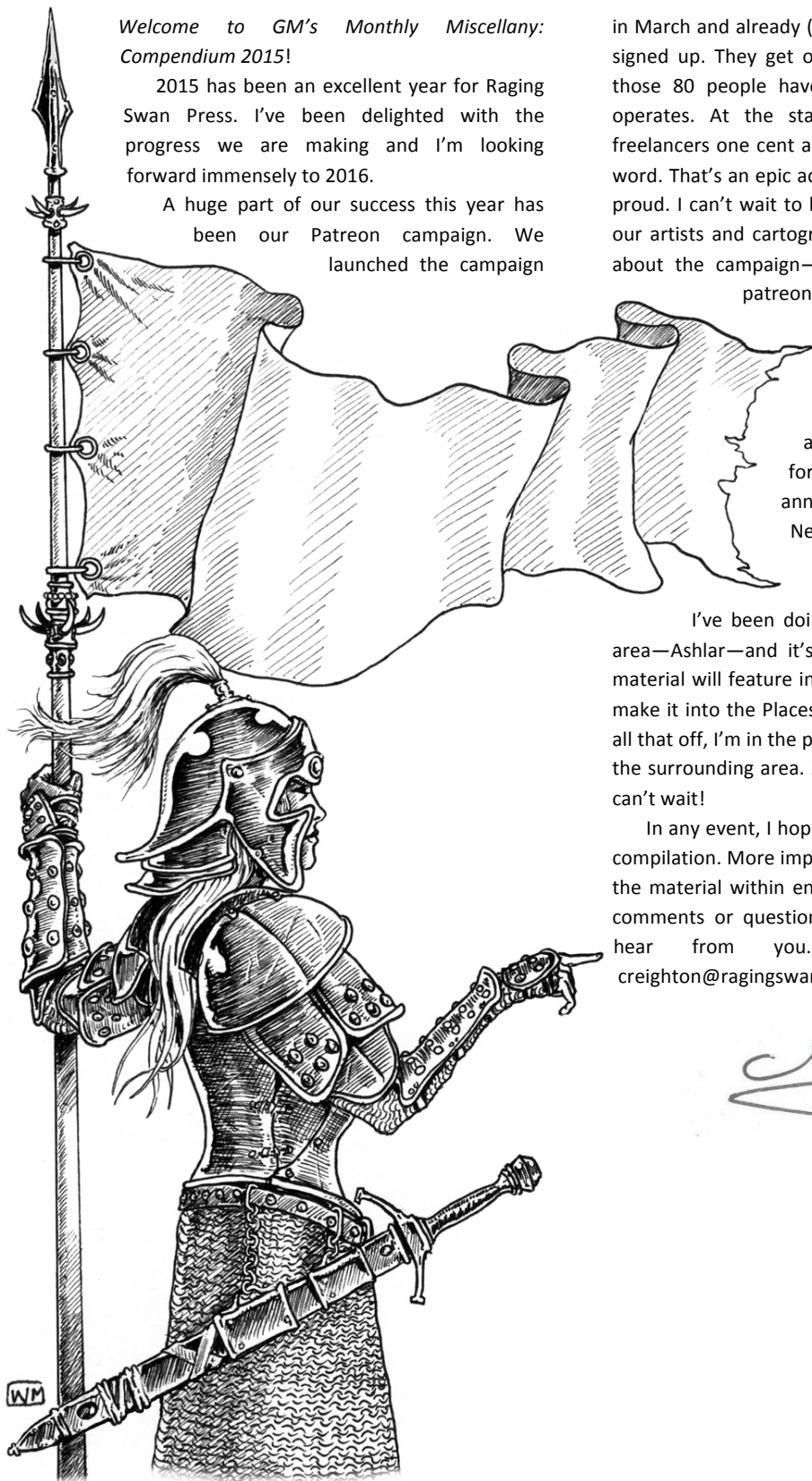
In other news, 2016 will see Raging Swan Press move into new exciting areas. While our plans are still being laid—if you know me, you'll know I plot and plan at great length—I'm looking forward immensely to making some announcements in January.

Next year will also see more details of Ashlar and the megadungeon Gloamhold emerge from my fevered imagination.

I've been doing a fair bit of work on the surrounding area—Ashlar—and it's various communities and much of this material will feature in the Village Backdrop line. Some will also make it into the Places of Power line (I strongly suspect) To top all that off, I'm in the process of writing several adventures set in the surrounding area. 2016 will be a busy design year for me—I can't wait!

In any event, I hope you enjoy this GM's Monthly Miscellany compilation. More importantly, I hope you find it useful and that the material within enhances your campaign. If you've got any comments or questions about Raging Swan Press, I'd love to hear from you. You can contact me at creighton@ragingswan.com.

November, 2015.



ADVICE ARTICLES

GAMING ADVICE: HOW TO MAKE AN OLD SCHOOL CHARACTER

If you want an Old School feel to your Pathfinder Roleplaying Game you've got to go back to the very beginning...

I've talked a lot recently about the Old School style of play and my desire to marry it with the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game in my design of Gloamhold. One thing it's important to remember about Old School play is that the experience starts way before party's first dungeon. If you are going to do Old School properly, you've got to start with character generation.

With that in mind, I've roughed out some Old School guidelines for use in Gloamhold and Old School style play. These rules in no way support optimisation or min/maxing — to a certain degree you are at the mercy of the dice. This has some upsides, and it has some downsides:

- **Upside:** Character generation is quicker, as players have fewer choices to make.
- **Downside:** Characters are not optimised; they are less effective than those created using more modern methods. A GM should keep this in mind when crafting adventures.
- **Upside:** Characters are mechanically similar; thus their personas becomes much more important in differentiating them from their fellows. This promotes roleplaying.
- **Downside:** Characters develop more organically and are not as designed as with other methods. This can lead to an unbalanced party, as it removes some of the choices from the generation process.
- **Upside:** Characters are more rounded because the player isn't assigning scores to attributes. With this method, there is no such thing as a dump stat.

For this method of character generation, use only the options presented in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook*. A close reading of the rules below will undoubtedly show I have done away with certain aspects of Old School character generation. In particular, I don't include class restrictions for demi-humans or racial prerequisites; I wasn't wildly keen on those in the Good Old Days and I'm still not wildly keen on them now!

STAT GENERATION

Point buy is not Old School. In Old School you roll your stats and you assign them in the order you rolled. You've got two options:

- **Old School:** 4d6 drop the lowest, in order.
- **Hardcore Old School:** 3d6, in order.

If your character has an overall negative stat modifier, discard the character and re-roll (unless you don't want to).

CHOOSE CLASS AND RACE

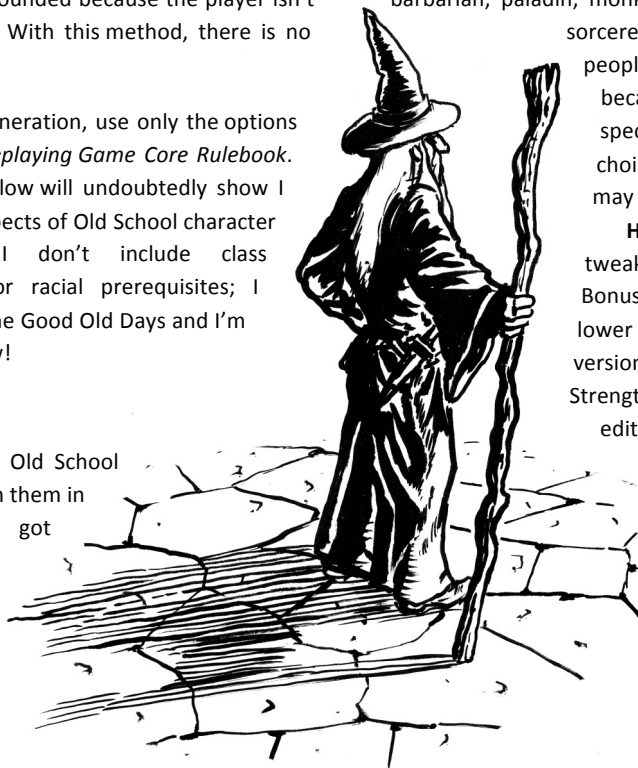
Choose your race and class as normal, and apply the relevant racial modifiers.

Hardcore Old School: If you want a hardcore Old School experience, use the following class prerequisites:

- Barbarian: Str 13, Dex 13, Con 13
- Bard: Dex 12, Int 10, Cha 15
- Cleric: Wis 10
- Druid: Wis 12, Cha 15
- Fighter: Str 9
- Monk: Str 15, Dex 15, Con 11, Wis 15
- Paladin: Str 12, Con 9, Wis 13, Cha 17
- Ranger: Str 13, Dex 13, Con 14, Wis 14
- Rogue: Dex 9
- Sorcerer: Cha 12
- Wizard: Int 10 (universalist), Int 13 (abjurer, conjurer et al)

These prerequisite limit your choices somewhat, and result in most adventurers becoming clerics, fighters, rogues or wizards. This it turn means characters qualifying for classes such as barbarian, paladin, monk and so on are exceptional folk. Even sorcerers, rangers and druids are special people. I personally like this approach, because when everyone is special no one is special. However, it removes even more choice from character generation, which may not be to everyone's taste.

Halfway House: Alternatively, you could tweak the above prerequisites slightly. Bonuses for high abilities scores start much lower in 3rd edition et al, than in earlier versions of the game. For example a Strength score of 17 gives a +1 to hit in 1st edition, but a +3 in Pathfinder. With this in mind, some of the higher prerequisites could be reduced by 2 or 4 points (depending on your preference).



SKILLS

Your character probably had a job or trade before he became an adventurer. Perhaps he worked with his family in the fields or was apprenticed to a craftsman. To simulate this, spend a free skill point on a Craft or Profession skill to account for his early training.

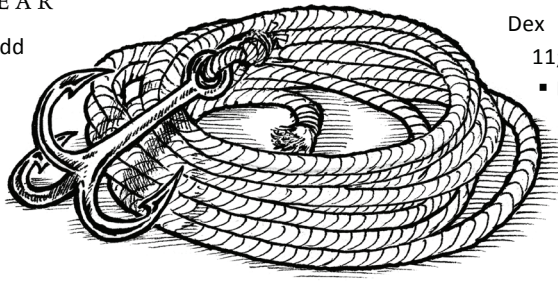
Hardcore Old School: If you'd rather, you can randomly determine which background skill your character knows. Roll a d20:

1. Craft (armour)
2. Craft (weapons)
3. Profession (farmer, fisherman or miller)
4. Profession (architect, engineer or scribe)
5. Craft (jewellery)
6. Craft (baker, brewer or butcher)
7. Craft (carpentry or stonemasonry)
8. Profession (miner)
9. Profession (sailor)
10. Profession (merchant/trader)
11. Profession (carter)
12. Craft (tailor, leatherworker or cobbler)
13. Craft (artist: paintings or sculptor)
14. Handle Animal
15. Heal
16. Perform (choose any one)
17. Craft (choose any one)
18. Profession (choose any one)
19. No skill of measurable worth
20. Roll twice on this table; ignore this result hereafter

Knowing what your character did before he became an adventurer might give you an insight into why he took up such a danger-filled life. Perhaps a gambler adventures to clear his debts while a merchant or trader could have become fascinated with foreign cultures and travelling. Similarly, your character could have hated his profession or trade so much he became an adventurer to escape it. Alternatively, he could have been so bad at his previous job his master threw him out onto the streets; with no other options the life of an adventurer beckoned.

STARTING WEALTH AND GEAR

Roll your starting gold as normal. To add depth and detail to this facet of character generation consider how he came into these funds.



When buying gear:

- Don't buy anything from the Special Substances and Items table.
- Don't buy any cold iron, mithral or adamantite items.
- Be sure to buy the staples of dungeoning equipment: rope, pitons, flasks of oil, a light source and so on. If you'd rather skip this step, buy one of these equipment bundles.
- Keep 10% of your wealth back for in-game expenses. This money could be spent on bribes, fines and taxes and (of course) paying your hirelings' or specialist's wages and fees.

EXAMPLE ADVENTURING PARTIES

Just for fun, I've rolled up two starting adventuring parties using this system. I haven't fully fleshed out these characters, but they still give you a sense of the kind of group you could expect to see adventuring in Gloamhold. I picked a group size of six for these groups as I have six players in my home campaign.

GROUP 1: HARDCORE OLD SCHOOL

- **Etune Lightstep** (NG female halfling rogue 1; Str 9, Dex 14, Con 9, Int 7, Wis 12, Cha 16; Profession [gambler])
- **Aldal Garsten** (NG male dwarf fighter; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8; Profession [miner])
- **Ylermi Rantanen** (LG male human wizard [evoker] 1; Str 9, Dex 12, Con 7, Int 16, Wis 10, Cha 10; Craft [jewellery])
- **Firatis Natityrr** (CG female half-elf bard 1; Str 8, Dex 15, Con 7, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 15; Profession [carter])
- **Ilari Eskola** (LG male human cleric [Darlen] 1; Str 14, Dex 8, Con 15, Int 9, Wis 17, Cha 13; Profession [architect])
- **Aune Pasanen** (CG female wizard [universalist] 1; Str 5, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 8; Craft [tailor])

GROUP 2: OLD SCHOOL

- **Amallaemar Uthliavar** (NG female half-elf wizard; Str 9, Dex 10, Con 8, Int 15, Wis 11, Cha 11; Craft [sculptor])
- **Elgal Torsten** (NG male dwarf rogue 1; Str 8, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 13, Wis 16, Cha 10; Profession [engineer])
- **Urmias Lankinen** (LG male human cleric [Darlen] 1; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 18, Cha 16; Craft [armour])
- **Ogan** (NG female half-orc cleric [Kalron] 1; Str 14, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 8, Wis 15, Cha 11; Perform [wind])
 - **Valto Itkonen** (CG male human barbarian 1; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 11; Profession [merchant])
 - **Leneal Ningel** (NG female gnome druid 1; Str 9, Dex 9, Con 17, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 16; [Craft [leather]])

GAMING ADVICE: TOP 10 PATHFINDER ROLEPLAYING GAME ARGUMENTS

Attacks of opportunity. Cover. Grapple. Three rules that can strike fear into the hearts of players and GMs alike and often result in a “spirited discussion.”

The Pathfinder Roleplaying Game is a complicated game and rules disagreements are inevitable. Interpreting some rules can be tricky. Such interpretations can cause tempers to flair, particularly when a character’s life is on the line. It’s been my experience, though, that if a GM knows in advance what likely arguments (or “spirited discussions”) will emerge he can revise those particular rules so he can offer clear, quick and decisive rulings.

In no particular order, here are the top ten causes of arguments I’ve observed in Pathfinder Roleplaying Game sessions:

- **Cover:** Does the target have cover? How do we determine cover? Is it soft cover?
- **Attacks of Opportunity:** Did that action trigger an attack of opportunity? Did the PC’s movement provoke an attack? Given we often fight mobile battles this comes up a lot.
- **Realism vs. Rules:** This old chestnut normally rears its ugly head when a player wants to do something important and the rules are not to his liking.
- **Spell Effects:** Unless the spell is very basic – say magic missile for example – the player should have the spell description readily available. Even if his interpretation is correct, taking the time to confirm that fact if someone disagrees is wasted time.
- **Unfair GM Tactics:** I once played under a GM who liked to coup de grace fallen PCs even if the battle was still raging and the villain making the attack was under attack from other opponents. This caused a lot of bad feeling at the table. Monsters should always use appropriate combat tactics for their intelligence, objectives and tactical situation.

- **Combat Manoeuvres:** For some reason, bull rush, trip etc. still slows the game down. I know the process got simplified in Pathfinder, but it still causes us trouble. Don’t get me started on grapple.
- **Squeezing:** In natural caverns, squeezing or not is often a pain. If the GM has taken the time to draw the map accurately the cavern walls wanders through squares sometimes making it unclear what is a full square and what isn’t.
- **Treasure Distribution:** (Shockingly) players care about treasure and unless everyone gets their first choice item from the haul things can get heated. I still haven’t tied down a fair method of distributing treasure. One of my players likes to sell everything and then divide the amount of gold equally among the PCs. I’m not a fan of this method as it reduces the wonder of magic items to mere commodities.
- **My Character Would Do That:** I’ve touched on this before, but basically if you put the feelings of your pretend character above those of an actual person sitting at the table you need to reappraise your priorities (or leave).
- **Alignment:** It’s very rare two gamers agree completely on exactly what constitutes lawful good (or any alignment’s) behaviour. Most of these discussions can be fun, but they can really suck time out of the game. Given there is no right answer (except whatever the GM rules) there’s not much point discussing alignment at the table if you actually want to get any gaming done.



GM ADVICE: 6 MORAL DILEMMAS FOR YOUR PCs

Some of the best roleplaying experiences I've had stem from fellow players exploring their PCs' personalities and background. A good way to force the PCs to do so is through the judicious use of moral dilemmas.

Some of the most common moral dilemmas include:

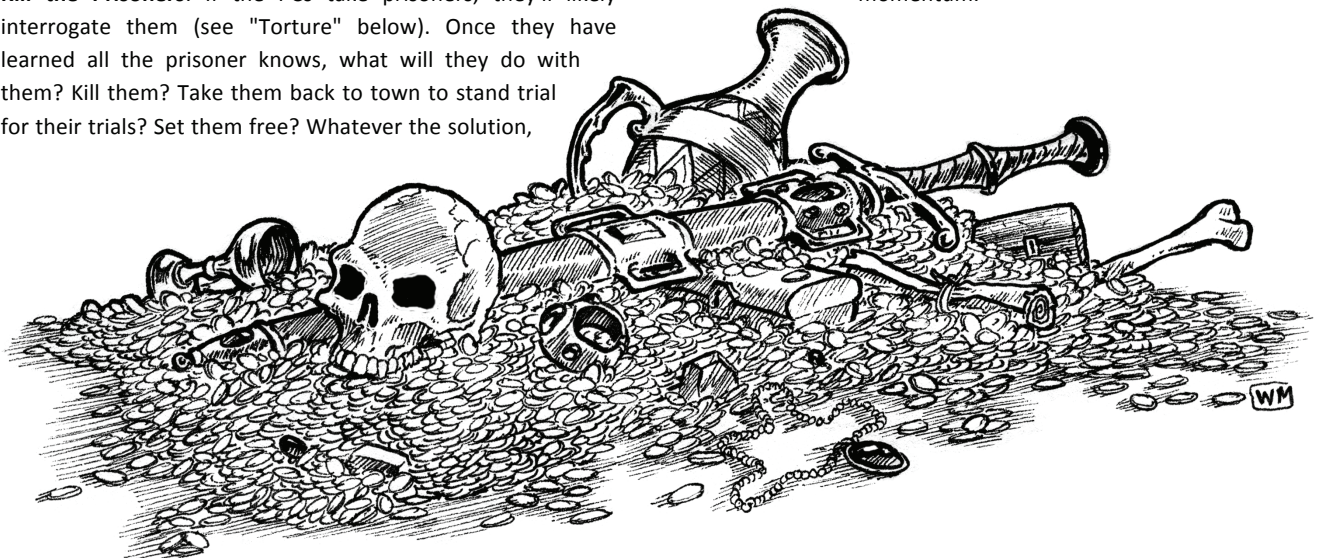
I've used moral dilemmas in my Borderland of Adventure campaign with great success. Not only have great roleplaying moments resulted, the players have had to delve into their PCs' personalities. For some of the dilemmas I posed them, they are still dealing with the consequences.

- **Kill the Innocents:** Lots of adventures are set in an evil humanoid's tribal lair. The PCs attack and kill all the warriors, loot their bodies and complete their quest. After the dust has settled, what should happen to the tribe's young and noncombatants? Depending on your worldview all orcs (for example) could be evil or they could just be predominantly evil. In any case, slaughtering the young (in particular) is likely to cause moral problems for some PCs. But, if the PCs don't kill them, what is to become of them? Will they be left to starve to death, are the PCs going to cast them out of their home, leave them to be preyed on by stronger neighbouring tribes etc.? If the PCs don't deal with them, what will the consequences of their inaction be?
- **Kill the Helpless:** After the battle is done and the PCs stand triumphant, the dead and the dying likely litter the battlefield. I've seen some PCs who -- after a hard battle -- like nothing more than a good beheading, but others might object strenuously to this practice. Beyond those they have vanquished in battle, the party could also encounter imprisoned evil doers (such as members of rival tribes), the ill, injured or infirm. Do they all deserve death?
- **Kill the Prisoners:** If the PCs take prisoners, they'll likely interrogate them (see "Torture" below). Once they have learned all the prisoner knows, what will they do with them? Kill them? Take them back to town to stand trial for their trials? Set them free? Whatever the solution,

it is likely to engender a lively debate.

- **Torture:** How far are the PCs willing to go to get the information they need? Lawful good types are unlikely to condone torture while for others it might be more of a hobby. However, if the PCs have captured someone who clearly has important information they desperately need (perhaps to save innocent lives) the issue becomes thornier.
- **Rescue the Prisoners:** The PCs are deep in a dungeon when they rescue some prisoners. The prisoners are grateful to be rescued and beg the PCs to escort them to the surface or nearby town. The prisoners are clearly weak and unable to survive without the PCs, but if the PCs retreat they give their enemy time to retreat or regroup. What should they do?
- **Work with Evil:** The enemy of my enemy is my friend. In some cases this might mean an evil NPC or group offers an alliance with the PCs against another evil group. Some PCs may balk at this, while others might be prepared to work with anyone to achieve victory. Working with evil raises many questions, including: can they be trusted? Why are they doing this? What do they want in return for their help?

At the end of the day, such moral dilemmas are not for all groups. Even in games when they come up, they shouldn't come up that often. The downside of introducing moral dilemmas into your game is that the ensuing discussion can go on for quite sometime. While this is fun on occasion, such rambling discussions can slow play dramatically and kill the game's momentum.



GM ADVICE: HOW EVERNOTE HELPS ME ORGANISE MY CAMPAIGN

For the last four months or so, we've been playing the Shattered Star adventure path and it's going very well. As always, though, campaign prep is a constant struggle.

Like you (I expect) I'm a jolly busy gamer. Family life, running Raging Swan Press and my near obsession with running all conspire to constrain the amount of prep time I've got for our weekly sessions. To stay ahead of the curve, and to be jolly organised, I use Evernote.

Evernote's got loads of advantages for players and GMs alike and I'm finding that it's instrumental in keeping my campaign on track.

For me, using Evernote efficiently is all about clever tagging. Don't get me wrong, the search function in Evernote is tremendously powerful, but a comprehensive but simple list of tags means I can quickly navigate my notes and find what I'm looking for—even in the midst of a session. I use several tags to organise my campaign notes:

- **Shattered Star:** I apply this tag to every note relevant to the campaign. This tends to mean it gets applied to a lot of notes, but it also means I can quickly scan and search everything that might apply to the campaign. It's all there—effortlessly—on a single screen.
- **Shattered Star Session Summaries:** I write up session summaries of every game and post them to my blog, as a handy record of the campaign. I find the process jolly useful in ordering my thoughts and remembering important events that might affect upcoming sessions. My players read them as well to refresh their memories of recent events before the next session. Having them in Evernote—searchable—is an added bonus.
- **Shattered Star PC:** I use this tag on any note pertaining to the PCs. This includes (but is not limited to) copies of their character sheets, their backgrounds and any special magic items or plot devices I might have designed for a given PC. This is

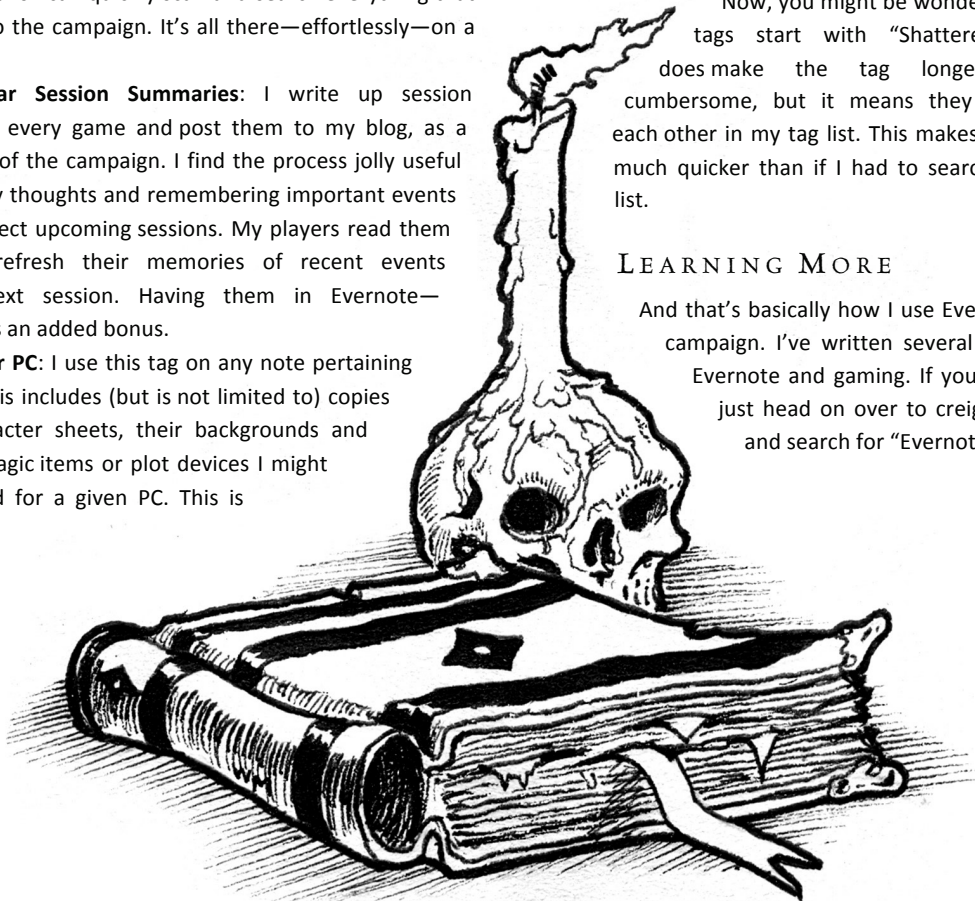
also handy if a player can't make it to a session. With a copy of his character sheet ready to go, I can hit "print" and someone else can run the character—meaning the party doesn't lose out on healing, offensive magic or whatever. Worst-case scenario—and we are playing somewhere without a printer—I can simply share the note with the relevant player and they can run the character straight from their device.

- **Shattered Star NPC:** In a similar vein to the Shattered Star PC tag, I use this tag to keep track of important NPCs. I can add important notes, their statistics and so on to a note and have it close at hand. If I suddenly get asked a question about an NPC who hasn't appeared for several sessions, I can quickly refer to my note—and not spend ages leafing through the module trying to find the relevant information.
- **Shattered Star: Module Name:** I've got several tags named after the various modules in the adventure path. Whether I'm designing extra encounters, extra dungeon dressing or just organising my session summaries these are handy tags.

Now, you might be wondering why do all of my tags start with "Shattered Star"? True, it does make the tag longer and somewhat cumbersome, but it means they all appear next to each other in my tag list. This makes finding the right tag much quicker than if I had to search through the entire list.

LEARNING MORE

And that's basically how I use Evernote to help run my campaign. I've written several other articles about Evernote and gaming. If you'd like to read them, just head on over to creightonbroadhurst.com and search for "Evernote".



GM ADVICE: HOW TO NAME THE ROADS IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

Every GM I've ever met names the various villages, towns and cities in his campaign. It's as normal and natural as naming a world's rivers, forests and mountain ranges. What few GMs do, however, is name the streets, alleys and other thoroughfares of their settlements.

Don't get me wrong; no GM has the time to name every road, street and alley in a given town, but naming a few helps bring the settlement alive in the players' minds. For example:

- Why is that shady lane called Dagger Alley?
- Why is that road called Dead Troll Road?
- Is it worth avoiding Beggars' Way?
- Is Temple Avenue a good place to find magical healing?
- What could possibly go wrong on Cutthroat Alley?

Such questions not only breathe life into the setting, but can even lead to interesting minor encounters or even the genesis of the PCs' next adventure. Adventurers venturing down Cutthroat Alley, for example, deserve everything they get while those wandering Market Street might discover a bargain or hear a particularly juicy rumour.

NAMING CONVENTIONS

There are many different ways a road could be named. Here are a few of the most common styles:

- [Descriptor] street/alley/lane: Example, Dagger Lane, North Street and so on.
- Street of [Descriptor]: Example, Street of Swords, Road of the Dragon and so on.
- [Feature] street/alley/lane: Example, Water Street, Church Way and so on.
- [proper name's] street/alley/lane: Example, Krorz's Promenade, Sorn's Alley and so on.
- [Race, creature or monster] street/alley/lane: Example, Giant's Street, Orc Alley and so on.

THINGS TO NAME A ROAD AFTER

Once chosen, a name can enhance a town's flavour and verisimilitude. Roads can be named for or after a variety of features, events or personalities. For example,

- **Major Building or Urban Feature:** If a road runs to or passed an important urban feature, sometimes the road becomes known by that feature. For example, a road running passed the lord's castle may be known as Castle Street, while a road festooned with temples might be called Temple Way. Streets could also one named for churches, local markets, town gates and so on. Similarly, a street linking the town to a nearby village may become known by the name of the village.
- **Business Type:** In an urban area, businesses often cluster together, and within this mercantile district sometimes

businesses of the same type establish themselves nearby to one another. So, for example, a street might become known as the Street of the Smiths for all the metalworkers found there.

- **Proper Name:** Perhaps someone famous lived or once lived on the street. Alternatively, a street could be named after a legendary personage thought to have once visited the area or even someone who died there. Some streets could even be named after deities and other semi-mythical beings. Additionally, streets could be named after important local families, famed bands of adventurers and so on.
- **Feature:** A street running by a river might become known by the river's name—for example, Fleet Walk—while a road running in a cardinal direction may be called North Street. For example, in my hometown, Abbey Road leads toward a ruined abbey, Market Street still hosts a market and Fleet Walk runs over the River Fleet (which now flows under the road). Other examples could include Water Street, Marsh Lane and so on.
- **History:** Sometimes streets are named for events. Perhaps a troll was slain on Dead Troll Street and it was named (or renamed) to commemorate the event. Alternatively, a street could be named after a prominent local—perhaps Culven's Way—or for some feature that no longer exists (or which is now buried beneath the modern town).
- **Flavour:** If the party head down Dagger Alley before turning into Cutthroat Lane it's a clear indication they are entering an unsavoury part of town. Similarly, the Street of Silks likely stands in a nicer part of town. Street names are a quick and simple way to impart a location's flavour.

NOT ALL ROADS ARE CREATED EQUAL

When naming a street, road or alley the GM should be aware that some kinds of streets occur only in certain parts of town. For example, alleys and lanes probably don't have much of a place in the posher areas while boulevards and avenues—normally wide, tree-lined roads—have no place in the slum.

A FINAL NOTE

The information in this article can easily be adapted to naming the streets and lanes of any village or city—even those inhabited by nonhumans. Remember, even a small village with only two streets probably has names for both—otherwise how do locals get around, give directions to travellers and so on?

GM ADVICE: PUTTING THE WONDER BACK INTO WONDROUS ITEMS

In the 3rd edition of the world's most popular roleplaying game, magic items got a new name. They were now called wondrous items. Ironically, with the name change they became anything but wondrous.

For me, the big problem with magic items in 3rd edition was that they became nothing more than a commodity to be bought and sold at the PCs' whim. Even with the move to the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game, this state of affairs has essentially stayed the same. If a magic item's price is equal or less than an settlement's base value, there is a 75% chance the item is available to purchase.

Think about that for a minute.

This means in a village (base value 500 gp) of perhaps 200 people there is a 75% chance a scroll of pretty much any spell of 3rd-level or lower is available. Similarly, a PC in a small city has a 75% chance of finding exactly the kind of +1 weapon he needs (as long as it costs under 4,000 gp).

And, of course, PCs are free to sell magic items they don't want—assuming the local settlement has a high enough purchase limit.

With this development, equipment lists begin to look more and more alike. The quirky, off the wall magic items all but disappear. (Or if they do turn up they are instantly sold). Because magic items can be bought and sold, everyone seems to gravitate to a certain group of items—the so called “Big Six”:

- Magic weapon
- Magic armour
- Ring of protection
- Cloak of protection
- Amulet of natural armour
- Stat boosting item

While I get wanting to be better protected and better at dealing damage I think we've lost sight of something. In the rush to optimise we forget that quirky, odd magic items can be fun, even (dare I say it) wondrous. Just as importantly they promote creative, innovative—and, above all, memorable—game play. For example, I remember when—in a panic—I tried to squashed a certain demilich under an *instant fortress*. I don't remember my character being slightly harder to hit or casting slightly better fireballs in the run up to that fight, but after ten years I still remember that encounter.

DOWN WITH MAGIC SHOPS!

The easy fix for this is to do away with the virtual magic shops that must exist in every community to support this flourishing trade. (The self-same magic item shops no one ever seems to burgle or otherwise attack). It's a simple matter of supply and

demand. Reducing the supply of magic items inevitably increases the wonder they evoke when they appear.

Several years ago, Raging Swan Press released a series of products called *So What's For Sale, Anyway?* Broken down by settlement type—village, town, city and so on—they listed what was for sale (and even included the odd cursed item!) Using such lists gives the GM more control over the amount and type of magic available in his campaign world.

I was genuinely surprised at the popularity of these supplements. For a while, they were some of our fastest selling products. No mean feat for what essentially was a book of lists, and I think its popularity a symptom of the frustrations many GMs have with the magic shop concept.

NO SPECIAL MATERIALS EITHER

With their introduction in 3rd edition, adamantine, cold iron and mithral were described as fabulously rare materials much sought after for their quasi-magical properties. Of course these could be bought and sold just as easily—or even more easily—than magic items; 1st-level characters could conceivably afford adamantine or cold iron ammunition if they chose. And, of course, these fabulously rare materials are available in any sizable settlement. To me, that doesn't seem particularly special.

To recapture the wonder of these special materials, their availability must be limited so they once again become special. The commonplace is in no way wondrous, after all.

One of word of caution with limiting the supply of these metals: one knock-on effect of this is monsters with DR cold iron or adamantine become much harder to defeat, so a GM needs to look carefully at encounters featuring such creatures. However, limiting the supply of these items can also lead to new, exciting adventures as the PCs (for example) search for just the right kind of sword to slay the evil fey warlord. Simply popping down to the market to get a +2 fey bane battleaxe, is somewhat less memorable.

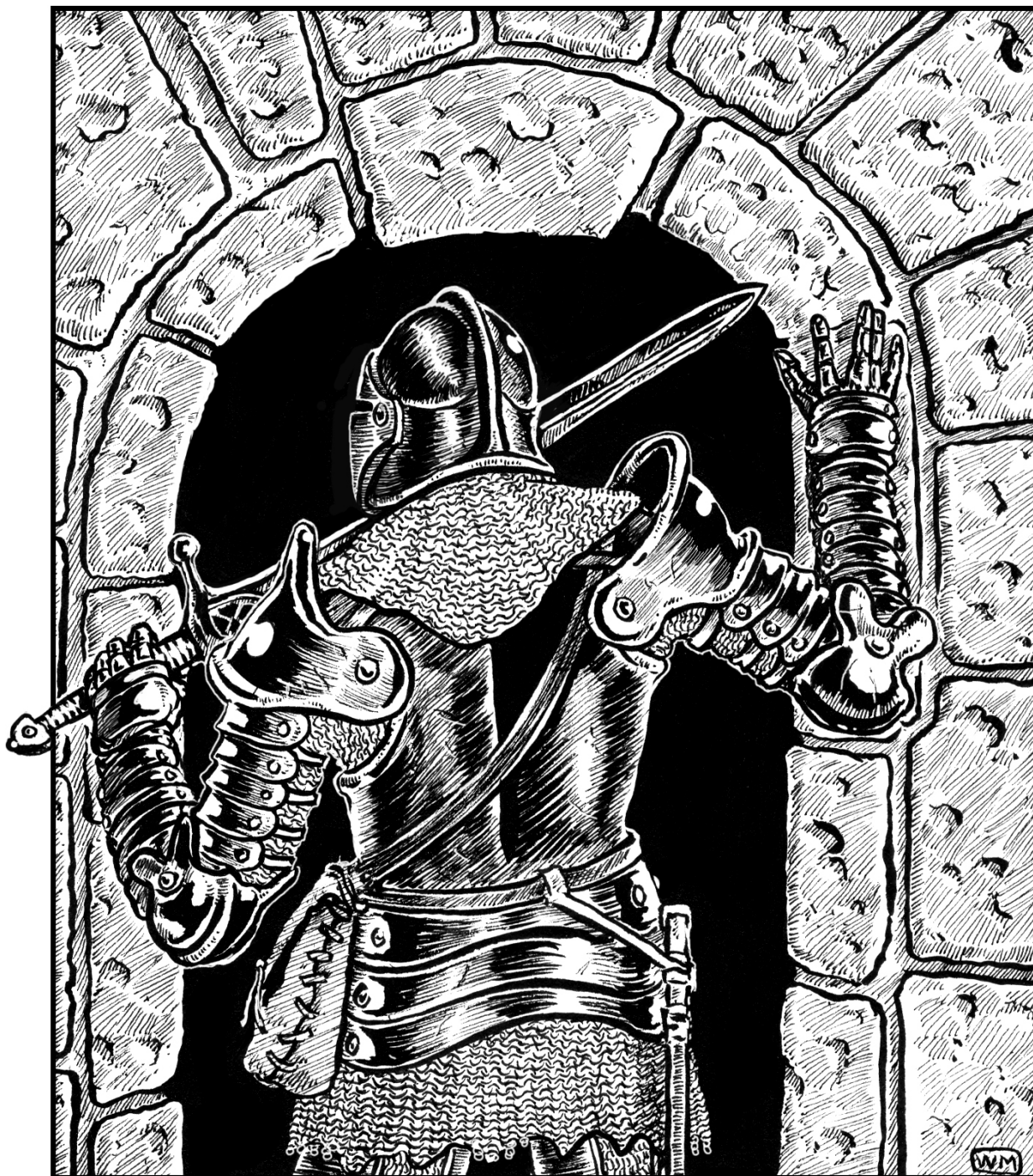
OR ALCHEMICAL ITEMS

Free access to unlimited amounts of alchemical items, I believe, also erodes the wonder of magic. The idea that a PC can walk into a shop and just buy ten flasks of alchemist's fire seems to be a bit silly. Why would a general provisioners in a village have that kind of dangerous stuff available? Who made it? How did it get here? If there is a proper alchemist in the village, why is he there? Deliberately placing such individuals can help grow the setting and even act as the catalyst for a new adventure!

I have no problem with the general concept of alchemical items, but I think they need to be treated like very minor magic items. GM's should place specific individuals in his campaign with the relevant skills to make such items. That way, when the PCs finally secure access to a supply of alchemist's fire or acid it feels like an achievement and not the "climax" of a mundane shopping trip.

DESIGN UNIQUE MAGIC ITEMS

I've discussed designing unique treasures before, but I think it bears repeating. Designing unique magic items is cool, and both makes the owner feel special and adds depth and verisimilitude to the campaign. If something is unique it is by default more special than something generic.



GM ADVICE: WHY A GM SHOULD KISS AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE

Have no fear. I'm not suggesting you transform your game into an orgy. After all, some things should not be role-played...

I'm a huge fan of keeping it simple (stupid), or KISS for short. After all, Einstein said, "Everything should be made as simple as possible, but not simpler" and I'm beginning to think he was onto something.

In today's world, there is a natural tendency to embrace complexity. Complexity is all around; it beguiles us with the promise of a better outcome. But, ask yourself this: is the end result worth the extra effort a complex solution requires?

Perhaps, as a player your PC relies on a complex balance of feats, class abilities and equipment while as a GM you regularly run combats featuring six different kinds of opponents using options from a wide range of books. That's fine as far as it goes — and if you are enjoying yourself I'm certainly not going to stop you — but often the simpler solution is easier to design and implement.

Running a simpler game has two major benefits:

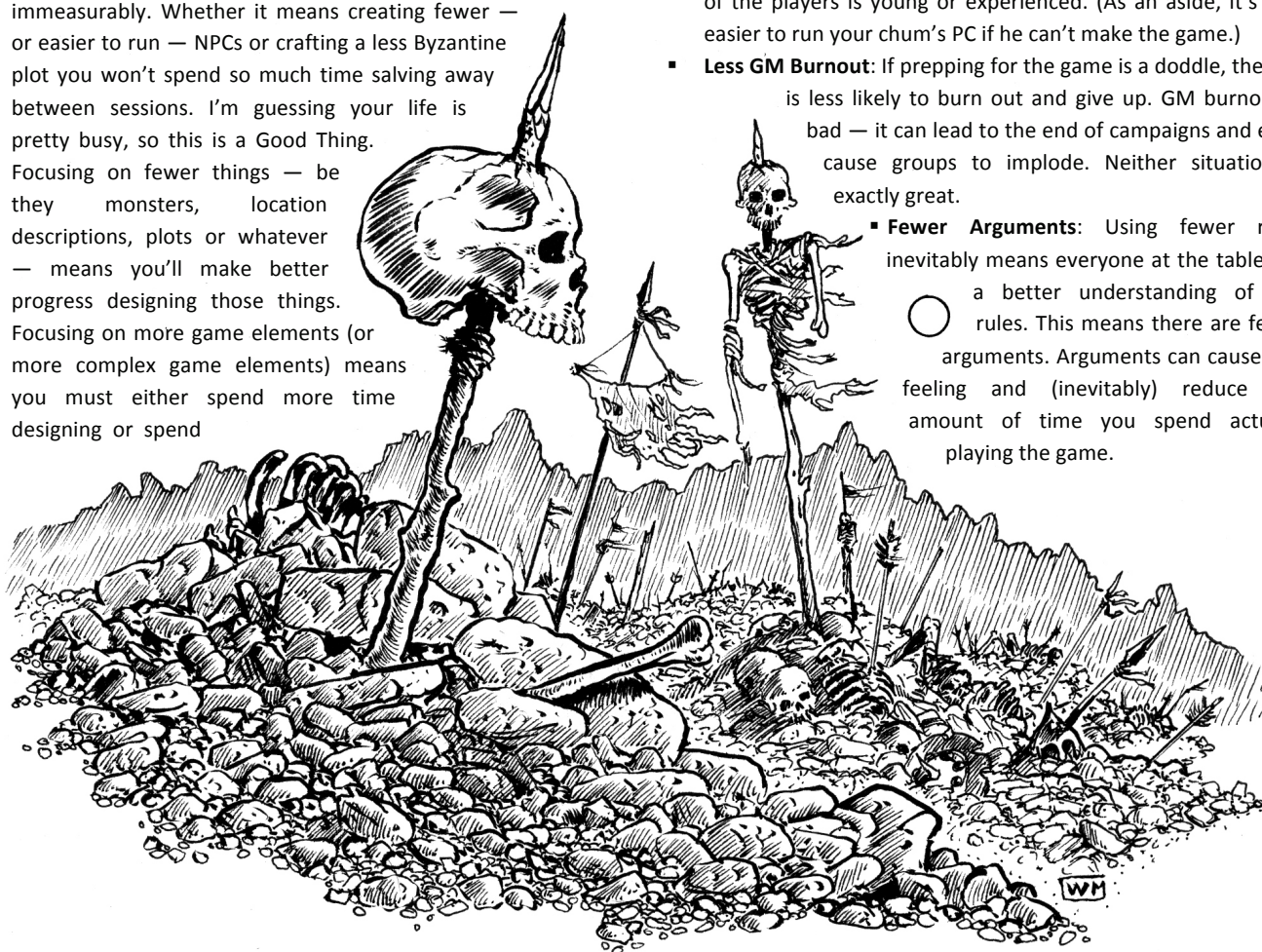
- **Quicker Design:** Keeping it simple speeds up prep time immeasurably. Whether it means creating fewer — or easier to run — NPCs or crafting a less Byzantine plot you won't spend so much time salving away between sessions. I'm guessing your life is pretty busy, so this is a Good Thing. Focusing on fewer things — be they monsters, location descriptions, plots or whatever — means you'll make better progress designing those things. Focusing on more game elements (or more complex game elements) means you must either spend more time designing or spend

less time on each design. Neither of those options is ideal.

- **Quicker Game Play:** Building simpler NPCs or using fewer different types of foe in a fight speeds up game play. Using rules from one or two books means you'll be using rules you know. This means you'll spend less time looking up new rules options, feats, spells and magic items and more time actually playing the game.

Running a simpler game also has a host of minor benefits. These include:

- **Lower Costs:** If you agree to only allow certain books into your campaign it costs less to play. That's rather handy if your players are at school, have just started a family, moved house and so on
- **Lower Barriers of Entry:** Running a simpler game makes it easier to integrate a new player. They have fewer books to accumulate and fewer things to read. This is particularly handy if the players is young or experienced. (As an aside, it's also easier to run your chum's PC if he can't make the game.)
- **Less GM Burnout:** If prepping for the game is a doddle, the GM is less likely to burn out and give up. GM burnout is bad — it can lead to the end of campaigns and even cause groups to implode. Neither situation is exactly great.
- **Fewer Arguments:** Using fewer rules inevitably means everyone at the table has a better understanding of the rules. This means there are fewer arguments. Arguments can cause bad feeling and (inevitably) reduce the amount of time you spend actually playing the game.



GM ADVICE: WHY (AND HOW) YOU SHOULD DESIGN UNIQUE MAGIC ITEMS

Every player loves magic items. That said, magic items can also be quite boring. The best GMs take the time to make their magic items unique and compelling.

Magic items make PCs stronger and more capable – they are a vital part of the game. Players love getting them, but once their affects have been added to a character’s abilities or they’ve been used a couple of times they tend to fade into the background.

When you’ve seen one *+1 longsword*, for example, you’ve seen them all. Designing unique treasures for your campaign is time well spent.

I include unique treasures in my *Borderland of Adventure* campaign for several reasons:

- **Flavour:** Magic items with a defined history and place in the world are a great way of stealth world building. If an item was present at certain events or was created or wielded by a powerful or legendary figure the PCs are bound to want to know more. This provides a GM with an excellent opportunity to share cool facts about his campaign world. What GM doesn’t want to do that?
- **Family Heirloom:** A PC who carries a unique magic item tied directly to his family is much more invested in the item than if it were merely a standard magic item. Cool heirloom items include those that are sentient or those whose powers scale as the PC gains in power.
- **Plot Device:** Often a unique magic item can serve as a plot device. Perhaps the PCs possess something the evil villain covets or they are searching for a legendary weapon that can be used to kill a rampaging

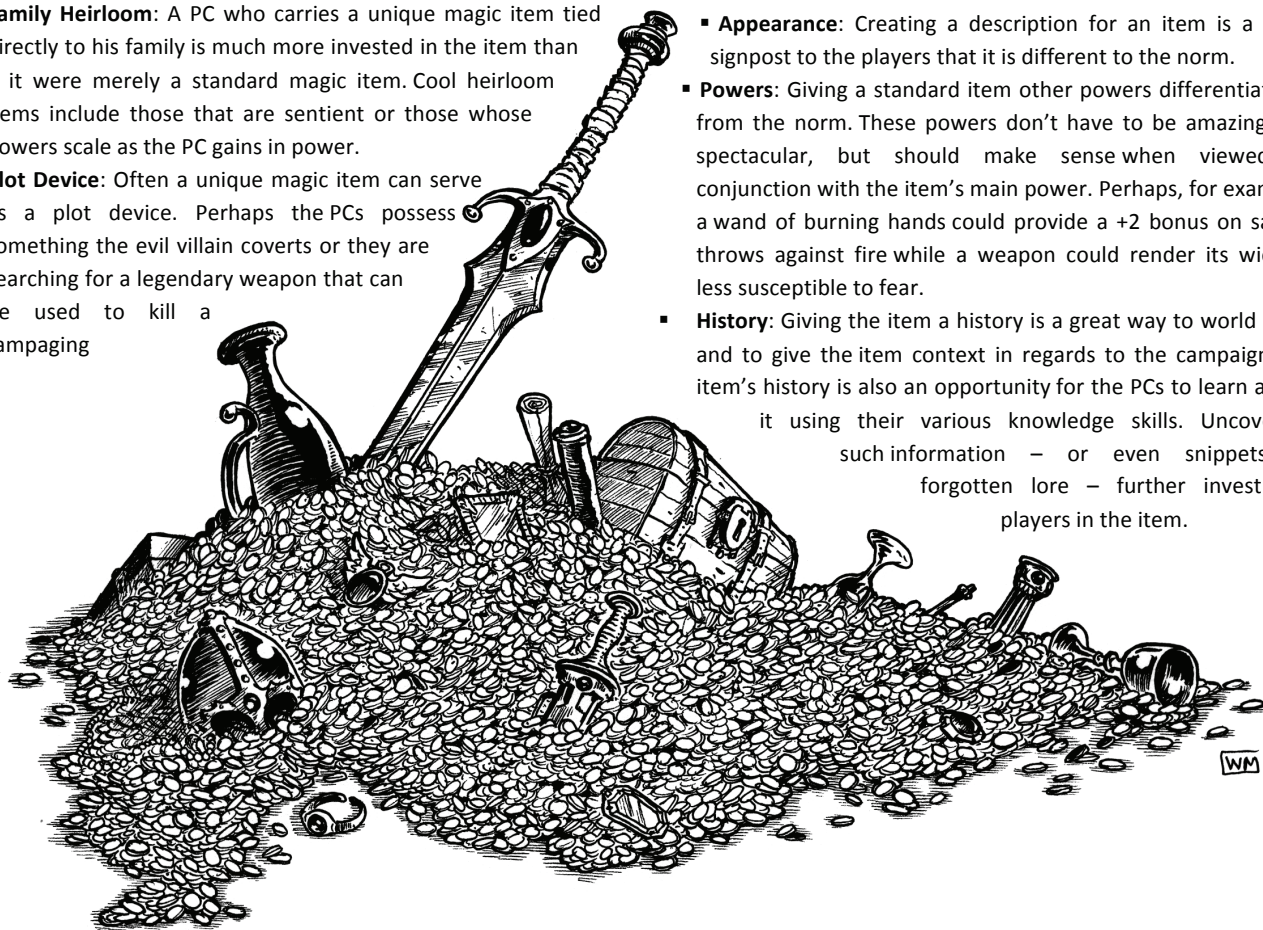
dragon, demon or whatever. Hunting for a specific, famed weapon is much more fun than simply buying a bane weapon of the relevant type.

- **Differentiate Hero:** Anyone can own a *+1 spear*, but only one person can wield the *Spear of the North*. Owning such an item marks the hero as someone special – perhaps someone with an important destiny.

MAKING THEM UNIQUE

Making unique items is relatively simple. A time-crunched GM can create a unique item in a matter of minutes.

- **Name:** A unique item must have a name. The item’s name is a great way of setting the theme for the item (and can also serve as an introduction to its crafter or most famous owner and so on). For example, a sword named “*Arundel’s Bane*” raises the question of Arundel’s identity and why the sword was his bane.
- **Appearance:** Creating a description for an item is a huge signpost to the players that it is different to the norm.
- **Powers:** Giving a standard item other powers differentiates it from the norm. These powers don’t have to be amazing and spectacular, but should make sense when viewed in conjunction with the item’s main power. Perhaps, for example, a wand of burning hands could provide a +2 bonus on saving throws against fire while a weapon could render its wielder less susceptible to fear.
- **History:** Giving the item a history is a great way to world build and to give the item context in regards to the campaign. An item’s history is also an opportunity for the PCs to learn about it using their various knowledge skills. Uncovering such information – or even snippets of forgotten lore – further invest the players in the item.



FIXING AT-WILL 0-LEVEL SPELLS

I hate at-will 0-level spells with the blazing passion of a thousand fiery suns.

It's not that I think they unbalance the game or turn the PCs into super characters. Rather, the reasons for my distaste of 0-level spells falls into two categories:

FLAVOUR

On the face of it, at-will 0-level spells solve one of the perennial problems of playing a spell caster: what do you do when you run out of spells? Having a store of inexhaustible magic means you can (in theory) always do something. However, for me, this erodes the flavour of the game. I like a gritty campaign in which magic is actually wondrous. I think at-will 0-level spells erode that wonder. Consider:

- **Light/Dancing Lights:** Even the lowliest adventuring party has no real need of mundane light sources—*light* and *dancing light* aren't exactly rare or esoteric choices for spellcasters. Sure everyone should carry a couple of torches or a sunrod just in case, but in practise they are rarely used.
- **Detect Magic:** Every group has at least one spellcaster who knows *detect magic*. This means they use this spell in every area they explore, which somewhat cuts down on the level of player skill required to find hidden treasures (and indeed magic traps!) In practise, magic traps are normally much harder for a thief to find than normal traps, but this is not the case if someone can cast *detect magic*! Of course, countermeasures for both instances—lining treasure niches with lead, casting *nondetection* on traps—are possible, but extensive use of such measures just ends up nerfing a PC's abilities. In effect, at-will *detect magic* means the party rarely misses out on magic treasure and rarely suffers a magic trap's effects.
- **Create Water:** On the face of it, what's the harm in at-will *create water*? It's not like you could flood a dungeon, after all! True, but the presence of at-will *create water* does somewhat reduce the environmental challenges involved in a trek through the desert or the badlands or even a long sea voyage. Don't worry about securing a supply of fresh water—just memorise *create water* and you are golden!

RESOURCE MANAGEMENT

Part of my enjoyment of the game is the resource management facet of running a character. This might make me seem even geekier than the normal player, but I think it's a vital, enjoyable part of the game. For example, with at-will *detect* magics there's no real reason to only use the spell when you suspect the presence of hidden treasure or a magic trap—just wang off a *detect magic* in every area and Bob's your uncle.

Similarly, *create water* removes a large part of the challenge of travelling through inhospitable terrain. No need to look for an oasis or island at which to replenish your fresh water supplies—just have the cleric fill barrel after barrel—or flask after flask—with fresh water. Doesn't that somewhat reduce the unique challenges involved in travelling across a desert!

Finally, consider the case of *mending*:

- **Mending:** Never run out of arrows, bolts or other missiles again! Ammunition that misses their target has a 50% chance of breaking. This means archers and the like must choose their shots wisely and make sure they carry enough ammunition for their adventure. Similarly, they must carefully consider whether to buy special ammunition (silver, cold iron or adamantite arrows, for example) and when to use them. With *mending*, worry no more! Simply collect your broken arrows after the battle and fix them all—even the expensive ones tipped with special materials! How convenient.

MY SOLUTION

Since the beginning of my Borderland of Adventure, I've banned the use of at-will 0-level spells. In their place, I use the following house rule:

Spellcasters' 0-level spells do not represent an unlimited resource and a spellcaster cannot treat them as at-will powers. Rather, a spellcaster memorises, knows or has access to 0-level spells as normal but can only cast a limited number of such minor magics per day.

- At 1st-level, a spellcaster can use his 0-level spells a total of 3 + spellcasting stat's modifier per day. Thus, a 1st-level wizard with an Intelligence of 16 could use his 0-level spells a total of 6 times per day.
- Spellcasters gain an extra use of their 0-level spells for every two level of the relevant spellcasting class they gain.

PATHFINDER: HOW TO HANDLE ZERO RANKS IN KNOWLEDGE SKILLS

Knowledge is power, and a party with few knowledgeable characters is at a massive disadvantage in most adventures.

In my Borderland of Adventure campaign we've run into a bit of trouble. We are running a different strand of the campaign this year, and so the players made up new characters. As quickly became evident during game play, we've run into a bit of a problem—with the exception of Knowledge (religion) and Knowledge (arcana) the party have no knowledge skills! While this might be resolved somewhat as our heroes gain levels (and possibly multi-class) at the moment they're struggling. I thought I'd never say it, but man do they need a bard!

Consequently, in several encounters they've failed to get useful—or even vital—information. For example, a few weeks ago, Aq (one of the paladins) was bitten by a wererat. Putting aside the party don't know what a wererat is, they also don't know that at the next full moon, they could suddenly have a rather pressing problem on their hands! On one level, this doesn't matter; if Aq has indeed been infected with lycanthropy it's sure to generate some fantastic roleplaying moments and be jolly memorable. On the other hand, Aq's potential infection could derail the campaign and possibly even lead to the paladin's death.

This has led me to ponder exactly what information someone without any ranks in a given Knowledge skill knows.

Although Knowledge is a trained skill, characters can make Knowledge checks as long as the DC is 10 or lower. This means, a character with no ranks in a given Knowledge skill can:

- Answer really easy questions on a given subject (DC 10).
- Identify common monsters such as goblins (DC 5 + CR) but not their special powers or vulnerabilities.

EXAMPLE REALLY EASY QUESTIONS

The core rulebook provides some sample DCs for various Knowledge checks. The following questions all have a DC of 10:

- Identify mineral, stone or metal (dungeoneering).
- Identify dangerous construction (engineering).
- Identify a creature's ethnicity or accent (geography).
- Know recent or historically significant event (history).
- Know local laws, rulers and popular locations (local).
- Identify a common plant or animal (nature).
- Know current rulers and their symbols (nobility).
- Know the names of the planes (planes).

- Recognise a common deity's symbol or clergy (religion).

TAKING 10

A character taking 10 (assuming an Intelligence score of 10 or more) automatically knows all the above information. Of course, the character can only do this when not in danger or distracted so while he may not recognise the holy symbol of an enemy priest in battle, he should be able to work it out afterwards. Similarly, while the character may not know the ins and outs of a local area, he should know enough to get around.

Furthermore, if a character has access to an extensive library that covers a specific subject, the DC 10 check limit is removed, meaning that with enough time a character can theoretically learn almost anything. That's rather handy, when time is not critical.

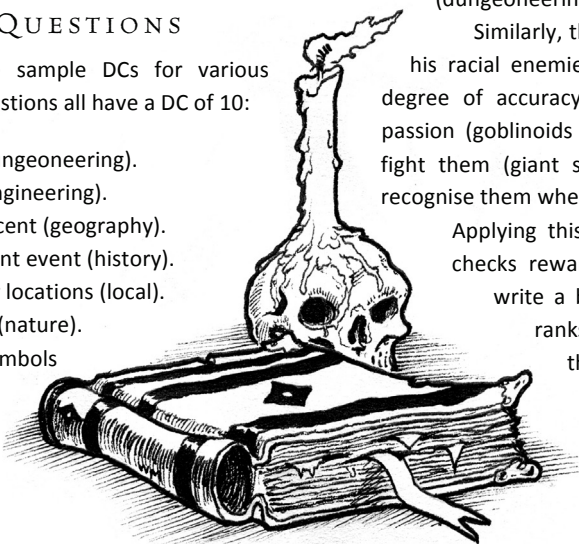
A FINAL WORD—COMMON SENSE STRIKES!

Some characters must know more than what can be revealed with a DC 10 check because of their background, race or even class. Sometimes a GM needs to override the rules above, and apply some common sense.

For example, a dwarf fighter was once a miner and has ranks in Profession (miner). Even though he might not have ranks in Knowledge (dungeoneering) he'll know more than normal about mines and their perils. In this example, a GM could simply rule the PC knows the relevant information or perhaps allow him (within reason) to use Profession (miner) in place of Knowledge (dungeoneering) when in a mine.

Similarly, the same dwarf should be able to identify his racial enemies (orcs, goblins and giants) with a fair degree of accuracy. Given he either hates them with a passion (goblinoids and orcs) or has trained specifically to fight them (giant subclass creatures) he should probably recognise them when they face him across the battlefield.

Applying this kind of common sense to Knowledge checks rewards a character for taking the time to write a background or for choosing to sink skill ranks into Profession and Craft skills. Given these kinds of decisions tend to build more organic, believable characters and often lead to more roleplaying I think it makes sense to reward such choices.



PLAYER ADVICE: CLEVER USES FOR MUNDANE ITEMS

Dungeons are dangerous places. Most adventurers lust after magic items and the power they bring. Just as often, though, humble, mundane items can spell the difference between life and death...

Clever adventurers use every item at their disposal to gain advantage during their explorations and delves. Some items have obvious uses - the 10 ft. pole or caltrops for example - while others seem relatively useless or to only have one use at first glance.

Listed below is a small selection of clever uses for mundane items:

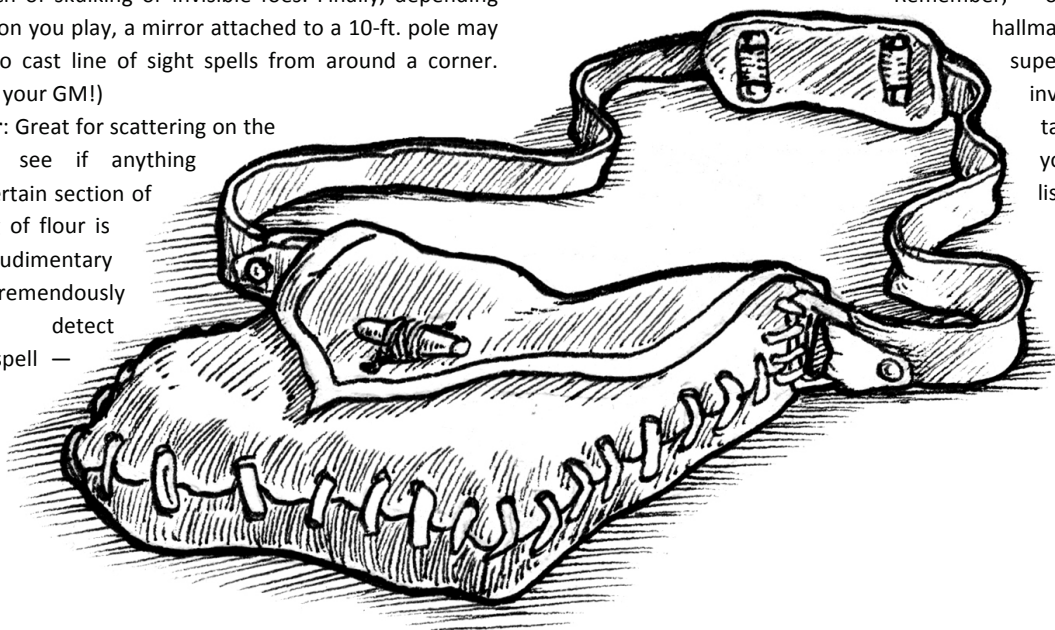
- **Wine Flask:** Flasks of wine are handy things for adventurers to carry. Obviously, they hold wine - which is nice to drink after a hard day slaying orcs, but they can have other uses. Wine offered in parley is a great way of ingratiating yourself with a dungeon denizen. It's also handy when fleeing - many sentient creatures will stop to pick up a wine flask hurled behind a fleeing party. Really cunning adventurers keep a special wine flask doctored with sleep poison for just such eventualities.
- **Rations:** In a similar fashion to wine, rations can be a handy bargaining tool when meeting creatures not immediately hostile to the party. Drugging or poisoning food left to distract pursuers is also a clever plan.
- **Mirror:** Mirrors are great for looking around corners when you don't want to expose your entire body. They are also handy for signalling and can be devastating when used against a medusa or basilisk. The glass in a mirror can also be used as a rudimentary alarm system. Scattering broken glass in the doorway of the room in which you are resting may warn you of the approach of skulking or invisible foes. Finally, depending on the edition you play, a mirror attached to a 10-ft. pole may allow you to cast line of sight spells from around a corner. (Check with your GM!)
- **Bag of Flour:** Great for scattering on the ground to see if anything crosses a certain section of floor, a bag of flour is also a rudimentary (and tremendously cheap) detect invisibility spell —

if hurled into the right area. Hurling in the air, flour can also reveal hidden air currents (which in turn might indicate the presence of hidden doors or niches). A bag of soot gathered from a campfire can perform the same tasks (and is free!)

- **Oil Flask:** Oil is obviously flammable, but it's also slippery. Coating the top step of a set of stairs with oil virtually guarantees anyone not spotting it will slip and fall down the stairs. We once used this tactic against a pack of trolls chasing us. Of course, we also put a wall of fire at the bottom of the stairs and all three trolls slipped, fell and slid straight through the wall of fire. Hilarious (for us) and fatal for the trolls as they landed prone and rather battered and scorched at our feet.
- **Marbles:** See oil flask above. Marbles can also reveal if the floor is level. This might in turn reveal the presence of a cleverly hidden trap or hidden area. Hurling at the feet of your enemies can stop them dead in their tracks or even render them prone, which in turn stops them pursuing you (or fleeing).
- **Chalk:** Using chalk to mark your way is a classic explorer's tactic. However, you can also use different colour chalk (if your GM allows it) to indicate different things - perhaps red chalk indicates danger ahead, blue means water and so on. Scouts probing forward of the main party can even scribe different coded symbols on the walls so the main body knows what to expect as it advances.

I've only scratched the surface of clever uses for mundane items.

Remember, one of the hallmarks of a superior player is inventive play - take a look at your equipment list and see what hidden capabilities it holds!



PLAYER ADVICE: INVENTIVE USES FOR MID-LEVEL SPELLS

Adventuring at any level is a tricky business. Death is a constant companion and often the only things separating a PC from its cold embrace are his wits and cunning.

I previously posted several inventive uses for low-level spells. Here, it seemed natural to examine some mid-level spells.

STONE SHAPE

This seemingly innocuous spell has so many uses an inventive player can get some serious mileage out of it. (Note, however, because this spell has so many uses, it's more open to GM adjudication than most.) Your GM might not be happy with some of these tactics:

- Fly above a foe and stone shape a block out of the ceiling. The block plummets to the ground, squishing whatever stands beneath. (In 2nd edition, I killed a red dragon using this technique!)
- Create a pit full of dust by casting *stone shape* on the floor. Characters falling into the pit may suffocate before managing to climb out. (At the very least, they will be vulnerable to attacks of opportunity as they struggle to escape). For extra, bonus points cast it directly below a foe.
- If your foes must climb up (or down) stairs to reach you, use stone shape to turn it into a slide when they are halfway down. They'll likely slip and fall, landing prone at the bottom of the slide.

EXPLOSIVE RUNES

This handy spell has several uses. Cast it on several scrolls and keep them about your person. You can do any of the following with the scrolls:

- Throw the scroll behind you to throw off (or blow up) pursuing enemies (assuming they can read and understand a dropped scroll might be valuable).
- Nail the affected scroll to the door of the room in which you are resting. Monsters are bound to look at the scroll before opening the door. The ensuing explosion should give you and your companions enough time to muster a defence before the scorched and singed monsters stagger through the door.
- If you encounter guards in the dungeon, loudly state you are on their master's business and the scroll you carry gives you

authority to act in his name. Offer to let them read it, if they don't believe you...

FIRE TRAP

This defensive spell has similar applications to explosive runes:

- Cast *fire trap* on an escape pouch (preferably containing a couple of flasks of alchemist's fire) and throw it behind you when you want to get away from a fight. Hopefully, a pursuer will stop to open it, and immolate itself.
- Use *fire trap* to defend your camp. Cast it on a door (in a dungeon) or tent flap (in the wild) and anyone not attuned to the trap passing through the portal will detonate it — giving you warning of their approach.
- Cast the spell on a small box, scroll case or pouch. Keep it safe, and use it as a "gift" if negotiations with a dungeon denizen are going badly. The resultant explosion will no doubt surprise and injure your foe. You might even get a surprise round!

SECURE SHELTER

- At first glance, *secure shelter* does one thing only: it creates a comfortable cottage in which to rest. However, the spell has several combat applications that often go unnoticed:
- Casting *secure shelter* so it blocks a corridor gives you valuable time to run away. It can also block off one flank so you can focus on foes coming from another direction. (It can also be used as a strongpoint or fall-back position). Note that due to the long casting time, this is best done before combat begins.
- *Secure shelter* creates a sturdy cottage, which with its arcane lock protected shuttered windows and door is hard to get into (or out of). This can make it an excellent — if temporary — prison.

One of the problems adventurers often face is what to do with rescued prisoners. Leaving them in a *secure shelter* while the party continues its explorations is much better than leaving them huddled in some corridor or other unsafe locale.



BACKDROPS

ALDWATER AT A GLANCE

For centuries, Aldwater has stood where the water of Blackraven Creek runs off into The Deepmire Marshes. On an island in the mouth of the creek, the villagers long ago erected a wooden labyrinth to hold the remains of their dead.

At regular intervals, the spiritual leader of the village, Leodus Breurk the Spiritspeaker, enters the labyrinth to commune with his predecessors' mummified heads through an ancient relic called the Crown of Eternal Council.

However, the collective knowledge and wisdom of the council is limited to what the individual members knew at the time of their death, and the council's traditionalist advice has not been adequate to deal with a recent decrease in the populations of fish and marsh animals the villagers rely upon to survive.

The villagers suspect the decrease is caused by subtle changes in the environment, but strange mutations in some of the animals hint at more sinister forces at work. Fear of hostile boggard tribes and savage monsters has so far dissuaded the villagers from travelling deep into the Deepmire Marshes to investigate.

Faced with the prospect of starvation, Leodus Breurk, the current Spiritspeaker, recently made an unprecedented decision. When a wizard from the nearby village of Fulhurst Moors approached him seeking information about ancient sacrificial sites in the marshes, Leodus agreed to ask the ancestors for the information, in return for a sizable donation.

Since then, Leodus has petitioned the ancestors for advice on behalf of half a dozen different strangers, and the rumour is slowly spreading. Each new visitor brings much needed gold, but many villagers feel the new practice is paramount to sacrilege.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Leodus Breurk (N male human cleric 7)

Government Magical

Population 134 (125 humans, 1 gnome, 2 half-elves, 1 half-orc, 5 halflings)

Alignments LN, CN, N

Languages Boggard, Common, Draconic

Corruption -4; **Crime** -4; **Economy** -1; **Law** +2; **Lore** +2; **Society** -1

Qualities Holy site, superstitious

Danger +0; **Disadvantages** Impoverished

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Brexander Greenroot (location 1; CG male gnome ranger 3) Brexander is willing to guide travellers into The Deepmire Marshes.

Hollean Uthevere (location 6; N male human expert 2) Proud and ambitious, Hollean owns the Roaring Dragon Inn and is the most vocal supporter of Spiritspeaker Breurk.

Hywain Glengaine (location 2; LN male middle-aged human fighter 4) As captain of the Labyrinth Guardians, Hywain is loyal to the Spiritspeaker, even if he disapproves of his recent decisions.

Kerin Banell (location 2; LN male human fighter 2) Kerin is the hot tempered second in command of the Labyrinth Guardians.

Kynell Lawain (location 7; NG male human expert 2) Kynell operates the local trade station.

Lanna Glengaine (location 6; NE female human commoner 2) Hywain Glengaine's beautiful, but capricious, daughter works as a barmaid and excels in inspiring volatile social situations.

Leodus Breurk (location 4; N male human cleric 7) As Spiritspeaker, Leodus has to make difficult decisions affecting the entire community.

Terric Modan (location 5; CN male human sorcerer [aberrant] 4) Terric goes to great lengths to conceal his growing sorcerous powers.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises modest homes built on raised wooden platforms. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Brexander Greenroot's house:** Home of the most experienced marsh guide in the village.
2. **Guardian's Hall:** Home of the warriors who guard the Labyrinth of the Ancestors and act as the village militia.
3. **Labyrinth of the Ancestors:** This wooden maze contains the earthly remains of Aldwater's dead.
4. **Spiritspeaker's house:** Home of Spiritspeaker Leodus Breurk.
5. **Terric Modan's house:** Home of the sorcerer Terric Modan.
6. **The Roaring Dragon:** The newly established inn, which many locals jokingly refer to as "The Burping Lizard", is often busy.
7. **Trade Station:** Kynell Lawain ferries hides and fish up the creek and returns with trade goods from nearby settlements.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Fishing, hunting, trapping

Base Value 250 gp; **Purchase Limit** 1,250 gp; **Spellcasting** 4th; **Minor Items** 1d4; **Medium Items** 1d2; **Major Items** –

When the PCs arrive in Aldwater, the following items are for sale:

- **Potions & Oils** *endure elements* (50 gp), *light* (25 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *obscuring mist* (25 gp), *purify food and drink* (12 gp, 5 sp)
- **Wand** *wind wall* (37 chgs.; 8,375 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know some information about Aldwater. A successful check reveals all the information revealed by a lesser result.

DC 10: Aldwater lies at the mouth of Blackraven Creek, where it flows into the Deepmire Marshes.

DC 15: The most prominent feature of Aldwater is the large wooden labyrinth on an island in the middle of the village. It is said to contain the remains of the villagers' ancestors.

DC 20: The spiritual leader of the village can use a secret ritual to gain knowledge from the dead.

VILLAGERS

Appearance Black hair and blue eyes are dominant among the villagers, most of who are below average height.

Dress Most villagers wear loose fitted leggings and shirts, made from a light, quick-drying fabric. Scarfs are often wrapped around the head to keep away insects.

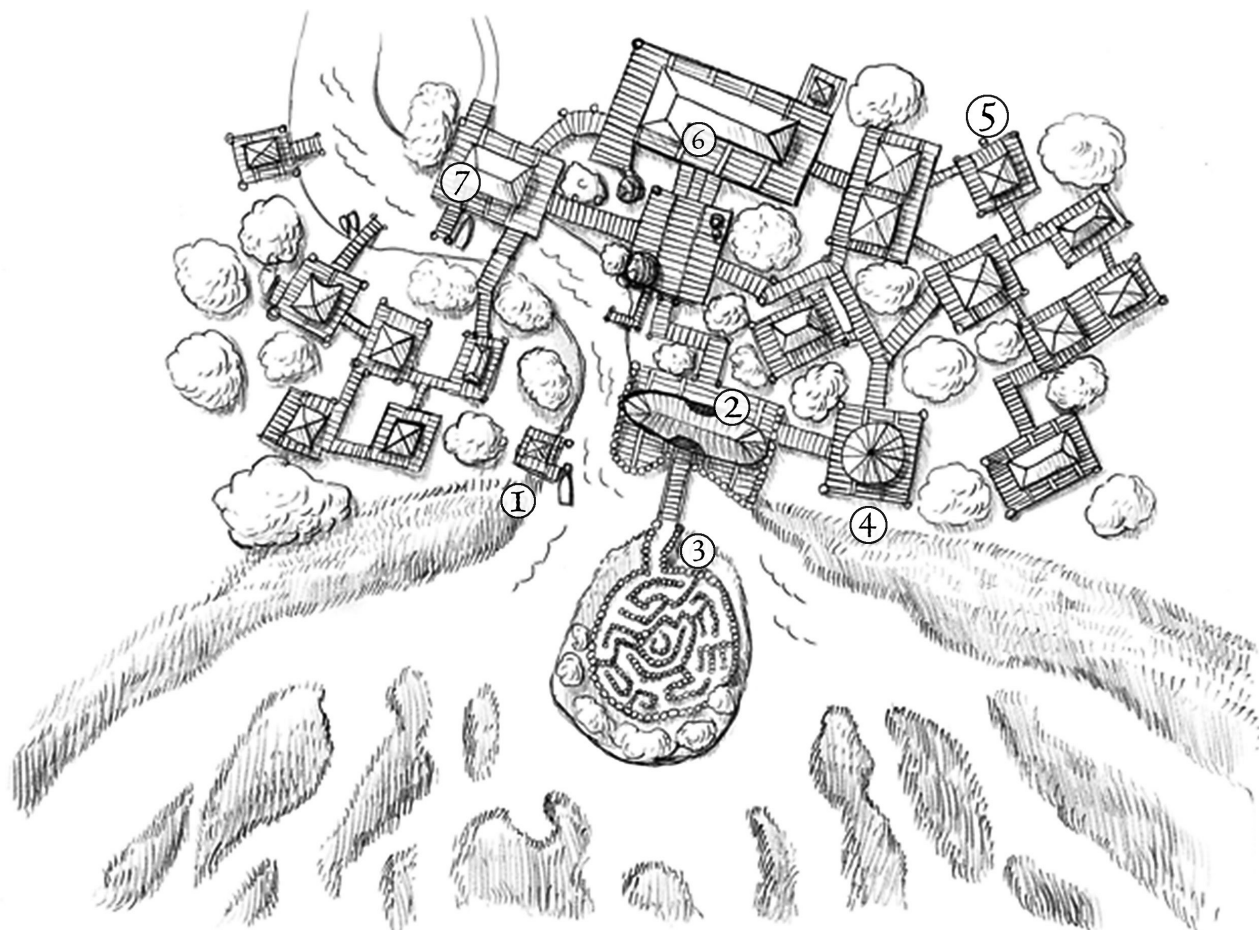
Nomenclature *male* Girnach, Henn, Luwain, Morion, Rhylf; *female* Elaida, Grisanna, Isuefar, Nilda, Shavinia; *family* Aralon, Blagant, Glerent, Melydd, Teigan.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Aldwater and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6	RUMOUR
1	A gigantic frog-like monster lives within the Deepmire Marshes. Local boggard tribes worship it as a god.
2	There is something strange about Terric Modan. He's got a secret he's desperate to hide.
3	Brexander Greenroot has been trying to catch a huge electric eel called Ol' Spark for years. His last attempt almost cost him his life.
4*	Lanna Glengaine once persuaded Kerin Banell to sneak her into the Labyrinth of the Ancestors.
5	The last group of strangers who sought knowledge from the ancestors in the labyrinth sailed into the Deepmire Marshes afterwards. They haven't returned.
6*	The council of ancestors have cursed Leodus Breurk because he shares their wisdom with outsiders.

*False rumour



BARLOW AT A GLANCE

A once-idyllic hamlet on the banks of the burbling Clearbrook, Barlow is now a village on the verge of a schism. For recently arrived dwarves, a prosperous future beckons, but the long-time human and fey residents fear a loss of their pastoral way of life.

Founded more than 150 years ago, the village began as a druidic community established when its leader struck up a relationship with the dryad Casalya. For generations, residents lived a simple, rural life, farming and hunting only what they needed to survive and living in harmony with the many fey — pixies, sprites and satyrs, among others — attracted to the new settlement. With not even an inn, villagers welcomed the rare visitors, typically a few travelling merchants a year, to stay in the headman's own home.

When a group of dwarves, weary and wounded, stumbled into Barlow a century ago, the villagers were quick to offer aid. Returning home after a failed expedition to find precious metals in a nearby mountain, the dwarves had been attacked by a gang of redcaps, from whom they barely escaped. The villagers nursed the dwarves back to health. In return, the miners vowed to repay the villagers' kindness — a lengthy process for a village with little use for material goods. Eventually, the dwarves built homes and settled in Barlow.

In time, the dwarves sent for their families and the hamlet saw its population surge, dwarven newcomers soon nearly as numerous as the human inhabitants. Though the dwarves happily accepted the tenets of the village's relationship with nature, they brought a new modernity with them that many of the human and fey residents find disconcerting. Where once flour was ground by hand, now a new mill quickly handles the chore. And while its efforts certainly don't threaten the forest's well-being, second-generation resident Erna Copperspike's new workshop has begun producing fine wooden goods the craftswoman hopes to bring to market.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Arvo Varala (N male human expert [farmer] 2)

Government Council

Population 124 (64 humans, 40 dwarves, 20 other)

Alignments N, CN, NG, CG

Languages Common, Dwarven, Sylvan

Corruption -3; **Crime** -4; **Economy** -1; **Law** -2; **Lore** +2; **Society** +2

Qualities Insular, pious

Danger 0; **Disadvantages** None

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Arli Casalyan (CG female fey human ranger 1) A descendent of Casalya and fierce advocate for Barlow's pastoral way of life.

Arvo Varala (location 10; N male human expert [farmer] 2) The head of the village council is a skilled farmer, and is angered by the recent thefts.

Brengen Leer (location 2; NG male old human druid 4) The village's spiritual leader and mediator.

Casalya (location 1; CG female dryad) The mother of Barlow, she rarely now interferes in village affairs.

Erna Copperspike (location 7; N female dwarf expert 3) A woodworking proponent of greater trade and industry.

Hyla Lawsprite (location 9; CN male sprite bard 3) The eternally nosy self-appointed "Sheriff of Barlow."

Thifan Granitehelm (location 8; NG male old dwarf expert 4) The last survivor of the original dwarven settlers.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Casalya's Tree:** Casalya's bonded tree is the heart of Barlow.
2. **Casalya's Amphitheatre:** Village gatherings take place in the terraced seating around Casalya's tree.
3. **Vorman's Mill:** The new gristmill harnesses the Clearbrook to grind grain into flour.
4. **New Shrine:** The dwarves have built a small shrine to their own gods.
5. **Charred Ruins:** The village inn recently burned to the ground and has not yet been rebuilt.
6. **The Dwarven Distillery:** One of the new dwarven-made buildings, where they have begun fermenting liquor in greater volumes. Among dwarves, it's simply known as the distillery.
7. **Erna's Workshop:** Erna Copperspike's woodworking shop, where she and a few apprentices craft fine goods.
8. **Thifan's Home:** The dwelling of the aged former miner also serves as a frequent gathering spot for younger dwarves.
9. **Barns:** The barns at the outskirts of Barlow hold the community's livestock, mostly cows, pigs and sheep.
10. **Farm fields:** Barlow's fields mostly produce rye and root vegetables, primarily for the villagers' own consumption.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Light farming, fishing, hunting, decorative and functional woodwork (artwork, furniture, tools, traps)

Base Value 500 gp; **Purchase Limit** 2,500 gp; **Spellcasting** 3rd; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** —

When the PCs arrive in Barlow, the following items are for sale:

- **Potions & Oils** *oil of shillelagh* (50 gp), *potion of barkskin* (300 gp), *potion of endure elements* (50 gp)
- **Scrolls (Arcane)** *charm person* (25 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *call lightning* (375 gp), *daylight* (375 gp), *faerie fire* (25 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know some information about Barlow. A successful check reveals all the information revealed by a lesser check.

DC 10: When the druid Barlow Rous fell in love with the dryad Casalya, his followers founded the eponymous settlement around her tree. The settlement welcomes friendly fey and many of the human villagers have fey ancestors. Casalya still lives in the village.

DC 15: A recent influx of dwarves has brought new prosperity to the village as they begin to market fine wooden goods and dwarven spirits. So far they have limited their production to avoid angering the fey.

DC 20: Long ago, the dwarves unsuccessfully sought precious metals in the hills at the Clearbrook's source. Wild animals in the woods attacked the miners and the survivors retreated to Barlow, where they settled. Since then, hermits have lived in the caves.

For more about Barlow, and the investigation, refer to "Whispers & Rumours" and "Gathering Information" on page 15.

VILLAGERS

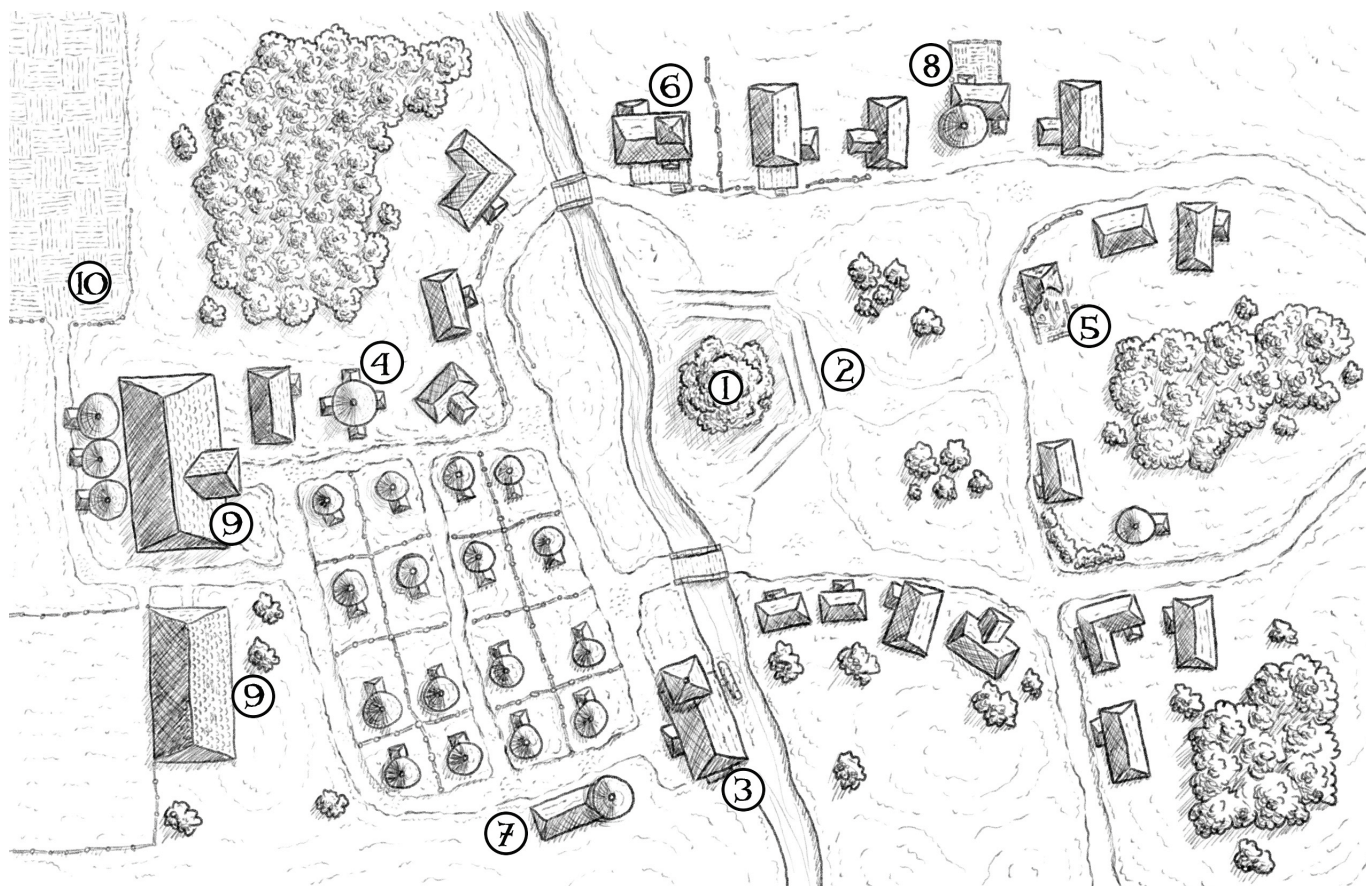
Appearance The human residents typically have tanned skin, but often have brightly coloured hair or eyes or some other odd trait revealing their fey heritage. Dwarves tend toward neatly trimmed hair and beards.

Dress Humans wear wool clothing, often dyed in bright greens or other colours and decorated with elaborate embroidered flowers or woodland creatures. Dwarves dress more soberly, often wearing long leather vests in which they carry the tools of their trade.

Nomenclature (Dwarf) *male* Daim, Doric, Falgen, Reidral; *female* Barili, Chera, Mora, Olalsia, Thinon, Wynadear; *family* Runeshield, Strongstave.

Nomenclature (Fey) *male* Abararl, Adenen, Ash, Koko, Tob; *female* Alaneo, Aphid, Ashphodel, Cala, Vereyl; *family* Ambershine, Dapplesprout, Quickfly, Sunsage.

Nomenclature (Human) *male* Erreharl, Kiral, Timos, Voz; *female* Analia, Camline, Hermi, Vremi; *family* Aral, Ferren, Fyrom, Liale.



COLDWATER AT A GLANCE

An isolated place, perched upon an inhospitable coast at the head of a muddy coastal path, Coldwater is not an easy, or pleasant, place to visit. The village huddles at the mouth of a steep-sided valley leading down to the sea. Here, the seabed quickly drops away and the waters are deep, dark and cold.

Widely thought of as a haven for smugglers and other miscreants, rumours swirl as thickly about the village as the persistent sea fogs that sometimes blanket the place for days at a time. Other rumours—whispered in taprooms up and down the coast—speak of darker things: of unwholesome practises carried out in worship of some ancient, depraved power, of travellers going missing near the village and of an ancient set of steps buried at the base of nearby cliffs and revealed only at particularly low tides.

Whatever the truth, Coldwater's folk are sullen, distrustful of outsiders and some are said to suffer from horrible deformities. Even the village's ruler—the aged Elina Vuolle—hates the place and leaves its folk to fend for themselves. Two families dominate day-to-day life: the Eerolas and the Purhos. Trapped in a low-grade, but vicious, family feud the two families subtly work against one another and use the other villagers as their pawns.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Elina Vuolle

Government Overlord

Population 188 (109 humans, 59 deformed humans, 18 half-orcs, 1 gnome, 1 half-elf)

Alignments CN, N, NE

Languages Common, Orc

Corruption +2; **Crime** -1; **Economy** +0; **Law** -2; **Lore** +1; **Society** -2

Qualities Insular, notorious

Danger +10; **Disadvantages** Cursed

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Armas Hujanen (location 5; LE male half-elf wizard [universalist] 5) Armas has come to Coldwater to study the high incidence of deformity in the populace.

Atro Purho (location 8; N male deformed human rogue 4) Young and dynamic, Atro has an implacable hatred for the Eerolas blaming them for his own ill fortunes.

Elina Vuolle (location 1; LN female old human aristocrat 2/sorcerer [abyssal] 6) Elina hates Coldwater (and her lot).

Sauli Eerola (location 4; NE male middle-aged human expert 2/fighter 2) Patriarch of the Eerola family, Sauli once served as a soldier but now runs the family “shipping” business.

Uzlen Itkonen (location 3; N female half-orc expert 2/barbarian 1) Uzlen runs the local shipbuilding business and tries to stay out of the Eerola's and Purho's feuding as much as possible.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of Coldwater comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Vuolle Manor:** Perched on the side of the valley, Vuolle Manor overlooks the village. It's battlemented walls give spectacular views of the surrounds.
2. **Waterside:** The harbour is the busiest—and smelliest—place in the village. Here, a gallimaufry of fishing vessels and small merchant craft jostle for berths.
3. **Itkonen's:** Here, Uzlen Itkonen builds and repairs fishing vessels and small merchant craft. The dockyard is always busy.
4. **Sauli's Home:** Here dwells the patriarch of the Eerola family.
5. **Crooked House:** This partially sunken building is the home of Armas Hujanen. Part of the cellar's foundations has collapsed, giving the house its name.
6. **Chapel of the Mistress:** Dedicated to Serat (the uncaring Mistress of Storms) this small chapel is one of the most substantial buildings in the village. On misty nights its bells toll endlessly to guide home those still out on the water.
7. **The Stooped Man:** Coldwater's only inn and tavern, the Stooped Man is a bastion of cheap alcohol, surly service and draughty, flea-infested accommodation.
8. **Atro's Home:** Atro Purho dwells in this large, ramshackle building. Extensive cellars intersect with a sea cave; here much of the Purho's clandestine business is conducted.
9. **Devil's Cove:** Strange goings on and several disappearances conspire to keep the populace away from this nearby cove.
10. **The Sunken Stair:** Only exposed at particularly low tides, these stairs lead to a chamber containing a seemingly unopenable pair of stone doors.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Smuggling, fishing

Base Value 650 gp; **Purchase Limit** 3,750 gp; **Spellcasting** 3rd; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

When the PCs arrive in Coldwater, the following items are for sale:

- **Potions & Oils** *cure light wounds* (50 gp), *hide from animals* (50 gp), *protection from energy (fire)* (750 gp)
- **Rings** *feather falling* (2,200 gp), *sustenance* (2,500 gp)
- **Rod** *lesser metamagic rod of extend spell* (3,000 gp)
- **Scrolls (Arcane)** *charm person*, *disguise self* and *erase* (75 gp) *disrupt undead* (12.5 gp), *scorching ray* (150 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *inflict light wounds* (25 gp)
- **Staff** *fire* (18,950 gp; location 1)
- **Weapon** +1 *flaming longsword* (8,315 gp; location 1)

VILLAGE LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know some information about Coldwater. A successful check reveals all the information revealed by a lesser result.

DC 10: Coldwater is a dump—the place is a dismal cesspit of the worst sort. The people are sullen and tremendously ugly; there is no reason to go there.

DC 15: The folk of Coldwater are of the worst moral fibre. Many are smugglers and rumours of an evil cult based in the village refuse to die.

DC 20: A nearby cove has a strange feature buried in its cliffs—a sunken staircase that only becomes visible at particularly low tides.

VILLAGERS

Appearance Dark of hair and pale of skin, many of the villagers appear to be unwell in a general, non-descript way. Some are horribly disfigured.

Dress Villagers wear loose, ill-fitting woollen or leather clothes suited to their trade.

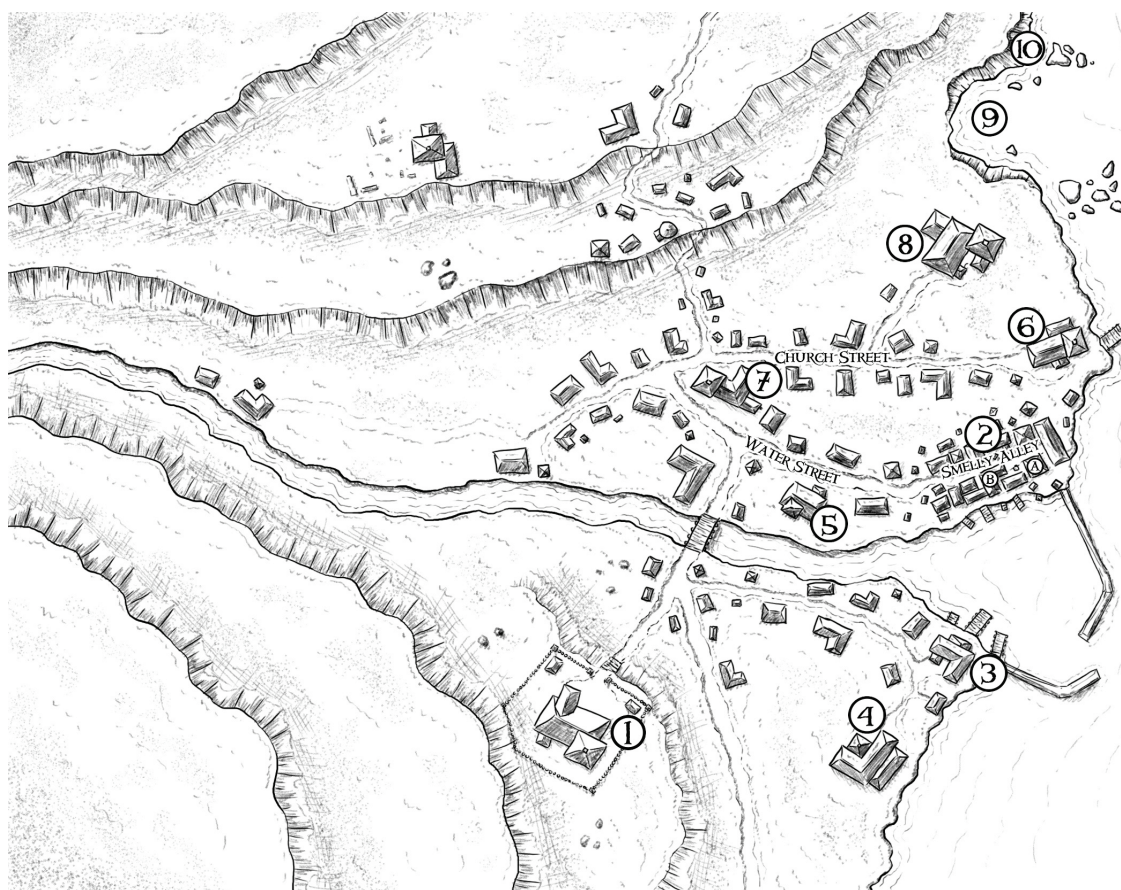
Nomenclature *male* Arvo, Ilari, Kaarlo, Valto, Viljo; *female* Aila, Eeva, Helmi, Pia, Ulla; *family* Eerola, Itkonen, Purho, Varala.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Coldwater and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6	RUMOUR
1	Unguessable things lurk in the waters of Devil Cove. Strange figures have been seen moving in the mists and people have gone missing there.
2*	Armas Hujanen is digging in his cellar for something best left buried. He dug so deep, his house almost collapsed!
3	The Eerola and the Purho hate each other; the two families have been implacable foes for generations.
4	Elina Vuolle has nothing but disdain for Coldwater and its folk. She's tried to sell it—and her title—several times.
5	A mysterious set of stairs pierces the cliffs of Devil Cove; they are only accessible at particularly low tides.
6*	Many of the Purho are horribly disfigured; they take a perverse pleasure in their appearance and often drown healthy babies born into the family.

*False rumour



DILATH'S HOLD AT A GLANCE

Dilath's Hold was founded 400 years ago when the exiled drow nobleman Dilath Abair of Zaccharine fled the drow city of Zaccharine to escape punishment for treason.

Since then, Dilath's Hold has become the centre of the slave trade in the northern Ebon Realms. Dilath Abair recognized his enclave would not survive without trading with Zaccharine, and he knew Zaccharine would always need slaves. He negotiated complicated treaties with several duergar enclaves nearby, and slowly Dilath's Hold transformed into the only slave market near Zaccharine. Today, Dilath's Hold houses a sizable drow population as well as a large duergar contingent. The ancient treaties are the only thing keeping the two races tolerating each other, and lately there have been whispers of renegotiating the treaties...in blood if need be.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Geriath Abair

Government Overlord

Population 188 (103 drows, 76 duergars, 7 driders, 2 bugbears)

Alignments CN, NE, CE

Languages Common, Dwarven, Elven, Undercommon

Corruption +1; **Crime** -2; **Economy** -1; **Law** 0; **Lore** -1; **Society** -3

Qualities Notorious, racially intolerant (dwarves and elves)

Danger 10; **Disadvantages** None

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking villagers. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Alianne the Grey (location 3; CE female drider ranger 3) Alianne lead the driders of the Web Labyrinth; she always covers her face with a dark grey hood.

Drugar Stonebelly (location 5; CN male duergar expert 3) An elderly duergar, Drugar's dark eyes and black beard are well known to visitors to Dilath's Hold.

Geriath Abair (location 1; CE male drow fighter 8) A tall, lean drow, Geriath's purple eyes give away no emotions and his body bear the signs of rigorous exercise and more than a few skirmishes with Zaccharine patrols.

Grumtusk the Vile (location 8; CE male duergar wizard [conjurer] 7) Always hiding his face under a heavy cloak, Grumtusk's distinct hoarse whisper is known throughout Dilath's Hold.

High Priestess Naryenn Abair (location 2; CE female drow cleric 6) This beauty has dark blue eyes and stark white hair.

Hyradyth (location 9; NE female drow druid [cave druid] 8) Hyradyth's beautiful features are marred by an infection of small fungi on the left side of her face.

Steinir the Fleshtreader (location 4/6; NE male duergar rogue 6) Steinir runs the largest fleshtreader house in the enclave.

Thanista the Alluring (location 7; NE female half-drow expert 3) Thanista's grey skin and blonde hair sets her apart, but she bears the scars to prove her position in Dilath's Hold is hard earned.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the enclave comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Abair Manor:** This huge, stately manor house befits the arrogant nobles dwelling within. It is one of the few buildings in Dilath's Hold protected by its own wall.
2. **The Chained Shrine:** Uncountable pairs of manacles decorate the shrine's exterior walls—a stark reminder of the enclave's most lucrative trade.
3. **The Web Labyrinth:** Dark and gloomy caverns, webs and cocoons cover the walls and ceiling; the webs also form rooms and hallways in the caverns.
4. **Caravan Quarter:** This whole quarter of the enclave serves to accommodate visiting caravans.
5. **The Whip and Leash:** The inn is a rambling one-storey building covered in runic graffiti dating back centuries. Here drinks and food are offered at reasonable rates.
6. **Slave Pits:** Here each slave trader has their own pit or cage; conditions are dirty, but the slaves are usually sold very fast or put to work throughout Dilath's Hold.
7. **Cavern of Delight and Pain:** Tapestries with debased themes cover the cavern walls, the air is heavily scented and several small caverns connected to the central cavern ensure privacy should it be needed.
8. **Home of Grumtusk the Vile:** Within the hollowed out shell of a giant fiendish snail dwells the duergar wizard. Rumours speak of several basements and secret rooms, but no one has ever seen the inside of Grumtusk's home.
9. **Garden of Serenity:** This garden contains a variety of fungi; myconid and basidironds can be seen within the tangled growth. From here, Hyradyth sends her minions into the Conocybe to fetch rare ingredients for spells and poisons.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Slaves and poisonous fungi

Base Value 800 gp; **Purchase Limit** 3,750 gp; **Spellcasting** 3rd; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

When the PCs arrive in Dilath's Hold, the following items are for sale:

Potions & Oils *knock* (300 gp), *levitate* (300 gp)

Scrolls (Arcane) *charm person* (25 gp), *web* (150 gp)

Scroll (Divine) *cause fear* (25 gp), *hold person* (150 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) may know some information about Dilath's Hold. A successful check reveals everything revealed by a lesser check.

DC 10: Dilath's Hold was founded by a drow nobleman 400 years ago. Today it is the centre of the slave trade in the northern Ebon Realms.

DC 15: Dilath's Hold is named after the founder, an exile from Zaccharine. Even today, relations between Zaccharine and Dilath's Hold are strained at best.

DC 25: A small group of driders in Dilath's Hold sell their services if the price is high enough. They prefer payment in slaves or rare gems.

VILLAGERS

Appearance Both drow and duergar take great pains over the appearance—mainly to distinguish themselves from their filthy slaves.

Nomenclature (Drow) *male* Alak, Dwean, Jerat, Vorn; *female* Faeryl, Lilitha, Triel, Veray; *family* Larayne, Sherathan, Vrinn.

Nomenclature (Duergar) *male* Holgar, Petrok; *female* Herdis, Undri; *family* Feldur, Khorvahr.

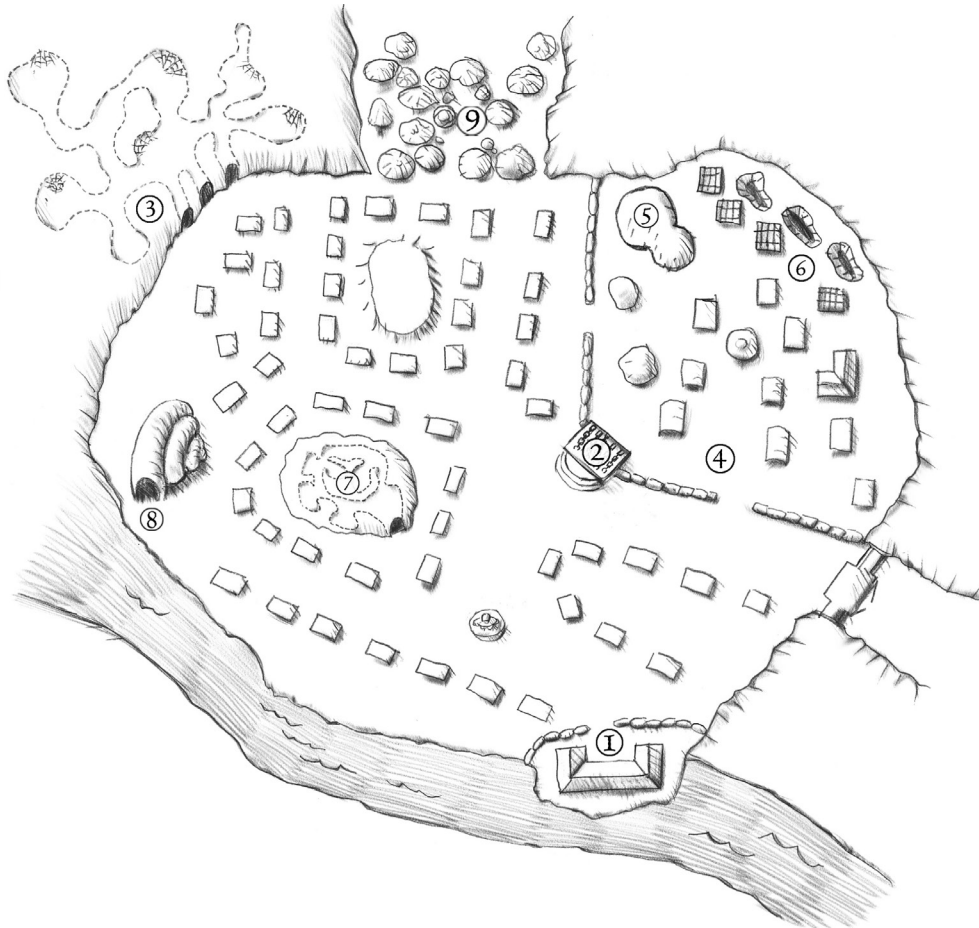
WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Dilath's Hold and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6 RUMOUR

1	Drugar Stonebelly threw Steinir out of the inn last night after they got into a heated argument over the slave trade. Steinir has vowed revenge.
2	Hyradyth is not what she seems; she is more at home in Conocybe than Dilath's Hold
3*	Geriath Abair has initiated negotiations with the fleshcrafters of Zaccharine to return to the city.
4	A newly arrived slave is in reality an assassin; his target (and master) remain unknown.
5	Thanista and Naryenn had a bidding war over a slave last week. Naryenn won, but Thanista is looking to free the slave before he becomes a sacrifice.
6	Alianne was once of the same blood as Geriath Abair himself.

*False rumour



EDGEWOOD AT A GLANCE

Edgewood rests on the east side of the vast Shadetimber Forest. A wide stream flows from the forest, marking Edgewood's northern border. The forest and stream provide plenty of game and fish for the villagers, who make their living growing fruits and vegetables and harvesting honey from hives standing a quarter mile south of the village proper. Edgewood trades most of its goods to neighbouring villages and towns and has prospered since its founding nearly 100 years ago. The village seems immune to major upheavals affecting the region and has thrived through major droughts, wars and monstrous incursions.

Despite its prosperity, Edgewood has not grown much in terms of population beyond the ninety original settlers. The village's success comes at a bizarre price, as every year one to three villagers succumb to a random, brutal attack by a group of creatures from the forest. At first the attacks occurred during one of the solstices and involved brazen attacks by wild animals, which ignored other villagers as they sought their prey. Once the inhabitants discovered the pattern and attempted to circumvent the attacks, the timing became utterly random. Those who openly discuss settling down in Edgewood hear ominous warnings from the current residents.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Mayor Velendra Arrisse

Government Autocracy

Population 154 (57 humans, 8 elves, 16 gnomes, 28 half-elves, 12 half-orcs, 33 halflings)

Alignments NG, CG, N, CN

Languages Common, Elven, Gnome, Halfling, Sylvan

Corruption -1; **Crime** -5; **Economy** +0; **Law** +1; **Lore** -1; **Society** +1

Qualities Prosperous, superstitious

Danger +0; **Disadvantages** Night of terror (danger +10)

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking farmers. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Barth Poul (locations 1 and 6; N male human fighter 3) Barth, is Edgewood's bailiff, but his duties amount to little more than breaking up the occasional drunken brawl. He typically helps his wife, Quinna, at Edgewood Inn.

Cleaugard (location 3; LN male human ex-paladin 4) A haughty paladin who believed he could solve Edgewood's "curse." He instead became an agent of death by spontaneously transforming into a werewolf and slaughtering a child.

Glennon Clee (location 9; N male gnome druid 7) Son of the village's original settlers, Glennon oversees the beehives.

Mayor Velendra Arrisse (location 7; NG female half-elf aristocrat 2) Leader of Edgewood for five years, Velendra has two more years remaining in her term. She lost her partner 14 years ago to the yearly culling in the form of a pack of ghouls.

"Nattering" Nim Indra (location variable; CN male halfling commoner 2) Nim claims to know the truth of the village's yearly losses; fellow villagers regard him as a harmless conspiracy nut, so he only now shares his theories with visitors.

Quinna Poul (location 1; CG female half-orc expert 4) Quinna owns Edgewood Inn and is usually the first person who meets visitors to the village.

Zerb (location variable; NG pixie rogue 2) Zerb indulges Nim in his conspiracies and excitedly adds insane speculation.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Edgewood Inn:** Sitting on the only road leading through the village, Edgewood Inn is a charming, cosy destination for travellers.
2. **Eternal Lovers:** A pair of centuries-old oaks has entwined starting twelve feet from the ground, creating a massive home for birds and squirrels that harms neither tree.
3. **Sacrifice Square:** Cleaugard spends most of his time at this shameful reminder of a time when the villagers thought they could control what (or whom) got taken each year.
4. **Storage Houses:** Warehouses, protected from the heat and humidity, hold harvested goods ready for trade and sale.
5. **Honey Haven:** This tavern caters to visitors and offers a fine selection of mead; locals frequent the tavern.
6. **Bailiff's Office:** Ostensibly where Barth Poul works, this office is usually unoccupied.
7. **Mayor's Hall:** Velendra Arrisse's offices are here, but she usually wanders about the village and along the forest's bounds.
8. **Festival Grounds:** A previous mayor decided to celebrate Edgewood's prosperity and commissioned the building of this area, which hosts major festivals after harvests.
9. **Beehives:** Glennon Clee oversees druidic beekeepers tending two dozen hives; the druids render the bees relatively docile.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Farm goods, honey, hospitality

Base Value 650 gp; **Purchase Limit** 3,750 gp; **Spellcasting** 1st; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

When the PCs arrive in Edgewood, the following items are for sale:

- **Potions & Oils** *cure light wounds* (50 gp), *oil of magic weapon* (50 gp)
- **Scrolls (Divine)** *entangle* (25 gp), *speak with animals* (25 gp)
- **Wondrous Items** *feather token (tree)*, 200 gp

VILLAGE LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know something about Edgewood. A successful check reveals all the information revealed by a lesser check.

DC 10: A displaced group of wanderers founded Edgewood almost 100 years ago. The village sells high-quality fruits and vegetables, as well as regionally renowned honey.

DC 15: The villagers are friendly, and Edgewood provides an excellent waystation for those entering Shadetimber.

DC 20: Edgewood's residents suffer an unusual curse; at least one villager dies a year as the result of a savage attack. Even those who have left the village are potential victims.

VILLAGERS

Appearance Natives of Edgewood have a variety of skin tones, eye colour and hair, owing to the original settlers' diversity.

Dress Most villagers wear loose-fitting and utilitarian clothing. Quinna and Mayor Velendra Arrisse dress more elegantly, since they deal with outsiders more than most.

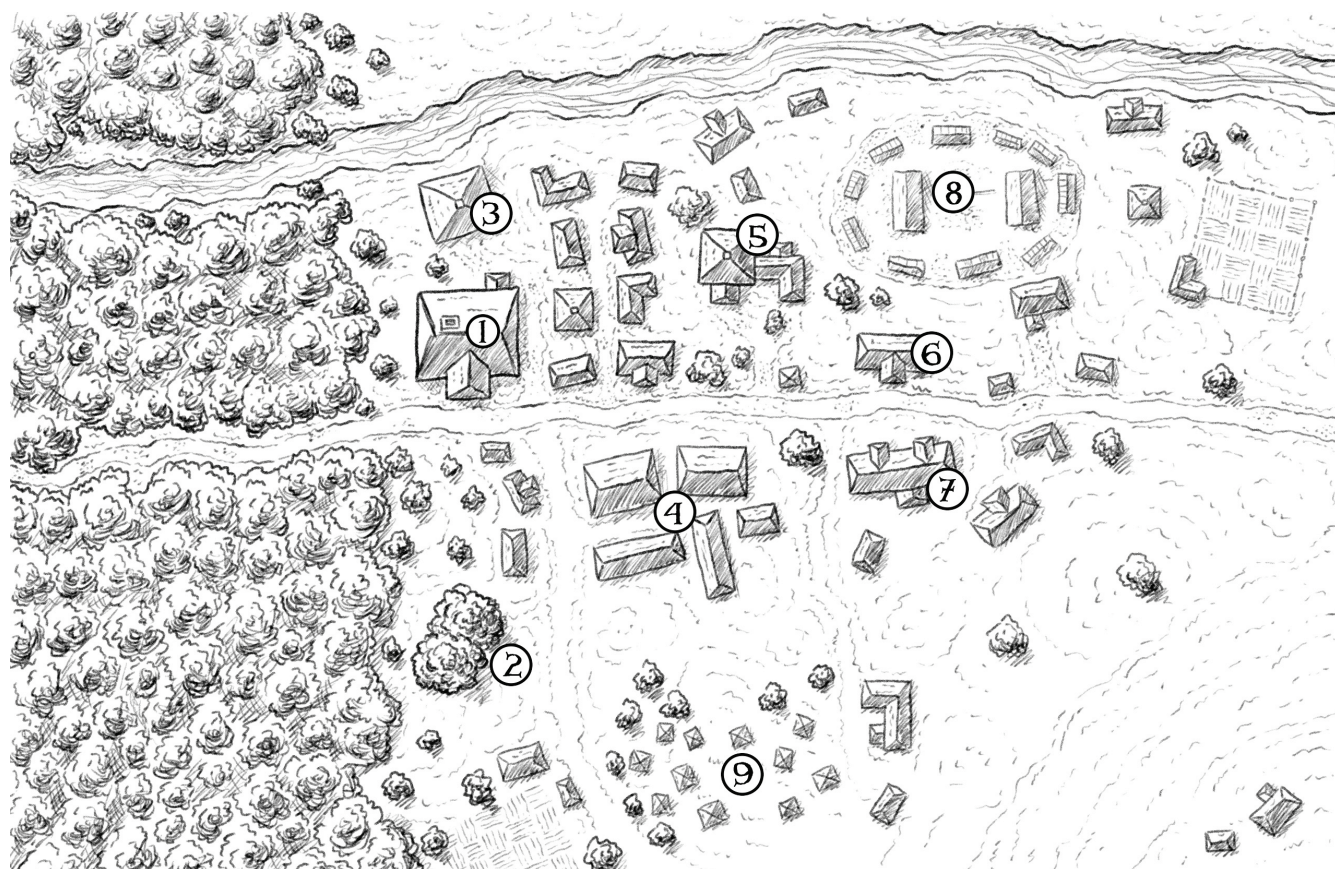
Nomenclature *male* Andras, Owain, Styv; *female* Fianne, Mika, Quinna; *family* Arrisse, Clee, Dyllan, Poul.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Edgewood and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6	RUMOUR
1	The former paladin, Cleauregard, cannot truly regain his powers until he removes Edgewood's curse.
2	Nim claims the yearly deaths are an experiment conducted by extraplanar beings.
3*	One of Edgewood's founders suffered from a terrible curse that killed all those he loved. When he died, the curse transferred to the village.
4	Another of Nim's wild theories holds that the bees know the truth of the village's situation, but one must speak their language to learn the secret.
5	Two years ago, a visiting cleric restored one of the victims to life, but she and the cleric died two days later.
6*	Since the yearly attacks only take the lives of Edgewood's residents, Velendra has struck upon the idea of making all visitors honorary residents to save her people.

*False rumour



HOPESPYRE AT A GLANCE

Founded 40 years ago by Dagor Thursh, the secluded village of Hopespyre is his and his Church of the Redemptive Flame's refuge from the sinful world.

In his youth, as a soldier for a cruel despot, Thursh witnessed and was responsible for unspeakable acts of horror. Soul blackened by his experiences, for many long years he saw no escape from the army. He found his way out, however, amid the flames of a *fireball* that slew most of his comrades. Surviving, he took the experience as a sign he finally had to start a new life. Preaching that one's sins could be burned away in fire, he quickly attracted a small following.

He also attracted the attention of both the despot and the church of Darlen, god of the sun, who found his teachings heretical. Thus, the church fled to the wilderness, where they established Hope's Pyre (later shortened to Hopespyre).

The village is centred around the constantly burning Font of Redemption, a bonfire emblematic of the village founder and his followers' faith. Longhouses, holding all the village's single men and women, stand tall in contrast to other buildings.

Well-armed guards stand watch at the village's borders, constantly vigilant for threats from monsters and secular and religious authorities. Despite that, those who are judged safe find a warm welcome, with invitations to services and the communal meals that follow. While the reception is sincere, should visitors cause Thursh to fear they are agents of the cult's enemies, they won't leave the village alive.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Dagor Thursh

Government Magical

Population 156 (70 humans, 38 half-orcs, 22 half-elves, 10 dwarves, 8 elves, 8 halflings)

Alignments NG, LN

Languages Common, Ignan

Corruption -3; **Crime** -1; **Economy** -5; **Law** -1; **Lore** +2; **Society** -2

Qualities Insular, pious

Danger +2; **Disadvantages** Anathema (established authorities reject this settlement, which they would destroy if they knew its location; -4 economy)

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Barja Embersin (location 4; NG female dwarf rogue 2/expert 2)
The overprotective "mother" of the Sister's House.

Dagor Thursh (location 2; NG male venerable half-orc fighter 3/oracle [flame] 10) The aging founder of Hopespyre.

Denmin Thursh (location 7; NG male middle-aged half-orc oracle [flame] 8) Dagor's oldest son, by his now dead wife, is a true believer and hopes to continue his father's work.

Friyet Halsh (location 6; N middle-aged female human expert 2)
Udealia's vainglorious mother still harbours resentment that Dagor Thursh refused to marry her when his wife died.

Katin Shiss (location 8; LE male half-elf bard 2/cleric 4) Secretly a cleric of the elemental lord of fire, he married Udealia Fireborn as part of a scheme to subvert the community.

Shan Whistletree (location 5; NG male halfling ranger 4) The host of the Visitor's House.

Udealia Fireborn (location 1; N female half-orc oracle [flame] 6)
An illegitimate daughter of Dagor, she's encouraged by her husband and mother to take power as her father declines.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Font of Redemption:** This ever-burning pyre is Hopespyre's literal and spiritual heart.
2. **Dagor Thursh's home:** Other than two guards, little distinguishes the cult leader's home from other residences.
3. **Brother's House:** The village's unmarried men live in this wooden longhouse.
4. **Sister's House:** This wooden longhouse houses the single women of Hopespyre.
5. **Visitors' House:** Half-hostel and half-prison, visitors stay here for free, treated as guests but watched with a wary eye.
6. **Communal Kitchens:** The village's meals are served here.
7. **Makers' Hall:** Craftsmen use this site, originally several houses that were later connected, to make magic items.
8. **Secret Shrine:** Secret followers of the elemental lord of fire meet at this home owned by Katin Shiss' supposed sister.
9. **Watch Tower:** Two guards occupy these towers at all times, keeping an eye out for threats within and without.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Farming, magical goods

Base Value 500 gp; **Purchase Limit** 2,500 gp; **Spellcasting** 5th; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

When the PCs arrive in Hopespyre, the following items are for sale:

- **Potions & Oils** *cure light wounds* (50 gp), *sanctuary* (50 gp), *daylight* (750 gp)
- **Scrolls (Arcane)** *fireball* (375 gp), *detect scrying* (700 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *atonement* (1,125 gp)
- **Weapons** +1 *flaming longsword* (8,315 gp), +2 *flaming burst shortbow* (32,330 gp)
- **Wondrous Items** *elixir of truth* (500 gp), *phylactery of faithfulness* (1,000 gp), *necklace of fireballs* (type V; 5,850 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know some information about Hopespyre. A successful check reveals all information gained by a lesser result.

DC 10: A group of religious heretics fled civilization and founded Hopespyre as a place of refuge.

DC 20: The Church of the Redemptive Flame was founded by a soldier, Dagor Thursh, who claimed one could burn sins away.

DC 25: Hopespyrers are welcoming, but also extremely paranoid; those considered threats aren't allowed to leave.

VILLAGERS

Appearance Women wear their long hair unbound, while men grow beards to impressive lengths.

Dress Villagers uniformly wear white linen trousers and tunic. Adults also wear a red, orange or yellow shawl, the colour indicating their state of redemption.

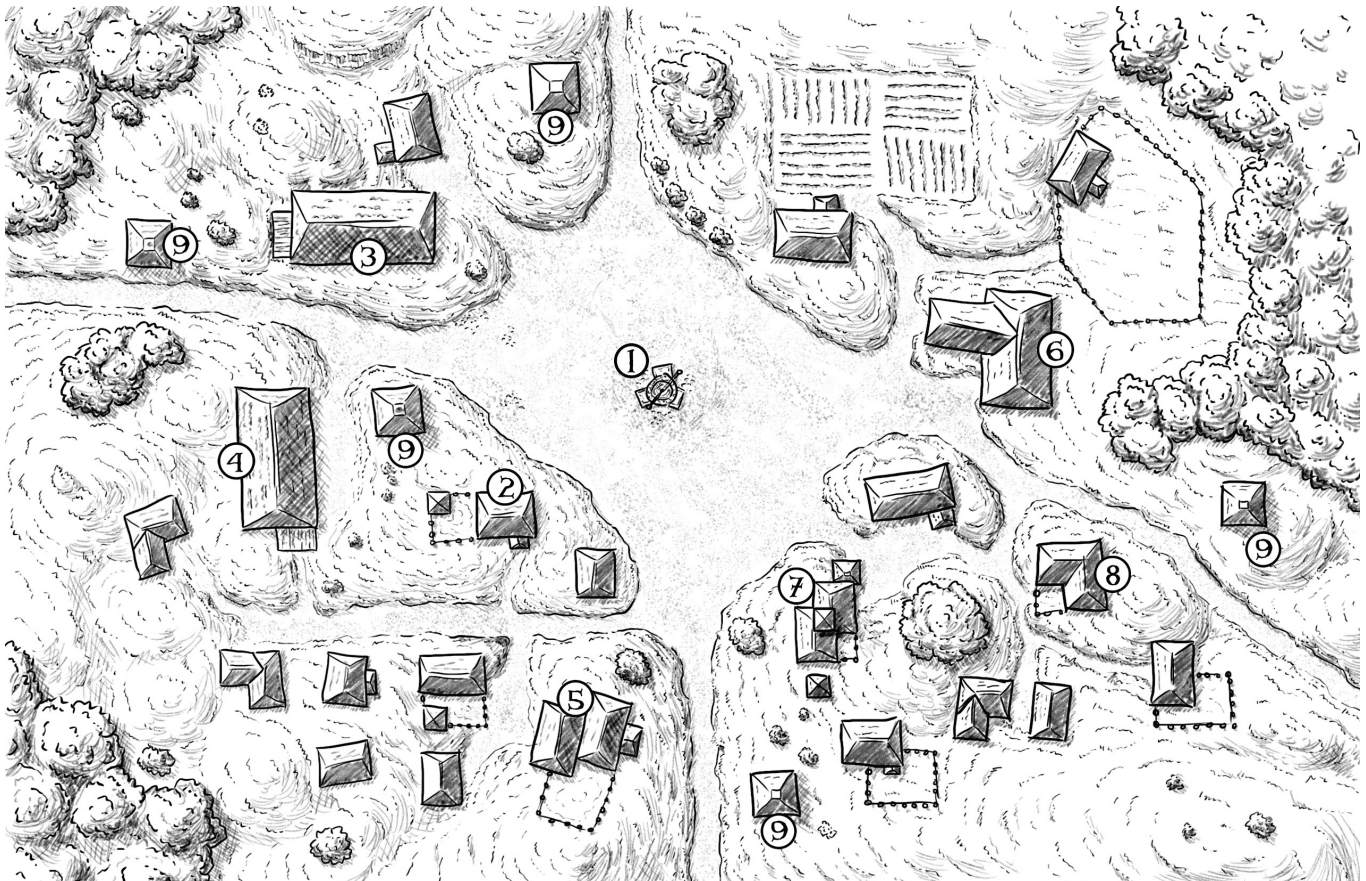
Nomenclature *male* Breel, Fahis, Stoig; *female* Aseri, Harag, Ketka; *family* Fireborn (this name is shared by a handful of Dagor Thursh's illegitimate children), many others take fire-related names (Embered, Ashblown, Newblaze, for example) when they join the community though some retain their original names (such as Coalharst, Memydi, Stavard)

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Hopespyre and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6	RUMOUR
1*	All the half-orc children you see around here? They're all related to Dagor. (While the cult leader certainly has many illegitimate children and some grandchildren, not all of the half-orc youth are his offspring.)
2	Some recent converts were kept at Visitor's House for months but in time they accepted Dagor's teachings.
3*	The villagers feed an innocent to the Font of Redemption a few times a year, to keep it burning.
4	A delegation of Darlen's church was wiped out when they tried to broach a rapprochement with village leaders, and their bodies were buried in the woods.
5	Friyet never forgave Dagor for not marrying her. That's why she seduced him—to feed her own ambitions.
6*	Dagor has begun saying that those who do not choose repentance willingly should be put to the torch. (Katin Shiss and his followers are carefully spreading this lie.)

*False rumour



IDYLL AT A GLANCE

Situated in rolling hills and resting alongside a gently flowing river, Idyll lives up to its name. The villagers welcome all visitors and treat them to flavourful meals. Fine wines from Idyll's vineyards complement exquisitely flavoured meats butchered from the cattle and sheep the villagers raise. If any complaints arise from guests, they usually centre on the village's dullness.

However, there are hints not everything is at it seems. The foremost of these are the weathered monoliths standing at cardinal points on the village's borders. Etched with weatherworn sigils in numerous planar languages, none of the villagers can translate them but remark that nothing odd has occurred because of the monoliths. Additionally, strange artefacts littered all around, but well outside, Idyll's borders indicate the village was a focal point for ancient wars. Finally, rumours abound of strange metal people apprehending lawbreakers who subsequently disappear without a trace.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Tetrad Council

Government Council

Population 127 (64 humans, 4 dwarves, 2 elves, 1 gnome, 16 half-elves, 32 half-orcs, 8 halflings)

Alignments LG, NG, CG, LN, LE, NE, CE

Languages Abyssal, Aklo, Common, Celestial, Infernal, Sylvan

Corruption -1; **Crime** -1; **Economy** +0; **Law** -2; **Lore** +1; **Society** +3

Qualities Magically attuned, prosperous

Danger 5; **Disadvantages** Extraplanar beacon (increases Danger by 5 and Lore by +3)

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Adeline Cobb (location 2; NG female dwarf expert 2) Proprietor of Cobb's, Adeline is one of the few children who grew up in Idyll; thanks to Idyll's cornucopia, she charges low prices for sumptuous fare and comfortable beds.

Brie Ornth (location 6; CG female gnome rogue 4) While some people in Idyll think this choice of councilmember is strange, as they see no need for gnome representation, Brie's decisions are even-handed.

Constance Indra (location 6; LE female halfling oracle [flame] 7) If Indra had her way, Idyll's laws would be stricter, more punitive and there would be many more of them.

Evangeline (locations 3 and 7; NE female elf druid 4/ranger 3) Caretaker of Grandmother Oak, this elf welcomes discussion about topics related to nature; she also makes it clear she has no time for those who despoil nature.

Mercius Grady (location 6; LG male half-orc paladin 6) Gentle and kind, this councilmember seems too soft to govern the village, until he gets involved in an argument about which he is passionate.

Vaelin Smith (location 6; CE male human barbarian 5) This towering, tanned human has fiery hair and a shock of white near his forehead; his temperament matches his appearance.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **The Monoliths:** Idyll's most notable feature, the monoliths stand at cardinal points marking a circular border around the village. Each monolith features inscriptions in a multitude of planar languages.
2. **Cobb's:** Villagers direct visitors to this tavern. For astonishingly low prices, diners receive savoury drinks and meals.
3. **Grandmother Oak:** This impossibly large oak stands at Idyll's heart, providing ample shade.
4. **Opalescent Pools:** Nine pools, arranged in a square three-by-three pattern, glow softly during moonlit nights.
5. **Wardens' Lodge:** Sealed shut, this building ostensibly serves as Idyll's law office; when questioned, villagers maintain the building is unnecessary as there is no need for law enforcement.
6. **Council Hall:** In contrast to the peacefulness of Idyll's inhabitants, where everyone gets along, the council hall is home to intense arguments.
7. **Aid Station:** A cleric and a druid reside here and provide aid to inhabitants, villagers and animals alike.
8. **Storage Silos:** Ample supplies of grain, grapes and other materials, kept fresh using magic, fill these silos.
9. **Pinion River:** This deep, clear river winds southward into the village on its meandering route; it provides great fishing.
10. **Fields of Battle:** Just outside Idyll, dedicated archaeologists can find ancient instruments of war, rejected by the ground.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Farming, Winery, Artefact Trade

Base Value 750 gp; **Purchase Limit** 4,250 gp; **Spellcasting** 5th; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

When the PCs arrive in Idyll, the following items are for sale:

- **Potions & Oils** *cure light wounds* (50 gp), *nondetection* (800 gp), *protection from chaos/evil/good/law* (50 gp)
- **Scrolls (Arcane)** *calm emotions* (200 gp), *magic aura* (25 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *goodberry* (50 gp), *hold person* (150 gp)
- **Rod splendour** (30,500 gp; location 6)
- **Weapons** *anarchic*, *axiomatic*, *holy* and *unholy* weapons of various descriptions (18,000 gp + weapon cost; location 6)

VILLAGE LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) may know information about Idyll. A successful check gains all the information revealed by a lesser result.

DC 10: Idyll is a pastoral village where the inhabitants spend their time in agricultural pursuits.

DC 15: While the village is ideal, the toll of an ancient war still corrupts the surrounding land.

DC 20: Very few of the inhabitants ever travel beyond Idyll's boundaries. Another strange aspect of the village is the notable lack of children.

DC 30 (Knowledge [planes] only): Idyll serves as a relocation centre for extraplanar beings wishing to stay hidden from powerful opponents.

VILLAGERS

Appearance The villagers have no uniform appearance. However, when they first arrive a villager briefly displays an odd trait (glowing blue eyes, a barbed tail or curved horns) that quickly disappears.

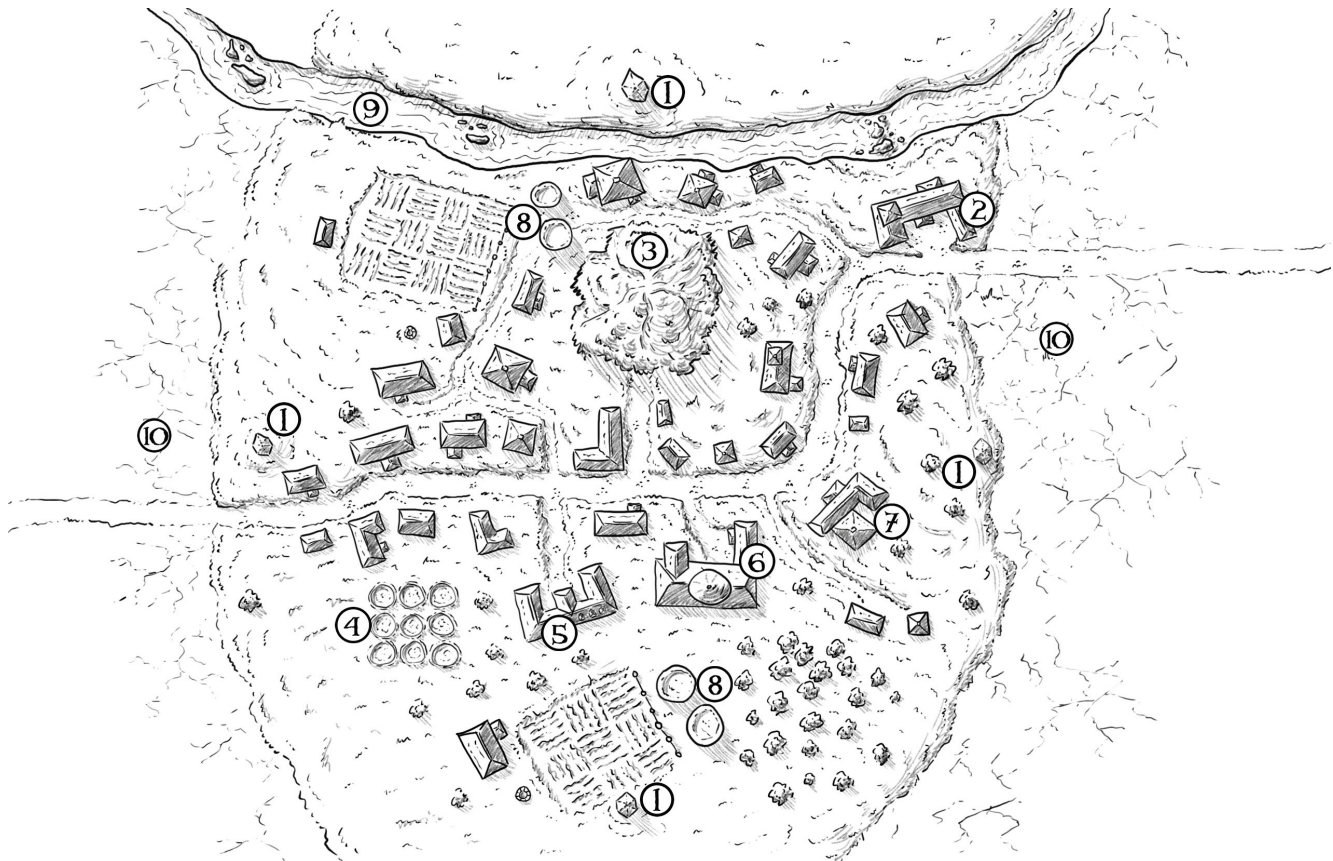
Dress Befitting an agrarian lifestyle, the people of Idyll wear utilitarian clothing. Occasionally, someone wears ostentatious clothes, but no resident ever remarks on it.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Idyll and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below, to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6	RUMOUR
1	If someone wishes to remain hidden from foes, Idyll is the place to go.
2*	An apocalyptic event (meteorite, flood or earthquake, depending on the person providing the rumour) will soon destroy the village and wipe out its inhabitants.
3	During the full moon, a shimmering light emanates from the monoliths, creating a dome around the village.
4	The council has been particularly contentious of late, and a couple of people have overheard Vaelin threatening to harm the other council members.
5*	The silos hide bodies from ages ago; the magic of the buildings has preserved them all these years.
6	When (rarely) inhabitant leaves the village, a new resident of the same race arrives shortly thereafter.

*False rumour



KENNUTCAT AT A GLANCE

Three generations ago, a consortium of merchants and titled nobles purchased the small island of Kennutcat. Graced with a natural harbour and bountiful fishing, the sandy island promised further wealth for its investors. After brutally subjugating the native inhabitants, the Kittiwaki, the colonizers worked diligently to build a prosperous settlement. Kennutcat's ideal location quickly proved to be a boon as the villagers resupplied and repaired passing ships as well as developing their own fishing fleet.

However, despite its apparent idyllic appearance, a deep fog rolls in at night, staining the paved stone streets and shingled houses with a clinging dew. Within the mists, strange sounds echo—voices of past villagers, their footsteps treading the streets and ancestral homes—making traveling at night dangerous for the unwary. Meanwhile, family members relentlessly pace the porches perched on rooftops, known as widow walks, their eyes straining for loved ones reported lost at sea. For something lurks out in the waters, a titanic monster that lures Kennutcat's sons and daughters out onto the water with hopes of glory. Those who hunt the strange beast never return alive, but their spirits are inexplicably bound to the strange island.

Deep within a forest cave, the few surviving Kittiwaki eke out a living as they have for hundreds of years in worship of unfathomable nature spirits. At night by huge bonfires, they pray to the spirits to cleanse Kennutcat of the taint of the colonisers exploiting their holy island.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Kayda Balton, Timius Holland, Patrok Talbot, Ramus Tennett, Gretchen Vankmeer

Government Council

Population 191 (163 humans [colonisers], 23 humans [natives], 3 halflings, 1 dwarf)

Alignments LG, N, LN, LE

Languages Common

Corruption 0; **Crime** 0; **Economy** 2; **Law** -2 **Lore** -2; **Society** 4

Qualities Prosperous, strategic location

Danger 10; **Disadvantages** Cursed (haunted, +10 danger)

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Apika Spiritseer (location 7; N female old human druid 7) Ancient Apika leads the last of the native islanders in their ancient rites and practises.

Captain Jayn Kell (location 1; LE female human ranger 6) Kennutcat's most esteemed captain plans to avenge her family's death by Lobata.

Debbin Hoggle (location 6; LG male halfling expert 3) Debbin keeps Kennutcat's lighthouse operational 24 hours a day.

Gretchen Vankmeer (location 2; LN female old human aristocrat 2) Gretchen Vankmeer keeps her remaining children imprisoned in their manor for fear they'll succumb to the insane desire to hunt Lobata.

Hargan Saltbeard (location 5; N male dwarf druid 4) Hargan communes with nature in a small shrine.

Kayda Balton (location 4; LN female human aristocrat 3) Aging Kayda Balton runs the Shrouded Mistress.

Patroc Ralbot (location 7; LE male human aristocrat 2) Patroc Ralbot works tirelessly to undermine the other council leaders and install himself as lord of the island.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Kennutcat Harbour:** A natural harbour, supported by a well-built wharf, is the centre of the island's trade and fishing industries.
2. **Vankmeer Manor:** Home to one of the original founding families, its current owner locks herself inside, slowly rotting away into insanity.
3. **Kennutcat Council Hall:** This stout building and adjoining tower serves the island as its centre of government.
4. **The Shrouded Mistress:** Kennutcat's main inn and tavern also serves as a general store, owned by the Baltons.
5. **Beach Shrine:** Old Hargan Saltbeard maintains a small shrine built of driftwood dedicated to the spirits of the sea.
6. **Coln Point Lighthouse:** This sturdy lighthouse, its beacon guiding ships to safety, rests at the end of a long stretch of sandy beach.
7. **Forest Cave:** A large cave burrows deep underground, its walls painted with the ancient history of the Kittiwaki and the island.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Fishing, shipbuilding, trading

Base Value 700 gp; **Purchase Limit** 3,750 gp; **Spellcasting** 3rd; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

When the PCs arrive in Kennutcat, the following items are for sale:

- **Potions & Oils** *comprehend languages* (50 gp), *eagle's splendour* (300 gp)
- **Scrolls (Arcane)** *obscuring mist* (25 gp), *water breathing* (375 gp), *whispering wind* (150 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *detect undead* (25 gp), *helping hand* (375 gp), *protection from evil* (25 gp), *undetectable alignment* (150 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) may know some information about Kennutcat. A successful check gains all the information revealed by a lesser check.

DC 10: Kennutcat boasts a wide, natural harbour and excellent fishing waters for such a small island.

DC 15: Many claim to hear voices or see spirits in the deep fogs shrouding the island at night.

DC 20: Despite the prosperity of its citizens, many seem to go mad, possessed by a desire to slay a legendary sea beast.

VILLAGERS

Appearance The colonisers have pale skin and dark hair and eyes. Men wear their beards long while women prefer their hair wrapped in buns with ornate jewelled pins. The Kittiwaki are dark-skinned with reddish to black hair and green or blue eyes.

Dress Coloniser women wear long, heavy drab dresses while men prefer loose pants ornamented with a colourful sash and open chested shirts. Kittiwaki wear animal furs, mostly rabbit, and leather. They wear little in the way of ornamentation.

Nomenclature *male* Argis, Fellen, Korl, Potrus, Tarl, Ulwich; *female* Cassiway, Enda, Hendi, Renna, Sorah; *family* Balton, Holland, Ralbot, Tennett, Vankmeer

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Kennutcat and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A character exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6	RUMOUR
1	Lady Vankmeer keeps her youngest children locked inside their manor house.
2	Captain Jayn Kell is paying well for a crew to help her avenge her family's death by Lobata.
3*	The Kittiwaki practice human sacrifice, evil magic and cannibalism.
4	Families often leave out food and drink for their ancestors who do not seem to rest in peace.
5*	The reason the island seems haunted is that the Council members are actually vampires practicing vile sorcery.
6	Hargan Saltbeard jealously guards his shrine. He won't let anyone inside.

*False rumour



RED TALON AT A GLANCE

Huddled in a sheltered cove at the base of lofty cliffs, the tiny village of Red Talon is inaccessible by land for all but the best climbers. Its folk are insular and vague rumours lay cannibalism and devil-worship at their door—with good reason.

Red Talon was founded 20 years ago by the bloodthirsty orc pirate captain Hagruk Stormrider when he retired from full-time plundering; he named the fledgling community after his infamous vessel. In his prime, Hagruk Stormrider sailed to the four corners of the globe in search of booty, visiting many exotic lands during the course of his long voyages. On a remote tropical island Hagruk raided the village of a strange orc tribe, worshippers of a dark god of gluttony and greed called Ukre'kon'ala. In exchange for his life, the tribal priest promised to teach the pirate captain vile rituals honouring the deity which would bring him great power and wealth. Hagruk agreed, making the priest his first bloody sacrifice to the god as soon as he had mastered the dark rites.

With the power of Ukre'kon'ala, Hagruk and his men were invincible: they took dozens of fat prizes and their vessel's hold swelled with plunder. No one survived an attack by the *Red Talon*—the captain and his men ate the crew of the ships they took in gory feasts to honour their new god.

Eventually, Hagruk grew old and settled down in Red Talon village, but would still sail forth on occasional raids. One fateful night in a furious storm, his ship struck the reef known as Devil's Shoulder as he returned to the village. Hagruk and his crew abandoned ship as the galleon started to sink beneath the waves, but they were too slow, and their drowned bodies were washed up on the beach. But the dark power of their cannibal god saved the pirates—Ukre'kon'ala brought some of the crew back from death to unlife as ghouls; Hagruk Stormrider became a ghast.

That was ten years ago. Nowadays, adventurers come to Red Talon to search for the sunken treasure of Hagruk Stormrider and the depraved cult continues to worship vile Ukre'kon'ala; their sacrifices go to feed the ghast captain and his ghoulish shipmates.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Berrig Saltblood

Government Overlord

Population 116 (68 humans, 24 half-orcs, 11 orcs, 4 dwarves, 2 halflings, 6 ghouls, 1 ghast)

Alignments N, NE, CE

Languages Common, Orc

Corruption +2 **Crime** -2; **Economy** -1; **Law** -3; **Lore** +0; **Society** -3

Qualities Insular, Notorious

Danger +10; **Disadvantages** Cursed

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Algrid (location 3; N female dwarf expert 2/warrior 1) Burly owner of Algrid's Creels and Nets, Algrid is a skilful crafter.

Berrig Saltblood (location 4; NE male half-orc fighter 3/rogue 3) Retired pirate captain and Red Talon's unelected mayor; Berrig is a leading member of Ukre'kon'ala's cult.

Captain Hagruk Stormrider (location 6; CE male ghast fighter 5) The notorious captain of the Red Talon lurks in the tunnels beneath the village church, awaiting the next sacrifice.

Deryn Kroal (location 1; NE male human expert 2) Creepy landlord of the Flensed Whale and loyal cultist.

Father Connel (location 5; CE male human cleric 5) Posing as a cleric of the sea god Serat, Father Connel is actually a priest of Ukre'kon'ala.

Thagg Shantyman (location 2; CN male half-orc expert 2) Crazy (and usually drunk) old lobsterman and former pirate; teller of tall tales.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **The Flensed Whale:** Red Talon's unwelcoming inn stands in the middle of the village; it has few guests.
2. **The Docks:** Busy during the day with fishing boats and merchant vessels arriving from Deksport and other ports.
3. **Algrid's Creels and Nets:** This shop stocks a variety of general goods, as well as lobster pots and fishing nets.
4. **Saltblood Hall:** This well-appointed house is home to Red Talon's mayor, and once belonged to Hagruk Stormrider.
5. **Village Church:** At first glance a small stone temple to the sea god Serat, the church is in reality dedicated to Ukre'kon'ala.
6. **Ossuary:** Located beneath the church, this charnel house is the lair of Hagruk Stormrider and his undead crew.
7. **Cliffs:** Steep, 300-foot high white cliffs surround the village, making it hard for anyone to reach Red Talon by land.
8. **Devil's Shoulder:** This dark reef is where the galleon *Red Talon* met its doom, and acts as a magnet to treasure-seekers.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Fishing, lobsters

Base Value 650 gp; **Purchase Limit** 3,750 gp; **Spellcasting** 3rd; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

When the PCs arrive, the following items are for sale:

Potions & Oils *mage armour* (50 gp), *water breathing* (2; 750 gp each)

Scroll (Divine) *bles* (25 gp), *owl's wisdom* (150 gp)

Weapon +1 *underwater light crossbow* (2,370 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) may know some information about Red Talon. A successful check reveals all the information revealed by a lesser result.

DC 10: The isolated fishing village of Red Talon brings in some of the best lobsters along this stretch of coast.

DC 15: Red Talon is named after the ship captained by the village's founder, the bloodthirsty orc pirate, Hagruk Stormrider.

DC 20: The *Red Talon* went down when it struck a reef in sight of the village; the wreck full of pirate booty lies on the sea bottom just waiting for an intrepid soul to find.

VILLAGERS

Appearance The villagers are of diverse appearance and ethnic backgrounds; mostly former pirates, they come from far and wide. Many have at least one tattoo, often several; the men are almost always bearded.

Dress Most villagers wear simple, practical work clothes and stout boots; bandanas and earrings are common.

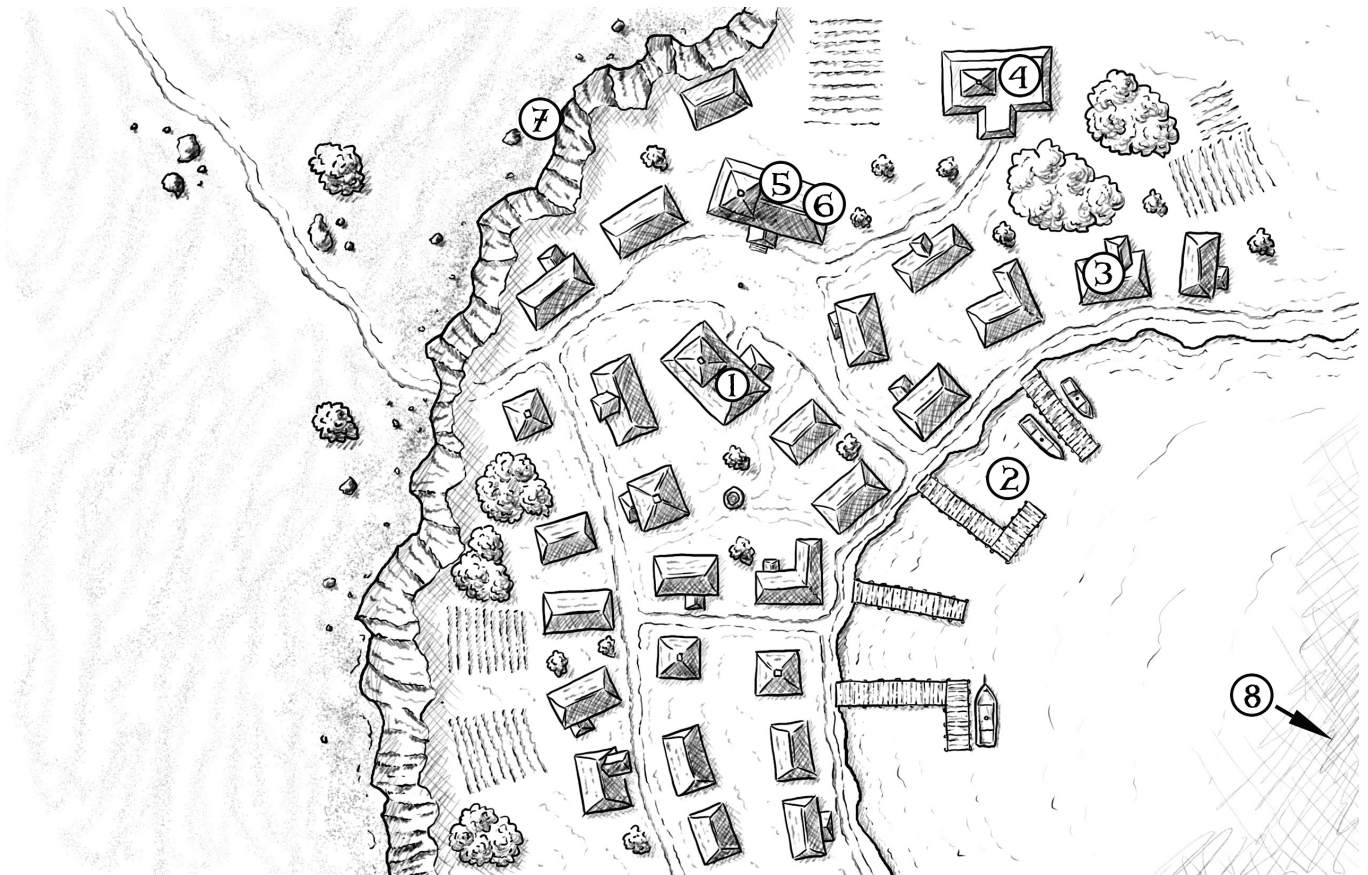
Nomenclature *male* Bart, Kazmir, Reory, Saddok; *female* Alana, Danika, Dervla, Vita; *family* Bitterleaf, Helvett, Lazyeye, Okeswabb.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Red Talon and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6	RUMOUR
1	Hagruk Stormrider's treasure is out there for the taking, but beware the giant octopus lurking in the <i>Red Talon's</i> wreck.
2	Serat has blessed the village again this year—the fishing has been excellent and the lobsters plentiful.
3	Deryn Kroal's daughter, Janna, has a thing for handsome adventurers.
4	Hagruk Stormrider would sail to the four corners of the globe in search of booty, and visited many exotic locales.
5*	The pirate Black-Eyed Saddok hid his chest of plunder in a cave near the top of the cliffs.
6	Algrid came to Red Talon after falling out with the pirates in the nearby town of Deksport. She's welcome here as she makes the best lobster pots and nets on the coast.

*False rumour



SAINT FIACRE AT A GLANCE

Over 75 years ago, the village now known as Saint Fiacre was the small hamlet of Verton. According to legend, it became Saint Fiacre after the legendary cleric Fiacre the Bulwark single-handedly defended the hamlet against a raid by an entire tribe of sahuagin. In thanks, the villagers immediately erected a church to Saint Fiacre's deity, a god of commerce and trade, and built a statue commemorating him in their village square. When Fiacre passed away, the villagers successfully petitioned his church to grant him sainthood and renamed their village in his honour.

Today, Mayor Pepin Vert constantly seeks new ventures to further expand the village's economy, but he is forced to contend with the old money aristocrats that make the seaside village their summer home. Generations ago the mayor's grandfather sold premium property to the nobles to expand the village, but now that land goes to waste. Without it, Pepin has been forced to rely on turnpike tariffs as the primary source of income, but the locals doubt this money can sustain the village's growing population. True these are hardly concerns worthy of heroes, but Saint Fiacre prides itself on its lack of monsters and supernatural troubles.

Unknown to most folk, trouble is brewing in Saint Fiacre. A years-old rivalry is coming to the boil with the arrival of Jérôme Javert, an inquisitor looking to imprison the caretaker of the village's orphanage for his criminal past. Meanwhile, something lurks in Fiacre's Woods, shielded from discovery by the wood's thick foliage. This monster has taken root within the wood, having devoured and replaced a third of the village's population with near-perfect replicas. If left unchecked, the monster will consume all of Saint Fiacre, and the world beyond soon after.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Mayor Pepin Vert

Government Autocracy

Population 194 (74 humans, 64 pod creatures, 38 halflings, 10 half-orcs, 2 dwarves, 1 changeling, 3 half-elves, 1 kitsune,)

Alignments LN, N, NE, NG

Languages Common, Dwarven

Corruption +0; **Crime** +0; **Economy** +1; **Law** +0; **Lore** +0; **Society** +0

Qualities Prosperous, racially intolerant (all except humans and halflings)

Danger +0; **Disadvantages** None

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Jarq Vailjarq (location 8; N male half-orc rogue 7) Imprisoned fifteen years ago for petty theft, Jarq escaped from prison during a riot and eventually settled in Saint Fiacre.

Lothair Dol (location 4; LN male human inquisitor 10) Jarq's original captor, Inquisitor Lothair Dol tracked Jarq to Saint Fiacre and seeks to return the fugitive to jail.

Pepin Vert (location 7; LN male human aristocrat 2) Mayor Vert comes from a long line of political leaders and is determined to follow in his father's footsteps and help Saint Fiacre grow.

Suidger Fiacre (location 8; N male kitsune ranger 1) A resident at Euphrase's Home for Children, 12-year old Suidger is hiding a secret that threatens Saint Fiacre's existence.

Velda Flavigny (location 6; CE female human adept 4) In recent weeks, Velda, Saint Fiacre's physician, has been acting extraordinary fearful and frightened, shunning even her closest friends.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **The Surf and Salts:** Though all are welcome, the Surf and Salts tavern and inn caters primarily to merchants and sailors.
2. **Staffelsee's Pier:** Most of the ships visiting Saint Fiacre dock here. The pier is named for a man who allegedly sat here each day, waiting for his love to return from sea.
3. **Fiacre's Square:** This area is the centre of Saint Fiacre and a natural gathering place.
4. **Saint Fiacre's Church:** Dedicated to the god of trade and commerce, this church is named for the village's patron saint.
5. **The Groves:** Named for their cultivated appearance, most villagers live in this neighbourhood.
6. **Merchant's Row:** Built in the shadow of Saint Fiacre's Church for good luck, most of Saint Fiacre's shops stand here.
7. **Seaside Manors:** Built generations ago by wealthy aristocrats, these decadent summer homes sit largely unused.
8. **Euphrase's Home for Children:** This building is Saint Fiacre's orphanage, and houses a dozen children of varying ages.
9. **Fiacre's Wood:** Fiacre's Wood features thick, tall trees and dense foliage. A major road cuts through the forest.
10. **Ishild Jr.'s Grove:** Close to the edge of Fiacre's Wood, this clearing was created by a falling star, and is the lair of a terrifying creature from the Great Beyond.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Artisans, fish, lumber, road builders

Base Value 650 gp; **Purchase Limit** 3,750 gp; **Spellcasting** 3rd; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

The following items are for sale:

Potions & Oils *bless weapon* (oil), *pass without trace* (potion), and *protection from evil* (potion)

Scroll (Divine) *detect animals or plants* and *keen senses*

VILLAGE LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) may know some information about Saint Fiacre. A successful check reveals all information revealed by a lesser result.

DC 15: Saint Fiacre is named for a priest that saved the village from a sahuagin raid a century ago. The priest made Saint Fiacre his home, and with his blessings the village thrived.

DC 20: Saint Fiacre's main economy is the collection of tariffs on Fiacre's Sojourn, a road cutting through Fiacre's Wood to the south. Although the tariff has been profitable, many feel it's only a matter of time before merchants find a less expensive route, ruining Saint Fiacre's only real industry.

DC 25: Some people believe Madelyn Fiacre, the current priest and caretaker of Saint Fiacre's Church, is actually the daughter of Malerie Bulwark, the only child of Saint Fiacre himself and an elven lover.

VILLAGERS

Appearance Villagers possess strong, chiselled bodies from a life of physical labour and stern faces with dark eyes and hair.

Dress Clothing is sturdy and practical, designed for wear and tear. Blues, greens and other natural colours are favoured.

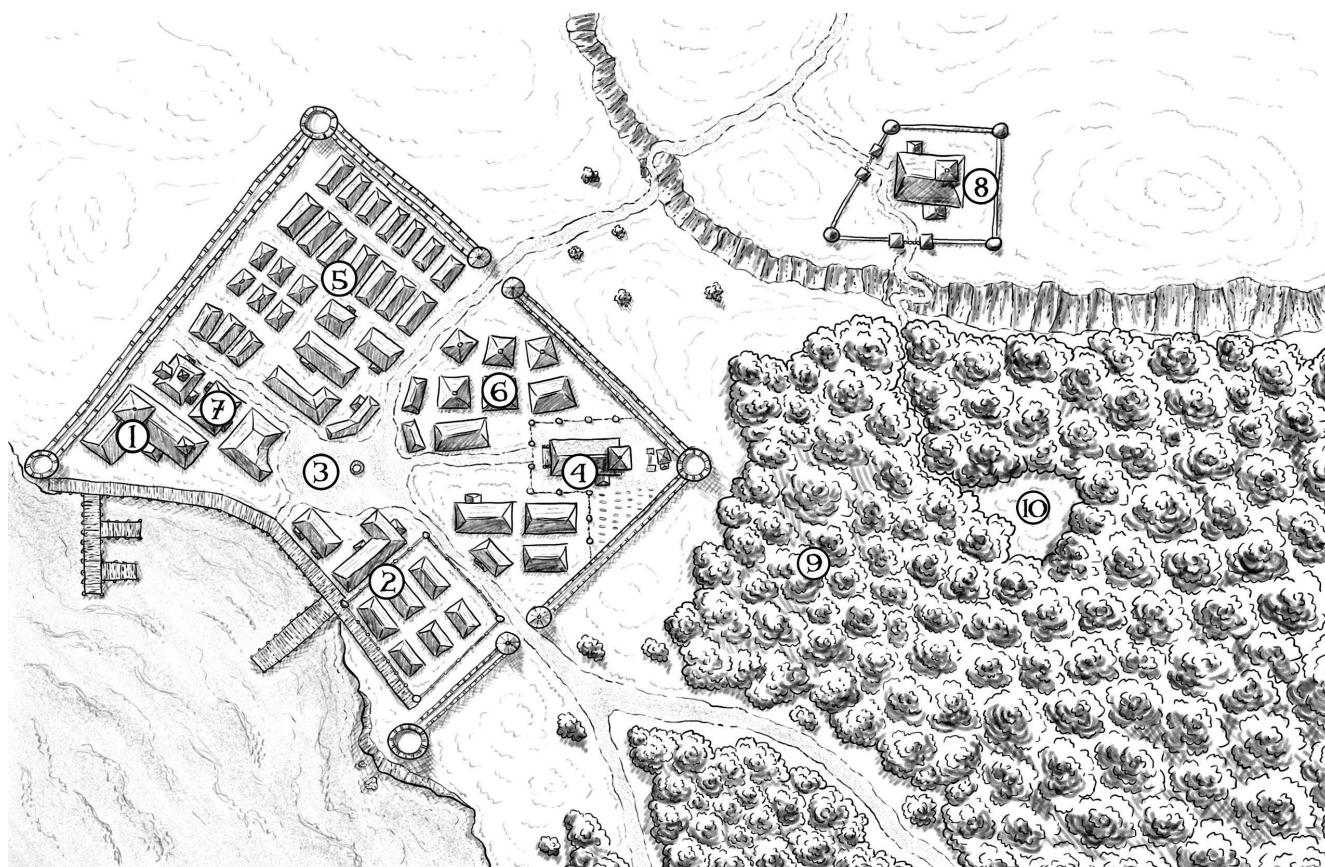
Nomenclature *male* Arnulf, Grifo, Mathrid; *female* Ada, Berta, Uta; *family* Fiacre (bastard name), Gall, Vert.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Saint Fiacre and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6	RUMOUR
1	Jarq Vailjarq has a seedy past he's trying to forget.
2	A ghost has been haunting Staffelsee's Pier, crying out for an unrequited love.
3*	Despite what Jarq says, Suidger Fiacre is a lycanthrope. People who've associated with him begin acting strangely, and he's obviously starting a cabal somewhere in the village.
4*	Monsters, namely lycanthropes, have begun settling in Fiacre's Wood and stealing from the villagers at night.
5	Madelyn Fiacre's uncanny resemblance to Saint Fiacre's statue likely means she is an illegitimate heir of the village's patron.
6	Velda Flavigny has been acting strangely, and nobody's seen her husband for days. Some suspect foul play.

*False rumour



SEA BITCH AT A GLANCE

Perched hard against steep cliffs and protected on the landward side by an earth ditch and berm, Sea Bitch is a windy place. A small harbour protects the village's dozen or so fishing boats, and the villagers are renowned for the trained ernes (sea eagles) they use to hunt the seabirds nesting in the nearby cliffs.

Sea Bitch was founded fifteen years ago by the all-female crew of the eponymous pirate vessel, following the death of their captain in a ferocious battle with the *Relentless Kraken*, another pirate ship. The *Sea Bitch's* captain, Elyse Killigrew, was slain by a crossbow bolt through her eye, fired by a cowardly young goblin sniper lurking in the *Kraken's* crow's nest. Allindra Squallmaven, the first mate, took command of the *Sea Bitch* and used her druidic magic to call lightning down on the enemy and drive them off, thus winning the battle. With her captain dead and many of her crew slain, the *Sea Bitch* put in at a sheltered harbour to the east of Deksport.

She never left. Allindra and the surviving pirates beached the ship and set about establishing a new home for themselves on land, using wood from the nearby forest to build homes, fishing boats and a jetty. Over the last decade and a half, the village of Sea Bitch has grown into a small but thriving fishing community. To supplement their piscine diet, Allindra used her affinity with wild birds to attract a congress of ernes to the village, and to train them to hunt the razorbills and puffins nesting high in the cliffs. As Sea Bitch's population grew, men came to live in the village, but women are still very much in the majority, and the community is renowned for sheltering women of all races fleeing from brutish, bullying husbands.

Sea Bitch trades regularly with Deksport and the nearby villages of Revenge and Red Talon. However, life in the village is complicated by trouble brewing in the nearby forest. A warlike tribe of orcs inhabits an ancient ruined fortress, once more. Loggers have been attacked, and the orcs have made several attempts to attack Sea Bitch itself. It's only a matter of time before the savage humanoids are able to breach the village's defences and put it to the torch. The villagers have been spreading rumours of lost orcish treasure in the ancient fortress, in the hopes of attracting fearless and heroic adventurers to Sea Bitch, willing to take on the orcs.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Allindra Squallmaven

Government Magical

Population 89 (65 humans, 11 half-orcs, 6 halflings, 4 half-elves, 3 dwarves)

Alignments CN, CG, N

Languages Common, Orc

Corruption -3; **Crime** +0; **Economy** -1; **Law** -1; **Lore** +3; **Society** -3

Qualities Isolated, Notorious

Danger +10; **Disadvantages** None

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Allindra Squallmaven (location 2; CN female human druid [aquatic] 8) Retired pirate, founder of Sea Bitch and the village's spiritual and secular leader.

Erwyn Splintertusk (location 1; N male half-orc commoner 2) Hoary old beachcomber who makes his home in what's left of the *Sea Bitch* and sells interesting flotsam in the market.

Finelle Hornswaggle (location 6; N female human fighter 2/expert 2) Former pirate and ship's carpenter, Finelle runs the Merry Maiden Inn with her partner Nyssa.

Ildiko Squallmaven (location 7; CN female human fighter 1) Allindra's fiery young daughter yearns to pursue her mother's old life as a pirate.

Krogr the Flayer (location 9; CE male orc fighter 6) Bloodthirsty leader of the orc tribe living in the nearby woods.

"Shipshape" Selma (location 5; CG female dwarf expert 3) This meticulous ex-pirate quartermaster runs the trading post.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **The Sea Bitch:** The rotted hull of this pirate ship lies on the beach and is home to Erwyn Splintertusk.
2. **Druid's Cave:** Allindra lives in a sea cave at the cliff's base.
3. **Puffin Heights:** The cliffs to the east of the village are home to hundreds of nesting puffins and razorbills.
4. **Aeries:** Trained sea eagles build their nests high on the cliffs.
5. **The Stores:** This well-stocked trading post sells fishing gear, dry goods and other equipment.
6. **The Merry Maiden:** The village inn is a lively place where patrons can enjoy good ales, hearty food, music and dancing.
7. **The Docks:** Always busy with fishing boats and merchant vessels arriving from Deksport and points beyond.
8. **Village Defenses:** An earth ditch and berm protects the village.
9. **Forest:** An ancient orcish fortress stands in the dense woods to the northwest of Sea Bitch, occupied once more by feral orcs.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Fishing, hunting, forestry

Base Value 650 gp; **Purchase Limit** 3,750 gp; **Spellcasting** 4th; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

When the PCs arrive, the following items are for sale:

- **Potions** *pass without trace* (50 gp), *barkskin* +2 (300 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *calm animals* (25 gp), *commune with birds* (25 gp)
- **Wondrous Item** *efficient quiver* (see location 1; 500 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know some information about Sea Bitch. A successful check reveals all the information revealed by a lesser result.

DC 10: The villagers use trained sea eagles to hunt seabirds for food.

DC 15: Sea Bitch was originally founded by an all-female pirate crew, and has a reputation for offering refuge to women in need.

DC 20: An ancient fortress stands in the forest to the northwest of the village; it was once home to the infamous orc king, Ogzug the Betrayer, and is rumoured to hold lost treasure.

VILLAGERS

Appearance The villagers are mostly women of diverse appearance and ethnic backgrounds. Many were former pirates and usually have at least one or more tattoos.

Dress Sea Bitch's inhabitants wear thick, hooded cloaks over their simple shirts and breeches to protect themselves against the strong winds blowing in from the sea.

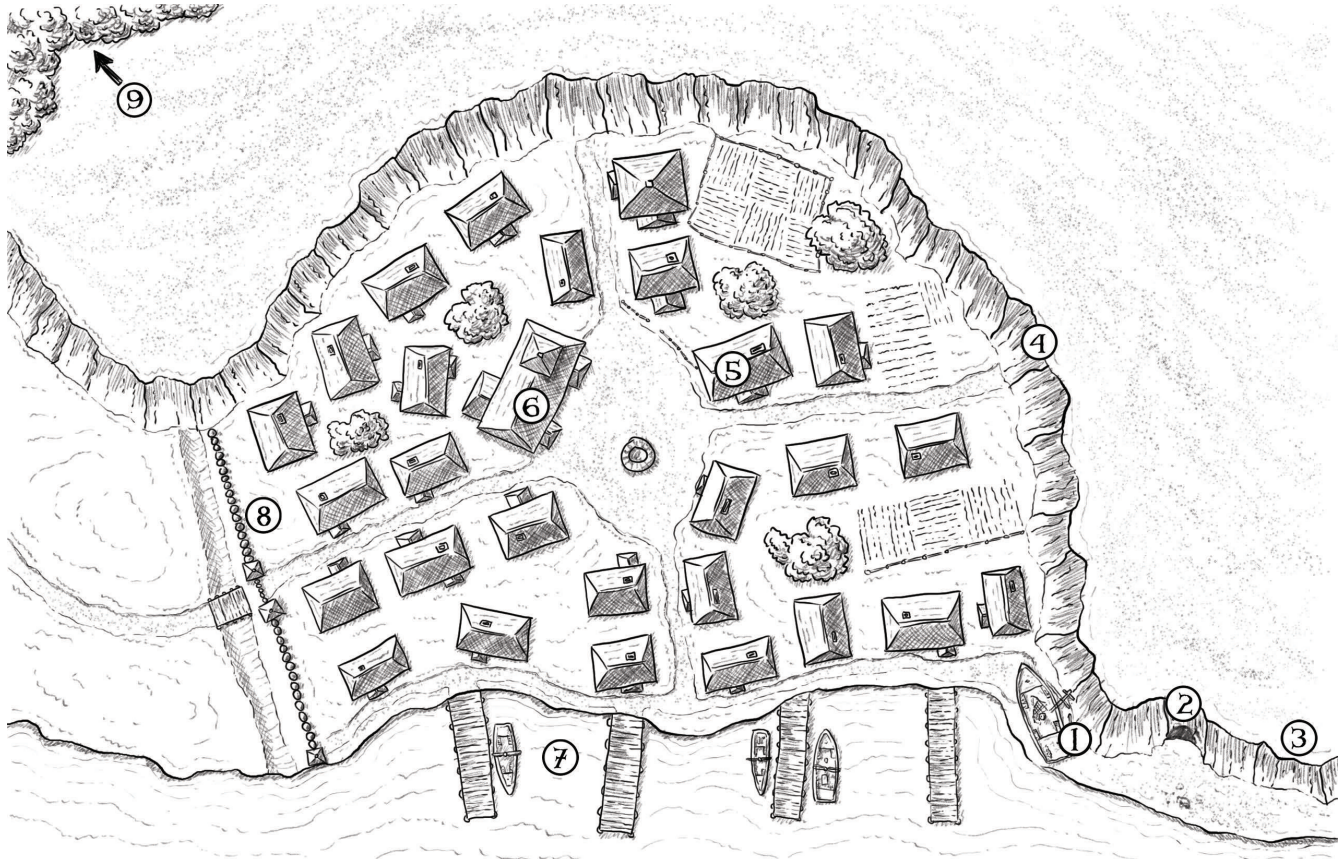
Nomenclature *female* Gia, Hanife, Kerrie, Rafat, Tierna; *male* Brion, Muirin, Tady; *family* Delaney, Grogwether, Inkspott, Redsail.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Sea Bitch and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6	RUMOUR
1	Nyssa came to Sea Bitch to get away from her violent husband. He followed her here, but Finelle Hornswaggle and others forcefully persuaded him it wouldn't be a good idea to try and drag her home again.
2	Ildiko Squallmaven's father is a well-known pirate captain in Deksport and she's thinking about paying him a visit.
3	Erwyn Splintertusk found a treasure map inside a bottle that washed up on the beach the other day. X marks the spot!
4	The forest orcs are searching the ruined fortress for a mighty magical amulet which once belonged to Ogzug the Betrayer.
5	The captain of the <i>Sea Bitch</i> was slain by a crossbow bolt fired by a cowardly goblin pirate; the goblin survived the battle but must surely be dead by now.
6*	Erwyn Splintertusk came to Sea Bitch to escape the massive gambling debts he ran up in Deksport.

*False rumour



THE FRAGRANT TOWER AT A GLANCE

Originally a simple watchtower, the Fragrant Tower got its name a few decades ago, when the wizard Tasril acquired the structure and took up residence with his small household. When the wind is right, the sweet scent from the tower's roof-top garden carries for miles, guiding travellers to the squat tower atop Spellbarrow Hill.

Inside, visitors experience a myriad of olfactory impressions from the scented candles, perfumes and incense present in every room. Some of these aromatic items even have magical properties, and may be purchased by those with sufficient coin.

Tasril rarely leaves his laboratory, leaving it to his two dwarven servants to deal with any distractions or visitors. But both the wizard's reclusive behaviour and the multitude of odours serve to cover a secret guarded jealously by the tower's inhabitants. And while visitors are treated with every courtesy, they are also cautioned against exploring the tower.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Tasril

Population 4

Alignment N

Languages Common, Dwarven, Elvish, Gnome, Undercommon

Resources and industry Spellcasting and crafting of magical items, arms and armour.

LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know some information about the Fragrant Tower. A successful check reveals everything learned by a lesser check.

DC 10: The Fragrant Tower is home to the wizard Tasril and his household. It is so named because of the many sweet-smelling flowers planted around it and in its rooftop garden.

DC 15: Tasril rarely deals with visitors in person. Instead, a pair of dwarven siblings manages most of his daily affairs. Those who have met the wizard describe him as a reserved, but courteous, elf.

DC 20: It is usually possible to purchase a few magic items at the tower and Tasril has been known to take commissions. He specializes in enchanted perfume and magic scented candles.

NOTABLE FOLK

The following folk reside in the Fragrant Tower:

Oldar (location 6; LN male dwarf ranger 1/expert 2) Oldar mainly tends to the grounds outside the Fragrant Tower and to the plants in the rooftop garden.

Tasril (location 2; N male troglodyte wizard [conjurer] 8) The reclusive master of the Fragrant Tower does what he can to endure his current condition, while searching for a way to return to his original elven form.

Yanga (location 5; LN female dwarf expert 2) Yanga fulfils the role as housekeeper, cook and hostess. She makes sure the

visitors' quarters are always ready, and guests have everything they need.

Zhamosia (location 2; N female svirfneblin wizard [illusionist] 3) Ever since Tasril's transformation, this faithful deep gnome has been his loyal companion and apprentice. She prefers to spend her time in the tower's underground laboratories.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

The following areas of the Fragrant Tower are of particular interest to adventurers:

1. **Underground laboratory:** The tower's deepest levels house arcane workshops and laboratories and a concealed escape tunnel.
2. **Wizards' living quarters:** Tasril and Zhamosia both reside in these underground chambers, which also hold a well-stocked library.
3. **Entry level:** Anyone wishing to enter the Fragrant Tower must pass through its fortified entrance before reaching the comfortable visitors' lounge.
4. **Visitors' quarters:** This level of the tower holds a trio of finely furnished rooms for guests.
5. **Kitchen level:** The tower's kitchen and Yanga's living quarters are located on this level.
6. **Fountain level:** A magic fountain at this level provides fresh water for the tower. Olgar lives in a room beyond the fountain.
7. **Rooftop garden:** Lush plants and aromatic flowers grow atop the entire roof of the Fragrant Tower.

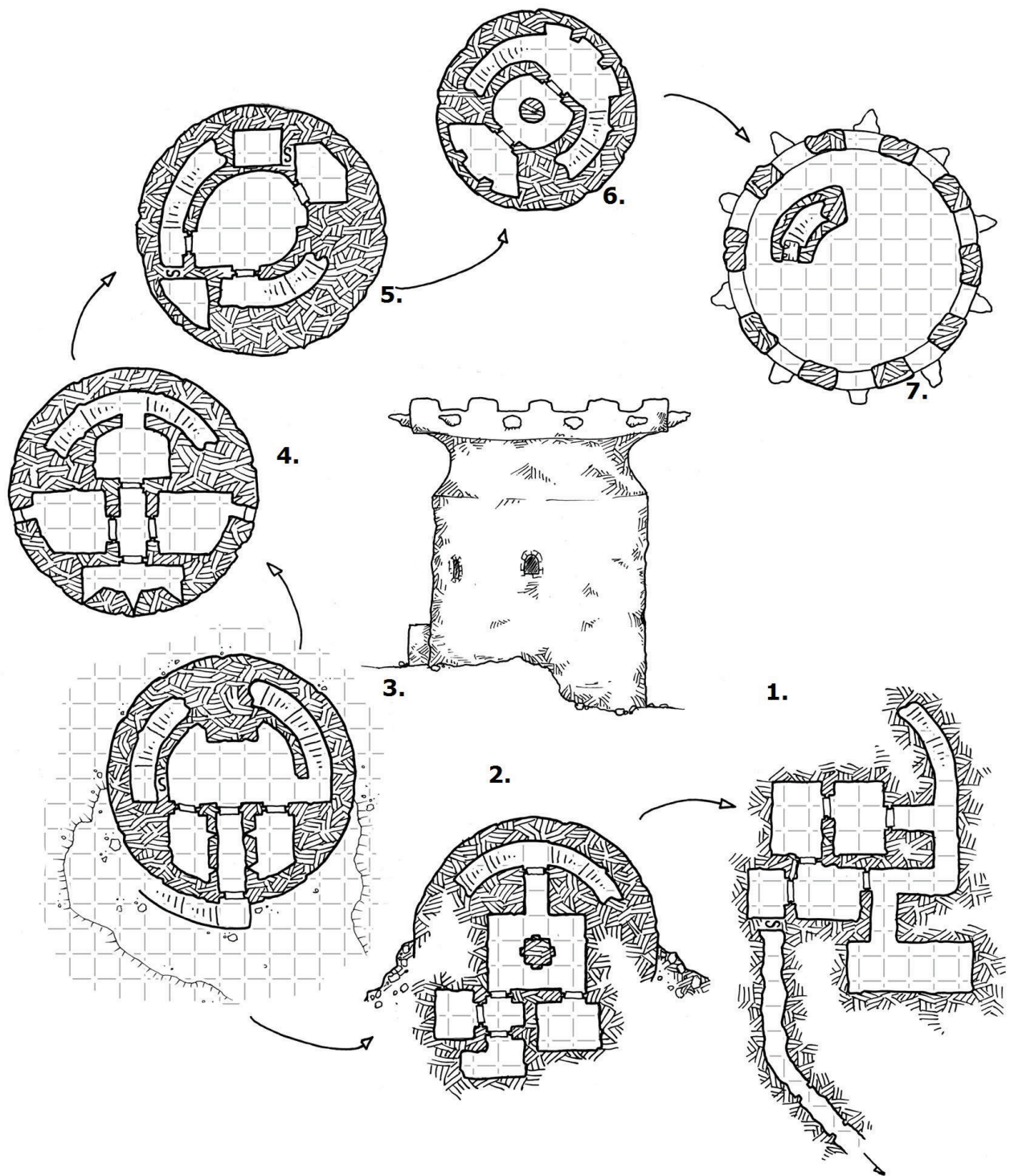
MARKETPLACE

When the PCs arrive at the Fragrant Tower, the following items are for sale:

- **Consumables** *scroll of dispel magic* (375 gp), *scroll of resist energy* (150 gp)
- **Miscellaneous items** *boots of elvenkind* (2,500 gp), *incense of meditation* (4,900 gp)
- **Weapons & Armour** *+1 giant bane longbow* (8,375 gp)

Additionally, the following services are available:

- **Spellcasting** Arcane spellcasting (see Taril's stat block for full list of available spells)
- **Crafting** Magical arms and armour, scrolls and wondrous items



TIGLEY AT A GLANCE

Wracked by disaster, Tigley is a village literally risen again. Decades ago, a powerful earthquake devastated the village. Many of its buildings collapsed and much of Tigley was destroyed or fell into the swamp. Even the land itself was rent. A great gorge opened up, and Tigley's remains were left marooned on a spire of splintered rock jutting from the marshland.

But Tigley endured and although it hasn't exactly prospered, it has grown once again, becoming a site of commerce. Now the villagers work the surrounding swamplands and sometimes adventurers use the village as a base from which to explore the surrounding swamp. Goblins live in the nearby woods and occasionally raid the village—although (at least recently) this is a rare event.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Silas Hinge

Government Autocracy

Population 89 (78 humans, 3 dwarves, 3 elves, 2 half-elves, 1 half-orcs, 2 halflings)

Alignments LN, N, NG

Languages Common, Goblin

Corruption +0; **Crime** -1; **Economy** +1; **Law** +2; **Lore** +1; **Society** +0

Qualities Insular, prosperous

Danger 0; **Disadvantages** None

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Emmon (location 3; LN male venerable human warrior 2) This crotchety white-haired old timer has guarded The Belt for nearly 60 years. Despite his frail look he is a commendable fighter and an expert with his halberd.

Father Isaak (location 7; NG male werebat human cleric 3) This tall, well fed clergyman runs the Foundation. As a collector of taxes and an overseer of all weddings, births and funerals he knows everyone in the village and is well liked.

Gerold (location 9; NG human male commoner 2) This bright eyed, ruddy faced man usually wears an apron covered with sickly sweet sauces and ale.

Hilduin Caldwell (location 8; NE male old human expert 2) This creepy-looking, hook-nosed, grey haired miser runs the Paper Press.

Matron Ella Hinge (location 2; LG female old human commoner 2) This kindly old lady is usually stood at the gates of the orphanage or overlooking the bustling Cliffside below. Married to Silas, she is well loved and respected by all.

Rogar Weaverson (location 10; N male human expert 2) A large, burly man usually accompanied by his cronies. The local bully he is not liked by most of the populace. He is only tolerated for his considerable stone-working skills.

Silas Hinge (location 6; LG male old human expert 2) This stocky overweight bearded man is the mayor. He is always down by

his forge or stood on the ledge beside it overlooking the Wash below.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of Tigley comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **The Stack:** A solid granite promontory upon which the village clings.
2. **Stone's Throw Orphanage:** This large half-timber building houses orphans from the nearby city.
3. **The Belt:** This rough and rickety rope and wood bridge spans the chasm dividing the village.
4. **The Square:** This cobbled open area is used for village celebrations and festivals.
5. **The Well:** Bats use this disused old stone well to exit their cavern-home.
6. **Cliffside:** A large forge and its warehouses cover the far side of the cliffs. Several lifts and pathways connecting them.
7. **The Foundation:** This large stone tower and several wooden building is the village's centre of worship. Dead villagers are lowered from a platform into the lake below, during funerals.
8. **The Paper Press:** A well-maintained wooden building with a watermill running beside it. Looking slightly out of place, the wood of this building is obviously imported.
9. **The Crack in the Wall:** Several shacks and huts now serve as Tigley's tavern and inn.
10. **The Wash:** This open cobbled area has wooden jetties and a sturdy stone bridge. Used as a communal gathering area it is busy most times of the day.
11. **The Sink:** The villagers use this large, muddy lake to bury their dead.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Bat guano, hemp products (rope, wax, resins, lantern oil, canvas, paper), sugar.

Base Value 650 gp; **Purchase** 3,750 gp; **Spellcasting** 3rd; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

When the PCs arrive in Tigley, the following items are for sale:

- **Armour** +1 leather (1, 160 gp)
- **Potions & Oils** *enlarge person* (50 gp), *expeditious retreat* (50 gp)
- **Ring** *feather falling* (2,000 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *aid* (150 gp)
- **Weapon** +1 dagger (2,302 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) may know some information about Tigley. A successful check reveals all the information revealed by a lesser result.

DC 10: Tigley stands at the edge of a swamp. Decades ago, an earthquake devastated the village, but it has since recovered.

DC 15: Much of Tigley stands on a spire of rock jutting out of the marsh. Vast swarms of bats live in the caves honeycombing the rock.

DC 20: The villagers bury their dead in the nearby lake. This practise attracts undead and other scavengers to the area.

VILLAGERS

Appearance Most of the villagers are lithe and lean.

Dress Most villagers wear hemp canvas shirts, smocks and dresses treated with various natural dyes usually worn with high leather boots. Most leathers are treated skins from the reptiles and snakes living in the swamp. Polished stones and shells are worn as jewellery.

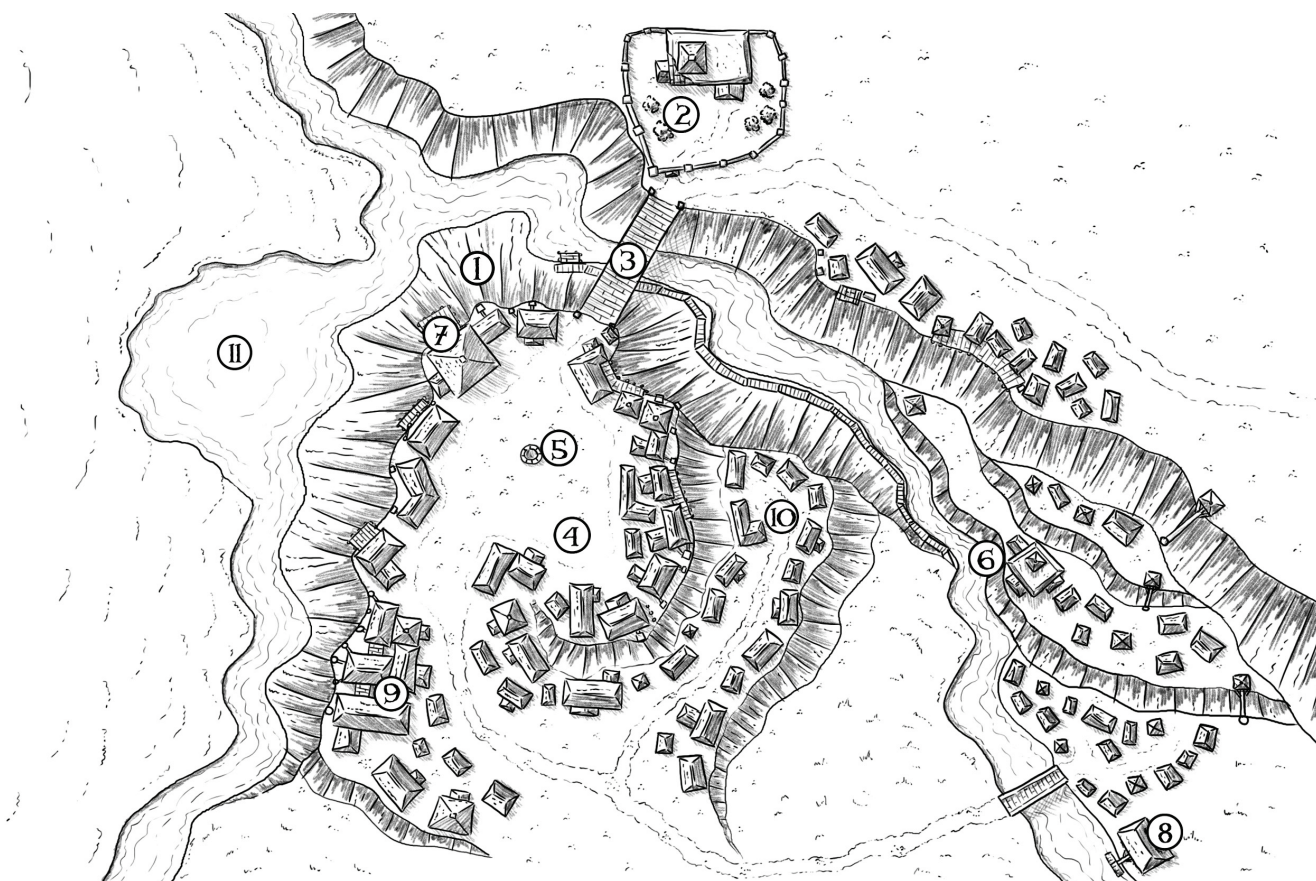
Nomenclature *male* Adalbert, Egfried, Otgar, Waron, Worad; *female* Ada, Berta, Gisela, Rilla; *family* Blois, Gall, Lorsch, Trond

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Tigley and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below, to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6	RUMOUR
1	Goblins have always been a problem in Tigley; they live in the nearby chasms and woods.
2	Some guards on a nearby road destroyed a walking corpse recently.
3*	Morgan, the red haired bouncer at the Crack in the Wall, is in love with the owner.
4*	Silas' son was taken one night during a goblin raid. The resultant stress caused him and Ella to separate.
5	Things have been seen swimming in the Wash in the dead of night. No one knows what they are, but they are fast, quiet and secretive...
6*	Rogar and Hilduin work for a merchant in the city who wants to control of the guano trade.

*False rumour



WOLFSBANE HOLLOW AT A GLANCE

Shielded to the north by the lofty peaks of the Vurdfell Spine and protected from the hordelands of the east by the Greatshadow Gorge, the town of Wolfsbane Hollow has persisted in relative isolation for hundreds of years. Having won its independence from the city-state of Arvallis, Wolfsbane Hollow enjoys its isolation and security with stoic pride.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Mayor Valdur Tamm (secretly, Guildmaster Avud Kreslik)
Government Secret Syndicate
Population 4,670 (4,450 humans, 168 dwarves, 32 human werewolves, 20 other)
Alignments LE
Languages Common, Dwarven
Corruption +3; **Crime** -2; **Economy** +2; **Law** -3; **Lore** +0; **Society** -2
Qualities Insular, Notorious, Superstitious
Danger 15; **Disadvantages** Cursed

TOWN LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know some information about Wolfsbane Hollow. A successful check reveals all the information revealed by a lesser check.

DC 10: Wolfsbane Hollow was a vassal town to the remote, western city-state of Arvallis until fifty years ago. The people of Wolfsbane Hollow tired of Arvallis' rule and declared independence from their once-and-former rulers.

DC 15: In spite of its proximity to the orc hordelands to the east, Wolfsbane Hollow's borders—in the form of mountains and deep ravines—have kept orc incursions at bay.

DC 25: Thirty-seven years ago, a series of tragic murders shocked the town. When it was discovered the culprit was a werewolf—nicknamed the Redclaw Reaper—that had stalked the town for years, the townsfolk cornered the beast in the cathedral of Ignis and burnt it to the ground.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Wolfsbane Hollow is a tightly packed community of disparate architecture. Locations of note are included below:

1. **Alethia's Home:** Residence of former mayor Alethia Alavarni.
2. **Argent Gardens:** Public gardens; hides a secret entrance to the lair of the Wolfsbane Hollow thieves' guild.
3. **Bits & Pieces:** Sundry goods at discount prices, and a secret front for the Wolfsbane Thieves' Guild.
4. **Broslef Estates:** Manor house belonging to the wealthy Broslef family.

5. **Church of Aether:** A large, stone church dedicated to Aether, god of the dead.
6. **Coldwater Mill:** An old, large sawmill on the banks of the Wolfsbane River.
7. **Horde Gate:** The east gate of Wolfsbane Hollow, closed year-round save for special order of the mayor.
8. **House of Dust:** A mortuary and mausoleum; home to the cryptic Dust Talkers of Aether.
9. **Lonehammer Mining Company:** The primary offices of the largest mining operation in the region.
10. **Lonely Road Livery:** A large public stable.
11. **Netter's Shack:** Private residence of local drunkard and fisherman Nedrick "Netter" Jost.
12. **Rostar's Forge:** A simple blacksmith with a secret connection to the tragic murders decades ago.
13. **Ruined Cathedral:** The charred remains of a cathedral dedicated to the deity Ignis, goddess of fire and healing.
14. **Rustford Farms:** The largest farms in Wolfsbane Hollow, servicing most of the town with livestock and produce.
15. **Sunspear Armory:** A high-class weapon and armour smithy.
16. **Tamm Manor:** Home of the current mayor, Valdur Tamm.
17. **The Foxhound:** The only Inn in Wolfsbane Hollow, famous for housing the skull of the Redclaw Reaper.
18. **The Pick and Pyrite:** Also known as "Fool's Gold Tavern," a favourite alehouse near the city's wharves.
19. **The Serpent's Path:** A modest fortune-telling business.
20. **The Underhollow:** Lair of the Wolfsbane Hollow thieves' guild.
21. **Vurdfell Gate:** The town's north gate.
22. **Wayward Enterprises:** A struggling exploration business determined to build a crossing over the Greatshadow Gorge.
23. **Wayward Gate:** Formerly called the Arvallis Gate, the west gate of Wolfsbane Hollow.
24. **Winterbrook Orphanage:** A home for wayward youths; secretly a meeting place for a group of lycanthrope hunters.
25. **Wolfsbane Cemetery:** Burial grounds; contains a secret entrance to the lair of the Wolfsbane Hollow thieves' guild.
26. **Wolfsbane Garrison:** Center of law enforcement in Wolfsbane Hollow.

LOCATIONS BY CATEGORY

Inns: The Foxhound.

Taverns: The Foxhound, the Pick and Pyrite.

Homes: Tamm Manor, Broslef Estates, Alethia's Home, Netter's Shack.

Businesses: Sunspear Armory, Bits & Pieces, Lonehammer Mining Company, Rostar's Forge, the Serpent's Path, Lonely Road Livery.

Fortifications: Wolfsbane Garrison.

INHABITANTS

Appearance Natives are fair skinned and hardy, tending to dark hair and stocky builds. Migrant dwarves are fair of hair and skin.

Dress Finely crafted clothes favouring earth tones with brocade patterning on wealthier residents. Short cloaks and capes are highly fashionable.

Nomenclature *male* Ardi, Edgar, Rihard, Simon, Vaino; *female* Arela, Aemma, Lea, Mirjam, Sirje; *family* Broslef, Mand, Olesk, Teder, Smitter,

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Hunting, iron, lumber, metalworking
Base Value 2,600 gp; **Purchase Limit** 15,000 gp; **Spellcasting** 3rd;
Minor Items 3d4; **Medium Items** 2d4; **Major Items** 1d4

When the PCs arrive in Wolfsbane Hollow, the following items are for sale:

- **Potions** *cure light wounds* (3), *lesser restoration*, *slow poison*
- **Scrolls (Arcane)** *obscuring mist*, *expeditious retreat*
- **Scroll (Divine)** *sanctuary*
- **Other categories** *dust of disappearance*, *handy haversack*, *wand of detect undead*

IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

Wolfsbane Hollow, and the nearby village of Hjalward, make excellent places for adventurers to prepare for their dangerous excursions into the surrounding mountains. Although, the history of Wolfsbane Hollow mentioned the ancient empire (and city state) of Aevollis, such mentions are easily ignored, or modified to apply to a similar elder nation in the GM's campaign world.

Similarly, references to the various deities worshipped in the town can be put down to minor regional powers or modified as necessary.

Finally, if you so wish, you can ignore the gazetteer information (pages 4-5) and simply place Wolfsbane Hollow and the village of Hjalward on the cusp of any mountainous region in your campaign. The ancient frost giant empire of Isgiltur is likely so ancient that it should have no real affect on your campaign world. If it does, you can simply rule the tower around which Hjalward has sprung up is an isolated example of some long-dead frost giant chieftain.



NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few folk, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Ajenko Laoris (location 3; NE male human rogue 2) A wiry man with a long face, stringy black hair and crooked teeth. Owner of Bits & Pieces; thieves' guild member.

Alethia Alavanni (location 1; LN old female human aristocrat 2) Gray-haired but aging well, she carries herself with determination and pride. Alethia is a former mayor of Wolfsbane Hollow.

Avud Kreslik (location 20; LE male middle-aged human werewolf rogue 7) A tall, muscular man with coal black hair and dark brown eyes. Leader of the Wolfsbane Hollow thieves' guild and alpha of the hidden clan of werewolves controlling the town.

Barras Lonehammer (location 9; LG male dwarf expert 3/fighter 2) Stout and barrel-chested with darkly tanned skin, coarse black hair and coal black eyes. Foreign dwarf entrepreneur.

Dannor Claig (location 6; NE human afflicted werewolf fighter 2) Broad-shouldered and brutish with a square jaw and calloused hands. Taskmaster of the Coldwater Mill; lycanthrope subordinate of Avud Kreslik.

Derrah Ramm (location 24; LN female human inquisitor 2/rogue 3) Statuesque woman with yellow eyes and wavy black hair. Inquisitor of Ignis posing as matron of the Winterbrook Orphanage.

Josef Pallin (location 10; N male human expert 3) A slight man with mousy brown hair and kind eyes. Head of the handler's guild and owner of the Lonely Road Livery.

Jasvel Rustford (location 14; LN male middle-aged human expert 2) A ruddy-skinned workman who nurses nagging aches and pains. Patriarch of the Rustford family, owner of nearly all farmland in Wolfsbane Hollow.

Jura Weisslen (location 5; N male old human oracle [bones] 2) Tall and rail thin with chalk white hair and plentiful wrinkles. Jura is a priest of Aether.

Karissa Broslef (location 4; N female old human aristocrat 2) A matronly old woman with black hair streaked with gray who looks as though she never sleeps. Matriarch of the Broslef family; believes a painting is speaking to her.

Kodas Thonnar (location 22; CG male dwarf ranger 3) Thin for a dwarf with sandy blonde hair and a waxed moustache. He owns Wayward Enterprises.

Maiard Luszvasik (location 12; CG male human [Valyn] fighter 2) Slightly shorter than his sister Selia, this black-haired Valyn man has a stubbly beard and loose posture. Valyn wanderer and part owner of Rostar's forge.

Meria Halls (location 15; LG female venerable human cleric [Ignis] 3) A white-haired old woman covered in scars from battles long ago. A retired soldier who feels great guilt for the loss of her fellow faithful decades prior.

Nedrick "Netter" Jost (location 11; CN male old human rogue 3) Wild-eyed and always moving, this man is skittish and disheveled at all times. Drunkard fisherman with a dark secret.

Nerissa Shielendh (location 22; LE female elf rogue 7) Ghostly pale and taller than most men, her eyes are colourless black pools. Advisor to Kodas Thonnar; secret spy for the orc hordes.

Norvus Olenstadt (location 18; N male human expert 1) A portly man with receding brown hair; always looks depressed. Owner of the Pick & Pyrite.

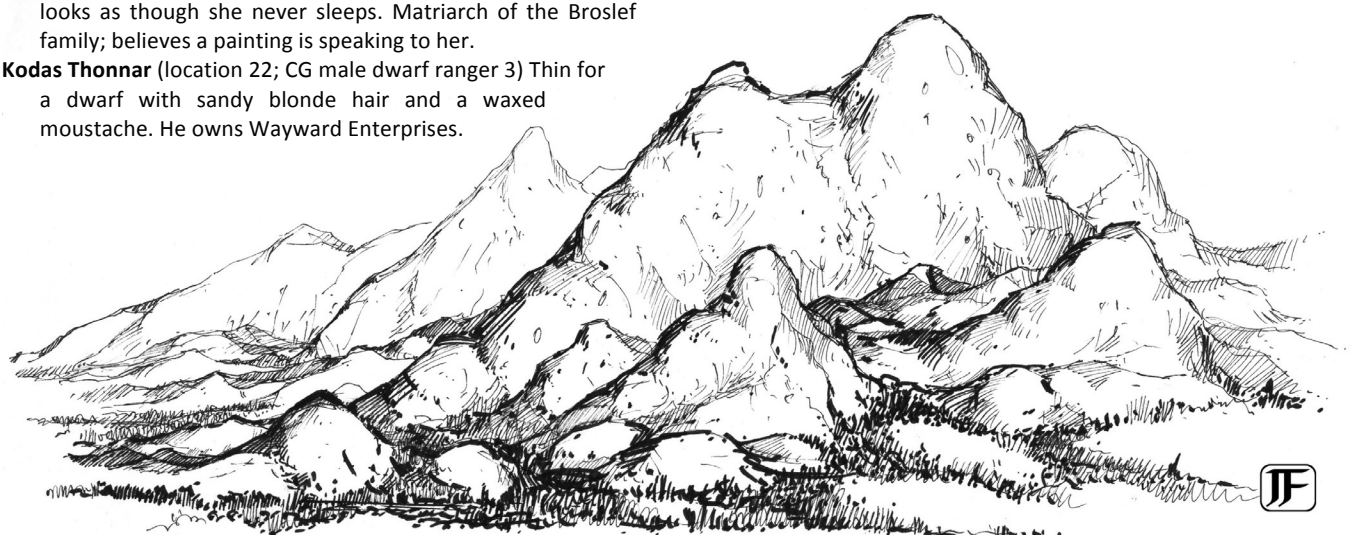
Paeter Logrim (location 17; N male human expert 2) Smarmy and self-satisfied, this man has a narrow jaw and swept back coppery hair. He owns the Foxhound inn.

Resheda Anvaskin (location 19; LN female old human [Valyn] witch 3) A weathered old woman with ink black hair streaked with wisps of gray. Fortune-teller at the Serpent's Path.

Selia Luszvasik (location 12; NG female human [Valyn] fighter 2) A tall and square-jawed brunette with gray eyes, she carries herself with confidence and poise. Valyn wanderer and part owner of Rostar's forge.

Tolun Moralli (location 26; NE male human werewolf fighter 6) A regal and dignified-looking man with fading grey at his temples. Ethnarches of the Wolfsbane Hollow army and servant of Avud Kreslik.

Valdur Tamm (location 16; N male human aristocrat 2) A balding, grey-bearded man dressed in the faded finery of lost nobility. He is the Mayor of Wolfsbane Hollow and puppet of the thieves' guild.



WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about the town and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D%	
01-02	They say the village of Hjalward in the north is swimming in riches.
03-04	Some hunters killed an ice troll up by the mountains last year.
05-06	A pack of wolves killed the Tanners last month, now their boy is living with the sisters at the orphanage.
07-08*	Ignis cursed this town when we burned down her cathedral.
09-10*	There weren't ever werewolves in Wolfsbane Hollow. It was just a cover-up for an orc invasion.
11-12	The lumberjack Thomm has run off with farmer Jenner's daughter.
13-14	Exarches Moralli is losing his men's confidence.
15-16	That dwarf Barras looks like he comes from the desert kingdoms.
17-18*	There's wyverns in the forest, I've seen 'em.
19-20	I've heard we never used to have a cemetery. Don't know what we'd have done with the dead before that.
21-22	We haven't had an alchemist in town since Alduir left town years ago.
23-24*	Arvallis is set to reclaim Wolfsbane Hollow by force.
25-26*	The Red Reaper's victims aren't able to find peace in death and still walk the land as ghosts.
27-28	An Arvolian barge full of gold disappeared downriver over a hundred years ago. Nobody ever found out what happened to all the treasure on board.
29-30*	There's a ghost that walks out on Turnrudder Isle at low tide on the night of a full moon.
31-32	The livery owner is looking to rear a drake, but he can't find anyone brave enough to get an egg.
33-34	The forest has a drake problem.
35-36	The mayor's wife died in childbirth a few years back and neither of her twins survived the year. The mayor ain't never been the same since.
37-38*	Room 12 at the Foxhound is haunted. They say the old owner's wife committed suicide up there.
39-40*	The owner of the Foxhound hunted all the trophies in his tavern personally.
41-42	The Valyn girl who runs the smithy used to be a soldier. A good one.
43-44	Ajenko over at Bits & Pieces isn't trustworthy.
45-46	The old priest Jura at the temple of Aether died when he was fifteen and somebody brought him back from the dead five years later.

47-48*	The Greatshadow Gorge gets a foot wider every year.
49-50	Lady Broslef never leaves her manor anymore.
51-52	The last merchant barge out of town left a week late, it might not be back before the rivers freeze.
53-54	Norvus at the Pick & Pyrite thought he made it big panhandling for gold. Poor fool.
55-56	The matron at the orphanage looks like she has a mean right hook.
57-58	Our silver mines are being undercut because of the silver boom in Hjalward up north.
59-60	Back when this area was settled gryphons lived in the mountains. Nobody knows what happened to them.
61-62	I've heard weird noises coming from the burned down cathedral at night.
63-64	Farmer Holland's dog fell into a sinkhole last week, had to be over a hundred feet deep. Never found the dog.
65-66	There's a will-o-wisp that wanders the rivers.
67-68*	The Valyn woman that does fortune-telling is a spy for the orcs.
69-70	Wolfsbane Hollow got its name from the poisonous flowers that grow all around these parts.
71-72	On a full moon you can sometimes hear strange singing coming up from the bottom of the Greatshadow Gorge.
73-74	There's never been a true dragon sighting out here.
75-76*	The city watch rooted out the thieves' guild here decades ago.
77-78	There's ruins scattered all around the area, thousands of years old.
79-80	One time, the exarches at the garrison got so mad at a subordinate that he bit his ear off.
81-82*	Those Valyn twins at the blacksmith used witchcraft to steal the business from its owner.
83-84*	They say old Netter murdered his wife, that's why he's so crazy.
85-86	Guard captain Uther Longbarrow was exiled to Hjalward for disagreeing with the exarches.
87-88	The Rustfords lost five cattle to wolves last month.
89-90	The mayor doesn't do much of anything these days.
91-92	Someone attempted to assassinate the former mayor... twice!
93-94*	The former mayor Alethia, used to be an assassin but left her order, so they tried to silence her.
95-96	I heard an architect say the garrison is sinking by an inch every year.
97-98	Lots of people are moving to Hjalward to cash in on the silver rush.
99-100*	There's gold to be found in these hills, there just has to be!

*False rumour



GLOAMHOLD

GLOAMHOLD: THE DUCHY OF ASHLAR

Dismissively called “Fenland” by outsiders for the broad swath of fetid, tidal saltmarsh almost cutting the duchy in twain, Ashlar sprawls along the appropriately named Hard Bay. Effectively isolated from the rest of the continent by a high plateau crowned by dark, silent woods clustering hard against a legion of fantastically shaped stone spires, Ashlar is a realm of hard, resilient folk.

For centuries, the folk of Ashlar have dwelt in the shadow of ancient evils. Although it has stood for generations, the Grand Duchy is not the first kingdom to claim the lands sprawling north of the Forest of Gray Spires. From his seat in Languard, the Duke ever watches over his realm. Brooding upon the ancient shadows seemingly clustering ever closer about his realm, he looks to the grim, towering bulk of the Mottled Spire as the source of much of the evil besetting his people. Within this towering, wave-lashed shard of limestone lie the labyrinthine passageways and chambers of Gloamhold and, beyond them, the benighted precincts and canals of the legend-shrouded Twilight City.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

The Duchy of Ashlar has the following major features:

- **Forest of Gray Spires:** While not part of Ashlar, the Forest of Gray Spires forms its southern border. Deemed all but impenetrable, wild rumours cluster thickly about these brooding woodlands and the legion of strange, slender rock spires thrusting upwards from the plateau on which they stand.
- **Hard Bay:** A wide and deep bay renown for stormy weather and savage tides, Hard Bay is aptly named. Its bounds are a tangle of rivers, rocky headlands, wooded isles and small, stony beaches.
- **Saltmire:** This swath of dismal, low-lying saltmarsh sprawls

outwards from the broad, muddy banks of the River Ost and its tributaries. It effectively sunders the duchy in twain.

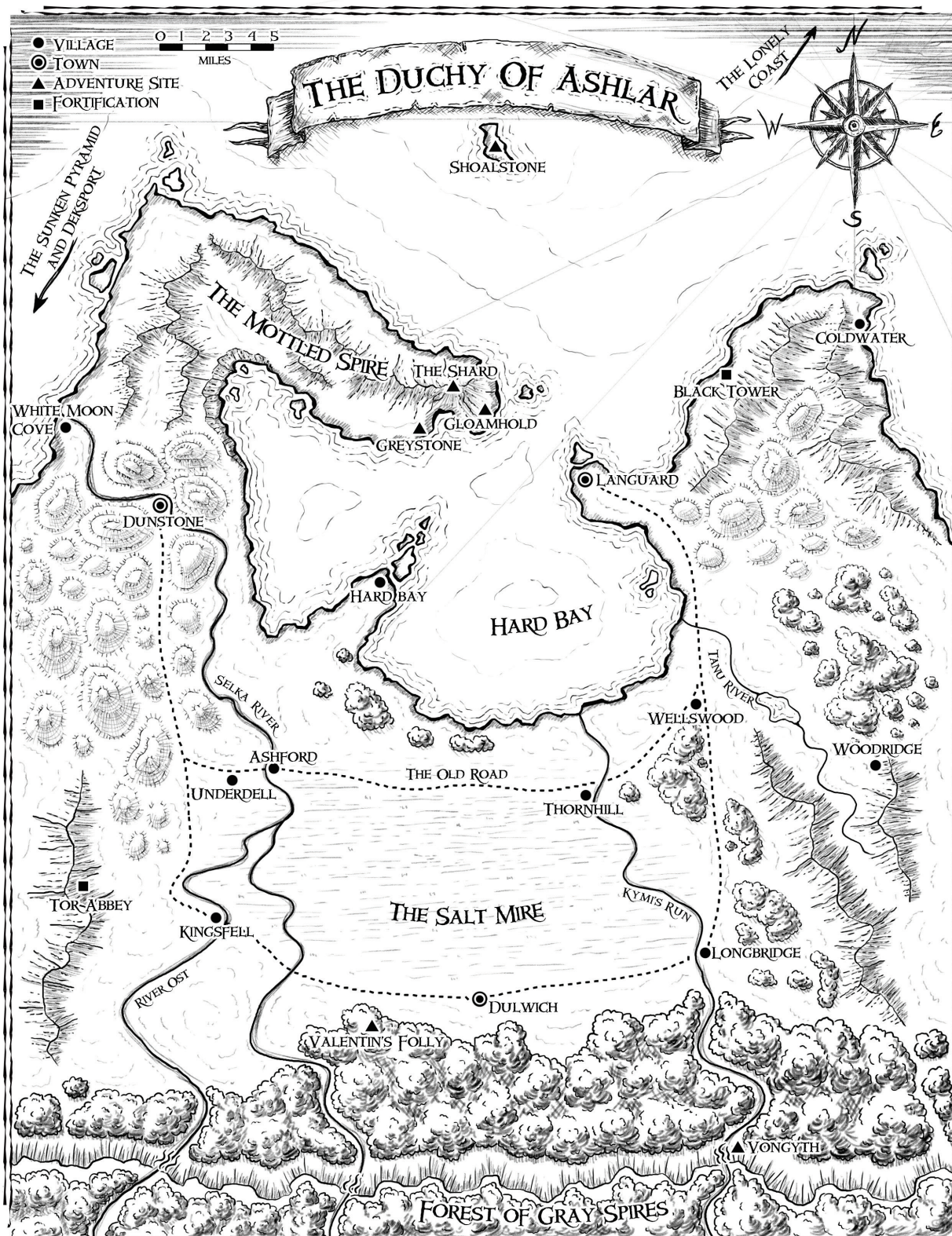
NOTABLE ADVENTURING LOCALES

Ashlar has several locations of interest:

- **Cavern of Forbidden Dreams:** Buried deep in the Shoalstone and only accessible via a precipitous, oft-flooded tunnel the Cavern of Forbidden Dreams is a place of pilgrimage for those seeking forbidden knowledge.
- **Gloamhold:** A vast dungeon complex of unknowable, but undoubtedly ancient, origin and unfathomable extent, dark rumours and terrible tales of adventure, death and betrayal hang over this forsaken site. It is a place of madness and death.
- **Tower of Woe:** Standing deep in the Forest of Gray Spires, the Maddening Spire (as it sometime called) appears as if it has been twisted and melted. Those daring its interior are often driven mad by their experiences.
- **The Mottled Spire:** This huge chunk of granite glowers over Hard Bay’s treacherous waters like an angry giant. Difficult to reach by land or sea, the Mottled Spire shelters Gloamhold deep within its bowels.
- **The Sunken Pyramid:** Lying barely 30 ft. below the water, the Sunken Pyramid looms large in sailors’ lore. The surrounding water is cold and dark. Sharks are reported here in great numbers. Sea spirits, gigantic sharks and the ghosts of those drowned nearby are all said to haunt the nearby waters.
- **Valentin’s Folly:** This ruined keep stands upon a wooded bluff overlooking a steep-sided valley. Also known as Ironwolf Keep, or the Shadowed Keep on the Borderlands, it was built by Valentin Ironwolf. The fortress fell into disrepair shortly after Valentin – along with his family – were slain by his orc and goblin enemies.



FEATURED MAP: THE DUCHY OF ASHLAR



GLOAMHOLD: AT A GLANCE

Glowering amid dark rumours and terrible stories of desperate adventure, death, betrayal and glimmering treasures squat the unutterably ancient halls of Gloamhold.

This crumbling, benighted, haunted dungeon complex of unknown, but undeniably vast, extent is buried deep within the grim and brooding spray-drenched headland of the Mottled Spire. It is a place of legends, madness and death.

Even reaching Gloamhold is difficult. By land, adventurers must negotiate miles of trackless, jagged crags and sullen, dark gorges, chasms and valleys. Those approaching by sea have it no better. They must brave over a mile of savage, foam-flecked waves. Tides about the headland are notoriously treacherous; wrecks of ships large and small driven to destruction litter the seabed. Winter storms render Gloamhold all but inaccessible by sea for several months every year.

A harsh chunk of limestone rearing hundreds of feet into the perpetually cloudy sky the Mottled Spire looms over the turbulent waters of Hard Bay like a malevolent giant. The several attempts to colonise the barren headland all ended in failure and death. Surrounded by crumbled outbuildings, a now ruined lighthouse – now colloquially known as simply “The Shard” – stands atop the promontory’s highest, most wind lashed bluff. Elsewhere, on the spire’s landward side, languish the weed choked, tumbled ruins of Greystone – a fortified village abandoned decades ago. Occasionally, redoubtable bands of adventurers poke around both sets of ruins. Some return, while others simply disappear – perhaps finding certain secret connections rumoured to lead into the upper levels of Rivengate and from thence deeper into Gloamhold’s lightless depths.

LOCALES WITHIN GLOAMHOLD

Although much of Gloamhold remains unknown – nothing more than the subject of wild whispers and rumours – knowledge of a few locations has come to light through the explorations of brave (or foolhardy) adventurers.

Rivengate: Of dark and forbidding aspect the lower portions of the once mighty Rivengate collapsed into the sea long ago. Built by unknown hands to protect Gloamhold’s approaches remnants of the citadel yet cling to the upper cliffs.

The Murkwater: Only skilled or lucky captains dare to sail into the gloom of Rivengate’s gaping maw. Within flows the dark and treacherous Murkwater; the seething, foam-flecked waters below Rivengate are particularly hazardous with jagged rocks fallen from above, savage rip tides and more lurking to catch the unwary or the unlucky.

The Twisted Warrens: Honeycombing the rock above the Murkwater, the Twisted Warrens are a confused and convoluted network of (mostly) natural caverns and passageways inhabited by derro, troglodytes, dark creepers and worse.

The Breathless Narrows: A network of flooded, fractured caverns radiate outwards from beneath the Murkwater. The water therein is only fractionally above freezing and explorers need magic to survive for any length of time in this airless, lightless world.

The Twilight City: Buried in an immense cavern at the very heart of the Mottled Spire, the Twilight City sprawls across a series of low islands struggling above the cold, dark waters of the Sunless Lake. An ancient place of stone ziggurats, fetid and twisted canals and cyclopean architecture, troglodytes built the city when the world was young and their great empire straddled much of the known world.

THE SURROUNDING AREA

Gloamhold doesn’t exist in a vacuum. Several locales of note stud the megadungeon’s immediate surrounds:

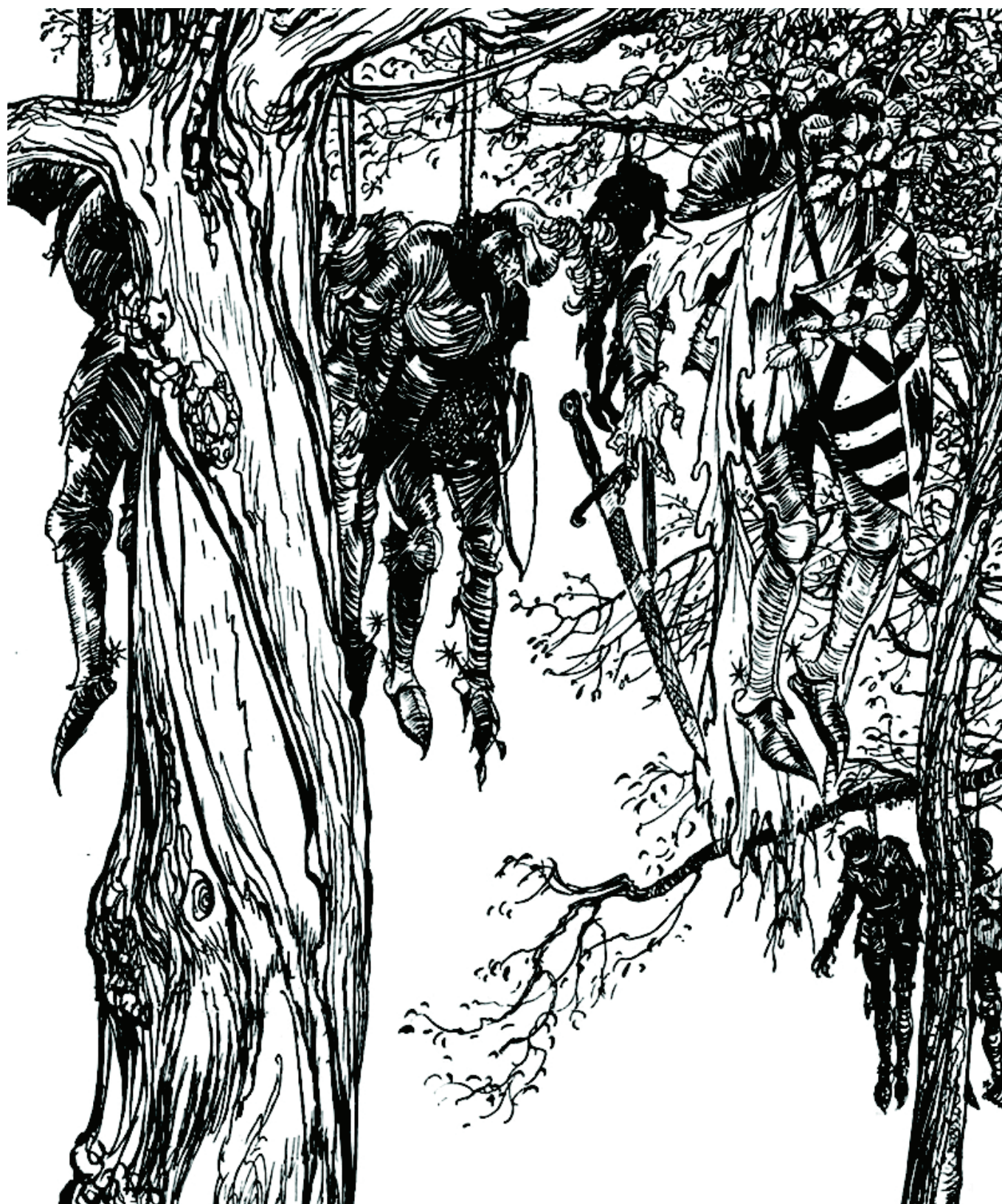
The Mottled Spire: This huge chunk of granite glowers over Hard Bay’s treacherous waters like an angry giant. Difficult to reach by land or sea, the Mottled Spire shelters Gloamhold deep within its bowels.

Hard Bay: A wide and deep bay renown for stormy weather and savage tides, Hard Bay is aptly named. Its bounds are a tangle of rivers, rocky headlands, wooded isles and small, stony beaches.

Greystone (Ruined Village): The creeping tendrils of human civilisation did not linger long on the Mottled Spires rocky slopes. A nameless aura of fear and decay smothers these crumbling, wind-blasted ruins. Persistent rumours of the inbred descendants of the original inhabitants lingering in the ruins are commonly held as truth among Languard’s populace.

The Shard (Ruined Lighthouse): Destroyed decades ago at the height of a particularly vicious and prolonged storm of unnatural virility, the Shard juts from the Mottled Spire like a jagged, broken tooth. Occasionally, faint lights are glimpsed in its vicinity.

Languard (Small Town): Heavily fortified, Languard dominates the narrow strait separating Hard Bay from the open sea. Built over a series of rocky bluffs a stout stone curtain wall encircles the entire town and a rocky breakwater protects its harbour. Those choosing to dare Gloamhold’s depths often start their journey from Languard.



Rambling over five main levels, Rivengate comprises much of Gloamhold's ancient outer defences. Originally built to ward the approaches to the Twilight City it is the most accessible of Gloamhold's regions, and thus also one of the better known.

Still, Rivengate's upper levels remain a mystery to most. Rumours speak of vast, gloomy temples, as yet undisturbed vaults brimming with treasures from a bygone, lost time and even of the Splintered Stair — a secret and precipitous passage reaching — it is said — all the way up to the Shard high atop the Mottled Spire.

Several locales of note lie within Rivengate. Of some, such as the Bridge of Sorrows, the Catacombs of the Sundered Obelisk and the Shrine of the Cloven Altar, little is known but their names. Some of the better known locales in Rivengate, however, include:

THE LANDINGS

Great stone landings, cracked and pitted with age, cluster close to Rivengate's entrance. Once used by Gloamhold's ancient lords for the supply of slaves, tribute and loot to Rivengate the smugglers of Rivengate now use the landings for much the same purpose. Few boats are permanently moored here. The strength of the tides into Gloamhold and along the Murkwater's course coupled with the depredations of rival groups and other predators make such practise folly at best.

THE ECHOES

This huge vaulted chamber stretches the length of the Landings and once served as a marketplace and muster-grounds. Over the centuries many battles and skirmishes have been fought in the Echoes — as it has come to be called. Stout, twisted pillars adorned with intricate, but disturbing, designs reminiscent of tentacles (or possibly impossibly thick strands of seaweed) hold aloft the vaulted ceiling. Great arching support struts hewed from the living rock link the pillars and provide safe havens for several small colonies of giant spiders dwelling far above the floor.

The Echoes' cavernous reaches are a no-man's land of sudden death from above. No smuggler group claims the area, but all use it as it provides access to most of Rivengate. Small bands of smugglers, bearing burning brands to force back the darkness and ever-lurking spiders hurry across this great space with their illicit cargos. Occasionally, when the spiders grow especially bold, the smugglers form a temporary alliance and with fire and blade force the eight-legged predators up into the farthest recesses of the Echoes' ceiling.

To the west, a great balcony stretches the length of the Echoes. Below, stand broken into and looted storage vaults. Warded by stone doors, desperate explorers occasionally

barricade themselves inside a storage vault. The balcony itself provides access to Rivengate's upper levels as well as several sections overlooking Hard Bay. Most smugglers have their lairs in this area and operate a tacit truce with one another. The broad stairs leading up to the balcony are clear of most detritus and rubbish, but bones, discarded equipment and the mouldering leavings of an ancient civilisation all litter the floor of the main chamber.

THE PENS

Gloamhold's original builders often raided the surface realms for prisoners, slaves and sacrifices. Most such unfortunates were brought to this sub-level to be catalogued and sold. Cut deep into the Mottled Spire, this sub-level lies partially under the Murkwater. As a result, cold — almost freezing water — drips through ceilings into the cramped cells and corridors. Some portions of this miserable place are partially submerged. The bones of many of the unfortunately incarcerated in this place yet linger among the chilled pools and rubble. As a result, undead — corporeal and non-corporeal — lurk here in great numbers. Few explorers voluntarily tread these forsaken corridors. Occasionally, a smuggler group — who call this place the Maze of Bones — exiles a member into the Pens in punishment for some terrible transgression against the group. None survive long.

DENIZENS

Although many different creatures lurk in Rivengate, a few groups have achieved greater success than others. As well as small enclaves of undead, still active guardians such as animated statues and magical traps yet ward certain locales, most of which are on the upper levels. Wasted and pale skinned degenerate humans have even been encountered in the upper, remotest reaches of the fortress. How they came to dwell there, none know.

Smugglers: Several smuggler gangs lair in Rivengate's ruins. In the main, the smugglers have little interest in exploring Gloamhold's inner reaches. Rather, they use Rivengate as a safe place to meet and store their ill-gotten gains. Some — wanted for heinous crimes in Languard and its surrounds — permanently dwell in Rivengate. Others come here now and then, as their business dictates. All such groups have contacts among the populace of nearby villages and towns.

Adventurers: Several groups of delvers have set up semi-permanent camps in Rivengate. Such locales are normally located in hidden, hard to access or out of the way places. From these camps, most of the adventurers explore Rivengate's deeper reaches. The braver or more skilled among them also dare the tight confines of the Twisted Warrens. Here dwell

troglobytes, derro and other fell things that lurk in the dark waiting for prey to stumble into their realm.

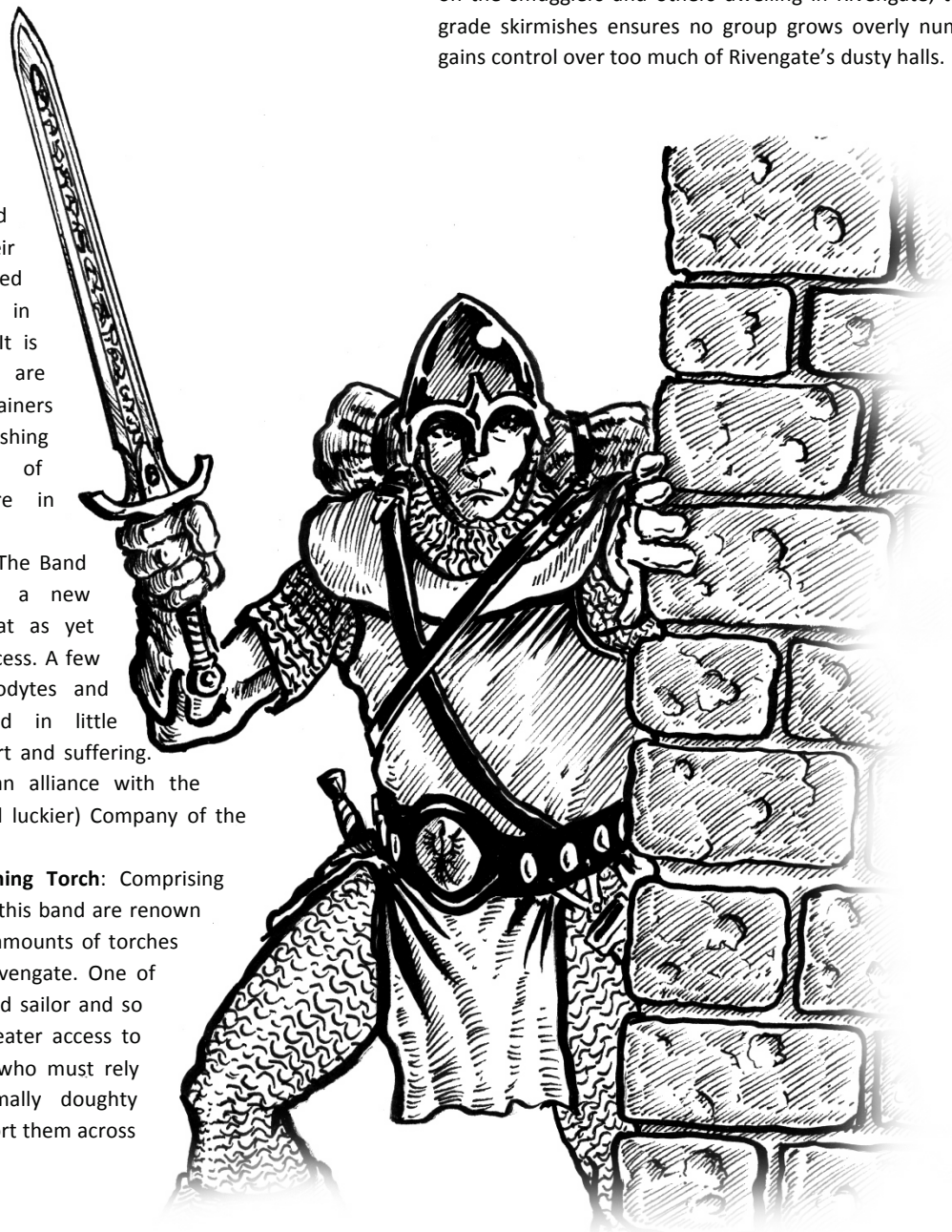
Other adventurers of darker hearts also lurk in Rivengate. Instead of simply battling the other denizens dwelling here, these folk seek to understand Gloamhold's mysteries and to unlock its builders' secrets. Scholars among them believe that as yet unfound places of power still await discovery in the darkness. What secrets these places hold is unknown.

Adventuring groups known to be active in Gloamhold and its environs include:

- **Gloom Wardens:** This well known, successful band are veterans of several expeditions deep into the Twisted Warrens in an attempt to force a passage through to the Twilight City. While they have as yet failed to find such a path, their exploits have gained them much fame in Languard's taprooms. It is rumoured, the band are currently recruiting retainers to assist them in establishing a permanent base of operations somewhere in Rivengate.
- **Band of Five Swords:** The Band of Five Swords are a new adventuring group that as yet have enjoyed little success. A few skirmishes with troglodytes and spiders have resulted in little treasure for great effort and suffering. They currently seek an alliance with the more experienced (and luckier) Company of the Flaming Torch.
- **Company of the Flaming Torch:** Comprising exclusively of humans, this band are renown for carrying excessive amounts of torches on their forays into Rivengate. One of their number is a skilled sailor and so the company enjoy greater access to Rivengate than most, who must rely on hirelings — normally doughty fishermen — to transport them across Hard Bay.

- **Valentin's Venturers:** Led by the charismatic paladin, Valentin Eronen, Valentin's Venturers were once more numerous, but a disastrous attempt to navigate the Murkwater led to the deaths of almost half the party and their retainers. Since then, Valentin has sunk into a deep depression, blaming himself for his friends' deaths.

Wanderers: Occasionally, small bands of dark creepers or troglodytes, a lone derro or hunters such as chokers and cave fishers sneak into Rivengate in search of food, slaves or sport. These hunters rarely linger long, retreating into the Twisted Warrens once they have sated their hunger. Such hunters prey on the smugglers and others dwelling in Rivengate; these low-grade skirmishes ensures no group grows overly numerous or gains control over too much of Rivengate's dusty halls.



The seething, foam-flecked waters below Rivengate are particularly hazardous. Many underwater dangers – jagged rocks fallen from above, savage rip tides and more – await explorers attempting to access Rivengate and the areas beyond. Only skilled or lucky captains dare to sail into the gloom of Rivengate’s gaping maw. Within flows the dark and treacherous Murkwater.

Extensive landings provide access to Rivengate’s surviving halls. Battered by the Murkwater’s remorseless tides, the first of these landings has partially collapsed. Yet moored alongside is the battered and rotting hulk of a large fishing boat sunk during a storm last winter. The others four landings, cracked and worn by time and tide, are intact. Malformed and sickly seaweed grows voraciously to the landing’s sides and abnormally large, but misshapen and often sharp, barnacles also cluster here in great profusion. Hidden by the seaweed they lurk ready to rip any unfortunate climber’s hands to shreds. The slippery seaweed makes climbing onto the landings at low water difficult.

If the tide is right, explorers can pass even deeper into Gloamhold. The Murkwater is tidal; adventurers must time their explorations carefully for the tide is exceptionally strong which makes travel in the wrong direction dangerous, difficult and tiring as such explorers must row against the tide. The vicious tides are not the only danger lurking in the Murkwater, for unwary explorers.

Below the river itself runs a twisted, flood network of caverns — the Breathless Narrows — and in several places the two waterways intersect. In these places, the denizens of the Breathless Narrows often lie in wait for passing vessels. During particularly stormy weather, small localised whirlpools often form in these locations, adding an extra level of danger for explorers.

THE FANE OF BONES

Roughly halfway along its course, the Murkwater widens and flows through the Twisted Warrens. Here, it widens dramatically into a lofty cavern named by explorers as the Fane of Bones.

Careful examination of the area reveals it is only partially of natural origin. The ancient troglodytes dwelling in the Twilight City excavated this area as part of their flood defences, and winter storms still regularly inundate the cavern. Cracked and pitted bones along with scraps of weapons and armour and detritus washed in from the sea form a high tide line of sorts, providing mute testimony to the winter storms’ savagery.

Many passageways and galleries — leading into the Twisted Warrens — stud the walls and four squat ziggurats dominate the cavern. Built to celebrate the troglodytes’ many victories over their surface dwelling enemies within lie interred the vanquished foes of their ancient civilisation. Survivors of explorations into the ziggurats describe in hushed tones horrible, eldritch symbols picked out in bones decorating the walls and of a legion of mindless undead ready to destroy all interlopers. Yet more symbols set at the apex of each ziggurat tell of a terrible ritual to control and direct the undead sleeping within each mausoleum. Mercifully, specific details of the ritual remain lost.

THE THREE SISTERS

Beyond the Twisted Warrens, at three points along the Murkwater’s course, forlorn and time-worn fortifications — the Three Sisters — ward Gloamhold’s inner reaches. Each citadel features massive stone locks designed to regulate the flow of water into and out of the Sunless Lake. Still in good repair, the Three Sisters are incessantly claimed and fought over by Gloamhold’s denizens. Few surface dwellers have passed through the greatest and final of these structures, the Forbidden Gate. Beyond lies the tenebrous precincts of the Twilight City.



MISCELLANEOUS OFFERINGS

20 MAGIC EFFECTS AFFECTING AN EVIL ALTAR

During their adventures, heroes often invade fanes dedicated to evil gods and slay the degenerate worshippers lurking therein.

Such shrines always have an altar at their heart. The site of horrific sacrifices and debauched rites, many altars are protected or augmented with magical effects. Some are of relatively minor power while others could spell the doom of those investigating the fane.

Use the table below to determine what effects lurk on the altars in your campaign.

1. Heatless flames writhe atop the altar providing illumination equivalent to a bonfire. The flames leap 5 ft. into the air and never go out. They obscure the altar top itself, making it hard to see the hidden secret niche hidden therein.
2. This overly tall altar is of mortared stone upon mortared stone. The mortar comprises the ground down bones of several champions of good, which binds the heroes' souls to the altar. Destroying the altar releases these spirits. Any sentient creature coming within 20 ft. of the altar hears pain-laden whisperings emanating from its stones.
3. The area around the altar is intensely cold. Frost clings to the altar itself and surrounding floor, making the floor slippery. Cold-based spell cast within 30 ft. of the altar take effect as if the caster was one level higher than normal.
4. Four balls of obviously magical light hover in the air above the altar. They give off a lurid, green glow each equivalent to a torch. Anyone touching the altar can mentally command the four globes to fly anywhere in the chamber.
5. Strange whisperings emanate from the altar. These whispers grow louder or fade away depending on how many evil aligned creatures are in the chamber. However they never completely cease and explorers may believe the altar is possessed. If they grow loud enough to be heard, listeners can ascertain the whispers are tinged with pain and are a litany of praise for an evil god.
6. A line of skulls is mortared into the altar about three-foot above the ground. Unnatural, magical darkness lingers within the skulls' eye sockets.
7. Lurid, disturbing frescos depicting horrific acts of violence and torture decorate the sides of this altar. Further augmented by a powerful *permanent illusion*, the figures in the frescos seem to shudder and writhe in pain.
8. Powerful magics pervade the altar and the area immediately surrounding it. Within this zone, all sound is greatly amplified making even the quietest whisper or groan of pain as loud as a shout.
9. The smell of ozone hangs heavily in the air around this altar adorned with thick manacles. An obsidian dagger lies on the altar. Anyone approaching the altar carrying or wearing metal armour or weapons is struck by a minor electrical discharge (2d6 electrical damage).
10. A permanent *darkness* spell is fixed to the altar; no nonmagical light sources can illuminate the surrounding area.
11. A *permanent illusion* cast around the altar creates the illusion of mist continually rising from the floor. The mist provides concealment for objects and creatures further than 5 ft. away and cannot be dispersed by normal means (such as conjured wind and so on). Individuals who know of the illusion can see through the mist without penalty.
12. A prayer dedicated to the dark powers of the fane is etched into the stone of the altar. Anyone reading the prayer is affected by a *suggestion* to kneel and worship.
13. A faint, sickly purple glow illuminates the altar providing light as a candle. This glow expands to cloak anything or anyone touching, or placed on, the altar.
14. Small holes in the altar top expel a strong breeze causing the permanently flaming torches set in wrought iron sconces atop the altar to dance wildly.
15. A protective circle is carved into the floor around the altar. Picked out with silver, it acts as a magic circle against good. Damaging the silver ends the affect.
16. A tall banner hangs from the ceiling directly above the altar, depicting the symbol of the altar's deity. A *gust of wind* spell continually affects the banner making it writhe and flap. Consequently, it is slightly colder around the altar than normal.
17. The altar is constructed of nothing but dozens—perhaps hundreds—of closely packed leg and arm bones. These fell remains emanate a constant *unhallow* effect.
18. The altar is the site of many castings of *contact other plane*. The repeated use of such powerful magic in the locality has created a bridge of sorts to certain powerful, alien beings. A character asking questions within 15 ft. of the altar is assaulted with strange visions, alien thoughts and terrible feelings. He must make a DC 12 Will save or his Intelligence and Charisma scores fall to 8 for three weeks.
19. A variant stone shape spell affects the altar. The spell runs continuously and the altar's form is in a constant state of flux. While it always retains the general form of an altar, small details such as carvings, channels to catch the blood of sacrifices and so on appear and disappear seemingly at random.
20. A highly polished skull sits on a black velvet cushion atop the altar. A shard of obsidian fills one of the skull's eye socket. The obsidian is the material component for a permanent variant magic jar spell used to imprison a paladin caught here long ago. Even dastardlier, a magic circle against good surrounds the altar which stops the paladin's soul escaping...

20 MINOR EFFECTS OF DRINKING FROM A MAGIC POOL

It seems, adventurers are always drinking from pools they discover during their adventures. Some hold nothing but water, while others hold powerful, potentially life-changing magic.

Other pools—by dint of a quirk of nature or lingering, nearby enchantments—possess minor powers or effects those drinking from the waters can benefit (or suffer) from. Use the table below, to determine what happens to a character drinking from the pool's water:

1. The character's tongue swells up to twice its normal size and he cannot speak for 1d4 hours.
2. The water from the pool makes the character tremendously thirsty. Unless restrained, he drinks all the liquids he carries—including magic potions and liquid poisons—to assuage his thirst.
3. The water is slightly effervescent and gives the character a slight feeling of euphoria. For 1d4 hours afterwards, he gains a +1 morale bonus on all saving throws made to resist charm, compulsion and fear effects.
4. The water contains bacteria that make the character ill. Starting the next day, the character begins to feel sick. While he is not debilitated, the constant stomach cramps inflict a -1 penalty to all skill checks for 1 day.
5. The water is brackish and renders the character temporarily blind for 1d6x10 minutes.
6. The water is cool and refreshing. The character is refreshed and is immune to fatigue and exhaustion for the remainder of the day.
7. The pool's water is laced with minor magics. Unless the character makes a DC 16 Will save, he is confused (as the spell *confusion*) for 7 rounds.
8. The water is amazingly refreshing. The character need not drink for the rest of the day no matter how energetically he exercises.
9. The water is laced with mushroom spores. 1d4 hours after drinking the water, the character begins to suffer minor hallucinations. These last for 2d6 hours.
10. The water is suspiciously warm, but has no other effect—malign or benign.
11. The water is brackish and tastes "flat." The day after a character drinks the water, his skin takes on a faint grey parlour. This skin colour deepens for the next few days, before—just as slowly—reverting to normal.
12. The water is discoloured and looks to be contaminated with a decent amount of blood. It has a slight metallic taste. The next time the character exerts himself his sweat is red-hued. It looks like he is literally sweating blood.
13. Some kind of granular material is suspended in the water. It is foul, and the taste of it lingers in the character's mouth for several hours.
14. The water smells sweet and tastes terrific. After drinking it, a character—for several hours—think he can smell roses in bloom.
15. An innocent was murdered—drowned—in the pool, and the foul act has left its psychic impression in the water. Anyone drinking from the pool is beset by nightmares of drowning the next morning.
16. A phosphorescent fungus grows in the depths of the pool, and the water seems subtly discoloured. Characters drinking from the water suffer no immediate ill effect, but the next day—when they awake—their eyes have taken on a dim glow, which provides the benefits of low-light vision, but with only a 10 ft. range.
17. Powerful delusion magic laces the pool's water. Characters drinking from it believe the pool to have powerful healing properties. Unless they resist the pool's magic (DC 17 Will negates), they believe they have been subject to both a *lesser restoration* and *cure serious wounds*.
18. The pool's waters are soporific. A character drinking from the waters quickly begins to feel tired and, consequently, for the rest of the day suffers a -2 penalty to any saving throw made to resist a sleep effect or spell.
19. The pool's waters are invigorating. Characters drinking the water naturally heal at double the normal rate for the next two days.
20. The pool is a conduit—all be it a very minor one—through space and time. Characters drinking from the pool gain a limited ability to see the future. The next time the character is in combat, or other stressful situation, he gains a momentary flash of insight and can add a +2 bonus to a single d20 roll.

20 THINGS TO FIND IN AN ABANDONED BUILDING

Adventurers often seem to explore abandoned buildings. Whether it be a (reputedly) haunted manor house, a peasant's home in a ruined village or even the demesne of a mysteriously disappeared wizard such places make excellent adventure sites.

Use the table below, to add minor points of interest to the party's exploration.

1. Cobwebs—heavy with cocooned insects—fill the corners of this dank, gloomy chamber; a veil of cobwebs fills a doorway leading further into the building.
2. Rotting, mould shrouded furniture stands against the walls of this chamber. A heavy, formal chair is particularly far gone and one leg collapses if the chair is disturbed.
3. The shattered remains of several pewter mugs lie scattered across the floor. A dented and bent pewter plate lies against one wall. Dust covers everything.
4. The sound of faint scrabbling comes from deeper in the building. If a PC investigates, a squirrel clutching a nut, darts out of the darkness.
5. A mouldering brown blanket lies where it fell.
6. A strange dark stain mars the floor of this chamber. Investigation reveals the stain is likely old, dried blood.
7. Someone has pried up the floorboards to reveal a small space below. Nothing but cobwebs fill the niche. A faint outline in the dust hints a small box or coffer was once stored here.
8. Black mould has grown over one wall of this room and the air is redolent with the stench of decay.
9. Part of the wooden wall has been pried loose and the boards tossed casually aside.



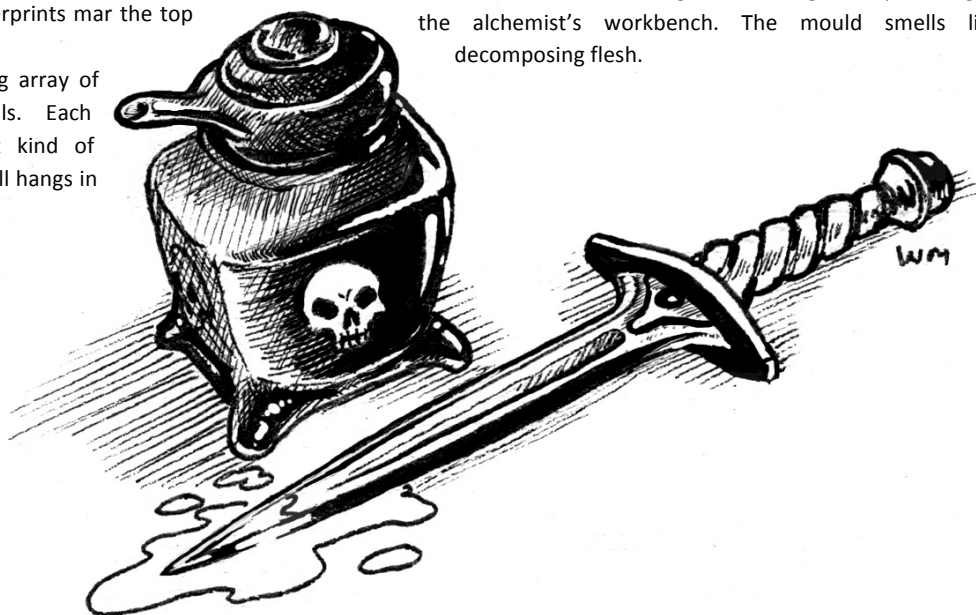
10. The roof of this chamber is partially missing and the rain has got inside. The floor is damp and several small puddles have gathered.
11. The hinges of this door have failed and only the door jam holds it in place. If the door is opened, it collapses into the room with a loud thud.
12. The floorboards in this chamber are rotten. They collapse if subjected to a weight of 100 lbs. or more.
13. Someone has covered one wall in graffiti daubed in charcoal. To the untrained eye, the graffiti looks like nothing but deranged scribbling. Scholars of the occult may realise, however, the scribbles looks a little like the sigil of a certain elder, blasphemous power...
14. A forgotten sack stands in one corner. It contains blankets and old clothes sized for a child. All are now mouldy.
15. A pile of mouldering planks—pulled from the walls and floors—are stacked in the centre of the room.
16. The fireplace in this room has obviously been used relatively recently. The ash within is still faintly warm and marks in the dust show where someone slept.
17. Thick dust coats the floor of this room. Nothing—except the tracks of small insects—is visible in the dust.
18. Small droppings—probably from rats or mice—cover the floor by one wall. Several small holes gnawed at the bottom of the wall show where the rodents probably live.
19. Mottled green slime coats the ceiling. The slime is harmless, but paranoid adventurers may suspect otherwise.
20. The door to the room is wedged shut. Either debris has fallen against the other side or it has swollen in place due to water damage.

20 THINGS TO FIND IN AN ALCHEMIST'S LABORATORY

Alchemists toiling away in their laboratories need a vast amount of equipment for their work. Such rooms resemble wizard's laboratories in many ways and can be just as exciting (and dangerous) to explore.

Use this table to determine what the PCs find, as they search the alchemist's laboratory:

1. Part of the alchemist's bench top is badly scarred by acid. The burn is wide and deep—clearly a lot of acid was spilt.
2. A strange stench—a combination of several different chemicals along with a heavy burning smell—hangs heavily in the air. The smell is stronger the closer one gets to the floor.
3. A wet rag—covered in some kind of bright yellow sticky material—lies discarded under the alchemist's workbench.
4. A small coffer atop a high shelf contains several crystal potion vials. Each contains a potion of a different colour; sadly none are labeled (and all are failed experiments).
5. A faint yellow haze hangs in the air against the ceiling. The room strongly smells of ozone.
6. Several small bowls contain varying amounts of water. Each of the bowls also holds a single stone—all of different types.
7. A small red cloth covers something small on the bench—a broken egg shell shattered into several parts. However, the egg is much larger than could be garnered from a chicken or similar bird.
8. A small cauldron stands over an iron brazier. The cauldron contains a thick, greenish goop that smells like a half-orc's armpit.
9. White string binds a stack of hand-drawn plans for some kind of fiendishly complicated apparatus or machine together. The sheaf of notes lies on a shelf close to the alchemist's workbench. Several grubby fingerprints mar the top sheet.
10. A small shelf contains a dizzying array of small glass bottles and vials. Each seemingly contains a different kind of liquid. A cloying, unpleasant smell hangs in the air around the shelf.
11. An empty wine glass stands atop a small, unlocked coffer. Thin wooden panels divide the interior into a dozen spaces. Each section contains a different kind of sand, earth or powdered rock.
12. A ragged piece of blue velvet holds a single feather. The feather is overly large—perhaps one-foot in length—and is brilliantly white (except for its very tip, which has a silvery, glistening sheen).
13. This perfectly smooth stone ball the size of a man's fist glistens as if it has just been immersed in water. It is, however, completely dry.
14. A leather pouch stuffed down the back of a chair contains several small bones. The bones are cracked and pitted.
15. A small glass bottle contains a thick, pale blue syrupy liquid. Three large fangs lie at the bottom of the bottle.
16. A small vial rests on a plate alongside two dirty quills. The vial is about half full of red ink.
17. A tattered book—with a much-stained cover—contains basic formula for the most common alchemical items. A close reading of the text, however, reveals deliberate errors in the formulas that render anything made using the instructions inert.
18. A tattered book—with a much-stained cover—contains basic formula for the most common alchemical items. A perusal of the text reveals the formulas are particularly well written and illustrated. Items created using the instructions last 50% longer than normal.
19. Perceptive searchers discover a loose section of floor. Below lies a storage niche that contains four (empty) exquisite glass potion vials wrapped in black velvet cloth.
20. Mottled brown and green mould grows up one leg of the alchemist's workbench. The mould smells like decomposing flesh.

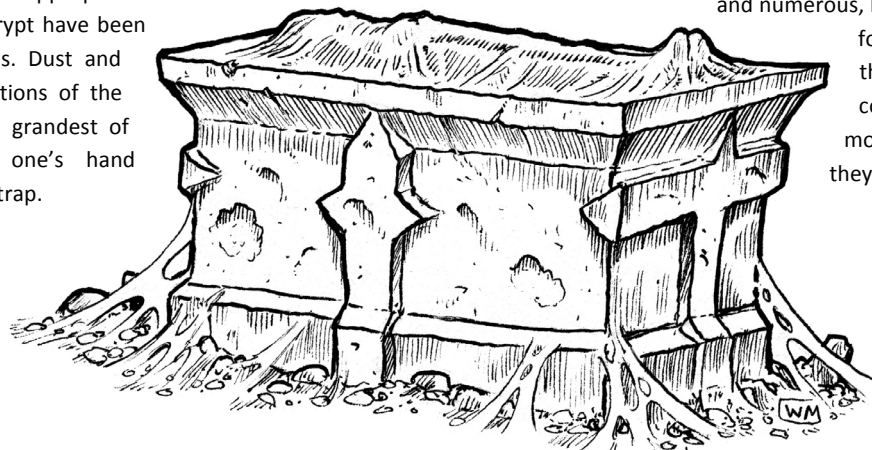


20 THINGS TO FIND IN A DUSTY CRYPT

It seems adventurers are always poking about in dusty, seemingly abandoned crypts. Often the lairs of the blasphemous undead or the repository of forgotten treasures such places draw adventurers like moths to a candle.

But not all areas of a crypt are stuffed full of undead and treasure. Use the table below, to add points of minor interest into the dusty crypts in your campaign:

1. Here, water oozes down the walls from above leaving tracks on the ancient brickwork. On the ground, the water has turned the dust into thick paste-like grey ooze.
2. Dusty cobwebs fill the corners of the ceiling.
3. A small portion of brickwork from one wall has fallen away revealing the bare rock behind. A low pile of rubble lies on the floor nearby.
4. Dust sifts down from the archway over a door. The stones of the arch have shifted and consequently the door is harder than normal to force open. If the door is opened, the stones above groan ominously and dust sift down into the doorway...
5. Incongruously, a single bone—a thighbone—lies on the floor in front of a shadowy archway.
6. The walls here were once decorated with brightly painted images painted directly onto the smooth stone. The colours have long since faded, and now only a suggestion of what once was remains.
7. A section of floor is bumpy and uneven, making rapid movement difficult. The paving slabs can be easily pried up, but nothing of interest lies beneath.
8. A pillar once held up the roof here, but at some point in the distant past it collapsed. Dust shrouds the resultant pile of rubble; the ceiling over the rubble sags dangerously.
9. Several niches that once contained offerings to those buried here pierce the walls. All have succumbed to time's remorseless advance and are now nothing more than small piles of rotting, rusting or desiccated remains.
10. Huge religious symbols appropriate to the faith who built the crypt have been carved into the walls. Dust and cobwebs shroud portions of the carvings. Tracing the grandest of the carvings with one's hand deactivates a nearby trap.



11. Statues of the faithful garbed for war stand guard over this area. Half have serene looks upon their faces while the others' faces are twisted with hate. The statues are arrayed so they all look towards the entrance.
12. Niches cut into the wall each hold the shrouded skeletons of long-dead worshippers. Dust, cobwebs and other detritus cover the remains. The densely packed niches run from floor to ceiling. An ornate shroud edged with silver and gold thread covers the corpse in one of the particularly inaccessible niche near the ceiling.
13. Several small holes pierce the wall at ground level. Small dried faeces—typical of that left by rats, mice or other rodents—covers the floor.
14. Small holes in the ceiling emit a faint cold breeze into the chamber. The constant draught stirs the dust covering the floor. Paranoid explorers may think some form of invisible guardian lurks within the dust cloud.
15. Carved holy symbols decorate the walls of this area. Several have been deliberately defaced, but there seems to be no obvious reason for this deliberate vandalism.
16. A faded mosaic covers the floor. It depicts a stylised representation of the afterlife, but exact details are hard to pick out as some of the tiles are cracked and others are missing.
17. Several burial niches in this area are empty. In all cases, discarded burial shrouds lie in the niche or nearby. Have the remains been removed or are they lurking animate guardians of the complex?
18. A narrow ventilation shaft cut into the ceiling allows a thin ray of pale light into the crypt.
19. Burial niches pierce the walls of the area (see #12 above). The remains of one of the interred have fallen from its niche and lies draped on the floor nearby.
20. Cockroaches and other insects once infested this crypt. Feasting on the remains of those interred here they grew fat

and numerous, but when they ran out of food they died off. Now their desiccated remains coat the floor and make moving quietly difficult (as they crunch underfoot).

20 THINGS TO FIND IN A NECROMANCER'S SANCTUM

In their forbidden corpse-filled laboratories necromancers pursue their unspeakable, blasphemous experiments. Such horrible labours require terrible components and depraved research materials of the very worst kinds.

Often, though, such details are overlooked as the party merely loots the chamber for items of obvious value. Use this table to generate such items of interest. It is up to the GM to determine the value of any particular piece on the table below, however most good-aligned PCs will be uncomfortable (at best) owning such items.

1. A wooden box contains a dozen thin, long black candles. When burnt, they give off an indescribable smell akin to burning flesh.
2. Seven skulls fill a shelf above the desk. A strange rune decorates each skull's forehead.
3. A coffer near one wall holds a jumble of horribly misshapen bones. Most are of humanoid origin, but surely no creature could have survived long with such deformities.
4. An ornate display of bones decorates the ceiling. Leg and arm bones form the perimeter of the "sculpture" while a circle of skulls fills the centre. The bones are yellowing and old and have been stuck in place with strong glue. One of the skulls contains a bead from a necklace of fireballs. If the skull is disturbed, the bead falls out and explodes when it hits the floor.
5. A fireplace pierces one wall. Deep soot and ash lie within. Even a cursory examination of the pile turns up fragments of bone.
6. A small red velvet pouch contains a single braid of long impossibly red hair. The braid is carefully curled up and has been dusted with some kind of fine black dust.
7. A skull—with its top removed—serves as a mixing bowl of sorts. A nearby worn leg bone hints at its use as a pestle.
8. A small sack of salt lies on one corner. It is half empty and the remaining discoloured salt looks contaminated.
9. A large earthen jar of honey contains the preserved head of an old man. His face is contorted as if in indescribable agony.
10. Three small glass jars hold an array of different coloured dust. Each is the ash of a different cremated creature, used for some ineffable purpose. A different esoteric sigil has been carefully written on each jar.
11. A chandelier crafted of bones hangs down from the ceiling in the centre of the room. The bones are blackened with soot and covered in dried wax.
12. A small cauldron blackened with use and pitted with age stands near the necromancer's worktable. Dark, unnaturally cold water fills the cauldron almost to the lip. Within lies the sludge and detritus of many experiments—shattered bones, decaying flesh and the like.
13. A sagging bookshelf holds the remains of ancient tomes long since succumbed to the ravages of extreme age.
14. A small box contains four long quills carved from bone. Their tips are exquisitely sharp and blackened with red "ink".
15. A partially dissected body lies on the table. The body is that of a long dead human. The unfortunate's chest cavity has been opened and the organs removed.
16. An ornate pentagram carving on the floor provides a zone of protection around the necromancer's workbench. The carvings have been picked out with blood.
17. Several beakers stand on a shelf above the table. Each is full of a different kind of dark, sticky and noxious fluid.
18. An oversized leather wallet holds a dissection kit. Incongruously, the leather wallet is of the finest quality and is even monogrammed with the necromancer's initials.
19. A small cage hanging from the ceiling holds the skeletal remains of several songbirds amid a small heap of discoloured feathers. Hideously, the birds' remains yet stir and judder. A close examination reveals they appear to still be trying to sing.
20. The room seems unnaturally cold and the party's nonmagical lights do not dispel the darkness lingering in the room's nooks and crannies. Anyone spending much time here gets the feeling that unseen presences lurk in the chamber.



20 THINGS TO FIND IN A PIT

Adventurers are always falling into pits. Well, they are in my campaigns anyway...

The bottom of a pit shouldn't be a featureless cube. Beyond a simple trap designed to kill or impede intruders, a trap is a great opportunity to tell a bit more of the dungeon's story.

Some pits hold trapped monsters—or even adventurers—while others have additional dangers such as iron spikes and so on. More, however, hold the detritus of previous delves. Use the table below, to generate minor points of interest a PC might find at the bottom of the pit.

1. A DC 15 Perception check reveals small holes cut into the pit's wall near one corner. A climber using the holes gains a +5 circumstance bonus to escape the pit.
2. Iron spikes line the floor of the pit. Dried blood covers several toward one of the pit's walls showing where someone (perhaps) fell in.
3. An adventurer's rotting body lies twisted and broken at the bottom of the pit. Stripped of all useable equipment by his companions, he lies abandoned. His mournful ghost might linger nearby...and it might mistake the PCs for his perfidious companions.
4. This pit intersects with a natural cavern, the entrance to which breaks through one wall. The cavern has no other exits, but water dripping down through the ceiling could keep a trapped explorer alive for quite some time.
5. Four burnt out torch stubs lie on the floor of the pit. The burnt and shrivelled remains of thousands of tiny spiders carpet the floor.
6. Dungeon denizens use this pit to dispose of their garbage and waste. Anyone falling into the pit takes 1d6 less falling damage than normal because the rubbish cushions his fall. However, the pit is rife with disease and a character in the pit must make a DC 12 Fortitude save or contract filth fever.
7. An empty wineskin and the faint smell of wine linger at the bottom of the pit.
8. Iron spikes, driven into the wall, provide a makeshift ladder of sorts for those trapped in the pit.
9. A discarded, dented helmet lies in one corner.
10. The remains of a healer's kit are scattered about the floor. Some of the bandages are caked in dried blood.
11. "Forgive me" is daubed on a wall in large, chalk letters.
12. A near-empty sack holding 13 gp and 16 sp mixed in with shards of glass from a large mirror is the only thing in the pit. Unwary PCs investigating the sack suffer 1 damage from the glass shards.
13. A torn, brown jerkin hangs from a natural protrusion on one wall.
14. A bent iron spike protrudes from one wall at knee height. It falls out if anyone puts their weight on it.
15. The pit's walls are slick with water oozing from many small cracks in the rock. The walls are hard to scale (+5 DC) and water fills the pit to a depth of roughly 1 ft.
16. The pit's walls are slick with moisture; faintly glowing mould grows in the many cracks, providing a sickly yellow light (equal to dim illumination) throughout the pit.
17. A narrow crack splits the pit's floor. A faint, cold breeze sporadically issues forth.
18. The shards of a broken flute lie discarded in the pit. Nearby, a frayed length of rope and a discarded ration pack are piled neatly in a corner.
19. A small niche in one wall of the pit holds a primitive clay statue of a squat, naked woman. Four silver coins fill a bowl in front of the statuette.
20. Cracks criss cross the walls of the pit. Bent and twisted copper coins have been hammered into many of the cracks—perhaps in some sort of bizarre offering. Coins only fill cracks up to a height of about 3 ft. Three discarded small sacks lie in one corner. Careful examination of the coin-filled cracks reveals they (crudely) spell an unfamiliar name.



20 THINGS TO FIND IN A SMUGGLER'S STOREROOM

Smugglers are naughty chaps; intent on dodging the lawful taxes of the realm they work at night to bring in valuable or illegal items destined for the black market.

Thus, smugglers' lairs can offer up a great store of treasure for adventurers intent on stamping out their nefarious doings.

Use the table below, to generate items of value and/or interest the party might find when plundering a smuggling gang's storeroom. Note, many of the items listed below are not ordinary or typical examples of a smuggler's normal inventory and should be used to round out the gang's inventory.

1. Two small kegs of brandy stamped with the seal of a famed distiller. Each keg weighs 10 lbs. and is worth 50 gp.
2. The lid of this small coffer is sealed with white wax. The coffer feels light if picked up as if it were empty. In reality, it contains ten sealed packets of exotic spices—themselves each sealed with wax and stamped with a seal depicting a stylised sailboat. The whole is worth 150 gp.
3. One bolt of blue silk and one bolt of red silk wrapped tightly in an oversized sack. Each bolt contains enough material for five cloaks and is worth 75 gp.
4. A lidless chest holds six large clay jars packed with straw. Each of the jars holds peaches steeped in whisky. A current favourite among the local nobility, each jar is worth 20 gp.
5. This large chest contains a mass of junk silver and gold including damaged coins, broken jewellery and blobs of already melted down precious metal. Destined for a jeweller of dubious moral character, the chest weighs 150 lbs. The contents are worth 250 gp.
6. An exquisitely made silk and lace ball gown is wrapped in a wide and soft roll of cotton.
7. This small finely crafted coffer contains an exquisite glass decanter along with four matching glasses. Nestled in a cushion of blue velvet the set is worth 80 gp.
8. This large barrel of middling to fair quality red wine contains a secret. Hidden within—in a waterproof sack—are three *scrolls of animate dead*. The wine itself is worth 10 gp to a tavern or similar establishment.
9. Wet sand fills this heavy barrel, which is covered in thick blankets. Buried within the sand are two large eggs the size of a human head. They are warm to the touch; what they contain is anyone's guess.
10. This rough wooden box is roughly four-foot long and holds the crumbling bones of a halfling or gnome. In life, the deceased was a prominent citizen of a nearby town who was rumoured to know certain secrets of the local nobility. A necromancer desires these secrets and so has secured the individual's bones so he can use them to *speak with dead*.
11. A wooden case contains six bottles of exquisite elven wine; each is worth 20 gp—even the bottles are delicate works of art.
12. This stiff and dry sheepskin glimmers in the light; silver flecks impregnate the heavy fleece. It is worth 20 gp.
13. A large cask of cracked salt worth 15 gp.
14. A single silk shirt wrapped voluminously in faded red cloth. The shirt is impregnated with bubonic plague and is destined to play centre stage in an upcoming assassination.
15. A pile of fur pelts stuffed into several sacks. Among the more common wolf, fox and rabbit pelts is a full owlbear pelt (complete with clawed hands and beaked head) and a thick, gorgeous winter wolf pelt. Each of these atypical pelts are worth 100 gp, while the others are worth a total of 25 gp.
16. A robust chest contains several trade bars of precious metals of the type used by mints or jewellers. There are five silver bars (each worth 5 gp), four gold bars (each worth 50 gp) and a platinum bar (worth 500 gp). Each of the bars bears the crest of a nearby kingdom.
17. Six small flasks hold a rare red dye much in demand due to recent fashion changes. Each flask is worth 5 gp.
18. A small dark wood coffer contains 12 small packets of exotic incense. The coffer is worth 20 gp and each packet is worth 15 gp.
19. Six tightly sealed earthen jars hold preserved exotic fruits. Two jars contain pineapples (worth 7 gp each) and three contain pomegranate segments (worth 7 gp each). The final jar is cracked and contains nothing but rotting coconut.
20. A large cage contains a beaten and starved baby griffon destined to be the plaything of a noble obsessed with owning the most exotic mounts. Although caged and maltreated the griffon is still a proud, violent predator. Characters getting too close to the cage could be in for a shock.

ABANDONED TEMPLE: DRESSING

Abandoned temples present an intriguing location for adventurers, especially for those temples for which the cause of abandonment is unknown. Whether the temple served as the meeting place for a terrible cult or the open place of worship that benefitted their community, tragedy surrounds the now empty location. An abandoned temple's function and the circumstances that led to its abandonment set the stage for the temple's dressings and establishes the tone of the adventure.

FUNCTION

Two major threads control the temple's dressing: the temple's purpose and the reason it currently stands. For a temple belonging to an evil group, especially one where its adherents conducted their rites in secret only to have someone expose their activities, the purpose generally gives rise to the reason for ejection. However, no one may know the depths of the cult's depravity until someone explores the site. On the other hand, political machinations may force out a good-aligned religion, but other, more mysterious reasons may be at the core of the temple's forsaking.

Betrayal from Within: Benign organizations may host insane members who seek to destroy them from within. Whether they have renounced their deities or act out of petty jealousy, they wish only to undermine the good works performed by their former religions. These disaffected people may engineer situations that put their leaders in a bad light, or they may share secrets with lay people that jeopardize their relationships with their communities. In extreme cases, they may murder lead clergy or desecrate the temple. Often, the leadership discover and remove these treacherous individuals before they can inflict any real damage, but some force the clergy and worshippers to leave their former temples behind and start afresh elsewhere. Their perfidious acts usually tie them to their temples, and they remain there to haunt the places, either as insantly regretful mortals or as undead. Additionally, the negative energy generated by such acts draws the attention of evil creatures that thrive in these environments.

Death of a Charismatic Leader: Sometimes, adherents only worship at a temple because of the personal magnetism of a single leader. When that person dies, and no viable successor takes her place, the worshippers move on to some other form of worship or just abandon their faith altogether. While a temple under such circumstances does not carry much baggage, it is possible the deceased leader laments the lack of faith in his followers and haunts the temple until worship resumes.

Destruction of a Deity: More devastating than the loss of a charismatic leader, the destruction of a deity to which a temple is devoted forces people to leave in droves. Clerics no longer able to demonstrate their god's power sometimes lose hope and

abandon their charges. This event creates a vacuum that another deity may eventually fill, but the temple stands as a sorrowful testament to the deity's destruction.

Evil Cult: A temple belonging to an evil cult may present itself as a legitimate religion and usually has an obvious area where worship takes place. However, the religion's real work takes place in areas away from the public eye. Sacrifices and dark rites continue until the cult overreaches itself and investigators discover the source of disappearances and murders. The authorities then round up the cultists or the cultists slink off into the night. Since most cults value their secrecy, a cult's temple contains many hidden areas where it can conduct its rites. Therefore, razing the obvious parts of the temple may do nothing to destroy the taint of the cult's evil activities. Typically, no one wants to occupy a structure where foul deeds occurred.

Political Ouster: Finally, through no fault of its own, a religion may find itself on the opposing side of a government that has recently taken power or perhaps a leader who has renounced worship of the temple's deity. Many ousters are peaceful, especially with respect to good-aligned religions. Occasionally, zealous clergy decide to take a stand and remain in the temple, forcing a violent confrontation that usually results in the death of the defending priests and priestesses. The deserted temple holds the restless spirits of its defenders, making it extremely difficult to co-opt the building.

DRESSINGS

Use the table on the following page to generate interesting characteristics for your abandoned temple. Some of the items within those tables may be inappropriate for your temple based upon its setup. Ignore or modify such entries as applicable.

Expensive Materials: Some of the dressings described on the next page include descriptions of expensive art objects or other treasure. These dressing typically have a gp value equal to the gp award for an encounter with a CR equal to the party's APL-2.

Harvesting Dressings: Clever PCs can harvest a dressing from a temple by succeeding at a relevant skill check with a DC equal to 15 + the average CR of an encounter within the temple. Failing by 5 or more ruins the item.

Modifying Statistics: Some dressing provide bonuses to the creatures encountered within an abandoned temple. Creatures receive these benefits after dwelling within the temple for one uninterrupted month. These bonuses typically fade if the creature spends too much time away from the temple without regularly returning to it.

Multiple Dressings: A GM may roll multiple times for dressings or may choose dressings to create the desired atmosphere for the abandoned temple.

D%	ABANDONED TEMPLE DRESSINGS
01	A journal detailing the temple's fall rests on top of the altar; the latest entries grow increasingly paranoid and threaten to annihilate the temple's defilers.
02	A tolling bell stops and then suddenly plummets toward the PCs, narrowly missing all of them as it crashes to the floor.
03–05	Statuary representations of the temple's deity turn to gaze at intruders as they pass by.
06–08	Dust covers this chamber's floor, with the exception of a rune significant to the deity.
09–10	Creatures who loudly proclaim their faithfulness to the temple's deity benefit from <i>bleed</i> for 10 minutes; a creature cannot gain this benefit more than once per 24-hour period.
11–13	One PC can see a shadowy figure dressed in vestments belonging to the faith out of the corner of her eye.
14–16	Music resounds throughout the temple's halls at odd times, but the PCs cannot locate an instrument of that requisite capable of producing that volume of music.
17–20	A hidden location contains a shelf holding several humanoid skulls arranged from smallest to largest.
21–23	Every other word in a painted prayer to the deity is scratched out, as if with claws.
24–26	Ravens smash through the temple's windows and kill themselves in the process.
27–28	The stone altar splits in half when the PCs enter the main worship hall.
29–30	An incomplete tunnel leads out from under the main altar; it appears to head in the direction of another temple.
31	Sacrificial tools glisten with fresh blood, which drips off them onto the floor.
32–34	Black candles flare to life when the PCs enter this chamber; the light casts no shadows and seems to suck the heat from anything near it.
35–37	The scent of fresh flowers fills the chamber.
38–40	A sacrificial animal rests on an altar; its entrails hang out, but the animal is alive and seemingly oblivious to its state.
41–45	A shaky scrawl written in blood and filth proclaims the return of the deity to which this temple is dedicated.
46–50	Several robes hang in a closet; all of them bear the same holy symbol except for one, which belongs to a faith diametrically opposed to that of the temple.
51–53	Murals depicting the defeat of fiendish beings by adherents to the faith have been defaced with mocking pictures and phrases written in Abyssal.
54–56	A portrait of a saint hangs from the wall; removing it requires a DC 20 Strength check and potentially destroys it.

57–59	If a PC carries the deity's favoured weapon, it glows with a blue (or other appropriate colour) light while in the temple.
60	Intermittent shrieks of terror reverberate throughout the temple.
61–62	The pealing of several bells sounds from the ceiling and stops suddenly.
63–64	The PCs hear sobbing from a cloister; when they investigate, they discover a child who has apparently been in the temple since it was deserted.
65–66	A painting depicts the exact same temple in another setting.
67–68	Mournful chanting comes from one of the side rooms, but investigation turns up no living (or undead) creatures as the source of the chanting.
69–70	Each time a PC invokes the deity's name, a stroke of lightning hits a random spot (3d6 electricity damage, DC 14 Reflex halves).
71–73	A pile of holy texts sits in a smouldering heap as if recently set on fire and put out.
74–76	All undead creatures in the temple benefit from a <i>desecrate</i> spell.
77–79	A stone statue carrying a metal (or other appropriate material) weapon favoured by the deity suddenly presents it in a threatening way.
80	An animal sacred to the deity (with the celestial or fiendish template, as appropriate to the deity) materializes and follows one of the PCs around; during combat, it protects the chosen PC.
81–82	The smell of decaying flesh wafts into the room the party currently occupies.
83–84	When the PCs approach the altar, it sinks into the floor and is inaccessible; after an hour, it rises from the floor again.
85–86	A golden holy symbol turns to lead when removed from the temple.
87–88	A disembodied voice admonishes the PCs for defiling the temple.
89–90	Mundane holy symbols hanging on the walls rot and tarnish instantly.
91–92	Once per day, a feast materializes on a table in a communal room. Depending on the temple's alignment, the food provides the benefits of the <i>heroes' feast</i> spell or acts as <i>create undead</i> should a PC eating the food die within 24 hours of consuming it.
93	A colony of bats (or rats) emerges from their lair to pester the intruders.
94–95	A cacophony of fervent prayer erupts from the pews in this empty hall of worship.
96–97	A stained glass window suddenly shatters and sprays shards of glass in a 10-foot cone, dealing 2d6 slashing damage (DC 15 Reflex halves).
98–99	Roll twice and apply all results.
100	Roll three times and apply all results.

ABANDONED VILLAGE: AN ALTERNATE DUNGEON

Decrepit and deteriorating, an abandoned settlement poses both unique dangers and enticing opportunities for adventurers. No adventuring site is riper for the looting than a place forgotten and abandoned by protectors and authorities. Still, abandoned doesn't always mean empty: deserted settlements are attractive to squatters, hermits, vermin, urban monsters, bandits, outlaws, feral dogs and other wild animals, and even the undead, who may often find the lonely, decaying husk of a once-lively place an apt and fitting lair.

Great is the lure of unguarded manors, keeps, shops and guild vaults, to be sure, but adventurers may visit an abandoned village for any number of reasons. A patron might ask the PCs to recover something left behind, to find someone hiding there or to discover some clue or evidence of the truth behind the ruin of the place.

A settlement, however, is rarely laid out with defence in mind; it is a place for common people to live and work, and this fact may make it difficult to imagine an abandoned village as a conventional dungeon—especially given the open, non-linear nature of a typical urban sprawl. This section provides GMs with advice for transforming the ruins of a deserted settlement into a memorable dungeon-crawling experience.

DEFINING THE DUNGEON

An abandoned village is a ghost town—a settlement (or part of one) once occupied by common people. It might be a forgotten hamlet in the woods, a mining community abandoned after the local mines dried up, a once-thriving town vacated by occupying forces in wartime or even a smaller part of a larger settlement—perhaps a deserted slum in the heart of the big city.

The vast majority of structures within an abandoned village are private homes, with a number of businesses and public spaces rounding out the bulk of the site.

DESIGNING THE DUNGEON

As an adventuring site, an abandoned settlement works best as a series of encounters to be tackled in whichever order the PCs choose—freedom of exploration is the rule of the day when walls and corridors don't constrain the PCs' choice of where to go and what to do. Consider keeping a list of prepared encounters handy, each one tied to a type of room, structure or location within the abandoned settlement. As PCs explore, choose appropriate encounters and run them ad hoc.

As with any above-ground ruin, be prepared for players to use *fly* and similar spells to reconnoitre the village. Have a player-friendly map handy, depicting all significant structures and locations populating the settlement. Don't be discouraged if the PCs learn the lay of the land before they ever set foot in your village-turned-dungeon—the open-world nature of an urban

exploration renders the order in which a party experiences each encounter more or less moot. Of course, the players certainly don't need to know that; let them revel in the sense of control. Whether they've gotten the lay of the land beforehand or not, observant PCs will have a pretty good sense of what sort of door they're kicking down during their exploration. Allow your PCs to enjoy feeling like they're the ones calling the shots during this adventure. Normally players would be asking you what's on the other side of any given door—is it a guardhouse? A lab? A barracks? A menagerie? A smithy? This time around, it may be the PCs telling *you* what lies within. Don't try to fool them—give the PCs that control. An arcane college looks like an arcane college; a keep looks like a keep; a blacksmith's shop, a guard tower—all pretty obvious. Meet their expectations; the sense of freedom and control go a long way toward setting the adventure apart from all the rest in the minds of your players.

Within each structure or encounter, terrain and layout are important for setting an eerie atmosphere of decrepitude and disrepair. Below are some features and ideas a GM could use when designing locations within an abandoned settlement.

Cover and Improved Cover: Bannisters, collapsing walls and pillars, slanted door frames, stairwells... opportunities for PCs to take cover are abundant in an abandoned settlement. Improved cover might be more commonplace than in most dungeons, as well: every arrow slit, guardhouse turret and cracked wall might be an opportunity to use improved cover to one's advantage.

Dense Rubble: Between the partial collapses and rampant looting and ransacking sure to befall any long-abandoned village, rubble and similar forms of difficult terrain will abound. Within interior areas, spaces containing rubble and so on ought to be more commonplace than clear spaces.

It costs two squares of movement to enter a square with dense rubble. The DC of Acrobatics skill checks on dense rubble increases by 5, and the DC of Stealth skill checks increase by 2.

Light and Heavy Undergrowth: Without maintenance and grounds-keeping, undergrowth is sure to get out of hand.

A space covered with light undergrowth costs two squares of movement to enter; heavy undergrowth costs four. The DCs of Acrobatics and Stealth skill checks increase by 2 in spaces of light undergrowth, while heavy undergrowth raises the DC of Acrobatics checks by 5, and provides a +5 circumstance bonus on Stealth checks. Both types of space provide concealment (increased to 30% miss chance in heavy growth), and running and charging are impossible through either type.

Stuck Doors: Rusty hinges on mildew-swollen doors tend to stick. Opening a rusted-stuck door takes a DC 14 Strength check.

RUNNING THE DUNGEON

Above and beyond the often freeform manner of exploration within an abandoned settlement, such a locale offers a handful of additional challenges and opportunities. Below are listed a few special considerations a GM should keep in mind when running an abandoned settlement as a dungeon.

Multi-Level Structures: Opportunities for dynamic battles within two- and three-storey structures abound, especially where balconies, bannisters and partially collapsed floors allow for an ambush from above, or a strategic sniping location. Challenging the PCs' efforts to move between floors spices up encounters, too; fragmented or entirely collapsed staircases and inaccessible balconies reward acrobatic PCs and help to make tactical choices meaningful (and encounters memorable).

Rotting Barriers: Within structures particularly exposed to, or worn down by, the elements, rot and rust set in. Consider reducing the hardness values of metal and wooden objects by half within such structures.

Size Constraints: Not all villages are built by Medium-sized creatures. Sending your PCs to explore a gnomish settlement or a halfling shire allows for all sorts of new opportunities. Refresh your familiarity with the rules for squeezing and for fighting in close or cramped quarters.

Structural Damage: Without regular maintenance, buildings in long-abandoned settlements may often literally come down around careless explorers' heads. Whenever a character (PC or NPC) takes a violent or reckless action (like attacking, running, falling, bashing open a stuck door or making an Acrobatics check to jump, swing or tumble) inside a decaying structure, the building takes 1 point of structural damage. After a structure takes enough damage (2d10 points for each floor, wing or other major level of the structure), the building begins to collapse.

A collapsing structure falls apart over the course of 2d4 rounds before finally disintegrating into a heap of dense rubble and dealing 6d6 damage to everyone inside. During this interim, a character taking further violent action as described above causes some dangerous mishap for him-or-herself. Roll 1d4 to determine the outcome of each such reckless act.

D4	EVENT
1	Falling supports and timbers strike the character who suffers 2d6 damage (DC 15 Reflex halves).
2	The character falls through the floor, falling prone and taking falling damage as appropriate.
3	The character's foot falls through the floor unless he or she makes a DC 15 Reflex saving throw. Once stuck, a DC 10 Strength check made as a move action frees the limb.
4	The character suffers 1d4 points of piercing damage as some glass or wooden structure shatters or splinters overhead.

SACKING THE DUNGEON

As with most adventuring sites, an abandoned village should be a source of tantalizing wealth. Unlike other adventuring sites, however, justifying the abundance of treasure and valuables (in an open-air location absent of authorities and subject to looting and pillaging) might be a little tricky.

Art, Dressing and Furnishings: Looters might have a hard time removing unwieldy pieces of art (such as large oil paintings, antique furniture and heavy tapestries), and may not even know an antique or a masterpiece when they see one.

Coin: A fortune in gems and platinum coins doesn't weigh much. Unless the settlement was abandoned in a hurry, chances are good that no-one left behind a heaping mound of jewels. A fortune in copper coins, on the other hand, is a different story. When distributing large amounts of wealth, consider using small-value coins like copper and silver. The challenge of moving so much wealth can make carrying it all away an encounter in itself, especially if bandits or looters wise up to whatever plan your PCs devise to haul away the wealth.

Gold and Silver Housewares: From family heirlooms to old lockboxes to chandelier filigree to antique cutlery, any number of housewares might be forged from valuable gold or silver. In a large manor, fleeing nobles (and subsequent looters) might have missed any number of nooks and crannies. Even in more meagre homes, trinkets made of copper might have value—especially if melted down and appraised by the pound.

Magical Items: Magical wards require less maintenance and are bound to last longer than most mundane walls and doors after long exposure to the elements. So, too, are such barriers more likely to resist theft (or even detection) by highwaymen and looters. And what else is more likely to be secured behind a magical trap than a magical item? Temples, alchemical labs and arcane colleges might have left behind magical goods, sealed behind illusions, locks and wards that will stand the test of time.

Records: Old documents and records might not seem like treasure—and that's exactly why looters are likely to overlook this category of valuables (leaving them for your PCs to find). A lost deed, an incriminating file or a last will and testament may be worth a small fortune to the right party. It's easy to imagine seeding the plot hook to your next adventure this way, as well.

Trade Goods: In an abandoned urban environment, trade goods are likely to be the primary source of treasure. Some food can keep for a very long time—rare spices in particular. Furs and other valuable textiles are commodities, as are precious metal ingots (including mithral and adamantine), rare woods (such as darkwood), marble, glass, hides and pelts.

Sunken Vessels: In the waters adjacent to a coastal village or harbour, sunken ships—especially merchant galleons—might contain any number of valuables, magic items or even whole chests full of gold and silver.

ALCHEMIST'S LABORATORY: AN ALTERNATE DUNGEON

The art of alchemy arose among archaic scholars pursuing cures for disease, pain and mortality. Some continued to hunt for medicines, while others turned from the healing arts to seek riches, trying to transform ordinary metals into pure gold. While the alchemists of our world evolved into modern scientists, those within the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game found their original methods more successful. In a world brimming with arcane power, a true alchemist may achieve wonders to rival even great feats of magic. A blend of science and sorcery, alchemy remains a mainstay of roleplaying games, embodying the intersection between reality and fantasy.

Exploring an alchemical laboratory provides adventurers with a glimpse into the minds and arsenals of the great crafters. The alchemist masters the world by learning its fundamental workings through experimentation, concoction and dissection. Over smoking fires in rooms lined with cluttered shelves, they hone their art. Although alchemical laboratories share many features with typical dungeons, designing a realistic yet mystical laboratory presents a unique challenge for the modern GM. The following section uses a combination of mysterious atmosphere and real world chemistry to provide the GM with guidelines for transforming a simple alchemist's workroom into an unforgettable gaming experience.

DEFINING THE DUNGEON

An alchemist's laboratory serves as a workshop where scholars can refine mundane ingredients into tools or supernatural power. Alchemist laboratories can be found anywhere intelligent creatures call home, whether as part of a larger complex or built as an independent structure. At its heart, a laboratory is a high-risk workspace, designed to maximize efficiency, function and, above all else, safety. Laboratories tend to be sequestered from living spaces in order to reduce the risk of alchemical waste or botched experiments harming people or property. The nature of a laboratory dungeon depends on its state of repair; abandoned laboratories accumulate numerous hazards as unstable concoctions and apparatuses break down, while occupied laboratories are better maintained and more likely to contain recent research notes, newly crafted alchemical products and functional traps.

DESIGNING THE DUNGEON

When designing an alchemical laboratory as a dungeon, the GM must consider how each room's features contribute to the laboratory's overall function. Laboratories are dynamic structures that require certain components in order to conduct safe and reliable experiments. Dilapidated or inadequate provisions create an unstable environment, increasing the risk of hazards and changing the nature of encounters within the

laboratory. Below are some features the GM should consider when designing an alchemist's laboratories as dungeons.

Disposal: All experiments create waste, which must be removed. Ideally a researcher can dump experimental waste into a river, chasm, portal or other reservoir where they can disperse with little risk. Laboratories that lack immediate disposal methods must set aside containers to hold alchemical detritus until it can be safely removed. Laboratories without adequate disposal mechanisms risk mixing unstable waste products, which interfere with normal biology. Creatures interacting with alchemical waste must make a Fortitude save (DC 10 + the party's APL). Failure means the creature cannot heal hit points or ability damage naturally. This condition can be removed with a DC 20 Heal check or a *remove disease* spell.

Heat Source: Heat is easily manipulated, making it an appealing and often vital catalyst for alchemical reactions. A fire that burns too hot can easily lead to an explosion, while a fire that is allowed to burn too low may not yield the desired results. Ideally, alchemists have apparatuses capable of limiting temperature fluctuations; almost any heat source can be jury-rigged to function in a laboratory. Broken or poorly regulated heating mechanisms can create severe or extreme heat conditions, or explode when mishandled, functioning like *fire trap*, *fireball* or *incendiary cloud*.

Maintenance: Alchemical reactions are sensitive, and even small flaws or trace amounts of contamination can ruin materials. Alchemists must routinely scour their workspace, glassware and other tools, and replace damaged equipment to ensure high quality products. Improperly maintained laboratories increase the risk that alchemical items found or produced in the laboratory fails to function (up to 50% chance of an item having no effect when used), and debris can function as difficult terrain or caltrops.

Ventilation: Poisonous fumes are an insidious killer. Gaseous products can quickly fill the surrounding air if a laboratory is not properly ventilated. A chimney is often sufficient, but noxious or volatile substances require artificial airflow to draw fumes away, such as heated air rising to carry away vapours, or vacuums created by pump mechanisms or magical portals. Poor ventilation results in the accumulation of toxic fumes, which deal 1 point of Constitution damage per hour, minute or round spent in the laboratory, depending on the extent of contamination. A DC 10 Fortitude save resists the damage, but longer exposures become more dangerous, increasing the DC by 1 per previous save.

RUNNING THE DUNGEON

Running an alchemist's laboratory as an adventure site is similar to running a traditional dungeon. Below are some features GMs should bear in mind when using an alchemical laboratory as a dungeon.

Airflow: Bellows, shutters, fume hoods and other apparatuses installed in a laboratory allow alchemists to direct gases into or away from certain areas. A DC 15 Disable Device or Knowledge (engineering) check allows creatures to manipulate these mechanisms to relocate or remove airborne hazards. Powerful ventilation devices may create strong or severe wind effects.

Contaminants: Poorly cleaned laboratories accumulate all manner of poisonous compounds that can weaken the body and befuddle the mind. Creatures within contaminated areas take a –2 alchemical penalty on Fortitude and Will saves unless they wash away the toxins by making a DC 20 Heal check.

Corrosive Compounds: Alchemists often work with materials that rapidly dissolve wood, stone and metal, requiring special containers that remain unharmed by the powerful solvents. Objects exposed to these reagents take 2d6 acid damage every turn, ignoring hardness, until the item is destroyed or the corrosive substance is scraped or washed away. Attended or magical objects can attempt a DC 15 Reflex save to negate the damage. Objects that are immune to acid damage remain unharmed by these reactions.

Explosives: Some concoctions are extremely unstable when exposed to an open flame. When ignited or dealt fire damage, these mixtures explode, dealing 1d6 bludgeoning damage and 2d6 fire damage in a 10-ft. radius burst (DC 15 Reflex halves). Clusters of these compounds can create catastrophic chain reactions capable of destroying entire buildings.

Irritants: Alchemical reagents can be notoriously pungent, causing itching, nosebleeds, watery eyes and other distractions to confound the senses. Creatures exposed to irritants must make a DC 15 Fortitude save or take a –2 penalty on Perception checks until they return to fresh air. Alchemical irritants also obscure other odours, so creatures with the scent ability can only detect creatures within 5 feet, and the base DC to track by smell becomes 20 rather than 10.

Mutagens: Some alchemical materials possess properties that enhance or inhibit effects that alter a creature's physical properties. When a creature exposed to mutagens is targeted by a transmutation spell effect, there is a chance its duration will be decreased by half (1-40), doubled (41-80) or remain unaffected (81-100). The magic consumes the mutagens, which only modifies the first transmutation spell affecting the creature following its exposure. Mutagens have no effect on spells with a duration of instantaneous or permanent, though these spells still remove the mutagens from the creature.

SACKING THE DUNGEON

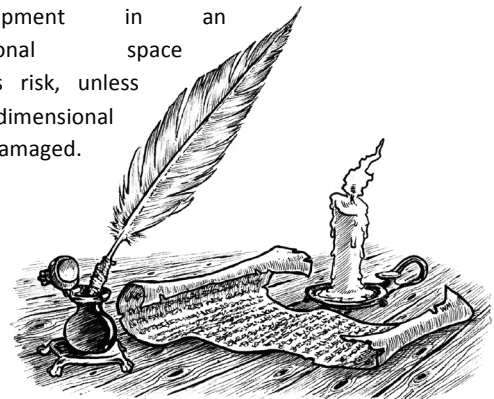
Like any adventuring site, an alchemical laboratory has its share of valuable treasures and magical artefacts. Listed below are inspirational ideas for unique, thematic treasures to award PCs adventuring within an alchemical laboratory.

Alchemical Ingredients: The most obvious resources found in laboratories are reagents used in alchemy. Using these rare ingredients provides a +2 circumstance bonus on Craft (alchemy) checks, and reduces the time needed to craft any nonmagical alchemical item by one day. Particularly potent reagents can enhance the magical properties of solutions. Potions created with these ingredients increase the duration of their effects by 50%. An alchemical laboratory typically has enough materials to create 1d4 of these extended potions.

Documents: Most alchemists keep fastidious records of background research and experimental results in order to reproduce their findings. Valuable to researchers in their own right, these tomes may also provide bonuses on Craft or Knowledge checks, function as magical scrolls or spellbooks or describe ways to augment spells using alchemical items. These formulae allow spellcasters to use items created with Craft (alchemy), such as alchemist's fire or thunderstones, as optional material spell components for related spells, providing bonuses on caster level, save DCs or other benefits based on the GM's discretion.

Precious Metals: Many alchemists study metallurgy, probing the mystical properties of rare metals and discovering valuable alloys. Ores, powders and ingots of any metal or gemstone may be found in a laboratory. These precious commodities can be sold or used as raw materials for relevant Craft skills. Experimental metals may also possess new properties, such as increased hardness, more hit points or resistance to certain types of energy damage.

Research Equipment: Delicate experiments require masterfully crafted tools, so intact sets of alembics, crucibles, retorts and other apparatuses can fetch a high price among alchemists. Glassware is fragile, so looting it requires extra care. When a PC carrying research equipment takes damage, there is a 5% chance the glass shatters into worthless shards. Carrying the equipment in an extradimensional space removes this risk, unless the extradimensional container is damaged.



ANCIENT EMPIRE OF THE TROGLODYTES

Many races claim the gods made their kind first. Yet crumbling ziggurats, surrounded by the statues of profanely leering creatures left mouldering in long forgotten caverns, shows the troglodyte race must have been one of the first races to arise from the primordial ooze of creation. Empowered by the worship of their demonic patron, the troglodytes conquered, enslaved and ritually sacrificed creatures in a time predating even the ancient elves, all to give rise to the sweeping empire of Ssar'targontha.

Ssar'targontha arose in the deepest caverns of the world before recorded history when the civilised races of today—elves, dwarves and humans among them—were still in their infancy. Gigantic ziggurats squatted in immense caverns carved from divine magic powered by the life essence of sacrificed elemental creatures and giant worm-like creatures called zowrms. Canals and aqueducts writhed like serpents across the cavern floors, nurturing great fields of fungi where slaves toiled and died at their masters' whims.

Ssar'targontha endured for thousands of years in almost uncontested rule its bloody downfall. The primitive races the troglodytes once subjugated evolved, finding their own gods and divine magic as well as something nearly non-existent in Ssar'targontha—arcane magic. Unable to compete with this new and powerful force, Ssar'targontha began to crumble at its edges. This only inspired the high priests to fight amongst themselves for control, further fracturing the empire. Then the denizens of the elemental planes the troglodytes had sacrificed staged a brief, but violent invasion, after which Ssar'targontha split into smaller empires, each of which would fall prey to the encroachment of humanoids and other, younger races. The troglodytes never recovered from their defeat nor did they ever regain their former glory as ruinous war over resources caused them to descend further into barbarism and savagery.

Though most of the world has forgotten Ssar'targontha, certain of its ruined ziggurats and obelisks still exist, lying decrepit and abandoned in long forsaken caverns. Faded writing in the Ssar'targontha cuneiform script tells an embellished history of the mighty empire and the wonders it once wrought on the earth. Those exploring the benighted caverns and facing ancient dangers can learn powerful secrets of antiquity now lost.

ECOLOGY & SOCIETY

The troglodytes of Ssar'targontha differ from their brethren of today much as humankind differs from the ape. Standing nearly seven feet tall, the troglodytes' scales ranged in hue from deep reds to glistening yellow or even an emerald green. They also possessed greater intelligence, proving adept at engineering feats the rest of world would take countless millennia to duplicate.

Life revolved around the worship of Ssar'targontha's demonic patron, Amon-Pyr, who raised the troglodytes up out of the sea where the aboleths and other ancient creatures had nearly hunted them to extinction. Throughout the empire, the troglodytes constructed cyclopean ziggurats in honour of Amon-Pyr. Each ziggurat served as the city's religious and government centre, ruled by a high priest and a cabal of lesser priests. High priests were specifically breed, the product of dark, unholy rites cast upon eggs bathed in elemental sludge. The high priests ruled with divine power granted to them by Amon-Pyr, a power they jealously guarded. These high priests were even more horrific than the other troglodytes—bloated, giant things, they squatted on golden thrones hoisted by slaves, unable to move under their own power.

The priests' divine magic led to Ssar'targontha's rise to greatness as it shaped everything around them. Amon-Pyr taught the first priests how to summon and bind elemental creatures from the four elemental planes. Sacrificed during a specific, blasphemous ritual, the slain elemental was reduced to an oozing sludge composed of its base elements which than become the components for spells to power the empire. Water elementals and earth elementals fed crop fields, while fire and wind elementals fashioned giant structures out of solid stone.

In addition to using the elemental sludge in rites to create the caste of high priests, the troglodytes of Ssar'targontha feed it to a race of giant wormlike creatures, the descendants of purple worms, called zowrms. These trained worms burrowed out the many canals crisscrossing cavern floors, chewing and digesting solid stone.

A fearsome warrior caste existed under the rule of the priests. The troglodyte warriors journeyed from their deep caverns to raid the primitive, developing humanoid races, bringing them back as slaves to either aid in Ssar'targontha's continuing expansion or to be eaten. The warriors also fought in the frequent battles between cities as high priests continually sought to expand their own personal power.

Those troglodytes not bred to become priests or strong enough to be warriors formed the lowest caste in Ssar'targontha society. They often served as governmental underlings for the

CUNEIFORM WRITING

The troglodytes used an ancient cuneiform writing system, inscribing their history and important events into the walls of a city's ziggurat and accompanying obelisks, as well as the large steles marking a city's borders. It is possible to decipher this writing with a DC 20 Linguistics check. One day spent studying the troglodyte writing grants the deciphering creature a +4 insight bonus to all Knowledge checks relating to the ancient troglodytes of that particular city.

high priests. Others served as taskmasters of the slaves who worked in the fungi fields or tended and trained the zowrms. Though low in troglodyte society, their lot was much better than those they enslaved. Those with particularly unique scale colourings often lived an indolent life in a harem of a priest or warrior caste member.

Specially built ziggurats housed the troglodyte eggs for each caste where elemental sludge pumped in through aqueducts to bath the unborn troglodytes. Amon-Pyr claimed a quarter of all eggs produced, feeding on the unborn souls within in exchange for endowing the troglodytes with his power.

ENEMIES & ALLIES

Ssar'targontha never had allies but lacked no shortage of enemies.

At first, the machinations of the aboleths threatened Ssar'targontha's rise to power. Only Amon-Pyr's direct intervention saved the troglodytes from becoming the aboleths' slaves, allowing them to flee from the oceans into the deep caverns. Once the troglodytes found the safety of the caverns, the two races only occasionally came into contact, usually when one of Ssar'tongtha's cities lay by the shores of a deep underground lake or sea. At other times, advance aboleth scouts would battle with troglodyte warriors near the surface over slaves and raiding grounds.

The troglodytes of Ssar'targontha built much of their empire with the souls of captured and sacrificed elemental creatures. In specially constructed ziggurats surrounded by four towering obelisks, the high priests conducted divine rituals to rip open gateways to the four elemental planes and draw forth the elemental creatures on the other side. The elementals suddenly found themselves bound to the ziggurat, unable to return home, and were then subsequently slain. This perpetual condition

existed until near the end
of Ssar'targontha
when a
cabal



of Elemental Lords decided to fight back. The invasion from the elemental planes was short-lived, because of the elementals' diverse natures, but it still wrought significant devastation on an empire already reeling from the attacks of other subterranean enemy civilisations. Attacks on the empire's birthing chambers resulted in the destruction of tens of thousands of troglodyte eggs, which had a long lasting effect that rippled through the empire. Coupled with the new dangers of summoning elementals, Ssar'targontha began its inexorable slide into barbarism.

One of Ssar'targontha's greatest enemies was itself. Though a unified empire under the worship of Amon-Pyr, the high priests of each city always sought more personal power and it was not uncommon to have two or more cities in Ssar'targontha at war with one another. This, however, was not enough to destabilize the empire until near its end when civil war over increasingly limited resources finally shattered Ssar'targontha into smaller kingdoms, which each eventually collapsed. The surviving troglodytes became baser, plunging into a degeneracy in which they can now only recall faint legends and myths of their former empire.

FORGOTTEN POWER

The troglodytes worshipped one power now all but forgotten to mortal man.

AMON-PYR

CE troglodyte god of darkness, evil, madness and water

Epithets: The Elder One, Lord of Slime

Symbol: A tentacled whip

Domains: Chaos, Darkness, Evil and Water

Favoured Weapon: Whip

Holy Text: None survive intact, but some acolytes of the ancient ways have managed to collect several fragments of the *Amoninomicon*—a foul text so depraved that possession and knowledge of more than a few pages can drive the possessor mad with terror.

Additional Notes: Amon-Pyr is an ancient demonic power worshipped by troglodytes since the earliest days of the race's long-fallen empire. A tentacled demon that crawled from the unknown depths of the frigid, slime-coated waters of the Sea of Perpetual Misery, Amon-Pyr is a terrible figure from the world's pre-history. Only a few isolated troglodyte clans yet cling to his worship. Guarding fragments of ancient knowledge, these groups yet perform rituals the meaning and significance of which they have long since forgotten.

CAVES & CAVERNS: STRANDS OF TERROR (EL 13; XP 25,600)

In this encounter, the PCs stumble into the lair of Deravnix a gigantic, elder roper. This old and canny hunter has established himself in a cavern featuring a wide, deep chasm and waits for prey to come to him. Although evil and depraved, he enjoys speaking with those that have fallen into his grip. Read:

The floor of this large cavern is rent by a wide chasm – roughly 40 ft. across. Rubble litters the floor and several stands of stalagmites grow up from the floor. Across the chasm, a single passageway leads away into darkness.

Few creatures reach this cavern and leave again.

TACTICS

Deravnix lurks in the darkness on his side of the chasm pretending to be a stalagmite and waits for explorers to cross. When an explorer starts to do so Deravnix attacks with his strands, focusing on a single target. Every time he strikes a foe, he uses his pull ability to drag them closer to (or into) the chasm. He ignores a target falling into the chasm, focusing on active threats. He plans to trap a few explorers in the chasm (where he can dine on them later at his leisure) and force the others to flee.

Deravnix does not pursue fleeing explorers contenting himself to dine on those falling into the chasm.

AREA FEATURES

The area has several features of note:

Illumination: Darkness.

Ceiling: The ceiling is 30 ft. high.

Chasm: The floor suddenly drops away into darkness.

The chasm is 80 ft. deep and 40 ft. wide. Characters can scale the chasm's walls with a DC 15 Climb check.

A character falling into the chasm can make a DC 20 Reflex save to grab onto something to stop their fall before they plummet into the chasm proper. A character failing the save suffers 1d6 damage per 10 ft. fallen (to a maximum of 8d6 damage) and lands prone. See "Falling into the Chasm" for more information.

Rubble (Light): Small rocks are strewn across the ground.

Light rubble increases the DC of Acrobatics checks by 2.

Rubble (Dense): Rocks of all sizes cover the ground.

It costs 2 squares of movement, to enter a square containing dense rubble. The DC of Acrobatics checks increases by 5 in such areas and the DC of Stealth checks increases by 2.

Slender Stalagmites: Thin stalagmites, slick with water dripping down from above, grow from the floor.

A character standing in the same square as a slender stalagmite (hardness 8, hp 150, DC 20 Break) gains partial cover (+2 to AC, +1 on Reflex saves).

Skeletal Remains: The chasm floor is littered with the remains of Deravnix's previous victims. These count as dense rubble (it costs 2 square of movement to enter a square containing skeletal remains). Hidden and scattered among the skeletons are a few objects of interest. Searching PCs can find each with the listed Perception check.

- Many rusted and pitted weapons, scraps of backpacks, clothing and so on.
- **Masterwork Full Plate (DC 5):** This finely-crafted suit of full plate armour is battered and scratched but functions normally. A DC 10 Craft (armour) or Profession (armourer) identifies the armour as duergar-craft.

DERAVNIX, ELDER ROPER

CR 13 (XP 25,600)

A huge eye and toothy maw dominate the "front" of this conical-shaped creature. Long strands of fibrous material writhe about the creature's body.

Giant roper

CE Huge aberration

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +24, Sense Motive +3

Speed 10 ft.

AC 0; **Acrobatics** +0 (-8 jumping), **Climb** +29, **Stealth** +13 (+21 in stony or icy areas)

AC 28, touch 8, flat-footed 28; **CMD** 35 (can't be tripped) (-2 size, +20 natural)

Immune electricity; **Resist** cold 10; **Weakness** vulnerability to fire

Fort +15, **Ref** +4, **Will** +13; **SR** 27

hp 186 (12 HD)

Space 15 ft.; **Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +25

Melee bite (reach 15 ft.) +21 (4d10+21/19-20)

Ranged Touch 6 strands (range 50 ft.) +8 (1d8 Strength [DC 27 Fortitude negates])

Atk Options strands (pull; 5 ft.)

Strands (Ex) A roper can extend up to six thin, sticky strands from its body at a time, launching them to a maximum range of 50 ft. These strands (AC 20) are quite strong, but can be severed by any amount of slashing damage. With a successful attack, the roper can make a free combat manoeuvre check to pull a Large or smaller target closer. Creatures pulled in this way do not provoke attacks of opportunity and stop if the pull would move them into a solid object or creature.

Abilities Str 38, Dex 11, Con 33, Int 13, Wis 16, Cha 12

Feats Improved critical (bite), Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Skill Focus (Perception, Stealth), Weapon Focus (strand)

Skills as above plus Knowledge (dungeoneering) +16, Knowledge (religion) +13

Languages Aklo, Undercommon

- **Lesser Metamagic Rod of Empower Spell (DC 20):** strong; no school; DC 32 Spellcraft identifies; this long, tapered iron rod is decorated with many arcane symbols. A DC 20 Knowledge (arcana) check identifies these as dealing with strength and power.
- **Ring of Counterspells (DC 25):** moderate [DC 19 Knowledge {arcana} evocation]; DC 26 Spellcraft identifies; this golden band is plain, and worn. It is obviously old and has been badly scratched.
- **Silver Raven Figurine of Wondrous Power (DC 30):** moderate [DC 21 Knowledge {arcana} evocation]; DC 21 Spellcraft identifies; this small, incredibly detailed figurine is only an inch high.
- **Mixed Coinage:** 34 pp, 137 gp, 489 sp.

Cavern Map: Using the blood and gore of those he has slain as his paint, Deravnix has daubed a highly detailed map of the surrounding area on the lower portion of the chasm walls. Whenever possible, Deravnix avoids climbing through the area and flies into a fury if anyone else climbs through the area.

Depending on the GM's machinations, PCs studying the map may be able to gain some insights into the surrounding terrain or even locate various locales.

FALLING INTO THE CHASM

A character falling into the chasm suffers 8d6 falling damage and lands prone. If the character has suffered Strength damage it is possible that he will be unable to climb out. Such characters are trapped and at Deravnix's mercy unless their comrades come to their aid. Remember, however that Deravnix has a high Climb skill (+29) that he can easily reach the chasm floor. His slow, remorseless advance has driven many trapped explorers mad with fear.

Deravnix doesn't normally immediately eat caught prey; he enjoys conversing with those he has captured – in this way he keeps up to date with events of import in the surrounding area.

To roleplay these discussions, refer to the notes under "Deravnix" for details of his personality and interests. Initially, Deravnix begins as indifferent toward his captives.

Every day a PC remains trapped, Deravnix may become bored of their conversation and eat them. A PC can attempt to keep Deravnix interested by making a Diplomacy, Knowledge (religion) or Knowledge (dungeoneering) check:

- **DC 20 (+1 per previous check):** The PC's conversation pleases Deravnix and he does not attack.
- **DC 15 (+1 per previous check):** The PC's conversation angers Deravnix and he attacks (but not to kill) and damages the PC's Strength. Once he has rendered his captive practically unable to move, he retreats.

- **DC 10 (+1 per previous check):** The PC's conversation becomes boring and Deravnix grows hungry. The PCs must immediately make another check. If the PC fails, Deravnix attacks intending to consume his prey.

DERAVNIX

A cunning ambush-hunter and elder evil of the depths, Deravnix has lived in this chamber for decades. Now, he rarely leaves his cavern-lair, preferring to wait for prey to stumble into his clutches.

Background: Deravnix is an elder roper. In his youth, he wandered extensively feeding on whatever he encountered. During one of his rambles he discovered access tunnels leading to a deep dwarven mine and enjoyed for the first time their tasty flesh. However, after a disastrous encounter with a powerful dwarven cleric during which he almost died he retreated into the deep tunnels of the Ebon Realm and sought out a defensible lair.

Personality: Evil and wholly self-centred, Deravnix is intelligent and certain of his own superiority over any entering his realm. He is brave to a fault – having never been defeated – and confident in his own success.

He is interested in many things but has a particular fascination with evil cults and their practices and the layout of the caverns and passageways radiating outwards from his own lair. This interests him so much that he has daubed a hugely convoluted and detailed map on the walls of the chasm depicting caves in the surrounding areas for many miles. See "Cavern Map" for more details.

Mannerism: Deravnix delights in his prey's suffering and often chuckles as they squirm and particularly enjoys them begging for their freedom and life.

Distinguishing Features: Deravnix has fought many battles and has many scars. The most notable of these is a black mass of scar tissue on the rear part of his body caused by a *flame strike* that almost slew him. Large jagged teeth fill his huge maw; several are broken.

Hooks: Deravnix enjoys speaking with interesting and engaging prey, but is careful not to allow them to regain their strength enough to flee. He also doesn't feed his captives. Eventually they would starve to death, but Deravnix typically enjoys consuming them while they yet live so they can experience the terror of their impending death.

SCALING THE ENCOUNTER

To modify this encounter, apply the following changes:

EL 12 (XP 19,200): Apply the young creature template to Deravnix (+2 on all Dex-based rolls, -2 on all other rolls; hp 162).

EL 14 (XP 38,400): Apply the advanced creature template to Deravnix (+2 on all dice rolls [including damage]; strands DC 29; AC 32, touch 12, flat-footed 32; CMD 39; hp 210).

DWARVEN TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the dwarven hold. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

D%	
1	A set of massive stone and iron gates rear above the street, guarded by squads of armed dwarves.
2	A long string of mining carts trundle by, wheels squeaking, heavily laden with ore.
3	A trio of dwarves saunter passed, pickaxes and shovels slung over their shoulders.
4	Coarse laughter comes from a nearby tavern, which is crowded with rowdy dwarves.
5	A statue of the hold's mayor looms over nearby buildings from its position in the central square.
6	A series of cavernous openings lead into deeper tunnels beneath the hold.
7	Huge, ornate murals detailing the hold's history cover the rock wall.
8	Heat blazes from the open mouth of an active forge opening onto the street.
9	Thick, oily smoke roils out of half-a-dozen chimneystacks, filling the air with a gloomy haze.
10	Herds of pack goats clop by, guided by a lone dwarf wielding a leather whip.
11	Molten lava oozes through a stone channel cutting down the middle of the hold.
12	The hold's enormous stone walls block out any sight of the area surrounding the settlement.
13	A heavily armed and armoured dwarven patrol tromps around the corner, alert for trouble.
14	A scattering of smashed tankards litter the street, suggesting a recent brawl.
15	A blonde, effeminate elf stands arguing with a surly dwarf who keeps making rude gestures.
16	A dwarf strolls past with what has to be the most elaborately braided beard in the whole hold.
17	A gaggle of dwarven children scamper past, swinging wooden swords.
18	Dwarves cluster around a set of maps, muttering as they point out various landmarks and notes.
19	A dwarven bard passes by, strumming on a lyre as he hums to himself.
20	Huge rats scurry through the area, glancing at the party with beady red eyes.
21	A spider as big as a dwarf's head clings to the rocky ceiling, poised to drop onto its prey.
22	A pile of rubble indicates a recent cave-in where a tunnel used to be. A team of miners are preparing to remove the obstruction.
23	Faint splashing echoes around, hinting at an underground waterfall in the vicinity.
24	A massive warhammer leans against a wall, looking well worn despite fresh polishing.

25	A female dwarf stumps by, scowling and wearing an iron helm fashioned like ram horns.
26	A series of rotting orc heads are stuck on spikes outside the hold.
27	A dwarf hefts a sack that looks to be bulging with precious gems of all kind.
28	The passing cart is stacked high with ingots of silver and gold, stamped with the hold's official seal.
29	The odd-looking pony pulling a nearby wagon is actually a mechanical construct.
30	A group of dwarves use hammer and chisels to engrave a series of runes on a wall.
31	Everyone on the street stills as a distant explosion shakes the area.
32	Rough dwarven voices and laughter fill the air, giving the neighbourhood a cheery feel.
33	Battered and dented dwarven shields are lined up against a wall like a memorial.
34	The shimmering liquid spraying from the hold's central fountain appears to be molten silver.
35	A stout dwarf eyes the area, burly arms crossed to show off the golden bracers he wears.
36	Stacks of boxes have been carefully cordoned off, with numerous warning signs posted about.
37	The smell of burning and ash tickles fill the area, but it's hard to say where it's coming from.
38	An oversized oven roars with flames as a dwarf shovels fresh coals inside.
39	Several female dwarves chat as they carry barrels of food down the street.
40	A pack of dwarven children run around, laughing as they play a game of "orcs and elves."
41	Five dwarven warriors escort a massive, green-skinned orc in chains.
42	A dwarf with grey skin and black eyes peers out from the window of a jail cell.
43	A tall human hunches and hurries along, trying not to bump his head in the tight, low tunnels.
44	This row of craggy buildings look like they're carved straight from the mountain itself.
45	The crowded tavern is bustling with dwarves, all of whom seem in high spirits.
46	Sets of gigantic chains bolted to the outer gates connect to a network of gears and cogs.
47	An ancient-looking dwarf totters by, armour almost wholly rusted to scrap.
48	A bleached dragon's skull is mounted above the door, toothy maw gaping in death.
49	Barges coast along the river beside the hold, bringing in large shipments from upstream.
50	Grumbling dwarves haul large crates around, their contents rattling loudly.
51	The sound of crashing hammers and hissing bellows of a forge fills the air.

52	A harsh metallic grinding fills the air as a nearby gate is winched open.
53	The earth rumbles, but everyone goes about their business without apparent concern.
54	The smell of stale ale drifts about, the ground stained by countless spilled drinks.
55	Deep drums pound nearby, accompanied by guttural dwarven chanting.
56	A dwarf strides by, his face and bare arms covered in thick, black tattoos.
57	Screaming death threats at one another, several dwarves clash in the middle of the street.
58	Shoulders slumped, a band of dwarven mercenaries trudge by, blood fresh on their armour.
59	A dozen wagons roll along in a merchant caravan, heading for the market.
60	A dwarf races through the street, hollering something about striking it rich.
61	A mining party sets out for their claim, packs and wagons bulging with gear.
62	The minstrel singing on the street corner doesn't look like she's been tossed a single coin all day.
63	A band of elves keeps getting all sorts of dirty looks from the dwarves around them.
64	A dignified procession fills the street as a group of dwarven nobility stroll past.
65	Dwarves labour to roll ale barrels along the road without knocking anyone over.
66	A dwarven ruffian toys with a crooked knife as he watches the street traffic.
67	The bartender eyes everyone passing his tavern and makes sure drinkers get a good look at the cudgel sitting behind the counter.
68	Not only is this dwarf missing a beard, he also doesn't appear to have any eyebrows.
69	Several dwarven monks shuffle past, hands tucked into their sleeves in meditative poses.
70	What looks like a statue of a grey-skinned, robed man occasionally blinks and nods at passers-by.
71	A dwarven guard sits astride a giant beetle that has been outfitted with a saddle.
72	Servants struggle to bear an obese dwarf noble along on his cushioned travelling chair.
73	This dwarf looks like nothing more than a massive collection of scars from head to toe.
74	A dwarf clomps along in such thick armour, his whole body and face are entirely hidden.
75	A paladin's hands glow with divine light as he places them on another dwarf's head in blessing.
76	A skinny dwarf woman giggles to herself as she pulls intestines out of a dead goat.

77	Two dozen dwarves stand on a giant chess board, acting as living game pieces.
78	Lifelike statues of legendary dwarves line both sides of this street.
79	An old dwarf sits on the corner, regaling a group of children with stories of war heroics.
80	A dwarf sprints past, screaming as flames engulf his thick beard.
81	A shabby dwarf lies in the gutter, drooling, empty tankard clutched to his gut.
82	The local blacksmith sings praises to the god of the forge, in time with his hammering.
83	A spellcaster with a peaked cap and golden robe strides along, staff in hand.
84	A guard squad gazes down over the area from their perch high atop the hold walls.
85	A young dwarf casts furtive glances around as he chisels his name into a wall.
86	A stream of black-robed dwarves stride by, faces heavily lined in mourning.
87	Dwarves yell and place bets as a pair of wrestlers grapple in their midst.
88	A grim-faced dwarf watches the crowd, a bolt cocked in his crossbow.
89	Dwarves grunt and strain as they are led through a series of battle training manoeuvres.
90	Gleaming helmets have been lined up on this ledge, facing passers-by.
91	The stones here look charred, some having even cracked in half due to the heat.
92	Clumps of blue-green glowing mould spot the walls, providing steady illumination.
93	A bonfire has been lit in one of the guard towers stationed along the hold walls.
94	A large metal cage hangs from a chain that can be lowered into a seemingly bottomless pit.
95	A deep gulley cuts down the middle of the hold, with numerous bridges crossing over.
96	At least ten dwarves cluster around a halfling wearing a rather dapper vest.
97	A quartet of short, hooded figures stride down the street, features hidden in shadows.
98	Two dwarves greet one another in the middle of the street with a fierce head butting.
99	A troop of armoured dwarves march off from the main gates, looking ready for battle.
100	A crowd of dwarves have begun a boulder-throwing competition, heaving huge stones across a ravine.

DUERGAR OF THE OBSIDIAN CITADEL

Dwelling deep below a chain of active volcanoes, the Duergar of the Obsidian Citadel perfect the art of crafting instruments of war. These they sell for precious gold, or even better, trade for the innocent lives of others. Sallying forth from their noisome fortress, they use their natural stealth and invisibility to raid the surface world for the things they cannot produce – things of peerless beauty such as fair maidens, epic poetry and talented minstrels.

ECOLOGY & SOCIETY

The duergar dwelling in the sprawling fortress complex of the Obsidian Citadel live in a strict hierarchal structure. Ruled by a hereditary king, the heads of the clans form a small council to assist in governing. Intrigue and corruption are rife among the ruling class as clans jostle for power and influence. Yet, one thing they agree on is that every duergar must contribute to furthering the Obsidian Citadel's needs – creating the fine weapons, armour and other quality items for which it is famed.

To this end, duergar are apprenticed at an early age, taught to pump billows and bend steel with a hammer. When a duergar reaches adulthood, his training is further refined based on one of three competencies he has shown – strength, intelligence or guile. Separated from his fellows, he is taught either the arts of war, magic or stealth. A duergar who shows no skill at the forge brings great shame to his family and clan. He is either killed in an “accident” or exiled from the citadel. Only those with great strength (or rich parents) can redeem their honour by joining an elite force of duergar fighters, The Destroyers, who practice not the art of creation but destruction.

The duergar take great pride in their work, making them haughty and cruel when dealing with outsiders. Dedicated to their craft, they have lost the ability to create other things of beauty such as song, poetry and other forms of expressive, benign art. Yet their black hearts remember those things, craving them as much as their desire to forge instruments of war. To fulfil this need, they sneak into the surface world, using their

scouts and infiltrators to find beauty (whether objects or people) and steal them away to their lightless halls. Stealth and invisibility are their allies and few people outside the citadel suspect the duergar. What the duergar cannot steal, they trade for; flesh is even more valuable than gold to them.

Appearance: Physically, the duergar of the Obsidian Citadel appear much the same as others of their kind. However, a male's beard grows long and wispy and the females sport stringy, dark hair. Their armour is stained black and the stench of volcanic gases clings to them.

Male Names: Berg, Fiak, Hvitr, Kiljan, Povi, Ragn, Teis, Vafri.

Female Names: Daga, Impi, Malaat, Olu, Saaga, Ylva, Zylla.

Clan Names: Darkhelm, Kilaxe, Nightstar, Shattershield.

Religion: The folk of the Obsidian Citadel have little love for the gods, believing that the gods drove them deep into the earth because of their jealousy of the duergar's smithing skills. When a duergar finds religion it is usually through a dark power that offers them rewards, riches and dominion over their kin.

LAIRS

The majority of the duergar live in the vast cavernous halls of the Obsidian Citadel, named from the stone from which it is hewn. Laid out in a grid pattern, the king's palace sits at the centre. Tunnels of hot magma nearby, coupled with the heat from the numerous forges, causes the air to be oppressive and stiflingly hot. Numerous, well-patrolled tunnels lead deeper into the Ebon Realm. Other tunnels run to the surface, ending at cave entrances along the charred peaks of the volcanoes. It is these caves that the duergar use to trade with outsiders. Usually, a small forge sits in the cave so the duergar can work his craft when not dealing with, or stealing from, customers.

IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

Duergar of the Obsidian Citadel's design enables a GM to easily insert the featured tribe into a home campaign. The duergar can provide a source of magic weapons and armour to intrepid adventurers willing to risk dealing with them.

A group of duergar marauders laden with the latest spoils of their surface raids – objects and folk of great beauty – accidentally could run across a group of PCs.

Alternatively, those who have sold loved ones to the duergars often later have regrets and would willingly pay a group of adventurers to infiltrate the Obsidian Citadel to rescue those they hold most dear.

TRIBAL LORE

A character making a Knowledge (local) check may know some information about the tribe. A successful check reveals all information gained by a lesser check.

DC 12: The black armour identifies this stocky, gray-skinned humanoid as a Duergar of the Obsidian Citadel.

DC 17: The Duergar of the Obsidian Citadel are known for their fabulous weapons, armour and other items. However, some of those objects carry potent curses.

DC 22: The Obsidian Citadel secretly sends out raids against the surface world. The duergar hunt for people and objects of peerless beauty to brighten their barren halls.

COMBAT & TACTICS

The training the duergar receive at the Obsidian Citadel focuses on an individual's natural talents and innate magical abilities. Thus the strong become fighters, the nimble serve as scouts and the shrewd train to be wizards. Coupled with their ability to grow in size and turn invisible, the duergar have developed unique and deadly tactics.

Within the environs of the Obsidian Citadel, duergar warriors led by a captain make regular patrols, sweeping the numerous passageways leading in and out of the fortress. A typical hallway leading into the Obsidian Citadel is 20 ft. wide and 10 ft. high (to allow the duergar to make full use of their *enlarge person* ability). This way, two patrol members can hold the passageway while the others turn invisible to slip behind intruders from a connecting hallway. If given enough room, the enlarged duergar fan out about 5 ft. apart so they can use their reach while their allies shoot crossbows at enemies that get between them.

Additional, duergar bands patrol day and night in a ten-mile radius on the surface, relying on their Survival skill to navigate the harsh landscape. Patrols above ground make extensive use of scouts who range ahead to warn of dangerous monsters and possible intruders. Because of the number of travellers coming to do business, the duergar offer to provide an armed escort through their land (for a hefty price, of course). Troublemakers are dealt with quickly and decisively.

In battle, half the warriors enlarge themselves and hem their enemies together while the scouts and other warriors turn invisible to surround or flank their foe, targeting lightly armoured and spellcasters first. The captain of the patrol typically charges his silver steed into clusters of the enemy.

The duergars' desire to possess objects of beauty drives them to frequently raid the surface world. Such groups consist of mostly scouts with one or two infiltrators, a wizard and a small contingent of warriors lead by a captain. The latter are mostly for protection and the guarding of slaves once they are acquired. The raiding party travels by night, using the duergar affinity for stealth to move through the surface lands undetected. Scouts slip into settlements to select potential targets like art objects, beautiful men or women, skilled artists and so on. Once a target has been selected, a Obsidian Infiltrator sneaks in to steal the item or victim. The infiltrator has 24 hours to make it back to his allies hiding outside the settlement before they give him up as lost and move on. If a duergar is caught in a town or city, it can be assumed a raiding party is nearby. Under no circumstances do raiding parties attempt to rescue captured allies. If discovered and attacked, the warriors, scouts and captain give their lives so that the wizard and infiltrators can escape. The life of an average duergar warrior is cheap compared to the training required to become a wizard or infiltrator.



ELVEN TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the elven town. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

D%	
1	The morning mist seems to cling to the trees, refusing to burn off even as the day brightens.
2	A group of elven hunters slip into the woods, making no noise as they navigate the underbrush.
3	Elven children perched in the tree branches, silently watch the party pass by below.
4	Clad in leafy garments, elven children prance around the town's central clearing.
5	An artist weaves numerous trimmed branches together to form a basket.
6	Beneath the moonlight, elves form a dancing circle to worship one of their gods.
7	Ethereal singing floats on the breeze, though the musicians are nowhere in sight.
8	An elven druid strolls through town, a friendly bear lumbering beside her.
9	A PC gets the distinct feeling a grove of trees is moving whenever he is not looking.
10	A peaceful river gurgles and ripples as it winds along just outside of the town border.
11	A band of elves light torches, preparing to burn a rotting tree from the forest border.
12	Several elven elders impassively watch the party as they go about their business.
13	As night falls, softly glowing lights wink into being in the darkness beyond the town limits.
14	A stately elf wearing a crown of thorny twigs gives the party a condescending look.
15	Peering up into the leafy canopy, the PCs spot platforms and homes built among the branches.
16	A dozen archers stand loosing arrows at targets across a field.
17	Two elves faces off, testing each other's guard with slim duelling rapiers.
18	A half-elf, obviously an outsider, looks uncomfortable as she walks through town.
19	A red-bearded dwarf trails after an elf, clumsily attempting to flirt with her.
20	An elven youth chuckles as he juggles at least ten stones without fumbling a single one.
21	Enchanting birdsong trills overhead, and birds flutter through the trees.
22	The pattering rainfall hasn't let up for a minute over the past few days.
23	Elves in grey shrouds form a sombre funerary procession along the town's main street.
24	Numerous traps and snares are set in the woods around the town—rather obviously so.

25	A band of hunters return from several days in the forest with much fresh venison.
26	A town resident uses a stick to idly write elvish sayings in the dirt.
27	A slim blacksmith hefts a work hammer that stands almost as tall as him.
28	A supremely sweet smell drifts over from the town's winepress.
29	A drunk elf staggers down the road, swaying like a willow in a breeze.
30	A shabby elf squats in an alley, wearing nothing more than ragged sackcloth.
31	A blind elf uses a wooden staff to tap his way through the crowd.
32	A song of adulation emanating from a nearby home shifts into a mourning tone.
33	As if by a secret signal, every elf in town suddenly falls into unified silence.
34	The subtle grinding of blades being sharpened reaches the party's ears.
35	A dwarf wanders by, openly sneering at elven craftsmanship on display.
36	A muscular elf stomps past, muttering death threats under his breath to no one in particular.
37	This ornate statue appears to be constructed entirely out of animal bones.
38	A large network of knotted vines has been strung over most of the town.
39	Rows of well-tended gardens sit outside almost every home in town.
40	A line of fat fish has been hung up on hooks to dry in the sun.
41	Dozens of oiled furs hang in a shop window.
42	Swatches of leather are stretched on wooden racks, slowly curing.
43	An elf that has fine white hairs covering every inch of exposed skin seemingly glides down the street.
44	Many of the villagers are wearing bear claw necklaces and black fur hides.
45	An elf warrior—missing an ear, with a rather savage scar where it used to be—strides passed the party.
46	A bunch of human lumberjacks loiter at the local inn, oblivious to the scowls aimed their way.
47	What look like earthen mounds are revealed to be underground houses, on second glance.
48	A wooden spout has been jammed into this tree, and drips golden sap.
49	A trio of brooks twine together in this spot to form an odd shape that can't be natural.
50	These boulders have been marked with white and red chalk streaks.
51	Dozens of game paths wind out of sight into the brush, trampled with animal tracks.

52	Out of the whole forest, this one tree stands wholly bare...not a leaf on a twig.
53	A charred shunt of wood is all that's left of this tree, after lightning struck.
54	Several large mushroom rings have grown from the soft earth here.
55	A stink of mildew floats about, heightened after the recent rain.
56	This toppled tree has a flight of stone stairs under where the roots once burrowed deeply.
57	A PC thought it was the wind, but now he's sure those are voices whispering just beyond comprehension. No one else hears the voices.
58	A curious rustling comes from the bushes off to one side.
59	The party discover themselves in a thick grove somehow hidden in the middle of town.
60	The trees on this side of town all appear to be fruit-bearing.
61	Numerous wooden and stone animal dens have been constructed around town.
62	A majestic centaur stands at the town's border, watching the residents with blatant curiosity.
63	A dryad slips out from her tree trunk and dashes off into the deeper woods.
64	The town's leader stalks past, wearing a headdress formed of deer antlers.
65	Elven children wear feathered garments, flapping their arms and making bird calls as they play.
66	Flagons of fine elven wine are set out for sampling and sale at this open-air market.
67	Harvesters haul baskets of berries into town, their fingers and lips stained with dark juices.
68	Dozens of paper lanterns have been hung up in the trees.
69	A spring bubbles up on the outskirts of town, providing fresh water for everyone.
70	Elves are clipping away at the thick, thorny bushes growing around the town.
71	A terrible stench emanates from the town alchemist's shop.
72	A priest marks a newborn elf with sap from the town's holy tree.
73	Green garlands are strung up between all the town buildings and walls.
74	Bright crimson ribbons are tied around every tree trunk in sight.
75	A human stands stripped to the waist and locked in stocks in the centre of town.
76	An elf walks by wearing a pair of wooden shackles around her slim wrists.
77	Hundreds of birds flock overhead, settling into

	the branches all about.
78	An enormous harvest moon hangs above the trees like a god's golden eye.
79	The evening starlight is unnaturally dazzling, bathing the town in a white glow.
80	The air is abuzz with swarms of winged insects that keep flitting about the party's heads.
81	A pack of wild cats prowl through the town, though nobody appears alarmed.
82	An arrow zips past a PC's ear and embeds itself in a tree trunk just a few paces away.
83	A group of elves stand in a sunny clearing, arms raised as they bask in the warm light.
84	Many townsfolk have gathered for a communal meal in the town centre. They invite the PCs to join the feast.
85	The sharp scent of spiced meat being roasted teases the party's noses.
86	A newly betrothed elven couple have eyes only for one another as they stroll through town.
87	Everyone is going about with dozens of wildflowers in their hair.
88	An elf's vibrant cape is made up of hundreds of leaves sewn together.
89	Clad in silvery armour, an elven warrior strides around town, looking troubled.
90	Elves laugh and play as they bathe in the nearby snow-fed lake.
91	A lone stone cairn has been constructed just outside of the town.
92	All the building roofs look to be covered in layers of mud and moss.
93	A bucket splashes down into the depths of the town's main well.
94	A mirror-calm pond sits in the exact middle of town, with homes built around its edge.
95	The wood used to build these houses appears to still be growing.
96	The streets of this town are demarked on either side by rows of colourful wildflowers.
97	No matter where the party goes, countless squirrels follow, chattering incessantly.
98	A shop window is crowded with intricate woodcarvings.
99	Hooves pound in the distance, as if something has caused a herd of deer to stampede.
100	The inhuman face carved into this massive tree animates and begins talking to the party.

HENCHFOLK & HIRELINGS: HIRING HENCHFOLK

Henchfolk are an adventuring hero's most trusted and useful servants. Able to stand with their master in battle, provide spellcasting support or simply stay at home and guard their master's chattels, henchmen are a good addition to any adventuring party.

Almost any adventuring hero can attract henchfolk. Once a PC has attained 3rd-level he can attempt to attract henchfolk. The overall number of henchmen a PC can have is a function of his Charisma and level. Every PC can have a number of henchfolk equal to $3 + 1/2$ the PC's level + the PC's Charisma modifier. If a henchman dies or leaves the PC, he can be replaced using the method detailed below.

ATTRACTING HENCHFOLK

There may be many prospective henchfolk in a given community, but if the PC does nothing to attract them he will never employ them.

The locale in which the PC decides to attract henchmen is a crucial factor in determining the final number of prospective applicants. No matter how diligent the PC is at seeking out a follower, such individuals do not come in an inexhaustible supply. The settlement's size and location determine the maximum number of applicants. (Of course, the GM can modify these figures if he deems it necessary or desirable).

COMMUNITY SIZE	BASE NUMBER ATTRACTED	MAXIMUM ATTRACTED
Thorp	0	0
Hamlet	0	0
Village	0	1
Small town	1	2
Large town	2	5
Small city	3	12
Large city	6	25
Metropolis	10	50

Additionally, a community's location affects how many suitable individuals may be attracted. A community on a borderland or other contested area is treated as if it were one size larger (so, for example, a small town would count as a large town) in terms of how many potential henchmen live within. Similar if a community is very stable and does not have significant external threats to contend with, it counts as one size smaller (so a small town would only have as many potential recruits as a village).

Once the PC has determined where he will search for recruits, he must decide which methods to use. A PC can use any or all of the methods outlined below, but each activity can only be undertaken once a month. If the PC elects to use multiple

methods at the same time, but this inevitably results in some wasted, duplicated effort.

METHOD ¹	COST	APPLICANTS ATTRACTED ^{3,4}
Posting public notices	50 gp	1d4
Hiring a crier	10 gp	1d2
Hiring agents	300 gp	2d3
Frequenting inns, taverns and so on ²	var.	var.

1: Reduce the overall number of applicants attracted by 1 for each additional method used beyond the first, as duplication of effort inevitably results.

2: Buying drinks for prospective henchfolk, bribing barkeeps and servers to mention the employment opportunity to likely applicants and so on. For each 10 gp spent (50 gp maximum), the PC attracts 1d2 applicants.

3: Add the base number available in the settlement.

4: Add the PC's level to simulate his renown.

Post Public Notices: The PC posts public notices in taverns, inns and in other public places such as market squares and so on.

Hiring a Crier: The PC hires a town crier, or other individual such as a wandering bard, to spread the word of his need for henchmen.

Hiring Agents: The PC hires agents dedicated to finding suitable candidates. Such individuals have contacts in the local community and, although expensive, this guarantees results. A PC employing this method can reroll one result during the Determine Applicants phase.

Frequenting Inns, Taverns and so on: The PC frequents locations where prospective henchmen can be found – taverns, inns and so on. Such activity is time consuming and the PC can

EXAMPLE

Morgan Ironwolf (a 4th-level fighter) decides she needs to attract some henchfolk. She travels to the nearest large town (base number attracted 2) and posts public notices (cost 50 gp, attracts 1d4 henchmen) and hires a crier (cost 10 gp, attracts 1d2 henchmen) to spread the word.

The public notices attract three prospective henchmen while the crier brings in one more. Thus, Morgan attracts ten potential recruits (4+2+3+1). Unfortunately, because she used two methods to attract recruits this result reduces by one for a total of nine potential recruits and a total outlay of 60 gp. Sadly, as she is in a large town this total is reduced to five applicants.

carry out no other activity while recruiting henchfolk.

INTERVIEWING HENCHFOLK

The PC must interview each prospective henchman to determine if the henchman will serve him (and indeed if the PC wants the henchman in question).

It is considered poor manners to enspell a prospective henchfolk in any way. (This includes divinations such as *detect evil*, *detect thoughts* and so on.) Searching or restraining the applicant in any way results in the applicant leaving at the earliest opportunity.

At the start of the interview, treat the prospective henchfolk as indifferent. (Although, the applicant is interested in serving as a henchman, he is also wary of serving under someone he does not yet like or respect.) Roleplay the meeting using the notes presented with each sample henchman. To make the henchman amenable to enter service, the PC must make him friendly (requiring a DC 15 + henchman Cha modifier Diplomacy check). Apply the following modifiers to the check:

SITUATION	MODIFIER
PC is of an atypical race	-1
PC is same alignment	+1
PC is renown in local area	+2
PC is different alignment (one step)	-1
PC is different alignment (two step)	Will not serve
PC is of same religion	+2
PC offers signing bonus (per 200 gp value)	+1
PC uses magic on the henchman	-4

If the PC fails to render the prospective henchfolk friendly or better, the applicant decides that he doesn't want to serve the PC and leaves. If the PC succeeds, the henchman enters service and the PC must immediately start paying wages and cost of living expenses for the henchman.

UPKEEP & PAY

Once a henchman has accepted employment, the PC must provide wages and upkeep. Additionally, as a henchman accompanies his master on adventures, he gains XP. (See

DESIGNING HENCHFOLK

The sample henchfolk presented in the following section are all 1st-level. Each entry lists basic sex, race and class information along with notes describing the individual's background, personality, mannerisms and distinguishing features. Use these baseline notes to design the henchfolk as a normal NPC, setting their level to two below that of their master. The henchman has equipment worth the normal amount for a heroic NPC of the appropriate level.

"Advancing Henchfolk" for more information).

Upkeep: A henchfolk accepts upkeep up to one level lower than its master's. (Cost of Living, *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook*, chapter 12). Additionally, if an adventure requires access to certain equipment (either magical or mundane), the henchfolk's employer must provide that equipment free of charge.

Pay: All henchfolk draw a monthly wage from their employer equal to 100 gp per level of the henchfolk. Henchfolk accept permanent magical items in lieu of payment as long as the item(s) in question is useful and relevant to the henchfolk's duties and abilities. Every month a henchfolk goes without pay, his attitude toward is master drops by one step. When a henchfolk becomes unfriendly, he leaves his master unless he is immediately paid double the outstanding debt.

ADVENTURING WITH HENCHFOLK

A henchman accompanies his master on adventures, sharing the risk and reward. While loyal to his master, a henchman is not suicidal and does not sacrifice his life so that his master may live, or expend significant personal resources at his master's request. A henchfolk repeatedly abandoned, abused or cheated leaves his master.

A henchman is also not the party's general servant; he will not fetch and carry for other party members unless ordered to do so by his liege. As with all such interactions in a role-playing game, the GM has the final say on what a henchman will or will not do in any given circumstance.

DISMISSING HENCHFOLK

Through in-game developments or because of other considerations, a player may decide to dismiss a henchman. Roleplay such an event taking into account how the PCs handles the situation. If the henchman and PC part on bad terms, the henchman could rubbish the PC's reputation or even ally himself with the PCs' enemies.

ADVANCING HENCHFOLK

As henchmen adventure, they gain experience and rise in level. To determine how many XP a henchman gains from an adventure, divide its level by its master's level and then multiply this result by the amount of XP gained by the PC. Add the result to the henchfolk's XP total. If a henchfolk is adventuring without his master, he gains XP as normal.

When the henchman accumulates enough XP to gain a level, advance him as a normal NPC.

Henchfolk must always be a lower level than his master. If a henchman ever equals or exceeds his master's level he leaves to seek out his own adventures.

I LOOT THE BODY: TRINKETS

Folk often have small, seemingly odd, items in their possession. Use this table, to generate the details of such trinkets.

D%	
1	A wood carving of an owl, so lifelike the eyes might blink at any moment.
2	A dried-up snakeskin wrapped into a tight coil.
3	A rose stem with the thorns still on, but all the petals plucked.
4	A wadded up scrap of leather that looked like it once had writing on it.
5	A shard of glass that changes colour depending on how it is held up to the light.
6	An odd stone that seems attracted to most metal it nears.
7	A strap of silk with the words "Put it Back" inked on it.
8	A rabbit's foot, dyed purple.
9	A shard of porcelain decorated with tiny painted flowers.
10	A bunch of needles stuck through a doll made of stuffed sackcloth.
11	A whole eggshell with the egg inside somehow drained.
12	A white stone with several black lines scored across it.
13	A miniature house formed of fired clay painted outlandish colours.
14	Six small feathers tied together with twine.
15	A vial of ash.
16	A battered tin cup.
17	A horseshoe so rusty it could be snapped in half with a good tug.
18	A sheet of paper, blank except for a dot in the middle and the words "You are here."
19	A dirty mirror so small it fits into a pocket.
20	An empty glass orb so fragile, the slightest pressure should crush it.
21	A length of string that looks to have been snapped in half and re-tied multiple times.
22	One half of a wooden puzzle block.
23	A steel doorknob, with the end snapped off jaggedly.
24	A tarnished silver bell lacking a clapper. The worn initial H.P.L are barely visible on its lip.
25	A pair of bird wings, sewn together so they flap if held while the wearer runs.
26	This appears to be someone's disembodied moustache.
27	A chunk of obsidian shaped into a cow's head.
28	A piece of pink ribbon tied into a little bow.
29	A thimble that's been hammered flat.
30	A coin that appears to have been bitten by impossibly sharp teeth.

31	A weighted coin that, when flipped, always lands on its edge.
32	A tankard that turns anything poured inside into raw sewage.
33	A massive shark's tooth.
34	A clay panel with someone's handprint pressed into it.
35	A flier to a house of ill-repute.
36	A preserved pair of ears that look to be torn off a goblin.
37	A vial with a live spider scabbling within.
38	A brass listening horn that makes the person using it go deaf while it's in their ear.
39	A lady's painted fan, but the painting changes every time it's opened and closed.
40	A bag of mints.
41	A pouch that feels and sounds heavy with coin but, when opened, is wholly empty. Investigation reveals five platinum coins woven into its lining.
42	A few pages of horribly written poetry.
43	The figurine of a soldier, complete with metal armour.
44	A hammer that bends every nail it strikes.
45	A scrawled bill from a shady fortune teller.
46	A pair of wedding bands.
47	A shrunken head.
48	A child's crude sketch of their family.
49	A plumb bob that points toward the sky.
50	A spyglass that only shows the viewer's own eye peering back.
51	A block of wood that has been rubbed so many times it has a thumb groove worn into it.
52	Spectacles that turn the wearer's eyes bright red.
53	A fist-sized stone with a miniature sword stabbed deep into it.
54	A length of black cloth with eyeholes cut in it.
55	A sack of glass marbles, with what looks like a starburst frozen inside each.
56	An octopus tentacle.
57	A brass doorknocker shaped like a grumpy old man's face.
58	An hourglass without any sand inside.
59	A vampire fang capped with gold.
60	A map of a city labelled "The Middle of Nowhere."
61	A seashell that when held to the ear emits sounds like the howling wind.
62	A heavy metal ball that only rolls uphill.
63	A handful of fine gold dust wrapped up in a parchment sealed with red wax.
64	A metal figurine moulded in the shape of a horned demon.
65	A scrap of paper that words literally slide off of, no matter what they are written with.

66	Two shining silver balls that chime when clicked together.
67	A random scattering of gears and rivets.
68	An unused coal.
69	A small jar of odd-smelling wax.
70	A silver rod that makes no noise when it strikes anything.
71	A clump of blonde hair tied with fine string.
72	A clay ball with something rattling inside when shaken.
73	A slab of honeycomb.
74	A tongue that, when held, waggles and tries to lick the person holding it.
75	A handkerchief with the initials "O.P." stitched on one corner.
76	A puff of steam that refuses to dissipate.
77	A small metal bar etched with the word: "Help."
78	A paintbrush so clumped with paint, it's useless.
79	A bone stylus tipped with a long claw.
80	A clay whistle that makes no noise, no matter how hard it is blown.
81	A pair of shoes so small, they must be for a baby. They look like they've never been worn.
82	A twig around which is wrapped a length of thick twine.
83	A single acorn. Except one that's formed of pyrite.
84	A pair of leather reins, like those used for driving horses.

85	A stone that glows during the day and turns dark at night.
86	An invitation to a party going on that evening.
87	An envelope with a print of rosy lips painted on the flap.
88	A book smaller than a thumbnail. When a character flips through the book, the words on each page echo in his mind.
89	A box that, when opened, reveals a yellow lizard, which skitters for freedom.
90	A stinking woollen sock covered in patches.
91	A thumb carved out of stone.
92	A thin length of metal bent into the shape of a question mark.
93	A fish skeleton, tied together with thin wires.
94	A metal comb missing all its tines.
95	A half-burnt candle, with wicks sticking out at both ends.
96	This soggy mass appears to be a collection of mossy clumps.
97	The brim of a top hat, missing the actual hat portion.
98	A little skull carved out of jade.
99	A small jar full of fireflies, most of which appear to be dead.
100	A fist-sized lump of stone with flecks of gold embedded in the rock.



LOGGING TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the logging town. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

D%	
1	The crackling of branches precedes the crash of a tree falling in the distance.
2	Sparks fly from a stone wheel as a blacksmith grinds numerous axe heads to honed edges.
3	A group of lumberjacks chant a chopping song as they head out of town, axes slung over their shoulders.
4	Sawdust trickles out of a tarp-covered cart as it makes its way along the street.
5	The rhythmic burr of a saw steadily carving away at a log rises above the general street sounds.
6	Wood clatters as workers toss slats onto a growing pile of lumber.
7	Splotches of sap stick to the bottom of nearly everyone's shoes.
8	The pounding of nails as workers repair damaged walls of the local lumber mill is audible from quite some distance.
9	Every nearby doorway has a painted root nailed above it, for some odd reason.
10	Wooden statuettes sit in nearby windowsills, carved in the likeness of a forest deity.
11	A tinker labours over a row of axe heads and shafts, fitting them together to sell.
12	A team of horses plod into town, dragging several de-limbed trees behind them on leather straps.
13	Thin arms straining, children lug buckets of sap and syrup down the street.
14	Slabs of polished wood have been painted with glyphs to ward off evil spirits and are propped up all over town.
15	The tolling bell in the town chapel appears to be entirely made of polished wood.
16	Every house's door is of black oak and carved with strange friezes.
17	The smell of freshly cut wood fills the air, the odour reminiscent of the colour green for some reason.
18	A carpenter scuffs out rough spots on a table using a polishing stone and rag.
19	An old woman offers you a basket of twelve-pointed leaves for sale.
20	A clamour rises as workers flood out of a sawmill, apparently having just gone on strike.
21	Colourful beetles with massive mandibles buzz out of a log as it is sawed in half.
22	A worker hollers a warning as his final chops prepare a tree to come toppling down.

23	Each step kicks up curls of wood shavings, which litter the road in front of a workshop.
24	Someone has carved tree trunks into images of men, bears, birds, dragons and other creatures.
25	Wooden wind chimes clink and clatter as they hang from the eaves of almost every home.
26	The town guards carry burnished wooden shields, but their swords are polished iron.
27	A druid stands on the edge of town, loudly decrying the desecration of the wild.
28	Hunters string their bows as they head off to track down a rumoured pack of wild pigs.
29	The town hunting lodge has an impressive collection of antlers and skins hung about its walls.
30	Mill workers scratch off numbers on wax slates, counting the day's intake.
31	The town mayor strides by, a crown of braided branches resting on his brow.
32	A woman sweeps past, wearing a cloak of woven leaves.
33	A lumberjack displays her shattered axe head, claiming a single strike against a tree broke it.
34	A giant owl perches on a nearby branch, watching the town with unblinking eyes.
35	Children clamber up into the trees like little monkeys, laughing all the while.
36	A bell tolls, announcing a break so workers can rest and eat.
37	A lumber guild representative tries to calm down a crowd of underpaid workers.
38	Thick cobwebs are strung between two trees; some strands are wider than a man's forearm.
39	The eerie absence of birds or any other animals in the area becomes apparent.
40	A cartographer studies a map of the forest, trying to determine its accuracy.
41	A fletcher works with thin branches, turning them into arrow shafts.
42	An ambassador from the wood elves stands outside the town hall, calling for the mayor.
43	A group of forest dwellers plant seeds in each spot where a tree has been cut down.
44	A sticky blue-green moss covers most of the buildings in town.
45	White and pink blossoms have flowered overnight, adding welcome colour to the greenery.
46	The wind rustles the leafy branches, making it sound like the trees are talking to one another.
47	Every tree in sight has withered branches and brown leaves, despite it being the middle of summer.
48	The brew served at the local alehouse has an odd aftertaste of pine.

49	Lounging labourers whittle away at small blocks of wood, joking amongst themselves.
50	Enormous boulders form a natural wall around the town, with wooden gates set between the larger gaps.
51	A forested mountain peak rears over the town, stretching up above the tree line.
52	Monkeys screech at the lumberjacks who have invaded their territory.
53	Fae lights shimmer in the depths of the woods, every night.
54	A torch-wielding man races for the woods while townsfolk chase after him.
55	Merchants hawk all manner of supposedly healing herbs scrounged from the forest.
56	Bone fetishes hang from scraggly ropes, tied to every branch around the border of town.
57	A worker moans as the town doctor sets a broken bone.
58	A lumberjack sharpens a set of crampons, in preparation to climb a gigantic tree.
59	Sharpened logs have been planted as a barrier around the town, as if they're expecting an attack.
60	Every tree in this forest is bent and gnarled to an unnatural degree.
61	Workers whisper of a stone tower hidden deep within the woods.
62	A wagon creaks as it trundles by, laden with nothing more than tree stumps.
63	A band of warriors strap on armour and weapons as they prepare to hunt down a bear that's been mauling workers.
64	Villagers spread fearful rumours of a troll being spotted in the woods.
65	A priest blesses a shipment of wood, ensuring it won't warp or rot before being delivered.
66	Log-handlers use sharpened poles to guide their logs down the river.
67	Wild dogs snuffle around town, seeking scraps of food.
68	Oiled canvas is strapped over piles of wood to protect them from the elements.
69	Smoke rises from the woods where trees have caught fire from lightning strikes.
70	Two workers grip either end of a giant saw as they tug it back and forth across a huge trunk.
71	Strange glyphs are carved into the bark of every tree in sight.
72	This row of tree branches forms an unnaturally perfect archway leading into the woods.
73	Drums sound from deep within the forest, though no one knows where they originate.
74	Hundreds of logs bob on the surface of the town's lake, ready to be floated downstream.
75	The mill's enormous circular saw whines as it slices through log after log.

76	Pale worms wriggle out from the heart of a rotting tree.
77	A foreman displays a wooden post that has been bored through by an unknown insect.
78	Workers hack down trees to form a road for this newly settled town.
79	Shouts are heard as flames lick the rooftop of a warehouse a couple of streets away.
80	An artist scorches letters and images into blocks of wood.
81	The sawdust hanging in the air constantly tickles the PCs' noses to the edge of a sneeze.
82	Men race to help someone who has been caught beneath a collapsed pile of lumber.
83	A lumberjack screams as he hobbles by, a long root piercing entirely through his thick thigh.
84	Dozens of game and trampled work trails wend their way off into the thick of the forest.
85	It looks like the line of trees at the forest's edge has moved a little closer to town this morning.
86	A gang of boys run by, using knots of wood as ammunition for their slingshots.
87	Signs all over town warn against leaving any open flame unattended.
88	Smoke rises from the massive kilns where wood is sent to be cured.
89	Lizards scamper into the nooks and crannies of a stack of firewood.
90	Every house in town looks made from shaped and plastered logs.
91	A person appears to be chopping a log into a canoe, despite there being no body of water around.
92	People mutter about animals within the forest acting aggressively of late.
93	A ruckus of chattering floats in on the wind as birds squawk at the workers chopping down the trees.
94	A rushing river winds by the town from out of the forest.
95	Lumberjacks stomp by, dragging bags of vines they've stripped off the trees.
96	A heavy wind rattles branches in the nearby forest.
97	An architect picks over a selection of milled lumber, choosing pieces for his next construction.
98	A lovely dryad wanders the streets, weeping non-stop as she surveys the mills.
99	Workers heave at ropes tied to a tree, attempting to pull it down, roots and all.
100	The massive tree at the town gates has a face carved into the trunk and looks like it could come to life at any moment.

MASQUERADE BALL: MUNDANE MASKS

Use this table to provide details of the masks guests at the ball wear. Such masks are non-magical and so are widely available. Ignore any unsuitable results and simply re-roll.

D%	
01-02	An elegant lion mask, complete with full mane.
03-04	A bright feathered bird mask with a curved beak, which covers the wearer's nose.
05-06	A smooth brown eye mask, it includes two horns that curve back over the wearer's head.
07-08	A dark shroud with a deep hood, pulled low over the wearer's face.
09-10	Stylized crow mask, like that of a plague doctor. An herbal aroma emanates from the beak.
11-12	An eye mask of delicate, pale green lace.
13-14	This white mask is covered in pattered gold spirals around the wearer's eyes.
15-16	An ornately carved wooden handle supports this plain, black mask.
17-18	A half-face mask painted in a black and white diamond pattern.
19-20	These oversized glasses have thick black frames and lenses that distort the face behind them.
21-22	Pale blue and white crystals mimic icicles on this mask.
23-24	A cheap-looking monster mask. Opportunistic vendor are selling these outside the ball.
25-26	An elaborately coiffed braided dwarven beard.
27-28	This plain, brown sack has roughly cut eyeholes.
29-30	A smooth, unadorned white porcelain mask.
31-32	A mask like an insect head, with enormous smooth black eyes.
33-34	A paper cut-out of one of the local deities, held up in front of the face on a stick.
35-36	Clown make-up.
37-38	This elegant, colourful peacock half mask is particularly ornate (and heavy).
39-40	A stylised armour mask. The expression is exaggerated for a more sinister appearance.
41-42	A grey stone gargoyle face set in a sneer; blood drips from its maw.
43-44	Cracked rocks arranged in a random pattern cover the wearer's face, making him look like an earth spirit.
45-46	Expertly applied make-up that transforms the wearer into another guest.
47-48	A delicate fascinator with a veil that covers the face. The whole is pale yellow in hue.
49-50	A stag mask, with a huge set of antlers, representative of the traditions of The Hunt.
51-52	This half mask is intricately woven from wheat; their stalks form a headdress of sorts.
53-54	This mask is a comical pig's head wearing a chef's hat.

55-56	A pirate hat, earring and eye patch. Optionally supplied with a stuffed parrot.
57-58	This mask is encrusted with a profusion of fake green and yellow gems.
59-60	A smooth elf mask with a blank expression.
61-62	A replica death mask of an ancient Pharaoh.
63-64	A majestic eagle mask with a sharp beak.
65-66	An actual fencing mask, it has never seen use.
67-68	A fan made by intricately folded paper painted to show a serene woodland scene.
69-70	A blue jewelled turban with an attached half veil.
71-72	Elaborate make-up that mimics the face and disinterested expression of a local petty noble.
73-74	This mask is a mosaic of tiny mirrors and flat stones.
75-76	A scrap of red lace covering the eyes.
77-78	An eye mask adorned with drooping violet feathers.
79-80	An intricately carved wooden mask of a creature from legend.
81-82	A scarecrow mask made of coarse burlap. The crude features are painted on.
83-84	Make-up that makes the wearer look like a veined marble statue.
85-86	A smooth metal mask, resembling a brass golem that completely covers the wearer's head.
87-88	An elegant, but overly high, top hat complete with a thick lace veil.
89-90	A full-face grey mask. It smooths out all expression from the wearer's face giving it a dull, lifeless appearance.
91-92	A tight fitting, roughly sewn brown leather mask that covers the whole face.
93-94	A smooth, metal eye mask that reflects the colours around it.
95-96	A mask of starched white linen. It is exquisitely embroidered with birds and flowers.
97-98	A collection of glass gems applied in a mask pattern around the eyes.
99-100	A brown eye mask made of embossed leather. Golden nonsense runes decorate the mask.



MASQUERADE BALL: MAGICAL MASKS

Use this table to provide details of the masks guests wear at the ball. These all contain magical effects, so should be used in high-magic worlds, or for balls where no expense would be spared. Otherwise, use sparingly.

D%	
01-02	A crocodile mask with jaws that snap.
03-04	A collection of autumn leaves covering the entire head save the eyeholes. Live slugs inhabit it.
05-06	A faint green mist obscures the wearer's face.
07-08	A semi sheer fabric covers the wearer's face, but the wearer can see through it easily.
09-10	An elaborate wig; tendrils of hair writhe around the wearer's face, obscuring it.
11-12	A realistic red dragon mask, which periodically emits smoke through its nostrils.
13-14	A third eye painted on the forehead, which occasionally blinks.
15-16	A complicated collection of metal gears spin and move around, alternately obscuring and revealing the face.
17-18	An inverted fishbowl, filled with water and fish.
19-20	A lifelike (perhaps too lifelike) werewolf mask.
21-22	A mask that shifts its appearance to mimic the face of the closest person to the wearer.
23-24	An orrery hat and mask—models of the planets swirl around the wearer's head.
25-26	A swarm of insects flocks around the mask.
27-28	A live squid sits on the wearer's head. It's tentacles coil and twist around the wearer's face.
29-30	This person's face is half illuminated from within and half in dark shadows.
31-32	A pumpkin head which smells of pumpkin pie and occasionally drops seeds.
33-34	The wearer's face is visible, but is enveloped by an intoxicating, opaque cloud of perfume.
35-36	An opaque, multi-coloured bubble surrounds the wearer's head.
37-38	This distinctive mask from a famous opera enhances the wearer's singing skills.
39-40	A very realistic fish mask. Bubbles periodically appear from the mouth.
41-42	Thick, rough stitches makes the wearer look like a flesh golem.
43-44	The wearer's head appears to be inside an alchemist's jar, preserved in chemicals.
45-46	A skull mask, with glowing, red eyes.
47-48	The guest's face is always out of focus.
49-50	An elegant satin eye mask, when removed reveals festering, bleeding sores.
51-52	This chameleonic mask blends in with its surroundings.
53-54	A black fur-covered cat mask, with vertical pupiled eyes. At intervals the whiskers twitch.

55-56	A thick smooth green fabric covers the wearer's face completely. It is unclear how the wearer is able to see or breathe.
57-58	This illusion shows the wearer decapitated. She carries her head under one arm. The head is wearing a stylish black eye mask, of course.
59-60	A complex arrangement of delicate spider webs covers the wearer's face. Spiders crawl over the webs and spin new ones as required.
61-62	A full head goat mask, complete with horns and horizontal pupils in the eyes.
63-64	A mask which presents two different faces. One faces left, the other faces right, both can talk.
65-66	The colour of this satin eye mask shifts subtly. It always appears to be a different colour, but no one ever sees it change.
67-68	This guest smokes a pipe all evening. The thick purple smoke that comes from it, keeps the wearer's face obscured.
69-70	This smooth porcelain mask has exaggerated frown lines and a furrowed brow, moulded into the material. The mask moves as the wearer's own face when he talks.
71-72	The wearer's face appears upside down.
73-74	This expertly applied make-up gives the illusion of a skull. It also changes the wearer's voice to sound lower and more ominous.
75-76	A bright red, orange and yellow sunburst. It is difficult to look at for long periods of time.
77-78	A fan, coyly held in front to the face, by an <i>unseen servant</i> .
79-80	The appearance of this mask shifts imperceptibly between the three different heads of a chimera.
81-82	An enormous minotaur mask. The eyes burn with an inner fire; smoke puffs from the nostrils.
83-84	A crown of flowers covers the eyes and nose. It emits an intoxicating perfume, and thorns stab at anyone trying to touch the mask.
85-86	This mask always shows the inner desires of the person looking at it.
87-88	Bandages cover the entire head, except the eyes, which seem to be nothing but an empty void.
89-90	A hat with a large brim. The wearer's face is in impenetrable darkness.
91-92	An illusory effect that makes the wearer look like a different person every second.
93-94	The face appears completely featureless.
95-96	A mask made from wood. Impossibly, it stretches and moves with the wearer's face.
97-98	A dark blue velvet mask, encrusted with twinkling gems representing the constellations.
99-100	This blue and white mask seems to be of ice. It is cold to the touch, for everyone but the wearer.

MOUNTS: WARHORSES

Mounts are of little use when delving through dungeons and ruined castle, but are extremely useful when exploring wilderness areas or while trying to reach far-off mysterious places. Sadly, as adventurers become more powerful, their mounts become increasingly fragile – unable to survive even the easiest fight.

This section presents not only the normal versions of horses, but also mounts suitable for more powerful adventurers. All are presented fully equipped and priced out so your players spend less time shopping and more time adventuring!

NAMES

Warhorses often have impressive, daunting names designed to strike fear and respect into those hearing them.

D20	NAME	D20	NAME
1	Warrior	11	Embarr
2	Thunder	12	Comet
3	Lightning	13	Wildfire
4	Bolt	14	Brute
5	Shadow	15	Ruin
6	Flame	16	Despair
7	Black	17	Sorrow
8	Artax	18	Titan
9	Hel	19	Eomaer
10	Silver	20	Cynric

RIDING HORSE

Cost 91 gp, 20 cp

Weight Carried 74 lbs. (plus rider); **Carrying Capacity** light 228 lbs., medium 459 lbs., heavy 690 lbs., drag 3,450 lbs.

RIDING HORSE CR 1 (XP 400)

N Large animal

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +6, Sense Motive +1

Speed 50 ft.; Run; **ACP** 0; Acrobatics +2 (+10 jumping)

AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 9; **CMD** 17 (21 vs. trip) (+2 Dex, -1 size)

Fort +6, **Ref** +5, **Will** +1

hp 15 (2 HD)

Space 10 ft.; **Base Atk** +1; **CMB** +5

Melee 2 hooves -2 (1d4+1)

Abilities Str 16, Dex 14, Con 17, Int 2, Wis 13, Cha 7

SQ docile

Feats Endurance, Run^B

Gear bit and bridle, riding saddle, saddlebags, feed (4 days)

WARHORSE

Total Cost 586 gp, 20 cp

Weight Carried 139 lbs. (plus rider); **Carrying Capacity** light 399 lbs., medium 798 lbs., heavy 1,200 lbs., drag 6,000 lbs.

WARHORSE CR 2 (XP 600)

N Large advanced animal

Init +4; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +8, Sense Motive +3

Speed 50 ft.; **ACP** 0; Acrobatics +4 (+12 jumping)

AC 18, touch 13, flat-footed 14; **CMD** 21 (25 vs. trip) (+3 armour [mwk studded leather barding], +2 natural, +4 Dex, -1 size)

Fort +8, **Ref** +7, **Will** +3

hp 19 (2 HD)

Space 10 ft.; **Base Atk** +1; **CMB** +7

Melee bite +5 (1d4+5) and

Melee 2 hooves -2 (1d6+2)

Abilities Str 20, Dex 18, Con 21, Int 6, Wis 17, Cha 11

SQ trained for war (attack, come, defend, down, guard and heel)

Feats Armour Proficiency (Light), Endurance^B

Gear as above plus bit and bridle, military saddle, saddlebags, feed (4 days)

KNIGHT'S STEED

This horse is better trained than a normal warhorse. Consequently, it costs more than a normal warhorse (400 gp)

Total Cost 1,326 gp, 20 cp

Weight Carried 139 lbs. (plus rider); **Carrying Capacity** light 459 lbs., medium 918 lbs., heavy 1,380 lbs., drag 6,900 lbs.

KNIGHT'S STEED CR 3 (XP 800)

N Large advanced animal

Init +4; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +10, Sense Motive +3

Speed 35 ft., base speed 50 ft.; **ACP** -3; Acrobatics +1

AC 20, touch 12, flat-footed 17; **CMD** 23 (27 vs. trip) (+6 armour [mwk breastplate barding], +2 natural, +3 Dex, -1 size)

Fort +9, **Ref** +8, **Will** +4

hp 38 (4 HD)

Space 10 ft.; **Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +9

Melee bite +7 (1d4+5) and

Melee 2 hooves +0 (1d6+2)

Abilities Str 21, Dex 18, Con 21, Int 6, Wis 17, Cha 11

SQ trained for war (attack, come, defend, down, guard and heel)

Feats Armour Proficiency (Light), Armour Proficiency (Medium), Endurance^B

Gear as above plus bit and bridle, military saddle, saddlebags, feed (4 days)

MOUNTS: WAR PONIES

Of course, some adventurers (notably halflings and gnomes) find horses too large for their tastes and often ride doughty ponies into battle. Other adventurers bring ponies or donkeys with them to both carry vital equipment and to (hopefully) carry the vast treasures the adventurers hope to find.

This section presents the details of three such animals; each comes ready equipped.

NAMES

War ponies often have impressive, daunting names designed to strike fear and respect into those hearing them. Normal ponies, tend to have gentler names.

D20	NAME	D20	NAME
1	Lightfoot	11	Jumper
2	Flash	12	Clover
3	Argo	13	Whisper
4	Arondel	14	Star
5	Yarra	15	Quickstep
6	Glzr	16	Blackie
7	Firefoot	17	Daisy
8	Surefoot	18	Lucky
9	Khal	19	Thumper
10	Shadowstep	20	Venture

PONY

Total Cost 46 gp, 20 cp

Weight Carried 74 lbs. (plus rider); **Carrying Capacity** light 75 lbs., medium 150 lbs., heavy 225 lbs., drag 1,125 lbs.

PONY CR 1/2 (XP 200)

N Medium animal

Init +1; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +5, Sense Motive +0

Speed 40 ft.; Run; **ACP** 0; Acrobatics +1 (+5 jumping)

AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10; **CMD** 13 (17 vs. trip) (+1 Dex)

Fort +5, **Ref** +4, **Will** +0

hp 13 (2 HD)

Space 5 ft.; **Base Atk** +1; **CMB** +2

Melee 2 hooves -3 (1d3)

Abilities Str 13, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 2, Wis 11, Cha 4

SQ docile

Feats Endurance, Run^B

Gear bit and bridle, riding saddle, saddlebags, feed (4 days)

WAR PONY

Total Cost 271 gp, 20 cp

Weight Carried 109 lbs. (plus rider); **Carrying Capacity** light 129 lbs., medium 453 lbs., heavy 390 lbs., drag 1,950 lbs.

WAR PONY CR 1 (XP 400)

N Medium advanced animal

Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +7, Sense Motive +2

Speed 40 ft.; **ACP** 0; Acrobatics +3 (+7 jumping)

AC 18, touch 13, flat-footed 15; **CMD** 17 (21 vs. trip) (+3 armour (mwk studded leather barding), +3 Dex, +2 natural)

Fort +7, **Ref** +6, **Will** +2

hp 17 (2 HD)

Space 5 ft.; **Base Atk** +1; **CMB** +4

Melee bite +4 (1d3+3) and
2 hooves -1 (1d4+1)

Abilities Str 17, Dex 17, Con 18, Int 6, Wis 15, Cha 8

SQ trained for war (attack, come, defend, down, guard and heel)

Feats Armour Proficiency (Light), Endurance^B

Gear bit and bridle, military saddle, saddlebags, feed (4 days)

HEROES' PONY

Total Cost 666 gp, 20 cp

Weight Carried 109 lbs. (plus rider); **Carrying Capacity** light 129 lbs., medium 453 lbs., heavy 390 lbs., drag 1,950 lbs.

HEROES' PONY CR 2 (XP 600)

N Medium advanced animal

Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +9, Sense Motive +2

Speed 30 ft., base speed 40 ft.; **ACP** -3; Acrobatics +0

AC 21, touch 13, flat-footed 18; **CMD** 18 (22 vs. trip) (+6 armour (mwk breastplate barding), +3 Dex, +2 natural)

Fort +7, **Ref** +6, **Will** +3

hp 25 (3 HD)

Space 5 ft.; **Base Atk** +2; **CMB** +5

Melee bite +5 (1d3+3) and
2 hooves +0 (1d4+1)

Abilities Str 17, Dex 17, Con 18, Int 6, Wis 15, Cha 8

SQ trained for war (attack, come, defend, down, guard and heel)

Feats Armour Proficiency (Light), Armour Proficiency (Medium), Endurance^B

Gear bit and bridle, military saddle, saddlebags, feed (4 days)

MYSTIC RUINS: DRESSING

The appearance and characteristics of a mystic ruin are vital to highlighting the site as a unique, exciting place to adventure. Whether the mystic ruin is the remains of an ancient wizard's laboratory, the site of a horrible magical catastrophe or inhabited by eldritch beings whose very presence warps and changes reality itself, choosing appropriate dressings for the mystic ruin helps to establish the tone of the adventure and player expectations for what terrible secrets might lurk in the ruin's depths.

FUNCTION

Most mystic ruins have been partially reclaimed by nature and serve as homes for aberrations, animals, oozes, undead and vermin. Because of their strange, eldritch powers, unique locations and the potential for amazing treasures and discoveries, adventurers and scholars often seek out mystic ruins. In some cases, these trespassers are radically warped by the strange powers at play within the mystic ruin and go mad, becoming too addled to leave. Below are some common examples of how a mystic ruin's inhabitants utilize their home.

Field Work: Mystic ruins present a unique opportunity for those interested in the affects of arcane magic on the natural world to see first hand the wonders (and horrors) befalling a location if magic is left unchecked. Although goodly wizards sometimes set up shop to study the consequences of the mystic ruin's presence, many use their study selfishly to develop new spells for their personal use. In their arrogance, however, many learned spellcasters accidentally accelerate the mystic ruin's degenerative properties on themselves with their experimentation and become reduced to gibbering, broken souls who lose all intention of ever returning to their former lives.

Forgotten Guardians: Many mystic ruins are inhabited by timeless beings created to protect the mystic ruin before it was ruined. Constructs and oozes are especially well-suited to this task, but occasionally undead are left behind as tomb guardians or vestigial remains of whatever souls dwelled in the mystic ruins before it fell into disarray.

Survival: The majority of a mystic ruin's inhabitants are animalistic creatures dwelling there for no other reason than to find food and shelter. Despite the dangers, a mystic ruin attracts a large number of fauna and possesses prebuilt structures suitable for animal dens. Animals dwelling around a mystic ruin are forever changed from the exposure, growing to impossible sizes or becoming supernaturally strong from arcane energy. In time, many such animals and vermin become transformed into horrifying aberrations or terrifying magical beasts from the ruin's influence.

Willing Mutants: Although the ideas of allowing one's self to become mutated seems horrifying to most, some creatures

relish the "gifts" bestowed upon themselves and their young by a mystic ruin's unchecked arcane powers. Troglydites, goblins, lizardfolk, boggards and other primitive creatures often use a mystic ruin as a holy ground and a spawning ground so their young (and hopefully their old) will become bigger and stronger as a result of the mystic ruin's influence.

DRESSINGS

Use the table on the following page to generate interesting characteristics for your mystic ruin. Some of the features listed below may be inappropriate for your mystic ruin based upon its setup – ignore or modify such entries as appropriate.

Expensive Materials: Some of the dressings described on the following table include descriptions of eldritch regents and strange mutations that can be valuable to arcane schools and curious minds. Typically the dressings below have a maximum gp value equal to the party's APL –2, although the exact value for such items is subject to GM approval.

Harvesting Dressings: While most of the dressings on the following table are part of the terrain or located on living creatures, most can be harvested by canny PCs. In order to harvest a dressing from a mystic ruin, a PC must make a skill check with a DC equal to 15 + the average CR of an encounter set within the mystic ruin. The skill check used should be appropriate for the object being harvested and failing by 5 or more ruins the dressing.

Modifying Statistics: Some of the dressings described on the following table provide bonuses to creatures encountered there. Generally speaking, a creature must spend a minimum of one uninterrupted month living in a mystic ruin, eating food grown or hunted in or around the ruin, bathing within its water and so on. Even then, it is far more common for these dressing bonuses to be imparted to creatures conceived, born and raised within the mystic ruin. At the GM's decision, some of these bonuses may fade away if a creature spends too much time outside of the mystic ruin or is not exposed to an adequate enough of raw eldritch energy.

Multiple Dressings: Although most mystic ruins only possess one of the characteristics noted on the following table, at the GM's decision each result on the table might correspond to a single area within the mystic ruin (such as one encounter location). Instead of rolling on the table, a GM may choose to simply pick appropriate dressings to implement.

D%	MYSTIC RUIN DRESSINGS
01	The ruin's denizens are hardier than most, granting creatures living there a +2 enhancement bonus to Strength, Dexterity and Constitution while within the ruins.
02	The ruin's denizens are smarter than most, granting creatures living there a +2 enhancement bonus to Intelligence, Wisdom and Charisma while within the ruins.
03-05	All creatures living in the ruin have vibrant colourations and unusual markings.
06-08	While PCs are within the mystic ruin, it feels as though something is tickling every inch of their exposed skin.
09-10	The mystic ruin is filled with cracked and shattered objects.
11-13	All of the surfaces within the mystic ruin are made from flawlessly cut stone bricks.
14-16	All plantlife within the mystic ruin possesses bioluminescence that glows as brightly as a torch.
17-20	Sunlight within the mystic ruin is dispersed into the colours of a rainbow.
21-23	Ancient, timeworn books litter the floor in the mystic ruin, their pages long since rotted.
24-26	All mould within the mystic ruin is uncomfortably sticky and is considered difficult terrain.
27-28	A coloured haze fills the mystic ruin. This haze does not impair vision, but it burns unprotected eyes slightly.
29-30	1d4 of the PCs' names are scrawled in grime on every wall within the mystic ruin.
31	Each day, any creatures resting for 8 hours within the ruin gain a random minor spellblight (DC 16 Will negates).
34-36	An enchanting melody endlessly haunts the mystic ruin's halls.
37-38	The mystic ruin's walls are covered in strangely coloured grime.
39-40	Creatures encountered within the mystic ruin are covered in oddly shaped scars and possess puss-filled growths.
41-45	Glowing runes emanating an abjuration aura line the walls.
46-50	A stream of sunlight enters a crack in the roof of nearly every room within the mystic ruins.
51-54	Creatures encountered within the mystic ruin are semi-resistant to magic and have spell resistance equal to 13 + their Hit Dice.
55-59	Water endlessly drips into a small puddle or pool within the mystic ruins with an audible plop.
60	Creatures encountered within the mystic ruin gain a +4 circumstance bonus on attack rolls against creatures benefiting from a spell effect.

61-63	The skin of all creatures encountered in the mystic ruin is translucent.
64-66	All water within the mystic ruin is over 90 degrees in temperature, including rainfall.
67-70	The terrain within the mystic ruin bears signs of acid damage.
71-73	All magic auras within the mystic ruin are visible, as if all creatures possess a constant <i>arcane sight</i> effect.
74-76	Creatures conceived within the mystic ruin possess a mutation, granting them one ability from among those granted by <i>beast shape II</i> .
77-70	Unattended wood within the mystic ruin immediately bursts into flames.
71	Gases with an otherworldly colour billow up from every crack in the mystic ruin's floor.
72-75	Pungent air within the mystic ruin disorients creatures, bestowing a -2 penalty on all Will saves the creature makes. A creature becomes immune to this penalty after spending 1 week within the mystic ruins.
76-80	Vines have completely naturalized one or more sections of the mystic ruins.
81-83	The mystic ruin's floor is coated with a thin layer of slime.
84-86	Creatures encountered within the mystic ruin have one fewer (or one more) digit on each appendage than is normal for their kind.
87-89	Every manufactured object found within the mystic ruins possesses a faint magical aura (determine the school randomly). The aura fades 1d4 hours after it is removed from the ruins.
90	The blood of any living creature conceived within the mystic ruins is infused with magic, granting them the sorcerer creature template.
91-93	Each hour a creature spends within the mystic ruin, it becomes 1 inch shorter. This cannot make a creature small enough to reduce its size category.
94-95	The PCs' shadows do not cast on any surface within the mystic ruin.
96-97	When a creature dies within the mystic ruins, a mindless ooze with a CR equal to (or lower than) the slain creature's CR emerges from its corpse.
98-99	Roll twice and apply all results.
100	Roll three times and apply all results.



PORT TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the port town. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

D%	
1	The incoming tide sloshes beneath the docks; moored ships strain at their mooring lines.
2	A group of sailors get into a brutal brawl, fists and teeth flying, blood splattering.
3	A one-man dinghy skims the waves, bobbing across the harbour like a skipped pebble.
4	A set of sails appears on the horizon, but in the dusky light their colour remains unknown.
5	A rocky "mound" clinging to the dock wall is actually a barnacle as big as a human head.
6	Coarse laughter rings out amidst the sound of giant crab shells being cracked with massive hammers.
7	A dock worker shouts in warning as a crate tumbles and smashes to the cobbles.
8	A well-dressed dockmaster stands at the end of a pier, surveying incoming vessels.
9	Every single dock in the harbour appears taken up, and more ships wait out on the water.
10	There's not a single ship lashed to the docks, nor any anchored out in the bay.
11	The sea is choppy today, cloudy green water whipped up by the scouring wind.
12	A long ledge of grey and black clouds looms on the horizon, coming closer.
13	Dozens of dorsal fins break the surface of the water, sleek forms lurking below.
14	Hundreds of tiny, multi-coloured flags are strung between the shops along this street.
15	A massive ship just swept into the bay, looking like it could contain the whole town.
16	An imposing military fleet hangs back in the waters just beyond the harbour wall.
17	A ramshackle ship at the far end of the docks lists slightly to one side.
18	A man hollers down from where he's been strung up on a ship's mast.
19	Dock guards tromp past, rusted armour grinding and squeaking as they patrol.
20	Most walls around have a thick layer of salty grime crusting them.
21	Sailors and shipwrights' apprentices hang from ropes to scrub barnacles off hulls.
22	Tarboys run along ship lines, as nimble as circus tightrope acrobats.
23	Countless wagons have lined up to be loaded with the latest shipment.
24	Half-a-dozen rats scamper up an anchor chain and disappear into a ship's hold.

25	A crew recruiter wanders the town, calling out that various ships that are hiring.
26	A captain wearing a fine silk coat staggers past, stinking of whiskey.
27	A vendor calls out from his stand where he sells "guaranteed accurate" sea charts.
28	Only the top half of a mast shows where a scuttled ship lies beneath the surface.
29	Smoke rises and sailors scatter as fire engulfs a ship and writhes up its sails.
30	At low tide, a deadly reef is visible beyond the harbour mouth.
31	Fishermen haul their catch up onto the docks, where customers pick over the flopping wares.
32	Wooden barrels rumble as bare-armed sailors roll them down a gangplank.
33	A horse-drawn cart trundles by, a ballista being carried in the hay-stuffed bed.
34	A member of the sailor's union bellows against the low pay and poor conditions they endure.
35	Elven sailors refuse to let human workers anywhere near the crates of wine they're unloading.
36	Two merchants argue over who provides the cheapest and cleanest deliveries of water stores.
37	Men eye bags and barrels of sand being measured out as ballast.
38	A man paces along the docks, glancing every other second out at the horizon.
39	A woman dressed all in black tosses a tear-soaked handkerchief into the waves.
40	A wide cobbled street shoots out from the docks straight through town.
41	A heap of rusted anchors block off this crooked side street.
42	The sound of snoring emanates from underneath many coils of rope.
43	A reek of week-old fish is coming from a barrel sitting off to one side, covered in slime.
44	Hundreds of live crabs scabble as they try to clamber out of water-filled buckets.
45	Pelicans swoop above the waves, occasionally dipping to scoop up fish in their beaks.
46	The recent chill has turned the docks slick with rime and frozen a few boats in place.
47	A sailor chomps on what looks to be strands of fresh seaweed.
48	These strange prickly fruits are squishy to the touch but taste like fresh pie.
49	A meat vendor claims he gets his spices from lands on the other side of the world.
50	Shipwrights inspect a recent arrival, tallying up necessary repairs and cost estimates.
51	A bright white flag flaps above the docks, showing which way the wind is blowing.

52	Seagulls soar overhead, their haunting cries echoing across the town.
53	Packs of feral cats prowl through the town, pouncing on any dropped scrap of food.
54	Prostitutes wearing silk and pearls flutter handkerchiefs and eyelashes at recently arrived sailors.
55	You overhear a few sailors discussing how best to shanghai a victim.
56	Many of the inns and taverns have "sailors welcome" written on boards out front.
57	A boy marches past, wearing an oversized ship captain's hat that almost covers his eyes.
58	A bunch of kids scream playfully as they pretend to be pirates boarding a ship.
59	A bosun's whistle shrieks through the air before being abruptly cut off.
60	Perceptive folk hear thumps coming from inside a nearby hull.
61	Bells toll out over the town, and everyone pauses to see if it's in warning of a particular danger.
62	A bonfire burns steadily atop the lighthouse set at the end of the jetty.
63	Sailors rouse themselves from a stupor for another chorus of their favourite drinking song.
64	Cranes creak loudly as they haul pallets of supplies into the air.
65	A lone lantern gleams up at the house on the cliff overlooking the harbour.
66	In this stormy weather, waves crash against the docks with a thunderous roar.
67	Several children play in the dust with an impressively large and intact shell collection.
68	Guards carefully inspect the merchants carting wares out beyond town, wary of smugglers.
69	This restaurant advertises fish soup, shark soup, mermaid soup, selkie soup and other delicacies.
70	The sign for this shop appear to be nothing more than a rotting shark carcass.
71	The town's market offers an impressive array of fresh fruit and vegetables from distant lands.
72	A wide channel cuts away from the bay, forming a convenient river inland for smaller boats.
73	Slaves trudge out of a ship hold under the watchful eyes of their owners.
74	A pile of random cargo appears to have been abandoned in this alley.
75	An auction has begun, with items sold coming from confiscated or abandoned shipping gear.
76	An eerie blue-green fog has settled over the whole harbour.
77	A nearby shop has a sign advertising carts and wagons for rent.
78	Every member of this crew wears multiple blades on their hips and looks eager for a fight.

79	A filthy urchin lines up buckets of live bait as he calls out various prices to passers-by.
80	Hundreds of crates have been stacked along this street, creating a makeshift maze.
81	Several seagulls struggle to free themselves from the rotted netting in which they are snared.
82	Dock labourers sing a work chant as they toss grain sacks into piles.
83	This dock has a large arch at the far end of it, with a gate poised to drop from a chain.
84	A hundred rusty harpoons are leaned up against the wall here.
85	This statue bears the face of a popular religious figure, but he has tentacles instead of legs.
86	A sailor wearing a dapper outfit struts down the road.
87	Every member of this crew is clad in nothing more than sodden, bloody rags.
88	A ship's captain, his arms clasped in chains, is led along by dock guards.
89	The cloudy water in that large glass tank parted just long enough to give a glimpse of the mermaid within.
90	A tiny octopus climbs up and slips into a barrel of rainwater.
91	A sharp citrus smell wafts over from a row of jugs lined up on a windowsill.
92	The breeze just turned so salty, your nostrils are burning.
93	Sailors stride along, shouting as they try to outdo one another's tall tales of sea-bound adventures.
94	Many storefronts are decorated with polished shells in spiralling designs.
95	A huge barbed chain is stretched across the mouth of the harbour.
96	Animals, many of them sickly, in wheeled cages are rolled along the docks.
97	A rowboat is being lowered from a triple-mast ship that refuses to dock for some reason.
98	A dock worker whips coloured flags around, using semaphore signals to guide a ship in.
99	A foreign ambassador disembarks from a ship gangplank, retinue in tow.
100	From prow to stern, this ship appears constructed entirely of bleached bone.

SCIONS OF EVIL: GAHLGAX ATARRITH

A being almost as powerful as its master, Gahlgax is a nightmarish foe for even legendary heroes.

An elder being of almost unimaginable power and depravity, Gahlgax had lived for millennia uncounted. One of the most powerful Abyssal balor lords, Orcus himself blessed him with undeath a score of centuries ago.

Only the greatest hero has any chance of even reaching Gahlgax's lair, Calaunsur, a benighted place of shadow, fire and death set deep within the Abyss. Even if he should reach Calaunsur, the hero must then fight his way through legions of lesser undead, vampire guards and powerful skeletal spellcasters as well as countless guardian demons before finally reaching Gahlgax's inner sanctum. Here he sits upon The Moaning Throne, a huge edifice of fused skulls crafted from the remains of his greatest enemies and rivals. Using powerful and unique magics unknown to mortals, he has bound the souls of the slain to their skulls, dooming them to an eternity of suffering and madness. The moans of the imprisoned souls emanate from the throne, acting as a constant reminder to all those nearby of the

folly of challenging Gahlgax.

A faithful servant of his lord and master (well as faithful as any demon can be) Gahlgax is served in turn by a triumvirate of graveknight mariliths that lead his armies and protect his person from the rare threat that manages to breach his terrible fortress of fused bone and flaming shadow.

Deeply steeped in the bloody lore of the Abyss, Gahlgax's knowledge on a number of blasphemous and otherworldly subjects rivals that of any mortal sage. Having acted in the mortal world for years almost without number, he is also surprisingly knowledgeable in the ways of men and their allies.

Feared even by other balor and the most powerful of liches, Gahlgax's word is law in his realm; no other dares rise to challenge the vampiric balor.

Background: Gahlgax's climb to become Orcus' most trusted servant has been slow, but inexorable. He has slain countless other demons in his quest for power and slain legions of mortals who have dared to penetrate the benighted realms of the Abyss. It was Gahlgax who was responsible for the disappearance of



Enkidu Shuruppak, the so-called Purple Archmage, after the foolish and colossally arrogant wizard sought to summon and control a balor and it was also Gahlgax who single-handedly destroyed the Temple-Fortress of Barir-Kar after the priests and paladins of that place came dangerously close to discovering certain secrets relating to the *Wand of Orcus*. Countless other heroes have fallen before his blade or been destroyed by his deceptions or sorcerous magics. Such is his depraved infamy that he appears in the holy scripts of many good-aligned faiths with epithets such as the Light Banisher, Destroyer of Hope or simply The Corruptor.

Orcus personally gifted him with vampirism after Gahlgax slew a rival balor that sought (foolishly) to supplant the Prince of the Undead. In truth, the now long-forgotten balor did nothing of the sort, Gahlgax manipulated and miss-reported his rival's actions so that it appeared he sought to steal Orcus' famed wand. Slaying the balor, he then (humbly) presented his evidence to Orcus. Orcus, in rare good mood after torturing and dismembering a particularly obnoxious and strident paladin-hero, drank deeply of Gahlgax's blood to create the unholy abomination that now serves him.

Since that day, Gahlgax has seemingly worked tirelessly for his master.

Personality: Utterly without remorse, empathy, mercy or any other redeeming trait, Gahlgax is as close to an utterly evil being as a mortal can ever "hope" to meet. Although as devoted as any demon could be to its master, Gahlgax is slowly beginning to realise that his power may one day rival his master's. Steeped in the lore of the Abyss and rich in a demon's innate cunning, Gahlgax knows that this day is a long way off, but what matters the passage of millennia to an immortal being?

He has no compunction handing out the most brutal, depraved tortures imaginable to any that displease him.

In truth, Gahlgax greatly enjoys his new status as a vampire; he finds the variety of abilities useful and particularly enjoys dominating his foes (or torture playthings). He particularly enjoys humiliating those in clutches – particularly powerful good-aligned prisoners – making them carry out a vast range of depraved, humiliating tasks before driving them mad.

Distinguishing Features: Huge and wreathed in flame and shadow, Gahlgax is instantly recognisable as a being of immense power. However, those that look closely at him may recognise his undead nature – his fangs are unnaturally long for a demon's and although a creature of darkness himself, he casts no shadow.

TACTICS

Gahlgax is a cunning tactician and warrior. He prefers to fight from a distance, using his multitude of spell-like abilities to confound and terrorise his enemies. He particularly enjoys using his dominate ability to force his enemies to fight among themselves. When only one opponent remains, he strikes mercilessly cutting him down with his terrible longsword.

If given warning of a serious assault upon his person, he briefly wields each Sword of Orcus' *brilliant energy adamantine longsword* giving it the *vorpal* ability for the upcoming battle.

HOOKS

Only the most powerful heroes can hope to survive meddling in Gahlgax's schemes. Many of the plots Gahlgax spins are at the behest of his undying master, but others are fashioned to increase his own powers.

The PCs may come to Gahlgax's attention if they destroy a balor or other powerful demon or undead servant of Orcus. Gahlgax is not one to let a potential threat grow unchecked and so he despatches increasingly large and powerful bands of demons and undead to deal with the upstart mortals.

Alternatively, he may require the souls of one or more powerful good-aligned clerics for some horrific ritual designed to increase his personal power. The PCs could get involved when they are asked to investigate the sudden and mysterious disappearance of several such individuals, or one of their own number could be targeted by Gahlgax's minions.

Finally, it is entirely possible that Gahlgax may use the PCs in some fiendishly complicated scheme; good-aligned mortal are notorious meddlers and he may use them to stymie the plots of one of his rivals (or even his master). He may even subtly guide them to eliminate one of the Swords of Orcus if he believes the marilith is planning to strike against him.

LORE

Characters can learn more about Gahlgax with a successful Knowledge (planes) check. A successful check reveals all information gained by a lesser result.

DC 38: This is Gahlgax Atarrith, balor lord and personal servant of the demon prince Orcus. Gahlgax is a power almost without equal in the multiverse; even demi-gods fear his wrath and brutal attention. He is often served and guarded by powerful mariliths.

DC 43: Gahlgax has been blessed by his patron with the powers of undeath and has all the standard undead immunities in addition to those enjoyed by normal demons.

DC 48: Gahlgax is a vampire and has their standard immunities, powers and vulnerabilities.

GAHLGAX ATARRITH, BALOR LORD

CR 23 (XP 819,200)

This large fiendish creature has thick, strong wings and wields a flaming longsword and whip.

Vampire balor fighter 1

CE Large undead (augmented)

Init +14; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, *true seeing*; Perception +42, Sense Motive +42

Speed 40 ft., base speed 40 ft., fly 90 ft. (good), *gaseous form* (fly 20 ft. [perfect]), spider climb; **ACP** 0; Acrobatics +30 (+34 jumping), Fly +35, Stealth +37

Gaseous Form (Su) Gahlgax can assume *gaseous form* (AC 24, CL 5th) at will and can remain gaseous indefinitely.

Spider Climb (Ex) Gahlgax climbs sheer surfaces as though affected by *spider climb*.

AC 48, touch 24, flat-footed 37; **CMD** 64; unholy aura (+4 deflection, +10 Dex, +1 dodge, +22 natural [*amulet of natural armour* +2], -1 size)

Unholy Aura (Su) If a good creature hits Gahlgax with a melee attack it takes 1d6 Strength damage (DC 33 Fortitude negates).

Immune electricity, fire, poison, mind-affecting effects, death effects, disease, paralysis, poison, sleep effects, stunning, nonlethal damage, ability drain, energy drain, damage to physical abilities, exhaustion, fatigue, massive damage, any effect requiring a Fortitude save (unless it affects objects or is harmless); **Resist** acid 10, cold 10; **Weakness** vampire weaknesses (garlic, mirrors, cannot enter private homes unless invited, direct sunlight, running water, wooden stakes)

Fort +33, **Ref** +22 (evasion), **Will** +27 (+31 vs. channelling); **SR** 31

hp 436 (21 HD); fast healing 5; **DR** cold iron and good/15 or magic and silver 10; death throes, *gaseous form*

Death Throes (Su) When killed, Gahlgax explodes in a blinding flash of fire that deals 50 fire and 50 unholy damage to anything within 100 ft. (DC 38 Reflex halves).

Gaseous Form (Su) If reduced to 0 hit points, Gahlgax assumes *gaseous form* and flees. Gahlgax must reach his coffin within 2 hours or be destroyed. Once at rest, he is helpless for one hour until he regains 1 hit point. Gahlgax is then no longer helpless and fast healing heals his wounds normally.

Space 10 ft. (flaming body); **Base Atk** +21; **CMB** +39

Flaming Body (Su) Dancing flames cover Gahlgax's body. Anyone striking him with a natural weapon or unarmed strike takes 1d6 fire damage. A creature that grapples Gahlgax or is grappled takes 6d6 fire damage each round it is grappled.

Melee +1 *vorpall unholy longsword* (reach 10 ft.) +37/+32/+27/+22 (2d6+18/17-20)

Melee +1 *vorpall flaming whip* (reach 20 ft.) +36/+31/+26 (1d4+9 plus 1d6 fire and entangle) or

Melee 2 slams (reach 10 ft.) +32 (1d10+17 plus energy drain [2 levels])

Atk Options Blinding Critical (DC 31), Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Power Attack (-6/+12), blood drain, create spawn, energy drain, entangle

Blood Drain (Su) Gahlgax can suck blood from a grappled

opponent. If he establishes or maintains a pin, he drains blood (1d4 Constitution damage). Gahlgax heals 5 hit points or gains 5 temporary hit points for 1 hour (up to a maximum number of temporary hit points equal to his full normal hit points) each round he drains blood.

Create Spawn (Su) Gahlgax can create a spawn when he slays a creature with blood drain or energy drain.

Energy Drain (Su) A creature hit by Gahlgax's slam attack gains 2 negative levels (DC 35 Fortitude restores). Gahlgax can use this ability once per round.

Entangle (Ex) If Gahlgax strikes a Medium or smaller foe with his whip, he can immediately attempt a grapple check without provoking attacks of opportunity. If he succeeds, he draws the foe into an adjacent square. The foe gains the grappled condition, but Gahlgax does not.

Special Actions change shape, children of the night, dominate

Change Shape (Su) Gahlgax can assume the form of a dire bat or wolf as if affected by *beast shape II*.

Children of the Night (Su) Once per day, Gahlgax can summon 1d6+1 rat swarms, 1d4+1 bat swarms or 2d6 wolves. These creatures arrive in 2d6 rounds and serve for up to 1 hour.

Dominate (Su) Gahlgax can crush a humanoid's will (DC 35 Will resists) if within 30 ft. as *dominate person* (CL 12th).

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 21th; concentration +33)

Constant—*true seeing*, *unholy aura* (DC 33)

At will—*deeper darkness*, *dominate monster* (DC 34), *greater dispel magic*, *greater invisibility*, *greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *inflict critical wounds* (DC 26), *mage armour*, *mirror image*, *power word stun*, *protection from energy*, *resist energy*, *shield*, *telekinesis* (DC 30)

3/day—*forcecage*, *interposing hand*, *mind blank*, quickened *telekinesis* (DC 30)

1/day—*blasphemy* (DC 32), *fire storm* (DC 33), *implosion* (DC 34), *summon* (level 9, any 1 CR 19 or lower demon 100%)

Abilities Str 45, Dex 31, Con —, Int 26, Wis 28, Cha 35

SQ master of magic, shadowless, vorpal strike, whip mastery

Vorpall Strike (Su) Any slashing weapon Gahlgax wields gains the vorpal quality. Weapons retain this quality for one hour after he releases the weapon.

Whip Mastery (Ex) Gahlgax treats a whip as a light weapon for the purposes of two-weapon fighting and inflicts lethal damage on a foe regardless of its armour.

Feats Alertness^B, Blinding Critical, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Dodge^B, Greater Two-Weapon Fighting, Improved Critical (longsword)^B, Improved Initiative^B, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes^B, Power Attack, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (*telekinesis*), Toughness^B, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (longsword)

Skills as above plus Bluff +39, Diplomacy +31, Disguise +32, Intimidate +31, Knowledge (engineering) +16, Knowledge (history) +28, Knowledge (nobility) +28, Knowledge (planes) +31, Knowledge (religion) +28, Use Magic Device +31

Languages Abyssal, Common, Draconic, telepathy 100 ft.

Gear as above *headband of alluring charisma* +6, *luckblade* (0 wishes), *ring of evasion*

SWORDS OF ORCUS

Three Swords of Orcus serve as Gahlgax's personal bodyguard, messengers and executioners. Each secretly dreams of

SWORD OF ORCUS

CR 21 (XP 409,600)

This snake-bodied fiend has a six-armed woman's torso, pointed ears and glittering, otherworldly eyes.

Graveknight marilith antipaladin 2

CE Large undead (augmented)

Init +10; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., *true seeing*; Perception +34, Sense Motive +26

Speed 50 ft., base speed 40 ft.; **ACP** 0; Acrobatics +30 (+34 jumping), Fly +20, Ride +30, Stealth +21

AC 52, touch 18, flat-footed 47; **CMD** 52 (54 vs. disarm, can't be tripped); unholy aura; **Miss Chance** 20%

(+11 armour [+5 mithral breastplate], +4 deflection, +5 Dex, +19 natural [*amulet of natural armour* +2], +2 shield [*ring of force shield*], -1 size)

Unholy Aura (Sp) If a good creature succeeds on a melee attack against the marilith, the attacker suffers 1d6 Strength damage (DC 25 Fortitude negates)

Immune cold, electricity, fire, poison, mind-affecting effects, death effects, disease, paralysis, poison, sleep effects, stunning, nonlethal damage, ability drain, energy drain, damage to physical abilities, exhaustion, fatigue, massive damage, any effect requiring a Fortitude save (unless it affects objects or is harmless); **Resist** acid 10

Fort +41, **Ref** +33, **Will** +32 (+36 vs. channelling); **SR** 32

hp 437 (20 HD); **DR** cold iron and good/10 or magic/10

Space 10 ft. (sacrilegious aura [30 ft.], unholy aura); **Base Atk** +18; **CMB** +32 (+34 disarm, +36 grapple)

Sacrilegious Aura (Su) This aura functions as a *desecrate* spell and the Sword of Orcus' armour acts as an altar. Any creature that attempts to summon positive energy must make a concentration check DC 31. If the check fails the effect is expended but does not function.

Melee +1 brilliant energy adamantite longsword (reach 10 ft.; Power Attack [-5/+10]; cold iron, chaotic, evil) +32/+27/+22/+17 (2d6+14/17-20 plus 4d6 fire), 5 +1 longswords (reach 10 ft.; Power Attack [-5/+10]; cold iron, chaotic, evil) +32 (2d6+14/17-20 plus 4d6 fire) and tail slap (reach 10 ft.; Power Attack [-5/+5]) +27 (2d6+7 plus grab) or

Melee 6 slams +30 (1d6+11) and tail slap (reach 10 ft.; Power Attack [-5/+5]) +25 (2d6+7 plus grab)

Atk Options Bleeding Critical, Blinding Critical (DC 28), Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Improved Disarm, channel destruction, constrict (crushing coils), grab, infuse weapon, multiweapon mastery, smite good (+11 attack, +2 damage, +11 AC)

Constrict with Crushing Coils (Ex [standard]) The Sword of Orcus deals 2d6+18 bludgeoning damage with a successful

supplanting Gahlgax in Orcus' council, but know that they are not yet powerful enough to openly face him.

grapple check. A creature suffering damage must make a DC 31 Fortitude save or lose consciousness for 1d8 rounds.

Grab (Ex [free]) If it hits a Medium or smaller target with its tail, the Sword of Orcus can try to grapple as a free action without provoking attacks of opportunity.

Infuse Weapon (Ex [free]) Any weapon a Sword of Orcus wields gains a +1 enhancement bonus to attack and damage and strikes as if it were a chaotic and evil cold iron weapon (in addition to retaining the qualities of its actual composition).

Multiweapon Mastery (Ex [free]) A Sword of Orcus never takes penalties to her attack roll when fighting with multiple weapons.

Special Actions devastating blast, phantom steed, touch of corruption (12/day; 1d6) undead mastery

Devastating Blast (Su [standard; 3/day]) The Sword of Orcus unleashes a 30 ft. cone of fire; 10d6 fire; DC 31 Reflex halves.

Phantom Steed (Su [standard; 1/hour]) A Sword of Orcus can summon a skeletal horse similar to a phantom steed, but with these modified statistics (AC 18, hp 23, speed 100 ft., fly 100 ft, Fly +16).

Undead Mastery (Su [standard; at will]) The Sword of Orcus can bend any undead creatures within 50 ft. to its will. Each undead must make a DC 31 Will save or fall under the its control. This control is permanent for unintelligent undead, but an intelligent undead can make a new save each day to throw off the control. A creature that successfully saves cannot be affected by the same graveknight's undead mastery for 24 hours. A graveknight can control 90 HD of undead.

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 18th; concentration +29)

At will—*detect evil*, *greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *project image* (DC 27), *telekinesis* (DC 26)

3/day—*blade barrier* (DC 27), *fly*

1/day—*summon* (level 5; 1 marilith 20%, 1 nalfeshnee 33% or 1d4 hezrous 60%)

Abilities Str 33, Dex 23, Con —, Int 20, Wis 24, Cha 33

SQ evil aura (overwhelming), rejuvenation, ruinous revivification (fire), unholy resilience

Feats Bleeding Critical, Blinding Critical, Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Improved Critical (longsword), Improved Disarm, Improved Initiative^B, Mounted Combat^B, Power Attack, Ride-By Attack^B, Toughness^B, Weapon Focus (longsword)

Skills as above plus Bluff +30, Diplomacy +30, Disguise +28 (+38 with *hat of disguise*), Intimidate +38, Knowledge (engineering) +21, Use Magic Device +30

Languages Abyssal, Celestial, Draconic; telepathy 100 ft.

Gear *hat of disguise*, *boots of striding and springing*, *minor cloak of displacement*

TRADE TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the trade town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

D%	
1	Guards shout to stop a passing caravan as the driver tries to flee.
2	A man in luxurious robes jingles as he walks, his purse heavy with coin.
3	Hawkers belt out deals for lesser wares on practically every street corner.
4	A chain line of slaves shuffles by under the watchful eye of an obese taskmaster and his guards.
5	The line of wagons and people passing through the main gates seems never-ending.
6	Competing food vendors fling rotted wares across the street at one another.
7	A whole mercenary band stands guard in front of the imposing gates of a large building.
8	A slim man flanked by bodyguards notes all passersby, jotting observations on a parchment.
9	The last cart to roll by definitely had the aura of something dead wafting from it.
10	Lamplighters collect their dues from business owners to keep the streets lit at night.
11	A crate lies in the middle of the street, cracked open and empty of anything but sawdust.
12	Workers chant in rhythm as they unload seemingly endless crates from the latest caravan.
13	Someone has painted a rather obscene glyph on every business door along this street.
14	Water splashes as labourers slop it across the street, washing animal refuse from the cobbles.
15	Two merchants wave daggers at each other as they argue over a shipment.
16	A whole guard troop accompanies a tax collector who stops by every establishment along the way.
17	Signs indicate all business done in town must be registered with the appropriate guild, on pain of imprisonment.
18	A smell of smoke, redolent with foreign spices, wafts through the market.
19	A merchant is flanked by two massive hounds, that growl at anyone who gets too close.
20	Lute and flute players are among the many performers playing to the crowded market.
21	A lovely young woman chats up a merchant, who appears completely unaware he's standing outside a brothel.
22	A vendor tries to sell off his stacks of candles before they melt in the blazing sun. He appears desperate—perhaps suspiciously so.

23	A heavily muscled man rolls a massive barrel along the street.
24	A man cries in denial as he's shackled by guards for doing business without guild registration.
25	Black smoke churns from a wagon as it burns in the street, dangerously close to a shop.
26	A line of guild registrants shuffles in place as they wait admittance by the guards.
27	A courier pants as he darts passed, message bag overflowing with letters.
28	These gates leading to a guild's compound have been smashed in by a massive force.
29	Drunk traders weave through the crowd as they celebrate a recent sale.
30	A trader weeps over a lost shipment, wailing his tragedy to anyone who'll listen.
31	A caged menagerie of exotically coloured (and noisy) birds chatter loudly at passersby.
32	A sign advertises entrance to the mayor's private zoo for a hefty fee.
33	A door slams in a woman's face, and she falls to her knees on the stoop, sobbing.
34	A group of black-veiled foreigners carry a gilded litter down the way.
35	The doors of this tavern are shut and chained, the sign knocked to the ground.
36	A gaudy sign indicates fresh corpses are sold within the establishment beneath.
37	A guard leads several dogs around a wagon, letting them sniff it vigorously. A merchant looks on—nervously.
38	Wine glugs as it's poured from a barrel for a merchant to sample.
39	Guards guide a caravan off to one side for further inspection.
40	A lovely voice floats over the crowd, the singing almost unearthly in its beauty.
41	A worker opens a barrel only for a torrent of rats to pour forth.
42	A merchant oversees the preparation of oil-soaked bundles of new weapons.
43	Voices babble over one another during an open-air auction.
44	Horses whinny as they're tied to posts for inspection by buyers.
45	Flyers proclaim a reward for the capture of a group of bandits harrying the incoming caravans.
46	The central market is a dusty, chaotic affair, with foot and hoof traffic all about.
47	Beyond the gates, an encampment of traders refused entry has sprung up.
48	People mutter and glare at a trader caravan composed of people wearing bronze masks.
49	Townfolk scurry to cover their goods in tarps as thunder rumbles in the distance.

50	A mage casts an icy spell to keep a stall of fish brought in from the coast fresh.
51	Two carts crash together, spilling wares across the road.
52	A quartermaster checks off crates and barrels with a wedge of chalk.
53	A guild leader preaches the virtue of proper registration and following regulations.
54	An angry crowd demonstrates in front of a guild hall; guards watch on nervously.
55	A man loudly begs a moneylender to extend his debt just once more.
56	A group of traders swagger down the street, bare chests covered in nautical tattoos.
57	This trader appears to buy and trade all matter of tarred or shrunk heads.
58	The glint of jewelled rings on a merchant's pudgy fingers catches the sun.
59	A ragged woman runs up to a newly arrived trader, holding up a child as he tries to shove her away.
60	A caravan surrounded by soldiers blocks the street. A growing crush of other merchants and passers-by are growing increasingly angry at the delay.
61	This row of crates and pots has been marked in red, saying: "Do Not Open Under Pain of Death."
62	This enormous clothing shop sells outfits for every possible race and size.
63	A pair of traders guffaws as they stroll along, boasting how much gold they cheated from their latest client.
64	A child calls to passers-by, saying they can get anything at any price with his help.
65	A man flips through a large tome, wondering out loud why there aren't any pictures.
66	This trader's cart appears to be guarded by a massive, horned demon.
67	Merchants still beyond the gates clamour to be let in before nightfall.
68	A buyer challenges a trader to a duel for attempting to swindle him.
69	A trader tosses a few coppers to a beggar alongside the street. Immediately, he is inundated with other street denizens begging for money.
70	Bolts of silk and cloth, of all colours and patterns, are lined up against the wall.
71	This trader displays an array of tiny, manicured trees, claiming they come from a distant land.
72	The smell of salted meats and pickled vegetables reaches the party's nostrils.
73	In a plume of dusty rubble, a warehouse collapses just down the street.
74	The heady scent of mint hangs over the whole street.

75	People in long white robes gaze at vials of white dust, dabbing the substance on their tongues.
76	A thief hangs by his thumbs in the middle of the town square, a warning to all.
77	A seer wanders the street, calling out offers to sell prophecies.
78	A guildmaster tacks up a scroll listing next week's projected tariffs.
79	A strange moan emanates from a nearby crate, which shakes briefly.
80	Donkeys bray as they haul sacks laden with grain and goods.
81	A bare-handed masked man asks people to make a donation to the thieves' guild.
82	Near the wall, the lowing of cattle can be heard in the stockyard outside town.
83	Townfolk line up to gawk at a recently unveiled statue of the town leader.
84	A market stall selling odd citrus drinks appears to be run entirely by children.
85	Something shatters nearby, followed by a bellow of rage and screams.
86	A merchant stumbles, an arrow having just sprouted from his broad back.
87	A vendor wanders the street, handing out free samples of fruit sold back at the stall.
88	This wall has the image of a black hog painted on it, with an arrow pointing down a nearby alley.
89	The stink of sulphur wafts from a bathhouse offering hot baths for weary travellers.
90	This temple appears to be dedicated to a god of commerce and wealth.
91	A puppet show depicts the mayor as controlled by the strings of the many guilds.
92	The crowd boos as a crier announces the latest tax rise by the mayor.
93	This street is oddly empty and quiet for being in the middle of the bustling town.
94	A carriage careens down the street, the driver trying to get the horses back under control.
95	Pure white doves flutter within a wooden cage, soft coos barely heard over the crowd.
96	Coins chink as they strike the bottom of this temple's "non-voluntary offering" box.
97	Hammering and sawing can be heard as a building undergoes new construction.
98	A mage chants a spell to check for disease in a wagon loaded with foodstuffs.
99	Every driver and worker on this caravan appears to be the exact same person, down to the face and clothes.
100	This shop sign promises wishes fulfilled if you'll simply sell your soul to the proprietor.

URBAN RIOT: MINOR EVENTS

Use this table, to provide details about small scenes the PCs witness during the riot. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

D%	
1	A mob thrums in the street, bellowing an unintelligible chant.
2	An emaciated dog rifles through garbage piled in the street.
3	Two wounded guards limp through the shadows.
4	A pair of half-orcs hastily stack boxes into a cart with a broken wheel.
5	A halfling fiddles with the lock on an intricately carved door.
6	Two young children crouch in a doorway, warily watching passers-by.
7	An elderly woman sweeps shards of wood out of the street and into a pile.
8	Two men try to calm a thrashing horse while a third lies motionless behind it, a deep cut bleeding on his forehead.
9	A fountain is filled with drenched pedestrians climbing up its features to escape the mob.
10	Three townsfolk pile pieces of broken furniture into a barricade.
11	A shrieking boy bursts from an abandoned alchemist's shop, his clothes engulfed in flame.
12	A sobbing man shakes the shoulders of a young woman bleeding from a stomach wound.
13	A bridge sways precariously under the weight of a crowd storming over the river.
14	A badly burned woman lies against a wall, begging passersby for water and aid.
15	Sobs can be heard beneath an overturned carriage.
16	A dwarf struggles under a bulging sack.
17	A stunned man watches his house burn.
18	A group of priests line up bodies and cover them with sheets while chanting last rites.
19	An elf with a loaded heavy crossbow sits outside an untouched storefront.
20	Two elders lead a group of children hand in hand through the wreckage.
21	A strong wind spreads a fire from house to house.
22	A couple clings to each other as they flee through the streets.
23	A group of locals form a line, passing buckets of water between them to throw on their burning homes.
24	Soldiers march through the streets, deaf to the pleas of the townspeople.
25	Crossbow bolts fly from a desecrated temple into the mob, killing at random.

26	Half a dozen brutes hammer at a splintering wooden gate using a stone statue as a makeshift battering ram.
27	Half-naked men and women surge through the streets, their skin covered in woad body paint.
28	Rioters race through the marketplace, putting awnings and vendor stalls to the torch.
29	A band of convicts rush out of a prison yard, still chained together by their manacles.
30	A halfling dressed in rags rifles through a dead man's pouches, pocketing anything of value.
31	A dozen ruffians run down the street, prying cobblestones out of the road and throwing them through every window they see.
32	Two men drag overstuffed bags out of a granary, and begin throwing food into the frenzied crowd.
33	Cries for help echo up from the bottom of a deep well.
34	Prostitutes run screaming from a brothel, attempting to cover themselves with bedsheets and mismatched pieces of clothing.
35	An old man limps down an alley, dragging his broken leg behind him.
36	Men and women clamber onto a drawbridge, weighing it down as guards attempt to winch it upright.
37	A young boy struggles with a flint and steel as he tries to light a torch and catch up with the other rioters.
38	Maids and servants dump waste baskets, chamber pots and other filth off a balcony onto the teeming masses below.
39	A wounded man tries to pull himself out from beneath a collapsed wall.
40	Panicked animals stampede through the streets.
41	Two men dressed in rags run down an alley, arms full of stolen jewels and finery.
42	A cowering mother tries to hush a squalling infant before it draws the attention of looters.
43	Sailors leap into the sea to escape rioters boarding their ships.
44	Three emaciated street urchins chase each other, all of them wearing gowns, furs, capes and other stolen finery.
45	A young man beats a broken barrel like a war drum.
46	A court jester flees down the street, his motley torn and stained with grime.
47	Several children follow in the wake of the mob, competing to see who can break the most windows left unshattered by the rioters.
48	The thatched roof of a burning hovel caves in with a burst of smoke.
49	Men and women locked in ramshackle wooden cages and stocks rattle against their restraints.

50	A young halfling mage desperately leafs through a pile of scorched scrolls.
51	A dozen monks wearing voluminous robes and cowls march through the streets, their chanting causing crowds to move out of their path.
52	A ragged-looking dwarf kindles a fire beneath the corner of a market stall.
53	A crowd of malcontents cast stones through the windows of a noble's manor house.
54	Sailors heave fishing nets onto guards before sprinting away as the guards struggle to get free.
55	Several bodies lying in a pool of blood suddenly begin to stir.
56	Rioters distribute hastily-stitched badges and tabards displaying the symbol of their cause.
57	Several men and women clamber up a wooden scaffold alongside an unfinished building.
58	Four masked freedom fighters strike chains from the arms and legs of slaves with huge greataxes.
59	Two lovers embrace in the street as buildings burn around them.
60	A group of homeless beggars cook rats on spits over a pile of burning books.
61	A badly beaten moneylender sits in the doorway of his looted office, nursing his wounds.
62	Several men and women gather around a set of cauldrons suspended over a bonfire.
63	An acolyte whispers prayers to herself as she cowers in an alleyway, clutching a battered holy symbol in trembling hands.
64	An inebriated labourer bellows a drinking song while stumbling down the street, trying to catch up with the other rioters.
65	A small herd of filthy goats graze in an immaculately manicured garden, its caretakers nowhere to be seen.
66	A wizard uses enchantments to placate rioters while he slinks away, leaving a confused and furious mob in his wake.
67	Four guards in bloodstained armour push half a dozen wounded rioters down the street.
68	Men and women stumble out of a burning opium den, oblivious to the pain from their burns.
69	Peasants dressed in rags carry makeshift battle standards made from poles adorned with torn doublets, gowns, and other noble finery.
70	Four young men carry a wounded civilian into a temple on a makeshift litter.
71	Refugees from city district devastated by the riots set up crude tents in public squares.
72	Several young men march in a semi-organized regiment, each in mismatched pieces of armour.
73	Citizens erect a guillotine in the town square, alongside a billboard etched with the names of high-ranking city officials.
74	Two guards sic wardogs on a mob, causing the rioters to scatter in terror.

75	Unseen rebels jab longswords through the gaps in a barricade, warding off advancing guards.
76	A string quartet plays as looters ransack the buildings around them.
77	A half-orc chugs mead from a broken keg while dozens of men whistle and chant.
78	A frightened woman tries to scrape burning pitch off the side of her home with a broom.
79	An alchemy shop emits a high-pitched whistle before an explosion blasts through the wall.
80	Sailors heave cargo crates into the bay, while merchants dive in after them to salvage what they can.
81	Guards hurl thunderstones into the crowds, scattering rioters as they attempt to escape the ear-splitting burst of sound.
82	Several men scatter from an alley, where a well-dressed dwarf lies bleeding.
83	A dozen rioters toy with a terrified merchant, circling around him and baiting him to try to flee.
84	A family watches the riots unfold from a balcony, while quietly weeping.
85	Protesters throw ropes over the statue of a local lord, preparing to tear it down.
86	Dozens of shouting men and women stand in a circle around a guard and a labourer locked in a fistfight.
87	A peddler shouts to passers-by, trying to sell charms and baubles he claims will avert chaos.
88	A dazed woman wanders the streets in a torn wedding dress.
89	Looters demolish a carpenter's workshop while the carpenter watches, wailing in horror.
90	Rioters pull corpses off a barricade, scavenging what they can from the bodies.
91	A family gathers around a broken wagon wheel, desperately trying to fix it.
92	A wounded guard shrieks in pain as four healers amputate his wounded leg.
93	Rioters surrounding a noble keep blare horns all night, trying to keep the occupants awake.
94	A dog whimpers over the corpse of a woman, pawing at her and licking her face.
95	Rats the size of dogs emerge from the sewers to scrounge for scraps.
96	Wounded citizens in a makeshift hospital pick fleas from each other's hair.
97	A terrified noble family, still wearing nightgowns, are escorted to a carriage by a throng of silent, armed peasants.
98	An enraged rioter beats his fist bloody against a door.
99	A band of horsemen gallop recklessly through the streets, hooting and shouting wildly.
100	Several sailors swim to the docks and collapse gasping for breath, as their burning ship slips beneath the waves.

VALLEY OF THE ROCKS: NOTABLE INHABITANTS

NAILLAE ARALIVAR

This old female elf has arresting blue eyes and bright silver hair hanging far down her back.

N old female ghost elf druid 6

Naillae loves the tranquillity of the valley, but longs to once again experience the simple pleasure of being alive.

Personality: Naillae is sad that she is dead. While she loves her extended “life” she longs to once again feel the sun on her face, swim in the Malinrae and to eat and drink real food.

Mannerisms: Naillae loves to meditate and can often be found—floating in midair—in a cross-legged position.

Distinguishing Features: Naillae’s bright blue eyes glow with an inner fire. When she speaks with living elves they take on a somewhat predatory gleam; this is Naillae imagining possessing the unfortunate’s body...but only for a month or two.

RIDETH CYELRAE

CR 14 (XP 38,400)

Female venerable ghost elf druid 13

NG Medium undead (humanoid, elf, incorporeal)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +29, Sense Motive +4

Speed 30 ft., (trackless step, woodland stride), fly 30 ft. (perfect); **ACP** 0; Fly +12, Stealth +8 (incorporeal)

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 14; **CMD** 23 (+4 deflection)

Immune sleep, mind-affecting effects, death effects, disease, paralysis, poison, sleep effects, stunning, nonlethal damage, ability drain, energy drain, damage to physical abilities, exhaustion, fatigue, massive damage, any effect requiring a Fortitude save (unless it affects objects or is harmless); critical hits and precision-based damage (except from *ghost touch* weapons); nonmagical attacks

Fort +12, **Ref** +4, **Will** +14 (+16 vs. enchantments, +18 vs. channelling); +4 vs. fey and plant-targeted effects

hp 114 (13 HD)

Space 5 ft.; **Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +9

Incorporeal Melee Touch corrupting touch +9 (14d6 [DC 20 Fort halves])

Atk Options Flyby Attack, Vital Strike

Special Actions a thousand faces, corrupting gaze, frightful moan, telekinesis, wild shape

A Thousand Faces (Su [standard]) Rideth changes her form at will as if using *alter self* while in her normal form.

Corrupting Gaze (Su [standard]) Rideth has a gaze attack (range 30 ft.) that causes 2d10 damage and 1d4 Charisma damage (DC 20 Fortitude negates the Charisma damage).

Frightful Moan (Su [standard]) Rideth emits a frightful moan affecting all living creatures in a 30-foot spread. Affected creatures are panicked for 2d4 rounds (DC 20 Will negates). This is a sonic mind-affecting effect. A creature resisting Rideth’s moan is immune to this effect for 24 hours.

RIDETH CYELRAE

A timeworn face, long silvery hair and a hunched frame mark this elven female as a woman of exceptional old age.

NG venerable female ghost elf druid 11

Custodian of the valley, Rideth is a gentle soul much given to thoughtful introspection.

Personality: Truly at one with nature, Rideth has seen much in her long life. Nothing—cruelty or compassion—surprises her anymore. She is instinctively distrustful of non-elves, but is not vindictive. It is hard to earn her trust.

Mannerisms: Rideth speaks achingly slowly as she searches for exactly the right word or phrase.

Distinguishing Features: Rideth’s long silvery hair glistens in both moonlight and sunlight. Whichever form she takes, her hair—or a decent proportion of her fur—is of identical hue.

Telekinesis (Su [standard]) Rideth can use *telekinesis* once every 1d4 rounds (CL 13).

Wild Shape (Su [standard; 5/day]) Rideth can assume the form of a Huge or Diminutive animal (*beast shape III*), a Huge elemental (as *elemental body IV*) or a Huge plant (as *plant shape III*) creature. Rideth can cast spells while using wild shape.

Druid Spells Prepared (CL 13th; concentration +17; Weather)

7th—*control weather*^D, *true seeing*

6th—*control winds*^D (DC 20), *greater dispel magic*, *liveoak*

5th—*call lightning storm* (DC 19), *cure critical wounds*, *ice storm*^D, *wall of thorns*

4th—*command plants* (DC 18), *control water*, *cure serious wounds*, *dispel magic*, *flame strike* (DC 18), *sleet storm*^D

3rd—*call lightning*^D (2; DC 17), *cure moderate wounds*, *protection from energy*, *speak with plants* (2)

2nd—*animal messenger*, *cat’s grace*, *fog cloud*^D, *heat metal* (DC 16), *resist energy* (2)

1st—*calm animals* (DC 15), *cure light wounds*, *detect animals or plants*, *obscuring mist*^D, *speak with animals* (2)

0—*create water*, *detect magic*, *light*, *stabilize*

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 13; concentration +17)

13/day—*lightning lord* (13 bolts/day)

7/day—*storm burst* (+9 ranged touch, 1d6+6 nonlethal)

Abilities Str –, Dex 10, Con –, Int 15, Wis 19, Cha 19

SQ elven magic, nature bond (Weather domain), nature sense, rejuvenation, wild empathy (+17 [+13 vs. magical beasts])

Feats Eschew Materials, Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Natural Spell, Self-Sufficient, Vital Strike

Skills as above plus Diplomacy +16, Handle Animal +20, Heal +20, Knowledge (nature) +20, Knowledge (religion) +18, Survival +26

Languages Common, Draconic, Druidic, Elven, Sylvan

Gear ghostly elven robes, holy symbol, spell component pouch

SOLALITH EVDREARN

With long black hair tied in a ponytail, soulless black eyes and an emaciated frame this mongrel elf wears clothes of severe cut and dark hue.

NE venerable male ghost half-elf druid 3/sorcerer [undead] 8

This half-elf hid his true self from his fellows. He is not the most dangerous—but is the most vindictive—of the valley's inhabitants.

Personality: Solalith is a twisted, evil man. He hates his fellows—but dares no move against them. He dreams of corrupting the valley completely, and of being its lord. In particular, he hates Rideth (but is scared of her power). He is devoid of mercy or compassion, but is full of guile and well practised at hiding his true feelings.

Mannerisms: Solalith's mouth is often twisted into a sneer.

Distinguishing Features: Solalith's eyes are flat and black; they portray no emotion, except when he is inflicting pain on others—then they seem to light up with an unholy fire.

SOLALITH EVDREARN

CR 12 (XP 19,200)

Male venerable ghost half-elf druid 3/sorcerer (undead) 8

NE Medium undead (humanoid, elf, human, incorporeal)

Init +4; **Senses** low-light vision, darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +26, Sense Motive +4

Speed 30 ft. (trackless step, woodland stride), fly 30 ft. (perfect); **ACP** 0; Fly +13, Stealth +16 (incorporeal)

AC 17, touch 17, flat-footed 17; **CMD** 23 (+7 deflection)

Immune sleep, mind-affecting effects, death effects, disease, paralysis, poison, sleep effects, stunning, nonlethal damage, ability drain, energy drain, damage to physical abilities, exhaustion, fatigue, massive damage, any effect requiring a Fortitude save (unless it affects objects or is harmless); critical hits and precision-based damage (except from *ghost touch* weapons); nonmagical attacks **Resist** cold 5

Fort +12, **Ref** +3, **Will** +15 (+17 vs. enchantments, +21 vs. channelling)

hp 133 (11 HD)

Space 5 ft.; **Base Atk** +6; **CMB** +6

Incorporeal Melee Touch corrupting touch +6 (12d6 [DC 24 Fort halves])

Atk Options Flyby Attack, Vital Strike, draining touch

Draining Touch (Su [standard]) Solalith can drain 1d4 points from any one ability score with an incorporeal melee touch attack (+6). With a successful hit, he heals 5 hp.

Special Actions malevolence, telekinesis

Malevolence (Su [standard; at will]) Solalith can merge his body with an adjacent creature from the Material Plane (DC 24 Will resists). This works similar to *magic jar* (CL 11). A creature that successfully saves against this attack is immune to Solalith's malevolence for 24 hours.

Telekinesis (Su [standard]) Solalith can use *telekinesis* once every 1d4 rounds (CL 12).

TAHLYS VONOTHVAR

Old, but distinguished, this elven woman has a welcoming smile and twinkling golden eyes.

NG venerable female ghost elf druid 7

Dedicated to protecting the animals dwelling in the valley, Tahlys can be a great friend or implacable enemy.

Personality: Gentle and thoughtful, Tahlys can be aroused to terrible anger when she believes her charges are threatened. She dislikes Solalith for an indefinable reason—she simply feels uneasy around the half-elf.

Mannerisms: Always a patient person, in death Tahlys' patience has reached preternatural levels. She can sit unmoving for hours—even days—on end simply watching a badgers' set.

Distinguishing Features: Tahlys' eyes often seem to sparkle with merriment or excitement—particularly when she's with her beloved animals.

Druid Spells Prepared (CL 3rd; concentration +7; Air)

2nd—*heat metal* (DC 16), *soften earth and stone*, *wind wall*^D

1st—*detect animals or plants*, *entangle* (DC 15), *faerie fire*, *obscuring mist*^D

0—*create water*, *detect magic*, *flare* (DC 14), *resistance*

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 7th; concentration +15; bloodline arcana [corporeal undead affected by humanoid affecting spells])

4th (4/day)—*enervation*

3rd (7/day)—*deep slumber* (DC 20), *haste*, *vampiric touch*

2nd (8/day)—*eagle's splendour*, *false life*, *resist energy*, *touch of idiocy*

1st—*chill touch* (DC 17), *detect undead*, *mage armour*, *magic missile*, *shield*, *silent image* (DC 18)

0—*bleed* (DC 17), *dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *disrupt undead*, *ghost sound* (DC 17), *message*, *prestidigitation*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 17)

Bloodline Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th; concentration +15)

10/day—grave touch (+6 melee touch, 4 rds.)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd; concentration +7)

7/day—lightning arc (+6 ranged touch, 1d6+1 electricity)

Abilities Str –, Dex 10, Con –, Int 15, Wis 18, Cha 25

SQ elf blood, nature bond (Air domain), nature sense, rejuvenation, wild empathy (+10 [+6 vs. magical beasts])

Feats Ability Focus (corrupting touch, malevolence), Deceitful, Eschew Materials^B, Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Skill Focus (Perception), Vital Strike

Skills as above plus Bluff +20, Disguise +9, Handle Animal +11, Heal +10, Knowledge (arcana) +13, Knowledge (nature) +10, Knowledge (religion) +8, Spellcraft +13, Survival +12

Languages Abyssal, Common, Druidic, Elven, Sylvan

Gear tattered ghostly robes, unholy symbol

WAR-TORN TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the war-torn town. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

D%	
1	Ash has drifted down from the skies to coat every surface in sight.
2	The buildings along this street all appear to be leaning, as if their foundations are crumbling.
3	Smoke plumes into the air as tongues of wicked fire lick the buildings.
4	A string of black-garbed widows and orphans line the street to weep as a squad marches by.
5	This whole block has been reduced to rubble and wreckage.
6	Piles of broken and shattered armour lie strewn on the ground, battered beyond use.
7	Snapped spears and mangled swords form piles off to one side of the street.
8	Half-a-dozen corpses are carried by, laid out on their own bloodstained shields.
9	The soft sound of sobs and choked weeping fills the air.
10	A priest in a gilded robe strolls by a line of recruits, laying hands on each in blessing.
11	A zealous rebel stands on the corner, ignoring glares as he shouts a creed of violent defiance.
12	A trio of soldiers are strung up; their arms and legs are lashed to spears driven through their chests.
13	A family cries for help as soldiers raid their home, taking every scrap of their food.
14	This band of recruits looks to comprise little more than children.
15	Hard-eyed mercenaries lounge about, drinking and scowling at anyone who pays them the slightest bit of attention.
16	A person entirely encased in plate armour stands nearby, watching everyone.
17	The air-quaking screams suggest the local surgeon is hard at work amputating more limbs.
18	These beggars use dented and rusted helms as bowls and claim they're veterans too old to fight.
19	A scattering of metal and wooden shards on the road is what remains of a knight's shield.
20	In the distance, a row of people on mounts is silhouetted against the horizon.
21	Distant cries and clashes indicate the battling has renewed with increased ferocity.
22	Droop-shouldered sentries trudge along the tops of the walls, rarely bothering to watch beyond the town.
23	A horse careens passed, saddle empty, its mouth and mane are coated in froth.

24	A robed figure nails a flier to a post, announcing fresh recruitment efforts.
25	This wall is engraved with all the names of the dead—there must be hundreds of them.
26	A group of children have turned a trash heap into the epicentre of their “king of the hill” game.
27	A cart trundles by, weighed down by dozens of stiff and rotting bodies.
28	This person appears to be selling scraps and goods scrounged from those killed in battle.
29	A hedge witch rasps out offers of charms and spells to protect one against death.
30	As a squad marches by, a woman trails after, screaming for one of the soldiers to return home.
31	A soldier limps by using his sword as a cane; a grey beard hangs down to his waist.
32	A skinny youth clatters past, his armour far too big for his lanky frame.
33	The sewers and gutters of the town are full of bloody water and crimson mud.
34	Terrible shrieks tear the air as a team of horses are slaughtered to provide food for the townsfolk.
35	The heads of enemy soldiers are stuck on pikes all around town.
36	This building has been brightly painted in loyalist colours and insignia.
37	A bundle of flags have been set alight and tossed to burn in the middle of the road.
38	A group of rioters storm down the street, chanting violent threats.
39	Cries of fear echo as several soldiers kick down the door to a home.
40	A soldier sits rocking back and forth, cradling his sword as if it were a babe.
41	The stink of gangrene makes people retch as they pass by the local apothecaries' home.
42	Agonized weeping comes from the makeshift hospital tents set up along the street.
43	A family kneels in the street in the wake of a squad, offering up prayers for protection to their god.
44	A pile of battlefield loot sits in the middle of town, ignored and untouched by all.
45	Whatever this building used to be, all that remains is an ashen husk.
46	Soldiers pound on every door, searching buildings one by one.
47	Every street is barricaded by spiked metal and wooden posts.
48	A sentry tower stands ablaze on the edge of town, casting sparks and embers onto the nearby rooftops.

49	A waft of rot emanates from the nearby shop, which has shuttered windows and a barred door.
50	The supply caravan lumbering into town looks like most of its goods have been pilfered by its guards.
51	The person off to the side has a shifting gaze as they sketch out a map of the area.
52	A herd of pigs has been outfitted with miniature armour and sports iron-capped tusks.
53	A pack of snarling, slavering war hounds tug at their master's leashes.
54	As a person walks by, a brand under his rags—labelling him a deserter—is briefly visible.
55	This miserable lot of scarred and wounded slaves looks to be culled from enemy ranks.
56	Men nail up a variety of charcoal sketches detailing a fresh batch of soldiers wanted for desertion.
57	The general who just staggered by reeks of whiskey more than the most drunken beggar.
58	A pair of soldiers shows off a weapons demonstration to a group of grubby children.
59	Two people stand in the street bellowing a mix of military propaganda at one another.
60	A blind oracle shambles past, muttering the word “doom” over and over.
61	Every wall surrounding the town appears to be falling apart.
62	The main gates to the town lie knocked off their hinges and cast to the side.
63	These painted slogans look to be the work of a bunch of soldiers.
64	An enemy soldier peers out from behind the bars of the local jail.
65	A large tent serves as the centre of a bustling military camp.
66	A uniformed courier dashes by, boots polished and sabre rattling in its sheath.
67	The squad marching through the town bears the royal colours and insignia.
68	Every home in town shows some sign of disrepair or damage, from caved-in roofs to shattered windows.
69	A shadowy figure ducks down an alley and vanishes into a gutter opening.
70	Off to one side, a person touches a brick in a wall and a secret door slides open.
71	A haunting melody fills the air as a band plays dirges as they shuffle passed.
72	The doors and windows of these home are laid across with thick chains.
73	The entire town is blanketed with an unnatural silence.
74	The screams in the distance have been going on for hours, and they don't sound human.
75	A single soldier tries to protect himself as a mob of townsfolk curse and fling rocks his way.

76	Children scuttle by, digging through garbage and heaps for any crumb of food.
77	A group of soldiers stand around the entrance to a cellar as smoke pours up the stairs.
78	A goodly number of trip wires, bear traps and hastily concealed pits defend this neighbourhood.
79	Villagers have gathered to work on crumbling and charred portions of the town walls.
80	Townfolk work alongside guards to construct a catapult out of any wood scraps lying around.
81	These stocks stand empty, but the fresh gore on the wood indicates recent usage.
82	A lone lute, strings cut and frame cracked, lies in the middle of the road.
83	A whip cracks as a deserter has his back turned into a bloody mess beneath the lashings.
84	A shirtless man strides by, back straight despite his torso being a mass of scars.
85	This puppet show is little more than a demonstration of gory ways one can be killed in battle.
86	Several youths flee from a pair of guards who look too wearied to give proper chase.
87	A child clutches the ankle of a man, pleading for “Papa” to not leave.
88	An enemy soldier hollers down from atop the tower, taunting anyone to try and remove him.
89	One soldier falls to the ground in mid-step and is left there as his regiment marches on.
90	Townfolk stream along the main street, carrying dozens of sealed coffins to the graveyard.
91	Enormous stones form a giant cairn in the middle of town, dedicated to “All Who Have Fallen.”
92	What looks like a heap of muddy rags is revealed to be a pile of discarded military uniforms.
93	The harsh cawing of buzzards grows louder as a flock settles over the town.
94	This chapel has been set ablaze; flames pour from every window and doorway.
95	Several figures crawl down the street, trailing filth and blood from their bodies.
96	This once-bustling marketplace has been entirely shuttered and closed down.
97	The road is almost completely clogged with abandoned wagons, whose axles and wheels are broken.
98	Men, women and children scream as they sprint away from the approaching soldiers.
99	The skies have been blood-red for a week now, all day, all night.
100	Every guard in town stands perfectly still; peering through the bars of their helms reveals each one is an animated skeleton.

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