

#### DIBELAIMER

Dungeonlands is not reality. The GM sets a scene in a fictional realm and the players play characters in it. Repeat after me, "*I am not my character. I can't do the things that my character can do because he is a fictional character in a fictional universe.*" Don't try to fly just because your character can fly. Don't kill anyone just because your character is a master of the Scottish claymore. Roleplaying is meant to be fun, but comes with serious responsibilities.

#### CHARLY YOU

On behalf of the entire Dungeonlands creative team, I'd like to thank the 212 kickstarter backers who made this project possible. Please enjoy this, the first of many Dungeonlands products to come!

We appreciate your feedback, please email hello@savagemojo.com if you have any comments for the team. Thank you for your support, we appreciate it.

-Ace



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# GREDIC WHERE GREDIC'S DUE

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# THE LEGEND OF THE LIGH QUEEN

# BY BENIN ANDREW MURPHY

Trismaya the Storyteller. Trismaya the Fortuneteller. Trismaya the Mad.

I have heard them all and more.

I am the teller of a thousand tales. The dreamer of ten thousand dreams. The whisperer of a million lies. And the prophetess of a single truth.

*Your lies will catch up with you, child*, my mother always said.

The lies were not what worried me. The truth was.

I had heard it first as a girl, in a dream, too old to simply forget, too young to know the wisdom of holding my tongue or filling my mouth with an artful lie.

My mother showed me both, telling me the tale of Ninat, the spider goddess, who cast her dreams to the world, floating away like spiderlings on gossamer thread. Most of Ninat's dreams were good. A few were naughty, frightening children and even grown folk. But none were real, only cobweb fancies. I should not have asked if any showed an apocalypse of fire, the death of gods and men alike.

I was taken to seers and fortunetellers, aged soothsayers and vain young priests. I learned that while a few had enough glimmerings of the Sight to read dim portents in cards or oracle bones, most were charlatans of varying degrees of expertiseand all of them cared more about my mother's money than they did about me or anything they might see. Even the true oracles viewed it only as a trade.

So I learned to lie. I told my mother the most soothing lies the false soothsayers had spun, agreeing with her and them that it had just been a wickedly snarled thread of Ninat's dreamsilk; I had already mostly forgotten it.

#### I did not forget.

The dream came again when I was twelve, its revelations more specific and more awful. I will not say I was ready for it. But at least I had a lie prepared. I said my bleeding time had come upon me and that was why I was pale and shaking.

The most believable lies are those that resemble the truth.

I wish I had been in a state to remember more of what my mother told me, for I could tell she had rehearsed her speech, how proud she was of me as her daughter, what great hopes she had for me as a woman, how now that I was brideworthy, she might honorably arrange my marriage, and indeed, had fine prospects already in line.

They came to court, young and old, wise and foolish, handsome and unfavored, but all with some combination of wealth or the promise of same through powerful familial connections.

I turned one aside then another, growing

in both beauty and the liar's craft. My reasons were good or bad, mercurial as the fluids in an alchemist's alembic, solid as stone or yielding as a dream. My fame grew as an unwinnable beauty, for my mother, while a wealthy cloth merchant, kept the custom that she would not agree to a match that her daughter did not favor, which only made me yet more desirable, for the fame of the man whom I chose would be joined with my own, he forever known as the one who won Trismaya the Dreamer.

Three more suitors had been turned aside that morning, and my mother, while noting that the interest in me was still accruing, was becoming bored with the game and fearing that others might as well. It was then that I saw him. My dreams, though I pretended them to be light and fanciful, were in truth dark and awful, twisted as the gossamer parachutes of Ninat's most horrid broodlings.

But even the dolorous future of the spider keepers did not show me the bright present. I had seen his visage amid blood and fire, ashes and memories, older, weary, battle-scarred, the lines in his face etched in the acid of pain and true grief.

I was not prepared to see the earnest youth that he had been, that he was, here, now, before me.

"Dorhendr..." I breathed, speaking the name outside my dreams for the first time.

He looked at me shyly and smiled a child's smile, showing me the boy he had been before, now catapulted into a man's body, tall and broadshouldered, a man who would know torment and pain and ruin...some of it at my hand.

I took his hands in mine. They were great things, making me feel almost like a child again myself. I felt none of the sword calluses that would be upon them save those that all the sons of well born men had from following the expectations of form. "I am sorry. So sorry. You will love me, though you should not. I am more than a dream girl–I am madness incarnate. I will be as good a wife to you as I can, but I shall betray you for no reason that you will at first understand. You will, in turn, betray others, including the one who will love you as you truly deserve. I am Trismaya, and I shall be many things, but among them the author of your grief, and for that I am truly sorry. Years hence, you will still not understand, only forgive me, believe me, and follow me to your doom once more."

"What?" said his father. "What did she say, Dorhendr? She speaks very softly and I am growing deaf."

"She said that she promises to be as good a wife as she can!" the young man boomed, smitten. "She agrees to be my bride!"

My mother, who was not growing deaf, had heard no such thing, but had wearied of me turning down one suitor or another for trivial reasons. She was more than glad that Dorhendr, son of Alsim the Spice Prince, was apparently as mad as I was. Together we could be suitably matched.

"Then let us let these two love birds get to know each other while we work out the details of the wedding and the bride price," my mother suggested sweetly.

"Bride price?" Alsim echoed. "I expected a dowry. I have heard rumors that your daughter is mad."

"Mad with love," my mother lied, but that was more the truth with Dorhendr. As it turned out, there was neither a bride price nor a dowry. Our families, merchants both, settled on a lavish wedding, netting us many rich gifts from those who wished to curry favor from Dorhendr's father, my mother, or both. The gifts beggared description and more than a few personal fortunes. Among them was one I had seen in my dreams-my terrible, terrible dreams-a necklace of moonstones as beautiful as if an angel's tears had been strung upon a silver string.

This was because one of them was exactly that, the central pendant being the frozen tear of the seraph Anat. The lesser droplets were from her attendant choir of cherubim.

"Very fanciful," my mother pronounced, reading this same description from the accompanying scroll, "yet I understand the Emir of Ralzim paid a small fortune to the wandering fakir who sold it, and that provenance alone makes it valuable beyond common moonstones."

"There's nothing common about them," I said in rejoinder. "They are the tears wept by the angel Anat and her choir when Ninat spun her tale of the doom that is to come, stringing the angel's dreams onto the silver thread woven by Her and Her spider keepers." I gestured to my new husband. "Place the string upon me, Dorhendr."

He did as he was bade, in that and in all things.

We were happy for a span of years, or at least he was, deserved as much. He became the popular young merchant prince, I his beautiful and fashionably mad young wife, throwing many fabulous parties as gaily extravagant and profitable as our nuptials.

Dorhendr needed that happiness for the sorrow that was to come.



I knew better: It was the tear Anat wept the morning after Ninat visited the seraph in her dreams, wringing from her the tears for the moonstone necklace. The tear of jet was crystalized from the angel's nameless sorrow from the dream she could no longer remember. After it had fallen to earth, it had passed about by far more mundane means before it arrived on the peddler's blanket. Still, a good story is still worth a few coins. I laughed and offered the peddler a handful of dinars for his lies and a few more for the bauble, which I found pretty and might suit my husband.

I left it on my pillow with a note, reminding him of my words when first we met outside the realm of dreams, my first meeting with him as a youth. I gathered about me a few mementos-the masks of the muses of comedy and tragedy he had gifted me with on our first anniversary, a mocking play on my oft repeated apology that I would make him laugh now, but cry later; the patterned oracle's scarf my mother had bought me when I was a girl visiting soothsayers; a platinum choker crafted by the finest artisans of the age which complemented the string of moonstone tears I never took off; and a lovely time-worn lute, its wood stained and smoothed by the hands of courtesans and meistersingers over the years until it had come to be among my family's riches and I took it up as my own.

I went out into the world, spinning illusions and dreams about myself at first so others would not know me, telling tales in the bazaars and coffee gardens and hearing more in turn, including the gossip of Dorhendr, the most favored young man in the world becoming the most fallen, for the man whose fortune is set by winning the beauty of the age is ruined when he is abandoned by her.

Dorhendr had always given his love too freely and was too honest for a successful merchant anyway. A lie or two would have spared him. He could have claimed I was abducted by bandits or djinn, spirted away by wicked enchanters in dragon-borne chariots, or even stolen by one of the gods who walked among men with such frequency I had met no less than five-though I was wise enough to never reveal I had seen through their disguise, nor did I tell three that I knew they were doomed.

My husband was doomed as well, by his honest admission that I had left him and his honest grief at that betrayal. He had felt that I was like a butterfly and he had been honored that I had chosen to alight on his finger. That I had flown away was a time he had always feared would come, but he had heard me talking in my sleep. He knew the dreams that tormented me would never let me rest, trapped in them like a butterfly in a spider's web. So he did the kindest thing he could: He cut me free.

His social contacts did the same with him and far less kindly. Ruin came to the spice house until he traded what was left for a great sword, hung the mourning tear from the pommel, and set his way on the warrior's path.

I heard tales of his valor from gossips and storytellers, those who plied the trade of exotic truths and the woven word. It gave me joy for a brief time when I heard he had joined forces with the shield maid Elrahui, she of the fleeting smile and swifter blade. I blessed her though I knew we would never meet, at least while she lived. The tale of my betrayal of Dorhendr had given him a dark fame, one only one who had lost much and battled many could hope to heal. I knew she knew him for the good man he was, and that she was cursed to love him as he had loved me.

I wept when I heard that his pain and sorrow had led him to betray her and the rest of his company, and how, in her dying words, she had forgiven him and he wept as well.

Dorhendr, my sweet youth, put on the armor of penance and became the Grieving Guard, the Silent Sentinel, the one who was meant to be nameless but was not. Even in the stillness of the Great Necropolis where he had pledged to stand vigil, effacing his own name so he could remember the names of all the others, reciting the litany of the fallen warriors and the honored dead, their bones interred in graves and vaults, their ashes in cinerary urns, the names of those lost afield or asea engraved on empty cenotaphs, even there the name of one pledged to be nameless could not be forgotten–not when the tale was so juicy and the gossips' tongues could still wag.

Mine did as well, telling the tale of Dorhendr, the Grieving Guard, and mad Trismaya, the betraying beauty who had once been his wife-surely she could not be myself!

#### Or could she?

A lie is more easily believed when it is gilded with truth. In truth, courtesans and charlatans alike had found it profitable to style themself as Mad Trismaya, so who was I to say them no, especially when a crowd of impostors made my truth so much easier to hide.

I met a few madwomen who thought they were me as well. But their madness was slight, for it scarcely strayed beyond the thought that my waking life was their own. My dream life was still my own, and in that I was truly mad and truly cursed.

I told other tales as well, ones recounted by travelers and those who had never left the cities of their birth, of Tianet of the Wilds, greatest huntress of the age, who bore in her hand a bow set with a bloodstone tear. I knew it to be another tear shed by Anat's holy eye, a tear lamenting all the beasts that died so that others might live-truly ironic since it was said that by its power and her skill, Tianet had slain at least two of every beast that had ever been, even those monsters thought to be unique. As the storytellers confabulated when the inevitable child asked how she could kill twice what only existed once, the answer was simple: She had killed it in both this world and the next, the same monster doomed twice.

This was truer than most realized, for I had seen it in my dreams.

In my dreams I had seen another bearer of Anat's tears, Mabharo the Wanderer, also known as the Heretic, the man who served no god but had met all of them-an easier feat than it might sound for the gods were fond of walking in the guise of mortals only to put aside their masks like a child at a pantomime, revealing themselves in all their glory or horror. They almost invariably gained a convert to their cult if they didn't take that opportunity to exalt or destroy the mortal who had seen them in their true form, transmuting wretches into princes, or princesses into garden slugs.

Mabharo was the "almost" in the "invariably." He was not quite as broken as myself, but only just, for rather than being touched by Ninat, the Weaver of Dreams, he had been touched by Pingalu, the Monkey Spirit, God of Mischief, of whom many tales are told.

Mabharo's was among the most amusing.

The tale, as the children liked to hear it, went like this: One day Pingalu was wanting to work some mischief, for he was always wanting to work mischief, and thought that perhaps he would put on the form of a man, walk the world, and find some mortal to play with. A good number of the apes and monkeys in his court had formerly been men or women, converted to his worshipers and his favored forms. But one who had never been a man, simply a clever monkey named Mabharo, said to Pingalu, "My god, you have made many men into monkeys, but you are becoming almost predictable. Is it not time you made a monkey into a man instead?"

"Perhaps it is," Pingalu laughed. "Do you volunteer? Never matter! You have no choice. I volunteer you! Let the monkey become a monk!" So said Pingalu, the Monkey Spirit, who was as fond of puns as he was of mischief, transforming Mabharo the monkey into a human monk-still barefoot.

"So, my new man," asked Pingalu, "how do you intend to work mischief to serve me?"

"Serve you?" echoed Mabharo. "Men do no serve monkeys, not even monkey gods! I will go seek a god who I find worth serving."

Pingalu then realized he had worked his mischief on himself, as he did so often in his talesbut he also worked his mischief on the other gods, for Mabharo was ever dissatisfied, visiting one god then the next, surprising Selibe the goddess of beauty without her make-up then finding Forekhrin, god of secrets, in his supposedly secret hideaway.

Mabharo wandered, learning something of all of them, gaining a small token from each, from the most kind to the most terrible, for even the gods gossip, and it was soon known who and what Mabharo was–and while he might not have been the worshiper of Pingalu any longer, no god wished to play too hard with the plaything of the God of Mischief.

When Mabharo visited the angel Anat, she shed the amber tear, and in it her grief for all the worlds that had gone before this one, all the souls and gods forgotten to time. Mabharo took it and used it as the fob of his rosary, the chain he had strung with the tokens gained from all the other gods he met both before and after meeting Anat.

Anat also shed a fifth tear, this one a lapis stone. My dreams revealed that it was borne by one named Ayrawn, of whom not as many stories were told, not because there were no tales to tell, but merely because they were not the tales for the



marketplace or the souk, not stories that would set fire to the hearts of children and casual listeners.

The tales of Ayrawn were more subtle as was she–a casual mention by a scholar in a coffeehouse, a respectful citation by a court wizard when listing those in the arcane arts whose works he found exemplary, the same from an alchemist perusing volumes at a bookseller's stall and pestering the harried merchant for one penned by one known to be more than a charlatan.

Of all the known branches of the arcane arts, if not the accepted master, Ayrawn was still considered among the highest echelons, a storied polymath of the arcane. It was even whispered by priests, who mostly wished to claim some portion of her secular fame for their divine learning, that she had gained the favor of the wise angel Anat, who had gifted her with the blue stone she wore at her brow. That granted her in turn more than mortal wisdom, for how could any mortal seek to know so much save with spiritual help?

The priests cooed like doves or cackled like old hens, but their divine wisdom, if envious, was nonetheless true. As I said, I had seen the same in Ninat's dreams, the vision of the blue tear, the fifth of Anat's talismans that concerned the doom of the world but also its salvation.

And so, in the manner of vain storytellers since time immemorial, I found a place to slip myself into another's narrative and did.

I arrived at the gates of the great hall of wizardry and the arcane arts. I shall spare you the superlative descriptions of its glory and its grandeur, for they have been listed by others before. There were books and scrolls as one might expect; alchemical experiments bubbling away; strange things mewling in cages, hybrid monstrosities created by the arcane arts or mysterious cryptids brought to the laboratory for further study; mechanical devices of unknown purpose, more alarming for the fact that they were plainly made, designed for cold functionality rather than ostentatious gearing; more curiosities and wonders than one might think the world could hold if you had not traveled as widely as I had.

This was the private study of Ayrawn that I was brought to by the gnomelike servant, a twisted mannekin that the wizardess might have found in the depths of the earth or grown from a mandrake root. I did not know which, for my dreams had been unclear on the subject, but I knew its mistress had called it a Verger. I had used this name to get it to take me to her: "Verger, take me to your mistress."

"She knew my name, mistress!" the creature complained. I did not know if it were male or female, or again, if this even mattered. "She knew my name!"

"Indeed," said the wizardess, standing, "and that I find impressive, for I had not yet published my discovery of this race. How might I know you? What name would you like to be called?"

"Most call me Trismaya the Mad."

She regarded me cooly, then her eyes narrowed and she wove the fingers of one hand in an arcane sign. "The original. I see. The stories tell of a mad beauty in her first blush of womanhood, but the stories have been about for some time. I should not reasonably expect you to still have the blush of youth."

"Most do," I said. "It is a useful disguise." "So what brings the celebrated and multiple Trismaya to this scholar's humble study? I am not the most storied or most gloried of those who pursue the arcane arts."

"You are not the most storied because you have not sought it. Your life to this point has been prologue: Your greatest achievements lie before you, not behind. And you are not gloried by the common folk because again you have not sought it. You have the respect of the most learned scholars, and that for the moment is enough, even though you hold such power that you could be a queen if you so desire."

"And be regarded as a usurper who stole a kingdom or an upstart who married into one." She laughed lightly. "I would have to create a whole new world to be regarded as a rightful queen by subjects fit to rule."

"That is precisely what I propose," I said. "A whole new world. We must create one, for this one will be ruined by the Coming of Austra."

"I know of no 'Austra," the mage said clearly, "and you have something of a reputation as a fraud and a charlatan–or at very best a madwoman who no one in her right mind would trust."

"Do you trust your own divinations?"

"As much as I must," Ayrawn allowed. "Demons lie for it is their nature, the dead can only be compelled to reveal what they knew in life, which is not necessarily the truth, and the omens glimpsed in tea leaves are open to interpretation. Yet enough, taken in cross consultation, can yield a composite image, a prognostication which, while not necessarily a true image of the future, bears such a high likelihood of coming to pass that only a fool would ignore it." "It is just so with my dreams," I said. "I see matters from many angles, and when I approach them in the mortal world, I see them from yet another perspective. Yet each vision is true, like seeing someone from a distance from the side, then seeing them again closely face to face."

"And evidently you foresaw that I would be free this morning and looking for a new avenue of arcane inquiry. Very well then. Do you take tea? Would you like to read your omen in leaves on porcelain, or would it suffice for me to do so?"

"Aside from dreaming, my preferred method is casting beads, though in this we both bear the favor of Anat." I dandled the greatest pendant of my moonstone necklace, pointing it for a moment towards the lapis tear set in Ayrawn's circlet. She gasped. I merely stroked the strand of angel's tears and silver spidersilk. "But tea would be lovely, thank you."

A mage, especially one who conjures demons and djinn, is made of stern stuff. She regained her composure, removing an alembic filled with strange substances from a charcoal burner and replacing it with a common iron kettle. It swiftly came to a boil. She poured it into a china pot and then, as the leaves steeped, I began to tell her my dreams, of how the world would end in blood and fire, how Austra, Goddess of Fire, would arise from the earth itself, how the cataclysmic eruption of magma and flames which accompanied her birth would reshape continents, the pyroclastic cloud incinerating cities, men and gods alike perishing in the firey cataclysm.

I told her also of Dorhendr, who bore the Mourning Stone, the jet pendant I had gifted him with at our parting, the one he still wore as the charm depending from the pommel of his greatsword as he stood vigil at the Great Necropolis. I told her of Mabharo, the monkey now a man, who bore his rosary of the gods he had seen with his own eyes but never felt worthy of his worship, and the amber tear he had gained from his visit with the angel Anat. I told her of Tianet, she of the bloodstone bow, the greatest huntress of the age, who, it is said, could both kill a beast and bring it back to life, for where was the sport if the greatest trophies could never be taken again. And as I did, I drank my tea, showing her how the omens in the bottom of my cup gave extra insights to the visions I had seen and illustrated the tale I told.

"A pretty parlor trick, I will grant you that," the mage pronounced, but then, after reading her own tea leaves, consulted her books of ancient lore and modern philosophy, talked with the bronzed and mummified heads of sages and scholars past, cast powders into her brazier to summon wise afreet and demons of knowledge terrible in both aspect and name, and finally mixed an elixir of poppy gum and the resins of desert cacti, breathing the fumes from her retort until she fell into a drugged stupor.

The hour was late and I was tired as well. I reclined upon Ayrawn's spare divan and swiftly joined her in a new vista of the familiar nightmare. We stood on the parapet of I believe the wizard's tower, a great telescope bolted to the stones no doubt for the mage to scan the stars, partaking of the twinned sciences of astronomy and astrology. But instead, the telescope was pointed to the distance where fire fountained into the air. Ayrawn, wearing a far grander gown than the scholar's robes she had received me in, the royal raiment of a wizard queen, bent over the telescope, her eye to the eyepiece, her other screwed tight, her lips pursed in consternation.

"Do you believe me now?" I asked.

She stood bolt upright, looking at me in shock as had other dreamers when I had breached their private dream sanctum, the spot where they felt the most comfort and seldom, if ever, entertained guests.

"How-" she began on reflex, but then nodded. "Trismaya the Dreamer. Another of your epithets. Very well then. I believe you. I trust you have seen what I see through the telescope."

"I have never beheld it from this angle, but I expect it is the birth of Austra."

She nodded, then gestured to her telescope, inviting me to look. I perceived from the gesture that his was a rare honor, that the telescope in her dreams was matched by one in her observatory tower in reality, one where she seldom took guests. But the crystals and mirrors revealed what I had seen before, the birth of Austra, if here witnessed from a safe distance...for the moment.

"As you have said, I have seen this vision before. Austra is born, but will soon walk the land, leaving molten footsteps in her wake. Even this remote mountain will not be safe, for the great library of wizardry will burn."

"All of it?" gasped Ayrawn, her face showing the first trace of horror disrupting her wizardly composure.

"That is not for me to say," I said. "I place the decision entirely in your hands, for if we are to create this other world you spoke of, would you not fill it with all of the lore and learning that is here, all of the arts and sciences of the age?"

"An archive," she said automatically. "Yes. Yes. That is wise. There is time?"

"That I cannot say either," I admitted. "I have seen this vision many times in Ninat's dreams, but I only know that it will come to pass, not precisely when. But I feel it will be soon."

"The stars," Ayrawn pointed to them, "are they always in the same place in the sky in this terrible dream?"

"I-" I was at a loss for words. "I have never considered the question. I have always been watching the cataclysm. But now that you mention it, yes."

Ayrawn swore like a street urchin, cranking her telescope and swinging it about to observe the heavens. "There is very little time-very little indeed! How do we create this new world? I know a method, but it would require the power of the gods, and more than one, and we have little time to convince them!"

"Fortunately," I said, "another has already been visiting them, being gifted with crumbs of their divinity, and I know where his dream self resides. Take my hand and I will lead the way."

The dreaming mage extended her hand after but a moment's thought, then watched in wonderment as I reached to the wall of her wizard's tower and parted it as if it were no more than a cobweb curtain-though this is all it was in truth, for such is the stuff from which Ninat weaves her dreams.

We stepped behind the walls of dreams and nightmares, stepping along the familiar pathways of the great web, taking occasional detours to avoid the spider keepers, Ninat's broodlings, who take exception to dreamers stepping behind the scenes of their artfully woven tapestries. Yet soon we were at the one I desired. I pulled the silken cord, lifting the backdrop just far enough for Ayrawn to enter the scene, an idyllic glade on a lovely isle filled with passion flower vines. A young monkey sat on the ground, happily eating the perfumed fruit.

"Mabharo," I presumed.

He looked at me, shocked, dropping the rind, then rose up, his chattering giving way to human words as his dream form shifted from his childhood memory to his present shape. "What are you doing here? This is my place! And you two are no gods I have ever seen before!"

"No," admitted Ayrawn, "but I take it that you are Mabharo the Wanderer, also called Mabharo the Heretic, and the children's stories are true: You are a monkey whom Pingalu uplifted for his amusement."

"What of it? Pingalu does everything for his amusement! Who are you?"

"You may as well know me as Ayrawn the Mage. My companion is Trismaya the Dreamer, also known as Trismaya the Storyteller. She has a tale to tell...."

And so I did. Mabharo took far less convincing than Ayrawn, concluding, "Very well. Since we have little time, I will recruit Tianet. She has no respect for men, or women for that matter, but she will listen to animals. She speaks to me for she considers me a poor beast cursed to an unnatural shape. The story of you and Dorhendr is well known, so I suggest you go and convince him. I and Tianet will meet you at the Great Necropolis."

"And what shall I do?" asked Ayrawn.

Mabharo waved dismissively. "Pack your books, sorcerer. Your bottles and experiments. Any worldly thing you think should be saved. I do not even need shoes." He plucked a passion fruit, biting into it and sucking the jellied seeds with the manners of a monkey. "I will need to speak with Tianet about the plants as well, for these certainly should be saved from this rude new goddess."

With that, he vanished, the dreamer awakening. A moment later, the world went dark, for when a dreamer's private tapesty is not in use by its rightful owner, the spider keepers fold it up and put it away.

I was used to this rude form of awakening, so merely yawned, sitting up on the divan as Ayrawn gagged and hacked up the bitter phlegm of cacti and poppy fumes.

After mad planning and harried sleep but true sleep, she set to packing. Djinn were summoned, ones who could build a castle in a day or move one in an instant, turning a voluminous citadel into smoke and hiding it in miniature in a tiny bottle. Demons were summoned as well, imps to spy, inky little scribes to copy books the mage begged, borrowed, or outright stole from the collections of fellow magi and the libraries of kings and princesses. Only the whirlwind frenzy of her gathering of anything and everything that might be of human worth prevented Ayrawn from suffering the wrath of her fellows, for wizards and alchemist are patient and subtle and generally take time to calculate the harm done to them and plot a fitting and lasting revenge.

Time was what they did not have.

I, too, wished I had more. I had rehearsed before what I would say to Dorhendr, how I would say it, what my apology would be. Instead it all came out in a blubbering rush of panic. He held me, stroking my hair, my face to his breastplate where once it would have been to his bare chest as I woke from another of my nightmares and he soothed me to sleep, telling me it was only a dream. "Do not worry, Trismaya. I believe you. I have always believed you. The only time anything has gone wrong is when I did not believe in myself."

He looked to the others, Tianet with her bow, barefoot Mabharo with his rosary and monk's staves, Ayrawn with the plunder of the age compacted into a scholar's satchel and a collection of bottles. Dorhendr's words were for Mabharo and were plain and simple: "Do what you must, monk. Take as much of the Necropolis to this new world as you can, for we cannot let the dead be dishonored by the coming of this blasphemous Austra."

Mabharo nodded. He discussed arcane theory with Ayrawn until the monk, who knew more gods than my mother knew merchants, began to twirl his rosary like a bored child would twirl a bauble on a string. It was blasphemy, for on the chain were the signs and sigils of hundreds of gods and angels, patron spirits and demon lords alike. Then the signs began to glow and Mabharo's purpose was made clear.

The rosary spun out in a circle, becoming wider and wider, but what was glimpsed on the other side was not the outer wall of the Necropolis but a great void of stars, a swirling galaxy like one seen in the nighttime sky from a mountain peak, but moving like a maelstrom. Then an eye cleared in it and that spread out as well, revealing a familiar vista-the idyllic isle with the passion fruit bower. "Behold," said Mabharo, grinning, then chattered like a monkey. "The Isle of Paxectel," he translated, "as humans would call it. It is from my mother's stories, a tale older than humanity, the place where all good little monkeys go."

"How long will the portal hold?" Ayrawn asked.

"I do not know," Mabharo admitted. "I have never called on all the gods for such a favor before."

"Then we must work quickly." Tianet strung her bow. "I shall place the animals. They were here first and shall go first." So saying, she vaulted through the portal, transported as if on falcon's wings to the pretty bower. She swiftly loosed two arrows which transformed midflight to two great flightless birds which took off at a run.



Ayrawn twisted her ring, summoning one of her most powerful djinn. "I have a wish," she pronounced. "I wish that this Necropolis and all in it, alive and dead, above and below, every last stone, urn, and statue, all that is here in the mortal world and the spirit world as well, be transported and transplanted safely to that spot on that isle there." She pointed through the portal to the Isle of Paxectel.

"As you wish, O worthy one," said the djinn.

A whirlwind arose, a rumbling of the stones, the djinn racing about, before, above, below, between. Perspective skewed, the whirling signs of the gods passing overhead like the zodiacal band of a madly spun astrolabe, and then, abruptly, Mabharo was pulled through at last, the immense hole in the sky shrinking from a rent as wide as the eye could see to an immense wheel as wide as a mountain is high and smaller and smaller until Ayrawn cried, "Hold! Djinn, for my second wish, I wish you to freeze the monk's portal there where it is, keep the power there where it is, but erect a stone arch about it with charms set such that we can turn its power to any world we wish to visit."

"Your wish is my command, O worthy one," said the djinni of the ring. In a trice, a circle of stones was framed about the portal, stretching the fabric of magic tight like a cloth caught in my mother's embroidery hoops.

Mabharo's rosary fell slack, again its usual size depending from his hand. We stood, as before, just outside the gates of the great Necropolis, in the field reserved for the slightly less honored graves. Yet the sun overhead hung in a different place in the sky and outside the swatch of manicured lawns where the summoning portal now stood lay the lush greenery of the monkey child's paradise. Ayrawn observed the isle with an architect's eye. "There should properly be a cathedral there, a library there, and of course, there on the highland, is where we shall erect our palace."

She had the manner of one used to being obeyed. Her djinn and demons unpacked her stolen buildings. Her bottled minions, her vergers, took a machine that looked like a puzzle box, unfolding it on the rise as it grew greater and greater, burrowed and drilled. "I have put some thought into this," Ayrawn explained. "If we are to have a palace, it should be reconfigurable. It would be inconvenient and dangerous to have to summon a djinn whenever you wished to simply rearrange a room, so this will save a great deal of trouble. You shall all be given suites of rooms to decorate as it pleases you."

"Who is going to live in a palace with so many rooms?" asked Mabharo. "There are only five of us."

"For now...." Ayrawn smiled and gestured to the walls of the Necropolis. "We've brought a great many others, and I have unraveled the secrets of alchemy and necromancy. What is dead today may be alive tomorrow."

What Dorhendr said next cut me to the heart. "I might see Elrahui again?" he whispered. "The rest of my shield brothers and sisters? Beg their forgiveness?"

"You might have done it long before now, if that tear of jet is what I think it is." She pointed to the Mourning Tear depending from his sword, the token I had left him at our parting.

"This?" he said, touching the memento.

"Yes, that," she agreed. "Did Trismaya tell you nothing of its power? Never matter. I shall instruct you-but I promise, you shall see your loved ones again. Yet for now, let us set things in order. There is much to see to now in our new demesne."

And so we did. Ayrawn had her djinn and vergers, her clockwork machinery and her arcane arts, recreate for me a replica of my mother's spinning room, the pleasant chamber in her grand house where I used to sit and imagine I had been born to a simpler life and a more common fate than what was mine and what my dreams portended.

> My dreams, for once in my life, portended nothing. When I fell asleep, I became aware that the djinn, crafty creature that it was, had interpreted Ayrawn's wish literally. When the Necropolis had been transported to the Isle of Paxectel, a swatch of the spirit worlds had been transported along with it. A group of Ninat's spider keepers wove frantically about, trying to repair the web of dreaming and recreate a suitable set of tapestries for those who slept here now. The Isle, however, was cut off from Ninat and her guidance.

I had long wished to be free of the dark prophecies, but it was strange to be without them. Had my mother perished? Had Ninat perished? Had the awful Austra come, stamping her molten footsteps across the earth, blanketing the world in her mantle of magma?

> Or had some survived? Had the wizards and alchemists, necromancers and sorcerers alike, set on edge by Ayrawn's theft of rare volumes, priceless artifacts, and ancient curiosities, become ready to deal with the goddess? Had the priests, bewailing the loss of the Necropolis, alerted the gods, some of whom may have survived who otherwise might not have?

> > In truth, while I knew that gods would die, I was only certain of a few, and now not even that seemed sure. If a memento were left of a god, like the trinkets on Mabharo's rosary, filled with some portion of the god's divine power and given to one who remembered their names, could any of them truly be dead? Or could they, as Ayrawn promised Dorhendr, be brought back like those remembered in the litany of names from the Necropolis?

The question was moot. We found Mabharo the next day. He had been about the isle, placing his icons of the gods in rustic shrines, at least the ones he hadn't placed in the large and somewhat garish cathedral Ayrawn had had arise from the rock, with the grand shrine to Lady Trinity, patron of women, wizardesses included, as well as numerous niches for the images of less favored divinities.

The last of these, the statuette of Pingalu, Spirit of Monkeys and Mischief, was perched in the crook of a banyan tree in Mabharo's favorite bower, the one made in the image of the one from his monkey mother's cradlesong. His body lay on the ground, the rinds of his favorite passion fruit in his hands.

"He must have been stung by a basilisk," Ayrawn pronounced, turning to Tianet. "You released so many venomous creatures on the island, it's small wonder he succumbed to poison."

"Who said anything of poison?" said Tianet. "I did not. I told all the animals who had it to stay away, and all the plants that have it are in their proper places." She took an arrow and speared one of the passion fruit rinds, bringing it to her nose and sniffing. "The skin has been smeared with the oil of Ignatius seeds. This is not the action of animals, or even the natural activity of plants. This is the work of man."

"Who could have done such a thing?" asked Dorhendr.

"One of you three. I neither know, nor care, which. The only man I trusted on this isle is now dead, and the only reason I trusted him was because he had been born a beast."

"You cannot leave now," Ayrawn protested. "What of the coming of Austra, the doom that was to come to our world?"

"A doom prophesied by one who goes by many names, among them 'Trismaya the Liar." She looked me straight in the eye and retrieved an arrow. "I trust none of you three, but least of all you. I should kill you now. But no doubt you'll have your love-smitten swordsman or the mage you have wrapped around your fingers make an end of me, so I'll save you the trouble. I will leave, through the portal Mabharo made and the djinn froze." She smiled a deadly smile, pointing her arrow straight at my heart. "I would advise you to follow soon-but to some other world. Once I leave, my control over the beasts will vanish. You will be left to fend for yourself against the manticores and basilisks, the jub-jub birds and the creeping things without a name. And if I die now? Well .... "

As she said this the hissing things, the creeping things, the sharp-beaked birds and the silentpadded cats crept out of the forest, surrounding their mistress as her honor guard, following her to the Summoning Portal where she placed her hand upon the stone, pronouncing, "I would return to my world now. Open your portal to me, thing of gods and stone!"

The portal opened. Fire blasted out, lava flowing through, forming a great pool which Tianet fell into, crying out, holding her bow aloft to save it from the flames.

"Djinn," cried Ayrawn, "I wish to save her! Preserve her! Seal the portal and freeze the stone!"

"It will be as you wish, O worthy one," said the djinn of the ring, "but with this service, your dominion over me is done!"

A great whirlwind came up, pulling water from the sea and dousing the molten rock. Great clouds of steam roiled forth, blasting every which way, carrying with them Tianet's treasured arrows, scattering them about like the quills launched by a blind manticore. Then the steam cleared. "Behold!" cried the djinn, its windy form in the appearance of flesh once more. "The huntress lies preserved, beyond all harm from you or any other thing! The stone is frozen, the portal is shut, and I am free!"

With a thunderclap, the djinn vanished. It was as he said: The portal was sealed, whirling once more with the colors of a thousand worlds; the lava was frozen, turned to elegantly worked stone; and raised on a stone bier of what would have been her pyre was Tianet, untouched, now surrounded by a golden glow. The beasts that crawled and crept and padded and flew shied away from it, each taking up one of the arrows borne by its former mistress, bearing them away in their beaks or jaws to the privacy of the wilderness.

The ring on Ayrawn's finger fell away into golden dust, drifting away with the breeze towards the sea.

Dorhendr looked to me, then Ayrawn, then turned his head back to the Necropolis, as if hearing something only he could hear. "Erahui!" he cried. "I am coming! I am coming!"

I tried to cry out to warn him, but a spell stilled my tongue. Another bound my feet.

Ayrawn smiled, then paced over to Tianet's sleeping form, lifted the archer's enchanted bow, and pried out the bloodstone tear that was its sight. She smiled further as one of her vergers, the twisted homonculi who did her bidding, came forth from the bushes and presented her with Mabharo's amber tear.

She then strode into the Necropolis to where I knew Dorhendr must lie.

I felt her spell slip away from my feet and tongue, and I ran after. I do not know what rash thing I thought I might do, for my craft was in prophecy and guile. I knew that the man who was once was my love was doomed, betrayed by his trust in me twice, but even so, it was like the first time I beheld his face in the present world. I was not ready.

The first time I saw Dorhendr, all the dark dreams of my young life had not prepared me to see his young, guileless, trusting face, the one I knew I could not help but doom.

Now older and even more steeped in prophecy, I had not steeled myself to see him dead, his lined and battle-scarred face frozen into a mask of horror and betrayal. The dried fingerbones of Elrahui's corpse were around his neck, the bones of his fellow shield men and women scattered around them, the necromancer having banished their shades back to wherever she had summoned them from.

"One should avoid killing anything personally," Ayrawn observed. "The spirits of the dead are so easy to tempt to vengeance, but they tend to strike at the one who did the deed, not the one who brought them to this pass." She took the tear of jet from the pommel of Dorhendr's fallen blade. "You would know something of that, wouldn't you, Trismaya?"

"I knew you would say that," I said. "You've rehearsed that little speech many times, said it to many others before, and I have seen it many times before in my dreams." I took the Mask of Tragedy from my waist, comparing it to poor dead Dorhendr. Even he had some gift for prophecy. "If you will allow me?"

I placed the mask over Dorhendr face, where it fit as if made for him. Perhaps it was.

"So do you know what I plan?" asked the wizardess. "Do you even care? I must admit I do not understand you, Trismaya, for I have never been able to fathom madness."

"You will have time," I said. "All the time you need. I know your plans. An alchemist hungers for immortality. Some of them even achieve it. But you, vain thing, wanted more. You wished to be a master of all magics, a queen for all time, a veritable goddess without the tedious business of worship and seeing to your followers-for you do not want worshipers, you want playthings. The angel Anat saw in you the seeds of greatness, granting you her lapis tear and with it wisdom, but not an angel's holiness or kindness. You hungered for more. When you found she had granted other tears to other mortals, you saw your chance to take them. Now all you need is mine." I held it forth, the last and greatest tear on my necklace. I had scattered the lesser tears about as I went about my day on the isle, as I had seen I would do, as I knew I must do, but I did not know why. "Take it, Ayrawn. Take it and be damned!"

Haughtily the wizardess took the tear. "You are a mad fool, Trismaya, and while I still do not know your game, why don't you tell me mine if you know it so well?"

"You have a grand machine," I said. "A prison and puzzle box and tomb all rolled into one. You will place the tears into it and use their power to imprison Anat once you lure her here and subdue her with your sorceries. Then you will drink her immortality, feeding her with the endless bounty of souls of those here in the Necropolis and those you lure from other worlds. You will become a lich, but style yourself a queen, resurrecting whatever of the honored dead amuse you to serve as your courtiers in a mockery that will seem a splendid afterlife but in fact will be a chamber of horrors as you refresh your court occasionally with the ancient dead or exotic strangers you lure through and ensorcel with your charms. And when your playthings no longer amuse you? Well, you can savor their essence and lure in something fresher."

Ayrawn laughed. "And now, I suppose, is the part where you say that you will stop me."

"No," I said, as I knew I would, "I will not. You are a necessary evil. Anat's torture is a necessary evil. The drinking of souls, heinous as it is, is a necessary evil. These things must be for the wonders of our age to be preserved, and who better to preserve them than a jealous undying guardian, a vainglorious wretched hag who would overturn all of creation for one more minute of her unholy life? But while you will not change, the worlds will, and in time a necessary evil will become unnecessary. A hero or a villain, or a fool or a stranger, lured here by your wealth and vanity, called by the cries of a tortured angel, or simply stumbling through an unknown door, will come here and end you, by skill, by luck, by fate, or some combination of all three-and all the wonders that you have kept will flow back into the world, for they are necessary. But you? You are not."

I smiled at my enemy. "That is the storyteller's curse, Ayrawn. Every villain will perish, and every story has its end. Even yours. Even mine."

But I laughed inwardly for I had scattered my moonstones.

A lich may be difficult to kill, but the hardest thing to kill is a dream.





On a legendary isle beyond time and space, a great evil waits. Made immortal through the consumption of living souls, the Lich Queen remains unconquered for untold ages. Fueled by the life force of an imprisoned angel, the portal to the Lich Queen's domain can touch any world. It's just a matter of time before the Queen's hunger threatens all existence.

Your players' heroes may be deliberate seekers of the Lich Queen's realm hoping to reclaim lost knowledge or treasures, chosen champions who hear and heed the call of the tortured angel, or simply unsuspecting innocents who stumble through a portal. The pathways are myriad and ever-changing, but all lead to the Island of Paxectel, a pocket realm deep within the primordial Maelstrom.

Below the surface of the island, the heroes discover a vast tomb of shifting corridors and monstrous denizens. Imprisoned in a deathtrap with no clear avenue of escape, they uncover clues to a dark prophecy, an ancient cataclysm, a heartless betrayal, and a millennia long struggle between two immortals that has touched countless worlds. Assisted by clues from those who passed this way before and allies they find, the heroes are forced into a dangerous game against an insane artifact intent on corrupting and harvesting their souls and a final confrontation with an ancient mage who has had thousands of years to amass her power.

#### THE SUBERAIN UNIVERSE

You could fit *Dungeonlands* into any fantasy campaign you're running-that's the beauty of it. We've been playing it as part of the Suzerain universe, and if you'd like to do the same, here's the one thing you need to know: Suzerain's just like the real world we live in, except that everything in the universe has an energy signature. Some people have called it Chi, Xi or Ki. In Star Wars they called it The Force. We call it Pulse.

It's this energy which makes up the souls of all sentient beings and which fuels the mystical powers and effects we might call 'the paranormal' and 'magic', which people master by following Pulse

### SUZERAIN AND DUNGEONLANDS

*Dungeonlands* is a massive, customizable adventure series set within the fantastic Suzerain Continuum. As such, you not only need a copy of The Pathfinder Roleplaying Game from Paizo, but also the *Continuum Guide* book from Savage Mojo to make the most of it. There's a Continuum Guide for Pathfinder and it's free!

Although everything is provided within these pages to construct your tomb and get started right away, we also recommend you try out Savage Mojo's *Dungeonlands* cards and maps to enhance your play experience. You can find all these things and more at savagemojo.com. Paths. It binds the universe. You can get a better view of it if you hop across the divide between the physical world and spirit world where you'll see the Pulse signature as a silvery glow around all things, strongest in people, less strong in plants, weakest in rocks and buildings.

In a far corner of the spirit world is the Veil that divides the mortal realms (all the stuff we know) from the immortal-the Maelstrom where the Pulse of old souls is recycled back into the universe. That's where you find the realms of the gods! Because all the gods that have ever been or ever will be have their own realm in the Maelstrom. Time flows differently over there, so from that side of the Veil you can get to any point in space and time, to the past or the far future of our physical world.

That's neat, but not everyone can handle the trip into the Maelstrom so they can jump through a portal to a sci-fi or fantasy realm. The mortal soul can't handle that and would get ripped to shreds... unless you're a true hero. Now if that's the case, one divine being or another will have flagged you for greatness and made sure you have a Telesma, a sentient protective talisman that's always with you. A family heirloom, perhaps, this gemstone could be in a pendant, the hilt of a sword, or your mother's engagement ring. You have an attachment to it and it always finds its way back to you if lost.

And when you first unlock that truly heroic potential... it says hello, opens up a portal to the Maelstrom, and explains all the stuff we've told you in the last few paragraphs.

So how does this all fit with *Dungeonlands*? Well, in the Suzerain cosmology the Lich Queen is a sorceress from the First Age of Relic. That's a fantasy realm in the physical world. In the First Age, the young goddess Trinity is one of the



deities watching over the realm and one of her angels, Anat, befriends the mage. When Anat is betrayed, the mage becomes the Lich Queen and Anat's life force is used to sustain a new realm in the Maelstrom-the Lich Queen's island and the dungeon below it. Heroes are drawn by Anat's lament from all over the universe, and that brings us back to events above.

#### THE SPIRE WORLD

The Lich Queen harvests the souls of those who die within her pocket dimension to fuel her needs. It is a place of death, where spirits are not allowed to linger. Reaching out to the other planes while within her dimension reveals a dark, cold and desolate place filled with primordial energies that threaten to rip any but the most powerful spirits asunder in seconds.

Whenever a hero attempts to enter or look into another plane, the spell or ability fails and he must make an immediate Will save (DC 20). On a failure, the demigod gains the sickened and confused conditions. On a success, he gains the shaken condition. On a natural 1, the is stunned by the sheer chaos of the spirit world within Paxectel Island. No matter which result occurs it lasts for 1d4 rounds.

Furthermore, the nature of the tomb increases the DC by 25 for all spells with the teleportation subschool. Flight abilities, both natural and magical, are also challenging to use within the environs of the Tomb. Every 1d4 rounds a flying hero must make a Fort save (DC 30) or become fatigued. The fatigued condition lasts until the hero is no longer flying.

# Answer The Call

We suggest all demigods in *Dungeonlands: Tomb of the Lich Queen* begin at 15th level. If you want to skip right to the action, we've provided nine pregenerated heroes in our first set of *Dungeonlands: Hero* Cards.

Spells or effects that call or summon beings from other planes or places are also affected, but not in a way that your heroes will notice immediately.. What this means to those who cast summoning spells is that the creatures they summon are manifested from within the tomb's dimension. Through some strange combination of the caster's will, the soul-bending power of the Machine and chaos of the Spirit World, summon spells still manage to call up creatures that are nearly identical to the ones any caster would expect to see, but since those creatures are synthesized from the matter and energy of the Dungeonlands they lose the extraplanar subtype. These creatures will usually have minor visual variations from their base creatures which may help heroes detect the difference.

Perhaps it is Tianet's work in gathering the spirits of so many creatures in ages past. (After all, her *arrowheads* have the power to call up creatures). Perhaps it is the Machine's millennia of work gathering souls. Whatever it is, summoning spells seem to work perfectly well in the tomb. That is, unless the summoner attempts to summon a unique creature. In those cases the summons is answered by an array of creatures that equal the CR of the unique creature they replace. Because of the strong bond between a summoner and his eidolon, the spirit world's restrictions have no effect on the abilities of the summoner class. It is not known where eidolons in the tomb go when they are dismissed, but they return to their makers, just as they would in any other place. It is likely that the aspect of the eidolon brought into the world of the tomb is only being stored and returned, since the creature can never reach its home plane. Fortunately, the eidolon will still continue to evolve and develop as its master grows in power.

# Beginning The Advencure

The story may begin a number of ways. Scholarly demigods may have read *The Legend of the Lich Queen* in dusty tomes describing the First Age of Relic or learned of spells or portals that lead to a lost realm of death and wonder and fabled treasures. Mystic demigods may have learned the same through divine revelations or prophetic dreams. Holy demigods, or just those with enough goodness in their hearts to hear the voices of angels, may have heard the song of the imprisoned angel, echoing across time and space and the mirrored possibilities of infinite worlds, pleading for a hero to free her.

Then again, rather than scholarly or greedy seekers or the noble Chosen, the demigods may just be hapless innocents who stumble upon a portal to the Isle of Paxectel. This is one such scenario:

### THE OBLIGATORY INN

Sometime after concluding their latest adventure, the demigods arrive at an inn for relaxation and recovery from their latest exploits. The inn may be an old familiar standby, a new one they come across in their travels, or just that place across town they always meant to try. Read the following narrative to get the adventure started:

The already dark lighting of the inn is subdued further by the swirls of heavy smoke moving languidly through the air, the only sources of illumination being the central firepit and a few sooty tallow candles. The air is filled with the savory scent of roast mutton as a large haunch sizzles and rotates over the flames, laboriously turned by the sweating spit boy. A cacophony of conversations fill the room, some in hushed tones and others animated over the games of cards or dice. A few patrons sit quietly by themselves, swords resting upon laps under the table, the blades partially drawn.

The inn is a large, rustic affair with a beamed ceiling and wooden walls. A dozen cracked and stained tables fill the main area. The bar is to the left, a pass-through to the kitchen is on the right. A slate above the bar lists the daily specials, the main one being mutton.

The night outside the inn is cool and crisp. Somewhere a musician tunes a lute, strumming a few exploratory chords. Combined with the slow spinning of the roast, the savory scent, and the flames dancing in the hearth, it lulls one into somnolence. Give the players an opportunity to roleplay and get into character. They can participate in one of the various games taking place at the other tables, flirt with the waiters or barmaids, or simply sit back and relax.

If you wish to open with a small combat scene, the demigods are confronted by a group of four burly men with large weapons and ugly scars. Whether this is a result of winning at one of the games and being accused of cheating, a case of mistaken identity, or for some past act the group might have taken, is up to you. Treat the four NPCs as level 6 fighters. The men fight until two of them are defeated (though not necessarily killed), at which time the remaining two will beat a hasty retreat from the inn. If the demigods kill any of the men, the bartender and the burliest barmaid cast them hard looks as they move to drag the bodies through the rear door and dump them behind the inn.

Dead bodies on the floor are bad for business, but the staff doesn't want trouble from the heroes either.

following once you are ready to move forward:

However you get your story started, read the

A lone figure occupies a corner table near the door, a woman in a harlequin-checked jacket of rose madder and goldenrod. Her blouse is lilac, her hose is marbled moss green, and her high soft boots are of natural doeskin. An elaborate silver choker, a simple necklace of moonstone beads, and a patterned scarlet scarf and sash complete her ensemble. She peers intently at the lute in her lap as she finishes tuning, then looks up. Her vibrant green eyes do not seem to focus on anyone in particular as she says, "Did I hear a request? Did someone ask to hear 'The Too? Legend of the Lich Queen'? I think I recall the tune, but it's been so long .... "

The room hushes as she launches into song\*:

The room falls silent except for a lingering echo of the tune, a distant sound that sounds like an angelic lamentation, at once beautiful and pained. A sea of confused and frightened expressions wash through the main room.

Now listen bold adventurers, a tale I will tell OF FIVE WHO FROM THE MAELSTROM RAISED THE ISLE OF PAXECTEL, A TREASURY OF WONDERS LOST, OF KNOWLEDGE, AND OF JEWELS-And five of these were angels' tears, and all these five were tools. TRISMAYA BORE THE MOONSTONE TEAR, THE STONE OF DREAMS AND LIES AND MAD AND HALF-REMEMBERED TRUTHS, FOR ONLY FOOLS ARE WISE. IN NINAT'S DREAMS SHE SAW THE DEATH OF RELIC'S GOLDEN AGE WITH AUSTRA'S BIRTH, SO CAST HER BEADS AND WITH THEM SOUGHT THE MAGE. AYRAWN WORE THE LAPIS TEAR, THE JEWEL IN WISDOM'S CROWN, AND WITH IT WROUGHT HER ALCHEMY AND ART OF GREAT RENOWN. It fell from Anat's holy eye, creating gold from dross-A TEAR LAMENTING FOOLISHNESS, CRUEL IGNORANCE, AND LOSS. MABHARO, CALLED THE HERETIC, THE MAN WHO SERVED NO GOD YET KNEW THEM ALL, COULD NAME THEM ALL—HIS AMBER TEAR WAS FLAWED, YET IN ITS CRACKS LAY MEMORIES OF AGES GONE BEFORE, THE KEYSTONE OF HIS ROSARY OF ALL THE GODS OF YORE. TIANET BORE HER BOW OF YEW—ITS SIGHT, THE BLOODSTONE TEAR For every creature of the wild she had felled far and near. YET DEATH HOLDS LIFE AS LIFE HOLD DEATH, FOR WHEN SHE DREW HER BOW A BEAST COULD DIE OR LIVE AGAIN-BUT WHICH I DO NOT KNOW. DORHENDR BORE THE TEAR OF JET, THE PENDANT OF HIS BLADE-The mourning gem of deep regret for all who lie unmade. THE GRIEVING GUARD KNEW ALL THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO'D PASSED BEFORE, And all with names can live again—and die again, what's more. THE FIVE OF THESE RAISED PAXECTEL WITH ANAT'S FROZEN TEARS, PRESERVED THE WONDERS OF THEIR AGE WITH AYRAWN'S CLOCKWORK GEARS-THEN SHE BETRAYED THE OTHER FOUR WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT. WITH STOLEN JEWELS AND CLOCKWORK SCHEMES, FALSE AYRAWN TRAPPED ANAT. The mage-turned-queen became a lich, her palace now a tomb, THE GOLDEN AGE'S TREASURY BECAME A PLACE OF DOOM. Now in its heart an angel weeps for one to set her free AND WITH EACH TEAR THE LICH Q UEEN STEALS HER IMMORTALITY. MABHARO'S GODS, DORHENDR'S NAMES, TIANET'S ARROWHEADS, AND MAD TRISMAYA'S SCATTERED BEADS-THESE ALL ARE COMMON THREADS FROM NINAT'S SPIDERWOVEN DREAMS, THE OMENS THAT SHE SENT. HARK, LISTEN NOW-CAN YOU NOT YEAR THE SERAPH'S DREAR LAMENT?

24)

The woman rises, but rather than bowing or doffing her scarf for tips, she cocks her head, listening to the angelic lamentation. "I must go!" she exclaims and rushes out the door. Someone—perhaps one of the heroes—reaches to stop her, but all they catch is her strand of beads. It snaps, scattering moonstones across the floor like a handful of marbles.

Some of the other patrons in the bar feel they can hear the angel's lament, but not all. Some exclaim in shock and others perform warding gestures of various deities.

Once the musician has left and the door of the inn closes, the song begins to fade. No one in the bar can remember seeing that woman before tonight. The bartender is visibly shaken. While he has never seen the musician at the inn before, the song that she sang and the angel's lament that followed speaks of weird powers and death. It is an ill portent. He is certain unnatural births will soon follow.

Once the demigods decide to follow the woman outside, or to simply be on their way (regardless of whether they go immediately, or even the next morning), the woman in the harlequin coat has placed a *geas* upon them linked to departing the building, this occurring to everyone who picked up one of her moonstones. Demigods who did not or who actively avoided it will later find one of the beads caught in the fold of a garment or elsewhere where it landed when they scattered. As they leave the premises of the inn, read the following:

# METER AND VERSE

The preceding verses are written in the hymnal stanza and as such may be sung to many tunes including, *Amazing Grace* and *The House of the Rising Sun* as well as *I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing* and the *Gilligan's Island* theme song. *The House of the Rising Sun* is the most appropriate to the mood, as the song is meant as a lament, but any tune written for the same meter may be used depending on the spirit of your game.

As you step through the door, a wave of electricity breaks upon you. A strange shimmering fills your vision, as though looking at the world through the heat of a flame.

Stepping forward, the road, grass, and even the inn begin to fade. Your vision blurs around the edges as everything around becomes less real.

You hear the crashing sound of the surf, and smell the sharp tang of the sea. You feel the warmth of the sun, and through the mists you see the bright orb overhead.

As your vision clears, you find the inn and countryside no longer present. What stretches before you is a strange island with ruined structures dotting the landscape. The sun shines upon you from a cloudless sky, and from its position you would guess it to be near midday.

Where are you?



# Welcome to Paxestel Island

As the demigods step through the portal, read the following:

Looking around, you first notice that you've stepped forth from a strange portal of swirling and conflicting colors, onto a large stone dais raised several feet off the ground.

The portal is on the edge of a small island that is several hundred feet across and nearly a thousand feet from the northern shore to the southern coastline. Surrounded by water on all sides, the sea continues from the island for perhaps a mile in all directions, where it ends in violent storms that threaten to tear even the sturdiest of ships asunder.

Ruins dot the landscape, obvious signs that the place has seen better times.

The demigods have been transported to an isolated island—a private, pocket dimension within the expanse of the Maelstrom. Formerly the primary residence of the Lich Queen, the island is now a ruin of what it once represented. Use the map and the following descriptions as the group explores Paxectel.

#### A SUMMONING PORTAL

A swirl of shifting colors that form a storm of conflicting energies, the gateway is over a dozen feet high and rests on a circular dais that rises five feet off the ground and extends several dozen feet in diameter. Once a gateway between Paxectel and untold worlds, the portal is now a one-way ticket onto the island. Damaged over time, while the gateway can bridge to thousands of worlds and bring dangers onto the island, it no longer provides transportation out of the pocket dimension.



Whatever steps through into Paxectel is doomed to forever remain. Every hour, the portal shifts to a new world or dimension, opening its energies and bringing forth all kinds of creatures and threats.

#### B. WARDED GAMPERE

Immediately to the southeast of the Summoning Portal, nestled upon an outcropping overlooking the ocean, a safe haven has been established.

Surrounded in a shimmering circle of yellow light, in the center is an altar of white stone upon which rests a beautiful woman with high cheekbones and fair but weathered skin. She's dressed in silver mail and the leathers of a huntress. Her long blonde hair spills beneath her. In her hand is clutched a broken bow, and above the grip is a tear-shaped divot, as if the sight had been pried out. This is the Lich Queen's companion Tianet, deep in an ensorcelled slumber. Any attempts to

# THE WEB OF DREAMS

The dream realm of the Isle of Paxectel is its own dreaming pocket, separate from the greater realm of dreams. However, since the earthquake, the two dreaming realms have become connected again through the Summoning Portal. In the dream reality, this appears behind the scenes as a thin silvery bridge, the remnant of the silver cord Ninat once wove to hold the angels' tears that became Trismaya's moonstone necklace.

When the Crone dreams, she is in her ideal form in the dream world, that of young and beautiful Trismaya the Dreamer. Sometimes Trismaya's dream self escapes across the bridge. The dreaming form of Trismaya the Storyteller then can manifest in the real world for a time, though she acts as if she's in a dream.

Trismaya's manifested dream form can be seen and heard, but can't be touched. The only part that is physical is the silver cord of her necklace which can easily break, scattering the angels' tears which in reality take the form of moonstone beads. Trismaya then flees back to her body and awakens as the confused Crone once more. Those who have touched her moonstones will be drawn through the Summoning Portal as well, though this is a one-way trip until Trismaya regains her moonstones and can merge her dreaming self with reality then operate the portal to open out.

Demigods with dream magic who are able to remember their dreams while on the Isle of Paxectel may interact with Trismaya the Dreamer, who is more lucid than the Crone, but still often quite dreamy and abstracted.

F

wake her go unanswered, for she's in a deep torpor while her connection to the Pulse maintains the ward around the area. No evil can enter the campsite, for the circle is warded by a *forbiddance* spell (CL 20).

The campsite allows the demigods to heal naturally at the rate of 1d4 hit points every 15 minutes. The following negative conditions are removed at the rate of one condition per hour spent in the circle: blinded, confused, dazed, dazzled, deafened, exhausted, fatigued, frightened, nauseated, shaken, sickened, staggered, or stunned.

### G. SHRING TO TRINGY

Resting in front of a massive ruin is a beautiful stone shrine. The shrine is 18 feet high and 6 feet wide, and upon its face is carved a near life-like representation of the Lady Trinity and her three aspects of Charity, Faith, and Hope. (For those from other realms, Trinity is the Maiden-Mother-Crone goddess who has remained constant throughout the three ages of Relic.) One of *Trismaya's beads* can be found on the floor.

Additionally, when the group visits the shrine they receive a blessing or a curse. Evil demigods suffer the effects of the curse. All other demigods receive the blessing.

# CRIMEY'S BLEEDING

Demigods who receive the blessing gain wisdom and fortune. Each demigod can call upon this good luck once, allowing him to reroll any single ability check, attack roll, saving throw, or skill check, taking the better result. This blessing remains until it is used.

### AYRAWN'S GURGE

Demigods who receive the curse are afflicted with terrible weeping sores. They suffer a –2 penalty to all ability checks, attack rolls, saving throws, and skill checks due to the irritation and an additional –2 penalty to all Charisma-based checks. The sores last for 24 hours, but can be suppressed for 5 minutes by casting *remove disease, remove curse*, or any *cure* spell of 4th level or higher.

# टित दिखारहा वहा खासह दिल्लास्ट्रास्ट्रा वहा प्रिल्लास्ट

Behind the shrine lie the ruins of what was once a great cathedral. Now only two walls stand along with a portion of a third, and the rest has long since fallen into discarded piles of rubble. The remains of beautiful murals are shattered upon the ground, the images they once held now indecipherable. Strange skeletons litter the floor, as though a terrible battle had taken place within the hallowed halls. Any demigods able to *detect magic* notice the residual traces of a powerful battle of arcane energies (these manifest as faint auras, despite the passage of thousands of years since the spells were cast).

The rubble is high, forming a maze of twists and turns within the ruins. Choose three encounters from the Denizens of The Tomb chapter for them to face while traversing the rubble. One of *Mabharo's gods* should be found here as well.

# En GRYPES OF DARMIESS (GR 2)

Built into the cobblestones outside of the cathedral ruins, near to the shrine, is a secret door to the Crypts of Darkness. Finding the door requires a Perception check at DC 20. Once discovered, a Disable Device check DC 25 is required to open it. Failure springs a gas trap.

#### Sleeping Gas Trap XP 600

CR 2

Type mechanical; Perception DC 20; Disable Device DC 25

#### EFFECTS

#### Trigger touch; Reset automatic

**Effect** Sleeping Gas (20' radius cloud, centered on door)—poison, inhaled; Save Fortitude DC 20; Frequency I/minute for 3 minutes; Effect Fatigued; Secondary Effect Exhausted, then unconscious on third failed save; Cure I save (condition in effect at time of save remains for one hour or until removed by resting or magic)

The gas isn't designed to kill the demigods, but to render them unconscious. In the days when the Crypt of Darkness was in regular use, the trap would put would-be trespassers to sleep, only for them to eventually awaken and find themselves the latest sacrifice for some vile ritual.

Once the group opens the door, read the following:

You descend the stone stairway into a narrow, underground corridor. Cold torches rest in sconces upon the walls, and the floor feels slick. Connecting intersections go off to the left and right at odd intervals, and somewhere in the distance you swear you hear the sounds of claws scraping on the stone. The crypts are a small maze of connecting corridors that all lead to a large antechamber. Faded arcane symbols are inscribed in the center of the stone floor. A thick layer of dust covers everything, revealing that the crypts haven't been used in an extremely long time.

Choose three encounters from Denizens of the Tomb for the heroes to face here. This is also where of *Dorhendr's names* can be found.

Additionally, as the group explores the crypts they receive a bless or a curse. Evil demigods gain the benefits of the blessing, while all other demigods suffer the effects of the curse.

### CRIMEY'S GURSE

Demigods who receive the curse are afflicted with weakness and misfortune. They become fatigued and can only remove the condition with 1 hour of rest. While suffering from the fatigued condition from this curse, any time the target must roll a d20, he must first make a DC 20 Will save. On a failed save, the demigod must roll two dice to attempt the action and take the worse result.

### AYRAWN'S BLESSING

Demigods who receive the blessing gain the perfect features usually found in paintings and statues. Their skin also becomes resistant to anything that might mar their perfect appearance. Targets gain a +2 bonus to AC and a +2 bonus to all Charisma-based checks for 24 hours.
# F. SIGNE OF BAGGLE (Nortehern Goase)

As the group explores the northern coast, read the following:

The sound of the breaking surf seems like an echo of the crashing weapons and armor that once filled this area of the island. Dozens of bodies litter the coastline, the remains of a hard fought war that took place here an untold time ago. Time and the sea did not lay a delicate touch upon the remains, and only bone and rust give testament to what once occurred here.

Whatever happened here, it was a massive battle. Skeletons are all around the demigods, discarded weapons and armor are scattered about, and the faded, torn remains of banners indicate there might have been more than two armies at war. What they fought over, and why, remains lost in time, but the result is indisputable.

One of Tianet's Arrowheads should be found here on a successful perception check (DC 25).

## Ch Arghipelaco

A small rowboat stands moored to a rock on the western coast of the island. Beyond it a short distance away, very small pieces of land and rock form a miniature archipelago.

On the largest piece of land, something glistens in the sunlight.

Not far off the main island, pieces of land dot the waters. They are small, some barely large enough for the entire group to stand upon. On the largest of the cluster, no more than a dozen or so feet across, are the remains of a strange creature. Although most of it has rotted, what remains indicates a monster with a squid-like head, a snake's lower body, and long tentacles for arms. Portions of the remaining greenish flesh appear to have been severely burned, though whether from normal fires or arcane forces is anyone's guess.

A perception check (DC 20) reveals the glisten to be a +1 *flaming burst* longsword which is mostly concealed by the monster's remains.

# H. STENS OF BASSIE [WESSERN GOASE]

Along the western coast, the signs of another battle lie scattered. This one appears to have happened more recently, as indicated by the human remains as well as the corpses of a myriad of creatures. Centaur, orc, troll, and even the occasional goblin body lies amongst almost two dozen men in armor. Most of the weapons lie broken, and the armor is so badly damaged that it is now useless.

A search of the bodies, (perception check DC 25), unearths a +1 *animated* shield, a suit of +2 elven chain, and a *ring of jumping*.

### L WESTERN BUILDING

Although relatively intact, the northwestern and southeastern walls are heavily damaged and covered by fallen trees. The building once served as an armory for the defenders of the cathedral, but the place has long since been stripped bare of any weapons or armor. Empty racks and shelves line the stone walls, and thanks to the roof still being intact, little sunlight filters inside.

As the group explores the interior, choose an encounter from Denizens of the Tomb for them to run across.

## 1. Sourchwastand Conver

A copse of trees fills this corner of the island, within which rests a series of standing rocks that can be climbed. A strange altar also rests within the trees, the symbols upon it indicating the worship of a forgotten sea deity—perhaps for a blessing before embarking from the island in ancient times.

## La Sourchard Bullence

The large structure directly north of the cave was once a barracks for whatever standing forces the cathedral employed. Long since abandoned, the cots and bedding are filthy and the straw rotted. Little sunlight filters through the broken windows, and ivy covers most of the interior.

A strange smell assails the demigods as soon as they enter, and the hairs on the back of their neck stand on end.

Choose an encounter from the Denizens of the Tomb chapter. If the heroes are victorious a perception check (DC 30) allows them to find an *amulet of natural armor* +2, a *periapt of proof against poison*, and two *candles of invocation* amongst the bedding.

# L EASSERN RUINS

Two enormous marble statues of heavily armored men—their upper portions eaten away by lichen, hiding their true identity stand vigil to either side of a rising stone staircase.

At the top of the stairs, a massive archway leads into a walled structure with no roof.

Entering through a large archway, the demigods come upon a walled, cobblestone area where the remains of a beautiful fountain still stand. Cracked and broken benches fill the courtyard, and the place appears to have once been a place of relaxation and reflection—possibly for whatever priests once tended to the cathedral.

Careful examination of the area, perception check (DC 30) reveals three *potions of cure serious wounds*.

## ML Sourchestern Ruins

This building's rows of stone shelves and research tables indicate it once served as a library, though curiously, all the books are gone, as if carefully removed after whatever cataclysm occurred. The walls and ceiling still stand, though are heavily overgrown. What little sunlight filters through the entrance reflects off something further in. If the heroes investigate what the object might be, perception check (DC 20), they find a ring of protection +2. Their gains are not easily gotten, however, and they must also face one of the encounters from Denizen of the Tomb, GM's choice!

## Colsens of the Companions

Among the treasures found on the isle are a few special ones, the tokens of the Lich Queen's Companions. These relics were initially overlooked as unimportant by the Lich Queen but are fated to aid in her undoing. They are as follows:

# MADHARO'S GODS

Pocket icons, symbols, pilgrim badges, and charms of various gods, both remembered and forgotten, these may take almost any form. These are the icons of gods Mabharo kept on his rosary and can be used to access a portion of that god's power to work a small miracle in keeping with the power of that god. Each may be used only once, but might be recharged at certain sites or by acts in keeping with the god's power.

Treat these as *feather tokens* or use-activated magic items, usable once, that replicate a 1st through 5th level spell.

# Dorhendr's NAMES

The names are exactly that—names—etched or engraved on items significant to the dead in life: a warrior's weapon, a musician's instrument, a scholar's book, etc. These mementos were brought by Dorhendr from the Great Necropolis of the First Age of Relic. With them, it may be possible to summon the spirit of the individual to whom it belonged, or even to resurrect them via the powers of the Lich Queen's machine. However, mostly they grant some measure of the former owner's skill to the one who possesses them now. Occasionally the spirit may be strong enough to speak on its own. Tools are of at least masterwork quality or may be enchanted to give the user a +4 or higher bonus to the appropriate skill. Weapons are magical and will have an overall enhancement bonus of +2 to +5, including any special abilities. Books may grant access to a particular spell as if were always prepared or allow spontaneous casters to cast it by expending a spell slot of the appropriate level. Other items, may allow users to make knowledge skill checks as though they were trained in that skill, while also granting a +4 bonus to the skill.

Certain items may also be possessed by the souls of their former owner. Although you can represent this by creating unique, intelligent weapons, this can also be as simple as a roleplay effect, used to give the demigods hints and tips when they are stuck, or grant access to a feat necessary to overcome a particular challenge. Remember, though, that intelligent items aren't always correct and might have their own agendas.

# TRANSE'S ARROWHEADS

Pieces of expertly knapped flint or obsidian or hard-forged points of iron or bronze, these are the heads of the arrows once belonging to Tianet, the greatest huntress of the First Age. She used them to populate the Isle of Paxectel with all of the beasts she ever slew, reborn. Their progeny and reincarnations of the originals still exist. The arrowheads which first slew them retain some power over them. With an *arrowhead* in hand, demigods may use it to command, slay, or summon the particular beast to which it is linked. For example, the *Tiger arrowhead* could be used to command a tiger, slay a tiger, or summon a tiger. When any particular *arrowhead* is used, it is lost, but might be found again elsewhere on the isle. Each *arrowhead* will have a small bloodstain resembling the beast it commands.

Treat each *Tianet's arrowhead* as a one-use magic item which can be used as an *arrow of slaying* or to cast a *summon monster* or *summon nature's ally* spell (caster level 20) to summon a single specimen of that particular creature. (Refer to the Denizens of the Tomb section for appropriate stats.)

Alternatively, an *arrowhead* may be used to control the actions of one or more of that type of creature (up to 40 HD total), no two of which can be more than 30 feet apart, for up to 2 minutes. The *arrowhead's* wielder commands the creatures by voice, which the creatures understand regardless of language difference. Even if vocal communication is impossible, the controlled creatures do not attack the wielder. The creatures follow the wielder's commands without hesitation, but suicidal or self-destructive commands are simply ignored. At the end of the effect, the creatures revert to their normal behavior.

# TRIEMAYA'S BEADS

These moonstone beads are round as marbles. They are meant as an oracle's casting stones and may lend some power to divinations. Their main use on the isle, however, is that they may be given to the Crone, allowing her to recover one of her memories and thereby answer one question about the isle truthfully. Alternately, each bead can be given to one of the Spider Keepers, minions of Ninat, the Weaver of Dreams, allowing the giver to command a service. Each demigod will come to the isle with one bead in their possession. If not given to the Crone, one of *Trismaya's beads* may be cast on the ground for a divination identical to a *commune* spell, contacting the ancient spirit Ninat, the Weaver of Dreams. If placed beneath one's pillow, the *bead* will bring prophetic dreams identical to *contact other plane*, again gaining insight from Ninat. (For the purpose of *contact other plane*, Ninat is considered an intermediate deity from the Outer Planes.)

## No The Cave

As the demigods arrive at the mouth of the cave, read the following:

The cave is over twenty feet high and extends into deep darkness several dozen feet back. The air is surprisingly cool, the walls smooth, and the dirt floor is unmarred by footprints.

Have each demigod make a Perception check, DC 20. On a success, they hear the sounds of muffled voices coming from further within the tunnel. Succeeding the check by 5 or more allows them to recognize one of the voices as the bartender or other patrons from the inn who found one of the moonstones. Any demigod possessing levels in a spellcasting class can make a caster level check (DC 25) to sense a strong surge of energy coming from the cave.

It appears as though this might be the way home.

DO

# On THE LONG SEAR

The cave is featureless except for a narrow staircase deeper within the mouth, spiraling into more darkness below. The voices and the sense of magical energies grows stronger as the heroes stand at the top of the stairs. As the demigods descend, read the following:

The stairway—only wide enough for two of you to walk abreast—is carved from the same granite as the walls to either hand. The temperature decreases as you descend.

The torches flicker, revealing elaborate paintings high upon the walls. One depicts a young girl with wild auburn hair and dressed in well-worn attire as she carefully relieves a man of the purse hanging upon his belt as he sleeps. They are in a small room, and he lies upon a narrow bed as blue runes glow in the air next to the girl.

Another reveals the same girl, a frightened look in her wide eyes as she stands before a towering figure with long, flowing white hair. Form-fitting armor covers her upper body, custom formed around her breasts, and her legs and feet are bare. She looks down upon the girl with a smile that displays both a gentle nature and a strange curiosity. The girl sits upon a narrow bed, and the room they occupy might even be the same room from the previous painting.

More paintings fill the walls as you twist your way lower and lower.

The staircase contains detailed paintings of Ayrawn's life, revealing to the demigods clues as to what they will eventually face, although the group is no doubt unaware of their purpose at this time. Continue to describe scenes that give them a glimpse into the events detailed in the **Beginning the Adventure** section above. If the demigods run a hand over the paintings, they feel a pulsating warmth coming from them, as though the images are somehow alive underneath.

One painting shows Ayrawn, still young, as she is taken by Anat before the Wizards Guild for admission. The young girl standing sheepishly next to the seraph before a raised dais upon which rests a wide, high table. Six men and four women sit behind the table. The men's beards are long and range in color from brown to red to black to a pure gray. The women's hair is long as well, ranging from brown to white. All wear rich robes embroidered with the images of mythical beasts or strange runes. They look down upon Ayrawn with stern faces as Anat pleads her case. The remaining paintings reveal details about her battle with the Wizard Guild, her access to strange worlds, and the first battle she fought against Anat. In the later paintings, Ayrawn appears older, until a painting shows her brewing potions that restore her youth. Afterward, the images display her discovery and enslavement of the vergers, her final battle against Anat, an image of the Great Machine, Anat being plugged into the Great Machine, and the exterior of the tomb.

The second to final image shows a party of three explorers lying dead within a corridor of the tomb, their souls a wispy, glowing image above them. Then the final image shows the souls entering the Great Machine as Ayrawn stands next to it, her expression one of ecstasy as she drinks the angel's tears to replenish her youth.

All in all, the demigods should have an idea of what they are about to face inside the tomb by the time they reach the bottom of the staircase.



# THE COMB OF THE LICH QUEEN

Be sure to read all the **Tomb Encounters** before attempting to run this scenario. It has many ins and outs, many twists and turns. Improvisation is an important skill but preparation makes improvising much easier.

## Starty Sarthearthe

The tomb is a massive death trap, designed to kill all hapless adventurers that get caught within it, and drain their souls to fuel the powerful Lich Queen. Every room, every corridor, indeed every step represents a possible final moment for the group but some of the encounters the demigods face also provide roleplaying and story elements that give them clues and additional information about what's going on.

**Tomb Encounter (15): The Key:** This particular room provides the demigods with a powerful artifact that is absolutely necessary to accessing the final encounter.

# WE DON'T NEED NO STINKIN' MAPS

We assume you're using the Dungeonlands tile maps and cards we've provided for this adventure, but if you'd rather not, just roll 1d20+1d10 and add the results together. Compare the result with the Tomb Encounters detailed in the following pages. The Tomb Encounter number is the result of the roll. **Tomb Encounter (22): The Orcs:** A group of orcs have been trapped within the tomb for a very long time, sustained by the arcane forces that fuel the place. As a result, they have gained much knowledge of the tomb. This encounter could provide the demigods with some needed information, as well as potential allies to accompany them further into the tomb.

Tomb Encounter (24): The Crone: A powerful sorceress and more than a little crazy, the demigods have an opportunity to gain more information on the tomb and the Great Machine, as well as gain an ally that can help them defeat several deathtraps.

**Tomb Encounter (28): The Second Rescuer:** Here the demigods meet a very powerful individual trapped within the tomb as he searches for his brother. The demigods interact with him through Diplomacy checks, and the degree of success determines whether they only receive valuable information, or gain an ally that will accompany them.

The above are only the most clear-cut situations of story factors within the tomb. As you read through the section, you will notice other instances that also require a little preparation work before you run the adventure, so that when the demigods face those encounters, you are ready to handle them regardless of what information or allies they might have gained before that point. Those situations are: **Tomb Encounter (25): The Stalker's Curse, Tomb Encounter (26): The Champion of Woe, and Tomb Encounter (27): The First Rescuer**.

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# LAYOUE

The tomb is a customizable dungeon that allows you to not only determine its initial layout randomly, but also change it many times during play. Whenever the layout shifts, the group feels a deep vibration coming from the floors and walls, hears the distant sound of metal grinding against metal, and notices the scenery changing beyond any doorway they are near.

The group has to be careful during the shifts. Each demigod must make a Reflex saving throw (DC 25) whenever the tomb shifts. Failure means they have become trapped between moving corridors and doorways, which deals 4d6 damage plus an additional 1d6 damage each round the demigod remains trapped. A DC 20 Strength check is required to get free from the crushing walls.

Surviving a shifting corridor is the equivalent of a CR 5 encounter.

After the initial layout of the tomb, there are several ways the configuration can be changed. Keep in mind, as explained a little later, that certain encounters must be solved in a particular order if the demigods are to advance, and others provide story elements that reveal more clues to the group, or provide them with potential allies.

A change to the layout of the tomb is triggered in the following ways:

**Tomb Encounter (6): Turning the Gears:** When the demigods enter this corridor, choose a random square on the map. As soon as a demigod steps within that area, the tomb changes configuration.

**Every Hour:** It's important to keep a private note of how long it takes the demigods to solve each encounter, how long they travel between traps, and how long they spend interacting with the story elements of the tomb. A precise measurement is not important, as keeping a rough estimate accomplishes the same thing. After all, the group doesn't know exactly what is going into the random reconfigurations.

Each hour the demigods spend within the tomb, the gears turn and the layout shifts again. Whenever the layout is reconfigured, any temporary markings they have made—such as with chalk or ink—are removed.

## WARDERING MONEGERS

As the demigods travel through the general corridors, roll 1d20+1d8, add the dice together, and consult the chart below for a Wandering Monster encounter. Descriptions and statistics for the creatures can be found at the end of the adventure.

02-08	None
09	Reclaimer
10	1d3 Rollers
11	1d4+2 Spiders
12	1d4+1 Ogres
13	2d4 Slimes
14	Spider Hound
15	Destiny Beast
16	The Harvester of Eyes
17	The Z'udj
18	1d4 Spider Keepers
19	1d4 Shadow Spawn
20	Bat Urchin
21	Dog Witch and Hounds
22	Fungus Host
23	Rhino Slug
24	Voidstrider
25	Mulcimber
26	2d4 Demonlings
27	Headless Horror
28	Choose any two for a single encounter

Defensions Monsders

Most of the monsters within the tomb are completely under the control of the Great Machine and are reusable resources that continue to plague the demigods. Three rounds after the group defeats an enemy, they hear a rumbling coming from within the floor or walls. A large machine that looks like an octopus on wheels, with each appendage ending in a claw or long needle, appears from around the nearest corner and rolls down the corridor. Called a reclaimer, this machine retrieves the corpse, injecting it with various needles, and carries it away. If the demigods attempt to follow it, the reclaimer emits a loud whistling sound for several seconds and stops. Two rounds later, two (2) Rollers (see below) per demigod arrive and attack the group. While the demigods are kept busy, the Reclaimer (see below) disappears from sight and escapes through a hidden passage that leads to the Great Machine level below the tomb.

Whenever the tomb is reconfigured, reclaimed monsters reappear within the corridors. Unfortunately, the reclaimed monsters remember their deaths (especially that the demigods were responsible for the latest death) and learn from their experiences.

## Reglaimers

Reclaimers are large wheeled devices that find the corpses of fallen monsters. They heal the monsters' injuries and re-inject their souls to bring them back to life. A reclaimer looks like a mechanical octopus on wheels: a brass cart with many multifunctional appendages–some flexible, some not–mostly ending in needles or other sharp points.

Reclaimers can protect themselves by injecting venom from their needles into those who attack them. However, whenever anything attacks a reclaimer, it sounds an alarm that stuns any within a ten-foot radius. The alarm summons the nearest roller as well as any monsters who may be in the area.

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#### Reclaimer

#### **CR 10**

Variant alchemical golem (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2)

#### XP 9,600

**Defensive Abilities** alarm; **DR** 10/adamantine or bludgeoning; **Immune** construct traits, magic **Special Attacks** alchemy, splash

#### **SPECIAL ABILITIES**

Alarm (Ex) Every time the reclaimer is dealt damage in any way, a piercing alarm sounds, as the sound burst spell (DC 18). This replaces the bombs ability.

Alchemy (Ex) When a reclaimer strikes a foe, the attack has an additional random effect, chosen from the options below. The attack can either deal 2d6 points of acid, cold, electricity, or fire damage, cause the target to become sickened (Fortitude DC 18 negates) or entangled (Reflex DC 18 negates) for 1d4 rounds, or inject a dose of poison; roll a d6 and consult the chart below. These save DCs are Constitution-based and include a +2 alchemical bonus.

1	drow poison	
2	large scorpion venom	
3	wyvern poison	
4	giant wasp poison	
5	deathblade	
6	purple worm poison	

Casting *silence* in the vicinity of a reclaimer can prevent it from sounding the alarm and summoning rollers to defend it. However, the reclaimer's immunity to magic means the spell or effect must be kept within range to keep it quiet. Additionally, while within the *silenced* area, the reclaimer can't be harmed by sonic based magic, either.



## Rollers

The rollers are not exactly monsters; they are machines animated by magic. The front of the machine is an iron roller that takes up the entire corridor. The back of the machine is an armored engine. As a roller progresses through the tomb, it flattens anything in its path.

The rollers' armor protects them from spells and physical attacks. They attempt to Crush any foes beneath them and use Poison Gas if attacked. They have never been dismantled. And they never run out of energy.

#### Roller

#### **CR 13**

Variant iron golem (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary) XP 25,600

Melee slam +28 (4d10+16)

**Special Attacks** breath weapon, powerful blows, trample (4d10+16, DC 30)

# THE VERGERS

The vergers are a diminutive race of engineers who travel throughout the tomb making seemingly random repairs to corridors, doorways, floors, and so forth. When and how the demigods encounter them is left up to you, to allow you to inject a little mystery or humor into the adventure whenever you need it most.

Vergers know all the secret passages throughout the tomb and how to access the lower levels, but it is not information they are capable of revealing to the demigods. Whenever you need to remove a verger from a scene, have them run away from the group, around a corner, and through a passage. If that method seems too risky to prevent the demigods from discovering ways to the lower levels, a wandering monster attacks the group instead. During the combat, the verger disappears.

Common VergerCR 3XP 800Male Verger Expert 4N Small humanoid (verger)Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +4

#### DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 14, flat-footed 13 (+2 armor, +3 Dex, +1 size)

hp 30 (4d8+12)

Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +3; +2 vs poison, spells, and spell-like abilities

**SR** 10

#### OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft. Melee light mace +4 (1d4) Ranged light crossbow +7 (1d6)

#### STATISTICS

Str 10, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 15, Wis 8, Cha 7 Base Atk +3; CMB +2; CMD 15

Feats Catch Off-Guard, Deft Hands

**Skills** Acrobatics +9, Craft (armor) +11, Craft (locks) +11, Craft (traps) +11, Craft (weapons) +11, Disable Device +14, Escape Artist +10, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +8, Knowledge (engineering) +8, Perception +3, Stealth +12

Languages Aklo, Draconic, Undercommon

#### ECOLOGY

Environment underground

**Organization** solitary, team (2–4), squad (5–8), or band (11–20)

**Treasure** NPC Gear (leather armor, light mace, light crossbow with 20 bolts, masterwork tools for all craft skills, masterwork thieves' tools, other treasure)

#### **Verger Characters**

Vergers are defined by their class levels—they do not possess racial Hit Dice. All vergers have the following racial traits.

+4 Dexterity, +2 Constitution, +2 Intelligence, -2 Charisma: Vergers are fast, sturdy and quickwitted, but very nervous and unfriendly.

**Small**: Vergers are Small creatures and gain a + 1 size bonus to their AC, a + 1 size bonus on attack rolls, a - 1 penalty to their CMB and CMD, and a + 4 size bonus on Stealth checks.

**Fast**: Vergers are fast for their size, and have a base speed of 30 feet.

**Darkvision**: Vergers can see in the dark up to 60 feet.

Acrobatic: Vergers gain a +2 racial bonus on Acrobatics skill checks.

**Hardy**: Vergers receive a +2 racial bonus on saving throws against poison, spells, and spell-like abilities.

**Slippery**: Vergers gain a +2 racial bonus on Escape Artist skill checks.

Spell Resistance: Vergers possess spell resistance equal to 6 plus their class levels.

**Technical Skill:** Disable Device and Knowledge (engineering) are always considered class skills for vergers.

Languages: Vergers begin play speaking Common and Aklo. Vergers with high Intelligence scores can choose any of these bonus languages: Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Gnome, Goblin, Halfling, Orc.

# Herois Opeion

The tomb is extremely dangerous, and an unlucky group of demigods could very well find their demigods dead—or worse. To keep them feeling heroic and moving forward, we highly recommend that you consider using the Hero Points rules option presented in the *Advanced Player's Guide*. You should feel free to be very generous with awarding Hero Points, and may even want to award each demigod a Hero Point after defeating any challenge with a CR rating higher than the Average Party Level. Don't be stingy. Your demigods can only have a maximum of 3 Hero Points at a time, and they're going to need all the help they can get.

# COMB ENGOUNCERS

Here's where your heroes walk into the tomb for the first time. This is also your opportunity to set the stage for what they're about to get into. You should use every descriptive trick you have to give them the impression that this is a *bad idea*.

This place is not sterile. Everything is covered in filth and grime. Recent carcasses sit on old bones. Small animals and insects squirm through the rotting flesh. The cobwebs that fill the corridors are thick and sticky. And the spiders that spun those webs are big enough to take down small dogs. Little nests of scuttling things. Animal feces.

Remember that your heroes are lighting these dark corridors with lanterns or torches. To give your demigods a good idea of what this is like, turn off all the lights in your house or apartment, get a flashlight, put a piece of colored paper over it and run the game that way. Just turning out the light will make people react. They'll feel things crawling on their skin. They'll see things in corners. I'm not talking about the heroes now, I'm talking about your players. Shutting down peoples' sight enhances all the other senses... sometimes even tricking those senses into believing in things that aren't there.

In that darkness, things skitter in the shadows. You catch a glimpse of something and then it's gone. Details become important. Reaching into a bag and picking out the right potion. In the dark. Unhooking the clasp keeping your sword in its sheath. In the dark. Stepping in the rotting body of a squirrel and slipping on the blood and flesh. In the dark. Remember the last time you had to walk through the dark? Your face running into something soft and sticky and the panic that pounded in your heart. Something touches the back of your hand and you swat at it. Or stumbling into a step or a piece of furniture or a wall, realizing you aren't where you thought you were in the room. All of these things become important in the tomb. Remember them. Make a list. And make sure your heroes all get a chance to experience each one.

# COMB ENGOUNGER ([]): CHE FIRE CESE



Once the demigods reach the bottom of **The Long Stair**, they encounter the following:

The stairway ends at a small corridor 12 feet long that runs under a square opening and into another narrow corridor roughly 36 feet long. Another doorway rests at the far end, and the entire thing is barely 12 feet wide.

The long corridor contains tiles that are covered in filth and slime. The tops of the walls where they meet the ceiling are covered in thick spider webs, and just beyond the first opening is the corpse of a small animal. Maggots writhe through the rotting flesh. Further on lie four skeletons, long since picked clean. A quick look on the ceiling reveals holes just big enough for spears.

As soon as all of the demigods are in the long corridor, a heavy stone slab drops from within the top of the opening behind them and the room itself lurches sideways. The slab is thick, and breaking through it, or lifting back into the wall, is an almost impossible task and an ultimately unrewarding one in any case—the room has rotated and the entryway has sealed; the chamber the demigods are in rotated, as designed by the Great Machine. The only known exit from the tomb is now sealed, forcing those inside to continue forward into a deathtrap of immense proportions.

# THE DAXES FLOOR (GR 13)

The central walls of this corridor, rather than showing murals of Ayrawn, show scenes from the life of Trismaya the Storyteller, who looks exactly like the woman with the lute and the harlequin coat encountered back at the inn. In fact, the same tune echoes from the holes in the ceiling, the stonework pierced to allow sound to filter from a minstrel gallery.

The rest of the room, however, is a mess. The tiles of the corridor are covered with a thick layer of mud and require a Perception check (DC 20) to realize that they are actually made of beautifully polished semiprecious stones. The tiles come in five colors: moonstone (shimmering white), lapis lazuli (blue with gold flecks of pyrite), amber (golden with inclusions), bloodstone (green chalcedony

with inclusions of red jasper), and jet (black). Stepping on almost any tile results in a horrifically jagged spear shooting down from the ceiling at an occupied tile, causing 2d8+10 damage. Even tiles which were safe once can be trapped again. This trap can trigger multiple times in a round.

If the tiles are cleared, a demigod searching for traps who makes another Perception check can find extremely well-hidden pressure triggers under each tile with wires stretching to adjacent tiles. Carefully clearing a tile without triggering the trap requires a Reflex save (DC 20). Disabling the trap requires a Disable Device check (DC 30) for each tile. Defeating the DC for one tile by 5 or more disables an adjacent tile, as well. Failure results in the trap being activated. If the Disable Device roll is a natural 1, multiple traps activate at once. Roll 1d4 for the number of spears that strike at the group, and roll damage for each one separately.

There is a safer way to bypass the floor. Demigods may make a DC 15 Perform (sing or instrument) check (DC 15) to note that the tune being played falls slightly flat on the notes of F and G and to realize that the colors of the tiles align with the first five notes of the scale. Stepping from tile to tile in time with the notes of the music allows safe passage. This requires either an Acrobatics or Perform (dance) check at DC 15. This requires a DC 15 Acrobatics check or a DC 13 Perform (dance) check.

#### Tile Maze Trap XP 25,600

#### **CR 13**

Type mechanical; Perception DC 30; Disable Device DC 30

#### EFFECTS

**Trigger** location; **Reset** automatic (instant) **Effect** Atk +20 ranged (2d8+10) There are also four skeletons in rotted finery half buried in the mud. They are mostly destroyed by time and rot, but each has a salvageable item which one member of the party can use.

# THE UNDERD QUARTER (GR 12)

Once the group makes it through the entrance corridor, they enter the next corridor of the shifting tomb. Unfortunately, four previous adventurers have become permanent residents of the place.

The second corridor is as long and narrow as the first, comprised of thick stone but with a natural floor. More spider webs hang along the walls, and as your passage disturbs the immediate area, small eight-legged things scurry deeper into the thick gossamer.

On the floor, near the midpoint of the hallway, four figures draw your attention. The bodies are obviously long-dead; their faces are contorted in anguish, the skin pulled tight against bone, as though something sucked the very life essence out of them. They are dressed in clothes like the four skeletons in the last corridor, but the fabrics have faded to silver and gray.

The group is attacked by the unquiet spirits of four dead adventurers, now risen as powerful spectres (normal spectres with the advanced simple template). Unless the demigods have a means of destroying the incorporeal creatures, the only obvious way to escape them is to make it through the doorway on the other side of the corridor. The spectres are tied to the room, and can't cross the threshold. They prefer to attack any demigod who has looted items from their former bodies. If the skeletons were left untouched, apart from possibly moving them aside, the apparitions attack at random.

If the demigods treat the skeletons in a respectful and reverential manner, taking the time to observe even simple burial rites and leaving the dead's items with them, the spectres will be appeased and cease their attacks. The apparitions will then speak to those who have finally put their souls to rest, thanking them and telling them their names.

Knowing how to deal with the remains of the dead respectfully and reverentially only requires a (DC 10) Knowledge (religion) check. The demigods need only place the bodies in some reasonable position of repose, leave them with their items, and possibly say a few words commending their spirits to whatever deities they or the demigods worship or believe would be interested.

The precise identity of the apparitions is left undefined so you may tailor them to mirror the roles of the party exploring the tomb. The idea is that this is a party like theirs who perished long before. The apparitions gift each party member who helped with an item to aid them in their struggle against the tomb. Treat these as the items listed under *Dorhendr's names*; they need not be from the First Age of Relic, even though they may be. The skeletons have been here a very long time.

Advanced Spectres (4) XP 4,800 each hp 68 each (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary) CR 8

# COMB ENGOLUGER (2) & PREERIVOER FOOGLAS (GR 15)



As the group enters the chamber, read the following narrative:

On the far side of the room is a beautifully carved marble statue standing several feet before the opposite doorway. Even from this distance, the detail is breathtaking. She wears elaborate robes, the folds and wrinkles giving them an almost lifelike quality. In each hand she holds a long sword—the left pointed toward the ceiling, and the other indicating the floor at her feet. A blindfold covers her eyes.

The odd thing that immediately strikes you, however, is the condition of the chamber. The walls and floor are wonderful mosaics pristine, polished, and completely unmarked by the passage of time.

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While there is nothing magical about the statue, it is still significant. It is the image of Elrahui, the betrayed beloved of Dorhendr, one of Ayrawn's companions. This was the shrine he created to her memory. Mosaics on the ceiling, walls, and floor tell the tale of Dorhendr's courtship of Elrahui, their love, and how he betrayed her and the other warriors of his legion—and how he, in penance, became the Grieving Guard of the great Necropolis, standing as the Silent Sentinel to beg her forgiveness.

The real danger is the chamber floor. After Ayrawn betrayed Dorhendr, she refitted Elrahui's shrine into a death trap in her Great Machine. Five feet into the chamber, the floor becomes brittle and will crumble beneath the weight of the demigods. The trap extends all the way to the right and left walls, and covers an area 20 feet long and to just within 5 feet of the opposite doorway, directly at the base of the statue. Beneath the floor, a pit drops 50 feet into a cluster of sharp spikes—each one 10 feet tall and coated with a dark, poisonous liquid.

A Perception check (DC 30) made from the solid sections reveals cracks and a slight sagging of the floor on the other side, but doesn't reveal the danger. Rogues searching for traps will immediately recognize the danger. For others, an additional Knowledge (engineering) check (DC 25) reveals that the surface is likely to be unsafe to walk on. Once the trap is discovered, it is obvious that there is no way to disable it. The only way across is to stay off the floor or hope that it doesn't collapse.

If the demigods fail to notice the trap or simply choose to walk across the room, roll a d6 to determine how far across they get before the floor suddenly crumbles away. On a 1, the trap springs once a demigod is 5 feet from the near edge of the pit (closest to the entrance). On a 2, the distance is 10 feet. On a 3 or 4, the floor drops away when a demigod is near the middle of the pit (15 feet from either the near or far edge). On a 5, the floor crumbles to bits when the demigods are 10 feet from the far edge (closest to the statue). On a 6, the distance from the far end is only 5 feet. The DC to avoid falling through the floor is 20 plus the distance to a solid surface.

#### Advanced Spiked Pit XP 51,200

#### **CR 20**

Type mechanical; Perception DC 30; Disable Device DC —

#### EFFECTS

#### Trigger location; Reset manual

**Effect** 50-ft.-deep pit (5d6 falling damage); pit spikes (Atk +15 melee vs flat-footed, 1d6 spikes per target for 1d10+7 damage each plus poison [dragon bile]); Reflex (DC 20+5 per 5 feet from an edge) avoids

COMB ENGOUNCER [5]6

CHE FINGERS OF DOOM (CR. F)

Use the following narrative as the group enters the chamber:

As you enter the room, you notice dark patches at random intervals—as though the floor has been stained by the drying of a spilled liquid—marking the passage you have to take to reach the far side of the chamber.

The walls are ancient stone blocks, fractures along the surfaces forming a spider web of patterns coming together on the ceiling in a confusing image. From one angle, it looks like a tree covered with spiders and webs, but from another, it appears as a grandmotherly woman veiled in a mantilla of cobweb lace, a cat's cradle strung between her fingers. Set at the nexuses of the webs are small holes.

The image on the ceiling is Ninat, the Weaver of Dreams, a mostly forgotten goddess of the First Age of Relic and patron spirit of Trismaya the Storyteller. The holes are not traps but the settings for jewels, long since pried out by previous adventurers and not replaced by the vergers. The real trap lies beneath the floor.

Using the movement squares on the tile as a grid, begin with the row nearest the demigods. The leftmost tile from the entrance is safe, but beneath the second square is a death trap. The pattern continues around the room, with every other square being safe, and each adjacent square being the danger.

If a demigod touches one of the trap squares, whether they stand upon it or merely brush their foot across it, the cobblestone tile swings downward on hidden hinges. As it does so, a tall spike springs upward to impale the demigod. The spike is 10 feet tall, and coated in a thick poison. The trap attacks suddenly, with the floor opening, the spike extending and withdrawing, and the floor closing all within the same round.

A DC 30 Perception check will reveal that the tiles that are part of the spike attack are slightly lower than other tiles. A knowledge (engineering) check (DC 25) will reveal that the tiles probably move in some way. A separate Disable Device check is required for each trapped tile.

#### Springing Spike Attack XP 25,600

CR 13

**Type** mechanical; **Perception** DC 30; **Disable Device** DC 35 (for each tile)

#### EFFECTS

Trigger touch; Reset manual

Drow poison, but target is paralyzed instead of unconscious.

Perceptive demigods may realize that *Trismaya's beads*, which they gained earlier, are the exact same size as the holes in the walls. If a bead is placed in a hole, the image of Ninat will blaze with light, her cat's cradle changing to a different configuration of lines, indicating a safe passage across the floor for the one who placed the bead. The next time he sleeps, a demigod who placed a bead receives a prophetic dream which reveals a truth—something Ninat feels he needs to know to defeat the Lich Queen.

# COMPENSIONSER (A)F CHE FASES OF DEATH (CR 15)

Beyond the doorway, a grisly chamber awaits. No torches or lanterns are set within the room, yet it is bathed in a soft, orange glow. The floor is smooth and seamless, but the walls are another matter

> entirely. Carved in black marble, horrific and terrible forms protrude as though struggling to be free from an eternal prison.

Looking closer at the carvings, you see that they appear to have once been people—now forever hanging within an instance of great pain. Some have chests broken open, exposing stone ribs and internal organs underneath. Others are tied to stone stakes, forever burnt by stone flames. Others are stretched on the rack, limbs held on by thin muscles, the tendons stretched to the breaking point. Others suffer deep gashes, black marble maggots forever crawling through the wounds. Each figure has a mouth opened in a tormented scream.

And then your blood turns cold as the strange light within the room makes it appear as though one of them blinked. Your eyes are drawn to that face, there on a head attached to a torn neck.

Stone eyelids quickly close and open.

You notice the others now doing the same, and as you watch in horror, their eyes move with the sound of rock grating against rock as each carving looks toward the doorway on the far side of the room. A doorway framed by a carving of intense flames that now emanates a reddish glow.

The opened mouths begin to moan. Within seconds, the moans become soul-tearing screams of pain.

These carvings were once of the holy martyrs of Relic's First Age, forever suffering the torments which led to their beatification. But after the Lich Queen added her fell magic, mocking their pain by forcing other beings to join them in their endless suffering. Living people who entered the tomb are now forever trapped in an eternally looping moment of their own demise. More horrifically, the Lich Queen has turned the martyrs into a method through which the tomb harvests additional souls. Those poor victims are aware of the present situation and the group's arrival, which is why their eyes turn to the far doorway. They are warning to the demigods to run.

Two rounds after the group enters the room, heavy stone slabs drop into place in both doorways, blocking any means of escape.

Anyone standing in the doorway must make a Reflex save (DC 27) to avoid being hit by the massive door, which deals 5d6 damage and shoves him into the room. On a success, the demigod may choose whether he moves into or out of the room before the door closes.

At the same time, four of the screaming faces inside begin to pour forth poisonous gas that fills the whole room. Each round, the group is exposed to a dose of the poison (see the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook* for inhaled poisons and stacking multiple doses). After 1 minute (10 rounds), the gas stops and the chamber doors open, allowing the poison gas to disperse.

Searching for traps inside (Perception DC 35) reveals that the open mouths of the carvings look like tubes that could be used to deliver something into the room and uncovers the a trap. Only defeating the DC by 5 or more reveals when the trap will go off.

There are 4 carvings that will emit the gas, and each one needs to be disabled individually (Disable Device DC 35). Once the trap is triggered, the gas keeps coming until all are disabled. Once all carvings are disabled, the poison settles to the ground quickly, and the demigods are no longer in danger of exposure.

Ten rounds after the trap triggers, the slabs retract into the ceiling and the group is free to exit the chamber. There is one other way to bypass this room. Any act of self-sacrifice taken within it—even as small as giving one's own healing potion to a companion—gives one of the ancient martyrs the strength to momentarily break the Lich Queen's spell. The gas stops, the slabs retract, and the stone martyr gifts the one who made the sacrifice with a gift from Relic's First Age. This is one of *Dorhendr's names*, and bears the name of the holy martyr who granted it.

#### Poison Gas Chamber XP 51,200

#### **CR 15**

Type mechanical; Perception DC 35; Disable Device DC 35

#### EFFECTS

Trigger location; Onset Delay 2 rounds; Reset automatic (1 hour)

**Effect** stone blocks cover doors (8 hardness, 360 hp) (3d6 damage, DC 27 Ref save negates); chamber fills with nightmare vapor (1 dose per round for 1 minute)—poison, inhaled; save Fortitude DC 20; frequency I/round for 6 rounds; effect I Wis damage and confused for I round; cure 2 consecutive saves.

COMB ENGOUNDER (5):

Facing a room with frescoes depicting scenes of extreme torture and anguish, the group must avoid poisonous darts or else join all the others that have helped maintain Ayrawn's immortality.

The chamber is comprised of an earthen floor surrounded by walls with colorful frescoes. As you step farther into the room, the light becomes brighter, the artwork showing images pulled forth from the deepest nightmares.

In one section, a young woman is tormented by winged, hellish looking beasts, great hooks digging deep into her flesh and pulling the skin until it grows taut enough to tear. Another section shows what remains of a young man, his torso lying on the ground and his mouth opened in an agonizing scream. Around him, small, squat creatures with purple skin and round bellies toy with his severed limbs.

Various other images cover the walls to your left and right, and in each instance the mouths of the victims are opened in screams.

The only figure not screaming is that of a heavily muscled man, stripped to the waist, his eyes and teeth clenched shut in grim determination as he scourges himself with penitential whips. The imps with their tiny spears attempting to torment him look ineffectual compared to the damage he does to himself.

This was the chamber where Dorhendr once scourged himself with penitential whips, reminding himself of the torments that awaited the false, the unjust, and betrayers of friends in the hells of Relic's First Age. Demigods may recognize him from the images elsewhere on the isle. Just like with the other chambers, there is a door on the far side of the room that the group must reach. Unfortunately, as is typical within the tomb, reaching the door is not easy.

In this room, the screaming mouths painted upon the walls are actually holes through which

poison darts are ejected. Secretly mark the row of squares along the left and right walls. On the right hand wall, begin with the second square in the row, and mark every other square. For the left, begin with the first square on the group's side of the room and mark every other square. Whenever a demigod comes into line with one of those squares while crossing the room, a poison dart is ejected. A DC 30 Perception check will reveal that the holes contain small tubes for launching some sort of narrow object. The traps can be circumvented with a DC 35 Disable Device check. Each tube must be disabled separately. A failure on this check triggers the trap. At such close range, the attack bonus increases to +25.

There is one other way to bypass this room, but it is not pleasant. Dorhendr's spirit is still aware of the way out. If a demigod strips to the waist and accepts punishment for his sins while walking across the room, he will still take damage from the darts and the poison, but his last wounds before paralysis, unconsciousness and death will be held at bay. While he accepts punishment in this way, any attack from the darts or effects from the poison that would reduce the demigod's hit points or Dexterity to 0 is negated. This could very well leave the demigod very weak and clumsy as he enters the next room.

#### Poison Dart Chamber CR 12 XP 19,200

Type mechanical; Perception DC 30; Disable Device DC 35

#### EFFECTS

Trigger location; Reset automatic (1 hour)

**Effect** dart (Atk +20 ranged, Id4+4 damage each plus poison [hellwasp poison (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3)—injury; save Fort DC 20; frequency I/round for 6 rounds; effect Id6 Dex; cure 2 consecutive saves])

# COMB ENGOUNCER (6)) CURNING THE GEARS



This particular corridor is a double-edged sword for the group. While one version simply allows you to stack the cards against the demigods for a short time, the other could very well end with the demigods becoming much thinner.

While not an actual trap that can directly harm the group, this particular obstacle allows you to realign the layout of the tomb.

You enter a chamber comprised of a mixture of a stone tiled floor and naturally constructed walls and ceiling, as though the original construction involved the digging of a large tunnel. Strange vines of dark blue hang from the ceiling, and glowing fungi along the walls provide a soft, green illumination.

No doubt the demigods want to examine the vines and fungi, expecting some sort of trap from either direction. Allow them to do so, and even force them to make Perception checks if you really want to increase the tension—pass or fail, be sure to inform them that they see nothing dangerous.

As they travel the tunnel, choose a random square that the lead demigod has stepped on. The group hears a click, and then a loud rumble fills the tunnel as the entire tomb begins to vibrate. If the group has experienced the tomb changing configuration before, then they should immediately recognize what's happening. Otherwise, let them wonder.

You are now free to change the layout of the tomb randomly or however you see fit.





The area before you possesses a floor made of stone while the walls are constructed of natural earth. Torches as tall as a man are embedded off to the sides, where floor meets wall, the flames licking upward and casting shadows upon the entire tableau. In response to your sudden arrival, small multi-legged things scurry deeper into the darkness, disappearing beneath the dirt piled up on both sides.

If the group is concerned about the things that burrowed into the walls, let them be. The tomb is a massive deathtrap meant to confuse and kill, and the existence of the insects is for exactly that purpose. The true danger is the 10-foot square in the center of the area. As soon as a demigod crosses that section, the entire room vibrates and dirt rains down from the walls and ceiling. A grinding sound comes from the walls, and the dirt quickly falls away to reveal thick stone, which move rapidly to meet each other in the center of the room.

Meanwhile, the rest of the floor tiles from the middle of the room onward are devilishly made. Each flooring tile beyond the center of the room is mounted on a spring that compresses when a demigod steps on it, making walking or running exceedingly difficult, especially since each tile spring has a different tension. The group is not only going to have to race to escape the tunnel before the walls crush them, but are going to have deal with moving across unsteady ground and difficult terrain.

The half of the room opposite from where the demigods entered is considered difficult terrain—moving into any of those tiles costs 2 squares of movement. Additionally, the varying levels of tension under each tile make it nearly impossible to keep one's footing. Only by moving at one-quarter speed can a demigod be guaranteed to avoid tripping and falling. Moving at half speed requires a DC 20 Acrobatics check, while moving at full speed requires a DC 30 check. Failure on the check means that the demigod has fallen prone. This means that a Medium demigod who is within 3 squares of the exit can make it out in one round. Smaller demigods or those not as close to the exit will probably have to contend with the closing walls.

The walls close together at a rate of about 5 feet per round. Anyone still in the tunnel at the start of Round 4 is squeezed with regard to movement, further doubling the cost of moving through the difficult terrain. Anyone still in the room on Round 5 takes 4d8 damage and is pinned. Each round thereafter, trapped demigods automatically take 6d8 damage. For each round they remain alive, they can attempt to move 5 feet in one direction by succeeding on a CMB check or Escape Artist check, both made against a DC of 35. If a demigod is within 5 feet of the door, anyone outside of the room can provide assistance using the Aid Another action.

Searching the room for traps is extremely difficult due to the thick layer of earth covering every surface, but a DC 40 Perception check reveals the presence of the stone walls behind the earthy tunnel with suspicious-looking cracks separating the walls from the floor and ceiling. This result also reveals that the floor tiles on the far side of the room seem uneven, as if they aren't connected. This is obviously a trap. The crushing walls can be disabled with a DC 40 Disable Device check. The trigger mechanism under the central tiles is hidden beneath layers of earth making this check require 10 minutes of careful digging. Failure on the Disable Device check triggers the trap.

#### Crushing Corridor XP 51,200

**Type** mechanical; **Perception** DC 29; **Disable Device** DC 29

#### EFFECTS

#### Trigger location; Reset manual

Effect massive stone slabs crush creatures between them (5d8 damage per round and DC 35 CMB or Escape Artist check to move 5 feet; spring-mounted floor tiles between slabs require DC 20 or DC 30 Acrobatics check to move at half or full speed, respectively); **Onset Delay** 4 rounds)



# COMB ENGOUNGER (B) CIANES S HAVEN



Read the following as the group enters:

The faces of fierce beasts glare at you from the wall. A hunting cat crouches, ready to leap for the kill. A cheerful fire burns in the fireplace, illuminating a dozen other taxidermied beasts, both monstrous and mundane, as well as comfortable leather couches and rich furs to lie on before the fire.

A portrait of the sleeping huntress from the warded campsite hangs over the mantel, but here her bow is unbroken and still bears The Bloodstone Tear. A brass plaque set below identifies her as TIANET. It would appear you have found her hunting lodge or at least her trophy room.

This room contains no obstacles or traps. Monsters can't enter, including those in the thrall of the Great Machine, but other adventurers may be found here. The demigods are given a chance to rest and recover until they decide to leave or the tomb shifts again.





The demigods must figure a way to circumvent a statue imbued with the power to shatter bones with mere sound.

Read the following as the group enters the corridor:

The corridor before you appears as though carved out of a single piece of cylindrical stone—a flat floor surrounded by walls and a ceiling some twenty feet overhead that all curve outward.

At the far end, blocking the egress, is a large statue of a man in full plate, holding a long sword and kite shield. The knight stands upon a 12-foot high base, wide enough to fill the corridor from wall to wall. The statue is of Dorhendr, the Grim Guardian of the Great Necropolis of the First Age. It leaves very little room in the passageway. Those wearing heavy, metal armor find there's no way to get by the statue without stripping down. Even small heroes will need to struggle to fit through the space left by the statue's base. The Escape Artist DC for squeezing through the space is 25 for a medium creature and 20 for a small creature (each attempt takes 1d10 rounds and only 1 creature can squeeze through at a time). The squeezing demigod is in contact with the statue during the entire time it takes to get through. Creatures larger than medium can't move past the statue at all and will have to destroy it to get through.

The Lich Queen modified the construction of this corridor specifically so as to amplify sound. As soon as anyone touches the statue, it begins to sing in a baritone voice, chanting the names and deeds of the noble dead of the First Age of Relic so loudly that it causes damage to those around the statue.

The knight continues to sing as long as anyone is touching the base. Anyone touching the statue while the knight is singing takes 4d6+15 points of sonic damage each round. All demigods within 10 feet take 2d4 points of sonic damage. Additionally, all demigods within 20 feet need to make a DC 25 Fortitude save every round the song continues, or become shaken and also suffer a -2 penalty to all hearing-based Perception checks for 1 hour.

A demigod with trapfinding will discover the tell-tale runes of a magical trap with a successful Perception check. A Disable Device will disarm the trap, while a simple *silence* spell will suppress its effects. Destroying the statue will also end the effect. The statue is made of magically hardened obsidian (hardness 20, hp 300). If the statue is destroyed, the vergers will replace it in 2d6 days.

#### Singing Statue XP 25,600

**CR 13** 

**Type** magic (wall of sound); **Perception** DC 35; **Disable Device** DC 35

#### EFFECTS

#### Trigger touch; Reset automatic (instant)

Effect wall of sound (Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Magic), 4d6+15 sonic damage per round when touching the statue, 2d4 sonic damage to all within 10 ft., plus DC 25 Fort save or be shaken and suffer temporary hearing loss (see text)



This room was another of Tianet's chambers. Read the following:

A fantastic mosaic of natural creatures covers the floor, and as you enter the room, you are amused by the colorful and whimsical images of a marvelous menagerie of wild beasts and monsters in a circus train of cages lining the walls-monkeys and tigers, unicorns and manticores, seals with balls on their noses and even a glass aquarium holding a baby kraken. The beasts are obviously painted and the gilded bars not only appear two-dimensional, but stout and secure. There appears to be very little chance of any of these beasts escaping their cages. Even so, it might be wise to not step too close to the walls in case any might reach through the painted bars and into reality.

The walls are actually what they appear prettily painted murals—and the only magic on them consists of preservation charms to keep the colors bright and fresh. Once the group is a quarter of the way through this room, they hear a soft click echo off the walls. The trap is extremely well hidden and arcane in nature.

This trap is a deadly constricting cage. Using a simple pressure trigger that goes off whenever multiple people stand adjacent to each other in the room, it captures its targets with a 20-foot cubic cage created by a modified version of the *forcecage* spell (Reflex save DC 27 to avoid). In glowing, bold runes, visible to anyone on the outside of the cage, are the words, *"You get to watch."* 

The cage then begins to constrict, halving its size each round. The demigods can try to prevent the constriction by trying to brace the inside of the cage with objects. The cage makes a Strength check (modifier +12) every round to try and break the object. On a failure, the cage can't constrict during that round. Use typical break DCs, with each additional item increasing the DC +2.

If the cage is not prevented from constricting, it grapples (CMB +33, CMD 43) and squeezes the trapped demigods, dealing 2d6+12 damage to everyone inside on each successful grapple, persisting for 10 rounds. Demigods inside can work together using the aid another action to help one demigod break the cage's grapple. Remember, however, that once the cage begins to squeeze them, everyone in the cage takes a -2 penalty to attack rolls and combat maneuver checks.

A successful search for traps reveals the several pressure plates connected to each other, indicating that the demigods must be standing together on a group of tiles in order to trigger the trap.

#### Forcecage Trap XP 51,200

**CR 12** 

**Type** magic (variant *forcecage*); **Perception** DC 30; **Disable Device** DC 35

#### Trigger pressure; Reset manual

**Effect** constricting forcecage (2d6+12 damage/ round on a successful maneuver check; CMB +33, CMD 43)

# HII) REDRIVEDRA COMER (II) BALANGE OF LIFE (GR 14)



More an obstacle than a trap, the group must cross a room where the slightest misstep means a very messy death.

As you step into the wide chamber, the floor abruptly ends 6 feet beyond the doorway, and doesn't begin again until the same distance from the opposite wall. Before you, filling the rest of the room, is a pit that drops 25 feet into a pool of black liquid. Bubbles form randomly upon the surface. As they burst, a foul odor burns your nostrils. Extending across the pit are three chains, roughly 2 feet wide and 10 feet apart, forming a precarious bridge. The walls to the left and right are smooth and covered with a glistening slime. Even if handholds could be found, it is extremely unlikely that you would make it across without taking a brief and fatal plunge.

If a demigod possesses the ability of flight, then doing so is the easiest solution, but those lacking the means will have to walk across the huge chains. The chains are tight, but swing just enough to make them dangerous. Additionally, a fine coat of misted oil covers them, making them slightly slippery. Crossing the chains requires a DC 22 Acrobatics check. Movement is reduced to half speed. Heat rising from the boiling oil deals 1d6 fire damage. Anyone who doesn't have immunity or resistance to fire must make two Acrobatics checks per round of movement across the chains. Failure by less than 5 means that the demigod slips but catches himself before falling into the pit but hangs from the chain and takes an additional 1d6 damage due to his proximity to the boiling oil. Failure by more than 5 requires a DC 25 Reflex save to avoid falling into the pool of boiling oil, which does 10d6 fire damage per round for demigods at least halfway immersed.

# COMB EXCOUNCER (12): MUM'S THE WORD (GR 15)



The group must make their way through a bare room with strange circles embedded within the stone walls. Making even the slightest noise could lead to a very painful death. You pass under a stone archway and into a wide chamber with a low ceiling. The floor is completely bare of features, and the ceiling seems to press down upon you without moving. The walls are constructed of a strange, white stone-like material, embedded every few feet with a series of three circles looping around each other.

On the far side of the room, another stone archway leads to a darkened corridor.

The room is a sound amplifier, and any sound created within its boundaries is amplified to an incredible volume. Any action taken in this room that causes noise can cause damage to everyone in the room. The amount of damage depends on how loud the noise is. The damage done by any action is 20 plus Perception DC to hear action. (For example, the sound of combat is DC –10, so each action in combat deals 30 damage). Any action that deals over 20 damage also forces everyone affected to make a Fortitude save (DC damage dealt) or become staggered for the next round as they stumble in pain. Creatures walking in the room may make Stealth checks to sneak through quietly or take damage (use the formula above).

Given the room's size, most demigods can move from the entrance to the exit using 2 move actions. Simply walking across the room in this way (Perception DC 10) will deal a total of 20 points of damage (20-10 = 10 points per move action). Lingering in the room for any reason, especially for a fight, however, could be devastating.

Making small physical or magical adjustments can help reduce the amount of noise the demigods make, and thus reduce the damage. Reduce the damage by 2 for small improvements, by 5 for large ones. (The demigods might take off their boots to reduce the damage by 2.) Plugging one's ears only reduces the damage by 2. These can stack within reason. (Note that the usual +20 to Stealth from *invisibility* doesn't apply here!)

Casting spells with verbal components is very difficult in this room. Casters suffer a 20% chance of spell failure, just as though they were deaf. While the *silence* spell will cancel out the damage within the spell's area of effect, it, too, suffers from the spell failure chance when casting it.

Trapfinding will reveal the dangerous nature of the room's acoustics on a successful DC 25 check, as will a DC 25 knowledge (engineering) check.

Monsters in the tomb know about this place and will stay out of it. They will fire arrows and other projectiles in to the room to gain an advantage if they can ambush

#### the heroes. Sound Chamber CR 15 XP 51,200

Type mechanical; Perception DC 25; Disable Device DC 25

Trigger location; Reset none

**Effect** magnified sounds cause damage for each action taken within the room (damage equals 20 – Perception DC for the sound), creatures immune to sonic damage are not affected by this trap

# COMB ENGOUNDER (13): LIEGELE HALL OF HORRORS (GR 12)



The group must survive a carnivorous plant or become yet another tragedy lost within the walls of tomb.

As soon as you enter the corridor, it's already obvious that getting to the other end is not going to be easy. Although the corridor is composed of the typical stone construction you've seen countless times in similar places, it's what lies at the junction of the floor and walls to either side that forces the realization.

Beginning as just a thin line at the end of the hallway, and growing thicker to cover more of the floor as it continues forward, a blue-green moss has taken residence. Despite the general nature of such things, this one is obviously different as indicated by the skeletal limbs that extend from beneath the moss near the center of the corridor. Thick, green pods—ranging in size from 5 feet to 6 feet tall—rest against either wall near the area not far from the protruding bones.

A DC 16 Knowledge (nature) or (dungeoneering) skill check, identifies the moss as blood moss, an aggressive and deadly hazard. demigods within range of the moss will suffer one attack for every 5 feet of movement. Succeeding the knowledge check by 5 or more reveals that the moss won't attack demigods who do not move and is extremely poisonous if burned.

#### **Blood Moss**

#### **CR 12**

The moss is not intelligent, but it feeds on blood by extending thin tendrils to capture anything living that moves within its 5-foot reach. The moss makes a ranged touch attack with a +20 attack bonus. On a success, the target is entangled. The target must make an opposed Strength check against the moss (+10 Strength bonus) or be held within the moss's five foot range. On the following round and every round thereafter, the target takes Id6 points of Con damage until it escapes or collapses. When a creature stops struggling, the moss's tendrils spread out to cocoon the victim as it further digests the body.

The moss is immune to physical damageall pieces torn or cut off regrow instantly. The moss doesn't grow back if burned. A non-magical flame can be used to burn away a 5-foot square square per round, while magical fire will set ablaze all of the moss that it covers. Unfortunately, burning the moss creates a second hazard, as the dying moss releases spores that rip the blood from any creature that inhales them. Therefore, for every 5-foot square that burns, it releases a dose of poisonous gas that spreads into each of its adjacent squares (treat as burnt othur fumes).

# COMB ENGOUNDER (14)8 MAEHARO S CEIL



#### Read the following:

This room has plain stone walls. A straw pallet lies in the corner. A simple wooden desk and chair are the room's only other furnishings. The room is lit by a single candle in a niche by the door. There is another niche by the pallet.

> This room was once Mabharo's cell, meant for quiet contemplation. It contains no obstacles or traps, and monsters can't enter here. The demigods are given a chance to rest and recover until they decide to leave, unless the tomb shifts again. Although the candle in the niche burns like any ordinary candle, a new candle will be found in

> > 6

the niche each time the demigods encounter this room. On any given day, there is a small chance (10%) that one of *Mabharo's gods* can be found in the niche beside the pallet. If the demigods place a used *god* in the niche, there is a 50% chance a new *god* will be found there on the following day or the next time they enter the room, whichever is longer.

# COMB ENCOUNCER (15)); CHIE KEY



The demigods discover the first part of a warning and a test constructed by the angel, Anat, in her bid to prepare those trapped within the tomb to face Ayrawn.

The room is a perfect square, constructed of rough stone walls and a smooth, marble floor. Great columns rise from floor to ceiling, spacing every 10 feet or so, giving the entire room the appearance of significant importance in comparison to the other chambers you've thus far encountered. Suspended in the center of the room is a small crystalline orb. It is oval in shape and shot through with swirling hues of white and blue. It pulses with arcane energy, and a faint vibration enters your body through the soles of your boots.

Most likely the group will try to avoid coming into contact with the orb, no doubt suspecting it is a trap. As soon as the group enters the chamber, heavy slabs drop down over both doorways, effectively trapping them inside.

The orb is an illusion of a spherical *wall of force* (*greater shadow evocation*, CL 20, Will DC 26 to disbelieve, 60% chance for normal spell effect). For those who fail to disbelieve the illusion, the *wall of force* has a hardness of 30 and 300 hit points. Those who disbelieve the illusion still have a 60% chance of facing the spell's real effect. Otherwise, they can reach through the sphere, which gives a strange sensation of resistance, but allows their hand to pass through it. Believers will see the disbeliever's hand creating a brilliantly glowing rift in the sphere.

Determining the true nature of the orb is challenging, because the illusory orb is protected by a shaped *antimagic field* (10 foot emanation), that emanates from space just a hair's breadth away from the *wall of force*. No magic can penetrate the field to tell the demigods what spell effect is creating the sphere. (Note that, because the sphere is crafted of illusion (shadow) magic, it is still subject to a normal *antimagic field*. Therefore, if the demigods cast their own *antimagic field* that extends beyond the limits of the field already in place, the sphere will wink out as the illusion is suppressed.) As soon as one of the demigods reaches into the orb, whether because they disbelieved the illusion or by breaking through it, it disappears, as does the *antimagic field*. In its place, a silvery key with glowing blue runes hovers in the air.

The first time a demigod touches the key, it melts into that demigod's flesh, burning a likeness of itself into his hand and causing 4d6 damage. This infuses the key's ability into the demigod, allowing him to not only open the sarcophagus in **Final Encounter (Part Two): Shadow of the Lich** (this encounter must be solved before that encounter takes place), but also providing the necessary means of defeating Ayrawn later in the adventure series. Once the key is burned into the demigod's flesh, the slabs rise back into the walls and the room is opened.





The group must face gigantic insects if they hope to reopen the room and escape certain death.

As you enter the barren chamber, a mysterious warm wind blows. Across the room, three featureless walls stare back at you. No cracks appear within the smooth surfaces, no discolorations mar the uniform gray—not even another doorway.

A sound like that of a bursting bubble comes from behind you, accompanied by a sudden changing in air pressure that causes your ears to pop. Turning, you see that the doorway through which you entered has vanished, replaced by a swirling portal of blues and blacks. The colors shift, growing in intensity, and a dark spot appears within the center. The darkness grows, expands, and large mandibles appear from within the swirling hues.

An instant later, the mandibles are attached to a large head with compound eyes, attached in turn to a segmented body with hundreds of rapidly moving legs.

The group must face and defeat two alien centipedes sucked in from another realm. Only once the centipedes are defeated will the realityshifting energies blow through the room again. Once they do, the portal reverts back to a doorway, and another door appears on the left wall.

Attempting to enter into the portal propels the demigod back 15 feet, and causes 2d10 electrical damage.

Advanced StegocentipedesCR 6XP 2,400NN Huge verminInit +4; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +6

#### DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 12, flat-footed 17 (+4 Dex, +9 natural, -2 size) hp 76 (9d8+36)

Fort +10, Ref +7, Will +5

Defensive Abilities spines; Immune mindaffecting effects, vermin traits

#### OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee bite +10 (2d6+6 plus poison), sting +10 (2d6+6 plus poison)

Space 15 ft.; Reach 15 ft

#### STATISTICS

Str 23, Dex 19, Con 18, Int -, Wis 14, Cha 6 Base Atk +6; CMB +14; CMD 28 (can't be tripped)

Skills Climb +10, Perception +6, Stealth +4; Racial Modifiers +4 Climb, +4 Perception, +8 Stealth

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Poison (Ex)** Bite or sting—injury; save Fort DC<sup>2</sup>20; frequency 1/round for 6 rounds; effect 1d6 Dex; cure 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is Constitutionbased and includes a +2 racial bonus.

**Spines (Ex)** A stegocentipede raises its spineplates during combat, and moves rapidly back and forth while attacking. Creatures in a space adjacent to a stegocentipede must succeed on a DC 18 Reflex save each time they attack it or take 2d8+3 points of damage from the spine-plates, whether the attack was successful or not. The save DC is Constitution-based.

# PERMANENT INJURY

The loss of a hand is a serious hindrance to a demigod. One way to simulate this is to apply a -5 penalty to all actions that require the use of both hands and to forbid the demigod from using two-handed weapons or fighting two-handed.

# COMB ENGOUNDER (17)} DANGEROUS REFLEGEDONS



This room brings new definition to the old phrase about being one's own worst enemy. The demigods must face themselves if they hope to escape the chamber.

As you enter the chamber, a wave of vertigo washes over you. The room is featureless except for the walls surrounding the area. As your mind comes to grips with the sudden change in perspective, you realize that the walls are made out of mirrored glass. Multiple versions of your group stare back with perplexed expressions.

A high-pitched whine fills the chamber, as though from metal striking metal increased to an unbelievable volume. The mirrored walls flow toward each other to seal the door through which you entered and prevent egress. A movement out of the corner of your eyes catches your attention. Your reflections within the far wall salute in your direction, then step forward. The surface of the glass ripples as they come forth into the room.

Your copies within the remaining three walls vanish. The mirrors now reflect only an empty chamber.

To unseal the doors and escape from the chamber, the demigods are going to have to defeat the mirror copies of themselves. Breaking the glass over where the door used to be reveals only more of the wall. The doorway has been completely removed.

The reflections of the demigods are as real as the demigods, drawn from an alternate dimension and driven to slay their opposite number. They have the same equipment, abilities, and prepared spells and spell slots available that the party has when they enter the room, but are suffering from 4 negative levels when they step from the mirror. Although this room's effect is similar to that created by a *mirror of opposition*, breaking the mirrors in the room has no effect on these doubles from another dimension.

Once the demigods have defeated their counterparts, the room vibrates. The mirrored glass cracks, then shatters to the floor in millions of tiny pieces. The demigods now stand in a stone chamber. Their original doorway has returned to its previous position, and a second doorway has appeared on the opposite wall.
Defeating one's double has the peculiar effect of making the victor cast no reflections in mirrors. However, the demigod's reflection slowly returns over the course of 1d6+1 days. If they return to the Hall of Mirrors during this time, the demigods will find the mirrors restored, but their reflections will be translucent. Only once their reflections have become fully opaque can they be fought again.

Defeating one's duplicates, however, doesn't necessarily require combat. Any contest serves: chess, artistic performance, or even a debate will suffice. However, if the mirror images succeed, the demigod is forced into the mirror while his double continues on, but as an evil creature in the service of the Great Machine. The doubles won't willingly come back to the Hall of Mirrors, since that is the only way that their reflections—the original demigods—can break free.

# HEIL EXECUTED THE REPORT OF TH



The demigods enter a chamber that appears to have no further exits, but all it takes is a little concentration.

As you enter the chamber, a stone slab contained within the wall to the right of the doorway slams shut, blocking you from retreating the way you came.

The room itself is wide open with traditional stone walls and floor, and no obvious features to cause you harm or concern. Along with missing the expected death traps, plagues, poisons, and carnivorous plants, however, it also seems to lack any other way out.

Besides the wall with the now sealed doorway, three blank stone walls look back at you.

There is actually a way out of the room directly across from where the demigods entered. It is hidden by an optical illusion, where the exit comprises a T-intersection, and wall of the corridor blends in with the walls of the room. The demigods need only walk forward, passing through the wall, to exit the room and see the connecting hallway. The cleverly hidden exit is extremely difficult to spot. To locate it visually, demigods must make Perception checks (DC 35 + 5 per 5 feet of distance from the opening). Carefully examining the walls from up close, using touch, as well as sight, instantly reveals the opening.





The demigods face a moral choice that determines whether or not they immediately face a new danger.

You step into another room constructed of stone, a doorway on the wall opposite your entrance. The walls and floor are blackened in places, as though having suffered some sort of blast at one time or another.

As you near the center of the room, strange winds suddenly buffet you. A reddish tinge drops over the entire chamber. Then, before your very eyes, the walls and ceiling disappear, showing nothing but blackness shot through with hues of purple and red. The colors swirl, coalesce, dance apart as though moved by the same wind. A terrible shrieking assails you.

You stand on a small island of rock, the exact same size as the floor of the chamber, hanging suspended within the strange storm of energy raging all around. Before you, a roughly constructed stone altar materializes in the center of the island. Upon the slab is a young child, perhaps ten years old. Her blonde hair is filthy and matted to her head. She looks at you with terror, unable to move as she is secured to the surface by heavy ropes. A filthy cloth is tied securely around her mouth.

Next to her rests a dagger with an ornate silver hilt over an obsidian blade.

Even as you take it all in, however, the powers at play within this place make their final move: Beginning at the edges and slowly moving inward, the small island which you inhabit begins to crumble away.

Each round, one ring of squares around the edge of the room vanishes, so that the demigods should be without footing at the end of 5 rounds. They are going to have to make a tough decision to escape the room, and the choice they make determines their means of escape.

If the demigods decide to sacrifice the child, the altar, dagger, and child vanish the instant the blade touches her skin and the island continues to crumble away. When the ground is completely gone, the demigods are sent spiraling into the storm of primordial energy as Anat's influence over the tomb punishes them for the murder. They are hit with 3d6 electrical damage from the storm (no saving throw). Freeing the child requires spending a round to attempt untying the ropes (DC 24 Dex check), breaking them (DC 24 Strength check), or cutting them (4 hp).

Once any of these three outcomes has played out, the demigods are free to continue on their way.

# COMB ENGOUNGER (20): A Fine and Privage Place



## Read the following:

You find a white marble chamber incised with countless names limned in gold. An oil lamp hangs from a chain, permanently affixed to the ceiling. In the middle of the chamber is a marble bier with a stone pillow. The name at the end of the slab is DORHENDR.

This grim room was Dorhendr's. Despite the crypt-like appearance, it contains no obstacles or traps, and monsters can't enter here. The demigods are given a chance to rest and recover until they decide to leave or the tomb shifts again.

# Tome Engounder (21); Lexenne & Hand



The demigods are going to have to choose someone to make a sacrifice if they hope to avoid a death by drowning.

The chamber is made of stone blocks faded with the passage of time. Along the walls near the ceilings, spaced 5 feet apart and lining the entire room, carved heads of humans, elves, dwarves, and a half-dozen other races look down upon the chamber with blank eyes and opened mouths. Mold discolors the wall near the base of each carving, running in a line to disappear midway to the floor. A doorway marks the wall to your right.

As you step into the chamber, thick and heavy stone slabs drop from within the top of each doorway, blocking you from leaving the room. A breeze blows through the area, almost as if coming from the mouths of the carvings, and the air shimmers around the doorway to your right. A carved dragon's head, its mouth agape, forms on the wall next to the sealed exit.

Seconds later, water gushes from the mouth of each carving at an incredible volume.

The chamber fills with water in 5 rounds, completely submerging the demigods. The only way out is via the carved dragon's head that appeared on the wall next to the doorway.

Inside the dragon's head is a lever that turns clockwise. When turned, it opens the door, but the maw of the dragon slams closed with incredible force. If the trap damage is at least 1/3 of the receiving demigod's total hit points, it severs the hand. The hand can be restored by magic such as *regeneration, wish*, or *miracle*.

On a successful Perception check against the trap's DC, the demigod will notice that the dragon's mouth is hinged and can close very tightly when the lever is turned clockwise. A successful Disable Device check will prevent it from closing.

Turning the lever clockwise with the dragon's mouth disabled or simply turning the lever counterclockwise stops the water, but requires a DC 25 Strength check to accomplish it. Failing on this check damages the valve, breaking the lever and causing the dragon's mouth to snap shut on the third failed attempt. Once the mouth of the dragon's head is activated or the valve is safely closed, the water stops pouring in and several blocks in the stone floor lower to allow for drainage. Once the water is drained, the stone slabs blocking the two doorways retract.

#### Dragon Head Lock XP 19,200

**CR 12** 

Type mechanical; Perception DC 35; Disable Device DC 35

#### **EFFECTS**

Trigger mechanical; Reset manual

**Effect** The dragon's mouth closes when the lever is turned (5d10 damage); DC 25 Reflex save negates, but the door remains closed.

COMB ENGOUNDER (22)8
THE ORES (GR 15)

The demigods meet a party of orcs trapped within the tomb. Depending upon the disposition of the group as they encounter what is commonly considered an enemy, they could face the battle of their lives, or gain useful information on the nature of the threat that awaits them.

At the end of the corridor is a heavy wooden door with a thick metal handle. Pushing, you discover it locked—a curiosity in a place obvious designed to kill you, which has previously granted you easy access to every form of trap, poison, and hostile creature it could muster.

So, the important question is: If this place thus far hasn't been shy about your admission to various places where you were meant to perish, why is this particular door barred?



Treat the door as a strong wooden door (hardness 5, 20 hp, break DC 23). The lock and handle have hardness 10, 5 hp, a break DC 26, and require a DC 30 Disable Device check to open. Once the group gets the door open, read the following:

A foul stench assaults your senses: a mixture of sweat and bodily waste. You hear the distinct sounds of metal sliding across metal, followed by several grunts.

The room is large, and from your position you see that a section of the stone wall has been torn down. Gigantic metal gears—gold and silver and tarnished in places—form a complex system within the gaping hole. That, though, isn't the most surprising sight. Inside the room, almost a dozen orcs raise weapons and draw swords. Large tusks protrude from opened mouths below wide eyes. Beyond the orcs, occupying a rear corner of the chamber, a pile of armor, weapons, and assorted trinkets are piled nearly to waist height.

The orcs are as shocked to see the demigods as the demigods are to see them. They may have heard the demigods' attempts to get through the door, but they are still surprised to see living humanoids who are probably not servants of the machine.

This room is slightly unique in that it is no longer under the Great Machine's influence. Thanks to the magical headband he took from a fallen foe and an orc blood ritual, the orcs' leader was able to direct his troops in tearing down a section of the wall and dismantling a majority of the machinery behind it.

Exactly how this encounter plays out depends upon your demigods. Over a dozen orcs face them from deep inside the room with weapons pointed in the group's direction. They don't approach the demigods, however, but remain poised to strike if given the order. The next step in the scene depends on the demigods:

• If they attack the orcs, a massive fight erupts. On the second round, a large orc with green skin, bulging muscles and a booming voice yells for the combat to stop and orders the orcs to stand down. All of the orcs but one (the largest of the other warriors) attempt to obey, but won't immediately do so if it will result in certain death from the demigods. To force the largest of the warriors to stand down, the leader has to physically knock him off his feet. Although the warrior rises in a rage, he is careful not to challenge his commander, and joins the rest of the orcs in obedience.

• If the demigods do not immediately attack, then before the combat can begin, a booming voice fills the room, ordering the orcs to stand down. The same green skinned orc steps through the crowd as

weapons are pointed toward the floor: All weapons, that is, except for one. The

largest of the warriors maintains his grip upon a massive axe, held before him in a threatening gesture as he stares at the demigods. The leader orders him to lower his weapon. When the warrior looks at him in a near challenge, the leader backhands him with such force that he staggers several paces and nearly drops his weapon.

Although the warrior quickly recovers, and the fires of rage burn within his eyes, he lowers the weapon and glares menacingly at his commander.

Providing the scene plays in such a way that the leader has a chance to talk to the group (either after ending the combat, or if a fight never broke out in the first place), the demigods have a chance to get some vital information. Although the lead orc's actions seem almost helpful toward the demigods, his true motivation is in not having what is left of his unit destroyed in what could be an unnecessary battle. His beginning attitude toward the demigods is Unfriendly, and due to everything the orcs have been through in their time trapped inside the tomb, the Diplomacy DC to change his attitude suffers a +5 modifier (DC 25). Based upon the attitude shift the demigods gain with the leader, they receive the following information and aid.

Unfriendly: The orc introduces himself as Ulruck, leader of his tribe, who has been trapped here for an unknown period of time. He has little information beyond what the demigods already know: the Tomb is designed as a massive deathtrap that reconfigures itself to keep those trapped within from easily discerning its secrets. The place also appears to have an effect on the minds of those trapped inside, driving them insane and sapping their will. When the orcs were drawn into the place, only this room seemed to be a place of refuge from the effect. Once they realized it, Ulruck and what remained of his tribe decided to stay put. He has no idea how long ago that was, as time loses meaning after long periods within the dungeon. He only knows that he started with almost threedozen warriors and most of his tribe, and the orcs the demigods can see are all that remain. They dare not venture into the Tomb and risk their sanity.

If asked about the gears, the lead orc says only that the gears more than likely exist behind the walls of all the rooms and corridors, and facilitate the reconfiguration.

Indifferent: Ulruck goes on to explain that their imprisonment within the tomb has not made them weak. They have maintained their battle prowess against the monstrosities that wander the corridors by drawing them into the room and slaying them. Oddly, they have needed no food or drink— it is as if the very Tomb itself has somehow sustained them, as though it is not satisfied to let them die by starvation.

Since the demigods are obviously immune to the mind-altering effects of the place, the leader reveals that one of his warriors has studied magical scrolls and texts that they found scattered

# SPEAR TRAP

If if the demigods decide to take on the orcs in battle, the warriors attempt to reposition them during combat so the demigods are standing over a section of floor toward the front left of the room. Once the demigods are maneuvered over that area, one of them will press a hidden lever built into the wall (it appears simply as a block of stone that is pushed inward), unleashing a spear trap, which simultaneously ejects spears from the floor and ceiling to impale the group.

When used by the orcs, it amounts to a one-time attack, and is already factored into the CR of the encounter.

Spear Trap	CR	8
XP 153,600		
Type mechanical; Perception D Disable Device DC 30	C	30;
Trigger touch; Reset manual		
<b>Effect</b> 2d4 spears per target, Atk +20 (1d8+6) per spear, multiple targets square).	rang (10	ged ft

throughout the Tomb. As a result, they have much sorcery at their disposal, and discovered a gem that allows the possessor to resist the mental changes the Tomb imposes beyond this room. Although the gem allows the orc holding it to explore the corridors and chambers without fear of losing his mind, such exploration is conducted only rarely, due to the nature of the deathtraps against which the gem has no power.

Ulruck knows that creatures sent by the Tomb to attack them are collected by the reclaimers and taken away to be resurrected to hunt and fight again. Unfortunately, the creatures actually seem to remember their previous deaths, because many of the creatures seem to have learned to avoid the tricks the orcs used against them in previous battles.

Friendly: If the group succeeds in shifting Ulruck's attitude to friendly, they will make a powerful ally who reveals even more useful information. The commander reveals to them the existence of the Great Machine: a powerful, sentient artifact that seems to be more than a little insane, and provides the main power and control over the Tomb. Ulruck and his warriors have discovered that the Machine exists on the second level, and they know how to access it. They learned that they could take the bodies of their recently fallen and hunt for their souls within The Machine to draw it forth and resurrect them. However, they have also learned that if they fail to do so within a short period of time-no more than a few hours, perhaps, the process fails. From what they can guess, the Machine harvests the souls of those who die within the Tomb, though they don't know what purpose the harvested souls are meant to serve.

Helpful: With this result, the orc commander will see the heroes as a beacon of hope. In addition to telling them all the information above, he will lead them to the second level. Ulruck knows that it is the Machine that keeps them from leaving, but doesn't know how to defeat it. He believes that if it can be shut down, they can all escape the Tomb. Ulruck knows that the Machine is sentient and insane and has no idea how it will react to the demigods being brought before it, but he sets those concerns aside, refusing to even mention it to the demigods, in the hope that the heroes will help him and what is left of his tribe escape this nightmare. Orcs (12) XP 1,200 each Male orc warrior 6 CE Medium humanoid (orc) Init +0; Senses darkvision; Perception +1

#### DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 10, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor) hp 39 (6d10+6) Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +1 Defensive Abilities ferocity Weakness light sensitivity

#### OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft. Melee falchion +11/+6 (2d4+6/18-20) and Ranged Javelin +6/+1 (1d6+4) Special Attacks power attack (-2/+4)

#### STATISTICS

Str 18, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 7, Wis 8, Cha 6
Base Atk +6; CMB +10; CMD 20
Feats Alertness, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (falchion)
Skills Acrobatics -1, Climb +3, Escape Artist -1, Fly -1, Intimidate +7, Perception +1, Ride -1, Sense Motive +1, Stealth -1, Survival +5, Swim +3
Languages Common, Orc

Gear studded leather armor, falchion, javelin (4)

# Orc Captain XP 9,600

Male orc barbarian ||

CE Medium humanoid (orc) Init +2; Senses darkvision; Perception +11

#### DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 14, flat-footed 18 (+6 armor, +1 deflection, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 natural) hp 110 (11d12+22) Fort +9, Ref +5 (+3 bonus vs. traps.), Will +4 Defensive Abilities ferocity, improved uncanny dodge, trap sense; DR 2/---Weakness light sensitivity

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft. **Melee** +1 cold iron greataxe +18/+13/+8 (1d12+8/ x3) or **Ranged** javelin +12/+7/+2 (1d6+5)

**CR 10** 

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**Special Attacks** rage (26 rounds/day), rage powers (intimidating glare; no escape, 1/rage; quick reflexes; rolling dodge +2, 2 rds; swift foot, +5 feet)

#### STATISTICS

Str 20, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 6 Base Atk +11; CMB +16; CMD 29

**Feats** Acrobatic, Alertness, Dodge, Iron Will, Power Attack –3/+6, Weapon Focus (Greataxe)

**Skills** Acrobatics +12, Climb +12, Escape Artist +0, Intimidate +12, Perception +11, Ride +5, Sense Motive +1, Stealth +0, Survival +13, Swim +3

Languages Common, Orc

**Gear** +2 hide armor, +1 cold iron greataxe, amulet of natural armor +1, ring of protection +1, javelin (4), javelin of lightning, potion of bull's strength, potion of heroism

#### Ulruck, Orc Commander XP 19,200

**CR 12** 

Male orc fighter 13

LE Medium humanoid (orc) Init +2; Senses darkvision; Perception +9

#### DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 14, flat-footed 20 (+8 armor, +2 Dex, +1 natural, +1 deflection, +1 dodge)

hp 89 (13d10)

Fort +10, Ref +8, Will +8 (+3 vs. fear)

**Defensive Abilities** bravery +3, ferocity

Weakness light sensitivity

## OFFENSE

#### Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 shock falchion +23/+18/+13 (2d4+14 plus1d6 electricity/18-20) and

Ranged javelin +17/+12/+7 (1d6+6)

**Special Attacks** weapon training abilities (axes +2, heavy blades +3, spears +1)

#### STATISTICS

Str 19, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 9

#### Base Atk +13; CMB +17; CMD 31

Feats Acrobatic, Alertness, Cleave, Dodge, Great Cleave, Greater Weapon Focus (Falchion), Greater Weapon Specialization (Falchion), Iron Will, Mobility, Penetrating Strike, Power Attack –4/+8, Step Up, Weapon Focus (Falchion), Weapon Specialization (Falchion)

**Skills** Acrobatics +4, Climb +10, Fly +4, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (engineering) +17, Perception +9, Ride +6, Sense Motive +6, Survival +9

#### Languages Common, Orc

**Other** Gear +2 breastplate, +1 shock falchion, javelin (4), amulet of natural armor +1, cloak of resistance +2, headband of vast intelligence +2 with Knowledge (engineering), ring of feather falling, ring of protection +1

# COMB ENGOUNCER (25)) CIPPING THE SCALES (CR 14)



The demigods quickly discover that attempting to escape the tomb isn't just about searching for an exit, but also maintaining a careful . . . balance . . . between life and death.

Torches within recessed wall niches cast flickering shadows upon the walls. Intermittent areas of shifting darkness fill the empty spaces between patches of light, as the deep-set position of the flames actually does little to provide adequate illumination.

The walls are comprised of incredibly smooth stone, while the floor appears to be well-worn cobblestone.

This particular trap is easy to miss before it is too late, as the floor in this room is balanced on a central pivot. As soon as two demigods enter, their combined weight pushes the floor down, threatening to dump them into the pit below. Demigods can make Reflex saves to leap back to the solid ground outside the room. Failure means falling 50 feet to the bottom of a 30-foot square pit. They take no damage from the fall, because the bottom of the pit is covered in a layer of viscous slime. However, demigods in contact with the sticky slime become entangled. This makes it very challenging to combat the two horrific Carnivorous Blobs who inabit the pit and have hungered for nearly a year. The blobs are immune to the sticky slime and attack on the round after the first demigod lands in the pit. (For the carnivorous blob's stats, see **Denizens of the Tomb** at the end of the adventure.)

Demigods can easily cross the room by flying or otherwise avoiding the floor, but attempting to cross the room on foot requires some challenging checks. Simply running across the room requires two DC 35 Acrobatics checks. Failure on the first check means that the floor dips down at the entrance. Failure on the second means the floor dips down on the opposite side. A DC 35 Reflex save is required to avoid immediately falling, but only a successful Climb check will allow the demigod to avoid sliding into the pit. Although they are not slippery, the floor and walls are exceptionally smooth and a DC 35 Climb check is required to hold on to either one.

It is possible to avoid the sudden drop of the floor by trying to jump to the center of the room, where the moment arm of the floor is not as great. Jumping to the center of the room requires a DC 30 check (of course, the passageway outside the room doesn't allow demigods to get a 10-foot running start, so the usual DC is doubled). Landing in the middle of the room allows the demigod to make a second Acrobatics check to jump the rest of the way. The floor is slightly unstable, but there is sufficient space to make a running start, so the DC to leap the last 15 feet is only 20.

If they do not land in the 10-foot square in the middle of the room, the floor starts to tilt and the demigod must make a Reflex save to jump either to the center of the room or toward the exit. The DC of the save is 20 + the distance from the center of the room (so it is either 30 or 35). Even if the save succeeds and the demigod lands in the middle of the room, he is prone and must stand up before he can make the jump. This requires another DC 20 Acrobatics check, followed by the check to make the jump to the other exit.

A successful Perception check against the trap's DC reveals the seam between the moving floor and the solid one, and a slight touch shows that the floor moves very easily. Jamming the floor to keep it from tilting is the surest way to disable the trap.

## Scales of Doom XP 6,400

# CR 9

# **Type** mechanical; **Perception** DC 40; **Disable Device** DC 30

Trigger location; Reset manual

**Effect 50-**foot pit (no falling damage due to slime, but the slime impedes movement as *entangle*) containing 2 carnivorous blobs (see Denizens below) at bottom

# COMB ENGOUNGER (24)



The group encounters an old Crone who has been trapped within the tomb for centuries. Slightly insane, the old woman can nonetheless become a powerful ally for the demigods.

Introduce the Crone while the heroes are fighting a battle. She'll appear from a nearby corner or doorway and assist the group in defeating whatever threat you've set them up against. After the combat, read the following:

A short woman stands before you, a wide smile displaying ruined teeth. Long, disheveled gray hair hangs in thin wisps around a deeply lined face. Her jacket is caked with dirt and torn in places, faded and worn, but it may have once been checked in a diamond pattern of rose and gold. Despite her obvious age, however, vibrant green eyes glimmer in the torchlight as she considers each of you. Anyone within the group with the ability to use magic immediately senses a pulsating power emanating from the old woman. Whatever she may be, her own training in the mystical arts is obvious, both from her palpable aura and her aid in fighting the enemy the demigods have just dispatched.

If the group asks her who she is, the old woman looks thoughtful for several beats before replying. She asks what is in a name and is the name still important? Does it still hold power, if the person that possessed the name loses it? She's been in the tomb a long time, and she lost her name somewhere within its endless hallways a long time ago.

If asked if she is Trismaya, she will pause, troubled, saying that the name sounds familiar, but she still doesn't know. She's afraid she's lost her marbles....

Feel free to read or paraphrase the following:

The old woman narrows her eyes and points a finger at all of you. "But I know who you are. Oh, yes, I know! You are the latest shells to wander into the places of death, where the gears turn and grind and the Great Machine sucks the souls from you like a child drinking the juices of a ripened plum."

The old woman laughs, high-pitched and wheezing.

"You can live, though. You can survive to fight the Great Machine. But only... oh, yes, only... if you listen to the ramblings of a crazy old woman."

Her eyes suddenly widen in fear. She raises her right index finger to her lips and hisses loudly. "Don't call the old woman crazy! Don't be fools. She is powerful and does protest that nomenclature too much. Oh, the pain she can bring. But she does know how to oppose the Great Machine. That, she does. She knows much. But she likes not these corridors. Come—follow me—and she will converse in more comfortable surroundings."

The Crone leads the group to the nearest doorway that they have not yet explored in this section of dungeon. Beyond the door is a small room. The stone floor is covered with various wellworn rugs. A loom and spinning wheel rest in the center, while a small fireplace occupies the right rear corner. Hanging in the fireplace by a hook is a small, black kettle. A small bed resides in the left rear corner, a pile of dirty clothes on the floor next to it. Among clothes, the demigods can glimpse rags that once were the musician's moss green hose and lilac blouse. If the demigods are able to search the place, they will find a battered old lute in a case hidden under the bed.

The woman is clearly insane, though whether she has always been that way or it is a result of her imprisonment within the tomb is unclear. Due to her unstable mental faculties, the Crone may or may not be helpful. Have the demigods make a Diplomacy check (DC 25). Her beginning attitude is Indifferent, and depending on the success of the check, the demigods will gain the following information or aid:

**Indifferent:** The tomb is controlled by a great, sentient Machine that is in turn controlled by a powerful sorceress. The Crone remembers that she was once an enemy of that sorceress, though

she can no longer remember how or why. But she does know that she was defeated. As punishment, she was imprisoned within the tomb, doomed to wander the halls for all eternity. Although the Great Machine rots the minds of those that come within its domain, she claims it was unable to affect her, just as it has obviously not affected the demigods. She knows not where the Machine is located, but she hears it in every wall, in the floor, in each individual stone.

Friendly: She tells the demigods that she can sense others within the tomb. Some of great power, some of great strength. Although she doesn't give the group specifics, she warns them that not everything is as it seems. Everyday enemies could turn into powerful allies, whereas those who offer them help could be seeking to do them harm. Significantly, she doesn't exclude herself from those who might harm them.

**Helpful:** If the Crone can be made Helpful, she offers to accompany them for a while through the tomb. If the demigods accept, she will be able to assist them in solving the traps they encounter. She will be especially useful in escaping the vampire in Encounter 25, as well as in dealing with Alsep in Encounter 27. She will stay with the demigods for a few rooms, until she gets bored and decides to wander off. (Remember that the Crone is a tool for you to keep the story moving. How long the Crone decides to stay depends on how much help your demigods need.)

As the Crone talks, she moves about the room, randomly fidgeting with items. At one point, she offers the demigods something to drink. If asked, she admits it's a tea brewed from the crushed organs of the spiders that hunt the corridors.

The demigods are free to leave her room



anytime they wish. Like the other rooms of the Companions, Trismaya's chamber is warded against monsters and others controlled by the Great Machine.

The Crone is, of course, an aspect of Trismaya. If given one of her moonstone *beads*, Trismaya recovers a memory. What the memory is depends on what question she's asked. The most useful is likely *"Are you Trismaya?"* as that keeps her rational and in better command of her faculties, if not regaining all her lost memories. The more *beads* she is given and the more questions asked, the more she remembers of herself.

To find out more of what Trismaya might know, read the story *The Legend of the Lich Queen*.

Occasionally Trismaya escapes through the portal outside of the tomb, going off to regain her youth for a time but losing her marbles in the process. The magic of the tomb always draws her back, though. Then the Crone will be as she was when demigods first met her, with only vague memories of who she is and what she may have said.

# The Crone XP 51,200 Old human sorcerer 16 N Medium humanoid Init +6; Senses Perception +20

#### DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 17, flat-footed 21 (+4 armor, +2 Dex, +3 deflection, +2 dodge, +4 shield) hp 90 (16d6+32)

Fort +9, Ref +9, Will +15 Defensive Abilities freedom of movement

## OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft. Melee melee touch +6 (spell) Ranged ranged touch +10 (spell) Bloodline Spell-Like Abilities (CL 16th; concentration +26)

**CR 15** 

16 rounds/day—fleeting glance (as greater invisibility)

13/day-laughing touch

**Sorcerer Spells Known** (CL 16th; concentration +26)

8th (4/day)—polymorph any object (DC 28)

7th (6/day)—grasping hand, insanity (DC 30), phase door<sup>B</sup>

6th (8/day)—circle of death (DC 26), mislead<sup>B</sup> (DC 26), mass suggestion (DC 29), true seeing

5th (8/day)—dominate person (DC 28), mind fog (DC 28), nightmare, telepathic bond, tree stride<sup>B</sup>

4th (8/day)—bestow curse (DC 24), confusion (DC 27), enervation, fear, poison<sup>B</sup> (DC 24)

3rd (8/day)—deep slumber<sup>B</sup> (DC 26), dispel magic, haste, suggestion (DC 26), vampiric touch

2nd (9/day)—detect thoughts, glitterdust, hideous laughter<sup>B</sup> (DC 25), invisibility, minor image, resist energy

Ist (9/day)—alarm, comprehend languages, entangle<sup>B</sup> (DC 21), mage armor, shield, obscuring mist

0 (at will)—acid splash, detect magic, dancing lights, daze (DC 23), ghost sound (DC 20), mage hand, mending, prestidigitation, read magic

#### **Bloodline** fey

#### TACTICS

Before Combat The Crone casts extended mage armor on herself every day out of habit. She casts quickened haste and shield at the first sign of combat. (All three are included in her stats.) During Combat The Crone laughs endlessly in combat, as this has been her sole diversion for hundreds of years. She knows that she can snuff out the lives of her opponents with circle of death but she prefers to see what happens when they turn on each other with spells like mass suggestion or confusion. She isn't above cutting someone down with enervation or baffling a fighter with grasping hand. She makes good use of quickened spells, especially in the first rounds of combat. She also loves using her fleeting glance ability to befuddle her attackers as she peppers them with silent spells. Morale Because the Crone yearns for freedom from the Tomb, she joyfully fights to the death, although she is subconsciously aware that the Tomb won't let her truly die.

#### STATISTICS

Str 7, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 30 Atk +8; CMB +6; CMD Base 25 Feats Combat Casting, Cosmopolitan (Perception, Sense Motive), Dodge, Eschew MaterialsB, Extend Spell, Improved InitiativeB, Quicken SpellB, Silent Spell, Skill Focus (Bluff)B, Spell Focus

(Enchantment), Spell Penetration, Toughness Skills Bluff +35, Knowledge (Arcana) +21, Fly +13, Perception +20, Sense Motive +20, Spellcraft +13 Languages Aklo, Common, Draconic, Elven, Sylvan SQ bloodline arcana (fey), fey magic, woodland stride Gear headband of charisma +6, belt of dexterity +4, ring of protection +3, cloak of resistance +4, ring of freedom of movement

# COMD ENGOUNGER (25); CHE SCALLER'S CURSE (VARIES)

A unique encounter, the demigods stumble into what appears to be another lost adventurer within the tomb, only to discover a terrible secret that could cost them their lives.

Unlike the other traps, there is no introductory narrative for this encounter. Exactly when it happens, and how, is going to depend upon which version of the trap you are running.

Encountering Branford first: If you decide to have the demigods encounter Branford first, they will meet him in a corridor, standing in the doorway of one of the trap chambers (your choice as to exactly which one). He appears to be a knight, with strong features and dark, deep-set eyes. A long beard drapes over the top of his chest, and thinning hair lies in lines across the top of his head. His ornate half-plate armor is tarnished and dented in places, and his complexion is extremely pale—a condition he blames on wandering the hallways of the dungeon for far too long.

Use of *detect undead* or similar magic reveals that Branford is not one of the living. If contronted with this knowledge, he admits his condition, but also says that he fights a constant battle against the evil influences that come with it. He explains to the demigods how he was once a Caladonian knight (he hails from the High Kingdom of Caladon featured in *Caladon Falls*), righting wrongs throughout his kingdom. At one time, he confronted powerful stalker lords, and in climactic battles of steel and honor against fang and dark magic, he prevailed, ending a grave threat to the populace. Unfortunately, the dark lord had many minions, and one in particular was a beautiful, seductive woman. Before Brandford learned her true nature, she had wormed her way into both his life and his heart. Then, she struck. She damned him to an existence as the very thing he had dedicated his life to destroying.

Branford tried to kill himself several times, but on each occasion, his courage failed him. Instead, he became a recluse and, in the darkness of his ancestral home, fed off his servants, slowly sinking into a deep depression.

Months later, he heard a haunting dirge, and was mysteriously transported to the island that rests atop this tomb.

Now, he's trapped just like every other monster that scurries through the corridors. He feeds when he can, although he can barely stomach the taste of inhuman blood. For some reason, the Great Machine has no effect on his mind. Perhaps his undead mind is too alien for the machine to understand. Or, perhaps whatever remains of his knightly code is strong enough to resist its power.

If the demigods do not attack him, he will agree to assist them as best he can. Although he learned of the Great Machine from the old Crone, he's never seen it and doesn't know how to escape the shifting corridors. He warns them that the witch that turned him is also trapped within the dungeon. It didn't take long for her to learn of his attempt to redeem his soul and in her folly, she followed him to prevent his deliverance. She was imprisoned, as well, and now roams the corridors of the tomb in search of prey.

If the demigods encounter Augusta with Branford at their side, she flies into a rage and attacks them. This will happen whether or not the demigods have learned of his true nature. If they haven't before she attacks, then Augusta reveals Branford to be a stalker.

If the demigods attack him, he will either flee or be destroyed. In either case, he won't take the time to warn them of Augusta's presence in the tomb, and when they encounter her it will play out as outlined below.

**Encountering Augusta first:** Use this variation if the demigods first encounter Branford and attack him, or if you have decided to save Branford for last.

While Augusta is an extremely attractive woman with reddish-gold hair and a complexion like mother of pearl, the only thing more beautiful than her physical aspects is her voice. While the demigods may meet her at any time, the circumstances of that meeting determine how she behaves. Augusta is ruthless and manipulative. She prefers to feign being the damsel in distress unless the role is detrimental to her or her meal ticket.

In regards to the 'meal ticket', being a stalker makes Augusta immortal—but being an immortal trapped in an immense clockwork tomb with no sure source of blood to slake her eternal thirst? Horrible. While Augusta would think nothing of killing anyone back where she comes from, in the tomb, it's another matter. Peasants are not in plentiful supply. Orc blood tastes awful to her. The blood of other monsters is worse. But the blood of humans, especially comely men? Exquisite.

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Cleverly, Augusta has figured out a way to get an endless source without escaping the tomb: The Hall of Mirrors.

Stalkers don't cast reflections, so both she and Branford are immune to the mirrors' conjuration of doubles—but the doubles are not immune to her. Once she has befriended, manipulated, or otherwise gained the companionship of a escort (she prefers males), she leads him to the mirror room if she can find it (not a guarantee with the shifting nature of the tomb), and assists him in defeating his opposite, drinking the double dry in the process.

Of course, this needn't be immediate. Augusta prefers time to work her way into a party's trust before revealing that she's a stalker—People are so judgmental! If questioned as to how she came to be in the tomb, she claims she found the dungeon while exploring some ruins with fellow members of an archeological guild. They had no idea what they would eventually find at the bottom of the long staircase, but entered and became trapped. She claims that she is the only one left, at this point falling to her knees, racked with sobs. She'll even provide small details on the demise of her fabricated group, claiming that they were killed by a demon in human form who drained them of blood.

As with Branford, if a member of the group has a means to detect that Augusta is an undead creature and confronts her with the claim, she won't immediately attack. Although she will defend herself, if she must, she prefers to beg them to stop the fiend, Branford, who slew her companions and turned her into a stalker! If the party is not judgmental about stalkers, or simply hasn't figured it out yet, she attempts to attach herself to the most charismatic male in the group, especially a male knight. She won't hesitate to use her dominate ability to aid in this endeavor.

Allow Augusta to accompany the demigods through an encounter or two, each time hiding her true nature. Playing the part of the damsel in distress, she will only do something competent if it's necessary for the survival of herself and her meal tickets. Once you've gotten the demigods somewhat comfortable with her, introduce Branford into the mix.

Immediately upon encountering Branford, Augusta screams in fear and claims he is the demon in human form that killed several of her party. Branford draws his sword, attempting to warn the group that she is not what she appears, but Augusta continues to scream in an attempt to draw him out.

Depending upon your group, this encounter can go several ways. The demigods might decide to hear Branford's plea, in which case they have to decide whether they believe him or Augusta. If a member of the group decides to check for supernatural creatures now, then both Branford and Augusta may be revealed and the demigods have to decide how best to proceed.

If it looks as though the demigods are about to turn on her, Augusta reveals her true nature and displays her full power as she attempts to destroy them. After Augusta is taken care of and if the demigods have chosen to trust Branford, he tells them the information he provides in the entry above. Allow Branford to accompany the party through an encounter or two before his hunger for blood takes over and he attacks them.

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The encounters between Augusta and Branford allow for a fair amount of customization, depending upon the type of side story you want to tell. A third possibility is for the party to talk some sense into the two old adversaries and get them to band together in hopes of everyone surviving the tomb. Augusta is amoral enough that she will see the sense of enlightened self-interest first. Branford, on the other hand, only agrees once it is pointed out that the Lich Queen is a far greater evil than Augusta will ever be, and it would be better for the fate of the world if the first were stopped rather than waste time fighting some third-string femme fatale. However, the demigods will have to carefully watch their backs if they are going to continue their exploration with two powerful vampires (and a wolf companion) who have learned to cooperate.

# Augusta l'Alsace XP 76,800

**CR 16** 

Female human vampire ranger 15 CE Medium undead (augmented humanoid, human) Init +9; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +33

## DEFENSE

AC 32, touch 19, flat-footed 25 (+7 armor, +2 deflection, +5 Dex, +2 dodge, +6 natural) hp 195 (15d10+108); fast healing 5 Fort +18, Ref +20, Will +13

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, evasion; DR 10/magic and silver; Immune undead traits; Resist cold 10, electricity 10

Weaknesses vampire weaknesses

## OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft.

**Melee** +1 falchion +26/+26/+21/+15 (2d4+13/15-20), or

slam +24 (1d4+12 plus energy drain)

**Ranged** +1 composite longbow (Str +3) +23/+23/+18/+13 (1d8+4), or

+1 composite longbow (Str +3) +21/+21/+21/+16/+11 (1d8+4) with rapid shot

Special Attacks blood drain, children of the night, create spawn, dominate (DC 23), energy drain (2

levels, DC 23), favored enemy (humanoid(human) +6, outsider(good) +2, undead +2, animal +2), quarry

**Ranger Spells Prepared** (CL 12th; concentration +15)

4th —animal growth

3rd —instant enemy\* (2), greater magic fang (already cast)

2nd —barkskin, protective spirit\*, spike growth (DC 15)

1st —alarm, entangle (DC 14), longstrider (already cast), resist energy

\* Advanced Player's Guide

#### TACTICS

**Before Combat** L'Alsace casts *longstrider* every morning when she prays for spells and grooms her companion. If it looks like she will be forced into combat, she will first activate her *boots* of speed, then quickly cast greater magic fang on her wolf companion. (The haste effect is already factored into her statistics. *Longstrider's* effects are superceded by haste. When she is not hasted, her base speed is 40 and she gains a +4 bonus on Acrobatics skill checks when jumping.)

**During Combat** She has a huge number of options if forced into combat, though she prefers to subvert her foes through manipulation (or with her dominate ability if necessary). In the open, she will cast animal growth on her wolf and let him charge into the enemy ranks, while she lets loose huge volleys of arrows and tries to enclose her quarry with spike growth and entangle. In close quarters, she casts barkskin to augment her AC and plows into melee, using instant enemy and her quarry ability to quickly overpower physically weaker foes. For physically powerful foes, she simply dominates them and uses them against their own allies. If unsuccessful, she uses protective spirit to maneuver around them while avoiding attacks of opportunity.

**Morale** Whether she flees before being completely defeated, or is destroyed, is up to you, but she places high value on her continued existence and would much rather withdraw and return later to exact her revenge than be slain by the demigods.

#### STATISTICS

Str 26, Dex 20, Con —, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 22 Base Atk +15; CMB +23; CMD 39

**Feats** AlertnessB, Boon Companion, Combat ReflexesB, Cosmopolitan (Bluff, Diplomacy), Deadly Aim (-4/+8), DodgeB, Endurance, Improved Critical (falchion), Improved InitiativeB, Improved Precise ShotB, Iron Will, Lightning ReflexesB, ManyshotB, Precise ShotB, Power Attack (-4/+8), Rapid ShotB, ToughnessB, Vampiric Animal Companion, Weapon Focus (longbow, falchion) **Skills** Bluff +32, Climb +11, Diplomacy +24, Handle Animal +24, Knowledge (dungeoneering, nature) +11, Perception +33, Sense Motive +33, Stealth +30, Survival +21; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Bluff, +8 Perception, +8 Sense Motive, +8 Stealth

Languages Common, Draconic, Elven, Gnome

**SQ** camouflage, change shape (dire bat or wolf, beast shape II), favored terrain (underground +6, mountains +2, forest +2), gaseous form, hunter's bond (companion), quarry, shadowless, spider climb, swift tracker, track (+7), wild empathy (+21), woodland stride

**Gear** belt of physical might (Str and Dex) +2, headband of alluring charisma +2, +2 glamered mithril breastplate, ring of protection +2, cloak of resistance +3, boots of speed, +1 falchion, +1 comp longbow (Str +3)

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Boon Companion (Ex)** The abilities of Augusta's animal companion are calculated as though her Ranger class is four levels higher (effective druid level 15).

Vampiric Animal Companion (Ex) A vampire with this feat can elect to use its create spawn ability on an animal summoned using the child of the night ability (such as a dire bat, dire rat, or wolf) to create a vampiric animal companion, changing the original creature's type to undead (augmented animal) and granting it other abilities.

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Engel is Augusta's wolf servitor. He fights as his master directs him to the best of his ability. He is strong and fearless, but lacks the intelligence for complex tactics without explicit directions from his master.

#### Engel

## Male vampiric wolf animal companion

N Large undead (augmented animal)

**Init** +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +6

#### DEFENSE

AC 36, touch 14, flat-footed 31 (+4 armor, +5 Dex, +18 natural, -1 size) hp 90 (12d8+36); fast healing 2 Fort +9, Ref +13, Will +7; +4 vs. enchantment **Defensive Abilities** channel resistance +2, evasion; **DR** 5/silver; **Immune** undead traits; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10

Weaknesses vampire weaknesses

#### OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft.

Melee bite +21/+16 (1d8+16 plus trip)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 5 ft.

**Special Attacks** blood drain, dominate (wolves and dire wolves only, DC 17), energy drain (1 level, DC 17), power attack (-3/+6), trip

#### TACTICS

**During Combat** Engel fights as his master directs him to the best of his ability. He is strong and fearless, but lacks the intelligence for complex tactics without explicit directions from his handler.

#### STATISTICS

Str 29, Dex 20, Con —, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 12 Base Atk +9; CMB +19; CMD 34 (38 vs. trip)

**Feats** Combat Reflexes, Iron Will, Light Armor Proficiency, Power Attack (-3/+6), Toughness, Weapon Focus (bite)

**Tricks** Attack, Attack Any Target, Come, Defend, Down, Fetch, Guard, Heel, Seek, Stay, Track, Work

Skills Acrobatics +9 (+17 jump), Climb +13, Perception +6, Stealth +11, Survival +2; Racial Modifiers +4 to survival when tracking by scent

**SQ** devotion +4, gaseous form, link, multiattack, share spells, multiattack, shadowless

Gear +2 leather armor

#### Branford Geates XP 76,800

**CR 16** 

#### Variant male human vampire paladin 15

NE Medium undead (augmented humanoid, human) Init +7; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +26

#### DEFENSE

AC 30, touch 13, flat-footed 29 (+11 armor, +2 deflection, +1 dodge, +6 natural)

hp 177 (15d10+90); fast healing 5

Fort +13, Ref +10, Will +13

**Defensive Abilities** channel resistance +4, gaseous form; **DR** 10/magic and silver; **Immune** undead traits; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10

Weaknesses vampire weaknesses

# OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

**Melee** +2 vampire-bane greatsword +26/+21/+16 (2d6+15/19-20), additional +2 & +2d6 vs vampires, or

adamantine dagger +24/+19/+14 (1d4+9/19-20), or

slam +19 (1d4+13 plus energy drain)

Ranged adamantine dagger +18 (1d4+9/19-20)

**Special Attacks** blood drain, children of the night, create spawn, dominate (DC 21), energy drain (2 levels, DC 21)

#### TACTICS

**Before Combat** In general, Branford would prefer to engage in conversation over combat, only fighting when necessary to defend himself, or when faced with a terrible foe.

**During Combat** Despite the evil influences of his vampiric nature, when he is in control of himself, Branford refuses to use any of his stalker abilities and fights as a true knight. He positions himself to shield weaker allies and fights bravely. As a paladin bereft of his class abilities, he is a rather straightforward combatant. He places his trust in his stout armor and makes full use of his feats.

Although he is good at keeping his inner monster controlled, on occasion the hunger drives him mad. In this state, he uses his abilities and melee prowess to obtain his meals as guickly as possible.

**Morale** Branford is not used to retreating and waits as long as possible before shifting into gaseous form to escape.

#### STATISTICS

Str 28, Dex 17, Con —, Int 16, Wis 18, Cha 19 Base Atk +15; CMB +24; CMD 37

Feats AlertnessB, Cleave, Combat Expertise, Combat ReflexesB, Critical Focus, DodgeB, Great Cleave, Improved InitiativeB, Improved Vital Strike, Lightning ReflexesB, Mobility, Power Attack, Spring Attack, ToughnessB, Vital Strike, Whirlwind Attack

**Skills** Bluff +22, Diplomacy +17, Handle Animal +8, Heal +12, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (Dungeoneering) +13, Knowledge (Nobility) +7, Knowledge (Religion) +21, Perception +26, Ride +6, Sense Motive +23, Spellcraft +10, Stealth +12 (+22 with ring of chameleon power)

Languages Common, Draconic, Elven, Orc

**SQ** change shape (dire bat or wolf, beast shape II), gaseous form, shadowless, spider climb

**Gear** +3 half-plate, +2 vampire-bane greatsword, adamantine dagger, bag of holding (type IV), ring of protection +2, ring of chameleon power

# COMB ENGOUNDER (26); THE GHAMPION OF WOS (GR 15)



The demigods encounter a being from another dimension—a man that could allow them to pass in peace or kill them in an instant.

You stand on the threshold of a stone room, roughly the size of a large prison cell. A bed rests against the wall to your left, and several strange runes are painted upon the floor in white, but otherwise the chamber is devoid of features.

In the center of the room, his back toward you, a large, humanoid creature kneels—his weight resting against his lower legs, hands settled upon upper legs. His back is straight and his head raised high. His shaved head has a blue tinge and is covered in strange yellow and red patterns. Adorned in torn, armored robes, the creature is a sight to behold. Set upon the floor beside it are a very large bladed weapon and immense shield. As you approach, you are suddenly struck with a sensation of terrible fear and dread, as though you are a convicted criminal stepping up to face an executioner's blade.

Once employed by the Grand Imperial Justice, Hian served as the Champion of Woe—also known as a Headsman. Most of his work was simply to execute those judged guilty of their crimes. Occasionally, one would escape and he would be forced to hunt them down before carrying out his duty. Hian's last intended victim was a sorcerer of great power and renown, who banished him though a dimensional gateway before Hian's blade could strike.

Now, Hian spends much of his time in quiet meditation, trying to unlock the puzzle of how to return home. He continues to follow his code of ethics, harming only those who attack him, as there are no orders to kill anyone else. Communication with him is hampered by the fact he speaks no language known in this realm, coupled with the aura of despair and dread that flows from him. Still, for those adventurers who have lost their courage and will to continue, he is a gift from the gods. Untainted by the tomb due to his utterly alien origin, his headsman's blade can sever a man's head and keep him from being revived by the tomb's magic. Whether the victim's soul is truly released or simple destroyed, no one knows.

This is another relatively straightforward encounter, where the demigods might gain an ally or be in for the fight of their lives. Several seconds after the demigods enter the room, Hian rises to his feet and turns around, grabbing the sword and shield. He won't make a physical move toward the

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knows that the tomb is a treacherous place and doesn't trust any newcomers. His attitude begins at Unfriendly, so getting him to help requires a DC 26 check.

While demigods may be able to cast *comprehend languages* on themselves, Hian doesn't have this ability and won't allow anyone to cast a spell on him, either. The Diplomacy DC for such a one-sided situation is 22. Any demigod capable of casting *tongues* or *telepathic bond* will be able to communicate with Hian more easily (DC 20). Without such help, the communication will have to be done through pantomime and short, very simple phrases.

If the demigods do not attack and keep his attitude at Unfriendly or better, he will simply allow them to leave and continue on their way. If they can shift his attitude to Helpful, Hian will give an indication that he is willing to assist them, and will accompany them through the tomb for a limited time. If the demigods fail the Diplomacy check by 5 or more, Hian takes their attempts as a grave insult. His attitude shifts to Hostile and he attacks.

## Hian, the Champion of Woe CR 13 XP 25,600 LN Large outsider (extraplanar)

**Init** +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +19 **Aura** despair (30 ft., DC 22 Will save or shaken)

#### DEFENSE

AC 28, touch 10, flat-footed 26 (+12 armor, +2 Dex, +5 shield, -1 size) hp 189 (18d10+90) Fort +16, Ref +8, Will +12

#### OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft. Melee +3 vorpalscimitar +22/+17/+12(1d8+7/15-20) Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft. Special Attacks whispering contrition

group, but merely stands there with narrowed eyes as he considers them.

Before the party can do anything, they will each have to make Will saves to determine who is affected by Hian's aura of despair. He can't suppress this aura, so Hian has been in this realm long enough to pick up some basics of Common. He can't speak it, but has developed a general understanding of the most common phrases and body language used by previous visitors. As a result, it is possible to use Diplomacy to get Hian's help, but the DC for doing so has a +5 situational modifier. Hian also

## TACTICS

**During Combat** Hian opens with his whispering contrition ability to single out enemies, and then moves into physical combat, delivering a *coup* de grace when the opportunity presents itself.

Morale Hian doesn't fear death. He fights until slain.

## STATISTICS

#### Str 18, Dex 14, Con 20, Int 11, Wis 13, Cha 13

Base Atk +15; CMB +20; CMD 31 Feats Ability Focus (aura of despair), Ability Focus (whispering contrition), Critical Focus, Improved Initiative, Improved Critical (scimitar), Weapon Focus (scimitar), Weapon Specialization (scimitar) Skills Diplomacy +19, Knowledge (Planes) +18, Intimidate +19, Perception +19, Sense Motive +19, Stealth +11

Languages none

SQ headsman's blade

**Gear** +3 full plate, +3 heavy shield, +3 scimitar

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aura of Despair (Su) The fear and dread felt by the executioner's previous victims surrounds Hian and can be felt by those who face him, now. Any creature within 30 feet of Hian must make a DC 22 Will save or become shaken for 15 rounds. Whether or not the save is successful, that creature can't be affected again by Hian's aura for 24 hours. This is a mind-affecting fear effect. The save DC is Charismabased and includes a +2 racial bonus.

**Headsman's Blade (Ex)** Any bladed weapon wielded by Hian functions as if it has the *vorpal* quality. Additionally, Hian takes the soul of anyone slain by a critical hit from this weapon (no save). The victim can't be brought back to life in any way, short of direct intervention by a deity or being of equal power. Even *miracle* and *wish* fail, as does the Machine's resurrection ability.

Whispering Contrition (Su) As a standard action, Hian may whisper under his breath to a single target in his strange language. The target must make a DC 20 Will save or become wracked with guilt for any and all crimes, no matter how small, they have committed during their lives. Falling to their knees and bowing their heads, they remain helpless for the next round. Those succeeding in their save are instead shaken for 1d4 rounds. Targets who are already shaken as a result of Hian's despair aura become frightened, instead. This is a sonic mindaffecting attack. The save DC is Charisma-based. COMB ENGOUNGER (27) THE FIRSE RESERVER (GR 21)



The demigods encounter a celestial being determined to free Anat and end Ayrawn's reign of terror. Unfortunately, the celestial sorcerer is more than a little aggressive, and the group could quickly find themselves at the wrong end of a confrontation.

As you make your way down the corridor, a figure rounds the corner at the other end. He is bare-chested with deep-pink skin and large, feathery wings on his back, his only armor is a set of vambraces and a single pauldron on his left shoulder. Long white hair frames a sharp-featured face with clear yellow eyes. In his hand he carries a long, white spear with an ornate tip. Despite its decoration, the weapon looks tough and durable, and the figure's stance as he sees you indicates skill in wielding it. The first to hear Anat's call was her suitor, the celestial sorcerer, Alsep. He was also one of the first to fall under the Great Machine's spell, and it shattered his mind. He no longer remembers his beloved and hardly remembers who he was. He knows two things: He must reach the center of the tomb, and he must rip out the Great Machine's heart.

Beset on all sides since he set foot in the tomb, Alsep sees anyone he meets as a threat. He immediately attacks the group, even though he suspects he will simply have to face them again after the Machine resurrects them. Fortunately for the demigods, since he has not encountered the demigods before, he will attempt to subdue them and interrogate them before he kills them.

If the group is defeated, Alsep will knock them unconscious and they will awaken in a small room with damp stone walls and straw spread upon the floor—perhaps a prison cell of some sort. They are all bound and their weapons have been tossed into a corner. Alsep will question them, the interrogation fueled by his insanity, in which he believes they are agents of the machine. Alsep demands to know its location. He can hear it and feel it in every stone, and it is like a vibration deep through his mind. Destroying the Machine is the only thing that matters. The demigods are going to have to free themselves and fight their way out of his possession.

If it looks as though the demigods are sure to face death, have the Crone or Sidan arrive on the scene. The Crone's sudden presence will calm Alsep enough that the group can attempt a Diplomacy check. In the case of Sidan, Alsep stops fighting, screams for him to stay away and immediately casts *invisibility* upon himself. If necessary, he will cast *summon monster VI* and summon a lillend azata to keep everyone busy while he flees.

Encountering Alsep can also go a slightly different way if the group already encountered the Crone or have either Sidan or Hian with them, as outlined below. The Crone: The presence of the old woman will cause Alsep to hesitate attacking the demigods, allowing them to make a Diplomacy check at DC 33 to shift his attitude away from Hostile. If they manage to shift his attitude to Unfriendly, he will question them about the location of the machine and still believe they are agents working for the device. He will block their path, forcing them to either battle past him or retreat the way they came. If they shift him to Indifferent, however, he will simply turn back the way he came and disappear, allowing them free passage down the corridor.

Sidan: If Alsep's brother is with the group, then Alsep will stare at him for several moment before fleeing back the way he came. Sidan will immediately give chase. By the time the group reaches the corner, the two angelic beings are gone.

**Hian:** If the Headsman is with the group, Alsep eye's will widen in stark terror as he unleashes a string of profanity in his native tongue. He'll immediately cast *invisibility* upon himself and flee.

#### Alsep

XP 409,600

#### Male movanic deva angel sorcerer 12

CN Medium outsider (angel, extraplanar, good) Init +9; Senses darkvision 60 ft., detect evil, lowlight vision; Perception +28

Aura protective aura (+4, 20 ft.)

#### DEFENSE

AC 37, touch 16 (+5 Dex, +1 dodge), flat-footed 31 (+6 armor, +5 Dex, +1 dodge, +11 natural, +4 shield; +4 deflection vs. evil)

hp 252 (12d10+12d6+144)

Fort +17, Ref +17, Will +16; +4 vs. poison, +4 resistance vs. evil

**Defensive Abilities** nature's pacifism, protected life force; **DR** 10/evil; **Immune** acid, cold, electricity, fire, death effects, energy drain, petrification; **SR** 32

#### OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 60 ft. (good) Melee +1 flaming spear +24/+19/+14/+9

## (1d8+29/19-20/x3 plus 1d6 fire)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th; concentration +15)

Constant—detect evil

At will—aid, discern lies (DC 21), dispel evil (DC 22), dispel magic, holy smite (DC 21), invisibility (self only), plane shift (DC 22), remove curse, remove disease, remove fear

10/day-heavenly fire (1d4+6 divine)

3/day-cure serious wounds

I/day—antimagic field, awaken, holy aura (DC 25)

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 12th; concentration +19

6th (4/day)—summon monster VI

5th (6/day)-cone of cold, feeblemind, flame strike

4th (7/day)—bestow curse, confusion (DC 21), remove curse, scrying

3rd (8/day)—dispel magic, hold person (DC 20), lightning bolt (DC 20), magic circle against evil, summon monster III

2nd (8/day)—acid arrow, bull's strength (already cast), ghoul touch (DC 19), invisibility, see invisibility, resist energy

1st (8/day)—bless, charm person (DC 18), mage armor, magic missile, shield (already cast), unseen servant

0 (at will)—acid splash, daze, detect magic, light, mage hand, mending, read magic, touch of fatigue, open/close

#### **Bloodline** celestial

## TACTICS

**CR 21** 

**Before Combat** Driven mad by his imprisonment, Alsep attacks anything new on sight. His tactical sense has not completely left him, however, so if he has time, Alsep will buff himself with *bull's strength* and *shield*. (Already included in Alsep's stats.)

**During Combat** If he has not already buffed himself, Alsep starts combat by becoming invisible and spends the next two rounds casting bull's strength and shield. For the next few rounds of combat he'll use summon ally to bolster his ranks with summon monster VI, summoning a lillend and commanding it to charm the enemy fighters, then summoning a dire tiger and commanding it to attack. He uses quickened bless and mage armor to buff his summons if he can.

After that (or if that tactic fails), he plows into the fray with abandon, stabbing wildly with his spear (he always uses Power Attack, so it is included in stats above). He casts area effect spells such as cone of cold if he sees a good opportunity to damage multiple enemies. If he sees someone casting arcane spells, he will be sure to target them with feeblemind. He is also fond of using a quickened ghoul touch on particularly annoying, lightly armored targets. Once in melee, he always returns to using his spear for at least I round between spells as his fractured brain struggles to keep up.

**Morale** Alsep fights to the death, with nothing left to live for and expecting to be brought back by the infernal machine.

## STATISTICS

Str 28, Dex 20, Con 20, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 24 Base Atk +18; CMB +24; CMD 43

Feats Cleave, Combat Casting, Dodge, Eschew MaterialsB, Improved Critical (spear), Improved Initiative, Iron WillB, Persistent Spell, Power Attack, Quicken Spell, Silent Spell, Toughness, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (spear)

**Skills** Bluff +28, Diplomacy +22, Fly +23, Heal + 20, Intimidate +25, Knowledge (planes) +21, Knowledge (religion) +21, Perception +28, Sense Motive +21, Spellcraft +24, Stealth +23, Survival +20; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Perception

Languages Celestial, Draconic, Infernal; truespeech SQ bloodline arcana (celestial), cantrips Gear +1 flaming spear, bracers of armor +6

COMB ENGOUNDER (20) CHE SEGOND RESERVER (CR 16) CHE SEGOND RESERVER (CR

The demigods discover an angelic being that can provide valuable information, providing they don't attempt to kill him first. The group can encounter Sidan whenever you feel it best to introduce him. Read the following narrative to begin the scene:

A tall man steps out of a doorway ahead of you and to the left. Large, feathery wings are folded against his back, and his chest is covered in gray, enameled armor that nevertheless looks extremely tough. Long dark hair frames a pale face with sharp features. His arms are covered by vambraces made out of the same material as the armor, and his hands grasp an elaborately decorated greatsword.

He fixes you with an intense stare, then shifts his gaze as he carefully looks over each of you. After a tense moment, he lowers his weapon and bows in greeting.

Unlike some other victims of the tomb, Sidan has little interest in attempting to rescue Anat. Freeing her would be a great feat, but to the celestial warrior it is secondary to rescuing his brother, Alsep. Unlike his brother and the Crone, Sidan retains full control of his faculties—not that this has done him much good. There are times he wishes he could forget everything and continue in resigned ignorance.

Providing the demigods do not attack him outright, Sidan's attitude begins at Indifferent toward them. Allow them a DC 23 Diplomacy check to shift his attitude. The following information may be gained through roleplaying depending upon the level of success the demigods have.

Indifferent (no reaction shift): Sidan introduces himself and assures the group that he means them no harm. He states that he has wandered these corridors for an unknown time



in search of his brother who long ago came to this tomb and changed. He'll describe Alsep (see: Tomb Encounter 27: The First Rescuer) and ask the demigods if they have seen him. Afterward, he will warn them to be wary of the place as it's constantly reconfiguring itself. Dangers that were defeated are reset, some of them even change, and creatures that were defeated return to life. It is a nearly endless maze of torment.

**Friendly:** The Angel informs them that a Great Machine sits at the center of the tomb, somewhere below them. The Great Machine is a living infernal artifact that has been driven insane after being linked with a very powerful being known as Anat—a celestial being like himself. Alsep was her suitor and came here to free her from the machine and punish the one that imprisoned her. Unfortunately, even his kind can't resist the effects of such a device, which has been fueled by the life-forces of two immortals. Sidan doesn't know why his mind remains unaffected by the Great Machine.

Helpful: Sidan tells the demigods of Ayrawn, the immortal mage who resides within her palace far beneath the tomb. He doesn't know much about her, only that she was born thousands of years ago, delved deeply into forbidden magic and became an enemy of Anat. In addition to sharing this information, Sidan offers to accompany the demigods through the tomb. He hopes that together they can find Alsep and escape.

If the demigods insist on battling Sidan, then he attempts to destroy his foes as quickly and efficiently as he can.

# Sidan XP 51,200 Planetar (angel) (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary*) hp 229

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**CR 16** 

# COMB ENGOUNCER (29) A VERY LOUD PARGY



The group has found Dorhendr's séance room. When the spirits have spirits, it can get very loud and dangerous.

The moment you enter this chamber, the room rotates, sealing the way back and the way out with blank walls. Well, not precisely blank. The portions turned to have mosaics matching the rest of the room, which is a round gallery. A high domed ceiling is lit by an enormous oil lamp, reflecting off the gilded interior of the dome, but the most striking thing is the mosaics which depict an utterly marvelous party in the afterlife with all the great luminaries of a lost age. Judging by their accessories, garments, and lack of same, you can recognize famous wizards, generals, poets and playwrights, beauties and concubines, philosophers, scholars, merchants, and even the indolent rich who were likely famed for

nothing more than hosting truly marvelous parties such as this.

Suddenly a voice booms out, "SPIRITS, CAN YOU SPEAK?" and the great triangular dais at the edge of the room rockets to the center.

You then realize that the floor of the chamber is marked with all the letters of the alphabet, YES, NO, and GOODBYE. It is a giant talking board, and apparently someone is trying to talk to you.

This room is connected to the third level of the tomb where the Lich Queen holds her court. She has populated it with the great luminaries of Relic's First Age whom she has resurrected via *Dorhendr's names* and kept young via her own arts of alchemy and the rendered essence of other souls. After all, what is eternity if you can't share it with your friends? Not that she's told them that. They just think they're in a marvelous afterlife, filled with all the wits and amusing people of their lost golden age.

Among the amusements that Ayrawn has given her guests is the talking board, which they occasionally use to communicate with the 'spirits'. Demigods can push the dais, which is actually a giant (and heavy) planchette weighing approximately 6000 pounds. By moving the planchette to the various spaces on the board, the demigods can spell out responses to the question being blasted into the room, and more importantly, ask questions, themselves.

The floor is smooth enough that a demigod with a Strength of 28 (+9 modifier) can push the planchette across the floor at half speed, while a Strength of 33 (+11 modifier) allows a demigod to push it at his full movement speed. In the likely event that a single demigod is not strong enough to move the planchette, the demigods can work together. Weaker demigods can attempt a DC 10 Strength check help the strongest demigod move the planchette. For each success, the strongest demigod gets to add the helping demigod's Strength modifier (minimum 0) to his own. For every increment of 5 by which the aid another Strength check succeeds, the bonus goes up by one (so a result of 10 yields the demigod's modifier+1, 15 yields the modifier+2, and so on). Failing the check by 5 or more reduces the overall bonus by 1. If the combined results of all the checks equals +9, the party can move the planchette at half the movement speed of the strongest demigod. If they can reach a total of +11, they can move the planchette at that demigod's full movement speed.

The demigods can learn a great deal of knowledge in this room, but unfortunately, it comes at a risk. The 'voices from beyond' are very loud, and get progressively louder as the talking board gets more entertaining, at least from the perspective of the drunken guests at the Lich Queen's marvelous party.

Each question or answer the voices give requires a Fortitude save to avoid being deafened and avoid taking 2d6 damage as the demigods' brains are rattled and their eardrums rupture, and successive responses or queries get louder. The DC to avoid harm starts at 12, but increases by 2 each time the demigods ask a new question, unless the demigods can move at full speed to answer the question more quickly. (A faster response catches the party goers' attention and quiets them down for a moment.) Hopefully, before the entire group is deafened or dead, the party has thought to ask how to escape the chamber. The voices laugh at this and boom, *"THE SECRET WORD IS 'ROSEMARY.' WHY DO THE SPIRITS ALWAYS FORGET THIS?"* 

The heroes don't have to answer the last question. All they have to do is spell out that word with the planchette and the séance room will rotate, revealing the exit to the chamber.





The group has found Ayrawn's bindery, where the books of the Lich Queen's library are rebound ideally in human skin.

As the door opens, a cloud of steam rolls out and an utterly foul carrion stench assaults your nostrils. "Oh good!" exclaims a voice. "We needed some ventilation. And better bindings. Her Majesty wanted something finer than orc hide for these, though it is very durable...."

These words make some sense in the context of the horrid tableau before you. A group of orcs lies on the floor. Their skins, which have been flayed from their bodies, are stretched on frames. An ancient-looking undead creature dressed in the remnants of scholar's robes rubs the hides with green fat. Another of these creatures finishes gnawing the flesh from a femur and drops it in a cauldron filled with thick, gelatinous glue. Six more of his kind, all dressed in the same robes, get up from behind a work table covered with half-bound books. To one side of the room is a carrel stacked with ancient tomes awaiting rebinding. To the other side is a smaller shelf, now filled with a set of uniform volumes bound in green leather.

One of the tomb's tinkering vergers is in the act of transferring these to a library cart, but hides behind it as the creatures advance upon you, the stench of the grave filling your nostrils while they bicker amongst themselves as to whether or not your skins will make good bindings for their books.

A gang of eight ghasts have been busy here, rebinding some of the Lich Queen's collection—a great number of volumes were damaged when the earthquake rocked the isle, especially in the upper library on the isle which Ayrawn had emptied. This has caused something of a shelving problem on the lower levels and a busy time here in the bindery.

The books here are a random assortment from the Lich Queen's collection, mostly history and literature from the First Age of Relic. (This is an excellent spot to place *The Legend of the Lich Queen* or any fragment thereof, depending on how much information you wish to give your demigods.) Other volumes may be from later ages, such as *The Travelogue of Tavish Thorne*. There are also volumes on magic—mostly theoretical, but also a few containing actual spells. Feel free to place whatever books you wish the heroes to have here.

Unless he is stopped, the verger spends the battle frantically trying to shove all of the rebound volumes into a slot in one wall. The slot leads through the gears of the Great Machine to the Lich Queen's library deep below. He explains this politely but matter-of-factly, for *"Her Majesty will be very cross if she doesn't get her books on schedule."* 

The ghasts are less polite, but more knowledgeable. If magically compelled or otherwise persuaded, they can tell a great deal about the Lich Queen, including of her fantastic court to which one of them once had the honor of delivering a book. The other ghouls are fantastically jealous of this, because the most they have ever seen is the library before being relegated here to the bindery—a low-status position in the Lich Queen's court.

# Ghastly Scholars (8) XP 1,600 each

CR 5

Advanced Ghasts (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary) Init +4; Senses darkvision; Perception +12 Aura stench (10 feet, 1d6+4 minutes, DC 16)

## DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+4 Dex, +4 natural) hp 42 (2d8+3d8+20) Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +8 Defensive Abilities channel resistance +2; Immune undead traits

## OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.
Melee bite +7 (1d6+3 plus disease and paralysis) and 2 claws +7 (1d6+3 plus paralysis)
Special Attacks paralysis (1d4+1 rounds, DC 18)

#### **STATISTICS**

Str 17, Dex 19, Con —, Int 17, Wis 18, Cha 18 Base Atk +3; CMB +6; CMD 20

**Feats** Ability Focus (disease), Ability Focus (paralysis), Weapon Finesse

**Skills** Acrobatics +6, Climb +8, Disguise +9, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Knowledge (history) +8, Knowledge (nobility) +8, Knowledge (religion) +11, Perception +12, Stealth +9, Swim +5

#### Languages Common

SQ disease—ghoul fever (DC 18)

# Tomb Encounter (15): The Key

The demigods can't trigger the events of Final Encounter (Part Two): Shadow of the Lich and conclude the first adventure until after they have gained the Key from Tomb Encounter (15).

# HINAL ENGOUNGER (PARE ONE) ENGER THE DRACON (GR 19)

The group encounters a massive dragon, the first of two deathtraps designed to end the adventures of anyone who has made it this far.

You come upon an archway of natural rock, two torches in sconces embedded in the walls to either hand. The torches reveal a narrow tunnel leading back several dozen feet.

Once the group takes the torches for illumination, or creates some form of magical light, continue with the following:

You emerge from the tunnel and enter a vast chamber. Your light fails to reach the walls or the ceiling, and barely pushes back the shadows. Beneath your feet, a carpet of gold, silver, and bronze coins reflect the light. As you carefully step forward, the torches are further reflected by the glistening surfaces of more coins. Casting the light around, you see piles of them, some of them taller than a man.

A great shuffling comes from deeper within the chamber, followed almost immediately by the metallic rush of coins cascading over one another.

As the piles rush to the floor in great waves, pushing against your legs and threatening to knock you over, a gigantic form rises before you—standing on four legs, with tense muscles and white scales. Large wings rest folded upon its back, and the reptilian head moves several

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*feet in your direction. Vertical pupils widen and narrow as great, reptilian eyes focus upon you.* 

"Well, isn't this a fine predicament we've all come to find ourselves in," the dragon says. As it moves, you catch a glimpse of a stone sarcophagus beneath him. A snort follows, and trails of smoke escape from its nostrils. The dragon's name is Bekwinth. He wants out of the tomb as much, if not more than the demigods. In typical fashion within the construct, however, the Great Machine has warped his mind and he is now forever connected to the artifact. Though he has spent centuries drifting between moments of lucidity and madness, he is currently in control of his mental faculties.

No doubt the demigods have many questions, but Bekwinth warns them that he hasn't much time. He explains that long ago, he readily assumed human form and intermingled with the races of man. Unfortunately, after being trapped within this place, his mind was split. Sometimes, he possesses the social acumen and logical processes of what he once pretended to be. Just as quickly, however, his mind slips down into the dark pit of rage that once drove his ancestors to near-extinction. Although he is currently in control of himself, he already feels the mental floor tilting beneath him, threatening

# Hybrid Dragons

Bekwinth is the product of a union that has been forbidden for so long that it is thought to be impossible. A few dragons still choose this path, despite the typical differences in opinion between the different dragons, though it likely leads to extermination at the hands of their brethren. In some cases, dragons have been magically manipulated to create such an offspring. He unites the best of both of his progenitors – a gold dragon and a red dragon. A hybrid dragon like Bekwinth can only come from the mating of two dragons of the same subtype. He receives the breath weapons of both parents. As he ages, at each new age category he can choose which parent he inherits abilities from. (For example, Bekwinth has chosen to inherit the gold traits at the very young stage, receiving change shape and detect evil. However, he has chosen to inherit red traits at the adult stage, receiving fire aura and suggestion.) His size, spellcasting, stats, defensive abilities, and CR is the same as that of the more powerful parent. His alignment is in the center between his two parents, as is typical for hybrids.

to send him back into the depths of madness. Therefore, he asks that they listen to what he has to say while he can say it and save any questions until he can regain control.

Recently, there seems to have been some activity between the trinity involved in maintaining the tomb: the Great Machine, the angel, and the Lich Queen. He isn't sure of the particulars, though he's managed to gain enough information to know that the angel initiated an escape attempt she had been building toward for quite some time. That resulted in an earthquake—to put a mundane term on what happened—assaulting the tomb and causing considerable damage. Not only did it damage the Great Machine, but it also seemed to have weakened the Lich Queen somewhat. She seems to have less control than she used to, and strange creatures from other realms have entered the tomb much more frequently.

Bekwinth's eyes suddenly widen and he exclaims: "Oh, by all the Hells! Not now ....!"

His eyes roll back into his head and his neck arches toward the ceiling. He belches forth a great geyser of flame. Then he looks down at the demigods, and the intelligence they saw within his eyes just seconds before is replaced with the fires of primal rage.

# Roll Interver

The room is large enough for the dragon to hover in the air and escape attacks from melee weapons, but not large enough for him to perform more powerful aerial maneuvers. When attacking the demigods, Bekwinth relies primarily upon his breath weapon, front claw strikes, and sweeps from his massive tail. The battle lasts for no more than 12 rounds. If he is not defeated by then, Bekwinth suddenly drops to the floor and convulses. He looks at the demigods and painfully comments, *"These mood swings are never pleasant for anyone involved."* He then passes into unconsciousness.

The demigods may choose to kill the dragon while he is unconscious, which is an easy enough task, or they can wait, hoping that he will awaken in a state of lucidity. Unfortunately, he awakens in 10 minutes amidst another rage. He collapses into unconsciousness after 12 more rounds.

Whether or not the dragon regains his sanity at any point during the encounter is up to you. Otherwise, the cycle of rage and unconsciousness continues until either Bekwinth or the demigods are dead.

After the dragon is killed, five Reclaimers arrive to resurrect him 10 minutes after his death. Given their numbers, it is unlikely the demigods will be able to stop the reclaimers or keep them from summoning more rollers if they try. The reclaimers will work on the dragon for approximately one hour, injecting him with various fluids and performing other tasks that close the various wounds on this body, then withdraw. Ten minutes after they depart, the dragon will lurch back to life and immediately enter a rage.

When the demigods manage to slay the dragon, they find 100,000 copper coins, 50,000 silver coins and 25,000 gold coins. Each round the dragon uses his breath weapon reduces the number of coins found by 10% as the intense heat from his breath melts them into pools of precious metals solidifying on the floor. They will also find various gems and jewels worth over 150,000 gold coins. N Gargantuan dragon (fire) Init –1; Senses dragon senses; Perception +37 Aura fire (10 ft., 1d6 fire), frightful presence (270 ft., DC 28)

#### DEFENSE

AC 36, touch 5, flat-footed 36 (-1 Dex, +31 natural, -4 size) hp 324 (24d12+168) Fort +21, Ref +13, Will +22

**DR** 15/magic; **Immune** fire, paralysis, sleep; **SR** 30 **Weaknesses** vulnerability to cold

#### OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft., fly 250 ft. (clumsy), swim 60 ft.

**Melee** bite +33 (4d6+19/19-20), 2 claws +33 (2d8+13/19-20), tail +31 (2d8+19/19-20), 2 wings +31 (2d6+6)

Space 20 ft.; Reach 15 ft. (20 ft. with bite)

**Special Attacks** breath weapon (60-ft. cone, 18d10 fire, DC 29), crush (4d6+19, DC 29), tail sweep (2d6+19, DC 29), weakening breath

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 24th; concentration +30) At will—detect evil, pyrotechnics, suggestion, wall of fire

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 13th; concentration +19)

6th (5/day)-antimagic field, heal

5th (7/day)-teleport, true seeing, wall of force

4th (7/day)—divination, greater invisibility, restoration, stoneskin

3rd (7/day)—dispel magic, haste, invisibility purge, prayer

2nd (8/day)—aid, cure moderate wounds, lesser restoration, resist energy, silence (DC 18)

Ist (8/day)—alarm, divine favor, mage armor, shield, shield of faith

0 (at will)—detect magic, detect poison, light, mage hand, mending, open/close, prestidigitation, read magic, stabilize

#### TACTICS

**During Combat** Fighting the demigods in his unhinged state, Bekwinth is driven to destroy them. Instinct takes over. On the first round, he breathes on the party (almost always for damage, he rarely uses his weakening breath unless it's clearly advantageous) and then takes flight using his hover feat to create a cloud of debris on the first round. If he can stay out of reach of most of the demigods, the dragon continues hovering to keep targets just within the 15-foot reach of his claws and tail, and makes attacks with his natural weapons. He will take the opportunity to fly higher and cast spells if this technique is ineffective, however. If seriously threatened, he may heal himself and then cast antimagic field before he dives headlong into the enemy, confident that he is strong enough to overpower them if he has negated magic for both of them.

## STATISTICS

Str 37, Dex 8, Con 25, Int 22, Wis 23, Cha 22 Base Atk +24; CMB +41; CMD 50 (54 vs. trip)

**Feats** Alertness, Critical Focus, Hover, Improved Critical (bite, claw, tail), Multiattack, Power Attack, Quicken Spell, Staggering Critical, Stunning Critical, Vital Strike

**Skills** Diplomacy +33, Fly +12, Heal +33, Knowledge (arcana, history, local, nobility, religion) +33, Perception +37, Sense Motive +37, Spellcraft +33, Swim +48; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Swim

Languages Celestial, Common, Draconic, Elven, Halfling, Infernal

SQ change shape, fast flight, manipulate flames

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Change Shape (Su)** Bekwinth can assume any animal or humanoid form three times per day as if using polymorph.

**Detect Gems (Sp)** Bekwinth can detect gems three times per day. This functions as locate object, but can only be used to locate gemstones.

**Fast Flight (Ex)** Bekwinth is treated as one size category larger when determining his fly speed.

**Fire Aura (Su)** Bekwinth is surrounded by an aura of fire. All creatures within 10 feet of the dragon take 1d6 points of fire damage at the beginning of the dragon's turn.

**Manipulate Flames (Su)** Bekwinth can control any fire spell within 90 feet as a standard action. This ability allows it to move any fire effect in the area, as if it were the caster. This ability also allows it to reposition a stationary fire effect, although the new placement must be one allowed by the spell. Finally, for I round following the use of this ability, the dragon can control any new fire spell cast within its area of control, as if it were the caster. It can make all decisions allowed to the caster, including canceling the spell if it so desires.

Weakening Breath (Su) Instead of a cone of fire, Bekwinth can breathe a cone of weakening gas. Creatures within the cone must succeed on a DC 29 Fortitude save or take 9 points of Strength damage (Will save half).

# FINAL ENGOUNDER (PARE GWO) & SHADOW OF THE LIEH

As soon as the group has dealt with Bekwinth, they have an entirely new problem to worry about as they enter the final stage of the encounter.

After the dragon is defeated, he collapses to one side and exposes the sarcophagus, which the demigods saw earlier. Read the following:

Set upon a dais with three steps surrounding it, a sarcophagus of silver-veined black marble rests where the dragon originally confronted you. As you approach the sarcophagus, a wave of bitter cold emanates as several ruby and amethyst runes suddenly flare to life upon its surface.

Unless the demigod with the key burned into his flesh touches the sarcophagus, the unfortunate individual takes electricity damage and is thrown back 15 feet. If the demigod manages to avoid the electricity damage, attempting to open the lid without the key releases a deadly gas into the air. The lid is also held tight, and the sarcophagus is strengthened by ancient magic. It is practically impossible to open except by the demigod with the key.

Once the demigod with the key attempts to open the lid, the room grows darker and a mysterious mist coalesces throughout the area. The lid slides effortlessly to the floor, and a chilling, high-pitched cackle fills the chamber.
# Lich's Sarcophagus XP 307,200

**CR 20** 

**Type** mechanical and magical; **Perception** DC 40; **Disable Device** DC 45

**Trigger** contact; **Reset** automatic (1 round) **Effect** 20d6 electricity damage to anyone touching it (Reflex DC 30 avoids), and releases 1 dose burnt othur fumes every time someone attempts to open it without key (see Encounter 13)

# The False ligh

Only a mummified corpse rests within the sarcophagus. Although the thing doesn't move, the group is likely to still have an attack prepared when the lid is finally opened. Meanwhile, the cackling continues to echo throughout the room, the source clearly from within the coffin.

Regardless of what method the demigods use to attack the corpse, the slightest physical contact reduces it to dust, leaving only the tattered garments behind. The layer of darkness that fell across the room recedes and eventually vanishes, and the cackling stops.

Then, there is a silence.

## THE SECOND FALSE LIGH

Of course, the sarcophagus has a false bottom. A DC 30 Perception check is required to discover it. The false bottom hides *another* corpse beneath the one the heroes have just destroyed. When the trick is discovered or at the most inopportune moment for the demigods, the false bottom snaps up and the second false lich leaps up from the sarcophagus.

#### Read the following:

The sound of rock grating against rock comes from within the sarcophagus an instant before a shape rises from within its depths. It is the finely preserved body of a warrior. Her skin is pulled tight, forming a taunt sheath over her skull and hands. Within the deep recesses of her eyes, a terrifying fire burns.

As she rises from the sarcophagus, arcane energy crackles about her, electrifying the air within the chamber and causing the hairs on the back of your neck to rise.

The false lich is merely the Lich Queen's puppet, allowing her to cast spells through the vessel. As though facing the arcane might of a mage that has existed for thousands of years is not enough, the Lich Queen's vessel allows her to directly consume the souls of those she grabs in a paralyzing embrace. This kiss of death is her preferred method of dispatching her enemies. When she does, read the following to the victim's player:

The rotting corpse presses her cracked lips against yours. Her swollen, maggot-covered tongue squirms in your mouth. Her teeth clatter against your teeth. And her foul breath fills your nostrils with the fetid stink of the grave.

#### Lich Vessel XP 102,400 Variant fomale dro

**CR 17** 

Variant female dread mummy human fighter 9

LE Medium undead (augmented humanoid) Init +4; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +11

#### DEFENSE

AC 32, touch 14, flat-footed 28 (+4 armor, +4 Dex, +10 natural, +4 shield) hp 150 (9d8+90+15 temp) Fort +16, Ref +7, Will +7

**Defensive Abilities** bravery +2, resistant to blows, channel resistance +4; **DR** 10/piercing or slashing, 5/—; **Immune** undead traits; **Resist** cold 5, fire 30 **Weakness** vulnerability to fire

#### OFFENSE

#### Speed 30 ft.

Melee slam +24 (1d6+17 plus mummy rot), or unarmed strike +22/+22/+17 (1d3+12 plus mummy rot)

Ranged ranged touch +12 (spell)

**Special Attacks** command undead, embody death, gaze of despair, mummy rot

Quickened Spell-like Abilities (CL 20th, concentration +33)

4/day—cone of cold, cloudkill, feeblemind, overland flight, wall of force (DC 24)

4/day—black tentacles, dimension door, enervation, fear, resilient sphere, stone shape (DC 23)

4/day—dispel magic, haste, ray of exhaustion, stinking cloud, vampiric touch (DC 22)

4/day—blindness/deafness, invisibility, false life, ghoul touch, mirror image, resist energy (DC 21)

5/day—identify, mage armor, magic missile, protection from good, ray of enfeeblement, shield (DC 20)

#### TACTICS

**Before Combat** As soon as the heroes touch the sarcophagus, the lich vessel wakes up and the lich takes control of her. The Lich Queen immediately buffs her vessel with false life, haste, mage armor, shield, and resist energy (fire). The lich has been following the movements of the heroes through the Machine's sensors and knows the best tactics to fight them. She can adjust spells within reason, so as long as the heroes have been in the tomb for several days, she can be prepared for their most common tactics.

During Combat Ayrawn's favorite tactics include opening with cone of cold as the heroes are exposed to the gaze of despair and following up with enervation to reduce spellcasting abilities with negative levels and hopefully paralyze the weak-willed heroes to make it easier for her to use her deadly kiss. Ayrawn knows the vessel is relatively fragile, so she does her best to separate the heroes - throwing one into the coffin and stone shaping it closed, creating a wall of force to cut off ranged demigods, or simply throwing black tentacles on a caster or weaker demigod. The divide and conquer strategy is simple - soften and incapacitate with her gaze, breath and control spells, then rush in and grapple to drink the heroes' souls, always using the quickened SLAs to keep the others at bay while she deals with one opponent.

Morale The lich vessel fights until slain.

#### STATISTICS

Str 30, Dex 18, Con —, Int —, Wis 14, Cha 30 Base Atk +8; CMB +18 (+22 grapple); CMD 32 Feats Ability Focus (embody death), Ability Focus (gaze of despair), Disruptive<sup>B</sup>, Greater Grapple, Greater Weapon Focus (slam)<sup>B</sup>, Improved Grapple<sup>B</sup>, Iron Will<sup>B</sup>, Power Attack<sup>B</sup>, Toughness, Weapon Focus (slam)<sup>B</sup>

Skills Climb +23, Intimidate +16, Perception +10

Languages any (Common)

**SQ** lich puppet, weapon training (natural weapons)

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Resistant to Blows (Ex)** The lich vessel takes only half damage from melee and ranged weapons, natural weapons, and falls. Apply this reduction before applying damage reduction.

**Embody Death (Su)** Once every 1d4 rounds, the lich vessel can breathe a 30-foot cone of tomb gas, sand, and dust. Each living creature in the area must succeed on a Fortitude save (DC 24) or gain 1d4 negative levels. Additionally, if the lich vessel successfully grapples an opponent, she can bestow a hideous kiss on her victim to automatically inflict 1d4 negative levels as her mistress drinks the victim's soul. A new grapple check is required each time the vessel uses embody death in this way. The DC is 24 for the Fortitude save to remove a negative level.

A creature killed by the lich vessel's embody death ability rises as an advanced mummy in Id4 rounds. An advanced mummy created in this manner is under the command of its creator and remains so until either it or the creator is destroyed. These save DCs are is Charisma-based.

**Command Undead (Su)** As a free action, the lich vessel can automatically command all normal undead within 100 feet, except those with more demigod levels or higher Charisma scores than those of the lich vessel. Undead that fit these parameters never attack it unless compelled.

**Gaze of Despair (Su)** Any creature within 100 feet of the lich vessel that looks upon its horrifying magic-scarred appearance must succeed on a Will save (DC 24) or be paralyzed for 1d4 rounds. Gaze of despair is a fear effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Lich Puppet (Su) The lich vessel possesses a strong magic link to the Lich Queen allowing her to choose how much control she exercises over the vessel and change it as a free action. While the lich is in control, the vessel is considered to be mindless for the purposes of spells and other effects, but she retains the use of her skills and feats. The lich may speak through her and even cast spells through her, which manifest as quickened spell-like abilities. The vessel may use a swift action to release the spell cast by the lich. These spell-like abilities use the Lich Queen's caster level (20th) and have a +8 racial bonus to concentration checks due to her link.

Mummy Rot (Su) Mummy Rot: curse and disease slam; save Fort DC 24; onset 1 minute; frequency 1/ day; effect 1d6 Con and 1d6 Cha; cure —. Mummy rot is both a curse and disease and can only be cured if the curse is first removed, at which point the disease can be magically removed. Even after the curse element of mummy rot is lifted, a creature suffering from it can't recover naturally over time. Anyone casting a conjuration (healing) spell on the afflicted creature must succeed on a DC 20 caster level check, or the spell is wasted and the healing has no effect. Anyone who dies from mummy rot turns to dust and can't be raised without a resurrection or greater magic. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Once the False Lich is defeated, its body crumbles into dust. A rotted pouch, once housed in the mummy's chest, falls to the floor and bursts, releasing a handful of moonstone beads. The chamber echoes with the sound of rock grating against rock, and the sarcophagus slides to the edge of the dais, revealing another stone staircase that leads downward into cold darkness.

Then the world breaks apart further and a second staircase emerges from thin air, this one leading up to the surface of the Isle of Paxectel and the Summoning Portal. Through the arch of the Summoning Portal's gateway, the demigods can see a familiar vista of home: either the inn where they started their journey or somewhere else familiar to them.

If the Crone is not with the heroes, she arrives on scene just as the second stairway emerges. She hurries to where the lich vessel has fallen and reaches down to the beads, frantically pouring them into her hands as she whispers madly, "*My marbles...my marbles....*" As she gathers the beads to her, the years fall away from her and she is restored to the form of a youthful Trismaya the Storyteller.

Trismaya smiles at the demigods and says, "I remember now. Not everything, but more. If you

wish to leave, I can take you back home, or to any other realm that you wish. If you choose to leave now, I hope that soon you will return to finish what you have started. End Ayrawn's evil, and free the angel Anat. The fate of many realms depends on it."

Read the following:

You've been thrust into a maddening game between immortal beings, forced to battle your way through deathtrap after deathtrap, past one horror after another. You've fought strange creatures whose sole purpose has been to end your life, watched as things you left for dead were resurrected to assail you yet again, and even had to go toe-to-toe against a mighty dragon.

Whatever the nature of the mysterious Great Machine, whoever the Lich Queen is that has somehow trapped you here, the answers—and the means to your eventual return home—no doubt lie somewhere within the darkness down those stairs.

The looming question, though, is what else awaits you on that lower level . . . .

If the demigod's take Trismaya's offer, escaping the Isle of Paxectel for their home or other realms, she entrusts each of them with a moonstone bead, which can be used to return through the Summoning Portal and open the secret stair down to the lower level.

To be continued in Dungeonlands, *Machine of the Lich Queen*.



# DENERENS OF THE COMB

# BAG URGHIN

D

As chance would have it, a small group of bats flew into the tomb's entrance looking for a place to roost. At the same time, a family of hedgehogs had the same plan. The tomb shifted and the two families were merged into a single breed of mutant creature.

Bat Urchins are confused and in pain. They are creatures of two minds—two beasts merged together with both minds trying to control the same body. They strike out at anything that disturbs them with rabid ferocity. The beasts can fly quickly, use radar to navigate the darkness and can fire poisoned quills at enemies.

CR4

#### Bat Urchin XP 1,200

N Small magical beast Init +3; **Senses** blindsense 30 ft., darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +5

#### DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 14, flat-footed 15 (+3 Dex, +4 natural, +1 size) hp 38 (4d10+16) Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +0 Defensive Abilities quills

#### OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., fly 30 ft. (average). Melee bite +7 (1d4+3) Ranged 4 quills +8 (1d3+2 plus poison) Special Attacks poison (DC 18)

#### STATISTICS

Str 15, Dex 17, Con 19, Int 2, Wis 8, Cha 6 Base Atk +4; CMB +5; CMD 18 (22 vs. trip)

Feats Ability Focus (poison), Alertness, Point Blank Shot

Skills Fly +10, Perception +5, Stealth +11; Racial Modifiers +4 Perception when using blindsense

#### ECOLOGY

Environment underground

Organization solitary, pair or colony (3-8) Treasure incidental

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

Quills (Ex) A bat urchin can fire four of its quills as a ranged attack as a standard action. These quills have a range increment of 20 feet. Any creature attacking a bat urchin with natural weapons or an unarmed strike takes 1d3 points of piercing damage. A creature that grapples a bat urchin takes 2d4 points of piercing damage and is exposed to one dose of poison for each round it does so.

**Poison (Ex)** Quill—injury; save Fort DC 18; frequency I/round for 6 rounds; effect shaken for 1 min; secondary 1d3 Wis damage; cure 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is Constitution-based.

# DEMONINGS

Accompanying Mulcimber on his quest was a horde of savage demonlings. These creatures were once satyrs, but over generations of servitude in the demon's hellish home they grew warped and twisted, though their chaotic nature has converted them to demons unlike their master. Their snouts vanished and they grew extra horns and spines.



In addition, they sprouted a pair of smaller arms, with semi-prehensile claws instead of hands.

Alone, they provide little threat to a wellprepared party. Unfortunately, they are often found in hordes of 2d4. The demonlings simply swarm and attack enemies, trying to gain as much gang-up bonus as possible. They only have a rudimentary understanding of tactics, and generally use their *fear* ability to get rid of opponents who hurt them. If they can't hit their target reliably, they get frustrated and move on to a softer target.

#### Demonling XP 6,400 CE Medium

CR 9

CE Medium outsider (chaotic, demon, evil, extraplanar) Init +4; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +13

DEFENSE AC 25, touch 14, flat-footed 21 (+4 Dex, +11 natural) hp 115 (10d10+60)

#### Fort +9, Ref +11, Will +7 DR 10/cold iron; Immune electricity, poison; Resist acid 10, cold 10, fire 10

## OFFENSE

#### Speed 40 ft.

Melee +1 cruel sickle +19/+14 (1d6+9/19-20) and +1 cruel sickle +19/+14 (1d6+9/19-20)

Special Attacks multiweapon mastery, cruel weapons

Spell-like Abilities (CL 10th, concentration +11) At will—sleep (DC 12), suggestion (DC 14) 3/day—fly, telekinesis (DC 16) 1/day—blade barrier (DC 17), fear (DC 15)

#### STATISTICS

Str 27, Dex 19, Con 23, Int 6, Wis 10, Cha 12 Base Atk +10; CMB +18; CMD 32

**Feats** Acrobatic, Double Slice, Improved Critical (sickle), Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Two-Weapon Fighting

Skills Acrobatics +18 (+22 jump), Intimidate +11, Perception +13, Stealth +17

**Languages** Abyssal, Celestial, Draconic; telepathy, 100 ft.

Gear +1 cruel sickles (2)

#### ECOLOGY

Environment underground Organization solitary, pair or horde (3-8) Treasure incidental

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

Multiweapon Mastery (Ex) Demonlings never take penalties to their attack rolls when fighting with multiple weapons.

**Cruel weapons** When the wielder strikes a creature that is frightened, shaken, or panicked with a *cruel* weapon, that creature becomes sickened for I round. When the wielder uses the weapon to knock unconscious or kill a creature, he gains 5 temporary hit points that last for 10 minutes. (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Equipment*)

CHE DEVOURER [MEME EAGER]

Wandering around the tomb is a beast from an immortal realm that the Lich Queen once captured and put in her tomb to guard against intruders. The Devourer, also referred to as a "meme eater," is more of a hazard than a creature. It is an invisible and intangible beast. The heroes can't see it or touch it. They will likely not even know it is there until it reaches into a demigod's mind and siphons off knowledge of a particular word or concept, preventing that demigod from using it.

When the demigods encounter the Devourer, roll randomly to determine which demigod is attacked. That demigod must make a DC 25 Will save. On a successful save, the Devourer has found the demigod's mind locked against it. On a failed save, it gains entry into the demigod's psyche and devours 1d6 words-words like 'love' and 'loyalty' and 'truth'. Once it eats those words from a hero's mind, the hero loses the word completely. He can't use it and the meaning of that word is lost. A hero without 'loyalty' in his mind feels no loyalty to anything. A hero without 'hope' in his mind is lost in complete despair. A hero without 'us' in his vocabulary has no sense of plurality. If you lose the word, you lose the concept. And once the concept is gone, you can't act upon it.

The devourer only infects one mind at a time. It eats one word per ten minutes of *real time*, then moves on until the demigods encounter the entity again.

If the heroes can see invisible creatures, they can see a centipede-like thing wrapped around the hero's head and neck. Its feet are buried in the hero's skull. Only electricity will force the creature from the target's mind, but any damage done to the beast is also affects the Devourer's victim. If it is forced to leave a demigod's mind, it skitters away at lightning speeds. The heroes can't kill it; they can only dispatch it and wait for its return.

Heroes recover words at a rate of up to one word per hour, but only if the other heroes reintroduce the word in conversation. They can't just say the word; they have to use it in an articulate sentence. Write down a list of words the beast has eaten. Show this list to the affected demigod's player, who will have to roleplay his demigod without using those words or concepts. Don't show it to the other demigods, however, and ensure the affected demigod's player doesn't give things away too easily. The other demigods have to figure it out. Then, when they've reintroduced their wounded

# MAKING MONSTERS

No matter how strongly you word something, players are bound to peek at things they shouldn't. To that end, take any creature you like and give it a unique twist by giving it a new ability or two. The spider hound is a good example of a creature demigods won't expect. Problem is, how do you make it work? You can make it a dog with some (or most) of the giant spider traits from the Pathfinder Core Rulebook, mostly spider with some dog traits, something in between, or none of the above. Whatever you decide for a monster, the result will be something your demigods won't expect since it isn't printed in these pages and will give you more baddies to throw at them. You know their tactics, so anything you toss in will make this an even deadlier dungeon.

hero to a new word, scratch it off the list. If the devoured concept is never mentioned, it will never again be part of his demigod's makeup.

If the demigods discover the Devourer and drive it off, award them experience for a CR 10 encounter. If they discover what the Devourer actually does and manage to regain all the words affected demigods have lost, give them the full CR 13 reward.

# Dog Wheet And Hounds

It is impossible to tell how many groups of heroes have gone into the tomb hoping to rescue the angel, but all of them have failed. Some more so than others.

One such hero—a witch named Alessaundra Valroux—climbed into the tomb with hopes of rescue. She brought three animal familiars with her: three highly intelligent mastiffs. She lost one to one of the tomb's spiders. The second was caught by one of the tomb's many machines. The third died with Valroux in one of the Tomb's deadly traps. A malfunction in the machine, caused by the orcs tinkering, caused Valroux and her second hound to be reborn together as a mutation.

Valroux has her full magical powers at her command as well as her familiar's heightened senses. She has tried many times to escape the tomb, but the Great Machine's control forbids her from doing so. She can't be 'cured' or 'healed'. She has been bound to her pet forever. For better or worse.

One of the many magic items the Witch brought with her was a powerful crystal ball. She lost it during her time in the tomb and has been looking for it ever since. Dog Wheeth

Valroux, The Dog Witch CR 15 XP 76,800

Female witch (beast-bonded) 16 (Advanced Player's Guide, Ultimate Magic)

N Medium monstrous humanoid

**Init** +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +21

#### DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 16, flat-footed 18 (+3 armor, +3 deflection, +3 Dex, +2 natural)

hp 106 (16d6+32+15 temporary [false life])

Fort +11, Ref +10, Will +11, +2 vs. mind-affected effects and poison

#### OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee +1 wounding obsidian dagger +14/+9 (1d4+6 plus 1 bleed/19-20), and

bite +4 (Id4+I)

**Ranged** arcane blast +11 ranged touch (30 ft., deals 2d6+1d6 per level of spell level converted)

**Special Attacks** hexes (agony [16 rds, DC 23], cackle, fortune (3 rds), misfortune [3 rds, DC 23], slumber [16 rds, DC 23], ward +4),

Witch Spells (CL 16th, concentration +21 [+25 when casting defensively or grappled])

8th—euphoric tranquility\*, horrid wilting (DC 23)

7th—chain lightning (DC 22), quickened vampiric touch, summon monster VII

6th—mass suggestion (DC 21), slay living (DC 21), true seeing

5th—baleful polymorph (DC 20), cure critical wounds, dominate person (DC 20), feeblemind (DC 20), summon monster V

4th—blessing of fervor\* (DC 19), black tentacles, cure serious wounds, enervation, poison (DC 19)

3rd—bestow curse (DC 18), extended false life (already cast), ray of exhaustion, suggestion (DC 18), vampiric touch

2nd—cure moderate wounds (2), see invisibility, glitterdust (2)

Ist—cause fear (DC 16), burning hands (2, DC 16), ill-omen\* (2), obscuring mist

Oth (at will)—resistance, daze (DC 15), touch of fatigue (DC 15), guidance

\* Advanced Player's Guide

Patron Spells Portents (Ultimate Magic)

#### TACTICS

**Before Combat** Valroux's mind has been scrambled by her merger with her familiar, but she is still very intelligent. She can't remember why she came to the tomb, but has learned much since she was reborn. She may be willing to talk to the demigods. However, she is also hungry, so she is not averse to attacking them if they look particularly tasty. She is also more than ready to defend herself. She casts extended false life (accounted for in her statistics) every morning, and if she has time, she will cast false life and blessing of fervor on herself.

**During Combat** Although she is far from weak, she also knows that she is alone. She attempts to even the odds by casting summon monster and then weakens them with misfortune, using her split hex feat to maximize her actions each round. If demigods are not fighting summoned monsters, she tries to keep them busy with *black tentacles*. As long as she is not required to move, she will expend her move action to cackle, and extend the effects of any active agony, fortune or misfortune hexes. For damage, she relies on her arcane blasts, sacrificing spells as appropriate.

**Morale** Despite her hideous existence, Valroux is not ready to die. If reduced to 20 hit points, she will attempt to flee. If she can't escape, she will stop fighting and beg for mercy.

#### STATISTICS

Str 20, Dex 19, Con 14, Int 20, Wis 13, Cha 6

#### Base Atk +8; CMB +10; CMD 26

**Feats** Alertness<sup>B</sup>, Arcane Blast, Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Extend Spell, Quicken Spell, Silent Spell, Split Hex, Witch Knife

**Skills** Acrobatics +4 (+8 jump), Bluff +6, Craft (alchemy) +24, Fly +15, Heal +20, Knowledge (arcana) +24, Knowledge (history) +16, Knowledge (the planes) +16, Perception +21, Sense Motive +11, Spellcraft +24, Survival +1, Use Magic Device +9; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Survival when tracking by scent

Languages Abyssal, Aklo, Celestial, Common, Common, Draconic, Infernal

**SQ** merged familiar (see below)

**Combat Gear** +1 wounding obsidian dagger, amulet of natural armor +2, bracers of armor +3, cloak of resistance +2, oil of invisibility (2), potion of bull's strength (2), potion of cure serious wounds (2), potion of mage armor (2), ring of protection +3; **Other Gear** belt of physical might +2 (str & dex).

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Agony (Major Hex)** With a quick incantation, Valroux can place this hex on one creature within 60 feet, causing them to suffer intense pain. The target is nauseated for a number of rounds equal to the witch's level. A DC 23 Fortitude save negates this effect. If the saving throw is failed, the target can attempt a new save each round to end the effect. Whether or not the save is successful, a creature can't be the target of this hex again for I day. (Advanced Player's Guide)

Arcane Blast (Su) As a standard action, Valroux can sacrifice a prepared spell or unused spell slot of 1st level or higher and transform it into a ray, targeting any foe within 30 feet as a ranged touch attack. This attack deals 2d6 points of damage plus an additional 1d6 points of damage for every level of the spell or spell slot you sacrificed. 0-level spells may not be sacrificed in this manner. (Advanced Player's Guide)

**Cackle (Hex)** Valroux can cackle madly as a move action. Any creature that is within 30 feet that is under the effects of an agony hex, charm hex, evil eye hex, fortune hex, or misfortune hex caused by the witch has the duration of that h e x extended by I round. (Advanced Player's Guide)

Fortune (Hex) The witch can grant a creature within 30 feet a bit of good luck for I round. The target can call upon this good luck once per round, allowing him to reroll any ability check, attack roll, saving throw, or skill check, taking the better result. He must decide to use this ability before the first roll is made. At 8th level and 16th level, the duration of this hex is extended by I round. Once a creature has benefited from the fortune hex, it can't benefit from it again for 24 hours. (Advanced Player's Guide)

Misfortune (Hex) The witch can cause a creature within 30 feet to suffer grave misfortune for I round. Anytime the creature makes an ability check, attack roll, saving throw, or skill check, it must roll twice and take the worse result. A Will save negates this hex. At 8th level and 16th level, the duration of this hex is extended by I round. This hex affects all rolls the target must make while it lasts. Whether or not the save is successful, a creature can't be the target of this hex again for I day. (Advanced Player's Guide)

**Merged Familiar** As a beast-bonded witch (Ultimate Magic), Valroux already had a close connection with her familiar. In a cruel twist of fate, the chaotic power of the Great Machine drew on that connection when it gathered the her spirit, making the spiritual connection a physical one, as well, and spitting Valroux out as a new creature. Although she can't make use of most of the abilities (including the familiar form ability) granted by her familiar via her class or archetype, she gains Alertness as a bonus feat and gains a permanent +2 bonus to Fortitude saves (new familiar: dog) from the constant presence of her familiar as part of her own body.

**Slumber (Hex)** Valroux can cause a creature within 30 feet to fall into a deep, magical sleep, as per the spell *sleep*. The creature receives a Will save to negate the effect. If the save fails, the creature falls asleep for a number of rounds equal to the witch's level (16 rds). This hex can affect a creature of any HD. The creature won't wake due to noise or light, but others can rouse it with a standard action. This hex ends immediately if the creature takes damage. Whether or not the save is successful, a creature can't be the target of this hex again for 1 day. (Advanced Player's Guide)

**Split Hex** When Valroux uses one of her hexes (not a major hex or a grand hex) that targets a single creature, she can choose another creature within 30 feet of the first target to also be targeted by the hex. (*Ultimate Magic*)

Ward +4 (Hex) Valroux can use this hex to place a protective ward over one creature. The warded creature receives a +2 deflection bonus to AC and a +2 resistance bonus on saving throws. This ward lasts until the warded creature is hit or fails a saving throw. Valroux knows when a warded creature is no longer protected. She can have only one ward active at a time. If she uses this ability again, the previous ward immediately ends. Valroux can't use this ability on herself. (Advanced Player's Guide)

Witch Knife Each day, when you prepare your spells, you can select a masterwork or magical dagger, transforming it into a witch knife, which serves as an additional focus component for witch patron spells.Add + I to the DC of all your patron spells. (Ultimate Magic)

## קאוש קאוש בואס (קאוש אדשועא א אדשועא בואד)

Alaussandra Valroux had three dog companions when she came into the tomb. One of them was bound with her. The others fell to a different fate. One was captured by the tomb's spiders and taken away from the witch. The tomb shifted and the hound and the spider were absorbed together, creating a new life form.

The Spider Hound has all the benefits of both a spider and a hound, including a thick layer of furry hide over its exoskeleton, but it also has two conflicting minds. The Hound mind is trying to return to his mistress while the Spider mind—far less sophisticated—maintains most of the control. Also influencing its behavior is the machine's mind control, forcing the Spider Hound to attack anything that enters the tomb.

#### Spider Hound CR 10 Variant Advanced Wolf-Spider (Tome of Horrors Complete)

#### XP 9,600

NE Large magical beast Init +9; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +13

#### DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+5 Dex, +5 natural, -1 size) hp 126 (12d10+60) Fort +13; Ref +15; Will +7 OFFENSE Speed 40 ft., climb 20 ft.

Melee bite +20 (4d8+4 plus poison plus trip) Space 10 ft.; Reach 5 ft.

**Special Attacks** web (+18 ranged touch, DC 20, 12 hp)

#### TACTICS

**Before Combat** The Spider Hound is an ambush hunter, preferring to wait in dark tunnels until prey comes close enough to grab.

During Combat Not being particularly strong

compared to some of the other denizens of the tomb, the Spider Hound relies on its ranged web ability to immobilize its prey, then moves in to deliver a debilitating bite.

**Morale** The Spider Hound is hungry and driven by the Machine to kill intruders. Even though its survival instincts demand otherwise, it will usually fight to the death.

#### STATISTICS

Str 20, Dex 22, Con 18, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 6 Base Atk +12; CMB +18; CMD 31 (43 vs. trip)

Feats Alertness, Ability Focus (poison), Agile Maneuvers, Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (bite)

**Skills** Acrobatics +10, Climb +14, Perception +15, Sense Motive +4, Stealth +14 (+20 in its webs), Survival +6 (+10 tracking by scent); **Racial Modifiers** +4 Perception, +4 Stealth, +4 Survival when tracking by scent

#### **SPECIAL ABILITIES**

**Poison (Ex)** Bite—Injury; save Fort DC 20; frequency I/round for 6 rounds; effect I d4 Str; cure 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is Constitution-based.



## CHIZ WINGER SHIND BEASE [CHIZ WINGER S CHIRD HOUND]

The Witch's third hound was lost to one of the tomb's many machines. But that's not all she lost. After fleeing from the machine, she also lost one of her most powerful magic items: a crystal ball. Inside the guts of the machine, the crystal ball and the hound were mingled and then reborn together, making an entirely different beast.

The Destiny Beast is not only intelligent but can also see a little into the future. Spasms in time and space within the tomb cause any divination difficult—and sometimes dangerous—but that hasn't stopped the Beast from doing it. In fact, at this point, the Beast is quite insane from looking into the future. And it hopes to spread the insanity.

The Beast is also seemingly immune to the Great Machine. It doesn't feel compelled to attack anyone who enters the tomb. Instead, it will speak to the heroes in a kind of gibberish sing-song.

To create this effect, I suggest the cut-up method: get a bunch of poignant words and phrases together, throw them in a hat, and draw them out randomly. For example, I pulled these three sentences from different books and just threw them together. (*The Golden Apple* by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson, *The Soft Machine* by William S. Burroughs and *The Crying of Lot 49* by Thomas Pynchon.)

Why me George asked... someday few beat the house... they'll go down together... the scope proved to be a haunt.

The Beast exists in the present, the past and the future. That is, it is never exactly where it appears. This makes attacking the Beast difficult. At any time, it may be three seconds in the past or three seconds in the future. The crystal ball always appears near the Beast. Sometimes floating around its head, sometimes caressed by the Beast's twisted claws. With the crystal ball, the Beast can cast magical spells—divination, mostly—and can also transport itself and others into the past and the future.

It is only interested in taunting the heroes and driving them insane. It doesn't want to help them escape... although it may help one of them to escape if only to return and taunt the others.

**CR 15** 

#### The Destiny Beast XP 51,200

NE Large magical beast (time)

**Init** +10; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +27

#### DEFENSE

AC 29, touch 17, flat-footed 29 (+6 Dex, +2 insight, +12 natural, -1 size) hp 225 (18d10+126) Fort +16; Ref +15; Will +13 Defensive Abilities foresight, temporal displacement

#### OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

**Melee** bite +22 (1d8+7), 2 claws +22 (2d4+7), melee touch +20

Space 10 ft.; Reach 5 ft.

Special Attacks horrible outcomes (DC 24)

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 12th, concentration +19) At will—augury, clairaudience/clairvoyance, divination, locate object

3/day—commune, scrying (DC 20)

#### TACTICS

**Before Combat** The Destiny Beast won't usually initiate combat, preferring to lure victims in closer and talk. He will try to convince them that his powers can grant them powerful insight into the workings of the tomb. He will focus on the demigod he believes to be the greatest threat, hoping that they will succumb to the effects of his horrible outcomes ability and be weakened as he inflicts his powers on the rest of the party. **During Combat** The Destiny Beast will try to impose his "gifts" on as many demigods as possible. He won't normally use his claws and bite unless he needs to defend himself or he intends to kill and eat the demigods. The Destiny Beast will always reserve 20 feet of time hop, in case he needs to escape.

**Morale** If the Destiny Beast is losing a fight, it will use *time hop* to get out of immediate threat range and run away.

#### STATISTICS

Str 24, Dex 22, Con 24, Int 15, Wis 16, Cha 23 Base Atk +15; CMB +23; CMD 39 (43 vs. trip)

Feats Ability Focus (horrible outcomes), Ability Focus (oracular mysteries), Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Deceitful, Improved Initiative, Persuasive, Weapon Focus (bite), Weapon Focus (claw)

**Skills** Bluff +22, Diplomacy +25, Disguise +8, Fly +1, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (arcana) +17, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +8, Knowledge (history) +17, Knowledge (planes) +17, Knowledge (religion) +17, Perception +27, Sense Motive +22, Stealth +2, Survival +6; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Stealth, +4 Survival when tracking by scent

#### **SPECIAL ABILITIES**

Foresight (Su) The Destiny Beast constantly looks a few seconds into the future. This ability prevents it from being surprised, caught flat-footed, or flanked. It also grants the creature an insight bonus to AC equal to its Wisdom bonus. This ability can be negated, but can be restarted as a free action on the creature's next turn. (Time subtype, *Tome of Horrors Complete*)

**Temporal Displacement (Su)** The Destiny Beast is not in perfect sync with the current time. As such, he is never exactly in the moment he appears to be. This has the effect of a constant blink effect

**Oracular Mysteries** The strange interactions between the Machine and the crystal ball have granted the Destiny Beast the ability to use certain powers as though he is a 12th-level Oracle of Time (*Ultimate Magic*). Unlike a typical oracle, however, the Destiny Beast can use any of these abilities on itself or any other creature it touches. Unwilling creatures must make a saving throw to negate the power's effect (DC 24 Will save unless the power indicates a different save).

**Time Hop (Su)** As a move action, he can teleport a target up to 120 feet per per day. This teleportation must be used in 5-foot increments. This movement doesn't provoke attacks of opportunity. He must have line of sight to his destination to use this ability. The Destiny Beast can bring other willing creatures with him, but must expend an equal amount of distance for each creature brought.

**Erase from Time (Su)** As a melee touch attack, he can temporarily remove a creature from time altogether. The target creature must make a DC 24 Fortitude save or vanish completely for 6 rounds. No magic or divinations can detect the creature during this time, as it exists outside of time and space—in effect, the creature ceases to exist for the duration of this ability. At the end of the duration, the creature reappears in the space it last occupied (or the nearest possible space, if the original space is now occupied). The Destiny Beast can use this ability 2 times per day.

**Time Flicker (Su)** As a standard action, the target can flicker in and out of time, gaining concealment (as the *blur* spell). The Destiny Beast can use this ability for 12 minutes per day. This duration doesn't need to be consecutive, but it must be spent in 1-minute increments. Each time he activates this ability, the Destiny Beast can treat it as the *blink* spell, though each round spent this way counts as 1 minute of his normal time flicker duration.

**Time Sight (Su)** The target can peer through the mists of time to see things as they truly are, as if using the *true seeing* spell. The Destiny Beast can use this ability for 12 minutes per day, but these minutes do not need to be consecutive.

Knowledge of the Ages (Su) The target can search through time to recall some bit of forgotten lore or information. He can retry any Knowledge skill check he has made within the past minute, gaining a +5 insight bonus on the check. The Beast can use this ability 5 times per day.

**Momentary Glimpse (Su)** Three times per day, the Destiny Beast can gain or grant a glimpse into the immediate future. On the round after he uses this ability, the target gains a +2 insight bonus on a single attack roll, saving throw, or skill check or to his Armor Class until the start of his next turn.

**Rewind Time (Su)** Twice per day as an immediate action, the target can reroll any one d20 roll that he has just made before the results of the roll are revealed. He must take the result of the reroll, even if it's worse than the original roll.

Horrible Outcomes (Ex) The Destiny Beast revels in showing intelligent creatures the mind-shattering possibilities that exist within Ninat's intricate web. Whenever another creature is the target of one of his mysteries, the Beast shows the creature a vision of some horrible future or forces them to relive a terrifying moment from the past (showing them how they could have ended). The event can be of any duration the Beast wishes, but it appears to take only an instant to those observing from "normal" time. The target creature must make a DC 24 Will save or suffer Id4 Wisdom damage from the visions he has seen. Even if the save succeeds, the target is shaken for Id4 rounds following the experience.

# FUNGUS HOSE

Another hero trapped in the tomb, this poor hero fell into a part of the tomb that now lies in ruins. The large chamber held hundreds of small bat-like beasts that swarmed the tomb, eating as they went. The floor of the chamber was covered in guano—up to five feet of it. He fell in, could not escape, and was slowly being devoured by the insects inhabiting the mess.

That is, until a Nexus shift caused him to change.

The combination of the filth, the bats and the hero created this pathetic creature. For some reason, it carries with it a strange aura that warps time and space around it. The creature floats through the air, and sometimes, even floats through walls. It appears mindless, endlessly screaming in pain. The scream is disturbing enough to stun weak minds. If it passes through a hero, it disrupts the hero's existence in this dimension, instantly infesting his flesh with the same creatures that feasted upon it long ago. This touch also causes metaphysical damage that can't be healed by normal means.

#### Fungus Host XP 12,800

CRII

N Medium aberration (incorporeal) Init +10; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +27 Aura agonized screaming (60 ft., DC 26)

#### DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 22, flat-footed 16 (+6 deflection, +6 Dex)

hp 168 (16d8+96)

Fort +13; Ref +13; Will +12

Defensive Abilities incorporeal; Immune mindaffecting effects

#### OFFENSE

Speed fly 30 ft. (perfect)

Melee incorporeal touch +18 (11d6)

Special Attacks agonized screaming, pestilent touch

#### TACTICS

During Combat The Fungus Host seeks only to inflict others with the pain and suffering it feels. It reaches out to touch as many victims as it can and fights with little regard for its own safety.

**Morale** The Fungus Host will continue to follow attack any living thing it can see until it is destroyed.

#### **STATISTICS**

Str —, Dex 23, Con 22, Int 11, Wis 11, Cha 22

Base Atk +12; CMB +18; CMD 18 (can't be tripped)

Feats Ability Focus (agonized screams), Ability Focus (pestilent touch), Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes

**Skills** Fly +25, Intimidate +25, Knowledge (the planes) +19, Perception +19

SQ Madness

Languages Aklo, Common

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Agonized Screaming (Su)** The Fungus Host is in constant suffering and unleashes that pain on the world in the form of incessant, hideous, babbling screams. All sane creatures within 60 feet of the Fungus Host must succeed at a DC 26 Will save or suffer wracking pains that impose a -4 penalty on attack rolls, skill checks, and ability checks. This is a sonic, mind-affecting effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

**Madness (Su)** Anyone targeting a Fungus Host with a thought detection, mind control, or telepathic effect makes direct contact with its tortured mind and takes 1d6 points of Wisdom damage. The victim also suffers the effects of its agonizing scream, unless he makes a new save at a -4 penalty.

Pestilent Touch (Su) The Fungus Host's incorporeal touch causes living flesh to erupt with a variety of molds, fungi, and flesh-eating parasites, completely suppressing the body's normal ability to fend off such infections. The attack inflicts a number of d6s equal to its CR in damage (11d6). The damage bypasses all forms of damage reduction. A Fortitude save halves the damage inflicted. Although this horrific infestation doesn't spread beyond the initial wounds, the victim's wounds won't heal naturally and resist magical healing. A demigod attempting to use magical healing on a creature damaged by the Fungus Host must succeed on a DC 26 caster level check, or the healing has no effect on the injured creature. The demigod must first receive a successful remove disease spell against DC 26, after which both normal and magical healing function normally. These DCs are Constitution-based.

# THE HARVESTER OF EYES

It floats through the corridors. Blinking. An orb made up entirely of eyes. Blinking. Twitching. Seeing. Blue, green, brown, human, orc, ogre, dwarf. A singular orb of eyes. Looking for more.

Another creature captured from far-off realm, the Harvester of Eyes is a creature made up of eyes captured from its victims. It starts life as a singular eye on a bloody stalk. It attacks its victims and steals their eyes, adding them to its stalk. Soon enough, it is a floating mass of eyes. Every eye it captures makes it stronger. This particular Harvester has collected seven hundred years' worth of eyes. It is incredibly dangerous. It can see in any spectrum and in multiple dimensions. It can use any powers that involve sight. It can create illusions and mesmerize its foes. It can blind enemies. It uses its bloody stalk to strike at foes, paralyzing them with its poisonous blood. Then, it uses the tip of the stalk—razor sharp—to remove its enemy's eyes. It doesn't kill them. Once it has what it wants, it is done and moves on.

Attempts to heal the eyeless victim are futile: the heroes need to kill the Harvester and reclaim the lost eyes.

### Harvester of Eyes XP 153,600

#### **CR 18**

N Huge aberration **Init** +16 ; **Senses** all-around vision, darkvision 120 ft., low-light vision, *true seeing*; Perception +45 **Aura** bewildering gaze (60 ft., DC 25)

#### DEFENSE

AC 34, touch 20, flat-footed 22 (+12 Dex, +14 natural, -2 size ) hp 294 (28d8+168)

Fort +15; Ref +21; Will +23

Defensive Abilities amorphous; DR 10/—; Immune blindness; SR 29

#### OFFENSE

Speed fly 20 ft. (average) Melee slam +31 (4d6+5 plus grab), sting +32 (6d8+5/18-20 plus poison) Space 15 ft.; Reach 15 ft. Special Attacks gather eyes Spell-Like Abilities (CL 14th, concentration +17) Constant—arcane sight At will—color spray (DC 19), silent image (DC 19), hypnotic pattern (DC 20), illusory wall (DC 22) 3/day—displacement, rainbow pattern (DC 22),

allow pattern (DC 22), major image (DC 21)

1/day—mislead (DC 25), scintillating pattern (DC 27)

#### TACTICS

**Before Combat** The Harvester of Eyes lies in wait, hiding in shadows and using illusions to guide victims into situations where they are easier to immobilize. Harvesters prefer their victims to survive the removal of their eyes, but are not averse to taking their prizes while the victim is impaled on a spike or lying in a heap at the bottom of a pit.

**During Combat** In combat, the Harvester focuses on using abilities that immobilize the victim or otherwise make it easier to inject its paralyzing venom. Although it is highly adept at swiftly plucking out eyes in the midst of combat, the creature prefers to take its time to ensure that the orbs are not damaged. *Color spray, hypnotic pattern, rainbow pattern,* and *scintillating pattern* are all useful in keeping potential enemies still, should they prove capable of overcoming its bewildering gaze. If more forceful means are required, it will use its slam attack and grab to grapple and pin an opponent or shift to using stunning critical.



**Morale** If the Harvester finds that a particular group poses a serious threat, it will use its *quickened mislead* spell-like ability and retreat with whatever prizes it managed to gather.

#### STATISTICS

Str 20, Dex 34, Con 22, Int 11, Wis 24, Cha 24 Base Atk +21; CMB +28 (+34 to grapple); CMD +40 (can't be tripped)

Feats Blinding Critical (DC 31), Critical Focus, Greater Grapple, Greater Spell Focus (Illusion), Improved Critical (sting), Improved Grapple, Improved Initiative, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (*mislead*), Skill Focus (Perception), Spell Focus (Illusion), Staggering Critical (DC 31), Stunning Critical (DC 31), Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (sting)

**Skills** Fly +36, Intimidate +35, Perception +45, Stealth +32; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Perception

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**All-Around Vision (Ex)** The Harvester's many eyes grant it a +4 racial bonus on Perception and immunity to flanking.

**Amorphous (Ex)** The Harvester's body is malleable and shapeless. It is immune to precision damage (like sneak attacks) and critical hits, and can move through an area as small as one-quarter its space without squeezing or one eighth its space when squeezing.

**Bewildering Gaze (Su)** Anyone who looks upon the Harvester from within a distance of 60 feet is fascinated for 1d10 rounds by the unblinking stare of many eyes unless they make a DC 25 Will save. Creatures fascinated in this way do not immediately see the Harvester as a threat, allowing it to get close enough to inject them with paralyzing venom from its bloody eyestalk (this breaks the effect, but it may be too late for the victim, by then). This is a mind-effecting compulsion effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

**Gather Eyes (Ex)** When the Harvester succeeds in confirming a blinding critical hit, it steals its victim's eyes and absorbs them into its hideous mass. For every 1,000 eyes the Harvester gathers, it gains another hit die.

Additionally, due to the Harvester's otherworldly nature, a connection still exists between the victim and its stolen eyes, which won't regrow—not even via a regenerate spell—until the Harvester is destroyed. No magic short of a wish or miracle will otherwise restore a victim's sight. While the Harvester lives, the only thing its victims will ever see are occasional, fleeting glimpses of things that the Harvester sees through their own eyes.

**Poison (Ex)** Sting—injury;save Fort DC 30;frequency 1/round for 6 rounds; effect 1d4 Dexterity damage; cure 1 save. The save DC is Constitution-based.

# Headless Horror

Alric was once a man obsessed with immortality. As his own, sickly body grew frailer and weaker with each passing year, he scoured libraries of scrolls and ancient tomes the world over. He dedicated himself to the service of a goddess of death, now long-forgotten, hoping she would grant him eternal life in exchange for the demise of others.

At last, Alric found a scroll outlining a ritual that might work. He spent months traveling far and wide to gather the necessary materials, followed by another three years of careful crafting. Using parts from a dozen different creatures, mostly ogres, he constructed the body he would inhabit for the rest of time. All that remained was for his assistant to complete the final step. His head would be sliced from his shoulders and quickly stitched onto the neck of his new form. Unfortunately, the frightened young man stumbled over a critical phrase of the incantation.

At first, it appeared as the ritual was a success. Less than an hour after suffering decapitation, Alric awoke with full command of his new body. However, within days, the assistant's failure became apparent as Alric's head began to rot. Eventually, it decomposed to the point where it tore loose from the stitching and fell off. After killing his assistant in a fit of rage, Alric rampaged across the land, trying and failing to attach a new head to his body. None of them lasted more than a few weeks.

Finally, in desperation, he went in search of the tomb. He recalled a faded passage in a longforgotten grimoire hinted at the legend of Ayrawn, the Lich Queen. He succeeded. She agreed to use her knowledge to help him acquire a new head, in exchange for a thousand years of service, keeping aspiring heroes from rescuing Anat. Alric leapt at the chance, after all, what was a mere thousand years set against eternity?

However, the Headless Horror has come to realize he was played as a pawn. He's managed to keep an accurate count of his time in the tomb. His thousand years of servitude ended centuries ago.

Now he haunts the tomb, searching for both a way out and a new head. The tomb's magic often thwarts his attempts to procure a new cranium, as they return to their previous owners upon their resurrection. Alric has noticed that some of Hian's victims do not return, and so he collects their severed heads whenever he can. Inside the tomb, they do not rot, so he carries them, over a dozen now, either tied to his belt by the hair, or stuffed in the sack he carries over his shoulder.

Even though he can't speak without a mouth, Alric retains full use of the spells granted by his deathly mistress in exchange for his power to channel energy or spontaneously cast spells through a vessel that is neither living nor undead.

#### Alric Tarms CR 19 XP 204,800 Variant Lifespark Flesh Golem Cleric 16 N Large construct Init +3; Senses blindsight, 60 ft.; Perception +19

#### DEFENSE

AC 32, touch 12, flat-footed 32; (+4 deflection, -1 Dex, +20 natural, -1 size)

hp 151 (9d10+16d8+30); fast healing 5 (16 rds)

Fort +13, Ref +7, Will +19; -2 vs. mind-affecting effects

**Defensive Abilities** eyes of darkness (8 rds/day), entropic shield (16 min), repulsion (14 rds) unholy aura (15 rds); **DR** 5/adamantine; **Immune** construct traits, magic



#### OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

**Melee** +2 unholy scythe +26 (2d6+7/x4), or 2 slams +26 (2d8+6)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

**Special Attacks** scythe of evil (8 rds, 3/day), touch of darkness (8 rds, 9/day), touch of evil (8 rds, 9/day)

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 16th; concentration +22)

8th—bouncing destruction (DC 24), greater shadow evocation, stormbolts\* (DC 24), unholy aura<sup>D</sup>,

7th—destruction (DC 24), power word blind<sup>D</sup>, repulsion (DC 23), summon monster VII

6th—create undead<sup>D</sup>, blade barrier (DC 22), cold ice strike<sup>\*\*</sup> (DC 22), greater dispel magic, harm (DC 22),

5th—dispel good<sup>D</sup>, flame strike (DC 21), rapid repair\*\*, righteous might, slay living (DC 22), summon monster V

4th—divine power, inflict critical wounds (2, DC 21), poison (DC 21), spiritual ally<sup>\*</sup>, unholy blight<sup>D</sup> (DC 20)

3rd—bestow curse (DC 20), deeper darkness<sup>D</sup>, dispel magic, inflict serious wounds (DC 20), invisibility purge, stone shape

2nd—blindness/deafness<sup>D</sup> (DC 19), darkness, grace\*, make whole (3), silence (DC 18)

Ist—bane (DC 17), deathwatch, detect good, entropic shield, obscuring mist, protection from evil, protection from good<sup>D</sup>

Oth— bleed (DC 16), detect magic, guidance (others only), resistance (others only)

#### **Domains** Darkness, Evil

- <sup>D</sup> domain spell
- \* Advanced Player's Guide

\*\* Ultimate Magic

#### TACTICS

**Before Combat** Assuming he has time just before combat begins, Alric casts the following spells on himself (accounted for in his statistics): *entropic shield, repulsion, divine power, rapid repair,* and *unholy aura.* If he still has time before combat begins, he casts detect good to determine the nature of the threat he faces. If the party registers as good, he will also cast protection from good.

**During Combat** Alric begins the first few rounds of combat by completing his buffs. Afterward, he will use deeper darkness and his blindsight to put the demigods at a disadvantage. He favors ranged spells and summon monster, at first, fighting cautiously to avoid damage that may be difficult to repair. He can't use guidance or resistance on himself, but may cast it on summoned creatures. Once he closes in for melee, however, he will employ his scythe of evil domain power and power attack in conjunction with his +2 scythe or slam attacks, as well as *inflict* or other touch spells, to take out his foes quickly. If possible, he avoids using *destruction*, as it prevents him from gathering the demigods' heads. If his fast healing can't keep up with the damage he is taking, Alric will use *make whole* to repair 5d6 hit points.

**Morale** Alric values his existence. Although he suspects the Machine will probably resurrect him if he dies, he is not interested in discovering what that experience will be like. If reduced to 30 hit points, he will cast *righteous might* (the size increase grants him 10 more bonus hit points), then attempts to escape.

#### STATISTICS

#### Str 20, Dex 9, Con —, Int 13, Wis 22, Cha 3 Base Atk +21: CMB +27: CMD 36

**Feats** Blind-Fight, Bolstered Resilience, Bouncing Spell, Combat Expertise (-6/+6), Divine Interference, Improved Critical (slam), Improved Initiative, Spell Penetration, Spell Focus (Necromancy), Empower Spell, Power Attack (-6/+12), Quicken Spell, Silent Spell, Weapon Focus (slam)

**Skills** Craft (construct) +17, Heal +11, Knowledge (Arcana, Religion) +17, Perception +19, Sense Motive +22, Spellcraft +17

#### Languages none

**SQ** eyes of darkness, open mind, spirit within, voiceless casting

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

Immunity to Magic (Ex) Alric is immune to any spell or spell-like ability that allows spell resistance. In addition, certain spells and effects function differently against the creature, as noted below.Alric can't suppress this effect, and so he is unable to use certain spells on himself. On the other hand, he uses the healing power of electricity to the maximum extent.

A magical attack that deals cold or fire damage slows him (as the slow spell) for 2d6 rounds (no save).

A magical attack that deals electricity damage breaks any slow effect on him and heals I point of damage for every 3 points of damage the attack would otherwise deal. If the amount of healing would cause him to exceed his full normal hit points, he gains any excess as temporary hit points.

**Open Mind (Ex)** Unlike normal constructs, Alric is not immune to mind-affecting effects. In fact, perhaps because of its past need for commands, its mind is especially vulnerable to magical compulsion. Alric takes a -2 penalty on saving throws against mind-affecting effects. **Spirit Within (Ex)** Though Alric is not a living creature, he still possesses a "spirit.". Unlike most constructs, Alric is not immune to all necromantic effects. Certain spells that rely on the existence of a creature's soul (not "life force")—namely *clone, magic jar,* and *soulbind*—can affect him. No other necromantic effects affect Alric, and he is still immune to death effects. Though he can't be raised or resurrected by any power other than the Machine, Alric can be reincarnated as described by the reincarnate spell.

**Voiceless Casting (Ex)** Alric's bond with his deity was sufficient that his loss of his head did not prevent him from calling on her for aid. Although his lifeless body can no longer channel her divine energy, his silent will can still perform the required supplications to cast spells, allowing him to apply his Silent Spell feat to every spell he casts without increasing the spell's level. In effect, he is able to eschew the verbal component of any spell he casts.

# Mulambar

Standing nearly twenty feet tall, Mulcimber was once the greatest fighter in the abyssal gladiatorial games. After three centuries undefeated, he gained his freedom and went in search of greater foes. So far, he has been disappointed.

In a dream, Mulcimber was told of a place that was sure to test the might and mettle of any warrior, granting the power of a god to any who could fight their way through to claim it. Following the dream's instructions, he found the tomb and entered. So far, he has been disappointed. He has yet to reach the prize at the center, and nothing has managed to give him the fight he desires. There are some he suspects could but they seem unwilling to meet him in combat. As the decades passed, and Mulcimber realized he could no longer leave the tomb, he has come to believe he was tricked into entering by the tomb's creator. Perhaps he is right, or perhaps someone else sent him there to protect their own lands from his marauding terror. Huge and muscular, Mulcimber is a demon that wears no armor, and fights with only his claws. He is vain and cocky, and may underestimate the demigods, allowing them a free round of attacks before fighting back. After all, crushing your opponent is more satisfying when they start out thinking they have a chance at victory. He prefers to rip his opponents apart with his claws; as such he forgoes the use of his special abilities, unless he feels he is being cheated or is truly desperate.

#### Mulcimber Unique Demon XP 307,200

#### **CR 20**

CE Huge outsider (chaotic, demon, evil, extraplanar) Init +14; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, true seeing; Perception +35

Aura frightful presence (30 ft., DC 29)

#### DEFENSE

AC 35, touch 19, flat-footed 24 (+10 Dex, +1 dodge, +16 natural, -2 size )

hp 333 (18d10+234); fast healing 10

Fort +24; Ref +21; Will +12

**Defensive Abilities** ferocity; **DR** 10/cold iron and good; **Immune** electricity, fire, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10, **SR** 31

#### OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

**Melee** 2 claws +36 (1d8+16), gore +36 (2d6+16), bite +31 (1d8+8), hoof +31 (1d8+8)

Space 15 ft.; Reach 15 ft.

**Special Attacks** grab, pounce, powerful charge (gore, 4d6+16), rend (2 claws, 1d8+16), trample (1d8+16)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 20th, concentration +20)

Constant-true seeing

At will—dominate monster (DC 27), greater dispel magic, greater teleport (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), power word stun (DC 28), telekinesis (DC 25)

3/day—heal, divine power, freedom of movement

I/day—cloak of chaos, greater restoration, mass inflict critical wounds (DC 28), summon (level 9, Id4+I demonlings)



#### TACTICS

**Before Combat** If he has reason to believe that the heroes pose a more serious threat (or if he has faced them before, and lost), Mulcimber will use divine power or cloak of chaos and freedom of movement on himself before combat begins. Mulcimber will never cast his buffing spell-like abilities on anyone but himself.

**During Combat** Mulcimber is a straightforward, brutish combatant. He is a brawler who likes to use his physical attacks, especially grapples and charges, as he did in the fighting arenas of the Abyss for millennia. If he thinks the demigods have used magic to gain an "unfair" advantage, he will use his greater dispel magic ability to strip away their powers. If necessary, he will use dominate monster to keep a particularly dangerous foe from harming him.

**Morale** Mulcimber is cocky. He truly believes he can't be beaten and will fight to the death.

#### STATISTICS

Str 43, Dex 31, Con 37, Int 14, Wis 22, Cha 30 Base Atk +20; CMB +38 (+42 to grapple); CMD 58 (62 vs. grapple)

**Feats** Dodge, Combat Expertise, Greater Grapple, Improved Feint, Improved Grapple, Improved Initiative, Improved Trip, Mobility, Spring Attack

**Skills** Acrobatics +31, Bluff +31, Climb +37, Escape Artist +31, Intimidate +31, Perception +35, Sense Motive +27, Stealth +23; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Perception

**Languages** Abyssal, Celestial, Draconic; telepathy 100 ft.

#### **SPECIAL ABILITIES**

**Death Throes (Su)** When killed, Mulcimber explodes in a blinding flash of fire that deals 100 points of damage (half fire, half unholy damage) to anything within 100 feet (Reflex DC 32 halves). The save DC is Constitution-based.

## OGRES

A tribe of ogres lives in the tomb. Unlike the orcs and spiders, they are under the sway of the Great Machine. The machine forbids them from leaving and when heroes enter the tomb, it drives them into a bloodlust frenzy. They gather their weapons and hunt for intruders.

The ogres are not subtle. They do not use tactics. When they find the heroes, they scream a bloodcurdling battle cry and charge. There are four Demi-Ogres as described below as well as several ogres. When they die, their bodies are reclaimed by the Machine (see Reclaimers, above) and their souls are reattached.

#### DEMIFOGRES

#### Brutal Ogres (4) XP 12,800

CRII

Ogre barbarian (invulnerable rager) 8 CE Large humanoid (giant) Init +0; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision;

#### DEFENSE

Perception +16

AC 16, touch 7, flat-footed 16 (+4 armor, +5 natural, -2 rage, -1 size) hp 154 (4d8+8d12+84) Fort +16, Ref +5, Will +8 DR 3/—; Resist fire 1, extreme endurance (fire)

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 35 ft. (40 ft. base) **Melee** greatclub +20/+15/+10 (2d8+22), bite +14 (1d6+4), gore +14 (2d6+4)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

**Special Attacks** rage (20/day), rage powers (animal fury, fiend totem, lesser fiend totem, powerful blow +3 [1/rage])

#### STATISTICS

Str 29, Dex 10, Con 23, Int 6, Wis 12, Cha 5 Base Atk +11; CMB +21; CMD 29

**Feats** Blind-Fight, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack (-3/+6), Toughness, Weapon Focus (greatclub)

Skills Climb +21, Perception +16, Survival +8 Languages Giant

Gear hide armor, great club

OCRES

#### Ogres (4)

CR 6

Advanced Ogres (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary) Init +1; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +9 AC 21, touch 10, flat-footed 20 (+4 armor, +1 Dex, +7 natural, -1 size) hp 57 (6d8+30) Fort +9, Ref +3, Will +6 Melee greatclub +10 (2d8+16) Ranged javelin +4 (1d8+7) Str 25, Dex 12, Con 19, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 11 Base Atk +4; CMB +12; CMD 23 Feats Iron Will, Power Attack, Toughness Skills Climb +11, Perception +9, Survival +9

# RHINO SLIG

This awful looking thing wanders the corridors of the tomb looking for its only source of food: metal. Unfortunately, it seldom encounters metal objects and usually dies of starvation. Then, the Great Machine brings it back to life so it can starve to death again.

Thus, when it encounters the heroes for the first time, it's safe to say it's incredibly hungry.

The rhino slug eats metal. It does so by slavering on metal objects with its tongue or its enormous tail. The slime oozing from its tail—and from the rest of its orifices—is corrosive and causes all metal objects to dissolve into a goo the creature can eat.

RO

It is armored with a hide that most weapons can't pierce. But it moves slowly. It's typical tactic is to move toward a hero until he is cornered and then simply crush the hero with its weight, allowing the ooze to turn all metal objects into a digestible goo.

#### Rhino Slug XP 19,200

**CR 12** 

N Huge vermin

**Init** +; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., scent metals; Perception +6

#### DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 11, flat-footed 20 (+3 Dex, +22 natural, -2 size)

hp 161 (17d8+85)

Fort +15; Ref +8; Will +11

**Defensive Abilities** mindless; **DR** 10/—; **Immune** acid, mind-affecting effects

Weaknesses susceptible to salt

#### OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft.

Melee tongue +21 (2d8+9 plus 2d8 acid), tail slap +16 (2d6+4 damage plus 2d6 acid)

Ranged ranged touch +15 (10d6 acid)

Space 15 ft.; Reach 15 ft.

**Special Attacks** throw acid, digest metal, trample (2d8+13 plus 2d8 acid, DC 27)

#### TACTICS

**During Combat** The rhino slug is a mindless eating machine. Its goal is simply to reduce the nearest metal into digestible slime. The presence of a living creature in the same area is incidental. Once all the metal in its area has been destroyed, the slug will slurp up the slime, dealing additional acid damage to any organic creature it may have pinned for that round, and then move on to the next metallic meal.

**Morale** A rhino slug is constantly starving. Its hunger and the Machine's influence drive it to continue attacking until it has consumed all the metal it can sense or until it is slain.

#### STATISTICS

Str 28, Dex 16, Con 20, Int —, Wis 22, Cha I Base Atk +12; CMB +22; CMD 25 (can't be tripped)

Skills Climb +17; Racial Modifiers +8 Climb

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

Acid (Ex) A rhino slug secretes a digestive acid that dissolves organic material and metal quickly, but doesn't affect stone. Each time a creature suffers damage from a rhino slug's acid, its clothing and armor take the same amount of damage from the acid. A DC 23 Reflex save prevents damage to clothing and armor. A metal or wooden weapon that strikes a rhino slug takes 2d6 acid damage unless the weapon's wielder succeeds on a DC 23 Reflex save. If a rhino slug's flesh remains in contact with a wooden or metal object for I full round, it inflicts 23 points of acid damage (no save) to the object. Creatures that deal damage to a rhino slug with a natural attack or unarmed strike take 3d6 points of acid damage (a DC 23 Reflex save halves this damage). The save DCs are Constitution-based.

**Digest Metal (Su)** As a full-round action, a rhino slug can expel its acid (either from its mouth or via an orifice in its tail) onto unattended metal or pinned or helpless target of size Large or smaller wearing metal, engulfing it in acid. Metal objects targeted in this way take half their maximum hp in damage and gain the broken condition—a second use of this ability destroys the item. Against creatures, this ability deals 17d6 points of damage. Attended objects, magic objects, or creatures can make a DC 23 Fortitude save to halve the damage. Creatures killed by a rhino slug's metal digestion are reduced to slime, as well, and subsequently ingested. They can't be raised without *resurrection* or greater magic. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**Scent Metals (Ex)** This ability functions much the same as the scent ability, except that the range is 90 feet and the rhino slug can only use it to sense metal objects (including creatures wearing or carrying metal objects).

**Susceptible to Salt (Ex)** A handful of salt burns a rhino slug as if it were a flask of acid, causing 1d6 points of damage per use.

**Throw Acid (Ex)** A rhino slug can whip its tail to throw a glob of acid at an opponent within 60 feet (no range increment). With a successful ranged touch attack, the target takes 10d6 points of acid damage (no save).

# SHADOW SPAWN

Wandering around the tomb are creatures from the Maelstrom that Ayrawn once captured and put in her tomb to guard against intruders.

No two shadow spawn are alike, but are variations on a theme. They range in size from 1 to 2 meters. They are humanoid in appearance, with a variety of spikes jutting from their inky black hides at various angles. They show the most variety in their nose-less faces; some are fox like, with horns in place of ears, some more like carnival fright masks, all flat planes and sharp angles. Their eyes and mouths glow with an eerie blue light when open.

They eat Pulse, and will take it from any source, including those humans who travel the spirit world. When feeding from a creature, they need to keep the victim alive as long as possible. They will ambush a suitable target, usually in groups of three or more, biting, clawing and rending at the arms and legs. When the victim is incapacitated, they will suck out the Pulse and then withdraw, leaving their prey to bleed to death. Sometimes, particularly if they haven't fed in a while, the shadow spawn will descend into a feeding frenzy and simply rip the victim into pieces, wasting most of the Pulse, which in turn makes them hungrier.

## Shadow Spawn XP 6,400

CR 9

#### Variant Greater Shadow

CE Medium undead (incorporeal) hp 58 (9d8+18)

Melee disruptive touch +11 (8d6, DC 18 half plus 1d8 Strength)

**Disruptive Touch (Su)** The shadow spawn's claws inflict a number of d6s equal to its CR in damage. This damage is not negative energy—it manifests in the form of physical wounds from exposure to the weird energies of the maelstrom. The damage bypasses all forms of damage reduction. A Fortitude save halves the damage inflicted. The shadow spawn's claws also drain Strength from the victim, dealing 1d8 points of Strength damage (no save).

# Slimes

The tomb has a kind of sewer system running under the corridors harboring an array of semisentient slimes that feast on living flesh. The slimes can use the sewer system to move about the tomb without being seen. Also, the tomb is filled with tubes allowing the slimes to ooze into the corridors and drop down on unsuspecting heroes.

There is a variety of slimes around the tombthere is one, a shoggoth, the unfortunate heroes can stumble upon, but it is much too large to ooze through the normal tubes, so the heroes only encounter it if they go into the sewer below, and even then, they only encounter a portion of it. The most common slime encountered is the magma ooze-these are encountered in groups of 4 to 8, as the smell of food draws large numbers of them toward the adventurers.

### Shoccoch Slime

A truly massive ooze, this creature has grown to the point that it can't leave the sewers, so it extends portions of itself into the spaces it can reach, searching for food. If the heroes encounter it they are unlikely to realize its true size in such a confined space. When the creature takes enough damage to destroy it, it withdraws and searches elsewhere for an easier meal.

#### **CR 18**

Young shoggoth (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary) CN Large ooze (aquatic) AC 34, touch 18, flat-footed 25 (+9 Dex, +16 natural, -1 size) hp 287 (23d8+184); fast healing 10

# MACEMA OCEZE (CROUPS OF (1-3)

These magma oozes move deceptively fast, rolling forwards suddenly and striking out with a hard pseudopod laced with deadly poison.

## Variant Poisonous Magma Ooze CR 9 (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2) XP 6,400

N Medium ooze (fire) Init –5; Senses blindsight 60 ft.; Perception –5

#### DEFENSE

**Shoggoth Slime** 

AC 5, touch 5, flat-footed 5 (-5 Dex) hp 85 (9d8+45) Fort +8, Ref -2, Will -2

**Defensive Abilities** split (cold and slashing, 8 hp); **Immune** fire, ooze traits

Weaknesses vulnerability to cold, vulnerability to water

#### OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., climb 15 ft.

Melee slam +15 (1d10+13 plus grab and poison, and burn)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 5 ft.

**Special Attacks** burn (2d6, DC 19), constrict (2d6+13 plus burn); poison

#### STATISTICS

Str 28, Dex 1, Con 21, Int —, Wis 1, Cha 1 Base Atk +6; CMB +15 (+19 grapple); CMD 20 (can't be tripped) Skills Climb +17; Racial Modifiers +8 Climb

SQ lava body (DC 19)

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

Lava Body (Ex) The magma ooze is formed of molten rock. Whenever a creature strikes a magma ooze with a weapon, that weapon takes 4d6 points of fire damage unless the attacker makes a DC 19 Fortitude save. Damage caused to weapons in this manner is not halved, but hardness does help prevent some of the damage dealt. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**Poison (Ex)** Whether from toxic metals or magical contamination, these oozes are deadly poison in addition to mobile burning death.

Magma Ooze Poison: Slam—injury; save Fort DC 19; frequency 1/round for 6 rounds; effect 1d2 Con; cure 2 consecutive saves.

Vulnerability to Water (Ex) A significant amount of water, such as that created by a *create water* spell, the contents of a large bucket, or a blow from a water elemental, that strikes a magma ooze forces the creature to make a DC 20 Fortitude save to avoid being staggered for 2d4 rounds. A magma ooze that is immersed in water must make a DC 20 Fortitude save each round (this DC increases by +1 each subsequent round) or become petrified, reverting once the water is gone.

## CARNIVOROUS BLOD

These flesh-eating monstrosities roam the dungeon, ever hunting for sustenance. Although huge by most anyone's standards, these blobs have split off from a bigger ooze and have yet to reach their maximum size. This makes them only slightly less dangerous than their parents.

#### Carnivorous Blob

(Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2)

XP 12,800

N Huge ooze

**Init** +0; **Senses** blindsight 60 ft., tremorsense 120 ft.; Perception –5

#### DEFENSE

AC 8, touch 8, flat-footed 8 (-2 size) hp 147 (14d8+84)

Fort +10, Ref +4, Will +0

**Defensive Abilities** reactive strike, split (sonic or slashing, 32 hp); **DR** 10/–; **Immune** acid, ooze traits; **Resist** electricity 30, fire 30

Weaknesses vulnerable to cold

#### OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft., swim 20 ft.

Melee slam +17 (4d6+19 plus 1d4 Con drain and grab)

Space 15 ft.; Reach 15 ft.

**Special Attacks** absorb flesh, constrict (4d6+19 plus 1d4 Con drain)

#### STATISTICS

Str 36, Dex 11, Con 22, Int —, Wis 1, Cha 1

Base Atk +10; CMB +25 (+29 grapple); CMD 35 (can't be tripped)

Skills Climb +19, Swim +19; Racial Modifiers +8 Climb, +8 Swim

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Absorb Flesh (Ex)** A carnivorous blob can't eat plant matter or inorganic matter, but it devours living flesh with a voracious speed by dealing Constitution drain on creatures it slams or constricts. Whenever the blob deals Constitution drain in this manner, it heals 10 hit points for each point of Constitution it drains. Excess hit points above its normal maximum are gained as temporary hit points. As soon as a carnivorous blob has at least 50 temporary hit points, it loses those temporary hit points and splits as an immediate action.

**Reactive Strike (Ex)** Whenever a carnivorous blob takes damage, it reflexively lashes out with a slam attack. This ability effectively grants the carnivorous blob an attack of opportunity against any adjacent foe that deals it damage. These attacks of opportunity do not count against the normal limit the creature can make in a round. Attacks that deal sonic or slashing damage do not trigger a reactive strike—rather, they cause the creature to split. Whenever a carnivorous blob takes cold damage, the creature can't use its reactive strike ability until after it takes its next action in combat.

# Spiders

The alcoves of the tomb are filled with cobwebs. These places belong to the tomb's spider population. Safe from the rollers, the spiders feed on those who wander into their alcoves.

The spiders generally hunt alone or in pairs, rarely gathering in groups bigger than that, though large prey or groups of creatures could attract more. They paralyze their prey with venom, cover it in webs and drag it back to their homes.

The spiders know how to avoid the rollers and also know to strike when the heroes are in danger. If a lone hero has fallen back from the rest of the party, trust a spider to snag him and drag him away.

For some reason, the spiders seem immune to the effects of the Great Machine. Perhaps the lich likes it that way.

#### Tomb Spider XP 19,200

CR 12

Variant leng spider (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2) CE Medium magical beast Init +10; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, tremorsense 60 ft.; Perception +11

#### DEFENSE

AC 27, touch 17, flat-footed 20 (+6 Dex, +1 dodge, +10 natural) hp 168 (16d10+80); fast healing 5

Fort +15, Ref +16, Will +9

Immune confusion and insanity effects, fear, poison, sonic; SR 23

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 40 ft., climb 40 ft. **Melee** bite +21 (1d6+5 plus poison), 2 claws +21 (1d4+5) **Space** 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft. **Special Attacks** web (+22 ranged, DC 23, 15 hp)

#### STATISTICS

Str 20, Dex 22, Con 20, Int 3, Wis 18, Cha 10 Base Atk +16; CMB +21; CMD 27 (39 vs. trip) Feats Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Improved Vital Strike, Iron Will, Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Vital Strike

**Skills** Acrobatics +13 (+17 jump), Climb +28, Perception +11 (+15 in webs), Stealth +13 (+17 in webs); **Racial Modifiers** +4 Perception, +4 Stealth (+8 in webs), +16 Climb

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Poison (Su)** A tomb spider's venom numbs the body and gives the victim vivid and horrific hallucinations—these visions cause the poisoned creature to react in an unpredictable manner, as if confused. The hallucination element of this poison is mind-affecting. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Bite—injury; save Fort DC 23; frequency 1/round for 6 rounds; effect 1d4 Dex plus confusion for 1 round; cure 2 consecutive saves.

# Spider Keepers

They describe themselves as 'The Spider Keepers' though the reverse is more generally true. Black-skinned denizen of the lightless sectors of the tomb, a lanky spider keeper crouches motionless for long stretches, keeping one foot or hand on a signal line left by the spiders. Spider keepers feel for vibrations along the web, waiting for the sign of any creature getting caught or passing through. Solitary scavengers, spider keepers are usually slaves to the will of the Great Machine, unlike the spiders.

Spider keepers are familiar with the variations in vibration coming from the webs. There are distinctions in the tremors when caused by a shifting of rooms, a blade cutting through, or a lesser creature becoming trapped and struggling for freedom. In the instance of a web becoming damaged, a spider keeper will stealthily investigate the source, shrewdly discerning the threat.

Preferring ambush to open combat, spider keepers–when not poised at a signal thread–are prone to wandering their sector of the tomb laying magical traps on top of the tomb's own traps and puzzles. The heroes must be wary, for they may succeed in disarming or overcoming one trap only to trigger another immediately on top of one or when they feel safe afterward. spider keeper traps are generally aimed at disabling and containing prey rather than wholly destroying their targets.

Spider keepers are purely carnivorous and often share prey with their spider friends, wandering vergers being their most common 'large' game. Spider keepers are generally frail, though they excel in magic. When forced into combat, he or she will keep distance, rely on spells, and summon aid from spiders in the area.

Heroes being what they are, it is likely that even a single spider keeper with all the spiders it can muster will be overwhelmed. A beaten-down spider keeper will attempt to escape through the tomb. Spider keepers are not only supremely knowledgeable of the various traps and puzzles in the tomb, but are talented in avoiding them even when triggered. A fleeing spider keeper will attempt to lead pursuing heroes into traps and leverage his or her acquaintance with secret passages to hide. If the heroes are lucky, a spider keeper can lead them to undiscovered hidden

areas. These escapes can also increase the chances of meeting with another of the spider keeper's kin. This is when their *Hive Mind* ability starts to take effect.

One spider keeper is a slave to the Great Machine, mainly concerned with self-preservation and kinship with the spiders. Two spider keepers together initiates a weakening of the bonds to the Great Machine. A pair of spider keepers may attack eachother to preserve their niche, but they may also join forces to face a tougher foe. The more spider keepers gathered together, the weaker the Great Machine's influence becomes, but a dominant female spider keeper may come to the fore and mystically take advantage of the magic 'threads' binding the others' minds. This situational 'Queen' spider keeper can direct a group of male spider keepers much as a queen insect leads her hive.

> A linked group of spider keepers under a single queen has the effect of increasing the intellect of the queen, making her a lucid genius, not only as a tactician,

but in regards to her existential awareness. A group of heroes may find themselves fighting a group of vicious spider keepers for a time to discover their tactics becoming more and more effective. An enterprising hero could pick out the queen and attempt to halt the battle and make an ally-at least until they get her alone again.

There have been many occasions over the centuries where a party of spider keepers guided by a queen has attempted to escape the tomb. More often than not, however, the queen is separated from her thralls–either through the machinations of the Lich or through infighting between queens– and they all succumb once again to the binding that keeps them under control.

#### Spider Keeper XP 9,600

**CR 10** 

CN Small monstrous humanoid

**Init** +4; **Senses** blindsight 20 ft, tremorsense 60 ft, darkvision 120 ft.; Perception +24

#### DEFENSE

AC 26, touch 15, flat-footed 22 (+3 armor, +4 Dex, +8 natural, +1 size)

hp 126 (11d10+66)

Fort +10, Ref +11, Will +8

**Defensive Abilities** hive mind, poison skin, trap sense +3; **Immune** poison

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft., climb 15 ft. **Melee** bite +15 (1d6+4), 2 claws +16 (1d4+4) **Ranged** web bolas +15 (1d4+4 plus trip)

#### STATISTICS

Str 18, Dex 18, Con 20, Int 4, Wis 12, Cha 8 Base Atk +11; CMB +14; CMD 28

Feats Great Fortitude, Outflank\*, Power Attack, Precise Strike, Toughness, Weapon Focus (claw)

**Skills** Climb +14, Craft (trapmaking) +21, Craft (weaving) +22, Disable Device +24, Perception +26, Stealth +26; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Climb, +16 Craft (trapmaking), +16 Perception, +16 Stealth

**Languages** can't speak, understands Undercommon; mindlink **SQ** mindlink, spider empathy, traps, web equipment **Gear** woven silk armor, web bolas (4)

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Hive Mind (Ex)** Spider keepers possess a strange mental link with others of their kind. Any time 2 of them come within 120 feet of each other, they begin to communicate telepathically, creating a collective. This allows them to resist the control of the Machine as well as gain Intelligence and Charisma.

- For each Spider Keeper that participates in a hive mind, each receives a cumulative +2 morale bonus to mental stats (up to a max of +16).
- No spider keeper in a group is considered flanked or flat-footed unless all of them are.
- All spider keepers in the collective gain the trapfinding ability, granting them a +5 bonus to Perception checks to find traps and the ability to disarm magic traps with Disable Device.
- A female whose Intelligence increases to 16 or higher becomes a queen.

**Outflank (Ex)**Whenever a spider keeper and an ally who also has this feat are flanking the same creature, their flanking bonus on attack rolls increases to +4. In addition, whenever one spider keeper scores a critical hit against the flanked creature, it provokes an attack of opportunity from the other spider keeper. (Advanced Player's Guide)

**Poison Skin (Ex)** Spider keepers frequently share meals with tomb spiders and as such they ingest a sizeable amount of the spiders' poison. Their bodies detoxify by storing the poison in shallow pouches near their skin. Any time a spider keeper is hit with a slashing or piercing weapon or a natural weapon or unarmed strike, the attacker must make a Reflex Save (DC 16) or be exposed to a dose of tomb spider poison (see stats above). The DC of the poison is reduced by 4 since it is only applied to the skin rather than delivered with a bite. The Reflex DC is Dexterity-based.

**Spider Empathy (Ex)** Spider keepers have a deep connection with spiders and can influence any kind of spiders as if using wild empathy with a racial +8 bonus (+16 modifier as presented above). Tomb spiders will never willingly attack a spider keeper, although they may be magically forced to do so. A spider keeper who attacks a tomb spider, first, loses this ability for 24 hours.

**Expert Trapper (Ex)** Spider keepers are particularly skilled at crafting cunning traps and have also learned how to avoid them. Spider keepers gain a +16 racial bonus on Craft (trapmaking), Dsiable Device, Perception, and Stealth, and these skills are always class skills for a spider keeper. Spider keepers use whatever materials are at hand and do not need to spend gold to craft traps.

Web Weaponry (Ex) Spider keepers are extremely adept at using the webs they live in for creating weapons and armor. They create armor of spider silk, woven so tightly that it hardens into a shell on their bodies (this functions like masterwork studded leather, but can't be removed from a spider keeper's body without destroying it). They can also fashion simple weapons out of spider silk, the preferred weapon being bolas made of a small net of webbing and a rock. A spider keeper may fashion such a weapon using a standard action provided the components are nearby. A typical spider keeper carries 4 of these bolas with him.

# Spider Reeper Queens

When a collective of six or more spider keepers contains a female and her Int score rises to 16 or higher she becomes a Queen and receives the following additional abilities:

• Queens have no limit to mental ability bonuses granted by a hive mind. In a group of 10 spider keepers, for example, the queen will receive a +20 insight bonus to Intelligence and Charisma, while the 9 males receive only a +16.

• The queen automatically knows a number of languages appropriate to her Int (e.g. 3 at Int 16). Typical languages are Common, Aklo, Celestial, Abyssal, Infernal.

• A queen adds her Int modifier to attack rolls, damage rolls, AC, and initiative checks in addition to normal modifiers.

• The queen gains spell resistance 22.

• The queen gains access to the following spell-like abilities (CL 11th, concentration +16):

- At will detect evil, detect good
- 3/day deeper darkness, greater magic fang
- 1/day dominate monster (DC 24)

• Spellcasting. The queen also gains the ability to cast spells as a sorcerer with a caster level equal to her hit dice, but doesn't gain any additional abilities, such as a sorcerous bloodline. A queen's magic often includes elements of divination and illusion, indicating that these creatures may have once been connected to Ninat, the Weaver of Dreams, although such a connection has never been proven. A typical Queen (Cha 20) has the following spells.

Spells Known (CL 11th, concentration +16)

5th (5/day, DC 20)—*dream, summon monster V* (1d4+1 giant spiders or 1 tomb spider only)

4th (7/day, DC 19)—3 arcane eye, phantasmal killer, summon monster IV (1d4+1 giant spiders only)

3rd (7/day, DC 18)—clairaudience/clairvoyance, lightning bolt, ray of exhaustion, summon monster III (1d3 giant spiders only)

2nd (7/day, DC 17)—blur, scorching ray, summon swarm, summon monster II (giant spider only), web

1st (8/day, DC 16)—alarm, magic missile, hypnotism, ray of enfeeblement, shield

0 (at will, DC 15)—daze, detect magic, flare, ghost sound, mage hand, open/close, ray of frost, read magic, touch of fatigue

• Dominance. There may only be one queen per collective. If two females are part of a collective when they gain an Int score of 16, the two females will fight until one is killed or driven off, which may drop the bonuses low enough to prevent the remaining female from becoming a queen.

• A queen's challenge rating increases by +2.

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# CHE VOIDSCRIDERS

The Voidstriders are a group of inevitables– living machines tasked to seek out and destroy chaos wherever they find it–that have been patrolling the realms, seeking out and destroying those that threaten the balance. Unlike normal inevitables, these have come together to function as a group in the face of dire threats.

Donned in brighter garments than their kin to distinguish them from the mundane inevitables, the Voidstriders are more serious about the mission than the colorful garb may suggest. Although wellendowed with arcane ability, they prefer to face a threat up close, and quickly close the distance to engage with their swords and fists.

This unit of five Voidstriders (four Kolyaruts and one Marut commander) entered Ayrawn's tomb in response to reports of stolen artifacts and formulae, and of potential rituals that risked unleashing primal energies across several worlds that could utterly destroy the inhabitants. Unfortunately, Ayrawn's tomb was already completed, and the Great Machine, the Mirror, and Anat already in place by the time the Voidstriders arrived on the scene.

Normally immune to magical manipulation, the influence of the machine interacted strangely with these constructed creatures. The machine manages to gain control over the minds of the Voidstriders only for short periods of time, and the inevitables can often shake off the effect when they need to. Despite that, the situation has made it all but impossible for the Voidstriders to carry out their task. When the demigods encounter the Voidstriders within the tomb they can attempt a Diplomacy check (DC 26). If successful, they manage to say something that causes the Voidstriders' original personality to push to the foreground. Since the Voidstriders have a natural ability to understand and speak all languages, a Voidstrider can provide the demigods with any single piece of information

> about Anat, Ayrawn, the Great Machine, the portal, or the tomb that you wish to reveal.

> > If the Diplomacy check fails (or is never attempted), the Voidstriders simply attack the demigods.

# INEXTRADLE BOLYARUE

These humanoids appear to be part machine part finely crafted stone statue.

#### Kolyarut (4)

**CR 12** 

(Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2)

#### XP 19,200

LN Medium outsider (extraplanar, inevitable, lawful) Init +8; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +22

#### DEFENSE

AC 26, touch 14, flat-footed 22 (+4 Dex, +12 natural)

hp 158 (12d10+92); regeneration 5 (chaotic)

Fort +|4, Ref +|0, Will +||

Defensive Abilities constructed; DR 10/chaotic; **SR** 23

#### OFFENSE

#### Speed 30 ft.

Melee +2 bastard sword +20/+15/+10 (1d10+8/19-20), slam +13 (2d6+3) or 2 slams +18 (2d6+6)

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 12th; concentration +15)

At will-discern lies (DC 17), disguise self, enervation, fear (DC 17), hold person (DC 16), invisibility (self only), locate creature, suggestion (DC 16), vampiric touch

3/day-hold monster (DC 18), mark of justice, quickened suggestion (DC 16)

I/week-geas/quest

#### STATISTICS

Str 22, Dex 19, Con 23, Int 10, Wis 17, Cha 16 Base Atk +12; CMB +18; CMD 32

Feats Alertness, Combat Casting, Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (suggestion)

Skills Diplomacy +22, Disguise +22, Knowledge (planes) +15, Perception +22, Sense Motive +22, Survival +18; Racial Modifiers +4 Diplomacy, +4 Disguise

Languages truespeech

## INEXTRADLE MARVE GOMMANDER

This humanoid is much taller than the other inevitables, covered in armor made from ornately inscribed golden plate. Under the armor he appears to be a finely crafted statue made from black stone.

**CR 15** 

#### Marut

(Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2) XP 51,200

LN Large outsider (extraplanar, inevitable, lawful) Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, true seeing; Perception +26

#### DEFENSE

AC 30, touch 13, flat-footed 26 (+3 Dex, +1 dodge, +17 natural, -1 size)

hp 214 (16d10+126); regeneration 10 (chaotic)

Fort +16, Ref +8, Will +13

Defensive Abilities constructed; DR 15/chaotic; **SR** 26

#### OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 slams +27 (2d6+12 plus 3d6 electricity or sonic and blindness or deafness)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

Special Attacks fists of lightning and thunder

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 16th; concentration +23)

Constant-air walk, true seeing

At will-dimension door, fear (DC 21), greater command (DC 22), greater dispel magic, mass inflict light wounds (DC 22), locate creature

I/day-chain lightning (DC 23), circle of death (DC 23), mark of justice, wall of force

I/week—earthquake (DC 25), geas/quest, plane shift (DC 22)

#### STATISTICS

Str 35, Dex 16, Con 23, Int 12, Wis 17, Cha 24 Base Atk +16; CMB +29; CMD 43

Feats Ability Focus (fists of lightning and thunder), Awesome Blow, Combat Casting, Dodge, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Vital Strike, Power Attack, Vital Strike

Skills Diplomacy +26, Intimidate +26, Knowledge (planes) +20, Knowledge (religion) +20, Perception +26, Sense Motive +22, Survival +22; Racial Modifiers +4 Perception

Languages truespeech

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Fists of Lightning and Thunder (Su)** A marut's fists strike with the power of a thunderstorm. For any given slam attack, a marut can choose whether that attack uses lightning or thunder. A lightning attack deals an additional 3d6 points of electricity damage, and the resulting flash blinds the target for 2d6 rounds (Fortitude DC 26 negates the blindness). A thunder attack deals an additional 3d6 points of sonic damage, and the resulting thunderclap deafens the target for 2d6 rounds (Fortitude DC 26 negates the deafness). The save DCs are Constitution-based.

# THE Z'UDJ

Not all the creatures in the tomb are there because of the Lich Queen's will or Anat's lament. A few are here by accident.

When the Lich Queen was constructing the tomb, she violated many of the Maelstrom's metaphysical laws to do so. Stretching those laws created temporal and spatial rifts that she could not correct. So, she blocked them off with glyphs and wards. But these bindings have not always held. One of them broke, creating a rift between this dimension and another, sucking in creatures that were never meant to exist in this world. The Z'udj are one example of such creatures. The Z'udj (rhymes with 'budge') appear as tall and slender octopi-like humanoids with glowing, golden eyes. They are telepathic creatures linked by a common intelligence who have evolved beyond speech. The Z'udj have no sense of individuality; they are all part of a greater mind. They see themselves as parts of a whole. The Z'udj do not say *"we"* or *"us."* Instead, they speak (and think) in the singular. *"I am Z'udj,"* they say. (At least, they would say if they had mouths to speak with. They don't; telepathy is their only means of communication.)

When a Z'udj identifies itself, it does so as a part of Z'udj. *"I am the Hand of Z'udj,"* or *"I am the Sword of Z'udj."* This is as close to personal identity as they get.

There are currently four Z'udj in the tomb. The portal they were sucked through is one that closed a long time ago. They have no way back. But they have not been still since they arrived. They are working on escaping the tomb as well. They've run into the orcs but can't communicate with them; something about the orc mind prevents telepathic communication with the Z'udj. They can communicate to other races, although that communication is difficult. A human or dwarf or any other sentient race will only see images and not words or sentences. The Z'udj can only speak to them symbolically.

The Z'udj have incredible psychic power. Not only do they possess telepathy but telekinesis and pyrokinesis. They can manipulate wills and alter perceptions. Physically, however, they are incredibly fragile.

When the heroes enter the tomb, the Z'udj know. They can sense them. But reading their thoughts is difficult. They will attempt to observe the heroes from afar to gauge their reactions appropriately. When they meet with the heroes, they can alter the heroes' perceptions to make themselves look human or whatever they anticipate will be the most friendly appearance. But, again, communication will prove difficult. The Z'udj will have to convince the heroes they are friendly without speaking.

Whether their intentions are truly amicable or not is up to you. The Z'udj are alien; they do not fit into neat categories of 'good' or 'evil'. They wouldn't even understand those concepts. The more alien and bizarre you can make them, the better.

#### Z'udj XP 51,200

**CR 15** 

N Medium outsider (extraplanar) Init +8; Senses darkvision; Perception +33

#### DEFENSE

AC 31, touch 23, flat-footed 27 (+4 armor, +9 deflection, +4 Dex, +4 shield)

hp 187 (25d10+50)

Fort +12; Ref +19; Will +20

**Defensive Abilities** evasion, uncanny dodge, improved uncanny dodge; **Immune** enchantment and illusion spells, fire

#### OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 4 claws +29 (1d4), 2 stings +29 (1d4 plus poison)

#### Ranged ray +29

Spells Known (15th, concentration +19)

5/day—delayed blast fireball, project image (DC 26) 7/day—veil, chain lightning, mass suggestion (DC 25)

8/day—telekinesis, dominate person, cone of cold, mirage arcana (DC 24)

8/day—greater invisibility, fear, fire shield, ice storm (DC 23)

8/day—haste, major image, fireball, lightning bolt (DC 22)

8/day—minor image, hypnotic pattern, flaming sphere, scorching ray, blur (DC 21)

9/day—mage armor (already cast), magic missile, burning hands, shield (already cast), charm person (DC 20)

At will—resistance, detect magic, ray of frost, flare, daze, ghost sound, open/close, mage hand, disrupt undead (DC 19)

#### STATISTICS

Str 10, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 18, Wis 20, Cha 28 Base Atk +25; CMB +25; CMD 29

**Feats** Elemental Spell (fire)\*, Elemental Focus (fire)\*, Burning Spell\*\*, Quicken Spell, Greater Elemental Focus (fire)\*, Extend Spell, Weapon Finesse, Arcane Blast\*, Combat Casting, Empower Spell, Weapon Focus (ray), Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative

**Skills** Bluff +37, Diplomacy +37, Intimidate +37, Knowledge (arcana) +32, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +29, Knowledge (planes) +32, Perception +33, Sense Motive +33, Spellcraft +32, Stealth +32

Languages can't speak; telepathy 100 ft. (not with orcs)

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Manipulate Flames (Su)** A Z'udj can control any fire spell within 30 feet as a standard action. This ability allows it to move any fire effect in the area, as if it were the caster. This ability also allows it to reposition a stationary fire effect, although the new placement must be one allowed by the spell. Finally, for I round following the use of this ability, the Z'udj can control any new fire spell cast within its area of control, as if it were the caster. It can make all decisions allowed to the caster, including canceling the spell if it so desires.

**Multitask (Ex)** A Z'udj's mind operates on many different levels at once, allowing it to perform multiple tasks with its many limbs at the same time. With the aid of its many limbs, this includes casting more than one spell at a time. A Z'udj can cast two of its known spells or cast a spell and attack with its claws each round.

**One Mind (Ex)** All Z'udj in the tomb are in constant communication with each other. If one is aware of a particular danger, they all are aware of a particular danger, as long as they are within 50 miles of one another. Combined with their bizarre interpretations of time and space, this connection also grants them the effects of evasion, uncanny dodge and improved uncanny dodge as per the rogue class features.

**Psychic Shielding (Su)** A Z'udj constantly projects a protective field, protecting both its body and mind. This field provides a deflection bonus to AC equal to the Z'udj's Charisma modifier, immunity to enchantment and illusion spells.

**Poison (Ex)** Sting—injury; save Fort DC 24; frequency I/round for 6 rounds; effect Id2 Dexterity damage; cure 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is Constitution-based, and includes a +2 racial bonus.

Spells A Z'udj casts spells as a 15th level sorcerer.

# DUNGEONLANDS BACKERS By Level

# ADVENEURER

Michael Zenke, H. M. 'Dain' Lybarger, Bertram Porter, Jason Best, Jeff Prather, Seth Corbett, Shaw MacDuff, Joseph Lockett, Tom Wisniewski, Robert Johnson, Doug Medesha, Bay Chang, Pietro de Martino, Knight Drei of the Obsidian Order, Amiel Kievit, Roman Vorwerk, Christopher Irvine, Brian West, Daniel Casquilho, Maka, James Rouse, James Rouse, Xphile, William Scott, John Beattie, Marcus Burggraf, Chris Edwards, David Allan Finch, Stephen Pipenhagen, Dain Lybarger, M. Quick, David Mullins, Blacktooth Moldwater, David McLachlan, Ben Ferguson, Eric Williamson, Dan Goodchild, Jerry Meyer, Jack McCrary, Christian McLeod.

## AGGRAL GRAVELER

Camiwa

## BARD

Chris Malidore, Ryan Jarrell, Jeffery Lawler, Jim Ryan Jake "Teppic" Reick.

## Believer

Raymond Croteau, Stephen Turner, Bryan Hickok, Dark Smile Games, Johny Fight, Sage Vann, Tom Tullis Ronald K. Janik.

## GHAMPION

Wong, Quel, Scott Kehl, Aaron CardiacKangaroo, Peter JG Coffey, Trevor Boyd, David Patrick, Gregory Morris, Harvey Howell, Ray Duell, Grekis, Randall William Crockett, Bruce Harlick, Chris de Putron, Christopher Carleton.

## DUNCEON GRAWLER

Michael "gleepism" McCormack, Dr. Unconscionable, Kristopher Volter, Nate Miller, Ranger Dave Ross, Alain Renz, Doug Ruff, Ben F. Bullock, Philippe Deville, Jim Heath, Rule-of-Three, Jonathan A. Gillett, David McCartney, Albumen, Mark Perneta, Mark W. Daymude.

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#### GUARDIAN

Master Reginals, Aaron "Itchy" Tranes, Brett Bozeman, Aaron Saxon, Sven "DOC" Berglowe.

## Hero

Shador, John Mark Smotherman, Nate Swalve, Patrick Curtin, Adam Jury, Mbybee, Valitor Galadrius, Roland Bruno, Kensboro, Filthy Monkey, Francois MICHEL, Kurt LaRue, Canicus, Christian Lindke, Christopher Gautrau, Michael Spinks, Heine Kim Stick, Austin Stanley, Matthew Broome, Damon Richardson, Chasmyr Ssambra, Center Stage Miniatures, Brent Walters, Chad Skrymir, Russell Hoyle, Nat Lanza, Captain Norway, Matthias Weeks, John Taber, Doug Seipel, Michael Ramsey, Richard "Red-Shanks" McLean, Nate Huck, Jonathan M. Schrack, Nbaer. David Jarvis, Hearthstone Games, Paul F. Edge, Raven Mimura, Adam Christman, Tony Ripley.

LECEND

Kaine Wolfson.

# MASSER OF MASSEROM

Floris van der Zwan, Jeff Scifert.

## Monseer

Steve Donohue, Shane Lacy Hensley, Drakion Lichton.

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## Seeker

Graveyard Greg, Frank Dyck.

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