

PATHFINDER[®]

ADVENTURE PATH  PART 3 of 6



Council of Thieves WHAT LIES IN DUST

by Michael Kortes

THE CITY OF WESTCROWN

Massacre House

The Devildrome

N

Shrine of Aroden (safe house)

Delvehaven

Cutlass Cove

Wart Rock

The Wave Door



PATHFINDER

ADVENTURE PATH PART 3 of 6



Council of Thieves **WHAT LIES** **IN DUST**

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Wes Sold Me to Pirates

So the last time I talked to you at the start of one of these was in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #22. There I was, going on about railroading PCs and traveling to crazy other worlds and all sorts of things, when suddenly an ominous shadow fell over my desk. Before I had a chance to turn around, something hit me on the back of the head and I woke up in a cramped little wooden brig belowdecks on an old-tyme pirate ship sailing for, I suspect, some mysterious and dangerous port like Ilizmagorti or Sarkomand or Point Arena. The tale of my ingenious escape from the brig, my trials adrift at sea on a raft amid ravenous sharks and cannibalism, my shipwrecking upon an island cast up only hours before from the cradle of the ocean's depths, and my eventual return via the back of a beast best not described are too harrowing and violent and unbelievable to go into

detail here. Suffice to say, I have returned, and much has happened in the past several months! Let's run down the highlights real quick.

- We finished off one Adventure Path with a mayhem of wishes and volcanoes and started up a new one in, of all places, a tavern!
- PaizoCon came and went. It was great seeing over 200 fans and friends, and being able to preview an upcoming Adventure Path (the someday-to-be-released Jade Regent Adventure Path) and to give my post-apocalyptic game of "Lovecraft meets Road Warrior meets Fallout" a try using the new Pathfinder RPG. As it turns out, it really hurts to get sneak attacked by a wastrel armed with a shotgun.
- We got the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* off to the printer and into our and your hands. This was the biggest book I've ever been a part of producing, and the logistics and

Foreword

complications and excitement and mayhem involved with such an undertaking cost me a level. But fortunately, there's a pretty big story reward for completing such a task, so I earned that lost level right back.

- We finished the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* and sent it off to the printer. This book is beautiful—so many great monsters! Can't wait to have it sitting on my shelf!
- Gen Con came and went. Although the pre-con preparation and travel and associated stress is always grueling, the convention itself was a blast. Particularly overwhelming, though, was the line of fans and customers who very nearly got Paizo in trouble with Gen Con's security—folks looking to claim a copy or six of the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* formed an anaconda-like line that wrapped twice around our sizable booth, down the hall, around the corner, and down another hall for hundreds of feet. Not bad!
- We moved to a larger and fancier office! I'm writing this foreword from the Deluxury™-style comfort of my new office—the upgrade from a cubicle is pretty nice, especially since I finally have room for all my RPG books, Lovecraft memorabilia, Godzilla toys, flesh-eating plants, and other sundry office necessities. More incredibly, although I've been in this office for four days now, it's not yet completely filthy and cluttered!

And that brings us, more or less, up to date.

Relics From Around Golarion

It's something of a trick to assign authors to write an Adventure Path installment. Not everyone's great at everything, but most writers excel at one type of adventure more than another. For this month's "What Lies in Dust," we were faced with the somewhat daunting prospect of an adventure set in a Pathfinder lodge. This would be the first time that an Adventure Path installment went all out and in-depth with the Pathfinder Society, and also the first time we'd see an exact revelation of a Pathfinder lodge as part of an adventure. So whoever wrote the adventure not only had to be good at creating unique and interesting maps (because a Pathfinder lodge should certainly be both!), but had to have an in-depth knowledge of the Pathfinder Society, its methods, and most importantly, knowledge of the ruins and sites the Society is most interested in. Delvehaven is, in many ways, a museum of weird and esoteric relics and prizes gathered from across the face of Avistan and Garund, and the author needed to be able to pull in all manner of obscure bits of world lore to make such a site believable and interesting.

Michael Kortez was the obvious choice.

As the author of one of the first (and one of the most popular) Pathfinder Modules, *Entombed with the Pharaohs*, there was no doubt that Michael would be able to do Delvehaven justice. His early work on *Entombed with the*

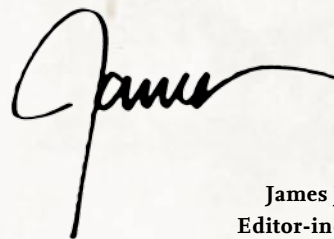
Pharaohs played a key role in the development of not only the Pathfinder Society, but of the strange and unusual relics and ancient civilizations in Osirion's past. That he's also something of a genius at coming up with interesting competitions, crazy traps, and unusual guardians for his dungeons was a welcome bonus. Personally, I think he's outdone himself this time with creations like Mr. Straw, Fluff-Gugg, Draggy, and Molly Missy!

A Haunting Return

We try to push the design boundaries in our adventures now and then—to come up with new rules mechanics to handle unusual encounters or situations. In some cases, these end up being a sort of mini-game inside the game, such as the chase rules from "Edge of Anarchy" or the rules for the game of blood pig from "Escape from Old Korvosa." But one of the most popular sets of new rules rose from something I designed for Rich Pett's adventure in the very second Pathfinder volume—rules for haunts.

I've always been a fan of horror stories, and ghost stories are high on my list of favorites in that genre. Yet in most adventures, ghosts seemed as often as not little more than transparent monsters to fight. Sure, they had a relatively customizable suite of powers, but that still wasn't enough for me to create a fully haunted house, something with harrowing phantasms, poltergeist activity, bleeding walls, strange noises, and the like. In Rich Pett's adventure, "The Skinsaw Murders," he presented a pretty compelling haunted house, yet there wasn't a core and centralized mechanic to handle all of the weird effects he was putting into the manor. Thus were born the rules for haunts.

In this volume's adventure, we present some more haunts. There's been a fair amount of constructive feedback on haunts on our messageboards, all of which helped when I rebuilt them to work with the new Pathfinder RPG and to make them even more fun to run in-game. Full rules for haunts will be appearing in next year's hardcover *GameMastery Guide*, so in a way you can even think of the haunt rules presented in "What Lies in Dust" as the last round of playtesting for these rules before they get locked into a fancy hardcover rule book! So if you like what you see or you think we could have done something better, don't hesitate to drop by paizo.com to let us know!



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What Lies in Dust

By the light of day, the city streets of Westcrown are like any other, bustling with commerce and the sounds and smells of a prosperous Chelish city. Yet at night they transform, doors locking and shutters closing tight against the ominous darkness—for once the sun sets, Westcrown becomes the hunting grounds of shadowy monsters. The Wiscrani took this development in stride, for they had already seen their god die, their nobility executed or shamed, and their government turn to diabolism. Yet unlike a dead god or a powerful regime, the horrors that haunt Westcrown's nights may not be as permanent a plague as the city's citizens fear, for the source of these shadows lies within the vaults of one of Westcrown's most notorious buildings—the abandoned Pathfinder lodge known as Delvehaven.

What Lies in Dust

Advancement Track

Characters should be well into 5th level when they begin “What Lies in Dust.” By the time they have finished up the above-ground portion of Delvehaven, they should be 6th level, and they should reach 7th level by the adventure’s end.



ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Since the Pathfinder Society was founded in 4307 AR, numerous Pathfinder Lodges have been established in cities as diverse and widespread as Kalsgard, Magnimar, Quantum, and Sothis. The city of Westcrown is no exception—in its heyday, Westcrown’s lodge (known locally as Delvehaven) was one of the most celebrated lodges in the Inner Sea region. Its venture-captain, a wealthy retired adventurer named Aiger Ghaelfin, designed an exceptional home for his fellow Pathfinders, complete with not only beds for rest but also vast reliquaries to display its members’ discoveries. Delvehaven was as much a museum as it was a place for Pathfinders to plan and recover from their expeditions.

Among Delvehaven’s most famed regular attendees was Westcrown’s proudest Pathfinder team—the Amber Privateers. Using Westcrown as a base of operations, these six Pathfinders and their sprawling cadre of porters, servants, chroniclers, organizers, translators, and hangers-on launched several successful and highly publicized forays to regions as remote as the Crown of the World, the Rivers of No Return in the legendary half-caverns beneath the Isle of Phahalen, the jungles south of Sargava, and the remote reaches of Iobaria east of Brevoy, yet it was their final expedition that secured their fame.

Led at the time by renowned explorer and Pathfinder Donatalus Bisby, the Amber Privateers made clear their intent to brave the depths of the Mwangi Expanse to seek out a mythical ruin that had heretofore escaped explorers’ note—a forgotten city called Jaytirian. Hoping to discover an ancient city and perhaps further insight into the Mwangi Expanse’s hidden history, the Amber Privateers left for the Mwangi amid great fanfare—yet shortly after the company penetrated the primeval jungle, all contact with the scholars was lost.

It was 3 years before any word of the ill-fated expedition surfaced—and the news was dire. Only two survivors were on their way back to Westcrown—Donatalus and his chronicler, a half-elf named Ilnarik Sivanshin. Their return to civilization was the antithesis of their departure—few knew that the two had returned, and when their accounts of cannibalism, simian demons, jungle rot, and river madness came to light, Aiger Ghaelfin decided to delay the report of the return of the two Amber Privateers in order to avoid what would have been a severe reprimand and fine for squandered resources from the Decemvirate in

Absalom (the leaders of the Pathfinder’s Society). For Bisby and Sivanshin had returned with not only an incredible tale, but also a highly unusual artifact stolen from the ruins of Jaytirian. By staving off the report of their return until the story of the journey could be properly prepared, Ghaelfin hoped to temper any punishment from the Decemvirate with a presentation of the secrets and discoveries that had made their way back to civilization.

Apart from their personal accounts, all Bisby and Sivanshin had to support their wild tale was an exotic relic they had managed to retain on their panicked flight from the ruined city—a fantastical stone symbol referenced in obscure Mwangi legends as the *Aohl*. In fact, the *Aohl* consisted of two interlocking relics—a golden bird’s head and an obsidian bat’s head, components that Bisby named the *Morrowfall* and the *Totemrix* respectively. The golden *Morrowfall* represented an ancient sun deity whose name has been lost to time, while the *Totemrix* symbolized a foul creature of the night known as Vyriavaxus, a demon lord long since slain by a rival. The two forgotten gods were the bedrock of Jaytirian’s pantheon, and the *Aohl* was thus an incredibly important find, for the Pathfinders had long sought clues into the nature of this ancient and elusive society.

But even the Decemvirate cannot control the power of a rumor, and despite their best efforts to silence the truth behind Bisby’s return, Westcrown still celebrated the return of their heroic explorer. Yet as Bisby’s star rose, Sivanshin grew correspondingly bitter. Not for the first time, Donatalus was receiving the glory and fame that should have at the very least been shared with his partner, for many were the times that Sivanshin (the more observant and methodical of the pair) provided advice or aid that secured the success of an expedition. Consumed by his jealousy, Ilnarik Sivanshin broke the *Aohl* into its twin components and fled Westcrown with what he deemed his share of the spoils, the *Totemrix*. He hoped that on the markets of Nisroch in Nidal, an artifact from the cult of the dead demon lord of shadows would fetch an impressive price, yet what he hadn’t known was that, together, the two components of the *Aohl* symbolized a single dualistic concept—the balance of light and darkness. Separated, both forces had no counterbalance, and with each day of Sivanshin’s journey toward Nidal, the latent power within the *Totemrix* grew stronger. He grew sickly—his flesh began to burn in the sun, and while his hunger grew, the thought of food

Fame Points

At various points in this Adventure Path, there are times when the PCs' exploits are significant enough to gain them fame and admiration among the people of Westcrown. This growing fame is tracked by the accumulation of "Fame Points." Certain encounters in "What Lies in Dust" indicate that you should award Fame Points to the party when they accomplish certain goals.

nauseated him. He found himself unable to sleep at night and barely able to function by day. Hoping to avoid a confrontation with Chelish border guards, Sivanshin staggered over the Nidalese border amid a ragged stretch of mountains on the first Wealday of Kuthona on 4606 AR. There he crawled into a cave and died—only to rise with the next moon as a vampire. At the same time, by dark coincidence, the nation Sivanshin left behind began its own slide into darkness.

The tragic splitting of the *Aohl* ultimately destroyed Bisby as well, though the change within him was much more subtle. Imbued with the *Morrowfall*'s innate sense of incompleteness, Bisby became obsessed with recovering the *Totemrix* and reuniting it with the *Morrowfall*, but had no way to know where his traitorous friend had disappeared. His attempts to track Sivanshin magically failed, for the half-elf was a spellcaster and no stranger to masking himself from scrying and magical detection. As the *Morrowfall*'s increasing power worked on Bisby, he grew more paranoid and desperate, and his reputation began to slide. Yet the full potential of his descent from glory will never be known, for soon thereafter, Aroden died and Westcrown became the epicenter of a civil war.

In the face of riots, madness, and destruction, Ghaelfin and the remaining Pathfinders of Delvehaven decided to seal the lodge in the hope that, after the war resolved, the Pathfinders might be able to return to Delvehaven. Yet the chaos of the civil war was more than they anticipated, and while Delvehaven was indeed sealed (with Bisby himself accidentally trapped inside the deepest chambers of the lodge), the remaining Pathfinders of Delvehaven were fated to meet their own individual dooms not long thereafter.

When the House of Thrune finally established order in 4640 AR, they had more important matters to deal with than the reopening of a Pathfinder lodge, despite the Society's constant requests from Absalom to allow their return. It wasn't until much, much later in 4674 AR that the House of Thrune finally turned its attention to Delvehaven, yet even then they ignored the call from the Society to let agents from Absalom lead the charge. Instead, the House of Thrune used loyalist

Pathfinders whose allegiances were with Cheliox rather than the Society, an arrogant folly that resulted in the death of these Thrune Pathfinders when they attempted to force their way into the sealed vaults below the lodge. Frustrated, the House of Thrune sealed Delvehaven again—now doubly warded by the magic of the Pathfinders and the House of Thrune, Delvehaven became one of Westcrown's most notorious remnants of the Age of Enthronement.

At the same time the House of Thrune sealed Delvehaven, though, the vampire Ilnarik Sivanshin returned home. He had spent the previous decades studying the true powers of the *Totemrix* and become a master of shadows, commanding a small army of umbral mercenaries in the southern reaches of the Uskwood. It was not without a delicious sense of irony that Sivanshin returned to Westcrown after the House of Thrune quietly contacted him to provide a service. He and his shadows were to serve in Westcrown as the midnight guard, enforcing an after-dark curfew and rendering it nigh-impossible for Westcrown's citizenry to engage in sedition or other acts of upheaval unseen. Eager to test his creations en masse, Sivanshin agreed. Today, nighttime in Westcrown still belongs to Sivanshin's shadow beasts, though the vampire's allegiance has since shifted away from Westcrown's mayors to the city's Council of Thieves—and to Ecarrdian and Chammady Drovenge in particular, with whom he shares the desire to claim all of Westcrown as his own.

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

The PCs have, at the request of an undercover Pathfinder agent named Ailyn Ghontasavos, recovered a curious puzzle box known as the *Chelish crux* from the vaults of the Asmodean Knot. Inside, they find numerous clues about the history, defenses, and wards of Delvehaven, including necromantic interviews with several long-dead Pathfinders whose remains lie scattered throughout the city of Westcrown.

Once armed with lore regarding Delvehaven's defenses, the PCs can turn their attention to the lodge itself. According to Ailyn, one of the artifacts recovered in the days before Aroden's death may hold the key to defeating the shadow beasts that plague Westcrown's streets at night. Yet the PCs' interest in Delvehaven has not gone unnoticed, and when he realizes that a method to defeat the powers granted by the *Totemrix* might lie in Delvehaven's vaults, Ilnarik Sivanshin sends his vampiric agents into the lodge to destroy the *Morrowfall* before the PCs can secure it. The adventure becomes a race against a band of vampires and their undead minions, with the victor securing the fate of Westcrown's nighted streets.

PART ONE: WITHIN THE CRUX

This adventure begins when the PCs attempt to open the *Chelish crux*—this could be immediately upon their recovering the puzzle box at the end of the previous adventure (and thus could occur while the party is still within the Asmodean Knot), or at some point thereafter, presumably after the PCs escape the magical labyrinth and return to their homes or the safe house utilized by the Children of Westcrown. This adventure assumes the latter, for the PCs might be eager to report their success to their contacts there (Arael and Janiven) and to the undercover Pathfinder agent Ailyn Ghonstavos.

Ailyn's desire to remain hidden has not changed, but she congratulates the PCs on their success nevertheless and encourages them to open the *Chelish crux* if they have not done so already. You can use Ailyn as little or as much as the PCs need her for the adventure to progress. At the very least, she can provide what she knows of Delvehaven and her reasons for suspecting that the lodge contains something of key importance to the Wiscrani, as follows:

"In late 4605 AR, a Pathfinder named Donatalus Bisby returned to Westcrown from a mission to the Mwangi Expanse—a mission previously believed to have been lost. Bisby's unexpected return brought much celebration, despite the fact that of the dozens who traveled with him to the southern jungles, only he and his chronicler had returned. Word soon spread that Bisby's journals would revolutionize what was known about certain lost tribes of the Mwangi, and that he brought back with him a potent artifact. Yet before his journals could be published, Aroden died.

"Upon Aroden's death, panic seized Cheliah. Details of what happened in Delvehaven are sparse, but it seems that the majority of the Pathfinders stationed in Westcrown—Bisby included—perished in the riots and mayhem. Worse, his journal and all of Delvehaven's artifacts were cut off from the Society for over thirty years. In 4674 AR, many years after the House of Thrune seized control of Cheliah, they made a great show of reopening Delvehaven and inviting a select few Pathfinders back to run the lodge—but those choices were not the Grand Lodge's to make. The House of Thrune only agreed to Delvehaven's reopening if Chelish Pathfinders of their choosing were to manage the site, and the Society reluctantly agreed to the conditions. Securing an accurate list of what had and hadn't survived in Delvehaven's vaults was a political nightmare—the House of Thrune and their pet Pathfinders reported that nothing of value remained, but they were resistant to letting anyone from outside make their own inventory and exploration of the ruins. To the public, the lodge seemed to be run by the Society, but in truth we have very little idea exactly what was going on in Delvehaven during those years. The whole situation seemed to be coming to a head, with a full-on clash between the House of Thrune and the Society imminent, but as

things worked out, Delvehaven didn't remain active under Thrune's control for long.

"In 4676 AR, something happened in Delvehaven that caused the deaths of all the Thrune Pathfinders and its subsequent sealing by the government itself. The House of Thrune has to this date refused to open Delvehaven or allow the Society access to the lodge, and various conflicts with the Aspis Consortium and the House of Thrune in other parts of Cheliah since then have effectively distracted us from Delvehaven's legacy. General consensus in the Society today is that Thrune looted Delvehaven to the root and that nothing of value remains within.

"But I'm not so sure. Over the past several months, I've grown more and more intrigued by the unexplained mysteries of exactly what happened in Delvehaven. Of perhaps more interest to you as Westcrown natives, I've learned a bit about the artifact Bisby returned with, an artifact that was in Delvehaven at the time of Aroden's death and that hasn't been seen since. Notes on this artifact are vague, alas, but from an initial report sent from Delvehaven just before Aroden's death, it would appear that the artifact had ties to a dualistic religion of light and shadow. The fact that it was only a few weeks after the House of Thrune closed up Delvehaven that the shadow beasts first appeared in Westcrown can't be a coincidence. I suspect that they found this artifact in Delvehaven, but in so doing triggered the lodge's defenses and caused something. I'm not saying that the source of the shadow beasts is hidden in Delvehaven, or even that the artifact is involved—but in my experience, there are no coincidences."

OPENING THE CRUX

Delvehaven's location is certainly no secret—the PCs are free to attempt entry to the site at any time they wish, but those who neglect to open the *Chelish crux* or do a bit of research on the site to prepare themselves for the numerous wards that still function therein may find themselves confronted with something they can't handle. Groups that take the time to plan ahead and look into Delvehaven's history will be greatly rewarded and much more prepared to face the dangers within—and those preparations begin with the opening of the *Chelish crux*, the strange puzzle box the party liberated from the Asmodean Knot in the previous adventure.

Story Award: Give the PCs 1,600 XP for successfully opening the Chelish Crux and recovering the clues within.

CHELISH CRUX

Aura moderate conjuration (masked by *magic aura*); **CL** 9th
Slot none; **Price** 2,000 gp; **Weight** 5 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

A *Chelish crux* is similar to a *bag of holding* in that its interior space is larger than its exterior would suggest. When closed, a *Chelish crux* is a wooden and metal dodecahedron (similar in shape to a d12) that measures about 6 inches in diameter. Each face of the *crux* is carved

with a different rune or image—in order to open the puzzle box, a person must trace the outlines of these runes and images with the tip of a finger in the proper order. Each time a rune is triggered in the correct order in this manner, it glows with a soft red light, but whenever a rune is triggered out of order, the light flashes into fire and inflicts 2 points of fire damage per currently lit rune on the person attempting to open the *crux* (Reflex DC 15 halves) and causes all lit faces to deactivate (forcing the process of opening it to start anew). Failure to open a *crux* eight times in a row causes the combination of runes to randomize to a new combination. You can simulate this puzzle for the PCs by determining the order in which the runes must be activated and then having the players stumble through the combinations, or you can allow a character a DC 35 Disable Device check or a DC 25 Intelligence check to try to open the puzzle box—each attempt takes 1 minute, and the check can be retried with a cumulative +1 bonus on the roll, to a maximum bonus of +7, after which the *crux* resets its order (at which point the bonus reverts to +0 and the character must start anew). Failure on either of these checks causes the *crux* to flash with fire and causes 2 points of fire damage (Reflex DC 15 halves), plus 2 points for each failure.

A *Chelish crux* can be forced open with damage or a DC 28 Strength check. The *crux* has hardness 10 and 30 hit points. If a *crux* is forced open in either of these two ways, it explodes into a 10-foot-radius burst of fire, inflicting 3d6+6 points of fire damage to all within the area (Reflex DC 15 halves). The fire damage affects any objects held within the *crux* as well. If forced open, the *crux* crumbles to ashes and any objects it contains appear on the ground at the site of the fiery burst.

Once a particular *crux*'s combination is known, a character can open it automatically (this takes 3 consecutive full-round actions). Opened properly, the *crux* unfolds into a 2-foot-square flat sheet of metal and wood. Any objects the *crux* contains sit upon the center of the sheet. An unfolded *crux* automatically folds as soon as a character attempts to bend any of the sheet's four corners as a move-equivalent action. The *crux* automatically folds up around any objects that sit upon its face at this time—objects that would exceed the *crux*'s capacity are pushed gently aside by the refolding action.

A *Chelish crux* can hold up to 200 pounds of objects, but the physical size of each object is irrelevant—the sight of a *crux* folding up around a long polearm, for example, might make one assume the weapon was crushed and destroyed, but when the *crux* is next opened, the pole arm is unharmed. As an object that creates an extradimensional space, a *Chelish crux* functions as a *bag of holding* for determining how long a living creature within can survive, or for what happens when the *crux* is placed in another extradimensional object like a *portable hole* (see *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*, page 500).

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft

Wondrous Item,
secret chest; **Cost**
1,000 gp.

INSIDE THE CRUX

Once the PCs get the *Chelish crux* open, the following objects are revealed. If the PCs force the *crux* open, the burst of fire automatically destroys the scrolls and wands, but leaves the other objects relatively intact, if somewhat singed.

Erinyes Head: The strangest object in the *crux* is the severed head of the erinyes Khazrae Kuelata—a severed head that immediately begins shrieking and screaming as soon as the *crux* is opened. Further details on this macabre object are given below under The Devil's Head.

Leather Portfolio: This leather-bound portfolio bears a single mark on its cover—an embossed and very stylized letter “D.” A DC 20 Knowledge (local) check identifies this mark as the symbol for the Pathfinder lodge of Delvehaven. The contents of this portfolio are detailed under The Delvehaven Papers on page 11.

Scrolls: These three magic scrolls consist of a *scroll of heal*, a *scroll of remove curse*, and a *scroll of scrying*.

Silver Box: This is a small silver box engraved with dancing skeletons and containing four stubby candles. These are *grave candles*, items that could help the PCs communicate with deceased Pathfinders.

Wands: This is a matched pair of slender oak wands; one is a *wand of break enchantment* (8 charges), and the other is a *wand of death ward* (7 charges).

THE DEVIL'S HEAD

The last millennium has been hard on Khazrae Kuelata. Once a prominent erinyes assassin and scourge of a legion of the damned in Dis, she lost a key political battle against a long-standing nemesis for the favor of her patron, the archdevil Moloch. Rather than slay her, Moloch had Khazrae's body destroyed, wings and all, and left her a talking head so that she could endure perpetual humiliation at the hands of her successors. Centuries later, when her devilish rivals finally bored of her, they casually gambled Khazrae away in a failed intellectual gambit against a pesky mortal spellcaster named Dargentu Vheed—a wizard who was only a few short months away from assuming the role of Mayor of Westcrown back in 4661 AR.

Dargentu was quite pleased with his new trophy, and for many years kept his noisy but amusing prize as the centerpiece of his table in the mayoral residence. Yet after Khazrae humiliated Dargentu by revealing some of his more delicate indiscretions to an important guest, the wizard locked Khazrae's head into the *Chelish crux*, and then promptly forgot about her.



Khazrae Kuelata

What Lies in Dust

After Dargentu's necromantic transformation within the Nessian Spiral below his home (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #28 for more details), no one remained who knew about the erinyes, and she languished in the dark for many years.

Once a regal villain, Khazrae's humiliating fate has driven her mad, and the years of sensory deprivation in the *crux* have only worsened her condition. When the PCs liberate her, Khazrae continues to scream obscenities in Infernal for several minutes, or until she is calmed with a DC30 Diplomacy check. Once she calms down, she remains angry and bitter and hates everyone on principle, but she also realizes that she's indebted to the PCs for "rescuing" her from the *crux*—threats to return her to its dark interior are automatically successful in securing her aid.

Khazrae is of particular value to the PCs because she has firsthand experience with Delvehaven. When the House of Throne reopened the lodge and installed a loyal group of puppet Pathfinders, they charged Westcrown's mayor, Dargentu Vheed, with organizing the reclamation of the lodge. Vheed actually lived in the lodge for a year while he was having some extensive renovations done to his manor (a practice that many of Westcrown's mayors have followed), and kept Khazrae on display on a shelf for some time as well. If the PCs can secure Khazrae's aid, she can help them, but unfortunately for the PCs, her madness is such that she retains lucidity for only a few short minutes at a time. If the PCs ask her what she knows about Delvehaven, she reveals that she "lived there" for a time with her master Dargentu (and then trails off into a litany of curses against the man for several minutes unless interrupted forcefully). She admits that her memories "aren't quite clear," about the place, but if the PCs were to bring her to the site and show her around the rooms within, she's sure she'd be able to give them some advice on how to handle some of the wards and guardians, assuming they haven't changed since the last time she was there. In any event, after the PCs speak with Khazrae for a few minutes (or after she delivers her advice on a particular room in Delvehaven), she lapses into either a semi-catatonic state or a foul-mouthed and ear-splitting state of rampant shrieking. She remains in this state until a successful DC 30 Diplomacy check convinces her to calm down, or until a *lesser restoration* or *restoration* spell clears her mind for a few moments. Completely curing her madness requires a *greater restoration*, and restoring her body requires a *wish* or equally powerful magic. For most parties, returning her to the interior of the *Chelish crux* might be the best possible solution—as an undead creature, she has no need to breathe, and can exist for a long, long time within the *crux*.

Even after centuries of mistreatment, it is possible to tell that Khazrae was once quite beautiful, with crimson

GRAVE CANDLE

Aura moderate necromancy; **CL** 10th

Slot none; **Price** 5,500 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

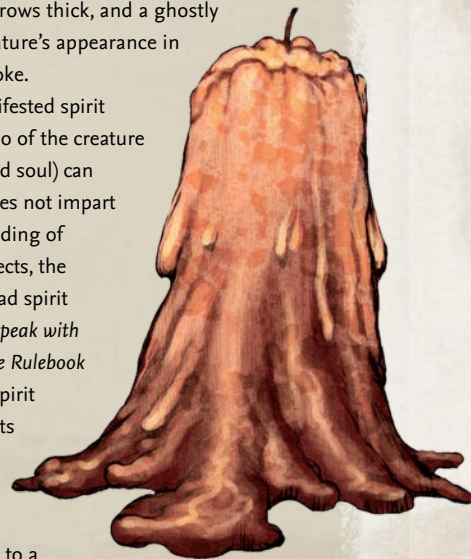
Grave candles are magical candles that draw forth spirits from the mortal remains of long-dead creatures, allowing the living to speak to them for a short period of time while the candle's wick burns.

In order to function, a *grave candle* must be placed amid the physical remains of the body to be spoken to. These remains can be partial, or even just a handful of ash or grave dust, but a totally destroyed body (as results from *destruction* or *disintegrate*) doesn't leave enough material for a *grave candle* to function. When it's lit, the smoke rising from the candle grows thick, and a ghostly shape similar to the creature's appearance in life manifests in the smoke.

At this point, the manifested spirit (which is as much an echo of the creature as it is the actual departed soul) can speak—a *grave candle* does not impart any additional understanding of languages. In other respects, the conversation with the dead spirit adheres to the rules for *Speak with dead* (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 346), save that the dead spirit receives a –4 penalty on its saving throw to resist the spell. Furthermore, a dead body can only be successfully subjected to a *grave candle* once—the burning of the candle "burns out" the latent necromantic and spiritual energy left behind by the soul's parting from the world (this does not harm the actual soul of the dead spirit).

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *Speak with dead*; **Cost** 2,750 gp



red hair that somehow still defies the centuries of dust and abuse it has received. Her sinister eyes, though, reveal her devilish heritage, as does her penchant for litanies of curses and ramblings in Infernal.

THE DELVEHAVEN PAPERS

The leather portfolio contains a number of important clues that the PCs can use to learn more about Delvehaven, to prepare for their journey there, or even to aid in their exploration once they enter the old building. These papers are summarized in the following paragraphs.

Council of Thieves Part 5 of 6

Handout 1

Major Vheed—

Presented below is what I have been able to piece together regarding the Pathfinders who escaped notice after they sealed Delvehaven during the initial riots in the pre-Throne unpleasantness. After the passage of seventy-some years, it would seem likely that only Sivanshin still lives, and if you wish, I can send my agents north to Nidal to attempt to find him. The use of grave tallow to interrogate those who have been dead these past several decades ironically makes them more available to interview than Sivanshin—provided we can find their remains, of course. I am happy to report that I've made some progress in that area.

1. Donatalus Bisby: Leader of Amber Privateers and one of only two survivors of a journey to darkest Mwangi—he has firsthand knowledge of at least one magical artifact that could well serve our needs for control. It would seem Bisby was sealed inside one of Delvehaven's lower vaults as the others fled, but I'm unclear if this was a voluntary sacrifice.

2. Ilnerik Sivanshin: Bisby's chronicler, a half-elf, Sivanshin fled Westcrown a week before Aroden's Fall. Evidence suggests he fled north, toward Nidal, and with a stolen relic.

3. Coriana Heavenscape: A Westcrown native and, if rumor is to be believed, an aasimar, Coriana remained in Westcrown and organized the Father's Bulwark, one of many groups of rebels glorious Throne smashed in the pursuit of establishing order. She was slain and her remains collected by the Sisters of Eiseth—I've got them sifting through their holdings in an attempt to find her.

4. Loremaster Liriam: Delvehaven's master of lore—no other would know more about the vaults below. Alas, no evidence of his survival has surfaced—like Bisby, his remains might still lie within Delvehaven. I do suspect he was the author of "Cugny's Wedding," and if so, your suspicion that it is a cipher may well be correct.

5. Venture-Captain Aiger Ghaelfin: Aiger was certainly the one who ordered the sealing of Delvehaven. My early research indicated that he planned on fleeing Cheliax for Absalom, but further investigation revealed this to be false. He remained in Westcrown and fought alongside Coriana in the Father's Bulwark, but was laid low by a Throne wizard who petrified him and then smashed the resulting statue. Scuttlebutt among the blood bookie circuit is that the remains of the man's petrified body have been in the possession of one of the lesser noble houses involved in bloodsport, but I've not yet determined which family (I suspect the Luccas). These filthy has-been nobles play well enough when faced with Thrinish agents, but without the direct aid of your allies, master, I'm afraid I won't be able to learn more...

Ledgers: These sheets of paper serve as accounting ledgers for Delvehaven. All of the ledgers are dated from the years of 4674–4676, the period when Delvehaven was under the control of the House of Throne. Of particular interest is a passage on the top paper that indicates the strong possibility that the Delvehaven Pathfinders hid a portion of their treasure and clues about how to enter the deepest vaults in an off-site hidden cache somewhere in or near Westcrown, but that no indication of where this cache might be located has yet surfaced. These ledgers are frustratingly vague and written in shorthand, but on-site, they grant a +8 bonus on Appraise checks made to determine an object's value and a +8 bonus on Spellcraft checks made to identify magic items discovered within Delvehaven. The ledgers cease abruptly at the end with no explanation.

Missing Pathfinder List: This single piece of parchment lists the names, descriptions, and in many

cases final fates of several Pathfinders—this clue is detailed on the following page.

Poem Cipher: What appears to be a page torn from the back of a book sits in a larger piece of folded parchment. The torn-out page presents a poorly written poem called "Cugny's Wedding," about a man who falls in love with a mermaid but drowns when he tries to seduce her. The poem is covered with spidery script, as is the folded parchment that cradles it. A quick study of the parchment indicates that someone believed the poem was a code or cipher that hid the route to a cache of Pathfinder treasures kept outside of Delvehaven (as indicated in the ledger portion of the Delvehaven papers). These notes and the attempts to decipher the poem were written by Dargentu Vheed, and he came quite close to breaking the code before he was lost in the Nessian Spiral. Part Four further explores the secrets hidden in this poem.

THE MISSING PATHFINDERS

When Aroden died and Westcrown fell into chaos, the Pathfinders stationed at Delvehaven locked down the lodge. The majority of the junior members fled Westcrown entirely, but the final fates of five of Delvehaven's more powerful and important members has long been a mystery. The House of Thrune took a deep interest in the fates of these Pathfinders, for if they could be found, they or their spirits could be interrogated to learn more about how to access the lower reaches of Delvehaven. Handout 1 on the previous page reproduces a letter to Dargentu Vheed that catalogs not only the names of all these missing Pathfinders, but also gives clues as to where they may have ultimately ended up.

If the undercover Pathfinder agent allied with the Children of Westcrown, Ailyn Ghontasavos, learns about this list, she grows intrigued; all five of these Pathfinders are listed as "missing" by the Decemvirate back in Absalom, and if the PCs could discover the fate of these five, their names and fates could be etched upon the Wall of Names in Absalom and bring closure to this awkward chapter of the Society's history. For each Pathfinder whose fate the PCs can secure proof of, Ailyn pays the party a reward of 1,000 gp.

FOLLOWING THE CLUES

The contents of the *Chelish crux* present the PCs with a wealth of information about Delvehaven. Impatient PCs can certainly attempt an investigation of the Pathfinder Lodge at once, but those who take the time to follow up on those clues will be even more prepared for the dangers they'll face in Delvehaven.

Of the various objects found in the *crux*, most are universally useful, while others are useful primarily within Delvehaven. The missing Pathfinder list and the poem cipher, though, represent more significant clues that the PCs can follow up before, during, or even after their expedition to Delvehaven. This adventure presents these sections as separate parts before moving on to cover Delvehaven itself.

If the PCs don't hit upon the idea of tracking down the remains of ancient Pathfinders and interrogating them via the use of *grave candles*, feel free to have Ailyn suggest this once the group learns about the *grave candles'* properties.

PART TWO: THE DEVILDROME

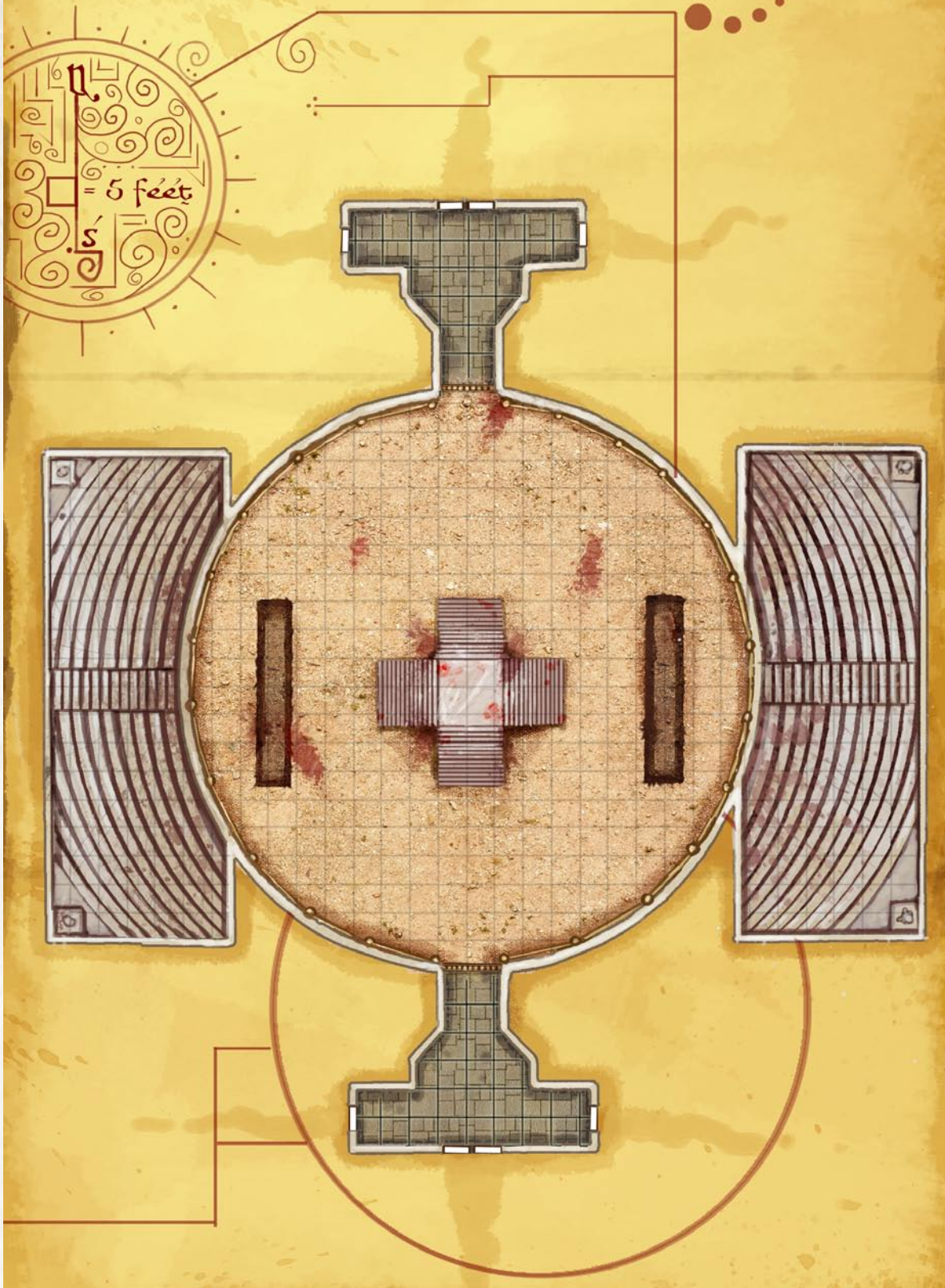
Should the PCs decide to engage in necromantic reconnaissance before they tackle Delvehaven, one promising lead is to seek out the remains of Ghaelfin, the venture-captain who ordered the lodge's sealing during the riots that followed Aroden's death. After giving that order, Ghaelfin remained behind in Westcrown, unable to persuade the subject of his unrequited love, the aasimar Coriana Heavenscape, to leave with him. When Coriana later died opposing House Thrune, the hard-nosed venture-captain belatedly joined the dwindling resistance, backing House Davian's bid for the throne. House Davian, however, was quickly eliminated by the highly organized and efficient forces of House Thrune. Several of House Davian's supporters were hunted down by a

murderous wizard known as Commandra Voxlay. Commandra stole into Ghaelfin's campsite, softly awoke him from his sleep, and petrified him with a *flesh to stone* spell. She then crushed much of his body into pebbles and powder, scattering his remains over the nearest sea cliff. Voxlay preserved Ghaelfin's head and shoulders as a trophy, and the bust has changed hands several times over the following century. It now resides in the possession of Rance Lucca, a blood bookie who runs the Devildrome, a semi-legal summoning tournament and battle arena at the edge of the ruins of Westcrown.

When Dargentu Vheed was looking for the missing Pathfinders, the Lucca family was much more cautious—Rance Lucca is not. His disregard for the House of Thrune and Westcrown's government alike borders on contempt, but he's always quick to pay his taxes on time and never goes too far in public. A DC 15 Knowledge (local) check made about the Lucca name reveals that the family is a relatively insignificant one whose fall from the grace and glory of pre-Throne Westcrown is its main distinguishing feature. Once, they were among the most elite of the city, but today, Rance Luccy is all that remains. This Knowledge check reveals the fact that he runs a semi-legal fighting ring called the Devildrome located in the southwest corner of Rego Cader.



The Devildrome



THE DEVILDROME

PCs looking for Rance can find him at the Devildrome on the northern edge of the city ruins. Here, Rance has built an immense two-story cage inside the shell of a block of apartment buildings. Because of the curfew, **Rance Lucca** (CN male human aristocrat 3/rogue 4) operates his tournament during daylight hours, with fights generally scheduled from noon to 5:00. His loyal fans continue to return week after week to watch their favorite summoned creatures tear each other apart—and on special days, to see “real” people test their mettle against these summoned monsters. Rance maintains an office near the front of the crumbling stone buildings he’s claimed, and can be found there every day from the hour of 11:00 to noon. He maintains a relatively healthy staff of mercenary guards (all human warriors 4), as much to protect himself from the ruins’ more aggressive denizens as from drunk and disorderly customers.

Fortunately for the PCs, Rance is a fan of all things involving public bloodshed, and was in the audience to observe their performance of *The Six Trials of Larazod*. As a result, he recognizes the PCs immediately, and automatically has a friendly attitude toward them. If asked, Rance openly admits he has Ghaelfin’s bust, pointing out the fact that of the numerous images of heroes of old that decorate the walls of the Devildrome, the famous venture-captain is his favorite. Rance has no idea that the bust is a petrified body—he believes that it, like the other fragmentary statues in his collection (most of which he’s scavenged from the northern ruins) is merely a remnant of pre-Throne Westcrown.

Yet regardless of his respect for the PCs, or how far the PCs can adjust his attitude with Diplomacy, Rance is hesitant to allow the PCs access to the bust, for Rance has an idea. He promises to let the PCs have access to Ghaelfin’s remains if they give him a performance. “Go for a round in the Devildrome for me,” he says, “and you’ll have all the time you want with old Ghaelfin.” Rance believes (correctly) that having the PCs fight in his Devildrome will not only make him a lot of money, but help him with a little problem he’s been having. If the PCs agree, he asks them to return in 2 days’ time, at noon, for their fight. Impatient PCs can, of course, use stealth or magic to secure access to the old statue, but doing so robs them of an opportunity to build a bit more fame.

THAUMATURGIC GLADIATORS

The Devildrome has a problem: its champion gladiator, master conjurer Mantrithor Thrax, has completely dominated all of its events. While Thrax is a crowd-pleaser, his constant victories cripple the profitability of the betting pool. Having seen the PCs “perform,” Rance is sure the PCs can upset Thrax’s reign, break the wizard’s

confidence, and restore a bit of profitability to the betting pool. Rance controls the betting, and both odds and public opinion heavily favor Thrax against all comers—if the PCs succeed in defeating Thrax and his summoned beasts, the blood bookie’s take will be massive. As it happens, in 2 days the Devildrome is holding the annual Hellcaller’s Cup, one of the venue’s most prestigious and bloody titles. Thrax will be there along with his favorite conjurations—a murderous army of lemure devils.

If the PCs agree to Rance’s proposal, they find the rules for Devildrome combats are straightforward. Each summoner and his entourage stands in one of the protective starting cages at the opposing sides of the arena. When the starter’s horn blows, the participants summon a single type of creature of their choice inside the cage, anywhere within the range of their chosen spell. The opposing monsters then attack each other until one destroys the other. The rules expressly prohibit attacking the opposing summoner; the Devildrome is a bloody arena, but one for conjured gladiators, not civilized folk.

If one caster’s summoning spell runs out before a kill occurs, that round is considered a draw. The remaining monster or monsters must be dismissed, and then both casters re-cast their summoning spells to summon the same type of monsters they’d summoned in the previous round and the fight starts anew. If one caster is unable to continue a bout of draws with additional summonings, the opponent wins. Summoners may employ delay tactics to try to exhaust their opponent’s spells, but if their efforts fail to entertain the crowd, the audience is sure to let the caster know with a chorus of visceral boos or by throwing debris into the cage.

A DC 10 Gather Information check confirms that there are no rules against casting further spells to enhance or protect a summoned monster, and indeed it is a common tactic for a summoner to position his creature just immediately outside his cage and then reach through the bars to provide helpful touch spells. Some participants even bring along one or two auxiliary spellcasters with them into their summoner’s cage for this exact purpose. Scrolls, wands, and magic items are also permissible.

If none of the PCs have the ability to summon monsters, Rance has an alternative plan, but one that’s a bit more dangerous for the PCs—instead of having them summon monsters to fight, he proposes that they select one of their own to fight against Thrax and his monsters. This type of battle is rare in the Devildrome, but it’s always a crowd-pleaser. The rules for this variant battle mirror those of the more standard summoning battle, with the chosen champion entering the fighting pit to start at any point within—he cannot take any actions (nor can his allies cast spells upon him) until the opposition begins casting his summoning spell, at which point the battle begins and

Chammady Drovenge

The Hellcaller's Cup gives you an opportunity to reintroduce Chammady Drovenge, one of the major villains of Council of Thieves. She's already met the PCs once, in fact, as guests during Aberian's Cornucopia in "The Sixfold Trial." As a guilty pleasure, Chammady frequents the Devildrome, watching the battles from a private box with opera glasses. She certainly recognizes the PCs when she hears through the grapevine that they'll be taking part in the Hellcaller's Cup, at which point her curiosity about them reaches a peak. She seeks out the PCs before the contest under the guise of an interested gambler. If the PCs speak with her, she attempts to make herself useful, providing a number of dueling tips or clarifications of the rules when in fact she's trying to size them up and figure out what they're up to. In any event, she alone is one of the few audience members to place a sizeable bet on the PCs to succeed in the competition, potentially cutting into Rance's profits. If the PCs are victorious, she pockets her winnings and has her servants send the PCs lavish bouquets of flowers in thanks.

Chammady's statistics appear in the final installment in this campaign, *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #30. In any event, she's more than a match for the PCs at this point, and if you fear that the PCs might try to attack her or otherwise force you to use her stats, you should consider omitting this optional encounter entirely.



CHAMMADY DROVENGE

wishes them well, but the glint in his eyes reveals he is all competition and doesn't feel threatened by the PCs' strength at all.

The 100-foot-diameter Devildrome is a circular combat arena encased in a cylindrical iron cage, the ceiling of which is 25 feet high and the walls of which are decorated with inward-facing blades and other serrated implements. A creature forced against the walls of the Devildrome (via bull rush or *telekinesis*, for example) takes 2d4 points of piercing damage. The cage walls can be climbed with a DC 15 Climb check (this increases to DC 25 if the climber moves along the roof, navigating the bars while hanging), but a failure inflicts 1d6 points of piercing damage from the numerous blades (resulting in a second Climb check to avoid falling). In the arena's center, four wooden ramps converge to create an elevated and crowd-pleasing stage, 15 feet off the ground, where battles tend to gravitate. Two identical

pits line the east and west sides of the cage—each is 10 feet deep, and climbing out of a pit is a DC 15 Climb check. Two risers of benches for spectators sit against the east and west side of the Devildrome, while to the north and south are smaller cages that contain the summoners themselves. Alcoves display various statues and busts of famous heroes from the past—one of these (identifiable with a DC 25 Knowledge [history or local] check) is Ghaelfin.

The Hellcaller's Cup provides an opportunity for a single character to shine, be he the party's best summoner or the party's chosen champion. Yet while the one character will be the focus of the battle, there's still plenty for the rest of the party to do. It's against the rules to interfere with the competition, but anyone in the cage is free to provide aid to the current battler via magic. Potions can be administered or handed to a combatant adjacent to the PCs' cage, and touch spells can be delivered in the same way to augment the champion. Ranged spells are permissible as well, as long as they only aid the target and do not harm or hinder the competition. For characters unable to provide magical support, consider instead letting such characters take their actions to offer tactical advice to the combatant (or the combatant's summoner). The advisor must decide if he wishes to provide offensive or defensive advice, and on his turn makes a DC 10 Charisma check to effectively explain his advice and aid the target. On a successful

the champion must outlast the summoner's capability to conjure foes.

THE HELLCALLER'S CUP (CR 7)

If the PCs agree to enter the Hellcaller's Cup, Rance asks them to return in 2 days at noon. This gives Rance time to market the upcoming fight and spread the word that the stars of "The Sixfold Trial" will be fighting in the Devildrome. Rance arranges for the fight against Thrax to be the one that will decide, ultimately, if Thrax or the PCs win the Hellcaller's Cup—the PCs need only show up in time to get positioned in the Devildrome and then defeat the arrogant conjurer. If the PCs do not seek Thrax out before the match, he does so himself in order to size up his mystery opponents. Thrax feigns politeness and

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roll, the advising character grants a +1 bonus on the combatant's attack rolls for 1 round (if the advice is offensive) or a +1 dodge bonus to the combatant's AC (if the advice is defensive).

Creature: Mantrithor Thrax breaks the stereotypes—a healthy and handsome-looking wizard who, to casual observation, might look better suited to gladiatorial fights himself rather than spellcasting. Thrax encourages this stereotype by dressing as a gladiator himself in his battles, clad in leather buckles and straps and oiled for battle. Arrogant after his long streak of wins in the Devildrome, Thrax's tactic of flooding the Devildrome with lemure devils enhanced by his Augment Summoning feat have yet to fail him.

When the match is ready to begin, Thrax waits alone in the northern staging area while the PCs are led into the southern one. Rance announces the fight, introducing Thrax first but obviously more excited to present the PCs, which he does by introducing them as "The Sixfold Players of Larazod," a name that doesn't quite make sense (especially if there aren't six PCs), but that still swiftly identifies the PCs to the crowd as the same entertainers who so recently starred in the notorious production.

After the introductions, the fight gets underway, with Thrax using the tactics given in his stat block. If the PCs triumph and slay all of the lemures Thrax can summon, he flies into a sputtering rage. Humiliated and shamed to have lost his shot at retaining the Hellcaller's Cup, he uses dimension step to teleport into the arena to attack the surviving monster or PC. Obscenities flying from his lips, he even uses his magic to target PCs still in the staging area, summoning other monsters again if he can or simply blasting them with spells. The crowd goes wild at the sight of the enraged wizard, and how the PCs handle him can result in additional Fame Points. Rance is stunned at Thrax's unexpected attack, and more than a little nervous about it, since actual gladiatorial combats between living foes is a lot more illegal than simply battling summoned creatures together.

MANTRITHOR THRAX

CR 7

XP 3,200

Male human conjurer 8

LE Medium humanoid

Init +1; Senses Perception +8

DEFENSE

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AC 20, touch 11, flat-footed 19 (+4 armor, +1 Dex, +1 natural, +4 shield)
hp 70 (8d6+40)

Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +6

DR 10/adamantine

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.; dimension step (240 ft./day)

Melee +1 mithral quarterstaff +7 (1d6+4)

Special Attacks acid dart 6/day (+5 ranged touch, 1d6+4 acid damage)

Spells Known (CL 8th, +5 ranged touch)

4th—stoneskin, summon monster IV (2)

3rd—haste, stinking cloud (DC 18), summon monster III (2)

2nd—acid arrow, bear's endurance, glitterdust (DC 17), summon monster II

1st—jump, mage armor, protection from evil, shield, summon monster I

0 (at will)—detect magic, prestidigitation, read magic, resistance

Prohibited Schools enchantment, illusion

TACTICS

Before Combat Thrax casts *stoneskin*, *mage armor*, and *shield* on himself before he enters the ring—even before the battle starts, he's preparing, if unconsciously, for a worst-case scenario that sees him losing the battle and then attacking the PCs directly.

During Combat Once Thrax summons his first batch of lemures (using *summon monster IV* to summon 1d4+1 of the devils), he casts *haste* on the devils on the same round they appear. Every round thereafter, he casts additional *summon monster* spells to call more and more lemures into the battle until he runs out with his last *summon monster II* spell. If things go bad for Thrax and he attacks the PCs, he casts *stinking cloud* into the cage with the rest of the party, and follows up with a dimension step to attack the party or (if the PCs used a champion rather than a summoned creature) the winning gladiator.

Morale Once Thrax snaps and attacks the PCs, he fights to the death—he won't accept offers to surrender and must be magically or physically restrained if the PCs want to avoid killing him.

STATISTICS

Str 14, Dex 12, Con 16, Int 16, Wis 10, Cha 8

Base Atk +4; CMB +6; CMD 17

Feats Augment Summoning, Combat Casting, Craft Wand, Greater Spell Focus (conjunction), Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (conjunction), Toughness

Skills Acrobatics +9, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (arcana) +14, Knowledge (local) +14, Perception +8, Spellcraft +14

Languages Auran, Common, Ignan, Infernal

SQ arcane bond (quarterstaff), summoner's charm

Other Gear +1 mithral quarterstaff with twin rubies for eyes (worth 4,100 gp in all), amulet of natural armor +1, pearl of power (1st), gold Hellcaller's Cup trophy (worth 1,000 gp), diamond dust worth 500 gp

THRAX'S LEMURES

CR —

Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 79

LE Medium outsider (devil, evil, extraplanar, lawful)

Init +0; Senses darkvision 60 ft., see in darkness; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 10, flat-footed 14 (+4 natural)

hp 17 each (2d10+6)

Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +0

DR 5/good or silver; Immune fire, mind-affecting effects, poison;

Resist acid 10, cold 10

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee 2 claws +4 (1d4+2)

STATISTICS

Str 15, Dex 10, Con 16, Int —, Wis 11, Cha 5

Base Atk +2; CMB +4; CMD 14

Treasure: If the PCs win the battle (whether they kill or merely incapacitate Thrax), Rance announces them with a proud smile as the new champions of the Hellcaller's Cup. Most of the audience members do not echo Rance's pleasure, for with the exception of Chammady (who leaves quietly), their bets were on Thrax. Rance presents the PCs with the Hellcaller's Cup trophy, a gold goblet depicting fighting devils on its side worth 1,000 gp, then asks the PCs to wait for the audience to leave before they climb up into the seats to where Ghaelfin's "bust" awaits.

Fame Points: Award the PCs 1 Fame Point if they win the Hellcaller's Cup. If they also manage to defeat Thrax without killing him, award them another 1 Fame Point. What the PCs do with Thrax after this battle if the wizard survives is up to them, but he could well develop into an interesting recurring foil for the PCs if you wish.

A SÉANCE WITH GHAELFIN

If the PCs succeed in securing access to Ghaelfin's remains, they may commune with the venture-captain's spirit using a *grave candle*. Ghaelfin's alignment in life was chaotic good, and he had a Will save of +8. The spiritual fragment the *grave candle* calls up is dour and depressed, periodically lapsing into sobs for his lost love Coriana, bemoaning Aroden's death, or cursing the House of Thrune. The PCs can ask a total of five questions of the spirit before the *grave candle* consumes the fragment forever. Use the following information to guide your answers to the PCs' questions.

After Delvehaven was sealed, the Pathfinders stationed there disbanded. Ilnerik Sivanshin had already left the society a few weeks before, after he had a falling-out of some kind with Donatus Bisby. Ghaelfin does not know where Sivanshin wound up, but he believes that Bisby and Loremaster Liriam left Westcrown and teleported to Absalom. (Ghaelfin is mistaken on Liriam and Bisby's true fate. Liriam returned to Delvehaven for Bisby but was slain by the golem that once guarded area B20 when the creature uncharacteristically went berserk at the onset of the madness that seized Westcrown just after Aroden's death—his remains were found later by

What Lies in Dust

the Thrupe Pathfinders and were confiscated and are thus unavailable to the PCs for communication via a *grave candle*). Coriana Heavenscape, however, remained behind to help organize Westcrown's recovery from the recent chaos and tragedy. Ghaelfin viewed Westcrown's salvation as a lost cause, but he was unable to convince Coriana to leave with him, so he stayed in Westcrown with her. Ghaelfin does not volunteer that he was in love with Coriana, but will confess if pressed.

Coriana's opposition to House Thrupe caught the attention of the Sisterhood of Eiseth, a group of murderous monks dedicated to the art of slaying. They murdered her, cremated her, and stored her below their small convent, a place known as Massacre House.

Ghaelfin retaliated by throwing his remaining resources behind the resistance, but then he too was killed. He assumes his petrification was the work of an assassin from the Sisterhood.

When Delvehaven was sealed, lodge wizards laced the halls with magical traps and activated several guardians. Ghaelfin did not pay much attention to the details, but Coriana knows more, if the PCs can recover her remains. Coriana had plans to reclaim Delvehaven one day—she had even made sure that they kept a hidden cache of items somewhere near Westcrown to help them do so.

PART THREE: MASSACRE HOUSE

The Sisterhood of Eiseth existed in the time before Aroden's death as a convent of female monks who hoped to become erinyes after their deaths. By worshipping the first erinyes, Eiseth, and leading a life of fury, they hoped to train for this role in the afterlife, and frequently hired out as assassins. Their work was particularly valued by some for their convention of claiming the remains of their victims, cremating them, and securing the ashes below one of their convents in order to prevent the slain victim from being brought back to life or receiving the honor of a proper burial. In the time before Aroden's death, the Sisterhood was forced to operate with a cover—most of their convents posed as mausoleums or funeral houses. It is indeed ironic that in modern Cheliax, where they could act relatively openly, the Sisterhood has languished. In neighboring Isger, their order has prospered and evolved, becoming the better-known Sisters of the Golden Erinyes. Here in Cheliax, though, most of their monasteries are now abandoned, and

those that remain are, like Westcrown's Massacre House, run by relatively small numbers of low-level monks.

Before Aroden's death, the Sisters of Eiseth operated under the cover of a crematorium. Today, this chapter of the Sisterhood stubbornly maintains its convent in the ruined section of the city, refusing to relocate their traditional home to safer areas. Of course, the order's relatively notorious reputation does

much to keep the lowlifes and thugs who live in the ruins from bothering the building, known locally as "Massacre House," but never in a Sister's presence. Devout worshippers of Eiseth, the Sisters are staunch supporters of House Thrupe and make it their business to keep a watchful eye over Westcrown's piety,

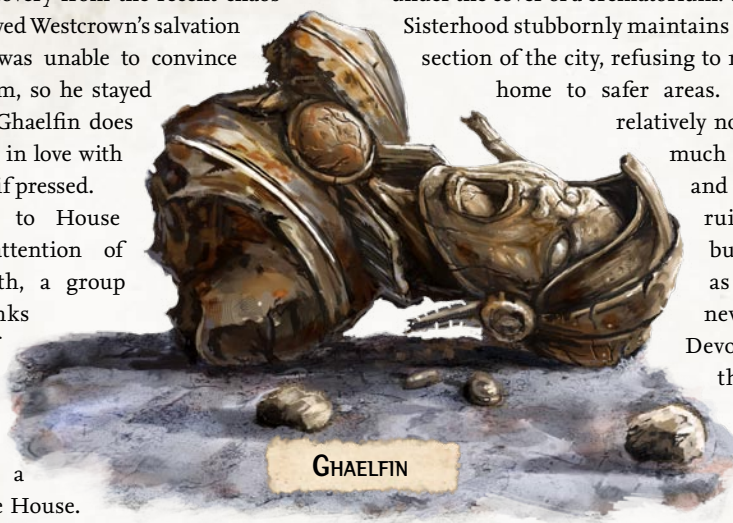
and while they are unofficially custodians of Rego Cader's ruins, in practice they rarely leave their convent at all. They still carry out assassinations now and then, but at much reduced prices with much lower-profile and less important targets—this particular Sisterhood is on the cusp of transforming into little more than an organized group of street thugs as a result.

A DC 20 Knowledge (local) check or Diplomacy check to gather the same information reveals the location of Massacre House in the northern reaches of the ruins. If the PCs are cooperating with Ailyn Ghonstavos, she is mortified to learn of Coriana's fate, saying that "languishing in a jar in the basement of an Asmodean nunnery is no fate I would wish on anyone." While the PCs may be content to merely visit Coriana's ashes in order to activate the *grave candle* and interview her about the wards protecting Delvehaven, Ailyn wants the ashes rescued—she promises an additional 1,000 gp reward for the PCs if they can do so.

In any event, while infiltrating Massacre House is no easy matter (since only the Sisterhood is permitted on the grounds), the Sisterhood's self-selected isolation works to the PCs' advantage. Put simply, what happens in Massacre House stays in Massacre House, and while the PCs might worry otherwise, any mayhem they visit upon the Sisterhood will not result in retaliation from the Church of Asmodeus itself—if they learn of the Sisterhood's demise, they simply cluck their tongues and wonder why it took this long for the stubborn sect to come to a grisly end.

MASSACRE HOUSE FEATURES

Massacre House is a hexagonal stone building whose slate-shingled roof comes to a sharp triangular peak. The external



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walls are thick, with four 10-foot vaulted passageways cutting through this stone shell to four separate heavy wooden doors that remain locked at all times (DC 30 Disable Device to pick the lock). Each door is fitted with a narrow sliding window, so PCs who knock on the door are greeted only by a pair of dark, feminine eyes and a soft voice warning them to “step away or face the consequences.” Characters who do not comply quickly find those feminine eyes replaced by a light crossbow—the Sister on the other side of the door fires poisoned bolts at anyone who doesn’t immediately leave.

The Sisters of Eiseth can be identified by their distinctive habits of blood-red silk. Unknown to most, however, their habits secretly unwind and convert into weapons—bladed scarves. Their only contact with the outside world occurs on the first day of the month, when one of the Sisters enters the markets of Westcrown to purchase and arrange delivery for the next month’s supplies of food and other necessities.

There are a total of six Sisters in Massacre House. While they are generally spread throughout the complex, the Sisters react swiftly to congregate on any enemy once the alarm is raised—as a result, their stats are presented here. An encounter with all six Sisters at once is a CR 8 battle—5th-level PCs would do well to try to prevent the alarm from being raised or be ready to retreat and return if things end up too overwhelming.

SISTER OF EISETH CR 3

XP 800

Female human monk 4

LE Medium humanoid

Init +3; Senses Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 16, flat-footed 12 (+3 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 monk, +1 Wis)

hp 29 (4d8+8)

Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +5; +2 vs. enchantment

Defensive Abilities evasion, slow fall 20 ft., still mind

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +6 (1d8+2) or

flurry of blows +5/+5 (1d8+2) or

mwk bladed scarf +7 (1d6+3)

Ranged mwk light crossbow +7 (1d8/19–20 plus poison)

Space 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft. (10 ft. with bladed scarf)

Special Attacks ki pool (3 points), stunning fist 4/day (stun or fatigue, DC 13)

TACTICS

During Combat Having trained together for hours on end, the Sisters work together in teams to harry their foes. Half of the Sisters fight defensively with a flurry of blows (+o/+o) using their ki pool to confer a +4 dodge bonus, further

raising their total Armor Class to 23. The remaining Sisters attack from reach with their crimson habits, draining their ki pool to add a third attack to their flurry. Where possible they employ trip attacks to keep their foes off-balance.

Morale The Sisters fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 14, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 10

Base Atk +3; CMB +6; CMD 21

Feats Dodge, Exotic Weapon

Proficiency (bladed scarf), Improved Unarmed Strike, Iron Will, Scorpion Style, Stunning Fist, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +10, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (religion) +6, Linguistics +0, Perception +8, Profession (mortician) +8

Languages Common, Infernal

Combat Gear *potion of cure*

moderate wounds, potion of

lesser restoration; Other Gear

masterwork bladed scarf,

masterwork crossbow

with 10 poisoned bolts

(black adder venom—DC 11; 1/round

for 6 rounds, 1d6 Con, 1 save)

SISTER OF EISETH

A1. CREMATORIUM (CR 6)

The heat in this chamber is incredible. An immense stone and iron furnace looms in the southeast part of the room. A ramp fitted with metal rollers protrudes from the northern face of the furnace, where a demonic face is carved so that the ramp evokes the image of a huge metal tongue, its mouth open wide to accommodate coffins. The ground is covered in a film of soft white ash. A table to the west holds numerous

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urns, brushes, hammers, and other tools for transporting and handling cremains.

The Sisterhood uses this chamber to incinerate the bodies of their victims (and, with increasing frequency, the bodies of unclaimed dead sent to them for disposal by the government for a healthy fee). Although no bodies are scheduled to be cremated currently, the furnace itself remains fiery hot at all times, due to the creature imprisoned within.

A Medium or smaller creature can be forced into the cremation oven. To do so, one must first grapple the target and pin him. Placing a pinned foe onto the ramp and shoving him into the furnace requires a successful CMD check. The victim can attempt a DC 15 Reflex save to catch himself before he fully slides into the furnace (this causes the victim only 2d6 fire damage), but unless he moves off the roller at once, another creature can try to push him into the furnace again by making a successful CMD check. On a failed Reflex save, the victim slides into the furnace and takes 8d6 points of fire damage per round (no save). Closing or opening the furnace door is a move-equivalent action; the door cannot be opened from inside but can be broken open with a DC 22 Strength check. Breaking through the furnace walls is a bit more difficult (hardness 8, hp 60, Break DC 30).

Creatures: When the PCs first arrive at Massacre House, a single Sister of Eiseth is here, cleaning or organizing the tools. Upon seeing the PCs, she raises the alarm with a shrill cry and retreats to area A3 to alert the Sisters downstairs.

The furnace itself contains a Large fire elemental, bound to the oven to continually churn and stoke its flames. If the Sisters raise the alarm, the elemental surges out of the furnace through various pipes and openings (doing so takes the creature a full-round action), at which point it attacks any intruders in the room. It does not pursue foes into other chambers, as the old *binding* effect that keeps it bound to the cremation oven limits its mobility to this chamber.

SISTER OF EISETH CR 3
XP 800
hp 29 (see page 20)

LARGE FIRE ELEMENTAL CR 5
XP 1,600
hp 60 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 124)

A2. PREPARATION CHAMBER

A pair of large tubs sits in this room, each to either side of a low metal table with a gutter running around its edge.

This room is used both to clean bodies before they are cremated (a process that involves stripping the body

of valuables) and to prepare the cremains themselves for interment in the vault below. The Sisters have also taken to using this large room as a place to meditate and meet every evening for an hour for their shared worship of Eiseth; if the PCs arrive at Massacre House between 6:00 and 7:00 p.m., they find all six Sisters in this room—otherwise, this chamber is empty.

A3. CENTRAL ROOM (CR 5)

The walls of this room are lined with shelves holding all manner of contents—books and clothes and tools and small casks of food and wine and other supplies. A few small tables and chairs sit to either side of a flight of spiral stairs leading down.

This room serves Massacre House as a combination storage room, records room, dining room, larder, and lounge. The accommodations are sparse, but they're more than enough for the Sisters, whose lifestyle is as simple as it is cruel. The supplies that line these walls are mundane.

Creatures: At any time other than during a ceremony (see area A2), two of the Sisters of Eiseth are present here, reading or relaxing or praying at the various tables. If combat begins here, they can yell down the open stairwell to alert the remaining Sisters in area A4 below—these Sisters arrive in this room to aid in battle in 1d3 rounds.

SISTERS OF EISETH (2) CR 3
XP 800 each
hp 29 each (see page 20)

A4. THE OSSUARY (CR 6)

This cavernous chamber is cool and musty. An iron flight of spiral stairs rises in the room's center, while the brick-lined walls of the large room are heavy with countless wooden shelves. In places, the shelves extend out into the room itself, creating something of a maze. Resting on the shelves are hundreds and hundreds of polished black pottery urns, each with a series of spidery scratches on the side that could be writing. Here and there between the shelves, in nooks and alcoves along the walls, hard cots provide spartan beds.

This chamber is where the Sisters keep the powdered remains and ashes of their hundreds of victims over the 140 years this particular chapter has existed. An examination of the urns reveals that the containers are labeled in Infernal and organized by date of death. The vast majority of the remains here date from more than 70 years ago, when the Sisterhood was stronger—only about 15% of the urns contain remains more recent than the Chelish Civil War's end.



Creatures: The remaining Sisters of Eiseth (likely three, unless the PCs arrive during their worship hour) are down in this room, likely meditating, resting, or tending to the collection of urns. The constant work of dust and spiders ensures that cleaning the urns is an endless task.

The Sisters are protective of their urns, and any act by the PCs that breaks any of the urns and causes the ashes to scatter enrages the Sisters—nearly blinded with anger and shock, a Sister is staggered for 1 round after such an act (no matter how many urns are destroyed). Each round the PCs destroy urns, there's a 1% chance that one of the urns destroyed was Coriana's (you can increase this to 5% or even 10% if the PCs manage to destroy several dozen urns in 1 round). If her remains are scattered in this manner, she cannot be communed with via *grave candle*.

SISTERS OF EISETH (3) **CR 3**
XP 800 each
 hp 29 each (see page 20)

Treasure: Coriana's remains are indeed among those kept here—a character who can read Infernal can find the proper container with a DC 30 Perception check. This

check takes 5 minutes of work—each additional check takes another 5 minutes but gains a cumulative +4 bonus on the roll.

A SÉANCE WITH CORIANA

In life, Coriana was a political firecracker and a hot-tempered woman quick to see insult and defend her values and beliefs—a loyal Pathfinder, she loathed conspirators and secrets and hoarders of knowledge, but more than anything, she despised those who would destroy or attempt to alter history. Like Ghaelfin, she was chaotic good in life, but had a Will save of +5. If the PCs successfully use a *grave candle* to contact her spirit, they can ask a total of five questions—use the following to guide your responses to their queries.

After Delvehaven was sealed, Coriana managed to smuggle out a fair amount of equipment for the Pathfinders to use, and stashed this equipment at a place called Cutlass Cove, where several years earlier she had assisted Loremaster Liriam in creating an extradimensional space that could be accessed through a glowing door that floats on a wave in the middle of the bay at night. Coriana knows that the door will open only if someone brings a special

Pathfinder compass known as a *wayfinder* to the site, but that there were also other requirements to make the door appear. Liriam wrote a poem called “Cugney’s Wedding” that contained exact coded instructions on how to trigger the door’s opening, but she cannot remember the poem itself. If the PCs reveal that they have a copy or ask her for the code, she can explain it to them (see Part Four).

Coriana also knows that her good friends Ilnerik Sivanshin and Donatalus Bisby had a falling out in the lodge’s final months of operation. Ilnerik left without a word a few weeks before Aroden’s death, and in the days that followed, it became apparent that Ilnerik had taken with him half of the strange relic he and Bisby had recovered from the Mwangi Expanse. Bisby himself had grown increasingly paranoid and protective of the remaining half of the strange relic (Coriana saw the complete relic only once, and says it was a gold and black thing with two heads—a bird head and a bat head), and as far as she knows, Bisby remained inside the lodge after it was sealed.

PART FOUR: THE WAVE DOOR

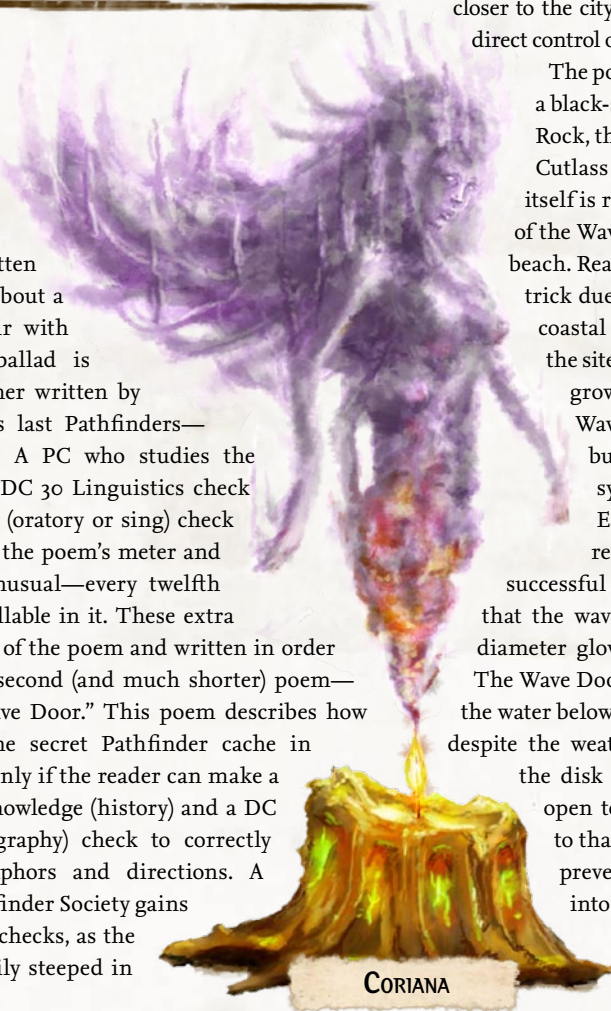
One of the more mysterious things the PCs find in the *Chelish crux* is a poem called “Cugny’s Wedding.” On the surface a poorly written multi-page poem about a man’s ill-fated affair with a mermaid, this ballad is in fact a clever cipher written by one of Delvehaven’s last Pathfinders—Loremaster Liriam. A PC who studies the poem and makes a DC 30 Linguistics check or a DC 20 Perform (oratory or sing) check swiftly realizes that the poem’s meter and construction are unusual—every twelfth line has an extra syllable in it. These extra syllables, pulled out of the poem and written in order elsewhere, create a second (and much shorter) poem—one called “The Wave Door.” This poem describes how one can activate the secret Pathfinder cache in Cutlass Cove—but only if the reader can make a successful DC 25 Knowledge (history) and a DC 25 Knowledge (geography) check to correctly interpret the metaphors and directions. A member of the Pathfinder Society gains a +6 bonus on both checks, as the metaphors are heavily steeped in

Society tradition. If none of the PCs are Pathfinders or can decipher the poem, Ailyn Ghontasavos can automatically do the work for the PCs. If she’s made aware of the cache, she is curious to know what the cache contains, and asks the PCs to report to her once they’ve examined it, but unless you feel that the PCs could use some help, she does not accompany the PCs to Cutlass Cove.

CUTLASS COVE (CR 6)

Cutlass Cove is located at the tip of the small peninsula east of Westcrown, about a quarter mile from Delvehaven and Rego Sacero’s eastern shoreline. A few small buildings dot the coast here, but for the most part Cutlass Cove is uninhabited, a site long used by smugglers, pirates, and others who need a convenient nearby but relatively isolated cove in which to conduct their illicit business. The rise of the House of Thrune and the strength of the Chelish navy in recent decades has seen such use of Cutlass Cove drop drastically, in part due to the fact that, at the behest of the city government, Ilnerik Sivanshin sent some of his shadowy monsters to this cove to haunt it after dark and to keep smugglers from utilizing the cove as a staging point for crimes. That this also forced smugglers to operate closer to the city (and thus forced them to fall under more direct control of the Council of Thieves) was a bonus.

The poem cipher instructs the reader to begin on a black-sand beach on the northeast shore of Wart Rock, the smallest of the three islands that shelter Cutlass Cove from the open water. The beach itself is relatively simple to find, but the actual site of the Wave Door is about 300 feet northeast of this beach. Reaching the exact location is something of a trick due to the lack of landmarks (the distinctive coastal trees the Pathfinders used to help locate the site having long since been obscured by other growth)—the poem cipher indicates that the Wave Door is located 300 feet northeast, but the site requires a bit of searching and systematic activation of a *wayfinder*’s light. Each attempt to locate the Wave Door requires 15 minutes of work and then a successful DC 20 Survival check—success indicates that the wave door appears in the light as a 5-foot-diameter glowing disk hanging vertically in the air. The Wave Door moves up and down with the motion of the water below, always hanging 6 inches above the waves despite the weather. Once Delvehaven’s oath is spoken, the disk of pale light flashes brightly as it irises open to reveal a 5-foot-square chamber similar to that created by a *portable hole*. The Wave Door prevents wind, rain, and water from splashing into the small chamber beyond, and no matter how roughly the Wave Door moves about, the chamber within remains stable and



Opening the Wave Door

Once "The Wave Door" is properly interpreted, it reveals the following directions to access the old Pathfinder cache.

1: The Wave Door is located in Cutlass Cove, above the waves of the cove itself and about 100 yards off the shore of the black sand beach on the northeast shore of the uninhabited island of Wart Rock.

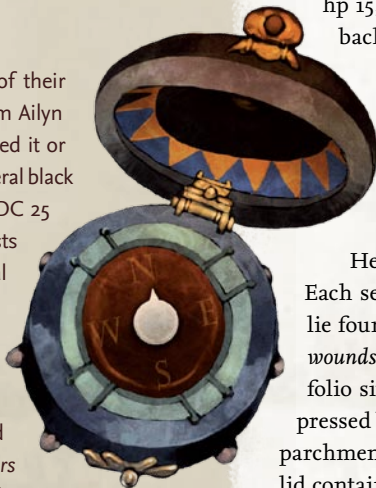
2: The Wave Door can only be opened at night.

3: In order to open the Wave Door, someone must first activate a *wayfinder* to create light so that the light created falls upon the point in space above the water where the Wave Door is located.

4: Once the location is lit, someone (not necessarily the *wayfinder* user) must recite Delvehaven's Oath, a vow taken by all Pathfinders when they join Delvehaven's roster. (This requires a successful DC 15 Perform [oratory] check and 1 full minute of vocalizing.)

Finding a Wayfinder

If none of the PCs have *wayfinders* of their own, they can either borrow one from Ailyn once they explain to her why they need it or they can find one for sale in one of several black markets in Westcrown by making a DC 25 Diplomacy check—a *wayfinder* costs 500 gp. Most *wayfinders* are magical compasses used by the Pathfinder Society—they grant a +2 bonus on Survival checks to avoid becoming lost and can be commanded to emit light (as the spell, CL 5th) as a standard action. Additional types of *wayfinders* are detailed in *Pathfinder Chronicles: Seekers of Secrets*.



still. Due to the Wave Door's motion, it's a DC 15 Acrobatics check to enter the extradimensional space beyond.

Creatures: Sivanshen's shadowy guardians still watch over Cutlass Cove—during daylight hours, they remain hidden below the waves, but at night they begin to rise. When exactly the shadows strike at the PCs is up to you, but they should make their attack at some point after the group has started the search for the Wave Door but before they actually manage to open the magical doorway.

When they attack, these undead shadows surge up from the waves, looking for a moment like oily black sheets of water rising up in angry defiance before their true shadowy natures become apparent. Over the years, the more powerful and free-willed of these guardians have either drifted away or been destroyed—only one true shadow remains, with the others being faded and less hardy (the application of the young simple template doesn't indicate these shadows

are children, merely that they are less powerful than the remaining true shadow).

SHADOW

CR 3

XP 800

hp 19 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 245)

FADED SHADOWS (3)

CR 2

XP 600 each

Young shadow

hp 13 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 245, 295)

Treasure: The chamber beyond the Wave Door contains a small wooden bench and a locker. The locker is locked (Disable Device DC 30 to pick the lock). The key was lost long ago, so if the PCs can't pick the lock they'll either have to smash the reinforced wooden locker open (hardness 5, hp 15, Break DC 23) or haul the chest and its contents back to the city to find help.

The locker contains a package of six sets of false identity papers, each marking the bearer as Chelish nobility in good standing with House Thrune. Even though they are vastly outdated, the papers still provide a +2 bonus to any Bluff checks made against the dottari, Hellknights, nobles, or other Chelish authorities. Each set of papers is worth 300 gp. Under these papers lie four *potions of gaseous form*, six *potions of cure moderate wounds*, and six *potions of lesser restoration*. A thin wooden folio sits on the bottom of the chest under the potions; pressed between its covers are several scrolls and sheets of parchment. Above, a teak wand case wedged into the locker's lid contains a *wand of restoration* (13 charges). A key ring sits around one of the potion bottles—this key ring contains the keys to areas B19 and B21 of Delvehaven as well as to the triple vault doors of the Amber Arca (area B26).

The wooden folio's contents are a *scroll of clairaudience/clairvoyance*, three *scrolls of dispel magic* (CL 10th), three *scrolls of erase* (CL 10th), a *scroll of sunburst*, a *scroll of true seeing*, and a piece of parchment. This parchment contains a short note from Liriam warning of fears that one of the Pathfinders may have become tainted by an evil artifact; this note is reproduced as Handout 2. A DC 35 Knowledge (religion or planes) check is enough to recognize the word "Vyriavaxian" in the note as referencing a long-dead bat-like demon lord of shadows named Vyriavaxus.

PART FIVE: DELVEHAVEN

Although to the outside world Delvehaven has sat largely undisturbed for the past century, a relic from a previous age rumored to be haunted, cursed, or both, it remains a

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To Whomever Finds This

It is, of course, my fervent hope that the reader of this missive is a friend of the Pathfinders. In the days before the madness and riots, before Chelax tore itself apart, there were signs that the end was coming. Among those was Delvehaven's desertion by one of her own. I now believe that Ilnerik stole half of the Aoh-the Totemrix—and judging by the growing power and magical potential of the Morrowfall, I fear that Ilnerik has unwittingly exposed himself to magic fell and vile. The power building in the Morrowfall is frightening, and we've secured it deep below Delvehaven in a vault called the Amber Arca. If my theory is correct and the Totemrix is a Vyriavaxian relic, then Ilnerik is being exposed to shadowy magic of a great evil. If he hasn't become a vampire by this time, I fear he soon will. I've managed to secure a few tools here should that be the case, and hope to come back later to stash some more in the event of his return, but things grow increasingly dangerous in Westcrown, and I fear that none of us shall live to see the end of the year.

—Liriam

Handout 2

dynamic and active site. Once the PCs enter the lodge, their actions have repercussions that reverberate throughout the complex. Although fleshed out in their corresponding room descriptions, the four key variables to keep in mind as the PCs enter Delvehaven are each detailed below.

BISBY'S SPIRIT

Amber Privateer Donatalus Bisby died in area **B19** after he starved to death, immobilized by a magically induced

psychotic break. The sheer depth of his paranoia during his final days has seeped into the lodge itself, generating several hauntings and other eerie effects. With the arrival of the Sivanshin clan, the echo of Bisby's madness has reached its apex and is subtly manipulating several effects within the lodge.

The taint of Bisby's madness is strongest in the cellar level (areas **B15–B22**). When nonmagical light sources are carried into the cellar level, they automatically sputter

and die out, although they can be reignited with ease. Magical light sources only dim and flicker for a moment before returning to their previous level of illumination. More dangerous than just light suppression, the remnant of Bisby's lunacy also manifests in the form of several magical trap-like effects known as haunts.

Although haunts function like traps, they are difficult to detect since they cannot be easily observed until the round in which they manifest. Each haunt has a specific DC or method to notice it when it manifests, just before it strikes—*detect undead* or a detect alignment for the appropriate alignment allows an observer a chance to notice the haunt even before it manifests by noticing faint auras; the chance to notice a haunt early in this manner is the same as the chance to notice it in its manifestation round, but the check suffers a -2 penalty.

When a haunt is triggered, its effects manifest at initiative rank 10 on a surprise round—characters who successfully notice the haunt can act on this round. A haunt's initial effect vanishes after this round is over, but secondary or lingering effects can persist (such as a haunt that sets fire to a room, or a haunt that animates an object into life). Most haunts detect life sources and trigger as a result of the approach of or contact with living creatures, but some haunts can be tricked by effects like *hide from undead*, *invisibility*, or even by simple illusions.

On the surprise round in which a haunt manifests, positive energy applied to the haunt (via channeled energy, cure wounds spells, and the like) deals damage directly to the haunt's hit points—a haunt never gains a Will save to lessen the damage done by such effects. For the purposes of withstanding the effects of positive energy, a haunt generally has hit points equal to twice its CR. If the haunt is reduced to 0 hit points by positive energy, it vanishes without manifesting its effects, but it is not destroyed. Haunts are always tied to a specific set of events and conditions, and until those conditions are addressed, the haunts continue to reform and work their ill.

Some haunts are persistent, and their immediate effects continue beyond the surprise round into full rounds. Persistent haunts continue to trigger their haunt effects once per round on their initiative rank until they are destroyed or no longer have a target. As a general rule, a persistent haunt's hit points are higher than most haunts, and are equal to its CR × 4.5.

All effects created by a haunt are mind-affecting fear effects, even those that actually produce physical effects. Immunity to fear grants immunity to a haunt's direct effects, but not to secondary effects (such as burning rooms or animated objects).

Haunts are presented in stat block format, as follows.

Haunt Name: The haunt's name is followed by its CR score.

XP: This is the amount of XP to award the PCs for surviving the haunt.

Alignment and Type: This line gives the haunt's alignment (for the purposes of determining which detect spells can reveal its presence before it manifests) and the haunt's type. This adventure features haunted objects and haunted areas. A haunted object can be targeted with touch spells and effects, such as *cure light wounds*, or by area effects like channeled energy. A haunted area cannot be targeted by touch effects—the only way to disperse such a haunt before it manifests is with area effects like channeled energy. If a haunt is persistent, this is noted here as well.

Caster Level: This is the haunt's effective caster level for the purposes of dispelling any ongoing effects with *dispel magic*.

Notice: The check and DC required to notice the haunt in the surprise round before it manifests (sensory input for what a successful check notices is listed in parenthesis after the DC).

hp: This lists the haunt's effective hit points for the purposes of resolving positive energy damage.

(AC, Saves): A haunted object has an Armor Class as if it were an object (although many haunts are semi-animate and function as if they had a Dexterity score of 10, thus avoiding the normal AC penalties for inanimate objects) and saving throws as if it were a magic item (base save of +2 plus half its caster level).

Weaknesses: Any weaknesses the haunt might have, such as for haunts that can be tricked by effects like *hide from undead* or can be damaged by effects other than positive energy, are listed here.

Trigger and Reset: The conditions that cause the haunt to manifest, as well as the conditions and amount of time required for the haunt to reset, are given here.

Effect: This details the haunt's exact effects, including a description of how the haunt manifests.

SHADOW BEASTS

The shadow beasts of Westcrown do not avoid Delvehaven's grounds. They don't trigger the traps on the grounds due to their nature, and once night falls they may slip inside the lodge and hunt down the PCs on the main level. The majority of the shadow beasts that haunt Delvehaven's grounds after dark are hound-like monsters known as shadow mastiffs—large dogs with glowing red eyes and black fur. As a shadow mastiff moves, its outlines mix and blend with the surrounding shadows, making it difficult to target. A pair of shadow mastiffs is stuck in area **B6** of Delvehaven, but if the PCs leave doors or windows open, as many additional shadow mastiffs as you wish can slink into the lodge to hunt them.

Actual undead shadows are also commonly encountered on the Delvehaven grounds, although those that are already located in the lodge are limited to their den in area **B19**.

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SHADOW MASTIFF

CR 5

XP 1,600

Pathfinder RPG Bonus Bestiary 16

NE Medium outsider (evil, extraplanar)

Init +6; Senses darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 12, flat-footed 15 (+2 Dex, +5 natural)

hp 51 (6d10+18)

Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +5

Defensive Abilities shadow blend

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft.

Melee bite +10 (1d6+6 plus trip)

Special Attacks bay

TACTICS

During Combat A shadow mastiff uses its bay attack throughout combat, alerting most of the other denizens of Delvehaven that something has blundered into the lodge. They generally focus their attacks on any foe that carries a light source.

Morale Shadow mastiffs fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 19, Dex 15, Con 17, Int 4, Wis 12, Cha 13

Base Atk +6; CMB +10; CMD 22

Feats Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Power Attack

Skills Perception +10, Stealth +11, Survival +10

Languages Common (cannot speak)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bay (Su) When a shadow mastiff howls or barks, all creatures except evil outsiders within a 300-foot spread must succeed on a DC 16 Will save or become panicked for 2d4 rounds. This is a sonic, mind-affecting fear effect. A creature that successfully saves cannot be affected by the same mastiff's bay for 24 hours. The save DC is Charisma-based and includes a +2 racial bonus.

Shadow Blend (Su) In any condition other than bright light, a shadow mastiff disappears into the shadows, giving it total concealment (50% miss chance). A shadow mastiff can suspend or resume this ability as a free action.

SIVANSHIN'S SPAWN

The PCs aren't the only ones who've entered Delvehaven—Ilnarik Sivanshin, the vampiric master of the shadow beasts of Westcrown and a strong ally of the Council of Thieves, has a vested interest in keeping the *Morrowfall* out of the PCs' hands, as with it they would be able to defeat his shadow beasts as well as use the potent relic against him. He selected three of his favored vampiric minions and ordered them to invade Delvehaven, make their way down to the vault, and secure or destroy the *Morrowfall*. Barring that, they have orders to take up defensive positions in the vault and kill the PCs when they arrive and try to claim the relic as their own.

The PCs likely came to Ilnarik's attention via Chammady after she saw them perform in *The Six Trials*

of *Larazod* or saw them fight in the Devildrome. He's also likely heard of their growing exploits in town—and when he learns of their interest in Delvehaven, he realizes what it is they're after. Yet this close to the culmination of the Drovenga siblings' plans, he can't spare the time to step in and take care of the situation. Of course, the true reason for this is that Ilnarik has a deep and potent fear of the *Morrowfall*, and desperately wants to avoid placing himself in the relic's proximity. He has no worries about sending his minions, and trusts that they'll be more than enough to handle the PCs when they arrive in the vault.

The three vampires Ilnarik sends do not work well together—they are bound to their maker, but view each other with a mix of jealousy, mistrust, and contempt. As a result, they have been unable to make much progress in securing the *Morrowfall*. Reaching the vault was child's play for the vampires, who, armed with Ilnarik's detailed descriptions of Delvehaven's layout and many of its wards, simply used *gaseous form* to bypass most of Delvehaven's defenses, and have in fact seen the majority of their own vampire-spawn minions destroyed by the blasts of sunlight the relic periodically emits. Forced to consolidate their four remaining spawn to guard the actual approach to the *Morrowfall*'s resting place, these three vampires have each retreated to a different chamber in Delvehaven's Vaults to brood and await the PCs' arrival. Each hopes to be the one to defeat the PCs and gain the master's favor, and their competitive nature may be a godsend to a group of PCs, for were these three vampires to work together in a concentrated effort, they would pose a very difficult battle indeed.

The three vampires consist of a murderous cleric of Norgorber named Jair (see area B25), a sadistic tattooed archer who long ago abandoned his human name to be called the Mazeflesh Man (see area B23), and one of Ilnarik's great triumphs—a fallen vampire slayer named Vahnwynne Malkistra (see area B24).

THE SOULBOUND DOLLS

During Bisby's preliminary expedition to the Mwangi Expanse (an expedition that took place a year before the doomed one), his native guides introduced him to the secret of creating Mwangi fetish dolls, known elsewhere as soulbound dolls. Bisby was fascinated by the process, and using Mwangi methods and partially completed soul objects (a shortcut to doll creation similar to how *golem manuals* work), he created a doll of his own to aid in guarding his camp while he slept. When Bisby returned to Delvehaven, he continued the tradition and created four more dolls to guard Delvehaven, binding each with an imprint of his own soul. In the welcoming spirit of the lodge, the ever-humorous Bisby purchased children's toys as his base materials—a pull-toy wooden dragon named Draggys, a stuffed bear named Fluff Gugg,

a porcelain-faced doll named Molly Missy, and a rag-doll scarecrow named Mr. Straw. With his original Mwangi fetish doll, this resulted in five tiny guardians for Delvehaven's cellar.

Bisby's practice of using fragments of his own soul to empower the dolls had unforeseen consequences when he returned to Delvehaven after Aroden's death, only to die therein. His madness and spirit suffused the dolls themselves as much as the walls of the place, empowering them greatly. When the Thrune Pathfinders began to explore the cellar, the combination of soulbound dolls and haunts proved to be more than an ample defense, but in their last attempt to defeat the dolls, the Thrune Pathfinders damaged the link. Now, the soulbound dolls are still dangerous, but lack the additional powers with which Bisby's spirit once suffused them. Worse, Bisby's madness and the damage done by the Thrune Pathfinders have further infected the dolls—they are now as interested in murder and torture as they are in defending Delvehaven.

The dolls first encounter the PCs in either area **B10** or **B17**. Quite mobile, once they realize the PCs are intruding, the dolls can patrol the whole of the complex save for the basement level. As soon as they discover the PCs have infiltrated the lodge, they initiate a series of hit-and-run tactics, ambushing the PCs in any room where they might briefly hold the advantage.

The dolls are unaware that the vampires are slowly breaking into the Amber Arca, as the dolls cannot actually enter the vault since the vampires have sealed the entrance. This intrusion is likely the only thing that could offend the dolls even more than the PCs' arrival. If the PCs manage to open a dialogue with the dolls, it is possible to recruit them as temporary allies against the vampires, but the dolls swiftly turn against the PCs once they realize the PCs intend to leave Delvehaven with any of the treasures kept therein (including the *Morrowfall*).

SOULBOUND DOLLS (5)

CR 2

XP 600 each

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NE Tiny construct

Init +6; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +2 size)

hp 19 each (3d10+3)

Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +1

DR 2/magic; Immune construct traits

Weaknesses mind-affecting effects

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee (Draggy) bite +3 (1d4–2)

Melee (Fluff Gugg) claw +3 (1d3–2 plus bleed)

Melee (Molly Missy) hair pin +3 (1d2–2/19–20)

Melee (Mr. Straw) pitchfork +3 (1d4–2)

Melee (Mwangi fetish) dagger +3 (1d2–2/19–20 plus poison)

Space 2-1/2 ft.; Reach 0 ft.

Special Attack unique ability (see below)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd)

3/day—light, mage hand, open/close, prestidigitation

1/day—inflict serious wounds (DC 12), levitate

STATISTICS

Str 7, Dex 14, Con —, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 9

Base Atk +3; CMB –1; CMD 11

Feats Improved Initiative, Toughness

Skills Perception +3, Stealth +13

Languages Common

SQ soul focus

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Mind-Affecting Effect Weakness (Ex) The weakened conviction of the soulbound doll's soul makes it susceptible to mind-affecting effects, despite its construct traits.

Soul Focus (Su) The soul bound to the doll lives within a focus integrated into the doll or its apparel, typically one of the doll's eyes or a gem embedded into the neck or chest of the doll. As long as this soul focus remains intact, it can be built into another doll for the soul to animate, using the same cost as creating a new construct. Once bound into the soul focus, the soul continues to learn, and so if later put into a new doll body, the soul retains its personality and memories from its previous body or bodies. Regardless of its construction, a soul focus has hardness 8, 12 hit points, and a Break DC of 20.

Unique Ability (Su) Each of Bisby's toys has a unique special ability, as detailed below.

Draggy—Fire Burp: Once every 1d4 rounds, Draggy can belch out a plume of fire (breath weapon; single adjacent target, 2d6 fire damage, Reflex DC 11 for half). The save DC is Constitution-based.

Fluff Gugg—Bloody Claw: Damage inflicted by Fluff Gugg's retractable claws causes 1d2 bleed damage to the victim.

Molly Missy—Doe Eyes: Molly Missy has a gaze attack that she can direct at one foe per round on her turn as a free action—her gaze attack does not affect foes at any other time. The target of her gaze must make a DC 10 Will save or become overwhelmed with guilt at the thought of trying to hurt a child's toy, and spends the next round nauseated as a result. This is a mind-affecting effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Mr. Straw—Pitchfork Block: Mr. Straw can deflect ranged attacks with his pitchfork as if he possessed the Deflect Arrows feat.

Mwangi fetish—Poison: The Mwangi fetish's dagger is constantly poisoned with Medium spider venom as long as the doll lives and wields it (save Fort DC 14; frequency 1/round for 4 rounds; damage 1d2 Str, cure 1 save).



THE OUTER COURTYARD (CR 5)

Once lush, Delvehaven's courtyard lawn is now a weed-choked mess. Nevertheless, there are still telltale signs that these grounds were once lovingly tended and beautiful. Huge Shoanti totems (some of them still standing) line the western border of the yard, while here and there stand algae-choked fountains adorned with authentic Osirian hieroglyphs. The inside of the front gate is flanked by a pair of statues of warrior women too detailed to be anything but genuine imports from Geb's legendary field of maidens. The entire compound is surrounded by a 12-foot-tall stone wall, its face encrusted with bird droppings, salt deposits from the sea, and other signs of neglect. A large oak sign hangs askew over the front gate, just above a set of rusted iron chains that seal the portal shut. The oak sign reads: "By order of Her Infernal Majestrix, this lodge is condemned and has been warded for your protection. Trespassing prohibited."

It's a DC 10 Climb check to scramble over the stone wall surrounding the grounds. The front gate faces the meandering Adivian Walk, the road that runs along the eastern shore of Westcrown's Rego Sacero; the far side of the road at this point overlooks a 30-foot-high bluff that drops into the waters below, and the road itself is generally not well traveled (few folks have need to use this stretch of road since it offers no access to the water and fronts a notorious building), so PCs who seek to enter the grounds via stealth need fear little observation. The locks on the gate are rusted shut and cannot be picked, but they're in

such poor condition that they're easily sundered (hardness 2, hp 5, Break DC 20). The gates creak alarmingly if pushed open, but no one is in earshot to hear them over the surf below. Delvehaven is, in fact, so lightly watched that unless the PCs go out of their way with flashy magic or yells and hoots, they are very unlikely to attract attention as they enter the infamous site.

Trap: Thrune diabolists have indeed warded the outer grounds. Once the Thrune-puppet Pathfinders abandoned Delvehaven in 4676 AR, they mined the area with a number of particularly cruel traps to punish those who would attempt to enter the grounds.

These traps are called isolation spheres—every point marked with a "T" on the map indicates a square that contains such a trap. Alternatively, you can simply say that every time a character moves, there's a cumulative 5% chance per 10 feet of stumbling into a trap (although with this method, you'll need to note on a copy of your map where spheres appear, in case the PCs retreat and return). As soon as any creature of Small or larger size steps into a trapped area, a sphere of force bursts outward and attempts to capture the PC within. On the second round, a *summon swarm* spell fills the sphere with a swarm of hungry creatures. A victim has nowhere to run from the swarm as the creatures bite and scratch from all directions—the victim's screams cannot be heard, though their blood may splatter the inside of their translucent prison.

Note that there are a large number of isolation sphere traps; once the PCs figure out how to bypass them (using

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detect magic and moving slowly is the simplest way) and they are no longer an effective danger, they no longer grant XP for their defeat. You should not award XP for isolation spheres more than a few times as a result—certainly no more than once per PC.

ISOLATION SPHERE

CR 5

XP 1,600

Type magic; Perception DC 29; Disable Device DC 29

EFFECTS

Trigger location; Duration 10 minutes; Reset none

Effect 10-foot-radius *resilient sphere* (Reflex DC 16 negates); summon swarm (1 round onset delay, swarm appears inside of *resilient sphere* and persists for duration of the sphere's existence)

Khazrae's Advice: Although the erinyes doesn't know about the nature or location of the isolation spheres, if the PCs ask her about wards protecting the lodge grounds, she can confirm that the House of Thrune had plans in place to "mine" the courtyard surrounding Delvehaven with magical traps.

LODGE FEATURES

Delvehaven is at once both stately and bizarre. The ground floor is huge and sprawling, while the upper floor consists

of two buildings connected by an open-air walkway that arches gracefully over a central courtyard. Large double doors allow access into area **B1**, while side doors give way to areas **B6** and **B9**. All windows have been boarded with thick wooden planks (hardness 5, hit points 20, Break DC 18).

Unless indicated otherwise, all ceilings within Delvehaven are 25 feet high and the inside of Delvehaven is unlit. During daylight hours, enough sunlight filters in on the upper floors to provide dim illumination. Many of the chambers contain octagonal depressions in one or more walls where *continual flame* gems once provided illumination, but these have long since been pried out and looted by the House of Thrune on the upper levels, while on the lower levels, Bisby in his madness destroyed or hid them to make it more difficult for intruders to navigate the vaults below.

B1. FRONT ENTRYWAY

A sagging veranda, its columns thick and mildew-spotted with age, adorns Delvehaven's facade. Two huge oaken doors stand in the center of the veranda, a carving of a road receding into the horizon inscribed within a circle decorating each portal. A wooden placard above the doors hangs precariously from rotting joints, its face bearing an inscription.

The circular carving on the doors is the Pathfinder Society's Glyph of the Open Road. The placard above presents Delvehaven's ancient creed, written in Common: "To liberate the Past for the knowledge of Today; to live the maxim that fortune is earned by the bold; to prove there are no boundaries."

These doors are unlocked, left slightly ajar long ago by the Thrune Pathfinders as they fled the lodge. They creak loudly with age when opened, but otherwise offer no danger to intruders.

B2. GRAND VESTIBULE

Wide wooden stairs curl around the outer walls of this large vestibule, leading to the floor above. Several cushioned chairs line the east and west walls, all facing a large but empty display platform in the center of the room. A bronze plaque bearing an inscription sits on the north edge of the platform, while several huge paintings, each six feet tall, hang on the walls. Most of the paintings have been defaced and damaged beyond repair, but one seems untouched—a depiction of a pair of hunters overlooking the recently slain body of a horned beast.

The one undamaged painting depicts Donatalus Bisby and Ilnerik Sivanshen, triumphant at the



slaying of a triceratops they found in the highlands north of the Screaming Jungle many years ago. While the other paintings have been destroyed by the House of Thrune, Bisby's spirit has kept this one painting in great condition. The platform in the middle of the room once displayed the triceratops's skeleton, but the vampires have animated it with foul shadow energy and placed it in area **B8**. The plaque on the north side of the empty display reads: "Triceratops slain by Donatalus Bisby—4599 AR."

Khazrae's Advice: The erinyes can confirm that, when she was here, a triceratops skeleton was on display here—she has no idea where it is now.

B3. THE LIBRARY OF INDUCTED EXPERIENCE

An airy hall separates two repositories lined with shelves of books. Once a welcoming library, the twin chambers are now covered with a film of dust.

Most of the books in this library catalog the adventures of Pathfinders who were associated with Delvehaven. The north wall of the west wing contains a relatively large collection of *Pathfinder Chronicles* that amount to about 75% of a full collection—no small feat.

The books lining the top shelf of the south wall of the east wing detail the explorations of various explorers and expeditions that predated the foundation of the Pathfinder Society. When he was alive, Bisby had a near-obsessive fascination with these old books, and his spirit has infused them in his death. The books aren't quite haunted per se, but anyone who reads them is at risk of being drawn into the book with such fervor that he actually experiences some of the events recorded within. Even a casual glance is enough to expose the reader to peril. A DC 15 Will save allows the reader to shrug off the rush of potent memories, but someone who fails the save (or someone who deliberately chooses not to make the save and thus opens his mind to the memories) becomes infused with memories and nightmares not his own. While doing so can grant the reader a benefit, the memories often have undesirable side effects as well. A single person can only retain the benefits of one book's memories; if he opens his mind to another book, his mind is assaulted by chaos and confusion—the book's memories are not imparted (and remain for another reader to experience), but the unfortunate reader takes 1d4+2 points of Intelligence damage from the assault. Once a book has been read and its memories implanted, the book becomes nonmagical (until it is allowed to "steep" in Bisby's presence for several more decades)—the effects of being imprinted with a book's memories are permanent.

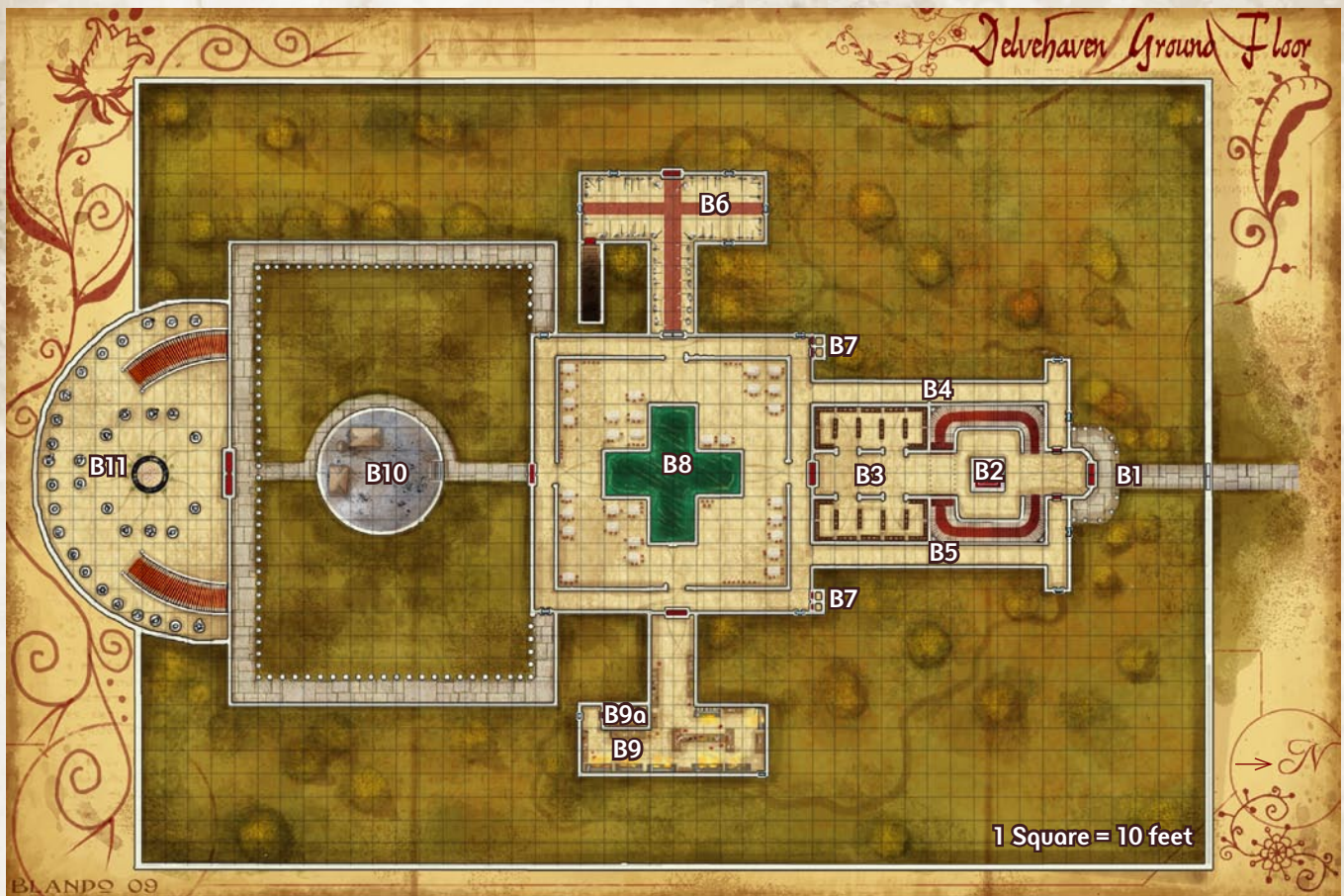
Most of the tales in the books are odysseys of great personal trials, with some lasting as long as several

years. While the induced experience traumatizes the reader (inflicting 1d4 points of Charisma damage), the reader also benefits from the knowledge he absorbs from the text. Five magical books and their effects upon those who read them are as follows. Bonuses granted are untyped and thus stack with all other bonuses. If you have more than five PCs in your group, feel free to add additional tomes along these lines to the selection.

The Shipwreck of Hoakrem Krin: The PC who reads this text recalls his time as a passenger on a voyage across the Arcadian ocean. Captain Krin's ship was destroyed by a kraken, but he survived alone by escaping on a makeshift raft. For 118 days Krin drifted, surviving on rainwater and fish caught with an improvised spear, eventually landing well south of Sargava. He trekked overland for 37 days through the jungle to finally reach civilization, after enduring all manner of peril. These memories of torment and horror grant a +1 bonus on Knowledge (geography) and Survival checks and on all Fortitude saves.

Scorin Kastel and the Siege of Moenspire: During the War of Broken Truces, with the town surrounded by hobgoblin regiments, a half-elf ranger named Scorin escaped into Moenspire Citadel. For 17 months Scorin coordinated the front lines, organized the remaining defenders to repel attacks, and endured countless assaults by the hobgoblin army on the citadel walls. After the food supply was exhausted, only creativity (and prayers) kept the remaining soldiers on their feet. Finally, allied reinforcements amassed a counterattack and forced the hobgoblins to withdraw to defend their own homeland, but not before Scorin succumbed to his wounds—the ranger did not live to see the Siege of Moenspire lifted, despite all he had done to secure it. The harrowing memories of the siege and the innovative solutions that Scorin came up with grant a +1 bonus on Disable Device and Knowledge (engineering) checks and on all Will saves.

The Lycanthropy of Evran Townsend: This chronicle presents the tragic tale of young Evran Townsend's doom after he was bitten by a werewolf in Darkmoon Vale. He spent 3 years in the woods, growing more powerful and losing more of his humanity until his former adventuring companions finally tracked him down and returned him to civilization after believing they had cured his curse. Yet the first full moon after his return, Evran transformed again and slew dozens of innocents—his companions were forced to hunt him down in the catacombs beneath the city's graveyards, and finally killed him with a strike from a silver rapier. The bestial and feral memories imparted by this book heighten the reader's reaction time and destructive nature, granting a +2 bonus on Initiative checks and on Strength checks made to break or destroy objects.



Memoirs of a Hatchling Nursemaiden: Having been captured by the black dragon Avokaskus of the Mushfens, Amelia Firka spent a year in slavery polishing treasure and scales alike in a half-flooded cavern, waiting for a chance to escape and living every day in fear that Avokaskus would simply eat her alive. Yet when a clutch of the dragon's eggs hatched, Amelia found herself in the unexpected role of nanny for the hatchlings, and she grew to love the precocious baby dragons. Once the wyrmlings grew large enough to pose a life-threatening risk, two of them conspired to arrange for their nurse-maiden to escape to civilization—yet as Amelia reached safety, the other hatchlings caught up with them and slew the two traitors while Amelia watched. The memories imparted by this book grant the reader the ability to speak Draconic and a +1 bonus on Reflex saves from all the time spent dodging playful gouts of acid.

The Imprisonment of Marcos Trom: This book imparts the sorrowful tale of an Ustalavic nobleman named Marcos Trom, who was wrongfully accused of murdering an administrative official and hurled into the bowels of a massive prison. There, Marcos languished for 8 years, surviving frequent lashings without any chance to see the sun. Only careful planning followed by ingenious

tunneling made his escape possible, yet as he emerged into the hills south of the prison after a grueling crawl through ghoulish-infested warrens, he discovered that during his stay in prison he had actually died and transformed into an undead mockery of his former life—he enjoyed only a few moments of sun and freedom before burning to ashes. The desperate and cruel memories imparted by this book impart both a longing for freedom and a powerful focus of the mind, granting a +1 bonus on Escape Artist checks and a +2 bonus on concentration checks.

Treasure: The set of Pathfinder Chronicles is worth 5,000 gp to a collector, though if a PC is a Pathfinder, the tomes may have even greater value as a gift to a venture-captain or colleague. Anyone who consults the collection gains a +2 circumstance bonus on Knowledge (history) checks.

B4. THE FOYER OF FELLOWSHIP (CR 6)

Thick cobwebs hang from this black granite archway, their scuttling, eight-legged architects the only sign of life in the lengthy hall.

If the PCs sweep or burn away the cobwebs near each entrance to this hallway, they reveal an inscription on the wall. If the PCs don't bother to remove the cobwebs,

What Lies in Dust

it's a DC 30 Perception check to notice the mostly hidden inscription in passing. The inscription reads:

This passage is for neither You nor I, nor He, nor She—
But They or We shall pass as though free.

Trap: While this hall's transposition trap may have helped to deter an intruder from entering this wing of the complex, its true function was to remind the Pathfinders that despite the variances among them, their true strength was in their unity. Unfortunately, while its initial conception was ultimately harmless, magical decay and neglect have made this trap much more dangerous than initially conceived.

TRANSPOSITION TRAP

CR 6

Type magic; Perception DC 30; Disable Device DC 30

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Bypass** navigating the hall in pairs or larger groups suppresses the teleportation effect, so long as the travelers remain no more than 5 feet apart for the duration of their passage through the hall—the trap triggers immediately as soon as travelers separate by a distance of more than 5 feet; **Reset** automatic

Effect anyone who walks further than 40 feet into this hall is immediately teleported back to the entrance he used to enter the hall—when this occurs, the victim must make a DC 16 Will save or suffer 1d6 points of Wisdom damage as the actual process of teleporting back to the start, while it takes no time at all, is perceived by the teleported character as a glacially slow movement that seems to take years to complete.

Khazrae's Advice: The erinyes isn't aware of the trap's malfunction, but she knows it's here and can warn the PCs about how it originally worked.

Development: Well versed with this corridor's properties, the soulbound dolls from area B17 flee through here in pairs if pursued. The vampire spawn never entered this corridor and did not trigger the trap. As such, they remain unaware of it.

B5. THE FOYER OF REFLECTION (CR 1)

The archway at the entrance to this long corridor is decorated with an inscription in the common tongue—"Who can go forward without knowing from whence they came?"

Like area B4, this corridor contains a minor trap, designed more to teach a value lesson than to act as a true ward. This passageway's northern and southern halves appear as mirror images, exactly identical. Anyone who crosses the corridor's midpoint triggers the trap. The trap simultaneously transports everyone

in the corridor into the diametrically opposite spot in the hall in the blink of an eye. In addition to having their position changed, however, the trap also reverses their orientation by exactly 180 degrees. For example, anyone 10 feet from the south end of the hall and walking north suddenly finds himself 10 feet from the north end of the hall facing south. If anyone is at the corridor's exact center, the trap simply turns that person around so that he suddenly faces the opposite direction. The transposition happens so quickly the traveler is unaware that anything has transpired. However, as soon as the traveler completes his journey, moving to what he believes is the opposite end of the corridor, he finds he exits exactly where he came in. Although the speed of the teleportation is instantaneous and likely goes unnoticed, a DC 30 Perception check leaves the PC with the faint impression that something wrong has just occurred.

The trap, however, is easily exposed—marking one end of the hall in some way so that the two halves are no longer identical quickly reveals the trap's true nature. It was the practice of the Pathfinders who lodged here to walk down the hall backward until they reached the midpoint of the hall. Then they would continue by walking forward the rest of the way. Tradition dictated that during their backward walk, they would reflect on their past journeys and the lessons learned. On the way forward, they would instead focus on what lay ahead in their future.

ORIENTATION TRAP

CR 1

Type magic; Perception DC 30; Disable Device DC 30

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** automatic

Effect teleportation as described above

Development: The soulbound dolls know that as soon as they reach the corridor's midpoint, they need to do a 180-degree turn to continue forward. If they can use this hall's property to their advantage to confound their opponents, they do so. The vampire spawn have not been through this way, and if the PCs later draw them here, the trap could stymie them repeatedly before they solve it.

Khazrae's Advice: The erinyes can warn the PCs about this trap and explain how it functions.

B6. HALL OF ARMOR (CR 7)

The walls of this large display hall are decorated with numerous small alcoves. Some of these alcoves contain bits of exotic armor—a red-and-gold breastplate here, a plumed helm there—but most of the alcoves are empty with bits of armor scattered on the floor. A fully armored knight mounted on an equally armored horse stands in the middle of the hall on a low display.

TRUECOLOR DYE

Aura faint divination; **CL** 1st

Slot none; **Price** 50 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

Horticulturists harvest this magical dye from the pulp of rare plants found only in the lushest regions of Tian Xia. Bisby first encountered this dye while visiting the royal courts of the Miracle Samurai during his early adventures as a Pathfinder. He made a point of returning with several bottles, and the decision served him well over the next several decades.

Truecolor dye produces vibrant colors, yet the actual color that registers varies according to the personality and temperament of the viewer—the viewer's good, neutral, or evil alignment component determines the color he sees. Good viewers see a pleasing gold, while evil viewers see a rich blood red. A neutral viewer sees the dye as its actual color, a dull orange. Centuries ago, *truecolor dye* was used in the miracle courts of Tian Xia as a way to trick emissaries into revealing their alignments, but its secret has long since been disseminated on the eastern continent and lost its hidden value. A DC 25 Knowledge (geography or nature) check reveals the dye's nature.

A single vial of *truecolor dye* is enough to coat a square foot of material, or to ink 5 pages of text. Once applied, *truecolor dye* is permanent, although it can be washed off with *universal solvent*.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *detect good* or *detect evil*; **Cost** 25 gp

Unlike the front doors at area **B1**, the western doors here are locked tight. The southeastern door leading to the stairs that descend to the cellar level is close. An examination of the lock shows it was recently destroyed by acid. The mounted knight figure in the middle of the room is a Chelish Knight from before Aroden's Fall—the knight's armor is mounted on a wooden frame, but the horse it rides is an actual horse preserved by taxidermy, reinforced by a wood and iron skeleton.

Creatures: Ilnerik sent a pair of shadow mastiffs with his vampire minions to aid in the task of destroying the *Morrowfall*, but the vampires quickly grew frustrated and annoyed by the mastiffs' incessant noise and scampering. They locked the hounds into this room, partially to keep them out of their way, and partially to guard the entrance to the vaults—if the hounds start to bay, the vampires below hear it.

SHADOW MASTIFFS (2)

CR 5

XP 1,600 each

hp 51 each (see page 27)

Treasure: In their hasty retreat from the lodge, the Thrune Pathfinders looted much of the more expensive or powerfully magic armor from this display, but several pieces of some value remain. The Chelish knight's full plate is in fact +1 *full plate*, and the barding his horse wears is masterwork full plate barding. In the wall displays, only two other interesting bits of armor remain, each identified by a small bronze plaque.

Dawnhunter: This red-and-gold +1 *light fortification breastplate* is crafted and painted to look as if it had been carved from stone. It belonged to Commander Helmranner of the Ever-Advancing Legion, said to have been one of the dwarven commanders to lead an army to the surface during the Quest for Sky so long ago.

O-yori: Recovered from Tian Xia, this ceremonial armor is composed of tiny metal plates tied together by colored leather lacings (treat this as a masterwork chain shirt). A ceramic facemask depicting the visage of a beautiful Tien woman completes the design. This facemask is lacquered with *truecolor dye* (see sidebar).

B7. PRIVIES

These privies are unremarkable, caked with dust but still usable. A DC 20 Perception check is enough to notice scratches and traces of movement into and out of the privies, as if something the size of a baby with sharp claws had crawled in and out of the holes many times. These are marks left by the passage of the soulbound dolls, who use the privies to move from the cellar below to this floor. Niches cut into the walls of the pipes make it a relatively easy DC 10 Climb check to navigate, although a Medium creature must also make a DC 30 Escape Artist to wriggle through the narrow shaft. Each privy shaft is 25 feet deep, the holes descending about 30 feet north of the lower level's northernmost extent to a shared cistern. From this cistern extend a number of tiny pipes, some leading to outflows from the cliff wall into the river (each of these is blocked by a grate), and one leading south to connect to a second cistern under area **B17**; these tunnels are not shown on the maps, but can give the PCs a stealthy way to come and go from Delvehaven once they discover them. Of course, the pipes are too small to allow anything of Small or larger size to travel—gaseous form works well to navigate them, though, and it was via this route that the vampires initially infiltrated the lodge.

B8. THE NAUTALICA (CR 7)

Once an exotic feasting hall, this central chamber is now covered in dust and grime. Many square tables and chairs sit throughout this room, although quite a few are partially collapsed or fallen over. A gigantic fifteen-foot-tall tank half filled with a cloud of murky brown water stands in the hall's

What Lies in Dust

center, its wings of glass stretching in the four directions of the compass. A jumble of strange, bony shapes are just visible lying strewn on the bottom of the tank. Twenty feet above, the ceiling is draped in cobwebs.

In days long past, Pathfinders would often speak of the pleasure of a meal at the Nautalica, the lodge's popular dining chamber. The Nautalica's staff would frequently fill the hall's signature sea tank with new and amazing sea creatures of all sizes and colors, providing its guests with a constant source of conversation. The tank is 15 feet high, leaving a 5-foot gap between the roof of the tank and the dining hall ceiling. The staff used the trap door in the tank roof's center to feed the tank's occupants. The tank's glass walls are thick and magically treated, yet still relatively fragile (hardness 4, hp 30, Break DC 22). If a wall is destroyed, filthy water floods out to wash over the floor. All creatures within 15 feet of the break must make a DC 15 Acrobatics check or be knocked prone—the water eventually floods this room and the surrounding halls to a depth of a few inches. Inside the tank are the jumbled bones of several long-dead giant piranhas.

Creature: Ilnerik supplied his vampire minions with several tools to aid them in securing Delvehaven against intrusion. Perhaps the most impressive was a small sphere of shadow and negative energy that, when used in conjunction with a *scroll of animate dead*, could be used to create a powerful undead skeleton infused with negative energy. The vampire Jair chose the triceratops skeleton from area **B2** as his subject, and the dangerous skeleton now stands guard in this chamber, ready to charge and attack anyone who enters the room.

SHADOWY TRICERATOPS SKELETON CR 7

XP 3,200

Negative-energy-charged triceratops skeleton (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 86, 250; *Advanced Bestiary* 185)

NE Huge undead

Init +6; **Senses** blindsight 60 ft., darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 13 (+2 Dex, +2 dodge, +3 natural, –2 size)

hp 91 (14d8+28)

Fort +11, **Ref** +6, **Will** +4

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, obscuring energy, resistant to positive energy; **DR** 5/bludgeoning and good; **Immune** cold, undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft.

Melee gore +18 (2d10+15 plus 1d6 negative energy)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft.

Special Attacks charged attacks, searing darkness

TACTICS

During Combat The undead triceratops quickly moves to attack the first foe it notices. Note that the undead dinosaur is huge and thunderous; having it make a charge attack against a PC only to miss and hit the tank of fetid water could make for an exciting development.

Morale The skeleton fights until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 30, **Dex** 15, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +22; **CMD** 36

Feats Improved Initiative

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Charged Attacks (Su) The triceratops's gore attack inflicts an additional 1d6 points of negative energy on a hit. In addition, when it makes a full attack, it can make a second attack with its gore as if hastened.

Obscuring Energy (Su) The shadowy undead triceratops is surrounded by flickering shadows and wisps of black smoke, granting it partial concealment (20% miss chance). When it stands still, the shadows grow stronger and grant concealment (50% miss chance).

Resistant to Positive Energy (Ex) The undead dinosaur takes 10 fewer points of damage than normal from positive energy effects that deal damage.

Searing Darkness (Sp) Once every 1d4 rounds, the undead can release a beam of searing darkness; treat this as a *searing light* spell (CL 14th) that inflicts negative energy damage.

Treasure: Many items of treasure have been lost or hidden in the jumble of sludge and bones at the bottom of the tank—a successful DC 30 Perception check (DC 15 if the tank is first drained) reveals five ancient triangular coins from Ligar worth 50 gp each, an indigo jade bracelet worth 225 gp, a darkwood wolf's-head scepter worth 20 gp, seven octagonal *continual flame* gems worth 120 gp each, and a *gray bag of tricks*, though as a strange side effect from the bag's time in the sea tank, animals withdrawn from the bag come out waterlogged and leave a moist trail wherever they go.

B9. KITCHEN

This large serving kitchen is equipped with a pair of humongous ovens now sealed with bricks. A pantry lies to the south.

Long fallen to disuse, this kitchen holds little of note. The foodstuffs left behind in the pantry (area **B9a**) molded over several decades ago, but the resulting stench has long receded. A side door once facilitated the unloading of supplies, and still bears an old *arcane lock* spell (CL 12th) that makes it particularly difficult to open.

B10. THE ROSTRUM OF VANISHMENT (CR 7)

Dozens of pillars support a wooden terrace that surrounds a weed-choked inner courtyard. Underneath the terrace, a variety of weapon racks rest against an outer stone wall, protected from the outdoor weather. In the center of the open courtyard sits a raised dais composed of a mysterious blue metal. The strange circular stage is fifty feet across. Above, a wooden walkway hangs suspended at a height of thirty feet, connecting the southern and northern upper floors of the lodge in a perilous-looking route.

The dais is magical. Anyone stepping on the huge metal disc gains the benefit of *greater invisibility*. The effect lasts only as long as the character remains on the dais. The Pathfinder Society retrieved this curious hunk of metal from a diving expedition in Lirgen (known now as the Sudden Lands) and transported it back here with magic and polished it up. For years afterward, interested members used the dais as an arena to refine their abilities to blind-fight and respond to invisible threats. The block

of strange metal is incredibly heavy—moving it here cost the Pathfinders a small fortune. Close inspection of the block reveals areas along the edge where smaller samples have been harvested—chipped from the whole, a chunk of this metal loses its magical properties and becomes unremarkable iron.

The disk of metal itself is in fact an ancient remnant of what was once an immense three-legged construct that fell to Golarion in Lirgen thousands of years ago. The construct could become invisible and project beams of searing heat from a tentacle-like arm—it was destroyed after a long battle, at which point it melted down into the roughly circular shape it is in today. Lirgen wizards studied the metal for many years but could never deduce how and why it continues to render those who stand upon it invisible, but they were able to determine that the strange golem itself hailed from the red planet of Akiton. Lirgen was destroyed and all records of the golem's attacks lost before the wizards could learn much more.

The PCs can find at least one of every weapon listed in the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* on the racks, although none of the weapons is particularly well made. All weapons are secured with padding, and until these pads are removed as a full-round action, the weapons inflict nonlethal damage only.

The weeds growing in the courtyard average 2 feet in height, and provide partial concealment for Small creatures and total concealment for smaller creatures.

Creatures: This chamber is a favorite haunt for the soulbound dolls, and the first time the PCs enter this area, if they haven't already encountered and destroyed the dolls, the five deadly constructs are here, playing hide-and-seek in the tall grass. If they hear the PCs coming, they clamber up onto the disk, become invisible, and wait for the right moment to attack. Otherwise, stealthy PCs are greeted with rustling weeds, strange titters, and tiny cries as the dolls cavort and torment each other.

SOULBOUND DOLLS (5)

CR 2

XP 600 each

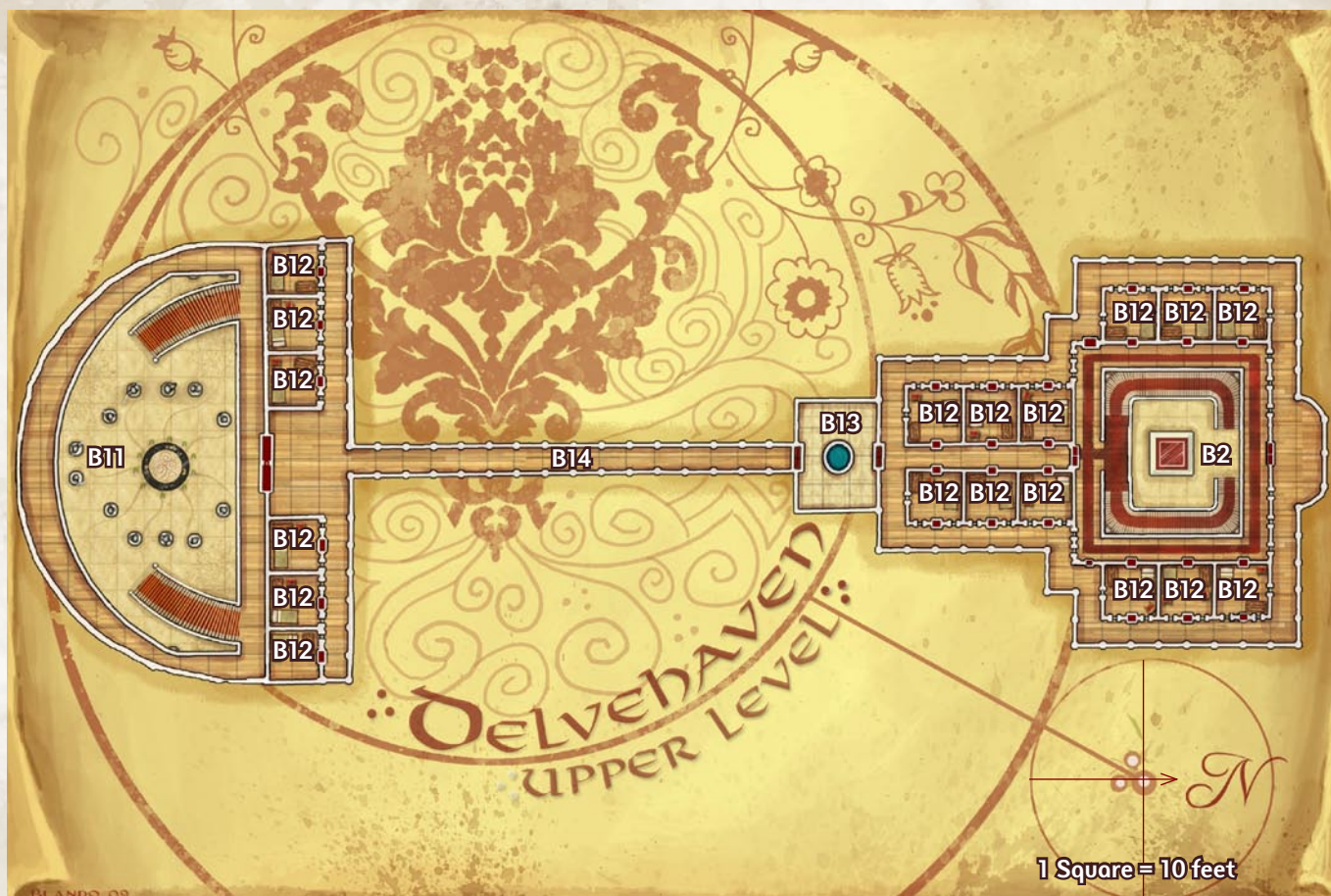
hp 19 each (see page 28)

TACTICS

During Combat Once the dolls realize they have larger playmates, they clamber up onto the disk to become invisible if the PCs aren't yet in the courtyard. Otherwise, they grow silent and stalk stealthily toward the sounds of the PCs. The dolls are competitive when they fight, shrieking and giggling and never attacking the same foe unless there are no other targets, yet once a doll takes damage, the others quickly come to its aid and focus all their attacks on the same foe.



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Morale If a doll is destroyed, the remaining dolls flee north into the privies in area **B7**, clambering down and through the pipes to seek shelter in area **B17** below.

Khazrae's Advice: The erinyes can tell the PCs about the blue disk's properties, and that Pathfinders often used the disk to train at fighting unseen foes or other trickery.

B11. COUNCIL CHAMBER (CR 6)

No doubt decisions of great import were once made inside this splendid council chamber. A gigantic nightscape mural blankets the domed ceiling. The mural's bands of stars stretch to form an outline of the Pathfinders' famed Glyph of the Open Road, superimposing its image over the night sky. Wooden stairs lead up to a balcony which circles the upper level of this great chamber. In the chamber's center, ten high-backed chairs ring a stone table that rests flush with the floor. A large decorative lantern rests on the table's center, its flame still impossibly aglow.

Several of the stars in the ceiling mural are composed of tiny glass shards with remnants of *continual flame*.

Creature: For the last few years, Delvehaven has also been home to a will-o'-wisp named Xyscerace. Although it sometimes flits out of the lodge to seek out victims in Westcrown's alleys (and is, as a result, largely responsible for the rumors that Delvehaven is haunted), the wisp particularly enjoys basking in and feeding on exotic flavors provided by the psychic residue of Bisby's infusive paranoia—a never-ending banquet for the strange creature.

When the PCs arrive, Xyscerace senses opportunity for even greater feasting, particularly if he notices combat in area **B10**—in this case, the will-o'-wisp floats out invisibly to dine on fear. If confronted, it fights until reduced to 10 hp or less, at which point it attempts to flee Westcrown altogether.

XYSKERACE

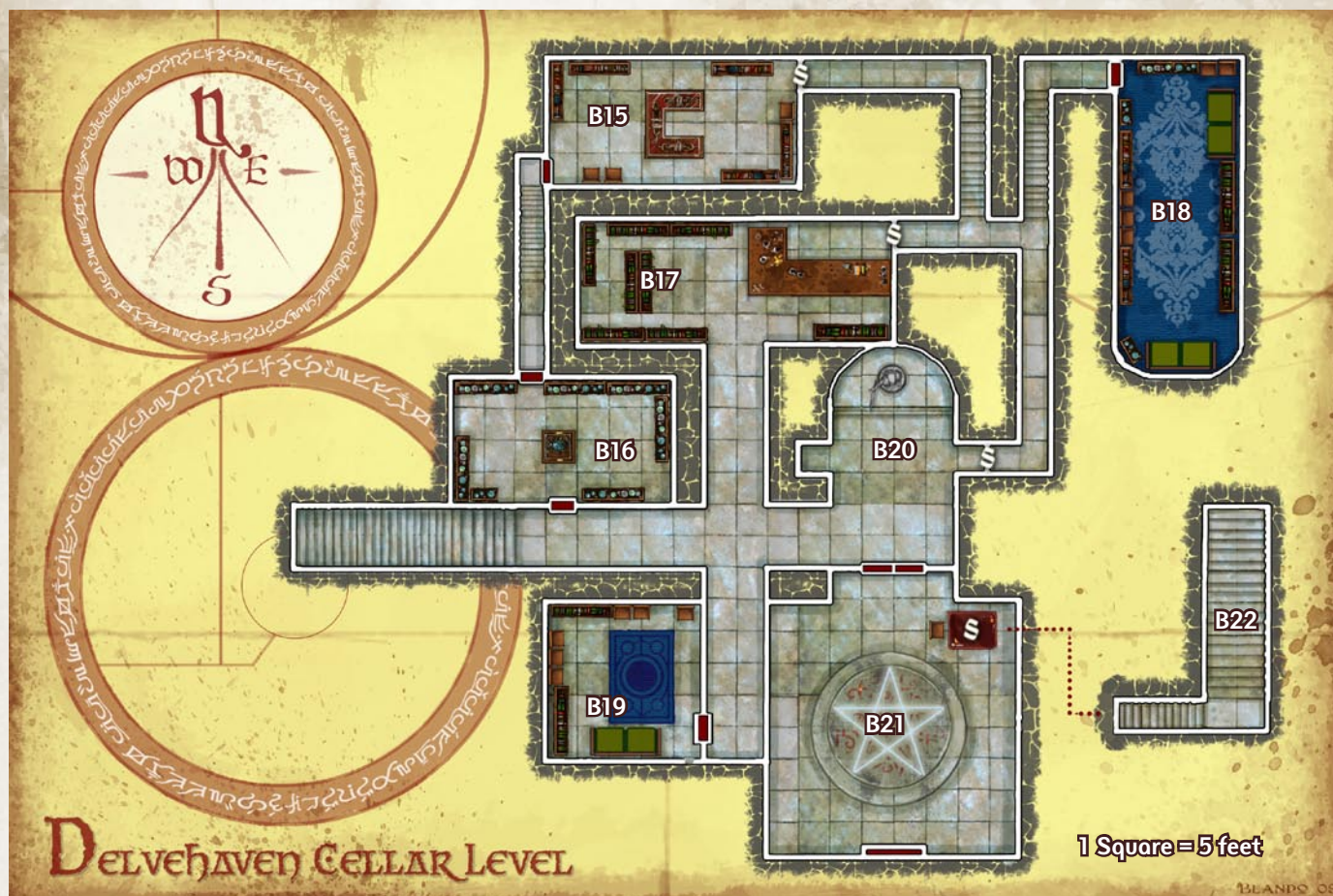
CR 6

XP 2,400

Will-o'-wisp (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 277)

hp 40

Treasure: Several of the stars in the ceiling mural are composed of tiny glass shards with remnants of *continual*



flame. If an hour is spent prying the shards from the ceiling, the glowing shards could fetch up to 300 gp in all. The lantern on the table also contains a continual flame, but its workmanship is such that this lantern alone is worth 450 gp.

B12. GUEST ROOMS

Once warmly furnished, this simple guest room has been left in tatters by a century of dust and neglect.

Although there are slight variations in style between the individual guest rooms, each one contains a bed, a closet, a set of drawers and an empty, unlocked, wooden trunk. One conspicuous detail may stand out—a DC 5 Perception check notes that every room contains an empty frame or two of various sizes.

B13. VANITY (CR 5)

This room contains a crystalline pool encircled by a border of eldritch symbols.

Creature: Long ago, a Pathfinder wizard bound a water elemental in the 10-foot-deep pool in the center of this room. A DC 20 Spellcraft check confirms that the runes on the pool's edge are those of a permanent magical seal. As part of its now centuries-old bargain with its binder, the water elemental, Mirrorskin, was compelled to raise a vertical appendage above the pool and duplicate the exact shape of whomever was closest to the pool. It remains compelled to do so, even today. In this way, the elemental acts as a strange mirror, enabling visitors to accurately adjust their hair and clothing.

The elemental has gone berserk from its perfect stillness over the past century, while it slowly absorbed the unsettling madness of Donatus Bisby that now permeates the lodge. Even still, the elemental is quite harmless unless the rune which binds it to the pool is disturbed or someone foolishly enters the pool. If so, Mirrorskin lashes out, making a watery duplicate of whomever it attempts to strangle and drown.

LARGE WATER ELEMENTAL

CR 5

XP 1,600

hp 68 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 126)

Khazrae's Advice: The erinyes can warn the PCs that a water elemental once dwelt in this pool.

B14. CATWALK BRIDGE

A wooden hanging rope bridge connects the upper story of the north and south lodge towers, overlooking a weed-choked courtyard below.

Where it crosses over the courtyard, the bridge is 30 feet high. Once built to echo the appearance of a jungle gorge rope bridge, this bridge is now quite decayed and collapses 1d3 rounds after anyone of size Small or larger attempts to use it. The round before it collapses, the telltale sound of snapping ropes gives PCs 1 round to race to safety; otherwise a fall into the courtyard below inflicts 3d6 damage.

B15. THE MARINER'S DISPLAY (CR 6)

This chamber showcases a staggering array of model ships, most of them damaged. Many of the miniature vessels seem to have once been displayed inside bottles, but these displays are now universally broken. The ships themselves come in all sizes, ranging from a half-foot in length to a massive seven-foot frigate on a stand in the middle of the room, its masts broken and hanging askew in a tangle of rigging.

One of Delvehaven's original venture-captains was a reformed pirate from Port Peril—this display was his creation, and long after his death, the Delvehaven venture-captains maintained and increased the collection. Unfortunately, much of this collection has been looted or destroyed, so that now only fragments of frost giant longships, Taldan frigates, infamous pirate ships, notorious ghost ships, and the like remain in various states of ruin.

Haunt: Bisby spent much of his life on ships, traveling to and from distant and exotic ports of call. Yet he did not particularly enjoy sailing—his trips seemed too often to be hit with near mutinies, food shortages, bad weather, or other sorts of peril, and often he and his companions, after having been forced to share cramped quarters under such perilous conditions, grew short-tempered. These experiences have resulted in a haunt that causes those who spend more than a round in this room to be suddenly overwhelmed with feelings of claustrophobia, nausea, and discord, eventually causing a sudden and violent outburst against those whom they might count as friends.

BISBY'S BICKERING **CR 6**
XP 2,400
 CN haunted area (area B15)
Caster Level 6th
Notice Perception DC 15 (to notice the tang of salt air and feel

Untouched Chambers

When the House of Thrune first occupied Delvehaven in 4674 AR, they took their time exploring the hall and looting what they could from the upper chambers, but a series of complex wards and traps, including illusions and teleporters, made entering the level a difficult task. At that time, Bisby's presence in the cellar was much more powerful, and much of that power was focused in the wards and in the soulbound dolls. Every time the puppet Pathfinders made progress into these chambers, they suffered setbacks as the haunts and dolls caused more and more damage. Areas **B15–B20** still bear many battle scars of those fights. Finally, with mounting pressure from the House of Thrune and their direct commander, Mayor Dargentu Vheed, the Pathfinders attempted a dangerous exorcism of Bisby's spirit. While the exorcism was partially successful and drastically reduced the amount of power his spirit had in the cellar (including a significant reduction of the soulbound dolls' power), there was an equally significant backlash as Bisby's spirit blasted the puppet Pathfinders with horror and madness. The Pathfinders turned on each other and did more damage to their own than the wards of Delvehaven ever did, and the few survivors fled the lodge. The House of Thrune decided to cut their losses and ordered the lodge resealed and its grounds mined with isolation chamber traps—until Ilnerik's vampires invaded the lodge as a direct result of his fears of the PCs recovering the other half of the *Aohl*, the only outsiders to risk entry into Delvehaven have been a few isolated and doomed thieves.

Khazrae's Advice: The erinyes has relatively little advice to give the PCs about these chambers, although she does know that the Thrune Pathfinders were having a difficult time dealing with “ghosts and haunts” and “damn little dolls.” Beyond this, and of the deeper vault level below, Khazrae has no advice to offer.

the subtle shifting in the floor as if one were standing aboard a ship at sea)

hp 12

EFFECTS

Trigger proximity (3 rounds after first person enters room); **Reset** automatic (24 hours)

Effect When this haunt manifests, all of the fragments of the ship models shake and vibrate—all characters in area **B15** must make a DC 17 Will saving throw. All PCs who are affected by the haunt (whether or not their save is successful) are momentarily overwhelmed by the haunt's effects and have a brief vision of a hale and hardy human male (Donatalus Bisby) arguing with a smaller half-elf male (Ilnerik Sivanshen) on the deck of a storm-tossed ship. Characters who make

their saving throws are free to move about the room or take other actions, while those who fail stand rooted in place and speak aloud the lines of the argument in voices not their own. First, Bisby yells, “We didn’t lose all of this and endure those torments to tinker and meddle with our one spoil from the whole damnable affair.” Ilnerik answers with, “And yet again the trademark Bisby hesitance stalls what could have been a gripping chapter in his dreary chronicle.” Bisby’s reply is, “Enough from you! You’re here to chronicle my deeds, not dictate them! Keep your place!”, after which Ilnerik seems ready to attack his companion. This vision and these spoken lines persist for the duration of the surprise round. On the round immediately following, any PC who failed his Will save against the haunt’s effects immediately attacks his nearest ally, as if under the effects of a *song of discord*. This effect persists for only 6 rounds before the haunt’s effects pass and the room is once again still. A character affected by the haunt who is pulled from the room (or is perhaps tricked into leaving the room to pursue a fleeing friend) immediately regains his senses, but if he reenters the room before the haunt’s effects have run their course, he begins his attack anew.

Treasure: One damaged ship model, a mercenary frigate bearing the name *Pride of the Dead*, has an unusual orange sail. This sail is, in fact, a *scroll of breath of life* written on cloth—the words inked in *truecolor dye* so that only good or evil readers can read the ink.

B16. INSECT MUSEUM (CR 6)

The walls of this room are decorated with hundreds of mostly smashed glass display cases that seem to have once contained thousands of insects, spiders, and other arthropods. Yet more impressive are the larger, giant-sized vermin that have been preserved and are on display. Dog-sized ants, man-sized spiders, and even a horse-sized scorpion are mounted in threatening postures, although in each case, the immense preserved monster is badly damaged and, in some cases, in pieces.

This collection of vermin taxidermy was the lifework of a dedicated naturalist, the Pathfinder Ornato Geryis. The clutter of insect parts that lies on the floor mixed with fallen display cases and coils of rope that once hung several vermin from the ceiling makes this chamber difficult terrain.

Haunt: Ornato Geryis joined Bisby’s doomed expedition to the Mwangi Expanse largely for the chance to bag a giant Mwangi hornet to add to this bizarre collection. Unfortunately, like most who participated in that fateful expedition, Geryis did not return—victim of the demon-worshipping cannibals who force-fed some of the unfortunate man to his companions—particularly his blood. Bisby

never divulged the true extent of this horrific event to the other Pathfinders.

VERMINOUS CANNIBAL STORM

CR 6

XP 2,400

CN haunted area (area B16)

Caster Level 6th

Notice Sense Motive DC 20 (to notice sudden hunger pangs combined with an unmistakable desire to feed on the flesh and drink the blood of one’s own race)

hp 12

EFFECTS

Trigger proximity; **Reset** automatic (24 hours)

Effect As this haunt manifests, the hundreds of vermin in the room suddenly lurch into violent life as phantasmal legs, wings, and heads reattach in a single sudden storm of hungry ghost bugs. An instant later, the verminous storm collapses on itself in a cannibalistic orgy, the phantasmal creatures tearing themselves apart and feeding on each other. As the storm of ghostly bugs flies and crawls through the PCs’ bodies, leaving behind hideous wounds that look like bite marks left by decidedly human teeth, each PC suddenly feels himself growing fuller, as if their bellies were distending with flesh chewed from the bodies of their friends. All PCs in the room take 6d6 points of damage from the bites and 1d6 points of Charisma damage from the growing sense of nausea and shame at the implications of cannibalism. A successful save reduces the damage taken by half and negates the Charisma damage.

B17. DELVEHAVEN TAVERN (CR 7)

What may have once been a small cheerful bar shows that this room once acted as an underground tavern. Several shelves for wine bottles fill the western half of the room. Most of the wine bottles are smashed, the furniture likewise ruined, with the exception of a strangely child-sized table and set of chairs that seems to have been built out of scavanged parts from larger furniture that sits on top of the bar itself.

Before Aroden’s death, this wine cellar doubled as a mini-tavern hosted by a retired Pathfinder-turned-brewer named Zoan “Vintage” Tyspar. As his own life was saved repeatedly by potions during his adventuring career, Vintage asked why it was necessary for the standard magical elixir to taste so incredibly awful. Tackling the problem with enthusiasm, he experimented with the means to safely mix his creations with a selection of fine wines and spirits. In time, Vintage even began bottling his successes in glass wine bottles, much to the delight of the other Pathfinders. Those that followed the works of Vintage came to know which brands and years symbolized the different magical effects available. Those who did not were on the receiving end of good-natured jokes.

What Lies in Dust

If the PCs succeed on a DC 20 Perception check in this room, they detect a circular impression on the floor against the west wall. Once there was a life-sized stone statue of the famed Pathfinder Durvin Gest here. The Pathfinders would often come to toast his legacy with a drink from Vintage's spirits. Bisby, however, moved the statue from here to the Arrival Bay (area 20). The PCs can trace the path that Bisby dragged the statue by following faint skid marks with a DC 20 Survival check.

One of the wine racks behind the bar is actually a door leading to secret passageway. The wine rack door silently glides open if the PCs turn the correct bottle label-side down (DC 20 Perception check). The dark passageway leads to areas B15, B18, and B20. A large drain behind the bar opens into a narrow tunnel that winds north to a reservoir that connects to both area B7 and the northern cliffs overlooking the water outside—see area B7 for more details.

Creatures: As with the courtyard above, this room is one of the favorite haunts of Bisby's soulbound dolls. If the PCs haven't already encountered these murderous creatures, they meet them here, seated at the miniature table as if arranged for a child's tea party. If the dolls know the PCs are coming, they remain motionless, waiting for the PCs to be spread throughout the room before hopefully attacking with surprise. If the PCs surprise the dolls, they're greeted with the surreal sight of five strange dolls playing at a tea party with cracked mugs and broken pottery.

SOULBOUND DOLLS (5)

CR 2

XP 600 each

hp 19 each (see page 28)

TACTICS

During Combat The dolls are competitive when they fight, shrieking and giggling and never attacking the same foe unless there are no other targets, yet once a doll takes damage, the others quickly come to its aid and focus their attacks on the same foe.

Morale If encountered here, the dolls fight until one of their number is slain, at which point the survivors flee (either by a doorway or the drain behind the bar), regroup, then stalk the PCs for revenge.

Treasure: While the majority of the wine racks and their contents are destroyed, a DC 25 Perception check reveals a hidden stash that survives under the bar. This stash includes four bottles of century-old elven spirit wine that has just reached its apex, worth 175 gp each. In addition, several of Tyspar's fine potions remain as well—two *potions of cure moderate wounds*, two *potions of lesser restoration*, a *potion of levitate*, two *potions of mage armor*, a *potion of protection from arrows*, and a *potion of reduce person*.

B18. PRIVATE LOUNGE

This chamber looks to have been designed for both comfort and function. Oversized beds and couches litter the room, but there are also desks for study, maps and libraries for research, and even a small exercise area.

Venture-Captain Ghaelfin was the first to admit that he played favorites with his own adventuring band. When he built Delvehaven, he included this hidden meeting chamber known to the Amber Privateers alone. Here they could plan expeditions, prepare spells in private, or simply hide from the regular guests populating the upper levels.

Treasure: Little of worth is left, as the Amber Privateers each took their favorite items with them when they left. Nevertheless, a successful DC 15 Perception check uncovers a well-crafted pre-Throne Chelish banner worth 75 gp, a vial of *oil of daylight*, a *scroll of sending*, and a *scroll of lesser globe of invulnerability* folded into origami birds. At your option, you could include one of the strange relics detailed on pages 52–59 in this room, a late-arrival delivery that the Pathfinders placed in this room for safekeeping a few days or weeks before Aroden's death, and which has languished in here, forgotten, for over 100 years.

B19. BISBY'S FINAL RESTING PLACE (CR 7)

The iron door to this room is locked by the force of Bisby's mad spirit. The door is effectively magically treated (hardness 20, hp 120, Break DC 48; Disable Device DC 35) as a result, and any damage inflicted on the door self-repairs at the rate of 2 hp per round. Before the Throne Pathfinders weakened Bisby's spirit in their self-destructive final attempt to destroy him, these DCs and repair effects were much higher. Of course, if the PCs have recovered the keyring from the Wave Door cache, one of the keys can be used to easily unlock the door.

The walls of this room are lined with bookshelves. A velvet sofa along the southern wall contains a single skeleton clad in long-decayed rags, its arms wrapped tightly around a burlap bag bulging with unseen items. A scattered pile of junk sits on the floor before the skeleton, a corona of treasures and clutter alike. A message in Common is scrawled on the wall in huge crude lettering opposite the seated skeleton: "He who steals from me dies by my hand." The grisly pile of skeletal remnants heaped in a mound in the center of the room seems to testify to this threat.

The skeleton in the chair is the mortal remains of Pathfinder Donatalus Bisby. It was here that he finally died, in the deepest throes of his paranoia. Ultimately convinced the entire world was trying to steal everything he had worked so hard to unearth, he gathered as many

of the lodge's valuables as he could carry, brought them into this chamber, and locked himself and his collection within. As the world without roiled in chaos and turmoil from Aroden's death, so too did Bisby, and his madness grew more and more overwhelming. In time he ran out of food and water. Ultimately, he died of thirst, guarding his treasures against thieves that never came—never, that is, until the Thrune Pathfinders reopened Delvehaven. During those 2 years, Bisby's spirit did much damage to the would-be thieves, working via haunts and through the actions of his soulbound dolls. The same dolls often brought to his door fragments and remnants of Thrune Pathfinders they'd destroyed (Bisby's spirit opened the door for the dolls in this event)—the mound of skeletal parts on the floor is all that remains of these poor souls.

Creatures & Haunt: This is the epicenter of Bisby's madness and lingering spirit, and his skull is a haunted object. In addition, the undead remnants of some of the Thrune Pathfinders remain here, bound by Bisby's spirit as a pair of shadows. Any attempt to establish communication with Bisby's spirit (such as via *Speak with Dead*, *grave candle*, resurrection, or even simple attempts to *detect thoughts* or use telepathy on his remains) unleashes the full extent of his madness upon the PCs. No matter how they attempt to contact him, the intended effects of the attempt do not manifest. Instead, Bisby's skull rises from his bones to scream, "Thieves! Thieves! Thieves!" As it does so, two shadows rise up from the pile of Thrune Pathfinder remains to attack the PCs. Bisby's skull and the shadow guardians can also be triggered by any attempt to disturb the skeletal remains or any attempt to touch, manipulate, or steal any of the room's treasure.

Bisby's haunted skull can be pacified a number of ways. As a haunted object, it can be defeated by the application of positive energy. Damaging the skull with other effects (such as weapons, acid, fire, and other energy) can temporarily halt its effects, but the skull rebuilds itself after 1 round of such damage. Certain additional effects, as detailed in the haunt's stat block below, can pacify it as well. Otherwise, only exiting the room or destroying his shadow guardians causes the skull to grow silent, at which point it calms enough to address the PCs (see Development, below).

SHADOWS (2) **CR 3**
XP 800 each
hp 19 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 245)

BISBY'S SKULL **CR 5**
XP 2,400
 CN persistent haunted Diminutive object (skull)
Caster Level 5th
Notice automatic (Bisby's skull rises into the air and screams, "Thieves! Thieves! Thieves!")

AC 14 (+4 size)

hp 22 (hardness 2)

Fort +4, **Ref** +4, **Will** +4

Weaknesses Bisby's skull can be deceived by *hide from undead*, *invisibility*, *Stealth*, and any effect that hides a target from view. In addition, effects that calm or cure madness can harm this haunt. *Calm emotions* and *lesser restoration*, if cast upon the skull with a successful touch attack, inflict 1d4 points of damage per caster level—the skull can make a Will save against the spell's DC to halve the damage. *Restoration* inflicts 1d8 points of damage per caster level (Will save halves), and *heal* or *greater restoration* destroys the haunt, no save. The skull heals all damage caused by other sources at the end of its round, so a person could theoretically keep the haunt from manifesting its effect by smashing it to splinters each round.

EFFECTS

Trigger touch or mental contact; **Reset** automatic (24 hours)

Effect Each round Bisby's skull is active, it casts a *phantasmal killer* spell (save DC 16) at the target that activated it, or at the closest target in range if that target is not available.

Treasure: The various items that Bisby managed to scavenge from Delvehaven and brought here to protect testify to his madness in those final hours, for they represent a somewhat eccentric collection of objects, including six vials of *truecolor dye* (see page 34), a pair of chopsticks made from manticores worth 15 gp, a leather pouch containing six bloodstones worth 50 gp each, a masterwork bolas, a silver signal whistle worth 60 gp, a golden bell carved with Thassilonian runes worth 450 gp, a *ring of swimming*, a set of *pipes of sounding*, and a *lens of detection*.

Although Bisby's nonmagical gear rotted away long ago, several of his magical items still adorn his skeletal remains or lie nearby. He still wears his suit of +1 *leather armor*. A *ring of protection* +2 sits on one bony finger, and his +1 *animal-bane heavy crossbow* sits across his legs. An *efficient quiver* containing 60 mithral-headed crossbow bolts and two *javelins of lightning* is wedged between his bones and the back of the chair he sits in. His *wayfinder* is clutched in one hand, a dusty rose prism *ioun stone* set in the *wayfinder's* central receptacle. As long as this *ioun stone* is kept in the *wayfinder* in this way, the *wayfinder's* powers are suppressed but the *ioun stone* grants a +2 insight bonus to its owner's CMD bonus and on his CMD score in addition to the normal +1 insight bonus to AC. Further details on how *wayfinders* and *ioun stones* interact can be found in *Pathfinder Chronicles: Seekers of Secrets*.

Development: If the PCs silence Bisby's skull (either by reducing its hit points to 0 with the appropriate kind of damage or by destroying the two shadows), the haunted skull drops down onto its skeleton and remains quiet unless the PCs can present a *wayfinder* or manage to convince Bisby's spirit they are friends to the Pathfinders with a DC 25 Bluff or Diplomacy check.

What Lies in Dust

Once his spirit is quieted, the PCs can speak to Bisby's haunt for a short time before his period of lucidity fades and he goes completely inert for a day (after which he returns to his normal violence and paranoia). During this time of lucidity, you can use Bisby to fill the PCs in on much of the history of what befell the great Pathfinder in his final days. In particular, he can convey to the PCs the fact that he fears his companion, the half-elf Ilnarik Sivanshin, stole part of the *Aohl* and fled to Nidal to sell it there. Bisby can explain how the *Aohl*, once its two components were separated, no longer had countering forces to keep them in check. He can also tell the PCs that the portion Ilnarik left behind was called the *Morrowfall* and depicted an eagle's head, the representation of a long-dead sun cult, the name of whose god has fallen into utter obscurity. This portion grew unstable over the week that followed, periodically emitting blinding and searing blasts of sunlight so that the Pathfinders were forced to secure it in a deep vault below, both for its security and to prevent the blasts of light from hurting anyone. Bisby knows the entrance to the deeper vault is in area **B21**, and that to open the way, one must spell out the words "Behold the Amber Arca" on the red door—he informs the PCs of this even if they don't think to ask.

Bisby can also warn the PCs that it seems likely that the other half of the *Aohl*, the *Totemrix*, had a similar building of power. Bisby knows that this portion of the *Aohl* is the opposing counterpart of the golden eagle—the long dead demon lord of shadows Vyriavaxus—and he fears that the *Totemrix*, with its power uncontested by the *Morrowfall*, may have worked a most unholy transformation on his old friend Ilnarik. He confides in the PCs that "dark spirits" have recently passed through these halls, and that even now Bisby can feel their intrusions in the vault below, beyond his reach. Worse, these "dark spirits" have in them a hideous familiarity—Bisby worries that his old friend Ilnarik is behind their appearance, and that they seek to destroy the *Morrowfall*, which even now works to oppose the *Totemrix*. With the *Morrowfall*'s destruction, who knows what shadowy growth and vile magic the keeper of the *Totemrix* might unleash?

Soon (after only a few minutes of conversation with the PCs, and at the point where you feel you've used Bisby to convey to the PCs all they need to know), Bisby feels his lucidity fading. His final act is to thank the PCs for the few minutes of sanity they have given him, after which point he fades back into silence, only to reawaken as a haunt in 24 hours with, sadly, no memories of this interaction with the PCs.

In order to lay Bisby's unquiet spirit to rest, the PCs must reunite the *Aohl*, bringing together the *Totemrix* and the *Morrowfall* after their century of separation. Doing so will also lift the curse of the shadow beasts from Westcrown and

return the nights to its citizens—this triumphant victory (and the obstacles preventing it from occurring, such as the vampiric Ilnarik himself) is detailed in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #29's "Mother of Flies."

Ad Hoc Experience Award: For learning of the *Aohl*, Ilnarik's likely transformation, and the presence of the vampires in the vault below, award the PCs 4,800 XP.

B20. ARRIVAL BAY

To the north on an upraised stage, gold, green, and magenta mosaic tiles form an intricate glyph on the floor of this half-circle chamber of a road vanishing into the horizon. The battered and blasted remains of a stone statue that may have once depicted a human adventurer lie scattered throughout the lower southern half of the room.

This chamber was often used as an entry point for teleporting Pathfinders—the Glyph of the Open Road inlaid on the stage making it easier for those using *teleport* to enter the vault (treat the area as very familiar regardless of the number of times the traveler has visited this room), provided they have teleported out of the vault from this location at least once. The ruined statue is the remains of a stone golem that was carved to resemble Durvin Gest, one of the greatest Pathfinders to ever live. The golem was destroyed after several violent clashes decades ago with the Thrune Pathfinders.

The secret door in the eastern alcove can be located with a DC 25 Perception check.

B21. SUMMONING CHAMBER (CR 7)

This room's iron double doors are locked by the force of Bisby's mad spirit, similarly to those into area **B19**. One of the keys from the Wave Door cache can be used to easily unlock the door—*gaseous form* also works to bypass the portal and enter the room beyond.

This room is brightly lit by numerous glowing crystalline lanterns hanging from the ceiling. A large summoning circle of inlaid silver and cold iron sits in the center of the room. To the south, a massive door of red metal, decorated with a devil's head, bars passage beyond the south wall. Strange runes decorate the door's border. To the northeast, a large desk carved from a giant block of red stone rests in the corner of the room.

This room hides the only access point to the basement level below where the Pathfinders kept their most important treasures. The massive stone desk sits over the entrance to area **B22**. A DC 20 Perception check is enough to note the fact that a rough gap in the floor indicates that the desk sits over a hole, and that tiny runes similar to those etched on the red door to the south decorate the

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edges of the desk. The desk itself is solid stone (hardness 8, hp 750), and it's a DC 35 Strength check to force it aside to reveal the stairwell entrance below. *Gaseous form* also allows access to the chamber.

The key to opening the way to area **B22** lies in the red metal "door" to the south—this is actually a false door, and any attempt to open it triggers the room's trap. The runes on the door's face match the tiny runes carved into the desk—both are letters from the Azlanti alphabet, and when a letter is pressed, it glows with a soft blue light. This is a complex combination lock—in order to open the way, a person must use the Azlanti runes to spell out "Behold the Amber Arca." Doing so causes the stone desk to grind loudly as it pivots to the side, revealing a flight of stairs.

If the PCs don't learn this passphrase from Bisby's spirit, they'll need to stumble their way through the combination by making a DC 35 Disable Device check. Failure by 5 or more triggers the trap.

Trap: A ferocious predator from the depths of Hell is bound into the metal of the red door, part of a dangerous trap intended to punish those who attempt to force entry into the Amber Arca. When the trap is triggered, the red door suddenly flashes with heat, glowing red-hot as steam and smoke pours out of the devilish face decorating the door. It then swings open, seeming to reveal nothing but a blank wall beyond, yet in fact releasing a hellcat into the room. In bright light, this predatory outsider is invisible,

but in darker conditions it becomes increasingly visible as something that appears to be a skeletal cat-like creature with burning bones and great fangs.

HELLCAT DOOR

CR 7

XP 3,200

Type magic; Perception DC 30; Disable Device DC 30

EFFECTS

Trigger special (when passphrase is incorrectly entered or an attempt to stumble through entering the passphrase fails by 5 or more, or immediately upon any attempt to force open the entrance to area **B22**); **Bypass** passphrase ("Behold the Amber Arca"); **Reset** automatic (after 1 minute)

Effect conjures a hellcat into the room to attack foes

HELLCAT

CR 7

XP 3,200

LE Large outsider (evil, extraplanar, lawful)

Init +9; Senses darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +18

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 15, flat-footed 15 (+5 Dex, +1 dodge, +6 natural, -1 size)

hp 85 (9d10+36)

Fort +7, Ref +10, Will +5

Defensive Abilities invisible in light; DR 5/good; Resist fire 10; SR 17

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee 2 claws +13 (1d6+5 plus grab), bite +13 (2d6+5)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 5 ft.

Special Attacks pounce, rake (2 claws 1d6+5)

TACTICS

During Combat Once conjured into the room, the hellcat attacks the creature closest to the red door. If a foe in a mixed group seems particularly good at hurting it, the hellcat switches to attack that enemy.

Morale The hellcat fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 21, Dex 21, Con 19, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 10

Base Atk +9; CMB +15; CMD 31

Feats Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility

Skills Acrobatics +17 (+21 jump), Climb +17, Perception +18, Stealth +17, Survival +14, Swim +17; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Perception, +4 Stealth

Languages Infernal (cannot speak); telepathy 100 ft.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Invisible in Light (Su) In bright light, a hellcat is naturally invisible. In normal light, a hellcat has partial concealment (20% miss chance), while in dim light, it has no special concealment. Darkness smothers the creature's flickering glow and conceals it normally.



What Lies in Dust

Treasure: There are a dozen crystal lanterns hanging from the roof here—each lantern bears a *continual flame* spell, and is worth 200 gp.

B22. SECRET STAIRS

This flight of stairs winds downward into a darkness that is periodically shattered by the erratic flashing of a bright but distant light.

These stairs lead down to the vault level of Delvehaven; the flashing light is from the partially blocked *Morrowfall* located in the Amber Arca (area B27). Note that the grinding of the stone desk in area B21 (or its noisy destruction) automatically alerts the vampires in the vault below of the PCs' approach.

B23. MAUSOLEUM (CR 7)

Three large stone sarcophagi stand on the floor of this mausoleum. The carvings on the coffin lids are crude, vaguely depicting faceless humanoids with arms crossed over their chests. Wooden lockers hang on the south wall, behind the stone coffins. A tangle of bones lies scattered throughout the room, while a small stack of ribs and femurs that bear intricate scrimshaws sit on the lid of the central sarcophagus.

Until recently, this small mausoleum contained the remains of the original three founders of Delvehaven—now, their bones lie scattered about the room, the choice pieces set aside for the Mazeflesh Man's entertainment. The vampire has carved tangled designs into the bones with his talons, turning each into scenes of the dead rising from graves and evil spirits floating through the air. While intricate, these grisly carvings are not worth much.

Each sarcophagus contains a thick layer of moist soil, transported here by the vampires for their comfort. These coffins are their homes as long as they guard the vault, and if any of the vampires are reduced to 0 hit points, they flee to one of these caverns to recover.

Creature: The Mazeflesh Man chose this room as his own mostly because he had no interest in the contents of the other two rooms, but partially because he believes that by lairing here, where all three of the vampires must eventually come to rest, he'll have some sort of advantage.

Known in life by the name Vashian, the Mazeflesh Man was a Varisian thug who prided himself on his extensive body tattoos. The maze of tattoos transformed an already intimidating man into a true menace, and he spent much of his youth in Westcrown flaunting the city's curfew. He eventually paid for this foolishness when Ilnerik came upon the Varisian while he was preparing to smuggle a shipment of magic weapons out of town. Ilnerik chose to transform the man into a thrall rather than kill him, and ever since, the Mazeflesh Man has continued his work as a smuggler and a thug, only now his actions are dictated by the master of shadows.

Regardless of the form he takes, be it a wolf or even a cloud of gas, the Mazeflesh Man is always identifiable by the alien pattern of alternating light and dark twined lines that mark his form. When he uses his children of the night ability to summon bats or wolves, they too bear the maze-like mark of his tattoos in their flesh and fur.

THE MAZEFLESH MAN

CR 7

XP 3,200

Male human vampire fighter 6

CE Medium undead (augmented humanoid)

Init +10; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +18



THE MAZEFLESH MAN

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DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 17, flat-footed 17 (+1 dodge, +6 Dex, +7 natural)

hp 61 (6d10+24); fast healing 5

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

Defensive Abilities bravery +2, channel resistance +4; **DR** 10/magic and silver; **Immune** undead traits; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10

Weaknesses vampire weaknesses

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee slam +11 (1d4+7 plus energy drain)

Ranged +1 repeating heavy crossbow +15/+10 (1d10+4/19–20)

Special Attacks blood drain, children of the night, create spawn, dominate (DC 15), energy drain (2 levels, DC 15)

TACTICS

During Combat The Mazeflesh Man opens combats with his magic repeating crossbow, but rarely gets to the point in a battle where he's forced to reload the weapon since his bloodlust to wade into melee combat to smash foes with his fists takes over. He prefers to attack humans whom he loved in life, particularly Varisian women, who mock him with their beauty and curves. Against weak and helpless foes, he often assumes wolf form to lengthen the drama of his hunt, finishing his kill by draining blood.

Morale The Mazeflesh Man fights until reduced to 0 hit points, at which point he retreats to one of the coffins here to recover.

STATISTICS

Str 20, **Dex** 22, **Con** —, **Int** 10, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 28

Feats Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Deadly Aim, Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (repeating heavy crossbow), Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Armor, Lightning Reflexes, Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Toughness, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (repeating heavy crossbow), Weapon Specialization (repeating heavy crossbow)

Skills Bluff +10, Intimidate +11, Knowledge (engineering) +9, Perception +18, Sense Motive +12, Stealth +14

Languages Common

SQ armor training 1, change shape (dire bat or wolf, *beast shape II*), gaseous form, shadowless, spider climb, weapon training 1 (crossbows +1)

Gear +1 repeating heavy crossbow with 20 bolts, golembane scarab

B24. SCROLL CHAMBER (CR 7)

The walls of this room are lined with shelves, although they are badly scorched and burnt, the scrolls and books that once rested upon them now nothing more than ashes.

What Lies in Dust

This chamber once held a vast repository of knowledge and magic, the collection of all Delvehaven's lore and research. When Aroden died and chaos took hold of Westcrown, Delvehaven's venture-captain moved swiftly and saved the important and unique parts of this collection, stashing them in a *portable hole* and burying it in a safe location. What he left behind was less important material—and rather than see it fall into an enemy's hands, he burnt the holdings to ash. The location of the buried *portable hole* and the nature of its contents are left to you to develop as you wish if you want to expand this adventure.

Creature: The vampire denizen of this chamber is Vahnwynne Malkistra, in life an ambitious and talented vampire hunter who had uncanny skill at wielding wooden stakes as weapons. With 14 slayings already to her name elsewhere in Cheliah, she followed a string of clues from several of her vampiric victims and hoped to confront their creator here in Westcrown. Of course, Ilnerik left those clues on purpose as bait, luring Vahnwynne into a trap and transforming her into the very thing she hated.

Her new life as a vampire is a constant shame and torment, yet under her master's control, she cannot seek peace. Instead, she throws herself into battle with foes eagerly, hoping for the day that someone might use one of her own wooden weapons on her to end her undead immortality.

VAHNWYNNE MALKISTRA

CR 7

XP 3,200

Female vampire elf ranger 4/rogue 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 270)

LE Medium undead (augmented humanoid)

Init +9 (+11 underground); **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Perception** +23 (+25 underground)

DEFENSE

AC 26, touch 16, flat-footed 20 (+3 armor, +5 Dex, +1 dodge, +6 natural, +1 shield)

hp 65 (6 HD; 4d10+2d8+30); fast healing 5

Fort +7, **Ref** +13, **Will** +2; +2 vs. enchantment

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

Weaknesses vampire weaknesses

OFFENSE

Speed 35 ft.

Melee +1 wooden stakes +10/+5 (1d4+6) or slam +10 (1d4+5 plus energy drain)

Special Attacks blood drain, children of the night, create spawn, dominate (DC 17), energy drain (2 negative levels, DC 17),

avored enemy (undead +2), favored terrain (underground +2), sneak attack +1d6

Spells Prepared (CL 2nd)

1st—*resist energy*

TACTICS

During Combat Vahnwynne casts *resist fire* on herself on the first round of combat, then uses her wooden stakes in battle. She prefers not to use her slam attack, as the act of energy draining shames and enrages her—but if faced with a particularly vexing or dangerous foe, she'll put aside her shame to use her more dangerous natural weapon.

Morale Vahnwynne fights until reduced to 0 hit points, at which point she flees to area B23 to recover.

STATISTICS

Str 21, **Dex** 20, **Con** —, **Int** 14, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 26

Feats Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Double Slice, Endurance, Fleet, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Toughness, Two-Weapon Defense, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (wooden stake)

Skills Acrobatics +14, Bluff +21, Climb



VAHNWYNNE MALKISTRA

+14, Intimidate +13, Knowledge (local) +11, Perception +23 (+25 underground), Sense Motive +18, Stealth +22 (+24 underground), Survival +11 (+13 underground)

Languages Common, Elven, Infernal, Shadowtongue

SQ change shape (dire bat or wolf, *beast shape II*), gaseous form, hunter's bond (companions), shadowless, spider climb, track +2, trapfinding, wild empathy +9

Gear +1 leather armor, +1 wooden stakes (2)

B25. THE CHAMBER OF TREATIES (CR 7)

The shelves along the walls of this room are filled with glass cases, each containing a different expanse of parchment covered with stylized writing and elaborate wax seals.

Unknown to many Pathfinders outside of Delvehaven's walls, the Amber Privateers took special pride in building up a secret collection of famous historical documents

they then displayed here. The numerous treaties on display include many minor ones between noble houses, merchant guilds, and the like, but the following five are of particular interest (each is worth 150 gp to a collector).

- The declaration of Haliad I designating Sargava as colony of Cheliax in 4138 AR (Appraise DC 25—the text is accurate, but this is not the original—the Haliad seal is a copy).
- A letter from Count Andachi conscripting the mercenary general Kazavon to drive the Belkzen orcs from Ustalav in 4042 AR (Appraise DC 30—a genuine original).
- Signed by Setsuna Kuga, the Perfect Swordsman, this treaty documents Minkai's declaration of war against the Teikoku Shogunate in 3616 AR (Appraise DC 25—the detailed calligraphy is authentic).
- A letter from Shadowcount Thenris IV of Nidal commissioning the Red Mantis to assassinate the dragon Menkare of Hermea in 4577 AR (Appraise DC 15—the letter is a forgery, an unsuccessful attempt to incite a conflict).
- A peace treaty signed in 2133 AR between Taldor's Seventh army of Exploration and 11 tribes of Iseri Kellids (Appraise DC 20—the text is original, but someone has added an additional section further limiting the native's entitlements; the insert was placed there 2–3 years after the original signature ink had settled).

Creature: Father Jair has selected this room as his temporary lair, and has been spending his time committing the contents of the treaties here to memory should he be forced to flee without them. He's fascinated by these ancient agreements, for in life he worshiped Norgorber as the Reaper of Reputation, and was a private man who enjoyed amassing secrets. He learned of Ilnerik's position as the lord of Westcrown's shadow beasts after learning one too many secrets, and sought out the vampire to deliver an ultimatum—vampirism in return for loyalty in keeping his secret. Intrigued more by Jair's bravery and skills rather than worried by his threat, Ilnerik agreed to the arrangement and turned Jair into a thrall.

JAIR

CR 7

XP 3,200

Male human vampire cleric of Norgorber 6

NE Medium undead (augmented humanoid)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +15

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 14, flat-footed 21 (+5 armor, +3 Dex, +1 dodge, +6 natural)

hp 58 (6d8+30); fast healing 5

Fort +9, **Ref** +7, **Will** +10

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

Weaknesses vampire weaknesses

JAIR

What Lies in Dust

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 short sword +10 (1d6+5/19–20), slam +3 (1d4+2 plus energy drain)

Ranged mwk hand crossbow +8 (1d4/19–20 plus poison)

Special Attacks blood drain, channel negative energy 9/day (DC 17, 3d6), children of the night, create spawn, dominate (DC 17), energy drain (2 negative levels, DC 17)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th)

8/day—*copycat*

7 rounds/day—*clairvoyance/clairaudience*

Spells Prepared (CL 6th)

3rd—*blindness/deafness* (DC 18), *dispel magic*, *speak with dead*^D (DC 18), *summon monster III*

2nd—*darkness*, *death knell* (DC 17), *find traps*, *invisibility*^D, *silence* (DC 17)

1st—*command* (DC 16), *comprehend languages*, *disguise self*^D (DC 16), *divine favor*, *obscuring mist*, *sanctuary* (DC 16)

0 (at will)—*bleed* (DC 15), *detect magic*, *mending*, *read magic*

D domain spell; **Domains** Knowledge, Trickery

TACTICS

During Combat Jair relies heavily on his negative energy channeling in combat, using it to fortify himself and his undead allies or to harm living opponents. If he has the opportunity, he casts *divine favor* before entering combat, and *invisibility* or *sanctuary* once brought below 20 hit points so he can use healing to recover before continuing the battle.

Morale Jair fights until reduced to 0 hit points, at which point he flees to area B23 to recover.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 17, **Con** —, **Int** 12, **Wis** 20, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 22

Feats Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Extra Channel, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Skill Focus (Stealth), Toughness, Weapon Focus (short sword)

Skills Bluff +21, Knowledge (religion) +10, Perception +15, Sense Motive +14, Spellcraft +10, Stealth +23

Languages Common, Shadowtongue

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

Combat Gear wand of inflict moderate wounds (38 charges);

Other Gear +1 chain shirt, +1 short sword, masterwork hand crossbow with 10 poisoned bolts (greenblood oil; Fort DC 13; 1/round for 4 rounds; 1 Con; cure 1 save), gold holy symbol worth 200 gp, wayfinder

B26. THE GAUNTLET OF SUN (CR 7)

Three separate layers of huge vault doors of stone once barred the way down this massive dark hall. Each has been forced apart by what looks to be the pounding of a thousand blows—the doors now hang askew on their hinges. Just north of the door are large piles of rubble on which numerous mirrors

have been affixed, their reflective surfaces aiming to the north end of the hall.

The approach to area B27 was originally protected by three magically reinforced doors, but the vampires managed to bash through them (at some small cost to their numbers) only to reveal something they were ill-equipped to handle. The *Morrowfall* sits at the end of the hall, its energy building and pulsing now that it has spent so long without its antithesis, the *Totemrix*. As a result, the eagle-headed *Morrowfall* glows brightly, as if with a *daylight* spell, at the far end of the hall. More importantly, it periodically blasts the surroundings with sun rays, especially when it is approached. The vampires lost several spawn to this defense, and after they decided to ambush the PCs instead, they did their best to shield themselves from the light by setting up numerous mirrors in this hall to reflect the light back north.

The tunnel at area B26a is the remains of a good idea gone sour—the vampires tried to tunnel around the hall in an attempt to approach area B27 from the north, only to discover that despite the intervening solid walls, the sickening radiance of the *Morrowfall* extended even into this tunnel.

Creatures: The four remaining vampire spawn stand guard amid the sundered doors, waiting for any intruders to descend the stairs to the south from area B22. Their proximity to the *Morrowfall* over the past several days has affected them in an unusual way, weakening them so that they suffer a –2 penalty on all attack rolls, initiative checks, skill checks, and saving throws, as well as to their Armor Class—in addition, they have lost their fast healing. The vampire spawn are eager to be gone from this place, and view the slaughter of the PCs as their ticket back to less dangerous haunts.

WEAKENED VAMPIRE SPAWN (4)

CR 3

XP 1,200 each

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CE Medium undead

Init –1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 9, flat-footed 12 (+1 Dex, +4 natural, –2 from *Morrowfall* proximity)

hp 30 each (4d8+12)

Fort +1, **Ref** +0, **Will** +3

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +2; **DR** 5/silver; **Immune** undead traits; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10

Weaknesses resurrection vulnerability, vampire weaknesses

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee slam +2 (1d4+1 plus energy drain)

Special Attacks blood drain, dominate (DC 14), energy drain (1 level, DC 14)

THE MORROWFALL (MINOR ARTIFACT)

Aura strong evocation; **CL** 15th

Slot none; **Weight** 5 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

The *Morrowfall* is one-half of the *Aohl*, an artifact gifted to the ancient Jaytirian Society following a sacred truce between their two feuding gods of millennia past. The *Morrowfall* is the remaining manifestation of the power of Easivra, a potent sun god now all but forgotten (it's a DC 30 Knowledge [religion] check to learn Easivra's name, but any good-aligned creature that touches the *Morrowfall* immediately knows the name and how to use the artifact's powers). The *Morrowfall* constantly emits daylight, as per the spell. In addition, by presenting it strongly and uttering Easivra's name (a standard action), the *Morrowfall* can be used to cast the following spells.

At Will—*detect undead*, *disrupt undead*, *daze monster* (DC 13)

3/day—*blindness* (DC 13), *daylight*, *searing light*

1/day—*sunbeam* (DC 20), *sunburst* (DC 22)

DESTRUCTION

When the *Morrowfall* is joined with its counterpart, the *Totemrix*, its powers (as well as those of the *Totemrix*) are suppressed. In this state, both it and the *Totemrix* can be destroyed by anything capable of destroying a magic metal object of its size.



TACTICS

During Combat Eager to slay the PCs, the vampire spawn focus their attacks on the same foe.

Morale The vampire spawn fight until destroyed.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 15

Feats Improved Initiative, Toughness

Skills Intimidate +7, Knowledge (local) +5, Perception +9, Stealth +14

Languages Common

SQ gaseous form, shadowless, spider climb

B27. THE AMBER ARCA

Broad stairs lead up to a circular chamber in which several treasures rest on sculpted podiums and stone shelves. None of the various treasures impress as much as the brilliant golden

relic on the central dais—appearing similar to an eagle's head, the relic illuminates the room with a powerful glow of daylight.

The *Morrowfall*'s long residence in this vault has altered its magical properties. The relic constantly radiates bright illumination to a radius of 30 feet, normal light for another 30 feet, and then finally dim light in the final 30 feet. Now and then, it pulses brighter, momentarily doubling the radius of this illumination. Certain relatively weak undead (such as vampire spawn) that spend too long in this proximity sicken and weaken, but more powerful undead (such as the three vampires) are merely discomforted by the radiance.

If anyone approaches within 60 feet of the relic, the *Morrowfall*'s flashing increases and it fires a *sunbeam* (Reflex DC 20) in a random direction down the hall once per round. This *sunbeam* targets all creatures in a line down one of the four 5-foot-wide sections of the 20-foot-wide hallway.

Anyone who approaches within 30 feet of the relic causes it to also unleash a *sunburst* (Reflex DC 22), filling that 30-foot radius once per round.

Both the *sunbeam* and *sunburst* effects function at CL 15th. While these effects are powerful and quite devastating to vampires, the PCs should be able to weather or endure their effects long enough to run up and grasp the *Morrowfall*—once the relic is touched by a living creature, the pulsing lights, sunbeams, and sunbursts cease and the relic reverts to its normal state (see the sidebar). Note that if the vampires see this occur, they immediately realize that by dominating a PC, they can simply have that character serve as a mule to carry the *Morrowfall* someplace where it can be destroyed.

Treasure: Although the Amber Privateers were able to secret away a number of treasures over Bisby's objection, this vault still contains several potent items, each labeled with a descriptive brass nameplate.

- "Whisperslash—the dueling sword of Baron Augustine II, the Cold Veteran of Oppara" (This exquisite blade is a +1 *defending mithral rapier*.)
- "Hand of the Pharaoh of Nagas, Osirion" (This is a well-preserved, five-fingered, long-nailed mummy's hand—it functions as a *luckstone*.)
- "Chess set gifted from Taldor to Cheliox in 4315 AR" (This exquisite chess set is worth 3,500 gp.)
- "The Morrowfall" (see sidebar)

Ad Hoc Experience Award: For securing the *Morrowfall*, award the PCs 6,400 XP.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

The goal of this adventure is the recovery of the *Morrowfall* from Delvehaven's vault—without the *Morrowfall*, the PCs won't be able to end the shadow beast curse on Westcrown,

What Lies in Dust



and with the *Morrowfall*, they'll find that their inevitable confrontation with the vampire master Ilnerik will be much more in their favor.

Regardless of how the PCs handle their success in Delvehaven, rumors of their foray into the supposedly haunted Pathfinder lodge spread. Whispers of the heroes defeating a nest of vampires, exorcising a legion of haunts, or otherwise performing deeds of heroism in Delvehaven become popular. While few are brave enough to follow in the PCs' footsteps and try their own luck in Delvehaven, the party's fame grows. For navigating Delvehaven, award the PCs 2 Fame Points.

Ailyn Ghonstavos is particularly eager to hear everything she can from the PCs regarding what they found in Delvehaven. She has no real interest in the treasure the PCs may have looted from the lodge, and goes as far as to say that they've earned such items as surely as any Pathfinder earns treasure from exploring a dangerous ruin. Her particular interest is in learning the fates of the missing Pathfinders and finding out all she can about the PCs' adventures. Once she's satisfied with their report, she congratulates them again and announces that she will be leaving for Absalom on the morrow to deliver the report. The Pathfinder Society

eventually sends agents to retake Delvehaven, but not so fast that they arrive before the Adventure Path is over.

Of all the foes the PCs clash with in Delvehaven, the vampires are the most dangerous. This adventure assumes that the PCs defeat all three, but if any of them manage to escape, they could appear again in one of the following adventures, particularly in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #29's "Mother of Flies," although Ilnerik is just as likely to destroy his failed thralls as welcome them back once the PCs force them to flee.

Yet it won't be long before both the PCs and the Council of Thieves will be forced to act, for the damage done to the mayoral estate of Aberian's Folly has reached a critical point. Liebdaga the Twin, the pit fiend imprisoned under the manor, is about to break his chains, and the spiral of fire his flexing wings send up through the manor above and into the skies above Westcrown will signal the beginning of a new time of troubles for the city. Chammady and Ecardrian will be forced to act before they're ready, and as their agents scramble to invade the ruins of Aberian's Folly and secure the aid of the wakening pit fiend, the PCs will have a desperate chance to prevent their city from burning in the coming Infernal Syndrome.



Treasures of the Pathfinders

I had finally achieved what I had sought for so long, working my way up through the ranks of the Society. I could hardly sleep the night before, as anticipation filled every fiber of my being. I would be admitted to the vaults at the Grand Lodge of Absalom, to walk among the treasures displayed there and hold history in my hands—oh, how I would relive those historic moments I had read in the *Chronicles*! I would grip the treasures of Lost Azlant recovered by Durvin Gest! The things I would see, the things I would touch!

When finally I was allowed into the vaults, you can imagine my disappointment. All I saw were crates, boxes, barrels, and chests, all sealed tight, carefully labeled and catalogued. No displays, no treasures spilling forth, none of what I had imagined, and most of all, no touching anything but records and the occasional box requested by one of my superiors.

It was years before I came to fully comprehend the scope of the contents of those boxes, and my awe returned.

—Pietro Sandalwood, Pathfinder Society Archivist

Treasures of the Pathfinders

Doubtlessly the most famed and notorious effort of the Pathfinder Society, the volumes collectively known as the *Pathfinder Chronicles* recount the adventures of Society members in some of the most far-flung and fantastic realms in all Golarion. Yet these exploits rarely prove exclusively academic in nature. The theme of acquiring treasures recurs through the *Chronicles*, especially treasures of a particular historical or magical importance or that unlock the means to acquire further such treasures. Whether collected for fortune and glory or the betterment of modern society, the most interesting and extraordinary relics find their way to Pathfinder lodges, where they linger for study, the need of other members, or as evidence of even the most outrageous chronicles.

Presented here are 12 items of interest claimed by the Pathfinder Society in recent years. While all have been researched, tagged, and sorted into the collections of Pathfinder lodges, similar items might be found throughout Golarion or as the goals of future Pathfinder expeditions. Such rare items also make particularly attractive targets for thieves—whether they be outlaws or the items' true owners—but Society members rarely give up their hard-won curios easily. Still others hide their powers, collecting dust amid the trophy halls of lodges the world over, subtle treasures hiding in the last places any Pathfinder would look. Regardless of their location, any of these items fit perfectly into, or just beyond, the hands of members of the Pathfinder Society and might serve as the aim for all manner of fantastic quests.

ONGOING EXPEDITIONS

The Pathfinder Society collects unusual treasures, both magical and mundane, from a wide range of cultures, countries, and continents. While many members have no reservations about what they gather on behalf of the Society, some journey to find specific treasures, following the paths of laborious research, mysterious maps, or forgotten secrets to riches long thought lost to the world. What forms such Pathfinder expeditions vary wildly depending on the region the members plan to work within, the tenacity and morality of the participants, and the legality of such work. As such, Pathfinders are just as likely to be found operating in open view in archaeological digs about well-known ruins as they are to work in secret, stealing glimpses and artifacts from both ancient guardians and modern owners. In any case, such explorers and adventuring scholars are driven on by their unquenchable ambitions, be they for knowledge, fame, fortune, or a combination of such desires. While the venture-captains and higher echelons of the Pathfinder Society keep well apprised of their members' doings and desires, all Pathfinders know that knowledge is power, and that some research might better be performed in secret—great discoveries and revelations go far to amend breaches of protocol, after all. As such, no official or truly trustworthy record exists of every Pathfinder venture or expedition. However, presented here is a list of several notable Pathfinders, their areas of operation, and the relics they currently seek. For more information on the Pathfinders and their treasures, see *Pathfinder Chronicles: Seekers of Secrets*.

Known Active Pathfinder Expeditions

Pathfinder	Region	Goal
Olos Purstwain	The Steaming Sea	The Astralabe
Urgelmir Jholhost	Lands of the Linnorm Kings	The Beacon of the North
Red Zarroka	Realm of the Mammoth Lords	The Tigress's Strand
Dr. Vhelnas Lowll	Kaava Lands	Blue Yaje
Charlla Gracekin	Ustalav	The Saffron House
Joadric Heimurl	Varisia	Xin-Shalast
Quaimol the Blache	Andoran	Lirgen's White Chest
Bhoston Jola Rould	Lastwall	The Gluttonous Tome
Innobar DiGomphrey	The Mwangi Expanse	The Lost City of Ird
Adellos Mayne	Nidal	The Mute Metropolis
Phastomal	Molthune	The Draddeth Edge
Lord Vollod Kilmorry	Brevoy	Mistcaller
Urom Bannahirim	Katapesh	Astabhan's Egg
Arbro & Alican Brayd	Numeria	The Sky Key
Mirima Marshaid	Galt	Lady Ninahu's Doll
Xasandro	Geb	The Ruby Skull of Chast
Jojosh	Qadira	Mishan's Melodious Feather
Erran Domvil	Sargava	The Ghatigahani Folio
Mrinmayee Vishvali	Isle of Jalmeray	Sinashakti's Ribbon
Irdriis Quardama	Rahadoum	The Ghoul Stone
Zahthal Halvaas	Osirion	The Praenomen

BONES OF FOUNDER RACCONA

An important notice to all Pathfinders currently in possession of any bones thought to be those of Founder Raccona:

Few don't know the tale of Raccona, who stood before all the might of Hell and its mortal slaves bearing only the tarnished shield of her faith in lost Aroden, and how her brave martyrdom saw her rise as the last founder and saint of that gods' waning church. Yet my investigations have proven that her remains were not lost, as the histories of Cheliah's empire record. Currently in my possession are three shards which I believe to be finger bones of Founder Raccona. With a fervor I've never known, I spread this missive to all my fellow society members planning journeys into Chelish lands. Should you, in the course of your purposes, come upon even the smallest bones that you have right reason to believe might belong to the body of Founder Raccona, or that endlessly bear the heat of flame's caress, please, I implore you, send them on to the destination below. Aroden's eternal blessings be upon you all.

—Jilvinina Holos, Augustana

BONES OF FOUNDER RACCONA

Aura faint enchantment; **CL** 4th

Slot none; **Price** 2,250 gp; **Weight** 0 to 1 lb. each (entire set weighs 8 lbs.)

DESCRIPTION

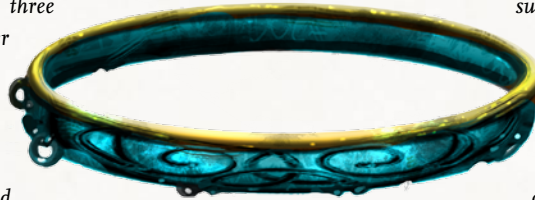
The bones of Founder Raccona are small, blackened bone fragments, most no more than an inch long, and that radiate a faint, soothing warmth. Each bone grants the bearer 1 temporary hit point. These temporary hit points stack with other temporary hit points gained from possessing multiple bones of Founder Raccona, but not with those from other sources. These temporary hit points return daily at dawn. There are a total of 32 bones that bear the power of the Founder Raccona.

In addition to granting temporary hit points, the bearer of one or more of these bones is always aware of the presence of other bones of Founder Raccona within 50 feet.

The bones also possess a mild drive to seek out their remaining pieces. Every time a character acquires a bone of Founder Raccona, she must make a Will save (DC 10 + the number of bones of Founder Raccona in her possession). Failure causes the character to have a dream of Founder Raccona that encourages her to seek out the other bones. This dream does not force the character to act, but suggests that seeking the remaining bones would be a benevolent act. Should all 32 bones of Founder Raccona ever be gathered together, they immediately crumble to dust and release Raccona's soul to the afterlife, losing all power.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *aid*; **Cost** 1,125 gp



CLASP OF THE MIND SCREAM

My analysis of this unusual artifact has confirmed my first suspicions. It is incomplete, or rather, it is broken and has been repaired, though by whose—or what's—hands I cannot begin to hypothesize.

The work is excellent, and whoever repaired it used the same type of skymetal as the original, but I remain convinced that the repairs have altered the intended effect of the circlet—if that is indeed what it is meant to be. Furthermore, the markings and my suspicions regarding its original size and shape indicate that it was not designed to be worn by any being with which I am familiar. I believe this intended wearer, and the unavailability of such a subject, also influences how the circlet's power manifests, and the difficulty I've found in controlling it.

In the hopes of furthering my research, I have constructed two crude replicas in pursuit of the original device's spirit and properties. One functions as a simple communication device, which I believe was the intended purpose of the original. The second can only be called a weapon. I am certain I could combine these two effects in a single item, but even so, the properties would be separate, whereas they are clearly integral to each other in the original.

I resolutely continue my investigation, blind as I am to the truth of my subject, feeling as a child daring to comprehend the work of a god.

—Laubaun Aumeraro, New Stetven

CLASP OF THE MIND SCREAM

Aura moderate evocation; **CL** 8th

Slot head; **Price** 12,800 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This strange device grants the ability to mentally communicate with others, yet proves difficult to control. It generates a constant field of mental static that grants the wearer a +1 bonus on Will saves against mind-affecting effects. The wearer may generate an attack similar to the spell *shout*, though the sound is mental, and thus does not affect items or creatures immune to mind-affecting effects, and its damage is not affected by sonic vulnerability, resistance, or immunity. In addition, as part of the attack, the wearer may make a DC 20 Charisma check to shape a specific noise or message of five words or fewer. These sounds are purely mental and not heard by any creature outside the area of effect.

The wearer may use this effect 1d3 times per day. The GM determines how many times per day the clasp of the mind scream can be used. If the wearer attempts to use the clasp beyond this number of times, he is affected by its effects and the clasp is inert for the next 24 hours.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *detect thoughts*, *shout*; **Cost** 6,400 gp

ENTWINED SYRINX

The great musician Skrelyn Leisson, composer of such famed works as the “Sun Queen’s Creed” and “Departed of the Moon,” spent many years seeking a remarkable instrument, a set of the legendary entwined syrinx of Azlant. He first read of them in a fragmentary manuscript about the fall of the ancient civilization, and his research led him to several sculptural and pictorial representations, but not to any examples of the pipes, or even an accurate replica. On several occasions he worked closely with skilled craftsmen to try to recreate the syrinx, but was never satisfied with the sound. Finally, word came to him of a set discovered among the worldly goods of a reclusive hermit who claimed Azlanti descent. At great expense, Skrelyn managed to acquire the pipes.

The instrument played beautifully, and was everything he had hoped and imagined. Gradually, though, Skrelyn’s music took a sorrowful turn. The musician would play for hours, drawing in audiences who would neglect their worldly duties to listen. When his songs would finally end—usually because Leisson had collapsed from exhaustion—his audience would stumble away in dejection. His songs all seemed mournful, every note of the magnificent syrinx seemingly turned to lament some terrible end.

Eventually Skrelyn himself withdrew from the world to a remote cottage. When I went to visit him there I found but his corpse, sitting in a chair, still clutching the pipes to his lips.

—Miria Sies Tays, Macridi

ENTWINED SYRINX

Aura moderate illusion; **CL** 7th

Slot none; **Price** 15,300 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This complex wind instrument is made of interwoven, gilded pipes. It is considered a masterwork musical instrument, granting a +2 bonus on all Perform (wind instrument) checks. The bonus is also added to the DC of any bardic performances made using the entwined syrinx.

Anytime anyone attempts to play the entwined syrinx, however, he must make a DC 15 Will save or be compelled to play a dirge of somber beauty. The dirge acts like the fascinate bardic performance—even if the character is not a bard or cannot use Perform (wind instrument)—affecting every creature within 90 feet able to see and hear the character, including the musician playing the entwined syrinx. The DC to resist this effect is 12 + the character’s Charisma modifier (though if it is being played by a bard, the DC increases to include 1/2 the bard’s level; the +2 Perform bonus is included). This effect persists and the musician continues to play for 1 hour, or until the performance is interrupted.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, hypnotic pattern; **Cost** 7,150 gp

FELHART

Though bruised and struggling to catch my breath, I had thus far overcome all the sadistic trials that Grothtolr—the precociously named Stone King—had devised to break me. Yet where these savages had discovered a tiger, and an albino one at that, will forever stain my imagination. Glancing up from the ruined arena’s pit to the hulking lord’s crumbling, tusk-studded throne, I could see the rage in his piggish eyes had lessened, replaced by an even more hateful desire.

Dancing backward over the rocks, away from the saber-fanged specter, I momentarily lost my balance, and went tumbling down the jagged slope of a fallen column. I threw out my hands to catch myself, my spill sending a pile of over-gnawed bones scattering. Among the remains lay several pairs of stag horns, fastened together and strung with a gleaming string, creating a crude but ferocious-looking bow. And, like gifts from Erastil himself, from cracks in the weapon’s limbs jutted three arrows of carved bone.

Grothtolr never saw the shot, and I like to believe his dead flesh carried that expression of dull shock for months to come. The tiger, however, would be another matter.

—Sahrasong Eirodour, Tamrivena

FELHART

Aura moderate divination; **CL** 6th

Slot none; **Price** 22,375 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Felhart is a +2 bane longbow crafted from the fiercely carved horns of at least two venerable stags and strung with a cord laced with silver. The designated foe that its bane effect functions against varies, being determined by the creature a wielder hates the most when the bow is first picked up (as decided upon by the GM). This bane effect remains the same for a wielder, regardless of how many times he’s used the bow. Thus, for one user it might be a +2 bane vs. *humanoids (humans)* longbow, while for another it might be a +2 bane vs. *dragons* longbow. A wielder can do nothing to change the bow’s bane effect.

In addition, once per week, felhart’s wielder can summon a reliable steed as per the spell *mount*. This creature takes the form of a lean, swift white elk that, despite its almost ghostly appearance, possesses the same statistics as a horse. This creature allows felhart’s wielder to ride it, and serves loyally for up to 5 hours, vanishing at the end of this time. The mount will not allow any creature beside felhart’s wielder to ride it unless the weapon’s bearer succeeds at a DC 16 Handle Animal check. Even if this check succeeds, the mount only allows another rider to ride along with the weapon bearer. The elk never allows a strange rider to ride it alone.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, true strike; **Cost** 11,187 gp



Council of Thieves

GOLDEN DRAGON KITE

In Vudra we encountered a number of merchants from distant Minkai. A strange but seemingly curious lot, I have fond memories of awkwardly attempting to gesture out my meaning with the most patient of them. From miles away these exotic travelers proved easy to locate, as wherever they set out their wares for sale, they flew great silk kites shaped like dragons to draw attention from passersby. We all admired the kites and I resolved to buy one for my children.

During one encounter, as I was haggling with a beautiful vendor maiden among the strange easterners, a local thief snatched one of the kites and ran, obviously hoping to earn some coin by selling it in the market. Immediately, the merchants flying the kites began pulling the strings, and the colorful silk dragons wheeling among the violet dusk swooped down upon the hapless man. As the first blue kite closed upon him, it suddenly discharged a burst of lightning that knocked him senseless.

I ceased my haggling and paid what the men wanted for the brilliant golden kite I had fancied. I decided, however, that this kite would be for me, and not the children.

—Calimor Dorijonna, Aspenthar

GOLDEN DRAGON KITE

Aura faint evocation; **CL** 3rd

Slot none; **Price** 3,600 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This painted silk kite depicts a shining golden dragon. In an area with 40 feet or more of vertical space and in conditions of light to moderate wind, a *golden dragon kite* can be unfolded and raised into the air as a full-round action. The user can direct the kite to move up to 100 feet from him in a single turn (but no farther). Three times per day, the kite can cast *burning hands*. The spell originates from the kite but acts as normal in all other ways. This spell can only be reproduced while the kite is flying, a process that takes 1 minute to achieve.

Rumors say that in Minkai, versions of these kites exist that deliver other spells at great range.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *burning hands*; **Cost** 1,800 gp



HAND OF ABENDEGO

We spent months tracking down the source of the rumors of giant pearl oysters in the Shackles, but eventually we found an old drunk who was willing to talk in exchange for us clearing his debts at the tavern. He also had an interesting story to tell.

He and his brother worked the beds together, though our man was secretly skimming a bigger share. One day his brother confronted him, and they argued. He promised to make good, but he was bitter about it. That very day, they found the biggest pearl either of them had ever seen. He pulled the pearl out while his brother held the oyster open, but the brother slipped, and his hand got caught.

The way the old drunk told it, he had a moment of insanity, and swam for the surface with the pearl. He came to his senses and went back, but by then it was too late. He never dove again, and all his profits went to the drink.

When we found the oyster bed, sure enough, there were the remains of a skeleton crumbling against the largest oyster. The surprise was that a pearl had formed around the bones of the man's hand, making a near-perfect copy. A few days later we realized there was more to the hand when we found one of our workers dead—the hand clutching his throat, and his pocket full of stolen pearls.

—Jascon Iptmarsh, Jula

HAND OF ABENDEGO

Aura moderate evocation; **CL** 9th

Slot neck; **Price** 20,258 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This nearly perfect pearl replica of a hand is attached to a gold chain and can be worn as an amulet. Once per day, the wearer can animate the hand as an immediate action. The hand attempts to grapple an adjacent foe of Medium size or smaller, using the wearer's CMB. If it succeeds, the hand deals 1d4 non-lethal damage every round it maintains a grapple.

If the grapple attempt fails or the victim escapes the grapple, the hand ceases its activity. If any creature within reach of the amulet (including the wearer) attempts to steal anything, the hand activates and attempts to choke the creature. If the amulet is not currently worn, it uses the victim's own CMB and Strength to determine the attack bonus and damage.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *interposing hand*; **Cost** 10,129 gp



DREAM JOURNAL OF THE PALLID SEER

The night after examining the book, my sleep was greatly disturbed, and I found myself entirely drained the following day. I resolved to leave off reading the thing, but my colleague, Demerrick, became obsessed with the book, and over the next few weeks read the whole thing. After this, he was useless to the point of liability and during the day he was constantly exhausted. One morning he came to me and said, "It's not actually true. You don't die for real if you die in your dreams. I died!" I told him to go get some rest, since he had become a babbling fool, but when I checked on him at lunch, he was reading the damned book again.

Eventually it was packed up and sent to Absalom with several other curiosities, and I thought no more of it. Demerrick returned to his usual stodgy self, and I had no cause to think of the journal again for years. Demerrick and I were walking through the market in Totra when he suddenly said, "This is where I died!" and flung himself into the dirt. A crossbow bolt sliced through the space Demerrick had just vacated, and nicked my ear on the way by. We were beset by assassins, but after a few more shots from the rooftops, they fled.

Demerrick swore he suddenly remembered dreaming of being killed by a bolt in the market, exactly as it almost happened. Unfortunately, he never dreamed of the poison in his food three days later.

—Maspero Lacaus, Sothis

DREAM JOURNAL OF THE PALLID SEER

Aura no aura (or faint divination); **CL** 3rd

Slot none; **Price** 600 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This battered, leather-bound book looks like an aged and heavily worn notebook. Anyone reading the journal for an hour or more has strange dreams the following night, the details of which he cannot remember. The following day the character is fatigued. Reading the journal for a total of 24 hours or more causes the reader to have a prophetic dream wherein he sees his own death—though, as before, he cannot remember the details. If a character who has had this vision comes near death at any point afterward, at the moment he is about to die he may reroll any failed saving throw made within the last round or force an opponent to reroll a killing attack. The character must accept the result of the second roll, regardless of its outcome.

Once a character has had the opportunity to avert death, regardless of its success or failure, the journal provides no more benefit and never aids the character again.

The *Dream Journal of the Pallid Seer* is affected by a permanent *magic aura* that makes it appear to be nonmagical.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous

Item, guidance, magic aura; **Cost** 300 gp

KYBWA WAR MASK

When Tyrolian brought this mask back to our lodgings and told me how he had purchased it from a native Mwangi—professing to be a medicine man of the Tirakici tribe nonetheless—I took one look at the abominable thing and assumed he had been fooled by some local practical joke. The wooden mask, stretching down well past my comrade's belt buckle, was so large that I couldn't possibly imagine anyone wearing it comfortably. And the appearance of the thing—utterly grotesque! I don't mind saying that the thing sent chills down my spine. Despite the oddness of the native artwork, though, there was incredible precision in its craftsmanship, suggesting an attention—even obsession—to detail that seemed almost fanatical. Yet perhaps the hair of the thing proved most disturbing, coming from no jungle beast I had ever seen and dyed a most disturbing shade of crimson. I did all I could to put the grotesquery out of my mind.

I learned, to my great regret, the authenticity of the thing all too well a few days later. We were making our way along a wild route through the jungle, leading from Kibwe to a nearby ruin, when we were best by tribesmen of the feared Kybwa'ka tribe—notorious in regional tales as cannibals, head hunters, gorilla worshipers, and worse. Some of them wore these beastly masks, and most of our escort fled in terror at the savages' merest sight. Those of us who stood and fought the blighters had a devil of a time—I myself beset by memories of childhood nightmares I'd not remembered for years! Eventually we managed to drive them off, but at terrible cost. Three of our porters were slain, but the hardest loss was that of poor, dear Tyrolian—skewered before my eyes.

—Ameran "Chis'chay" Alararson, Eleder

KYBWA'KA WAR MASK

Aura faint necromancy; **CL** 4th

Slot head; **Price** 3,700 gp; **Weight** 5 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This oversized wooden mask covers the face and extends down to a point at the wearer's waist, covering most of his chest and abdomen. It is simplistically carved as a stylized, bestial face distorted with rage or nightmarish styles. The light wood provides little protection, yet is magically reinforced to grant a +1 armor bonus. In addition, once per day as a free action, the wearer can cause the mask to warp and contort ferociously, causing a single creature within 15 feet to make a DC 14 Will save or become frightened. This is a mind-affecting fear effect.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, scare, shield;

Cost 1,850 gp



OSIRIAN SPIRIT JARS

The tombs of Osirion have always been one of the greatest sources of ancient treasures, due both to the dry climate and the locals' compliance in allowing us to explore. So much so that sometimes whole crates of grave goods simply get packed away and ignored until someone recognizes their value. Most desert tombs have at least a few of these clay jars, and while the decorations on them are interesting, not many of us looked at them too closely once we realized what they contained.

—Jalden Krenshar, Absalom

OSIRIAN SPIRIT JARS

Aura moderate necromancy; **CL** 7th

Slot none; **Price** 26,250 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs. a piece

DESCRIPTION

Typically found in sets of three, these clay jars are decorated with the heads of animals and monsters. Though they once likely contained the preserved viscera of ancient Osirian scholars, nobles, and priests, the jars now hold little more than dust. Their true value lies in the benefits they provide spellcasters seeking to transpose their souls via the spell *magic jar*. *Osirian spirit jars* serve as focus items for the spell *magic jar*, forgoing the spell's need for another focus. All three jars function in this way, allowing a caster to move his soul or that of a nearby target into any one of the three jars, or his own soul between jars and bodies as he pleases. The jars do not allow him to shuffle souls other than his own into different bodies, though he can shift souls between jars.

Souls within *Osirian spirit jars* are permanently affected by *magic jar*, and can potentially be kept trapped within forever. A caster can only move his soul between bodies while his casting of *magic jar* is in effect. If his spell expires while he is within an *Osirian spirit jar*, his soul and those in the other jars are trapped. A soul within an *Osirian spirit jar* can be freed by opening the jar, allowing the spirit within to try to swap souls with that of the jar's holder as per the spell *magic jar* (a DC 17 Will save to resist), or return to its body if it is within range. Alternatively, casting *magic jar* on an *Osirian spirit jar* containing a spirit, rather than an individual creature, allows that spirit to swap bodies as if it were the target of the spell. Should a spirit within an *Osirian spirit jar* no longer have a body or be outside its jar when its *magic jar* spell ends, it returns to one of the empty *Osirian spirit jars* if one is in range, or dies if one is not.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *gentle repose*, *magic jar*; **Cost** 13,125 gp



SKIN OF KLENDAR THE TROLL KING

I can finally positively identify the grave-ship as that of Horwulf Thorvaldsson. The strange hide armor worn by the dead king is undeniably the skin of Klendir as described in Thorvald's saga. I always assumed that part of the story was exaggeration, but it seems I was wrong.

Several times during my examination, the skin moved slightly on its own, even seeming to quiver and shy away from the nearness of my exposed lantern flame. Once I began to suspect the semi-living nature of the armor, I conducted a small test. I cut a small gash in the material, which proved tough and flexible. Moments later, the cut I had made sealed itself, and my suspicions were confirmed.

I can picture Thorvald perfectly, wrestling the troll king to the ground, chaining him in place and cutting the living skin from him with a heated knife. I can see him wearing it in his battle against the Thorned Linnorm, the armor repairing itself each time it is punctured. I cannot help but wonder if the Klendir's spirit still lies within the armor, and if he might someday regrow entire. Yet perhaps even more terrible than that haunting thought is the more grisly concern that perhaps the ravenous troll king survived having his skin removed, and might still search for his lost flesh even unto this day.

—Bourlant Dammeranton, Algidheart

SKIN OF KLENDAR THE TROLL KING

Aura moderate conjuration; **CL** 8th

Slot armor; **Price** 16,315 gp; **Weight** 25 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This suit of mottled, greenish hide armor has no seams, as if it were made from a single large, disgusting skin. When worn, it tightens to fit snugly against the body. The skin acts as a suit of +2 *hide armor* and grants the wearer 5 temporary hit points. These hit points regenerate at a rate of 1 hp per round. If the wearer is damaged by fire or acid, the temporary hit points do not regenerate, but may be restored by magical healing.

In addition, while wearing the armor, the bearer finds that he can speak Giant with a commanding voice. The wearer gains a +2 bonus on all Diplomacy or Intimidate skill checks made to influence any creature with the giant subtype. This bonus extends to all giants except trolls, which prove utterly offended by the armor, which all too readily resembles the flayed flesh of one of their kind. Any troll treats the wearer of the armor one step less favorably than it otherwise would. In addition, even the most charismatic can never improve a troll's attitude any higher than indifferent while wearing the armor.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *aid*, *regenerate*; **Cost** 8,157 gp

Talisman of the Orc Mother's Fury

The orcs of Belkzen are extremely primitive and violent, but not entirely without culture and craft. Although the majority of what they produce in terms of art and magic is crude, there is a passion and strength in it that should not be underestimated. "Orc Mother's Fury" is a perfect example of both. Carved in simple lines, it clearly conveys the wrath of a mother whose children have been slain in battle, and her helpless plea for revenge to the savage deities of their people. Such rage releases terrible images from simple stone and bone, revealing the visages of fecund Lamashtu, devastating Rovagug, and far greater terrors. As a magical tool, it feeds directly upon the existing strengths of the orcs as a people, and allows a mother's drive for vengeance to pass through another warrior, through them giving her an opportunity to avenge a murdered son. Such an item would never be formed by human or elf; it is an item of purely orc inspiration, and brilliant in its simplicity.

—Katalein Branchard, Vigil

TALISMAN OF THE ORC MOTHER'S FURY

Aura faint conjuration; **CL** 4th

Slot neck; **Price** 12,000 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This small statuette—carved from the tusk of a dire boar, chunks of twisted metal, or some manner of dark stone—is a simplistic depiction of a pregnant deity, fiend, or orc. Dark stains mark the face of the crude icon, typically smears of a fallen orc's blood. A simple strand of leather affixes the amulet around the neck.

The figurine allows the wearer to act normally for a single round after being reduced to less than 0 hit points, as though he had the orc ferocity half-orc racial ability. A wearer with orc blood is instead treated as though he had the Diehard feat. If the wearer is of orc blood and already has the Diehard feat, he may act normally for an additional round after being reduced to below 0 hit points.

Whenever the wearer of the talisman is reduced to less than 0 hit points, the amulet weeps tears of blood. Should the wearer be slain, the talisman screams and shatters.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements creator must be female and possess orc blood, Craft Wondrous Item, *cure moderate wounds*; **Cost** 6,000 gp



Vudran Ashak Helm

There are many wonders to dazzle the eye of the visitor to distant Vudra, and chief among them are the statues and paintings of the many-armed and many-faced deities that seem to sprout like weeds after a rainfall. In Vudra, the people incorporate their strange depictions of gods and spirits into everything, from the mundane to the mystical. Multi-faced masks are common, and it seems that every day brings a parade, with men and women in clever costumes with extra arms controlled by some mechanism like a mummer's puppet. Many temple guards, known as Ashaks in Vudra, wear special helmets with three faces representing their watchfulness in all directions. Some of these helmets are truly enchanted, and allow the guards to see from all three faces. These are the guards you should hire, should you ever make the journey yourself.

—Robinsa Losis, Oppara

VUDRAN ASHAK HELMET

Aura faint divination; **CL** 5th

Slot head; **Price** 22,000 gp; **Weight** 3 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Crafted of overlaid bronze, steel, and chain, each *Vudran Ashak* helmet is a work of art. These exotic helmets possess three stylized faces, each serene visage staring in a different direction (with the wearer's face concealed behind the central sculpted plate). The helm allows the wearer to see in every direction, granting him immunity to being flanked, as well as granting a +4 enhancement bonus on all vision-based Perception checks.

One in every 10 *Vudran Ashak* helmets is an intelligent magical item, having spontaneously manifested such properties after the deaths of heroically devoted former wearers. Such helms are lawful good, speak Vudran, and have an ego score of 10. These lingering personalities prove noble, knowledgeable of Vudra's diverse deities, and actively encourage wearers to defend the holy places of such gods and their devout worshipers. Some might even possess goals from their lives that they wish their new wearer to fulfill. Despite any of

the helmet's desires, though, it possesses no way to compel a wearer other than deactivating or reactivating its magical properties at will.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *clairvoyance*; **Cost** 11,000 gp





Hellknights

Passion tempered by discipline, skill tirelessly honed, the dedication to do what must be done: these qualities define the path and purpose of the Hellknights, Golarion's most unflinching and feared servants of law. Clad in armor designed to strike fear into the minds of any who would consider acts of injustice, the Hellknights embody the iron-shod fist of order. Devoid of all mercy and emotion, they care nothing for circumstance or accident. For them, righteousness is a clear, singular path, and in a world beset by all forms of corruption, there can be no pity for the weak or debased. By enduring the very flames of Hell, these dark knights drive weakness and fear from their beings, remaking themselves into terrible paragons of absolute law.

Revealed at last are the orders, hierarchies, and abilities of the Hellknights. While the details presented herein might be readily known to any character who would investigate or strive to join the merciless knighthood, deeper secrets lie hidden behind the Hellknights' ebon

visors. GMs in search of even more information on these paragons of order, including their origins, deepest philosophies, and the mysteries of their impregnable citadels, should see "Path of the Hellknights" in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #28.

HELLKNIGHT ORDERS

Currently seven major orders of Hellknights abide in the Inner Sea region, with the majority operating out of mighty fortresses across the Chelish heartland. Through the decades, many of the Hellknight orders have adopted specific areas of expertise and have become known for their singular crusades. Such interests prove secondary to the strictures of all Hellknights, though. Thus, while a member of the Order of the Pyre might have a specific concern for expunging cults and savage beliefs, such cares do not overshadow their directives to seek out lawbreakers and enforce the order all Hellknights pursue.

"What is a man? Nothing but a creature that has learned to lie. So by what right does such a beast have to impede the march of empire? To divert the destiny of a people to his limited gain? Why must the multitudes tolerate the false tears of the craven, and be slowed in their strides by the grasping of the weak? It is no sin for the drowning man to rid himself of his bonds and surge to the surface. And so it must be with we who would be more than beasts. By our fathers' right law I would raise my blade, and with just mind and merciless arm see the sick limbs of our nation cut into the dust."

—"Merciless," Daidian Reis's address to Gaspodar's Court



Order of the Chain

"All men lift themselves up upon the backs of others."

Fortress Citadel Gheradesca, near Corentyn

Leaders Lictor Uro Adom (LN male human fighter 5, hellknight 7), Master of Blades Mardinus (LN male human ranger 6, hellknight 2)

Symbol Hand wrapped in chains

Armor Features Lock and chain design, manacle-like gauntlets, helms reminiscent of iron prisoners' masks

Favored Weapon Flail

Reckoning Crushing one's limbs with tightened chains
Members of the Corentyn-based Order of the Chain hold renown throughout Chelias as implacable man-hunters. In addition to the duties common to all Hellknights, these shackle-girded warriors believe in a strict social order wherein all people play a crucial role serving the community. Those who would defy this reality by seeking to escape their place in life—regardless of the unfortunate circumstances that might have led them there—threaten to undermine all society and, thus, must be chastised and recaptured. Therefore, slaves, prisoners, and servants who would seek to escape their lot in life fear little more than the manacles of the Order of the Chain. By the same token, masters, slave owners, ship captains, and merchants who would seek to exploit or waste the lives of their charges or others also risk inciting the scrutiny of these grim wardens.

Lictor Uro Adom commands the order from the grim, prison-like Citadel Gheradesca, perched upon sheer cliffs overlooking one of the most furious coasts in the Inner Sea. For the last 8 years, Adom has negotiated with agents of House Thrune, Nidal, Taldor, Rahadoum, distant Lastwall, and others for imprisonment rights, collecting hefty annual tithes in return for holding some of the most notorious, politically important, and unkillable criminals in the world within the supposedly inescapable fortress.

Many Hellknights of the Chain are scions of fallen merchant houses or slave-holding families, those unrighteously forced into service for a time, or even—like the order's Master of Blades Mardinus—former slaves paralyzed by the lack of structure innate in free life.

Order of the Gate

"Judgment in the face of depravity."

Fortress Citadel Enferac east of Pezzack

Leader Vicarius Giordano Torchia (LE male human wizard 11, hellknight 2)

Symbol An infernal eye staring from a swirling portal

Armor Helm with a vortex-like pattern, crimson robes

Favored Weapon Dagger

Reckoning Etching symbols of penitence into one's flesh with a dagger

Easily the most reclusive Hellknight faction, the Order of the Gate, more than any of their brethren, depends upon magic and allies from realms beyond. Members of the order believe that through arcana, extraplanar insight, and manipulation great crimes might be prevented before they're even considered. Their ways are subtle and little understood, largely relying upon the divinations of the order's signifiers, who outnumber the rank-and-file Hellknights of the faction three to one. The other orders have learned not to question the Gate's effectiveness, however, as what seem at first to be vague predictions often come into crystalline clarity with time. More than once has a political figure fled into obscurity or a local investigation been solved due wholly to the sudden appearance and uncanny suggestions of an ominous knight or branded imp.

From behind an iron mask reminiscent of the helms of his order's knights, Vicarius Giordano Torchia controls the investigations and research of his followers. Rarely seen, it is said that the vicarius spends much of his time on other planes of existence, while at the same time seeming to know everything that happens within Citadel Enferac's mountainous walls. Many mysteries involve the order, the most prominent being the "gate" referred to in the group's name. While members dismiss the question as a metaphorical reference to their order's magic and insight, rumors abound of a portal that lies deep within Citadel Enferac, one that supposedly leads to a hidden realm of strange and insightful beings, Hell, or another even more maddening realm.

The Godclaw

While the Order of the Godclaw relies on the militaristic teachings of the infernal realm just as their other Hellknight brethren, they take a broader scope of inspirations, modeling their vision of law after the strictures of Asmodeus and four of the other most lawful beings in existence: Abadar, Iomedae, Irori, and Torag. Rather than directly worshiping any one of these deities, the Order of the Godclaw chooses specific teachings from the philosophies of each deity, creating a doctrine inspired by yet wholly unlike the faith of any of the engendering figures. Thus, each deity is reinterpreted by the order, uniting the godly facets they perceive as relevant into a wholly unique, pantheonic faith. Thus Iomedae and Torag are seen as Hellknight-like warriors of absolute order—concerned with offensiveness and defensiveness respectively—Irori as a paragon of emotionless discipline, Abadar as a keeper of all laws, and Asmodeus as a peerless strategist king.

Yet despite their unusual—some claim heretical—religious views, the pious members of the Order of the Godclaw receive spells just as the worshipers of any other deity. What power grants the faithful of the Godclaw their might remains a matter of some debate outside the order, with many believing Asmodeus himself encourages this corruption, while others suggest they draw their power from the fanatical devotion to law alone. The signifiers of the Order of the Godclaw have another answer, though, claiming their might merely proves the legitimacy of their faith.

Worshipers of the Godclaw possess Glory, Law, Protection, Strength, and War as their domains. Their favored weapon is the morningstar.

Those who would join the Order of the Gate typically come from the ranks of austere wizards, sorcerers seeking to control their magic, or accomplished soldiers—even other Hellknights—approached by the faction and invited to join for enigmatic reasons.

Order of the Godclaw

“Righteousness by obedience.”

Fortress Citadel Dinyar in the Aspodell Mountains

Leaders Lictor Resarc Ountor (LN male fighter 4, cleric 2, hellknight 4), Armiger Regan Vashan (LG female paladin 3)

Symbol A spinning, five-pointed iron star

Armor Breastplate with claw-like design, helm, and vambraces, worn over gray robes

Favored Weapon Morningstar

Reckoning Flagellation with a 5-tailed lash

Where most Hellknights place little value on deities, or keep their faith a quiet personal matter, the knights of the Order of the Godclaw augment their lawful ardor with religious fervor. Worshiping their interpretation of five prominent

lawful deities as a pantheon of severe exemplars they call the Godclaw, the knighthood seeks to enforce order upon the land not just out of social necessity, but as a divine crusade. Zealous in their labor, members of the faction quest far from Citadel Dinyar seeking to set the world right by accomplishing feats of noteworthy rectitude, such as the ordering of cities fallen to anarchy or the overthrowing of decadent tyrants. Hellknights of the Godclaw are not evangelists and prove highly discriminating of those they accept among their faith, commonly only considering those with the discipline of true Hellknights. Theirs is a faith of strict paragons, as only the most devoted might serve, with those who fail or blaspheme being cast out with little opportunity for forgiveness—though none can say they’ve ever met a former worshiper of the Godclaw.

The former paladin of Aroden and Hellknight of the Pyre, Seldinin Choaz, formed the Order of the Godclaw in 4623 in response to the First Mendevian Crusade. Meant to restore many of the virtues held sacred by the fallen deity’s faithful—as viewed through the harsh lens of Hellknight discipline—the faith of the Godclaw attracted a small following of pious Hellknights, primarily drawing from the minor, disparate orders of the day. Their participation in battles outside Cheliaz won them significant regard among their peers, and while many lictors viewed their strange faith as a distraction, their results proved undeniable. Thus the unique order was spared the culling of 4639, winning them permission to raise a citadel at the empire’s edge. Today, under the zealous command of Lictor Ountor, members of the Order of the Godclaw seek out new conflicts to test their mettle, with many having journeyed to Mendev, Molthune, and Galt to enforce their gods’ will in the trials there.

Members of the Order of the Godclaw often come from lands ruined by war, savagery, or the failure of supposed defender deities. Others have been raised among the traditions of families formerly devoted to Aroden, and seek a measure of the glory of which their forbearers speak longingly.

Order of the Nail

“Savagery must be quelled, in the land, home, and mind.”

Fortress Citadel Vraid, near Korvosa

Leaders Lictor Severs “Boneclaw” DiViri (LE male fighter 4, rogue 2, hellknight 4), Mistress of Blades Maidrayne Vox (LG female centaur fighter 3, ranger 3, hellknight 2), Paravicar Acillmar (LN male human sorcerer 7, hellknight 1)

Symbol Thick nails forming a sunburst

Armor Breastplate emblazoned with a fiendish face, helm bearing forward-facing horns

Favored Weapon Lance or halberd

Reckoning Piercing one’s flesh with sharp metal

Understanding that not all men are equal, the Order of the Nail patrols the fringes of civilization, guarding it

Hellknights

from primitives and throwbacks to more savage eras. Beyond obvious enemies, such as bloodthirsty orcs and hordes of other brutal humanoids, the knighthood does not discriminate by race, beating back even tribal and unconventional human cultures to make way for their “civilized” brethren. While accepting that certain peoples or individuals might be redeemed, those cultures that refuse to abandon their primitive ways are forced from their lands or, should they resist, slaughtered. The Nail does not seek out peoples to purge, instead confronting those who threaten civilized lands or lie directly in the path of expansion. Their efforts also extend to defending claimed lands, and members of the order often patrol widely as judges and brigand hunters in an effort to keep the frontier from lawlessness.

Coaxed from its original home at Citadel Altaerein east of Logas, the Order of the Nail left Cheliox in 4682 for the Varisian frontier. While their relocation and the construction of Citadel Vraid in the western arm of the Mindspin Mountains did not leave them indebted to Korvosa as the welcoming monarchy intended, the knighthood has served the interests of Cheliox’s former vassal well, doing much to deter the Shoanti of the Storval Plateau against threatening the settlers of the region’s lowlands. Currently under the leadership of the aged Lictor Severs “Boneclaw” DiViri—so called for his magically withered right hand which he hides within a distinctive gauntlet—the knighthood seeks to tighten its hold on southern Varisia, especially in light of recent disorder in Korvosa.

Knights of the Order of the Nail commonly arise from the people of the eastern Varisian lowlands. Others also occasionally join from Lastwall and Nirmathas, where questing Hellknights do battle with the orcs and fey of those realms.

Order of the Pyre

“Reason’s flame consumes the shadow of corruption.”

Fortress Citadel Krane near Ostenso

Leaders Lictor Rouen Stought (LN female human ranger 6, hellknight 4), Master of Blades Tros Garvhost (LG male dwarf fighter 4, cleric 2, hellknight 3)

Symbol A tower rising from flames

Armor Bladed armor, horned helm with four eye slots

Favored Weapon Glaive

Reckoning Burning one’s self over an open flame

From the mires of savage Garund, heathen empires of Casmaron, and alien realities beyond come blasphemous beliefs, quick to taint the mind and turn simple souls into monstrous zealots. The Order of the Pyre seeks out the fanatical faiths of distant lands and alien realms, purging them with flame and steel. Not a religious order,

the Pyre seeks out the corruptive influences of fiendish cults, strange philosophies, and faiths foreign to Avistan, violently preempting the social discord of fractious philosophies tainting a single land. They care nothing for a faith’s ethos or value, seeking only to shield Avistan’s shores from the rebellious ways of witches, shamans, cultists, mystics, gurus, and worse.

Despite not being one of the original Hellknight factions, the Order of the Pyre holds traditionalist views, often hearkening back to the knighthood’s earliest days as cult hunters. The Pyre maintains few holdings in Cheliox aside from Citadel Krane, a fortress permanently stained black with the ashes of countless heretical tomes and cremated witches. Led by the stern Lictor Rouen Stought, members of the order often travel in tight-knit groups, setting up encampments near hotbeds of fanatical activity, be they tribal communities



in the Mwangi, Casmar villages, the forests of druidic faiths, or cities infiltrated by nefarious cults. Lictor Stought believes the incestuous multitudes of the Vudrani pantheons hold a great threat to Avistan, and so quietly works to purge such immigrants and their strange beliefs wherever they're encountered.

Order of the Pyre Hellknights typically rise from highly religious backgrounds, especially in lands welcoming to foreigners and strange cultures. Those who have faced the ravages of fiendish cults might also join the Pyre to aid them in their revenge.

Order of the Rack

"The venoms of the mind poison the body."

Fortress Citadel Rivad near Westcrown

Leaders Lictor Richemar Alamansor (LE male human fighter 7, hellknight 7), Master of Blades Kassir Voidai (LN male human fighter 4, monk 2, hellknight 2), Paravicar Darcyne Wrens (LN female human sorcerer 8, hellknight 1)

Symbol A spiked wheel

Armor Exposed musculature design, sleek helm, flayed cloak

Favored Weapon Longsword or whip

Reckoning Ingesting mild acid or boiling water

Dreamers and zealots add little to society, wasting time, sparking fruitless passions, and squandering resources better spent on endeavors with substantial gains. With such in mind, the Order of the Rack seeks to put an end to dangerous knowledge and wanton philosophies, clearing society's way of idealistic perils and pitfalls of futility. Both the Order of the Rack's name and their symbol, the torture's wheel, reflect such wayward thinking: the suffering and evil of men left to indulge their ideas. Theirs is the path of the counter-revolution, seeking out potentially destructive knowledge and wasteful idealism, and destroying it before it might do harm. Aside from hunting down and scattering groups that would spread disruptive ideals, from rebellious groups to insidious cults, they censor all knowledge they deem dangerous, whether it be in the form of fiendish treatises, Qadiran poetry, or records of Osirian rule. With sword and flame they seek to expunge the sparks of rebellion from the world, preserving society's peaceful simplicity.

From the birthplace of the Hellknights, Citadel Rivad, the Order of the Rack continues the work begun by the knighthood's founders. Only in the past decades, following reports of Galt's Red Revolution, has the order become watchful for the seeds of dissension and rebellious philosophies. The excessively literal Lictor Richemar Alamansor currently seeks his replacement, looking to his ranks for those with the dedication and severity to guard those under their protection against their own thoughts. To his surprise, his favor currently

finds Paravicar Darcyne Wrens, a fiery sorceress who despises wizards, seeing them as stealing magic from those chosen by fate to wield it.

Members of the Order of the Rack largely come from staunch, old families who hold themselves as keepers of regional traditions or as inheritors of prestigious bloodlines. Those who have felt the sting of revolution and change, either in social coups or through technological improvements, also find the mandates of the Rack most worthy.

Order of the Scourge

"Without culpability chaos reigns."

Fortress Citadel Demain near Egorian

Leaders Lictor Toulon Vidoc (LN male human rogue 2, fighter 4, hellknight 7), Master of Blades Uldrannas Haelcant (LG male fighter 7, hellknight 1), Paravicar Orlayn Khorelos (LG female cleric of Abadar 7, hellknight 2)

Symbol A star of bleeding lashes

Armor Scarred breastplate, horned helm

Favored Weapon Heavy mace or whip

Reckoning Lashing with whip or scourge

The Order of the Scourge deftly seeks out lawlessness in its own most organized form, combating those who would prey upon society's vulnerabilities, whether they be structured criminal ventures, cults, or flagrantly corrupt governmental groups or officials. Intimidation, fearful displays of public justice, and numerous circles of paid informants aid the order in its war against the scum of civilization. While the Order of the Scourge's interests lie largely with the aging, crowded citadels of Cheliox, criminals across Avistan and Northern Garund fear the dogged pursuit of Scourge law bringers and bear the scars of the order's barbed lashes.

The meticulous Lictor Toulon Vidoc leads his order from the indomitable Citadel Demain outside Egorian. A deliberate and ingenious former captain of the Egorian dotarri, Vidoc possesses a cunning mind and has personally solved some of Cheliox's most baffling crimes. Today he serves as the most political Hellknight leader, abhorring yet regularly appearing in Her Imperial Magestrix's court, effortlessly dancing through the capital's webwork of snares and favors. Beneath the lictor, the stone-faced Master of Blades Uldrannas Haelcant wages a war against Egorian's underworld, seeking the shadowy backers behind the capital's string of murders and gruesome contraband traffic.

Those raised amid crime and squalor find myriad reasons to join the Order of the Scourge, primarily to find and enforce a better life for future generations. Numerous reformed criminals also seek out the knighthood, though only those most devoted to reform can survive that terrifying path of the Hellknight.

Lesser Orders

Despite the cull of 4639, numerous lesser orders of Hellknights still exist. Most of these orders work at the edges of Chelias's sphere of influence or within the countries once within the Chelish empire's thrall. Despite their smaller size, the majority of these factions uphold the same code as their elder, better-established brethren, though many uphold practices that subtly deviate from the core knighthood. Most are careful not to defy the mandates of the Measure and the Chain (the core philosophies of the Hellknights; detailed in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #28), however, as the larger, more powerful orders are mindful of those who would use the Hellknight name to opposing ends.

Order of the Crux: One of several bands of mercenaries dubbed Hellknights during the Chelish civil war, the skull-clad Order of the Crux refused to disband after the revolution. Hunted down and destroyed by the Order of the Scourge in 4663, the butchers were slaughtered and their fortress, Citadel Gheisteno, put to the torch. However, 25 years later, three graveknights clad in scarred Hellknight armor rose from the ruin. Calling themselves the Order of the Crux and led by the venomous Lictor Shokneir, the undead triune lurks upon the border of Nidal and Molthune, seemingly biding their time.

Order of the Coil: Among the smallest Hellknight factions, the Order of the Coil maintains holdings near the Sargavan city of Eleder, from where they viciously seek to tame the tribal natives of the country and put an end to their backward pollution of the outside world. Seeing the efforts of scholars and adventurers—particularly Pathfinders—as spreading a disease of savagery by carrying curios from the jungles into the world beyond, the Coil hunts down and destroys such explorers and artifacts, notorious for ending these perceived corruptions with poison and flames. The favored weapon of the Order of the Coil is the greataxe.

Order of the Pike: At the northeastern edge of the Whisperwood stands the tower Ordeial, a bastion of stone and steel that serves as the home of the Order of the Pike. Formally disbanded after the Chelish civil war, the members of the Pike continued enforcing the edicts of the Measure and the Chain, and gained notoriety among the villagers of northern Chelias as hunters of dangerous beasts. In 4688, the faction was again recognized by the other Hellknight orders, and since then they have gradually expanded their area of operation into Isgar and the Chelish heartland. The favored weapon of the Order of the Pike is the longspear.



Iconography & Rank

The Ennead Star serves as the symbol of the Hellknights, representing not just the knighthood but also its core disciplines. A black and crimson starburst, the three prominent flanges of the star symbolize the knights' chief philosophies: order, discipline, and mercilessness. The additional six rays also imply the core tenets of the knights' ruling doctrine, the Measure. Taken together, the nine arms of the Ennead Star parallel the order of Hell's nine layers. Finally, the axis of the star holds a place for the symbols of the individual orders. While the Ennead Star is rarely borne upon Hellknight armor, members of the Hellknights frequently emblazon the symbol on their banners or shields, or upon heavy iron medallions or medals positioned over the heart when not wearing armor.

Hellknight Ranks

Numerous echelons exist within the Hellknight orders, the most pervasive—from highest in authority to lowest—being the following ranks.

Lictor: A general of a Hellknight order.

Vicarius: A spell-casting leader of a Hellknight order (rarely used).

Master/Mistress of Blades: A colonel of a Hellknight order, equal in rank to a Paravicar.

Paravicar: A leader of a Hellknight order's signifiers, equal in rank to a Master of Blades.

Paralictor: A high-ranking Hellknight officer, similar to a major.

Maralictor: A mid-level Hellknight officer, similar to a lieutenant. Maralictors with titular concerns or duties—such as the common arms-maralictor, field-maralictor, or gate-maralictor—are of lesser rank.

Signifer: A Hellknight arcane or religious spellcaster.

Hellknight: A rank-and-file soldier in a Hellknight order.

Armiger: A Hellknight in training, a Hellknight squire.

Order of the Scar: The Order of the Scar numbers fewer than 40 members and is virtually unheard of outside of cosmopolitan Cassomir in Taldor. One of the only surviving Hellknight orders created by the desperate King Gaspodar during the Chelish civil war, the Scar now operates almost exclusively in Taldor and Qadira, where they excel in hunting down and slaying assassins. Mercenary in their practices, the order relies on the boons of those fearing assassination to further their hunts for organized groups of trained killers. Their favored weapon is the rapier.

Order of the Torrent: A small order mandated after the Chelish civil war, the Order of the Torrent has seen persistent decline over the past 50 years, largely due to their strict trials of acceptance. Now numbering a mere 23 members, the faction is renowned for including some of the best man-hunters and saviors of the kidnapped in the world. Though the members travel across Avistan, they maintain simple holdings in Kintargo. Their favored weapon is the halberd.

HELLKNIGHT

Only those with absolute conviction, absolute discipline, and absolute dedication to the implacable rule of law survive amid the black-clad orders of Hellknights. Armigers—the unindoctrinated squires of true Hellknights—aspire to two ranks: spellcasting signifiers and true martial Hellknights. With little variation in training or expectations between Hellknight orders, these rank-and-file champions of law form the backbone of Hellknight legions and spread their unflinching vision of law across the world.

The Hellknight prestige class embodies the core principles and martial disciplines of the Hellknights. More than a single track to martial prowess and lawful superiority, the class contains three paths, that of the Measure, the Chain, and the Hellion. The Path of the Measure enforces the core philosophies of the knighthood and rewards champions of law for their dedication. The Path of the Chain enforces the doctrine of the various Hellknight orders, driving followers to embrace the strictures of absolute order. Lastly, the rarely obtained Path of the Hellion falls outside the official recognition of the Hellknights, offering great power, yet also the potential for great evil to those who lack the discipline to control the seductive powers of Hell. The road of the Hellknight is long, and for most, the path they travel continues for the rest of their lives.

Role: Hellknights are champions of absolute, unquestionable, unflinching order. Whereas paladins zealously uphold the strictures of righteousness and decency, Hellknights walk a path devoid of ethical concerns. They care nothing for goodness or evil, only that their iron-shod vision of law is enforced. This they do out of a desire to see the expansion and growth of civilization and to free society from corruptive and parasitic elements. Their means all work toward this end, and should intimidation, mercilessness, and the fearful methods of Hell advance their crusade—even at the loss of the occasional innocent life—then so be it.

Alignment: The discipline and devotion to order demanded by the Hellknights requires that all members be of lawful alignment. Questions of morality matter little to the black-armored warriors, but those who concern themselves overly much with matters of good and evil often find themselves at odds with the strictures of the knighthood and face potential expulsion. Characters who

disapprove of the heavy-handed, merciless application of law rarely find themselves inclined toward the Hellknights, while those members who regularly deviate from the cold efficiency of their brethren's doctrine find themselves irredeemably barred from the knighthood.

Requirements

To qualify to become a Hellknight, a character must fulfill the following criteria.

Base Attack Bonus: +5.

Weapon Proficiency: Must be proficient with all martial weapons.

Armor Proficiency: Must be proficient with heavy armor.

Alignment: Any lawful.

Special: Before a character can become a Hellknight, he must slay a devil with a number of Hit Dice equal to or greater than his own. This victory must be witnessed by a Hellknight.

Class Skills

The Hellknight's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (local) (Int), Perception (Wis), Ride (Dex), Sense Motive (Wis).

Skill Ranks at Each Level: 2 + Int modifier.

Class Features

All of the following are features of the Hellknight.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Hellknights gain no proficiency with any weapon or armor.

Aura of Law (Ex): The power of a Hellknight's aura of law (see the *detect law* spell) is equal to his Hellknight level.

Detect Chaos (Sp): At will, a Hellknight can use *detect chaos*, as the spell. A Hellknight can, as a move action, concentrate on a single item or individual within 60 feet and determine if it is chaotic, learning the strength of its aura as if having studied it for 3 rounds. While focusing on one individual or object, the paladin does not detect chaos in any other object or individual within range.

Smite Chaos (Su): Once per day, a Hellknight can draw upon reserves of discipline to aid him in his struggle against chaos. As a swift action, the Hellknight chooses one target within sight to smite. If this target is chaotic, the Hellknight adds his Wisdom bonus (if any) to his attack rolls and adds his Hellknight level to all damage rolls made against the target of his smite. If the target of smite chaos is an outsider with the chaotic subtype, a chaotic-aligned aberration, or a fey creature, the bonus to damage increases to 2 points of damage per level the Hellknight possesses. Regardless of the target, smite chaos attacks automatically bypass any DR the creature might possess.

In addition, while smite chaos is in effect, the Hellknight gains a deflection bonus equal to his Wisdom modifier (if any) to his AC against attacks made by the target of the

Hellknights

smite. If the Hellknight targets a creature that is not chaotic, the smite is wasted with no effect.

The smite chaos effect remains until the target of the smite is dead or the next time the Hellknight rests and regains his uses of this ability. At 4th level, and at every three levels thereafter, the Hellknight may smite evil one additional time per day, to a maximum of five times per day at 13th level.

Discern Lies (Sp): Starting at 2nd level, a Hellknight's detect chaos ability also reveals if a creature within the area being scrutinized is lying. This effect functions similarly to the spell *discern lies*, but a Hellknight can detect multiple lies from multiple creatures through one use of detect chaos. In addition, a Hellknight must be able to hear and understand what a creature within the area of effect is saying to discern lies.

Hellknight Armor (Ex): Hellknights are known and feared for their intimidating suits of armor. At 2nd level, a Hellknight gains greater mastery of his armor as both a defense and a method of imposing his will. A Hellknight must first attain a suit of full plate armor created to the exacting specifications and style of the order of which he's a member and costing 2,000 gp. A Hellknight functions more efficiently in his armor—or another crafted to his order's specifications—than he does in normal full plate, reducing the armor check penalty by –1 and increasing the maximum Dexterity bonus allowed by +1. At 6th and 10th

levels, these bonuses increase by +1 each. In addition, at 10th level, a Hellknight can move in his full plate armor without penalty to his base land speed.

Force of Will (Ex): By 3rd level, a Hellknight has ordered his mind to the point that he gains resistance against certain mind-affecting effects. At 3rd level, a Hellknight chooses one of the following subschools or descriptors to gain a +2 bonus on his Will saves against charm, compulsion, glamor, fear, figments, pattern, and phantasm. The Hellknight gains this bonus against all spells, spell-like abilities, and abilities specifically noted with these descriptors.

At 6th level, a Hellknight's mental control increases, allowing him to choose another subschool or descriptor to gain a +2 bonus on his Will save against. In addition, the bonus provided by his first selection increases by +2.

Hellknight

	Base				
	Attack	Fort	Ref	Will	
Level	Bonus	Save	Save	Save	Special

Path of the Measure

1st	+1	+1	+0	+0	Aura of law, detect chaos, smite chaos 1/day
2nd	+2	+1	+1	+1	Discern lies, hellknight armor 1
3rd	+3	+2	+1	+1	Force of will 1, mercilessness

Path of the Chain

4th	+4	+2	+1	+1	Lawbringer, smite chaos 2/day
5th	+5	+3	+2	+2	Discipline 1
6th	+6	+3	+2	+2	Force of will 2, hellknight armor 2
7th	+7	+4	+2	+2	smite chaos 3/day
8th	+8	+4	+3	+3	Discipline 2
9th	+9	+5	+3	+3	Force of will 3
10th	+10	+5	+3	+3	Hellknight armor 3, smite chaos 4/day
11th	+11	+6	+4	+4	Discipline 3
12th	+12	+6	+4	+4	Force of will 4, judgment

Path of the Hellion

13th	+13	+7	+4	+4	Smite chaos 5/day
14th	+14	+7	+5	+5	Infernal armor
15th	+15	+8	+5	+5	Hell's knight

Hit Dice d10



Council of Thieves

At 9th level, a Hellknight may choose from the list again, and the bonus provided by both of his other selections increases.

At 12th level, a Hellknight may choose from the list a final time, effectively having a +2, +4, +6, and +8 bonus against four different effects.

Mercilessness (Ex): Starting at 3rd level, a Hellknight can cause a creature that would normally lose consciousness as a result of being reduced to negative hit points by his attack to instead instantly die. Creatures with the Diehard feat or similar abilities are not affected by mercilessness. A Hellknight can choose not to make use of this ability.

Lawbringer (Su): From 4th level on, all of a Hellknight's attacks are treated as lawful for the purpose of overcoming damage reduction.

Discipline (Ex): A 5th-level Hellknight gains access to his first discipline, his months of training and mental control taking the form of a unique ability. At 5th level, a Hellknight must choose the discipline associated with his specific Hellknight order. (If the Hellknight is not part of one of the orders listed, the GM chooses an ability that seems most appropriate for this level.) At 8th level, the Hellknight gains access to another discipline, and may choose any ability available to "Any Hellknight." At 11th level, a Hellknight gains a third discipline and may choose any listed ability. Where called for and except where noted otherwise, discipline abilities have a DC of 10 + 1/2 the Hellknight's character level + the Hellknight's Charisma modifier.

Brand (Su): Once per day, as a standard action, a Hellknight can summon the power of law into a visible force cloaking his hand. The Hellknight may make a touch attack against another creature, affecting the target as per the spell *mark of justice*. An affected target immediately knows what behavior will activate the mark. The mark lasts for 24 hours. (Order of the Pyre)

Censor (Su): A Hellknight can mute a target struck by his smite chaos ability. A number of times per day equal to the Hellknight's Charisma modifier—but not exceeding the number of times per day he can use his smite chaos ability—a Hellknight can force a target struck by his smite chaos ability to make a Will save. Failure causes the target to be unable to speak for a number of rounds equal to the Hellknight's Charisma modifier. (Order of the Rack)

Fearsomeness (Ex): A Hellknight can use the Intimidate skill to cause another creature within 10 feet to become frightened instead of shaken. This ability functions just as the demoralize aspect of Intimidate, but results in the target becoming frightened. A Hellknight can use this ability once for every 5 class levels he possesses. (Any Hellknight)

Onslaught (Su): Drawing upon his discipline for a surge of speed and might, a Hellknight may increase his base speed by +10 feet and his Strength by an amount equal to his Wisdom modifier for 1 round (this bonus cannot exceed +5).

Alternatively, if the Hellknight is riding, he may grant his additional +10 feet of movement to his mount for 1 round. A Hellknight may use this ability as a free action once per day for every 5 Hellknight levels he possesses. (Order of the Nail)

Pentamic Faith (Ex): This ability grants a multiclass cleric/Hellknight of the Order of the Godclaw the ability prepare domain spells from many of his deities' domains. The Godclaw domains this ability grants access to are Artifice, Glory, Knowledge, Law, Magic, Nobility, Protection, Rune, Strength, Travel, and War. This ability does not grant the Hellknight access to the related domain abilities, just the ability to prepare spells from additional domain spell lists. In addition, the Hellknight may treat any of the weapons of the individual Godclaw members—crossbow, longsword, mace, or warhammer—as his deity's weapon for the purposes of spells like *spiritual weapon*. (Order of the Godclaw; only members of the Order of the Godclaw may select the pentamic faith ability)

Shackle (Su): A Hellknight can cripple a target struck by his smite chaos ability. A number of times per day equal to the Hellknight's Charisma modifier—but not exceeding the number of times per day he can use his smite chaos ability—a Hellknight can force a target struck by his smite chaos ability to make a Will save. Failure causes the target's speed to be reduced by 10 feet for a number of rounds equal to the Hellknight's Charisma modifier. Should a target fail its save by 5 or more, its speed is reduced by an additional 5 feet, plus an additional 5 feet for every 5 after that. Thus, a creature that fails its Will save by 11 points has its speed reduced by 20 feet. If this would reduce a target's speed to 0 or lower, the creature is stunned for 1 round, after which its speed is reduced to 5 feet for the duration of the effect. (Order of the Chain)

Summon Devil (Sp): Once per day, as a standard action, a Hellknight can summon a single devil similarly to the spell *summon monster*. The devils a Hellknight can summon (and the Hellknight level at which he can summon them) are lemure (5th), imp (7th), bearded devil (9th), erinyes (11th), bone devil (13th), barbed devil (15th), ice devil (17th). (Order of the Gate)

Tracker (Su): Once per day, a Hellknight can summon a creature to aid him, either in battle or in tracking an enemy. A Hellknight can summon one specific creature as per the spell *summon monster*. The creatures a Hellknight can summon (and the level at which he can summon them) are eagle (5th), riding dog (5th), wolf (7th), leopard (9th), dire wolf (11th), or hell hound (13th). The creature lingers for 1 hour, before vanishing. (Any Hellknight)

Vigilance (Su): A Hellknight gains low-light vision 60 feet. In addition, for a number of rounds per day equal to the Hellknight's Wisdom modifier, a Hellknight can concentrate intensely, allowing him to see and hear through up to 5 feet of stone or a similar barrier as if it didn't exist.

These rounds need not be consecutive, and the ability can be activated or ended as a free action. Lead and magical barriers block this effect. (Order of the Scourge)

Wrack (Su): A number of times per day equal to the Hellknight's Charisma modifier, a Hellknight can touch a creature and cause incredible pain. As a standard action, the Hellknight can veil his hand in crackling energy, after which he must make a touch attack to affect a creature. Any creature hit by this attack takes 1d6 points of damage + the Hellknight's Charisma modifier, and must make a Will save. Those who fail are sickened for 1d4 rounds. (Any Hellknight)

Judgment (Su): Starting a 12th level, a Hellknight can make a mighty blow against any creature he believes has committed a crime or is actively attempting to sow disorder. This attack is treated as one use of the Hellknight's smite chaos ability and, should it hit, deals additional damage equal to the Hellknight's level. This additional damage is dealt regardless of its actual alignment. The creature does not actually have to be a lawbreaker to be affected by this effect, but the Hellknight must believe it is. If the Hellknight uses this ability on a creature that is not actually opposing the will of law or for unfounded reasons (as determined by the GM), making use of this ability is considered an evil act.

Infernal Armor (Su): Starting at 14th level, while wearing his Hellknight armor, a Hellknight is recognized as a champion of law by the denizens of Hell. From this point on, all devils not acting under specifically aggressive orders have a starting attitude of indifferent and the Hellknight gains a +2 bonus on all Charisma-related skill checks made while interacting with all nongood lawful creatures.

In addition, at will while wearing Hellknight armor, a Hellknight gains immunity to fire and poison, resistance to acid 10 and cold 10, and the ability to see perfectly in darkness of any kind, even *deeper darkness* (a supernatural ability).

Hell's Knight (Su): Starting at 15th level, a Hellknight can grant a weapon he wields or one he touches and that remains within 100 feet the axiomatic, flaming burst, or unholy weapon special quality. If the weapon is being wielded by the Hellknight and is the favored weapon of his order, the Hellknight can grant the weapon two of these qualities.

The Hellknight also gains immunity to all mind-affecting effects.

Reckonings & Ex-Hellknights

All Hellknights adhere to a strict path of discipline, deviation from which is never taken lightly. Those who knowingly go against their order's core philosophies, the Measure and the Chain (detailed in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume 28), are expected to undergo a reckoning. Reckonings are confessions wherein a Hellknight professes his crimes before a superior at his order's citadel—or with another Hellknight or even alone if the citadel is

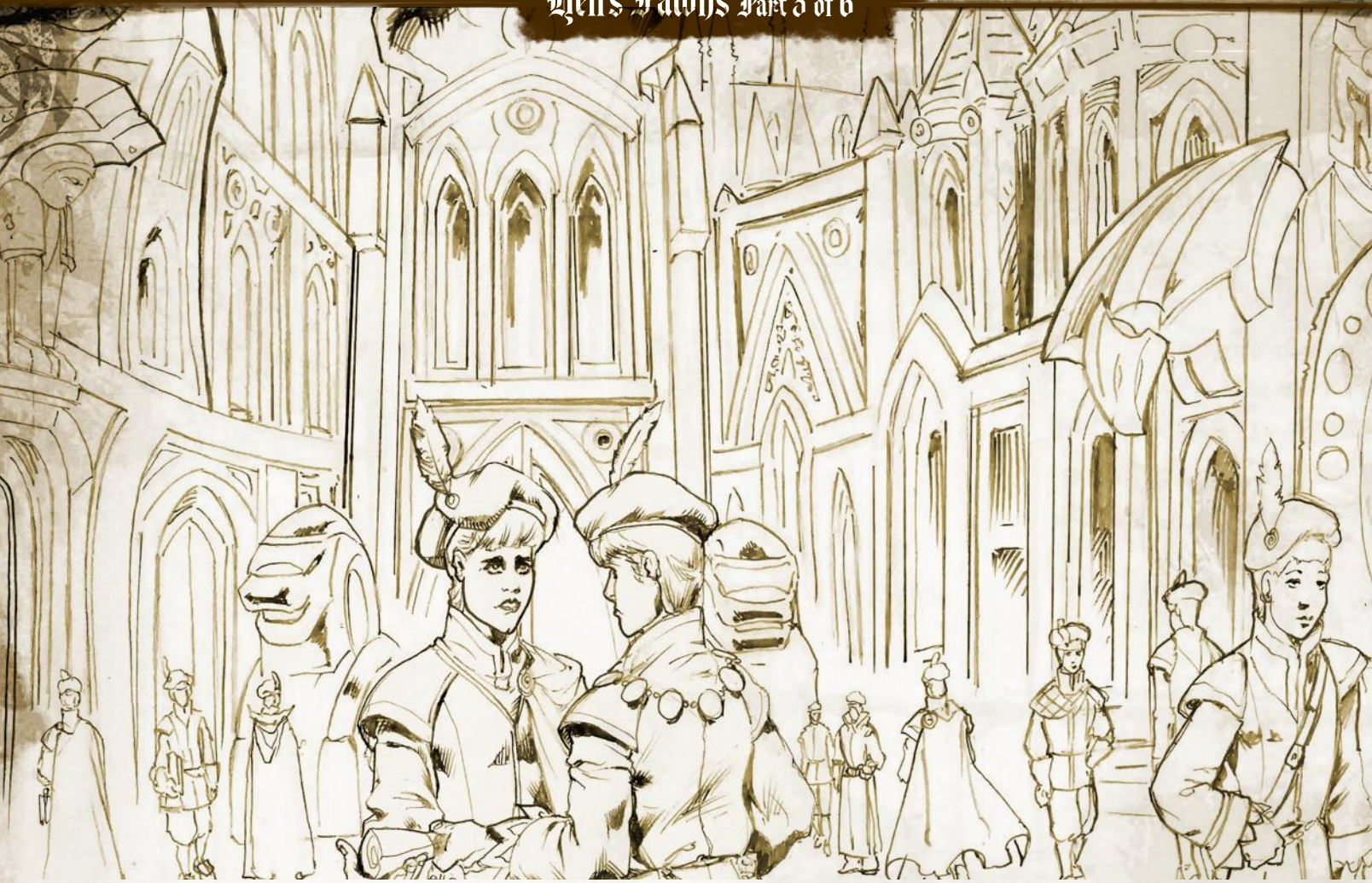
Hellknight Characters

Although Hellknights might find their goals at odds with some, these paragons of law can easily serve as valuable members of an adventuring party. Before seeking to join the Hellknights, though, a character should consider whether the knighthood's duties and disciplines might be at odds with those of his companions. Just as a good-aligned character might choose not to join an entirely evil adventuring company, Hellknights avoid consorting with habitual lawbreakers. Also, although they hold to a strict code of conduct in many ways similar to those of paladins, Hellknights discipline their own and are not monitored by divinities. Thus, should a Hellknight break his code, he is not immediately deprived of his powers as a paladin is, though he or his brethren might prove even more severe in their punishments. Only repeatedly breaking his vows to the point that he can no longer be considered of a lawful alignment denies a Hellknight access to his powers.

unreachable. A reckoning is a half-hour-long ritual where the Hellknight exacts 1d6 points of damage upon himself for each infraction using the punishment favored by his order. The Hellknight cannot consciously accept magical healing until this damage heals naturally—accepting healing (willingly or not) counts as its own infraction. Reckonings must be faced within 1 week of an infraction, or else the Hellknight loses all of his supernatural abilities until his reckoning is faced.

What constitutes defiance of their code varies slightly from order to order, but at its core can be summarized as any act of lawlessness, defiance of a superior Hellknight, or aiding or ignoring the cause of chaos. The GM should inform a Hellknight player when his actions will result in an infraction, while the player should keep tally of such trespasses (rolling this number of d6s as damage at his next reckoning). Hellknights understand that situations exist where ignoring a crime might ultimately better aid the cause of law, yet are expected to punish themselves for such conscious oversights nonetheless.

A Hellknight who voluntarily ceases to be lawful or who is cast out of the knighthood by the decree of a legitimate leader of his order loses all the supernatural class features of the Hellknight prestige class. Hellknights are typically exiled from an order only after repeated and severe infractions against the Measure and the Chain or numerous acts that result in a change of alignment (GMs should make players blatantly aware of acts that might lead toward an alignment change). After being expelled from his order, a character may not progress any further in levels as a Hellknight. He regains his abilities and advancement potential if he is reaccepted by his order or another Hellknight faction, but such instances are exceedingly rare.



The Goat Pen

Walking down Eel Street toward the sunset, I notice again how much the silhouette of the Goat Pen resembles a monstrous crouching toad.

What was once a wheelhouse that raised the big cargo winches had been condemned after the collapse of the Eel Street Dock. Through one of his intermediaries, Zandros bought the stable as well as an adjoining smithy and salt house for a pittance. In the twenty-odd years since, he's tasked his henchmen with shoring up the sagging interiors, but they've done nothing to maintain the exterior. The outer surfaces are dotted with blue mold, and all the walls slump inward to give the place the appearance of a predator tensed to leap. The windows are boarded shut except on the smithy entrance, beside which hangs a scabrous painted board depicting a frothing mug atop an anvil.

Maccabus and I walk in through the single saloon door. With a jerk of his head he dismisses the young toughs who accompanied us. Four or five of them lounge just outside, while the rest drift away into the evening gloom.

Inside, a slip I've never seen before stands on a crate behind the bar wiping mugs with a stained rag. A couple of my former colleagues huddle over their cups at the bar. Both were adults when I first fell in with the gang, and now the Goatherds call them the old men.

"Crasus, Darruck," I say.

They nod at Mac but say nothing to me before turning back to their drinks.

"Come on," says Maccabus. We walk past the bar, and Mac pounds on the door. The guard cracks it for a peek at us before letting us pass. We descend a short flight of stone stairs and enter the lair of Zandros the Fair.

On the far side is a tilting brick fireplace added after the Goatherds moved in. A boy of perhaps ten years turns a spit on which sizzles a carcass of indeterminate origin. To the left is a wide ramp leading up to wide doors with smaller portals cut out of each one, handy escape routes in the event of a raid. On the right are the old stables, each compartment covered with a dirty length of sailcloth to form a more-or-less private sleeping chamber. In the

The Goat Pen

middle is the feast hall, a long horseshoe shape of low mismatched tables around the base on which a great turn wheel once rested. All around sit the youngest Goatherds, greedily devouring their master's feast and washing it down with watered wine. The only one I recognize is Gruck, seated at the nearest table to my left. I nod at him, but he looks away.

Zandros sits before the fireplace on a mound of furs thrown over an oversized throne liberated from some playhouse storeroom. His last black locks have thrown up the white flag since I saw him a couple of years ago, and his hair has thinned so much that the horn-like tumors on his brow are more prominent than ever. His snowy beard makes a sharp point of his chin, and his buckteeth and flat pink nose complete the illusion of an ancient satyr rather than the reality of a scrofulous old Sczarni who should have known better than to cheat a Varisian witch.

Whatever curse she spat at him, it hasn't touched his daughter, Anca, who sits at his feet. The family resemblance ends at her buckteeth, which lend her the oddly winsome appearance of a bunny. She wears more jewelry these days, most of it cheap gewgaws that attracted her attention in the market, but a couple of items look like the genuine article, probably gifts from suitors risking her father's wrath. One trinket in particular looks familiar.

I follow Mac into the middle of the tables, the traditional spot for messengers and the accused.

Zandros glowers at Maccabus. "What are you doing here?"

Mac shrugs. "Finished early. Ran into the boys on the way back."

Zandros thrusts out his meaty paw. His fingers have grown together into two thick rough digits with a stump of a thumb. "The money," he says. "Or the forfeit."

Mac approaches the throne and hands Zandros a little sack of coins. Zandros hefts the pouch and says, "This isn't all." He pours out the coins and begins to count.

Mac draws a dark handkerchief from his coat and lays it open on the table. Inside is a bloody, severed ear. Usually Zandros demands both on the final warning, but I see Mac has made an adjustment for partial payment.

"This is less than half what he owes," growls Zandros. He's a stickler about correct amounts, at least when they're payable to him.

Mac digs around in his coat pocket and drops a thumb-sized gobbet of flesh atop the handkerchief. Earlobe.

One of the new recruits barks a hyena's laugh. One glance from Zandros, and the kid shuts up. Then the Old Goat chuckles, and all the boys join in, some of them sounding quite natural. He's still training this lot of sycophants. I steal a glance at Gruck. His wince tells me he hasn't yet learned to delight in cruelty. He picks at his meat.

"Good work," Zandros says to Maccabus. He waves the veteran thug away with his deformed hand. "Take the rest of the night off."

Mac hesitates and looks at me. Before he can say anything, the bar door bangs open and Ursio stomps down the steps trailed by a couple of bruisers. Someone has splinted his broken arm and bound it tightly to his chest. The dwarf looks ready to shout in triumph when he sees me standing in the ring, but he knows better than to interrupt Zandros when he's holding court. He shoulders a bald-headed boy aside and helps himself to the kid's wine. Mac murmurs a word that might be "luck" as he walks past me and up the stairs.

"Now then," says Zandros, smiling, "to the matter of our long-absent friend, Radovan Copper-Tongue."

You'd think Zandros was a Taldan for his love of stupid nicknames. When I was starting out with the Goatherds, I liked to try a few words before cracking heads to bring back overdue accounts. Whether it was my oratory or my fiendish good looks that did the trick, some of the old men started calling me their golden-tongued devil. Zandros corrected them, saying I hadn't yet earned my way to the big accounts.

I consider four or five snappy rejoinders but decide to keep them to myself. Zandros's smile fades as he realizes I won't help him put on a show for the young Goatherds.

"You should come when I call, boy," he says.

"I'm here now, Zandros. What do you want?"

"Perhaps I wished only to see how well you fare these days, beyond my protection," he says.

"At the point of a crossbow?"

"Ah," says Zandros. His gaze flicks toward Ursio, who raises his goblet to cover a guilty expression. His version of our encounter must differ in a few respects from mine. "You boys must learn to get along. Egorian is not yet so great that you will not cross paths from time to time."

"Just tell me what you want, and I'll get back to work."

"What sort of work?" says Zandros. He cocks his head like a dog who hears a distant noise. "Perhaps something with which my boys could help?"

The prospect of tasking the Goatherds with ferreting out the story behind Einmarch Henderthane's dalliance at the Tall Tail has a certain appeal, but the boss would never stand for it. More importantly, we'd be as likely to end up with a dead doxy as with useful information.

"Thanks all the same."

Zandros frowns, disappointed but not entirely surprised. "Your current employment puts you in a unique position to be of help to your former comrades."

I had a feeling this might be it. Once I started working for Count Jeggare, Zandros began sniffing around my feet. In the years since, I've learned to deflect the inquiries of my Cheapside contacts, or to feed misleading

trifles to the barmaids who seem too friendly too fast. The boss prides himself on discretion in the cases of his peers, whose secrets would prove more than a little profitable to an avaricious soul like Zandros.

I say, "Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," he hisses, leaning toward me.

"Me, too," I say. He catches my meaning and flinches as if stung by a wasp. I worked for Zandros long enough that I could do him some harm with a few words in the right ears. He has to value my ability to keep my mouth shut, even if it's not for him.

"Surely not every trifle you glean is precious to your new master, nor does everything you hear spill into your ear alone. I know you are investigating the Henderthane estate, for example. Old confidants should help each other."

"I am not your confidant," I say. "I earned my way out, fair as day and night."

"Is that so?" says Zandros. His eyes narrow as he peers around the feast hall, looking at each of his young recruits in order. "Does anyone here remember it so?"

Only Ursio and Anca have been around since my days with the Goatherds. Ursio hates me, and she wouldn't dare cross her father. Both of them

know he's Zandros the Fair only so long as it suits his purpose.

"I remember," calls a voice from the back of the room. I turn to see Crasus, one of the men who'd been drinking upstairs.

"So do I," says his companion, Darruck. I decide to buy them each a long line of ales later, somewhere else. Both men look straight at Zandros with the blank expressions of veterans who know what they have to lose but don't give a damn.

Zandros stares at them a long moment before saying, "So be it." He smiles, but his hand trembles as he lifts his goblet, and he splashes wine on his beard. Anca raises a handkerchief to his chin, but he slaps her hand away.

"I'll be on my way, then," I say.

"Not so fast," says Zandros. "There is still the matter of Ursio's injury."

"Occupational hazard," I say, but I know where he's going with it.

"You have limited his earning capacity," says Zandros. "You have taken money out of my pocket."

"That's Ursio's problem," I say. Whenever one of us fell sick or got hurt, Zandros

insisted we double his cut until we had made up "his" losses.

"Any outsider who harms a Goatherd must face my justice," says Zandros. "And, as you remind us, you are an outsider now." "An arm for an arm!" shouts

Ursio.

Zandros says, "That is just." He nods to the thugs who came in with Ursio, and they step toward me.

"Wait," I say.

Zandros lifts an eyebrow and settles back on his throne. "Well?"

"Your man Rennie is a wererat."

Zandros glances over his shoulder toward the meat roasting on the spit behind him. He laughs, "Old news."

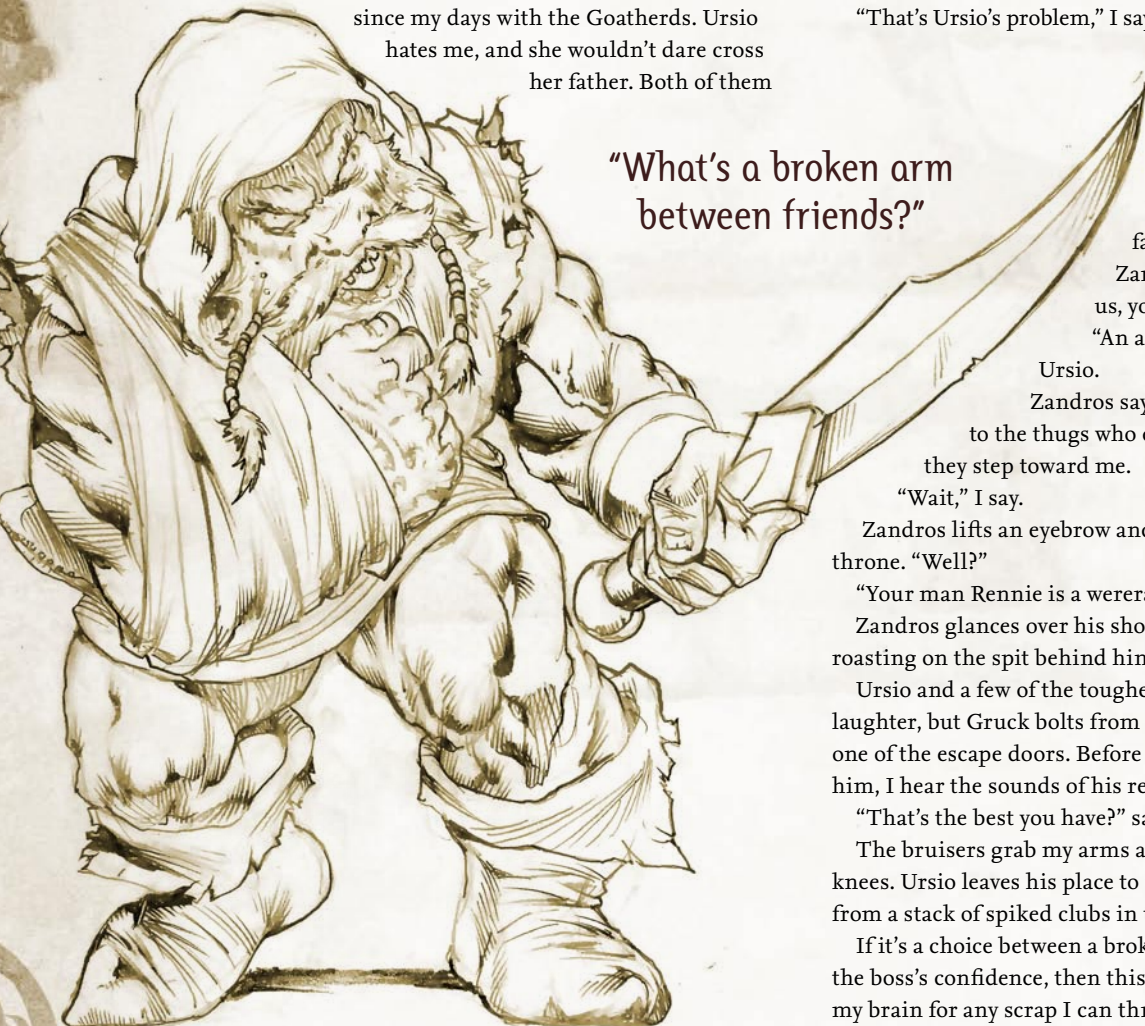
Ursio and a few of the tougher-looking boys join in his laughter, but Gruck bolts from his table and rushes out one of the escape doors. Before it can swing shut behind him, I hear the sounds of his retching in the alley.

"That's the best you have?" says Zandros.

The bruisers grab my arms and force me down to my knees. Ursio leaves his place to make a show of choosing from a stack of spiked clubs in the corner.

If it's a choice between a broken arm and breaking the boss's confidence, then this is going to hurt. I wrack my brain for any scrap I can throw Zandros without

"What's a broken arm
between friends?"



The Goat Pen

compromising my livelihood when I notice Anca staring at me, her lips trembling. I can't decide whether she's eager or fearful to see me hurt.

"That golden comb in Anca's hair," I say. "I know who gave it to her."

Anca shoots me a desperate look. I don't like putting her on the hook, but weighed against the prospect of a broken arm, she comes up light.

"Who?" Zandros is so incensed that he doesn't notice Ursio cried it out at the same time, and I know I have something. The dwarf has long pined for Anca. Ursio glares at me.

"What is it worth to you?" I say. Zandros likes to haggle, so I add, "More than a tiefling's arm, I reckon."

"Bah!" spits Zandros. He makes a dismissive wave with his disfigured hand, but his head turns in a way that shows he is avoiding looking at Anca. At this moment, there's nothing he wants to know more than the identity of her secret lover.

"Your daughter's virtue?" I say. One of Zandros's favorite Varisian songs comes to mind. "'A treasure more than gold,' isn't that how it goes?"

He leaps up. "Blast your eyes, who is it?"

"This'll tip the scales. The way I reckon it, you'll owe me one beyond Ursio's cracked wing."

"Yes, yes," says Zandros. "Just tell me, damn you."

I turn to show Ursio all my long, sharp teeth. I can almost see steam coming off his reddened skin. He's tensed to deny any accusation I might make about him, and the prospect is tempting, but the truth is safer.

"That comb was among the items stolen from the Porter Street pawn shop last month," I say. When the news broke, I nosed around a little in case the cheap shop owner came to his senses and offered a reward. It was no trick to learn who was fencing the goods. "Scipio, that big stevedore on the Bunyip Dock."

Zandros turns on Anca, whose cringe is all the proof he needs that I've told the truth. He thrusts a finger toward one of the stable bedchambers, and she scurries away. Behind me, I hear Ursio muttering oaths of revenge.

Seething, Zandros turns back to me. I say, "I can see you're busy here, so I'll be on my way."

"One last thing," he says. "When next you visit the Henderthanes, let them know I look forward to the timely settling of Einmarch's estate, and repayment of all outstanding debts."

"What debts?"

Zandros looks smug. "Such details I share only with trusted friends, but that much should balance the scales between us. Don't you agree?"

After a quick visit to my flat and a change of clothes, I head over to Trick Alley and spend the rest of the night

angling for a word with the working girls at the Tall Tail. They're too busy for me to entice any of the tiefling courtesans off site for a private conference, but at last I wangle a brief word with Velvet, Einmarch's regular indulgence. It takes a little charm and a lot of the boss's coin, but eventually she spills enough that I would bet she isn't so reckless as to extort a house as powerful as Henderthane. A few coins to the Madame of the house is enough to learn that Velvet suffered a brief spate of the prickles and could well have passed it to Einmarch, but that's nothing a man of his wealth couldn't solve with a discreet visit to the Temple of Asmodeus.

By the time I'm finished with Velvet, I'm ready to hit the sack and hope for visions of Pavanna Henderthane as I first saw her in the Plaza of Flowers, her face clean and bright with purpose, not hidden behind some demure fan. But when the dreams do come, they bring images of goat-faced men with pitchforks hunting terrified rabbits through dim avenues. I run confused among them, never sure whether I'm among the hunters or the prey.

The dawn wakes me, and I do my ablutions and say my silent daily thanks to Desna for the luck she's spread in my path, praying for help to tread on the good and avoid the bad. Then I head over to Greensteeples, where Malla feeds me breakfast and gives me her reading of the household weather. The boss was up late poring over his Pathfinder reports, so the servants are cheerful. While compiling the information from field agents to pass along to his superiors in the Society, he neglects to drink and smoke himself into a mournful stupor. The downside is that sometimes those field reports hold his interest more than paying cases, the ones I care about.

When the butler announces the boss is out of bed, I visit the library and find him supervising the packing of various Mwangi artifacts. He has them sent down to the carriage and tells me we're off to the Scions Academy. I don't mention the Jeggare livery, which I "forgot" back in my flat, and he doesn't seem to notice its absence. Jeggare beckons me into the carriage to discuss what I learned at the Tall Tail. I hold off telling him about my encounter at the Goat Pen. Zandros's hint about a Henderthane debt is intriguing, but something tells me to talk with Pavanna before informing the boss. I weigh the benefit of his insight against my desire to deliver the whole story after interviewing Pavanna privately. Before I make up my mind, we reach the Academy.

The building looks like any of a dozen other red-veined marble edifices housing guilds, government ministries, and social clubs, all thorny spires and gargoyles with tall narrow windows in stained glass. When the driver stops the carriage, I hop out to fetch the crate of artifacts. The door opens as the boss approaches, and I recognize the woman as Korva from House Henderthane. The nurse's

bonnet I noticed before is once more pinned in her hair, but now she has an embroidered half-cloak draped over her shoulders. The stark red-and-black designs resemble those on the vestments of the clergy of Asmodeus.

The boss introduces himself with his usual old-fashioned grace, and Korva responds with icy civility, introducing herself as "Matron of the Academy." When she looks at me, I stare straight ahead with the indifference of a proper servant. My skin itches where I feel her gaze upon me, and I suffer a perverse pang of regret at leaving the livery at my flat.

Just as Korva frames a protest to Jeggare's unannounced visit, the boss breezes past her and orders me to bring in his specimens. She follows him as he walks into a long hall of oak-paneled walls and checkered tile floor. To either side are windows that remind me of the servants' area at House Henderthane, only these are spacious portals designed to display rather than just reveal the occupants of the other side. I see they are classrooms full of boys, perhaps fourteen or fifteen years old. All are garbed in fine uniforms of black, a few with red insignia of rank at the collar. Their instructors dress like priests of Asmodeus, only their clothing, like Korva's, seems more like military uniforms than clerical raiment.

As I approach the first windowless door, which stands slightly open, Korva turns on her heel and points at me. "You stay right there," she commands. I obey, and she hurries off after the boss, who hasn't broken his stride.

That's as good as an invitation, so I set down the crate of artifacts and ease open the door, beginning a slow count to twenty in my head. Inside is an immaculate office lined with cabinets. I note the keyhole on each one and test the nearest with a gentle tug. Locked tight. The drawers on the desk are similarly secured, but a ledger lies open on the blotter. As I walk over to the desk, I feel a difference in the floor beneath the rug. I lift it with a toe and see the corner of a trap door. I push the rug back into place and look at the ledger. The last page is recently dusted with sand. I know better than to disturb it, but beside a column of dates I make out the names of a half dozen noble families, including the Henderthanes, as my silent count reaches twenty seconds. Just before I go, I surrender to a whim and feel beneath the desk. There I feel a ring of three keys, which I slip into my sleeve pocket. When I step back out into the hall, I see Korva has managed to halt the boss and is speaking to him in urgent but hushed tones. When she glances back to look at me, it's clear she didn't notice my detour.

It's a little too far to read their lips, but from their body language I can see that the boss, despite his century of practice, is losing the charm offensive. Korva takes his arm in a maneuver just shy of the bum's rush and tries to lead him back to the entrance, but Jeggare waves to

someone in one of the nearer classrooms. Korva protests, but then Morvus Henderthane rushes out of the room and says, "Count Jeggare! You came so soon!"

"Master Henderthane," says Korva. "That is, Lord Henderthane, please, I was just explaining to Count Jeggare that classes are not to be disturbed."

Boys begin to pour out of the classroom, and Korva casts a baleful gaze at the instructor when he emerges. He shrugs and says, "It was only a few more minutes before luncheon." When he sees that Korva's anger is not mollified, he slinks away.

"Fetch the Father at once," she calls after him. The instructor hurries down the hall and steps out into an interior courtyard.

"I apologize for my intrusion," says Jeggare. "In my enthusiasm to share my latest acquisitions with a fellow student of Mwangi culture, I arrived unannounced."

"Our students are the most promising young men of all Cheliox," says Matron Korva. "Their education is paramount to the future of our nation, as I am sure you understand. Interruptions of their studies are..." She searches for a polite expression and comes up with, "undesirable."

"Of course," says Jeggare. "I wish only to help further that education. When Lord Henderthane informed me that the Academy does not enjoy a collection of cultural artifacts, I felt it my duty to show the lads a sample of my own meager holdings."

Boys stream out of the other classrooms and head past us toward the entrance. As they fling the doors open, I see other carriages have arrived outside the Academy, and a queue of servants has formed across the street to receive their charges. Among them I spy child-faced Rusilla, the maid who was so alarmed by our visit to House Henderthane.

Korva looks past Jeggare, and I follow her gaze to see "Uncle" Orxines emerge from the courtyard. Today he wears garb similar to that of the instructors, only far more elaborate and with a baton of office dangling from a golden belt adorned with black and red stones. When he sees Jeggare turn his way, he dons an indulgent smile.

"Ah," says Jeggare. "Father Orxines."

If he minds the revelation of his double identity, Orxines does not show it. "Let us retire to my chambers," he says. He gestures toward the door opposite Korva's office, and we follow.

"Your boy can wait outside," Korva says to the boss. I've always rankled at that term, especially when it comes from someone of a better class than Zandros, but when the boss nods at me, I nod back like a good house tiefling and follow the stream of young boys out to the red carriage.

"What in the nine Hells are you doing here?" The voice of Ivo Elliendo makes Korva's chilly tones seem warm. I

The Goat Pen

prepare the big smile for him but then remember where we are. It's all very good to brush him off in an alley, but among his class the stakes are higher. I keep my expression neutral as I face him.

The paralictor stands with his hand gently resting on the shoulder of a blond lad. It occurs to me then that all of the boys from the various classrooms are of the same cohort, not various ages as I'd assumed from the several classrooms.

"Answer me, boy," says Elliendo. Before I can answer, a shadow of realization creases his brow, and he marches into the Academy muttering, "Jeggare."

I follow him, but he bursts through the door to Orxines's chamber and has his hands on the boss's jacket before I can reach him. He hauls Jeggare out of his seat and throws him across Orxines's desk, sending a lamp and inkwell crashing to the floor. Korva's hand flies up to her mouth, and Orxines chokes at the sight of the paralictor manhandling a count of Cheliix.

"You have no business here!" Elliendo shouts into Jeggare's face. I move forward to pull him off, but the boss shakes his head.

Elliendo emphasizes his demand by slamming him back down on the desk. Orxines and Korva step away, afraid to interfere. I look to the boss for permission, but the blow has dazed him. He sees nothing but stars.

"Do you understand me, Jeggare?" Elliendo smashes him against the desk again, and the boss doesn't put up a fight. "Stay away from my family."

I hate to see the boss knocked around. It makes me look like a bad bodyguard, but unless he gives me the nod, I can't make a move. On the other hand, he didn't tell me to keep quiet.

"Speaking of family," I say, "how's the wife?"

Elliendo's head turns so fast I imagine I can hear the crack of a whip.

"Your son takes after her," I add. "Handsome lad."

The whitening of Elliendo's face emphasizes the little semicircular scar beneath his eye. "You dare," he says, turning to me, but he releases the boss. I like his theatrical delivery. The man should be on stage.

Behind him, Jeggare rises from the desk and shakes his head emphatically at me.

"Paralictor," says Father Orxines, "I beg you to withdraw."

From the hallway, several boys stare in wonder at their elders' fracas.

Among them is Elliendo's son, his blue eyes round in astonishment. Korva moves to close the door, but Orxines intercedes and holds it open. "Perhaps another location is better suited to your discussion."

Elliendo tugs his jacket down tight and turns toward the boys in the hall, who scurry out the front door. Without a glance at any of us, he stalks out of the office to collect his son.

Jeggare clears his throat and says, "I beg your pardons." He looks a little shaky, but he gives me the nod to leave, so I step into the hall. He walks slowly out the entrance, and I follow him to the carriage and help him inside. With everyone watching, I take my spot on the footman's step instead of joining him inside.

As the driver pulls away, I spot Morvus Henderthane standing on the corner beside Rusilla, whose gaping mouth foretells that this incident will be the talk of House Henderthane when she returns. Remembering something the boss asked me yesterday, I take a good look at Morvus and think back to the rest of his family. The boy has a striking resemblance to his mother, Drulia, but not only does he look nothing like his half-sister, he also bears no resemblance whatever to the portrait of the late Einmarch Henderthane.

Come to think of it, the boy I saw with Ivo Elliendo did not much resemble his father, either.

"The old goat hasn't lost his looks—nor his edge."







BESTIARY SYMBOLS

Creature Type

-  Aberration
-  Animal
-  Construct
-  Dragon
-  Fey
-  Humanoid
-  Magical Beast
-  Monstrous Humanoid
-  Ooze
-  Outsider
-  Plant
-  Undead
-  Vermin

Climate

-  Cold
-  Extrplanar
-  Temperate
-  Tropical

Environment

-  Desert
-  Forest/Jungle
-  Hill
-  Mountain
-  Plain
-  Ruins
-  Swamp
-  Sky
-  Underground
-  Urban
-  Water

Bestiary

From the tales of the Petalana Cycles comes the story of "Queen Swaniai's Diamond Eye," an account of a virtuous beauty and her gem that revealed the truth of any man's heart. In the tragic tale, a cunning paramour manages to trick Swaniai into marrying him by spiriting away her wondrous jewel. While much of the story is mere parable, my studies led me to believe that truth colored its details. And so I ventured into the mountains north of Chennipon. Yet though I followed the story, I did not find Swaniai's Diamond Eye in the grip of the Night Weaver King as my research had led me to expect. Rather, in that dark place, the Eye had found a new master, one just as devoted to fending off men's advances, though far less comely than Swaniai.

—Liteim Krinas, *Paths Across Vudra*

This month the discoveries of the Pathfinder Society fill the pages of the Bestiary. From the exotic fetishes of undiscovered societies to titans of legend, these fantastic creature come straight from the tales of Golarion's foremost society of explorers and the illustrious pages of the *Pathfinder Chronicles* themselves.

BEYOND THE WALLS

Westcrown's dangers hardly end at its city walls. Beyond the centuries-old mortar and moss-shrouded granite lies one of the most thoroughly subdued countrysides in all of Cheliax, having been host to Chelish travelers, settlers, and armies for centuries. Yet, with little oversight from the ruling government, the land around the former capital has few defenders. Only the rare understaffed and underfunded company of dottari patrols the roads leading from the city, leaving those who venture upon the Rack Road leading into the Turanian Hills or Xarian's Way toward Westpool and Egorian to fend for themselves. Bandits and highwayman have thus become common on these routes, though few stray within 10 miles of the city, fearing the influence of the Council of Thieves. Such rogues also remain watchful of the Order of the Rack Hellknights, whose shadow looms constantly from Citadel Rivad in the west.

The bandits and con artists that operate across the Chelish country are an unfortunate side effect of the ages of humanity's dominance in the region. Long ago, the wolf packs, owl bears, and bugbear tribes that once occupied the hills and fens of the southern Cheliax were subdued, and such creatures are rarely seen today. Yet natural dangers still exist. Today, most threats along the Gemcrown Coast take the form of wild animals, deadly plants, and menaces from the sea. In close proximity to Westcrown, the city's shadowy curse also seeps into its surroundings, with the occasional shadow beast being known to haunt the night. The unquiet remnants of generations past also wander the rarely tread reaches of the land, lonely undead imprisoned by forgotten hatreds and wrongs.

Yet, all is not danger and bandits outside of Westcrown. Several small communities of fisherfolk, farmers, ranchers, traders, and recluses dot the land around Gemcrown Bay, as do the coastal estates of some of Cheliax's most esteemed noble families. Most notable, though, are two small communities living within the city's shadow.

Founder's Rest lies just to the city's north, outside of Parego Dospera. Once a welcome sight at the end of a long road, the Founder's Rest Inn was created as a stopping point for pilgrims visiting Westcrown, in particular those arriving after the closure of the city's gates for the evening. Now, though, **Vancent Lomarn** (LG male human fighter 5), an aging former Hellknight, caters to merchants and any with business preferably conducted outside the city walls. He's seen much corruption in Westcrown and

Westcrown Coast Random Encounters

d%	Encounter	EL	Source
1–2	1 merfolk	1/3	<i>Bestiary</i> 204
3–7	1d10 rabid dogs	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 87
8–11	1 giant leech	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 187
12–14	1d6 zombies	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 288
15–18	1d6 tieflings	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 264
19–21	1d6 dolphins	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 88
22–23	1d12 hanivers	3	<i>Pathfinder</i> #25
24–27	1d6 giant frogs	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 135
28–30	1 sea hag	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 243
31–33	1d6 venomous snakes	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 255
34–37	1 dire boar	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 36
38–40	1 centipede swarm	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 43
41–42	1d6 shocker lizards	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 248
43–46	2d8 stirges	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 260
47–50	1d4 assassin vines	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 22
51–53	1 basilisk	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 29
54–57	1d6 bat swarms	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 30
58–60	1d6 alligators	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 51
61–63	1d4 gray oozes	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 166
64–66	1d4 leech swarms	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 187
67–70	1d2 shambling mounds	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 246
71–73	1 will-o'-wisp	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 277
74–75	1d4 yellow musk creepers	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 285
76–78	1d4 crab swarms	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 50
79–81	1d4 large water elementals	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 126
82–83	1 ghost	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 144
84–86	1 water naga	7	<i>Bonus Bestiary</i> 14*
87–90	1d4 shadow mastiffs	7	<i>Bonus Bestiary</i> 16*
91–93	1d8 shadows	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 245
94–95	1d4 basidirons	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 28
96–98	1 chuul	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 46
99–100	1 greater shadow	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 245

* See paizo.com for the *Pathfinder RPG Bonus Bestiary*.


prides himself on maintaining a safe place for simple, hardworking souls. He rents spartan rooms for 2 gp a night, though he also maintains more lavish apartments for those willing to pay 4 gp a night, or who work toward a cause he believes in.

Vomer's Shallows is home to a small commune of traders, sailors, fisherfolk, and disenfranchised Wiscrani who form a largely self-sufficient community on the eastern bank of the Adivian. The herbalist **Sosara Josain** (NG female human cleric of Erastil 3) has long made a name for herself supplying those in need with sound medical aid and, at times, shelter from trumped-up dottari accusations.

GMs interested in expanding upon encounters on the roads and in the communities around Westcrown might find useful stat blocks for bandits and other such scofflaws in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #25.

ASPIDOCHELONE

The ground shudders and the seabirds take to wing with piercing cries of alarm. What once appeared to be a small, rocky island reveals itself to be a creature of titanic proportions as an enormous tail lifts ominously from the water. With a thunderous crash, it slams down, sending the island plunging beneath the waves.

ASPIDOCHELONE	CR 17	
XP 102,400		
N Colossal magical beast (aquatic)		
Init –3; Senses darkvision 120 ft., low-light vision; Perception –2		
DEFENSE		
AC 27, touch –1, flat-footed 27 (+28 armor, –3 Dex, –8 size)		
hp 297 (22d10+176)		
Fort +23, Ref +10, Will +7		
OFFENSE		
Speed 0 ft., swim 120 ft.		
Melee bite +25 (4d6+11 plus grab), tail slap +20 (4d6+5)		
Space 150 ft.; Reach 20 ft.		
Special Attacks capsize, swallow whole (4d6 acid damage, AC 24, 29 hp), watery grave		
STATISTICS		
Str 32, Dex 5, Con 27, Int 3, Wis 7, Cha 12		
Base Atk +22; CMB +41; CMD 48		
Feats Diehard, Endurance, Great Fortitude, Greater Bull Rush, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Great Fortitude, Improved Iron Will, Improved Overrun, Iron Will, Power Attack, Stealthy		
Skills Stealth –1, Swim +33; Racial Modifiers +10 Stealth to appear as an island		
SQ deep sea denizen, hibernate, hibernation of ages		
ECOLOGY		
Environment ocean		
Organization solitary		
Treasure incidental		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		
Capsize (Ex) A aspidochelone can attempt to capsize a boat or ship of Gargantuan size or smaller by merely passing through its space and making a CMB check as a free action. The DC the aspidochelone must exceed is 25, or the result of the boat captain's Profession (sailor) check, whichever is higher.		
Captivating Scent (Ex) An aspidochelone exudes intoxicating pheromones from its skin, causing nearby creatures to seek it out. Anyone within a 1-mile radius must succeed on a DC 12 Will save or feel inexplicably drawn toward the aspidochelone by the most direct route possible. This effect is not an overwhelming compulsion, but more a subtle suggestion. The save DC is Charisma-based with a –10 penalty.		
Deep Sea Denizen (Ex) An aspidochelone can travel to extraordinary depths, and has adapted to the intense darkness and water pressure of the deep. It possesses darkvision with a range of 120 ft. and is immune to damage from water pressure.		
Hibernate (Ex) After gorging itself on innumerable tons of deep		

sea life and unfortunate travelers, an aspidochelone floats to the surface and goes into a deep hibernation with only its mottled back jutting from the waves. While hibernating, it appears to be little more than a rocky outcropping or, in the cases of the largest aspidochelone, an entire island. A hibernating aspidochelone is considered to have taken 20 on its Stealth check to hide in plain sight as a rock or island.

An aspidochelone rouses from its hibernation for one of two reasons: hunger or disturbance. After entering its hibernation, a aspidochelone sleeps for 2d10x10 years, rousing naturally after this time has elapsed. An aspidochelone about to awaken usually sleeps fitfully for the last year of its rest, quivering with tremors that feel like earthquakes to creatures upon it. These tremors are treated as a minor version of the *earthquake* spell that affects the entire island, forcing creatures on the ground to make a DC 29 Reflex save to avoid falling down and causing 30 points of damage to all structures. An aspidochelone might be awakened immediately if it takes 100 or more points of damage in a single day. If awakened in this manner, an aspidochelone typically dives to escape its attacker, then rises again to consume it. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Hibernation of Ages (Ex) An aspidochelone in hibernation continues to exude its captivating scent. Over time, birds attracted by the aspidochelone's pheromones come to roost on the whale, inadvertently bringing the seeds of small plants and shrubbery to grow in the cracks upon the aspidochelone's thick hide. The preponderance of plants, seabirds, and even other beasts gives the creature the appearance of a rocky but natural island. Thus, any aspidochelone who has spent more than 10 years hibernating gains an addition +10 bonus on its Stealth check to look like a natural island.

Watery Grave (Ex) A startled aspidochelone descends rapidly into the depths of the sea, creating an undertow in the water that pulls creatures above the whale down with it. Anyone standing on or swimming within 100 feet of the aspidochelone when it dives must make a DC 29 Reflex save or take 10d6 points of damage from the crushing waves and pressure, and be pulled 100 feet below the water. Even if a creature escapes the undertow, the water within 100 feet of a passing aspidochelone is treated as rough water, requiring a DC 20 Swim check to move at half speed. The save DC is Constitution-based.

A legendary creature of the sea, aspidochelones are eldritch whales of titanic size. When floating near the surface of the water, aspidochelones have frequently been mistaken by desperate sailors for small islands due to the craggy, mottled flesh of their steeply humped backs. Yet, upon tethering their boats to the whale's tough hide and lighting a fire to ward off the cold, many castaways discover to their horror that the spur of land they have beached upon is in fact an enormous creature. This realization comes too late for many unfortunate souls

as the creature plunges beneath the waves, dragging trespassers down with it.

An aspidochelone appears to be a huge whale with an extraordinarily thick, rock-like hide. From tail to snout, the creature generally measures more than 500 feet in length, and weighs upward of 100,000 tons. Few ever see an aspidochelone for what it actually is, however, having only glimpsed the pitted and uneven skin of its topside. As seabirds and other creatures come to rest upon the hibernating creature, they carry with them plant seeds and dirt. Over time, the accumulated plants and wildlife gives an aspidochelone the appearance of a small, densely inhabited island.

Ecology

Aspidochelones universally live in the deep ocean, as only such large bodies of water can sustain their enormous appetites. Fortunately for seafaring civilizations that rely upon fishing and sea trade for their livelihoods, the gigantic whales are rarely seen. Thought by many to be creatures of myth, the incredibly long-lived aspidochelones spend most of their adult lives in extended periods of hibernation. The creatures possess sluggish metabolisms, allowing them to remain dormant for decades at a time as they slowly consume the fat built up during previous feeding frenzies. As they float near the surface of the water, drifting with the oceanic currents, the whales are frequently mistaken for small islands. Even while hibernating, aspidochelones exude an intoxicating pheromone, causing birds and animals such as sea lions to seek them out. While the huge numbers of creatures rarely cause the beasts to rouse from their slumber, foolhardy human explorers or would-be settlers often startle them out of their reveries when they mistake the creatures' skin for rock or clay.

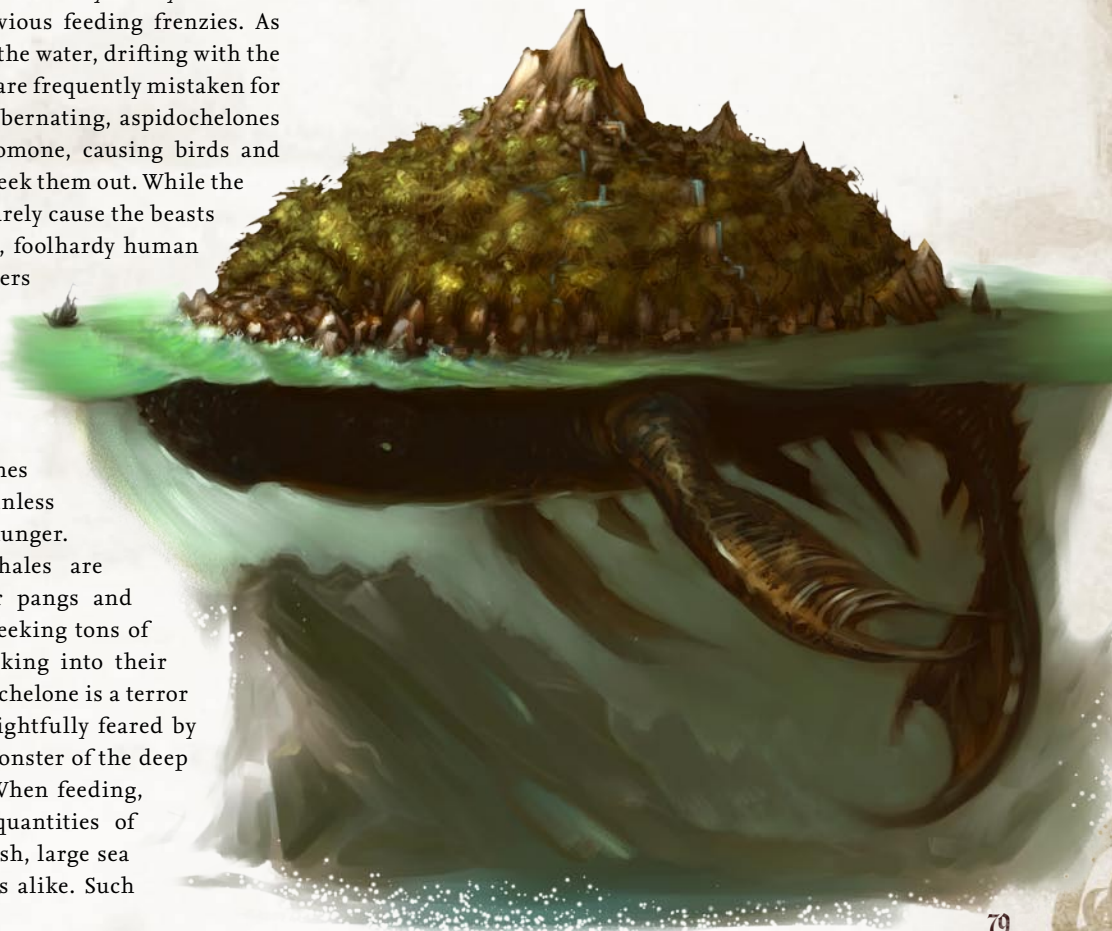
Even when provoked by humans, aspidochelones seldom remain awake unless stirred by their ferocious hunger. When they waken, the whales are wracked by terrible hunger pangs and rampage about the oceans, seeking tons of prey to consume before sinking into their torpor once again. An aspidochelone is a terror during its feeding season, rightfully feared by seagoing civilizations as a monster of the deep come to devour the world. When feeding, the whales consume vast quantities of food, devouring schools of fish, large sea creatures, and sailing vessels alike. Such

immense consumption of sea life frequently devastates local ecosystems, wiping out all food sources for dozens of leagues in every direction.

Habitat & Society

Aspidochelones do not possess any society to speak of, as they spend most of their time floating aimlessly about the ocean. When two aspidochelones of the opposite gender encounter one another, however, each creature is roused from its hibernation by the other's pheromones. From these unions only one aspidochelone is ever born, and the whales spend 6 months raising the calf to maturity. Once the calf becomes full-grown, the aspidochelones part ways, never to see one another again.




Among island cultures, a number of myths have sprung up around the creatures. Legends speak of how an irresistible smell lures sailors to remote islands, only to have the entire ship and crew devoured by the titanic whales in a single gulp. A few outlandish myths even claim that the creatures have devoured entire islands, while pirate tales tell of fantastic treasure buried within the hides of beasts like island. Many of these cultures regard aspidochelones as gods of the sea that call men to their deaths.



Council of Thieves

DEVIL, CHORTOV

Quivering with heat and barely restrained might, this monstrous, pig-faced titan looms taller than a city wall. Girded in fiendishly etched armor too small for its incredible corpulence, rolls of densely muscled hide spill forth in a flame-red avalanche. Gnashing its many-tusked teeth and clutching a wicked military fork, the terrible giant rumbles as if preparing to roar or scream.

CHORTOV	CR 9	  
XP 6,400		
LE Huge outsider (devil, evil, extraplanar, lawful)		
Init -2; Senses Perception -1		
DEFENSE		
AC 21, touch 6, flat-footed 21 (+9 armor, -2 Dex, +6 natural, -2 size)		
hp 125 (10d10+70)		
Fort +14, Ref +5, Will +2		
DR 5/good and piercing		
Immune fire, poison; Resist acid 10, cold 10		
OFFENSE		
Speed 40 ft.		
Melee fork +16/+11 (3d6+12 plus wrath), bite +11 (2d6+4) or 2 slams +16 (1d8+8 plus wrath), bite +11 (2d6+8)		
Space 15 ft.; Reach 15 ft.		
Special Attacks hellfire soul		
Spell-Like Abilities		
At Will— <i>burning hands</i> (DC 13), <i>faerie fire</i> , <i>pyrotechnics</i>		
3/day— <i>dimension door</i> , <i>fireball</i> (DC 15)		
1/day— <i>wall of fire</i> , <i>summon devil</i> (level 4, 3 bearded devils, 40%)		
STATISTICS		
Str 27, Dex 7, Con 24, Int 8, Wis 9, Cha 15		
Base Atk +10; CMB +20; CMD 28		
Feats Awesome Blow, Cleave, Power Attack, Throw Anything, Vital Strike,		
Skills Climb +21, Escape Artist +8, Intimidate +15, Knowledge (planes) +12, Survival +12		
SQ corrupt fire, infernal bondage		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any (Hell)		
Organization solitary or gang (2–3)		
Treasure standard		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		
Corrupt Fire (Su) Any fire effect—naturally or magically created—within 50 feet of a chortov is tainted into hellfire by its fury and evil. Aside from being sinisterly colored, hellfire functions like normal fire, except that half the damage dealt by hellfire is fire damage and the other half results from evil energy and is therefore not subject to being reduced by resistance to fire-based attacks. In addition, all of a chortov's spell-like abilities with the fire subtype produce hellfire instead of normal fire.		
Hellfire Soul (Su) Upon being reduced to 0 hit points, a chortov		

explodes in a blast of hellfire. All creatures within 25 feet take 6d6 points of damage from hellfire (see above; DC 22 Reflex save for half). The save DC is Constitution-based. Upon exploding, the chortov's waning yet still raging soul lingers on as a creature of pure living hellfire. This creature has the same statistics as a Huge fire elemental, except that damage caused by its burn ability results from hellfire and it is not vulnerable to cold. Every round that this hellfire elemental exists, it loses 10 hit points until it dissipates completely.

Infernal Bondage (Su) Chortovs wage Hell's wars not by choice, but due to powerful magical bondage. The armor that binds all chortovs bears an infernal curse that compels these murderous fiends to serve the will of their infernal masters. This compulsion can be temporarily dismissed by a *break enchantment*, *dispel law*, or *dispel magic* spell that overcomes a DC 25 dispel check. This frees the chortov of its bondage for 1d6 minutes, during which the baffled creature acts as though under the effects of the spell *confusion*. Destroying the armor via sundering attacks also frees the devil for 1d6 minutes, after which the armor magically reforms. A chortov's armor has hardness 13 and 45 hit points.

Wrath (Su) The anger and hatred of chortovs is infectious. Any creature damaged by a weapon wielded by a chortov or a chortov's slam attack must make a DC 17 or be thrown into a haze of murderous rage, being treated as though under the effects of the spells *confusion* and *rage*. This mania lasts for 1 minute, but victims may retry their save to resist every round. This is a mind-affecting effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Towering, rage-wracked brutes enslaved to the will of Hell, chortovs fume upon the borders and ramparts of Hell's hinterlands, murderous deterrents to any who would besiege the shores of the infernal realm or seek to escape. Born from the remains of souls not destined for Hell but damned nonetheless, chortovs carry with them the rage of those who have suffered the multiverse's cruelest injustice, and by the inescapable yoke of diabolical magic find themselves set upon the enemies of their merciless captors. Trapped within grotesque bodies of writhing, porcine flesh and smoldering hellfire, these horrors hate all things—other creatures, their fate, and the lords who have ensnared them and forced them to serve even past damnation.

Standing over 20 feet tall, chortovs are mountains of flesh, muscle, and flame. Each weighing upward of 5 tons, these devils bear plates and bands of diabolical armor that serve as physical manifestations of the infernal sorceries that bind them as eternal slaves to Hell. Each chortov's armor is unique, often bearing images of the vaguely remembered torments their constituent souls once suffered. Their bodies, too, bear incongruities uncommon in other diabolical races, harkening toward the lawless natures of the soul-stuff from which these terrors are sculpted.

Ecology

Not all souls damned to the depths of the Pit deserve their places therein. Trapped planar travelers, goodly souls slain as diabolical sacrifices, or captives who would otherwise face torments elsewhere upon the planes—all might become prisoners of any one of Hell's inescapable layers, eternally condemned to an unfair damnation. Yet Hell cares nothing for the souls that toil and suffer within its depths, all being fodder for the infinite exertions of the infernal machine. As frightened souls suffer over centuries of horror, losing what once existed of their individuality, those rightfully damned to the Pit join with the fundament of that realm, supplying the infernal realm with the terrible sustenance it requires to—over the span of eons—excrete forth mindless lemures. Yet souls not meant for Hell fail to sustain the plane, collecting in mindless spirit cancers of primal pain and blind rage. From these cysts of wrathful, unrighteous damnation, the powers of Hell forge chains in the shape of terrible armor, creating within gigantic, barely restrained beings of hatred and living hellfire, and turn them toward the enemies of the infernal realm. These towering blasphemies are the chortovs.

Despite being unwilling servants of devilkind, chortovs are irretrievable prisoners of Hell. As the processes by which the infernal realm torments, destroys, and refines souls into the stuff of fiends last for innumerable centuries, and as untold numbers of the damned comprise a single devil, no remnant of individual lives, ambition, or memory remains within these gigantic terrors. Yet despite a lack of specifics, all chortovs are consumed by an overwhelming understanding that they are slaves to a hated master and the impotent knowledge that, for all their might and wrath, the one thing they can never strike against is their captors. Thus, while other devils stand united as zealots inspired by the will of the archdevils and Asmodeus himself, chortovs serve only because they must, suffering eternally through a second damnation.

Habitat & Society

Upon their grotesque creations, most chortovs find themselves stationed on the frontiers of Hell, where they possess innate control over the hellfire that flickers along the infernal realm's brazen ramparts. Their mastery over these infernal flames often sees them recruited away from Avernus, drawn to some of the most dismal forges in the Pit, such as the fortress-cities of Dis and the Burning Legions of Phelgethon, where their titanic strength and rage is harnessed to power the foundries.

Chortovs rarely work in groups, each arrogant but typically dull-witted brute harboring a vicious hatred for the grotesqueries, ineptitudes, and injustice tormenting others of their kind. Should they be forced into close

proximity by the orders of their lords, such devils tolerate one another, but are quick to quarrel with their monstrous cousins. While such conflicts never come to blows—the chortovs restricted by their armor from defying the will of Hell—the distraction typically overshadows any benefit gained by their tandem efforts. As such, chortovs typically work alongside diabolical keepers, devils with the desires of Hell and its lords intrinsic to their beings. These minders typically come from the ranks of lesser devils, specifically ordered to direct the ferocious destructive might of these gigantic fiends. Barbazus, erinyes, and—most commonly—imps typically serve as minders of their towering brethren, as even greater devils fear the might of those rare chortovs that manage to escape Hell's control.



IDOLS

The trappings of strange cultures and jealous mystics, isolated natives and sinister beliefs, idols symbolize the might of enigmatic and often bloody faiths. As the focus of cultish tribes and mysterious religions, crude icons occasionally come to express a measure of true power, transforming religious ardor offered through centuries of worship or the magic of inscrutable priests into not just supernatural properties, but actual life. Such idols thus become manifestations of self-fulfilling beliefs, servants to zealots, and miniature gods to the blindly devout.

While the abilities of an idol are tied intrinsically to the magic and materials from which it is made, all idols constantly radiate moderate magical auras and possess the following special abilities:




Inanimate (Ex) An idol is effectively a statuette and does little to suggest otherwise. Spending most of its existence perfectly motionless, a stationary idol is indistinguishable from a normal inanimate object. Unless noted in its description, an idol can make use of the majority of its special abilities without moving, though the round after it does so observers can make a DC 25 Perception check to notice minute hints—magical glimmers, minute contortions, etc.—suggesting that the idol is actually animate. Overt actions, such as an idol moving or attacking, make its nature obvious to witnesses, and to others who make a Perception check (as previously noted) even 1 round after it moves.

Share Abilities (Su) An idol can share any spell-like ability that would normally only affect itself (as the caster) with any ally within 5 feet. The idol's creator or allies familiar with its abilities may request the idol grant them specific powers on its turn. Spell-like abilities usable in this way are marked with an asterisk (*).

Skills In addition to the challenge of detecting a stationary idol, these constructs gain a +4 racial bonus on Stealth checks made to hide amid the materials that comprise their bodies.

IDOL, BONE

This tiny, grisly fetish seems to be carved from numerous pieces of bone, adorned with a necklace of teeth and caked with a thin layer of dried blood. Hair and twine bind the pieces of bone together. The thing's misshapen head leans forward, carved with a demonic, ape-like grin.

BONE IDOL	CR 2	  
XP 600		
N Diminutive construct		
Init +1; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +4		
Aura feverish fortitude (30 ft.)		
DEFENSE		
AC 16, touch 15, flat-footed 15 (+1 armor, +1 Dex, +4 size)		
hp 16 (3d10)		

Fort +1, **Ref** +2, **Will** +2

DR 5/bludgeoning; **Immune** construct traits; **Resist** cold 5, electricity 5, fire 5

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft.

Melee bite +3 (1d2–4 plus mad rage)

Space 1 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

Special Attacks mad rage

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th)

3/day—*bane* (DC 12), *cause fear* (DC 12), *deathwatch**, *hide from undead* (DC 12)

1/day—*animate dead*, *death knell** (DC 14)

STATISTICS

Str 3, **Dex** 12, **Con** —, **Int** 7, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +3; **CMB** 0; **CMD** 6

Feats Run, Step Up

Skills Perception +4, Stealth +13; **Racial Bonus** +4 Stealth amid bones

SQ inanimate, share abilities, zombie fetish

Languages understands creator's language (cannot speak)

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Feverish Fortitude (Su) All creatures within 30 feet of a bone idol gain a +2 bonus on saving throws against disease and poison. The effect lasts as long as a creature remains within the bone idol's aura.

Mad Rage (Su) Any creature bitten by a bone idol must make a DC 16 Will save or fly into an uncontrollable, violent rage. Those affected by this rage are treated as being under the effects of both the spells *rage* and *confusion* for 1 minute. However, whenever the affected creature rolls a confusion result that would lead it to flee or attack the bone idol, the idol instead chooses a target for it to attack. This is a mind-affecting effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Zombie Fetish (Su) Any zombie created within 30 feet of a bone idol rises as a fast zombie (see page 289 of the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* for details).

Carved from human and animal bones and stitched together with hair, bone idols serve as grisly fetishes and totems for cannibalistic tribes. Although a number of small, nameless tribes carve bone idols in honor of obscure gods of disease and beastliness, most bone idols are fashioned to resemble the fearsome, simian appearance of Angazhan, the demon lord of apes and jungles.

IDOL, JADE

Masterfully carved, this elegant jade figurine stands no more than a hand's breadth tall, yet its delicate limbs and incredible details bear all the features of a seductive maiden cast in miniature.

Bestiary

JADE IDOL

CR 4



XP 1,200

N Diminutive construct

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +5

Aura tainted air (30 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 17, flat-footed 16 (+2 armor, +3 Dex, +4 size)

hp 22 (4d10)

Fort +1, **Ref** +6, **Will** +2

DR 5/bludgeoning and magic; **Immune** cold, construct traits, electricity, fire

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft.

Melee 2 slams +5 (1d2–3)

Ranged sliver +10 (1d2–3)

Space 1 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

Special Attacks jade breath, venom affinity

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th)

At will—*delay poison*, *detect poison**

3/day—*pass without trace*, *summon monster I* (viper only)

1/day—*neutralize poison*, *poison* (DC 16), *true strike*

STATISTICS

Str 4, **Dex** 17, **Con** —, **Int** 11, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +4; **CMB** 3; **CMD** 10

Feats Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes

Skills Perception +5, Stealth +19; **Racial Bonus** +4 Stealth amid jade objects

SQ inanimate, share abilities

Languages understands creator's language (cannot speak)

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Jade Breath (Su) As a standard action once every 1d4 rounds, a jade idol can exhale a breath of gas that unerringly snakes its way through the air to envelop a single target within 50 feet. If the target is reduced to 0 Dexterity, it is instantly turned to jade-colored stone. Inanimate corpses targeted by this attack are instantly turned to stone, but benefit from the perpetual effects of *gentle repose* while petrified. The spell *stone to flesh* reverses this effect.

Poison—inhaled; *save* DC 14; *frequency* 1/round for 6 rounds; *effect* 1d4 Dexterity damage; *cure* 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Tainted Air (Su) All creatures within 30 feet of a jade idol take a –2 penalty on saving throws against poison. The effect lasts as long as a creature remains within the jade idol's aura.




Venom Affinity (Su) Any poisonous animal or vermin that comes within 10 feet of a jade idol or a creature bearing the idol must make a DC 14 Will save or be charmed as per the spell *charm animal*. Beasts affected by this effect remain charmed for 10 minutes, obeying either the idol's will or its bearer's. Any creature that makes its save cannot be affected by the same jade idol's venom affinity for the next 24 hours. The save DC is Charisma-based.

From the moldering depths of the Sodden Lands to far away Tian Xia, jade idols stand watch over sacred temples, royal tombs, the monuments of powerful ancients, and the hidden lairs of plotting assassins and cruel wizards. Crafted primarily to serve as unassuming killers, jade idols possess unnatural patience, waiting for weeks, months, or even years for the opportune time when they might be delivered into their victims' hands and forgotten before striking. Jade idols are also particularly valued for their ability to transform living flesh into a stone similar in appearance to jade, but far more brittle and ultimately worthless (a DC 14 Appraise or Knowledge [nature] check reveals the difference). Regardless of the stone's value, the tombs of many forgotten dynasties bear small legions of jade idols, left by their departed masters to keep the residents preserved in lifeless jade for all time.



Idol, Wood

Polished stones form the soulless eyes of this small yet bizarrely crafted wooden effigy. Shaped into the form of some inscrutable deity or spirit, its exotically carved features contort in a primeval scowl.

WOOD IDOL	CR 1			
XP 400				
N Diminutive construct				
Init +0; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +5				
Aura incombustible aura (30 ft.)				
DEFENSE				
AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+4 size)				
hp 11 (2d10); regeneration 5 (on natural ground)				
Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +1				
Resist cold 5, electricity 5				
Weaknesses vulnerability to fire				
OFFENSE				
Speed 10 ft.				
Melee bite +2 (1d2–4)				
Ranged splinter +6 (1d2–4)				
Space 1 ft.; Reach 0 ft.				
Special Attacks primeval curse				
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd)				
At will— <i>detect animals or plants*</i> , <i>warp wood</i> (DC 13)				
3/day— <i>create water</i> , <i>goodberry</i> , <i>tree shape*</i>				
1/day— <i>barkskin</i> , <i>entangle</i> (DC 12)				
STATISTICS				
Str 3, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 5, Wis 13, Cha 13				
Base Atk +2; CMB –2; CMD 4				
Feats Alertness				
Skills Perception +5, Stealth +12; Racial Bonus +4 Stealth amid wood				
SQ inanimate, share abilities				
Languages understands creator's language (cannot speak)				
ECOLOGY				
Environment any				
Organization solitary				
Treasure incidental				
SPECIAL ABILITIES				
Incombustible Aura (Su) All creatures within 30 feet of a wood idol gain fire resistance 10. This effect lasts as long as a creature remains within the wood idol's aura. Any time a being makes use of this resistance to any degree, the wood idol takes 1 point of normal damage, appearing more and more charred as it takes damage. This ability ceases to function should a wood idol have only 1 hit point and does not reactivate until it regains hit points.				
Primeval Curse (Su) Once per day, a wood idol can force a creature within 15 feet to make a DC 12 Will save or be cursed. This curse functions similarly to the spell <i>bestow curse</i> , except that it can only either decrease an ability score by –4 or cause a –2 penalty on attack rolls, saves, ability checks, and skill checks. In addition, while affected, the skin of the target takes				




on a rough, wooden appearance. A wood idol's curse can only affect one creature at a time, and should it curse another creature, the first target is no longer affected. This effect can be removed by *remove curse* or by eating a *goodberry*. The save DC is Charisma based.

Regeneration (Ex) A wood idol's regeneration only functions while it is standing on wood, grass, or earth. Fire deals normal damage to a wood idol.

Among rare druidic circles, tribes of the deep jungle, and the mysterious people of the distant west, wood idols frequently serve as representations of powerful spirits of the wilds, who these nature devotees propitiate with sacrifices. The superstitions of strange shamans hold that spirits possess the idols when the sacrifices are made, consuming the offering before returning from whence they came. Yet those who would offend these forces must beware, as they manipulate eldritch powers of the world and might curse one's every effort. While many question the truths of such beliefs, few who impugn the might of such spirits survive the ire of their shaman-creators' devout congregations.

Idol, Stone

Doubtlessly once an impressive piece, time and cracks mar the sculpted stone visage of some sneering lord. Flecks of onyx glisten within its eyes, gazing across the gulf into ages past.

STONE IDOL	CR 3			
XP 800				
N Diminutive construct				
Init –1; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +7				
Aura stony mind (30 ft.)				
DEFENSE				
AC 17, touch 13, flat-footed 17 (–1 Dex, +4 natural, +4 size)				
hp 19 (3d10+3)				
Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +3				
DR 5/—; Immune cold, electricity, fire, sonic				
OFFENSE				
Speed 10 ft.				
Melee bite +8 (1d4+1)				
Space 1 ft.; Reach 0 ft.				
Special Attacks suggestive				
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th)				
At will— <i>animal trance*</i> (DC 14), <i>detect snares and pits*</i> , <i>magic stone</i>				
3/day— <i>doom</i> (DC 13), <i>hypnotic pattern*</i> (DC 14), <i>reduce person</i> (DC 13)				
1/day— <i>bear's endurance</i> , <i>hold person</i> (DC 14)				
STATISTICS				
Str 12, Dex 8, Con —, Int 7, Wis 14, Cha 14				
Base Atk +3; CMB –2; CMD 9				
Feats Alertness, Toughness				
Skills Perception +7, Stealth +11; Racial Bonus +4 Stealth amid stone				

SQ inanimate, share abilities

Languages understands creator's language (cannot speak)

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Preserve Memory (Su) Any sentient creature with a Charisma of 14 or higher can copy one of its memories into a stone idol. To do so, the creature must remain in contact with a stone idol for 1 minute and concentrate on a memory to be duplicated. This memory must be 5 minutes or shorter and be of an actual event; imaginings cannot be reproduced. After a memory has been duplicated, it remains in the stone idol until a new memory is recorded. A memory held by a stone idol can be altered via the spell *modify memory*.

A memory held within a stone idol can be viewed by any creature that comes into mental contact with the construct and by the use of *detect thoughts*, mind-reading effects, or similar abilities, even one redirected by its stony mind ability.

Stony Mind (Su) Any divination spell targeting a creature or object within 30 feet of a stone idol instead targets the construct. Thus, for the purposes of any spell that reveals auras, those affected are treated as being under the effects of the spell *misdirection*, while spells like *detect thoughts* receive nothing more than vague impressions. Should *detect thoughts* or another mind-reading effect target a stone idol that contains a memory, the ability user instantly gains the memory held within.

Suggestive (Su) Those fascinated by a stone idol's *animal trance* or *hypnotic pattern* spell-like ability become highly susceptible to the suggestions of others nearby. Any creature can make a suggestion (as per the spell *suggestion*) to a fascinated creature, who must then make a DC 15 Will save or proceed to follow the suggestion. Any creature who makes a suggestion is understood by the fascinated creature, as per the spell *tongues* or *speak with animals*. A suggestion lasts for 1 hour, even if a creature is no longer being fascinated. A fascinated creature follows only the first suggestion it fails its saving throw against and no additional suggestions. The DC is Charisma-based and includes a +2 racial bonus.

Rarely seen in civilized lands, stone idols rest among the ruins of ancient civilizations, the sole inheritors of incredible secrets and lost lore. Sculpted in the images of forgotten lords and mythic beasts, these statuettes transfix their foes with a suggestion of what wonders their polished eyes might once have witnessed.

Creating an Idol

An idol might be created in one of two ways, either by spontaneous manifestation due to strange magics and years of tangential worship, or via deliberate construction by a spellcaster. In the first case, an idol comes to life spontaneously, usually after decades or centuries of being tied to a culture's religious beliefs or due to exposure to some magical event. What might cause an idol to animate and who it chooses as its allies is wholly up to the GM.

Idols might also be constructed in a manner more typical to constructs. An idol is typically shaped from bone, jade, stone, or wood, plus a drop of the creator's blood. Creating the body usually requires a DC 15 Craft (sculptures) check, though others might also be appropriate. After the body is sculpted, it is animated through an extended magical ritual that includes a drop of the master's blood. The individual requirements of creating specific idols follow.

Idol	Requirement	Price	Cost
Bone	<i>animate dead</i>	3,500 gp	1,750 gp
Jade	<i>poison</i>	6,000 gp	3,000 gp
Stone	<i>modify memory</i>	4,500 gp	2,250 gp
Wood	<i>warp wood</i>	2,000 gp	1,000 gp

IDOLS

CL 6th; Price varies

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Construct, *animate object*, *locate object*, one additional spell (see above), caster must be at least 6th level;


Skill Craft (sculptures); **Cost** varies



Council of Thieves

LAR

A stirring in the air and rustle through the room reveals a presence—a subtle aura both cautious and curious.

LAR	CR 5	
XP 1,600		
LG Medium outsider (good, incorporeal, lawful, native)		
Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +13		
DEFENSE		
AC 17, touch 17, flat-footed 14 (+2 deflection, +3 Dex, +2 size)		
hp 39 (6d10+6); regeneration 1 (in statua)		
Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +4		
OFFENSE		
Speed 0 ft., fly 30 ft. (perfect)		
Melee —		
Space 2-1/2 ft.; Reach 0 ft.		
Special Attacks suggestion		
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th)		
At will— <i>create water, detect evil, ghost sound, guidance, lullaby, mage hand, mending, message, open/close, prestidigitation, purify food and drink</i>		
3/day— <i>bless, bless water, dancing lights, produce flame, protection from evil, sanctuary</i> (DC 13), <i>unseen servant</i>		
1/day— <i>calm emotions, continual flame, gust of wind, pyrotechnics, whispering wind</i>		
STATISTICS		
Str 10, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 15, Cha 14		
Base Atk +6; CMB +6; CMD 19		
Feats Alertness, Improved Lightning Reflexes, Lightning Reflexes		
Skills Craft (any two) +10, Heal +11, Knowledge (local) +10, Knowledge (religion) +7, Perception +13, Sense Motive +13		
Languages telepathy (100 ft.)		
SQ genius loci, naturally invisible, statua		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any		
Organization solitary		
Treasure none		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		
Genius Loci (Su) As a free action, a lar can possess any inanimate object with which it comes into contact, thereby animating it under its control. The object and lar merge, taking on the statistics of an animated object of the same size (see animated objects in the <i>Pathfinder RPG Bestiary</i>). A lar may possess any object of Tiny to Large size. If the animated object is destroyed or targeted by <i>dispel good</i> , the lar is expelled and takes 1d6 points of damage per size category of the possessed object—1d6 for a Tiny object, 2d6 for a Small object, and so on. The lar is then free to possess another object, if one is available. If a lar is reduced to 0 hit points or fewer, it is banished to its statua for 24 hours, after which it is fully healed. If the lar does not have a statua, or the statua is destroyed while it is at 0 or fewer hit points, the lar is killed.		
Natural Invisibility (Su) This ability is constant, allowing a lar to remain invisible even when attacking. This ability is inherent		

and not subject to the *invisibility purge* spell.

Statua (Su) All lares rely on a small stone figure, known as a statua, for survival. This figurine serves as a lar's home, resting place, and tie to the Material Plane. Lares typically rest within their statua, finding it a comfortable place from which to oversee their surroundings. For every round a lar spends doing nothing besides resting within its statua, it regenerates 1 point of damage. However, being separated from the statua for extended periods of time weakens the lar. For every 5 hours a lar remains outside of its statua, it takes 1d6 points of nonlethal damage. Only returning to the statua can heal this damage. If a lar falls to 0 hit points, even from nonlethal damage, it is banished back to the Upper Planes.

While a lar's statua exists, the connected lar is treated as a native outsider. Any attempt to banish the lar—through *dismissal* or a similar spell—merely transports the creature back to its statua. If the statua is destroyed, a lar can be dismissed from the Material Plane as normal.

Suggestion (Sp) A lar can influence creatures as per the spell *suggestion*, with some variations, at will. First, to influence a creature in this manner, a lar must occupy the same square as its target. The lar is considered to be able to speak any language and communicate with any creature—even animals and vermin (which are usually immune to mind-affecting effects)—for the purposes of this effect. The target may attempt to resist a lar's *suggestion* by making a DC 17 Will save. The save DC is Charisma-based and includes a +2 racial bonus.

Sometimes referred to as “watchsouls,” lares are subtle, benevolent spirits that prefer to spend their existence on the Material Plane minding the homes and fortunes of deserving mortals. Kind but aloof, lares watch over their mortal wards and help only when they are most needed. Yet where their homes are intruded upon or their charges imperiled, they prove frighteningly effective guardians, turning everything in their tiny dominions into living weapons.

Lares are innately invisible, making the nature of their existence something of a mystery. Originating from the Upper Planes, these spirits have no true bodies and appear only as vague spectral eddies to those capable of seeing invisible beings. Yet while their forms prove vague, their blessings are undeniable.

Ecology

Although formed upon the Upper Planes, lares find themselves drawn to the Material Plane. While some seek out mortal souls to watch over out of some innate sense of protectiveness, others feel a more specific draw, searching out members of specific races, nations, heritages, or families.

Upon taking up residence in a home of their choosing, what motivates and sustains these benevolent spirits is

little understood. They seem to take sustenance from positive emotions, growing weak if left in places with quarrelsome residents or that fall to ruin. Lares never seem to die from negative emotions or abandonment, though, merely biding their time in the hopes that their dwelling might someday again host amenable residents.

Habitat & Society

Mortals sharing their home with a lar often create household shrines to them. These tiny sanctuaries, called *lararia* (singular *lararium*), serve to house the lar's statuae. Though the lar does not require offerings, many families give them anyway, treating their spirit with reverence. Over time, the lar might become like a member of the family, with the spirit offering advice and taking a keen interest in the raising of children and protection of the home.

Once a family has been chosen, a lar does not leave its dwelling, not even to follow the family during extended leaves. The only exception to this is if the family takes the statua with them, though this is not a practice lares encourage. Since the statuae are their anchors to the Material Plane, lares are insecure about exposing them to the outside world where they might be lost, stolen, or damaged.

Summoning a Lar

A tradition said to have been created and passed down since the days of lost Azlant, many families, homes, and even shops and public buildings along the Inner Sea invite lares to take up residence, seeking the blessings of the divine. Few, however, know when their invitations have been accepted, though, as a lar might prove aloof for months or years as it gauges its new wards. In order to welcome such spirits, families construct tiny effigies called statuae in the shapes of honored ancestors, regional heroes, or fanciful creatures, in which the spirits might come and reside. These statuae are non-magical effigies, typically composed of stone or fine wood and anointed with fine lacquers and oils, requiring 2 days, a successful DC 20 Craft check, and 40 gp to create. Once created, these Diminutive figures typically have a hardness of 5 and 10 hit points. If destroyed, a statua may be recreated in this same method.

Summoning a lar is a more elaborate affair, requiring nightly prayers and small offerings of fruit,

incense, flowers, and similar gifts to the statuae. For each night one prays to the figure for their home or family's protection there is a cumulative 1% chance a lar hears and turns its attention to the petitioner. This attention doesn't mean that a lar will aid a home, but merely that it has heard the prayer, and it might yet decide that its philosophies and virtues are incompatible with the supplicant. If such is the case, the lar quietly ignores the prayer, and the petitioner's chance to gain a lar's attention resets to 0%, all entirely unknown to the mortal.

When a lar does accept an invitation, it may immediately *plane shift* to the associated statua, claiming it as its own. A lar typically makes some subtle acknowledgement that it has come, perhaps slightly altering its statua's appearance or lighting candles upon its arrival. It still often takes months, even years, for a lar to become intimate with a family and make its presence actively known, and some never do.

Lares in Golarion

Lares exhibit extremely variable personalities, and while some prove aloof even after centuries, others become gregarious members of their protected families. Noted here are just two such dichotomous lares rumored to guard sites in Golarion.

Uncle Penates: When only the members of the Aphinius family of Taldor are present, their home's lar possesses the expensive painting within their drawing room.

From its hidden statua just behind the painting, the boisterous spirit delights in animating the fine oils to make it appear as though the paunchy and opulently dressed Taldan nobleman pictured is personally relaxing and conversing with the family members nearby. None of the family know the nature of the effect, many believing the house is haunted by the spirit of their ancestor, but none fear or begrudge the presence of kind old Uncle Penates.

Wolz: This lar has long lingered in the burnt-out ruin of an old stone cottage just east of Windsong Abby in Varisia. His wolf-shaped statua having fallen beneath a pile of hearth stones, Wolz subtly watches over any goodly travelers who come to rest in the tiny ruin, lighting a fire, providing water, and warding off danger as if they were his long-lost family.



Council of Thieves

NAGA, ROYAL

Lifting itself upright, this golden-scaled snake possesses five vaguely human-looking heads. Each face is stern and regal, and bejeweled circlets upon each forehead wrap around the creature's cobra-like hoods. Its five sets of eyes glow with their own eerie, lambent light.

ROYAL NAGA

CR 11



XP 12,800

LN Huge aberration

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; see invisibility; Perception +27

DEFENSE

AC 26, touch 11, flat-footed 23 (+15 armor, +3 Dex, -2 size)

hp 133 (14d8+70)

Fort +9, **Ref** +9, **Will** +15

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee 5 bites +14 (2d6+6 plus grab)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft.

Special Attacks dual gaze, constrict (2d6+6)

Spells Known (CL 7th)

3rd (7/day)—*blink*, *suggestion* (DC 17)

2nd (7/day)—*enthrall* (DC 16), *scorching ray*, *hold person* (DC 16)

1st (5/day)—*charm person* (DC 15), *mage armor*, *magic missile*,
ray of enfeeblement, *shield*

0—*daze* (DC 14), *detect magic*, *flare* (DC 14), *mage hand*,
message, *read magic*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 14)

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 17, **Con** 21, **Int** 18, **Wis** 22, **Cha** 19

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +18; **CMD** 31

Feats Alertness, Blind-Fight, Combat Casting, Combat Reflexes,
Eschew Materials^B, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes,
Stand Still

Skills Acrobatics +20 (+24 jump), Bluff +18, Diplomacy +18,
Knowledge (arcana) +18, Knowledge (history) +11, Knowledge
(nobility) +11, Perception +27, Sense Motive +24, Stealth +12

Languages Celestial, Common, Infernal

SQ alternate form

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Alternate Form (Su) A royal naga can assume one of five humanoid forms three times per day as per the spell *polymorph*. The race and appearances of these forms are unique to every royal naga. A royal naga cannot transform into a humanoid other than its unique five forms. Unlike *polymorph*, a royal naga can use its dual gaze while in humanoid form.

Dual Gaze (Su) Royal nagas have piercing stares capable of crippling those who meet their gazes. These nagas have two gaze attacks. As a standard action, a royal naga can switch which gaze it is using.

Blinding Gaze—Blinded permanently (as per the spell *blindness/deafness*), 30 feet, Fortitude DC 21 negates. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Silencing Gaze—Silenced permanently (as per the spell *silence*), 30 feet, Fortitude DC 21 negates. The save DC is Charisma-based.

See Invisibility (Sp) A royal naga can see invisibility, as per the spell, at will. This ability is always in effect.

Spells A royal naga casts spells as a 7th-level sorcerer, and can cast spells from the cleric list as well as those normally available to a sorcerer. Cleric spells are considered arcane spells for a royal naga.

Regal and proud creatures, royal nagas haunt lost cities and forgotten kingdoms, guarding ancient treasures for their own inscrutable reasons. Their serpentine bodies are crowned by five stern heads, and their fine scales range through a variety of rich colors, from the lustrous sheen of jade to the rainbow hues of myriad gemstones. The five faces of a royal naga are sharp and fierce, taking on a terrifying countenance when the creature is angered. Bespeaking their innate pride, even vanity, most royal nagas adorn their serpentine hoods or faces with elaborate and valuable piercings, crowns, or other precious adornments.

Royal nagas stretch to a length of 14 feet or more, and often weigh more than 750 pounds.

Ecology

Long-lived creatures, royal nagas frequently seek to make lairs among the shattered remains of cities, castles, and citadels, drawn to the sites for their great historical import and for other, less fathomable reasons. Within their demesnes, they assume the role of protectors of lost treasure and cataloguers of forgotten lore, taking it upon themselves to preserve the relics and history of ancient times. Royal nagas brook no intrusion into their realms, and though the creatures are not violent by nature, they do not hesitate to slay those foolish enough to desecrate the lands they have claimed as their own. Although a royal naga might seek out many forgotten lands within its lifetime, many choose to remain in one location for centuries at a time, plumbing the depths of a city's secrets and protecting it from intrusion.

Royal nagas' demeanors match their stately appearance, as they tend to be stern in nature and commanding in speech. Although naturally sociable, they are distrustful of strangers and seem to have great difficulty speaking to other creatures as equals; oftentimes they cannot help but command inferior creatures to do their bidding or speak condescendingly to those whose knowledge of history is inferior to their own. Among those who earn their respect or admiration, royal nagas take great pleasure in discussing

the intricacies of history, particularly with regard to their current domains; adventurers who successfully win the trust of these creatures find that they can be invaluable fonts of historical information and advice about how to successfully navigate local dangers.

Tales of royal nagas frequently mention the fabulous ancient treasures the creatures are rumored to guard, and feverish dreams of limitless wealth have driven many explorers and adventurers to seek their lairs. Such tales warn against the creatures' ability to assume the shape of men, appearing before interlopers as cloaked and hooded figures who demand to know why the adventurers have trespassed upon their domain, and those fools who rebuff or attack the creatures have had their sight and speech stricken from them.

Royal nagas prove exceptional long-lived, with many even claiming to be immortal. Whether these nagas are actually deathless or if this is merely a prideful boast, none can truly say, but it's a well-confirmed fact that royal nagas can live in excess of 1,400 years.

Habitat & Society

Many scholars of the distant east, from the realms of Casmaron and Vudra where these serpentine lords most commonly lurk, claim that royal nagas were once allies of humanity and advisors to some of the grandest empires the world has ever known. Several epics of these exotic realms speak of enigmatic sages and lordly seers with eyes like those of snakes bearing the wisdom of the gods or realms beneath the mountains and seas. With the fall of many great civilizations of man, it's said that those who were once teachers have become caretakers, guarding the secrets they once taught, keeping them safe for the next empire worthy of their counsel. Yet by what standard these ancient nagas hold others worthy, only they know.

Within the hidden realms and lost cities they inhabit, royal nagas tend to seek out the most prominent building to serve as their lair. Residing in such magnificent structures as temples or fortresses both stokes their own inflated egos and serves as a strategic position from which they can survey their territories. If no such building exists or remains intact, they settle for the most grandiose natural feature of the surrounding landscape, be it atop the crest of a hill or beneath the roots of an enormous tree. The interiors of such lairs often bear little evidence of habitation, the only sign of the naga's presence being the snake-like trails left in the dust and the raspy sound of their slithering approach.

Much to their chagrin, royal nagas often find that they are not the only creatures who prowl the ruins of

ancient civilizations. The nagas cannot abide the presence of others in their domains, particularly those who would defile the pristine architecture or who seek to attain forbidden lore for destructive purposes; consequently, they frequently clash against monstrous interlopers, such as tribes of feral humanoids, horrors crawled from the depths of the Darklands, powerful fiends, and worse. If they cannot kill or drive away such monsters entirely, royal nagas claim a portion of the city for themselves and defend it against all intruders. Occasionally, a royal naga will form alliances with its neighbors, using them to drive away explorers and other intruders in exchange for a portion of the treasure hoard it accumulates.

Royal nagas rarely seek out other nagas to associate with, perceiving most as being beneath them. This doesn't prevent such creatures from having dealings, though, should a royal naga's ego be suitably indulged. Such is not uncommon when nagas of disparate types do meet, though, as both dark and guardian nagas hold great respect for their multi-headed kindred, regarding them with an almost holy esteem. Spirit nagas, on the other hand, vehemently despise royal nagas, and both breeds attempt to kill members of the other type on sight.



Council of Thieves



LEM

MALE HALFLING

DEITY Shelyn
HOMELAND Cheliax

CHARACTER TRAITS

CLASS/LEVEL Bard 5
ALIGNMENT Chaotic Good
INITIATIVE +3
SPEED 20 ft.

ABILITIES

STRENGTH 8
DEXTERITY 16
CONSTITUTION 13
INTELLIGENCE 12
WISDOM 8
CHARISMA 18

DEFENSE

HP 31
AC 20, touch 16, flat-footed 16 (+4 armor, +3 Dex, +1 deflection, +1 dodge, +1 size)
Fort +3, Ref +8, Will +4; +2 vs. fear, +4 vs. bardic performance, language-dependent, sonic effects

SKILLS

Acrobatics +11 (+9 to jump), Climb +1, Disable Device +5, Knowledge (local) +11, Perform (comedy) +10, Perform (wind instruments) +14, Perception +9, Spellcraft +9, Stealth +15, Use Magic Device +12

FEATS

Dodge, Extra Performance, Spell Focus (illusion)

OFFENSE

Melee +1 short sword +4 (1d4/19–20)
Ranged dagger +7 (1d3–1/19–20)
Base Atk +3; CMB +1; CMD 16
Special Abilities bardic knowledge +2, bardic performance (countersong, distraction, fascinate, inspire competence +2, inspire courage +2), lore master 1/day, versatile performance (wind instrument: Diplomacy, Handle Animal), well-versed

Spells Known (CL 5th; concentration +9)
2nd (3/day)—*alter self*, *cure moderate wounds*, *mirror image*
1st (5/day)—*cure light wounds*, *disguise self* (DC 16), *hideous laughter* (DC 15), *silent image* (DC 16)
o (at will)—*detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 15), *light*, *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*, *summon instrument*

Combat Gear *scroll of haste*, *wand of cure moderate wounds* (25 charges); **Gear** +2 leather armor, +1 short sword, throwing daggers (4), *ring of protection* +1, backpack, masterwork flute, masterwork thieves' tools, rations (6), spell component pouch, sunrods (3), 22 gp

Although Lem was raised in the lap of luxury, his childhood was anything but comfortable. Born into slavery, Lem was sold a half-dozen times to different nobles before he reached the age of 2. Always quick to side with the underdog, Lem has learned that his most powerful trait is his optimism and sense of humor—skills that more than make up for his small stature and impulsive nature.



SELTIEL

MALE HALF-ELF

DEITY Asmodeus
HOMELAND Cheliax

CHARACTER TRAITS

CLASS/LEVEL Fighter 1/Conjurer 4
ALIGNMENT Lawful Evil
INITIATIVE +3
SPEED 30 ft.

ABILITIES

STRENGTH 12
DEXTERITY 17
CONSTITUTION 13
INTELLIGENCE 15
WISDOM 8
CHARISMA 10

DEFENSE

HP 31
AC 16, touch 13, flat-footed 14 (+3 armor, +3 Dex)
Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +4; +2 vs. enchantment
Immune sleep
Senses low-light vision

SKILLS

Craft (alchemy) +9, Fly +6, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Perception +9, Sense Motive +2, Spellcraft +10

FEATS

Alertness, Arcane Armor Training, Combat Casting, Combat Expertise, Scribe Scroll, Skill Focus (Perception), Weapon Focus (longsword)

OFFENSE

Melee +1 longsword +5 (1d8+2/19–20)
Ranged shortbow +6 (1d6/x3)
Base Atk +3; CMB +4; CMD 17
Special Abilities acid dart (5/day), summoner's charm

Spells Prepared (CL 4th; concentration +6)
2nd—*bull's strength*, *glitterdust* (DC 14), *mirror image*, *scorching ray*
1st—*burning hands* (DC 13), *enlarge person*, *magic missile*, *shield*, *summon monster I*
o—*acid splash*, *bleed* (DC 12), *dancing lights*, *detect magic*

Familiar bat named Dargenti

Combat Gear *scroll of scorching ray*, *scroll of summon monster III*, *scroll of web*, *wand of magic missile* (CL 3rd, 40 charges); **Other Gear** +1 leather armor, +1 longsword, dagger, mwk shortbow with 20 arrows, *belt of incredible dexterity* +2, *cloak of resistance* +1, everburning torch, flask of fine absinthe worth 50 gp, gold holy symbol worth 75 gp, mysterious spellbook, 8 gp

Seltyiel grew up surrounded by shame and disgrace. Before he came of age, his stepfather attempted to kill him, but after Seltyiel turned the tables, he fled into the wild. Since then, his life has been a cruel series of betrayals and pain. Recently escaped from a period of imprisonment after his true father, a notorious bandit, set Seltyiel up to take the blame for his crimes, the half-elf longs for revenge against both his fathers.

Pre-generated Characters



SEELAH

FEMALE HUMAN

DEITY lomedae
HOMELAND Katapesh

CHARACTER TRAITS

CLASS/LEVEL Paladin 5
ALIGNMENT Lawful Good
INITIATIVE +0
SPEED 20 ft.

ABILITIES

STRENGTH 16
DEXTERITY 10
CONSTITUTION 14
INTELLIGENCE 8
WISDOM 13
CHARISMA 14

DEFENSE

HP 47
AC 23, touch 10, flat-footed 23 (+10 armor, +3 shield)
Fort +9, Ref +4, Will +8
Immune disease, fear

SKILLS

Knowledge (religion) +7, Sense Motive +9

FEATS

Cleave, Extra Lay On Hands, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (longsword)

OFFENSE

Melee +1 longsword +10 (1d8+3/19–20)
Ranged mwk comp. longbow +6 (1d8+3/×3)
Base Atk +5; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 18
Special Abilities aura of courage, aura of good, channel positive energy (3d6, DC 14), detect evil, divine bond (weapon), divine grace, divine health, lay on hands 5/day, mercy (sickened), smite evil 2/day (+2 to attack roll, +1 damage)
Spells Prepared (CL 2nd; concentration +4)
1st—*cure light wounds, divine favor*

Combat Gear antitoxin (2), holy water (3), *wand of cure moderate wounds* (50 charges); **Other Gear** +1 full plate mail, +1 heavy steel shield, +1 longsword, masterwork composite longbow (+3 Str) with 20 arrows, *cloak of resistance* +1, backpack, rations (4), silver holy symbol, 20 gp

When a group of lomedae's knights arrived to save Seelah's hometown of Solku from gnolls, Seelah knew where her destiny lay. Atoning for her misdeeds as a child, she devoted her life to lomedae. Over the years, guilt over her misspent youth has changed into a powerful faith and conviction. Today, she sees the good in everyone, and hopes that by leading by example, she can help other wayward souls (such as Seltyiel) find their way.



SEONI

FEMALE HUMAN

DEITY Pharasma
HOMELAND Varisia

CHARACTER TRAITS

CLASS/LEVEL Sorcerer 5
ALIGNMENT Lawful Neutral
INITIATIVE +2
SPEED 30 ft.

ABILITIES

STRENGTH 8
DEXTERITY 14
CONSTITUTION 12
INTELLIGENCE 10
WISDOM 13
CHARISMA 20

DEFENSE

HP 30
AC 15, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+1 deflection, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 natural)
Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +5

SKILLS

Bluff +13, Climb +2, Knowledge (planes) +8, Perception +3, Sense Motive +3, Spellcraft +8

FEATS

Alertness, Dodge, Eschew Materials, Extend Spell, Greater Spell Focus (evocation), Spell Focus (evocation)

OFFENSE

Melee quarterstaff +1 (1d6–1)
Ranged dagger +4 (1d4–1/19–20)
Base Atk +2; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 15
Special Abilities arcane bond, metamagic adept

Spells Known (CL 5th; concentration +9)
2nd (5/day)—*invisibility, scorching ray, web* (DC 18)
1st (8/day)—*burning hands* (DC 18), *mage armor, magic missile, identify, shield*
o (at will)—*acid splash, detect magic, disrupt undead, flare* (DC 17), *light, read magic*
Bloodline arcane

Familiar blue-tailed skink named Dragon

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds* (3), *scroll of fireball, scroll of fly, wand of magic missile* (CL 2nd, 50 charges); **Other Gear** dagger, quarterstaff, *amulet of natural armor* +1, *headband of alluring charisma* +2, *ring of protection* +1, backpack, sunrod (5), rations (4), 14 gp

Seoni is something of an enigma—quietly neutral on most matters, bound by codes and mandates she rarely feels compelled to explain, the beautiful sorcerer keeps her emotions tightly bottled. Extremely detail-oriented, Seoni is a careful and meticulous planner who frequently finds herself frustrated by the improvised plans of her more impulsive companions.



THE INFERNAL SYNDROME

by Clinton Boomer & James Jacobs

The time has come for Westcrown's aristocracy to pay for their decadent ways. In an explosion that rocks the sanctuaries of the city's elite, the denizens of Hell spill into the City of Twilight, conjured at the unbound will of a devil lord threatening to escape a decades-long imprisonment. Can the PCs delve into the depths of an ancient, madman-created labyrinth to battle back the very hordes of Hell? And will they discover what fiend would risk an entire city's damnation to unleash an even more sinister conspiracy?

PATH OF THE HELLKNIGHTS

by F. Wesley Schneider

The mysterious history and imposing citadels of the Hellknights, Cheliah's merciless peacekeepers, lie revealed for the first time. Discover the path by which dark times and a common man's loss gave rise to one of the most dreaded orders of knights ever conceived, and catch a glimpse within seven of the invincible citadels of Golarion's deadliest law bringers.

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IN THE FIEND'S GRASP

by Adam Daigle

The fiends of realms beyond the Material Plane occasionally reach into the mortal world, grasping souls, objects, and whole lands in their sinister clutches. Learn of the blasphemous power of fiendish possession and by what fell powers the horrors of the planes might twist unsuspecting souls to their fearsome desires.

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The Hellknights tighten their noose, and Radovan and Varian stretch their necks out for a friend in the Pathfinder's Journal by Dave Gross. Plus discover a host of new devils and other hellions in a diabolical entry into the Bestiary.

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What Lies in Dust Dramatis Personae

Aberian Arvanxi	(decadent mayor of Westcrown)
Aiger Ghaelfin	(venture-captain of Delvehaven, deceased)
Ailyn Ghontasavos	(undercover Pathfinder agent, ally and supporter of the rebels)
Arael	(leader of the Children of Westcrown)
Chammady Drovenge	(Ecarrdian's sister, wants to rule Council of Thieves and Westcrown)
Coriana Heavenscape	(Delvehaven Pathfinder, deceased)
Dargentu Vheed	(previous mayor of Westcrown, vanished in Nessian Spiral)
Donatalus Bisby	(Delvehaven Pathfinder, deceased, now haunts Delvehaven)
Draggy	(soulbound doll and pyromaniac)
Ecarrdian Drovenge	(Chammady's brother, wants to rule Council of Thieves and Westcrown)
Fluff Gugg	(soulbound doll with razor-sharp claws)
Ilnerik Sivanshin	(ex-Pathfinder, now a vampire allied with the Council of Thieves)
Jair	(vampire thrall of Ilnerik, priest of Norgorber)
Janiven	(second-in-command of Children of Westcrown)
Khazrae Kuelata	(still living severed erinyes head)
Loremaster Liriam	(Delvehaven Pathfinder, deceased)
Mantrithor Thraxx	(current champion of the Devildrome)
Mazeflesh Man	(vampire thrall of Ilnerik, tattooed Varisian thug)
Molly Missy	(soulbound doll with overwhelming guilt complex)
Mr. Straw	(soulbound doll armed with pitchfork)
The Mwangi Fetish	(soulbound doll and poisoner)
Rance Lucca	(owner of the Devildrome)
Vahnwynne Malkistra	(vampire thrall of Ilnerik, ex-vampire hunter)
Xyscerace	(will-o'-wisp who "haunts" Delvehaven)



Secrets Never Die

In Westcrown, darkness brings fear and death, the night haunted by the spawn of a terrible curse. Striving to free the city from its decades-old blight, the PCs must reveal a long-buried secret and a treasure locked away for ages.

Their journey will set them against the scum of Westcrown's underworld, denizens of the haunted night, and the very forces of Hell itself, all in an attempt to rekindle the memories of long-dead spirits with stories still to tell. Yet what those souls reveal might prove even deadlier than the city's midnight curse.

This volume of *Pathfinder* Adventure Path includes:

- ▶ "What Lies in Dust," a Pathfinder RPG adventure for 5th-level characters, by Michael Kortes.
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