

PATHFINDER[®] ADVENTURE PATH[™]



Carrion Crown

THE HAUNTING OF HARROWSTONE

By Michael Kortes

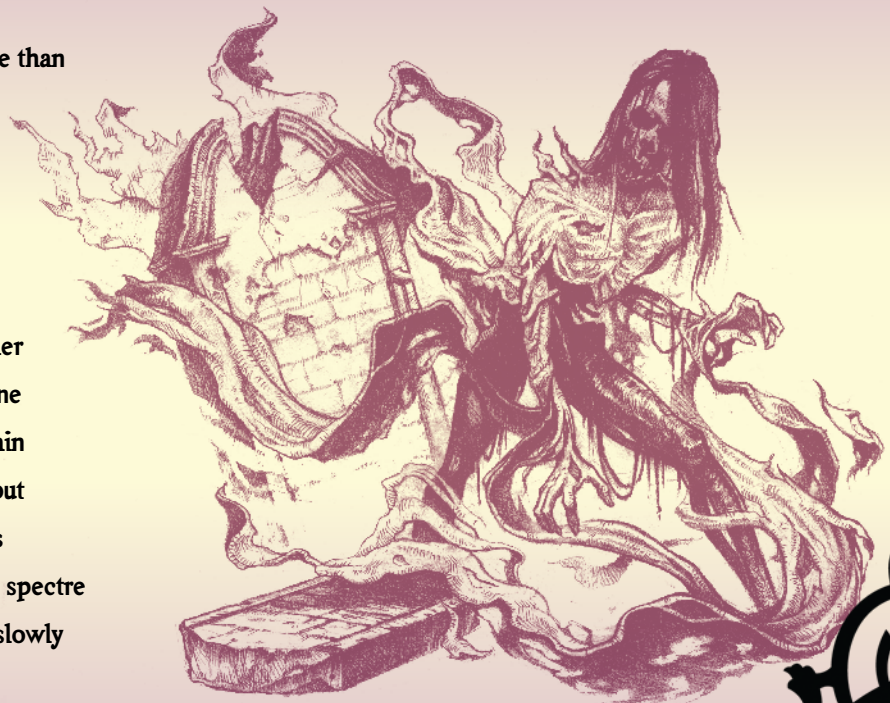
The Saffron House

Few know the tale of this abandoned manor, but all who rediscover the residence soon recognize its lingering wrongness. Some blame their uneasiness on the claustrophobic layout, the moldy furniture covers, or the skittering in the walls. But others claim something sinister haunts the hidden wreck, a foulness embodied by the nauseating shade of yellow staining every surface, inspiring both repulsion and obsession. Does some evil evidence linger in that malarial hue, or could it be a glimpse of something greater—something that hungers?



The Starving Spectre

Jains Cobermain feared nothing more than being buried alive. The startlingly corpulent grave tender even designed his own coffin, complete with devices to warn those above should he be mistakenly interred. Yet when he passed on, his miserly brother buried him on the cheap in a plain pine box. None can say whether Cobermain was truly dead when he was buried, but his hungry spirit now roams Ardagh's Lanternwatch Cemetery, a horrifying spectre clad in the fleshy tatters of one who slowly starved within the grave.





ADVENTURE PATH • PART 1 of 6

THE HAUNTING OF HARROWSTONE



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"The Haunting of Harrowstone" is a Pathfinder Adventure Path scenario designed for four 1st-level characters.
By the end of this adventure, characters should reach 4th level.

This product makes use of the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook*, *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*, *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary*, and *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 2*. These rules can be found online as part of the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Reference Document at paizo.com/pathfinderRPG/prd.

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Welcome to Your Doom

I hope you're ready for something a little darker than you might be used to seeing in these pages, as this time around we risk the shadows of Ustalav with our first horror-themed campaign, the Carrion Crown Adventure Path. But what does that mean? Well, in the same way that *Legacy of Fire* was inspired by the mythology of the Middle East and *Serpent's Skull* sought to invoke the wild, ruin-exploring adventures of Tarzan, Indiana Jones, and the like, Carrion Crown draws its inspiration from the yellowed pages of gothic horror literature and film. From this tradition of *Dracula* and *Frankenstein*, werewolves and zombies, undead wizards and cosmic horror, we've devised a campaign fraught with lurking dread and nefarious villains, crafted to test characters' bravery, wits, and skill.

But is it Pathfinder? As soon as we started talking about Carrion Crown, a lot of people started likening it to the stories of other roleplaying games and campaign settings with a tradition of frightening storytelling—and rightly so. In fact, several of these worlds and modules are the reason this campaign exists, not just because of the wide popularity of such games, but also because of our fond memories of such frightful adventures. But does that mean you have to change your gaming style to run Carrion Crown? Absolutely not. Carrion Crown is a Pathfinder RPG Adventure Path and just as ready to run as any of our past campaigns. Characters are assumed to be Pathfinder characters, capable of standing against the terrors they encounter rather than fleeing at the sight of the first ghoul or ghost. The PCs aren't being set up as

dupes strung along in a series of unsettling events, but rather heroes thrown against terrors their resolve alone might best. So is it Pathfinder? Absolutely.

That said, for GMs who like a bit of extra moodiness in their game, who like making extra props, turning down the lights, and doing all they can to try to unnerve their players, Carrion Crown gives you plenty of opportunities to do just that.

So whether you're eager to see how your PCs fare against foes like Doctor Frankenstein, the Headless Horseman, Carmilla, and mad beings from beyond the stars, or you're preparing a campaign of horror to unsettle players and characters alike, the Carrion Crown Adventure Path starts off this month with one of the most fundamental types of terror tale: a ghost story. So read on, if you dare.

MUSIC FOR THE MACABRE

It's definitely a matter of taste, and most GMs likely aren't looking for one more thing to juggle during their game sessions, but I'm a huge advocate of using background music during roleplaying games to help create a mood. I could wax pretentious about how cool it is when a focusing environment really gets everyone into the game, but that's a long, dull diatribe. Instead, just take this advice: if you're not using background music during your sessions, try it out. It won't work for every group, but for GMs looking to reinforce the moods of their stories, a thematically appropriate and subdued soundtrack can do amazing things.

Whether you're already experienced at using music during your gaming sessions, or it just sounds like it might be something neat to try, for each foreword in the Carrion Crown Adventure Path I'll be including a brief list of suggestions for music appropriate to the moods and plots of the volume's adventure. This time around I'll actually set you up with two. The first is music that's great for driving home the general creepiness that pervades this entire campaign, with plenty of themes for musty crypts, fog-shrouded nights, and lurking dread. The second is much more what you can expect to see through the rest of this series, with suggested background music specifically meant to be evocative of ghosts, hauntings, and the unquiet dead. In the cases of complete soundtracks or artists' entire bodies of work, I can't say that every song will perfectly fit the encounters in Carrion Crown, but they'll be worth previewing to see if they fit your tastes and the needs of your game.

GENERAL

Beal, Jeff: *Carnivale*
Dead Can Dance: *The Serpent's Egg*, et al.
Elfman, Danny: *Red Dragon*
Haslinger, Paul: *Underworld: Rise of the Lycans*
Julyan, David: *The Descent*, *The Prestige*

ON THE COVER

What lingers of the once-lovely Vesorianna graces the cover of this month's ghost story. Vesorianna had a hand in the ruin of Harrowstone Prison, but recent events bring her spirit to the crossroads between annihilation and—with the PCs' help—a decades-late redemption.

Kilar, Wojciech : *Bram Stoker's Dracula*
Navarrete, Javier: *Mirrors*, *Pan's Labyrinth*
Söderqvist, Johan: *Let the Right One In*
Yamane, Michiru: *Castlevania: Symphony of the Night*
Zimmer, Hans: *Hannibal*

GHOSTS

Carlos, Wendy & Elkind-Tourre, Rachel: *The Shining*
Carpenter, John: *The Fog*
Giacchino, Michael: *Let Me In*
Henifin, Steve: *Eternal Darkness*
Midnight Syndicate: *Gates of Delirium*, et al.
Newman, David: *Serenity*
Revell, Graeme: *Below*
Yamaoka, Akira: *Silent Hill*, et al.
Young, Christopher: *Drag Me to Hell*, *The Exorcism of Emily Rose*
Zimmer, Hans: *The Ring*

For those of you looking for more suggestions, we put together a pretty significant list of recommended music in the back of the *Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide*. This is hardly a user's guide to employing music in your gaming, but if you've never tried before, check out the messageboards at paizo.com for suggestions and techniques on how to make a little extra moodiness work for you. Or, if you're already using music in your game, jump on the boards and expand upon the lists presented here—I'm always looking for a theme for my next major villain or the perfect overture to really creep my players out!

Wes

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The Haunting of Harrowstone

You are hereby sentenced to live the remainder of your short life in Harrowstone, which, I hasten to add, is a blessing compared to the extent of your crimes and the suffering of your victims. There you will reside in the misery of your thoughts until such time as you are drawn, hanged, and quartered. May the gods have no mercy on your blighted soul.

—The final sentencing of Vance Saetressle (“The Lopper”) in 4661 AR
by Jurisdeclaris Axenris the Third.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Some small towns grow up around a university, their shops and other offerings catering to a scholastic clientele. Others boast famous festivals or specialized industries that draw skilled artisans and craftsmen. But in the sad case of Ravengro, the town's claim to fame is a prison. And not just any prison, for Ravengro supported one of Ustalav's most notorious jails—Harrowstone. Twice a year, a prison convoy rounded up the worst of the worst from smaller, less secure jails across the principality and transferred them to Harrowstone, often to await death by hanging, but always to live out the rest of their lives as prisoners.

Already the home of dozens of notorious criminals, the mid-year prisoner convoy of 4661 AR brought a particularly horrendous batch of criminals all at once. Among them were five particularly notorious convicts: the Lopper, the Piper of Illmarsh, Father Charlatan, the Mosswater Marauder, and even the infamous Splatter Man. Not even Harrowstone was adequately equipped to handle these criminals, and as their execution dates drew near, the Lopper and the Splatter Man, working together, picked their moment and staged a desperate attempt to seize control of the prison and, perhaps, escape.

Yet while they managed to turn the tables on Harrowstone's guards and, for a few minutes, held control of the prison, they did not anticipate an act of self-sacrifice by Harrowstone's head warden, Lyvar Hawkran. Only a few minutes after the prisoners seized control of Harrowstone's lower level, Warden Hawkran triggered an emergency deadfall that sealed the dungeon and trapped everyone (including himself and most of the prison guards) within the prison's dungeon, leaving the only way out a supply lift that couldn't be activated from the dungeon level.

It was via this lift that the Warden and other trapped guards initially thought to escape, but before they could make it to safety, they were overpowered by the rioting prisoners and taken hostage. The prisoners attempted to use their hostages to force the few guards who remained on the floor above to lower the lift, but the guards were too well trained. Even with their warden and most of their friends trapped below, they continually refused to lower the lift—further, they set guards around the lift's shaft above so that any prisoner who attempted the nearly impossible climb would have to contend with crossbow bolts raining down from above. Eager to avoid sparking a panic in Ravengro, the guards holed up and did a masterful job keeping the truth of the riot contained while they desperately tried to work out a plan.

Yet several hours later, after Lyvar failed to return home for his customary dinner, the warden's wife Vesorianna crossed the prison grounds from her home to

ADVANCEMENT TRACK

"The Haunting of Harrowstone" assumes the medium experience point track, detailed on page 30 of the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*. Characters should be 1st level when they begin the adventure. The PCs should be nearing 2nd level before they attempt to venture into Harrowstone itself, achieving 3rd level before they delve too far into the dungeons below Harrowstone. By the adventure's conclusion, when they exit the prison, the PCs should have reached 4th level.

the central prison. In their panic, the guards had left the main entrance to the prison unlocked, so Vesorianna was able to enter the prison with ease, only to find it strangely empty. Following the sound of shouting, she came to the training room where the remaining guards were gathered near the lift shaft to the dungeon.

When Vesorianna learned from the increasingly frantic guards that her husband was trapped with the madmen below, she pleaded with the guards on the ground level to remove the deadfall and stage a rescue. When they repeatedly refused, she went into hysterics. She managed to dodge the guards, run to the lift's winch, and throw the release, causing the heavy wooden platform to plummet into the dungeon below in the hope that her husband could leap onto it and be pulled to safety. In actuality, the lift crushed several guards and a few prisoners who had been standing directly below it—the horrified Vesorianna was convinced her husband was among them. Taking advantage of her shock, several guards managed to finally apprehend her and swiftly hustled her off to the prison workshop at the other end of Harrowstone, locking her inside for her own safety.

The remaining guards worked frantically to keep the prisoners from escaping—with the lift below swiftly filling with eager prisoners, they couldn't simply pull it back up. And as other prisoners began climbing the chains that connected the fallen lift to the upper level, the guards grew desperate. Knowing that they were about to be outnumbered by lunatics, they made a fateful decision—they began rolling barrels of lamp oil from the nearby storeroom into the hole, hoping to dislodge prisoners from the lift and dissuade them from climbing. But when one of Harrowstone's most notorious prisoners, the spellcasting murderer known as the Splatter Man, stepped into view and began using his magic against the guards, desperation gave way to blind panic and one of the guards threw a lit torch into the oil-soaked depths, figuring that if the lift were burned, order would be restored.

Unfortunately, the resulting conflagration was much bigger than anyone could have expected. The huge oil slick below caught fire and spread throughout the lower cellblock. The ensuing flames incinerated both the screaming prisoners and surviving guards below, while thick plumes of smoke swiftly worked to suffocate those above. The remaining guards on the ground level fled, only realizing much later to their horror that no one had bothered to release Vesorianna Hawkran from the workshop. The town of Ravengro mobilized to extinguish the fire before it spread, but the damage had been done. One of Ustalav's most notorious prisons was no more.

In the 50 years that followed the Harrowstone Fire, the town of Ravengro moved on to become a pleasant (and perhaps even boring) farming community. Yet the town's old-timers remember well the eerie prison caravans that carried monsters through the town. And none in Ravengro can ignore the brooding, dark ruin of the old prison that looms on the hill overlooking the town. Tales of the prison being haunted are traded by Ravengro's youths, and on certain dark nights they taunt each other to touch the rusting bars on the prison windows. Dares to spend the night in the edifice are routinely posed and never accepted. And for good cause, for the rumors that Harrowstone is haunted are all too true.

Yet Ravengro's citizens do not realize how precarious their situation truly is, for the ghosts in Harrowstone are contained, as they were in life, not only by the prison walls but by the overwhelming presence of Warden Hawkran's spirit. For the past several decades, even after his own men sacrificed his life to protect themselves, the warden's ghost has continued to act as Ravengro's jailer. His ghost patrols Harrowstone, ensuring that the evil spirits of the prison remained locked up tight within the ruins and that the living do not grow too curious about the dangerous spirits confined within the building's halls and cells.

And so things would have remained, were it not for the machinations of the cult of the Whispering Way, a secret faction of necromancers that reveres transcendence into undeath. For the last several months, the cult has secretly embarked on a hunt to further a disturbing undertaking—they are gathering rare and potent ingredients to create the *Carion Crown*, a foul elixir they believe will be able to reconstitute the powers of the Whispering Tyrant, one of history's most feared despots. It is this nefarious plot that provides the greater backdrop of the *Carion Crown* Adventure Path, but this early in the game, only one element of this greater plot is important—namely, that the Whispering Way found in the ghostly spirit of Warden Hawkran an ectoplasmic element they require.

Just a few weeks ago, a group of cowed cultists of the Whispering Way approached the ruins of Harrowstone under the cover of darkness and storm. The cultists set

up a camp, and over the course of several days of eldritch rituals and inscribing magical runes along the prison's foundation, were able to seize the warden's ghostly soul. On the last night of the ritual, they were forced to murder an interloper—one Professor Petros Lorrimer. After making it seem that the professor died of misadventure while poking around the ruins, the Whispering Way finished their work. They departed before dawn and traveled to a set of standing stones near the city of Lepidstadt known as the Spiral Cromlech to meet with others of their cult. Following the trail of the Whispering Way forms the foundation of the next few adventures in this campaign, but for now, it is the haunting of Harrowstone that should concern the PCs. For in removing the warden's ghost, the Whispering Way removed the strongest barrier keeping a prison's worth of undead murderers and spectral maniacs at bay.

Now only weakly restrained, the restless undead inmates of Harrowstone are slowly gaining in strength and extending their influence out of the prison's walls. In particular, five of the most dangerous among the condemned are growing in power at a rapid pace. Already, their unholy influence is beginning to impact the dreams and emotions of certain citizens in the town of Ravengro, and their intentions are far from good. For the ghosts of Harrowstone see Ravengro as the reason they burned, and until the town itself is ashes, they do not rest quietly.

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

The PCs come to Ravengro to attend the funeral of an old friend, Professor Petros Lorrimer, only to become embroiled in the village's problems—the ghosts of the haunted prison on the hill are spreading down into the town. After researching the pasts of the town and prison and handling several local haunts (perhaps even recovering a stash of old ghost-hunting gear from the cemetery), the PCs head up the hill to investigate Harrowstone. There, they find evidence that the Whispering Way has been up to something, and that the cult's tinkering has upset the balance of things. In order to prevent the souls within the prison from escaping, the PCs must ally with the ghost of the prison warden's wife to defeat the five most dangerous spirits active within and below Harrowstone's walls.

PART ONE: THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF PETROS LORRIMOR

"The Haunting of Harrowstone" assumes that the PCs have personal ties to recently deceased Professor Petros Lorrimer. This provides a reason for Lorrimer's daughter, Kendra, to invite the PCs to her father's funeral, and also explains why the PCs appear in the professor's will. The *Carion Crown Player's Guide* (a free PDF available at paizo.com)

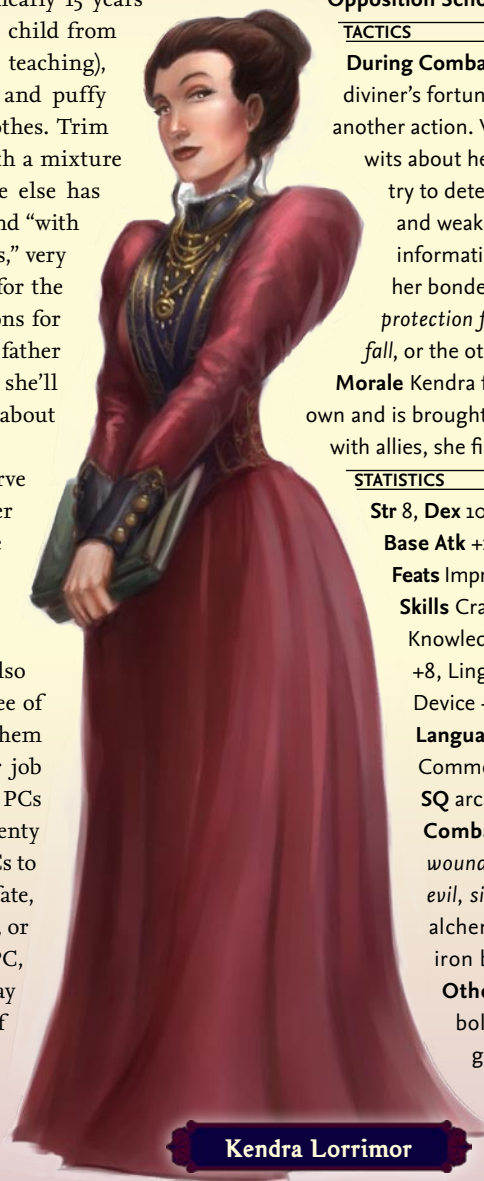
informs players about everything they need to know to play characters that will fit in well with the country of Ustalav and the Carrion Crown Adventure Path. Included in this player's guide are a number of campaign traits that players can choose for their characters—in addition to providing minor benefits, each of these campaign traits gives the PCs reasons to come to Ravensgro to pay their respects to Professor Petros Lorrimer. If you're not using the *Carrion Crown Player's Guide*, you should ask your players to come up with their own links to Professor Lorrimer. The town of Ravensgro is detailed in the article beginning on page 56.

KENDRA LORRIMER

Although he was getting on in years, Petros's death was rather sudden and his daughter Kendra, a 25-year-old woman who has lived in Ravensgro for nearly 15 years (having moved here with her family as a child from Lepidstadt after her father retired from teaching), is still in mourning. Her eyes are red and puffy and she dresses in dark, conservative clothes. Trim and attractive, Kendra greets the PCs with a mixture of curiosity, sadness, and relief—no one else has come to pay their respects to her father, and “with things the way they are in town these days,” very few folks from Ravensgro have come out for the funeral as well. Kendra waves off questions for now, promising the PCs that after her father is buried and they return to her house, she'll answer any questions they have—both about her father's death and about his will.

Kendra's role in this adventure is to serve as the PCs' initial champion and supporter in town—the citizens of Ravensgro are slow to extend trust to outsiders, but with Kendra vouching for them, they'll at least have some initial support to help them gain trust among the townsfolk. She also offers to let the PCs stay in her house, free of charge, and even agrees to cast spells for them or identify magic items as needed—her job (and your job as GM) is to try to make the PCs feel welcome in Ravensgro. There will be plenty of reasons in the events to come for the PCs to want to simply abandon the town to its fate, but if you develop Kendra as a likable ally, or even possibly as a romantic interest for a PC, the party will have one more reason to stay in town and see to it that the haunting of Harrowstone is put to an end.

KENDRA LORRIMER CR 1
XP 400
Female human diviner 2



NG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; **Senses** Perception +1

DEFENSE

AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10

hp 11 (2d6+2)

Fort +1, **Ref** +0, **Will** +6

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee dagger +0 (1d4–1/19–20)

Ranged light crossbow +1 (1d8/19–20)

Arcane School Spell-Like Abilities (CL 2nd; concentration +5)
6/day—diviner's fortune (+1)

Diviner Spells Prepared (CL 2nd; concentration +5)

1st—*comprehend languages*, *identify*, *mage armor*

0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *detect magic*, *disrupt undead*, *read magic*

Opposition Schools Evocation, Illusion

TACTICS

During Combat Kendra prefers to use her diviner's fortune on her allies or employ the aid another action. When applicable, she keeps her wits about her and uses her Knowledge skills to try to determine her opponents' strengths and weaknesses, communicating this information to her allies. If needed, she uses her bonded amulet to spontaneously cast *protection from evil*, *true strike*, *sleep*, *feather fall*, or the other spells in her spellbook.

Morale Kendra flees from a battle if she's on her own and is brought below 5 hit points, but if she's with allies, she fights to the death to protect them.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 10

Feats Improved Iron Will, Iron Will, Scribe Scroll

Skills Craft (alchemy) +8, Diplomacy +4, Knowledge (arcana) +8, Knowledge (history) +8, Linguistics +8, Spellcraft +8, Use Magic Device +4

Languages Aklo, Ancient Osiriani, Azlanti, Common, Celestial, Draconic, Varisian
SQ arcane bond (amulet), forewarned

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*, *scroll of protection from evil*, *silversheen*, alchemist's fire, 3 alchemical silver bolts, antitoxin, 3 cold iron bolts, holy water, smokestick;

Other Gear light crossbow with 10 bolts, dagger, journal, magnifying glass, scroll case, spellbook (contains all prepared spells plus *feather fall*, *protection from evil*, *sleep*, and *true strike*), sun rod, 23 gp

Kendra Lorrimer



BURYING THE PROFESSOR

In the adventure's opening scene, the PCs have gathered at the entrance to the Restlands with Kendra Lorremor and a fine coffin containing the body of her father (preserved with *gentle repose*), the PCs' onetime friend and ally Petros Lorremor. Ask the PCs which of them would like to serve as pallbearers—there's room on the coffin to accommodate six people, with a minimum of four. As the PCs have likely just arrived after a long trip, you can assume that they're outfitted with weapons, armor, and their starting gear.

Father Grimburrow and a pair of gravediggers are already waiting at the site of the professor's burial—as part of local tradition, they do not accompany the pallbearers from the gate to the grave. Besides the PCs, only a small handful of villagers are attending the funeral procession. Old friends of Lorrimar, they too have come to pay their respects. These NPCs consist of Councilman Vashian Hearthmount, Councilman Gharen Muricar, tavernkeeper Zokar Elkarid and his 13-year-old son Pevrin, and Jominda Fallenbridge (Ravengro's apothecary and one of the professor's good friends)—for more information on these characters, consult the article on Ravengro beginning on page 56. All of these NPCs are somber and have little to say to the PCs at this time.

TROUBLE ON THE DREAMWAKE (CR 1)

Once the pallbearers have been chosen, Kendra, as the deceased's closest living relative, has the job of leading the somber procession along the Dreamwake—a gravel pathway that winds through the cemetery. Characters serving as pallbearers are considered to have both hands full as they carry the heavy coffin up the road.

As the procession reaches the halfway point along the Dreamwake, rounding a corner onto a path called the Eversleep, they'll see that the way ahead is blocked by a group of a dozen surly looking locals. The tallest of these toughs is an elderly but wiry retired soldier named Gibs Hephenu. He speaks out as soon as the group is noticed—use the following dialogue to present this confrontation, but let the PCs step in at any point, pausing between each line to give them the opportunity. If you get to the end of the dialogue, Kendra's final line about the thugs being ignorant is enough to spark a fight.

"That's far enough. We been talking, and we don't want Lorremor buried in the Restlands. You can take him upriver and bury him there if you want, but he ain't goin' in the ground here!"

Kendra is swift to respond, her sadness swiftly transforming into anger. "What are you talking about?" she cries out. "I arranged it

with Father Grimburrow. He's waiting for us! The grave's already been..."

"You don't get it, woman. We won't have a necromancer buried in the same place as our kin. I suggest you move out while you still can. Folks are pretty upset about this right now."

"Necromancy!? Are you really that ignorant?"

If the PCs step in and try to negotiate with the thugs, have the first PC to speak make a Diplomacy check. Any other PC who also speaks up can aid another on the first PC's Diplomacy check. It's a DC 20 Diplomacy check to calm the thugs down enough that they sullenly disperse, shooting venomous glances at the PCs and Kendra, but leaving the cemetery nevertheless and allowing the procession to continue. Any hostile act (such as drawing a weapon or casting a spell) is enough to incite the thugs to fight, as is a failed Diplomacy check or allowing the dialogue above to play out to the end.

Creatures: There are a dozen men in all in this group—all of them are laborers at local farms or fishermen. None of them seek to kill the PCs, but they do hope to force the PCs to flee the cemetery. Of course, there's something more at work here as well—the seeping supernatural influence of Harrowstone has spread into Ravengro. As this adventure proceeds, this influence grows, but for now it does little more than to give some of the more reactionary or superstitious locals the courage and anger they need to act out on their impulses.

Although there are a dozen men in the group, not all of them move toward the PCs—half the group threatens the others in the funeral party or hangs back to shout insults or give encouragement to their allies. Six of the mob attack the PCs with their improvised weapons, striking not to kill but to subdue. The mob's leader, the elderly Gibs, does not take part in the attack, and flees the Restlands as soon as it becomes apparent that the PCs are more than a match for the thugs.

Most of the others in the procession are not brave enough to enter the fight, either being too old, too cowardly, or too protective of their friends and family to risk battle. They shriek and cower behind the PCs, and flee back to town as soon as any of them are attacked (regardless of whether the attack hits). Only Kendra stands up to the thugs, her stubborn anger compelling her to join the PCs in the fight.

One complication in this confrontation, of course, is the fact that many of the PCs are pallbearers. All of the pallbearers must take a full-round action to lower the coffin—if the PCs wish to do this during the dialogue above, they may do so, but this allows enough time for the dialogue to play out, resulting in a fight. Each time a character lets go of the coffin early, there's a cumulative 40% chance that the coffin is dropped and poor Petros's

BUILDING TRUST IN RAVENGRO

Trust is an important factor in this adventure. Actions the PCs take during the course of their stay in Ravengro can increase or decrease the amount of trust the town's citizens have for them. The PCs start with a Trust score of 20; at 0, the locals rise up in an angry mob and run them out of town, but at higher Trust scores, the PCs receive benefits like discounts on purchases, free healing, and other forms of aid. The mechanics for Trust are presented in the Ravengro article on page 58—make sure you're familiar with them before running this adventure.

body spills out onto the muddy gravel. If three PCs release the coffin, it automatically falls. If the PCs drop the coffin, they lose 1 Trust point.

RAVENGRO THUGS (6)

CR 1/4

XP 100 each

Male commoner 1

N Medium humanoid (human)

Init +0; Senses Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10

hp 4 each (1d6+1)

Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +0

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee farm tool –3 (1d6+1 nonlethal)

TACTICS

During Combat Although these thugs are proficient in using their farming tools (a mix of rakes, hoes, sickles, pitchforks, and hammers), they attack to deal nonlethal damage and thus take a –4 penalty on attack rolls (this penalty is figured into their melee attack above). The thugs hope to run off the PCs and the others, forcing them to abandon the coffin so they can haul it and the body downriver to the Harrowstone memorial (area O, see page 63), where they burn the coffin and the body in the hope of dispersing the "curse" on the town.

Morale As soon as a thug takes any damage, he drops his weapon and flees (or drops to his knees and begs for mercy if flight is impossible or too dangerous).

STATISTICS

Str 13, Dex 11, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10

Base Atk +0; CMB +1; CMD 11

Feats Endurance, Great Fortitude

Skills Knowledge (local) +4, Perception +4, Profession (farmer) +4

Languages Common

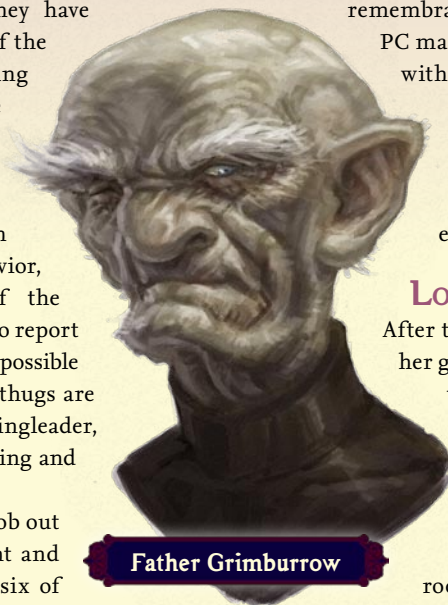
Development: If the thugs manage to run off or knock out all of the PCs and Kendra, they make off with the coffin to burn it at the Harrowstone memorial. Father Grimburrow and the two gravediggers hear the fight break out and come to help, but they won't arrive on the scene until after the PCs have been defeated. The father uses his ability to channel energy to heal the fallen PCs of 4d6 points of damage, and then (with the PCs in tow or not) hurries back to the entrance to the graveyard to confront the thugs—burdened by the coffin, they have not yet made it far from the scene of the crime. Upon seeing the priest coming for them, the thugs panic, drop the coffin (this does not cost the PCs a point of Trust), and flee. Father Grimburrow has the gravediggers load Petros's body back into the coffin and apologizes for the thugs' behavior, promising (if other members of the procession have not already done so) to report their actions to the sheriff as soon as possible after the funeral. While none of the thugs are put in jail, they (particularly the ringleader, Gibs) receive scathing rounds of scolding and warnings from the town sheriff.

Story Award: If the PCs talk the mob out of a fight, award them 1 Trust point and experience as if they had defeated six of the thugs in combat. Although the angry thugs are aggressive, they're still locals—any of them who die in this fight cost the PCs 1 Trust point (or 6 Trust points if that thug was obviously slain by a PC).

THE BURIAL

Once the PCs have dealt with Hepheneus and his gang, Kendra thanks the PCs profusely and apologizes for the assault. The attending councilors profess shock at the attack and indicate that they recognized the thugs as “local farmhands, all of low character.” Their stance is that the beating the PCs administered to the thugs is punishment enough—if the PCs insist on further punishment, Councilman Hearthmount sighs, but promises to seek out the town's sheriff to report the crime.

In any event, Father Grimburrow hears the fight and arrives a few moments later. Shocked by the audacity of the attack, he still channels energy to heal the PCs and any fallen thugs (thus possibly preventing the PCs from losing trust from having a thug bleed out in the dirt). Any thugs healed back to consciousness have the fight taken out of them, replaced by shame—Father Grimburrow's stern glare and the threat of angry PCs is more than enough to convince the thugs to seek out the sheriff and turn themselves in.



Father Grimburrow

The assault now past, the procession continues up to the plot Kendra purchased for her father. No further complications prevent the lowering of his coffin into the open grave by the gravediggers. Father Grimburrow gives a short sermon, then invites Kendra to say a few words about her father. Kendra fights back tears and briefly recounts a few of her father's more courageous or selfless moments, thanking everyone once again for coming.

She then invites anyone else to share a few stories or remembrances. At this point, you should let each PC make up stories regarding his association with Lorremor as he sees fit. If at least one PC manages to make his remarks particularly moving or uplifting with a DC 15 Diplomacy or Perform check, the group's words impress the attendees enough to gain 1 Trust point.

LORRIMOR'S WILL

After the funeral is over and Kendra has said her goodbyes to the other guests, she invites the PCs back to her home (so recently her father's) for a drink and to hear his last will and testament. The Lorremor residence is a modest home (area N on the Ravengro map) with crowded bookshelves in every room. The reading of the professor's will requires the presence of Councilman

Vashian Hearthmount (the closest thing Ravengro has to a solicitor), and he has some other matters to attend to after the funeral, so he doesn't arrive for about an hour. If the PCs do not already know each other, this is a great opportunity for the PCs to introduce each other and to describe themselves and their connections to the Lorrimerors if they haven't already at the funeral.

Vashian arrives precisely on time, in any event. No Sense Motive check is necessary to note that he doesn't completely approve of strangers being involved in local matters, but he keeps his comments to himself, focusing his involvement entirely on the reading of Petros's will. Kendra isn't sure what's contained in the will, since part of its stipulation was that all of the PCs must be present for its reading. Councilman Vashian produces a scroll case, shows that the professor's personal seal is unbroken, then breaks the wax and opens the case. As he does, a small iron key falls out of the tube, clattering noisily onto the table. Undaunted by the key, the councilman begins to read, eager to be done with the business and to get back home.

The date at the end of the will is left blank so you can synchronize this handout with your campaign's timeline. See Chapter 4 of the *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea World Guide* for details on time and dates on Golarion.

"I, Petros Lorremor, being of sound mind, do hereby commit to this parchment my last will and testament. Let it be known that, with the exception of the specific details below, I leave my home and personal belongings entire to my daughter Kendra. Use them or sell them as you see fit, my child.

"Yet beyond the bequeathing of my personal effects, this document must serve other needs. I have arranged for the reading of this document to be delayed until all principals can be in attendance, for I have more than mere inheritance to apportion. I have two final favors to ask.

"To my old friends, I hate to impose upon you all, but there are few others who are capable of appreciating the true significance of what it is I have to ask. As some of you know, I have devoted many of my studies to all manner of evil, that I might know the enemy and inform those better positioned to stand against it. For knowledge of one's enemy is the surest path to victory over its plans.

"And so, over the course of my lifetime, I have seen fit to acquire a significant collection of valuable but dangerous tomes, any one of which in the wrong circumstances could have led to an awkward legal situation. While the majority of these tomes remain safe under lock and key at the Lepidstadt University, I fear that a few I have borrowed remain in a trunk in my Ravengro home. While invaluable for my work in life, in death, I would prefer not to burden my daughter with the darker side of my profession, or worse still, the danger of possessing these tomes herself. As such, I am entrusting my chest of tomes to you, posthumously. I ask that you please deliver the collection to my colleagues at the University of Lepidstadt, who will put them to good use for the betterment of the cause.

"Yet before you leave for Lepidstadt, there is the matter of another favor—please delay your journey one month and spend that period of time here in Ravengro to ensure that my daughter is safe and sound. She has no one to count on now that I am gone, and if you would aid her in setting things in order for whatever she desires over the course of this month, you would have my eternal gratitude. From my savings, I have also willed to each of you a sum of one hundred platinum coins. For safekeeping, I have left these funds with Embreth Daramid, one of my most trusted friends in Lepidstadt—she has been instructed to issue this payment upon the safe delivery of the borrowed tomes no sooner than one month after the date of the reading of this will.

"I, Petros Lorremor, hereby sign this will in Ravengro on this first day of Calistril, in the year _____."

PETROS'S TOMES

Once the will is read, Councilman Vashian looks to Kendra, who thanks him and dismisses him. Putting on a brave face, Kendra thanks the PCs again for coming, and informs them that she'll need at least a few weeks to decide if she wants to sell her family home or remain here in Ravengro—in the meantime, as stipulated by the will, she asks the PCs to remain as well. She offers rooms in her spacious house for the PCs, promising them free

HOW DID THE PROFESSOR DIE?

Seventeen days before this adventure begins, Petros caught agents of the Whispering Way, led by the necromancer Auren Vrood, at Harrowstone. Petros put up very little fight, succumbing to one of Vrood's *phantasmal killer* spells and perishing on the spot. The Whispering Way cultists were able to finish their work in peace after Petros's death, capturing the spirit of Warden Hawkran and moving north to Leipidstadt to see to securing the second of the mysterious ingredients they need to complete the *Carrion Crown*. Before leaving, they arranged Lorremor's body so that it lay on its back near one of Harrowstone's walls and knocked the stone face from a leering gargoyle from the roof above so that the heavy block crushed the professor's face and neck, both to make it appear that a tragic accident killed the professor and to prevent *speak with dead* from allowing the body to reveal any secrets.

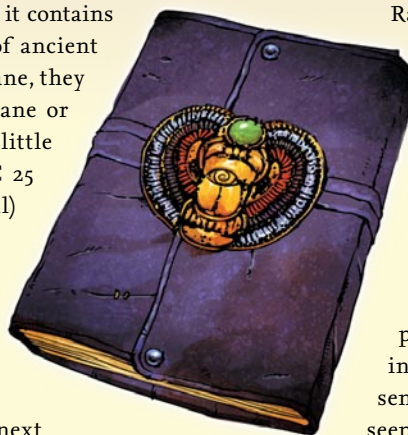
room and board for the month the will requests them to remain in town, and then excuses herself to go fetch the chest mentioned in the will.

The chest itself is a relatively small object of oak and iron. Kendra, nervous about the contents, offers the key to the PCs to give them the honor of opening the chest. The key fits the lock perfectly, and within are several old tomes and one relatively new one. The newest tome sits on the top and bears the phrase "Read me now!" scratched into the leather cover. This book is Petros Lorremor's journal and is detailed in the next section. The other tomes comprise the books of dangerous lore mentioned in his will—three of these have notes tucked into them indicating that they should be delivered to one Montagnie Crowl, a professor of antiquities at Lepidstadt University. The fourth, *Manual of the Order of the Palatine Eye*, has a note indicating it should be delivered to Embreth Daramid, a judge at the Lepidstadt Courthouse (although the note asks for this delivery in particular to be handled discreetly, and includes the address of Embreth's home so that the PCs can deliver it there). These books are summarized below.

- *Manual of the Order of the Palatine Eye*: The rich purple cover contains a brass scarab set with a single eye in its center. While the PCs have limited ability to make such a determination at this early stage, this book is one of the principal works of the Esoteric Order of the Palatine Eye, a secretive sect that plays a larger role in

future installments of the Carrion Crown Adventure Path. The book's covers are rimmed in polished steel and clasped with a small but intricate lock, the keyhole of which appears to be for a key with a strange, triangular shaft. The key is nowhere to be found, but the lock can be picked with a DC 30 Disable Device check. The lock can also be destroyed (hardness 10, hp 5) or forced open (DC 23 Strength check), but doing so damages the book so it can no longer be properly closed. The book's contents are written in code in Varisian—a DC 25 Linguistics check and 8 hours of work breaks the code, as does *comprehend languages*. The book's contents seem strangely out of place compared to the other texts, for while it contains detailed descriptions of a number of ancient ceremonies, both magical and mundane, they are more concerned with purely arcane or mathematical topics and have very little sinister about them at all. It's a DC 25 Knowledge (arcana, history, or local) check to recognize the book for what it is, and that the Esoteric Order of the Palatine Eye is a secret society whose members have deep interests in all things political and arcane. Additional information about this order can be found in the next volume of this Adventure Path.

- *On Verified Madness*: This jet-black book is a treatise on aberrations and other entities found on Golarion that possess remote ties to the Dark Tapestry, the name given to the dark places between the stars in the night sky.
- *Serving Your Hunger*: This text is a copy of one of several unholy books sacred to the goddess Urgathoa. Lorrिमor's notations liberally sprinkle the margins.
- *The Umbral Leaves*: This lexicon is a translation into Common of the unholy book of Zon-Kuthon.



Manual of the Order of the Palatine Eye

THE PROFESSOR'S JOURNAL

The professor's will does not mention his journal—it is not one of the dangerous tomes he wants delivered to Lepidstadt. It does, however, contain clues that cast doubts upon the nature of his death—the professor knew that he was delving into dangerous territory in his final days, and since he didn't have a chance to amend his will with a warning, he did so in his journal, leaving it in his chest in hopes that the PCs or his daughter would find it should his investigations take a tragic turn. The majority of the entries are relatively bland, accounting for day-to-day activities in a small town. The professor has circled several entries in the book with red ink, though, and it is these entries he wanted the PCs to pay

particular attention to. The final entry, dated 17 days ago, was written on the same day the Professor's body was found.

The entries are reproduced on the following page as Player Handout #1.

PART TWO: CRIMES NOT FORGOTTEN

Once the PCs have buried Professor Lorrिमor, heard his will, and looked through the strange books he left behind, they are free to do whatever they please in Ravengro—the stipulation in the will that they remain in town for a month might seem, at first, to be either too restrictive or a welcome vacation. In any event, there's plenty in Ravengro to keep a group of new adventurers intrigued and busy, for the growing influence of the ghosts of Harrowstone quickly makes Ravengro a dangerous place. Part Three of this adventure presents a number of events you can use, in any order, to establish the growing sense of the haunting of Harrowstone seeping into the village.

Lorrिमor's will, among other things, requires that the PCs remain in town for at least a month to ensure his daughter lands on her feet after his death. Yet not only are the strange events that are destined to unfold in Ravengro likely to capture PC curiosity, but the strange contents of Lorrिमor's journal should be too much for most PCs to ignore. At some point, the PCs should come to the conclusion that there's something strange going on in Ravengro, and that they need to know more about Harrowstone and how it came to burn down.

RUMORS AND RESEARCH

The following sections cover the topics of research that the PCs are most likely to pursue over the course of this adventure, either after learning about a topic from a local or from the professor's journal, after experiencing some of the haunting events in town, or simply as a result of curiosity. Each topic is followed by a series of skill check DCs—these checks can either be Diplomacy checks to gather information from the locals or Knowledge checks made while researching the topic.

Gathering Information: The citizens of Ravengro enjoy spreading their rumors, but they don't actually have much useful information about either Harrowstone or the Whispering Way. A Diplomacy check made to gather

CIRCLED ENTRIES IN THE PROFESSOR'S JOURNAL

Ten Years Ago:

The Whispering Way is more than just a cabal of necromancers. I see that now. Undeath is their fountain of youth. Uncovering their motivation does not place me at ease as I thought it might. Their desire to be eternal simply makes them more dangerous.

Two Months Ago:

It is as I had feared. The Way is interested in something here in Ravensgro. But what could it be?

One Month Ago:

Whatever the Way seeks, I am now convinced their goal is connected to Harrowstone. In retrospect, I suppose it all makes sense—the stories they tell about the ruins in town are certainly chilling enough. It may be time to investigate the ruins, but with everyone in town already being so worked up about them, I'd rather not let the others know about my curiosity—there's plenty of folks hereabouts who already think I'm a demonologist or a witch or something. Ignorant fools.

Twenty Days Ago:

It is confirmed. The Way seems quite interested in something—no, strike that—someone who was held in Harrowstone. But who, specifically, is the Way after? I need a list of everyone who died the night of the fire. Everyone. The Temple of Pharasma must have such a list.

Eighteen Days Ago:

I see now just how ill prepared I was when I last set out for the Harrowstone. I am lucky to have returned at all. The ghosts, if indeed they were ghosts (for I did not find it prudent to investigate further) prevented me from transcribing the strange symbols I found etched along the foundation—hopefully on my next visit I will be more prepared. Thankfully, the necessary tools to defend against spirits are already here in Ravensgro. I know that the church of Pharasma used to store them in a false crypt in the Restlands at the intersection between Everasleep and the Black Path. I am not certain if the current clergy even know of what their predecessors have hidden down below. If my luck holds, I should be able to slip in and out with a few borrowed items.

Seventeen Days Ago:

Tomorrow evening I return to the prison. It is imperative the Way does not finish. My caution has already cost me too much time. I am not sure what will happen if I am too late, but if my theory is right, the entire town could be at risk. I don't have time to update my will, so I'll leave this in the chest where it'll be sure to be found, should the worst come to pass.

Player Handout #1

information about Harrowstone or the Five Prisoners can only reveal results of DC 20 or lower, while checks made to gather information about the Whispering Way are limited to results of DC 15 or lower.

Research: Using a Knowledge check to research a topic allows the PCs two options—simply making the check to see what a character knows about the topic (this is a free action, but can only be attempted once per character), or spending a day looking through references, books, and other materials (this check can be attempted multiple times, but no more than once per day). There are four locations in Ravensgro that can be used to research—Kendra suggests all four, but warns the PCs that the locals might need some convincing before they allow strangers to use their libraries. Using any of these sites to research

information about Harrowstone or the Whispering Way allows a character to make Knowledge checks untrained (although doing so negates any bonus on skill checks the research site might provide).

The Lorrimer Place: Kendra offers to let the PCs use her father's personal library to research, free of charge and regardless of the PCs' current Trust point total. Lorrimer's library provides a +2 bonus on all Knowledge checks made to research the Whispering Way.

Ravengro Town Hall: The records kept at the town hall provide a +2 bonus on all Knowledge checks made to research Harrowstone or the Five Prisoners, but the town council normally does not allow visitors to use the building at all. A DC 25 Diplomacy check is enough to convince the council to let one PC use the site. Once

the PCs accumulate at least 31 Trust points, though, the council lets the entire party use the site for research.

Temple of Pharama: The temple of Pharama has extensive notes on the town's history, and is perhaps the best site for research. Using the temple's records grants a +4 bonus on all Knowledge checks made to research Harrowstone, the Five Prisoners, or the Whispering Way, but securing permission to use this site for research requires a DC 25 Diplomacy check or a Trust score of 30.

The Unfurling Scroll: This building is a combination schoolhouse and magic item shop run by one Alendru Ghoroven; using its small library provides a +2 bonus on all Knowledge checks made to research Harrowstone. It cannot be used to research the Whispering Way at all. Alendru asks for a 10 gp payment for each day that he allows anyone to use his school's resources, unless the PCs reach a Trust point total of 27, at which point he waives the fee and allows PCs to use the library free of charge.

XP Awards: Conducting research into the town's history also brings experience awards, as listed for each DC result below. Award these XP rewards only once—the first time these pieces of information are learned.

RESEARCH TOPIC: HARROWSTONE

Knowledge (history) and Knowledge (local) can be used to research Harrowstone.

DC 10 (50 XP): Harrowstone is a ruined prison—partially destroyed by a fire in 4661, the building has stood vacant ever since. The locals suspect that it's haunted, and don't enjoy speaking of the place.

DC 15 (100 XP): Harrowstone was built in 4594. Ravengro was founded at the same time as a place where guards and their families could live and that would produce food and other supplies used by the prison. The fire that killed all of the prisoners and most of the guards destroyed a large portion of the prison's underground eastern wing, but left most of the stone structure above relatively intact. The prison's warden perished in the fire, along with his wife, although no one knows why she was in the prison when the fire occurred. A statue commemorating the warden and the guards who lost their lives was built in the months after the tragedy—that statue still stands on the riverbank just outside of town.

DC 20 (200 XP): Most of the hardened criminals sent to Harrowstone spent only a few months imprisoned, for it was here that most of Ustlav's executions during that era were carried out. The fire that caused the tragedy was, in fact, a blessing in disguise, for the prisoners had rioted and gained control of the prison's dungeons immediately prior to the conflagration. It was only through the self-sacrifice of Warden Hawkran and 23 of his guards that the prisoners were prevented from escaping—the guards gave their lives to save the town of Ravengro.

DC 25 (400 XP): At the time Harrowstone burned, five particularly notorious criminals had recently arrived at the prison. While the commonly held belief is that the tragic fire began accidentally after the riot began, in fact the prisoners had already seized control of the dungeon and had been in command of the lower level for several hours before the fire. Warden Hawkran triggered a deadfall to seal the rioting prisoners in the lower level, but in so doing trapped himself and nearly two dozen guards. The prisoners were in the process of escaping when the panicked guards accidentally started the fire in a desperate attempt to end the riot.

RESEARCH TOPIC: WHISPERING WAY

Knowledge (arcana) and Knowledge (religion) can be used to research the Whispering Way.

DC 10 (50 XP): The Whispering Way is a sinister organization of necromancers that has been active in the Inner Sea region for thousands of years.

DC 15 (100 XP): Agents of the Whispering Way often seek alliances with undead creatures, or are themselves undead. The Whispering Way's most notorious member was Tar-Baphon, the Whispering Tyrant, although the society itself has existed much longer than even that mighty necromancer.

DC 20 (200 XP): The Whispering Way itself is a series of philosophies that can only be transferred via whispers—the philosophies are never written or spoken of loudly, making the exact goals and nature of the secretive philosophy difficult for outsiders to learn much about.

DC 25 (400 XP): Exact details on the society are difficult to discern, but chief among the Whispering Way's goals are discovering formulae for creating liches and engineering the release of the Whispering Tyrant. Agents often travel to remote sites or areas plagued by notorious haunts or undead menaces to perform field research or even to capture unique monsters. Their symbol is a gagged skull, and those who learn too many of the Way's secrets are often murdered, and their mouths mutilated to prevent their bodies from divulging secrets via *Speak with Dead*.

RESEARCH TOPIC: THE FIVE PRISONERS

Although the PCs might not initially realize the significance of the five prisoners central to the haunting of Harrowstone, as they research the prison, experience haunts and weird occurrences, or start to explore the old ruin, they'll begin to realize that these five criminals played an important role during the prison's final days. Knowledge (history) and Knowledge (local) checks can be used to research the Five Prisoners.

DC 15 (100 XP): Originally, Harrowstone housed only local criminals, but as the prison's fame spread, other counties and distant lands began paying to have more



dangerous criminals housed within this prison's walls. At the time of the great Harrowstone Fire, the number of particularly violent or dangerous criminals imprisoned within the dungeons below was at an all-time high.

DC 20 (200 XP): The five most notorious prisoners in Harrowstone at the time of the great fire were Father Charlatan, the Lopper, the Mosswater Marauder, the Piper of Illmarsh, and the Splatter Man.

DC 25: There are actually five separate DC 25 checks to be made—each of the five prisoners represents a different Knowledge check. The information gained depends on the prisoner being researched.

Father Charlatan (Sefick Corvin; 400 XP): Of the five notorious prisoners, only Father Charlatan was not technically a murderer, yet his crimes were so blasphemous that several churches demanded he be punished to the full extent of Ustalavic law. Although he claimed to be an ordained priest of any number of faiths, Father Corvin was in fact a traveling con artist who used faith as a mask and a means to bilk the faithful out of money in payment for false miracles or cures. He became known as Father Charlatan after his scheme was exposed and his Sczarni accomplices murdered a half-dozen city guards in an attempt to make good the group's escape.

The Lopper (Vance Saetressle; 400 XP): When the Lopper stalked prey, he would hide in the most unlikely of places, sometimes for days upon end with only a few supplies to keep him going while he waited for the exact right moment to strike. Once his target was alone, the Lopper would emerge to savagely behead his victim with a handaxe.

The Mosswater Marauder (Ispin Onyxcudgel; 400 XP): Only 5 years before his hometown of Mosswater was destined to be overrun and ruined by monsters from the nearby river, Ispin Onyxcudgel was a well-liked artisan and a doting husband. When he discovered his wife's infidelity, he flew into a jealous rage and struck her dead with his hammer, shattering her skull and his sanity with one murderous blow. Wracked with shame and guilt, Ispin became convinced that if he could rebuild his wife's skull she would come back to life—but unfortunately, he could not find the last blade-shaped fragment from the murder site. So instead, Ispin became the Mosswater Marauder. Over the course of several weeks, the cunning dwarf stalked and murdered nearly 20 people while searching for just the right skull fragment. He was captured just before murdering the daughter of a visiting nobleman from Varno, and was carted off to Harrowstone that same night.

The Piper of Illmarsh (real name unknown; 400 XP): Before he snatched his victims, the Piper taunted his targets with a mournful dirge on his flute. He preferred to paralyze lone victims by dosing their meals with lich dust and then allowed his pet stirges to drink the victims dry of blood.

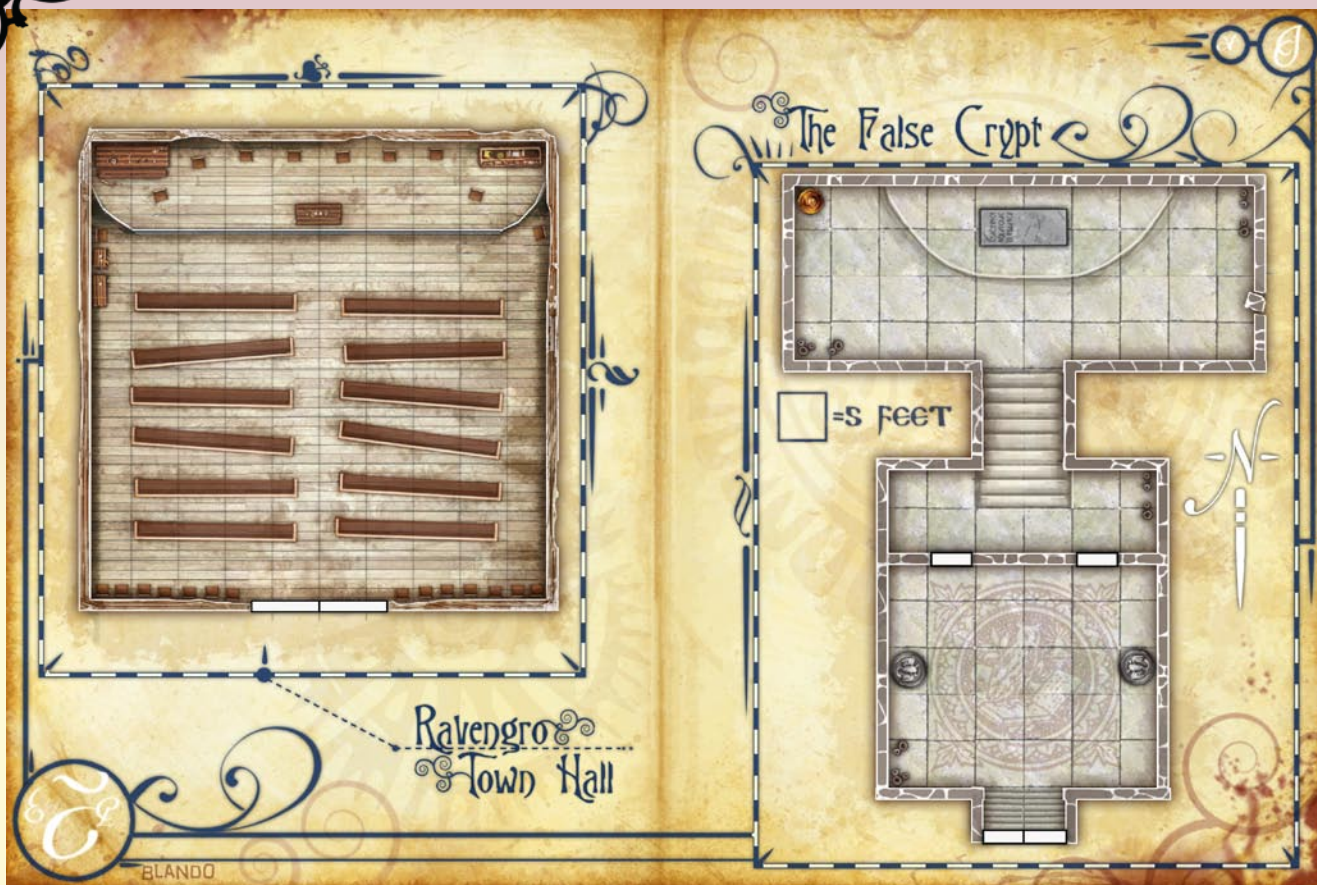
The Splatter Man (Hean Feramin; 400 XP): Professor Feramin was a celebrated scholar of Anthroponomastics (the study of personal names and their origins) at the Quartrefaux Archives in Caliphas. Yet an accidental association with a succubus twisted and warped his study, turning it into an obsession. Feramin became obsessed with the power of a name and how he could use it to terrify and control. Soon enough, his reputation was ruined, he'd lost his tenure, and he'd developed an uncontrollable obsession with an imaginary link between a person's name and what happens to that name when the person dies. Every few days, he would secretly arrange for his victim to find a letter from her name written in blood, perhaps smeared on a wall or spelled out with carefully arranged entrails. Once he had spelled his victim's name, he would at last come for her, killing her in a gory mess using a complex trap or series of rigged events meant to look like an accident.

RETURN TO THE RESTLANDS

There are two likely reasons for the PCs to return to the cemetery—they may wish to exhume Professor Lorrimer's body to examine the remains more closely to determine whether he was in fact slain by falling statuary, and they might wish to follow up on the clue in the professor's journal that references the hidden cache of "tools to defend against spirits" placed by the Pharasma church at the intersection of the Eversleep and the Black Path.

Exhuming the professor's body may sound like a good idea, but it's not. He was slain by a *phantasmal killer* spell—a murder method that leaves no obvious marks on the body. Any possible clues in the form of a face frozen in abject horror have long been obliterated by the falling statue the Whispering Way used to remove the opportunity to use *speak with dead* on the corpse. Only if the PCs carry out the ill-advised exhumation in secret can they avoid losing a point of Trust from rumors of necromancy and grave-robbing—even if they secure Kendra's permission to examine her father's grave (permission she reluctantly grants as long as the PCs aren't disrespectful when they ask).

If the PCs speak to the Church of Pharasma about the hidden cache, the priests are skeptical but not completely dismissive—it's certainly plausible that members of a previous hierarchy in the church hid several resources in a tomb, but there are no records of such a cache. How the church feels about the PCs investigating the cache and claiming the weapons depends on how much trust the PCs have built up. If the PCs have achieved 31 Trust points, the church allows them to seek out the cache—they trust that the PCs will put the items hidden there to good use. If the PCs have 26–30 points, the church will allow the PCs to investigate, but they'll send a pair of acolytes (both



1st level clerics) to supervise the investigation. If the PCs have 25 Trust points or fewer, the church won't allow them to investigate—in this case, the church sends out a few acolytes to look into the cache, but they fail to find any evidence of a stash. If the PCs reach a higher level of trust at a later point and ask again for permission, the church grants it as appropriate. Alternatively, a DC 27 Diplomacy check allows the PCs to secure permission to investigate the site on their own.

If the PCs decide to bypass the church entirely and seek out the false crypt in the Restlands on their own, they may be observed if they investigate by day. Unless everyone in the expedition makes a DC 15 Stealth check, there's a flat 50% chance that other villagers visiting the Restlands or Restlands gravediggers on patrol observe the PCs and report their activity to the church. Agents of the church seek out the PCs soon thereafter to ask them what they were doing—a DC 20 Bluff check (or the above-mentioned DC 27 Diplomacy check) can satisfy the church that the PCs were not engaged in some nefarious activity—otherwise the PCs lose 2 points of Trust. This increases to a loss of 5 points of Trust if the church learns that the PCs effectively stole church property from the false crypt (even though the church had no idea that the cache existed).

THE FALSE CRYPT (CR 1)

The false crypt mentioned in the professor's journal is located in the northeast corner of the Restlands, near the junction of the paths known as the Eversleep and the Black Path. The crypt itself is a freestanding granite mausoleum, the roof of which is decorated with a pair of leering gargoyle statues. A single stone door with a rusty-looking lock sits in the mausoleum's south facade, but an examination of the lock (DC 12 Perception check) reveals that the lock is broken, its clasp melted by acid and then put back into place so that to casual observation the lock appears intact. (Professor Lorrimor used a few vials of acid to disable the lock several weeks ago, then arranged it upon his exit to look like it had never been broken.)

Within, a flight of stone steps leads down into the cold earth to a large crypt lined with empty niches—no dead are interred here, though Church records report that the crypt was one of the first filled in Ravengro's early days. No one but professor Lorrimor has been into this chamber for several decades, and his tracks remain obvious in the dust and dirt of the floor to anyone who makes a DC 15 Perception check. A DC 18 Survival check allows a character to follow the faint line of tracks to a single large sarcophagus that sits in the deepest part of

the crypt. It is within this sarcophagus that the hidden cache the professor wrote about is located.

Creatures: The crypt has been the den of a group of giant centipedes for many months. The vermin come and go via narrow cracks in the walls—when the professor visited, he had the good fortune to arrive at a point where the creatures were elsewhere, but when the PCs arrive, the two giant centipedes are due to return at any moment. Have the vermin scuttle into the room via some of the narrow cracks at a point where you feel the tension of the moment is at its greatest—it's best if the centipedes enter a part of the false crypt currently unoccupied by the PCs so they can attempt to sneak down to attack with surprise. A giant centipede that is damaged immediately tries to flee the area back through the same crack by which it entered the crypt.

GIANT CENTIPEDES (2)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 5 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 43)

Treasure: Although Professor Lorrimer has already raided the cache, he didn't take all of the tools kept here—a fair amount of useful material remains, including a dozen silver arrows, four sun rods, six flasks of holy water, 10 +1 arrows, five +1 ghost touch arrows, two +1 undead bane arrows, five potions of cure light wounds, two potions of lesser restoration, a scroll of detect undead, two scrolls of hide from undead, a scroll of protection from evil, and a thin darkwood case decorated with an image of a scarab with a single eye glaring from its back—the same design that appears on the cover of the *Manual of the Order of the Palatine Eye* among the books in the professor's collection. The darkwood case is worth 50 gp, and contains three objects of interest—a spirit board with a brass spirit planchette, and four iron and glass vials containing tiny, churning clouds of vapor. The vials sit in velvet-lined indentations to the left of the spirit board and planchette, along with six empty indentions—the professor made off with most of the vials but left these four behind. The six vials are all valuable magic items called *haunt siphons*.

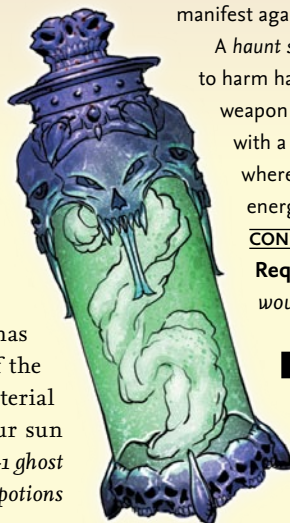
HAUNT SIPHON

Aura faint necromancy; CL 3rd

Slot none; Price 400 gp; Weight 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

These glass vials are held within stylized cold-iron casings etched with strange runes, necromantic designs, or other eldritch markings. Within the vial roils a small wisp of white vapor, churning as if caught in a miniature vortex of air.



Haunt Siphon

To capture a haunt's energies within a *haunt siphon*, you need only twist the metal casing to open the vial in the same round that the haunt manifests (a standard action)—this can be before or after the haunt has acted. You must be within the haunt's area of influence to use a *haunt siphon*. When you activate a *haunt siphon*, it deals 3d6 points of positive energy damage to a single haunt. If it deals enough damage to the haunt to reduce the haunt's hit points to 0, the mist inside the *haunt siphon* glows green—if it does not reduce the haunt to 0 hit points, the *haunt siphon* is still expended and becomes nonmagical. It may take multiple *haunt siphons* to destroy powerful haunts. A haunt that is neutralized by a *haunt siphon* takes a –5 penalty on its caster level check to manifest again after its reset time passes.

A *haunt siphon* that neutralizes a haunt can no longer be used to harm haunts, but it can be used as a grenadelike splash weapon that deals 1d6 points of negative energy damage with a direct hit. Every creature within 5 feet of the point where the *haunt siphon* hits takes 1 point of negative energy damage from the splash.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, cure moderate wounds, gentle repose; **Cost** 200 gp

SPIRIT PLANCHETTE

Aura moderate divination; CL 9th

Slot none; Price 4,000 gp (brass planchette), 10,000 gp (cold iron planchette), 18,000 gp (silver planchette); Weight 5 lbs.

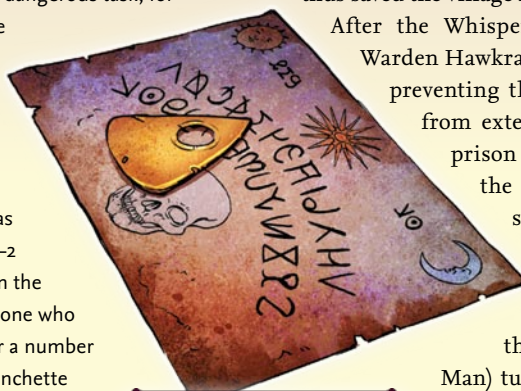
DESCRIPTION

A *spirit planchette* is typically found in a wooden case along with a thin wooden board printed with numerous letters and numbers. Nonmagical versions of these divination tools can be purchased in curiosity shops (typically costing 25 gp); while these items can be used as alternative components for augury spells, only magical *spirit planchettes* allow users to communicate with the other side. Three types of *spirit planchettes* exist—brass, cold iron, and silver. Each in turn allows an increasingly potent form of divination effect to be utilized. A *spirit planchette* requires a board to move upon, but this “board” can be made up of letters scribed upon any smooth surface—it need not be a prepared board for a *spirit planchette* to work.

To use a *spirit planchette*, you must rest your fingers lightly upon the planchette's surface and then concentrate on the planchette (as if maintaining a spell with a duration of concentration) for 2d6 rounds while the planchette attunes itself to the ambient spirits of the area. After this time, the planchette begins to slowly slide in random patterns across the board—at this point, questions may be asked of the spirits by any of the individuals involved in the séance. The consequences of each question asked of the spirits depends upon what type of planchette is used for the divination, as summarized on the table

below. The spirits reply in a language understood by the character who asked the question, but resent such contact and give only brief answers to the questions. All questions are answered with “yes,” “no,” or “maybe,” or by spelling out a single word from the letters arranged on the board. The spirits answer each question either in the same round the question is asked (in the case of a yes, no, or maybe answer) or at a rate of one letter per round (in the case of a single word being spelled out). A *spirit planchette* may be used once per day—the maximum number of questions you can ask with it depends on the type of planchette being used (as detailed on the table below).

Communication with spirits can be a dangerous task, for many spirits are jealous or hateful of the living. Every time a *spirit planchette* is used, the user must succeed on a Will save to avoid being temporarily possessed and harmed by the angry spirits. In some areas where the spirits are particularly violent or hateful (such as in Harrowstone), this Will save takes a –2 penalty. The DC of this save depends on the type of *spirit planchette* being used. Anyone who fails the Will save becomes confused for a number of rounds (depending on the type of planchette being used), and no answer is received. The spirits in the area are not omniscient—the GM should decide whether or not the spirits would actually know the answer to the question asked, and if they do not, the answer granted is automatically “maybe.” If the GM determines that the spirits are knowledgeable about the answer, roll d% to determine whether the spirits speak truthfully or whether they lie.



Spirit Planchette

SPIRIT PLANCHETTES

Planchette Type	Questions per Use	Will save DC	Confusion Duration	True Answer	Lie
Brass	1	11	1 round	01–60	61–100
Cold Iron	3	15	2 rounds	01–75	76–100
Silver	5	19	3 rounds	01–90	91–100

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *contact other plane, speak with dead*; **Cost** 2,000 gp (brass spirit planchette), 5,000 gp (cold iron spirit planchette), 9,000 gp (silver spirit planchette)

PART THREE: STRANGE DAYS IN RAVENGRO

During the PCs’ stay in Ravengro, the magnitude and severity of these haunt-influenced events upon the people of the town increase. Left unopposed, the haunts of Harrowstone eventually consume the sanity of everyone in Ravengro, and the town descends into a nightmare of

murder, suicide, and violence that could transform the settlement, quite literally, into a ghost town.

EVENT 1: MONUMENTAL DESECRATIONS (CR 2)

This event occurs on the first night of the adventure, then repeats every 1d4+2 nights thereafter.

After the Harrowstone fire in 4661, the town of Ravengro built a stone memorial in honor of the guards who gave their lives preventing the prisoners from escaping and thus saved the village from a night of even worse violence.

After the Whispering Way captured the ghost of Warden Hawkran and removed the greatest barrier preventing the unquiet spirits of Harrowstone from extending their influence beyond the prison grounds, this monument is among the first targets of the haunts, for the spirits’ combined hatred of the warden and his guards remains all but overwhelming.

As a result, the strongest of the spirits (the ghost of the Splatter Man) turns its attentions to this memorial as soon as it can reach past the prison walls to influence the world beyond. The initial victim of this attention is none other than

Gibs Hephenuus, the man responsible for rousing an angry mob to try to prevent the burial of Professor Lorrिमor. After this failed attempt and some chastisement by the sheriff, Gibs skulked back to his shack on the southern edge of town—which just happens to be one of the closest buildings to the old prison grounds. He is the first human who succumbs to the Splatter Man’s dream whisper (see page 53), becoming the ghost’s mortal agent that very night.

At 1:00 A.M., when Gibs’s dreaming mind is at its most vulnerable, the Splatter Man plants a complex suggestion in the retired farmer’s mind, forcing him to rise from his slumber and perform a number of vile tasks. The first of these is to sneak into a nearby farm, slaughter an animal, and collect its blood in a wineskin—on the first night, Gibs catches and kills a large rat, but as the adventure progresses and he repeats this ritual, feel free to have him “upgrade” to a cat, a dog, a pig, or even a cow or horse. Once the blood is gathered, he marches up the hill to the Harrowstone Memorial at area O (page 63), where he uses the blood to write a “V” at the statue’s base. He then uses the leftover blood to splatter the rest of the statue and the surrounding area, after which the ghost marches Gibs back to his home and lets him go back to sleep.

Gibs awakens feeling strangely exhausted after such a night, but retains no memories of his actions. He won’t find



the bloodstained war razor or waterskin hidden outside behind his shack (area Q, page 63) under a pile of firewood anytime soon, and his reaction of shock to the news of the memorial's desecration is legitimate. Characters who search his shack for clues can find the hidden waterskin and razor with a DC 22 Perception check.

As the nights wear on, Gibs makes additional trips to desecrate the memorial, scrawling a new letter in blood at the statue's base at the rate of one per event, gradually spelling out the name "VESORIANNA" by the end of the tenth visit. The Splatter Man knows that the spirit of Vesorianna Hawkan, once the warden's wife, is the only thing remaining in Harrowstone that prevents the prison's evil spirits from escaping completely, and has thus made the destruction of Vesorianna's ghost his primary goal. Following his method of murder and terror from life, the Splatter Man intends to spell out Vesorianna's name on the memorial—with each letter, his power over the other ghost grows. If he manages to spell her name completely, the Splatter Man can use his gathered power to strike at Vesorianna directly, and in so doing he defeats the last barrier at Harrowstone containing the evil within. Although the PCs are unlikely to realize it, this puts the adventure on a very real time limit—that Vesorianna's name is, fortunately, a long one, and that the Splatter Man can only possess Gibs once every 1d4+2 days gives them, at minimum, 30 days to prevent this doom from occurring.

Although his trips to the monument occur after random intervals, it should become apparent soon enough that the desecrations are not isolated events—that they'll keep occurring unless someone steps in to intervene. While influenced by the Splatter Man, Gibs takes care to try to hide his tracks and won't desecrate the monument if he sees guards watching over it—instead, he'll shift the target of his desecration to one of several other sites—the main entrance to the Restlands, the gazebo in the town square, the town hall, or the home of one of the four town council members. It's a DC 25 Survival check to follow Gibs's trail from the site of a desecration back to his shack.

If the PCs don't intervene, one of Sheriff Caeller's deputies confronts Gibs on the seventh night as the possessed man is scribing his seventh letter—a fight ensues, and while Gibs is wounded, he manages to slaughter the sheriff and both deputies. The next morning, the deputies' bodies are found at the monument, causing the PCs to lose 3 points of Trust. Tracking Gibs back to his home after this event is easier now because Gibs bled most of the way home—it's only a DC 18 Survival check to track him to his home after this turn of events.

Creature: While it's possible for the PCs to encounter Gibs on one of his nightly excursions simply by chance, it's more likely for the PCs to encounter him if they lie in wait at that night's target for desecration. As Gibs

approaches the site, allow him to make a Perception check against the PCs' Stealth checks—if he notices any of the PCs lying in wait, he diverts to an alternative site for that night. Likewise, as he approaches, allow the PCs to notice him with their own Perception checks against his Stealth check. If they notice Gibs (or manage to ambush him), the old man roars in a shockingly deep and powerful voice, "You shall not prevent our escape! The woman will die again!" before attacking the PCs.

GIBS HEPHENUS

CR 2

XP 600

Male old human warrior 4

NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; **Senses** Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10 (+1 Dex, +1 dodge)

hp 34 (4d10+8)

Fort +4, **Ref** +2, **Will** +2

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee war razor +5 (1d4+1/18–20) or
unarmed strike +5 (1d3+1)

TACTICS

During Combat Whether he's being influenced by the Splatter Man or not, Gibs fights tenaciously, slashing at foes with his war razor or punching if unarmed. Somewhat of a misogynist, he focuses his attacks on women first, particularly those who seem to him to be attempting to "be men" (heavily armored women or those wielding two-handed weapons).

Morale While under the Splatter Man's influence, Gibs fights to the death; otherwise he flees or surrenders if reduced to fewer than 12 hit points.

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 13, **Con** 11, **Int** 14, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 17

Feats Dodge, Improved Unarmed Strike, Toughness

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

Languages Common, Dwarven, Varisian

Gear war razor, waterskin

Development: The PCs can significantly delay the Splatter Man's plan to destroy Vesorianna's ghost by taking Gibs from him. Killing Gibs is the most obvious solution (although this could allow Gibs to be animated as a zombie later, during Event 4), but isn't the only solution. If the PCs manage to defeat Gibs without killing him, or if they discover that he's behind the desecrations while the old man isn't under the ghost's control (such as by tracking him back to his shack and finding the bloody razor and waterskin), he can be imprisoned in the Ravengro Jail. The next night he falls under the Splatter

Story Award: If the PCs manage to stop the desecrations without killing Gibs, award them an additional 1,200 XP above and beyond what they earned for defeating

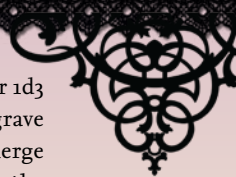
A group of five little Varisian girls dressed in shawls and dresses are playing a skipping rope game at the side of the road. Each of the girls takes turns jumping in the rope while singing two lines of a rather disturbing song, then skips out of the rope to let the next girl take up the next two lines. The way in which the girls switch from skipping to passing the ends of the rope to each other to keep the whole thing going is strikingly well timed and well choreographed—and the verse itself, which the girls sing in Varisian, is rather disturbing. The five repeating verses are as follows:

Listen close or you will die.

If the PCs get the children to talk, they unfortunately have little to say about the rhyme they were singing—it's just something the children in Ravengro have sung "forever." In truth, the song came to popularity a few decades ago—the rhymes refer to five infamous killers who died in the Harrowstone Fire, but it's unlikely that the



Gibs Hephenus



PCs will make this connection until after they start to investigate the prison's history.

Story Award: Befriending the children earns the PCs 1 Trust point. Frightening them off costs them 1 Trust point. Award 100 XP to the party whenever they connect the five verses of this poem to the five killers in Harrowstone (the Lopper, the Piper of Ilmarsh, the Splatter Man, the Mosswater Marauder, and Father Charlatan respectively).

EVENT 3: HUNGRY STIRGES (CR 1)

This strange event can occur anytime the PCs are near a group of musicians, such as in a tavern or while shopping in the town square near the central gazebo. Alternatively, you can have this event occur at any point when one of the player characters makes a Perform check or uses a bardic performance.

Creatures: The Piper of Ilmarsh poisoned his victims and then fed them to his pet stirges. As this adventure progresses and the spirits trapped in Harrowstone grow stronger, the Piper's influence reaches out to "infect" a pair of stirges that dwells in the deeper woods nearby. These blood-drinking pests buzz into town, but do not attack—they remain hidden in the eaves of roofs until they hear music, at which point they swoop down to attack, mistaking the sound of song for the Piper's call.

The stirges do not attack the source of the music, for they interpret that to be the Piper. Instead, they attack nearby targets—the PCs. The two creatures seem strangely manic and eager to attack, and gain a +4 bonus on their Initiative checks as a result. During the fight, a PC who makes a DC 15 Perform check notes that the creature's wings and motions seem weirdly choreographed to the music, as if they were moving to the rhythm. Once the music stops (if the source is from NPCs, they cease playing music at the end of the first round of combat after noticing the stirges and flee in panic), the stirges become confused for 1 round, after which they continue to attack normally, fighting to the death (or until full).

STIRGES (2) CR 1/2
XP 200 each
hp 5 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 260)

EVENT 4: RESTLESS DEAD (CR 1/3 TO 1)

This event can occur at any time after the PCs have encountered at least two other events. This event can occur multiple times. If possible, stage this first event to occur when the PCs are in the Restlands.

Creatures: As the power of the Harrowstone haunts grows, the eldritch energy begins to seep into the Restlands, awakening the dead and compelling them to seek out living victims. These undead are mindless but eager to

kill—each time you run this event, it consists of either 1d3 human skeletons or 1d2 human zombies, caked with grave dirt and worms. If the PCs don't see the undead emerge from a grave, it's only a DC 12 Survival check to follow the undead monsters' tracks back to their empty graves.

You can run this event multiple times, as long as bodies remain in the Restlands to animate. Extreme reactions by the PCs (such as exhuming every body in the graveyard and burning the remains) can halt this event from occurring, but such a grisly solution will cost the PCs 5 Trust points.

How you stage these events is up to you, but you should strive to present them in frightening, unique ways. Some examples are listed below.

First Rising: The PCs are in the Restlands when whoever makes the highest Perception check notices a grave suddenly bulge, just before its undead occupant emerges from the dirt.

Not so Drunk: A PC sees what appears to be a drunk or sick man huddled in an alleyway. If he goes to help, allow the PC a DC 15 Perception check to notice the stench in time; otherwise the zombie gets a free attack on the PC in a surprise round as soon as the PC attempts to offer aid.

The Professor's Return: While at Kendra's home, a slow knock on the door summons either her or a PC. Standing upon the front stoop is none other than Professor Lorrimor, now animated as a zombie and eager to murder his once-loved daughter.

HUMAN SKELETON CR 1/3
XP 135
hp 4 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 250)

HUMAN ZOMBIE CR 1/2
XP 200
hp 12 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 288)

EVENT 5. SMOLDERING REVENGE (CR 2)

As the magnitude of eerie events in Ravengro grows, the town's citizens begin growing increasingly nervous and frightened. The town council calls for a meeting at the town hall to discuss the citizens' fears and address possible solutions, hoping that such a display of authority will calm everyone down and buy some time—perhaps enough for a messenger to reach one of the larger neighboring cities for help. Unfortunately, the large gathering attracts the attention of the ghostly inmates, and they focus all of their growing power on the town hall. The spirits sense an opportunity for revenge on the villagers, using the same tactics that their ancestors employed 50 years ago.

If the PCs have reached 26 Trust points, they are invited to the meeting. If the PCs have reached 31 Trust points, then



they become the town council's solution—the councilors hope to present the PCs as heroes they've hired to solve the town's problems. Even if the PCs aren't invited to the meeting, they should learn of it from someone they've befriended in the city—at the very least, Kendra can tell them of the meeting and encourages them to attend.

When the meeting begins at sunset, the town hall is packed to standing room only, with over 60 villagers inside the building's central meeting room and many more gathered in the hall outside. Everyone demands solutions and shares reports of their own eerie encounters until the councilors enter the room and move up to the podium to address the crowd (bringing the PCs to stand with them if they've decided to use the PCs as their solution). The mob grows quiet as Councilman Hearthmount begins to speak, assuring the citizens that they are looking into solutions. If they haven't already offered the PCs as that solution, this is a great chance for the PCs to step in and volunteer to solve the problem—with a DC 15 Diplomacy check, the council agrees. Of course, the townsfolk have questions of their own. Even if the PCs have managed

to become trusted in town, many citizens worry that the events are more than strangers can handle. As the meeting goes on, the townsfolk should grow more and more vocal as their panic begins to creep back in.

It's at this point that things go particularly badly, for the gathering of townsfolk proves too succulent a target for the growing influence of Harrowstone. The eldritch energies reach down into the town and seep into the numerous lanterns that light the hall, causing them to suddenly explode into bursts of burning oil that douses the surrounding walls, lighting the room on fire and causing the townsfolk to truly panic.

The best way to handle this event is to draw out the meeting room and have the players place their characters where they wish—if the council plans on using them as the solution, they should be standing upon the northern stage—otherwise, they're somewhere in the auditorium. Once the PCs have been placed, use markers or miniatures to place the four council members on the stage, another to place Sheriff Caeller near the doors to the room, and then a number of markers to represent the townsfolk



themselves (the total number placed is up to you, but keep in mind that the more villagers you place, the more dangerous the encounter becomes).

When the fire begins, it starts at the five locations marked on the map (see page 18)—each of these locations represents an oil lamp that one of the five primary spirits of Harrowstone targets to start the fire. Any character standing in this square must make a DC 15 Reflex save to avoid taking 1d6 points of fire damage. Any townsfolk in a fire square are automatically reduced to –1 hit points, and at the end of a second round spent in a fire square, they die. For the sake of ease, assume that any townsfolk pulled from a burning square before this point are automatically stabilized and saved from death.

Have the PCs make initiative checks. At the start of each round, all five fires grow by 1 square, each spreading into 1 adjacent square—fires that merge are thereafter treated as one fire for the purposes of this spread. Determine the square into which the fire spreads randomly among the available squares. At the end of each round, all of the villagers move 3 squares toward the exit, away from the fires, but only one villager marker can be in a square at a time. No villagers attempt to pull burning kin from the fires, but available council members or the sheriff will do so when the villagers move, if they can.

The PCs have several options in this event—the most likely options are listed below.

Flee: A PC can simply flee the fire, moving through crowded squares at half speed.

Fight Fires: A PC can fight a fire in an adjacent square by beating the fire with a cloak or tapestry (such as the tapestries that hang on the walls of the room) by making a DC 12 combat maneuver check. Using magic to fight the fire (such as by casting *create water* or enlisting the aid of an unseen servant) grants a +4 bonus on this check. With a successful check, the fire in that square is extinguished, but the square can still catch on fire as normal in a later round.

Direct the Crowd: By making a DC 15 Diplomacy check (full-round action) or a DC 20 Intimidate check, a PC can direct the panicked crowd to the exit, allowing the villagers to move 6 squares per round toward the exit.

Save the Townsfolk: As long as she is in an adjacent square, a PC can save a townsfolk from a fire square by picking the victim up as a standard action. A single PC can only carry (or drag) one townsfolk at a time, but once the PC does so, that townsfolk automatically stabilizes and is not in danger of dying from the fire unless the PC carrying him falls unconscious or unless the townsfolk is dropped in or left in a burning square.

These rules are an abbreviated version of the burning building rules presented in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #30—you can use those rules instead if you'd rather

have a more detailed system for the fire that includes additional rules on smoke inhalation, the spread of the flames, and fighting the fires. Keep in mind that adding additional dangers (like smoke inhalation) may make this encounter too much for low-level characters—you know your players and their skill level, so make sure you adjust things as appropriate for your game.

Creatures: As if dealing with a burning building weren't already dangerous enough, a few rounds after this event begins, the windows along the northern wall shatter as a pair of flying, flaming human skulls shriek into the chamber. Compelled to make their way down from area S18 of Harrowstone by the prison's haunts, these two undead skulls attack the closest target every round, fighting until destroyed.

FLAMING SKULLS (2)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 5 each (see page 82)

Development: After this event, the townsfolk of Ravengro go from merely being nervous to being downright frightened. At this point, the town council seeks to hire the PCs to solve Ravengro's problems—they offer a reward of 500 gp per character if the PCs can do the job before the town is completely overwhelmed.

Story Award: If the PCs manage to extinguish all of the fire squares, they save the town hall from burning to the ground—award them 3 Trust points and 800 XP. If the PCs manage to direct the crowd or save at least one townsfolk during this event, award them 1 Trust point and 400 XP. Each townsfolk who dies in the fire costs the PCs 1 Trust point. If the town hall burns to the ground, the PCs lose 2 Trust points, and lose the town hall as a possible research location.

PART FOUR: HARROWSTONE

The exploration of Harrowstone and the confrontation with the spirits and creatures that dwell within take up the remainder of this adventure. Allow the PCs to set their own pace when they explore this haunted prison—there are plenty of dangers to endure within the prison grounds, after all, and as low-level as they are, the PCs shouldn't feel pressured into completing their duties in Harrowstone on a single trip.

HARROWSTONE FEATURES

Harrowstone is located on a barren hill south of the city of Ravengro, the stark, sagging roof of its central structure visible through a large gap in the surrounding wall. A partially overgrown track leads from the southern edge of town, winding around the base of the hill and then back

up along its southern slope to the prison itself. The prison consists of four distinct areas, each with its own features.

Prison Grounds: Harrowstone's grounds are contained within a crumbling stone wall, the eastern portion of which has fallen away into a huge sinkhole that formed when the extensive eastern wing of the prison dungeon collapsed after the dreadful fire of 4661—this collapse took with it the prison graveyard, which now lies in ruins at the bottom of the murky pond that filled the sinkhole.

Ground Floor: The fire didn't do much damage to most of the ground floor, save in the northeastern corner, but over the last 50 years of neglect, the prison has grown quite moldy and filthy. The walls are stone, and while the majority of the wooden supports are rotten, the building remains relatively sound. Unless otherwise specified, all ceilings are 12 feet high. Doors on this level (unless specifically mentioned to be otherwise) are made of wood, and hang rotten on their hinges. Opening a door requires a DC 13 Strength check made as a standard action, with success causing the old door to fall from its hinges.

Upper Floor: The upper floor can be entered via the stairs at area **S10**, or by climbing up an exterior wall (DC 20 Climb check) to clamber through one of the many holes in the roof above. Unless otherwise specified, all ceilings are 12 feet in height. Wooden doors hang askew here as on the ground floor unless otherwise noted.

Dungeon: Harrowstone's dungeon has brick-lined walls supported by a combination of wooden and stone infrastructure. These supports burned away in the dungeon's eastern wing back in 4661, resulting in the collapse of the eastern cellblock. The chambers that remain were used primarily to house the most dangerous criminals. Ceiling height averages 8 feet, and there is no natural illumination save in area **H20** during the day. All of the surviving doors on this level are metal or stone, but the ever-present damp has left the metal elements badly rusted—breaking down doors on this level is possible with a DC 20 Strength check unless otherwise noted.

R1. COURTYARD TOWER DOORS

A sagging wood and metal gate set between a pair of stone guard towers once barred entrance into Harrowstone, but the gates now hang negligently open, creaking softly in what wind touches the ruined bars.

The stone wall that surrounds most of the prison grounds is covered with creeping ivy, and the blocks beneath that growth are eroded. Climbing the walls requires a DC 10 Climb check. The walls themselves are 20 feet high. The first PC to enter the Harrowstone grounds has a sudden rush of claustrophobia and the split-second

sensation that her skin is on fire. This sensation causes the character to become shaken for 2d4 minutes if she fails a DC 12 Will save. This is a mind-affecting fear effect that only occurs once.

R2. OBSERVATION TOWERS (CR 2)

An old stone tower, its wooden roof collapsed and its crumbling walls thick with ivy, extends a further ten feet above the twenty-foot-high wall here.

Creature: While the southernmost tower is empty, the westernmost one is infested by a swarm of particularly large rats. Even a casual observation of the tower from afar reveals a dozen or so of the filthy creatures watching from nooks and crannies in the stones; their fur is matted and filthy, their eyes dark and hungry. If anyone approaches within 15 feet of the tower, the rats begin reacting, chittering and squeaking ominously as more and more clamber into view. They attack anyone who comes within 5 feet of the tower, but do not pursue foes into the prison grounds.

RAT SWARM

CR 2

XP 600

hp 16 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 232)

R3. WARDEN'S HOUSE

This small brick manor house is overgrown with thick sheets of gray-green ivy. The roof sags ominously, and the front door hangs askew.

Once the home of Warden Lyvar Hawkran and his wife Vesorianna, this building was spared damage from the fire of 4661, but time has not been kind to it. Looters have long since pilfered the place of its valuables, so all that remains is a house nearly ready to collapse. A DC 15 Knowledge (engineering) check or a DC 20 Perception check reveals that the house is unstable. An attempt to explore it fully would take 10 minutes—each minute, there is a cumulative 10% chance of the activity within the building triggering a partial collapse of falling timbers or bricks. Each time this occurs, 1d3 of the PCs within the structure or in an adjacent square must make a DC 15 Reflex save to avoid taking 1d6 points of damage from falling debris.

R4. HARROWSTONE FACADE

A two-story stone building looms in the center of the prison grounds. Ivy and moss cling tenaciously to the walls, while above the wooden shingles of the roof are often missing entirely, exposing the wooden rafters of the upper structure

THE HAUNTING OF HARROWSTONE



to the sky. Here and there, leering stone gargoyles perch on the eaves, once functioning as drainspouts and decorations but now seeming almost to serve a more ominous role of sentinels. Many of these stone decorations have crumbled away and lie in ruined piles on the soggy ground below. Windows in the building's facade are narrow and blocked by grills of rusty iron bars. Stone columns support a slumping wooden balcony over the building's wooden front doors, both of which hang askew and reveal dark glimpses of chambers within.

The front entrance to Harrowstone is detailed at area S1. The balcony above is unsound, as a DC 15 Knowledge (engineering) or a DC 20 Perception check reveals. Every round a Medium creature (or two Small creatures) stand on the balcony, there's a 25% chance the wood gives way. In this case, any creature on the balcony or in area S1 must make a DC 15 Reflex save to avoid taking 1d6 points of damage from the fall or from falling rubble.

R5. THE WHISPERING RUNES

A DC 15 Perception check made by anyone who wanders the perimeter of the central building (or a DC 5 Perception check made by anyone who investigates the building's foundation) reveals something curious. The ivy and grass

have been cleared along the edge where the foundation meets the ground, and along this edge a series of sinuous runes has been etched and then smeared with blood. The runes go around the entire building's foundation save for the northeast corner, where part of the building has flooded and the foundation has crumbled away.

These runes are all that remains of the Whispering Way's ritual to capture and imprison Warden Hawkran's ghost. The fact that a portion of the ruins was unsuitable for holding runes made the task particularly difficult, but they managed the feat anyway, trapping the ghost in a special container and leaving the area all but unprotected from the malignant spirits within. Since that time, the haunting has grown more and more dangerous.

The runes themselves are written in Varisian, and among numerous magical incantations, repeat the name Lyvar Hawkran dozens of times. Although the runes no longer radiate magic, a DC 20 Knowledge (arcana or religion) check is enough to determine that they seem to have been part of a larger ritual that involved both abjuration and necromantic magic. Determining that the runes were used to capture and imprison Warden Hawkran's ghost requires a DC 30 Knowledge (arcana) check—likely beyond the capabilities of the PCs for now,



Headsman's Scythe

but if they take notes on the runes (a task that requires an hour of work by someone who can speak Varisian) or come back here at a later date, they can determine this whenever they gain enough ranks in that skill and make a successful check at some point in the future.

R6. WEST BALCONY (CR 2)

A large, rectangular block of stone rests on this weather-beaten stone balcony, while ruined wooden benches line the eastern wall under a row of tiny, barred windows above. A stout wooden door sits in the wall near the northern end of the balcony.

Fifty years ago, this balcony is where the majority of the prison's executions took place, in full view of the westernmost cells in area **T4** above. Harrowstone's traditional method of execution was by the scythe, rather than the standard axe—although the result of such executions (decapitation) was the same. The use of a scythe for executions was a notorious aspect of Harrowstone, one of the many that contributed to the prison's infamy.

The door in the wall leads to area **T4b**, but is quite stout and locked (hardness 5, hp 20, Break DC 25, Disable Device 30).

Creature: Even before the fire, the west balcony had built something of a reputation of being haunted. Today, the balcony resonates with the hopelessness of hundreds of executed prisoners—it is not the headsman's ghost that haunts this place (he was among the many guards who perished in the dungeons below during the fire), but the vengeful spirits of those he beheaded over the years. These spirits are swift to manifest as soon as any living creature intrudes upon the balcony, appearing as a ghostly set of skeletal arms wielding a rusty scythe—the same scythe once used by the headsman himself. The animated scythe fights to the death, pursuing foes throughout the Harrowstone grounds but not beyond its walls.

HEADSMAN'S SCYTHE

CR 2

XP 600

Animated object (see page 80)

N Small construct

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Perception** –5

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 12, flat-footed 17 (+1 Dex, +6 natural, +1 size)

hp 21 (2d10+10)

Fort +0, **Ref** +1, **Will** –5

Defensive Abilities hardness 10; **Immune** construct traits

Weaknesses haunted

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee scythe +3 (2d4/×4)

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 12, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 1, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 12

SQ construction points (haunted, metal)

R7. EAST BALCONY (CR 1/2)

The northern portion of this balcony has crumbled away into a pile of rubble amid the gently rippling waters of a dark pool of water. Ivy hangs down from the walls in thick, matted lengths, while dense tangles of vines decorated with deep red and violet flowers adorn the balcony's edges above.

The stairs that once led up to this balcony, originally used as a guard post, long ago crumbled into the pond. Access to the balcony requires a DC 10 Climb check to climb the 15-foot-high wall—the crumbled section of wall to the northeast leads to area **S19** on the ground floor. Area **T2** on the second floor is accessible from the balcony, although reaching area **T2** from the balcony requires a DC 10 Jump or Acrobatics check to move across the crumbling ledges that connect the two areas.

Creature: The “ivy” growing along the east edge of the balcony is anything but—a dangerous flowering plant

known as a xtabay grows amid the innocuous ivy here, its vibrant flowers a colorful lure. Anyone attempting to climb the wall under the carnivorous plant triggers the release of the plant's soporific pollen upon coming within 10 feet—the good news for those who succumb while climbing is that they fall away from the plant's devouring reach.

XTABAY CR 1/2
XP 200
hp 8 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 289)

Treasure: Amid the tangle of ivy against the east wall lies a gnome's skeleton—a long-dead would-be looter who fell victim to the xtabay years ago. Discovering the overgrown bones requires a DC 15 Perception check. Amid the bones and strips of rotten leather armor and rusted weapons lie the remnants of a leather pouch—along with 24 gp, 3 pp, and a single citrine worth 50 gp.

R8. UPPER BALCONY (CR 2)

The wooden floor of this walkway seems intact, although here and there the moldy, sodden timbers sag ominously. An empty doorway to the south opens into a rubble-filled room below a tower at the southern end of the walkway.

This balcony is 20 feet off the ground—it's a DC 15 Climb check to scale the walls and rooftops to this balcony from outside. Alternatively, the wooden door opens into a circular area under the central tower. The upper guard post has collapsed, filling this area with stone and wood rubble and burying the trap door that once led to area T4a. The trap door can be found with a DC 25 Perception check and 20 minutes of work clearing the rubble away.

Creature: The rubble-strewn chamber is the lair of a single stirge of prodigious size—bloated to nearly the size of a halfling. Drawn to the region by the lure of the haunted chamber below (see area T4), the stirge has grown large on a combination of blood and ghostly influence.

GIANT STIRGE CR 2
XP 600
Advanced stirge (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 260)
N Small magical beast
Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +1
DEFENSE
AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 11 (+3 Dex, +1 size)
hp 22 (4d10)
Fort +4, Ref +7, Will +2
OFFENSE
Speed 10 ft., fly 40 ft. (average)



Giant Stirge

Melee bite +8 (1d4–1 plus grab)

Special Attacks blood drain

TACTICS

During Combat The giant stirge quickly crawls out of its nest to buzz hungrily at intruders, attacking anyone who enters this room or whom it hears on the outer balcony. If the stirge hears any form of music (such as that created by certain bardic performances or a Perform skill check), it ceases its attacks and swoops down to land next to the musician. As long as the bardic performance continues, or as long as the musician can continue to make DC 15 Perform checks (or as long as no one else attacks it), the giant stirge remains docile.

Morale The giant stirge fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 8, Dex 17, Con 10, Int 1, Wis 12, Cha 6
Base Atk +4; CMB +2 (+6 grapple); CMD 15 (23 vs. trip)
Feats Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse
Skills Fly +10, Stealth +12
SQ diseased

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Blood Drain (Ex) A giant stirge drains blood at the end of its turn if it grapples a foe, dealing 1 point of Constitution damage. A giant stirge continues to drain blood until it has dealt 8 points of Constitution damage, then drops its prey to return to its lair to digest its meal.



HARROWSTONE



R9. CESSPIT

This open pit appears to have once been a receptacle for the prison's waste. Even now, with the right wind, the pit still emits a foul stench.

The prison's refuse was dumped here, though bodies were not. Although it appears ominous, apart from the occasional rat, the cesspit is uninhabited.

R10. MURKY POND (CR 1)

This large pond of dark, muddy water spreads out along the eastern section of the prison grounds. Here and there, bits of ruined wall protrude from the water, and thick tangles of reeds and cattails grow along the muddy shores.

Once the location of the prison's graveyard, this area gave way into an immense sinkhole when the fire of 4661 caused the dungeons below to collapse. Over the decades, this sinkhole has filled with water from the region's regular rainstorms. The pond's muddy waters are only 20 feet deep at the deepest point, but they are murky enough that vision is reduced to 10 feet. Over the years, dozens of prisoners were buried here, all in unmarked graves. Today, their bones lie in a tangle of stone and wooden rubble along the bottom of the pond, covered over by a thin layer of mud and mixed with fresher bones—bones of prisoners who died in the fire.

Creatures: The bones of the prisoners who died in the fire do not rest quietly—but as long as they remain undisturbed, they are content to lie at the bottom of the pool. Any Small or larger living creature that enters the pool causes the haunted bones to stir—within 1d6 rounds, three human skeletons rise from the mud and make their way toward the intruders. The skeletons cannot swim well, but they stagger toward the shore and, once they emerge, muddy and dripping, they are swift to attack any other obvious living targets. The skeletons fight to the death.

Once any of these skeletons emerge from the water, their bones begin to blacken and smolder. Skeletons that haven't been destroyed within 3 rounds of emerging from the water ignite into burning skeletons (see page 251 of the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary*).

HUMAN SKELETONS (3) CR 1/3
XP 135 each
hp 4 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 250)

S1. ENTRANCE FOYER

This was once a wide hall flanked by a pair of waiting rooms, but the foyer to Harrowstone now lies in ruins. With little left to

hold up the ceiling, the wooden beams above sag dramatically. The wall to the north contains a large pair of oaken doors.

Even a casual observation of the roof here is enough to reveal that the balcony above is unstable. If the balcony collapses (see area R4), this entrance to Harrowstone does not become buried, but does count as difficult terrain.

S2. HAUNTED FOYER (CR 1)

Streaks of mold stain the walls of this foyer, and the floor below is a thick, gray carpet of fungal growth. Sturdy wooden doors beckon from every wall.

This room contains what is likely to be the first of numerous haunts the PCs will face in Harrowstone. Rules for haunts are presented on page 242 of the *Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide*, but are also expanded with numerous examples beginning on page 64 of this volume.

Haunt: The oaken doors on the walls here, unlike all other doors on the upper floors of Harrowstone, are quite sturdy—this is because they are infused with the structure's unholy haunting presence. One round after any character opens a door in the north, east, or west wall of this room, the badly-burnt faces of shrieking criminals rush out of all of the doors before causing each door to slam violently shut. These haunts are all slamming portal haunts, but they're also linked—while technically each door is a separate haunt, they all share the same reset trigger, and destroying one haunt destroys them all.

SLAMMING PORTAL CR 1
XP 400
hp 2 (see page 65)

S3. OFFICES

These small offices were each dedicated to handling one of several key aspects of the prison's operations, such as prisoner files, income, supplies, scheduling, repair requests, and so on. With 2d4 hours of work, the surviving paperwork in these offices can be organized into a central repository that can be used to research Harrowstone or the five prisoners (although, obviously, no information from after the fire can be found here). If used for research, the collected papers grant a +4 bonus on Knowledge checks. See Part Two for rules on research.

S4. WARDEN'S OFFICE

This spacious room smells of mildew and rot. A long desk and chair sit to the south, while to the northwest a narrow alcove contains a closed safe. Thick layers of dust cover everything in sight.

Once the warden's office, this room has remained quiet since the fire. Out of a lingering fear of the warden's role in the prison hierarchy, the evil spirits do not extend into this room. As a result, this is the one room in Harrowstone that is safe to rest in.

Treasure: The key to the safe in the wall can be found in area U8, or it can be opened with a DC 30 Disable Device check made to pick locks. Bashing the safe open (hardness 10, hp 30, Break DC 28) ruins the potions inside.

Within the safe are kept numerous (now out-of-date) legal documents, along with 500 gp (the prison's payroll and petty cash fund) and a wooden rack on which sit emergency supplies (four *potions of cure moderate wounds*, three *potions of lesser restoration*, and two *potions of remove disease*).

S5. GUARDS' WASHROOM

This room was used as a washroom by the guards—the smaller chamber to the west was a privy. There's nothing of interest here today.

S6. BRANDING ROOM (CR 2)

This stark room contains a low stone bench against the north wall and a ruined desk to the west that sits under three narrow, barred windows. An old brass brazier lies on its side to the south, surrounded by several rusty branding irons.

Part of Harrowstone's processing procedure for new prisoners included branding—before a new prisoner was taken to his cell, he was brought to this room and given his brand. These brands were placed either on the right forearm or the back of the neck, and consisted of a letter and a number combination. The rods scattered around the brazier are these selfsame branding irons.

Haunt: As the brands were among the first elements of humiliation and pain that new prisoners suffered upon arriving at Harrowstone, they have become a focus of the haunted prison's spiritual anger. The brands themselves are now haunted, posing a startling threat to anyone who lingers in this room.

GHOSTLY BRANDS CR 2

XP 600

CE haunt (area S6)

Caster Level 2nd

Notice Perception DC 15 (to notice the rising scent of burning flesh)

hp 4; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 day

Weaknesses susceptible to cold damage and positive energy

Effect The four branding irons rise up into the air as their tips grow red-hot. When the haunt strikes, these irons lance through the air at any targets in the haunt's area, striking as +1 *flaming arrows*. The haunt has a +2 attack roll, with

each brand dealing 2d6+1 points of damage on a hit. No more than one brand attacks a single target—if there are more brands than targets, those brands do not attack at all. At the end of the round, the branding irons return to their original locations on the ground, once again cold and dark, as if they had never made their eerie attack at all—yet any brands and damage dealt to PCs remains. The brands themselves remain as scars until this haunt is destroyed (at the GM's option, powerful magic such as *restoration*, *break enchantment*, or *regeneration* can also remove the brands).

Destruction This haunt is destroyed if all five of the primary spirits that haunt Harrowstone are destroyed.

S7. INDUCTION CHAMBER (CR 1)

This chamber is in a shambles—old wooden benches lie in ruins along the walls, while rusty chains and bits of rotten rope lie scattered on the floor

The guards used this large room as a holding pen whenever new prisoners arrived at Harrowstone. Here, the guards searched the prisoners for hidden items and dressed them in their new clothes, all while a guard sergeant carefully explained Harrowstone's rules to the new "guests." Once this procedure was complete, the guards led the prisoners one by one to area S6 to be branded, and thence on to their cells.

Creature: Psychic echoes of shame and anger fill this room—as the PCs enter, have them make Perception checks. Whoever rolls the highest hears a faint sobbing and the clanking rattle of chains, while at the same time being filled with a momentary sensation of hopelessness and the strange feeling of heavy manacles clamping over her wrists. These sensations pass quickly, but as soon as they do, the spirits of the prison cause a set of manacle chains to rise up, animate, and attack. Although there are several sets of old manacles scattered through this room, only one set rises as an animated object.

ANIMATED MANACLES CR 1

XP 400

hp 5 (see page 80)

S8. CHAPEL (CR 2)

The door to this room has fallen from its hinges. The rectangular chamber beyond seems to have once been a chapel, but now thick sheets of what appear to be cobwebs drape everything within in gossamer threads.

Creatures: Once a chapel dedicated to Pharasma and tended by the church in Ravengro, this chapel is now the lair of three giant spiders that have crept into the prison.

GIANT CRAB SPIDERS (3)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

N Small vermin (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 258; variant giant hunting spider)

Init +4; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 15, flat-footed 12 (+4 Dex, +1 natural, +1 size)

hp 9 each (2d8)

Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +0

Immune mind-affecting effects

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., climb 30 ft.

Melee bite +0 (1d4+2 plus poison)

TACTICS

During Combat Undaunted by the haunts and feeding mostly on smaller vermin, the spiders quickly move to attack anyone who enters this room or even just walks by the open doorway—they pursue foes as long as they can.

Morale The giant crab spiders fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 7, Dex 19, Con 10, Int —, Wis 10, Cha 2

Base Atk +1; CMB –2; CMD 12 (24 vs. trip)

Skills Acrobatics +12 (+16 jump), Climb +22, Perception +4, Stealth +12

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Poison (Ex) Bite—injury; save Fort DC 13; frequency 1/round for 4 rounds; effect 1 Strength damage; cure 1 save.

Treasure: A cabinet covered with webs (DC 15 Perception to notice) in the northwest wall still contains a few religious supplies, including five vials of holy water, a *scroll of lesser restoration*, and a *wand of cure light wounds* (15 charges).

S9. COLLAPSED STAIRWAY

This flight of stairs once led down toward what must be a lower level, but it's now filled with a mess of large stone blocks and shattered timbers.

A DC 15 Knowledge (engineering) or DC 20 Perception check reveals that the rubble filling this stairwell did not result from a ceiling collapse—rather, it's the result of a manually triggered deadfall that swiftly filled the stairs and blocked them off. It was this deadfall that the warden triggered so long ago when the prison riot threatened to escape the dungeons below. Clearing the rubble would require several days of work with the proper tools or magic spells. If the stairs are cleared, they lead down to area U2.

S10. STAIRWAY

This flight of stairs leads up to area T1a.

S11. WORKSHOP (CR 4)

The door to this room is locked and the key is long gone, but as the door itself is relatively rotten from years of neglect, it's no more difficult than any other in Harrowstone to bash down.

Tangled mounds of moth-eaten fabric sit on several wooden tables, each surrounded by workbenches. Various sewing tools—shears, needles, rolls of thread, boxes of chalk, and other objects lie scattered over the floor, while the arm of what appears to be a skeleton protrudes from a stained heap of fabric to the west.



A DC 20 Perception check is enough to discover the secret door that connects this room directly to area **S12**.

Creature: The skeletal arm protruding from the tangle of fabric belongs to the dead body of the warden's wife, Vesorianna Hawkran. As recounted in the Adventure Background, Vesorianna came to Harrowstone to find out why her husband was late for dinner and ended up being locked into this workshop and dying of smoke inhalation once the fire in the dungeon got out of control. And as with the deaths elsewhere in the prison, Vesorianna's unfortunate death resulted in something more—in this case, an actual ghost.

In her ghostly afterlife, Vesorianna has been forced to remain separated from her husband. For the decades since the tragedy, she could always sense his proximity, and at times fancied she could even hear his sobbing in the dark chambers below, but just as she was unable to leave this room in the last moments of her life, she cannot leave the room in death. Her semi-regular cries of anguish are one of the primary reasons the locals know Harrowstone to be haunted.

Yet now, with the Whispering Way's abduction of her husband's ghost, Vesorianna's despair has turned to determination. Before, she could sense her husband's spirit somewhere nearby, and her sadness was magnified by its proximity. Yet now that he is gone, all she can feel around her is the combined and growing wrath and cruelty of Harrowstone's other ghosts. Without her husband's proximity to temper her, she has changed from a passive element in the supernatural substructure of the prison to a powerful figure indeed—she has effectively stepped in to replace her husband as the ruin's ghostly barrier. Her presence is the only thing preventing the evil spirits of Harrowstone from boiling out into the surrounding countryside and nearby Ravengro—yet she is not as potent a blockade as her husband was. She knows that the ghosts of Harrowstone have begun to influence Ravengro, and that one of them in particular, the Splatter Man, is building his energy to destroy her. Every time he defaces the monument at area **O** and adds another of her name's letters, she feels his power growing and her own waning. She knows it's only a matter of days before she fails to maintain her husband's legacy and the ghosts of Harrowstone are released. As such, she does not react to the presence of the living with the usual negativity that most undead do.

When the PCs enter this room, Vesorianna manifests immediately before them, rising from the mound of moldering fabric that serves as her tomb. She appears as a beautiful young woman dressed in a tattered but lovely blue dress. In fact, much about the ghost is blue, including her hair, the tears that run from her pale blue eyes, and the clouds of smoke that drift from her

lips when she speaks. Her death and undeath have been hard on her, but while she clings to the assumption that the PCs are the “new guards” sent from the town to replace the cowards who locked her in the workshop, she has a relatively good idea about what's going on in Harrowstone and knows what must be done in order to prevent the release of its haunts.

Strive to present Vesorianna as a desperate, grieving widow who views her death and rise as a ghost more as an inconvenience than a tragedy—her obsession and driving goal, once to be reunited with her husband, is now to see that the ghosts of Harrowstone are defeated, to ensure that the criminals her husband gave his life to keep imprisoned are prevented from escaping. Still unable to leave the confines of the room in which she died (even if her mortal remains are destroyed or buried), she does not attack the PCs. She wants an apology and closure for her husband's death, not a massacre. Yet if the PCs attack her, she fights back as described in her stat block.

If the PCs speak with her, Vesorianna first asks them what their intentions are. If the PCs don't tell her that they've come to Harrowstone to cleanse it of its ghosts, she does her best to convince the PCs that this is what they should be doing. She can describe the events that led up to the tragic fire of 4661 in some detail. Furthermore, she can explain that until recently, the spirit of her husband, trapped so near yet so far in the dungeons below, had contained the ghosts. Yet unsettling visitors—“men and women in dark robes who spoke only in whispers”—came to Harrowstone not long ago and began to work strange magic around the building's foundations. Unable to leave this room, she was nonetheless able to observe through the walls to the northwest as these strange people inscribed runes along the ground. She also witnessed the sad end of Professor Lorremor, slain by foul magic wielded by the leader of the black-robed villains (if the PCs ask, she can describe this man—a thin, gray-skinned human who wore a bone breastplate and carried a black staff capped with a skull gagged by a black cloth—but knows nothing more about him; the PCs will have a chance to confront this wizard, Auren Vrood, at the end of the third Carion Crown adventure). She can even tell the PCs of how the cultists bashed in the dead man's head and face with a fragment of gargoye from a roof above in an attempt, she surmises, to make the man's death seem more like an accident.

Later that night, after they murdered the man, the black-robed cultists finished their ritual. Whatever they did, they did so out of sight of Vesorianna's view through the walls, but she felt the repercussions immediately. It felt like a horrific storm, yet one with no wind that chilled the flesh. This windstorm chilled the soul—it felt to Vesorianna as if her very being was being pulled

apart. Yet the horrific sensation passed in an instant... and when it had, the presence of her husband's spirit was gone. She can only assume that the black-robed cultists somehow managed to abduct her husband's spirit, for since that hateful day she's felt no sign of either her husband or the black-robed cultists.

What she does know is that every day since that event, the spirits of the murderers and sadists trapped within the walls of Harrowstone have grown more and more powerful. She knows now that her husband's presence kept the other haunts in line, and that with his ghost gone, they would have escaped to wreak unimaginable havoc, had she not stepped in to do the job her husband, until recently, had done so well.

While she doesn't know much about the exact nature of the prisoners, their ghosts, or the dangers to be found elsewhere in Harrowstone, she can feel among the hateful dead five distinct and powerful personalities. She suspects that these correspond to the five most dangerous criminals who were imprisoned in Harrowstone at the time of the fire. She knows the names of these five and can inform the PCs of them (as if the PCs achieved a DC 20 Knowledge check while researching the five prisoners—see page 16), and also knows that if the PCs can confront and defeat the unquiet spirits of the five key prisoners (be they haunt or undead), she'll be able to contain them and keep them from manifesting again. If the PCs can defeat all five of the prisoners, and if they can bring to her a symbol of her husband's office over the prison (his badge of office would work best—Vesorianna suspects it's hidden somewhere in the dungeons below, along with his mortal remains), she will be able to banish the haunts from Harrowstone entirely. Doing so will release her from this world as well, and will effectively end the haunting of Harrowstone for good.

If the PCs ask for further aid, she apologizes and explains she cannot leave this room. She can, on the other hand, tell the PCs that if they find objects of value that once belonged to the five spirits, they can use those objects against the five souls. She suggests checking the prison's property room to the southeast, but warns the PCs before they go that while these objects will aid in defeating the deathless inmates, they are likely also cursed by the unholy link to the long-dead criminals, and that care should be taken when using the objects.

Finally, Vesorianna can explain to the PCs how one of the Five Prisoners, the Splatter Man, is slowly eating away at her resolve. If the PCs explain how her name is slowly being spelled out in blood (see Event 1), she nods grimly, knowing instinctively that once her name is spelled out completely, the Splatter Man will destroy her.



Vesorianna

VESORIANNA HAWKRAN CR 4

XP 1,200

Female human ghost aristocrat 4 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 144)
CG Medium undead (human, incorporeal)

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +12

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 16, flat-footed 15 (+5 deflection, +1 Dex)

hp 41 (4d8+20)

Fort +6, **Ref** +2, **Will** +4

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, incorporeal, rejuvenation; **Immune** undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed fly 30 ft. (perfect)

Melee corrupting touch +4 (4d6; DC 17)

TACTICS

During Combat Vesorianna hopes the PCs will aid her, and only attacks in self-defense—if the PCs do attack her, she mistakenly sees them as the same guards who locked her in this room 50 years ago. Shrieking in rage and reverting back to the hours before her death, she claws and bites at the PCs, inadvertently assaulting them with her corrupting touch.

Morale Vesorianna cannot pursue foes beyond the confines of this room, but fights until destroyed otherwise. If the PCs leave and return later, she has forgotten their previous attack and attempts again to establish peaceful contact with them.

STATISTICS

Str —, **Dex** 12, **Con** —, **Int** 11, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 19

Feats Alertness, Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Diplomacy +12, Fly +9, Knowledge (local) +7, Knowledge (nobility) +7, Perception +12, Perform (sing) +12, Sense Motive +9, Stealth +4

Languages Common, Varisian

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Rejuvenation Permanently putting Vesorianna to rest requires the defeat of the five key spirits in Harrowstone—only then does she feel it is safe to abandon her post, for by this point she has accepted the fact that her husband's spirit has left Harrowstone for good. If she is destroyed by the Splatter Man, she returns in 2d4 days as normal, but at that point



Poltergeist

she is the only haunt left in Harrowstone, and the only way to bring her peace at this point is to bring peace to her husband's ghost by defeating the Whispering Way's plot to craft a *Carrion Crown* (a task that the PCs can accomplish at the end of this campaign).

Story Award: If the PCs make peaceful contact with Vesorianna and learn more about the history and secrets of Harrowstone from her, award them XP as if they had defeated her in combat.

S12. LAUNDRY (CR 3)

Several rusty iron tubs sit in this room, along with washboards, metal buckets, and heaps of moldy clothing.

Harrowstone's guards occasionally released low-risk prisoners from their cells on the second floor long enough for them to work a shift in this prison laundry under guard. Most prisoners considered the chance to work in a larger space a reward for good behavior. A tin chute exits the north wall of this room, permitting dirty water to be flushed into the cesspit behind the prison.

Creature: While the moldy clothing contains nothing of value, it is far from safe. A few rounds after the PCs enter this room, have them all make Perception checks—whoever rolls the highest notices a shape struggling within the mound of clothing, as if a small child or animal were buried within. In fact, one of the items in the mound, a strong leather straitjacket, has become the focus of a spiritual haunt—the straitjacket flies into unholy life as soon as anyone approaches the clothing, attacking the nearest living soul and fighting until destroyed. It does not pursue foes from this room—if no living targets remain, it flutters lifeless to the ground, animating once again as soon as a living creature enters.

ANIMATED STRAITJACKET

CR 3

XP 800

hp 36 (see page 80)

S13. PRIVY

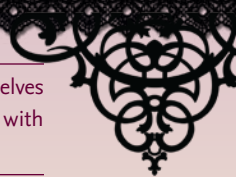
This is an empty privy once used by the guards. Nothing of interest remains within today.

S14. INFIRMARY

Several moldy cots lay strewn around this room, while doors to smaller, more private sleeping cells hang askew to the west. Judging from the rest of this room's decor, this must have once been the prison's infirmary.

Creature: While the prison infirmary did what it could to soothe the pains of wounded prisoners, an enormous amount of pain was suffered over the years in this chamber, and many of those wounded in prison fights, accidents, or other violence survived only just long enough to reach this room. With the power of the haunts growing elsewhere in Harrowstone, these pains and agonies have coalesced into a dangerous and angry spirit—a poltergeist.

Naturally invisible, the poltergeist waits for at least three people to enter the infirmary before rising up in the center of the room, becoming visible as a twisted, nearly skeletal ghost of a broken prisoner, using its frightener ability to attempt to drive the intruders from the room. Any who remain are attacked via its telekinesis



power—there are plenty of dangerous, sharp objects lying about in the room that the poltergeist can make attacks with, all of which do 1d4 points of damage on a successful hit. The poltergeist pursues foes throughout the first floor of the prison, but will not chase people to other floors or into the prison grounds, returning to the infirmary in such an event to await its next victims.

This poltergeist rejuvenates automatically 2d4 days after it is destroyed—putting it to rest permanently requires the destruction of the five key spirits haunting Harrowstone.

POLTERGEIST CR 2

XP 600

hp 16 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 211)

Treasure: A search of this cluttered room reveals a number of valuable objects—a pair of fully stocked healer's kits, 3 vials of antitoxin, 2 vials of antiplague, 3 doses of bloodblock, 3 doses of smelling salts, 2 vials of soothe syrup, and 4 *potions of cure light wounds* (several of these alchemical items can be found in Chapter 4 of the *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide*). Every round that the poltergeist is active in this room, there's a 10% chance its telekinetic violence destroys one of these items.

S15. AUDITORIUM (CR 3)

Several rows of wooden benches, all spotted with mold and sagging with neglect, face a stage walled off from the rest of the room by a wall of iron bars.

This chamber once fulfilled many functions. The guards met here for morning instructions, but it was also used as a makeshift courtroom.

Haunt: Many prisoners had their death sentences set in stone in this room, including most of those who died in the fire below while still waiting for their scheduled execution to take place. A 15-foot-radius area just north of the southern podium and south of the central row of pews (the very spot on which the condemned stood and received their judgments) is the focus of a cold spot haunt that activates as soon as anyone enters the room. This cold spot may be destroyed by putting to rest at least three of the five primary haunts in the prison.

COLD SPOT CR 3

XP 800

hp 13 (see page 66)

S16. PROPERTY ROOM

The metal door to this room remains quite sound (hardness 10, hp 60, Break DC 28)—in addition, it is locked (the key to the door can be found in area U8). The lock can be picked with a DC 30 Disable Device check.

A bizarre collection of antique goods rests upon wooden shelves that line the room. Several of the items contain tiny tags with labels written in a careful script.

A DC 20 Perception check is enough to notice the secret door in the east wall.

Treasure: Although much of the remaining property is junk, a few items remain that may be of interest, including a set of masterwork thieves' tools, a bronze war medallion from the Shining Crusade (worth 40 gp), an unframed Taldan painting of Stavian I (worth 100 gp), a set of a noblewoman's silver hair clips (worth 35 gp), a masterwork punching dagger, a pouch containing a dozen masterwork shurikens, a masterwork silver war razor, and a *wand of lesser restoration* (12 charges).

S17. HIDDEN VAULT

This small vault was used to store the more valuable or notorious belongings of the various prisoners. Currently, the vault contains only five objects, each one of which once belonged to one of the five prisoners whose spirits are now the primary denizens of Harrowstone.

Treasure: All five of the items stored here are tagged with information as to their former owners. The items found here are listed below. Possession of these items can aid in confronting the five key spirits, although each of the items bears a curse due to its spiritual connection to one of the five prisoners. These curses remain active until the object's previous owner is destroyed. The unique effects these items have upon their respective haunts cannot be learned via typical item examination, but using a *spirit planchette* to communicate with the spirit in the item can reveal its use. At the GM's discretion, other methods of communicating with spirits could also function similarly.

Bloodstained Handaxe: This +1 *handaxe* was the Lopper's favorite murder weapon. No amount of cleaning can remove the bloodstains on the blade or handle as long as the Lopper's spirit continues to haunt Harrowstone. This weapon deals +1d6 points of damage on a hit against flaming skulls and other beheaded (see page 82), as well as against the Lopper or any creatures directly associated with his hauntings. Against the Lopper, this weapon further functions as a +1 *ghost touch handaxe*. Once successfully wielded in combat, the handaxe's curse manifests, after which point the wielder cannot relinquish the axe unless the curse is removed—as long as the curse persists, the axe's wielder must make a DC 13 Will save every day at dawn to avoid taking 1 point of Constitution damage as terrific pains lance through her neck.

Collection of Holy Symbols: These holy symbols were used by Father Charlatan, who would select one from the collection that would match the faith of his victims as proof of his good intentions. There are a dozen holy symbols

on fine silver chains—the collection as a whole is worth 300 gp. The exact holy symbols in the collection are up to you, but all of the faiths of the PCs in the party should be represented. The silver chains that attach the holy symbols cannot be untangled, and the 12 symbols themselves are stuck together until Father Charlatan's spirit is put to rest. While carried, this collection of holy symbols causes any divine spell cast by the one who carries it to suffer a 10% spell failure chance, as if she were casting arcane spells while wearing armor. In addition, the carrier of these symbols takes a –1 penalty on all saving throws against divine spells. Perhaps more importantly, however, all haunts in Harrowstone are less likely to harm the person carrying these symbols, as a significant portion of Father Charlatan's trickery infuses them—they grant a +2 luck bonus to the carrier's AC and on all saving throws made against attacks or effects from haunts in Harrowstone. Once Father Charlatan is put to rest, all 12 chains slither apart with ease—they no longer have any magical effects, but can function as typical holy symbols.

Moldy Spellbook: The covers and pages of this thick, leather-bound spellbook have become caked with mold over the years, but some of the contents remain legible. This book once belonged to Professor Hean Feramin, the man who would eventually achieve fame not through academia but through murder. Known in his final days as the Splatter Man, he was dealt a hideous blow to his morale and sanity by the loss of his spellbook. The book, like the other objects in this room, now bears a curse—anyone who looks through the book finds her name scribbled in blood on the margins of the book. Worse, as long as the book is carried, that person receives periodic visions of her name partially spelled in blood in unexpected areas—on the back of a door, on a gravestone, on a magical scroll, or anywhere else. No one else can see these scribbles, and when the victim blinks or glances away, the words are no longer there upon a second look. The cumulative effect of these frightening visions is to impart a –2 penalty on all saving throws against fear-based effects. If the person carrying the book can cast arcane spells, she also develops a fear of losing her ability to cast spells and hoards her prepared spells or available spell slots with an almost miserly greed. Whenever she attempts to cast an arcane spell, she must make a DC 14 Will save to resist deciding at the last minute to not cast the spell, effectively losing that action for the round (although not the spell or spell slot). This effect persists for 1d6 days after the person carrying the book sets it down. Possession of this spellbook grants a significant advantage over the Splatter Man—he can sense the book's proximity, and will not attack or otherwise directly harm the person carrying that book unless that person attacks him first, at which point he can attack the book's carrier

but with a –2 penalty on all attack rolls and a –2 penalty to the save DCs of any spells he casts on that target. In addition, by ripping pages that contain spells out of the book while within 30 feet of the Splatter Man's ghost, the book's carrier can actually damage the ghost. It's a standard action to rip pages from the book—the carrier must pick which pages (and thus which spells) he wishes to destroy. Each time he does so, the Splatter Man's ghost takes 1d6 points of damage + 1 additional point per spell destroyed. Ripping all of the pages out at once is possible for a larger overall damage bonus on that action, but ripping spells out one at a time will do more damage to the Splatter Man in the long run. As mentioned above, mold has destroyed most of the book's contents, but nine spells do remain viable: *comprehend languages*, *dispel magic*, *false life*, *gust of wind*, *illusory script*, *levitate*, *mage armor*, *magic missile*, and *summon monster IV*. Once the curse on the book is lifted, it's worth 1,265 gp (assuming all of its remaining spells are intact—if spells are destroyed, reduce the cost by half those spells' cost in scroll form).

Smith's Hammer: This masterwork smith's hammer grants a +2 competence bonus on all Craft (armorsmith, blacksmith, and weaponsmith) checks. If used in battle, the hammer functions as a masterwork light hammer. The hammer's presence is enough to cause the spirit of the Mosswater Marauder to suffer powerful pangs of shame, guilt, and horror—as long as the hammer is within 20 feet of the Mosswater Marauder's haunt, all save DCs from that haunt are reduced by 2, and any ectoplasmic manifestations of the Mosswater Marauder's spirit takes a –2 penalty on all attack rolls, saving throws, skill checks, and weapon damage. Unfortunately, each round a haunt is so affected, the person carrying this hammer must make a DC 13 Will save to resist the compulsion to attack the nearest living creature with the hammer.

Tarnished Silver Flute: This 300 gp masterwork flute was once owned by the man known only as the Piper of Illmarsh. If someone plays even a single note on the flute, she must make a DC 13 Will save to be seized with a fit of performance and immediately begin playing an impressive but dolorous dirge on the flute. Every round she plays the flute, she must make a DC 13 Fortitude save to avoid taking 1d4 points of damage as blood begins running from her eyes and ears and fingertips. If she makes the save, she takes only 1 point of damage. She cannot voluntarily cease playing the flute, but if reduced to negative hit points, she drops the flute as she slumps into unconsciousness. Another character can attempt to snatch the flute away by making a successful combat maneuver to effectively disarm the character of the flute—alternatively, any physical restraint (such as a successful grapple or a hold person spell) causes the flutist to cease playing and emerge from her fugue. The music created by this flute affects



the giant stirge at area **R8** and the skeletons at area **T4** if the flutist is within 10 feet, causing those creatures to be staggered by the music as long as it persists. In addition, each round the music persists while in the area of effect of the Piper's haunt at area **T4**, the music deals 1d6 points of damage to the haunt.

Story Award: Award the PCs 400 XP if they discover these five cursed (but still quite useful) items.

S18. TRAINING ROOM (CR 2)

The northeast wall of this room has partially fallen, revealing the dark, murky waters of the pond outside. Moldering training dummies and other similar equipment hint that this room may have once been a training area for the guards. In the northeast part of the room, the floor around a dark, jagged hole is surrounded by black scorch marks.

This room was where the fire that doomed Harrowstone began, as detailed in the Adventure Background. The fire burned so hot that much of the eastern wing of the dungeon below collapsed once its wooden supports failed. The jagged, soot-caked hole in the floor was once the location of the lift that connected the two floors—the machinery that powered the lift tumbled into the dungeon below during the fire. It's a 20-foot drop to area **U1** from this point—the edges of the hole may appear dangerous but the unstable portions have long since fallen away, leaving the remaining rim solid enough to support the weight of numerous creatures. Climbing down into the room below requires at least two separate Climb checks—the first a DC 30 check to navigate the overhang and ceiling of area **U1**, and then a number of DC 10 Climb checks to navigate the ruined stone and timber wall down to the ground 20 feet below. The PCs can climb down much more safely by first tying a knotted rope to a nearby wall or fallen timber and then throwing the rope into the hole (DC 10 Climb check), while hauling a 20-foot-long ladder up from Ravengro may be an even safer (although more time-consuming) solution.

Creatures: The fires that consumed the chambers below continue to burn in the skulls of several undead guardians here—three flaming skulls lie inert among the rubble near the pit to area **U1** until any living creatures approach within 20 feet, at which point the skulls shriek and rise up to attack, fighting to the death. The three skulls encountered here are in addition to those that take part in the burning of the town hall—if that event has not yet occurred, those additional skulls are not encountered here.

FLAMING SKULLS (3) **CR 1/2**
XP 200 each
hp 5 each (see page 82)

S19. FURNACE ROOM (CR 3)

A huge stone furnace dominates this room, large enough for a child to climb inside. An ancient fire has burned away the entire east wall the room, providing a panoramic, if eerie, view of the lake beyond. That same lake has gradually expanded into the room, flooding its eastern half.

The enormous furnace in this chamber once heated Harrowstone. A soot-caked copper plaque over the furnace entrance reads “Ember Maw.” Although the guards often tormented prisoners by threatening that they would one day cremate the prisoners alive inside Old Ember Maw, only one prisoner was so executed—a particularly troublesome lifer named Benjen Ereska.

Haunt: Old Ember Maw is more than an ominous piece of machinery. It has become infused with the evil spirits of the place—linked to the fire that claimed so many lives, partially due to the fear of being burned alive that some of the prisoners developed over the years, but mostly from the lingering horror and anger of the one prisoner who was executed by the guards here.

OLD EMBER MAW **CR 3**
XP 800
CE persistent haunt (5-ft.-by-15-ft. strip in front of the furnace)
Caster Level 3rd
Notice Perception DC 15 (to notice the face of the furnace beginning to animate and to scent the sudden rising stink of burning flesh)
hp 13; Weakness susceptible to cold damage; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 day
Effect When this haunt is triggered, the face of Old Ember Maw seems to animate into a leering skull-like visage made of metal and bars. It roars, then a fiery tongue lashes out from its maw to strike at one target within 30 feet, attacking as a *scorching ray* (+3 ranged touch attack, 4d6 fire damage). The haunt continues to attack each round as long as targets remain within the room. This haunt takes damage from cold as well as from positive energy effects.
Destruction Benjen's bones, or what's left of them (parts of a skull, some ribs, and a few finger bones) must be sifted out of the ashes deep in the furnace (DC 20 Perception check to locate them). The bones feel hot to the touch—hurling them into any large body of water staunches Benjen's wrath and destroys the haunt.

T1. GUARD POST

This guard area is blocked from the cellblock by an arc of iron bars. Within sits an old wooden table and a few chairs.

Guard duty here was considered a comfortable assignment compared to assignment in the dungeon below, and Harrowstone's guards would frequently wager their shifts, hoping to win future shifts here in order to keep themselves out of the more depressing cellblocks below.

The stairs at area **T1a** lead down to area **S10**.

T2. MESS HALL (CR 2)

Wooden benches once lined this large hall, but several are now stacked in a jumble and others are overturned in disarray. Weakened by fire, the entire east wall has collapsed away, creating an unintended entryway to a wooden deck beyond. The view of the lake beyond would be beautiful if the silence were not so eerie.

Creatures: Although this area is technically beyond the notice and reach of the piper's haunt (see area **T4**), three of his beloved pets dwell here nevertheless. These stirges attack anyone who enters the area—if the PCs can defeat these three stirges before they attempt to explore the cells of the western cellblock itself (area **T4**), they'll have an easier fight on their hands. If the stirges have already responded to a fight in area **T4**, they are not encountered here.

STIRGES (3) **CR 1/2**
XP 200 each
hp 5 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 260)

T3. PRIVY

This is an empty privy once used by the guards. Nothing of interest remains within today.

T4. THE WESTERN CELLBLOCK (CR 5)

Row upon row of ten-foot-square prison cells line the walls, each separated from the passing hallway by a series of iron bars fitted with a narrow iron door. Skeletons slump in many of the cells, the bones scattered where they lie and coated with a mixed layer of ancient ashes and fresh mold.

Harrowstone's less dangerous criminals were kept in this cellblock, yet despite the "luxury" of being imprisoned aboveground, life in these cells was hardly comfortable. When the fire struck, the thick smoke wafted up into this block slowly but inexorably. None of these cells feature windows, and asphyxiation by smoke inhalation eventually killed every one of the prisoners.

Area **T4a** is not a cell—it once provided access to the highest balcony above (area **R8**). While the wood and iron ladder leading up to the trap door above remains sound, the rubble above prevents the trap door from being opened without a DC 22 Strength check. If the door is opened, a

cascade of rubble pours down—all creatures directly under the door must make a DC 15 Reflex save to avoid taking 1d6 points of damage (a creature on the ladder receives no save to avoid this damage). If the giant stirge in **R8** has not yet been defeated, the creature quickly follows the rubble, eager to attack whatever is coming up from below.

Area **T4b** is a short hallway ending in a reinforced iron and wood door—unlike the other doors in Harrowstone, this particular door remains quite stout and locked (hardness 5, hp 20, Break DC 25, Disable Device 30). It leads out to the southwest balcony (area **R6**).

Most of the iron cell doors are rusted shut and difficult to open (hardness 10, hp 30, Break DC 26). Those marked with an "X" hang open, having fallen away over the years.

Creatures: Although his body was burnt to ashes in the fire in the dungeon below in a cellblock called the Reaper's Hold, the ghostly spirit of the Piper of Illmarsh has since gravitated up into this floor, where he can see the moorlands outside and feel the periodic breeze of cold air wafting through empty windows. Here the Piper bides his time, playing with spectral versions of the stirges he once raised in life while his strength slowly increases as Vesorianna's hold over the prison dwindles. Over the years, the Piper's presence here has attracted numerous stirges (see areas **R8** and **T2**), but in addition, his presence has augmented the spirits of the prisoners who died on this floor.

Only 1d4 rounds after the first intruder wanders into the Western Cellblock, the Piper's spirit begins to waken, activating a dreadful haunt (see Haunt, below). At the same time, the angry spirits of the prisoners here waken as well, animating their skeletons into undead. Each cell here contains a single skeleton, but fortunately for the PCs, most of the cells remain closed and locked—skeletons within cells cannot exit, although they can try to claw at anyone adjacent to their door (doing so grants the victim a +4 bonus to his AC from cover, though). Several of the cells, however, are open, and from these cells four skeletons emerge to attack the PCs. You can adjust the difficulty of this fight by allowing more skeletons to break out of their cells, but you should only award experience points to the PCs for skeletons that are actually slain outside of their cells—those unable to escape do not pose enough of a threat to the PCs to warrant XP awards. The skeletons pursue foes throughout this floor, but do not chase foes downstairs or outside of the building.

HUMAN SKELETONS (4) **CR 1/3**
XP 135 each
hp 4 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 250)

Haunt: The Piper of Illmarsh is a dangerous haunt, one whose power allows it to suffuse a larger area than

normal. While unable to directly harm creatures, when coupled with other monsters (such as skeletons or stirges), the Piper's haunt can be dangerous indeed.

THE PIPER OF ILLMARSH

CR 4

XP 1,200

CE persistent haunt (area T4)

Caster Level 4th

Notice Perception DC 15 (to notice the faint sound of mournful flute music and the eerie flapping of tiny leathery wings)

hp 18; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** none (see below)

Effect Once active, the Piper of Illmarsh manifests as a disembodied, mournful dirge played upon a flute. The dirge can be heard throughout this floor of Harrowstone, but can only physically affect those within the western cellblock itself—the halls facing one of the cells in the western portion of this floor. Each round, all living creatures (except for stirges) within this area must make a DC 14 Will save at the start of their turn to avoid being shaken by the effect. Once per round on the Piper's turn, one randomly chosen humanoid in the area is also targeted by a *hold person* effect (DC 14 Will negates)—those who fail this save not only stand motionless, entranced by the music, but also experience a vision of the ghostly Piper himself as he approaches, attended by a flock of stirges. Once a victim escapes this *hold person* effect, the cumulative effect of the fear caused by the Piper's slow, inexorable approach forces the victim to immediately make a DC 14 Will save to avoid taking 1d6 points of damage as blood momentarily flows from a dozen tiny punctures that spontaneously open along his arms and neck. The Piper's haunt may only target a specific creature once per day with this *hold person* effect.

Destruction Once the Piper's haunt has been reduced to 0 hit points, Vesorianna's ghost prevents it from manifesting again.

T5. KITCHEN

Once a kitchen, this room is now nothing more than charred, blackened remains.

Once used to prepare the prisoners' daily gruel, this room now contains little of note. An adjoining pantry once contained an abundance of foodstuffs, but it was picked clean by rats and squirrels long ago.

T6. EASTERN CELLBLOCK

While each of these cells (save for area T7) contains a prisoner's skeleton, the Piper's influence does not extend this far. All of the bones in these cells are, as a result, not undead.



The Piper of Illmarsh

T7. FATHER CHARLATAN'S CELL (CR 5)

Although this cell is rather spacious, it contains no concessions to comfort. A skeletal body dressed in the rotting remains of a prisoner's robe lies slumped against the eastern wall, wrapped in numerous chains on which are affixed numerous weights emblazoned with several different holy symbols.

This corner cell was Father Charlatan's final home before his death from smoke inhalation. Of the five key prisoners, Father Charlatan's crimes were the least heinous, and thus he was imprisoned not in the dungeons below but here, in this relatively spacious cell. Yet the power of the churches he blasphemed against was strong, and as a concession toward that power, Father Charlatan was bound in heavy chains decorated with the symbols of the faiths he sinned against.

Haunt: Father Charlatan's lingering spirit still lurks in this cell, and is one of the five key spirits that plague Harrowstone. Of the five, this one is perhaps the most insidious, and it is likely the PCs won't realize they've triggered this haunt immediately.

FATHER CHARLATAN

CR 5

XP 1,600

CE persistent haunt (area T6)

Caster Level 5th

Notice Perception DC 20 (to notice the soft jingling of chains being jostled)

hp 22; **Trigger** special (see below); **Reset** none (see below)

Effect Father Charlatan's haunt is subtle and unusual—when it manifests, it requires a bit of trickery on your part.

Initially, the haunt targets a single person (either the first person to touch Father Charlatan's journal or his remains, or the last person to attempt to leave the cell), automatically haunting that person but having no other immediate effect.

Detect chaos, detect evil, or detect undead reveals the presence of the haunt on this person (such observation reveals the

haunt as the Father's ghost standing immediately behind the haunted PC, his hand upon that PC's shoulder). The haunt remains inactive until the next time the haunted PC is damaged by a trap or a creature, at which point the haunted PC must make a DC 15 Will save or immediately fall unconscious. Success prevents this effect, but the PC must continue to make DC 15 Will saves each time that he is damaged thereafter to avoid falling unconscious.

When a PC succumbs to this haunt, grimly inform that player that the damage dealt by the attack was enough to kill her, then ask the player to come with you to another room where the rest of the players can't observe you. Once that player has been separated, inform her that her character "wakes up" some time later in a coffin with a pleasant-looking, red-haired priest of that PC's faith standing over her. The priest informs the PC that she has been resurrected after her body was recovered from Harrowstone, but that several months have passed and the PCs' companions have

long ago moved on. Allow the player to tell you what her character wishes to do, but regardless of the action she takes (be it to query the priest, to flee, to attack, to cast a spell, to attempt to disbelieve an illusion, or whatever), have her attempt a DC 15 Will save. Success indicates that her action is successful and causes 1d6 points of damage to the haunt, while failure indicates it is not

and that she takes 1d6 points of damage as horrific pains shoot through her body. Be creative in how you describe the results of the Will save—the point is to leave the player a bit confused as to why she's making Will saves but that, obviously, successful saves are good while failures are bad.

After each Will save, regardless of its success or not, return to the main group and inform them that their companion is not, in fact, dead, but that the PC has dropped to the ground and has become wrapped in ghostly chains decorated with numerous holy symbols. The chains are slowly tightening about the PC's body, causing her to thrash about in great pain and distress. Run through a round of combat with the PCs, allowing them to take their actions normally (either continuing the combat in which the haunted PC succumbed to the haunt, or attempting to damage the haunt itself) for that round. At the end of that round, return to the player of the haunted

PC and ask for another round of actions and another DC 15 Will save to determine whether the player takes damage or the haunt does. Continue this back and forth until either the haunted PC dies (in which case Father Charlatan's haunt returns to area T6 to await another victim) or the haunt itself is reduced to 0 hit



Father Charlatan



points, at which point the ghostly chains around the haunted PC fade and that PC awakens (although she still takes any damage that was dealt by the haunt).

Obviously, this haunt's impact on the party can vary—if it occurs during a combat, it can be quite dangerous, but if it occurs as a result of the haunted PC simply taking damage from a trap or accident, the PCs will be able to focus entirely on the problem at hand rather than on any distracting battles also going on. If the PCs notice the haunt before it activates (perhaps by using a divination spell, as detailed above), they can attempt to damage it normally.

Weakness In addition to taking damage normally from positive energy, this haunt can be damaged by certain spells cast upon the haunted PC. *Protection from chaos*, *protection from evil*, *aid*, or *remove fear* each deal 1d6 points of damage per casting—at your discretion, similar spells could have this effect as well.

Destruction Once Father Charlatan's haunt has been reduced to 0 hit points, Vesorianna's ghost prevents it from manifesting again.

Development This haunt is particularly unusual, and against parties who have no way to damage a haunt (either because they lack resources or any ability to deal positive energy damage), it can be particularly frustrating for the non-haunted players. In such a case, you should consider allowing the non-haunted players to aid another on the haunted PC's Will saves by taking actions such as Heal checks to attempt to revive the unconscious PC, Knowledge (religion) checks to pray for help, or even Intimidate checks to try to shock the unconscious PC back to wakefulness. These checks can grant the haunted PC a +2 bonus on his Will save each round with a DC 10 success. Alternatively, a DC 15 Knowledge (religion) check can reveal that the stricken PC has become haunted by a spirit, and could suggest that casting spells like *protection from evil* or similar spells upon the haunted PC might help.

U1. HELL'S BASEMENT (CR 3)

This cavernous chamber may have once been an underground cellblock, but it has long since collapsed. The crumbled walls are thick with mold and stained with soot, and heaps of fallen stones and charred wooden beams line the area. Water drips and seeps along the walls, collecting in a dark, murky pool in the middle of the room. To the north, the twisted remains of a wood and iron lift lie in a heap in a shallow portion of the pool. A jagged hole in the roof yawns twenty feet above this ruin. To the west, a partially blocked opening seems to open up after several feet into a dark but stable tunnel.

This cellblock was once known as "Hell's Basement" for its location below the Harrowstone graveyard. Once the

largest wing of the dungeon, the fire caused this wing to collapse, leaving this room partially open but destroying all of the chambers east of this point. The lift shaft is still the only route to and from the remaining dungeons below Harrowstone.

The hole in the roof leads up to area S18. A search of the pool and the rubble along the edges reveals a large number of shattered bones mixed in with the debris—dozens of guards and prisoners perished here, either from the fire, smoke inhalation, or as a result of being crushed by the dungeon's collapse. Nothing of value remains.

The floor in this room, and indeed the floor throughout this dungeon, is unusually free of dust—the result of regular wanderings by the gray ooze that dwells in area U9.

Creatures: Warden Hawkran's ghost once haunted this room, but now that his spirit has been taken away by the Whispering Way, the unquiet spirits of the prisoners themselves hold sway here. The first time the PCs enter this area, their presence is enough to cause a dramatic reaction among the unquiet spirits. As soon as the first PC sets foot in this chamber, the room fills with a cacophonous roar of screams and howls, echoes of the cries of those who burned to death in this room. This unsettling manifestation causes no harm, but an instant later, the surface of the dark pool of water begins rippling around the ruined lift as two ectoplasmic spirits rise up, dripping and horrible, to attack. These ectoplasmic human spirits fight to the death, pursuing foes throughout the dungeon but not up into area S18—if intruders flee via this route, the ectoplasmic humans slump away into nothingness as soon as no more targets are available.

ECTOPLASMIC HUMANS (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 9 each (see page 86)

U2. CENTRAL DUNGEON CHAMBER (CR 4)

Four dark hallways exit from this large empty chamber, each striking out in one of the four directions of the compass, and each decorated with a soot-caked brass nameplate affixed to the ceiling just above the entrance. A rubble-choked stairway leads up in the middle of the room, while eight skeletons dressed in scorched prisoners' robes lie on the ground.

The stairway here once led up to area S9 above, but the deadfall has rendered it impassable. A DC 12 Perception check reveals scratches along the rubble and stone blocks—testimony to the prisoners' futile attempts to dig out the deadfall from below.

The brass nameplates that hang above each of the four hallways leading out of this room identify the cellblocks that

lie beyond, although the soot must be wiped away to reveal these names. To the north lies “The Oubliette.” To the west lies “Reaper’s Hold.” To the south lies “The Nevermore.” And to the east once stretched “Hell’s Basement.”

Creatures: The eight skeletons on the ground here are the remains of prisoners who were caught in the fire to the east; they managed to make it this far before collapsing from their burns or choking on the smoke. The spirits of the dead prisoners haunt this place still, and 1 round after the PCs enter this area, the eight bodies begin to rattle into life. Give the PCs a surprise round to take actions before the skeletons fully animate, at which point the undead attack and fight to the death. As the combat progresses, the skeletons begin to smolder—any skeletons still active after

3 rounds ignite into burning skeletons (see page 251 of the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary*).

HUMAN SKELETONS (8)

CR 1/3

XP 135 each

hp 4 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 250)

U3. THE HEADLESS GUARD (CR 4)

The door to this guard room hangs slightly ajar. Within stands a table surrounded by a few rickety chairs, along with a pair of moldy but serviceable cots.

This and the other guard rooms (areas U5, U6, and U10) were used as staging areas, break rooms, and posts by guards during Harrowstone’s day—at any one time, each of these rooms contained at least three additional guards to complement those on patrol in the dungeon halls or working above. The guards themselves lived in Ravengro, but at times when they had to stay at the prison overnight and weren’t on duty, the cots in these rooms gave them a place to catch a nap.

A winch affixed to the north wall raises and lowers the portcullis that allows entrance into area U4. The portcullis can be locked from the closed position, but is currently raised.

Creature: The first victim of the Harrowstone riot was the captain of the guards, a cruel man named Gurtis Vortch who wasn’t much better than the prisoners he enjoyed torturing and tormenting. He was the first casualty during the riot, murdered by the Lopper with his own stolen sword.

In death, Gurtis Vortch’s soul, unshackled from society’s tenuous hold, became one with the ambient cruelty of the place. Like the prisoners, he now lives on as an undead remnant—in this case, as a burning, headless skeletal champion. Blind and deaf, Vortch is trapped within his own insanity for much of the time—yet his ability to sense living, intelligent intruders is enough to rouse the headless undead back into “active duty” as soon as anyone comes within 30 feet of this room.

GURTIS VORTCH

CR 4

XP 1,200

Male human burning skeletal champion fighter 3 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 251, 252)

LE Medium undead

Init +3; Senses *deathwatch*; Perception +3

Aura fiery aura

DEFENSE

AC 11, touch 9, flat-footed 10 (–2 blind, +1 dodge, +2 natural)

hp 33 (5 HD; 2d8+3d10+8)

Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +4

Gurtis Vortch

Defensive Abilities bravery +1, channel resistance +4; **DR** 5/
bludgeoning; **Immune** fire, undead traits

Weaknesses headless, vulnerable to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 15 ft.

Melee handaxe +6 (1d6+9/x3 plus 1d6 fire), claw +0 (1d4+5 plus 1d6 fire)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th; concentration +6)
Constant—*deathwatch*

TACTICS

During Combat Vortch always uses Power Attack—these modifiers are included in his stats above. Although he can pinpoint targets with his deathwatch ability, he still suffers a 50% miss chance for blindness (a disadvantage his Blind-Fight feat helps lessen).

Morale Vortch fights to the death as long as he can sense living creatures in range of his *deathwatch* ability; otherwise, he staggers back to this room, relying upon his memories to retrace his route.

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 16, **Con** —, **Int** 8, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 21

Feats Blind-Fight, Dodge, Improved Initiative^B, Mobility, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (handaxe), Weapon Specialization (handaxe)

Skills Climb +6, Intimidate +8, Perception +3

Languages Common (cannot speak or hear)

SQ armor training 1, fiery death (2d6, DC 13)

Gear handaxe

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Headless (Ex) Vortch is both blind and deaf, but his ability to use *deathwatch* helps to lessen the penalties he takes from this condition. These penalties are included as appropriate in the stats above, including a –4 penalty to initiative, a –4 penalty on opposed Perception checks, a –4 penalty on Strength- and Dexterity-based skill checks, and his reduced speed (if he wants to move at 30 ft., he must make a DC 10 Acrobatics check or fall prone).

U4. THE OUBLIETTE (CR 5)

The portcullis leading into this room is raised.

Several iron doors line the walls of this large, empty room. In the middle of the room, a hinged ten-foot-square metal grating lies over a dark pit in the floor. A thick rope has been tied to the grating and dangles into the pit below.

This block of cells was once used to house the most violent murderers in Harrowstone—killers who couldn't be trusted alongside even other prisoners. The grating in the middle of the room was once kept locked with lengths of chain, but today the grating is unlocked. The pit below drops 30 feet into a deep oubliette—a cell from which its

PRISON CELLS

Three wings of the Harrowstone dungeon survive, and found within all three are numerous prison cells. Regardless of their wing, these cells are all relatively similar in shape and size. Each contains a mound of ancient straw, two wooden buckets (one for food, the other for waste), and a tattered blanket. The iron doors for all of these cells hang open, for the Splatter Man was quick to have the cells unlocked and the prisoners released as soon as he seized control of the prison that fateful night 50-some years ago. None of the unmarked cells on the map contain any dangers, although fights from nearby areas can certainly spill over into these otherwise unremarkable rooms.

occupant's release was never intended. The walls of the oubliette are polished smooth with very few handholds—it's a DC 30 Climb check to navigate the oubliette's walls. The rope hanging into the pit is only a few feet long, terminating at a frayed end—the remainder of the rope lies at the bottom of the pit, coiled around the mortal remains of the oubliette's final prisoner.

Creature: The last occupant of this oubliette was the serial killer known as the Lopper. Despite the indisputably violent nature of his crimes, a number of bureaucratic complications kept pushing back his expected date of execution—unable to proceed with what he felt was a simple judgment, the warden instead had the Lopper dropped into this pit. With both of his legs broken, the Lopper malingered in these depths for months before salvation came in the shape of a *potion of levitation* smuggled into his cell as part of the Splatter Man's complex plan to engineer his escape from Harrowstone (see area U11 for full details on how the Splatter Man engineered the riot that led to the great fire of 4661). The Lopper waited until just before his daily feeding before he drank the potion. He floated up to the edge of his oubliette above, and when Gurtis Vortch came to dump the day's food into the pit, the Lopper was there to ambush him. He grabbed Vortch through the bars of his oubliette's grating and pulled him prone, then deftly disarmed the guard of his sword and, with a few expert cuts, decapitated him. After fishing the keys to the oubliette's lid out of the still twitching body's belt pouch, the Lopper was free. He quickly released the other prisoners from the nearby cells, and the growing distraction was enough to allow the Splatter Man to stage a similar coup to the south. The riot spread quickly after that, ending only after 7 hours of violence in fire and

ruin. Faced with death by fire or asphyxiation, the Lopper fled back to this oubliette, hoping to wait out the disaster in the depths below. Yet while the Lopper's theory was sound and the smoke never did reach into the oubliette's depths, the rope he used to lower himself into the pit had been damaged in the fire. When, several hours after the fire burnt out, he tried to climb to safety and escape, the rope broke, dropping him back into the pit, breaking his legs anew, and consigning him to a lingering death from thirst. Of the prisoners of Harrowstone, the Lopper may have lived the longest after the fire, yet in the end, he perished as well.

Today, the Lopper lives on as an undead monstrosity. His spirit, mixing with the decay of his body and the filthy condensation on the oubliette's walls, has become a wraith. Although incorporeal, the Lopper appears similar to the way he did in life, save that his arms are unusually elongated. Content to spend most of his time lurking in the depths of the oubliette, the Lopper is swift to react to the approach of living creatures, rising up from his oubliette with a soul-chilling shriek. Not quite a full-fledged ghost, the Lopper is a variant, unique wraith—not quite as outright deadly as a standard wraith, yet perhaps more horrific to face. He makes his incorporeal touch attacks with his ghostly axe.



The Lopper

THE LOPPER

CR 5

XP 1,600

Male variant wraith (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 281)

NE Medium undead (incorporeal)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., lifesense; **Perception** +11

Aura unnatural aura (30 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 18, flat-footed 15 (+5 deflection, +3 Dex)

hp 57 (6d8+30)

Fort +7, **Ref** +7, **Will** +7

Defensive Abilities blood siphoning, channel resistance +2, incorporeal; **Immune** undead traits

Weaknesses fear of fire, sunlight powerlessness

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee incorporeal touch +7 (1d6 negative energy plus 1d6 bleed)

Special Attacks create spawn, decapitation

TACTICS

During Combat The Lopper moves with a calm grace, never staying still and drifting from target to target each round, using Acrobatics to avoid attacks of opportunity. He attempts to keep as many victims wounded and bleeding as possible, since he can only gain 1d6 points of healing per bleeding victim.

Morale The Lopper fights to the death, pursuing foes as far as Harrowstone's boundaries if necessary (although he won't pursue fleeing PCs outside during the day).

STATISTICS

Str —, **Dex** 16, **Con** —, **Int** 14, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 21

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 22

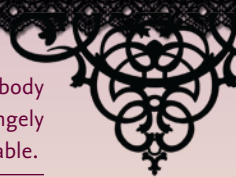
Feats Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Step Up

Skills Acrobatics +9, Fly +12, Intimidate +14, Perception +11, Sense Motive +11, Stealth +12

Languages Common

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Blood Siphoning (Su) The Lopper's incorporeal touch attacks deal negative energy damage, but the wounds thus created manifest as deep, bloody cuts, as if dealt by a razor-sharp hatchet. These wounds cause 1d6 bleed—any damage



caused by this bleed effect heals the Lopper of an equal amount of damage as the blood running from the wound turns to smoke and drifts over to the Lopper's body to merge with his form, provided that the bleeding victim is within 30 feet of the Lopper. Hit points gained in excess of his maximum are lost.

Create Spawn (Su) Creatures slain by the Lopper become ectoplasmic undead 1d4 rounds after death, with draining blood forming the bulk of the new undead's body. Ectoplasmic undead created in this manner are under the Lopper's command; if the Lopper is destroyed, the ectoplasmic undead become free-willed.

Decapitation (Su) A creature slain by the Lopper's incorporeal touch is always decapitated. The resulting gout of blood created by this grisly triumph heals the Lopper of 2d6 points of damage.

Fear of Fire (Ex) Although the Lopper is normally immune to fear effects as a result of his undead state, he remembers the terror of the great fire vividly. If he is successfully damaged by any fire-based attack, he is staggered for 1 round.

Treasure: The Lopper's remains lie in a heap at the bottom of the oubliette, along with about 30 feet of old rope. In addition, a fair amount of gear and other treasures looted from murdered guards or stolen from guard rooms lies among the Lopper's bones (and Gurtis Vortch's decapitated skull). These objects consist of 120 gp, a broken masterwork heavy crossbow, a masterwork longsword, a +1 *heavy mace*, a *stone of alarm*, and a ring of keys (these once belonged to Gurtis Vortch, and can be used to unlock any of the doors or cells in the dungeon—including the secret doors in areas **U6** and **U9**).

U5. WESTERN GUARD ROOM

This guard room is decorated similarly to the others, with a table, a few chairs, and a pair of cots, yet unlike the others, no undead or haunts lurk within. A winch affixed to the western wall raises and lowers the portcullis that allows access into area **U7**. The portcullis is currently lowered and locked in place. The winch here can be used to release that lock (a move action) and to raise the portcullis (a full-round action).

U6. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE (CR 4)

This guardroom contains a single large table with two chairs astride it and a single sagging cot pushed up against the eastern wall. Several battered cabinets line the northern wall, with a few arrows and bits of chainmail lying scattered on the floor nearby, yet the most eerie sight are the three fractured skulls sitting on the table next to a heavy hammer. It looks as if someone has arranged the fragments of the skulls in some sort of pattern, as if an attempt had been made to construct a fourth skull from

the broken fragments of the trio on the table. The leathery body of a long-dead dwarf, his wiry red hair and beard still strangely vibrant in death, lies slumped on the ground behind the table.

Once the office of Gurtis Vortch, the dungeon's captain of the guards, this room was also extensively used by Warden Hawkran. When the riot occurred, the prisoners tore this room apart, looting it of the armor and gear stored here—although they didn't find the secret alcove to the south. The door into this alcove can be discovered with a DC 20 Perception check.

Creatures: Once the riot got into full swing, not all of the prisoners were swept up into the violence and excitement. The mad dwarf known as the Mosswater Marauder had little interest in rioting or, indeed, in escaping Harrowstone. Once he was freed from his cell in the northern wing, he overpowered two guards and a prisoner and holed up in this room after the other prisoners had looted everything usable from the place. The Mosswater Marauder killed his victims, extracted their skulls, then proceeded to pick up his grisly goal where he left off—attempting to find the correctly shaped fragment among the skull shards to finally repair his wife's fracture. Of course, just as with all of his other attempts, the Mosswater Marauder failed, finally dying from asphyxiation from smoke inhalation.

Today, the Mosswater Marauder's spirit haunts this place (see below), yet that is not the only danger present. A few seconds after a living creature enters this room, the three shattered skulls rattle about, then rise up and reform into three solid skulls as they transform into severed heads with the screaming ability. The three undead skulls immediately attack, fighting until destroyed and pursuing foes throughout the dungeon level.

SCREAMING SEVERED HEADS (3)

CR 1/3

XP 135 each

hp 4 each (see page 82–83)

Haunt: The Mosswater Marauder's spirit is not only the animating source behind the three beheaded, but also a debilitating haunt that manifests as soon as this room is entered and the screaming skulls rise up to attack.

THE MOSSWATER MARAUDER

CR 3

XP 800

CE persistent haunt (area **U6**)

Caster Level 3rd

Notice Perception DC 15 (to feel a sudden splitting headache while at the same time noticing the fragments of skull on the table begin rattling and shaking)

hp 13; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 day

Effect When this haunt manifests, the Mosswater





believed to be in possession of important information but unwilling to give that information up.

U8. TORTURE CHAMBER (CR 5)

Numerous grisly tools of torment decorate the room, from cages to hanging chains along the walls to a stretching rack, a large wooden tank, and a fire pit in the middle of the room. To the east stands a grim iron maiden, the lid closed and presenting a stern decoration of a tormented woman upon its face. The broken, twisted skeleton of a human dressed in a tattered guard's uniform lies upon the stretching rack in the middle of the room; the body is surrounded by several discarded knives, branding irons, and pliers. A large, bloodstained wicker basket sits at the head of the rack.

The body on the rack belongs to Warden Hawkran. Although his wife's ghost is still haunted by the conviction that her act of releasing the lift caused her husband's death, he was already dead several hours before the fire began—a truth the prisoners were careful to hide from the guards above while they thought the promise of his safe return still had a chance of buying their escape. The warden's last moments of life were hardly pleasant—he was tortured to death by the Splatter Man, the Lopper, the Piper of Illmarsh, and several other prisoners. A DC 15 Heal check while examining his body reveals the grisly truth of his demise, which includes broken bones, severed hands, dislocated hips and shoulders, a shattered jaw, and numerous long, thin needles that have been driven into his ears, eye sockets, elbows, hips, and knees.

The secret door in the east wall can be discovered with a DC 20 Perception check.

Creature: Although the warden's ghost has been taken from this dungeon, this torture chamber is not free of undeath. The bloodstained basket near the stretching rack was used as a repository for the warden's severed hands. After the fire did its work and the prison became infused with the souls of the unquiet dead, these severed hands animated into murderous undead as well. That they were once hands belonging to a good man makes no difference—almost mindless in their need for revenge against the living, the hands writhe into hideous animation as soon as the lid to the basket is opened, or as soon as the haunt in the room triggers. Once active, the two crawling hands quickly climb out of the basket and scurry over the floor like spiders to attack the nearest living targets. The hands pursue foes throughout the dungeon, even up to the floors above if there's a way to climb out to take advantage of in area U1.

CRAWLING HANDS (2)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 9 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 59)

Haunt: The ambient horror of this room has gathered into a particularly unnerving haunt. As soon as someone approaches within 15 feet of the iron maiden, it activates.

MOURNING MAIDEN

CR 4

XP 1,200

CE haunt (15-foot-radius area around the iron maiden)

Caster Level 3rd

Notice Perception DC 15 (to notice the lid to the iron maiden creaking open)

hp 8; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 day

Effect The closest victim to the mourning maiden when this haunt activates must make a DC 14 Will save. Failure indicates that he sees the iron maiden swing open to reveal a bound loved one within (Kendra Lorrimer if there's no other obvious option), eyes wide with terror—the sight is enough at this point to compel the victim to rush up to the iron maiden in an attempt to free the bound figure within, as if from a *suggestion* spell. Once the victim enters the square occupied by the iron maiden, it immediately slams shut, trapping the victim inside. At this point, the victim realizes that the image of a loved one was an illusion, but at the same time her body is wracked with pain, as if it were being pierced in dozens of places by iron spikes. Although the actual spikes within the iron maiden are missing, these phantom spikes might be more destructive, for when the victim feels the spikes, she must make a second DC 14 Will save—failure indicates that she becomes cursed by the haunted iron maiden and has her Constitution reduced by 6 points (to a minimum score of 1). While enduring this curse, the victim's body appears to bear dozens of deep, bloodless punctures.

Destruction This haunt can be put to rest permanently only by destroying every single torture device in this room—simply removing the objects from the room is not enough.

Treasure: The warden's skeleton still wears tatters of his chainmail uniform. While the chainmail is ruined and his weapons were taken (they can be found in area U11 now), the prisoners had no real use for his keys—by the time they got to him, they'd used Gurtis Vortch's keys to unlock all the doors and cells they needed. Instead, they used the warden's keys, symbols of his control over the prisoners, as torture implements on the man. The keys (which include ones that can unlock the safe in area S4 and the door to area S16) sit inside of the skeleton's pelvis. The warden's badge also gave the prisoners an impromptu torture device—the metal disk has been wedged into his jaw, and is obviously the object that was used to shatter that part of his face. If returned to Vesorianna in area S11, the symbolic transfer of power is enough to allow her to banish the haunts from Harrowstone for good (as soon as all five key prisoners have been defeated by the PCs), as well as allowing her to find her final rest.

U9. SECRET PASSAGEWAY (CR 4)

The rough stone walls of this natural cavern drip with moisture, leaving stagnant pools of water on the uneven floor.

When Harrowstone was first constructed, much of the dungeon was expanded from a small existing cavern network. The architects left this length of cavern unfinished and hid both entrances behind secret doors (both of which can be discovered with a DC 20 Perception check)—the secret tunnel provided a way to easily transport prisoners between the torture chamber (area U8) and Nevermore (area U11).

Creature: Today, this cave is the den of a single gray ooze. The slimy predator slithered into the Harrowstone dungeon many months ago, dropping in through the hole from area S18 while pursuing prey—and lacking the ability to climb walls, it has remained stuck in the dungeon ever since. It has nothing to fear from haunts (being immune to fear effects) and is relatively stealthy, and can slither around the dungeon with relative ease, hunting rats, mice, slugs, and other small animals for food—yet the ooze is quite hungry. While the gray ooze is nonintelligent, the spiritual energy suffusing the haunts and the undead in the dungeon “scrambles” its instinctive drives, leading the creature to avoid the most spirit-infused parts of the dungeon. This avoidance also prevents it from attempting to feed on the undead and encourages its periodic return to this chamber, for here the psychic vibrations of the haunts are lower than elsewhere. In any event, the ooze ravenously attacks any living creatures it notices, pursuing them as relentlessly as it is able.

GRAY OOZE

CR 4

XP 1,200

hp 50 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 166)

U10. THE SOUTHERN GUARDROOM

As with areas U3 and U5, this room once served as a guardroom. Unlike in those other areas, though, the fire spread down this hall and into this room, partially as a result of several burning prisoners fleeing to the south. The fire didn’t do enough damage to cause a total collapse of this wing, but it did burn the winch controls to the portcullis to area U11 enough to cause the iron gate to drop and become stuck in place. The winch controls are almost hopelessly ruined as a result—they’re too heavy for *mending* to fix, but *make whole* can restore them, as can several hours of work supplemented by an appropriate Craft check and several new gears and other parts. If the winch is fixed, it can be used to raise the portcullis, allowing entry into area U11.

U11. THE NEVERMORE (CR 6)

The portcullis allowing entry into this room is down and jammed in place (hardness 10, hp 60, Lift or Break DC 28). Repairing the winch in area U10 allows the portcullis to be raised—otherwise, force may be necessary to enter this room unless the PCs use the secret tunnel at area U9.

Several iron doors line the walls of this partially ruined cellblock—the doors themselves hang askew on their hinges, revealing empty cells beyond. Partially burnt wooden support timbers still function to the north, while to the south they’ve collapsed and caused

Mourning Maiden

cell walls to crumble as well. Rivulets of water drip down the southwestern wall to create a shallow pool in this ruined portion of the room, with overflow filling an oubliette hole in the middle of the room nearly to the rim.

Sometimes, in the case of truly heinous crimes, executions were considered too merciful. In these rare cases, prisoners sent to Harrowstone were consigned to this cellblock, aptly named the “Nevermore,” with the knowledge that those who were imprisoned in a cell here would never again see the light of day, with their only trips out of the block being short journeys through a secret passageway to the torture room for grisly, recurrent punishments. These sentences were relatively rare, and as a result, this cellblock was often quite underpopulated. At the time of the fire, the only inhabitant of Nevermore was Professor Hean Feramin, the so-called Splatter Man.

The northwestern “cell” in this area is not actually a cell, but rather a staging area for the transport of prisoners to the torture chamber. Rusty manacles hang from pegs on the wall here—the secret door can be discovered with a DC 20 Perception check.

The oubliette itself is 30 feet deep, but over the years has become flooded with water seeping in from the pond above.

This prison block is the final resting place of Hean Feramin, the Splatter Man. In life, Professor Feramin was a brilliant man, even after his corruption and descent into madness. His intellect served him well in devising brutal and sadistic ways to murder people, and while it wasn’t enough to prevent his eventual capture, it aided him once he was imprisoned in Harrowstone. The loss of his spellbook was a significant setback for the insane wizard, but he hid from the guards the fact that, thanks to his Spell Mastery feat, he could still prepare a few spells each day. While some of these spells (specifically *magic missile*) could have given him the chance to do a fair amount of damage to the guards, Hean was smart enough to know that once he revealed his ability to still cast a few spells, the element of surprise would be lost. He refrained from using his spellcasting directly as a result, and the guards, thinking his lost spellbook rendered him nearly helpless, didn’t monitor his activity as closely as they should have. Using his vastly reduced spell selection and good old-fashioned trickery and diplomacy, he scrounged together enough spell components and resources to put into action a daring escape plan by recruiting the aid of the prison’s strongest and most violent murderer—the man known as the Lopper. Working with components and resources smuggled in to him with his food and taking advantage of the near total solitude that imprisonment in Nevermore afforded, the professor was eventually able (after much trial and error) to concoct a single *potion of levitation* at

the bottom of his oubliette. Trusting the Lopper to act according to his nature, Feramin summoned a small air elemental late one night and instructed it to ferry the potion to the north, passing through the two portcullises and avoiding detection by the guards by flying slowly and quietly near the ceiling, eventually delivering the potion down into the northern oubliette and into the Lopper’s hands. After that, it was only a matter of time before the Lopper secured his own escape and began releasing the other prisoners.

When the fire came, the Splatter Man was in the thick of the mayhem. Soaked with oil and burning to the bone, he fled in searing pain back south and managed to return to his prison, but in his blind agony he stumbled into his still-open oubliette and died from the fall. Soon thereafter, he made the transition from physical prisoner to spiritual prisoner, with his frustrated and evil soul rising as a ghost.

Just as in life, the Splatter Man in undeath is the primary organizational force in Harrowstone—of the haunts and undead, he can be seen to be the “leader.” Yet until both the warden and Vesorianna’s influence over the region is removed, he cannot leave this chamber—which forces him to instead manipulate and influence things from afar. His greatest triumph—one that would have been impossible while the warden’s ghost guarded the dungeon, and that even today takes much of the Splatter Man’s will to effect, is the remote possession of one of Ravengro’s most weak-willed citizens—old Gibs Hephenus. Through Gibs, the Splatter Man is slowly eroding widow Vesorianna’s will by waging a campaign of spiritual terror, spelling her name out in blood in the same way he tormented his living victims before his capture. The fact that the Splatter Man can only effect his long-range possession of Gibs once every few days has slowed his progress with this plan to a crawl, but the ghost is nothing if not patient—he has his conviction of his plan’s potency to encourage him, after all. If the PCs have managed to delay this plan by neutralizing Gibs, the Splatter Man continues as he can with new hosts (see Event 1, page 20), but grows more and more obsessed with destroying the PCs as well. When they arrive in this chamber, he is finally given the chance to do just that.

The encounter with the Splatter Man in this chamber is in fact a two-stage encounter—one with a haunt, and then one with the ghost himself. This final two-part encounter is easily the most dangerous one the PCs face, not only because both stages are CR 6, but because they happen back to back.

Haunt: The first stage of confrontation with the Splatter Man consists of an eerie, debilitating haunt that exists more to trick the PCs into causing their own doom than to slay them outright.

BLOOD-WRIT NAMES

CR 6

XP 2,400

CE persistent haunt (area U11)

Caster Level 6th

Notice Perception DC 20 (to notice drops of blood welling up along the walls)

hp 27; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 hour

Effect Every round, a living creature within area U11 must make a DC 16 Will save. Failure indicates that a letter in his name (starting at the beginning and working in order to the end) suddenly appears on a wall near to that character, written in fresh blood, and the character takes 2 points of Wisdom damage. Each round, each character in the room must make another DC 16 Will save to avoid having the next letter in his name appear on the wall and to avoid taking another 2 points of Wisdom damage. As this continues, anyone whose name is partially written on the wall is seized with the idea that his soul or sanity is being “stolen” by having his name appear on the wall, and that by destroying the bloody words, he can regain his lost Wisdom. Once a character’s name is spelled completely, the haunt merely starts writing his name over again, continuing until the character is rendered unconscious from the Wisdom damage or the haunt is destroyed.

Weakness This haunt can be damaged by physical attacks directed against the letters forming on the walls. Any attack that deals at least 1 point of damage destroys a letter—at the GM’s option, area of effect attacks can destroy multiple letters. Keep track of damage dealt to this haunt in this manner, for when the haunt’s hit points are reduced to 0, the physical damage caused can have an additional effect on the room (see Destruction, below). A character who destroys a letter from his own name immediately heals the associated points of Wisdom damage he took from the letter’s formation.

Destruction When the blood-writ names haunt is reduced to 0 hit points, all of the bloody words immediately fade away, but at the same point, the spiritual energy that was helping to hold the walls of this place together fades as well. At this point, make a Fortitude save for the walls (the walls have a bonus of +0), with the DC equaling the total amount of physical damage that the walls took in the process of ending the haunt. On a successful save, nothing happens and the haunt remains inert for an hour before it can attempt to reset. On a failed save, timbers and stones from the walls and ceiling collapse in the chamber. This doesn’t cause a complete collapse, but it does deal 3d6 points of damage to everyone in the room (DC 16 Reflex save halves the damage caused) and turns all of the ground in this room into difficult terrain. Once this partial collapse happens, the blood-writ names haunt itself is utterly destroyed and can no longer manifest in this room.

Creature: Just as in life, the Splatter Man hopes to trick the PCs into bringing about their own deaths via the blood-writ names haunt. If the PCs survive the

haunt, the Splatter Man grows enraged as his frustration finally becomes more than he can bear. At this point, the ghost rises up from the dark waters of his oubliette and confronts the PCs directly with a hideous shriek.

In life, the Splatter Man was a relatively powerful wizard. Had he died with his full resources and become a ghost, he would have manifested as a much more powerful foe—yet even without full access to his spells and resources, the ghostly Splatter Man is without a doubt the most dangerous foe the PCs face in this adventure. If the PCs prove unable to defeat him, the fact that the Splatter Man cannot leave this chamber to pursue foes may be their salvation—if the PCs are forced to retreat, they have as long as it takes the Splatter Man to complete the spelling of Vesorianna’s name (see Event 1) to regroup, resupply, and attempt additional confrontations with the ghost.

Although the Splatter Man is an 8th level wizard in addition to being a ghost, his CR is lower than it normally is because of his limited resources. If his plan to destroy Vesorianna is successful and he escapes from the prison’s bounds, he regains his full spellcasting ability, as well as Eschew Materials as a bonus feat. This raises him to CR 9 and makes him a much more dangerous foe—one that the PCs would be well advised to confront only after they’ve gained a few more levels.

THE SPLATTER MAN

CR 6

XP 2,400

Male old ghost wizard 8 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 144)

CE Medium undead (augmented human, incorporeal)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 13 (+3 deflection, +1 Dex)

hp 62 (8d6+32)

Fort +5, **Ref** +3, **Will** +8

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, incorporeal, rejuvenation; **Immune** undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed fly 30 ft. (perfect)

Melee corrupting touch +5 (6d6; Fort DC 17 half)

Special Attacks dream whisper, hand of the apprentice (8/day), metamagic mastery (1/day)

Wizard Spells Prepared (CL 8th; concentration +13)

4th—maximized *magic missile* (2), empowered *summon monster II*

3rd—*dispel magic*, empowered *magic missile* (2)

2nd—*summon monster II* (4)

1st—*magic missile* (6)

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *light*, *mage hand*, *read magic*

TACTICS

During Combat While the Splatter Man was careful to not reveal the true scope of his limited but not insignificant spellcasting when he was a living prisoner, he does not

need to abide by those limitations as a ghost. He begins combat by attempting to maintain ranged superiority, moving through the various walls of the cells to force the PCs to constantly be on the move to keep up with him. He starts by casting his empowered *summon monster II* spell to summon 1d3+1 dire rats to serve as distractions, then follows that up with *magic missiles* (working down from maximized to empowered to normal versions of the spell)—he'll generally split up his magic missiles among different targets rather than focusing fire on one foe, in a cruel attempt to prolong and distribute the suffering. Once his summoned rats are gone, he'll use *summon monster II* to begin summoning giant spiders or octopuses to vex the PCs as appropriate. The Splatter Man's corrupting touch is one of his most powerful attacks, but he saves it to use against foes who seem to be able to significantly damage him—while he's a ghost, old habits die hard, and he tends to try to avoid getting into melee confrontations. The Splatter Man is bound to this room—he cannot leave area **U11** to pursue foes, but he certainly attempts to use his dream whisper ability on the PCs later if they flee a battle against him, for now that he has firsthand knowledge of the PCs, they gain no bonuses to resist that ability.

Morale The Splatter Man fights until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str —, **Dex** 13, **Con** —, **Int** 20, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 18

Feats Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Empower Spell,

Maximize Spell, Scribe Scroll, Skill Focus (Linguistics), Spell Mastery (*comprehend languages*, *dispel magic*, *levitate*, *magic missile*, *summon monster II*)

Skills Bluff +11, Diplomacy +11, Fly +9, Intimidate +14, Knowledge (arcana) +16, Knowledge (planes) +16, Linguistics +19, Perception +10, Sense Motive +13, Spellcraft +16, Stealth +12

Languages Abyssal, Aklo, Auran, Azlanti, Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Gnome, Halfling, Orc, Osirian, Thassilonian, Varisian

SQ arcane bond (familiar—none currently)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Dream Whisper (Su) The Splatter Man cannot physically leave area **U11**, but he can extend his consciousness outside of this area to touch the dreams of sleeping mortals once every 1d4+2 nights. This allows the Splatter Man to send visions and hideous dreams to a single sleeping creature within a mile. The target can resist these dreams with a DC 17 Will save; otherwise, the target is affected by the dreams as if by a *nightmare* spell (the victim gains the same Will save modifiers as afforded to those who are targeted by an actual *nightmare*, meaning that once the Splatter Man has firsthand knowledge of a creature after it fails the Will save, he tends to stick to that target on successive nights). The second time a target fails to resist the effects of the Splatter Man's dream whisper, the Splatter Man can, instead of

causing 1d10 points of damage with the nightmare effect, implant a *suggestion* in the dreaming creature's mind. If the *suggestion* is successful, the creature immediately rises in a somnambulistic state to carry out the commands of the *suggestion*, which must be something the victim can accomplish before sunrise, at which point the sleepwalking victim awakens with no memory of the dream or his actions while under the influence. If the Splatter Man manages to escape Harrowstone, this ability increases in power, becoming a full-fledged ghostly malevolence ability.

Treasure: The Splatter Man confiscated Warden Hawkran's magical gear when the prisoners seized control of the prison, hurling the items into the oubliette for safe keeping (and to torment Hawkran, of course). These items remain at the bottom of the flooded oubliette still, under 30 feet of water with the corporeal remains of the Splatter Man himself. These objects were technically unclaimed as belongings by the Splatter Man when he died, and as a result he didn't form a strong enough spiritual and emotional attachment to them to be able to manifest ghostly duplicates of the gear for him to use. Still, if he expends all of his spells, using his hand of the apprentice ability with some of the items could make an excellent last-ditch tactic.

The items themselves consist of a +1 *keen longsword*, a +1 *mithral dagger*, and a *ring of protection* +1.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

The order in which the PCs confront and defeat the five key spirits haunting Harrowstone doesn't matter—neither does the time it takes to accomplish this goal, as long as they can stay ahead of the Splatter Man's schedule by keeping his possessed victims from being able to complete the spelling of Vesorianna's name. If the PCs fail to cleanse Harrowstone of its haunts in time, then as the last letter of the ghost widow's name is completed, eerie cold blue light erupts out of every window, door, pit, and crack of Harrowstone as the spirits of dozens of violent criminals escape, transforming into full-fledged ghosts. In this event, many of the ghosts sweep down into Ravengro—how this plays out is left to you, but you should have the PCs confronted by both a fair number of possessed townsfolk, minor prisoner ghosts (most of whom were 1st-level fighters or rogues in life), and at least one of the five key spirits that they haven't yet defeated. The Splatter Man in particular might pay them a visit. The goal here shouldn't be to kill off the party with endless waves of vengeful ghosts, but to impress upon them the repercussions of their failure and, perhaps, force them to flee Ravengro. Certainly most of the town's inhabitants are slain that night—those who survive flee, leaving behind a literal ghost town. Harrowstone itself retains a

number of haunts after this development. Although they are no longer maintained or organized by undead spirits, the ruin becomes a haven for other undead creatures who are drawn to its unholy site like a beacon.

If, on the other hand, the PCs defeat all five of the key ghosts, they have saved Ravengro. In this event, Vesorianna's ghost remains behind to serve as the prison's new warden—the ruins remain truly haunted in this event, but unless Vesorianna is removed from the site as was her husband, Ravengro has nothing to fear from these ghosts and evil spirits. For this level of success, award the PCs 1,200 XP.

True victory requires not only defeating these five evil spirits but delivering the warden's badge of office to his widow's ghost. If the PCs do this, Vesorianna is able to use her newfound symbolic authority to actually cleanse the ruin entirely, stripping it of both haunts and the five key spirits. As she does so, she sighs in thanks to the PCs as she fades away as well, the warden's badge settling softly to the ground as she vanishes. The badge continues to glow softly from then on, and functions as a *rod of lesser ectoplasmic metamagic* (this item is detailed in the *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide*—if you don't use this item in your game, the badge instead functions as a *rod of lesser extend metamagic*). Harrowstone's reputation as a haunted building persists, but over the course of a few more generations, this reputation might fade as the truth of the new developments eventually settles in to Ravengro's rumor mill. For this level of success, award the PCs 2,400 XP.

If the PCs manage to exorcise the haunts, or at the very least restore control of the haunts to the widow's ghost, Ravengro's citizens notice the change the very next night as the strange events and eerie happenings that have been plaguing the town cease. The next day, the town's citizens gather and pool an amount of money to gift to the PCs as a reward. The amount of the reward is equal to the PCs' final Trust score multiplied by 10.

In any case, whether the PCs leave Ravengro in triumph or defeat, it is time for them to honor Professor Lorrimer's final wish and make the delivery of his books to Lepidstadt (and to collect the promised stipend!). Yet agents of the Whispering Way have been at work in Lepidstadt as well, and it won't be long before the PCs are once again thrown up against the ramifications of the cult's machinations.

APPENDIX: OPTIONAL EVENTS

If you're looking for a few additional spooky events to have occur in Ravengro while the PCs are doing research or recovering from their latest foray into Harrowstone, the following optional events give the PCs a few more opportunities to learn and experience more of the haunted prison's legacy.

A HOUSE ON FIRE

This event can occur at any time, at any inn or tavern where customers play cards, such as the Outward Inn or the Laughing Demon.

A few locals are playing a game of Towers with a Harrow deck nearby when one of them cries out triumphantly as he lays a winning hand down on the table. As he does so, the five cards suddenly burst into flames that flare up to a height of nearly 2 feet and send all the nearby locals staggering to their feet in a momentary panic. All within 10 feet of the sudden flare (including at least 1 PC) must make a DC 12 Fortitude save to avoid being blinded for 1d4 rounds. A blinded character can make a DC 15 Perception check—success indicates that he hears the faint, muffled sound of numerous people screaming below, as if there were burning victims in a basement. When the flare ends, the cards remain on the table, unscorched, but the smell of smoke lingers in the air for several minutes. An investigation of the cards reveals that the card the player used that “triggered” the flames was The Uprising—a card that shows a small army of enraged peasants marching amid a field of flames. This card symbolizes both the burning of Harrowstone (during the uprising of its prisoners) and the upcoming mayhem awaiting Ravengro if the PCs fail to cleanse the prison of haunts.

REST IN PEACE

This event should occur at some point when the PCs are visiting the Restlands after the professor's burial.

The PCs come across a cluster of weather-beaten tombstones. Have the PCs make Perception checks. The PC who gets the highest result (whatever that roll might be) notices something disturbing—one of the graves bears the name of another PC in the group and an inscription that reads, “Come to my world, and be as I; as I am now, soon you will be; embrace your end and witness me.” A smaller inscription below the inscription reads, “Died 4661 AR”—the same year as the Harrowstone Fire. As soon as the PC draws the attention of others to the grave, the inscription upon a second glance appears to be weathered away, as if the eerie inscription were never there in the first place. The fell influences of Harrowstone sent this as both a warning and an invitation, almost as if they've taken note of the PCs and are daring them to venture into the prison.

Story Award: Award 100 XP to the PCs if they connect the date on the gravestone to the year Harrowstone burned.

VANISHING TRACKS

This event can occur at any time a PC is alone on a road. A set of silent ghostly tracks starts to form, making its way past one of the PCs, headed in the direction of Harrowstone. A PC who succeeds at a DC 10 Survival check determines from the shape and depth of the tracks that



the tracks seem to be created by a wagon being drawn by a team of horses. The tracks vanish before the PC who witnessed them can draw anyone else's attention to the strange occurrence.

A VISION OF IMPRISONMENT

This adventure can occur at any time during the night, after the PCs have encountered at least two events.

Choose one of the PCs who has not yet been the focus of a haunt or weird happening. While that PC is preparing for sleep, a glance to the window reveals an unnerving development—the window is now barred! As the character looks around the room, describe how pieces of furniture that were there just a moment before are now missing, or perhaps replaced by something one might find in a prison cell. For example, if the character gets out of bed to approach the window, then looks back at his bed, he'll see that the bed is now a pile of moldy straw. A plate of leftover food sitting on a rug by the door might turn into a bowl of wormy gruel sitting on a stone floor. A glance out the now-barred window reveals an entirely different

view from what the PC might expect, for now, the view looks out over a mist-shrouded hill, in the distance of which can be seen the flickering lights of a town. A DC 15 Knowledge (geography or local) check identifies that town as Ravengro as seen from a high vantage point from the south of town—the direction of Harrowstone.

Cries for help bring no response, and no amount of hammering on doors or bars budes them. As the PC grows more and more desperate, he notices his name slowly appearing on the wall above where his bed used to be, one letter at a time written in dripping blood. Just before the final letter appears, the PC should waken in his bed, as if from a bad dream, yet if he looks back on the wall where the words were appearing, the bloody message remains in full view. The blood itself is nonmagical and remains on the wall until cleaned away. The PCs should eventually recognize this manifestation as linked to the Splatter Man, who was said to spell out the names of his victims in blood before he killed them.

Story Award: Award 200 XP to the PCs once they realize the connection to the Splatter Man.



Ravengro

Numerous small towns dot the fog-shrouded landscape of Ustlav. At first glance, these towns might all seem kindred spirits—cozy collections of quaint buildings surrounded by farmland, their skylines decorated by the steeples of Pharasmin churches or the steep rooflines of colorful taverns. Yet in Ustlav, appearances are often deceiving, and many of the nation's towns and villages harbor sinister secrets. Such is the case in idyllic Ravengro, a town built originally to provide support for the notorious prison known as Harrowstone, but which today endures as a self-sufficient farming community with more than its fair share of secrets.

The following explores the town of Ravengro and its secrets, presenting the settlement in great detail so that you'll have plenty of resources and inspiration to call upon during the course of "The Haunting of Harrowstone." Not all of the subplots and characters detailed in this article have roles to play in the course of the adventure, but that isn't to say they'll have no roles to play in your campaign. Ravengro is intended to be a place that the PCs explore as they go. Let them do so organically, coming to the shops as they need supplies, to the inn as they need rest, and to other locations as curiosity and need compel them. The adventure in this volume sends the PCs to some of these locations, but should they seek out more, allow them. Ravengro is a living, organic place—one haunted as surely as the prison that looms on the distant hill.

RAVENGRO

NG small town

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

Qualities insular, rumormongering citizens

Disadvantages cursed (haunted, -4 Society)

Danger +0

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government council

Population 311 (281 humans, 12 halflings, 8 elves, 7 dwarves, 3 half-elves)

Notable NPCs

Councilman Vashian Hearthmount (LN male human aristocrat 1/cavalier 1)

Councilman Gharen Muricar (N old male human expert 3)

Councilwoman Mirta Straelock (NG female human commoner 4)

Councilwoman Shanda Faravan (LG female human expert 3)

Sheriff Benjan Caeller (NG middle-aged male human ranger 2)

Vauran Grimburrow (N male human cleric of Pharasma 7)

Professor Petros Lorrimer (NG old male human wizard 7; deceased)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 1,000 gp; **Purchase Limit** 5,000 gp; **Spellcasting** 4th

Minor Items masterwork full plate, +1 light steel shield, +1 silver morningstar, +1 rapier, incense of meditation, dusty rose prism ioun stone, ring of feather falling, wand of cat's grace (13 charges), wand of cure moderate wounds (19 charges);

Medium Items flesh golem manual, scroll of restoration, wand of slow (6 charges)

RAVENGRO AT A GLANCE

Ravengro was founded in 4594 AR to support Harrowstone, a prison built to answer the growing need for a centralized repository for criminals in the county of Tamrivena (now

known as Canterwall). Count Eigen Lorres, one of the last counts to rule Tamrivena before the county switched to its current government, was not a well-liked ruler. In an attempt both to bolster his failing reputation and bring money into Tamrivena's coffers, he announced the construction of Harrowstone, a prison that would not only house all of the county's prisoners (thus removing them from being incarcerated locally), but that for a price, would house dangerous prisoners from all over Ustalav. Count Lorres's plan worked perfectly—not only was the transfer of criminals out of local jails seen as a boon throughout the county, but other counties also responded well to the invitation, sending caravans of payments to Tamrivena and caravans of prisoners to Ravengro. The town of Ravengro itself was always intended to be little more than support for the prison. Not only would Ravengro provide a place for the prison's employees to live, but it would also provide all of the supplies needed by the prison—food, water, tools, weapons for the guards, and anything else necessary.

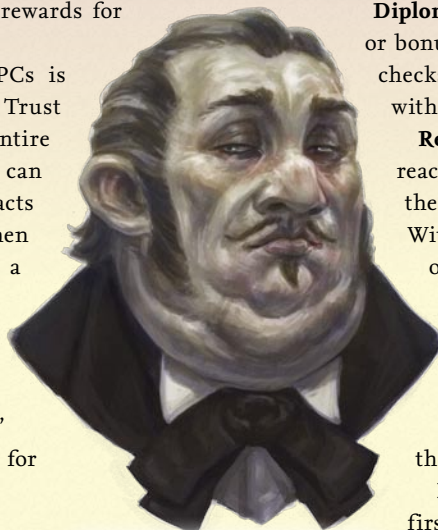
Historians often point to Harrowstone's unfortunate destruction in the fire of 4661 as one of the trigger events that eventually led to the entire region's bloodless uprising in 4670—the prison's loss, combined with the government's inability to rebuild the site (or, more likely, its lack of interest in doing so), certainly disenfranchised the citizens of Ravengro, who by the time the region was ready to abandon hereditary rule were all too eager to accept the new democracy. Since that time, while Harrowstone has remained a constant reminder of darker times, the town of Ravengro has recovered remarkably. Today, the town is a quite healthy farming community blessed with fertile fields and orchards. The town's chief products are wheat, barley, and corn. Because the town is close to the shore of Lake Lias ("The Great Blue Dot"), Ravengrians can supplement their food stores with fish, but fishing is not sustainable as a commercial enterprise.

Despite their success, Ravengro's citizens are the town's greatest hindrances to expansion. Insular, they take some time to warm to strangers and often damage new opportunities for trade with their standoffish attitudes. Yet as hesitant as the townsfolk are to talk to strangers, they are all too eager to talk about them. Rumormongering and gossiping are traditional pastimes among the townsfolk, especially when it comes to strangers. Without a steady supply of unusual visitors to town, they'd be limited to whispers about illicit affairs, unwanted pregnancies, and speculations upon their neighbors' prosperity—the arrival of strangers in town puts folk in an awkward state, in which their desire to avoid contact with possible troublemakers comes into direct conflict with their curiosity about new faces. As a result, visitors who make plain their intention to stay in town for more than a day typically receive the bulk of Ravengro's hesitant curiosity.

BUILDING TRUST

In “The Haunting of Harrowstone,” the PCs spend quite a bit of time in the town of Ravengro. Unfortunately, as strangers to the town during a particularly bad time, they aren’t initially trusted. Yet as the days roll by, they are faced with numerous opportunities to build upon the town’s trust and, eventually, become well liked by the citizens, earning discounts on purchases, free room and board, or perhaps even greater rewards for their good deeds.

Ravengro’s overall trust in the PCs is expressed by a numerical value—a Trust score. This score is shared by the entire party—acts of individual members can affect this total just as surely as acts the entire group takes part in. When the adventure begins, the PCs have a Trust score of 20. They can raise their Trust score by doing good deeds, respecting the townsfolk, or completing quests—both this article and “The Haunting of Harrowstone” present numerous Trust awards for completing quests.



Councilman Hearthmount

LOSING TRUST

In addition to certain events in the adventure, there are three general ways the PCs can lose Trust points.

Harrowstone Influence: Each day until the haunting of Harrowstone is defeated, the PCs lose 1 point of Trust at sundown.

Obvious Crime: While rumors and whispers of PCs committing crimes are not enough to lower their Trust score (their delight at the opportunity to spread such rumors somewhat offsets this for the locals), every time a PC openly commits a crime in town, the group loses 3 points of Trust. If the crime is particularly violent, the point loss is doubled.

Townsfolk Deaths: Each time a Ravengro citizen dies, the PCs lose 1 Trust point. If the PCs are obviously and directly responsible for the death, they lose 6 Trust points.

EFFECTS OF TRUST

The table below summarizes the effects of Trust as the PCs accumulate or lose points.

Trust Score: This value indicates the party’s current Trust score.

Purchase Price: This lists the surcharge (if a positive value) or discount (if a negative value) the PCs get to all purchases in excess of 10 gp made within Ravengro.

Diplomacy Modifier: This lists the penalty or bonus that the PCs gain on all Diplomacy checks made in Ravengro when interacting with citizens.

Reaction: This column lists a specific reaction or reward that the town grants to the PCs upon reaching that level of Trust. With the exception of “Angry Mob” (which only occurs at the lowest level of Trust, and goes away as soon as the PCs work their way out of this level of distrust), reactions are cumulative. A party that gains the maximum Trust possible gains the benefit of all the positive reactions.

XP Reward: Award this to the party the first time they reach this level of Trust.

Angry Mob: If the PCs’ Trust score drops to 0, they become hated in Ravengro—

unless they accomplish a great deed (such as defeating the haunting in Harrowstone) or completely disguise themselves, they can no longer gain Trust points in Ravengro. No one in town will sell anything to them, and all Diplomacy checks involving citizens automatically fail. Worse, if the PCs don’t quickly leave town, an angry mob is bound to form soon with the intent to capture and imprison the PCs. In a best-case scenario, the mob simply runs the hated PCs out of town, but at the GM’s whim, the mob might march the PCs up to Harrowstone and force them to jump, one by one, into the sinkhole at Harrowstone that leads into the dungeon—or the mob might simply cut to the chase and lynch them all. Use the stats for the Ravengro thugs that appear on page 11 of this book for mob members as necessary.

TRUST IN RAVENGRO

Trust Score	Purchase Price	Diplomacy Modifier	Reaction	XP Reward
0 (Hated)	Not applicable	Not applicable	Angry Mob	—
1–15 (Loathed)	+20%	–4	—	—
16–20 (Disliked)	+10%	–2	—	—
21–25 (Neutral)	—	+0	—	—
26–30 (Liked)	–5%	+2	Friendly locals	400
31–35 (Trusted)	–10%	+4	Free healing	800
36 or higher (Admired)	–20%	+6	Cohort	1,200

Friendly Locals: Most locals smile and greet the PCs by name when they cross paths on the street. Children are often seen pretending to be heroes similar to the PCs, while the PCs themselves might find villagers willing to buy them a drink at the tavern, invite them to dinner, or even steal them away for a romantic encounter. If the PCs don't wish to stay in the Lorrimors' house, the Outward Inn allows the PCs to stay free of charge as long as they can maintain this level of trust.

Free Healing: At this point, Vauran Grimborrow, the town's head priest, offers the PCs healing free of charge as long as they're in town—he'll only charge for expensive material components for any spells he casts for them.

Cohort: At the highest level of trust, the PCs can gain the direct aid of some of the town's more powerful NPCs. Sheriff Caeller might agree to accompany them into Harrowstone, for example. Exactly how this benefit plays out is up to the GM. In this case, you'll need to either build stats for these NPCs or use similar stats presented here or in another Pathfinder product—Chapter 9 of the *Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide* provides dozens of NPC stat blocks for just such occasions.

RUMORS

If Ravengro is good for anything, it's rumors. Yet the locals aren't automatically willing to share their hard-earned local lore with just anyone. It generally takes a DC 10 Diplomacy check and 1d4 hours of interacting with locals at the market, in taverns, or elsewhere to earn a rumor, but at the GM's whim, an NPC might offer up a random (or even specific) rumor at any point during the adventure. Whenever the PCs learn a rumor, roll 1d10 and consult the following table to determine what they learn. (Alternatively, you can select the most logical rumor for the NPC in question). The rumors are labeled according to their veracity, but even false rumors may encourage PCs to seek out parts of town or the environs where adventure or trouble awaits. You can use these rumors as templates for building additional rumors of your own design.

RAVENGRO GAZETTEER

Below are details on several locations in the town of Ravengro. Each location is given a letter—sub-locations that play a greater role in the adventure are given additional number tags (A1, A2, A3 and so forth).

A. TOWN SQUARE

A simple wooden gazebo at the center of a grassy circular plaza serves as the hub for Ravengro's major festivals and gatherings. The town council also uses the gazebo as a platform for major announcements. When their labor allows it, farmers who have musical talent often converge

RUMORS IN RAVENGRO

d10 Roll Rumor

- | | |
|------|--|
| 1–2 | The food at the Laughing Demon isn't all fun and games—and it's no coincidence that Zokar serves more corpse chowder after unpopular merchants "leave town," never to be seen again. If Zokar invites you into the Demon's back room for a complimentary taste of that evening's chowder, watch out! (False) |
| 3–4 | Jominda Fallenbridge does more than brew potions—she brews drugs and poisons as well and sells them through agents in other towns. Why else would the sheriff be so interested in her business? (Partly true) |
| 5–6 | Now and then, if you visit Harrowstone near sundown, you can hear the ghost of the warden's wife wailing and sobbing from somewhere within the ruins. She haunts the prison now, forever mourning her husband and attempting to frighten anyone who intrudes on the prison. (Partly true) |
| 7–8 | They say that Harrowstone's executioner still guards the execution balcony on the western side of the prison, and that on some nights, his scythe can be seen patrolling the balcony on its own, as if carried by an invisible spirit. (True) |
| 9–10 | Stories that Harrowstone is haunted are just that—stories. The ruins are still dangerous, but what folks think are ghosts are only the nasty vermin that live there. (Partly true) |

here, forming impromptu bands. The town square is also where the local farmer's market gathers every Weald day.

The town square is the most likely place to encounter Old River, the town dog. Old River has been ownerless for more than a decade, but the citizens of Ravengro have taken to looking after it—the dog has become something of a beloved town mascot. Old River is particularly protective of the town's children, following the smaller ones if it spots them running off alone. The dog almost always spends its evenings sleeping under the gazebo steps.

B. THE POSTING POLES

The best sources for local news in Ravengro are the posting poles located throughout the town. Here one can find dozens of messages tacked to one of the five huge posts jutting out of the ground—generally, all five posting poles have identical notices, but periodically one or two



messages might be missing from one of the poles. **Pevrin Elkarid** (NG young male human, commoner 1), the oldest son of the owner of the Laughing Demon, has taken the role of Post Boy for the last 3 years, charging 1 cp to transcribe five copies of a post and then ensuring that the copies are posted for at least a week. It is at the Posting Poles that the locals leave news of nuptials, job postings for farmhands, or notices of missing pets. The most popular regular item at the Posting Poles, however, is the “Wealday Parchment”—a weekly posting written by elderly councilman Gharen Muricar that summarizes Ravengro’s current politics. Occasionally, it even carries news of events beyond Ravengro’s borders. The “Wealday Parchment” is the closest thing Ravengro has to a weekly paper.

C. THE LAUGHING DEMON

Zokar Elkarid (NG male human expert 3) holds the philosophy that the best way to meet the horrors of the world is with a jest, for if one can laugh at the worst life has to offer, there remains little to fear. His warm and friendly tavern does its best to live up to this admirable philosophy, down to the menu. Zokar takes pains to come up with humorous names for his drinks and meals, with offerings like vampire steaks (cuts of beef skewered on thick wooden spikes), wolfballs (lamb meatballs served on plates painted to look like the face of the full moon), corpse chowder (a thick stew with red broth and chunks of meat), and liquid ghosts (a sweet pale ale that glows faintly with a greenish tint). Zokar and his regulars enjoy telling visitors tall tales about what’s really in the food served here.



Zokar Elkarid

D. RAVENGRO TOWN HALL

In classic small-town style, the people of Ravengro use this all-purpose facility for virtually everything, including council meetings, wedding receptions, and, when it rains, even the annual cook-off. Town council meetings are generally scheduled on the first Oathday of the month, and often last well into the night.

E. TEMPLE OF PHARASMA

This temple is devoted to Pharasma, the Lady of Graves. Ravengro’s only religious structure, the temple is also the town’s most elaborate building. Its eastern facade displays an intricate stained-glass mural depicting a stern Pharasma judging Count Andachi, one of Tamrivena’s most infamous previous rulers. Vauran Grimburrow is officially in charge of the temple, but the day-to-day tending of the flock and maintenance of the temple and the Restlands (see area P)

are largely seen to by a dozen acolytes (all 1st- to 3rd-level clerics). The sale of minor magic items (particularly *potions of cure light wounds*, *potions of lesser restoration*, and holy water) is also the acolytes’ responsibility. Among their current offerings for sale are a single dose of *incense of meditation*, a +1 *silver morningstar*, a *wand of cure moderate wounds* (19 charges), and a *scroll of restoration*—these four items are kept locked in the temple vault, and only Vauran carries the key. The clerics do not offer these four items for sale until the PCs reach a Trust score of 28 or higher.

F. RAVENGRO GENERAL STORE

Goods of all kinds can be procured here, especially tools and everyday items such as pots and pans. **Luthko** and **Marta Avanaki** (NG male and female human commoners 2) run the store with their five girls. While the store caters to local needs, the Avanakis keep in stock most of the adventuring gear, tools, and skill kits listed in the *Core Rulebook*. While they do not normally carry weapons, armor, or magic items, the Avanakis might agree to sell a display suit of masterwork full plate (an inheritance from Marta’s mother) that stands guard in the back of the store if the PCs can make a DC 20 Diplomacy check (or have reached a Trust score of at least 26).

G. RAVENGRO FORGE

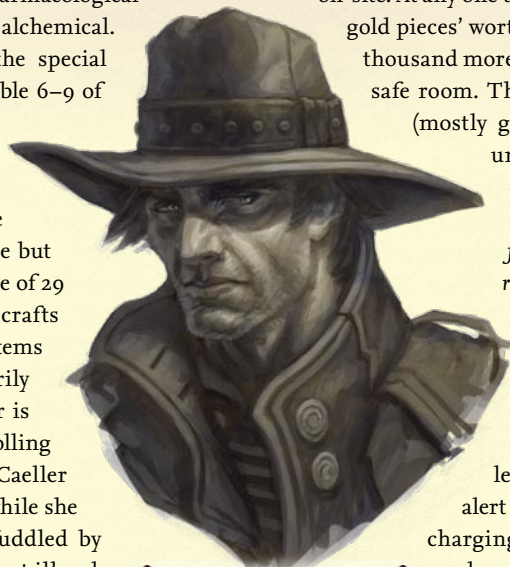
Jorfa (LN middle-aged female dwarf fighter 2/expert 3) is one of Ravengro’s most jealously guarded assets, for her skill at the forge is out of keeping with what one would expect to find in such a small town. Jorfa never speaks to her neighbors about her past—she’s lived in Ravengro for so long that locals see her as more of an institution than a neighbor. In truth, Jorfa had a promising career in the Five Kings Mountains as a soldier, but on one patrol she panicked and abandoned her platoon during an attack on an enclave of duergars. She didn’t stop running until she reached western Ustalav, where she heard a call for skilled crafters to aid in the foundation of a new town—Ravengro. Jorfa arrived only a month after Harrowstone was finished, and has lived in Ravengro ever since. Now approaching old age, she’s taken on a few promising apprentices but remains tight-lipped about her life before she fled her kin—she still worries that she’s being hunted for deserting her platoon.

Jorfa isn’t the oldest person in town, but she’s certainly lived in Ravengro longer than anyone else. She’s kept to herself for the past century or so, though, and despite her long life has relatively little insight into the inner workings of Harrowstone. While the majority of her work

for Ravengro consists of tools for farmers and fisherfolk, she often forges weapons and armor as well. Most of these works she sells to visiting collectors, but she keeps a good selection of weapons and armor on hand (including several masterwork weapons and suits of armor). If the PCs have a Trust score of 28 (or they manage to befriend Jorfa with a DC 19 Diplomacy check), she reveals that she has a small collection of magical arms and armor for sale, including a +1 *light steel shield* and a +1 *rapier*.

H. JOMINDA'S APOTHECARY

Jominda Fallenbridge (N female human alchemist 2) keeps a well-stocked supply of pharmacological provisions, both herbal and alchemical. Here the PCs can find all of the special substances and items listed in Table 6–9 of the *Core Rulebook* as well as most common material components for spells and a good selection of magic potions—although she won't agree to sell these to anyone but those whom she trusts (Trust score of 29 or higher). Rumors that Jominda crafts and sells dangerous alchemical items like poisons or drugs stem primarily from the fact that Sheriff Caeller is often seen speaking to her or patrolling near her shop. In truth, Sheriff Caeller has a soft spot for Jominda, and while she is constantly frustrated and befuddled by his visits and veiled questions about illegal substances, not even she suspects that the sheriff is in fact infatuated with her and worried about her shop's security.



Benjan Caeller

I. RAVENGRO JAIL

Ravengro itself has never been a crime-ridden town (despite—or perhaps because of—the presence of Harrowstone), and its relatively small jail has always been more than enough to handle the town's criminals (mostly public drunkards, vandals, or other minor thugs who rarely spend more than a few days in a cell). Indeed, the cells are typically empty, which is fine with the town's sheriff, Benjan Caeller. Yet despite the town's dearth of criminal activity, the sheriff likes to keep a tight lid on things by employing four part-time deputies: **Leromar**, **Riff**, **Trestleblade**, and **Vrodish** (all NG male or female human warrior 1). Each of these deputies spends a few days per week working as farmhands on one or more of the outlying homesteads. Most of the policework involves keeping order at the town taverns and making sure everyone stays calm and honest when the tax collectors from Caliphas ride through town.

J. THE SILK PURSE

Farming is a tough business. Drought, pests, and floods can make a year's hard work vanish in an instant. To keep one's farm afloat, those lucky enough to own land will often pledge it to a moneylender for credit. Others must pledge a percentage of the gross income from their next season of labor. Fortunately for Ravengro's farmers, the Silk Purse is always ready to provide loans. Two moneylenders work out of this building, **Luramin Taigh** and **Quess Yearburn** (LN male and female human experts 4, respectively)—security is provided by a small group of eight loyal mercenaries (all LN male or female human warrior 4) who live in barracks on-site. At any one time, the Silk Purse has a few thousand gold pieces' worth of coin on hand for loans and a few thousand more gold pieces' worth of collateral in the safe room. The Silk Purse also sells old collateral (mostly gems and jewelry) that farmers were unable to buy back after the terms of their loans expired. One of these pieces of jewelry is a *ring of feather falling*, and one of the gems is a *dusty rose ioun stone*. The moneylenders know full well what the ring is and what it's worth, but neither has learned that the *ioun stone* is magical, so they offer it for sale as a “smoky quartz” for a mere 500 gp. If the PCs learn of the *ioun stone*'s true value and alert the moneylenders that they should be charging a lot more for it, the selfless act goes a long way to earn trust in town—award the PCs 4 points of Trust for this act.

K. THE OUTWARD INN

The board and breakfast provided by **Sarianna Vai** (NG female human expert 2) come highly recommended. The inn has 10 rooms, though it is rare for more than four to be occupied at any one time. Local musicians and storytellers often visit the main floor and basement tavern in the evenings, performing for coppers at the smaller, more intimate gatherings. Only if the place is really jumping can Sarianna be cajoled into performing herself. Although now retired, she was once a singer of some repute in Caliphas, and her voice remains strong and beautiful to hear.

L. THE UNFURLING SCROLL

When their parents can afford to spare them from the farms, a few “lucky” children are sent to study under **Alendru Ghoroven** (N old male human expert 1/wizard 5), a retired wizard-turned-teacher. Alendru teaches reading, history, and math, as well as beginning magical theory. He seeks to elevate “the commoners,” though few of his pupils enjoy the strictness of his classes.

In addition to teaching, Alendru supplements his income by buying and selling minor magic items (primarily scrolls) that he's purchased or created. He offers many 1st- through 3rd-level scrolls for sale (you can generate a list of a dozen, or simply allow the town's base value of 1,000 gp to determine what scrolls are for sale), along with a fair number of low-priced magic items. A *wand of cat's grace* (13 charges) and a *wand of slow* (6 charges) are two of his current highest-priced offerings, but he also recently came into the possession of a *flesh golem manual* as well; this book is the property of one Montagnie Crowl of Lepidstadt—Alendru purchased it from one of his shadier contacts, and while he doesn't know for sure, he suspects that the book was stolen. If the PCs manage to get their hands on this book, returning it to Montagnie in the next adventure can net them a payment of 6,000 gp as a reward rather than the 4,000 gp they'd get selling it on the open market.

M. COUNCIL MEMBER'S HOME

There are four members of the Ravengro town council. Most live in generously-sized houses on the outskirts of town.

M1: Vashian Hearthmount and his family dwell here. Hearthmount is a retired military commander who settled in Ravengro and took up the mantle of leadership largely so he could retain a sense of self-importance in his old age. He is the most experienced councilman—the other three look to him for guidance more often than not.

M2: Councilwoman Mirta Straelock was born and raised in Ravengro. She was the original owner of the town's tavern, but sold it many years ago just before she took up public office. Popular and earthy, she is the most public face on the council.

M3: Councilwoman Shanda Faravan is a native-born local who served abroad as a royal accuser. She returned home after a scandal involving a prisoner she thought was innocent but who instead played her for a fool. She doesn't speak much about her time as a royal accuser as a result.

M4: Councilman Gharen Muricar is just a few years junior to his lifelong friend Vashian Hearthmount, but acts like a man half his age. He's the most up to date on matters outside of Ravengro, keeping the council abreast of national events, and also serves as the city's unofficial historian. His reputation as something of a rake has not diminished much in his old age—but he's such an institution in the town that most of the citizens take his lechery in stride, regarding it as "mostly harmless."



Shanda Faravan

N. THE LORRIMOR PLACE

This modest home was, until recently, the home of Professor Petros Lorrimer and his daughter Kendra. With the professor's recent death, Kendra has been left the house as her inheritance—whether or not she chooses to stay in Ravengro is an unanswered question, though, for she yearns to see more of the world. This building and Kendra herself are presented in greater detail in "The Haunting of Harrowstone."

O. HARROWSTONE MEMORIAL

Other than the looming ruins of Harrowstone on a nearby hill, Ravengro's most distinctive landmark is a 25-foot-tall, moss-covered stone statue that overlooks the river. The statue depicts a proud, muscular human man dressed in leathers and wielding a truncheon—a depiction of Warden Hawkan. A total of 25 names—the guards who died in the fire of 4661, as well as the warden's wife, Vesorianna—are chiseled into the statue's stone base. The memorial is a popular meeting spot for late-night trysts among Ravengro's young lovers, for it has just the right mix of tragic romance and spooky ambience without actually being on Harrowstone's supposedly haunted grounds.

P. THE RESTLANDS

Behind the Funerary is a large stretch of moorland reserved for interring Ravengro's dead. Thanks to the Pharasmin church's influence in town, Ravengro's graveyard is large and well tended. Tradition dictates that whenever one passes by (or through) the Restlands, one must always first draw a spiral on her heart as a sign of respect. The sign wards against the risk that the traveler's passage will disturb the sleep of the departed.

The Restlands are further detailed in "The Haunting of Harrowstone."

Q. GIBS HEPHENUS'S SHACK

This ramshackle building is home to one of Ravengro's most foul-tempered retired farmers—Gibs Hephenu (CN old male human commoner 2). Gibbs plays a key role in "The Haunting of Harrowstone."

R. HARROWSTONE

This reminder of Ravengro's original purpose looms over the town from atop its bleak hilltop, a constant inspiration for tall tales and bad dreams. Harrowstone is presented in detail in this volume's adventure.



Hunts: The Unquiet Dead

With the knockings of restless spirits erupting around us, I raised my hand and snapped my fingers thrice, loudly. The raps paused, then responded back in unison. As we called out questions to the dead lord of Montalov Manor, the knocks responded, and we began to unravel the mystery of Arno Montalov's murder. Suddenly the temperature dropped to a deadly chill, and a pair of spectral hands seized my throat in an iron grip, just as they had seized the estate's lord some eighty years before.

—Joseffy Cagliosamo, retired ghost finder

Horn of anguish and despair, haunts are a versatile means of invoking atmospheric encounters and creepy occurrences at the game table. Crossing foul undead presences with traps, haunts can serve as frustrating foils for the players' explorations or as terrifying storytelling devices. With the publication of the *Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide*, rules for constructing and presenting these enigmatic spirits are now available to GMs, allowing them to unleash their own malevolent horrors upon unsuspecting players.

While decrepit asylums and rotting ancestral estates are the most obvious places for haunts, folklore is filled with ghostly encounters along lonely country roads and fog-shrouded moors, and even thriving inns and taverns are reliable receptacles for supernatural presences. In short, any location where unjust death, murder, and deceit have taken place is fair game for unquiet spirits. From classic ghostly manifestations such as glowing orbs and cold spots, to more mystical and terrifying spectres such as gjejangangers and shrouded ladies, the 15 classic haunts that follow feature a wide range of challenge ratings and effects to frighten PCs and keep players squirming in their seats. Let the adventurer beware.

CLASSIC HAUNTS

While each of the following haunts presents an encounter with a specific theme, GMs should feel free to customize these manifestations as they please. Regardless of the default description, the better customized a haunt is to the setting in which it's found or the more personalized it is to those it's meant to spook, the more effective it will be.

RAPPING SPIRIT (CR 1)

The most common haunts are rapping spirits: unquiet dead with just enough substance to produce cacophonous knocking and loud bumps in the night. Adventurers may attempt communication with these intelligent spirits by working out codes to form cryptic messages at the rate of 1d10 words per minute with a successful Linguistics check (DC varies—see sidebar). Neutralized haunts of all types may revert to this residual state during their reset period (see sidebar), allowing communication and discovery of their means of destruction.

RAPPING SPIRIT

CR 1

XP 400

Alignment varies persistent haunt (5-ft. radius)

Caster Level 1st

Notice Perception DC 10 (to hear faint knockings on walls, floor, and furniture)

hp 4; Weakness tricked by *hide from undead*; **Trigger** proximity;
Reset 1 day

INVESTIGATING HAUNTS

Whether in the employ of the frightened owners of a haunted estate or simply seeking to exorcise unquiet spirits, PCs may attempt communication with haunts to discover the actions necessary to bring final rest.

The GM may elect to treat all neutralized haunts (those reduced to 0 hp) as CR 1 rapping spirits while they reset. Using this option, haunts retain enough ectoplasmic fortitude to linger in the area, where they attempt to convey their needs to the living. While these knockings are still potentially frightening, communication with these feeble spirits can be established by working out a series of codes (such as one rap for “yes” and two for “no”) or by calling out words, numbers, and letters for selection by the spirits. Such messages can be formed at the rate of 1d10 words for each minute a character makes a successful Linguistics check, with a DC equal to 15 + the original haunt's CR.

Such communications are typically unreliable and cryptic, never conveying knowledge beyond what the spirit knew in life. While the spectre always behaves according to the original haunt's alignment, only the most malevolent spirits would deny themselves a chance at final rest. Some mediums carry flat, lettered boards known as “talking boards,” or planchettes—small, wheeled boards with chalk or charcoal extending below—to better facilitate communication with spirits. Such tools increase the efficiency of messages received to 3d6 words per minute of communication, and grant the user a +4 bonus on Linguistics checks to decipher the cryptic messages of haunts.

Effect When triggered, a chorus of agitated raps and blows rings out from nearby hard surfaces as unquiet spirits convey their unrest to the living. All who hear the supernatural knocks suffer a *cause fear* effect (save DC 11).

Destruction Depending on their alignment, rapping spirits typically ask for their mortal remains to be laid to rest or for the PCs to seek revenge for their deaths. Fulfilling these requests dismisses the haunts.

SLAMMING PORTAL (CR 1)

Mysteriously locked or slamming doors usually indicate a supernatural presence protesting intrusion, and serve as stern reminders that explorers are unwelcome in the realm of haunts. These frivolous spirits are fond of not only locking the living out of rooms, but also locking them in, usually with deadly dungeon denizens.

SLAMMING PORTAL

CR 1

XP 400

LE haunt (doors or shutters in 5-ft. radius)

Caster Level 1st

Notice Perception DC 10 (to see a portal closing)

hp 2; Weakness tricked by *hide from undead*; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 minute

Effect The haunted door or window slams shut abruptly when triggered, held fast by supernatural resistance as if affected by a *hold portal* spell. Once triggered, the phantom's hold on the door persists for 1 minute, although neutralizing the haunt releases the portal.

Destruction A flask of holy water sprinkled in the infested area permanently dismisses troublesome haunts that incessantly slam shutters and gates.

ORBS (CR 2)

Common signs of ghostly infestation, these sentient spirits manifest as a lazily drifting cloud of translucent, glowing orbs. Scholars speculate that they represent minor animal spirits, ghosts who have faded into the ether with time, or even the souls of children.

ORBS

CR 2

XP 600

CE haunt (10-ft.-by-20-ft. room or hallway)

Caster Level 2nd

Notice Perception DC 10 (to notice pulsating, glowing orbs)

hp 4; Weakness slow; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 minute

Effect This swarm of drifting motes typically consists of 6d6 glowing orbs ranging from the size of tiny peas to that of large melons. Witnesses of the manifestation are subject to the effects of a *scare* spell (save DC 13) as the curious phantasms ominously threaten invaders.

Destruction Orbs are too minor to be afforded the purposeful rest sought by other haunts. Instead, the number of orbs found in a given area is reduced by one die each time the haunt is neutralized until they stop appearing altogether.

COLD SPOT (CR 3)

Cold spots occur at the sites of the traumatic deaths of creatures that lack the psychic fortitude to persist as true ghosts. These common supernatural indicators are known to roam within large complexes, continuously seeking relief from the chill of death by drawing warmth from the living.

COLD SPOT

CR 3

XP 800

NE persistent haunt (15-ft. radius)

Caster Level 3rd

Notice Perception DC 10 (to notice a sudden temperature drop)

hp 13; Trigger proximity; **Weakness** damaged by fire; **Reset** 1 hour

Effect When the area of a cold spot is entered, the temperature immediately drops to freezing as the minor spirit draws warmth from living creatures. This action duplicates the effects of a *chill touch* spell (save DC 11), automatically affecting all creatures in the area for each round they remain.

Destruction An unattended metal object must be subjected to *heat metal* while the cold spot manifests. The warm object will absorb the entity, and must be quickly buried in hallowed ground.

CHOKING HANDS (CR 4)

Whether lingering embodiments of lynched serial stranglers or the traumatic psychic manifestation of a hysterical public, these dangerous spectres lurk in dark alleyways seeking vengeance on the living.

CHOKING HANDS

CR 4

XP 1,200

CE persistent haunt (15-ft.-by-30-ft. alleyway)

Caster Level 4th

Notice Perception DC 20 (to see coalescing vapor)

hp 18; Weakness tricked by *hide from undead*; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 day

Effect This spirit manifests as a pair of spectral skeletal hands that latches around the throats of its victims. This +4 touch attack duplicates a *vampiric touch* spell each round, and the temporary hit points gained feed the haunt's own hit points, making the entity harder to dismiss the longer it strangles.

Destruction Manacles enchanted with *bless weapon* that are brought into the haunted area capture the haunt's essence; they must then be thrown into moving water to permanently dismiss the murderous spirit.

MAD MONK (CR 5)

Often found haunting ruined monasteries, apparitions of monks are among the most commonly reported haunts. Stories of the enigmatic spirits are conflicted, as some report offers of chalices of healing elixir, while others tell of poisonous betrayal from the seemingly benevolent ghost's gift.

MAD MONK

CR 5

XP 1,600

CN haunt (25-ft.-radius churchyard)

Caster Level 5th

Notice Perception DC 20 (to hear the sound of pouring liquid)

hp 10; Trigger proximity; **Reset** 1 day

Effect When triggered, a robed monk materializes and offers a gold chalice to the nearest wounded creature. Sometimes the ethereal liquid is beneficial, acting as a *cure critical wounds* spell if consumed. Other times the monk is deceitful, and imbibers suffer the effects of a *poison* spell (save DC 16) as the monk dissolves into a cackling pile of ghostly bones.

Destruction If the spirit intends to help, the gift offered must be turned down by one of good alignment who is truly in need. Otherwise, the peals of church bells will also dismiss the treacherous monk permanently.

BALEFUL APPARITION (CR 6)

Bile seeps up from floorboards while horrific images of bloody claws or the gasping faces of drowned victims fade into view and back out again. Such are the haunts that infest torture chambers, ruined castles, and secluded, swampy groves.

BALEFUL APPARITION CR 6

XP 2,400

CE haunt (30-ft.-by-30-ft. chamber)

Caster Level 6th

Notice Perception DC 18 (to feel an ominous presence)

hp 12; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 hour

Effect Victims of this haunt are subject to disturbing supernatural images. Mirrors reflect bloody visages, shadows coalesce into terrifying monstrosities, horrifying spectres wail, or decaying maidens plead for help. The unnatural happening targets all witnesses with a *fear* spell (save DC 16).

Destruction The resonance of lingering psychic trauma, these images are usually the result of ethereal residue rather than a specific restless spirit, and can be dismissed with a *hallow* spell.

RESTLESS SPIRIT (CR 7)

Mysteriously moving furniture, flying objects, and invisible attacks are common indications of haunts in noble villas and dank dungeons alike. Restless spirits typically manifest to protest the intrusion of mortals onto forgotten gravesites or the sacred grounds of a lost indigenous people.

RESTLESS SPIRIT CR 7

XP 3,200

CE persistent haunt (up to 35-ft. radius within building)

Caster Level 7th

Notice Perception DC 20 (to see mysterious movements)

hp 31; **Weakness** tricked by *hide from undead*; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 hour

Effect Powerful spirits capable of violent kinetic outbursts, restless spirits are able to violently throw furniture and even touse invaders with a persistent *telekinesis* effect (save DC 17). Restless spirits are known to use all three versions of this spell to harass the living and show their anger toward the offending household.

Destruction Barring the removal of the imposing structure from sacred grounds, these haunts are difficult to destroy. A *forbiddance* spell bars their entrance into the area, driving them away.

GHASTLY WHISPERS (CR 8)

Those driven insane by delving into dark and terrible secrets, as well as the ghosts of mad wizards who journeyed too deeply into the black essence of the Dark Tapestry, often manifest such haunts after departing the mortal realm.

GHASTLY WHISPERS CR 8

XP 4,800

CE haunt (up to 40-ft. radius)

Caster Level 8th

Notice Perception DC 20 (to hear crescendoing whispers)

hp 16; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 day

Effect When this haunt is triggered, all within the affected area discern a faint, feathery whispering. As the whispers crescendo, all intruders are subject to the maddening disorientation of an *insanity* spell (save DC 20). The condition is permanent, but can be cured normally.

Destruction *Holy smite* cast in the area permanently destroys this raving haunt.



Mad Monk

Ectoplasmic Miasma (CR 9)

Swirling clouds of spirits congealed into a single ethereal mass often haunt the scenes of particularly gruesome slaughters. Bound together in death, these confused souls know nothing more than to strike out at the living, their faces stretched into silent howls and mad shrieks.

Ectoplasmic Miasma

CR 9

XP 6,400

CE persistent haunt (30-ft.-radius ethereal cloud)

Caster Level 9th

Notice Perception DC 15 (to see congealing mist)

hp 40; Weakness tricked by *hide from undead*; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 day

Effect Dozens of spectral visages coagulate in a swirling miasma of mangled limbs and twisted, howling faces. The congealed apparitions swiftly pass through the bodies of those within the area, duplicating the effects of both *solid fog* and *acid fog* (save DC 17), but dealing untyped damage.

Destruction If the name of each murdered victim among the dozens is discovered and called out while the haunt resets, their souls separate and find peace.

Headless Horseman (CR 10)

Whether spectral cavaliers from distant lands who lost their heads in battle or jilted equestrians decapitated by jealous rivals, headless horsemen are dangerous and deadly pursuers known to haunt dark roadways and abandoned bridges in the late hours of the night.

Headless Horseman

CR 10

XP 9,600

CE persistent haunt (10-ft.-by-50-ft. roadway or bridge)

Caster Level 10th

Notice Perception DC 20 (to hear the galloping of a phantom horse)

hp 45; Trigger proximity; **Reset** 1 day

Effect This haunt materializes as a headless, horse-bound spectre. Wearing ancient armor, its decapitated head hanging from the saddle of a rotting, ghostly equine, the spirit swiftly gallops across the roadway, attacking each round with a terrible, ethereal blade as the *mage's sword* spell with a +16 attack bonus. Some roving specimens are known to continue pursuit far beyond their original area.

Destruction A holy weapon must be buried in the roadway, and then the haunt must be provoked during a full moon. The headless horseman is destroyed when it charges over the holy weapon.

Spectral Carriage (CR 11)

Many superstitions maintain that these translucent horse-drawn carriages transport souls into the hereafter, while scholars insist they are perpetually replaying manifestations of tragic accidents. Whatever the case, the spectral teamsters driving these ethereal carriages have no love for the living, and appear in abandoned streets and crowded boulevards alike to run down pedestrians with cackling glee.

Headless Horseman

SPECTRAL CARRIAGE

CR 11

XP 12,800

CE haunt (15-ft.-by-60-ft. roadway)

Caster Level 11th

Notice Perception DC 22 (to hear galloping horse hooves)

hp 22; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 hour

Effect Once manifested, a translucent horse-drawn carriage carrying laughing ghosts in rotting finery careens wildly over the roadway, swerving madly to run down all in its path. Those caught within the area are subject to the effects of a *clenched fist* spell (+25 attack).

Destruction Those wishing to destroy these dangerous and wild spirits must bring a mare to the haunt's location. Using *plane shift*, the living horse must be sent to the Ethereal Plane, where the carriage's spectral stallions give chase and become forever lost.

SHROUDED LADY (CR 12)

Those once the toast of the ball soon age into ragged spinsters, their beauty little more than a memory, their youths wasted. The women who carry their resentment at this affront into death do not often rest easy, and sometimes seek to steal the youth of the living.

SHROUDED LADY

CR 12

XP 19,200

NE haunt (10-ft.-by-20-ft. staircase)

Caster Level 12th

Notice Perception DC 26 (to hear creaking of old bones)

hp 24; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 hour

Effect The incorporeal form of a white-shrouded, desiccated crone materializes when triggered, affecting all witnesses within range with *horrid wilting* (save DC 22). As the victims of this haunt wither and age, the shrouded lady seems to return to youth and vigor before fading again into nothingness with a satisfied sigh.

Destruction A mirror must be carried into the haunt's area during the manifestation of the withered spectre. The sight of its true state banishes the spirit.

GJENGANGER (CR 13)

Vengeful suicides, or gjengangers, might manifest in the mortal realm as twisted corporeal copies of those who trespass on their territory, attacking with violent malevolence. These entities also spread disease, and victims of their attacks often display the telltale blue, sunken marks that indicate the spirit's "dead man's pinch," or *dødningeknip*. Survivors of the gjenganger's initial assault usually succumb to a virulent illness as their bodies slowly waste away from the haunt's debilitating curse.

GJENGANGER

CR 13

XP 25,600

CE persistent haunt (up to 65-ft. radius)

Caster Level 13th

Notice Perception DC 28 (to see corporeal formation)

hp 58; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 day

Effect A gjenganger manifests corporeally, and assumes the stunted, twisted form of a selected intruder as if created by the *simulacrum* spell. Regardless of the creature it duplicates, the gjenganger always has hit points equal to its haunt hit points. These entities rely on their "dead man's pinch." This +13 touch attack causes a sunken blue wound that duplicates the *contagion* spell (save DC 16), manifesting as bubonic plague. This disease persists even after the haunt is neutralized, but can be cured normally. This haunt can only manifest one duplicate at a time. Creating a new duplicate causes the one in existence to vanish.

Destruction While placing the holy symbol of a lawful good deity painted in tar in the haunt's territory prevents it from manifesting, gjengangers are notoriously difficult to lay to rest. Their remains must be located, exhumed, and carried around the church of a lawful good deity three times before being passed over the churchyard walls for reburial.

FALL OF THE HOUSE OF HAUNTS (CR 14)

Sometimes an estate is so infested with haunts that the house itself rebels, a final desperate act typically spelling the end for adventurers prying too deeply into the troubled history of the haunted home. In these rare circumstances, the vengeful forces within heave forth in a final cataclysmic effort to destroy those who discover their unsettling secrets.

FALL OF THE HOUSE OF HAUNTS

CR 14

XP 38,400

CE persistent haunt (70-ft. radius enclosing 1 estate)

Caster Level 14th

Notice Perception DC 21 (to feel the growing vibrations and hear the structure creaking)

hp 63; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** none

Effect Typically triggered by traumatic revelations within ancient mansions troubled by unquiet spirits, the haunted estate undergoes a terrible act of self-destruction. The weather around the estate immediately shifts to intense, torrential storms, as per *control weather*, as the house itself begins to tremble and crack from the effects of an *earthquake* spell (save DC 22), bringing a cataclysmic end to its horrific history. Most structures are immediately destroyed, but both effects continue until the entire estate is swallowed up by the earth.

Destruction Such acts of final desperation are self-destructive, and the circumstances surrounding these events typically release the unquiet spirits in a tumultuous finale. What spirits do linger on the ruined grounds can be made quiet with a *hallow* spell.



Guilty Blood: 1 of 6 Common Ashes

I'm starting this after the matter, as that's what they say we're supposed to do. I used to think these little diaries were all about fame and letting us insignificant folk know there were bigger things in the world beyond our gray streets and propped-up walls. I suppose I know better now. At some point I realized they're warnings. So if some night the blasted thing takes me, I'll still be able to explain how I met my end and maybe prevent it from happening again.

It's here as I write this, the red glint betraying its hunger. Not for food, or drink, or blood, or anything half-sane like that—it's far beyond those things. You might need to know that, especially if I'm past giving warnings.

It didn't start like one of her novels, no matter what she might say now that it's all over. The evening had brought me around to the Old Horn, the oldest public house in Ardis, a mangy den the owner claimed was constructed in an age when all men were kings and all geese shat gold. How the wreck of sagging beams and cracked mortar looked mangy was something of a wonder, but a wonder the taproom brought off nightly with its threadbare wall hangings, tattered hawthorn wreathes, and dusty bear pelt splayed above its narrow fireplace. The cluttered decor, along with a years-old haze of cheap spice cigar smoke, unintentionally but effectively baffled noise in the narrow pub, making

it a favorite den for those with the contradictory needs to converse and not be heard.

I hadn't thought of it then, but the setting did seem like something she'd come up with; a heroine, daring the city's underbelly to track a moon-mad rake, vengeful corpse, or some such. But while Kindler's heroes always had a pack full of tricks and talismans suited to their noble intentions, my evening's agenda seemed to match what little rattled in my tired satchel: a few coins pinched earlier that day, a few useful splinters of metal, a chipped wharfman's knife, and a battered book—its embossed cover still holding a bit of color upon the words *Her Wounds Never Bled* and *Ailson Kindler*. I remember nabbing the book from my mother's library the night I made my escape—it being one of those everyday ironies that seem all the more prophetic in retrospect. Regardless, it was nothing to me at that moment, and my thoughts were on more pressing and less romantic topics.

You had to buy at least one drink or else the hatchet-faced barkeep would get wise and have you tossed out in the street. Sidling up to the bar, I ignored his scrutiny of my freshly pinched coins and took in the night's crowd.

Slim pickings.

Nothing but a pair of clerks in patched coats, a pesh dealer trying to hide his own shakes, some over-painted wharf wives with bleary-eyed beaus, and a conclave of students leaning so close they might be trying to read each other's thoughts—two fellows and a sliver of a girl. The sure coin was with the clerks, who were practically flashing their coppers with a second round of drinks. But the easy coin hung off the scruffiest student's belt in an old-fashioned hip pouch. The purse looked malnourished, but there was easily enough to cover the price of my drink and, Desna willing, a meal before the last peddler closed up for the night.

Suspiciously accepting my under-filled mug of water and ale suds, I sought out a bench with its back to the students and took a seat. No reason to rush my drink, as they didn't look to be headed anywhere anytime soon.

Through the smoke and lazy murmur of the room's muffled conversations, I could just make out the whispers behind me. Chalk it up to what my father always called my "elf ears," harking to some probably imaginary ancestor in our family tree.

"—and bowled him right over, just in front of him. If he'd left the counting house a moment earlier, he said it'd been him lying face down in the street instead of ol' Parrigd," said the biggest of the students—or perhaps a laborer's apprentice, judging from his anvil-like frame.

"I'd heard it was the countess's daughter... the one with the piggy eyes. Opaline, I think. That half-heifer, looking out the coach window and laughing behind them fat, pie-poking fingers." The sharp-nosed girl needled every vowel

to a whine. "It'd be just like them, too. Don't care who they roll over so long as their coffers are full and they can waddle out of this cesspit whenever they please."

There was a moment's silence, as if the speakers waited for the third to chime in with his volley of news and curses, but it didn't come.

"You're taking this well, Garmand," the anvil rumbled. "He was your boss." Only a pointed silence answered.

"If he'd been anything to me, I'd do something," the girl boasted with a shrill arrogance, inviting challenge. "You wouldn't see me in here dripping tears in my—"

"Is that what I'm doing?" The scruffy student interrupted with surprising steel in his voice. "And would it unman me if I did shed a tear or two? I worked alongside that old man for nearly eight years, fed both of us with coin from his purse, and have nearly enough hidden away to get out of this place thanks to him. Doesn't his death—his murder—maybe warrant a tear or two? Or, in all your experience, are you past regret?"

I could hear the girl bristle and sniff loudly, probably unused to holding her tongue, but doing so all the same.

"Anyway," Garmand continued, his voice taking on a thoughtful distance, "you're not wrong. Something like this calls for more than tears and words. I was there when the guard peeled Mister Parrigd off the street—even saw where the coach's wheels rolled out his blood for five paces before fading off. They all said it was one of the countess's coaches. Even the watchmen did, as if that ended the matter. Parrigd might as well have been a crow picking in the gutter, just a bump and not worth a moment of guilt. He didn't have any people either. So who knows what'll happen to his body. The Watch is more likely to just roll him into the river than give him over to the church for a proper burn."

"So what's for it, then?" the girl accused after a space, trying to recover pride from his slight.

"Not much, sadly. Less than Mr. Parrigd deserves, but I think I might have something in mind. I need to talk to some fellows if there's any chance of making it work. And we might need Sayn's boat."

"I'll take you anywhere you need, long as it's after dusk," said the big one, apparently the boatman Sayn. "But I can't say it's much for getting out of town. I can't take it off the Tears and side streams."

"We won't need to wait long or go far, I hope," Garmand said. "I want to take care of this tonight, while my nerve's up. I'm just waiting for the right sort to come in. There's a ratty guy I've heard about, and I've seen him in here before. I think we could make a deal with him. But I still need to think it out."

The students' little drama devolved into mumbles of plots, what-ifs, and curses against the Venacdahlia name. It seemed like the three had been through a bad patch today,

and I thought about turning my eye toward the clerks across the taproom ordering up their third round. But their talk of making deals made me imagine silver instead of copper weighing down Garmand's exposed pouch. Though I had sympathy for their hard times, their story wasn't anything novel in Ardis these days. If I wasn't the one who made their day worse, it would just be someone else. So why deny myself a meal? I made my move.

I feigning checking my boots and coughed to mask any sound. My dagger flashed, and the coins were in my hands with hardly a rustle. My fingers had danced this dance

often enough that it was an easily rushed routine, sliding the coppers—damn—into the lip of my boot, replacing my blade, and straightening nonchalantly as though nothing had happened, all in that half a moment. I casually finished my drink, and after another moment, stood to leave, careful to keep any hint of a smirk off my face, wearing instead the typical downtrodden stare the pub's patrons would expect and ignore. Stepping lightly to avoid jostling the coins sliding beneath my heel, I reflected on what a fine stop this had been and considered adding it to my weekly rounds.

That's when a grip like a pair of smith's tongs clasped my wrist.

I should have stuck to my weekly rounds.

"Ho there, missy," came the boatman's gritty voice. I turned, trying to disguise nerves with outrage at the rough hand on my arm. All three at the table were looking at me, the girl sneering, Sayn half standing, his hairy hand locked on mine. "Not as sly as you thought, huh? I think you owe us a round with those coins you're stinking up."

I knew I couldn't pull away. Maybe I could scream like he was accosting me, but no one around looked the hero type. Maybe if I—

"No, they're hers," Garmand said calmly, interrupting my escape plans and surprising his companions, who turned on him as though he'd gone mad. He produced his pouch and fingered the extra opening I'd just added. "Have a seat, miss. If you're as talented as you just demonstrated, you might be even better than the one I was waiting for."

He gestured to the unoccupied fourth seat. "At the very least, hear me out. I've got an idea that could buy us each our way out of the city, avenge a friend, and slap the aristocracy across the face—all of which must sound better than getting hauled off to the Watch. But tell me, does your skill end at cutting purses?"

The skiff didn't run aground. It ran a-grave.

A tombstone jutting out of the water halted our journey and we pulled the sad little boat ashore, rubbing away handfuls of flaking white paint with every tug. The black water lapping against half-submerged tombstones sounded like the lake was trying to hush us, as though it didn't want us to wake the untended dead it had crept upon. In morbid curiosity, I peered into the languid waves, wondering if I could make out an unearthed coffin or a drowned skull, but the cloudy night helped the lake keep its secrets.

Looking inland hardly helped calm my imagination. Evercrown Cemetery. Here Garmand sought his revenge on the living by way of the dead.

The cemetery rose upon a low hill, where naked autumn trees grasped heavenward, their curled finger bones doing little to hide dozens of small structures



"This is going to be simple: corpses for a corpse."

scattered randomly between them, as if tossed by some gargantuan hand. Thousands of discrepant silhouettes vied to be more ominous than their neighbors, holding aloft ornamental wings, urns, or obelisks, while larger shapes hulked like ghoulish giants collecting bones in the dark. The trees and wild grasses rustled in the chilly breeze, their roots seeming to draw up the smell of the dead, their haze of motion disguising anything that might lurk amid the graves. I could make out the nearest of these tombstones, their memorials lost in shadow, but each seeming to bear ominous promises for trespassers.

Hoping not to excite my imagination too much with my first step upon the burial grounds, I looked back the way we'd come. The few lights of the sleeping city flickered across the lake called the Tears, so named for the elaborate burial processions that crossed it to reach the city's mausoleums. Only royalty and nobles were buried here, those who could afford the honor of such costly rites. All others were burned to ashes. Such was a pauper's fate, but one nearly everyone in Ardis expected. Such was also the crux of Garmand's scheme.

Gathering us a few strides away from the shore, a cask of oil and two crowbars under his arm, Garmand spoke hurriedly and in hushed tones.

"This is going to be simple: corpses for a corpse. We find the Venacadahlia mausoleum, break in, and burn everything we find. We keep it small. We're not trying to start a blaze that will have the Watch running. If there's time, we gather up the ashes and put together a fine little memento for the countess. We clear?" It was exactly as we'd agreed after leaving the Old Horn.

"And tomorrow we wake up rich men with big houses and fat wives. That's how this all ends, right?" Sayn's tone was arch. Garmand frowned. His sister, Liscena, cursed.

"No," Garmand replied. "Tomorrow we wake up just like we always do. The countess, her daughters, and half the inbred nobles in town, though—they wake to find their forefathers going back a dozen centuries gone, the ones who gave them that noble blood nothing but ashes. All burned up, just like we're going to be when we pass on." His tone took on an optimistic enthusiasm. "And maybe, like you'd expect from folk with no sense, the nobles gussy up their dead like they're headed off to the opera. So we help ourselves to a little of that, hock a few trinkets, and finally get out of this place on their coin. Seems like justice to me."

He nodded at me. "All that, but only if you're as good as I hope you are."

"I like my turnout better!" the burly boatman chuckled.

Liscena rolled her head. "Can we get on with this?"

It took nearly an hour to find the resting place of the county's rulers, the Venacadahlia mausoleum. We searched

without light, fearing the attention it might attract on the exposed hill. Broken flagstone paths, twisted roots, and spidery ground creepers hid among the shadows of tombstones, making the cemetery so treacherous to traverse that in places we had to crawl amid the ornamental mourners and deathly effigies. We found our aim near the end of a walk that wound up from the eastern gate, squatting near the hill's summit, commanding a lordly view of the Tears and the city beyond.

Angels prayed at the tomb's corners, years of grime giving them the wings of crows. Artfully twisted pillars circled the small, temple-like structure, and the dead eye of a shattered, stained-glass pediment window stared down. A tarnished bronze door barred the way inside, its surface etched with a flight of surprised-looking green cherubs in mottled armor, a large keyhole piercing one's breast like a spear wound.

Not waiting for a cue from my evening's employers, I found my makeshift picks and knelt at the door, trying to avoid making eye contact with any of the angelic mourners. The Venacadahlia earned their reputations as skinflints that night—two twists of the metal slivers and the tumblers gave way. I fumbled with the lock for several moments more, underscoring the worth of my participation. Eventually I stood and, with a casual hand, swung the mausoleum door wide.

Although the burial chamber was open and lofty, the air within was close, with the thick smell of dust and old rot. I'd expected that. I'd even expected the hairy black spiders and other less distinct shadows that fled our intrusion. But I hadn't expected the foreboding, the feeling of blasphemy that rained down from the vaulting, the accusations of eyeless sockets glaring through the lids of dozens of burial alcoves. We were trespassing in the home of the dead, and though they couldn't physically stop us, their indignation loomed even past death's veil.

We had hardly paused to take in the dilapidated monument for a moment before Garmand moved to the bier at the chamber's center and set down the crowbars and cask of oil.

"Start with the high alcoves and pull down what's inside. We'll burn them in piles." His instructions were matter of fact, though his shifting eyes belied his disquiet. "If you find anything valuable, it's yours to keep."

I helped them, and—being the easiest to lift—even tugged down the remnants of some of Ardis's historic rulers myself. I didn't make any friends among the historians that night—to say nothing of the country's nobility. It had fortunately been some time since any Venacadahlia had been buried here, so we were mostly contending with dry remains, and what we were tossing down looked inhuman enough that we could fool our consciences for the time being. Within minutes Garmand

was pouring on the oil and we had a modest blaze going, the smoke of old rulers wafting up through the broken window and invisibly out into the night. The lurid light flickering through crackling skulls did little to lessen the foreboding weighing in the pit of my stomach. Somehow the hellish light seemed ominously prophetic.

Here and there we'd find something worth pocketing—a brooch, a pair of earrings, a gold-capped walking stick—but it was Liscena who first laid eyes upon the dagger.

“Whoa,” came her flat interjection, escaping with such dumb surprise that we all turned in curiosity. She had just wrested the lid off a low alcove, not far from the fire. Inside, something caught the light and danced like a serpent's tongue in the corpse-fueled flames.

“It's mine!” Liscena snapped as we crowded close, doubtlessly not even sure what “it” was. Cautiously, her brother reached into the alcove and tugged forth a corpse unlike any we'd defiled that night.

On the dusty marble of the mausoleum floor lay a withered form in a grim military uniform, its chest seemingly crushed under the medals weighing upon it. Its high-collared coat shone with gold thread, broad epaulets, and silver clasps. At its hip, a gilded saber jutted from an elegant ebony scabbard. But although the corpse was interred with the honors of a leader, it was obvious it didn't receive such esteem in life's final moments. Four vicious wounds marred the body, the open buttons of the jacket and shirt revealing a ragged path from the face, neck, and collar to the center breast, which rot had deflated like an emptied wineskin. There, from the sternum, as though the murderer had tired mid-crime, jutted the handle of a silver-bladed dagger. Yet more remarkable than the fact of the apparent murder weapon being interred along with the victim was the dagger itself.

Although the blade hid within its morbid sheath, what was visible bore an exotic elegance reminiscent of treasure-laden Katapeshi palaces. Delicate flourishes adorned the hilt, but the handle appeared to be carved from a single miraculous crimson stone imprisoned within a web of delicate gold filigree. Proud and deadly, it was the weapon of royalty—and, apparently, the slayers of royalty.

An impulsive girl, Liscena already had her hand around the pommel, yanking before anyone else made a move. Thinking back, I'm not sure whether it was the girl or the corpse who screamed first.

The dagger didn't come away cleanly, but rather burst from the corpse like a secured stopper, spilling the thief backward. A geyser of something like luminescent entrails erupted forth from the unplugged wound, an ephemeral burst of upward-roiling ethereal humors. Gushing from the dead man, the torrent of nether fluids refused to rain back down, accumulating and writhing in the air above

the corpse, hanging there in defiance of gravity and sanity. And with the glowing viscera exploded a terrible sound, a depthless intonation from an indistinct distance. A noise that grew evenly in volume, as if it falling up into the crypt from the pit of the world.

A moment later, a grotesque apparition hung above the empty carcass, a knot of churning, unnatural organ-stuff glowing the unsteady green of a flickering altar votive. With revolting deliberateness the mass churned and took shape, as if worked by the hands of some invisible fiend. Limbs, garments, a withered visage rent by slashes—each took shape until the thing floating there was a spectral copy of the husk below. And all the while the sound came, issuing from the form like a scream heard through a shattered window, the horror-stricken source hidden at some unworldly remove.

When the phantasmal form moved, the four slashes marking its disfigured body stared like a vertical row of empty sockets, taking us in even as they unleashed that terrible, voiceless howl.

I can't say who made the first move, but terror gripped us each in unique ways.

Garmand was at his sister's side in a blur, shouting something as she gaped dumbly, brandishing the long, silver blade of her prize. For my part, I realized I was backpedaling as the crypt's doorframe came into view, managing to halt myself before my shuddering limbs carried me further. Sayn's terror took the boldest route. Hardly stepping back from the phantom, he hefted a discarded crowbar and, with a bellow, sent it spinning end over end toward the thing.

Were the vaporous corpse a creature of bone and flesh, surely it would have shattered from the wild gusto of the blow alone. As it was, the bar clanged upon the vault's far wall and skittered into the dark.

Like a blind thing, the ethereal carcass's head snapped to where the tool had cracked the aged mausoleum stone. In a series of jerks, it turned its neck in the direction of Sayn's bellow, directing its own howl toward the big man, the slash across the thing's face connecting its empty eye sockets in a single cyclopean hollow. Awkwardly, like a thing unused to moving, the spectre wrenched forth the saber of faintly glowing ghost steel at its hip. Slashing a weird gyre before it, the dead thing propelled itself, blade and body, toward Sayn.

The boatman stumbled backward in the face of the armed shade, obviously rethinking the impulse not to flee as a swipe of the spectral blade transfixed him. The ephemeral saber emerged bloodlessly from his chest, seemingly nothing more than an illusion. Looking down upon his unwounded body, Sayn's face reflected his surprise and the beginning of a smirk in the instant before he collapsed.

A gasp from Liscena drew the deadly wraith's attention. Garmand yanked his sister off the ground bodily, intending to flee, but halted as the spectre came to hover a step between them and the door. Valiantly, he moved between the thing and his sister. As he did, the howling reached a hollow crescendo.

"Ferendri," a name echoed in the moan, the sounds stretched long in accusation, filling with the loathing of bitter years.

Garmand's eyes went wide with confused recognition, and the shade's saber fell upon his brow in a slow stroke, as if knighting him with some grievous authority. The young man fell backward into his sister's arms, the light in his eyes guttering.

As the sounds of Liscena's despair filled the vault, the spectre's howl faded. Somehow the moan seemed to pull back into the thing, revivifying its vaporous shape. Its withered frame straightened, filling the tatters of its uniform with a tall, lean body. Long legs, now booted and unfurled, drew together in military posture. Gnarled hands worked with new dexterity, one tightening upon the grip of the saber—now appearing freshly polished—the other flexing as if stretching vaporous muscles. Its impacted face healed, reforming in the memory of a sharp chin, stern mouth, angular cheeks, and steely eyes, the imperious features of a lord in his prime. When it was done, the thing was no longer a corpse, but a severe, knifelike man, now with only three deep gashes marring his neck and chest. His eyes immediately fixed upon Liscena, now looking very small with her face buried in her dead brother's locks. Nothing more than a child, but a child holding his murder weapon.

I didn't realize I'd made a sound, but that's when the phantom turned his eyes upon me.

"Madam."

That was all the dead man said as he nodded genteelly, the slow word echoing in a voice incongruously civil considering the dead lips from which they issued and the corpses cooling upon the marble. It was mundane and matter of fact, an everyday courtesy made terrifying by the voice of death.

With that, my horror-stricken mind lost control on my straining limbs which, unfettered, spirited me away into the dark.

I'd strolled past the tall, lime-colored townhome and its hedge-garbed fence countless times, often craning to catch a glimpse of the famous resident. I'd never had any reason to enter, though. Yet when my screaming legs brought me to the gate that night, things were terribly different.

I easily surmounted the spiked iron barricade and, hardly treading upon the dewy grass, was up the lion-

flanked stairs and upon the creaking, whitewashed porch in an instant. My knocks seemed to echo within the heavy oaken door, and I noticed for the first time that my knuckles were bleeding.

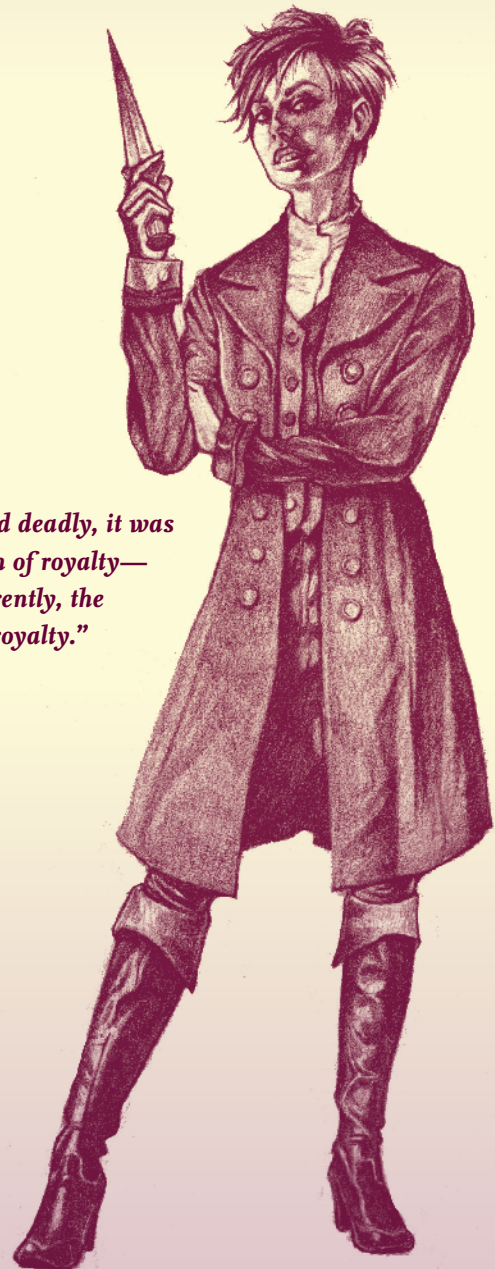
No answer.

I banged again, harder this time. Faster. As if my urgency might influence fate on whether or not the antique townhouse's resident was at home.

No answer still, but maybe the creak of a floorboard within. The words came rushing out all at once.

"Ma'am! Hello? I need your help. I'm Laurel Cylphra—I'm looking for Ailson Kindler. We've done something terrible."

"Proud and deadly, it was the weapon of royalty—and, apparently, the slayers of royalty."





Bestiary

Sure she's a wonder—you've never seen nothing so big move with such ease. Just look inside: you've got all shapes and sizes of cogs, weights, axles, and whatnots. They get big in there, especially toward the top—and strong, too. Those high gears could pulp a man into something you'd never recognize, or one of those levers could take your head right off when they get spinning. And you can bet they have. I'm not the first to take this job, but I don't know a one who had it before me. Just saying, there're days I'm sure the shrieks that come with the bridge's raising and lowering don't all come from rusty chains."

—Valmor Vageraid, Tender of the Giant's Lock, Lepidstadt

The Pathfinder Bestiary takes a turn for the macabre this month with a host of accursed creatures and denizens of dread. Drawing from classic horror tales, new undead like the beheaded and the ectoplasmic creature template open paths for encounters with low-level undead, adding new shocks to the territory typically considered the exclusive demesne of skeletons and zombies. Parasitic oozes also combine the grotesquery of slimes with the danger of swarms, creating a maddening fusion that seeks to feast upon its victims' vital humors. Legendary creatures like changelings and Spring-Heeled Jack come straight from frightful folktales, drawing upon centuries of shuddersome stories to terrorize audiences anew. And with animated objects, we try something completely different...

ROOM FOR REVIEW

In each volume of the Carrion Crown Adventure Path, we're trying something we've never tried before. Among the numerous new beasts, you'll also find something familiar—animated objects in this instance. “But animated objects are already in the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary*,” one might note, “so what's the point of presenting them here again?” Well, we're not presenting them again; we're expanding upon ground ripe for further development. Sure, the version of the animated object presented in the hardcover gives you the basics and tons of options to create your own moving baubles and dancing furniture, but the restrictions of condensing all of that information into one page means that GMs must either use the single CR 3 animated object presented, or dig into the rules and create their own. While that's not a huge problem for many GMs, sometimes it's nice to have the work handled for you. When you want an animated set of manacles or a murderous straightjacket, isn't it easier to have the stats there, ready to use? That's what we've included here. But a few more specific stat blocks isn't all: In *Pathfinder Adventure Path*, we have the space to expand on topics deserving of greater treatment. In the case of animated objects, rather than just cobbling together a few new stats, we've also expanded the rules and options for construction points. This seems like the perfect place to do so, as we're unlikely to dedicate just one more page to animated objects in a future hardcover bestiary, and a monster book that features constructs (*Constructs Revisited?*) isn't likely to make it's way onto our Pathfinder Campaign Setting release schedule within the next few years. Here we have the space to expand such classic creatures while at the same time utilizing them in the month's adventure. It comes together nicely.

But this isn't a trick to scatter more interrelated rules elements in more places. Information on creatures like skeletons can be found in the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* and *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Classic Horrors Revisited*.

ENCOUNTERS IN HARROWSTONE

d% roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–8	1d4 giant crab spiders	1	see page 33
9–18	rapping spirit haunt	1	see page 65
19–25	1 skull swarm	1	see page 82
26–33	1 cockroach swarm	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 58
34–42	1d6 ectoplasmic humans	2	see page 86
43–55	orbs haunt	2	see page 66
56–65	2d4 skeletons	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 250
66–74	1d4 animated manacles	3	see page 80
75–83	1d8 flaming skulls	3	see page 82
84–90	1d8 stirges	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 260
91–97	1 animated straight jacket	4	see page 80
98–100	1 gray ooze	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 166

There are a lot of neat ideas in both of those, but there's not a lot of space for stat blocks you can just pull and use on the fly—even for something as basic as the bloody skeleton in the hardcover *Bestiary*. In the coming months, we'll be condensing much of this information here in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* and expanding it with new rules and ready-to-use stat blocks for a variety of classic creatures, adapting them as challenges for a range of CRs and offering toolboxes full of specific creature information to supplement the basics already included in the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary*. It's something a little different, but we're only trying this out with one creature a month, so keep on expecting plenty of entirely new creatures in this section even as we test our mad experiment. And, as always, be sure to tell us what you think on our messageboards at paizo.com.

HARROWING HARROWSTONE

In the course of this month's adventure, “The Haunting of Harrowstone,” the PCs explore a lethally haunted prison, rife with lurking vermin and the restless dead. As they explore those halls, they might encounter more than merely the denizens and hauntings scripted in the adventure. Should the GM choose to add new dangers to the adventure, she might consider those presented in the Encounters in Harrowstone table. Along with the standard fare of wandering monsters, this table also draws upon some of the haunts presented in the “Haunts: The Unquiet Dead” article found earlier in this volume. GMs might work in such phantasms and free-roaming vapors just as though they were any other wandering monsters.

ALCHEMICAL OOZE SWARMS

Dozens of tiny globs of slime move on their own, acting as one being, alternately clinging to each other and separating in a riot of oozing momentum.

SANGUINE OOZE SWARM

CR 1/3



XP 135

N Tiny ooze (swarm)

Init -5; Senses blindsight 60 ft.; Perception -5

DEFENSE

AC 7, touch 7, flat-footed 7 (-5 Dex, +2 size)

hp 7 (1d8+3)

Fort +3, Ref -5, Will -5

Immune ooze traits, swarm traits; Resist fire 5

Weaknesses vulnerability to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., climb 10 ft., swim 10 ft.

Melee swarm (1 plus viscous)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 0 ft.

Special Attacks distraction (DC 13), euphoric slime, viscous (DC 13)

STATISTICS

Str 12, Dex 1, Con 16, Int —, Wis 1, Cha 1

Base Atk +0; CMB -7; CMD 4 (16 vs. grapple, see text; can't be tripped)

ECOLOGY

Environment any underground

Organization solitary, pair, or coagulum (3-5)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Euphoric Slime (Ex) Sanguine oozes are composed of congealed euphoric toxins. Any living creature that begins its turn affected by the swarm's viscous ability must make a DC 13 Fortitude save or erupt into uncontrollable laughter and be effectively staggered for that round. This is a mind-affecting effect. Creatures immune to poison are immune to this effect.

Viscous (Ex) Whenever an alchemical ooze swarm makes a swarm attack on a creature of Small size or larger, that creature must make a DC 13 Reflex save or be covered in patches of sticky ooze globules. Those who fail are entangled until the patches of ooze are removed. The ooze can be removed by spending a full-round action to fling off the globules—though this action might be impeded by the ooze's effects. If a creature affected by this ability takes any amount of cold damage, the ooze patches are immediately destroyed. The save DC is Constitution-based.

PHLEGMATIC OOZE SWARM

CR 1/2



XP 200

N Tiny ooze (swarm)

Init -5; Senses blindsight 60 ft.; Perception -5

DEFENSE

AC 7, touch 7, flat-footed 7 (-5 Dex, +2 size)

hp 8 (1d8+4)

Fort +4, Ref -5, Will -5

Immune ooze traits, swarm traits; Resist cold 5

Weaknesses vulnerability to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft.

Melee swarm (1 plus viscous)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 0 ft.

Special Attacks distraction (DC 14), maddening slime, viscous (DC 14)

STATISTICS

Str 10, Dex 1, Con 18, Int —, Wis 1, Cha 1

Base Atk +0; CMB -7; CMD 4 (can't be tripped)

ECOLOGY

Environment any underground

Organization solitary, pair, sputum (3-6), or jelly (3-5 phlegmatic ooze swarms and 1-3 sanguine ooze swarms)

Treasure none



SPECIAL ABILITIES

Maddening Slime (Ex) Phlegmatic oozes are composed of volatile, mind-altering secretions. Any living creature that begins its turn affected by the phlegmatic ooze's viscous ability must make a DC 14 Fortitude save or be confused for 1 round. This is a mind-affecting effect. Creatures immune to poison are immune to this effect.

Viscous (Ex) As described in the sanguine ooze swarm's special abilities, except the Reflex save DC is 14 and the patches are destroyed if the victim takes any amount of fire damage.

MELANCHOLIC OOZE SWARM

CR 1



XP 400

N Tiny ooze (swarm)

Init -5; **Senses** blindsight 60 ft.; **Perception** -5

DEFENSE

AC 7, **touch** 7, **flat-footed** 7 (-5 Dex, +2 size)

hp 17 (2d8+8)

Fort +4, **Ref** -5, **Will** -5

Immune ooze traits, swarm traits; **Resist** electricity 5

Weaknesses vulnerability to acid

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft.

Melee swarm (1 plus viscous)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

Special Attacks distraction (DC 15), paralyzing slime, viscous (DC 15)

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 1, **Con** 18, **Int** —, **Wis** 1, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +1; **CMB** -6; **CMD** 6 (can't be tripped)

ECOLOGY

Environment any underground

Organization solitary, pair, or glob (3-4)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ATTACKS

Paralyzing Slime (Ex) Melancholic oozes are composed of chemical depressants. Any living creature that begins its turn affected by the swarm's viscous ability must make a DC 15 Fortitude save or be paralyzed for 1 round. This is a mind-affecting effect. Creatures immune to poison are immune to this effect.

Viscous (Ex) As described in the sanguine ooze swarm's special abilities, except that the Reflex save DC is 15 and the patches are destroyed if the victim takes any amount of acid damage.

CHOLERIC OOZE SWARM

CR 2



XP 600

N Tiny ooze (swarm)

Init -5; **Senses** blindsight 60 ft.; **Perception** -5

DEFENSE

AC 7, **touch** 7, **flat-footed** 7 (-5 Dex, +2 size)

hp 25 (3d8+12)

Fort +5, **Ref** -4, **Will** -4

Immune ooze traits, swarm traits; **Resist** acid 5

Weaknesses vulnerability to electricity

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft.

Melee swarm (1 plus 1d4 acid and viscous)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

Special Attacks corrosion, distraction (DC 15), viscous (DC 15)

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 1, **Con** 19, **Int** —, **Wis** 1, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +2; **CMB** -5; **CMD** 8

ECOLOGY

Environment any underground

Organization solitary, pair, mass (3-7), or sludge (3-5 melancholic ooze swarms and 2-4 choleric ooze swarms)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Acid (Ex) A wooden or metal weapon that strikes a choleric ooze swarm takes 1 point of acid damage unless the weapon's wielder succeeds on a DC 15 Reflex save. The ooze's touch deals 8 points of acid damage per round to wooden or metal objects, but the ooze must remain in contact with the material for 1 full round in order to deal this damage. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Corrosive Slime (Ex) Choleric oozes are composed of caustic chemicals. Any living creature that begins its turn affected by the swarm's viscous ability takes 1d4 points of acid damage. Armor or clothing worn by the creature takes the same amount of acid damage unless the wearer succeeds on a DC 15 Reflex saving throw. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Viscous (Ex) As described in the sanguine ooze swarm's special abilities, except that the Reflex save DC is 15 and the patches are destroyed if the victim takes any amount of electricity damage.

Formed from accumulations of runoff from arcane laboratories and regions of magical calamity, alchemical oozes are fist-sized blobs of volatile chemicals. Although composed of unpredictable compounds and toxins, these mobile oozes pose little threat individually, but in polluted quagmires and tainted sewers can collect in numbers great enough to threaten creatures many times their size. Swarms of the slimes linger in such contaminated areas and seek new accretions of vital solutions, like those found within the bodies of higher life forms, to fuel their erratic life cycles. Found in numerous varieties with a host of differing abilities, these weird, clinging oozes have been differentiated by likening them to the humors said to compose the bodies of living beings.

Appearing at first to be a collection of tiny blobs of viscous, translucent fluid, alchemical oozes become far more terrifying once their hungry nature becomes apparent. Each swarm is composed of several hundred palm-sized balls of ooze that all scuttle along as a single unit.

Animated Object

Leaping from its place, this mundane object takes on an unnatural life of its own, moving as though it were a wild animal provoked into attacking.

Animated Manacles

CR 1



XP 400

N Tiny construct

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception –5

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +2 natural, +2 size)

hp 5 (1d10)

Fort +0, **Ref** +2, **Will** –5

Defensive Abilities hardness 10; **Immune** construct traits

Weaknesses vulnerability to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 15 ft., fly 15 ft. (clumsy)

Melee slam +1 (1d3–2 plus grab)

Special Attacks shackle

STATISTICS

Str 6, **Dex** 14, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 1, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +1; **CMB** –1 (+3 grapple); **CMD** 11

SQ construction points (additional movement [fly], grab, metal), flaws (brittle)

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary or pair

Treasure none

Animated Jack-O'-Lantern

CR 2



XP 600

N Small construct

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception –5

DEFENSE

AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 11 (+1 Dex, +1 size)

hp 21 (2d10+10)

Fort +0, **Ref** +1, **Will** –5

Defensive Abilities hardness 5; **Immune** construct traits

Weaknesses vulnerability to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee bite (1d6 plus burn), slam +2 (1d4)

Special Attacks burn (1d6, DC 11)

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 12, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 1, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 13

SQ construction points (additional natural attack [bite], burn), flaws (brittle)

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary, pair, or patch (3–8)

Treasure none

Animated Straitjacket

CR 4



XP 1,200

N Medium construct

Init –1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception –5

DEFENSE

AC 9, touch 9, flat-footed 10 (–1 Dex)

hp 36 (3d10+20)

Fort +1, **Ref** +0, **Will** –4

Immune construct traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 40 ft. (clumsy)

Melee 2 slams +5 (1d6+2 plus grab)

Special Attacks constrict (1d6)

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 10, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 1, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 11

SQ construction points (additional attack, additional movement [fly], faster [fly], grab, constrict), flaws (cloth)

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary, pair, or ward (3–6)

Treasure none

Animated objects come in many sizes and forms, often to the dismay of careless adventurers. Magically brought to pseudo-life, these items follow the will of their masters and are often created as guards or sentries in dungeons or castles. Animated objects appear on page 14 of the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary*. These rules offer a variety of additional options to make these adaptable constructs even more versatile.

Construction Points

Animated objects have a number of Construction Points (CP) used to purchase abilities and defenses in addition to those presented above. A Medium animated object has 2 CP; differently sized objects have CP totals as detailed on the size chart on this page. If an animated object spends more CP than its size category would allow, its CR increases by 1 (minimum of +1) for every 2 additional CP spent. Many of these abilities (like burn, construct, and pull) are universal monster rules detailed starting on page 297 of the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary*.

Additional Attack (Ex, 1 CP): The object gains an additional slam attack.

Additional Movement (Ex, 1 CP): The object gains a new mode of movement (burrow, climb, fly [clumsy], or swim) at a speed equal to its base speed.

Additional Natural Attack (Ex, 1 CP): The object gains an additional natural attack. The object must have an appropriate appendage or part for the natural attack (e.g., an animated warthog head trophy would be able to take the gore attack, but an animated vase would not).

Burn (Ex, 1 CP): The object gains burn (1d6) with its slam attacks. This can be applied multiple times. Its effects stack.

Constrict (Ex, 1 CP): The object gains constrict with its slam attacks (the object must have grab before it can take this ability).

Faster (Ex, 1 CP): One of the object's movement modes increases by +10 ft.

Grab (Ex, 1 CP): The object gains a grab special attack with slam attacks.

Metal (Ex, 2 CP): The object is made of some type of metal. An object of common iron has its hardness increased to 10, and gains a +2 increase to its natural armor bonus. Mithral objects cost 4 CP, and gain hardness 15 plus a +4 increase to natural armor. Adamantine objects cost 6 CP, gain hardness 20, and receive a +6 increase to natural armor.

Pull (Ex, 1 CP): The object gains a pull (5 feet) special attack with slam attacks (the object must have grab before it can take this ability).

Ranged Attack (Ex, 1 CP): The object gains a ranged attack. The object must have an appropriate firing or throwing appendage and a stock of projectiles.

Resistance (Ex, 2 CP): The object gains resistance 5 to one type of damage (acid, cold, electricity, or fire) chosen at the time of the object's creation. This effect can be applied multiple times. Its effects do not stack; each time it is applied, it applies to a different type of damage.

Stone (Ex, 1 CP): The object is made of stone or crystal. Its hardness increases to 8 and its natural armor bonus increases by +1.

Trample (Ex, 2 CP): The object gains the trample special attack (see page 305 of the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* for damage and save DC).

FLAWS

Animated objects can gain more CP by applying flaws, which hamper the object but provide additional CP to spend on beneficial abilities. If the CP gained in this way is not spent on beneficial abilities, its CR decreases by 1 for every 2 CP conserved.

Brittle (Ex, +1 CP): The object gains vulnerability to cold.

Cloth (Ex, +1 CP): The object is made of thick cloth. Its hardness decreases to 0.

Clunky (Ex, +1 CP): Treat the object as though it had the staggered special quality (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 568).

Flammable (Ex, +1 CP): The object gains vulnerability to fire.

Haunted (Ex, +1 CP): The object is haunted by a malevolent spirit. It takes damage from positive energy as if it were an undead creature and can be detected by *detect undead*.

Slower (Ex, +1 CP): One of the object's movement modes decreases by -10 ft.



CONSTRUCTION

Magic-users can create permanent animated objects in one of two ways, either by using the *animate objects* spell in conjunction with *permanency*, or by making use of the Craft Construct feat. Using the Craft Construct feat requires the creator to construct or purchase the object he wishes to animate. He must then spend an amount of gold on reagents—to determine the amount, add the animated object's HD to its CP, and multiple the total by 1,000. The creator must be of a caster level equal to or higher than the animated object's Hit Dice.

ANIMATED OBJECT

CL varies (equal to the animated object's HD); **Price** varies (cost of object + [(animated object's HD + CP) × 1,000])




CONSTRUCTION




Requirements Craft Construct, *animate objects*; **Skill** optional (determined by object being created; crafting the object reduces its cost); **Cost** varies (1/2 price)









BEHEADED

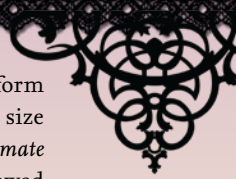
This humanoid head floats silently and ominously, bits of flesh still hanging from its face and graying teeth clattering slightly as it bobs in the air.

SEVERED HEAD	CR 1/3	  
XP 135		
NE Tiny undead		
Init +2; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0		
DEFENSE		
AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +2 size)		
hp 4 (1d8)		
Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +2		
Immune undead traits		
OFFENSE		
Speed fly 40 ft. (perfect)		
Melee slam +1 (1d2)		
STATISTICS		
Str 11, Dex 15, Con —, Int —, Wis 11, Cha 10		
Base Atk +0; CMB -1; CMD 11 (can't be tripped)		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any		
Organization solitary, pair, or patrol (3-6)		
Treasure none		

FLAMING SKULL	CR 1/2	  
XP 200		
NE Tiny undead		
Init +1; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0		
DEFENSE		
AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+1 Dex, +2 size)		
hp 5 (1d8+1)		
Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +2		
Immune fire, undead traits		
OFFENSE		
Speed fly 40 ft. (perfect)		
Melee slam (1d2-1 plus 1d6 fire)		
STATISTICS		
Str 9, Dex 12, Con —, Int —, Wis 10, Cha 13		
Base Atk +0; CMB -3; CMD 8 (can't be tripped)		
Skills Fly +9		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any		
Organization solitary, pair, or patrol (3-6)		
Treasure none		

SKULL SWARM	CR 1	  
XP 400		
NE Tiny undead (swarm)		
Init +2; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0		
DEFENSE		
AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +2 size)		
hp 9 (2d8)		
Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +3		
Defensive Abilities swarm traits; Immune undead traits, weapon damage		
OFFENSE		
Speed fly 40 ft. (perfect)		
Melee swarm (1d6)		
Space 10 ft.; Reach 0 ft.		
Special Attacks distraction (DC 11)		
STATISTICS		
Str 5, Dex 15, Con —, Int —, Wis 10, Cha 10		
Base Atk +1; CMB +1; CMD 8 (can't be tripped)		
Skills Fly +6		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any		
Organization solitary, pair, or mass (3-5)		
Treasure none		

GIANT BEHEADED	CR 2	  
XP 600		
NE Large undead		
Init +1; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception -1		
DEFENSE		
AC 13, touch 10, flat-footed 12 (+1 Dex, +3 natural, -1 size)		
hp 19 (3d8+6)		
Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +2		



Immune undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed fly 30 ft. (perfect)

Melee slams +4 (1d8+3)

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

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 13, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 17 (can't be tripped)

Skills Fly –3

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary

Treasure none

MEDUSA HEAD

CR 3



XP 800

NE Small undead

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 14 (+1 Dex, +3 natural, +1 size)

hp 30 (4d8+12)

Fort +3, **Ref** +2, **Will** +4

Immune undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed fly 40 ft. (perfect)

Melee bite +6 (1d4+2 plus petrifying bite)

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 15 (can't be tripped)

Feats Flyby Attack^B

Languages Common

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary, pair, or trio

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Petrifying Bite (Su) Creatures bitten by a medusa head must make a DC 14 Fortitude save or turn to stone for 1d4 rounds. Targets immune to poison are immune to this effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Beheaded are floating skulls or severed heads whose bodies have long since abandoned them, either in the moment of death or long after. Reanimated via dark magic, these horrors are usually created as mindless sentinels for dungeons or lairs. Beheaded silently hover at about eye-level, often making them the last thing a casual wanderer or careless villager in an infested area ever sees.

CREATING BEHEADED

Spellcasters might create and employ beheaded in multiple ways.

Animating Beheaded: A magic-user can create any form of beheaded from a severed head of the appropriate size or creature. The spellcaster must cast the spell *animate dead* using an onyx gem worth at least 100 gp, followed by the spell *fly* on the head to be animated. The creator can only create a number of Hit Dice of beheaded equal to the amount allowed by *animate dead*. Beheaded with the variant abilities below can also be created, though for the purposes of how many can be created, they are treated as if they had one additional Hit Die for each additional ability. Beheaded count against the number of Hit Dice of skeletons or zombies that can be created using *animate dead* and vice versa.

Beheaded Familiars: Using the Improved Familiar feat, a spellcaster can gain an obedient severed head as a familiar. The character must be at least caster level 3rd to acquire the severed head. This creature is always neutral evil. Although any type of magic-user with the proper requisites can take a severed head as a familiar, necromancers and undead wizards employ them most frequently.

VARIANT BEHEADED

The following are variant abilities that a beheaded might possess. These traits can be mixed and matched in any way and applied to any of the beheaded listed above. Each ability increases the CR of the beheaded by the listed amount.

Belching (+1 CR): A belching beheaded gains the ability to spew raw energy from its mouth, giving it a ranged touch attack that does 1d6 damage of a specific type (acid, cold, electric, or fire) chosen at the time of the beheaded's animation.




Burning (+1 CR): This beheaded is similar to the flaming skull; however, the fire not only surrounds the skull, but can pass on to those it attacks. The fire that consumes the head can be any color the animator chooses, though blue is one of the most common. A burning skull gains the burn (1d6) special ability when using its slam attack, where the Reflex save DC is 10 + 1/2 the burning skull's racial HD + the burning skull's Cha modifier.

Grabbing (+0 CR): This type of beheaded has long tendrils of ragged hair. It gains the grab special ability when using its slam attack, and can attempt to grapple any creature of Medium size or smaller in this way.

Screaming (+0 CR): Once every 1d4 rounds, a screaming beheaded can open its jaw and emit a bone-chilling scream. All creatures within 30 feet must make a Will save or be shaken for 1d4 rounds. The save DC is equal to 10 + 1/2 the screaming skull's racial HD + the screaming skull's Cha modifier. This is a sonic mind-affecting fear effect. Whether or not the save is successful, an affected creature is immune to the same beheaded's scream for 24 hours.

CHANGELING

This young woman has a slender frame and a beautiful face, yet there's something vaguely unnerving about her appearance. Her skin is unnaturally pale, her hair is dark, and each of her eyes is a different color.

CHANGELING	CR 1/2	  
XP 200		
Changeling witch 1		
LN Medium humanoid		
Init -1; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0		
DEFENSE		
AC 10, touch 9, flat-footed 10 (-1 Dex, +1 natural)		
hp 5 (1d6+2)		
Fort +1, Ref -1, Will +2		
OFFENSE		
Speed 30 ft.		
Melee quarterstaff (1d6) or 2 claws (1d4)		
Special Attacks hexes (cauldron)		
Witch Spells Prepared (CL 1st; concentration +4) 1st— <i>hypnotism</i> (DC 14), <i>sleep</i> (DC 14) o (at will)— <i>daze</i> (DC 13), <i>light</i> , <i>touch of fatigue</i> (DC 13)		
Patron Transformation		
STATISTICS		
Str 10, Dex 9, Con 12, Int 17, Wis 10, Cha 13		
Base Atk +0; CMB +0; CMD 9		
Feats Brew Potion, Combat Casting		
Skills Craft (alchemy) +11, Heal +4, Knowledge (arcana) +7, Spellcraft +7, Use Magic Device +5		
Languages Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven		
SQ hag trait (green widow), witch's familiar (spider)		
Gear quarterstaff		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any		
Organization solitary		
Treasure standard (quarterstaff, other treasure)		

Born of mysterious origins and raised by unknowing foster parents, changelings are the children of hags and their tricked lovers. Most do not know of their monstrous origins, but there comes a time in every changeling's life when these roots begin to call out to their host, urging the confused girl toward some end she cannot identify.

Changelings are always female, tall, and slender. A changeling's hair is typically dark and her skin abnormally pale, but she otherwise looks for all practical purposes like a member of her father's race. A frequent but not universal trait of changelings is their mismatched, different-colored eyes. Upon reaching puberty and adulthood, the average changeling stands approximately 5-1/2 feet tall and weighs about 110 pounds.

ECOLOGY

When a hag of any sort conceives a child with a man, the result is a changeling. The male parent is usually eaten or killed by his partner before he can see the offspring, or else flees the area in shame upon discovering the true nature of his lover, and the hag herself interacts with the child just long enough to set it on the stoop of some unsuspecting family or temple. Depending on the race of her father, a changeling can resemble any type of humanoid, including dwarves, gnomes, and even orcs and goblins.

A changeling and her new family are never aware of the strange child's true parents, but in most cases everyone involved is keenly aware that there is something odd about the frail child with the ghostly pallor. Even the young girl herself can easily see that she possesses abilities others do not—powers that are subtle at younger ages and only truly begin to manifest themselves when she reaches adolescence. It is around puberty that the changeling begins to hear what hags refer to as “the call,” a hypnotic, spiritual voice that only she can hear and that beckons her to travel. To where, the changeling does not know, but the underlying prospect of finding out her true origins is often enough to drive the girl to seek out the source of this mystical voice.

The voice is in fact that of the changeling's birth mother, who forms a coven with two others hags in order to summon her child back to her, now that she is old enough to fully transform into a hag. This transformative ritual is a barbaric one that only the most determined changelings willingly go through; upon arriving at the coven, it is usually too late to turn back for changelings who were merely drawn to the voice by curiosity. Those who seek power, however, identify with the hags, and happily go through the ordeal in order to unlock their dormant abilities. Regardless of her desires, though, a changeling who has undergone the transformation cannot go back; once she becomes a hag, she remains a hag, and her mind turns as wicked as her form has turned hideous.

Changelings who ignore the call eventually cease to hear it. In this case, a hag mother sometimes disguises herself and ventures into civilization, seeking out her daughter. If she finds her, she lures the girl back to the coven, where she can perform the ritual of transformation. The process of performing the call or physically retrieving the changeling is taxing, though, and many hags find it easier to simply lure in another mate and birth another changeling in hopes that this one will heed the ever-tantalizing call.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Raised wherever she will be accepted, a changeling has no real say in the habitat she grows up in. Families who inadvertently raise changelings often react in one of two

ways toward the strange child's development of supernatural powers: they either embrace the girl, nurturing her and her gift, or they disown her as an abomination, casting her out into a world of loneliness and resentment. Of course, this reaction to her power often has a huge influence over the changeling's course of action as a young adult. Changelings who are accepted by their adopted society often don't see the need to follow their mothers' voices, instead using their powers for their own ends, whereas shunned individuals almost always answer the call and become treacherous hags with embittered hearts and shattered souls.

Hags usually prefer to mate with the prevalent and fecund humans of Golarion, producing changelings that resemble humans. Changelings of other races do occur, but their attitude and outlook are much more dependent on the attitudes of their adoptive parents than on their racial background.

Changelings rarely band together with other changelings, as hags only seldom allow their unions to result in offspring, and changelings encountering others of their type may never recognize their shared origins. Thus, the abandoned offspring graft themselves into whatever society will accept them, adapting to new roles with remarkable ease. If a changeling chooses to heed the call that beckons her as a young woman, she quickly finds herself in an entirely different sort of society: hags, though accepting of their own brood, are quite unlike any other creatures, and their form of culture is so primitive and evil that it can hardly be called culture at all. A changeling-turned-hag follows the same patterns as her mother and other brethren, eventually charming an unwitting suitor and creating a changeling offspring of her own, repeating the vicious cycle.

Having no innate predisposition toward evil, a changeling's values are solely a product of her environment, and any given individual is just as likely to perform evil as she is to act righteously. Often, though, a changeling's slightly unusual appearance marks her as the

target for harassment, potentially leading her toward a vengeful path. Any means of releasing innate magical energy is good enough for the changeling, and many become witches.

CHANGELING CHARACTERS

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

–2 **Constitution**, +2 **Wisdom**, +2 **Charisma**: Changelings are frail, but possess a sharp wit and unnatural beauty.

Hag Trait: A changeling possesses one of the following traits, depending on the type of hag her mother is.

Hulking Changeling: A changeling who was born of an annis hag is much more physically formidable than other changelings. You receive a +1 trait bonus on any damage you inflict with a melee attack.

Green Widow: A changeling of green hag descent is naturally able to lure in potential mates and effectively trick them into pursuing her. You gain a +2 trait bonus on Bluff checks made against characters that might be sexually attracted to you.

Sea Lungs: A changeling with a sea hag mother can survive underwater for longer than usual. You gain the ability to hold your breath for a number of rounds equal to three times your Constitution score instead of two.

Claws: A changeling's hands and fingernails tend to harden and become sharp as she reaches adolescence. This gives her the claw (1d4) natural attack.

Natural Armor: Hags and their offspring have uncommonly tough skin. A changeling begins play with a natural armor bonus of +1.

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

Languages: Changelings begin play speaking the primary language of their host society and Common. Changelings who have high Intelligence scores can choose from among the following bonus languages: Aklo, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Giant, Gnome, Goblin, and Orc.



ECTOPLASMIC CREATURE

This slimy, shifting mass has the shape of a humanoid, but is made out of what appears to be some form of sticky rope or cloth. Its body lurches jerkily, struggling to maintain its horrid form.

ECTOPLASMIC HUMAN

CR 1/2



XP 200

N Medium undead

Init +0; Senses Perception -1

DEFENSE

AC 12, touch 10, flat-footed 12 (+2 natural)

hp 9 (1d8+2)

Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +1

DR 5/slashing; Immune undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee slam +3 (1d4+3 plus horrifying ooze)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st)

Constant—air walk

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +0; CMB +3; CMD 13

Special Qualities phase lurch

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary, pair, or haunt (3–6)

Treasure none

Drawn from energies of the Ethereal Plane, ectoplasm is a thick, vile substance that shapes itself into the form of an undead creature, creating a host for a soul unfortunate enough to be confined within it. The existence of an ectoplasmic being is a cruel one, and few souls willingly choose this fate of painful undeath. Ectoplasm resembles thick tangles of slimy linen or dripping goo, and is as grotesque to touch as it is to gaze upon.

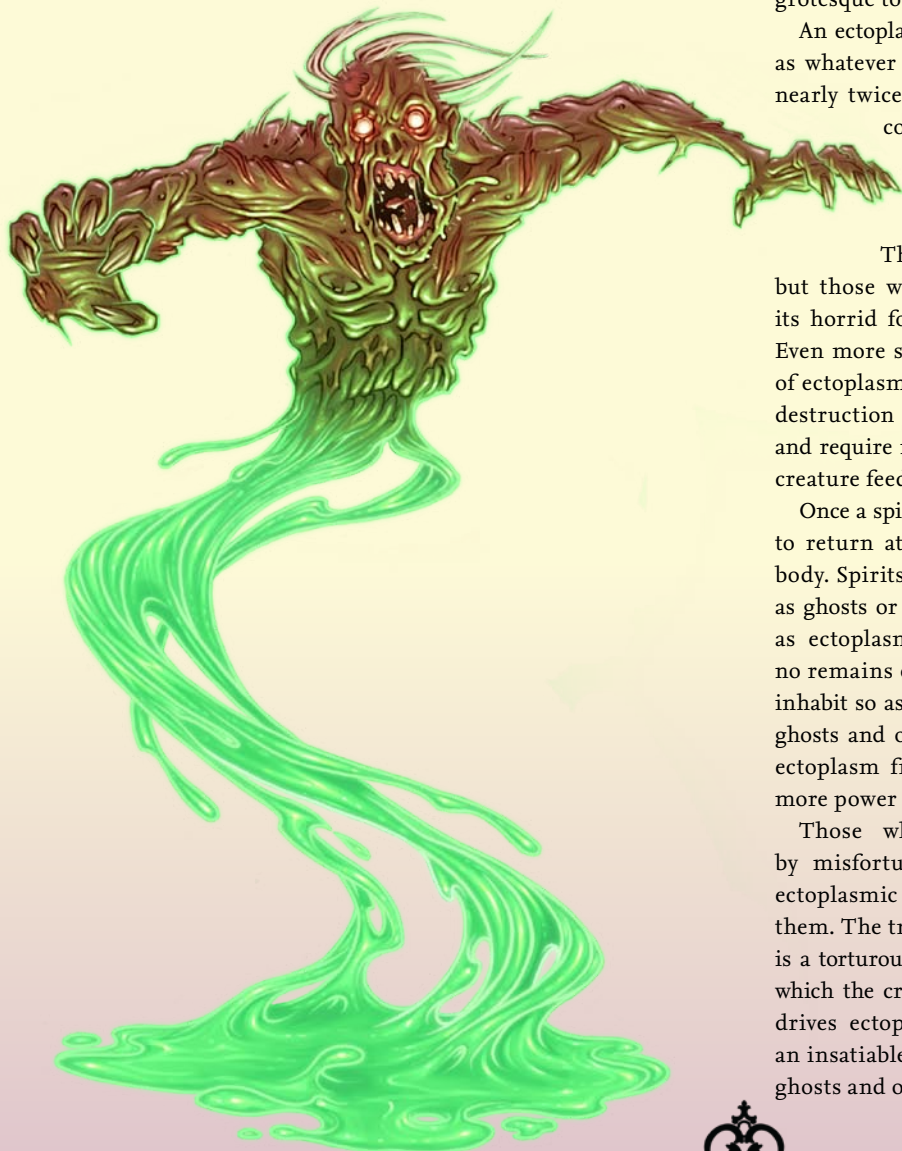
An ectoplasmic creature is approximately the same size as whatever body it inhabited in life, though it weighs nearly twice as much, the ropes of undead matter that compose its body being significantly heavier than most flesh.

ECOLOGY

Though generally considered a fable by all but those who have had the misfortune of witnessing its horrid form, ectoplasm is as real as it is accursed. Even more so than most undead beings, creatures born of ectoplasm live hateful existences filled with a lust for destruction and suffering. They have no bodily needs and require no sustenance; the only thing an ectoplasmic creature feeds upon is its own hatred for the living.

Once a spirit has passed to the afterlife, it seldom wishes to return at all, let alone in a disfigured ectoplasmic body. Spirits that are not powerful enough to come back as ghosts or spectres sometimes enter the Material Plane as ectoplasmic monsters, particularly when there are no remains of the creature's original body for its soul to inhabit so as to become a skeleton or zombie. Sometimes, ghosts and other strong undead purposefully draw upon ectoplasm from the ethereal realm, yearning for even more power in their ectoplasmic hosts.

Those who suffer this unfortunate fate, either by misfortune or choice, are usually stuck in their ectoplasmic prison until death once again takes hold of them. The transition from death to ectoplasmic undeath is a torturous ordeal, as is retaining the horrid form into which the creature is reborn. Often, this persistent agony drives ectoplasmic beings mad, creating within them an insatiable rage akin to that experienced by frustrated ghosts and other haunted souls.



An ectoplasmic creature's burning desperation and embitterment often push it toward violence, and most such beings fling themselves into battle willingly, killing to satiate their natural hunger for others' suffering while simultaneously hoping to be killed so as to end their own.

Ectoplasmic creatures leave a trail of a silvery substance that resembles a slug's mucus, a trait almost exclusive to these undead. This slippery secretion has the consistency of jelly, and is easily distinguishable to the trained eye. The residue dries quickly, however, so its presence is extremely foreboding for those who can identify it.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Ectoplasmic beings can inhabit virtually any location, regardless of environment or climate. The horrors tend to prowl the areas in which they died and rarely venture outside these often confined spaces.

Ectoplasmic creatures are sometimes found in groups, and when they are it is because they were allies or partners in life and have chosen to come back for some joined purpose, only to be locked in the excruciating form of ectoplasmic horrors.

While of average intelligence, ectoplasmic beings rarely coordinate complicated actions with their brethren, only strategizing when it benefits them to attack victims stealthily. Their unnatural strength makes ectoplasmic creatures formidable combatants, and thus all the more frightening when undetected. Fortunately for the wary, the sticky ectoplasm that trails behind these undead monsters is a clear indicator of their presence, and experienced clerics can often identify the substance at a glance.

CREATING AN ECTOPLASMIC CREATURE

"Ectoplasmic" is an acquired template that can be added to any corporeal creature (other than an undead), referred to hereafter as the base creature.

Challenge Rating: Same as the base creature + 1.

Alignment: Usually chaotic evil.

Type: The creature's type changes to undead. It retains any subtype except for alignment subtypes (such as good) and subtypes that indicate kind (such as giant). It does not gain the augmented subtype. It uses all the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

Armor Class: Natural armor bonus changes as follows:

Ectoplasm Size	Natural Armor Bonus
Tiny or smaller	+0
Small	+1
Medium	+2
Large	+3
Huge	+4
Gargantuan	+6
Colossal	+8

Hit Dice: Drop HD gained from class levels (minimum 1) and change racial Hit Dice to d8s. Ectoplasmic creatures use their Charisma modifiers to determine bonus hit points (instead of Constitution).

Saves: Base save bonuses for racial Hit Dice are Fort +1/3 HD, Ref +1/3 HD, and Will +1/2 HD + 2.

Defensive Abilities: An ectoplasmic creature loses the base creature's defensive abilities and gains DR 5/ slashing as well as all of the standard immunities and traits possessed by undead creatures.

Speed: Winged ectoplasmic creatures can still fly, but their maneuverability drops to poor if initially any better. If the base creature flew magically, so can the ectoplasmic creature. Retain all other movement types.

Attacks: An ectoplasmic creature retains all natural weapons of the base creature. It gains a slam attack that deals damage based on the ectoplasmic creature's size.

Special Attacks: An ectoplasmic creature retains all of the special attacks of the base creature. In addition, an ectoplasmic creature gains the following special attack.

Horridifying Ooze (Su): Any creature that is struck by an ectoplasmic creature's slam attack must make a Will save with a DC equal to 10 + 1/2 the ectoplasmic creature's Hit Dice or become shaken for 1d4 rounds. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Abilities: +2 Str, +2 Cha. An ectoplasmic creature has no Con or Int score, and its Wis and Cha become 10.

BAB: An ectoplasmic creature's base attack bonus is equal to 3/4 of its Hit Dice.

Skills: An ectoplasmic creature always treats Acrobatics, Climb, Perception, and Stealth as class skills. Otherwise, skills are the same as the base creature.

Feats: An ectoplasmic creature loses all feats possessed by the base creature and gains Toughness as a bonus feat.

Special Abilities: An ectoplasmic creature loses most special qualities of the base creature. It retains any extraordinary special qualities that improve its melee or ranged attacks. An ectoplasmic creature gains the ability to traverse the air as per the *air walk* spell as a constant effect, as well as the following special ability:

Phase Lurch (Su): An ectoplasmic creature has the ability to pass through walls or material obstacles. In order to use this ability, the ectoplasmic creature must begin and end its turn outside of whatever wall or obstacle it is moving through. An ectoplasmic creature cannot move through corporeal creatures with this ability, and its movement speed is halved while moving through a wall or obstacle. Slimy mucus that lingers for 1 minute marks the spot on a wall where an ectoplasmic creature entered and exited it.

Treasure: Ectoplasmic creatures generally have no treasure, unless the creature retains some material relics it cherished in life.

Spring-Heeled Jack

With jet-black skin and a small but menacing pair of horns, this goateed, impish creature wields a bloody knife and a wicked grin.

Spring-Heeled Jack

CR 3



XP 800

CE Small fey

Init +5; Senses low-light vision; Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 16, flat-footed 11 (+5 Dex, +1 size)

hp 26 (4d6+12)

Fort +3, Ref +9, Will +4

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee mwk dagger +9 (1d3+2/19–20)

Special Attacks breath weapon (15-foot cone, once every 2d4 rounds, 2d6 fire damage, Reflex DC 14 for half), scare, sneak attack (1d6), vault

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 4th)

Constant—*feather fall*, *pass without trace*

1/day—*passwall*

STATISTICS

Str 15, Dex 21, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 13

Base Atk +2; CMB +3; CMD 18

Feats Toughness, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +12 (+20 jump), Bluff +6, Climb +9, Escape

Artist +12, Perception +7, Sleight of Hand +10, Stealth +16

Languages Common, Sylvan

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary

Treasure double (masterwork dagger, other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Frightening Gaze (Su) Panicked for 1d6 rounds, 10 feet, Will save DC 13 negates. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Vault (Su) Spring-Heeled Jack is capable of leaping great heights and distances. In addition to receiving a +8 bonus on Acrobatics checks made for jumping, Spring-Heeled Jack possesses the ability to spring up to 20 feet vertically as a move action without provoking an attack of opportunity. This acts exactly as the *levitate* spell, except Spring-Heeled Jack can also move horizontally as long as the cumulative distance moved is equal to or less than 20 feet. This ability cannot be used again until Spring-Heeled Jack lands on a stable surface, but may be used twice in the same round if he lands between move actions.

Half fable, half truth, Spring-Heeled Jack is the subject of popular gossip as well as mythic folklore. Often said to be a fiend of unknown origins, the cruel-eyed night terror is infamous for his love of trickery and spontaneous bursts of violence. Those who have seen his visage and lived to

tell their story often have scars to prove the authenticity of their account, as Spring-Heeled Jack's menacing knife is almost as famous as he is.

By all accounts, Spring-Heeled Jack is a small and roguish-looking man with horns, garbed in a tattered vest, cape, and trousers. However odd his clothing may be, it is generally agreed that the sight of his dreadful cape or even the shadow of his hideously quick movements chills the hearts of men.

Spring-Heeled Jack stands about 4 feet tall and weighs about 80 pounds.

ECOLOGY

Spring-Heeled Jack is a cruel being with a mysterious past; the stories of his origin vary wildly, though it is widely thought that he was at one point human, and through some twist of fate or evil transaction lost his humanity in exchange for fiendish powers.

The truth, however, is far different. Spring-Heeled Jack is a fey creature—or perhaps a single name given to a whole race of fey creatures related to the quickling—and native to the ever-shifting First World. Tired of the realm's inconsistent reality and inherently unflappable victims, who simply manifest again after death, Jack is fond of traveling to the Material Plane, where his mayhem is more appreciated and the results more permanent.

On his forays into the Material Plane, Spring-Heeled Jack quickly takes to the night and earns a reputation for his gruesome killing sprees and tendency to flee the crime scene by leaping onto buildings, thus giving him his name. His heinous crimes usually render him one of the most loathed criminals in a particular area, and communities where he is seen act swiftly and with urgency to capture him. Knowing precisely how far he can push the local populace, Spring-Heeled Jack often disappears for several weeks after a particularly violent crime before revealing himself again.

Spring-Heeled Jack subsists primarily on the flesh of raw animals, finding the meat of humans too stringy for his liking. His tastes are versatile, though, and he's just as prone to eat a deer as he is to consume a common house rat or beetle. The impish creature goes about most of his activities in a quirky, grotesque fashion, enamored with odd and often disturbing items and as quick to imitate the creatures he observes as he is to kill them.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Reports of Spring-Heeled Jack always place him in a large city or the outskirts of one during the night, though even the best trackers have trouble explaining where he goes during the day or during the weeks when there is not so much as a trace of him.

During those periods when he goes to ground, Spring-Heeled Jack often lurks in the wilds, either resting in

secluded forests or observing the animals and other creatures native to such environs. His innate fascination with the Material Plane is an odd contrast to his love of causing others pain; the only thing he enjoys more than witnessing nature is destroying it. Hunters occasionally come across desecrated animal carcasses, returning to the tavern and proposing tales of some huge and horribly strong creature in the wilds. No one would ever guess that the gory mess of flesh and bone was caused by a tiny man with a jagged knife.

Spring-Heeled Jack's knife is often his only company, and years of self-inflicted solitude drive him to consider the blade his best and only friend. The wicked knife—which he refers to as “Love” all too frequently, according to survivors of his attacks—possesses no special properties, but is finely wrought and clearly of otherworldly origin. Stained with the blood of hundreds of victims, Spring-Heeled Jack's weapon leaves strange scars that are impossible to reproduce. Brash drunkards in taverns can be found lifting their shirts and displaying old wounds, claiming they come from Spring-Heeled Jack's beloved blade, while honest victims need not point out their true scars, which always speak for themselves.

Chaotic and spontaneous, Spring-Heeled Jack sometimes tires of simply killing victims, and instead decides to let his prey live to tell the tale. While he does not commit his heinous crimes for popularity, the fey revels in the reputation he has earned and the fear that registers in people's eyes as he pounces upon them, and often spies on people simply to hear the far-fetched rumors surrounding himself. He frequently plays up these odd rumors and accounts, even whispering pre-scripted lines to his victims before he kills them, fancying himself a poet reciting to a very select audience.

Beyond brief encounters with terrified victims and his strange relationship with his weapon, Spring-Heeled Jack is alone in his endeavors. Society holds no place for him, but that's fine by the sociopathic fey. His high esteem for misfortune, trickery, and deceit are matched by few, and he cannot be bought off, persuaded, or convinced. The only thing that could possibly distract him in the middle of pursuing a victim is the possibility of some other, more exciting challenge elsewhere. When Spring-Heeled Jack encounters a foe he deems too powerful, he takes to the roofs as soon as he realizes his situation, often to the frustration of bounty hunters and law enforcement alike.

SPRING-HEELED JACK IN REAL LIFE

In 19th-century England, the myth of Spring-Heeled Jack pervaded society for several decades, spawned by numerous sightings and reports of a mysterious jumping figure in a black cape and tight clothes. Reports say that the cloaked troublemaker harassed helpless citizens either by ravaging them with his dreadful claws and brutish strength or simply frightening them with his horrid appearance and startling magic.

Accounts of Spring-Heeled Jack's appearance differed between witnesses, though certain elements—such as dark clothes and a lithe, gangly body—remained consistent in all tales, as did his supernatural powers, which included jumping to extraordinary heights, spitting blue fire, and scaring victims senseless with his hideous visage.

After being officially recognized by many publications nationwide and following several high-profile attacks, sightings of Spring-Heeled Jack dwindled and essentially ceased near the end of the 1800s. Every few decades, however, people in various parts of the world still report mysterious men with the ability to perform incredible leaps, leading many to wonder if the story of Spring-Heeled Jack is truly over.



Formula for Terror

Cursed and haunted, Ustalav rests upon the bones of the foul empire of the legendary lich-archmage known as the Whispering Tyrant. In the centuries since the undead conqueror's defeat, the land has been resettled, but superstition and horror still lurk in the country's shadows.

The greatest evil sleeps in the ruin of Gallowspire. There, below the former court of the necromancer-king, lies the undying remains of the Whispering Tyrant himself, locked away by the magic of heroes and deities. Although bound within his prison-tomb, the lich-lord's dreams still seep into the land, tainting minds and inspiring fanatics like the necromancer cult known as the Whispering Way.

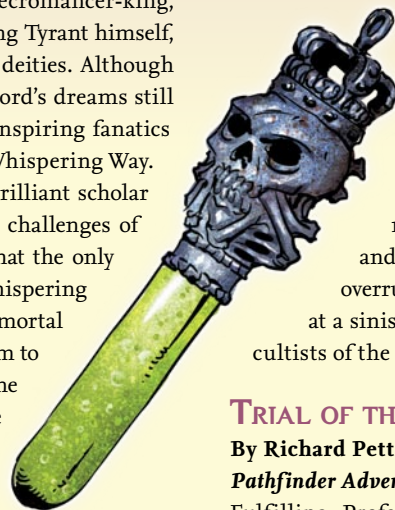
Years ago, a dark idea consumed the brilliant scholar Adivion Adrissant. Bored with the paltry challenges of his peers, Adrissant convinced himself that the only mind to rival his own was that of the Whispering Tyrant, who he idealized as the pinnacle of mortal achievement. Although his research led him to doubt his ability to free the wizard-king, he came to believe that the Tyrant might be restored in another manner. Were one of proper lineage made to face the same experiences as the Whispering Tyrant, subjected to the same magic in proximity to the lich himself, might not the result be a copy of the great wizard? Adrissant thought it possible, and moved to test his theory.

Adrissant courted contacts within the nefarious Whispering Way and delved into the secrets of lichdom, taking the unheard-of route of researching not his own path to undeath, but another's. After years of investigation, his delving bore strange fruit: a procedure similar to that Tar-Baphon utilized to transform himself into a lich. Adrissant dubbed the formula the *Carrion Crown*.

With objectives gleaned through an age of research and grim allies to enact his will, Adivion Adrissant set in motion a plot to create an heir to the Whispering Tyrant himself, and through the might of the archlich reborn, to remake the world into a place worthy of his intellect and ambitions.

Against these foul machinations, dark fortune guides the PCs into the path the Whispering Way and Adrissant's ingenious insanity, with the death of a friend leading them to pit their courage against the vilest horrors of Ustalav.

GMs can find more information and tools in *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Rule of Fear* (a guide to Ustalav), the *Carrion Crown Item Cards*, the *Carrion Crown Poster Map Folio* (which includes a player-friendly map of all of Ustalav), and the *Carrion Crown Player's Guide* (available for free at paizo.com).



THE HAUNTING OF HARROWSTONE

By Michael Kortez

Pathfinder Adventure Path #43, Levels 1–4

Professor Petros Lorremor—renowned explorer, lecturer, and teacher—has died. The campaign begins with the PCs attending the doctor's funeral in the sleepy community of Ravengro, where they meet his daughter, Kendra, and inherit a profitable obligation. But soon mysterious events begin afflicting the townsfolk, and the spirits said to roam the fire-scarred ruins of Harrowstone Prison begin reaching forth. To save Ravengro, the PCs must uncover Harrowstone's tragic history and put down the ghostly riot threatening to overrun the village. Yet their search also hints at a sinister plot perpetrated by the death-obsessed cultists of the Whispering Way.

TRIAL OF THE BEAST

By Richard Pett

Pathfinder Adventure Path #44, Levels 4–7

Fulfilling Professor Lorremor's final request, the PCs journey to the city of Lepidstadt. They find the city wild with outrage as the notorious Beast of Lepidstadt has been captured. A foul amalgam of stitched brutes and murderers, the flesh golem awaits his fate in the city jail, but Lepidstadt's enlightened council refuses to put the sentient creature to death without a trial. Working with Judge Daramid, the PCs discover more is afoot in Lepidstadt than the wild rampages of a madman's creation. Aside from revealing a pair of body snatchers using fear of the Beast to cover their crimes, the PCs also find evidence that the supposedly free-willed golem's capture might have been a cover for the theft of an ancient item known as the Seasage Effigy. The PCs must thus choose to either exonerate the monster or leave the unnatural thing to its fate.

The trial's outcome provokes further upheaval in Lepidstadt, leading PCs to the castle of the region's former ruler and the Beast's secret creator, Alpon Caromarc. There the PCs find a fortress besieged by the experiments of a mad scientist, unleashed by Whispering Way cultists who sought the means to control the Beast of Lepidstadt. The PCs' exploration unlocks more of the mystery surrounding the Whispering Way and potentially unites them with a secret society, the Esoteric Order of the Palatine Eye, acting in opposition to the necromancers.

BROKEN MOON

By Tim Hitchcock

Pathfinder Adventure Path #45, Levels 7–9

The PCs track the Whispering Way through the notorious Shudderwood to the secluded hunter's retreat known as the Ascanor Lodge. There they discover hints of the Whispering Way not just meddling in the lodge's affairs, but also disrupting the balance between the forest's violent werewolf tribes. Leaderless and in the midst of a savage war, the werewolves seek the stolen heart of their former leader. To pursue the Whispering Way, the PCs must help settle the affairs of the forest's beasts and keep the zealous hunters of the Ascanor Lodge from being consumed, by either lycanthropes or suspicion of who might be a werewolf. By diplomacy or steel, the PCs gain access to an ancient meeting place of the Shudderwood's werewolves and learn of the Whispering Way's machinations and destination.

The PCs must then chase the cult and murderous werewolves to the trench-scarred wasteland of the Furrows. There the PCs face a leader of the Whispering Way as he seeks to raise an undead army from the bones of an age-old war. In doing so, however, they discover that the Whispering Way has greater plots than merely building an army of the dead.

WAKE OF THE WATCHER

By Greg A. Vaughan

Pathfinder Adventure Path #46, Levels 9–11

Following the stolen Seasage Effigy, the PCs end up in the cursed town of Illmarsh and find hints as to the identity of Whispering Way's emissary. But as the PCs search for their quarry, they learn of strange crimes plaguing the town and deaths tied to the rites of another ancient cult. Pursuing these slayings reveals a strange murderer whose end comes when a tentacular manipulator erupts from his skull.

Thus the intrusion in Illmarsh is revealed, with a foul cult of Dagon fallen victim to an invasion of alien beings. A new evil now corrupts the village, experimenting upon strangers and the populace as it paves the way for its dark master's coming. In a structure hidden beneath the black waves, the PCs discover the agent of the Whispering Way betrayed, and a congregation of eldritch things readying to unleash its foul lord, Shub-Niggurath, into the world—only the PCs can prevent the emergence of the alien god.

ASHES AT DAWN

By Neil Spicer

Pathfinder Adventure Path #47, Levels 11–13

The path of the Whispering Way leads to Caliphas, Ustalav's capital. As the PCs search the city for the Whispering Way, they gain aid from the local Esoteric Order of the Palatine Eye, hear of a strange series of serial killings afflicting the city, and learn of the cult's sanctum nearby. Investigating the Whispering Way's hideout, they find it abandoned except for

SPOILER WARNING!

What follows is the background and outline for the Carrion Crown Adventure Path. If you intend to play in this campaign, be warned! These pages spoil the plots of the upcoming adventures as thoroughly as possible.

a mysterious alchemist once in the necromancers' employ. This strange researcher, Ramoska Arkminos, claims to know much of the necromancers, and offers the PCs insights into their nature if the PCs uncover the identity of the city's serial killer, who proves to be hunting only vampires. More than a vigilante, this killer is upsetting the balance between the city's vampire population and claiming something from his kills that suggests a insidious agenda.

The PCs scour the city and its depths, learning much of the vampires, their powerful leader, and conspiracies among the secret undead aristocracy. Tracking the killings uncovers a web involving vampire rebels, witches serving an immortality-obsessed noble, and the Whispering Way. Invading the vampires' retreat and the witches' laboratory returns peace to Caliphas, but also gives the Whispering Way's agents an opportunity to abduct the final goal of their plot, a noble from the highest echelons of power.

SHADOWS OF GALLOWSPIRE

By Brandon Hodge and Jason Bulmahn

Pathfinder Adventure Path #48, Levels 13–15

The Whispering Way flees Caliphas for their society's fortress of Renchurch. There Adivion Adrissant prepares the collected reagents to create an incomplete but still theoretically potent potion of lichdom. The PCs pursue the cult across the necromancy-scoured mountains of Virlych, facing agents of the cult and horrors from the age of the Whispering Tyrant. Invading Renchurch, the PCs face the greatest horrors of the Whispering Way and free the Carrion Crown's intended victim, but lose Adrissant and the potion.

The leader of the Whispering Way escapes to the haunted tower of Gallowspire, the throne-turned-prison of the Whispering Tyrant. Hoping to be aided by the proximity of his imprisoned master, Adrissant scales the spire and commences the rite to transform himself into the undead inheritor of the Whispering Tyrant's empire. The PCs pursue him, facing ancient traps and guardians prepared by the greatest necromancer Golarion has ever known. At the tower's summit, they must face Adrissant, mad with magic and the power of the Carrion Crown, in a battle to prevent the realm of the Whispering Tyrant from being born anew!

TRIAL OF THE BEAST

by Richard Pett

The Beast of Lepidstadt, a murderous flesh golem, has been captured and awaits his fate in the Lepidstadt jail. But the city council refuses to simply put the creature to death, insisting on holding a trial for the monstrous captive. As the PCs' responsibilities guide them to Lepidstadt, they become embroiled in the creature's fate and the questions surrounding his culpability. Yet more is afoot in Lepidstadt than merely a monster's trial, as evidence of grave robbers, secret societies, crazed cultists, and the experiments of an imprisoned mad scientist drag the PCs into a plot that threatens all of Ustalav.

THE ORDER OF THE PALATINE EYE

Hidden behind the rulers of Ustalav, far from the eyes of the common people, a conspiracy of tradition, mysticism, and privilege shapes the fate of nations. Discover the Esoteric Order of the Palatine Eye, a mysterious society whose members are sworn to guard their homeland, ancient traditions, and secrecy—whatever the cost.

PHARASMA

Delve into the mysteries of Pharasma, Golarion's goddess of death, prophecy, and fate. Learn of her stoic philosophies and those who dedicate their lives to the service of death.

AND MORE!

The spectre of a forgotten murder rises once more in a new adventure in the Pathfinder's Journal. Also, creatures from the haunted countryside of Ustalav shamble forth in the Pathfinder Bestiary.

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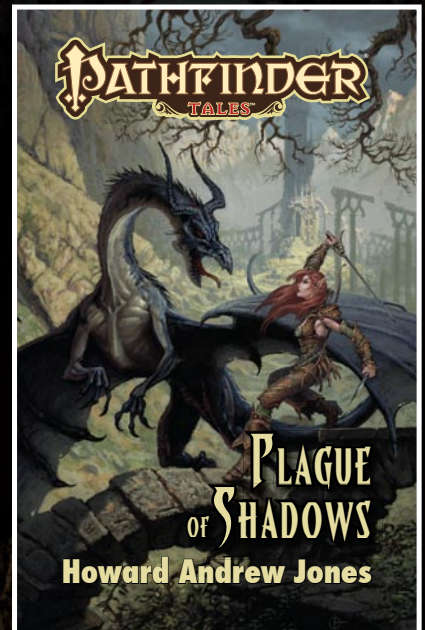


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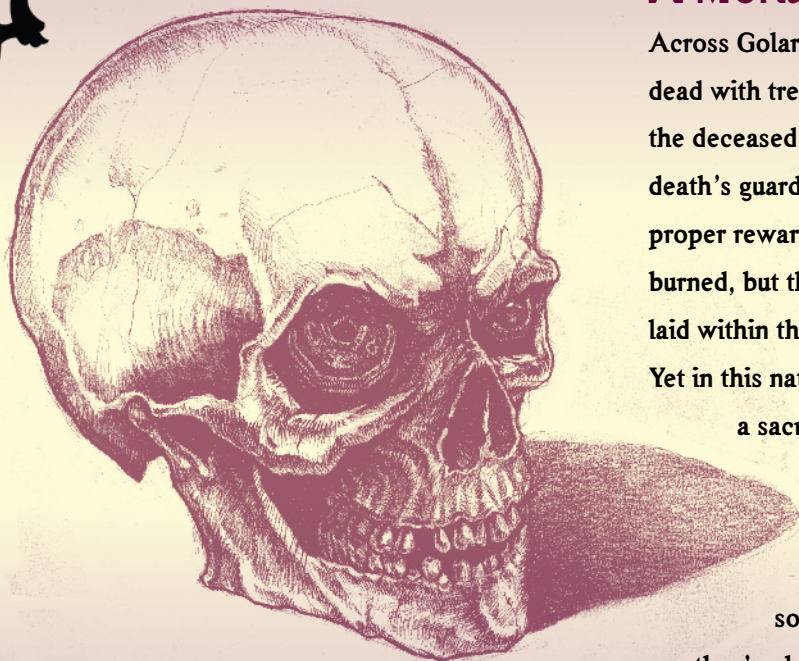
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