

PATHFINDER[®]

ADVENTURE PATH[™]



Carion Crown

SHADOWS OF GALLOWSPIRE

By Brandon Hodge

Beyond Lichdom

Many servants of death view lichdom as the ultimate state of power and immortality. Yet the ultimate does not always mean the end. The oldest liches discover that although the transformation into undeath spares them a physical death, it does not make their forms immune to the ravages of time. While many go to great lengths to preserve their corpses, some liches facing bodily dissolution make a second foul apotheosis—their evil spirits possess their own crumbling skulls and augment them with gems enhanced with soul-binding necromantic magic, thus transforming themselves into legendary abominations known as demiliches.



Awaiting an Age of Secrets

Each year, many who dare to question tales held as fact or push the boundaries of modern knowledge disappear, leaving little trace of their existence or lives' work. Between communities of academics pass whispered warnings of secrets not meant to be known and the danger of straying from the paths of established thought. In Ustalav, there is a name for lore that kills; "anaphexis." Yet such knowledge alone is not lethal. None speak of those who make it so—the Anaphexia, the Keepers of Secrets. In library-tombs stalk tongueless scholars, servants of the master of secrets, collecting revelations unfit for a juvenile world and hoarding them for an age that may never come.





ADVENTURE PATH • PART 6 of 6

SHADOWS OF GALLOWSPIRE



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"Shadows of Gallowspire" is a Pathfinder Adventure Path scenario designed for four 13th-level characters.
By the end of this adventure, characters should reach 15th level.

This product makes use of the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook*, *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*, *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game GameMastery Guide*, *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Magic*, *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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Printed in China. What is a man? A miserable little pile of secrets!



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In the Eye of Evil

In just a few hours we'll be shipping this volume of Pathfinder, and everything we have to print regarding the Carrion Crown Adventure Path will be done. This foreword is, literally, the final words on the campaign. So, now that I've had my opportunity to do things exactly my way, let me tell you the number one thing I'd change if I had exactly my way again: Adivion Adrissant.

He's this bored genius who had everything and could have been anything—a revolutionary, an archmage, a king—but nothing interested him. The whole world bored him because he was good at everything. He's that kind of guy everyone hates, both because he acts self-superior, and worse, because he might be right to act that way. He's this arrogant bastard who's so confident in his own genius that he thinks the only person who might even be able to understand him is a megalomaniacal undead archmage with delusions of godhood. And so he gets an idea.

The idea is roughly the idea from Jorge Luis Borges's short story "Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote." (Long-time readers will recognize Borges's past influence on Pathfinder, mostly as it stems from his fantastic compilation of folkloric and fictional creatures *The Book of Imaginary Beings*.) But would Adrissant's insane plot to recreate the Whispering Tyrant from a distant heir work? Ultimately, it doesn't matter. He's obsessed enough to think it has a chance, and his charm and ambition inspire an entire cult of necromancers and lunatics into thinking the same. That Adrissant is self-serving, bitter, and emotionally stunted doesn't matter to his followers; they view him and his vision as something far greater, a reinvigorating charge to their fractious and dysfunctional cult, and they serve his will as true fanatics. It's the blind devotion of followers willing to do anything for him that truly makes the campaign's villain deadly.

Here's the thing, though. There's a pretty good chance that, unless you've done a healthy bit of thinking on what's going on behind the scenes in the campaign, this is the first time there's been much of a reason to think about the Adventure Path's prime mover. This is partly intentional. Player characters are a cagey lot and the last thing we want to do is dangle the big bad end guy in front of them early, risking that he might be slain ahead of schedule or forcing the GM to frustrate the PCs by making him an invincible presence. However, this is also kind of weak.

For GMs planning to run or already running the Carrion Crown Adventure Path, I suggest seriously considering ways to create a more intimate relationship between the PCs and their opponent. Adivion Adrissant is well informed and has a whole cult of agents and ancient magic at his disposal, so it's not outside the realm of possibility to think that he knows the faces of those on his trail. He's also an elitist haunted by the blasé, so if the PCs prove particularly inventive and cunning, he might discover he enjoys their pursuit, seeing in his opponents creativity and determination of a degree he's never before encountered. Personally, I love the idea that Adrissant and the PCs have a relationship like Lecter and Starling, where he cordially taunts and dangles hints of his presence while they try to outwit him as they pursue him. I could see him corresponding with the PCs via messages left for them on the bodies of defeated cultists—I like the idea of him giving his followers sealed letters and just telling them to hold them as they wait in the PCs' path. Numerous other items, even as basic as *bird feather tokens*, could help Adrissant stay in touch, no matter where the PCs' journeys take them.

Overall, it's up to the GM to establish Adivion Adrissant's presence in the campaign. We should have probably pointed that out earlier, but better late than never. This could be as simple as him dropping the PCs a line at the beginning or end of each adventure, or stepping into a scene as an illusion and taunting them with their mistakes, their imperfect view of his plans, or his ability to elude them. The specifics are really left up to you. GMs also have a flexibility that we as designers don't—while we have to adhere to our rules system, in your game you're the boss, and might be willing to hand-wave how Adrissant keeps tabs on the players and trades barbs with them from the safety of his hideout. But whatever you decide to do to give Adrissant some screen time, it's up to you.

Hopefully, with this pointed out, many GMs can do a bit of plotting and planning beforehand to give Adrissant a bit more of a role. I'm also hoping this generates a healthy bit of discussion on the Carrion Crown messageboards at paizo.com, so GMs can share their thoughts, experiences, and perhaps even fully written notes from Adrissant with all the rest of us running this campaign.

ON THE COVER

Adivion Adrissant, the mastermind behind the Carrion Crown Adventure Path, didn't expect his plot to end like this. Discover what drives this evil genius to make this monstrous transformation in this month's adventure, "Shadows of Gallowspire."

SCORING THE END OF THE WORLD

While many of the scores I've mentioned month after month work well as brooding background noise, with liches you can pull out all these stops. The villainous themes from movies work well for this sort of thing, but the more obscure the better—you don't want your big reveal overshadowed by a half-hour of quotes. So be careful. Or use your big baddie to slaughter the infidels. Whatever's more your style.

Benyacar, Simone, Craig Stuart Garfinkle, Veigar Margeirsson, & Daniel Nielsen: *Requiem for a Tower*
 Brower, Russell, Derek Duke, & Edo Guidotti: *World of Warcraft: Wrath of the Lich King*
 Carpenter, John: *Prince of Darkness*
 Debney, John: *End of Days* (Main Title)
 Glass, Philip: *Candyman*
 Goldsmith, Jerry: *The Omen*
 Mancell, Clint: *The Fountain*
 Uematsu, Nobuo: *Distant Worlds*
 Young, Christopher: *Hellraiser, The Fly*
 Zimmer, Hans: *Inception*

So that's it! But even though my part in the Carrion Crown Adventure Path is officially over, be sure to look for more advice and customizations on paizo.com, where I'm certain the discussions will continue for months to come. Also, stay tuned for next month's launch of the Jade Regent Adventure Path, where there will still be plenty of haunts and gothic influences. Rest assured that with the Pathfinder AP crew, you can always trust us to indulge our taste for the macabre.



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Shadows of Gallowspire

And so it was that Tar-Baphon was cast from the heights of Gallowspire, his smoldering body still clutching the sliver of the Shield of Aroden as his spirit retreated to his phylactery somewhere far beneath the dark tower. The great high-priest Narthoc, most blessed of Aroden, stepped forward past the wounded General Arnisant and drew down the three great seals fashioned on high, saying unto his hosts: “Take these seals far from these dead lands, into the world of the living where the undead cannot venture. May they pass beyond the immortal sway of this imprisoned tyrant, so that he may never come forth again.”

—Penned recollections of the squire Adolfus Drusilliath, 3827 AR

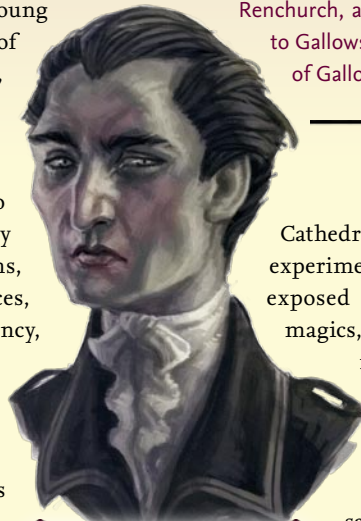
ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Born to a life of privilege in Ustalav's former capital city of Ardis, Adivion Adrissant was destined for greatness. His family spared no expense on his education, enrolling him in Caliphas's highly prestigious academy at the Quarterfaux Archives. Handsome, cunning, and cultured, Adivion hungered for knowledge, but soon found himself bored in his studies, which left him dispirited and melancholy. The young scholar should have wanted for nothing, but by the age of 20 had dismissed structured academia as unchallenging, romance as little more than a distraction, and religion as a fool's errand. Inspired by the nihilistic poetry of Krait, Perry, and Vhaags, the young man left Ustalav to explore the cultures of Golarion in hopes of staving off his malaise, only to return to his family's holdings years later as disappointed as when he first left.

Growing ever more morbid in his fascinations, Adivion began explorations into the hereafter; he spend years acquiring dusty relics from forgotten museum collections, communing with spirits in secret seances, and delved into the study of necromancy, focusing his admiration on Tar-Baphon, the Whispering Tyrant. In researching the life and undeath of Golarion's most wretched conqueror, Adivion felt kinship for a genius burdened by the weight of a worthless world, and whose supreme intellect and ambition allowed him to defy even death in the pursuit of reshaping Golarion into an existence worth experiencing. Soon, Adivion's tireless research consumed him, and his acquisition of relics of the lich's rule drained his family's coffers. Well aware of previous futile attempts to physically liberate Tar-Baphon from his prison, Adivion sought some alternate path that might allow the Whispering Tyrant to return to the waking world.

Through his obsessive research, Adivion soon found that Tar-Baphon had sired at least one child while alive, and most importantly, that the Tyrant's increasingly thin bloodline reached all the way through the millennia to modern Ustalav—and in fact, Count Lucinean Galdana of Amaans was a direct, living heir of the Whispering Tyrant. Hoping that some inspirational spark of Tar-Baphon's genius had somehow survived the ravages of time and breeding, Adivion traveled to Willowmourn for an audience with the Count, only to be utterly disappointed in the aging fop he found waiting there.

It was on the return trip to Ardis that the seeds of inspiration—or madness—took root in Adivion's mind. Witnessing a rite of metaphorical rebirth—the Procession of Unforgotten Souls—outside Kavapesta's Cryptgate



Adivion Adrissant

ADVANCEMENT TRACK

Characters should be 13th level when they begin "Shadows of Gallowspire." If they haven't quite reached 13th level, consider attacking the PCs with minions of the Whispering Way while they are still in Caliphas, staging more encounters on the overland journey through Virlych, or steering them toward more *witchgates* as they attempt to cross the Hungry Mountains. The PCs should reach 14th level before they enter the catacombs below Renchurch, and should be 15th level before they travel to Gallowspire for the final confrontation. "Shadows of Gallowspire" uses the medium XP track.

Cathedral, he struck upon the idea for a grand experiment. History had already shown that, when exposed to certain ideas, events, settings, and magics, Tar-Baphon had possessed the potential to reshape the world. What then would occur if a modern inheritor of the lich-king's blood was subjected to the exact same ideas, events, and magics? Would it not follow that the heir would produce the same result as the ancestor? What if Adivion himself could recreate the Whispering Tyrant, and in so doing gaze into the mind of a force that rivaled even the gods? With such a dark muse—one indebted to him for its very existence—could he not emulate that same path to world-shaping might?

Over the next several years Adivion launched fully into his experiment, courting the Whispering Way and seducing its leaders with the promise of the resurrection of their most famed alumnus. At the same time, Adivion delved into the blasphemous secrets of lichdom, taking the difficult and unheard of path of researching not his own individual path to undeath, but another's. After years of investigation, his delving, both scholarly and arcane, bore strange fruit: whispers from beyond death, a verse spoken from the spaces between death and the afterworld that formed the formula to an undying apotheosis, which Adivion dubbed the *Carrion Crown*.

With this knowledge, the proper components, and grim allies in the Whispering Way to assist him, Adivion Adrissant set his plan in motion—a plot to transform one of the lords of Ustalav, an heir to a profane legacy, into a resurrection of the Whispering Tyrant himself—and through the arch-lich reborn, to recreate Golarion into a world worth having a place in.



ADVENTURE SUMMARY

With the components of the *Carrion Crown* elixir now assembled, the cultists of the Whispering Way have kidnapped Count Lucinean Galdana and fled across the Hungry Mountains, delivering both to their headquarters at Renchurch after escaping through the treacherous *witchgates* of Virlych. The PCs must quickly follow them, traveling through the ghost-plagued county to Renchurch, and encountering deadly necrotic storms, vicious flora and fauna, and a patrol of knights from Lastwall with misguided intentions toward a captured “witch.”

The PCs arrive at the ruined monastery of Renchurch, which conceals the cloaked cult members of the Whispering Way, predatory undead horrors, and pervasive whispers haunting the catacombs below. Facing the cult’s minions, the party must infiltrate the monastery’s bladed cathedral to finally rescue Count Galdana before the cult finishes preparing him for his transformation into the new Whispering Tyrant.

With Galdana safe, the PCs head to Gallowspire to finally confront Adivion Adrissant, the instigator of the plot and the leader of the Whispering Way. The PCs must

carefully navigate the deserted streets of the necropolis-city of Adorak to reach Gallowspire itself, encountering the undead dragon Marrowgarth and rescuing the innocent prisoners the ravener kills for power. Finally, the PCs must scale the towering spire, evading ancient traps and guardians to reach the tower’s apex, only to find that Adivion has consumed the *Carrion Crown* elixir himself, transforming into a powerful undead abomination called a forsaken lich. He stands resolutely atop Gallowspire, burning with arcane and necromantic energy, ready to destroy the PCs, and then the world, if not stopped.

PART ONE: OVER THE HUNGRY MOUNTAINS

As the adventure begins, the PCs should be aware of the true nature of the Whispering Way’s *Carrion Crown* formula for creating a lich from an unwilling target, and that this target is not Prince Aduard Ordranti, but Count Lucinean Galdana of Amaans, whose blood holds the potential to create a new Whispering Tyrant. If the PCs did not receive Ramoska

Arkminos's letter at the end of "Ashes at Dawn," their allies in Caliphas—likely Abraun Chalest or Edjureus Modd in the Esoteric Order of the Palatine Eye—can give them the same information. Adivion Adrissant and the Whispering Way have taken Count Galdana across the Hungry Mountains into the wastelands of Virlych. While the PCs know their likely destination—the cult's headquarters in the ancient monastery of Renchurch—discerning the cultists' exact whereabouts is another matter entirely. The cultists cast *mind blank* on Galdana every day, and any attempts to scribe on the count are doomed to failure. Adivion himself is little more than a name at this point, and the Whispering Way's organization into isolated cells makes it hopelessly difficult to divine the whereabouts of the captured count by other means. The PCs have little choice but to pursue the cultists and penetrate the walls of Renchurch if they hope to stop the cult before the ceremony to transform Galdana into a new Whispering Tyrant is complete.

TRAVEL THROUGH VIRLYCH

Although Renchurch only lies some 200 miles from Caliphas, traveling to the black monastery is not an easy proposition. The blasted wasteland of Virlych sits like a putrid patch of decaying flesh sutured to the western arm of Ustalav. The terrain of Virlych is uninviting at best, and hostile at worst. Anchored to the northwest and southeast by ancient, stunted forests of twisted trees and malevolent creatures, these regions grudgingly give way to the Hungry Mountains, which erupt from the plains like rotten teeth on a cankerous jawbone. Polluted rivers carve deep valleys throughout the range, draining the melting winter runoff of the highest peaks into churning cisterns of gray water that stink of maggoty rot. Game is scarce, but unnatural creatures thrive in the cursed realm. Fell magics still writhe and pulse across the dead wastes, remnants of Tar-Baphon's bony death grip on the land that he refuses to relinquish even after centuries of imprisonment. East of the Mesmos and Barrow Run rivers, violent, seemingly malicious weather plagues the Hungry Mountains. West of these rivers, bruise-colored clouds perpetually crown the mountains with sly malevolence, seemingly driven by the imprisoned will of the Whispering Tyrant himself. PCs traveling through Virlych should encounter both deadly inhabitants and treacherous weather during their journey. For more detail on these hazards, see page 81 in this volume's Bestiary.

The PCs may elect to make an overland journey, nipping at the heels of Galdana's captors. The journey across the

county of Caliphas is easy because of the well-maintained roads that wind their way through the region's fields and peat farms. Once they cross the Carabosse River, however, the perpetual overlay of low storms and supernatural lightning flashes warn trespassers of the Hungry Mountains' dangers. PCs who take this route on horseback can reach Virlych's borders from Caliphas in approximately 2 days, or 4 days on foot. The overland journey from the Carabosse to Renchurch takes approximately 5 days mounted or 10 days by foot, though the terrain exposes the PCs to great risks in the forms of haunts, storms, and dangerous creatures. Of course, the use of magic can shorten this duration significantly.

More likely, the PCs will attempt to use magical transportation to reach Renchurch. However, ancient wards placed by Tar-Baphon around Virlych divert most teleportation attempts toward nearby *witchgates*, stranding the PCs in the wilds of the Witchgate Forest or the Hungry Mountains (see below). Regardless of how the PCs travel, however, the cultists of the Whispering Way should arrive at Renchurch with Count Galdana ahead of the PCs.

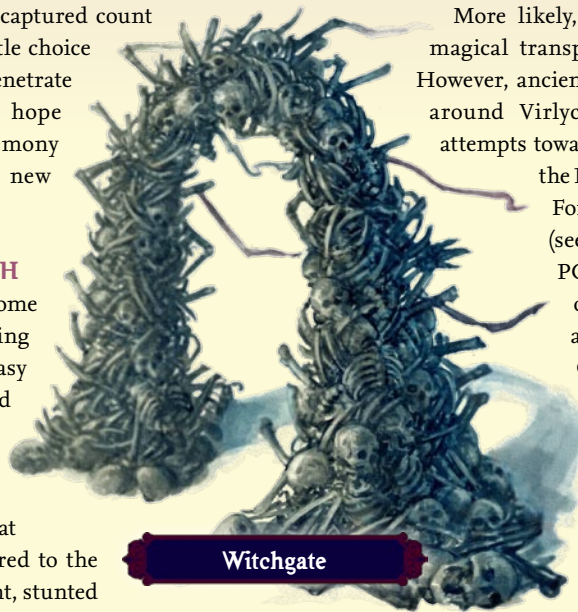
The following sections outline encounters that the PCs can face on their journey through Virlych to Renchurch. If the PCs are traveling overland, these encounters should be placed in the PCs' path to explore or

ignore as they wish. If the PCs attempt magical travel, the *witchgates* automatically provide challenging obstacles for the PCs, and you can insert the Knights of Ozem encounter as the PCs travel overland from one *witchgate*'s field of influence to another.

Nevertheless, the PCs should be allowed to make their own way to Renchurch, and if they come up with some solution that avoids both slow overland travel and the *witchgates* during their journey through Virlych, they should be allowed to do so. In this case, some of the encounters can be moved to Renchurch or Adorak, or to the journey between the two.

WITCHGATES

Long ago, Tar-Baphon placed a number of dimensional anchors known as *witchgates* to shield his capital from magical invasion, distorting the magical ley lines that normally guide extradimensional travelers so that they displace invaders toward the heavily defended gates. The Whispering Way has long known the secret of these



Witchgate

portals, and cleverly guards them to waylay unsuspecting dimension-hoppers.

Witchgates function as permanent variant *teleport traps* (*The Inner Sea World Guide* 296), radiating their misdirecting influence throughout an area approximately 20 miles in radius. All long-range teleportation (including *shadow walk*, *teleport*, *greater teleport*, *teleportation circle*, and *transport via plants* spells) into or out of Virlych are initially redirected toward Virlych's outermost *witchgate* groves (area A), regardless of the intended destination, though short-range teleportation spells such as *dimension door* are exempt from this effect. Once a creature has left a *witchgate*'s area of effect, additional attempts at teleportation shunt the caster and all accompanying creatures to another *witchgate*—either the next closest gate or an entirely random one, at your discretion.

A caster attempting to teleport into or out of a *witchgate*'s area of effect can make a DC 20 Will save to resist the effect; if the save is successful, the creature simply doesn't teleport at all—either to the intended location or to the *witchgate* itself (but the use of the teleport effect is still consumed). A DC 27 Knowledge (arcana) check allows a caster to identify the presence and effects of a *witchgate*, but does not reveal the location of the next *witchgate* in the sequence. Once aware of a *witchgate*'s properties, a DC 35 Spellcraft check coupled with *detect magic* enables a caster to determine the borders of a *witchgate*'s area of effect.

Each time a caster is redirected to another *witchgate*, she must succeed at a DC 30 caster level check to avoid an intense sensation of vertigo that spreads like a disease among dimensional travelers. On a failed check, all creatures accompanying the caster must make DC 25 Fortitude saves or become sickened for 1d6 rounds upon arrival at the *witchgate*. The DC for the caster level check increases by +2 for each additional *witchgate* the caster attempts to reach with a single casting.

A. WITCHGATE GROVE (CR 13)

A gem-encrusted arch made of bleached bones stands on a patch of scorched ground, surrounded by withered oaks. Sickly ravens perch on crooked branches, their hoarse cries echoing in the still air.

Druidic groves once nurtured this forest, but Tar-Baphon's presence tainted the woods and distorted the ley lines the groves once protected. Now used by teleporting Whispering Way cultists visiting Renchurch, this grove and others like it divert all extradimensional travelers attempting to penetrate Virlych's borders and give the Witchgate Forest its name.

Creatures: Six carnivorous hangman trees protect this site, evenly spaced approximately 15 feet from the

witchgate. When travelers appear in the arch, the trees use their hallucinatory spores ability to trick trespassers into believing they are normal trees, giving intruders a single round to utter a password or identifying sign before attacking with their vines.

ADVANCED HANGMAN TREES (6)

CR 8

XP 4,800 each

hp 100 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 152, 292)

Development: Attempts to teleport after leaving a *witchgate* grove are redirected to the next *witchgate* at the Wyrmsway Smear (area B).

B. WYRMWAY SMEAR (CR 13)

A dark rut smears its way below a craggy peak, gray bits of rotting ichor gouging a trail of decayed filth leading up to a dark cave mouth. Flies buzz around the cavern opening as if drawn to the rotten, dying breath of this old mountain.

A well-worn, ichor-covered trail carved into the mountain's bedrock gives this site its name. The *witchgate* itself forms the arch of the cave mouth; within, a 40-foot-wide cave extends 100 feet into the mountain, providing shelter for Whispering Way cultists traveling extradimensionally across Virlych's borders. A DC 16 Survival check determines that the smeared path outside was created by a massive lizardlike creature with clawed forelimbs and no rear legs, gouged into the mountainside by the rotting mass of the creature's dead weight.

Creature: A crippled crag linnorm scavenger named Hagmouth lairs in this cavern, a degenerate and filthy creature who lost most of his tail in battle with his rival, the umbral dragon Sicnavier. The wound has never healed, leaving little more than a perpetually rotting and infected stump that Hagmouth must drag along behind him. Hagmouth jealousy guards his lair, oftentimes hostile even to the cultists appearing at the entrance of his lair, and attacks any creature foolish enough to trespass through his domain.

HAGMOUTH

CR 13

XP 25,600

Male variant crag linnorm (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 190)

CE Gargantuan dragon

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 120 ft., low-light vision, scent, true seeing; Perception +22

Aura stench (30 ft., DC 22, 10 rounds)

DEFENSE

AC 28, touch 9, flat-footed 25 (+3 Dex, +19 natural, -4 size)

hp 172 (15d12+75); regeneration 10 (cold iron)

Fort +16, **Ref** +12, **Will** +13

Defensive Abilities freedom of movement; DR 15/cold

iron; **Immune** curse effects, fire, mind-affecting effects, paralysis, poison, sleep; **SR** 25

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 50 ft. (clumsy), swim 30 ft.

Melee bite +23 (2d8+12/19–20 plus poison), 2 claws +23 (1d8+12)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft.

Special Attacks breath weapon (120-ft. line, 15d8 fire damage, Reflex DC 22 half, usable every 1d4 rounds), death curse

TACTICS

During Combat Hagmouth uses his breath weapon on opponents before attacking with his claws and poisoned bite. He clumsily takes to the air if surrounded, attempting to scatter foes with his breath weapon before landing to attack again.

Morale Hagmouth has not survived as long as he has by foolishly throwing away his life in battle. If reduced to fewer than 70 hit points, he flees.

STATISTICS

Str 34, **Dex** 16, **Con** 21, **Int** 5, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 21

Base Atk +15; **CMB** +31; **CMD** 44 (can't be tripped)

Feats Blind-Fight, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Great Fortitude, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Initiative, Power Attack

Skills Fly +7, Perception +22, Swim +38

Languages Aklo, Draconic, Necril

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Poison (Ex) Bite—injury; *save* Fort DC 22; *frequency* 1/round for 10 rounds; *effect* 2d6 fire damage and 1d4 Con drain; *cure* 2 consecutive saves.

Treasure: Though filthy with gray purulent discharge, the linnorm's treasure trove is extensive after years of careful negotiations with the Whispering Way. The hoard is hidden near the cavern's rear and contains a suit of dragonhide plate, a *flame tongue*, two *potions of inflict serious wounds*, a *scroll of teleport*, a *scroll of control water*, a *wand of cure critical wounds* (12 charges), 2,405 gp, and 1,980 sp.

Development: Attempts to teleport after leaving the Wyrmsway Smear are redirected to the next *witchgate* at the Witherleaf Barrows (area C).

THE KNIGHTS OF OZEM (CR 12 OR 10)

If the PCs are traveling magically through the *witchgates*, they should be redirected to a barrow on the outskirts of Witherleaf (area C), where they encounter the Knights of Ozem before the ruined village. If PCs are traveling overland, they should encounter the knights about half a day's travel from Witherleaf. In either case, this encounter provides the PCs with the opportunity to rescue Lacramoria (see below) before venturing into the village with her.

Fog engulfs a makeshift camp on the hard, black soil of the moor here, centered around a smoky, guttering fire.

The Knights of Ozem have kept constant vigil over Virlych since Tar-Baphon's fall, and do not suffer intrusion lightly. Riding out of Lastwall to the southwest, these knights patrol the twisted wastelands of Virlych in search of undead horrors or those who would treat with them.

Creatures: A patrol of four Knights of Ozem have made camp here. Sir Garvis Karst, a proud and sober-faced man of some 56 winters, leads the knights, consisting of Miras Barnholdt, a tall, lean man with a drooping mustache; Filip Andreve, a silent, brooding man with long blond hair in his late thirties; and Anca Viorica, a comely yet severe raven-haired woman with no more than a score of years behind her.

The patrol recently captured a “witch” they discovered caged in a Varisian caravan while investigating rumors of an evil witch coven. Suspecting that the woman was possessed, and despite the Varisians' protests, the paladins apprehended the crone. Her family's claim that her demonic influence was “protecting them from a greater evil” only confirmed the patrol's fears, and though they were able to detect some evil presence within the woman (through *detect evil*), they do not have the ability to exorcise whatever is possessing her. The knights are now taking her to the Cathedral of Sancta Iomedaea in Vigil for help in exorcising the demon.

Cradled by mists, the withered crone lies bound on the ground nearby, her sagging limbs contorted at painful angles by bloody manacles staked to the ground with a short chain. Limp gray hair barely conceals her naked frame, and her worn face holds a perpetual sneer. Her eyes smolder with faint yellow pinpoints that leak sulfuric fumes, and a low, animalistic growl escapes her rapidly heaving chest.

The captured “witch,” Lacramoria, is a simple fortune-teller, although when a powerful leukodaemon called Xyssas offered to protect her caravan from the rampages of the ravener Marrowgarth (see area G2) in exchange for passage through Virlych, she allowed the daemon to possess her body. The caravan did not encounter Marrowgarth before the Knights of Ozem captured Lacramoria, so there is no way to know if the daemon could truly protect the Varisians, but since her capture at the hands of the paladins, Xyssas has refused to relinquish control of Lacramoria's body. Now the daemon bides his time, planning to use Lacramoria's capture to infiltrate Vigil in hopes of scouring the city with plague upon his arrival there.

The Knights of Ozem are aggressive and suspicious of foolish trespassers. The paladins resent the PCs' intrusion, drawing their weapons and demanding that the PCs lay down their arms and leave Virlych under armed escort. The knights begin with a hostile attitude, though a DC 28 Diplomacy check changes this attitude. The presence of a paladin or cleric of a good-aligned deity in the PCs' party grants a +5 bonus on this check. Failing this check by 5 or more results in immediate attack by the knights unless the

PCs take desperate measures to assure the paladins of their good nature. The following paragraphs outline the knights' actions, depending on the PCs' Diplomacy check result.

Hostile: The knights threaten the PCs with arrest. If they fail to lay down their arms and be escorted to trial, the knights immediately attack. Good-aligned PCs should realize that these paladins take their responsibilities seriously, and are fulfilling their duty to police this land. Killing the knights outright is morally questionable at best, and PCs who manage to subdue the patrol without killing any of the paladins should receive the full experience reward for their wisdom. Showing such mercy shifts the paladins' attitude to indifferent once the conflict is resolved.

Unfriendly: The paladins stop short of attacking but still threaten arrest if the PCs refuse to leave Virlych immediately. They warn of a powerful new presence that hungers for flesh, and claim that while travelers here are rare enough, recent smoke on the horizon points to some dread presence, which they blame on their prisoner. The knights decline any offers of assistance and refuse to provide any information about their prisoner. Any interference in their duty shifts the paladins' attitude to hostile.

Indifferent: The patrol is dubious of the PCs' intentions, but the knights agree to share their fire with the PCs for the evening. Miras explains that the crone is a witch, discovered caged among her own people. The knights believe she is possessed (he points out the "flames of Hell" burning in her eyes) and are taking her to Vigil to be exorcised, as they lack the means to perform an exorcism themselves. If the PCs can help with an exorcism, the knights' attitude shifts to friendly.

Friendly: The knights believe the PCs' true intentions warrant an exception to their laws, and allow them to pass freely. They reveal that Lacramoria is a fortune-teller from a Varisian caravan who became corrupted by the land's sour magic. She is clearly possessed, and was in fact imprisoned by her own people, from whom the knights took her to save her, despite her people's protests and claims of needing her protection.

Helpful: The paladins are inspired by the party's mission and comprehend the immediacy of the PCs' goals, aiding the party in whatever way they can without neglecting their sacred duties. They still must take Lacramoria to Vigil as soon as possible, however, unless the PCs can help the crone by performing an exorcism.

PCs who investigate the bound "witch" Lacramoria can make a DC 25 Knowledge (planes) check, recognizing the animalistic growls, wrenched limbs, and sulfuric fumes as reliable indicators of possession, as are the indigestible materials such as eggshells, small bones, and other debris that she vomits forth every few minutes. *Detect evil* reveals contradictory information about Lacramoria when cast (itself an indicator of possession), but the spell does provide

a +5 bonus on the Knowledge check to definitively identify possession. If needed, you can use the Fortune-Teller stat block on page 299 of the *Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide* for Lacramoria.

Trapped in Lacramoria's body, the daemon Xyssas cannot use his body or abilities, but neither can he be harmed. He can be expelled from Lacramoria's body with *banishment*, *dismissal*, or *dispel evil*, but these spells do not force the daemon to return to his home plane, instead causing him to manifest in his true form next to his former host. More information on possession can be found in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #28, but these rules are not necessary to run this encounter. Xyssas carefully watches negotiations between the PCs and his captors. If the knights attempt to arrest the PCs, the leukodaemon chooses a good moment when both sides are distracted to exit Lacramoria's body and spew forth a cloud of biting insects with its breath of flies ability before flying forth to attack. If unwillingly forced out of his host, Xyssas immediately attacks his tormentors, fighting to the death.

KNIGHTS OF OZEM (4)

CR 8

XP 4,800 each

Human paladin of Iomedae (undead scourge) 9 (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 117)

LG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; Senses Perception +3

Aura courage (10 ft.), life* (10 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 11, flat-footed 20 (+10 armor, +1 Dex)

hp 90 each (9d10+36)

Fort +11, Ref +7, Will +8

Immune charm, disease, fear

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +1 bastard sword +14/+9 (1d10+5/17–20) or
mwk lance +13/+8 (1d8+4/x3)

Ranged +1 throwing axe +11 (1d6+4)

Special Attacks channel positive energy (DC 17, 5d6), smite
evil* (+3 attack and AC, +9 damage)

Paladin Spell-Like Abilities (CL 9th; concentration +12):
At will—*detect evil*

Paladin Spells Prepared (CL 6th; concentration +9)
2nd—*bull's strength*, *resist energy*
1st—*bless*, *detect undead*, *divine favor*

TACTICS

During Combat The knights activate their divine bond ability to add the *flaming burst* property to their bastard swords. If they have time, they cast *bull's strength* and *divine favor*, and use smite evil against evil foes.

Morale Sworn to defend Lastwall from the horrors of Virlych, the knights fight to the death.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +9; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 23

Feats Cleave, Great Cleave, Improved Critical (bastard sword), Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (bastard sword)

Skills Diplomacy +10, Handle Animal +8, Heal +4, Knowledge (nobility) +5, Knowledge (religion) +5, Perception +3, Ride +7, Sense Motive +4, Spellcraft +4

Languages Common

SQ divine bond (weapon +2, 2/day), divine grace, lay on hands (4d6, 7/day), mercies (cursed, fatigued, shaken)

Gear +1 full plate, +1 throwing axe, +1 bastard sword, masterwork throwing axe, masterwork lance, silver holy symbol of Iomedae, heavy horse with military saddle

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

XYSSAS

CR 10

XP 9,600

Advanced leukodaemon (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 68, 292)
hp 135

Development: If the PCs defeat Xyssas, Lacramoria awakens and expresses her gratitude for the exorcism, but she fears for her family's safety. She frantically begs the PCs to accompany her to the nearby Witherleaf Barrows in hopes of saving her caravan, only to find that they have already fallen victim to Marrowgarth (see area C).

Story Award: If the PCs manage to successfully negotiate with the Knights of Ozem, award them experience equal to a CR 12 encounter, as if they had defeated the knights in combat.

C. WITHERLEAF BARROWS (CR 12)

The blackened remains of an old village burned centuries ago dot the landscape between large earthen mounds. Many of these barrows have been excavated or have collapsed, and the once-sealed entrances of several of these tombs have been sundered open. Smoke still rises from the charred remnants of almost two dozen Varisian wagons scattered haphazardly among the mounds.

Once a small village protecting the graves of its inhabitants' respected ancestors, the town of Witherleaf is now little more than crumbling stone foundations and the occasional brick chimney still standing amid the burial mounds. The barrows once held the bodies of heroes from a war forgotten even before the Whispering Tyrant's rise, but when the blight of Tar-Baphon corrupted those buried within, the villagers dug up the barrows to destroy their fell inhabitants. Since then, no plants or crops have grown here, giving the village its name, and the skeletal arch of a *witchgate* stands like a grim monument to the fallen princes once buried here.

Most recently, a Varisian caravan stopped here to camp among the barrows, but the Knights of Ozem chanced upon them and their caged wise-woman. Unswayed by the appeals of her family, whose explanations only further confirmed their belief of evil influence, the knights detained the "witch" on suspicion of demonic possession, intending to bring her to Vigil (see *The Knights of Ozem* on page 11). Soon after, the caravan fell victim to the patrolling ravener Marrowgarth (see area G2). Those who weren't immediately slain were imprisoned in bladed cages of iron and brought to Adorak to fuel the undead dragon's soul ward (see area G3). A DC 20 Survival check while inspecting the site reveals the chaos of a hopeless battle between humans and a large skeletal creature, which left strange scorch marks containing a residue of eldritch, negative energy.

Creatures: The danger of the ravener is past, but dangerous hags haunt these hills. The



Knight of Ozem

smoldering caravan has attracted the attention of a special coven—a night hag named Druinnaz and her spectral witchfire sisters—who now lurk in ambush, hoping the smoke will also attract curious onlookers they can prey upon. When the PCs arrive, the hags lurk invisibly among the barrow mounds. As the PCs search the ruined village and destroyed caravan, the coven casts *control weather* to cause the weather to quickly shift to a poltergeist storm (see page 81). As the storm approaches, the coven casts *animate dead* to create 18 zombies from old corpses gathered within the barrows, changing their appearance with *veil* to appear as ragged, weary Varisian survivors seeking aid to fool the party into complacency.

DRUINNAZ CR 9

XP 6,400

Night hag (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 215)

hp 92

TACTICS

During Combat Druinnaz and her incorporeal sisters attack from atop a high barrow, attempting to weaken foes with *waves of exhaustion*, *bestow curse*, and *fire storm*.

Morale The coven fights to the death.

WITCHFIRES (2) CR 9

XP 6,400 each

hp 115 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 284)

Coven Spell-like Abilities (CL 9th)

At will—*animate dead*, *baleful polymorph* (DC 18), *bestow curse* (DC 17), *blight* (DC 17), *charm monster* (DC 17), *clairaudience/clairvoyance*, *commune*, *control weather*, *dream*, *forcecage*, *mind blank*, *mirage arcana* (DC 18), *reincarnate*, *speak with dead*, *veil* (DC 19), *vision*
3/day—*create undead*, *fire storm* (DC 21), *nightmare* (DC 18), *waves of exhaustion* (DC 20)

Treasure: Most of the barrows' treasure and burial accoutrements have long since been looted, but some wealth does remain among the mounds. Half an hour of searching and a successful DC 25 Perception check reveals a number of small items made of precious metals—amulets, combs, rings, and other similar mementos—worth a total of 1d6×100 gp. For each point by which the PCs exceed this DC and each additional half hour they spend searching, they recover additional items worth 1d6×100 gold pieces, to a maximum value of 6,000 gp total. If the PCs rescued Lacramoria and the coven, the fortune-teller recovers a *gauntlet of rust* from a ransacked barrow, warning the PCs that if they travel between dimensions to reach Renchurch, “deadly bars of iron and piercing shrieks await, striking cold the hearts of men,” a clue to the iron cage and banshee that protect Renchurch from extradimensional travelers (see area D1).

Development: Attempts to teleport after leaving the Witherleaf Barrows are redirected to the next *witchgate* at Renchurch's Rusty Tower (area D1).

PART TWO: THE CLOISTERS OF RENCHURCH

The ruined remains of old monastery walls break from the dust of the Virlych landscape like jagged glass on a dirty barroom floor. Several guard towers reach feebly upward, their upper levels crumbling away. Only the sharp, bloodstained blades of Renchurch Cathedral give any hint that the area is more than just a forgotten fragment of an earlier time.

Nestled among the rough peaks of the western Hungry Mountains, the bladed cathedral of Renchurch has long been the spiritual heart of the Whispering Way. The fortress-monastery is not only a site of pilgrimage for those seeking to walk the whispered path, but also a protector of relics sacred to the cult and a vault of blasphemous knowledge. Within these unhallowed halls, scholars, monks, and arcanists silently labor to unlock the whispered secrets of the cold embrace of unlife.

Built on the ruins of an ancient Pharasmin abbey, the grounds of the Whispering Way's most famed retreat look like a horribly decayed mockery of what might have once been beautiful holdings that served the living. The cathedral now hosts a disciplined congregation whose unswerving devotion and loyalty to the cult are somewhat at odds with the self-serving mindset of most Whispering Way adherents. Most of the outbuildings are now little more than crumbling stone walls and foundations of little use to the cult, inhabited only by wayward undead servants, hungry ghouls picking at splintered bone, or the trapped souls of murdered crusaders. With most of the cult's attention focused on the ceremony in the catacombs below Renchurch, many of these ruins can serve as hideouts for PCs recovering from wounds suffered in the monastery, though guardians do wander the abbey's grounds, and no place in this cursed temple is truly safe. In addition, the guardians of Renchurch Cathedral's sole entrance (area E1) and the barbed devil in the cathedral's belfry (area E3) watch over the abbey grounds, ready to attack any interlopers they become aware of.

RENCURCH FEATURES

Inhabited by fanatic devotees of undeath, Renchurch is a nexus of sacrilegious energies, and the monastery's grounds, cathedral, and catacombs all fall under a powerful and permanent *unhallow* effect. These effects bolster the undead inhabitants within Renchurch, granting them the effects of *magic circle against good*. In addition, the DC to

RENCHURCH ABBEY

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



resist negative channeled energy gains a +4 profane bonus, and the DC to resist positive channeled energy is reduced by 4 while within the cursed grounds of the abbey. A *hallow* spell cast within the grounds does not dispel the *unhallow* effect, but does cancel it within the area of the *hallow* spell.

Certain areas within the monastery are even more profane, as they contain powerful shrines to dark gods of undeath; these carry a permanent *desecrate* aura. Most of the monastery's undead inhabitants were created within these areas, and are more powerful than other specimens of their kind, gaining +2 hit points per Hit Die, a change already reflected in the stat blocks for this adventure. Undead creatures encountered in these areas are bolstered to a much greater degree than the unhallowed creatures that typically wander the halls. A *consecrate* spell cast in one of these areas does counter and dispel the *desecrate* effect, but only temporarily. Such spells suppress the *desecrate* effect for 1d4 rounds, after which the effect returns. In all cases, dispelling the *desecrate* effect does not remove the additional hit points gained by creatures created in these areas.

The following two templates are provided to facilitate applying the various bonuses from these effects, since the PCs may very well counter or dispel these effects in some

areas as they adventure. The unhallowed creature template includes the effects of the *unhallow* spell and its *magic circle against good* effect, and applies to all undead creatures while they are on the grounds of the abbey. The shrine-blessed creature template includes all of those bonuses plus the effects of a shrine-enhanced *desecrate* spell, and applies only in those areas containing desecrated shrines (areas E5, E7, E8, F8, F19, and F21).

UNHALLOWED CREATURE (CR +0)

Undead created in Renchurch are more powerful than others of their kind. An undead creature only gains the benefits of this template while within Renchurch's *unhallow* effect.

Quick Rules: +2 deflection bonus to AC vs. good creatures; +2 resistance bonus on saving throws vs. good creatures; +4 profane bonus to DC to resist channeled negative energy.

SHRINE-BLESSED CREATURE (CR +1)

Certain areas of Renchurch hold profane altars that bolster undead creatures in their presence. An undead creature only gains the benefits of this template while within those areas warded by *desecrate* effects.

Quick Rules: +2 deflection bonus to AC vs. good creatures; +2 profane bonus on saving throws; +2 resistance bonus on saving throws vs. good creatures; +2 profane bonus on attack and damage rolls; +6 profane bonus to DC to resist channeled negative energy.

D1. RUSTED TOWER (CR 13)

Only a single tower of those fortifications that once stood vigil over the monastery remains wholly intact, the broken blades adorning its frame disintegrating into rust and discoloring its wall with reddish-brown stains. In contrast to these rusted implements of war, the stout iron bars of a prison cage rest within, a thick gate obstructing easy escape.

This tower holds the final *witchgate* barring dimensional travel through Virlych, and teleporting travelers are shunted here to arrive locked in the tower's interior. Otherwise, the PCs may spot this area as they approach Renchurch overland. Having pinpointed this nexus of Virlych's corrupted ley lines centuries ago, the Whispering Way is well prepared for uninvited trespassers, and the cult dutifully maintains the iron cage that imprisons unwary extradimensional travelers within this tower.

The tower's interior is completely enclosed in a cage of magically treated iron bars, 2 inches in diameter and spaced 4 inches apart (hardness 20, hp 120, Break DC 48). The iron gate opening onto the abbey's grounds is similarly treated, as is its lock (hardness 30, hp 60, Disable Device DC 40). Both the cage and the lock resist magic effects with a +12 bonus on saving throws. The prison is vulnerable to magical rust, however, and a *rusting grasp* spell destroys the lock or a significant number of cage bars, enabling escape. The Gray Friar, the monastery's undead abbot, holds the only key to the gate.

Creature: This prison's warden was once its prisoner—a betrayed elf adventurer named Caelandlara, now risen as a banshee. When trespassers appear in the cage, the creature hears their heartbeats and manifests outside the tower's gate to confront them. Those who fail to show proper dedication to Urgathoa or produce evidence of the cult's good graces within a round or two of her manifestation are subject to her deadly wail.

CAELANDLARA **CR 13**
XP 25,600
 Unhallowed banshee (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 41 and page 15)
 hp 199

D2. ABBOT'S HOUSE (CR 12)

Scorched foundations are all that remain of an ancient stone house, littered with the charred, blackened bones of the Pharasmin monk who suffered a horrific death by fire here.

Once the holy abode of the abbey's original founder, only the old ghosts of the monks burned to death within now reside here.

Haunt: When the PCs enter these ruins, the monks' ghosts form a haunt near the building's center. The resulting fires have a 65% chance of attracting the attention of random wandering undead (see page 81).

CONFLAGRATION HAUNT **CR 12**
XP 19,200

LE persistent haunt (area D2)

Caster Level 12th

Notice Perception DC 27 (to smell burning flesh)

hp 54; **Weaknesses** susceptible to cold damage; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 day

Effect When intruders enter these scorched foundations, the spirits of incinerated monks erupt in unholy flames and black smoke, damaging occupants as an *incendiary cloud* spell (save DC 22).

Destruction Ten handfuls of the monks' cremated ashes must be recovered and cast into a cold mountain lake.

D3. CORPSEWATER POND (CR 13)

Rancid brown sludge collects in this muddy cesspool like pus in an open wound. Thick, oily bubbles rise to the surface of the pond, releasing noxious fumes and the stench of decay.

Creatures: Living creatures approaching the shore of this foul pond draw the attention of eight corpsewater bog mummies, unfortunate souls who long ago drowned in these waters, and now rise from the depths and attack.

CORPSEWATER BOG MUMMIES (8) **CR 7**
XP 3,200 each

Variant unhallowed mummy (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 210 and page 15)

LE Medium undead

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +10

Aura despair (30 ft., paralyzed for 1d4 rounds, Will DC 17 negates)

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 10, flat-footed 20 (+10 natural) (+2 vs. good creatures)

hp 95 each (10d8+50)

Fort +5, **Ref** +3, **Will** +9; +2 vs. good creatures

DR 5/—; **Immune** undead traits, **Resist** fire 10

Weaknesses vulnerable to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee slam +15 (1d8+10 plus swamp crumble)

TACTICS

During Combat The mummies surround foes, attempting to

infect victims with swamp crumble and drag them into the pond to drown.

Morale The mummies fight until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 24, **Dex** 10, **Con** —, **Int** 6, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +14; **CMD** 24

Feats Improved Initiative, Lunge, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (slam)

Skills Perception +10, Stealth +13, Swim +12

Languages Common

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Swamp Crumble (Su) Curse and disease—slam; *save* Fort DC 17; *onset* 1 minute; *frequency* 1/day; *effect* 1d3 Dex, 1d3 Con, and 1d3 Cha; *cure* —. Otherwise treated as mummy rot, this disease causes the victim's bones to become brittle and dissolve; upon death, only the skin, internal organs, and other soft tissues remain. A side effect of swamp crumble is that the victim's hair becomes tinged with red, with light-colored hair turning as red as fresh blood (*Classic Horrors Revisited* 44).

D4. BLOODLETTING HOUSE (CR 13)

Several gurneys and stained surgeon's tables are pushed to the far corners of this room. Broken scalpels, leech cups, and other bloodletting instruments litter the floor. A heavy, musky scent pervades the stale air, and splatters of old blood stain the unstable walls.

The lair of Svoac the Gate Tender (see area E1), this old infirmary is one of the few buildings on the abbey grounds with an intact roof.

Haunt: While the western chamber serves as the athach's sleeping quarters, the eastern room hosts a haunt the gatekeeper has learned to avoid.

GRUESOME GURNEY CR 13
XP 25,600

LE persistent haunt (30-ft.-by-40-ft. room)

Caster Level 13th

Notice Perception DC 25 (to feel a momentary faintness, as if from loss of blood)

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

Effect When this haunt is triggered, the image of a phantom monk with dozens of leech-cups applied to his torso appears on a bloodstained gurney. The monk then explodes in a torrent of bloody ichor and thousands of writhing leeches, which cover those present and drain their blood. All creatures in the room are targeted by a *symbol of weakness* (save DC 20), followed by *mass inflict serious wounds* (save DC 20).

Destruction The host of so much pain and suffering, the gurney itself must be burned to destroy the haunt.

Treasure: A small tool drawer below the haunted gurney holds a compendium of antiquated medical practices and treatments, worth 500 gp to the right collector.

D5. SKELETAL STABLES (CR 13)

The ruddy glow of torchlight flickers from behind the crumbling stone stalls of this decrepit stable. Several carriages and carts clutter the grounds outside, the stench of poorly concealed corpses wafting from their warped and rotten boards.

The Whispering Way still uses these ancient stables for their original purpose, as evidenced by the parked carriages and corpse-carts outside. The carts contain the naked, maggot-ridden bodies of six human men, their throats slit and their mutilated corpses piled in a heap under grimy sheets. A *speak with dead* spell or similar divination reveals them to be a patrol of soldiers from Lastwall, ambushed by cultists in the Witchgate Forest. Bloody ichor—obviously not from the corpses—pools all around the carriages and trails into the stable's interior.

Creatures: Six bloody skeletal champion nightmares are kept in the stables, their deathless ability making them reliable steeds for the Whispering Way. Easily controlled by many of the cultists (or with the use of *bone beads*; see page 35), the creatures are left unfettered and commanded to stand guard and attack the living. The Gray Friar's own mount—a dangerous cauchemar nightmare—resides here as well. The nightmares (both living and dead) attack intruders with wild abandon.

Conflagration Haunt

CAUCHEMAR

CR 11

XP 12,800

hp 147 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 216)

TACTICS

Morale If reduced to 70 hit points or fewer, the cauchemar flees using *plane shift*, returning an hour later in case its master needs it.

NIGHTMARE MOUNTS (6)

CR 6

XP 2,400 each

Unhallowed bloody skeletal champion nightmare (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 216, 251, 252 and page 15)

NE Large undead (extraplanar)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 12, flat-footed 16 (+5 armor, +3 Dex, +2 natural, –1 size) (+2 vs. good creatures)

hp 76 each (8d8+40); fast healing 4

Fort +4, **Ref** +5, **Will** +7; +2 vs. good creatures

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, **DR** 5/bludgeoning;

Immune cold, undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft. (good)

Melee bite +10 (1d6+5), 2 hooves +5 (1d6+2 plus 1d4 fire)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

Special Attacks smoke (DC 16)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th; concentration +8)

1/day—*plane shift* (self plus 1 rider only)

TACTICS

Morale The nightmare mounts fight until reduced to 0 hit points, but rejuvenate 1 hour later if not properly destroyed.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 25 (29 vs. trip)

Feats Alertness, Improved Initiative^B, Improved Natural Attack (bite), Run, Toughness

Skills Fly +12, Intimidate +13, Knowledge (planes) +5, Knowledge (religion) +8, Perception +10, Sense Motive +10, Stealth +6

Languages Abyssal, Infernal

SQ deathless

Gear scale mail barding

Treasure: A DC 20 Perception check made while searching the two carriages produces a +1 *undead bane heavy crossbow* and 20 silver crossbow bolts.

D6. CEMETERY (CR 12)

Uprooted gravestones and old bones jut from the earth like broken teeth, the gravestones' markings long since worn away.

Though one might guess this to be the most likely location on the abbey grounds to contain undead minions,

this old monk's graveyard is surprisingly still. Few bodies remain below the tilled earth, the inhabitants of Renchurch having long plundered the boneyard of any usable corpses for animation as undead minions.

Haunt: The disturbed earth still holds a grudge for this ancient grave robbery, however, and manifests as a dangerous haunt when living creatures wander the cemetery grounds.

THE HUNGRY EARTH

CR 12

XP 19,200

CE haunt (area D6)

Caster Level 12th

Notice Perception DC 29 (to feel the ground shifting)

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

Effect When this haunt is triggered, deep, yawning graves open in the earth beneath the feet of intruders, functioning as an *earthquake* spell cast on open ground (save DC 15 or 20). Victims who fall into the graves remain buried as normal unless recovered or able to free themselves from the earth.

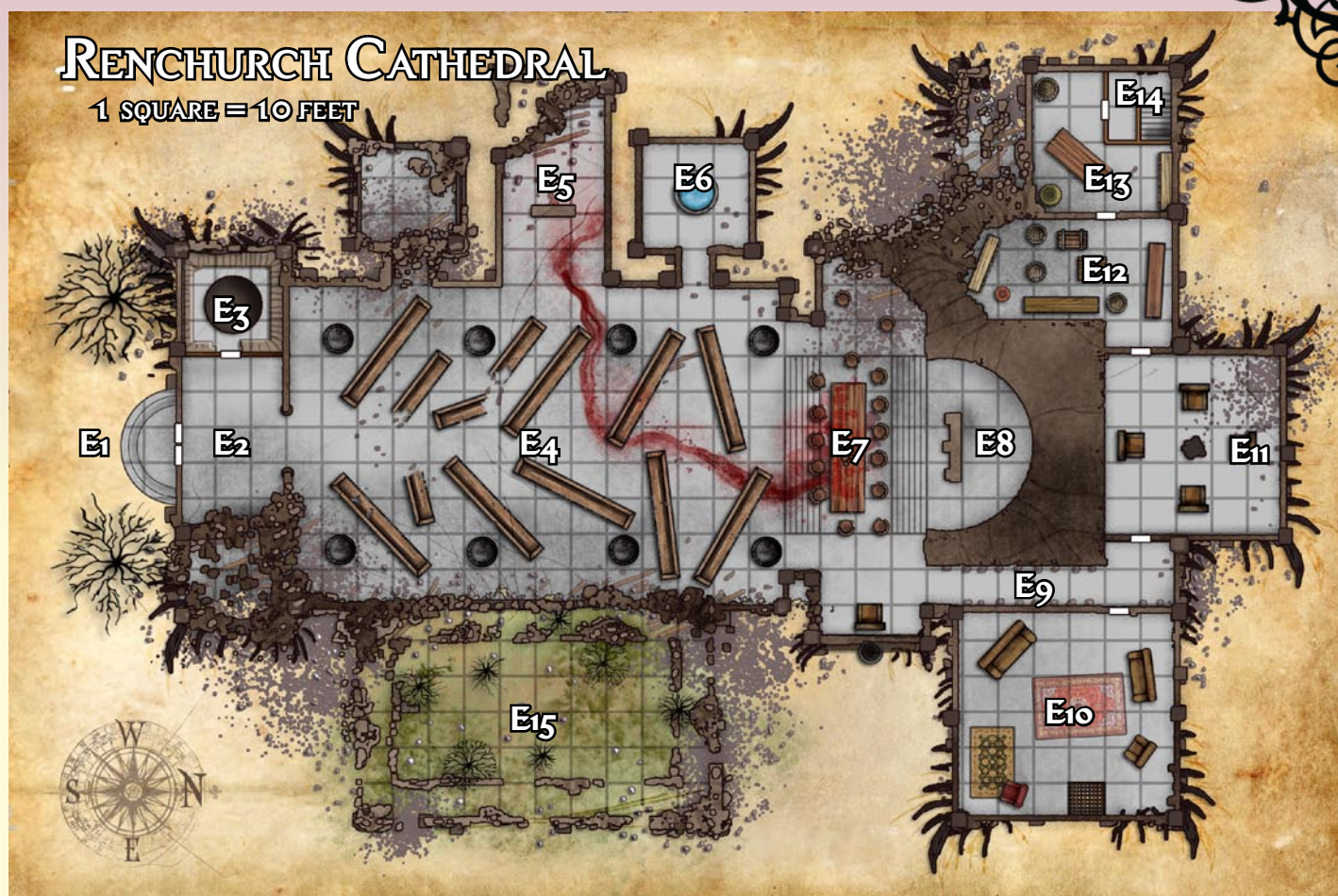
Destruction The remaining bones here must be reburied and the gravestones set upright to settle this aggressive haunt.

E. RENCHURCH CATHEDRAL

In the center of the monastery's grounds, the cathedral of Renchurch sits perched on a scabby crust of crumbling rock, the black spines of its blood-soaked blades spearing into the stormy sky.

The cathedral's exterior walls are constructed in grand gothic style, and though they appear ruined and even collapsed in places, they are deceptively strong, constructed of magically treated reinforced masonry. The outer walls are 3 feet thick (hardness 16, hp 1,080, Break DC 65), all inner walls are 1 foot thick (hardness 16, hp 360, Break DC 55), and both resist magic effects with a +12 bonus on saving throws. The outer walls incorporate tens of thousands of broken blades from fallen foes and siege engines into their construction, and can only be safely climbed with a DC 30 Climb check. Failure by 4 or less results in a dangerous slip on the blades that deals 1d6 points of damage, while failure by 5 or more results in 2d4 points of damage and a fall from whatever height was attained. Inner walls in the upper monastery are 15 feet high unless otherwise noted, and have a Climb DC of 25.

Doors are made of stained iron and can be locked from the inside (hardness 10, hp 60, Break DC 28, Disable Device DC 30). Doors are rarely locked within the cathedral, but the Gray Friar holds keys to all of the locks. Smooth flagstone floors cover the entirety of the upper level, and the slick, steeply-angled roofs are constructed of stout timbers with thick lead sheeting bolted over them (hardness 10, hp 60, Break DC 25, Climb DC 35).



Renchurch Cathedral is entirely windowless, with even the collapsed portions fortified to block the intrusion of daylight. Most rooms are lit with *continual flames* (CL 12th) emanating from the eyes of skulls or other suitably macabre icons, providing dim light. In addition, the thick walls, lead-sheeted roofs, and iron doors of the cathedral block most detect spells.

Profane Aura: Overwhelmed with undead, the aura of Renchurch Cathedral and its catacombs overpowers spells such as *detect evil* and *detect undead*, and such spells get no results. A PC attempting to cast one of these spells must make a DC 25 Will save or gain the cowering condition for 1d4 rounds as she is overcome with haunting visions of rotting phantoms. Each attempt to cast one of these spells has a 50% chance of causing the Tyrant's Whispers haunt to manifest, targeting the transgressor (see below).

Soul Haunting: The soul of a living creature who dies within the halls of Renchurch Cathedral or its catacombs is soured and corrupted by the cathedral's malign influence, manifesting near the scene of its death 1d4 hours later as a haunt with a CR equal to its original Hit Dice and its alignment shifted to evil. Similar to a *soul bind* effect (CL

20th), the souls are trapped within the cathedral itself, and spells such as *raise dead*, *reincarnation*, and *resurrection* function only if both the soul and the body are removed from the cathedral. Such spells always fail if bodies are removed from Renchurch without the retrieval of their trapped souls as well. *Dispel magic*, *greater dispel magic*, or *dispel evil* cast at the resulting haunt's site can be used to temporarily free a bound soul, but the creature must be revived within 1 hour or the soul is shunted back into the walls of Renchurch to form a haunt again.

THE TYRANT'S WHISPERS

Renchurch's proximity to Gallowspire creates a focal point for the Whispering Tyrant to impose his foul thoughts and ill will on trespassers on this unholy ground. These malign influences manifest in the cathedral as a haunt known as the Tyrant's Whispers.

THE TYRANT'S WHISPERS

CR 14

XP 38,400

NE persistent haunt (up to a 70-ft. radius)

Caster Level 14th

USING THE TYRANT'S WHISPERS

The Tyrant's Whispers should be used to create dramatic tension as PCs invade Renchurch's unholy halls. In some encounter areas the haunt's specific effects are outlined, but the presented mechanic gives you the freedom to create other creepy effects to keep PCs on the edge of their seats. While potentially powerful, the intent of the Tyrant's Whispers is to disarm and disturb—not outright harm the PCs—and you should resist the temptation to use the haunt's mechanic to drop devastating physical effects. The haunt is given a quick reset time so that the phenomenon can be used when needed, but you should do so sparingly, just enough that the mere invocation of a chorus of whispers immediately sets your PCs on guard, whether a haunting effect is forthcoming or not.

Notice Perception DC 20 (to hear faint whispering)

hp 63; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 minute

Effect When triggered, the Tyrant's Whispers manifests as a subtle chorus of voices whispering in a cacophony of languages, including Ancient Osiriani, Azlanti, Common, Infernal, and Varisian, among others. Unlike most haunts, the Tyrant's Whispers displays an unusual sentience and awareness, selectively targeting groups or individuals with the malign will of the imprisoned Whispering Tyrant. This attack manifests as a *wish* spell duplicating a spell effect (save DC 23 when applicable). Such effects include, but are not limited to, the following:

- A targeted *dispel magic* spell to dismiss any *protection from evil* spells or other barriers blocking the haunt's attempts to affect intruders.
- Successive *break* spells (*Advanced Player's Guide* 207) targeting a character's armor, holy symbol, or weapon, which gains the broken condition on the first round, then crumbles to dust the next. The effect then moves on to new objects for as long as the haunt persists.
- An *antipathy* spell targeting a character's holy symbol or favorite weapon, making the item revolting to all good-aligned creatures for as long as the haunt persists.
- A character is affected by a *vomit swarm* spell (*Advanced Player's Guide* 254), vomiting up thousands of flesh-eating beetles (treat as an army ant swarm; see *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 16), but the victim has no control over the swarm.

Destruction Only freeing the Whispering Tyrant from his imprisonment can dispel the whispers that haunt these cursed lands.

THE UPPER BASILICA

Once a glorious temple blessed by the Lady of Graves, the cathedral of Renchurch is now haunted by the living and undead servants of the Whispering Tyrant, intent on wiping all life from the face of Golarion. While much of the bladed cathedral appears ruined, the cultists have taken great pains to fortify the temple, and the front entrance remains the only ingress into the cathedral.

E1. THE BLADED DOORS (CR 14)

Two massive iron doors constructed from hundreds of broken blades and ancient weapons form the sole entrance into the windowless abbey. Two withered and gnarled oaks flank the stone steps leading up to the doors, their bare branches hosting several desiccated corpses whose rusted armor bears the faint remnants of crusader heraldry.

Despite its partially collapsed exterior, Renchurch Cathedral has only a single entrance. Its decayed state is only a deceptive facade for what amounts to a stout fortress; the Whispering Way has taken great pains to secure the ruined aboveground portions of the abbey from intrusion.

Creatures: A twisted, brutish athach known as Svoac the Gate Tender bars entry into Renchurch to all but proven supplicants and residents of the cathedral, aided in his efforts by two gnarled quickwoods who constantly keep watch over the monastery grounds using their oaksight ability on the stunted oak trees that dot the campus. The Whispering Way provides the carnivorous trees with spell energy to power their fear auras, though this reduces their SR to 14 until they activate their auras. Unless the PCs take extraordinary measures to avoid the oak trees on the grounds, the quickwoods are well aware of their presence, and communicate this knowledge to Svoac. The quickwoods activate their fear auras when intruders approach within 60 feet, using their roots to pull prey closer to Svoac, who stays near the stairwell and throws rocks at foes. Should opponents engage the athach in melee combat or find themselves dragged near the door by the quickwoods' root attacks, Svoac and the trees both attempt to toss opponents onto the stairway to trigger the reaper door trap there.

SVOAC THE GATE TENDER

CR 12

XP 19,200

Male athach (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 33)

hp 161

QUICKWOODS (2)

CR 8

XP 4,800 each

Aura fear aura (60-ft. radius, DC 20)

hp 95 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 228)

Trap: The bladed door itself is a powerful deterrent to trespassers, and the decapitated skeletons of would-be heroes and failed aspirants to undeath litter the ground around the portal. Constructed from the cursed blades of hundreds of fallen crusaders, the entrance has a foul reputation among Whispering Way cultists, though rumors of the doors' sentience are overstated by those unaware of the secret switch that deactivates the trap.

REAPER DOOR

CR 10

XP 9,600

Type mechanical; Perception DC 28; Disable Device DC 28

Bypass hidden switch (Perception DC 30)

EFFECTS

Trigger location; Reset automatic (immediate)

Effect Atk +20 melee (3d8+3/x4); multiple targets (all targets in a 10-ft. square)

E2. NARTHEX (CR 14)

The crumbled remains of a collapsed belfry litter the eastern side of the once-fine tessellated floor of this ruined processional, the shards of broken bells protruding at sharp angles from the rubble. A half-collapsed archway reveals a massive congregational chamber in the darkness beyond. The faint hint of whispered murmurs pervades the stale air like leathery bat wings.

Haunt: When the PCs first enter this chamber, they waken a psychic residue of Tar-Baphon's rule, triggering the Tyrant's Whispers haunt.

THE TYRANT'S WHISPERS

CR 14

XP 38,400

NE persistent haunt (see page 19)

Effect When triggered, the haunt telekinetically seizes control of a PC's body and batters other PCs with it, as the *enemy hammer* spell (*Advanced Player's Guide* 219; Atk +14, save DC 23) for as long as the haunt persists. If at first unsuccessful, the haunt tries again each round until the PCs have abandoned the narthex or pushed at least halfway through area E4.

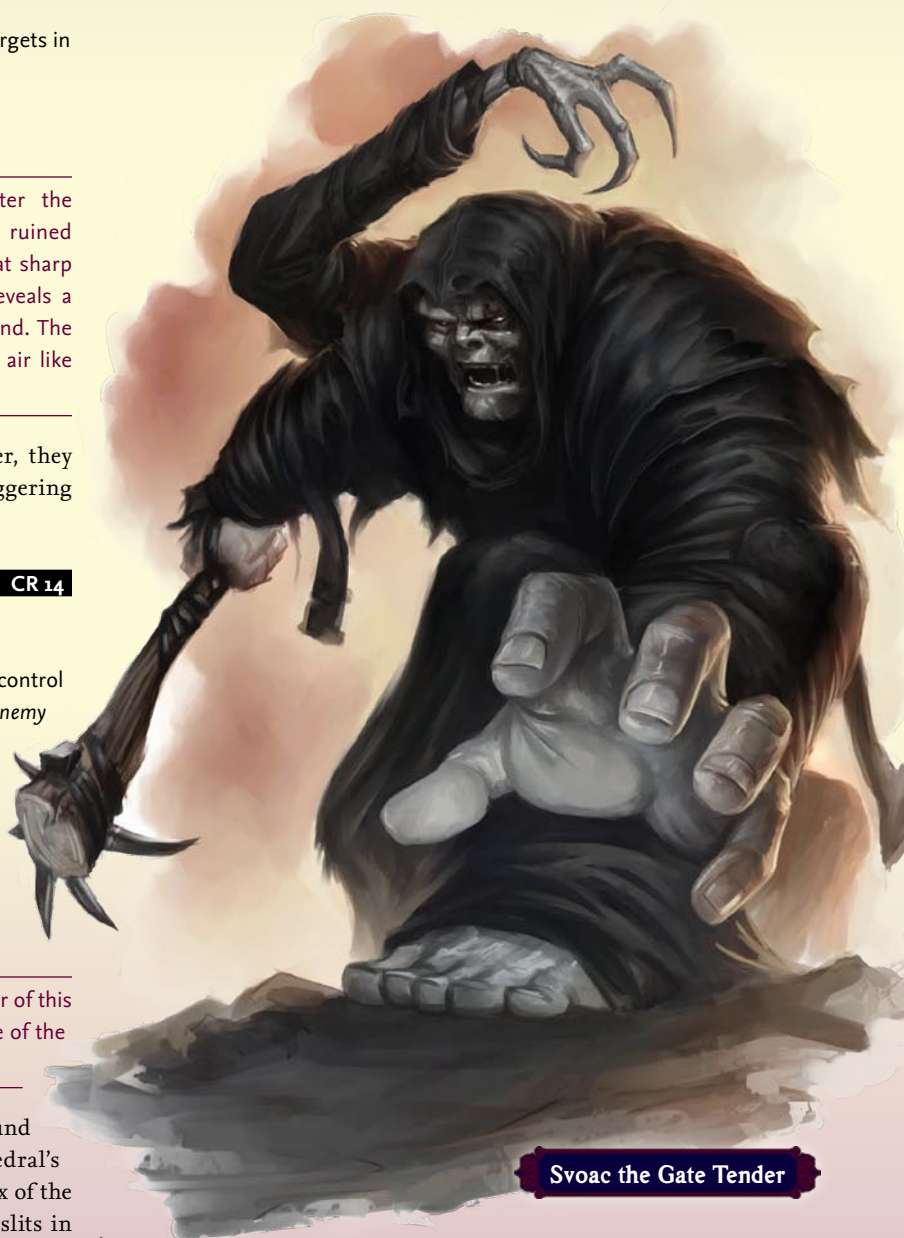
E3. BELFRY (CR 13)

Rickety wooden stairs spiral around the inner perimeter of this tower. A huge bell of cracked bronze lies in the middle of the floor, long fallen from its mounts high above.

Towering four stories above the cathedral's ground floor, this bell tower is ringed with the cathedral's characteristic blades. Unlike some belfries, the apex of the tower is closed, and perforated only with narrow slits in

the stonework that measure 4 inches wide, spaced along a narrow wooden walkway.

Creature: A nameless hamatula was captured almost 2 centuries ago in the Rusted Tower (area D1) and coerced into doing the Whispering Way's bidding. Bound to this tower and armed with a *flaming longbow*, the barbed devil has a panoramic view of the monastery's grounds, and the creature relishes harassing intruders from the relative safety of his aerie. Most of the grounds to the south and east are well covered by the fiend, from the corpsewater pond (area D3) to the bloodletting house (area D4). If attacked from outside the tower, the arrow-slits provide the devil with improved cover.



Svoac the Gate Tender

BARBED DEVIL

CR 11

XP 12,800

hp 138 (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 72)

Ranged +1 flaming composite longbow +19/+14/+9 (1d8+7/x3 plus 1d6 fire)

TACTICS

Before Combat The devil attacks intruders on the monastery grounds outside with flaming arrows or *scorching rays*. Once opponents enter the belfry and trigger the haunt (see below), he casts *unholy blight*, then leaps down to engage foes in melee combat with his claws and spines.

Morale Unable to flee the tower, the devil fights to the death.

Haunt: The spirits of the monks who rang the cathedral's bells in warning when the Whispering Tyrant's forces attacked the monastery still haunt the belfry, where they were overrun and slain by undead horrors. If the huge bell on the floor is touched, these restless souls manifest as a haunt to ring the bells anew.

THE TOLLING BELL

CR 11

XP 12,800

LE haunt (area E3)

Caster Level 11th

Notice Perception DC 30 (to hear the distant sound of tolling bells)

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

Effect When this haunt is triggered, a ghostly bell appears in the belfry, tolling doom for all who hear it with an ear-splitting clangor. All creatures in the belfry are targeted with a *greater shout* spell (save DC 22).

Destruction The fallen, broken bell must be repaired and rehung in the belfry to lay the monks to rest.

Treasure: Besides the barbed devil's +1 flaming composite longbow (+6 Str), there is nothing of value in the belfry.

E4. DESECRATED NAVE

Hundreds of skulls decorate carved stone columns in macabre arrangements, casting their dead gazes over this empty chamber. High overhead, intricate buttresses like crooked, bony fingers support a massive vault, and the walls alternate between rich panels of aged wood and collapsed stonework piled floor to ceiling. A fresh, bloody smear stains the floor between the broken pews, leading to a chamber to the west.

Far from containing the hordes of undead guardians or elaborate profane rituals the PCs might be expecting, the main hall of the cathedral is dark, deserted, and ruined—at least at first glance. Allow the PCs to absorb the emptiness and desolation of the nave before slowly revealing the feasting creatures in the adjacent areas E5

and E7, establishing the creepy and horrific atmosphere in Renchurch Cathedral.

Development: As the PCs push further into the nave, a DC 24 Perception check reveals the sounds of shuffling movement to the west (area E5), which immediately stop if any light falls near the chamber. The corpulent ghouls in that chamber enter the nave on the following round to engage intruders. A DC 28 Perception check also detects similar sounds of gnashing teeth and scooting chairs coming from the sunken area to the north (area E7). Engaged in voracious feasting and concealed by the room's lower level, the ghouls in the choir ignore the PCs until combat starts with the ghouls in area E5, or unless the PCs make some tremendous disturbance.

E5. RUINED SACRISTY (CR 12)

Fresh bloodstains spatter the walls and floor of this rubble-filled chamber. A makeshift, bloodstained altar stands in the center of the room.

Once a sacristy for the preparation of services, this room's original exterior entrance is now totally blocked by a collapsed pile of rubble. The altar is under the influence of a permanent *desecrate* effect, granting the inhabitants of the room the shrine-blessed template (see page 15).

Creatures: Six voracious, bloated ghouls inhabit this chamber, feasting on the fresh corpse of a Varisian man dragged here from the choir. They attack anyone interrupting their feast.

CORPULENT GHOULS (6)

CR 7

XP 3,200 each

Variant shrine-blessed human dread ghoul rogue 6 (*Advanced Bestiary* 76 and page 15)

CE Medium undead (augmented humanoid)

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

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 16, flat-footed 15 (+3 armor, +5 Dex, +1 dodge, +2 natural) (+2 vs. good creatures)

hp 78 each (6d8+48)

Fort +8, **Ref** +12, **Will** +7; +2 vs. good creatures

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +2, evasion, trap sense +2, uncanny dodge; **Immune** undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft.

Melee bite +13 (1d6+6 plus paralysis), 2 claws +12 (1d6+6 plus paralysis)

Special Attacks command ghouls, create spawn, death burst, paralysis (1d4+1 rounds, DC 17; elves are immune to this effect), sneak attack +3d6

TACTICS

During Combat The ghouls flank with each other to make

sneak attacks, though if a ghoul successfully paralyzes an opponent, it immediately begins feeding on its victim, ignoring other foes.

Morale The ghouls fight until destroyed, exploding in a shower of gore and disease-ridden flesh.

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 21, **Con** —, **Int** 12, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 23

Feats Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Toughness, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (bite)

Skills Acrobatics +14, Bluff +13, Climb +20, Escape Artist +14, Intimidate +13, Knowledge (religion) +7, Perception +12, Sense Motive +12, Sleight of Hand +14, Stealth +14

Languages Common, Necril

SQ rogue talents (bleeding attack +3, finesse rogue, surprise attack), trapfinding +3

Gear +1 leather armor, amulet of mighty fists +1

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Command Ghouls (Su) A dread ghoul can automatically command all normal ghouls within 30 feet as a free action. Normal ghouls never attack a dread ghoul unless compelled.

Create Spawn (Su) Any creature killed by a dread ghoul that lies undisturbed and uneaten until the next midnight rises as a dread ghoul at that time. The new dread ghoul is not under the control of its creator. A *protection from evil* or *gentle repose* spell cast on the corpse prevents this.

Death Burst (Ex) Overstuffed from ravenous consumption, the bellies of these corpulent ghouls explode in a burst of filth when killed. All adjacent creatures are exposed to this gore and must make a DC 17 Fortitude save to avoid being sickened for 1d6 rounds and contracting ghoul fever.

Disease (Su) *Ghoul Fever*: Death Burst—contact; save Fort DC 17; onset 1 day; frequency 1/day; effect 1d3 Con and 1d3 Dex damage; cure 2 consecutive saves.

Treasure: The half-devoured body that the ghouls are feeding on still wears a silver ring of feather falling.

Development: If alerted to the presence of intruders in area E4, the ghouls emerge into the nave to attack.

E6. BAPTISTRY

Three pews face a raised stone baptismal font containing clear water. Torn tapestries depicting spirits of the dead awaiting Pharasma's judgment cover each wall.

Despite the clear and refreshing appearance of the water in the basin, it is cursed unholy water. The tapestries on the walls are too old and rotten to be of value.

E7. PROFANE CHOIR (CR 13)

Cracked stone steps descend steeply into this dedicated choir, which holds a long table covered in the eviscerated remains of obviously humanoid corpses. A once-opulent bishop's throne overlooks the choir from the east, its jewels and gold sheeting long plundered, and now covered in greasy, foul-smelling brown hair.

This entire area is under the effects of the *desecrate* aura emanating from the altar in area E8, granting the undead here the shrine-blessed template (see page 15).

Creatures: A personification of death from hunger, a meladaemon named Vallabal presides over the four corpulent ghouls seated at this table, taking pleasure in watching the ravenous creatures



Corpulent Ghoul

consume dead meat until their swollen bellies burst. Unless previously disturbed, Vallabal becomes aware of good-aligned PCs with its *detect good* ability once they pass the third set of columns in area E4, at which point it casts *deeper darkness* on the choir and commands the ghouls to attack after the PCs engage their brethren in area E5.

CORPULENT GHOULS (4)

CR 7

XP 3,200 each

hp 78 each (see page 22)

VALLABAL

CR 11

XP 12,800

Meladaemon (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 69)

hp 147

TACTICS

During Combat Emerging from the darkness after the ghouls, Vallabal attempts to weaken opponents with its consumptive aura, *waves of fatigue*, and *horrid wilting*. It flies near the ceiling to fire quickened *magic missiles* at foes before engaging in melee combat.

Morale Vallabal fights to the death.

E8. APSE (CR 14)

A cracked altar smolders with gray fumes; upon it are stacked foul offerings of bloody skulls and broken scythe blades.

This altar is the focal point of a widened *desecrate* aura that grants the shrine-blessed template (see page 15) to all undead creatures in this area and area E7.

Haunt: The Tyrant's Whispers haunt manifests as soon as the PCs step foot into this area.

THE TYRANT'S WHISPERS

CR 14

XP 38,400

NE persistent haunt (see page 19)

Effect When triggered, the haunt forces targets to nonchalantly consume scraps of dead flesh from the nearby corpses or undead creatures, as if under the effects of a *dominate person* spell (save DC 23). The haunt targets a new creature each round while it persists.

E9. HALLWAY OF HEADS (CR 13)

Dozens of decapitated human heads preserved as crudely mounted trophies adorn the walls of this tall, imposing hallway.

Haunt: The mounted and stuffed heads of slain crusaders that adorn the walls still host a spark of bitter unlife. When living creatures enter the hall, the faces slowly animate and contort, their mouths gasping and eyes bulging as if trying to take in breath.

ASPHYXIATING TAXIDERMY

CR 13

XP 25,600

CE persistent haunt (area E9)

Caster Level 13th

Notice Perception DC 25 (to see gasping mounted heads)

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

Effect When triggered, dozens of moldering taxidermic heads gasp for breath in dead-eyed concert, sucking the air from the room and drawing the breath from living creatures. All creatures within the hallway are subject to a *mass suffocation* spell (*Advanced Player's Guide* 248; save DC 23).

Destruction Destroying or immolating all of the taxidermic heads destroys the possessing haunt forever.

E10. VESTRY (CR 12)

Compared to the decayed filth of the nave, this chamber is almost welcoming. Abused finery crowds the room, and heavy curtains, plush embroidered settees, rich rugs, and high-backed chairs bask in the warm light of a tabletop lantern. A large iron grate is set in the floor, a cool draft wafting up from below.

Mortals seeking the whispered path often embark on solitary pilgrimages to Renchurch. Those who survive the horrific journey and the hungry inhabitants of the monastery are led to this chamber to recuperate. The grate covers a 10-foot-square pit that descends 15 feet to the stone floor of a subterranean tomb (area F5). A small, 3-foot-square section of the grate is hinged to provide access to the tomb below, and iron spikes driven into the wall of the pit once allowed pilgrims to climb down to kiss the tomb and sword of the saint interred there.

Creatures: The chamber's current occupant is the vampire Natisha Pavalanis, recently arrived from Caliphas. A minor member of Luvick's court, Natisha is fully aware of the PCs' recent departure from Caliphas, and has come to warn the Gray Friar of the party's intentions. While the relationship between Caliphas's vampires and the Whispering Way is cool at best, Natisha hopes to further her own ambitions and increase her social standing in Luvick's court by collecting a rich reward from the cult for her information.

Natisha is accompanied by the Gray Friar's chamberlain, a spectre known only by that title, and three other spectres that make up his staff. The Chamberlain—a barely visible phantom appearing as a severely dressed noble with a tall, lanky frame, dead eyes, limp gray hair, and gaunt features—greet the PCs as they enter the chamber, his palms held forth in a gesture of peace as he warns the party against further trespass. The Chamberlain is hardly as diplomatic as his role might suggest, however, and quickly resorts to intimidation and threats, warning the PCs that the Gray Friar will not take their intrusion lightly, and that their corpses will make fine servants once shown the true path of undeath. His spectral

staff hide within the walls, coming forth to join him in attacking once the discussion is over. For her part, Natisha waits until the sham parley is complete before attacking.

THE CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS STAFF (4) CR 7

XP 3,200 each

Unhallowed spectres (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 256 and page 15)

hp 68 each

TACTICS

During Combat The spectres surround foes, draining levels with their incorporeal touches.

Morale The Chamberlain's staff fight until destroyed, but if the Chamberlain himself is reduced to fewer than 35 hit points, he flees through the floor to warn the Gray Friar below in area F21.

NATISHA PAVALANIS CR 9

XP 6,400

Female unhallowed vampire (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 271 and page 15)

AC 27, touch 17, flat-footed 22

hp 115

TACTICS

Before Combat Natisha casts *greater invisibility* followed by *false life* and *mage armor* (reflected in her stat block) and watches the Chamberlain's negotiations with the party.

During Combat Natisha attempts to trap opponents with a *web* spell before unleashing *fireballs* and *scorching rays*.

Morale Unwilling to risk her own death, Natisha uses a *wand of dimension door* to teleport away from the monastery's grounds if reduced to fewer than 50 hit points, before fleeing back to Caliphas overland. If slain, she assumes gaseous form, but is permanently destroyed 2 hours later as she cannot reach her coffin in Caliphas in time.

Treasure In addition to the normal vampire treasure, Natisha also carries a *wand of dimension door* (12 charges) and 2,000 gp in an embroidered silk bag.



Natisha Pavalanis

that undeath is an ideal physical state. Mortal grave robbers with a taste for decayed flesh, necromancers tainted by foul energies, and arcanists who seek immortality through undeath all consign themselves to the cult in the hope that the rich rewards await them after death. They can achieve such desires in this chamber because of the black stone in the center of the room. Called the ghoulish stone by the cult, the crystal is a mineral known as lazurite. Rarely found outside the Darklands, the energies emanating from this foul substance have a strong impact on the dead, and corpses left in its presence tend to arise as undead creatures that retain their class abilities from life, typically ghosts, ghouls, or juju zombies.

Trap: Rather than leave such undead creation to chance, the floating lens enables the Whispering Way to focus the dark emanations of the ghoulish stone toward willing supplicants.

THE LAZURITE FOCUS CR 10

XP 9,600

Type magic; Perception DC 34; Disable Device DC 34

EFFECTS

Trigger manual; **Reset** automatic (1 round)

Effect spell effect (*energy drain*, Atk +10 ranged touch, 2d4 temporary negative levels, DC 23 Fortitude negates after 24 hours)

Creatures: Not all adherents of the Whispering Way aspire to become liches. Many come upon the desire to enter undeath far too late in life, or lack the requisite magical knowledge and expertise to enter that unholy state, and so must settle for some alternative. Many such disciples find their way to Renchurch, where they serve for decades hoping to be chosen for ritual rebirth, training to perfect their bodies and minds to survive the transition from life to undeath before rising again to serve the order. Five of these living novices are using the lazurite focus to hasten the transition of a paying customer toward undeath. When intruders enter the room, the monk operating the lazurite focus brings the device's lens to bear on the first living target she sees.

E11. THE GHOUL STONE (CR 13)

A sliver of jet-black crystal pulsating with necrotic energy juts from the stone floor here. A dirty glass lens set in an intricate but tarnished brass mount two feet in diameter slowly orbits the rock from several feet away, focusing the dark energies of the crystal toward four nearby chairs that seem more like torture devices than comfortable seats.

The Whispering Way has long catered to the wretched, the dispossessed, and the unstable personages who believe

RENCHEURCH NOVICES (5) CR 7

XP 3,200 each

Human monk (hungry ghost) 8 (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 110)

NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +15

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 20, flat-footed 17 (+1 deflection, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +2 monk, +4 Wis)

hp 63 each (8d8+24)

Fort +7, **Ref** +8, **Will** +10; +2 vs. enchantment

Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +10/+5 (1d10+3) or

unarmed strike flurry of blows +10/+10/+5/+5 (1d10+3) or

mwk dagger +9/+4 (1d4+2/19–20 plus poison) or

mwk dagger flurry of blows +9/+9/+4/+4 (1d4+2/19–20 plus poison)

Ranged mwk shuriken +9/+4 (1d2+2 plus poison) or

mwk shuriken flurry of blows +9/+9/+4/+4 (1d2+2 plus poison)

Special Attacks flurry of blows, life funnel*, punishing kick* (8/day, DC 18), steal ki*

TACTICS

During Combat The novice operating the lazurite focus targets a new opponent every round, while her comrades

rush to flank intruders. If the operator is slain, another novice breaks off from combat to operate the focus.

Morale These devout novices fight until killed.

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 14, **Con** 12, **Int** 10, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 28

Feats Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Extra Ki, Improved Unarmed Strike, Outflank*, Paired Opportunists*, Punishing Kick*, Scorpion Style, Toughness, Weapon Focus (unarmed strike)

Skills Acrobatics +13 (+21 jump), Climb +6, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (history) +7, Knowledge (religion) +7, Perception +15, Sense Motive +10, Stealth +13

Languages Common

SQ fast movement, high jump, ki pool (10 points, magic), maneuver training, slow fall 40 ft., still mind

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*, giant wasp poison (2 doses); **Other Gear** masterwork dagger, *amulet of mighty fists* +1, *ring of protection* +1

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

Development: Withered from exposure to the lazurite focus's black rays, a pale and naked man named **Cleves Drollac** (NE male half-elf rogue 6, currently with 5 negative levels) sits bound in one of the chairs facing the ghoulish stone. Not a cult member, Cleves is a tomb robber with a disturbing taste for dead flesh and a desperate desire to become a ghost—a state that he has paid the Whispering Way handsomely to achieve. The ordeal has left him drained and just on the cusp of undeath, with 5 negative levels and 4 hit points remaining. The nearly helpless man can provide valuable information if revived and questioned. While Cleves is not overly privy to current events, he does remember conversations between the attendant novices about some important prisoner called “the vessel” that was brought below to undergo a transformation to “prepare him for rebirth.” If healed and released, Cleves may attempt to complete his transformation with a single blast from the lazurite focus, which kills him and ultimately transforms him into a ghost. Alternatively, diplomatic PCs may convince the rogue to join them, although he likely flees from Renchurch at the first opportune moment.

Treasure: Besides a crumpled pile of clothes that reek of grave dirt, a large sack contains Cleves's payment for his transformation: 10 diamonds worth 500 gp each, and an *ebony fly figurine of wondrous power* decorated with the skull motif of Urgathoa.

Renchurch Novice

E12. RELIQUARY

Dozens of moldering relics litter this room, some haphazardly crammed into gilded display cases, others arranged with care and placed on tarnished stands.



The Whispering Way has assembled their collection of known relics and personal effects of Tar-Baphon here. Crumbling books, rotting banners of war, jeweled diadems, ceremonial vestments, carved wands, and more decayed scraps of the Tyrant's rule are displayed among fading murals depicting the lich-king's conquests.

Treasure: There are a total of four ceremonial headpieces on display, worth 2,000 gp each. If collected, the various gems adorning the ceremonial outfits have a total value of 5,000 gp. In addition, four exquisite wands (spent of all their charges and now nonmagical) are worth 500 gp each in materials or twice that based on historical significance. The remaining artifacts, while worth up to an additional combined 3,000 gp to collectors with macabre tastes, are unlikely to survive removal because of their fragile state unless the PCs employ magical means to protect them. These items are cursed, however. Anyone carrying any of these items on their person, even in an extradimensional space such as a *bag of holding*, takes a –2 penalty on all saving throws to resist the Tyrant's Whispers haunt and the nightmare curse ability of the Tyrant's animate dreams near Gallowspire (see page 19).

E13. TEA ROOM (CR 12)

Ancient sarcophagi lean haphazardly along the walls here. Stained teacups and cracked saucers are set on a low table, next to a matching teapot sitting atop a silver warmer. The gruesome remains of a desiccated human forearm lies on a small chopping block among powdered remnants of a bitumen-soaked shroud.

Mummy unwrapping parties and the consumption of powdered mummy skin—either inhaled as snuff or brewed as a stout tea—have long been in vogue among the fashionable elite of Ustalav, particularly those with memberships in secret societies such as the Esoteric Order of the Palatine Eye. Adherents of the Whispering Way also partake of this concoction, but while the Ustalavs use dead mummies in their tea ceremonies, Whispering Way initiates prefer the taste of the living dead.

Creatures: Two invisible stalker servants of the Gray Friar prepare mummy skin tea for the cultists in this chamber. In addition, eight of the sarcophagi hold undead mummies, each wrapped in magical *coldfire wrappings* (see sidebar on page 28). If disturbed, the stalkers begin silently (taking 20 for a total Stealth modifier of +34) unlocking the sarcophagi, releasing the mummies to attack intruding PCs. These mummies were not created in Renchurch, but they still benefit from the other effects of the unhallowed template. Unreleased mummies have total cover in their sarcophagi, and are considered to be behind solid barriers for purposes of line of effect.

INVISIBLE STALKERS (2)

CR 7

XP 3,200 each

hp 80 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 181)

TACTICS

During Combat Each invisible stalker can release two mummies per round as a full-round action. Once all eight mummies have been released, the stalkers attack the nearest intruders.

Morale The invisible stalkers fight to the death.

UNHALLOWED MUMMIES (8)

CR 5

XP 1,600 each

hp 60 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 210 and page 15)

TACTICS

During Combat When released, each mummy activates its *coldfire wrappings* (see sidebar) and charges intruders.

Morale The mummies fight until destroyed.

Hazard: Creatures engaged in combat adjacent to the room's table must succeed at a DC 20 Acrobatics check each round to avoid disturbing the large piles of finely powdered mummy skin resting there. Failure to do so kicks up a large cloud of the dust in a 10-foot-radius. Any area effect spells cast into the room have a similar effect, dispersing the gray dust into the entire room and all hallway spaces adjacent to the doorway, where the cloud lingers for 3 rounds. Anyone caught in the cloud is exposed to the effects of the drug unless he makes a DC 16 Fortitude save. A character exposed to the drug immediately gains the effects, but also takes an amount of ability damage and contracts mummy rot. In addition, the character must make a DC 18 Fortitude or become addicted to the drug. More details on drugs and addiction can be found on page 236 of the *GameMastery Guide*.

POWDERED MUMMY SKIN

Type inhaled or ingested; **Addiction** minor, Fortitude DC 18

Price 20 gp

Effects 1 hour; +1d2 alchemical bonus to Strength, –2 penalty on saves against negative energy and paralysis effects

Damage 1 Wis and 1 Dex damage, contract mummy rot

Treasure: Five doses of powdered mummy skin (worth 20 gp each) can be retrieved from the room if the PCs take at least 10 minutes to gather the powder. In addition, various rings, sacred charms, and gold amulets of Ancient Osirian origin worth a total of 6,000 gp can be recovered from the mummies' wrappings, along with any *coldfire wrappings* that the mummies did not activate (see sidebar).

E14. NIGHT STAIR (CR 14)

Stairs wind down into darkness, leading to the dorter in Renchurch's catacombs (area F1).



Haunt: The Tyrant's Whispers echo throughout the damp, cramped stairwell, invading the minds of those traversing the stairs.

THE TYRANT'S WHISPERS

CR 14

XP 38,400

NE persistent haunt (see page 19)

Effect When triggered, the haunt targets one creature on the stairwell, turning it feral and bloodthirsty, as per the *moonstruck* spell (*Advanced Player's Guide* 232; save DC 23) for as long as the party remains in the stairwell or the haunt persists.

E15. RUINED CLOISTER (CR 8)

Little remains of this covered garden but rubble and ruined benches, and a crooked oak looms over the remnants like a hungry vulture.

Once a peaceful garden, this cloister is now rubble. The entrance into the cathedral collapsed long ago, and this area is only approachable from outside.

Hazard: Creatures wandering through this area have a 30% chance of causing a cave-in (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 415), while those actively searching the area have a 60% chance. The ruin hides nothing of value.

RENCURCH CATACOMBS

Deep catacombs lie beneath Rencurch Cathedral, carved by Pharasmin monks centuries ago and further expanded by the Whispering Way—in particular the lowest levels, where the cult discovered a naturally occurring necrotic well (area F21). The ceiling height of these underground chambers is 10 feet unless otherwise noted. The floors are natural stone worn smooth with the passage of monks over the centuries, and most walls remain unworked. Alcoves line many of the walls, extending 5 feet into the stone, and in several places run from floor to ceiling, stacked one atop another to contain the crowded dead that have accumulated over the years.

LUCIMAR THE LICH-WOLF

Once an influential leader of the Whispering Way, the bizarre creature known as Lucimar the Lich-Wolf has in recent months found his power on the wane and his position in the cult supplanted by Adivion Adrissant. Neither zombie nor lich, Lucimar was once a normal human necromancer who was cursed by his rival Yrasa Nine-Eyes to take the form of an undead worg with handlike paws. Sequestering himself in the prison-library of Ghasterhall, Lucimar was able to alter his body into a creature resembling an undead, hybrid-form werewolf, though he still retains the ability to change shape into a worg form as well.

COLDFIRE WRAPPINGS

Aura moderate evocation [cold]; CL 10th

Slot body; Price 2,000 gp; Weight 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

When carefully wrapped around the body of a Medium-sized creature (a process that takes 10 minutes), these magical linen wrappings protect the wearer from fire and provide defense against physical attacks. As an immediate action, the wearer can immolate herself in wispy blue flames that protect the wearer as the *chill shield* version of *fire shield* and deal 1d6+10 points of cold damage to attackers. This protection lasts for 10 rounds before the wrappings crumble away into fine ash.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *fire shield*; **Cost** 1,000 gp

Made aware of the portentous events occurring at Rencurch by the ghastr oracles and blood-splattered supplicants of Ghasterhall, Lucimar came to Rencurch to insert himself into the proceedings and hopefully supplant or discredit his rival Adivion in the process. If he can stop the PCs from interrupting the *Carrion Crown* ceremony, Lucimar's star will once more be ascendant in the Whispering Way, and he hopes to parlay that renown into more influence in the cult, possibly even gaining control of Rencurch itself.

Play up the toying, hunter aspect of this feral necromancer, always avoiding direct combat in favor of guerilla tactics. Several ambush ideas are outlined in the sidebar on page 31. Lucimar was not created in Rencurch and does not have the additional hit points from *desecrate*, but he still benefits from the effects of the unhallowed template.

LUCIMAR THE LICH-WOLF

CR 13

XP 25,600

Male unique worg-bodied undead necromancer 13

LE Medium undead (augmented humanoid)

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., life sight (20 feet, 13 rounds/day), low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +17

DEFENSE

AC 28, touch 18, flat-footed 23 (+4 armor, +3 deflection, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +2 natural, +4 shield)

hp 128 (13d6+80)

Fort +12, **Ref** +11, **Will** +15

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

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee bite +10 (1d6+4 plus trip), slam +10 (1d6+4)

Special Attacks channel negative energy (DC 19, 9/day)

Arcane School Spell-Like Abilities (CL 13th; concentration +19)
9/day—grave touch (6 rounds)

Necromancer Spells Prepared (CL 13th; concentration +19)

7th—*finger of death* (DC 25), *waves of exhaustion*

6th—*acid fog*, *chain lightning* (DC 22), *silent cone of cold* (DC 21), *eyebite* (DC 24)

5th—*cloudkill* (DC 21), *silent still dispel magic*, empowered *fireball* (DC 19), *hungry pit** (DC 21), *waves of fatigue*

4th—*bestow curse* (DC 22), *dimension door* (2), *enervation*, *greater invisibility*, *phantasmal killer* (DC 20)

3rd—*silent blindness/deafness* (DC 20), *fireball* (DC 19), *protection from energy*, empowered *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 19), *ray of exhaustion* (DC 21), *vampiric touch*

2nd—*darkness*, *false life*, *ghoul touch* (DC 20), *glitterdust* (DC 18), *mirror image*, *scorching ray*, *spectral hand*

1st—*mage armor*, *sculpt corpse** (DC 19), *shield*, *magic missile* (2), *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 19), *shocking grasp*

o (at will)—*bleed* (DC 18), *detect magic*, *ray of frost*, *read magic*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 18)

Opposition Schools Enchantment, Transmutation

TACTICS

Before Combat Lucimar casts *false life* and *mage armor* every day, and *shield* before combat.

During Combat Lucimar acts as a guerrilla skirmisher, attacking PCs from a distance while they are in the middle of other combats, and then using *dimension door* or *stealth* to escape.

Morale Without his spells, Lucimar's statistics are AC 20, touch 18, flat-footed 15; hp 113.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 18, **Con** —, **Int** 22, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 16

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 28

Feats Combat Casting, Command Undead, Dodge, Empower Spell, Eschew Materials, Great Fortitude^B, Greater Spell Focus (necromancy), Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Scribe Scroll, Silent Spell, Spell Focus (necromancy), Still Spell, Toughness^B

Skills Bluff +16, Intimidate +16, Knowledge (arcana) +22, Knowledge (history) +22, Knowledge (nature) +22, Knowledge (religion) +22, Perception +17, Sense Motive +15, Spellcraft +22, Stealth +19, Survival +4; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Perception, +2 Stealth, +2 Survival

Languages Abyssal, Common, Giant, Goblin, Infernal, Necril, Varisian

SQ arcane bond (*ring of protection* +3), change shape (hybrid or worg, *beast shape III*)

Combat Gear *elixirs of hiding* (2), *potions of inflict serious wounds* (2), *scroll of phantasmal revenge**; **Other Gear** *cloak of resistance* +3, *headband of vast intelligence* +2 (Bluff), *pearl of power* (3rd), *ring of protection* +3, spellbook (contains all prepared spells plus additional spells of your choosing)

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

F1. DORTER (CR 14)

Battered wooden doors hang ajar in the intersecting hallways of this dormitory, each exposing a simple unkempt cell beyond.

The undead have little use for rest, but those living monks who have not yet achieved undeath inhabit these simple cells. The cells are universally bare, typically holding two small straw bunks, a soiled pillow, discarded robes, and very few personal trinkets of minimal worth.

Creatures: Four robed mohrg priors wander the main foyer, overseeing the daily life of monks here. Six Renchurch novices are also present in various cells to the south, and emerge to attack if disturbed.

Lucimar the Lich-Wolf

UNHALLOWED MOHRGS (4)

CR 8

XP 4,800 each

hp 119 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 208 and page 15)

RENCHURCH NOVICES (6)

CR 7

XP 3,200 each

hp 63 each (see page 25)

F2. FORMULARY (CR 14)

Tremendously complicated alchemical equipment crowds the wooden tables in this chamber, all condensing some thick, black fluid. Iron spikes impale several drained corpses to the walls, their bodies sprouting leaky hoses filled with vile ichor.

For centuries the Whispering Way's most gifted adherents have pilgrimaged to Renchurch to undertake unholy ceremonies to transform them from mortal masters of magical arts into blighted abominations known as lichs. It is here that one of Golarion's experts on the secrets of lichdom instructs aspirants in those final blasphemous stages, preparing their bodies for the transition and instructing them in the creation of the phylacteries that will forever hold their mortal souls prisoner.

Adivion Adrissant delivered the components of the *Carrion Crown* formula to the care of the wizened lich alchemist Nalthezzar, one of the few remaining noble dead of Tar-Baphon's court. After consulting the ghoulish libraries of Ghasterhall, the lich created the final *Carrion Crown* elixir, fermenting some components in the bellies of the dead on the walls and exposing the drawn blood of Count Lucinean Galdana to the radiation of entrapped shadows.

Creatures: Although he cannot cast spells, Nalthezzar used his vast alchemical knowledge to transform himself into a lich through a variety of potent alchemical and magical mutagens, extracts, and elixirs. His phylactery is one of three such items in area F7. Having delivered the final *Carrion Crown* distillation to the Gray Friar, Nalthezzar now works feverishly to infuse the leftover energies generated by the process into his servants—two embalming golems, bizarre alchemical constructs seemingly created from the lab's spare parts, their large brass bodies containing fluid-filled tubes and cylinders. Nalthezzar's laboratory is a masterpiece of alchemy, and the lich is incredibly protective of the apparatus, making every attempt to draw the PCs away from and prevent damage to the laboratory. As the PCs enter the chamber, the robed lich emerges from among the machinery, eyes glowing with disturbing pinpoints of light. "The master rises again! You are too late!" he cries in a raspy, withered voice.

If commanded by Nalthezzar, the golems attack the lab itself, unleashing its harnessed negative energy to destroy intruders (see Hazard below). Each golem can deal 10 points of damage to the equipment as a full-round action.

LUCIMAR'S TACTICS

Lucimar employs subtle tactics to aggravate the PCs, attacking while they are distracted and depleting the party's resources in the process. Some of the lich-wolf's tactics are outlined below. Lucimar can consume an *elixir of hiding* to bolster his Stealth check to +29, timing subsequent attacks within the elixir's 1-hour duration, and recasts *false life*, *mage armor*, or *shield* as needed (using his arcane bond) to replenish his defenses before engaging the PCs.

Distant Depowering: Lucimar waits until an opportune moment to cast *eyebite* to sicken a PC. He chooses a new victim each round as a swift action, allowing him to further assault the PCs with *finger of death*, *enervation*, or *bestow curse* delivered with *spectral hand*.

Exhausting Electricity: While the PCs are bottlenecked in a hallway during combat, Lucimar casts *greater invisibility* to stay hidden while he casts *waves of exhaustion* followed by *chain lightning*. If still undetected, he may attempt to cast *acid fog* or *cloudkill*, regardless of whether any of his allies may be caught in the spell.

Phantasmal Revenge: Lucimar seeks out the corpse of a creature slain by the PCs and uses his *scroll of phantasmal revenge* (save DC 20) to set the spirit of the creature in search of its murderer.

Silent Spells: Lucimar sneaks up behind the PCs, targeting them with silent *cone of cold* or silent *blindness/deadness*, and casting *hungry pit* to catch any blinded or fleeing enemies.

EMBALMING GOLEMS (2)

CR 9

XP 6,400 each

Alchemical golems (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 135)

hp 96 each

TACTICS

During Combat The golems protect the lab, immediately moving toward the door to prevent intruders from entering the chamber, and attacking with slams and thrown bombs.

Morale The golems fight until destroyed.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Negative Energy Charged (Su) Embalming golems are charged with necromantic power, and their alchemy and bombs abilities always deal negative energy damage rather than random effects.

NALTHEZZAR

CR 13

XP 25,600

Male human lich alchemist 12 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 188, *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 26)

NE Medium undead (augmented humanoid)
Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +25
Aura fear (60-ft. radius, DC 19)

DEFENSE

AC 28, touch 14, flat-footed 26 (+2 deflection, +2 Dex, +10 natural, +4 shield)

hp 132 (12d8+75)

Fort +14, **Ref** +15, **Will** +11

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, rejuvenation; **DR** 10/adamantine or 15/bludgeoning and magic; **Immune** cold, electricity, poison, undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft. (good)

Melee touch +9 (1d8+6 plus paralyzing touch)

Ranged bomb +12/+7 (6d6+6 fire)



Nalthezzar

Special Attacks bomb 18/day (6d6+6 fire, DC 22), paralyzing touch (DC 19)

Alchemist Extracts Prepared (CL 12th)

4th—*dragon's breath** (DC 20), *greater invisibility*, *stoneskin*, *universal formula**

3rd—*displacement*, *draconic reservoir**, *elemental aura** (DC 19), *fly*, *haste*

2nd—*aid*, *barkskin*, *elemental touch** (DC 18), *false life*, *fire breath** (DC 18), *see invisibility*, *vomit swarm**

1st—*bomber's eye**, *crafters' fortune**, *identify*, *shield* (2), *true strike* (2)

TACTICS

Before Combat Nalthezzar drinks an extract of *false life* every day. Before combat, he drinks extracts of *barkskin*, *draconic reservoir*, *fly*, *shield*, and *stoneskin*.

During Combat Nalthezzar drinks extracts of *greater invisibility* and *elemental aura* while his embalming golems engage foes, then throws precise bombs to avoid damaging his equipment. Before his invisibility runs out, he drinks extracts of *displacement* and *haste*. If forced into melee combat, Nalthezzar drinks a mutagen to increase his Dexterity and drinks an extract of *elemental touch* before making paralyzing touch attacks.

Morale Nalthezzar fights until destroyed, using his phylactery in area F7 to rejuvenate.

Base Statistics Without his extracts, Nalthezzar's statistics are AC 19, touch 14, flat-footed 17; hp 117.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** —, **Int** 22, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +9; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 23

Feats Brew Potion, Combat Reflexes, Craft Wondrous Item, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Master Alchemist*, Skill Focus (Craft [alchemy]), Throw Anything, Toughness

Skills Craft (alchemy) +29, Fly +21, Intimidate +18, Knowledge (arcana) +21, Knowledge (history) +18, Knowledge (nature) +21, Knowledge (religion) +21, Perception +25, Sense Motive +25, Spellcraft +21, Stealth +25, Use Magic Device +18

Languages Abyssal, Common, Draconic, Infernal, Necril, Thassilonian, Varisian

SQ alchemy (alchemy crafting +12, identify potions), discoveries (acid bomb, dispelling bomb, fast bombs, force bomb [6d4+6 force plus knock prone], madness bomb [−2d6 hp damage, +1d4 Wisdom damage], precise bombs [6 squares]), mutagen (+4/−2, +2 natural, 120 minutes), poison use, swift alchemy, swift poisoning

Gear cloak of resistance +3, headband of mental prowess +2 (Intelligence and Charisma; Knowledge [history]), ring of protection +2, formula book (contains all prepared extracts, plus additional formulae of your choosing)

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

Hazard: Damaging the alchemical equipment in this room can release the bound necromantic energy within the



complicated apparatus. The entire lab has a total of 100 hit points, but for every 10 points of damage done to the device by either weapon or spell damage, the increasingly unstable equipment releases a burst of concentrated necromancy that deals 4d6 points of negative energy to all living creatures within the room (DC 22 Fortitude save for half).

F3. THE HONEYCOMB (CR 14)

Irregular pools of fetid water mar the floor of this chamber like the exposed marrow of sawed bone, and a harsh acidic vapor burns the nostrils. Funerary urns sealed with thick red wax line the perimeter of the chamber, and several more rest on a small island in the room's center.

The floor of this chamber crumbled long ago because of the porous catacombs beneath, and subsequent floods created a thick, soupy mire among the honeycombed stone.

Creature: The Whispering Way recovered a dozen funerary urns from the collapse, four of which contain deadly gaseous creatures called mihstus sealed inside. An omox demon named Immoxob, which was originally ensnared in the Rusted Tower, also lurks in the mire here. The Gray Friar offered the demon sanctuary in the cathedral's catacombs. Able to communicate telepathically, Immoxob has promised to release the mihstus trapped within the sealed urns if they help it defend the catacombs.

When the PCs enter, Immoxob is hiding submerged behind the cover of the stone islands. The wily creature allows the PCs to venture into the chamber before using *telekinesis* to hurl one mihstu-filled canopic urn into another (hardness 2, hp 5, Break DC 12), breaking both near the entrance and releasing the dangerous creatures two at a time to attack the trespassers, hopefully forcing the PCs into the pool so that the omox may gleefully smother them.

IMMOXOB CR 12

XP 19,200

Omox demon (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 79)

hp 162

TACTICS

During Combat Immoxob shatters an urn each round until all of the mihstus are released, then uses *telekinesis* to push opponents off the slippery islands, plunging them into the mire where it can smother enemies. The demon remains as elusive as possible, using its liquid leap ability to jump from pool to pool.

Morale Immoxob fights to the death.

MIHSTUS (4) CR 8

XP 4,800 each

hp 92 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 190)

Hazard: The edges of the pools are a slippery honeycomb of narrow ledges. Because of the slick coating of slime, a creature traversing the inner ledges must succeed at a DC 15 Acrobatics check to move at half speed each round. Such creatures are considered flat-footed and lose their Dexterity bonus to AC. A creature that takes damage while moving must make another DC 15 Acrobatics check to avoid falling.

In addition, Immoxob's presence taints these pools, concentrating the muck into a corrosive fluid that deals 2d6 points of acid damage per round to creatures within the liquid. The fluid is cloying, and those falling into the slime must succeed at a DC 23 Reflex save each round or become entangled. Otherwise, the slime acts as quicksand (*Core Rulebook* 427) and provides cover to the omox. Immoxob is immune to these effects.

Treasure: The remaining funerary urns contain only moldering remains, although one sealed urn is infested with yellow mold (*Core Rulebook* 416), which bursts forth if the urn is opened. The moldy bones conceal a *lesser strand of prayer beads* and three garnets worth 400 gp each. In addition, a single urn contains a thick, rich honey preserving the mellified cadaver of a gnome. A rare specimen of a lost funerary rite, this honey acts as a *potion of cure serious wounds*. Up to 6 doses of the honey can be recovered from the urn.

F4. CATACOMBS (CR 12)

The temperature drops to a cavernous chill as rough-hewn stairs give way to cramped catacombs. The smell of old decay emanates from dozens of alcoves containing broken skeletal remains, their eyeless skulls staring forward into emptiness with dead, vacuous gazes.

Many of the corpses here are too old or damaged for animation, though the shattered lids of ancient sarcophagi give evidence that the armored crusaders entombed here were not. The mazelike corridors hold several inches of fetid water, increasing Acrobatics checks made in this area by 5. The water also conceals three 10-foot-deep, water-filled sinkholes. The pits can be discovered with a DC 20 Perception check, and creatures entering those squares must succeed at a DC 20 Reflex save or take a plunge, possibly sinking to the bottom.

Haunt: The Whispering Way's subversion of these catacombs has polluted the collective spectral consciousness of the lingering spirits here, who seek to eradicate trespassers with the cleansing waters of unholy baptism. The haunt triggers when the PCs reach one of the sinkholes in the center of the catacombs.

DEAD WATER CR 12

XP 19,200

CE haunt (catacombs in a 30-ft. radius)

Caster Level 12th

Notice Perception DC 25 (to notice water dripping from the alcoves)

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

Effect When this haunt is triggered, torrents of gray water littered with bones, dead flesh, and worms suddenly gush out of the catacombs' alcoves, creating an inescapable wave of water that quickly floods the catacombs. All creatures in the catacombs are affected by a *weird* spell (save DC 23). Those affected by the haunt believe they are drowning in the churning waters, which appear to recede as quickly as they filled the tunnels.

Destruction A *consecrate* spell cast in the area permanently neutralizes the haunt.

F5. SAINT VESBIAS'S TOMB (CR 13)

A single candle illuminates a large marble tomb beneath an iron grate overhead. The chiseled effigy of a simple foot soldier, rather than an armored knight, adorns the lid of the sarcophagus, and a gigantic sword, rusted and notched, hangs from hooks over the tomb.

The iron grate 15 feet overhead covers an opening in the floor of the vestry above (area E10).

While heroic paladins and stalwart knights dominate most tales of the Shining Crusade, other warriors, much less well known, also contributed their own stories of bravery. A DC 20 Knowledge (history) or (religion) check recalls the story of the humble saint buried in this tomb. Saint Vesbias was a simple foot soldier during the Shining Crusade who took up the gigantic sword of an undead orc general and sacrificed his life so that his unit might escape the onslaught of the Whispering Tyrant's troops. His grateful friends later recovered his arrow-impaled body, and laid it to rest here in this place of honor.

The large masterwork greatsword hanging above the tomb has the broken condition, but it is under the permanent effects of a *bless weapon* spell (caster level 13th), and can damage the haunt (see below).

Haunt: Saint Vesbias's soul no longer rests easily now that the Whispering Way has desecrated the cathedral, and is now a spiteful haunt that resists all intrusion.

THE IMPALED HAUNT OF ST. VESBIAS

CR 13

XP 25,600

CE persistent haunt (manifesting vision in a 10-ft. radius)

Caster Level 13th

Notice Perception DC 30 (to hear the sound of clashing blades)

hp 58; **Weakness** susceptible to damage from the greatsword in the tomb; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 hour

Effect When living creatures enter this tomb, the bloody,

mutilated body of a slight-framed foot soldier manifests, impaled by several dozen broken, black-fletched arrows and wielding a massive rusted sword twice his size that matches the greatsword hanging near the tomb. The haunt screams a silent war cry and attacks any intruders as per a *mage's sword* spell (+19 attack bonus) each round for as long as the haunt persists. While a *mage's sword* is not normally susceptible to physical attacks, the greatsword hanging above the tomb can be used to attack and damage it.

Destruction Saint Vesbias's soul can be laid to rest if the blessed greatsword hanging above the tomb deals the final blow that neutralizes the haunt.

Treasure: The tomb contains nothing of value other than Saint Vesbias's broken masterwork greatsword. Although the sword possesses a *bless weapon* effect, it is technically not a magical weapon. If the greatsword ever loses the broken condition or is crafted into a true magical weapon, it immediately loses its *bless weapon* effect.

F6. GROTTO (CR 12)

Dirty rugs and torn pillows cover the floor of this natural cavern, and a thick, heavy fog pervades the air, glowing with the faint flicker of candlelight and carrying with it an unusual stench of moldering chrysanthemums. Everywhere stare the mortared skulls of the dead.

This unworked cavern serves as a chapter house for monks dismissed from their daily veneration, and though its inhabitants should be well on-guard, the intoxicating influence of an unusual addiction has distracted them. Resentful spirits infest Renchurch's catacombs, and the Whispering Way's clerics usually capture nuisance haunts with *haunt siphons* (see page 19 of *Pathfinder Adventure Path #43: The Haunting of Harrowstone*). It did not take long for the cultists to discover that the controlled release of negative energy from a *haunt siphon* provided a rush of necrotic energy, and the monks constructed a special thurible to dispense the intoxicating vapors. Several broken phials litter the ground, and a small rack of full *haunt siphons* sits on a nearby table, ready for consumption. The ectoplasmic smoke from the thurible has created a heavy fog here, granting concealment to all creatures in the room (*Core Rulebook* 439).

Creatures: A half-dozen Renchurch novices congregate here, bored after days of guarding the rejuvenating lich Berezna in area F7. To alleviate this boredom, they take turns deeply inhaling the leaking energies of *haunt siphons*. Intoxicated by the ectoplasmic fumes, the novices have the fascinated condition, and take a -4 penalty on Perception checks to notice approaching PCs. Any obvious threat automatically breaks this effect.

RENCHURCH NOVICES (6)

CR 7

XP 3,200 each

hp 63 each (see page 25)

TACTICS

During Combat One novice grabs the nearby rack of used *haunt siphons* and throws it as a splash weapon at intruders. The rack explodes on impact, dealing 8d6 points of negative energy damage to the target and 8 points of negative energy splash damage to all adjacent creatures. The remaining novices then rush to attack.

Morale The novices fight to the death.

Treasure: One of the novices wears a bracelet of *bone beads* on her wrist (see sidebar). In addition, five unused *haunt siphons* rest inside a large chest among the cushions, and the jeweled thurible on the table is worth 3,000 gp.

F7. CHAMBER OF REJUVENATION (CR 14)

Several large stone slabs crowd the floor of this rough-hewn chamber, its walls perforated with a honeycomb of burial alcoves. Nearby stand several small marble pedestals, three of which hold intricate metal boxes glowing with a dull green hue. One of the boxes sits open and pulsating with dark energy, orbited by small strips of aged and scribbled parchments weaving and braiding in intricate patterns among dark energies emanating from the receptacle.

Few liches trust others to safeguard the phylacteries that hold their souls, but there are exceptions, and the Whispering Way offers security for those liches who often fall in harm's way, providing a safe haven for their phylacteries and reforming bodies. The phylacteries of those undead necromancers who take advantage of this service are stored in this chamber.

Creatures: Four Renchurch cenobites, juju zombie clerics of Urgathoa, frantically attend the rejuvenating body of the lich Berezna. Slain several days ago by adventurers in Cheliax, the lich has none of her gear and only a few of her prepared spells remaining, the rest expended in the battle in which she was destroyed. When the PCs enter the room, Berezna's naked, withered husk lies helpless on one of the stone slabs. On the second round of combat she is staggered, and she can act normally on the third round. Most likely aware of the approaching PCs, the cenobites cast *animate dead* on corpses in the nearby alcoves to create 10 zombies each, sending them toward each entrance to hold off intruders while the lich fully awakens.

BEREZNA

CR 8

XP 4,800

Female rejuvenating unhallowed lich (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 188 and page 82 with the following changes)

BONE BEADS

Aura faint necromancy; CL 3rd

Slot wrist; Price 6,000 gp; Weight —

DESCRIPTION

This bracelet of tiny carved skulls allows its wearer to command up to 8 HD worth of mindless undead creatures as the *command undead* spell. It is a standard action to establish control over an undead creature, and a free action to relinquish control. If the wearer attempts to control more than 8 HD of undead, the new creatures fall under the wearer's control, and any previously controlled undead in excess of this amount become uncontrolled.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *command undead*; **Cost** 3,000 gp

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

hp 96

Spells Prepared (CL 11th; concentration +16)

3rd—*dispel magic*

2nd—*scorching ray*

1st—*magic missile*, *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 16), *shield*

0—*bleed* (DC 15), *detect magic*, *ray of frost*, *read magic*

Gear none

TACTICS

During Combat Berezna casts *shield* as soon as she can act. She then attacks intruders with her few remaining spells before charging into combat with her paralyzing touch attack.

Morale Berezna fights until destroyed.

RENCHURCH CENOBITES (4)

CR 10

XP 9,600 each

Unhallowed human juju zombie cleric of Urgathoa 10

(*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 291 and page 15)

NE Medium undead (augmented humanoid)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +14

DEFENSE

AC 26, touch 15, flat-footed 24 (+8 armor, +3 deflection, +2 Dex, +3 natural)

hp 128 each (10d8+80)

Fort +11, **Ref** +7, **Will** +11; +2 vs. good creatures

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4; **DR** 5/magic and slashing; **Immune** cold, electricity, *magic missile*, undead traits; **Resist** fire 10

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +2 scythe +15/+10 (2d4+9/19–20/x4) or slam +12 (1d6+7)

Special Attacks channel negative energy 7/day (DC 21, 5d6), killing blow* 1/day (5 bleed), whispering evil* (10 rounds, DC 19)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th; concentration +14) 7/day—bleeding touch (5 rounds), touch of evil (5 rounds)

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 10th; concentration +14) 5th—*flame strike* (DC 19), *slay living* (DC 19), *suffocation*^D, * (DC 19)

4th—*divine power*, *freedom of movement*, *greater magic weapon*, *unholy blight*^D (DC 18)

3rd—*animate dead*, *contagion* (DC 17), *dispel magic*, *keen edge*^D, *magic vestment*

2nd—*death knell*^D (DC 16), *eagle's splendor*, *hold person* (DC 16), *silence* (DC 16), *sound burst* (DC 16), *spiritual weapon*

1st—*bane* (DC 15), *cause fear*^D (DC 15), *command* (DC 15), *doom* (DC 15), *obscuring mist*, *shield of faith*

o (at will)—*bleed* (DC 14), *detect magic*, *read magic*, *resistance*

D Domain spell; **Domains** Death (Murder subdomain*), Evil (Daemon subdomain*)



Lich Phylactery

Treasure: In addition to those listed in Gear above, one of the cenobites also carries a small bag of 20 more onyx gems worth 50 gp each. The three metal boxes on the pedestals are lich phylacteries, worth 5,000 gp each in materials alone, but priceless to those liches whose souls are contained within. Two of the phylacteries store the souls of Berezna and Nalthezzar (in area F2), while the third is an ornate puzzle box holding the soul of the lich bard Locardier Eliote (see page 72). Good characters can destroy these phylacteries, knowing that they have safely rid Golarion of three despicably powerful creatures, but enterprising and unscrupulous characters might decide to hold the phylacteries for ransom from these liches, which could lead to some interesting negotiations once this adventure concludes.

F8. REVENANT LOCKER (CR 13)

The corpses of robed cultists lie on stone slabs and hang from bloody iron hooks on the walls of this chamber. Their faces contort with death-tinged grimaces in frighteningly familiar facades.

Within this chamber, the Whispering Way has assembled the bodies of 12 dead compatriots recovered from across Ustalav along the swath of destruction left by the PCs in their efforts to stop the cult. The cultists brought these bodies back to Renchurch for the special honor of rebirth as vengeful undead creatures. For maximum effect, the PCs should be able to recognize the decomposing corpses in this room as those of humanoid enemies they slew earlier in this adventure or throughout the Carrion Crown Adventure Path—Gibs Hepheneus from “The Haunting of Harrowstone”; Vorkstag or Grine from “Trial of the Beast”; Estovion Lozarov, Auren Vrood, or one of the Shudderwood werewolves from “Broken Moon”; Albor Voltiaro or one of the vicars of the Recondite Order of the Indomitable Sea from “Wake of the Watcher”; and Aisa or Hetna Dublesse from “Ashes at Dawn” all make excellent choices to reappear here. With less familiar personages, Lucimar the Lich-Wolf (see page 28) has used *sculpt corpse* for a bit of psychological warfare, molding the corpses’ faces to resemble those of the PCs.

A small shrine to Urgathoa also sits in this chamber, and any undead creatures gain the shrine-blessed template for as long as they remain in this chamber.

Creatures: Six revenants have already been created from the familiar cadavers in this room. If the PCs have already encountered the wandering revenant pack set loose to hunt them down while they rest (see the Renchurch Random Encounters Chart on page 81), those numbers should be

TACTICS

Before Combat The clerics cast *greater magic weapon* and *magic vestment* every day. Before combat, they also cast *bull's strength*, *eagle's splendor*, *keen edge*, and *shield of faith*.

During Combat The clerics cast *divine power* on the first round of combat, then concentrate on damaging opponents with channeled negative energy and spells such as *flame strike*, *slay living*, *suffocation*, and *unholy blight*.

Morale The cenobites fight until destroyed.

Base Statistics Without their spells, the clerics’ statistics are **AC** 22, **touch** 12, **flat-footed** 20; **hp** 108; **Fort** +9; **Melee** +1 scythe +12/+7 (2d4+5/x4), or slam +10 (1d6+4); **Str** 17, **Cha** 14; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 25; channel negative energy (DC 19).

STATISTICS

Str 21, **Dex** 14, **Con** —, **Int** 10, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 27

Feats Channel Smite, Combat Casting, Command Undead, Improved Channel, Improved Initiative^B, Lightning Reflexes, Toughness^B, Weapon Focus (scythe)

Skills Climb +10, Knowledge (religion) +13, Perception +14, Spellcraft +13

Languages Common

Gear +1 breastplate, +1 scythe, robe of bones, 10 onyx gems worth 50 gp each, spell component pouch, unholy symbol of Urgathoa

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

UNHALLOWED ZOMBIES (40)

CR —

hp 12 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 288 and page 15)

subtracted from this area. If they have not yet encountered the pack, there are six revenants here now and an additional six bodies hang from the meat hooks along the walls. In the presence of the PCs (their murderers), the revenants gain the benefits of a *haste* spell, as well as a +4 profane bonus on attack rolls, grapple checks, and saving throws from their reason to hate ability.

ADVANCED SHRINE-BLESSED REVENANTS (6) CR 8

XP 4,800 each

hp 112 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 235, 292 and page 15)

TACTICS

During Combat Fueled by their hatred for their murderers, the PCs' presence enrages the revenants, who let fly with their baleful shriek ability.

Morale The revenants fight until destroyed for the second time.

Development: If any corpses are left in this room, they might later animate as more revenants to hunt down the PCs in search of vengeance.

F9. MIRROR OF LIFE TRAPPING (CR 14)

Torn paintings depicting foul acts of necromancy intermingle with portraits of desiccated nobility and skeletal friars in this hallway. Rotting red velvet drapes a single large frame haphazardly propped at the intersection of two corridors.

Centuries of paintings collected from across Ustalav line this corridor, but the covered frame contains a large *mirror of life trapping* (*Core Rulebook* 523).

Haunt: The presence of living creatures draws the attention of the Tyrant's Whispers, which briefly pervade the area as the PCs approach.

THE TYRANT'S WHISPERS CR 14

XP 38,400

NE persistent haunt (see page 19)

Effect When triggered, the haunt uses *telekinesis* to rip away the *mirror of life trapping's* velvet cover, exposing all creatures within 30 feet to the mirror's effects. The haunt continues using *telekinesis* to trip and disarm those creatures not trapped by the mirror, attacking them with their own weapons for as long as the haunt persists (CMB +18, Atk +18).

Development: Three kalavakus demons (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 78) are imprisoned in the *mirror of life trapping* and are released if the item is destroyed. Only the Gray Friar knows the mirror's command word, and if the PCs take the mirror with them, Renchurch's intelligent inhabitants target the mirror, hoping to damage it and release its prisoners.

F10. EMBALMING ROOM (CR 14)

Wheeled tables fill this room, each littered with scalpels, bone saws, and bloody sutures. Large glass jugs filled with thick green fluid stand in wall recesses throughout the room, which reeks of formaldehyde.

The monks of Renchurch use this area for the repair and preservation of undead flesh.

Creatures: Eight totemmasks wearing the guises of innocent captives occupy this chamber—five attempt to hide behind gurneys, while the other three lurk concealed in the room's alcoves. Aware of the party's presence, the totemmasks have taken great care in creating a facade to not only protect themselves from attack, but also to lure unwary interlopers into an ambush. All but one of the creatures have used their change shape ability to take on the forms and likenesses of battered and weary Varisian prisoners recently captured and brought to Renchurch. While the totemmasks gave up the actual prisoners (after killing them) to the ghouls in area E7, these creatures are convinced of their ability to fool the trespassers into accepting their innocent guises. The sixth totemmaske, a personal servant of the Gray Friar who participated in the ritual below, has taken on the form of Count Lucinean Galdana himself.

When the PCs enter the room, four of the totemmasks in the room pretend to be merely frightened prisoners who recently escaped their cells and seek protection and guidance out of Renchurch. The totemmaske imitating Galdana has absorbed enough memories from the Count to recognize the PCs and play up the ruse, begging for his new saviors to take him and his new compatriots as far from Renchurch as possible while recounting the vile depredations of the cult. Meanwhile, the remaining three totemmasks stay hidden in the alcoves.

If the party falls for the totemmasks' deception, the Galdana-impostor calls forth the hidden totemmasks (also disguised as Varisians) and attempts to guide the PCs toward area F11 (if the PCs approached from the north), or area F8 (if the PCs approached from the south). Only once they have led the PCs to an area occupied with more dangerous creatures do the creatures drop their guises and attack en masse. If their ruse fails, the five impostors immediately attack, their hidden compatriots emerging from the alcoves 1 round later in their natural forms to surprise the PCs.

ADVANCED UNHALLOWED TOTENMASKES (8) CR 8

XP 3,200 each

hp 105 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 269, 292 and page 15)

Treasure: An old funerary urn contains three *scrolls of gentle repose*, and a *wand of inflict serious wounds* with 38 charges rests on a nearby gurney.



F11. CHAMBER OF SUPPLICATION (CR 14)

Massive statues loom over this large chamber. To the west, the statues portray three women holding huge scythes, the lower halves of their bodies skeletal and rotten, while to the east, three more statues depict skeletal monks in simple robes.

A DC 10 Knowledge (religion) check recognizes the three statues to the west as representations of Urgathoa, the goddess of gluttony, disease, and undead.

Creatures: The three Urgathoa statues to the west side are stone golems, commanded to attack non-cult intruders who enter this chamber.

STONE GOLEMS (3)

CR 11

XP 12,800 each

hp 107 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 163)

F12. HALL OF SHADOWS (CR 14)

The pooling black wax of a single candle slowly gathers in the creases of this chamber's flagstone floor, its light flickering with

a pale, ghostly luminescence. Eight robed acolytes in meditative poses surround the taper, sitting in dark pools of blood.

A DC 10 Heal check reveals that all of the cultists are dead, while a DC 15 Perception check realizes that the bodies cast no shadows upon the walls. None of the bodies carries anything of value.

Creatures: Eight of Renchurch's novices gathered in this chamber to commit ritual suicide, their combined devotion to the Whispering Way powerful enough to animate their shadows as undead horrors. The greater shadows that arose from their deaths now prowl the room, attacking any living creature that enters.

UNHALLOWED GREATER SHADOWS (8)

CR 8

XP 4,800 each

hp 76 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 245 and page 15)

F13. HAUNTED CAVERN (CR 14)

Two tables strewn with shards of broken funerary urns are pushed haphazardly to the sides of this rough-hewn chamber.

Haunt: The Whispering Tyrant's malign susurrations echo throughout this hollow cave.

THE TYRANT'S WHISPERS

CR 14

XP 38,400

NE persistent haunt (see page 19)

Effect When triggered, the haunt creates a *confusion* effect (save DC 23) that causes each affected creature to deal 1d8 points of damage + its Str modifier to itself with an item in hand for as long as the haunt persists.

F14. SCRIPTORIUM (CR 13)

Ancient bookshelves line the walls of this poorly lit chamber, while a dozen haphazardly arranged lecterns stand in the center of the room. To the south, four large glass tanks topped with intricately filigreed brass caps hold shriveled, mutilated corpses dressed in the shredded finery of nobility, each suspended in murky embalming fluid.

Very few members of Tar-Baphon's court survived the vengeful rampage of the Shining Crusade after the Tyrant's fall, and the undead nobility of Adorak suffered the worst of Lastwall's inquisitions that rooted out nearly every last servant of the defeated lich-lord. For years, the creatures that remained on Golarion were mercilessly hunted, their bodies mutilated and their phylacteries located and destroyed. The four corpses in the glass tanks represent the last known corporeal remains of several so persecuted by the crusader's onslaught, recovered and brought here by the Whispering Way in the hope of one day restoring undeath to these once-powerful creatures.

Creature: Lucimar the lich-wolf has claimed this chamber as his personal quarters while he is at Renchurch. If the PCs have not yet encountered him, Lucimar may be found here, poring over the scrolls and papers on the shelves looking for lost lore.

LUCIMAR THE LICH-WOLF

CR 13

XP 25,600

hp 128 (see page 28)

F15. CHAMBER OF EMPTY EYES (CR 14)

This small chamber is devoid of furnishing or decoration. The still air within the room is dry and carries the sharp tang of foul-smelling smoke.

The iron door to this chamber is barred from the outside. The original purpose of this room is long forgotten; it now serves as a cell of sorts for several dangerous creatures.

Creatures: Six bodaks have been conjured here to serve the Whispering Way as guardians and assassins. To prevent

them from slaying those living followers of the cult with their death gazes, the bodaks are kept sequestered in this chamber, only released by the Gray Friar when he has need of their services. If living creatures enter the room, the bodaks immediately turn their death gazes on the intruders before attacking.

ADVANCED UNHALLOWED BODAKS (6)

CR 9

XP 6,400 each

hp 105 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 48, 292 and page 15)

F16. SEANCE ROOM (CR 14)

A large, round table carved with letters and symbols in several languages takes up the room's center, and bits of silver gleam from tabletops and shelves. Several small smelters and other jewelry-making equipment stand nearby. Two large glass tubes filled with a swirling cloudy fluid rest on corroded iron stands along the room's perimeter.

Adherents of the Whispering Way come to this room for tutelage in the art of constructing phylacteries for eventual ascension to lichdom. While the most common phylacteries are platinum boxes containing strips of magical parchment, living acolytes can also learn the skill of constructing amulets, rings, and other items that serve as arcane bonds in this chamber. The large seance table once allowed students to communicate with the room's ghostly tutors when they failed to manifest, though it has not seen use for some years due to the creatures' assured appearance and lazy students' habit of allowing the ghosts to take control of their bodies with their malevolence ability—allowing the ghosts to enjoy the feel of flesh once again, and the acolytes to achieve expertly finished results without actually having to perform the work themselves.

Creatures: The ghosts of two deceased necromancers bound to the chamber centuries ago preside over the lessons here, and do not take trespass into their classroom lightly. Anchored here by two ectoplasmic containers that originally trapped their souls, these once-unwilling captives have soured over time, and their thoughts and motives now conform to the best interests of the Whispering Way. Destroying the ectoplasmic anchors does not harm or otherwise dismiss them, although it does prevent them from rejuvenating, and slain ghosts are permanently destroyed if PCs break the ectoplasmic anchors (hardness 1, hp 5, Break DC 15).

GHOSTLY NECROMANCERS (2)

CR 12

XP 19,200 each

Human unhallowed ghost necromancer 8/lorekeeper 3

(*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 144 and page 15)

LE Medium undead (augmented humanoid, incorporeal)

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., life sight (10 feet, 8 rounds/day); Perception +20

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 16, flat-footed 22 (+4 armor, +4 deflection, +1 Dex, +1 dodge, +4 shield)

hp 131 each (11 HD; 8d6+3d6+92)

Fort +7, **Ref** +4, **Will** +14; +2 vs. good creatures

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

OFFENSE

Speed fly 30 ft. (perfect)

Melee corrupting touch +6 (12d6, Fort DC 20 half) or draining touch +6 (1d4 ability drain)

Special Attacks channel negative energy (DC 18, 7/day), corrupting touch (DC 20), draining touch, malevolence (DC 20), telekinesis (DC 20),

Arcane School Spell-Like Abilities (CL 11th; concentration +15) 7/day—grave touch (4 rounds)

Necromancer Spells Prepared (CL 11th; concentration +15)

6th—*eyebite* (DC 20), *flesh to stone* (DC 20)

5th—*break enchantment*, *cone of cold* (DC 19), *waves of fatigue*

4th—*ball lightning** (DC 18), *fear* (DC 18), *lesser globe of invulnerability*, *shout* (DC 18), *solid fog*

3rd—*dispel magic* (2), *fireball* (DC 17), *lightning bolt* (DC 17), *ray of exhaustion* (DC 17), *slow* (DC 17)

2nd—*acid arrow*, *blindness/deafness* (DC 16), *false life*, *glitterdust* (DC 16), *scorching ray*, *see invisibility*

1st—*mage armor*, *magic missile* (2), *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 15), *shield*, *unseen servant*

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *ray of frost*, *read magic*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 14)

Opposition Schools Enchantment, Illusion

TACTICS

Before Combat The ghosts cast *false life* and *mage armor* every day, and cast *shield* before combat.

During Combat The ghosts try to possess obvious melee combatants with their malevolence ability, making as many attempts as possible in a singular effort to take on corporeal form.

Morale Bound to this chamber, the ghosts fight until destroyed.

Base Statistics Without their spells, the ghosts' statistics are **AC** 16, touch 16, flat-footed 14; **hp** 116.

STATISTICS

Str —, **Dex** 12, **Con** —, **Int** 18, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 21

Feats Combat Casting, Command Undead, Craft Wondrous Item, Forge Ring, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Magical Aptitude, Scribe Scroll, Skill Focus (Knowledge [arcana]), Toughness

Skills Craft (jewelry) +18, Fly +20, Knowledge (arcana) +25, Knowledge (history) +19, Knowledge (religion) +19, Linguistics +9, Perception +20, Perform (oratory) +14, Spellcraft +22, Stealth +13, Use Magic Device +22

Languages Abyssal, Aklo, Celestial, Common, Draconic, Infernal, Necril

SQ arcane bond (ring), lore, secrets (dodge trick, secrets of inner strength)

Gear ghostly spellbook, ghostly spell component pouch

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

Treasure: Platinum parts litter the shelves and tables of this room, mostly components from broken magical weapons, melted-down jewelry, and other salvaged items containing the precious metal. A silver *spirit planchette* (see page 19 of *Pathfinder Adventure Path #43: The Haunting of Harrowstone*) rests on a shelf here, and a various items of platinum jewelry and half-complete lich phylacteries worth a total of 12,000 gp can also be recovered.

F17. SKULL ALCOVES (CR 13)

Smoothly polished skulls yellowed with age gaze from countless small alcoves perforating the stone walls of this chamber from floor to ceiling. The collection contains specimens from many races, though all of the skulls are missing their jawbones, which lie on the lowest shelves beneath the skulls.

The skulls in the alcoves all come from slain devotees of the Whispering Way, kept here as a sort of reference library for the cult. Each skull is carved with a couplet of small runes corresponding to a pair of symbols carved into the jawbones below, but the symbols are offset to prevent tampering by outsiders who may try to simply match up corresponding symbols. A DC 25 Perception check notices a subtle phrase scribbled in Ancient Osiriani above the stone archways into this chamber that reads, "To each hieroglyph first pass one left, to each hieroglyph second pass one right." The secret to matching a jawbone to its proper skull is to match the first symbol with its preceding character in the hieroglyphs of Ancient Osirion, and match the second symbol with its succeeding character, both found on the correctly matching skull's forehead. A DC 30 Linguistics check is enough to read the Ancient Osiriani inscription if no one speaks that language. The PCs may be able to decipher the meaning of the clue on their own, but a second DC 25 Linguistics check also reveals the proper interpretation of the clue.

Haunt: Placing a jawbone with a skull (whether a proper match or not) triggers a haunt. If a proper match is made, the user can communicate with the skull's spirit, but if the match is incorrect, the chattering skulls drive creatures in room mad.

CHITTERING SKULLS

CR 13

XP 25,600

NE persistent haunt (area F17)

Caster Level 13th

Notice Perception DC 30 (to hear clacking jawbones)

hp 58; **Trigger** touch; **Reset** 1 minute

Effect When this haunt is triggered, its effects differ depending on whether the skull and jawbone match. If an improper jawbone is matched, the skulls erupt in a chorus of clacking jaws, driving all occupants in the area mad with an *insanity* effect (save DC 23). If the correct jawbone is attached, a *speak with dead* effect is triggered, allowing the creature who placed the jawbone to ask six questions of the spirit of the skull. If communication is enabled, the spirits of the skulls are neutral evil and can answer questions on the topics undeath and unholy rebirth. Assume any skull has a Knowledge (religion) skill of 3d4+5, and a +5 in all other Knowledge skills.

Destruction Only the complete destruction of all of the skulls in this chamber can permanently destroy this haunt.

F18. CELLARIUM (CR 14)

Rotting corpses stacked like cordwood rise halfway to the ceiling of this chamber, threatening to collapse inward because of the path something has made, or rather chewed, through the pile. The stench of rot is overpowering, and insects buzz in the air like an oily cloud.

Failed undead experiments, hopelessly mutilated bodies unfit for animation, or corpses better resurrected as skeletal creatures are brought to this room to slough rotten flesh from bone. Small holes perforate the chamber's floor, dripping the rotting sludge into area F20 below. The room's gore-soaked floor is slippery, costing 2 squares of movement to enter a square, and increasing the DC of Acrobatics checks by 5. A DC 10 Acrobatics check is required to run or charge across the floor. Meanwhile, the disgusting haze and overpowering stench of rotting vapors and buzzing flies are treated as heavy smoke for the purpose of breathing, potentially choking PCs and providing concealment to all creatures in the room (see *Smoke Inhalation* on page 426 of the *Core Rulebook*). The pile of corpses is considered difficult terrain for those attempting to move on top of the pile. The ceiling in this room is 20 feet high.

Creature: The Whispering Way cast *greater planar ally* to call an augnagar qlippoth to this room, which is slowly chewing its way through the never-ending piles of corpses provided by the cult. A DC 22 Perception check detects faint chewing sounds or spots shifting corpses around the creature's bulk, allowing successful PCs to avoid surprise as the qlippoth erupts forth from the pile of decaying filth.

AUGNAGAR QLIPPOTH

CR 14

XP 38,400

hp 203 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 219)

TACTICS

During Combat The augnagar casts *waves of exhaustion* on intruders, then attacks with bite and claws from the top of the pile.

Morale The alien qlippoth fights to the death.

F19. THE URGATHOAN FLY (CR 15)

The ruddy glow of smoldering embers cast strange shadows on this chamber's walls. Beyond rows of cracked stone pews, marble steps lead to a raised dais encapsulating a large fire pit. Standing over the pit is an enormous iron statue of a fly; wretched screams echo from within as some living creature is roasted alive inside the grotesque effigy. Large doors of iron stand in the wall behind the statue.

This unholy chamber hosts foul venerations to the goddess Urgathoa. The faithful of the Whispering Way use the iron statue—known as the Urgathoan Fly—to incinerate unbelievers in the name of the Pallid Princess and reanimate their remains into useful servants. A small grate on the side of the fly's body allows access to the statue's hollow abdomen, where sacrifices are locked inside and forced to suffer the heat of the unholy fires beneath the statue, searing flesh from bone. The victims of this horrible execution rise as burning skeletal servants under the command of the Whispering Way. In addition, the Urgathoan Fly is considered a shrine for the purposes of the permanent *desecrate* spell that emanates from it, granting the undead in this chamber the shrine-blessed template (see page 15). The double doors open onto a flight of stairs leading down to the presbytery (areas F20 and F21).

Creatures: Three Renchurch cenobites stoke the flames of the fire pit, sacrificing a Varisian man recently captured outside the monastery. A dozen burning skeletons lurk inside the 10-foot-deep fire pit as well, their own unholy fires contributing to the sacrificial conflagration. The Urgathoan Fly is actually an iron golem under the control of the cultists. Exposed to the unholy flames in the fire pit, the golem has absorbed temporary hit points, reflected in its stat block below.

When the PCs enter, the burning skeletons leap out of the fire pit to attack, while the cenobites remain atop the altar. You might want to delay the golem's animation to surprise players lured into a false sense of security when it doesn't attack immediately, only later revealing that the screams were coming from within a gigantic, glowing-hot creature on skittering legs of iron that seeks to destroy them. Two rounds after the PCs interrupt the ceremony, the man trapped within the golem dies and rises as another burning skeleton, although the creature remains locked inside the Urgathoan Fly unless released.

SHRINE-BLESSED RENCHURCH CENOBITES (3) CR 10

XP 9,600 each

hp 128 each (see pages 35 and 15)

TACTICS

During Combat Well aware of the bolstering effects of this chamber's *desecrate* aura, the clerics avoid direct melee combat and rely primarily on their channel energy ability to damage intruders from behind the cover of their skeleton minions. If given the opportunity, the clerics command the skeletons to drag the bodies of any disabled or dead PCs into the fire pit, where they may rise as burning skeletons themselves (see below).

SHRINE-BLESSED BURNING SKELETONS (12) CR 1

XP 135 each

hp 7 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 251 and page 15)

THE URGATHOAN FLY CR 13

XP 25,600

Variant iron golem (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 162)



The Urgathoan Fly

hp 169

CMD 39 (51 vs. trip)

TACTICS

During Combat The fly descends from the dais and uses its breath weapon, which reeks of charred flesh, then closes to attack enemies.

Morale The golem fights until destroyed.

Hazard: The pit's flames deal 3d6 points of damage per round to adjacent creatures, or 6d6 points of damage per round to those within the pit. Half of this damage is fire damage, and the other half is unholy damage, not subject to fire resistance. Any humanoid slain by these flames rises as a burning skeleton the following round.

Treasure: A DC 20 Perception check uncovers a *ring of force shield* under one of the pews.

THE PRESBYTERY

Stairs from the chamber of the Urgathoan Fly lead to a final long corridor sloping down to the darkest recesses of the Whispering Way's domain, an area reserved exclusively for the cult's most prominent members' veneration of Urgathoa. It is into these dark chambers that the Gray Friar brought Count Galdana.

F20. POOL OF MAGGOTS (CR 14)

Rotting gray ichor drips from murder holes in the ceiling overhead to fill a massive pit with a vile, roiling soup of millions of maggots.

The pit is only 2 feet deep, but it contains a creature far more dangerous than just mindless vermin.

Creature: A powerful evil conjurer named Urca Namat inhabits this disgusting pool. He is not undead, but the necrotic energies of Renchurch infused the maggots that devoured his deceased body with a foul, voracious sentience, manifesting as a worm that walks. The squirming vermin-creature now guards the cult's innermost sanctum, attacking any creature he knows does not belong here.

URCA NAMAT CR 14

XP 38,400

Male worm that walks (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 286)

AC 27, touch 17, flat-footed 22

hp 123

TACTICS

Before Combat Urca casts *shield* before combat.

During Combat Urca remains at the pit's center, attempting to draw forth any melee combatants through the maggots and rot grubs that infest the well. He casts *disintegrate* on trespassers and uses *telekinesis* to toss opponents into the pit.

Morale Urca disincorporates into a swarm of maggots if reduced to 20 hit points or fewer, waiting several rounds for his fast healing to repair damage before reforming, but otherwise he fights to the death.

Hazard: Moving through the maggots in the shallow pit counts as wading in a shallow bog (*Core Rulebook* 427), but the pool of maggots also contains a host of rot grubs, which can only be detected with a DC 30 Perception check among the squirming vermin in the pit. A creature within the pit is subjected to 1d6 rot grubs each round (DC 15 Reflex save avoids). On a failed save, the rot grubs burrow through the afflicted creature's body, eventually causing death. Flame applied to the point of entry on the first round of infestation kills the grubs instantly but deals 1d6 points of fire damage to the victim. Cutting the grubs out requires a slashing weapon and a DC 20 Heal check, and deals 1d6 points of damage per round that the host has been infested. A successful Heal check removes one grub. *Remove disease* kills any rot grubs in or on a host. Any amount of damage reduction is enough to provide immunity to infestation, making the worm that walks immune to the rot grubs. Even if destroyed, the pool of maggots and rot grubs is constantly replenished by more falling through the holes in the ceiling from the room above.

ROT GRUBS

CR 4

XP 1,200

Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide 245

Type infestation; **Save** Fortitude DC 17

Onset immediate; **Frequency** 1/round

Effect 1d2 Con damage per grub

F21. NECROTIC SANCTUM (CR 15)

Black flames lick the walls of this huge ceremonial chamber. Three giant statues of Urgathoa loom threateningly over stone pews and a processional leading to a black altar atop a raised natural outcropping. A dark pit boiling over with foul necrotic energy gapes at the far end of the room, and a writhing humanoid form hangs stretched over the well, stout chains tethered to each of its limbs.

As the inheritor of Tar-Baphon's bloodline, Count Lucinean Galdana must be properly prepared to receive the *Carrion Crown* elixir, and so the cult has begun ritually scraping the last vestiges of life energy from Galdana like a profane root canal, leaving a nearly empty vessel to be transformed into a lich. But the cultists must be slow and careful in their rituals, lest they go too far and destroy the only living body that might bring their plans to fruition. Since his capture, Galdana has been carefully drained of vitality and life, to the point now

where he is almost ready to be brought to Gallowspire to consume the *Carrion Crown* elixir and be reborn as his infamous ancestor.

Galdana has not yet been forced to consume the *Carrion Crown*, but the ceremony to drain his life force is complete, and with the threat of the PCs' approach, the count has been hidden among loyal supplicants of the Whispering Way. These chanting cultists are all juju zombies, and each wears an identical disturbing facade—the face of Count Galdana. In preparation for the count's upcoming journey to Gallowspire for the final stage of the ceremony, the juju zombies have had their flesh shaped by the Gray Friar's totemmasks (see area F10) to resemble Galdana in the hope of confusing any attempts at rescuing the count.



Urca Namat

The vaulted ceiling of this cavern is 20 feet high, and the entire area is under a *desecrate* effect centered on the altar, bolstering all of the undead in the chamber with the shrine-blessed template (see page 15). Remember that the *desecrate* aura stacks with Renchurch's *unhallow* effect, increasing the DC of the Gray Friar's channeled negative energy by 6 (already included in his stat block) and reducing the DC of channeled positive energy by 4.

Creatures: The master of Renchurch, the withered huecuva called the Gray Friar, presides over the ceremony. Originally a pious monk of Pharasma who called these halls home in a time before the Whispering Tyrant, the man that would become the Gray Friar was unable to escape when the lich-king's forces attacked and conquered the monastery. Forced to endure endless tortures at the hands of his undead captors, the monk eventually renounced the Lady of Graves and embraced the worship of the Pallid Princess instead. Pharasma cursed the monk's body and soul, and the blasphemous creature who arose from the heretical monk's body became known as the Gray Friar. Wearing his undeath as a badge of honor gifted by Urgathoa herself, the Friar has spent many years furthering the cause of the Whispering Way across Golarion, eventually earning dominion over Renchurch and all of its inhabitants.

Fifteen chanting juju zombie cultists also sit in the pews here, each shaped by the totemmasks to resemble Count Galdana. A sixteenth zombie, now wearing the gaudy accoutrements of Tar-Baphon's old court attire, is stretched above the pit in an attempt to lure the PCs into rescuing the "count" from the blasphemous ceremony. All of the zombies have been previously exposed to the necrotic well (see below), gaining 12 temporary hit points for 1 hour (already included in their stat block).

The actual **Count Lucinean Galdana** (NG male human aristocrat 2/ranger 6) is now seated in the front eastern pew among the cultists, dressed in simple monk's robes. Galdana currently has 7 negative levels, and he has taken 12 points of Charisma drain from the totemmasks, leaving him with a Charisma score of 2. As a result, the count has the staggered condition until healed with curative magic, *restoration*, or other means. To prevent his death from exposure to negative energy in this fragile state, the cult has subjected Galdana to an extended *death ward* spell. In addition, the count is under the effect of a *mind blank* spell until the next morning.

Adivion Adrissant is not present, having relocated to Gallowspire with the *Carrion Crown* elixir to prepare for Galdana's ultimate delivery by the Gray Friar, who now risks losing the count in the chaos of melee. The Gray Friar commands the juju zombies to attack when the PCs enter, staying back to bolster his forces. If the PCs have not yet cornered or destroyed Lucimar the Lich-Wolf (see page 28) by the time they reach this area, he arrives on the fifth round of combat to join the fight.

THE GRAY FRIAR

CR 14

XP 38,400

Male advanced shrine-blessed huecuva cleric of Urgathoa 11
(*Pathfinder RPG Bonus Bestiary* 12, *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 294, and page 15)

NE Medium undead

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +20

Aura faithless (30 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 31, touch 16, flat-footed 28 (+8 armor, +3 deflection, +3 Dex, +7 natural)

hp 185 (14d8+123)

Fort +15, **Ref** +10, **Will** +18

DR 5/magic or silver; **Immune** undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee 2 claws +18 (1d6+7 plus 2d6 vs. good creatures plus disease) or

mwk dagger +17/+12 (1d4+6/19–20)

Ranged mwk dagger +17 (1d4+6/19–20)

Special Attacks channel negative energy 10/day (DC 28, 8d6), scythe of evil (5 rounds, 1/day)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 11th; concentration +17)

9/day—bleeding touch (5 rounds), touch of evil (5 rounds)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd; concentration +8)

3/day—*disguise self*

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 11th; concentration +17)

6th—*antilife shell*, *create undead*^D, *harm* (DC 22)

5th—*flame strike* (DC 21), *righteous might*, *slay living*^D (DC 21), *true seeing*

4th—*blessing of fervor**, *divine power*, *freedom of movement*, *inflict critical wounds*, *unholy blight*^D (DC 20)

3rd—*animate dead*^D, *blindness/deafness* (DC 19), *inflict serious wounds* (DC 19), *invisibility purge*, *magic vestment*, *prayer*

2nd—*death knell*^D (DC 18), *grace**, *hold person* (DC 18), *inflict moderate wounds* (DC 18), *resist energy*, *silence* (DC 18), *spiritual weapon*

1st—*cause fear*^D (DC 17), *command* (DC 17), *curse water*, *doom* (2, DC 17), *entropic shield*, *shield of faith*

0 (at will)—*bleed* (DC 16), *detect magic*, *read magic*, *resistance*

D Domain spell; **Domains** Death, Evil

TACTICS

Before Combat The Gray Friar casts *magic vestment* every day.

Before combat, he casts *freedom of movement*, *shield of faith*, *entropic shield*, and *antilife shell*.

During Combat The Gray Friar stays outside the fray to bolster and heal his allies and damage foes with channeled negative energy and spells. If forced into melee, the Gray Friar casts *divine power* and *righteous might* before making debilitating claw attacks, using his Channel Smite feat to infuse his already unholy attacks with even more powerful necrotic energies.

Morale The Gray Friar fights until destroyed.

Base Statistics Without his spells, the Gray Friar's statistics are AC 26, touch 13, flat-footed 23.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 18, **Con** —, **Int** 12, **Wis** 22, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +14; **CMD** 31

Feats Channel Smite, Combat Casting, Extra Channel, Improved Channel, Improved Initiative, Toughness, Weapon Focus (claw)

Skills Knowledge (religion) +18, Perception +20, Sense Motive +20, Spellcraft +15, Stealth +5

Languages Common, Necril

SQ death's embrace

Combat Gear *scroll of destruction*; **Other Gear** masterwork breastplate, masterwork dagger, +1 *unholy amulet of mighty fists*, *phylactery of negative channeling*, 20 onyx gems worth 50 gp each, silver unholy symbol of Urgathoa, 73 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Disease (Su) Claw—injury; *save* Fort DC 16; *onset* 1d3 days; *frequency* 1 day; *effect* 1d3 Dex damage and 1d3 Con damage; *cure* 2 consecutive saves.

Faithless (Su) The huecuva and all undead creatures within 30 feet receive a +2 profane bonus on Will saves made to resist channeled energy and any effects based on that ability. This bonus stacks with channel resistance.

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

SHRINE-BLESSED JUJU ZOMBIES (16) CR 3

XP 800 each

hp 31 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 291 and page 15)

TACTICS

During Combat Drunk with the energy leaking from the necrotic well, these juju zombies continue their ritualistic chanting even in melee, creating an eerie image of Galdana look-alikes descending with crazed, hungry eyes upon the PCs. Groups of them focus on individuals, surrounding foes and making sneak attacks or using the aid another action en masse to add a +2 for each participating juju zombie on the grapple attempts of a single combatant, in an effort to overcome weaker foes and drag them toward the necrotic well.

Morale The juju zombies fight until destroyed.

Hazard: The necrotic well is a supernatural source of profane energy erupting from the sundered floor of the sanctuary like a ruptured boil. The 10-foot-wide, 100-foot-deep pit leaks powerful negative energy. Living creatures within 10 feet of the pit take 2d6 points of negative energy damage per round. Undead creatures within 10 feet are healed of 2d6 points of damage per round. Any creature entering the well takes this damage as well, and also gains 1d4 negative levels (no save) for each round in the well, on top of any falling damage that may apply. Undead creatures exposed to this energy gain 1d4x5 temporary hit points for 1 hour.

RESCUING COUNT GALDANA

As the PCs battle the Gray Friar and his minions, Count Galdana wanders the battleground in a stupor among the undead cultists bearing his likeness, and is thus in peril from indiscriminate area of effect spells. The PCs may suspect that the count is the creature chained above the necrotic well, but give them a chance to identify something unusual with the listless juju zombie wandering among the cultists. A DC 25 Perception check might reveal finely crafted boots beneath hastily donned monk's robes, or a DC 20 Sense Motive check can hint at the "cultist's" innate revulsion to the necrotic well, or show that the "juju zombie" does not react adversely to channeled positive energy.

In any case, the Gray Friar tries to reach Galdana at any cost, and the huecuva's actions should alert the PCs that not all is as it appears.

Recovering Galdana is key to the cinematic atmosphere of this encounter, and you should take special care to make the rescue feel exciting. One tactic is to never confirm the count's true location from round to round in the chaos of the melee. The PCs might spy him, only to encounter a cultist look-alike when they draw closer, and might even see the Gray Friar suffering similar confusion.

You can allow the PCs to make skill checks

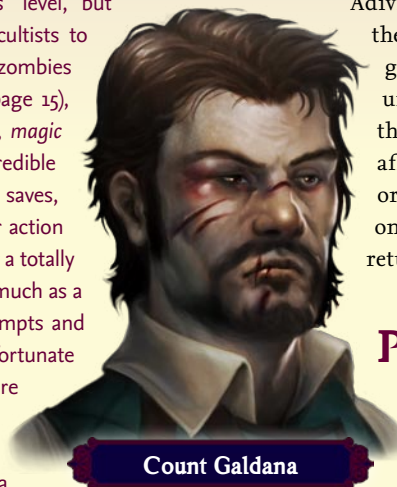


The Gray Friar

MASS CULT COMBAT

The combat in the Necrotic Sanctum is designed to be a chaotic and challenging melee, as the undead cultists use sheer force of numbers to overwhelm the PCs before being overcome by superior tactics and talents. Meanwhile, the Gray Friar attempts to ward off the interruption and distract the PCs long enough to escape with Galdana—only the friar unexpectedly loses track of the count in the ensuing melee.

At first glance, the cult horde here may not seem intimidating to characters of the PCs' level, but there are ways to use these low-level cultists to considerable effect. For starters, the juju zombies have the shrine-blessed template (see page 15), a combination of effects from *desecrate*, *magic circle against good*, and *unhallow*—an incredible boon to resist channeling, hit points, saves, and more. Furthermore, the aid another action used to bolster a grapple attempt against a totally surrounded PC can give the grappler as much as a +14 bonus on the zombies' grapple attempts and checks as they attempt to drag the unfortunate PC toward the necrotic well. Nor are these juju zombies stupid; they spread out to best avoid area effects, and may threaten the life of the weakened Galdana as a bargaining chip. The Gray Friar is able to heal many undead with a single blast of channeled negative energy, and the juju zombies use flanking to their best advantage to deal more damage with their sneak attacks.



Count Galdana

to spot Galdana—but such a check is only good for that moment, and the count is lost in the hustle again at the end of the PC's turn. You might modify this check by decreasing the DC by 1 for each cultist previously killed. With so many enemies, reaching the count in a single turn may be problematic. The Gray Friar can move through the zombie horde without hindrance, but he is also a bloodthirsty individual, pausing to blast the PCs with profane spells or channeled negative energy. Should the Gray Friar reach Galdana first, he flees RENCHURCH with his captive, securing mounts from the stables (area D5) and traveling overland toward Gallowspire. Should the Gray Friar escape with Galdana, the details of the count's rescue before the events of Part Three are left for you to create, perhaps with a customized chase encounter (*GameMastery Guide* 232).

This loose method of play among the wider scale of combat allows you to control Galdana's fate. If the blast of a PC's

fireball would burn the count to a crisp, it is a simple matter to decide that a cultist look-alike—not the count—was destroyed. Perhaps Galdana is simply knocked unconscious in the confusion and can be found among the bodies after the combat concludes. Furthermore, if you do not wish for the Gray Friar to escape with Galdana, you can ensure that PCs reach the count first at a pivotal, cinematic moment once the combat has played out to your satisfaction.

Galdana's fate after his rescue is left for you to decide, but he should certainly inform the PCs that the Whispering Way was planning on taking him to Gallowspire for the final stage of the ceremony, and that is where the cult's leader, Adivion Adrissant, went as well, along with the completed *Carion Crown* elixir. Galdana gratefully thanks the PCs for their rescue, but under no circumstances will he accompany the PCs to Gallowspire. If the PCs cannot afford the time to take him back to Caliphas or his seat in Amaans, he travels to Ravengro on his own or seeks shelter until the PCs can return to escort him back to civilization.

PART THREE: GALLOWSPIRE

Although Count Galdana is likely safe now, the plotter of the grand scheme to transform the count into a new Whispering Tyrant—Adivion Adrissant—is still at large. Adrissant still poses a major threat to Ustalav and Golarion, for his possession of the *Carion Crown* might still allow him to engineer Tar-Baphon's release or rebirth in some fashion, ushering in a new age of decay. All clues suggest that the next step in Galdana's transformation was to be held at Gallowspire itself, and with the count now out of the equation, Adivion may try to use the *Carion Crown* elixir himself. Rather than take the chance that the elixir will simply fail on its own, the PCs must face Adivion, for the world cannot truly be considered safe until he is defeated.

Gallowspire lies in the middle of the blasted ruins of Adorak, some 50 miles northeast of RENCHURCH over rough highlands and across the headwaters of the Orphield River. Attempts to teleport directly to Gallowspire result in the *witchgates* shunting the PCs back to the Rusted Tower (area D1), leaving an overland journey to the sinister obelisk the only option.

PLANS UNDONE

With the threat of the PCs' entry into RENCHURCH, Adivion and the Gray Friar split responsibilities for the final preparations of the *Carion Crown* elixir's consumption—a rare miscalculation regarding the PCs' threat on Adivion's part. When he left RENCHURCH, Adivion witnessed Galdana

begin the final soul-draining process in the Necrotic Sanctum, and sure that the Gray Friar would reliably deliver the count's drained body, the cult leader made his way toward Gallowspire. Adivion's deeds since leaving Renchurch are only important insofar as they pertain to the amount of time it takes the PCs to confront him before he consumes the *Carrion Crown* elixir. While a sense of urgency should certainly be maintained, Adivion will not consume the elixir until the PCs' presence at Gallowspire reveals the Gray Friar's failure to deliver Galdana.

THE RUINS OF ADORAK

Before the coming of the Whispering Tyrant, the city of Adorak flourished from its wealth of iron and nickel mines. Despite its reputation for fine weapons and its proximity to Belkzen, the city had never faced the true threat of war, and when Tar-Baphon attacked, the city fell to the Tyrant's orc hordes in only 3 days. Before sunset on the third day, the crooked barb of black stone and dark iron that would become Gallowspire began to rise from the city's smoldering ashes, and Tar-Baphon made Adorak his capital.

Today, little more than crumbling facades and foundations remain of the city, destroyed first by the invading orcs, then again by the Shining Crusade. The streets are interspersed with skull-cobbled roads, lich-tainted estates, impaling gardens, and massive sinkholes leaking sulfurous fumes. Ancient guardians now slough off long sleep and rise to protect their liege. Skeletal hordes of crusaders and orcs alike that have long lain dormant now rise from their shallow graves, sniffing at the air and detecting the hint of incredible events occurring, ready to once more march behind their dark lord when he returns to plague the world of the living. And above them all, the animate nightmares of the imprisoned Tyrant cackle as they swirl through Adorak's deserted streets.

Much of Adorak is left undetailed, as the PCs' primary goal should be Gallowspire itself, but elements for populating this dead city are given below so that you might adapt the ruined streets to fit your own group's tenor of play and the pace you have established for the adventure. If the PCs need more experience, you can expand the planned encounters with more of the elements presented below or unused encounters from the earlier journey through Virlych.

ENVIRONMENT AND TERRAIN

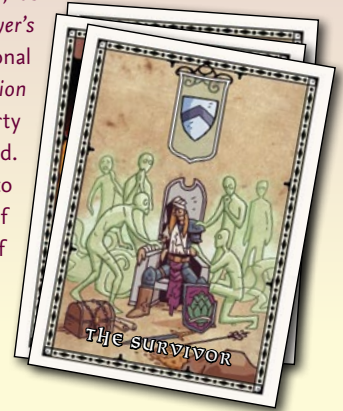
Several unique features define Adorak, most notably the crumbling, ashlike buildings around Gallowspire, which seem to collapse at the slightest touch. Such buildings can suffer cave-ins with little or no provocation (*Core Rulebook* 415). The crumbling stonework of most ruined walls has only hardness 5 and 10 hit points. To make matters worse, the city's infamous sinkholes can spring up at a moment's notice to swallow entire city blocks (see area G1).

USING THE HARROW DECK

If the PCs successfully rescue Count Galdana from the clutches of the Whispering Way, award each player a free draw from the harrow deck, as outlined in the *Carrion Crown Player's Guide*. If you are using the optional system presented in the *Carrion Crown Player's Guide*, the entire party receives The Survivor card instead.

This specific card can be played to grant all of the PCs the benefits of a *death ward* spell and a number of temporary hit points equal to twice the PC's level. Both of these effects last for the duration of one battle.

The Survivor card can only be used once, and the entire party must agree to use the card.



ADORAK WEATHER

By the time the party reaches the city, the supernatural storms so common to Virlych are raging, centered on Gallowspire as if to welcome the awakening of their liege. For the entirety of Part Three, until Adivion Adrissant is defeated, a mortuary tempest rages for 1d6x10 minutes of every hour (see page 81). The winds of this storm are strong enough to check Medium-sized creatures and blow away Small creatures. While these storms and their accompanying lightning elementals can be quite a challenge, they are also a boon in some sense, for the storm's negative energies obscure the PCs' life force somewhat, distracting the legions of skeletal dead on the city's outskirts and allowing the PCs a chance to sneak through unprovoked.

HAUNTED SITES IN ADORAK

Despite the pressure to reach Gallowspire and stop Adivion Adrissant, there are many chances for encounters in Adorak both before and after the final battle. The following brief encounter sites are left unassigned; their placement is left to your discretion should the PCs delve deeper into the Whispering Tyrant's decaying domain.

Avenue of Skulls (CR 13): This broad avenue, 50 feet wide and 400 feet long, is made from thousands of skulls taken from slain crusaders and cobbled face-up into the pavement. The skulls bite the feet of living creatures walking over them, dealing 1d4 points of damage for every 5 feet traveled.

ADORAK

600 FEET



If living creatures remain on the street for longer than 2 rounds, their presence also triggers a chattering skulls haunt as the jaws of the entombed skulls begin clacking in unison (see page 40, *insanity* effect only).

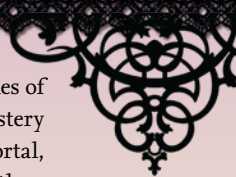
Haunted Estate (CR 14): This ruined home has largely escaped the decay that plagues most of Adorak, but living creatures entering the grounds summon a motley crew of spectral revelers in the midst of a debauched feast—the shanks of meat they carry are obviously humanoid in nature. Treat this spectral party as a keening suicides haunt (see page 55). Further investigation into the ruins has a 65% chance of causing a cave-in (*Core Rulebook* 415), but a DC30 Perception check discovers a *wand of cure serious wounds* with 30 charges amid the debris.

Impaling Gardens (CR 14): Once a public park, this area now displays the petrified remains of disemboweled crusaders impaled on their own lances. If disturbed, eight of the ossified corpses animate, pulling themselves off their spears and shambling forward to attack. Treat these skeletal crusaders as mohrgs (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 208) with DR 10—to reflect their stony, petrified nature. One of the mohrgs wears a suit of +2 *banded mail*.

Sarcophagus-Lined Alley (CR 12): A crumbling storefront hints at a once-brisk trade in Osirian sarcophagi, the building's facade now shattered and its contents spread before it. Trespassers stir up a desiccating duststorm (see page 81) that blows forth from the open caskets. One round later, 2d6 advanced mummies (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 210, 294) emerge to attack the PCs. One of the creatures still wears a *headband of inspired wisdom* +2.

DREAMS OF THE WHISPERING TYRANT (CR 15)

Although you can continue to use the Tyrant's Whispers haunt (see page 19) to plague the PCs in Adorak and Gallowspire, Tar-Baphon's malicious will imposes itself in strange new ways so close to his prison. The Tyrant's dreams have a way of manifesting outside Gallowspire in a way that Tar-Baphon himself cannot, and these nightmares swirl through the ruins of Adorak as living animate dreams. The PCs should most certainly encounter groups of these creatures on their approach to Gallowspire to set the atmosphere for the finale. These flying visions most often appear as skeletal apparitions,



desiccated nightmarish creatures of malleable form, or the rotting remains of PCs' loved ones. You may elect to have PCs who fared especially poorly against the Tyrant's Whispers in Renchurch take a -2 penalty on saves against the nightmare curse ability of these creatures, reflecting the intimacy that the Whispering Tyrant now has with any PC against whose mind his will has brushed.

WHISPERING TYRANT'S DREAMS (8)

CR 9

XP 6,400 each

Advanced animate dream (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 29, 292)

hp 114 each

G1. ADORAK SINKHOLES (CR 10)

Adorak is built above the crisscrossing tunnels of played-out mines, and years of neglect have weakened the supports, causing the earth to occasionally collapse. Sometimes triggered by gravity, sometimes by nothing more than a roach's swift passing, a typical Adorak sinkhole has a radius and depth of 1d10x10 feet, though examples as large as 1d10x100 feet do exist. Any creature in the area of a sinkhole must make a Reflex save (DC 20 +1 per 10 feet of radius) or be swallowed up. Aboveground structures fall into the hole, dealing 10d6 points of bludgeoning damage to any creatures inside, and creatures that fail their saves take appropriate falling damage and are trapped without air as if they were in the bury zone of an avalanche (*Core Rulebook* 429). To make matters worse, poisonous sulfur fumes leak from these sinkholes in a radius 1d6x10 feet from the sinkhole's perimeter, functioning as heavy smoke and causing 1d6 points of Constitution damage per round if inhaled (DC 15 Fortitude save negates, +1 per previous save).

G2. MARROWGARTH'S LAIR (CR 16)

This encounter can take place anywhere within Adorak, but it should happen before the PCs reach Gallowspire itself. The undead dragon Marrowgarth prefers to make hit-and-run attacks at times and places of her choosing, rather than waiting for the PCs to come and attack her in her lair.

This once-noble estate has all but collapsed in on itself. The ruins form a tunnel yawning with darkness, from which the stench of foul necromancy issues forth like rancid breath.

Creature: Most evil dragons enter the state of undeath known to them as "the ravening" after long lives spent hoarding wealth, with their peak years behind them and only the yawning maw of death's dark embrace awaiting them. Through exposure to negative energies or the consumption of captured souls, these ancient wyrms make dark pacts to extend their lives into undeath, abandoning their flesh and transforming into foul, ferocious skeletal dragons known as raveners. One of Tar-Baphon's mounts, the red dragon

Marrowgarth, was fed cursed souls and the cast-off bodies of foul sacrifices, and with the aid of the Tyrant, whose mastery of the necromantic arts far exceeded that of any mere mortal, the dragon transformed into a ravener far earlier than others of her kind, even as the noose of the Shining Crusade tightened around the neck of her master's empire.

For centuries Marrowgarth has terrorized Virlych, consuming the souls of Lastwall knights and Varisian travelers alike. Now she has heard her master's whispered call, and with the recently captured Varisians from Lacramoria's caravan (see area C) as fodder for her soul ward, the undead dragon has returned to Gallowspire to give what aid she can to his rebirth.

MARROWGARTH

CR 16

XP 76,800

Female adult red dragon ravener (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 98, *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 230)

CE Huge undead (fire)

Init +4; **Senses** blindsense 120 ft., darkvision 240 ft., dragon senses, smoke vision; **Perception** +33

Aura cowering fear, fire (5 ft., 1d6), frightful presence (180 ft., DC 24)

DEFENSE

AC 36, touch 11, flat-footed 36 (+3 deflection, +21 natural, +4 shield, -2 size)

hp 210 (17d8+134)

Fort +16, **Ref** +10, **Will** +17

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, soul ward (31 hp);

DR 5/good; **Immune** fire, undead traits; **SR** 25

Weaknesses vulnerability to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 200 ft. (poor)

Melee bite +27 (2d8+18/19-20), 2 claws +27 (2d6+12/19-20), tail slap +25 (2d6+18/19-20), 2 wings +25 (1d8+6/19-20)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (15 ft. with bite)

Special Attacks breath weapon (50-ft. cone, 12d10 fire plus 2 negative levels, Reflex DC 24 half, usable every 1d4 rounds), crush (2d8+18, DC 24), soul consumption (DC 24), soul magic, tail sweep (DC 24)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 17th; concentration +23)

At will—*detect magic*, pyrotechnics (DC 16), suggestion (DC 17)

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 10th; concentration +16)

5th—*waves of fatigue*

4th—*dimension door*, *lesser globe of invulnerability*

3rd—*dispel magic*, *haste*, *lightning bolt* (DC 19)

2nd—*command undead* (DC 18), *false life*, *invisibility*, *see invisibility*

1st—*grease* (DC 17), *magic missile*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *shield*, *true strike*

0—*acid splash*, *bleed* (DC 16), *dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 16), *mage hand*, *message*, *prestidigitation*, *read magic*

TACTICS

Before Combat Marrowgarth casts *false life* and *shield* before she engages the PCs.

During Combat See Battle with Marrowgarth below for her actions during combat. If forced into melee combat, she makes full attacks with all of her natural weapons, focusing her rage on individual combatants.

Morale Unwilling to give up her unnatural existence, Marrowgarth flees when reduced to 50 hit points or fewer, continuing to plague Virlych and consume souls until her health is restored.

STATISTICS

Str 35, **Dex** 10, **Con** —, **Int** 20, **Wis** 21, **Cha** 22

Base Atk +17; **CMB** +31; **CMD** 44 (48 vs. trip)

Feats Cleave, Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative, Improved Vital Strike, Iron Will, Multiattack, Power Attack, Toughness, Vital Strike

Skills Appraise +25, Bluff +26, Fly +12, Intimidate +34, Knowledge (arcana) +25, Knowledge (history) +18, Knowledge (religion) +25, Perception +33, Sense Motive +25, Spellcraft +25, Stealth +20, Survival +15

Languages Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Ignan, Necril, Orc

Treasure: Marrowgarth's hoard lies deep within the collapsed estate she has claimed as her lair, its fallen walls forming a 20-foot-wide tunnel 80 feet deep. The undead dragon's hoard consists of a *belt of physical perfection* +2, a pair of *boots of striding and springing*, a *periapt of wound closure*, a *ring of delayed doom* with 3 garnets remaining (*Advanced Player's Guide* 292), 1,200 pp, 14,650 gp, and 18,607 sp. In addition, a huge iron key weighing 3 pounds hides among the loot. This key opens the gibbets at area G3.

BATTLE WITH MARROWGARTH

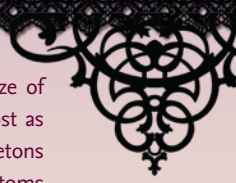
Marrowgarth uses a few tricks to make the PCs' journey through the ruined city difficult, stalking them through the streets, collapsing buildings on them, and steering them toward other dangerous areas, while consuming caged slaves to grow in power. She primarily patrols the two inner rings of Adorak, where she might be seen perched on the side of Gallowspire.

Marrowgarth makes good use of her breath weapon, flyby attacks, and spells such as *dimension door* to harass the PCs and avoid melee. In addition, the ravener uses the city's dangerously unstable terrain to her advantage, using her weight to trigger sinkholes and cave-ins against PCs who take cover, relying on her own quickness and flight to escape harm.

Crumbling Facades: If the PCs seek shelter within a structure, Marrowgarth lands on top of the building, throwing her whole weight against it to cause collapse, dealing 8d6 points of damage to any creature caught under the cave-in (DC 15 Reflex save for half) and pinning that creature beneath the rubble (*Core Rulebook* 415). Creatures outside collapsing buildings take 4d6 points of damage (DC 15 Reflex save for half) but are only pinned on a failed Reflex save. Pinned creatures take 1d6 points of nonlethal damage per minute. If a pinned creature falls unconscious, it must make a DC 15



Marrowgarth



Constitution check or take 1d6 points of lethal damage each minute thereafter until freed or dead.

Sinkhole: Marrowgarth is well aware of the dangers of Adorak's unstable streets, and can throw her tremendous weight down near the PCs to create a sinkhole (see page 49). This is a full-round action and the ravener must make a DC 25 Strength check to open the sinkhole. Once a sinkhole opens, Marrowgarth must still make a Reflex save to avoid the collapse—a risk the deceitful dragon is willing to take if it means burying trespassers—but she gains a +5 circumstance bonus on the roll because she is prepared for that possibility.

Soul Food: Marrowgarth brought the captured Varisians from Lacramoria's caravan here several days ago; all are now imprisoned in rusted iron cages suspended in four separate locations (area G3). When in need of more souls for her soul ward ability, Marrowgarth returns to these cages and uses her breath weapon on the prisoners inside. The blast automatically kills the 12 captives in each cage (assume the prisoners are all 2-HD commoners), and the ravener gains 24 points for her soul ward through her soul consumption ability.

G3. SOUL CAGES

Cruel shafts of rusted iron protrude from the crumbling arches of old estate windows. The end of each hooked pole supports a huge, bladed cage stuffed with bodies.

Four of these cages protrude into Adorak's central square, hanging 20 feet above the ground and holding the surviving captives of Marrowgarth's raid on the Varisian caravan near the Witherleaf Barrows (area C). Each cage holds 12 captives (N male and female human commoner 2), though whether they are living or dead depends on the actions of Marrowgarth and the PCs as they skirmish with the ravener. A DC 20 Perception check allows the PCs to hear the distant screams of the captives as Marrowgarth attacks them (modified by +5 for each ringed city district the PCs are distant from the city's innermost circle).

The iron cages are locked (hardness 10, hp 60, Break DC 28, Disable Device DC 20), but the key lies in Marrowgarth's hoard (area G2). If the PCs attempt to rescue the captives, they can lower the cages by slowly releasing the massive chains supporting them with a DC 25 Strength check. The freed Varisians are grateful yet remain terrified, and while they may be temporarily saved from the ravener's deadly breath, the PCs will have to find protected shelter for them if they are to survive the terrors of Adorak.

H. GALLOWSPIRE (CR 16)

An ornate tower of crumbling gray stone spears through the heart of Adorak, its walls festooned with hanging chains and cruel,

barbed hooks impaling countless preserved corpses. A haze of gray dust perpetually falls from the towering obelisk, almost as if the stone itself was rotting. A stairway of entwined skeletons spirals around the perimeter of the tower, and swirling phantoms howl and scream in a furious storm of unquiet dead around the spire's dizzying heights. The only entrance into the windowless tower appears to be a pair of massive doors at the fortress's base.

Constructed of dark basalt and iron and over 400 feet high, the crooked tower of Gallowspire is both the throne and the prison of Tar-Baphon, the most powerful lich to ever walk Golarion. The Whispering Tyrant is imprisoned in subterranean catacombs far beneath the tower, and the tower has been sealed to keep him trapped there—the only way to enter the interior of Gallowspire is from the top, though even here the entrance is sealed by a locked mithral door warded by potent magics. The Tyrant himself is bound to Gallowspire by a powerful *Great Seal* in the dungeons below, itself secured and protected by three lesser seals hidden elsewhere on Golarion, which must first be broken before the *Great Seal* can be breached. The cumulative effect of these seals is to prevent anyone from entering or leaving the tower by any means. As long as these scattered seals remain in place, the dungeons inside and beneath Gallowspire are completely impregnable by mortal magic. However, the ancient gates that once provided access to the tower's interior now open onto chambers leading to the numerous walkways, balconies, and stairways that climb along the outside of the tower (see area H1). More information on Gallowspire and its sealed dungeons can be found in *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Dungeons of Golarion*.

Creatures: Besides the mortuary tempest (see page 81) that rages off and on during the PCs' time in Adorak, Gallowspire is surrounded by a storm of damned spirits, the incorporeal undead remains of cursed crusaders, slain undead, and the unliving dreams of the Whispering Tyrant. These creatures are drawn to the tower, yet dare not touch the tower itself or creatures that clamber up and down its sides, as if they fear to draw that close to their imprisoned lord. Anyone attempting to fly toward Gallowspire's apex must pass through this maelstrom, encountering ghostly spellcasters, dread wraiths, and greater shadows. A dozen of these creatures attack those flying to the top of the tower, and it should quickly become clear to PCs attempting this method of travel that there is an almost inexhaustible supply of these howling phantoms to replace any who fall in combat with the PCs. Creatures on the ground or ascending the crumbling walkways and staircases on the tower's exterior are ignored, and not subject to these attacks.

DREAD WRAITHS (6)

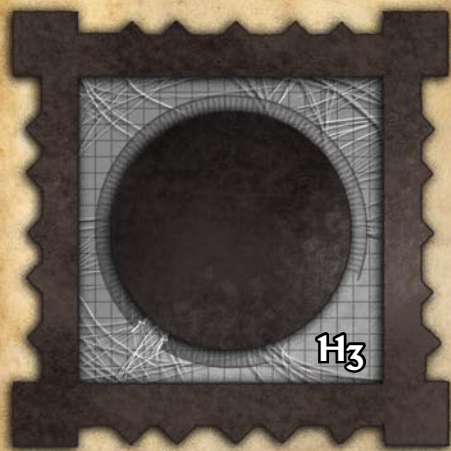
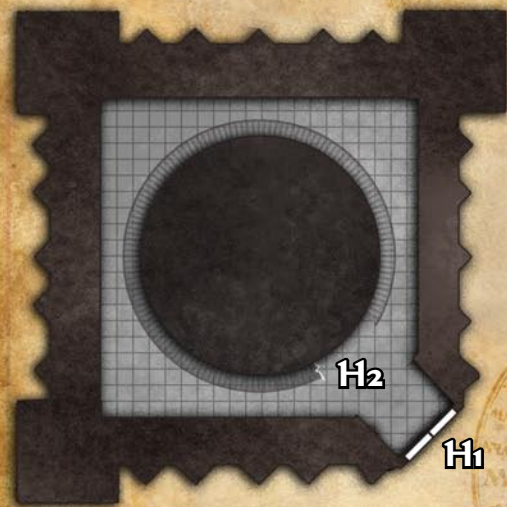
CR 7

XP 3,200 each

hp 67 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 281, 294, 295)



GALLOWSPIRE



1 SQUARE = 10 FEET

GHOSTLY NECROMANCERS (2)

CR 12

XP 19,200 each

hp 131 each (see page 39)

GREATER SHADOWS (4)

CR 8

XP 4,800 each

hp 58 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 245)

Hazard: In addition to the supernatural maelstrom of undead around the tower, the storm itself poses a grave danger as well. Those flying through the storm gain 2 negative levels every round they remain within the storm, and are buffeted by hurricane-force winds. This storm extends 500 feet in every direction from the tower, although the lower 50 feet, closest to the ground, remain safe. Ranged attacks are impossible in the storm, and Large creatures are checked, requiring a DC 20 Fly check to move forward. Creatures of Medium size or smaller are blown back 2d6x10 feet and take 2d6 points of nonlethal damage due to battering and buffeting, unless they succeed at a DC 25 Fly check. All Fly skill checks take a –12 penalty in this gale.

H1. THE OLD GATE (CR 14)

Gigantic skeletal arms clasp immense doors of dark metal, but whether they are holding the doors closed or stand poised to open them is unclear.

This outer gate once led into Gallowspire proper, but with the tower sealed, it now opens only into hollow, vacuous chambers on the outer walls of the fortress that give access to the spiraling Bone Stair and other walkways that wind upward to the spire's apex.

The skeletal arms and doors are both crafted out of adamantite (hardness 20, hp 200, Break DC 45), and sealed with an *arcane lock* (CL 20th, Disable Device DC 50). Even if the doors are unlocked, the massive portals weigh over 200 tons each, requiring a Strength score of at least 59 to drag open. Fortunately, the giant arms are animated and effortlessly pull the doors open if negative energy is applied to them, such as with channeled negative energy, *enervation*, *slay living*, or even a *ray of enfeeblement*.

Creatures: Long ago, two knights—giants among men—pledged to stand guard over Gallowspire's gates to bar the way of any who might attempt to trespass in the Whispering Tyrant's prison. Alas, they were driven mad by such close proximity to the lich-king, and the tower's black energy transformed them over time into devourers, still shrouded in their tattered knightly armor. Standing outside the gates, the knights still seek to repel anyone disturbing the Tyrant's captivity, even in undeath. Each of the devourers has 10 essence points from the souls trapped in their chests.

KNIGHTS OF THE GATE (2)

CR 12

XP 19,200 each

Advanced devourers (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 82, 294)

AC 30, touch 12, flat-footed 27 (+3 armor, +3 Dex, +15 natural, –1 size)

hp 161 each

Gear broken masterwork breastplate

TACTICS

Before Combat One of the devourers casts *confusion* on approaching foes while the other delivers a *bestow curse* spell with a *spectral hand*. In melee, the devourers use their devour souls ability to replace the waning souls in their bodies.

Morale The devourers fight until destroyed.

H2. CHOIR OF IMPALED ANGELS (CR 16)

The bleeding corpses of angelic beings drip fresh celestial blood on the dusty floor of this courtyard, their bodies impaled on the iron-hooked walls of Gallowspire. Signs of destruction are evident among the fallen blocks and rusted weaponry here, and the black core of the tower looms cold and imposing in the structure's center. A staircase of entwined skeletons winds upward around the inner spire's windowless and doorless exterior.

This ceiling of this chamber ceiling rises to a lofty height of 60 feet and its floor is nothing more than the gray, dusty crust found throughout Adorak. An animated conglomeration of the skeletal remains of thousands of slain crusaders forms an unliving staircase that spirals up and around the perimeter of Gallowspire. Called the Bone Stair, its component parts normally lie in a jumbled field of yellowed bone on the floor of this chamber, but necromancers and others with power over the undead can command the stairs to rise to the very top of Gallowspire. While not actually a creature, the Bone Stair is the equivalent of a mindless undead creature with 8 Hit Dice for the purpose of controlling it with the *command undead* spell or the Command Undead feat. Those commanding the stair can cause it to rise into the air around the tower, undulating beneath their feet and lifting them upward like a disturbing escalator, at a rate of 40 feet per round. Otherwise, it can be climbed as a normal (albeit steep) staircase. Adivion has already animated the bones to form the stairs, which begin in this room. The Bone Stair hovers in midair, 5 feet from the tower's walls, and is very steep (treat as difficult terrain). At the lower levels of the tower, the Bone Stair functions just like normal stairs, though it becomes more treacherous as it approaches the top of the tower (see area H5).

Six angels once guarded this courtyard against those penetrating the Old Gate, their backs turned stoically toward Gallowspire, circling its perimeter with their flaming greatswords to bar all ascent upward. The current

inhabitant of this room killed these angels, impaling them on the tower they once defended, and broke their magical weapons.

Creature: Adivion is not the only servant of the Whispering Tyrant who has returned to Gallowspire in anticipation of the arch-lich's return. The sibilant dreams of Tar-Baphon travel far and wide, whispering in the ears of servants long scattered, drawing them back to witness their master's possible rebirth. One such creature is Sey'lok—a nightwalker general long ago banished by the Shining Crusade. This creature has returned to aid in its old master's resurrection, attempting to kill interlopers who seek to disrupt Adivion's quest.

GENERAL SEY'LOK CR 16

XP 76,800

Nightwalker (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 201)

hp 241

TACTICS

Before Combat Sey'lok casts *invisibility* when the Old Gate opens.

During Combat Sey'lok watches intruders before summoning four greater shadows that seem to emerge from the impaled angels' looming shadows. The nightwalker then casts quickened *unholy blight* and *haste* on itself and its shadow companions before wading into combat.

Morale Sey'lok fights until destroyed.

Treasure: A single +1 *flaming greatsword* survived the nightwalker's sundering onslaught, and is visible among the debris with a DC 20 Perception check.

H3. ROOM OF BLADED WEBS (CR 15)

Bright purple flashes of lightning from the raging storm outside flicker through the gaping holes left by old siege damage, diffusing among the stirred dust of this chamber. Stacks of sundered black stone litter this room, a testament to damage wrought on the tower in ancient days. Little else remains.

The Bone Stair passes through this chamber as it climbs up the tower's exterior. The ceiling here rises 90 feet, and holes broken open during Gallowspire's siege allow brief flashes of lightning to illuminate the seemingly empty vault. However, this level's occupant has cast a powerful *mirage arcana* spell to conceal the fact that the entire chamber—including the spiraling Bone Stair—is actually draped in strong webs and the cocooned bodies of the guardian's favored prey. The PCs' first interaction with this room's illusion may very well be when they stumble into the carefully placed webs as they continue their ascent or enter at least 10 feet into the room.

Creature: The thin membrane between worlds caused by the powerful necromantic energies that surround

Gallowspire have attracted the attention of a Leng spider, drawn here some years ago from its strange home realm. Finding itself unable to return home, the creature has taken up residence here, ensnaring the occasional nightwing for sustenance.

LENG SPIDER CR 14

XP 38,400

hp 202 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 176)

TACTICS

Before Combat The spider casts *air walk* and *invisibility* to hover just above the Bone Stair, allowing intruders to enter the room before activating its bladed webs trap (see below).

During Combat Once its trap is sprung, the spider uses its web ability to incapacitate opponents, dropping to block the stairway once the trap's bladed pendulums stop swinging.

Morale If reduced to 100 hit points or fewer, the Leng spider attempts to flee by climbing up the walls of the tower. If cornered, however, the spider fights to the death.

Trap: With its web weaponry ability, the Leng spider has created a delicate counterbalance of bladed pendulum webs that swing through the lowest 10 feet of this chamber. The Leng spider can release the webs with a simple tug of one of its signal lines, setting off the trap as a free action. The spider is not immune to the trap, however, so it attempts to stay in the upper reaches of the chamber until the pendulums lose momentum after 1d4 rounds.

BLADED WEBS TRAP CR 11

XP 12,800

Type mechanical; Perception DC 25; Disable Device DC 20

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Duration** 1d4 rounds; **Reset** manual

Effect Atk +20 melee (3d8+6); multiple targets (all targets in a 40-ft. square)

H4. ANCIENT FLAMES (CR 15)

The Bone Stair ascends onto a balcony clinging to Gallowspire's sides before continuing its spiral around the rising tower. Cold, hard rain pelts down onto the exposed parapet, and the howls of the dead echo from the dark stone of the tower's walls. Despite the rain, pale blue fire glows brightly in four huge braziers at each corner of the balcony, casting eerie shadows that seem to move and shift as if possessed of their own free will.

Tar-Baphon once addressed his conquering minions from this encircling balcony 150 feet above the ground, the looming presence of Gallowspire behind him a profane symbol of his power and wrath. Ancient venerations and foul sacrifices once took place on the balcony, the

Whispering Tyrant's captured enemies were hoisted up in chains over the corner braziers and roasted alive in full view of the howling citizens of conquered Adorak.

Creatures: The living flames used to immolate the condemned grew used to the taste of boiling blood and burning fat of human sacrifice, and the braziers still burn with ancient, vengeful fire. The flickering blue flames resolve into four elder fire elementals that emerge from the braziers to attack living creatures entering the area. The elementals are infused with unholy power; half of the damage from their burn ability is fire damage, but the other half results directly from divine power and is therefore not subject to being reduced by resistance to fire-based attacks.

UNHOLY ELDER FIRE ELEMENTALS (4) CR 11

XP 12,800 each

Elder fire elemental (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 125)

hp 152 each

H5. THE BONE STAIR (CR VARIES)

The outer sheath of Gallowspire falls away, leaving the main core of the tower to rise alone to dizzying heights, the undulating stair of yellowed bone still encircling its sharp and bladed exterior.

The animated, unliving Bone Stair continues its ascent of Gallowspire and begins to display a sly malevolence as it approaches the tower's summit. This area actually incorporates three encounters, each of which takes place along the Bone Stair as it climbs over 170 feet to the next level of Gallowspire. The exact order of these encounters is up to you, but they should all happen before the PCs reach the Upper Sheath (area H6).

H5a. Haunt (CR 14): As the PCs climb the Bone Stair, a haunt formed of keening suicides erupts from the fabric between worlds, manifesting as a streaming ectoplasmic miasma of cursed spirits. These are the lingering spirits of those stonemasons who once struggled to seal off Gallowspire from the world, and whose souls were trapped by the spire when they took their own lives after suffering plagues of nightmares. By the time the crusaders abandoned the tower, hundreds of workers had lost their lives under mysterious circumstances or outright suicide as they plummeted to their deaths or impaled themselves on the sharp spines of Gallowspire. The spirits of those unfortunates now seek to force their suffering on others, and jealously attack the living in particular.

KEENING SUICIDES CR 14

XP 38,400

CE haunt (60-ft. radius around the tower)

Caster Level 14th

Notice Perception DC 30 (to hear distant, plummeting screams)

Leng Spider



hp 28; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 hour

Effect When triggered, a swarm of keening ectoplasmic spirits swirls around the stairs, accompanied by a forlorn, wailing keen that overwhelms the living with sorrow and angst. All creatures within earshot of the haunt's ectoplasmic flurry are targeted by a *wail of the banshee* spell (save DC 23).

Destruction The site where the haunt manifests must be blessed with a *consecrate* spell.

H5b. Trap (CR 14): The Bone Stair is an unusual undead construct possessed of a canny malevolence that resents the passage of good-aligned, living creatures on its macabre steps, cracking and parting beneath them to hinder their passage. The stair typically waits until opportune moments—perhaps during assaults by haunts or when intruders have ascended to frightening heights—to twist and shift a 10-foot-square section in a clatter of falling bones to dump trespassers 100 feet onto area H4 below.

COLLAPSING STAIRS CR 14

XP 38,400

Type mechanical; Perception DC 29; Disable Device DC 29

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** automatic (1d6 rounds)

Effect 100-ft. fall (10d6 falling damage); DC 26 Reflex save avoids; multiple targets (all targets in a 10-ft.-square)

H5c. Chains of the Condemned (CR 16): Gallowspire is garlanded with rusted, hooked iron chains that dangle by the thousands from the upper walls of the tower. It is here that Tar-Baphon hoisted and impaled the bodies of his enemies as an example for all his subjects to see. These bodies still hang from Gallowspire's upper reaches, swinging violently in the rough winds, the corpses preserved through the centuries by the fell magics of the tower.

Creatures: Proximity to the Whispering Tyrant and his unfathomable power has transformed some of these bodies into skeletal undead, infused with eldritch energy and bent to the terrible will of the lich-king. Similar in appearance to normal skeletons, these gallowdead are all pierced by the great iron hooks that impaled their bodies, dragging their long rusted chains behind them. The creatures lash out with their terrible chains at all who seek to ascend Gallowspire.

GALLOWDEAD (2)

CR 14

XP 38,400 each

Human gallowdead fighter 13 (*Dungeons of Golarion* 21)

CE Medium undead

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +19

Aura whispers (30 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 32, touch 13, flat-footed 29 (+12 armor, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +2 natural, +5 shield)

hp 170 each (17 HD; 4d8+13d10+81)

Fort +12, **Ref** +7, **Will** +8; +3 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +3, channel resistance +4; **DR** 10/bludgeoning and magic; **Immune** cold, undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +3 *longsword* +24/+19/+14/+9 (1d8+25/17–20)

Ranged chain of the dead +18 (8d6)

Special Attacks weapon training (heavy blades +3, bows +2, pole arms +1)

TACTICS

During Combat Gallowdead always use Power Attack (included in stat block). They fight with single-minded purpose, focusing their attacks against one foe at a time before moving on to the next target.

Morale The gallowdead fight until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 20, **Dex** 15, **Con** —, **Int** 8, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 16

Base Atk +16; **CMB** +21; **CMD** 34

Feats Bleeding Critical, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Dodge, Greater Shield Focus, Greater Weapon Focus (longsword), Greater Weapon Specialization

(longsword), Improved Critical (longsword), Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Shield Focus, Stand Still, Step Up, Toughness, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword)

Skills Intimidate +19, Perception +19, Sense Motive +16

Languages Common

SQ armor training 3

Gear +3 *full plate*, +1 *heavy steel shield*, +3 *longsword*

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Chain of the Dead (Su) As a standard action, a gallowdead can use its chain to attack its enemies. This acts as a ranged touch attack against any foe within 20 feet. If the attack hits, the target takes 1d6 points of damage for every 2 Hit Dice possessed by the gallowdead, to a maximum of 10d6. In addition, if the attack hits, the gallowdead can make a free combat maneuver check against its target with a +4 racial bonus. If the check succeeds, the target becomes grappled, but the gallowdead does not gain the grappled condition in this case. The gallowdead can make a free combat maneuver check each round to maintain its grip on the victim, but cannot take any of the special grapple actions against the victim if the check is a success.

Whispers (Ex) A gallowdead constantly whispers vile secrets and blasphemous chants. Any creature within 30 feet of a whispering gallowdead must make a DC 21 Will save or become sickened for 1d4 rounds. Shaken creatures that fail this saving throw become nauseated by the secrets revealed. Each round, an affected creature may make a new Will save to recover from the effect—once a creature recovers from a gallowdead's whispers, it is immune to this ability for 24 hours. Each additional overlapping whisper aura from additional gallowdead increases the save DC by +2. The save DC is Charisma-based.

H6. THE UPPER SHEATH (CR 14)

The exposed steps of the Bone Stair once more plunge through the black stone of Gallowspire's walls, storm waters gushing from a dark passage ahead. The stair emerges into a large chamber inside the tower's flared apex. The gray sky churns as the final height of Gallowspire continues upward from the center of the chamber, stabbing toward the dark clouds above, the towering blades decorating its rooftop reflecting flashes of purple lightning. Shadows dance among the gloom, and strange, inhuman cries echo shrilly throughout the vault.

Gallowspire's upper walls flare out and away from the inner core of the black spire, creating an outer shell around an inner tower that protrudes from the center of this large chamber. After its brief plunge through this chamber's flared outer shell, the Bone Stair continues its climb 80 feet upward to the peak of Gallowspire's roof. The chamber is totally exposed to the storm overhead, and the churning



rainwater not funneled through the stairwell makes this area's surfaces slippery. The walls shelter the area somewhat, however, warding off the storm's swirling winds and the pestering haunts that harass flying creatures.

Creatures: A total of three nightwings normally roost in this area, but only one is currently present; its companions are currently on the wing, hunting elsewhere in Virlych.

NIGHTWING

CR 14

XP 38,400

hp 195 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 203)

Development: Any noise from this chamber alerts Adivion Adrissant (in area H7) to the PCs' presence, and thus the Gray Friar's failure to deliver Count Galdana. PCs may spot the watching magus with opposed checks, but he quickly ducks out of sight to consume the *Carriion Crown* elixir in a moment of desperation before the party can interfere. In his newly acquired undead state, he takes advantage of the time that the PCs are engaged with the nightwing to prepare defensive spells, and may harass PCs attempting to reach the pinnacle via the Bone Stair with spells such as *grease*, *hydraulic push*, or *telekinesis*. He may also use his *bone beads* to command the stairs to buckle, triggering another collapsing stairs trap (see area H5b).

H7. THE PINNACLE (CR 17)

Lightning cracks from the churning, corpse-gray sky above as the Bone Stair finally terminates at the vertiginous heights of Gallowspire's roof beneath a massive crown of blades that cast dark shadows across the roof of Gallowspire. A wide, round portal of shining silver metal caps the roof, inscribed with arcane symbols and powerful magic wards.

As the PCs make their final ascent to the pinnacle of Gallowspire, 400 feet above ground level, the mortuary tempest (see page 81) still rages above, sending down threatening bolts of lightning. The spirits of slain undead servants and crusaders alike howl in swirling mists of spectral phantoms high above, and flying creatures that ascend further than 30 feet above this level attract the attention of the undead storm (see area H). The giant mithral door atop in the middle of the roof provides the sole entrance into Gallowspire's hollow inner core, the Well of Tears, but it has long been sealed by powerful magics, and the PCs' final battle with the Whispering Way takes place atop Gallowspire, not inside it. This rooftop level stands 80 feet above the upper sheath's floor (area H6).

Creature: The leader of the Whispering Way and the engineer of the cult's plans to recreate the Whispering Tyrant, Adivion Adrissant, stands atop the storm-lashed pinnacle of Gallowspire. Aware that the PCs' approach

portends the Gray Friar's failure to deliver Lucinean Galdana to Gallowspire, Adivion consumes the *Carriion Crown* elixir himself, hoping that Gallowspire's powerful necromantic energies will allow him to use the elixir to transform into a lich himself, thus becoming the Whispering Tyrant reborn.

But while the plan may very well have worked with Count Galdana, Adivion's body lacks both Tar-Baphon's bloodline and a prepared phylactery, so the transformation does not go as planned. As Adivion consumes the potion, his soul is torn from his body, immediately killing him, but with no phylactery to house it, his essence becomes trapped outside the body that now rejects it. Adivion's spirit reanimates his dead body, but the arcane forces unleashed by the failed transformation, bolstered by Gallowspire's vile energies, now swirl about him in a storm of barely controlled arcane energy. To all appearances, it seems that Adivion might well have succeeded in becoming a lich, but in fact the failed process has transformed him into a forsaken lich (see page 82), and the eldritch energies that power his undead state will soon eat away at both his unbound soul and his undead corpse until nothing remains.

Normally, a forsaken lich burns out like a snuffed candle in 1d10 days, but Gallowspire's necromantic energies could keep Adivion "alive" indefinitely, constantly replenishing the chaotic energy storm burning through the magus, provided he doesn't leave the dark tower. The PCs have no choice but to face Adivion and defeat him here, for though they might be trapped at Gallowspire, they dare not leave him free, lest he find some way to release the Whispering Tyrant himself, held captive far below the prison.

While the PCs combat the nightwing on the level below, Adivion uses the time to cast defensive magic, or may take a round or two to harass approaching PCs. When the PCs finally reach the pinnacle to face Adivion, the *mirage arcana* effect of his delusory aura makes it appear that the PCs and Adivion are standing on a blighted battlefield beneath a roiling, stormy sky. In the distance, the towering spire of Gallowspire looms over the field like a huge clawed skeletal arm reaching up from the dead earth, but no matter how the PCs approach it, the tower never seems to get any closer. Nevertheless, the PCs remain on top of the tower, and if a creature attempts to move off the 50-foot-diameter rooftop, it plummets 80 feet to the upper sheath below (area H6) if it fails a DC 23 Will save to disbelieve the illusion.

ADIVION ADRISSANT

CR 17

XP 102,400

Male human forsaken lich magus (staff magus) 16 (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Magic* 9, 49, and page 82)

NE Medium undead (augmented humanoid)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +16

Aura delusory aura (100 ft., DC 23)



DEFENSE

AC 32, touch 17, flat-footed 29 (+7 armor, +4 deflection, +3 Dex, +3 natural, +5 shield)

hp 187 (16d8+112); Gallowspire fast healing 20

Fort +18, **Ref** +13, **Will** +16

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, quarterstaff defense, soul shield, spell storm; **DR** 10/adamantine, 15/bludgeoning and magic; **Immune** cold, electricity, undead traits; **SR** 25

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +2 *icy burst shocking burst staff of shrieking* +21/+16/+11 (1d6+11/19–20 plus 1d6 cold and 1d6 electricity) or spell combat +2 *icy burst shocking burst staff of shrieking* +19/+14/+9 (1d6+8/19–20 plus 1d6 cold and 1d6 electricity) or disembodied strike +18 (1d8+8)

Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (10 ft. with disembodied strike)

Special Attacks disembodied strike (1d8+8), greater spell combat, improved spell combat, soul lash (8d6, DC 23), spell combat (–2 attack, +2 concentration, double bonus), spellstrike, staff weapon

Magus Spells Prepared (CL 16th; concentration +22)

6th—*chain lightning* (DC 22), *true seeing*

5th—*cloudkill* (DC 21), *cone of cold* (DC 21), *corrosive consumption*** , *telekinesis* (DC 21)

4th—*arcana theft*** , *dimension door*, *fire shield*, *phantasmal killer* (DC 20), *stoneskin*

3rd—*dispel magic*, *fly*, *force punch*** (DC 19), *lightning bolt* (DC 19), *slow* (DC 19), *vampiric touch*

2nd—*acid arrow*, *elemental touch** (DC 18), *frigid touch*** , *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *scorching ray* (2)

1st—*corrosive touch*** , *grease* (DC 17), *hydraulic push**, *magic missile* (2), *shocking grasp* (2)

o (at will)—*acid splash*, *detect magic*, *flare* (DC 16), *ray of frost*, *read magic*

TACTICS

Before Combat Adivion casts *stoneskin*, *mirror image*, and *true seeing*, and uses his arcane pool to add the *icy burst* and *shocking burst* properties to his *staff of shrieking*. Just before the PCs reach him, he casts *fire shield* (*chill shield*).

During Combat Adivion activates his hasted assault magus arcana as a swift action on the first round of combat, renewing it as needed later, and casts maximized *chain lightning* (using his maximized magic magus arcana). Thereafter he attacks opponents with both his staff and spells using his spell combat ability. Adivion uses a swift action each round to direct his soul lash, unless it makes better tactical sense to spend that action on another ability, in which case he takes the damage from the soul lash. He uses improved spell recall to cast *disintegrate* at powerful foes that continue to harass him, and attempts to maneuver near spellcasters to make use of his counterstrike ability.

Morale Bound to Gallowspire and burning with arcane energies, Adivion fights until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 22, **Dex** 16, **Con** —, **Int** 22, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +12; **CMB** +18; **CMD** 39

Feats Combat Casting, Critical Focus, Defensive Combat Training, Improved Critical (quarterstaff), Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Quarterstaff Master**, Toughness, Weapon Focus (quarterstaff)

Skills Craft (alchemy) +25, Fly +13, Intimidate +20, Knowledge (arcana) +25, Knowledge (history) +16, Knowledge (religion) +25, Perception +16, Sense Motive +16, Spellcraft +25, Stealth +16, Use Magic Device +20

Languages Abyssal, Ancient Osiriani, Common, Draconic, Infernal, Necril, Varisian

SQ arcane pool (14 points, +4), counterstrike, improved spell recall, knowledge pool, magus arcana (arcane accuracy, hasted assault, maximized magic, quickened magic, wand wielder)

Combat Gear *scroll of mind blank*; **Other Gear** +3 mithral chain shirt, *staff of shrieking**, *belt of physical might* +2 (Strength and Dexterity), *bone beads* (see page 35), *cloak of resistance* +3, *headband of alluring charisma* +4, *scarlet and blue sphere ioun stone*, *ring of protection* +4, diamond dust worth 500 gp, spell component pouch, spellbook (contains all prepared spells plus *disintegrate* and additional spells of your choice)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Gallowspire Fast Healing (Su) As long as Adivion is within 500 feet of Gallowspire, the tower continually infuses him with negative energy, granting him fast healing 20. Adivion loses this ability if *death ward* or *protection from evil* is cast on him, blocking the effect. Although a forsaken lich is normally destroyed automatically in 1d10 days, Adivion's Gallowspire fast healing renews and replenishes the arcane energies that power him, allowing him to survive indefinitely as long as this ability is in effect. If Adivion is reduced to 0 hit points, the effects of fast healing end immediately.

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

** See *Ultimate Magic*.

Development: If the PCs seem to be having an easy time against Adivion, you can reinforce the forsaken lich with more allies to distract the PCs. The two nightwings from area **H6** that are out hunting could return, swooping out of the stormy sky to cast *confusion*, *unholy blight*, or *hold monster* on the PCs or to drain the PCs' magic effects with their bite attacks. Alternatively, dread wraiths, ghostly necromancers, or greater shadows from the undead storm around Gallowspire (see page 51), or the Whispering Tyrant's animate dreams (see page 19) might swoop out of the sky to harry the PCs with flyby attacks.



CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

With the defeat of Adivion Adrissant, the PCs have thwarted the forsaken lich's plot and saved Golarion from the Whispering Tyrant's rebirth. They have also struck a devastating blow to one of the most vile organizations of Golarion, the Whispering Way, by decapitating its leadership and clearing out its most profane site, Renchurch. Many potential adventures remain, however. Other adherents of the Whispering Way might creep from the bowels of the earth, seeking to reclaim the unhallowed monastery and exact revenge for the death of their brethren.

If the PCs destroyed the phylacteries stored in Renchurch, they have no doubt gained the attention of powerful liches who do not take the desecration of their soul-boxes lightly, and may seek suitable vengeance for the PCs' trespass as well. But more immediately, Count Galdana and any rescued Varisians need escort out of

Virlych—no less dangerous now than before Adivion's fall—and the PCs could still face a great many more dangerous tasks and foes before they see the distant lights of home.

If the PCs were unable to defeat Adivion, the magus remains a dangerous threat. Although Adivion must stay at Gallowspire to avoid his own impending destruction from the uncontrolled arcane and necromantic energies raging through him, his future actions could still threaten Ustalav and all of Golarion. Trapped at the unholy seat of Tar-Baphon's power, Adivion soon calls the scattered remnants of the Whispering Way to him, preparing to break the seals of Gallowspire to finally release the Whispering Tyrant himself. The PCs might need to stop the cult from finding and discovering the three seals scattered across Golarion, or even venture deep into the dungeons beneath Gallowspire to defeat and destroy the Whispering Tyrant once and for all.



Continuing the Campaign

Well your grandfather knew the fear his people knew under the siege of the black coach, and well his father's father knew, just as for nearly the past 500 years the first generation of each new century has known the scourge of Hell's carriage. The new century has dawned, my lord, and the people of your land fear the waning of each day, knowing that each night we draw closer to the night of the coach's return, when our neighbors, our sons and daughters, and we ourselves might be carried away to Bastardhall's accursed ruin. So we beseech you, my lord, before the evil nights are upon us—what will you do to save your people?

—Missive from Mayor Sapualo of Cesca to Conte Tiriatic of Varno

The Carrion Crown Adventure Path may be at an end, but that doesn't mean your campaign needs to be over. Countless horrors and adventures still lurk in the shadows of Ustalav, some tied to the foulness of the Whispering Tyrant, others related to curses and blasphemies of entirely different sorts. GMs might use any of the plot hooks or stat blocks presented herein as springboards into new adventures and challenges for those heroes who might mistakenly think the Whispering Tyrant is the greatest terror Ustalav has to offer.

SINISTER SEQUELS

Presented here are just a few plot hooks that GMs should feel free to develop to continue the terror beyond the Carrion Crown Adventure Path. GMs might also look to *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Rule of Fear* for dozens of other deadly plots in the haunted nation of Ustalav. Several of these plots force the PCs into continuing battles against the deathless legions of the Whispering Tyrant and might eventually lead them into the depths of Gallowspire, which are detailed in *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Dungeons of Golarion*.

Blood of Bastardhall: Once every 100 years, the spectral bridge leading to Castle Arudora appears and a coach driven by a headless rider storms across, scouring the countryside and claiming victims with mysterious deliberateness. Yet this century the bridge to the ruin known as Bastardhall has appeared early, not long after a mysterious figure calling himself Caydserris Arudora passed through Cesca headed for the castle. Who is the mysterious new master of Bastardhall? What has changed the balance of power within its haunted halls? And what lies imprisoned within its catacombs that even angels would kill to keep secure?

The Doom That Came to Thrushmoor: With all the tampering with the forces of reality and sanity occurring on the banks of Avalon Bay—already considered a weak point between worlds—the fundamental barriers that guard reality are beginning to unravel. This becomes most apparent in Thrushmoor, where the town's Star Stelae become the source of strange piping songs audible throughout the community. But the otherworldly music seems incomplete, as one of the Star Stelae went missing long ago, and gradually the discordant harmonies cause sensitive townsfolk to regress into primitive monsters. Things become stranger when one of the black ships of the denizens of Leng sails into port. Can the PCs recover the missing Star Stelae and repair the borders of reality, or is Thrushmoor doomed to become a realm of madness?

The Haunted Count: Several weeks after Count Galdana's return to his home, Willowmourn, he begins experiencing terrifying dreams of unliving creatures and ominous arcane seals. The research he conducts in his

family library leads him to believe his dreams are in fact visions of the ancient wards scattered across Golarion that ensure the Whispering Tyrant stays locked away, the knowledge of their locations imparted to him by a combination of his recent trauma and secrets locked away in his tainted blood. Not trusting anyone else in the nation with knowledge of his foul ancestry, he contacts the PCs, seeking their aid and revealing the mysteries of his visions. With their help, the count becomes convinced that his dreams aren't merely memories, but warnings that one or more of these ancient seals is soon to be breached.

Heirs to the Tyrant: Gallowspire is not the only profane edifice haunted by the taint of the Whispering Tyrant. Several of the archlich's minions still survive across Golarion, and the PCs' conflict atop Gallowspire garners their attention. Several of these former generals of Tar-Baphon and their reactions to his near return are detailed on page 62.

The Impossible Cure: Count Galdana makes no secret of the PCs' involvement in his rescue, and soon they are heralded as heroes in Ustalav's capital and beyond. Yet Galdana is not the only one of the nation's rulers who might have use of these newly recognized heroes. Depending on their actions in Caliphas and based on the report of his agent, Ramoska Arkminos, Conte Ristomaur Tiriac invites the PCs to his home at Corvischior, enlisting them in his search for a cure for vampirism. Can Tiriac be trusted? And will the PCs ally themselves with the vampire count, even if doing so might put an end to the curse of vampirism across Golarion?

Vampire War: Caliphas's vampiric lord, Luvick Siervage, likely had a role in aiding the PCs in their struggle against the Whispering Way. Soon after Adivion Adrissant's defeat, the vampire general Malyas wakes from his slumber and learns of the role of his ancient rival—Siervage—in thwarting the Tyrant's rebirth. The merciless warlord rouses his armies to strike at the traitorous vampires of Caliphas, careless of the petty human capital that covers their rat's den. See page 64 for more details on the contenders in this immortal rivalry.

Wrath of Shadows: The umbral dragon Sicnavier has tormented the people of western Ustalav throughout the nation's history. In truth, numerous dragons have held the name Sicnavier, murdering their predecessors and ruling from an ancient and ever-expanding lair that drills deep into the depths of the Hungry Mountains. After centuries of depravities and murders, the dark pit known as Sicnavier's Lair has become a haunted abyss where draconic spirits and stranger things lurk in the dark, seeking to drive the pit's living draconic inhabitant mad. Recently, they succeeded, unleashing a forgotten terror upon the world. See page 66 for more details.

HEIRS OF THE TYRANT

The Whispering Tyrant is not the only evil that still lurks in the haunted hinterlands of Ustalav. Although his ambitions were defeated and his armies shattered, the Tyrant had gathered forces of depravity and death from across Golarion and beyond, uniting them under his dark banner as lieutenants, apprentices, and slaves. With the archlich's defeat, untold numbers of these villains were destroyed or banished. But not all.

As Adivion Adrissant stood atop Gallowspire, deluded in his desperation, and consumed the *Carrion Crown elixir*, for the briefest of moments he was the nearest thing to the Whispering Tyrant the world had seen for an age. And in that moment, the Tyrant's former generals knew, and were roused from centuries-long torpors and diversions. None of Tar-Baphon's former servants know just what occurred atop Gallowspire, but all felt the momentary presence of their master—or something startlingly like their master—shudder outside his ancient prison. For some, this psychic jostle is merely enough to awaken them. For others, it piques their curiosity enough for them to loose their agents and magic into the world. And for still others, it makes them suspect that a new age of potent magic and mortal ambitions has dawned, and that the once-invincible seals binding their master might soon prove vulnerable. Thus, though Adrissant's aspirations failed, they have awakened the villains of an age past, beings with lifetimes of experience and knowledge of secrets far more potent—and more deadly—than anything the fallen magus could have dreamed.

Noted here are several servants of the Whispering Tyrant that might turn their attention to the PCs or launch their own plots to either release their master or claim his power in light of the PCs' victory. Statistics for these beings largely avoid listing class levels so that GMs might create challenges that are appropriate to groups of any level.

Adivion Adrissant (unique undead): The powers of death and magic rage in unpredictable ways around the dreaded tower of Gallowspire. Such can also be said of the doomed creatures that temporarily exist as forsaken liches. It's possible that, just as the storm of spirits around the Whispering Tyrant's prison could sustain Adivion against his state's inevitable annihilation, it might have accepted his lost soul into its wailing cacophony. Even more, it's possible that an essence as ambitious and flush with strange powers as the leader of the Whispering Way might reconstitute itself and perhaps even come to dominate the death storm enshrouding the Whispering Tyrant's prison, resurrecting as a force of undeath unlike any Golarion has ever known.

The Cenotaph: Not a creature but a mysterious ebon monument looming balefully over the southernmost arm of the Tusk Mountains in Belkzen, the Cenotaph is as the source of many ominous mysteries, its unbreachable gates having barred all entry since the fall of the Whispering Tyrant. Tellant Bacceren, an archaeologist in the employ of the University of Lepidstadt and recently returned from the mysterious site, reports that a minor earthquake shook the area, during which the Cenotaph's gates shimmered like a mirage. Only a cloud of dust emerged before the quake ceased and the gates seemed solid once more, but several of her assistants claimed to see something small skittering swift and spiderlike through the haze, and later that day another assistant, Valent Locnave, disappeared.

Dissayn (CE female winterwight): In the defiled paradise known as the Garden of Lead, the Skeleton Countess hosts an endless grotesque gala among pools of molten metal, entertained by the tortured ghosts of costumed revelers and skeletal servants that once served in the Whispering Tyrant's legions. The self-proclaimed noblewoman enjoys her blasphemous decadences but dreads that, should Tar-Baphon return, she'll be reduced to a servant once more. Sending agents into the world, she quickly learns of the PCs and invites them to attend a revel at her demesne, the Garden of Lead, planning to either enlist them as assassins against what she fears is a newly resurrected Whispering Tyrant or slay them out of the mad belief they seek her master's return.

Geir (LE male demilich): An ingenious and ancient lich said to hail from another world or plane, the intellectually obsessive lich Geir encountered Tar-Baphon while the latter was still a mortal, the two sharing in numerous collaborations up until Tar-Baphon's defeat by Aroden. When Tar-Baphon returned as the Whispering Tyrant, Geir, transformed into a demilich, sought out his former ally and came to serve as head researcher and curator of his massive library-laboratory-prison, the inverted tower-pit of Ghasterhall. Easily the most inquisitive of the Tyrant's still-extant servants, and in close proximity to Gallowspire, Geir is likely the first to investigate the events there, sending a number of his skull-sages (intelligent beheaded and demiliches) beyond his archive's dome for the first time in centuries. From there his minions might pick up the trail of the PCs, that the demilich might interrogate and examine those who climbed Gallowspire and returned alive, or before either turning the PCs into pawns to release the Whispering Tyrant, or merely using them in any of his thousands of insane experiments.

Gildais (NE male winterwight): It's said the Whispering Tyrant's seneschal was hiding within the bowels of Gallowspire when his lord was defeated, having been

locked away with Tar-Baphon and so many other horrors beneath the dreaded tower when at last it was sealed. Yet Gildais is not within Gallowspire. The cowardly scribe supposedly discovered some way past the seal locking away the Whispering Tyrant and many of his most infamous apprentices and lieutenants. Numerous parties—the Whispering Way, the Knights of Ozem, and agents of the Whispering Tyrant himself—track rumors of the elusive undead seneschal, the tales of a flaw in Gallowspire’s defense’s being too dire to leave uninvestigated. The threat of his master’s return might be enough to flush Gildais from centuries of hiding, along with knowledge of his secret backdoor into and out of Tar-Baphon’s prison.

Kaltestrua (CE female marilith): Upon returning to the world as a lich, the Whispering Tyrant made Ustalav’s school of the arcane arts, Casnoriva, one of his first targets. The unprepared spellcasters and apprentices fell swiftly to an onslaught that unleashed countless denizens of the Abyss into their academy’s halls and turned the fortress’s myriad magical defenses and secrets against its residents. The marilith Kaltestrua, enslaved to the Whispering Tyrant, led this assault, and in the centuries since has held the fortress, even against the spectral mages that still seek to resist the extraplanar incursion. Suspecting her master’s return, the marilith sends Abyssal agents to report, but finding no change at Gallowspire, she soon seeks more information. This might lead to demons or worse abominations tracking the PCs to learn more of what occurred at the Tyrant’s prison. It might also bring the PCs to the attention of Casnoriva’s ghostly inhabitants, who seek aid in ridding their home of the ages-old demonic occupation.

Malyas (CE male vampire): The vampire general Malyas has long awaited the return of the Whispering Tyrant and takes even the slightest suggestion of the lich’s resurrection as a call to war. As the ingenious warlord sends emissaries to receive orders from Gallowspire, his citadel at Castle Kronquist comes to terrible life after centuries of ominous near-silence. Reawakening the legions of undead soldiers held beneath his fortress, Malyas makes his first target the nearby town of Ardagh, but soon sets his sights on the city of Karcau. When the vampire lord discovers that the Whispering Tyrant has not returned, he seeks out the PCs, the traitor vampire Luvick Siervage, and all who aided in Adrissant’s defeat, cutting a swath of death through northern Ustalav before returning to his patient torpor. (See page 65 for more details on the vampire tyrant Malyas.)

Sairianthrine (NE male devourer): Not all who would see the Whispering Tyrant restored are his allies. As an archmage of the highest caliber, Tar-Baphon bargained with some of the most learned and deadly creatures of the Great Beyond, trafficking in secrets, souls, and stranger currencies. When he was locked away, many of the lich’s bargains were left unfulfilled. The hint of the Tyrant’s return coaxes one impatient being, the devourer Sairianthrine, from its realm. Owed some diabolical payment, the devourer slips from the Void, a bottomless pit on the Isle of Terror, and wings its way to Gallowspire. Finding its onetime partner still indisposed, it wanders elsewhere, harvesting vulnerable mortal souls from the communities of Canterwall—first from the town of Ravengro, next from Tamrivena, and then beyond.



Dissayn

VAMPIRE WAR

With Adivion Adrissant's defeat, there are likely to be several loose ends weighing upon the PCs' minds. High among these is their knowledge of the vampires lurking beneath Ustalav's capital of Caliphas. While some characters might seek to return to the city and purge its foundations of its unholy infestation, the PCs might swiftly discover that they're not the only ones seeking to do so. The servants of the Whispering Tyrant still linger in Ustalav and Luvick Siervage and his vampires' perceived betrayal of those who would have resurrected the arch-

lich might be enough to coax one of his most devoted generals from his ages-long slumber. The vampire lord Malyas has long brooded in the haunted Castle Kronquist, but rumors and whispers still reach him in his lightless lair. Harboring an ancient hatred for Siervage and his followers, Malyas might use this opportunity to reemerge into the world, setting his sights—and those of his hidden army of undead slaves—upon Caliphas, and scouring a path across Ustalav in his tireless march.

With the legions of a vampire lord on the march, the PCs must find a way to curb the bloodthirst of the warmongering dead. This might put them back into negotiations with Luvick Siervage, who knows Malyas's mind better than any living creature. Prince Ordranti, knowing the PCs' past heroics, might also seek to enlist them against the army of the dead. Such players might lead the PCs into battle as generals with the armies of Ustalav at their back, into Castle Kronquist leading a strike force of vampiric assassins, or in search of new weapons to banish Malyas and his undead hordes forever.



Malyas

LUVICK SIERVAGE

CR 18

XP 153,600

Male human vampire aristocrat 2/fighter 15

LE Medium undead (augmented human)

Init +8; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +20

DEFENSE

AC 32, touch 15, flat-footed 27 (+11 armor, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +6 natural)

hp 231 (17 HD; 15d10+2d8+134); fast healing 5

Fort +13, Ref +15, Will +16; +4 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +4, channel resistance +6, evasion; DR 10/magic and silver; Immune undead traits;

Resist cold 10, electricity 10

Weaknesses vampire weaknesses

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +2 silver unholy longsword +27/+22/+17/+12 (1d8+15/17–20) and slam +17 (1d4+5 plus energy drain) or

+2 silver unholy longsword +29/+24/+19/+14 (1d8+18/17–20) or slam +24 (1d4+11 plus energy drain)

Ranged mwk dagger +22/+17/+12/+7 (1d4+7/19–20)

Special Attacks blood drain, children of the night, create spawn, dominate (DC 26), energy drain (2 levels, DC 24), weapon training (heavy blades +3, natural +2, light blades +1)

STATISTICS

Str 22, Dex 18, Con —, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 22

Base Atk +16; CMB +22; CMD 37

Feats Alertness^B, Bleeding Critical, Cleave, Combat Reflexes^B, Critical Focus, Critical Mastery, Dodge^B, Greater Vital Strike, Greater Weapon Focus (longsword), Greater Weapon Specialization (longsword), Improved Critical (longsword), Improved Initiative^B, Improved Vital Strike, Intimidating

Prowess, Iron Will, Leadership, Lightning Reflexes^B, Power Attack, Staggering Critical, Toughness^B, Two-Weapon Fighting, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword)

Skills Acrobatics +8, Bluff +20, Climb +8, Diplomacy +17 (+19 vs. undead), Handle Animal +10, Intimidate +26, Knowledge (history) +10, Knowledge (local) +10, Knowledge (nobility) +10, Linguistics +8, Perception +20, Perform (oratory) +10, Ride +8, Sense Motive +20, Stealth +13, Survival +10; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Bluff, +2 Diplomacy vs. undead, +8 Perception, +8 Sense Motive, +8 Stealth

Languages Common, Draconic, Infernal, Skald, Varisian; telepathy (with spawn)

SQ armor training 4, change shape (dire bat or wolf, *beast shape II*), gaseous form, noble dead, shadowless, spider climb

Gear +3 *half-plate*, +2 *silver unholy longsword*, masterwork dagger, *cloak of resistance +4*, *ring of evasion*

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Noble Dead (Ex) Luvick Siervage comes from an ancient and legendary bloodline. He gains a +2 bonus on all Diplomacy checks, which increases to +4 if utilized against other undead. In addition, he gains channel resistance +6 and the DC of his dominate ability increases by +2.

Mastermind (Su) Luvick Siervage can have up to 68 enslaved spawn. He can communicate with his spawn telepathically, one at a time and for as long as he wishes, so long as they are on the same plane. While using this ability, Luvick enters a catatonic state and is treated as helpless, though he is alerted by jarring noises, the presence of visible creatures within 5 feet, and any damage that befalls his body.

MALYAS

CR 19

XP 204,800

Male human vampire antipaladin of Urgathoa 17

CE Medium undead (augmented human)

Init +9; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +29

Aura cowardice (10 ft.), depravity (10 ft.), despair (10 ft.), sin (10 ft.), vengeance (10 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 40, touch 17, flat-footed 38 (+13 armor, +5 deflection, +1 Dex, +1 dodge, +6 natural, +4 shield)

hp 217 (17d10+119); fast healing 5

Fort +24, **Ref** +21, **Will** +19

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, **DR** 10/magic and silver, 5/evil; **Immune** charm, compulsion, disease, fear, undead traits, **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10

Weaknesses vampire weaknesses

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +3 *unholy longsword* +31/+26/+21/+16 (1d8+13/17–20)

Special Attacks blood drain, channel negative energy (DC 23, 9d6), children of the night, create spawn, cruelties (blinded, cursed, diseased, paralyzed, sickened), dominate (DC 23),

BLOODFEAST SHIELD

Aura moderate conjuration; **CL** 12th

Slot shield; **Price** 18,770 gp; **Weight** 15 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Three flensed skulls jut from the face of this +2 *heavy steel shield*. Three times per day as a free action, the heads can be commanded to attack independently of the shield's bearer, biting with the wielder's base attack bonus (including multiple attacks, if the wielder has them). This attack is in addition to any actions performed by the wielder and deals 1d6 points of damage and 1 point of Constitution damage. If the wielder is a vampire (or regains hit points from blood drain in a similar manner), it heals 5 hit points or gains 5 temporary hit points for 1 hour.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *create undead*, *vampiric touch*; **Cost** 9,385 gp

energy drain (2 levels, DC 23), smite good (+5 attack and AC, +17 damage)

Antipaladin Spell-Like Abilities (CL 17th; concentration +22)

At will—*detect good*

Antipaladin Spells Prepared (CL 14th; concentration +19)

4th—*greater invisibility*, *inflict serious wounds*

3rd—*animate dead*, *dispel magic*, *nondetection*

2nd—*blindness*, *bull's strength* (2), *undetectable alignment*

1st—*death knell*, *disguise self*, *inflict light wounds* (3), *protection from good*

STATISTICS

Str 31, **Dex** 20, **Con** —, **Int** 14, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +17; **CMB** +27; **CMD** 48

Feats Alertness^B, Combat Reflexes^B, Critical Focus, Dodge^B, Improved Critical (longsword), Improved Initiative^B, Improved Vital Strike, Lightning Reflexes^B, Lightning Stance, Mobility, Power Attack, Stunning Critical, Toughness^B, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (longsword), Wind Stance

Skills Bluff +30, Intimidate +22, Knowledge (religion) +22, Perception +29, Ride +19, Sense Motive +10, Stealth +7

Languages Common, Necril, Varisian

SQ code of conduct, change shape (dire bat or wolf, *beast shape II*), fiendish boon (weapon +5, 4/day), gaseous form, shadowless, spider climb, unholy resilience, touch of corruption (8d6, 13/day)

Combat Gear *bloodfeast shield*; **Other Gear** *undead controlling +4 full plate*, +3 *unholy longsword*, *belt of physical might +6* (Str and Dex), *winged boots*, *cloak of resistance +4*, *darkskull*, *ring of freedom of movement*, *ring of protection +5*

WRATH OF SHADOWS

Few things can survive in the haunted mountains of Virlych, but among those that do is the dragon Sicnavier. Numerous legends tell of brave heroes slaying the black-scaled dragon, putting an end to terrifying rampages. Many of these tales are even true. Yet still Sicnavier lives, lurking in the shunned chasm known for centuries as Sicnavier's Lair.

Sicnavier is no undead menace, but rather the name of an ancient wyrm, claimed by those umbral dragons who have occupied his lair through the ages. Today, Sicnavier's Lair—like so much of Virlych—is a haunted place, but rather than being the demesne of deathless

crusaders and spectral villains, the sins of centuries of vicious draconic rivalries and merciless atrocities play out endlessly among the accumulated treasures of generations of dragon tyrants. While the riches and decadence of the inherited lair have led past inhabitants to tolerate or ignore the hauntings, with each new evil claimant the terrors grow more powerful, endlessly seeking to slay that generation's Sicnavier. But always the evils of the past have paled against the greed of dragons—until now.

The deepest pits of Sicnavier's Lair connect to the endless catacombs of the Darklands. When the Lair's current ruler, Sicnavier VI, a very old umbral dragon, ambushed and slew his mother, Sicnavier V, he threw her corpse into the depths to feed the blind, crawling things that teem in the foulest catacombs. For more than a century since then, Sicnavier VI has reveled in the collected wealth, lore, and slave communities cultivated in the lair for ages. Yet now his mother has returned. Having spent a score of decades healing and brooding in the Darklands, Sicnavier V has come back, not just to slay her traitorous spawn, but also to claim the lands of Virlych and beyond, transforming them into a realm of endless night.



Sicnavier V

SICNAVIER V

CR 22

615,000 XP

Great wyrm umbral dragon

CE Colossal dragon (extraplanar)

Init +2; **Sense** dragon sense; Perception +40

Aura frightful aura (360 ft., DC 32)

DEFENSE

AC 39, touch 0, flat-footed 39 (−2 Dex, natural +39, −8 size)

hp 426 (29d12+232)

Fort +24, **Ref** +14, **Will** +24

DR 20/magic; **Immune** death effects, negative energy, paralysis, sleep; **SR** 33

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 250 ft. (clumsy)

Melee bite +35 (4d6+14/19–20), 2 claws +35

(2d8+14), tail slap +33 (4d6+7), 2 wings +33 (2d8+7)

Special Attacks breath weapon (70-ft. cone, 24d8 negative energy, DC 32), create shadows, crush, energy drain (1 level, DC 32), shadow breath (12 Str), tail sweep

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 29th, concentration +37)

At will—darkness, project image, shades, shadow walk, vampiric touch

3/day—finger of death

Spells Known (CL 19th; concentration +27)

9th (4/day)—crushing hand, wail of the banshee (DC 27)

8th (7/day)—create greater undead, incendiary cloud (DC 26), maze

7th (7/day)—greater shadow conjuration (DC 25), greater teleport, summon monster VII

- 6th (7/day)—*chain lightning* (DC 24), *greater dispel magic*, *true seeing*
 5th (7/day)—*cone of cold* (DC 23), *dismissal* (DC 23), *persistent image* (DC 23), *telekinesis* (DC 23)
 4th (8/day)—*crushing despair*, *dimension door*, *ice storm* (DC 22), *wall of ice*
 3rd (8/day)—*clairaudience/clairvoyance*, *dispel magic*, *fireball* (DC 21), *haste*
 2nd (8/day)—*bull's strength*, *fog cloud*, *glitterdust*, *gust of wind*, *scorching ray*
 1st (8/day)—*expeditious retreat*, *mage armor*, *magic missile*, *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 19), *true strike*
 o (at will)—*acid splash*, *dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *ghost sound*, *mage hand*, *message*, *prestidigitation*, *read magic*, *resistance*

STATISTICS

Str 39, **Dex** 6, **Con** 27, **Int** 26, **Wis** 27, **Cha** 26

Base Atk +29; **CMB** +46; **CMD** 44 (48 vs. trip)

Feats Blinding Critical, Critical Focus, Flyby Attack, Greater Bull Rush, Greater Vital Strike, Hover, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Initiative, Improved Vital Strike, Multiattack, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Stealth), Snatch, Vital Strike

Skills Appraise +40, Bluff +40, Climb +46, Diplomacy +40, Fly +22, Intimidate +40, Knowledge (arcana) +40, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +40, Knowledge (planes) +40, Knowledge (religion) +40, Perception +40, Stealth +20, Survival +40, Swim +46

Languages Abyssal, Common, Dark Folk, Draconic, Kellid, Necril, Orc, Orvian, Undercommon, Varisian

SQ ghost bane, umbral scion

HIGH-LEVEL HAUNTS

Numerous ancient haunts are also known to linger within the depths of Sicnavier's Lair. These unquiet spirits might be found in the chasm, or anywhere a GM needs haunts to menace high-level characters.

GMs might also create their own high-level haunts by using the rules presented in the *GameMastery Guide*. As many haunts are based off spell effects and thus have their CRs tied to the level of such spells, it can be difficult to create haunts to challenge high-level PCs. One way to do this is to stack the effects of multiple spells. In such cases, when determining the haunt's base CR, treat the spell levels as the CRs of separate encounters, adding up their combined XP value to determine the CR of their combined challenge, then add +1 as normal. For example, a haunt that uses *energy drain* and *wail of the banshee* (both 9th-level spells) should be treated as an 11th-level effect, just as if you had combined two CR 9 encounters. Then add +1, as the rules for determining haunt base CRs describe. You might add any number of spell effects to create as complex and a deadly haunt as you desire. The following are two such examples.

THRONE OF BLOOD

CR 15

XP 51,200

CE persistent haunt (15-ft.-by-15-ft. area around a throne)

Caster Level 15th

Notice Perception 30 (to hear urgings to kill)

hp 67; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 day

Effect Vengeful whispers warn of the presence of spirits of bodiless rage, seeming to emanate from around a particularly impressive or morbid-looking throne. The haunt possesses the ability to use three spells: *dominate monster*, *transformation*, and *enlarge person*. Typically it casts these spells over the course of 3 rounds, attempting to dominate the most fearsome-looking member of any group that enters its area, turning its target against any other living creature, and using the following rounds to make its slave even deadlier and more monstrous in shape. Occasionally these haunts ally with nihilistic villains, transforming them into terrifying, soul-shrouded titans with the might to wreak ruin upon their foes.

Destruction A ruler or someone wearing a royal crown must be affected by the haunt's transformation and slain upon the throne at its center.

DEATHGATE

CR 16

XP 76,800

CE persistent haunt (100-ft. radius surrounding a 5-ft.-by-5-ft. gate)

Caster Level 16th

Notice Perception 30 (to hear the sound of a whirlwind of souls)

hp 72; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 hour

Effect The sound of distant screams caught in a storm of churning winds heralds the opening of a breach between the world of the living and a realm of absolute death. This haunt manifests as a hovering portal of soul-flensing energies, which unleashes a blast of negative energy every 1d4 rounds. Living creatures in the haunt's area take 6d6 points of damage from this negative energy (DC 21 Will save for half). Additionally, the portal functions similarly to the *gate* spell, unleashing one minor reaper (see page 86) every round. The portal expels a total number of minor reapers equal to the number of living creatures within the haunt's area, each minor reaper exclusively targeting a single victim and departing if that victim is slain. For each minor reaper that is killed, a new one emerges from the portal in the next round. The minor reapers chase their targets, but will not go more than 100 feet away from the *gate*, and return through the *gate* if their targets do not return within 1 hour. The negative energy from the *gate* heals the minor reapers.

Destruction A sentient living creature must throw itself into the gate, where it is killed instantly. This creature can be restored via *resurrection* or similar effects, but the caster must make a DC 30 caster level check or the spell fails.



Foul Immortals

Liches—the most vile of undead monstrosities. Only powerful beings wholly dedicated to evil successfully transition to this form. The foul spellcasters who achieve this state retain the clarity of their living minds while their souls remain in stasis, allowing eternal rebirth if at any point their physical bodies are destroyed. We must be vigilant against these abominations. They are cunning foes, yet if you are reading this text, you hold sufficient strength of faith to defeat them.

The liches of legend, including Arazni—may her soul someday find rest and redemption—are spoken of with fear and horror throughout the Inner Sea, but what most do not know is that these are only the most visible, and dozens—perhaps hundreds—of liches continue to further their foul schemes every day.

—From *The Vigilant Faithful*, a text dispensed to chosen devotees of Iomedae

Power-hungry narcissists, liches are megalomania incarnate, carrying their quest for power beyond the grave. Only the most dedicated and competent spellcasters can ever hope to attain lichdom, as the precise magic involved is unique to each individual and must be discovered through personal study, yet no sane person of a good heart can attempt to suspend her soul in this manner without losing any last spark of morality. While Golarion has a few famous liches, others who risked utter oblivion to grasp at immortality sculpt the world to their whims as well. Presented here are three legendary liches and a handful of other simmering threats still active in the world.

LEGENDARY LICHES

Some stumble upon lichdom with hope in their hearts, looking to further an otherwise good cause by “sacrificing” themselves to this fate. In every known case, this misguided approach has twisted the person to foul outlooks, if the process of getting there didn’t already. Perhaps it is a natural result of divorcing the body from the soul, but those who pass beyond death in this manner invariably turn to evil as they gradually lose touch with the concerns and feelings of mortals.

More often than not, the path to lichdom is trod by those who lust for power. Some fantasize about crushing lands beneath their unwavering totalitarian might through their immortal rule, while others seek only the perfection of thought and form in undeath or endless years to continue their studies. Many liches concoct elaborate plans to shape the world to their desires—Tar-Baphon alone sculpted much of the recent history of the Inner Sea region during his long rule in northwestern Avistan.

TAR-BAPHON, THE WHISPERING TYRANT

Perhaps the most famous lich in the history of Golarion, Tar-Baphon shattered Avistan with his tyranny, beginning even before his demise and subsequent undead rebirth.

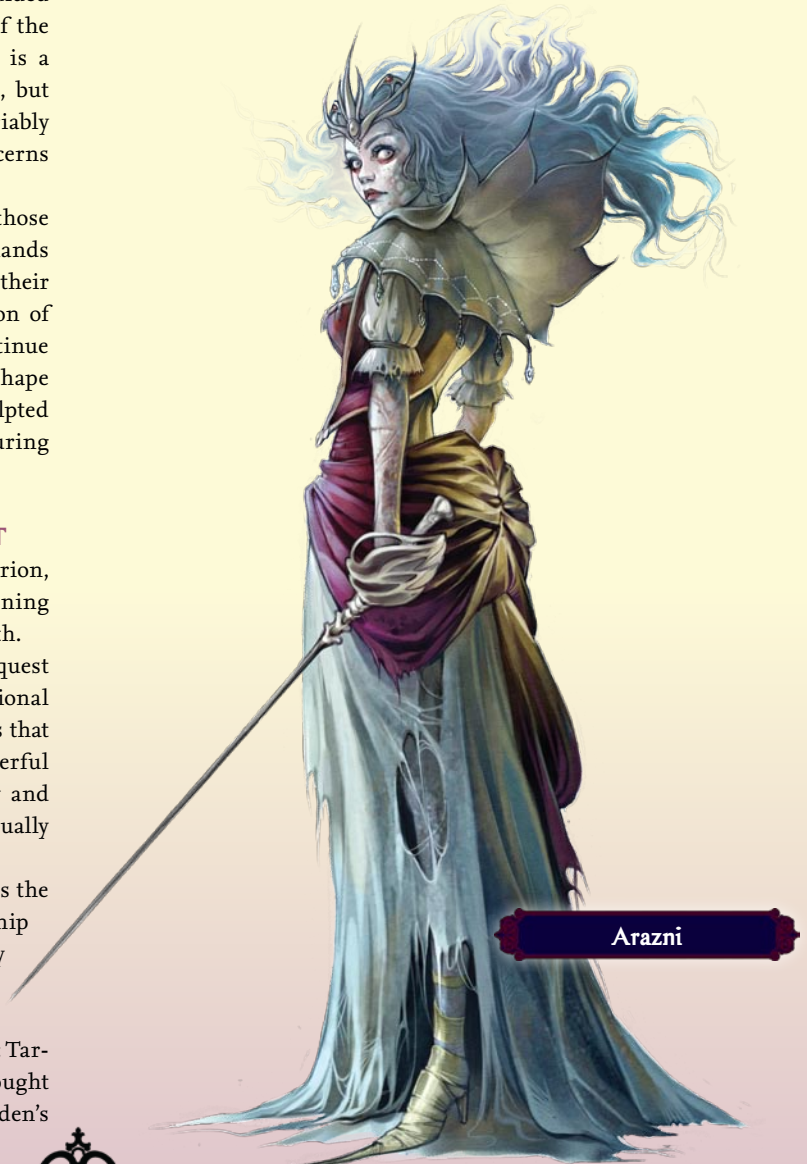
His earliest days of rising power and conquest are obscured by incomplete documents, intentional misdirection, and overblown myths. What is known is that during the 9th century AR he grew to become a powerful wizard-king, one who dealt heavily in necromancy and whose corrupting influence was so great that he eventually attracted the attention of Aroden himself.

As with most everything in his life before rising as the Whispering Tyrant, it is unclear exactly what relationship Tar-Baphon held with the Last Azlanti, or precisely what forces or opposing viewpoints pitted them against each other so violently. Perhaps it was envy and pride that ultimately fueled their mutual distaste: Tar-Baphon dared to challenge the Last Azlanti, and sought a similar level of power for himself, disdaining Aroden’s

status and the secondhand transcendence granted by the *Starstone*. Regardless, the final confrontation between the two occurred in 896 AR, when mortal tyrant and living god faced off in a terrible battle on the Isle of Terror in the middle of Lake Encarthan. As could only have been expected, the mortal lost, and Aroden left the field with his enemy broken beyond repair—yet not destroyed.

For thousands of years, Tar-Baphon disappeared, leaving those few who remembered him to presume he had gone the way of so many would-be conquerors. It wasn’t until 3203 that Tar-Baphon reappeared, this time in the nation of Ustalav, having somehow gained a new existence through lichdom and the secrets of the Whispering Way, and boasting powers far greater than even those he held in life.

Unifying the traditionally fractious orc hordes of Belkzen under his banner, the newly named Whispering Tyrant set about conquering Ustalav and the lands beyond,



Arazni

rolling over central Avistan like a dark wave. As his orcs and conscripted soldiers fell, they rose again as undead monstrosities, joining creatures of nightmare in his fell war machine. For more than 500 years, Tar-Baphon held the continent's center firmly in his skeletal grip, brooking no dissension among his ranks. At last, in 3754, Taldor launched the Shining Crusade, gathering the forces of light and goodness beneath its banners and sending them slicing their way into the heart of the dark lord's territory, earning each foot of ground with the blood of heroes. So total was Tar-Baphon's control over his subjugated territories that it took almost 50 years of fighting before the crusaders established a beachhead on Ustalav's southern shores and came within striking distance of the tyrant.

Though Aroden had long since ceased to fight his followers' battles for them, he did send his herald Arazni, summoned by the Knights of Ozem during the long siege. For half a decade she led his forces, yet it seems that Aroden underestimated his opponent. In a brutal display, the Whispering Tyrant humiliated and slaughtered Arazni, shaking many crusaders' faiths to the core and extending the conflict another 5 years. In the end, it was a mortal man—a general named Arnisant, bearing an artifact known as the *Shield of Aroden*—who succeeded in weakening the lich enough to imprison him beneath his tower of Gallowspire, where he resides to this day. Though unable to leave his stronghold, with his minions in hiding and his lands long since returned to the rule of their living inhabitants, the Tyrant still whispers to those willing to hear him, and many fear the day when he will rise for a third and final time.

ARAZNI, THE HARLOT QUEEN OF GEB

Though now ruling the nation of Geb as the highest-profile lich still active in the Inner Sea region, Arazni began her existence on a very different path. A thousand years ago, the woman today known as the Harlot Queen was Arazni, the Red Crusader, chosen herald of Aroden and patron saint of Lastwall's Knights of Ozem. A fearsome combatant, the warrior-demigoddess descended to Golarion as a champion of the warriors of light during the last days of the Shining Crusade, only to be humiliated and tortured to death by the Whispering Tyrant. When he finally tossed her broken frame into the disheartened ranks of the invading army, the demoralized knights carried her body back to Lastwall and entombed her in their citadel.

There she rested in honor and sad glory for decades, before suffering even further indignity. In punishment for a severely miscalculated attempt by the grandchildren of the original Knights of Ozem to purge Golarion of his own undead presence, the great ghost-wizard Geb reanimated several foolish crusaders as grave knights and sent them back to Lastwall to steal the herald's body. Using his extensive arcane knowledge, the undead lord reanimated

the slain herald as a lich and took her as his Harlot Queen. Over the centuries, his whispers and urgings gradually turned the risen Arazni against her former followers, and particularly her successor Iomedae, until at last there was nothing left of her former personality.

Today, the Harlot Queen rules Geb cruelly and willingly from the throne in Mechitar, leaving the ghost-king free to pursue his contemplations and studies. Enjoying her station, Arazni handles all political matters, acting as the symbolic face of the nation. She is attended by the same graveknights who “rescued” her, save for two who were put down by subsequent secret raids from the remaining Knights of Ozem. The knights claim that organs removed from Arazni while she lay entombed and kept to serve as relics still hold some control over her, but none have been used to any significant extent. If the knights could unlock these supposed powers, perhaps they would become a true threat to the Harlot Queen, and thus she quietly does everything she can to locate and destroy them. Yet for all their bluster, the forces in Lastwall and beyond have learned their lesson about challenging the chosen bride of Geb, and those who make the attempt do so knowing it for the suicide mission it is.

SOCORRO, THE BUTCHER OF CARRION HILL

Lesser known than Tar-Baphon and Arazni, but equally debased and corrupted, is Socorro, the Butcher of Carrion Hill. In the years leading up to Tar-Baphon's return as a lich, Socorro was a powerful wizard in the Ustalavic city of Carrion Hill. Though the city was half the size it is today and had a reputation for harboring bandits and mercenaries, the place still served as a central trading point, and the ruthless politics and backstabbing business conducted in the city at the time allowed the politically agile Socorro to seize control of significant factions and gain leadership of Carrion Hill.

Yet Socorro was more than just a powerful wizard and politician; in private, he was a dedicated necromancer and adherent of the Whispering Way, one who used his dark knowledge to bind many of his seemingly innocuous underlings to him in a dark veneration of undeath. Living two completely separate lives, Socorro kept his necromantic proclivities secret from the general public, even as he recruited the city's sons and daughters to the cause. While the city slept, he and his minions prowled, taking victims back to his laboratory for gruesome experiments and gratuitous torture. He ended each murder with ritualistic cannibalism, ingesting small portions of his victims in order to gain their power. This stalking of the streets might have continued in secret for a lifetime, yet in 3203, Socorro began to hear whispers in his head, the words of a new messiah risen again after thousands of years of slumber. And Socorro listened.

Thus it was that when the Whispering Tyrant finally revealed himself, binding the orcs to his cause and sweeping across Ustalav, Socorro was ready. Calling on his followers to show themselves, he led a massacre of thousands and met Tar-Baphon at the gates on his knees, offering the lich-king a willing and depraved city. In reward, the Whispering Tyrant gave Socorro the last pieces of arcane knowledge that—combined with the massive sacrifice he'd organized—were sufficient to complete the wizard's transformation into a lich. Exalted and exhilarated, the Butcher of Carrion Hill set to work animating those he'd slaughtered as some of the first undead troops in the tyrant's war machine.

For hundreds of years, Socorro and his death-obsessed underlings ruled Carrion Hill as the Whispering Tyrant's chosen, overseeing the city they had taken through murder and subterfuge. It wasn't until the Shining Crusade imprisoned Tar-Baphon in Gallowspire that Socorro finally fled Carrion Hill, and presumably has remained in hiding ever since.

OTHER NOTABLE LICHES

The lich is a favorite villain of bards and skalds, and tales of lichs' depredations abound throughout the Inner Sea. The Glass Pyramids in Katapesh are said to house a pair of dwarven wizards who long ago sealed themselves inside, feeding off the erratic magic of twisting ley lines. In the River Kingdoms, an ancient cyclops lich named Vordakai threatens the territory's northern reaches, and explorers picking through Thassilonian lore mention a lich serving the Runelord of Sloth in a place called Runeforge. Below are a few of the lesser-known—but still highly dangerous—undead masters of the Inner Sea region.

Alling Third (human lich wizard 17): During the Rain of Stars, many pieces of a mysterious vessel from the sky crashed down onto Golarion. Some of these, such as the Silver Mount, remain prominent landmarks, yet others buried themselves deep underground. One of the latter lay hidden for many years in northeastern Numeria until unseasonable weather caused a sinkhole, exposing the relic to the world above. In time, the site attracted the attention of Kellid tribespeople, who kept it secret from the Technic League. However, secrets have a habit of leaking, and within a generation an unscrupulous wizard named Alling Tresorant learned of the site. He visited the buried metallic curiosity, exploring the metal chambers and passageways and becoming addicted to the otherworldly ichors within. The ruin consumed his mind and, aware he would never be able to properly comprehend the device (much less restore it) in a single human life, Alling began researching methods of life extension. Consumed by the technology he studied, and possibly instructed by voices whispering

through the metal walls, he eventually discovered his own unique formula for undead awakening.

To fuel his final transformation, Alling convinced an entire Kellid tribe to follow him into the sinkhole. There he fed them one by one, over the course of a month, to a device at its core, transferring their life energy to the machine he had built to store his soul for eternity. Rotted and mutated beyond recognition, the lich now known as Alling Third (for reasons he refuses to explain) is far from the man he once was. A glass cylinder holds his torso and head, his only biological remains. Tubes and wires stray from the cylinder and attach to gasping bellows and whirring, sparking parts. The whole contraption crawls along



Socorro

on mechanical spider legs, and three mechanical arms extend from the base of his mechanical body. Unique in construction, Alling Third built his phylactery into his own body. Deep within the machine is a tiny puzzle built from the seven known skymetals. The phylactery-puzzle must be solved before the pieces can be individually destroyed.

Auberon the Drowned (human lich wizard 16): Among the shattered islands and staggering sea canyons of lost Azlant lies a place even the elves of the Mordant Spire don't dare approach. Beneath a crippled tower jutting from the crashing waves, an ancient Azlanti carries on an eternal, misguided agenda of genocide. Auberon blames the Spire elves and merfolk for the horrors brought on by the aboleths in the calling of Earthfall, and punishes them accordingly.

Prescient of the coming atrocity, this powerful Azlanti wizard, fueled by hatred and a desire for retribution, completed a quick and difficult path to unlife. As a lich, he leads an extinction agenda among the broken ruins of the once-great empire, slaughtering merfolk and sea elves, as well as any other sentient beings who impede his plans.

In the dungeons and basements of his tower, Auberon creates an endless army of undead from the remains of merfolk and sea elves captured by his scrag thralls. An elite squadron of shadows acts as his spies, flitting through the dark depths and reporting on movements of Spire elf patrols and nearby enclaves of merfolk. Auberon believes these races betrayed the Azlanti and humankind by helping the aboleths. Despite a general lack of proof, the lich is so consumed with hatred and retribution that he endlessly pumps out undead to carry out his horrid scheme.

While elves of the Mordant Spire restrict access to the ruins of Azlant, most allow adventuring groups seeking to defeat the mad Azlanti to pass unimpeded. So far, none of these doomed campaigns have ever returned to land.

Krimhilde, the Ice Lich of Irrisen (human lich witch 17): Buried in a frigid lair in the Winterwall Glacier, Krimhilde the Ice Lich of Irrisen sends her troll and giant underlings, living and undead, to demand tolls, tributes, and adulation from surrounding villages. Those who refuse to pay tribute risk utter destruction at the hands of her minions.

Often acting in opposition to the White Witches, Krimhilde serves her own goals and motivations in Irrisen. While she has no desire to rule Irrisen or usurp Baba Yaga's control, she sees the Witch Queen's daughters as inferiors, claiming she will only talk to Baba Yaga herself, and is quite patient in awaiting the Witch Queen's return. Some say she is a former White Witch who committed herself to necromancy and sought the path to lichdom to confront Baba Yaga upon her return to Golarion. A few scattered tales seem to confirm this claim.

As a component of her transformation, Krimhilde trapped 13 dryads in their trees and drained the sap, consuming it in the transforming concoction. She controls an old

white dragon named Rimetooth, sending the creature out to punish those who fail to display proper respect. In addition, she dominates an entire frost giant tribe as well as dozens of ice trolls. So far, her depredations have been local enough—and far enough from Whitethrone and the lands its rulers truly care about—that putting down the lich once and for all hasn't seemed worth the effort, but the current queen might greatly reward those who took care of the insolent border-squatter.

Locardier Eliote (human lich bard 15): A prolific composer in his time, this bard wrote chilling tunes and macabre operas long before he literally poured his soul into his music. Many modern songs descend from pieces written during his life nearly 600 years ago, though over the years most have changed significantly in their lyrical content.

It was a song, a simple repeating rhyme nestled in an ancient Taldan folk jig, that sparked Locardier's interest in immortality and led to his transformation into a lich. Through rigorous study and gruesome accomplishments, Locardier passed into a lichdom that has allowed him to write centuries' worth of music. Considered his magnum opus, the 7-hour piece called the *Procession of Despair* is a whispered legend in bardic schools throughout the Inner Sea, forbidden from ever being transcribed or performed because of the belief that at least one person dies each time it surfaces.

Locardier seeds new songs into the world by teaching them to dirge singers and bards who find his shrine and prove their worth. Each of these songs inevitably leads to murder, suicide, or madness, either for the performer or for members of the audience. Some sages postulate that Locardier weaves death into his music, yet none have a theory on how he accomplishes this.

Meyi Pahano (human lich wizard 12): Living in Lirgen before the death of Aroden, Meyi Pahano, a high-ranking seer in the Saoc Brethren, was among the fringe astrologers predicting the sweeping changes in the world. While studying a strange shrine to the stars in the Napsune Mountains, Meyi began communicating with a powerful creature that she believed to be a being from beyond the stars, consulting it in regard to her astrological interests. From this creature, she learned of the looming troubles for Golarion and was taught a path to eternal life. The price of this knowledge, however, was an unbreakable vow that she would expand upon the shrine for as long as it took to turn the thing into an interplanetary gate capable of summoning through her new master-entity.

As the Eye of Abendego formed and drowned Lirgen and her people, the Saoc Brethren dedicated themselves to ritual suicide—yet not all remained dead. Having made arrangements ahead of time with the help of her new ally, Meyi used the suicide as the final step in her transformation to lichdom, harnessing the power of her brethren's deaths to help ease her transition into undeath.

Now in her mountain observatory, this ancient astronomer still gazes upward, watching the passing of planets and stars. A planet of particular interest to Meyi is Eox the Dead, where she believes her master currently resides as one of that world's powerful undead bone sages. She believes that once the gate has been finalized, the two worlds will be joined, and she will be free to join her master even as the bone sages turn Golarion to their own purposes. Yet whether the voice in Meyi's head is a bone sage, an emissary of the Dark Tapestry, or simply a manifestation of schizophrenia is anyone's guess.

Sansisral the Bitter Poison (female aranea lich sorcerer 7): In the eastern reaches of the Chitterwood near the Aspodell Mountains, a hidden cave belches forth undead abominations to savage the already dangerous countryside. The source of this font of evil is an aranea sorcerer obsessed with necromancy.

As a magical beast, Sansisral's inhuman outlook colors her obsession, and the decision to enter the transformation wasn't a desire for immortality as much as it was an understanding that liches are the pinnacle of undeath. Her long years of study concocting necromantic poisons and breeding deadly spiders helped her on her path to lichdom, and the abundance of goblins in the Chitterwood meant subjects for experimentation were always close at hand and easy to subjugate.

After developing a poison that created zombies and other undead, Sansisral began experimenting with advanced procedures. She now creates web zombies, each stuffed with deadly spiders that burst forth in swarms when the zombie is destroyed.

Sansisral commands a vast cave lair riddled with twisting passages threading through massive chambers. It is said that deep below those web-choked passages is where she discovered the final missing key to her transition. While adventurers have penetrated the upper chambers in the past, none have confirmed evidence of this secret in the complex's core.

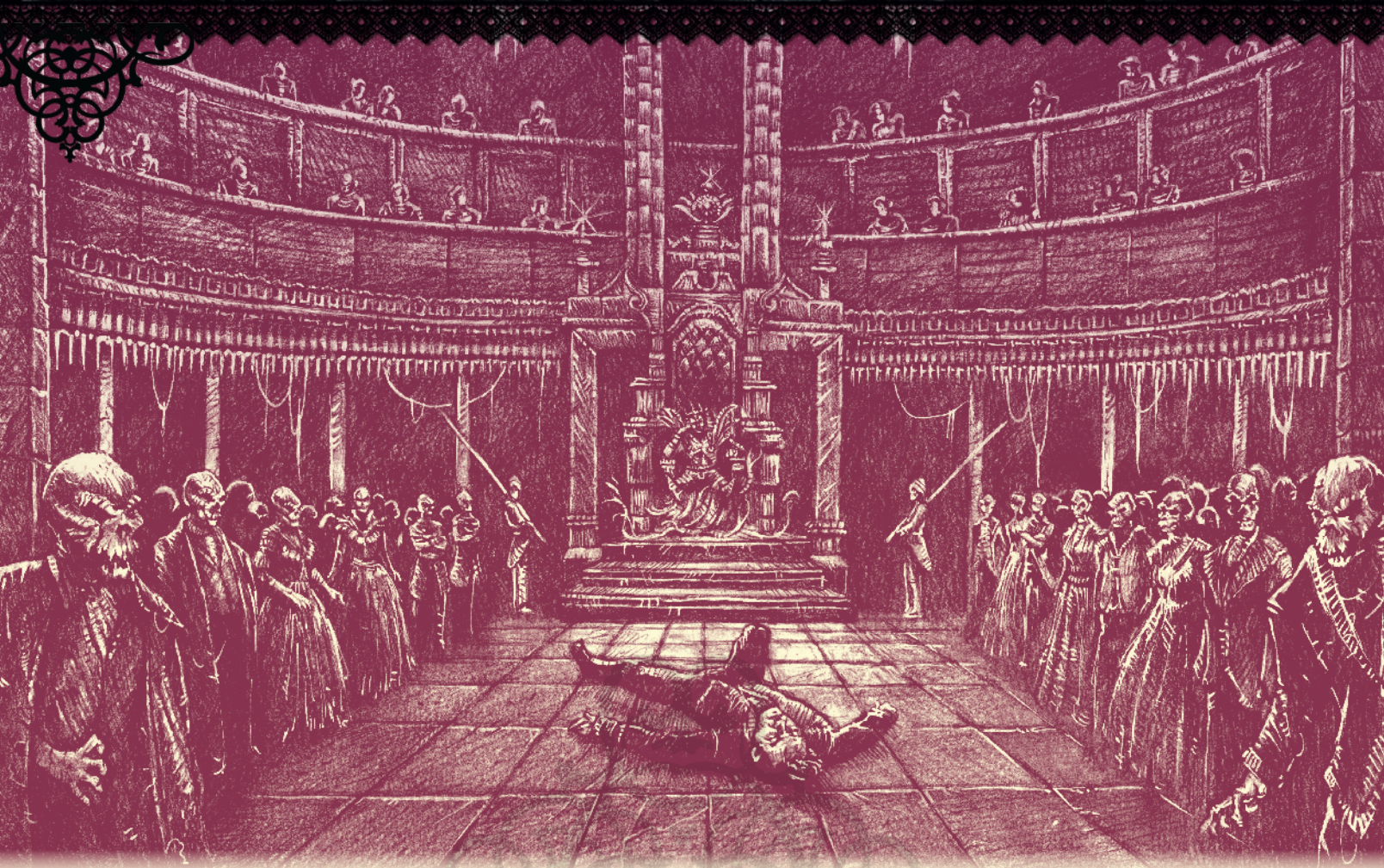
Wilendithas the Eternal Hag (green hag lich cleric of Gyronna 15): Nestled among the thickets of the River Kingdoms, Wilendithas maintains a lair in the southern reaches of the Narlmarches where they dip into Mivon. A powerful cleric of Gyronna in her living days, she resented her coven sisters. While she continued to excel, they remained stagnant. Eager to control all the lands the River Sellen ran through, Wilendithas sought lichdom. In dedication to her patron deity, she betrayed her sisters as part of her transformation, slaying and consuming them in a ritual that started her transition into lichdom.

After several dramatic displays, including one extremely notable attack on Mivon, Wilendithas receded back into the thick woods of the River Kingdoms. Even today, some superstitious locals whisper curses against her when

hearing of misfortune, especially betrayal and the severing of friendships, as if she were the Angry Hag herself. While most tales of her depredations exist only in rumor, some examples cannot be ignored. Strange, ghoulish dogs now haunt the region, infecting their victims with ghoulish fever. Just this year, a minor lord in Mivon had his infant son replaced by a writhing undead creature—and 4 days later, his entire family was mauled to death by a pack of ghoulish dogs in their own estate. Some say that Wilendithas's phylactery lies below the city—perhaps placed there by a hero incapable of destroying it, or an even more powerful rival who holds it as a means of controlling the hag-lich—and should she be killed, her reemergence there might be devastating for the community.



Wilendithas the Eternal Hag



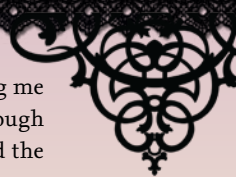
Guilty Blood: 6 of 6 Traitor's Blade

Ms. Kindler's command echoed through the auction hall, ringing even over the clamor of the dozens of attendees straining for a better view of the ruckus. Through the hall's double doors—opened wide to accommodate the dowager and her wheeled chair—danced the lobby's prism-filtered lights. Beyond that, streetlamps glinting through a light fog—a cloak to cover my escape, if only I could reach it.

Narrowing my eyes at Kindler, I charged toward her. Her arm was still outstretched, accusing. "Bitch," I mouthed, exaggerating the silent word to make sure it was clear on the unfamiliar lips of Mr. Baldermol's illusory face. The tug of a suppressed smirk assured me she caught my meaning as I sped up the aisle's thick trail of red. With no time to

slow and squeeze past the old woman, I sprinted to within a yard of her and launched myself. Ms. Kindler snapped her extended arm back, a mousey squeak escaping her lips as my feet brushed the far armrest. The commotion from the hall behind me confirmed what I imagined was a ludicrous sight: Mr. Baldermol's ungainly body balling up upon itself to vault the old woman with uncanny agility.

I landed with a skid but barely lost any speed, the pillow wrapped around the infernal dagger still slung soundly under my arm, and sped on. My breath momentarily caught in my chest as something clattered heavily behind me and I heard Ms. Kindler wail. Venturing a glance I saw the old woman's contraption upset across the floor, wheels spinning impotently, with Ms. Kindler thrown headlong



onto the thick carpet, her spindly limbs flailing with uncharacteristic helplessness. I almost halted, but was sure I hadn't struck her with enough force to unseat her so.

Then came the house guards, their chipped black batons drawn from disheveled cummerbunds. The first reached the door at a rush, the upthrust wheel of Ms. Kindler's chair catching him just above the knee, spilling him over it in an awkward tangle of ill-fitting formalwear and curse words. The next guard was right on his heels and nearly trampled Ms. Kindler, halting just in time to avoid her, but too fast to prevent one of his compatriots from crashing into his back. Both toppled to the floor, even more thoroughly jamming the door with bodies.

Suddenly no one was pursing me. I couldn't help but chuckle, shaking my head at the wily old woman's distraction. I nodded to a pair of baffled footmen minding the house doors and raced onto the street and into the night's fog.

While I'd waited for the illusion of the ringman's features to fade, I'd wound my way back to my usual haunt and stripped out of the maid's uniform and into a better-fitting change on clothes. I'd considered dallying there, relatively sure no one had followed me in the night, but the evening's excitements had put me on edge. With no idea when Ms. Kindler would be able to get home, I decided to at least check in on Lord Troidais. Before leaving, though, I discarded the pillow I'd been smuggling the stolen dagger in, slipping it into an old leather sheath. Touching the thing made my skin crawl, and I handled it like I might a snake, keeping it at arm's length, telling myself I was only imagining the sensation of my blood being tugged toward the narrow gemstone handle. The sheath wasn't a perfect fit, but it was considerably better than leaving the accursed blade exposed and risking a prick that might imprison my eternal soul.

Heading back onto the street, I started toward Rarentz's home. Halfway there, my active imagination turned on me. I started to jog, but that didn't last long. The city sped by me in a fever dream of half-formed apparitions and muffled noises, the fog off the river dense and growing thicker, as though it would smother the city should the promised dawn come one moment too late. Through my midnight run I could hear the dagger rattling at my side, clinking incessantly in its ill-fitting sheath. It almost seemed to be vibrating, tingling at my side, the vile thing agitated by the activity after so long a slumber.

The Troidais house was dark, its outline only visible by the shape it displaced in the night's fog.

I bounded up the big house's stairs and rapidly bludgeoned the door. Should Rarentz be home and asleep, this would be unforgivably discourteous. But urgency seemed to be outweighing courtesy with some regularity as of late. My first volley not having been immediately answered, I launched another barrage, not giving the door time to recover.

It cracked open with the meekest slowness, making me think for an instant that I'd knocked it loose. As though doing so took some effort, pale hands reached around the door and pulled it fully open.

Liscena Ferendri slouched in the entry of the lightless house, wrapped in a blanket like a child just unmasked while playing at being a ghost. She might as well have been one for all the noise she made and the lifeless blankness of her eyes.

My words came out in a rush, interrupted periodically as I strained to catch my breath after the run. "Liscena! Thank the Lady. Is Rarentz here?" When she didn't respond immediately, I surged on. "Rarentz? Lord Troidais? Upstairs maybe?" Her vacant stare deflected each question. "Do you know—anything? By the goddess, girl, say something!" I was trying not to be short with her. I know she'd lost much, but if what I imagined had occurred, Rarentz's time might be as short as my patience.

Still she just stared, her head lolling slightly, casting her blank gaze into the dark. I pinched my lips together until I could feel my pulse in them, resisting the urge to slap the words out of the girl. An extended sigh helped me gain some small amount of ground on my rapidly retreating composure. I put my hand firmly on Liscena's shoulder, physically but gently guiding her attention back to me.

"Liscena. I need to find Rarentz." I strove to keep my voice even and words simple. "I think he's in danger. I'm trying to stop something terrible from happening to him." I paused, hoping the idea just needed a moment to sink in. "Something like what happened to Garmand."

That last bit was a cheap shot—Liscena looked up at me immediately—but it worked. The tears that welled up in her eyes washed away the blankness. Though I hadn't wanted to make the traumatized girl cry, it was good to see there was still something of a person hiding behind that corpse's stare.

Her first attempt at words was nothing but a dry whimper, but the second was a little better, each sob given a measure of meaning. "The thing from the crypt was here. The one that got..." She halted. The lake of tears in her eyes overflowed their shores and ran in a cascade down her cheeks. As a credit to what strength was left in her, she continued on. "With men. Silent men in old, dark cloaks. They came out of the night and took him."

"Took him? Where!?" I gripped her tight, grasping for any details before she lapsed back into her stupor.

"Coronation," she breathed, the words dripping out almost as softly as her tears. "It said it wanted them all there... for its coronation."

For thousands of years, the near-legendary kings of Ustalav ruled their people from the nation's heart, the city—this city—of Ardis. And for much of that time, the regalia

adorning the country's royal city was Stagcrown. Called a palace, the seat of the nation's rulers came from a different time, when ancient lords feared that any day barbarian hordes might surge back across their newly marked borders and their dalliances as kings might come to a bloody end. Although it had been rebuilt and renovated countless times over the centuries, Stagcrown's silhouette was still that of a frontier fortress, its spires and battlements just as ominous after courtiers and aristocrats replaced the knights and barbarians battling for its walls.

But now even those days were gone. Stagcrown stood abandoned, the nation's royal court having relocated decades ago to the city of Caliphas over the mountains to the south. Now the former throne of Ustlav stood in state, the city's rulers holding it as a monument to the nation's idealized history, ensuring its safety and preparedness for the unreciprocated promise of the court's return.

Tonight, its gates stood open once more.

That didn't make any sense. I'd witnessed Prince Lieralt pass through stone and bars. This gate should have proven no barrier. Who, then, were the prince's collaborators? After a hundred years, could the ghost still have vassals? The thought of facing Prince Lieralt again had been dreadful enough, but I'd always expected we'd share even numbers. This was a most unwelcome turn, but my curiosity about who might follow a dead prince was piqued.

I slipped through the towering black doors and into the fortress.

Within stretched a lengthy courtyard, surrounded by ancillary buildings and the wings of the palace proper, all ornamented with the cathedral-like spires, statues of horned knights, and friezes of grim cherubs popular in centuries past. Above rose the Palace Tower, one of Ustlav's most famed landmarks and a national symbol, yet also the source of a thousand legends, tales of suicidal princesses and starved captives who stalked the palace grounds on foggy nights. Nights like this. I kept to the shadows of the walls, moving swiftly to elude what I imagined watched from above, or real spectators spying from any of the palace's hundred windows.

At the yard's end, the face of the palace extended in an elaborate porte-cochère, its symmetrical pillars supporting balconies studded with statues, anonymous in the fog. Something in those shadows moved. It was nothing more than a shifting of fog and shades of black, but I was sure it was more than just nerves and mist. I crouched in the dark, several breaths passing before I saw it again. It was a window, which something had passed by. Then again. And again. Figures walking in a line, as though in some grim procession.

Once the forms seemed to have passed, I crept under the portico, slipping between pillars patterned with knights and huntsmen. Here the main entrance into the palace stood partially open as well. Had the fortress's royal former

inhabitants been hosting a midnight ball, I imagined the entry might have looked much as it did now, inviting guests to partake of the festivities within. Yet I couldn't shake the feeling that I'd forgotten my invitation. Watchful for whatever had moved, I cautiously slipped inside.

Within rose a foreboding foyer, elegant with shadows and the silhouettes of darkened masterpieces. Chandeliers sprouting the antlers of dozens of stags and hundreds of unlit candles hung lifeless in the gloom. Whoever had been invited to tonight's event apparently wasn't interested in the royal decor. Yet that they hadn't tarried here was a relief, the dusty-smelling hall almost perfectly still. All that moved was the faintest flicker of light from the ornate doors at the long chamber's end. Light that, as I watched, was snuffed to a faint slit by the door's closing.

I chased after the light, doing my best to keep my footfalls from echoing upon the dark tile floor. Listening at the cold metal of the door, I heard nothing, and knelt to peer through the gap between door and floor. I could tell the room beyond was vast, but could see little more than a few inches off the cold stone floor. But it was enough for me to see the body in the chamber's center.

Fearful that I might be looking at Rarentz's corpse, I prayed for the hall to be as empty as it appeared to be and pushed open the door to peer beyond.

Twin braziers lit the ancestral throne room of generations of Ustlavic rulers, a crypt of forsaken opulence rising intimidating and forlorn. Columns marching along the chamber's edge supported tiered galleries above the business of the audience floor. Banners and decorations that once festooned the balconies hung moth-eaten and rotting, sagging from the shadowy heights like the webs of some massive, lurking spider queen. Yet the focal point of the chamber was the throne, a majestically grim thing of silver, ebony, and oily purple silk upon a frame of deepest black marble. And the figure upon the throne was Prince Lieralt Ordanti.

He was much as I had seen him in the alley two nights past, yet like then, he seemed even more there—healed, if one can say such things of the dead. Where my first sight of him had been of a corpse riddled with wounds, those marks had faded in the days since. Now only one marred his noble form, a gash at the center of his chest. One wound. One victim remaining—Troidais.

The prince wasn't alone, though. While I had been prepared for the terror of his wandering soul, the murdered royal had somehow drawn a vestige of his long-dead court from Stagcrown's haunted stones. Seeming to fade in and out of existence, chilling vapors as insubstantial as the night's fog floated through the hall, the shades of a hundred grim courtiers and aristocrats. The costumes of an age past adorned aristocrats whose very memory had rotted away, their spectral finery draping mere skeletons.



Fleshless ladies and lords waited in uncanny silence for the commands of their spectral prince. A chill seized me as I wondered if I were glimpsing the afterlife itself.

Yet one figure was definitely real. Rarentz, lying at the room's center, unmoving and—I hoped—only unconscious.

"This place is no longer for the living, good lady," came the prince's slow, formal words, echoing through the crowded chamber's unsettling quiet. "Leave."

I'd be lying to say that I bravely stood my ground. Truth be told, I almost obeyed. Part of me was screaming for an excuse to flee, and now the greatest terror I'd ever known bid me do just that. But another part of me, a part I'm sure will someday kill me, knew that if I fled, I'd be saving my own life at the cost of another's. I held my ground, and took what I hope looked like a deliberate step into the crowd of souls.

Swallowing hard, I prayed my words wouldn't betray my fear. "Lord Ordranti, apologies, but I can't. Not when the one you've taken is innocent."

Dozens of gazes, eyes replaced by oblivion's absolute black, turned to face me, hollow and dispassionate. All but one. The prince's eyes smoldered.

The prince raised his hands in an imperious gesture. The crowd parted and three figures in heavy cloaks dragged themselves forth. These were more solid than the room's other terrors, things with form and flesh and faces. Yet I wish they weren't, for those features were what made two of them instantly recognizable: the corpulent Lord Halboncrant and the once proud Garmand Ferendri, both now lifeless, walking corpses.

"And these?" the prince tested. "Were these innocents as well?"

"Of your murder, yes." I tried to walk the line between respect and insistence. "Your highness, you were killed more than a hundred years ago. Those who betrayed you have met their punishment in death."

The prince shook his head thoughtfully. "Did they? And what do you know of death's punishments?" He waited, baiting me to test my empty religious rote against his deathless perspective. I deferred, and he continued. "Do these, then, look like the sons of traitors? The shamed offspring of criminals punished for betraying their families' most sacred duties?"

At another gesture the corpses staggered forward, ungainly and slow, but still with some measure of the dignity they held in life, the already reeking Halboncrant still draped in his silks and gaudy jewelry.

"This land's honor is dead. I knew that in my time, and was killed for daring to free my people from the exploitations of families called noble only as a matter of tradition. I see now that Ustalav has fallen from a nation of heroes to a nation of victims. So be it, then. It is my will that all be equally victimized, starting with those most deserving of justice: traitors to the crown."

He pointed, taking in the three dead men and Rarentz upon the ground. "Should the sons of traitors continue to enjoy the privileges of their titles? Should a master keep a servant who steals from him? And by extension, should a ruler heap favor upon families who repay him with treason? Just as the greedy servant is cast out of the house, so too will the traitor lines be ended."

"But these men didn't betray you or your family," I insisted, still hoping to make him see what seemed like such an obvious point. "You're condemning innocent men."

"That justice's execution has been delayed is regrettable, but guilt taints these families' blood, and only by spilling it might it be expunged." The prince's words were those of a judge. "Had this happened in my time, the result would be no different."

I took a step before I was even sure what I was doing, my flesh bristling with a chill. I knew I wouldn't convince him, especially as he defended his murders with the skewed logic of the entitled. The assembled dead looked on in silence, siding with neither the prince nor me.

"So good people should die for their parents' sins? Are we really nothing more than our blood?" I kept talking, trying to distract him, taking another slow step.

Lieralt didn't even hesitate, "My lady, you may never know the burden of your blood, and were I you, I would pray to the goddess daily for that mercy. Yet for some of us, our blood is a chain, one that binds us to duties that perhaps we would not choose. We are but links in such chains, bound to our fathers and our sons for generations into infinities past and future. I tried to alter the responsibilities of my blood, and for that I was punished, my place in my family's chain forfeited. Yet my murderers too denied the responsibilities of their blood, and so does justice demand their families' chains be severed. That their families were given one more link than they deserved should be seen as a mercy, not a reason to deny justice."

I'd neared the base of the throne, my locked eyes and slow nods hopefully suggesting I'd been listening intently. In truth, the prince's words were distant, nearly drowned out by the sound of blood pounding in my ears. I was close enough to see through him here. That he was a thing of ether and death and not flesh and blood maybe explained his cold vision of justice.

Looking at the floor, I shook my head, trying to look defeated, at the same time calling upon whatever nerve I had left. I only expected to have one chance.

Ignoring my repulsion for the thing, I closed my hand around the dagger. The same motion that yanked it from its sheath sent it flying at the throne. The blade's gemstone hilt seemed to catch fire as it flew, looking more like the eye of some ravenous creature than ever before. When it struck, it embedded itself into the back of the throne solidly, quivering with a resounding thrum.

Yet it thoroughly missed the prince.

In that second I knew I was dead.

Instantly Lieralt was in motion, rising from the throne, a blade materializing from the shadows.

"Can you imagine what hell it was, locked in that thing for a lifetime? Living for more years in my own corpse than in my living body?" He started slowly, even calmly, his voice growing terrible with anger until it was a resentful shout echoing through the throne room. "How could your words color me a tyrant, then your hands repeat an injustice a thousand times worse? Who are you to judge me, who should be your prince?"

He moved with such speed that I couldn't follow him. I cringed from the blow I expected to pierce straight to my soul. But it didn't fall. Swiftly I looked about the room. The

corpses, the spirits, they were all there—bar one. Prince Lieralt was nowhere to be seen.

Motion from the floor caught my attention. Rarentz. He finally seemed to be coming to. Escape suddenly seemed like a possibility. If I could get him to his feet and running, we might both be able to escape the palace, even the city, before the prince attempted to take our lives.

I rushed to his side and knelt to help him up, whispering urgently, hoping his groggy mind might understand my tone if not my words. He complied slowly, rising and taking a staggering step, still unsteady on his feet. I put an arm around his waist to steady him and he turned to look at me quizzically.

"Have you known betrayal?" came Prince Lieralt's voice from Rarentz's lips.

I gaped and staggered back, jerking my hands from the repulsive thing using Rarentz's body like a puppet. I stumbled into the rigid corpse of Garmand and tripped backward, landing on the first step of the throne.

"Have you known your vision, your life, ruined by the pettiness of the scared and weak?" The prince, or Rarentz, took a step toward me. The corpses parted to admit their master, and four dead men looked down upon me. I could feel the scream welling up in my lungs as I scrambled up the stairs until my back struck the base of the throne.

"Do you still think the traitor's dagger a suitable end?" He gestured toward the devil blade above me. "Would you exact the justice you claimed I was so unsuited to mete out?"

My mind grasped for options. With Lieralt and Rarentz sharing one body, who knew what the dagger might do? It might trap Rarentz, condemning him to a fate like the prince. Or it might trap both of them together, sealing them both away in an entirely different kind of damnation. I shook my head.

"Truly?" he said, reaching out to Garmand's corpse and drawing the dead man's own thin dagger from his belt. "But I find your idea so..." he lifted Rarentz's hand and ran the blade down the length of his forearm, drawing out the final word, "inspired." Blood welled up from the long slash to run courses down Rarentz's arm, dripping from his elbow in a steady stream of heavy droplets.

I gasped my disgust, horrified by the sight of Rarentz's eyes, flickering between the blank dispassion of Lieralt and the panicked helplessness of one held prisoner in his own body. "Stop!" I shouted, knowing it sounded pitiful.

"How, dear lady?" he said mockingly. "How will they speak of him? How will his wretched family be remembered?" He swapped the blade between

"Who are you to judge me, who should be your prince?"



bloody hands. "Shall he have died in a duel from a dozen cuts?" As swift as a butcher, Lieralt sliced scores into his captive's arm.

Again I shouted, but was ignored.

"Or shall we indulge irony with an assassination?" he quipped, placing the dagger behind his back. He didn't wait for a response before gasping, "Ah, no. I have it." He put the blade to his throat. "A suicide. How the neighbors will talk." He laughed, vicious and terrible.

"Can't choose?" he taunted after a moment more. "I'll do it for you then." Placing the blade to Rarentz's temple, he pulled it across his brow and down his far cheek in a languid stroke. Again the crimson welled up and overflowed, covering Rarentz's face in a mask of blood, made all the more terrible by the prince's laugh coming from the noble's trembling lips.

Screaming, I found my feet and yanked the ruby-hilted dagger from the ancient throne, brandishing it before me in trembling hands. The prince called my sad little bluff, tilting Rarentz's neck up and moving his own blade to the lower corner of his victim's jaw.

"Know that I take no pleasure in this," he lied, smiling. "It's his duty to die."

"And it's mine to stop you," I said, lunging forward and driving the dagger into Rarentz's shoulder.

The dagger was suddenly as hot as flame, and I yanked my hands away. Its ruby hilt glowing a fearful, Hell red, it thrummed swiftly, like the pounding of a panicked heart. Rarentz's body went rigid, convulsing wildly as the screams of two men howled from the bloody wreck of his face. I could see a smoky wisp drawn along the exposed length of the blade, draining from the body and pouring into the flickering hilt. Then something snapped, the swift shriek of shearing metal, and the pounding light and shuddering body halted as if the moment had frozen, then collapsed. Rarentz fell in an awkward pile upon a floor already slick with his lifeblood, the dagger clattering from his wound to skid away.

I knelt at his side, gasping, apologizing, crying. I checked desperately for a pulse, found his heart still beating, and did my best to bind his wounds—not truly knowing whom I was trying to save.

When next I looked up, the phantasmagoria of forgotten spirits was gone, the dead men lay upon the floor as they should, and the dagger lay at the center of the throne room, pulsing a waning bloody light.

"No. You did well, dear," Ms. Kindler said, trying to disguise her lack of conviction. She still seemed to be working through the worst possibilities.

We were in our usual places back in Ms. Kindler's sitting room. I'd managed to get Rarentz here, and Ailson had been quick to send for a doctor. The old man had

just left, and to his credit had not asked how the young man had come by his wounds—he'd obviously dealt with Ms. Kindler before. He expected Rarentz to recover with several days of rest, though not without some weakness in his arms where the deepest cuts had been. The scars would never naturally heal.

Ms. Kindler had managed to resist interrogating me until the moment the door shut behind the doctor.

I leaned back on the settee and stared at the ceiling. I felt terrible, and still wasn't sure if we were nursing a monster just upstairs.

"Truly," she said, a measure more convincingly.

I huffed. My conscience wouldn't let me off that easy.

Something landed hard in my lap, jarring me back to attention. It was small book bound in black leather. I flipped through it. Every page was blank.

"Your next opus?" I needed.

"No," she said. "Yours."

I arched an eyebrow.

"It's an old Pathfinder trick," she said. "Live it, write it, share it. If you did right, people should know and learn from it. If you did wrong, others make far better judges—saves you the work and helps you move on. Best thing I ever learned from that lot of fools."

"They're really that bad?" I asked, having always been curious.

"You'd fit in just fine," she shot back without hesitation.

I looked at her, assuming she'd be smirking over her quip. She wasn't.

"Laurel."

I stepped into Ms. Kindler's darkened guest bedroom.

"Hey," I whispered in relief. "Didn't expect you to be up so fast. How are you feeling?"

Rarentz lay in bed, the covers rising shallowly but steadily. The bandages on his face and neck muffled his voice.

"Laurel?" he said again.

I came to his side and knelt down. "The doctor said you'd be out a while. Honestly, my coin was on you not coming back at all, but I've never been much of a gambler."

Rarentz rolled over in the bed, his one uncovered eye closed. He breathed a long, soft snore.

Still exhausted. I smiled and stood to leave. As I did, my eyes fell across the small writing desk. Something there was glowing, like an ember fallen upon a hearth.

"Laurel."

The dagger's light pulsed with the word, the infernal radiance illuminating the shape of the prince's dagger. This time there was no mistaking where the voice was coming from.

I moved warily toward it. "Prince Lieralt?" I whispered.

"So," the prince's spiteful voice murmured from the blade. "Now my captor has a name."



Bestiary

They say Eragayl battled with death for three straight days, neither the valiant hero nor the spectre of doom giving or gaining ground. Who can say how many times he felt the cold breath of death upon his face, or how close he came to striking the reaper a killing blow? Yet in the end, it was not loss of vigor, or willingness, or even life that brought the battle to the end, but Lady Despair herself. Something about the tenacious mortal attracted the curiosity of Urgathoa, and brought her to watch the conflict. But a goddess's patience is a passing thing, and soon she bored. And when she departed, she was not alone, and Lord Arudora was not seen again.

—Japhnie Sapualo, *Histories and Legends of Varno*

The terrors of death incarnate fill this month's entry into the Pathfinder Bestiary. Whether created by foul necromancers or summoned by the most morbid magic-users, these manifestations of doom seek little more than the harvesting of mortal souls.

STORMS OF BLOOD, SKIN, AND BONE

The accursed land of Virlych endlessly suffers the torments of the Whispering Tyrant's ancient evil, often in the form of the region's foul weather. During the course of this month's adventure, the PCs will likely encounter one or more of these deadly types of weather. GMs might use these aberrant storms to invoke dread as Galdana's captors elude the PCs' grasp and the land itself rejects their intrusion into the realm.

Desiccating Duststorm (CR 6): These clouds of parching dust obscure vision and smother flames as fine particles of powdered skin and gray bone blow across the landscape. Such storms function as normal dust storms (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 438), but are accompanied by severe winds and deal 1d4 points of damage each round to living creatures caught out in the open without shelter as the dust desiccates and cracks their flesh. In addition, anyone who takes damage from the storm risks contracting mummy rot (*Core Rulebook* 557; Fortitude DC 16 negates). The powerful drafts of desiccating dust storms typically last for 2d10 minutes.

Mortuary Tempest (CR 6): Strange supernatural lightning and bruise-colored clouds rumbling like damned souls herald the approach of these deadly storms, which bring windstorm-force winds and an acidic sleet that reeks of embalming fluid and deals 1 point of acid damage per minute to exposed creatures. Low, horizontal purple lightning accompanies mortuary tempests, striking at a frequency of one bolt per minute. A creature without shelter has a 10% chance every 10 minutes of being struck by lightning, while a shelterless creature in metal armor has a 20% chance of being struck. Each bolt deals 10d8 points of damage. Half of this damage is electricity damage, but the other half results from unholy energy. A mortuary tempest typically rages for 1d4 hours, and has a 65% chance of attracting what locals often refer to as lightning phantoms—1d6 greater lightning elementals (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 117).

Poltergeist Storm (CR 9): Severe winds accompany these howling storms of eerily glowing, sickly green vapors that coalesce into images of ghostly, leering faces. Those exposed to these wailing phantasms must make a DC 20 Will save or become panicked for 2d4 minutes. In addition, a living creature takes 3d6 points of negative energy damage every 10 minutes it is caught in the storm, supernaturally aged by exposure to the swirling spectres (DC 18 Fortitude save for half damage). A poltergeist storm usually lasts 1d3 × 20 minutes.

Sanguinary Cloud (CR 8): Often found cloaking campsites of unfortunate travelers drained of all bodily fluids, these

blood-red fog banks are sometimes mistaken for colossal vampiric mists. A sanguinary cloud typically settles over a 60-foot-radius area, obscuring all sight beyond 5 feet, including darkvision, and granting concealment to all within. Creatures caught within a bank of this deadly fog must make a DC 18 Fortitude save each round or take 1d3 points of Constitution damage as their bodily fluids are forcibly extracted from their pores and mucous membranes. A severe or greater wind disperses a sanguinary cloud, leaving behind a thin sheen of bloody bile.

VIRLYCH RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

d%	Encounter	Average CR	Source
1–20	1 ghastr pack	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 146
21–30	1d4 dullahans	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 111
31–40	1d4 ghosts	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 144
41–50	2d6 shadows	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 245
51–60	2d4 Large lightning elementals	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 116
61–70	2d4 spectres	11	<i>Bestiary</i> 256
71–80	1d6 quickwoods	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 228
81–95	1d6 greater lightning elementals	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 117
96–100	Hagmouth	13	see page 10

RENCHURCH RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

d%	Encounter	Average CR	Source
1–10	2d4 burning skeletons	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 250–251
11–30	1 ghastr pack*	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 146
31–40	1d4 ghosts	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 144
41–50	1d6 spectres	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 256
51–70	1d6 greater shadows	11	<i>Bestiary</i> 245
71–80	1d6 mohrgs	11	<i>Bestiary</i> 208
81–85	2d6 Renchurch novices	12	see page 25
86–90	1 revenant inquisition**	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 235, 292
91–95	Lucimar the Lich-Wolf	13	see page 29
96–100	1 augnagar qlippoth	14	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 219

ADORAK RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

d%	Encounter	Average CR	Source
1–20	4d6 skeletal champions	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 252
21–30	1d6 dullahans	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 111
31–45	1 sinkhole	10	see page 49
46–55	1d4 greater shadows	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 245
56–65	1d6 mohrgs	11	<i>Bestiary</i> 208
66–80	2d6 animate dreams	13	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 29, 292
81–85	1d3 devourers	13	<i>Bestiary</i> 82
86–90	1 Leng spider	14	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 176
91–95	1d3 nightwings	16	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 203
96–100	1 nightwalker	16	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 201

* 2d6 ghastrs plus 1 Renchurch cenobite (see page 35)

** 6 revenants (see page 37)

Forsaken Lich

This horribly withered creature moves in jerks and twitches as if constantly wracked with pain. Waves of shadow undulate through the creature's body, emerging like appendages from just beneath its dry, stretched skin.

FORSAKEN LICH

CR 12



XP 12,800

Human lich cleric of Urgathoa 11

NE Medium undead (augmented humanoid)

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +20

Aura delusory aura (100 ft.)



DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 11, flat-footed 21 (+7 armor, +1 deflection, +3 natural)

hp 97 (11d8+44)

Fort +7, **Ref** +3, **Will** +12

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, soul shield, spell storm; **DR** 15/bludgeoning and magic; **Immune** cold, electricity, undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +1 scythe +15/+10 (2d4+8/19–20/x4)

Special Attacks channel negative energy 9/day (DC 19, 6d6), disembodied strike (1d8+5); hand of the acolyte (8/day), soul lash (DC 19; 5d6)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 11th; concentration +16)
8/day—bleeding touch (5 rounds)
1/day—dispelling touch

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 11th; concentration +16)

6th—*antilife shell*, *create undead*^D

5th—*flame strike* (DC 20), *slay living*^D, *symbol of pain* (DC 20), *unhallow*

4th—*divine power*, *freedom of movement*, *imbue with spell ability*^D, *spell immunity*, *unholy blight* (DC 19)

3rd—*animate dead*^D, *bestow curse* (DC 18), *dispel magic*, *glyph of warding* (DC 18), *invisibility purge*, *protection from energy*

2nd—*death knell*^D, *desecrate*, *gentle repose*, *hold person* (DC 17), *resist energy*, *silence* (DC 17)

1st—*cause fear*^D (DC 16), *command* (DC 16), *entropic shield*, *deathwatch*, *doom* (DC 16), *protection from good*, *shield of faith*

o (at will)—*bleed*, *detect magic*, *guidance*, *read magic*

D Domain spell; **Domains** Death, Magic

STATISTICS

Str 20, **Dex** 10, **Con** —, **Int** 13, **Wis** 21, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +13; **CMD** 24

Feats Combat Expertise, Craft Wondrous Item, Extra Channel, Improved Critical (scythe), Improved Trip, Selective Channeling, Weapon Focus (scythe)

Skills Knowledge (arcana) +15, Knowledge (religion) +15, Perception +16, Sense Motive +19, Spellcraft +15

Languages Common, Necril

SQ death's embrace

Gear +1 breastplate, +1 scythe, ring of protection +1

The means of attaining lichdom are extremely personal for mortal spellcasters, fraught with misinformation and peril.

The smallest miscalculation in the potion of lichdom's formula or most minute flaw in one's phylactery can interrupt the process that infuses one's mortal soul with overwhelming arcane and negative energies.

Other times, an inexperienced wizard attempts the transformation, or erroneously consumes a formula produced for another spellcaster, instantly dying from

the backlash of potent forces or condemning himself to a terminal but far more terrible end.

In these sorrowful cases, the process traps the soul of the would-be lich outside a phylactery that will not accept it and a body that has rejected it. The potent arcane forces tampered with by the lich's failed creation also find themselves unleashed but uncontrolled, surrounding the newly formed abomination, empowering it but also slowly consuming its essence.

This creature, known as a forsaken lich, is granted the undeath it sought in life, but in a terrifyingly temporary fashion. For the miscalculations of its ambitions, the creature's once-vibrant body shrivels and decays like that of a lich, but becomes a lifeless shell manipulated by the malicious soul and unchecked magical storm that envelop it, forces that control the corpse's actions almost like a marionette. Yet this doom is temporary for nearly all who attempt this foul transition. With the soul unbound from the body and both spirit and corpse exposed to destructive arcane tides, both are slowly eroded. After 1d10 days, the forsaken lich's body and soul are both consumed like a lit candle, eventually reduced physically to ashes, and spiritually to nothing—its essence utterly annihilated, scoured from existence for all time.

CREATING A FORSAKEN LICH

"Forsaken lich" is an acquired template that can be added to any living creature (referred to hereafter as the base creature), provided it can create the required phylactery. Rarely, a creature unable to create a phylactery stumbles upon this state through tragic ambition. A forsaken lich retains all the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

CR: Same as the base creature +2.

Alignment: Any evil.

Type: The creature's type changes to undead. Do not recalculate BAB, saves, or skill ranks.

Senses: A forsaken lich gains darkvision 60 ft.

Armor Class: A forsaken lich has a +3 natural armor bonus or the base creature's natural armor bonus, whichever is better.

Hit Dice: Change all of the creature's racial Hit Dice to d8s. All Hit Dice derived from class levels remain unchanged. As undead, forsaken liches use their Charisma modifiers to determine bonus hit points (instead of Constitution).

Defensive Abilities: A forsaken lich gains channel resistance +4, DR 15/bludgeoning and magic, spell resistance 25, and immunity to cold and electricity, in addition to immunities granted by its undead traits. The forsaken lich also gains the following defensive abilities.

Soul Shield (Su): The shadowy double superimposed over the forsaken lich's corporeal form flits around its body, granting the creature concealment (20% miss chance).

The miss chance increases to 50% in dim light. This ability never grants total concealment; it only increases miss chances.

Spell Storm (Su): A forsaken lich is the epicenter of a squall of unchecked magical energies. If a spell targets the forsaken lich and fails to overcome its spell resistance, this uncontrolled magic redirects the spell as per *spell turning*. The forsaken lich is always considered to have 10 spell levels of turning left for the purposes of this effect, even if it is affected by multiple spells in the same round.

Special Attacks: A forsaken lich gains the special attack described below. Save DCs are equal to 10 + 1/2 the forsaken lich's HD + the forsaken lich's Charisma modifier unless otherwise noted.

Disembodied Strike (Su): The forsaken lich has a special touch attack that it can make as a standard action, using its highest base attack bonus. This attack originates when its disembodied soul reaches out independently and uses negative energy to deal 1d8 points of damage to living creatures + 1 point of damage per every 2 Hit Dice possessed by the forsaken lich. This attack has a reach 5 feet greater than the forsaken lich's normal reach, and may be directed at nearby undead creatures to heal them, or used on the forsaken lich itself to heal damage inflicted on its corporeal form.

Soul Lash (Su): Unbridled magic endlessly funnels into a forsaken lich's body, scouring its body and soul with mighty energies. As a swift action, each round a forsaken lich can unleash this dark energy in a blast of pure magical destructiveness. This blast takes the form of a 240-foot line of destructive energy that deals an amount of damage equal to 1d6 per 2 Hit Dice the forsaken lich possesses (to a maximum of 20d6) and paralyzes those affected for 1d10 rounds. Creatures that make a Reflex save partially avoid the arcane lash, taking only half damage and avoiding the paralysis.

This energy is not completely under the forsaken lich's control. If the forsaken lich does not spend a swift action to discharge the energy every round, it takes an amount of damage equal to 1d6 × 1/4 of its total Hit Dice.

Special Qualities: A forsaken lich gains the following special quality.




Delusory Aura (Su): Like its soul, a forsaken lich's mind is incorporated and scattered across the area around its corpse. This fills the area within 100 feet of the forsaken lich with an ever-shifting panoply of its darkest dreams, dashed ambitions, and enraged insanity. This area is considered to be under the effects of *mirage arcana*, but of a particularly disturbing variety. All living creatures within the area take a -4 penalty on any saves against fear effects. If the effect is dispelled, it reconstitutes 1 round later.

Abilities: Str +6, Cha +6. Being undead, a lich has no Constitution score.

GARGOYLE

The stone statue of a menacing fiend crouches here, as though ready to spring to life and devour innocent passersby. Then it moves—to do just that.

The following is a toolbox of stat blocks and new rules for GMs seeking to add the subtle savagery of gargoyles to their games. More details and options for creating and customizing gargoyles can be found in *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Classic Horrors Revisited*.

KAPOACINTH HUNTER
CR 7




XP 3,200
 Gargoyle fighter 2
 CE Medium monstrous humanoid (aquatic, earth)
Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception –1

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+4 Dex, +4 natural)
hp 66 (7 HD; 5d10+2d10+28)
Fort +8, **Ref** +10, **Will** +3; +1 vs. fear,
Defensive Abilities bravery +1, **DR** 10/magic

OFFENSE




Speed 40 ft., swim 60 ft.
Melee spear +12/+7 (1d8+4/x3), bite +11 (1d4+4), gore +11 (1d4+4) or
 bite +11 (1d4+4), 2 claws +11 (1d6+4), gore +11 (1d4+4)
Ranged 1 spear +12/+7 (1d8+4/x3)

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 18, **Con** 18, **Int** 6, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 9
Base Atk +7; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 25
Feats Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Point-Blank Shot, Skill Focus (Swim), Weapon Focus (spear)
Skills Stealth +14, Swim +17; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Stealth (+6 in stony environs)
Languages Common, Terran
SQ freeze

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Freeze (Ex) A gargoyle can hold itself so still it appears to be a statue. A gargoyle that uses freeze can take 20 on Stealth checks to hide in plain sight as a stone statue.

FOUR-ARMED GARGOYLE
CR 9




XP 6,400
 CE Large monstrous humanoid (earth)
Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +15

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 10, flat-footed 23 (+1 Dex, +14 natural, –1 size)
hp 105 (10d10+50)
Fort +10, **Ref** +8, **Will** +9
DR 10/magic

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 60 ft. (average)

Melee bite +15 (1d8+6), 4 claws +15 (1d6+6/19–20), gore +15 (1d4+6)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks rend (1d6+6)

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 12, **Con** 20, **Int** 8, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 11




Base Atk +10; **CMB** +17; **CMD** 28

Feats Great Fortitude, Hover, Improved Critical (claws), Power Attack, Skill Focus (Fly)

Skills Fly +18, Perception +15, Stealth +10; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Stealth (+6 in stony environs)

Languages Common, Terran

SQ freeze

GARGOYLE ABDUCTOR
CR 10




XP 9,600
 Gargoyle fighter 5
 CE Medium monstrous humanoid (earth)
Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 15, flat-footed 19 (+5 armor, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +4 natural)
hp 94 (10 HD; 5d10+5d10+40)
Fort +9, **Ref** +9, **Will** +4; +1 vs. fear
Defensive Abilities bravery +1, **DR** 10/magic

OFFENSE




Speed 40 ft., fly 60 ft. (average)
Melee bite +15 (1d6+5), 2 claws +15 (1d6+5), gore +15 (1d4+5)
Ranged +1 longbow +16/+11 (1d8+2/x3)
Special Attacks weapon training (bows +1)

STATISTICS

Str 20, **Dex** 18, **Con** 18, **Int** 8, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 7
Base Atk +10; **CMB** +15; **CMD** 30
Feats Combat Reflexes, Coordinated Maneuvers*, Dodge, Fly-By Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Lookout*, Skill Focus (Fly)
Skills Fly +23, Perception +7, Stealth +17; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Stealth (+6 in stony environs)
Languages Common, Terran
SQ armor training 1, freeze
Gear +1 chain shirt, +1 longbow
 * See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

GARGOYLE GUARDIAN

The head of this sinisterly carved statue of a devil slowly scans its surroundings, every motion making the faint sound of stone grinding upon stone.

GARGOYLE GUARDIAN
CR 8




XP 4,800
 N Large construct
Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 11, flat-footed 20 (+2 Dex, +11 natural, -1 size)
hp 90 (11d10+30)

Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +3

DR 5/adamantine; Immune construct traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft. (poor)

Melee 1 bite +16 (1d8+6), 2 claw +16 (1d6+6)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

Special Attacks snatch

STATISTICS

Str 22, Dex 14, Con —, Int —, Wis 10, Cha 1

Base Atk +11; CMB +18; CMD 30

Skills Stealth +2; Racial Modifiers +6 Stealth in stony
environs

SQ freeze

ECOLOGY

Environment any land

Organization solitary or wing (2–8)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Freeze (Ex) A gargoyle guardian can hold itself so still that it appears to be a statue. A gargoyle guardian that uses freeze can take 20 on Stealth checks to hide in plain sight as a stone statue.

Snatch (Ex) A gargoyle guardian can start a grapple when it hits with both claw attacks, as though it had the grab ability. If it grapples a creature of size Medium or smaller, it squeezes each round for automatic claw damage with a successful grapple check. A gargoyle guardian can fly while holding a creature that weighs 350 pounds or less. It cannot throw creatures it is carrying, but can drop them as a free action.

Many races adorn their buildings and structures with carved gargoyles to make them look more fearsome, to ward off evil spirits, or in the hope of making real gargoyles think another tribe is already occupying the area. Many magic-users also create constructs in the shapes and forms of gargoyles, emulating those creatures' ability to blend in with stone structures and taking advantage of the pervasiveness of sculpted gargoyles to create stealthy protectors and watchdogs.

Many spellcasters construct gargoyle guardians that have special abilities, making them even more capable and vigilant sentinels.

Gargoyle Sentry (+0 CR): These gargoyle guardians are created with eyes of citrine linked to a 1-foot-diameter orb of the same stone. The orb always displays what the gargoyle guardian sees, though without the construct's darkvision or low-light vision. If the gargoyle sentry is destroyed, its eyes and the linked orb shatter into worthless dust.

CONSTRUCTION

A gargoyle guardian's body is made from 1,000 pounds of dense stone—typically of the colors and designs of the structure or memorial it is meant to guard—and treated with 1,000 gp worth of rare minerals and precious filigree.

GARGOYLE GUARDIAN

CL 10th; Price 30,000 gp; 50,000 gp (sentry)




CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Construct, *animate objects*, *stone shape*, *geas/quest*; **Cost** 15,000 gp; 25,000 gp (sentry)






GRIM REAPER

This tall, cloaked figure stares out from the black hood that covers its head. It wields an enormous scythe in its skeletal, bone-white hands, looking as though it is freezing the very air around it.

GRIM REAPER	CR 20	  
XP 307,200		
NE Large undead (evil, extraplanar, incorporeal)		
Init +6; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +35		
Aura fear aura (40 ft., DC 36)		
DEFENSE		
AC 32, touch 20, flat-footed 30 (+9 deflection, +2 Dex, +12 natural, –1 size)		
hp 378 (28d8+252)		
Fort +18, Ref +11, Will +20		
Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, incorporeal; DR 15/cold iron and good; Immune undead traits; SR 31		
OFFENSE		
Speed 40 ft., fly 60 ft. (perfect)		
Melee +3 scythe +27/+22/+17/+12 (2d6+13/19–20/x4 plus death touch)		
Space 10 ft.; Reach 15 ft.		
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 20th; concentration +29)		
Constant—fly, foresight, true seeing		
At will—circle of death (DC 25), control undead (DC 26), invisibility, plane shift (DC 26), polymorph		
3/day—energy drain (DC 28), finger of death (DC 26), soul bind (DC 28), summon minor reapers (level 8, 1d4 minor reapers), unwilling shield (DC 25)		
1/day—quicken destruction (DC 26), wail of the banshee (DC 28)		
STATISTICS		
Str 24, Dex 15, Con —, Int 16, Wis 19, Cha 29		
Base Atk +21; CMB +24; CMD 50 (can't be tripped)		
Feats Cleave, Combat Casting, Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Great Cleave, Greater Weapon Focus (scythe), Improved Critical (scythe), Improved Disarm, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (destruction), Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (scythe)		
Skills Diplomacy +37, Disguise +40, Fly +39, Knowledge (planes) +31, Perception +35, Sense Motive +35, Stealth +29		
Languages Common, Celestial, Infernal; truespeech		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any		
Organization solitary		
Treasure double (+3 scythe, other treasure)		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		
Death Touch (Su) Creatures hit by either a grim reaper's touch attack or by a weapon wielded by a grim reaper must succeed at a DC 33 Fortitude save or gain 2d4 negative levels. The save DC is Charisma-based. A grim reaper		

can channel this ability through any weapon it wields. A humanoid slain by a reaper's death touch is consumed in unholy fire and has its remains destroyed as the *destruction* spell. This is a death effect.

Summon Minor Reapers (Sp) Three times per day, a reaper can summon 1d4 minor reapers as a standard action. Each of these minor reapers is assigned a single creature to attack, and the targeted creature must battle the minor reaper by itself. The target that the grim reaper assigns to its minor reapers need not be in sight, but it must be on the same plane on which the minor reaper was summoned. A grim reaper may only assign one minor reaper to any creature at a given time, even if it uses this ability multiple times.

MINOR REAPER	CR 10	  
XP 9,600		
NE Medium undead (evil, extraplanar)		
Init +8; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +18		
DEFENSE		
AC 22, touch 14, flat-footed 18 (+4 Dex, +8 natural)		
hp 127 (15d8+60)		
Fort +8, Ref +11, Will +9		
DR 5/cold iron or good; Immune cold, undead traits; SR 21		
OFFENSE		
Speed 30 ft.		
Melee scythe +14/+9/+4 (2d4+3/x4 plus death touch)		
Special Attacks fear cone (30 ft., DC 20)		
STATISTICS		
Str 14, Dex 19, Con —, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 17		
Base Atk +11; CMB +15; CMD 27		
Feats Agile Maneuvers, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (scythe)		
Skills Climb +10, Intimidate +16, Perception +18, Stealth +22		
SQ sole target		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any		
Organization solitary or omen (2–4)		
Treasure none		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		
Death Touch (Su) Creatures hit by either a lesser reaper's touch attack or by a weapon wielded by a lesser reaper must succeed at a DC 20 Fortitude save or gain 1d4 negative levels. The save DC is Charisma-based. A humanoid slain by a reaper's death touch is consumed in unholy fire and has its remains destroyed as the <i>destruction</i> spell. This is a death effect.		
Sole Target (Su) Each minor reaper is assigned a specific target by the reaper that summoned it. If a creature attacks a minor reaper targeting another creature, that minor reaper may immediately summon another minor reaper as a free action to battle the interceding creature unless the interloper is already in battle with a minor reaper of its own, in which case the ability is wasted. If a minor reaper does not or cannot		

use this ability immediately after being attacked, it must wait until it is attacked once again in order to do so.

Known by many names throughout nearly all cultures, grim reapers are the personifications of death and all the pain and fear associated with that state. They are universally feared by the living as harbingers of destruction and masters of all that has already passed from life. These hooded beings travel through the planes with the sole intent of bringing about the end of life, slaying with a deliberateness inscrutable to all but themselves.

While grim reapers are the most feared of their kind, they are not alone. The towering, ghostlike grim reapers are served by minor reapers, corporeal servitors that enact their master's dreadful will and meet out death's unrelenting touch. A grim reaper is 15 feet tall and, as an incorporeal creature, has no physical weight except for its equipment. Minor reapers stand 7 feet tall and weigh approximately 70 pounds.

ECOLOGY

Grim reapers have no creator and are not born by any definition of the word—they simply exist, much as the multiverse itself does. Some philosophers argue that grim reapers were created along with the Negative Energy Plane, manifesting from this plane when mortalkind first realized death's terminal permanency. Others claim that multiple minor reapers meeting on the Negative Energy Plane or another area infused with overwhelming negative energy might join together to form a new grim reaper.

While similar in shape to the psychopomps who serve Pharasma and ferry souls to their fates upon the planes, reapers care little for mortal souls, reveling in the moment of death and dissolution of the impermanent, regardless of the elaborate bureaucracy that oversees the doomed.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

While grim reapers stalk the planes, spreading death and despair for their own sakes, they are not alone in their endeavors. Among their many powers, grim reapers can summon lesser versions of themselves to seek out and kill specific individuals. These minor reapers are encountered far more often than their masters, either in the service of their masters or summoned by evil magic-users to do their foul bidding. While stripped of their more powerful brethren's necromantic powers, these minor reapers are nonetheless brutal hunters and stop at nothing to achieve their objective. Minor reapers usually wait until their target is alone before appearing for battle, though if a pack of these undead assassins are sent after a group of victims, they will engage multiple targets if necessary.

If summoned by a grim reaper, minor reapers act as its additional eyes and ears, and if they are destroyed, their master is immediately aware of their obliteration. Other times, a grim reaper may summon minor reapers to aid in its escape from a battle it expects to lose, and flees to another plane of existence where it may recover and better prepare for the annihilation of its targets.

Grim reapers possess the ability to speak to any intelligent being, and the few who have survived encounters with a reaper or its minions claim that the bringer of death spoke to them in a deep, unearthly voice like nothing in the material realm.

Minor reapers can be created by casters of 20th level or higher using the spell *create greater undead*.



PSYCHOPOMP, MORRIGNA

A morbidly beautiful woman clad in a gown of spider silk leans upon a staff seemingly topped with a giant spider. The fetishes of savage magical traditions dangle from thick strands that wrap her form, even mummifying her angular face.

MORRIGNA

CR 13



XP 25,600

N Medium outsider (extraplanar, psychopomp)

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, spirtsense; Perception +25

DEFENSE

AC 29, touch 15, flat-footed 28 (+8 armor, +3 Dex, +8 natural)

hp 171 (18d10+72); regeneration 5

Fort +10, **Ref** +15, **Will** +16



DR 10/adamantine; **Immune** death effects, disease, poison;

Resist cold 10, electricity 10; **SR** 24

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 slams +24 (2d6+6), 2 wrappings +19 (1d6+3 plus grab)

Special Attack wrappings

Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (10 ft. with wrappings)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 12th; concentration +15)

At will—*detect undead*, *share language**, *speak with animals* (including vermin), *stone tell*

3/day—*summon* (level 7, 1d4 giant tarantulas, 75%; or 1d4 spider swarms, 100%)

5/day—*speak with dead* (6 questions, CL 12th)

Inquisitor Spells Known (CL 12th; concentration +15)

4th (3/day)—*cure critical wounds*, *divination*, *freedom of movement*, *spell immunity*

3rd (5/day)—*blood biography**, *dimensional anchor*, *dispel magic*, *halt undead*

2nd (6/day)—*confess**, *detect thoughts*, *hold person*, *invisibility*, *see invisibility*

1st (6/day)—*bane*, *command*, *comprehend languages*, *expeditious retreat*, *sanctuary*, *wrath**

0—*bleed*, *detect magic*, *disrupt undead*, *read magic*, *sift**, *stabilize*

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

STATISTICS

Str 22, **Dex** 19, **Con** 19, **Int** 12, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 16

Base Atk +18; **CMB** +24 (+28 grapple); **CMD** 40

Feats Alertness, Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Deflect

Arrows^B (with wrappings), Eschew Materials^B, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Persuasive, Step Up, Following Step*, Step Up and Strike*

Skills Bluff +12, Climb +8, Diplomacy +25, Disguise +16, Intimidate +14, Knowledge (planes) +10, Perception +25, Sense Motive +25, Sleight of Hand +15, Stealth +20, Survival +22, Swim +8

Languages Abyssal, Celestial, Infernal

SQ change shape, spider sight

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Boneyard)

Organization solitary or group (3–15)

Treasure standard (+2 *glamered breastplate*, other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Change Shape (Su) A morrigna can assume any animal or humanoid form three times per day as if using *polymorph*.

Spider Sight (Su) A morrigna can see through the thousands of eyes of any spider swarm she summons, as though it were the sensor of an *arcane eye* spell. She does not have to concentrate to use this ability. If a swarm is destroyed, the effect ends.

Wrappings (Su) While in her natural form, a morrigna can animate the webs wrapping her body as a standard action. While animated, the webs deflect incoming attacks,

granting a +2 shield bonus and blocking one ranged weapon attack every round as per the Deflect Arrows feat. The wrappings also lash out against opponents as secondary natural weapons with a 10-foot reach and the grab special attack.

Morrignas walk among mortals, forever passing between the realms of life and death to ensure the coexistence of both. While other psychopomps bring souls into the fold and defend the cycle of death and judgment with military precision, these servants of Pharasma's serve as her trackers, death's active hand in the mortal world and beyond. Called bounty hunters by some, investigators by others, and assassins by the bitter, they hunt those who trade in souls, capture would-be immortals, and chase down lost knowledge to aid in petitioners' final judgments. Morrignas also confront the souls of atheists before they enter Pharasma's realm, lest their toxic defiance of the gods infect and corrupt the souls of loyal servants.

Because of their close association with the mortal world, morrignas appear the most human of all psychopomps, though mummified in the webs of some giant spider. Despite their unnerving appearance, most morrignas blend in well with mortal communities, making use of their considerable shape-changing abilities. Rather than appearing as unique individuals, many morrignas prefer to take on the appearances of those who have died, taking a strange pleasure in adopting the forms and personalities of those who have passed on. Morrignas stand 7 to 8 feet tall and weigh 200 to 250 pounds.

ECOLOGY

Morrignas ascend from lesser psychopomps after ages of devout service, though sometimes a mortal soul of sufficient skill may be chosen to serve immediately. Many dwell within the Boneyard, acting as investigators, defenders, and prosecutors of the dead. The vast majority of morrignas travel the planes, either on missions or on their own recognizance. Whatever their location, Pharasma's hunters ensure the smooth operation of death's bureaucratic machine by eliminating complications. Like most psychopomps, morrignas take pleasure from simple but unnecessary mortal tasks.

HABITAT AND SOCIETY

Morrignas dedicate their existence to wiping out any forces that circumvent or corrupt the natural cycle of death and judgment. They deliver divine wrath upon those who traffic in souls, be they night hags, human mages, devils who tempt mortals, or angels who press the dying for deathbed conversions.

As bounty hunters, morrignas hunt those vile beings who shirk the stability of the multiverse for quick profit:

PSYCHOPOMPS IN MYTHOLOGY

Though the word "psychopomp" comes from ancient Greece, most every real-world culture shares myths of entities that guide the dead into the afterlife. Many take anthropomorphic forms, such as the Greco-Roman ferryman Charon, the western Grim Reaper, or the near-universal belief in ancestor guides. Alternatively, animals—especially whippoorwills, carrion birds, dogs, and horses—may serve as guides or harbingers of death. In modern pop culture, psychopomps include Davy Jones and his kraken from the *Pirates of the Caribbean* trilogy, the reapers from the television series *Dead Like Me*, and the infamous character of Death from Neil Gaiman's *Sandman* comic series.

soul traders. Although daemons and night hags are the most infamous, all the Outer Planes share some guilt of this heinous crime, from the depths of Hell to the singing peaks of Heaven. Unwaveringly dedicated to their moral and philosophical bent, outsiders invariably see only their outlook as correct and their proclamations as valid. But when their philosophy becomes action and they lay claim to souls without the due process of the Spire, the balance of the planes shudders. Morrignas step in to restore balance, slaughtering the lucky and hauling the less fortunate back to Pharasma's court, where terrible punishments await them for their overzealousness.

As investigators, morrignas seek secrets that mortals bury out of desperation, humiliation, and lust for power. Those who live significant lives and stir other outsiders to argue over their fate all too often bury the truth, even from themselves. Scouring the memory of a murderer proves pointless in a world where magic and madness change or strip away the truth. Instead, morrignas seek the empirical truth: witnesses, writings, trophies, and other artifacts of actions long thought lost. They ensure a mortal's final judgment is enacted not just from a position of neutrality, but from one of knowledge.

As assassins, morrignas retrieve those seeking to escape inevitability—escaped petitioners, powerful undead, would-be divinities, and other mortals too clever or foolish to die naturally. Many spend years or even decades among mortals gathering information, following leads, and maneuvering ever closer to their often-powerful targets. They are the personal deaths nipping at the heels of mortals audacious enough to live beyond their years.

Psychopomp, Yamaraj

This dragonlike creature has the features of a massive crow, its feathers as black as oblivion. Great, tattered wings bear it aloft as it glides effortlessly forward.

YAMARAJ

CR 20



XP 307,200

N Huge outsider (extraplanar, psychopomp)

Init +16; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, spiritsense, true seeing; Perception +40

Aura fear aura (30 ft., DC 29)

DEFENSE

AC 40, touch 21, flat-footed 27 (+4 armor, +12 Dex, +1 dodge, +15 natural, -2 size)

hp 364 (27d10+216); fast healing 10

Fort +23, **Ref** +21, **Will** +27

DR 15/adamantine; **Immune** cold, death effects, disease, electricity, poison; **SR** 31

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 60 ft. (good), swim 40 ft.

Melee bite +34 (2d6+9/19-20 plus grab and poison), 2 claws +32 (2d6+4), tail slap +29 (2d6+4), 2 wings +29 (1d8+4)

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

Special Attacks breath weapon, final judgment, poison, savaging breath

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 20th; concentration +30)

Constant—*detect thoughts* (DC 22), *mage armor*, *true seeing*

At will—*greater dispel magic*, *greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *reincarnate*, *rest eternal**, *scrying*, *share language**, *telekinesis* (DC 24), *tongues*

3/day—*circle of death* (DC 26), *forcecage* (DC 27), quickened *lightning bolt*, *undeath to death* (DC 26)

1/day—*soul bind*, *summon* (level 9, any single CR 19 or lower psychopomp, 90%), *wail of the banshee* (DC 29)

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

STATISTICS

Str 28, **Dex** 35, **Con** 27, **Int** 24, **Wis** 30, **Cha** 31

Base Atk +27; **CMB** +38 (+42 grapple); **CMD** 61 (can't be tripped)

Feats Awesome Blow, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Hover, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Multiattack, Power Attack, Spell Penetration, Wind Stance

Skills Acrobatics +39, Bluff +40, Diplomacy +37, Fly +38, Intimidate +40, Knowledge (arcana) +37, Knowledge (planes) +37, Knowledge (religion) +37, Perception +40, Sense Motive +40, Spellcraft +37, Stealth +34, Swim +36

Languages Aklo, Abyssal, Celestial, Common, Draconic, Infernal, Necril

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Breath Weapon (Su) A yamaraj has two breath weapons: a cone of icy wind and a cone of deadly scavengers. It can use either of these weapons once every 1d4 rounds.

Its icy breath weapon is a 60-foot cone that deals 20d6 points of cold damage (Reflex DC 31 for half).

Its other breath weapon is a 60-foot cone of beetles and other insectile scavengers that causes nausea and deals 16d6 points of damage (Reflex DC 31 for half damage and to avoid becoming nauseated). Additionally, a swarm of beetles appears around the nearest creature affected by this attack. This swarm uses the same statistics as a spider swarm, but with a distraction DC of 31.

Final Judgment (Su) A yamaraj can cast *miracle* (CL 20th) three times per day as a spell-like ability, but only to reproduce the following spell effects: *banishment*, *dimensional anchor*, *greater restoration*, *plane shift*, and *true resurrection*. A yamaraj's final judgment is sufficiently powerful to restore a slain outsider to life.

Lightning Drinker (Su) Yamarajes absorb electricity to strengthen themselves. A yamaraj takes no damage from electrical attacks, and instead heals 1 hit point per 3 points of electricity damage the attack would otherwise deal. If the amount of healing would cause the outsider to exceed its full normal hit points, it gains any excess as temporary hit points up to a maximum of 100.

Poison (Ex) Bite—injury; *save* Fort DC 31; *frequency* 1/round for 6 rounds; *effect* 1d4 Dex; *cure* 3 consecutive saves.

Equal parts regal and unspeakable to mortal sensibilities, yamarajes preside as judges of death and dispensers of ultimate justice. Superstitions of the living call them by many names—the final judges, the grave magistrates, the dragons who eat men's souls—but all agree that these nobles of death wither even the stoutest hearts. The grave magistrates glide with authority throughout Pharasma's Boneyard, commanding flocks of lesser psychopomps, tolerating the ministrations of devils and angels bickering for souls of note, and ordering the endless procession of petitioners. Many also serve as diplomats or military commanders to maintain the Boneyard's neutrality, but any such role is secondary to maintaining the flow of souls and the balance of the multiverse. Though in theory each yamaraj answers to Pharasma, in practice each is unquestioned within its own courtroom.

Yamarajes vaguely resemble black dragons, though they are easily distinguished once one realizes the gigantic creatures are cloaked in feathers rather than scales. Each yamaraj measures at least 30 feet in length and weighs 4 tons. Despite their massive size and largely sedentary duties, yamarajes show astounding grace when they do move.

ECOLOGY

Impossibly old, yamarajes are outsiders forged from lesser psychopomps or the souls of legendary mortals. As with other outsiders, they need not eat, drink, or sleep to survive, and the grave magistrates normally remain perched upon

the Boneyard's ruins for months at a time, overseeing the smooth organization of their realm. Hard work wears at their immortal drive, and like living lords they eagerly indulge in exquisite banquets during their infrequent personal time. These bacchanals make for strange bedfellows among outsiders, as solars and pit fiends may hobnob alongside one another, vying for a yamaraj to help organize the release of judged souls and attempting to win future favors.

When called into physical action, all yamarajes can breathe raw decay in the form of clouds of carrion-eating insects, and their venom saps the youth and vitality from living creatures.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Yamarajes serve as lower judges and lords of the Boneyard, directing the activities of their lessers, presiding over the dead, presorting souls destined for Pharasma's ultimate judgment, and seeing to the efficiency and safety of the Spire's infinite inhabitants. As the highest order of psychopomps, they are simultaneously the most dedicated to their role as shepherds of the dead and the most prone to impressing their own opinions on their work in the form of overturning precedents, rambling speeches, and extensive opinions attached to rulings. Such flexibility is necessary when making immortal decisions based on the ever-changing actions of the living, but frustrates more absolute outsiders to no end.

Unsurprisingly, yamarajes tend to vary greatly from one individual to the next. Most develop deep interests in various worldly subjects that determine the sorts of mortals they ultimately seek to watch over. A given yamaraj might go out of its way to seek out artisans or followers of specific deities or thieves, depending on its studies or whatever has come to interest it during that eon. Yamarajes might seek to guard such pet souls, ensuring their safe travels through the Boneyard, learning more from the souls as they journey together, and ultimately advocating that Pharasma grant a more peaceful judgment. Others act in reverse, finding certain types of mortals disgusting, tormenting their souls through their procession to the goddess's throne, and even suggesting that the spirits should face particularly monstrous damnations. How a yamaraj reacts to an individual thus proves unpredictable, depending on its changeable tastes.

Such idiosyncrasies vary between individual yamarajes, and might change over the course of centuries.

Just as many yamarajes become fascinated with souls possessing specific experiences or from certain backgrounds, some of the psychopomps go out of their way to judge beings from specific worlds, collecting bits of information and insight with every creature that passes them by. Thus, some become experts on one or multiple worlds, having spent eternities ferreting out the histories and secrets of worlds from firsthand accounts over millennia of inquiries. Many yamarajes welcome the opportunity to share the details of their investigations. Others, though, see inquiries into their worlds of expertise as opportunities to aid the psychopomps' cause. Standing at the pinnacle of their race, yamarajes are well informed as to the challenges and goals of many subservient psychopomps, and might only negotiate with mortals who perform a service in aid of their underlings.



The Invidian Eye

Etchings of indecipherable runes float within the flawless depths of the mysterious gem known as the Invidian Eye. Ever since it was discovered on a nameless island off the coast of northern Varisia, the gem has brought nothing but woe, with every female owner having met a mysterious and bloody death. Stories of this curse have granted the treasure an infamous reputation, but also made it all the more captivating for collectors and thieves alike. Currently the Eye is on loan from its owners, the aristocratic Moulot family, at Caliphas's Quarterfaux Archives. This has led some to wonder what form the diamond's curse will take while it is in the possession of the entire nation.



The Daughter of Death

From the whispers of fiends come tales of profanities that warp the mortal mind. Among these is the tale of the daughter of death. Despite her immortal cruelty, it's said the goddess Urgathoa harbored a secret yearning for a child, yet fate and her warped being made this an impossibility. Endlessly she sought satisfaction by perverting her most devoted followers—the so-called Daughters of Urgathoa—but she yearned for something more. Where ages and divine power failed, they say the mercy and love of a single soul succeeded, and from the goddess of corruptions a life came to be. Yet the father could not bear to leave his daughter with the monstrous goddess, and so stole Urgathoa's daughter and hid the child from her sight. She has searched ever since.



The End of All Things

A mad plot to unleash the greatest necromancer the world has ever known draws to its sinister end. As the murderous cultists of the Whispering Way retreat to their profane sanctuary, the powers of death align to resurrect their fallen champion. Bold adventurers pursue these villains, but can their bravery survive the haunted wasteland of Virlych, the accursed cathedral of Renchurch, and ultimately the towering crypt of Gallowspire? And will their boldness be enough to stop the Whispering Tyrant, the infamous lich-king locked away beneath Ustalav's deadliest ruin, from being reborn upon a defenseless world? The heroes must test their courage against the servants of death itself in this, the climactic final chapter of the Carrion Crown Adventure Path.

This volume of *Pathfinder Adventure Path* includes:

- "Shadows of Gallowspire," a Pathfinder RPG adventure for 13th-level characters, by Brandon Hodge.
- Nefarious plots and macabre menaces to prolong the terrors of your Carrion Crown campaign, by F. Wesley Schneider.
- An investigation into the most infamous liches plotting dooms across the Inner Sea region, by Adam Daigle.
- Laurel Cylphra's attempt to save a soul in the Pathfinder's Journal, by F. Wesley Schneider.
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