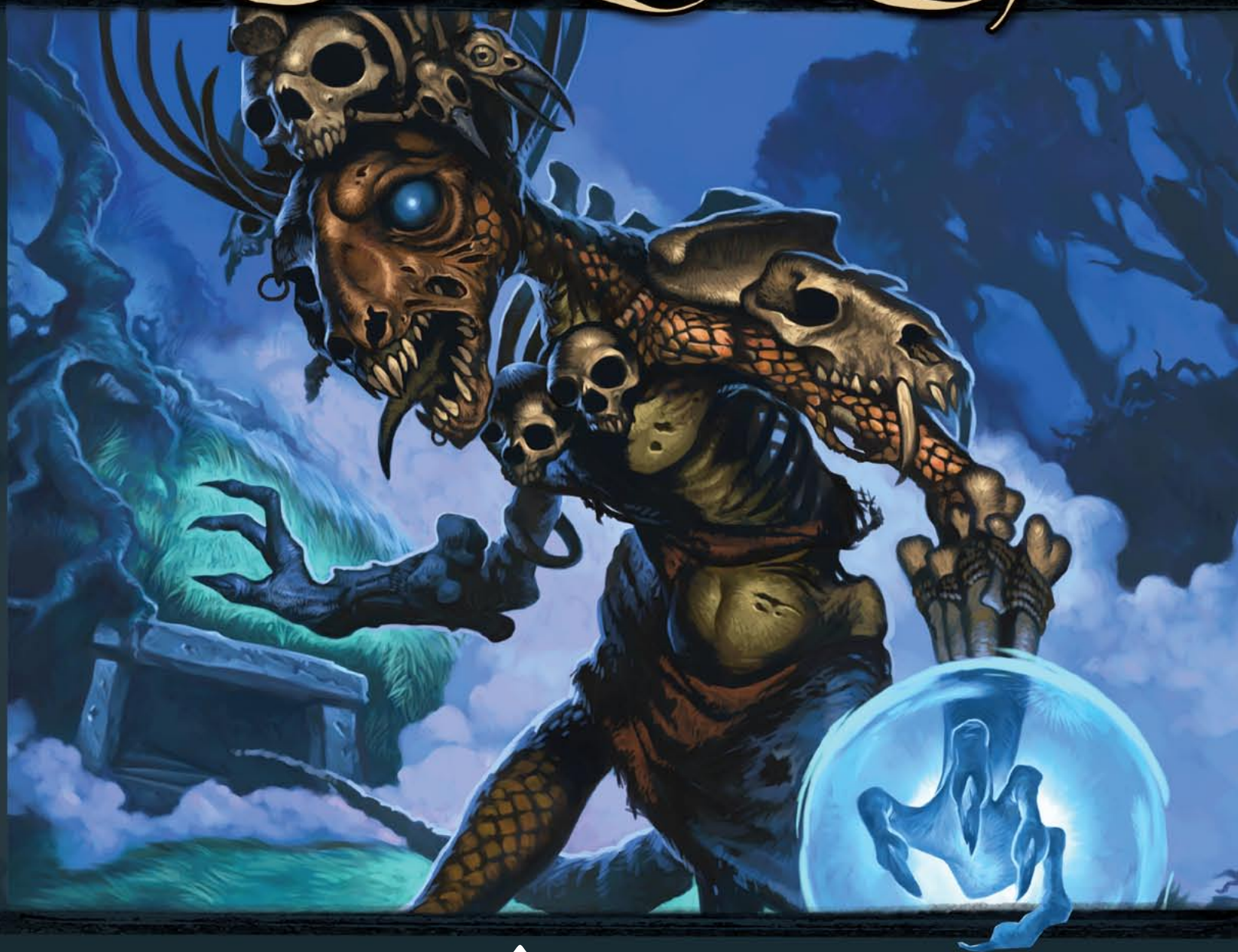




A 3.5/OGL ADVENTURE FOR LEVEL 5

D1.5

REVENGE OF THE KOBOLD KING™

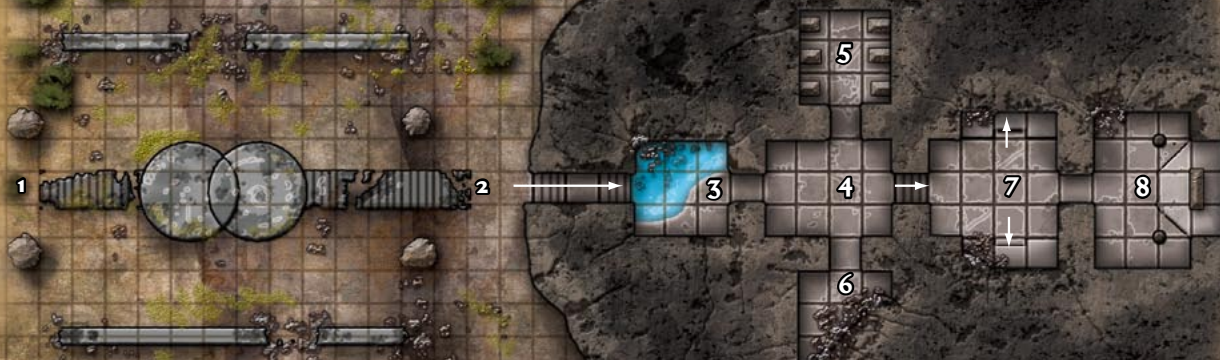


PATHFINDER™

MODULE

BY NICOLAS LOGUE

Azlanti Tomb Mound



One square = 5 feet

Lumber Camp



One square = 5 feet



REVENGE OF THE KOBOLD KING

PATHFINDER MODULE D1.5 DUNGEON ADVENTURE

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D1.5: Revenge of the Kobold King is a Pathfinder Module designed for four 5th-level characters. By the end of this module, characters should reach 6th level. This module is designed for play in the *Pathfinder Chronicles™* campaign setting, but can easily be adapted for use with any world. This module is compliant with the Open Game License (OGL) and is suitable for use with the world's most popular fantasy roleplaying game.

The OGL can be found on page 31 of this product.

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Azlant. The very word conjures images of power, mystery, and antiquity. When the world was young, before the great darkness, the spell-smiths of Azlant crafted such marvels that the people of the day were said to be living gods, able to form reality with a thought and oblivion with a whisper. Little of their civilization survived the great darkness, but their last great hero, none other than the legendary Aroden himself, brought a few desperate survivors out of the foundering kingdom to the far shores of the inner sea. Thus was born the nation of Taldor—eldest, and proudest, of the human kingdoms. Although little survives from that era, nonetheless here and there relics of the original Azlanti colonists still await discovery in southern Avistan. But woe be to the adventurer who stumbles across these vestiges unprepared, for the Azlanti possessed magic unlike any that yet remains in the world, and they guarded their secrets jealously.



THE PATHFINDER CHRONICLES

Adventure Background

The reign of Merlokrep, first of his name, all-mighty Dragon King of the Truescale Kobolds, ended as badly as it began. Moments before his mighty crown could taste the blood of a pink-skin babe, a band of oversized psychopaths burst into his throne room. They ignored Merlokrep's kind offer to kneel at his throne and lick his boots, and instead the treacherous man-things chopped him to tiny bits. This should have marked the ignoble but inevitable end of the Truescales' reigning monarch—but the Fates were not through tormenting Merlokrep yet.

The creeping shadows that forced his people to the surface weeks before found the Kobold King in a pool of his own blood, his centipede throne carelessly toppled over his dismembered body. Their leader, a powerful undead named Drazmorg, gazed upon Merlokrep's ruined remains. Whether out of spite or for cruel sport to amuse his cold immortal soul, Drazmorg muttered a few words of power over the broken body of Merlokrep and roused the dead king from his eternal rest. Drazmorg promised Merlokrep power. He promised glory. And most of all, he promised vengeance.

Merlokrep took to undeath better than most. He rasped out a hoarse scream over his rotting vocal chords for a full 5 minutes, and then the industrious liege lord set to sewing himself back together with his

teeth. His grisly work complete, Merlokrep rose a twisted thing of twine, leather straps, and rotten meat, a few pathetic scales still clinging to his once-impressive frame. He mewled in despair to see his Truescales slain. While Merlokrep's deathly jabbering greatly amused Drazmorg, the undead master raised some of Merlokrep's retinue as corrupted and rotten servants to serve the king in death as faithfully as they had in their miserable lives. His legions restored and powered by the black arts of undeath, Merlokrep was ready to return to his murderous ways.

The revenge of the Kobold King is at hand.

Adventure Summary

News of a deadly attack on a lumber camp reaches Falcon's Hollow, and brave adventurers must probe the shaded undercanopy of Darkmoon Wood to rescue the survivors and hunt down those responsible for the slaughter. At the ruined camp, kobolds living and dead ambush the PCs with cunning traps and a zealous determination spurred on by fear of their newly risen king. The party soon learns that Merlokrep has returned, and he awaits them with his hostages in an ancient burial mound sheltered in a cursed glen, where the living do not trespass lightly. The PCs plumb the secrets of another age, exploring a crypt wherein the dead of Azlant rest uneasy. Braving the specters of a fallen empire

and the rotting kobold myrmidons of the Truescale Tribe, the PCs find themselves face to decomposing face with Merlokrep. The Kobold King has anticipated the opportunity to visit death upon those who slew him and murdered his tribe, and this time he has the aid of the long-dead Azlanti, an ancient race of power now risen to curse the world that has forgotten them.

FALCON'S HOLLOW

Town nonstandard (lumber consortium); **AL** NE

GP Limit 1,500 gp; **Assets** 40,550 gp

DEMOGRAPHICS

Population 1,300

Type isolated (human 94%, halfling 3%, half-elf 1%, elf 1%, other 1%)

AUTHORITY FIGURES

Gavel Thuldrin Kreed, LE male human expert 3/rogue 6 (Gavel of the Lumber Consortium), **Magistrate Vamros Harg**, NE male halfling aristocrat 3/sorcerer 5 (Magistrate-Elect), **Sheriff Deldrin Baleson**, LN male half-elf expert 4/fighter 3 (Sheriff of Darkmoon Vale), **Boss Payden "Pay Day" Teedum**, LE male human monk 2/fighter 4 (Overboss of the Lumber Consortium).

NOTES

Do: Hollow's Last Hope, D1: Crown of the Kobold King, E1: Carnival of Tears, and Guide to Darkmoon Vale all contain more information about Falcon's Hollow and Darkmoon Vale.

Introduction

A brief respite from horror and a tankard or three of ale at the Sitting Duck are about the only joys a resident of Falcon's Hollow can look forward to. As summer yields to autumn, the leaves of Darkmoon Wood pale to jaundiced yellow or bloody crimson. The dying summer is another reminder that life is cheap in Darkmoon Vale. There is a saying in Falcon's Hollow: "Sorrow becomes joy, joy rots to misery, and so all things turn bloody in the end."

This adventure begins one cold, misty morning when a man comes stumbling into town. Mutters Kondlan is the taskmaster at Thuldrin Kreed's newest cutyard, 2 miles into the shadowy glens of Darkmoon Forest. The poor wretch arrives at dawn, his finery in tatters and his stringy hair matted with sweat and blood. His tidings soon reach every ear. He didn't see the horror that cut down his men, but he fled the cutyard

pursued by screams and dying gurgles of his lumberjacks that echoed through the trees. Anxiously, the town waits for other survivors to appear, but only cold silence comes from the forest through thinning mist. Fear grips the town. Nearly two dozen men and women are missing in the darkness beneath the forest canopy, and the shouts and wails of their kin ring out across Falcon's Hollow. And on the perch looking over the rest of the town, Thuldrin Kreed, his interests threatened by this new incident, meets quietly with advisors to discuss possible courses of action.

There are several ways for the PCs to get drawn in to this adventure. Perhaps a family member of one of the missing lumberjacks asks the PCs to discover the fate of his kin. The adventure hook that offers the best opportunity for roleplaying (and the default one for this adventure) is to have Thuldrin Kreed, the most hated man in Falcon's Hollow, approach the PCs and offer them 4,000 gp to travel into Darkmoon Wood's lightless reaches, bring back any survivors, and deal with whatever menace laid siege to the cutyard.

Nothing is ever simple where Kreed is involved. Thuldrin didn't get where he is today by handing out sacks of gold to fools nursing a death wish. Thuldrin assures the PCs they won't be alone out there. He's sending his best men to aid them in their mission and ensure that justice is meted out in the name of his slain workers. Thuldrin dispatches Boss Payden "Pay Day" Teedum and a squad of his regulators along with the party to lend their swords to the task. In truth, Kreed's private instructions to Teedum involve using the party to deal with the threat and then making sure the PCs don't find their way home from Darkmoon Wood.

If the PCs demand more money, Thuldrin pretends they drive a hard bargain (forcing a DC 15 Diplomacy check) before grudgingly acquiescing, upping the reward to a cool 5,000 gold (which he has no intention of paying). Secretly roll a Sense Motive check for the PCs against Thuldrin's considerable Bluff (+14). If they beat out the tycoon, they realize he was quick to get loose-fisted with his gold, and something is a little off. If the PCs grow suspicious and voices their mistrust, Thuldrin allays their fears by leveling with them and offering a blunt explanation of why he's sending Teedum.

"We all know I'm a right bastard. I bleed these men and women for all they've got, but I pay them square, and there ain't no chains on their wrists. You think I don't care about these men? Then you're a fool. I need them. Sure I may grind them to paste with years of back-breaking work, but whatever's out there is killing folks. Nobody puts a knife to my men but me. You go out there and get what did this. I'll not have my men slaughtered like pigs."

"Boss Teedum's going with you to make sure you succeed. I'm not trusting a task like this to outsiders alone. Those men deserve justice, that's for certain, but more importantly, I'm not about to let anything threaten my interests in the Wood. If you fail, get your bowels opened on a blade, or just plain lose the steel in your spine, Pay Day's there to pick up what you drop and see it through. I'm not laying down for some monsters, stumpy dwarf ghosts, or prancing fey bastards. This Wood is mine, and I'll keep it. I'll burn the whole gods-be-damned forest to ash before I let someone take it from me."

If the PCs refuse to travel with Pay Day, Kreed points out how dangerous the Wood is, and that a larger party has a much better chance of frightening off those lean hungry things that prowl there. If the PCs remain adamant, Pay Day and his men trail them instead, hiring a ranger to track the party's progress through the Wood.

If you use a different adventure hook to draw the PCs into the action, Thuldrin still sends Teedum to see what happened to his cutyard. In this case, Teedum approaches the PCs with an offer to join forces. If the PCs refuse, he trails them as described above. In either case, he eventually betrays them.

The Overboss and His Regulators

Pay Day pretends to be friendly at first (under Kreed's orders), but he's not good at it and soon chafes at working with the PCs. Teedum's used to people taking his orders and can't treat anyone like an equal. Kreed is a god to him and everyone else is a dung beetle, there to be herded toward useful work or squashed under his boot. Payden's an ugly thug, with a bull neck, a huge round face, and a mashed-in nose—courtesy of an axe handle wielded by Falcon's Hollow's Sherriif Baleson in a cutyard brawl. He's thick shouldered and stocky, yet he moves like a trained killer. He's overly fond of chewing blood-bark, and spits

FALCON'S HOLLOW

Falcon's Hollow began as a tiny lumber camp on the savage edge of the untamed wilderness of Darkmoon Vale. Today it is a sprawling muddy township that feeds on lumber and misery. Families here live under the thumb of the Lumber Consortium and its unscrupulous gavel, Thuldrin Kreed, a man who makes a lich seem compassionate. The town has a bloody history, having been beset by evil fey, prowling monsters, and the moaning wraiths of a fallen dwarven empire from without and the hired swords of Kreed from within. To call Falcon's Hollow a little slice of Hell on Golarion would be charitable.

Still, the desperate and brave flock here like flies to honey. Zealots worship strange gods whose faiths are outlawed elsewhere, adventurers hunt for the lost treasures of dwarven civilizations, and fugitives seek to wash away the blood on their hands in the frontier's Foam River. Falcon's Hollow promises anyone with a strong back a new life, but new arrivals soon learn it is a life of servitude. To become a lumberjack, a man must sign over his life (some not-so-jokingly say their souls as well) to the consortium. When the grueling hours and unsafe conditions cut him down, his widow frequently has no choice but to sell herself in Kabran Bloodeye's brothels to keep their children from starving. This is life in Falcon's Hollow, and those who choose it know only sorrow for the rest of their days.

PLAYING A SEQUEL

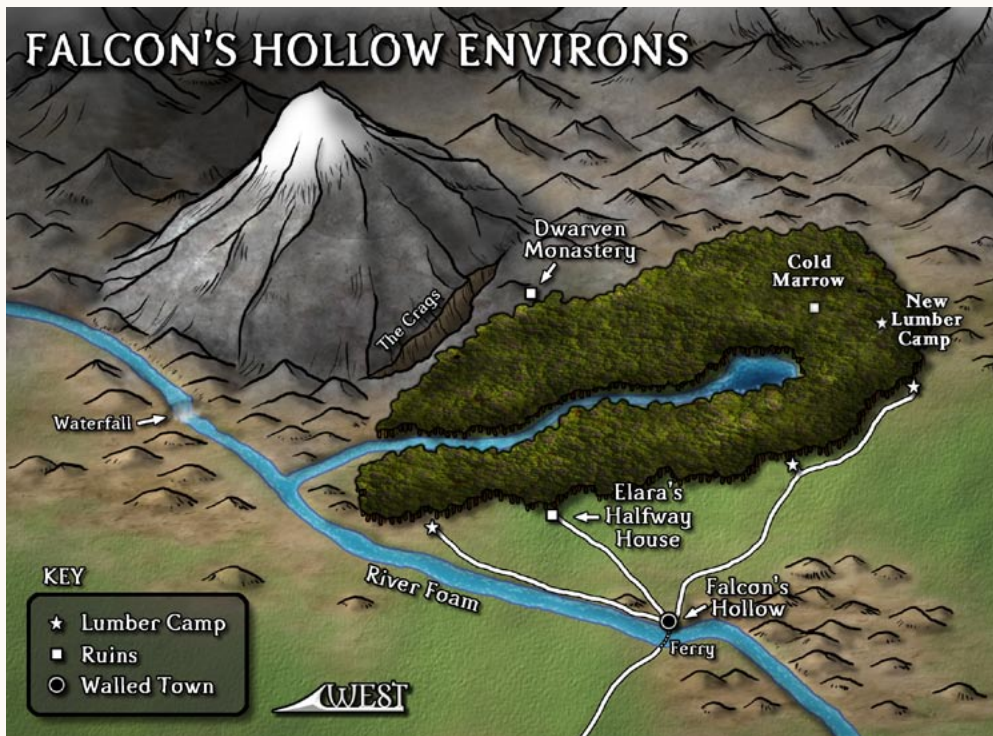
This adventure is a sequel to *D1: Crown of the Kobold King*. While nothing in this module requires that the PCs have played through the previous adventure, there are several references to events that occurred in that adventure. If you are running *D1.5: Revenge of the Kobold King* as a stand-alone adventure, the easiest thing to do is to assume that the events in *Crown of the Kobold King* occurred, and that the Kobolds simply mistook the PCs for the ones that destroyed their tribe the last time around. After all, to a kobold, oversized homicidal psychopaths all look pretty much alike.



Designer Notes

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In *Do*, *D1*, and *E1*, we refer to the small forest near Falcon's Hollow as Darkmoon Vale. Beginning with this adventure and *Guide to Darkmoon Vale*, we more accurately refer to the small forest as Darkmoon Wood. Darkmoon Vale is a wide, shallow valley that stretches across northwestern Andoran between the city of Oregent and the Arthfell Forest (the same forest in which *TC1* takes place) in the south, the Five Kings Mountains in the north, and the Aspodell Mountains (in which the module *LB1* takes place) in the west.



its crimson leavings all over the place (probably hitting a PC's boots on more than one occasion). He plays the part of the Consortium Man, concerned for the safety of those lumberjacks left behind by their yard master, Mutters Kondlan, whom Teedum calls a "jelly-spined coward" and whose name he always accompanies with a thick hawk of blood-bark juice.

Pay Day intends to chew up the PCs like his favorite vice and spit them out again, but he plans to get as much use out of their swords and spells as he can before turning on them. He won't act on this plan until the PCs deal with whatever evil lurks out in Darkmoon Wood, and until then he plays a game of cat and mouse with the party.

BOSS PAYDEN TEEDUM

CR 6

Male human monk 2/fighter 4

NE Medium humanoid

Init +6; **Senses** Listen +8, Spot +7

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 14, flat-footed 14
(+2 armor, +2 Dex, +2 Wis)

hp 40 (6 HD; 2d8+4d10+6)

Fort +8, **Ref** +6, **Will** +8

Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +11 (1d6+7) or

Melee unarmed strike +9/+9 (1d6+7)

Special Attacks flurry of blows, Stunning Fist (DC 15)

TACTICS

Before Combat Pay Day downs a *potion of bull's strength* before any serious fight.

During Combat Pay Day flanks with one of his goons and delivers powerful Stunning Fists every round. He favors spellcasters if can get to them.

Morale Pay Day does not fight at all if the PCs are doing his work for him, but in a fight against the PCs he gives it his all and fights to the death rather than face Kreed's wrath.

Base Statistics Without *bull's strength*, make the following adjustments: Melee unarmed strike +9 (1d6+5) or Melee unarmed strike +7/+7 (1d6+5), Str 12, Climb +5, Jump +5

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +5; **Grp** +8

Feats Alertness, Deflect Arrows, Improved

Initiative, Iron Will, Persuasive, Skill Focus (Intimidate), Stunning Fist, Weapon Focus (unarmed strike), Weapon Specialization (unarmed strike)

Skills Balance +4, Bluff +2, Climb +7, Hide +5, Intimidate +9, Jump +7, Listen +8, Move Silently +5, Sense Motive +7, Spot +7

Languages Common

Combat Gear *potion of bull's strength* (3), *potion of cure moderate wounds* (3) **Other Gear** *amulet of mighty fists* +2, *bracers of armor* +2,

battleaxe, can of blood-bark chaw, pouch with 15 gp, a simple gold wedding band (10 gp; he never speaks about this ring).

PAYDEN'S REGULATORS

CR 2

Male human rogue 1/fighter 1

NE Medium humanoid

Init +2; **Senses** Listen +3, Spot +3

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 13
(+2 Dex, +3 studded leather)

hp 15 (2 HD 1d8+1d10+2)

Fort +3, **Ref** +4, **Will** +0

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee mwk shortsword +7 (1d6+4/19–20) or

Melee mwk shortsword +5 (1d6+4/19–20) and mwk shortsword +5 (1d6+2/19–20)

Ranged mwk light crossbow +4 (1d8/19–20)

Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6

TACTICS

Before Combat The regulators guzzle their *potions of bull's strength* just like their boss.

During Combat These goons fire their crossbows at enemies engaged with PCs but try to avoid melee until their final battle with the party.

Morale The goons aren't paid enough to die. If reduced to 3 hp or less they surrender.

Base Statistics Without *bull's strength*, make the following adjustments: Melee mwk shortsword +5 (1d6+2/19–20) or Melee mwk

shortsword +3 (1d6+2/19–20) and mwk
shortsword +3 (1d6+1/19–20), Str 14, Climb
+3, Jump +3

STATISTICS

Str 18, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 11

Base Atk +1; Grp +5

Feats Dodge, Weapon Focus (shortsword), Two-
Weapon Fighting

Skills Bluff +2, Climb +6, Escape Artist +4,
Intimidate +2, Hide +5, Jump +6, Listen +3,
Move Silently +5, Spot +3

Languages Common

Combat Gear *potion of bull's strength*, *potion
of cure light wounds* (2) **Other Gear**
masterwork shortswords (2), masterwork
studded leather armor, masterwork light
crossbow and 10 bolts, dice and playing
placards, purse with 10 sp, a wineskin,
waterskin, and a week's rations.

PART ONE: BLOOD ON THE LEAVES

There is no path to the cutyard yet, as it was only just prospected by the Lumber Consortium a few weeks ago. Kreed supplies the PCs with a rough approximation of the yard's location, but a 3-mile hike into the unforgiving Darkmoon Wood awaits them. The sun does not often pierce the shroud of autumn leaves above, and darkness reigns even during midday. As the PCs set out, Boss Teedum is happy to let them lead the way. He has no wish to risk his or his regulators' lives on any foolishness. If the PCs contend with him, he spits, "You's the ones hungry for a re-ward! You go ahead and earn it, then! We's right behind you, never fear!" For every 4 hours the party spends in the Wood there is a 15% chance of a random encounter. If an encounter is called for, roll 1d20 and consult the list of Darkmoon Wood Encounters below.

Darkmoon Wood Encounters

1–3: Dead Horse (EL —) Crows gather around the carcass of a horse, peeling strips of flesh from its face. They glare at the party as it passes and caw as if to say, "You're next."

4–6: Grappelt's Kin (EL 6) A pack of worgs who lair deep in Darkmoon Wood come to the area every year to consort with an ornery and dangerous cousin of theirs named Grappelt. They arrived a little while back and found their cousin's mangled carcass in his lair. They caught the scent of his killers on his corpse and catch wind of it again when the party nears. The pack is led by a gnarled

old alpha male named Shaarrak. The pack attempts to circle the PCs and tear them to pieces.

WORGs (4)

CR 2

hp 30 each; MM 256

7–9: Troll Arm (EL 5) The PCs happen across a severed troll arm wriggling about in the bloody grass. The former owner barrels through the treeline 2 rounds later, holding a mutilated dwarven corpse in his one claw. The troll is after his arm, and immediately moves to it to reattach it. If the PCs don't stand back, it attacks. If they allow the troll access to its arm it reattaches the quivering limb and then slinks away to nurse its wounds, but it might decide to follow the PCs and make a feast of the party later.

TROLL

CR 5

hp 63; MM 179

10–12: Eyes in the Cold (EL 4) A cold mist floats through the trees and the PCs get the distinct feeling they are being watched. Three grigs with hearts corrupted by an evil cold move noiselessly in the trees, watching the party. They are content to do just that unless they are confronted. If the party ignores them, the grigs depart to report to whatever fell master they serve, and the icy mist abates.

GRIGs (4)

CR 1

hp 63; MM 179

Note: If you have *E1: Carnival of Tears*, add the dark ice fey template to these grigs, making this an EL 6 encounter.

13–15: Fuming Wife (EL 7) A fuming hill giantess lurches through the woods, an uprooted tree gripped tightly in one hand. Her name is Morgsa and she is looking for her husband. He hasn't come home in days and she went looking for him a while ago, finding only his wedding ring tangled in some weeds (if the PCs helped Kardoblag find his ring in *D1: Crown of the Kobold King*, the poor drunken giant lost it again before he made it home). She oscillates between being worried sick over the bumbling oaf and wanting to dash his brains in for losing his ring and staying out for days and nights. She isn't interested in slaughtering a band of adventurers right now, although usually



Designer Notes

FOOD FOR THE MONSTERS

Nothing kills an adventure's momentum more than a PC dying early in the session. As a GM, you want to play up the peril and instill the PCs with fear and excitement, but if you go kill-crazy on them the adventure grinds to a halt. A good solution is to send a bunch of expendable NPCs along with the party who can bite the bullet in the place of PCs every now and again. Payden Teedum's regulators are the perfect patsies to feed a petrifying cockatrice or take the backhanded swipe of a giant. Put these red-shirts to work throughout the adventure and kill off a few of them. Your players will thank you later, when Payden and his goons betray their characters.

she would do so gleefully. Instead, she merely asks the PCs if they have seen her mate. If they lie and she notices, she crushes them in a rage. If they give her any useful information she thanks them and might aid them some other time they find themselves trekking through the Wood.

MORGSA THE HILL GIANT

CR 7

hp 102; MM 123

16–17: The Short Statue (EL 3) The PCs stumble into a statue of a befuddled-looking halfling rendered as though reaching for the Small +1 *kukri* that still hangs at his belt. The halfling was an adventurer who set off into the Wood to find fortune and fame, but instead stumbled upon a cockatrice. The cockatrice is nesting in the limbs of a tree above the statue and descends on the party with a wild squawk.

COCKATRICE

CR 3

hp 27; MM 123

18–19: Restless Old Bones (EL 6) Scattered about this stretch of willow-shrouded grove, the PCs discover large bone fragments jutting up from the mossy ground. The skeleton belongs to a megaraptor slain by a rival over

NEW FEAT: VERMIN HEART

You have a special bond with things that creep, crawl and sting.

Prerequisites: Wild empathy class feature.

Benefit: You may target Vermin with spells and special abilities that normally only affect animals (although they are still affected by spells targeting vermin as well). You may use wild empathy to influence vermin as easily as you influence animals.

NEW FEAT: VERMIN COMPANION

Your understanding of creepy-crawlies has grown to the point where you can bond with one as a companion.

Prerequisites: Vermin Heart, animal companion class feature, wild empathy class feature.

Benefit: Add the following monsters to your list of potential animal companions at the indicated druid levels. 1st—giant ant (worker), giant fire beetle, Medium monstrous centipede, Medium monstrous scorpion, Medium monstrous spider; 4th—giant ant (soldier), giant bee, giant bombardier beetle, Large monstrous centipede, Large monstrous scorpion, Large monstrous spider; 7th—giant praying mantis, giant stag beetle, giant wasp, Huge monstrous centipede; 10th—Gargantuan monstrous centipede, Huge monstrous spider; 13th—Huge monstrous scorpion; 16th—Gargantuan monstrous spider.

territory thousands of years ago. A recent earthquake brought it to the surface and now the haunted spirits of Darkmoon Wood have animated it. The thing lurches from the ground, pulling moss, creepers, and muddy earth with it. Seconds later, it attacks the party.

ADVANCED MEGARAPTOR SKELETON CR 3
hp 78; MM 227

20: The ground suddenly gives way beneath a PC, plunging him into a dark and musty old crypt dating back to the dwarven empire. The skeleton of a dwarven warmaster sits upon a stony throne, his +2 heavy steel shield and his +1 keen adamantite longsword resting in front of him.

Site of Slaughter

Only a few shafts of sunlight pierce the thick forest canopy above and smoke hangs heavy in the air. The trees surrender to a clearing of hacked stumps and a few wooden buildings thatched together with rope and logs. The darkness and smoke here conspire to haze the whole camp in a gray gloom, like a wispy dream—or nightmare. The crackling sound of a roaring fire rides the wind, and obscured buildings loom out of the miasma like shimmering living things. Tendrils of smoke curl about the camp, bringing with them the smells of burnt flesh and the lingering rot of old death and tomb dust.

The lumber camp is in shambles, torn apart by the kobold attack. The assault was swift and terrible, led by one of Merlokrep's few living minions—Depnaakra, He Who Creeps and Crawls, Sting Warden for the Truescale Tribe. The Sting Warden is a religious figure to the Truescales, a kobold with a special gift to commune with the slimy venomous things that scuttle in dark caves or lurk under moldy dead trees. Depnaakra, a disgusting green-scaled kobold always accompanied by a host of deadly vermin, is the finest Sting Warden the Truescales have ever known. When the PCs attacked Merlokrep in the bowels of Droskar's Crucible, Depnaakra and a few of his most trusted warriors were out on a venom-quest gathering new disgusting pets for the tribe to worship, eat, and harvest poison from.

Depnaakra returned to find Merlokrep, whom he feared before, now transformed into a gruesome undead. He was quick to bend a knee and kiss his master's rotting feet. When Merlokrep rasped out his plans for vengeance, Depnaakra immediately volunteered to lead an attack on a nearby lumber camp in order to draw his king's murderers back into Darkmoon Wood. Merlokrep was pleased and sent a contingent of his now-moldering kobold minions with the Sting Warden.

The vicious kobolds set upon the lumber camp in the dead of night and watched with glee as the bumbling night-blind man-things staggered about screaming and bleeding with Depnaakra's chattering pets burrowing into their flesh. The night only got more entertaining when the pink-skins caught their first glimpse of the undead kobolds lurching from the trees, unholy fire burning where their

eyes used to be. Depnaakra and his fellows savored an hour of slaughter and then spent the rest of the night rigging the camp with deadly traps.

When the PCs arrive, a perilous ambush awaits them. Depnaakra hides on the outskirts of the camp with two of his disciples until the PCs begin to explore the trapped remains of the place. If possible, he waits until the PCs are finished exploring the camp to catch them at their weakest, after his traps and minions have done their worst.

DEPNAAKRA CR 5

Male kobold druid 5

NE Small humanoid (reptilian)

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +9, Spot +9

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 16, flat-footed 19

(+4 armor, +5 Dex, +1 natural, +1 size, +3 barkskin)

hp 41 (5d8+15)

Fort +7, **Ref** +6, **Will** +7

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft.

Melee mwk quarterstaff +4 (1d10–1)

Spells Prepared (CL 5th):

3rd—call lightning (DC 16), poison (DC 16)

2nd—barkskin, bear's endurance, cat's grace

1st—entangle (DC 14), longstrider, obscuring mist, shillelagh

0—detect magic, detect poison, flare, guidance, read magic

TACTICS

Before Combat Depnaakra casts barkskin, bear's endurance, cat's grace, longstrider, and shillelagh as soon as the PCs are detected. He then creeps closer and casts call lightning.

During Combat Depnaakra brings down bolts of lightning on the PCs, and casts entangle if any PCs are grouped together.

Morale Depnaakra flees into the woods if reduced to fewer than 10 hp.

Base Statistics: AC 19, touch 14, flat-footed 16, hp 31 (5d8+5), Fort +5, Ref +4, Melee mwk quarterstaff +4 (1d4–1), Dex 16, Con 13, Concentration +6

STATISTICS

Str 9, **Dex** 20, **Con** 17, **Int** 10, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +3; **Grp** +2

Feats Vermin Companion, Vermin Heart

Skills Concentration +8, Handle Animal +6, Knowledge (nature) +7, Listen +9, Spot +9, Survival +8 (+10 nature).

Languages Draconic



SQ animal companion (large monstrous scorpion named Pinch Pinch) light sensitivity
Combat Gear scroll of tree shape, wand of summon swarm (12 charges) **Other Gear** +2 leather armor, masterwork quarterstaff with vermin cages hanging off it, hemp belt and ratty robes with tons of pockets for his venomous “friends.”

LARGE MONSTROUS SCORPION CR —
 hp 32; MM 287

DEPNAAKRA’S DISCIPLES CR 3
 Male kobold ranger 3
 NE Small humanoid (reptilian)
Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +5, Spot +5

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 16, flat-footed 16
 (+3 armor, +5 Dex, +1 natural, +1 size, +2 shield)
hp 17 (3d8)
Fort +3, **Ref** +8, **Will** +2

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.
Melee mwk hand axe +10 (1d4+1/×3) or
Melee mwk hand axe +8 (1d4+1/×3) and
 mwk hand axe +8 (1d4/×3) or
Ranged mwk hand axe +10 (1d4+1/×3)

Special Attacks favored enemy +2 (humanoid [humans]), Two Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse

TACTICS

Before Combat These kobolds quaff their *potions of cat’s grace*, sprinkle their pouches of *dust of disappearance* on themselves, fan out and attempt to sneak up on PCs and surprise them in combat.

During Combat The disciples flank enemies and hack away with their hand axes. If they can find good cover they merrily hurl axes at the PCs for as long as possible.

Morale The disciples fight to the death unless they see Depnaakra flee, at which point they follow.

Base Statistics AC 19, touch 14, Ref +6, Melee mwk hand axe +8 (1d4+1/×3) or Melee mwk hand axe +6 (1d4+1/×3) and mwk hand axe +6 (1d4/×3) Ranged mwk hand axe +8 (1d4+1/×3), Dex 16, Hide +7, Move Silently +7, Use Rope +5

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 20, **Con** 11, **Int** 8, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8
Base Atk +3; **Grp** +4
Feats Endurance, Stealthy, Track, Two-Weapon

Fighting, Weapon Finesse

Skills Climb +5, Craft (trapmaking) +5, Hide +9, Jump +5, Listen +5, Move Silently +9, Spot +5, Use Rope +7.

Languages Draconic

SQ light sensitivity

Combat Gear *potion of cat’s grace*, *dust of disappearance*, **Gear** masterwork studded leather armor, +1 buckler, 3 masterwork hand axes.

1. The Approach (EL 5 or 6)

Two muddy bits of trail rent in the earth here fan out around the smoky camp. A few indeterminate shapes—hills or buildings, perhaps—lie beyond. Far to the left, a wagon looms from the haze of mist. The ground here is strewn with bodies. Men, some torn to pieces, others killed by a spear through the heart or eye, lay about the blood-smattered leaves. Among the dead are the twisted scaly bodies of a few kobolds.

Creatures: The kobolds here are not dead, but rather undead. They are part of Merlokrep’s new tribe of zombies. They lie here feigning

true death, but anyone who investigates the bodies and makes a DC 15 Search or Heal check notes that these critters have been decaying for some time and did not die in the attack the previous night. Furthermore, if the PCs played through *D1: Crown of the Kobold King*, they can recognize one of the kobolds they killed with a DC 18 Intelligence check. The zombies aren't alone. One of Depnaakra's disciples is perched atop the lumber wagon nearby, manning a deadly trap.

DEPNAAKRA'S DISCIPLE CR 3
hp 16; See page 6.

TACTICS

Before Combat This disciple drinks his potion and sprinkles his *dust of disappearance* on himself when he detects the party's approach.

During Combat This kobold unleashes the swinging log trap on the party and then jumps on top of the last log, riding it in like a chariot (he must make a DC 15 Jump check to do so or he falls off the log and lands face-first in the mud. He is considered to be charging for his first attack—after this, he flanks with a zombie.

Morale This disciple fights to the bitter end.

KOBOLD ZOMBIES (6) CR 1/2
hp 16; MM 266

TACTICS

Before Combat The zombies play dead on the ground, rising only after commanded to do so by a rasping Dread Myrmidon watching the action from area 7 (the watchtower). After the trap is released, he snarls out, "Arise, my brothers! Slay the pink-skins!" in hoarse Draconic.

During Combat The kobold zombies mindlessly attack the nearest foe.

Morale This kobold zombies fight until slain.

Trap: The vicious little kobold atop the wagon cuts a rope, sending a series of log pendulums swinging in a deadly arc at anyone in area 1. Those lying prone are not in the line of fire (the kobold zombies are safe unless they stand up).

SWINGING LOG TRAP CR 3
Type mechanical; Search DC 25 Disable
Device N/A

EFFECTS

Trigger manual; **Reset** manual

Effect Atk log +10 melee (2d6) and overrun (Str 20); multiple targets (everyone in the area)

2. The Outer Office (EL 3)

This cramped wooden room is strewn with sawdust to keep people from slipping on the mud-slick floor. A simple stone hearth is set in one wall and a newly fashioned desk of unvarnished timber sits the middle of the room. The body of a fat man is slumped on the desktop, his broken spectacles lying in a pool of thick, congealed blood. Parchments are strewn all over the floor by the desk, each with a lumberjack's name on it and a record of his work hours and wages owed. Each paper is marked with a childish crude face painted in blood, with Xs for eyes.

The corpulent corpse atop the desk used to be Mutters's assistant, a pig of a skinflint named Drurik who took perverse pleasure in shorting the lumberjacks on their pay by doctoring their work records. One of Depnaakra's disciples crept in the back door to the office while Drurik was burning the midnight oil at the desk and split his skull with a well-placed chop of a hand axe. The disciple then set to "updating" the lumberjacks' work records to reflect their new status: dead.

Trap: The chest in the room beyond this one (area 3) is where Mutters kept a few crossbows in case the workers grew restless. The kobolds rigged these crossbows to the desk with twine-wrapped triggers, set to go off if anyone opens the south door, hurling bolts at the unlucky entrant.

CROSSBOW TRAP CR 3
Type mechanical; Search DC 20 Disable
Device DC 20

EFFECTS

Trigger opening the south door; **Reset** manual
Effect Atk 3 light crossbows +8 ranged (1d8) and Medium monstrous centipede poison (Injury, DC 10, 1d3 Dex/1d3 Dex).

3. The Yard Master's Quarters (EL 2 or 4)

This room is slightly less sparsely decorated than the one without, with a few shelves on the walls, a desk, and a bed covered in fluffy goosefeather pillows and blankets abutting the east wall. A chest rests against the south wall.

Creatures: Three nasty little blue-scaled kobolds stand defiantly before the chair, gripping their spears tightly and merk-a-

merking noisily as they "jabby-jab" forward. The kobolds are among the few warriors left alive of Merlokrep's original retinue, and they are abjectly terrified of his new undead form, terrified of the weird Sting Warden who brings "mean bitey many-leggers" with him everywhere he goes, and terrified of the PCs (these particular cowards hid in the dark while the adventurers massacred their whole tribe in D1). These warriors are just having trouble deciding who scares them most. If any PC makes a DC 15 Intimidate check, the PCs win by advantage of being the terrifying thing in front of the kobolds this instant, and the kobolds quickly surrender, hurling their spears on the ground. They also offer the party a key to the chest behind them, lamenting the loss of their last "shiny good-good."

There's no shiny good-good in the chest. Depnaarka removed everything of value (without telling these kobolds) and filled it to the brim with centipedes, which surge out as soon as anyone opens the chest. The centipedes attack both PCs and kobolds with equal enthusiasm.

KOBOLD WARRIORS (4) CR 1/4
hp 4 each; MM 161

CENTIPEDE SWARM CR 4
hp 31; MM page 238

Development: If the kobolds survive, they spill their guts to anyone who can speak Draconic, telling the PCs all they know about Depnaarka and his "stingy evil hurters!" The kobolds try to pretend Depnaarka is their ruler now, but if pressed they mumble, "We serve our king, Merlokrep" before going deathly quiet and whispering, "He come back from big beyond, filled with hate-hate! His hate-hate bring him back to eat you. You run if smart!"

4. The Zombie Feast (EL 4)

This log cabin reeks of blood, rot, disease, and excrement. Within the cabin, two long, rough-hewn wooden tables are festooned with opened bodies dripping gore onto the floor.

Creatures: Pallid-scaled kobolds crowd the tables, dining on the splayed corpses. As soon as the PCs enter, the zombies turn lifeless eyes toward the intruders and moan out ghastly, "Meeeeeerrrrks" before lumbering toward a fresher meal.

KOBOLD ZOMBIES (10)**CR 1/2**

hp 16; MM 266

TACTICS**During Combat** The kobold zombies mindlessly attack the nearest foe.**Morale** The zombies fight until destroyed.**5. The Breath of Locusts (EL 5)**

This spacious log cabin is filled with beds and a common table at its center. Twitching bodies lie concealed beneath the blankets in four of the beds. A low humming sound is coming from that direction.

Creatures: The men lying abed are nothing more than husks now, their insides devoured by some of Depnaakra's favorite pets: ravenous locust swarms. When the PCs draw near the center of the room, the withered corpses suddenly lurch upright, revealing wrinkled faces like raisins. Each is missing its lower jaw and its throat is a gaping open wound from which locusts pour forth in a steady stream before attacking the party.

LOCUST SWARMS (2)**CR 3**

hp 21 each; MM 239

Trap: A chest on the western wall north of the door is rigged with a trap. The chest is unlocked, but opening it causes a loose log in the wall nearby to suddenly swing out with crushing force right at face height for anyone kneeling by the chest (groin height for anyone standing there).

SWIVEL LOG TRAP**CR 1****Type** mechanical; **Search** DC 20 **Disable****Device** DC 20**EFFECTS****Trigger** opening the chest; **Reset** manual**Effect** Atk swinging log +10 melee (1d8); one target: the person who opens the chest.**6. The Collapsing Smithy (EL 3)**

This squat wooden building is filled with soot. The floor is strewn with coals, blackened tongs, and hammers. A corpse of burly man rests with his head in the forge fire, filling the small room with the stink of his singed hair and melted face.

Big Kroggs was working late into the night on some axe blades at Mutters's behest. Deaf

to all but the ring of his hammer, he didn't even notice the swarm of spiders that killed him until they were all through his sweaty smock and tunic. The man pitched forward into the fire in a half-mad attempt to burn the biting killers off him.

Creatures: The spiders have taken up residence in the forge chimney. When the PCs set off or bypass the trap and enter the room, the spiders attack.

Trap: Depnaakra's disciples rigged this place to collapse on the first person to step through the door. As soon as someone does, the timbers come plunging down and the tin chimney rockets off the wall.

SMALL MONSTROUS SPIDERS (6)**CR 1/2**

hp 4 each; MM 288

COLLAPSING SMITHY**CR 3****Type** mechanical; **Search** DC 20 **Disable****Device** DC 20**EFFECTS****Trigger** proximity; **Reset** N/A

Effect 3d6 crushing damage and pinned (DC 20 Strength or Escape Artist check to break free), DC 20 Reflex save halves the damage and negates the pin; one target: the person who opens the door.

7. Dread Myrmidon's Tower (EL 5)

A creaky wooden ladder ascends this tower of thatched logs. Hanging off the side of the tower, tied haphazardly in a dizzying array of knotted ropes, sags a living man, still moaning in agony.

Creatures: Standing on top of the tower is a heavily built undead kobold with most of his scales missing and flesh showing rotten rents and tears. This kobold was one of Merlokrep's myrmidons in life, and when he was given the blasphemous gift of undeath he rose as a powerful dread zombie. Now he commands the others as he did when he could still suck air and lures the PCs up into the tower.

The man barely clinging to life is one of the cutyard's lumberjacks, named Thelgrin, a simple man who came to Falcon's Hollow after a plague wiped out his village. He sought a bold new life on the frontier, but so far has found only misery and torment. Depnaarka spared the lumberjack (although it's been difficult to keep the myrmidon from eating the man's brains) to lure the PCs into a deadly

trap and ensure they know that other hostages were dragged off into the woods in a westerly direction by some of Merlokrep's zombies.

DREAD MYRMIDON**CR 3**

Male dread zombie kobold fighter 2

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LE Small undead (augmented humanoid, reptilian)

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Listen** +2, **Spot** +2**DEFENSE****AC** 16, **touch** 11, **flat-footed** 16

(+3 armor, +2 natural, +1 size)

hp 18 (2d12)**Fort** +4, **Ref** +0, **Will** +0**Defensive Abilities** undead traits**OFFENSE****Spd** 30 ft. (cannot run)**Melee** short spear +5 (1d3+2 plus poison) and bite +0 (1d3+1) or**Melee** flying talon +5 (1d3+2 plus poison) and bite +0 (1d3+1)**Ranged** javelin +3 (1d3+2 plus poison)**Special Attacks** brain consumption, command zombies**TACTICS****Before Combat** The Dread Myrmidon coats his weapons with poison.

During Combat The Dread Myrmidon throws javelins from afar, or battles with his short spear in melee while taking bites out of his foes.

Morale The Dread Myrmidon fights to the death.**STATISTICS****Str** 14, **Dex** 10, **Con** —, **Int** 7, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 6**Base Atk** +2; **Grp** +0**Feats** Alertness, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (flying talon), Weapon Finesse

Skills Climb +4, Craft (trapmaking) +0, Hide +3, Jump +2, Profession (miner) +2, Ride +4, Search +0.

Languages Draconic**SQ** turn resistance +2**SPECIAL ABILITIES**

Brain Consumption (Ex) When a dread zombie makes a successful grapple check to deal damage with its bite attack against a helpless living foe, the creature must succeed on a DC 13 Fortitude save or die as the dread zombie consumes its brain. Creatures immune to critical hits and those with multiple heads are not killed by this attack.

Command Zombies (Su) A dread zombie can command all zombies within 30 feet as a free action. Normal zombies never attack a

NEW WEAPON: FLYING TALON

This light exotic piercing weapon consists of a three-pronged barbed hook attached to a length of chain. The talon gives its wielder a reach of 10 feet and deals 1d4 piercing damage (or 1d3 for Small creatures), threatening a critical on a natural 20. In addition, the wielder may initiate disarm or trip attacks with the talon, gaining a +2 bonus on either check. If the opponent resists the trip attempt and tries to trip them in turn, the wielder may drop the talon to avoid falling prone.

Cost: 15 gp; **Weight:** 5 lb.

dread zombie unless compelled.

Combat Gear 4 doses Large scorpion venom (DMG 297) **Other Gear** short spear, studded leather, flying talon, 2 javelins.

Trap: Once at least one PC ascends the tower to engage the myrmidon, the kobold in area 8 springs his trap, sending the log pile rolling toward the watchtower's support struts. The crushing deluge of heavy timbers splinters the struts like toothpicks and brings the watchtower crashing down. Thelgrin's bonds are rigged so that he is tossed free of the collapsing tower, and the poor man simply breaks his leg in the fall instead of being crushed to death.

COLLAPSING TOWER TRAP CR 4

Type mechanical; **Search** DC 20 (in area 8)

Disable Device 20 (in area 8)

EFFECTS

Trigger manual; **Reset** manual

Effect 4d6 damage and pinned (DC 20 Strength or Escape Artist check to break free), a DC 15 Reflex save halves the damage and negates the pin; all targets in the watchtower.

Development: If he survives, Thelgrin thanks the PCs and begs them for water (he's been hanging there for a night and day). He recounts the gruesome tragedy of the kobold attack and speaks wild-eyed of a green-scaled menace with a host of venomous insects at his command. He tells the PCs most of the lumberjacks were slaughtered like livestock before a feast, but a few were trussed up and dragged off toward the west by some of "those freakish zombies!"

If the PCs ask Thelgrin what he knows about the forest in that direction he says only, "That way lies the Cold Marrow, it will crack your bones and freeze your soul. Not even the bravest lumberjack ventures into those woods."

8. Log Pile (EL 3)

This gigantic pile of felled timbers is anchored in place by heavy ropes fastened to steel spikes in the ground.

Creatures: One of Depnaakra's disciples lurks here, waiting to send these logs rolling toward the watchtower once the PCs ascend.

DEPNAAKRA'S DISCIPLE CR 3

hp 16; see page 6

TACTICS

Before Combat This disciple drinks his potion and sprinkles his *dust of disappearance* on himself when he detects the party's approach. He does not attack the PCs until either they try to disable the trap here or until after they have ascended the watchtower and sends the logs rolling their way.

During Combat This kobold hurls axes at range if possible, otherwise he flanks and hacks away.

Morale This disciple fights to the death.

9. The Azlanti Beetle's Nest (EL 5)

These stables are in shambles. The stalls are torn out of the walls and rent asunder, and the muddy ground here is dug deep into the earth, with piles of dirt caked against the walls.

Creatures: This massive pit has become the demesne of Depnaakra's newest pet, an Azlanti chariot beetle. An insect the size of a small house, the beetle's mandibles are serrated and glow with a strange phosphorescence, and its antenna sizzle and crack as if the very air ignites at their touch. Its carapace is covered with a dizzying pattern of jewels that sparkle even in the dim, misty light.

AZLANTI CHARIOT BEETLE CR 5

hp 50; see Appendix

PART TWO : ECHOES OF AGES PAST

Once Merlokrep's ambushes are dealt with, the PCs should know hostages were taken west into a part of Darkmoon Wood called

Cold Marrow, a little-known and much-feared area of the forest. If Thelgrin somehow perished in the fray, a DC 12 Survival check allows anyone to notice clumsy tracks (zombies don't cover their movements well) complete with drag marks, suggesting bound and struggling captives in tow departing the western edge of the lumber camp. Merlokrep is not about to let his murderers slink back to Falcon's Hollow as heroes again, and he hopes their ridiculous need to "save other pink-skins from stabby-death" brings the PCs knocking at his new lair.

At any rate, Boss Teedum demands the PCs finish the job if they want their reward and presses them onward into whatever fresh terrors the Wood decides to cast their way. If the party wishes to rest, Teedum tries to dissuade them from it, saying, "Those men is still alive right now. If they are otherwise when we find 'em because you pretty pixies needed a nap, Kreed's likely to be most displeased." If they insist on resting, Teedum doesn't press too hard, but he does hurl some more derision their way. He's not interested in slaughtering the party now, as he has no intention of facing whatever horrors await them in the darker reaches of the Wood. After the PCs follow the tracks (or simply journey west) for 3 hours, they arrive at Cold Marrow.

Cold Marrow

Weeds, obviously parched and withered, spring from cracked earth among the small bones of birds and animals that lie everywhere, as if the land itself coughed them up. Even the glum lifeless rock here is a dull gray, like the petrified skull of some mountainous god. But the most striking feature of the desolate site is the silence—thicker than fog and as oppressive as thunder. No bird song, no chittering of crickets, no knocking of woodpeckers disturbs the noiseless din. The slightest rustle in the withered reeds that grow here seems to echo through the limp rotting trees for miles.

Cold Marrow is accursed. Long before the first dwarf put hammer to anvil nearby, a great people thrived here. The glory of Azlant lit the world for centuries. The empire's enemies fell before it and its influence spread like a fire in summer fields. Azlant might have eventually ruled all Golarion, but as all great civilization do, the Azlanti fell, swallowed in the millennium of night that was the Age of Darkness.



Thelgrin

Nevertheless, the chilling power of Azlanti still lingers in the world today, in inscrutable ghosts and ancient, cursed burial grounds.

Deep within Cold Marrow lies the sacred resting place of more than a dozen Azlanti souls laid inside an ancient barrow mound when the world was far younger. Now this place is befouled by Merlokrep and his decomposing kin. Within these once-hallowed halls, the Kobold King frolics upon the graves of long-dead men of greatness. Worse still, he dragged living mortals into this deathly hall, to mock the sleeping souls of the Azlanti and drive them half-mad from their rest. Churning now with wrath, the souls of the old ones stir. Merlokrep is dead, so to him they can do no harm, but woe to any mortal soul foolish enough to trespass here.

1. Calendar of the Ancients

On the side of a giant hill stands a mound of earth and clay. Symbols of unknown origin encrust its entire exterior, although most are eroded by time's careless caress. Ascending the mound is a series of broken stairs framed by two giant menhirs of white marble. At the base of these stairs two enormous stone disks, each the size of a giant's wagon wheel, rest one atop the other, their edges overlapping slightly. The disks are carved with thousands of runes in wild patterns that defy reason.

These ancient disks of power were once a great calendar marking the ages for the Azlanti seers and sages. Its power is stilled now, and it no longer marks the passage of the eons. Anyone studying the disks carefully may make a DC 20 Knowledge (history) check to discern its purpose and to note that the date the calendar ceased to function is the date marking Aroden's death and the beginning of the Age of Lost Omens.

Treasure: The disks bear several shallow depressions where jewels once rested, but thieves and scavengers have long since pried them free. Still, anyone making a DC 20 Search check notes that the underside of the top disk was likewise encrusted with gemstones. Peering into the crack between the two disks reveals one jewel left unclaimed. A DC 20 Escape Artist or Disable Device check is necessary to reach through the thin crack and pry free the jewel. The gemstone (a sapphire) is a *gem of brightness*.

2. Accursed Entry (EL 7)

Another pair of menhirs frames the entryway to this barrow mound atop the hillside. Once, this entrance was smooth stone covered in wards and curses, but now this seal lies in blasted shards. Lying crumpled at the entryway are two kobold corpses, twisted and blackened. Their teeth are gone, their eyes hollowed, and horrific grimaces adorn their withered faces. Darkness beckons beyond this cold welcome and a rasping hollow laughter echoes forth from the broken seal.

Creatures: The entrance is warded to lay a thousand curses upon any living creature that disturbs it. Merlokrep passed unscathed thanks to his undeath and the Azlanti sealstone gifted him by Drazmorg, but a few of his still-breathing minions were not so lucky. They rise as shadows and attack as soon as anyone draws within 10 feet of the broken seal.

SHADOWS (2)
hp 19; See MM 221

CR 3

Trap: The seal's power is not entirely undone, and anyone attempting to pass through is targeted by a hideous curse. First, the victim suffers a cold jolt that does not fade, but instead settles around the cockles of the heart, where it throbs dully. A day later, the victim's teeth fall out, followed by his eyes on the second day. On

the third day, the victim's heart animates in his chest and rips free, killing the poor creature instantly. The victim rises as a bodak before he can even fall prone, doomed to hunt his closest friends and allies to the last, turn them to horrors like himself, and bring them back to Cold Marrow to watch over the barrow mound. Anyone who succeeds on a DC 20 Decipher Script check who bothers to read the remaining parts of the seal notes the passage, "A dread curse falls upon those who enter here unless they carry the gleam of the stars upon them."

AZLANTI CURSE TRAP CR 5
Type magical; Search DC 25 Disable Device 25

EFFECTS

Trigger proximity; Reset manual

Effect Lose teeth the next day, lose eyes the day after, die and return as a bodak on the third day. DC 15 Will save negates. Once so cursed, only a *remove curse* or more potent magic can reverse the effects.

3. The Broken Fountain (EL 3)

The sound of bubbling water echoes here and the air is dank and warm. In every corner of the room a fountain bubbles and smokes, with wisps of white-hot vapor rising from the carved needle-filled maws of some strange fish-like creatures. The stone effigies of this strange race are rendered in elegant repose, spouting water from their mouths into basins made by their cradled arms. The fountain in the northwest corner is smashed to bits. Rubble now mostly dams the flow of whatever hot spring feeds it, but warm water pools around its base, slowly frothing into the center of the room.

Creatures: The water bubbling in these fountains are elemental guardians bound to keep the barrow mound safe from all trespassers save those bearing Azlanti sealstones (see page 11). One of these elementals was destroyed by Merlokrep when it tried to attack the kobold king's captives, but the other three remain active and assault the PCs as soon as they enter the middle of the room.

SMALL WATER ELEMENTALS (3) CR 1
hp 11; MM 100

4. Mural Chamber (EL 6)

Time ravaged this ornate chamber, which was obviously once majestic to behold. Half-

crumbled carvings of cityscapes, some atop clouds and others below the waves, adorn the walls here. Wispy cloud-stuff forms a ring of white vapor just below the ceiling. Four corridors branch off of this chamber in each cardinal direction. On the east wall, a cracked and crumbling portrait of a bearded man wearing armor made of coral and some strange glowing metal rests on the archway above the corridor there. More rasping laughter rings out from the room to the east, as well as the muffled moans of some tormented soul.

The murals here depict the sprawling empire of Azlant in all its glory. Its reign was not restricted by the sky or the seas, and the Azlanti founded cities on the backs of clouds and on the ocean floor.

Creature: The cloud ring above is another guardian of this tomb, representative of the Azlanti command over the air just as the elementals in area 3 represent the sway the

empire once held over the seas. The belker swoops down upon the PCs as they enter the middle of the room and fights until destroyed.

BELKER
hp 38; MM 27

5. Sepulcher of the Honor Guard (EL 6)

This crumbling chamber holds six sarcophagi, three along each wall. Reliefs of armored warriors adorn their lids.

Creatures: The honor guard of the prince interred in area 8 rests here, ever vigilant against intrusion. Sadly, the fell power gifted Merlokrep by Drazmorg allowed him to usurp these warriors' sense of duty and bend them to his evil will. Now these undead warriors hang on the kobold king's every command, bursting out of their sarcophagi to attack the PCs as

they enter. If the PCs avoid this chamber, the wights rise and follow them into area 8 to outflank the PCs as they battle Merlokrep.

CR 6 WIGHTS (5)
hp 26; MM 255
Melee longsword +3 (1d8+3 and energy drain)

Treasure: Of the six warriors interred here, only one managed to escape servitude. As he sensed the kobold king's corruption of his fellows, this warrior—brave in death as he was in life—plunged his ancestral blade into his own heart, and its magic released his eternal soul. The blade gripped in his bony hands is a +1 *undead bane* longsword.

6. The Consort (EL 5)

This chamber has suffered a cave-in and now most of it is crushed beneath tons of rock, clay, and earth. One sarcophagus near the entrance,



its lid carved with a vaguely feminine form, escaped destruction, although it has mostly crumbled away.

Creature: The prince was buried not only with his honor guard but also his six most beloved consorts, to stand by his side in eternal bliss. One of these souls does not rest easy, lurking here as a ghostly and beautiful wraith, forever seeking the warm companionship she knew in life. She does her best to caress the PCs' souls from their mortal coils.

WRAITH
hp 32; MM 258

CR 5

7. Den of the Deadscale Tribe (EL 2)

This wide gallery was filled with dozens of elegantly carved statues, but what they once depicted can now only be guessed. Many are smashed and all are damaged to the point of being unrecognizable. The floor is littered with broken stone and rubble.

Creatures: The last of the Truescales, now undead, attend their king here in what was once a beautiful Azlanti gallery resplendent with majestic works of some of that civilization's most noted artisans. The kobolds smashed the statues to hear them "go tinkle-krack!" Now they do their best to smash the PCs to bits as well.

KOBOLD ZOMBIES (10) CR 1/2
hp 16; MM 266

TACTICS

During Combat The kobold zombies mindlessly attack the nearest foe.

Morale This zombies fight until destroyed.

8. Sepulcher of the Prince (EL 9)

Within this solemn chamber lies a single raised dais where a grand sarcophagus of carved coral rests. Around the chamber, the crumbling walls are covered with murals that are now little more than smeared paint and powder. Amazingly, the sarcophagus itself remains closed and undisturbed.

Creatures: Atop this ancient prince's resting place sits Merlokrep, now a hideous undead sewn together with hempen twine, chewed leather, and bone-shard pins. One of his arms dangles off a few strips

of sinew, the nubby bone of his shoulder showing through, and his scales are broken in places to reveal rotting flesh and jutting ribs. The king is flanked by two of his loyal myrmidons—once tall red-scaled kobolds, now things of festering rot like their liege. Behind the sarcophagus, two badly beaten lumberjacks lie still upon the floor. Merlokrep's vengeance is at hand. He snarls hideously and leaps to his feet atop the coffin when the PCs enter. He offers them a quick death if they return his crown (all the pink skins tend to run together in his wretched mind, and he demands the return of his crown regardless of whether or not the PCs took it from him in *D1*) and is absolutely flabbergasted if and when the PCs refuse. He hefts his newfound adamantite axe high and orders his myrmidons to attack.

DREAD MYRMIDONS (2) CR 3
hp 18 each; see page 9

MERLOKREP, THE KOBOLD KING CR 8
Male dread wight kobold fighter 2/sorcerer 4
Advanced Bestiary 105

LE Small undead (augmented humanoid, reptilian)

Init +8; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 60 ft.; **Listen** +4, **Spot** +4

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 15, flat-footed 19
(+4 armor, +4 Dex, +5 natural, +1 size)

hp 44 (6d12)

Fort +4, **Ref** +5, **Will** +8

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee +2 *adamantine battleaxe* +13 (1d6+7/x3) and slam +5 (1d3+2 plus energy drain) or

Melee slam +10 (1d3+5 plus energy drain)

Spells Known (CL 4th)

2nd (4/day)—*bull's strength*

1st (6/day)—*mage armor*, *magic missile*, *sleep* (DC 15)

0 (6/day)—*dancing lights*, *daze* (DC 14), *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *light*

Special Attacks command wights, energy drain

TACTICS

Before Combat Merlokrep casts *bull's strength* on his myrmidons and himself and *mage armor* on himself. If the wights from area 5 are present he commands them to attack.

During Combat Merlokrep casts *sleep* first, then *magic missile* as long as his myrmidons keep the PCs at bay. If they close, he savages them with slam attacks at first, reveling in

CAMPAIGN SEED: THE AZLANTI CURSE

Any one of the PCs might be affected by the Azlanti curse when they pass through the broken seal of the barrow mound. Even if they escape its malevolence, any of the hostages or surviving regulators (or Boss Teedum) might not. Upon their return to Falcon's Hollow, you can give the PCs a new horror when suddenly people begin to go missing and strange shadows prowl the streets at night. Bodaks have come to town, and they won't leave until their loved ones join them in death's cold embrace.

his new undead power, but resorts to his axe if things start to go poorly.

Morale Merlokrep fights for vengeance to the last.

Base Statistics AC 20, touch 15, flat-footed 16; **Melee** +2 *adamantine battleaxe* +11 (1d6+7/x3) and slam +3 (1d3+2 plus energy drain), **Str** 17, **Grp** +7, **Skills** Climb +5, **Jump** +5

STATISTICS

Str 21, **Dex** 18, **Con** —, **Int** 13, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +4; **Grp** +9

Feats Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Power Attack, Spell Focus (enchantment), Weapon Focus (battleaxe)

Skills Climb +7, Concentration +5, Craft (trapmaking) +6, Hide +8, Intimidate +8, Jump +7, Knowledge (arcana) +4, Profession (miner) +3, Search +3.

Languages Common, Draconic

SQ create spawn, summon familiar (currently none, he's still mourning Blip)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

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

Create Spawn (Su) Any creature killed by a dread wight's energy drain ability rises as a dread wight in 1d4 rounds. A dread wight created in this manner is under the command of its creator and remains so until either it or its creator is destroyed.

Energy Drain (Ex) A creature struck by a dread wight's natural attack gains one negative level. The DC for the Fortitude save to remove the negative level is 10 + 1/2 the dread wight's character level + Cha modifier.

Gear +2 *adamantine battleaxe*, *Azlanti sealstone* (worn in his eye socket), oversized red and

AZLANTI SEALSTONE

Aura strong abjuration and transmutation; **CL** 17th

Slot none; **Price** minor artifact

DESCRIPTION

These topaz stones polished by the sea's embrace are carved with powerful runes of the ancient Azlanti. These runes bestow two beneficial effects: First, you may pass many Azlanti wards and guardians unmolested. Second, the seal stone grants you strange, almost alien insights into all manner of lore, which results in a +4 competence bonus on all Knowledge checks.

DESTRUCTION

The secrets of Azlanti magic are long lost to modern scholars in Golarion. If there is an easy way to destroy an Azlanti artifact, it has long since been forgotten.

gold satin cloak with a crude, silly-looking painting of a gold dragon on the back (though now the dragon is missing scales and appears undead).

Treasure: The sarcophagus is sealed with an *arcane lock* spell (CL 16th). It is not otherwise warded. Inside, the bones of the Azlanti prince have disintegrated into fine powder over the centuries, but two items remain

intact. One is the prince's scepter (a lesser rod of *empower metamagic*) and the other is a stone tablet carved with the words "Zelfin Cova." Whether this was the prince's name, the password to some forgotten vault, or an ancient practical joke is left up to you.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

Once again, the kobold king lies dead at the party's feet—ideally for the last time, but the PCs' opportunities for adventure are only just beginning. Boss Teedum (if he still lives) and his regulators betray the PCs, doing their best to make sure the party doesn't return to Falcon's Hollow alive, but this might be the least of the party's worries. What horror brought back Merlokrep? What other evils lurk beneath Darkmoon Wood? Their clash with Boss Teedum only pulls the PCs further toward an inevitable war with the sinister Thuldrin Creed—a war that could tear apart (or else quickly redeem) Falcon's Hollow. Darker threats lie in wait and dangerous times loom ahead for Falcon's Hollow and the PCs.

APPENDIX : NEW MONSTER

Azlanti Chariot Beetle

A giant beetle that looks capable of biting a full-grown horse in half suddenly bursts from the earth. As mud, dirt, and rocks cascade off its back, the

thing's carapace shimmers with purple and white lights that trap the eye and dull the mind.

AZLANTI CHARIOT BEETLE

CR 5

Always N Huge vermin

Init +6; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +3, Spot +3

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 10, flat-footed 18

(+2 Dex, +10 natural, –2 size)

hp 57 (6d10+24)

Fort +9, **Ref** +4, **Will** +2

Defensive Abilities vermin traits

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft., burrow 20 ft., fly 20 ft. (clumsy)

Melee bite +11 (1d10+8)

Special Attacks hypnotic carapace, immune, improved grab

TACTICS

During Combat Azlanti beetles used to rain arcane fire on their foes, but now these degenerates simply activate their carapace, bite foes and bury them in the dirt to join their ancestral masters.

Morale Azlanti beetles have no purpose for living and fight to the death if challenged.

STATISTICS

Str 26, **Dex** 14, **Con** 18, **Int** 6, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 11

Base Atk +4; **Grp** +20

Feats Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Attack (bite), Weapon Focus (bite)

Skills Climb +11, Listen +3, Spot +3.

Languages None



SPECIAL ABILITIES

Hypnotic Carapace (Su) Once the glimmering jeweled carapace of an Azlanti Chariot Beetle rained arcane fire down on foes and turned aside enemy magic as easily as a tower shield does a sling stone. Now, though, these weakly shimmering magical lights only daze those within 30 feet who look upon them (DC 15 Will save negates). The save is Charisma based and includes a +2 racial bonus.

Immure (Ex) The beetles are obsessed with the burial of all things. If the beetle successfully archives a pin against a grabbed opponent, it buries them in the earth. From that point on, the beetle no longer needs to make grapple checks to maintain the pin (although the creature may still attempt to escape the pin on his turn as normal) and is not considered grappled. The creature that is buried must begin holding his breath as soon as he is buried and may suffocate.

ECOLOGY

Environment Any former Azlanti ruin

Organization solitary or pair

Treasure standard

Alignment always neutral

Advancement 7–15 HD (Huge) 16–30 HD (Gargantuan)

Level Adjustment —

These mighty beetles once served the Azlanti war machine. They darkened the skies on their now-withered vestigial wings with a dozen war wizards on their back. These powerful specimens possessed strange abilities that allowed them to deflect magic with ease and hurl down eldritch fire to reduce enemies to ash. After thousands of years without purpose and their masters long dead, these beetles have degenerated to barely remarkable vermin, whose once army-blasting carapace now merely sparkles weakly to befuddle the minds of those nearby. They bury nearly every creature they meet, sending their victims to join their Azlanti masters below the ground.

Environment: Azlanti chariot beetles are drawn by some lingering compulsion to the places where the Azlanti once lived, perhaps drawing energy from the magical power that still lingers in such places. They seldom stray too far from these sites.

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