



PIOLUS

SECRETS OF THE DELVER'S GUILD



A Sourcebook By
MONTE COOK



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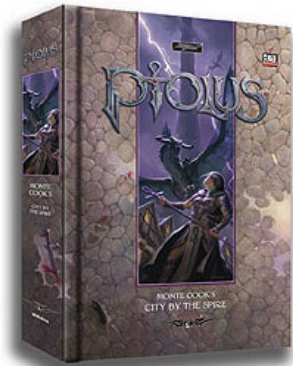
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FOREWORD

If you've read the *Ptolus* book, then you know all about the Delver's Guild. It's a group that allows adventurers to band together to exchange information about discoveries in the Dungeon below the city, as well as facts about useful resources in the city proper and even potential missions, both within and below Ptolus.

But, what you may not know, is that the Delver's Guild has become even more than that.

PTOLUS ONLINE!

If you like discovering all-new material and ideas to add to your *Ptolus* Campaign, this book is a great place to start. But once you've exhausted its contents, get online for even more cool new ideas and source material created by the *Ptolus* fan community.

You can find the official *Ptolus* forums at the "Okay, Your Turn" message boards on ezboard. Visit <www.montecook.com> and click on "Forums" to get there. It's a great place to brainstorm ideas, post your campaign journals, and lots more.

Finally, don't miss the "Delver's Square" fan site, which boasts lots of updates featuring all-new material on a regular basis. Check out the site at <www.delverssquare.com>.



During the year leading up to the release of *Ptolus*, I wanted to give back a little something to the many people who had demonstrated their faith in the project by preordering the book. I wanted to help them grow to love the city as I did, even before they could dive into the book itself. So I wrote a short article every week, and we posted it on a website where everyone who had preordered could access it. The articles were all designed to fit seamlessly into the city of Ptolus. They were not previews from the book but brand-new material. Some of the pieces took the form of additional nonplayer characters (NPCs), locations, creatures, and similar things relevant to the members of the Delver's Guild organization in Ptolus, while other installments elaborated on NPCs, locations, and other items mentioned in the book only briefly. Regardless, every Tuesday there would be something new for readers to discover.

We called this website "the Delver's Guild." It seemed fitting—the site allowed fans of *Ptolus* to band together to discover new resources and treasures in much the same way that its namesake organization provided for adventurers. As the months passed, fifty-three new entries made their way online, ceasing only after the release of the book itself.

Now we fast forward to 2007, more than six months after the debut of *Ptolus*. Readers of the official *Ptolus* message board forums continue to make reference to the Delver's Guild material and work it into their campaigns. These characters, locales, and more are becoming every bit as vital to people's games as those that actually appear in the book. So, we thought it was about time to let those who discovered *Ptolus* only after its publication get in on this once privileged material.

Thus was born *Secrets of the Delver's Guild*. In these pages, you'll find all the material that comprised the Delver's Guild exclusive website, complete with topical illustrations from the Big Book. The chapters here cover new deities, locales, nonplayer characters, and much more—all just waiting to be introduced to your *Ptolus* Campaign.

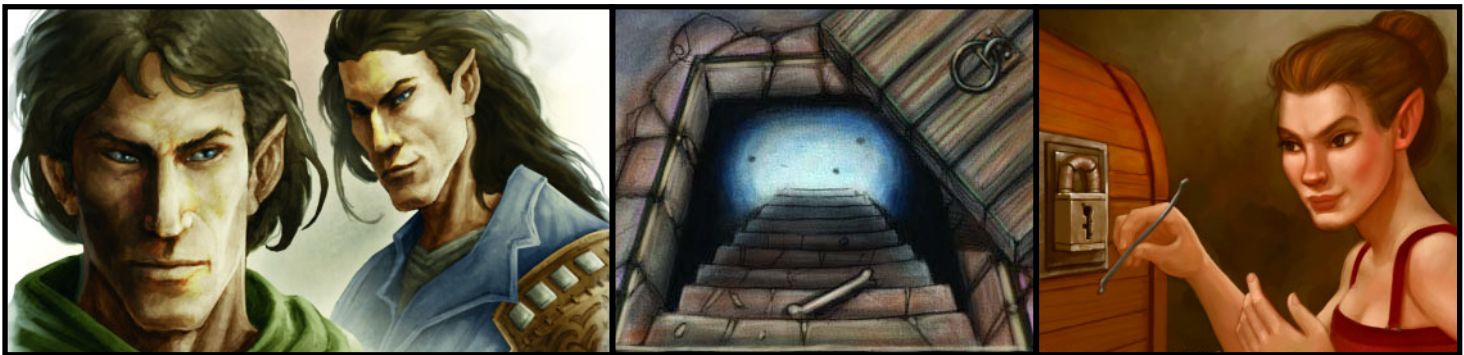
So now, after more than a year since this material first appeared, the secrets are finally out! Whether it's your first time reading these campaign enhancements or if you're only reviewing material you discovered while awaiting the arrival of the Big Book, I hope you enjoy these additions to the City of Ptolus.



Introduction: WELCOME, DELVERS!

The Delver's Guild is one of the most powerful and prominent guilds in the city. It offers its members information about job opportunities and events pertaining to the exploration of regions below Ptolus, which many call the Dungeon.

It also maintains the city's most extensive collection of maps of the underground areas and an impressive library for research. Most active adventurers in the city belong to the Delver's Guild. . . .



Before we get into all the new deities, locales, NPCs, and more, we offer a brief introduction to the Delver's Guild, the organization of adventurers in Ptolus from which this book takes its name. In particular, we detail a couple members of the Delver's Guild staff, using the same stat block format that you see in the *Ptolus* book.

THE DELVER'S GUILD OFFICE

The guild office is located just off the main surface entrance to the Undercity Market. This is where members interact with guild representatives, and newcomers discover information about the guild and memberships. While information about the office and the guild in general is available in the *Ptolus* book, this introduction offers a great deal more about two important figures in the office, Gorti Jurgen and Ollan Navarish.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Upon entering the Delver's Guild office, a newcomer is bound to be approached in short order by the manager of the facility, a pleasing-looking human woman of middle years. But be warned: She likes to talk.

"Welcome to the Delver's Guild. I can see that you're new here. Are you interested in joining?"

The purpose of the Delver's Guild is to organize and empower explorers who seek to plumb the depths of 'the Dungeon.' The Dungeon? That's just our name for all the various subterranean regions below Ptolus, whether they be natural caverns or part of the network of tunnels and chambers created more than a thousand years ago by the Half God, Ghul. Intimidating? It doesn't have to be—not with the Delver's Guild on your side.

"Oh yes, technically 'the Dungeon' also covers areas like Dwarvenhearth and the Banewarrens, but I think we're getting ahead of ourselves.

"One of the most interesting and valuable services we offer Dungeon explorers, whom we call delvers, is an extensive library and maproom cataloging the various regions that our members have explored so far. These facilities are located in Oldtown and are open to members of all levels.

"Yes, we offer three levels of membership. Since you are new, the only levels available to you are associate guildsman, or—for slightly higher yearly dues—guildsman. Later on, however, you'll qualify for the master delver and perhaps even the grand master levels. One interesting thing you might consider is that at the master delver level and above, we offer retrieval insurance, should

Delver's Guild: Ptolus, page 108

Dungeon: Ptolus, page 415

Ghul: Ptolus, page 486

Dwarvenhearth: Ptolus, page 460

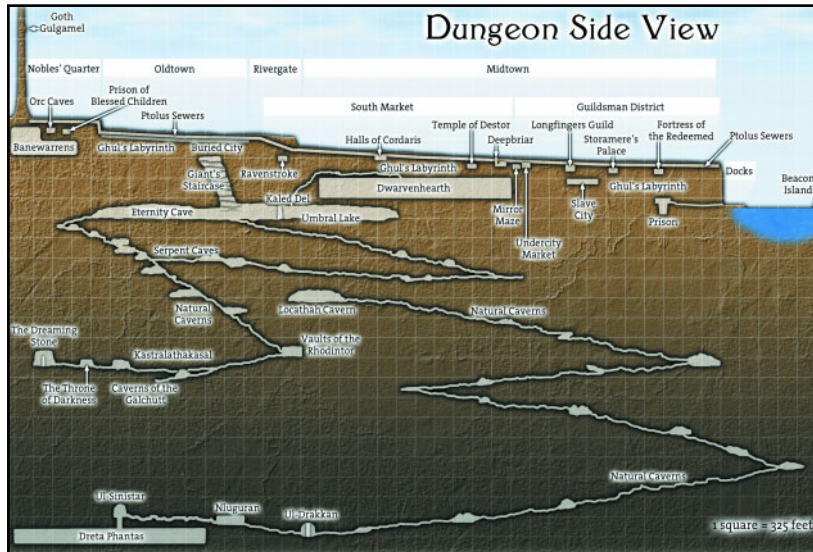
Banewarrens: Ptolus, page 419

Undercity Market: Ptolus, page 423

Library and Maproom: Ptolus, page 322



This carved wooden sign hangs above the door to the guild's Undercity office.



The Dungeon below Ptolus can be a dangerous and bewildering place. Wise adventurers start out with guild maps—and even retrieval insurance.

Arena: Ptolus, page 315

The Guildmaster Delver is Sorum Dandubal (male human expert4/fighter4).



Gorti supervises the office's fifteen staff members. For more details on the facilities, see Ptolus, page 424.

you come to an untimely end while exploring. The money in the insurance plan goes to pay a retrieval team to bring back your remains.

“So what level of membership would you like to start with today?”

GORTI JURGEN

Gorti Jurgen is the Delver's Guild's chief representative in the Undercity office. Gorti is a pleasant, attractive middle-aged woman with short blond hair who dresses smartly and always carries a pad of paper and an ink pen. She greets every member and potential member, every situation and problem, with a smile and an indefatigable optimism. She and her staff handle new memberships, member questions and concerns, and other administrative details. Gorti answers directly to the Guildmaster Delver.

Although she sometimes seems a bit aloof, Gorti is simply very focused on her work. She was married, but her husband—a laborer—was killed years ago while working to clear an unstable, collapsed passage off the Undercity Market. They had no children, and now her work is her life.

Gorti Jurgen

Female human (Neutral Good)
Expert4/Rogue1 CR 4
HD 4d6-8 + 1d6-2 **hp** 14
Init +3 **Speed** 30 feet
AC 17 (+3 Dex, +4 armor), touch 13, flat-footed 14
BAB/Grapple +2/+2
Attack/Full Attack +7 melee (1d6, short sword), or +7 ranged (1d4, dagger)
Fort -1, **Ref** +6, **Will** +6
Str 10, **Dex** 17, **Con** 7, **Int** 15, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 14
Languages: Common, Dwarvish, and Elvish.
Crucial Skills: Bluff +4, Disable Device +6, Escape Artist +5, Hide +7, Listen +4, Search +9, Sense Motive +6, Spot +4.

Other Skills: Craft (trapmaking) +9, Diplomacy +9, Forgery +3, Gather Information +7, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +9, Knowledge (local) +8, Profession (administrator) +9, Sleight of Hand +5, Survival +3.

Crucial Feats: Quick Draw.

Other Feats: Alertness, Weapon Finesse.

Possessions: +1 studded leather armor, masterwork short sword (concealed—Search DC 17), masterwork daggers (3, concealed [Search DC 19]); *potions of bear's endurance, invisibility, and see invisibility*, gold ring (worth 50 gp), thieves' tools, master delver lapel pin, 55 gp.

OLLAN NAVARISH

Ollan Navarish stands a bit more than six and a half feet tall and possesses a powerful physique despite the fact that he is fifty-four years old.

Having lived a hard life, he now spends his days providing security for the Delver's Guild main office. Once a well-known (if unpopular) face in the Arena, Ollan can be cruel at times, but such behavior usually comes from his lack of careful thought and some lack of empathy.

Ollan is not particularly bright, and he possesses few social skills. Years of combat in the Arena have left him with multiple scars that cover his face, arms, and chest. Ollan has never married. He is infatuated with the slightly younger Gorti, who is aware of his feelings but attempts to ignore them as well as his clumsy attempts to win her favor.

Ollan Navarish

Male human (Lawful Neutral)
Warrior CR 6
HD 7d8+21 **hp** 60
Init +4 **Speed** 20 feet
AC 15 (+5 armor), touch 10, flat-footed 15
BAB/Grapple +7/+10
Attack +12 melee (1d12+5, greataxe) or +8 ranged (1d8+3, longbow)
Full Attack +12/+7 melee (1d12+5, greataxe) or +8/+3 ranged (1d8+3, longbow)
Fort +8, **Ref** +2, **Will** +5
Str 16, **Dex** 11, **Con** 16, **Int** 7, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 6
Crucial Skills: Intimidate +2.
Other Skills: Climb +5, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +2.
Crucial Feats: Power Attack.
Other Feats: Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Weapon Focus (greataxe).
Possessions: Masterwork chainmail armor, +1 greataxe, *potion of cure moderate wounds*, masterwork mighty longbow (+3), arrows (24), 50 feet of hemp rope, backpack, spikes (5), mallet, climber's kit, guildsman lapel pin, 71 gp.



Chapter 1: DEITIES

Chapter 4: Cosmology and Religion in the *Ptolus* book includes a lengthy list of the gods still worshipped or remembered throughout the Empire of Tarsis, of which Ptolus is a part. When writing entries for the online Delver's Guild, I had a good time choosing some of these deities and expanding on their brief writeups.



The topic of religion, of course, is very important to the Ptolus setting and to divine spellcasters in particular. When designing the Big Book, I tried to do something a bit different with the concept, however. The world's most popular roleplaying game, historically, has always pulled in two different directions on the topic of religion. On the one hand, clerics have been portrayed mainly as medieval Christian priests or religious knights. On the other hand, the game has long been a place of multiple pantheons and a plethora of gods, either from the real world or simply made-up fantasy deities. In this way both monotheism and polytheism seem very true to the Core Rules.

So in Ptolus, as well, we have both. The **Church of Lothian** is the “official” religion of the Empire of Tarsis. It's a very Roman Catholic-like church, and virtually monotheistic. A little over half of the city's residents are Lothianites.

But then, in addition to the worship of Lothian, Ptolus has hundreds of other religions—the rest of the city's populace reveres a vast number of different gods. This means that, if you desire a more real-world medieval Europe flavor, the game can focus on Lothian's faith. Or, if a whole bunch of different gods is just what the DM ordered, you can have that instead. You can

even have both at once, comparing and contrasting the two approaches. That's what I did in my campaigns.

You won't find much expansion on the Lothianite faith in this chapter (but check out St. Laphest's Open Arms charity in the Locales chapter). Instead, what you'll find is additional histories and descriptions of some other gods, many of them quite ancient. And many of them of personal interest to the players in my Ptolus Campaign. The legend of Father Claw and Ni-Gorth, for example, factored into my game from the start, as one of the PC clerics—Sister Mara—had run afoul of the minions of the dragon god in her backstory. Another character, Shurrin Delano, decided to become a cleric of Mirresh and delighted in throwing neighborhood parties to advance happiness and laughter. (Later he came to venerate her sister Gaen as well.)

While the Cosmology and Religion chapter of *Ptolus* provides context for the setting's many deities, you can always toss out all the setting's cosmological aspects if you want to use something else without much problem. The big, bad outsiders of the setting (the **Galchutt**) can easily become demon lords, evil gods, or whatever you'd like. And the gods introduced here can work in any fashion you care to try.

Check out the description of the Temple of Phoeboul in the Locales chapter, page 27.



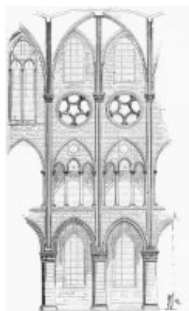
Church of Lothian: Ptolus, page 64

Many of the cosmological aspects of Ptolus are loosely based on ancient Gnosticism.

Galchutt: Ptolus, page 60

Twenty-Four Gods of the Hours:
Ptolus, page 70

In Ptolus, as in the rest of the Empire, people tell time on a twenty-four-hour clock: 1st Hour begins the hour after midnight, followed by 2nd Hour and so on, all the way to 23rd Hour.

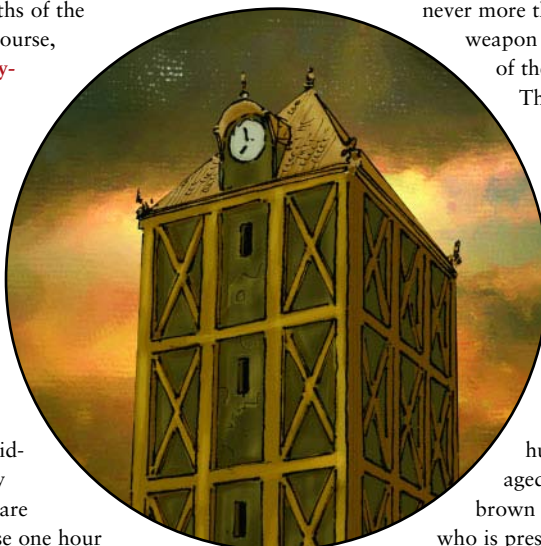


Watchmakers and clockmakers are very likely to venerate the Twenty-Four Gods of the Hours.

THE TWENTY-FOUR GODS OF THE HOURS

People are fascinated with the different aspects of time. They attribute the various days and seasons with personas and associate different attitudes with the months of the year. And then, of course, there are the **Twenty-Four Gods of the Hours**.

The Twenty-Four Gods of the Hours, as their collective name would suggest, each govern one hour of each day. These minor gods are normally worshipped as a group rather than as individual deities. The only exceptions are the rare devotees who choose one hour to be their specific patron. These people usually tailor their lives around their patron hour, ensuring that important events occur during that hour. Mostly, though, worshippers attempt to honor whichever god presides over a specific



hour—either that particular hour or one in which an important upcoming event will take place.

Priests of the Twenty-Four Gods of the Hours have access to the Luck and Travel domains, the Sun or the Trickery domain (but never both), as well as the Law, Good, or Evil domain (but never more than one). The favored weapon of the Twenty-Four Gods of the Hours is the mace.

Their symbol is a sundial.

The Temple to the Twenty-Four Gods of the Hours is an open, circular forum with each god symbolized by a portion of the cycle of the day depicted in the stone pavement. The only priest of the faith is Redrea Karros (female human cleric5), a middle-aged woman with short

brown hair and a stocky build who is present only occasionally. Few

Ptolusites are faithful devotees of these gods. Those who come to the temple do so only when appeals to other gods seem to have fallen on deaf ears. Most people see them as rather insignificant deities.

GODS FOR THE HOURS OF THE DAY

Name	Alignment	Special Title
Gallesini	LE	One of the Three Emperors of the Dawn
Errashickal	N	One of the Three Emperors of the Dawn
Marlachasan	LG	One of the Three Emperors of the Dawn
Holicassi	LG	Morning Lord
Cassah	LG	Sunkeeper
Kosoran	NG	Suntender
Nabaral	NG	Usher of Daytime
Nux	LG	King of the Noonday Sun
Jultino	NG	Prince of the Day
Oggesear	NG	Duke of the Light
Darlogicom	N	Thane of the Sky
Furthinal	N	Patron of Toil
Then	LG	Lord of Travel
Sarm	LG	One of the Three Lords of Dusk
Slindorima	N	One of the Three Lords of Dusk
Rilberal	LE	One of the Three Lords of Dusk
Wasumal	NE	Prince of Shadow
Missul	NE	Moonshepherd
Arceptinos	LE	Mistress of Midnight
Lorreth	NE	Lady of Sleep
Pelied	NE	Thief of Stars
Ennithi	N	Keeper of Secrets
Taynikkil	N	Warden of the Mysteries
Briddet	LE	Lady of the Scurrying Things

THE SAGA OF FATHER CLAW AND NI-GORTH

From the *Kordallian Sagas*, Book II, Chapter 1.

“Long ago, my children, the world was young. Young like a boy with whose face was still smooth. Even worlds have a birth, a life, and, yes, a death.

“In the days just after our world’s birth, when men had not yet mastered the magic of the written word, when elves walked the world in many forms, and when dwarves hid from both day and night for the consistency of the lightless caverns, there was a dragon.

“Now, you may say, surely there were many dragons. And so there were. But there was only one Dragon.

“Men named him **Father Claw** out of respect and fear. His flying form could darken the brightest day, his breath could lay waste to a city—and there were few enough cities then as it was. Father Claw’s heart was as black as his scales, and he brought only misery and death.

“Where did such a dragon come from, children? Was he the first of his kind? In those days, they used the term ‘uncreated,’ for those things that were not crafted by the Creator’s hand but had seeped into the world from elsewhere. Perhaps Father Claw was such a thing, for surely neither the Creator nor his children would give life to such a peril. Oh, they crafted evil as well as good, it is true, but Father Claw’s power could have allowed him to challenge even them. Was he a god himself? In those timelost days, who can say? Today? Absolutely, my children.

“Great was his power and the terror he inspired. Nevertheless, there were those who turned toward Father Claw rather than away in fear. They erected tall obelisks of the blue-black stone of Nethasokar in his honor. They offered blood sacrifices on altars of obsidian in his name.

“And Father Claw was pleased.

“Each of these new priests of Father Claw took upon themselves a new name to brand their very essence with their devotion. Geddis became Ni-Geddis. Verrath became Ni-Verrath, and Sodoll became Ni-Sodoll. These dark souls learned to use acid as a weapon. They forged **swords that hungered** for blood, death, and even souls in the same manner that their master hungered. The priests of Father Claw were feared and hated and put to the sword if found.

“And so in time the priests of Father Claw followed their master’s directive and retreated to the secret city of Shoggoth, whose location remains hidden in the mists of mystery even still today.

“Time passed, as time is wont to do, and a priest of Father Claw rose through the ranks. His name was Ni-Gorth. This mortal soul knew the

Dragon like none before him, but in those dark serpent’s eyes he saw not salvation but dread, despair, and death. Ni-Gorth discovered that Father Claw was not a creature to be venerated. Does the hare revere the wolf? Does the fawn revere the lion? He learned that the Dragon could only be reviled. To do otherwise was a form of suicide.

“In secret, then, Ni-Gorth labored as none before him. Using skill unknown today, he forged the mighty *dragonchain*, a word spoken today only in whispers. Then Ni-Gorth, a man above men, took his creation and tricked his dread master, binding Father Claw to the heart of a mountain which is today long forgotten, even by the earth itself.

“Ni-Gorth chained Father Claw and rid the world of his evil. And for his efforts, this priest found as his reward only the curved knives of his fellows. The other priests fell upon him with vengeance and fury until he lay dead. Still, no effort on their part, no scheme they could dream would break the *dragonchain*. Father Claw remained imprisoned, and they rotted away waiting for their lord to free himself.

“But that is not the end of the tale. No, children. For so great was the power and purity of **Ni-Gorth** that he returned. You see, as difficult as it is to believe on some dark days, there is a sort of justice in the world. Ni-Gorth himself ascended to godhood, the first of what we call today the New Gods. Those who revered him for his skills and deeds were great craftsmen in their own right. Books read still today speak with respect of the **Wizard-Priests of Ni-Gorth** and their wondrous creations. It was their hands that crafted the **Seven Jewels of Parnaith**, which encompass all things and yet more. But that, my children, is a tale for another day.

“Of course, never forget that Father Claw, with heart as black as his scales, broke free of the *dragonchain* many lifetimes later. And he remains free even today.”

Father Claw is a chaotic evil god with the domains Chaos, Destruction, and Evil. His priests all wear black hooded robes and carry silver daggers, his favored weapon. All take the moniker “Ni-” before their name. His symbol is a black dragon or a black dragon’s head.

Ni-Gorth is a true neutral god of Magic and Strength. He has no priests today, but in the past they were all wizard/clerics specializing in magical craftsmanship. Some of the Wizard-Priests of Ni-Gorth were human and some were elves. His symbol was a golden chain with a dragon’s head on either end, and his favored weapon was the flail.

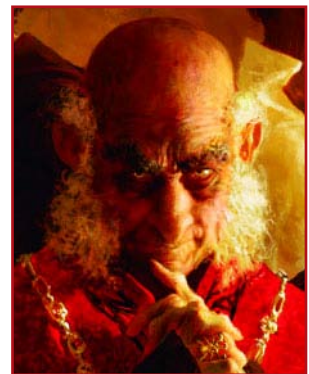


The symbol of Father claw is a black dragon's head.

Father Claw: Ptolus, page 69

Long ago, the Wizard-Priests of Ni-Gorth tried to destroy the Spire and its fell fortress. They worked tirelessly to organize all the races of Praemal against the Dread One.

*Ni-Gorth: Ptolus, page 70
Wizard-Priests of Ni-Gorth: Ptolus, page 80
Seven Jewels of Parnaith: Ptolus, page 526*



Iristul Vladaam is obsessed with collecting the hungerswords of Father Claw's priests. For more on his quest and this noble family, see Ptolus, page 96.

DM TIP

While exploring the Dungeon, an adventurer might come upon the home of a long-thought-vanished deity named Destor. The worship of this god of lightning and ill luck was prohibited in the city, and the resulting dearth of worshippers has reduced the god to the size of a small doll dwelling in an underground annex of his last temple.

Destor will make a tempting offer to the player character who discovers him, promising the character powers and prestige as his champion if only he would re-establish the faith in the city. Of course, that's not as easy as it sounds, for the Church of Lothian is always on guard against dangerous religions attempting to gain a grasp on the populace.

For more on Destor, see Ptolus, page 69.

**22 TEMPLE IDEAS**

The number of temples and shrines in the Temple District of Ptolus is staggering, and new religions are coming in all the time. The following list holds suggestions for the DM who is creating or detailing churches on his own, to give each temple and religion a touch of unique flavor when the player characters visit. Although nowhere near comprehensive, the list can inspire further ideas from creative DMs.

1. Only halflings are allowed within the inner sanctum, even though it is not the temple of a solely halfling deity.
2. A statue of the god cries tears of milk on holy days.
3. Devout worshippers prostrate themselves before the altar for such long periods of time, they have to be dragged out of the temple so they do not die of dehydration.
4. All the doors in the temple have bells attached to them.
5. Windows and skylights have been carefully placed and shaped inside the temple. These combine with small hanging mirrors that sway gently in the wind to create dozens of sacred shapes of light—many of which move—throughout the temple.
6. No one wearing red (the color of blood) is allowed in the main sanctuary. Likewise, people with wounds are also forbidden.
7. A crack in one wall of an old temple is (roughly) in the shape of a holy symbol. It is taken as a sign from the god.
8. Birds of all varieties are kept in the temple, most allowed to move about freely.
9. Acolytes must continue to sing the eternal perfect note at all times. Three acolytes take turns during a three-hour shift intoning the same note, with three new acolytes taking the shift after them, and so on.
10. The high priest died a year ago. His body was left where it lay, next to the altar, as a sign of his devotion.
11. The temple's interior has a snake motif, even though the religion is not snake-related. The church uses the temple of a snake god that was driven out of the city for various crimes, and has not yet had the opportunity to change all the imagery.
12. The high priestess is highly prejudiced against orcs and half-orcs, even though that is not a part of the religion's official dogma.
13. Shoes or foot coverings of any kind cannot be worn in the temple.
14. The temple also sells a well-known curative for coughs brewed by the priests.
15. The temple has no windows. It is lit only by candles within.
16. The floors of the temple are made of a rare wood imported from the distant south that has a very distinctive, nutty odor.
17. A saint's perfectly-preserved severed hand still clutches the staff used by the high priest during important ceremonies.
18. Every hour, on the hour, a priest performs a ritualized dance in front of the temple, sanctifying the entrance.
19. The temple was recently robbed and desecrated by an enemy religion. Signs of loss and damage are everywhere.
20. The priests of the temple are highly political and speak as much about current events as religion.
21. No one may speak within the temple louder than a whisper.
22. All the clergy of the temple are branded with their god's holy symbol on their right cheek.



GAEN AND MIRRESH

Two sister goddesses well known in Ptolus—and throughout the entire region of Palastan—are Gaen, Goddess of Light, and Mirresh, Goddess of Laughter.

GODDESS OF LIGHT

The worship of **Gaen** is second only to the worship of **Lothian** in Ptolus, although it is an extremely distant second. Her faithful number more than a thousand in the city—so many that there is talk of building a second temple.

However, the **City Council** has ruled that, although Lothianite chapels and small temples are located throughout the city, any other new temples would have to be built in the Temple District. Since there is little reason to place two temples of Gaen so close together, this has prevented the drive to found a second temple from gaining any momentum.

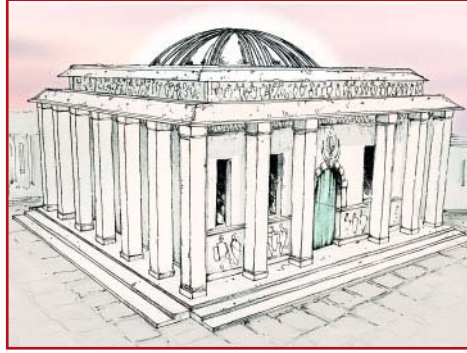
Gaen is Lawful Good and offers the domains of Good, Law, and **Light**. Her symbol is a **blazing sunburst**, and her favored weapon is the heavy mace. Her priests wear golden robes and preach fevered sermons on not just avoiding evil, but rooting it out and destroying it. “The light banishes the dark and cold from even the worst of places if given the chance,” is their credo.

The clerics and paladins (of which there are many) crusade against malevolence in its most obvious and basest forms: demons and undead (and all those who revere either or both) as well as evil monsters, slavers, murderers, assassins, and so forth. Gaen is much more focused on her Good aspect than on Law.

Gaen is depicted as a gigantic human woman, typically bare-breasted, wearing a golden helm and wielding a sword made of light. Her most sacred rites have a sexual component, as her priests—male and female—are her lovers. She grants them the light from her soul through sexual ecstasy.

Two of the most powerful clerics in the city, **Barit Calomar** (male human cleric18) and **Melior Kalen** (male human cleric18), as well as the most powerful paladin, **Steron Vsool** (male human paladin20), are all devotees of Gaen.

The **Temple of Gaen** in Ptolus, a massive structure with a striking silver dome, is just off the Street of a Million Gods. The temple maintains close connections with the **Knights of the Pale** and the **Keepers of the Veil** (despite both groups’ more obvious associations to the **Church of Lothian**), as well as the **Knights of the Golden Cross**.



The Temple of Gaen (left) is located just off the Street of a Million Gods in the Temple District. See Ptolus, page 385.

*Gaen: Ptolus, page 69
Lothian: Ptolus, page 66
City Council: Ptolus, page 148*

GODDESS OF LAUGHTER

Mirresh is Gaen’s less popular younger sister. She is a goddess of laughter, frivolity, and pleasant diversions. Her priests attempt to bring joy and love to the hearts of her faithful, and in fact, to all people. To further this goal, they hold special festivals, parties, and parades throughout the year. They give away toys and create puzzles and games for children. They even dress up as clowns or put on comedic plays and puppet shows to entertain and spread happiness. Mirresh’s followers learn that no matter what happens, one should always find time for laughter, even in the darkest times. They are not blind optimists or naive children; they just believe that, regardless of how bad things can get, there is always something to smile about—even if just for a moment.

Mirresh has few full-time worshippers but many give her prayers of thanks and honor her during celebrations of great joy, such as weddings, births, and coming-of-age ceremonies.

The Neutral Good Mirresh oversees the domains of Good, Protection, and Trickery. She uses a laughing (usually female) face as her symbol and the rapier as her favored weapon, although some priests of Mirresh take vows of pacifism. Her clerics have no specific garb, although they often wear bright colors, particularly when celebrating one of her many festivals or holy days.

She is depicted as an extremely beautiful human woman, laughing and dancing playfully, or as a cavorting young human girl. She is often shown with flowers and flowering plants, but she has no real connection to nature (and neither do her priests—in fact, her temples are almost always found in large urban areas).

The Temple of Mirresh in Ptolus is on the Street of a Million Gods. Although small and fairly innocuous, it’s a location that many Ptolusites know, as it marks the starting point for parades and spectacles and is the central focus for wonderful parties.



*Blazing sunburst holy symbol as a magic item: Ptolus, page 386
Light domain: Ptolus, page 637*



Steron Vsool, famed champion of Gaen, is the city’s most powerful paladin. See Ptolus, page 386.

Barit Calomar and Melior Kalen: Ptolus, page 385

Knights of the Pale: Ptolus, page 125

Keepers of the Veil: Ptolus, page 119

Church of Lothian: Ptolus, page 64

Knights of the Golden Cross: Ptolus, page 124



Read more about Prustan history in *Ptolus Chapter 5* and about its geography in *Ptolus Chapter 2*.

Kran: Ptolus, page 69

Other Prustan gods include *Castain* (a god of life supplanted by *Lothian*), *Kharos* (a god of magic), *Teun* (Mother of All Machines), and *Tevra* (the Clockwork Goddess). For details, see the individual entries in *Ptolus, pages 68–70*.

PRUSTAN DEITIES

Two thousand years ago, long before the coming of *Lothian*, the people known as the Prust worshipped a great variety of minor and rather miscellaneous gods.

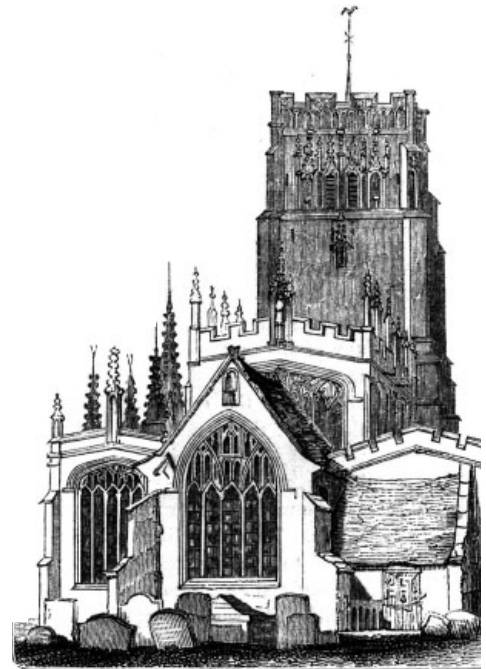
Taken as a whole, the Prustan gods were a fairly harsh lot. Their portfolios dealt with the negative more often than the positive, and their worshippers begged their deities *not* to act, rather than *to* act. Rather than praying to a god of fertility or abundance for a blessing, the ancient Prust prayed to their god of pestilence and blight, *Guellatha*, so that she would stay her hand. This reflected the people's complex notion that the world was an inherently good place, but that thinking beings—whether mortal or immortal—were inherently destructive and ruinous. The Prust didn't revere their gods so much as fear them, although the deities that still have worshippers today have managed to transcend this relationship, at least somewhat.

But sadly, the cults revering most of these deities are now long gone, their patrons—if they ever truly existed—forgotten. Of the few that survive, one of the stranger is *Kran*, the Goddess of Faults.

KRAN, GODDESS OF FAULTS

Portrayed as a hunched, decrepit crone, *Kran* oversees the shortcomings in all things. She knows the weaknesses of her worshippers' enemies and how to exploit them. However, she knows the faults of her faithful as well, and holds this knowledge over them like a threat.

A Neutral Evil deity, *Kran* carries the domains of Evil and Knowledge. Her symbol is a narrow green eye within a red triangle, and her favored



weapon is scimitar. *Kran*'s clerics are typically a spiteful, back-biting, and scheming lot that enjoys finding out the dark secrets of others and using these secrets against them to gain power and influence. Occasionally they resort to simple blackmail as well.

Kran's worship is barely tolerated in the Empire. Those who know only a little about the deity believe her religion to focus on knowing one's own faults and overcoming them. Her worshippers sometimes portray her as a kindly old woman who shares advice about becoming a better person.

Kran's temple in *Ptolus* lies in the Temple District on *Discourse Street*. It is a dark tower of grey-blue stone with windows of red stained glass.



THE IRON GOD

Another old Prustan deity still revered today is the mysterious **Iron God**.

Most of the Iron God's current worshippers are dwarves, both **Grailwarden** and **Stonelost**. (Originally the Iron God was a purely Grailwarden dwarf deity, but the dwarves who would become the Stonelost adopted him almost as soon as they learned of him.) In the heyday of the Empire, the Iron God had many human worshippers as well.

The lord of all things iron and steel*, the Iron God is a master of the forge, of strength, and of weapons of war. More than just that, though, he is a god of tools and machines with iron gears, iron wheels, and iron furnaces burning coal to fire iron pistons. His followers invariably work as craftsmen, smiths, or machinists.

The Iron God is a Lawful Neutral deity who governs the domains of Earth, Fire, and Technology. He offers as his symbol alternatively an iron sphere or a mask of iron. His weapon is the warhammer. Followers of the Iron God do not create images of the god himself; they tend to avoid anthropomorphizing him if at all possible. Thus, the Iron God is not the smith, but the iron itself. He is not the forger, but the forge. He dwells within all worked iron, and any such object is holy to his priests.

While no image of the Iron God is ever seen, many people associate him with the mysterious **Wandering Smith** (pictured above). This figure is widely believed to be a divine avatar who bequeaths valuable items from his forge to those in need and then vanishes without a word.

The Iron God's priests wear iron masks in addition to their heavy armor. They typically say little. The Iron God has no holy books and little in the way of dogma. His is a religion of intuition and gut feeling. "You feel the iron, and you listen to the iron," a devotee might say, as though that sums up the religion in its entirety.



Iron God: Ptolus, page 69



Grailwarden dwarves: Ptolus, page 48
Stonelost dwarves: Ptolus, page 49

Wandering Smith: Ptolus, page 367.

In Ptolus, the Iron God's temple lies on Chalice Road. A long, low building with large iron buttresses, it sees only a small amount of activity. (There is also an ancient and abandoned **temple of his in Dwarvenhearth**, far below Ptolus.) It is possible that, if the **Shuul** technologists succeed in reinstating the "old ways," the temple of the Iron God may prosper.

* For an interesting take on a similar deity and his divine habitat, see "The World Forge," Chapter 4 in *The Book of Hallowed Might II: Portents and Visions*.



Dwarvenhearth temple: Ptolus, page 482
The Shuul: Ptolus, page 131





Chapter 2: LOCALES

Even though the *Ptolus* book itself contains hundreds of locations, a city as varied and complex as this one always has a few surprises waiting. From noble crypts to soapmaking manufactories, these new locales are perfect to augment a variety of districts throughout the city.



Throughout this chapter, map coordinates and location numbers given for a locale correspond to the city of Ptolus poster map.

Noble families: Ptolus, page 87

House Abanar: Ptolus, page 88

House Dallimothan: Ptolus, page 89



House Erthuo: Ptolus, page 91

As in the *Ptolus* book itself, this chapter does more than just present routine facts about the locales in it—it gives information that the DM can really use, not all of which is the kind of background that you are used to seeing in setting products. It's all there to provide the DM with the tools to run a game set in Ptolus smoothly.

Having run urban campaigns rather extensively, I've learned that it's important to be able to create new locations or to tailor existing ones on the fly, to serve the needs of the game. Sometimes you just have to have a stable nearby. Sometimes a tavern suddenly needs a second story. So feel free to adjust these locales as needed to make them work for you.

CRYPTS OF THE NOBILITY

Each of the ten noble families in Ptolus has its own large family crypt in the Necropolis, although not all of them are actively used. Each is different from the others.



ABANAR

This relatively small crypt is not actually used by the family now, although associate members of the house pay handsomely to be interred in nearby tombs.

The **Abanar** crypt has been broken into numerous times, both by ghouls and by adventurers assuming that the wealthy members of the house are buried with their valuables. The members of House Abanar have thus given up on the crypt and bury their dead in secret elsewhere.



DALLIMOTHAN

Although the Dallimothan crypt is an impressive monument with a huge statue of a rearing dragon atop it, the place stands empty. Members of House

Dallimothan are incredibly long lived and, in the history of Ptolus, only a very small handful of them have died. Their remains are consumed in a ritual, their spirits loosed in a special magical chamber called the Dragon Vault, in the Dallimothan tower in the Nobles' Quarter.



ERTHUO

Another rarely used crypt, the Erthuo family interment structure is small and surprisingly nondescript. Perhaps this is because most members of this



KEY* TO LOCALES FROM THIS CHAPTER

1. Crypts of Nobility (page 14, Necropolis, K–L 3–4)
2. Durambor Headquarters (page 17, South Market, G8)
3. Ged's Cabinets (page 18, Midtown, J5)
4. The Green Mews (page 20, South Market, F8)
5. The Lorn Tower (page 21, Guildsman District, M8)
6. The Old Goose (page 22, Midtown, G6)
7. The Pointy Hat (page 24, Oldtown, E5)
8. St. Laphest's Open Arms (page 25, Guildsman District, L7)
9. Steampump Station 17 (page 26, Oldtown, D6)
10. Temple of Phoeboul (page 27, Temple District, H4)
11. Citation Streets (page 28, Oldtown and South Market, 7B–C and 8D)
12. The Winter Lyehouse (page 29, South Market, E8)

* Note that the numbers on these locales apply to the above map only.

house of elves prefer to be cremated, their ashes scattered in the Moonsilver Forest or at sea.



KATH

House Kath uses its crypt still today to inter its dead, including honored servants and other associated individuals. This large, horse-shoe-shaped structure is topped with many elegant statues.

Magic seals the only entrance, preventing all but Kath hands from unsealing it. Neither divination nor necromancy magic works within the crypt or even within twenty feet of it. This safeguard successfully keeps away most of the intruders likely to disturb it.

House Kath does bury its dead with valuables and grave goods, in the ancient tradition. If one

were able to gain entrance, it is likely that one might find more than 15,000 gp worth of treasure, assuming the interloper could survive the various *glyphs of warding*.



KHATRU

Like the family's keep in the Nobles' Quarter, House Khatru's crypt on a slight rise in the Necropolis looks like a small fortress.

As recently as ten years ago, Khatru positioned guards at the crypt to keep it safe. However, they kept disappearing at night, and eventually the practice was stopped. Now Khatru uses a crypt beneath the estate for solemn burials when a member of the noble family passes away.

Moonsilver Forest: Ptolus, page 42

House Kath: Ptolus, page 92



House Khatru: Ptolus, page 92

House Nagel: Ptolus, page 93

House Shever: Ptolus, page 96

House Rau: Ptolus, page 93



House Dallimothan: Ptolus, page 89

House Sadar: Ptolus, page 94



House Vladaam: Ptolus, page 96
The Forsaken: Ptolus, page 112

Visitors to the Necropolis can see a variety of holy symbols marking the crypts of noble families.

NAGEL



House Nagel has a large crypt in the Necropolis, in which much of the one-large and powerful family has been interred. Today it shows signs of neglect. No one has yet actually broken in, and the lock on the stone door (DC 30 to open) still holds.

RAU



House Rau has an extensive underground crypt beneath its estate, and so the crypt in the Necropolis exists purely for show. Like that of House Dallimothan, there are no bodies within it.

SADAR



Protected by magical wards and traps, the large, somewhat plain crypt of House Sadar is secure against tomb robbers looking for valuables. Undead, in the form of shadows, are not kept out, however and in fact seem to be called there.

Rather than disturbing anything, the shadows help protect the place. At night, one might expect to find 3d10 shadows and 2d6 greater shadows surrounding the crypt. Another 2d10 shadows and

2d6 greater shadows lurk within the crypt night or day. In truth, these are not intruders at all, but actually the spirits of those members of the family (and their servants) who have passed on to this shadowy existence, still loyal to the house.

SHEVER



This round crypt holds many members of House Shever, including the recently passed Hallia, mother of Thollos, head of the house. He has servants keep fresh flowers positioned in vases at the door to the crypt in her honor.

To keep out grave robbers, the entrance is a steel door secured with elaborate mechanical locks (three separate DC 35 Open Lock checks to open).

VLADAAM



The crypt of House Vladaam is a long, gothic structure, with elaborate stone ornamentation, gargoyles, and various graven figurines. The crypt has not been used in decades, but the interior floor hides a secret hatch (Search, DC

25, to find) concealing a staircase. Beneath the crypt lies a secret lair of the Forsaken, used (secretly) with the blessing of the house. During the day, 1d4+1 typical Forsaken cultists can be found here with 1d6 zombie servants. At night, they are roaming about and the lair is empty.



DURAMBOR HEADQUARTERS

📍 South Market (South Street, #281, G8)

💰 35,000 gp

“Durambor” is the name of a small cabal of Grailwarden dwarves, a rival group to the Gurhorond dwarves who operate out of the Star Jewelers workshop in the Guildsman District. The Durambor buy all kinds of gems and jewels and send them back to their homeland far to the east. Merchants such as Myraeth Tuneweaver, who might buy such treasures secondhand from others, turn around and sell them to the Durambor. The gem-laden vaults of the Durambor set thieves’ mouths to drool across the city, so they keep tight security with able guards (male and female dwarf fighters⁴), usually at least four at any given time, in addition to a commander (male dwarf fighter⁸).

No windows look into the round, squat tower of the Durambor. The main door has a devious triple lock (Open Lock, DC 30 each; if one fails, the others reset—no taking twenty once one is unlocked) and the back door opens only from the inside, thanks to a complex mechanism (Disable Device, DC 29). The vault itself is locked similarly to the main door and is trapped with whirling poisoned blades as well.

Whirling Poisoned Blades: CR 7; mechanical; timed trigger; automatic reset; hidden lock bypass (Search DC 28, Open Lock DC 30); Attack +10 melee (1d4+4/19–20 plus poison, dagger); poison (purple worm poison, Fortitude save, DC 24, resists, 1d6 Strength/2d6 Strength); multiple targets (one target in each of the five-foot squares adjacent to the vault door); Search DC 28; Disable Device DC 28.

The Durambor ship all the jewels they have purchased back to Grail Keep. No one outside the organization knows exactly why, or why the dwarves of Grail Keep need so many jewels that they employ an entire group just to buy and ship them. Reportedly, branches of the *Durambor* exist in other major Imperial cities as well. In any event, the dwarves are always looking for capable mercenaries to help protect the shipments they send across the continent from brigands.

They pay well (1,000 gp for approximately fifty days’ work: twenty-five days there, twenty-five days back), but they expect more than a typical 1st-level warrior for that rate.



The Durambor ally themselves with the **Shuul**, a group interested in rekindling the technological advancements of the Empire’s past. These dwarves eagerly await the day when their allies get their **aeroship service** up and running to transport their jewels. This is likely two to three years off, at best.

Scenario: A dwarf named Sert Nightforge hires the player characters to break into the Durambor headquarters. However, his directions are very specific. He doesn’t want anyone inside harmed, and he only wants the PCs to steal one jewel in particular—then replace it with a gem of equal value that he provides.

Sert sold the Durambor a gem of seeing by mistake. The Durambor don’t know it’s magical, and he doesn’t want to tell them. He’s already offered to buy it back, but they refused.

Grailwarden dwarves: Ptolus, page 48

Gurhorond: Ptolus, page 191

Star Jewelers: Ptolus, page 191

Myraeth Tuneweaver: Ptolus, page 213



Grail Keep: Ptolus, page 42

The Shuul: Ptolus, page 131

Aeroships: Ptolus, page 562

Katterwood: Ptolus, page 200

Forsaken: Ptolus, page 112

The Vai: Ptolus, page 139

Knights of the Secret Sun:

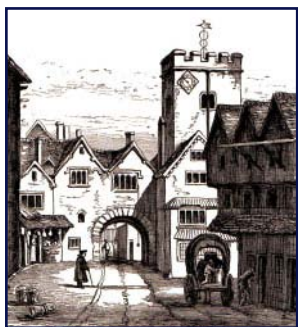
Ptolus, page 127

Naltegro Suun: Ptolus, page 270



Keepers of the Veil: Ptolus, page 119

Killraven Crime League: Ptolus, page 121



GED'S CABINETS

☒ Midtown (Katterwood, Mona Lane, #207, J5)
 ☉☉ III 9,300 gp

Ged and Brooke Morrowlost, halflings both, are a married couple. They own and run a carpentry shop in Katterwood, the halfling neighborhood of Midtown. Ged specializes in cabinetry, but he also builds other wooden items. Cabinets and furniture in various stages of construction fill the front room of the shop.

The back room of the shop looks very different, however. This is where Ged and Brooke manage their secondary business. Ged Morrowlost is known in certain circles as “the Guide” and sometimes as “the Ferryman.” Ged knows where secret things are, and for a fee, he will guide the right people to them. He knows where to find hidden Forsaken hideouts, criminal safe houses, and even the Vai, the Knights of the Secret Sun, and the Naltegro Suun. He knows both the city and the labyrinths below.

Ged generally charges about 200 gp for his services, but he also requires that a client give him a special password or phrase. The inhabitants or organization controlling the destination provide this secret signal—Ged only leads those whom the people at the destination want to see. He won't, for example, lead the undead-hating Keepers of the Veil to a hidden Forsaken base. That's just bad for business—while he is paid by those he guides, he is also paid by those he guides them to.

For example, a potential client comes into Ged's shop. “I'm looking for a safe house—Tolbrook sent me,” he says. “Tolbrook sent me” is a pass phrase given to Ged for a particular Killraven Crime League hideout in the Rivergate district. So Ged asks for 200 gp and they are on their way. If someone comes in and says only, “I'm looking for the Killraven safe house in Rivergate,” Ged acts as though he has no idea what the person is talking about and asks him or her to leave.

In a typical situation, Brooke follows along invisibly and uses *clairvoyance/clairaudience* and *see invisible* to make sure they are not being followed or about to walk into danger. Ged and Brooke are quite capable and not afraid to get into combat. They have contingency plans for when things go bad, usually involving The Three, a trio of rogues who work for them. The Three prepare ambushes that Ged can lead foes into. Sometimes they just follow behind to watch for danger and intervene if Ged gets in trouble. Their goal in a fight generally involves providing flanking for Ged.

As Ged provides a valuable service to many powerful and dangerous organizations, harming him might be the last act of a very foolish individual.

Ged Morrowlost

Male halfling (Small), (Chaotic Neutral)

Rogue9 CR 9

HD 9d6+9 hp 45

Init +3 Speed 20 feet

AC 19, touch 14, flat-footed 19

BAB/Grapple +6/+2

Attack +7 melee (1d4+1, small short sword), or +11 ranged (1d4+2, small short bow)

Full Attack +7/+2 melee (1d4+1, small short sword), or +11/+6 ranged (1d4+2, small short bow)

SA +4d6+4 sneak attack

SQ Evasion, improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +3

Fort +7, Ref +10, Will +6

Str 10, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 11.

Crucial Skills: Balance +10, Bluff +7, Climb +12, Escape Artist +10, Hide +7, Intimidate +5, Listen +4, Move Silently +16, Search +10, Sense Motive +14, Tumble +14.

Other Skills: Craft (woodworking) +10, Gather Information +9, Knowledge (local) +10, Open Lock +17.

Crucial Feats: Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Quick Draw.

Other Feats: Great Fortitude.

Languages: Common, Goblin, Halfling.

Possessions: Short bow, +1 arrows (10), +2 arrows (10), +1 flaming arrows (6), +2 studded leather armor of silent moves, +1 small sword of subtlety, climber's kit, 50 feet of silk rope, masterwork thieves' tools, 15 gp.

Brooke Morrowlost

Female halfling (Small), (Chaotic Neutral)

Wizard9 CR 9

HD 9d4+18 hp 41

Init +3 Speed 20 feet

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 11

BAB/Grapple +4/−3

Attack/Full Attack +9 ranged (1d4+1, small light crossbow)

Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +7

Str 5, Dex 17, Con 14, Int 21, Wis 11, Cha 10.

Crucial Skills: Climb −1, Escape Artist +7, Hide +7, Jump −1, Listen +2, Move Silently +5, Sense Motive +2.

Other Skills: Craft (woodworking) +7, Decipher Script +13, Knowledge (arcana) +15, Knowledge (geography) +16, Knowledge (local) +12, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +16.

Crucial Feats: Point Blank Shot.

Other Feats: Brew Potion, Craft Wondrous Item, Scribe Scroll, Toughness, Weapon Focus (crossbow, light).

Languages: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Gnomish, Halfling.

Spells: 4/5/5/4/3/1, save DC 15 + spell level.
 o—*detect magic, ghost sound, mage hand, message.*

1st—*alarm, charm person, color spray, shield, summon monster I.*



Typical Shops

2nd—*false life*, *invisibility* (2), *mirror image*, see *invisible*.

3rd—*clairaudience/clairvoyance*, *fly*, *hold person*, *suggestion*.

4th—*ice storm*, *polymorph*, *stoneskin*.

5th—*cone of cold*.

Possessions: +1 *small light crossbow*, +1 *bolts* (10), *headband of intellect* +2, *wand of lightning bolt* (10th level, 10 charges), *scroll of fox's cunning*, *invisibility* (x3), *scroll of ice storm*; *potions of bull's strength*, *false life*, and *fly*; *spellbook*, 156 gp.

Spellbook: 0—*acid splash*, *arcane mark*, *dancing lights*, *daze*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *disrupt undead*, *flare*, *ghost sound*, *light*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *message*, *open/close*, *prestidigitation*, *ray of frost*, *read magic*, *resistance*, *touch of fatigue*.

1st—*alarm*, *cause fear*, *charm person*, *color spray*, *floating disk*, *hypnotism*, *magic weapon*, *shield*, *summon monster I*.

2nd—*blur*, *bull's strength*, *darkness*, *false life*, *invisibility*, *minor image*, *mirror image*, *misdirection*, *owl's wisdom*, *rope trick*, see *invisible*, *whispering wind*.

3rd—*clairaudience/clairvoyance*, *fly*, *hold person*, *suggestion*.

4th—*arcane eye*, *ice storm*, *polymorph*, *remove curse*, *stoneskin*.

5th—*cone of cold*, *telekinesis*.

The Three

Female humans (Neutral)

Rogue3 **CR** 3

HD 3d6 **hp** 12

Init +7 **Speed** 30 feet

AC 13, **touch** 13, **flat-footed** 10

Attack/Full Attack +3 **melee** (1d6, short sword), or +6 **ranged** (1d8, light crossbow)

SA Sneak attack +2d6

SQ Evasion, uncanny dodge, trap sense

Fort +1, **Ref** +6, **Will** +2

Str 10, **Dex** 16, **Con** 10, **Int** 17, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 9.

Crucial Skills: **Bluff** +5, **Climb** +9, **Disable Device** +9, **Hide** +9, **Listen** +9, **Move Silently** +7, **Search** +11, **Spot** +3, **Use Magic Device** +4.

Other Skills: **Forgery** +8, **Gather Information** +7, **Heal** +3, **Open Lock** +7, **Sleight of Hand** +5, **Use Rope** +6.

Crucial Feats: N/A.

Other Feats: **Alertness**, **Improved Initiative**, **Investigator**.

Possessions: *Masterwork light crossbow*, *bolts* (20), *masterwork short sword*; *potions of invisibility*, *cat's grace*, and *cure moderate wounds*; 25 gp.

You can use one of these typical shop layouts to represent Ged's cabinet store.

FROM MY CAMPAIGN TO YOURS

Ged conducted a group of player characters using a stolen password to an infamous Forsaken refuge beneath the Clock Tower in Oldtown. It didn't go well for the Forsaken, but the slip-up led Ged to install new magical safeguards to protect against purloined passwords.



Order of Iron Might: Ptolus, page 130



Korben Trollone: Ptolus, page 361

Kevris Killraven: Ptolus, page 121

Korben Trollone's office (a.k.a. "Edarth's Loans," found in Ptolus, page 360) is available as a free set of miniatures-scale Adventure Maps from SkeletonKey Games on the Ptolus CD-Rom.

This storefront represents the look of the Green Mews.

THE GREEN MEWS

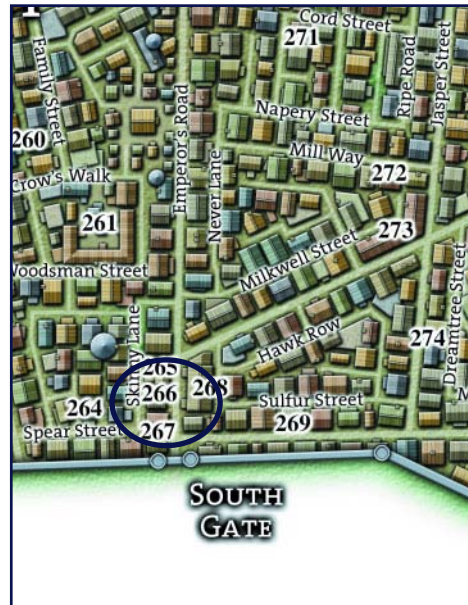
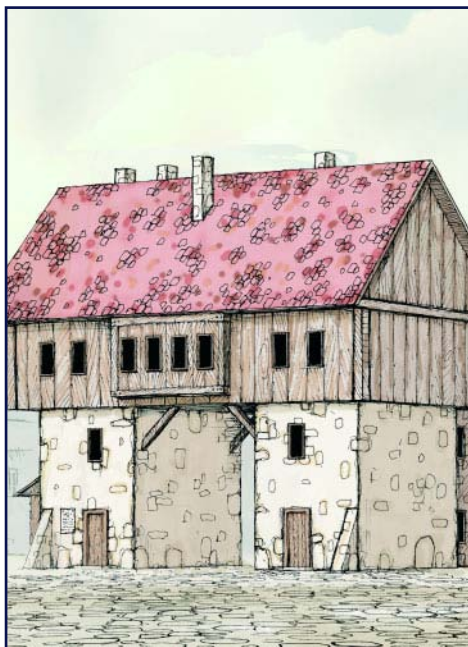
☑ South Market (South Gate, Emperor's Road, #266, F8) 🗺️ 🏠 🏠 260 gp (excluding horses)

Jakom Mullar runs a large stables for travelers. The stables consist of three buildings—the actual stables, a shed for storing feed and equipment, and Jakom's house, where he lives with his wife, Erbecca (female human commoner2), and three children. The two older children, Teriss (male human commoner1) and Rollo (male human fighter1) help with the stables, although Rollo is getting ready to leave and join the Order of Iron Might.

The stables earn a good deal of money for the family. Located right next to the South Gate in the South Market district, the Green Mews often has to turn away customers, even though the Mullars have space for twenty horses.

Jakom is a large man with thinning dark hair and bushy eyebrows. He's good-natured and likes to trade jokes with travelers. He's also eager to tell tales of other visitors who have brought in pegasi mounts, a giant stag, and once, for just one night, a unicorn. Such happenings are rare, and Jakom tends to embellish the tales a bit, but he's proud that such "important folk" have entrusted him with the care of their special and exotic creatures.

Scenario: Jakom's real love, however, is wrestling. Every Fireday evening, he competes in local wrestling matches. Despite his lack of combat training, Jakom is a good wrestler and performs well in the matches. Unfortunately, the crime boss **Korben Trollone** (who works for **Kevris Killraven**) has recently moved in on the wrestling matches and taken control of the gam-



bling that goes on. Korben is putting pressure on Jakom to work for him, but Jakom doesn't need Korben's money. The only pressure Korben can put on him is veiled threats against the stables and Jakom's family.

Scenario: Jakom knows that if his boys found out about this, they'd try to deal with Korben on their own (which would be suicide). He needs help and isn't too proud to ask the player characters for their assistance to protect his family and their livelihood and home. The PCs can go on the defensive and hang about the stables, or they could try to find Korben's headquarters and take the issue up with him there. A show of real force may get Korben, a relatively small-time criminal, to back off, as Jakom isn't worth a lot of trouble. However, Korben will remember the player characters if they humiliate him or his hired muscle.

Jakom Mullar

Male human (Lawful Good)

Commoners CR 4

HD 5d4 **hp** 15

Init +1 **Speed** 30 feet

AC 11, flat footed 10, touch 11

BAB/Grapple +2/+9

Attack/Full Attack +5 melee (1d3+3, unarmed strike)

Fort +1, **Ref** +4, **Will** +2

Str 16, **Dex** 13, **Con** 10, **Int** 10, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 11.

Crucial Skills: Jump +8, Spot +3.

Other Skills: Craft (carpentry) +5, Handle Animal +8, Profession (stablehand) +6, Use Rope +2.

Crucial Feats: Improved Grapple, Improved Unarmed Strike.

Other Feats: Skill Focus (Handle Animal).

Possessions: 5 gp, 11 sp, 4 cp

THE LORN TOWER

📍 Guildsman District (Overlook Road, M8)

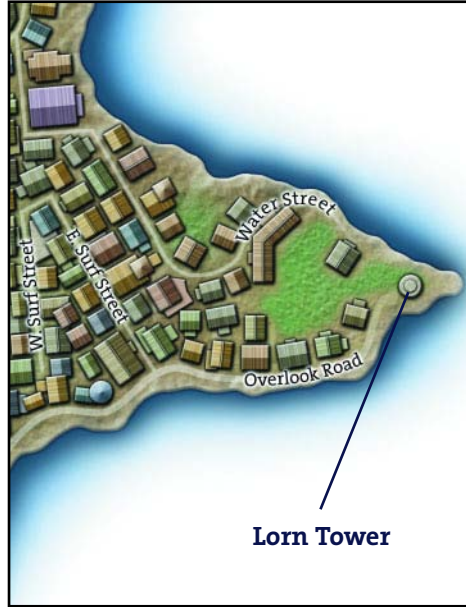
🏠 0 gp

At the very end of Overlook Road in the Guildsman District, perched on the outcropping of land that locals have long called Windswept Point (although a few know it as Lassiter's Point), stands an old tower of greying white stone leaning ever so slightly to the north. It is empty now.

The commonly accepted story behind the tower is that a wealthy woman named Cassinas Lorn built the tower almost three hundred years ago, well before there was a Guildsman District but not before there was a lighthouse standing out on **Beacon Island**. Lorn Tower looked out toward the lighthouse because Cassinas was in love with the lighthouse keeper. The object of her affections did not return them and refused to let Cassinas on the island, so she built her home as close to it as possible. She would sit at the top of her tower and stare at the island and its lighthouse from afar until she died of old age with a broken heart. Her survivors had no interest in the tower, and it has stood vacant ever since. Some say that Cassinas' ghost still watches at the top of the tower on clear, moonlit nights.

This, however, is all fabrication. There was no Cassinas Lorn, and in fact the tower has only relatively recently gained that moniker, the name coming from the fact that it is a lonely structure at the very end of the point. The real history of the tower is perhaps even more interesting. Lorn Tower is approximately two hundred years old, built as the city flourished and grew but had not yet nearly achieved the size and density it has today. Originally the place was called Faethasin's Needle, named for the elven noble family that had it built. The goal was to create a place for the family and their friends to watch the ships come in to the burgeoning port. However, the human builders did not construct it to the family's liking, and the elves never used the tower.

The structure sat empty for many years until a small criminal gang run by a **Harrow elf** named Loritari "appropriated" it and used it as its base of operations for many years. During that time, they even barricaded and guarded the road now known as Overlook Road so that no one could approach the tower. Loritari gained a reputation as a ruthless woman who threw more than one ineffectual underling or captured enemy from the top of the tower to the rocks at the bottom of the cliffs. Eventually, in what can only be described as a major battle, more than fifty **City Watch** guards stormed the street barricades and the tower itself. This battle



lasted for three weeks, most of it being a siege after Loritari sealed herself and her closest followers inside Faethasin's Needle. The then Captain of the Watch (in those days there was only one) employed a sorcerer named Rachian Mok to create a magical means to pass through the walls of the tower, surprising Loritari and her guards. The end of the battle then came swiftly.

As a result of this event, called the Needle's Siege by some historians, two things occurred. First, small-time criminals saw how dangerous life had become for them. The City Watch had clearly begun a crackdown on their activities and was willing to go to great lengths to bring them to justice. Maven Balacazar, ancestor of Menon and founder of the Balacazar crime family, used this fear to organize the criminals in secret.

The other effect of the siege was the beginning of a friendly relationship between the Ptolus City Watch and spellcasters willing to help them. This only further added to the general acceptance of arcanists in Ptolus, which continued even through the so-called **Days of Blood**. This (and, admittedly, other events) contributed to conditions that led to Ptolus having by far the largest population of wizards and sorcerers in the world.

Lorn Tower, however, has remained relatively empty since those days. The four-story tower has occasionally been home to vagrants, vermin, or squatters, but these are usually cleared out now and again by members of the City Watch who know the truth about the place and see it as an important site of past victories.

INFO CHECKS

A *Knowledge (local)* or *Gather Information* check reveals the following about Lorn Tower:

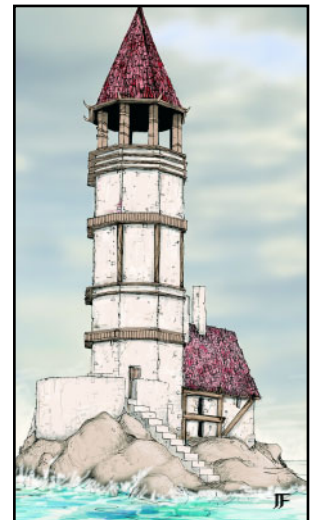
Lorn Tower rests at the very tip of Windswept Point (DC 15).

Cassinus Lorn built the tower three centuries ago (DC 18).

There was no Cassinas Lorn (DC 25).

Lorn Tower was once called Faethasin's Needle (DC 26).

Lorn Tower was the site of the infamous Needle's Siege (DC 30).



The Lighthouse on Beacon Island: Ptolus, page 172

Harrow elves: Ptolus, page 52
City Watch: Ptolus, page 150

Days of Blood: Ptolus, page 84

The Old Goose (see Ptolus, page 221) is a quiet local pub where most of the clientele knows each other.

Aram: Ptolus, page 50



Whether you're a new or an old customer, it's always a good idea to obey the generally accepted "Rules of Tavern Etiquette." See page 217 of Ptolus for the list.

THE OLD GOOSE

📍 Midtown (Tavern Row, #175, G6) ☹️ ☹️ ★★
 📌 210 gp

At the north end of Tavern Row in Midtown lies a nondescript building. Unlike much of the rest of the row, it doesn't abut any other building—it has a small, weedy yard spotted with the occasional bit of trash. The building itself is old, but fairly well-cared for. Its most interesting feature is its abnormally large door, positioned directly under a wooden sign with a faded and chipped painting of a goose.

The Old Goose is a tavern run by a centaur named Unos. Old and somewhat irritable, Unos is a veteran of a small conflict of around forty years ago called the Riversrun Uprising. About a hundred **aram** (the name centaurs use for themselves) as well as a few humans and halflings took it upon themselves to throw off the Imperial yoke to call themselves truly free in the region to the south and west of Ptolus called County Alimoss. Everything went fine until the Imperial tax collector came, and the insurgents killed him and his retinue. When the Empire sent in troops, a short but bloody battle ensued. The aram fled into the wilderness, where they stayed for three years.

Unos doesn't talk about that time unless it is very late at night and he's in a reflective mood. On such a night he might tell you about the epiphany he had concerning war, the Empire, Ptolus, and how the best method of "fighting" the Empire is actually just waiting it out, until it collapses on itself. And he might tell you about how he left the wilderness one night and came to this city, eventually earning enough money to buy this tavern.

The Old Goose has a crowd of loyal customers who come in almost every night and will go nowhere else. Unos knows them all by name, and each and every one of them considers the centaur their friend. Unos doesn't really want new customers. He is satisfied with the ones he has, and new customers just mean more work. He knows that if new people come into the tav-



ern, they might cause trouble—and even if they don't, he still has to watch them closely to make sure they obey the rules of the Old Goose, which are posted on the wall (see next page). Eventually, he has to learn their names, who they are, and get to know them. In time, however, he warms to a new customer, and when he does, that person has found both a friend and a home away from home for life.

Unos employs a human man named Calron Nord (commoner2) to help behind the bar and in the storeroom. On most evenings, when it's busy, Erras Purell (female human commoner2) comes in to help with customers. Calron is middle aged, with classic good looks and a gentle manner. Despite the fact that he is married, the much younger Erras has fallen in love with him. This led to a single night of indiscretion for Calron a few months ago, which he still regrets and Erras still clings to.

The tavern consists of a large taproom furnished with nine tables and a long bar, with a storeroom in the back. The storeroom is large enough that it not only holds dozens of kegs, but offers Unos a place to sleep at night. On any given night, the Old Goose has about twenty customers. It's generally fairly quiet, with a few games of chance being played—usually dice, but sometimes a few patrons take to throwing darts at the target on the wall next to the bar.

Unos

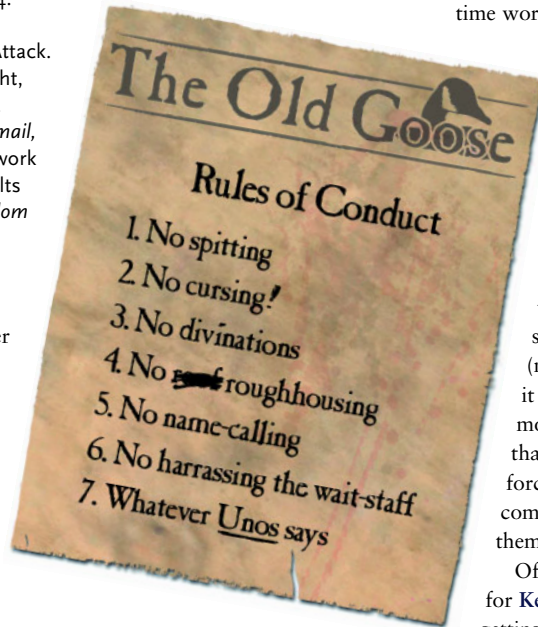
Male centaur (Neutral)
 Large monstrous humanoid
Warrior3 **CR5**
Init +7 **Speed** 35 feet
HD 4d8+24 + 3d8+18 **hp** 82
AC 22, touch 14, flat-footed 18
Space 10 feet **Reach** 5 feet
BAB/Grapple +7/+19
Attack +15 melee (3d6+13, greataxe) or
 +11 ranged (1d12, heavy crossbow)
Full Attack +15/+10 melee (3d6+13, greataxe)
 and +9 melee (1d6+8, 2 hooves) or +1
 greataxe +15/+10 (3d6+13/x3) or +11 ranged
 (1d12, heavy crossbow)

SQ Darkvision 60 feet
Fort +10 **Ref** +8 **Will** +7
Str 26, **Dex** 16, **Con** 22, **Int** 11, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 11.
Crucial Skills: Handle Animal +1, Listen +6, Move Silently +12, Ride +6, Spot +7, Survival +4.
Other Skills: N/A
Crucial Feats: Power Attack.
Other Feats: Blind-Fight, Improved Initiative.
Possessions: +1 chainmail, +1 greataxe, masterwork heavy crossbow, bolts (20), *periapt of wisdom* +2, *potion of bear's endurance*, 88 sp.

Encounter: The player characters have arrived at the Old Goose to meet someone. Although it's early in the evening, two young human men are already drunk. They have taken to throwing darts a bit wildly around the room

rather than at the target, thinking it funny to come close to hitting other customers.

As the PCs watch, Unos single-handedly throws them out, knocking one unconscious with the flat of his greataxe and his powerful hooves. If the adventurers try to help, Unos doesn't take their attempt well and yells at them to just sit down and drink.



Scenario: If the PCs get the chance to ingratiate themselves in Unos' eyes, he confides in them one night that, while he has always managed to run off agents of Ireve Nal, a crime boss in Midtown, things have worsened lately. New criminals, this time working for someone

named Durant, have moved into the area. As always, they're looking to extort protection money, but Unos isn't sure he can stave them off, despite the fact that he's still very strong and powerful (not that he would put it that way; he's quite modest). He believes that a single show of force the next time they come around will keep them away.

Of course, Durant works for Kevris Killraven, and getting involved in this situation could entangle the player characters in much more

than they bargained for. Not only will Durant's men return later, but they strike directly at the PCs as well—over and over again. Eventually, one of Ireve Nal's underbosses offers to help the characters. But Ireve Nal works for Menon Balacazar, so that, too, is a slippery slope....

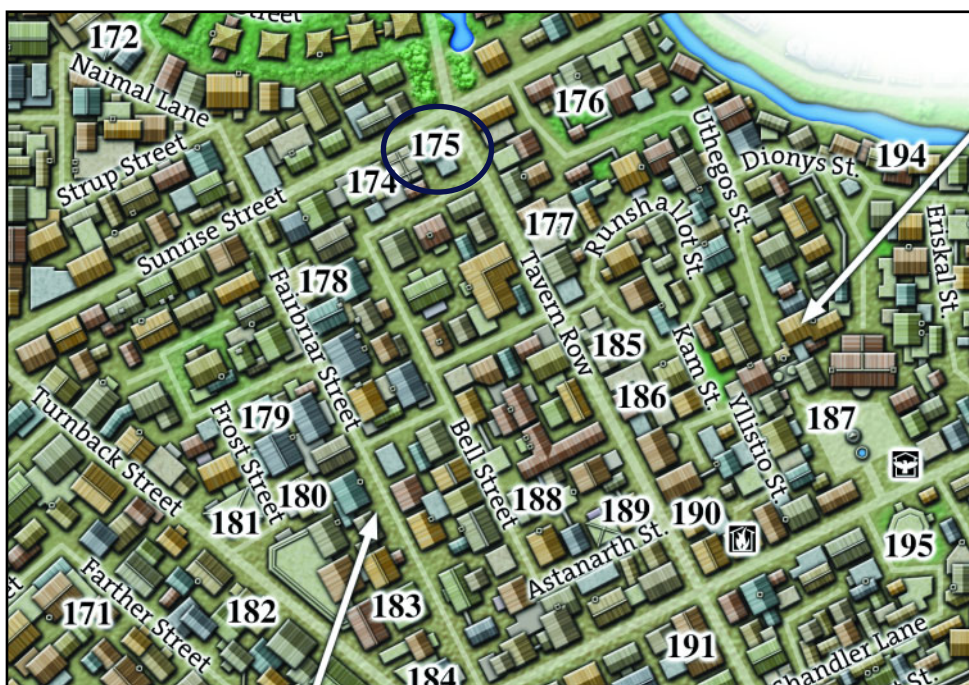
Ireve Nal: Ptolus, page 106



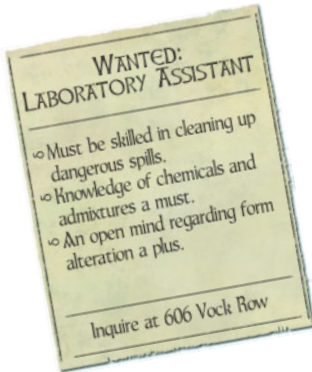
Durant: Ptolus, page 122

Kevris Killraven: Ptolus, page 121

Menon Balacazar: Ptolus, page 101



Vock Row: Ptolus, page 333



Lunas: Ptolus, page 40

Edict of Deviltry: Ptolus, page 84

Danbury's: Ptolus, page 202



THE POINTY HAT

Oldtown (Vock Row, a.k.a. Dweomer Street, #46, E5) 9,450 gp

The infamous Vock Row—or, as most people call it, Dweomer Street—caters to arcanists of all types. The various establishments here sell spell components, obscure books, alchemical equipment, and far stranger things. A small pub serves as the keystone for the area.

The Pointy Hat is a bar and eatery, so named because of the (long out of fashion) habit of old-school wizards to wear tall, pointed hats. Not surprisingly, however, the owner and manager, Naillis Deverini (male gnome sorcerer5), does himself wear a tall, pointed hat. In fact, he wears a variety of them—he owns so many that most people think he wears a different one every day (this is not actually true). He also wears bright, garish clothing and sports a pointed black beard; occasionally he wears a long, grey, false beard instead.

Naillis' various eccentricities are not so striking that he stands out in a neighborhood of eccentrics. Just the opposite: Customers expect strange predilections and outlandish whims from the Pointy Hat. For example, every other Queensday, Naillis decorates the interior of the establishment to look like the pavilion of a barbarian king and insists that the staff and the patrons speak of magic as "foul deviltry" all day. On random days,

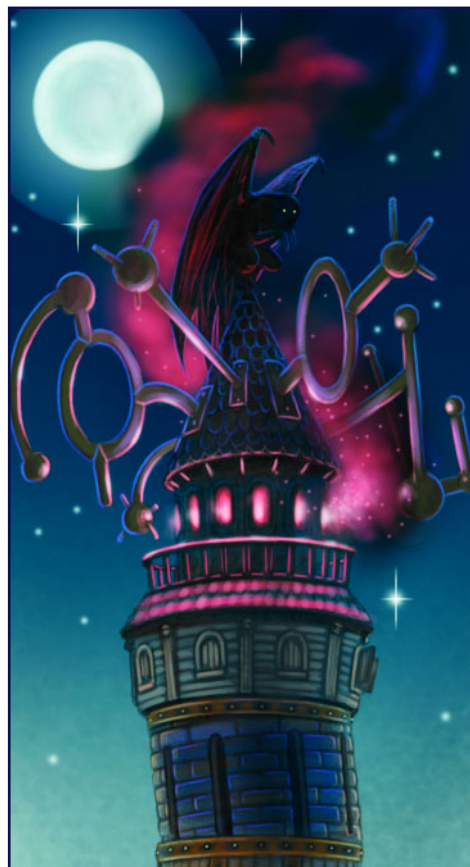


all the food and drink served in the Pointy Hat is blue (a minor spell tints those dishes not easily dyed). When Lunas is full, Naillis and his staff all speak backward. And these are only a few examples.

Naillis' two long-suffering helpers are Thyo Ressut (male human expert4) and Myrla Fallashonal (female human commoner2/sorcerer1). Thyo is tall and thin, and extremely intelligent. Although he helps serve, he is also the main cook. Myrla is short (just a bit taller than Naillis) and round. She serves drinks and food, but recently discovered that she has some talent for magic as well.

Clearly, Ptolus is the only city in the world that could offer not one but two taverns dedicated to arcane spellcasters. The Pointy Hat's "rival" is Danbury's in Midtown. Danbury's, however, is a far more serious place. Patrons seeking important meetings and hushed conversation regarding magical lore go to Danbury's. Locals of Dweomer Street and visitors looking for an interesting experience come to the Pointy Hat.

Encounter: The player characters walk into the Pointy Hat and into what immediately appears to be a barroom brawl, with burly thugs smashing chairs and bottles over each other's heads, and literally throwing each other across the room. After a few moments, it may seem that the fight is more entertaining than actually violent. Any PCs who get involved, or even those who have been in a real barroom brawl before, can make Will saves (DC 16) to see that it is all an illusion. Whether or not the PCs realize it, the illusion ends after another minute or two, and the brawlers, thugs, and damaged furniture all disappear. The patrons all clap, and Naillis introduces the two illusionists to the crowd: Garreth Numalun (male human illusionist7) and Uma Pastorif (female gnome illusionist9). Both pass around cards with their names and contact information on them.



ST. LAPHEST'S OPEN ARMS

📍 Guildsman District (Curtain Street, L7)
 🏠 120 gp

A minor Lothianite saint, Laphest exemplifies the trait of charity; thus he is embraced by the **Order of Dayra**, a sisterhood of the faithful interested in helping others. Amid their various orphanages and poor houses is a soup kitchen known as St. Laphest's Open Arms, which lies just south of the Warrens in the Guildsman District.

St. Laphest's is a small two-story building set apart from those around it only by the faded sign depicting a robed figure with arms outstretched. The ground floor has just two rooms: a large dining hall and the kitchen. The second floor is used mainly for storage and as quarters for the sisters who work there.

Every day, St. Laphest's provides almost two hundred meals for the needy, free of charge. When possible, they also hand out blankets and clothing as well. Although the facility has no beds available, people without homes can use the building as shelter during inclement weather or when a cold wind blows off the Whitewind Sea.

Sister Auga Mittermire (female human cleric3/expert4) administers the facility. A slight woman in her late forties with a long face and blue eyes, Auga keeps her brown hair trimmed short. She hopes one day to expand St. Laphest's into a school and dormitory for the area's poor children. That day likely remains far off, as St. Laphest's is lacking in funds and gets only a modicum of support from the **Church of Lothian**. In fact, Church elders have attempted to shut down the soup kitchen, claiming that, while it does good works, keeping it open in such a dangerous area is too risky. Sister Auga says that's exactly why St. Laphest's Open Arms is so important.

It is indeed a dangerous area of town, with gangs and criminals (and occasionally, worse things) wandering about. Fortunately, the soup kitchen and its staff have two protectors, both somewhat unlikely. Sister Klavissa Norand (female human paladin8) watches over the place when she can. Originally a member of the Order of Dayra, Klavissa was reassigned to the Church's **Order of the Dawn** because of her impressive fighting skills. However, Klavissa agrees with Auga regarding the importance of

St. Laphest's. The paladin makes her home at St. Laphest's and spends all of her off-time there as well. She is tall and muscular, with bright, shining eyes and long, brilliantly red hair.

Ironically, the soup kitchen's other defender hates Klavissa and shows up only when she's not around. Bergard Ollut (male human warrior7) lives his life as a thug and a criminal. Although short, Bergard is notoriously tough and tenacious. He carries a magic short sword that he calls his "butter knife." Long ago, however, he saw how much St. Laphest's Open Arms helped his impoverished family and the people of his neighborhood. As he gained greater status among the criminals and gang members in the Warrens, he used his influence to make it clear that St. Laphest's was not to be touched. In fact, it was to be venerated. The idea spread. Even some of the most ruthless cutthroats in the Warrens recognize that the sisters of St.

Laphest's are on their side.

Unfortunately, the largest and most powerful gang in the Warrens, the **Pale Dogs**, does not recognize this idea, at least not without a catch—they want Sister Auga to pay them protection money to safeguard the soup kitchen and those it serves, as well as the staff. So far, Sister Auga has refused; between Klavissa and Bergard (and Bergard's lackeys), they've remained safe nonetheless.

Scenario: The Church hires the player characters to track down an evil magic item that was turned over to them to be destroyed but then stolen before it could be dealt

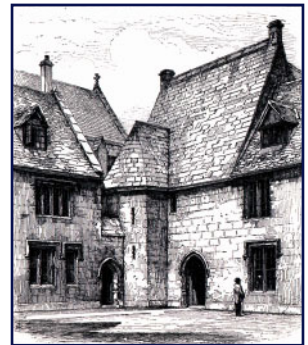
with. The item is the *knife of blood money*, a magical item that, once per day, turns fresh blood into 10 gold coins. The PCs follow clues suggesting that the thief was a halfling rogue named Yori Foss. Surprisingly, the trail leads to St. Laphest's; the PCs eventually discover that Sister Auga found out about the item and had Yori steal it for her. She intended to use the knife to draw her own blood daily and earn the money for the good of the soup kitchen. Once discovered, Auga does not lie. She begs the adventurers not to reveal her secret, because it would be just the ammunition her superiors need to shut down her facility. The PCs will have to decide for themselves whether or not they agree—and whether or not they should talk Sister Auga out of using the dagger, considering it is for a good cause.



Order of Dayra: Ptolus, page 67



Pale Dogs: Ptolus, page 131

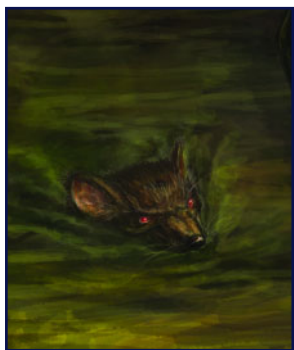
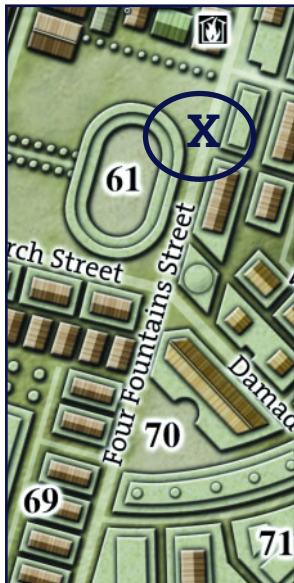


Church of Lothian: Ptolus, page 64

For information on other official Lothianite saints, see Ptolus, page 67.

Order of the Dawn: Ptolus, page 67

Sewer system: Ptolus, page 439



Ratmen: Ptolus, page 625

System Monitors: Ptolus, page 442

Friendship bands: Ptolus, page 28

Gurhorond: Ptolus, page 191

STEAMPUMP STATION 17

📍 Oldtown (below Four Fountains Street, D6)
 🏠 125 gp

At one time, when the Empire held technology less tenuously in its grasp, a number of steam-driven pumps throughout the Ptolus sewer system helped keep the sewage moving. Today, due to a lack of machine parts and technical know-how, only two of the pumps are still maintained in functioning order. One of those is located in what is still called Steampump Station 17.

The station is a single chamber twenty feet square and located at a sewer junction beneath Four Fountains Street in Oldtown. The steam pump is a massive machine with a large, wood-burning boiler. Just as its name suggests, it pumps the sewage and rainwater along to keep it from getting clogged at this important junction.

The station is staffed by two individuals. The first, Garret Naol, is a tall, lanky man with long red hair and freckles. Garret maintains the steam-powered pump at Station 17 as though his life depended upon it. He even crafts his own parts for it when needed.

The other is Uter Darkdelve, a dwarf. Uter is short, even for a dwarf, and spends most of his time making sure that nothing threatens Garret or the pump while they work. Although he knows a fair bit about steam engines as well, Uter worries mostly about **ratmen** and other dangers. He keeps his morningstar, which he calls *ratsqueal*, always close at hand. Meanwhile, Garret has only his dagger to protect himself.

Both Garret and Uter draw a salary from the city, technically serving as **System Monitors**. Both take great pride in their work, although they are motivated by fear as much as personal satisfaction. Garret and Uter know that if Station 17 stops working, they will have to patrol the sewers like the rest of the System Monitor workers, which is a far more disgusting job—not to mention far more dangerous.

Garret Naol

Male human (Neutral Good)

Expert 4 **CR** 3
Init +0 **Speed** 30 feet
HD 4d6–4 **hp** 11

AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10
BAB/Grapple +2/+3
Attack/Full Attack +4 melee (1d4+1, dagger)
Fort +0 **Ref** +1 **Will** +6

Str 12, **Dex** 10, **Con** 9, **Int** 13, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 14.
Crucial Skills: Listen +9, Search +2, Spot +8.

Other Skills: Craft (machines) +9, Disable Device +7, Knowledge (machines) +5.
Crucial Feats: Run.



Other Feats: Iron Will, Skill Focus (Craft [machines]).

Possessions: Masterwork dagger, masterwork tools, spectacles, pocketwatch, 3 gp, 8 sp, 13 cp.

Uter Darkdelve

Male Stonelost dwarf (Lawful Neutral)

Expert 3/**fighter** 1 **CR** 3
Init +0 **Speed** 20 feet
HD 3d6+3+1d10+1 **hp** 28

AC 18, touch 10, flat-footed 18

BAB/Grapple +2/+2

Attack/Full Attack +5 melee (1d8+1, morningstar)

SQ Darkvision 60 feet and dwarven traits

Fort +3 **Ref** +3 **Will** +4

Str 12, **Dex** 11, **Con** 12, **Int** 13, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 10.

Crucial Skills: N/A

Other Skills: Appraise +3, Craft (armor-smithing) +5, Craft (stonemasonry) +4, Knowledge (architecture and engineering) +3, Knowledge (machines) +7, Profession (cook) +5.

Crucial Feats: Combat Expertise.

Other Feats: Lightning Reflexes, Weapon Focus (morningstar).

Possessions: +1 chainmail, masterwork heavy steel shield, masterwork morningstar, *potion of cure moderate wounds*, **friendship band** from the **Gurhorond**, gold ring (worth 100 gp), 13 gp, 14 sp, 14 cp.

TEMPLE OF PHOEBOUL

🏛️🏠 Temple District (Runic Street, #140, H4)
 🏠 18,500 gp

As one walks the length of Runic Street, which is filled with shrines and holy sites, statuary and fountains, meditative gardens and monastic refuges, one comes upon a tall, round structure of delicate woodwork inlaid with silver that shines at night with a special radiance not seen in the day. This narrow minaret is the temple of **Phoeboul**, the elven god of dreams.

The central chamber of the temple is a round room with a circular sanctuary bound by curtains in various shades of blue. Within this sanctum, five elves slumber* in continual adoration of Phoeboul, a god who can only truly be worshipped in dreams.

High priestess **Avalia Riversong** (female Shoal elf cleric7) stands only five feet tall, but her stature belies her power, her personality, and her knowledge. Her black hair reaches her waist and cascades over her shoulders. She typically wears the traditional midnight blue robe of her order, ornamented with a galaxy of silver stars. Avalia's voice is quiet and soft, but in the temple of Phoeboul, one can hear even whispers with ease. Silence takes on a new dimension here, and the air is thick with incense and colored smoke. Avalia is quiet because she can be.

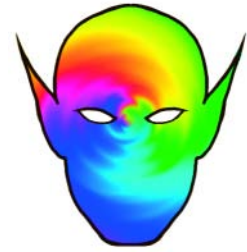
Six acolytes (all elves) aid Avalia, although two of them are asleep and dreaming in the sanctum at any given time. (The other three dreamers present are members of the laity.) All of the temple's staff members spend much of their time *dreamspeaking*, or interpreting the dreams of others. They also offer potions and remedies for nightmares and instruction on lucid dreaming.

Avalia lives in the highest point of the temple, but the acolytes live elsewhere (they all sleep in the temple, however). She was once a close friend of **Doraedian Mythlord**, but today the two rarely speak; a disagreement involving the **Urthon Aedar** rent their relationship years earlier. Both **Kaira Swanwing** of the **Knights of the Golden Cross** and the battle mage **Daersidian Ringsire** pay occasional homage to Phoeboul at the temple and count Avalia as a trusted ally.

Campaign Use: Avalia is one of the few people in the city who knows the truth about the mysterious **Urthon Aedar** and the location of **Dreta Phantas**, the Dreaming City. She even occasionally receives messages (through dreams, of course) from the **King of Dreams**. The temple is an excellent place for the PCs to slowly receive the guidance that sets them on the path toward traveling to Dreta Phantas and perhaps even working toward its restoration.

Such subtle guidance could begin after the PCs have some strange and disturbing dreams and go to Avalia for dreamspeaking. At that time, through the interpretation of their dreams, Avalia might send the PCs in directions that lead them to meet the **Urthon Aedar** (and begin to see that the mysterious **Wandering Judges** are more than they appear), or oppose the dark elves. As time passes, they might encounter more and more ancient elven lore, all the while having new dreams that Avalia must interpret. Eventually, her guidance leads them directly to **Goth Gulgamel** and the secrets therein.

* Unlike standard d20 elves, elves in the world of Praemal have regular sleep cycles, just like humans and other races.



Phoeboul, Chaotic Neutral God of Dreams, offers the domains of Chaos, Knowledge, and Sleep (described in Ptolus Chapter 35) and is also the patron of Dreta Phantas. See Ptolus, page 70.

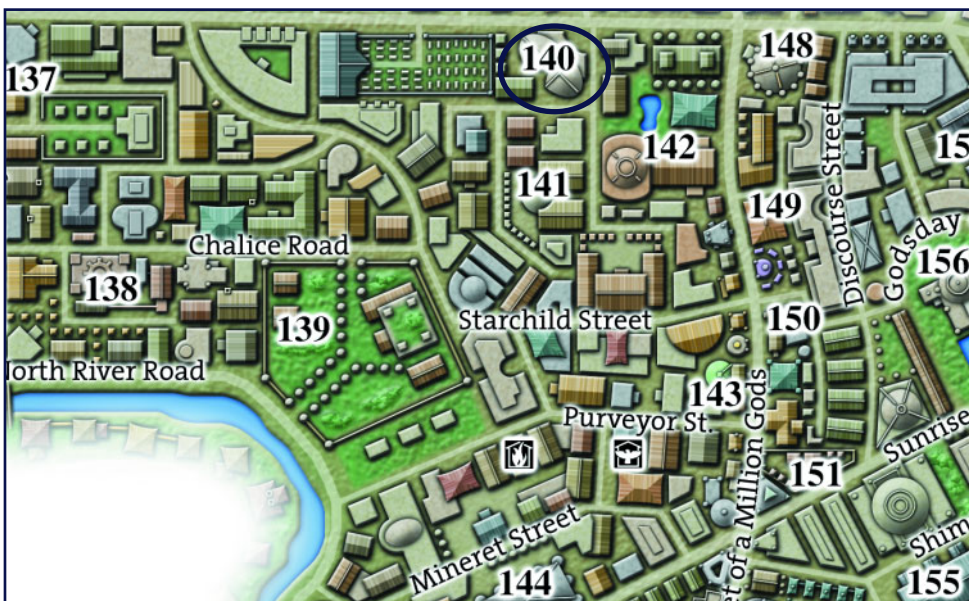
Doraedian Mythlord: Ptolus, page 208

Urthon Aedar: Ptolus, page 138

Kaira Swanwing: Ptolus, page 125

Knights of the Golden Cross: Ptolus, page 124

Daersidian Ringsire: Ptolus, page 226



Dreta Phantas and King of Dreams: Ptolus, page 457

Goth Gulgamel: Ptolus, page 486

THE SECRET CITATION WAR

The story behind both of the streets in Ptolus named Citation Street is known only to locals (Knowledge [local] DC 17) and speaks to a great many truths about the city and its people.

Citation Street in Oldtown is obviously older than Citation Street in the South Market. It is so named because two hundred years ago, a long wooden platform ran along the eastern end of the north side of the street with wooden posts bearing notices of recent citations awarded by the Empire for valor in battle, community service, and other such acts.

Twenty-seven years ago, in the midst of the South Market's transition from residential neighborhood to mercantile district, the people living on Citation Street (in Oldtown) wanted to change the name of the thoroughfare to Mikolic Street, in honor of the current Prince of the Church.

Their petition went before the City Council and was in the process of being approved. During this time, however, Prince Lukas Mikolic, brother of current Holy Emperor Rehoboth, died of a terrible degenerative disease.



Meanwhile, people in the South Market wanted to name one of their newly rebuilt streets Citation Street after two residents of the district received medals of the Winged Lion, the highest military citation that can be bestowed upon a soldier, for their acts of bravery during the early stages of the Gnull War in Rhoth. Their request was granted by the Commissar.

The residents of Oldtown suddenly withdrew their request for the renaming of their street, and the Council recognized the request. Because of a bureaucratic error, however, this discrepancy was not noticed for weeks. Suddenly the city had two streets with the same name.

At first, the people living and working on both streets took great umbrage at the situation. They were angry at the Commissar and the Council, and they were angry with each other. A few actual altercations occurred on both streets as tempers flared.

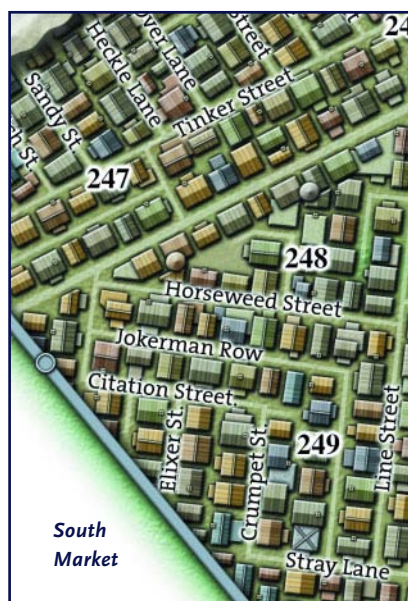
Soon, however, the situation cooled, although a rivalry and jealousy between the two areas of the city remained. Two years later, this rivalry took the form of an event called the "Secret Citation War," which would become an annual event.

The Secret Citation War pits the residents of each street in a contest involving two large, brightly painted balls of pigskin: one in the possession of each street. Each side must attempt to steal the other side's ball and hang onto it (somewhere on their street) while at the same time keeping the opposing street from doing the same thing. The game involves spying, infiltration, ingenious concealment, and sometimes physical struggle. Magic is not allowed, and the balls may not be kept behind a locked or sealed door of any kind, or placed anywhere requiring the destruction of property to reach. The game occurs over a two-day period in the month of Rain, and the winning street is the one that retains the opponent's ball at the end of second day.



Both sides consider it a point of honor that, not only do they keep to the rules, they always attempt to win the game while breaking as few laws as possible. The City Watch has seen this "secret" event played for twenty years now with surprisingly little disruption, and so the guards have come to enjoy the entertainment as much as other citizens.

The winners gain the right to call their street "Citation Street" for the year, while the losing street is referred to as "the Other Citation Street" or "Losing Citation Street." Ties are possible (each street has the other's ball, or neither does) and frequent. This may be the best result for all involved, really. In such a case, both roads are called "Citation Street," and everyone learns to live with a bit of confusion—usually evidenced by mixed-up package deliveries and the occasional newcomer lost in the wrong district.





THE WINTER LYEHOUSE

📍 South Market (Gold Street, #251, E8) 🌐

🏠 170 gp

Harris Fulk (male human commoner1) runs a modest little soapmaking business here in the South Market with his wife, Klara (female human commoner2), and eldest daughter, Irane (female human commoner1). Their three younger children live with them in their home above the shop but do not yet help make the soap. Harris hopes one day to have his two sons deliver soap to customers around the southern part of the city.

The older Fulks spend their days toiling over the hot lye to make the soap, while daughter Irane runs the shop and helps customers.

Harris is a middle-aged man with greying hair. In his youth, he was known about town as a real charmer with many lady friends. He finally married a woman much younger than he who, despite her rotund figure, is quite attractive. Irane, like her parents, is quite fetching and has already attracted a bevy of suitors.

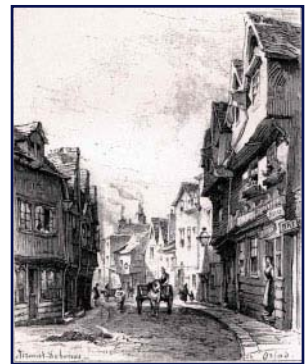
The Winter Lyehouse is one of the oldest shops in the South Market. At one time, much of the area around it was empty. Today, how-

ever, new businesses have moved into the area and do not care for the lyehouse—in particular, they do not appreciate the odors produced during soapmaking, claiming they drive away customers.

Unfortunately for Harris, one of the offended businessmen has connections with **House Abanar** and is in the process of getting the **City Council** to ban “odiferous businesses” from this portion of the district, which would force Harris and his family to move.

Scenario: One of the player characters meets Irane Fulk and develops a friendship with her. Through her, the PCs learn of the Winter Lyehouse’s plight and meet Harris. Harris asks them if they could possibly speak with the key figure in House Abanar involved in this issue, a woman named Reshania Tol. This minor noble, the characters discover, is willing to help them ensure that the lyehouse won’t be adversely affected. However, in return, Reshania wants the PCs to break into the home of a rival of hers and steal some important documents. The rival is a merchant named Ukko Guld, who has a reputation for being a ruthless businessman with links to **Halgrim Fatherstone**, the Balacazar crime boss in the South Market.

House Abanar: Ptolus, page 88
City Council: Ptolus, page 148



Halgrim Fatherstone: Ptolus, page 106



Chapter 3:

NONPLAYER CHARACTERS

My years of running a Ptolus Campaign (almost a decade now) have led to the introduction of many memorable characters. And, as with so much of the campaign, not all of them managed to make it into the actual book . . .



Kabel Dathimol, page 40
Knights of the Dawn: Ptolus,
page 67

Emperor of the Church: Ptolus,
page 293
Republicans: Ptolus, page 150

Covenant of Blood: Ptolus,
page 101

Sintrik, page 52
The Shuul: Ptolus, page 131

Lothao Valinth: page 42
Doraedian Mythlord: Ptolus,
page 208
Iridithil's Home: Ptolus,
page 207

Charad titans: Ptolus, page 77

Denoss Firth, page 33

Eyvind and Ssethenus, page 36
Slave City: Ptolus, page 422

In my old Monday night game group, the Runewardens had a run-in with **Kabel Dathimol**, captain of the **Knights of the Dawn**, during the Time of No Magic, when the **Emperor of the Church** himself came under threat from the republican menace.

My Thursday night characters, the Company of the Black Lantern, interacted often with **Lothao Valinth**, aide and proxy to the powerful **Doraedian Mythlord**. (The all-elf Company lived at **Iridithil's Home** for quite some time.)

But it's my more recent group—comprised of Benris of the **Charad titans**, the litorian brothers Charnoth and Tharn, Calista the song mage, Archinemus the storekeeper, Diethan the urban ranger, and Barbatos the irascible wizard—that really had a lot of crossover with the characters described in this chapter. For example . . .

- **Denoss Firth** the legal advocate represented some shady clients who tried to force them out of their newly purchased magic shop. (Though he denies having anything to do with sending the characters troll fingers, which, as troll fingers do, tried to grow into whole trolls and slay them in their sleep.)
- The tyrants **Eyvind and Ssethenus** tried to kill them during their visit to the **Slave City** seeking the litorians' vanished tribemates.

- The group came up against the litorian vampire **Koban the Hunter** one night on a dark street during the characters' campaign against the **Covenant of Blood**.
- And they fought **Sintrik**, an evil member of the **Shuul** when they discovered his role in the capture and enslavement of litorians of the tribe of **Malethar**. (Well, to be honest, the PCs pretty much had it in for the entire **Shuul** organization, so they managed to fight almost every powerful member of the group sooner or later.)

Well drawn nonplayer characters can really help bring a setting to life. The *Ptolus* book is rife with them: allies, opponents, neutral parties, and plain old Men-on-the-Street. Each district, organization, and race or class has its own associated memorable characters. And now you can add to them the new figures presented in this chapter.

My campaign reflections here are just scattered memories of these characters from my own game. I'm hoping that you can take the NPCs detailed in this chapter and use them to create some of your own unique gaming memories. Whether they have leading roles or merely walk-on parts, these new characters have a role to play in the ever-evolving city of Ptolus.

ADEN AND ETTISTA, THE NIGHT FAERIES

Not everything in Ptolus is flashing blades and casting spells, and not everyone with skill and experience wants only to get wealthy or explore the Dungeon. Two such examples are Aden Fessilica and Ettista Rallay, who run a complicated operation that involves breaking into homes. However, they don't rob those homes—they leave things for the children who live there.

Aden Fessilica worked as an accountant for the **Rogue Moon Trading Company** in their offices in the South Market when she discovered an error that resulted in a large sum of gold (more than 3,000 gp) being misplaced. Aden was able to cover up this error and collected the money herself. With these embezzled funds, she started a strange sort of charity. With the help of her friend Ettista, a skilled but reluctant burglar who was going to give up her profession due to moral concerns, she printed and distributed a small pamphlet regarding fairies that come in the night to the homes of good boys and girls and leave treasures. Shortly thereafter, Ettista began slipping into homes with children and leaving candy, toys, clothing, and other treats that Aden purchased with the money.

Stories of the “Night Faeries” spread quickly through the city. The children blessed by these visitations are always needy, and so most people are grateful. A few are frightened at the thought of someone or something breaking into their homes. Many believe that the perpetrators are indeed fairies of some kind.

Aden stands just over five feet tall and is stoutly built. Her brown hair comes to her shoulders, and her hazel eyes are large and full of life. She is married to a young traveling merchant named Bevas, who has no idea she is involved in this venture (and most likely would not approve).

Aden Fessilica

Female human (Chaotic Good)

Expert4 **CR3**
Init +0 **Speed** 30 feet

HD 4d6 **hp** 25

AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10

BAB/Grapple +2/+2

Attack/Full Attack +2 melee (1d3+1, unarmed attack)

Fort +1 **Ref** +1 **Will** +3

Str 11, **Dex** 11, **Con** 10, **Int** 12, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 11.

Crucial Skills: Diplomacy +7, Forgery +6, Search +3.

Other Skills: Knowledge (local) +9.

Crucial Feats: Improved Unarmed Attack.

Other Feats: Skill Focus (Knowledge [local]), Toughness.

Possessions: *Potions of invisibility* and *protection from arrows 10/magic*, gold ring with a diamond worth 650 gp, 120 gp, 44 sp.



Ettista is tall, with long red hair that she wears braided when working. Her green eyes match her favorite color of clothing—she always wears green.

Ettista Rallay

Female human (Chaotic Good)

Rogue5 **CR5**
Init +6 **Speed** 30 feet

HD 5d6+5 **hp** 24

AC 16, touch 12, flat-footed 14

BAB/Grapple +3/+2

Attack/Full Attack +3 melee (1d6/18–20, rapier) or +6 ranged (1d8, longbow)

SA Sneak attack +3d6

SQ Trapfinding, evasion, trap sense +1, and uncanny dodge

Fort +2 **Ref** +6 **Will** –1

Str 9, **Dex** 14, **Con** 12, **Int** 14, **Wis** 6, **Cha** 7.

Crucial Skills: Bluff +6, Climb +7, Disable Device +12, Hide +7, Move Silently +9, Jump +6, Search +9, Spot +1.

Other Skills: Appraise +6, Knowledge (local) +6, Open Lock +10, Swim +6.

Crucial Feats: Dodge.

Other Feats: Improved Initiative, Martial Weapon Proficiency (longbow).

Possessions: +2 *leather armor*, +1 *rapier*, masterwork longbow, masterwork arrows (20), *potion of shield of faith* +3, 50 feet of rope, climber's kit, masterwork thieves' tools, 85 gp, 14 sp.

Human, halfling, elf—a child's race matters not to the two Night Faeries when they offer their gifts.

Rogue Moon Trading Company: Ptolus, page 364

DM TIP

Encounter Idea: The player characters are prowling around one night on their own mission when they come upon Aden waiting in an alley, looking up at the window that Ettista just climbed through. Do they interfere? Do they believe the two of them when they say they're not actually thieves? What do they do when Aden tries to recruit their help?



Eventually the Night Faeries are going to run out of money to pay for their escapades, at which point they may begin stealing from wealthy individuals to help the poor children.

Imperial Eyes: Ptolus, page 153
The Commissar: Ptolus,
 page 149



Inverted Pyramid: Ptolus,
 page 115

Godsday Tournament: Ptolus,
 page 392



The Commissar makes sure that his important operatives have letters of credit (see Ptolus, page 155) to cover emergency expenses that may arise while they work undercover.

CAMRICH ROWE, MAGE-SPY

Camrich belongs to the **Imperial Eyes**, an organization of undercover agents working in the service of the Lion-Guarded Throne. However, Camrich works in Ptolus, which means that he answers directly and only to the **Commissar**.

He was recruited specifically because of his sorcerous abilities. The Commissar had long sought an agent to infiltrate the **Inverted Pyramid**, a secretive organization of mages with an extremely long history, and not known for its support of government. Camrich, a Ptolus native, was willing to do the job but had to go through training to become a spy. Having completed a year of such instruction in Tarsis, Camrich came back to the city. He was invited to join the Inverted Pyramid after he demonstrated his skills in the **Godsday Tournament Spell Challenge**.

This is an extremely dangerous assignment. If Camrich is revealed to be a spy, he will likely “disappear” or become the victim of a magical experiment “accident.” So far, however, he has been very careful. He’s only reported to the Commissar once, after making sure he was not followed or scried. He fears using magical means to spy or report, but he will if he has to.

Camrich stands just under six feet tall, with brown hair and hazel eyes. He is fit for a thirty-five-year-old man and hardly looks the “mage” type—let alone the “adventurer” type. He dresses like a merchant and keeps his dagger, potions, and tools hidden. Only the presence of his cat, Judon, might give him away.

The truth is, however, he doesn’t want to hide his status as a sorcerer; he’s only pretending he does, so that if the people he’s really trying to fool (the other Inverted Pyramid mages) think he’s acting suspicious, they’ll be thrown off by his already deceptive manner. In other words, they’ll think they know his secret, when they really don’t.

Tactics: At any given time, he’s likely to have *mage armor* cast and is always quick to use *bear’s endurance* or *cat’s grace* to improve himself. If threatened, he likes to end fights quickly, either by using *limited wish* or *disintegrate*, or even just *teleport*. He goes well out of his way to avoid combat, however.

Camrich Rowe

Male human (Lawful Neutral)
Sorcerer 14 CR14
 Init +2 Speed 30 feet
 HD 14d4+42 hp 62
 AC 12, touch 12, flat 10
BAB/Grapple +7/+8
Attack/Full Attack +11/+6 melee (1d4+4, dagger)



Fort +6 **Ref** +6 **Will** +11

Str 12, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 15, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 18.

Crucial Skills Bluff +12, Concentration +12, Escape Artist +8, Listen +11, Move Silently +8, Search +6, Sense Motive +7, Spot +8.

Other Skills: Knowledge (arcana) +16, Knowledge (local) +3, Open Lock +8, Spellcraft +15.

Crucial Feats: Combat Casting, Heighten Spell, Spell Penetration.

Other Feats: Skill Focus (Open Lock), Skill Focus (Sense Motive), Skill Focus (Listen).

Languages: Common, Elvish, Orcish.

Spells: 6/7/7/7/7/6/5/3, save DC = 14 + spell level.

7th—*limited wish*.

6th—*disintegrate*, *project image*.

5th—*magic jar*, *passwall*, *teleport*.

4th—*arcane eye*, *charm monster*, *fear*, *greater invisibility*.

3rd—*dispel magic*, *fireball*, *gaseous form*, *protection from energy*.

2nd—*bear’s endurance*, *cat’s grace*, *misdirection*, *touch of idiocy*.

1st—*change self*, *chill touch*, *feather fall*, *mage armor*, *shocking grasp*.

0—*daze*, *detect poison*, *flare*, *ghost sound*, *light*, *mending*, *message*, *ray of frost*, *touch of fatigue*.

Possessions: +3 dagger, vest of escape, potion of shield of faith +4, potions of cure serious wounds and shield of faith +3, scroll of detect scrying, masterwork thieves’ tools, 14 pp, 18 gp, 2,000 gp **letter of credit** from the Commissar (hidden in lining of cloak).

Judon, cat familiar: hp 42

DENOSS FIRTH,

LAWYER TO THE WEALTHY

Denoss Firth is a well-paid advocate who represents accused criminals in court. Many wealthy clients keep Denoss on retainer, and he serves them in other capacities as well—as a proxy or representative in business dealings, for example. As such, he maintains particularly close ties with **House Abanar**.

Denoss is brusque and arrogant—he's always too busy to give most people much attention, and even when he does speak with someone he seems continually preoccupied by something else. The only time this isn't true is when he is with his wealthiest or his most dangerous clients (and usually, they are the same ones). He works not only with influential and wealthy aristocrats and merchants, but also with powerful criminals like **Menon Balacazar** and the various criminal bosses in his employ.

He keeps an office in Midtown with two full-time employees: two elderly ladies who help maintain his files and accounts and take messages. They know more about Denoss' unsavory connections than he realizes, but they are also fairly loyal to him—he pays them well and treats them more kindly than one might expect.

A resident of the Nobles' Quarter, Denoss lives in the magical, floating apartment building called the **Soaring Idyll**. He never married and seems to have little interest in such a relationship, although he frequents some of the more upscale local brothels such as the **House of Delights** in the Nobles' Quarter and the **White House** in Oldtown.



Of average height and build, Denoss keeps fit for a man in his fifties. His thick black hair is grey at the temples, and his brown eyes frequently seem to stare blankly into space—he's always thinking, planning, and scheming.

Tactics: Because of his clientele, Denoss occasionally finds himself in dangerous situations. He has become very good at hiding (helped by his magical robes or the *potion of invisibility* that he always carries), seeming nonthreatening, and talking his way out of a situation. If he must defend himself, however, he has a magic dagger hidden in his right sleeve at all times.

Denoss Firth

Male human (Lawful Neutral)
Expert 13 **CR** 12
Init +5 **Speed** 30 feet
HD 13d6 **hp** 54
AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10
BAB/Grapple +6/+8
Attack +9 melee (1d4+3, dagger) or +8 ranged (1d4+3, dagger)
Full Attack +9/+4 melee (1d4+3, dagger) or +8 ranged (1d4+3, dagger)
Fort +4 **Ref** +7 **Will** +10
Str 14, **Dex** 13, **Con** 11, **Int** 16, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 15.
Crucial Skills: Bluff +17, Hide +11, Listen +8, Sense Motive +13, Spot +8.
Other Skills: Decipher Script +6, Diplomacy +15, Gather Information +14, Knowledge (local) +10, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +9, Profession (advocate) +14.
Crucial Feats: Blind-Fight, Combat Expertise, Quick Draw.
Other Feats: Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes.
Languages: Common, Elvish, Halfling, Westron.
Possessions: +1 dagger, robe of blending, potions of invisibility and cure serious wounds, gold ring with star sapphire worth 450 gp, 15 gp, 11 sp, 17 cp.

Some reticent clients don't want to be seen visiting Denoss Firth's office, so they visit in secret or call him to their estate instead.

House Abanar: Ptolus, page 88

Menon Balacazar: Ptolus, page 101

Soaring Idyll: Ptolus, page 300

House of Delights: Ptolus, page 301

White House: Ptolus, page 334



*Denoss' job involves keeping the (alleged) crimes of the nobility out of broadsheets such as the **Midtown Partisan**, which loves to report on scandals involving the wealthy.*

Blackstock Printing: Ptolus, page 353
City Watch: Ptolus, page 150
Abesh Runihan: Ptolus, page 112



Characters interested in buying Doleen's books can try these shops throughout the city: *Myraeth's Oddities* (Midtown, Ptolus page 210), *Qualin's Books* (Midtown, Ptolus page 221), *the Book Wagon* (North Market, Ptolus page 305), and *Finnar's Books* (Oldtown, Ptolus page 337).



The Katterwood neighborhood in Midtown (see Ptolus, page 200) is a favorite area of halflings.

DOLEEN KAFTER, SCRIBE OF HEROES

Doleen Kafter is an older halfling woman with sparkling green eyes and short black hair with just a touch of grey.

Doleen is the author of many history texts, self-published, most of which are still in print thanks to a deal she has made with **Blackstock Printing**. Her works are very popular, probably because she writes mostly about very recent history. She interviews most of her subjects personally, recording the exploits of adventurers, knights, soldiers, and even **City Watch** personnel, and publishing them while her subjects are still alive. (One notable exception was her treatise on **Abesh Runihan**, pictured at right, which was published after the famed hero's death.)

While her books are not fictional accounts, she does tend to paint her subjects quite positively, unless they insist otherwise. (She has found that some particularly truth-loving paladins have insisted on accuracy over praise, but these are rare.) This method ensures that she'll continue to get interviews, and she has found that positive tales of derring-do sell as well as or better than scathing criticisms anyway.

Doleen's interviews are straight-to-the-point, and yet methodical, comprehensive, and lengthy. Many see her as rather humorless or at least unflappable. Most subjects, after being interviewed, are convinced that they came off quite poorly, without impressing or moving her in any way, and then are surprised to find the published book to be a glowing retelling of their perspective on events.

Doleen lives in Oldtown with her husband, Nartin (male halfling commoner3) and their two grandchildren whom they care for after their daughter and her husband died in a fire in the Katterwood neighborhood three years ago.

Scenario: After accomplishing some great deed, the player characters are approached by Doleen, who would like to interview them and make them the subject of her next treatise. This process lasts 1d2 days per character. However, during the interviews, an enemy of the group uses a *suggestion* spell or simple manipulation to get Doleen to ask questions to probe for some important bit of specific information that the enemy wants (the exact location of the secret ruins they explored, etc.).

Only the most astute PCs will pick up on what's going on (a Sense Motive check, DC 20, would be appropriate). Finding out what their enemies want to know can be an important clue for the characters—often, they know important information without even realizing it's important!



Doleen Kafter

Female halfling (Lawful Neutral)

Expert 5 **CR** 4

Init +2 **Speed** 20 feet

HD 5d6 **hp** 22

AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 11

BAB/Grapple +0/-3

Attack/Full Attack +2 melee (1d3-1, unarmed strike)

SQ Halfling traits

Fort +4 **Ref** +4 **Will** +6

Str 9, **Dex** 14, **Con** 10, **Int** 17, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 15.

Crucial Skills: Climb +0, Jump +0, Listen +10, Move Silently +4, Search +8, Sense Motive +6, Spot +5.

Other Skills: Diplomacy +8, Gather Information +3, Knowledge (local) +4, Perform (oratory) +6, Profession (writer) +8.

Crucial Feats: N/A

Other Feats: Great Fortitude, Toughness.

Languages: Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Halfling, Palastani, Westron

Possessions: *Quill of dictation* (see below), *goggles of minute seeing*, *potion of mage armor*, *unguents of timelessness* (2), 17 gp, 11 sp.



NEW ITEM

Quill of Dictation: A brilliant white feather, this sharpened quill will transcribe what you say exactly as you say it in the same language. It does not speed up transcription time (such as copying spells from one spellbook

to another), but it does make the job more pleasant.

Moderate transmutation; CL 7th; Craft Wondrous Item, *mage hand*; Price 400 gp; Weight —

DUTHUR GREYFIST AND THE BRIDGE OF ARD CHOREND

The bridge of Ard Chorend spans an underground stream that spills into the Umbral Lake within the vast cavern beneath Ptolus called the Eternity Cave. Ard Chorend is one of the only ways to reach Kaled Del, an underground refuge for Stonelost dwarves.

Duthur has served as the Steward of Ard Chorend for more than one hundred years, and in all that time he has never allowed past him anyone who meant Kaled Del ill. Almost like a statue, Duthur stands in the middle of the bridge, never moving until someone approaches close enough to require a verbal challenge from him. He gives anyone who would use the bridge clear warning that those who cannot prove they have legitimate, peaceful business in Kaled Del will not be allowed to cross—and that he'll use any means necessary to enforce this mandate.

Of course, Duthur is not some kind of sleepless immortal. He is not always on duty, but when he must rest, one of his younger protégés takes his place on the bridge.

Tactics: It is not likely a surprise to any foes that the guardian of a dwarven bridge is in fact a dwarven defender. What may surprise them is that, when he is not in his defensive stance, Duthur is surprisingly agile and mobile. The bridge, fifteen feet wide and five times as long, provides ample room for him to use his Spring Attack feat but is narrow enough that he can guard the bridge all alone once he's planted his feet.

Occasionally he attempts to grapple foes and throw them into the fast-moving, dangerous river beneath the bridge.

Duthur Greyfist

Male Stonelost dwarf (Lawful Neutral)

Fighter8/**dwarven defender**3 **CR**11

Init +1 **Speed** 20 feet

HD 8d10+32 + 3d10+12 **hp** 114

AC 24, touch 12, flat-footed 23

BAB/Grapple +11/+14

Attack +16 melee (1d10+4/x3, waraxe)

Full Attack +16/+11/+6 melee (1d10+4, 19–20/x3, waraxe)

Fort +14 **Ref** +7 **Will** +10

SA Defensive stance 2/day for 9 rounds

SQ Darkvision 60 feet, dwarven traits, dodge bonus +1 and uncanny dodge

Str 17, **Dex** 13, **Con** 18, **Int** 14, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 9.

Crucial Skills: Jump +6.

Other Skills: Appraise +8, Craft (armor-smithing) +15, Craft (blacksmithing) +13, Handle Animal +6, Knowledge (architecture and engineering) +8, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +8.

Crucial Feats: Diehard, Dodge, Endurance, Mobility, Spring Attack.

Other Feats: Improved Critical (dwarven waraxe), Iron Will, Toughness, Weapon Focus (dwarven greataxe).

Possessions: +1 full plate, +1 heavy steel shield, +1 dwarven waraxe, cloak of resistance +1; potions of barkskin +3, water breathing, and cure serious wounds; 50 feet of rope, hammer and spikes (6), 18 gp, 13 sp.

Defensive Stance (Ex): The following changes are in effect while Duthur remains in a defensive stance:

hp 136

AC 28, touch 15, flat-footed 27

BAB/Grapple +11/+15

Attack +17 melee (1d10+5/x3, waraxe)

Full Attack +17/+12/+7 melee (1d10+5, 19–20/x3, waraxe)

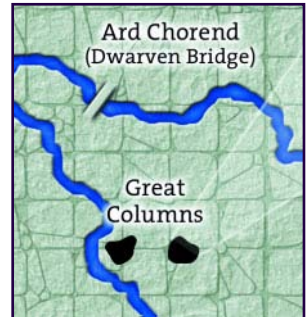
Fort +18, Reflex +9, Will +12

Str 19, Con 22

Skills: Jump +7

"I stand vigil. None shall pass without my leave, and such is not granted unless it be in the best interest of my liege, Terrik Clanstone of Kaled Del."
—Duthur Greyfist

Umbral Lake: Ptolus, page 451
Eternity Cave: Ptolus, page 448
Kaled Del: Ptolus, page 448
Stonelost dwarves: Ptolus, page 49



FROM MY CAMPAIGN TO YOURS

Duthur Greyfist was, literally, the original Dwarven Defender. In the design of Third Edition, it was this character and his bridge that inspired the dwarven defender prestige class. In the design of Ptolus, he inspired the creation of the Eternity Cave and Kaled Del, two important locations below the city. Much later, characters from the Company of the Black Lantern in my Ptolus Campaign actually encountered him. Although the PCs successfully disarmed him—not a bad tactic—he then proceeded to throw them all, one by one, into the raging river. Repeatedly. He proved a very effective guardian and provided a humbling encounter for a group of elves traipsing into an underground area they had no business entering.



Slave City: Ptolus, page 422
 Ghul's Labyrinth: Ptolus,
 page 418

The Sorn: Ptolus, page 137

FROM MY CAMPAIGN TO YOURS

When my characters ventured down to the Slave City seeking lost litorian ex-slaves, they had a run-in with these two tyrants:

"To reach the city, we are faced with the challenge of crossing a narrow catwalk across a steaming lake. The actual settlement is built within a column that juts down into the lake. It looks very defensible, with its four towers. Taevel, an escapee we met near the back entrance, said it used to be a good sanctuary for ex-slaves, until the arrival of Ssethenus.

Then came the wizard, who arrived to learn more about the citadel's ancient magic.

"Taevel gives us a rundown of the security forces: a dozen unwilling ex-slave guards and eight eager lizardfolk. We make a plan to talk our way in. Our story: We are mercenaries interested in freeing slaves to send here in exchange for a bounty.

We hope this can get us in to see Ssethenus.

"Ssethenus, the 'King' of the city, arrives in armor to greet us. We soon see for ourselves that this so-called city of freed slaves offers no freedom at all: only a new sort of servitude. Ssethenus rules with an iron fist and doesn't seem inclined to let anyone leave. We offer him our 'mercenaries' story, along with a healthy helping of flattery. He seems interested in our idea, then introduces us to Eyvind, whom he calls his advisor. This wizard, not liking the looks of us, suggests to Ssethenus that we be executed immediately..."

EYVIND AND SSETHENUS, TYRANTS

The Slave City is a location beneath Ptolus within the area known as Ghul's Labyrinth. Presented below are two figures who live among the escaped slaves there. If their plans come to fruition, they will prove problematic for Moondros, the nymph who founded the refuge and serves as its leader.

THE WIZARD

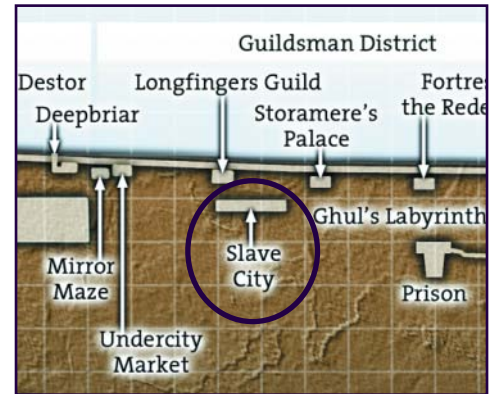
Eyvind (pronounced EYE-vind) is a freelance wizard for hire. Rejected for membership in the Sorn, a mercenary mage's organization in Ptolus, he wandered around performing odd jobs, making money based mostly on the fact that he had virtually no qualms about committing any act, as long as he got paid.

Not long ago, Eyvind heard tell of the so-called "Slave City," a hidden underground refuge for escaped slaves with a store of ancient magic. Sensing a situation he could exploit, he headed below the streets and eventually found the refuge in an ancient subterranean stronghold resistant to divination magic. Claiming to want to help, he was granted admittance and quickly joined forces with one of the more powerful lizardfolk there, Ssethenus.

Eyvind and Ssethenus plan to take over the Slave City and set themselves up as rulers there. Eyvind loves the idea of having a group of people under his power, away from the rest of society. He seeks to force his subjects to become a gang of thieves that will steal from the city above and provide him with whatever he desires.

Eyvind's role in the takeover of the Slave City will be to back up Ssethenus' real physical might with his own implied magical might. He hopes to not have to cast a spell, although a frightening illusion or a single dose of *blindness* in the right victim might help intimidate those who oppose him.

Tactics: In a fight, Eyvind is a coward. He focuses mainly on protecting himself with spells while others fight for him. He saves his scroll of *lightning bolt* for when he really needs it, and is



much quicker to use his wand to create some distracting illusion that will get him out of a problematic solution.

Eyvind Terrak

Male human (Neutral Evil)

Wizard5 **CR** 5

Init +4 **Speed** 30 feet

HD 5d4+15 **hp** 27

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 10

BAB/Grapple +2/+3

Attack/Full Attack +4 melee (1d4+1, dagger)

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

Str 12, **Dex** 18, **Con** 16, **Int** 18, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 12.

Crucial Skills: Concentration +10, Disable Device +5.

Other Skills: Craft (alchemy) +12, Heal +2, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Knowledge (geography) +12, Knowledge (nature) +12, Knowledge (religion) +12, Spellcraft +11.

Crucial Feats: Dodge.

Other Feats: Brew Potion, Craft Wondrous Item, Scribe Scroll.

Spells: 4/4/3/2, save DC 14 + spell level.

3rd—*displacement, dispel magic*.

2nd—*blindness/deafness, mirror image, web*.

1st—*charm person, magic missile, shield, sleep*.

0—*daze, detect magic, flare, ghost sound, light, mage hand*.

Possessions: Masterwork dagger, wand of silent image (18 charges), potion of see invisibility, scroll of lightning bolt, scrolls of invisibility (2), 48 gp.

What Magic Is Eyvind After?

The area surrounding the Slave City used to be home to Karanosin and Karalada, the Silver Sisters. Long ago they imprisoned invading followers of Father Claw beneath a steaming lake in their subterranean stronghold. (Tales say the draconic men had come to the area seeking the *Black Grail*.) The sisters trapped their foes within powerful magical prisons: globes of electricity stored in a glass chamber and powered by an arcane obelisk. The obelisk (now within the confines of the Slave City) still holds remnants of this power. The entire fortress of the Silver Sisters is protected with strong wards that hide it from magical divinations.

Is it the magic of the Silver Sisters that led Eyvind to the Slave City? Or does he, like the long-ago priests of Father Claw, seek the mighty dwarven artifact known as the *Black Grail*?

THE LIZARD

Ssethenus was the chieftain of a large tribe of lizardfolk living far to the south and west of Ptolus when he and many others were kidnapped by slavers called the Ennin and brought to the city. Before he could be sold, Ssethenus escaped, taking a few of his tribesmen with him. Dismayed at the **poor way lizardfolk** lived in the city, they fled to the Slave City where they found shelter.

Since lizardfolk are commonly taken as slaves, many of the escaped slave population in the refuge were Ssethenus' kind. He used his forceful personality and leadership traits to quickly get all of them to submit to him.

In addition to the dozen or so lizardfolk under his command, he has two burly enforcers who think as he does. These two are his confidants as well as his personal guards.

Ssethenus doesn't actually like Eyvind, but he fears magic, so he likes the fact that the wizard is on his side rather than against him. As long as the human mage doesn't get out of line, the lizardfolk chief mostly ignores him, using him as a threat against those who oppose him.

Tactics: Ssethenus is a proud and courageous fighter who shows no mercy. Any fight with Ssethenus is a fight to the death. He delights in defeating others physically and sees the need for the occasional application of pain to motivate others. He is extremely proud of his magical sword and armor.

Ssethenus

Male lizardfolk (Lawful Evil)

Fighters **CR6**
Init +6 **Speed** 20 feet

HD 2d8+6 + 5d10+15 **hp** 59

AC 23, touch 12, flat-footed 21

BAB/Grapple +6/+10

Attack/Full Attack +12 melee (1d8+5 longsword) or +9 ranged (1d6+4 javelin)

SQ Hold breath

Fort +7, **Ref** +6, **Will** +2

Str 19, **Dex** 15, **Con** 17, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 18.

Crucial Skills: Balance +6, Climb +13, Hide +2, Jump +12, Listen +1, Move Silently +2, Spot +1.

Other Skills: Craft (weaponsmithing) +6, Ride +4, Swim +13.

Crucial Feats: Blind-Fight, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Power Attack.

Other Feats: Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (longsword).

Possessions: +1 chainmail, +1 longsword, javelin of lightning, masterwork javelins (4), dagger, gem worth 300 gp in crude bracer, 139 gp.



Lizardman Enforcers

Male lizardfolk (Lawful Evil)

Warrior **CR 2**
Init +1 **Speed** 30 feet

HD 2d8+6 + 2d8+6 **hp** 36

AC 22, touch 11, flat-footed 21

BAB/Grapple: +3/+7

SQ Hold breath

Attack/Full Attack +7 melee (1d8+6 shortspear), or +4 ranged (1d6+4, javelin)

Fort +6, **Ref** +4, **Will** +1

Str 19, **Dex** 13, **Con** 16, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8.

Crucial Skills: Balance +5, Climb +8, Jump +14, Listen +3, Spot +3.

Other Skills: Swim +14.

Crucial Feats: Power Attack.

Other Feats: Alertness.

Possessions: Banded mail armor, shortspear, javelins (2), 24 gp.

The Ennin: Ptolus, page 131

Assarai lifestyle: Ptolus, page 56

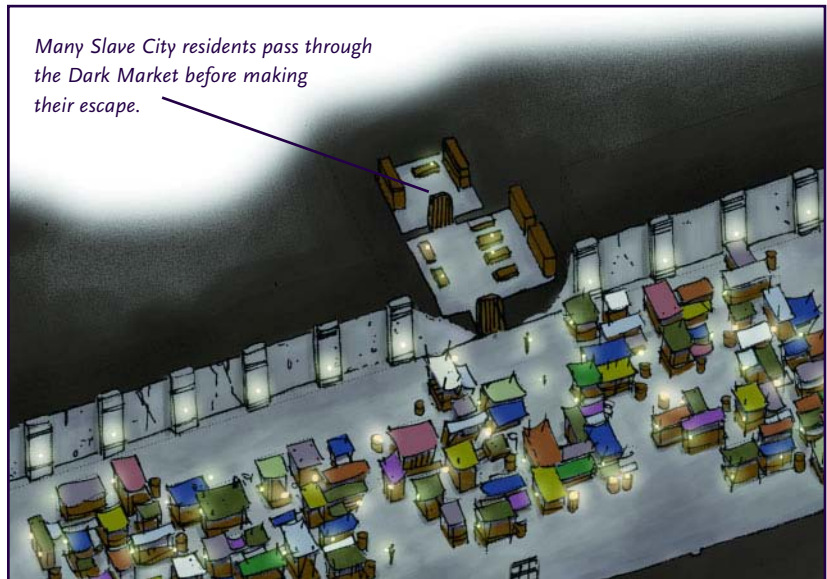
FROM MY CAMPAIGN TO YOURS

Before venturing to the Slave City, my characters rescued an assarai named Salsan from slavery in the seaside Balacazar manor house. (See "Sir Jingles" in Ptolus, page 606.)

When they expressed interest in finding the Slave City, Salsan offered to accompany them in thanks for his rescue. He had heard rumors of the place's location, as his former chieftain, Ssethenus, reportedly ruled there.

Salsan's presence gave the characters an edge in negotiating with the power-mad lizardman "king," which helped them eventually locate one of the litorians whom they sought.

Many Slave City residents pass through the Dark Market before making their escape.





Taxes and tariffs: Ptolus, page 558
City walls: Ptolus, page 156
City gates: Ptolus, page 158
Illegal substances: Ptolus, page 556

Imperial papers: Ptolus, page 552
City Watch: Ptolus, page 150



Longfingers Guild: Ptolus, page 128
Balacazars: Ptolus, page 100
Killraven Crime League: Ptolus, page 121

GLORY, SMUGGLER

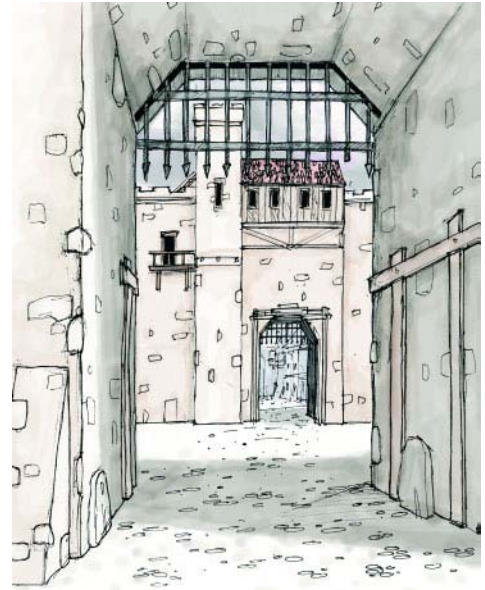
Gloriassa Moruth, known to most as “Glory,” is supposedly a young girl who lives with her aging grandmother in a house built along the city wall in the North Market.

In truth, Glory is an eighteen-year-old smuggler living with an old woman named Tass Ressalswan (female human commoner2). Tass herself is a retired smuggler, more than willing to give Glory a place to live and a location from which to work (as well as a cover story) for a small share of her take.

In order to avoid paying **taxes and tariffs** on goods coming into Ptolus, smugglers attempt to get goods **over the wall** rather than through one of the city’s gates. They also use this method to bring **illegal substances** into the city to sell. Houses built along the city wall are often tall, using the wall itself for support. Some are built one atop another, rising even above the level of the wall. People frequently call these “smuggler’s houses,” and for good reason. Smugglers—like Glory—use ropes and baskets to pull goods up and over the wall from their own windows.

Glory began working as a smuggler when she was only fourteen. To get other smugglers to work with her, she used her Disguise skill to make herself appear a couple years older, and Forgery to alter her own **Imperial papers**. Now, at eighteen, she uses those same skills to continue to look about sixteen, since she finds the perceived innocence of that age useful in throwing off the scent of the City Watch.

Glory is petite with long brown hair and a round face. She’s possessed of a quick wit, and it would seem she can talk or charm her way out of almost any situation. One day she plans on attempting to find and join the **Longfingers Guild**, but for now she’s content to earn a living sneaking goods over the wall and transferring them to criminals and black marketers in the city. She works with criminals of all kinds, including even members of both major criminal organizations in Ptolus: the **Balacazars** and the **Killraven Crime League**.



Gloriassa Moruth

Female human (Chaotic Neutral)

Rogue3 **CR 3**

Init +7 **Speed** 30 feet

HD 3d6+6 **hp** 18

AC 16, touch 13, flat-footed 13

BAB/Grapple +2/+4

Attack +5 melee (1d6+2, short sword) or +6 ranged (1d6+1, short bow)

SA Sneak attack +2d6

SQ Trapfinding, evasion and trap sense +1

Fort +3 **Ref** +6 **Will** +3

Str 14, **Dex** 17, **Con** 14, **Int** 15, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 14.

Crucial Skills: Balance +10, Intimidate +8, Search +7, Tumble +9, Use Magic Device +6.

Other Skills: Decipher Script +8, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +8, Forgery +7, Gather Information +7, Handle Animal +5, Knowledge (local) +5.

Crucial Feats: Combat Reflexes.

Other Feats: Improved Initiative, Iron Will.

Possessions: Masterwork studded leather, masterwork short sword, masterwork short-bow, +1 arrows (20), *potion of barkskin* +3, 12 pp, 15 gp, 2 sp, 13 cp.

The Roots of the Smuggling Lifestyle

Smuggling in the Empire exists to avoid the tariffs and taxes involved with regulated commerce, a powerful aspect the Empire wields like a mighty sword to control the population and fund its own existence. High taxes and strict control of goods is a legacy of the Empire’s Prustan roots. The political philosopher Putarach, in his work *The Mind of a Monarch*, even advised governments to declare various substances as contraband simply to provide another set of boundaries for the populace: “To rule a people, you must be in a position to say both ‘yes’ and ‘no’ in regard to any and all things. Before a man can eat a crust of bread, he must ask his ruler, ‘May I?’ If you do not forbid something tangible, how can the people know you are in command on a daily basis?” Many claim that Prustan rulers and the early Emperors took this advice to heart.

Thus, while most smugglers just want extra profit, a subset of them conduct their operations for political reasons. These revolutionary smugglers can be some of the more bloodthirsty and ruthless of the criminal element, and many of the more traditional smugglers avoid them.

JOSIAH CRAND, ADVOCATE OF LIGHT

More than five hundred years ago, an angel named Liavando came to the world to aid a cleric of Gaen when called. Liavando saved the cleric's life, and then found himself in the world, left to his own devices. For reasons of his own, he wandered north to the shore of a bay on the Whitewind Sea, where he found others like himself. Eventually, this group of celestials became known as the **Malkuth**, dwelling in a mysterious structure called the **Pale Tower** in the burgeoning city of Ptolus.

Eventually Liavando was slain in a battle with a green dragon that belonged to an organization called the **Pactlords of the Quaan**. But during his time in the world, he married a mortal woman named Valian Crand and sired a son, Josiah.

Josiah took after his father, developing light blue feathered wings and silver hair. Strangely, he seemed to age very slowly, and thus took almost forty years to reach maturity. During this time, Valian passed away, leaving Josiah on his own.

Today, about ten years after his mother's death, Josiah lives in the Pale Tower, although he has taken to wandering far from that home for great lengths of time. In addition to the powers of a normal half-celestial, he has the ability to "see the truth in the hearts of all mortals."

He uses this ability to find those who need him. Some have called him the Advocate of Light, for he acts on behalf of any nonevil intelligent creature who has been wronged or falsely accused. He believes in justice over law, and will risk all in that cause. As such, he has taken on the role of an actual advocate in the Ptolus courts, he has physically prevented the imprisonment and even execution of those unjustly sentenced, and he has championed the oppressed and victimized in all manner of situations, from mediating business disputes in the city to protecting travelers on the road from bandits. For these actions, he never asks for reward or payment. He simply explains, "I am carrying out my father's will, and continuing his legacy."

However, Josiah's actions often get him in trouble with the authorities. Although they dare not attempt to punish him (his popularity is far too widespread for them to risk angering the populace like that), at times they would love to see him "out of the way." He makes them look bad.

Tactics: Before a fight—unless he is caught completely unaware—Josiah is likely to have



already cast *mage armor*. He takes the time to cast *shield* as well, as the first action in combat, bringing his Armor Class to 21. If his foes are clearly evil, he lashes out with his greataxe without hesitation, cleaving through opponents with both skill and strength. Against those who may not be evil, he fights only to subdue, for the spark of each untainted soul is more precious than a diamond to him. He only rarely uses his bow. His ability to "see the truth in all mortals" functions like a continuous *discern lies* ability, although it is even more powerful. If someone accuses another of wrongdoing, Josiah can tell simply by looking if that person is truly guilty of that act or not. It is important to note, however, that Josiah doesn't use this ability to act as a judge of the guilty so much as a defender of the innocent.

Josiah Crand

Male human half-celestial (Lawful Good)
Medium outsider

Fighter3/**sorcerer**1 **CR**5
Init +7 **Speed** 30 feet,
fly 60 feet (good)

HD 3d10+12 + 1d4+4 **hp** 43

AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 10

BAB/Grapple +3/+9

Attack/Full Attack +11 melee (1d12+10, greataxe) or +7 ranged (1d8+1+2d6 holy, longbow)

SA Smite evil (1/day +4 damage to evil foe), discern lies and daylight at will, spell-like abilities

SQ Darkvision 60 feet, immunity to disease, resistance to acid 10, cold 10 and electricity 10, DR 5/magic, SR 14

Fort +11 **Ref** +4 **Will** +3

Str 22, **Dex** 16, **Con** 19, **Int** 15, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 16.

Crucial Skills Concentration +11, Jump +9, Listen +7, Search +6, Sense Motive +3, Swim +8.

Other Skills: Diplomacy +6, Handle Animal +8.

Crucial Feats: Cleave, Improved Sunder, Power Attack.

Other Feats: Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (greataxe).

Spell-Like Abilities: Caster level 4th. Save DCs are Charisma based.

3/day—*protection from evil*.

1/day—*aid*, *detect evil*, *bless*.

Spells Known: 5/4; save DC 13 + spell level.

1st—*mage armor*, *shield*.

0—*daze*, *ghost sound*, *light*, *prestidigitation*.

Possessions: +1 greataxe, +1 longbow, +1 holy arrows (12), *potion of neutralize poison*, 13 gp.

DM TIP

Josiah could become a valuable ally of Lawful Good player characters but, in the long term, they may find him a bit infuriating: He is always more selfless, more giving, and simply more good than they could ever be. Adventure hooks that the PCs ignore or turn down later become tales heard of Josiah's latest good deeds. Slow-acting player characters find Josiah has arrived at an important encounter ahead of them and taken care of the situation (and thus received all the praise and glory for it).

It should always be clear however that Josiah isn't trying to show up the PCs or anything of the kind. Despite his ever-growing reputation, he's not doing it for the adoration. He's doing it because it's the right thing to do.

Josiah would never join an adventuring group, even one dedicated to doing good—that is not his style. As the campaign progresses, he remains the hero with the record and reputation that the player characters simply can never live up to.

Of course, Josiah may be called upon to defend wrongly accused PCs at some point as well...

Gaen, page 11

The Malkuth: Ptolus, page 129

Pale Tower: Ptolus, page 329

Pactlords of the Quaan: Ptolus, page 130

Knights of the Dawn: Ptolus, page 67

Twelve Commanders: Ptolus, page 148

Church of Lothian: Ptolus, page 64

Holy Emperor: Ptolus, page 293

Holy Palace: Ptolus, page 292

KABEL DATHIMOL, KNIGHT

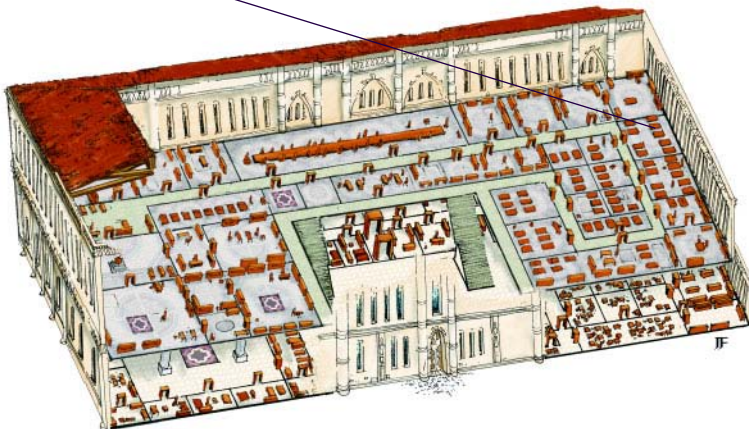
Sir Kabel Dathimol is the leader of the **Knights of the Dawn** in Ptolus and one of the Commissar's **Twelve Commanders**. Although the Order of the Dawn is a worldwide organization of knights within the **Church of Lothian**, it is first and foremost the guard and soldiery of the **Holy Emperor**. And, with the Holy Emperor living in Ptolus, Sir Kabel now lives there as well.

More an administrator than a warrior, Kabel spends most of his time out of his armor, attending meetings with clergy and important people in the city. It has been well over a year since he has drawn his weapon with the intention of using it. Most of his battle gear, in fact, is honorary, bequeathed to the leader of the order. That said, however, he is well trained in both melee and ranged combat, as well as spellcasting and the other duties required of him. In his younger days, he was a fiery proselytizer and champion of the faith. Today, though, Kabel is far more reserved, and far more used to compromise and tolerance as well.

One thing he knows little about is warfare, never having actually served in a war or commanded a large-scale military endeavor. He is, however, canny at smaller operations, and more focused duties, such as guarding the Emperor of the Church and his residence. He has also become adept at subterfuge and covert operations. When a group of adventurers or delvers in Ptolus gains notoriety or wields obvious power (which is to say, reaches 13th level or higher), sometimes Kabel will have a member of his order infiltrate the group on one or more missions, so the Church can learn about their motives as well as their abilities. Kabel maintains meticulous notes of such information, to keep himself and the Emperor aware of possible threats as well as worthwhile allies.



Knights of the Dawn Barracks



Kabel is tall with short brown hair, a mustache, and a small beard. Although he remains very fit for a man in his late fifties, his step doesn't have quite the spring in it that it used to have.

He lives in the **Holy Palace** (pictured below), where all the Knights of the Dawn in the city are barracked. He has an office there and three administrative assistants. Kabel is unmarried and has no family beyond the order.

In Ptolus, there are approximately fifty Knights of the Dawn. They all report to Kabel, either directly or indirectly. Elsewhere, more than two hundred Knights work for the Church in various capacities.

Sir Kabel Dathimol

Male human (Lawful Good)

Paladin 16 **CR** 16

Init +0 **Speed** 20 feet

HD 16d10+16 **hp** 99

AC 16, touch 10, flat-footed 16

BAB/Grapple +16/+19

Attack +23 melee (1d10+8/x3, heavy flail) or +19 ranged (1d8+2/x3)

Full Attack +23/+18/+13/+8 melee (1d10+8/x3, heavy flail) or +19/+14/+9/+4 ranged (1d8+2/x3)

SA Smite evil 4/day (+3 attack and +16 damage) and turn undead 6/day

SQ *Detect evil*, aura of courage, divine health, remove disease (4/week), aura of good, lay on hands, divine grace, and special mount

Fort +16 **Ref** +10 **Will** +9

Str 18, **Dex** 10, **Con** 12, **Int** 12, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 17.

Crucial Skills: Concentration +15, Heal +12, Listen +9, Search +4, Spot +9.

Other Skills: Diplomacy +24, Handle Animal +19, Knowledge (local) +3, Ride +13, Sense Motive +14.

Crucial Feats: Point Blank Shot.

Other Feats: Alertness, Great Fortitude, Lightning Reflexes, Negotiator, Weapon Focus (heavy flail), Weapon Focus (composite longbow).

Spells: Save DC 13 + spell level.

4th—*mark of justice*.

3rd—*greater magic weapon, magic circle against chaos*.

2nd—*delay poison, owl's wisdom, shield other*.

1st—*detect undead, protection from chaos, protection from evil*.

Possessions: +1 full plate armor of light fortification, +2 heavy flail of disruption, +2 shock composite longbow, +1 arrows (12), masterwork arrows (12), 1 gp, 12 sp, 12 cp.

KOBAN, HUNTER OF THE NIGHT

Approximately two hundred years ago, a litorian fighter named Koban came to Ptolus, looking for a quick and easy path to great prowess and skill. He had heard that the city held such wonders, and he wanted them for himself.

At that time, litorians were few in the City by the Spire, and Koban could find no one of his own kind. Most cityfolk kept their distance from the litorian, and he soon found himself alone. He could speak only a little of the city's primary language and resorted to wandering back streets and alleyways to find a place to sleep.

On only his fourth night in the city, Koban was beset by vampires, which slew him. He met a grisly and untimely end and soon rose as a vampire himself. Although it was not what he had originally envisioned, Koban had found great power—a gift of the city.

Koban has hunted the back streets of Ptolus since that time. Usually a loner, he has no direct connection with the Forsaken and never goes into the Necropolis. Very recently, however, Koban was made a member of the Covenant of Blood, a cabal of powerful vampires centered around an artifact known as the *Horn of Blood* and an ancient pact made millennia ago with some horrors of the deep sea.

Still, one can most commonly find Koban stalking prey in the night, often in the Warrens but sometimes in Midtown or the South Market. His lair (and adopted coffin) is hidden below Midtown in the sewers somewhere.

Tactics: When on the prowl, he often takes the form of an animal. In a fight, Koban uses a matched pair of swords of Elder Elven make. However, if foes surround him, he drops his short sword (it's on a locked gauntlet) and makes a whirlwind slam attack. Unlike other vampires, when using his whirlwind attack, Koban can use his energy drain ability on every single foe he attacks that round.

Another unique aspect of Koban is that, when he uses his blood drain ability, he drains more blood than normal in a single round, thanks to his enormous and ferocious bite.



Scenario: Koban's (stolen) elvish swords are tied to a *ring of fire elemental command* that appears to be a *ring of energy resistance (fire)* until the wearer comes into contact with the swords. PCs who find such a ring would become the object of Koban's search (he knows of the ring's existence), even if they only believe it to be a normal *fire resistance* ring. The ring begins to vibrate when the owner of the swords is on its trail and has come to within one thousand feet.

Koban

Litorian male vampire (Chaotic Evil)
Corporeal undead

Fighter 0 **CR** 12
Init +9 **Speed** 30 feet

HD 10d12 **hp** 99

AC 27, touch 15, flat-footed 22

BAB/Grapple +10/+18

Attack +18 melee (1d4+8, slam) or +21 melee (1d8+9+1d6 fire, longsword)

Full Attack +18 melee (1d4+8, slam) or +19/+14 melee (1d8+11+1d6 fire, longsword) and +18/+13 (1d6+5+1d6 fire, short sword)

SA Blood drain (1d6 Constitution), children of the night 1/day (1d6+1 rat swarms, 1d4+1 bat swarms, or a pack of 3d6 feral dogs), dominate (Will save, DC 18, CL 12th), create spawn, energy drain (2 negative levels)

SQ Alternate form (bat, dire bat, feral dog, or dire wolf), DR 10/silver and magic, fast healing 5, gaseous form, resistance to cold 10 and electricity 10, *spider climb* at will, +4 turn resistance

Fort +7, **Ref** +10, **Will** +5

Str 26, **Dex** 21, **Con** 0, **Int** 14, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 17.

Crucial Skills: Bluff +13, Hide +14, Jump +20, Listen +14, Move Silently +13, Search +13, Sense Motive +10, Spot +16, Tumble +15.

Other Skills: Intimidate +15, Ride +9.

Crucial Feats: Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Mobility, Power Attack, Spring Attack, Whirlwind Attack.

Other Feats: Alertness, Greater Weapon Focus (longsword), Improved Initiative, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Lightning Reflexes, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Focus (short sword), Weapon Specialization (longsword).

Possessions: +1 flaming longsword, +1 flaming short sword (with weapon lock), +1 mithral breastplate, *potions of shield of faith* +2 and *resist energy (fire)* 30, jeweled scabbard worth 100 gp, gold and ruby ring worth 500 gp, 19 gp.



Litorians: Ptolus, page 54

Forsaken: Ptolus, page 112
Covenant of Blood: Ptolus, page 101



Like Koban, the vampire Hadrien Runihan is also a member of the Covenant of Blood. See Ptolus, page 195 for more on him.

When vampires use their children of the night ability in Ptolus, they summon 1d6+1 rat swarms, 1d4+1 bat swarms, or 3d6 feral dogs and can take the form of feral dogs rather than wolves.

FROM MY CAMPAIGN TO YOURS

In an encounter with Koban, Diethan the urban ranger learned (much to his surprise) that his ring of fire resistance could command elementals! It also could activate powers of the vampire's flaming swords, which he claimed after the battle, of course.



Doraedian Mythlord: Ptolus, page 208

Twelve Commanders: Ptolus, page 148

Shoal elves: Ptolus, page 50

Shoggoth: Ptolus, page 609
Father Claw: page 9

Cthorn: Ptolus, page 495

Iridithil's Home: Ptolus, page 207

Shoggoth's exact location in the Dragonsbirth Mountains (below) is a mystery to all but Lothao.

LOTHAO VALINTH,

DORAEDIAN MYTHLORD'S AIDE

People throughout Ptolus know Lothao Valinth as Doraedian Mythlord's trusted aide and proxy among the city's Twelve Commanders. Few, however, know his own tale.

Lothao was born to Shoal elf nobility far to the east of Ptolus. He lived a life of luxury in a tall *aghaeval* or "tree castle," a tall, elegant structure built in the joining of four massive, living trees. When Lothao was only thirty-four, however, the *aghaeval* was attacked by hobgoblin soldiers in the service of a human woman named Irhesh, a powerful local lord. The hobgoblins took Lothao back to Irhesh, who held him hostage to get his family, already beleaguered by her raids, to do as she commanded.

Lothao possessed more inventiveness and bravery than anyone had given him credit for, however. He freed himself from his cell and crept about Irhesh's stone castle. Eventually, he came upon a strange device. Irhesh had little knowledge of magic, so the fact that she had captured a magical artifact of the cthorn in a raid had escaped her. She thought it was an elaborate and valuable abstract sculpture. Lothao didn't know much about magic, but he knew enough about history to recognize a portal made by the cthorn. These beings of antiquity were unquestionably corrupt, but their command of magic was considerable. After some experimentation, Lothao activated the magic portal and, holding his breath, stepped through.

He had thought that anywhere would be better than Irhesh's castle, that he had nothing to

lose in using the portal. However, the place he arrived in was certainly no better—and quite possibly worse. The portal took Lothao to Shoggoth, a secret city in the Dragonsbirth Mountains controlled by the infamous god-dragon known as Father Claw. The dragon's followers had lived for millennia in this city, whose location remained a secret even to the most learned scholars in the outside world. Lothao soon found himself captured by the residents there, who—after hearing his story—decided not to kill him, but forbade him to leave.

So Lothao came to live in Shoggoth. There he learned the art of swordfighting from a man named Ni-Reshton. Ni-Reshton took Lothao as his charge and used ancient techniques to improve the young elf. Secret herbs, rare oils, strange psychological practices, and mysterious instruction methods, applied over many decades, changed Lothao into an elf of near perfect physical and mental stature. Lothao grew to love Ni-Reshton like a father. However, even with the unnaturally long life span granted him by the same techniques he used with Lothao, Ni-Reshton was an old human. After a century, he died.

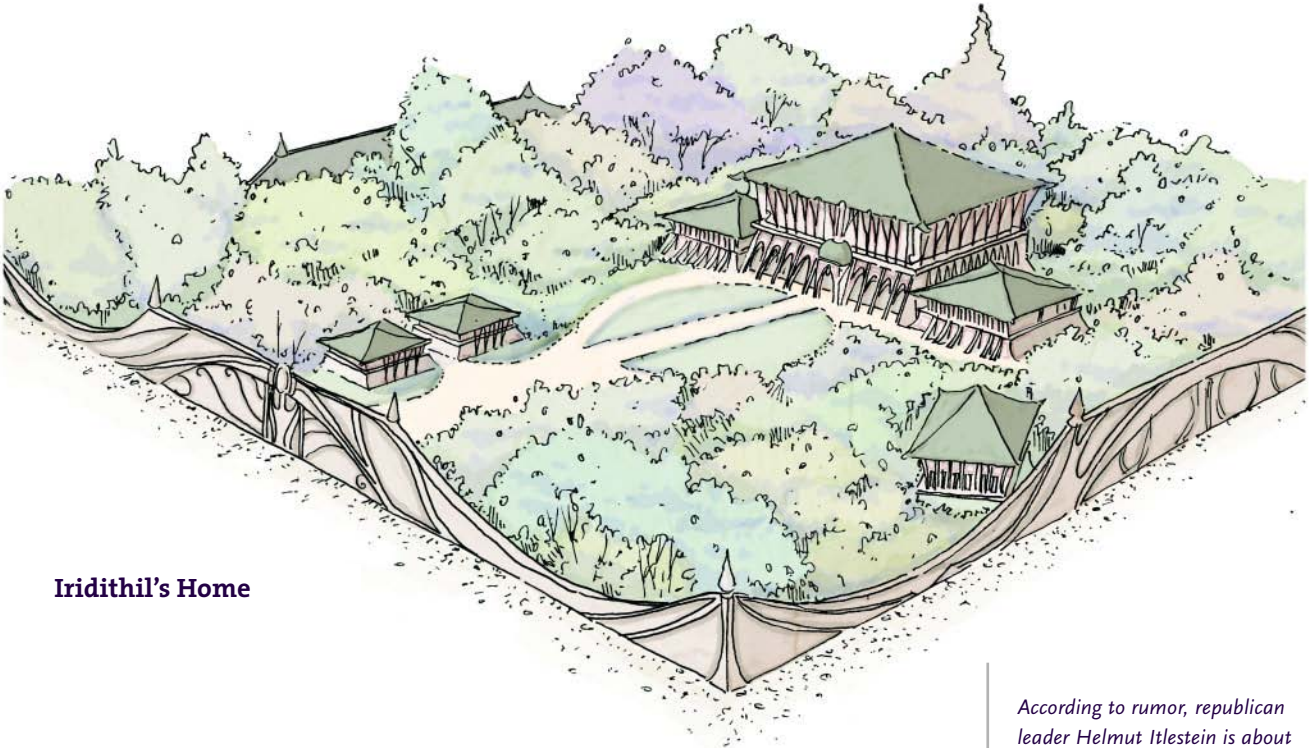
Thus trained and enhanced, Lothao used his friend's funeral as a diversion to make his escape. He fled the secret city and made his way out of the mountains back to his home many lands away. By the time he arrived, he learned that Irhesh had finally slain his family, before dying herself. Now her son ruled the region; much to Lothao's surprise, he seemed a mostly just man.

Lothao found he had no home or family. He had no vendetta to carry out—time had done that work for him. He wandered aimlessly for a time but soon learned that the followers of Father Claw sought either to bring him back to Shoggoth or to silence him forever so he could not betray their secrets.

Eventually he fled to the city of Ptolus, where he hoped to make powerful friends or find some magical means of protecting himself. He eventually found both in the elven sanctuary called Iridithil's Home.

The master of Iridithil's Home, Doraedian Mythlord, found himself quickly drawn into a friendship with the exceptional elf. When he heard his tale, Doraedian gave Lothao an amulet that would keep his pursuers from finding him. In exchange, Lothao pledged his service to Doraedian. Today, Lothao represents Doraedian on the Commissar's elite defense council, the Twelve Commanders, and in other aspects as well. To many, Lothao is Doraedian Mythlord's voice; that's a lot of responsibility for an elf





Iridithil's Home

who's still fairly young. Lothao takes that responsibility very seriously.

It is important to note that Doraedian never asked Lothao the location of the secret city, and his friend never offered the information. He's never told anyone, in fact. Although he was held there against his will, Lothao feels a certain obligation to Ni-Reshton. Because he thinks of Shoggoth as the secret of his dead friend, it is a secret he will never betray.

Lothao wears his straight black hair quite long. He dresses in the fine clothes befitting his station, but with his chain shirt on underneath. He is tall and extremely good looking, with a compelling and captivating manner.

Tactics: In a fight, Lothao uses the training he received from his old friend in melee, fighting with quick, decisive strikes. Others have noted that his fighting style is decidedly non-elven and strange. Those more learned in such things recognize it as the rare dragon-claw style, usually considered unique to the followers of Father Claw. This observation certainly raises knowledgeable brows.

Lothao Valinth

Male Shoal elf (Neutral)

Aristocrat4/fighters

CR9*

Init +9

Speed 30 feet

HD 4d6+12 + 5d10+15

hp 94

AC 23, touch 15, flat-footed 18

BAB/Grapple +8/+12

Attack +14 melee (1d8+5/19-20) or +15 ranged (1d8+6/x3)

Full Attack +14/+9 melee (1d8+5/19-20) or +15/+10 ranged (1d8+6/x3)

SQ Low-light vision, elf traits and low-light vision

Fort +6 **Ref** +7 **Will** +10

Str 18, **Dex** 20, **Con** 16, **Int** 17, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 18.

Crucial Skills: Intimidate +13, Jump +14, Listen +15, Search +10, Sense Motive +7, Spot +14.

Other Feats: Balance +8, Diplomacy +11, Gather Information +10, Knowledge (History) +8, Knowledge (Local) +8, Ride +9.

Crucial Feats: Combat Expertise, Power Attack.

Other Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Skill Focus (Knowledge [local]), Weapon Focus (longsword).

Languages: Common, Draconic, Elvish, Orcish, Sylvan.

Possessions: +1 chain shirt, +1 heavy wooden shield, +1 longsword, +2 composite longbow (+4), masterwork arrows (20), amulet of proof against detection and location, oil of greater magic weapon +5, 16 pp, 12 gp, 12 sp.

* Lothao's CR has been increased by 1 because of his enhanced ability scores and his greater than normal amount of equipment.

According to rumor, republican leader Helmut Itlestein is about to embark upon his own quest for the lost city of Shoggoth deep in the Dragonsbirth Mountains. For details, see page 609 of Ptolus.



Lothao is one of the rare few alive today who can claim to have recognized and used magic created by the lost cthorn race.

Sting pistol: Ptolus, page 561

Rhoth: Ptolus, page 43
House Sadar: Ptolus, page 94

The Cock Pit: Ptolus, page 355
White House: Ptolus, page 334
Swordthrower's Club: Ptolus,
page 301



Nevin is experienced in the gambling games discussed in the information panel on page 359 of Ptolus.

NEVIN KEASTAL, GAMBLER

Nevin Keastal is a human male who makes his living as a gambler in Ptolus. He first came to the city as a low-level diplomat, working as an attaché for an envoy from **Rhoth**. While here on his first assignment, his superiors discovered that he had accepted a bribe from **House Sadar** to influence the other diplomats on a particular issue, and he was dismissed immediately.

Nevin has remained in the city for the past seven years, frequenting such places as the **Cock Pit**, the **White House**, and **Swordthrowers** when he can, and even less reputable places when down on his luck. He uses his bardic knowledge to find the best illegal gambling operations in the city, and to keep one step ahead of both the authorities and the moneylenders to whom he has become indebted.

Honorless, thin-skinned, and vengeful, Nevin never keeps friends very long before betraying them, stealing from them, or overreacting to some perceived slight. He would not hesitate to cheat at the games he spends so much time with, and has done so many times. He's even been caught occasionally, which just adds more names to the list of people he has to hide from.

In his mid thirties, Nevin is a charming man with brown hair, gray eyes, and a distracting smile. He is thin and, on the rare occasions he draws his sword, he appears barely able to heft it, let alone wield it with any skill. (He'd like people to believe this is just an act covering his actual tremendous skill, but it's not.)

One can usually encounter him in a tavern or gambling house. He is very gracious and friendly on a first meeting—but he's almost certainly just setting up his new acquaintances for some scheme or getting ready to take advantage of them. He plies them with an expertly crafted admixture of lies and flattery and even adds subtly cast *charm*

person spells if necessary. When endangered, Nevin attempts to run if possible. Otherwise, he'll pull out his concealed **sting pistol** (a small firearm intended to be hidden), use it, and then run.

It's worth noting that he's not a traditional bard in any way. He doesn't carry an instrument nor does he sing.

Nevin Keastal

Male human (Neutral Evil)

Bardz/Expert3 **CR 4**

Init +5 **Speed** 30 feet

HD 2d6+2 + 3d6+3 **hp** 30

AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10

BAB/Grapple +2/+1

Attack +2 melee (1d8, longsword) or +4 ranged (1d10, sting pistol)

Full Attack +2 melee (1d8, longsword) or +4 ranged (1d10, sting pistol)

SQ Bardic knowledge, bardic music 2/day (countersong, fascinate +1 and inspire courage +1)

Fort +2 **Ref** +5 **Will** +5

Str 9, **Dex** 13, **Con** 13, **Int** 15, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 14.

Crucial Skills: Bluff +10, Hide +6, Listen +4, Search +3, Sense Motive +9.

Other Skills: Appraise +7, Disguise +7, Forgery +9, Gather Information +9, Perform (act) +6, Profession (gambler) +10.

Crucial Feats: N/A

Other Feats: Exotic Weapon Proficiency (firearms), Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (Profession [gambler]).

Spells Known: 3/1, save DC 12 + spell level.

1st—*charm person*, *cure light wounds*.

○—*dancing lights*, *flare*, *mage hand*, *open/close*, *prestidigitation*.

Possessions: +1 longsword, masterwork sting pistol, ammunition (10 rounds), *potion of invisibility*, masterwork disguise kit, 13 gp, 12 sp, 15 cp.



NUPE SKOYTER AND TALADIL, CHAOS CULTISTS

One of the greatest threats to Ptolus today is the swelling ranks of the various chaos cults—the **Ebon Hand**, the **Plagueborn**, the **Crimson Coil**, and many others. Although disparate and unorganized for now, the cults' motives grow more and more similar.

Soon the dark masters behind all the cults will slowly begin to reveal themselves. Until then, certain cultists attempt to unify the different groups and further their own agendas of ultimate destruction.

THE BRAT

The pampered child of wealthy parents, Palamad Atlas never wanted for anything. Bored and stupid—he failed out of every school his family sent him to—Palamad fell in with a group of ruffians. The youth found that he got a strange satisfaction from mugging travelers on the road into the city or breaking into and ransacking wealthy homes. The love of destruction came to him easily.

Soon he discovered that his destructive ruffian friends actually belonged to a chaos cult called the **Tolling Bell**, which was dedicated to the idea of ultimate destruction: the eschaton, the end of the world itself. To mark his new affiliation with the cult, Palamad changed his name to Nupe Skoyter, even though most of his friends told him it sounded somewhat silly.

Nupe has no mind for sophisticated learning, but he is no fool. He is canny and wily. He fancies himself a leader, but those around him know that he's just not smart enough to pull it off. Often he acts as a courier or messenger, which brings him into frequent contact with a cultist agent named Taladil.

Tactics: In a fight, Nupe uses two matching magical short swords, each fashioned so that the hilt guards covering his fists look like screaming faces. Although he enjoys a good fight, he is under no illusions regarding his skills—he's no fighter.

Nupe Skoyter

Male human (Chaotic Neutral)

Aristocrat CR 7

Init +2 **Speed** 30 feet

HD 8d8+24 **hp** 62

AC 16, touch 12, flat-footed 14

BAB/Grapple +6/+8

Attack +9 melee (1d6+3, short sword)

Full Attack +7/+2 melee (1d6+3, short sword) and +7 (1d6+2, short sword)

Fort +5, **Ref** +4, **Will** +10

Str 15, **Dex** 15, **Con** 16, **Int** 6, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 16.

Crucial Skills: Hide +3, Listen +6, Spot +6.

Other Skills: Bluff +6, Climb +6, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +9, Knowledge (local) +12.

Crucial Feats: Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Run.

Other Feats: Alertness, Two-Weapon Fighting.

Possessions: +1 short swords (2); ring of climbing; masterwork chain shirt; potions of bull's strength, cure moderate wounds, and invisibility; gold and amethyst brooch (worth 350 gp), gold ring (worth 75 gp), 94 pp, 40 gp.

THE STREETWALKER

If Taladil has a surname, she's never told it to anyone. This tiefling works as a prostitute, using her time on the streets to gather information and keep in touch with everything going on in the city. She works alone, walking the streets of Midtown—particularly around Delver's Square.

Taladil helps Nupe and other cultists as an information source and, on rare occasions, as magical "support" on missions (usually missions that involve subterfuge rather than combat). She is a devout member of the Tolling Bell cult because she hates everyone and everything.

The spells that come easiest to her are often defensive or deceptive in nature. She has few dramatic offensive spells at her disposal, so she rarely tells anyone that she can cast spells at all. She also attempts to hide her demonic heritage, using magic if she must to conceal her clawlike hands and feet (although gloves and boots do a fair job). Basically, everything about Taladil is a lie.

She does use her magic to aid in her attempts at seduction. She enjoys using lies to help her seduce men rather than just relying on straight charm. She tells her clients what she thinks they want or need to hear.

Tactics: In a dangerous situation, she'll have already cast *mage armor* (making her AC 14) and, if possible, both *mirror image* and *displacement*. If it seems necessary, she casts *lesser globe of invulnerability*, although she dislikes the immovability of that spell. When sneaking about, she uses a combination of *mage armor*, *invisibility*, and *cat's grace*, with liberal doses of *ghost sound* to distract others.

Taladil

Female tiefling (Chaotic Evil)

Medium outsider (native)

Sorcerer CR 9

Init +0 **Speed** 30 feet

HD 9d4+27 **hp** 53

AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10

BAB/Grapple +4/+5

Attack/Full Attack +6 melee (1d4+1, dagger) or +5 ranged (1d4+1, dagger)

SA Darkness 1/day

SQ Darkvision 60 feet, resistance to cold 5, electricity 5, and fire 5



Ebon Hand cult: Ptolus, page 72

Plagueborn cult: Ptolus, page 73

Crimson Coil: Ptolus, page 71



The leaders of the dangerous Tolling Bell cult seek to unite the efforts of the other various cults to bring about the end of the world. For details, see Ptolus, page 73.

For more information about tieflings in the city, see Ptolus, page 58.



Nupe and Taladil might come in handy during a prelude encounter to the adventures found in The Night of Dissolution.

Undercity Market: Ptolus, page 423



Fort +6, **Ref** +1, **Will** +7
Str 13, **Dex** 11, **Con** 17, **Int** 13, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 14.
Crucial Skills: Concentration +4, Hide +4, Listen +2.
Other Skills: Bluff +4, Disguise +6, Gather Information +5, Knowledge (local) +2, Knowledge (religion) +4, Profession (prostitute) +10, Spellcraft +5.
Crucial Feats: Combat Casting, Silent Spell.
Other Feats: Craft Wand, Craft Wondrous Item.
Languages: Common, Infernal.
Spells Known: 6/7/7/6/4, save DC = 12 + spell level.
 4th—*lesser globe of invulnerability, wall of fire.*
 3rd—*clairaudience/clairvoyance, displacement, suggestion.*
 2nd—*cat's grace, invisibility, mirror image, see invisibility.*
 1st—*charm person, disguise self, mage armor, shocking grasp, silent image.*
 0—*dancing lights, detect magic, disrupt undead, flare, ghost sound, light, mage hand, open/close.*
Possessions: Masterwork daggers (3), *amulet of health* +2, *wand of scorching ray* (24 charges), scroll of *greater invisibility*, *potion of fly*, disguise kit, pair of silver earrings worth 60 gp, 31 gp.

USING THESE CHAOS CULTISTS

Nupe and Taladil can provide an interesting way to introduce PCs to the chaos cults, or to the danger of unifying the disparate cults after the player characters have already encountered one or two of the groups on other adventures.

These two NPCs are interesting foes for a low-level group of adventurers. Despite being mid-level themselves, neither one is a terrible threat in combat. They're tough enough, however, to handle a chase encounter with a group of PCs through the alleys of Ptolus. Because Taladil's repertoire of spells can enable them to get away, they could easily become recurring villains.

For example, the player characters might learn through a Gather Information check that two chaos cultists often meet in secret in the **Undercity Market**. When they move in to investigate, they come upon Nupe and Taladil. Tough enough to survive the surprise round even if caught unawares, Taladil could put a *wall of fire* or two between them and the PCs to enable the two cultists' escape. Later, the adventurers might see Taladil talking with a client or Nupe in a tavern speaking with some other figure. Either event might become an opportunity for the PCs to gain even more information about the cults.

PHARIS NOLDSTROM, COMMISSAR'S MAN

Captain Pharis Noldstrom serves as the Commissar's second-in-command in the elite group known as the **Commissar's Men**. This battalion of extremely loyal soldiers followed the **Commissar** to Ptolus when he received this appointment, having served under him in the days when he was a general in the **Gnoll War** in the southwest.

Tall and ruddy, Pharis keeps his reddish-brown goatee neatly trimmed beneath his hawklike nose. Others often think of Captain Noldstrom as dour, but in truth he just takes his duty very seriously.

Pharis has a dark secret, however. In his days at the Imperial Academy in Tarsis, while under the influence of **alcohol and drugs**, Pharis murdered one of his instructors in a fit of rage. He was able to cover up his involvement and was never implicated. Still, the crime has haunted him for years.

And now, he has received a message from crime boss **Kevril Killraven's** lieutenant in Oldtown, saying that she knows about the murder and has proof that he did it. The note makes it clear that, if Pharis doesn't begin providing information to Killraven regarding the Commissar, she will make this proof available to him, and Pharis' career will come to an end—plus he'll go to prison or even face execution.

Pharis has a hard choice before him.

Tactics: Pharis disdains the typical longsword of a military captain in favor of a trident, which he can throw if need be. Sometimes he eschews his shield (reducing his Armor Class by 3 to AC 21) to use both hands on his weapon (adding a +2 bonus to damage). When using this tactic, he's also likely to use **Power Attack** for 4 points, subtracting 4 from his attacks but adding another +8 to his damage for a total damage bonus of +15. Pharis doesn't care for firearms—too noisy, he says.

Scenario: The player characters end up on the wrong side of the Killraven organization and raid what turns out to be one of the syndicate's many safe houses. Among various records and papers recovered after the thugs and thieves are routed is evidence implicating Pharis Noldstrom as a contact within the Commissar's Men (even if this isn't true). The PCs must decide what to do with the information: confront Pharis, turn him in, use it to their own advantage, or ignore it? This scenario works well if they have met Pharis on other, more normal pretenses, and best if they consider him at least somewhat a friend.

Captain Pharis Noldstrom

Male human (Lawful Good)

Fighter2 **CR** 12
Init +1 **Speed** 20 feet
HD 12d10+24 **hp** 100
AC 24, touch 11, flat-footed 23
BAB/Grapple +12/+16

Attack +17 melee (1d8+5, trident) or
+14 ranged (1d8+5, trident)

Full Attack +17/+12/+7 melee
(1d8+5, trident) or +14 ranged
(1d8+5, trident)

Fort +11, **Ref** +6, **Will** +6
Str 18, **Dex** 12, **Con** 14, **Int** 11,
Wis 13, **Cha** 8.

Crucial Skills: Climb +13,
Listen +3, Spot +3.

Other Skills: Craft (weapon-smith) +10, Craft (trapmaking) +12, Knowledge (local) +5.

Crucial Feats: Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Endurance, Improved Sunder, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Track.

Other Feats: Alertness.

Possessions: +2 full plate armor, +1 heavy steel shield, +1 tridents (2), cloak of resistance +1, figurine of wondrous power (bronze griffon), potion of bull's strength, two silver rings each worth 50 gp, 34 pp, 10 gp.



Commissar's Men: Ptolus, page 148

Commissar: Ptolus, page 149
Gnoll War: Ptolus, page 86

Alcohol and drugs: Ptolus, page 556

Kevril Killraven: Ptolus, page 121



The elite force of Commissar's Men proudly wear Igor Urnst's coat of arms on their uniforms.



King's River: Ptolus, page 160



Cave systems: Ptolus, page 447



Knights of the Golden Cross:
Ptolus, page 124

The Prison: Ptolus, page 436

THE RIVER SNAKES

The King's River cuts a jagged line through the middle of Ptolus. Years of erosion have caused it to cut a narrow gorge averaging almost one hundred feet deep. The fast-moving river is not easily navigable, and the sewers foul its waters, so most people think of it only as a nuisance or an obstacle. Some, however, use the river to their advantage. One such group calls itself the River Snakes.

The River Snakes are known as demon worshippers, although for most of them this is an affectation—a declaration of their antiestablishment attitude and rebellious, violent nature. They revel in brutality, crime, and general mayhem for its own sake.

The River Snakes know the river extremely well. In particular, they understand its numerous links to the underground waterways and connected cave systems beneath the city. These intrepid explorers have braved many dangers (normally in the form of subterranean predators, but also the treacherous pathways) to master the underground geography near the King's River.

Currently there are only three River Snakes, although once there were seven. Three of the other four were slain in a battle with the Knights of the Golden Cross, and one was arrested and now rots away in the Prison for her crimes. The current members are Erelane Ythus, a hulking woman with long brown hair who stands just shy of seven feet tall; Cael Devani, a devious gnome sorcerer with a shock of black hair and particularly thick eyebrows; and the man known only as Trelehar, a half-elf cleric who wears plate armor adorned with skulls. Trelehar's staff also bears a skull at each end.

Erelane is not merely the brute she appears to be. She's as smart as her partners, but she lacks the will to be more than a follower. When she rages, this barbarian takes on an almost demonic aspect: Her eyes literally glow red. She secretly believes that she has some fiendish ancestry in her lineage (and she's right). When not raging, she seems quiet and sullen. In combat, she uses straightforward tactics, although she does what Cael tells her to do—unless she's raging, at which point no one can control her.

Erelane Ythus

Female human (Chaotic Evil)
Barbarian6 **CR6**
Init +6 **Speed** 40 feet
HD 6d12+12 **hp** 51
AC 16, touch 12, flat-footed 14
BAB/Grapple +6/+9
Attack +10 melee (1d8+5/x3, spear) or +9 (1d6+2/x3, javelin)
Full Attack +10/+5 melee (1d8+5/x3, spear) or +9/+4 (1d6+2/x3, javelin)

SA Rage 2/day

SQ Fast movement, uncanny dodge, trap sense +2 and improved uncanny dodge

Fort +7 **Ref** +4 **Will** +4

Str 17, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 14, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 10.

Crucial Skills: Climb +11, Intimidate +9, Jump +11, Listen +9, Search +3, Spot +5.

Other Skills: Handle Animal +8, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +6, Swim +13.

Crucial Feats: Endurance, Power Attack, Quick Draw.

Other Feats: Improved Initiative.

Possessions: +1 studded leather, +1 spear, masterwork javelins (4), masterwork dagger, *potion of cure light wounds*, 9 gp, 17 sp, 10 cp.

Rage (Ex): The following changes remain in effect as long as Erelane rages:

hp 63

AC 14, touch 10, flat 12

BAB/Grapple +6/+11

Attack +12 melee (1d8+8/x3, spear)

Full Attack +12/+7 melee (1d8+8/x3, spear)

Fort +9 Will +6

Str 21, Con 18

Skills: Climb +12, Jump +13, Swim +13.

Cael is the group's clear leader, although Trelehar would deny that if anyone actually said it out loud. The gnome loves planning crimes and acts of deviousness even more than committing them. In fact, if the group weren't so short handed, he would devise their missions and send the others out to do the deeds. Despite his nasal voice and fidgety nature, Cael has a natural charisma that entices the others to follow him. He is likely to go into a fight with both *protection from good* and *shield* already cast. Although *fireball* is obviously his best offensive spell, he really delights in using *hypnotic pattern* to lure victims into danger (like falling down into the river's channel). He'll save his potions for a particularly important mission.

Cael Devani

Male gnome (Chaotic Evil)

Sorcerer6 **CR6**

Init +5 **Speed** 20 feet

HD 6d4+6 **hp** 37

AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 11

BAB/Grapple +3/-1

Attack/ Full Attack +5 melee (1d4+2, quarter-staff)

SA Spell-like abilities.

SQ Low-light vision, gnome traits, familiar

Fort +5 **Ref** +3 **Will** +6

Str 10, **Dex** 13, **Con** 16, **Int** 14, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 16.

Crucial Skills: Bluff +9, Concentration +7, Search +4.

Other Skills: Knowledge (arcana) +8, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +4, Spellcraft +13, Swim +4.

Crucial Feats: Dodge, Silent Spell.

Other Feats: Improved Initiative.

Spell-Like Abilities: Caster level 1st.

1/day—*speak with animals* (burrowing mammals only, duration one minute), *dancing lights*, *ghost sound*, *prestidigitation*.

Spells Known: 6/7/6/4, save DC 13+spell level, 14+spell level for illusion spells. 3rd—*fireball*.

2nd—*hypnotic pattern*, *invisibility*.

1st—*magic missile*, *protection from good*, *shield*, *sleep*.

0—*acid splash*, *arcane mark*, *ghost sound*, *light*, *mage hand*, **monkey climb**, *read magic*.

Possessions: Masterwork quarterstaff, dagger, wand of *water breathing* (20 charges), potion of *shield of faith* +4, oil of *shillelagh*, gold amulet worth 85 gp, 14 gp, 15 sp.

Jaja, Cael's rat familiar: hp 18

Trelehar is actually a devout follower of the **Demon Gods**, and in particular the demon known as Demogorgon. He has had dreams in which the demon lord has promised him a magical ring that would allow him to move freely underwater to further his “work.” So far, this gift has not come, but he knows that if he continues to wreak his master's will upon the world, he will be rewarded as promised (and likely, in time, with even greater powers).

Trelehar is gruff, conceited, and boorish. He believes his devotion to the dark powers makes him the most important member of the group. Before a dangerous situation, he casts *magic vestment* on himself (adding a +1 bonus to his Armor Class) as well as *bull's strength* and *bear's endurance* (+2 bonus to melee attack and damage, Swim, Climb, and Concentration checks, and Fortitude saves, as well as +12 hit points). Once in a fight, Trelehar casts one of the following: *entropic shield*, *protection from good*, or *magic circle against law* if it appears they might help, before going on the offensive with summoned creatures or attack spells.

Trelehar

Male half-elf (Chaotic Evil)

Cleric 6 (Demon Gods) **CR 6**

Init +1 **Speed** 20 feet

HD 6d8+6 **hp** 46

AC 18, touch 11, flat-footed 17

BAB/Grapple +4/+5

Attack +6 melee (1d6+2, quarterstaff) or +5 ranged (1d10, heavy crossbow)

Full Attack +4 melee (1d6+2, quarterstaff) and +4 melee (1d6+2, quarterstaff) or +5 ranged (1d10, heavy crossbow)

SA Rebuke undead 5/day and rebuke fire/turn water 5/day.

SQ Low-light vision, half-elf traits and low-light vision.

Fort +6 **Ref** +3 **Will** +8

Str 12, **Dex** 13, **Con** 12, **Int** 13, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 11.

Crucial Skills: Climb –3, Concentration +6, Heal +5, Listen +7, Spot +6.

Other Skills: Knowledge (dungeoneering) +3, Swim +5.

Crucial Feats: Combat Reflexes.

Other Feats: Brew Potion, Two-Weapon Fighting.

Domains: Chaos, Evil

Spells: Caster level 6th (+5 melee touch, +5 ranged touch)

3rd—*animate dead*, *magic vestment*, *magic circle against law**, *water breathing*.

2nd—*bull's strength*, *bear's endurance*, *shatter**, *sound burst*, *summon monster II*.

1st—*bleed*, *entropic shield*, *protection from good**, *summon monster I* (2).

0—*cure minor wounds*, *detect magic*, *mending*, **monkey climb** (2).

Possessions: Masterwork full plate, +1/+1 quarterstaff, heavy crossbow, bolts (12), ring of *improved swimming*, silver holy symbol, 10 gp, 6 sp, 24 cp.

* Indicates a domain spell.

Tactics: The group's missions normally involve breaking into a house or business near the river, stealing anything valuable, destroying anything they can't steal, and terrorizing or assaulting anyone they encounter. Then they make a quick getaway via the river, climbing down the banks using relatively hidden climbing paths they have discovered.

Once in the water, the three of them make liberal use of *water breathing* to get around (using potions made by Trelehar or Cael's wand), but they avoid combat underwater if they can help it. They have a number of hideouts in small natural caves reached easily through passages below the surface of the river. These caves also serve, ostensibly, as shrines to the unholy Demon Gods.

NEW SPELL

Monkey Climb

Transmutation

Level: Clr 0, Sor/Wiz 0

Components: V, S

Casting Time: One standard action

Range: Personal

Target: You

Duration: 1 round/level

By increasing your finger length, strength, and agility, you grant yourself a +5 bonus to one Climb check made during the duration. This spell cannot be made permanent.



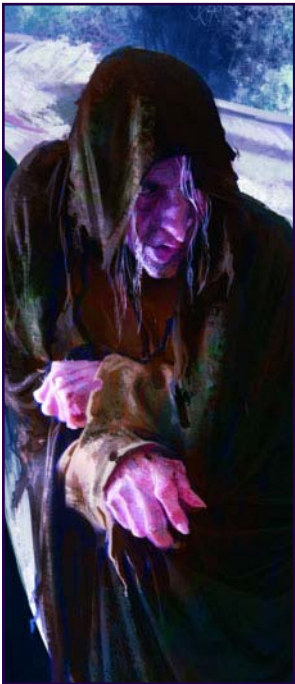
Demon Gods: Ptolus, page 68





Assarai: Ptolus, page 56
Harrow elves: Ptolus, page 52
Cherubim elves: Ptolus, page 51

The Ennin: Ptolus, page 131
Vanum Vaal: Ptolus, page 349
Ghul's Labyrinth: Ptolus,
 page 418



The Savage Shark: Ptolus,
 page 175

Wynthaes: Ptolus, page 177

SESTHESH, TAERAI, AND LYESTRI, ESCAPED SLAVES

The Docks district has perhaps the most transient population of Ptolus. People come and go, although some return often enough to become as well-known as most permanent residents. This is certainly true of the crew of the *Ravish*, a small caravel that frequents the Ptolus Docks.

Although the crew's roster changes frequently, three constants remain: Sesthesh, a male **assarai**; Taerai, a male **Harrow elf**; and Lyestri, a female **Cherubim elf**.

This unlikely trio met as slaves kidnapped by the **Ennin** in Ptolus. Together with a pair of humans and a litorian, they engineered their own escape. But an Ennin sorcerer claiming to be **Vanum Vaal** tracked them down in **Ghul's Labyrinth** beneath the Guildsman's District, and struck with terrible fury; only Sesthesh, Taerai, and Lyestri survived. They did, however, manage to drive off their foe, whom they described as an obese ogre-mage, even though he was known by most as a human.

The three escaped slaves, with bonds now forged in adversity, used the money they earned selling the gear of Vanum's henchmen to buy passage on a ship out of the city. That ship was the *Ravish*, which was then attacked by pirates in the Whitewind Sea. Most of the crew died in the attack; the three friends not only survived, they learned the art of seacraft (the hard way) and brought the ship back to port. Due to their bravery and competence, the surviving crew swore to follow them if they stayed on board and claimed that the captain's dying words were that they be given ownership of the *Ravish*—an obvious lie, but it held up in the Ptolus courts. Soon the trio had learned the ropes (literally) enough to make a successful living hauling cargo across the sea.

When in Ptolus, they spend most of their time in the Docks district, often at the **Savage Shark**, where they happily take part in the frequent brawls.

The last time the trio was in town, they met with **Wynthaes**, who attempted to recruit them in his fight against the slavers. While they were able to provide him with some information on the Ennin, they had no interest in becoming a part of a crusade, even against those who had wronged them. Plus, Lyestri found Wynthaes off-putting and boorish.

Sesthesh is dark scaled for an assarai, short but thick-bodied. His bright yellow eyes never seem to stop moving. He typically remains quiet and calm, even in a fight. He is fiercely loyal to his friends, however, and would endanger himself for them without hesitation.

Sesthesh

Male lizardfolk (Lawful Neutral)

Monks

CR 6

Init +3

Speed 40 feet

HD 2d8+6 + 5d8+15

hp 62

AC 21, touch 16, flat-footed 17

BAB/Grapple +5/+9

Attack +9 melee (1d8+4, unarmed strike)

Full Attack +9 melee (1d8+4, unarmed strike)

and +4 melee (1d6+2, bite), or +7/+7

melee (1d8+4, unarmed flurry) and

+2 melee (1d6+2, bite), or +9 melee

(1d4+4, 2 claws) and +4 melee (1d6+2,

bite)

SA Flurry of blows

SQ Immunity to nonmagical disease, hold

breath (68 rounds), evasion, still mind,

slow fall 20 feet, immune to disease, and

ki strike

Fort +7 **Ref** +10 **Will** +7

Str 19, **Dex** 17, **Con** 17, **Int** 10, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 11.

Crucial Skills: Balance +17, Jump +21, Swim +17.

Other Skills: Profession (sailor) +4.

Crucial Feats: Combat Reflexes, Deflect

Arrows, Dodge, Power Attack, Stunning

Fist.

Other Feats: Improved Unarmed Strike.

Possessions: *Ring of protection* +2, *potion of jump*, gold nose ring worth 50 gp, 13 gp.

When in the city, the Harrow elf Taerai covers his appearance with a hood. His face is twisted and asymmetrical, and one eye bulges unnervingly. His stringy hair is a dirty white. The Harrow elf really, really enjoys fighting and may be ever-so-slightly sadistic in his bloodlust at times. Unlike many rogues, he has no interest in locks or traps—he fancies himself a swashbuckling warrior rather than a thief. In fact, calling him a thief is a great way to start a fight. He feels a particular fondness for Lyestri due to her acceptance of him despite his tainted nature.

Taerai

Male Harrow elf (Chaotic Neutral)

Rogues

CR 6

Init +4

Speed 30 feet

HD 5d6+5

hp 24

AC 18, touch 14, flat-footed 14

BAB/Grapple +3/+5

Attack/Full Attack +6 melee (1d8+4/19–20, short sword)

SA Sneak attack +3d6, spell-like abilities

SQ Low-light vision, trapfinding, evasion, trap

sense +1, and uncanny dodge

Fort +2 **Ref** +8 **Will** +2

Str 14, **Dex** 18, **Con** 12, **Int** 15, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10.

Crucial Skills: Balance +10, Climb +11, Jump

+11, Listen +13, Search +10, Spot +12,

Tumble +14.

Other Skills: Appraise +9, Craft (alchemy) +4,

Forgery +10, Intimidate +8, Profession

(sailor) +9, Use Magic Device +2.



Crucial Feats: Dodge.

Other Feats: Alertness.

Spell-Like Abilities: 1/day—*detect magic*, *ghost sound*, *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*, and *invisibility*.

Possessions: +1 studded leather, +1 short sword, climber's kit, 50 feet of silk rope, 11 gp, 10 sp, 3 cp.

Unlike her companions, Lyes tri is beautiful and delicate with very short white hair and equally pale wings. She is also fearless and decisive. Due to experiences in her childhood, she doesn't care much for most of her own kind, and she found her innate prejudices against Harrow elves easily overcome by getting to know Taerai. She'd take his side against any other elf (or anyone else, for that matter) in a conflict.

She and Taerai mutually decided to drop their surnames after escaping from the Ennin (and in fact, Taerai and Lyes tri are not their real names either). Despite the laws of the Empire, she would not hesitate to use a *charm person* spell to help in a fight or get herself out of a jam. She's quick to summon monsters when faced with danger as well—usually to help her friends get flanking attacks against their mutual foes.

Lyes tri

Female Cherubim elf (Neutral)

Bard 5 CR 5

Init +2 **Speed** 30 feet

HD 5d6-5 **hp** 15

AC 16, touch 12, flat-footed 14

BAB/Crapple +3/+2

Attack/Full Attack +1 spear +3 (1d8/x3)

SQ Low-light vision, bardic knowledge (+6 bonus), bardic music 5/day

Fort +0 **Ref** +6 **Will** +5

Str 9, **Dex** 15, **Con** 9, **Int** 13, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 18.

Crucial Skills: Balance +7, Hide +5, Listen +10, Move Silently +8, Search +6, Spot +9, Tumble +7.

Other Skills: Perform (sing) +11, Profession (sailor) +7.

Crucial Feats: Weapon Finesse.

Other Feats: Alertness.

Spells Known: 3/4/2, save DC = 14 + spell level.

2nd—*locate object*, *misdirection*, *summon monster II*.

1st—*charm person*, *detect secret doors*, *lesser confusion*, *silent image*.

0—*daze*, *detect magic*, *know direction*, *message*, *read magic*, *resistance*.

Possessions: +1 studded leather armor, +1 spear, potion of cure moderate wounds, spectacles, 17 gp, 11 sp.

It is a sad truth that lizardfolk often become entangled in the nets of slavers. Due to their transient lifestyle and the general public prejudice against those of their race, members of the Ennin and similar groups find them fairly easy to capture—and few of them are ever missed.

DM TIP

Who is the real Vanum Vaal? Is it the "obese ogre-mage" that the three ex-slaves fought? Is it an alias of the Shadow Eyes (an elven clone; see Ptolus, page 349). Or could it perhaps be both? It might be interesting for the player characters to hear of another figure in the city using the name Vanum Vaal after they've just dispatched someone with that moniker themselves. It may be nothing more than a copycat situation—but the PCs don't necessarily know that.



Laws of the Empire (regarding illegal spells): Ptolus, page 584



The Shuul: Ptolus, page 131

Firearms: Ptolus, page 559

Aelectricity: Ptolus, page 564

Repeater pistol (rifle): Ptolus, page 561

Sintrik himself is neither a scientist nor a technician. Unlike most Shuul, he doesn't even carry tools. Cruel and ruthless, Sintrik seems to be utterly compassionless and without the capacity for joy.

Dark Market: Ptolus, page 427

The Ennin: Ptolus, page 131



Charnoth of the tribe of Malethar has learned that one of his tribemates has been enslaved by Sintrik.

The Mane: Ptolus, page 200

Skull and Sword: Ptolus, page 190

SINTRIK THE SCOURGE

The **Shuul** is an organization of technologists. As such, they not only strive to keep the Empire's knowledge of technology from fading altogether, but they also seek to create new innovations in the fields of **firearms**, clockwork mechanisms, medicine, chemistry, and the cutting-edge science of **aelectricity**.

But the Shuul have a dark side as well. Just as there are lawful good members of the group who seek the betterment of all through science (and lawful neutral members who are interested in science for its own sake), there are also lawful evil members who seek to use technology for their own ends. What's more, this sinister segment of the Shuul uses any means to increase its technological advancements—including kidnapping people for experimentation, using slave labor, and making deals with dark powers.

A man known only as Sintrik the Scourge is an example of such a Shuul member. A conniving, selfish, and corrupt fellow, Sintrik uses slaves to help build and sometimes even power the machines that his cronies devise. He is a familiar figure in the secretive **Dark Market** of Ptolus where slaves, illegal substances, and outlawed magic are traded in great quantities. He deals with organizations like the **Ennin**, a group of well-organized slavers operating up and down the coast of the Whitewind Sea, as well as other criminal groups.

Sintrik stands about six feet tall, always straight with his head held high. He is bald, has a grey mustache, and wears a monocle. He wears the typical black leather coat of the Shuul. He is gruff and rude—and that's among people he likes or wishes to impress.

Tactics: In a fight, he loves to fire his pistol using *explosive shot*. First, however, he casts an array of defensive spells: *mage armor* (+4 to AC), *displacement*, *stoneskin*, *cat's grace* (+1 to AC, Reflex saves, and attack rolls with his pistol), and *fire shield* (in that order). As he is careful to the point of being over-cautious, he's likely to have *mage armor* and *stoneskin* already cast at the beginning of the encounter—and all of them cast, if he's had time to prepare.

Scenario: A number of litorians have disappeared from the **Mane**. No one knows what has happened to them. Then, word reaches the player characters that an anonymous figure is looking for slaves—specifically, litorian slaves. This “figure” can be found at a tavern called the **Skull and Sword** in the Guildsman District. If they investigate, the PCs will discover the figure, Sintrik. He's got the missing litorians, but he's looking for more. It seems an associate of his is working on a chemical/magical transformation process, and only litorians can reliably handle the extremely painful trauma. The player characters need to

stop Sintrik, but not before they learn where he's keeping the other kidnapped victims.

Sintrik the Scourge

Male human (Lawful Evil)

Wizardg **CRg**

Init +9 **Speed** 30 feet

HD 9d4+27 **hp** 50

AC 15, touch 15, flat-footed 10

BAB/Grapple: +4/+5

Attack/Full Attack +11 ranged (1d10+2+1d6 cold, **repeater pistol**)

SQ Familiar

Fort +8 **Ref** +8 **Will** +8

Str 13, **Dex** 20, **Con** 17, **Int** 18, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 13.

Crucial Skills: Concentration +11, Listen +9,

Move Silently +8, Search +6, Spot +7.

Other Skills: Decipher Script +15, Handle

Animal +5, Knowledge (arcana) +12,

Knowledge (machines) +9, Spellcraft +17.

Crucial Feats: Dodge, Point Blank Shot, Spell Penetration.

Other Feats: Exotic Weapon Proficiency (firearms), Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative.

Spells: 4/5/4/4/2/1; save DC 14 + spell level.

5th—*explosive shot**.

4th—*stoneskin*, *fire shield*.

3rd—*displacement*, *fireball*, *fly*, *lightning bolt*.

2nd—*cat's grace*, *detect thoughts*, *invisibility*, *gust of wind*.

1st—*hold portal*, *hypnotism*, *jump*, *mage armor*, *protection from chaos*.

0—*detect poison*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *prestidigitation*.

Possessions: +2 *repeater pistol*, +1 *frost rounds* (12), *gloves of dexterity* +2, *scroll of fire shield*, *potions of gaseous form* and *blur*, *spyglass*, *monocle*, *compass*, *pocketwatch*, 16 pp, 17 gp.

Spellbook: 0—*acid splash*, *arcane mark*, *dancing lights*, *daze*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *disrupt undead*, *flare*, *ghost sound*, *light*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *message*, *open/close*, *prestidigitation*, *ray of frost*, *read magic*, *resistance*, *touch of fatigue*.

1st—*burning hands*, *charm person*, *chill touch*, *detect secret doors*, *feather fall*, *hold portal*, *hypnotism*, *jump*, *mage armor*, *mount*, *protection from chaos*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *shocking grasp*, *summon monster I*.

2nd—*blindness/deafness*, *cat's grace*, *detect thoughts*, *gust of wind*, *hideous laughter*, *invisibility*, *rope trick*, *spectral hand*.

3rd—*deep slumber*, *dispel magic*, *displacement*, *fireball*, *fly*, *lightning bolt*, *repair device**.

4th—*animate dead*, *dimensional anchor*, *fire shield*, *locate creature*, *stoneskin*.

5th—*explosive shot**; *summon monster V*.

* Indicates a spell from *Ptolus*, Chapter 35.

Gnarl, Sintrik's bat familiar: hp 25

TESTHAN JOMARTH, ARENA HEALER

Most Imperial cities have a gladiatorial and sporting arena, and Ptolus is no exception. Although no fights in the sporting combats of the Arena are to the death, in such battles as well as other sporting events physical injuries are commonplace. Thus, the Arena keeps a small handful of healers on hand to aid the injured. Testhan Jomarth serves as the head of the Arena healers due to his experience and expertise.

Testhan was once a combatant in the Arena himself, although never of greater than novice rank. After getting a savage beating at the hands of an ogre barbarian disguised as a large orc (in order to get weaker matches), Testhan gave up the thrill of gladiatorial combat to focus on healing.

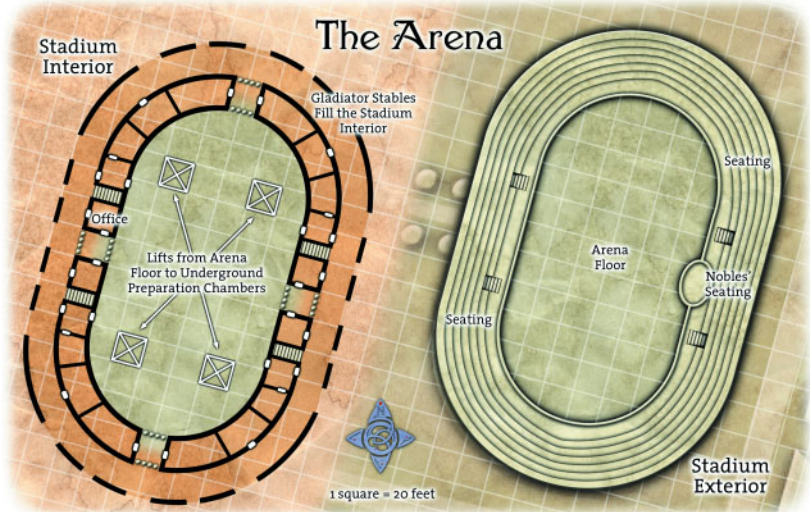
Thus, Testhan has worked in and around the Arena for many years, earning the friendship and respect of a great many combatants and players. As an official employed by the Arena, Testhan may not bet on any matches or have any kind of stake in any contest. This means that, despite the fact that he gets offers to become a trainer and a coach all the time, he must turn them down. Testhan is paid well and loves his job.

Testhan serves **Engelan, God of the Present**. However, he has no connection to the Temple of Engelan in Ptolus. He dislikes most of the clergy there, many of whom are halflings. Testhan finds both halflings and gnomes tolerable at best, although he likes orcs, half-orcs, centaurs, and dwarves. He has no real opinion regarding elves or other races.

With short-cropped brown hair and deep-set hazel eyes, Testhan is neither imposing nor striking physically. His manner is one of great confidence and good humor, however, which draws people to him. When he makes a friend, it is for life. He is not married and has no family—the Arena is his life. Testhan is forty-seven years old.

Tactics: Although he hasn't been in an actual fight in twenty years, Testhan still wears his armor and carries his weapons around with him every day, almost as a badge. If he were suddenly threatened or needed to fight, he would cast *shield of faith* before anything else.

Scenario: The player characters encounter Testhan at the **Godsday Festival**, helping with the ringfight competitions there. They see (perhaps first hand, perhaps from a distance) how helpful and kind he is to the injured participants, not only healing their wounds but their bruised egos as well. Later, he seeks them out, not sure where to turn to for help. He says that a fight-fixing conspiracy has pervaded the Arena's organization as well as the **Order of Iron Might**, which sponsors the Arena. He doesn't know how far up it goes, and he needs help



investigating some of the other officials, which may include watching them for a few days, and perhaps even breaking into their homes or the Arena offices, to learn who is crooked and who isn't.

Testhan Jomarth

Male human (Lawful Neutral)

Cleric6 (Engelan) **CR**6

Init 0 **Speed** 20 feet

HD 6d8+6 **hp** 33

AC 19, touch 10, flat-footed 19

BAB/Grapple +4/+6

Attack/Full Attack +7 melee (1d8+2, heavy mace)

SA Turn undead 5/day and protective ward 1/day (+6 resistance bonus to next save, lasts one hour)

Fort +8 **Ref** +2 **Will** +8

Str 15, **Dex** 10, **Con** 12, **Int** 11, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 15.

Crucial Skills: Concentration +7, Listen +4, Sense Motive +4.

Other Skills: Heal +12, Knowledge (local) +2, Spellcraft +4.

Crucial Feats: Quick Draw.

Other Feats: Craft Wand, Great Fortitude, Scribe Scroll.

Domains: Healing, Protection.

Spells: 5/4+1/4+1/3+1; save DC 13 + spell level.

3rd—*continual flame*, *cure serious wounds**, *dispel magic*, *remove blindness/deafness*.

2nd—*augury*, *cure moderate wounds**, *delay poison*, *gentle repose*, *lesser restoration*.

1st—*bless water*, *cure light wounds**, *magic weapon*, *sanctuary*, *shield of faith*.

0—*cure minor wounds*, *guidance*, *purify food and drink*, *resistance*, *virtue*.

Possessions: +1 breastplate, +1 heavy wooden shield, masterwork heavy mace, wand of *cure light wounds* (41 charges), wand of *cure moderate wounds* (34 charges), scroll of *cure serious wounds*, silver holy symbol, vial of holy water, 13 gp, 17 sp, 10 cp.

* Indicates a domain spell.

The Arena: Ptolus, page 315

Engelan: Ptolus, page 69



There is nothing Testhan hates more than cheating or deception. While he always assumes the best of everyone, if he does discover evidence of cheating, he investigates and reports any wrongdoing to other Arena officials.

Godsday Festival: Ptolus, page 392

Order of Iron Might: Ptolus, page 130

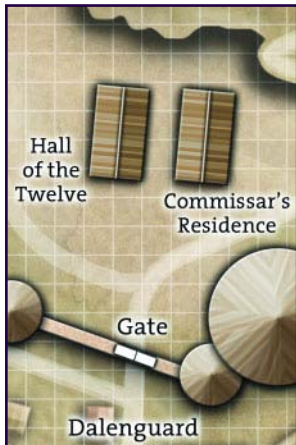


Sobac Redwand: Ptolus,
page 226

The Commissar: Ptolus,
page 149

Inverted Pyramid: Ptolus,
page 115

Vock Row: Ptolus, page 333



Commissar's home: Ptolus,
page 320

Twelve Commanders: Ptolus,
page 148

Noble estates: Ptolus, page 295



Longfingers Guild and Hayman Knapp: Ptolus, page 128

Yula's ward and intrusion ward spells, page 55

Vest of warding spells, page 55

Malkeen Balacazar: Ptolus,
page 102

YULA FALASS, SECURITY SPECIALIST

Although well out of the realm of the common man, spells of intrusion and observation such as *teleport* or *scry* can be a major concern for the prominent folk of Ptolus. The Commissar, for example, must protect himself from assassins or kidnappers teleporting into his home to attack him or his family. Fortunately, the old maxim “for every spell there’s a counter” is true. And although a number of mages can cast these spells, one wizard in particular, an abjuration specialist named Yula Falass, has made her reputation on them.

Yula, a member in good standing of the *Inverted Pyramid*, lives on *Vock Row* in Oldtown in a nondescript looking two-story home. Only her calling cards (which read, “Yula Falass: Security Specialist”) and her reputation indicate that she’s anything other than a simple arcanist. In truth, Yula moves among the wealthiest and most powerful people in the city, using her spells and expertise to design magical wards and security procedures for their homes.

Her extensive resume includes casting spells of protection on the *Commissar's home*, the meeting hall of the *Twelve Commanders*, and a number of the *noble estates*. Not only does she put up wards—many of which she designed herself—but she consults on security issues of all kinds, offering advice on locks, guard placement, and even building design. She charges as much as 20,000 gp for an initial warding (less for a smaller building or for something other than the “full treatment”), and then 1,000 gp each month to check, maintain and, if needed, renew her wards. This service renders an entire building proof against any kind of magical intrusion (such as teleportation) and spying, and virtually proof against conventional infiltration.

Growing up among thieves (her grandfather was the head of the *Longfingers Guild* before *Hayman Knapp*), Yula learned much about locks and traps. In fact, she can find traps as well as most rogues and can pick locks with surprising skill. However, Yula decided early on that a thief’s life was not for her. Instead, she studied to prevent their intrusive activities.

Yula is fifty-three years old. Tall, physically fit, and full of energy, she dislikes idleness and never has time for small talk. When on the job, she’s confident and quick to share her knowledge and experience. She can get defensive in a situation where someone has managed to bypass her wards, but this happens very rarely. Various underworld entities including *Malkeen Balacazar* have offered her great sums for the secrets of undoing her work, but she remains steadfast in her dedication to her clients. She considers

Sobac Redwand, a rogue who has penetrated her protected buildings more than once, her greatest foe, even though they’ve never met.

Yula has salt-and-pepper hair and green eyes. She typically dresses in light, practical clothes (and her magical vest) with a pocket-filled, long navy blue coat over them. She fills her pockets with scraps of paper containing arcane calculations, building plans, and notes, as well as various small tools and implements.

Yula Falass

Female human (Lawful Neutral)

Abjurer13 **CR**13

Init +2 **Speed** 30 feet

HD 13 **hp** 76

AC 15, touch 15, flat-footed 13

BAB/Grapple +6/+6

Attack +7 melee (1d4, dagger)

Full Attack +7/+2 melee (1d4, dagger)

SQ Can find traps as though she were a rogue

Fort +7 **Ref** +6 **Will** +12

Str 11, **Dex** 14, **Con** 16, **Int** 18, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 11.

Crucial Skills: Concentration +16, Search +14, Spot +6.

Other Skills: Disable Device +10, Knowledge (arcana) +17, Knowledge (architecture and engineering) +8, Knowledge (local) +8, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +8, Open Lock +15, Spellcraft +18.

Crucial Feats: Dodge.

Other Feats: Extend Spell, Greater Spell Focus (abjuration), Iron Will, Scribe Scroll, Skill Focus (Open Lock), Spell Focus (conjunction and abjuration).

Spells: 4/5+1/5+1/5+1/5+1/4+1/3+1/2+1/1+1, save DC 14 + spell level (conjunction save DC 15 + spell level, abjuration save DC 16 + spell level).

8th—*dimensional lock* (2).

7th—*spell turning*, *Yula's ward* (2).

6th—*globe of invulnerability*, *guards and wards*, *intrusion ward* (2).

5th—*permanency* (2), *Mord's private sanctum* (2), *telepathic bond*.

4th—*black tentacles*, *dimension door*, *fire trap*, *minor creation*, *stone shape*, *stoneskin*.

3rd—*clairaudience/clairvoyance*, *dispel magic*, *fly*, *nondetection*, *protection from energy*, *slow*.

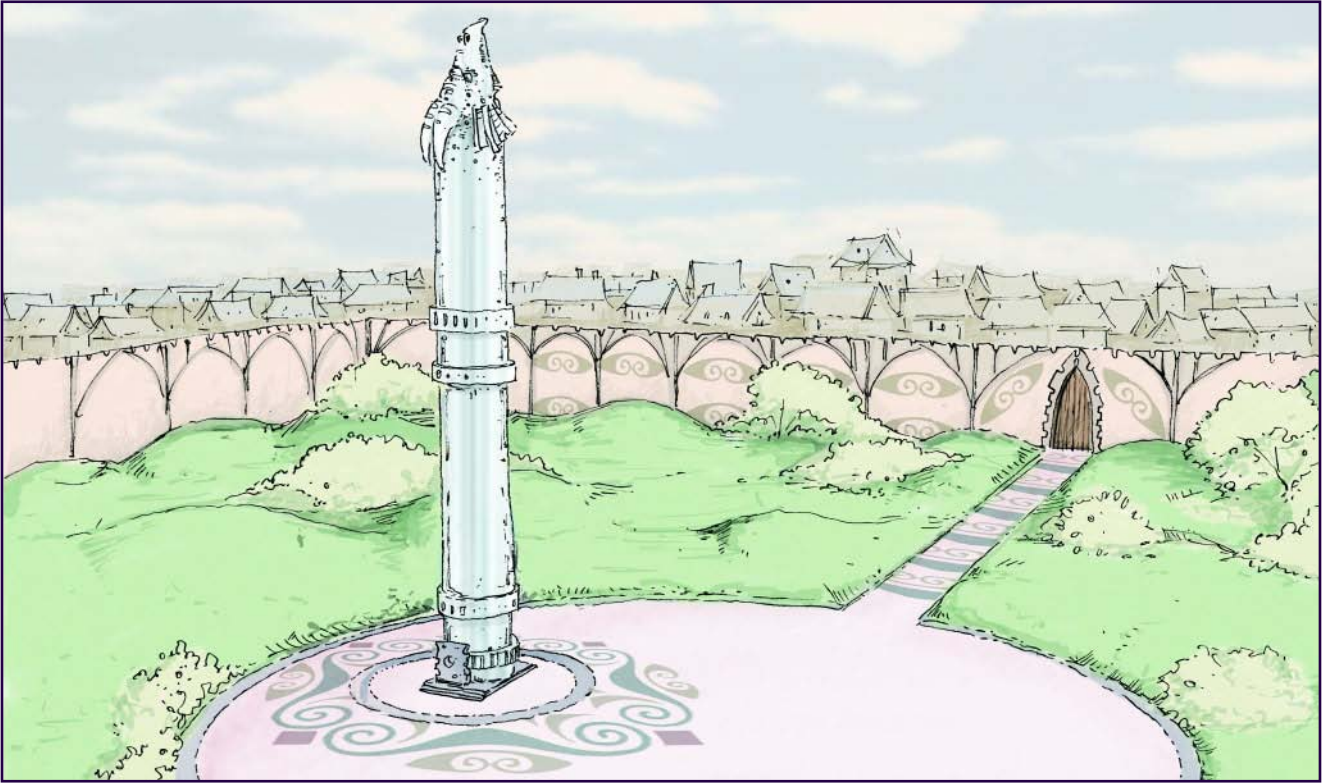
2nd—*arcane lock*, *bull's strength*, *knock* (2), *levitate*, *summon monster II*.

1st—*alarm*, *animate rope*, *hypnotism*, *mage armor*, *magic missile*, *shield*.

0—*detect magic* (2), *mage hand*, *mending*.

Prohibited Schools: Necromancy, illusion

Possessions: Masterwork dagger, ring of protection +3, ring of sustenance, *vest of warding spells*, *potion of shield of faith* +4, masterwork thieves' tools, gold and emerald ring worth 650 gp, gold and emerald necklace worth 750 gp, emerald earrings worth 200 gp, 14 pp, 18 gp.



Diamond, Yula's hawk familiar: hp 38

NEW SPELLS

These two spells were developed by Yula Falass to help with her work as a security specialist.

Intrusion Ward

Abjuration

Level: Sor/Wiz 6

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: One hour

Range: Close (25 feet + 5 feet/two levels)

Area: Two 10-foot cubes per level

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

This spell increases by 10 the Open Lock DC of all locks and the Search DC and Disable Device DC of all traps in the area. This bonus does not stack with any other magical bonuses, and you must be aware of each lock and trap to affect it. All locks in the area gain spell resistance to *knock* spells, and all walls, floors, ceiling, doors, and windows gain spell resistance against spells that would affect them directly, such as *disintegrate*, *passwall*, and so on (but not against spells that affect a character, such as *teleport* or *ethereal jaunt*). The SR is equal to 15 plus your caster level.

Material Component: 500 gp worth of powdered dragon horn.

Yula's Ward

Abjuration

Level: Sor/Wiz 7

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: Four hours

Range: Close (25 feet + 5 feet/two levels)

Area: A single room, no larger than one 10-foot cube per level

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

Cast upon a single room, this spell makes the doors, windows, walls, floor, and ceiling immune to magic as if encased in an *antimagic field* just big enough to incorporate them. No spells can affect them. The room itself, however, does not have an *antimagic field*; thus teleportation or divination into or out of the room is still possible. Any doors leading into the room can be opened only by you, or by those who use a special password that you decide upon. Lastly, the hardness of the doors, windows, walls, floor, and ceiling gains a +10 bonus that does not stack with any other magical bonuses.

Material Component: Paint containing 1,000 gp worth of pearl dust.

House Dallimothan employs Yula Falass from time to time for added safeguards to the family manor in the Nobles' Quarter.

NEW ITEM

Vest of warding spells: This short, plain brown vest edged in white offers a great boon to any spellcaster who specializes in abjuration spells. An abjuration specialist who has *Greater Spell Focus* (abjuration) and wears the vest gains a caster level bonus of +2 levels when casting abjuration spells. Further, she can prepare additional spells—even spells of a level higher than she can normally cast—if all the spells thus gained are abjurations.

Strong abjuration; CL 15th; Craft Wondrous Item, Greater Spell Focus (abjuration), guards and wards; Price 10,000 gp



Chapter 4:

TIPS, TALES, AND TREASURES

From Design Day One, I knew that part of the *Ptolus* book would deal with new rules material. Remember, practically everything I've written for Malhavoc Press has come out of the Ptolus Campaign. It's always been a testing ground for new 3rd Edition rules material—in fact, it was one of the first such testing grounds that existed.



Morae, page 69
Soulshades, page 66
Demons of darkness, page 68

Dread One's Staff: Ptolus,
 page 529
Hungerswords: Ptolus, page 98
Inverted Pyramid: Ptolus,
 page 115
Ratmen: Ptolus, page 625
Wintersouled: Ptolus, page 632

Delver's Guild: Ptolus, page 108

Steam pistols, page 70

So, Part VII of the Big Book has new monsters, new spells, new magic items, and more, and this chapter of *Secrets of the Delver's Guild* is a rough analogue to that section of *Ptolus*.

We've seen this kind of material before, obviously. The difference, from a design point of view, is that everything, both in Part VII and right here, has grown naturally out of the setting. The real truth is, I didn't want the *Ptolus* book to have any new rules material. I didn't want it to be that kind of book. But as I said, I knew from Day One that some such material would be needed. We'd need rules for the *Dread One's Staff*, for *hungerswords*, and for the spells that the *Inverted Pyramid* mages have come up with. And we'd need stats for the *ratmen* of the sewers, for the *skulks* that haunt the alleyways of the city, and for the *Wintersouled*.

But because I didn't want *Ptolus* to be a book of new rules material; I only put in the stuff that was really vital to the campaign. *Ptolus* is meant to be a core d20 setting and, for the most part, I think I stayed true to that goal.

This chapter contains even more of these sorts of elements—material I didn't deem quite vital enough to include in the book itself, but which still can enhance a Ptolus Campaign. For example, this chapter introduces you to *steam pistols* and

the magical *morae*, *soulshades* and *demons of darkness*, and more.

But, also like Part VII of *Ptolus*, this part of the *Secrets of the Delver's Guild* isn't *just* about rules material. This is also where I include a lot of DMing advice and resources, both for Ptolus Campaigns in specific as well as urban campaigns in general. For example, I wrote about different kinds of treasures appropriate for a Ptolus Campaign (items that have a tie to the geographic area) and about a DM's options for dressing a dungeon. You'll also find a piece about how the languages of Praemal originated, and a short article on orienting yourself (and your players) to a vertical environment like this city.

And, of course, this chapter also touches on adventure ideas for a Ptolus Campaign. These starting scenario ideas intentionally show off various aspects of Ptolus; they involve criminals, strange stuff going on underground, and major organizations that could very well have recurring campaign roles. These adventure suggestions provide many options for jump-starting your Ptolus Campaign.

You'll also find a couple other surprises in this chapter, such as the "Adventure Tours" idea for the *Delver's Guild* and a piece on the role of books and printing in Ptolus. Enjoy!

VERTICAL PTOLUS

When running a Ptolus Campaign, one thing that is easy to forget is how vertical the city is. Built on a series of inclines, the city is full of tiers, retaining walls, ramps, stairs, and steep climbs. In other words, just because a street looks flat on the map, don't assume it's not a steep incline, and even though two buildings appear right next to each other, feel free to have one be as much as eight to ten feet higher than the other.

Obviously, major thoroughfares are accessible by horses, carts, and carriages, but minor paths might include gentle steps, usually made of logs or planks, or actual stone stairs, which might be steep themselves.

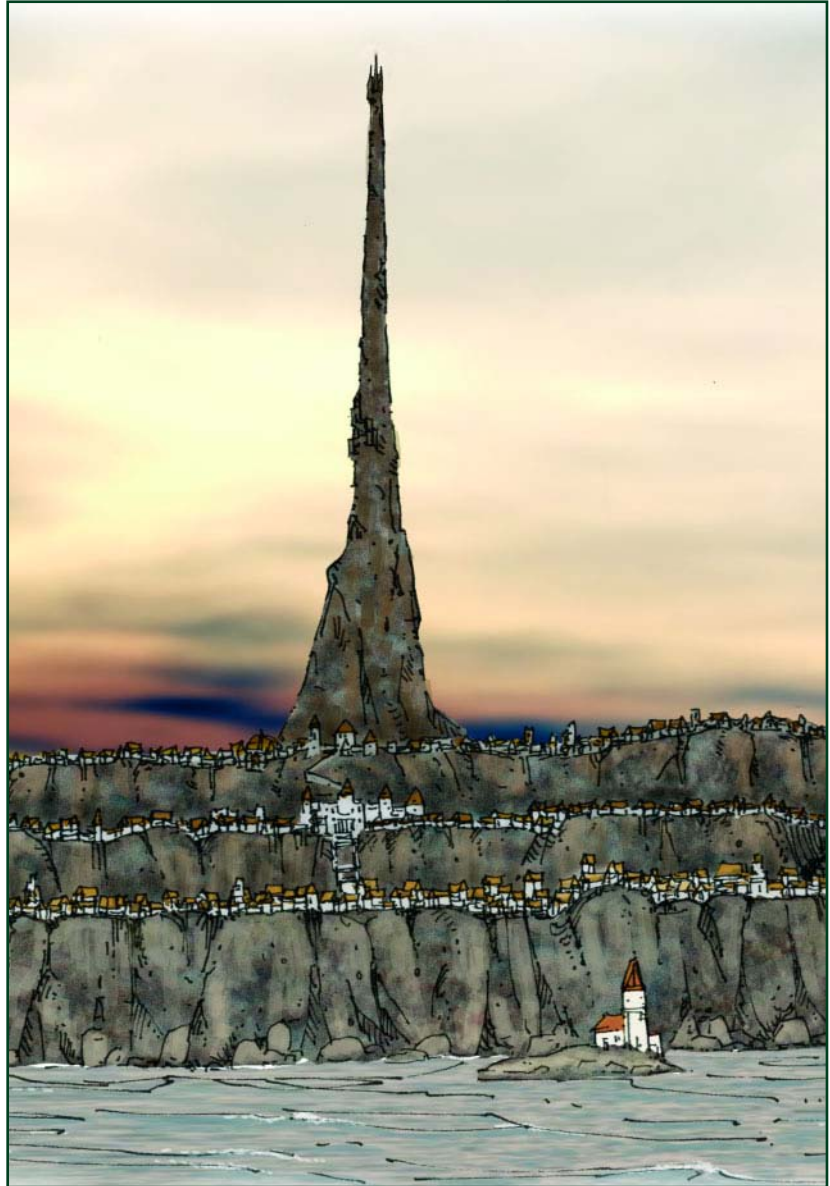
For example, look at Broken Leg Row (Ptolus map F5) in Midtown. This street was so named because it is steep (the higher end being to the west, of course) and dangerous. More than one person has tripped or slipped and fallen going up or down it. The buildings between **Broken Leg Row** and **Urgent Street**, which is also quite steep, are built on a series of three irregular ascending tiers connected by narrow stone steps. The steps are slick and run along the tiers. The buildings conform to the strange shapes of the tiers. From either street, none of the steps are visible.

The tiers themselves are overgrown with ivy. Age has made them less level and smooth than they once were, and some of the stones are now loose. Those who live on Broken Leg Row know that the quickest way up to Falls Road is to use these somewhat hidden back steps rather than going around to Urgent Street as it might appear on the map.

A n'er-do-well named Yester Hall (male human commoner4/rogue2) who lives in the area uses the steps to make his getaways when the **City Watch** or—worse—criminals he owes money to come looking for him at his house. On more than one occasion he has led pursuers on a merry chase up and down that hill.

In a game session, DMs should feel free to insert inclines of all sorts. Vertical challenges make encounters more interesting. Old, worn stairs, slick with constant rain and mossy slime, slow down movement or require Balance checks (DC 12 to DC 15) or both. Walls require Climb checks (usually DC 15). Tiers and retaining walls create even more little nooks and crannies (in a city full of nooks and crannies) for ambushes, hiding caches, and entrances to the **Undercity**. They allow for higher ground combat advantages and access to building rooftops with a Jump check rather than a climb check.

Steep, barely accessible paths might lie between two streets shown on the map. Such a



winding path lies between Crispin and Nar Streets (Ptolus map G7) in the Longbottom neighborhood of Midtown. Or, two streets might be joined by a staircase not shown on the map, such as the one between Alabaster and Bladeburn Streets (Ptolus map E-7) in the South Market. Assume that any street on the map is accessible to a cart or carriage, although in some places the vehicle must move slowly up or down gentle steps built into the path. (The travel times chart on *Ptolus* page 162 already takes these into account, as well as the general inclined nature of the city.)

When looking at the map of Ptolus, feel free to use the city's uneven terrain to add in even more features to make things more interesting and fun.



Broken Leg Row and Urgent Street

City Watch: Ptolus, page 150

Undercity: Ptolus, page 423

Languages in the Empire:
Ptolus, page 44



Dwarves: Ptolus, page 48

Elves: Ptolus, page 49

Prust: Ptolus, page 42

Rhoth: Ptolus, page 43

Litorians: Ptolus, page 54

Nall: Ptolus, page 41

Palastan: Ptolus, page 42
Araki Chipestiro: Ptolus,
page 338

LANGUAGE ORIGINS

Ptolus is a cosmopolitan city of multiple races and cultures from ten thousand years of history. The influences on the language(s) spoken there are too many to count. That said, here's a list of miscellaneous examples to help with word/name origins and some pronunciations. Note that because of the long mixing of cultures, there are many, many exceptions and contradictions.

DWARVISH

Dwarvish is a simple and straightforward. Vowel sounds are usually short, such as *aur*: pronounced "oor."

As mentioned in *Ptolus: City by the Spire*, most dwarves transliterate their surnames to produce names like "Bridgemaster" or "Greatblade."

ELVISH

Elvish, a complex language of an almost musical nature (to human ears), uses diphthongs frequently to create complex vowel sounds that are stressed and drawn out. For example, there's *ae*: It is pronounced "ayee" by Shoal elves, although Elder Elves would have pronounced this combination like "ee" (or perhaps more accurately, "ahee"). Dark elves, who don't usually use this diphthong, would pronounce it like "eye." The more "humanized" the elf, the less likely he is to stress the vowel sounds in the manner of an elf more immersed in his own culture (a city elf versus one living in the woods among other elves). This creates what elves call a "gutter accent."

As mentioned in *Ptolus: City by the Spire*, some elves living among humans transliterate their surnames to produce names like "Mythlord" or "Featherhair." Other elves, like Serai Lorenci, do not.

LITORIAN

Litorian is a harsh language. "Ch" is pronounced as a thick and throaty hard "k" sound. The vowel "a" is almost always short with almost a vibrating roll to it.

NALLISH

To many ears, Nallish sounds like Dwarvish, with hard consonant sounds and simple vowel sounds as in Werran, Nagrus, or Kullin.

Nallish names sometimes become more complicated, but not much, like Schuk or Schaun (pronounced "shook," and "shawn," with a soft but overlong "sh" sound).

PALASTANI

Most Palastani surnames are very short, like Nal, Friss, Fror, or Col (or Coll). There are exceptions, such as Chipestiro, which itself might show influence from the south of the continent. The "ch" in

Palastani names is always pronounced like the "ch" in "church." Vowel sounds are usually short, unless the word has multiple syllables, in which case the stressed syllable's vowel sound is long or it is the last sound of the word. Thus, it is "chip-est-eer-oh." This is only true of surnames, not first names (which are also usually short). With first names, the opposite rules hold true: Vowel sounds are always long unless they are stressed or are the last sound of the word. Thus, "Sheva" as a first name is "shee-vuh," but as a last name it would be "shev-ay." To help denote this, though, the surname typically would be spelled "Shevay."

Palastani also uses a silent "e" to change these rules, so "Frome" is pronounced "frohm." This usage is rare, however.

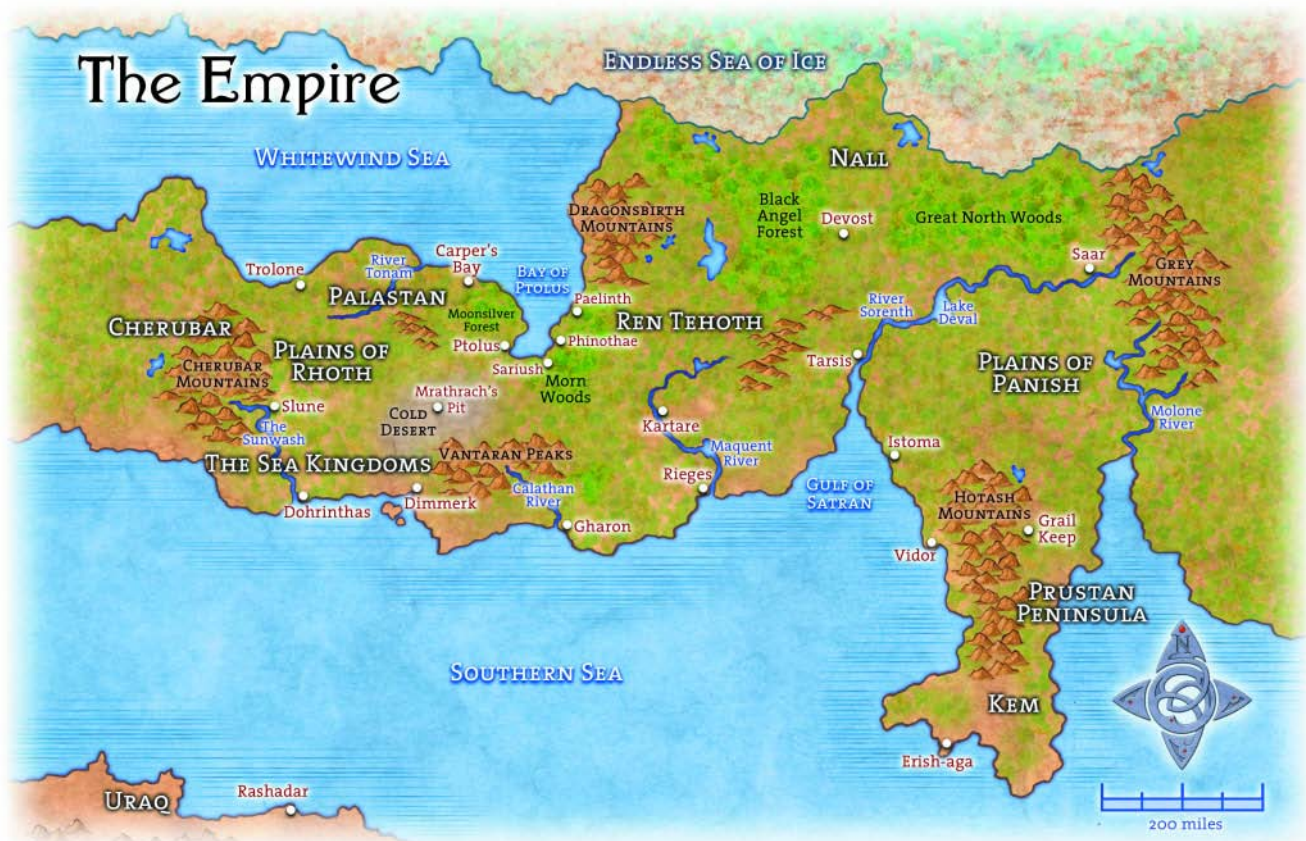
PRUSTAN

Whether Old Prustan or Common, Prustan words have a distinctive sound. Names ending in -av, -ov, -aun, -lic, are usually Prustan. Prustan uses the "au" and "ue" diphthongs occasionally, pronounced "aw" and "yoo" respectively.

RHOTHAN

Rhothan is not a language, but Rhothan names are nonetheless distinctive in some ways. They frequently end in -ster, -har, -der, or -ther. More often than not, they are multisyllabic names with a stress on the first syllable. They sound a bit clunky to other speakers, particularly Palastanis who unconsciously attempt to make them into two-syllable names. So spoken by a Palastani,





“Callister” becomes almost “Callster,” and Merriwether becomes “Marwetter.” Rhothans, however, speak slowly and carefully, pronouncing each syllable.

REN TEHOTH

The ancient language of Ren Tehoth, no longer spoken, has nonetheless had its effect on languages still in use. The “Rh” combination, as in Rhoth, comes from this difficult tongue to denote the difference between a soft, breathy “r” and a harder, rolling “r.” Similarly, a double “a,” like in Vladaam, is there to express a drawn out and harsh “ah” sound, almost an “a-ah” sound.

Names with origins here often feature beginning consonant sounds not normally found together in other languages such as “vl” (again, as in Vladaam), “vn” (as in Vnata), or “zl” as in “Zlartin.”

Lastly, words using “y” to express a long “i” sound originate in Ren Tehoth. When pronounced correctly there is a slight “y” sound as well—“yi,” really. So “Ymrik” is “yimrik,” and Ylestos is “Yilestos,” both with a very slight “y.”

THE SOUTH

The various kingdoms south of the Empire (today called the Sea Kingdoms) do not have their own language but tend to have their own distinctive

and idiosyncratic words and names. For example, names ending in –ini, –isti, –elli, and –enci come from this region typically. The “i” at the end is always pronounced “ee,” while the vowel before it is always short. Other southern names might end in –onc, –anne, or –ette. The southern silent “e” makes the “a” short, not long, so the last two are pronounced “–ahn” and “–et.”

URAQI

Uraqi names use hyphens to insert a slight pause and to keep consonant sounds from blending. “Al-Mari” uses the hyphen to keep the name from being pronounced “Alm-ari.” This is important to the Uraqi because the meaning of the word changes with pronunciation. Al-Mari would mean “bringer of fate,” while Alm-ari would mean “lost rodent.”

ANCIENT WESTRON

The combination *pt*, pronounced “t” with an ever-so-slight “p” sound, retains a very soft “t” sound. It is used so rarely that it sounds odd to most people’s ears—even those of a modern-day Ptolusite. The ancient Westron tongue also is the root of most words and names featuring the construction “ais,” if pronounced “ay-eye-is,” as in King Anathais of Palastan.

On the streets of Ptolus, one hears languages from all across the Empire.

Ren Tehoth: Ptolus, page 43

Uraq and the South: Ptolus, page 44

Sea Kingdoms: Ptolus, page 43



Dungeon: Ptolus, page 415



Tapestries make interesting and personalized dungeon dressing.



DUNGEON DRESSING:

THE EXTRA-ADDED TOUCH

The charts below add flavor to Ptolus adventures by helping you stock rooms in the **Dungeon** or elsewhere and providing contents for chests and bags beyond what might be considered treasure (although some of these things may be worth a few pennies).

Roll on or choose from each table as many times as you like to make an empty room more interesting or to add a touch of extra flavor to an already detailed area. These lists are meant to be flavorful rather than complete. You might want to mark off results as you use them to avoid too much repetition.

PERSONAL BELONGINGS

This category includes items found in a chest, a wardrobe, or a bag.

d%	Result
01-03	Charcoal sticks for writing
04-06	Soap
07-09	Razor
10-12	Pot of herbs for cooking
13-15	Handkerchief
16-18	Gloves
19-21	Key
22-24	Belt
25-27	Walking stick
28-30	Comb
31-33	Brush
34-36	Flint and steel
37-39	Candles
40-42	Whetstone
43-45	Woolen cloak with hood
46-48	Crude dice
49-51	Silk shirt
52-54	Woolen shirt
55-57	Tattered and dirty gown
58-60	Smock
61-63	Woolen pants
64-66	Torn pants
67-69	Tunic
70-72	Boots
73-75	Cloth shoes
76-78	Leather shoes
79-81	Hat with a brim
82-84	Small cap
85-87	Belt pouch
88-90	Backpack
91-93	Backpack (torn)
94-96	Small book
97-99	Empty vial
00	Small mirror



FIXED DUNGEON DRESSING

d%	Result
01-05	Fresco of knights kneeling
06-10	Sconce
11-15	Pillory
16-20	Uneven floor
21-25	Chimney
26-30	Hole
31-35	Fresco of knights on horses
36-40	Claw marks on floor or wall
41-45	Large crack in wall
46-50	Painted crude symbols
51-55	Wall hooks
56-60	Built-in ladder (now missing)
61-65	Old bloodstain
66-70	Iron chandelier
71-75	Missing stones
76-80	Pile of dirt and debris
81-85	Relief of an angel flying
86-90	Painted mural of a dragon
91-95	Floor tile mosaic of a tower
96-00	Patched-up masonry in wall

FURNISHINGS

d%	Result
01-05	Tripod with brazier
06-10	Broken ladder
11-15	Pillory
16-20	Large broken mirror (freestanding)
21-25	Small green rug
26-30	Padded chair and footstool
31-35	Large embroidered rug, burned and threadbare
36-40	Podium and benches
41-45	Dog blanket/bed
46-50	Spinning wheel
51-55	Stool
56-60	Coat rack
61-65	Large loom
66-70	Broken wooden screen
71-75	Large patch of mold
76-80	Cupboard
81-85	Torn tapestry of a bear
86-90	Oblong table
91-95	Broken chair, propped up on two bricks
96-00	Tall iron candle holder

MISCELLANEOUS STUFF

- d% Result
- 01 Ashtray and pipe
- 02 Leather pouch filled with tobacco
- 03 Broken clock
- 04 Iron flagon
- 05 Clay pot
- 06 Insect in amber
- 07 Quill pen
- 08 Oil lamp
- 09 Spool of ribbon
- 10 Paring knife
- 11 Shears
- 12 Pot of spicy mustard
- 13 Basket with a handle
- 14 Iron pot
- 15 Cloth bag with nails and a hammer
- 16 Chisel
- 17 Three old, dirty rags
- 18 Six darts and a target
- 19 A lot of large, black ants
- 20 Broken cage
- 21 Empty flask
- 22 Branding iron
- 23 Empty crates
- 24 Crates filled with old straw
- 25 Iron bucket
- 26 Drum
- 27 Tongs
- 28 Twelve feet of rope
- 29 Teeth in a jar
- 30 Ceramic basin
- 31 Ceramic jug
- 32 Dented horn
- 33 Body laid to rest on table
- 34 Three tin plates and a fork
- 35 Empty wine bottle
- 36 One foot of chain
- 37 Two old, ratty blankets
- 38 Silken pillow, now dirty
- 39 Broken ceramic idol
- 40 Small pile of shiny stones
- 41 Sledgehammer
- 42 Set of **Dragonscales** (the game), with half the tiles missing
- 43 Small pot of ink
- 44 Wooden mug
- 45 Small wooden box filled with paper packets containing simple spices
- 46 Sack of flour
- 47 Winch with a bent handle
- 48 Very large spoon
- 49 Bundled sheaf of papers that are pages torn from a book
- 50 Empty barrel on its side, missing its lid
- 51 Pair of stilts
- 52 Wooden goat mask
- 53 Iron bell
- 54 Wooden box of twelve colored candles

- 55 Wooden frame for a painting (with the painting missing)
- 56 Sack of moldy grain
- 57 Wooden toy horse
- 58 Paint brush and a pot of yellow paint
- 59 Jester's cap
- 60 Year-old copy of a broadsheet called *The Midtown Partisan* filled with stories of out-of-date gossip
- 61 Ceramic ewer
- 62 Book written in Elvish about rare herbs with a stained cover
- 63 Book written in Common about mathematics
- 64 Wax tablet
- 65 Torch
- 66 Dog collar
- 67 Harness for an ox
- 68 Long saw (takes two people to use it)
- 69 Empty scabbard
- 70 Iron pot full of coal
- 71 Straw-filled target for archery
- 72 Stack of ten burlap bags
- 73 Eleven four- to five-foot-long lengths of rope, scorched by fire
- 74 Large, lidless iron box full of ashes
- 75 Covered basket filled with dried fruit
- 76 Sack full of turnips
- 77 Pot of honey
- 78 Pulley
- 79 Ball of string
- 80 Pile of mismatched shoes
- 81 Spectacles with no lenses
- 82 Corked wine bottle filled with dirty water
- 83 Lute with broken strings
- 84 Fiddle bow
- 85 Portion of a torn painting canvas showing a woman's face
- 86 Wagon wheel
- 87 Straw-filled mattress, up against a wall
- 88 Large empty basket with an iron pan used as a lid
- 89 Three bright red tunics folded in a pile
- 90 Bundle of sticks held together with a leather belt
- 91 Small leather pouch filled with bat guano
- 92 Wooden plank
- 93 Glass-topped box filled with dead insects
- 94 Three feet of wire
- 95 Rusted iron box filled with gears
- 96 Half-finished wooden carving of a duck
- 97 Half of a set of detailed plans on parchment for the construction of a catapult
- 98 Folded up love note from "Hermunt" to "Josia"
- 99 Torn and stained **Imperial identification papers** for someone named Kester Nattles
- 00 Common to Old Palastani dictionary with a torn cover



Midtown Partisan: Ptolus, page 166



Dragonscales: Ptolus, page 359



Imperial identification papers: Ptolus, page 552



An invitation to Castle Shard would be an unexpected and possibly very useful treasure.

See Ptolus, page 285.

Charad titans: Ptolus, page 77

King's River Bridge: Ptolus, page 160

Lothian: Ptolus, page 66

Gods of the Hours, page 8

St. Gustav: Ptolus, page 67

House Nagel: Ptolus, page 93



House Rau: Ptolus, page 93

Dalenguard: Ptolus, page 320

Palastan: Ptolus, page 42

Ithildin: Ptolus, page 46

Gaen: page 11

Danace: Ptolus, page 68

Navashtrom: Ptolus, page 70

Stonemight dwarves: Ptolus, page 462

Characters can discover this unique treasure, the enchanted gold Lord Abbercombe, in "The Smuggler's Daughter" adventure; see Ptolus, Chapter 33.

PTOLUS-SPECIFIC TREASURES

Below are twenty non-magical "art objects" that can be used in a Ptolus Campaign as treasure.

Many of them have historical significance, which is either obvious to all or requires a check to identify. In either case, the historical tie increases the object's value beyond merely its craftsmanship and materials. Where needed, a date referencing the time of the associated event or person is given.

1. Matched set of silver ornamental pistols (750 gp)

2. Walrus tusk with an engraved portrait of Commissar Newland Von Botterick, c. 653 IA (475 gp)

3. Gilded ornamental (and now nonfunctional) barometer set into a wooden and gold stand designed to look like billowing clouds (620 gp)

4. Silver mantelpiece clock engraved with the names of the Gods of the Hours (870 gp)

5. Thread kept within a glass vial, labeled to come from the robe of Saint Gustav (1,250 gp)

6. Silver bowl, the inside of which bears the crest of House Nagel (250 gp)



7. Slightly damaged portrait of Terrist Kath in a wooden frame with gold emboss, c. 455 IA (2,200 gp)

8. Huge ceremonial drinking horn made of gold with ebony inlay created by the Charad titans (350 gp)*

9. Silver and wooden cup given to Commissar Dallash Unnert by Emperor Nagris Von Tessel to commemorate the completion of the new King's River Bridge, c. 426 IA (1,800 gp)*

10. Silver statuette of a horse and rider in Imperial regalia (350 gp)

11. Golden statuette of a winged lion, the base of which is engraved with the phrase "Lothian protects the perseverant" (650 gp)

12. Glass plate, six inches to a side, once set into a window pane. The glass is engraved to commemorate the marriage of Edderick Rau to Krastine Wassik and once was set into a window in the estate of House Rau (pre-Ptolus), c. 145 IA (3,100 gp)

14. Masterwork longsword with gold set into the hilt and three small rubies set into the pommel, along with the engraved initials "HK." This sword was given to General Harveld Kitteram, commander of Dalenguard, after he defended the fortress from the ogre uprising of 247 IA. (1,850 gp)*

15. Wooden lute with ivory inlay carved to represent the historic meeting of Arlassi Chorine, explorer of the West, and King Terrobobon of Palastan c. 1,000 BE (although the lute dates to 340 IA) (560 gp)

16. Ithildin statue of a rearing unicorn wreathed in intricately carved vines (430 gp)

17. Golden reliquary in the shape of a woman's head, hinged to contain a small wooden box that in turn holds a crystal vial that contains three raindrops that once fell upon Gaen's head (3,400 gp)

18. Silver ornamental spiked mace with a haft engraved with the Fourth Liturgy of Danace (175 gp)

19. Vellum scroll with the names of the succession of high priests of Navashtrom from 244 BE to 350 IA written in gold ink (75 gp)

20. Incredibly ancient stone tablet with an ode to Queen Dalass of the Stonemight dwarves written in both Dwarvish and Westron, c. 8,500 BE (890 gp)*

* A Knowledge (history) check (DC 20) is needed to understand this item's true value. Without the check, an appraisal will suggest a value of only 25 percent of the listed price.



MORE TREASURES

Below are twenty more non-magical “art objects” that you can use as treasure in a Ptolus Campaign. As before, where needed, a date referencing the time of the associated event or person is given.

1. Framed map of Palastan clearly dated 226 IA (75 gp)
2. Gold-rimmed spectacles (35 gp)
3. Powder horn made from a minotaur’s horn with gold stopper (340 gp)
4. Silvered masterwork short sword with a wooden and silver scabbard bearing the insignia of Larron Bastoc, a well-known lycanthrope hunter, c. 590 IA (910 gp)
5. Silver snuff box with the seal of House Vladaam (150 gp)
6. Marlite chain shirt with a tabard bearing the crest of Knights of the Pale (1,000 gp)
7. Clockwork wind-up bear that dances back and forth (80 gp)
8. Ceremonial double drum with the symbols of both Gaen and Mirresh on its drumheads (150 gp)
9. Flag carried into battle by Imperial forces against the rebels of the Lost River Uprising, c. 220 IA (400 gp)*
10. Silver pendant bearing the crest of the noble house of Gerdart, the royal line of the kings of Rhoth (1,890 gp)
11. Ceramic vase painted with depictions of the formation of the Circle of Green (1,000 gp)*

12. Silver statuettes of Emperor Delian Von Tessel and Empress Addares (750 gp)
13. Set of drinking glasses engraved with Lothian’s ankh crucifix symbol (650 gp)
14. Stone ceremonial hammer etched with dwarven runes and the symbol of King Stardelve (350 gp)
15. A life-sized copper hand, with each finger bearing the symbol of a different Demon God (375 gp)
16. Ivory comb engraved with the name “Eol Eseris,” a famous Palastani sorceress, c. 489 IA (90 gp)
17. Crystalline bottle full of liquid shadow with a platinum stopper (1,200 gp)
18. Jeweled gold circlet bearing the flaming symbol of Kem (890 gp)
19. One of the original notebooks of the sage Gerris Hin (300 gp)*
20. Large silver and gold ankh symbol engraved with the names of various members of House Shever, each name added upon their christening, c. 520 IA (900 gp)*

* A Knowledge (history) check (DC 20) is needed to understand this item’s true value. Without the check, an appraisal suggests a value of only 25 percent the listed price.

The Company of the Black Lantern found many treasures in their adventures, including the rather ordinary lantern that gave the group its name.

Emperor and Empress: Ptolus, page 78

King Stardelve: Ptolus, page 462
Demon Gods: Ptolus, page 68

Liquid shadow: Ptolus, page 46

House Vladaam: Ptolus, page 96
Marlite: Ptolus, page 46
Knights of the Pale: Ptolus, page 125
Gaen and Mirresh, page 11

Kem: Ptolus, page 41
Gerris Hin: Ptolus, page 332
House Shever: Ptolus, page 96

Rhoth: Ptolus, page 43
Circle of Green: Ptolus, page 108

For a list of bookshops in the city, see “Doleen Kafter, Scribe of Heroes” on page 34



For a typical bookseller's store layout, see Ptolus, page 200.



Shad Livbovic, the Delver's Guild head librarian, is a great resource for adventurers seeking particular books or doing general research. See Ptolus, page 322.

Church of Lothian: Ptolus, page 64

Broadsheets: Ptolus, page 166

The Prison: Ptolus, page 436
Imperial Law: Ptolus, page 551

PRINTING AND BOOKS IN PTOLUS

The creation of the printing press in 496 IA revolutionized communication in the Empire. With the widespread use of these devices, books became relatively cheap to produce in large quantities. They became something that even the average commoner could potentially own.

The typical book is printed with movable type, occasionally illustrated with woodcuts or etchings made in copper integrated into the text. A typical book has a print run of about five hundred copies and a fairly localized distribution, but some popular texts have as many as ten thousand copies across the Empire. Bound in leather or cloth, books normally are functional rather than decorative. Most have the title etched upon the cover.

Historical and scientific (including nature-related and medical) topics are usually the most common subjects of printed books. Instructional texts regarding handcraft and other processes also are printed in great numbers, as are scholastic primers for children. Treatises on magical studies are popular as well, among both spellcasters and those simply interested in the subject (or desiring to be perceived as such). Dramatic scripts, collections of poetry, music books, and memoirs make up most of the rest of the books commonly found. Fiction is fairly rare, and most such titles are fictionalized tales from actual history or myths mixed in with actual events.

Religious texts exist in great numbers, equal perhaps to histories and scientific works. The Church of Lothian produces liturgical books of all types in vast numbers. *The Book of the Brilliant Dawn* is one of the most revered books of the Church and is likely the most common book found throughout the Empire. Other church folios describe the lives of the saints and Lothianite sacraments, rites, and prayers. (Personal, smaller, “pocket-sized” prayer-books are also common.) A plethora of hymnals also pours out of the presses but, as there is no single definitive example, no one work has ever been produced in great numbers. In fact, most temples create their own.

Of course, other religions publish texts that describe their own beliefs, dogma, histories, rituals, music, and other facets. Those interested in proselytizing and conversion print short religious tracts as cheap, many-folded pamphlets handed out on city streets, within temples, in orphanages, and in poorhouses. Some of the truly brave and devout even go to the Prison to hand them out.

Lastly, the multi-volume set of Imperial laws, known as the *Vast Codex*, may be found throughout the Empire. While few private citizens own or have even actually laid eyes upon these books, they are indispensable for all Imperial officials (including Lothianite priests), advocates, barristers, and, of course, judges. Because it is constant-



ly being revised and added to at an astonishing rate, this one work alone keeps many printing houses busy year-round.

Some people still create handwritten books, but these are usually for personal or very limited uses—journals, individualized spellbooks, ledgers, and instructions. A few artisans retain the skills to produce illuminated manuscripts written in calligraphy with individualized, hand-painted illustration. These beautiful books may relate well-known tales from myth or history. Each one is quite valuable due to the work required to produce it (some take as long as a year of full-time labor) as well as the materials used, including gold, silver, and even precious stone ground into ink. A book such as this can claim a value of 100 gp to 1,000 gp or more, depending on size, subject, materials used, and the skill of its crafters. The work of specific artisans, such as the renowned Jurise Banna (female human expert¹⁵) or the infamous (and long deceased) elf painter-poet Eama Silverdove, can increase the price of a book by double, triple, or more.

Of course, printing presses made possible the distribution of broadsheets, some of which are printed daily. These carry news, gossip, and other information throughout the city. Some businesses even deem it worthwhile to produce advertising pamphlets hawking their wares. The government also prints edicts posted and handed out throughout the city, sometimes as often as once a week.

NEW BOOK: BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE

Blood of the Vampire is a slim volume whose red cover contains no title or printing. Within its few pages is a wealth of valuable information. It details the many uses of vampire blood, all centered upon the idea that the rare and volatile substance can conquer time and prolong existence. The book includes many diagrams and (often disturbing) images.

First and foremost, as an ingredient in an admixture of virtually any potion, vampire blood can dramatically increase the original duration. Using the instructions in the *Blood of the Vampire* book, one can add a few drops of pure vampire blood to any potion (not an oil) and attempt a Craft (alchemy) check (DC 25 + potion's spell level) to increase the duration to twenty-four hours. This process adds 1,000 gp to the price of the potion in question. It

takes six hours and requires 250 gp worth of ingredients, in addition to the vampire blood. The alchemist must have a copy of the *Blood of the Vampire* book at hand while working.

What is “pure” vampire blood? It has these properties:

- It has not touched the earth or any metal.
- It is not mixed with any other fluid.
- If it has been removed from the vampire for more than twenty-four hours, it has been preserved magically.
- A few drops’ worth of pure vampire blood is valued at approximately 250 gp.

Secondly, vampire blood is the chief requirement in the creation of partial constructs. *Blood of the Vampire* describes the ability to fuse inorganic golem or clockwork construct parts to living creature parts to create a fusion creature. The organic portions must be infused with frequent injection of vampire blood (at least 500 gp worth each week).

The book does not offer details on how to create the artificial parts, only on how to keep the organic portions alive. It specifically describes the bizarre process of taking two significant portions of a human (such as the body and the head) and fusing them onto constructs which *both* have the memories and abilities of the original creature, as well as any special abilities granted them from their artificial parts. (DMs are encouraged to use the rules for chaosmaton creatures from *Chaositech*, or the ironborn from *The Book of Iron Might*.)

A copy of the very rare *Blood of the Vampire* tome is worth 2,500 gp, although it is not magical.

Encounter: Rumors exist of a human named Challaster Markan, an infamous vampire hunter who used the dark arts as well as the light to combat the creatures of the night. Challaster apparently came upon a copy of *Blood of the Vampire* and kidnapped two vampire slaves to “milk” for their blood. When he was unable to get all he needed from them without slaying them, he adopted the stratagem of kidnapping street urchins, forcing his slaves to slay them so they would rise as vampires, then harvesting these new vampires for their blood.

The rumors claim he did this because he drank vampire blood for some occult reason, but this is not technically correct. Earlier, he had kidnapped a few **Shuul** technicians and forcibly possessed them with devils purchased from crime lord **Menon Balacazar**, so that they would build a clockwork body for him. Using the techniques in *Blood of the Vampire*, he then had his head grafted onto this new immortal and extremely powerful artificial body. Unbeknownst to him, the devil-possessed technicians stole away with his body and created a clockwork head for it, and—using vampire blood and diabolic magic as described in the book—gave it life as well.

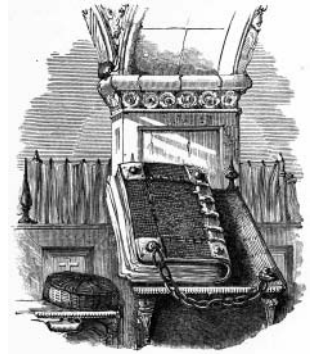
The end result? Two Challaster Markans walked the city streets, and perhaps they still do today. And if all these rumors are true, then it is also true that the two Challasters are bitter enemies....

RANDOM BOOKS IN THE CITY

The player characters come into a bedchamber in a house they’ve just broken into and find a book on the nightstand. Or perhaps they enter a wizard’s chamber whose shelves hold many books besides a spellbook. Maybe a PC just wants to browse through a bookshop. What titles might they find? Use this random table to determine just that.

d%	Book Title
01	<i>A Penny Like the Sun</i> (poetry)
02–03	<i>All That Slithers</i> (a zoological book focusing on serpents)
04–06	<i>Ancient Ptolus</i> by Gerris Hin
07–08	<i>Avenues and Alleyways</i> (poetry)
09–14	<i>Holy Book of Lothian</i> (roll 1d100 to determine which volume, rerolling results over 88)
15–16	<i>Charms and Compulsions</i>
17	<i>Devil’s Due</i> (a play by Wallin Stellarist)
18–20	<i>Dragons of the Mountains</i>
21–23	Eddersmith’s <i>Treatise on Witchcraft</i>
24–25	<i>Elves and the Ghulwar</i>
26–27	<i>Etching Made Easy</i>
28–30	<i>Evocation and Erudition</i> (a magical text)
31–37	<i>History of the Empire</i> (roll 1d20 to determine which volume)
38–39	<i>Hymns of Penance</i> (a hymnal of Lothian)
40–41	<i>Imperial Marching Songs</i>
42	<i>Interrogating Prisoners</i>
43–44	<i>Learning the Lyre</i>
45–48	<i>Mathematics</i> (a children’s primer)
49–52	Raddolf’s <i>Tome of Herbal Remedies</i>
53–55	<i>Rare Creatures of the Deep Caves</i>
56–58	<i>Rare Gemstones</i>
59–64	<i>Ready Reading</i> (a children’s primer)
65–66	<i>Secret Rites of the Poison Gods</i>
67–70	<i>Seven Means of Accounting</i>
71–73	Sothessen’s <i>Arcanum</i>
74–76	<i>Stone and Heartstone</i> (a geology text)
77–79	<i>Teeth and Health</i>
80–82	<i>The Annals of House Nagel</i>
83–87	<i>The Book of the Brilliant Dawn</i> (a holy book of Lothian)
88	<i>The Dust on the Rose</i> (a play by Wallin Stellarist)
89–90	<i>The Gnoll War</i>
91–93	<i>The Lost Legion</i> (a history text)
94–95	<i>The Red Book of Brewcraft</i>
96	<i>The Smile and the Eye</i> (a holy book of Mirresh)
97	<i>The Truth About Dwarves</i>
98–99	<i>Wallick on Weaponsmithing</i>
00	<i>Whispering Winds</i> (poetry)

Two print shops in the city are *Blackstock Printing in the South Market* (see Ptolus, page 353) and the *Bookbindery in Midtown* (see Ptolus, page 221).



FROM MY CAMPAIGN TO YOURS

When the player characters in my Ptolus Campaign decided to hunt down the vampires of the *Covenant of Blood*, they knew they’d need powerful wards to protect their newly acquired home, Pythoness House. Asking around town led them to believe the best vampiric wards to be had were in the possession of Challaster Markan. But the wards were not the only things they found in the home of this partial construct....



The Shuul: Ptolus, page 131
Menon Balacazar: Ptolus, page 101



Although they both stick to the shadows and assume shadowy forms, soulshades are not the same creatures as skulks; see Ptolus, page 630.

Maleskari: Ptolus, page 69

Renn Sadar: Ptolus, page 95

One can find a shrine to the God of Shades in the Necropolis within the Dark Reliquary manor (Area 14). See Ptolus, page 242.

NEW TEMPLATE: SOULSHADE

An ancient and nearly forgotten arcane process magically transforms willing creatures into shadowy versions of their former selves called soulshades. These creatures retain their original minds, but their bodies take on the appearance of a dark shadow of their previous form.

Creatures willing to transform themselves in this way usually do so for nefarious ends. Many of them are unstable or deviant in some way, for the process is irreversible and renders one virtually unable to interact normally with other living creatures. They cannot pass for normal creatures except in shadowy conditions, and their voices are hoarse whispers at best. Soulshades hate the light and become nocturnal. They typically dwell underground or in other places where they can easily obtain the comfort of darkness.

When a soulshade dies, it cannot be restored to life by *raise dead*, *resurrection*, or even *true resurrection*. However, the following night it rises as an undead shadow automatically (if over 10 HD, a greater shadow).

The secret of soulshade creation lies with the followers of the relatively obscure god Maleskari. Maleskari, a deity of death and darkness, is known as the God of Shades, and many of his most devoted followers undergo the soulshade process as part of a religious ritual to honor him. (This is an improvement over other rituals of dedication to Maleskari, many of which involve suicide.)

There are others, though, with no reverence for the dark god, who nevertheless desire the secrets of the soulshade process. First among these is Lord Renn Sadar of House Sadar.

Soulshades are not undead, although they do share some characteristics with them. Furthermore, undead that normally would not abide the presence of a living creature ignore soulshades, essentially treating them as undead creatures.



SAMPLE SOULSHADE

Soulshade Bugbear

Medium Humanoid (Goblinoid)

Hit Dice: 3d8+3 (16 hp)

Initiative: +3

Speed: 40 feet

Armor Class: 21 (+3 Dex, +5 deflection, +2 leather armor, +1 light wooden shield), touch 18, flat-footed 18

Base Attack/Grapple: +2/+4

Attack/Full Attack: Morningstar +5 melee (1d8+2) or javelin +5 ranged (1d6+2)

Special Attacks: Insubstantial attack, *darkness* 3/day

Special Qualities: Darkness affinity, insubstantial, immunities, improved darkvision 60 feet, scent, bright light weakness

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +6, Will +1

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 9

Skills: Climb +3, Hide +14, Listen +4, Move Silently +8, Spot +4

Feats: Alertness, Weapon Focus (morningstar)

Environment: Underground

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 3

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Usually chaotic evil

Advancement: By character class

Level Adjustment: +2

Although big and strong, a soulshade bugbear specializes in subterfuge and stealth, preying upon those weaker than itself, particularly those creatures that stray too far from the light.

Bugbears speak Goblin and Common.

Combat

Soulshade bugbears ambush their opponents, striking from the darkness.

Insubstantial Attack (Su): The attack of a soulshade bugbear ignores 2 points of Armor Class gained from an armor bonus, natural armor bonus, or a shield bonus.

Darkness (Sp): A soulshade bugbear can use *darkness* 3/day.

Darkness Affinity (Su): While in complete or near complete darkness, a soulshade bugbear gains a +2 morale bonus to attacks, saving throws, and all checks.

Insubstantial (Su): While not truly incorporeal, soulshade bugbears are shadowy and insubstantial. This fact grants them DR 10/magic. Further, they ignore all spells or magic weapons 25 percent of the time (except for positive energy, force effects, or attacks made with ghost touch weapons).

Immunities: Soulshade bugbears are immune to negative energy effects, cold, poison, paralysis, stunning, disease, and death effects.

Improved Darkvision (Su): Soulshade bugbears can see in any darkness, even magical darkness, up to 60 feet.

Bright Light Weakness: Soulshade bugbears suffer a –4 penalty on attacks, saves, and checks when in daylight (including a *daylight* spell).

Scent (Ex): This special quality allows a soulshade bugbear to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell. Creatures with the scent ability can identify familiar odors just as humans do familiar sights.

The soulshade bugbear can detect opponents within 30 feet by sense of smell. If the opponent is upwind, the range increases to 60 feet; if downwind, it drops to 15 feet. Strong scents, such as smoke or rotting garbage, can be detected at twice the ranges noted above.

Overpowering scents, such as skunk musk or troglodyte stench, can be detected at triple normal range. When a soulshade bugbear detects a scent, the exact location of the source is not revealed—only its presence somewhere within range. The bugbear can take a move action to note the direction of the scent. Whenever the bugbear comes within 5 feet of the source, it pinpoints the source's location.

Skills: Soulshade bugbears enjoy a +4 racial bonus on Move Silently checks and a +8 racial bonus on Hide checks when not in bright light.

CREATING A SOULSHADE

“Soulshade” is a template that one can add to any living, corporeal creature. A soulshade uses all the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

Size and Type: The creature's type remains the same. Do not recalculate its Hit Dice, base attack bonus, or saves. Size goes unchanged.

Speed: Add +10 to the base creature's movement rate.

AC: Convert any natural armor bonus the base creature may have to a deflection bonus and add a +2 deflection bonus to the total.

Special Attacks: A soulshade retains all the special attacks of the base creature and also gains the following special abilities:

Insubstantial Attack (Su): The attack of a soulshade ignores 2 points of Armor Class gained from an armor bonus, natural armor bonus, or a shield bonus.

Darkness (Sp): A soulshade can use *darkness* 3/day. Soulshades with 10 HD or more use *deeper darkness* instead.

Special Qualities: A soulshade retains all the special qualities of the base creature and also gains the following special abilities:

Darkness Affinity (Su): While in complete or near complete darkness, a soulshade gains a +2

morale bonus to attacks, saving throws, and all checks.

Insubstantial (Su): While not truly incorporeal, soulshades are shadowy and insubstantial. This fact grants them DR 10/magic. Further, they ignore all spells or magic weapons 25 percent of the time (except for positive energy, force effects, or attacks made with ghost touch weapons). A soulshade cannot pass through solid objects. It has a Strength score.

Immunities: Soulshades are immune to negative energy effects, cold, poison, paralysis, stunning, disease, and death effects. Soulshades are subject to critical hits, nonlethal damage, and ability drain (except ability drain from negative energy effects).

Improved Darkvision (Su): Soulshades can see in any darkness, even magical darkness, up to 60 feet.

Bright Light Weakness: Soulshades suffer a –4 penalty on attacks, saves, and checks when in daylight (including a *daylight* spell).

Skills: While outside of bright light, soulshades gain a +8 racial bonus to Hide checks.

Abilities: Alter scores from the base creature's as follows: Str +0, Dex +4, Con +0, Int +0, Wis +0, Cha +0.

Challenge Rating: As base creature's +1.

Level Adjustment: As base creature's +1.



Lord Renn Sadar lives up to the nickname of his noble house—the House of Shadows—with a vengeance. According to rumor, he is behind the funding of a group of cultists seeking to reestablish the faith of Maleskari openly in Ptolus. They dream of erecting a temple to the god in the Shadow of Ptolus accessible from an abandoned building in the Temple District—if only they could reach the Shadow of Ptolus. For more on this strange realm, see “Kadmiel, the Shade Tower” in Ptolus, page 326.

FROM MY CAMPAIGN TO YOURS

The characters in my Ptolus Campaign learned that their kidnapped friend Tharn was being held by a strange shadow-cult in an abandoned tower in the Temple District. Armed with daylight spells from the priests of Gaen, they ventured inside, only to be magically transported to the Shadow of Ptolus. There they encountered soulshades faithful to the god Maleskari. When they finally discovered their missing friend, he had been magically turned against them and escaped into the shadowy ether beyond the tower. They would not see him again for a very long time....





Learn more about Narvalix, the greatest of Ghul's demon-mages, in the "Saga of the Blade" on the Ptolus CD-Rom.

Popular expressions in the city:
See Ptolus, page 367

Ghul: Ptolus, page 81

The Utterdark: Ptolus, page 81

Ghul's Labyrinth: Ptolus,
page 418
Goth Gulgamel: Ptolus,
page 486

NEW MONSTER: TENEBRACCUS (DEMON OF DARKNESS)

Medium Outsider (chaotic, evil)

Hit Dice: 8d8+24 (60 hp)

Initiative: +5

Speed: 40 feet, fly 40 feet (perfect)

Armor Class: 20 (+5 Dex, +5 natural), touch 15,
flat-footed 15

Base Attack/Grapple: +8/+11

Attack: +8 touch (1d8 cold + stun)

Full Attack: +8 touch (1d8 cold + stun)

Special Attacks: Stunning touch, spell-like
abilities, summon demons

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120 feet, blurred
presence, mutable form, DR 10/good, SR 19,
immune to cold, electricity and poison,
resistance to acid 10, fire 10

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +9

Abilities: Str 11, Dex 20, Con 16, Int 22, Wis 18,
Cha 21

Skills: Appraise +17, Concentration +14, Craft
(any two) +17, Decipher Script +17, Hide +16,
Knowledge (arcana) +17, Knowledge (history)
+17, Listen +15, Move Silently +16, Sense
Motive +15, Spellcraft +17, Spot +15

Feats: Craft Magical Arms and Armor, Craft
Staff, Craft Wondrous Item

Environment: Any land and underground

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 8

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Always Chaotic Evil

Advancement: 9–16 HD (Medium)

Level Adjustment: —

In Ptolus today, a **familiar exclamation** is "demons of darkness!" While most people using the expression have no idea where it comes from, the reference is actually a very specific one, referring to a rare breed of demon brought to the world by an even rarer spell cast by Ghul himself. These demons were responsible for much of the misery and darkness that gripped the world for centuries under their dark lord's evil sovereignty. Although they call themselves tenebraccus, to all others they are demons of darkness.

During Ghul's reign, even as he summoned the shroud of the **Utterdark** that covered the land, the demons of darkness served as his principal assistants. They led his armies and oversaw all his various magical projects—the breeding of new creatures, the forging of new magic weapons, and the further spread of his vast **underground labyrinth** around the Spire, beneath his fortress **Goth Gulgamel**.

The tenebraccus served their master well, seeing him as the greatest means to achieve their own goal in the world of mortals: plunging all the

lands into eternal darkness, cold and misery. All demons of darkness hate each other, though, so they steered clear of one another even as they served Ghul. Most demons of darkness are believed destroyed, although some may linger in deep, dark sections of Ghul's Labyrinth even today—including perhaps the greatest of them, who was named **Narvalix**.

A demon of darkness stands about six feet tall, appearing to be a relatively featureless human made of darkness. Their semi-solid forms are entirely mutable, however, and so a demon could shape its body into virtually any form. Demons of darkness do not use the ability to mimic the appearance of other creatures (they are not adept at impersonation), but they do use it to adopt whatever shape is most convenient for the task at hand.

Demons of darkness can speak with and understand any creature, thanks to their telepathy.

COMBAT

Demons of darkness despise combat, although they do not fear direct confrontation. They manipulate others, rather than fight. They would rather use guile (accompanied by a *suggestion*) to trick or charm foes, or *darkness* to blind or confuse them. If forced into actual physical combat, they use their dreadful touch, perhaps augmented with *vampiric touch*. However, usually they would just teleport away from such a situation.

Stunning Touch (Su): The touch of a demon of darkness infuses any living creature with intense cold—so intense that the victim must make a Fortitude save (DC 19) to avoid being stunned for 1d3 rounds.

Blurred Presence (Su): The body of a demon of darkness is always indistinct and enjoys a constant *blur* effect. While this can be dispelled, it automatically renews itself on the demon's next turn as a free action.

Mutable Form (Su): Composed of semi-solid darkness, tenebraccus are immune to critical strikes, sneak attacks, and any other attacks that rely on precision. Further, they can slip through even the slightest crack or hole to move through otherwise solid objects (like a wall or a door).

Spell-Like Abilities: At will—*darkness, greater teleport*; 3/day—*blindness/deafness, deeper darkness, dispel magic, ray of enfeeblement, suggestion*; 1/day—*analyze dweomer, confusion, vampiric touch*. Caster level 8th.

Summon Demons (Sp): Once per day, a demon of darkness can attempt to summon one babau demon or one succubus with a 60 percent chance of success. This ability is the equivalent of a 3rd-level spell.

NEW MAGIC ITEM: MORA

The **Inverted Pyramid** mages' guild has many magical secrets that its members keep to themselves. Gaining access to these secrets is just one benefit of membership. For example, **Inverted Pyramid** mages share the secret of *morae* only with other members.

A *mora* (plural *morae*) is also known as a *reflexive warding token*. Each is a tiny, coinlike magic item, usually made of brass, bronze, or gold. Mages might carry a *mora* to protect themselves from the spells of their foes.

Inverted Pyramid mages believe the only real threat they might face is another mage, so they take special steps to secure themselves from enemy spellcasters. *Morae* can make mage battles between two well-equipped spellcasters last a long time.

If someone casts a damaging attack spell, such as *magic missile* or *lightning bolt*, upon a mage with a *mora*, the token absorbs an amount of damage equal to 5 points multiplied by its caster level. If the attack spell is not damaging but has some other effect, the spell's caster makes a caster level check, opposed by a caster level check made using the *mora's* caster level. If the spellcaster's check is higher, the spell functions normally. If the *mora's* check equals or exceeds the spellcaster's, the spell is negated.

Morae react only to spellcasting, not to spell-like abilities, supernatural abilities, or the effects of magic items (except for spell-completion items like scrolls). They respond only to spells cast by creatures; a magical trap, for example, would not trigger one. Lastly, only target and area of effect spells trigger a *mora*; those spells must target the mage carrying the *mora* or include her in its area of effect. Thus, a mage with a *mora* approaching an extant *wall of fire* is not protected from the wall. The *mora* protects only its holder, not any other targets (if any) or others in the area of effect.

Morae are one-use items created in the magical laboratories of the **Inverted Pyramid headquarters** high above Oldtown (these workshops are marked "W" on the [map of the building](#)). Once activated, they become worthless. Even if a *mora* that can absorb up to 30 points of damage protects its owner from a spell that inflicts only 18 points of damage, the *mora* is used up—it doesn't have 12 points of protection "left over."



Inverted Pyramid: Ptolus, page 115

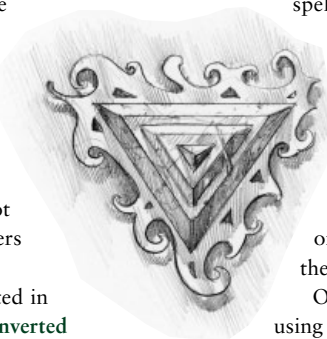
Inverted Pyramid headquarters: Ptolus, page 324
Map of the building: Ptolus, page 325

Only the mage who creates a *mora* can use it—in anyone else's hands, the *mora* becomes powerless. If a mage carries more than three *morae* with her at one time, the tokens' antimagical properties begin to disrupt her own spellcasting, giving her a spell failure chance equal to 10 percent multiplied by the number of *morae* she carries.

The caster level of a *mora* varies, and thus so does the cost. Creating one costs 150 gp and 12 XP per caster level, but since only their creators can use them, they have no market value.

One creates them like magic items, using the **Create Wondrous Item** feat with *dispel magic* as the prerequisite.

Sample Mora: Moderate abjuration; CL 8th; Create Wondrous Item, *dispel magic*; Price 0 gp; cost to create 1,200 gp + 96 XP



At times of great peril, *Inverted Pyramid* mage Jevicca Nor carries a *mora* or two. Read more about her in Ptolus, page 116.



The Shuul: Ptolus, page 131

Firestone: Ptolus, page 46

Dragon pistol: Ptolus, page 560

For more on firearms, see
Ptolus, page 559.



NEW WEAPON: STEAM PISTOL

The product of an ingenious Shuul inventor named Tyrus Von Kitterand (male human expert⁹), steam pistols are an advancement beyond those made even when the Empire was at its height and technological marvels—including firearms—were far more common. The Shuul, an organization dedicated to restoring and advancing science and the rule of law, have not yet found a way to produce steam pistols in great quantities. They are expensive and difficult to use: more of a technological curiosity than a handy weapon, really. Nevertheless, the handful of steam pistols that do exist demand the respect of those who end up on the wrong end of their wide barrels.

Utilizing alchemical firestone to produce a tiny, super-hot burner, the pistol's mechanism uses steam to build up tremendous pressure. That same burner then ignites the powder so that the firearm uses both conventional means and high pressure to propel its ammunition with devastating force and impressive range.

Despite its power, the report of a steam pistol is muffled and slightly softer than that of a regular dragon pistol. The sound is an unmistakable signature of the weapon, though. Due to the need of building up pressure, one can use a steam pistol to its fullest extent only once every third round. On other rounds, however, while the pressure builds, one can fire it as a regular dragon pistol.

As with conventional dragon pistols, loading a steam pistol is a move action. A steam pistol requires two hands to load, but only one hand to fire. It uses traditional ammunition.

Truth be told, the Shuul have not yet found a way to produce these items without utilizing magic to allow the weapons' mechanisms to actually work together, to reduce the recoil, and keep the entire device from simply exploding. Steam pistols each exude a faint aura of transmutation magic, and they do not work safely in an antimagic field. Still, the Shuul insist they are not "magic items." It is certainly true that they have no magical enhancement bonus and that their rounds are not considered magical for purposes of damage reduction.



VARIANTS

You can extrapolate from the information about the steam pistol provided here to allow for other, larger steam-driven weapons as well. Here are two ideas.

Steam Rifle: This firearm is a larger, longer-barreled version of the steam pistol with better range and greater damage. Reloading the rifle takes a full-round action. Loading and firing it requires two hands in the same manner as the dragon rifle (see *Ptolus*, page 560).

Steam Cannon: A steam cannon normally must be mounted on a solid surface or on a small platform, often with wheels for transport. As with standard cannons, these weapons are not made to be fired like rifles, so loading them still takes a long time (see *Ptolus*, page 561).

Steam Weapons†

	Price	Type	Damage	Critical	Range	Weight
Steam pistol	1,000 gp	P	4d6*	×3	100	5 lbs.
Steam rifle	2,000 gp	P	4d8*	×3	200	10 lbs.
Steam cannon (Small)	4,000 gp	P	4d12	×3	300	1,150 lbs.

† The table shows the values when the steam function is used. On off rounds, these weapons can be fired as regular "non-steam" firearms.

* For Medium weapon. Small weapons deal one die less damage.

“ADVENTURE TOURS”

Although to some degree or another Ptolus natives have always known about the subterranean regions beneath the city, it’s only in the last few years that it’s become common knowledge that exploring these uncharted regions can gain a person incredible wealth. With this knowledge came the idea of the so-called “delving” lifestyle of high adventure and excitement—even though the reality of it is far less glamorous than many believe. There’s often more slogging through *sewage* than derring-do, but tavern tales usually gloss over such details, particularly when the tale-teller has had a few flagons and wants to impress the common folk who’ve gathered to listen.

Since those first days when successful delvers spread the word of excitement and adventure, various nobles and wealthy folk wanted to take part. Many believed themselves to be more than the equal of the challenges of the **Dungeon** and wished to prove themselves. Others just considered it a lark—a new fashion to pass their idle time. A few actually set upon their own expeditions, but they proved extremely dangerous, unglamorous, unpleasant, and downright repugnant.

Just a few months ago, a few enterprising members of the **Delver’s Guild** came upon a money-making idea. They created a way for wealthy folk dreaming of being adventurers to experience a taste of a “dungeon delve” without ever being in *real* danger. For a hefty price (about 250 gp per person), nobles and the wealthy can explore a handful of subterranean rooms and passages, experience a trap or two, and even encounter some foul monsters.

To accomplish this, the guild members, led by an Associate Guildsman named Starelle Nevine (human fighter6/expert3), took a cleared out section of **Ghul’s Labyrinth** and sealed it off from all underground connections other than a passage to the surface. They put a safety net in a pit trap and captured a handful of monsters—specifically a half dozen carrion crawlers, a rust monster, and a few giant beetles—to stock the dungeon. A delver “guide” or two accompanies the would-be adventurers into this dungeon, and then monster wranglers in secret rooms let out a few beasts to menace them. The wranglers and guides make sure they pose no real threat, although they also attempt to keep the customers from slaying the creatures (because then they would have to go out and get more). If need be, they use spells and items to help control the beasts, although the well-fed creatures are almost tame at this point and fairly easily handled.



Sewage: Ptolus, page 439

The guides also have plenty of healing potions on hand for inevitable injuries (the price of which is added into the final fee).

These so-called “Adventure Tours” were extremely popular at first, but that popularity has decreased over time. Apparently, much of the clientele found the experience to be somewhat unsatisfying, either because “adventuring” wasn’t as enjoyable as they thought it would be or because they (perhaps foolishly) wanted more of a real challenge rather than the obviously sanitized and protected experience they were provided.

Starelle and her staff have not given up on the idea, however, and even now are creating what they hope is a better, more gripping, exciting, and thrilling experience. They plan on incorporating illusions, specially made constructs, and greater actual dangers (supplemented with magical protections for the clients such as *protection from energy* and *stoneskin*—which obviously will raise the price).

Scenario: Starelle contacts the player characters and offers to pay them 100 gp plus 50 gp per HD for captured and subdued creatures for the Delver’s Guild Adventure Tours. She explains that she prefers creatures whose attacks are not immediately lethal, such as rust monsters or carrion crawlers. She also doesn’t want anything very intelligent. Hunting down specific monsters can be difficult and probably involves gathering information from other delvers. Bringing them back alive can be troublesome as well—it certainly isn’t the normal dungeon adventure.

If the characters succeed, Starelle might invite them to join her team. As wranglers or guides, the PCs must play out some Adventure Tours wherein they must keep the clientele (and possibly the monsters) safe while providing an exciting experience. Characters might need to avail themselves of skills such as Perform to make it all convincing.

Dungeon: Ptolus, page 415

Delver’s Guild: Ptolus, page 108



Ghul’s Labyrinth: Ptolus, page 418



Benris, a Delver’s Guild employee, hopes to gain key knowledge of dungeoneering and dangerous beasts by wrangling the “tamed” creatures for the tours. She dreams of one day becoming a “real” adventurer.

This *Delver's Guild* entry comes from guest author Keith Strohm, who played Harrow elf Gaerioth Shadowhand in my Ptolus Campaign. A great fan of monks and philosophy, Keith created "Thunder-Perfect Mind" as part of the background for his character. It offers interesting insights into the world in which the city of Ptolus can be found. —Monte



Kem: Ptolus, page 43
Prustan Peninsula: Ptolus, page 42



Gaerioth's adapted Esvallen War Mask protects his Harrow elf identity from those he does not yet trust (which is almost everyone).

THUNDER-PERFECT MIND

The Teachings of the Brotherhood of the White Lotus by Karius Drakor

*The Great Path has no gates;
Thousands of roads enter it.
When one passes through the gateless gate,
He walks freely between heaven and earth*
—Master Semparti Q'uan

Such were the words spoken by the founder of the Esvallen Brotherhood—commonly called the Brotherhood of the White Lotus—as the arcano-tyrants of Kem twisted and shattered the very bones of that once-great land, laying waste to all life*. And many heeded the aging master's call. Imperial reports confirm that the Esvallen Brotherhood grew faster than any of the hiero-metaphysical movements in the Prustan Peninsula. Though convincing arguments have been made by several learned individuals—most notably Gottfried von Wilhurst—that the White Lotus' growth had as much to do with the socio-political climate in Kem** as any possession of supposed spiritual truth, the order's early vitality, and its current existence, are noteworthy in light of the number of cults that have recently sprouted within the Empire.

Known throughout the world for their skill in battle, the Brothers of the White Lotus would actually best be classified as introspective, meditative monks, rather than martial artists. In fact, initiates see impressive displays of martial prowess as merely a means of achieving mastery over the self. Follow a White Lotus monk around and she will be just as likely to kneel before a strip of rice paper and compose a *haikar* with the simple, yet subtle, stroke of the *shumi-e* brush, as she would be to fight a battle.

This seeming ambivalence to custom, tradition, and more has caused many to view the Esvallen Brotherhood with suspicion—albeit warily. Astute scholars will note that the White Lotus monks were, for a time, considered true heretics and placed among the ranks of the damned during the First Inquisition.***

* See Drustan Thal's *A Secret History of Kem*.

** *Winds Across the Panish: Social Movements of the Prustan Peninsula*.

*** *Shadows of Hate: Beast Cults and Other Heretics*, Bishop Krasval von Edin.

† *Moon Wisdom: The Sayings of Master Kinwan*, collected by Effen Taddeus.

†† See Learned Master Vineus' *A Sampling of Metaphysical Thought*.

TENETS OF THE BELIEF SYSTEM

Regardless of the theological (or political, if one can truly separate the two) issues presented by the White Lotus, the brotherhood represents a fascinating viewpoint on the world. It is my hope that this scholarly summation of the core principles of the Esvallen Brotherhood will shed light on the development of metaphysical thought in the Prustan Peninsula during the last four hundred years—though the White Lotus followers will surely agree that any such enlightenment will not come from the mere reading of this book. Thought is required. As Master Kirwan of Istama once proclaimed:

*Wind, flag, mind moves,
the same understanding.
When the mouth opens,
all are wrong*†

1. All Is All

For the White Lotus monk, existence is not a multi-faceted *place* with a diversity of unique creations. Rather, existence is a state of being. All material and spiritual matter (i.e., people, personalities, magic, the Elemental Planes, even the gods themselves) are simply imperfect reflections of the Universal Oneness.

Unlike many hiero-metaphysical orders, the Esvallen Brotherhood does not believe that the world is illusory†† or unreal. Rather, it is both Real and Not-Real, a seeming paradox that points to a profound "truth:" All transcends the apprehension or classification of real. The question itself becomes irrelevant. This is expressed poetically in the Fourth Stricture of the Masters:

*Lightning flashes,
Sparks shower.
In one blink of your eyes,
You have missed seeing*†††

The goal of a White Lotus initiate is to move beyond conceptions and perceptions of the imperfect real and "ascend" (though the use of this spatial metaphor is symptomatic of the fundamental tension that the monk struggles with) into the Universal Oneness. This enlightenment contains an eschatological and teleological dimension. For the Brotherhood of the White Lotus believes that an "individual" achievement of enlightenment draws the Real ontologically closer to the All. That is, the enlightenment of a single monk brings all of the imperfect reflections of existence closer to unity in the Oneness That Is.

††† *Commentaries on the Way*, Master Ethael Unren.

2. Everything That Rises

Must Converge

Because the Real exists beyond matter in pure existential form, the Esvallen believe that the very act of creation itself was a “fall,” a chaotic splintering of the Real into millions of myriad reflections. The duty of every monk, then, is to become Real, restoring the essential unity of creation. In following this path, a monk rarely weighs acts along a moral scale, viewing her choices along a gamut of good and evil. The consideration of Law and Chaos is much more important to the White Lotus, though even this must, ultimately, be transcended until every act is simply pure Intention.

3. Intention Empowers Action

To an outsider, it would seem as if members of the Esvallen Brotherhood place an undue emphasis on physical combat and martial challenges, for they need little excuse to challenge each other—often choosing inappropriate moments, such as during meditation, to attack one other. Certainly such an obsession with proving one’s skills and dominance should point to an overabundance of ego-needs. However, the White Lotus believe that their mastery over Self, the degree to which they have transcended creation, is signified by their skill in battle. Thus, losing a fight isn’t about physical error or deficiency; it is about the state of a monk’s enlightenment. Often, a monk who has lost a fight will bow before his “enemy” and thank him for the lesson.

4. Vigorous Non-Detachment

Is Itself an Attachment

White Lotus monks do indeed reject attachment to creation and **worldly things**—though they guard themselves carefully against becoming attached to their philosophy. While it is rare that they seek after material wealth or power (they have been known to give away treasured possessions for “no good reason”), a monk moving far along the path of enlightenment will accept even the greatest of treasures with the same equanimity as he would drop such a treasure in the dirt. For it is said within the walls of the order’s central monastery:

*In spring, hundreds of flowers;
in autumn, a harvest moon;
in summer, a refreshing breeze;
in winter, snow will accompany you.
If useless things do not hang in your mind,
any season is a good season for you.‡*

AVEDRAS SINCE 110 IA

Name	Date	Accomplishment
Garthorius	150 IA	Ascended White Lotus Master
Shelomiel Avaren	213 IA	Disappeared near Uraq
Antares Venal	295 IA	Killed in the Great Earthquake
Syndaran	376 IA	Ascended White Lotus Master
Karathur Ernarn	440 IA	Killed by the tarrasque in Nall
Farnath Gymel	568 IA	Ascended White Lotus Master
Raevenal Arath	614 IA	Ascended White Lotus Master
Laran Thal	678 IA	Killed by servants of Maleskari
Gaerioth Shadowhand	721 IA	To be determined

ROLE OF THE AVEDRAS

Occasionally during the order’s history, the brothers have chosen a monk to leave the confines of the monastery and pursue enlightenment in the world. Such a monk is both blessed and cursed, for his freedom also means he cannot rely on the wisdom and guidance of the White Lotus Masters who reside in the deepest confines of the monastery. These wandering monks usually wear a modified version of the Esvallen War Mask‡ to symbolize their presence in, but separation from, created matter. The gathered assembly of the White Lotus Masters gives the young monk a single quest, usually in the form of a riddle to solve. He can only return when he has found the answer. Throughout the length and breadth of the Brotherhood of the White Lotus, only nine such monks were chosen.

Gaerioth, the latest Avedras, has been spotted in and around the city of Ptolus. Witnesses say that he adventures with a group called the **Company of the Black Lantern**, as well as a collection of adventurers who seem to follow the clerics of Lothian. Although rumors of a connection to major crime lords in the city abound, no proof of it has ever surfaced. The nature of Gaerioth’s quest, and his ability to complete it, are both unknown. Only time will tell.

‡ *Piercing the Cloud: The Nine Strictures of the Masters Explained*, Kalem von Anor

‡‡ *Ancient Battle Gear of the Prustan Peninsula*, Vineus von Tram



Gaerioth’s quest as an avedras was to learn the word that begat all of creation. Sadly, while he accompanied the Company of the Black Lantern on many exciting adventures, it was the Runewardens who traveled the Jewels of Parnait and in the end spoke with an avatar of the Creator. No one thought to ask his question at the time. Luckily, the stalwart monk got his own opportunity somewhat later...

FROM MY CAMPAIGN TO YOURS

Among his friends, Gaerioth was known for his spartan tastes and lack of interest in worldly things. In fact, whenever the Company of the Black Lantern discovered treasure in their many adventures, he would always give his share to other members to “hold” for him. He always had what he needed, and if the rest of the group enjoyed a little “bonus” from time to time, it was of no concern to him.



South Gate: Ptolus, page 158

Ratman lair: Ptolus, page 442

Supposedly haunted house: See "The Trouble With Goblins" in Ptolus, page 595

Iridithil's Home: Ptolus, page 207

Delver's Square: Ptolus, page 198

Star Crossing Plaza: Ptolus, page 350

Aggah-Shan: Ptolus, page 335



Keepers of the Veil: Ptolus, page 119

Siege Tower: Ptolus, page 237

TEN STARTING CAMPAIGN SCENARIOS

Now that the *Ptolus* book is in your hands, here are some ways you can use it to start a brand-new city-based campaign.

1. THE LONG DELAY

The player characters all arrive at the **South Gate** at the same time. There's a mule driver trying to get his animals into the city, and he's having trouble. This delay has caused a line to form of people wanting to gain entrance to Ptolus. As the PCs make small talk (or overhear others making small talk), they strike up a friendship, learning that they've all come to the city for the same reason: to strike it rich as adventurers. The bonds of friendship between those who all find themselves newcomers to the place are quickly forged and strong. After they cross the city's threshold together, the characters learn the lay of the land at the same time and get involved in the same first mission.

2. MISTAKEN IDENTITY

All the PCs are in the same area of the city at the same time—Iridithil's Home, Delver's Square, Star Crossing Plaza, etc.—when one of them is attacked by thugs. In a case of mistaken identity, the thugs believe the player character to be someone they've been hired to beat up for not paying his gambling debts. They work for the crime lord **Aggah-Shan**, although they don't willingly reveal that fact. The other PCs are those individuals who happen to step in and lend the victim a hand. Friendship can be forged in the fires of adversity, and nothing gets a story (or a campaign) started like an immediate action scene. Plus, together they can track these thugs back to where they came from to find out the reason for the unwarranted attack.

3. WANTED: ADVENTURERS

The player characters (except one) answer a call for adventures that they have seen posted in

Delver's Square. It was posted by the last PC, who has a map given to him by a retired adventurer. The map leads to a small but worthwhile treasure hoard under the city, in the possession of a small but dangerous black dragon. There will be other dangers on the way as well, and the character with the map knows he needs capable help to get the treasure. He's willing to split it equally with all involved.

4. TWO GROUPS

The PCs are divided into two groups of characters that either have known each other for a long time or have met using other of the other scenarios described here. Both groups, seeking bounties, independently track some **ratmen to the same lair**. The rats prove to be too numerous and crafty for either group alone, but working together, they can prove victorious.

5. LOST CHILD

A small girl is missing and his parents are distraught. Many locals are helping out by searching the neighborhood, and the player characters are among them. They make up the group that comes upon the lass, where she's fallen down a well. Working together, the PCs rescue her and, in the celebratory dinner given in their honor at the parents' house that night, the characters get a chance to talk and learn that they have similar interests and goals. At that same dinner, they hear about a house just down the street that is **supposedly haunted**.

6. IN GOD'S NAME

The PCs all worship the same minor deity and have seen each other around the temple at various times. When the high priest is found dead in his home one night, it's these characters whom the other clergy approach for help. They're all known as devout followers of the faith and capable individuals, while the remaining priests are little more than acolytes. They plead with the PCs in the deity's name to help them against the murderers: a temple of a rival god bent on driving their religion from the city.

7. REJECTION

The **Keepers of the Veil** are recruiting and announce an open invitation for all to come to the **Siege Tower** to apply to join their ranks. The





PCs are the applicants who *don't* make the cut. If friendship can be created in adversity, then this is a different sort of adversity. Disgruntled, the PCs decide to band together and show the knights that they made a mistake by making names for themselves as independent adventurers. They plan to start their careers by exploring a tomb just inside the Necropolis; it's said to be filled with animated undead that sometimes manage to get either over or under the wall and into the city at night.

8. TAVERN BRAWL

It's fight night at the *Savage Shark*—but then, it's always fight night at the *Savage Shark*. On this particular night, those brawlers left standing at the end all happen to be: the player characters. They share a drink and nurse their wounds together and get to know each other. After a night of drinking and talking, they decide to put their fighting prowess to a better (and more profitable) end, and go explore the *Dungeon* together. One of them happens to know the entrance to an old smuggler's den in the *Guildsman District*; nowadays it's supposedly the haunt of a small band of goblins.

9. A FRIEND IN NEED

The PCs all were friends as children. Today, although they've been apart (training in their

various professions, traveling, and so on), they learn that one of them has contracted red ache (see Chapter 8: Glossary of the DMG). Although the diseased character isn't yet debilitated, he soon will be if he and his old friends can't band together to raise money for a spell to cure it. One of the other PCs has heard that there's a sizable bounty on the head of a **half-orc murderer and thief**; they could collect it if they could only track him down and bring him to justice.

10. STRANGE NOISES

The player characters all reside near each other in the *Rivergate District*. Some of them are even vaguely acquainted. A few nights ago, strange noises started disturbing some of them, as well as the others in the immediate neighborhood. When the *City Watch* investigated, they found a newly formed tunnel behind an old abandoned house; it was guarded by two small humanoid creatures made of rock. They destroyed the creatures and sealed off the tunnel, but the noises continue. The PCs band together to take matters into their own hands, eventually discovering that an evil conjurer is summoning small earth elementals to help him create an underground lair.

The group that would one day become the Runewardens met using a variation on Scenario #1 (they later picked up Udalaag, far right, and Canabulum, far left, along the way).

Half-orc murderer and thief: Feel free to use the Rullus Hobb handout from the Ptolus book to advertise the bounty.

Savage Shark: Ptolus, page 175

City Watch: Ptolus, page 150

Dungeon: Ptolus, page 415



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Secrets of the DELVER'S GUILD

A Sourcebook by Monte Cook

If you've read the *Ptolus* book, then you know all about the Delver's Guild, a group that brings adventurers together to exchange information about the Dungeon below the city, as well as useful resources in the city proper and even potential missions. But the Delver's Guild has become even more than that.

For a year leading up to the release of *Ptolus*, game designer Monte Cook wrote a short article every week to post on a website just for customers who had preordered the book. The articles were brand-new material for the city: NPCs, deities, locales, creatures, and the like.

We called this website "the Delver's Guild," as the site brought *Ptolus* fans together to discover new resources just as its namesake organization did for adventurers. And now, long after the debut of *Ptolus*, the *Secrets of the Delver's Guild* are finally revealed! In these 76 pages you'll find all the material from the Delver's Guild website just waiting to be introduced to your *Ptolus* Campaign.

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