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APPENDIX ONE: CONTINUING THE CAMPAIGN

WHEN THE DUST SETTLES AFTER THE FINAL EPIC FIGHT BETWEEN KARZOUG AND THE PCs IN THE EYE OF AVARICE, THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE WINNER. FOR THE SAKE OF VARISIA, LET US HOPE THAT THE SO-CALLED HEROES OF SANDPOINT—WHO ONCE HELPED SAVE A SMALL COASTAL TOWN FROM A RAGTAG BAND OF SLAVERING GOBLINS AND MAY HAVE GOTTEN THEMSELVES IN HOT WATER WITH THE LOCAL GROCERY STORE OWNER OVER A MISUNDERSTANDING WITH HIS DAUGHTER—HAVE DEVELOPED INTO THE TRULY LEGENDARY FIGURES THEY’LL NEED TO BE IN ORDER TO SAVE VARISIA FROM A RISING RUNELORD.



Although the PCs have averted a terrible threat to Varisia, it seems likely that most of the region’s inhabitants won’t even notice. To most locals, stopping the very real threat of an invasion by giants made the PCs as much heroes as they’ll ever be. Nonetheless, there are some who know the true extent of what the PCs have accomplished, from poor Brodert Quink (whose claims that the PCs saved Varisia from the End of the World merely become the latest in a long line of unbelievable tales) all the way up to organizations like the Pathfinder Society. Some weeks after the PCs return from Xin-Shalast, they are contacted by the Pathfinders and asked for their story. This necessitates escorting several Society members to Xin-Shalast, and for discovering the city and revealing its route, the Pathfinders are prepared to pay each PC the staggering sum of 30,000 gp.

Of course, once word of Xin-Shalast’s location gets out (either because the PCs reveal it to the Pathfinders or simply because they start selling off gold shingles and diamond door handles scavenged from the ruins), interest in the distant city explodes. Hundreds of adventurers attempt to make the difficult journey to the city to find their fortunes. Yet Xin-Shalast’s remote location all but ensures that the majority of the vast wealth remains trapped there—unless the PCs take it upon themselves to harvest the place using spells like *teleport*. Xin-Shalast is a fantastic, nearly limitless source of wealth, and those who know of its location can use that wealth to build empires. Varisia’s future could well be shaped by the choices such PCs make about where and how to spend their wealth.

Yet even without Karzoug’s looming threat, Xin-Shalast remains a dangerous place. Giants, vampiric skulls, abominable snowmen, lamias, dragons, scarlet walkers, mountain ropers, and worse still haunt its golden streets. And there’s always the fact that Leng is “just around the corner” from Xin-Shalast. This proximity could cause unforeseen problems in the future, for one can never be

sure what malignant eyes might be watching from this ancient, evil realm.

Most importantly, for all the party’s success against Karzoug, he was but one of seven. The other six runelords went into seclusion at the same time as Karzoug, and the Runelord of Greed’s attempt to rise sent ripples through the various *runewells* scattered throughout the world. One, two, or more of the other six runelords could well be quickening in their tombs, preparing for their own emergence into Golarion. It might be years, even decades, but one thing is certain:

The Return of the Runelords draws near.

WHAT IF KARZOUG WINS?

If Karzoug defeats the PCs, or if they are forced to flee and don’t return in time to defeat him, the runelord’s emergence into Xin-Shalast has one of two effects, depending upon the status of the Leng Device. Both possibilities are dire for Varisia.

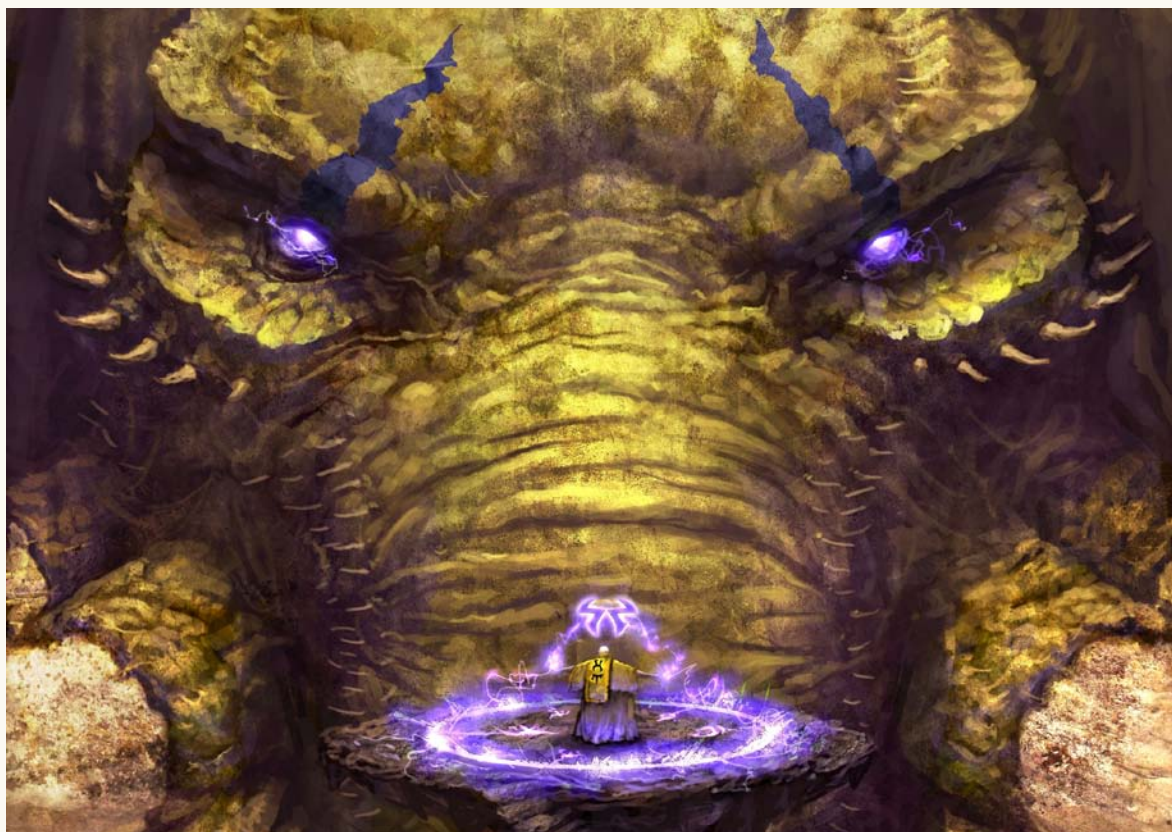
LENG DEVICE IS SHUT DOWN: When Karzoug emerges from his prison, it only takes him a few weeks to rally the denizens of Xin-Shalast to his banner. Rune giants, lamia harridans, and other agents stream down from the Kodar Mountains and begin to subjugate the giant tribes of the Storval Plateau. In only a few months’ time, Mokmurian’s army seems like a ratty band of mercenaries in comparison. Before long, Karzoug manages to transplant his ancient army into Xin-Shalast as well by using the *Leng Device*, at which point he becomes one of Golarion’s most powerful figures. Conquering Varisia is child’s play, and within a year of his rise, Thassilon is reborn. Defeating Karzoug at this point should be a fantastically difficult challenge.

LENG DEVICE IS OPERATIONAL: When Karzoug emerges from the Eye of Avarice, the *Leng Device*, which has been secretly altered by the denizens of Leng, siphons away all of the soul energy within the *runewell* and awakens the Great Old One Mhar. The entity, trapped





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in the stone of the mountain for countless eons, rouses from slumber with an incredible earthquake felt as far away as Magnimar. Mhar's rise reduces Mhar Massif, Xin-Shalast, and several nearby mountains to rubble, creating an unimaginably vast badland of fissures and crags that quickly becomes infested with lesser creatures that follow Mhar into this world. Mhar's keening howl, is heard across Varisia, and in the northeastern sky, the night glows with ominous red fire. What Mahr is, and what his emergence into Golarion portends, is beyond the scope of this adventure, yet the results should be fundamentally catastrophic in a Lovecraftian sort of way. Karzoug survives this event, but his armies and city do not; the archmage is forced to flee the Kodars and seeks shelter elsewhere, likely in Runeforge. If this occurs, the PCs need all the help they can gather to face the alien monstrosity that is Mhar—and ironically, Karzoug might be their best bet.

BEYOND RISE OF THE RUNELORDS

If the PCs defeat Karzoug, they have two options: they can retire and enjoy the fruits of their hard work and revel in their rising fame, or they can continue to seek greater adventures. If the PCs retire, you might wish to consider running the Shattered Star Adventure Path for your group next, as that Adventure Path serves as a spiritual sequel to Rise of the Runelords.

Alternatively, if you wish to continue your campaign into higher and higher levels, one of the following two

adventure hooks could well inspire a new campaign that could take your players to the upper height of power!

WRATH OF JANDELAY: The Oliphaunt of Jandelay was a creature so powerful and difficult to control that it was summoned but once during the age of Thassilon to destroy an invading army from Azlant—and even so, dismissing it afterward destroyed a quarter of the legion under Runelord Xanderghul's control. In the final days of Thassilon, Runelord Alaznist, desperate to defeat Karzoug (who seemed at the time poised to wipe her nation from the map) attempted to become the second runelord to manage the conjuration of the beast. Only the advent of Earthfall prevented her, but as Karzoug is slain, ripples through the linked *runewells* could finalize the last stage of what Alaznist set into motion 10,000 years ago. Where the Oliphaunt rises is up to you, but an adventure to dismiss the lumbering behemoth would take the best Varisia's heroes have to offer!

CONQUERING XIN-SHALAST: Greater perils than rune giants dwell in the deepest corners of Xin-Shalast. As word of the no-longer-lost city spreads, Korvosa, Riddleport, Magnimar, Kaer Maga, Urglin, and Janderhoff all take interest, and the race for control of the city of riches is on! As the greatest heroes of the land, the PCs are quickly contacted by representatives of all six cities. Will they choose one to ally with, or will they try to claim Xin-Shalast as their own? *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Lost Cities* presents additional information about Xin-Shalast you can use in this scenario to vex your PCs.



APPENDIX TWO: SANDPOINT

THOSE WHO HEAD NORTH FROM MAGNIMAR ALONG THE ROCKY COASTLINE QUICKLY FIND THEMSELVES IN A PECULIAR COUNTRY. FOG DRAPES THE ROLLING LANDSCAPE, FLOATING SPECTRALLY ALONG DAMP AND LONELY MOORS. SMALL WOODLANDS GRACE THE REGION, THEIR TANGLED DEPTHS REDOLENT OF NETTLES AND PEPPERWOOD AND PINE SAP, WHILE FURTHER INLAND, RIVER VALLEYS LINED BY MAJESTIC REDWOODS WIND BETWEEN RAGGED TORS AND LIMESTONE ESCARPMENTS. THE REGION'S VASTNESS AND SENSE OF ISOLATION HAVE EARNED IT ITS LOCAL NAME—THE LOST COAST.



There are pockets of civilization along the Lost Coast. Traditional Varisian campsites can be found in nearly every gulch and hollow along the cliff-lined reaches, and lonely houses sit upon bluffs now and then—domiciles for eccentrics or the rich seeking a bit of peace far from the bustle of Magnimar's streets. Roadside inns grace the Lost Coast road every 24 miles or so, placed by virtue of the distance most travelers can walk given a day's travel. Low stone shrines to Desna, goddess of wanderers and patron of the Varisians, give further opportunities for shelter should one of the all-too-common rainstorms catch travelers unaware. Given time, any of these seeds of civilization could bloom into a full-grown town, or even a city. It's happened once already, along the shores of a natural harbor nestled among the cliffs some 50 miles northeast of Magnimar. What was once a larger-than-normal Varisian campsite in the shadow of an ancient ruined tower has become the Lost Coast's largest town: Sandpoint, the Light of the Lost Coast.

LIGHT OF THE LOST COAST

As one approaches the town of Sandpoint, the footprint of civilization upon the Lost Coast grows more clear. Farmlands in the outlying moors and river valleys grow more numerous, and the blue-green waters of the Varisian Gulf bear more and more fishing vessels upon the waves. Passage over creeks and rivers is more often accomplished by wooden bridge than ford, and the Lost Coast Road itself grows wider and better-kept. Sight of Sandpoint from either approach (south or east) is kept hidden by the large upthrust limestone pavements known as the Devil's Platter and the arc of the rocky outcroppings and lightly forested hilltops that rise up just east of town, but as the final bend in the road is rounded, Sandpoint's smoking chimneys and bustling streets greet the traveler with open arms and the promise of warm beds, a welcome sight indeed for those who have spent the last few days alone on the Lost Coast Road.

From the south, entrance to Sandpoint is governed by a wooden bridge, while from the north a low stone wall gives the town a bit of protection. Here, the Lost Coast Road passes through a stone gatehouse that is generally watched by one or two guards; the southern bridge is typically unattended. Aside from the occasional goblin, the citizens of Sandpoint have traditionally had little cause to worry about invasion or banditry—the region simply isn't populated enough to make theft a lucrative business. Hanging from a bent nail at both the gatehouse and the southern bridge is a sign and a mirror—painted on each sign is the message: "Welcome to Sandpoint! Please stop to see yourself as we see you!"

SANDPOINT'S HISTORY

Millennia ago, before the fall of Thassilon, what is known today as the Lost Coast was not a coast at all. It was a series of rocky bluffs and cliffs that ran through a vast moor stretching from the end of the Fogscar Mountains south to the Mushfens. Called the Rasp, this ridge of stony tors and limestone escarpments marked the boundary between the nations of Shalast and Bakrakhan. When Thassilon fell, the nation of Bakrakhan collapsed and slid into the sea, forming what is now called the Varisian Gulf as the Rasp became the region's new coastline.

Before these cataclysmic events, the Rasp was heavily patrolled by the armies of Shalast and Bakrakhan, and violent clashes between the two were common. Runelord Karzoug used his impressive magic and giant slaves to erect immense statues in his image along the Rasp, granite sentinels that stood hundreds of feet in height and from whose stony eyes he could look out upon the nation of Bakrakhan from the safety of his throne in distant Xin-Shalast. In response, Runelord Alaznist built several destructive watchtowers called Hellstorm Flumes along the Rasp. Each of these towers housed a contingent of her soldiers, commanded by sorcerers and demon-worshipping clerics hand-picked





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from her personal guard. Atop each Flume burned a constant vortex of arcane fire, one that its commander could direct to scorch intruding armies from miles away. The Flumes did a remarkable job at keeping Karzoug’s forces from effectively invading Bakrakhan, while his own Sentinel Statues prevented Alaznist from launching any surprise invasions of her own. And so the two kingdoms existed in tenuous balance until the cataclysmic fall of their world.

After Thassilon’s collapse and with the onset of the Age of Darkness, the Rasp became the region’s new western coastline. Karzoug’s Sentinel Statues collapsed, although here and there fragments of these once mighty guardians still stand. Bakrakhan’s Hellstorm Flumes fared no better—most of these watch towers fell into the sea during the cataclysm. Only one remained above the waves, and even it crumbled to less than a quarter of its original height. Varisian travelers preserved in their oral traditions stories of how ruined towers once cast fire down upon the surrounding lands, but over the generations, these tales evolved. The ruin’s location at the edge of the sea seemed to indicate that it was once a lighthouse, and in time, old tales of beams of fire became beams of light. Today, the Varisians view the last Hellstorm Flume as nothing more than an ancient ruined lighthouse, a landmark they call the Old Light. No record of the tower’s destructive purpose remains in the modern mind, yet clues to its violent legacy remain unsuspected in catacombs that once connected to the tower’s dungeons.

SANDPOINT, LIGHT OF THE LOST COAST

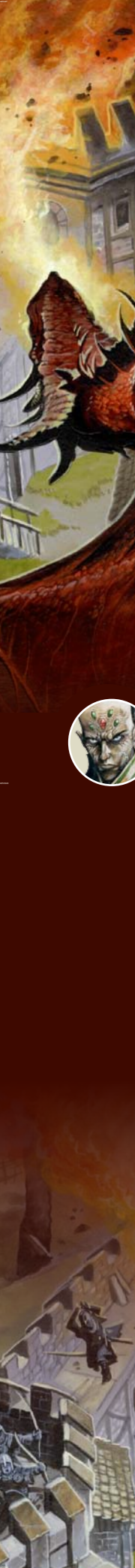
NG small town
Corruption +0; **Crime** +0; **Economy** +1; **Law** +0; **Lore** +2; **Society** +0
Qualities prosperous, rumormongering citizens
Danger +0

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government autocracy (mayor)
Population 1,240 (1,116 humans, 37 halflings, 25 elves, 24 dwarves, 13 gnomes, 13 half-elves, 12 half-orcs)
Notable NPCs
Kendra Deverin, mayor (NG female human aristocrat 4/expert 3)
Belor Hemlock, sheriff (CG human male fighter 4)
Abstalar Zantus, town priest (CG male human cleric of Desna 4)
Titus Scarnetti, noble (LN male human aristocrat 6)
Ethram Valdemar, noble (NG male human aristocrat 5/expert 2)
Ameiko Kaijitsu, owner of Rusty Dragon (CG female human aristocrat 1/bard 3/rogue 1)
Shalelu Andosana, local ranger (CG female elf fighter 2/ranger 4)
Brodert Quink, Thassilonian expert (NG male human expert 7)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 1,300 gp; **Purchase Limit** 7,500 gp; **Spellcasting** 4th
Minor Items 3d4*; **Medium Items** 1d6*; **Major Items** —
 * Additional specific magic items for sale in Sandpoint are detailed in the pages that follow. Every month, roll 3d4 to see how many new minor items are for sale, and 1d6 to see how many new medium items are for sale. Healing items that might be offered by the Sandpoint Cathedral or other individuals do not count against these limits.



More recently, settlers from the southern nation of Chelifax have come to Varisia. The city of Magnimar was settled by colonists dissatisfied with the strong reliance on Chelish support in Eastern Varisia, and before long the need for additional farmland grew apparent. To the south, the sloppy expanse of the Mushfens made farming difficult, so the settlers turned their eyes north along the Lost Coast. For much of its length, the coast offered little shelter, with one exception—a perfect cove about 50 miles away from Magnimar. A cove overlooked by a curious stone ruin.

The foundation of a new town is not a matter to be taken lightly, nor one to be funded by a single investor. Four powerful families from Magnimar had designs on the region, and rather than work against each other, they consolidated their efforts and formed the Sandpoint Mercantile League. These four families—the Kajjitsus (glassmakers), the Valdemars (shipbuilders), the Scarnettis (loggers), and the Deverins (farmers and brewers)—sailed north to claim their land after securing the rights from Magnimar. Yet when they arrived in the spring of 4666 AR, they found the place already settled by a large tribe of Varisians.

Refusing to be set back, the Sandpoint Mercantile League began a series of talks with the Varisians, promising them an important place in the new township. Unfortunately, after a week of talks that seemed to be going nowhere, an impatient man named Alamon Scarnetti took matters into his own hands. Rounding up a group of his brothers and cousins, the Scarnettis mounted a murderous raid on the Varisian camp, intent on killing them all and leaving evidence to blame local goblins for the deed. Yet the Scarnettis, too drunk and overconfident, managed to kill only five Varisians before they were themselves forced to flee, leaving behind three of their own.

The Sandpoint Mercantile League fled back to Magnimar, and in the months to follow were embroiled in the repercussions of Alamon's assault. Magnimar's Varisian Council demanded punishment for all four families, but the High Court arbitrated a peace between them, in no small thanks to the remarkable diplomatic skills of a young bard and member of one of the families accused—Almah Deverin. Not only did she manage to assuage the Varisians' call for blood payment, she also managed to salvage the plans for Sandpoint by promising not only to incorporate the worship of Desna into the new town's cathedral, but also to pay the Varisian Council a generous share of any profits made by Sandpoint businesses over the course of the next 40 years. One year later, the Sandpoint Mercantile League

began construction on several buildings with the full cooperation of the Varisian people. In the years since Sandpoint's foundation, the settlement has flourished. Although the initial term of the compact with the Varisian Council has passed, Sandpoint's government has elected to extend the compact another 20 years, much to the consternation of a few locals.



Today, Sandpoint is a thriving community. Many industries, including fishing, lumber, farming, hunting, brewing, shipbuilding, tanning, and glassmaking, have boomed, luring skilled laborers from as far as Korvosa and Riddleport to relocate here. Yet Sandpoint's location on the Lost Coast has also recently drawn settlers of another bent. As explorers and adventurers begin to piece together the fragments of ancient Thassilon's influence over the region so long ago, Varisia's Thassilonian ruins have acted as a magnet for such lore-seekers. The Old Light is no exception, and a few of Sandpoint's recent arrivals are more interested in this ruin than anything else.

Throughout its history, Sandpoint has been thankfully free of major disasters. Every winter brings its share of strong storms, yet the natural harbor, sandbars, and cliffs do a remarkable job of blunting the force of wind and wave, leaving the town relatively unscathed. Elders in town spin yarns of a few really big storms, but apart from the town's somewhat rocky beginning with the Varisians, only two events have really qualified as disasters: the Chopper and the Sandpoint Fire. These two events, occurring in such close and recent proximity as they have, are generally lumped together as the "Late Unpleasantness," even though the incidents didn't have any obvious links. Natives of Sandpoint are reluctant to talk about either event, preferring to look ahead to brighter times.

THE LATE UNPLEASANTNESS

When Jervis Stoot made clear his intentions to build a home on the then-nameless tidal island just north of the Old Light, many worried that he'd break his neck climbing up and down the isle's cliffs. Jervis had already garnered something of a reputation for eccentricity when he began his one-man crusade to carve depictions of birds on every building in town. Stoot never made a carving without securing permission, but his incredible skill at woodcarving made it a given that, if Stoot picked your building as the site of his latest project, you seized the opportunity. "Sporting a Stoot" soon grew to be something of a bragging point, and Jervis eventually extended his gift to include ships and carriages. Those who asked or tried to pay him for his skill were rebuffed—Stoot told them, "There ain't no birds in

that wood for me t'set free," and went on his way, often wandering the streets for days before noticing a hidden bird in a fence post, lintel, steeple, or doorframe, which he'd then secure permission to "release" with his trusty hatchets and carving knives.

Stoot's excuse for wanting to move onto the isle seemed innocent enough. The place was a haven for local birdlife, and his claim of "wantin' ta be with th' birds" seemed to make sense—so much so, in fact, that the guild of carpenters (with whom Stoot had maintained a friendly competition for several years) volunteered to build a staircase, free of charge, along the southern cliff face so that Stoot could come and go from his new home without risking life and limb. For 15 years, Stoot lived on the island. His trips into town grew less and less frequent, making it something of an event when he chose a building to host a new Stoot.

Sandpoint was no stranger to crime, or even to murder. Once or twice in a year, passions flared, robberies went bad, jealousy grew too much to bear, or one too many drinks were drunk, and someone would end up dead. But when bodies began to mount in late 4702 AR, the town initially had no idea how to react. Sandpoint's sheriff at the time was a no-nonsense man named Casp Avertin, a retired city watch officer from Magnimar. Yet even he was ill-prepared for the murderer who came to be known as Chopper. Over the course of one long month, it seemed that every day brought a new victim to light. Each was found in the same terrible state: body bearing deep cuts to the neck and torso, hands and feet severed and stacked nearby, and the eyes and tongue missing entirely, having been plucked crudely from each head.

Over the course of that terrible month, Chopper claimed 25 victims. His uncanny knack at eluding traps and pursuit quickly wore on the town guard, taking a toll on Sheriff Avertin in particular, who increasingly took to drinking. In any event, Sheriff Avertin himself became Chopper's last victim, slain upon catching the murderer in a narrow lane—known now as Chopper's Alley—as he was mutilating his latest victim. In the battle that followed, Avertin landed a telling blow against the killer. When Belor Hemlock, then merely a town guard, found both bodies (Avertin's and the penultimate victim) several minutes later, he rallied the guards and they were able to follow the killer's bloody trail.

The trail led straight to the stairs of Stoot's Rock.

At first, the town guard refused to believe the implications, and feared that Chopper had come to claim poor Jervis Stoot as his 26th victim. Yet what the guards found in the modest home atop the isle and in the larger complex of rooms that had been carved into the bedrock below left no room for doubt. Jervis Stoot and Chopper were one and the same, and the eyes and tongues of all 25 victims were found upon a horrific altar

CALLING THE WATCH

If the PCs need help, or if they overstep their bounds and get in trouble, the Sandpoint Watch may need to make an appearance. Use the following statistics for Sandpoint Guards as you need them.

SANDPOINT GUARD	XP	CR	HP
	200	1/2	21

Human warrior 2

NG Medium humanoid

Init +0; **Senses** Perception +3

DEFENSE

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

hp 21 (2d10+6)

Fort +5, **Ref** +0, **Will** -1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee longsword +4 (1d8+1/19-20)

Ranged longbow +2 (1d8/x3)

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 11, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 13

Feats Alertness, Weapon Focus (longsword)

Skills Intimidate +4, Perception +3, Ride +3, Sense Motive +3

Languages Common, Varisian

Gear chain shirt, longbow with 20 arrows, longsword

to a vile demon lord of winged creatures and temptation whose name none dared speak aloud. Stoot himself was found dead at the base of the altar, having plucked his own eyes and tongue loose in a final offering. The guards collapsed the entrance to the lower chambers, burned Stoot's house, tore down the stairs, and did their best to forget. Stoot himself was burned on the beach in a pyre, his ashes blessed and then scattered in an attempt to stave off an unholy return of his evil spirit.

But as fate would have it, the people of Sandpoint would soon have a new tragedy to bear, one that almost eclipsed Chopper's rampage. A month after the murderer was slain, a terrible fire struck Sandpoint. The fire started in the Sandpoint Chapel and spread quickly. As the town rallied to save the church, the inferno expanded, consuming the North Coast Stables, the White Deer Inn, and three homes. In the end, the church burnt to the ground, leaving the town's beloved priest Ezakien Tobyn and (so the town believed) his beautiful adopted daughter Nualia dead.

All that remains today of the once-loved Stoot carvings are ragged scars on buildings and figureheads where owners used hatchets to remove what had become a haunting reminder of the wolf in the fold. The homes and businesses ravaged by the fire have been reconstructed, and the Sandpoint Chapel has finally been rebuilt as well. With the consecration of this new cathedral, Sandpoint hopes to finally put the dark times of the Late Unpleasantness in the past.



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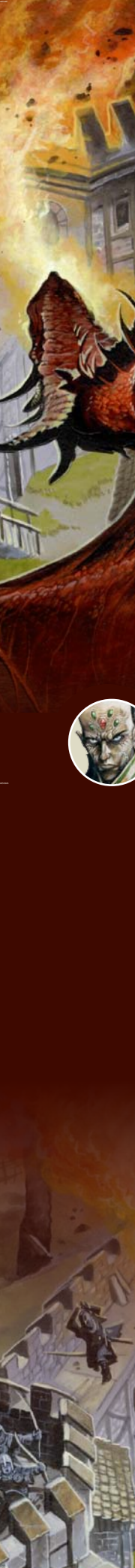
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SANDPOINT AT A GLANCE

Most of the buildings in Sandpoint are made of wood, with stone foundations and wood shingle roofs. The majority are single-story structures, with a few noted exceptions. The town is often thought of as two districts by the locals. Uptown consists of areas 1–12. Most of these buildings are relatively new, and the streets are open and less crowded. This section of town is also physically above the rest, situated on a level bluff overlooking downtown, which consists of areas 13–46. The majority of the town’s buildings can be found downtown, which grows increasingly crowded as available space is claimed by new arrivals. Downtown is built on a gentle slope that runs from a height of about 60 feet above sea level to the west, down to only a few feet above the waterline to the east and south.

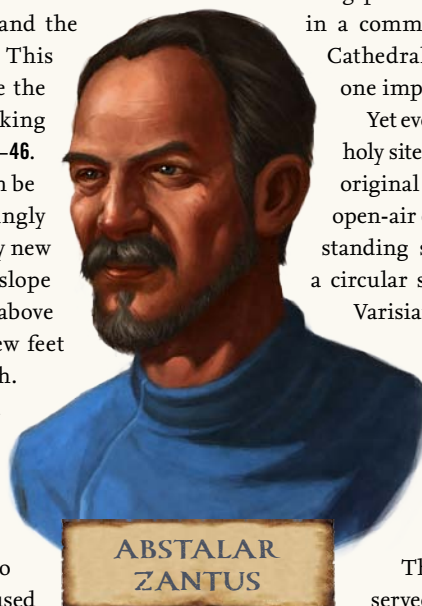
Sandpoint Harbor is a modest-sized natural harbor, 30 feet deep for most of its expanse, with sharply rising slopes near the shore. The languid waters of the Turandarok River wind down from the hinterlands, skirting Devil’s Platter to empty into the harbor—the river is often used to transport lumber harvested far upriver down to the local sawmill. South of town rises another bluff on which Sandpoint’s most affluent landowners have staked their claims.

Only a few hundred feet north of town rises an upthrust spur of rocky land topped with a few trees—this tidal island is now known as Chopper’s Isle, and was once the home of Sandpoint’s most notorious criminal. The remote outcropping is accessible only by flight or by a skilled climber, and locals now believe the isle to be haunted by Chopper’s ghost; children often dare each other to go out to the isle’s base at low tide and touch the barren cliff face that surrounds it, but no one’s visited the top in years.

The sight that proves most striking to visitors of Sandpoint at first is the ruins of the Old Light. The original height of this tower is unknown, but those who have studied the ancient architecture of the crumbling remains estimate it might have stood more than 700 feet tall. Today, less than a quarter of that remains. The Old Light rises from sea level and is built into the face of a 120-foot-tall cliff, with the tower extending another 50 feet above that level to culminate in ragged ruins. The remaining shell is yet another reminder that neither the Chelaxians nor the Varisians are the first settlers of this land, yet apart from a few badly weathered carvings signifying that the peak of this tower once held a brilliant light, no insight into the tower’s true purpose remains.

1 SANDPOINT CATHEDRAL

Easily the largest building in Sandpoint, this impressive cathedral is also the town’s newest structure. Built



over the foundations of the previous chapel, Sandpoint Cathedral is not dedicated to the worship of a single deity. Rather, it gathers under its eaves the six most commonly worshiped deities in the region: Abadar, Desna, Erastil, Gozreh, Sarenrae, and Shelyn. The building provides chapels for all of these deities in a communal forum—in a way, Sandpoint Cathedral is six different churches under one impressive roof.

Yet even the previous chapel wasn’t the first holy site in this location. The core of both the original chapel and the new cathedral is an open-air courtyard surrounding a set of seven standing stones, which themselves surround a circular stone altar. These stones served the Varisians for centuries as a place of worship; although they generally venerated Desna and various Emyreal Lords at these stones, the stones themselves have a much older tradition. Unknown to anyone alive today, the seven standing stones once represented the seven Thassilionian schools of magic and served as a focus for wizards who wished to direct the destructive power of the nearby Hellstorm Flume. No one in Sandpoint suspects the standing stones are anything more than an ancient site of worship. Varisian oral tradition maintains that the seven stones represent the seven towers of Desna’s otherworldly palace, but this is merely a story perpetuated by early Varisian seers eager to hide yet another bit of their homeland’s destructive history.

The original chapel built here was a collection of six different shrines, each its own building and connected to the others by open-air walkways. Desna’s worship was incorporated into these shrines as part of the peace accord with the local Varisians, but the original builders included five other deities as well. Four of these (Abadar, Gozreh, Sarenrae, and Shelyn) were patrons of the original founders of the Sandpoint Mercantile Consortium, while the fifth, Erastil, was the most popular among the initial settlers.

When that chapel burnt to the ground several years ago, Mayor Deverin set into motion a bold initiative. Not only would the chapel be rebuilt, but it would be rebuilt on a grand scale. A cathedral would be constructed in place of the chapel, and it would be made of stone and glass. Funding for this project came partially from the founding families, partially from Sandpoint businesses eager to earn favor in the eyes of the gods, and partially from the respective churches. It took years to finish the cathedral, but the end result is truly impressive. To the south, facing Sandpoint’s heart, are the shrines of civilization: Erastil and Abadar. To the west, offering a view of the Old Light and the sea beyond, are the shrines



of Shelyn and Gozreh. And to the east, offering a view of the Sandpoint Boneyard and the rising sun, are the shrines of Sarenrae and Desna.

The previous chapel hosted fewer than a dozen acolytes, led by a well-loved cleric named Ezakien Tobyn, who sadly perished in the fire that claimed the church. The new high-priest of Sandpoint is his most accomplished student, a pleasant man named **ABSTALAR ZANTUS** (CG male human cleric of Desna 4). Himself a worshiper of Desna, Abstalar is very open about matters of faith and has slipped into the role of advisor for worshippers of other gods of Sandpoint with ease.

2 SANDPOINT BONEYARD

Set in the shadow of the Sandpoint Cathedral and accessible via a gate to the north or from several doors leading into the cathedral itself, this expansive cemetery overlooks the Turandarok River. Stone vaults owned by affluent members of the town stand near the cemetery's edges or at its center, while dozens of humble plots, each marked with a simple gravestone, sit amid trees and shrubberies. The boneyard is well maintained and kept by a man named **NAFFER VOSK** (NG male human rogue 1/cleric of Sarenrae 2), a deformed smuggler Father Tobyn took pity on after his ship wrecked just north of town a decade ago. Naffer has found redemption in Sarenrae, and despite a twisted spine that from birth has given him a sinister lurching gait, he's one of the town's most devout citizens. He keeps the boneyard meticulously clean and is also responsible for ringing the church bells every day at dawn, noon, and dusk.

3 THE WHITE DEER

A pair of wooden life-sized deer, carved with painstaking care from white birch, stand astride the entrance to this sizable tavern and inn, which commands an impressive view of the Varisian Gulf to the north. The building is new, recently rebuilt after the previous inn at this location burnt to the ground several years ago in the same fire that destroyed the Sandpoint Chapel. The new White Deer is a grand affair, three stories tall with a stone first floor and wooden upper floors, with a dozen large rooms that can accommodate two to three guests each.

A somber and quiet Shoanti man named **GARRIDAN VISKALAI** (LN male human expert 4) owns the White Deer and runs the place with the aid of his family and a few locals. Although his parents were members of the Shriikirri-Quah tribe, they abandoned their ties to settle in Sandpoint. Garridan regrets their choice, but his love for his wife and family keeps him rooted firmly in town.

Eager to encourage visitors to stay at his inn, Garridan keeps the prices of his rooms and board low, matching those of the Rusty Dragon (area 37) despite the fact that his accommodations are much cleaner and more spacious. Still, his gruff attitude tends to make his establishment less popular than the Dragon. Garridan is the brother of

Sandpoint's sheriff, Belor Hemlock, although the two of them are in a long-running feud stemming from what Garridan sees as his brother's complete abandonment of Shoanti tradition.

4 THE WAY NORTH

As with several other buildings in the vicinity, this one-story structure was recently rebuilt after the Sandpoint Fire. Originally a stable, the building has been converted by its owner, an aged but spry gnome named **VEZNUTT PAROOH** (NG male gnome wizard 2/expert 4), into a cramped and cluttered library to house his tremendous collection of maps and sea charts. Maps of local regions, from the immediate vicinity up to the whole of Varisia and the Storval Plateau, can be purchased from him for prices ranging from 5 gp to 100 gp, depending on the size and level of detail. When not here crafting copies of old maps, Veznutt can usually be found arguing over history with his best friend Ilsoari at Turandarok Academy (area 27).

5 JEWELER

This squat stone building escaped the fire that ravaged northern Sandpoint, much to the relief of its owner, a wild-haired jeweler named **MAVER KESK** (LG male human expert 3). Maver retains a half-dozen local toughs (LN human warrior 3) as guards, but he has a habit of leaving doors and vaults open—a trait his wife **PENNAE KESK** (LN female human commoner 2) often berates him for publicly.

6 JUNKER'S EDGE

Garbage gathered by Gorvi's boys (see area 7) is routinely dumped over the edge of this cliff to gather on the beach below. Several of the town's Gozreh worshipers (in particular Hannah Velerin; see area 45) rankle at this practice, but until an equally cost-effective and convenient option is presented, the town council is reluctant to change its ways. In any event, the sea generally makes short work of the junk, ensuring it never piles up too high.

Unknown to the citizens of Sandpoint, another reason the garbage never grows too high is the fact that goblins from the Seven Tooth tribe regularly sneak along the coast to raid the beach for bits of metal, scraps of food, not-quite-broken tools, and other "valuable" prizes. As a result, the Seven Tooth goblins have made a name for themselves among the local goblin tribes as the best traders.

7 GORVI'S SHACK

This dilapidated shack is home to one of Sandpoint's few half-orcs, a fat, heavily tattooed lummo named **GORVI** (CN male half-orc warrior 3). Despite the ramshackle look of his home, Gorvi has made quite a pretty penny for himself serving as Sandpoint's dungsweeper, enough that he employs about two dozen vagrants and curs





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who would otherwise be causing trouble along the boardwalk, paying them regularly in copper to haul one of his distinctive red wheelbarrows through the streets to collect refuse and garbage. Sandpoint pays him handsomely for his services, a job that no one else really wants but everyone wants to see done. Lately, Gorvi's been making a menace of himself more than usual, spending evenings down on the boardwalk, harassing women, and raising hackles at the Hagfish (area 33). Mayor Kendra has had to ask him several times to ease up on the drinking and carousing lately, but Gorvi has grown complacent, believing that he won't be run out of town as long as he continues to ensure the streets are clean.

8 SAGE

The sole occupant of this ancient building is an old man named **BRODERT QUINK** (NG male human expert 7), a balding scholar of Varisian history and engineering. Brodert claims to have spent 2 decades of his youth studying with dwarven engineers at Janderhoff and 3 decades as a cataloger at the Founder's Archive in Magnimar, and is continually baffled and enraged that his learning and obvious intelligence haven't afforded him more prestige. Brodert has been studying ancient Thassilonian ruins for the past several years and has recently become obsessed with the Old Light. No one believes his theories that the tower was once a war machine capable of spewing fire to a range of more than a mile.

9 LOCKSMITH

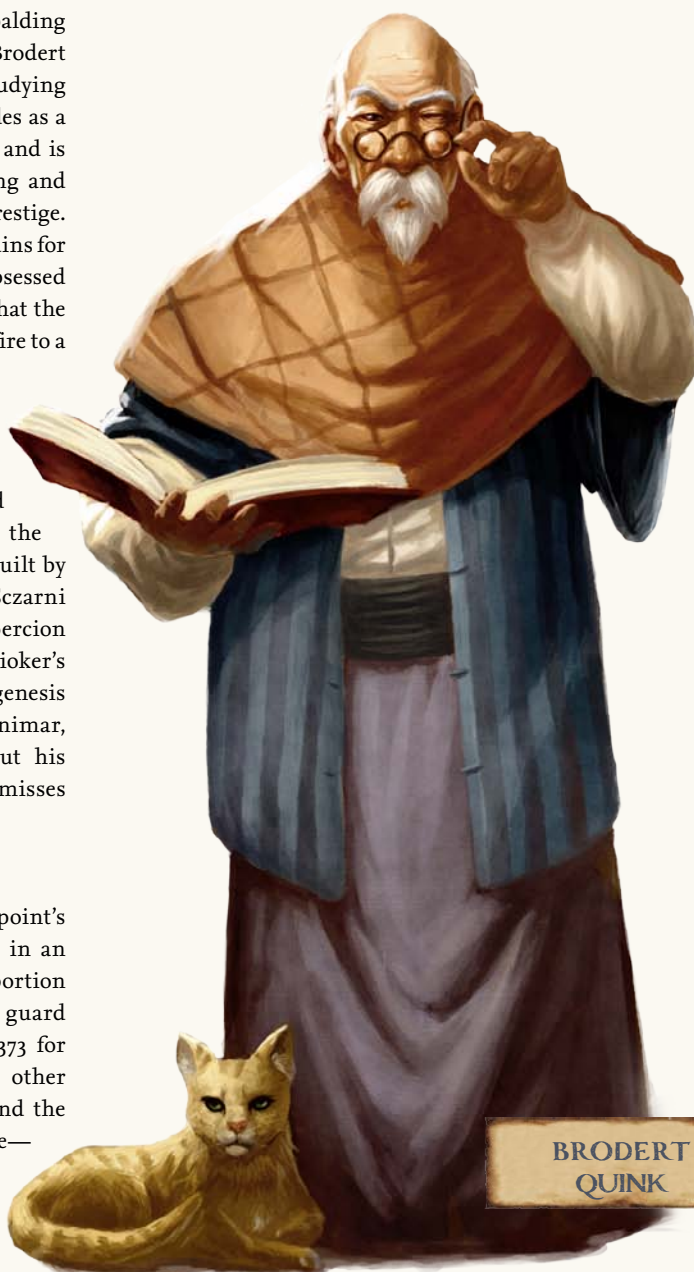
A flamboyant dwarf named **VOLIOKER BRISKALBERD** (LG male dwarf rogue 2/expert 3) has owned and operated Sandpoint's locksmith business since the town's founding. Most of the town's locks were built by Volioker. He's long been an enemy of the local Sczarni (see area 42), who have used both diplomacy and coercion in their attempts to recruit him to their side. Volioker's distaste for thievery and scoundrels may have its genesis in his childhood as a street orphan in Magnimar, although he's traditionally close-mouthed about his past. He's a tremendous fan of the arts, and never misses a new show at the playhouse.

10 SANDPOINT GARRISON

This stone fortress serves double duty as Sandpoint's militia barracks and its jail. The jail is located in an underground wing, while the above-ground portion houses the town's guard. Sandpoint's town guard consists of a dozen full-time guards (see page 373 for statistics); about twice this many servants and other experts (smiths, cooks, bookkeepers, couriers, and the like) dwell here as well. Guards patrol the city alone—there's generally not much trouble beyond the odd drunk for them to handle, so usually only three or four are on duty at any one time.

Sandpoint also maintains a militia of 62 able-bodied men and women (human warrior 1) who are expected to attend training and exercise here at least once a week. This militia can be brought to service in 1d3 hours.

The garrison is currently under the watchful eye of Sheriff **BELOR HEMLOCK** (CG male human fighter 4), a Shoanti who inherited the post of sheriff when the previous holder, Casp Avertin, was murdered by Chopper. Belor saw the town through that last terrible night and is generally held to be the man who stopped Chopper's rampage. In the emergency election that followed a week later, the people of Sandpoint made his role official, and Belor became the first Shoanti sheriff of Sandpoint. Honored and eager to live up to Casp's legacy, Belor changed his last name from Viskalai to its Chelish translation, Hemlock—a choice that has



BRODERT
QUINK

endeared him to Sandpoint's mostly Chelish populace but hasn't sat well with his brother Garridan (see area 3). Belor's not-as-secret-as-he'd-like romance with Kaye Tesarani (see area 43) has put further strain on his relationship with his family.

The jail below the garrison is generally empty save for a few drunks or Sczarni doing time for some minor crime. Murderers and other hardened criminals generally stay for only a few days before an escort from Magnimar arrives to bring them to trial in the big city. The garrison's jailor is a heavily scarred brute named **VACHEDI** (CG male human barbarian 3), a Shoanti tribesman who hopes to someday earn enough money to buy back his two sons from Kaer Magan slavers.

11 SANDPOINT TOWN HALL

The majority of the ground floor of this two-story building consists of a meeting hall large enough to seat most of Sandpoint's adults, although town meetings have rarely been even half so well attended. The upper floor contains offices and storerooms, while a vault in the basement below has functioned as the town bank for decades. Plans to build a proper bank have been stalled for various reasons since the town was founded. Sandpoint's mayor, **KENDRA DEVERIN** (NG female human aristocrat 4/expert 3), can often be found in this building, tending to the town's needs.

12 SAVAH'S ARMORY

The northeast corner of this building bears a few scars from the Sandpoint Fire, but fortunately for its owner, **SAVAH BEVANIKY** (NG female human fighter 2/rogue 1), the building escaped significant damage. Savah's shop sells all manner of weapons and armor, including several masterwork items and exotic weapons like a spiked chain, a dozen masterwork shuriken, and a +1 repeating crossbow with a darkwood and ivory stock that bears the name "Vansaya." She's not sure what the name means—she bought the weapon from an adventurer on the way to Riddleport a year ago, and its high price and complexity have ensured its semi-permanent stay in her shop.

13 RISA'S PLACE

RISA MAGRAVI (NG female human sorcerer 4) operated this tavern for the first 30 years of Sandpoint's history, and even now that she's gone mostly blind in her old age and has left the day-to-day affairs of the job to her three children **BESK**, **LANALEE**, and **VODGER** (NG human commoner 2), the mysterious Varisian sorcerer remains a fixture of the tavern. Known as much for Risa's tales

of ancient legends and myths as for its spiced potatoes and cider, this tavern is a favorite of the locals if only because its out-of-the-way location ensures strangers rarely come by.

14 ROVANKY TANNERY

LARZ ROVANKY (LG male human expert 3) runs Sandpoint's tannery, situated at the edge of town, with ruthless efficiency. He expects perfection from his workers and his products, and as a result often works long hours on his own during the stretches when he's temporarily fired the help. His leather and fur goods are of high quality, enough so that locals generally don't mind the extra wait for custom orders while Larz fusses with getting things perfect.

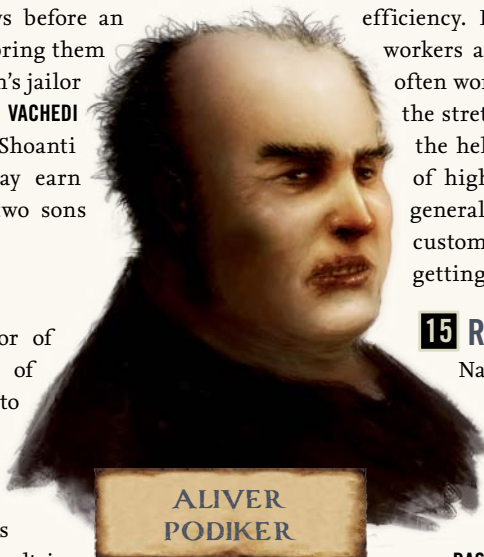
15 RED DOG SMITHY

Named for its owner's affection for large red mastiffs, two to three of which can always be seen lounging about nearby, Red Dog Smithy is owned by a bald and powerfully muscled man named **DAS KORVUT** (LN male human fighter 1/expert 3). Das's temper is, perhaps, his true claim to fame—he has little patience for customers, and even less for everyone else. Sandpoint suffers his foul-mouthed attitude and frequent drunken midnight rants because he really does know his job, and as long as he's busy hammering metal, he stays relatively calm and confined to his smithy. The local children have recently been circulating a somewhat cruel rhyme about Das that they've taken to chanting at hopsquares, a doggerel sure to come to an end once the smith hears it.

"Here comes crazy-man Das Korvut,
Mad as a cut snake in a wagon rut.
See how his chops go bouncity-bounce?
How many people has he trounced?
One! Two! Three! Four..."

16 THE PILLBUG'S PANTRY

Nestled at the base of a cliff and tucked between several old tenements, nothing but a painting of a pillbug perched on a mushroom indicates this building is anything more than yet another home. The proprietor of this establishment is a short, rotund man named **ALIVER "PILLBUG" PODIKER** (LE male human alchemist 5), an accomplished herbalist, gardener, and secret poisoner. Although he's of mixed Chelish and Varisian blood, the Sczarni (see area 42) have taken to treating him as a full-blooded Varisian. While his primary source of income is from legitimate sales of medicine and potions, he maintains a healthy side-business selling poison to Sczarni locals as well. Before he'll





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even admit to being a poison merchant, though, a potential customer first has to ask him, “Have any happy pillbugs turned up lately?”

17 BOTTLED SOLUTIONS

This cluttered shop is filled with shelves upon shelves of bottles, bags, and other alchemical containers, some covered with dust and others so new that the pungent stink of their brewing still fills the air. **NISK TANDER** (NG male half-elf alchemist 1/expert 2) fancies himself a more gifted potion-maker than he really is—items purchased from this shop have a 5% chance of not working as intended, either being subdued, inert, or wildly unpredictable in their actual effects (such as a flask of alchemist’s fire bursting in a flash of light that acts as a *daze* spell in a 5-foot-radius, or a vial of antitoxin functioning instead as a vial of acid). A successful DC 25 Craft (alchemy) check can determine whether something purchased at Bottled Solutions will work or not, but Nisk doesn’t take kindly to people looking too closely at his wares before they buy.

18 CRACKTOOTH’S TAVERN

A particular favorite of patrons of the Sandpoint Theater, Cracktooth’s Tavern is always full after the latest show at the nearby playhouse lets out. A large stage gives actors, singers, and anyone else the opportunity to show their stuff. Every night a crowd of would-be entertainers packs the taproom in the hopes of being discovered. Owner **JESK “CRACKTOOTH” BERINNI** (NG male human expert 3) might look like a thug, but he’s actually quite well read and possesses a scathing wit—nights when he takes the stage to deliver his observations on the political situation in Magnimar are quite popular.

19 HOUSE OF BLUE STONES

This stone building is primarily a single large chamber, the floor decorated with polished blue stones set within winding pathways of reed mats. This structure was built 10 years after Sandpoint was founded by a wandering monk named Enderaki Sorn—today, the monastery is tended by Enderaki’s daughter, **SABYL SORN** (LN female human monk 4), her father having passed away 7 years ago. A worshiper of Irori, the god of self-perfection and knowledge, Sabyl maintains a large collection of old books and scrolls in the basement chambers below. She opens both the meditation floor and her library to fellow worshipers, but others must convince her of their good intentions with a successful DC 25 Diplomacy check before she’ll let them in. Use of Sabyl’s library grants a +4 bonus on Knowledge (history) and Knowledge (the planes) checks.

20 SANDPOINT GLASSWORKS

One of the oldest industries in town, the Sandpoint Glassworks has been owned by the Kajitsu family

from the town’s inception. The glassworking trade has been in the family for generations, and many of their techniques—perfected in distant Minkai—result in dazzling and impressive works that fetch top price among the nobles of Magnimar, Korvosa, and beyond. The Sandpoint Glassworks is detailed in full in Chapter One.

21 SANDPOINT SAVORIES

The smells issuing from this bakery fight against the salty tang of the sea every morning except on Sunday. The shop has been owned and operated by the Avertin family for the past 2 decades. **ALMA AVERTIN** (LG female human expert 7) still hasn’t quite recovered from the brutal death of her son Casp several years ago under Chopper’s blade, and her twin daughters **ARIKA** and **ANEKA** (LG female human experts 2) all but run the business these days. Aneka doesn’t mind, but Arika is growing increasingly restless with the job.

22 THE CURIOUS GOBLIN

The sign out in front of this shop shows a wide-eyed goblin reading an upside-down book nearly as tall as him. Inside, this bookshop is a testament to one man’s obsession with the printed word. **CHASK HALADAN** (CG male human bard 3/expert 3) has maintained his love affair with books for nearly 70 years and shows no sign of giving it up anytime soon. His store is surprisingly complete, and while almost all of his wares are far too pricey for any of the locals to shop here with any frequency, a nest egg gathered in his adventurous youth combined with a frugal lifestyle makes the success of his business secondary to his own satisfaction. Several locals, including Brodert Quink (area 8), Sabyl Sorn (area 19), and Ilsoari Gandethus (area 27) can often be found here, either chatting with Chask or sitting in one of several large chairs, reading.

23 SANDPOINT THEATER

Brand-new cathedrals and ancient ruins aren’t the only incongruities Sandpoint boasts. This massive playhouse, financed entirely by its larger-than-life owner, **CYRDAK DROKKUS** (CN male human bard 6), features one of the most impressive theaters on this side of Varisia—it certainly competes with the playhouses of Magnimar, a fact that Cyrdak takes great pride in, since he was forced to flee that city for mysterious reasons he’s eager to hint at but reticent to expound upon (although they certainly involve another Sandpoint local of note—Jasper Korvaski). The Sandpoint Theater often showcases local talent, but it’s the three weekend shows that locals generally look forward to. Cyrdak uses his contacts in Magnimar to great extent, ensuring that the most exciting new productions in the big city are available here as well. Although Cyrdak enjoys flirting with all of Sandpoint’s young women, his romantic relationship with Jasper (area 40) is one of the town’s worst-kept secrets.

24 CARPENTER'S GUILD

The vast majority of the buildings in Sandpoint were erected by members of the town's large and eternally busy Carpenter's Guild. Currently overseen by Guildmaster **AESRICK BATTLEHORN** (LG male dwarf expert 5), a dwarf who left his homeland because of his a nearly heretical fondness for working with wood rather than stone, the Sandpoint Carpenter's Guild has recently been accepting a growing number of projects in the outlying farmlands as well as work about town. The guild has been in a minor feud with the Sandpoint Shipyard (area 46) for years, one that most often flares up over which guild has claim to the best lumber from the mill.

25 SANDPOINT LUMBER MILL

This long building was one of the first to be built when Sandpoint was founded. Owned by the industrious Scarnetti family, the mill and its daily operations have recently been left more and more to a penny-pinching businessman named **BANNY HARKER** (NG male human expert 3) and his partner **IBOR THORN** (NG male human expert 2). Neighbors have been complaining that the two have been running their insidiously noisy logsplitter into the wee hours of the night as they rush to keep up with demand in the face of Magnimar's increased hunger for lumber, but Harker's influence with the Scarnettis has so far kept any mandates against operating the logsplitter from coming to pass.

26 GENERAL STORE

Owned and operated by **VEN VINDER** (LN male human commoner 7) and his family, Sandpoint's oldest and best-stocked general store has a little bit of everything—farm equipment, weapons, tack, tools, furniture, food, and even homemade pies baked by Ven's wife **SOLSTA** (LG female human commoner 4). Ven even keeps a shocking supply of alcohol in his basement, although a customer has to ask to see the "wine cellar" before Ven'll admit to his special stock. Ven has a particular fondness for bitter grog and rotgut imported from places as far as the orc city of Urghlin. His true prides, though, are his daughters, whom he dotes upon. Lately, he's been increasingly distracted by what he believes is a budding romance between his daughter **KATRINE** (NG female human commoner 1) and that no-good Harker from the lumber mill. Unfortunately, Ven's obsession with Katrine's nightlife has rendered him all but blind to the shameless actions of his other daughter **SHAYLISS** (CN female human commoner 1), whose reputation is growing by the month.

27 TURANDAROK ACADEMY

As families thronged to Sandpoint, the town founders quickly came to realize that they needed somewhere to handle the education of children, to house unfortunate orphans, and to busy older children and keep them from becoming delinquents. The answer was the Turandarok Academy. Part school, part orphanage, the academy is run by retired adventurer **ILSOARI GANDETHUS** (LN male human wizard 4/rogue 2). He volunteered to be the academy's headmaster if he could have the basement of the two-story building to himself.

The town agreed, and today, the rooms below the Academy are almost a museum of the strange things and trophies Ilsoari has collected over his years. He keeps these chambers locked, but the children who attend classes on the ground floor and the orphans who live on the upper floor have countless stories about what's down there, ranging from a goblin farm to a nest of phantom spiders to the Sandpoint Devil itself. Although the contents are much less sinister (Ilsoari

is all too happy to show off his collection of exotic weapons, strange maps, and monster trophies to anyone who asks nicely), the old wizard does nothing to dissuade the children's tales.

28 MADAME MVASHTI'S HOUSE

Although from outside this appears to be an ancient, decrepit manor house with several rooms, only one person lives in this old building—ancient and mysterious **NISKA MVASHTI** (N female venerable human druid 3/sorcerer 4/mystic theurge 1). Old even when Sandpoint was founded decades ago, Madame Mvashti (as she prefers to be called) is a Varisian historian and seer, part of a long tradition of oracles in her family. As with many seers, the current age's unexpected departures from established prophecies have left her with a lifelong sense of brooding worry. She performs most of her readings with harrow cards or carved bones but seems only very rarely to enjoy casting her predictions.

Madame Mvashti had long complained that the yearly travels of her extended family hurt her bones, and when Sandpoint was founded, as part of the accord with the Sandpoint Mercantile League, the local Varisians demanded a large manor house be built for their respected elder. Once she passed away, the house was to revert to the town's property, but Madame Mvashti has proven exceptionally tenacious and long-lived. She survives primarily on support and volunteer help from local Varisians and her only daughter, **KOYA**





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MVASHTI (CG female human cleric of Desna 4), although she spits and curses at those she knows belong to the Sczarni. Druids from the hinterlands make weekly visits to her home, often helping her along on the long walks she still enjoys in the nearby countryside.

29 GROCER'S HALL

This building's facade is open to the air where it faces the market. During the day, bins and trays and tables here are heaped with produce brought in that morning from the outlying farms. Near the back of the store are tools, seeds, feed, tack, and other supplies useful for farming. The other half of this building is filled with living quarters, meeting halls, file rooms, and storage. **OLMUR DANVAKUS** (LG male halfling expert 4) took up the post of guildmaster here after the previous guildmaster was murdered by Chopper.



SHAYLISS
VINDER

30 VERNAH'S FINE CLOTHING

RYNSHINN POVALLI (NG female half-elf expert 5) has owned and operated this clothing shop for the last several years. The only daughter of a kindly woman named Vernah, Rynshinn never knew her father, Iremiel, only that he was killed by goblins less than a week after she was born. At the time, Vernah's tempestuous affair with the mysterious elven bard was the talk of the town. Every year on the anniversary of Rynshinn's birth, a small package of elven coins, medicine, and toys mysteriously appeared somewhere in the upper floors of this building. Vernah always claimed the gifts were placed by Iremiel's ghost, but locals generally believe the gifts were granted by one of his living relatives. Rynshinn, for her part, holds out against hope that her father somehow survived and that it's him and not his ghost who leaves these mysterious birthday presents.

Since her mother's death several years ago during Chopper's murder spree, Rynshinn has used much of the money from those gifts to expand her mother's tailoring business, and even founded a guild that brings together dozens of quilters, crafters, sewers, and tailors so they can sell their wares here. She's looking into opening a shop in Magnimar as well, but has yet to find a partner there whom she trusts. A number of Sandpoint's young men idly court Rynshinn, whom many hold to be the town's most beautiful citizen, but to date, she has politely eschewed all possible suitors for reasons she has not shared.

31 WHEEN'S WAGONS

A lanky man named **BILIVAR WHEEN** (N male human expert 3) owns this workshop. Bilivar is a down-on-his-luck wheelwright who's lately been spending more time

at various taverns (especially the Hagfish—area 33) than here working—ever since his daughter Tanethia drowned in the Mill Pond last year, his wife **VORAH** (LN female human commoner 1) has grown more and more shrill and paranoid that her remaining two children's days are numbered as well. Bilivar's been heard to mutter about packing up and skipping town to some of his drinking buddies at the Hagfish, but no one thinks he'll really follow through on this plan.

32 SCARNETTI MILL

As with the Sandpoint Lumber Mill, this building is owned by the Scarnettis. All of the flower and grain produced here is supplied by local farmers. Mysterious fires have claimed the Soggy River Mill, the Biston Pond Mill, and most recently the Cougar Creek Mill, leaving Scarnetti's the only functioning grain mill in the region. Accusations of Scarnetti-sponsored arson have been flying high, but the manager of this mill, constantly worried and sneezing **COURRIN WHESTERWILL** (NG male human expert 2), has gracefully lowered the prices for its use to record lows until the outlying mills can be rebuilt, a gracious move that has alleviated, to some extent, extensive public outcry.

33 THE HAGFISH

One of Sandpoint's most popular taverns, especially among fishermen and gamblers, the Hagfish is also Sandpoint's best bet for a good old-fashioned seafood meal. Owned by a gregarious one-legged man named **JARGIE QUINN** (CG male human rogue 2/expert 2), the Hagfish gets its name from the large glass aquarium that sits behind the bar, the home of a repellent Varisian hagfish that Jargie affectionately calls Norah (despite the fact that he's had "Norah" replaced dozens of times—Varisian hagfish don't live all that long in Quinn's aquarium). Hanging from a nail next to Norah's tank is a leather pouch bulging with coins: prize money for anyone who can drink down a single tankard of "water" scooped from Norah's tank. It costs a single silver coin to try, but the trick is that, since she's a hagfish, the water in Norah's tank is thick and horrifically slimy and foul-tasting. Few can stomach the stuff, but those who do get to keep however many coins have accumulated in the pouch, and then get to carve their names in the ceiling beam above the bar. To date, there are only 28 names carved there, and the Hagfish has been in business for nearly 10 years.

But there's certainly more to this tavern than Norah. Jargie's game tables are always well attended, with games ranging from cards to checkers to dice to darts.

Tall tales are a favorite pastime here, with one popular game called “yarning” involving seeing how long a local can string along an impromptu fable without contradicting himself. The most popular subject of these tales is traditionally Old Murdermaw, a legendary giant red snapper that might or might not dwell in the depths of the Varisian Gulf. Jargie himself is quite an accomplished yarner, with the ever-changing story of how he lost his leg being his favorite starting point for his tales.

34 VALDEMAR FISHMARKET

Like the Grocer’s Guild across the market, the facade of this long building is open to the air. Here, locals can shop for the day’s catch, picking out cod, salmon, tuna, shellfish, and even the odd octopus for the evening’s meal. **TURCH STERGLUS** (LG male human rogue 1/expert 5), a retired fisherman with a lazy eye and a wild white beard, runs the fishmarket in a lovably crotchety manner, constantly complaining about the weather or the day’s catch or the antics of local youth, but always packaging his customers’ purchases with a smile and a wink. The fishmarket itself is owned by the Valdemar family, but most locals act as if the building and business were Turch’s, often tipping the lovable old man a few extra coins. Turch’s five sons, each smarter than the last, have all made careers working for their father as fish cleaners, haulers, and even cooks.

35 SANDPOINT MARKET

On most days, Sandpoint’s marketplace is empty save for the odd group of children who enjoy using the

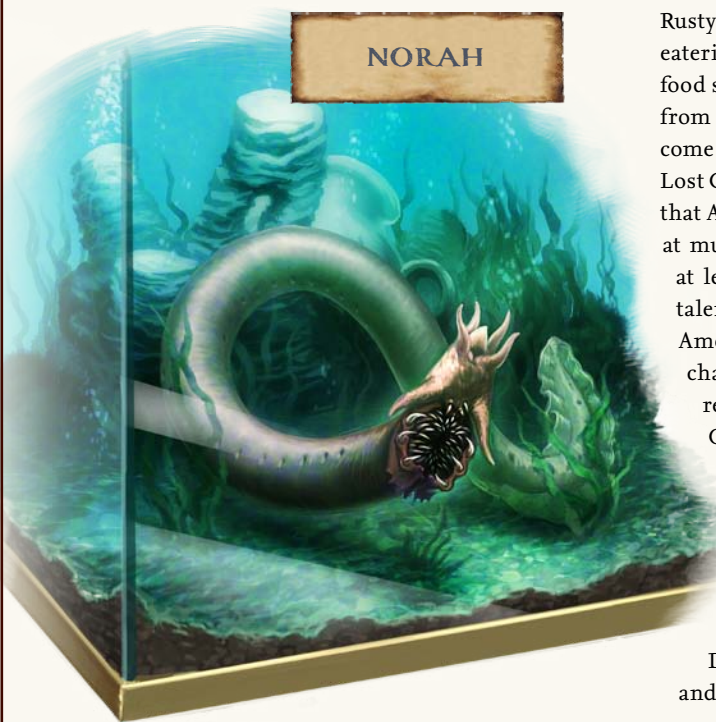
wide-open area to play whistleball or other games. Twice each week, the market fills with vendors. At the start of the week, the farmer’s market radically increases the daily selection of goods available at the Grocer’s Hall, while all day at the end of the week, merchants from Magnimar, Galduria, Nybor, Wartle, and beyond take part in the Town Market. It’s very rare to see any item worth more than a 500 gp base value go on sale at this market, but prices are generally 75% of the regular asking price.

36 SANDPOINT MEAT MARKET

Local butcher **CHOD BEVUK** (NG male human expert 3) runs the Sandpoint Meat Market. Half of this building doubles as a slaughterhouse, with the meat itself put on display for sale in the front half of the market. Most of the meat processed here is from livestock or animals caught by hunters. Chod still claims to this day that he encountered Chopper several days before he was ultimately caught and that the two of them fought, leaving Chod with one fewer finger, but most locals believe the wound was self-inflicted in an attempt to get attention. Chod’s penchant for lies and exaggeration in all matters not relating to his business doesn’t help lend credence to his version of how he lost the little finger of his left hand.

37 THE RUSTY DRAGON

This large structure is Sandpoint’s oldest inn, notable for the impressive (and quite rusty) iron dragon that looms on the building’s roof, doubling as a lightning rod and decoration. Owned and operated for the past 6 years by the lovely and popular **AMEIKO KAIJITSU** (CG female human aristocrat 1/bard 3/rogue [rake] 1), the Rusty Dragon is not only one of the town’s most popular eateries (made so, in large part, by the spicy and exotic food served here), but also a great place to meet visitors from out of town, since most newcomers to Sandpoint come upon this inn first, as the northern stretch of the Lost Coast Road is less traveled. It certainly doesn’t hurt that Ameiko’s beauty is more than matched by her skill at music, and few are the evenings that pass without at least two or three songs being performed by the talented woman. Some bad blood exists between Ameiko and Cyrdak, and one never seems to miss a chance to badmouth the other, but no one in town really understands the reason behind their rivalry. Of greater concern to Ameiko is her long-running feud with her family—leaving town to become an adventurer scandalized her family enough. But when she retired from adventuring a year later after a disastrous mission (the nature of which she never speaks of), she returned to Sandpoint and bought and renovated the Rusty Dragon—an act that only further scandalized and shamed her father. Ameiko claims not to care





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about her father's opinions of her choices, but becomes evasive when anyone asks her why she gave up the adventuring life. Some believe she has a secret lover in town, while others theorize that something happened on her last adventure that took the bravery out of her. In any event, the Rusty Dragon is probably the most adventurer-friendly establishment in town, with its ubiquitous "Help Wanted" board near the bar and Ameiko's policy of discounting rooms for any who tell exciting adventure stories.

38 GOBLIN SQUASH STABLES

The sign above this door perpetuates one of the greatest fears of the lowly goblin—being trampled underfoot by a horse. The stables are tended by a retired hunter named **DAVIREN HOSK** (N male human ranger 4), whose hatred of goblins is nearly legendary in Sandpoint. In a somewhat grisly display, over the entrance to the stable's covered barn is his collection of goblin ears: preserved and nailed to three different rafters, each bearing the goblin's name burned into the leathery flesh—mostly because Daviren knows that writing down a goblin's name is one of the worst things you can do to desecrate its memory. The bitter ranger's pride and joy is a large glass bottle filled with brine in which he's preserved the body of Chief Whartus of the now-extinct (due in large part to Daviren) Bonegrinder Tribe.



Although ownership of the league remains split evenly between Sandpoint's four noble families, few of them take part anymore in the actual day-to-day business, leaving such matters in the capable hands of **SIR JASPER KORVASKI** (LG male human paladin 3/expert 1). In his younger years, Jasper was a paladin of Abadar, and although he's long since given up the more dangerous lifestyle of a crusader, he remains loyal and devout. Despite his best efforts, his romance with Cyrdak Drokus (area 23) has become one of Sandpoint's worst-kept secrets. The Scarnettis, easily Sandpoint's most conservative and least open-minded family, claim to find the rumors of this relationship scandalous and offensive, but it's unclear whether they're more offended by the relationship itself or by the fact that the majority of Sandpoint is so accepting of it. In any event, the Scarnettis have been doing their best to make things difficult for Jasper in an attempt to not-so-subtly convince him to move back to Magnimar, but the support of the other three families has, so far, kept the Scarnettis from becoming too obnoxious.

39 TWO KNIGHT BREWERY

While Sandpoint's taverns offer a wide variety of spirits, they all proudly serve the mead, ale, and rum brewed here at the Two Knight Brewery. The brewery was established by two brothers (both worshipers of Abadar and cousins of Mayor Deverin) only a few years after Sandpoint was founded, and their expertise at brewing has only increased over the years. Tragically, Wade Deverin was one of the first of Chopper's victims, a murder that has shaken the faith of his brother, **GAVEN DEVERIN** (LG human male paladin 2/expert 3). Locals whisper that since Wade's death, the brew from here simply hasn't tasted as good, but they would never say something to this effect to Gaven's face.

41 SANDPOINT BOUTIQUE

This large boutique and shop sells all manner of clothing, weapons, toys, artwork, books, and tools imported from throughout the world, although most of the wares here are Varisian in nature. The place is owned by **HAYLISS KORVASKI** (LN female human cleric 2/expert 2), who is, like her brother Jasper, a devout worshiper of Abadar. Yet unlike her brother, her temper isn't balanced by a desire to keep everyone happy. Hayliss isn't afraid of making enemies and wears her disdain for the Scarnettis on her sleeve. She's even gone as far as sometimes upcharging her goods for members of the Scarnetti family, in spite of Mayor Deverin's repeated requests to keep the peace.

40 SANDPOINT MERCANTILE LEAGUE

This large building serves many purposes. One can book passage on a ship bound for other ports, arrange for caravans or carriages for overland travel, or send messages to folk in town or as far away as Korvosa or even Riddleport. Inquiries into land ownership, building construction, and establishing new businesses, both in Sandpoint proper and in the surrounding hinterlands, must begin their processes of official foundation here.

42 FATMAN'S FEEDBAG

If the Hagfish is Sandpoint's most popular tavern, Fatman's Feedbag is its most notorious. Bar fights are common, and Sheriff Hemlock typically has to come down here two or three times a week to sort them out when they grow particularly violent or loud. The majority of the clientele here are Varisian scoundrels or less-than-reputable sailors.

Most believe this tavern is owned and operated by an enormous man named **GRESSEL TENNIWAR** (CN

male human rogue 2/expert 1), but in fact the owner is a lanky thug named **JUBRAYL VHISKI** (NE male human rogue 7), one of the Feedbag's regulars. Jubrayl is also the leader of the local gang of Sczarni, an extended network of Varisian thieves, highwaymen, con artists, graverobbers, smugglers, and murderers. Nearly two dozen of the Varisians in Sandpoint are Sczarni as well, all cruel and self-serving men and women who take care to maintain respectable jobs as laborers, fishermen, and hunters, but who draw their true income taking part in various scams and stunts. Sheriff Hemlock suspects that Jubrayl is the local leader, and would like nothing more than to bring him in, but the Sczarni are experts at walking the line between legalities and taking the blame for their direct superiors. So while Sheriff Hemlock has sent many of Jubrayl's boys to jail over the last several years, he's never even come close to the ringleader himself, much to the continued amusement of Jubrayl.

43 THE PIXIE'S KITTEN

Many of Sandpoint's crasser locals have a much more colorful name for this establishment, but **KAYE TESARANI** (CG female human rogue 3/sorcerer 1) runs the town brothel with class and distinguished grace. She pays her girls and boys quite well, and the three Shoanti bouncers she employs (CG human male barbarian 3) are more than enough to handle troublemakers. Although prostitution isn't illegal in Sandpoint, the Scarnettis have long lobbied for it to be outlawed, publicly condemning the Kitten as a place where vice and criminal activity can take root. Behind closed doors, however, Jubrayl has tried for the last several years to get in on the brothel business himself, but Kaye's not-so-secret friendship (and romance) with the town's sheriff make this a delicate, long-term goal for the Sczarni at best.

44 THE FEATHERED SERPENT

This cramped and cluttered shop smells of a strange mixture of incense, spice, and dust. Its sole proprietor, **VORVASHALI VOON** (LN male human wizard 2/rogue 2/expert 2), an exotic-looking character with bright blue eyes, long red hair, and almost bronze-colored skin, is gregarious and excited about every customer. Not everything in his shop is for sale, rendering the shop's eclectic collection of strange relics, statues, and monument fragments part museum. Vorvashali's stock changes constantly, as his dozens of contacts from Magnimar come in weekly to buy and trade

stock. Adventurers seeking magic items and other tools of the trade can find what they're looking for here more often than not.

45 HANNAH'S

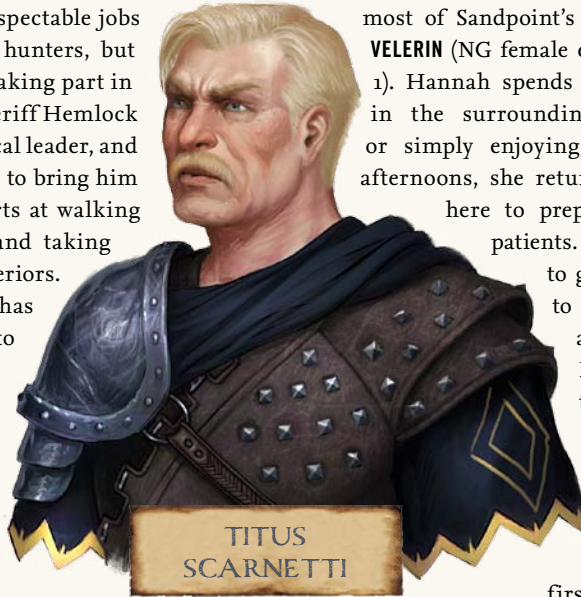
While Abstalar Zantus (area 1) does his best to take care of Sandpoint's truly sick and needy, he can't help everyone. For minor aches, pains, and illnesses, most of Sandpoint's citizens depend on **HANNAH VELERIN** (NG female elf cleric of Gozreh 3/expert 1). Hannah spends most of her mornings out in the surrounding wilds, gathering herbs or simply enjoying Gozreh's bounty. In the afternoons, she returns to her shop and home here to prepare medicines and receive patients. Hannah's ironically the one to go to when one either wants to end a pregnancy or needs a midwife to aid in a birth; Hannah encourages all of the women she sees to carry to term, and advises the use of pinberry extract to young women as a way to prevent any unwanted pregnancies from happening in the first place, but in cases where there's no other option, her other services are discreet and confidential.

46 SANDPOINT SHIPYARD

The southern facade of this long building is open to Sandpoint Harbor, allowing its small army of shipwrights, ropemakers, and sailmakers to work their trade in one of four dry docks right on the shore. The shipyard is owned by the Valdemars, with **BELVEN VALDEMAR** (NG male human aristocrat 1/expert 5), old Ethram's eldest son, overseeing the constant work here. Belven is a handsome and quite available bachelor, but his dedication to his craft and family have so far left him little time to entertain the dozens of young women who've been trying to catch his eye for the past several years.

47 VALDEMAR MANOR

This manor house commands a breathtaking view of the town of Sandpoint and the harbor below, as befits the home of the family most connected to the town's shipbuilding and fishing industries. The family itself remains under the patriarchal rule of old **ETHRAM VALDEMAR** (NG male human aristocrat 5/expert 2), the only one of the original members of the Sandpoint Mercantile League who is still alive. Ethram's years are numbered, though, for the old man has a persistent lung infection that keeps coming back, no matter how often the family pays to have it cured.



TITUS SCARNETTI





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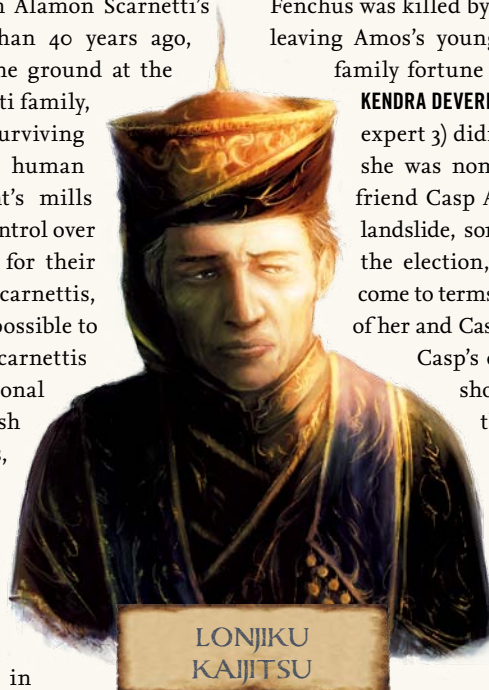
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48 SCARNETTI MANOR

The Scarnettis are Sandpoint’s most notorious noble family, and many of Sandpoint’s elderly Varisian locals still haven’t forgotten or forgiven Alamon Scarnetti’s assault on their people more than 40 years ago, even with Alamon 20 years in the ground at the Sandpoint Cemetery. The Scarnetti family, now headed by Alamon’s only surviving son **TITUS SCARNETTI** (LN male human aristocrat 6), controls Sandpoint’s mills and the lumber industry. Their control over the lumber the Valdemars need for their enterprises is not lost on the Scarnettis, and they use this fact as often as possible to leverage Valdemar support. The Scarnettis are easily Sandpoint’s most traditional family, who cling to old Chelish values that are, in many cases, outdated today.



49 KAIJITSU MANOR

This manor is the smallest of the four noble houses overlooking Sandpoint, yet the Kaijitsus are perhaps the richest family in town. What this manor lacks in stature and size it more than makes up for in the exotic and impressive furnishings within. **LONJIKU KAIJITSU** (LN aristocrat 3/expert 2) has carried on his father’s proud work as glassmaker, and the Sandpoint Glassworks is perhaps the town’s most prosperous business, with its products regularly shipped as far as Korvosa. Lonjiku’s accomplishments are all the more impressive when one takes into account that he and his family are relative newcomers to Varisia, the survivors of an exiled family from Minkai who fled over the Crown of the World a half century ago for unknown reasons. Lonjiku was born in Magnimar and has never visited his motherland, but he carries memories of its wonders in the form of stories told to him by his now-deceased parents. Yet for all of his success at business, Lonjiku has found the role of father to be one he’s particularly ill suited for. His eldest son Tsuto, in addition to being proof of his wife’s affair with an unknown elf, left the region several years ago after an argument that resulted in Lonjiku striking his son with his cane. His eldest daughter Ameiko shamed him not only by becoming an adventurer, but also by opening and running a tavern and flophouse—“hardly women’s work,” he’s fond of telling anyone who’ll listen. Of course, those who know Lonjiku know his short temper is his real problem.

50 DEVERIN MANOR

Living within the largest manor, the Deverins have traditionally held leadership roles in Sandpoint. Old Amos Deverin served as the town’s first mayor for 23

years, and his son Fenchus served as its second. Both Deverins perished after unfortunate accidents (Amos was trampled by a runaway horse on Festival street and Fenchus was killed by a snakebite while on a boar hunt), leaving Amos’s youngest daughter as the heir to the family fortune and a likely candidate for mayor.

KENDRA DEVERIN (NG female human aristocrat 4/expert 3) didn’t initially want the job, but after she was nominated for the role by her close friend Casp Avertin, she won the election by a landslide, something her primary opponent in the election, Titus Scarnetti, has never quite come to terms with. For some time there was talk of her and Casp becoming wife and husband, but Casp’s death at Chopper’s hands cut that short. Kendra’s recovered now from the shock, but has put aside all interest in romance for politics. She shares this manor with her brother’s rather large family, and although her sister-in-law Vana constantly complains about needing even more space and luxuries, Kendra has done a saintly job so far in keeping her temper under control.

THE HINTERLANDS

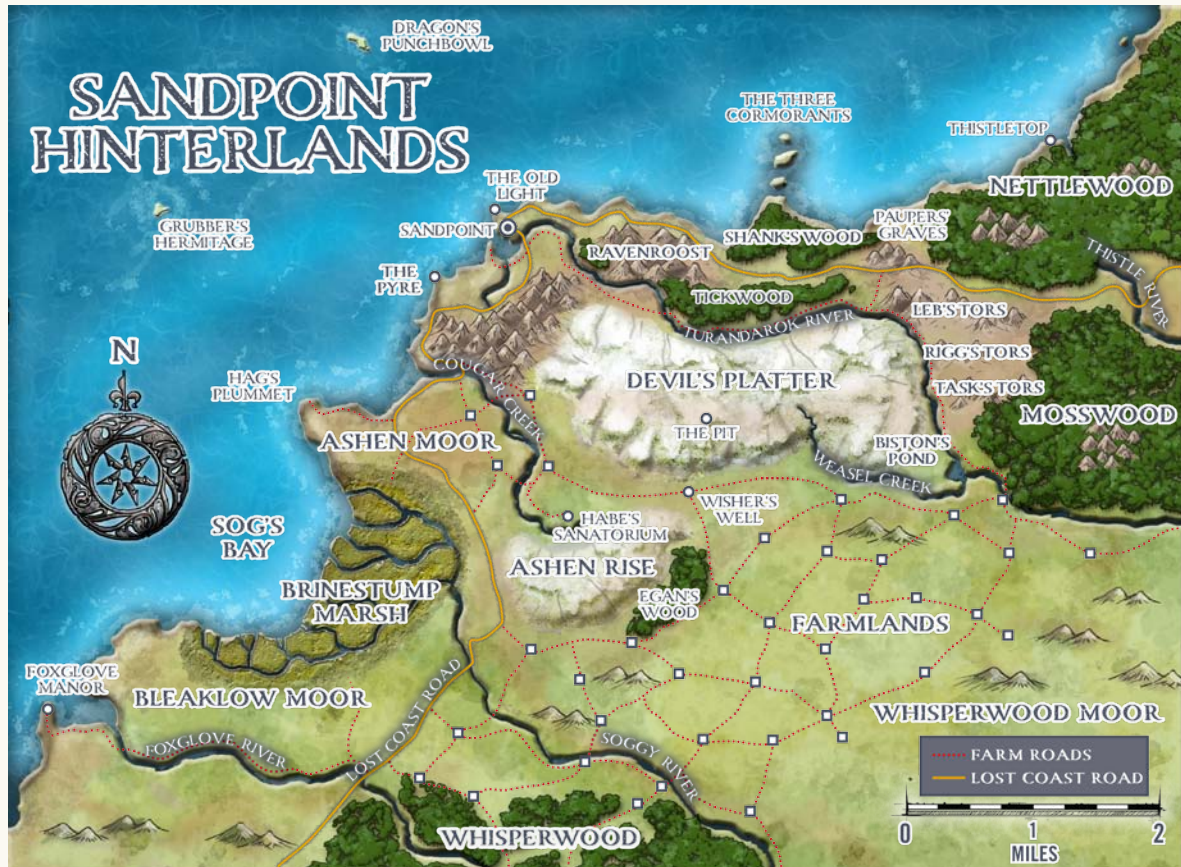
On page 386, you’ll find a map of the farmlands and wilderness that immediately surround the town of Sandpoint. Chapter One sends the PCs to Thistletop and on a short boar hunt into Tickwood, and a significant portion of Chapter Two takes place outside of town and along the Lost Coast.

But these locations are only a few of the numerous adventure sites located within a few hours’ walk of the town of Sandpoint. The remainder of this appendix describes several different locations in the Sandpoint hinterlands beyond those locations detailed in Chapters One and Two of this book.

ASHEN RISE: The smaller of the two limestone escarpments in the area is the so-called Ashen Rise. Unlike Devil’s Platter, Ashen Rise is relatively safe—the only peril that explorers are likely to face up here are flocks of stirges or uncommonly aggressive ravens and crows.

BISTON’S POND: Named after an eccentric Varisian druid who lived his whole life on the western shore, this pond lies at the convergence of Weasel Creek and the larger Turandarok River. Goblins from Mosswood often fish along the eastern shore, and the dilapidated shack that once served as Biston’s home still sits on the western shore, supposedly haunted by the old druid’s spirit.

BRINESTUMP MARSH: This tangled, overgrown swampland is infested with giant insects, goblins, and other unpleasant monsters. The marshland is relatively



unexplored as a result, despite its close proximity to the well-traveled Lost Coast Road.

DEVIL'S PLATTER: The edges of Devil's Platter are known haunts for the Birdcrunchers—a small tribe of relatively nonaggressive goblins that dwells in numerous caverns along the Platter's western edge. Deeper in, it's rumored that the place is controlled by devil-worshipping bugbears who avoid the light of day but emerge at night from caves to light their fires.

DRAGON'S PUNCHBOWL: This bowl-shaped island is little more than a series of stony ridges surrounding a small lake. Wyverns roost in caves here, and rumors hold that a dragon visits the place once or twice per year for unknown reasons.

EGAN'S WOOD: This small copse of trees grows along the lee of Ashen Rise, a thick tangle of pine trees once owned by a local eccentric named Egan who forbade any clearing of the land for farming. His shack lies hidden somewhere in the woods. Although Egan died long ago, the giant spiders that infest his beloved woods remain very much alive.

FARMLANDS: The farmlands south of Sandpoint are relatively safe, but farmers are always getting into trouble with local wildlife or various local dangers—particularly goblins or mites. At any given time, at least two or three farms need help in running off predators or mischief-seeking troublemakers.

FOXGLOVE MANOR: This area is detailed in Chapter Two.

GRUBBER'S HERMITAGE: Notorious as a generator of shipwrecks, Grubber's Hermitage is a small, isolated island containing a thorp of a dozen fishing families—insular folk who generally don't welcome visitors. Sandpoint citizens theorize that lepers, ghosts, or worse infest the island. Of late, little has been heard from the Hermitage; with no love lost between this thorp and Sandpoint, no one has gone to investigate the silence as of yet—despite sightings from passing ships of strangely large numbers of carrion birds nearby.

HABE'S SANATORIUM: This area is detailed in full in Chapter Two.

HAG'S PLUMMET: Old Varisian tales recount the tragic story of young Bevanaka, who found a gray hair and sought out an old witch for an elixir of beauty. The witch gave her the potion, but warned her that the effects would last only as long as she didn't fall in love. For many years, Bevanaka lived as a lonely but beautiful woman, until the day her loneliness grew too great and she fell in love with a young man. Bevanaka grew old in the blink of an eye, but hoped her true love would still remain true. Alas, she was wrong. Horrified by her sudden age, he spurned her. In a fit of despair, Bevanaka threw herself from the cliffs at Hag's Plummet. Since then, these cliffs have been a popular place both for young lovers to sneak away and profess their love and for suicides.





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THE MOORS: The three moors that stretch through much of the hinterlands consist of poor-quality soil and stony ground. The northernmost is Ashen Moor, a stretch of low-lying land that slopes gradually to the west toward Hag's Plummet. On the far side of Brinestump Marsh from Ashen Moor lies Bleaklow Moor, a higher-altitude swath of land said to be infested by ghouls below its barren expanse. Whisperwood Moor, the largest of the three moors, lies to the southeast and is often shrouded in fog well into the day. Goblin dogs, wolves, worgs, and worse hunt here, often coming north to prey on the livestock of outlying farmlands.

MOSSWOOD: Mosswood's primary inhabitants are goblins, and the Mosswood tribe remains the largest of the Sandpoint goblin tribes today. Part of the Mosswood goblins' tenacity doubtlessly comes from the tribe's chieftain, Big Gugmut, who claims to be the son of a hobgoblin and a wild boar. The Mosswood tribes are numerous, and bickering over which of the goblin hero gods (or Lamashtu herself, for that matter) is the best god leads to more goblin death in Mosswood than all the adventurers and misadventures combined. Mosswood's trees tend to be larger, mostly redwoods, resulting in much more open forest floor than exists at undergrowth-heavy Nettlewood to the north.

NETTLEWOOD: North of Mosswood lies Nettlewood, a frustratingly tangled forest. Whereas the trees of Mosswood grow tall and stately, those north of the Lost Coast Road in Nettlewood are lower and share their forest floor with snarls of nettles and thorny underbrush.

PAUPERS' GRAVES: Before Sandpoint was settled, Varisians often visited the coastline here, one of their many traditional graveyard sites in the region. When Sandpoint began construction, a large influx of poor and desperate laborers from Magnimar came to the region, hoping to be rewarded for helping build a new town by being given a place in it; those who died during construction were buried here. Today, these bodies are gone, devoured by the ghouls now inhabiting the twisting warrens beneath the area.

THE PIT: The most notorious site on Devil's Platter is a dark, circular pit hidden somewhere near the escarpment's center. From above, the Pit is only accessible by flight or via a winding network of mazelike furrows in the Platter's surface, while from below, the numerous caves that branch off of the Pit's walls connect to underground lairs throughout the hinterlands. In this way, the Pit forms the nexus of a "mini-Darklands" below the region. Something like a sinkhole, the circular shaft stretches nearly a hundred feet across, its inner walls crisscrossed with ledges and rope ladders leading deeper into the mist-shrouded depths. Numerous cave entrances along these ledges lead into complexes within the escarpment itself—goblin tribes, infestations of gremlins, sinister lairs inhabited by derros and dark folk, and troglodyte

warrens are among the dangers one faces in these numerous caverns. The deepest reaches of the pit contain an ancient temple devoted to Kabriri (the demon lord of ghouls) and the lair of the infamous Sandpoint Devil.

THE PYRE: The ancient Varisians of the region used this promontory for many rituals, including their yearly Swallowtail Festival, but the Pyre hasn't been used since Sandpoint's founding.

RAVENROOST: This ragged range of broken hills is decorated here and there with isolated copses of eucalyptus, pepperwood, and pines. Not a lot lives here apart from relatively harmless wild animals.

SHANK'S WOOD: This small pine and eucalyptus forest is relatively small. The goblins of the Seven Tooth tribe claim this forest as their territory.

SOG'S BAY: This shallow bay has a notorious reputation for being a shipwrecker. Dozens of sandbars and hidden perils fill the area, and the masts of unfortunate ships protrude from the shallows in multiple spots. The waters of the bay are thick with reefclaws, giant crabs, and other tidal predators and scavengers.

THISTLETOP: This area is detailed in Chapter One.

THE THREE CORMORANTS: Three towering sea stacks protrude from the waves here, their crowns supporting miniature forests of eucalyptus and cypress trees. A small group of harpies dwell amid these trees, but apart from periodically tormenting goblins, the monsters don't meddle with mainland concerns.

TICKWOOD: Although giant ticks are known in this wood, the primary denizens of this long, narrow forest of pines, firs, and redwoods are boars. As a result, the wood is a popular hunting ground among the wealthier residents of Sandpoint.

THE TORS: Situated to the east of Devil's Platter, these three groups of stony hills are known collectively as the Tors. Named after three adventurers who explored many of the nooks, caverns, and old Varisian tombs here before Sandpoint was founded, the Tors still hide many secrets and small, hidden complexes that await discovery by adventurers.

WHISPERWOOD: Only the northern tip of this large forest intrudes into the Sandpoint hinterlands. Whisperwood runs along much of the Lost Coast, its towering redwoods a humbling testimony to the grace of nature. Tales of hidden Thassilonian ruins from both Shalast and Bakrakan often lure adventurers into these woods, but most fall prey to the wolves, bugbears, and thugs who lie in wait for intruders.

WISHER'S WELL: One of the lesser-known Thassilonian ruins in the region, this landmark consists of a circular stone tower only 30 feet high from the outside that drops away into a 100-foot-deep shaft ending in a deep pool of water on the inside. All manner of monsters dwell in the flooded caverns below the well, including a small tribe of skum and a larger tribe of faceless stalkers.



APPENDIX THREE: MAGNIMAR

MAGNIMAR ENDLESSLY ENDEAVORS TO SURPASS THE OVERWHELMING SCALE AND GRANDEUR OF THE ANCIENT WONDERS THAT LITTER THE VARISIAN LANDSCAPE. A PLACE OF GREAT OPPORTUNITY, SOCIAL STRESS, AND COLD BEAUTY, THE CITY EXUDES THE AIR OF A SOUTHERN METROPOLIS, SEEKING TO RISE ABOVE ITS IGNOBLE BEGINNINGS AS A REFUGE FOR KORVOSAN OUTCASTS TO BECOME A BEACON OF CULTURE AND FREEDOM IN AN UNFORGIVING LAND. YET ITS TOWERING MONUMENTS AND OSTENTATIOUS ARCHITECTURE FORM BUT A CRACKED MASK OVER A STRUGGLING GOVERNMENT AND A DESPERATE PEOPLE IN NEED OF HEROES.



The information presented on the following pages is intended to give merely a brief overview of the city of Magnimar. The Rise of the Runelords Adventure Path doesn't tarry long in the so-called City of Monuments, but there's far more opportunity for adventure in Magnimar. If your group wishes to spend some extra time in the city, you should consult *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Magnimar: City of Monuments* for more information.



CITY OF MONUMENTS

Magnimar's sprawling slate rooftops and marble avenues stretch from the foundations of the Irespan—a ruined stone bridge of impossible size—to beyond the western banks of the Yondabakari River. A sheer cliff, the Seacleft, cuts through the city's heart, dividing Magnimar into its two major sections: the Summit, upon the cliff's top, and the Shore, below.

The second-largest city in Varisia, Magnimar wages an open war of coins and lies with Korvosa to the east. Both city-states vie for control over vassal communities, natural resources, and trade with the cosmopolitan south. In its constant striving to outdo and exceed Korvosa, Magnimar has opened its gates and harbor to all comers, encouraging traders from many lands to discover the wonders of Varisia away from the excessive taxes and regulations of Korvosa, yet in greater safety than is offered by pirate havens like Riddleport.

Today, more than 16,000 people make their homes in Magnimar, with the majority of that populace consisting of humans of Chelish descent—although an increasing number have Varisian blood. Shoanti are often thought of as little more than brutes, and aren't often trusted. Magnimar also hosts a second transient population: thousands of regular traders from far-flung nations. Many of these merchants, emissaries, and adventurers have homes that they reside in while passing through but that otherwise remain empty.

MAGNIMAR, CITY OF MONUMENTS

N large city

Corruption +2; **Crime** +2; **Economy** +5; **Law** +2; **Lore** +6; **Society** +1
Qualities academic, prosperous, rumormongering citizens, strategic location, tourist attraction

Danger +0

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government autocracy (lord-mayor)

Population 16,428 (13,307 humans, 821 halflings, 657 dwarves, 657 elves, 493 gnomes, 329 half-elves, 164 half-orcs)

NOTABLE NPCS

Haldmeer Grobaras, lord-mayor (N male human aristocrat 9)

Verrine Caiteil, spokeswoman of the Council of Ushers (NG female elf aristocrat 3/wizard 6)

Bayl Argentine, leader of the Justice Court (LN male human aristocrat 6/fighter 3)

Remeria Callinova, leader of the Varisian Council (CG female human expert 4/rogue 2)

Sabriyya Kalmeralm, de facto ruler of the Bazaar of Sails (CN female human rogue 12)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 12,800 gp; **Purchase Limit** 75,000 gp; **Spellcasting** 8th
Minor Items 4d4; **Medium Items** 3d4; **Major Items** 2d4

LIFE IN MAGNIMAR

Since the establishment of a formal city government in 4608 AR, Magnimar has been led by two political bodies: the Council of Ushers and the Office of the Lord-Mayor. When the city was established, this egalitarian arrangement was meant to ensure that no one person would have too powerful a voice in the city-state's governing. After more than a hundred years, however, this noble effort has become embroiled in officialism, paper shuffling, and the ambitions of its members.

Undisputedly the most politically powerful person in Magnimar, Lord-Mayor Haldmeer Grobaras is a paunchy, self-serving politico more concerned with his





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own comforts than the needs of the underprivileged he hears so much about. Having managed Magnimar for many years, Grobaras half-heartedly handles the immediate needs of the city, indifferently settling matters relating to the distribution of city funds, use of the city watch, and the concerns of countless citizens groups, all while welcoming bribery and lavish gifts. Although his dedication to the finest Chelish fashions and his numerous chins make the lord-mayor's self-indulgent foppishness blatantly apparent, they hide a silver tongue and the private wealth to fulfill nearly any promise. While his station would have him uphold the mandates of the Council of Ushers, he often ignores such duties, proving more attentive to whether or not his personal declarations are enforced.

A third political body operating outside of the city government is the Varisian Council. Formed at the request of the city's elders more than 80 years ago, the Varisian Council ensures that the Magnimarian government does not infringe upon the rights and traditions of Varisia's native peoples—peripherally including the Shoanti—who live in close-knit neighborhoods and transient tent and wagon communities throughout the city.

As a city founded by those who refused to live under the reign of tyrants, Magnimar has relatively few laws. From its barracks within the Arvensoar, the towering fortress of Magnimar's small military, the city watch patrols the length and breadth of the city—although Lord-Mayor Grobaras's decrees see that the richest quarters of the Summit receive the most attention. When the law falls into dispute or cannot be meted out by the watch, quarrels are taken before the esteemed Justice Court. Thirteen justices—led by **LORD JUSTICE BAYL ARGENTINE** (LN male human aristocrat 6/fighter 3)—form the highest court in the city, settling arguments and deciding the guilt or innocence of those who come before them.

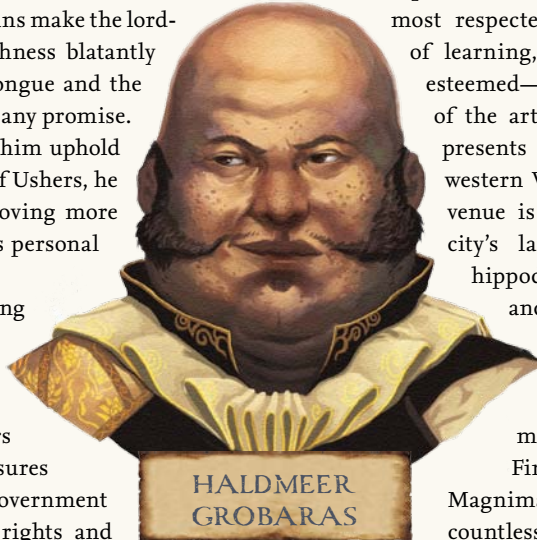
Numerous criminal elements operate throughout Magnimar. The oldest of these groups, the Night Scales, see themselves as the rightful masters of the city's criminal underworld. The Varisian criminals known as the Sczarni also operate in great numbers in Magnimar, each group taking names like the Creepers, the Tower Girls, or the Washside Wringers; adopting criminal specialties; and operating in locally known turfs. **JASTER FRALLINO** (CE male human fighter 5/rogue 4), an aging, merciless tough with thick scars around his neck, leads the largest and most influential group, the Gallowed, from a caravan of wagons almost directly below Lord-Mayor Grobaras's palatial home, Defiant's Garden.

In an attempt to elevate the city-state beyond merely an aggrandized trading post, the local government has done much to encourage education and the arts. The majority of its contributions to city-wide enlightenment goes to the Founder's Archive and Museum of Ages. Occupying a small campus just north of Usher's Hall, these grandiose structures house the histories, findings, and private collections of some of the city's most respected citizens. Beyond these halls of learning, Magnimar also hosts several esteemed—and not so esteemed—houses of the arts. While the Summit's Triodea presents the grandest performances in western Varisia, the most popular public venue is easily the Serpent's Run. The city's largest structure, this gigantic hippodrome hosts decathlons, horse and dog races, displays of magic, circus performances, and—on rare occasions—small-scale naval engagements and mock-gladiatorial battles.

First and foremost a trade city, Magnimar owes its prosperity to the countless foreign merchants who readily make use of the city's reputedly safe and free port. Enforcing no taxes on harborage or imports, the city welcomes business from all lands and makes the bounty of Varisia available for trade. As a result, several of the most prestigious trading companies, mercantile families, and shipping concerns do regular business in the city, with some having even established offices and private local shipyards.

Magnimar welcomes religions from all corners of the world, so long as they don't pursue any ongoing crusades or violate city law. The churches of Abadar, Calistria, Iomedae, and Pharasma have strong citywide followings, and Desna is well-represented among the Varisian population. Tradition and local legends surrounding the Arvensoar have also attracted a number of celestial mystery cults, which practice strange rituals outside the public eye, and assemblies devoted to several empyreal lords are known to gather in the city.

Finally, there is the Irespan. Visible for miles out to sea, this ancient basalt bridge dominates Magnimar's coastline. Jutting from a prominent foundation upon the Seacleft, the Giant's Bridge, as it is sometimes called, soars more than 300 feet above the city below, giving the eclipsed area its name: Underbridge. The Irespan has long been a source of wonderment, mystery, and ill-fortune. Although the founders of Magnimar chose their community's location primarily for its natural harbor and proximity to the Yondabakari River, the ancient rubble of the Irespan that once littered the surrounding beaches proved an opportune source of building materials for the fledgling community. Today,





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many of Magnimar's oldest and most elegant structures boast foundations, supports, and statuary constructed of Irespan basalt.

MAGNIMAR'S DISTRICTS

The city of Magnimar houses nearly two dozen smaller neighborhoods, many of whose boundaries shift and adjust over time. The nine major districts of the city, on the other hand, have well-recognized and stable borders. These nine districts are summarized below.

ALABASTER DISTRICT: Home to many of Magnimar's finest and richest aristocrats, the Alabaster District's skyline is dominated by the towers of Fort Indros and the sprawl of the Serpent's Run (the city's largest arena for public events).

BEACON'S POINT: The waterfront reaches of Beacon's Point house many of Magnimar's industries (such as shipbuilding and fishing), as well as house the city's naval yards. The further one travels inland from the shore, though, the further one delves into the tangle of slums in Beacon's Point's heart—a wretched region known as Rag's End.

CAPITAL DISTRICT: Perhaps the largest of Magnimar's districts, the Capital District houses the majority of the city's government buildings, including Usher's Hall and the Pediment Building. This district of fine stone structures also holds other notable sites, such as the Golemworks (a school and industrial workshop dedicated to the crafting of constructs) and the eclectic collection of beasts on display at the Lord-Mayor's Menagerie.

DOCKWAY: Magnimar's merchants' district also contains the largest free market in Varisia—the Bazaar of Sails, a sprawling set of buildings and streets ruled by the so-called Princess of the Market, Sabriyya Kalmeralm.

KEYSTONE: The district known as Keystone is a relaxed and relatively quiet one—a mostly residential district that also houses the majority of the city's larger temples (including churches to Desna, Calistria, Erastil, and Pharasma).

LOWCLEFT: This is Varisia's entertainment district, a neighborhood that only fully comes to life after sunset. Here visitors can find distractions and diversion among numerous game halls, taverns, brothels, theaters, and similar means of relaxation.

NAOS: The majority of Varisia's upper class dwell in this district, amid elegant stone townhouses or small villas. The tallest building in Magnimar, the Arvensoar, rises above this district, and the largest temple in Magnimar, the cathedral of Abadar, can be found here as well.

ORDELLIA: Almost its own suburb rather than a fully integrated district of Magnimar, Ordellia is also known as the Foreign District. It is here that the majority of Magnimar's non-human citizens live, along with many other visitors from other nations throughout the Inner Sea region.

UNDERBRIDGE: Known more commonly as “the Shadow,” Underbridge is Magnimar's most dangerous slum. Nestled in the perpetual gloom under the Irespan, this district is a haven for criminals, smugglers, and even a few monstrous predators.



APPENDIX FOUR: TURTLEBACK FERRY

TURTLEBACK FERRY IS A SMALL TOWNSHIP PERCHED ON THE RAIN-DRENCHED NORTH SHORE OF CLAYBOTTOM LAKE. THREE DISTINCTIVE FERRIES CRAFTED FROM THE SHELLS OF GIANT TURTLES SLAIN BY AUTEK LAVENDY, ONE OF THE TOWN'S FOUNDERS, MAKE TURTLEBACK FERRY THE CENTRAL TRADING TOWN FOR THE REGION. NEARLY 80 MILES FROM ILSURIAN, THE NEXT TOWN OF SIMILAR SIZE, TURTLEBACK FERRY HAS NOMINALLY BEEN UNDER MAGNIMARIAN RULE FOR 45 YEARS, AN ARRANGEMENT THE SETTLEMENT AGREED TO IN RETURN FOR PROTECTION FROM THE REGION'S OGRES AND OGREKIN.



Turtleback Ferry remains independent in many ways, for its remote location ensures that official visits from Magnimar are few and far between. Turtleback Ferry's current mayor is an aged cleric of Erastil named Maelin Shreed, a selfless soul who manages the village church as both a safe haven for travelers and a hospital wherein he tends the village's sick. Turtleback Ferry also boasts a trading post (the Turtleback General Store), an inn (the Turtle's Parlor), a tavern (Bottoms Up), and a smith (Irontooth's Metal Goods). Most of the village's other buildings are the homes of farmers, hunters, fishers, and trappers—and very few of them ever travel farther south than Ilsurian. To the people of Turtleback Ferry, the arrival of the PCs in the region would be big news, even during a time when the weather hadn't been so ominous... or when word from Fort Rannick hadn't been so sparse!

ARRIVING AT TURTLEBACK FERRY

Visitors to Turtleback Ferry find the locals friendly enough, although many of them seem nervous and skittish, quick to lock their doors at night and often overreacting to the sound of dogs barking or other unexpected noises. This feeling is only partially due to the early arrival of the winter rains, and it shouldn't take long for the PCs to figure out that Magnimar's worries about Fort Rannick are anything but idle.

Questioning any of the villagers about the fort verifies that there's been no contact from the Black Arrows for several weeks now. Normally, one or two of the rangers visits Turtleback Ferry every few days for supplies, news, or entertainment, but since the rains began in earnest several weeks ago, no one's heard from the rangers at all. In addition, the wilds nearby (particularly Kreegwood) have grown more dangerous. Wild animals like bears, firepelt cougars, and boars are becoming increasingly common along the edges of these woodlands, and several of Turtleback's hunters and trappers believe

TURTLEBACK FERRY, REMOTE VARISIAN VILLAGE

LN village

Corruption -1; **Crime** -2; **Economy** +0; **Law** +1; **Lore** +0; **Society** -1

Qualities Insular, Strategic Location

Danger +0

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government autocracy (mayor)

Population 430 (391 humans, 22 gnomes, 17 halflings)

Notable NPCs

Maelin Shreed, mayor and priest (LG male Garundi cleric of Erastil 5)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 550 gp; **Purchase Limit** 2,500 gp; **Spellcasting** 3rd

Minor Items 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** —

these predators are being forced from the depths of the woodlands by the increased activity of local monsters like ogres, trolls, and worse. Earlier in the week, a patrol headed north to try to make contact with Fort Rannick, but it never returned.

LIFE IN TURTLEBACK FERRY

The village of Turtleback Ferry isn't at its best when the PCs arrive at the start of Chapter Three. The rains have come early, dampening the settlement's already gloomy spirits—for something is off in the region. Livestock's been going missing for months, and more recently the number of hunters and trappers who've gone missing has increased as well. In a village of only 430, every loss is felt keenly—none more so than the tragic sinking of the pleasure barge *Paradise* and the loss of nearly two dozen lives. That only half of those who were on board at the time were locals does little to ease the sting of the controversial barge's loss.

When *Paradise* was operating, opinions on the so-called "pleasure barge" were split in Turtleback Ferry between those who secretly enjoyed the fact that a





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gambling den and better tavern had come to town and those who viewed the *Paradise* as a threat to business or morality. The barge's owner and proprietor, a beautiful red-haired woman named Lucrecia, aroused a similar debate between those who were enthralled by her charms and those who were threatened by them. In an ironic twist, the tragedy of the *Paradise's* sinking has unified opinions—the people of Turtleback Ferry now recall Lucrecia with fondness and sadness alike, realizing perhaps too late that the additional income the *Paradise* brought to the village was quite nice. The tragedy didn't happen long ago (the point at which Lucrecia sank the barge was less than a week after Fort Rannick fell to the ogres—about a month before the PCs arrive in Turtleback Ferry), so it's still in everyone's thoughts, with several of the townsfolk still in mourning for lost loved ones. The barge itself sank near midnight while it was drifting idly out on Claybottom Lake. There were no survivors—in fact, had a hunter returning home late not spotted the barge's lights out on the lake winking out one by one as it slipped into the water, no one would have noticed the loss until the next morning. In the days following the tragedy, investigations into the event took place. Local attempts to dive down to the wreck to recover bodies failed due to a combination of the depth and the particularly vicious fish that have converged on the area (see *Wreck of the Paradise* on page 397). During the same week, a half-hearted inquest by a lone official

from Ilsurian turned up no additional clues as to why the barge sank. If any locals are asked about this inquest, the bitter villagers imply the investigator was more interested in simply going through the motions of the inquest so he could get back home.

Today, half of the people of Turtleback Ferry believe a lake monster (either Black Magga or the legendary giant gar known as Pinkeye) sank the *Paradise*, while the other half suspect that the barge was sunk by the combined weight of the sins of those on board (a not-so-subtle way of saying “they sank because Erastil punished them”). None in town suspect the truth—that Lucrecia was responsible for the tragedy, and that she yet lives.

But despite the driving rains, strange disappearances, and the loss of the *Paradise*, what has really set the people of Turtleback Ferry on edge is the unsettling silence from Fort Rannick. The Black Arrows do an excellent job at keeping the roads and forest edges relatively safe for hunters and travelers, but for the past several weeks there's been no sign of the rangers in the hinterlands or in town. Normally, an official delegation of rangers from Fort Rannick would visit Turtleback Ferry on every Fireday—in addition to their individual off-duty visits—so when two weeks passed without any sign of them, messengers were sent to the fort to investigate. None returned. Fearing the worst, Mayor Shreed sent word to Magnimar to ask for aid in the investigation. The PCs are to be the first reply to that request for aid.



TURTLEBACK FERRY LOCATIONS

There are nine locations of interest in Turtleback Ferry.

1 THE TURTLE'S PARLOR: With no Black Arrows in town of late, innkeeper **CESTEN ORLANDI** (N male human expert 3) has been in a particularly foul mood as he watches his profits dwindle—if the PCs attempt to secure rooms here, he initially tries to charge them 5 gp per room.

2 BOTTOMS UP: This tavern is owned by a garrulous halfling couple, **YADS** and **BERTHANDY KESKER** (NG halfling experts 2), and is patronized by hunters, fishermen, and trappers. The halflings loathed the *Paradise*, for it robbed them of much of their regular patronage.

3 CLAYBOTTOM FERRY: This ferry provides once-daily round-trip service to Pendaka on the far side of the lake, for the affordable cost of 2 cp per passenger.

4 IRONTOOTH'S METAL GOODS: Named for its no-nonsense proprietor and owner, **IRONTOOTH JORVENI** (LN male middle-aged human expert 2/commoner 3), this building is Turtleback Ferry's only smithy. Irontooth left Iser after a hobgoblin hit him in the face with a club—he forged metallic false teeth to hide his ruined smile.

5 TURTLEBACK GENERAL STORE: Run by an old maid named **WENDA LEENEE** (NG middle-aged human commoner 3), the Turtleback General Store is functional but unimaginative in its wares.

6 CHURCH OF ERASTIL: This is the largest building in town—it serves as both Turtleback Ferry's religious center and its town hall, and its pastor is both its spiritual and its political leader. Maelin Shreed is the one who sent for help from Magnimar, and is the man most of the village locals point to when the PCs arrive. Maelin offers free spellcasting services as long as they're in town (although he'll still appreciate tithes in Erastil's name). Despite his zeal and good intentions, Maelin is relatively clueless as to the true nature of the dangers that face Turtleback Ferry, and unfortunately has very little information to give the PCs other than to recommend they head north to investigate Fort Rannick.

7 SKULL FERRY: This ferry provides as-needed service across the Skull River for 1 cp per trip. A large bell on the far side of the river allows the ferry to be called if travelers approach from the west.

8 TURTLEBACK SCHOOLHOUSE: This one-room schoolhouse is run by **TILLIA HENKENSEN** (LN female expert 4), a prim but attractive woman who's managed to work wonders over the past few years with Turtleback's youth, having replaced an ill-tempered and old-fashioned teacher who drowned in the river under suspicious circumstances.

9 TURTLEBACK GRAVEYARD: The bodies buried here represent generations of farmers, hunters, and pioneers. The local children like to tell stories about the place, but the graveyard is remarkably free of haunts and spooks.





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TURTLEBACK FERRY RUMORS

The villagers are quiet and sullen of late, but asking anyone about news is sure to get a rumor out of them! Each rumor on the following table is followed by “(True)” for a true rumor and “(False)” for a false rumor—note that false rumors can still cause the PCs to investigate an area pertinent to the adventure, even if their initial reason for visiting the area is based on an incorrect assumption.

D12 ROLL	RESULT
1	Black Magga, the monster of the Storval Deep, doesn't stay in that lake. Underwater tunnels connect it to Claybottom Lake, and she comes down here to eat fishermen now and then! I'm sure that's what happened to the <i>Paradise</i> —Black Magga came down and gobbled up all those filthy sinners! (False)
2	It's been weeks since we've had a visit from the Black Arrows. I'll be the first to admit they're not a friendly lot, but they do a good job keeping the ogres and critters in the woods and hills under control. Hope nothing has happened to them! (True)
3	The rains came early this year. Gonna flood out my crops if they don't let up soon. Last time it rained this early this much, we got floods. That were, what, 40-some years ago? Turned out there were a witch behind it all—she were tryin' to turn us all into frogs or somethin' with all the rain! (False)
4	People been disappearin' lately. And not just them who's been going into the deep woods. I'm talkin' fishermen, travelers, people just out on the roads. My money's on them Grauls—that family's got ogre blood in them, and once you get ogre blood in you... you just ain't right! (Partially true)
5	Heard a bunch of fishermen from Pendaka got themselves eaten by Pinkeye the Gar a week ago. Serves the fools right for tangling with a fish bigger than their boat! (False)
6	Heard a few months ago, before all these rains started, that some of the hunters who brave the Valley of Broken Trees for boar found a bunch of enormous footprints. Giant-sized footprints! It's bad enough we've got ogres, but if a giant's moved into the valley, I sure hope the Black Arrows take care of it soon! (True)
7	The ogres up on the Hook are the cause of all the rain. They done recruited a dragon or something to fly around in the clouds and stir up the storms! (False)
8	Been some weird lights across the lake in the Shimmerglens lately. They don't show up all the time, but now and then you can see them in the early dawn hours, movin' around like they was a bunch of people over there carryin' around lanterns and dancin' and stuff. Place is haunted, I tells ya! (Partially true)
9	<i>Paradise</i> sunk—it's a tragedy, I'll agree. But know what? Good riddance, I say. I know it ain't nice to wish ill on no one, but I hope that strumpet Lucrecia's at the bottom of the lake as well. Tartin' around town with her chest all pushed out and flashing leg with every other step.... That type of walk might go over well down in Korvosa, but we're respectable folk here! Wouldn't be surprised to find out <i>Paradise</i> sunk on account of her bringing down Erastil's judgment on the whole sinful lot of 'em! (False)
10	So I noticed my uncle had a weird star-shaped tattoo on his shoulder the other day. I asked him about it, and he just got all angry and tol' me to mind my own. Thing is, though... that ain't the first time I seen that kinda tattoo. Lotsa folks got 'em here. They hide 'em good enough, but you keep an eye out, you'll see one on an ankle or arm or back here and there, sure enough. I don't got one, though, I tell you! Tattoos is sinful business! (True... at least about the spread of tattoos in town)
11	The dam up north, between the Storval Deep and Skull River, is haunted by all of those who have drowned hereabouts. The skulls carved on the dam let the ghosts watch you when you approach! (False)
12	No one believes me, but that leader of the Black Arrows—Bayden's his name, I think—he's got something going on over across the lake. I seen him comin' and goin' from Whitewillow, and so's my friends. I'm pretty sure he's up to no good. Nothing friendly lives in swamps, after all! (Partially true)



HOOK MOUNTAIN REGION

The area south of Hook Mountain is dominated by thick forests, lakes, and the swamps known as the Shimmerglens. Note that locations featured prominently in Chapter Three are not detailed below.

ASHWOOD: While many forests in Varisia bear dark reputations, Ashwood's is legendary. It seems that everyone within a hundred miles claims to have a relative or friend of a friend who personally encountered a ghost, werewolf, or other spook within the wood's brooding borders.

BITTER HOLLOW: Bitter Hollow is a filthy, remote thorp of about 50 hunters and trappers and their families. A single trading post called the Gator's Nest sits in the center of this settlement, and regular trade with the gnomes of the nearby Sanos Forest means that there are often unexpected items for purchase here.

CLAYBOTTOM LAKE: The fishing in Claybottom Lake is always good, but fishermen are quick to warn newcomers about the nightbelly boas (see page 162), ravenous giant gars, and deadly giant snapping turtles that infest the lake's western reaches.

KREEGWOOD: This woodland is named for the ogres of Hook Mountain, although those who dwell here are mostly the half-human results of ogre lusts. The ogrekin that dwell in the Kreegwood bicker among themselves, and rarely cause problems for outsiders. Anyone who ventures too far into these woods is fair game for dinner (or worse), however, so local villagers and hunters avoid this region entirely.

LAKE COAL: The waters of Lake Coal are dark with silt and black algae. Fishing is poor in Lake Coal—not for lack of fish, but for the ferocity of the large dark gars that dwell therein.

OLD SANOS TRAIL: This narrow, claustrophobic forest trail winds deep into the Sanos Forest, eventually connecting to several secluded gnome villages deep in the woods. Rumor holds that magic causes the trails to move when those who use them seek to bring trouble to the gnomes.

PENDAKA: This tiny fishing thorp is perched on a rocky promontory overlooking the southern shores of Claybottom Lake. With its single combination inn/trading post, the Walleyed Wife, Pendaka's only claim to fame is local baker Olam Keecher's delicious cranberry turtle egg pies.

SANOS FOREST: Although gnomes as a race are extremely tight-lipped about what goes on in the Sanos Forest, there are whispers that somewhere deep in its heart they maintain a gateway to the First World.

STORVAL DEEP: Filling the entire valley between the Iron Peaks and the Wyvern Mountains, the Storval Deep is a massive lake held back by an ancient dam, Skull's Crossing, at its southern tip.

VALLEY OF BROKEN TREES: In this dry gulch, the trees find it difficult to grow due to poor soil and frequent ogre vandalism. Recently, a hill giant named Razmus has claimed this valley as his own. Smarter and cagier than most of his kin, Razmus had little interest in joining Mokmurian's growing army and stole his way south of the Storval Rise in secret. After making his way into





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this region a few years ago, Rasmus claimed the Valley of Broken Trees as his domain. Whether Rasmus serves as an enemy or an unlikely ally to your PCs depends as much upon your whim as it does on the PCs themselves.

RAZMUS

XP	CR	HP
9,600	10	139

Male hill giant fighter 2/ranger 1 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 150)
CN Large humanoid (giant)

Init -1; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 8, flat-footed 23 (+6 armor, -1 Dex, +9 natural, -1 size)

hp 139 (13 HD; 10d8+3d10+78)

Fort +18, **Ref** +4, **Will** +6; +1 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +1, rock catching

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 *thundering earth breaker* +19/+14 (2d6+9/19-20/x3)

Ranged rock +9 (1d8+12)

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

Special Attacks favored enemy (dwarves +2)

STATISTICS

Str 27, **Dex** 8, **Con** 23, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 5

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +19; **CMD** 28

Feats Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (earth breaker), Improved Iron Will, Iron Will, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Stealth), Stealthy, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (earth breaker)

Skills Escape Artist -3, Perception +10, Stealth +17, Survival +17

Languages Common, Giant

SQ track +1, wild empathy -2

Gear breastplate, +1 *thundering earth breaker*, ring of counterspells (contains dominate person)

WICKER WALK: Built by the founders of Bitter Hollow in an attempt to encourage trade with the gnomes of the Sanos Forest, the Wicker Walk is a local marvel. The 3-mile-long boardwalk is hung regularly with long-burning

pitch lanterns, and its often-creaking boards offer the only completely dry path across the Shimmerglens.

WRECK OF THE PARADISE: The *Paradise* lies under 40 feet of water here, amid thick silt and sharp rocks. Diving down to the wreck is complicated by the presence of Pinkeye, a particularly foul-tempered albino giant gar (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 128), but if the PCs can deal with the gar, an investigation of the wreck turns up several interesting facts. First, among the fish-eaten skeletons of those who died, none wearing Lucrecia's fancy clothing are in evidence. Second, the barge's hull bears several obviously artificial holes, the boards burst out rather than in, indicating that the damage that caused the barge to sink was inflicted from onboard—perhaps deliberately. Lucrecia was careful to leave no evidence of her actual nature or plans on the vessel.

WYVERN MOUNTAINS: This range's name says it all, and travelers here are advised to keep a sharp eye out for roving packs of the poisonous draconic predators that subsist on the mountains' wild goats and free-roaming llamas.





APPENDIX FIVE: XIN-SHALAST

THE SPRAWLING EMPIRE OF THASSILON WAS POWERED BY CONQUEST AND ITS SOPHISTICATED RUNE MAGIC. THAT MAGIC DEFINED THE EMPIRE'S RULERS AND INCLUDED VARIOUS FORMS OF BLOOD SACRIFICE, POWERFUL GLYPH-LAYING, AND DIMENSIONAL WARPING. WITHOUT RUNE MAGIC AND THE BINDING OF THE RUNE GIANTS, THASSILON'S LEGIONS WOULD NEVER HAVE CONQUERED THEIR VAST LANDS. WITH THEM, THEY WERE UNSTOPPABLE—OR AT LEAST UNTIL THE AGE OF LEGEND ENDED AND THE AGE OF DARKNESS BEGAN. FOR WHEN EARTHFALL SHATTERED AZLANT, THASSILON WAS TORN APART AS WELL.



Thassilon consisted of seven individual domains, each of which was ruled by one of the seven runelords. Under distinct and exploitative law, each domain embodied its ruler's favored virtue of rule. Each runelord had a capital city that shared the name of his domain, but was prefaced by the word "Xin"—ancient Thassilonian for both "imperial" and "throne of," after the first emperor. Thus, the capital of Shalast was called Xin-Shalast.

Bakrakhan, the domain of wrath, shared its eastern border with Shalast, and the two domains were locked in an enduring war until Bakrakhan was destroyed and sunk under the sea during the cataclysm that precipitated Thassilon's fall. Bakrakhan was a place of many warring tribes who all served Runelord Alaznist but hated each other. Its thick forests were said to be home to hundreds of tribes of sinspawn and humanoids, with goblins, gnolls, and bugbears chief among them. Enslaved hill giants were common in Bakrakhan, as were demons and qliploth—for Runelord Alaznist had forged dark pacts with strange Abyssal powers.

Cyrusian, representing pride, was traditionally regarded as the most powerful domain. At Cyrusian's height, its rune giants and enslaved dragons built more and greater monuments to Cyrusian glory than any other domain. Cyrusian was ruled by the most powerful of the runelords—Xanderghul, one of only two runelords to reign over a nation from the dawn of Thassilon to its legendary fall.

Edasseril, the domain of striving ambition and envy, was rich in timber, precious gems, and iron. The original runelord of envy, her name now lost to time, obsessed over the beauty and power of the nearby elven nation of Celwynvian, and it was from the elves that she stole the name Edasseril for her nation. At the time of Thassilon's fall, this realm was ruled by Runelord Belimarius.

Eurythnia, the domain of fertility and lust, was largely built on its seagoing traffic and trade with distant lands, counting on spices and brothels to fill

its coffers. Marsh giants guarded Eurythnia's shipping from piracy. This land was ruled by Runelord Sorshen, who (like Runelord Xanderghul) commanded her realm for the duration of Thassilon's existence.

Gastash was the domain of abundance and gluttony, but was largely a peaceful and plentiful home for its citizens. Such were Gastash's advantages, yet its people lived in fear of their necromantic leaders. Ankheg infestations were common, bulettes ate many farmers and servants of the runelord, and bandits from other kingdoms were frequent visitors. It was ruled by Runelord Zutha.

Haruka, the domain of rest and sloth, was slow, indolent, and cunning. Ruled by Runelord Krune at the time of Thassilon's fall, most of the Harukans worked as slavers, selling flesh from their markets or enjoying the abuse of their property. It was widely considered a cruel and often hypocritical domain, lazy by nature. The main enemies to peace in Haruka (other than the riots), were boggard tribes and the free hill giants who frequently sided with rebel slaves hiding in the hills against their masters.

Of the seven realms of Thassilon, the wealthiest was the central realm of Shalast. As the second-largest domain after Cyrusian, Shalast collected wealth not only from its gold, mithral, copper, and gemstone mines, but also from its vast quarries, which produced the materials used to build the monuments of the age. The largest and most productive of these quarries exists today as the massive lake known as the Storval Deep. But the wealth these mines and quarries produced was never enough. Runelord Karzoug always wanted more, and the capital of Xin-Shalast was said to be paved with gold—though in fact most of the gold went into the treasury and the alchemical furnaces of the capital and never returned.

Shalast was known for wild ogres and forest giants, as well as enslaved stone giants and exotic otherworldly artificers. Its treasures were sometimes carried on powerful mammoth-drawn caravans. The general





population survived largely as miners, smiths, and traders, providing further wealth. Many abandoned mines still litter the Storval Plateau; the mountain passes of Shalast still contain monasteries and ruins now abandoned to the wilderness.

Karzoug, Runelord of Greed, was known for his calculating mind and utter mercilessness. He was rumored to be either half-vampire or descended from draconic stock, yet it may be more terrible to know that he was nothing more than a man. Absolute greed powered his every action. Certainly Karzoug was covetous and deeply corrupt—famed for ordering the immolation of an entire city for its tax collectors' shorting of a few silvers—but that was the reward granted him by the runes for his power and dedication to magic. He long fought a silent war of assassins, mage-poison, and demon-fetches against Alaznist, the queen of Bakrakhan. In the end, something sank her kingdom below the waves even as the Thassilonian empire fell. Karzoug was enough of a master of the arcane that many suspect his hand in triggering the murder of an entire kingdom. His weapon of rule was a burning glaive, studded with priceless meteoritic gemstones. And the city of Xin-Shalast was his throne.

MORE ABOUT THASSILON

The rest of this appendix focuses primarily on the ruined lower city of Xin-Shalast, a location that features heavily in the final chapter of *Rise of the Runelords*. As you run this campaign, you shouldn't

need much more information about the rest of the ancient empire of Thassilon beyond what is presented in this appendix or woven into the text of each of the individual chapters of this book, but if you're craving more information about Thassilon than what is presented on page 211 of the *Inner Sea World Guide*, you can consult the chapter on Thassilon in *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Lost Kingdoms*.

XIN-SHALAST'S DENIZENS

The ruined city of Xin-Shalast is almost as dangerous today as it was at the height of its glory. While its runelord is trapped within the Eye of Avarice and the city's infrastructure and armies are long shattered, the monsters that dwell here now are among the most terrible and destructive in the Inner Sea region. Many giants dwell in Xin-Shalast, mostly cloud giants and frost giants, but with small tribes of stone giants, taiga giants and storm giants thrown into the mix. Without exception, these giants have all fallen under the control of the revived rune giants of Xin-Shalast. Before Karzoug's waking several years ago, the cloud and frost giants of Xin-Shalast lived in a dozen different bickering tribes, but under the new regime they have reverted to the enslaved minions of Thassilon's glory days.

Many of the giants encountered in Xin-Shalast possess telepathic links with rune giants within the city itself as a result of the rune giants' *dominate person* abilities. (As a general rule, you can assume



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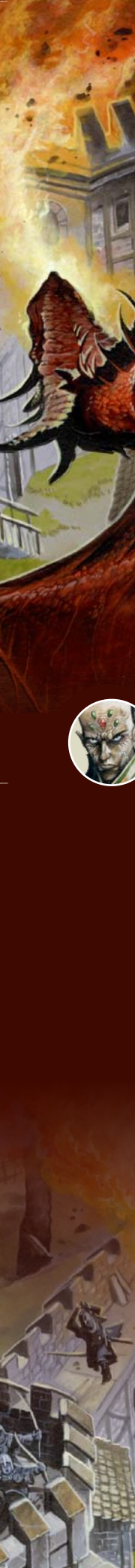
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XIN-SHALAST LOWER CITY





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that at least one giant in every group the PCs fight in Xin-Shalast is so dominated.) A dominated giant can use this telepathic link to inform its lord of the PCs' presence, actions, and tactics, and in so doing alert the city of their approach. A giant freed from his rune giant master becomes panicked and attempts to flee the environs at once—only if magically compelled does a freed giant even contemplate a return to Xin-Shalast.

Other monsters dwell in Xin-Shalast as well. Some, such as the blue dragon Ghlorofaex, the ice devil Gamigin, or the undead and alien Hidden Beast are featured directly as opponents for the PCs to fight in Chapter Six, while others can be encountered more often as wandering monsters (see the table on page 405). With the exception of the truly mindless or animalistic monsters, all of Xin-Shalast's denizens know that Runelord Karzoug is quickening in his tomb, and it's a common thing for the defenders of the city to regard defeating the PCs as an excellent opportunity to earn fame and rewards from the soon-to-rise runelord.

ARTISAN DISTRICT

The southernmost district of Xin-Shalast is the Artisan District. Shops and bazaars lined the Golden Road, with its many foundries, workshops, and mills being situated farther to the east and west. Cisterns fed by subterranean aqueducts from the Entertainment District now stand empty. The majority of this district's populace was humanoid and represented the provider caste in Xin-Shalast—their descendants became the heritors of Varisia. Of all the city's districts, this one was the least repressive and enjoyed a modest amount of freedom from scrutiny by the ruling class. Karzoug was not fool enough to believe that his extravagant penchant for greed could be satisfied by the fruits of oppressed artisans, and thus let them be for the most part as long as they remained loyal and filled his coffers with their taxes. The district even had a separate gate into the city to avoid the main gate—a well defended structure called Krak Naratha. The northern portion of the Artisan District has a wide colonnade leading to a pyramidal structure set atop a large dome. This served as the headquarters of the Guild of Master Masons and Architects, the grandmaster of which typically served as the district's consul.

ENTERTAINMENT DISTRICT

Like all great tyrants and dictators, the runelords realized they could never maintain control of their empire unless they were able to keep the masses distracted. To this end, one of the most opulent districts of the Lower City was the Entertainment District. Here could be found just about any hedonistic diversion imaginable (with those unavailable found in the Hypogeum). Massive works of architecture were erected to awe visitors and cater to the citizens of Xin-Shalast.

Great spectacles were staged in the various venues available in this district. While not the most heavily populated district of the city, it was certainly the most heavily visited by those seeking everything from fine foods and innocent entertainment to the vilest depths of depravity. A constant stream of purchases from the Slave District came through this district to replenish losses due to attrition. The spectacular architecture of the northern part of this district remains largely intact, while the southern portions have been buried under a tide of unnaturally fecund lichen growth.

THE HYPOGEUM

Each time Xin-Shalast came under the rule of a new runelord, many of the city's older structures became obsolete, as noble families and tastes in pleasure and architectural style changed. Rather than demolish the structures that existed in the city, new structures were merely built atop the older ones, and in this way Xin-Shalast's buildings grew mighty and tall indeed. This was done through laws of eminent domain passed by the runelord, and was often accomplished without bothering to purchase the original buildings or gain the permission of their owners. Connections to these lower levels were unnecessary, and stone walls traditionally sealed entrances to lower chambers. As additional structures were added, this region of hidden buildings likewise expanded, creating a multilevel warren composed of the old dwellings, businesses, and ground-level streets. The entire region of lower structures became known as the Hypogeum.

The twisting catacombs of the Hypogeum have weathered the years well, and many still exist in the quarter-mile-wide section of the city adjoining the Golden Road, forming a maze of catacombs, smugglers' tunnels, and trap-laden hideouts. The skulk tribes of the Spared avoid these tunnels and seal all openings into them, as all manner of dangerous monsters dwell within.

JOTUNBURG

This section of the city is squeezed between Temple Row and the Artisan District. Here the buildings are oversized for a reason, as they housed the majority of Xin-Shalast's giant population. These massive edifices extend all the way up the shoulder of the valley overlooking the Lower City and are accessed via gigantic unsupported spans hundreds of feet in the air that extend from the Golden Road to this mountain spur. Today, Jotunburg is the home of several tribes of giants, including cloud, frost, and even a few taiga and storm giants.

RISING DISTRICT

The Rising District begins immediately beyond the Rune Gates and served as the residential quarters for the nobility of the city—Harriidans of the Mountain,

high-ranking lamias, and so on—as well as those non-monstrous inhabitants with enough power, influence, or gold to earn a spot upon the sacred Face of Mhar Massif. The highest dwelling typically served as the residence of the priestess holding the rank of Most High at the House of Divine Consumption. The dwellings are usually towers protruding from the rock face, due to the lack of ground to build upon, and they grow larger and more elaborate as they climb the mountain.

The Golden Road runs through the center of the Rising District on its way to the spires of the “upper city.” This makes the road extremely steep and, in some places, nearly vertical, with great steps carved into its surface almost like a ladder. Unfortunately for PCs, these steps are sized for giants and are most comfortable for those of Huge or larger size. Smaller creatures must make numerous DC 15 Climb checks as they ascend the steps, each of which has only a narrow ledge abutting the risers. In addition, ice tends to form on the steps and the incredible cold, high winds, and other hazards of the high mountains are faced by anyone who chooses to clamber up this treacherous trail. The Golden Road climbs 8,500 feet to the Spires of Xin-Shalast, though the Rising District ends around the 24,000-foot elevation, about 2,000 feet below the citadel. Actually climbing this expanse of steps can require mountain-climbing gear and take days to complete even in good weather. Unlike the rest of Xin-Shalast, those mighty towers outside the occlusion field have not fared well over the years. Many have collapsed and tumbled down the mountain, taking those below with them, and many more are unstable, so climbers who plan on sheltering in these structures might be in for a rude surprise as one shifts and begins to slide down around them, out into open space for a very long free fall.

SLAVE DISTRICT

All of the slaves in the city, except for those privately owned as personal servants in the various households, were considered property of the state and served the communal needs of the city. They were usually humanoids captured in raids upon neighboring lands or criminals punished with a sentence of lifelong servitude, but occasionally included giants who had fallen out of favor or deserted from the army, yet didn't warrant transformation into a runslave (see page 412). All of these slaves were quartered here in extremely cramped conditions, in poorly made buildings of clay brick rather than stone, and were under constant scrutiny by special units of Xin-Shalast's army trained as slave takers and overseers. Shoddy workmanship and overcrowding killed thousands of slaves each year due to building collapses, yet there were always more slaves to replace those lost.

When Earthfall devastated the region, a volcano east of the city finally erupted after ages of quiescence.

Whether this was caused purposely by Karzoug or simply resulted from the power of the meteor falling from the sky remains open to speculation. Whatever the cause, the effect on the Slave District was devastating. Earth tremors and the pyroclastic flow that crashed into the Slave District swallowed it whole. Only a few of the hardier stone buildings survived, and in the ages since, they have slowly been consumed by the advance of a great glacier creeping over the old lava flow, its leading edge icy and razored, its body a dark mass of gritty ice. The district exists now as a haunted landscape of blasted terrain and occasional ruins projecting up at crazy angles where they have managed to oppose the glacier's advance.

The nigh-incalculable loss of life that occurred here in a matter of moments has spawned a multitude of undead over the years. Fortunately, most of these creatures are corporeal monsters like wights or ghouls, and remain encased in their tombs of ice, waiting for an unwary digger to set them free. Yet there are also quite a few wraiths, spectres, and ghosts that haunt the region, and they have no such constraints stemming from their remains still being buried. The most dangerous of the undead that dwell here include vampires, winterwights, and at least three ravener dragons, although these undead generally keep to the deepest reaches of the ruins. The skulk tribes of the Spared have done much to check the spread of the undead. Approximately half of the tunnels below the Slave District are under skulk control and relatively free of undead today. Unfortunately, these skulks themselves have recently fallen victim to the monstrous undead Hidden Beast.

TEMPLE ROW

The exotic, cyclopean architecture of Xin-Shalast is nowhere more apparent than this stretch of temples built along the Golden Road where it meets the mountain. Here were built the religious centers of Xin-Shalast in a plethora of styles, shapes, and materials, with only two things in common: multiple towers and prodigious dimensions. That the majority of these temples were dedicated to Karzoug speaks volumes about the mindset of his people and the philosophies of his entire nation, yet here and there stood cathedrals dedicated to the actual deities of Thassilon—Lissala, Minderhal, the Peacock Spirit, and even Desna. Intermixed with these temples are darker, brooding structures and statues of a singularly sinister mien—these were once shrines and fanes dedicated to various demon lords and archdevils, including such horrors as Mammon, Orcus, Pazuzu, Rubicante, and Lamashtu.

The Golden Road passes by these edifices before climbing upward through the Rune Gates toward the Spires of Xin-Shalast above. A self-indulgent and godless faith called Divine Consumption (a thinly





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veiled tiered organization geared primarily toward lining the pockets of the few with the riches gathered and earned by the many) served as the only officially sanctioned religion of Xin-Shalast, but Karzoug pragmatically allowed other faiths to build their houses of worship here as well, as long as they paid their temple taxes and their doctrines did not contradict his rule. Behind the temples, on the west side of the road, stretches an area of residences for the clergy and lay workers, huge storage complexes to hold the temple tithes and supplies, and various private shrines and amusements claimed by the hierarchy of one temple or the other. These buildings remain largely intact and are under the control of the lamiakin of Xin-Shalast, the leaders of whom have converted the onetime temples into personal mansions.

LENG

Leng is a remote location on another plane, one mostly unknown to Golarion's brightest scholars but referred to obliquely in certain ancient and blasphemous tomes. The runelords of Thassilon knew of it and often drew creatures from its frozen, inhospitable reaches to do their bidding. Leng is a desolate realm inhabited by semi-human cannibals, immense intelligent spiders, flying draconic creatures, and other horrific monsters. Immense mountains, some of which seem impossibly tall, hedge in Leng from every side.

Leng has normal gravity and time, is finite in size, and is divinely morphic, though what kind of gods exist therein who can transform the realm is unknown. Leng is strongly chaotic-aligned and mildly evil-aligned.

Leng and Kadath are the creations of H. P. Lovecraft, immortalized primarily in his short novels "The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath" and "At the Mountains of Madness." Leng seems to serve several roles in Lovecraft's writings, and it's unclear if it's a real place in the Antarctic or the Himalayas or a fantastic place in the mystical realm of Earth's Dreamlands. In the world of Golarion, Leng exists as another plane, one that overlays the Material Plane slightly in the Kodar Mountains but is itself another place entirely that exists in a forgotten and remote corner of the Outer Planes and is inhabited by creatures inimical to sane life.

If you're looking for more information about Leng and Kadath in the context of RPG games, you should check out Chaosium's excellent *Call of Cthulhu* RPG, particularly their sourcebook *H. P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands*.

LOOTING XIN-SHALAST

The amount of wealth in Xin-Shalast is staggering, with precious metals and gems and other rare materials having been used in the construction of the city's buildings, to say nothing of the countless hidden vaults of treasure and gold in areas not covered by this adventure. A character could become comfortably

rich just scavenging gold leaf or gems from the walls of Xin-Shalast's structures, but for 15th-level PCs, this level of "rich" might seem relatively poor. A day's work scavenging precious metals and gems from Xin-Shalast's architecture yields 10d6 gp worth of commodities. The true treasures of the city are hidden in its vaults, which are, in most cases, still guarded by ancient and deadly traps and creatures. Since on average it'd take a group of four PCs 2 solid weeks of scraping and scavenging to pull together enough gold to buy a single +1 *dagger*, ideally your group soon realizes its time is better spent elsewhere.





APPENDIX SIX: BESTIARY

VARISIA HAS A LONG TRADITION OF LEGENDS AND TALES OF THE NUMEROUS STRANGE AND FRIGHTENING MONSTERS THAT DWELL WITHIN ITS WILDS. IN SOME CASES, THESE MONSTERS ARE LITTLE MORE THAN GOBLINS, OGRES, OR TROLLS—CREATURES WELL KNOWN AND WELL FEARED THROUGHOUT THE INNER SEA REGION. YET THE LEGACY OF THASSILON HAS VISITED UPON VARISIA A LARGE NUMBER OF ADDITIONAL HORRORS, INCLUDING STRANGE AND FEROCIOUS VARIETIES OF LAMIA-KIN, OTHERWORLDLY INVADERS, AND STALKING GUARDIANS OF ANCIENT TOMBS.



This appendix presents seven new monsters and two new templates for use in your Rise of the Runelords campaign. Note that these monster entries utilize the most recently published set of Universal Monster Rules, as presented in Appendix 3 of *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3*.

TEMPLATE: LAMIA HARRIDAN

Rarely, a lamia of great divine power undergoes an unholy and dramatic transformation, increasing in size and speed to become a truly intimidating foe. Manipulators and slavers, spiritual leaders and oppressive tyrants, lamia harridans are megalomaniacal, corrupt, and brutal. Only Large-sized lamias (or rarely, lamia matriarchs—but never kuchrimas or hungerers) who are at least 10th level in a class that grants divine spellcasting can gain the benefits of this template. A lamia harridan retains all of the base creature's statistics and abilities except as noted here. Note that all bonuses and penalties associated with changing size are incorporated into the rules below.

CR: Same as the base creature +1.

SIZE: Increase from Large to Huge.

AC: Size penalty to AC becomes -2, but natural armor increases by +3.

DEFENSIVE ABILITIES: A lamia harridan gains DR 10/magic and SR equal to her CR + 11.

ATTACKS: Size penalty on attack rolls becomes -2. Increase base claw damage to 1d6.

SPECIAL ATTACKS: A lamia harridan gains the pounce ability and drains 1d8 points of Wisdom each time she hits with her touch attack. When a lamia harridan uses her pounce ability, she also gains a rake attack with her two hind claws (these attacks are identical in other regards to her normal claw attacks). The lamia harridan's caster level for her spell-like abilities increases to match her divine spellcasting class level.

ABILITIES: Apply the following size modifiers as a result of growing from Large to Huge: +8 Str, +4 Con. A lamia harridan suffers no penalty to Dex from becoming Huge, and in fact gains +4 Dex. She gains +2 Wis and +2 Cha.

WANDERING MONSTERS

The following wandering monster tables are provided to help you generate additional encounters for your game. The rate at which wandering monster encounters occur is up to the GM. The Rise of the Runelords Adventure Path assumes a 20% chance of an encounter occurring during a day of travel or a night of rest, but you can adjust this rate as you see fit, increasing it if the party needs a few more encounters in order to gain some desperately needed experience points, or decreasing it if the number of combats per session has begun feeling like a grind.

These tables are designed to provide appropriate challenges for an appropriately leveled party in the corresponding part of the Rise of the Runelords campaign.

SANDPOINT HINTERLAND ENCOUNTERS

d% roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–10	1d6 dire rats	1	<i>Bestiary</i> 232
11–20	2d4 mites	1	<i>Bestiary</i> 207
21–28	1 dire bat	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 30
29–33	1d4 carrionstorms	3	Page 408
34–39	2d6 human skeletons	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 250
40–53	2d6 goblins	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 156
54–62	1d6 goblin dogs	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 157
63–74	1d4 rat swarms	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 232
75–81	1d6 boars	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 36
82–91	2d4 ghouls	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 146
92–99	1 will-o'-wisp	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 277
100	1 Sandpoint Devil	8	<i>The Inner Sea World Guide</i> 311

YONDABAKARI RIVER ENCOUNTERS

d% roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–17	1 mosquito swarm	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 193
18–30	2d6 bandits	4	<i>GM Guide</i> 258
31–40	1d6 goblin snakes	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 132
41–49	1d6 constrictor snakes	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 255
50–58	2d8 stirges	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 260





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59–64	1d4 hydras	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 178
65–71	1 shambling mound	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 246
72–82	2d6 boggards	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 37
83–89	1d4 giant gars	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 128
90–94	1 marsh giant	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 129
95–100	1 giant snapping turtle	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 273

VARISIAN LOWLAND ENCOUNTERS

d% roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–9	1 giant black widow spider	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 256
10–17	1d4 lyrakien azatas	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 38
18–32	1d6 horses	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 177
33–44	2d8 goblins	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 156
45–52	1 manticore	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 199
53–60	1d4 ogres	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 220
61–68	1d6 firepelt cougars	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 40
69–82	2d4 wanderers	6	<i>GM Guide</i> 290
83–88	1 hill giant	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 150
89–96	1d6 harpies	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 172
97–100	1 wolf-in-sheep's clothing	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 285

HOOK MOUNTAIN HINTERLANDS ENCOUNTERS

d% roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–12	2d4 ogrekin	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 204
13–22	1d4 trappers	5	<i>GM Guide</i> 276
23–29	1d6 dire wolves	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 278
30–42	1 ettin	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 130
43–48	1d6 giant scorpions	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 242
49–55	1d4 grizzly bears	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 31
56–59	1d4 flame drakes	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 106
60–67	1d8 ogres	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 220
68–75	1d6 pixies	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 228
76–82	1 giant tarantula	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 256
83–90	1d6 trolls	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 268
91–96	3 annis hags	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 16
97–100	1 nereid	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 198

STORVAL PLATEAU ENCOUNTERS

d% roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–9	1d8 giant geckos	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 186
10–17	1d6 giant eagles	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 118
18–27	1d4 venomous snake swarms	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 249
28–36	1d6 giant vultures	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 284
37–45	3d6 aurochs	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 174
46–55	2d4 ogres	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 220
56–60	1d4 bulettes	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 39
61–72	1d6 raiders	8	<i>GM Guide</i> 280
73–78	1d8 army ant swarms	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 16
79–82	2d6 gargoyles	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 137
83–86	1d4 hill giants	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 150
87–92	1d6 wyverns	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 282
93–95	1d3 runeslave hill giants	10	Page 412
96–100	1d4 stone giants	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 151

RUNEFORGE ENCOUNTERS

d% roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–6	1d8 incubus demons	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 73
7–16	1d4 stone giants	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 151
17–22	1d6 Thassilonian mummies	10	Page 259
23–32	1d6 warriors of wrath	10	Page 292
33–40	1d8 sinspawn axemen	11	Page 293
41–48	1d8 succubus demons	11	<i>Bestiary</i> 68
49–58	1 stone golem	11	<i>Bestiary</i> 163
59–67	2d8 wraiths	11	<i>Bestiary</i> 281
68–74	1 coloxus demon	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 72
75–82	1 omox demon	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 79
83–88	1 shining child	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 245
89–94	1 glabrezu demon	13	<i>Bestiary</i> 61
95–100	1 fiendish mustard jelly	14	Page 257

KODAR MOUNTAIN ENCOUNTERS

d% roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–16	2d4 yetis	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 287
17–27	1d6 archaeologists	9	<i>GM Guide</i> 297
28–37	1 roc	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 236
38–46	1d4 spectres	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 256
47–52	1 adult white dragon	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 100
53–62	1d8 wyverns	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 282
63–66	1 thunderbird	11	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 264
67–74	1d6 frost giants	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 149
75–78	1 frost worm	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 126
79–83	2d4 kuchrimas	12	Page 411
84–85	1 rusalka	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 232
86–88	1d8 shantaks	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 244
89–92	1 taiga giant	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 131
93–96	1d4 cloud giants	13	<i>Bestiary</i> 147
97–99	1 hungerer	15	Page 410
100	1 wendigo	17	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 281

XIN-SHALAST ENCOUNTERS

d% roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–15	1d8 kuchrimas	12	Page 411
16–22	2d4 hill giants	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 150
23–28	1d6 frost giants	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 149
29–32	1d6 vampire skulls	12	Page 331
33–37	1 frost worm	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 126
38–44	1 scarlet walker	12	Page 414
45–48	1d8 denizens of Leng	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 82
49–53	1d4 cloud giants	13	<i>Bestiary</i> 147
54–57	1 storm giant	13	<i>Bestiary</i> 152
58–66	2d4 stone giants	13	<i>Bestiary</i> 151
67–75	1d6 abominable snowmen	13	Page 328
76–80	1d4 lamia matriarchs	14	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 175
81–87	1 mountain roper	15	Page 336
88–91	1 hungerer	15	Page 410
92–95	1d3 rune giants	16	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 130
96–97	Gamigin	16	Page 335
98–100	Ghlorofaex	17	Page 338



BLACK MAGGA

This enormous creature's serpentine neck supports a leering reptilian head—its body is a wriggling mass of tentacles.

BLACK MAGGA

CR 15



XP 51,200

CE Gargantuan outsider (aquatic, native)

Init +4; Senses all-around vision, darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +22

DEFENSE

AC 30, touch 6, flat-footed 30 (+24 natural, -4 size)

hp 232 (15d10+150)

Fort +19, Ref +11, Will +9

DR 15/cold iron and magic; Immune death effects, mind-affecting effects, petrification, polymorph; Resist acid 20, cold 20; SR 26

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., swim 60 ft.

Melee bite +24 (2d8+13/19-20 plus energy drain), 4 tentacles +19 (2d6+6 plus grab)

Space 20 ft.; Reach 20 ft.

Special Attacks breath of madness, constrict (2d6+11), energy drain (2 levels, DC 22)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 15th; concentration +20)

Constant—*invisibility purge*At will—*death knell* (DC 17), *prayer*3/day—*demand* (DC 23), *dimensional anchor*, *divination*, *dominate person* (DC 20), *greater command* (DC 20)1/day—*commune*, *dream*, *unhallow*

STATISTICS

Str 37, Dex 10, Con 31, Int 25, Wis 18, Cha 20

Base Atk +15; CMB +32 (+36 grapple); CMD 42 (can't be tripped)

Feats Awesome Blow, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Initiative, Improved Vital Strike, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Vital Strike

Skills Acrobatics +18, Intimidate +23, Knowledge (arcana) +25, Knowledge (history) +22, Knowledge (nature) +22, Knowledge (planes) +25, Knowledge (religion) +22, Perception +22, Sense Motive +22, Spellcraft +25, Stealth +6, Survival +19, Swim +36

Languages Abyssal, Celestial, Common, Draconic, Infernal, Thassilonian

SQ transdimensional tentacles, warp dimensions

ECOLOGY

Environment the Storval Deep

Organization solitary

Treasure triple

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Breath of Madness (Su) Black Magga can exhale a cloud of foul-smelling, poisonous breath as a standard action once every minute. This cloud of black smoke fills a 60-foot cone. All creatures in the area take 1d6 points of Wisdom damage and become confused for 1d6 rounds (a DC 27 Will save halves the Wisdom damage and negates the confusion effect). This is a mind-affecting poison effect. The save DC is Constitution-based. This breath weapon cannot be used while underwater.

Transdimensional Tentacles (Su) Black Magga's tentacles allow her to see into and infiltrate the Ethereal Plane and the Plane of Shadow while she is on the Material Plane. This allows her not only to be aware of these planes and the creatures there, but also to shift her tentacles through these planes to attack their inhabitants. She can even phase her tentacles in and out of existence, effectively reaching through walls and other solid barriers to attack foes on the other side, provided that area is not warded by a *dimensional lock* or similar effect. She can grapple foes with her tentacles normally, but cannot pull grappled foes or objects through planes as her tentacles shift between them.

Warp Dimensions (Su) Black Magga's presence distorts the dimensions. Any creature that attempts to utilize a teleportation effect while within 300 feet of Black Magga must succeed at a DC 21 caster level check or the teleport effect fails. If the effect fails, the creature that attempted to create that effect must succeed at a DC 27 Fortitude save or be nauseated for 1d6 rounds. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Black Magga is one of the favored servants of Lamashtu and an embodiment of the goddess's reign over beasts, monsters, and madness. As an unholy auger of her will, Black Magga originally sought to confound the works of the civilized world, spread fear of monsters and the wilds, and direct Lamashtu's lesser servants in acts of depravity and bloodshed. Black Magga arrived in the Storval Deep not long after Karzoug flooded the immense quarry, and her presence in the newly formed lake brought much misery and dread to the Thassilonians who dwelt on the lake's shores or sailed its surface. Karzoug's interest in the region waned quickly, and he never bothered to take steps against the monster, prompting many to whisper that the runelord made a bargain with Lamashtu to place the monster in the Storval Deep, perhaps to hide some sort of great secret he had sunk beneath the waters. In any event, it was said that the goddess spoke directly to Black Magga, and for many, the words of the monster were equal to the commands of Lamashtu herself.

Bearing a head like a plesiosaur atop a thrashing mass of tentacles and eyes, Black Magga is an immense creature indeed. Although she is effectively immortal until slain, she has spent many of the more than 10,000 years since she first came to Varisia in deep hibernation. These slumbers could last for a dozen centuries or more at a time, and are punctuated by relatively short periods of activity that generally last for only a few decades. These long periods of sleep have had something of a debilitating effect on Black Magga, for with each century of slumber, she grows weaker. She is now but a shadow of her original power. That she remains as powerful as she does today speaks volumes to the terrible wrath she must have possessed back during the height of Thassilon, before the advent of Earthfall changed everything.





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THE MYTH OF BLACK MAGGA

Fisherfolk and woodsmen who have ventured near the Storval Deep have long told tales of a fell monster rising from the depths. Below are a few commonly held but mistaken beliefs about Black Magga—although they may well have been true during the times of ancient Thassilon, when she was at the height of her power.

BLOOD TONGUE: Many who have seen Black Magga and lived can never speak of their experiences. Supposedly, when they attempt to tell the tale, black blood wells from their throats and into their mouths, choking their words. Thus, far fewer claim to have seen Black Magga than actually have.

GOD-PROOF: Black Magga is older than many gods. Divine magic is said to have little effect whatsoever on her abominable form. Anyone who cuts Magga's black heart from her vile chest and bathes in its putrescent blood will likewise become invulnerable to the power of the gods.

STORM BRINGER: Sightings of Black Magga often herald powerful storms and hurricanes. It is said that the beast summons these storms to pull victims into her watery domain, whereupon she captures them, consumes them, and transforms them into monstrous, vermicular horrors.

MOTHERS OF OBLIVION

Lesser versions of Black Magga are said to dwell in deep lakes in other parts of the world. Known as Mothers of Oblivion, these creatures have the same basic statistics as Black Magga, except that they have only 10 Hit Dice and are Huge rather than Gargantuan.

Monstrous creatures of chaos and madness, the abominable Mothers of Oblivion are said to have been created by the goddess of monsters to serve as mouthpieces and leaders among her savage minions. Some esoteric texts—sacrilegious even to Lamashtu's profane church—claim that the Mothers of Oblivion are actually sisters of Lamashtu, subjugated by the goddess, robbed of their divinity, and cast down to Golarion as her twisted servitors. Whatever their heritage, for uncounted centuries the Mothers of Oblivion have been among the favored servants of Lamashtu and throughout history have risen to mete out her unholy wrath. Rare in the extreme—and despite what the fearful mortal races call them—these monstrosities seem to have no ability to reproduce, though some whisper that a select few are capable of biting off their own tongues to produce strange, wormlike spawn.

Mothers of Oblivion slink in the darkest, deepest reaches of the world, shunning the light of day as well as the gaze of insectlike

mortals, who would gawk and abandon their pathetic minds at the merest glimpse of such unknowable horrors. The deepest reaches of oceans and the oldest lakes serve as redoubts for these forsaken queens of madness. From these depths, they sate themselves on sea creatures, the offerings of their servants, and the occasional unwary victim dragged screaming from the surface. They are careful to keep their presence secret from those of the world above. From the depths, Mothers of Oblivion form intricate hierarchies of servants and go-betweens, reaching their black tentacles through the societies of amphibious intermediaries into the demesnes of greater monstrosities and larger cities and civilizations alike.



CARRIONSTORM

Bits of feather and flesh buzz around this swarm of rotting ravens like flies, countless lifeless eyes staring out from the chaos.

CARRIONSTORM

CR 1



XP 400

NE Tiny undead (swarm)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +6

DEFENSE

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

hp 11 (2d8+2)

Fort +1, **Ref** +0, **Will** +5

Defensive Abilities swarm traits; **Immune** undead traits

Weaknesses vulnerable to channeled energy

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., fly 40 ft. (good)

Melee swarm (1d6 plus distraction)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

STATISTICS

Str 1, **Dex** 11, **Con** —, **Int** 2, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +1; **CMB** -1; **CMD** 4 (can't be tripped)

Feats Improved Initiative

Skills Fly +12, Perception +6

SQ pallid bond

ECOLOGY

Environment any near ghouls

Organization solitary, flock (2-4 swarms), or murder (5-12 swarms)

Languages Necril

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Pallid Bond (Ex) A carrionstorm never initiates an attack on a creature that openly wears a symbol of Urgathoa or that is itself undead. If attacked first by such a creature, the carrionstorm's swarm attack deals only 1d3 points of damage to that creature rather than the usual 1d6 points.

Vulnerable to Channeled Energy (Ex) A carrionstorm takes 150% as much damage as normal from channeled positive energy.

Where the dead walk, the carrion birds follow. In most cases, the unfortunate birds that feast on the remains of fallen undead creatures simply grow diseased and die. Yet the flesh of some ghouls has an altogether different effect upon such scavengers, and when they die of the poisoned repast, they do not stay dead for long. Alone, an undead crow or vulture is little more than a hideous mockery, but in rare cases where ghoulish activity is thick, entire colonies of carrion birds can succumb to undeath, retaining their flock mentality yet no longer seeking the flesh of the freshly dead to sate their hunger. Carrionstorms, as these flocks of undead birds are called, find brief respite from their morbid hunger only when their meals are warm and screaming.

Carrionstorms are typically found near graveyards, haunted structures, or abandoned villages where ghouls



have been active. Many necromancers and cultists of Urgathoa have a particular fondness for carrionstorms, and since the birds have a strange respect for the symbol of the Pallid Princess, rookeries of them are often found roosting in the nooks of the goddess of undeath's macabre cathedrals.

Although the individual undead birds that make up a carrionstorm are little more intelligent than they were in life, as a whole, a carrionstorm forms a rudimentary hive mind that grants its members a slight bit more intellect than the typical bird. This not only allows the undead birds to utilize basic tactics, but allows rudimentary speech as well. Most carrionstorms understand a few dozen words in Necril, the language of the dead, and the sound of thousands of these undead carrion birds croaking out strange words can be truly unsettling to those who aren't prepared for the horror. This same hive mind allows necromancers to treat an entire carrionstorm as a single undead creature with regard to the effects of spells like *command undead* and *control undead*, or feats like *Command Undead*. The swarms make excellent scouts, and even better threats against small towns and superstitious communities.





FORGEFIEND

A massive, fire-filled maw splits the belly of this lumbering iron-skinned fiend, whose short arms end in razor-sharp claws.

FORGEFIEND (SCANDERIG) CR 10



XP 9,600

LE Large outsider (earth, extraplanar)

Init +6; **Senses** see in darkness; Perception +15

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 11, flat-footed 23 (+2 Dex, +14 natural, -1 size)

hp 137 (11d10+77)

Fort +14, **Ref** +5, **Will** +10

Immune fire, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., burrow 20 ft., earth glide

Melee bite +17 (2d6+7 plus rend armor), bite +17 (1d6+7), 2 claws +17 (1d6+7)

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

Special Attacks adamantine bite, searing spew

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th; concentration +12)

Constant—*pass without trace*

At will—*major image* (DC 15), *passwall*, *shatter* (DC 14), *stone shape*

3/day—*deeper darkness*, *dimensional anchor*, *flesh to stone* (DC 18), *quicken produce flame*, *wall of fire*, *wall of stone*

STATISTICS

Str 24, **Dex** 14, **Con** 25, **Int** 15, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +11; **CMB** +19; **CMD** 31

Feats Combat Reflexes, Greater Sunder[®], Improved Initiative, Improved Iron Will, Improved Sunder[®], Iron Will, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (*produce flame*), Vital Strike

Skills Acrobatics +16 (+12 when jumping), Climb +21, Craft (traps) +16, Disable Device +16, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +16, Perception +15, Sense Motive +15, Stealth +12

Languages Common, Dwarven, Infernal, Terran

ECOLOGY

Environment any underground (Plane of Earth)

Organization solitary or team (2–6)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Adamantine Bite (Ex) A forgefiend's bite attacks are treated as adamantine for the purposes of overcoming damage reduction.

Rend Armor (Ex) When a forgefiend hits with a bite attack, it chews any armor worn by the target—this grants the forgefiend a free sunder attempt against armor worn by the target if the victim fails a DC 22 Reflex save. A forgefiend also gains Greater Sunder and Improved Sunder as bonus feats. The save DC is Strength-based.

Searing Spew (Su) A forgefiend can belch forth a searing pile of slag from its body maw as a standard action once every 1d4 rounds. This blob of molten metal affects any 10-foot-square area adjacent to the forgefiend. Any creature

in this area takes 14d6 points of fire damage (Reflex DC 22 halves). The slag quickly cools, forming a rugged pile of worthless scrap and misshapen metal that is treated as difficult terrain—this stuff crumbles to powder in 1 hour. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Scanderigs, more commonly known as “forgefiends,” look like large, heavily armored, barrel-shaped giants, with enormous mouths in their bellies in addition to the normal-sized ones in their heads. They are native to the Plane of Earth, but sometimes make their way through subterranean portals onto the Material Plane, where they gorge themselves on rich and relatively uncontested mineral veins. A forgefiend might live quite happily inside a mountain's heart for centuries, only causing trouble when the ore runs out or interlopers attempt to mine its territory.

Forgefiends are particularly feared in many dwarven societies. In addition to their penchant for destroying deep forges, they are often portrayed as boogeyman-like figures for frightening dwarven children and instilling good smithing habits—for it is said, “For every scrap of slag you waste, a scanderig is making haste. Those who use excessive ore find forgefiends scratching at their door!”



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LAMIA-KIN, HUNGERER

A hideous mound of shuddering, pustule-encrusted flesh, this bloated creature's gaping maw is filled with terrible teeth.

HUNGERER

CR 15



XP 51,200

CE Huge monstrous humanoid

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 90 ft., low-light vision; Perception +28

Aura stench (30 ft., DC 25)

DEFENSE

AC 31, touch 10, flat-footed 29 (+1 Dex, +1 dodge, +21 natural, -2 size)

hp 220 (21d10+105)

Fort +12, **Ref** +15, **Will** +18

DR 10/cold iron and piercing; **Immune** acid, poison; **Resist** electricity 10, fire 10; **SR** 26

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., fly 60 ft. (good)

Melee bite +29 (2d8+10/19-20/x4 plus 2d6 acid damage and 2 Wisdom drain), 2 claws +29 (1d8+10 plus 2 Wisdom drain)

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

Special Attacks devastating bite, vile spew

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 15th; concentration +19)

Constant—fly

At will—*grease* (DC 15), *major image* (DC 17), *ventriloquism* (DC 15)

3/day—*charm monster* (DC 18), *gust of wind* (DC 16), quickened *stinking cloud* (DC 17), *suggestion* (DC 17)

1/day—*deep slumber* (DC 17), *mass charm monster* (DC 22), *mirror image*

STATISTICS

Str 30, **Dex** 13, **Con** 20, **Int** 13, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 19

Base Atk +21; **CMB** +33; **CMD** 45 (can't be tripped)

Feats Critical Focus, Dodge, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Power Attack, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (*stinking cloud*), Staggering Critical, Vital Strike

Skills Fly +32, Intimidate +28, Perception +28, Sense Motive +25, Stealth +17

Languages Abyssal, Common, Giant, Thassilonian

ECOLOGY

Environment cold mountains

Organization solitary or feast (2-5)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Devastating Bite (Ex) A hungerer's bite deals x4 damage on a successful critical hit. If this damage is enough to reduce a victim to negative hit points, the victim must succeed at a DC 30 Fortitude save to avoid being decapitated, bitten in half, or otherwise instantly killed by the horrific wound. The save DC is Strength-based.

Vile Spew (Su) Whenever a hungerer takes damage, the resulting wound spews a great gout of vile blood and acid. Any creature adjacent to a hungerer when it is wounded takes 2d6 points of acid damage (Reflex DC 25 negates). The save DC is Constitution-based.

Wisdom Drain (Su) A hungerer drains 2 points of Wisdom each time it strikes a foe with its bite or claw attacks. Unlike with other kinds of ability drain attacks, a hungerer does not heal any damage when it uses its Wisdom drain.

Once regular lamias, these hideously deformed creatures are the result of terrible fleshwarping experiments that have rarely been repeated since the fall of Thassilon. The heads and torsos of these creatures are nearly 10 feet in diameter, and a typical hungerer weighs about 20,000 pounds.

Hungerers are unnatural creatures, re-released into the world with Karzoug's awakening. These terrors live in constant pain and serve as living embodiments of hunger, insatiable in their constant quests for sustenance. Although they prefer to tear and rend living flesh, hungerers can consume almost any organic material, and might even gnaw on stone or metal without ill effect when nothing else is available.





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LAMIA-KIN, KUCHRIMA

This vaguely humanoid creature has a vulture's head and wings for arms, and wields an enormous bow in its taloned feet.

KUCHRIMA

CR 8



XP 4,800

CE Medium monstrous humanoid

Init +10; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent;

Perception +19

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 16, flat-footed 16 (+6 Dex, +6 natural)

hp 104 (11d10+44)

Fort +7, **Ref** +13, **Will** +6

Immune disease, *magic missile*

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., fly 60 ft. (good)

Melee bite +16 (1d6+5 plus disease), 2 talons +16 (1d4+5)

Ranged mwk Large composite longbow +18/+13/+8 (2d6+5/×3)

Special Attacks catastrophic shot, disease

STATISTICS

Str 20, **Dex** 22, **Con** 19, **Int** 7, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +11; **CMB** +16 (+20 grapple); **CMD** 32

Feats Deadly Aim, Improved

Initiative, Point-Blank Shot,
Precise Shot, Rapid Shot, Skill
Focus (Perception)

Skills Fly +24, Perception +19

Languages Common, Giant,
Thassilonian

SQ oversized weapon

ECOLOGY

Environment any mountains

Organization solitary, pair, flight (3-7), or
gluttony (8-12)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Catastrophic Shot (Ex) Whenever a kuchrима makes only a single attack in a round with a bow, it increases the critical threat range of that shot to 18-20.

Disease (Ex) Bite—Filtb Fever; *save* Fort DC 19; *onset* 1d3 days; *frequency* 1/day; *effect* 1d3 Dex damage and 1d3 Con damage; *cure* 2 consecutive saves.

Oversized Weapon (Ex) A kuchrима can wield an oversized longbow in its talons while flying without incurring any penalty—this longbow can be one size category larger than normal (Large for most kuchrimas).

bite. Kuchrimas often wield giant bows in their powerful talons, holding the weapon in one talon and pulling the bowstring with the other in order to fire arrows with devastating effect.

Kuchrimas have much in common with the condors they resemble, and are opportunistic hunters and scavengers. Bands of kuchrима hunters might fly dozens of miles from their communal aerie, using their keen sight to locate prey both small and large. In the extreme mountainous areas they inhabit, such meals often take the form of giant rams, mountain aurochs, and even the occasional mountaineer, though these disgusting creatures prefer their meals dead and rotting.


Kuchrimas dwell principally in the thin air among the upper peaks of desolate mountain ranges, where they have gathered in enclaves or “gluttonies.” They have lived in a state of static barbarism since the diaspora following the fall of the Thassilonian Empire. In the thousands of years since that civilization’s collapse, these lamia-kin have migrated to many mountainous regions throughout Golarion. These disease-ridden hunters strive to remain well out of sight of land-bound races, which they mistrust and fear in numbers. Should a new runelord or powerful harridan come into power and manage to locate these disparate gluttonies, however, the kuchrimas could be gathered into a formidable airborne force once again.



These foul creatures are a disgusting cross between humanoids and condors. Also known as the Eaters of the Dead, the kuchrimas are the lowest order of the lamia-kin, lacking even standard lamias’ capability for spell-like abilities. They not only serve the function of common soldiers and scouts, but are also left to take care of the disposal of bodies, garbage, and other waste—most of which they feed upon. This habit results in their foul appearance and disease-ridden

RUNESLAVE

This lumbering giant has a strange, vacant expression, as well as a large glowing rune carved into its flesh.

RUNESLAVE HILL GIANT	CR 8	
XP 4,800		
CE Large humanoid (giant)		
Init +0; Senses low-light vision; Perception +7		
DEFENSE		
AC 22, touch 9, flat-footed 22 (+4 armor, +9 natural, -1 size)		
hp 95 (10d8+50)		
Fort +11, Ref +3, Will +4		
Defensive Abilities resist pain, rock catching; Immune exhaustion, fatigue, fear		
Weaknesses arcane decay		
OFFENSE		
Speed 60 ft. (50 ft. in armor)		
Melee greatclub +16/+11 (2d8+13) or 2 slams +15 (1d8+9)		
Ranged rock +7 (1d8+13)		
Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.		
Special Attacks arcane surge, rock throwing (120 ft.)		
STATISTICS		
Str 29, Dex 10, Con 19, Int 4, Wis 8, Cha 5		
Base Atk +7; CMB +17; CMD 27		
Feats Diehard ^B , Iron Will, Martial Weapon Proficiency (greatclub), Power Attack, Toughness ^B , Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (greatclub)		
Skills Climb +14, Perception +7		
Languages Giant		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any		
Organization solitary, pair, or patrol (3–12)		
Treasure standard (hide armor, greatclub, other treasure)		

The ageless monuments and awesome cities of Thassilon rose upon the backs of countless slaves, but none bore the sin-poisoned civilization's burden more than the giants. Able to perform the work of dozens of human slaves, Thassilon's titanic servants—hill giants, stone giants, taiga giants, and others—crafted marvels nigh unparalleled in any era before or since, and shaped the face of what is now modern Varisia. Yet as viciously as the runelords worked their slaves and for all they demanded, the giant-crafted marvels were not enough. And thus, working the corrupt rune magic that was theirs alone, the runelords manufactured a damning curse and laid it over their most tireless and effective workers, and in so doing created a new breed of servant: the runeslave.

Numerous severe-looking runes spark and flicker upon a runeslave's body, seemingly seared into the creature's flesh. One of the runes is larger and more prominent than the others—this is always one of the runes of Thassilonian magic. Although a runeslave's mind is dulled, its muscles bulge grotesquely, as if barely contained beneath a thin layer of skin, and such

behemoths move with unnatural agility for creatures of their ponderous size.

Note that while the runeslave template does make a giant more powerful (and thus increases its CR), few, if any giants would seek to gain a runeslave's powers. Despite the advantages the runeslave gains, what it loses in free will and longevity typically vastly outweigh the benefits. In combat, a runeslave is deadly and terrifying, but in life, the condition is rightly feared among giants as a devastating and debilitating curse.

CREATING A RUNESLAVE

"Runeslave" is an acquired template that can be added to any giant (referred to hereafter as the base creature). A runeslave uses all the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

CR: Same as the base creature +1.

DEFENSIVE ABILITIES: A runeslave becomes immune to fear effects, exhaustion, and fatigue. In addition, all runeslaves gain the following additional defensive ability.

Resist Pain (Ex): Runeslaves can continue to function even after taking great punishment. They are immune to nonlethal damage. Against effects that inflict pain (such as a *symbol of pain* spell), a runeslave gains a +4 bonus on all saving throws.

WEAKNESSES: Runeslaves gain the following weakness.

Arcane Decay (Su): The symbols etched upon a runeslave's body put great stress on its physical form, choking its mind and ultimately killing the giant in time. Each runeslave has a predominant Thassilonian rune associated with one school of magic inscribed on its body. Traditionally, this rune is of a school of magic directly opposed to the runelord the runeslave serves—all of the runeslaves encountered in this adventure bear the sign of wrath upon their bodies as a sort of brand of shame. The slow decay of a runeslave's mental faculties manifests as a gradual loss of life and sanity, represented by the accumulation of rune-shaped scars all over the body. The disease has no additional physical or mental effect until these magical runescars completely overwhelm their host, at which point the accumulated pain the giant has endured since becoming a runeslave is released in a fatal surge of unleashed suffering. All runeslaves are "infected" with this disease. Only *limited wish*, *miracle*, or *wish* can prevent or cure arcane decay, but in so doing removes the entire template, reverting the runeslave back to the base creature. Multiple successful Fortitude saves only delay the decay and do not cure the creature of the disease.

Arcane Decay: Inherited—non-contagious; *save* Fortitude DC 15; *frequency* 1/week; *effect* gain one runescar; *cure* none (but see above). When a runeslave's number of runescars equals its Hit Dice, it dies.

SPEED: A runeslave's base land speed is 20 feet faster than the base creature's. Other forms of movement, such as flying or swim speeds, are unaffected.





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SPECIAL ATTACKS: A runeslave gains the following special attack.

Arcane Surge (Su): Once per day as a swift action, a runeslave can gain the benefits of the spell *haste* for 6 rounds. Using this ability forces the giant to make an additional Fortitude save against arcane decay, even if it has already made its weekly save to resist the disease.

ABILITIES: Change from the base creature as follows: Str +4, Dex +2, Int –2, Wis –2, Cha –2.

FEATS: Runeslaves gain Diehard and Toughness as bonus feats.

THE RUNESLAVE CURSE

As the act of turning their giant servants into runeslaves swept across Thassilon, each of the seven runelords came to employ the corruptive magic in various ways. While in most of the runelords' holdings the giants merely continued to serve as expendable labor, in Bakrakhan, Runelord Alaznist incorporated runeslaves into her vast armies, using them as living siege engines. In Cyrusian, the domain of Pride, Runelord Xanderghul used the magic as a punishment upon any slave who garnered his fickle ire.

While the magic used to create runeslaves resided almost exclusively in the hands of the runelords, the number of giant slaves they deemed would benefit from this ultimately fatal "improvement" far exceeded the rulers' ability to transform. Thus, a number of different methods of creating runeslaves were created, each originating in a separate domain but eventually spreading throughout the empire.

ANCIENT RITE: In the Grand Sybaritum of Xin-Haruka, Runelord Krune grew weary of cursing filthy giant after filthy giant, and so devised a method to transform hundreds of his slaves at a time. Summoning whole legions of his giants before him, Krune called down the might of the rune goddess Lissala and cursed his slaves en masse, sending countless faithful slaves to their doom.

MINDERHAL'S CURSE: Minderhal's worship was never more prevalent than during the height of the Thassilonian empire, and as such, fear of his displeasure was a motivating force among the giants of that era. Legend held that Minderhal himself was involved in the creation of the first runeslaves, and that in a fit of anger at his giant worshipers, he granted humans the secrets of creating runeslaves. Regardless of this legend's veracity, there have been several cases of particularly blasphemous giants spontaneously transforming into runeslaves, supposedly as punishment from their god.

POISONING: In Edasseril, the domain of envy, the alchemists of Runelord Belimarius's vile and sprawling laboratories discovered a way to turn arcane decay into a toxin, allowing the disease to be delivered via

poison. The poisoners never did find a way to cure the crippling madness caused by the poison—the toxin's high cost and the frustrating requirement of having to cure the giant's Wisdom drain before it could be put to work kept this poison from seeing greater use.

Runeslave Poison: Poison—ingested; save Fort DC 20; frequency 1/round for 6 rounds; effect confusion for 1 round and 1d4 Wisdom drain (if this results in the giant's Wisdom being drained to 0, the giant immediately transforms into a runeslave); cure 3 consecutive saves; cost 10,000 gp.

RUNESLAVE CAULDRON: Brought forth from Gastash, the domain of gluttony, these massive cauldrons were large enough to fit an adult stone giant and infused with necromantic energies. Any giant placed in a cauldron and then slain is immediately resurrected as a runeslave—see page 424 for further details on these sadistic magic items.



SCARLET WALKER

This crimson horror walks upon six long, thin legs. Its face is neither that of a skull nor spider, but some horrid mix of the two.

SCARLET WALKER

CR 12



XP 19,200

LE Huge outsider (evil, extraplanar, lawful)

Init +9; **Senses** bloodsense, darkvision 60 ft., *detect thoughts*; Perception +24

DEFENSE

AC 28, touch 18, flat-footed 18 (+9 Dex, +1 dodge, +10 natural, -2 size)

hp 168 (16d10+80); fast healing 10

Fort +10, **Ref** +19, **Will** +15

Defensive Abilities evasion; **Immune** acid, cold, poison; **SR** 23

Weaknesses vulnerable to electricity

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft.

Melee 2 claws +23 (2d6+7/19-20 plus bleed), tentacles +18 (4d6+3 plus bleed and paralysis)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 30 ft.

Special Attacks bleed (1d6), blood-draining gaze, paralysis (1d4 rounds, DC 23)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 12th; concentration +17)

Constant—*air walk*, *detect thoughts*

At will—*sending*

3/day—*confusion* (DC 19), *demand* (DC 23), quickened *lesser confusion* (DC 16)

1/day—*feblemind* (DC 20), *insanity* (DC 22), *true seeing*

STATISTICS

Str 24, **Dex** 29, **Con** 21, **Int** 14, **Wis** 20, **Cha** 21

Base Atk +16; **CMB** +25; **CMD** 45 (53 vs. trip)

Feats Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Critical (claws), Mobility, Power Attack, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (*lesser confusion*), Spring Attack, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +28 (+32 when jumping), Climb +15, Intimidate +24, Knowledge (arcana) +21, Knowledge (nature) +21, Knowledge (planes) +21, Perception +24, Sense Motive +24, Stealth +20

Languages Aklo, Infernal; telepathy 300 ft.

SQ compression, no breath

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary, pair, or crowd (3-8)

Treasure standard

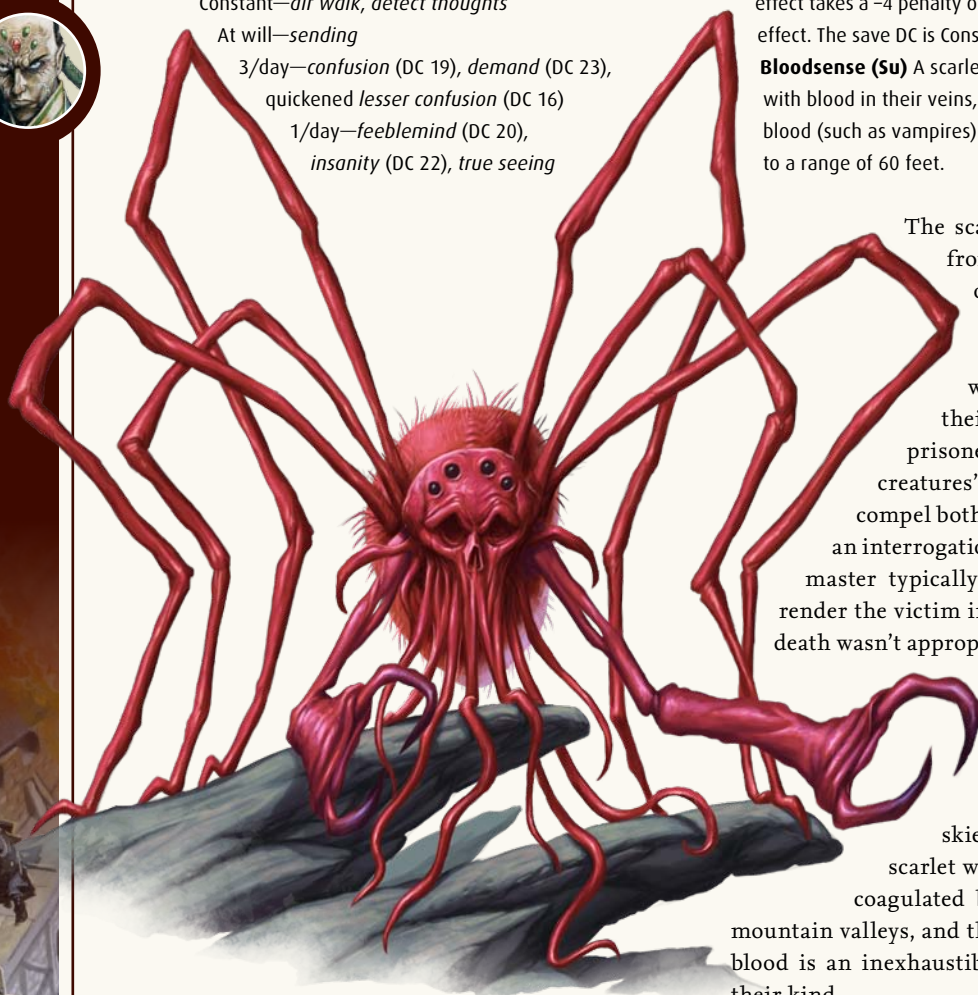
SPECIAL ABILITIES

Blood-Draining Gaze (Su) All creatures within 20 feet of a scarlet walker are subject to the monster's eerie blood-draining gaze. Affected creatures must succeed at a DC 23 Fortitude save or thin streams of blood pour from their eyes, flowing through the air and into the eye socket-like pits in the scarlet walker's face. This does not impact the victim's vision, but does deal 1 point of Constitution damage and sickens the victim for 1 round from the hideous pain. A creature already suffering from a bleed effect takes a -4 penalty on the saving throw. This is a bleed effect. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Bloodsense (Su) A scarlet walker can sense living creatures with blood in their veins, or undead creatures that feed on blood (such as vampires). This ability functions like blindsight to a range of 60 feet.

The scarlet walker is an alien entity from some other dimension, often conjured by the wizards of Thassilon to serve as a minion. Scarlet walkers were particularly favored for their adeptness at interrogating prisoners, either via torture, or via the creatures' uncanny ability to mentally compel both actions and compliance. Once an interrogation was over, the scarlet walker's master typically commanded the monster to render the victim insane or feble-minded if mere death wasn't appropriate.

Scarlet walkers themselves hail from the nightmare realm of Leng, where they walk amid strange, stony deserts and stride through the skies above. No mere predators, scarlet walkers build immense hives of coagulated blood and tissue in nameless mountain valleys, and the flavors of various creatures' blood is an inexhaustible topic of discussion among their kind.





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SKULL RIPPER

This chittering, scorpion-shaped monstrosity appears to be made of a hideous mix of chitinous limbs and human skulls.

SKULL RIPPER CR 9   

XP 6,400

CN Large construct

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +1

Aura dread visage (30 ft., DC 18)

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 12, flat-footed 21 (+3 Dex, +12 natural, -1 size)

hp 112 (15d10+30)

Fort +5, **Ref** +10, **Will** +6

DR 5/adamantine; **Immune** construct traits; **Resist** cold 10; **SR** 20

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft.

Melee 2 claws +20 (2d6+6/19-20 plus grab), sting +20 (1d10+6 plus poison)

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

Special Attacks behead, constrict 2d6+9

STATISTICS

Str 22, **Dex** 16, **Con** —, **Int** 5, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +15; **CMB** +22 (+26 grapple); **CMD** 35 (47 vs. trip)

Feats Bleeding Critical, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Improved Critical (claw), Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Stealth), Vital Strike

Skills Climb +19, Stealth +15

Languages Thassilonian (cannot speak)

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary, pair, or nest (3-8)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Behead (Ex) A skull ripper is an expert at collecting its favorite trophies—skulls. Once it has pinned a foe, it can attempt to behead the victim with a single gut-wrenching rip of its claws. This attempt is made as part of the grapple check to maintain an existing pin, and if successful, deals 4d6+18 points of damage to the victim. If this damage is enough to bring the target below 0 hit points, the victim must succeed at a DC 23 Fortitude save to resist having its head torn from its body, which results in instant death for most creatures. The save DC is Strength-based.

Dread Visage (Su) All creatures within 30 feet that can see a skull ripper must make a DC 18 Will save at the start of their turn in order to avoid becoming frightened for 1 round. If the victim recognizes any of the heads affixed to the skull ripper's body as having once belonged to friends or allies, that victim takes a -4 penalty on the save. A creature that succeeds at the save is immune to the dread visage of that particular skull ripper for 24 hours. This is a mind-affecting fear effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Poison (Su) Sting—injury; save Fort DC 17; frequency 1/round for 6 rounds; effect 1d4 Dex; cure 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Skull rippers were once guardians of the dead, the grim custodians of the great ossuaries of Thassilon. Although most skull rippers are discovered in ancient tombs and sepulchers, occasionally a geological upheaval or massive flood destroys a given catacomb or leaves a skull ripper stranded. In these cases, the construct emerges and ventures forth into the world above, harvesting skulls and causing widespread panic as it searches for a new tomb to guard.

CONSTRUCTION

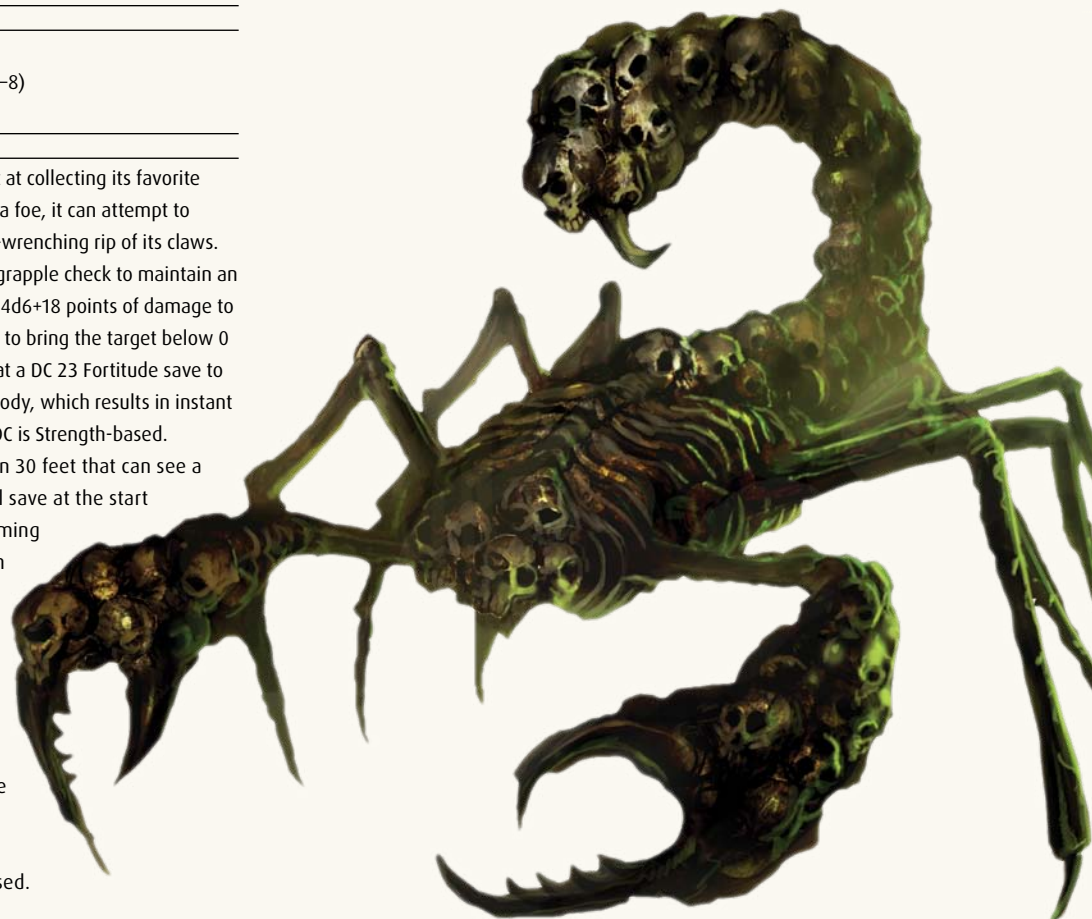
A skull ripper is made from the carcasses of dead vermin and skulls, either harvested by the creator or purchased from shady adventurers for roughly 500 gp in total.

SKULL RIPPER

CL 13th; **Price** 30,500 gp

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Construct, *animate dead*, *fear*, *geas/quest*, *keen edge*, *limited wish*; **Skill** Heal or Knowledge (engineering) DC 15; **Cost** 15,500 gp





APPENDIX SEVEN: NEW RULES

THIS APPENDIX PRESENTS RULES FOR TRACKING SIN POINTS, DETAILS ON THASSILONIAN MAGIC, A NEW FEAT, AND SEVEN NEW SPELLS DESIGNED BY ANCIENT THASSILONIAN WIZARDS.



In Chapter Five of *Rise of the Runelords*, the PCs visit the ancient complex of Runeforge—an arcane laboratory infused with more than 10,000 years of sin, to the extent that the powerful magic within Runeforge has become infused with the personalities and obsessions of those who have been trapped therein for so long.

As a result, the very structures of Runeforge react differently to characters who are themselves paragons of specific sins. These effects are explored in detail in that chapter—but how can you determine whether a PC is sinful in the first place?

SIN AND VIRTUE POINTS

When you begin your *Rise of the Runelords* campaign, you should take a moment to write down the names of all the PCs in your game on a large grid set up with 14 different boxes per PC—one box for each sin and corresponding virtue. A sample chart is presented on the facing page. As your *Rise of the Runelords* campaign progresses, keep an eye on the choices the PCs make. Each time a PC acts in a way that strikes you as particularly sinful or virtuous, place a mark in the appropriate box on that character's line. If a character commits a sin but already has marks in that sin's corresponding virtue box, instead simply erase one of the marks in the virtue box (and vice versa). At any one time, only one of the two boxes should have marks in it—a character who manages to balance her sins and virtues out (or who never exhibits either sin or virtue) may well have no marks at all on her line.

You should only make marks for significant events in your game—don't bother marking minor events. If a PC loots a dead goblin, she shouldn't gain a point of Greed—such spoils of war are considered a normal part of the game. If, on the other hand, she gleefully steals the life savings of an NPC and spends all the money on herself, that should certainly earn her a point of Greed.

A character is considered sinful whenever she has 5 or more marks (sometimes referred to as "sin points") in a particular sin. Likewise, a character is considered virtuous whenever she has 5 or more marks in a particular virtue. In Runeforge, only a character's most sinful aspect matters—if she has 5 or more points in multiple sins, the one in which she has the most points is the one that matters for determining bonuses and penalties in that dungeon. In the case of a tie, you should

make a judgement call based on your knowledge of that character as to which of those sins is the primary.

Specific examples of acts that can earn sin points and virtue points are listed below.

ENVY: Complaining loudly or frequently about another party member's good fortune, skill, or luck. **CHARITY:** Spending significant time tending the wounded, free of charge, after the goblin attack on Sandpoint.

GLUTTONY: Getting drunk multiple times during the game session. **TEMPERANCE:** Spending a game session without drinking at a tavern when at least two other PCs engage in such acts during the session.

GREED: Robbing another PC, or hiding a significant amount of treasure for yourself. **GENEROSITY:** Turning Hambley's life savings over to Mayor Deverin.

LUST: Eagerly accepting Shayliss's solicitations under the pretense of hunting rats in her father's shop basement. **LOVE:** Giving a PC or NPC a romantic gift worth at least 1,000 gp per level your character possesses.

PRIDE: Bragging about how nothing in Foxglove Manor was scary. **HUMILITY:** Refusing to accept an NPC's reward for a mission, or giving all credit to others.

SLOTH: Encouraging the party to stop and rest for a day after only having one or two significant encounters in that day. **ZEAL:** Encouraging the party to continue adventuring after the group has already dealt with at least five significant encounters that day.

WRATH: Eagerly torturing a prisoner. **KINDNESS:** Releasing an enemy that has surrendered and healing its wounds so it has a better chance at surviving.

THASSILONIAN MAGIC

While the concept of wizard specializations along the classically recognized schools of magic certainly dates back to the time of Azlant—and perhaps beyond, into the dim recesses of time before humanity rose to prominence—it was the runelords of Thassilon who explored school specialization to its full extreme.

Focusing their research on the discovery that each school of magic was opposed by two specific opposition schools, the runelords developed methods of further enhancing their mastery over their chosen arcane specialties. Essentially, they defined these seven schools as much by what they couldn't do as by what they could. By excising "impurities" introduced by fixed oppositional schools, they traded arcane versatility for greater strength in their chosen





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	ENVY	CHARITY	GLUTTONY	TEMPERANCE	GREED	GENEROSITY	LUST	LOVE	PRIDE	HUMILITY	SLOTH	ZEAL	WRATH	KINDNESS
PLAYER CHARACTER														

 **ENVY (ABJURATION):**
The art of suppressing magic other than your own.
PROHIBITED SCHOOLS: evocation, necromancy.

 **GLUTTONY (NECROMANCY):**
Magic that manipulates the physical body to provide for an unending hunger for life.
PROHIBITED SCHOOLS: abjuration, enchantment.

 **GREED (TRANSMUTATION):**
Magically transforming things into objects of greater value or utility, and enhancing the physical self.
PROHIBITED SCHOOLS: enchantment, illusion.

 **LUST (ENCHANTMENT):**
Magically controlling other creatures to satisfy your desires, and manipulating others' minds, emotions, and wills.
PROHIBITED SCHOOLS: necromancy, transmutation.

 **PRIDE (ILLUSION):**
Perfecting your own appearance and domain through trickery and illusions.
PROHIBITED SCHOOLS: conjuration, transmutation.

 **SLOTH (CONJURATION):**
Calling agents and minions to perform your deeds for you, or creating what you need as you need it.
PROHIBITED SCHOOLS: evocation, illusion.

 **WRATH (EVOCATION):**
Mastery of the raw destructive power of magic, and channeling those destructive forces.
PROHIBITED SCHOOLS: abjuration, conjuration.

fields. The seven schools of Thassilonian magic are presented above.

THASSILONIAN SPECIALISTS

Only wizards can truly follow the ancient philosophies created by Thassilon's runelords. The choice to specialize in a Thassilonian school of magic must be made when a character first becomes a wizard. Once the choice to do so is made, it cannot be changed.

BENEFITS: A Thassilonian specialist wizard receives two additional spell slots of each spell level he can cast. These bonus spell slots must both be used to prepare the same spell from the wizard's school of specialization, allowing the wizard to cast that spell twice (as he has prepared the spell twice). The wizard cannot use these slots to prepare two different spells, even if they are of the school he is specialized in.

RESTRICTIONS: A Thassilonian specialist does not get to customize his choice for opposition schools—his opposition schools are determined for him when he chooses his specialization. These restrictions are more significant than those most wizards follow,

and are known as prohibited schools. A Thassilonian wizard can never prepare a spell that is in one of his prohibited schools—he treats these spells as if they were not on the wizard spell list. If using a spell trigger or spell completion item to cast a spell from one of his prohibited schools, he must use the Use Magic Device skill to do so.

NEW SPELLS

Despite having been originally invented by wizards, these spells also function for other classes.

BLOOD MONEY

School transmutation; **Level** magus 1, sorcerer/wizard 1, witch 1

Casting Time 1 swift action

Components V, S

Range 0 ft.

Effect 1 material component

Duration Instantaneous

You cast *blood money* just before casting another spell. As part of this spell's casting, you must cut one of your hands, releasing a stream of blood that causes you to take 1d6 points of damage. When you cast another spell in that same round, your blood transforms into one material component of your choice required by that second spell. Even valuable components worth more than 1 gp can be created, but creating such material components requires an additional cost of 1 point of Strength damage, plus a further point of damage for every full 500 gp of the component's value (so a component worth 500–999 gp costs a total of 2 points, 1,000–1,500 costs 3, etc.). You cannot create magic items with *blood money*.

For example, a sorcerer with the spell *stoneskin* prepared could cast *blood money* to create the 250 gp worth of diamond dust required by that spell, taking 1d6 points of damage and 1 point of Strength damage in the process.

Material components created by *blood money* transform back into blood at the end of the round if they have not been used as a material component. Spellcasters who do not have blood cannot cast *blood money*, and those who are immune to Strength damage (such as undead spellcasters) cannot use *blood money* to create valuable material components.

COVETOUS AURA

School abjuration; **Level** sorcerer/wizard 5, witch 5

Casting Time 1 round

Components V, S

Range personal

Area 25-ft.-radius emanation centered on you

Duration 1 round/level (D)

Saving Throw none; **Spell Resistance** no

Anytime a harmless (so noted by a spell's saving throw description) spell of 3rd level or lower is cast within a *covetous aura's* area of effect, you may choose to immediately gain the benefit of that spell as if it had also targeted you. The intended target still gains the effect of the spell. You gain the benefits of this duplicated spell only if the caster is in range of the *covetous aura*. Each time

a *covetous aura* duplicates a spell effect, the remaining duration of the *covetous aura* is reduced by a number of rounds equal to the spell level of the spell effect that is duplicated.

DEATHWINE

School necromancy; **Level** alchemist 2, cleric 2, sorcerer/wizard 3, witch 3

Casting Time 1 minute

Components V, S

Range touch

Target 1 potion touched/level

Duration 1 hour/level

Saving Throw none (object); **Spell Resistance** no (object)

This spell allows you to turn a potion into a temporary pool of necromantic energy. Only a potion created using a conjuration (healing) spell can be affected by this spell. An affected potion turns dark red and reveals a necromantic aura if *detect magic* is cast on it while it remains under this spell's effects.

When you drink a potion affected by this spell, you do not gain the potion's normal effect. Instead, the first necromancy spell you cast within the next minute is cast at a higher caster level. The bonus to caster level is equal to the spell level of the spell used to create the potion that *deathwine* affects. For example, a 5th-level wizard who drinks *deathwine* made from a *potion of cure serious wounds* would cast his next necromancy spell as an 8th-level caster, as *cure serious wounds* is a 3rd-level spell.

In addition, any undead creature (or other creature healed by negative energy) that drinks a potion affected by *deathwine* is healed of 1d8 points of damage. Any potion not imbibed before this spell's duration expires is destroyed at the end of the *deathwine's* duration.

RAIMENT OF COMMAND

School illusion (glamer); **Level** bard 2, sorcerer/wizard 2

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range personal

Target you

Duration 1 hour/level

Saving Throw Will; **Spell Resistance** No

You are cloaked in an illusion of authority. Others perceive you to be a legitimate figure of authority, such as a higher-ranking official, a religious figure, or a more powerful warrior. This illusion grants you a +5 bonus on all Diplomacy and Intimidate checks. If you attempt to disguise yourself as a specific authority figure whom you have met in person, you gain a +10 competence bonus on the Disguise check and any Bluff check related to impersonating that authority figure.

In addition, others are uncomfortable acting against you. Creatures with an Intelligence of 3 or more take a –2 penalty on all opposed checks made against you, such as Sense Motive checks made to determine if you're bluffing, or Perception checks made to notice you when you're using Stealth to sneak (a result of their not wanting to question whether you belong there, and thus giving you the benefit of the doubt).



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MAGIC ITEMS**SIGN OF WRATH****School** evocation (force); **Level** cleric 6, sorcerer/wizard 6**Casting Time** 1 standard action**Components** V, S, F (a gem worth 1,000 gp inscribed with the Thassilonian symbol of wrath)**Range** personal**Area** 25-ft.-radius burst centered on you**Duration** instantaneous**Saving Throw** Reflex half; **Spell Resistance** yes

A giant, glowing symbol of wrath appears below you, forcibly repulsing all nearby creatures. All creatures within the area of effect take 1d6 points of force damage per caster level (maximum 15d6) and are subjected to a bull rush that attempts to push them directly away from you. The blast's bull rush effect has a CMB bonus equal to your caster level + your Intelligence, Wisdom, or Charisma modifier (whichever is highest). You are unaffected by both the spell's damage and its bull rush effect, and may select up to one creature per 4 caster levels to also be ignored by the spells effects.

SWIPE**School** conjuration (teleportation); **Level** bard 2, sorcerer/wizard 3**Casting Time** 1 standard action**Components** V, S**Range** close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)**Target** one held item**Duration** instant**Saving Throw** none; **Spell Resistance** no

By flicking a finger in the appropriate direction and proclaiming ownership, you attempt to magically wrest an item from the target's grip and summon it to your hand. To claim an object held by an opponent, you must make a CMB check—this check has a bonus equal to your caster level + your Intelligence, Wisdom, or Charisma modifier (whichever is highest). If you fail this check, the target retains the item and the spell fails. If you succeed, the item teleports into one of your free hands or comes to rest at your feet.

UNCONSCIOUS AGENDA**School** enchantment (compulsion) [language-dependent, mind-affecting]; **Level** bard 6, inquisitor 6, sorcerer/wizard 6, witch 6**Casting Time** 10 minutes**Components** V**Range** Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)**Target** One humanoid**Duration** One week/level or until discharged (D)**Saving Throw** Will negates; **Spell Resistance** yes

This spell plants a subconscious directive in the target's mind that forces him to act as you dictate when specific circumstances arise. The target humanoid can be either conscious or unconscious, but must understand your language. Upon casting this spell, you must state a course of action you wish the target to take. This course of action must be described in 20 words or fewer. You must then state the condition under which you wish the target to take this action, also describing it in 20 or fewer words. Actions or conditions more elaborate than 20 words cause the spell to

fail. *Unconscious agenda* cannot compel a target to kill himself, though it can compel him to perform exceedingly dangerous acts, face impossible odds, or undertake almost any other course of activity. You cannot issue new commands to the target after the spell is cast.

If the target fails his save against this spell, he is not compelled to act in any way until the specified trigger circumstances are encountered. He also has no knowledge of the details of the spell affecting him, and has no memory of the last 10 minutes (although he might come to notice the missing time or the presence of the caster). He can function as he wishes until the events you detailed as the condition take place. Upon experiencing the prerequisite condition, the target is forced to perform the course of action you described as per the spell *dominate person*. (If the compelled action is against the victim's nature, he immediately gains a new saving throw at a +5 bonus against the spell to end its effects.) For the next hour, the target acts as you dictated, doing all he can to fulfill your command. If, at the end of the hour, the target still has not completed your command, the target is released from the enchantment and the spell ends. Once the course of action is completed, the spell ends. The target has full memory of acts performed during this hour.

It's difficult to detect an *unconscious agenda* before the spell is triggered. Casting *detect magic* on one affected by it only reveals an aura of enchantment if the caster of *detect magic* has a higher caster level than the caster of *unconscious agenda*. Even if the spell is detected, it can only be removed by *break enchantment*, *limited wish*, *remove curse*, *miracle*, or *wish*. *Dispel magic* does not affect *unconscious agenda*.

NEW FEAT: LAMASHTU'S MARK

You are marked as one of Lamashtu's favored minions.

PREREQUISITES: Con 13, Lamashtu as patron deity.

BENEFIT: Your abdomen bears several ugly scars, as if your belly had been torn open by a clawed hand. Lamashtu's Mark identifies you as favored worshiper of the Mother of Monsters, and if it is visible, you gain a +2 bonus on Intimidate checks but a –2 penalty on Diplomacy checks.

Once per day as a free action, you may invoke Lamashtu's name as you strike a nonevil foe with any melee attack. As you do, you cause the creature struck to become temporarily deformed in some hideous manner. Common deformities caused by this attack include cloven hooves, horns, forked tongues, vestigial limbs like wings and tails, organs inexplicably forming on the outside of the skin, additional (and useless) eyes, and skin that hardens into pus-weeping plates. The deformity reduces the target's Charisma score by 1d4 points for 1 hour; the target can resist this effect by making a Fortitude save (DC 10 + your character level + your Charisma modifier). The physical deformity vanishes as soon as the Charisma penalty fades.

In addition, any offspring you sire or give birth to gain the fiendish template.



APPENDIX EIGHT: MAGIC ITEMS

ALL OF THE ITEMS LISTED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES CAN BE FOUND IN THE RISE OF THE RUNELORDS ADVENTURE PATH. IN ORDER TO PRESERVE THEIR UNIQUE FEEL, YOU SHOULD NOT ALLOW THE PCs TO PURCHASE ANY OF THESE ITEMS FROM STORES—WITH ONE EXCEPTION. *ELIXIRS OF THE PEAKS* SHOULD BE READILY AVAILABLE IN MOST LARGE CITIES (SUCH AS MAGNIMAR).



ANATHEMA ARCHIVE	SLOT none	MAJOR ARTIFACT
AURA strong (all schools)	CL 20th	Weight 2 lbs.



This unusually heavy scroll consists of a rather long sheet of supple, impossible-to-tear parchment wound between two rods. When the *anathema archive* is opened, it presents a tangle of Thassilonian runes to the observer. Each time the scroll is unfurled, the runes are in a different order, the contents of the archive shifting according to the user's state of mind and desires each time it is used. The archive itself can be used for two purposes: to cast ancient spells and to divulge lore about hateful secrets and hidden horrors.

When using the *anathema archive* to cast spells, the user can either simply open it (in which case it randomly opens to one of the new Thassilonian spells presented earlier in this chapter) or the user can attempt to force the *anathema archive* to open to a specific spell from that list or to any arcane spell she knows how to cast. Doing so requires a Spellcraft check (DC = 20 + double spell level)—failure indicates the archive opens to a random spell from this chapter's seven earlier options. Whatever spell the *anathema archive* is opened to, the user may cast that spell from the scroll as if she were casting a spell from a normal scroll, save that the spell is not consumed from the *anathema archive* upon being cast.

When used for research, the *anathema archive* grants a +10 insight bonus into any one Knowledge check associated with sinister or frightening ancient topics (subject to the GM's discretion—sample subjects include evil outsiders, runelords, Thassilon, Leng, evil religions, or undead). This allows a character to make the Knowledge skill check untrained.

Each time a character uses the *anathema archive*, her mind becomes increasingly haunted and unhinged. Upon using the archive, the user must make a Will save (DC = 15 + twice the total number of times the user has used the *anathema archive*). Failure results in the user taking 1d4 points of Wisdom drain and becoming confused for a number of rounds equal to 1 + the total number of times she has used the artifact.

The *anathema archive* closes automatically each time it is used, and cannot be opened again for 24 hours by any force.

DESTRUCTION

The *anathema archive* must be eaten by an angel who has been rendered deaf and blind by an evil source—the angel must not know that it is eating an artifact.

ANIMA FOCUS	SLOT none	MAJOR ARTIFACT
AURA strong (conjuration and necromancy)	CL 20th	WEIGHT 9 tons

The *anima focus* is an immense artifact created by Karzoug in the final years of Thassilon, based upon the research and notes of the Lords of Greed in Runeforge. This artifact maintains the link between the Material Plane and the Eye of Avarice, and siphons fragments of greedy souls that have been prepared by a special ritual through the *soul lens* found within the Eye of Avarice into the *runewell* itself. The *anima focus* has other powers as well, linked to the Pinnacle of Avarice—see page 359 for details.

DESTRUCTION

The *soul lens* to which the *anima focus* is linked must be destroyed, after which the *anima focus* can be destroyed by physical damage or magic (hardness 20; hp 800; Break DC 50).

BOOTS OF THE MIRE	SLOT feet	PRICE 3,500 GP
AURA faint (abjuration and transmutation)	CL 5th	WEIGHT 1 lb.

These soft leather boots confer several powers upon the wearer. First, he is granted the power to walk on water in swampy environments, provided the water is no deeper than 5 feet—this effectively lets him move through swampy terrain and mud at no cost to his speed. He leaves no tracks or other sign of his passage as long as he's in swampy terrain, and never becomes uncomfortable or wet from rain, fog, or other forms of non-freezing precipitation. Finally, the boots grant him a +2 resistance bonus on all Fortitude saves made against poison and disease.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 1,750 GP
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Craft Wondrous Item, *endure elements*, *pass without trace*, *resistance*, *water walk*

HELLAN, SWORD OF GREED	SLOT none	MAJOR ARTIFACT
AURA strong transmutation	CL 16th	WEIGHT 25 lbs.



Of the *Seven Blades of Conviction* wielded by the runelords' champions—weapons known as the Alara'hai to the Thassilonians, the *sword of greed* was the most extravagant—for it was made of magically hardened gold, tempered to the strength of adamantine yet retaining its luster. Although made of gold, *Chellan* functions as an adamantine weapon for the purposes of overcoming damage reduction and bypassing hardness. *Chellan* is a +5 *keen scimitar*, and its density allows it to damage foes as if it were one size category larger than its actual size. It can be properly





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wielded only by characters with a Strength of 18 or higher—also other characters must either wield it as a two-handed weapon or take a –2 penalty on attack rolls with the weapon.

Whenever *Chellan* strikes a foe, the target must succeed at a DC 20 Fortitude save or be slowed as per the spell *slow* (CL 16th). If the sword scores a critical hit, the target must succeed at a DC 25 Fortitude save or be turned into a crystalline statue, as if by *flesh to stone*. Characters turned to crystal by *Chellan* appear to be made of ruby, diamond, or some other valuable gem, but are in fact merely colored quartz of little value to looters.

Fanatical in the extreme, *Chellan* seeks to force its wielder into serving Karzoug and furthering the runelord’s goals. To enforce this purpose of their existence, it can use its intelligence and special abilities to aid and manipulate those who think to wield it.

STATISTICS

Alignment LE; **Ego** 25

Senses sight and hearing (30 ft.)

Int 18, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 10

Communication telepathy

Languages Common, Thassilonian

Lesser Powers 3/day—*create food and water, cure serious wounds, endure elements*

DESTRUCTION

Karzoug can destroy the *sword of greed* merely by commanding its destruction with his voice (a free action for the runelord).

ELIXIR OF THE PEAKS	SLOT	PRICE
AURA moderate transmutation	none	2,450 GP
	CL 7th	WEIGHT —



When imbibed, an *elixir of the peaks* gives the user the ability to scale and survive in mountainous terrain with great skill. The imbiber is treated as if acclimated to all high altitudes lower than a death zone, and gains a +2 competence bonus on all Survival checks made at elevations of above 5,000 feet. She also gains a +10 competence bonus on Climb checks and Survival checks in mountainous terrain (these bonuses stack with the altitude-based bonus above). Finally, the imbiber gains the benefits of an *endure elements* spell. The effects of this elixir wear off after 8 hours.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST
	1,225 gp

Craft Wondrous Item, *endure elements, spider climb*

FANGED FALCHION	SLOT	PRICE
AURA moderate transmutation [evil]	none	22,375 GP
	CL 11th	WEIGHT 8 lbs.



The blade of this brutal-looking falchion is serrated, forming the fangs of the stylized etching of a jackal’s profile on the shimmering metal. Such weapons are fashioned in honor of Lamashtu and are favored by her most powerful cultists as weapons not only for battle, but also for sacrifice.

A *fanged falchion* is a +1 *unholy falchion* and wounds caused by the weapon’s serrated edge are horrifically ragged and bleed profusely. Whenever a *fanged falchion*’s wielder scores a successful critical hit with it, the sword’s blade animates and “chews” at its victim.

In addition to doing damage for the critical hit, this horrific chewing deals 2 points of Constitution damage and stuns the victim for 1 round (Fort DC 15 negates). Creatures immune to critical hits are immune to this Constitution damage and the stun effect.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST
	11,375 GP

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *harm, unholy blight*, creator must be evil

FOG-CUTTING LENSES	SLOT	PRICE
AURA faint transmutation	face	8,000 GP
	CL 5th	WEIGHT 1 lb.

These goggles are made of carefully-polished rock crystal, with frames of polished brass and a simple leather strap and buckle sized for a giant’s head (but easily adjustable for smaller wearers). The goggles allow the wearer to see through magical and normal fogs, mists, and similar obscurment. They do not confer darkvision or low-light vision. Further, the goggles distort and skew vision strangely, causing a –4 penalty on Perception checks.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST
	4,000 GP

Craft Wondrous Item, *darkvision, fog cloud*

IMPALER OF THORNS	SLOT	PRICE
AURA moderate enchantment	none	9,000 GP
	CL 7th	WEIGHT 9 lbs.

The *impaler of thorns* is an ancient weapon dating back to Thassilonian times, when it was often used by city guards to aid in breaking up civil unrest. An *impaler*’s shaft is made of darkwood, and its head is a thornlike, wide-bladed barb. When an *impaler of thorns* is used in combat, its successful critical hits are accompanied by an unsettling screech, as of some wild beast in anger.

An *impaler of thorns* is a +1 *longspear*. Once per day as it strikes a foe, the wielder can cause it (as a free action) to unleash a 30-foot-radius burst of despair that affects all creatures not wielding an *impaler of thorns*. Creatures affected must succeed at DC 16 Will saves or become overwhelmed with sadness and despair, taking –2 penalties on attack rolls, saving throws, ability checks, skill checks, and weapon damage rolls for 6 minutes. The target struck when this effect is triggered must also succeed at a second DC 16 Will save to resist becoming nauseated with despair for 1 round.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST
	4,500 GP

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *cat’s grace, crushing despair, delay poison*

IOUN STONES, THASSILONIAN	SLOT	MINOR ARTIFACT
AURA strong varied	none	
	CL 12th	WEIGHT —

Whether they were invented by the Azlanti or merely discovered by them, *ioun stones* were an important part of Azlanti society—and by extension, of Thassilonian society. Many of Thassilon’s rulers—particularly runelords like Karzoug—took to the art of embedding these stones in their flesh. An *ioun stone* implanted in this manner cannot be sundered or stolen. Further rules on implanting *ioun stones* can be found in *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Seekers of Secrets*.

Thassilonian wizards perfected and enhanced many forms of *ioun stones*, such as the four unusually powerful stones listed below. These stones are minor artifacts, and methods of their creation have been lost since Thassilon’s fall.

Amber Spindle: An *amber spindle* grants a +1 resistance bonus on all saving throws (the bonuses from possessing multiple *amber spindles* stack, up to a maximum of +5).

Crimson Sphere: This *ioun stone* grants a +2 enhancement bonus to Intelligence (the bonuses from possessing multiple *crimson spheres* stack, up to a maximum of +6).

Emerald Ellipsoid: An *emerald ellipsoid* grants 5 bonus hit points (the bonuses from multiple *emerald ellipsoids* stack; there is no maximum benefit).

Onyx Rhomboid: This stone grants a +2 enhancement bonus to Constitution (the bonuses from possessing multiple *onyx rhomboids* stack, up to a maximum of +6).

KARZOUG'S BURNING GLAIVE	SLOT none	MAJOR ARTIFACT
AURA strong transmutation [evil]	CL 17th	WEIGHT 8 lbs.



Soon after the founding of Thassilon, the ancient emperor Xin crafted the *Alara'quin*, seven icons symbolizing the runelords' mastery of rune magic and dominance over their respective domains. Karzoug's +2 *flaming dancing glaive* is one of these ancient weapons.

Karzoug's burning glaive possesses a keen intellect, granted to it by its imperial creator. Meant to embody all that is right and virtuous about the luxury of wealth, the weapon is only concerned with the acquisition of riches and safeguarding the treasures of the rightful runelord of Shalast. It eagerly seeks to immolate non-spellcasters, which it sees as paupers likely to steal what its master possesses. While the glaive endlessly fawns over Karzoug (as it would over any rightful ruler of Shalast), it tirelessly berates other wielders, constantly comparing their flaws to the perfection of its past runelord owners.

STATISTICS

Alignment NE; **Ego** 22

Senses darkvision 120 ft., hearing

Int 17, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 17

Communication read languages, speech, telepathy

Languages Ignan, Thassilonian

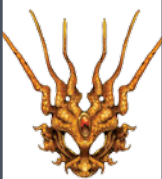
Lesser Powers *cure moderate wounds* on wielder 3/day, *faerie fire* 3/day, *major image* (DC 16) 1/day

Special Purpose defeat non-spellcasters; **Dedicated Power** *fireball* (CL 17th; DC 16)

DESTRUCTION

Karzoug's burning glaive can be destroyed by hurling it under the crushing feet of the Oliphaunt of Jandelay, although only so long as no current runelord of greed lives in the world.

MEDUSA MASK	SLOT head	PRICE 10,000 GP
AURA moderate transmutation	CL 11th	WEIGHT 1 lb.



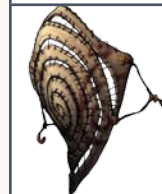
This intricate mask is made of gold-plated iron. Writhing snake tails radiate from a gemstone upon the brow, almost as if they were medusalike hair. The mask grants a +4 bonus on all saving throws against visual effects, including gaze attacks and sight-based illusions. Once per day as a standard action, the wearer can cause the central gemstone to glow with pale green light, at which point she may target any one creature within 30 feet. The

targeted creature must succeed at a DC 15 Fortitude save or be petrified for 1 minute, as if by *flesh to stone*.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS COST 5,000 GP

Craft Wondrous Item, *flesh to stone*, *resistance*

REAPER'S MASK	SLOT head	PRICE 12,000 GP
AURA moderate enchantment [evil]	CL 7th	WEIGHT 1 lb.



This disturbing mask appears as a single long strip of pliant human skin, stitched into a widening spiral by black thread. Gaps between the stitching allow the wearer to see and breathe through the unsettling mask. A *reaper's mask* functions identically to a *skinsaw mask* (see page 426), but also allows the wearer to cast *confusion* twice per day.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS COST 6,000 GP

Craft Wondrous Item, *confusion*, *deathwatch*

REVELATION QUILL	SLOT none	MINOR ARTIFACT
AURA strong divination	CL 20th	WEIGHT 3 lbs.



The first *revelation quills* were created by the followers of the Peacock Spirit. Since the fall of Thassilon, the method for creating them has been lost. The few *revelation quills* that remain today continue to function, drawing their revelations, it is said, from the Peacock

Spirit itself. The quill is fashioned from a peacock's tail feather. Its nib is made of bone, and when held in one's hand, the quill seems strangely heavy. If placed in an empty vial or other glass container of similar size and left there for an hour, a *revelation quill* fills that container with ink. The ink created is of a random color 50% of the time, otherwise the ink is black.

While a *revelation quill* can certainly function as a standard writing implement, its true strength lies in its ability to answer questions. Once per day, if the user concentrates on a specific future goal, event, or activity occurring within the coming week, the *revelation quill* takes over and writes out a short phrase in response, often in the form of a cryptic rhyme or omen, much in the same way the *divination* spell functions. Once per week, the user may use the quill in the same way to cast *contact other plane* instead, asking up to 10 questions of the mysterious intellect that guides the *revelation quill*.

DESTRUCTION

The quill must be tricked into revealing the method of destroying itself without asking it to reveal that method.

ROBE OF RUNES	SLOT body	PRICE 44,000 GP
AURA strong transmutation	CL 13th	WEIGHT 1 lb.

This robe is made of crimson silk and emblazoned with dozens of spindly Thassilonian runes, each symbolizing a different type of magical effect or syllable of power. Though favored by wizards, this robe can provide some benefit to any spellcasting creature. While worn, it grants a +4 enhancement bonus to Intelligence and allows the wearer to recall, as a free action, up to four levels of spells per day that he had prepared and then cast. Each time a spell is recalled and prepared again in this manner, the sudden rush of magical energy infuses the wearer with power. For 1 round



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after recalling a spell, the wearer’s spell save DCs and attack rolls made with spells gain a +2 enhancement bonus.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS COST 22,000 GP

Craft Wondrous Item, *fox’s cunning, limited wish*

ROBES OF XIN-SHALAST	SLOT body	PRICE 198,000 GP
AURA strong abjuration and conjuration	CL 16th	WEIGHT 1 lb.



The traditional robes of the runelord of greed are known as the *robes of Xin-Shalast*. Rarely, a runelord would grant a favored apprentice a set of these robes. Woven of the finest of silks and accented with precious gemstones and gold, the robes are surprisingly light and easy to move in. *Robes of Xin-Shalast* aid and accentuate their wearer’s spellcasting ability. They grant a +6 armor bonus and spell resistance 24, but also cause the wearer to cast all spells at +1 caster level. Two of the robe’s pockets function as *handy haversacks*. The wearer of these robes is immune to the effects of the occluding field that surrounds the Spires of Xin-Shalast, and can exist comfortably in all high altitudes, including within the death zone at altitudes of 26,000 feet and higher.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS COST 99,000 GP

Craft Wondrous Item, *endure elements, mage armor, protection from spells, secret chest*

RUNECHILL HATCHET	SLOT none	PRICE 5,312 GP
AURA moderate necromancy	CL 5th	WEIGHT 6 lbs.

Runechill hatchets are sized for Large creatures, but resizes so it can be wielded by Medium creatures as battleaxes or Small creatures as greataxes. Their blades are jagged and carved with Thassilonian runes, and the weapons always feel cold to the touch. A *runechill hatchet* otherwise functions as a +1 battleaxe, but once per day as a free action, its wielder can cause the runes on the blade to flare up with flickering cold blue light. For the next 5 rounds, the axe deals an additional +1d6 points of negative energy damage on a hit. Any creature that takes any amount of this additional negative energy damage must also succeed at a DC 12 Fortitude save or take 1 point of Strength damage. An undead creature struck by a *runechill hatchet* does not gain this negative energy as healing, but instead must make a DC 12 Will saving throw or flee as if panicked for 1d4+5 rounds.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS COST 2,812 GP

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *chill touch*

RUNEFORGED WEAPON	SLOT none	PRICE +2 bonus
AURA strong (two variable schools)	CL 13th	WEIGHT N/A

During Thassilon’s height, many of the empire’s greatest soldiers, mercenaries, and arcane assassins wielded weapons infused with two allied schools of magic that worked together to grant the wielder additional prowess over practitioners of an opposing school of magic. Weapons steeped in enchantment and illusion magic, for example, held great power over wielders of transmutation. Such weapons were often banned in Thassilon, so wary were the runelords of their propagation, yet all seven

kept champions and assassins armed with *runeforged weapons* targeting their enemies’ weaknesses in secret.

Each *runeforged weapon* opposes a school of magic. The wielder gains a +2 morale bonus on all saving throws against spells from the weapon’s opposed magic. All *runeforged weapons* are, to a certain degree, empathic. They enhance sin or virtue in those who wield them, so a fighter armed with a *dominant weapon* becomes more domineering than before, for example. Anyone wielding a *runeforged weapon* takes a –2 penalty on all Diplomacy checks, as her vices or virtues are magnified at the expense of personality. No weapon can have more than one *runeforged weapon* quality at a time, and a creature that carries two *runeforged weapons* (even those of the same type) takes a –5 penalty on all attack rolls, Will saving throws, and skill checks, as her mind is constantly assailed by multiple empathic urges.

Each of the seven Thassilonian schools of magic is opposed by a single *runeforged weapon* quality—each of these being the combination of that school’s opposition schools. The seven correct component combinations and the type of *runeforged weapon* each combination creates are listed below. Note that the first name for each type of weapon listed is its sinful name—the second is the name a virtuous character can use to refer to the weapon. In any event, a *runeforged weapon* functions the same, regardless of whether it magnifies a wielder’s sin or virtue.

A wielder who is considered sinful or virtuous (see page 416) with the same type of sin/virtue as a *runeforged weapon* he wields becomes more aware of danger around him—gaining a +2 insight bonus on Initiative checks and a +1 dodge bonus to AC.

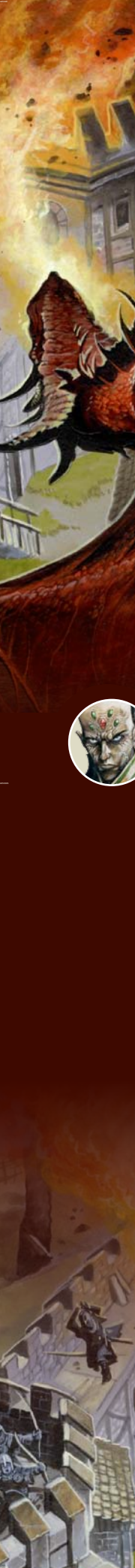
The specific effects of each of the seven types of *runeforged weapons* are listed below.

Covetous/Charitable (opposes evocation): A union of conjuration and abjuration magic, a *covetous weapon* functions as a *bane weapon* against evokers and creatures with the fire subtype. As long as the weapon is wielded, the wielder gains fire resistance 5.

Dominant/Commanding (opposes transmutation): A union of enchantment and illusion magic, a *dominant weapon* functions as a *bane weapon* against transmuters and against creatures with the shapechanger subtype. As long as the weapon is carried, it can absorb up to three harmful transmutation effects (such as *baleful polymorph* or *petrification*) inflicted on the wielder per day.

Jealous/Trusting (opposes necromancy): A union of abjuration and enchantment magic, a *jealous weapon* functions as a *bane weapon* against necromancers and against undead created by necromancy spells (not against self-manifested undead or undead created by the create spawn special ability). As long as the weapon is carried, it can absorb up to 3 negative levels inflicted on the wielder per day.

Miserly/Generous (opposes illusion): A union of transmutation and conjuration magic, a *miserly weapon* functions as a *bane weapon* against illusionists and creatures from the Plane of Shadow. The first three times each day that this weapon strikes an illusion, it automatically makes a *dispel magic* attempt to dispel the illusion.



Parasitic/Symbiotic (opposes enchantment): A union of necromancy and transmutation magic, a *parasitic weapon* functions as a *bane weapon* against enchanters and against creatures that are charmed, dominated, or otherwise under another creature's magic control. The first time each day that this weapon strikes a creature under the effects of an enchantment spell, it automatically makes a *dispel magic* attempt to dispel the enchantment. If the attempt is successful, it siphons that energy into the wielder, healing her of 6d6 points of damage (hit points in excess of maximum are gained as temporary hit points that last for 1 hour).

Sadistic/Compassionate (opposes abjuration): A union of evocation and necromancy magic, a *sadistic weapon* functions as a *bane weapon* against abjurers and any creatures with an active abjuration spell effect. A *sadistic weapon* shrouds its wielder in an aura of mock magic—when the wielder is subjected to a dispelling effect, that dispelling attempt instead targets only the aura of mock magic. If the aura is dispelled, it replenishes again in 24 hours.

Tyrannical/Liberal (opposes conjuration): A union of illusion and evocation magic, a *tyrannical weapon* functions as a *bane weapon* against conjurers and summoned monsters. The first three times each day that the weapon scores a critical hit against a creature with the extraplanar subtype, the weapon casts *dismissal* at the creature struck.

CONSTRUCTION

Any weapon can be made into a *runeforged weapon*, but the process of creating such weapons is much more difficult than for most magic items—runeforged weapons cannot be created by the use of the Craft Magic Arms and Armor feat. Instead, they must be created by infusing the selected weapon in the waters of the Runeforge itself, a large magical pool at the center of the arcane laboratory bearing the same name.

Before the runeforge pool can enhance a weapon, two runeforge components must be immersed in the pool. If the two objects both share the same opposition school, the pool itself glows golden, and wisps of energy writhe up out of the pool to caress any weapons within 30 feet of the pool's surface. The first weapon to be immersed in the pool glows brightly as several Thassilonian runes etch themselves on the weapon, permanently making it a *runeforged weapon*. (If the weapon anointed was nonmagical, the pool additionally grants it a +1 enhancement bonus.) The runeforge pool currently has enough latent energy stored to effectively enhance one weapon per PC (a separate set of components is required for each weapon). Once a weapon has been runeforged, it cannot be runeforged again. If no weapon is immersed in the pool within a minute, the latent magic reverts back to the runeforge components.

The runeforge components found in Runeforge are as follows:

- GREED:** Elemental arcana water (area G8)
- SLOTH:** Mixed humors (area J5)
- ENVY:** Vial of ethillion (area E3)
- LUST:** Bejeweled dominatrix toys (area H8)
- PRIDE:** Mirror shard (area I3)
- WRATH:** Ashes from wrathful fires (area K6)
- GLUTTONY:** Inib wine (area F3)

RUNESLAVE CAULDRON		SLOT none	MINOR ARTIFACT
AURA strong necromancy		CL 20th	WEIGHT 900 lbs.



This 12-foot-high, 10-foot-diameter cauldron is made of solid iron, cast in one piece and thick enough to withstand great heat. Its side is marked with the Sihedron Rune, while many other Thassilonian runes grace its rim.

A *runeslave cauldron* has the ability to infuse the body of a freshly slain giant, reviving it and transforming it into a *runeslave* (see page 412). Before it can be used, the *runeslave cauldron* must first be activated by filling it with a specially prepared broth of rare necromantic ingredients and rainwater collected from several open graves. The cost of the special ingredients is 10,000 gp, but once the cauldron is filled, a fire lights under it automatically and keeps the broth bubbling and functional for 1 year.

Once the cauldron is filled with broth, one need only sacrifice a giant (the method of killing the giant is incidental) and then place the giant's corpse wholly or partially within the cauldron's bubbling contents. One hour later, the sacrificed giant rises from the cauldron as if *true resurrection* had been cast on it. In addition, the newly revived giant gains the *runeslave* template (see page 412). The cauldron can revive up to five giants a day in this manner. Non-giant corpses placed in the broth are unaffected by the cauldron's magic.

Any living creature (save for a *runeslave*) completely immersed in the boiling broth inside a functional *runeslave cauldron* immediately takes 6d6 points of fire damage per round. In addition, the smoke produced by the cauldron as it boils is particularly noxious to good-aligned beings. It spreads to a radius of 30 feet around the cauldron, and while the smoke isn't thick enough to obscure vision, its foul-smelling vapors sting and burn those of good alignment. Each round such a creature remains in the smoke, he must make a DC 20 Fortitude save or be blinded and nauseated for as long as he remains in the area plus an additional 1d6 rounds after leaving the area.

DESTRUCTION

By brewing a certain variant mixture of broth and then attempting to use the *runeslave cauldron* to transform a good-aligned giant who volunteers for the job, the cauldron can be caused to crack open across the Sihedron carving. This immediately destroys the cauldron and slays all living *runeslaves* it has created.

RUNEWELL, MINOR		SLOT none	MINOR ARTIFACT
AURA strong necromancy		CL 20th	WEIGHT 900 lbs.

Runelord Alaznist, inspired by and jealous of Karzoug's success with the *runewell of greed*, experimented with variant *runewells* of her own design. Many of these *minor runewells of wrath* existed in her domain—though today most are lost deep under the waters of the Varisian Gulf or are hidden away in Hollow Mountain, with only the one remaining on mainland Avistan hidden in the Catacombs of Wrath under Sandpoint.

Every time a creature with a wrathful soul (including most goblins and quite a few of the victims murdered years ago by Jervas Stoot) dies within a mile of a *minor runewell*, it gains 1 wrath point. There's no limit to the number of wrath points the *minor runewell* can store, but it currently contains only



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20. Each time the well’s waters are drawn upon (as detailed below), a number of wrath points are expended. If enough points are expended to put its total at 0 or negative wrath points, the *minor runewell* deactivates, its waters fading away. Reactivating the *minor runewell* requires long-lost rituals—or the reactivation of a major *runewell* somewhere else in the world. Such an event restores a *minor runewell* of wrath to a starting level of 3 wrath points.

A *minor runewell* is only 3 feet deep, yet any living creature that enters its freezing orange waters immediately takes 2d6 points of cold damage and must succeed at a DC 15 Will save or be overcome with wrath. Failure indicates the creature becomes enraged (as if under the effects of a *rage* spell) and immediately attacks the nearest living creature. If no living creatures are in sight, the enraged creature is compelled to seek out a victim, moving at full speed in its search. This rage persists for 2d6 minutes, after which point the creature becomes fatigued. Each activation of a *minor runewell* in this manner costs 3 wrath points.

A *minor runewell* can also be commanded to disgorge a sinspawn. To manifest a sinspawn, a creature need only allow a few drops of its blood to fall into the pool. One round later, a sinspawn emerges from the well and immediately attacks the closest creature in which it cannot scent wrath. Each use of a *minor runewell* in this manner costs 6 wrath points.

DESTRUCTION

Once a *minor runewell of wrath* is deactivated, it can be destroyed forever by filling it with holy water that is then set to a boil for no less than 24 hours.

RUNEWELL AMULET	SLOT neck	MINOR ARTIFACT
AURA strong transmutation	CL 20th	WEIGHT —

This amulet of gold and red crystal grants the wearer a +5 enhancement bonus to her natural armor. In addition, the wearer becomes attuned to both the *runewell of greed* and the *soul lens* that controls it—allowing the wearer to benefit from the fragmentary souls gathered and absorbed by the *runewell*. As long as the *runewell* functions, the wearer does not age and has no need for food or water. In addition, she can fly at a speed of 60 feet with perfect maneuverability and gains fast healing 10. If the *runewell amulet* is removed, the wearer loses all of these abilities. While this does mean the wearer begins aging normally and must eat and drink, she does not suffer any ill effect from the years that passed or the meals she missed while she wore the amulet.

DESTRUCTION

A *runewell amulet* must be thrown into an active *runewell* of an opposing magic (a *runewell of lust* or a *runewell of pride* in the case of this particular amulet)—doing so causes the amulet to shatter into four fragments, which then scatter throughout the region that was once Thassilon. If these four fragments can be gathered and placed back in the associated *runewell* (the *runewell of greed* in this case), the amulet reforms and returns to full use.

RUNEWELL OF GREED	SLOT none	MAJOR ARTIFACT
AURA strong necromancy	CL 20th	WEIGHT 900 lbs.

Currently hidden at the heart of the Eye of Avarice in a demiplane

lodged between Leng and the Material Plane, Karzoug’s *runewell of greed* is the key to both his escape from the destruction of Thassilon and his eventual return to life. The *runewell* itself is a core part of the Rise of the Runelords Adventure Path, but by the time the PCs arrive at the Eye of Avarice, the circular well (which appears to be filled with molten gold) has already done its job absorbing fragments of greedy souls and is in the process of using that energy to finalize Karzoug’s escape.

Beyond this effect, though, Karzoug can utilize the *runewell* in other ways. It grants him the ability to use *scrying* at will, although the *runewell*’s range is limited to the Xin-Shalast region or to specific agents like Mokmurian, Xanessa, and Lucrecia. Creatures that wear magic items marked with the Sihedron take a –4 penalty on saves against this effect. The *runewell* allows Karzoug to see through the eyes and speak through the mouths of anyone who wears a *Sihedron medallion* (see page 426). He can also, given time, call up from the *runewell* a live adult blue dragon minion to serve him as an ally or mount. This essentially functions as a *gate* spell, save that the dragon is actually created by the *runewell* rather than called. Karzoug can only have one such dragon in existence at any one time, and must wait 8 hours after a previous dragon’s death before calling a new blue dragon to serve him.

The *runewell* itself is 10 feet in diameter and 10 feet deep. The liquid it contains functions in all ways as molten gold—dealing damage as if it were lava upon creatures splashed or immersed within it. Gold drawn from the *runewell* cools normally and is permanent—the *runewell* immediately replenishes gold taken from its supplies—yet this gold cannot exist more than 30 feet from the *runewell*’s rim. If brought beyond this range, it vanishes in an instant.

Runewells associated with other runelords and sins exist throughout the ruins of Thassilon; each of these artifacts is a unique item with its own powers.

DESTRUCTION

The *runewell of greed* is linked to Karzoug, and as long as he lives, the *runewell* cannot be destroyed. If Karzoug is slain, the molten gold within the *runewell* itself immediately hardens and turns to chalky, worthless stone, destroying the *runewell* in the process.

SADIST’S LASH	SLOT none	PRICE 22,301 GP
AURA strong abjuration and conjuration	CL 11th	WEIGHT 1 lb.



A *sadist’s lash* is a long whip of thin strips of leather. Created originally by a special sect of wizards who served under Runelord Sorshen, *sadist’s lashes* swiftly became quite popular throughout Thassilon. The lash acts as a +1 *wounding whip*, and also aids enchantment spells in two ways. First, it can deliver enchantment spells with a range of touch as if the wielder had touched the creature struck. Additionally, any creature that takes damage from a *sadist’s lash* takes a –5 penalty on Will saves against all enchantment effects created by the wielder of the lash for 1 minute unless it succeeds at a DC 15 Will save.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 11,301 GP
Craft Magic Arms and Armor, <i>dominate person</i>	

SIHEDRON MEDALLION	SLOT neck	PRICE 3,500 GP
AURA faint necromancy	CL 5th	WEIGHT —



This medallion hangs on a leather cord, a silver disc inscribed with the Sihedron. These medallions were given to favored agents of the runelords; the medallions granted some minor benefits to the wearers, but also allowed the runelords to use the wearer as proxies. By concentrating on a scrying device (such as a *runewell*), a runelord can sense the world through the *Sihedron medallion* wearer's senses, and could speak through her voice—provided the runelord knows of the existence of the medallion and the fact that it is being worn. Thus, Karzoug cannot use the medallion while it's worn by Nualia in Chapter One, as she is unknown to him, but once the PCs come to his attention later in the campaign, that may well change. See page 324 for more details on the ramifications of wearing a *Sihedron medallion* in Xin-Shalast.

While worn, a *Sihedron medallion* grants its wearer a +1 resistance bonus on all saving throws. Once per day, as a free action, it may be commanded to bestow the effects of *false life* on the wearer. Placed on the neck of a dead body, a *Sihedron medallion* preserves the body indefinitely via a *gentle repose* effect.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 1,750 GP
Craft Wondrous Item, <i>false life</i> , <i>gentle repose</i> , <i>resistance</i>	

SIHEDRON RING	SLOT ring	PRICE 35,000 GP
AURA moderate abjuration and illusion	CL 9th	WEIGHT —

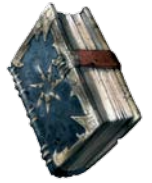


This otherwise plain ring is adorned with a tiny Sihedron rune. These rings were given to agents and allies of the runelords as badges of office and tokens of appreciation for their work—sometimes, they were given as bribes to those a runelord was attempting to win to his cause. Like the more common *Sihedron medallion*, runelords have special links to *Sihedron rings* that aid in scrying and observation of the world around the wearer of the ring.

A *Sihedron ring* grants a +3 deflection bonus to AC, a +3 resistance bonus on all saving throws, and protects the wearer with a constant *endure elements* effect. At will, as a standard action, the wearer can use the *Sihedron ring* to change the appearance of his clothing or armor into any other kind of clothing or armor. The actual clothing and armor worn retain all their properties (including weight) when glamered. Only *true seeing* or similar magic reveals the true nature of the adornments.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 17,500 GP
Forge Ring, <i>endure elements</i> , <i>resistance</i> , <i>shield</i>	

SIHEDRON TOME	SLOT none	MINOR ARTIFACT
AURA strong transmutation	CL 16th	WEIGHT 5 lbs.



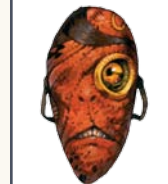
The first *Sihedron Tomes* were said to have been crafted by a dragon in the service of Emperor Xin. Each of these books has a unique appearance, and hold an infinite number of pages for spellcasters to inscribe spells upon. Any wizard who prepares spells

from a *Sihedron Tome*, which potentially holds libraries worth of arcane knowledge, may prepare bonus spells as if her Intelligence were 6 points higher. This is not an actual bonus to Intelligence and grants the user no additional benefit. Karzoug's *Sihedron Tome* contains all sorcerer/wizard spells (save for those of the schools of Enchantment and Illusion) found in the *Core Rulebook* and this book—at the GM's discretion, it can certainly hold more spells.

DESTRUCTION

A special 9th-level spell must be designed that exists only to destroy the specific and particular *Sihedron Tome* into which it is inscribed. This spell, which has numerous expensive and rare material components, must then be cast on the *Sihedron Tome* by its owner.

SKINSAW MASK	SLOT head	PRICE 1,500 GP
AURA faint necromancy [evil]	CL 3rd	WEIGHT 1 lb.



This hideous mask resembles a patchwork, deformed face, with one bulbous eye, a grimacing mouth with long teeth, and a flat nose. When worn, the mask fills the wearer's mind with hideous whispers and images of murder and violence. It heightens the wearer's

ability to sense fear. He can smell the cold sweat brought on by terror and hear the thundering beating of a frightened heart. Further, fresh blood glows brightly to him, to the extent that he can see the shimmering traceries of living circulatory systems pumping away in the bodies of those around him. These enhancements grant +2 competence bonuses on Perception checks made against creatures that aren't immune to fear. Further, the ability to plainly see the map of targets' arteries and veins grants the wearer a +1 profane bonus on damage with slashing weapons made against living creatures. Wearing a *skinsaw mask* leaves hideous mental scars; when the mask is donned, the wearer takes 1 point of Charisma damage as his thoughts become tangled with images of murder.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 750 GP
Craft Wondrous Item, <i>deathwatch</i>	

SNAKESKIN TUNIC	SLOT chest	PRICE 8,000 GP
AURA moderate abjuration and transmutation	CL 8th	WEIGHT 2 lbs.

A *skinskin tunic* is a tight, form-fitting shirt crafted from the scales of a giant snake. When worn, it grants a +1 armor bonus to AC, a +2 enhancement bonus to Dexterity, and a +2 resistance bonus on saving throws against poison.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 4,000 GP
Craft Wondrous Item, <i>cat's grace</i> , <i>delay poison</i>	

SOUL LENS	SLOT none	MINOR ARTIFACT
AURA strong necromancy	CL 20th	WEIGHT 8 lbs.



This large lens of green crystal has the Thassilonian rune for transmutation and greed inscribed upon its surface. The lens is fitted in an iron ring, which is attached to an articulated arm that allows the lens's position to be adjusted to any angle and configuration. The *soul lens* has

but a single purpose—whenever a creature is subjected to a specific ritual in which its body is branded, tattooed, or otherwise marked with the Sihedron rune, the lens can focus upon that creature's soul.



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At any point thereafter when the marked creature dies, its soul passes through this lens on its way into the afterlife and eventual judgement before Pharasma—as the soul passes through, the *soul lens* filters elements of the sin of greed from the soul and focuses that fragment of soul-energy into the *runewell of greed*. This does not significantly damage the soul (although it does cause it a severe amount of spiritual anguish)—a creature that dies and has its soul filtered through the *soul lens* can still be brought back to life as normal.

DESTRUCTION

A *dominant weapon* must be used to smash the *soul lens*. The *soul lens* has hardness 20 (this hardness cannot be bypassed) and 200 hit points, but the *dominant weapon* gains the full benefits of its *bane* special abilities when damaging the *soul lens*. The *soul lens* takes no damage from other attacks.

STAFF OF HEAVEN AND EARTH	SLOT none	PRICE 54,000 GP
AURA strong transmutation	CL 9th	WEIGHT 5 lbs.

Topped by a swirling cloudy stone and wrapped with black iron filigree, this staff allows use of the following spells:

- *Gust of wind* (1 charge)
- *Stone shape* (1 charges)
- *Air walk* (2 charges)
- *Control winds* (2 charges)
- *Spike stones* (2 charges)

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 27, 000 GP
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Craft Staff, *air walk*, *control winds*, *gust of wind*, *spike stones*, *stone shape*

STAFF OF HUNGRY SHADOWS	SLOT none	PRICE 102,500 GP
AURA strong conjuration, evocation and necromancy	CL 15th	WEIGHT 5 lbs.



This staff is made of bone, and the rune of gluttony is burned into a large knob at its tip. It allows the use of the following spells:

- *Darkness* (1 charge)
- *Ray of enfeeblement* (1 charge)
- *Vampiric touch* (1 charge)
- *Enervation* (2 charges)
- *Summon shadow* (as *summon monster V* but summons 1 shadow, 2 charges)
- *Summon devourer* (as *summon monster VIII* but summons 1 devourer, 3 charges)

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 51, 250 GP
---------------------------	-----------------

Craft Staff, *darkness*, *enervation*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *summon monster V*, *summon monster VIII*, *vampiric touch*

STAFF OF MITHRAL MIGHT	SLOT none	PRICE 55,850 GP
AURA strong transmutation	CL 11th	WEIGHT 5 lbs.

This staff is made of silver, with a shimmering sphere of mithral at either end. One end features a golden snake wrapped around the staff and cradling the larger of these two mithral spheres. It allows the use of the following spells:

- *Bull's strength* (1 charge)
- *Enlarge person* (1 charge)

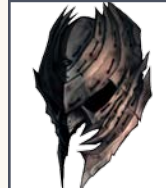
- *Telekinesis* (3 charges)
- *Flesh to stone* (4 charges)

The staff may be used as a weapon, functioning as a +2 *quarterstaff*. It also grants a +2 enhancement bonus to Intelligence as long as it is possessed. These two attributes continue to function after all the charges are expended.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 27,925 GP
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Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Staff, *bull's strength*, *enlarge person*, *flesh to stone*, *fox's cunning*, *telekinesis*

STALKER'S MASK	SLOT head	PRICE 3,500 GP
AURA faint illusion [evil]	CL 5th	WEIGHT 1 lb.



This mask is crafted from preserved sections harvested from several different human faces, draped one over another almost like scales and leaving the eyes and mouth exposed—the overall effect is similar to that of a scaled skull. When worn, the mask desaturates the

wearer's color, making him appear insubstantial and shadowy and granting a +5 competence bonus on Stealth checks. Once per day as a full-round action, the wearer may cause the mask's features to take on the appearance of any creature of the wearer's basic size and shape within 60 feet that he observes, allowing the wearer to adopt that creature's appearance and giving him a +10 bonus on Disguise checks made to appear as the creature. As long as he wears this guise, the wearer gains a +2 bonus on attack rolls and weapon damage rolls made against the creature he is disguised as, as the mask builds upon the wearer's rage and jealousy of the target's appearance.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 1, 750 GP
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Craft Wondrous Item, *disguise self*, *rage*

TALONS OF LENG	SLOT hands	PRICE 67,000 GP
AURA strong transmutation	CL 15th	WEIGHT 1 lb.



Finely laid gold filigree lines these ornately worked talons. Once worn, the *talons of Leng* grant the wearer two natural claw attacks, both with a +3 enhancement bonus on attack rolls and damage. A hit from one of the talons deals 1d4 points of damage. On a critical hit,

the talons deal $\times 3$ damage and force the victim to make a DC 20 Will save. Failing this save renders the target permanently insane (as per the spell *insanity*), while success leaves the target confused for 1 round. This is a mind-affecting effect.

The wearer of the *talons of Leng* is immune to the spells *confusion* and *insanity*, as well as to any spell or any ability that produces similar effects. For as long as he wears the talons, however, his Wisdom is reduced by 2, as alien voices constantly whisper through his head. The *talons of Leng* do not interfere with spellcasting, the use of handheld items, or wielding other weapons (though a wielder cannot make an attack with a claw that's holding another weapon or item). If the wielder attacks only with the talons, they are treated as a primary attack, but if he attacks with a weapon or other natural attack, the claws are treated as secondary attacks and take a -5 penalty on their attack roll.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 33, 500 GP
---------------------------	-----------------

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *greater magic fang*, *insanity*

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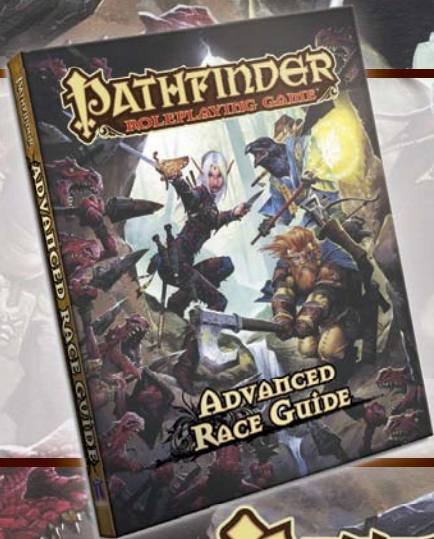
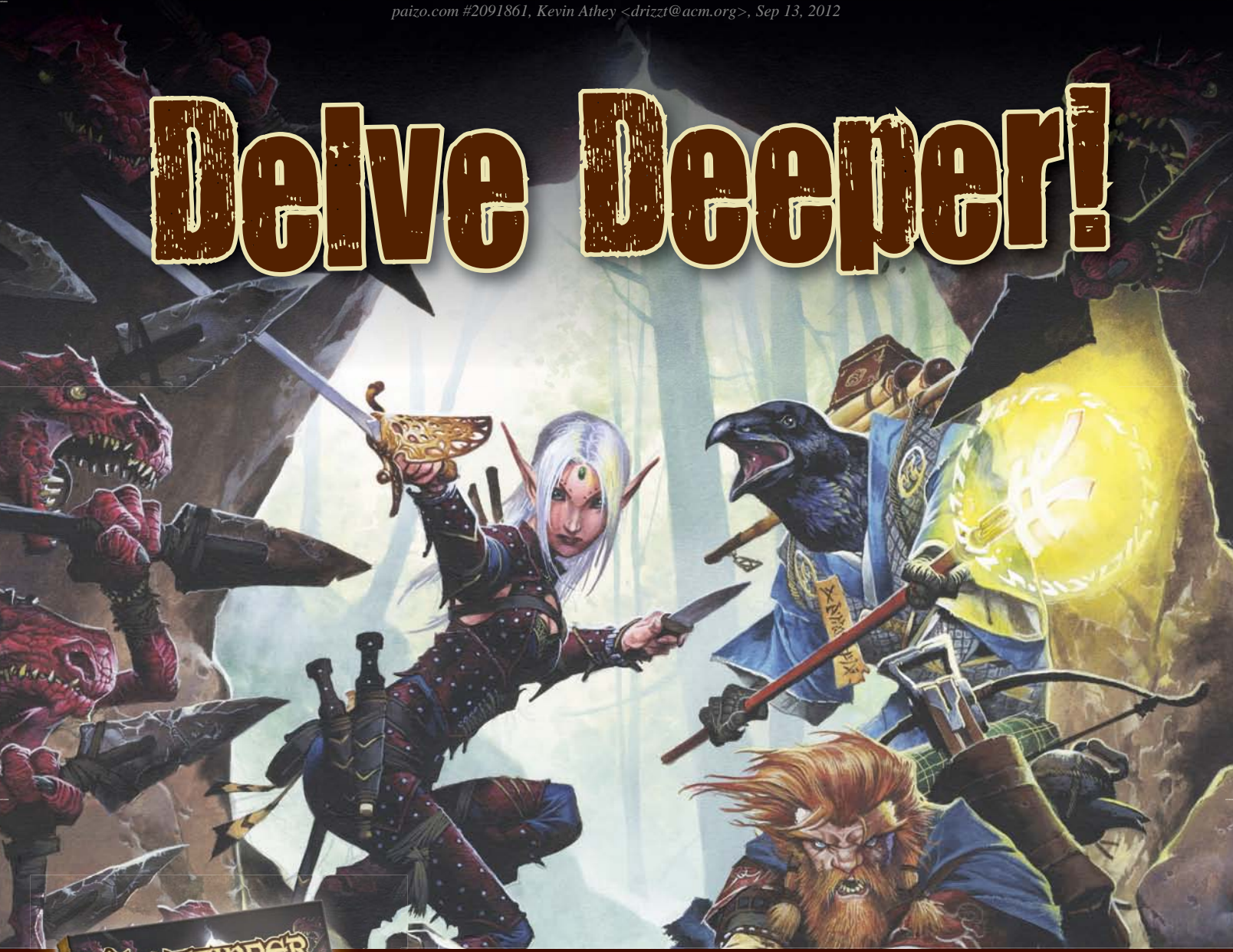
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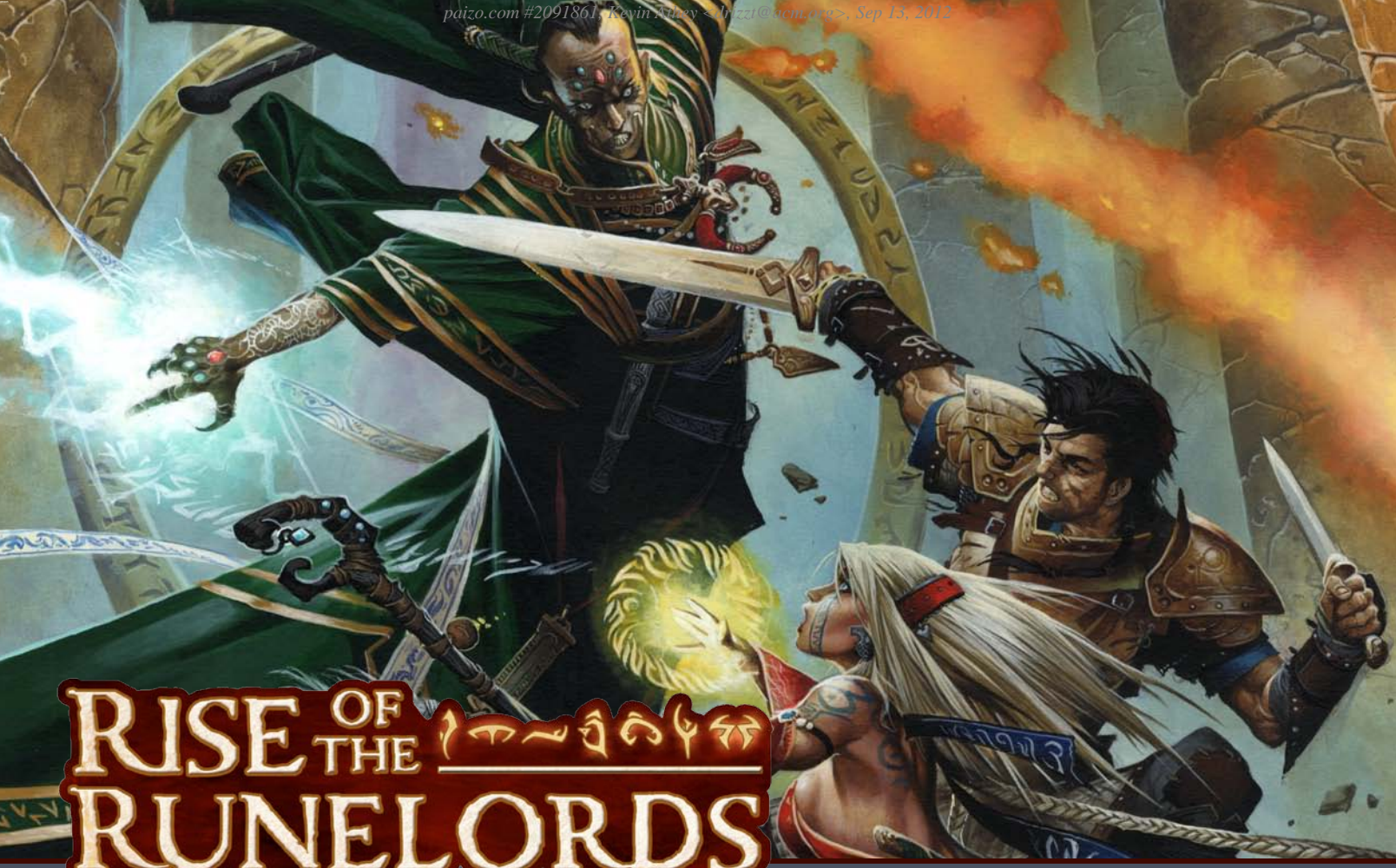
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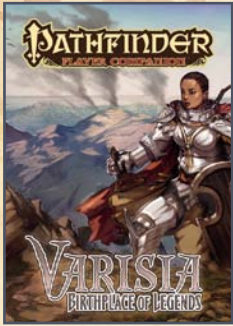
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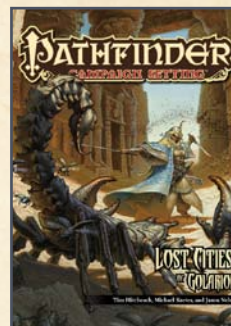
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