

PATHFINDER[®]

ADVENTURE PATH PART 2 of 6



Kingmaker

RIVERS
RUN RED

by Rob McCreary



FOREST DRAKE HUNT

Source: Wanted poster.

Task: Rumors of a dragon haunting the southern Narlmarches are probably (hopefully) overstated. The evidence indicates that the source of the rumors is merely a forest drake. In any event, it's killing folks and needs to be put down.

Completion: Find a forest drake, kill it, and return to town with its head as proof.

Reward: The kingdom approves a reward of 1,200 gp to the first group to successfully slay a forest drake in the Narlmarches.



TROLL BLOOD

Source: Wanted poster.

Task: A local alchemist has a theory that trolls' blood can serve as a catalyst during the creation of healing potions. But until he gets a supply of the blood, he won't be able to prove his theory.

Completion: Deliver a waterskin filled with troll blood to the alchemist. He doesn't need more than one waterskin, so one troll denier should do the trick.

Reward: The alchemist promises a reward of 1,200 gp in potions (hunter's choice), deliverable about a week after the blood is brought to him.



NORTHERN HOWLS

Source: Wanted poster.

Task: A ferocious werg stalks the Kamelands! His name is Howl-of-the-North-Wind, and he's been eating bandits and hunters for years. With the new influx of citizens into the Greenbelt, the ravenous werg needs to be slain before he acquires a taste for the citizenry!

Completion: Kill the werg and display his body at town for the citizens to see.

Reward: The kingdom approves a reward of 1,200 gp to the heroes who slay Howl-of-the-North-Wind.



SHAMBLESAP

Source: Wanted poster.

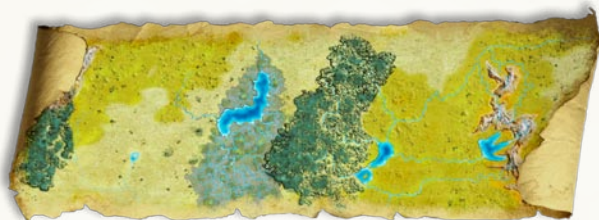
Task: Shambling meunds aren't as common in the Greenbelt as they are in Hecktengue Slough, but they're not unheard of. A local herbalist has found that the sap of a shambling meund works wonders for cultivating certain medicinal herbs, and asks for one shambling meund's worth of sap.

Completion: Deliver the sap to the herbalist.

Reward: The herbalist can pay 600 gp for the sap, along with 3 potions of cure moderate wounds.

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Kingmaker

RIVERS RUN RED

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No Need to Rush

Nation building takes time. The rules presented in “Of Kings and Cities” (starting on page 54 of this volume) use month-long intervals to track a kingdom’s growth, and it could well take many months or even years for a nation to achieve a respectable size of a few dozen hexes. This means that the Kingmaker Adventure Path has potential to be the longest-running (in game time, at least) Adventure Path yet!

As the GM, you should embrace this fact. While it can be tempting to race through an Adventure Path and assume that its events more or less play out in real time as you play the game, Kingmaker benefits from numerous long breaks in which the PCs take a step back from adventuring and spend time relaxing, running their nation, crafting magic items, and so on. Not only does this increase the verisimilitude of the campaign (nations don’t become sprawling kingdoms overnight, after all), but it can also allow for game play elements that often get left behind in campaigns that don’t pause now and then for air. With a slower-paced game, PCs who want to craft items will have

plenty of time to do so. And watching a beloved character grow old or establish a family can make the rewards of a successful adventure even more poignant.

The Kingmaker Adventure Path isn’t on a timer. The events that play out in this campaign can unfold at any pace you wish. A good way to run the campaign is to let the PCs take control; as they explore the Stolen Lands and develop their kingdom and cities, the encounters and events of this adventure should trigger naturally, at an organic pace. If you ever feel that the PCs are lagging or stalling, it’s a simple matter to have the next kingdom event occur or one of the many NPCs in the area approach the PCs with a quest. You can use any of the quests on the inside front covers to maneuver the PCs to a specific location—and in so doing, they’re likely to encounter even more encounters and quests. The climaxes of “Rivers Run Red” (dealing with a gigantic owlbear and a conflict with a tribe of trolls) can occur whenever you wish, in other words!

Before you actually begin “Rivers Run Red,” consider having the PCs run through an entire year of their new

Example NPC Leaders

Name	Source	Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha	Desired Role	Best Role	Description	Attitude
Akiros Ismort	<i>Pathfinder</i> #31, page 43	14	12	16	10	8	15	General	Warden	aimless	Indifferent
Loy Rezbin	<i>Pathfinder</i> #32, page 15	10	8	9	15	11	12	Treasurer	Grand Diplomat	educated	Indifferent
Corax	<i>Pathfinder</i> #32, page 17	17	14	14	10	12	8	Ruler	Royal Assassin	crass	Unfriendly
The Old Beldame	<i>Pathfinder</i> #32, page 23	5	9	11	20	12	15	None	Magister	ill-tempered	Unfriendly
Jhod Kavken	<i>Pathfinder</i> #31, page 15	10	8	13	12	18	14	None	High Priest	self-doubting	Friendly
Jubilost Narthroppe	<i>Pathfinder</i> #32, page 19	8	16	14	13	14	10	Marshal	Marshal	curious	Indifferent
Kesten Garess	<i>Pathfinder</i> #31, page 15	17	8	13	10	12	14	Warden	General	morose	Indifferent
Lily Teskerten	<i>Pathfinder</i> #32, back cover	10	17	12	14	8	13	Ruler	Spymaster	flirty	Indifferent
Oleg Leveton	<i>Pathfinder</i> #31, page 8	11	9	10	12	15	8	Treasurer	Treasurer	surly	Friendly
Svetlana Leveton	<i>Pathfinder</i> #31, page 8	8	9	10	11	12	15	None	Councilor	kind	Friendly

kingdom's development. During this time, they shouldn't be exploring—they should be helping their initial cities and kingdom develop. By taking a year to do this, you help to establish a break between this adventure and the previous one, give the PCs some time to recuperate and craft items if they wish, and perhaps most importantly, give them a chance to build up the basics of a kingdom. Of course, if the PCs are itching to get back to exploration, you can jump in and begin a new adventure at any time. Likewise, it's okay if at any point during the adventure the PCs want to stop and take several months off to focus on their kingdom, venturing out to explore again only when the need to find more gold for their treasury or more land to conquer arises. Take the game at your own pace, and have fun as you go!

SELECTING LEADERS

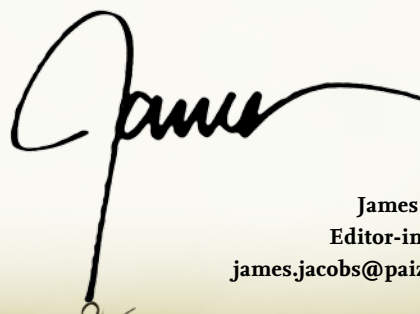
The PCs should decide on their own method for selecting which roles each of them will fill in the leadership of their nation. In many cases, these choices should come naturally, as each leadership role relies on a different ability score for success in that role. Yet there are 11 different leadership roles to choose from—unless you have 11 players, there'll be some vacancies left over after each PC chooses his role.

These vacancies should be filled by NPCs. While you can certainly handwave this element of the game and simply say that each vacancy is filled by a typical NPC skilled in the required role (effectively giving each such role a +1 modifier to the appropriate kingdom element), it can be more rewarding if the PCs fill the vacancies with specific NPCs they've encountered and allied with. This adventure and the previous adventure present a large number of NPCs that the PCs can encounter, and most of them could do quite well in positions of leadership. Which NPC gets placed in which leadership role should be left for the PCs to decide.

The table at the top of this page summarizes several key NPCs encountered in the first two Kingmaker adventures. Each entry lists the source where the NPC is detailed, her

six ability scores, the role to which she is most suited, the role which she wants most, and a single word description of her personality to aid in playing her. The NPC's starting attitude toward the PCs is also listed; feel free to adjust this attitude as appropriate to match how that NPC has interacted with the PCs in the Adventure Path so far. Note that some of these NPCs might have perished in the previous adventure, in which case the PCs might need to turn elsewhere to find their leaders. Feel free to introduce NPCs of your own creation into your game as well. Cohorts of PCs who take Leadership can be a great source of additional leaders. Particularly adventurous PCs might even recruit some of the region's more unusual or monstrous denizens, like the kobold Chief Sootscale, Vesket the Lizard King, Melianse the nixie, or even Munguk the wandering giant! And, of course, if the PCs can wait that long, they've good chances of encountering even better qualified leaders as the Adventure Path goes on.

If an NPC's desired role is different from the role the PCs want to enlist that NPC for, he refuses to accept the position the PCs offer unless he is first made Friendly. An NPC whose desired role is listed as "None" must be made helpful before he agrees to take on any leadership role. Note that no NPC is listed as having Ruler for his best role—this role should be taken by a PC if at all possible. After all, who wants to follow a king who's not actually sitting at the table with the rest of you? With a PC playing the ruler, at least the other PCs will know whom to blame if things turn bad!



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Rivers Run Red

Be it so known that the bearers of this charter, having delivered the northern reaches of the Greenbelt from the scourge of banditry, having provided detailed maps of the lay of the land, and having done no small amount of work in the exploration of said land and the culling of hostile monsters and indigenous hazards, are hereby granted the right to rule. The nature and laws of rule are theirs to define, and the wellbeing of this new nation is theirs to protect. In accordance for providing a stable nation to the south of central Rostland, let there be a generous stipend of funds, support, and advice provided to this fledgling nation as a token of Restov and Brevoy's goodwill, such that future relations between kingdoms might be mutually beneficial. So witnessed under the watchful eye of the Lordship of Restov and by the authority granted by Lord Holeski Surtova, current Regent of the Dragonscale Throne.

Advancement Track

“Rivers Run Red” assumes four player characters using the Medium advancement track for XP. Characters should be 4th level when they begin “Rivers Run Red.” The sandbox nature of this adventure means that the PCs can encounter any of the locations at any level, although the more difficult encounters are placed farther to the south. By the time the PCs are ready to challenge the lizardfolk tribe or the abandoned keep of the Dancing Lady, they should be well into 5th level; the troll lair and owlbear’s den assume the PCs have reached 6th level. By the end of the adventure, the PCs should be 7th level. Remember that PCs gain 100 XP for each hex they fully explore in the Greenbelt and that they can earn more XP by building their nation and cities (see page 54)!

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

The Stolen Lands are not a stagnant place. Even as the PCs gain their first footholds in the unsettled region known as the Greenbelt, plans beyond their borders and outside their knowledge have already been set into motion. The dangerous mad nymph-queen Nyriisa already considers the Stolen Lands her own, and her response to the sudden invasion of these lands ranges from subtle to blatant. Fortunately for the PCs, her current interests lie closer to home. The aid she grants to the bandit kingdom of Pitax in destroying and subverting the adventurers and colonists Restov sends into the southwest is swift and decisive. Yet she does not ignore the insults that lie to the east, and as the PCs push farther into the Greenbelt and establish a fledgling kingdom of their own, they are destined to clash with two groups sent by the nymph to keep the Greenbelt free from meddling heroes.

The first group is a violent band of trolls led by a fearsome troll named Hargulka. Even before Brevoiy took an official interest in the lands to the south, lone hunters, trappers, and loggers made their presence felt in the forests of the Stolen Lands. Worse, the land’s indigenous residents, including kobolds, lizardfolk, and a handful of good-aligned (and thus untrustworthy) fey were far too independent for Nyriisa’s liking. She visited Hargulka in a dream, planting in his mind ideas of territorial expansion and aggression and tricking him into thinking he wanted to claim more power. Hargulka and his crew have abandoned their original single-cave den and moved into an abandoned dwarven guard post in the southern Stolen Lands, using it as a base to stage raids against the intelligent denizens of the area. As this adventure progresses, Hargulka’s trolls and other denizens of the southern Greenbelt grow increasingly violent, attacking travelers and settlers and terrorizing locals. By manipulating the trolls into destabilizing the region, Nyriisa hopes to make the lands easier to claim when the time comes.

Nyriisa’s second group was a large group of bandits who had spent many months in the swamplands of Hooktongue Slough, focusing their mayhem on a group of more civilized bandits (allies of Pitax who rule a fortified domain called Fort Drelev; see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #34 for details). These bandits, led by a ruthless ranger named

Eirik, made extensive use of trained and not-so-trained (but mostly loyal) wild animals and monsters in their frequent attacks on Fort Drelev’s holdings, a tactic made possible in most part due to a gift Nyriisa gave Eirik—a *ring of bestial friendship* made from a lock of her hair (a ring that, unknown to Eirik, bore an unfortunate curse). Like the Stag Lord before him, Eirik considered Nyriisa a “secret benefactor” and hoped someday to upgrade her to “secret lover.” When she told him about a particularly violent mated pair of gigantic owlbears dwelling in the southern Narlmarches and about the up-and-coming new nation of merchants to prey on that was expanding quickly in the Greenbelt, Eirik saw this as an excellent chance to impress the nymph. If he could gain the allegiance of these enormous owlbears and conquer this new kingdom, how could his secret benefactor resist his charms? Certainly, the prospect of switching his predation to a nascent kingdom pleased him, as Fort Drelev’s defenses had grown ever more skilled at repulsing his men and trained beasts.

And so Eirik had a suit of barding made, sized for an enormous owlbear, then led his men west into the Narlmarches. He found the owlbear den with little problem and, using the *ring of bestial friendship*, managed to calm the beast and outfit it with the barding he’d brought with him. But the ring was cursed—when the owlbear’s mate returned, she sensed the enchantment and flew into a frenzy. Eirik and his men were forced to kill the owlbear’s mate, which enabled the massive beast to throw off the enchantment. In its savage wrath, it killed the bandits to a man, Eirik included. Yet while the plan ended poorly for Eirik, it had gone exactly as Nyriisa had planned—she had never valued the bandit’s skills in the first place and wanted only to incite the massive owlbear into a blood rage. Furious and maddened at the loss of its mate and the wounds it suffered, the enormous owlbear has flown into a rampage, and the PCs’ new kingdom and capital city lie right in its path. If these forces are not dealt with, the rivers of the Stolen Lands will run red with the blood of the latest doomed attempt to civilize them!

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

The PCs receive a shipment of funds, materials, and colonists from Brevoiy and beyond, along with instructions to build a town and attract more pioneers to their nascent country.

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Having already explored the northern reaches of their new domain, the PCs must now venture into the wilds to bring the rule of law to the south. Wicked fey inhabiting a ruined keep, undead haunting an ancient barrow mound, and others must be defeated to make the region ever more secure. Along the way, the PCs might also have the opportunity to ally themselves with some of the region's local residents, including the dryad druid Tiressia, her satyr consort Falchos, and a band of gnome explorers called the Narthroppe Expedition. In addition, the PCs will be called upon to mediate between two rival factions in the area: a group of independent loggers and the angry fey sorceress who opposes them. As they explore, evidence that a group of trolls is stirring up trouble in the region becomes apparent.

Meanwhile, the PCs must deal with events within their burgeoning kingdom—a rabble rouser seeks to oust the PCs from their positions of power, the secretive cult of the hag goddess Gyronna has infiltrated the town, and a werewolf is preying on the townsfolk. All of these events build to the adventure's twin climaxes: the sudden assault on their capital city by an owlbear of unprecedented size and the expansion of Hargulka's trolls into the north. Faced with danger on multiple fronts, the PCs must draw upon all of their resources and bravery to become the undisputed rulers of the Greenbelt.

PART ONE: HOME SWEET HOME

"Rivers Run Red" begins with the PCs receiving a new charter from the city of Restov. It seems the swordlords are pleased with the progress the PCs have made exploring the region of the Stolen Lands known as the Greenbelt and are even more pleased that they've defeated the Stag Lord and, in so doing, effectively disrupted the organized banditry operating out of the region. With these accomplishments, the next step is obvious—colonization.

While the southern portion of the nation of Brevoy, Rostland, could send its own official agents south to attempt such colonization, such an act would cause unwanted repercussions for the delicate political situation in Brevoy. Rostland wants a safe southern border and an ally it can count on to back it up if things go badly—but it doesn't want to antagonize its northern counterpart Issia by appearing to make blatant land grabs to expand their power. The back-room politics occurring in Restov as the swordlords attempt to covertly increase their own power will continue to be an element as the Kingmaker Adventure Path progresses. Rostland will eventually be forced to cut official ties with the projects it's starting in the south when Issia begins to react poorly to what northern Brevoy has begun to interpret as an act of aggression. All of this increasingly puts the PCs in charge of their own fates in their newly founded kingdom.

For now, Rostland is supportive of the PCs' colonization of the Greenbelt but relatively hands-off. After issuing a charter to the PCs granting them permission to establish a colony in the area, as well as a shipment of gold, tools, craftsmen, laborers, and colonists eager to make a new life in a new kingdom (this amounts to 50 Build Points with which the PCs can finance the start of their nation and first city—see page 54 for rules on how to handle this aspect of the campaign), Rostland and the swordlords do not have much influence on the way the PCs develop their lands. And by the time it becomes clear that Rostland should have maintained a stronger presence, things will have progressed beyond the point where it would still be feasible.

The kingdom- and city-building element of this adventure and the four to follow during the course of the Kingmaker Adventure Path add a highly unusual element to the game, both in play and in pacing. As the kingdom grows, the PCs' responsibility to it increases. Not only do they need to worry about gathering gear and strength for their own adventures, they'll need to take care of an entire kingdom's needs. This style of game play isn't for everyone—you know your players better than we do, and if you're worried that managing kingdoms and building cities will bore your players (or worse, that it might just encourage them to become hateful dictators who see the opportunity to rule a nation as an opportunity to finance their own greed and lust for power), consider running Kingmaker as a more standard campaign. In this case, the evolution of the Stolen Lands into a kingdom should happen in the background, with NPCs taking on all of the leadership roles needed to develop the kingdom. This adventure, and the four to follow, will have "Kingdom in the Background" sidebars that you can use to track the size of the growing kingdom and the resources it provides for the PCs.

NORTHERN GREENBELT LOCATIONS

Three of the locations in the northern Greenbelt the PCs had a chance to discover and explore in *Stolen Land* could make excellent sites to found cities, due to the presence of buildings or ruins. These three sites are as follows.

Oleg's Trading Post: The trading post is a versatile structure built to serve as a place of business. If the PCs decide to found a city in this hex, they can incorporate Oleg's as a free Shop, Stable, or Watchtower in their city grid (once chosen, the function of Oleg's within the new city cannot be changed).

Temple of the Elk: Although the Temple of the Elk is partially ruined, building a city here gives the PCs a head start on a Temple, halving the initial cost of building such a structure.

The Stag Lord's Fort: Located at the heart of the Greenbelt on a defensible hill near a plentiful source of water, fishing, and trade, the Stag Lord's Fort may be

the single best place to place a capital city. The fort itself gives the PCs a head start on building a castle, halving the initial cost of such a structure. In addition, if the PCs make this site their capital city, their nation gains a +1 bonus on Economy, Loyalty, and Stability due to its centralized location and ease of defense.

EVENTS AT HOME

As “Rivers Run Red” progresses, events back home in the PCs’ capital city continue as well. Random events certainly occur during the kingdom’s Event phase, but several other special events occur in the city as well. These special events are not on a specific schedule, although they should occur in the order they’re presented.

Because all of these events assume that the PCs take the time to build up a capital city for their kingdom, it’s a good idea to give the PCs a year of game time with which to start building up their city so that there is a place in which the events can occur. You can have the events occur when the PCs return to their town to rest and resupply, or you can have them occur during a kingdom’s Event phase (in this case, you should only have one event occur per Event phase, and if you can manage it, never too close together). Ideally, the PCs explore the southern Greenbelt for a few weeks, then return home and run things there for a few months, giving you a chance to run one of the following events. Then, after the PCs head out to explore some more and return home again, you can run another event, and so on. If you find that the PCs aren’t returning home at all, feel free to have someone from town (such as one of the NPCs listed above) track them down and request their aid. After all, the swordlords of Restov have put the PCs in charge of founding and protecting the town, and they have a responsibility to the settlers.

EVENT 1: THE SLAIN TOWNSFOLK (CR 4)

The first time the PCs return to town from their explorations, they learn of a series of attacks on the town. A few days ago, some livestock were brutally slaughtered in their pens at an outlying farm; then two people were killed as well—a maid named Saki, who never made it home after her shift at an inn, and a shepherd boy named Beven, who (along with his flock) was attacked on his way back to town. The townsfolk ask the PCs to do something about the attacks, fearing the depredations of bandits or of some beast from the surrounding wilderness.

The two human victims were killed on successive nights: the night before the PCs’ return to town and the night before that. Both were killed outside of the town, Saki two nights ago while she was apparently gathering berries for breakfast, and Beven the next night as he returned his sheep to town. A half dozen of his sheep were slain as well,

Kingdom in the Background

During “Rivers Run Red,” the NPC leaders of the new kingdom decide to call the new nation Narland and establish a capital city named Shriekwall on the north shore of the Tuskwater at the site once used by the Stag Lord as a fort. After an initial growth spurt, Shriekwall soon stabilizes as a prosperous small town the PCs can use as a home base or a place to buy and sell gear. Halfway through this adventure, two new settlements appear as well—one to the north around Oleg’s Trading Post (this is a village named Olegton) and one to the west at a ford on the Skunk River deep in the Narlmarches (this village is named Tatzlford after the beasts that dwell in the area until recently).

with the remaining 10 sheep scattered throughout the surrounding area.

An investigation of any of the mutilated bodies (either of the locals or the livestock) with a DC 15 Heal check is enough to reveal that they were killed by a large, man-sized animal—likely a wolf or worg. All of the bodies seem to have been partially eaten. If the PCs seek out one of the kill sites, a DC 16 Survival check further discovers the presence of tracks that appear to be those of a large wolf. The tracks lead into a nearby copse of trees, from which they do not emerge. Yet a DC 20 Survival check reveals a set of bare human footprints leading out of the trees and toward town; unfortunately, the tracks become obscured by traffic upon entering town.

A DC 12 Diplomacy check made to gather information reveals that the barmaid and shepherd boy were killed on consecutive nights. Neither person seems to have had any enemies. A few locals ominously add that wolves were heard howling on both nights, and the word werewolf is muttered under the speaker’s breath at least once. If a PC asks, the first night of the full moon occurred the night before Saki’s death—the night the livestock at the outlying farm were slaughtered. Tonight is the last night of the full moon for the month.

Creatures: The source of these attacks is a wandering Kellid tribesman named Kundal who recently arrived in town. Though he’s taken a room at an inn and drinks himself into a stupor every night, he’s been seen coming into the town from outside in the early mornings, looking bedraggled and quite the worse for wear.

Unknown to both the townsfolk and the barbarian himself, Kundal has become afflicted with lycanthropy. He knows that something is wrong—he’s been plagued by dreams of blood and fury and has been drinking himself into oblivion each night to stop the dreams. Unfortunately, his body still hears the call of the moon, and each night he has transformed into a werewolf and gone on the hunt, only to wake up the next morning in the forest, covered in

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blood. Kundal's been good at making sure he's cleaned up before returning to town and has done his best to avoid raising too much suspicion, but if the PCs ask around town whether anyone's been acting strangely, a Diplomacy check (DC equals the kingdom's current Command DC—it's easier for Kundal to blend in to a larger society) reveals that a strange, quiet tribesman has come to town recently, and that he's been spending much of his time drinking or sleeping in his room at the inn.

If the PCs wish to speak to Kundal, they find that his room at the inn is still reserved but see no sign of the man himself. It's a DC 20 Disable Device to pick the lock on the door to his room, although if the PCs simply ask the innkeeper, he'll give them a key to the room (they're town officials, after all). A search of Kundal's room and a DC 20 Perception check turn up a single golden earring, still attached to a severed ear, hidden under Kundal's bed. This earring can be identified by innkeeper as belonging to Saki.

Kundal stays out of town the whole day, hoping that being away from civilization will stop his gory dreams. When night falls, however, he once more changes into his hybrid form, this time stealing into town around midnight to seek more prey. If the PCs are on watch, they need only make a Perception check against Kundal's Stealth check to notice him skulking about the city. If that check fails, the sound of screams alert them a few minutes later as Kundal attacks his next victim (a visiting merchant named Norben who was checking on his horses at the inn or stable in town). In this case, the PCs arrive too late to save the third victim.

If the PCs do nothing to investigate the attacks or don't discover Kundal's lycanthropy, the merchant becomes the werewolf's third and final victim—his cries wake the town, but by the time the guards arrive, Kundal is gone. The man returns to his room at the inn early next morning, gathers his things, and leaves the region, never to be seen again.

KUNDAL (HYBRID FORM)

CR 4

XP 1,200

Male human afflicted werewolf barbarian 4 (*Pathfinder RPG*)*Bestiary* 198)

CE Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger)

Init +7; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +3 Dex, +2 natural, -2 rage)**hp** 58 (4d12+32)**Fort** +11, **Ref** +4, **Will** +5**Defensive Abilities** trap sense +1, uncanny dodge; **DR** 5/silver

OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft.**Melee** +1 *greataxe* +11 (1d12+7/3), bite +5 (1d6+3 plus trip)**Ranged** javelin +7 (1d6+6)**Special Attacks** rage (17 rounds per day), rage powers (renewed vigor [1d8+8 hp], superstition +3)

TACTICS

During Combat Kundal rages on the first round of combat and then focuses on one foe at a time, attacking that person until she falls unconscious or dead before moving on to the next opponent.

Morale If reduced to fewer than 10 hit points, Kundal tries to change into wolf form to flee into the wilderness. If cornered, he fights to the death.

Base Statistics **AC** 19, touch 13, flat-footed 16; **hp** 50; **Fort** +9, **Will** +3; **Melee** +1 *greataxe* +9 (1d12+5/3), bite +2 (1d6+1 plus trip); **Ranged** javelin +7 (1d6+4); **Str** 19, **Con** 20; **CMB** +8, **CMD** 21

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 16, **Con** 24, **Int** 8, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 8**Base Atk** +4; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 23**Feats** Cleave, Improved Initiative, Power Attack**Skills** Acrobatics +7, Intimidate +6, Perception +9, Survival +9**Languages** Common, Hallit**SQ** change shape (human, hybrid, and wolf; *polymorph*), fast movement, lycanthropic empathy (wolves and dire wolves)**Combat Gear** *potion of remove fear*; **Other Gear** hide armor, +1 *greataxe*, javelins (4), 11 gp

Story Award: If the PCs capture Kundal alive and manage to cure his lycanthropy, award them 1,600 XP. Kundal reverts to his original alignment of chaotic neutral and may become a valuable member of the society, or even one of its leaders. He certainly thanks the PCs, and gives them his +1 *greataxe* in thanks for their service.

EVENT 2: THE RABBLE-ROUSER (CR 5)

The second time the PCs return home from the wilderness, they discover a new threat in town. A charismatic orator arrived a day after the PCs last left town and has been giving speeches criticizing and denigrating the leadership and their actions. More and more of the townsfolk are gathering to hear him talk, and he's building a wellspring of support among the disaffected settlers in the town.

Creatures: The speaker, Grigori, is a bard from the nearby River Kingdom of Pitax. Grigori is not just an itinerant storyteller, however—he is a spy and agent provocateur sent by Irovetti, the Lord of Pitax, to spread chaos and dissent in the town with the aim of overthrowing the PCs and possibly paving the way for Pitax to annex the town. In order to cover his tracks and retain plausible deniability, Irovetti used several layers of agents to hire Grigori—as far as the bard knows, he was hired to cause trouble in this fledgling town by agents from Fort Drelev to the west.

When the PCs first arrive, Grigori is giving a talk in the town common, speaking of the PCs' "gross negligence" in abandoning the town to "go gallivanting through the Narlmarches on fool's errands" and leaving the town exposed to banditry, monster attacks, and worse. He brings up the town's recent werewolf troubles and even suggests that the PCs may be responsible for the attacks because

their wilderness explorations drove the monster into more civilized areas. He claims that the PCs have acquired much wealth during their adventures, but they have used it only to enrich themselves, not to aid the town or its citizens. Grigori's orations have increased the nation's Unrest by 2 by the time the PCs first learn of him.

A sizeable group of townspeople have gathered to hear Grigori talk, and shouts of agreement and mutters of discontent increase as the speech progresses (helped along by Grigori's use of *enthrall* spells). If the PCs intervene, Grigori eloquently refutes any points they try to make while trying to goad them into violence. If they try to remove him, he accuses them of oppression and of trying to "thwart the will of the people." Should the PCs attack him, Grigori does nothing to defend himself, at least for this first skirmish, and such actions only cause more people to turn from the PCs and heed Grigori's words.

Grigori's been staying at a local inn (possibly the same one that Kundal stayed at). If the PCs approach him in private, Grigori is considered hostile for the purposes of Diplomacy, and the DC is increased by 15, as aiding the PCs would surely arouse the ire of his employer. Intimidate might also be effective, at least in the short term, but under no circumstances will Grigori divulge anything beyond the fact that he is working for "parties interested in seeing your little nation fail," and that he aims to remove the PCs from their positions of authority over the town (even those admissions are made only under duress). Any successful attempts at Diplomacy or Intimidate quiet Grigori for 1 day, but he returns to the town common the next day to continue his tirades, with new tales of his "repression" at the hands of the PCs. Should the PCs later attack him, Grigori defends himself and does his best to make the fight as public as possible, so the townsfolk will see him as the victim and the PCs as overbearing thugs.

If Grigori is allowed to continue his acts, each Event phase the Unrest of the PC's kingdom increases by 2—left to his own devices, Grigori can cause a lot of damage. Killing him certainly ends the threat, but if the act is done in public, the unexpected violence frightens the citizenry and both increases Unrest by 1d4+1 and permanently reduces Loyalty by 2. Mind-controlling magic can get Grigori to leave town, as can a bribe of at least 5,000 gp—both of these options increase Unrest by 1d4 if they become public knowledge. If the PCs arrest Grigori, they can prevent him from spreading slander but if they don't put him on trial that same month, his continued imprisonment increases Unrest by 1d4–2 each month (treat rolls of lower than 0 as no increase to Unrest). If the PCs put Grigori on trial, you can play the event out if you wish or simply resolve it by having the PCs make a DC 20 Loyalty check. Success indicates that Grigori is proved to be a spy likely working for bandits or another unknown organization—in this event, Grigori can be run out of town,

imprisoned, or executed (none of these verdicts impact the nation's Unrest). If the Loyalty check is a failure, the trial does not find the man guilty, and if he's set free, he goes right back to his rabble-rousing (if the PCs exile, imprison, or execute him anyway, increase their nation's Unrest by 4).

Eloquent PCs might also try their own impassioned pleas to get the townsfolk on their side, making opposed Diplomacy checks against Grigori during one of his speeches. Five successful Diplomacy checks in a row is enough to discredit Grigori in the townspeople's eyes, negating his credibility and resulting in him leaving the Stolen Lands.

The encounter with Grigori foreshadows future developments in the Adventure Path. While Pitax makes no more overt moves against the PCs in this adventure, the PCs should come out of this encounter knowing that they have enemies out there somewhere. They'll learn soon enough what plans the Lord of Pitax has for their new kingdom and eventually will have the opportunity to face Irovetti in person and hold him accountable for his crimes in the penultimate adventure of this campaign, "War of the River Kings."

GRIGORI**CR 5****XP 1,600**

Male human bard 6

CN Medium humanoid

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +8**DEFENSE****AC** 19, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+5 armor, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 shield)**hp** 45 (6d8+18)**Fort** +3, **Ref** +7, **Will** +4; +4 vs. bardic performance, language-dependent, and sonic**OFFENSE****Speed** 30 ft.**Melee** +1 rapier +7 (1d6+1/18–20)**Ranged** shortbow +6 (1d6/x3)**Special Attacks** bardic performance (8 rounds/day, standard action), countersong, distraction, fascinate, inspire competence +2, inspire courage +2, suggestion**Bard Spells Known** (CL 6th; concentration +10)2nd (4/day)—*calm emotions* (DC 16), *detect thoughts* (DC 16), *enthrall* (DC 16), *invisibility*1st (5/day)—*charm person* (DC 15), *expeditious retreat*, *grease* (DC 15), *hideous laughter* (DC 15)0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *daze* (DC 14), *detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 14), *lullaby* (DC 14), *read magic***TACTICS****Before Combat** Grigori drinks one of his *potions of undetectable alignment* before any confrontation with the PCs.**During Combat** If the PCs attack him, Grigori casts *calm emotions* on them while he tries to rally the townsfolk to his aid. In combat, he casts *grease* on the PCs' weapons and *hideous laughter* on his attackers. He is not above using *charm person* to gain allies and bodyguards from among the townsfolk.

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Morale If reduced to 20 hit points or fewer, Grigori flees town (using *invisibility* or *expeditious retreat*, if necessary), only to return again later to continue his campaign against the PCs.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 12, **Int** 13, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 18

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

Feats Dodge, Skill Focus (Perform [Oratory]), Toughness, Weapon Finesse

Skills Disguise +13, Escape Artist +10, Knowledge (local) +13, Perception +8, Perform (Comedy) +13, Perform (Oratory) +13, Sense Motive +8, Stealth +10

Languages Common, Hallit

SQ bardic knowledge +3, lore master 1/day, versatile performance (oratory, comedy), well-versed

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*, *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of undetectable alignment* (3), *scroll of scare*, *scroll of sound burst*, caltrops; **Other Gear** +1 *chain shirt*, masterwork buckler, +1 *rapier*, shortbow with 20 arrows, 132 gp



Story Award: If the PCs manage to handle Grigori without increasing their nation's Unrest, award them XP as if they had defeated him in combat.

EVENT 3: THE CULT OF GYRONNA (CR 6)

The third time the PCs return to town (or even later, possibly even after defeating the trolls or owlbears), another menace invades town. Rumors fly that a secret mystery cult dedicated to the hag-goddess Gyronna has taken root in the town. As goddess of hatred, extortion, and spite, Gyronna's cult represents a threat to any community, and tales abound of isolated communities throughout the River Kingdoms that tore themselves apart from within due to the machinations of the Angry Hag's priestesses. If the cult has indeed infiltrated the town, it must be found and eliminated before it can set the townspeople at one another's throats.

Creatures: The cult is still in its early stages, comprising only six cultists under the leadership of a cleric of Gyronna named Malgorzata Niska. The six cultists are outcasts—women who harbor nothing but hatred and malice for their fellow townsfolk. By day, Goody Niska is a respected midwife, a position that has enabled her to recruit new members to her growing flock, as well as providing her opportunities to steal newborn babies and swap them with changelings. All of the cultists carry a symbol of a bloodshot eye and wear ragged black smocks called “shabbles” when enacting their rites but take great care to hide these items when not using them. They otherwise appear no different from normal townspeople otherwise.

A DC 15 Knowledge (religion) check reveals that those attracted to Gyronna's cult are often adulterous wives, embittered prostitutes, and spurned lovers. A DC 15 Knowledge (local) or Diplomacy check to gather information reveals about a dozen women in town who fit this profile.

With this knowledge in hand, the PCs might question several women in the town, using Sense Motive checks to see past the cultists' Bluff checks (note that the cultists fear the goddess's retribution and never admit to their religious beliefs under anything but torture—but magic like *detect thoughts* or *charm person* can draw the truth out). Each suspected woman interrogated has a cumulative 25% chance of actually being a cultist, and each interrogation must be handled delicately with a DC 20 Diplomacy check—each failure results in rumors of “unfounded and cruel interrogations” spreading through the nation and causes Unrest to increase by 1.

Searching suspected cultists' houses for religious paraphernalia can turn up evidence of the cult's practices (shabbles and unholy symbols) with a successful DC 20 Perception check, but hunches and circumstantial evidence are not proof, so the PCs will likely have to catch the women in the act, especially if they want to expose their leader.

Surveillance of suspected cultists (using Stealth, Perception, or Survival checks) can lead the PCs to the cult's secret rendezvous. Alternatively, female PCs can use Bluff, Disguise, or Perform skills to infiltrate the cult, procuring an invitation to the next meeting. The cult meets in the cellar of a barn on the outskirts of town. The barn doors are trapped with a simple alarm (a tripwire connected to a bell in the basement; Perception DC 25, Disable Device DC 15) that alerts the cult to intruders if triggered. The concealed trapdoor to the cellar can be found with a DC 15 Perception check.

In the cellar, Malgorzata Niska leads the cultists in their dark rites before a simple altar of piled stones topped with a glittering gem that looks like a glaring bloodshot eye. As soon as she notices the PCs, she commands her cultists to attack.

MALGORZATA NISKA

CR 4

XP 1,200

Female human cleric of Gyronna 5

CE Medium humanoid

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

DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 11, flat-footed 13 (+2 armor, +2 deflection, -1 Dex)

hp 32 (5d8+10)

Fort +6, **Ref** +0, **Will** +7

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk dagger +6 (1d4+2/19–20)

Special Attacks channel negative energy (3d6, DC 14, 5/day), destructive smite (+2, 6/day)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th; concentration +8) 6/day—*vision of madness* (+/–2)

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 5th; concentration +8)

3rd—*bestow curse* (DC 16), *prayer*, *rage*^D

2nd—*silence* (DC 15), *sound burst* (DC 15), *spiritual weapon*, *touch of idiocy*^D

1st—*cure light wounds*, *divine favor*, *entropic shield*, *lesser confusion*^D (DC 14), *shield of faith*

o (at will)—*bleed* (DC 13), *guidance*, *resistance*, *virtue*

D domain spell; **Domains** Destruction, Madness

TACTICS

Before Combat If the PCs trigger the alarm on the barn doors, Malgorzata casts *shield of faith*, *entropic shield*, and *divine favor* on herself.

During Combat Malgorzata casts *prayer* on the first round of combat, followed by casting *rage* on two of her cultists. She then activates her aura of madness, attacks with *spiritual weapon*, and uses *silence* or *touch of idiocy* against enemy spellcasters. If forced into melee combat, she attacks with destructive smites. If surrounded, Malgorzata channels negative energy, using Selective Channeling to exclude as many of her cultists as possible.

Morale Malgorzata has no wish to die and flees if reduced to 10 or fewer hit points, abandoning her cult.

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 8, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 14

Feats Combat Casting, Improved Initiative, Selective Channeling, Weapon Focus (dagger)

Skills Bluff +7, Diplomacy +12, Intimidate +0, Knowledge (religion) +8, Sense Motive +11

Languages Common

Gear leather armor, masterwork dagger, *hag's shabble*, symbol of Gyronna, 36 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Hag's Shabble This magic item first appeared in *Gods and Magic*. A set of rags and tattered robes, a *hag's shabble* grants a +2 bonus on Diplomacy and Intimidate checks. If you are a worshiper of Gyronna, you may use the shabble to cast *detect thoughts* (CL 3rd) once per day. It is worth 3,400 gp.

GYRONNA CULTISTS (6)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

Female human commoner 2

CE Medium humanoid

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

DEFENSE

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

hp 12 each (2d6+5)

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

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee dagger +2 (1d4/19–20)

TACTICS

During Combat At their leader's command, the cultists frenziedly throw themselves at their enemies, shrieking in anger and attacking with their daggers.

Morale Fanatic converts, the cultists fight as long as Malgorzata lives. If she is killed, they lose their nerve and flee.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 12, **Con** 11, **Int** 10, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 9

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

Feats Toughness, Weapon Finesse

Skills Bluff +1, Intimidate +1, Knowledge (local) +2

Languages Common

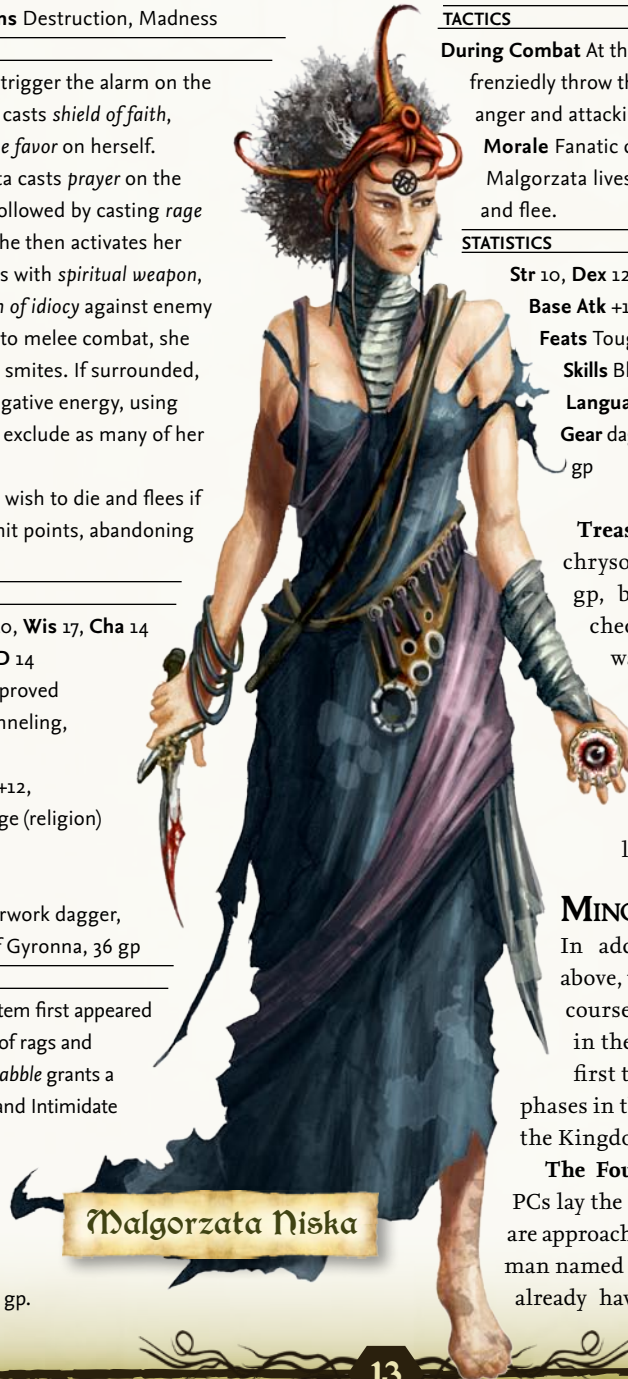
Gear dagger, shabble, holy symbol of Gyronna, 5 gp

Treasure: The fist-sized cat's eye chrysoberyl atop the altar is worth 500 gp, but a DC 20 Knowledge (religion) check reveals that the goddess Gyronna watches the world through such stones, and the PCs risk incurring her wrath and being cursed should they defile or steal from her shrine. Whether or not these stories are true in this chrysoberyl's case is left to you.

MINOR EVENTS

In addition to the three major events above, three minor events occur during the course of this adventure. Use these events, in the order in which they appear, for the first three events that occur during Event phases in this adventure rather than rolling on the Kingdom Event table.

The Founding of Tatzlford: Soon after the PCs lay the groundwork for their kingdom, they are approached by a ruddy, friendly, and energetic man named Loy Rezbin. He and his wife Latricia already have plans for a village deep in the



Malgorzata Niska

Kingmaker Part 2 of 6

The Stolen Lands: The Greenbelt

One hex = 12 miles



Map Icons



Bridge



Camp



Dead Body



Hut



Lair



Landmark



Monster



Plant



Resource



Ruin



Structure



Trap



Town

Narlmarthes at a ford on the Skunk River where, until recently, a pair of tatzlwyrms dwelt. They ask the PCs for support to get this village started—if the PCs agree and grant the request, Loy and Latricia's skill and exuberance halve the cost of the first castle, temple, market, tavern, or inn built in the new village. This village, Tatzlford, plays a key role in the fourth adventure in this campaign, "Blood for Blood."

Troll Sightings (continuous): Rumors of troll sightings in the south grow, causing a slow panic to build throughout the nation. If the PCs make a successful Loyalty check, the rumors cause no harm—otherwise, the nation gains 2 points of Unrest per Event phase that the rumors continue. Slaying the trolls (see Part Six) brings this event to an end.

PART TWO: INTO THE WILD

You should give the PCs a year or so to get their kingdom started, but eventually they'll get the itch to go adventuring again. The whole of the Greenbelt now lies open to them—they can continue exploring areas in the north (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #31 for details on encounters that take place here) or the more dangerous encounters and areas to the south (detailed in this adventure) as they see fit. The reasons for exploration can vary—the PCs might simply be curious, or they could be seeking to expand their nation's territory. Most likely, they'll be spurred to explore the southern Greenbelt by quest opportunities.

The encounters awaiting the PCs in the southern Greenbelt represent challenges of varying difficulties. If the PCs' Average Party Level is higher than an encounter's Challenge Rating, feel free to advance a creature or increase the number of opponents to provide a better challenge for the PCs. But if an encounter has a higher CR than the party, don't make it easier by reducing the number of foes. The Stolen Lands are a dangerous, untamed wilderness, and PCs should quickly learn that discretion might be the better part of valor, and some threats are more perilous than others. In such cases, the PCs would be wise to flee and return later after accumulating more experience and with making careful preparations.

WANDERING MONSTERS

As the PCs explore the southern Greenbelt, you can liven things up with wandering monsters generated from the tables on page 79 of this book. There's a 5% chance of an

Encounter Sites

All of the fixed encounter locations in "Rivers Run Red" are categorized into one of three categories: landmark, standard, and hidden.

Landmark Site: The site is automatically discovered as soon as the PCs enter the hex containing the site.

Standard Site: Unless the PCs are traveling specifically to the site, they do not encounter it until they explore the hex. If they do explore the hex, they encounter the site automatically.

Hidden Site: If the PCs don't already know about the site's location, they need to make a skill check (the skill and DC required varies with the type of site) to locate it during exploration.

encounter occurring each time the PCs enter an unclaimed hex and a 15% chance per day or night spent exploring or camping in an unclaimed hex. These chances decrease to 1% per hex or 5% per day spent exploring or camping in a claimed hex. Take care not to overwhelm the PCs with random encounters, though; it's usually good to limit wandering monster encounters to only once per day.

QUESTS

The PCs encounter numerous quest opportunities as this adventure unfolds. Eight of these appear on the inside covers of this book, and several more are seeded throughout the rest of the adventure.

Each of the Southern Greenbelt Quests presented here are worth 1,600 XP when they are completed—this is in addition to any experience points the PCs might earn while attempting to complete the quest.

A. THE GROVE OF TIRESSIA (CR 6; STANDARD)

The trees part to reveal a peaceful forest glade dappled with sunlight. A small pond lies placidly at the roots of an enormous oak tree with a scattering of leaves floating upon its surface. Birdsong twitters from the branches high above.

Creatures: This grove is the home of the dryad druid Tiressia and her satyr consort Falchos. Lately, their stretch

Kingmaker Part 2 of 6

of the Narlmarches has fallen prey to the depredations of a scythe tree, an evil, intelligent, carnivorous plant that particularly relishes the taste of dryad flesh. These two fey have tried to drive away the malevolent plant numerous times by themselves, but the monstrous tree has repulsed their attempts to destroy it or drive it out every time. During their last attempt, Falchos suffered grievous injuries before they could flee back to the grove. Unable to abandon her bonded oak, Tiressia tried rallying the other fey creatures of the area to assist her, but after seeing what happened to Tiressia and Falchos, none of them would agree to risk their own lives. Tiressia now hides within her tree, weeping in despair, while Falchos wrestles with the choice of abandoning his love or accepting his own inevitable death if he stays to face the scythe tree once it finally locates their home.

The PCs' arrival offers a ray of hope, however, and the fey will do almost anything to enlist their aid. As the PCs approach, Tiressia kneels by the water's edge, weeping softly, her tears falling into the pool to create tiny ripples in the still water. Falchos hides just inside the tree line, watching the PCs warily and ready to jump out at a moment's notice to defend his lover if needed.

Tiressia would prefer not to use magical compulsion to get the PCs' help, so she acts the part of the damsel in distress, which at this point is not much of a stretch for her. If asked what's wrong, she tearfully describes the evil tree and the damage it has wreaked in the forest. Once the scythe tree has depleted the surrounding area of prey, she says, it will certainly come to her grove, kill her tree, and devour her. She begs the PCs to slay the hideous plant, promising to reward them handsomely if they do.

If the PCs do not appear to want to help them, Tiressia and Falchos fall back on their fey magic. Falchos uses his pipes to cast *suggestion* (if the PCs seem willing but undecided) or *charm person* (if they are completely unwilling to help), while Tiressia uses her own *suggestion* or *charm person* ability on anyone out of range of or unaffected by Falchos's music. Falchos follows this with his own spell-

like abilities if necessary, focusing on female PCs while Tiressia attempts to charm male PCs. The two fey do not otherwise attack PCs unless assaulted first.

If the PCs agree to help (willingly or otherwise), Tiressia describes the way to the scythe tree's lair, a dark, blighted hollow a few miles to the south (see area H).

TIRESSIA

CR 4

XP 1,200

Female dryad druid 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 116)

CG Medium fey

Init +5; Senses low-light vision; Perception +14

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 15, flat-footed 13 (+5 Dex, +3 natural)

hp 48 (6d6+2d8+18)

Fort +9, Ref +10, Will +13

DR 5/cold iron

Weaknesses tree dependent

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk sickle +10 (1d6-1)

Ranged mwk longbow +10 (1d8-1/x3)

Domain Spell-Like Ability (CL 2nd; concentration +8)

8/day—storm burst

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th; concentration +12)

Constant—speak with plants

At will—entangle (DC 17), tree shape, wood shape (1 lb. only)

3/day—charm person (DC 17), deep slumber (DC 19), tree stride

1/day—suggestion (DC 19)

Druid Spells Prepared (CL 2nd; concentration +7)

1st—faerie fire, goodberry, magic fang, obscuring mist^D

o (at will)—guidance, purify food and drink, stabilize, virtue

D Domain spell; Domain Weather

TACTICS

During Combat Tiressia tries to avoid melee combat, using *entangle* to hinder foes and *deep slumber* on any creature attacking her tree. She uses her scroll to summon additional creatures to help Falchos in battle, while jumping from tree to tree using *tree stride* and tree meld to attack enemies at a distance with her longbow.

Morale Tiressia retreats into her oak when reduced to 20 hit points or fewer, praying that her attackers get bored and leave.

STATISTICS

Str 8, Dex 20, Con 15, Int 14, Wis 20, Cha 22

Base Atk +4; CMB +9; CMD 18

Feats Agile Maneuvers, Great Fortitude, Stealthy, Weapon Finesse



Tiressia

Skills Climb +8, Craft (wood sculpture) +17, Diplomacy +15, Escape Artist +16, Handle Animal +15, Heal +14, Knowledge (nature) +13, Perception +14, Stealth +16, Survival +16

Languages Common, Elven, Sylvan; *speaks with plants*

SQ nature bond (Plant domain), nature sense, tree meld, wild empathy +8, woodland stride

Combat Gear *goodberries (5), potion of cure moderate wounds (2), scroll of summon nature's ally II, wand of cure light wounds (26 charges), 6 feather tokens (tree); Other Gear* masterwork longbow with 20 arrows, masterwork sickle, 178 gp

FALCHOS

CR 4

XP 1,200

Male satyr (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 241)

hp 44

TACTICS

Before Combat Falchos plays his pipes, casting *fear* on his opponents, before entering combat.

During Combat Falchos first summons a wolverine using *summon nature's ally III*. If he can stay out of melee, he fires his short bow, but he charges into combat with his horns and dagger if there is no other choice. He casts *fear* on any creature threatening Tiressia or her bonded tree.

Morale As long as Tiressia lives, Falchos fights to the death. If she is slain, he cries out that he has nothing left to live for and slits his own throat with his dagger, cursing his enemies with his dying breath.

B. A DELICATE SITUATION (CR 5; STANDARD)

The river makes a sharp bend here, widening into a deep pool dotted with lily pads and fringed with waving reeds. Several freshly felled trees lie beside their stumps on the shore of the pool, their crowns dangling in the water among fading tendrils of mist.

A band of freelance loggers under the leadership of a man named Corax recently decided to harvest a grove of coachwood trees in this glade, unaware that a nixie sorceress lives in the pool. The nixie, Melianse, did not take kindly to the loggers despoiling her home and unsuccessfully attempted to scare them off with *ghost sound* and *obscuring mist*. When that tactic failed, Melianse charmed two of the lumberjacks, who now stand guard in front of her pool. Since both men are good workers, Corax has resisted the urge to fight through his one-time employees, but he is fast losing patience with the nixie and fears the blow to his reputation in his men's eyes if he dithers much longer. The two groups are now in a standoff, with neither willing to make the next move.

Creatures: When the PCs arrive on the scene, Corax and his men stand angrily near the felled trees, about 30 feet from the pool. The two charmed loggers stand facing them, right at the water's edge. Melianse floats in the center of the pool with only her head above water; she remains

Quest: Ulrath of the Scythe Tree

The PCs must defeat the scythe tree that's menacing Tiressia and Falchos.

Source: Tiressia the dryad at area A.

Task: Tiressia wants the PCs to slay the scythe tree—if possible, without causing excessive damage to the surrounding forest.

Completion: Once the scythe tree is slain, Tiressia learns of the event swiftly as the deed is whispered among the branches and roots of the Narlmarches.

Reward: Tiressia gives the PCs all of her combat gear in reward. In addition, if they agreed to aid her without being magically compelled by her or her lover, she also promises to aid the PCs in guarding the Narlmarches and keep them updated about threats within its borders. This grants a +2 bonus to their nation's Stability.

about 20 feet from the shore, out of the loggers' reach, and silently observes their response.

As soon as he notices the PCs, Corax sees them as potential allies. He quickly hails them and explains the situation in a gruff voice liberally laced with profanities, claiming that the nixie attacked his men unprovoked and complaining bitterly about how hard it is for "a decent man to make a living with all of these damnable fairies in the woods." Melianse responds calmly to this accusation, claiming that she politely asked the loggers to leave at first but was forced to charm two of them after Corax threatened to hang her from the nearest tree "to drip dry." She adds that the trees felled by the loggers had been growing next to the pool for over 200 years and deserved a far better fate than serving as "some grubby peasant's slop table." Both Corax and Melianse appeal to the PCs for help. The conversation soon devolves into more accusations, rebuttals, and shouted insults.

Unless action is taken by the PCs to defuse the situation, Corax soon loses patience and orders his men to subdue their charmed colleagues and attack the nixie. Melianse responds by ordering the charmed loggers to defend her pool while she targets Corax with her spells. See their individual tactics below for how the battle plays out.

If the PCs want to defuse the situation, they must negotiate an accord between the two parties. But first, the two leaders (Corax and Melianse), both of whom are angry, must be calmed down and convinced to talk. Diplomacy or Intimidate checks might work (both Corax and Melianse are considered unfriendly at the start of the encounter), or spells such as *calm emotions* can be used (although if they fail, both sides might be spurred to attack the PCs). Once the two have agreed to negotiate, both must be satisfied with the result. Corax wants his lumber and demands

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that Melianse free his two charmed men freed from her influence. Melianse wants the loggers to leave her glade and provide reparation for the trees they've already felled.

Obviously, there is no single correct answer to appease everyone; reward players who come up with creative solutions as long as both groups get something out of the negotiations. One possible solution is to provide the loggers with another source of lumber. A successful DC 20 Knowledge (nature) check recalls an untouched grove of coachwood trees 10 miles to the north, near the old tatzlwyrms den, which the lumberjacks can freely harvest if shown the way to the grove. For her part, Melianse releases the two charmed loggers if the men leave and replace the five trees they've cut down (see the Quest: Replacing Melianse's Trees sidebar).

CORAX CR 3

XP 800

Male human ranger 4

CN Medium humanoid

Init +3; **Senses** Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 13, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +3 Dex)

hp 30 (4d10+8)

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

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk cold iron handaxe +7 (1d6+2/x3)

Ranged mwk composite longbow +9 (1d8+2/x3)

Special Attacks favored enemy (fey +2), hunter's bond (companions)

Ranger Spells Prepared (CL 1st; concentration +2)

1st—*resist energy*

TACTICS

During Combat Corax casts *resist energy* (cold) against Melianse on the first round of combat. He then uses hunter's bond to grant half his favored enemy bonus (+1) to his men against Melianse while he shoots at her with his longbow or hurls alchemist's fire. Against the PCs, Corax orders his men to surround their opponents and quaffs his *potion of bull's strength*. He focuses his attacks on a lightly armored PC, hoping to gain a hostage to use for negotiation.

Morale Corax is full of swagger, but he has no desire to give up his life for lumber in a forest full of it. If reduced to 15 hit points or fewer, he retreats (surrendering if necessary), vowing to practice his trade "some place where the damned fairies don't run the show!"

STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 16, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 19

Feats Endurance, Point Blank Shot, Power Attack, Rapid Shot, Weapon Focus (composite longbow)

Skills Climb +9, Handle Animal +6, Intimidate +6, Knowledge

(geography) +7, Knowledge (nature) +7, Perception +8, Stealth +10, Survival +8

Languages Common

SQ favored terrain (forest +2), track +2, wild empathy +3

Combat Gear alchemist's fire (2), *potion of bull's strength*, *potion of cure light wounds*; **Other Gear** +1 studded leather, masterwork cold iron woodsman's axe, masterwork composite longbow with 20 cold iron arrows, 17 gp

ANGRY LOGGERS (6) CR 1/3

XP 135 each

Male human warrior 1

N Medium humanoid

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

DEFENSE

AC 12, touch 10, flat-footed 12 (+2 armor)

hp 10 each (1d10+5)

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

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee handaxe +3 (1d6+3/x3)

TACTICS

During Combat The loggers are unimaginative combatants but know enough to try to surround foes to flank them.

Morale The loggers flee if Corax is killed or if four of their number are slain.

STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 11, **Con** 12, **Int** 9, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 13

Feats Athletic, Toughness

Skills Climb +8, Intimidate +3, Swim +4

Languages Common

Gear leather armor, handaxe, saw, 4 sp

CHARMED LOGGERS (2) CR 1/3

hp 10 each (see above)

TACTICS

During Combat The charmed loggers defend Melianse as best they can. Against the other loggers, they try to grapple and subdue, but they attack anyone else (such as the PCs) who approaches the nixie.

Morale Completely smitten, the charmed loggers fight to the death to protect Melianse.

MELIANSE CR 4

XP 1,200

Female nixie sorcerer 5 (*Pathfinder Bonus Bestiary* 15)

N Small fey (aquatic)

Init +5; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 18, flat-footed 12 (+1 deflection, +5 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 size)

hp 43 (7d6+19)

Fort +3, Ref +9, Will +7

DR 5/cold iron; Resist cold 10; SR 12

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., swim 30 ft.

Melee short sword +9 (1d4–2/19–20)

Ranged light crossbow +9 (1d6–2/19–20)

Racial Spell-Like Abilities (CL 12th; concentration +19)

3/day—*charm person* (DC 18)

1/day—*water breathing*

Sorcerer Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th; concentration +12)

10/day—*elemental ray*

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 5th; concentration +12)

2nd (6)—*blur*, *daze monster* (DC 19), *scorching ray* (cold damage)

1st (8)—*burning hands* (DC 18, cold damage), *hypnotism* (DC 18)

mage armor, *magic missile*, *obscuring mist*

0 (At will)—*dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 17)

message, *ray of frost*, *read magic*

Bloodline Elemental (water)

TACTICS

Before Combat Melianse casts *mage armor* every day.

During Combat Melianse casts *blur* on the first round of combat, and casts *grease* from her wand on the shore if anyone approaches her pool. She focuses most of her attacks on Corax, hoping that if she removes their leader, the other loggers will run away. Against the PCs, she attacks the obvious leader (if any) or the most dangerous-looking character for the same reason. She targets spellcasters with *magic missile* to disrupt their spells.

Morale When reduced to 15 hit points or fewer, Melianse uses her last *charm person* to charm one of her opponents, casts *water breathing* on that person, and retreats beneath the pool, bringing her new “friend” to use as a hostage for future negotiation.

STATISTICS

Str 6, **Dex** 20, **Con** 15, **Int** 14, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 24

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 17

Feats Alertness, Dodge, Eschew Materials, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (ray)

Skills Bluff +14, Craft (basketweaving) +9, Escape Artist +12, Fly +0, Perception +9, Perform (Sing) +14, Sense Motive +9, Spellcraft +9, Stealth +16, Swim +13

Languages Aquan, Common, Sylvan

SQ amphibious, bloodline arcana, wild empathy +15

Combat Gear *wand of grease* (29 charges); **Other Gear** light crossbow with 10 bolts, short sword, *ring of protection* +1

C. THE NARTHROPPE EXPEDITION (CR 6; STANDARD)

The sound of unintelligible cursing echoes through the woods. Just visible through the trees, a small wagon sits mired in the middle of a swiftly flowing river as the waters threaten to overwhelm its sides. Two ponies hitched to the wagon flounder

Quest: Replacing Melianse's Trees

The PCs must replace five trees that have been cut down in the prime of their lives.

Source: Melianse the nixie, area B.

Task: Melianse doesn't care how the PCs replace the five trees, nor does she care what kind of trees they replace the felled ones with. She simply wants five trees back to help restore the “balance” of her home.

Completion: The easiest solution to this quest involves gathering five *tree feather tokens* and placing them near the sites of the five felled trees. If the PCs don't think of this, the nixie can suggest it, recommending they contact the dryad to the northwest—Melianse knows she has a few of these *feather tokens* but suspects that the dryad wants a favor done before she hands them over (Melianse doesn't know about the scythe tree problem facing the dryad). Alternatively, the PCs could simply purchase five of these *feather tokens* from a merchant in a city.

Reward: Not only does Melianse agree to release the two charmed lumberjacks from her control, she gladly agrees to keep an eye out along the Greenbelt's rivers for any trouble or rumors of danger, increasing the PCs' national Stability by 2.

in the swirling waters, close to panicking. Two more wagons sit safely on the far bank.

Creatures: A group of gnome explorers has been surveying and mapping the Stolen Lands, looking in particular for an ancient, abandoned dwarven outpost rumored to be located in the region. They've chosen this site as a good place for their base camp, but while they were setting up their tents, a band of kobolds attacked the group. The gnomes managed to drive the kobolds off, but not before the kobolds caused a lot of damage and panicked two ponies that unfortunately were still hitched to the gnomes' supply wagon. The ponies rushed into the river, where the wagon swiftly became lodged in the muddy bottom. The gnomes have been unable to get the wagon unstuck and now stand powerlessly on the shores, watching as the powerful currents threaten to wash the wagon, its cargo, and the ponies downstream.

The expedition is made up of 9 gnome explorers under the leadership of the flamboyant Jubilost Narthroppe, a wealthy gnome explorer, mapmaker, and raconteur. Narthroppe stands atop a small hillock next to the river, his eye blackened and helmet askew from the fight, shouting out conflicting orders and growing more furious (and scared) with each passing round that the wagon is in danger. While Narthroppe is much too proud to ask the PCs for help, the other gnomes are not, and they call out

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for aid as soon as they see the PCs, as long as the PCs don't immediately appear to be bandits or worse.

If the PCs wish to help the gnomes, they have 6 rounds to act before the wagon is lost. Those helping must first make DC 10 Swim checks to reach the stranded wagon. Before it can be moved, however, the ponies must be unhitched and led to shore, requiring a DC 12 Handle Animal check or a wild empathy check (the frightened ponies are considered unfriendly) to calm them. Once the ponies have been unhitched, the wagon can be moved with a DC 26 Strength check (up to four PCs can aid the main character on this check, potentially adding up to +8 on the check). If the PCs can save the wagon and ponies, the gnomes cheer in delight and invite the PCs to have a meal with them.

Narthrople has drawn up quite a collection of maps of the southern Greenbelt during his quest for the lost dwarven outpost. The maps show the location of every Landmark site in the Greenbelt and can contain up to five other encounter sites (Standard or Hidden) that you wish to direct the party toward. Narthrople's maps do not show the location of the owlbear lair (area V) or the site of the troll lair (area R)—it's this latter location in particular that Narthrople is eager to find.

Narthrople's maps could be very useful to the PCs, but the eccentric gnome refuses to part with them unless he is first made helpful through Diplomacy (Narthrople's starting attitude is indifferent, and he considers his maps important secrets, adding +5 to the DC), at which point he will agree to sell his maps for 1,000 gp per encounter site marked on the maps. If the PCs successfully saved his wagon and ponies, he will sell his maps for half that price. Alternately, if the PCs have discovered Hidden sites not on Narthrople's maps during their explorations, they can trade knowledge of those locations on a one-for-one basis for the locations of sites known to the gnomes.

If told about the PCs' town or invited to relocate his base camp there, Narthrople rolls his eyes and points out that he didn't head up into the wilderness just to sleep in a bed. While he's a good candidate for a national leader (particularly in the role of Marshal), Narthrople resists such a nomination as long as possible if there are regions on his maps of the Greenbelt that are still blank.

JUBILOST NARTHROPPLER CR 4
XP 1,200
 Male gnome ranger 3/expert 3



Jubilost

CN Small humanoid
Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +15
DEFENSE
AC 19, touch 14, flat-footed 16 (+5 armor, +3 Dex, +1 size); +4 dodge vs. giants
hp 41 (3d10+3d8+12)
Fort +6, **Ref** +7, **Will** +6; +2 vs. illusions
OFFENSE
Speed 25 ft.
Melee mwk cold iron heavy pick +5 (1d4-1/x4)
Ranged +1 light crossbow +9 (1d6/19-20)
Special Attacks favored enemy (reptilian humanoid +2), hatred, weapon familiarity

TACTICS
During Combat Narthrople prefers to use his crossbow from a safe distance. If forced into melee, he uses Combat Expertise to defend himself.
Morale If reduced below 10 hit points, Narthrople drinks his *potion of expeditious retreat* and flees. If unable to withdraw, Narthrople surrenders and begs for his life.

STATISTICS
Str 8, **Dex** 16, **Con** 14, **Int** 13, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 10
Base Atk +5; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 16
Feats Alertness, Combat Expertise, Endurance, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot
Skills Climb +7, Craft (cartography) +10, Knowledge (geography) +10, Knowledge (history) +2, Knowledge (local) +2, Knowledge (nature) +6, Linguistics +6, Perception +15, Profession (cartographer) +11, Sense Motive +0, Stealth +0, Survival +11

Languages Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Giant, Gnome, Hallit, Sylvan
SQ favored terrain (forest +2), track +1, wild empathy +3
Combat Gear alchemist's fire (2), antitoxin, caltrops, thunderstone, *potion of cure light wounds* (3), *potion of expeditious retreat*; **Other Gear** +1 chain shirt, +1 light crossbow with 20 bolts, masterwork cold iron heavy pick, feather tokens (2 swan boats), explorer's outfit, mapmaker's tools, sunrods (3), 122 gp

GNOME EXPLORERS (9) CR 1/3
XP 135 each
 Gnome warrior 1
 CN Small humanoid
Init +0; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +1
DEFENSE
AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 16 (+4 armor, +1 shield, +1 size); +4 dodge vs. giants
hp 7 each (1d10+2)
Fort +4, **Ref** +0, **Will** -1; +2 vs. illusion
Defensive Abilities defensive training

OFFENSE**Speed** 20 ft.**Melee** battleaxe +2 (1d6/x3)**Ranged** light crossbow +3 (1d6/19–20)**Special Attacks** hatred, weapon familiarity**TACTICS****During Combat** The gnomes fight back if attacked but prefer to fight at range with their crossbows.**Morale** As long as at least half the gnomes are still standing, each gnome fights to the death. Otherwise, the remaining gnomes fight until reduced to 3 hit points or fewer, at which point they surrender or flee.**STATISTICS****Str** 11, **Dex** 11, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 10**Base Atk** +1; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 10**Feats** Weapon Focus (light crossbow)**Skills** Handle Animal +4, Ride +1**Languages** Common, Gnome**Gear** chain shirt, buckler, battleaxe, light crossbow with 10 bolts**PONIES (6)****CR 1/2****XP 200 each****hp** 13 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 177)**Morale** The two ponies hitched to the stranded wagon have the shaken condition.

Treasure: The expedition's wagons contain about 2,000 gp worth of miscellaneous supplies and trade goods, but under no circumstances will Narthropple give any of them away (although he may agree to sell some mundane supplies to needy PCs at a 10% mark-up).

Story Award: If the PCs help the gnomes and acquire Narthropple's maps, award them 2,400 XP.

D. STAG LORD'S FORT (LANDMARK)

Development: This location is detailed in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #31 and is an excellent site for the PCs to found a city since the presence of the ruined fort can halve the time required to build a castle.

E. ON THE PROWL (CR 5; STANDARD)

Creatures: The Kamelands are full of predators and hungry beasts, and the worst are those who can think and reason. One such menace, a cruel and cunning worg named Howl-of-the-North-Wind, has claimed a large section of the Kamelands as his territory; he and his pack of ferocious wolves are quick to attack any intruders, pursuing them for miles if need be to finish the job.

HOWL-OF-THE-NORTH-WIND**CR 2****XP 600**Male worg (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 280)**hp** 26**WOLVES (3)****CR 1****XP 400 each****hp** 13 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 278)**F. LONELY BARROW (HIDDEN)**

This area is detailed in Part Three.

G. ABANDONED KEEP (STANDARD)

This area is detailed in Part Four.

Development: If the PCs clear this hex and the ruined keep of their denizens, the keep itself is intact enough to serve as a castle for a city founded here.

H. THE BLIGHTED HOLLOW (CR 6; STANDARD)

The sweet stench of decay hangs thick in this woodland clearing. Knotted branches of sickly trees line the perimeter, creating a thick canopy that blocks most of the sunlight and cloaks the hollow in shadow. Withered vegetation struggles to grow in ragged clumps among the multitude of bones strewn across the forest floor.

The thick canopy overhead reduces illumination from the sky by two steps, so that during the day the clearing has dim light. The clearing itself is 50 feet in diameter.

Creature: A hideous, sadistic plant known as a scythe tree lurks on the north side of the clearing, using Stealth to catch wandering prey (like the PCs) by surprise. The scythe tree is an intelligent plant but does little with its intellect other than devise new and cruel methods to torment its food once it has secured meals—dryad flesh is particularly intoxicating to its palate. The monstrous plant looks like a dark brown tree, 20 feet tall, with dark, twisted roots; a few reddish-brown leaves hang on the gnarled, wickedly curved scythe-like branches that give it its name. What looks like a long scar in the center of the tree's trunk splits open to reveal a toothy mouth when the creature attacks, which it does as soon as any of the PCs come within reach.

SCYTHE TREE**CR 6****XP 2,400**CE Huge plant (*Tome of Horrors Revised* 310)**Init** –1; **Senses** blindsight 30 ft., low-light vision; Perception +16**DEFENSE****AC** 19, touch 7, flat-footed 19 (–1 Dex, +12 natural, –2 size)**hp** 67 (9d8+27)**Fort** +9, **Ref** +4, **Will** +4**DR** 10/slashing; **Immune** mind-affecting effects, paralysis, poison, polymorph, sleep, stunning, plant traits**Weaknesses** vulnerability to fire**OFFENSE****Speed** 20 ft.

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Melee 3 branches +10 (2d4+6/19–20)

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

TACTICS

During Combat The scythe tree uses Lunge to increase its reach on the first round on combat. It focuses its attacks on only one or two opponents, slicing them with Power Attacks.

Morale Unused to strong resistance, the scythe tree fights until it is reduced to 13 hit points or fewer, at which point it tries to flee into the forest.

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 8, **Con** 17, **Int** 10, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +16; **CMD** 25 (can't be tripped)

Feats Cleave, Improved Critical (branches)^B, Lightning Reflexes, Lunge, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Perception +16, Stealth +3 (+15 in forests)

Languages Sylvan, Treant

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Branches (Ex) A scythe tree makes its primary attacks with its branches, which deal slashing damage and threaten a critical hit on a 19–20.

Treasure: The scythe tree keeps its most precious treasures buried under its roots (DC 20 Perception check to find): 3 pieces of amber worth 100 gp each and a folded-up bundle of cloth that appears to be a *robe of bones* (but is in fact a *robe of vermin*). In addition, 42 cp, 55 sp, 6 gp, and simple silver ring worth 65 gp can be found scattered among the bones in the clearing.

I. THE MAD HERMIT (CR 4; STANDARD)

Creatures: The younger brother of the hermit Bokken (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #31) makes his home in a huge hollow oak tree in this section of the Narlmarches. Even more reclusive than his brother, this crazed hermit long ago forgot his own name and has grown progressively crazier and more dangerous over the years. He spends most of his time muttering to himself or talking to the pet puma he caught and trained years ago, which he calls simply “Cat.” When the voices in his head occasionally get too loud, the mad hermit waylays one of the southern Greenbelt’s infrequent travelers, as he finds that the act of murder quiets the voices for a time. But they always come back (the voices *and* those pesky travelers), with each victim adding a new voice to the maddening cacophony.

The voices in the hermit’s head have once again reached a crescendo, and as a result, he is in a bad temper and eagerly looking for a way to stop them for a while. Unless the PCs are being particularly stealthy, the mad hermit notices them and decides to waylay them. He prefers to attack with surprise, so if he can’t set up a good ambush, he poses as a friendly, harmless druid seeking balance and peace in nature while he waits for the right moment to stab one of the PCs in the back.



The Mad Hermit

MAD HERMIT

CR 5

XP 1,600

Male old human rogue 7

CE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +6; **Senses** Perception +11

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+3 armor, +1 deflection, +2 Dex, +1 dodge)

hp 45 (7d8+14)

Fort +3, **Ref** +7, **Will** +3

Defensive Abilities evasion, trap sense +2, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk short sword +8 (1d6/19–20) or +1 whip +8 (1d3+1)

Special Attacks sneak attack +3d6

TACTICS

During Combat The mad hermit attempts to make a surprise

sneak attack on the first round of combat and continues to make sneak attacks as often as possible, either feinting against opponents or flanking them with his pet puma.

Morale If he is reduced to 5 hit points or less, the hermit runs away to plot his revenge. Once he has recovered, he may stalk the PCs, hoping to pick off stragglers one by one.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 19

Feats Combat Expertise, Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency, Improved Initiative, Improved Trip, Skill Focus (Handle Animal), Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +12, Bluff +10, Climb +10, Escape Artist +12, Handle Animal +10, Knowledge (nature) +9, Perception +11, Sense Motive +11, Sleight of Hand +12, Stealth +12, Survival +8

Languages Common, Kobold, Sylvan

SQ trapfinding, rogue talents (combat trick, finesse rogue, surprise attack), trap sense +2

Gear +1 leather armor, +1 whip, masterwork short sword, ring of protection +1

CAT

CR 2

XP 600

Puma (use stats for leopard, *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 40)

hp 19

TACTICS

During Combat Cat pounces on the nearest opponent in the first round of combat and then charges whoever is fighting the mad hermit.

Morale Cat fights ferociously until slain.

Treasure: The hollow oak tree contains next to nothing of value: a few pieces of crude wooden furniture, a simple wooden bowl and spoon, and a pile of dried leaves for a bed. The mad hermit keeps his few treasures in a chest sitting in a hole under his bed of leaves, which can be discovered with a DC 20 Perception check. The chest contains a *potion of cure light wounds*, a *potion of invisibility*, 164 sp, 31 gp, and a tarnished silver locket holding a faded portrait of a young woman (worth 10 gp) wrapped in a piece of cloth. This locket depicts the hermit and Bokken's long-dead mother—Bokken will pay up to 300 gp (or 900 gp in potions) for its return. The cloth itself is a faded map of the Greenbelt that might just point the way toward a great treasure (see the Quest: Tomb Treasure sidebar).

J. THE SWAMP WITCH (CR 4 AND 6; STANDARD)

A small swamp on the southeast bank of the Tuskwater is the domain of a mysterious crone named Elga Verniex, known to travelers as the Old Beldame. Most of the denizens of the southern Greenbelt believe the old woman to be a hag and call her the Swamp Witch,

Quest: Tomb Treasure

The PCs gain an intriguing treasure map that claims to lead the way to a magic weapon.

Source: Treasure map found in the Mad Hermit's den. Alternatively, you can begin this quest by having the PCs find the treasure map as part of any treasure stash in this adventure.

Task: A few minutes spent deciphering the scrawls and faded shapes on this map are enough to recognize that the map seems to point the way to a hidden burial cairn somewhere in the Kamelands between the Gudrin and Shrike rivers, due east of the northern shores of the Tuskwater. A potent weapon is said to be hidden within this tomb, although the map vaguely warns of traps and an undead guardian who stole out of the tomb to reclaim the magic weapon once before. Following this map leads the PCs directly to the Lonely Barrow (area F).

Completion: By following the map, the PCs come to the Lonely Barrow (area F), wherein the weapons promised in the map can be found.

Reward: You should adapt the type of weapon this treasure map promises to match the favored weapon of one of your players who doesn't currently have a good magic weapon—the reward for this quest is that weapon's recovery (see area F4).

believing (falsely) that she sold her soul to a demon or devil for malign powers. Any time a child goes missing, the Swamp Witch is blamed, and her legend is commonly used to scare said children into behaving well or finishing their suppers. In reality, the Old Beldame isn't a witch at all, just a bitter old woman who likes her privacy, though her magical powers are legitimate.

Her dilapidated mud-brick hut squats atop a small hummock in the middle of a fetid marsh, a thin tendril of bluish smoke trickling through a gaping hole in its moss-covered roof. A wooden fence surrounding the perimeter of the mound is festooned with crude fetishes crafted out of sticks, feathers, and animal bones. A lone crow caws noisily from the top of a nearby cypress tree.

Creatures: The Old Beldame doesn't take kindly to visitors, and to help ensure her privacy, she's animated a pumpkin-headed scarecrow to guard her hut and drive away unwanted guests. Those who regularly come to her for her assistance have long since learned to announce their presence before entering the gate.

The Old Beldame's hut is a simple, one-roomed affair; it's only about 20 feet in diameter with a dirt floor and thatched roof. The rafters are hung with dried herbs and swamp-weeds, and a bubbling cauldron (containing nothing more sinister than a weak vegetable broth) hangs

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over a firepit in the center of the room. The region around the hut is an 80 foot diameter area of solid ground, thick with bog grass and dotted with small cattail-clogged pools. This solid region is surrounded by a waist-high wooden fence, in which a single gate hangs askew. A fist-sized rusted iron bell hangs from a hairy length of rope tied to a crooked post next to the gate.

The scarecrow appears to be propped up midway between the gate and the door to the hut—it lurches to life and swiftly moves to attack anyone crossing the line of the fence. There is a 70% chance that the Old Beldame is in her hut during the day; otherwise, she is out gathering crafting ingredients in the swamp and returns by nightfall. The Old Beldame does not come out of her hut, even if the PCs fight the scarecrow outside. She is somewhat hard of hearing anyway, and trusts the scarecrow to take care of any troublesome intruders. She only attacks if the PCs make it past the scarecrow and enter her hut uninvited. Still, she is not an evil monster, and successful Diplomacy checks (her initial attitude is unfriendly) may be able to defuse the situation before it turns deadly.

The Old Beldame is human, although the blood of fey runs deep in her—over the years, her magical bloodline has given her skin a strange greenish cast and lengthened her ears to points, further fuel for the locals' rumor-mongering. Should the PCs wish to talk to the Old Beldame instead of fighting her, they'd do well to announce themselves by striking the bell on the pole next to the gate. If she's home, the Old Beldame peers out of a window of her hut and angrily demands to know who the PCs are. Initial diplomatic contact must be carried out at this somewhat awkward distance, for if the PCs enter her fenced-in area, she shrieks, ducks into her hut, and lets the scarecrow handle the defense of her domain. Her initial attitude is unfriendly, but if made friendly she'll invite the PCs into her hut to chat. If she invites the PCs, the scarecrow doesn't attack, though it does turn its head to watch them menacingly as they pass by.

During an extended conversation with the Old Beldame, the PCs find her to be a knowledgeable—though crotchety and ill-tempered—old woman. She can warn the PCs about the dangers of the Mad Hermit in the Narlmarches (area I), the will-o'-wisps on Candlemere (area O), and the lizardfolk village just west of Candlemere (area N), and

can direct the PCs to the Lonely Barrow in the Kamelands to the east (area F). She can also be convinced to craft magical items or provide spellcasting for the PCs at standard prices, and if she's impressed with the PCs (and they're ready for another quest), she'll even hire them to do her a favor (see the Quest: Black Rattlecaps sidebar).



The Old Beldame

THE OLD BELDAME CR 6

XP 2,400

Female old human sorcerer 7
N Medium humanoid (human)

Init -1; Senses Perception +1

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 9, flat-footed 17 (+4 armor, -1 Dex, +4 shield)
hp 43 (7d6+19)

Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +8

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 spell storing quarterstaff +1 (1d6-2 plus hideous laughter)

Bloodline Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th; concentration +12)

8/day—laughing touch

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 7th; concentration +12)

3rd (5/day)—*beast shape I*, *deep slumber* (DC 18), *slow* (DC 18)

2nd (7/day)—*false life*, *hideous laughter* (DC 17), *scare* (DC 17), *touch of idiocy*

1st (8/day)—*charm person* (DC 16), *entangle* (DC 16), *mage armor*, *obscuring mist*, *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 16), *shield*

o (at will)—*acid splash*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *light*, *mending*, *read magic*, *touch of fatigue*

Bloodline fey

TACTICS

Before Combat The Old Beldame casts *false life*, *mage armor*, and *shield* on herself every day.

During Combat The Old Beldame first casts *scare* to frighten away intruders. If they remain, she follows with *slow*, *deep slumber*, and *hideous laughter* spells, while her scarecrow attacks as outlined below. She targets fighters with *scare*, uses *touch of idiocy* against spellcasters, and targets clustered opponents with her wand. The first person to engage her in melee combat is hit with *hideous laughter* from her staff.

Morale If reduced to 15 hit points or fewer, the Old Beldame casts *beast shape I* to change into a raven and flies out the door into the swamp, hoping to return later after her tormentors have departed.

STATISTICS

Str 5, Dex 9, Con 11, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 20

Base Atk +3; CMB +0; CMD 9

Feats Craft Construct, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Wondrous Item, Eschew Materials, Iron Will, Lightning

Reflexes, Skill Focus (Craft [alchemy])
Skills Appraise +12, Craft (alchemy) +15, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Knowledge (nature) +12, Spellcraft +12
Languages Aklo, Aquan, Boggard, Common, Draconic, Sylvan
SQ *bloodline* arcana, *woodland stride*
Combat Gear *wand of burning hands* (CL 5th, 10 charges); **Other Gear** +1 *spell storing quarterstaff* (holds *hideous laughter*), *hand of the mage*, *shawl of resistance* +1 (as cloak), spell component pouch, spellbook

SCARECROW **CR 4**

XP 1,200
 N Medium construct (*Tome of Horrors Revised* 309)
Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 10, flat-footed 16 (+6 natural)
hp 47 (5d10+20)
Fort +1, **Ref** +1, **Will** +1
Immune cold, construct traits
Weaknesses vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.
Melee 2 slams +8 (1d6+3 plus fear)
Special Attacks fascinating gaze

TACTICS

During Combat The scarecrow attacks anyone approaching the hut, focusing its attacks on victims of its fascinating gaze.
Morale The scarecrow fights until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 10, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 14
Base Atk +5; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 18

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Fascinating Gaze (Su) Target is fascinated, 30 feet, Will DC 14 negates. Fascination lasts as long as the scarecrow is “alive” or remains within 300 feet of the fascinated creature. Note that the approach or animation of the scarecrow does not count as an obvious threat to the victim of this particular fascination effect (although the scarecrow’s attack does count as an obvious threat and ends the fascination). This is a mind-affecting effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Fear (Su) The touch of a scarecrow infuses its target with overwhelming waves of fear. If the victim fails a DC 14 Will save, he is cowering and can take no actions other than attempting a new DC 14 Will save at the end of the following round (and each round thereafter) to throw off the effects of this fear. A successful save leaves the victim shaken for 1 round. This is a mind-affecting fear effect. The Save DC is Charisma-based.

Treasure: A small metal box hidden under the Old Beldame’s bed (DC 15 Perception to find) contains 210 cp, 313 sp, 384 gp, and 96 pp. Under the layer of coins is a *scroll of legend lore*.

K. OLD CRACKJAW’S DEN (CR 4; HIDDEN)

A 3-mile stretch of the Tuskwater shoreline rises up above the water below here, presenting a swath of 40-foot- high cliffs and limiting access to the water below. The cliff tops are thick with stinging nettles, but a DC 20 Survival check made while exploring the hex reveals a hidden trail that leads through the nettles and down a cliffside trail to a secluded pool, 50 feet in diameter, at the Tuskwater’s edge. If the PCs learn about this trail from Arven the fisherman (see inside back cover), they can find the hidden trail automatically when they explore this hex.



Scarecrow

Kingmaker Part 2 of 6

Quest: Black Rattlecaps

The PCs are tasked with gathering a batch of black rattlecap mushrooms from a dangerous mud pit.

Source: The Old Beldame, area J.

Task: The Old Beldame uses the sporepods inside of black rattlecap mushrooms to brew a potent tea, but the mushrooms are very rare. She sends the PCs to the Mud Bowl (area P) to gather as many of the mushrooms as they can for her.

Completion: After defeating the hideous guardian of the Mud Bowl, the PCs can harvest several black rattlecaps. The Old Beldame wants as many as the PCs can bring her.

Reward: The Old Beldame promises a payment of 100 gp for every black rattlecap the PCs can bring her.

Creature: Fishing in this pool has traditionally been quite good, but recently an enormous and particularly ill-tempered hookjaw turtle (a more carnivorous version of the alligator snapping turtle) has moved in to the pool. This turtle is something of a legend to fishermen and boaters of the Tuskwater—a seemingly indestructible reptile named Old Crackjaw that has supposedly attacked and killed dozens of fisherman and even caused no less than five boats to sink or flounder. Old Crackjaw has claimed this pool as his latest den, and anyone who enters the water is immediately attacked by the oversized, angry beast.

OLD CRACKJAW

CR 4

XP 1,200

N Medium animal

Init +1; Senses low-light vision; Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 11, flat-footed 20 (+1 Dex, +9 natural)

hp 42 (5d8+20)

Fort +10, Ref +5, Will +3

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., swim 20 ft.

Melee bite +9 (1d8+9/x3)

TACTICS

During Combat Old Crackjaw is cantankerous and ill-tempered; wild empathy checks suffer a –4 penalty against him. He generally attacks the closest target, but he has developed a particular fondness for gnome flesh and attacks such targets first if possible.

Morale Old Crackjaw fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 22, Dex 12, Con 18, Int 1, Wis 15, Cha 4

Base Atk +3; CMB +9; CMD 20 (24 vs. trip)

Feats Great Fortitude, Improved Sunder, Power Attack

Skills Perception +6, Stealth +6, Swim +19

Treasure: Lying half-buried in the mud on the pool's southern shore (DC 30 Perception check or *detect magic* to locate) is an *elemental gem* (water)—all that remains of an overconfident druid Crackjaw killed and ate.

L. GURDIN RIVER FORD (LANDMARK)

Normally quite deep along the majority of its length, the Gurdin River becomes rather shallow here, creating a navigable ford across its width.

M. HODAG DEN (CR 5; HIDDEN)

Creature: A huge deadfall of trees and brambles lies in a mossy heap here, a mountain in miniature left from a violent windstorm several seasons ago. Numerous cave-like hollows can be found throughout the deadfall—one particularly deep cavern can be discovered with a DC 25 Perception check during the hex's exploration. This cavern is the home of a fantastically rare and legendary monster—a hodag. The creature's den is a 30-foot-diameter chamber, the ceiling of which is a tangle of dead trees that forms a natural dome-like ceiling. Dozens of bones and half-eaten carcasses (including those of several lumberjacks and bandits) litter the lair, for the hodag is a messy eater. The monster itself spends the majority of its time in its den and immediately attacks.



Old Crackjaw

HODAG**CR 5****XP 1,600**

hp 60 (see page 84)

Treasure: Within the hodag's filthy lair are three handaxes, one masterwork greataxe, a suit of +1 *studded leather armor*, and a +1 *keen spear* that lodged in the hodag's back after an encounter with a frightened lumberjack—it eventually managed to dislodge the spear here by rubbing its back against the walls of its lair.

**N. LAIR OF THE LIZARD KING
(LANDMARK)**

This area is detailed in Part Five.

**O. CANDLEMERE TOWER
(CR 6; LANDMARK)**

The lake known as Candlemere is notorious in the Stolen Lands for being haunted. Stories from fishermen, explorers, bandits, and tradesmen alike support these legends with eerie tales of strange lights dancing upon the waters, blood-curdling cries from what could be lost souls, and mysterious sightings of shapes rippling in the lake's dark waters. There's a 20% chance per night spent along Candlemere's shores of seeing what are known as the "Candlemere Lights," flickering spheres of color that dance over the waves or along its shores. The island in the middle of the lake is particularly prone to these strange lights, especially at its low summit, where a lonely tower stands. The island itself is covered with thick brambles and stinging nettles; moving through it counts as difficult terrain, and anyone who spends any time doing so must make a DC 15 Fortitude save or become sickened from the nettles for 2d4 hours (this is a poison effect).

The tower itself is a crumbling ruin—nothing remains but a half-collapsed, 40-foot-tall stone cylinder and a swath of rubble within and without. The stones of the tower are ancient; a DC 25 Knowledge (engineering or history) check is enough to note that these ruins are far older than any others in the area and could even date from the Age of Destiny. Faint carvings of strange symbols are barely visible in some of the tower's stones—a DC 25 Linguistics check identifies them as being written in the ancient Aklo language, after which a DC 25 Knowledge (religion) check identifies them as fragments of a series of blasphemous prayers to the ancient gods of the Old Cults (the eerie name "Yog-Sothoth" can be found with a DC 25 Perception check).

Although the cult that once used this site as its center of worship has long since been destroyed, the ruins themselves exude a 100-foot aura of unease. Any creature that enters this area feels as if something unseen were watching or waiting and that intruders to this area are distinctly unwelcome. A DC 20 Will save keeps these feelings to

vague senses of unease, but a failed saving throw results in the intruder becoming shaken as long as he remains within 100 feet of the tower. This is a mind-affecting fear effect. It can be suppressed by *hallow*, or removed entirely with a successful *dispel chaos* if the caster can make a DC 30 caster level check.

Creatures: The lights, of course, are will-o'-wisps. Dozens of the evil monsters haunt Candlemere's environs, and any wandering monster result that occurs in this hex is with a will-o'-wisp 75% of the time. If the PCs make it to the central ruined tower, they automatically attract the attention of a will-o'-wisp, which attacks at once in an attempt to drive the PCs away, as the unsettling aura surrounding the tower is, to the will-o'-wisps, an almost intoxicating font of nourishment (they are immune to the harmful effects of the tower's aura). Every additional hour the PCs spend on the island attracts the attention of another will-o'-wisp. Some two dozen will-o'-wisps in all live in the area, although they tend to give each other a wide berth.

WILL-O'-WISP**CR 6****XP 2,400**hp 40 (*Pathfinder Bestiary* 277)

Treasure: A DC 30 Perception check (or *detect magic*) reveals a single strange treasure buried under the rubble by the northern inner wall of the ruined tower—a wickedly-curved +1 *dagger* that gains the *human bane* weapon quality for 24 hours whenever it is used to kill a human with a coup de grace action. The dagger is also cursed and imparts a negative level on any nonchaotic wielder as long as it is carried.

Development: If the PCs clear this area of nettles and will-o'-wisps (a daunting task) and manage to remove the tower's eerie aura, the site is a promising place to found a city. The ruined tower can either give the city a free monolith structure or a ruined caster's tower or watchtower structure. Founding a city around the ruined tower can have other effects, of course, such as a growing influence from the Old Cults or the alien gods they venerate (although expanding this element is beyond the scope of this adventure).

P. THE MUD BOWL (CR 6; STANDARD)

A strange, 20-foot-wide pool of bubbling mud sits in a narrow defile between several hills here. The mud is heated by geothermal activity, and although it's not hot enough to cause damage, the foul-smelling vapor it gives off forces anyone within 60 feet of the mud to make a DC 15 Fortitude save or become nauseated for 2d6 rounds. Large mounds of fungus and strange mushrooms thrive on the mud bowl's banks, and in the noxious air, several of the fungi grow to heights of 10 feet or more.

KINGMAKER PART 2 OF 6

Creatures: One particularly huge mound of fungus and rank vegetation near the north shore of the mud bowl might be mistaken for a small hillock or moss-covered boulder, but this is in fact a huge carnivorous plant known as a tendriculos. The immense monster stands nearly 25 feet high when it lurches into life—something it does as soon as it senses the approach of any living prey. The tendriculos attacks with its fibrous vine-like tentacles or its immense maw, a tendril-rimmed hole capable of distending wide enough to swallow a human whole.

TENDRICULOS CR 6

XP 2,400

N Huge plant

Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 7, flat-footed 18 (–1 Dex, +11 natural, –2 size)

hp 76 (9d8+36); regeneration 10 (bludgeoning or fire)

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

Immune acid, plant traits

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee bite +11 (2d6+7 plus grab), 2 tentacles +6 (1d6+3 plus grab)

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

Special Attacks paralysis (3d6 rounds, DC 18), swallow whole (2d6 acid damage plus paralysis, AC 15, 7 hp)

TACTICS

During Combat The tendriculos attacks anything that approaches within 40 feet, charging in the first round if necessary to reach its victim.

Morale The tendriculos fights to the death but does not pursue foes out of the immediate vicinity of the mud bowl.

STATISTICS

Str 24, **Dex** 9, **Con** 18, **Int** 3, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 3

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +15; **CMD** 24 (can't be tripped)

Feats Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Stealth)

Skills Fly +0, Perception +3, Stealth +5

Languages Sylvan (cannot speak)

Treasure: The area immediately around the tendriculos's den supports 18 full-grown black rattlecap mushrooms. These 8-inch-tall mushrooms have hollow caps filled with tiny hard balls of spores and, when shaken, make an unusual rattling sound. Each round the tendriculos fight continues within 20 feet of its starting point, 1d4–1 of these mushrooms are crushed into useless paste; those that survive can be harvested for the Old Beldame (see area J).

Q. A CRY FOR HELP (CR 5; STANDARD)

Creatures: A cruel beast known as a leucrotta roams this craggy section of the Kamelands, having claimed a territory along the Little Sellen River that nearly fills this entire hex.

A frighteningly intelligent creature with a stag's hooves, a lion's body, and a badger's head, a leucrotta possesses a powerful bite and a dangerous talent for mimicry. It uses that talent to imitate the cries of a woman in distress and lure intelligent creatures close to its lair, where it can torture and feed on them at its leisure.

LEUCROTTA CR 5

XP 1,600

CE Large magical beast (*Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #17)

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +10

DEFENSE



Tendriculos

AC 18, touch 10, flat-footed 17 (+1 Dex, +8 natural, -1 size)

hp 57 (6d10+24)

Fort +9, Ref +6, Will +4

Immune disease, poison

OFFENSE

Speed 80 ft., climb 50 ft.

Melee bite +10 (2d6+7), 2 hooves +5 (1d6+2)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

Special Attacks lure, powerful bite

TACTICS

Before Combat If the monster is able to remain undetected, it stalks the PCs for several minutes after they enter the hex until it can learn their names. Ideally, it waits until the PCs split up, but otherwise it attempts to lure the PCs into an ambush by calling from a nearby crag in a frightened woman's voice, calling on as many of the PCs by name as it can to come aid it.

During Combat Once it has sprung its trap, the leucrotta charges the nearest opponent with its bite attack, kicking any other combatant who tries to intervene.

Morale While cruel and evil, the leucrotta is not stupid. If it is reduced to 25 hit points or fewer, it jumps up higher into the rocks (requiring a DC 20 Climb check to follow) and flees to its lair to recover. It later follows the PCs to try again to lure them to their deaths, one at a time.

STATISTICS

Str 21, Dex 12, Con 18, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 17

Base Atk +6; CMB +12; CMD 23 (27 vs. trip)

Feats Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (Bluff), Skill Focus (Stealth)

Skills Bluff +16, Climb +13, Stealth +11

Languages Common

SQ voice mimicry

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Lure (Su) At any point that the leucrotta's targets are unaware of it (for example, if the leucrotta is hiding or concealed in darkness), the leucrotta can call out to the targets, who must be in line of sight and within 60 feet. When the leucrotta calls out, the targets must make a DC 16 Will save or fall under the effects of a suggestion to approach the sound of the leucrotta's voice. This effect functions identically to a *mass suggestion* spell with a caster level equal to the leucrotta's Hit Dice. A creature that saves cannot be affected again by the same leucrotta's lure for 24 hours. The lure is a language-dependant effect, and if the leucrotta uses the victim's name during the lure, the victim suffers a -4 penalty on his saving throw. This is a sonic mind-affecting charm effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Powerful Bite (Ex) A leucrotta's bite attack always applies 1.5 times its Strength modifier to damage and threatens a critical hit on a roll of 19-20. Against objects, a leucrotta's bite treats the object as having a hardness of 5 less than the object's actual hardness rating.

Voice Mimicry (Ex) A leucrotta can perfectly imitate the voice of any creature it has heard talking. It makes a Bluff check when using voice mimicry—listeners may oppose this Bluff with Sense Motive checks to see through the mimicry, although

if the listener isn't familiar with the voice of the person being mimicked, he suffers a -8 penalty on his Sense Motive check to oppose the leucrotta's Bluff. Leucrottas find it difficult to mimic the voices of creatures more than one size category smaller or larger than themselves and take a -8 penalty on their Bluff checks to mimic the voices of such smaller or larger creatures.

Treasure: A DC 25 Perception check made during the hex's exploration (or tracking the wounded leucrotta to its lair) locates the narrow valley in which the monster dwells. The leucrotta's ill-gotten gains are stashed here, consisting of a blue dragonhide breastplate, a matching blue dragonhide heavy shield, a *tree feather token*, an ivory comb (worth 50 gp), and 86 gp. The gold pieces are coated in a foul-smelling slime (the result of having passed through the leucrotta's digestive system).

R. HARGULKA'S STRONGHOLD (HIDDEN)

This area is detailed in Part Six.

S. KING OF THE FOREST (CR 5; STANDARD)

Creatures: A lone forest drake, a degenerate cousin to green dragons, patrols the woods in this region looking for prey. While not as intelligent as a true dragon, it possesses savage cunning. It might set up an ambush for a small group of travelers or stalk a party until it can pick off a lone straggler or two.

The forest drake can be tracked back to its lair a few miles away with a DC 15 Survival check. This tangled thicket is littered with rotting meat, cracked bones, and scattered items of gnawed-on equipment.

FOREST DRAKE

CR 5

XP 1,600

LE Large dragon (*Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #15)

Init +6; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +13

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 11, flat-footed 17 (+2 Dex, +8 natural, -1 size)

hp 59 (7d12+14)

Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +5

Immune acid, sleep, paralysis

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft. (average), swim 30 ft.

Melee bite +10 (1d8+4), tail slap +8 (1d8+2)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

Special Attacks acid cloud

TACTICS

During Combat The forest drake begins combat with its acidic cloud breath, attempting to catch as many opponents as it can in the cloud. Thereafter it focuses its attacks on any elves or gnomes present.

Morale The forest drake is cowardly and flees back to its lair if

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reduced to fewer than 20 hit points.

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14, **Int** 9, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 24

Feats Hover, Improved Initiative, Multiattack, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Fly +10, Intimidate +11, Perception +13, Stealth +8 (+16 in forests), Swim +22

Languages Draconic

SQ aquatic adaptation, speed surge

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Acidic Cloud (Su) A forest drake can, as a standard action, spit a ball of acid that dissipates into a cloud on impact. This attack has a range of 60 feet and deals 4d4 points of acid damage to all creatures in a 10-foot-radius spread. A DC 15 Reflex save halves this damage. The cloud remains for 1d4 rounds once created, but a strong wind disperses it in a single round. Once a forest drake has used its acidic cloud breath, it cannot do so again for 1d6 rounds. The Reflex save is Constitution-based.

Aquatic Adaptation (Ex) A forest drake can breathe underwater

indefinitely and can freely use its breath weapon and other abilities while underwater. The acidic cloud created by that attack dissipates after 1 round if used underwater.

Speed Surge (Ex) Three times per day as a swift action, a forest drake may draw on its draconic heritage for a boost of strength and speed to take an additional move action in that round.

Treasure: Strewn about the underbrush are the discarded possessions of the forest drake's most recent victim, an unfortunate elf scout. Most of the gear is ruined, but the following items can still be salvaged: a ripped and broken masterwork chain shirt, a masterwork darkwood longbow, and a tattered, bloodstained *cloak of elvenkind*.

T. THE WANDERING GIANT (CR 7; STANDARD)

Creatures: Depressed after being rebuffed by the trolls at area **R** when he tried to join their gang, a dull-witted hill giant named Munguk tries to forget his troubles by looking for blue wolfberries to make moonshine from, hunting for game, and seeking a mate, in that order. Unfortunately for Munguk, however, blue wolfberries are not in season, his loud singing has scared away the larger game in the area, and there are no female hill giants within miles. Munguk has been on the hunt for 4 days now with nothing to show for it but a rapidly diminishing jug of wolfberry moonshine, and he is in a particularly foul mood, lashing out at boulders, trees, and the PCs, if he even notices them—he's got a –8 penalty on Perception checks due to his depression. PCs who come upon the giant without him noticing their approach find him squatting on a rock trying to lick the last drops of moonshine out of a broken jug.

If the PCs offer Munguk something alcoholic to drink (at least 3 gallons), they receive a +5 circumstance bonus on Diplomacy checks dealing with the giant (his initial attitude is unfriendly). If made at least friendly, Munguk can tell them (in Giant) about the Ruined Keep (area **G**), the lizardfolk village (area **H**), and the troll lair (area **R**). If made helpful, he'll also give them his map (see **Treasure**).

MUNGUK

CR 7

XP 3,200

Male hill giant (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 150)

hp 85

TACTICS

During Combat Munguk throws a rock at the closest enemy on the first round of combat and then charges into the fray with his greatclub.

Morale Munguk fights until he is reduced to 20 hit points or fewer. At that point, he drops to the ground, crying and blubbering, as he apologizes profusely in guttural Giant.



Munguk

Treasure: In addition to his hide armor and greatclub, Munguk carries a crude hide sack containing his worldly possessions. Inside are nine throwing rocks, three boots of various sizes (Small, Medium, and Large), a wooden bowl and spoon, an empty clay moonshine jug, a few strips of dried dwarf jerky, a glass jar containing a partially eaten pickled sheep's head, a bent grappling hook and 5 feet of frayed rope, a battered but still functional spyglass, a gnarled piece of driftwood (actually a *wand of hideous laughter* with 10 charges), a *necklace of fireballs* (type II) with one 4d6 sphere remaining, and 60 gp.

Also in the bag is a crude map, sketched on the back of a piece of smelly, uncured hide. Although the map is labeled in Giant, Munguk is far from literate, and a DC 25 Linguistics check is needed to decipher it. The map highlights the location of the troll lair (area **R**) with the legend "mean ugly troll-men" scrawled in blue wolfberry juice.

Story Award: If the PCs manage to negotiate their encounter with Munguk peacefully, award them XP as if they had defeated him in combat.

U. ABANDONED FERRY STATION (LANDMARK)

Half-collapsed, rotting wooden buildings stand on each bank where the Shrike River branches off of the Little Sellen River. The buildings have been used as lairs by kobolds, mites, and even a few groups of bandits in the past, but currently the yare unoccupied.

Development: If the PCs establish a city here, the abandoned ferry station grants a free Pier to the city.

V. OWLBEAR LAIR (HIDDEN)

This area is detailed in Part Seven.

PART THREE: THE LONELY BARROW

The isolated barrow mound of a fallen barbarian warrior-king has stood in this section of the Kamelands for untold thousands of years. Over time, the earth near the mound subsided, opening a crack in the side of the tomb and awakening the warlord's undead guardians, who were sworn to defend their lord and his sepulcher even beyond death. The warlord himself, now known as the Lonely Warrior, has risen as an undead blasphemy himself. Still bound inside his crypt, he rages against the walls of his prison, dreaming dark dreams of conquest and blood. Yet for all their wrath and hatred, the undead of the Lonely Barrow have relatively little impact on the surrounding terrain. This, along with the fact that the tomb is not easily distinguished from the other grassy knolls dotting the landscape, means that the barrow has

gone undiscovered for many centuries. Once this hex is explored, a DC 15 Perception check reveals the crack in the side of a hill that leads into the barrow mound's interior. The Lonely Barrow's interior is unlit and its ceilings average 7 feet high.

F1. ENTRYWAY (CR 4)

The walls of this octagonal chamber are decorated with crude mosaics of simple village life: hunting, fishing, and farming. A thick carpet of guano covers the floor—it's crawling with insects, and the sharp tang of ammonia hangs in the air. A cobweb-filled tunnel to the east leads deeper underground.

Creatures: Hundreds of bats make their home in this room, flying through the open doorway each night to feed. If disturbed, the bats fly about frantically.

BAT SWARMS (2)

CR 2

XP 600 each

hp 13 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 30)

F2. CENTRAL CHAMBER (CR 4)

Four tunnels exit this circular chamber in the cardinal directions. Four large monstrous faces, carved from stone, leer and grimace from each of the walls between the tunnel entrances. A skeleton sprawls facedown in the middle of the room.

A DC 15 Knowledge (religion) check recognizes the stone faces as representations of the four winds, incarnated as malevolent elemental spirits. They are also a key component of the trap placed within this room to discourage tomb robbers.

Traps: Any living creatures entering the 10-foot-square area in the center of the room trigger a trap—the four faces seem to inhale deeply, then breathe out black tendrils of mist that sap the strength of any creature they touch. Nonliving creatures (such as constructs or undead) do not set off the trap.

BREATH OF DESPAIR TRAP

CR 4

XP 1,200

Type magic; Perception DC 28; Disable Device DC 28

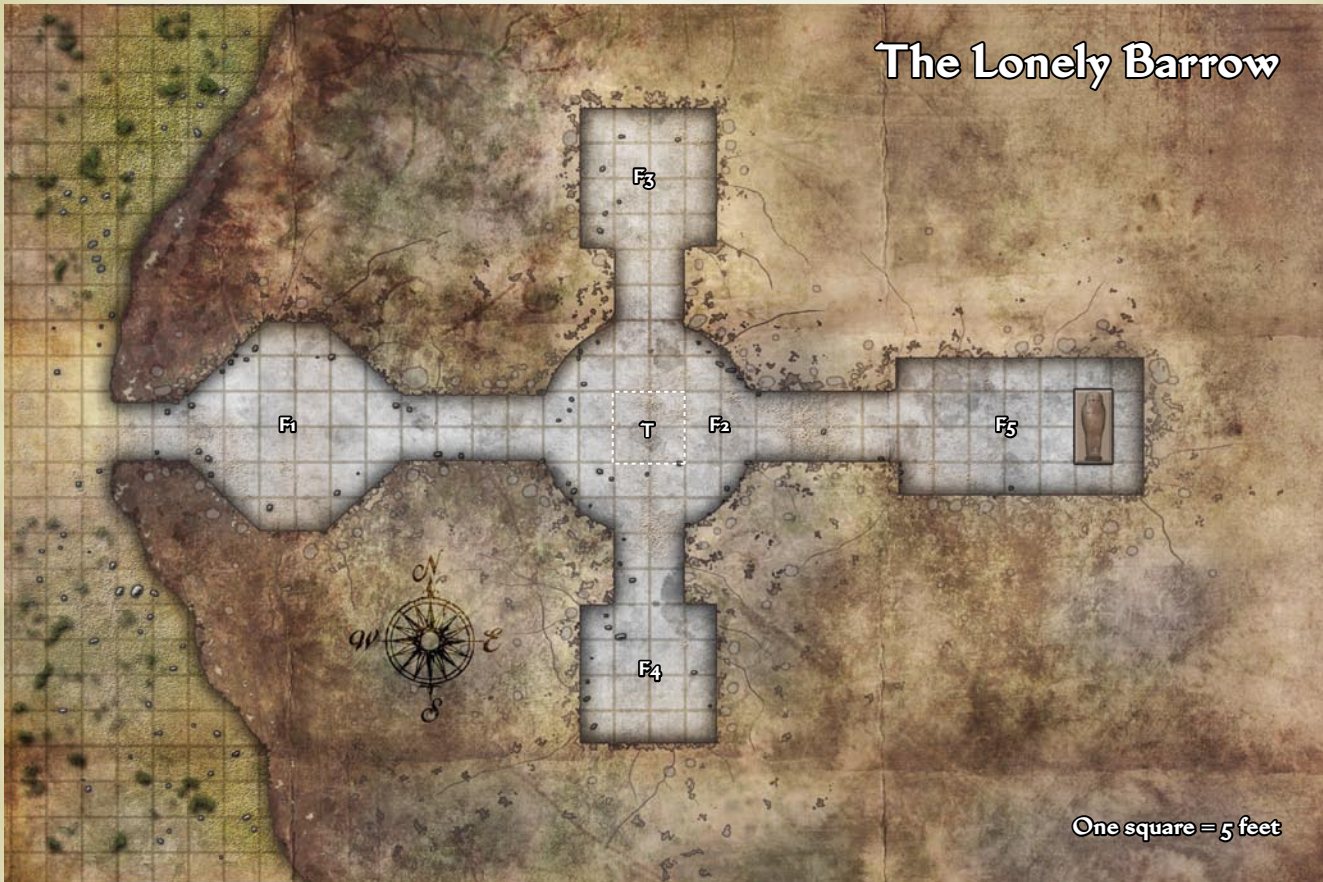
EFFECTS

Trigger proximity (*deathwatch*); **Reset** automatic (1 hour)

Effect spell effect (*ray of exhaustion*; Atk +5 ranged touch; DC 19 Fortitude partial); multiple targets (four targets in **C2**)

Treasure: The skeleton is all that remains of a previous unlucky tomb robber. While most of the skeleton's equipment has rotted away, a tarnished copper *ring of sustenance* still encircles one bony finger.

KINGMAKER PART 2 OF 6



F3. CRYPTS (CR 3 EACH)

The walls of each dusty chamber are decorated with mosaic scenes of hunting and battle. Six biers line the walls, the resting places of respected warriors.

These two crypts house the remains of those warriors honored with the privilege and duty of joining their lord in death and defending his barrow.

Creatures: Six animated skeletons, undead guardians of the warlord's tomb, stand eternal vigil in each of these chambers. They attack any creatures that enter these rooms or set off the trap in area C2. They pursue foes throughout the barrow, but not outside.

SKELETONS (2 GROUPS OF 6) CR 1/3
 XP 135 each
 hp 4 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 250)

F4. THE WARRIOR'S TOMB (CR 6)

The walls of this chamber are adorned with a plethora of weapons, shields, armor, and tattered banners and standards. Interspersed among the displayed arms are carved scenes of

battle, pillage, and conquest. The carvings are caked in flaking pigments that were once brightly colored, but many have been defaced, apparently by repeated blows from a weapon. At the far end of the room, a withered corpse lies in state atop a stone catafalque, its bony hands clutching a sword across its chest.

The Lonely Barrow is the final resting place of an ancient barbarian warlord, his name long lost to history, who was interred in this crypt. Although the warlord was laid to rest in an impressive tomb along with his loyal guardsmen, the greedy brother who succeeded him claimed his fallen kin's magic weapon as his own, neglecting to bury the warlord with his trusty weapon. Angered at this blasphemy and the desecration of his remains, the warlord's spirit rose as an undead menace not long after. He sought out the treacherous brother, and although the stolen weapon became broken in the fight that followed, the undead warlord succeeded in killing the brother and returned to this cairn with his reclaimed weapon; he has stood eternal guard over his tomb ever since.

THE LONELY WARRIOR CR 6
 XP 2,400
 Male cairn wight fighter 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 276)

LE Medium undead

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +16

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 14, flat-footed 21 (+3 armor, +4 Dex, +6 natural, +2 shield)

hp 73 (6 HD; 4d8+2d10+44)

Fort +10, **Ref** +5, **Will** +8

Immune undead traits

Weaknesses resurrection vulnerability

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee broken +2 *fey bane bastard sword* +1 (1d10+5 plus energy drain)

Special Attacks create spawn, energy drain (1 level, DC 18)

TACTICS

During Combat The Lonely Warrior rages and attacks any living creature that enters his tomb.

Morale The Lonely Warrior fights until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 21, **Dex** 19, **Con** —, **Int** 12, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 22

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 24

Feats Blind-Fight, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword), Skill Focus (Perception), Toughness, Weapon Focus (bastard sword)

Skills Climb +2, Intimidate +15, Knowledge (religion) +6, Perception +16, Stealth +1

Languages Common, Hallit

SQ bravery +1

Other Gear broken chainmail, heavy wooden shield, broken +2 *fey bane bastard sword*

Treasure: Although the Lonely Warrior is listed as possessing a broken +2 *fey bane bastard sword*, you should alter the exact type of weapon to match a type used by one of your PCs (see the Quest: Tomb Treasure sidebar on page 23).

PART FOUR: THE FORGOTTEN KEEP

Long ago, before the fall of the Starstone, when the Verduran Forest stretched from the World's Edge Mountains to the Lake of Mists and Veils, the elves built an outpost far to the north in what is now the northern River Kingdoms. When they fled Golarion at the onset of the Age of Darkness, the elves abandoned this outpost as they did so many others. Centuries later, after their return, they found that while humanity had overrun much of Avistan, the Stolen Lands had become a wilderness untouched by both elf and human. Moved by this, they left their ancient keep abandoned, and in the ensuing centuries even the elves forgot about it.

Yet elven architecture is built to last, and the outpost, though now in ruins, has survived the passage

of millennia mostly intact. Over the years, it has been home to host of creatures, both fair and foul. Most recently, it has become the residence of a baobhan sith, an evil fey creature that lures men to their doom and drinks the blood of the living. Her presence in the region has attracted other wicked fey to the area—all can feel the growing presence of the First World in the region and hope to be here when whatever they feel is about to happen finally does. She feels little responsibility to these other fey, who in turn think of her almost as a force of nature and, when they must speak of her, simply call her the Dancing Lady. Until then, the dark fey prey upon the infrequent travelers in the southern Narlmarches; enough hunters and trappers have gone missing near the ruined keep that most give it a wide berth these days.



The Lonely Warrior

Kingmaker Part 2 of 6

G1. MAIN GATE (CR 4)

A ruined, circular keep looms out of the forest, surrounded by towering, ancient trees draped with hanging moss. Four circular towers sprout from the cracked walls like the trunks of great trees, at least one crumbled into rubble. Twisting vines and thick moss cover the walls in a coat of verdant green, blending the ruins almost seamlessly into the surrounding woods. The overgrown remains of a path lead to an open, arched gateway gaping in the keep's eastern wall, its doors long since rotted away.

The keep's exterior walls and those of the flanking towers are built of 5-foot-thick stone and are 20 feet high. Studying the walls reveals ancient, worn carvings. A DC 15 Knowledge (engineering) or Knowledge (history) check identifies the ruins as being of ancient elven construction. The keep's southern wall has been breached, creating a rubble-choked opening leading inside. The walls can be scaled with a DC 15 Climb check.

Traps: The quickling living inside (see area G4) has trapped the citadel's gate. Anyone passing through the arch triggers the trap, causing the keep's ancient portcullis to fall down, sealing the entrance and alerting the denizens of the keep to the intruders' presence.

FALLING PORTCULLIS TRAP CR 4 XP 1,200

Type mechanical; **Perception** DC 25; **Disable Device** DC 25

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** manual; **Bypass** hidden switch (Perception DC 25)

Effect falling portcullis (6d6 damage); DC 20 Reflex avoids

SPECIAL

Note: Once the trap has been sprung, a DC 25 Strength check can lift the portcullis.

G2. COURTYARD

A graceful tower rises out of the keep's central courtyard, now overgrown with bushes, undergrowth, and several sizable trees. Like the outer walls, the tower is draped with vines and creepers, and several small plants have taken up residence on ledges and in cracks along its sides.

The courtyard is uninhabited, though the fey in areas G4 and G6 keep a close eye on anything disturbing the forest's peace. The thick underbrush makes the entire courtyard difficult terrain.

G3. NORTHEAST TOWER (CR 4)

The northeast tower is open to the sky, its roof and interior levels having fallen away long ago.

Creatures: Hundreds of disease-ridden rats inhabit this ruined tower. The fey occasionally toss bodies and other rubbish inside for the rats to dispose of but otherwise avoid entering the tower. The rats attack any warm-blooded creature entering the tower, forming into two swarms.

RAT SWARMS (2) CR 2

XP 600 each

hp 16 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 232)

G4. SOUTHEAST TOWER (CR 6)

A wooden door made from roughly-cut timber planks, obviously of newer construction than the rest of the keep, blocks the entrance to this tower.

The 40-foot-tall southeast tower is also missing its roof, but interwoven, leafy vines and the forest canopy above provide a ceiling of sorts, shading the interior and allowing only dim illumination. Inside, the rubble and undergrowth have been cleared away to create a cozy living space, decorated with crude wooden furniture, sized for a small creature, and bloody scalps nailed to the walls.

Creatures: This tower serves as home to a twisted, malevolent fey murderer, a quickling named Rigg Gargadilly. Quicklings are small, incredibly swift and agile creatures that move so fast that they can effectively become invisible. Like most quicklings, Rigg is high-strung and prone to violent outbursts of cruelty. He listens carefully for the sound of his trap at area G1 being sprung and for movement in the courtyard outside. If he sees the PCs, he sneaks into the courtyard and hides in the underbrush, hoping to attack the intruders by surprise and from behind when they investigate his tower.

RIGG GARGADILLY CR 6

XP 2,400

Male quickling rogue 3 (*Tome of Horrors Revised* 301)

NE Small fey

Init +13; **Senses** low-light vision; **Perception** +15

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 21, flat-footed 11 (+9 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 size)

hp 51 (4d6+3d8+24)

Fort +5, **Ref** +16, **Will** +8

Defensive Abilities evasion, natural invisibility, supernatural speed, trap sense +1; **DR** 5/cold iron

Weaknesses slow susceptibility

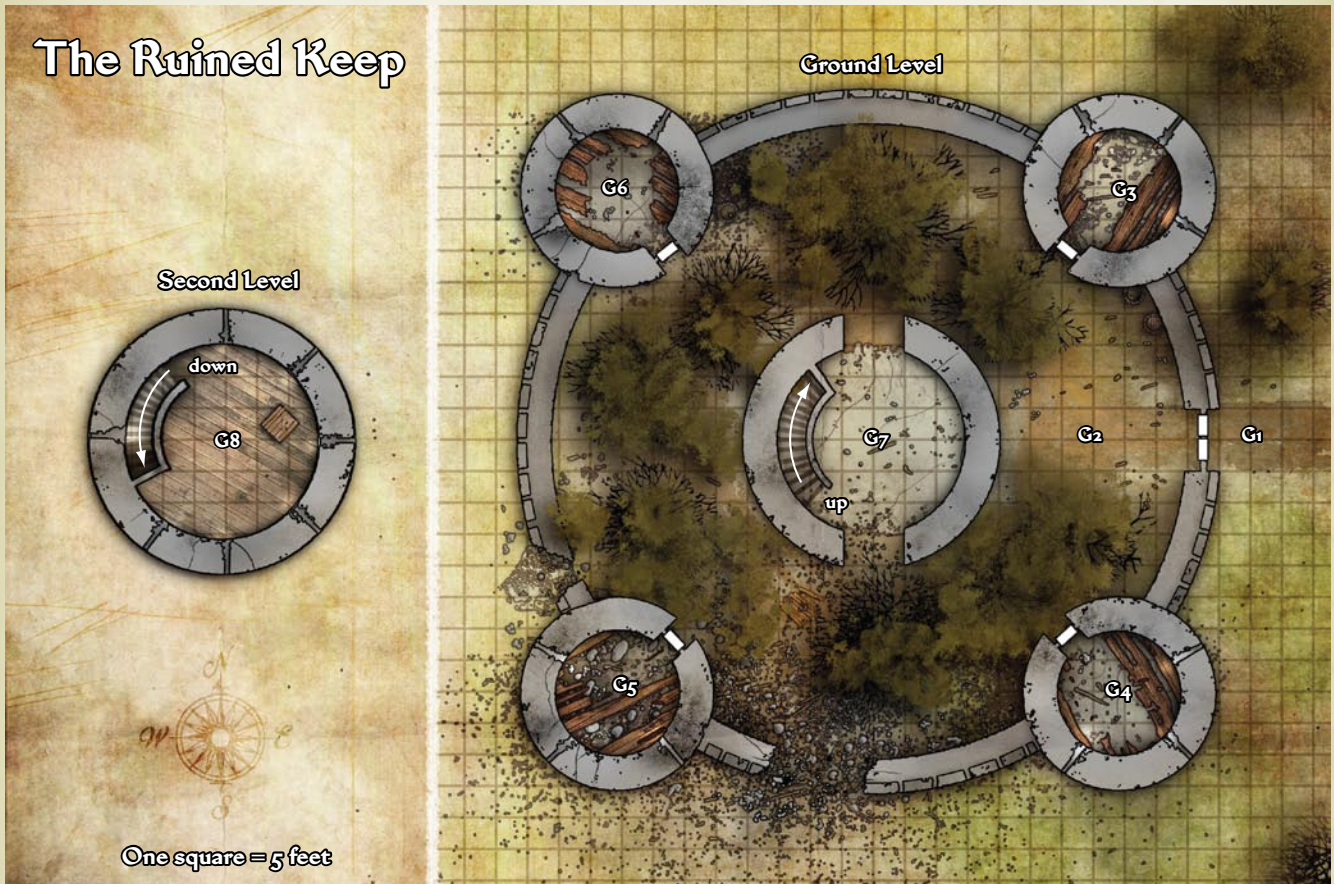
OFFENSE

Speed 120 ft.

Melee +1 short sword +6 (1d4/19–20 plus poison)

Special Attacks sneak attack +2d6 plus 2 bleed

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th; concentration +7)



1/day—*dancing lights*, *flare* (DC 11), *levitate*, *shatter* (DC 13), *ventriloquism* (DC 12)

TACTICS

During Combat Fond of misdirection, Rigg tries to trick the PCs into splitting up; he uses *dancing lights* and *ventriloquism* to lure them in multiple directions. Once they're spread out, he rushes in to stab one of them and then Spring Attacks away to find a hiding spot where he can wait a round to become invisible again before repeating his dangerous, annoying tactic.

Morale If brought below 15 hp, Rigg abandons the keep and flees, perhaps becoming an annoying recurring villain set on revenge against the PCs for chasing him out of his home.

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 28, **Con** 17, **Int** 17, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 22

Feats Dodge, Improved Initiative, Mobility^B, Spring Attack^B, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (short sword)

Skills Acrobatics +19 (+55 jump), Bluff +11, Craft (trapmaking) +13, Escape Artist +19, Fly +0, Knowledge (nature) +13, Perception +15, Sleight of Hand +18, Stealth +23, Survival +10, Use Magic Device +11

Languages Aklo, Common

SQ poison use, rogue talent (bleeding attack), trapfinding

Combat Gear blue whinnis (5 doses); **Other Gear** +1 short sword

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Natural Invisibility (Su) A quickling is invisible when motionless.

It loses this invisibility and remains visible for 1 round in any round in which it takes any action other than a free action.

Poison Use (Ex) A quickling is never at risk of poisoning itself when handling poison. They usually use blue whinnis on their daggers.

Supernatural Speed (Su) A quickling moves with incredible speed. Save for when it remains motionless (at which point it is invisible), a quickling's shape blurs and shimmers with this speed, granting it concealment (20% miss chance). In addition, this ability grants the quickling evasion and uncanny dodge (as the rogue abilities of the same name).

Slow Susceptibility (Ex) A quickling that succumbs to a slow effect loses its supernatural speed ability and is sickened.

Treasure: Rigg keeps his favorite treasure (gemstones) hidden in a clay urn hidden inside the tower in a niche 20 feet above the floor (DC 20 Perception check to find). The urn contains 119 gp, 131 sp, 27 cp, and a dozen different sparkling gemstones worth 1,800 gp in all.

G5. RUINED TOWER

The upper reaches of this tower have completely collapsed, filling the interior with debris and rubble.

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Treasure: A successful DC 20 Perception and half an hour of searching the wreckage turns up a long-forgotten elven artifact, a remarkably well-preserved mithral statuette of a beautiful elf woman wearing archaic robes, framed by an archway of mithral branches. A DC 20 Knowledge (religion) check recognizes the statuette as a representation of Findeladlara, the elven goddess of art and architecture. The statuette is worth 1,200 gp and is exactly the type of prize that Lily Teskerten (see inside back cover) is looking for.

G6. NORTHWEST TOWER (CR 6)

This tower stretches high into the sky, its upper reaches hidden in the forest's canopy. The vines choking the tower's exterior, which are festooned with bleached humanoid skulls, nearly obscure the dark arrow slits. At ground level, a closed wooden door hides behind a cloak of hanging vines.

The northwest tower is the only one in the keep to have withstood the test of time—its walls are still intact, as is most of its roof, though the wooden floors inside collapsed long ago. The door is of original construction and is



Rigg Gargadilly

beautifully carved (though obscured by moss) and barred from the inside, but it is so ancient that a DC 20 Strength is sufficient to break it down.

Creatures: An evil fey assassin called a grimstalker lives in this tower with its “pet” assassin vine. The assassin vine hides among the normal vines growing on the tower, lurking just above the doorway. A DC 20 Perception, Knowledge (nature), or Survival check is needed to see past the plant's camouflage.

The grimstalker itself, named Teorian, lurks inside the tower and climbs along the walls from arrow slit to arrow slit, keeping close watch on the courtyard below. Grimstalkers look like slender elves with pale green skin that has the texture of smooth bark, deformed toothy faces, and poisonous clawed hands. This particular grimstalker dresses in a black and red loincloth and has a number of scar-like patterns on his arms and shoulders.

Teorian has allied himself with the Dancing Lady (see area G8), and often hunts the Narlmarches for new victims to bring back for her to feed on. Their skulls, however, he keeps for himself, and these now adorn the walls of this tower. The Dancing Lady believes that he makes these offerings out of a sense of loyalty and perhaps unrequited love. And while Teorian does love her after a fashion, these offerings are given solely to make her dependent on him, so he can eventually claim lordship of the keep for himself, taking the Dancing Lady as his consort, willingly or not.

Teorian cooperates with Rigg Gargadilly (area G4) only as much as he must—should the PCs fight the quickling in the keep's courtyard, the grimstalker likely stays out of the combat.

GRIMSTALKER CR 5

XP 1,600

NE Medium fey (*Tome of Horrors II* 89)

Init +9; Senses low-light vision; Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 15, flat-footed 13 (+5 Dex, +3 natural)

hp 52 (8d6+24)

Fort +5, Ref +11, Will +7

DR 5/cold iron

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., climb 20 ft.

Melee 2 claws +9 (1d4+1 plus poison)

Special Attacks sneak attack +3d6

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th; concentration +11)

3/day—control plants (DC 21), tree shape

TACTICS

During Combat The grimstalker directs the assassin vine's attacks with *control plants* while using the plant to flank foes.

Morale When reduced to fewer than 11 hit points, the grimstalker



flees, climbing up the walls to escape through a hole in the tower's roof to join the Dancing Lady in area G8.

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 21, **Con** 17, **Int** 14, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 16

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 20

Feats Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Stealthy, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +16 (+20 jump), Climb +20, Escape Artist +18, Intimidate +11, Knowledge (nature) +13, Perception +12, Stealth +18 (+26 in forests), Survival +9

Languages Aklo, Common, Elven

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Poison (Ex) *Claw—Injury; save* Fort DC 14; *frequency* 1/round for 6 rounds; *effect* 1d2 Dex; *cure* 2 saves.

ASSASSIN VINE

CR 3

XP 800

hp 30 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 22)

Treasure: The grimstalker keeps valuables taken from his victims in a locked chest (DC 25 Disable Device check to open) inside his tower. Inside the chest are a fine velvet

cloak (worth 10 gp), a gold necklace (worth 100 gp), a silver ring set with an emerald (worth 300 gp), a bejeweled masterwork short sword (worth 510 gp), a moonstone (worth 50 gp), 76 sp, and 31 gp.

G7. GRAND HALL (CR 5)

This wide chamber has an impressive vaulted ceiling. Though obscured in places by earth and undergrowth, the hall's floor is crafted of smooth stone tiles in multicolored pastel hues. The walls of the chamber are decorated with faded frescoes of sylvan life, showing scenes of beautiful elves engaged in hunting, feasting, dancing, singing, and a bewildering variety of other idyllic pursuits. To the west, a graceful, filigreed stone staircase, garlanded with flowering vines, climbs to the level above.

The keep's central tower is an elegant spire of ivory-colored stone, draped with a riot of vines and other plants. The most complete structure in the entire fortress, its 5-foot-thick walls climb 70 feet to a multi-pointed stone roof.

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Traps: Today, the Grand Hall contains only a deadly trap placed here by the tower's current inhabitant. One round after the PCs enter the hall, the room fills with a cloying, violet mist that fills their heads with maddening visions of dark, moonless nights; twisted, malignant trees; and hot, steaming rivers of blood.

INSANITY MIST TRAP

CR 5

XP 1,600

Type mechanical; Perception DC 15; Disable Device DC 15

EFFECTS

Trigger location; Reset repair

Effect poison gas (insanity mist; *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 560); never miss; onset delay (1 round); multiple targets (all targets in G7, persists for 1 round)

G8. THE DANCING LADY (CR 6)

The stairs end in a circular room featuring wide windows draped with hanging vines that offer panoramic views of the keep's overgrown courtyard and the forest beyond. An open circular skylight in the ceiling provides glimpses of the forest canopy overhead. The walls between the windows are carved with exquisite, delicate nature motifs highlighted in gold and silver leaf. A riot of flowers, plants, and bushes sprout from the thick loam that carpets the hall's floor, as if one were walking in a fantastic glade elevated high above the forest floor.

This floor once contained the private residence of the lord of the keep. Its wooden interior walls have long since rotted to dust, turning it into one wide chamber. Permanent, one-way *illusory walls* conceal the windows from the outside, though the glass in the windows and skylight broke or fell away ages ago, allowing a variety of vegetation to take root here. The ceiling is 40 feet high.

Creatures: The tower's sole resident and current lady of the keep is an evil female fey known as a baobhan sith. Called the Dancing Lady, she appears as an alluring, graceful elven woman with alabaster skin, golden hair, and emerald green eyes and wears a flowing white gown of archaic elven style, tied at the waist with a blood-red scarf. Like all baobhan sith, the Dancing Lady entrances creatures with her captivating dance and then drinks the blood the living. Though she likes to think that the quickling Rigg Gargadilly in area G4 and the grimstalker in area G6 have sworn fealty to her and worship her as their queen, in reality they have only agreed to ally themselves with her for mutual benefit. Nevertheless, the grimstalker has become quite smitten with the Lady and regularly brings her fresh victims, though not for the reasons that she thinks. If the grimstalker in area G6 fled from the PCs, he is found here beside his Lady.

THE DANCING LADY

CR 6

XP 2,400

Female baobhan sith (*Tome of Horrors III 17*)

CE Medium fey

Init +4; Senses low-light vision; Perception +17

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 15, flat-footed 15 (+4 Dex, +1 dodge, +5 natural)

hp 67 (9d6+36)

Fort +9, Ref +10, Will +9

DR 5/cold iron; SR 17

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 claw +7 (1d6+3), bite +7 (1d6+3)

Special Attacks blood drain, captivating dance, dying words

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th; concentration +14)

At Will—*detect thoughts* (DC 16)1/day—*entangle* (DC 15), *suggestion* (DC 17)

TACTICS

During Combat The Dancing Lady begins combat with her captivating dance, hoping to entrance all of her attackers. She follows this with *entangle* to ensnare anyone resisting her dance. Once she has captivated at least one victim (preferable a male elf or human), she grapples and drains his blood. If necessary, she casts *suggestion* to convince an opponent to defend her or force an attacker to leave combat. If forced into melee combat, she focuses her attacks on female opponents, attempting to tear them limb from limb with teeth and claws.

Morale The Dancing Lady fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 17, Dex 19, Con 18, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 19

Base Atk +4; CMB +7; CMD 22

Feats Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Mobility

Skills Acrobatics +16, Bluff +16, Craft (trapmaking) +15, Escape Artist +16, Knowledge (nature) +15, Perception +17, Perform (Dance) +16, Sense Motive +17, Stealth +16

Languages Aklo, Common, Elven

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Blood Drain (Ex) A baobhan sith can suck blood from a grappled or helpless opponent; if she establishes or maintains a pin, she deals bite damage and drains blood, dealing 1d4 points of Strength damage and 1d4 points of Constitution damage each round.

Captivating Dance (Su) When a baobhan sith dances, all living creatures within 30 feet that view the rhythmic swaying and movements of her body must succeed on a DC 19 Will save or become utterly enthralled and captivated. Creatures that are sexually attracted to females who view this dance suffer a –2 penalty on their saving throw. A creature that makes its save cannot be affected again by the same baobhan sith's captivating dance for one day. A captivated creature is dazed (it cannot attack, but can defend normally). This continues for as long as the baobhan sith dances. A baobhan sith can move and act normally (including using her spell-like abilities) while maintaining her dance. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Dying Words (Sp) When a baobhan sith is slain, she utters a curse as a free action (whether it's her turn or not) that affects her killer as if it were a *bestow curse* spell (caster level 10th). The target can resist the curse with a successful DC 19 Will save. If the save fails, the target suffers a –6 decrease to its highest ability score. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Treasure: The Dancing Lady possesses a number of treasures salvaged from the ruins and stolen from her victims: a life-sized alabaster statue of a nude, dancing elven woman (worth 900 gp, but weighing almost 500 pounds), a masterwork harp, a small, carved jade statuette of a coiling snake (worth 75 gp), and an ancient filigreed elven water clock (worth 1,000 gp, but weighing 200 pounds). The Lady's bed is covered with a snow-white bearskin coverlet (worth 50 gp). A finely carved, wooden wardrobe beside the bed holds two royal outfits (worth 200 gp each), three courtier's outfits (worth 30 gp each), and several other tasteful, once-expensive articles of clothing (heavily stained with blood and now worthless). A small wooden coffer atop a rosewood table contains 3 vials of exotic perfume (worth 100 gp each), a gem-studded tiara (worth 350 gp), and an *elixir of love*. A nearby chest holds 431 sp and 370 gp in leather sacks.

PART FIVE: ISLE OF THE LIZARD KING

A small tribe of lizardfolk inhabits a muddy island in the middle of a particularly swampy stretch of the Murque River, about two miles west of Candlemere. Although sluggish in the winter when the lakes freeze over, the lizardfolk become quite active in the spring and summer, ferociously attacking anyone entering their territory, particularly members of the so-called "civilized" races. But despite their reputation for violence during the warmer months, the lizardfolk are reasonably civilized. Although they do devour other intelligent creatures, this is a practical habit rather than a ritualistic custom or a craving due to a racial trait. "Meat is meat," the lizardfolk say, and life in the swamp is too harsh to forego a perfectly good source of food because of some "civilized" taboo against the consumption of thinking creatures.

This particular tribe worships the eerie witchlights that glow and dance above Candlemere's central island, believing them to be the spirits of fallen lizardfolk heroes. The tribe's current leader, Vesket, speaks to one of these spirits. He believes it to be a revered ancestor and holds its advice in high esteem. In reality, this "spirit" is a will-o'-wisp drawn to the Candlemere who has discovered that urging the lizardfolk to greater violence provides it with a never-ending feast of fear and pain to feed upon.

As the PCs approach the island, they can see the lizardfolk village more clearly:

A low, muddy hummock protrudes from the middle of the widening river, surrounded by a palisade of outward-facing, sharpened wooden stakes. Inside, tendrils of smoke rise from a handful of mounds clustered around a single larger mound. A simple wooden gate on the eastern side of the hummock seems to be the only entrance to the fortified island.

Approximately 150 feet in diameter, the island sits only about 10 feet above the level of the surrounding waters. The palisade is 10 feet high, with a narrow walkway along the top. The mud mounds are the lizardfolk's "huts"—each has a single entrance covered with a leather flap to keep warmth in and the weather out and a chimney hole at the top. Fifty feet of water separate the island from both the north and south riverbanks, and the palisade requires a DC 15 Climb check to scale or a DC 30 Escape Artist check to squeeze between two of the trunks. PCs attempting to climb or breach the palisade must also make Stealth checks or risk attracting the attention of the lizardfolk guards manning the gate (area H1).

If the PCs are looking for Tig Tannersen, the missing child (see inside back cover), they'll find him here, a prisoner of the lizardfolk. The lizardfolk captured him near their lair and initially planned to eat him, but the young child's fear was so delightful to the will-o'-wisp that it made a rare manifestation before the tribe and decreed that the human child should not be eaten. Now, the lizardfolk keep the kid tied up, exposing him to new horrors daily (leaving him tied just out of reach of the caimans, leaving him neck deep in the swamp water for hours at a time, and so on), all to increase the child's fright and panic so that the will-o'-wisp can feed. The child's cries of fear are starting to erode the lizardfolk's resolve, though—they're not intrinsically evil, and constantly torturing what they normally would just consider delicious meat has started to make some of the lizardfolk feel guilty. If the PCs are looking for Tig, there's a 40% chance that when they near the lizardfolk lair they'll hear his cries of horror. If they confront any of the lizardfolk about the sounds and manage to make the lizardfolk helpful with Diplomacy or Intimidate (they have a starting attitude of indifferent for this purpose), the lizardfolk cave in and lead the PCs to wherever they have Tig tied up that day. Unfortunately, before the PCs have a chance to rescue the child, they are discovered by either the Lizard King or the will-o'-wisp itself, neither of which wants to see the child go free. A fight in this case could well cause a schism among the lizardfolk if you wish, with some of the more apologetic lizardfolk joining the PCs to defend the child against a leader and a "god" who suddenly appear more cruel than the lizardfolk can accept.

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N1. GATE (CR 3)

The palisade's wooden gate is about 8 feet high and barred on the inside, requiring a DC 25 Strength check to break through. Fortunately, lizardfolk are not known for their architectural skills, and a DC 15 Disable Device check is enough for the PCs to remove the gates from their hinges.

Creatures: Any attempt to breach the gate or the palisade draws the attention of the two lizardfolk guards who are posted here at all times. They stand on the walkway behind the palisade, which provides them with partial cover.

LIZARDFOLK (2) CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 11 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 195*)

TACTICS

During Combat The lizardfolk focus their attacks on anyone scaling or breaching the gate or palisade, bull rushing climbing attackers if possible.

Morale The gate guards fight until one of them is reduced to 6 hit points or fewer, at which point that one goes to alert the tribe, while the other fights to the death.

Development: If one of the lizardfolk guards alerts the rest of the tribe, he goes first to the family huts (area N2), then to the Lizard King's hut (area N5), and finally to the braves' hut (area N4). The lizardfolk from area N2 arrive at the scene of battle in 1d4 rounds, and three of the lizardfolk braves from area N4 arrive 1d4 rounds after that. The final brave arrives 2 rounds later with the muggers from area N3. The Lizard King himself arrives 1d8 rounds after first hearing the alarm, accompanied by his blood caimans and his harem from area N6.

N2. FAMILY HUTS (CR 4 EACH)

Each of these mounds holds a small lizardfolk family. Only about 4 feet high on the outside, the floors are sunken, making the total interior height about 8 feet. The huts are cozy and warm, with a central firepit, woven reed dividers, and simple furnishings.

Creatures: Up to a dozen lizardfolk can inhabit each mound, but only three are present at any one time (the rest are on extended hunting trips outside the village).

LIZARDFOLK (3) CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 11 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 195*)

N3. KENNEL (CR 4)

A leather flap over the doorway to this low mound is tied shut with sinew thongs. A large stack of bones, each stripped of flesh and scarred by sharp teeth, lies stacked near the doorway.

Creatures: This mound serves as the kennel for the tribe's pet lizards—a pair of Narlmarch muggers, giant lizards native to the Narlmarches and the Hooktongue Slough to the west. Though well fed, the muggers always enjoy the taste of fresh, warm-blooded prey, and attack any non-lizardfolk entering the mound.

NARLMARCH MUGGERS (2) CR 2

XP 600 each

Monitor lizards (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 194*)

hp 22 each

Treasure: Each mugger wears a leather collar studded with rough-cut shards of quartz. Each collar is worth 50 gp.

N4. BRAVES' HUT (CR 6)

The exterior of this mound is decorated with colorful geometric patterns painted in muds and clays of different shades. The bleached skulls of various swamp creatures hang from the walls by ropes made of twisted vines.

As DC 20 Knowledge (local) or (religion) check recognizes the patterns painted on the hut as symbols of strength, virility, and skill in battle.

Creatures: Four lizardfolk braves, the strongest and bravest members of the tribe, currently reside in this mound; they are inside, arguing about who has the biggest frills. All four braves have painted their scales with blue woad and their claws with red ocher. They wear leather armor and wield masterwork morningstars.

LIZARDFOLK BRAVES (4) CR 2

XP 600 each

Advanced lizardfolk (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 195, 294*)

hp 15 each

N5. LIZARD KING'S HUT (CR 7)

The village's central mound stands fully fifteen feet high, dwarfing the surrounding huts. Bones of all shapes and sizes crown the dome, sticking out of the dried mud at erratic angles. Fresh marsh grass has been scattered around the mound's perimeter, and two spears, hung with feathers and other fetishes and topped with the painted skulls of fanged lizards, flank the mound's entrance. The bright green hide of some large swamp reptile serves as the hut's entrance flap.

This large mound is the home of tribe's chieftain, a huge lizard king named Vesket. While impressive on the outside, the Lizard King's hut is not much different from the others on the inside—the firepit, the reed dividers, and



the crude furniture are all the same, although the floor is carpeted with fresh marsh grass and plush furs and the ceiling is 15 feet high. A 5-foot-diameter hole in the dirt floor drops 10 feet to a half-flooded, muddy tunnel that leads to the Lizard King's harem (area N6).

Creatures: Unless the tribe has been alerted, Vesket is usually found here. At night, there is a 75% chance that he is visiting his harem (area N6), and every morning he spends at least an hour listening to the advice of his "ancestral spirit" in area N7. Vesket is accompanied at all times by his two pet blood caimans (a northern variety of crocodylian with black scales and a reddish head).

VESKET THE LIZARD KING **CR 6**

XP 2,400

Male advanced lizardfolk fighter 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 195, 294)
N Large humanoid (reptilian)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +1

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 11, flat-footed 17 (+3 armor, +2 Dex, +5 natural, -1 size)

hp 77 (5d8+2d10+44)

Fort +9, **Ref** +3, **Will** +2; +1 vs. fear

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., swim 15 ft.

Melee +1 keen trident +12 (2d6+10/19-20), bite +10 (1d6+6)

Ranged javelin +6 (1d8+6)

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

TACTICS

During Combat Vesket attempts to demoralize opponents on the first round of combat using Intimidate. He then attacks the largest opponent with his trident in the hope that defeating the enemy's champion will cause them to lose the taste for battle.

Morale The Lizard King fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 14, **Con** 20, **Int** 8, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 24

Feats Intimidating Prowess, Iron Will, Multiattack, Toughness, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (trident)

Skills Handle Animal +5, Intimidate +11, Perception +1, Stealth +0, Survival +4, Swim +18

Languages Draconic

SQ hold breath, bravery +1

Combat Gear *potion of cure serious wounds*; **Other Gear** +1 leather armor, +1 keen trident, 5 javelins, 2 gold armbands worth 100 gp each

BLOOD CAIMANS (2)

CR 2

XP 600 each

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Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 51 (as crocodile)
 hp 22 each

Treasure: The Lizard King has collected some treasures in his hut, including a coral crown embedded with lapis lazuli worth 500 gp, a malachite statuette of a serpentine dragon worth 200 gp, various furs worth a total of 300 gp, and 575 gp.

N6. HAREM (CR 4)

Perfumed smoke hangs heavy in the close, almost uncomfortably warm confines of this mound. A couple of red-tinted lanterns hang from the ceiling and brightly colored woven mats drape the walls and carpet the dirt floor. A small mound of coals glows in a firepit the center of the room.

This mound is the Lizard King's private harem, the home of his chosen mates, and everyone other than himself is forbidden to enter. The only entrance into the harem is via the tunnel from the Lizard King's hut (area H5); it has no exterior doorways. One of his mates has recently laid an egg—it sits atop a small mound of mud close to the firepit.

Creatures: The three female lizardfolk that make up the Lizard King's harem live in this mound. As Vesket's favored consorts, they live a leisurely existence by lizardfolk standards, but the swamp is a harsh mistress and they are just as capable as the rest of the tribe. If an intruder pokes his head out of the tunnel, they snatch up their shields and surround the exit, trying to keep any more intruders from invading their home.

THE LIZARD KING'S CONSORTS (3) CR 1 XP 400 each

Female lizardfolk (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 195)
 hp 11 each

Treasure: Each of the Lizard King's consorts wears several items of jewelry worth 1,000 gp.

N7. SPIRIT HUT (CR 7)

This mound has a deserted, run-down look to it. The mud is dried and cracked, and no smoke issues from its chimney hole.

Vesket believes that the spirit of one his forebears, the great lizard king warrior Stisshak, looks over his tribe and guides it from beyond. Vesket frequently comes to this hut to talk with his ancestor about history, strategy, or any other problems he is having. Most times, the spirit of Stisshak remains silent, but occasionally it responds, appearing to Vesket as a floating lizardfolk skull surrounded by a pulsing greenish glow. Regardless of whether or not the spirit speaks, it has appeared at all of the tribe's major battles, a fact that quashed any doubts among the lizardfolk about whether Vesket actually communicates with the spirits of the honored dead.

Creatures: Unknown to both Vesket and the rest of the tribe, Stisshak's "spirit" is nothing more than a will-o'-wisp that has found itself a gullible tribe. Having lived for centuries, the will-o'-wisp is able to convincingly portray an ancient hero from the past, and by urging Vesket to seek more glory for his tribe in war, the will-o'-wisp has a ready supply of fear to feed on. Occasionally, it grows bored and wanders off into the swamp on its own inscrutable errands, but it always returns, inevitably pushing Vesket to go to war so it can feed on the fresh fear of the dying.

King Vesket



If by some chance the PCs have made peaceful contact with the lizardfolk, the will-o'-wisp sees them as a new source of food and soon convinces Vesket to turn against them, regardless of any promises made.

SPIRIT OF STISSHAK**CR 7****XP 3,200**Advanced will-o'-wisp (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 277, 294)**hp** 58**TACTICS**

Before Combat The will-o'-wisp uses its natural invisibility to hide when PCs first enter its hut. At a dramatic moment, it reappears in a flash of green light as a floating lizardfolk skull, hoping to scare the PCs.

During Combat The will-o'-wisp shocks the closest person with its touch, concentrating its attacks on that character until it can feed on its victim's dying fear.

Morale If reduced to 20 hit points or fewer, the will-o'-wisp turns invisible and flees into the swamp, abandoning the tribe.

Treasure: While the will-o'-wisp neither wants nor needs treasure, Vesket believes he must make offerings to the spirit of his ancestor to keep it appeased. These offerings lie in a small pile in the middle of the floor and include: a masterwork cold iron longsword, a *tree feather token*, a *ring of swimming*, animal skins worth a total of 100 gp, 3 citrines (worth 50 gp each), and 119 gp in assorted coins.

PART SIX: TROLL TROUBLE

The nymph-queen Nyrrissa recently spurred a gang of trolls in the southern Greenbelt into terrorizing the locals and generally causing chaos in the region to further her own mysterious plans. Under the leadership of a violent troll fighter named Hargulka, the trolls settle in an ancient dwarven outpost in the southwest Narlmarches at about the same time this adventure begins; as it plays out, their attacks grow more and more numerous, leaving ripples of discord and terror in their wake.

While the PCs can certainly stumble into the troll lair before they're ready, the challenges they'll face within are significant. They should be well into 5th level before seriously facing this encounter area. Once you feel they're ready (or once it becomes apparent that they're eager to track the trolls down), a new charter arrives from the swordlords of Restov.

THE TROLL LAIR

The trolls have claimed an ancient guard post in the forested hills between the southern Narlmarches and the Kamelands. The fort was built by dwarves ages ago to guard

a forgotten trade route; later denizens dug out natural caves behind the worked halls to expand the small guard post. The trolls cleared the caves of their few remaining inhabitants and now use them as a hideout and base for staging their raids in the region.

The entrance to the abandoned guard post sits high on a cliff face among forested hills on the side of a rocky hill and is accessible only by a carefully concealed path. Cunningly constructed, the entrance cannot be seen from below. A watchtower disguised as a natural rock outcropping also rises from the top of the hill, giving a good view of the surrounding area. A DC 25 Survival check is required to find evidence of the trolls' comings and goings from their hideout and track them back to the hidden trail. Alternatively, the PCs can learn the location of the troll den from some of the other denizens of the southern Greenbelt, like the wandering giant Munguk (see area T).

Unless otherwise noted, all of the rooms in the guard post are dark. The forward rooms of dwarven construction (rooms R2 through R6) are all of worked stone, with smooth stone floors and uniform 15-foot-high ceilings. The natural caves behind them (rooms R7 through R10) are of natural stone (with occasional stonework done to enlarge them) and have uneven floors and ceilings of varying heights.

R1. THE APPROACH

A narrow path winds its way up the hill, a steep cliff face on one side and a sheer drop-off on the other. At the top, the path follows a wide ledge, where the corner of a weathered stone building juts from the side of the hill.

Any PC climbing the path has a chance to be spotted by the troll posted in the watchtower above the guard post, but the lookout is not very observant, giving them a chance to slip by unnoticed (see area R3 for details). The exterior walls of the watchtower can be climbed with a DC 20 Climb check. Once the PCs reach the ledge, they can still be spotted through the arrow slits by the troll guards in the barbican (area R2).

R2. BARBICAN (CR 7)

A single stone door provides the only entrance from the ledge into the guard post. When the trolls moved in, they broke the door by forcing it open too far.

Arrow slits overlook the approach and outside ledge to the north and east. Daylight shining through the arrow slits and half-open door light the room with dim illumination. To the south and west, darkened, wide stone staircases lead up and out of the room.

Creatures: Two trolls are always posted here, but they spend as much time fighting with each other as they do

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watching the approach to the lair. Allow them Perception checks with a –10 penalty to notice the PCs. If successful, they yell out an alarm at their top of their lungs (although only the trolls in areas **R3** and **R4** can hear them) and charge the intruders. The trolls in area **R3** and **R4** must make DC 10 Sense Motive checks to realize the alarm is real.

TROLLS (2) **CR 5**
XP 1,600 each
 hp 63 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 268*)

Treasure: Both trolls carry sacks of treasure, totaling 234 sp and 589 gp between them.

R3. WATCHTOWER (CR 5)

A wide flight of stone stairs leads up to a circular chamber with a high ceiling. A foul stench fills the air, emanating from the layers of filth caked on the floor.

The trolls use the chamber at the bottom of the watchtower as their latrine. The stairs along the wall lead up 100 feet to the sole room at the top of the tower. A trapdoor in the ceiling of the upper level leads to the tower's roof, 30 feet above the hillside.

Creatures: A single troll is posted at the top of the tower. He's not the smartest member of the gang, however, and is easily distracted by the interesting things he finds in his armpits or navel. At any given time, there is a 50% chance that he is digging for treasure in one of his orifices rather than keeping an eye on the approach.

TROLL **CR 5**
XP 1,600
Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 268
 hp 63

R4. MAIN HALL (CR 6)

A large stone table takes up the center of this large chamber, whose walls are decorated with ancient carvings that have been defaced and vandalized with crude graffiti in several languages. A headless humanoid corpse lies atop the bloodstained table.

The trolls use this chamber as a mess hall and meeting room. Hargulka once harbored dreams of creating a sand table displaying the entire Greenbelt here, but the trolls' first feast here showed him a much better use for the table. The corpse is that of a luckless halfling trader, partially devoured by the trolls and their pets.

Creatures: A troll stands next to the table, feeding scraps of the unfortunate halfling to one of the gang's

trollhounds, a slaving, brutish beast that looks like a monstrous cross between a troll and a warhound. They attack anyone entering the room.

TROLL **CR 5**
XP 1,600
 hp 63 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 268*)

TROLLHOUND **CR 3**
XP 800
 hp 30 (page 88)

R5. KENNEL (CR 5)

Three thick chains are bolted to the northern wall, and the floor is covered with bones, half-eaten rotting meat, and mounds of foul-smelling dung.

Creatures: Two trollhounds are chained to the northern wall of this room. The chains, connected to iron collars around the trollhounds' necks, are long enough to allow the trollhounds to reach any part of the room. They attack any non-troll entering the room. Though not strong enough to break the thick iron chains, the trollhounds can break the hooks that connect the chains to their collars with a DC 18 Strength check made as a standard action.

TROLLHOUNDS (2) **CR 3**
XP 800 each
 hp 30 each (page 88)

R6. STOREROOM

Stacked boxes, barrels, crates, and bags fill this room from floor to ceiling and line the crude wooden shelves along the walls. A rough hole gapes in the southern wall, leading deeper into the hillside.

The trolls store most of the mundane goods they have extorted or stolen in this storeroom. The more valuable items are taken to Hargulka's room (area **R10**).

Treasure: The goods stored here, including foodstuffs, lumber, mundane tools, household supplies, bolts of cloth, and so on, are worth a total of 4 BP to aid in building a kingdom, but it would take several full wagonloads to transport all of the supplies to civilization.

R7. NAGRUNDI'S ROOM (CR 8)

The rough tunnel widens into a thirty-foot-high natural cavern hung with dripping stalagmites. Gnawed bones litter the floor, while the northern portion of the room holds a collection of severed, humanoid heads arranged around a large circle drawn on the floor with dried blood.

Creatures: One of the most dangerous and frightening members of Hargulka's tribe is a giant, two-headed brute named Nagrundi. Said to be the bastard son of an ettin father and a troll mother, the monster stands erect (not hunched over, like most trolls) at 15 feet tall and has mottled grayish skin. Although not much smarter than the other trolls under Hargulka's command, the two-headed troll possesses a brutish cunning in both his skulls. A firm believer that "two heads are better than one," Nagrundi considers himself something of an intellectual and foregoes conversation with "dose idjits" in his gang in favor of mind-numbingly vapid dialogues with himself.

NAGRUNDI CR 8

XP 4,800

Male two-headed troll (*Tome of Horrors Revised* 353)

CE Large humanoid (giant)

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 90 ft., low-light vision, scent;

Perception +14

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 9, flat-footed 21 (+12 natural, -1 size)

hp 103 (9d8+63); regeneration 5 (acid or fire)

Fort +10, **Ref** +3, **Will** +5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 claws +13 (1d6+8), 2 bites +13 (1d8+8)

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

Special Attacks rend (2 claws, 1d6+8)

TACTICS

During Combat Nagrundi tries to frighten and demoralize opponents on the first round of combat using Intimidate. He then moves to engage the largest looking foe in melee.

Morale Dim to the point of foolishness (and knowing the price of failure at Nyri's hands), Nagrundi fights to the death, roaring defiance with both heads.

STATISTICS

Str 27, **Dex** 11, **Con** 25, **Int** 8, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +15; **CMD** 25

Feats Cleave, Great Cleave, Iron Will, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Intimidate +6, Perception +14

Languages Giant

Gear *amulet of natural armor* +2

Treasure: Nagrundi has hidden his treasure in a niche in the northwest corner of the cavern (DC 15 Perception check to spot). The stash consists of 1,902 sp, 888 gp, and a *dusty rose prism ioun stone* that he doesn't realize is magic.

R8. TROLL BARRACKS (CR 7)

This floor of this wide cavern is littered with half a dozen pallets made of branches, leaves, and smelly, uncured hides.

Quest: Troll Slaying

The PCs are tasked with defeating the trolls plaguing the southern Greenbelt.

Source: The swordlords of Restov (charter).

Task: In this charter, the swordlords make it clear that the news of a band of trolls based somewhere in the southern Greenbelt has reached Restov. They task the PCs with ridding the area of this menace.

Completion: The death of the troll leader Hargulka is enough to cause any remaining trolls to disperse and seek easier prey elsewhere (many of them, in this event, head west into Pitax).

Reward: Once word of the PCs' success reaches Restov, the swordlords reward them not only by sending the PCs personally 2,000 gp but also sending by additional support for their kingdom in the form of 10 BP.

The gang's six rank-and-file trolls are bivouacked in this cavern, which has a 20-foot-high ceiling.

Creatures: When the PCs enter, two off-duty trolls are resting in this cavern. They ignore the sounds of combat from other rooms (indeed, they are somewhat frightened of Nagrundi and won't investigate any amount of noise coming from his cave), but they leap to their feet and attack any non-troll entering their living quarters. If combat in this room lasts longer than 6 rounds, the two-headed giant comes to investigate, joining the fight upon noticing the intruders—as long as Nagrundi's in a battle, other trolls (with the exception of Hargulka himself) become shaken.

TROLLS (2) CR 5

XP 1,600 each

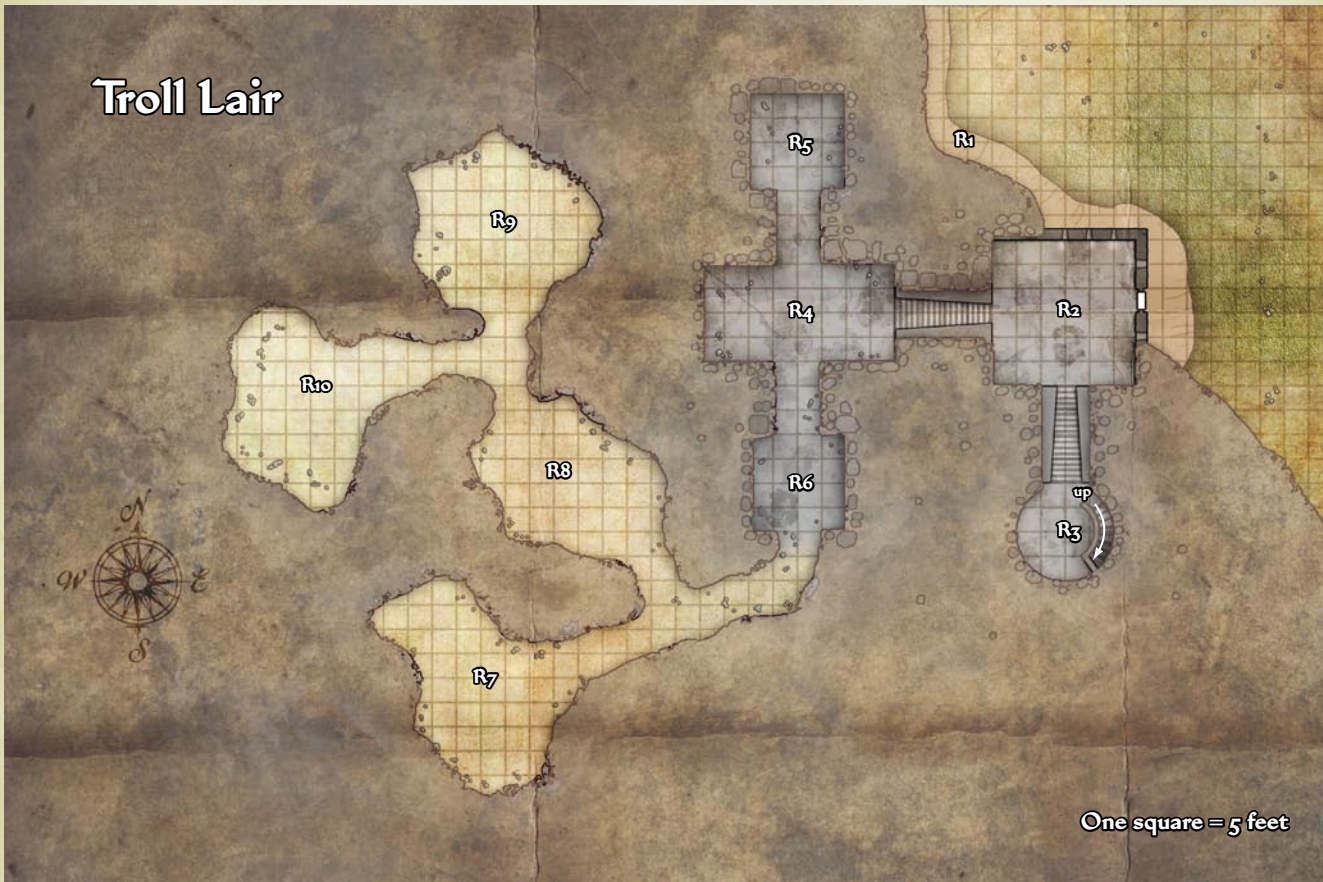
hp 63 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 268)

R9. LARDER (CR 6)

The air in this cavern seems somewhat cooler than that of the rest of complex, but the stench of decaying flesh hangs heavy in the air. Along the walls are stacked the carcasses of dozens of beasts, from foxes and wolves to deer and elk, as well as a couple of horses and what appears to be a skinned bear. The southern portion of the room holds a grislier collection of corpses: the bodies of several humanoids, from gnomes and halflings to humans and elves. Most of the cadavers seem to have been decapitated.

The trolls store their food in this cavern, which is naturally cooler than the other caves though not cold enough to stave off decay. Most of the carcasses are already rotting and infested with vermin as a result. The trolls send out regular hunting parties to keep the larder well stocked.

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Troll Lair

The heads of the humanoid bodies were given to Nagrundi to keep the two-headed giant happy and distracted (see area R7). The ceiling is only 15 feet high in this cavern.

Creatures: A rock troll named Kargadd claims the larder as his personal domain. Rock trolls are a rarer version of standard trolls, standing a few feet taller and possessing rocky, earth-colored skin studded with small crystals. Subterranean by nature, rock trolls are turned to stone by natural sunlight. Because of this, Kargadd never leaves the caves except at night.

KARGADD CR 6

XP 2,400

Rock troll (*Tome of Horrors Revised* 351)

CE Large humanoid (earth, giant)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 10, flat-footed 17 (+1 Dex, +8 natural, -1 size)

hp 80 (7d8+49); regeneration 5 (acid or sonic)

Fort +9, **Ref** +3, **Will** +3

Weaknesses sunlight petrification

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 claws +10 (1d6+6), bite +10 (1d10+6)

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

Special Attacks rend (2 claws, 1d6+6)

TACTICS

During Combat Kargadd has no grasp of tactics; he flails at and rends the nearest foe.

Morale Kargadd relies on his fast healing to keep him in the fight and it is utterly surprised if he is slain.

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 13, **Con** 25, **Int** 4, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 23

Feats Cleave, Intimidating Prowess, Iron Will, Power Attack

Skills Climb +12, Perception +6

Languages Giant

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Sunlight Petrification (Ex) A rock troll exposed to natural sunlight is staggered and must make a DC 20 Fortitude save each round to resist permanently turning to stone. A *stone to flesh* spell (or similar effect) restores a petrified rock troll, but if it remains exposed to sunlight it must immediately start making new Fortitude saves to avoid petrification. Spells like *sunray* or *sunburst* that create powerful natural sunlight cannot petrify a rock troll, but they do become staggered for 1d4 rounds after being exposed to such an effect.

R10. HARGULKA'S ROOM (CR 8)

The ceiling of this cavern arches thirty feet overhead. A wagon with its wheels removed sits against the eastern wall, heaped with smelly furs, and a single barrel stands in the southwest corner. Against the northern wall, a crude throne carved from a giant tree stump sits atop a makeshift dais made of boulders, with a large bearskin spread on the floor before it.

Creature: This room is the personal quarters of the troll leader, Hargulka. The wagon serves as his bed. Hargulka himself is usually found seated upon his "throne," planning new raids and daydreaming about being the ruler of his own petty kingdom. He is frankly surprised if the PCs make it all the way here and staggers to his feet to bellow in outrage.

HARGULKA CR 8

XP 4,800

Male troll fighter 3 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 268)

CE Large humanoid (giant)

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

Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 10, flat-footed 19 (+5 armor, +1 Dex, +5 natural, -1 size)

hp 109 (6d8+3d10+66); regeneration 5 (acid or fire)

Fort +12, **Ref** +4, **Will** +4; +1 vs. fear

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 *darkwood thundering morningstar* +16/+11 (2d6+9), claw +12 (1d6+4), bite +12 (1d8+4)

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

Special Attacks rend (2 claws, 1d6+8)

TACTICS

During Combat Hargulka uses Power Attack and Vital Strike tactically, adjusting when he uses them to strike foes with lower armor classes or to remain mobile and prevent powerful foes from getting full attacks on him in the unlikely event that he's outmatched. His *necklace of fireballs* is somewhat legendary among his minions—he uses it against foes that try to hang back and avoid melee combat against him (starting with the most powerful first) or against a large number of foes that seem to be teetering on the brink of death.

Morale Hargulka fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 26, **Dex** 12, **Con** 24, **Int** 9, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +16; **CMD** 27

Feats Cleave, Intimidating Prowess, Iron Will, Multiattack, Power Attack, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (morningstar)

Skills Intimidate +16, Perception +6

Languages Giant

SQ armor training +1, bravery +1

Combat Gear *necklace of fireballs* (1 8d6 fireball, 2 4d6 fireballs,

3 2d6 fireballs); **Other Gear** +1 *hide armor*, +1 *darkwood thundering morningstar*, rusty key to treasure chest (wedged inside a skull on his bracelet; Perception DC 20 to locate)

Treasure: Tacked to the western wall of the cavern is a large map drawn on the back of a thylacine hide. Several locations, including the troll lair and the PCs' town, are marked on the map, some marked with large X marks along with several arrows and other marks showing planned raids and routes of attack. Anyone who speaks Giant (or makes a DC 25 Linguistics check) and studies the map for a few minutes can tell that the trolls have been carrying out a series of organized, planned attacks in the region against locations where civilization has intruded on the Stolen Lands. Areas where fey creatures live, however, have been carefully marked to avoid.

Hargulka keeps a tight fist closed around most of the valuables the gang has acquired—treasure he keeps in a large locked chest inside the wagon that serves as his bed (DC 30 Disable Device to pick without the key Hargulka carries). Inside the chest are a small statue of a dragon carved from exotic wood worth 200 gp, a gold necklace with a jade pendant worth 500 gp, several pieces of minor jewelry worth a total 750 gp, five medium quality gemstones worth 100 gp each, three bottles of fine wine worth 15 gp each, an engraved silver tankard worth 50 gp, 1,484 cp, 3,550 sp, and 652 gp.

PART SEVEN: HUNTING THE BEAST

The climax of "Rivers Run Red" begins with an attack on the PCs' hometown. Give them a chance to build up their town before starting this part of the adventure, and time it for a point when the PCs are all out of town and have reached 6th level—their return to town after finally defeating the trolls is an excellent point to begin.

Upon returning home, the PCs find their town in shambles. Newly plowed fields have been torn up, trees have been knocked down, livestock has been slaughtered, and buildings have been flattened. A pall of smoke and dust hangs over the town, and the few people on the streets mill about in shock, as if they have just come from a war zone. Any inquiries are met first with blank stares, but eventually the whole story comes out: the town was attacked by a terrifying monster of immense size, part bear and part owl, that crashed into the town and killed dozens before it had its fill of destruction and lumbered off into the hills to the south.

The owlbear has destroyed one city wall (if any exist in the PC's town) and 1d4+2 blocks of buildings. With a DC 25 Stability check, the PCs can reduce the damage down to a mere 2 blocks of destroyed buildings.

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The owlbear's trail is simple to follow with a DC 10 Survival check. It heads south, leaving a swath of felled trees, trampled brush, and churned earth across the southern Kamelands.

V1. BLOODY FEATHERS

A dark, gaping hole yawns in the side of a large, rocky hillock. The earth in front of the cave has been trampled flat, and shattered trees and stumps bear the marks of powerful claws. Tufts of dark fur are snagged in branches, and huge feathers litter the ground.

The owlbear makes its home in a small cavern complex beneath a rocky tor overlooking the Little Sellen River. While there are two main entrances to the lair, both are normally obscured by vegetation. The owlbear's rage and anger, however, have resulted in the utter destruction of the vegetation in front of area V1; when this part begins, locating this entrance is automatic once the PCs explore the hex or track the owlbear to its den (if the PCs explore this hex before this event, it's a DC 25 Perception check for them to notice the hidden cave). The entrance to area

V7 remains obscured to passersby by hanging plants and trees and the fact that it's 30 feet off the ground—it's a DC 30 Perception check to notice this entrance. Inside, ceiling height varies from room to room, but the main tunnels average about 10 feet high. Unless otherwise noted, all of the caves within the hill are dark.

V2. MIDDEN (CR 6)

The cave mouth widens into a large cavern filthy with carrion and offal. A bewildering variety of molds and fungi grow on the floor and walls, some as big as a person, and countless insects scuttle about underfoot, feeding on the mounds of waste. A large tunnel slopes down to the south, with a similar opening to the north.

This 20-foot-high cavern is the owlbear's midden, where it deposits the remains of its kills and leaves its waste in the form of huge regurgitated pellets. This ordure provides a continually refreshed larder for several creatures that live in the smaller side caverns.

Two shriekers (see page 416 of the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*) grow in the cavern, one near the northern entrance and the other next to the southern passage. If the shriekers emit their shrieks, they have a 40% chance of attracting the shambling mound from area V3, a 30% chance of attracting the spiders from area V5, and a 50% chance of attracting the owlbear from area V6, all of which arrive in 1d6 rounds. Any monsters present when the owlbear appears immediately flee to their respective lairs once the larger monster arrives.

Creatures: Three violet fungi inhabit this cavern. Mostly content to live off the owlbear's waste, they leave the owlbear alone but occasionally supplement their diet with smaller creatures that visit the chamber. They attack any creature that remains in the room for more than 3 rounds.

VIOLET FUNGI (3)

CR 3

XP 800 each

hp 30 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 274)

Treasure: An hour spent searching the filth littering this chamber turns up the following items of value: a battered breastplate, a suit of rusted chainmail, three daggers, two longswords, a short sword, a masterwork warhammer, a vial of *silversheen*, a set of masterwork thieves' tools, and 121 gp in scattered coins.



V3. CAVE OF THE SHAMBLER (CR 7)

Rotting leaves and other vegetation fill this small, irregular cavern. Water drips from slimy vines and roots that hang from the ceiling, collecting into puddles on the uneven floor. Three small openings, little more than wide cracks in the stone, lead to the northwest, southeast, and south.

Creatures: A shambling mound lives in this cavern. It occasionally feeds on the refuse in the midden, but it gives the owlbear a wide berth, preferring to use its own smaller cave entrance to hunt fresh prey in the surrounding woods. The twisted vines of the shambler's body also provide a home to a swarm of bright red centipedes which live in a kind of symbiosis within the plant creature, feeding on bits of flesh and gristle that remain in its body after it feeds.

SHAMBLING MOUND CR 7

XP 3,200

hp 67 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 246)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Symbiotic Swarm (Ex) A creature engulfed by the shambler's constrict attack is subject to the attacks of a centipede swarm, including physical damage, poison, and distraction. The swarm is considered to have total cover from attacks as long as the shambling mound is alive. If the shambler is killed, the centipede swarm boils up from its remains and attacks any nearby creatures. A symbiotic centipede swarm adds +1 to the shambling mound's CR.

CENTIPEDE SWARM CR 4

XP 1,200

hp 31 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 43)

Treasure: A DC 25 Perception check while searching the shambler's remains turns up a *wand of lightning bolt* (CL 5th, 33 charges), all that remains of a hapless (and fatally misinformed) wizard who tried to use it against the shambling mound

V4. TWISTING TUNNEL (CR 7)

This narrow tunnel is only about five feet high and slopes gently to the south. Water drips from numerous cracks in the ceiling to flow down the passage in small rivulets.

Trap: Water seeping down through the hillside above has weakened the floor of this tunnel and carved out a chasm beneath it. The dark, damp pit has also become home to a colony of green slime (see page 416 of the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*). Any object weighing more than 50 pounds on the marked portion of the map causes the floor to collapse, dropping anyone in those

Quest: Hunting the Beast

The PCs must track down the owlbear and destroy it.

Source: No one assigns the PCs this quest—the owlbear's attack on town should spur them into action.

Task: Slay the enormous owlbear at area V6!

Completion: Either one month after the owlbear's defeat (when it becomes obvious that the peril is no more) or immediately upon displaying physical proof of the monster's defeat in public (such as its head or a claw), the PCs' kingdom gains the quest reward.

Reward: The destruction of the owlbear brings no additional monetary gain apart from treasure looted from its den, but the feat bolsters the kingdom's morale, the PCs' fame, and the safety of all. Increase Economy, Loyalty, and Stability by 4, and reduce Unrest to 0.

squares 40 feet into the chasm below as well as into the green slime.

WEAKENED FLOOR CR 7

XP 1,200

Type mechanical; Perception DC 25; Disable Device DC 20

EFFECTS

Trigger location; Reset none

Effect 40-ft.-deep pit (4d6 falling damage plus green slime); DC 25 Reflex avoids; multiple targets (all targets in a 10-ft. line)

V5. SPIDER NEST (CR 6)

The narrow tunnel widens here into a natural cavern, the dimensions of which are hard to discern for the thick sheets of webbing that fill the place.

Creatures: Several giant spiders, black and red monsters known as caveweaver spiders, inhabit this cavern. They are protected from the owlbear by the narrow width of their tunnels, but know better than to creep too closely into its actual cave. The spiders attack any other creature invading their lair.

CAVEWEAVER SPIDERS (6) CR 1

XP 400 each

Giant spiders (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 258)

hp 16 each

V6. LAIR OF THE BEAST (CR 9)

The ceiling of this huge cavern arches thirty feet into the air. A murky pool of water stands in the western portion of the cavern in front of a narrow passage, little more than a crack, that opens in the wall. Wider, sloping tunnels lead out of the cave to the

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north and southeast. A jumble of bones, rocks, fur, and feathers sits piled against the southern wall.

This cavern contains the nest of the giant owlbear and its slain mate (whose remains may be found in area V7). The pool provides drinking water for both the owlbear and many of the other denizens of the caves.

Creatures: There is a 60% chance that the owlbear is here in its lair and a 40% chance that it is in the neighboring cavern (area V7). Though the owlbear often sleeps when at home, the shriekers in area V2 can alert it to intruders. The owlbear is active both night and day and attacks any living creature it finds in the caves, roaring with anger and madness. The monster still wears the majority of the masterwork studded leather barding that Eirikkk outfitted it with before his *ring of bestial friendship* failed him and the beast killed him.

ENRAGED GIANT OWLBEAR CR 9 XP 6,400

Advanced owlbear (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 224, 294)

N Huge magical beast

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +16

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 8, flat-footed 17 (+3 armor, +2 Dex, +8 natural, -2 rage, -2 size)

hp 135 (10d10+80)

Fort +15, **Ref** +9, **Will** +9

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 claws +19 (1d8+11 plus grab), bite +19 (1d8+11)

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

TACTICS

During Combat The owlbear lashes out at the nearest opponent, attempting to grapple and rend its chosen victim until dead. If it takes more than 15 points of damage from a single attack, the owlbear sends that attacker flying with an Awesome Blow.

Morale Enraged beyond all reason, the owlbear fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 32, **Dex** 14, **Con** 26, **Int** 2, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +23; **CMD** 35 (39 vs. trip)

Feats Awesome Blow, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Power Attack

Skills Perception +16

SQ curse of rage

Gear masterwork studded leather barding

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Curse of Rage The huge owlbear is still under the after-effects of the cursed *ring of bestial friendship*. This curse effect is persistent until it is dispelled or removed, and functions at CL 5th. Full details of how the owlbear came to be cursed and how the curse manipulates its mind are given in Treasure below.

Treasure: The body of Eirikkk, the barbarian beast-handler sent by Nyrrissa to control the owlbears but killed before he could get the monster under control, lies stashed behind the owlbear's nest. The studded leather barding worn by the owlbear should be the first clue that the creature is not just a wild beast and that its assault on the PCs' town may have been more than just a random attack.

In addition, a DC 15 Perception check while searching Eirikkk's body turns up a map of the Greenbelt with the PCs' town and the owlbear lair clearly marked. Of course, Nyrrissa never intended Eirikkk to live to see the plan through—she used him as nothing more than a tool to enrage the owlbear and send it on its way. While there is nothing else to suggest who Nyrrissa is or why she sent Eirikkk and the rest of the bandits here, the PCs should now realize that someone else has eyes on their fledgling kingdom.

Eirikkk's body is still outfitted with his gear: a+2 *chain shirt*, a +1 *longsword*, a cursed *ring of bestial friendship* (see below), two masterwork throwing axes, two *potions of speak with animals*, a jar of *restorative ointment*, a vial of antitoxin, two smokesticks, a tanglefoot bag, two thunderstones, and 34 gp. In addition, assorted coins worth 112 gp can be salvaged from the owlbear's nest. The owlbear's barding is worth 250 gp and weighs 150 pounds.

The *ring of bestial friendship* functions as a *ring of animal friendship*, save that it allows the wearer to use charm monster on magical beasts that have an Intelligence of 2 or less. This particular ring was created by the nymph Nyrrissa from a lock of her own hair woven around several small gemstones, and bears an unfortunate curse. The *charm monster* effect lasts only for 1d4 minutes, after which the effect ends and the targeted creature becomes affected by the curse of rage. This curse affects the magical beast with a *rage* spell, and instills in its brain a hatred of the wearer of the *ring of bestial friendship* used to charm it, forcing the magical beast to attack the ring-wearer and kill him. After this point, the curse of rage fills the magical beast with a deep loathing of civilization, forcing it to wander further from its lair with each passing day in search of a city or town to attack and destroy. The compulsion to destroy lasts only until the magical beast takes enough damage to reduce its hit point total by half, at which point it can flee to its lair, but 2d4 days later the compulsion to return and destroy again forces it to act.

Although fashioned from Nyrrissa's hair, using this ring as an aid in scrying the nymph is a poor choice—if the ring is used in this or any similar manner (such as to create a *simulacrum*), the ring instead explodes into a blast of lightning. This destroys the ring, counters the scrying (or other) effect, and inflicts 6d6 points of electricity damage in a 20-foot-burst (DC 15 Reflex halves).



V7. TOMB OF THE FALLEN

A buzzing fills this cavern, which arches up to a height of twenty feet. At the southern end of the cavern, a wide ledge runs along the cavern wall at a height of about fifteen feet. Two tunnels exit the cavern to the north, one narrow and one wide. In the eastern portion of the cavern lies the giant carcass of some great beast, surrounded by at least half a dozen humanoid bodies.

The giant carcass is the body of the owlbear's mate, slain by the bandits sent here by Nyriisa. The corpses of the bandits are scattered around the carcass, killed by the owlbear before she was slain. The corpses of two owlbear cubs also lie nearby, along with one surviving cub. It is starving and hoots pitifully next to the body of its dead mother.

A web-choked hole in the ceiling above the ledge leads to a natural chimney. A DC 5 Climb check is required to navigate the chimney, which climbs 15 feet to area V8.

There is a 40% chance that the enraged giant owlbear is here, and a 60% chance that it is in its lair to the northwest (area V6). If the owlbear is found in this chamber, it is morosely nudging the decaying remains of its slain mate, occasionally issuing hooting moans.

Treasure: If the living owlbear cub is nursed back to health (requiring DC 15 Heal checks for long-term

care), it can later be sold for 3,000 gp. The corpses of the bandits still wear their gear, consisting of six suits of studded leather armor, six light wooden shields, six daggers, six longswords, six shortbows, 84 arrows, and a total 96 gp.

V8. THE BACK DOOR (CR 7)

Thousands of tiny spiders scurry among the strands of sticky webbing that drape the walls of this small cave, and several large web cocoons hang from the ceiling. An opening leads outside onto a ledge on the southern face of the hill, and two smaller rooms open off the main cave to the east and west. In the rear of the cave, a wide hole drops into the earth.

This small cave sits about 30 feet up the southern side of the hill. It provides an alternate entrance to the caverns, a "back door" of sorts, that can be used to avoid most of the dangers of the owlbear's lair. The ceilings in this cave are about 10 feet high. The hole in the back of the cave is choked with webs and is the top opening of a natural chimney. A DC 5 Climb check is required to navigate the chimney, which drops 15 feet down to a ledge in area V7.

Creatures: A pair of ettercaps and their giant spider companions inhabit this cave, although they seldom enter

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Southern Greenbelt Rumors

d10 Roll **Rumor**

- 1 The Stag Lord has risen from the dead and now stalks the Greenbelt, gathering an army of ghostly bandits from an ancient crypt in the eastern Kamelands. (False)
- 2 Beware the mad hermit to the south. He speaks to beasts and lives in a hollow tree.
- 3 A green dragon lives in the Narlmarches and eats anyone who crosses its path. (False: the source of this rumor is the forest drake at area S.)
- 4 Some gnome explorers came by a few weeks ago, claiming that they were here to map the entire Greenbelt; they were last seen heading up the Skunk River.
- 5 A hag known as the Swamp Witch lives in a marsh on the northwest shore of the Tuskwater. She consorts with demons and steals children, boiling them for stew in her magic cauldron. (False)
- 6 A brutish hill giant has been seen wandering the southern Kamelands. Give him a wide berth (or a stiff drink), and he'll leave you alone.
- 7 There's an old ruin to the west built by the elves long ago. Some say it's full of treasure, but others say it's haunted by angry spirits and worse.
- 8 A tribe of violent lizardfolk led by a lizard king who talks to the spirits of his dead ancestors dwells deep in the southern swamps.
- 9 The old tower on the island in Candlemere marks a place where the boundary between this world and another has rasped thin—and is now guarded by some sort of deadly monster.
- 10 The Swamp Witch is friendly enough if you call out to her before you enter her yard—those foolish enough to trespass end up working for her as scarecrows or worse! (The former is true, but the latter is false.)



the owlbear's lair. The ettercaps live in the central cave, while the giant spiders lair in the smaller side caves. The ettercaps have strung a sheet of sticky webbing across the entrance to their cave to catch any intruders—approaching creatures must make a DC 20 Perception check to notice the web; otherwise they stumble into it and become trapped as though by a successful web attack. The ettercaps attack any creature entering their cave.

ETTERCAPS (2) **CR 3**

XP 800 each

hp 30 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 129*)

TACTICS

During Combat The ettercaps call their pet spiders to their aid and then try to immobilize foes with their web attacks. They try to avoid melee combat with unentangled opponents, but use their poisonous bite to subdue difficult enemies.

Morale If one of the ettercaps is slain, the surviving one tries to flee the caves into the forest outside.

CAVEWEAVER SPIDERS (4) **CR 1**

XP 400 each

Giant spiders (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 258*)

hp 16 each

Treasure: The cocooned body of an unfortunate explorer hangs in the western cave. He still wears his leather armor and his *gloves of swimming and climbing*, and the pouch on his belt contains a large amethyst worth 100 gp.



CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

Of all the adventures in Kingmaker, “Rivers Run Red” is perhaps the most open-ended. There’s no real timeline of threats the PCs need to follow during the course of the adventure, nor is there a single “boss monster” that signals the end. The next adventure, “The Varnhold Vanishing,” has its own trigger of events to get it going, and once the PCs head east to explore new ground, the overarching storyline of Kingmaker begins to grow more prevalent.

Technically, this adventure’s end occurs once the PCs have defeated the trolls and the owlbear and have reached 7th level, but even then they can continue to explore the Greenbelt, grow their kingdom, and build more cities. In fact, you should strongly consider letting the PCs take a year or more off before you move on to “The Varnhold Vanishing,” since that adventure assumes that the agents sent to that section of the Stolen Land have had plenty of time to build the town of Varnhold up from nothing. Eventually, the PCs should

hear some disturbing news from the east—Varnhold has gone silent—and with growing hostility between Rostland and Issia in Brevoy, the PCs will find themselves increasingly masters of their own fate.

APPENDIX: GREENBELT RUMORS

In addition to handing out quests, you can use the rumors provided on the previous page to encourage your PCs to head out into the southern Greenbelt to seek out adventure. These rumors can come from citizens in the PCs’ kingdom, travelers they encounter during a journey, or even from enemies the PCs capture and successfully interrogate for information.

A (False) following a rumor indicates that the rumor is merely that; in some cases, further details on the rumor’s veracity are provided. Note that even false rumors are useful in spurring the PCs into a remote part of the area, and often finding that the truth behind a rumor is something else entirely can come as a pleasant surprise to curious PCs.

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Of Cities and Kings

The Stolen Lands have long resisted all attempts to claim them. Taldor itself has tried, and to this day, once-proud ruins of ambitious but doomed Taldan colonies dot the wilds of these distant reaches. Others have tried as well. Bandits, adventurers, and all manner of distasteful riffraff have attempted to claim domains here, often in the name of established River Kingdoms like Pitax or Mivon, but sometimes without any external support at all. Brevoy has long dabbled with southward expansion, yet the Stolen Lands harbor many ferocious and tenacious denizens and have no shortage of monsters or mysteries to foil such attempts at colonization.

It seems obvious, therefore, that these lands will remain wild for some time to come—only a group blessed equally with tenacity, foolishness, and luck might succeed where so many before have failed to transform these regions into a new kingdom.

—from Taldan historian Gustav Devarr's *Kingdoms of the Lost*

CREATING A KINGDOM

A major part of the Kingmaker Adventure Path is the PCs' creation of a kingdom and the cities within its borders. This article presents rules for creating kingdoms and cities. Like characters, kingdoms use sheets to track their statistics. See page 59 for a blank kingdom sheet. Use the following notes to fill in a kingdom's initial values.

Alignment: A kingdom's alignment affects its statistics, so choose your kingdom's alignment carefully. Lawful kingdoms gain a +2 bonus on Economy checks. Chaotic kingdoms gain a +2 bonus on Loyalty checks. Good kingdoms gain a +2 bonus on Loyalty checks. Evil kingdoms gain a +2 bonus on Economy checks. Neutral kingdoms gain a +2 bonus on Stability checks (a truly neutral kingdom gains this bonus twice).

Size: Count the number of hexes your kingdom comprises and record that number here. This number affects a kingdom's Consumption and its Control DC.

Control DC: A kingdom's Control DC is 20 + its size; this value is the DC you'll be rolling against most often with your kingdom's Stability, Economy, and Loyalty checks.

Population: Actual population numbers do not factor into your kingdom's statistics, but it can be fun to track the number anyway. A kingdom's population is equal to its size \times 250 + the total population of each of its cities.

Stability, Economy, and Loyalty: These three values are analogous to saving throws. You make Stability checks during a kingdom's Upkeep phase to determine whether it remains secure. You make Economy checks during a kingdom's Income phase to determine how much its treasury increases. You make Loyalty checks to keep the public peace. A kingdom's initial scores in all three of these categories is 0 + the kingdom's alignment modifiers. A natural 1 is always a failure for these checks, and a natural 20 is always a success.

Unrest: A kingdom's Unrest value indicates how rebellious its people are. A kingdom's Unrest score is applied as a penalty on all Stability, Economy, and Loyalty checks. If a kingdom's Unrest is above 10, it begins to lose control of hexes it has claimed. If a kingdom's Unrest score ever reaches 20, it falls into anarchy. While in anarchy, a kingdom can take no action and treats all Stability, Economy, and Loyalty check results as 0. Restoring order once a kingdom falls into anarchy typically requires a number of quests and lengthy adventures by the kingdom's would-be leaders—if your PCs' kingdom falls into anarchy, you can either assume the Kingmaker Adventure Path is over (as you might if all of the PCs were slain in an encounter), or you can simply let the PCs "restart" a new kingdom elsewhere in the Stolen Lands. Unrest can never go below 0—adjustments that would normally reduce Unrest lower than 0 are wasted.

Golarion's Newest Kingdom

One thing that this campaign doesn't assume or provide is a name for the kingdom the PCs are building—its name is up to them. Therefore, in this volume of *Pathfinder Adventure Path* and the four that follow it, the kingdom is at all times referred to as the "Stolen Lands," regardless of how many or how few hexes the PCs add to their kingdom.

Note that for this Adventure Path, it's assumed that the PCs' kingdom is a monarchy, and thus its rulers are kings and queens. While one could certainly further customize and adapt these rules to allow for different types of government, such rules are beyond the scope of this Adventure Path.

Consumption: A kingdom's prosperity is measured by the Build Points (abbreviated BP) in its treasury, and its Consumption indicates how many BP it costs to keep the kingdom functioning. If a kingdom is unable to pay its Consumption, its Unrest increases by 2. A kingdom's Consumption is equal to its size plus the number of city districts it contains plus adjustments for Edicts minus 2 per farmland.

Treasury: As your kingdom earns money, favors, resources, and power, its Build Point total increases. In the Kingmaker Adventure Path, you begin with 50 BP in your kingdom's treasury (this amount is bestowed upon you by the swordlords of Restov).

Special Resources: If your kingdom includes any special resources (see below), record them here.

Leadership: Write in the names of the PCs or NPCs filling each of the 11 leadership roles here, along with their appropriate modifiers.

EDICTS

Edicts (promotions, taxes, and festivals) increase your kingdom's Stability, Economy, and Loyalty scores. Promotions can include recruitments, advertisements, and even propaganda campaigns. Taxes are payments gathered from a kingdom's citizens to help pay for Consumption. Festivals, which can also include parades and other public events, can increase the kingdom's happiness and loyalty.

SPECIAL RESOURCES

Some hexes do more than just add size to a kingdom—they also add resources and impact a kingdom's Stability, Economy, Loyalty, and other elements.

Bridge: A bridge hex negates the cost increase of building a road that crosses a river.

Building: If you establish a city in a hex at a building location, you can incorporate the building into the city as a free building—the encounter indicates what type of

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Kingdom Edicts

Promotion Type	Stability Bonus	Consumption Increase
None	-1	—
Token	+1	1 BP
Standard	+2	2 BP
Aggressive	+3	4 BP
Expansionist	+4	8 BP
Taxation Level	Economy Bonus	Loyalty Penalty
None	+0	+1
Light	+1	-1
Normal	+2	-2
Heavy	+3	-4
Overwhelming	+4	-8
Festivals per Year	Loyalty Bonus	Consumption Increase
None	-1	—
1	+1	1 BP
6	+2	2 BP
12	+3	4 BP
24	+4	8 BP

building it counts as. See page 58 for a list of building types.

Cave: Caves can be used as defensive fallback points, storage, or even guard posts or prisons. A cave hex increases a kingdom's Stability by 1.

Landmarks: Landmarks are sites of great pride, mystery, and wonder. They serve well to bolster a kingdom's morale. A landmark hex increases a kingdom's Loyalty by 1.

Road: A hex with a road in it allows for much easier travel. For every four road hexes your kingdom controls, the kingdom's Economy increases by 1. For every eight road hexes your kingdom controls, its Stability increases by 1.

Ruins: A ruin can be incorporated into a city as a building—doing so halves the cost of the building, as the ruin only needs to be repaired rather than having to be built from the ground up. The encounter indicates what type of building a repaired ruin counts as. See page 58 for a list of building types.

Towns: A town consists of an established settlement—claiming a town hex is an excellent way to add a fully functional city to a kingdom. In order to claim a town hex peacefully, the annexing kingdom must make a Stability check (DC = Command DC). Failure indicates that radicals and upstarts in the town increase your kingdom's Unrest score by 2d4.

Resources: Resources include particularly valuable sources of lumber, metal, gems, food, or the like. A resource hex increases a kingdom's Economy by 1.

LEADERSHIP ROLES

A healthy kingdom has leaders filling a number of different roles. Each leader grants the kingdom different benefits; leaving a role unfilled can penalize the kingdom.

In order for a Leadership role to grant its bonus, the character in that particular role must spend at least 1 week per month engaged in various leadership duties (during which time the PCs must be located within a hex that is part of their kingdom). For this campaign, it's best to have the party pick the same week to dedicate to their administrative duties so that all of the PCs are all available for "adventuring duty" at the same time. A single character can only occupy one leadership role at a time.

RULER

The ruler is the primary leader of the kingdom. Unlike the other leadership roles, a ruler uses one of three distinct titles, depending on the current size of the kingdom. For a kingdom of size 1–20, its ruler is known as a baron or baroness. For a kingdom of size 21–80, its ruler is known as a duke or duchess. A kingdom of size 81 or higher is ruled by a king or queen.

Benefit A baron or baroness chooses one of a nation's statistics (Economy, Loyalty, or Stability) and modifies that score by a value equal to the character's Charisma modifier. A duke or duchess chooses two of these values to modify. A king or queen modifies all three values.

Vacancy Penalty A kingdom without a ruler cannot claim new hexes, create farmlands, build roads, or purchase city districts. Increase Unrest by 4 during each Upkeep phase in which the kingdom has no ruler.

Special Two characters can fill this role if they become married, in which case the two rulers can jointly command the kingdom. Both rulers apply their Charisma modifiers to the kingdom's Stability, Economy, and Loyalty checks as appropriate for their rank, and as long as one of the two rulers is present for 1 week per month, they avoid the vacancy penalty.

COUNCILOR

The councilor ensures that the will of the citizenry is represented.

Benefit Increase Loyalty by a value equal to the Councilor's Wisdom or Charisma modifier.

Vacancy Penalty Decrease Loyalty by 2; the kingdom cannot gain benefits from festivals. Increase Unrest by 1 during each Upkeep phase in which the kingdom has no Councilor.

GENERAL

The General commands the kingdom's armies and is a public hero.

Benefit Increase Stability by a value equal to the General's Strength or Charisma modifier.

Vacancy Penalty Decrease Stability by 4.

GRAND DIPLOMAT

The Grand Diplomat oversees international relations.

Benefit Increase Stability by a value equal to the Grand Diplomat's Intelligence or Charisma modifier.

Vacancy Penalty Decrease Stability by 2; the kingdom cannot issue Promotion Edicts.

HIGH PRIEST

The high priest guides the kingdom's religious needs and growth.

Benefit Increase Stability by a value equal to the High Priest's Wisdom or Charisma modifier.

Vacancy Penalty Decrease Stability and Loyalty by 2. Increase Unrest by 1 during each Upkeep phase in which the kingdom has no High Priest.

MAGISTER

The Magister guides a kingdom's higher learning and magic.

Benefit Increase Economy by a value equal to the Magister's Intelligence or Charisma modifier.

Vacancy Penalty Decrease Economy by 4.

MARSHAL

The Marshal helps organize patrols and enforces justice in rural and wilderness regions.

Benefit Increase Economy by a value equal to the Marshal's Dexterity or Wisdom modifier.

Vacancy Penalty Decrease Economy by 4.

ROYAL ASSASSIN

The Royal Assassin can serve as a public executioner, a headsman, or a shadowy assassin.

Benefit Increase Loyalty by a value equal to the Royal Assassin's Strength or Dexterity modifier. Fear inspired by the Royal Assassin reduces Unrest by 1 during each Upkeep phase.

Vacancy Penalty A kingdom without a Royal Assassin suffers no vacancy penalty.

SPYMASTER

The Spymaster observes the kingdom's underworld and criminal elements and spies on other kingdoms.

Benefit Increase Loyalty, Economy, or Stability (Spymaster's choice) by a value equal to the Spymaster's Dexterity or Intelligence modifier. The Spymaster can change which value he modifies during the kingdom's Improvement phase (but only once per phase).

Vacancy Penalty Reduce Economy by 4 because of out-of-control crime. Increase Unrest by 1 during each Upkeep phase in which the kingdom has no Spymaster.

TREASURER

The Treasurer organizes tax collection, and manages the treasury.

Benefit Increase Economy by a value equal to the Treasurer's Intelligence or Wisdom modifier.

Vacancy Penalty Reduce Economy by 4; the kingdom cannot collect taxes.

WARDEN

The Warden leads the kingdom's defense and city guards.

Benefit Increase Loyalty by a value equal to the Warden's Strength or Constitution modifier.

Vacancy Penalty Reduce Loyalty by 4 and Stability by 2.

BUILDING CITIES

The greatest asset of any kingdom are its cities, for it is here that the bulk of a kingdom's citizens live, its armies train, its culture develops, and its future is forged. The rules presented here are designed to support the rules for kingdom building presented in the first portion of this article and to give players a visual representation of a city (the city grid) they helped to build up from scratch.

READING THE GRID

The city grid consists of 36 city blocks, each arranged into nine larger squares. Each block is separated by alleys, while each square is separated by streets. The nine squares themselves are in turn bordered by four sides—each side represents a border to the entire city district. A district border can represent a city wall, a river, a lake or ocean shore, a cliff, or merely the transition from one city district into another. For larger cities, you can prepare multiple districts sharing common borders.

As the PCs build structures and locations, they can place cut-out representations of their buildings into these city blocks, eventually creating a visual representation of their completed city.

PREPARING THE SITE

Once you select a location for your city (which must be in a hex you have explored and cleared), you must pay to have the site cleared and prepared to support the city's roads and buildings. The cost and time required to clear space in various terrains is detailed on the table on page 59.

Once you finish preparing the site, decide which of the district's borders are water (in the form of riverbanks, lakeshores, or seashores) or land. Record these choices at each border on your city grid. In addition, adding a city district to a kingdom increases its Consumption by 1.

THE CITY GRID IN PLAY

You can use your city grid to aid in resolving encounters or adjusting kingdom or city statistics.

Destroyed Blocks: If an event destroys one or more blocks, the devastation causes +1 Unrest per destroyed block. The cost to build the replacement structure is halved if the replacement is the same type of structure as the one that preceded the destruction.

City Grid Scale: Although combat encounters in a city should still be played out normally, you might need to determine how long it takes for someone to travel from

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one location to another in the city in the case of multiple encounters. In this case, treat each city block as if it were a 750-foot square—this means that an entire city district is about 1 square mile in size.

BASE VALUE

When using these rules to build a settlement, the city's base value (see *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*, pages 460–461) starts at 200 gp. It increases as you construct certain buildings, like shops and marketplaces.

BUILDING A CITY

Once you've prepared your city district, you can start to build. The placement of buildings in your district is left to you, but two-block and four-block structures cannot be split up (although they can span streets). When you decide to place a building, you can use the cut-out icon for the appropriate type of structure and affix the building where you wish in your city grid. It takes 1 month to construct a building, no matter what size the building is—its benefits apply immediately.

Population: A city's population is equal to the number of completed blocks within its districts \times 250. A city grid that has all 36 blocks filled with buildings has a population of 9,000.

Defensive Modifier: A city's Defensive Modifier can be increased by building certain structures (such as city walls) and has an impact on mass combat (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #35). Keep track of your city's Defensive Modifier, but until the city is attacked by an invading army (something scheduled to occur later in the *Kingmaker Adventure Path*), this value is not used.

Base Value: The base value associated with a city built in this manner is tied not to its size but rather to the number of Economy-based buildings it has. Each such building, whether it's a shop, tavern, or brothel, increases a city's base value. Any magic item equal to or lower than this base value in cost is available for purchase 75% of the time—this check may be made again every month (as new stock comes and goes). Any nonmagical item from the equipment chapter in the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* is always available if its cost is lower than the city's base value. Cities with multiple districts add the individual base values of each district together to determine the entire city's base value, with an upper limit of 16,000 gp per city.

At the GM's whim, using construction magic (such as a *lyre of building* or spells like *fabricate* or *wall of stone*) can reduce the cost of a building's BP by 2 (minimum of 0 BP). This is a one-time reduction, regardless of the amount of magic used.

Magic Item Availability: A certain number of more powerful and valuable magic items are available for

purchase in any city, although these items tend to be of a somewhat random nature as new items are found or created and enter the economy. As with base value, a community's size does not influence the number of magic items above base value that are available for purchase. Instead, these items become available as certain buildings (like academies or magic shops) are added to a city. Whenever such a building is added to a city, place an "X" in one of the boxes next to the appropriate item category to indicate that the city has gained a "slot" in that category. During every Upkeep phase, randomly roll a magic item of the appropriate category for each empty slot.

After it is generated, a magic item remains on the market until it is purchased. Alternatively, once per Income phase, a kingdom can make Economy checks to try to sell items; once the item is sold, its slot remains empty until the next Upkeep phase (see page 61).

BUILDING TYPES

Adding buildings to a city is one of the most efficient ways to enhance your kingdom's statistics, as each block of buildings added to a city in your kingdom grants a specific bonus. Page 62 presents icons for 31 one-block buildings, eight two-block buildings, and four four-block buildings. Descriptions of each of these buildings, as well as the bonuses it provides once it's added to a city, are listed below. The building's BP cost and any prerequisite buildings that must be built first are listed in parentheses after its name. The building's benefit to the city and kingdom once it is constructed is listed last in italics. If a building affects Unrest, it does so only once, when it is first constructed.

A fair amount of additional residential structures are common amid most one- and two-block structures.

Academy (52 BP): An institution of higher learning that can focus on any area of knowledge or education, including magic. *Halves cost of Caster's Tower, Library, and Magic Shop in same city; 3 minor items, 2 medium items; Economy +2, Loyalty +2.*

Alchemist (18 BP; must be adjacent to 1 house): The laboratory and home of a creator of potions, poisons, and alchemical items. *City base value +1,000 gp; 1 minor item; Economy +1.*

Arena (40 BP): A large public structure for competitions, demonstrations, team sports, or bloodsports. *Halves cost of Garrison or Theater in same city; halves Consumption increase penalty for festival edicts; Stability +4; limit one per city.*

Barracks (12 BP): A building to house city guards, militia, and military forces. *Defense Modifier +2; Unrest -1.*

Black Market (50 BP; must be adjacent to 2 houses): A number of shops with secret and usually illegal or dangerous wares. *City base value +2,000; 2 minor items, 1 medium item, 1 major item; Economy +2, Stability +1; Unrest +1.*

Brewery (6 BP): A building for beermaking, winemaking, or similar use. *Loyalty +1, Stability +1.*

Brothel (4 BP; must be adjacent to 1 house): A place to pay for companionship of any sort. *Economy +1, Loyalty +2; Unrest +1.*

Caster's Tower (30 BP): The home and laboratory for a spellcaster. *3 minor items, 2 medium items; Economy +1, Loyalty +1.*

Castle (54 BP): The home of the city's leader or the heart of its defenses. *Halves cost of Noble Villa or Town Hall in same city; Economy +2, Loyalty +2, Stability +2; Defense Modifier +8; Unrest -4; limit one per city.*

Cathedral (58 BP): The focal point of the city's religion and spiritual leadership. *Halves cost of Temple or Academy in same city; halves Consumption increase penalty for promotion edicts; 3 minor items, 2 medium items; Loyalty +4; Unrest -4; limit one per city.*

City Wall (8 BP): City walls do not occupy a city block—rather, purchasing a city wall fortifies one of a district's four outer borders. A city wall cannot be built on a water border. *Defense Modifier +4; Unrest -2.*

Dump (4 BP): A centralized place to dispose of refuse. *Loyalty +1, Stability +1.*

Exotic Craftsman (10 BP; must be adjacent to 1 house): The workshop and home of an exotic craftsman, such as a creator of magic items, a tinker, a fireworks maker, or a glassblower. *1 minor item; Loyalty +1, Stability +1.*

Preparing a City District Site

Terrain	Cost to Prepare	Time to Prepare
Forest	4 BP	2 months
Grassland	1 BP	Immediate*
Hills	2 BP	1 month
Mountains	12 BP	4 months
Swamp	8 BP	3 months

*Construction of buildings can be started the same month for grassland cities.

Garrison (28 BP): A large building to house armies, train guards, and recruit militia. *Halves cost of City Wall, Granary, and Jail in same city; Loyalty +2, Stability +2; Unrest -2.*

Granary (12 BP): A place to store grain and food. *Loyalty +1, Stability +1.*

Graveyard (4 BP): A plot of land to honor and bury the dead. *Economy +1, Loyalty +1.*

Guildhall (34 BP; must be adjacent to 1 house): A large building that serves as headquarters for a guild or similar organization. *City base value +1,000 gp; halves cost of Pier, Stable, and Tradesman in same city; Economy +2, Loyalty +2.*

Herbalist (10 BP; must be adjacent to 1 house): The workshop and home of a gardener, healer, poisoner, or creator of potions. *1 minor item; Loyalty +1, Stability +1.*



KINGDOM SHEET

KINGDOM NAME _____ CAMPAIGN _____
 ALIGNMENT _____ SIZE _____ CONTROL DC _____ POPULATION _____

BONUSES

PENALTIES

	TOTAL	BUILDINGS	EDICTS	EVENTS	LEADERSHIP	RESOURCES	ALIGNMENT	EDICTS	UNREST	VACANCIES	OTHER
ECONOMY	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>
LOYALTY	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>
STABILITY	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>

EDICTS

PROMOTION LEVEL _____
 + STABILITY + BP CONSUMPTION

TAXATION LEVEL _____
 + ECONOMY - LOYALTY

FESTIVALS PER YEAR _____
 + LOYALTY + BP CONSUMPTION

UNREST PENALTY ON ALL CHECKS

CONSUMPTION BP

SIZE CITIES EDICTS FARMS OTHER
 + + - +

TREASURY BP

ONGOING EVENTS _____

LEADERSHIP

LEADERSHIP ROLE	BONUS	ATTRIBUTE
RULER _____	+	ECONOMY, LOYALTY, STABILITY
RULER _____	+	ECONOMY, LOYALTY, STABILITY
COUNCILOR _____	+	LOYALTY
GENERAL _____	+	STABILITY
GRAND DIPLOMAT _____	+	STABILITY
HIGH PRIEST _____	+	STABILITY
MAGISTER _____	+	ECONOMY
MARSHAL _____	+	ECONOMY
ROYAL ASSASSIN _____	+	LOYALTY, -1 UNREST/UPKEEP
SPYMASTER _____	+	
TREASURER _____	+	ECONOMY
WARDEN _____	+	LOYALTY

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House (3 BP): A number of mid-sized houses for citizens. Houses serve as prerequisites for many other buildings. The first house you build during any Improvement Phase does not count against the total number of buildings you can build during the phase. *Unrest -1.*

Inn (10 BP; must be adjacent to 1 house): A place for visitors to spend the night. *City base value +500 gp; Economy +1, Loyalty +1.*

Jail (14 BP): A fortified structure for housing criminals. *Loyalty +2, Stability +2; Unrest -2.*

Library (6 BP): A large building containing books, often presided over by a sage or other scholar. *Economy +1, Loyalty +1.*

Luxury Store (28 BP; must be adjacent to 1 house): A shop that specializes in expensive wares and luxuries. *City base value +2,000 gp; 2 minor items; Economy +1.*

Magic Shop (68 BP; must be adjacent to 2 houses): A shop that specializes in magic items and spells. *City base value +2,000 gp; 4 minor items, 2 medium items, 1 major item; Economy +1.*

Mansion (10 BP): A single huge manor housing a rich family and its servants. *Stability +1.*

Market (48 BP; must be adjacent to 2 houses): An open area for mercantile pursuits, traveling merchants, and bargain

hunters. *City base value +2,000 gp; halves cost of Black Market, Inn, and Shop in same city; 2 minor items; Economy +2, Stability +2.*

Mill (6 BP; must be next to a water border): A building used to cut lumber or grind grain. *Economy +1, Stability +1.*

Monument (6 BP): A monument can be a statue of a city founder, a bell tower, a large tomb, or a public display of art. *Loyalty +3; Unrest -1.*

Noble Villa (24 BP): A sprawling manor with luxurious grounds that houses a noble. *Halves cost of Exotic Craftsman, Luxury Store, and Mansion in same city; Economy +1, Loyalty +1, Stability +1.*

Park (4 BP): A plot of land set aside for its natural beauty. *Loyalty +1; Unrest -1.*

Piers (16 BP; must be adjacent to a water border): Warehouses and workshops for docking ships and handling cargo and passengers. *City base value +1,000 gp; +1 Economy, +1 Stability.*

Shop (8 BP; must be adjacent to 1 house): A general store. *City base value +500 gp; Economy +1.*

Shrine (8 BP): A small shrine or similar holy site. *1 minor item; Loyalty +1; Unrest -1.*

Smith (6 BP): An armor smith, blacksmith, or weapon smith. *Economy +1, Stability +1.*

Stable (10 BP; must be adjacent to 1 house): A structure for housing or selling horses and other mounts. *City base value +500 gp; Economy +1, Loyalty +1.*

Tannery (6 BP; cannot be adjacent to a house): A structure that prepares hides and leather. *Economy +1, Stability +1.*

Tavern (12 BP; must be adjacent to 1 house): An eatery or drinking establishment. *City base value +500 gp; Economy +1, Loyalty +1.*

Temple (32 BP): A large place of worship dedicated to a deity. *Halves cost of Graveyard, Monument, and Shrine in same city; 2 minor items; Loyalty +2, Stability +2; Unrest -2.*

Tenement (1 BP): A staggering number of low-rent, cheap housing units. Tenements count as houses for the purpose of fulfilling building requirements, but building too many tenements can increase a kingdom's Unrest quickly. You can build a house over an existing tenement for 2 BP. *Unrest +2.*

Theater (24 BP): A venue for providing entertainment such as plays, operas, concerts, and the like. *Halves cost of Brothel, Park, and Tavern in same city; Economy +2, Stability +2.*

Town Hall (22 BP): A public venue for town meetings and repository for town records. *Halves cost of Barracks, Dump, and Watchtower in same city; Economy +1, Loyalty +1, Stability +1.*

Tradesman (10 BP; must be adjacent to 1 house): A shopfront for a tradesman, such as a baker, butcher, candle maker, cooper, or rope maker. *City base value +500 gp; +1 Economy, +1 Stability.*



Watchtower (6 BP): A tall structure that serves as a guard post and landmark. +1 *Stability*; +2 *Defense Modifier*; *Unrest* -1.

Waterfront (90 BP; must be adjacent to a water border): A port for arrival and departure when traveling by water, facilities for building ships, and a center of commerce. *City base value* +4,000 gp; 3 *minor items*, 2 *medium items*, 1 *major item*; halves cost of *Guildhall* and *Market* in same city, halves *Loyalty penalty for tax edicts*; *Economy* +4; *limit one per city*.

GAINING EXPERIENCE

As their kingdom grows, the PCs gain experience points. Use the following guidelines to determine when and how much XP should be awarded. These XP awards should only be awarded the first time each event occurs.

- Founding a kingdom:** 2,400 XP
- Establishing a capital city:** 1,200 XP
- Reaching a kingdom size of 5:** 1,600 XP
- Reaching a kingdom size of 10:** 2,400 XP
- Reaching a kingdom size of 25:** 3,200 XP
- Reaching a kingdom size of 50:** 4,800 XP
- Reaching a kingdom size of 75:** 6,400 XP
- Reaching a kingdom size of 100:** 12,800 XP
- Reaching a kingdom size of 150:** 25,600 XP
- Reaching a kingdom size of 200:** 76,800 XP
- Filling a square with four blocks of buildings:** 1,600 XP
- Filling three city squares with buildings:** 4,800 XP
- Filling an entire city grid with buildings:** 12,800 XP

RULING A KINGDOM

Like a player character's stat block, a kingdom's stat block continues to evolve and grow as the kingdom expands, gathers more resources, purchases upgrades, and suffers defeats and setbacks. As the kingdom grows, the PCs will need to deal with a host of situations, all of which can further influence the kingdom's stat block.

A kingdom's growth occurs during four phases, which represent a month in total. When the PCs establish a kingdom, you should pick a day of each month to resolve that kingdom's growth and fortunes—it's best to set this as the last day of each month, so that any accomplishments the PCs have made during that month can impact that month's growth.

One thing to decide early on is who makes kingdom rolls. The obvious choice is for the Ruler to roll the dice, as this adds a feeling of command to that player's role. You can also assign each roll to a specific leader—for example, the Treasurer might make *Economy* checks and the Warden may wish to make all checks having to do with events under her command. Ultimately, since a kingdom is shared by all the players, it doesn't matter who makes the kingdom's *Economy*, *Loyalty*, and *Stability* checks, but assigning them can be fun nonetheless.

UPKEEP PHASE

During a kingdom's Upkeep phase, take the following actions. If your kingdom currently controls 0 hexes, skip this phase and proceed to the Improvement phase.

Step 1—Determine Kingdom Stability: Make a *Stability* check against your *Command DC* to determine your kingdom's level of security for the month. If you make the check, reduce your kingdom's *Unrest* by 1 (if your *Unrest* is at 0, gain 1 BP as a result of surplus goods and services). If you fail this check by 5 or more, increase *Unrest* by 2.

Step 2—Pay Consumption: Deduct your kingdom's *Consumption* from the kingdom's *Treasury BP*. If you aren't able to pay for the month's *Consumption*, your kingdom's BP drops into the negative. Every time you end an Upkeep phase with negative BP in your *Treasury*, your kingdom's *Unrest* increases by 2.

Step 3—Fill Vacant Magic Item Slots: If there are any vacant magic item slots in any cities, randomly roll new items to fill these slots.

Step 4—Unrest: If the kingdom's *Unrest* is 11 or higher, it loses one hex chosen by the kingdom's leaders. Any improvements in that hex (farmlands and roads) are lost and must be rebuilt after the hex is reclaimed. Any settlements in that hex become towns that must be annexed if they are to be reclaimed into the kingdom (see page 56). Finally, if the kingdom employs a *Royal Assassin*, reduce your total *Unrest* by 1 at the end of this phase.

IMPROVEMENT PHASE

During a kingdom's Improvement phase, take the following actions. The number of improvements you can make during a single phase is limited by your kingdom's size; see the *Improvements per Month* table for these limits.

Step 1—Select Leadership: Assign leaders to any vacant leadership roles. Leaders must be PCs or closely allied NPCs. You can change leaders as often as you want with no impact on your nation's statistics (apart from changing what bonuses apply, as the ability scores of leaders differ); reallocating roles allows you to give every player a chance to play the role of ruler if you wish.

Step 2—Claim Hexes: Each hex on the maps of the *Stolen Lands* measures 12 miles across, and the PCs' kingdom must be built hex by hex. To claim a hex, you must explore it and clear it of monsters or dangerous hazards; the hex must also be adjacent to a hex that is already part of the kingdom (with the exception of the first hex, which can be anywhere). At this point, you can claim the hex as part of the kingdom by spending 1 BP. Increase your kingdom's size (and thus its *Consumption*) by 1 for each hex you claim. You can abandon a hex to reduce your kingdom's *Size*. Doing so increases *Unrest* by 1 (or by 4, if the abandoned hex contained a city).

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Alchemist



Barracks



Black Market



Brewery



Brothel



Caster's Tower



Dump



Exotic Craftsman



Granary



Graveyard



Herbalist



House



Inn



Jail



Library



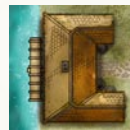
Luxury Store



Magic Shop



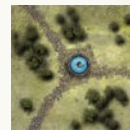
Mansion



Mill



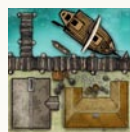
Monument



Park



Academy



Pier



Shop



Shrine



Smith



Stable



Garrison



Guildhall



Market



Tannery



Noble Villa



Temple



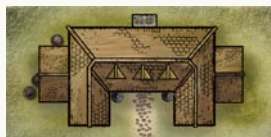
Tavern



Tradesman



Theater



Town Hall



Tenement



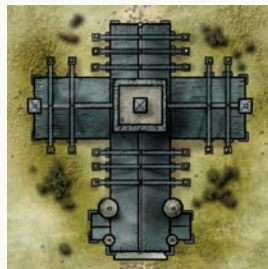
Watchtower



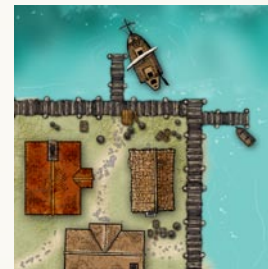
Arena



Castle



Cathedral



Waterfront

Land Water

Land
 Water

Land
 Water

Land Water

City Name _____ Base Value _____ Defense _____ Population _____

ITEMS

MINOR	MINOR	MEDIUM	MAJOR
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____

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Step 3—Establish and Improve Cities: Prepare land for city districts and then purchase new buildings for your kingdom's cities. The building's adjustments to your nation apply immediately. You can also destroy buildings at this time in order to clear a space to build something new; if you destroy a building, don't forget to remove its benefits from your kingdom's statistics!

Step 4—Build Roads: Roads have an immediate initial cost but over the long term can pay for the investment handsomely. It costs 1 BP to build a road though a hex. This cost increases to 2 BP in forests and to 4 BP in swamps and mountains. If the road crosses a river, a bridge must be built—this doubles the road's cost.

Step 5: Establish Farmlands: You can develop any grassland or hill hex that contains roads into farmlands to help sustain your kingdom's Consumption. It costs 2 BP to designate a grassland hex as farmland and 4 BP to designate a hill hex as farmland. You cannot build a city on a farmland hex. Every farmland hex in your kingdom reduces your Consumption by 2 BP.

Step 6: Edicts: Pick or adjust your edict levels (see page 55) as you wish.

INCOME PHASE

During a kingdom's Income phase, take the following actions.

Step 1—Deposits: You can add funds to a kingdom's treasury by donating coins, gems, jewelry, weapons, armor, magic items, and other valuables you find while adventuring. For every full 4,000 gp in value of the deposit, increase your kingdom's BP by 1. Items that individually cost more than 4,000 gp must be sold as detailed under Step 3 below.

Step 2—Withdrawals: You can also withdraw funds from the kingdom's treasury, but doing so runs the risk of annoying the citizens. Each time you withdraw funds, the kingdom's Unrest increases by 1. In addition, you must make a Loyalty check (DC = Command DC + number of BP being withdrawn); a failure causes your kingdom to gain Unrest equal to the total BP withdrawn. Each BP withdrawn in this manner converts into 2,000 gp.

Step 3—Sell Valuable Items: You can attempt to sell items that cost more than 4,000 gp through your city's markets to bolster your kingdom's Treasury; these can be items you recover during an adventure or they can be magic items currently held by any of your cities. To sell these items, make an Economy check (DC 20 for minor items, DC 35 for moderate items, and DC 50 for major items). A failed check indicates the item doesn't sell. Success indicates that the item sells and you can increase your kingdom's treasury by 2 BP (for minor items), 8 BP (for moderate items), or 15 BP (for major items). You can make one Economy check per city district during each Income phase.

Step 4—Generate Income: Make an Economy check against your Command DC at the end of your Income phase. If you're successful, divide your result by 5 (dropping any fractions) and increase your Treasury's BP by that amount.

EVENT PHASE

During a kingdom's Event phase, roll once on the Kingdom Events table to determine if an event occurs. Adventure-specific kingdom events occur during this phase. Once you've determined what kind of event occurs (if any), simply follow the rules for each event to determine how the event impacts the PCs' kingdom or cities.

Chance of an Event: There's a 25% chance that a random event occurs during an Event phase. This chance increases to 75% if no event occurred in the previous Event phase.

KINGDOM EVENTS

Listed below are numerous events that can occur during an Event phase. Some events are listed as "continuous" events—their effects continue through every Event phase until the events are resolved by making the appropriate check during an Event phase.

Harmful events can be lessened or negated with a successful Economy, Loyalty, or Stability check, as indicated by the event. The DC of these checks is equal to the kingdom Command DC (20 + kingdom size).

Assassination Attempt: One of your leaders (determined randomly) is the target of an assassination attempt. If the target is a PC, you should play out the attempt, using an assassin of a CR equal to the targeted PC's level + 1. If the target is an NPC, you can simply make a Stability check to negate the attempt. If the leader is assassinated, the nation gains 1d6 Unrest points and immediately suffers the penalties for not having a leader in that role until the role is filled during a subsequent Improvement phase.

Bandit Activity (continuous): Bandits are preying upon those who travel through your kingdom. Make a Stability check. If you succeed, your kingdom's defenses stop the banditry before it causes problems. If you fail, the bandits reduce your kingdom's Treasury total by 1d6 BP (each time you roll a 6, reroll that die and add the result to the total).

Disaster: A fire, storm, earthquake, flood, sabotage, or other disaster strikes! Roll 1d6—on a result of 1–5, the disaster is localized and affects only 1d4 city blocks in one city. On a 6, the disaster is widespread and affects 1d6 city blocks in each of your kingdom's cities. Make a Stability check for each affected city block—every failure results in that city block's destruction (this Stability check represents your kingdom's ability to prepare for or react to the disaster as much as it represents the structure's ability to withstand damage).

Improvements per Month

Kingdom Size	New Cities	New Buildings	Hex Claims	Roads	Farmlands
1-10	1	1	1	1	1
11-25	1	2	2	2	1
26-50	1	5	3	3	2
51-100	2	10	4	4	2
101-200	3	20	8	6	3
201+	4	No limit	12	8	4

Economic Boom: Trade is booming in your kingdom! Increase your Treasury by 1d6 BP (each time you roll a 6, reroll that die and add the result to the total).

Feud: Nobles in your cities are bickering. Unless you can smooth over ruffled feathers with a Loyalty check, the feud increases Unrest by 1d6.

Food Shortage: Spoilage, treachery, or simple bad luck have resulted in a food shortage this month. If you fail a Stability check, your Consumption is doubled during the next Upkeep phase.

Food Surplus: Farmers produce an unexpected windfall! Your Consumption is halved during the next Upkeep phase.

Good Weather: Good weather raises spirits and productivity. You gain a +4 bonus on Loyalty checks until your next Event phase.

Monster Attack (continuous): A monster (or group of monsters) attacks the kingdom—pick a hex the PCs have claimed to determine which hex the monster is active in. You can determine the type of monster by rolling on a wandering monster table until you get a result of CR 7 or higher. If the PCs don't set out to defeat the monster or monsters, a Stability check removes the threat. If the monster is not defeated, Unrest increases by 4. If your kingdom's Unrest is 5 or higher, the hex the monster dwells in becomes unclaimed at this time (this is in addition to losing control of hexes during Upkeep due to high Unrest).

Natural Blessing: A natural event, such as a bloom of rare and beautiful wildflowers or good omens in the stars, raises your kingdom's morale. You gain a +4 bonus on Stability checks until your next Event phase.

Outstanding Success: One of your kingdom's citizens creates an artistic masterpiece, constructs a particularly impressive building, or otherwise brings fame to your kingdom. You gain 1d6 BP and a +4 bonus on Economy checks until your next Event phase. Reduce Unrest by 2.

Plague (continuous): A deadly contagion strikes your kingdom! Choose a hex containing a city in your kingdom—this is where the plague strikes. If you control no cities, treat this as if no event had been rolled. Otherwise, make a Stability check to curtail the plague's spread. If you fail, increase Unrest by 1d6 and reduce your treasury by 1d6 BP. A plague-stricken city cannot build new structures.

Kingdom Events

d%	Event
1-3	Assassination Attempt
4-12	Bandit Activity
13-19	Disaster
20-24	Economic Boom
25-29	Feud
30-32	Food Shortage
33-39	Food Surplus
40-44	Good Weather
45-49	Monster Attack
50-54	Natural Blessing
55-61	Outstanding Success
62-64	Plague
65-67	Political Calm
68-77	Public Scandal
78-85	Sensational Crime
86-92	New Vassals
93-100	Visiting Celebrity

Political Calm: A sudden absence of political machinations coincides with an increase in public approval. Reduce Unrest by 6.

Public Scandal: One of your leaders is implicated in a crime or an embarrassing situation, such as an affair with another leader's spouse. If you fail a Loyalty check, increase Unrest by 2 and suffer a -4 penalty on all Loyalty checks until your next Event phase.

Sensational Crime (continuous): A serial killer, arsonist, flamboyant thief, or daring bandit plagues your kingdom. Make a Stability check to catch the criminal; otherwise increase Unrest by 2.

New Vassals: A small group of indigenous creatures joins your kingdom and submits to your rule. Reduce Unrest by 2 and gain 1d6 BP (each time you roll a 6, reroll that die and add the result to the total).

Visiting Celebrity: A celebrity from elsewhere on Golarion visits your kingdom, causing a sudden influx of visitors and spending. Increase the Treasury by 2d6 BP (each time you roll a 6, reroll that die and add its results to the total).

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Erastil

“The first gift you ever receive is your family. A man grows from the seeds his parents plant.”

—Parables of Erastil

Erastil (eh-RAS-till), also known as Old Deadeye, is an ancient deity from before the Age of Darkness, when early man began to domesticate and dominate his natural surroundings. Pastoral legends claim that Old Deadeye crafted the first bow as a gift to mortals so that they might learn to hunt and survive in the dangerous world. Though civilization has continued to advance beyond simple villages due to the influence of Abadar, Erastil remains popular in tradition, a transitional figure between the worship of the Green Faith and fully modern religions. His faith remains strongest in the northern lands, where long ago people lived simpler lives in the frontiers of civilized lands.

Erastil is primarily a nature deity focusing on the plants and animals that farmers, hunters, and ranchers deal with in their ordinary lives. He is also a god of close-knit communities and families and has a protector aspect that only surfaces when such things are threatened. Erastil is no god of crusades or heroism, and he has no grand plans to eradicate chaos and evil from the world; he simply wants people to be able to live their lives in peace without the threat of being devoured by monsters, conscripted into an army, or destroyed by world-ending magic. He is a stern patriarch whose spirit is as hard as wood, unafraid to face down a bully yet able to calm a frightened child. He teaches how to read the turning of the seasons to know when to sow and reap, how to tell when livestock are sick or gravid, how to poultice a wound and set a broken leg, how to spot a straggling sheep or signs that a dog has gone rabid. He believes that it is man's duty to help others, that cooperation leads to friendship and safety, and that if man respects the gifts of nature, she will sustain him. He loves old customs that encourage strong family bonds, no matter how quaint they are by modern standards, and enjoys hunting for sustenance but not for sport. Happy weddings and new babies make him smile. He is not one to spout philosophy and instead gives practical advice and hands-on teaching.

Old Deadeye is set in his ways and doesn't take well to those who challenge his opinions or upset how things work. He believes the strength of a man's will makes him the center of a household, and while women can be strong, they should defer to and support their husbands, as their role is to look after the house and raise strong children (consequently, there are few female priests in his church). Independent-minded women, he believes, can be disruptive to communities, and it is best to marry them off quickly so their duties as wife and mother command their attention. Children should honor their parents and know when it is time to work or time to play. He dislikes the chaos and trouble that adventurers bring, and while they may have their uses when monsters come sniffing about, it is best if adventurers take care of the problem quickly, receive a meal and a place to sleep, then move on before their wanderlust catches on in otherwise good families. His androcentric beliefs are unusual given his religion's intermediate role between the Green Faith (which is largely egalitarian) and modern faiths (which have a mix of male and female deities).

Erastil's avatar is an upright old trapper—usually of Ulfen heritage—with weathered skin, clad in well-used leathers

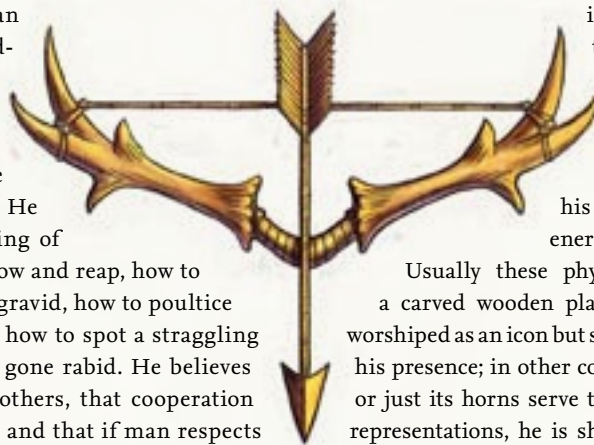
and carrying a simple bow. Old legends say that halflings and humans each see him as a member of their own race, even when members of both races are looking at him at the same time. When Erastil is angry or must enter battle, he has the head of an elk, but most representations show him as fully human, as common folk rely more on his hunter and farmer aspects than on his warrior aspect. In most stories, Old Deadeye's arrows never miss, and a few communities still own a spent arrow supposedly once fired by Erastil-in-the-world, passed down through the generations and treasured for its connection to the god.

Depictions of Erastil in artwork are uncommon, as his followers prefer focusing their energy on more practical matters.

Usually these physical representations are just a carved wooden placard bearing his likeness, not worshiped as an icon but serving as a constant reminder of his presence; in other communities, a stuffed elk's head or just its horns serve this purpose. In more elaborate representations, he is shown fighting off wild animals or teaching men how to hunt. A few old caves dating to the Azlanti era have painted upon their walls primitive silhouettes of an elk-headed man performing similar acts.

Old Deadeye shows his approval through bountiful hunts, bumper harvests, mild weather, the appearance of straight paths, and the like, but he prefers to limit his direct intervention to helping needy people in lean times, as he does not want to encourage laziness. A hungry family might find their tiny garden provides bushels of vegetables, an old cow might start giving milk again, a weary hunter's prey might stumble or become entangled, and so on. Any hoofed animal may be a channel for his power, and elk-horns are favored by his worshipers for making simple tools, like knives or dowsing rods, because of their connection to him. Forked lighting is a sign of his presence. His anger is reserved for followers who betray his principles; he usually punishes them by changing them into something more useful to their community, such as a pig or a fruit tree. Mothers often warn lazy or misbehaving children that Erastil will transform them, and most communities have at least one small but dependable tree that local legend claims was once an especially unruly or slothful child.

Given Erastil's focus on simplicity over frivolous adornment, the formal raiment of his clerics and druids is practical, usually a leather or fur shoulder-cape branded with his symbol or affixed with a wooden badge bearing his mark. Communities led by a druid may have a ceremonial horned hat or drape made from the tanned hide of an elk's head and neck.



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Among the faithful, elk iconography is common, such as a pair of antlers scratched on a door or threshold, or an actual head or horns mounted on a wall. Erastil's followers have no taboos about hunting elk, for the animals are good sources of food and leather and can thrive in most areas. Because elk shed their antlers at the start of winter, tools made from them are fairly common, and even children may own simple knives made from antlers. At birth, firstborn males are given an elk tooth, supposedly to ensure virility and a long life. In the extreme north, reindeer iconography is more common than elk, though the traditions and rituals are essentially the same.

Erastil is lawful good and his domains are farming, hunting, trade, and family. His weapon is the longbow (his clerics and druids are proficient with both the longbow and shortbow). His holy symbol is a bow made of elk antlers with an arrow nocked. His domains are Animal, Community, Good, Law, and Plant. Most of his priests are clerics, but a small minority are druids, rangers, and (most rare) paladins; a few scattered communities are served by adepts. Druids usually serve communities in places where natural hazards and the weather are their greatest threats, while paladins tend to be leaders in lands where monsters lurk. Often called Old Deadeye by his faithful, Erastil is also known as Elk Father and the Old Hunter. In the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, he is named Ullerstarl and is usually depicted on skis.

A typical worshiper of Erastil is a common farmer, rancher, village tradesman, or subsistence hunter who wants to live his life, take care of his family, and not worry about kings, wars, or monsters. He's not pretentious, and while he may be proud of his accomplishments, they're simple and easily demonstrable—a good crop, a fine piece of land, fat livestock, and a healthy wife and children. He looks after his neighbor's farm in an emergency and expects the same in return but is otherwise content to be left alone.

The church's music is simple hymns, often with a strong rhythm so they can be sung to keep time during repetitive work. Flutes, drums, horns, and other easy-to-make, easy-to-play instruments are the norm.

Erastil is very pro-marriage, seeing it as the proper way to create families and frowning on those who would bend or break the sacred bonds with adultery or divorce. The church sees marriage as a way to "tame" unruly men and women, and most villages have at least one married couple who tied the knot after being caught in an indiscretion. Widowers and widows usually remarry, especially if there are still children in the house. Most of his priests are married, though they are not required to be.

TEMPLES AND SHRINES

A temple to Old Deadeye is almost always a simple wooden building, longhouse, or even town hall that serves a rural community as a gathering place, with religion being only

one of its many uses. Sparsely decorated, such structures often contain highly functional and modular furnishings; the faithful prefer not to waste their holy area with rows of awkward, heavy pews and statues when sturdy tables and stools make the area well suited for mending tools and clothes, food preparation, and other helpful crafts. In some cases, temples of Erastil have no seating, leaving the congregation to stand. Sitting during a service, while not taboo, is looked down on for all but the elderly or infirm—and even they bring their own chairs. A shrine to Erastil is usually little more than an antler- or bow-mark carved on a tree or rock.

A PRIEST'S ROLE

Erastil's priests usually have a conventional role in a community (such as being a farmer or tradesman) in addition to their religious duties, and their priestly tasks are often secondary to the needs of their own land and families. They are often called upon to help build homes, birth children, oversee trade, and bless crops. Most of their day is spent doing mundane tasks just like any other member of the village, pausing only to speak a blessing at the dawn's breaking, but always ready to drop what they're doing and pitch in when they are needed. They are careful to put the needs of the community first, because Erastil's gifts may give them an advantage. For example, a cleric of Erastil who is a shepherd uses his skill and magic to take care of all the village's animals rather than just his own, even if that means he makes less money selling his own sheep at market; the prosperity of the community and the health of its flock is more important than his own wealth. Priests usually have ranks in Diplomacy (though Intimidate may work just as well), Heal, Knowledge (local), Knowledge (nature), and Sense Motive.

Priests bless farmland and herd animals, plan the planting and harvest, and look after injured folk and families in need. Sometimes a priest has to step in with a firm hand to deal with a rebellious or disruptive member of the community, whether that person is a frequent drunk or a child prone to screaming tantrums. Adult troublemakers who repeatedly break the community's trust are usually branded on the hand and exiled from the community—usually in the direction of a large city—to prevent more problems. If something comes along that's too much for the priest to handle, such as bandits, an orc band, or a hungry monster, it is the priest's responsibility as community leader to find someone who can deal with the problem (such as adventurers).

Adventurer priests of Erastil are rare, and overall the number of mid-level priests is lower than most other churches, to an extent that in times of great need (such as during a plague) they must rely on magic lent or donated from allied faiths. However, every few years the church

encourages young priests to travel in search of news, seeds for new crops, and useful new skills that can help their home village. Though these wanderers appear to be fish out of water, their stubborn dedication to helping those back home has guaranteed the survival of many a poor village, either by having money sent or by eradicating foul beasts that lurk in the shadows. Young adventuring priests often end up settling in remote villages saved by their heroic efforts, especially if there is no local priest. This gives the faith an opportunity to grow and establishes the bonds of a greater community outside the immediate interests of a single village—though the church prefers to focus on life in a small settlement, it sees the greater community as a kind of extended family. Because a priest usually has a leadership role in a community, the priests of Erastil prefer to take charge when part of an adventuring party, where they sometimes run into conflict with an equally headstrong member of the group.

Though druids are a minority among the clergy, all priests respect the druids for maintaining the traditions that have allowed so many to survive to the present day. They also give a nod to the rare paladins of the faith willing to take up sword and shield so the common folk can get on with their lives. Rangers rarely become leaders in the church, as their skills and magic cater less to healing and growth compared to other priests.

Erastil's church is simple and practical; most communities have only one or two priests, so complicated hierarchies are unnecessary, and priests defer to the wisdom of elder clergy. Visiting priests are shown hospitality as is appropriate for any guest, but unless the visitor is very unusual (such as the eldest priest in the country) she typically defers to the judgment of the local leaders. Priests who are part of a community are usually called Elder, regardless of their rank within the community or the church. Traveling priests not associated with a community are called Brother or Sister.

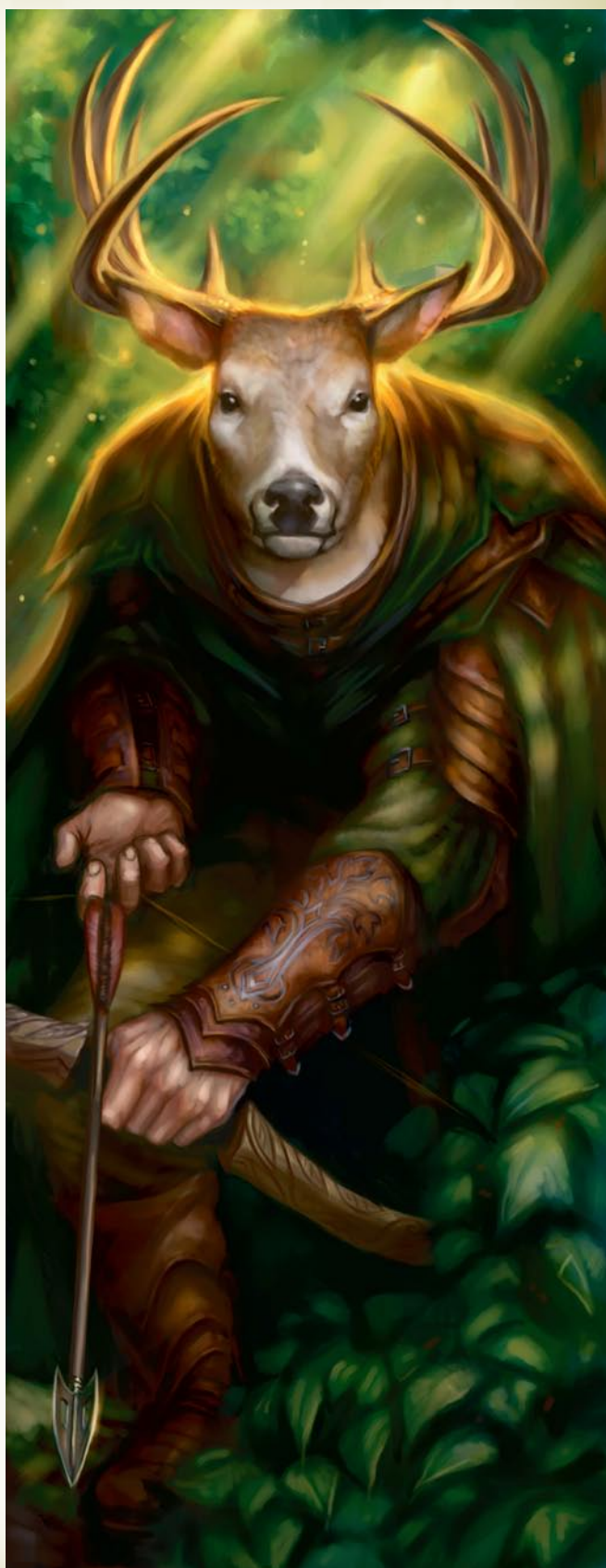
HOLY TEXT

The *Parables of Erastil* is the common text of the faith. It gives homilies on strengthening family bonds, almanac-like advice on planting, and lore about game animals and tracking. The number of chapters varies from place to place, as communities omit things irrelevant to their way of life or add fables emphasizing local events or traditions.

APHORISMS

Any folksy, rural saying is likely to spill from the mouth of one of the faithful as if it were the god's dogma. Two in particular are favorites.

Never trust a fool: Whether the fool is the village idiot trying to catch the moon with a spoon or a traveling adventurer trying to inspire the locals to rise up against



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the local lord, a sensible man ignores him, as no good will come of this “work.”

Nothing is more satisfying than the fruits of a day’s labor: This is used to chastise lazy folk and rebuke those who wonder what’s so satisfying about a simple country life. Gold and gems make a man weak; hard work in a field shows strength of body and character.

HOLIDAYS

Erastil believes extensive and complicated ceremonies take time away from necessary things like tending to crops and putting food on the table, so most religious events are short and to the point. The solstices and equinoxes are holy days for the church (the week of the vernal equinox is called Planting Week by the faithful, and Harvest Feast is the week of the autumn equinox, but even the associated rituals only take about an hour). The summer month of Erastus is named for him.

Archerfeast: This holiday on 3 Erastus is a day of food, fun, and relaxation. Villages hold archery and stone-throwing contests, ranchers rope and trade calves and lambs, and village men ask permission to marry eligible maids. Cider is served cold during the day and hot at night. At



sundown, an animal is offered to the god, and everyone in the community eats a piece to share in his blessing.

RELATIONS WITH OTHER RELIGIONS

Erastil can be gruff and reserved, but he is still on good terms with most nonevil deities of Golarion. However, he is very set in his ways and frequently dispenses “advice” about his fellow deities and how they’ve gone astray from the traditional values he espouses. Erastil is unusual in that he is very direct when it comes to addressing the shortcomings of other deities, and his followers have heard these criticisms through his parables and divine representatives just as they’d hear a village elder talking about troublesome members of their community.

Abadar: “He’s a good boy, but he’s forgotten where he came from, like a country kid who goes to the big city and gets in with all sorts of undesirable folk. There’s a reason you don’t see slums in villages; that’s city-stink, where some folk think it’s all right for someone else to suffer just so they can have an easy life. What good is wealth if it costs you your dignity, your soul?”

Aroden: “A perfectly respectable man, though a bit too interested in his own legacy and doing things the way he wanted. If he had shared his burdens with others, perhaps he could have built something even greater—and spared himself whatever trouble consumed him.”

Cayden Cailean: “This boy’s heart is in the right place, but to be honest, he’s not thinking with his head. He’s like one of those fancy adventurers who comes to town, throws a lot of money around, disrupts things, and leaves a few girls in the family way before skipping town. What he needs is a nice, determined woman to convince him to settle down—nothing like a wife and kids to tame a bachelor.”

Desna: “This old gal always makes me a little sad. Desna’s mistake is that behind all her color and songs she let loss harden her heart, and now she is alone, when what she really needs is the love of a husband and family to make her whole. But, given that she is what she is, I’m not surprised she chose this path—she was ancient before mankind learned to farm, and you can’t teach an old dog new tricks.”

Gorum: “This one is a thug, always looking for a fight instead of letting well enough alone. Everything is a challenge for him, an excuse to make noise, when the real challenge is being a provider for your family when the land is stubborn.”

Gozreh: Erastil has found a balance with Gozreh and has little to say about him. In the same way only a fool expects cursing the weather to reverse his fortunes, Erastil accepts the god of nature for what he is and perseveres, expecting neither quarter nor malice from the fickle deity.

Iomedae: “Though I don’t normally approve of a woman with such strange ideas, she has shouldered an enormous responsibility without complaint and her actions have saved countless lives. That doesn’t mean she’s not confusing—she was a mortal woman once. Has she no desire for a family? A strong-willed woman like her needs a strong man in her life to guide her and set a good example.”

Irori: “The thing I respect most about this boy is his determination; he conquered every obstacle life put in his path and ended up a godling. Imagine what such an iron will could do if he brought it to bear on the needs of the community instead of being selfish with it! At least he understands the rewards of a simple life.”

Sarenrae: “This woman has such fire in her, such spirit, I wonder if any man could tame her. She would surely make a fine wife and mother—and her husband wouldn’t dare have a wandering eye, lest he earn her temper right quick.”

Shelyn: “Such a sweet, beautiful girl, how could you not love her? She is the prettiest girl in a village, but is still dutiful enough to make sure all of her less-pretty friends find husbands before she does. Her power is what kindles love in an arranged marriage and keeps the fire hot between a husband and wife even after a long life and many children. She may follow her heart more than her head, and some village girls make that mistake, but I have to forgive her for that.”

Torag: “He and the dwarves are good people who believe in strong families and strong communities. They’re a little too interested in battle for my tastes, but when your early history is all about driving the filthy orcs off your lands, you can’t blame them. They’re good with their hands, and many of my villages prosper by trading food for dwarven tools—or dwarven warriors to keep them safe.”

NEW DIVINE SPELL

Clerics, paladins, and rangers of Erastil may prepare *goodberry* as a 2nd-level spell, and druids can cast the spell on nuts or seeds as well as berries. Clerics and paladins may cast *animal messenger* as a 2nd-level spell, and all priests may use that spell on any nonhostile animal (including friendly guard animals and domesticated animals). In addition to *Deadeye’s arrow* (see page 15 of *Pathfinder Chronicles: Gods and Magic*), his priests have access to the following spell.

TRACKING MARK

School evocation; **Level** druid 1, cleric 1, paladin 1, ranger 1 (Erastil)

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components S, DF

Range long (400 ft. + 40 ft./level)

Target one creature

Customized Summon List

Erastil’s priests can use *summon monster* and *summon nature’s ally* spells to summon the following creatures in addition to the normal creatures listed in the spells.

Summon Monster II/Summon Nature’s Ally II
celestial elk (LG; see *Pathfinder* #32)

Summon Monster III/Summon Nature’s Ally III
celestial dire boar (LG)

Duration 10 minutes/level (D)

Saving Throw Will negates; **Spell Resistance** yes

You gain a supernatural sense about tracks and other clues left behind by the target creature. Treat all Survival DCs to track the creature as 5 lower than normal and gain a +5 bonus on Perception checks made to notice the target if it is using Stealth or recognize it using Disguise.

PLANAR ALLIES

Most of Erastil’s divine servants are animals or benign forest creatures. Some of them reside permanently on the Material Plane, patrolling frontier areas and keeping an eye out for settlers in need. A few “legendary” animals known to villages are actually Old Deadeye’s minions rather than true animals, making appearances once or twice a generation to protect the community. Erastil’s herald is the Grim White Stag (see page 82). The following creatures are well known supernatural servitors of Erastil, suitable for conjuring with *planar ally* or similar spells; given that most of his priests are low-level, some of these have been known to appear in response to *summon monster* or *summon nature’s ally* spells as well.

Arangin: Said to be the resurrected spirit of the paladin Jaydis Von’s equally heroic and storied mount, Arangin appears where servants of Erastil most need aid, carrying the lost out of labyrinthine forests and saving the wagons of desperately stuck pioneers from hidden bogs. This ruby-toned heavy horse has an Intelligence of 8 and understands Common but speaks no languages.

Blackfeather: Able to take the form of a man, an eagle, or an eagle-man hybrid, this fierce archer is a skilled marksman who only hunts for sustenance or to defend the innocent. Often he is content to perch on a rooftop, silently watching over a village when strangers appear—just in case there is trouble.

Scorchbark: Nearly crippled in a skirmish with a barbed devil, this reckless young treant now displays his burns like a badge of honor. He is obviously shaken whenever an enemy uses fire near him, but he never lets it deter him from his responsibilities.

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Prodigal Sons: 2 of 6 Kicking the Habit

The pig stared at me.

"We'll be there soon." Phargas said, brightly.

"I hope so. The only part of a pig I've ever been this close to before was crackling." I gazed with disdain at the wagon, which was full of pigs, with two notable exceptions. Well, perhaps only one notable exception.

"Honestly, you've done nothing but complain since we escaped." That self-satisfied grin again. Priests. You can't argue with folks claiming direct conversation with gods.

"I'd be a lot happier if our escape had taken place in a coach or barge—or anything without pigs, for that matter."

"Our fellow passengers provide excellent cover, and you're lucky you escaped the Otter with nothing more than dirty britches and bad company. The gods smile on you and all you can do is moan."

"As I recall, the gods' smiles cost a pretty penny." I smiled at our host, the toothless wagon driver, who grinned back.

Drizzle became hail, and by the time we entered a town my mood had moved through depression and on to despair. I grabbed Phargas.

"I want to get off. Now."

"It's too soon. We haven't gone anywhere near far enough yet for—"

"I don't care! We're getting off." I leaped from the wagon and its vile-smelling cargo. "Civilization!" I cried, looking around the place.

More pigs, some haggish women and scruffy men, and several decrepit buildings stared back.

"I would curb your celebration," whispered Phargas. "These petty townships have one thing in common—gossip spreads faster than wildfire. Let's mingle."

A toothless wretch with a peg leg and one eye brushed past me. "I'm not mingling with anyone like him," I whispered to Phargas.

Suddenly the man gave a yell, clutched his chest, and fell to the ground. I took a polite step back and immediately took charge of the situation.

"Well, help the poor man, Phargas!" I demanded, turning to address the villagers. "Don't worry, friends—he's a priest. Your man will soon be back on his feet again."

"Or not," said Phargas. "He's dead." There were several nods of agreement. I turned and stared down at the figure, whose face was turning a nasty shade of ochre.

"He had a bad heart, old Handsome Jabe," said one man.

Handsome Jabe?

"Have no fear, peasa—people of this township," I proclaimed solemnly. "I shall celebrate his last moments in my journal." I waved the wayfinder for the crowd to see. "Can any of you direct myself and my priest to suitable lodgings? A coaching inn perchance, or fine hostelry?"

"Well, there's always Old Muck's," a bearded man said.

"Muck's." I said, trying not to step in the name.

"Over in the town square," said the man. I suddenly noticed he was a she.

"Tell me," I asked, "does it have hot baths?"

"No."

"Fine ales? Quaffable wines of some vintage?"

"No."

"Bed warmers, be they fleshy or coppery?"

"No."

"Then kindly direct me to some better place of refuge."

"There is none, unless you count the nunnery."

"Nunnery?" That sounded a bit more promising.

"Aye, the Fiercely Virginal Order of Blessed Exoneration," said the crone, nodding. "Mind you, they wouldn't make you very welcome, what with you being men. Not with their sworn oath of chastity and violence toward men. They horribly punish any man who dares touch them, think impure thoughts about them, or look at them. They don't even have candles in the convent—too phallic."

"Old Muck's, did you say?" I pushed my way through the crowd waving my wayfinder like a sword.

Old. Muck. The name fit the place perfectly. I stared down at the "stew" I had been served, trying to work out whether a pair of insect legs was part of the recipe. Before I'd made my decision, however, I spied someone of clearly superior stock approaching the bar, a man of fine attire and manicured nails. I left the bowl and wandered over.

"Pathfinder Ollix Kaddar, at your service," I said.

He stood and bowed. "Sergas, Allmania—"

His words cut short as he gave a gulp, strained to reach his back, and fell over dead. What noise there was in the tavern suddenly stopped, and we became the center of attention. Phargas was quickly at my side, onion gravy and insect legs dripping down his chin. After a few moments of examining the deceased, he looked up.

"Another heart attack, it seems. Strange, two in a morning. Still, it is not for us to question the will of the gods."

"I need some air and something edible," I said. "And I really should keep up my journal," I added, loudly. The locals seemed more interested in the newly deceased. Typical peasants—when faced with a choice between culture and something gruesome, blood and mayhem always wins.

We witnessed two more heart attacks that afternoon, and as evening drew in I began to be concerned about the diet of these locals. The local crab jelly was my chief suspect. As the light faded, the town streets began to spring into a sort of rustic, painfully amateur peasant fair. One performer breathed fire, only to set his moustache alight, and a juggler attempted to juggle three live pike but only succeeded in being bitten. Finally we did find an act worth my attention, a trio of singers giving a rousing rendition of an old favorite.

"...and the black pudding burst!" The harmony ended. A small crowd politely clapped.

"That's a very fine song, my men," I said, and reached for a coin to tip them. The trio grinned, but their smiles faded as my hands emerged from my pockets empty. I turned to Phargas. "Come, come, a coin for these fine musicians."

"That's not how it ends." Phargas frowned and crossed his arms.

"Not how what ends?" I said.

"The song. It's called 'The Yeti, the Black Pudding, and the Roper' and it doesn't end for four more verses, so I'm not tipping them."

"So you're an expert on songs now?" I asked.

"I know what I know, and the song doesn't end that way."

"It ends the way we say it does, mate." One of the singers was rolling up his sleeves. His fellows, clearly offended, nodded agreement and began moving forward. Then suddenly two of them gulped, grabbed their throats, and fell to the ground.

"You people really must lay off the crab jelly," I said, watching the third man look nervously at us. "That's the fifth and sixth heart attacks I've seen today!"

Phargas leaped onto one corpse and grabbed something from its throat. As he held it up, it melted away into nothing.

"Darts that vanish! Poison! I knew something wasn't right."

"Poison?" I asked, as some sort of insect whistled past me.

"These aren't heart attacks, you idiot!" Phargas stood up quickly, his voice breaking in a girlish squeal as he grabbed my arm and yanked me toward a side street. "They've been killed!"

"Killed? But why would someone kill singers?"

"By accident!" He was almost yelling now. "They weren't trying to kill them—they're trying to kill us!"

All at once the air was alive with whistling invisible darts. The last musician dropped. A nearby dog fell dead. Within seconds, we were running full pelt down the muddy back streets of the town, diving to avoid invisible missiles.

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"Who are those people, and why are they trying to kill you?" I shouted, trying to get my breath as we ran.

"My guess would be that we upset someone back at the Swaddled Otter more than we thought." Phargas's face turned bright red as he ran. "Milikin probably can't afford it, but Daggermark assassins are terribly proud of their work, and likely don't appreciate imposters."

I remained dubious. "I couldn't see any injuries on those peasants."

"They're using whisper darts—blowgun darts made of fey hair and broken promises. They become water after they hit. If combined with poison, they deliver death without apparent cause. We're in big trouble."

Then he quit talking and focused all his efforts on running, leading us deeper into the foul-smelling alleys of the miserable town. These paths were more like tunnels—dwellings opened up to our sides, blind turns leading to locked doors and uncovered sewer drains. I caught my companion staring at one of the latter.

"No." I said. "Categorically no. I seem to spend all my time with you lying in some sort of liquid."

Suddenly, he wasn't paying attention to me; he was staring over my shoulder at two shapes moving deliberately toward us. I stared at the sewer and realized that, even if we dived in, the assassins would catch us. I considered pushing Phargas at them and running but realized even that plan was futile. We both staggered backward. I began to pray loudly, the alleyway getting narrower as we backed away from our assailants. My life flashed before me rather too quickly, the flash becoming brighter, brighter, as if I were being dragged into a glorious light.

So this was death.

I was in a garden, bathed in late evening sun. Phargas was at my side.

"Phargas—loyal Phargas! You made it, too—we're in heaven!"

He slapped me, and not gently.

"You idiot, this isn't heaven. We're in the nunnery. The gardener must have left the back gate open for some reason. Quick, this way." I wiped my tearing eyes and saw that we'd backed through a stout door, which Phargas had bolted. I followed my subordinate, berating

myself for thinking any such oafish peasant would get in to heaven with me.

The gardens provided excellent cover. We made our way through them and toward an open doorway in the nunnery itself, a fortress of towers, crenellations, and, oddly, ballistae.

"We'll lie low for a while, perhaps in a cellar," said Phargas, leading me through the open door. Beyond was a small chamber with hooks and lockers. Six peculiar garments hung from one wall, knitted black things that seemed to be cloak, robe, and hood all in one, with a great black veil.

We both turned as we heard voices approaching. Not just from a door in the room, but also from outside. Phargas looked at me, then at the strange clothes.

"No!" I said, in the loudest whisper I could muster. "No, no, categorically no."

"What could be easier?" His grin broadened as he grabbed one of the garments and began putting it on.

"No."

"Look, how hard can it be? Praying all day, knitting tapestries and cooking. We'll lie low for a week or so, by which time the assassins will have got bored, and we'll sneak out after dark."

"No."

"It's that or death."

"Help me get my wimple on."

We'd barely clambered into the strange clothes when the door opened and a huge nun entered.

"I thought I heard voices. Didn't you hear me when I called you in minutes ago? You will be punished for this. What are your names?"

"Francis," Phargas answered in a squeaky voice. "And this is Olive."

"Hello," I said, in my highest voice.

"Silence!" she said, and slapped me. A nun had slapped me.

"Come along. The other recruits have already shed their old ways and donned the Modesty Habit.

I'm Mother Grain. You are leaving your old life behind now; your future belongs to Iomedae from now until your glorious deaths."

"Iomedae!" we replied in unison.

The nunnery was vast, a rambling structure of corridors and small gardens, all of which were damaged in some way. Every wall had a gouge or

"Piety is its own reward. As is violence, apparently."



hole, every door a repair, every garden a broken seat or pot. We walked for what seemed like an hour before we came to a larger chamber where several other nuns in Modesty Habits stood. By their look they were also new recruits. The Mother halted us outside the door.

"Before we enter the Chapter House, it is up to me to pass punishment for your act of sloth and disobedience." Mother Grain's voice became sharper, excited. "For to enter such a place unpunished would be an insult to the Lady of Valor. O Iomedae, let your just and awful wrath fall upon these two wretches, and let their flesh know the sting of thy justice!" From somewhere in her bodice she produced a huge sap, which she struck us both with, rattling our teeth.

"Punishment is delivered, and you are cleansed—for now. Enter and be blessed."

Like scalded schoolboys—or rather, schoolgirls—we moved to the back of the room, whimpering.

The Chapter House was the most complete armory I'd ever laid eyes on. Every inch was given over to weapons, from halberds to nunchaku, scythes to starknives. I couldn't begin to count, let alone name, the vast array of weaponry displayed herein. Even the clock was designed for combat, its hands clearly blades, its pendulum a morning star.

"This is a house of peace," said a huge woman in a vast Modesty Habit. "For only through the death of our enemies can we truly know peace, and here we may choose the weapons with which to smite them. Iomedae! O Lady, we know that these novices have impure souls, but soon shall be cleansed in your image. We shall purge them of impure thoughts, for do not *The Acts* tell us that flesh is weak? Speak not the tongue of evil, they sayeth! Covet not the flesh, and let all men who covet my sisters be punished in slow, agonizing, and dreadful torment. Iomedae!" She began wandering among us with a long spiked cane. "Sister, I cleanse thee!" she yelled, swishing the cane at one novice, who screamed. "And thee!" Another flick, another wound. Other nuns were beginning to take up her chant now, striking out with fists and feet. "I cleanse thee of lust! I cleanse thee of wickedness!" Shrieks came from points all over the hall, and even those nuns doing the striking all seemed to bear injuries of one sort or another.

"Save us from men!" the head nun called.

"Save us!" came the reply.

"Keep our swords sharp, and armor bright!"

"Sharp! Bright!"

"May our enemies be butchered mercilessly!"

"Mercilessly!"

"Eleven Miracles you have given us, Lady, but only in combat are we worthy to serve!"

The penance went on.

After an hour of this punishment we were all battered and bruised, thoroughly saved from imaginary enemies.

"Now sisters, to the dorter for a deserved night's rest. Sleep well, and be not troubled by dreams of wickedness, for you are safe at last."

Safe? I thought.

The other nuns began bodily carrying us out of the Chapter House and up several sets of steep stairs. Eventually we were tossed onto the floor of a chamber with a dozen straw mattresses and a trough of water. I made my way to the trough, where I thought I recognized a certain silhouette. I dared a whisper.

"Is that you Pharg—er Francis?"

"I think so. It's been a while since I was beaten up by nuns."

"I thought you said we would spend our days knitting."

"Yes, of course. My mistake. I didn't realize they were warrior nuns."

"Those two words should not go together. I thought nuns were all praying and deathbed salvation."

"You think all nuns are the same? Why, I've personally ministered to the beatific axe-nuns of Sarenrae and the infamous assassin-nuns of Greengold, the so-called 'Ladies with Long Memories and Fingernails to Match.'"

"Assassin nuns? You're making it up!"

Francis-that-was-Phargas went over to a bed and stretched out on it. It seemed like a good idea, especially if tomorrow threatened to be anything like today. The bed was firm, but surprisingly roomy. Thoroughly exhausted, I stretched out and pillowed my head on my arms.

Clang!

I opened one eye. The place was pitch black. Phargas snored in the bed next to me.

"Matins!" Suddenly I was thrown across the room and heard something break. I hoped it was furniture.

"I am Mother Maud the Divine Act of Wrestling and Bare-Knuckle Boxing," shouted a voice. "It's time to rise."

Below, I heard the convent's clock strike two.

Some time later we found ourselves assembled in the main hall. We'd been through tedious hours of Matins Laud, purging our sin and saying what horrible things we'd do to men who entered the nunnery to carry out the will of Belial. It was still dark, but I felt as though I'd already done a day's work. A huge nun held court at the front of the hall.

"I am Merciful Sister Perfect the Iron Fist—slayer of Zarg the Roper King. Welcome, initiates."

My eyes began to slide closed.

"Pay attention!" A horseshoe struck my arm. The Merciful Sister didn't even draw breath as she continued.

"This is Sister Jesel the Glorious Act of Head-Butting an Opponent Unexpectedly. She'll be initiating you in the Miracle of Combat." From somewhere within her habit, Sister Jesel produced a huge toasting fork and ran at one of the novices, screaming. Shortly thereafter, the novice was carried off to the infirmary.

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Our assault at the hands of Sister Jessica was followed by Prime, where we read out acts of astonishing violence delivered with righteous justice by the nuns over the past centuries. As dawn broke we enjoyed the delights of Terce, where we were divided up and began our instruction in making, sharpening, and modifying weaponry. Then came Sext, where we sat in silence, reading acts of miraculous violence perpetrated by followers of Iomedae in her mercy. At last, just when I thought I would die of hunger, a gong sounded and the nuns began to file out for food in the frater, a bare room with a single vast table. The nuns formed an orderly queue, each taking a deep bowl. I wondered just how full I could get it. My mind began to race with thoughts of wine and cakes. These nuns worshiped combat, and combat thrives on good dinners.

An almost impossibly tall nun ladled a huge mass of greenery into my bowl. I stared at it in horror.

"This is dinner?" I asked, almost forgetting my squeaky voice. "Raw sprouts?"

"Enjoy," said the nun, and motioned me along with a significant shake of her ladle.

As I was munching my sprouts (no easy thing when your garment covers your whole body) I noticed a strange figure tucking into a mountain of food. It was small, about the size of a gnome, and dressed in the most garish of noble outfits. I watched the figure as it munched through a vast amount of fare, and my stomach rumbled as it consumed chicken legs and sweetmeats with abandon. Once finished, it gave an enormous burp and turned to reveal the face of a kobold.

"Everything to your satisfaction, Holy Carbuncle?" asked one of the nuns who sat near it.

"Yessss, ssscrumptiouss," it said, and staggered off.

I could barely contain my jealousy. "Who's that?" I asked the initiate opposite me.

"Holy Carbuncle the Reformation. He's a miracle."

"What's miraculous about him?" I pressed.

"He's the embodiment of purity and goodness. He saved the Merciful Sister from assassins, and he's lived here ever since. The Merciful Sister says his flesh may be weak, hence his appetites, but his soul is pure goodness."

A gong sounded.

"Oh dear," the nun said, "Pre-vespers." And she shuffled off, crying.

Pre-vespers began with Mother Grain, Mistress of Improvised Combat Using Common Kitchen Utensils, standing in the kitchen. "To assist our sisters who are schooled in paladinhood," she said, "we must be ready to help the noble knights wherever we find ourselves, and where would a woman be if not in her kitchen? Alas! The raiders of Asmodeus are at the door, the brave knights lie wounded at your feet, and only you can protect them. But what chance do you have? There are no weapons here."

"What about knives, Holy Mother?" called one student.

"Foolish girl! All the knives have been taken by the servants of Mammon. Go find an unoccupied sister and request penance for your foolishness."

The girl sobbed and departed.

"No, we have no knives, nor scissors, skewers, tureens, heavy saucepans, or toasting forks. These objects have already been taken by the servants of darkness. A true sister, however, does not need such things." She opened a drawer and withdrew an object. "This wooden spoon, for example, can easily put down an owlbear. Observe."

The day wore on.

"Using such sacred techniques, we can transform this ordinary cheese-grater into a weapon of righteous justice..."

And on.

After we'd learnt how to kill practically every evil thing with the most mundane of objects, and even certain condiments, we were called to Vespers to do some more praying about violence. After Vespers there was yet more praying, this time on one leg over the feeding pit of the nunnery kennels. At last the day's lessons ended, and we were called again to our meal.

As I stood queuing for food at the end of a day in which I'd been flogged, poked, beaten, and otherwise scarred, I could feel my temper grow brittle. I reached the head of the line, only to watch as my plate was filled with water.

"What's this?" I asked in a dangerous monotone.

"Only the righteous deserve dinner," the nun with the ladle gloated, and motioned for me to move along.

It was enough. I flung the bowl at her. She ducked with infuriating ease and, as calm as you like, produced a large bell from under the counter.

"Bring forth the sisters of Misericord!" she shouted, ringing the bell.

The word had a startling effect on the older nuns, some of whom began a keening wail. As if waiting just outside the door, a trio of enormous nuns entered, each wielding a spiked club and meat-cleaver.

"Where is the sinful one?" they yelled in unison.

Everyone in the room pointed at me.

I ran.

Running in an item of clothing designed to cover the entire human body isn't easy, and I had to rip my veil off just so I could see as I went hell-for-leather down the corridors of the nunnery, a trio of divine bruisers behind me. Room after room passed by. I crashed into one sister and knocked her bundle of halberds flying. Another, this one carrying boiling tar, was pushed over in my blind dash. I glanced over my shoulder, but while I couldn't see my pursuers, I could hear them panting and shouting their intentions for parts of my anatomy. I wiped my brow, and my hand brushed my stubbly chin. My mind cast back to

the prayers regarding sinful men. What would they do to a man masquerading as a nun? Spying a small door, I dove inside and shut it behind me as quietly as I could.

The room was full of silverware. There were silver goblets, silver coins, silver candelabrum, silver swords. And there, seated in the center and smoking an enormous pipe, sat Holy Carbuncle the Reformation. He was handing a silver salver to a trio of other kobolds, who'd emerged from a trap door in the floor. As quick as I appeared, the three others vanished, their trap door slamming shut behind them. Carbuncle turned to me, startled. Then he took in my predicament and began to smile.

The door burst open behind me, and I was grabbed from behind by the entering Misericords.

"I, the blessed second sister of Misericord, do pass judgment upon thee. You shall be taken from this place, smeared with honey, and fed to ankhegs. Iomedae!"

"Ssssstop!" cried Carbuncle, gazing at the trio. "Thiss sssister hasss come to me for ssssalvation. Kneel and be forgiven, ssssisster." The kobold yanked me from the sister's grasp and onto my knees. "I hear your confesssion. I hear your wordsss that you have been naughty in the worsssst possssible waysss and I forgive you. I ssshall take you under my wing. Be at peace." He pulled close and whispered in my ear. "Or elssse."

I nodded.

"You may depart, Misssericord!" Carbuncle shouted.

The trio paused for a moment, cracking their knuckles, before reluctantly leaving.

Once they left, we each laid our cards on the table. I told Carbuncle about our flight from the assassins. Carbuncle, it transpired, had been fleeing a freak show when, in mid-run, he'd bumped into a nun and knocked her to the floor at the very moment a failed initiate had tried to bring the sister down with a heavy crossbow. The saved nun turned out to be the Merciful Sister herself, who had decided the kobold was some sort of divine blessing in disguise and taken him in. Carbuncle had been covertly salting away a nest egg for his retirement ever since, with the help of his friends, a secret tunnel, and choice bits of the nun's silver.

"Small-time thinking, if you'll pardon my saying so," I said, after he'd completed his tale. "Why not take it all?"

"Becaussse the nunsss would dissembowel me."

"But suppose they never found out who did it?"

Carbuncle's smile widened as I explained my plan.

Phargas picked up his habit and ran toward the waiting coach. I had one sack of stolen silver, and he another.

"I still don't know how you did it," he said, wheezing.

"It's my breeding, really. The nuns may be unbelievably violent and pious, but they're still basically peasants. Carbuncle was more than amenable once I'd explained my plan."

"It's hard to argue with a head start and a scapegoat."

"Exactly! Kill one of his chums and swap clothes so it looks like Carbuncle is dead, pay your accomplices, and then scarper with the loot, leaving an obvious clue behind—in this case an assassin's calling card."

"Leaving the initiates to help search the town," he finished.

"With sacks full of weaponry," I added, shaking the jingling bag.

Over my shoulder, I caught a glimpse of Mother Grain moving with purpose through the streets, clutching her largest battle-ladle and screaming, "Assassins die!" at the top of her considerable lungs.

"I wouldn't want to be in our illustrious opponents' shoes when they're caught by the sisterhood," Phargas observed.

"Nor me, sister," I replied. His grin matched my own.

"Assassins die!" we yelled, and continued toward the waiting coach.

"Not exactly a saint."



KINGMAKER PART 2 OF 6



Bestiary

What drowned nightmare we found ourselves unable to awake from I cannot say, for the world I once trusted had betrayed us in every fundamental way. Dry earth seemed a distant dream, and sky and stars but fading memories. Everywhere clawing branches and hidden roots cursed our steps, while trailing vines and moss smothered us. Never had I so execrated the gods of life, for here their work piled upon itself in such slithering, crawling, squirming fecundity as to make every birth a blasphemous curse. And ever just beyond our sight, seen only in glimpses and ghost light, were the masters of that fetid green Hell, those who long ago forsook skin for scales and whose voices were the smothered cries of all who had ever died gasping in the muck.

—From *The Record of Cruan Solavai*

Creature Type

- Aberration
- Animal
- Construct
- Dragon
- Fey
- Humanoid
- Magical Beast
- Monstrous Humanoid
- Ooze
- Outsider
- Plant
- Undead
- Vermin

Climate

- Cold
- Extrplanar
- Temperate
- Tropical

Environment

- Desert
- Forest/Jungle
- Hill
- Mountain
- Plain
- Ruins
- Swamp
- Sky
- Underground
- Urban
- Water

This month's Bestiary delves into the fetid swamps and overgrown recesses of the Stolen Lands, revealing a handful of the dangers lurking at the heart of its bogs and forests. Although some are little more than beasts, hunting the shadowed places of this deadly wilderness, others form strange communities in their savage sanctuaries, far from the eyes of any other race, while still others are creatures of legend, held in awe by the people of the north and far beyond. Let those who intrude upon the eldritch depths of the Stolen Lands beware, for menaces unknown to the civilized realms lurk where men rightly fear to tread.

WANDERING MONSTERS

With the completion of "Stolen Land" in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #31, the PCs have explored much of the northern portion of the Greenbelt, meeting and doing battle with a wide variety of its inhabitants. Between the end of that adventure and the beginning of "Rivers Run Red," little changed in the region, but now things begin to stir deep in the brush-choked recesses of the Narlmarches and the rugged crags of the Kamelands. As if alerted to the presence of trespassing humans by growls in the distance and the scent of man-flesh on the wind, the beasts and inhabitants of the land have grown deadlier and more daring. This might be,

in part, resistance to the influx of settlers flocking to the newly risen banner of the PCs, though a more subtle menace might seek to strike back against the invaders and test their brazen leaders. Whatever the case, the Greenbelt is at once much the same as it was in days past and all the deadlier.

This nascent change is reflected in this month's random encounter table. While much of the chart remains unchanged from volume #31's offering, several dangers have grown more pervasive while wholly new threats rise to face the PCs as they venture into the Greenbelt's southern reaches. GMs who made use of random encounters in the first Kingmaker adventure—especially those with natural animals—might revisit such battles, but now with even more or bolder beasts. It might also be suggested that such attacks or groups are unusual, perhaps unnaturally so, hinting at some strangeness in the region, though not definitively enough for PCs to reasonably infer a supernatural danger.

GMs seeking to increase the danger found in the Greenbelt even more can make use of any of the environmental encounter tables found in Appendix 14 of the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary*. Especially while the PCs are hunting trolls through the later portions of this month's adventure, the GM might increase the frequency and likelihood of coming across such creatures.

Greenbelt Random Encounters

Forest	Lake/River	Plains	Hills	Encounter	CR	Source
1-5	1-3	1-4	1-7	1 barghest	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 27
6-13	4-10	5-15	8-14	1d8 boars	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 36
14-17	11-17	—	—	2d4 boggards	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 37
18-23	18-21	16-20	15-19	1d6 brush thylacines	5	<i>Pathfinder</i> #31
24-29	22-28	21-28	20-27	2d6 elk	6	<i>Pathfinder</i> #31
30-35	29-32	29-32	28-30	1 faerie dragon	2	<i>Bonus Bestiary</i> 9*
36-42	33-35	33-38	31-35	2d4 giant spiders	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 258
43-49	36-41	39-40	—	1d4 grizzly bears	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 31
50-53	42-47	—	—	1 hydra	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 178
—	—	41-51	36-43	2d6 kobolds	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 183
54-57	—	52-54	44-45	1 mantichore	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 199
—	48-54	—	—	1 nixie	1	<i>Bonus Bestiary</i> 15*
58-63	55-59	55-59	46-53	1 owlbear	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 224
64-68	60-68	60-63	54-58	1 shambling mound	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 246
69-71	69-75	—	—	1d6 shocker lizards	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 248
72-75	76-79	64-66	59-65	1d6 tatzlwyrms	5	<i>Pathfinder</i> #31
76-79	80-83	67-71	66-70	2d4 trolls	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 268
80-82	—	72-75	71-74	1 werewolf	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 198
83-85	84-88	76-77	75-81	1 will-o'-wisp	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 277
86-93	89-94	78-86	82-88	2d6 wolves	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 278
94-97	95-98	87-95	89-95	2d6 worgs	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 280
98-100	99-100	96-100	96-100	1 wyvern	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 282

*See paizo.com for the *Pathfinder RPG Bonus Bestiary*.

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CERATIOIDI

This flabby, fish-like humanoid has the wide mouth, bulging eyes, and dangling, luminescent flesh lure of a deep-sea predator. Powerful arms end in webbed hands that each clutch barbed hunting spears, and a tumorous bulge protrudes from the back of its neck.

CERATIOIDI

CR 3



XP 800

N Medium monstrous humanoid (aquatic)

Init +0; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 10, flat-footed 15 (+5 natural)

hp 30 (4d10+8)

Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +6

Resist cold 5

Weaknesses primitive amphibian

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., swim 50 ft.

Melee 2 shortspears +8 (1d6+3) or
2 slams +7 (1d6+3)

Ranged 2 shortspears +5 (1d6+3)

Special Attacks lure

STATISTICS

Str 17, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 12

Base Atk +4; CMB +7; CMD 17

Feats Ability Focus (lure), Weapon Focus (spear)

Skills Bluff +5, Intimidate +8, Perception +9, Sense Motive +6,
Stealth +7, Swim +18

Languages Ceratioidi, Common

SQ dual mind

ECOLOGY

Environment any saltwater

Organization solitary, mated individual, or clan (3–20)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Dual Mind (Ex) The fact that each ceratioidi is actually two creatures sharing the same body gives it a number of unique abilities. A ceratioidi can delegate various actions and physical processes to the individual minds, allowing it to fight with two weapons simultaneously without any penalties. It can also select two favored classes. The telepathic tangle between its twin consciousnesses makes a ceratioidi immune to mind-reading spells like *detect thoughts* and impervious to mind-affecting effects.

Lure (Su) As a free action, a ceratioidi can light the dangling lure on its forehead, causing all non-ceratioidi within a 20-foot radius to make a DC 15 Will save or become fascinated for 1d6 rounds. Regardless of the preceding interaction between the ceratioidi and its target, a creature affected by this ability does not view the ceratioidi who has hypnotized it as a potential threat—allowing it to approach without breaking the fascination. Any creature that successfully saves against

this effect is immune to the same ceratioidi's lure ability for 24 hours. The DCs of this ability are Charisma-based.

Primitive Amphibian (Ex) Ceratioidi have rudimentary lungs capable of breathing air indefinitely, but their skin must be bathed in salt water regularly or it begins drying out painfully. They can go for a number of hours equal to twice their Constitution score before they need to be bathed in salt water—if they don't, they take 1 point of Constitution damage per hour until their Constitution reaches 0, at which point they are completely desiccated and expire. Any Constitution damage accrued is reversed after ceratioidi spend 10 minutes immersed in salt water.

Rulers of the deep ocean trenches, ceratioidi are powerful, intelligent humanoids who share several unusual traits with the aquatic predators of the ceratiidae family, also known as angler fish. From their strange, spired cities beneath the waves, ceratioidi cast their nets of influence far and wide, using their alien intelligence, natural affinity for magic, and hypnotizing lures to manipulate other creatures throughout Golarion's oceans—and beyond.

ECOLOGY

Perhaps the strangest aspect of the ceratioidi is that each individual is in fact two entities—a powerful, imposing female and a rat-sized, parasitic male. Averaging 7 feet tall and weighing roughly 300 pounds, a female ceratioidi's fleshy body belies both its tremendous strength and its startling intelligence. Males, though equally intelligent, appear to outside observers to be nothing more than fish with vaguely anthropomorphic faces. Born from ribbon-like egg clusters, ceratioidi mature quickly and are ready to mate when 1 year old. During the mating ritual, the tiny male ceratioidi affixes itself to the back of a female's neck and begins secreting an enzyme that dissolves both creatures' skin and transforms them into a single unit. Within a few weeks, what was two creatures has become one—though each retains its own independent consciousness, the male joins his respiration, digestion, and other biological functions with those of the female, becoming nothing more than a bulging organ on his partner's back. While unintelligent angler fish use similar methods in order to self-fertilize at will, a ceratioidi male retains independent thought, and the two linked entities remain in constant telepathic communication, using their combined mental faculties to excel at wizardry and maintain absolute physical precision in combat. This uniquely divided mental structure also makes it easy for ceratioidi to study multiple fields or callings, such as the powerful witch/wizard combination that is their trademark, though it's also common for them to act as underwater rangers.

In addition to their dual nature, ceratioidi share a number of other intimidating characteristics with their

angler fish cousins. Along with its wide mouth full of inward-curving, needle-sharp teeth, a ceratioidi also possesses the angler fish's fleshy forehead lure, called an *esca*. This bioluminescent blob dangles at the end of thin spine just above eye level and is the focus for the ceratioidi's innate hypnotic abilities. Through this lure, the ceratioidi can paralyze foes in combat, forcing them to stand still or approach and be culled by the ceratioidi's barbed fishing spear; it can even hypnotize creatures so thoroughly as to make them susceptible to subliminal commands. This ability to manipulate others, combined with the immobile male's natural affinity for magical study and other deeply contemplative arts, makes the ceratioidi masters of their surroundings.

Though almost all ceratioidi encountered outside of their homes are fully mated pairs, unmated females can be represented by removing the dual mind ability from the creature's stat block. Males can be simulated by using the statistics for an electric eel without the electricity special ability.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Because they normally construct their cities on the floors of deep ocean trenches or near mineral-rich underwater vents, ceratioidi are rarely encountered by terrestrial races, and little is known about their society save for one region—the tiny nation of Outsea in the River Kingdoms. Long ago, in an effort to use Avistan's river system to circle around their merfolk enemies in a daring military campaign, a group of ceratioidi mercenaries made it all the way up the Sellen before their magic gave out, trapping the ceratioidi and a number of other saltwater races—both friend and foe—in a patch of magically contained brine deep in the heart of the River Kingdoms. Left with no choice but cooperation or death, the various aquatic races pooled their resources and created the isolated community of Outsea, a town existing both above and below the waterline where terrestrial creatures trade with the trapped but still powerful aquatic denizens. The ceratioidi, with their manipulative magic and ability to exist on land for long stretches of time, make perfect go-betweens and bureaucrats for the strange kingdom.

Though the ceratioidi are rumored by many to be a product of aboleth experimentation, the ceratioidi of Outsea believe differently. They believe themselves to be the direct descendents of their god-ruler Danglosa, an immense and omnipotent angler fish that accompanied them on their journey and now resides in the flooded caverns deep below Outsea. Though never seen, its presence is felt regularly through the actions of the Called—"blessed" individuals

Origins of Outsea

The ceratioidi and their River Kingdoms holding of Outsea were designed for Golarion by award-winning fantasy author China Miéville, creator of such popular fantasy novels as *Perdido Street Station* and *The Scar*. For more information on Outsea and 22 other fractious kingdoms, see *Pathfinder Chronicles: Guide to the River Kingdoms*.

suddenly overcome with an all-consuming desire to swim downward and join their dualistic god, never to be seen again. The ceratioidi's distinct resemblance to the kingdom's mysterious leader is just one more reason why the ceratioidi, though in the minority, remain powerful figures in Outsea.



KINGMAKER PART 2 OF 6

THE GRIM WHITE STAG

This moon-pale stag stands 30 feet tall at the shoulder. Its antlers are living saplings, and green vines grow around its legs. Despite its incredible size, it moves with supernatural grace. Its huge eyes gleam with intelligence, and its entire bearing is that of a mighty and noble creature.

THE GRIM WHITE STAG

CR 15



XP 51,200

LG Colossal outsider (extraplanar, good, lawful)

Init +2; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +22

Aura protective aura

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 5, flat-footed 21 (+2 Dex, +1 dodge, +19 natural, -8 size)

hp 225 (18d10+126); regeneration 5 (evil weapons and effects)

Fort +13, Ref +8, Will +7; +4 vs. poison

DR 10/evil and silver; Immune electricity, petrification; Resist cold 10, sonic 10; SR 26

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee gore +25 (4d6+14/19-20 plus push), 2 hooves +19 (2d8+7)

Space 30 ft.; Reach 20 ft.

Special Attacks lay on hands (10/day, 9d6), push (gore, 10 ft.), trample (2d8+21, DC 33)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 18th; concentration +19)

At will—*detect evil*7/day—*cure light wounds*3/day—*cure critical wounds, neutralize poison, remove disease*1/month—*heroes' feast* (see below)

STATISTICS

Str 39, Dex 14, Con 25, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 12

Base Atk +18; CMB +40; CMD 53 (57 vs. trip)

Feats Dodge, Endurance, Greater Bull Rush, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (gore), Mobility, Power Attack, Run, Weapon Focus (gore)

Skills Acrobatics +11 (+15 jump), Handle Animal +13, Intimidate +19, Knowledge (nature) +12, Perception +22, Sense Motive +13, Stealth +7 (+15 in forested areas), Survival +13, Swim +26; Racial Modifiers +8 Stealth in forested areas

Languages Celestial, Common, Druidic, Sylvan (does not speak)

SQ bugle, cascade of spears

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Beastspeech (Su) The Stag can speak with any animal as though using the *speak with animals* spell (caster level equal to the Stag's Hit Dice), but this is a free action and does not require sound. This ability is always active.

Bugle (Ex) The Stag can make a loud, strange call that can be heard for miles. All who worship Erastil immediately recognize the sound and know the direction and general distance of the source of the sound.

Heroes' Feast (Sp) This ability functions like the *heroes' feast* spell, except the Stag lies down and dies to begin the "casting" before

an evening meal. His vines and horns transform into a simple table and chairs, and his flesh and blood becomes the magical feast, feeding up to 18 creatures. At the next sunrise, the Stag's remains knit themselves back together and he returns to life. The Stag can only use this ability once per month.

Lay on Hands (Su) The Stag can use lay on hands as an 18th-level paladin.

Cascade of Spears (Su) Once per day, the Stag can shed fragments of its antlers, creating up to 18 +1 *shortspears*, +1 *spears*, or +1 *longspears* in any combination (alternatively, the Stag can create 5 +1 *arrows* or +1 *crossbow bolts* instead of a spear, up to 90 arrows or bolts total). These weapons retain their magic for 18 minutes, after which they become common weapons made of antler.

Protective Aura (Su) Against attacks made or effects created by evil creatures, this ability provides a +4 deflection bonus to AC and a +4 resistance bonus on saving throws to anyone within 20 feet of the Grim White Stag. Otherwise, it functions as a *magic circle against evil* effect and a *lesser globe of invulnerability*, both with a radius of 20 feet (caster level equals the Stag's Hit Dice). (The defensive benefits from the protective aura are not included in the Stag's stat block.)

The Grim White Stag is rarely seen in the flesh more than once in a generation, and only when a settlement faithful to Erastil is in mortal danger. All good creatures of the forest recognize his might and near-divinity and fall in behind him when they hear his bugling call to war—such as when he attacked the spawn of Rovagug known as the Gray-Stag-Devourer to draw it away from settled areas. Other than his mighty summons, he does not speak to humanoids, though he understand several languages of mortals, fey, and heavenborn.

The Stag is not an envoy of peace and cares little for festivities. When he is on Golarion, he is focused on his task, whether defending a village, creating a firebreak in a forest, or transporting refugees to safety. His power is in action, not thought or debate, and he prefers to move in, finish what must be done, and move on; when dealing with mortals who want to over-plan or over-think what to do next, he is likely to take action just to prompt them into moving forward. He can be almost suicidal in his dedication, willing to throw away his life to buy his allies more time to rescue others or bolster defenses.

Though Erastil rarely sends him to the mortal world in physical form, sometimes he appears as a shimmering, spectral vision, particularly on foggy mornings or at twilight, usually to lead a lost child home or warn one of Erastil's followers away from some threat. However, the church's limited records do not differentiate these appearances from simple visions sent by the god (especially as they don't have the resources to magically investigate these occurrences and determine which type

they are), so it is unclear how active a role the Stag has on Golarion.

The Stag was once just a powerful spirit creature, worshiped by early humans under the tutelage of druids of the Green Faith. When Erastil's religion became more prominent, the Stag allied with Old Deadeye, respecting the godling's wisdom, strength, and nobility. Some regional tales of the Grim White Stag say that in the early days of the world, Erastil hunted the beast, seeking to subdue its wildness and make a bow of its horns, yet the Stag proved so agile and hardy that after weeks of pursuit, the god of the hunt tired of tracking the beast. At night, as the god stopped to rest and enjoy a simple meal, the Stag fearlessly approached, bowing low to the tenacious tracker. Erastil, understanding that the beast was no savage, welcomed the Stag into his camp and shared his meal with the ancient spirit of the forest. From then on, the two have understood and respected one another, sharing the same reverence for the forests and creatures there, as well as care for all who would live honestly and in peace with the denizens of the wilderness. Some even go on to say that the Grim White Stag shed his horns to furnish Erastil with his great antlered bow, but belief in such tales varies regionally.

Distant kin to other great animal spirits of the ancient times—including Thron, the Prince That Howls—he is greatly respected by intelligent animals and followers of the old ways. He sometimes performs tasks for Gozreh, but the nature god's amorality often offends the Stag.

ECOLOGY

The Grim White Stag doesn't need to eat but enjoys a few bites of the rich grass, wild berries, hay, corn cobs, and other vegetable matter often fed to domesticated herds. He normally only eats to be polite or (though more so in the ancient days than now) to show he accepts an offering made by worshipers. He recognizes that his strength can easily harm others, including plant life; he is cautious when moving through forests so as to not crush trees with the force of his passage and uses his powers to heal any harm he causes. Most natural forest creatures possess an instinctual understanding of the Great White Stag and move aside as it passes, typically meaning that only unwary monsters, oblivious hunters, and others with no right to be in the forest fall as accidental victims to the herald's passage.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Stories tell that long ago the Stag would travel in spirit form and sometimes possess the bodies of druids or shamans, speaking to the faithful or calling for the

conservation of herds that were being over-hunted, but this was always temporary. There is little evidence that any of his divine power lingered in these primitive priests, though some cave paintings show more than one deer-headed man leading a tribe in a hunt, possibly indicating some sort of unusual magic or sorcerer bloodline based on the Stag's essence. When not in the mortal world, the Stag roams the area near Erastil's domain in Heaven, watching over the god's servants in the afterlife. In the rare times when he is in a whimsical mood, he has been known to let Erastil or other good gods and spirits chase him, testing them to see if they can manage to lay but a single hand upon him.



KINGMAKER PART 2 OF 6

HODAG

Spikes cover the body of this vaguely reptilian creature, jutting forth from nearly every angle. The beast's gaping mouth is filled with dagger-sharp teeth, and a sinister crimson glow fills its eyes. Squat and powerful, the creature's arms terminate in massive clawed feet just as suited to digging as to rending a foe limb from limb.

HODAG

CR 5



XP 1,600

N Large magical beast

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 11, flat-footed 17; (+2 Dex, +8 natural, -1 size)

hp 60 (8d10+16)

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

Defensive Abilities ferocity

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.; burrow 15 ft.

Melee bite +11 (1d10+4/19-20), 2 claws +11 (1d6+4), gore +11 (1d8+4; males only), tail slap +9 (1d8+2)

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

Special Attacks spiked tail, toss

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 14, **Con** 15, **Int** 7, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +13; **CMD** 25

Feats Improved Critical (bite), Iron Will, Multiattack, Power Attack

Skills Climb +10, Perception +7, Stealth +2, Swim +8

Languages understands Common

SQ trackless

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate forests and marshes

Organization solitary

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Spiked Tail (Ex) A hodag's tail spikes allow the creature's tail slap to deal both bludgeoning and piercing damage.

Toss (Ex) A male hodag charging 20 feet or more that damages a foe with its gore attack can throw its foe with a special combat maneuver check. The opponent must be corporeal and at least one size category smaller than the hodag. If the hodag's maneuver succeeds, its opponent is thrown back 10 feet (in a direction chosen by the hodag) and falls prone. The hodag can only toss its opponent in a straight line. If an obstacle prevents the creature's movement, both the creature tossed and the object struck take 1d6 points of damage, and the creature falls prone in the space adjacent to the obstacle. A hodag can also toss an opponent straight up into the air. This does not move the opponent but causes it to take an additional 1d6 points of damage from falling.

Trackless (Ex) A hodag sweeps its tail behind itself in a way that obscures its tracks. Attempts to track a hodag have their normal DC increased by 10.

As stout as a bull, with a reptile's scaly, spiked body, hodags are fierce forest predators hunting along the edges of civilization in the thick woods. Green, gray, and black scales cover the beasts, helping them to blend in amid the underbrush, and sharp spikes stand along their backs and run down their powerful, dangerous tails. Loggers share stories of being followed by hodags and seeing their glowing red eyes in the oppressive darkness of the thick forest. In the wintertime, when snow and ice blankets the region, hodags grow a foul-smelling coat of greasy, dark brown fur, sprouting in tufts from between their scales and helping them blend in with dead vegetation. Males sport large curving spikes on their heads that look like forward-facing horns.

Many believe that hodags are not true-breeding beasts but rather a unique and specific terror that has lived and hunted certain woodlands for ages. Many regional people living near such wildernesses consider hodags a myth, nothing more than the sort of tall tale that is typical of excitable rural folk. Some go so far to use "hodagger" as a derogatory term for the more rustic and simple people working the forests and rivers.

Folklorists say the first hodag rose from the charred remains of an ox sacrificed to cleanse foul spirits. The ritual failed on the seventh day of burning, and this foul beast climbed from the pyre and devoured those performing the rites as a putrid smell spread through the forest like a rancid fog. Superstitious lumberjacks refuse to work when similar fogs hang thick in the woods, even though many who don't know or don't care about such tales claim such fogs are perfectly natural or mere swamp gases. The oral tradition passed down from the people living in regions hunted by hodags tells that the name comes from the combination of "horse" and "dog," two of the beast's favorite meals.

A typical male hodag measures over 10 feet from the snout to the tip of the tail and 4-1/2 feet at the shoulder, though when they rear back on two legs, they reach far more intimidating heights. Females tend to be a foot or more smaller but are stockier; both male and female hodags weigh around 700 pounds. Female hodags also lack horns (female hodags have no gore or toss attack and are CR 4).

ECOLOGY

Hodags do not typically seek out creatures to hunt. Rather, the unpredictable beasts wander the forest and countryside in the hope of something crossing their paths. If a hodag becomes interested—something that seems to depend wholly on the appeal of a being's scent or appearance—it will follow and stalk a creature, unwilling to stop until it has fed upon its prey. Hodags sometimes stalk their prey for weeks, some say to fill victims with fear and panic,

making them thinner. They tend to prefer lean meals that provide considerable crunching sounds as they are consumed. Some tales claim the beast doesn't feed upon the actual bodies of its victims but rather on the fear of those about to be consumed and the pleasure of the crunch. The scene of a hodag attack appears to back up this claim, as the beast dismembers and shreds its victims, throwing viscera and body parts about the area and consuming very little actual meat. This is actually due to the eating habits of the creature. While they enjoy killing at any time, hodags gorge themselves only once every 3 months. During these feasts, they can eat an entire herd of horses, consuming thousands of pounds of food in one attack.

HABITAT AND SOCIETY

Extremely secluded and territorial creatures, hodags are rarely seen together. During mating season, hodags expand their usual hunting grounds and wander farther from their dens on the chance that they may find a mate. The courtship is abrupt and to the point, and after the act of breeding, the two hodags depart in opposite directions. The female hodag finds an isolated place in the forest and digs a den in which to birth her young. Despite their reptilian appearance, hodags do not lay eggs but rather give live birth to a small litter of no more than three or four young. Sibling rivalry is strong and play is often rough. Not all young hodags survive this competition, ensuring only the strongest of the litter make it to maturity.

HODAGS ON GOLARION

Tales of hodags and hodag-like creatures fill the legends of several regions and backwaters across Avistan. Noted here are three locations where the myth of the hodag takes on a fearsome life.

Falcon's Hollow: The thick woods surrounding Falcon's Hollow in Andoran echo with cautionary tales offered to children and apprentice lumberjacks of a particularly massive hodag missing an eye. Everyone knows someone who claims her great-great-granddad was responsible for plucking out the eye of this frightening beast or was a companion of the one responsible. There are as many stories about how it happened as there are surnames of those said to be responsible.

The Chitterwood: In southern Isger, a foul hodag hunts without end. Oral tradition from the region places this dark beast there long before man settled, and storytellers claim the creature is actually a living shadow in the terrifying form of a hodag. The only safety from the beast lies in sunlight, something not always in great supply deep in the heart of the wood.

The Lower Sellen: In the southern part of the River Kingdoms, where the Sellen River collects its tributaries into a mighty torrent flowing toward the lands downstream, tales of a hodag capable of flight keep travelers watching the skies as they move through the region. Stories dispute the origin of this terrible beast, with some claiming the creature resulted from a mad druid's magic and others saying its mother was a powerful manticores. The mysterious claw marks high in several of the region's trees are cited as evidence of the beast's fearsome climbing ability.



KINGMAKER PART 2 OF 6

RORKOUN

A large amber eye tops a swollen head, surrounded evenly by four mouths loaded with needle-sharp teeth. This enormously long, yet slender creature stretches the length of five men and appears to be composed of twisted strands of pallid flesh and veiny musculature. The tentacle-like thing moves with the awkward, alien speed of a hunting insect, unnaturally still one moment and darting forth with incredible speed the next.

RORKOUN

CR 6



XP 2,400

NE Huge aberration (aquatic)

Init +2; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +13

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 10, flat-footed 16; (+2 Dex, +8 natural, -2 size)

hp 76 (9d8+36)

Fort +9, Ref +5, Will +7

Weaknesses vulnerability to acid

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., swim 40 ft.

Melee bite +11 (2d6+7 plus grab), tail slap +6 (2d6+3 plus grab)

Ranged gob +6 (1d6 plus stuck)

Space 15 ft.; Reach 15 ft.

Special Attacks constrict (2d8+7), gob

STATISTICS

Str 25, Dex 14, Con 18, Int 9, Wis 12, Cha 10

Base Atk +6; CMB +15; CMD 27

Feats Blind-Fight, Great Fortitude, Greater Grapple, Improved Grapple, Stealthy

Skills Escape Artist +11, Perception +13, Stealth +8, Swim +23

Languages Common, Goblin (does not speak)

SQ deathwatch, squeeze

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate marshes and underground

Organization solitary

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aquatic Dependency (Ex) A rorkoun violently dehydrates as soon as its body is wholly removed from water. Every round that part of a rorkoun's space does not occupy the same square as a significant body of water (50 gallons or more), the creature takes damage equal to the number of rounds it has been outside water. The rorkoun stops taking damage as soon as it reenters the water.

Gob (Ex) A rorkoun can spit a wad of viscous slaver at its prey. As a standard action, the rorkoun can make a ranged touch attack at a single creature up to 30 feet away. Creatures of Large size or smaller that are struck by the attack must succeed on a DC 18 Reflex save or become entangled. Flying creatures that fail their Reflex save fall to the ground. An entangled creature can escape by making a DC 18 Escape Artist or Strength check. Should an entangled target take any amount of acid damage, the sticky saliva is instantly dissolved. The save, skill, and ability check DCs are Constitution-based.

Squeeze (Ex) Able to manipulate the shape of its highly malleable body, a rorkoun can easily slip through spaces not normally accessible to a creature of its size. For the purposes of determining how small a space a rorkoun can squeeze through, treat it as one size category smaller. A rorkoun can move into even smaller spaces by contracting, allowing it to treat its size as two size categories smaller.

Little-known denizens of the Darklands, rorkouns prey upon the unwary from lairs amid the deepest pools and waterways. Known as "wretch worms" and "eyes of Orv," these disgusting abominations writhe through flooded pits and crevices, feeding upon nearly all they encounter and occasionally breaking forth from the depths into the world of light to glut themselves upon the plump, tender creatures found there.

Rorkouns measure over 25 feet in length, and beneath the strange secretions that provide them with a false, apparent bulk, the creatures possess a ribbon-thin body only a foot wide. A typical rorkoun weighs a mere 200 pounds.

ECOLOGY

Little is known of the anatomy and life processes of rorkouns because of both their rarity and their fundamental dependency on water. As soon as a rorkoun leaves the water—which none ever do willingly, even to pursue the most tempting prey—it begins dehydrating at a deadly rate. Most that are ripped from their native pools wither to long strips of jerky-like flesh in a few short minutes. Thus, much of what is known of the beasts comes from direct observation, a methodology that proves dangerous for most researchers.

Rorkouns possess lengthy bodies similar to tapeworms, with simple, decentralized bodily systems. Their flat, oblong heads branch into four split mouthparts set on throat-like stalks. At the top of the head, a single, bulging eye scans the creature's surroundings with uncanny sensitivity. Their heads are the thickest parts of their bodies, which taper gradually to a powerful tail. The strangest quality of these creatures is that their body exudes a rubbery, glue-like substance that swiftly hardens into a flexible, putty-like mass. Rorkouns use these secretions to better protect their bodies, seal off their chosen lairs (to prevent water from seeping out), and capture their prey.

Several explorers who have encountered rorkouns have spread unnerving stories regarding the beasts, suggesting that rorkouns are not individual creatures but rather the impossibly long appendages of some unknown aberrant body. Their hesitance to leave the water is thus claimed to be because they are incapable of separating themselves from their greater body; the frantic thrashing of rorkoun that are forcibly removed from the water as they struggle to return is compared to the final desperate

twitches of an amputated limb. What terrible body might support limbs as vile as rorkouns few dare to conjecture, but whatever hidden beings (or more terrible still, single being) manipulate these horrors from the darkness must be unlike anything known to the denizens of Golarion's surface—and must hunger endlessly.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Solitary creatures, rorkoun rarely share hunting grounds. Most, upon encountering another of their kind, attempt to leave the vicinity, avoiding any sort of confrontation and often ridding the area of both creatures. This aversion proves baffling, especially considering the extreme rarity of the beasts, though some suggest that the abominations might prove more receptive toward others of their kind when far below the surface.

Those scholars who study rorkouns claim the strange beasts understand both the Common language and that of goblins, though most believe the creatures also have a silent language used among their own kind—despite the creatures' tendency to avoid contact with one another. They frequently live near goblin and mite communities. While these species share an ecological niche as scavengers and occasional hunters, the connection is a bit more complex. Rorkouns never hunt goblins or mites as they find the taste of their flesh repulsive. The creatures do, however, find the savory flavor of greater humanoids succulent; they appreciate the zeal with which those races seek to exterminate goblinkind, as it brings prey close to their lairs for them to feast on. Cowardly and secretive, rorkouns lurk in murky pools or bogs near such creatures' camps, hoping to provoke a fight. Once the battle begins, rorkouns strike, picking off the weakest creatures in the fray before slinking off to digest the meal in the privacy of their dens or some other location where their prey's allies might find it difficult to follow. A rorkoun's benefactors rarely understand the reason for this strange kind of cooperation. While mites tend to fear and flee the aberrations—just as they do most creatures—goblins often concoct more elaborate reasons for why these alien horrors might aid them. Typically, a particularly imaginative goblin convinces his tribe that the rorkoun is in fact a god and that they are its chosen people. All too often this inspires the community to new heights of crazed zealotry and the invention of bizarre forms of sacrifice and adoration.

Occasionally rorkouns find their way into the dilapidated or abandoned sewer systems of ruined or declining cities where the shattered remains of such networks have collapsed and formed connections to the Darklands. There rorkouns crawl and swim their way

On the Rorkoun

Opportunistic “secondary menace” lurkers who live or hunt near other monsters then rush in to attack weakened PCs while they're busy fighting have always been a favorite of mine, a way of reminding or teaching players to never let their guards down, to always keep something in reserve (to turn for home before everyone's down to their last hit point), and to always have a “Plan B.” Rorkouns work well as such beasts, their element of misdirection or deception making them far more interesting than straight-ahead-at-you brutes.

—Ed Greenwood




through the slick tunnels and drainpipes, feeding on refuse, vermin, and the occasional sewer dweller or rat catcher. Such unusual beasts rarely prove significant threats, emerging to menace the surface only through what abandoned tunnels and drainage ditches they might happen upon.



Kingmaker Part 2 of 6

TROLLHOUND

Vaguely canine in appearance, this squat, powerful beast sniffs the air hungrily. Foul-smelling fluids ooze from weeping sores across its scaly skin, and long streamers of drool hang from its curving teeth and oversized jaws.

TROLLHOUND	CR 3	  
XP 800		
N Medium magical beast		
Init +5; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +8		
DEFENSE		
AC 15, touch 11, flat-footed 14 (+1 Dex, +4 natural)		
hp 30 (4d10+8); regeneration 3 (acid or fire)		
Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +1		
OFFENSE		
Speed 40 ft.		
Melee bite +8 (1d6+6 plus disease and trip)		
Special Attacks disease		
STATISTICS		
Str 18, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 11, Cha 6		
Base Atk +4; CMB +8; CMD 19 (23 vs. trip)		
Feats Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (Perception)		
Skills Perception +8, Stealth +5, Survival +1 (+5 scent tracking);		
Racial Modifiers +4 Survival when tracking by scent		
ECOLOGY		
Environment cold mountains		
Organization solitary, pair, or pack (3–8)		
Treasure incidental		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		

Disease (Ex) A trollhound's saliva is an infectious brew of contagion. Creatures bitten by a trollhound are often afflicted with bloodfire fever, a disease characterized by deep internal pain, as if the victim's blood were on fire. Its symptoms include loss of muscular coordination and physical strength as well as lethargy and fatigue.

Bloodfire fever: Bite—injury; *save* Fort DC 14; *onset* 1 day; *frequency* 1/day; *effect* 1d3 Str damage, 1d3 Dex damage and target is fatigued; *cure* 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Slavering and voracious, trollhounds almost seem to be trolls in smaller canine form and indeed are often found as pets among gangs and tribes of trolls. Requiring vast amounts of food to power their regenerative metabolisms, wild trollhound packs range far and wide through the mountains of the north, their ravenous hunger driving them to hunt and consume any prey they can track down and kill.

A typical trollhound stands 3–4 feet tall at the shoulder; has short, powerful legs; and weighs around 350 pounds. Trollhounds' skin is somewhat scaly, with patches of rough, greenish-black fur. They have oversized jaws with a

pronounced underbite, and their eyes are normally a dull, hateful orange.

ECOLOGY

Trollhounds are believed to be the outcome of infusing particularly ferocious worgs with alchemically prepared troll blood. The resulting beast loses the worg's evil intelligence but gains the ability to regenerate even the most grievous wounds, except those inflicted by fire or acid. Whatever their origin, trollhounds breed true and are often raised by trolls.

Trollhounds are fearless on the hunt and in combat, relying on their ability to regenerate to carry them through. Not even fire is enough to repel them, as the beasts are apparently too dull to recognize the danger it poses to them. Nevertheless, fire is one of the most effective tools in combating trollhounds, and canny hunters know to burn every last remnant of a slain trollhound, for as is true of trolls, even the smallest piece of trollhound flesh will eventually regrow into a full-sized trollhound.

The trollhound's ability to regenerate requires vast amounts of food, like that of trolls, and trollhounds spend the majority of their lives on an endless hunt. They are normally carnivorous but will eat almost anything to assuage their voracious appetites, though vegetable matter proves a poor substitute for fresh meat. Trollhounds consume the entirety of their kills, leaving very little for scavengers. A powerful digestive system and quick metabolism make short work of fur, scales, hooves, horns, antlers, and even bones. Only stone and metal are later excreted, coated in foul-smelling slurry.

Trollhound females give birth to litters of up to a dozen pups, but only rarely does more than half that number survive to adulthood. Although trollhound pups are able to regenerate at birth and are born with a full set of teeth and claws, most fall victim to the hunger of their littermates or parents. Domesticated trollhound pups often meet the same fate as snacks for hungry juvenile trolls. Trollhound mothers feed their pups strips of meat from their own flesh until the pups are old enough to hunt for themselves, usually after about a year. Barring misfortune, a trollhound can live up to 20 years, though most die long before that, killed and devoured by their packmates or troll masters.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Trollhounds are most often found in the company of trolls, who breed the beasts as hunters, guards, pets, and food. Trollhounds seem to have an affinity for their giant masters, and tamed trollhounds always regard trolls as alpha members of the pack. Usually, a domesticated trollhound bonds with one particular troll. Thereafter, a trollhound fights to the death to defend its bonded

troll, willingly laying down its life for its master. Unfortunately for most trollhounds, their troll masters rarely return this devotion. In times of hardship when food is scarce, a tribe's trollhounds are usually the first item on the menu.

When not eating them for sustenance, trolls use trollhounds as guards for their lairs, as few trolls have the patience or attention span for long stretches of boring guard duty. Trolls also use trollhounds to aid them in their own hunts. Armed with an incredibly sensitive sense of smell, a trollhound can track prey for miles, often leading its troll masters to a den, lair, or settlement containing even more food. Once a hunt is successful, trolls and trollhounds share their kills, tearing indiscriminately into their prey and squabbling over scraps.

In the wild, trollhounds form packs under the leadership of an alpha male. Such packs usually contain only half a dozen adult trollhounds or so—when a pack grows larger, its members invariably fight one another for dominance. Those too weak to defend their position in the pack end up as food for the more dominant members, reducing the pack to a more manageable size. Only the alpha male and alpha female are allowed to mate, producing one litter at a time whenever the previous set of pups reaches adulthood. Fights for mating rights also serve to keep a pack's numbers in check.

Trollhound dens are usually located among mountainous crags, frequently in small natural caves. A single pack can claim quite a large territory and hunts all manner of life in the region until it is depleted, at which point the pack moves on to a new territory. A trollhound pack does not tolerate any rival packs in its territory, and territorial disputes are common. Rather than drive away rivals, the victorious trollhound pack claims a free meal.

VARIANT TROLLHOUNDS

Some reports claim that scraghs have bred their own aquatic version of trollhounds. These "scraghounds" are said to possess crocodile- or shark-like jaws filled with teeth and to smell blood in the water over great distances. Scraghounds possess the aquatic subtype and the amphibious special quality. They have a base land speed of 20 feet, a swim speed of 30 feet, and the keen scent special ability (see page 247 of the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary*). A scraghound's bite inflicts 1d8 points of damage, and its regeneration ability only works when the creature is submerged in water.

The powerful subterranean rock trolls have also developed their own breed of trollhounds. Rock trollhounds have hard, pebbly skin that gives them a +8 natural armor bonus. They lack the regeneration ability of other trollhound variants but gain fast healing 3 when underground and touching natural earth. Like rock trolls, rock trollhounds are vulnerable to sunlight. A rock trollhound that is exposed to sunlight (not merely a *daylight* spell) can only take a single move or attack action and is instantly turned to stone (as if by a *flesh to stone* spell) in the next round if it fails a DC 17 Fortitude save. A rock trollhound must make a new saving throw each round it remains in sunlight. This effect ends at night, once the trollhound is no longer exposed to sunlight.

TRAINING TROLLHOUNDS

The ravenous hunger and ferocious disposition of trollhounds makes them difficult to train under even the best circumstances. Taming a trollhound requires 4 weeks of work and a DC 25 Handle Animal check. Once a trollhound has been tamed, it can be further trained, though all DCs to do so are increased by 10. Using fire while training trollhounds grants a +2 circumstance bonus on skill checks. Trolls gain a +15 racial bonus on Handle Animal checks to tame or train a trollhound. Even when domesticated, trollhounds remain difficult to manage and must be kept well fed at all times. More than once, a brave but careless trainer has met his end in the jaws of his hungry charges.



Kingmaker Part 1 of 6



Amiri

FEMALE HUMAN

DEITY Gorum
HOMELAND Mammoth Lords

CHARACTER TRAITS

CLASS/LEVEL Barbarian 4
ALIGNMENT Chaotic Neutral
INITIATIVE +1
SPEED 30 ft.

ABILITIES

STRENGTH 18
DEXTERITY 13
CONSTITUTION 14
INTELLIGENCE 10
WISDOM 12
CHARISMA 8

DEFENSE

HP 43
AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 15 (+5 armor, +1 Dex)
Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +3

OFFENSE

Melee +1 *Large bastard sword* +8 (2d8+5/19–20)
Ranged mwk longbow +2 (1d8/x3)
Base Atk +4; CMB +8; CMD 19
Special Abilities fast movement, rage 12 rds/day, renewed vigor, strength surge, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge

SKILLS

Acrobatics +7, Climb +10, Intimidate +6, Perception +8, Survival +8

FEATS

Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword), Power Attack, Weapon Focus (bastard sword)

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds* (2); **Gear** +1 *hide armor*, +1 *Large bastard sword*, mwk longbow with 20 arrows, javelins (2), spiked gauntlet, throwing axe, *cloak of resistance* +1, 325 gp

Amiri never quite fit into the expected gender roles of her tribe, and when the tribe attempted to send her on a suicide mission, she returned with an enormous trophy—a frost giant's sword. She has since abandoned her people, and has come to value her oversized sword (even though she can only truly wield it properly when her blood rage takes her). She never speaks of the circumstances that forced her to flee her homeland. Some things are better left unsaid.



Harsk

MALE DWARF

DEITY Torag
HOMELAND Druma

CHARACTER TRAITS

CLASS/LEVEL Ranger 4
ALIGNMENT Lawful Neutral
INITIATIVE +3
SPEED 20 ft.

ABILITIES

STRENGTH 14
DEXTERITY 16
CONSTITUTION 15
INTELLIGENCE 10
WISDOM 14
CHARISMA 6

DEFENSE

HP 35
AC 16, touch 13, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor, +3 Dex)
Fort +7, Ref +8, Will +4; +2 vs. poison, spells, and spell-like abilities
Senses darkvision 60 ft.

OFFENSE

Melee mwk greataxe +7 (1d12+3/x3)
Ranged +1 *heavy crossbow* +8 (1d10/19–20)
Base Atk +4; CMB +6; CMD 19 (23 vs. bull rush and trip)
Special Abilities combat style (archery), endurance, favored enemy (humanoid [giant] +2), favored terrain (mountains +2), hunter's bond (companions), track +2, wild empathy +2

SKILLS

Handle Animal +5, Heal +9, Knowledge (geography) +7, Knowledge (nature) +7, Perception +9, Stealth +10, Survival +9

FEATS

Precise Shot, Point Blank Shot, Rapid Reload (heavy crossbow)

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*, antitoxin, smokestick, tanglefoot bag; **Other Gear** +1 *leather armor*, mwk greataxe, +1 *heavy crossbow* with 30 bolts, *cloak of resistance* +1, *potion of pass without trace* (2), backpack, rations (4), signal whistle, teapot, 515 gp

Harsk is, in many ways, not your standard dwarf. He prefers the wide skies of the open plains, disdains the taste of alcohol, and prefers to handle his battles at range rather than in melee. Yet few dare to mock him for his choices, for if there's anywhere that Harsk is dwarven, it is in his gruff and off-putting attitude. Much of his anger stems from the slaughter of his brother's warband. Harsk came upon the band, slain to a man by giants, moments too late to save his brother. Harsk's hatred of giants has fueled him and shapes his life. He prefers strong tea over alcohol (to keep his senses sharp), the wildlands of the surface world (where giants can be found), and the crossbow over the axe (which allows him to start fights faster). His companions value his skill at combat even if they're somewhat afraid of him.



Lini

FEMALE GNOME

DEITY Green Faith
HOMELAND Linnorm Kings

CHARACTER TRAITS

CLASS/LEVEL Druid 4
ALIGNMENT Neutral
INITIATIVE +1
SPEED 20 ft.

ABILITIES

STRENGTH 6
DEXTERITY 12
CONSTITUTION 16
INTELLIGENCE 10
WISDOM 16
CHARISMA 15

DEFENSE

HP 33
AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 14 (+3 armor, +1 Dex, +1 size)
Fort +7, Ref +2, Will +7; +2 vs. illusion
Senses low-light vision

SKILLS

Handle Animal +10, Heal +10, Knowledge (nature) +7, Perception +12, Spellcraft +7

FEATS

Augment Summoning, Spell Focus (conjuraton)

OFFENSE

Melee mwk sickle +3 (1d4-2)
Ranged sling +4 (1d3-2)
Base Atk +3; CMB +0; CMD 11
Special Abilities nature bond (animal companion), nature sense, resist nature's lure, trackless step, wild empathy +6, wild shape 2/day, woodland stride
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 4th; concentration +7) 1/day—*dancing lights*, *ghost sound*, *prestidigitaton*, *speak with animals*
Spells Prepared (CL 4th; concentration +7) 2nd—*bull's strength*, *barkskin*, *flaming sphere* (DC 15), *spider climb*
1st—*cure light wounds*, *entangle* (2; DC 14), *speak w/animals*
0—*detect magic*, *know direction*, *light*, *stabilize*
Animal Companion small cat named Droogami

Combat Gear wand of cure light wounds (39 charges); **Other Gear** +1 leather armor, mwk sickle, sling with 10 bullets, *druid's vestments*, belt pouch, mistletoe, rations (2), spell component pouch, sunrods (2), collection of special de-barked sticks, 122 gp

Lini always seemed to possess a certain affinity with various creatures of the woodlands near where she grew up—particularly with larger predators like bears and snow leopards. More than once, Lini's enclave came under threat from some great bear or razor-clawed cat, but with a series of soothing noises and precise motions she always soothed the beast and sent it on its way. In the years since her departure from the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, Lini has collected more than a dozen sticks—one from each forest or wood she visits. These sticks are to Lini a roadmap of her experiences, and while they may look indistinguishable to others, each holds a wealth of memories to the gnome druid.



Sajan

MALE HUMAN

DEITY Irori
HOMELAND Vudra

CHARACTER TRAITS

CLASS/LEVEL Monk 4
ALIGNMENT Lawful Neutral
INITIATIVE +3
SPEED 40 ft.

ABILITIES

STRENGTH 15
DEXTERITY 16
CONSTITUTION 14
INTELLIGENCE 10
WISDOM 12
CHARISMA 8

DEFENSE

HP 33
AC 18, touch 15, flat-footed 15 (+1 armor, +1 deflection, +3 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 monk, +1 Wis)
Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +5; +2 vs enchantment

SKILLS

Acrobatics +10, Climb +9, Perception +8, Sense Motive +8, Stealth +10

FEATS

Combat Reflexes, Deflect Arrows, Dodge, Improved Unarmed Strike, Mobility, Spring Attack, Stunning Fist

OFFENSE

Melee unarmed strike +5 (1d8+2) or flurry of blows +7/+7 (1d8+2) or +1 temple sword +6 (1d8+2)
Base Atk +3; CMB +6; CMD 20
Special Abilities evasion, ki pool (3; magic), slow fall 20 ft., stunning fist (4/day, DC 13; fatigued)

Combat Gear potion of cure moderate wounds; **Gear** +1 temple sword, bracers of armor +1, ring of protection +1, wooden holy symbol, belt pouch, 385 gp

Sajan Gadadvara and his twin sister Sajni were separated when the lord they served was shamed and forced to cede half his army to the victor—among them Sajan's sister. Sajni was taken away from Vudra by her new master, and Sajan abandoned his own responsibilities to follow. He spent years trying in vain to find her, but has not yet given up. Sajan knows he cannot return to Vudra, for the padapranja there would execute him as a deserter. He cares not for his home country, however, and continues to seek out any clue that might point him toward his sister.



THE VARNHOLD VANISHING

by Greg A. Vaughan

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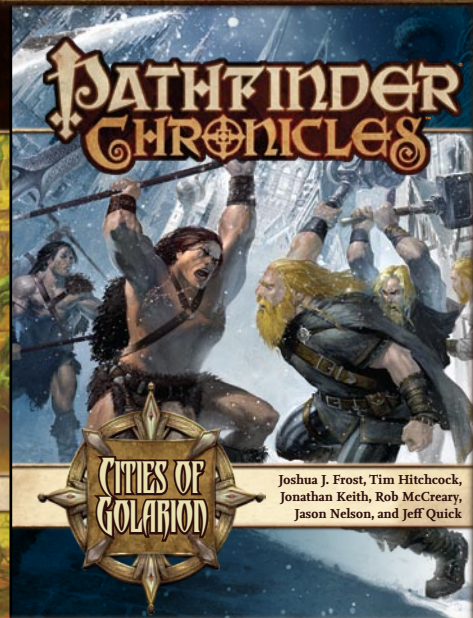
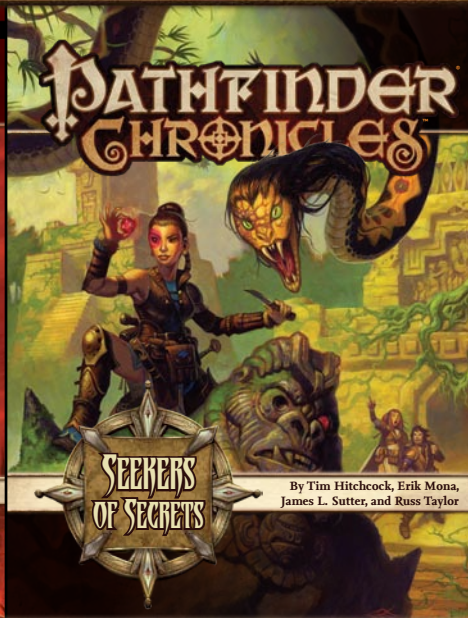
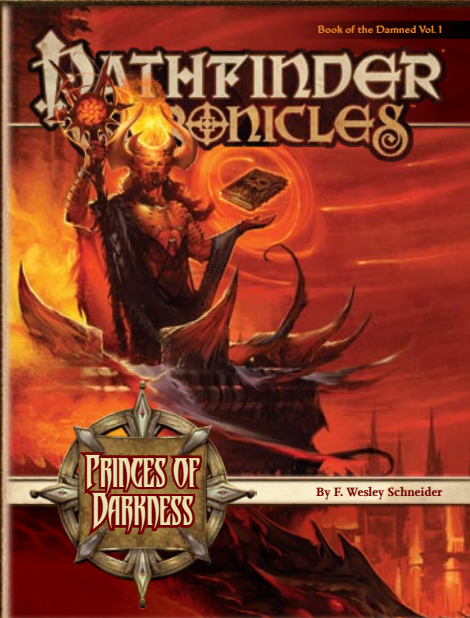
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WHERE'S TIG?

Source: Tig Tannersen's distraught parents.
Task: Young Tig Tannersen has always been a handful. His hobby of collecting pets from the wilds along the riverbanks of the southern Greenbelt has placed him in danger many times, but now it appears he's really in trouble. Tig has been missing for several days, and his parents are distraught with worry. Finding him will increase the kingdom's morale.
Completion: Find Tig and deliver him safely home.
Reward: If Tig is reunited with his parents, increase the kingdom's Loyalty by 2.



THAT DAMN TURTLE!

Source: Arven the fisherman.
Task: Arven has a secret fishing hole on the east bank of the Tuskwater, but now an ill-tempered beast has claimed the spot. The beast in question is a semi-legendary heckjaw turtle named Old Crackjaw. Kill him! Watch out for his chempers!
Completion: Kill (or drive off) Old Crackjaw from Arven's secret fishing hole.
Reward: Arven finds all sorts of things; he'll give whoever helps him a ring of feather falling he found in a pike's stomach as a reward.



I SWEAR I'M SOBER!

Source: Stas, a local lumberjack.
Task: Stas claims to have seen an elusive hedag and to have stuck it with his magic spear. His friends think that he lost his spear in the river and made up the hedag, sighting to cover up his clumsiness. The poor lumberjack's honor is at stake!
Completion: Kill the hedag and bring its head to Stas so he can show it to his friends. That'll learn 'em!
Reward: In gratitude, Stas promises his +1 keen spear as a reward. The only problem? It's probably still stuck in the hedag's back.



A LADY'S DESIRE

Source: Lily Teskertin, local flirt.
Task: Lily's always loved the workmanship of fine elven crafting but has never owned an example of such superb work. She's heard rumors of an old elven ruin in the southern Narlmarches; if anyone could find the ruins and salvage from them an example of elven workmanship, she would be EVER so grateful...
Completion: Find a statuette of fine elven craftsmanship.
Reward: Lily's willing to trade her dead father's old cloak of protection +1 and a kiss (or perhaps a bit more) for such a statue.





An Empire in Peril

With the heart of the Stolen Lands explored and the bandits who ruled there scattered, the long-contested realm finally lies open for pioneers and settlers to stake their claims. Amid the rush of opportunistic travelers, the PCs find themselves stewards over a new domain, tasked with the responsibility of guiding and guarding a fledgling nation struggling to grow upon a treacherous borderland. Yet the threats to this new nation quickly prove themselves greater than mere bandits and wild beasts, as the monstrous natives of the hills and forests rampage forth to slaughter all who have trespassed upon their territory. Can the PCs hold the land they've fought so hard to explore and tame? Or will their legend be just one more lost to the fangs of the Stolen Lands?

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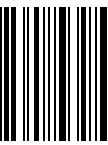
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