

Beyond Lichdom

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



The Invidian Eye

Etchings of indecipherable runes float within the flawless depths of the mysterious gem known as the Invidian Eye, Ever since it was discovered on a nameless island off the coast of northern Varisia, the gem has brought nothing but woe, with every female owner having met a mysterious and bloody death. Stories of this curse have granted the treasure an infamous reputation, but also made it all the more captivating for collectors and thieves alike. Currently the Eye is on loan from its owners, the aristocratic Moulot family, at Caliphas's Quarterfaux Archives. This has led some to wonder what form the diamond's curse will take while it is in the possession of the entire nation.

Awaiting an Age of Secrets

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



The Daughter of Death

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From the whispers of fiends come tales of profanities that warp the mortal mind, Among these is the tale of the daughter of death, Despite her immortal cruelty, it's said the goddess Urgathoa harbored a secret yearning for a child, yet fate and her warped being made this an impossibility. Endlessly she sought satisfaction by perverting her most devoted followers—the so-called Daughters of Urgathoa—but she yearned for something more. Where ages and divine power failed, they say the mercy and love of a single soul succeeded, and from the goddess of corruptions a life came to be. Yet the father could not bear to leave his daughter with the monstrous goddess, and so stole Urgathoa's daughter and hid the child from her sight. She has searched ever since.