

ABRA LOPATI

A highly trained member of the Duskwardens, Abra Lopati is completely devoted to protecting the people of Kaer Maga from the horrors that slumber in the caverns beneath it, and can be an invaluable ally for those determined to explore the Undercity.

ABRA LOPATI CR 6

XP 2,400

Male human ranger 7

LG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +3; Senses Perception +13

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+5 armor, +3 Dex, +1 shield)

hp 57 (7d10+14)

Fort +6, Ref +10, Will +5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 longsword +9/+4 (1d8+3/19–20), +1 short sword +8/+3 (1d6+2/19–20)

Ranged shortbow +10/+5 (1d6/x3)

Special Attacks favored enemy (aberrations +4, undead +2)

Ranger Spells Prepared (CL 4th; concentration +5)

1st—*alarm, resist energy***TACTICS**

During Combat Abra is a front-line fighter. He wades into the fray with a flurry of melee attacks, hoping to shield allies with a wall of steel—and his body, if need be. He fights strategically, always helping allies to flank, using his hunter's bond, and calling out advice to those less used to fighting in his chosen terrain.

Morale Though willing to retreat if overmatched, Abra insists on being the last one out of any combat, and never leaves a fallen comrade behind.

STATISTICS

Str 14, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 10

Base Atk +7; CMB +9; CMD 22

Feats Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Endurance, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Two-Weapon Defense, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (longsword)

Skills Acrobatics +3, Climb +11, Diplomacy +3, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +10, Knowledge (local) +7, Knowledge (nature) +6, Perception +13, Sense Motive +3, Stealth +12, Survival +11

Languages Common

SQ favored terrain (underground +2), hunter's bond (companions), track +3, wild empathy +7, woodland stride

Combat Gear *potions of cure light wounds* (2); **Other Gear** +1 chain shirt, +1 longsword, +1 short sword, shortbow with 20 arrows, *greater halflight charm*

Abra Lopati is the bastard son of a traveling Varisian father and a Chelish mother from a middle-class family in Korvosa. Their dalliance was never intended to be more than a fling—the two met at a festival, spent several nights together in the Varisian caravan's camp just beyond the city limits, and parted ways with a kiss and an acknowledgment that both would treasure the memories. Yet just a few months later, it became clear that more had come from their union than either had expected.

Abra's illegitimacy was already a mark of shame for his mother's family, yet it wasn't until he was born and his Varisian features were revealed that things truly went sour. His maternal grandfather, deeply prejudiced toward the traveling folk, flew into a rage and cast Abra's mother out onto the street, where she was forced to take any menial jobs she could find just to get by. At last, when Abra was 8, she fell sick and died, leaving him alone in a city that had little time for a half-blood orphan.

Abra knew nothing of his father except the man's surname—Lopati—and harbored a deep resentment over his mother's unfortunate situation, and so it never occurred to him to seek shelter with either side of his family. Instead, he learned to work Korvosa's streets, panhandling and stealing, living on rooftops and under merchant carts. Here he honed his reflexes and discovered his deep and abiding love of urban exploration—the thrill of seeing the sun rise from a previously undiscovered rooftop in the Shingles, mapping the secret corridors of the city's sewers, reading the patterns of rat migrations, and convincing pigeons to stand guard while he slept. Though his need was great, it was this joy in uncovering hidden things that led him to a career as an underage burglar, slipping into the rich houses of South Shore plutocrats and rummaging through their possessions.

The day before his tenth birthday, Abra fell victim to a silent magical alarm, and was hauled before the magistrate and sentenced to life in a workhouse. After 2 months of hard labor, little food, and cruel discipline, Abra decided he'd had enough. He escaped through a third-story window, clambered down a sheer wall and exited the city, then headed upriver toward the legendary refuge of all fugitives: Kaer Maga.

NPC GALLERY

Once in the City of Strangers, Abra quickly found himself back in the same situations he'd known in Korvosa, grubbing for scraps and fighting with other gangs of street kids. It was during one of these brawls that he first met a Duskwarden. High in the rickety scaffolding of the Warren, Abra had been backed up to the edge of a plank by a group of older children, leaving him weighing the merits of a 40-foot drop against the beating he was sure to suffer from this gang. He'd just decided to fight when a figure in brown and gray dropped down lightly between them. At the sight of the tall half-elven woman with the blue-and-gold badge of a Duskwarden, the gang melted away, and Abra was in love.

The Duskwarden's name was Lincora Yier. Introducing herself as another orphaned half-breed, she praised Abra's fighting spirit and offered him a chance at a new life as a city defender. Utterly smitten, Abra agreed, and from then on was Lincora's shadow. The half-elf was his teacher, his best friend, and eventually his lover. Through her, he rediscovered his love of exploration for its own sake, and devoted himself with gusto to the various tasks she set him to. When he turned 22, he passed the final tests and was inducted into the Duskwardens as a full member, swearing himself to the city's defense—and to Lincora, as her husband. For the next 5 years, the two ventured deeper into the secret tunnels beneath Kaer Maga than most of their comrades, making extended tours through forgotten dungeons and caverns. Then one day the couple's luck turned, and a weeping Abra stumbled into the Duskwarden Guildhouse bearing the broken body of his wife—the latest victim of one of Varisia's most sinister legends, the Dark Rider.

In the 3 years since Lincora's death, the now 30-year-old Abra has lost much of his carefree attitude. Where once he explored the ruins for their own sake, now he does so primarily out of duty and a need for vengeance. His superiors, fearing he may embark on a final suicide mission and never return, have assigned him to ferrying travelers up the Halflight Path, a relatively safe and stable posting. The stoic Abra doesn't complain—and indeed, of late he's come to believe that the best way to honor Lincora's memory would be to recruit new Duskwardens, just as she once recruited him. Since having this revelation, Abra has become noticeably more personable, and is eager to talk with outsiders who he feels might have what it takes. The Duskwarden is a staunch friend to those who deserve it, and an implacable guardian of his adopted city.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Abra's role in this campaign can be as large or small as a GM desires. After the PCs win his trust in Part One, he can easily be convinced to accompany them on their subsequent subterranean explorations, and might be able to use his

influence as a Duskwarden to help them acquire supplies or information from the society's famed Map Room. He could even attempt to recruit the PCs into his organization

SIDE QUEST

If he befriends the PCs, Abra tells them a bit about his history and his lost wife, perhaps confiding to a female PC that she reminds him of Lincora. Among his many laments is the fact that he had to bury her body headless.

While Abra doesn't expect the PCs to confront the Dark Rider, fate certainly does. When the PCs encounter the Dark Rider, one of the heads he carries is the long-preserved remains of Lincora Yier—this should be a fourth head that the Dark Rider never gets a chance to use with his ability to hurl heads, so that when the Dark Rider is defeated, the PCs can claim Lincora's head and return it to Abra.

Reward: Returning Lincora's head to Abra not only earns the PCs 12,800 XP, but also staggers Abra so much that he gifts the PCs with his *greater halfflight charm*.



AUGUSTILLE

Augustille is a rarity even among the troll Augurs of Kaer Maga—an actual oracle, whose cryptic visions of the future help inform his kindred, but also make him a tempting target for other powerful factions within the city.

AUGUSTILLE CR 8**XP 4,800**

Male advanced troll oracle 4 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 268, 294;

Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide 42)

N Large humanoid (giant)

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +18

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 14, flat-footed 16 (+5 Dex, +7 natural, –1 size)

hp 125 (10d8+80); regeneration 5 (acid or fire)

Fort +14, **Ref** +8, **Will** +12

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee bite +12 (1d8+6), 2 claws +12 (1d6+6)

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

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

Oracle Spells Known (CL 4th; concentration +4)

2nd (3/day)—*augury, cure moderate wounds, tongues*

1st (6/day)—*command* (DC 11), *cure light wounds, identify, sanctuary, shield of faith*

0 (at will)—*detect magic, detect poison, guidance, read magic, resistance, stabilize*

Mystery lore

TACTICS

During Combat Having focused his studies on prophecy and diplomacy, Augustille knows few combat spells. Instead, he relies on his natural troll abilities, roaring dramatically (as he imagines his savage brethren might) and charging in with a show of berserk rage, clawing and biting anyone who comes within range and hoping to do enough damage that his opponents lose heart and run. His tongues curse also kicks in during combat, and he shouts in Aklo like a madman.

Morale On his own, Augustille fights only until it's clear his opponents won't back down, then casts *sanctuary* and attempts to flee. If defending his friends or under the effects of Berkanin's drugs, he fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 20, **Con** 27, **Int** 12, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +14; **CMD** 29

Feats Alertness, Combat Casting, Combat Reflexes, Iron Will, Persuasive

Skills Diplomacy +19, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (local) +10, Knowledge (religion) +10, Perception +18, Sense Motive +21

Languages Celestial, Common, Giant

SQ oracle's curse (tongues), revelations (automatic writing, focused trance)

Though every bit as large and ferocious-looking as his wild kindred, and more than able to take apart the average thug with a sweep of his claws, Augustille abhors violence, believing it to be the last resort of the mentally deficient. Raised among the legendary troll mystics of Kaer Maga, Augustille is rarely forced to engage in such lowbrow scuffles. Yet he is plagued by something far more disconcerting than the usual rough-and-tumble existence of a troll—a question that haunts his every waking moment.

Augustille was born in the famed Augur Temple, a troll-only compound in Kaer Maga where the powerful faction lives communally when not out working the streets. As a child, he took naturally to the Augurs' practice of selling information through the grotesque farce of self-haruspicy, in which the trolls slice open their abdomens and "read the future" in their own entrails, trusting their natural regeneration to heal the wounds in minutes. Always a clever child, Augustille immediately understood that the show was as much about gathering information from petitioners as providing answers—then using the knowledge he gained to turn around and answer others.

A decade ago, all that changed. While in the Warren district, advising clients from the Halfway Houses, Augustille was almost killed by the explosion of an alchemist's workshop. He suffered terrible burns, and was thrown dozens of feet, directly into the center of the mysterious monument called the Pillars of Dream. The pillars, twin black crescents adorned with strange patterns of stars and rising 20 feet into the air, have long been famous for their ability to put any creature that touches them to sleep and sustain the victim while it dreams. Augustille was asleep before he even landed.

Once the chemical fires were put out, Augustille was pulled from the center of the monument with long hooks locals keep for precisely that purpose. Yet where most who succumb to the pillars' effects report strange and colorful dreams whose details can never be remembered, Augustille

woke screaming, babbling in an unknown tongue and clawing at his own flesh. His kindred were called, and the weeping troll was sequestered in the temple.

Augustille has little idea what he experienced during his slumber between the pillars, and remembers only bright lights and a sense of unbelievable vastness, quick snatches of worlds and stars being born and dying. He doesn't know how he suddenly came to understand the tongue he woke up speaking—a language he's since determined to be Aklo—but it still comes forth during times of stress, or when one of his prophetic seizures comes upon him.

On that fateful day, Augustille ceased to be an information broker and instead became a true oracle, one whose poorly understood ravings have a startlingly high rate of accuracy. Without the ability to control when and how these outbursts arrive—and thus, unable to charge for them properly—Augustille no longer works the streets. Instead, he remains in the temple almost constantly, followed by assistants ready to attend to him and capture the products of his “mindfires.” These prophecies, when deciphered, provide the Augurs with even greater resources with which to conduct their business, and Augustille is respected rather than feared by his comrades.

Nevertheless, the troll is not content. His inability to control his prophecies scares him deeply, as does the fact that he has no idea where they come from. He's studied the Pillars of Dream extensively, but with no results. The fact that his predictions often come out in Aklo also worries him, as what he's learned of that ancient language is far from comforting. Many of his cohorts consider his prophecies gifts from the gods, divine rewards for the Augurs' temperance and judiciousness. Yet in his heart, Augustille fears that their true source may be something older, colder, and far more alien.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Augustille is initially encountered as an unwilling adversary in Berkanin's workshop, but once the PCs rescue him, he's extremely grateful. He might disappear back into seclusion in the temple, use his influence to help the PCs acquire magical supplies, or take a more active role in events. If you think the PCs need additional assistance, Augustille might decide that their investigations into ancient magic might shed light on his own situation and elect to accompany them into the Undercity (over the objections of his kin). In this case, he provides as little combat support as possible, instead using his magic to heal PCs. In addition, Augustille's uncontrollable prophecies offer the GM an easy way to foreshadow coming events, provide hints about the history and nature of locations,

and help develop PC backstories with new revelations. Augustille flatly refuses to leave Kaer Maga unless he can be convinced that doing so is the only way to solve the mystery of his oracular nature.

SIDE QUEST

Augustille suspects that the PCs will be heading into the Undercity soon. Before the group leaves for the Therassic Spire, he takes them aside and asks them a favor—he's heard rumors of a river that winds through the Undercity that has properties similar to the River Styx. If the PCs bring him a vial of this water, he'll trade them a magic fly for it. Augustille hopes that an alchemist friend can use the water to blunt or perhaps remove the horrific dreams he periodically suffers.

Reward: If the PCs deliver Augustille a vial of water from the River of Memory in area **B14**, they earn 9,600 XP as well as a *figurine of wondrous power* (ebony fly).



THE DARK RIDER

The Dark Rider has lived beneath Kaer Maga for as long as humans have inhabited Varisia, and ventures forth once each year to terrorize the countryside for his own inscrutable purposes, killing those whose names appear in his mystical pool.

THE DARK RIDER**CR 12****XP 19,200**Male unique dullahan (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 111)

LE Medium undead

Init +7; **Senses** blindsight 60 ft.; Perception +21**Aura** frightful presence (30 ft., DC 22),**DEFENSE****AC** 27, touch 11, flat-footed 26 (+12 armor, +1 Dex, +4 natural)**hp** 142 (15d8+75); fast healing 5**Fort** +10, **Ref** +8, **Will** +12**Defensive Abilities** channel resistance +4; **Immune** undead traits; **SR** 22**OFFENSE****Speed** 20 ft.**Melee** *spine flail* +17/+12/+7 (1d8+7/19–20 plus 1d6 cold),
+2 *handaxe* +17/+12 (1d6+7/19–20/x3 plus 1d6 cold)**Space** 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.**Special Attacks** behead, chilling blade, death's calling (DC 22),
hurl head, recruit hound, summon mount**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 15th; concentration +20)Constant—*air walk, tongues***TACTICS**

During Combat The Dark Rider prefers to fight from horseback, making frequent use of Mounted Combat and Spirited Charge to lash at foes with his spine flail. If forced to dismount, he maneuvers so that he can make full attacks. He uses his hurl head ability against foes who cluster or try to stay at range.

Morale The Dark Rider has no fear of death. He fights until destroyed, at which point his body disintegrates and sinks into the ground, leaving behind only his armor and gear. His mount immediately dies and fades into nothingness.

STATISTICS**Str** 23, **Dex** 17, **Con** —, **Int** 14, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 21**Base Atk** +11; **CMB** +17; **CMD** 30**Feats** Combat Reflexes, Double Slice, Improved Initiative,
Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Mounted Combat, Ride-
By Attack, Spirited Charge, Two-Weapon Fighting**Skills** Intimidate +23, Perception +21, Ride +13, Sense Motive +21,
Stealth +16, Survival +18**Languages** Thassilonian, Undercommon; *tongues***Gear** +3 *full plate*, +2 *handaxe*, *spine flail*, three severed heads**SPECIAL ABILITIES**

Behead (Ex) Any creature reduced to negative hit points by one of the Dark Rider's weapon attacks must succeed at a DC 23 Fortitude save or be beheaded. Beheading instantly slays the victim, and its head automatically tumbles down to the Dark Rider's side to attach to his armor via a stained leather cord. The Save DC is Strength-based.

Hurl Head (Su) As a standard action up to once every 1d4 rounds, the dark rider may hurl any severed head up to 30 feet. The head explodes on contact into a 20-foot burst of negative energy, dealing 10d6 points of negative energy damage (Reflex DC 22 half) to all creatures in the area of effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Recruit Hound (Su) Any creature slain by the Dark Rider must succeed at a DC 22 Will save or be immediately returned to life as a shadow mastiff—one of the dullahan's hounds. The creature's soul remains trapped, cognizant of its fate and able to recognize former companions but unable to directly defy the dullahan's orders. As long as this shadow mastiff lives, the soul cannot be restored to life via *raise dead* or other effects. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Summon Mount (Su) As a standard action, the Dark Rider can summon a unique mount with the statistics given below.

THE DARK RIDER'S MOUNT

Fiendish warhorse animal companion

LE Large animal

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent;
Perception +14**DEFENSE****AC** 25, touch 13, flat-footed 21 (+3 Dex, +1 dodge, +12 natural,
–1 size)**hp** 85 (10d8+40)**Fort** +10, **Ref** +12, **Will** +6**DR** 5/good; **Resist** cold 10, fire 10; **SR** 17**OFFENSE****Speed** 50 ft.**Melee** bite +12 (1d4+6), 2 hooves +7 (1d6+3)**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.**Special Attacks** smite good 1/day (+10 damage vs. good foes)**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 15th; concentration +20)Constant—*air walk*

NPC GALLERY

STATISTICS

Str 22, **Dex** 17, **Con** 17, **Int** 2, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 6
Base Atk +7; **CMB** +14; **CMD** 28 (32 vs. trip)
Feats Dodge, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Toughness
Skills Perception +14
SQ combat trained

In Varisia, he's known as the Dark Rider. In Ustalav, he's the Black Huntsman. To the orcs of Belkzen, he's the Houndmaster. Yet wherever he appears, the lord of the Dark Forest is recognized as a bearer of ill fortune.

While few know of the Dark Rider's lair, many have heard his legends. Roughly once each year on a cold, moonless night, the dullahan goes riding through the forests of northwest Avistan with his baying pack of shadowy hounds. No one knows by what criteria the dullahan chooses his victims, but the hunt never ceases until the rider reaches his quarry and calls the mortal's name, after which he slays his prey, sometimes adding the victims to his hunting pack. To nearly everyone, how the rider knows these names or manages to track his quarry remains completely mysterious, but as the fable of "The Orphan and the Rider" attests, even those without proper names are subject to his powers.

When the Runelord of Greed first discovered Kaer Maga, he found the Dark Rider already in residence in a strange subterranean realm. Unlike the caulborn, the Dark Rider was never pressed into service, yet neither did he object to the runelord's presence. Many years later, however, a change began to overtake his realm. The glowing fungus on the ceiling grew dimmer, and the portal stones ceased to operate reliably. Bound to the demiplane, the Dark Rider swallowed his pride and approached the Runelord Karzoug for assistance. Karzoug agreed, shoring up the Dark Forest's magic with the power of the *Shard of Gluttony* and turning the Black Keep into a palace of undeath. In return, he asked that the Dark Rider protect the shard from those who seek it.

The Dark Rider is a cold, alien entity. Some believe he was once a servant of Pharasma—a reaper who became far too fond of his profession and was cursed. Others think the Dark Forest is a relic of the Vault Builders of Orv, and the Dark Rider a tool by which they

culled inferior workers. Still others believe that the Dark Rider and his realm were sent from some distant future, and that the *Naming Pool* is the work of a vast intelligence that, like Norgorber's Skinsaw Men, steers the world toward a particular future through assassination.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

The Dark Rider is the ultimate villain of this adventure. The PCs are intended to defeat him, allowing the Inner Sea region to breathe a temporary sigh of relief—but the eerie magic and otherworldly desires of the Dark Forest and the Black Keep do not rest. In time, a new Dark Rider will rise from the *Naming Pool* or some other element within this demiplane—and this new rider may seek revenge against those who slew its predecessor!



SHATTERED STAR TREASURES

The following unique treasures can be found in “The Asylum Stone.” Player-appropriate handouts appear in the GameMastery Shattered Star item card set.

FORTIFYING LEECHES

Aura faint transmutation; **CL** 3rd
Slot none; **Price** 6,000 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This ornate glass jar is filled with greenish fluid and the slick, writhing forms of many large black leeches. Though bloatmages often use leeches to help them regulate their overloaded circulatory systems, this particular batch adds additional benefits usable by anyone. To attach this jar’s leeches, the user merely needs to open the jar and upend the contents over his head and torso as a standard action—the leeches do the rest, attaching to the user’s body almost instantaneously. These leeches impart a +2 enhancement bonus to Constitution, but also a –4 penalty on Diplomacy checks against creatures that might find such a practice grotesque (such as most civilized races). Once applied, the leeches persist for 8 hours before they die. The leeches are immediately destroyed if the wearer takes more than 20 points of damage from any area-effect energy damage. The jar automatically refills with a new batch of *fortifying leeches* after 24 hours.

While the *fortifying leeches* are applied, a bloatmage immediately regains 2 bonus points to her blood pool—this cannot increase her blood points to higher than her normal maximum. In addition, whenever the bloatmage uses her bloat ability to gain extra blood points, she may roll her bloat dice twice and take the more favorable result.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *bear’s endurance*; **Cost** 3,000 gp

HALFLIGHT CHARM

Aura faint divination; **CL** 3rd
Slot none; **Price** 2,500 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This amulet is a small crystal at the end of a simple leather thong. It glows brightly from within, shedding light equivalent to that of a torch. Once per day, the amulet’s bearer can clutch the object and call for help. Doing so immediately contacts the three closest Duskwardens and gives them intimate knowledge of the pendant’s location, as per the *locate object* spell, out to a distance of a mile.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *light*, *locate object*; **Cost** 1,250 gp

HALFLIGHT CHARM, GREATER

Aura moderate conjuration; **CL** 9th
Slot neck; **Price** 20,000 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

While regular *halflight charms* are temporarily issued to anyone traversing the Halflight Path under Duskwarden guidance, *greater halflight charms* are given to those who have saved a Duskwarden’s life or performed a great service for the organization. They thus carry great social cachet with the Duskwardens, who consider selling or purchasing one to be a grave insult.

A *greater halflight charm* is a dark blue crystal amulet embossed with a golden arch and suspended from a black cord. When worn, it grants the wearer darkvision 60 feet. It also grants a +2 bonus on all initiative checks made while in underground areas. In addition, once per year, the wearer can call on the amulet to summon the specific Duskwarden on whom the charm was imprinted at its creation, who is instantly teleported to an adjacent square along with his standard adventuring gear, provided the wearer is on the same plane. The Duskwarden is not bound to the caster’s will in any way.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *darkvision*, *teleport*; **Cost** 10,000 gp

SKIN HARP

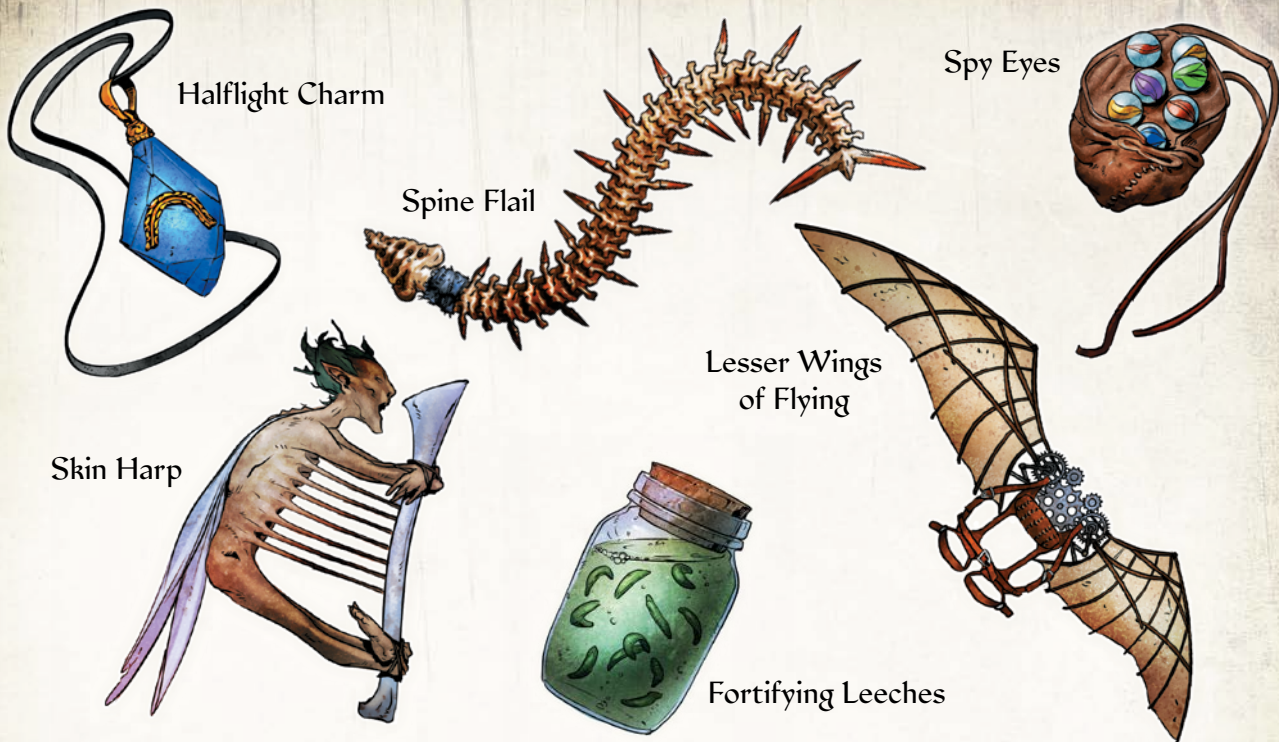
Aura moderate enchantment and necromancy; **CL** 9th
Slot none; **Price** 16,500 gp; **Weight** 5 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This small harp is made from a sprite’s twisted, leathery corpse, its arms and legs arching up to hold the crossbar along the instrument’s top. The strings are made from thin strips of twisted flesh flayed from the fey’s torso and strung between their anchor points on the corpse and the crossbar. Though the corpse’s chest cavity is clearly visible, all viscera have been removed.

A *skin harp* functions as a masterwork harp. In addition, once per day, it can be activated to cast either *command undead* or *dominate person* (Will DC 19 negates). With a successful DC 20 Perform (string instruments) check, the save DC for this effect increases by +2. When used in this manner, the harp animates and plays itself, the corpse freeing one hand from the crossbar in order to strum its flesh strings.

SHATTERED STAR TREASURES



CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *command undead*, *dominate person*; **Cost** 8,550 gp

SPINE FLAIL

Aura faint necromancy; **CL** 4th
Slot none; **Price** 13,308 gp; **Weight** 10 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This weapon looks like the barbed spine of a humanoid. A *spine flail* functions as a +2 *flail* that deals slashing damage and has reach. Unlike most weapons with reach, a spine flail can be used against adjacent foes. On a critical hit from a spine flail, the victim must succeed at a DC 15 Fortitude save to resist being permanently blinded by the blow.

Spine flails are favored by powerful dullahans, who harvest the spines from their first victims. The undead riders have a particular affinity for their personal *spine flails*, and often maintain a supernatural control over their weapons, causing them to appear or disappear at will.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Arms and Armor, *blindness/deafness*; **Cost** 6,808 gp

SPY EYES

Aura moderate divination; **CL** 9th
Slot none; **Price** 15,000 gp; **Weight** 1 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

At first glance, *spy eyes* appear to be cat's-eye marbles. When activated, each comes to life and blinks, transforming into an

eyeball. When pressed against an inanimate surface (such as a wall or article of clothing), the eyeball absorbs into it, leaving a magical sensor of the same size on the surface. Anyone holding an eye from a particular cluster of *spy eyes* can share the view from any other eye in the cluster as if that eye were her own, provided she is within 10 miles of that sensor. To recover a sensor, she can press a *spy eye* she holds from the same cluster against the one that's in sensor form to make the sensor emerge and return to marble form.

A single bag of *spy eyes* contains five marbles (meaning that up to four may be deployed at any given time). *Spy eyes* in sensor form can be detected via the normal means for detecting scrying.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *clairaudience/clairvoyance*; **Cost** 7,500 gp

WINGS OF FLYING, LESSER

Aura moderate transmutation; **CL** 10th
Slot shoulders; **Price** 22,000 gp; **Weight** 10 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This mechanical backpack is a mess of gears and cogs, with two large canvas wings extending out from it to rise over the wearer's shoulders. When the wearer touches the button on the pack's chest harness, the wings whir to life and begin flapping rapidly, hauling the wearer awkwardly into the air.

Lesser wings of flying grant the wearer a fly speed of 30 feet (poor maneuverability).

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *fly*; **Cost** 11,000 gp