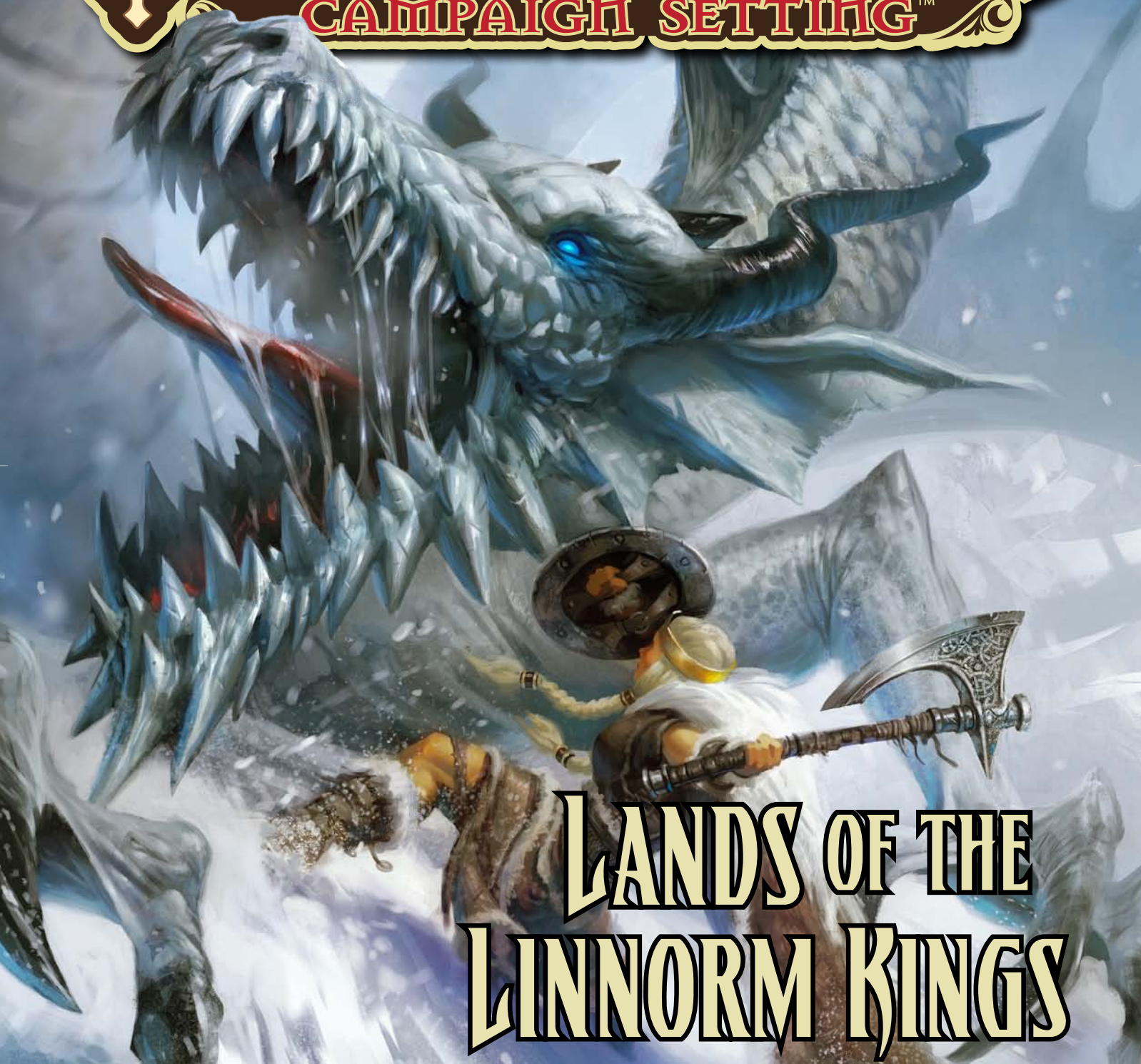


PATHFINDER[®]

CAMPAIGN SETTING[™]



LANDS OF THE LINNORM KINGS

Matthew Goodall, Jonathan Keith, Colin McComb, and Rob McCreary



CHANELANDS HAGREACH

LANDS OF THE LINNORM KINGS

GRUNGIR FOREST

SOUTHMOOR

ICEMARK

IRONBOUND ISLES

BROKEN BAY

200 Miles



Stormspear Mountains

Stormspear Hills

Stormspear Mountains

Iceworm Hills

Windhome

Aegos

Orthost

Kalva

Steaming Sea

The Wild Moors

Flintyreach

Antler Rock

Battlewall

Three Hags Rock

Nolands

Stormspear Keep

Summerglen

Hero's Rest

Blackraven Hall

Trollheim

Hellirinn

Eldentre

Losthome

Frozen Pines

Szigo's Grove

Delmon's Glen

Whiterook

Ysborg

Throne of the Troll King

Drillstones

Kopparberget

Solskinn

Tomgruv

Jol

Sojourner's Rest

Forestheart

Moonwing's Bough

Lair of Faifnheir

Ullersstad

Iceferry

Kalsgard

Monolith Glacier

Ice Spire

Path of Aganhei

Asleifar

Valley of the Birthing Death

Moundlands

Zar Kragnaral

Gorum's Tankard

Turvik

Valley of the Birthing Death

Monolith Glacier

Ice Spire

Valley of the Birthing Death

Monolith Glacier

Ice Spire

Valley of the Birthing Death

Monolith Glacier

Ice Spire

Valley of the Birthing Death

Monolith Glacier

Ice Spire

Valley of the Birthing Death

Monolith Glacier

Ice Spire

The Steam Pit

Seer's Home

Sunken City

Highpoint Tower

Cavern of the Sacred Shapes

Icegraves

Rivenstone

Sijoldmur

Tharrest Mausoleum

Orthost

Kalva

Devils Drain

Black Tarn

Dragon's Rib

Thunderhold

Averaka

Orcmoot

Halgrim

Frembrudd

Antler Rock

Three Hags Rock

Battlewall

Flintyreach

Antler Rock

Three Hags Rock

Battlewall

Flintyreach

Antler Rock

Three Hags Rock

Battlewall

LANDS OF THE LINNORM KINGS

A Pathfinder Campaign Setting Supplement

This book works best with the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook*. Although suitable for play in any fantasy world, it is optimized for use in the Pathfinder campaign setting.



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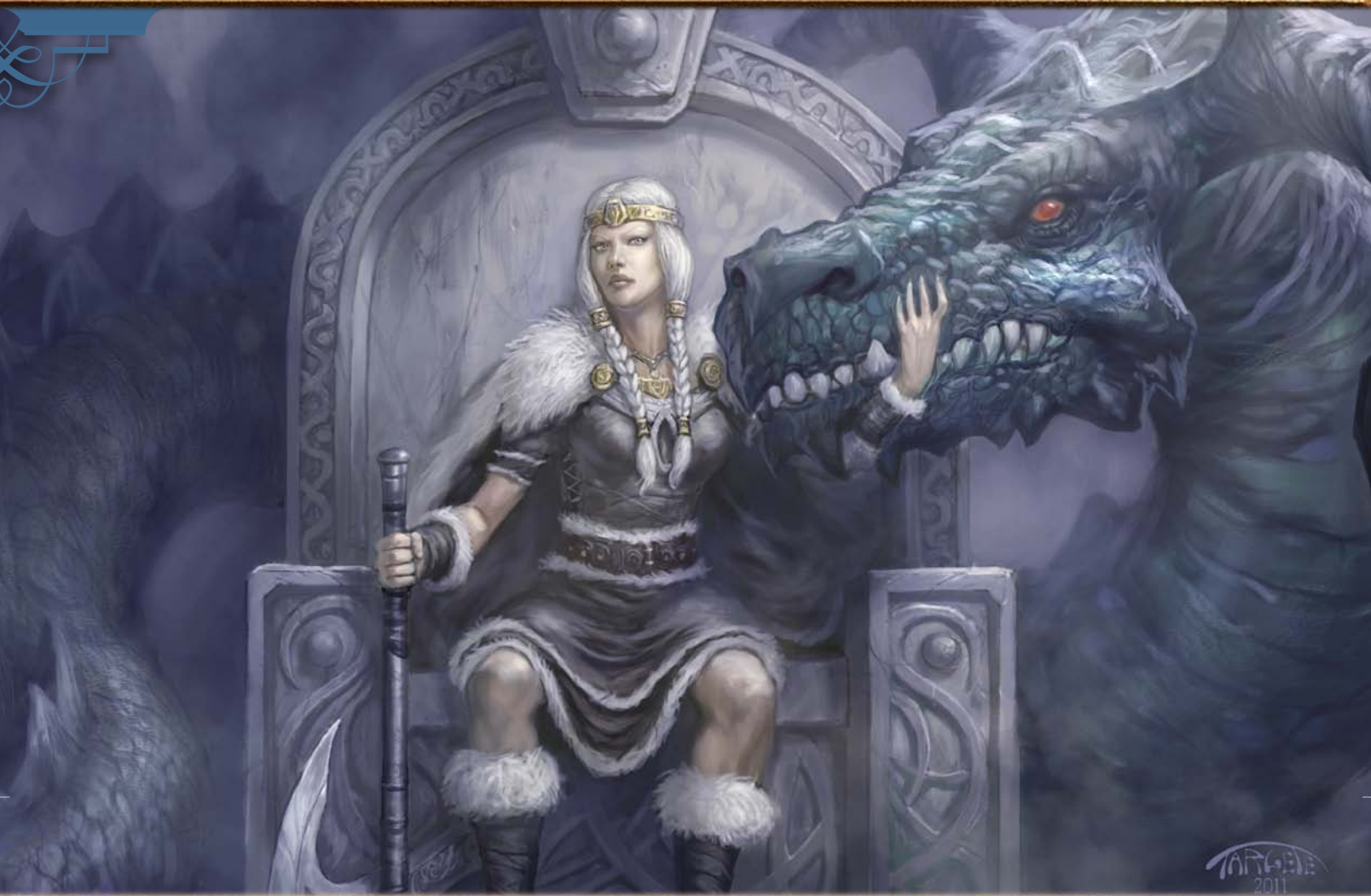
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THE LINNORM KINGDOMS

“WHAT KEEPS US FROM THE RICHES OF THE SOUTHERN LANDS? OUR NEED FOR STRENGTH, OUR PRIDE, OUR PERSONAL GLORY. THESE HELP US SURVIVE THE COLD WINTERS, BY BLADE AND BY SONG, BUT THEY KEEP US FROM TESTING OUR DESTINY AGAINST THE SOUTHLANDS. WE’LL SEE A HIGH KING SOON ENOUGH—A WARLORD STRONG ENOUGH TO TIE OUR LANDS TOGETHER, PROUD ENOUGH THAT HIS VISION WILL BRING THE ENEMIES OF THE LINNORM KINGS TO THEIR KNEES, AND VISIONARY ENOUGH TO TIE ALL OUR PERSONAL GLORY INTO A SAGA THAT WILL DEAFEN THE WORLD’S EARS. I AM KING ENOUGH TO KNOW I AM NOT THAT MAN, YET I VOW THIS—I WILL FIND THIS KING BEFORE I DIE.”

—SVEINN BLOOD-EAGLE, RULER OF KALSGARD



The history of the Lands of the Linnorm Kingdoms is long, stretching back over 5,000 years. In that time, control of the land has been held almost exclusively by the Ulfen people—although the amount of land these proud people have claimed has varied. Civilizations have risen and fallen in those millennia, but few have lasted long against the landscape of the savage north. Heroes come and go, their deeds recorded in songs, myths, and legends. Much of the history of these lands is lost to the written word, and often the last holder of immeasurable troves of knowledge has died without passing on her wisdom. Certainly, savage tribes of nomadic Ulfen roamed the northlands as far back as the time of Thassilon, although it wasn't until well after the fall of that empire and the passing of the Age of Darkness that these tribal societies first began their initial attempts at forming more modern civilizations. The impenetrable wall of the Kodar Mountains and the giant lands of Old Cyrusian and Old Edasseril served further to cut the Ulfen off from the south—until, that is, the first of the Linnorm Kings rose to power.

Today, the Linnorm Kingdoms comprise seven different regions—each of these, in theory, serves as one of the land's kingdoms, although currently only four of the seven are actually ruled by active kings. In times past, the number of kingdoms has varied as well, as powerful rulers have conquered neighbors or as larger kingdoms have split as a result of unrest and civil war. Indeed, at the historical height of their power, the Linnorm Kingdoms stretched all the way from the Steaming Sea in the west to the Tusk Mountains in the east. But with the coming of Baba Yaga and the resulting Winter War, the Lands of the Linnorm Kings saw their greatest defeat, as the witches of Irrisen captured many of the eastern kingdoms to establish their land of eternal winter. The Linnorm Kings still seethe at this treachery, but even the treachery of Irrisen has to date been unable to unite the kingdoms as one nation—a truth that has vexed and shamed several of the land's leaders over the past several hundred years. Legend holds that there will indeed, some day, be a Linnorm King powerful enough to unite the kingdoms under one banner—but for such a king to rise to power, the old tales require such a ruler to first slay the greatest linnorm in the land: Fafnheir. Many have attempted to slay this legendary beast, beginning with the first of the land's Linnorm Kings—King Saebjorn Arm-Fang. Yet even he failed to achieve this glory.

The following timeline presents many of the key events that have occurred during the region's rule under the Linnorm Kings. Very little is known of the peoples before Saebjorn Arm-Fang rose to power in -614 AR, and as such, this date is generally held as the founding date for the Lands of the Linnorm Kings.

Linnorm Kingdoms timeline

Date Event

- 624 Saebjorn Arm-Fang defeats a crag linnorm in single combat at the mouth of the Rimeflow River, then uses the heroic accomplishment to declare himself the first of the Linnorm Kings, beginning the tradition that all kings in this land must slay a linnorm before they can assume rule. Saebjorn establishes Kalsgard—initially the site is little more than a mead hall for Saebjorn and his warriors, but as his fame grows, so does the settlement.
- 609 Saebjorn's kingdom has grown to encompass all lands north of the Rimeflow, from the islands of the Broken Bay to the west to Glacier Lake in what is now Irrisen to the east. His reputation as a ruthless and undefeatable foe spreads even further. Kalsgard remains under the rule of Saebjorn's son, who swiftly slays his own linnorm to prove his mettle, but he and every son to follow fail to reclaim even a small fraction of the lands once ruled by the first Linnorm King.
- 608 Not content with ruling all lands north of the Rimeflow, King Saebjorn Arm-Fang turns his attention south into the giant lands of Old Cyrusian. When his initial attempts to cow the giants dwelling in the Thassilonian ruins south of the Rimeflow fail, King Saebjorn travels into Grungir Forest to confront the legendary linnorm Fafnheir. His plan is to behead this, the greatest linnorm in the land, and use that accomplishment to bend the giants to his rule. Yet the king never returns from his attempt, and by the end of the year, his onetime kingdom has fallen into two dozen squabbling fiefdoms.
- 502 The skald Rolf Redhand sings a song of such beauty for the nymph-queen Sadrinyss that she grants him a choice of treasures from her collection. He chooses a harp woven of golden hair and inlaid with the finger bones of dead heroes that grants him legendary powers over the morale of his followers. Under Rolf's leadership, his fanatic army begins to explore and conquer the southern lands once held by Thassilon and now held by the empire's once-enslaved giants. Rolf Redhand manages to rout several tribes of hill and taiga giants, and even though he and his fearless army meet their end at the clubs and magic of the stone and rune giants of the ancient city of Torandey, word of their initial successes had spread, and new Ulfen armies led by men and women eager to claim the giants' treasure begin to push south with increasing frequency.
- 479 King Ulvass defeats the fjord linnorm Skallagrundr, then leads his warriors in to conquer the city of Kalsgard, disrupting Saebjorn's legacy by killing his descendant and burning the Saebjorn meadhall to the ground.
- 473 King Ulvass leads a fleet of barbarians from Kalsgard west to discover Arcadia and establish Valenhall as an earthly paradise.





- 460 Torval Ill-Tongued slays King Rolf the Wicked with a song that stops the king's heart. Torval disappears later that year while seeking a tarn linnorm to prove his right to rule.
- 450 The Giantkin War. After half a century of enduring attacks from the north, the giants of the southern lands and the Ironbound Archipelago (known in that time as Old Cyrusian and Old Edasseril) set aside their tribal bickering to unite under the brutal rule of a rune giant known as Queen Ledamaru, who launches a devastating 4-year assault on the Linnorm Kingdoms that throws the lands into chaos. Kalsgard never falls, but the city endures a 3-month siege before an aging King Ulvass leads a heroic charge against Ledamaru's armies and drives the giants back.
- 446 Unwilling to leave the fleeing giants unpunished, King Ulvass leads his greatest soldiers south into Old Cyrusian, slaughtering giants all the way to the city of Torandey, where Ulvass confronts Queen Ledamaru in her fortress and nearly defeats her. Unwilling to admit defeat to a human king, Ledamaru siphons the magic that preserved Torandey's architecture from erosion into a devastating weapon, bringing the entire city down on the heads of human and giant alike. While the fall of Torandey destroys King Ulvass and his army, the Ulfen react in a way that Queen Ledamaru hasn't predicted—they assume it was the actions of their king that brought down the ancient city, and bolstered by the news, more Ulfen armies than ever turn their attention to the giant-held lands of Old Cyrusian.
- 440 The last of the giants are driven from Old Cyrusian—those who survive flee into the Kodar Mountains or swim over to the Ironbound Archipelago, but the tribes never again achieve the powerful unity they had under Queen Ledamaru and the rulers who came before. The time of giants, and the time of Old Cyrusian and Old Edasseril, comes to an end as the Linnorm Kingdoms expand swiftly to engulf these realms.
- 217 Ulfen longships first reach a Taldan port. Half the crew remain, selling their services as bodyguards. The runestone left behind now sits in the palace in Oppara.
- 5 The mainland Linnorm Kingdoms are united in peace under the watchful eye of High King Olaf Haginsborg—only the relatively young island kingdoms of Broken Bay and the Ironbound Archipelago remain unruly and independent. High King Olaf declares this to be a kingdom that will rival those of the soft southerners for 10,000 years.
- 4 During a strangely localized earthquake, a keystone from an arch slips out of place and crushes High King Olaf's skull. His lieutenants vow to carry on with his vision, but without their charismatic king's leadership, tensions and jealousy amid the bickering lieutenants, caused in part by long-held tribal animosities, throw the mainland Linnorm Kingdoms into a bloody civil war. The island nations are largely untouched by this mayhem, and rumors persist that the earthquake that killed King Olaf was engineered by Ulfen druids from the island of Battlewall.
- 10 Jarl Strom Sunbilt hires a company of mercenary wizards. They destroy his rivals with flame, illusion, and demon-driven hordes. The jarl claims the throne in Kalsgard, and establishes the wizards as his enforcers. They begin a reign of darkness and blood.
- 25 A popular revolt flares. Jarl Strom's mercenary wizards are burned alive in a sacrifice to the gods of winter. Ulfen warriors take to their longships to stamp out the bloodlines of those wizards, sailing to the farthest reaches of the Inner Sea to take their revenge.
- 752 Ulfen explorers traverse the polar ice and settle into the taiga of northern Casmaron, founding Okormirr.
- 801 A major sea battle in Broken Bay strands hundreds of Ulfen warriors on the isle of Kalva just at the onset of a harsh winter. After resorting to cannibalism, these Ulfen fall under the influence of fell spirits, transforming Kalva into a nightmare island that is avoided by sailors to this day.
- 1033 An expedition from Kalsgard pushes as far as the Tusk Mountains, claiming these lands in the name of the Linnorm Kings.
- 1102 The city of Jol is founded on the ruins of Torandey by King Eskir Honeytongue. Those remaining Thassilonian structures still standing are torn down and scavenged as building materials for the new city.
- 1218 Ulfen raiders begin attacking the west coast of Garund with some frequency. Remains of their ancient colonies and runestones marking their homes are still found on the shoreline.
- 1300 Amatatsu Aganhei, a famed Tian explorer of his time, establishes the trade route known as the Path of Aganhei between Tian Xia and Avistan over the Crown of the World. Scandalized by this new connection to barbaric lands, Minkai's emperor orders Aganhei executed upon his return and destroys all of his maps that can be found. A few maps survive, but they—and the path itself—remain hidden for 3,000 years.
- 1677 Bildt is founded on the island of Aegos by King Einarik Stormbreaker, a notorious raider whose love of violence and mayhem persists to the current day amid this city's eager citizens.
- 1975 Ulfen longships raid heavily along the west coast of Avistan and in the region now known as Cheliox.
- 2000 The Taldan fleet sails out to meet the Ulfen raiders, and after the Battle of Aroden's Arch, limps home, barely victorious.
- 2003 King Rolf Erickson of Jol returns to Aroden's Arch at the head of a fleet and savages the Taldan colonies



- there. He returns with hostages and demands a weregild of 100,000 gold pieces. Taldor pays, and the Crown Prince signs a peace treaty with Erickson.
- 2261 Skirmishes with the Kellids of the Realms of the Mammoth Lords simmer, with the Linnorm Kingdoms drawing their boundaries along the Tusk Mountains and the Kodar Mountains. This is the greatest expansion of the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, and it lasts until the Winter War.
- 2655 Halgrim is founded by King Igarven after he successfully defeats several bickering tribes of hill and taiga giants who had dwelled on the island since the Giantkin War so many years ago.
- 2773 Torvald Halvard of Jol leads a 5-year campaign against the frost giants of the Kodar Mountains, and personally slays seven of their jarls before vanishing into a deep crevasse while fighting the eighth. His bones are never recovered.
- 3312 The northern lights flare brightly enough over a period of 12 hours during the summer of this year that they are mistaken for the sun. Later, historians agree that the brilliant lights were an omen signaling the oncoming Winter War. Winter this year is so cold that swords shatter in the frigid air.
- 3313 The nation of Irrisen is born when the Witch Queen Baba Yaga conquers the eastern reach of the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, enslaving or butchering many of the Ulfen dwelling in the area.
- 3314 Blackraven Hall is established to act as a bulwark against the Witch Queen's forces. The Blackravens themselves play a key role in preventing further expansion by Irrisen into the western kingdoms.
- 3318 Trollheim is fortified, and the wise seek advice from the First World about ways to combat the threat from Irrisen.
- 3325 A delegation of Ulfen children from the united Linnorm Kingdoms is sent into the First World in exchange for aid from the First World kingdom of Frosts' End. The children are not seen again on Golarion, but tales over the following decades tell of great pale warriors among the fey serving as bodyguards for the cruel lord of Frosts' End. The fey weapons work well against the trolls of Irrisen, but each weapon vanishes as its wielder dies.
- 4100 Kuthites from Nidal arrive in Jol and attempt to put the populace under the heel of the Shadow Lord. King Jorri Hagris puts one of them to the blood eagle, and burns the rest alive when he discovers they are fascinated by the ritual and clamoring to be next.
- 4300 Maps of the Path of Aganhei are rediscovered in a hidden vault in northern Minkai, and the route finds more support this time around. Over the next several years, trade between Tian Xia and Avistan increases dramatically, with those arriving in Kalsgard generally hailing from Minkai. The Tian population in Kalsgard grows swiftly, establishing the city's famous Jade Quarter.
- 4305 Cheliox commences the Everwar. The Linnorm Kingdoms pay no heed at first, but mercenaries return to announce excellent plunder and an opportunity for glory, and warriors pile aboard their longboats to profit from the wars.
- 4336 Ulfen raiders try to raid Sargava, but are repelled. The Ulfen survivors flee into the jungles and establish a tentative truce with the tribesfolk there.
- 4337 The Ulfen burst from the jungles with the aid of the tribesfolk, but are again repelled. One survivor returns to the Linnorm Kingdoms to tell his tale. Children of the survivors and their Mwangi allies are born the following year, and rise to prominence in their tribes.
- 4402 A Chelish armada of 30 ships attempts to make a landing at Halgrim. The marines are met on the beach by swordsmen and shield maidens, and though the Chelaxians establish a beachhead, they progress no farther inland. The third night, an Ulfen longship sets ablaze the Chelish admiral's vessel. The Ulfen form a shield wall and force the Chelaxians into the sea. The few Chelish survivors are placed aboard their lone surviving vessel, with a barrel of pickled heads to serve as a message to the Chelish king.
- 4606 Aroden dies. Oracles, seers, and witches across the Linnorm Kingdoms perish as the force of the god's death shivers their prophecies to pieces.
- 4632 Sveinn Blood-Eagle is born.
- 4648 Aurnlagr the Fearless disappears in the Black Tarn, wearing his linnorm-scale armor and carrying the sword *Rixbrand*.
- 4694 Opir Eight-Fingers appears at the gates of Jol with the decayed head of a linnorm that many claim he scavenged from a corpse. Over the course of the next 10 years, he fights over 20 duels to prove his right to the throne.
- 4702 Sveinn Blood-Eagle sends a cohort to reinforce Jol. Although he does not trust Eight-Fingers, he believes the land needs stability in whatever form it can find.
- 4704 White Estrid sails triumphantly into Absalom after breaking a Chelish blockade at the Arch of Aroden. Upon returning home, she defeats the ice linnorm Boiltongue and becomes a Linnorm King; her use of strange weapons that she claims were gifts from "earth spirits" enrages other rulers of the Lands of the Linnorm Kings.
- 4709 Ingimundr the Unruly sends a fleet of longships south to raid numerous coastal towns throughout the Inner Sea to prove he is stronger than White Estrid, but half the fleet sinks in a freak storm and the remaining ships are driven aground in Varisia.

BROKEN BAY

Last of the True Ulfen Raiders

Alignment: CE

Capital: Bildt (6,730)

Notable Settlements: Skjoldmur (1,500)

Ruler: King Ingimundr the Unruly (CE male Ulfen barbarian 15)

Major Races: Humans (Ulfen)

Languages: Skald

Religion: Gorum

Resources: Ambergris, mercenaries, ships, ship supplies, slaves, weapons, whale oil

Located on the westernmost fringe of the Linnorm Kingdoms, Broken Bay comprises the waters surrounding the islands of Aegos, Orthost, and dozens of smaller uninhabited rocks. Of these, only Aegos is what could properly be called “civilized.”

Broken Bay itself is home to plentiful schools of fish and the occasional pod of whales, and fishing is the primary industry for those brave enough to make a living here. The region is notorious for its storms, powerful tides and currents, and treacherous shallows—the “broken” in its name refers to the countless wrecked ships that lie in the waters or sprawl upon rocky isles. Life in Broken Bay is cold and rough, and those who grow up here are shaped by these environs, becoming mercenaries and raiders who seek to plunder coastal settlements throughout the Inner Sea region. Ingimundr the Unruly rules Broken Bay from the city of Bildt, the only natural harbor in the region. He has grand plans to restore Bildt’s prominence and strengthen his own influence by increased raiding and adopting a more martial lifestyle, and sees Broken Bay as the last bastion of bona fide sea-raiders in the Linnorm Kingdoms.

SOCIETY

The people of Broken Bay hearken back to a simpler time in Ulfen history, when plundering the southern lands constituted a sort of regional pastime and trading was restricted to well-defended ports. These folk see the other inhabitants of the Linnorm Kingdoms—particularly those of landlocked Hagreath—as varying degrees of cowards or traitors to their ancestors. While the raiders of Broken Bay still focus their assaults on Cheliox, Varisia, Nidal, and other southern nations, they are increasingly turning their attention to other Linnorm Kingdoms as these views of regional cowardice grow. The

shipyards of Bildt have been turning out more longboats and fewer fishing boats, and the hearths of the city overflow with tough young warriors eager to make names for themselves. Raiding is more fun than fishing for a warrior, but there have to be targets to attack. Finding a way to make a consistent living off of the unwary and undefended of western Avistan is the challenge of the age—a challenge Ingimundr must overcome if he wishes to keep his crown.

Ingimundr himself is a hard man and a brash one. But beneath his boasting lies a shrewd, calculating, and manipulative leader, a fact exemplified by his handling of the raiding issue. Ingimundr has done more than anyone to increase Ulfen raiding, a feat he achieved by publicly espousing a more warlike and traditional lifestyle, without explicitly encouraging violence and theft. This approach keeps him from being held to account by other, more conservative Linnorm Kings. At the same time, he privately encourages raids and officially ignores the provenance of the goods and gold that enter the port. As a result of these policies, he’s seen Bildt’s fame rise as plunder surreptitiously flows into the port and into his coffers. Ingimundr sees a return to the old ways not only as an end in itself, but also as a means to greater power and glory for himself. Broken Bay is the natural home of the true Ulfen raider—if raiding becomes more important, his region does as well, and with that increased importance will come increased clout among the Linnorm Kings. Even if “unsanctioned and unfortunate” raids on fellow Linnorm Kingdoms do little beyond encouraging those kingdoms to return to their roots and seek revenge, Ingimundr would call it a victory.

Most of the citizens of Broken Bay dwell on the southern shores of Aegos, in the cities of Bildt and Skjoldmur. Small fishing settlements dot the eastern shore, but the uplands of the center and the bleak, windy strands of the northwest are completely deserted. The interior of Aegos is home to aggressive wildlife, including dire wolves and the boreal bears that sometimes swim over from Icemark. Settlements in the north of Aegos always place their middens well away from town for just that reason.

GAZETTEER

Broken Bay is a cold, unforgiving place, and the monsters and predators that hunt the region tend to be large and well insulated. Sea monsters of various sorts abound below the waves, while giant crabs of all sizes lair along the shorelines of the islands, lying in wait for the unwary. The rocky inland of Aegos is relatively free of larger wildlife, with the exception of a large population of wolves, dire wolves, worgs, and winter wolves that periodically trouble the coastal towns and prey upon



livestock, while polar bears are often seen on the northern shorelines.

Bildt: Nestled among three rugged basalt crags, Bildt is Aegos's only natural harbor. In the Linnorm Kingdoms, the city is second only to Kalsgard in the quality of its shipyards. Unlike southern port cities that focus on deep harbors and extensive dock infrastructure, Bildt features flat, gravelly strands on which longboats are beached when not in use. Ulfen longboats usually need less than a fathom of draft, so the only deep part of the harbor is reserved for foreign trading vessels, although the inhabitants of Bildt see fewer of such ships as their reputation for violence grows. The town itself is dense and crowded along the shore, since almost everyone here makes a living from the sea. The nicest houses overlook the harbor, while cheaper housing squeezes in behind them on muddy, ill-maintained roads. When not at sea, the young Ulfen who crew the longboats and fishing vessels tend to live in large communal halls called hearths. The typical hearth houses 20 people, keeping the density of the city up and the walks to the harbor short.

Non-Ulfen visitors to Bildt can expect an unfriendly welcome at best, especially from the young Ulfen who make up the raiding parties. Bildt's notorious bar fights and brawls can swiftly turn deadly when foreigners are involved. Much of this danger dissipates in the face of impressive displays of prowess or ruthlessness, however, and parties planning to spend much time in the city might want to slay a monster or defeat and befriend an important brawler, just to be on the safe side. The weather in Bildt is also unfriendly to visitors—Bildt fronts on the Steaming Sea, and storms roll in frequently. The harbor is protected from the violent winds and squalls, but the higher reaches of the city are more exposed. A weathered, windblown look marks the longtime residents of Bildt, and anybody whose face isn't chapped by the salty winds is regarded as an outsider.

Highpoint Tower: The tall, thin spire of Highpoint Tower stands atop Aegos's highest peak. Today little more than a shell, this tower once commanded extensive outbuildings and hosted many rooms where soldiers

could train. The tower itself was used to watch the horizon for approaching fleets, and the massive hearth that now lies in ruins within the tower once generated fire and light that could be seen across the island. Bildt's remote location and the treacherous nature of its seas have done a far better job at dissuading invaders than anything else, though, and eventually the people of Aegos abandoned Highpoint Tower to the wilds. The old trails that lead to the tower from Bildt still exist, although they are quite treacherous to travel. The largest tribe of winter wolves and worgs on the island now claim the ruins, and they do not suffer visitors lightly.

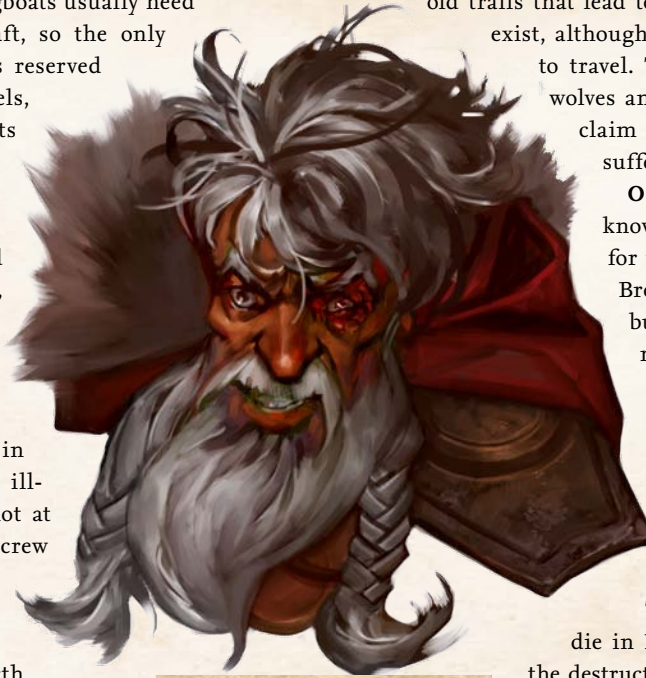
Orthost: Orthost is also known as the "Isle of the Dead," for it is here that the people of Broken Bay have traditionally buried their dead. The remains buried on the isle are rarely those of highly successful raiders, for when such a person of note dies and his body can be salvaged, he is given a proper "hero's burial" at sea on a burning ship.

The majority of those who die in Broken Bay do not warrant the destruction of a perfectly good ship, however, and are instead brought across a narrow strait to be interred amid the

necropolises and graves that grace this rocky isle.

Monuments ranging from headstones to stone cairns to more elaborate mausoleums and vaults cover Orthost's northern edge. Farther to the south, such traditional resting places become scarce, and most of the island remains an untracked wasteland. The island is home to many uneasy spirits and other dangerous undead. Regular rituals and propitiations by Ulfen mourners and priests from Skjoldmur keep the majority of these spirits at rest, but some are more aggressive and less forgiving. No one, not even the bravest of the cairn guards of Skjoldmur, willingly stays on Orthost after dark when the undead are at their strongest and most active.

Rivenstone: While the people of Broken Bay know well the dangers of the towering spires known as Rivenstone, most visitors to the region are unlikely to notice this deadly mountain, for its peak only rises above the waves of the bay on the lowest of tides. Rivenstone is a spire-like monolith that rises from one of the deepest valleys on the sea bed of the bay itself. The spire fractures into seven different spires along its length, the tallest two of



Ingimundr the Unruly

PATHFINDER CAMPAIGN SETTING: LANDS OF THE LINNORM KINGS



which reach within a few feet of the surface of the sea. It is these two spires that sailors are most familiar with, for when the tides and currents are just right, the spearlike points have an uncanny propensity to hole hulls and sink ships. Were this the only danger that Rivenstone presented to nautical travel it would be dire enough, but the lower slopes of the submerged mountain are rife with tribes of gutaki—unusually intelligent devilfish said to be infused with the blood of Dagon, the demon lord of sea monsters. The Rivenstone gutaki are led by a cabal of a dozen powerful priests consisting of clerics and oracles of Dagon for the most part. While most gutaki tribes prefer to dwell in the ocean's deepest abysses, those of Rivenstone dwell in relatively shallow waters of only a few thousand feet. With the aid of charmed giant octopus and squid minions, these gutaki are among the most dangerous denizens of Broken Bay.

Skjoldmur: Near the southern tip of Aegos lies the whaling town of Skjoldmur. Skjoldmur commands a small region of arable land that produces most of Aegos's grain. The people of Skjoldmur are also tasked with keeping the lore and legends of Orthost, the funeral island to the south.

Expeditions to Orthost first stop at Skjoldmur, where clerics of Gorum hold ceremonies to prepare the dead for passage to the afterlife—these clerics accompany groups of mourners as they travel across to the island to bury their dead, both to aid in rituals and to protect mourners from the restless dead that dwell on the isle.

Skjoldmur itself looks more like a fortress than a traditional town; it is built on a steep bluff and surrounded by ancient and thick stone walls. Its harbor is small, built primarily to service whaling and fishing boats and not for war. The town itself is ruled by **Arik Grimfire** (CN male Ulfen cleric of Gorum 9), whose ancestors have held sway over the town for centuries. Grimfire and his acolytes are renowned across Ulfen lands for their skill in fighting and warding off the undead, and individual cairn guards that he's trained often find their way south and east, aiding the living throughout Avistan. Arik secretly disapproves of his liege's lust for war and raiding, since he sees the destruction of both Bildt and Skjoldmur as the inevitable result of such actions, but he knows his place, and focuses on providing the people of Broken Bay with food and honoring and protecting its dead.



Sunken City: One of Broken Bay's most legendary sites lies not on its islands but under its waves. Known as Udeomel by historians who study ancient Thassilon, the so-called Sunken City is a massive complex spanning the Howling Straits at the north end of the Broken Bay. Smaller portions of the ruins extend onto the northern shores of Aegos and the western edges of Icemark, but the bulk of the ruins are submerged by the waters of Broken Bay. Here and there, black towers pierce the surface of the water, while others lurk just below the surface, making the area dangerous to navigate by ship. Further, the ruins are home to a population of aggressive sharks and killer whales that attack anyone foolish enough to swim here or even get too near in a small boat. Other, more dangerous creatures dwell in the deeper structures, including sea drakes, draugr, sea hags, and scrag. What few expeditions to the flooded portions of the ruins have been made confirm that the site was once some form of northern outpost to the Thassilonian nation of Cyrusian, but what purpose the site served remains a mystery.

Thanesrest Mausoleum: The most elaborate mausoleum on Orthost was not originally built to inter the dead. The elaborate edifice is of Thassilonian make, and may have once served as a fortress or prison. Whatever its purpose, the chambers below are extensive and sprawling, extending deep under Orthost for many miles. The site has long captured the imagination and pride of the people of Broken Bay, and was used as a mausoleum for leaders and kings for nearly 600 years following the founding of Bildt. Each time a new noble or king died, a new wing of the understructure was explored, cleared of traps and denizens, and converted into a mausoleum. The practice came to an abrupt end with the burial of King Kernic Quicktongue, when his body became possessed by a demonic

spirit released during his interment ritual. Quicktongue slaughtered the entire funeral procession and used their bodies as necromantic puppets—had the demonic spirit wished to extend its influence beyond the building's walls, the people of Broken Bay would likely have had quite a fight on their hands. Yet for whatever reason, the demonic spirit never pursued its foes into the outer world, either as a result of ancient magics binding it to the structure or simply out of lack of interest. In any event, the people of Broken Bay abandoned the practice of interring their kings here and moved on to the more traditional practice of employing funeral ships for the dead. The doors to Thanesrest Mausoleum remain closed—but periodically, eager and brave adventurers force them open for a chance to seek the strange treasures believed to lie within. The demon inhabiting Kernic's corpse is said to still rule the depths below, and those who linger too long in the dungeons have a habit of vanishing forever.



Broken Bay Longship



GRUNGIR FOREST

Dark Forest of Ancient Secrets

Alignment: N

Capital: None

Notable Settlements: Delmon's Glen (740), Losthome (4,320), Nithveil (45,300), Sojourner's Rest (144)

Ruler: None

Major Races: Fey, gnomes, humans (Ulfen)

Languages: Aklo, Gnome, Skald, Sylvan

Religion: Desna, Eldest of the First World, Erastil

Resources: Furs, timber

Grungir Forest is the primordial heart of the Linnorm Kingdoms' wilderness. While fey, wild animals, monsters, and linnorms reside everywhere humans do not, in Grungir Forest, they rule. The forest is home to Fafnheir, said to be the oldest and most powerful of the linnorms, as well as to numerous enclaves of strange and powerful fey creatures. Portals to the legendary First World flicker within the woodlands' tangled depths, and in places the very trees themselves move and speak in thunderous tones.

Grungir Forest spreads across the central southlands in a nearly unbroken mass, with only the Thundering River and a few roads providing a break in the eastern reaches. While humans engage in logging and trapping around the forest's eastern outskirts, particularly in the vicinity of Losthome, they are careful not to harvest too deeply into the woods—even for rare and valuable hardwoods, it's generally not considered worth the risk to travel far enough in that you can't see the forest's edge. This same reluctance to explore does not apply to the numerous adventurers from across the Inner Sea region who have been drawn to Grungir Forest, eager to plumb its depths in the hunt for unique creatures or secret places of power. Yet despite the number of explorers, Grungir Forest has always proved more than their equal, and to date, it has kept the majority of its secrets quite well.

SOCIETY

They say Grungir Forest has eyes, and that it sees everything within its borders. That's not true in a literal sense, but the fey of Grungir Forest are everywhere, and they are adept at goading and tricking both interlopers and local animals and monsters in such a way that unwanted visitors run into the most dangerous creatures of the forest with a regularity that belies the monsters' rarity. While linnorms, unusually aggressive and large animals,

trolls, and other monsters stalk the forest, it is the fey and their kind who rule here.

Parties hunting for lesser beasts usually stay near the forest edge. Usually monsters find their way to such parties, obviating the need to travel deeper into the forest in search of them. This is probably for the best, as the deeper outsiders intrude, the more forceful the forest is in defending itself. Grungir's fey are adept at giving adventurers what they want—if they get wind that a party hunts a linnorm, the fey endeavor to lead that party into the right parts of the wood to find one—usually in a setting that puts the hunters at a disadvantage. When parties set out for more singular objectives, such as Delmon's Glen or other legendary places, the fey try to either scare them off before they can delve deeply into the forest or speed them on their way, depending on the whims of the fey involved and the make-up of the party.

The only civilized people who make their homes within Grungir Forest itself are gnomes—and even they avoid delving too deeply into the forest depths. Gnome settlements dot the outer reaches of Grungir Forest, especially on its southern borders. Their close relationship with the woodland and its fey denizens causes many gnomes to be distrusted by their Ulfen neighbors, and as a result a healthy amount of space tends to separate gnome settlements from the nearest human towns. The gnomes of Grungir Forest are more likely than their southern counterparts to spend significant time with the fey, and creatures like dryads, grigs, nymphs, and pixies are often found living openly among gnomes in their villages. In return, Grungir gnomes help maintain the environment and mediate conflicts between the fey and nearby humans or dwarves. Grungir gnomes often wear various charms and fetishes of magical value that they claim help to attune them to the forest—these charms and fetishes are the most common types of collections these gnomes seek. Among the Grungir gnomes, the bleaching is all but unheard of—perhaps because of their close association with fey and the First World.

One other group bears mention in a discussion of Grungir Forest—the mysterious norns. These powerful entities can be encountered throughout the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, and often appear before those destined for great acts of heroism or vile deeds of villainy to issue prophecies or warnings—prognostications that have an eerie tendency to be accurate, even in the modern age when prophecy is dead. The norns themselves seem little interested in conflicts between good and evil or law and chaos—what their true motivations are in meddling with the destiny of the Linnorm Kingdoms is one of the greatest mysteries of the region. While they can be encountered elsewhere, the majority of norn encounters seem to occur within the depths of Grungir Forest,



particularly as one approaches the supposed location of Forestheart or Nithveil, even further supporting the possibility of a link between the norns and the First World. (Norns are detailed further in *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3*.)

Yet not all who dwell in Grungir Forest are gnomes or fey. The Guardians of Grungir are a group of Ulfen druids who seek to protect the wood from human encroachment. While that might seem as simple as joining forces with the more aggressive denizens of the wood, it isn't that easy—for the Guardians must also contain several of the more violent and aggressive elements of the woods. After all, if Fafnheir or the other monsters of Grungir Forest grow too violent and kill too many Ulfen, the Linnorm Kings might unite to destroy the forest outright. As a result, the Guardians often find themselves mediating between the less forgiving fey and their human neighbors—friends to few, they assuage their lonely vigil with the knowledge that Grungir Forest carries on.

GAZETTEER

Creatures of Grungir Forest fall into three basic categories: wild animals, monsters, and fey. The first two categories of denizens tend to boast particularly large and healthy specimens, for the proximity of the First World does much to invigorate and bolster life. Many animals are so infused with this power that they become fey creatures themselves (see the fey animal template on page 58). In other cases, this bolstering merely results in advanced specimens.

Delmon's Glen: Whereas stranger gnome settlements are hidden in the deeper reaches of the woods, Delmon's Glen is unusually mundane—perhaps because of its location along the major overland trade route that connects Jol and Varisia to the south with the northern Linnorm Kingdoms. Despite its location on this route, the relatively small town has not grown significantly over the years—most of its buildings resemble typical Ulfen architecture, yet as they are built by gnomes, for gnomes, they are curiously small. A few larger buildings, including a trading post and a much-frequented inn (the Raven's Best) sit on the edge of town, and most visitors can be found here. Delmon's Glen has had trouble in the past with monsters from the southeastern badlands, particularly bulettes, but its current mayor, **Bavakanka Winterlisp** (NG female gnome cleric of Erastil 12) is

particularly gifted at recruiting visiting adventurers to deal with these situations as they arise.

Frozen Pines: While Grungir Forest is far from a balmy retreat from the cold, the trees and undergrowth do provide a remarkable amount of shelter from temperature extremes—throughout most of its reach. The nightmare glade known as Frozen Pines is a notable exception, and is a place even the fey of the forest fear to tread upon. This region of forest consists of several dozen square miles of territory where the temperature never rises above freezing. The pine trees of this section of wood have adapted to the perpetual frost, but little else grows here. Although many suspect Frozen Pines to be an Irrisen outpost, in fact this reach of woodland serves as the hunting grounds for several particularly powerful wendigos.

Forestheart: Grungir Forest is rife with weak points in the barrier between Golarion and the First World, as well as a few outright rifts that allow travel between the two. The most powerful of these rifts, which is known as Forestheart, is a darkling glade surrounded by giant trees, gnarled with age. The center of Forestheart is marked by a preternaturally calm and clear pool. By observing the reflections in the water's surface, a visitor can look into the First World. The visitor can

move the focus so that she may see any part of the First World. Leaping into the pool transports the visitor to whatever place it was reflecting, but the trip is one-way—the sojourner must find a different way back. All of Grungir's gateways to the First World are guarded by fey, and Forestheart is no exception—a nymph named **Imavajana** (N female nymph druid 13) guards the pool and controls its destinations. Those who would seek to use Forestheart to enter the First World must first please the capricious and demanding nymph, who is fond of sending petitioners on grueling quests far beyond the borders of Grungir Forest.

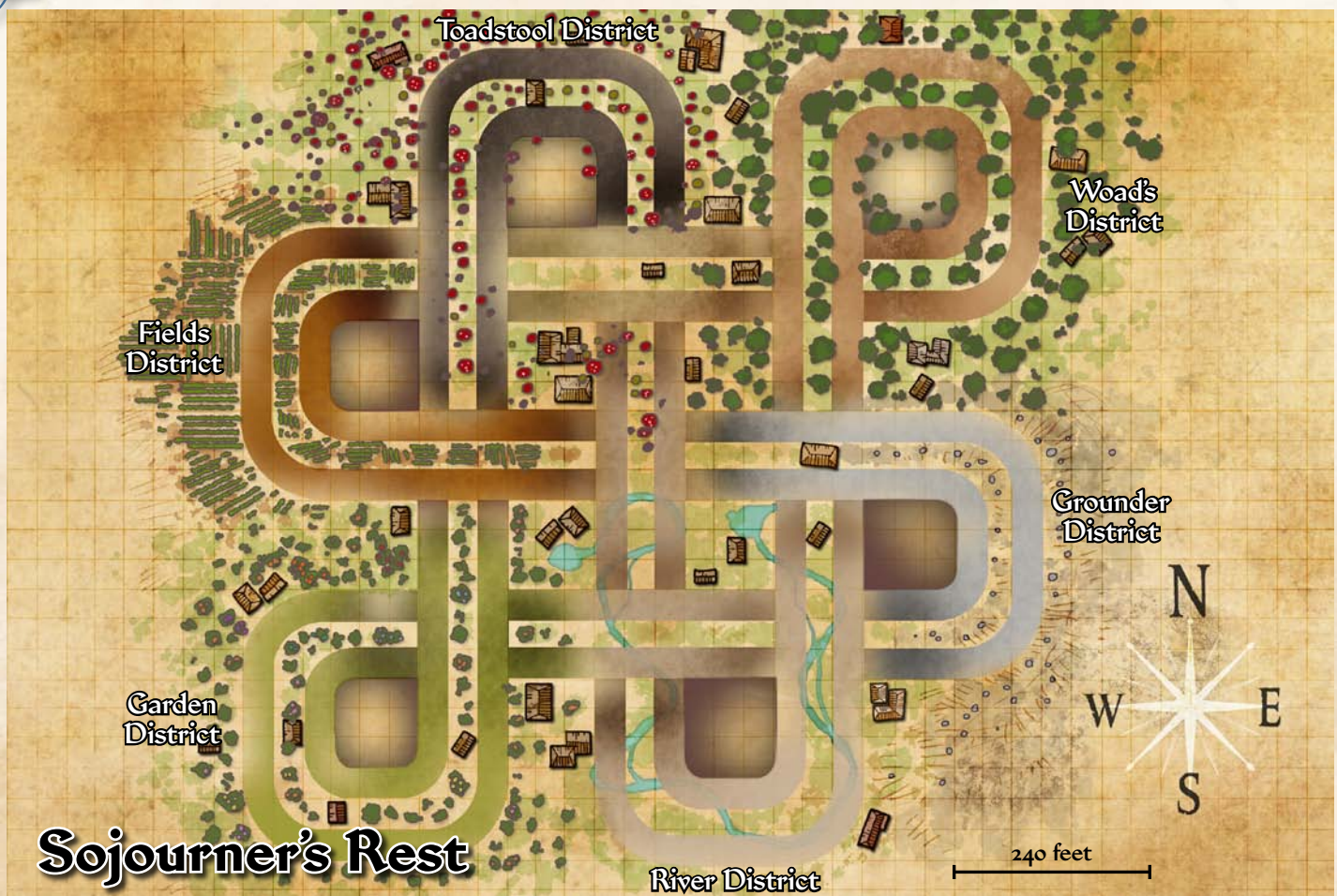
Lair of Fafnheir: Said to be the mightiest and oldest linnorm of them all, dread Fafnheir lairs deep in the forest. Fafnheir has long been a lure for would-be linnorm-slayers, for it is said that whoever returns with his head will unite the Linnorm Kingdoms under one rule. This location is detailed further on page 39.

Losthome: The town of Losthome serves double-duty as a logging town and a watchpost along the border with Irrisen to the east. The town is populated by the



Guardian of Grungir





descendants of Ulfen refugees of the Winter War, most of whom have ancestors whose skulls now pave the streets of Whitethrone. Patrols from Losthome keep an eye out for incursions by Irrisen and also for the occasional refugee fortunate enough to make it across the border, though such refugees are rare. As a logging town, Losthome provides an increasing amount of the Linnorm Kingdoms' share of timber as Jol grows increasingly ill-managed. Losthome has a thriving woodworking industry, producing fanciful cabinetry and furniture that compete with the more elaborate but uncanny Irrisen wares. Lumber is either milled or collected into booms that are sent downriver to Kalsgard. These booms double as barges used for shipping finished goods—this cheap transport helps give Losthome an advantage over settlements on the western edge of the woods. Getting goods from the outside is a more expensive prospect, as the roads leading north and south from the town are long and of bad quality. Of course, not all is well in Losthome, for as the demand for its lumber grows, conflicts with the denizens of the deeper Grungir Forest grow as well. Currently, the town has managed to balance its need for lumber against its

diplomatic relations with the fey, but many foresee a time in the near future when greed will eclipse diplomacy, and fear the full wrath of the Guardians of Grungir or even the norns themselves should Losthome's lumber industry grow too voracious.

Moonwing's Bough: Named after the first priest of Desna to reach the site in the modern age, Moonwing's Bough is a small pocket of oak trees in an otherwise evergreen part of Grungir Forest. The site is home to an ancient shrine to Desna, built thousands of years ago by her worshipers during the height of Thassilon's rule. The shrine is one of the most legendary sacred sites in Desna's faith, but very few of her worshipers attempt the dangerous quest to reach it. Those who do so find the small stone shrine to be in a remarkable state of preservation—worshipers of Desna (or even those who worship allied deities, like Sarenrae, Calistria, or Shelyn) are granted potent boons equivalent to a *miracle* spell if they spend the night in prayer here; the exact boon granted depends upon the worshiper's need, but is always something beneficial. Others who worship here either find the place comforting and a safe harbor, or a



haunting and frightening place that causes disturbing nightmares, depending upon the worshiper's faith and outlook on life.

Nithveil: One of the greatest secrets of Grungir Forest is Nithveil. Very few humans have even sighted the eldritch spires of this magical city, much less been allowed to walk upon its vexing streets. Nithveil is detailed further on page 41.

Sojourner's Rest: Lying around and among the foundations of Thornwall Castle is the strange town of Sojourner's Rest. Visitors to this town must enter via tangled game trails, passing through magical veils that both protect the town and support its unusual architecture—its pair of interlaced streets form a continuous Varisian knot with no entrances or exits save into the castle itself. Where the street passes under or over itself, delicate bridgework and columns seem to support the upper reaches, yet in a most vexing manner the street itself remains impossibly level—it never seems to rise or fall in slope. Every manner of fey make Sojourner's Rest their home, from rusalkas and nixies to korreds and satyrs, but pixies predominate. The town is full of various fey habitats including gardens of giant flowers, numerous caves, fields, orchards, and waterfalls, all beneath Thornwall Castle but somehow open to the sun and elements as needed. Many inns, restaurants, and shops dot the sides of the street, full of delicious food, drink, and the broadest range of magical items and adventuring gear west of Whitethrone and north of Magnimar. Crass and unwelcome adventurers who choose to eat the food or drink the spirits of Sojourner's Rest fall into a deep slumber—their gear is taken to stock the enticing shops, while their sleeping bodies are hidden away—and every cupboard, closet, and shed in the town is full of sleeping sojourners, stacked up like cordwood.

Szigo's Grove: Szigo, the cannibal warlock of Grungir Forest, is said to feast on the flesh of his victims to gain their power. Though many have attempted to put the madman down for good, Szigo has amassed a following of trolls and other monsters and convinced them of his divinity. These monsters act as his minions and guard the forest camp where he lives, occasionally venturing out to assist in his hunting. While the camp is home to many items of great power, the crazed spellcaster and his monstrous guardians have thus far defeated those few adventurers bold enough to try to loot it. Perhaps the greatest of these treasures is the magical sword of local legend Laughing Erik, the hero who came closest to vanquishing Szigo before his flesh was devoured by the madman and his devoted servants.

Thornwall Castle: A giant edifice made up entirely of rosebushes, blackberry brambles,

and any plant that carries a thorn, Thornwall Castle is the abode of **Mad Jan** (CN male pixie sorcerer 14), King of the Pixies. Jan claims the allegiance of all pixies in northwestern Avistan, but in reality only commands those who live in the castle and the area surrounding Sojourner's Rest—and even then only when they are in residence. The gardens of Thornwall Castle are reputed to contain every plant that exists on Golarion, and many from other worlds as well. Mad Jan often allows access to those gardens for a price, but that price is always high—usually accomplishing some mission that his pixie minions are too unreliable to attempt.



Rusalka



HAGREACH

War-Weary Borderland

Alignment: CN

Capital: Trollheim (12,120)

Notable Settlements: Eldentre (3,460), Hellirinn (2,300)

Ruler: Freyr Darkwine (CG male Ulfen ranger 13)

Major Races: Dwarves, humans (Ulfen)

Languages: Skald

Religion: Desna, Erastil, Gorum, Pharasma, Torag

Resources: Furs, gemstones, iron, leather goods, quartz, silver, stone, venison

Hagreach encompasses the current eastern edge of the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, yet this was not always the Linnorm Kingdoms' eastern border. When Baba Yaga and her winter witches carved out the territory of Irrisen in 3313 AR, they subjugated and overwhelmed all of the eastern Linnorm Kingdoms. Conquest after conquest saw Irrisen grow and the Linnorm Kingdoms recede—it wasn't until a year later that the Ulfen managed to set aside their bickering to unite along the Iceflow and the Thundering River to halt the witches' advance. With the fortification of Trollheim and additional aid from the fey of Grungir Forest in 3318, the tide finally turned and the Linnorm Kingdoms actually began to retake land south of the Iceflow.

Today, border skirmishes with trolls, winter wolves, and winter witches remain common, and the towns of Hagreach are more like armed camps than typical villages. Trollheim is heavily walled and exhibits an intentionally confusing street layout, while the smaller villages of the region are surrounded by strong walls and dense swaths of vegetation. The people of the Hagreach are more battle-ready as well, and are always wary of strangers and quick to violence.

SOCIETY

The region has had its share of Linnorm Kings in the past, but they have traditionally fallen quickly in the face of the ongoing struggle with Irrisen—few Linnorm Kings of Hagreach can long resist the temptation to seek the glory of being the one to retake one of the lost kingdoms to the east, even though those who lead these ill-advised assaults are swiftly defeated. The current “ruler” of Hagreach—Freyr Darkwine, Castellan of Trollheim—has yet to defeat a linnorm, and has not claimed any plans to attempt such a feat anytime soon. Freyr is more interested in helping to keep Hagreach a

strong bulwark against its enemies to the east than he is in personal glory. While his civil authority doesn't extend beyond the bounds of Trollheim, his moral authority and the respect he has gained from his single-minded fight against Irrisen have spread across the whole region.

The towns of Hagreach tend toward hunting and subsistence agriculture, and oversee some small iron and silver mines as well. Garnets abound on hillsides and in the streams that lace the plains, and trade in these and other gems provides most of the region's foreign exchange. In return for such commodities, the region imports weapons and extra food, as the effort expended patrolling the border sometimes makes the agricultural yield unreliable.

And the border does need patrolling. While Baba Yaga's daughters have been mostly content with these boundaries, they routinely encourage ice trolls, winter wolves, and mercenary bands to raid across the border to steal Ulfen children, wreak havoc, and loot treasure. Residents of Hagreach have lived with the constant threat of violence their entire lives and are always ready with a spear, sword, or bow to defend themselves. Villages are well organized, with military tasks for men and women alike—even children and the elderly are routinely armed and expected to help defend against raids.

Attacks on Hagreach settlements often become sieges, with defenders retreating to fortified buildings and attempting to hold out until the raiders exhaust their supplies. This defensive method of holding the line rankles many of Hagreach's soldiers, though, and as such many eager young mercenaries and those hungering to take the offensive seek out membership in Hagreach's most admired military organization—the Blackravens.

The Blackravens are an elite band of protectors who have sworn their lives to fighting the agents of Irrisen. Most Blackravens hail from Hagreach, but many come from other Linnorm Kingdoms as well, compelled by a sense of racial or national pride and eager to defend their traditions on a warfront—even if the front is little more than a literal cold war. Most Blackravens are barbarians, fighters, or rangers, while clerics of Gorum and Desna provide divine support. Several bards and sorcerers have made their home in the Blackravens as well, their arcane magic lending extra firepower against their monstrous foes. Most Blackravens are of Ulfen descent, but an increasing number of dwarves and even a few gnomes are joining the ranks as well.

The Blackravens have traditionally led the most successful Ulfen raids into Irrisen, primarily because they never raid without significant preparation. Companies of Blackravens rove the entire region, from the Stormspear Mountains to Grungir Forest, dealing with small-scale monstrous incursions and keeping



tabs on more dangerous ones. Larger contingents of Blackravens rotate through the settlements of Hagreach, reinforcing the local forces against expected raids. At any given time, three-quarters of the Blackravens are somewhere on the border.

Freyr Darkwine, Castellan of Trollheim, is also Commander of the Blackravens. He divides his time between Blackraven Hall and Trollheim, managing both jobs competently. His heart, however, remains on the border, and he spends almost every waking morning preparing and strategizing, holding back the winter witches and their minions as much as possible. Freyr sees the Blackravens as an asset of the Ulfen people as a whole, and routinely requests aid in warriors and treasure from the Linnorm Kings. He never receives much, but all of the Linnorm Kings give, if only grudgingly. Most donate only gold, and this only sparingly, but White Estrid has taken to granting Freyr soldiers as well, sending 40 warriors per year to join the Blackravens' ranks. These draftees from Battlemore spend a year learning to fight the forces of winter and aiding in the protection of the Ulfen lands and then return home, wiser and more skilled in warfare. Freyr hopes that White Estrid's example will encourage the other Linnorm Kings to do likewise—while gold is always appreciated, the Blackravens need as many soldiers as they can get.

Of late, one of Freyr's greatest concerns and frustrations is the simple fact that Hagreach does not extend the full length of the Irrisen Border. The Blackravens do periodically patrol the narrow stretch of land where Grungir Forest abuts the border, but further to the south, where Southmoor shares this border, the Blackravens generally do not venture—but not due to negligence. In fact, the troll and giant tribes that dwell in this region, combined with Southmoor's near hostility whenever the Blackravens approach with requests for support for more southern patrols, are what renders the southern extent the most poorly defended portion of the border. Freyr takes solace in the fact that, according to reports from his increasingly few deep cover agents stationed in Southmoor, the eastern hills and badlands remain as hostile to Irrisen as to any other nation, yet the ranger still fears the day the witches manage to strike a truce with those giants.

GAZETTEER

Hagreach is a cold, desolate place, and quite wild beyond the settlements. The region is full of wolves, drakes, trolls, and other dangerous monsters—even before one accounts for Irrisen's agents and invaders. Hagreach's lands are mostly open tundra, with the occasional small woodland or chain of hills, particularly to the south as the lands rise up to meet the Kodar Mountains. Shelter and options for lairing in the tundra are scarce, so every copse and dell seems to be occupied by something dangerous. Travelers in the region tend to journey in large groups, often waiting until a contingent of Blackravens is going their way and can provide additional support. Small groups can generally count on coming under attack by raiding parties as often as once per day.

Blackraven Hall: One of the largest fortresses in the Linnorm Kingdoms, Blackraven Hall is also certainly one of the best defended. The hall stands

on the border with Irrisen, overlooking the Rimeflow River and controlling legitimate traffic to and from the enemy nation. Those with legitimate business in Irrisen must pay hefty taxes if they seek to use the river for travel into that nation, while those seeking flight from Irrisen along the river spend

several days, or even weeks, as little more than captives in Blackraven's extensive dungeons awaiting judgment as friend or foe. Much like Castle Korvosa to the south in Varisia, the hall itself is built on the foundations of an ancient Thassilonian pyramid, which is filled with numerous chambers and strange magical defenses and resources. These defenses, which include a number of golems and bound outsiders, have proven time and again to be invaluable against certain magics from the winter witches that would cut down the typical human soldier with ease. Freyr Darkwine has spent the last decade improving the fortress's defenses, excavating a series of moats and spike-filled ditches and laying down other obstacles to keep enemies in range of the Blackravens' arrows longer before they get to the wall; the recent addition of several allied river drakes as moat monsters has provided the Hall an even greater defense than before.

Eldentre: One of the larger settlements of the Hagreach, Eldentre has a unique fortification system built around a single immense tree that has grown in the town square for centuries. This ancient oak acts as a lightning rod,



Freyr Darkwine

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attracting almost all of a storm's lightning no matter how big the system. Known locally as the Lightning Oak, the tree glows and shimmers with dancing faerie fire for hours after a storm. More importantly, the elders of Eldentre have developed methods of storing these electrical charges in wood carefully harvested from the Lightning Oak's branches, giving the town a steady supply of not only *shock arrows*, but also electrically charged siege-weapon ammunition—defenses that have aided them often against Irrisen's attacks. These weapons are plentiful in Eldentre, but their magical qualities depend on proximity to the Lightning Oak—if brought too far from the tree's proximity (more than a few miles), such weapons grow inert. As a result, despite the large number of these magical weapons in the town, few are ever exported.

Hellirinn: The town of Hellirinn is built near a cave that contains an ancient shrine to Pharamasma. Many of the villagers are Pharasmin devotees, and the village carries an introspective and solemn air. The nature of Hage reach doesn't allow for much variation of tradition, and protecting itself is still the first order of business.

The Pharasmin shrine itself consists of little more than a warm spring in the rocky floor of the cave, and it is said that any child delivered in the water of the spring will grow up with Pharamasma's blessing. It is true that many of the villagers of Hellirinn have strange gifts—many of which lead the villagers to embrace lives as oracles. Expectant mothers often make a pilgrimage to Hellirinn every year, risking travel and the frequent attacks while en route to birth their children in the shrine's warm waters.

Hero's Rest: Hage reach has produced more than its fair share of martyrs and heroes, most of whom are laid to rest on burning boats on the river. In too many cases, though, the bodies of mighty warriors remain where they were slain—across the border in the witchlands of Irrisen. The most famous of those who have died fighting the winter witches are honored at Hero's Rest, a hilltop memorial overlooking the eastern border. The hill is studded liberally with burial markers and cairns for those who gave their lives for their neighbors. The site, also known as the Empty Boneyard (for the fact that none of its cairns or graves contain bodies), is protected by a



silver dragon named Avaleru who has long dwelled in the area. While Avaleru has no true love for the violent and chaotic lifestyles of her Ulfen neighbors, she has even less love for the witches and their agents, and agreed to serve as a guardian of Hero's Rest in return for regular yearly tithes. What Avaleru does with this treasure is unknown, but most agree that the dragon doesn't keep it all, and rumors persist in Hagreath of a mysterious silver-haired woman who sometimes grants magical boons to kind and mannerly Ulfen.

Stormspear Keep: The northernmost line of defense along the border is Stormspear Keep, a grim collection of towers that perch upon a wide precipice rising nearly 2,000 feet above the surrounding lowlands. The Keep is run by a skeleton crew of Blackravens allied with several nests of giant eagles, creatures whose mobility and keen eyesight are quite handy in patrolling this northern border with Irrisen.

Summerglen: Hagreath generally suffers from a constant chill rolling out of Irrisen, and is even colder than is typical for the Linnorm Kingdoms. This tendency is not universal, however, for south of Trollheim can be found a deep, steep-sided canyon, cut out of the plains as if by a god's axe-stroke. A steep trail winds its way along the cliffs, down into a dell that manages to hold its heat year-round. The canyon's walls are particularly rich with quartz and other crystals, and some sort of latent magical quality within these crystals captures heat as well as light, creating an unusually warm environment along the canyon's floor that has given rise to an idyllic forested glen below, as warm as the warmest summer in Grungir Forest. Summerglen itself is the home of numerous small but industrious dwarf clans who manage the mining of the canyon's nooks and crannies with an almost religious reverence, while the forest itself is home to many fey creatures allied with the dwarves.

Trollheim: Trollheim is Hagreath's largest city. Perched on the southern bank of the Rimeflow where its tributary, the Iceflow, winds north, this is a heavily fortified settlement. The town has grown beyond its walls several times during its history, and the haphazard growth (and intentionally confusing layout meant to baffle attackers) has given rise to a hodgepodge of districts, some walled individually, others inside the city walls, and still others outside. Each district has its own distinct character, and they often don't flow into each other as seamlessly as in other cities.

Most of Trollheim's trade flows up and down the Iceflow, the fastest and easiest connection with Kalsgard. The city's

merchants even engage in hesitant trade with Irrisen, although such ventures are highly regulated and scrutinized for sabotage and other treacheries. Trollheim has many stockyards, tanneries, and textile mills, and the scrubland near the city is heavily grazed by sheep. Unlike the citizens of most large cities, Trollheim's residents are heavily involved in its defense. Every able-bodied citizen is expected to be trained with a sword, spear, or bow, and public squares and alleyways are often given over to weapon practice. Few object to the imposition—nobody wants to live this close to Irrisen and be unarmed.



Ice Troll Hunter

ICEMARK

Lands of the Varki Nomad Clans

Alignment: LN

Capital: Seer's Home (200)

Notable Settlements: None

Ruler: None

Major Races: Humans (Ulfen, Varki), giants

Languages: Giant, Skald

Religion: Erastil, ancestor worship, animism

Resources: Caribou, fish, furs, leather, scrimshaw

The northwesternmost territory of the Linnorm Kingdoms is hardly a kingdom at all, for no Linnorm King has ever ruled this desolate realm. Known as Ice mark, this swath of tundra and glacial scree has relatively little to tempt a society built upon the traditions of raiding and conquering—there is very little to raid and conquer here, apart from vast herds of caribou or fields of frozen soil. But this is not to say that Ice mark is abandoned, for it is here that a unique people known as the Varki thrive.

society

The combination of the remote location of their homeland and their relative indifference to the rest of the Inner Sea region has resulted in the Varki people being largely ignored by the rest of the world. The Varki, true to their stoic nature, appreciate this fact. A mix between Varisian, Tian, and Erutaki (the native humans of the Crown of the World), the Varki people are dark-haired and well-weathered by the elements.

The Varki are a seminomadic people, traveling between hunting and fishing grounds throughout Ice mark and driving their caribou herds with them. They sometimes venture into the northern Thanelands or even into the Stormspear Mountains and beyond into the Crown of the World, but most live their entire lives without setting foot outside Ice mark. Unlike true nomads, the Varki generally do not carry their homes with them—instead, they dwell in a number of permanent small villages erected by their ancestors for use as hunting stations, fishing villages, and the like. The Varki do not see these villages as their own, for the settlements are shared among all the Varki tribes. Neither do they give these villages names (with the exception of Seer's Home). A typical Varki settlement includes shelters, food storage, buildings for training hunters, religious buildings, gaming halls, and buildings set aside to house their leaders. Varki migrations seem to

follow no discernible pattern, though no two clans ever inhabit the same settlement at the same time.

A single tribe consists of an extended family of 50 to 100 people. Members marry outside their own tribe to keep inbreeding to a minimum, but each tribe has its own distinctive traditions. Inside the tribe, the roles of men and women are clearly delineated, although not always in the same way as in each tribe. In one tribe, the women may be in charge of the hunt (and by extension warfare, though Varki only fight each other ritualistically and rarely attack outsiders) while men are in charge of maintaining shelters, but in another these roles might be reversed. Young Varki often seek to marry into other tribes simply to shift to a tribe where members of their sex have expected roles more in keeping with their personal preferences, with matters like love and procreation being secondary concerns. The only social construct that remains constant between tribes is that with age comes power—the older a Varki is, the more authority she has in the tribe. The Varki are an inherently conservative people, and new ideas within a tribe are frowned upon—as a result, they are a much more regimented society than one finds in neighboring Linnorm Kingdoms.

Religion among the Varki, as with gender roles, varies from tribe to tribe, although most follow one of three faiths: the teachings of Erastil (these tribes look to clerics for spiritual advice), the wisdom of their ancestors (in such tribes, this wisdom is interpreted by oracles), or a form of animism that sees spirits in all of the animals of the land and sea (these tribes are led by druids). Despite these three methods of worship, to an outsider, the particulars of Varki faith generally seem interchangeable among the tribes. Regardless of the specific beliefs, Varki religion emphasizes balance with the natural world in the context of its usefulness to the Varki lifestyle. Death comes soon to the Varki, who have learned to keep periods of grieving short so as not to compromise the survival of others who depend upon their aid. When a Varki dies, the body is prepared and placed upon an upraised platform or series of poles or stakes, never less than 6 feet off the ground. The body's internal organs and brain are buried separately, burned, or, in times of great need, used as bait to catch food—the Varki believe these organs absorb mortal sin, and that if they are separated from the body, the spirit will not linger to haunt the living.

The Varki get almost all of their nutrition from meat—either the red meat of aurochs and reindeer or that from fish and seals hunted on rivers and shorelines. Many settlements contain small gardens within shelters built on hot springs, but fruit and vegetables are a rare treat, not a staple. The tribes often trade with the Linnorm Kingdoms—the leathers, furs, and food the Varki are so capable of gathering are much in demand in the other



kingdoms, while the metalworking capabilities of their neighbors are a constant draw for Varki trade. Varki scrimshaw and bone carvings are particularly sought after by collectors throughout the Inner Sea region. Some of the fetishes bear powerful magic, however, and the more savvy Ulfen trading groups maintain a sorcerer or adept on retainer who can judge the relative power of the items so they can be sold for a reasonable price.

GAZETTEER

The most dangerous beasts of the Icemark are the predators who feed upon the vast caribou herds—dire wolves, polar bears, and smilodons for the most part. The Varki respect these beasts but do not fear them. Instead, their fear is reserved for the supernatural dangers of the deep Icemark—generally undead, but also the deadly morozkos, living blizzards that periodically shriek down from the Crown of the World during the winter. Other regions deep in the Icemark are shunned by the Varki as well—regions where dangerous monsters like remorhazes, frost worms, and white dragons rule.

Cavern of the Sacred Shapes: The Cavern of the Sacred Shapes was once the centerpiece of Varki sculpture and artwork, but several generations ago, the cavern was seized by a race of wolflike humanoids known as adlets that swept down through the Stormspear Mountains to wage war on the Varki. The reason these savage monsters assaulted the Cavern of the Sacred Shapes remains unclear to the Varki, for the adlets have not sought to expand their territory in the years since. Now and then, a well-meaning group of adventurous Varki attempts to infiltrate the ancient cavern, but these attempts generally end in ruin for the hopeful liberators—the adlets do so love the taste of human flesh. Survivors have reported, however, that the adlets seem strangely reverent of the old Varki cave paintings and murals that decorate the caverns, giving rise to rumors in recent years that the adlets are in fact a cursed branch of ancient Varki and have come south from a forgotten exile to the Crown of the World to reclaim their birthright.

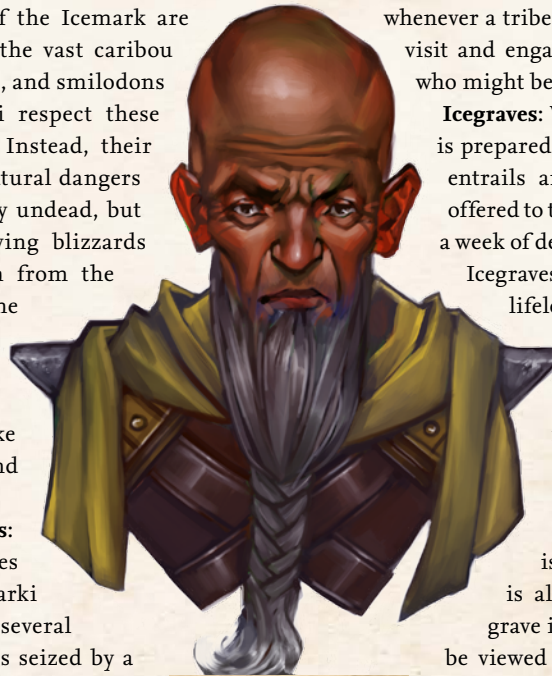
Elfmeet: The Crown of the World is not the empty, uncivilized land that many southerners believe it to be—many indigenous tribes of humanoids dwell on this vast northern continent. Chief among these people are the Snowcasters, a loosely associated culture of elves who have lived on the Crown for as long as even they can

remember. The Snowcasters keep no settlements this far south, yet they often trade with the Varki nonetheless. The Snowcasters are particularly fond of Varki scrimshaw, and often trade potent magical supplies and items for well-crafted Varki art. When the Snowcasters do visit Icemark, they generally travel along a coastal route to avoid the dangers of the inner Stormspears. They traditionally set up camp at a double ring of standing stones overlooking the sea. This location is known as Elfmeet—the Varki do not treat this site as one of their own villages, but whenever a tribe comes close, they make a point to visit and engage in trade with any Snowcasters who might be present.

Icegraves: When a Varki leader dies, his body is prepared for burial like any other (with the entrails and brain removed and the body offered to the sky upon a platform), but within a week of death, all leaders must be brought to Icegraves for final rest. This region is a flat, lifeless plain of ice and rock where the funeral procession uses fire to melt a grave in the ice. It is into this ice that the leader's body is lowered, dressed in finery and surrounded by various trinkets and worked goods that the clan can spare for eternal glory. The grave is then filled with water, which is allowed to refreeze, leaving an icy grave in which the leader's body can still be viewed and paid last respects. Explorers who come across Icegraves are confronted with hundreds of unexpected faces peering out from icy graves, which are especially disconcerting to grave robbers chiseling through the ice in search of valuable grave goods.

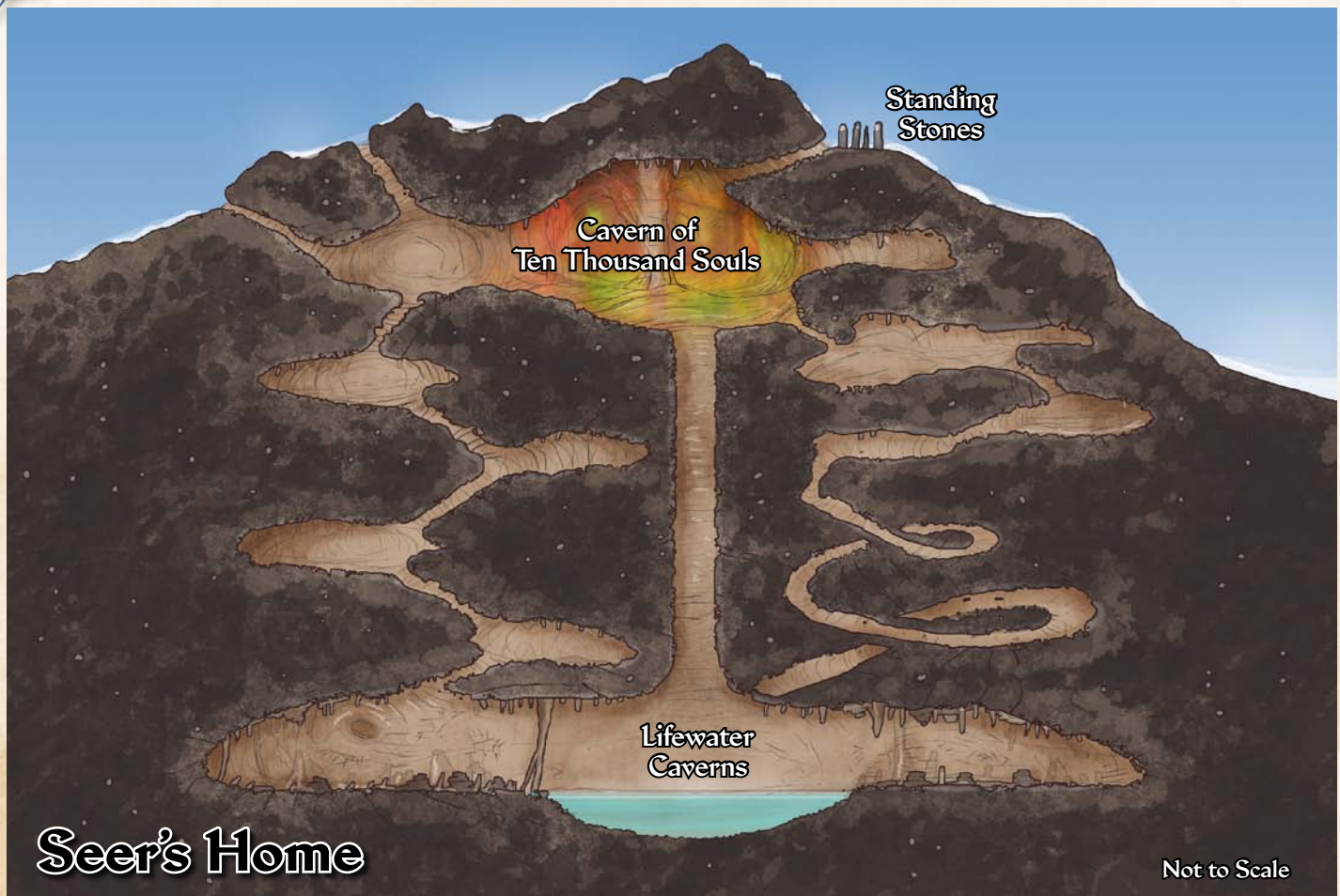
Iceworm Hills: These rugged, frozen hills are home to remarkably large numbers of both remorhazes and frost worms. Both creatures are so dangerous that the Varki only come to hunt them once in a generation—often as part of coming-of-age rituals, in which young hunters must prove their worth by banding together to take down one of these dangerous monsters. The Varki call both species ice worms, but they do not hunt frost worms—the creatures' habit of exploding upon death generally leaves relatively little to scavenge as trophies, whereas remorhaz spines and teeth make excellent subjects for scrimshaw work.

Kalva: This sizable island just south of Icemark is inhabited by a sinister tribe of degenerates, descendants of shipwrecked Ulfen who have adopted a most unseemly tradition of cannibalism. Technically not part of Icemark, this island is often included as part of the region more



Varki Seer





because of Broken Bay's rejection of its inhabitants than for any other reason. Kalva is detailed on page 37.

Moundlands: This shunned realm north of the Whitegold River is well known as the haunt of undead kings and worse. The Varki avoid venturing into this region. The Moundlands are detailed on page 40.

Seer's Home: Seer's Home is not only the largest of the Varki shelters—it's also the only one with a permanent population. When a shaman or other religious figure grows too old to safely travel with the rest of her tribe, the tribe brings its beloved leader here to join the ranks of the Varki Seers—leaders who come together in this large cave to preserve the Varki way in a tribe composed entirely of the elderly. Without the dangers and discomforts of travel, these seers are free to philosophize, create beautiful works of art, or otherwise honor Varki traditions. At any one time, a hundred or so seers can be found here, supported by one of the other Varki tribes. This tribe stays for a month or so before a new tribe arrives to replace it, allowing the previous tribe the freedom to return to a nomadic lifestyle.

Seer's Home itself is built into a great cavern complex complete with hot springs. Rare plants and fungi grow

in the caverns and supplement the seers' diets—the seers claim that these plants grant them extra powers of communication with the ancestors, the animal spirits, and the gods. The lower caverns of Seer's Home are filled with intricate patterns of writings on the wall and stone arrangements on the floors, all part of some notation system known only to the Seers of the shelter.

Dozens of caverns filled with shelters and accessed by leather and bone ladders make up Seer's Home, but two particular chambers deserve special mention. Near the top lies the Cavern of Ten Thousand Souls—a vast chamber whose walls glitter with multicolored crystals said to be the source of all Varki souls. A shaft in the center of this cave drops nearly 300 feet down to the steaming pool of the geothermally-heated Lifewater Caverns—a cavern used as a religious retreat by Varki seers throughout the Icemark.

The Steam Pit: The Steam Pit is an immense and ancient sinkhole, nearly 500 feet in diameter. A dark hole lies at the center of the Steam Pit's base, from which blasts of hot air and clouds of foul-smelling steam waft up. The scent of this air is quite unpleasant, particularly at certain



times of the year, as if whatever lies hidden in the caverns below were following some unknown cycle of repetitive, constant decay. The Varki believe the place to be cursed, and not only because of the foul-smelling air—for the rim of the 30-foot-diameter hole at the sinkhole's center is inscribed with numerous strange markings that mix Abyssal and Aklo runes in nonsensical combinations. The Varki have erected dozens of rock cairns topped with bear skulls around the Steam Pit's perimeter to warn intruders to steer clear of the place, but now and then eager adventurers or explorers enter the mysterious depths, never to be seen again.

Valley of the Birthing Death: Nestled in the Stormspear Foothills, far from traditional Varki hunting grounds, lies a legendary site. Appearing almost as if a massive sword strike had chipped a gash into the side of the mountains, the red walls of this narrow canyon lead many miles into the range, forming a valley of perpetual twilight where the light of the sun rarely reaches to the floor. Those who explore the strange valley often become afflicted by the curse known to the Varki as the Birthing Death—a curse that manifests as accelerated reversed-aging, with those stricken quickly forgetting all of their skills and experiences as they un-age into a second childhood and eventually vanish altogether as if they had never been born. The walls of the Valley of the Birthing Death are decorated with unnaturally elongated humanoid figures from an unknown ancient source, but the cause of the Birthing Death itself is unknown. Those who have attempted to study it in hopes of discovering a way to control the aging process invariably succumb to the Birthing Death themselves, for the knowledge of how to study and understand such complex magical afflictions is invariably among the first to go in a victim's mind.

Windhome: The Varki are primarily a coastal society and depend heavily upon the bounty of the sea, and as such they keep no significant villages within the vast expanse of empty land they call Windhome. The Varki believe that this extensive tundra is the source of all ill winds, and to an extent they might be right, for the deeper one travels into this barren land, the more it seems a frozen desert of rock and lichen. The land offers little in the way of shelter from topography or forest, so the winds that tear through this inhospitable region can be frightening indeed—all the more so when one realizes that the winds, more often than not, are supernatural in nature, for the deepest, most remote regions of Windhome are the domain of several wendigos. The Varki know of these dangerous monsters, yet they never speak aloud of the creatures for fear that they might be heard.

Windhome is often used as a place to exile criminals or other undesirables. The exile is typically bound hand and foot and then carried one day's hard ride into the barren interior before being deposited amid the windswept, lichen-encrusted stones and gravel—any who manage the daunting task of walking back out of Windhome are considered by the Varki to be absolved of their crimes, for certainly only those deserving of protection from the gods can make such a dangerous journey without falling victim to the winds that walk.



Adlet

IRONBOUND ISLANDS

Isles of Future Opportunity and Ancient Danger

Alignment: CN

Capital: Halgrim (26,340)

Notable Settlements: Averaka (1,780), Frembrudd (1,230)

Ruler: White Estrid (CN female Ulfen barbarian 15)

Major Races: Dwarves, giants, half-orcs, humans (Ulfen)

Languages: Dwarf, Giant, Orc, Skald

Religion: Desna, Gorum, Torag, giant deities

Resources: Ambergris, iron, mercenaries, rope, ships, slaves, weapons, whale oil

The Ironbound Archipelago consists of 13 major islands and dozens of smaller ones, and stretches all the way south to the infamous Mordant Spire. Over the years, the Linnorm Kingdoms have ruled a variable number of these islands, but they've never ruled them all. Currently, this kingdom consists of the islands of Antler Rock, Battleground, Dragon's Rib, and Flintyreach, along with the many smaller uninhabited rocks that dot the waters surrounding these isles. These islands are watched over by White Estrid, the only Linnorm King to date who claimed her defeated linnorm as a living ally rather than a slaughtered trophy. Under her rule, the so-called Ironbound Islands have become more fully integrated with the southern lands than any other Linnorm Kingdom.

SOCIETY

Whereas Broken Bay represents the Linnorm Kingdom's history of violence attempting to reassert itself, the Ironbound Islands look to a future where the Linnorm Kingdoms coexist in, perhaps, a more peaceful way with other nations of the Inner Sea region. White Estrid is an unconventional leader in many ways, and she is eager to take her kingdom in new directions while at the same time honoring the traditions of her ancestors—a feat of balance that, to date, she's managed admirably. While on the surface Halgrim's propensity for war and raiding may seem no different than that of the raiders of Broken Bay or the Thanelands, raiders of the Ironbound Islands target only nations and sites that “deserve” raiding—as far as White Estrid judges. They ignore peaceful ports and nations, and of late have specifically marked the coastal cities of Nidal as targets for their wrath.

While many raiders in other Linnorm Kingdoms see this as a weakness, the Ulfen of the Ironbound Islands are anything but feeble. In their constantly improving ship designs, their acceptance of an unusual king and her linnorm pet, and their welcoming of half-orcs and other “misfits,” the Ironbound Ulfen continue to innovate rather than follow. Halgrim is more cosmopolitan even than Kalsgard, a city three times its size. The islands are much closer to the great cities and new ideas of the South, and are primed by White Estrid to see those new ideas as useful tools and ways to get ahead, rather than as contaminants to avoid. While Halgrim's shipyards are smaller than either Kalsgard's or Bildt's, they focus on newer ship designs, including those that utilize triangular sails rather than the traditional square sails of Ulfen longboats. They also produce new deep-draft raiders that can take more sail without capsizing, at the cost of needing deeper harbors to put in at (an abundant resource in the steep-shored Ironbound Isles).

Ulfen are not the only inhabitants of the Ironbound Isles—here, more so than in any other Linnorm Kingdom, other races are accepted and encouraged to take part in the regional lifestyle. Dwarves and half-orcs are by far the most common, but it's not unusual to see other humanoids in Ironbound Isles settlements. That half-orcs are tolerated to an extent unseen elsewhere in Avistan speaks perhaps to the isle's tolerance more than anything else, and a slow and steady influx has resulted—the docks of Halgrim are awash with half-orcs eager to serve as longshoremen, and Flintyreach's interior is gradually being turned to productive uses by half-orcs who want to own and work land, an opportunity not generally available to them elsewhere. White Estrid encourages this immigration of dwarves, half-orcs, and others from across the Ulfen lands and beyond, gleaned inspiration from their strange customs and ideas and getting a larger labor force out of the bargain.

White Estrid is, of course, a nontraditional king, less so for being a woman (though she is the first female Linnorm King in the lands' history) than for defeating a linnorm without slaying it. She is also the first Ulfen king since the Winter War to openly encourage the use of magic among her advisors and allies—she doesn't see magic as a crutch used by those who lack the physical strength to be raiders. Further, rather than relying on her reputation as an iconoclastic monarch, White Estrid has occasionally played against her reputed strengths, leading a traditionally Ulfen and highly successful raid on Nisroch, the capital of shadowy Nidal. Though some outsiders question her unique path to becoming a Linnorm King, many of her subjects consider her to be the ideal king, and see her as a candidate for High King if the need for Ulfen unity arises and Sveinn Blood-Eagle has already departed.



GAZETTEER

The waters that surround the Ironbound Isles are rife with sea monsters, from dire sharks and giant cephalopods to fjord linnorms and sea serpents. Some Ulfen ships, eschewing traditional fishing, hunt these great beasts for sport, exotic meat, and bounties set by White Estrid, who hopes to make these waters safer for travel and thus encourage trade between the isles and the southern nations. Battlewall has enough of a population that dangerous creatures are confined to the central mountains, which host various monstrous humanoids and magical beasts. Flintyreach is more sparsely populated and consequently has more wild areas for monsters to roam. Dire wolf packs inhabit the interior, and a dwindling population of giants makes raids from the heights. The influx of dwarves and half-orcs, however, has pushed back these monsters into a smaller and smaller area.

Antler Rock: This uncivilized isle is a steep collection of tors rising out of the sea with little in the way of flat land anywhere to be found. Below, the rock is riddled with caverns, some of which are said to connect to the Darklands. Troglodytes, dark folk, and even small groups of duergar dwell in these tunnels along with a large number of dangerous monsters. Above, the rocky heights are home to strange and dangerous flying beasts such as griffons, pegasi, and wyverns. These tors are relatively barren save for a hardy species of pine tree whose twisted branches and gray-green needles protrude from the steep slopes almost like the antlers of a thousand great stags. Overall, Antler Rock island is seen as incredibly dangerous—a reputation that often lures adventurers and young Ulfen warriors eager to test their mettle or prove their might.

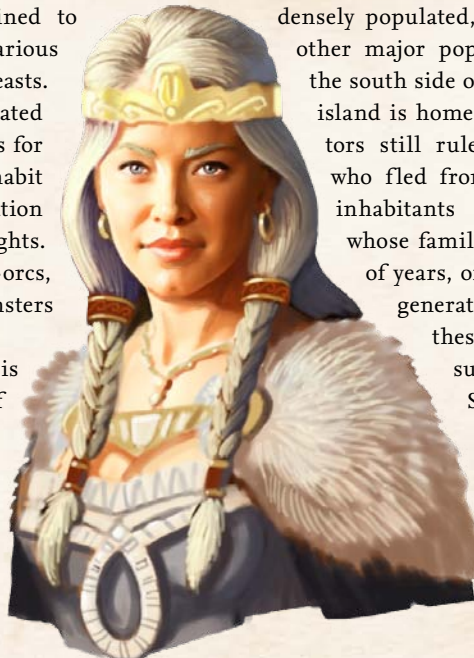
Averaka: Averaka sports a few human and dwarven inhabitants, but the Flintyreach settlement was originally founded by a small group of forward-thinking half-orcs. It remains a sanctuary for their kind to this day. The half-orcs of Averaka have an almost religious attitude toward making a space in the world for half-orcs to live unmolested, and they are at the forefront of the effort to clear the isle of Flintyreach for habitation and fight off the giants who still hold sway over several of the isle's inland peaks. Half-orcs from across Avistan have made Averaka their home, and the number of languages spoken and customs observed by its residents makes it as cosmopolitan as many major cities. While these half-orcs

eschew the more violent and destructive traditions of their orc heritage, they are far from a peaceful and sedentary lot. Indeed, their raiders rank among the Ironbound Isles' most ferocious citizens.

Battlewall: Battlewall is the most populous island in the Ironbound Isles, named for the upthrust heights that line the island, giving its shores the feeling of vast ramparts rising from the sea. The island is home to the best farmland in the region, and the flat areas are densely populated, especially around Halgrim. The other major population center is Frembrudd on the south side of the island, while the heart of the island is home to forbidding mountains, rugged tors still ruled by the descendants of giants who fled from Old Cyrusian long ago. Rural inhabitants of Battlewall are mostly Ulfen whose families have been there for thousands of years, often inhabiting the same farm for generations. Unlike residents of Halgrim, these folk are much more likely to be suspicious of change and outsiders. Still, they respect and honor their newest king, for White Estrid has not ignored their needs. Frequent patrols from Halgrim keep the isle's lowlands relatively free from the threat of giants and other monsters that dwell in the higher reaches.

Black Tarn: Perhaps the most infamous site in the Ironbound Isles is the Black Tarn, a mysterious mountain lake located on Dragon's Rib. Black Tarn is detailed further on page 35.

Devil's Drain: The most dangerous navigational oddity of the region is a strange and violent convergence of oceanic currents called Devil's Drain. This perpetual vortex sits astride the straits between Dragon's Rib and the mainland, but there is room on either side for a careful ship to pass by safely—if Desna smiles. If Desna frowns, the Drain offers a quick spiral down to the bottom of the strait. While the passage is quite risky, it reduces the length of certain journeys, and thus is occasionally attempted by captains who need to get to northern Varisia fast. Of course, the dangerous sea creatures that dwell in the region further complicate the passage. Monsters like dragon turtles, fjord linnorms, scyllas, and at times even krakens dwell in the waters surrounding the region, and often use their powers to drive ships that would otherwise be safe into the Drain so that they can dine on the victims of the resulting wrecks. The Drain itself seems to be a natural occurrence, despite its unusual appearance—but brave adventurers exploring the deep have discovered a



White Estrid

PATHFINDER CAMPAIGN SETTING: LANDS OF THE LINNORM KINGS



number of strange, deep rifts in the sea floor, the extent and depth of which is unknown.

Dragon's Rib: Dragon's Rib is an unsettled island of rugged hills and tors covered by a dense pine forest. Swamps run between the hills, particularly within the bowl-shaped valleys that span the isle's interior. The most infamous of these valleys contains the Black Tarn, but numerous other lakes and bogs provide plenty of places for monsters to hide here. Strange fey creatures are common in the woodlands here, while extensive caverns below the island are the domain of vegepygmies, mites, and dangerous vermin.

Flintyreach: Flintyreach is a sparsely populated rocky island, home to Averaka and several small dwarven villages. Without exception, these settlements are coastal, for the interior of Flintyreach remains a dangerous realm ruled by hill giants, ettins, and even a few trolls. Most residents make their livings fishing or farming the rocky soil, but dwarves may also be found working the several small iron mines along the southern coastlines. Farms, villages, and mines are all heavily fortified against the giants that sometimes raid these coastal sites, although

increasing patrols by the half-orcs of Flintyreach finally seem to be making headway at limiting such attacks.

Frembrudd: The town of Frembrudd translates into either Rocky Outcropping or Iron Mount, depending on where the emphasis is placed in the word—and the town certainly features elements of both meanings. Frembrudd perches high on the southern cliffs of Battlewall, where a deep inlet allows fishing boats and whaling ships alike to offload their catches. A series of hoists operated by thralls toiling at immense winches allow goods and people to be swiftly transported up and down the cliff sides between the harbor below and the town above. Frembrudd's immediate hinterlands feature numerous iron mines and a series of smithies that specialize in shipboard metal goods—many passing captains will send a boat into Frembrudd's harbor to take possession of a prearranged bit of nautical finery, hoisting the lifts up laden with payment, whether plunder or the fruit of honest trade.

Halgrim: Halgrim is the second-largest city in the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, twice as large as Trollheim, though falling a distant second to Kalsgard. The city



engulfs the inland edge of the best harbor on the island, and is cradled on the seaward side by the island's steep coastal heights and surrounded by fertile farmland. The two forks of the Rustflow River meet in the middle of the city, forming a deep waterway that sees heavy traffic. The city has stood for thousands of years but has grown sharply in the last decade, with whole neighborhoods springing up at the edge of town to accommodate new arrivals eager to join the forward-thinking kingdom. Arable land is precious, however, and carpenters must often pack new houses and structures tightly together in order to preserve what little farmland remains. Several of White Estrid's critics point to Halgrim's dogged protection of its farmland as another indication of how her abandoning of traditions is hurting her kingdom's growth, "For wouldn't a proper Linnorm King raid softer nations for food rather than grow it herself?"

Halgrim is home to seven bridges spanning the Rustflow and the ancient moat that separates Castle Island from the rest of the city. A persistent rumor says that anyone who walks a circuit through the city by crossing every bridge once without crossing any of them twice and without circumventing the river in any other way will be made White Estrid's chief minister. Thus far, no one has managed the feat, though it is common to see an ambitious second son walking purposefully between bridges or a group of warriors in a mead hall poring over a city map.

Orcmoot: The racial solidarity of the Flintyreach half-orcs is seen at its most grand at Orcmoot. The land surrounding this crescent-shaped cove has been stripped of trees, whose trunks were then carved to make a series of benches rising around a central platform on the rocky beach. Here, the island's half-orcs hold an annual congress to discuss the future of the race and policies they can use to advance themselves. Thus far, Orcmoot has been good for little but inspiration, but its builders and organizers have high hopes for the future.

Three Hags Rock: Rising bleakly from choppy seas to the southeast of Battlewall is the stark island known as Three Hags Rock. Unlike the other isles of the region, this sizable isle features little in the way of vegetation—its rocky interior has precious little topsoil, and what grows here must be tenacious and resourceful. Seen from the sea or the eastern shores of Battlewall, Three Hags Rock appears to be a barren island on which three hideous crags stretch to the sky—the so-called "Three Hags." Legend holds that these three mountains are in fact the burial mounds of three particularly powerful annis hags who once dwelled upon the island. So hideous, it is said, were their appearances that when they died, Desna herself came down to Golarion and raised a tor over each of the hags' tombs in order to hide their bodies from the

world. Very little lives on Three Hags Rock, although the higher reaches of the three crags are often used by rocs as nesting aeries. These great birds hunt the surrounding waters for prey, affording them the luxury of dwelling on such a barren, desolate isle. Rumors of sea hags and other creatures dwelling in caves along the isle's shore are unconfirmed—but their persistence suggests they are likely to be true.

Thunderhold: While most of the giants who dwell in the interior of Flintyreach are solitary creatures, those who dwell in the fortress known as Thunderhold number over a hundred. These hill giants, ettins, and trolls all look to their unusually charismatic leader, the hill giant Gorgnak, for advice and support in their lowland raids.



Half-Orc of Averaka

southmoor

Fractious Southern Fringes

Alignment: CN

Capital: Jol (9,500)

Notable Settlements: Solskinn (980), Tomgruv (1,400)

Ruler: Opir Eightfingers (CN male Ulfen barbarian 13)

Major Races: Dwarves, giants, humans (Ulfen), trolls

Languages: Dwarf, Giant, Skald

Religion: Gorum, Torag, Urxhel, giant deities

Resources: Copper, furs, leather goods, lumber, mercenaries

Once known as Old Cyrusian, Southmoor was at one time ruled by the descendants of giants who survived the fall of Thassilon. The giants dwelled in this region for many generations, and were often the targets of glory-seeking raiders or would-be Ulfen warlords. Under Queen Ledamaru's rule in -450 AR, however, the giants marched north and launched what is recalled in tales today as the Giantkin War. The war was originally conceived as a retaliation against Ulfen aggression, but Queen Ledamaru's brutality knew no bounds. She and her armies eventually laid siege to Kalsgard, and it was only at this point that the Linnorm Kingdoms all decided it was time to fight back. Under the rule of King Ulvass, the Ulfen fought the giants back into Old Cyrusian, forcing Queen Ledamaru to fall back on a devastating Thassilonian weapon that destroyed her capital city of Torandey, along with both warring armies. By -440 AR, the last major giant tribes had been driven from the region, forced to seek shelter in the Kodar Mountains or across the waters in the Ironbound Isles. For many more generations, these lands remained a backwater claimed by dozens of bickering barbarian tribes. It wasn't until 1102 that King Eskir Honeytongue established the kingdom of Southmoor and claimed the ruins of Torandey as his capital. He renamed the city Jol, but the region's legacy of war and savagery remained to this very day.

society

Despite its relatively large size, Southmoor is the least of the Linnorm Kingdoms, lacking organization, population, reputation, and resources. The coastline is ragged, with few natural harbors and hundreds of miles of desolate moors and boglands that hold precious little in the way of natural resources, while the wilds are haunted by lawless barbarian tribes, trolls, giants, and worse. It doesn't get any better once one approaches the "civilized" center where the capital city Jol sits on the southern border

of Grungir Forest. The city of Jol is the largest settlement in the kingdom, a ramshackle and disorganized mess of a town run by a Linnorm King who is as much scavenger as warrior. Opir Eightfingers is only the latest of several Linnorm Kings named for anatomical anomalies.

While Opir Eightfingers has successfully claimed the title of Linnorm King of Southmoor, many question his right to rule, for the severed head he returned to the city with was already quite decayed. While the suspicion is that Opir merely chanced upon a dead linnorm and scavenged its head to claim his title, he has summarily defeated all those who challenged his right to rule. For now, Eightfingers remains king of Southmoor. The head of the linnorm he supposedly killed was too far gone by the time of his return for proper preservation, so today, only the linnorm's skull hangs above his throne.

Despite the fact that he's quite adept at defending his personal honor, Opir's rule has been one of constant setbacks and upheaval. With constantly shifting periods of depressed indolence and frenzied attempts to better the region and increase his hold on power, King Eightfingers is almost as good at accidentally undermining his successes as he is at bravado and posturing. Jol bears the mark of Opir's attempts at greatness more than any other site, such as the Grand Arena originally constructed to make Jol a gladiatorial destination, but which in fact never hosted a single bloodsport after a final attempt to expand its understructure resulted in a partial collapse of the arena's western side. Opir's most visible achievement is a 60-foot-tall copper-plated statue of himself that graces the market square and bears a plaque that reads, "Opir the Compassionate." The statue depicts King Eightfingers handing coins out to a grateful peasantry, but not a month passes without some form of vandalism requiring increasingly expensive repairs.

Opir holds onto power by dint of scheming and playing various factions off each other, and with a healthy dose of intimidation. He dreams of becoming powerful enough to challenge Sveinn Blood-Eagle for dominance across the whole Ulfen region, but first he will have to convince his own people that he's more than an opportunist and a self-aggrandizing bully.

In theory, King Eightfingers rules Jol and all the lands south of Grungir Forest. In reality, his hold extends as far as he can reach at any given time. Generally, Opir's rule extends to Jol and the two largest (and closest) Southmoor towns, Tomgruv and Solskinn. At his strongest, he's able to make major decisions that affect these smaller freeholds, but anytime he looks the other way, the leaders of these smaller settlements are quick to exert their own authority. Trade along a few partially patrolled roads gives Southmoor its one real advantage, but as important as land trade with Varisia may be, the fact that Eightfingers has done so little



to combat the savage barbarians of the Nolands to the south is just another example of an opportunity lost.

What little respect the citizens of Southmoor do have for Opir Eightfingers derives from his strident disrespect for Sveinn Blood-Eagle and the venom he spews toward Kalsgard. The more prosperous northern territories drive the Southmoor Ulfen mad with envy—the humiliation of losing control of Kopparberget and sliding into backwater status fuels constant low-level rumblings of rebellion against Kalsgard and threats to teach the Thanelands a lesson. Since Jol doesn't send any taxes to Kalsgard, it is unclear what form a rebellion would take, but that doesn't keep local Ulfen from talking about rising up while deep in their drinks.

From a practical standpoint, this attitude means that it can be dangerous for Ulfen from the Thanelands to travel through Southmoor unless they make known their own disrespect for their king and their pampered compatriots to the north. Buying a round of drinks usually seals the deal, though the traveler often has to endure at least a few hours of Kalsgard jokes and japes.

GAZETTEER

Southmoor is one of the least civilized of the Ulfen regions, and much more land lies outside the writ of civilization than lies in it. A small region around Jol is cultivated and relatively safe, but the bogs, hills, and mountains of Southmoor are rife with wild animals and monsters that make travel dangerous for any but organized, well-armed groups.

The greatest dangers of Southmoor are various giants, mostly marsh giants in the lowlands and hill giants around the Kodar Mountains. Ogres and trolls abound as well, and every homestead has walls strong enough to withstand an assault by at least a small group of such monsters. Some linnorms lair in the far reaches of Southmoor, generally deep in the Kodar Mountains or to the east, but they are seen rarely. These dangers are most common to the extreme east and west of Southmoor, leaving the central region relatively civilized. To the east, the giants and dragons and worse are incidentally responsible for guarding the southernmost border between the Linnorm Kingdoms and Irrisen, so in this case in particular the people of the Linnorm Kingdoms are relatively grateful for their presence.

Drillstones: Although the Thassilonian city of Torandey now exists only as scattered vaults deep under Jol, several

other Thassilonian ruins dot the wilds of Southmoor. These ruins range from ancient temples and fortresses to forgotten statues and shrines, but perhaps the most notorious are the towering 60-foot-tall megaliths known as the Drillstones. Just over three dozen of these spire-like stone monoliths rise from the Kodar foothills many miles south of Kopparberget, each of them decorated with strange spiraling gouges almost as if they were immense drills sent up from some secret chamber below. Each stone vibrates slightly to the touch, and on certain nights of the year these vibrations increase to create an unusual and disturbing keening that fills the area and has been known to drive even the doughtiest raider mad.

The exact purpose of these strange stones continues to elude scholars, but a mysterious doorway was recently discovered at the base of one of the Drillstones, leading down to a strange labyrinth inhabited by what appear to be deactivated clockwork constructs. The discovery has led some to believe that the Drillstones themselves are but the upper edges of an immense war machine that has been buried under a mountain.

Jol: Jol is an extremely old city with strong walls and numerous solidly built structures within those walls, each constructed to withstand the

rigors of combat. The city itself is built on a much older city—the ancient ruins of the Thassilonian city of Torandey. While no remnant of that city remains aboveground, deep vaults and strange dungeon holdings deep underground are constantly being discovered as new foundations are dug. In some cases (most famously with the abandoned Grand Arena), breaking into these ancient vaults releases strange monsters or magical afflictions that require the abandonment or destruction of buildings aboveground.

Aside from the main road, which bisects the city and passes right through the castle, the streets and alleys of Jol are narrow and twisted, following little rhyme and less reason. Houses are packed tight together and are usually two stories high, with the second story hanging out over the street. Jol's density leads to sanitation problems, and the town is known for its distinctive smell. Still, as Jol is the safest place in all of Southmoor, its population has swelled over the years, eventually spilling out of the walls in several places on the safer eastern side of town.

Residents of Jol tend to be suspicious but ready to seize the opportunities presented by outsiders, be they possible



Opir Eightfingers



business partners or easy marks. The insular community closes ranks in times of trouble, and a traveler who ends up on the wrong side of a local may soon find the whole town lining up against him. Visitors are well advised to keep to themselves and their own business.

Kopparberget: Kopparberget is the largest mine in the Linnorm Kingdoms, and the site of one of the realm's most heated conflicts. Kopparberget is detailed on page 38.

Nolands: Southmoor shares much of its southern border with Varisia, in a region known to both nations as the Nolands, a desolate, rock-strewn plain. The exact border between Varisia and the Linnorm Kingdoms is vague here, for neither region cares to fully claim the Nolands under its purview. A land of broken hills, stony gullies, and scant vegetation, the Nolands have long been regarded by the Linnorm Kingdoms as a prime dumping ground for exiles and other Ulfen criminals. Those sent to the Nolands are either killed or inducted into one of the area's tribes, violent gangs that function as nomadic raiding parties, killing travelers, animals, and other Nolandians to survive. Many of these tribes consist of cannibals who enjoy feasting on their victims. Newcomers

who are strong or cunning enough can work their way up the brutal tribal hierarchy, though even the strongest and most intelligent will fall eventually—banishment to the Nolands is ultimately a death sentence.

Solskinn: Solskinn is nestled in an idyllic valley, one of the few genuinely pleasant places in Southmoor—but only by day. Over the past several months, a strange curse has settled upon the town of Solskinn. With the setting of the sun each night, strange noises and frightening shrieks drift into town, and within an hour of sunfall, the city streets become plagued by capering shadows and twisting phantoms. Anyone who remains on the streets after dark vanishes without a trace, but those who remain indoors until dawn are never molested. The shadowy spirits do not harm livestock or pets, nor do they damage buildings or steal tools and equipment left untended. King Eightfingers has sent a few patrols to Solskinn in token attempts to help the town, but after the third patrol vanished, the king all but gave up on the town. Strangely, the citizens of Solskinn seem to have come to terms with the frightening nocturnal visitors, and some even claim that since the shadow plague came to town, they've rested



better at night and haven't had problems with sickness, prompting most of the town's citizens to believe that the strange spirits are more beneficial than harmful. Nonetheless, those who remain outdoors after dark are still taken away, never to be heard from again.

Throne of the Troll King: A great stone chair sits atop a high hill near the Kodar Mountains. The Ulfen have always referred to this strange outcropping as the Throne of the Troll King, for legends claim that anyone who sits on the throne overnight at midwinter can command the trolls of Southmoor to obey for a full year, up until the next midwinter's eve. Since the region is rife with trolls, such a boon would grant considerable power—but the trolls themselves guard the throne ferociously, and all who have tried to test the legend have eventually fallen to the combined wrath of dozens of troll tribes just as eager to see the truth of the legend remain unknown.

Tomgruv: On the road between Jol and Kopparberget lies the town of Tomgruv, built around the entrance to an old played-out mine that now serves the town as a redoubt and storage facility. The locals are primarily farmers and herders, though some mine the meager copper veins in the surrounding hills. Tomgruv's residents have to deal with constant infestations of kobolds and other underground pests, but they manage to keep the upper levels of the mine clear for when the town watch spots enemies approaching—raiding trolls find nothing worth stealing and nobody to kidnap outside the heavily fortified mine entrance.

Whiterook: Situated on the border with Irrisen, where monstrous attacks are frequent, the people of Whiterook would have long since been driven from their small village if it weren't for the noted tenacity of their fighters and the magical fence of vines and ancient birches that surrounds the town in a living palisade.

The Wild Moors: One of Southmoor's largest regions, and the land from which the kingdom takes its name, the Wild Moors stretch from the hilly lands south of Jol all the way to the lands west of Grungir Forest. Despite the vast size of these moors, they are empty of human settlements, for the coastline along this region is thick with salt marshes, treacherous reefs, and immense sand bars that stretch for dozens of miles. Further complicating human settlement are the large number of marsh giants that dwell along the coastal reaches—and the lands to either side are hardly safer, with the waters claimed by merrows and scraggs and the increasingly dry but no less bleak moors as one approaches Grungir the province of ogres and will-o'-wisps. The fact that the moor's denizens seem content to bicker and fight

among themselves rather than turn their attentions outward only further encourages the kingdoms of Southmoor and the Thanelands to let the moors lie fallow. However, rumors of previously undiscovered Thassilonian ruins, said to be located both in the tangled swamps and partially buried under sea and sand just off the coast, have been attracting more and more adventurers to the region recently. While several minor ruins have been located so far, the explorers have yet to discover anything of any real significance in the area.

Ysborg: The eastern reaches of Southmoor are essentially wilderness, but they are far from unruled. Here, the trolls of the northern Kodar foothills hold court, led by the so-called Blue Jarl of Ysborg. Rumors hold that Irrisen has been courting Ysborg as an ally, but so far, the denizens of this location have remained independent. This troll steading is detailed further on page 42.



Kopparberget Miner

THANELANDS

Heartland of the Linnorm Kingdoms

Alignment: CN

Capital: Kalsgard (72,080)

Notable Settlements: Asleifar (4,530), Iceferry (890),
Turvik (5,200), Ullerskad (7,830)

Ruler: Sveinn Blood-Eagle (CN male Ulfen barbarian 18)

Major Races: Giants, gnomes, humans (Ulfen, Tians)

Languages: Giant, Gnome, Skald, Tien

Religion: Desna, Erastil, Gorum, Torag

Resources: Ambergris, copper, furs, leather goods,
mercenaries, rope, seafood, ships, ship supplies,
slaves, weapons, whale oil

The largest of the Linnorm Kingdoms is the Thanelands, a realm ruled by the steady hand of Sveinn Blood-Eagle. Sveinn is the eldest and the most powerful of Linnorm Kings, and his subjects regard him as a stern but kindly father figure. He has labored hard during his reign to expand and maintain his realm's influence, greatly increasing trade with the many lands to the south, as well as capitalizing on the trade route to the north over the Crown of the World that links his kingdom to Tian Xia. Sveinn has also "taken under his wing" certain locations that markedly contribute to the prosperity of the Thanelands, including the dwarven copper mines at Kopparberget. King Opir Eightfingers of Jol fiercely contested ownership of the wealth of Kopparberget, but the Thanelands were able to finally wrest control of the mine away via a challenge that pitted Sveinn's champion against Opir's, a defeat that rankles in Jol to this day.

SOCIETY

Many in Kalsgard whisper that Sveinn plans to soon abdicate his throne and make his way across the ocean to the fantastic land of Arcadia, there to enjoy his remaining days in the unearthly paradise of Valenhall. The only thing he awaits is a successor, a hero brazen enough to challenge a linnorm in its lair and return with its head, but also wise enough to rule justly. Over the years, Sveinn has sired over a score of children, but despite his best efforts, none of them have shown the aptitude or the inclination to ascend his throne. The younger thanes and hopefuls at court form alliances and listen for rumors of where to find a linnorm in the hope of becoming the next Linnorm King, or at least one of his close advisors. A long-running joke in Kalsgard ponders which task is

harder—slaying a linnorm, or convincing King Sveinn that you're worthy of his throne?

Beyond Kalsgard, most Thanelands villages can be found either on the coast of the Arcadian Ocean or along the Rimeflow River. The lands around the Rimeflow River and to its south are some of the most fertile in the Linnorm Kingdoms. The winters are harsh, but a more temperate climate during summer grants an adequate growing season. Villages and steadings are fortified, either with a wooden palisade or more often a stone wall, and common folk make sure to be inside well before dark. The Rimeflow River itself provides an abundance of fish, although extremely large and aggressive fish such as carnivorous fang-mouthed trout and giant gars can make fishing a hazardous occupation. Much of the surplus produced by these villages makes its way to Kalsgard to feed the city's enormous population.

Only a few small isolated villages lie in the southern Thanelands near Grungir Forest. Here it's not unusual for a large hirsute logger or trapper to take on the aspect and form of an animal (usually a bear, boar, or wolf) during the full moon. Neighbors see this as the favor of nature spirits rather than a curse. Those few who cannot control their emotions during their change lock themselves away behind portals barred with silver when the moon is waxing full.

GAZETTEER

In the perilous northern portion of the Thanelands, dangerous creatures abound, from large tribes of trolls and giants to the infamous but extremely rare linnorms. Wild predatory animals such as wolves and bears prey on herds of reindeer and aurochs. Less commonly seen but still present are primeval beasts, including cave bears, woolly rhinoceroses, and saber-tooth tigers. A few small herds of mammoths also manage to survive in the harsh, predator-rich environment. In the sparsely wooded hills, nomadic tribes of taiga giants live in peace with nature, avoiding contact with civilization and leaving little sign of their passing, while in the deep north, warmongering tribes of frost giants and their hill giant slaves rule the tundra from their strongholds in the Stormspear Mountains. To the east, foul things from Irrisen sometimes manage to slip through northern Hageach and into the Thanelands; ice trolls are the most common trespassers, but other weird or transfigured beings, such as witchfires, have sometimes been seen dancing across the tundra in the depths of night. The southern reaches of the Thanelands are the most civilized, and here the majority of its people can be found.

Asleifar: Asleifar is a sprawling coastal village whose foremost industry is whaling. Longships ply the waters of the Arcadian Ocean hunting pods of whales. They



harpoon the great marine animals and return to Asleifar with the flensed and dismembered carcasses. Right whales and bowhead whales are the most popular, but larger whaling ships prefer to hunt sperm whales for the precious substances only this breed holds. Whalers avoid certain species, such as blue whales and humpback whales; these animals sink when killed and are therefore unfeasible to harvest.

The docklands of Asleifar are a rough-and-ready neighborhood; dank flophouses, sweaty brothels, and squalid waterside taverns cater to the tough whale hunters, while nearby harbor facilities and dry docks swiftly repair and refit whaling vessels. The rancid smell of Asleifar's processing houses wafts over the town. The workshops boil down blubber into oil, clean and dry whalebones, and extract valuable cetacean substances, such as spermaceti, baleen, and ambergris. Whale meat is plentiful and popular with locals. Recently, rumors have surfaced of a huge dark-gray narwhal aggressively capsizing ships in the deep ocean, and increasingly, ships bearing long, deep furrows in their hulls—gouges as if from an immense narwhal's tusk—have pulled into port with harrowing stories of this creature's aggression. Curiously, whalers from other Linnorm Kingdoms seem not to have any problems at all with this unusual beast.

Gorum's Tankard: This hidden, dark lake lies amid the Stormspear foothills that stretch across the north of the Thanelands. The nearly perfectly circular basin gets its name from the legend that the war god hurled one of his weapons to smite a priest that had blasphemed; it struck the ground and formed the lake even as it obliterated the heretic. The perpetually frozen mere is notoriously difficult to locate. The surrounding hills are nearly identical, with many similar frozen bodies of water nearby. Also, whatever rests at the bottom of the Tankard interferes with compasses and *wayfinders*, making their needles spin endlessly, and disrupts divination and teleportation magic as well.

An ancient saga describes rough directions to Gorum's Tankard. In this epic tale, a hero named Bjorlan swims to the center of the lake to retrieve the god's weapon (what the weapon is seems to vary from telling to telling). Bjorlan uses the blade to subdue a dragon and defeat his arch-nemesis, the dragon witch Aservalg, then returns the weapon to the gods. Unfortunately, the saga is written in

an archaic form of Skald in oblique and stilted narrative prose, making the directions to the Tankard somewhat vague and difficult to interpret.

An order of dwarven druids guards the site, and heroes who wish to approach the Tankard must complete a series of trials to prove their worthiness. The region around the lake is subarctic, with temperatures well below freezing nearly all year round. Only in midsummer does the ice become thin enough for sledgehammers to break through it, and even then, the water below is still numbingly cold. While there are certainly valuable skymetal ores underneath Gorum's Tankard, something dreadful lurks in the lightless, frigid ooze at the bottom of the lake; the last two divers to attempt the lake's depths never resurfaced.

Ice Spire: In the far northwest of the Thanelands, close to the foothills of the Stormspear Mountains, stands a broken spire that must have once stretched far into the chill arctic sky, but now only rises forlornly to a splintered spike merely a dozen yards above the icy plain. However, the spire's secrets remain buried deep underground.

This site is detailed further on page 37.

Iceferry: On the northern bank of the Rimeflow River, opposite Kalsgard, sits the smaller town of Iceferry. It exists to give the numerous ferries crossing the Rimeflow somewhere to land. A large number of gnomes live in Iceferry, among them many expert navigators who operate ferry services and enjoy meeting interesting travelers. Iceferry gnomes hold an annual mock "Linnorm Hunt" festival in Kalsgard, an all-day event in which children search for gnomes dressed in an elaborate linnorm costume.

Kalsgard: The first and oldest settlement in the Linnorm Kingdoms, it's also the largest by far—nearly three times the size of the next largest Linnorm Kingdom in terms of population. The city is a cosmopolitan mix of native Ulfen, Tians, dwarves, gnomes, and traders from the south. Unlike many other parts of the Linnorm Kingdoms, Kalsgard locals are generally open and welcoming to non-Ulfen visitors. A significant Tian population resides in an area called the Jade Quarter along Kalsgard's waterfront. The city's shipyards turn out dozens of the finest longships built in the Linnorm Kingdoms each year. Kalsgard is described in more detail in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #50.



Sveinn Blood-Eagle

PATHFINDER CAMPAIGN SETTING: LANDS OF THE LINNORM KINGS



Monolith Glacier: Located in the upper foothills of the Stormspear Mountains, this massive wall of ice slowly inches its way south year by year. The glacier's strangely symmetrical, oblong shape has puzzled those explorers who ventured near it. A group of brave souls who once climbed the glacier's treacherous icy slopes reported catching a brief glimpse of a fortress carried along deep inside the ice before a fierce blizzard blew up out of nowhere and almost froze them to death. Many crevasses and icy tunnels lead into the depths of the glacier, but these are incredibly dangerous, most having been burrowed out by remorhazes that lair inside the glacier. Unbeknownst to all, the glacier itself is a sentient elemental of prodigious size, a guardian for the structure locked inside it. The immense icy being can speak, although only extremely slowly and in a language of grinding creaks and rasping scrapes. If communication can be established with it, the being might allow access to the strange structure it carries within its body, but only in exchange for removing some of the remorhazes that annoyingly itch its innards.

Path of Aganhei: First mapped in 1,300 by the Tian explorer Amatatsu Aganhei, this trade route between

Avistan and Tian Xia has only relatively recently grown into an important connection between the two continents. The Path begins at Kalsgard, leading north from the city and cutting a swath through the central tundra of the Thanelands. Along this route, civilization retains its hold on the wilds, with many small villages dotting the way. Landlocked and far from major rivers, these villages depend entirely upon trade to survive. The path eventually reaches the fortified town of Turvik, then it leads directly north through the Stormspear Hills and across a thousand miles of unsettled wilderness before reaching the Crown of the World. From here onward, the remaining several thousand miles increasingly require the assistance of experienced Aganhei guides. Most of these guides are kept as retainers by one of many mercantile guilds, and as such, finding a guide free to hire can be a difficult task—particularly in the off season during the long winters.

Sunstone Cliffs: A valuable and unusual type of gemstone deposit lies embedded in a series of flint and sandstone cliffs in the far east of the Thanelands. Named Thrain sunstones after the prospecting explorer who



discovered them, the gemstones found here glow with a warm, natural yellow light, and the subtle differences in the way light scatters from the stones allow the knowledgeable to determine which direction is north. Small, inferior stones glimmer like small candles, while larger, high-quality stones glow with the bright radiance of a well-made lantern. Jewelry set with Thrain sunstones fetches a high price in marketplaces all over the Inner Sea. Even badly chipped or cracked stones are valuable to those in need of a waterproof light source. The region, however, is a hunting ground for a large group of trolls, including a significant number of rock trolls that seem inexplicably drawn to the area. Those who wish to dig for sunstones are advised to be extremely stealthy and not to tarry, especially at nighttime when rock trolls stalk the cliffs. Thrain himself was certainly not immune to this threat, for he was killed and eaten by trolls on his return trip to the cliffs.

Turvik: This fortified town is the northernmost outpost of civilization in the Thanelands. It's the final respite for those hoping to travel north over the frozen arctic wastes of the Crown of the World to the continent of Tian Xia. The desolate place is a fortress, built and reinforced by generations of Linnorm Kings. Set atop a small rise, its upper towers overlook the flat, lifeless tundra that stretches to the horizon every direction. The garrison is made up of the dishonored sent here as a punishment, and those seeking to forget and escape their past. In the dark of winter when the cold, howling wind whistles endlessly through the battlements, many in Turvik turn heavily to drink. A considerable proportion of the supplies sent to Turvik are alcoholic in nature. A few Tians have remained in Turvik after their journeys, the most noticeable being the Marasawa family, who work as translators teaching the languages of both Tian Xia and Avistan to travelers.

Ullerskad: Set in the heart of the Thanelands on the Rimeflow, Ullerskad is a hub of trade for the kingdom. Lumber, grain, livestock, and many other goods pass through the town on their way downstream, and some of the richest Ulfen merchants live here. Huscarls of the Ulfen Guard, who protect the Emperor of Taldor, often retire to Ullerskad. Numerous hunting lodges are found in the forests nearby, and hunting wild boar and other animals is a popular sporting pastime. Some small problems with wolves preying on farmers' flocks periodically arise, but monstrous dangers are a rarity in Ullerskad. The town is the site of a large, gold-adorned temple to Gorum. A small grove of trees stands besides the temple, each tree hung with the cadavers of sacrifices; the bodies of hounds

and horses hang alongside the corpses of enemies who fell to the warriors of Ullerskad in combat. At the center of the grove grows a massive yew tree whose far-spreading branches remain green in both summer and winter. Beside the tree lies the source of a sacred stream where priests hold a great sacrificial ceremony during the spring equinox.

Zar Kragnaral: Many giant fortresses can be found among the Stormspear Mountains, but none have the reputation of great Zar Kragnaral, the legendary black basalt and blue ice fortress of the so-called Deathless Jarl. This immense fortress is presented in greater detail on page 43.



Aganhei Scout



THE PROVING GROUNDS

"I TELL YOU THIS, ADVENTURER—FORGE YOUR OWN DESTINY OR YOU WILL LIVE IN ANOTHER'S SHADOW FOR ALL TIME. HIGH CUNNING OR LOW, IMAGINATION AND DESIRE MUST BE YOUR DESTINY'S GUIDES. I BRAVED THE ICY WILDS OF THESE LANDS TO GAIN THE FAVOR ITS PEOPLE. I CHOSE NOT TO SLAY BUT TO CONQUER BOILTONGUE. I PLAYED A GAME OF WITS WITH MY LIFE AT STAKE AND GAINED MYSELF A LINNORM AS A PET. I HAVE PROVEN MIGHTY, AND SO COUNTLESS OTHERS, NOW DEAD, HAVE TRIED TO FOLLOW IN MY FOOTSTEPS... BUT THEY FORGET THAT THE MIND IS A WEAPON MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY YOU MIGHT CARRY IN YOUR HAND."

—WHITE ESTRID, RULER OF HALGRIM

In a land where one who aspires to be king must slay a linnorm in order to earn the right to rule, it should come as no surprise that any who would seek recognition and fame must be brave and daring. Fortunately for the Linnorm Kingdoms' would-be heroes, there is no shortage of adventures providing opportunities to prove oneself to the world.

ADVENTURE SITES AND EVENTS

This chapter details several different adventure sites where a band of adventurers can take part in events to show the world their power and skill. Each entry begins with a short stat block that summarizes the site's or event's location, its master (the creature or organization that rules the site or figures as the event's primary antagonist), and its notable inhabitants (the most common types of foe one can expect to encounter in the adventure site or at the event).

Black Tarn

Lair of the Fey Enchantress

Location: Dragon's Rib in the Ironbound Isles

Master: Valdis (CE female rusalka witch 9)

Notable Inhabitants: Aquatic vargouilles, draugr, mohrgs, scrag, skeletal champions, spectres, water orms

High in the mountains on the isle of Dragon's Rib, the murky waters of Black Tarn lap at bleak beaches of barren gray shingle. The lake is placid and still; no ripples mar its dark surface, and no matter how cold the winters may get, the tarn never seems to freeze. No animals brave these lifeless shores, but monstrous aberrant fish, strange aquatic vargouilles, draconic horrors, and worse prowl the lake's icy depths.

Tales of a mighty troll-king beneath the lake are probably exaggerations of the scrag who inhabit shallow, flooded caves along the shore, while legends of a fearsome linnorm are likely the result of sightings of the ancient water orm known as Blackfin who prowls the tarn's icy depths. But the frigid, waterlogged caverns far beneath the lakebed hold the greatest danger by far—the beautiful fey enchantress Valdis (also known as Arnlaugr's Bane), a rusalka (see *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3*) witch who rules Dragon's Rib from the dark mountain lake.

Most common knowledge of Black Tarn comes from the tales of Arnlaugr the Fearless, an Ulfen hero who made a name for himself as a slayer of dangerous beasts and legendary monsters throughout the Lands of the Linnorm Kings. In his final and most famous escapade, Arnlaugr went to slay the monster beneath the lake—though the exact nature of this epic foe differs from legend to legend. What is known, however, is that Arnlaugr never returned from his foray beneath the waters of Black Tarn, dying a hero's death on the remote island.

In fact, Arnlaugr still lives beneath the lake, after a fashion, though few would recognize him now. Weakened from battles with the tarn's guardians, Arnlaugr was slain by Valdis and rose again as a draugr captain. The fallen hero swore undying devotion to his new mistress, and Arnlaugr now sits beside Valdis as her undead consort.

But Valdis and Arnlaugr are not the only inhabitants of the sunken caverns beneath the lake. Many would-be heroes and adventurers both preceded and followed Arnlaugr to Black Tarn, and they too fell victim to Valdis's fey charms or the ravenous jaws of the tarn's more monstrous denizens. When the evil witch grew tired of those playthings she decided to keep alive, she murdered them and reanimated their corpses as eternal companions and guardians. Now skeletons, zombies, draugr, mohrgs, and worse prowl the chill caverns, and Arnlaugr himself leads a chosen band of skeletal champions against intruders into his mistress's domain.

Should these guardians be overcome, the riches of Black Tarn would be free for the taking, and over the years, Valdis has amassed quite a trove. The most famous of these treasures are Arnlaugr's legendary linnorm-scale armor and magical sword *Rixbrand* (see page 51), but the caverns beneath the dark lake hold wealth that would rival a dragon's hoard—silver and gold, amber and furs, weapons and armor, gems and jewels beyond counting. Some legends even speak of a vault that contains a mighty longship, its hold filled with riches, that can sail across the sky as easily as it does across the waves, its oars beating against wind or water without the need of stout vikings to pull them. Then again, these could simply be tales meant to lure more foolhardy adventurers to their deaths beneath the lake's deceptively placid waters.

Hunting a Linnorm

The Quest for Kingship

Location: Anywhere (event)

Master: A PC or NPC of 15th level or higher

Notable Inhabitants: fey, one ice linnorm, a party of retainers, various creatures of the mountain

There are always opportunities for a new king in the Linnorm Kingdoms, whether that new ruler claims a region currently without a king, takes over an existing kingdom, or carves out a new kingdom within another's current borders. There have been fewer kingdoms in these lands at some points in the past, and more kingdoms at others, and so it is likely to be in the future.

But one cannot become a Linnorm King simply by having the army and the will—one must slay a linnorm before the proud Ulfen people will deign to revere a new leader, however powerful and charismatic, as an actual king. As such, the event of a linnorm hunt is a call for

great public speculation and interest, for even if a would-be king attempts and fails to slay a linnorm, a good story is all but guaranteed. Of course, not all who hunt linnorms wish to be kings—often, a linnorm that has been particularly destructive earns enough of a bounty that entire parties of adventurers seek them out. In either case, be it a lone hero or a band of them on the hunt, the perils remain the same.

Linnorms do not dwell in easy-to-reach lairs, so merely reaching the quarry once one has decided to hunt a linnorm is itself a daunting task. Mountain peaks, remote tarns, narrow fjords, barren hills, trackless tundra, tangled forests, and deep ocean trenches are all prime terrain for a linnorm to take as its lair—often choosing an extensive cavern as a home. The terrain in

which the linnorm chooses to lair brings with it perils as well, particularly for creatures that walk upon the earth, for despite their lack of wings, linnorms prefer to fly to and from their dens.

But the environment, deadly though it can be, is only the first challenge a linnorm hunting party faces. Linnorms generally lair near rifts to the First World, and strange creatures native to that realm frequently haunt such regions. Fey animals, carnivorous plants, and strange otherworldly creatures can spell doom even before any sign of the hunted linnorm appears. On the slippery outer rim of a crevasse, the unpredictable wash of energy from the First World might change anchoring ropes into snakes, blood, or something altogether more horrifying. Fey tricksters like dryads, satyrs, huldras, or rusalkas are particularly dangerous, for the ones who dwell in close proximity to a linnorm are unusually powerful spellcasters (typically druids, oracles, or sorcerers). Even the natural creatures of the mountain may prove dangerous, whether through direct attacks or by triggering environmental effects native to the area, inadvertently or not.

The final confrontation with the linnorm, however, always proves to be the greatest challenge, for there is little in the world that can withstand the power of these primordial dragons. Linnorms are incredibly observant, and attempts to approach by stealth must generally be augmented by magic if they are to have any hope of success. Once the battle itself is engaged, the linnorm's ferocity is often greater than the most well-prepared heroes expect. And even when a linnorm is defeated, its death curse can lay low a victor or lead to her demise before she can return, victorious, with tales of her deeds.

Multiple species of linnorms exist, and any of them will do to fulfill the requirement of a new Linnorm King's right to rule. The *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* presents three linnorms: the crag linnorm, the ice linnorm, and the tarn linnorm. *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3* details four additional linnorms (the crag linnorm, fjord linnorm, taiga linnorm, and tor linnorm), while this book presents statistics for the greatest of all linnorms—dread Fafnheir himself. Legend holds



Fjord Linnorm

that whoever defeats Fafnheir will unite the Linnorm Kingdoms and rule over them all.

Ice Spire

Icy Dungeon of Lost Secrets

Location: Northwestern Thanelands

Master: None

Notable Inhabitants: Black puddings, faceless stalkers, frost drakes, glacier toads, gugs, ice devils, ice golems, ice mephits, winterwights

Rising high from the frozen plains on the northern border of the Thanelands, Ice Spire has long been an object of obsession for adventurers in the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, Irrisen, and even the warmer lands of the south. Ice Spire was once the lair of an ancient ice linnorm named Vyalldahun, who terrorized the region for centuries and gave his name to the frigid river that flows nearby, but since that mighty beast's demise over 3 centuries ago, Ice Spire has become home to a multitude of monstrous inhabitants.

From the ground, Ice Spire appears to be a jagged, ice-encrusted tower that rises 40 feet above the flat plains that surround it as far as the eye can see. Arctic eagles nest high on the spire's flanks, and ice mephits dance about the peak on the coldest winter days, but it is the icy caverns beneath the tower that hold the most mystery, danger, and promise.

At the base of the spire, a gaping cave entrance opens on a frozen stair that leads to caverns deep beneath the earth. The dungeons beneath Ice Spire are extensive, as repeated delves into the depths have yet to discover the bottom. Sages have postulated that tunnels connecting Ice Spire to the vast cave networks of the Darklands must surely exist, but none have yet been found by those explorers fortunate enough to return from the spire alive.

The upper levels of Ice Spire's dungeon were once the abode of Vyalldahun, and his draconic influence can still be felt in many of the chambers and ice caves here. Most of the linnorm's treasure hoard was looted long ago, but warring packs of frost drakes inhabit several of these caves, and they have begun amassing their own treasure stockpiles.

Deeper beneath the spire, cramped tunnels open into glittering ice caves of almost unimaginable size, their crystalline formations reflecting light like millions of tiny stars. Gossamer ice bridges, seemingly too delicate to support any substantial weight yet stronger than steel, arch high over crevasses that plummet into unknowable depths. Yet all of this beauty conceals dangers, as ice golems keep eternal vigil over many of these spans, and various forms of frozen undead prowl among ice crystals the size of houses, endlessly searching for warm, living flesh. An exiled ice devil named Damozent has claimed

one vast ice cave as her throne room, where she rules over a cadre of lesser devils and creatures, endlessly plotting an infernal invasion of the north that would rival the demonic Worldwound far to the east. Other, deeper frozen caverns are ruled by a triad of bickering but potent winterwights, each eager to rule all but unable to gain an upper hand over the other two.

Venturing even deeper, the wondrous ice caves give way to hidden chambers with a vastly different and subtly disturbing appearance. No one knows who constructed these deep subterranean vaults, but those few explorers who have returned from these unfathomable depths speak of alien designs and architecture, as if the builders were not truly of Golarion at all. Strange creatures like black puddings, gugs, and albino faceless stalkers of incredible size are said to inhabit these lightless caverns, many paying homage to a weirdly glowing obelisk or altar that seems to whisper hypnotically in the minds of those who venture into the strangely organic-looking cavern in which it resides.

Kalva

Island of Degenerate Cannibals

Location: Southern Icemark

Master: Old Crone Mavkaii (CE old female sorcerer 13)

Notable Inhabitants: Kalvan cannibals, mindslaver mold, mutated animals, other dangerous fungi

The isle of Kalva lies across the strait south of Icemark. No towns mark the rocky coastline of this sharp-toothed, mountainous isle, and few places along that littered shoreline allow ships to anchor. Even the few anchorages that exist are a last resort for desperate sea captains; those who know the isle would rather brave storms than put ashore here, and those cast ashore seek desperately for ways to reach the mainland as quickly as possible. Runestones on the shore mark the graves of men who have died here, or warn off others who might brave the misty pathways that lead into the island's interior.

The people of Kalva are brutal warriors and berserkers, showing no mercy, with each village fending strictly for itself. They are giants among even the Ulfen, often reaching 7 feet in height, though they are gaunt, wiry, and feral rather than muscular, for life on Kalva is hard. Their hair is a lank blond, and they wear greasy, poorly cured skins. Their eyes go milky white before they reach the age of 20, and they rely as much on scent and sound as they do on their vision to track prey.

The Kalvamen dwell in caves scattered across the isle—many of these caves are connected by complex underground labyrinths that are often heavily trapped by their inhabitants. While the Kalvamen augment their meals with lichen and fungus peeled from the

otherwise barren rocks of their island home, their primary nourishment is meat—they are cannibals by choice, but also hunt the twisted creatures of the interior when this favored meal runs scarce. Above all else, they prize the flesh of those not from Kalva. It is a blessing, say the Ulfen, that the Kalvamen are terrible sailors—their minds do not have the capacity to read the swirling and treacherous tides around their island. Still, given the right inducement, some sea reavers have found that offering succulent sacrifices to elder Kalvamen can induce them to offer a shipload of warriors for a coastal raid. The hostages taken in those raids become meals—or worse, concubines to serve out their pitiful lives on Kalva, bringing in new blood to the inbred island.

The island's interior is protected from the worst weather of the Steaming Sea. The ragged hills and broken tors support very little plant life other than tough grasses and pallid lichens or stranger fungus, but the Kalvamen make do. Hot springs and steam vents are common, and it is here that the dangerous fungus known as mindslaver mold grows most often. Kalvan shamans scrape many of these molds and lichens to create heady, hallucinogenic brews that grant visions of the future to certain gifted sons and the greatly prized battle rage to others. The creatures of the island—and there are many, from caribou to bears to drakes—are necessarily fierce to protect themselves against the savage depredations of the Kalvan warriors; these creatures also partake of the strange fungus, and have changed and grown into misshapen grotesqueries over the years.

As the Kalvamen grow older, their skin grows strangely taut and dirty yellow, while their eyes grow wispy with fungal growth, their hair falls out, and their fingers grow unusually long. These are the elders of Kalvan society, and they rarely, if ever, emerge from their cavern lairs. They are led by a powerful sorcerer, a woman who fills the role of “Old Crone” and serves as the people's spiritual guide. The current leader is a toothless hag named Mavkaii, and in her this vile evolution is most apparent, for her eyes have melted from their sockets to be replaced by twitching tendrils of fungus that grant vision beyond what most mortal eyes ever see.

Kopparberget

Battle for Control of a Lucrative Mine

Location: Eastern Southmoor

Master: Stengrim Ring-Forger (LN male dwarf expert 4/ fighter 4)

Notable Inhabitants: Cloakers, clockwork golems, duergar, dwarves, giant vermin, nuglub gremlins, stone golems

Where the northern reaches of the Kodar Mountains jut into the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, deep and lucrative

veins of copper, tin, and other valuable metals have attracted the attention of miners throughout the north for centuries. Kopparberget, a vast open-pit copper mine, sits squarely atop the mountains where several of these veins converge. Although a mine has existed here in one form or another for countless decades, Kopparberget still provides a significant portion of the Linnorm Kingdoms' wealth.

Over the years, the mine has changed hands from one Linnorm King to another countless times. Previously, Opir Eightfingers of Jol claimed the mine as his property, but today it rests firmly in the control of Sveinn Blood-Eagle of Kalsgard, who wrested it from the younger Linnorm King's hands a decade ago. Under the able stewardship of Stengrim Ring-Forger and the Kopparberget dwarves, the mine produces tons of copper ingots that make their way in regular caravans from Kopparberget to the coffers of Kalsgard, no doubt a major contribution to Kalsgard's continuing prominence and supremacy in the realm.

A bustling mining and trade town clings to the edges of the great pit, full of brothels, gambling dens, and taverns catering to the rough miners and mountaineers that work the delves or pass through the town. A stout stone fortress squats above the mine's active shafts, its walls guarded around the clock by keen-eyed dwarf arbalesters and huscarls from Kalsgard, while two mighty stone golems stand tireless guard before its heavy iron gates.

The mine itself is a vast network of tunnels and shafts, but only a small portion of them are still actively worked. Older excavations are abandoned and disused—some are flooded with nearly freezing waters, while others are home to a profusion of subterranean fungi and vermin. An entire level of the mine has been claimed by nuglub gremlins, the once-rich workings now filled with all manner of complex and deadly traps set by the deranged fey to catch unwary explorers.

But all is not business as usual at Kopparberget, for recent delves by the dwarves accidentally broke through into Nar-Voth, opening the mine to duergar tunnels. The gray dwarves seized the opportunity to claim Kopparberget for themselves, invading the lower levels of the mine in force. The duergar were able to conquer several deep excavations and lucrative mineral veins before their advance was halted, and since that time, the mine has become a battleground between Kopparberget dwarves struggling to reclaim their lost holdings and duergar intent on seizing the entire mine.

Presently, the two groups have reached a stalemate, fortifying their lines while sending out scouting parties to probe at each other's weaknesses. Cloaker allies of the duergar flit silently through abandoned tunnels looking for forgotten entrances to the higher levels, while duergar outriders mounted on giant cave spiders raid small groups of Kopparberget miners in isolated

shafts. Kopparberget's master, Stengrim Ring-Forger, has ordered the construction of several copper-plated clockwork golems to patrol those areas closest to the duergar lines, but there are far too few golems and dwarves to protect all of the mine's holdings. Stengrim has put out a call for mercenaries and vikings throughout the north to come to the mine and help repel the duergar intruders, promising the brave adventurers who answer the call a cut of Kopparberget's vast profits.

Lair of Fafnheir

Den of the Mightiest Linnorm

Location: North-central Grungir Forest

Master: Fafnheir (unique linnorm—see page 56)

Notable Inhabitants: Cairn linnorms, carnivorous plants, cursed fey, drakes, ghosts, undead Linnorm Kings

Long before the first barbaric humans rose to power in this land, the linnorm Fafnheir emerged from a rent in the First World and established his home in Grungir Forest. Some call Fafnheir the Father of All Linnorms, and while this is most likely an exaggeration, the truth is that the ancient beast has sired a host of the creatures that have spread across the length of the frozen north. Near Fafnheir's lair, linnorms are uncommonly fecund, and the forest itself bears the stigma of their presence in the shape of twisted trees, carnivorous plants, and nightmarish vistas of writhing vegetation not wholly of this world. Even the waters that flow through streams and fill forest pools in the region are hazardous, for they are tainted with the poison and evil of the linnorms and their Father.

Wild hunts of fey captured in the death curses of linnorms ride through the forest, their mission to attack and slay the interlopers who are foolhardy enough to dare the great wyrm. Closer to the great caverns that house the mighty Fafnheir, the bones and scraps of failed Linnorm Kings and heroes who thought to unite the land under a single banner rise up to form another protective ring around their slayer. Some of them still bear the weapons and armor they bore in life, such as the spear Sjelsomdrikker of King Jorunn the Fleet of Bildt, or the five Torcs of

the Elements, borne by the tattered wight that was once the hero Gorbrand Ivarsson. Scattered amid their bodies are bones of linnorms themselves who came for whatever reason to present themselves to Fafnheir—something that usually ends in the death of the linnorm so audacious as to seek an audience with the Father. Only the nearly skeletal cairn linnorms are free to wander this close to Fafnheir's lair—perhaps as the result of an ancient accord in which these frightening monsters pledged their service to the Father of Linnorms.

Those who dare explore to the heart of this boneyard come at last to the cavern entrance to Fafnheir's den. Bones of all manner of creatures litter the pitlike entrance, from field mice to linnorms, and rusted armor and weapons stand as mute testaments to their owners' failure.

Within, the walls are smooth, worn down from the countless passages of the great beast over the centuries. The tunnels are twisted and intricate, a great three-dimensional knot of dizzying complexity. Some of the passages



Cairn Linnorm

lead downward into dark delves, and others reveal a sudden drop into poison waters far below. Smaller passages have been carved from these, and within these lesser complexes live duergar and troglodytes who serve the monster, either as slaves or as food.

In the center of this vast honeycomb slumbers the great linnorm himself atop a pile of gold and other weaponry (among which is the dragon-slaying sword *Ridill*). Countless passageways lead to his antechamber, but only three enter the chamber itself. Fafnheir can place his head into the antechamber and hear the noises of all the hundreds of passageways leading to his home, and decide which of these passageways he will use to lure the latest

fools to their dooms. Few are the heroes who make it even this far, and not one has survived to tell the tale.

Moundlands

The Tombs of Kings

Location: Northeastern Icemark

Masters: Ninety-nine powerful, unique undead linnorm kings

Notable Inhabitants: Carrion beasts, ghosts, wights, wraiths, miscellaneous other undead

On the northern bank of the confluence of the Whitegold and Vyalldahun rivers lies a region of softly rounded hills set in regular patterns—99 larger hills, each 50 feet high, are surrounded by scores of lower-lying hills. In the early days of the Linnorm Kingdoms, it was to these burial mounds that the people traveled when their kings died. The larger mounds each contain the burial complex of one of the ancients, while the smaller ones contain the tombs of lesser nobles and favored champions. Yet when the ninety-ninth king was buried here, a strange and terrible thing occurred—the dead awoke.

As horrified and scandalized as the Ulfen were at the discovery, they remained unwilling to do battle with their own animated ancestors. And so the Moundlands were abandoned, and the people of the Linnorm Kingdoms took to burial at sea as their favored method for honoring the dead. But despite the passage of many centuries, the dead still carry their grudges in these haunted hills, particularly on certain nights of the year.

Each smaller mound holds a half-dozen or so dead heroes, outfitted for war—these bodies are typically not animate, and lie quietly through most of the years. Larger mounds, while they contain more complex labyrinths and tombs, generally hold only a single king and perhaps his immediate family. The low temperatures have helped to preserve these bodies, and their weapons and armor still gleam. Theft of such gear runs the significant risk of incurring revenge not only by the offended body, but also by all the dead interred in the violated mound. In such a case, the mound's guardians seek the stolen gear relentlessly. It's possible to remove the link between stolen weapons and armor and their dead owners via *remove curse* or *break enchantment*—likewise, some believe that confronting a mound's dead and destroying all the animated bodies and undead within allow for safe looting, but most would-be graverobbers tend to look to less notorious sites to plunder.

The dead kings continue their politicking and bickering in their afterlife, and as alliances are born,



Cairn Wight

they often call upon soldiers of the outlying mounds to build underground tunnels or collapse others as their allegiances and friendships with other dead kings change. As a result, a tangled mess of underground passageways connects many of the 99 mounds in confusing routes—these tunnels are often abandoned and become the lairs of undead with no allegiance to any king.

Nithveil

City of the Moon

Location: Grungir Forest (exact location varies)

Masters: Grommiskalt (CN male mountain troll oracle 12), Moonchaser (CG female fey dire wolf rogue 14), Thun-Canas (CE female wight wizard 15)

Notable Inhabitants: Fey, linnorms, lost adventurers, talking animals, trolls, undead nobility

The fabric of reality between the First World and Golarion wears thin in many parts of the world, but in the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, that boundary is particularly stretched and torn. It flutters and strains most in Grungir Forest, where the norms loom large and the linnorms coil and thrash and all manner of strange fey creatures haunt the undergrowth and canopy. Locations like Forestheart and Sojourner's Rest straddle the boundary between the two worlds, but of these locations, none are more legendary than the Faerie City of Nithveil.

Nithveil appears on no map, for its location changes with the tides of magical energy that roil between the First World and the Material Plane. This strange and twisted city appears in a new location deep within Grungir Forest each time it manifests on the Material Plane, but spends the majority of its time firmly rooted in the First World. Nithveil's appearance on the Material Plane is linked to the new moon—on the first such night each month, the city manifests for as long as the darkness lasts to astound and bewilder travelers who come across its delights and horrors. Come the morning, it vanishes like dew, only to reappear somewhere else in a month's time.

The city's landscape and architecture are ever-changing, as if the buildings themselves were alive. Arching skyways and delicate spires crowd the city, squeezing in against grim and squat troll-castles that breathe fetid air from broken gates. The city's passageways are little more than crooked alleys that open onto stunning faerie castles, fields of moonlight-soaked barrows, or graveyards through which mist crawls. The organization of the city is chaotic and confusing, and changes even as one's eyes change perspectives, as if it were woven from dreams.

The inhabitants of Nithveil are a strange lot—inhabitants of the fey First World, talking animals that

exist in easy harmony with one another as if the ordinary rules of predator and prey did not apply, courts of strange fey and bizarre gnomes, and trolls of all stripes. Humans and other dwellers of Golarion live here as well—some are sages, scholars, wizards, and visiting dignitaries, while others are thralls and slaves snatched from their homes. Those who make their homes here appear able to navigate the city with ease, following a dream-logic that eludes visitors, who are invariably lost without guides.

The rulers of the city are three. The first is the talking fey wolf Moonchaser, who lays the trails and directs the movements of the city. The mountain troll Grommiskalt is said to determine the allocation of knowledge and wonders to visitors; he deigns to speak with wizards and sorcerers if they can demonstrate sufficient agility of thought, and is believed to be the original creator of the hulder (see the Bestiary in the back of this book). The third ruler, the wight lord Thun-Canas, is said to hold the unsleeping secrets of Nithveil's history. The streets through which one travels are an echo of the minds of those who sit on the Moonlit Thrones, and each of these mazes comports with the desires of the ruling tribunes. The way in which visitors enter the city, both physically and mentally, drives them ever deeper under the influence of one of the three rulers.

Sea Raid

Enemies in the Ocean Fogs

Location: Any coastline (event)

Master: Longboat captain (see page 60)

Notable Inhabitants: Ulfen raiders

Few are those who live along the shores of the Inner Sea region, especially on the west coast of Avistan, who have not heard tales of Ulfen raiders. While the western coasts of Nidal and Cheliox are the nations currently most familiar with these raiders, tales of these savage warriors have entered the common well of legends and history throughout the land. Today, the frequency of raids has diminished; the southern kingdoms that once made such tempting and easy targets grow more and more powerful, even as the appetite for raiding seems on the wane in the Linnorm Kingdoms themselves. Yet there's a long way to go before this lifestyle becomes entirely a thing of the past. Depending upon who takes up the mantle of rule in Kalsgard once Sveinn Blood-Eagle steps down, this lull in sea raids may prove to be quite temporary indeed.

When rumors spread of an impending sea raid, threatened villages often erect enormous piles of pitch-soaked wood atop sea bluffs to serve as beacons, then assign a small group of sentinels to watch the horizon for the telltale sign of longship sails on the horizon. In

some regions, villages try to anticipate the most likely target and consolidate defenses there, but in others, the warning fires of a raid can either send entire villages into a panicked flight inland or send them to the shores with offerings of treasure and riches in the hope of appeasing the gold-lust of the approaching raiders before their battle-lust takes command.

While most tales of Ulfen sea raids focus on the ferocity and wild rages of the attacking barbarians, in fact, raiders undergo a significant amount of preparation for these events. Long before the first raiding ships set sail, scouting boats ply the coastlines to test the waters for dangers both natural and artificial. Often, these boats put ashore in wild regions so they can get the lay of the land as well—spending several days observing likely targets to learn of defenses and such. When the sea raid builds (often when a new ruler of a town or region decides he needs a good battle to justify his new position of leadership), longboat captains select their crew painstakingly, choosing raiders whose miens are fearsome and whose personal skills work best for the specific target villages.

When the attack begins, though, the best-laid plans often collapse, for many raiders swiftly become lost in the haze of bloodlust once their rage is unleashed and the battle is joined. Often, the initial assault on a village has little more than inspiring fear and terror as a goal—for once a village has been cowed by the raiders' ferocity and the initial battle is won, tasks like the looting and sorting of treasure and slaves or the destruction of defenses and ships can get underway.

Ysborg

Steading of the Ice Trolls

Location: Southeastern Southmoor

Master: The Blue Jarl (CE male ice troll ranger 8)

Notable Inhabitants: Bears, ettins, frost giants, hill giants, ice trolls, ogres, river drakes, winter wolves

In the southeastern reaches of the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, where borders drawn on maps provide no real barrier to the eternal winter of neighboring Irrisen, the troll fortress of Ysborg squats at the base of the Kodar Mountains.

Ice trolls, ettins, ogres, and other giants come from all across the Linnorm Kingdoms to gather beneath the banner of the Blue Jarl, a huge specimen of an ice troll with a giant battleaxe seemingly carved from magical ice mined from the mightiest glaciers deep in the Kodar Mountains. Some say the Blue Jarl is a fugitive from the frost giant citadel of Holvirgang in northern Irrisen, but the Blue Jarl himself claims to be the son of the frost giant deity Thremyrr. Although many doubt the

veracity of his claim, few would disbelieve that the huge, powerfully muscled troll has at least some frost giant blood flowing in his icy veins.

Located just below the snowline on the northern slopes of Mount Gnarlfang in the western Kodar Mountains, Ysborg is something between a town and a fortress, a haphazard arrangement of rough-hewn wooden buildings and hide tents, all sized for giant occupants, surrounded by a stout wooden palisade capped with jagged spikes of rock-hard ice. Given all the wooden construction and the ice trolls' own vulnerability to fire, open flame is forbidden inside Ysborg's walls, so those unused to the harsh cold of the far north are rarely found in the steading. The entire fortress is surrounded by a moat of nearly freezing water inhabited by numerous river drakes acclimated to the cold—the ice that often covers the moat is thin enough so that these drakes can crash through the layer of rime to strike at intruders with surprise.

The Blue Jarl resides in one of Ysborg's few stone buildings, a solid and well-fortified bastion he calls the "Winter Palace," though few southerners would likely apply that moniker to such a blocky pile of icy rock. Inside, the Blue Jarl sits upon a throne of carved mammoth tusks that is decorated with human skulls. The Blue Jarl is always accompanied by his "royal" bodyguards—a group of well-paid and surprisingly loyal frost giant shield maidens, as well as by the huge, white-furred dire bear that serves as his mount.

Just outside the Winter Palace stand the Blue Jarl's kennels, filled with dozens of winter wolves who have sworn allegiance to the jarl, as well as the Bear Pits, home to ferocious polar and grizzly bears trained to fight in combat and armored in crude spiked barding. The streets of Ysborg are wild and dangerous, as "might makes right" is the only law in the steading. Shockingly brutal fights are the norm here, triggered by the most trivial insults or disagreements, and fresh blood on the snow is a common sight. Such brawls are rarely deadly, however, as the trolls regenerate after injury and most of their wounds heal, and bouts usually end once someone loses a limb or two. Those visitors without such recuperative powers either keep a low profile or end up mauled and likely dead.

Ice troll marauders from Ysborg frequently raid neighboring human settlements for slaves, or more often, fresh food, for ice trolls relish the taste of human flesh. Several nearby villages have appealed to Trollheim for aid, but with no Linnorm King on Trollheim's throne and the Blackravens occupied with policing the border with Irrisen, those unfortunate people must usually fend for themselves or flee their homes when Ysborg's bear-riders are sighted on the northern horizon.

Zar Kragnaral

Legendary Frost Giant Fortress

Location: Northeastern Thanelands

Master: The Deathless Jarl (CE female frost giant wizard 15)

Notable Inhabitants: Frost drakes, frost giants, gugs, leng spiders, linnorms, shantaks, white dragons, winter wolves, yetis

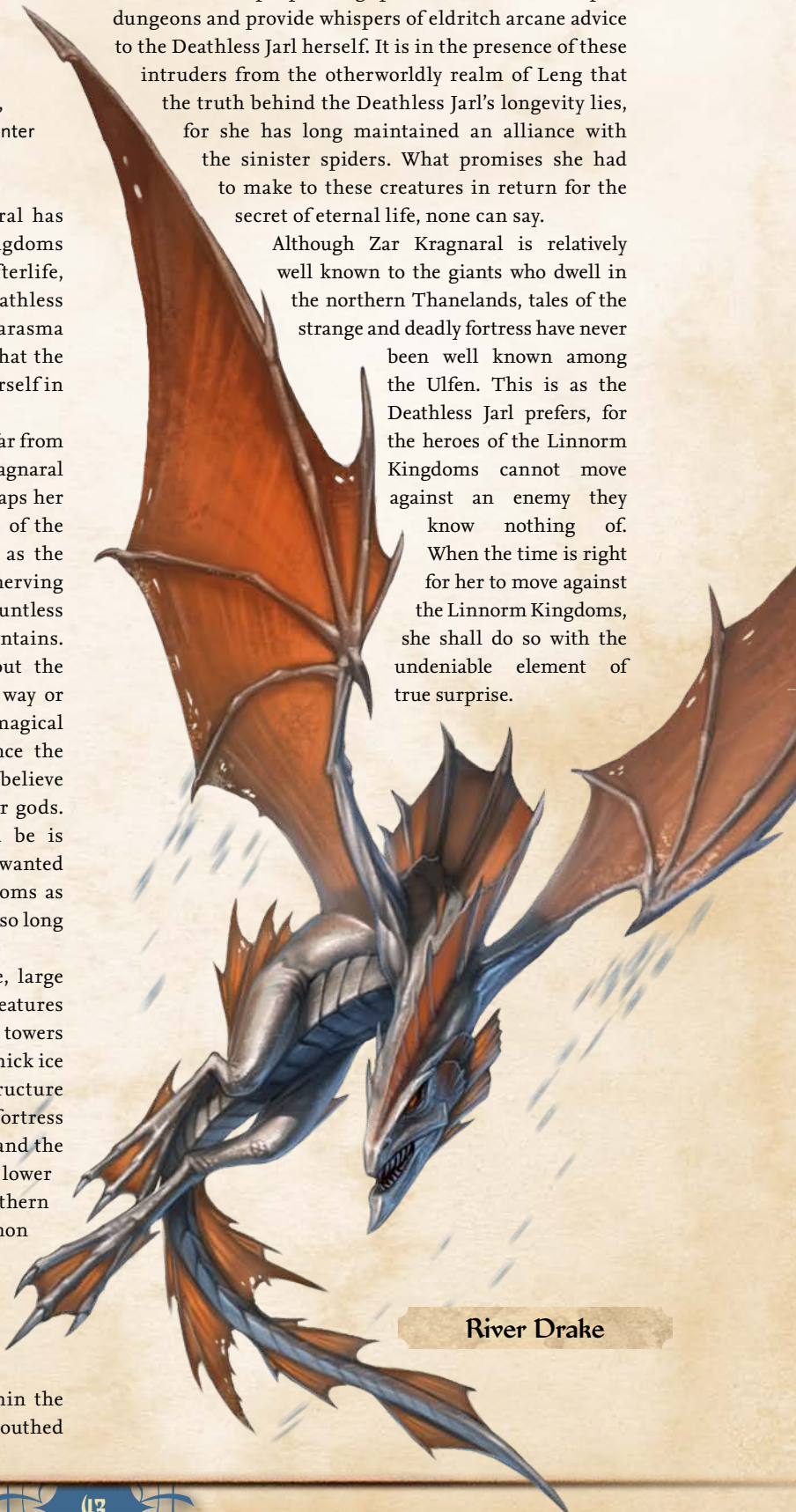
For ages, the legendary fortress of Zar Kragnaral has been whispered by the giants of the Linnorm Kingdoms to be a mythic throne of power, a portal to the afterlife, and most often, the home of the so-called Deathless Jarl—a frost giant said to be so violent that Pharama herself granted her eternal life out of fear for what the jarl might do to the Boneyard should she find herself in its crypt-lined pathways.

The truth is not so outlandish—but neither is it far from reality, for the ruler of the basalt fortress of Zar Kragnaral is indeed an ancient creature. Only she (and perhaps her closest allies) know her true name; the denizens of the fortress know the imposing frost giantess only as the Deathless Jarl—a creature of striking, almost unnerving beauty who commands the obedience of countless giants throughout the eastern Stormspear Mountains. Very little among the giants spread throughout the region occurs without her involvement in some way or another, although she is fond of using secrecy, magical manipulations, and dream sendings to influence the numerous leaders among her kind, so that most believe their inspirations come from themselves or their gods. What the Deathless Jarl's ultimate goal could be is another secret she has revealed to few, for had she wanted to claim the Thanelands or the Linnorm Kingdoms as her own, she certainly would have attempted to do so long before today.

Zar Kragnaral itself is an imposing structure, large even for the frost giants and other oversized creatures that call it home. With windows of super-hard ice, towers of dead black rock, and delicate bridges of icicle-thick ice arching between the upper reaches, the entire structure towers nearly seven hundred feet in height. The fortress looms atop a low plateau deep in the mountains, and the view from its highest towers reaches above the lower peaks to the south to afford a panorama of the northern Thanelands and Hagraech. Frost giants are common in Zar Kragnaral's halls, as are their favorite pets and minions—frost drakes, winter wolves, and yetis. The peaks around Zar Kragnaral are the roost of ice linnorms, white dragons, and shantak birds, all of whom are close allies of the Deathless Jarl. Stranger creatures dwell within the dungeons below Zar Kragnaral—the vertically mouthed

gugs who toil as the torturers and jailors of the fortress, and the bloated purple Leng spiders who rule the deepest dungeons and provide whispers of eldritch arcane advice to the Deathless Jarl herself. It is in the presence of these intruders from the otherworldly realm of Leng that the truth behind the Deathless Jarl's longevity lies, for she has long maintained an alliance with the sinister spiders. What promises she had to make to these creatures in return for the secret of eternal life, none can say.

Although Zar Kragnaral is relatively well known to the giants who dwell in the northern Thanelands, tales of the strange and deadly fortress have never been well known among the Ulfen. This is as the Deathless Jarl prefers, for the heroes of the Linnorm Kingdoms cannot move against an enemy they know nothing of. When the time is right for her to move against the Linnorm Kingdoms, she shall do so with the undeniable element of true surprise.



River Drake



ADVENTURING IN THE LINNORM KINGDOMS

“HOSTAGES! THE GREATEST TREASURE OF A SEA RAID! BUT— AND LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY—YOU MUST CHOOSE YOUR HOSTAGES WISELY. THE GOOD ONES ARE THE ONES WHO KEEP QUIET AND DON’T REQUIRE THE HEAVY HAND. THOSE ARE WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD. SOME SAY YOU SHOULD MAKE A HOSTAGE AN HONORED GUEST. BAH! MY HOSTAGES JOIN MY SCULLERY, UNLESS THEY HAVE SOME OTHER TALENT THAT MIGHT MAKE THEM WELCOME IN MY COURT. THEY KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN, THEY KEEP THEIR HIDES INTACT. IF NOT, WELL, I DON’T MIND PAYING WEREGILD NOW AND THEN IF THE PUNISHMENTS QUIET THE REST OF THEM DOWN.”

—INGIMUNDR THE UNRULY, CURRENT RULER OF BILDOT

The Linnorm Kingdoms are brutal and savage, and those who dwell there echo their land in their lives, with roaring storms of violence and unpredictable avalanches of emotion. Yet the people of this vicious realm also create works of great beauty, be those works in song or steel, ivory or gold. Although the warriors of the Linnorm Kingdoms disdain cowards, they are tender with their friends and fiercely loyal to both their friends and lieges. Adventuring is a time-honored tradition in the Linnorm Kingdoms, and adventurers who hail from distant lands are often met with open arms and camaraderie by the Ulfen—provided that said outlanders first establish their tenacity and bravery in a manner that impresses the Ulfen.

The people here value enchanted weapons and armor above most other forms of equipment, recognizing them as valuable tools when combating the monstrosities so frequently found here. Personal accessories like necklaces, torcs, rings, rods, and staves are popular among those who wield magic. As for magic, spells of elemental force are common, for magic of earth, air, fire, and water speak to the Ulfen heart and provide close analogies to the nature magic of the region's many fey creatures. Illusions and enchantments are popular as well, especially in battle situations, as are spells that augment heroism or inspire fear in the hearts of enemies. Far less common are necromantic spells, unless used as divinations—those who meddle with the dead are often viewed as criminals at best.

REPUTATION

The people of the Linnorm Kingdoms value their reputations as much as they do their strength, power, and accomplishments. Living well is important, but more important is living right. One's reputation works as more than just a shortcut during introductions—it can be a key that opens doors. Reputation is a merchant's livelihood. It's a hero's free room and board. It's a warlord's triumph even before a battle begins. And most of all, it's the birthright all citizens leave to their children, an unseen social currency of the land. Without a good reputation, one may as well live as a churl in the slums or scrub floors as a thrall.

Games set in the Linnorm Kingdoms can work fine with reputation functioning as a largely unseen story component of a campaign, but if you want to include reputation in your game as a mechanic—as points that can be gained, lost, and spent—use the following system. While the rules governing reputation are relatively simple, even minor rules additions can overcomplicate the game for some. Before introducing the following rule system for reputation into your game, make sure everyone in the group agrees and wants the addition.

Reputation Points

A character's reputation is represented by points, with a possible range of 0 to 100; a score of 0 represents a hermit who lives in a cave in the wilds, while a score of 100 represents a well-known and well-loved (or perhaps well-feared) ruler of a nation. Most Linnorm Kings have 90 or more reputation points, while most thralls or slaves have fewer than 10. Your reputation does not reflect whether you are cruel or kind, merely how well known you are—you can be a Linnorm King infamous for your sadism with 100 reputation points or a saintly thrall with 0. A character cannot have more than 100 reputation points or fewer than 0.

Reputation is handled somewhat differently for PCs and NPCs, since it's unlikely for an NPC's reputation to change during the course of a game (barring influence by a PC), but a PC's reputation may change often, improving or worsening in response to the choices he makes and the success or failure of his plans.

NPCs' Base Reputation Points: An NPC's base number of reputation points is generally equal to his CR \times 5, modified by whatever modifiers from the Building and Losing Reputation table you as the GM wish to apply. Since an NPC's reputation points do little more than help adjust that NPC's weregild calculations (see page 50), you don't have to worry too much about being exact about an NPC's reputation score.

PCs' Base Reputation Points: At 1st level, a PC starts with a number of reputation points equal to her Charisma score (not her Charisma modifier) + 1 (for her 1st level). Whenever a PC's experience level or Charisma score increases or decreases, her total number of reputation points increases or decreases by the same amount. A PC can gain or lose reputation points during play as well, as detailed below.

Gaining and Losing Reputation Points

As a campaign progresses, PCs gain reputation points by gaining levels and increasing their Charisma scores. In addition, a number of in-game events can alter a PC's reputation. When one of these events occurs, it modifies the reputation of every PC who was directly involved in the event—for example, defeating a powerful monster would boost the reputation points of every member of the party, but earning a noble title would affect only the newly ennobled PC. Many of these encounters require the events in question to be performed "in public"—in order for the reputation point adjustment to occur, there must be surviving witnesses who can spread the news of the event in the days to come. You can delay applying reputation adjustments until 1d6 days or so after the event occurs if you wish to represent the time it takes for witnesses to spread word of the event.

It's possible to earn multiple reputation adjustments with a single act. For example, a group with an APL (Average Party Level) of 15 that defeats an ice linnorm would earn 1 reputation point for each character for defeating a creature of a CR that is at least 3 points above the group's APL and 3 reputation points each for defeating a linnorm and bringing its head back as a trophy.

The following reputation modifiers do not represent all possible adjustments—if a PC does something you think deserves a reputation point adjustment, consult the list of modifiers on the table below and identify an event whose difficulty is comparable to determine how much that PC's reputation points should be adjusted.

Spending Reputation Points

Reputation can be used in several ways, most often by “cashing in” reputation points to gain favors. Spending reputation points in this manner can get you aid in court, help you avoid an unwanted arrest, or even secure gifts and loans, but doing so costs a random number of reputation points. You may spend reputation points in this manner up to once per game session. If you attempt to spend reputation points and you do not have enough to pay for the boon you seek, your reputation points are reduced to 0 and you do not gain the boon.

Diplomacy/Intimidate Boost: You gain a +5 circumstance bonus on either Diplomacy or Intimidate

Building and Losing Reputation

Event	Reputation Modifier
Party is publicly defeated in an encounter of a CR lower than APL	−5
Party publicly flees an encounter of a CR lower than APL	−3
Party publicly defeats a monster of a CR that is 3 or higher than APL	+1
Defeat a linnorm and returning to civilization with its head as a trophy	+3
Play a key role in the defense of a settlement	+1
Up to once per month, achieve a result of 30 or higher on a public Perform check or art-related Craft check*	+2
Challenge and defeat in combat a person who has publicly defamed you	+3
Up to once per month, achieve a result of 30 or higher on a public Diplomacy or Intimidate check	+2
Earn a noble title	+3
Steal treasure from a noteworthy foe	+1
Craft a magic item worth at least 40,000 gp	+1 per 40,000 gp of item's cost
Find and wield a legendary weapon worth at least 40,000 gp	+1 per 40,000 gp of item's cost
Abandon the use of a legendary weapon for a replacement weapon	−2 per 40,000 gp of item's cost
Successfully complete a standard adventure	+1
Successfully complete an Adventure Path	+10
Make a significant discovery while exploring an unknown region	+1
Take part in a successful sea raid	+1
Captain a ship in a successful sea raid	+3
Take part in an unsuccessful sea raid	−2
Captain a ship in an unsuccessful sea raid	−6
Start a feud over a trivial slight	−2
Become married	+1
Become divorced	−2
Sire or birth a child	+1
One of your children dies	−3
You are directly responsible for your spouse's or child's death	−10
You are captured by enemies	−1
You are ransomed	−4
Defeat a Linnorm King in battle	+20
Become a Linnorm King	+90

* If this performance or work of art recounts the heroic accomplishments of another character via the Craft (any visible work of art like painting or sculpture) or Perform (act, comedy, oratory, or sing) skill, the +2 bonus also applies to the target of the performance or work of art. If the performance or work of art mocks and defames another character, the performer or artist gains 2 reputation points and the target loses 2 reputation points. Every additional character the performer or artist attempts to honor or defame imparts a cumulative −5 penalty on the Craft or Perform check made.

checks for the remainder of the game session. **Cost:** 1d6 reputation points.

Favor: You gain a favor from an NPC ally. **Cost:** From 1d6 to 5d6 reputation points, depending on the GM's whim and the difficulty of the favor.

Gift or Loan: An NPC ally grants you a gift or a loan. The gift or loan in question must be one that the NPC could actually grant (subject to the GM's approval—requests for particularly expensive gifts or loans beyond what a character of your level could or should be able to earn through adventuring should generally be refused). The gift or loan can be in the form of wealth (in gp), or it could be a single item. A gift is permanent, but a loan lasts only for the game session in which it is granted. **Cost:** 1d6 reputation points per 2,000 gp value of the gift. For a loan, this reputation point cost is halved, but at the start of each subsequent game session, if the loan has not already been returned or repaid, the halved cost must be paid again to extend the loan for that game session—this counts as your use of reputation for that session.

Weregild Payment: Allies back home pay for your weregild and save you from being a hostage. **Cost:** a number of reputation points equal to your character level + 1d6.

Consequences of Reputation Point Loss

Beyond the shame of a diminished reputation, dropping to 0 reputation points is particularly demoralizing. As long as a character has 0 reputation points, she takes a –2 penalty on all Will saving throws and on all Charisma-based checks.

EFFIGIES

Effigies are horrifying constructions designed to strike fear into or break the morale of a defeated enemy's kin, or to force obedience from an unruly mob. Some effigies are associated with lengthy rituals. Some are sacrifices, while others are merely elaborate forms of execution. The effigies detailed below take things a bit further than merely displaying a model of a defeated enemy or a portion of his body—they follow complex and often lengthy rituals for their creation. These effigies are not magical in and of themselves, but they can be transformed into potent wards with the proper spells. Creating an effigy takes time and a successful Intimidate check. If the creator fails the Intimidate check when attempting to create the effigy, the body or materials used to craft the effigy are wasted and ruined—while such remains can still serve as a warning to the enemy, they lack the style and tradition an actual effigy evokes, and cannot be used as the target of an *infuse effigy* spell.

All effigies are objects, and follow the standard rules for objects (see pages 173–175 of the *Pathfinder RPG Core*

Rulebook). An effigy's size depends partially on the nature of the largest creature used in its construction. If the effigy's size is listed as “normal,” the effigy is the same size, and thus has the same space, as the largest creature incorporated into its construction. If the effigy's size is listed as a modifier, like “+1” or “+2,” the effigy is a size category of a creature that many size categories larger than the largest creature incorporated into its construction, and thus has the space of such a creature. A Medium effigy has 20 hit points. For each size category smaller than Medium the effigy is, its hit points are halved, while for each size category larger it is, its hit points are doubled.

Standard Effigy

The simplest effigies, such as heads mounted on spikes or bodies hanging from trees, are known collectively as standard effigies. They are easy to build, but generally don't leave much of an impression on any but the victim's closest allies and friends.

Construction 1 minute (Intimidate DC 10); **Size** normal

Blood Eagle

The blood eagle is one of the most horrifying of Ulfen effigies. As much a form of execution and torture as it is a warning to one's enemies, the blood eagle is almost always inflicted on hated enemy leaders and well-known heroes rather than on commoners, whose passing few notice or lament.

The ceremony requires a hostage, strong assistants to hold him immobile, and a place for the captors to pin their victim flat on his stomach. The torturer carves the likeness of an eagle on the victim's back, deep under the skin, and then slices the skin along his spine. The victim's exposed ribs are wrenched outward from the spine, and his lungs are extracted and stretched across his opened back so that they spread to either side like bloody wings. Mercifully, most victims of this treatment die long before their lungs see the light, but tales of particularly unfortunate victims surviving for days after their desecrated bodies are put on display are popular among many circles.

Construction 10 minutes (Intimidate DC 15); **Size** normal

Nothing Pole

Not all effigies require the body of a fallen enemy—the infamous nothing pole instead requires nothing more than the carcass of a horse and a long wooden pole. A severed horse's head is impaled at one end of the pole, which is aimed at the enemy. The pole's shaft is then carved with runes that describe a particularly horrific curse or doom the crafter wishes to inflict upon the target of the nothing pole.

Construction 1d4 hours (Intimidate DC 20); **Size** always Medium

Tree of Souls

The practice of hanging criminals and prisoners from the branches of a large tree has long seen use throughout the Inner Sea region. In the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, however, brutal warlords have taken this tradition to a violent extreme, such that rather than simply hanging

prisoners and criminals from a tree, the tree itself is constructed from their bodies. So-called trees of souls are hideous sights indeed, often incorporating the bodies of dozens of unfortunates nailed or bound or impaled on a wooden frame that can stand 20 to 30 feet in height. Many who build such horrific effigies pride themselves on using as little wood during construction as possible, leaving the structural integrity of the tree itself increasingly dependent on the bones and flesh of the bodies that it comprises.

Construction 1d3 days (Intimidate DC 25); **Size** +2

Wicker Man

Though not the cruelest of the effigies, the wicker man is certainly one of the most elaborate and largest. This effigy is a gigantic prison of wood, soaked in pitch and built in the shape of a humanoid. The cage-like interior can contain up to five victims, who are typically bound hand and foot to the timbers themselves. The wicker man itself stands amid a pyre of equally flammable material (often dry plants, piles of leftover timbers, or the like), and when the time is right, the entire structure is set aflame. In many cases, a wicker man is allowed to stand for days or even weeks before it is burnt—the feeding and watering of anyone who is imprisoned within being entirely optional.

The exact purpose of a wicker man depends on its creator's need. Some inflict it on captured heroes and enemy warriors, who then serve as an object lesson. Others impose it on criminals to deter wrongdoing and focus the eyes of the gods of justice upon them. Still others imprison innocents in order to heighten the great evil that they do. The end result is the same—a towering pyre filled with doomed shrieks and cries of pain.

Construction: 2d6+4 days (Intimidate DC 30); **Size** +3

INFUSE EFFIGY

School necromancy [curse]; **Level** cleric 4, druid 4, sorcerer/wizard 4

Casting Time 1 hour

Components V, S, F (effigy to be imbued)

Range touch

Target touched effigy

Duration Permanent until discharged (D)

Save Will partial; **Spell Resistance** yes

This spell infuses an effigy with a powerful curse that targets a specific type of creature associated in some way with the effigy itself. When you cast this spell, it remains in effect until it is discharged. Once you cast *infuse effigy*, you cannot prepare a new 4th-level spell to replace it or cast another spell with its spell slot until you dismiss the *infuse effigy* spell or until it is discharged against a foe. If



Wicker Man

the number of 4th-level spells that you can cast decreases, and that number drops below your current number of *infuse effigy* spells, the more recently cast *infuse effigy* spells in excess of the number of 4th-level spells you can now cast are dispelled.

The nature of the curse that becomes infused into the effigy you touch depends more on the nature of the effigy than anything else. You can cast this spell on a standard effigy (such as a head stuck onto a spike, or on a body hanging from a tree), but can generate more powerful effects by casting the spell on one of the more elaborate effigies detailed above—in this case, it is the established traditions of the effigy as much as the effigy itself that empowers the curse. The larger effigies, such as the tree of souls and the wicker man, have minimum caster level requirements; you must be this level or higher in order to cast *infuse effigy* on such a target.

Once an effigy is infused, it radiates an aura of unease to a radius of 5 feet per caster level—the first time a creature enters this area, it must make a Will save or become shaken for 1 minute per caster level. This effect can only occur once per creature and is a mind-affecting fear effect. As long as an effigy remains under the effects of this spell, the body parts associated with the effigy become preserved as if by *gentle repose*. Once an effigy has been the focus for an *infuse effigy* spell, it can never again be the target of this spell—a new effigy must be constructed from new victims if you wish to recreate it. An infused effigy is treated as a magic item for the purposes of saving throws.

An infused effigy has an additional effect on creatures of the same type as the largest creature incorporated into the effigy. If the largest creature is a humanoid or outsider, the additional effect only affects creatures of the largest creature's subtype. Creatures of this type (and subtype) take a –2 penalty on the saving throw against the effigy's aura, and as soon as such creatures attack or damage the effigy (from any distance) or approach within 10 feet of it, they must make a Will saving throw or become cursed. If a creature becomes cursed by an infused effigy, the spell effect on the effigy ends (and the caster can now use that spell slot to prepare or cast spells again), but the curse itself is permanent until it is removed. If the creature that triggers the effigy was close friends with or related to anyone whose body was used to construct the effigy, that creature takes a –4 penalty on the Will save to avoid becoming cursed. The specific effects of each type of effigy's curse are listed below. At the GM's discretion, other specific effigies might exist, along with specific effects they exhibit when they are the subject of an *infuse effigy* spell.

Standard Effigy Curse (no minimum CL): –2 penalty to an ability score chosen by the caster.

Blood Eagle Curse (no minimum CL): –4 penalty to Constitution and –4 penalty on all saving throws against fear effects.

Nothing Pole Curse (no minimum CL): Any effect that can be generated by a *bestow curse* spell.

Tree of Souls Curse (minimum CL 11th): The victim heals damage from rest at half normal rate, and any magical healing applied to the victim must succeed at a DC 20 Caster Level check or be negated. The cursed victim takes a –4 penalty on all Constitution-based checks, including stabilization checks and Fortitude saving throws.

Wicker Man Curse (minimum CL 15th): –6 penalty to two ability scores chosen by the caster. In addition, each time the victim takes damage from any source, it takes an additional 1d6 points of fire damage as its flesh burns and blisters around the wound. It takes a –6 penalty on all saving throws against fire effects. Unless it has the Fire subtype, the victim loses any racial resistance or immunity to fire.

WEREGILD AND RANSOM

The people of the Linnorm Kingdoms hold certain rights sacred, and those who violate these rights are considered criminals and outcasts. Even the Linnorm Kings, whose words are law within their purview, are held to these rules—particularly that of weregild, or “human-price.” Every life has a value in the Linnorm Kingdoms, just as every piece of property has a value. The blithe destruction of property or life is an insult that cannot be borne—one that most in the Linnorm Kingdoms are prone to answering with blood. The concept of weregild helps to prevent many such insults from growing out of control, for before the victim or her allies can respond to an incident with equal violence, the perpetrator always has the option to pay for the destruction. Death and damage as a direct result of warfare are generally held to be exempt from weregild, but secondary destruction and circumstantial death are not.

Weregild for hostages and prisoners taken during a raid constitutes a specific subcategory of this system. A hostage taken in the course of battle must be returned alive and in good health after the battle should the hostage's allies pay an amount of gold equal to that hostage's weregild. If a hostage is taken in battle and then executed, the allies are allowed to demand weregild from the hostage's killer. The opportunity to collect a fee for hostages taken allows a victor to profit from the capture even though she eventually has to give up the hostages and their gear.

There is no alignment stigma attached to taking prisoners for the purposes of demanding weregild. The practice has a long and honorable tradition, and it's not uncommon for hostages who are well treated to return home upon the payment of their weregild to spread kind words about onetime enemies. In this way, hostages serve as diplomats and ambassadors, and their safe return can foster peace quite efficiently.

Calculating Weregild

Several factors influence the weregild of an individual creature, but in general, a creature's weregild should be approximately equivalent to 25% of the expected treasure value for the creature's CR, as summarized in the Treasure Values per Encounter table on page 399 of the *Core Rulebook*. These prices are calculated and listed below for ease of reference—they vary according to what XP track your campaign is on, just as the expected treasure per encounter varies.

Creature's CR	Weregild		
	Slow	Medium	Fast
1/4	10 gp	16 gp	25 gp
1/3	14 gp	21 gp	34 gp
1/2	21 gp	33 gp	50 gp
1	43 gp	65 gp	100 gp
2	88 gp	138 gp	200 gp
3	138 gp	200 gp	300 gp
4	188 gp	288 gp	425 gp
5	250 gp	388 gp	575 gp
6	338 gp	500 gp	750 gp
7	438 gp	650 gp	975 gp
8	550 gp	838 gp	1,250 gp
9	713 gp	1,063 gp	1,600 gp
10	913 gp	1,363 gp	2,050 gp
11	1,163 gp	1,750 gp	2,625 gp
12	1,500 gp	2,250 gp	3,375 gp
13	1,938 gp	2,900 gp	4,375 gp
14	2,500 gp	3,750 gp	5,500 gp
15	3,250 gp	4,875 gp	7,250 gp
16	4,125 gp	6,250 gp	9,500 gp
17	5,500 gp	8,000 gp	12,000 gp
18	7,000 gp	10,250 gp	15,500 gp
19	8,750 gp	13,250 gp	19,750 gp
20	11,000 gp	16,750 gp	25,000 gp
21	14,000 gp	21,000 gp	31,500 gp
22	17,500 gp	26,250 gp	39,500 gp
23	22,000 gp	33,000 gp	49,500 gp
24	27,500 gp	41,250 gp	62,000 gp
25	34,500 gp	52,000 gp	78,000 gp

Note that the prices in the table above assume that the captive is a typical hostage in full health and with all of her gear. Certain conditions, such as the hostage's reputation among her kin, her health, and other elements can adjust the character's CR for the purposes of determining what her weregild should be, as summarized in the Weregild CR Modifiers table. Note that the following modifiers apply to a creature's CR *only* for the purposes of calculating its weregild—they do not affect the creature's actual CR score in any way.

Weregild CR Modifiers

Hostage Qualities	CR Modifier
Part of an established and active aristocracy	+1
From a primitive society	-1
A known criminal	-3
The ruler of a tribe	+3
The ruler of a kingdom or nation	+6
Missing some gear	-1 per missing item
Middle-aged	-1
Old	-2
Venerable	-3
Capable of casting divine spells	+2
Diseased	-5
Wounded	-2
Maimed	-5
Every 10 reputation points above 50	+1
Every 10 reputation points below 50	-1

TREASURES OF THE LINNORM KINGDOMS

The Ulfen of the Linnorm Kingdoms have long lusted for wealth and magic. While many of the magical items that fill the vaults of this land's conquerors and heroes were originally taken from southern nations, some of these treasures are more local in their origins. The following three magic items are presented as examples of locally crafted magic items that can be found in a monster's hoard, purchased from merchants, or earned from grateful lieges for a job well done.

BANNER OF THE ANCIENT KINGS

Aura moderate abjuration; **CL** 8th

Slot none; **Price** 18,000 gp; **Weight** 5 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This tattered white canvas banner looks like an old piece of sailcloth, or perhaps a winding shroud—a 4-foot-by-6-foot rectangle with loops that can fit over a spear haft or pole running up one side. If mounted on a long spear or pole at least 8 feet in length, the banner shifts in appearance to match the heraldry or coat of arms of the person who attached it. If that person has no device, the flag instead displays a device that echoes the owner's personality (such as a favorite animal, favored weapon, or holy symbol of the wielder's deity).

When carried into battle, a *banner of the ancient kings* confers several benefits. As long as the long spear or pole to which the banner is attached is firmly wielded in two hands, its carrier gains a +4 circumstance bonus on Initiative checks. In addition, when so wielded, it grants the wielder and all allies within 30 feet a +2 resistance bonus on all saving

throws against mind-affecting effects. If the carrier of the banner fails a saving throw against a mind-affecting effect, he may attempt a new saving throw against that effect every round he continues to wield the *banner of the ancient kings*—once he releases his firm grip on the banner's haft, though, he no longer gets this benefit, even if he wields the banner properly at a later point while still under the effects of the mind-affecting effect.

If the banner's carrier possesses the *Flagbearer* feat (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: The Inner Sea World Guide* 286), the banner of the ancient kings doubles the morale bonuses granted by that feat. A bard who carries a long spear or pole to which a *banner of the ancient kings* has been attached is treated as four levels higher than his actual bard level for the purposes of determining the bonuses granted by his inspire courage bardic performance ability.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *heroism*, *resistance*; **Cost** 9,000 gp

HARP OF STORMS

Aura moderate evocation; **CL** 7th
Slot none; **Price** 22,000 gp **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This small harp is carved from whale ivory, and its frame is filigreed with delicate gold patterns depicting winds and clouds. Up to three times per day as a standard action, you can use a *harp of storms* to surround yourself with an aura of brisk wind that grants you a 20% miss chance against all ranged attacks. This wind cloak effect lasts for 1 minute. At any time during that minute, you may strike additional notes on the *harp of storms* in order to produce one of the following three effects.

- *Air Walk*: You cause the winds to lift you off the ground, granting you the effects of an *air walk* spell for 1 round. This is normally a move action, but if you succeed at a DC 15 Perform (strings) check, it is a swift action.
- *Gust of Wind*: You can direct the winds surrounding you to duplicate the effects of a *gust of wind* spell. This is a standard action.



Harp of Storms

- *Lightning Strike*: As a standard action, make a Perform (strings) check. You cause a bolt of lightning to strike a single foe within 30 feet, dealing an amount of electricity damage equal to the result of your Perform (strings) check. The target gets a DC 15 Reflex save to halve the damage caused by this lightning strike.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *air walk*, *call lightning*, *gust of wind*;
Cost 11,000 gp

RIXBRAND

Aura moderate conjuration/evocation; **CL** 10th
Slot none; **Price** 90,000;
Weight 8 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This fabled greatsword, most recently carried by the hero Arnlaugr the Fearless, was lost in the Black Tarn decades ago—it likely remains in some creature's den or is perhaps wielded by one of the tarn's denizens to this day. Since that loss, several duplicates of the legendary sword have been created—these are wielded today by mercenaries and

adventurers alike, although they tend to end up in dragon hoards in the end when a would-be dragonslayer tackles something beyond her capacity to endure even with the blade in hand. *Rixbrand's* double-sided blade is folded blue steel, intricately engraved with

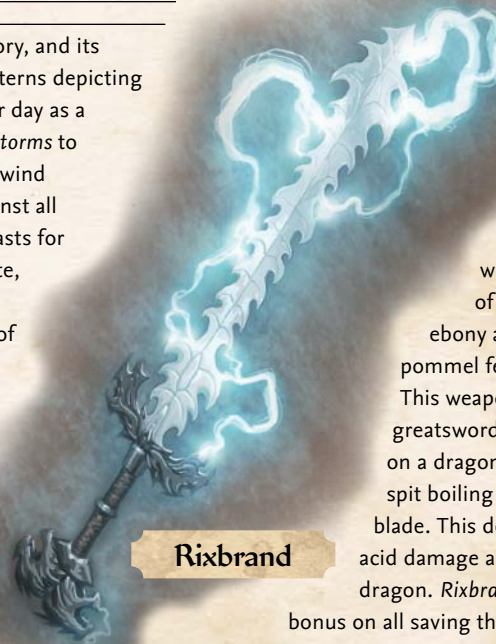
ancient runes that light up with electric flame in the presence of dragonkind. The hilt is inlaid with

ebony and wrapped with silver wire; the pommel features two silvered dragon heads.

This weapon is a +3 wounding dragon bane greatsword. When the blade scores a critical hit on a dragon, the dragon heads on its pommel spit boiling acid into the wound hewn by the blade. This deals an additional 1d10 points of acid damage and 1d10 points of fire damage to the dragon. *Rixbrand's* wielder gains a +4 resistance bonus on all saving throws against breath weapons, spell-like abilities, and spells from dragons.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *bleed*, *summon monster I*; **Cost** 45,000 gp



Rixbrand



LINNORM KINGDOMS BESTIARY

“IT’S BAD ENOUGH THAT THE WILDLANDS ARE INFESTED—WHETHER WITH DWARVEN TRAITORS OR CRAZED ANIMALS OR FILTHY COMMONERS. WORSE, WE HAVE TO FIGHT THE ELEMENTS AND THAT THRICE-DAMNED WITCHES’ NEST. EVEN WORSE, WE’VE GOT LINNORMS, BUT AT LEAST THEY MOSTLY STAY TO THEMSELVES. OUR BIGGEST THREAT, THOUGH, IS THE TROLLS. OR THE GIANTS. OR THE FEY. NO, IGNORE THAT. OUR BIGGEST THREAT IS THAT TOO MANY OF OUR BEST WARRIORS GO OUT TO FIGHT THE TROLLS OR THE GIANTS OR THE FEY, AND INSTEAD WIND UP GETTING KILLED BY AN ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT CREATURE.”

—OPIR EIGHTFINGERS, LINNORM KING OF JOL

The Linnorm Kingdoms have their spots of civilization, but the majority of this realm's land is wild—it is the domain of monsters. This means, of course, no shortage of adventure for would-be heroes, but merchants and other travelers between Linnorm Kingdom settlements are well advised to stick to the roads when they must travel beyond the safety of their homes. Even then, the roads are no guarantee of safety, especially in kingdoms like Southmoor, where the protection of the hinterlands is constantly shuffled to lower priorities.

The encounter tables presented on this page are not meant to be exhaustive lists of creatures that dwell within the seven Linnorm Kingdoms and the Steaming Sea—the inclusion of a “GM’s Choice” allows for the introduction of stranger or rarer creatures at times. And while there are certainly both less powerful and more powerful creatures in the Linnorm Kingdoms (such as low-level barbarians or linnorms, respectively), these tables are skewed toward giving a good range of challenges for mid-level play.

Broken Bay Encounters

d% Roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–10	1d4 ogres	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 220
11–20	1d6 draugr	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 110
21–35	1d6 worgs	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 280
36–50	1d6 berserker cannibals	6	see page 54
51–80	2d6 Ulfen raiders led by 1 longboat captain	6	see pages 60, 63
81–85	1 sea drake	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 109
86–90	1d4 winter wolves	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 280
91–100	GM’s choice	varies	varies

Grungir Forest Encounters

d% Roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–10	1d4 fey wolverines	5	see page 58
11–20	1d4 forest drakes	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 107
21–45	1d4 pixies	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 228
46–65	1d4 satyrs	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 241
66–80	1d6 dire wolves	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 278
81–85	1d6 huldras	7	see page 59
86–90	1 nymph	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 217
91–100	GM’s choice	varies	varies

Hagreach Encounters

d% Roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–20	2d4 wolves	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 278
21–30	1d4 forest drakes	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 107
31–40	1d4 ice trolls	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 271
41–45	1 hill giant	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 150
46–65	1d4 Blackravens	7	see page 55
66–80	1d4 trolls	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 268
81–90	1d4 winter wolves	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 280
91–100	GM’s choice	varies	varies

Icemark Encounters

d% Roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–15	1d6 wights	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 276
16–35	1d6 dire wolves	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 278
36–50	2d4 berserker cannibals	7	see page 54
51–60	1d4 polar bears	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 31
61–70	1 frost drake	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 108
71–80	1 remorhaz	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 233
81–90	1 smilodon	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 265
91–100	GM’s choice	varies	varies

Ironbound Island Encounters

d% Roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–15	2d4 troglodytes	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 267
16–35	2d6 Ulfen raiders	5	see page 63
36–45	1 ettin	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 130
46–55	1 sea drake	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 278
56–65	1 wyvern	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 282
66–85	1d6 griffons	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 168
86–90	1 hill giant	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 150
91–100	GM’s choice	varies	varies

Southmoor Encounters

d% Roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–15	2d6 duergar	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 117
16–35	2d6 Ulfen raiders	5	see page 63
36–45	1d4 ice trolls	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 271
46–60	2d4 ogres	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 220
61–75	1 hill giant	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 150
76–85	1d4 trolls	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 268
86–90	1 marsh giant	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 129
91–100	GM’s choice	varies	varies

Thanelands Encounters

d% Roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–25	2d6 Ulfen raiders	5	see page 63
26–40	1d4 ice trolls	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 271
41–60	1d6 dire wolves	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 278
61–70	1d4 polar bears	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 31
71–80	1 frost drake	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 108
81–85	1 hill giant	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 150
86–90	1 frost giant	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 149
91–100	GM’s choice	varies	varies

Steaming Sea Encounters

d% Roll	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–25	1d8 sharks	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 247
26–50	Ulfen longboat led by 1 longboat captain	6	see pages 60, 63
51–60	1 sea drake	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 109
61–80	1d4 orcas	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 88
81–90	1 giant octopus	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 219
91–100	GM’s choice	varies	varies

BERSERKER CANNIBAL

This howling berserker has milky white eyes and an enormous axe wielded by muscular arms.

BERSERKER CANNIBAL
CR 3

XP 800

Human barbarian 4

CE Medium humanoid

Init +1; **Senses** Perception +11

DEFENSE
AC 13, touch 9, flat-footed 12 (+4 armor, +1 Dex, -2 rage)

hp 55 (4d12+24)

Fort +10, **Ref** +2, **Will** +6

Defensive Abilities trap sense +1, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE
Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 *greataxe* +9 (1d12+7/x3)

Special Attacks rage (13 rounds/day), rage powers (animal fury, scent)

STATISTICS
Str 18, **Dex** 13, **Con** 22, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 17

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

Skills Climb +9, Intimidate +6, Perception +11, Stealth +3, Survival +8, Swim +9

Languages Skald

SQ fast movement

ECOLOGY
Environment any (Kalva)

Organization solitary, pair, or raid (3–12)

Treasure NPC gear (masterwork hide armor, +1 *greataxe*)

The people of Kalva are a brutal and merciless tribe of cannibalistic barbarians. While they are most often encountered on their desolate, dreary isle, their hunger sometimes drives them to nearby shorelines. That the Kalvamen are poor shipbuilders and even worse at navigation is a blessing, for it keeps them from being a greater danger than they already are. Nevertheless, enough of them make it to the mainland to cause problems, and the fact that they often wreck their ships in the process and thus become stranded makes them even more dangerous.

Often known as berserker cannibals, these degenerates delight in stalking, ambushing, and devouring foreign humanoids. Well practiced at hunting in Kalva's forbidding terrain, berserker cannibals prefer to silently creep up on a victim before launching forward with gargling shrieks. Eager to dismember prey with their greataxes in a bloody frenzy, these berserkers tend to only use their javelins against flying creatures, or those that can outrun them.

Those unfortunate enough to survive the initial attack, or who make the poor choice to surrender to the berserkers, face a horrific fate. The berserkers drag living bounty back to their camps or caves, where they keep their prisoners "fresh" as long as possible by amputating and consuming their limbs one at a time.

Each tribe has a few members capable of forging high-quality weapons and armor. Iron and steel aren't common on the isle of Kalva, and when the metals do appear in their societies, shamans are quick to use them to forge magical greataxes for the berserkers.

While the berserkers spend much of their time roaming the island's interior on the hunt for sentient creatures, they also take time to plant and harvest hidden fields of crops in the island's rich volcanic soil. The crops serve as a contingency for times when the berserkers can find neither human nor beast to slaughter. The berserkers also gather lichens from the center of the island—not for nourishment, but because these can provide euphoric visions or fuel the berserkers' battle rage. Continued consumption of these lichens is the cause of the Kalva berserkers' white eyes.



BLACKRAVEN SCOUT

This tall, silent man wears a magnificent cloak of raven's feathers and a well-maintained suit of dark leather armor.

BLACKRAVEN SCOUT

CR 5



XP 1,600

Human ranger 6

CN Medium humanoid

Init +4; Senses Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 15, flat-footed 12 (+2 armor, +4 Dex, +1 dodge)

hp 55 (6d10+18)

Fort +8, Ref +10, Will +4

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk battleaxe +8/+3 (1d8+1/x3)

Ranged +1 composite longbow +12/+7 (1d8+2/x3)

Special Attacks favored enemy (giants +4, humans +2)

Ranger Spells Prepared (CL 3rd; concentration +4)

1st—*animal messenger, resist energy*

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +6; CMB +7; CMD 22

Feats Deadly Aim, Dodge, Endurance, Improved Precise Shot, Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Weapon Focus (composite longbow)

Skills Climb +10, Heal +10, Knowledge (local) +6, Knowledge (nature) +9, Perception +10, Stealth +13, Survival +10

Languages Common, Skald

SQ favored terrain (cold +2), hunter's bond (companions), track +3, wild empathy +5

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Hagreach)

Organization solitary or patrol (2–8)

Treasure NPC gear (masterwork leather armor; +1 composite longbow with 20 arrows, 20 cold iron arrows, and 5 +1 flaming arrows; masterwork battleaxe; *potions of cure moderate wounds* [2]; acid [4]; alchemist's fire [4]; *cloak of resistance* +1; cold weather survival gear; other treasure)

The Blackravens are an elite band of soldiers and scouts who guard the eastern borders of the Linnorm Kingdoms against incursions from Irrisen and other threats, such as frost giants from the Stormspear Mountains and bands of ogres from the foothills that border the Nolands of Varisia. Freyr Darkwine, the castellan of Hagreach, leads the Blackravens, whose main headquarters is a granite fortress called Blackraven Hall, situated next to the Rimeflow River near the border with Irrisen. While the Blackravens

count among their number a wide range of individuals from varying races and classes, those most commonly encountered are scouts that patrol the rivers and roads throughout this borderland. These scouts undergo specific training against their hated enemies, and are all rangers specialized in fighting in subarctic conditions.

A typical Blackraven patrol contains four to six members. In the open terrain around the Rimeflow River, Blackraven patrols are sometimes mounted on horseback, but in less hospitable places they sometimes use dog sleds, skis, or snowshoes. They patrol the border regularly but in no set pattern, making it difficult to predict their movements.

A Blackraven dons pale leather armor when he needs to blend into snowy environs, or when on reconnaissance missions into Irrisen. Blackraven scouts make extensive use of *animal messenger* spells to maintain communication over large areas. Specialists at battling trolls, Blackravens typically carry flaming arrows and alchemical fire to inhibit the creatures' regeneration and destroy their remains.



PATHFINDER CAMPAIGN SETTING: LANDS OF THE LINNORM KINGS

FAFNHEIR

The scales of this craggy serpentine dragon are scarred and blackened. Its eyes flare with nightmarish power, and its mouth drips with liquid flame.

FAFNHEIR

CR 24



XP 1,228,800

CE Colossal dragon

Init +14; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent, true seeing; Perception +46

DEFENSE

AC 42, touch 12, flat-footed 32 (+10 Dex, +30 natural, -8 size)

hp 526 (27d12+351)

Fort +28, **Ref** +25, **Will** +23

Defensive Abilities freedom of movement; **DR** 20/cold iron and epic; **Immune** curse effects, dragon traits, electricity, fire, mind-affecting effects, paralysis, poison, sleep; **SR** 35

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft., burrow 30 ft., fly 100 ft. (average), swim 50 ft.

Melee bite +36 (6d6+17/19-20 plus poison), 2 claws +36 (2d8+17/19-20), gore +36 (4d6+17/19-20), tail slap +31 (4d6+8 plus grab)

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

Special Attacks breath weapon, constrict (tail, 4d6+8), death curse

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 20th; concentration +29)

At will—*greater dispel magic*

3/day—quicken *greater dispel magic*, *limited wish*, *plane shift* (between First World and Material Plane only), *spell turning*, *wall of force*

STATISTICS

Str 45, **Dex** 30, **Con** 36, **Int** 18, **Wis** 27, **Cha** 29

Base Atk +27; **CMB** +52 (+56 grapple); **CMD** 72 (can't be tripped)

Feats Awesome Blow, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Greater Vital Strike, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Critical (claws), Improved Critical (gore), Improved Initiative, Improved Vital Strike, Power Attack, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (*greater dispel magic*), Staggering Critical, Vital Strike

Skills Fly +32, Intimidate +39, Knowledge (arcana) +34, Knowledge (geography) +34, Knowledge (history) +34, Knowledge (nature) +34, Perception +46, Stealth +24, Swim +55, Use Magic Device +39; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Perception

Languages Aklo, Common, Draconic, Skald, Sylvan

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Grungir Forest)

Organization solitary

Treasure triple

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Breath Weapon (Su) Once every 1d4 rounds as a standard action, Fafnheir can breathe a 90-foot cone of burning wind, dealing 26d10 points of fire damage to all creatures in the area of effect. A DC 36 Reflex save halves the fire

damage dealt. The save DC is Constitution-based. This wind has two additional effects as well.

Deafening: Any creature in the area of effect that does not succeed at a DC 36 Fortitude save is deafened by the thunderous wind.

Storm-Laced: The closest creature to Fafnheir in the area of effect is also blasted by a bolt of lightning and takes 20d6 points of electricity damage in addition to the fire damage dealt. This creature can make a second DC 36 Reflex save to halve this electricity damage.

Tornado Force: The winds themselves gust at nearly 300 miles per hour, affecting all creatures in the area of effect as if they were caught in tornado-force winds. The wind lasts only a few moments during Fafnheir's action, so it has no real effect on ranged attacks, but it blows away any Large or smaller creature (or Huge or smaller flying creature) that fails a DC 15 Strength check.

Death Curse (Su) Fafnheir is a difficult creature to slay, especially since he lives on in the body of any creature that slays him. When a creature slays Fafnheir, it becomes afflicted by the Curse of Fafnheir.

Curse of Fafnheir: *save* Will DC 32; *effect* creature's sense of self erodes as its personality is slowly replaced by Fafnheir's—this manifests as 1d6 points of Charisma drain every 24 hours. A target whose Charisma drops to 0 becomes comatose and must immediately make a DC 32 Fortitude save or die; every 24 hours that passes thereafter, the victim must make a new Fortitude save to avoid death (unless its Charisma score rises above 0, at which point it takes 1d6 points of Charisma drain). If a creature dies from the effects of this curse, its body explodes in a 60-foot burst of burning wind, with effects identical to Fafnheir's breath weapon. This effect occurs if the cursed victim dies from any effect, not just from the curse. One round later, Fafnheir gains the effect of a *true resurrection* spell, appearing at the same spot where the cursed victim died (or the closest area large enough to contain the Colossal creature), with full memories of the cursed victim's doings and accomplishments while cursed. The only way to permanently slay Fafnheir is to avoid becoming cursed after killing him, or to remove the curse before the victim dies. The effects of this curse end prematurely and immediately if Fafnheir is restored to life by other means. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Freedom of Movement (Ex) Fafnheir is under the constant effect of *freedom of movement*, as the spell of the same name. This effect cannot be dispelled.

Poison (Su) Bite—injury; *save* Fort DC 34; *frequency* 1/round for 10 rounds; *effect* 10d6 fire damage and 1d4 drain from each ability score; *cure* 3 consecutive saves. The save DC is Constitution-based.

True Seeing (Ex) Fafnheir has *true seeing*, as the spell of the same name. This effect cannot be dispelled.

Called the Father of All Linnorms, Fafnheir is the oldest and mightiest of his kind to dwell upon Golarion—other, even more powerful linnorms exist on the First World, but on Golarion, Fafnheir is king. Crafty and powerful, Fafnheir is more than just a creature of rage or hunger, and is sometimes known to speak with those who come to him as supplicants for his wisdom. Tales say that to gain Fafnheir's advice, one must travel through Grungir Forest to the cavern entrance of the linnorm's lair, whereupon the supplicant must call into the opening several secret names for the ancient linnorm. A single step into the lair renders the supplication moot, for Fafnheir does not suffer intrusions. It is customary to bring a herd of sheep, oxen, or several thralls for him to feast upon.

Those who find Fafnheir in a talkative mood and live to tell the tale report that the linnorm is well versed in numerous fields, and capable of working a wide range of magic through wishcrafting, though how much of his bragging is true is debatable. Fafnheir claims to have been the first linnorm to cross to Golarion from the First World after slaying three of that realm's Eldest, as well as to remember a time when the dragon god Dahak came to this world, and to have taken part in ancient battles against humanity as an ally of the serpentfolk. Certain Thassilonian accounts give support to his claim of providing advice and aid at times to Runelord Xanderghul, and he endured the Age of Darkness with ease. The past few thousand years have passed in the blink of an eye for the ancient linnorm, and he expects to survive for thousands more.

Fafnheir is aware of the prophecy that the hero who kills him will become king of all Ulfen. The linnorm also knows that in death he will be reborn from the burnt flesh of his slayer, and suggests to those who raise this topic with him that only by becoming him can such a Linnorm King rule. While Fafnheir has seen many challengers, few have offered him a true battle.

Fafnheir spends much of his time slumbering, but wakes quickly at the slightest deviation in the patterns of the world around him, and his dreaming mind touches the woods above and the blood of his children. Those who would come upon him unawares should not expect success unless they travel into his lair from other worlds, for his attunement to Grungir Forest is uncanny. The linnorm rarely ventures far from his lair, preferring to lure his enemies close and dispatch them on familiar ground. He loves nothing but his

treasure, and cannot be bribed or threatened—the lure of potential treasure does not excite him nearly as much as what he already possesses. He is a subtle combatant, preferring to use trickery before launching into melee. Unlike his lesser kin, Fafnheir has a number of potent, if limited, spell-like abilities, and he often uses his *limited wishes* to great effect. He has long experience with direct confrontation, and his millennia of action have taught him tricks that few remember. He is one of the most deadly creatures in the Inner Sea region, and even the mightiest dragons fear his power.



TARLE
2011

Fey Animal

This wolverine's eyes possess the unmistakable glint of intelligence, and its mouth seems to twitch as if it were about to laugh.

Fey Wolverine

CR 3



XP 800

CN Medium fey (augmented animal)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +8

DEFENSE

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

hp 22 (3d8+9)

Fort +5, **Ref** +7, **Will** +3

DR 5/cold iron; **SR** 14

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., burrow 20 ft., climb 20 ft.

Melee bite +4 (1d4+2), 2 claws +4 (1d6+2)

Special Attacks death curse (DC 13), rage

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd; concentration +5)

1/day—*charm person* (DC 13), *faerie fire*

STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 19, **Con** 15, **Int** 12, **Wis** 14,

Cha 14

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 18 (22 vs. trip)

Feats Skill Focus (Bluff), Toughness

Skills Acrobatics +10, Bluff +12,

Climb +16, Knowledge (nature) +7,

Perception +8, Sense Motive +8,

Stealth +14

Languages Skald, Sylvan

ECOLOGY

Environment cold forests

Organization solitary

Treasure none



Creating a Fey Animal

“Fey animal” is an inherited or acquired template that can be added to a living, corporeal animal (referred to hereafter as the base creature). A fey animal uses all the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

CR: Same as the base creature +1.

Type: Creature type changes to fey. It gains the augmented subtype. Do not recalculate Hit Dice, Base Attack Bonus, skills, or saves.

Alignment: Any chaotic.

Armor Class: A fey creature's natural armor bonus increases by +1.

Special Qualities and Defenses: A fey animal gains darkvision 60 feet and low-light vision if it didn't already possess it. It also gains DR 5/cold iron (DR 10/cold iron if it has 11 or more Hit Dice) and SR equal to its CR + 11.

Speed: All of the fey creature's movement speeds increase by 10 feet.

Special Attacks: A fey animal gains the special attack described below. Save DCs are equal to 10 + 1/2 the fey animal's Hit Dice + the fey animal's Charisma modifier.

Death Curse (Su): When a creature slays a fey animal, the slayer is cursed with ill luck unless it makes a successful Will saving throw to resist the curse. If it fails to resist, the victim takes a –2 penalty on all attack rolls, ability checks, skill checks, and saving throws until the curse is removed. The total penalty from multiple fey animal death curses stacks, but the multiple death curses count as a single curse overall for the purposes of removing its effects. A fey creature can see this curse on a creature as an angry red halo around the victim's head.

Spell-Like Abilities: A fey animal has a cumulative number of spell-like abilities set by its HD. Unless otherwise noted, an ability is usable 1/day. The CL equals the fey animal's CR.

HD	Spell-Like Abilities
1–3	<i>charm person</i> , <i>faerie fire</i>
4–6	<i>fly</i> (3/day), <i>tree shape</i>
7–9	<i>charm monster</i> , <i>hallucinatory terrain</i>
10–13	<i>polymorph</i> (3/day), <i>summon nature's ally IV</i>
14–16	<i>feeblemind</i> , <i>transport via plants</i>
17 or higher	<i>mass charm monster</i> , <i>summon nature's ally VIII</i>

Abilities: Dex +4, Int +10 (to a maximum score of 12), Wis +2, Cha +4.

Skills: A fey animal gains a +4 racial bonus on Bluff and Stealth checks, and has skill points per racial Hit Die equal to 6 + its Intelligence modifier. Its racial class skills are Acrobatics, Bluff, Climb, Diplomacy, Fly, Knowledge (nature), Perception, Sense Motive, Stealth, and Swim.

Languages: Fey animals speak Sylvan plus one other language common to the region.

HULDRA

This beautiful woman smiles coyly, but as she turns, her foxlike tail and the wood-lined hollow inside her back reveal her true fey nature.

HULDRA

CR 4



XP 1,200

CN Medium fey

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 14, flat-footed 13 (+3 Dex, +1 dodge, +3 natural)

hp 38 (7d6+14); regeneration 3 (acid or fire)

Fort +4, **Ref** +8, **Will** +7

Immune charm and compulsion effects; **Resist** cold 10

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee slam +7 (1d6+4), tail slap +7 (1d6+4 plus 1d4 Cha damage)

Special Attacks lashing tail, manipulate luck

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 4th; concentration +8)

Constant—*detect snares and pits*, *endure elements*, *pass without trace*

3/day—*charm person* (DC 15), *daze monster* (DC 16), *wood shape*

1/day—*deep slumber* (DC 17)

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 17, **Con** 14, **Int** 12, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 19

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 21

Feats Deceitful, Dodge, Mobility, Power Attack

Skills Bluff +16, Disguise +16, Escape Artist +13, Knowledge (nature) +11, Perception +12, Stealth +13, Use Magic Device +14

Languages Common, Giant, Skald, Sylvan

ECOLOGY

Environment cold forests and mountains

Organization solitary, pair, or family (3–8)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Lashing Tail (Su) A huldra's tail slap is a primary attack. In addition, each time a huldra damages a creature with her tail slap, she deals 1d4 points of Charisma damage, causing her target to grow progressively more deformed and ugly with each strike. A DC 15 Fortitude save negates the Charisma damage. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Manipulate Luck (Su) Once per day, a huldra can manipulate

another creature's luck by spending a full-round action, during which the huldra must remain in physical contact with the target creature. When the huldra uses this ability, she must choose whether she is imparting good luck or bad luck. A creature granted good luck gains a +2 luck bonus on all saving throws, attack rolls, and skill checks, while a creature afflicted with bad luck takes a –4 penalty on all saving throws, attack rolls, and skill checks. A DC 17 Will save negates the effect. Huldras cannot be the target of this ability. This effect lasts for 24 hours and is a curse effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Huldras are fey creatures that legend claims were originally created by troll witches to lure humans into their clutches. Huldras are aware of this tale and find it both insulting and unbelievable, yet the legend persists. There is no greater way to inflame a huldra's anger than to speak about this myth, and huldras' hatred of all things trollish is well documented.

A huldra appears to be a beautiful human woman when viewed from the front, yet two distinctive features mark the huldra as something supernatural: her long foxlike tail, and the fact that she has no back—merely a hole that reveals her body to be a hollow, bark-lined shell. Most huldras wear their hair long to mask their backs, and they prefer long gowns to hide their tails when interacting with humanoids. Though huldras are not ashamed of their status, they react extremely negatively to those who point out their tails. So long as humanoids are respectful, however, huldras tend to be curious about other races, and may aid those who pass through their territories by telling them the best places for hunting or fishing. In some cases, huldras may even become enamoured with the woodcutters and other outdoor adventurers they encounter, taking them to their beds, but these romances usually end in disappointment and misunderstanding shared by both sides.

Despite their relatively lithe frames, huldras are deceptively strong—stories abound of them performing astonishing feats of strength, like straightening horseshoes, and their natural weapons are quite potent.



LONGBOAT CAPTAIN

This proud Ulfen captain stands alert on the deck of her dragon-prowed longship, bow at the ready.

LONGBOAT CAPTAIN

CR 4



XP 1,200

Human fighter 5

CN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +3; Senses Perception –1

DEFENSE

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

hp 42 (5d10+10)

Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +2; +1 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk battleaxe +7 (1d8+1/x3)

Ranged +1 composite longbow +11 (1d8+5/x3)

Special Attacks weapon training (bows +1)

STATISTICS

Str 12, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 13,

Wis 8, Cha 12

Base Atk +5; CMB +6; CMD 19

Feats Deadly Aim, Iron Will,

Persuasive, Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Weapon Focus (composite longbow), Weapon Specialization (composite longbow)

Skills Craft (carpentry) +9, Intimidate

+11, Profession (sailor) +7, Sense

Motive +4, Swim +9

Languages Aquan, Common,

Skald

SQ armor training 1

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary

or raid (one longboat captain and 2d6 Ulfen raiders)

Treasure NPC gear (masterwork chain shirt, +1 composite longbow with 20 arrows, masterwork battleaxe, *potions of cure moderate wounds* [2], other treasure)

A longship captain typically leads a crew of Ulfen raiders, and as such must be as adept at combat as she is at command and tactics. At sea or on land, her steely gaze and authoritative tone ensure that her crew follow her orders quickly and without argument. An accomplished sailor herself, she has

the ability to motivate her crew to work in unison and give their best effort—and indeed, to fight and die as necessary. She knows the workings of her ship inside out, often having had a hand in its construction. If the ship needs repairs in the midst of a journey, she proves herself a skilled carpenter and sail maker.

If a longship is caught in one of ferocious storms that frequently lash the Steaming Sea, the captain's determination and shouted commands urging all hands to row for their lives are often the only things that prevent the ship from capsizing. Many longship captains prefer to follow coastlines, and at night have their boats seek safe harbor so that the crew can sleep in tents on the nearby shore—in such cases, the captain herself claims the privilege of the sleeping onboard, possibly with an honor guard or skeleton crew to prevent thieves or accidents. If an enemy attacks during the night, the high-walled hull of the ship can serve as an impromptu fortification.

In a naval battle, a longboat captain directs both the ship's course and her crew's tactics, all while personally raining down a shower of deadly arrows on the enemy vessel. Most longboat captains are certainly capable in melee combat, but prefer to issue orders and provide support with their arrows from a vantage point from which they can observe the whole battle—often the bows of their ships. A captain's swift reactions, as well as her ability to

yell a hasty word of warning or command to her crew, can determine whether she and

her crew face victory or defeat, life or death.

When engaged in coastal raiding, the captain supervises the planning of the attack. She often leads a reserve group of raiders to strike against the strongest points of resistance or cut off those trying to flee. Those assigned to the captain's guard see the post as a mark of honor, as well as a chance for a greater share of the loot.

A powerful and prosperous captain is often known to have her vessel's figurehead enchanted with the ability to spit out gout of flame, or so that its eyes glow with an eerie light, casting fear into the hearts of enemies who see it bearing down on them.



MINDSLAVER MOLD

A thick sheet of filthy green fungus grows in twisting patterns across the shoulders and back of this feral-looking man.

MINDSLAVER MOLD

CR 3



XP 800

NE Small plant

Init +7; Senses low-light vision; Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 15, flat-footed 11 (+3 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 size)

hp 30 (4d8+12); fast healing 2

Fort +7, Ref +4, Will +2

Defensive Abilities avoidance; Immune cold, plant traits;

Resist acid 10; SR 14

OFFENSE

Speed 5 ft., climb 5 ft.

Ranged spore pod +7 touch (spores)

Special Attacks infestation, spores

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th; concentration +9)

1/day—dominate person (DC 15)

STATISTICS

Str 2, Dex 17, Con 17, Int 14, Wis 12,

Cha 13

Base Atk +3; CMB -2; CMD 12

(can't be tripped)

Feats Dodge, Improved Initiative

Skills Climb +8, Escape Artist +7,

Perception +8, Stealth +14

Languages Aklo, Common, Sylvan

(cannot speak); mold mindlink

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary or infestation (2–10)

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Avoidance (Ex) When a mindslaver mold is infesting living or undead creature, it can make a Reflex save as an immediate action to completely avoid an attack that would normally have hit it. This attack instead harms the infested creature—the mold effectively slithers out of the way of the incoming attack so that the blow strikes the creature it controls. The mindslaver mold must choose to attempt avoidance after the attack roll is resolved but before damage is rolled.

Infestation (Su) A mindslaver mold can climb onto and attach itself to a willing or helpless host as a standard action. As long as the mold infests its host, the

mold shares the same 5-foot-square with its host's space; this does not negatively impact the host or the mold. As long as a mindslaver mold infests a host, the host takes a -4 penalty on all Will saves made against the mindslaver mold's *dominate person* spell-like ability, and the duration of that spell-like ability on the host becomes permanent as long as the mold remains attached. Each day, an attached mindslaver mold deals 1d4 points of damage to its host as it feeds on the host's blood and other bodily fluids. A mindslaver mold can be torn free of a host with a DC 15 Strength check as a standard action—doing so deals 2d6 points of damage as the mold's tendrils tear free. A dead mindslaver mold deals no damage when it is so removed.

Mold Mindlink (Su) A mindslaver mold can communicate telepathically with any other mindslaver mold within 10 miles, and knows the condition of all other mindslaver molds in this area as if it had a *status* spell in effect on all other molds.

Spore Pod (Ex) A mindslaver mold's sole physical attack is to launch a spore pod the size of a sling bullet. This is a ranged touch attack that has a range increment of 20 feet.

Spores (Su) Whenever a mindslaver mold hits a creature with its spore pod, or whenever a creature touches a mindslaver mold (including when a creature hits the mold with a touch attack, unarmed strike, or natural attack), the creature must make a DC 15 Fortitude save to avoid taking 1d4 points of Wisdom damage as the mold's spores swiftly drain away the victim's willpower and sense of self. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Mindslaver mold is a much-feared infestation from the First World that is particularly common in Grungir Forest, as well as on the island of Kalva, where the cannibals respect and fear the mold almost as a manifestation of some strange god. The mold itself shares a single consciousness, although individual patches of the stuff retain their own goals. Mindslaver mold seeks humanoid hosts, parasitizing them even as it manipulates them into serving as its bodyguards and protectors.



TROLL, MOUNTAIN

This enormous, stooped creature has powerful limbs; a mane of gritty brown fur; and a ferocious, tusked underbite.

MOUNTAIN TROLL

CR 14



XP 38,400

CN Huge humanoid (giant)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +15

DEFENSE

AC 29, touch 9, flat-footed 28 (+1 Dex, +20 natural, -2 size)

hp 207 (18d8+126); regeneration 10 (acid or fire)

Fort +18, **Ref** +7, **Will** +15

Defensive Abilities rock catching, stubborn

Weaknesses vulnerable to sonic

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., burrow 10 ft., climb 40 ft.

Melee bite +24 (2d10+13), 2 claws +24 (2d6+13)

Ranged rock +13/+8/+3 (2d8+19)

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

Special Attacks rend

(2 claws, 2d6+13),

rock throwing (120 ft.)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 14th; concentration +13)

At will—stone shape

3/day—spike stones (DC 13), stone tell

1/day—earthquake (DC 17), flesh to stone (DC 15), summon monster VIII (earth elemental only)

STATISTICS

Str 36, **Dex** 13, **Con** 25, **Int** 7, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +13; **CMB** +28; **CMD** 39

Feats Awesome Blow, Deadly Aim, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Iron Will, Improved Vital Strike, Iron Will, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Vital Strike

Skills Climb +33, Perception +15

Languages Giant

ECOLOGY

Environment cold mountains

Organization solitary or pair

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Stubborn (Ex) A mountain troll gains a +4 racial bonus on all Will saving throws. In addition, if the troll fails a saving throw against a charm or compulsion effect, it can immediately attempt a second saving throw against the same effect on the next round to end the duration of the effect early.

Though grotesque, charmless, and prone to fits of violence, mountain trolls are not inherently evil, nor do they always attack intruders on sight. A mountain troll prefers to withdraw and observe before entering combat, lumbering forth to attack only if intruders make clear their intentions to harm it or its allies, or if the newcomers seem to be encroaching upon the troll's territory rather than simply passing through. Once enraged, a mountain troll is a savage opponent, calling upon its native strength and alliances with elementals to bury its opponents in stone or spread their entrails across the slopes.

Mountain trolls prefer to live in narrow ravines or shallow caves that allow them to look out over the landscape. They sometimes knuckle-walk like a gorilla, but when angered they rear up to their full height of nearly 30 feet.

Mountain trolls have a close association with the First World, similar to that possessed by gnomes, which grants them magical abilities and unusual patience. They are quick to forge alliances with fey, and while they see smaller trolls as sadists, they nonetheless feel a sort of familial responsibility. Lesser trolls often capitalize upon mountain trolls' generosity, but take care to abide by their larger cousins' rules when sheltering in their homes. Mountain trolls have even been known to aid explorers or give advice, provided they are treated with respect.



ULFEN RAIDER

This fur-clad and fiercely rugged barbarian stands ready to do battle with a deadly looking battleaxe clenched in one hand.

ULFEN RAIDER

CR 1/2



XP 200

Human barbarian 1

CN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; **Senses** Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 9, flat-footed 16 (+6 armor, +1 Dex, -2 rage, +2 shield)**hp** 17 (1d12+5)**Fort** +6, **Ref** +1, **Will** +3

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.**Melee** battleaxe +6 (1d8+4/x3)**Special Attacks** rage (6 rounds/day)

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 12, **Con** 18, **Int** 10, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 8**Base Atk** +1; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 14**Feats** Power Attack, Weapon Focus (battleaxe)**Skills** Intimidate +3, Perception +5, Profession (sailor) +2, Survival +5, Swim +1**Languages** Common, Skald**SQ** fast movement

ECOLOGY

Environment any**Organization** solitary, pair, or raiding party (2d6 Ulfen raiders and one longboat captain)**Treasure** NPC Gear (chainmail, heavy wooden shield, battleaxe, *potion of cure light wounds*, other treasure)

Raiders from the Linnorm Kingdoms seek to prove themselves by sailing to distant lands and returning with riches, either obtained by shrewd trading or taken as plunder from a successful raid. All raiders seek to show their courage in battle, fighting fiercely for pillage or honor.

While raiding, these barbarians employ the element of surprise; in the faint predawn light, they quietly row their longship with muffled oars as they draw near the targeted settlement. Sometimes Ulfen raiders might put in at a nearby, uninhabited harbor so as to approach their quarry on foot from inland, using nearby terrain as cover. However they approach, the raiders aim to catch their prize unawares to prevent their prey from fleeing with valuable plunder. When a group of raiders attacks, the clamorous sound of their Ulfen war songs floats over the din of battle, and the battle plan changes from stealth to intimidation. While Ulfen raiders have a keen sense of tactics, they prefer to fight as bold individuals, rather than in strict formations, in hopes of gaining personal glory. Once battle commences, Ulfen raiders often form a wedge of spears to drive their way through enemy lines.

They use shield wall tactics when outnumbered or when they encounter stiff opposition.

After a successful attack, Ulfen raiders quickly gather loot and valuable captives onto their longships. As well as coins and other riches, the raiders often take bulky luxury goods that are hard to obtain in their homeland, such as well-made furniture or carpets, and even appropriate high-pedigree livestock to increase the quality of their own herds. Slaves are often harvested from the ranks of a village's able-bodied youths. While Ulfen raiders seize anything of value that they can bring on board their longships, they are unlikely to wantonly destroy a raided settlement. After all, if the settlement is able to eventually recover from the attack, it can provide more plunder in the next raiding season.

In large groups, Ulfen raiders can take over a wide area of countryside, and often demand an exorbitant payment from local leaders to move on. Smaller communities frequently pay, rather than attempting the expensive process of raising an army and then fighting an uncertain battle against these bloodthirsty raiders.



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