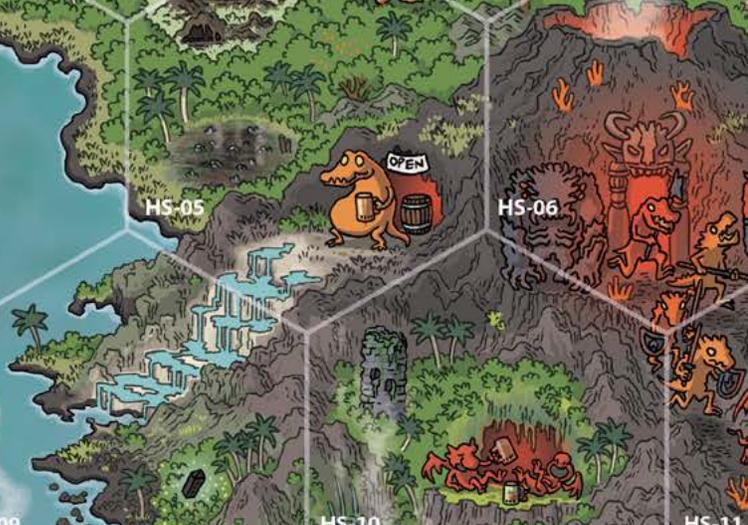
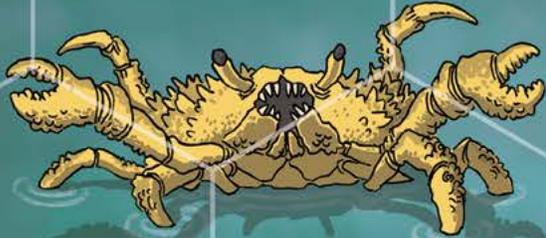




**THE DARK
OF
HOT SPRINGS ISLAND**





HS-04

HS-07

HS-08

HS-12

HS-13

HS-18

N



A NEW MAP of
**HOT SPRINGS
ISLAND**

"But I never could have done it," he objected, "without everyone else's help." "That may be true," said Reason gravely, "but you had the courage to try; and what you can do is often simply a matter of what you will do."

-NORTON JUSTER, *The Phantom Tollbooth*

Thank you so much to everyone who backed the Hot Springs Island Kickstarter, and to all the fans who have found us since. We couldn't be doing this without you.

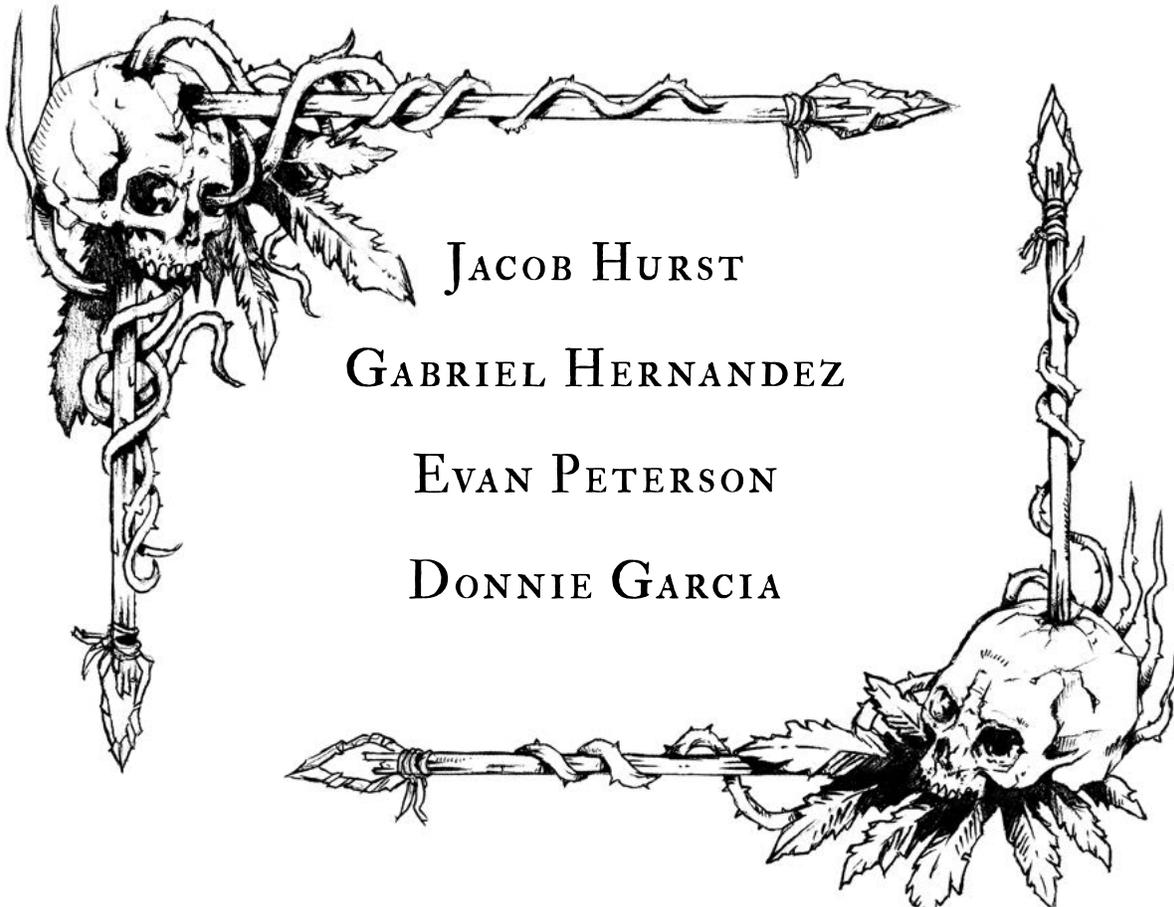
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Zharden

THE DARK OF HOT SPRINGS ISLAND



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Table of Contents

INTRODUCTION

A Sandbox of Black Powder	5
A Sample Expedition	6-9
Facts about the Island	10-11
Travel and Exploration	12

QUICK REFERENCE

Island Map	13
One-Line Hex Key	14-15
Encounter Tables	16-17
Overview	18

HEX KEY

HS-01	20
HS-02	21
HS-03	22
HS-04	23
HS-05	24
HS-06	25
HS-07	26
HS-08	27
HS-09	28
HS-10	29
HS-11	30
HS-12	31
HS-13	32
HS-14	33
HS-15	34
HS-16	35
HS-17	36
HS-18	37
HS-19	38
HS-20	39
HS-21	40
HS-22	41
HS-23	42
HS-24	43
HS-25	44

MAPS AND EVENTS

HS-01-01: Boar's Head Encampment	46-47
HS-03-02: Dire Boar Den	48-49
HS-04-01: Glavrok Village	50-51
HS-04-01: Vision's Clearing	52-53
HS-05-01: The Slave Quarters	54-55
HS-05-01: The Albino Ogre	56-57
HS-06-02: Svarku's Volcanic Lair	58-64
HS-06-02: New Moon Party	65-67
HS-06-02: Molotek	68-69
HS-06-02: Crystalflow	70-71
HS-07-02: Ashfire Mine	72-73
HS-11-02: The Shattered Aquifer	74-75
HS-11-02: Sopkatok	76-77
HS-14-01: Joomavesi	78-81
HS-15-02: The Lapis Observatory	82-88
HS-15-02: Alabaster Guardians	90-91
HS-19: Hot Springs City	92-95
HS-19-02: Bathhouse: The Plant	96-97
HS-19-02: Bathhouse: The Trap	98
HS-22-02: The Violet Rasp	99
HS-23-02: Temple of Tranquility	100-103
HS-23-02: Albino Centipede	104-105
HS-25-01: Crystal Sea Cave	106-107

FUEGONAUTS

Svarku	110-113
The Zumakalis Deal	114
The Starfall	114
Seera	114
The Ash Barons	114-115
The Obsidian Giants	116
The Shah of Fire Serpents	116
Salamanders	117
Fatty Salamander	117
Combustarinos	118
Obsidian Bladeguards	118

NEREIDS

Meltalia	120-124
The Nereids	124
Leaders of the Nereids	125
The Lament	125

NIGHT AXE

Night Axe	126
The Influence of Mog'ok	127
The Night Axe Now	127
Night Axe Women and Children	127
The Abduction of Women	127
Night Axe Warriors	128
Night Axe Edgesworn	128
Becoming Edgesworn	128
Night Axe Bonebinders	129
Bone Magic	129
Glavrok	130
Bavmorda	130-131
Srok	131
Paw'lard Ean	132
The Six Surviving Women	133

ELEMENTALS

Elementals	134-135
Earth Imps	135
Fire Imps	136
Water Imps	136
Ooze Imps	137
Magma Imps	137
Steam Imps	138
The House	138

LIZARDMEN

The Goa	140
Why the Goa Come to Hot Springs	140
The Arva	140-141
The Kiru	141
Why the Kiru Come to Hot Springs	141
Damadar Deodan	142

ANCIENTS AND ELVES

The Ancients	144
The Elves: Before Sipopa	144
Victory and the Black Blight	145
Reywish and the Starfall	145
The Four Styles of Sipopa Use	146
Using Sipopa	147
Sipopa Negative Effects	148
Zeb	149
Chimes and Singing Golems	149-151
Blank Verse Golem Generator	151
Lady Hedonia	152
The Cult of the Veil	153
Shadows	153
Orange Sludge	154
Astral Spinners and the Host	154
Obsidian Diggers	155

APPENDIX

Treasure	158-159
Treasure Tables	160-161
Fuegonaut Treasures	162-163
Ancient Treasures	164-165
Night Axe Treasures	166-167
Nereid Treasures	168-170
Elven Treasures	171-173
Lizardmen Treasures	174-176
Telecanter's Table	177
Nonplayer Characters	178-181
Rumors of the Elven Ruins	182-185
Plants of Hot Springs Island	186-188
Monsters of Hot Springs Island	189-192



A Sandbox of Black Powder



Black powder is comprised of three basic parts: charcoal, saltpeter, and sulfur. Apply a bit of fire and not only do you get an explosion, you get a big puff of smoke and an aftermath of highly corrosive residue. This “explosion of consequences” can be found at the heart of the most memorable and frequently retold stories. The death of Caesar. The choice of Paris. The storming of the Bastille. In each case, a powder keg of decisions, relationships, beliefs, debts, and random chance ignites, and we retell the stories of the explosion’s flash, smoke, and caustic consequences to this day.

The Dark of Hot Springs Island contains the materials to make powder for your tabletop roleplaying games. Its 270 detailed rooms and locations provide plenty of flammable surface area, even as seven factions, eighty-seven detailed nonplayer characters, and 300 problematic treasures quickly lower the flash point of the status quo. A web of backstory and NPC relationships ensures that the burn is a messy affair. The players, of course, are the spark, and with 448 random events and encounter motivations, every session on the island can explode into wildly different outcomes from the same basic parameters.

But, like a tub of colorful plastic building blocks, the total number of bricks isn’t as important as their modularity. So ignore pieces. Add new ones. Throw things out, or change them up completely. Combining the ingredients in different ratios should still lead to plenty of explosions. All that is really needed to run this hexcrawl is characters for your preferred system, the map, and the hex key (p. 19). Everything else exists solely to provide consequences for the decisions the players make as their characters explore. Every monster, NPC, treasure, dungeon room, and overland point of interest is webbed together—but unlike with Ariadne’s thread, following these connections only leads deeper into the labyrinth.

This setting is system neutral, so there are no stats for monsters or prepackaged treasure parcels. No levels are assumed, and there is no path of advancement through this tropical wilderness. The monsters will likely be tough and the factions even tougher, but the motivations for (and potential leverage against) everything with a modicum of intelligence has been detailed. Combat is expected to be approached like war, and not a perfectly balanced arena skirmish. So crack the mountains. Flood the dungeons. And burn everything to survive.

HEXES

Hot Springs Island is made up of twenty-five 2-mile hexes. Each hex contains three points of interest for players to discover and explore. These points are all physical locations that can be revisited, and are not one-time events or encounters.

Three locations per hex make the wilderness feel dense. But to keep things abstract, these locations do not have fixed coordinates within the hex. Each one is numbered (O1, O2, O3), and characters will generally encounter point O1 first, as it is normally an obvious natural feature or settlement. The second and third points are typically less obvious, but remain noteworthy locales. These additional locations are best discovered by parties that have become lost, spend time exploring, or are revealed by an NPC guide or object.

Players should have access to a map of Hot Springs Island as they play, and the map enclosed with the *Field Guide* has blanks to fill in as points of interest are discovered. This way, in addition to being destinations, the locations can serve as a sort of collection minigame, showing players that more is out there, just waiting to be found.

TIME

The Game Master is strongly encouraged to use time as an enemy. As the players ignite the island’s status quo, time crunches combine with distance to make choices meaningful and help the island feel alive. Both the Fuegonauts and the Night

Axe hold important events on nights with a new moon, and their bases are eight hours apart. So a plan that requires being at both events becomes much trickier to pull off.

In an effort to simplify tracking time for overland travel, the book uses a unit of time called a watch. A watch is 4 hours long, meaning a day is made up of six watches. Traveling from a point of interest in one hex to a point in a neighboring hex takes one watch, as does exploring a hex to find one of its other points of interest.

Assuming 2-mile hexes of overgrown, often mountainous jungle with no roads or trails to speak of, spending 4 hours to get from point A to point B and deal with an encounter allows for an optimal amount of abstraction. It also makes a day easily divisible. With this system, if an NPC demands something “in three days time” it becomes very simple to set up three stacks of six poker chips and show the players their deadline. Removing those chips one at a time as they make decisions and discoveries will prove to be an amazing motivator.

TABLES

For the wilderness, motivation and encounter tables are used to answer the age-old question of “What did you just find and what is it doing?” These tables use **3d6**, and they are nested (p. 16). If the party is in an area of Heavy Jungle, you roll **3d6** on the Heavy Jungle table. All of its results (Elemental, Intelligent, Beast) point to the next table. A result of “Beast,” for example, sends you to roll **3d6** on the Heavy Jungle Beast table, and then another **3d6** for the motivation of the creature indicated.

(This is, absolutely, a lot of rolling. Because of this, digital maps are available so you can roll everything up by touching the party’s current location on a computer, phone, or tablet.)

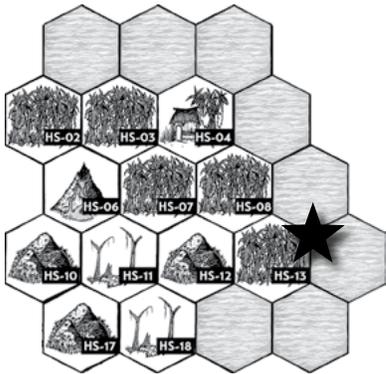
But why require multiple tables and multiple dice for each roll? Because of probability, territory, and to establish a sense of “normal” that the Game Master does not have to manually track. By nesting the tables and breaking them out, terrain areas can be differentiated by encounter. For example, coppermane prowlers live and nest in the mountains, while broadbacks live in light jungle where they have room to move around. Additionally, the party will likely encounter Night Axe ogres around the north side of the island, and Fuegonauts around the central volcano. Pseudonaturalism sometimes gets a bad rap in tabletop games, but here on Hot Springs Island, its purpose is to establish that this world doesn’t need the characters. It has its own rhythm and system, and the adventurers are the intruders.

By defining normality, it becomes easier to show what is strange, and it enables the Game Master to show the characters’ impact on the island by tweaking a few results on a subtable. For example, if the players decide to side with Svarku and his Fuegonauts and begin killing every ogre in sight, as time goes by, Night Axe results on the intelligent tables can be replaced by Fuegonaut results. If the players decide to establish a town and bring in their friends, “Adventurer” and “Intelligent” results can be increased and “Elemental” and “Beast” results can fade before the onslaught of civilization. Additionally, by pegging certain results to certain terrain types, misplaced monsters become a call to adventure. “What has driven the coppermane prowlers down from the mountains?”

Dungeons, villages, and other “roomed” sublocations work slightly differently. They have singular encounter and motivation tables, and a zone-wide event table called “What’s happening?!” that provides context for the area. The probability afforded by using **3d6** tables, when paired with motivations, helps establish the vibe of the sublocation. Dangerous war-torn areas have much higher chances to get motivation results such as fighting, fleeing, or dying. By the same token, in areas that are more stable, the local inhabitants have a higher likelihood of being found eating/drinking, repairing/maintaining, or social/creative. This effect can also be used to create places of transition where most creatures are just passing through.

A Sample Expedition

What follows is an example of how this can all come together in play, and is based on results that were rolled live. You're going to start your imaginary players off with a shipwreck. It's a classic way to begin an island adventure, and it provides immediate motivations like "Figure out where we are," "Figure out how we can leave," and "Survive in the meantime." The characters start (arbitrarily) in hex HS-13. After a quick regroup, the players are likely to decide to head inland toward the island's central volcano, so that they can get some elevation and see what there is to see.



Each hex contains three numbered points of interest. Normally, the players would encounter point 01, but in [HS-13], point 01 is the Steaming Beach—a stretch of rocky shoreline superheated by an underground magma chamber. Since you didn't wreck them on that point (as they might have cooked alive when they washed ashore unconscious), and because they're heading inland, you're going to make their first encounter point [HS-13-02]: The Decaying Statue.

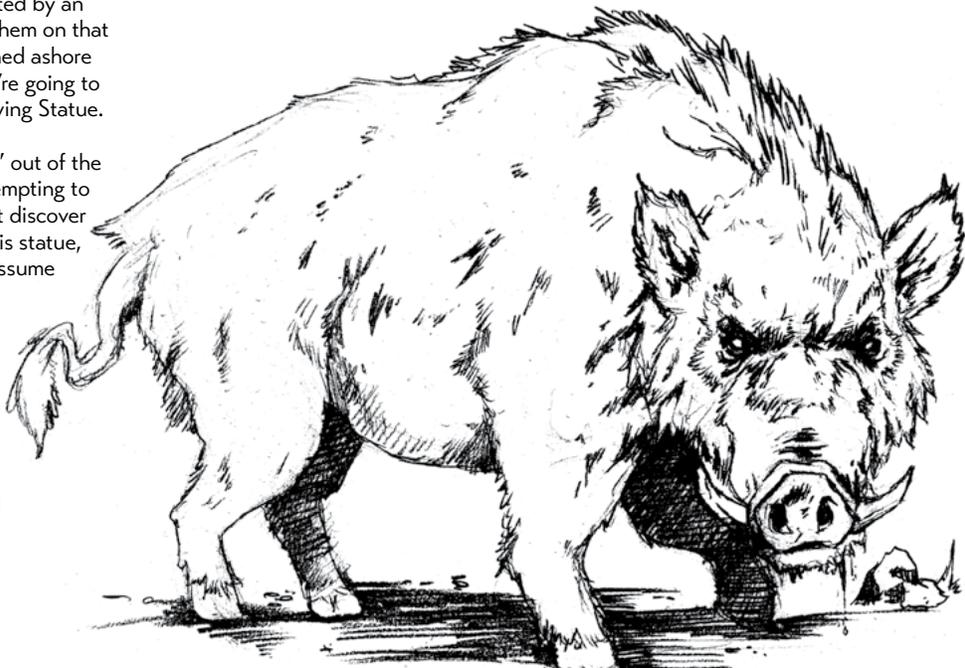
The weathered torso of an elven woman rises nearly 50' out of the ground, its left arm outstretched, palm up, as if it is attempting to help a fallen person rise. Magic users in the group might discover that they seem more powerful while in the vicinity of this statue, possibly wishing to stop and investigate. But for now, assume that the characters press on.

We elect to set up the characters' first encounter, resulting in three boar with a motivation of "dying" (roll: 12, 10, 13, 4). Why are these animals dying? You don't know. One obvious thought is to ratchet up the creep factor and say they're dying of some terrible wasting disease, but you can also simply roll again and see if that generates an interesting reason. The next roll yields a fire elemental

performing a ritual (roll: 16, 12, 8, 5; the Heavy Jungle elemental table is from [p. 17](#)). That could absolutely be what's killing the boars, but you might not want to dive into elementals right away. So you tweak the original roll to say there were only two boars that mortally wounded each other, probably over a territorial dispute. This likely won't lead to combat for the characters, but it helps set up a good "primal violence" vibe.

Heavy Jungle

3	Elemental	Poison Dart Frog	1	Sleeping
4	Elemental	Obsidian Digger	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Dire Boar	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Intelligent	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Beast	Vyderac**	2	Walking
9	Beast	Giant Bat	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Boar	d4	In Combat*
11	Beast	Giant Centipede	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Giant Rat	d4+1	Walking
13	Intelligent	Copperback	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Intelligent	Blindfire Vine	d6	Rest/Relax/Nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Elemental	Giant Centipede	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Elemental	Bone Wydar	2d6	Altered State
18	Elemental	Spine Dragon	3d6	Defecating



The group continues on to HS-12. You can roll to see if they get lost, but choose not to because their goal is to reach a clearly visible mountain that would act as their guide. Deciding to leave the point of interest they discover to chance, you roll **d6** (two sides per location).

After 4 hours of game time pass (1 watch), the group arrives at a place where all plant life within a 50' area is dead, brown, and crumbling to the touch.

Near the center of this area, clear crystals grow from the ground and arc toward a boulder that appears wrapped in thick gray rope. At least 20 leathery corpses can be seen among the dead vegetation. The characters have discovered the Jerky Fields [HS-12-03].

The players are smart. They go around. The crystal structure in the center of this clearing is the root system of a gigantic salt vine, an elemental plant that absorbs nearby water. This particular specimen can completely desiccate an average-sized human

in about an hour, and the corpses are the remains of a failed transplanting expedition.

The encounter roll (Mountainous Jungle, roll: 7, 10, 12, 12) yields an earth imp out for a walk. Because earth imps are intelligent creatures, some of their motivations and characterization touchstones are detailed in the section on Elementals (p. 134) to help guide potential interactions.

Mountainous Jungle

3	Intelligent	Steam Imp	d4+1	Art
4	Intelligent	Earth Imp	d4	Meditating
5	Intelligent	Steam Imp	2	Ritual
6	Intelligent	Magma Imp	2	Wounded
7	Elemental	Water Imp	2	Diplomacy
8	Elemental	Fire Imp	1	Laboring
9	Beast	Ooze Imp	1	Lost
10	Beast	Earth Imp	1	Fleeing/Pursuit**
11	Beast	Earth Ele	1	In Combat**
12	Beast	Ooze Ele	1	Walking
13	Elemental	Fire Ele	1	Patrolling
14	Elemental	Water Ele	2	Altered State
15	Intelligent	Magma Ele	2	Hunting/Gathering
16	Intelligent	Steam Ele	2	Mating
17	Intelligent	Earth Ele	d4	Resting/Camp
18	Intelligent	Steam Ele	d4+1	Sleeping

Earth imps, as it turns out, want to be friends with everyone, anxious to hear the stories of others and to tell their own stories. They never want to be ignored or openly mocked, and they hate being left alone.

Based on the party's goal and circumstances, the imp could become their "guide" whether they want it to or not, and things might rapidly devolve into a comedy of errors and misunderstanding. But the characters would likely end up someplace they didn't intend. After all, the difference between being "in the volcano" and "on the volcano" is a subtle distinction to an elemental. So you decide that the imp leads the party to the base of a 200' high lava fall that feeds a gigantic lava lake [HS-11-02].

The earth imp would be quite proud of itself for getting them here, because this is where it always goes when it visits the volcano. The lava fall is not flush with the cliff face, and great clouds of steam occasionally billow out from behind it. This is the entrance to one of Hot Springs Island's dungeons: the shattered Aquifer of Pythiaria.



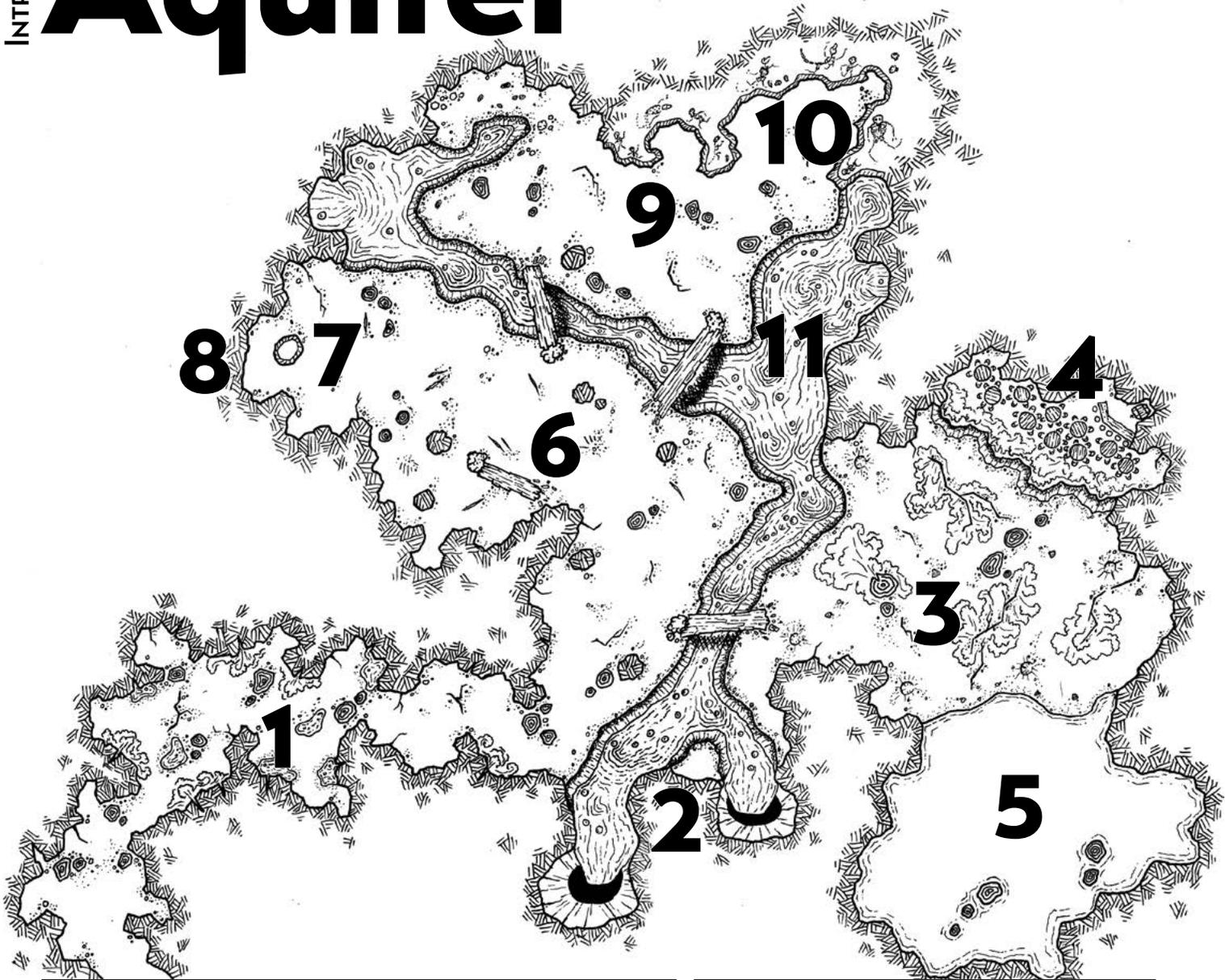
Maybe the players enter the dungeon now. Maybe they enter later. Maybe they never enter at all. That's OK. The shattered aquifer is here in [HS-11] with or without them. That's what a sandbox is all about. But for our purposes, let's say the players are as fickle as many Game Masters and give up surveying the island to pass behind the falls.

So, how do you make an unstocked dungeon playable without ending the gaming session and prepping it for the next session? You call a short break, turn to p. 74, check out the aquifer, and get to rolling. Each dungeon has a single page overview, a keyed map, and three random tables. It's absolutely fine to roll encounters as players explore the dungeon, but many GMs will find it easier to roll up all the encounters at once, and then figure out how the results fit together.

Super quick context for the shattered aquifer: Once upon a time, it was completely submerged and a sacred place for denizens of water, but that changed. The forces of magma muscled their way in, but water didn't leave—and so the site became an elemental battlefield. Magma fights water, water fights magma, and steam bets on it all from high above the fray. There's a giant magma hydra living here too, and green-scaled lizardmen (the Goa, who live elsewhere in the Swordfish Islands) travel to Hot Springs Island so they can try and rip one of the hydra's obsidian faceplates off. It's tradition.

Now it's time to roll on the tables! Remember, the tables used for events and encounters are **3d6** tables. Using such tables puts our roll results on a probability bell curve, meaning there are common, uncommon and rare encounters. Rare results and uncommon results are disruptions of the location's status quo, and can and should be used to drive conflicts and motivations.

The Shattered Aquifer



3d6	What's Happening?!
3	Svarku has commissioned magma imps to make armor. [6] has been repurposed for this.
4	Roderick's skeleton is missing. Sopkatok is furious.
5	The unborn water elemental cores in [5] vanished last night.
6	Magma is winning the war! [3] is crumbling into a new lava river.
7	A Goa is about to fight Sopkatok . d6 Arva lie in wait to disrupt them.
8	A Goa battles Sopkatok . The caverns tremble with their combat.
9	d4+2 adventurers are here to steal flash-frozen magma imp "statues" from [3].
10	The forces of magma and water clash at [3].
11	The forces of magma and water have declared a temporary ceasefire.
12	Steam imps are hosting a prize fight at [3] during a ceasefire.
13	A powerful Goa is here to record new names from [8] and recover fallen Goa or remains.
14	2d4 Night Axe ogres are here to train with the forces of water.
15	Water is winning the war! [3] and [2] are flooded.
16	Sopkatok and Roderick's ghost are at [2], discussing the nature of honor and sacrifice.
17	Svarku and 3d10 Fuegonauts are here to try and enlist Sopkatok to their cause.
18	An emissary from the plane of water has arrived to check on the status of the war.

Encounter	Motivation
Salamanders: d4 Tricksters, d4 Warriors	Delivery
1 Kiru Shaman	Social/Creative
d4+2 Adventurers	Fighting*
1 Steam Imp	Interacting With*
1 Magma Imp	Laboring/Nesting
1 Magma Elemental	Returning Home
1 Goa	Hiding/Sneaking
3d6 Magma Imps	Setting Up an Ambush
d6+1 Water Imps, d6+1 Water Elementals	Patrolling
1 Goa	Wounded
1 Water Elemental	Ritual
2d4+3 Water Imps	Territorial Display
4d6 Steam Imps	Waiting
1 Earth Imp	Lost
1 Nereid	Dying
2d4+1 Night Axe	Diplomacy

The first roll is on the What's Happening?! table, with a result of 5. "The unborn water elemental cores in [5] vanished last night." Area 5 is the flooded nurseries. OK, that's a big deal. The forces of water are going to be freaking out, and because of the word "vanished," it's easy to assume they have no idea what happened to their children.

Now to roll up the encounters:

- At point 1, there's a magma imp laboring/nesting.
- At point 2, there's a magma elemental returning home.
- At 3, we've got a green-scaled lizardman hiding/sneaking.
- At 4, a water elemental is engaged in a ritual.
- Point 5 has 8 magma imps setting up an ambush (that could be fun).
- But there are 10 water imps doing a territorial display at 6.
- And then 7 water elementals and 7 imps patrolling at 7/8.
- At point 9, there's another green lizardman, but this one's wounded.
- At point 10, we've got a magma elemental returning home.
- And at 11, there's another magma imp laboring/nesting.

A few things that'll be good to know (with full details on [p. 74](#)):

- Point 5 is water territory.
- Point 11 is magma territory.
- Point 3 is the battlefield between them.
- Point 4 is steam territory.

Based on this, it's clear that there are two large groups of water creatures out beyond their normal territory. Not only are they out in force, their motivations for being in those spots are aggressive. Knowing the overall event in the dungeon is that the baby water elementals vanished last night makes it seem like water is really pissed off.

Looking at the forces of magma, a couple of imps are laboring/nesting while two elementals return home. Returning home could mean the elementals are coming back to the shattered aquifer, or it could mean they're headed back to their home plane.

The dynamic at play here makes it look as though water is advancing, focused and angry, and magma is retreating and repairing. The only area where magma is showing any force is at point 5, which happens to be the Flooded Nurseries. Since that area is 100 percent water territory and fully submerged, these imps are probably along the perimeter of the area and not actually in it. Remember, everything is flexible, and may not fit exactly, so tweak and massage the results as needed.

Next up are the two Goa (green lizardmen). One is wounded here, and one is sneaking around over there. Normally, they'll always be alone, so you might instinctively want to reroll one of them. But the lizards normally fight the hydra here at point 6, so maybe the wounded one got hurt and fled to its current position. Or maybe the hydra and lizard were battling here on the black glass overlook and the hydra flung the lizard to point 9, breaking its legs and tail and leaving it crippled, but afraid to commit suicide (as is the normal way of its people). The lizard over here, sneaking around the steaming battlefield, probably just got to the aquifer and is scoping out the place before it begins its fight against the hydra. It's a safe bet that they have no idea their kin is here, but maybe one of them saw what happened to the water elemental babies.

The only encounter left to think about now is the water elemental up on the cloudy balcony, engaged in a ritual. Lots of possibilities here. Maybe it's performing a ritual to try and get information out of the steam imps regarding the disappearance of the water cores. Or maybe it's up there against its will, and the steam imps are performing a ritual on it—and betting to see how long it'll be till the water elemental cracks. But then again, if you look back at the dungeon's event table, there's an entry that says: "Water is winning the war! The steaming battlefield (point 3) and magma pits (point 2) are flooded."

So what if this water elemental is old and tremendously powerful, and it's up in steam imp territory with a clear view of the ground below so it can perform a ritual to flood everything? What if the magma imp ambush is attempting to prevent this, and what if the

vanished water elemental babies were actually sacrificed to facilitate this ritual of elemental aggression?

In no time at all, the players have stumbled into a web of possibilities—and they've only been through a fragment of three hexes and one small dungeon. There's so much more to explore! Elven ruins where the stars fall and shadows bubble off the walls. The volcanic pleasure palace of a vain efreet and his legion of salamander warriors. A cave of crystal beneath the sea where nereids sing a lament that has been unbroken for a thousand years. Villages of ogres, fueled by vengeance, who can shape obsidian into blades with their bare hands. A whole landscape ready to be upended.

Welcome to Hot Springs Island!



Facts about the Island

Most of this material is covered in greater detail later on in *The Dark*, but here are a few things to keep in mind about Hot Springs Island.

IT'S INVISIBLE

Sort of. A “bubble” around Hot Springs Island hides it from extradimensional beings. Such creatures can arrive only directly (portals, gates, summoning, and so forth) or if they are personally invited by **Svarku** the efreet (p. 110). If they arrive by other means, they perceive nothing but open ocean where the island would be. The bubble is produced by a giant mirrored crystal Svarku keeps in his private chambers above his bed.

- The crystal was a gift from the trickster god **Jubei** (p. 112).
- Demigods and higher are unaffected.
- Hot Springs Island, being a raw and primal place, is peppered with portals to the elemental planes of earth, fire, water, magma, steam, and ooze. Old portals can also be found in the elven ruins, so the bubble is definitely permeable.
- Most of Svarku’s enemies (**Seera** and her agents; p. 114) are extradimensional, and the crystal’s purpose is to hide from them.
- One of the bubble’s unintended effects makes it difficult for nereids to leave Hot Springs. If they do so, they must find a portal that connects directly to the island in order to return.
- How this bubble affects characters of extradimensional or planar races is up to you.

IT'S PRIMAL

Hot Springs Island (as with the Swordfish Islands in general) is a place of primal forces, life, and abundance. Undead are effectively nonexistent here. The only exception is the occasional ghost that lingers like an explosion of emotion. In a pinch, fall back to beasts, growth, and elementals as a monstrous baseline. The ruined elven civilization was fixated on arcane magic and stone automatons. If corruption comes from the ruins, it will be in the form of arcane distortions or rends in space and time, not necromancy.

IT'S GOT BLACK SAND BEACHES

Hot Springs Island is a hotbed of volcanic activity. All its beaches are black sand. It's not science. It's aesthetics.

NOBODY LIKES ELVES

The elves who once lived on the Isle of Light created a culture of decadence, addiction, perversion, exploitation, and abuse. On the whole, they were utterly heinous. Creatures with long memories, particularly elementals and the nereids, will likely not react well in the presence of elves. Few things are deeper or more long lasting than emotional scarring on an immortal.

MA MARTEL PAYS OFF BOUNTIES

The **Martel Company** is a major trading company on the world where the Swordfish Islands are found. They have more relevance elsewhere in the islands, and all that needs to be known about them for Hot Springs Island is that they are powerful, and that their operatives and marines all wear saffron or goldenrod. The company leaves the islands under the jurisdiction of **Jeremy Rand**, but they pass through frequently to resupply at Swordfish Bay.

Martel is a slimmer and wealthier East India Trading Company, and their interests in the islands let the company serve as a good background catch-all reason for characters to be here in the first place. They pay handsomely for new trade goods identified on the islands. They pay for the safe recovery of cargo (and maybe crew) that has wrecked in the islands. Their agents are interested in acquiring specific relics and artifacts from the island, and will pit adventuring groups against one another to race after rumored treasures. Martel also pays off bounties in exchange for service to their organization. True, their contracts usually last for years, and missions become increasingly dangerous the closer to the end of that contract a person gets, but they'll offer anyone redemption.

THERE'S AN ADVENTURER'S GUILD

Jeremy Rand is an ex-pirate who was given “control” of the Swordfish Islands by the **Martel Company** as part of a deal between him and the group. Rand and his crew have established the only thing resembling a port here (Swordfish Bay), and they founded an adventurers guild to floss all the riches out of the island that they can. All adventurers in the islands are assumed to be here as a part of Rand’s guild. For the context of Hot Springs Island, the guild tie-in is not much more than backdrop. *A Field Guide to Hot Springs Island* is compiled and written by Rand’s guild, and future expansion of the Swordfish Islands will take place within that same context.



RED CRYSTAL IS OIL AND COKE

Growths of red crystal can be found throughout the Swordfish Islands, but are most abundant in the volcanic caves of Hot Springs Island. A translucent deep red, this crystal appears to contain a flickering flame that glows dimly. If the crystal is broken, the flame will continue to appear in each fragment. On the physical plane, the crystal is almost purely decorative. Some say it holds spells better than other gems, but this has not been indisputably proven.

If creatures from the physical plane, such as humans, powder and inhale the crystal, they can become ethereal at will for a short period of time. Prolonged exposure hinders breathing, and leads to death after 72 hours of cumulative exposure. Shards of the crystal grow quickly in the lungs, and at the 72-hour mark, a creature's lungs will be solid red crystal and its body will become permanently ethereal.

On the ethereal plane, and to ethereal creatures such as elementals, this red crystal is like a combination of crude oil and cocaine. It can be used as a highly volatile fuel source, or it can be powdered and inhaled, granting a temporary boost of mental clarity and euphoria.

This crystal is at the heart of much of the conflict on Hot Springs Island. **Svarku** the efreet (on the run from murder and worse) found it, then partnered anonymously with the **Ash Barons** to extract and sell the crystal on the extraplanar markets. The Ash Barons sent Svarku a force of Night Axe ogre slaves to mine the stuff, and—

because its source is secret—were able to gain a total monopoly over the red crystal market. Somehow, the Ash Barons discovered Svarku's true identity, enabling them to change their relationship from partnership to extortion. Then, due to Svarku's fear and horrible mismanagement, the ogre slaves revolted, leading to a protracted war of attrition between Svarku's Fuegonauts and the Night Axe. Svarku is barely managing to keep all these plates spinning, and recently **the Starfall** (another extraplanar trading guild, and a rival to the Ash Barons) has begun to hunt for the source of the barons' monopoly.

ORANGE CRYSTAL PRESERVES

The Swordfish Islands were once one large island inhabited by elves, who called it the Isle of Light. Millennia ago, a cataclysm shattered the island, and many of its elven inhabitants melted in the blast to become orange sludge. These sludges can now be found throughout the ruins, leaving behind trails of orange residue as they move. With frequent applications, this residue solidifies into a translucent orange resin, or crystal. Layers of orange crystal have preserved many delicate pieces of the fallen elven civilization that should have rotted away long ago. The crystal persists only in darkness, melting away like ice and leaving no residue when exposed to sunlight, so that large areas of the elven ruins seem to thaw every morning and freeze every night. This can lead to odd effects where the sun penetrates only parts of the rubble. Half of a diaphanous lace curtain or carpeted library might be perfectly preserved beneath orange crystal, while the rest rotted away to nothing long ago.



Travel and Exploration

Characters begin the game at a point of interest in a hex determined by the Game Master. Each point of interest has a paragraph of details that are apparent to the characters, and can be shared with the players along with the name of the point of interest. Do not share information noted under **THE DARK**.

TIME

- A **WATCH** is an abstraction for time management.
- One **WATCH** is **FOUR HOURS** long.
- It is recommended that monsters, natives, and characters who know the island use **TWO HOUR** watches.
- A stack of 6 poker chips is a convenient way to track the way players spend the day. Two red, two white, and two black chips are recommended, representing dawn, dusk, day, and night:
 - Red (6:00 a.m.–10:00 a.m.)
 - White (10:00 a.m.–2:00 p.m.)
 - White (2:00 p.m.–6:00 p.m.)
 - Red (6:00 p.m.–10:00 p.m.)
 - Black (10:00 p.m.–2:00 a.m.)
 - Black (2:00 a.m.–6:00 a.m.)

FOUR STANDARD ACTIONS

- **INVESTIGATE** a point of interest further
- **EXPLORE** the current hex
- **TRAVEL** to a neighboring hex
- **TRAVEL** to a **KNOWN POINT OF INTEREST**

INVESTIGATE

The investigation of points of interest should be handled and resolved using the play mechanics of the game system being used. Information from **THE DARK** of that point of interest should be revealed as players investigate the location.

EXPLORE

- Exploring a hex costs a single **WATCH**.
- Roll an **ENCOUNTER** (p. 16).
- **DISCOVER** a new point of interest in the hex.
- Resolve the **ENCOUNTER**.

Encounters do not need to occur at the point of interest itself. They can occur en route or whenever makes sense. Be flexible!

TRAVEL TO THE UNKNOWN

- Travel to a neighboring hex costs one **WATCH**
- Players should be able to see the map of Hot Springs Island and choose their intended destination.
- Assuming the characters do not get lost:
 - Roll an **ENCOUNTER** (p. 16).
 - **DISCOVER** a new point of interest in the hex (usually O1).
 - Resolve the **ENCOUNTER**.

TRAVEL TO THE KNOWN

- Travel to a neighboring point of interest costs one **WATCH**.
- Under normal travel conditions, parties should **NOT** become **LOST** when travelling between known points of interest.
- A point of interest is **KNOWN** if any member of the party has **DISCOVERED** it (including through NPCs or reliable maps).

GETTING LOST

- Hot Springs Island is a rough, jungle-covered wilderness.
- When characters travel to a new hex, the GM determines if they become lost using the standard mechanics of the game system.
- If characters are lost, they **VEER**.
- Roll **d6** to determine where they end up:
 - **1**: Arrive back at point of departure
 - **2–3**: **VEER** one hex **LEFT** of intended destination
 - **4–5**: **VEER** one hex **RIGHT** of intended destination
 - **6**: Arrive at intended destination
- If veering left or right leads to an ocean hex, the party ends up on a nondescript stretch of beach.

Island Map



VILLAGE



HS-01 (p. 20)
HS-04 (p. 23)

RUIN



HS-19 (p. 38)

MOUNTAINOUS JUNGLE



HS-09 (p. 28)
HS-10 (p. 29)
HS-12 (p. 31)
HS-16 (p. 35)
HS-17 (p. 36)
HS-21 (p. 40)
HS-22 (p. 41)
HS-25 (p. 44)

VOLCANO



HS-06 (p. 25)
HS-15 (p. 34)

VOLCANIC



HS-11 (p. 30)
HS-18 (p. 37)

HEAVY JUNGLE



HS-02 (p. 21)
HS-03 (p. 22)
HS-05 (p. 24)
HS-07 (p. 26)
HS-08 (p. 27)
HS-13 (p. 32)

LIGHT JUNGLE



HS-14 (p. 33)
HS-20 (p. 39)
HS-23 (p. 42)
HS-24 (p. 43)

One-Line Hex Key

HS-01-01: Boar's Head Encampment

A village of Night Axe ogres, founded by **Srok**, that serves as the source of most offensive strikes against **Svarku** and the Fuegonauts.

HS-01-02: Spiderbush Clearing

A jungle clearing filled with spiderbushes that hides an abandoned pirate dugout.

HS-01-03: The Claw Marks

Three jagged cave entrances lead to a collapsed lava tube filled with screaming pink moths.

HS-02-01: The Bone Tree

A mischievous spirit inhabits the bones of a long-dead ogre at the base of a large tree, and delights in sending people on impossible quests.

HS-02-02: The Bone Pile

A jungle clearing with a huge pile of bones where salamanders like to sneak off and get drunk.

HS-02-03: Crystal Spike Circle

A "fairy ring" of red crystal growing on the beach.

HS-03-01: Glavrok's North Watch

A Night Axe outpost, occupied by six ogres at all times and defended by a trench and traps.

HS-03-02: Dire Boar Den

The lair of a dire boar dug beneath an overhang.

HS-03-03: White Rock Spring

A spring that pours from a mound of sparkling white rock. Sacred to the Night Axe, for here they were blessed by **Mog'ok**, god of vengeance.

HS-04-01: Glavrok Village

Thirty well-defended huts. Home of **Glavrok**, the Night Axe ogres, and their six surviving females.

HS-04-02: The Rendering Spot

A large outdoor kitchen and home of **Paw'lard Eean**, Night Axe chef extraordinaire.

HS-04-03: The Rocky Field

A 3-acre clearing filled with boulders and high grass. An excellent place for ambushes.

HS-05-01: The Slave Quarters (North)

A well-guarded entrance to the island's central volcano, leading to the area where the Night Axe lived as slaves. Recently recommissioned by **Fatty Salamander** as an underground arena.

HS-05-02: The Ashy Slopes

Blackened and brittle ground that can easily give way to magma pools 40'-80' below.

HS-05-03: The Black Spot

Permanently burned jungle. **Svarku** torched his underperforming ogre slaves here (mostly females and children), triggering the Night Axe revolt.

HS-06-01: Plaza of the Four Aspects

A 20-acre clearing where **Svarku** constructed an obsidian plaza decorated with four 50' gold statues as a monument to himself.

HS-06-02: Svarku's Grand Entrance

An elaborate, well-guarded entrance to the island's central volcano and **Svarku's** lair.

HS-06-03: The Pile of Giant Obsidian Boulders

Unimaginably massive obsidian boulders in a nest of broken, overgrown trees.

HS-07-01: The Burning Jungle

One of the few areas open enough to serve as a battlefield for the Fuegonauts and the Night Axe. Jets of fire occasionally shoot from the ground.

HS-07-02: Ashfire Mine

A highly trafficked entrance to the island's central volcano, and **Svarku's** first red crystal mine.

HS-07-03: Bavmorda's Blade House

A hut of mud and bone thatched with silver atop a bladed obsidian outcrop. Home of **Bavmorda**, the silver-haired Night Axe witch, and her four sons.

HS-08-01: The Whale Graveyard

The Night Axe supermarket. Gray whales come here to die but never rot, thanks to **Mog'ok**.

HS-08-02: The Boar Farm

A well-defended crater where Night Axe ogres raise, butcher, and tan the hides of boar.

HS-08-03: The Refreshing Spring

A spring at the base of a 25' cliff guarded by ring-tailed lemurs. It may become the home of the nereids if the Crystal Sea Cave [HS-25-01] falls.

HS-09-01: The Alabaster Stair

Hot springs that stair-step down the volcano's lower slopes in natural pools of milky-white stone. At night, inclusions in the stone glow.

HS-09-02: The Three Geysers

Three warty humps of rock that erupt with scalding water or clouds of steam.

HS-09-03: Knowledge Stone—Wildberries

An ancient floating black obelisk surrounded by bushes laden with delicious golden berries.

HS-10-01: Steaming Falls

A 400' waterfall that lands on a patch of superheated ground, leading to giant clouds of steam instead of a lake or river.

HS-10-02: The Slave Quarters (South)

A mostly abandoned entrance into the island's central volcano. See [HS-05-01].

HS-10-03: The Blasted Tower

A fallen outpost arcing with residual primal magic from an explosion during the Night Axe revolt.

HS-11-01: The Trail of Black Glass

A 30' wide stretch of obsidian shards that cuts across hex [HS-11].

HS-11-02: The Lava Fall

A 200' lava fall that fills a lava lake, hiding the entrance to the shattered Aquifer of Pythiaria.

HS-11-03: The Mound of Geodes

Piles of geodes flung here by the volcano long ago.

HS-12-01: The Scorched Earth

A burned and blackened Fuegonaut and Night Axe battlefield. An unknown force has trapped the spirits of ogres and salamanders here.

HS-12-02: Glavrok's South Watch

A Night Axe outpost defended by six ogres at all times. The scene of many recent skirmishes.

HS-12-03: The Jerky Fields

Martel Company operatives attempted to extract a large salt vine, but were desiccated.

HS-13-01: The Steaming Beach

A 1,000' stretch of rocky beach superheated by underground magma pools.

HS-13-02: The Decaying Statue

An eroded, partially buried, giant elven statue. Empowers all magic users within 2 miles.

HS-13-03: The Stone Stump

A 20' basalt formation with an abandoned pirate hideaway dug out beneath it.

HS-14-01: Crabmouth Lagoon

A beautiful, peaceful lagoon. Every three to five years, a colossal golden crab lays her eggs here.

HS-14-02: Black Urchin Pools

Tide pools filled with thousands of spiny black urchins and their poisonous purple babies.

HS-14-03: The Yellow Outcrop

Stinky, but museum-quality sulfur specimens grow on basalt outcrops throughout the area.

HS-15-01: The Old Volcano

A volcano sealed by the elves long before the cataclysm that destroyed the Isle of Light.

HS-15-02: The Lapis Observatory

An elven tower of lapis lazuli capped with a dome of gold. Filled with orange sludge and despair.

HS-15-03: Svarku's Retreat

Svarku's well-appointed private retreat. Contains emergency supplies and the imprisoned siren **Oolah**.

HS-16-01: The Rusted Hydra

A red-brown seven-headed hydra statue roaring at the sky. Ancient irrigation system.

HS-16-02: The Primal Ziggurat

An ancient, overgrown obsidian ziggurat topped by a pool of mithral beneath a red crystal pavilion.

HS-16-03: Cracked Rock Kiva

An ancient gathering place cut from basalt.

HS-17-01: The Obsidian Hydra

A seven-headed obsidian hydra statue atop a bronze sphere. Ancient irrigation system.

HS-17-02: The Crumbling Wall

An overgrown basalt wall engraved with high reliefs that tell part of the Ancients' origin story.

HS-17-03: The Lava Pool

A calm pool of swirling lava that never crusts over. Was once part of an ancient smithy.

HS-18-01: The Lava River

A huge lava river that flows south from the island's central volcano.

HS-18-02: The Rift Zone

A stretch of mud and dirt remarkable for its size, and known for spectacular fissure eruptions.

HS-18-03: The Surrounded Jungle

A patch of dense jungle, not yet paved by molten rock. The last kujibirds live here, but for how long?

HS-19-01: The Bathhouse

A once-spectacular elven bathhouse and dimensional travel hub. **Meltalia** is trapped here.

HS-19-02: The Iridescent Stair

Iridescent stone growing over ruined elven pools. Fuegonauts harvested it until the Arva arrived.

HS-19-03: The Steaming Vista

The most beautiful view in the Swordfish Islands. Exercises found here can permanently boost a character's agility, with practice.

HS-20-01: Cloud Falls

A thousand-foot waterfall. Great clouds of steam burst from behind it every 2–5 minutes.

HS-20-02: Temples of Reflection

Four large basalt spheres containing meditation challenges that award decorative pendants.

HS-20-03: The Bubbling Mud

An acre of bubbling red-brown mud interspersed with basalt pillars. **Bavmorda** values the mud, but Night Axe ogres fear an unknown creature they claim lives at the site.

HS-21-01: Knowledge Stone—Moss Graffiti

A wall covered in moss graffiti detailing how to make such graffiti (regular or bioluminescent).

HS-21-02: The Headless Statue

A headless statue that, if fixed, can rapidly transport intelligent creatures as a beam of light.

HS-21-03: The Rock of Scales

A gigantic egg-shaped boulder carved with large serpentine scales. Is something inside it?

HS-22-01: Light Shaft Cave

A lava tube containing head-sized icosahedral crystals that emit sunlight during the day.

HS-22-02: Violet Rasp Den

A perfectly round 40' hole leads deep into the earth to a nursery for giant worms.

HS-22-03: The Worn Face

A humanoid face carved into a cliff. It inspires tremendous greed if light is shone upon it.

HS-23-01: The Buzzing Glade

An "orchard" of pine trees inhabited by billions of honey bees, who like it when visitors dance.

HS-23-02: The Temple of Tranquility

A ruined underground temple and aquarium, converted into a gambling den by steam imps.

HS-23-03: The Copper Arch

An ancient method of quick travel, constructed by a powerful elf to sleep with his rivals' wives.

HS-24-01: The Scalding Pool

A 70' deep pool of simmering water in a jungle clearing, obscured by thick fog.

HS-24-02: The Bark-Bound Golem

A broken singing golem encased in bark atop a large tree, able to activate [HS-23-03].

HS-24-03: The Adder's Hidden Cache

An abandoned pirate dugout beneath a 30' dripping tree. Bad things have happened here.

HS-25-01: Crystal Sea Cave

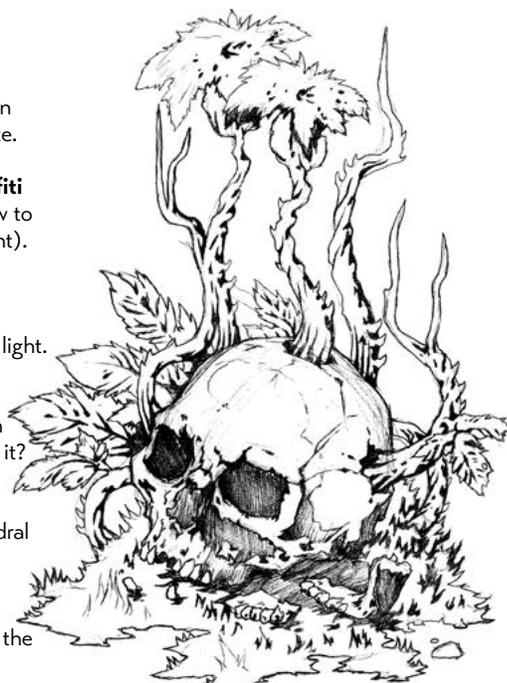
The nereids of Hot Springs Island live here in a crystal cave beneath the sea.

HS-25-02: The Narrow Stair

A 2'–3' stone stair that winds from the top of the cliffs to the sea floor.

HS-25-03: The Split Rock

An abandoned pirate dugout beneath a large boulder. Recently cracked by explosions.



Encounter Tables

Step 1: Where are the PCs?

Roll 3d6	Light Jungle	Heavy Jungle	Mtns Jungle	Volcano	Volcanic	Ruins	Village						
3	Intelligent	Elemental	Intelligent	Beast	Beast	Intelligent	Intelligent						
4							Elemental						
5							Beast						
6	Elemental	Intelligent	Elemental	Elemental	Elemental	Elemental	Night Axe ³						
7							Intelligent						
8	Beast	Beast	Beast	Fuegonauts ³	Fuegonauts ³	Beast	Night Axe ³						
9							Intelligent	Elemental	Elemental	Elemental	Elemental	Intelligent	
10												Elemental	
11							Elemental	Intelligent	Intelligent	Intelligent	Intelligent	Elemental	Beast
12													Beast
13							Intelligent	Elemental	Intelligent	Beast	Beast	Intelligent	Elemental
14	Intelligent												
15	Elemental	Elemental	Intelligent	Beast	Beast	Intelligent	Elemental						
16							Intelligent						
17	Intelligent	Elemental	Intelligent	Beast	Beast	Intelligent	Elemental						
18							Intelligent						

Step 2: Beast

Roll 3d6	Light Jungle	Heavy Jungle	Mtns Jungle	Volcano	Volcanic	Ruins	Village	Motivation
3	Crystal Frog	Poison Dart Frog	Spine Dragon	Spine Dragon	Spine Dragon	Crystal Frog	Crystal Frog	Sleeping
4	Flayfiend	Obsidian Digger	Bone Wydarr	Obsidian Digger	Obsidian Digger	Flayfiend	Poison Dart Frog	Dying
5	Duecadre	Blindfire Carpet	Coppermane	Obsidian Digger	Obsidian Digger	Duecadre	Obsidian Digger	Mating
6	Muttering Serp.	Dire Boar	Giant Bat	Bone Wydarr	Astral Spinner	Muttering Serp.	Dire Boar	Eating/Being Eaten*
7	Broadback	Boltforager	Boltforager	Astral Spinner	Bone Wydarr	Giant Rat	Boltforager	Patrolling
8	Singing Golem	Vyderac ³	Coppermane	Bone Wydarr	Bone Wydarr	Singing Golem	Giant Centipede	Walking
9	Tabibari	Giant Bat	Giant Centipede	Boltforager	Boltforager	Shadow	Giant Bat	Territorial Display
10	Giant Centipede	Boar	Copperback	Giant Rat	Giant Rat	Giant Centipede	Boar	In Combat*
11	Boar	Giant Centipede	Boar	Giant Centipede	Giant Centipede	Zip Bird	Giant Rat	Wounded
12	Giant Rat	Giant Rat	Giant Rat	Boltforager	Boltforager	Orange Sludge	Giant Rat	Walking
13	Zip Bird	Copperback	Zip Bird	Bone Wydarr	Bone Wydarr	Astral Spinner	Broadback	Territorial Display
14	Vyderac ³	Blindfire Vine	Blindfire Vine	Bone Wydarr	Bone Wydarr	Vyderac ³	Boltforager	Rest/Relax/Nest
15	Blindfire Vine	Vyderac ³	Vyderac ³	Astral Spinner	Astral Spinner	Blindfire Vine	Copperback	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Dire Boar	Giant Centipede	Blindfire Carpet	Obsidian Digger	Obsidian Digger	Dire Boar	Giant Centipede	Hunting/Gathering
17	Spine Dragon	Bone Wydarr	Obsidian Digger	Obsidian Digger	Obsidian Digger	Spine Dragon	Spine Dragon	Altered State
18	Poison Dart Frog	Spine Dragon	Poison Dart Frog	Spine Dragon	Spine Dragon	Poison Dart Frog	Astral Spinner	Defecating

Roll 3d6	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
# appearing	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	d4	d4	d4+1	d4+1	d6	d6+1	d8+2	2d6	3d6

Step 2: Intelligent

Roll 3d6	Light Jungle	Heavy Jungle	Mtns Jungle	Volcano	Volcanic	Ruins	Village	Motivation
3	Night Axe	Lizardmen	Lizardmen	Lizardmen	Lizardmen	Night Axe	Lizardmen	Art
4	Nereid		Nereid	Nereid	Adventurer ⁴	Nereid	Adventurer ⁴	Meditating
5	Lizardmen	Nereid	Night Axe	Night Axe		Fuegonauts	Fuegonauts	Ritual
6		Adventurer ⁴	Adventurer ⁴	Adventurer ⁴	Nereid			Wounded
7	Adventurer ⁴	Night Axe	Adventurer ⁴	Adventurer ⁴	Night Axe	Lizardmen	Diplomacy	
8						Nereid	Laboring	
9	Fuegonauts	Fuegonauts	Fuegonauts	Fuegonauts	Fuegonauts	Adventurer ⁴	Night Axe	Lost/Searching
10							Night Axe	Fleeing/Pursuit*
11							Intelligent	In Combat*
12	Adventurer ⁴	Fuegonauts	Adventurer ⁴	Adventurer ⁴	Fuegonauts	Lizardmen	Walking	
13							Nereid	Patrolling
14	Adventurer ⁴	Adventurer ⁴	Adventurer ⁴	Adventurer ⁴	Nereid	Fuegonauts	Altered State	
15							Nereid	Hunting/Gathering
16	Lizardmen	Nereid	Night Axe	Night Axe	Adventurer ⁴	Fuegonauts	Mating	
17							Lizardmen	Nereid
18	Nereid	Lizardmen	Lizardmen	Lizardmen	Lizardmen	Night Axe	Lizardmen	Sleeping

³⁻⁴ Roll on a faction or adventurer table
* Roll another encounter

Step 2: Elemental

Roll 3d6	Light Jungle	Heavy Jungle	Mtns Jungle	Volcano	Volcanic	Ruins	Village	Motivation
3	Magma Imp	Magma Imp	Steam Imp	Water Imp	Water Imp	Magma Imp	Fire Imp	Art
4	Ooze Imp	Ooze Imp	Earth Imp	Ooze Imp	Ooze Imp	Ooze Imp	Steam Imp	Meditating
5	Steam Imp	Steam Imp	Steam Imp	Ooze Imp	Ooze Imp	Ooze Imp	Ooze Imp	Ritual
6	Water Imp	Water Imp	Magma Imp	Steam Imp	Steam Imp	Steam Imp	Ooze Imp	Wounded
7	Water Imp	Water Imp	Water Imp	Earth Imp	Earth Imp	Fire Imp	Earth Imp	Diplomacy
8	Earth Imp	Earth Imp	Fire Imp	Fire Imp	Fire Imp	Earth Imp	Earth Imp	Laboring
9	Earth Imp	Fire Imp	Ooze Imp	Magma Imp	Magma Imp	Earth Imp	Water Imp	Lost/Searching
10	Fire Imp	Fire Imp	Earth Imp	Magma Imp	Magma Imp	Water Imp	Water Imp	Fleeing/Pursuit*
11	Fire Ele	Fire Ele	Earth Ele	Magma Ele	Magma Ele	Water Ele	Water Ele	In Combat*
12	Earth Ele	Fire Ele	Ooze Ele	Magma Ele	Magma Ele	Earth Ele	Water Ele	Walking
13	Earth Ele	Earth Ele	Fire Ele	Fire Ele	Fire Ele	Earth Ele	Earth Ele	Patrolling
14	Water Ele	Water Ele	Water Ele	Earth Ele	Earth Ele	Fire Ele	Earth Ele	Altered State
15	Water Ele	Water Ele	Magma Ele	Steam Ele	Steam Ele	Steam Ele	Ooze Ele	Hunting/Gathering
16	Steam Ele	Steam Ele	Steam Ele	Ooze Ele	Ooze Ele	Ooze Ele	Ooze Ele	Mating
17	Ooze Ele	Ooze Ele	Earth Ele	Ooze Ele	Ooze Ele	Ooze Ele	Steam Ele	Resting/Camp
18	Magma Ele	Magma Ele	Steam Ele	Water Ele	Water Ele	Magma Ele	Fire Ele	Sleeping

Step 3: Faction-Specific Tables

	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	Roll
Fuegonauts	Obsidian Giant	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
	Obsidian Bladeguard	2	4	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	2	3
	Salamander Trickster	5	2	2	—	2	2	—	1	1	—	—	1	2	2	5	6
	Salamander Warrior	20	8	—	—	8	—	6	4	4	—	—	—	—	—	20	28
	Combustarino	—	—	2	6	2	3	—	—	—	2	4	2	3	2	—	—
Night Axe	Warrior	10	4	6	5	—	4	2	2	2	1	1	4	—	9	7	7
	Edgesworn	4	9	4	2	3	—	2	—	—	2	4	2	—	5	6	2
	Bonebinder	1	3	7	4	3	1	—	1	—	—	—	1	2	4	5	5
Lizardmen	Goa	2	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	1	—	—	—	—
	Kiru Shaman	—	—	—	1	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	1	2
	Kiru Ranger	—	4	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	2	4
	Arva	—	—	—	—	—	4	1	2	2	6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Nereids	Nereid	1	4	3	3	2	2	1	2	1	2	2	3	3	—	—	4
	Water Imp	—	—	5	4	1	—	1	2	1	—	1	1	2	3	—	7
	Earth Imp	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	1	—	1	—	—	1
	Water Elemental	—	—	3	2	3	2	—	—	1	—	—	1	—	3	5	3
Vyderac	Seeker	—	6	2	—	—	1	2	1	1	1	1	2	2	1	6	9
	Swarmer	—	12	—	12	5	9	—	—	—	5	11	7	9	12	24	34
	Feeder	—	2	1	1	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	3	5
	Matron	1	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	Roll

Step 4: Adventurers (d20)

1	Ada (p.178)	11	Claire (p.179)
2	Alphonse (p.179)	12	Dale (p.180)
3	Audrey (p.178)	13	Eunice (p.178)
4	Bamvo (p.181)	14	Felor & Blix (p.181)
5	Baxter (p.178)	15	Fruss (p.181)
6	Benedict (p.179)	16	Golok (p.181)
7	Benjamin (p.179)	17	Gretchen (p.180)
8	Bokel (p.181)	18	Horatio (p.179)
9	Bryan (p.178)	19	Horoch (p.180)
10	Charlie (p.178)	20	Ivan (p.179)

Step 4: More Adventurers (d20)

1	Jack (p.178)	11	Ruben (p.179)
2	Jelex (p.181)	12	Six (p.180)
3	Jenny (p.179)	13	Skletch (p.181)
4	Joni (p.178)	14	Sssa (p.180)
5	Jus (p.180)	15	Tabitha (p.179)
6	Luther (p.180)	16	Travis (p.179)
7	Marcia (p.180)	17	Trevor (p.178)
8	Neville (p.179)	18	Ulysses (p.180)
9	Orrin (p.181)	19	Wild Eye (p.180)
10	Rocky (p.181)	20	Zulok (p.181)

3-4 Roll on a faction or adventurer table

* Roll another encounter

Overview

THE BUBBLE

An invisible bubble hides Hot Springs Island from extraplanar (extradimensional) creatures (p. 64 & 112). This makes it difficult for elementals (notably Nereids) to return to the island if they leave. Damadar Deodan (p. 142), a rakshasa and ruler of the Arva (p. 140), wants to know why he cannot see or visit the island. The Arva think the bubble is caused by something in the ruins (HS-19). They're wrong (p. 96).

THE FUEGONAUTS (p. 110)

[HS-02] [HS-05] [HS-06] [HS-07]
[HS-10] [HS-12] [HS-15] [HS-19]

Svarku, a vain and evil efreet, lives in the island's central volcano [HS-06]. He mines the red crystal found there and exports it extradimensionally (p. 114). Originally, Svarku used Night Axe ogre slaves as labor, but he killed their females and children, triggering a revolt (p. 112). He has an army of salamanders and obsidian monstrosities, and a harem of seventeen nereids. Svarku accidentally wrecked a trade deal a thousand years in the making, and cloaks the island against extradimensional creatures (p. 64 & 112).

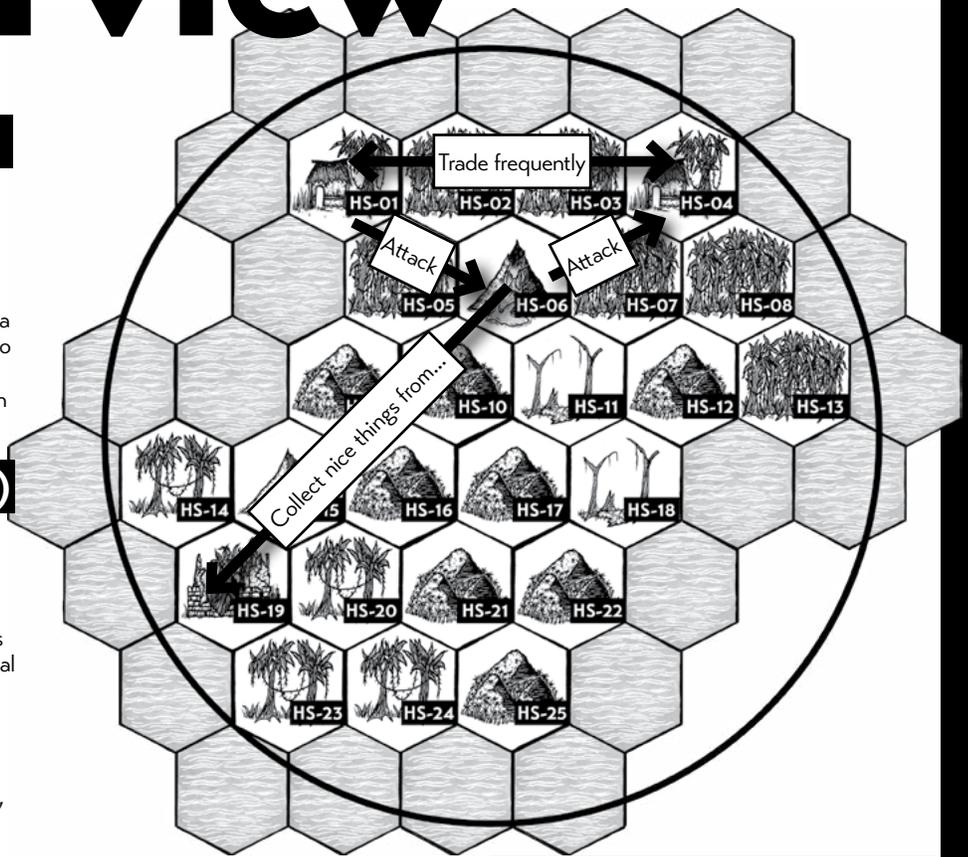
THE NEREIDS (p. 120)

[HS-03] [HS-08] [HS-11] [HS-25]

Some nereids used to live in the shattered Aquifer of Pythiaria and could see the future (p. 74). Some came to the island with Meltalia and were trapped by the elves long ago (p. 121). Seventeen of the trapped nereids were found by Svarku and serve as his harem (p. 64 & 112). All free nereids now live in the Crystal Sea Cave (p. 106). The nereids have aligned with the Night Axe against Svarku.

THE LIZARDMEN (p. 139)

No lizardmen are native to Hot Springs Island. Any encountered are visitors from elsewhere in the Swordfish Islands. There are two types—green scaled, called Goa (p. 140); and blue scaled, called Kiru (p. 141). A third type, Arva, are failed Goa (p. 140), and sport swirling black tattoos and an evil disposition.



THE ELVES (p. 143)

[HS-13] [HS-15] [HS-19] [HS-20]
[HS-23] [HS-24]

The elves built an opulent resort city dedicated to baths and pleasure around the hot springs found on the lower slopes of a volcano long ago [HS-19]. Their magical abilities were obscenely powerful, and they became renowned extradimensional traders before their eventual downfall, so their ruins are filled with gold and strange magic. Jeremy Rand's adventurers guild and the Martel Company (p. 10) regularly send people to recover the treasure from these ruins, but few return alive. Meltalia (p. 124), the leader of the nereids, was trapped in a statue in a bathhouse by the elves long ago.

THE ANCIENTS (p. 143)

[HS-09] [HS-16] [HS-17] [HS-21] [HS-25]

A race of plant-loving ancient snake folk once lived in the hidden mountain valleys of HS-16, HS-17, and HS-21. Their ruins can still be found beneath the jungle canopy.

THE NIGHT AXE (p. 126)

[HS-01] [HS-03] [HS-04] [HS-05] [HS-06]
[HS-07] [HS-08] [HS-10] [HS-12] [HS-20]

Created by the Ash Barons (p. 114) as the perfect slave race, the Night Axe ogres once worked Svarku's red crystal mines (p. 126). Mog'ok, a god of vengeance, freed them after Svarku slaughtered their females and children (p. 127), and they fled to the jungles North of Svarku's volcano. They are led by Glavrok (p. 130), and are mostly defensive and focused on repopulating their species, for which they kidnap large humanoid women (p. 127). More hot-headed and aggressive ogres follow Srok (p. 131).

THE STEAM IMPS (p. 138)

Steam imps run elite, semisecret gambling dens in the ruins of the Temple of Tranquility (p. 100) and the shattered Aquifer of Pythiaria (p. 74).

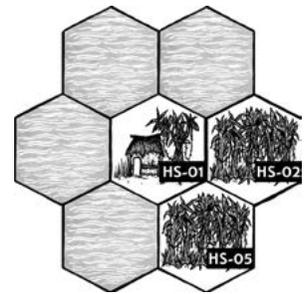
Hex Key



HS-01-01

Night Axe

3d6	Basic Encounters	Night Axe Encounters			Motivation
		Ogre	Edge	Bone	
3	Intelligent	10	4	1	Art
4	Elemental	4	9	3	Meditating
5	Beast	6	4	7	Ritual
6	Beast	5	2	4	Wounded
7	Night Axe	--	3	3	Diplomacy
8	Intelligent	4	--	1	Laboring
9	Night Axe	2	2	--	Lost/Searching
10	Night Axe	2	--	1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
11	Night Axe	2	--	--	In Combat*
12	Night Axe	1	2	--	Walking
13	Intelligent	1	4	--	Patrolling
14	Night Axe	4	2	1	Altered State
15	Beast	--	--	2	Hunting/Gathering
16	Beast	9	5	4	Mating
17	Elemental	7	6	5	Resting/Camp
18	Intelligent	7	2	5	Sleeping



Hex Type: Village

undergrowth	screeches	soft
tangled	decay	stifling
dim	vibrant	infested
uneven	lush	buzzing
howls	abundant	disorienting

Boar's Head Encampment

Seven large huts are nestled against a 60' high outcrop of black basalt, right where the tree line fades into black sand beaches. On the south side of the camp, much of the jungle has been cut down, and the stumps of once-mighty trees peek up through an abundance of leafy growth. A deep trench runs from the clearing to the sea, and a number of smaller natural basalt columns can be seen along the beach and in the shallows.

The Dark: Boar's Head encampment is the home of **Srok** (p. 131) and the most vengeful of the Night Axe ogres. Lookouts stationed on the high basalt outcroppings, traps in the nearby jungles, and magical alarms make it difficult to approach unnoticed. **Full details of Boar's Head encampment are on p. 46.**

HS-01-02

Spiderbush Clearing

A clearing, roughly 100' in diameter, is filled with rustling spiderbushes blooming with tiny blue-white flowers. A large pile of black basalt boulders sits at the clearing's western edge. The pile is surrounded by ferns, but a large clump are yellowed and appear to be dying.

The Dark: Hidden within the yellowed ferns at the base of the boulder pile is a small wooden trapdoor. The pirates who made it planted ferns between its slats to disguise the entrance to a small dugout (comfortably fits one).

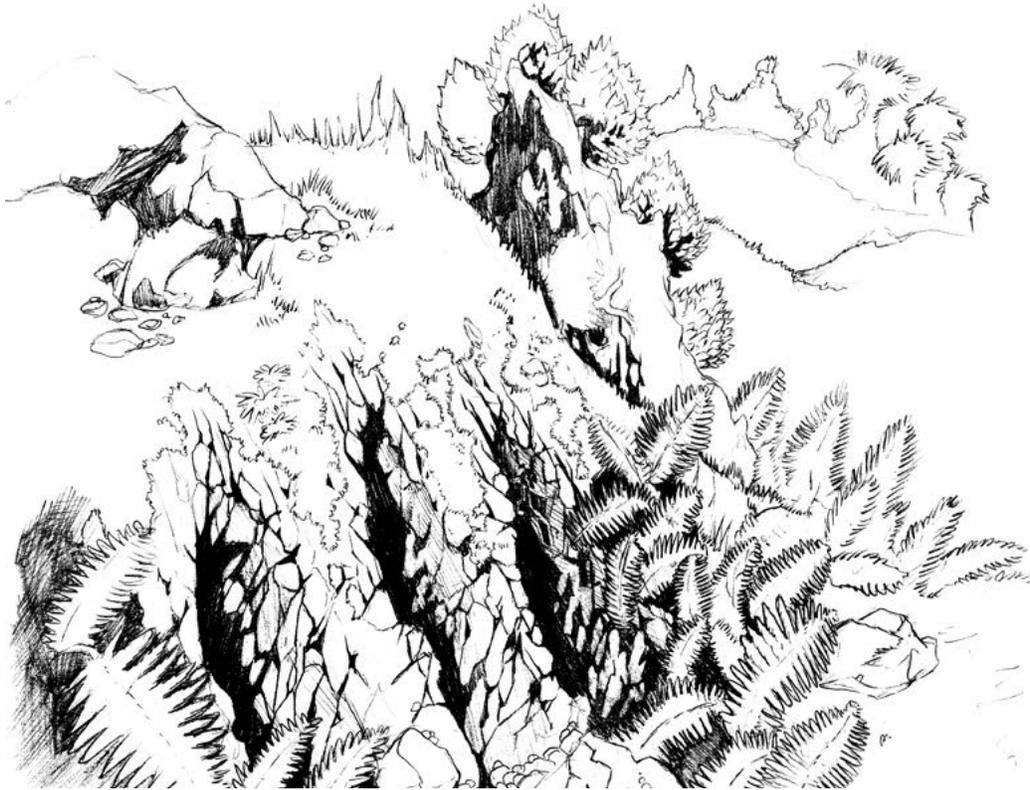
HS-01-03

The Claw Marks

Three large openings mar an area of sloping hilly ground, each 10' to 15' long and 5' wide, and resembling gashes left by claws. Ferns cover the slopes, causing these entrances to stand out as black slashes in a field of green.

The Dark: A rough natural stairway leads into the remains of a lava tube that once ran from the island's central volcano to the sea. The tube extends southeast for a quarter of a mile before ending in boulders and debris. The walls and floor are rough and dimpled, and small, lumpy

black stalactites cling to the ceiling throughout. Pink-tailed screamer moths pupate among them. While not inherently dangerous, if the moths are startled, the screaming noise made by their vibrating bodies echoes loudly throughout the tube.



HS-02-01

The Bone Tree

A large dead tree stands on a small hillock with a clear view of the sea. Its branches, trunk, and much of the surrounding ground are covered in thick loops of blindfire vine. Large white bones are scattered throughout the coiled vines.

The Dark: If the tree is approached by an intelligent creature, the vines begin to move and lift the bones, forming the perfect skeleton of an ogre. The vines are possessed by an **extradimensional creature** that delights in witty conversation, riddles, and the acquisition of esoteric and forbidden knowledge. The true motivations of this creature are unknown, but it attempts to send adventurers on quests to fetch impossible and mundane objects (the bottled laugh of a newborn siren, a spool of red cotton thread, and so forth). It uses a small cache of gold, gems, and magical trinkets buried at the base of its tree as payment.

HS-02-02

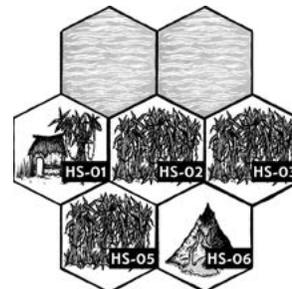
Fuegonauts

The Bone Pile

A pile of bones, 30' in diameter and almost 10' high, sits in a clearing. Boltforagers roost in the trees, picking through the fresher parts.

The Dark: Several years ago, a dire boar died in this clearing. A pair of patrolling salamanders (**Felor** and **Blix**; p. 181) enjoyed the look of the bones, and began piling corpses here for their own amusement instead of throwing them into the volcano. The pile contains a jumbled assortment

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Elemental	Poison Dart Frog	1	Sleeping
4	Elemental	Obsidian Digger	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Boar, Dire	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Intelligent	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Beast	Vyderac**	2	Walking
9	Beast	Bat, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Boar	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Centipede, Giant	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Intelligent	Copperback	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Intelligent	Blindfire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Elemental	Centipede, Giant	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Elemental	Wydarr (Bone)	2d6	Altered State
18	Elemental	Spine Dragon	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: Heavy Jungle

undergrowth	screeches	soft
tangled	decay	stifling
dim	vibrant	infested
uneven	lush	buzzing
howls	abundant	disorienting

HS-02-03

Crystal Spike Circle

Spikes of translucent red crystal, 1' to 2' tall, rise up from the black sand beach to form a rough ring nearly 10' in diameter.

The Dark: Each crystal glows dimly and appears to contain a flickering flame. If the crystals are broken, the same flame appears in each fragment. The crystals grow out of a huge basalt boulder weighing some 150 tons. If they are removed from the site, new crystals will grow in their place after a full lunar cycle. The crystals remain flawless no matter how they are broken, and they hold spells remarkably well.



of beast, monster, ogre, and adventurer bones. During the day, salamanders frequent this location, leaving corpses to rot in the sun, or to throw rocks and spears at boltforagers and other carrion creatures for fun. At night, they come here drunk to mourn the loss of their comrades.

HS-03-01

Night Axe

Glavrok's North Watch

A roughly semicircular clearing looks to have been recently cut from the jungle. Large stumps dot the area, but none of the felled trees remain and all the undergrowth looks freshly hacked back. A mound of dirt and boulders stands at the center of the clearing, with a 5'-wide trench running in a U shape around it from east to west.

The Dark: The trench is 10' deep and lined with obsidian spikes decorated with the skeletons of salamanders. The mound of dirt and boulders has been hollowed by the ogres as a living space. Although the structure appears crude, it can easily support the weight of twelve ogres, and is large enough to comfortably sleep four.

Six ogres are always stationed at the North Watch, operating in pairs that rotate between the North Watch and Glavrok Village [HS-04-01] weekly. The ogres stationed here are usually warriors and are well-equipped for action, with each wearing a necklace of many bones (see "Bone Magic," p. 129). Edgesworn will be assigned to this post on occasion, but bonebinders usually only visit to replenish the water supply before moving on.

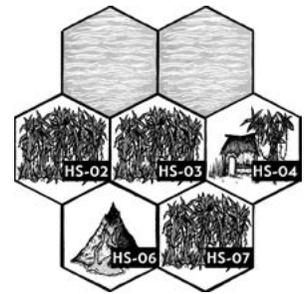
The **ogre pairs** are responsible for three things:

- Ranging [HS-03]
- Guarding the mound
- Clearing all undergrowth within a half mile

They typically rotate jobs every 4 to 8 hours. Most of the ogres at this location have keen eyesight and can lob an obsidian axe up to 300 paces with stunning accuracy. They are wary of strangers, and will take the time to ask adventurers about their business in the area unless they are carrying or showing signs of association with **Svarku** (p. 110). Fuego-naut sympathizers are asked to go back the way they came, but hostilities must be openly provoked for the ogres to attack.

2d6 trees in the vicinity are trapped. Trip lines release boulders from hanging vine nets.

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Elemental	Poison Dart Frog	1	Sleeping
4	Elemental	Obsidian Digger	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Boar, Dire	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Intelligent	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Beast	Vyderac**	2	Walking
9	Beast	Bat, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Boar	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Centipede, Giant	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Intelligent	Copperback	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Intelligent	Blindfire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Elemental	Centipede, Giant	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Elemental	Wydarr (Bone)	2d6	Altered State
18	Elemental	Spine Dragon	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: Heavy Jungle

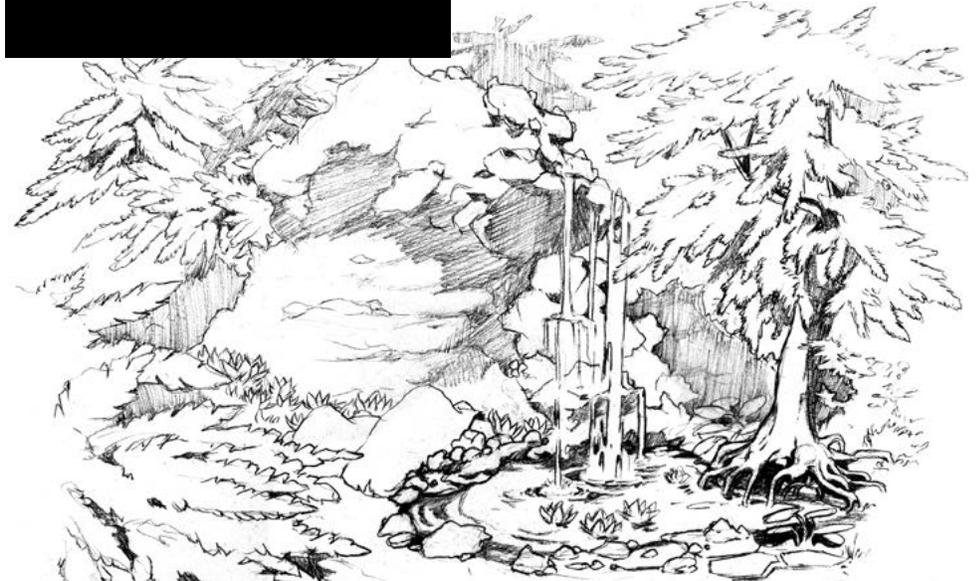
undergrowth tangled dim uneven howls
screeches decay vibrant lush abundant
soft stifling infested buzzing disorienting

HS-03-02

Dire Boar Den

A swath of red-brown mud is visible beneath an overhang covered in ferns and vines. The ground beneath the overhang appears heavily trafficked by something large. Vegetation around the sides of the overhang has been ripped up, and sickly yellow leaves are trampled into the mud.

The Dark: A dire boar uses this area as its den. Anyone within 30' of the overhang will be able to see that it extends much farther back into the hillside. **Full details of the den are on p. 48.**



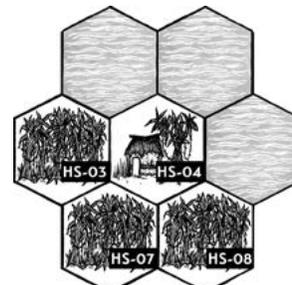
White Rock Spring

An upthrust mound of sparkling white rock stands at the edge of a clearing. Clear water flows from the top of the stone, filling a natural pool dotted with lilies and fuchsia lotus blossoms.

The Dark: Brightly colored fish hide beneath lily pads in deliciously cold waters. It is here that **Mog'ok** blessed the Night Axe (p. 127). Ogres visit the site frequently to pray and train, and new edgesworn are reborn from the spring's waters (p. 128). The nereid **Teelo** (p. 125) often rests here to greet new edgesworn and recruit others to the cause of vengeance.

HS-03-03

Night Axe, Nereids



Hex Type: **Village**

- | | | |
|-------------|-----------|--------------|
| undergrowth | screeches | soft |
| tangled | decay | stifling |
| dim | vibrant | infested |
| uneven | lush | buzzing |
| howls | abundant | disorienting |

3d6	Basic Encounters	Night Axe Encounters			Motivation
		Ogre	Edge	Bone	
3	Intelligent	10	4	1	Art
4	Elemental	4	9	3	Meditating
5	Beast	6	4	7	Ritual
6	Beast	5	2	4	Wounded
7	Night Axe	--	3	3	Diplomacy
8	Intelligent	4	--	1	Laboring
9	Night Axe	2	2	--	Lost/Searching
10	Night Axe	2	--	1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
11	Night Axe	2	--	--	In Combat*
12	Night Axe	1	2	--	Walking
13	Intelligent	1	4	--	Patrolling
14	Night Axe	4	2	1	Altered State
15	Beast	--	--	2	Hunting/Gathering
16	Beast	9	5	4	Mating
17	Elemental	7	6	5	Resting/Camp
18	Intelligent	7	2	5	Sleeping

HS-04-01

Night Axe

Glavrok Village

Thirty large huts stand in clusters around a central mound covered in greenery. Many of the clusters are surrounded by trenches, with new trenches in the works. Piles of logs and boulders are scattered throughout the village, and a number of polished obsidian outcrops shine like black mirrors. Smoke rises from many campfires, and the whole area has an aura of defensive tension that could snap in an instant.

The Dark: Glavrok Village is the main home of the Night Axe on Hot Springs Island. Full details of Glavrok Village are on [p. 50](#).

HS-04-03

The Rocky Field

The jungle opens abruptly into a clearing of about ten acres. It is dominated by piles of broken black basalt boulders and 3'-high grass. Two of the southern boulder piles are covered in fuzzy orange sipopa flowers.

The Dark: Spiderbushes frequent this clearing to get their daily dose of sunlight, as it is completely open to the sky. The tall grass and numerous boulders make this area excellent for ambushes.

often tasked with meal assistance, and run between Glavrok Village [HS-04-01] and the whale graveyard [HS-08-01] with shipments of blubber and meat hanging from long wooden poles.

Most of the chests contain ogre-sized kitchen items, but some hold rare bugs, acrid powders, and other "spices." Night Axe food is normally deep fried. The yellow goo on the tables is the remnants of whale blubber used for frying.

Paw'lard Eean ([p. 132](#)) oversees the flurry of activity with a large cleaver and obsidian knives. He will gladly feed any who bear no ill will toward the Night Axe, especially if they have new foodstuffs he can sample. Paw'lard lives nearby in a small (by ogre standards) hut of interwoven whale bones and blindfire vine.



HS-04-02

Night Axe

The Rendering Spot

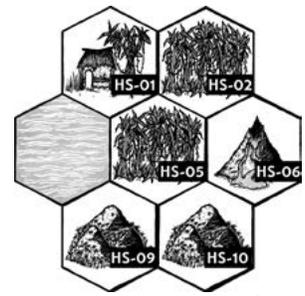
An area of jungle, roughly 100' in diameter, has been completely cleared of vines, undergrowth and dead wood. Five large black iron cauldrons hang over fire pits, and a number of poorly constructed wooden tables, covered in translucent yellow goo, are scattered throughout. The half-butchered corpse of a large gray whale hangs from the lower branches of a mighty tree, with stacks of whale bones piled below. Crude wooden chests, barrels, crates, and racks adorned with large meat hooks are scattered throughout the area.

The Dark: Carcasses from the whale graveyard [HS-08-01] are brought to this site for cooking and processing. As the Night Axe's primary food source, this location is well guarded and usually bustling with activity. Young ogres are

HS-05-01

Night Axe, Fuegonauts

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Elemental	Poison Dart Frog	1	Sleeping
4	Elemental	Obsidian Digger	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Boar, Dire	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Intelligent	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Beast	Vyderac**	2	Walking
9	Beast	Bat, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Boar	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Centipede, Giant	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Intelligent	Copperback	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Intelligent	Blindfire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Elemental	Centipede, Giant	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Elemental	Wydarr (Bone)	2d6	Altered State
18	Elemental	Spine Dragon	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: Heavy Jungle

undergrowth	screeches	soft
tangled	decay	stifling
dim	vibrant	infested
uneven	lush	buzzing
howls	abundant	disorienting

The Slave Quarters (North)

A rough hole, 10' x 10', has been cut into the lower slopes of the island's central volcano. Sloppy chisel marks score the area around this entrance as if work to enlarge it was started but never finished. The ground is muddy and well traveled, and piles of broken rocks covered in flint moss lie nearby.

The Dark: Two guard stations are set inside the entrance, and a number of spy holes allow guards to secretly survey the area outside.

Fuegonaut patrols occur every d4 hours. The salamanders will usually be open to bribes, and it is not uncommon to catch a group drinking, consuming raw boar flesh (an intoxicant), or napping. Combustarino patrols are less susceptible to bribery, but more prone to bringing tough-looking adventurers to meet with **Svarku**—assuming they can survive a “friendly” fight.

A full map and details are on [p. 54](#).



HS-05-02

The Ashy Slopes

A series of cracked and blackened slopes, surrounded by lush jungle, overlook the ocean. Heat rises through small fissures in the ground, and the entire area is covered in a fine layer of volcanic ash. Clumps of redgold's feathers grow in abundance, and a few resilient, ash-covered ferns cling to life amongst the hot rocks.

The Dark: Ground around the vents and fissures is quite brittle. Any weight exceeding 500 pounds within 10 feet of a fissure causes the ground to fall away into pools of magma 40 to 80 feet below.

HS-05-03

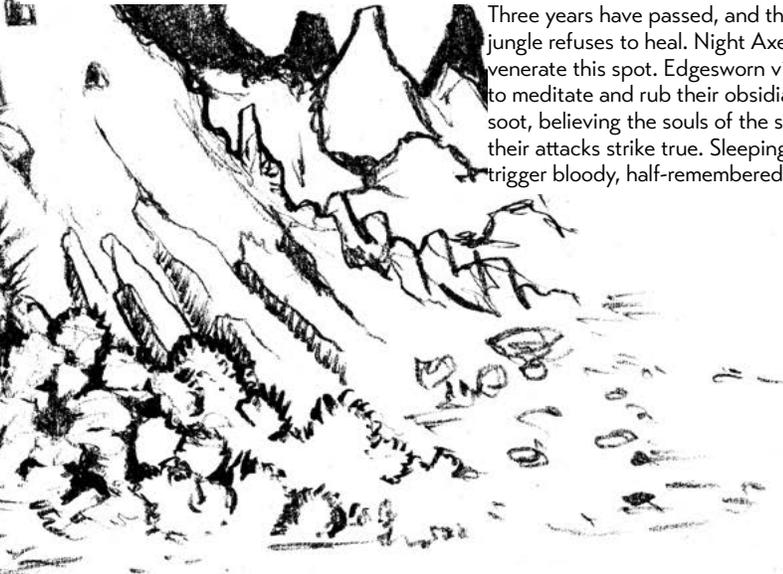
Night Axe

The Black Spot

The floor of the jungle is scorched black in a rough circle 50' in diameter. The ground appears to have been freshly blasted with super-heated flames, and the ashes still smolder. Small glassy formations peek through the ash.

The Dark: As **Svarku** fell behind in his payments to the **Ash Barons** ([p. 114](#)), he determined that he needed to take drastic measures to increase productivity—and so rounded up all his ogre slaves and burned the poor performers alive ([p. 112](#)).

Three years have passed, and the blackened jungle refuses to heal. Night Axe ogres venerate this spot. Edgesworn visit frequently to meditate and rub their obsidian axes in the soot, believing the souls of the slain will help their attacks strike true. Sleeping nearby can trigger bloody, half-remembered nightmares.



HS-06-01

Fuegonauts

Plaza of the Four Aspects

In the middle of a 20-acre clearing with an excellent view of the sea, is a circular plaza paved with polished blocks of obsidian. Four 50' golden statues, each depicting a male efreet, stand on obsidian pedestals facing north, south, east, and west. A flaming 20' brazier of black steel stands in the center of the plaza.

The Dark: The 50' statues are made of stone coated in a layer of solid gold two inches thick. Each absurdly idealized statue depicts one of Svarku's "Four Aspects of Quality Rule." **Svarku** (p. 110) can cause the statues to change their facial expressions, and can telepathically communicate with anyone on the plaza. Reprimanded Fuegonauts are sent to the plaza on cleaning duty twice a week. A single group of **2d8** sullen cleaners and guards spends the entire day there, typically cleaning each statue twice.

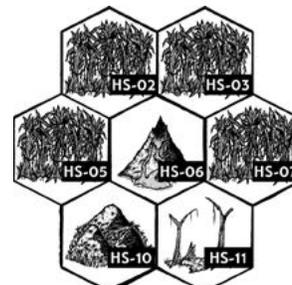
Svarku the Savior (North): The savior's face is set in a look of grim determination, and the pedestal is enchanted to belch smoke so the statue appears to be striding out of flame and chaos. The savior holds an ogre child who weeps for joy in his right arm, and his left hand is extended as if to help a fallen creature rise.

Svarku the Warrior (West): The warrior is dressed in extravagant full plate, but wears no helmet. His cloak billows out behind him as if blown by a gale as he looks back over his left shoulder, roaring for his unseen horde to charge. His right hand holds a sword stretched toward the heavens, and his left arm reaches back to beckon his followers.

Svarku the Poet (South): This statue is seated upon a boulder. A scroll is draped across its left forearm, and its right hand holds a quill that has been enchanted to move back and forth as if writing. The statue's shoulders slump slightly as the creativity of the multiverse weighs upon them, but its face is serene and contemplative.

Svarku the Wizard (East): The wizard is clothed in robes embroidered with intricate runes and geometric patterns. The face is wrathful, and both of the statue's hands are raised above its head, flickering with magical fire.

3d6	Basic Encounters	Fuegonaut Encounters					Motivation
		Giant	Blade	Trickster	Warrior	Combust	
3	Beast	1	2	5	20	--	Art
4	Beast	--	4	2	8	--	Meditating
5	Beast	--	1	2	--	2	Ritual
6	Intelligent	--	--	--	--	6	Wounded
7	Elemental	--	--	2	8	2	Diplomacy
8	Elemental	--	--	2	--	3	Laboring
9	Fuegonaut	--	--	--	6	--	Lost/Searching
10	Fuegonaut	--	--	1	4	--	Fleeing/Pursuit*
11	Fuegonaut	--	--	1	4	--	In Combat*
12	Fuegonaut	--	--	--	--	2	Walking
13	Elemental	--	--	--	--	4	Patrolling
14	Elemental	--	--	1	--	2	Altered State
15	Intelligent	--	--	2	--	3	Hunt/Gather
16	Intelligent	--	1	2	--	2	Mating
17	Beast	--	2	5	20	--	Resting/Camp
18	Beast	--	3	6	28	--	Sleeping



Hex Type: **Volcano**

muted	gentle	immense
crackling	sheer	viney
rumbling	fresh	drippy
perilous	falling	steamy
cool	lofty	wind

HS-06-02

Fuegonauts

Svarku's Grand Entrance

An elaborately carved archway 50' wide by 30' high opens into the side of the volcano. Intricate geometric designs of softly glowing red crystal have been inset into blocks of carved basalt that trim the entrance. Two flaming braziers of black steel, each 10' in diameter, sit on either side of the entrance. A road of obsidian cobbles passes through the arch, where a 10' gold S gleams from the ground.

The Dark: This is the main entrance to **Svarku's** volcano. The S on the ground is pure gold, but whenever it is touched by an intelligent creature, a bell rings in Svarku's tower and a special scrying mirror reveals the S and its immediate surroundings. At night, the flames in the braziers take on the forms of naked dancing girls that wave and blow kisses toward any creature within 100'.

Seven **obsidian bladeguards** are always stationed in alcoves inside the entrance—one for each **obsidian giant** sent to serve Svarku by the **Ash Barons** (p. 116). Six of these bladeguards are constantly monitored. The seventh is cold and dormant because its giant was recently killed by **Bavmorda** (p. 130) and her sons. Tendrils of silver hair are beginning to grow within the dormant bladeguard, but this corruption has so far gone unnoticed.

Full details of Svarku's Lair are on p. 58.

HS-06-03

The Pile of Giant Obsidian Boulders

Huge black boulders weighing thousands of tons rest in a clearing in a jumbled heap. The ground around them is exceptionally uneven, and much of it is covered in cachuga pepper bushes.

The Dark: These large boulders are solid obsidian, and were flung out of the volcano to this spot a number of years ago. The ground here is uneven due to the trees that were toppled when the boulders fell. Ferns, vines, and other vegetation grow thickly over the fallen trees, and it would be easy to take a wrong step, suddenly breaking through crumbling wood.



HS-07-01

Night Axe, Fuegonauts

The Burning Jungle

Steam and ash rise from cracks in the earth, and most of the trees and ground are scorched a crispy black. Vegetation is sparse in this area, aside from a few burning spiderbushes.

The Dark: The cracks in the ground were magically opened by **Svarku** (p. 110) during a fierce battle with his ex-ogre slaves. If any creature steps on or over a crack, it makes a soft popping noise for 2 seconds before shooting up jets of flame and blindingly hot steam. Despite the danger of the flame traps, this large clearing is the scene of frequent fights between the Fuegonauts and the Night Axe, as it is one of the few places on the northern side of the island where the jungle is thin enough to hold a battle of any respectable size. If combat occurred here recently, the air will be filled with smoke and the smell of burning flesh and hair. The burned area continues to expand due to spiderbushes wandering into the area, setting off a flame trap, and then tumbling into the undergrowth.

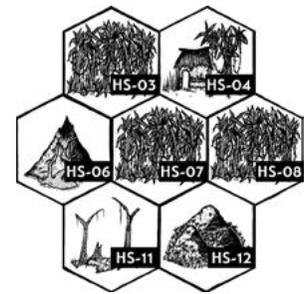
HS-07-02

Fuegonauts

Ashfire Mine

A triangular crack, 20' x 10', is plainly visible on the lower slopes of the volcano. The ground around the crack appears heavily trafficked, and a number of small trails lead from the clearing around this opening into the jungle.

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Elemental	Poison Dart Frog	1	Sleeping
4	Elemental	Obsidian Digger	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Boar, Dire	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Intelligent	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Beast	Vyderac**	2	Walking
9	Beast	Bat, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Boar	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Centipede, Giant	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Intelligent	Copperback	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Intelligent	Blindfire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Elemental	Centipede, Giant	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Elemental	Wydar (Bone)	2d6	Altered State
18	Elemental	Spine Dragon	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: Heavy Jungle

undergrowth	screeches	soft
tangled	decay	stifling
dim	vibrant	infested
uneven	lush	buzzing
howls	abundant	disorienting

HS-07-03

Night Axe

Bavmorda's Four Sons

Skato is the smallest of the four. He has one broken tusk and wields a whip of braided silver hair that cuts obsidian like paper.

Logar seldom speaks because his tongue has been split in half. He values speed above all else, and wears multiple enchanted "busy bones" to be fast in any situation.

Krogu is the largest and strongest of Bavmorda's sons. He is exceptionally flatulent, and his teeth are so rotten that he can knock out small creatures by breathing heavily.

Mukot lost his left hand for insubordination against his last master, so Bavmorda has focused most of her conditioning-breaking efforts on him. He wears a gauntlet of heavy black metal in place of his missing hand, decorated with obsidian spikes.

Bavmorda's Blade House

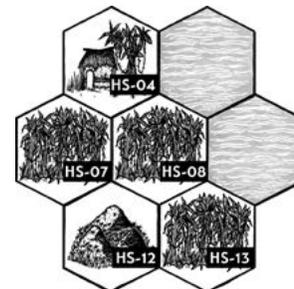
A hut of mud and bone, thatched with silver, stands atop an outcropping of obsidian that rises 20' above the jungle floor. Large crescent-shaped blades of obsidian jut from the sides of the hut and outcropping. A 5'-wide trench surrounds the area, and a ramp spirals up the outcropping to the hut.

The Dark: **Bavmorda**, the ogre witch of silver hair and visions (p. 130), inhabits the Blade House and crafts obsidian weapons of exceptional quality. She leaves rarely and never without purpose, and is guarded by her four sons. Her hut smells of oranges and rock dust, and can comfortably fit six humans. When first receiving a guest, Bavmorda remains behind a curtain of obsidian beads and uses her silver hair to serve food and drink. If visitors attempt to attack, she will not hesitate to blow up her hut to throw everyone off the bladed spire.

Her sons live in the shadow of the spire and greet visitors with deference or death as their mother dictates. Because she is a witch and seer, Bavmorda usually knows who is arriving and the reason for their visit (sometimes even before they do), so her sons are well prepared for the particulars of most encounters. Her sons seem "different" in a glassy-eyed kind of way. This is because they were not born on Hot Springs or blessed by **Mog'ok** (p. 127), and are still very much Night Axe slaves. Bavmorda used dark magic to retrieve them and has managed to keep their origin a secret. She works tirelessly to break their conditioning, but has not yet been successful. That said, her sons are not to be trifled with—as their recent destruction of an obsidian giant proves.

The Dark: This area is highly trafficked, as salamanders prefer this route when heading out to cause havoc on the island. A one-room guard post is located just inside the entrance, and boulders can be dropped from above to seal it off. A female salamander warrior called **Kazola** has taken up residence in the guard house and is usually asleep. She demands tribute of all who pass, asking for cachuga peppers and jelly moss above all else. A group of d6 salamanders and combustarinos, loyal to her, are rarely out of earshot and will help her make good on any threats.

Full details of Ashfire Mine are on p. 72.



Hex Type: Heavy Jungle

undergrowth	screeches	soft
tangled	decay	stifling
dim	vibrant	infested
uneven	lush	buzzing
howls	abundant	disorienting

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Elemental	Poison Dart Frog	1	Sleeping
4	Elemental	Obsidian Digger	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Boar, Dire	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Intelligent	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Beast	Vyderac**	2	Walking
9	Beast	Bat, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Boar	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Centipede, Giant	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Intelligent	Copperback	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Intelligent	Blindfire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Elemental	Centipede, Giant	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Elemental	Wydarr (Bone)	2d6	Altered State
18	Elemental	Spine Dragon	3d6	Defecating

HS-08-01

Night Axe

The Whale Graveyard

Numerous outcroppings of basalt rise from the ocean and along this broad beach. The bloated carcasses of gigantic gray whales litter a half mile of shoreline, and white bones are strewn across the black sand. Seabirds nest on many of the outcroppings, staining portions of the basalt yellow and pink with their droppings.

The Dark: The whale graveyard stinks, but in the wrong way. Even though huge corpses bloat and pop on the black sands, the death smells fresh. The whales are preserved by **Mog'ok** (p. 127), and this stretch of beach serves as a sort of farmer's market to the Night Axe. Ogre young are brought in groups to learn how to dress a whale and knap obsidian into blades by older members of the tribe. Those who work quickly and efficiently move on to bone collecting, and those who progress more slowly are patiently coached until they master whale butchery. Butchered whale is hauled to the Rendering Spot [HS-04-02] for further processing.

Carrion feeders, particularly boltforagers and giant centipedes (usually black), feast upon the whale corpses as well. The ogres kill the birds rapidly but ignore the centipedes, as their mandibles usually cannot pierce tough ogre hide.

Raw meat from these corpses can cure nonmagical illnesses if Mog'ok considers the individual consuming it to be worthy.

HS-08-02

Night Axe

The Boar Farm

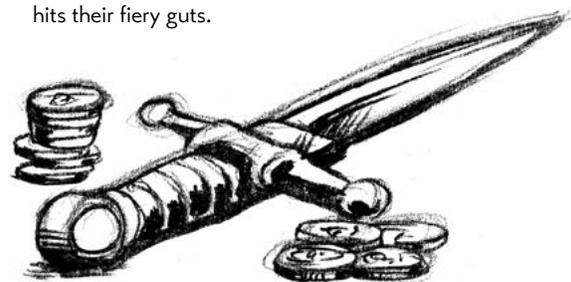
Four crude stone huts stand in a cluster next to a 20'-high wooden palisade. The palisade, clearly constructed with more care than the huts, has only one entrance, directly between the huts. Grunting and squealing can be heard from within the palisade, and the entire area smells like pigs.

The Dark: The boar farm is particularly unpleasant to approach from downwind. Two groups of ogres calling themselves **Hoof** and **Tusk** live among the boars, specializing in butchering (Hoof) and leatherworking (Tusk). The two groups maintain a constant rivalry

with one another over raising and processing the boars, but the boars love them all equally, following their commands like well-trained hunting dogs. Young Night Axe ogres rush back and forth between the farm and Glavrok Village [HS-04-01] carrying supplies and news.

One hut next to a small pen serves as a butcher (Hoof), while another hut surrounded by wooden racks and barrels serves as a tannery (Tusk). The boars live within the palisade in a 15'-deep natural crater. An earthen ramp runs from the gate to the floor of the crater, and most of the boars lair beneath an overhang on its eastern wall. The gate faces west, toward the volcano.

Despite their apparent squabbling, the Hoof and Tusk gangs are tight knit, sharing a distrust of outsiders. Recently, a large mottled-gray boar called Old Ash escaped from the palisade. Any adventurers able to capture and safely return Old Ash to the boar farm will likely gain the trust of Hoof and Tusk—and might even be able to get the Tusk gang to reveal their secret of fireproofing leather. Rogue salamanders sometimes try and poach boars from the farm, as raw boar meat acts as an intoxicant when it hits their fiery guts.



The Refreshing Spring

A pool of clear water bubbles quietly at the base of a 25' basalt cliff. Patches of gray and purple jelly moss grow in large splotches on the cliff face, and vegetation grows thickly in the area. A large dead tree rises from the cliff top.

The Dark: The dead tree houses a colony of some 75 black-and-white ring-tailed lemurs. The lemurs are adept at scampering up and down the cliff face, and enjoy throwing half-eaten cachuga peppers at anyone disturbing their territory. Nereids enjoy this spring immensely, and often meet envoys of the Night Axe here

to deliver news, information, or new strategies in the conflict against **Svarku**. Whenever the nereids gift a water elemental to a Night Axe Bonebinder, the ceremony and ritual of respect between the elemental and the ogre occurs here. The colony of lemurs living in the tree above the spring love the nereids very much and serve as their early warning system. If the wydarr overtake the Crystal Sea Cave [HS-25-01], it is likely that the nereids will retreat here. The water-filled cave feeding the spring is too small for that purpose, but a number of earth imps have volunteered to help expand it into caverns if needed.

HS-08-03

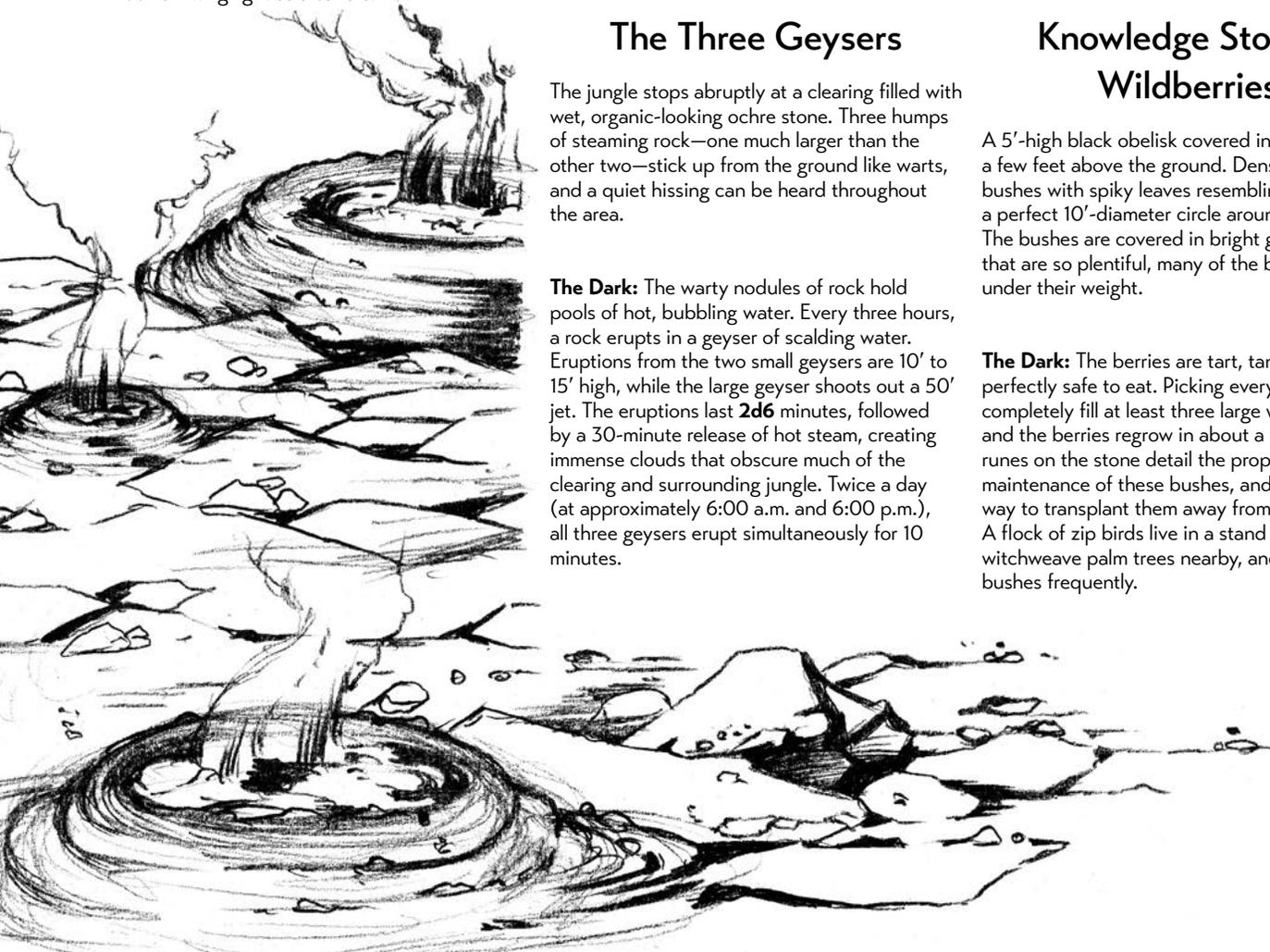
Nereids

HS-09-01

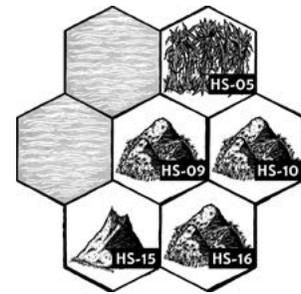
The Alabaster Stair

Terraces of white stone step down the volcano's lower slopes toward the sea. Many of the white stairs contain steaming pools of bright-blue water. Some of the pools have been completely filled by the white stone, and much of the area around the steps is covered in dendritic buildup of the same sparkling white rock. No vegetation grows in this area, and the tree line stops immediately at the white ground.

The Dark: From a distance, the Alabaster Stair resembles a frozen waterfall. Hot water, averaging 175° F, seeps out of the mountain and flows down the slopes to create this formation of milky-white quartz. Inclusions in the quartz glow a very soft white, with a fist-sized chunk of rock emitting light as a candle.



3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Intelligent	Spine Dragon	1	Sleeping
4	Intelligent	Wydrarr (Bone)	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Coppermane	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Bat, Giant	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Elemental	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Elemental	Coppermane	2	Walking
9	Beast	Centipede, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Copperback	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Boar	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Elemental	Zip Bird	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Elemental	Blinefire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vydrac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Intelligent	Obsidian Digger	2d6	Altered State
18	Intelligent	Poison Dart Frog	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: Mountainous Jungle

muted crackling rumbling perilous cool
gentle sheer fresh falling lofty
immense viney drippy steamy wind

HS-09-02

HS-09-03

Ancients

The Three Geysers

The jungle stops abruptly at a clearing filled with wet, organic-looking ochre stone. Three humps of steaming rock—one much larger than the other two—stick up from the ground like warts, and a quiet hissing can be heard throughout the area.

The Dark: The warty nodules of rock hold pools of hot, bubbling water. Every three hours, a rock erupts in a geyser of scalding water. Eruptions from the two small geysers are 10' to 15' high, while the large geyser shoots out a 50' jet. The eruptions last 2d6 minutes, followed by a 30-minute release of hot steam, creating immense clouds that obscure much of the clearing and surrounding jungle. Twice a day (at approximately 6:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m.), all three geysers erupt simultaneously for 10 minutes.

Knowledge Stone—
Wildberries

A 5'-high black obelisk covered in runes floats a few feet above the ground. Dense green bushes with spiky leaves resembling holly form a perfect 10'-diameter circle around the stone. The bushes are covered in bright golden berries that are so plentiful, many of the branches sag under their weight.

The Dark: The berries are tart, tangy, and perfectly safe to eat. Picking every berry would completely fill at least three large water barrels, and the berries regrow in about a week. The runes on the stone detail the proper care and maintenance of these bushes, and the proper way to transplant them away from this location. A flock of zip birds live in a stand of large witchweave palm trees nearby, and eat from the bushes frequently.

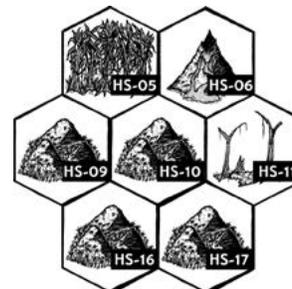
HS-10-01

Steaming Falls

Half a dozen small waterfalls join to form a single fall that cascades 400' down sheer basalt cliffs. The water disappears into great billowing clouds of cool and invigorating steam near the ground.

The Dark: An underground pool of magma at the cliff base superheats the rocks in this area, causing the fall's water to vaporize as it lands. The volume of water cascading over the cliffs would be sufficient to create a sizable river or lake were it not for the heat. Small pools of water may occasionally form but never last long. Unprotected flesh on the stones in this area can develop second-degree burns in 10 seconds.

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Intelligent	Spine Dragon	1	Sleeping
4	Intelligent	Wydrarr (Bone)	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Coppermane	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Bat, Giant	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Elemental	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Elemental	Coppermane	2	Walking
9	Beast	Centipede, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Copperback	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Boar	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Elemental	Zip Bird	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Elemental	Blinfire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Intelligent	Obsidian Digger	2d6	Altered State
18	Intelligent	Poison Dart Frog	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: **Mountainous Jungle**

muted	gentle	immense
crackling	sheer	viney
rumbling	fresh	drippy
perilous	falling	steamy
cool	lofty	wind

HS-10-02

Night Axe, Fuegonauts

The Slave Quarters (South)

An almost perfectly square hole, 10' x 10', gapes in the southward-facing lower slopes of the volcano. Ferns and other vegetation cover the ground in thick greenery. A small landslide of basalt lies to the left of the entrance, much of it covered in quivering purple jelly moss.

The Dark: This entrance to the **Slave Quarters** (p. 54) is seldom guarded by the Fuegonauts, since most threats come from the north. Patrols occur once a day, if that. Barrels of alcohol are often stashed here, and a shoddy pen just inside the entrance sometimes holds a wounded or recently deceased boar. Night Axe ogres, notably **Srok** (p. 131), prefer to feign direct attacks on the slave quarter's northern entrance [HS-05-01], but then sneak in here. The cave system leading from this entrance to the Slave Quarters proper is labyrinthine and filled with dead ends.



HS-10-03

Fuegonauts

The Blasted Tower

A tower of basalt, 30' tall, stands crumbling and covered with sleeping ivy in the center of a clearing. An arched doorway faces north, toward the volcano, and the remains of a burned and ruined palisade can be seen beneath a carpet of vegetation on the eastern flank. Much of the second floor has fallen away.

The Dark: This outpost was destroyed and abandoned during the Night Axe revolt four years ago. The ogre witch **Bavmorda** (p. 130) had been held in the outdoor palisade before being rescued by a small group of bonebinders who cracked the tower with elemental magic. Its residual effects can still be felt by those attuned to such things, and even those who are not can sometimes see small arcs of lightning dance around the windows on dark nights. After the uprising and destruction of the tower, **Svarku** (p. 110) left it to rot in crumbling shame.

Ever since the explosion, this outpost has been avoided by Fuegonauts because of the lingering electricity. **A few combustarinos have set up "playpen" pit traps** (p. 118) in the area, but instead of falling through the obsidian sheets and onto spikes, a loud gong sounds when the obsidian breaks and the bottom of each pit is filled with vyderac pheromone sacs. The pungent odor given off by the sacs often makes these traps easier to notice.

HS-11-01

The Trail of Black Glass

A stripe of obsidian shards, 30' wide, cuts through the jungle and runs into the distance. Patches of flint moss grow on the surface of the shards and cachuga pepper bushes cluster along its edges.

The Dark: The trail of black glass cuts across all of [HS-11] running southeast to [HS-18]. The shards are packed into a 20'- to 50'-deep scar across the island, like gauze in a wound. Flare-ups of flint moss caused by the friction of movement makes walking on the trail dangerous.

HS-11-02

Nereids

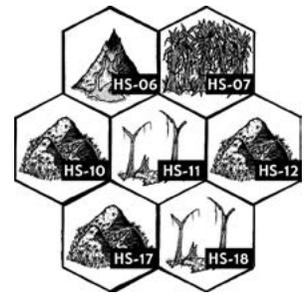
The Lava Fall

Lava from the island's central volcano cascades over basalt cliffs, forming a curtain of molten rock 200' tall and 100' wide. The fall is not flush with the cliff, and great clouds of steam billow out from behind it. The fall feeds a gigantic lava lake that undulates as great drifts of semisolid rock form and decay on its surface.

The Dark: The shattered Aquifer of Pythiaria is located behind the lava fall. A ledge of basalt, 10' to 20' wide, runs along the edge of the lake below the cliffs. Sudden bursts of superheated steam can blast travelers into the lava lake, but they are preceded by a high-pitched whistling that serves as a warning.

Full details of the aquifer are on [p. 74](#).

3d6	Basic Encounters	Fuegonaut Encounters					Motivation
		Giant	Blade	Trickster	Warrior	Combust	
3	Beast	1	2	5	20	--	Art
4	Beast	--	4	2	8	--	Meditating
5	Beast	--	1	2	--	2	Ritual
6	Intelligent	--	--	--	--	6	Wounded
7	Elemental	--	--	2	8	2	Diplomacy
8	Elemental	--	--	2	--	3	Laboring
9	Fuegonaut	--	--	--	6	--	Lost/Searching
10	Fuegonaut	--	--	1	4	--	Fleeing/Pursuit*
11	Fuegonaut	--	--	1	4	--	In Combat*
12	Fuegonaut	--	--	--	--	2	Walking
13	Elemental	--	--	--	--	4	Patrolling
14	Elemental	--	--	1	--	2	Altered State
15	Intelligent	--	--	2	--	3	Hunt/Gather
16	Intelligent	--	1	2	--	2	Mating
17	Beast	--	2	5	20	--	Resting/Camp
18	Beast	--	3	6	28	--	Sleeping



Hex Type: Volcanic

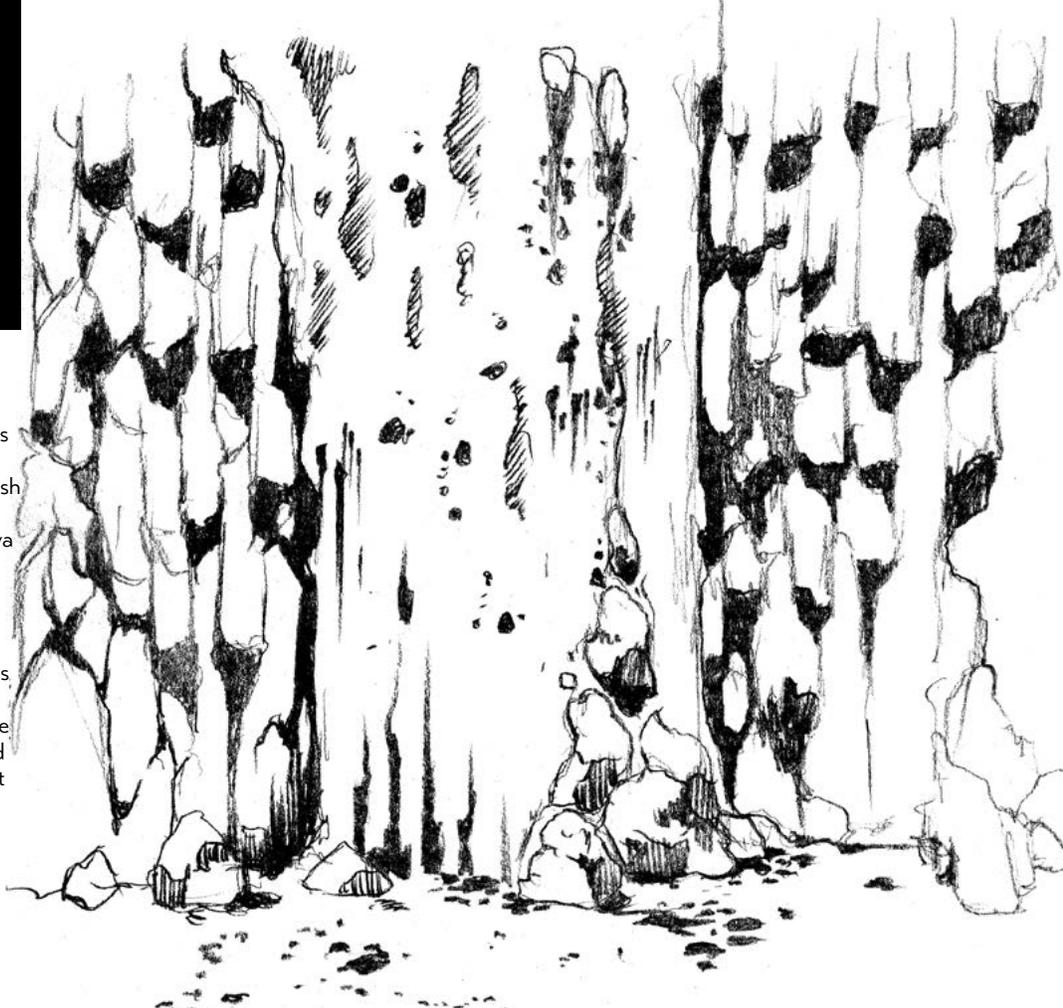
crumbling	at risk	eroded
thick	debris	vents
flowing	thickets	bubbling
fertile	edge	whooshing
ash	monumental	wheeling

HS-11-03

The Mound of Geodes

A mound of blackened spherical rocks 20' across stands 5' high in the midst of thick jungle. Several dead trees rise from the mound, with the damage to their broken branches and trunks suggesting that the stones fell from above. Some of the rocks in the pile gleam and sparkle brightly in the light, and small splotches of gray and purple jelly moss dot the eastern side of the mound.

The Dark: These rocks are almost all natural geodes flung here several years ago by the volcano. Geodes in the areas of the pile appearing to sparkle in the light have cracked or broken to reveal their quartz interiors.



HS-12-01

Night Axe, Fuegonauts

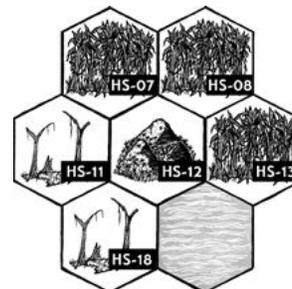
The Scorched Earth

A 30-acre swath of ash and charred vegetation cuts abruptly through lush jungle on the lower slopes of the mountains. Shattered weapons, melted armor, and the broken remains of skeletons are strewn throughout the devastation. The damage to the land has clearly been caused by numerous brutal and fiery skirmishes. Salamander tails dangle from hooks at the northern end of this area, and spears holding the skewered heads of ogres decorate the south.

The Dark: The brutality and frequency of the bloodshed here has trapped the spirits of many fallen ogres and salamanders on this broken, ash-choked ground. Anyone sensitive to the spirit world senses terrible despair, and anyone able to see spirits can observe the trapped souls wandering the battlefield as if lost. Living Night Axe and Fuegonaut scouts often hide in the jungle near their respective battle lines.



3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Intelligent	Spine Dragon	1	Sleeping
4	Intelligent	Wydarr (Bone)	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Coppermane	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Bat, Giant	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Elemental	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Elemental	Coppermane	2	Walking
9	Beast	Centipede, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Copperback	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Boar	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Elemental	Zip Bird	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Elemental	Blinfire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Intelligent	Obsidian Digger	2d6	Altered State
18	Intelligent	Poison Dart Frog	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: Mountainous Jungle

muted	gentle	immense
crackling	sheer	viney
rumbling	fresh	drippy
perilous	falling	steamy
cool	lofty	wind

HS-12-02

Night Axe

Glavrok's South Watch

Walls of stacked rock and dirt 4' high support a 20'-by-20' wooden platform that is the roof of a watch post dug down into the ground. Stairs open up in the west wall. Wisps of smoke curl from an opening in the roof, and the smell of ambergris is strong. Clusters of blue pygmy king flowers grow in profusion along the tree line.

The Dark: The South Watch has recently been a hotbed of Night Axe and Fuegonaut conflict. The bodies of salamanders are left impaled on their spears throughout the area, to rot in the sun and serve as a warning to their kin.

The South Watch runs at all times, with two ogres watching, two sleeping, and two on patrol. The warriors sent here are usually edgesworn potentials, and are wary of any trespassers. Their arms are strong, their aim is true, and they use their bone necklaces with methodical brutality.

Six ogres are able to fit comfortably inside the watch, and enough whale flesh and water is kept here to sustain them for 2 weeks.

HS-12-03

The Jerky Fields

The Jerky Fields

All plant life within an area 50' in diameter is dead, brown, and crumbling to the touch. Near the center of this area, clear crystals grow from the ground and arc toward a boulder that appears wrapped in thick gray rope. At least twenty leathery corpses can be seen among the dead vegetation, looking like armor-clad jerky.

The Dark: This is the final resting place of **Geoffrey Splitheart's** failed expedition to locate and transplant a salt vine (the gray rope) back to the mainland. Unfortunately, this specimen was older and more established than expected. Its crystal root system desiccates everything within 50', and can dry out a humanoid of average size in about an hour.



HS-13-01

The Steaming Beach

Large rocks smoothed by the tide make up the beach in this area, and plumes of steam erupt each time a wave reaches the shoreline. This rocky stretch runs for about 1,000'.

The Dark: A magma chamber has formed 20' below the beach, and the stones are so hot that they can cause second-degree burns in as little as 10 seconds. A keen eye notices bones among the stones. If it is raining, the beach will be completely cloaked in fog and steam.

HS-13-02

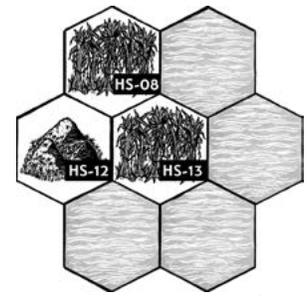
Elves

The Decaying Statue

The weathered torso of an elven woman rises nearly 50' out of the ground, ringed by sipopa bushes. The branches of the dark-green bushes sag beneath the weight of an abundance of fuzzy orange blooms. The statue's left arm is outstretched, palm up, as if it is attempting to help a fallen person rise.

The Dark: When the Isle of Light shattered, this statue of the elven sorceress **Alastaria** (p. 145) was flung from the capital city to this spot. The statue is over 100' tall, but much of it was buried by lava flow thousands of years ago. **Magic users within 2 miles of the statue experience exceptional mental clarity, recover magical powers at twice the normal rate, and have their spell effects amplified by 50 percent.**

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Elemental	Poison Dart Frog	1	Sleeping
4	Elemental	Obsidian Digger	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Boar, Dire	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Intelligent	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Beast	Vyderac**	2	Walking
9	Beast	Bat, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Boar	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Centipede, Giant	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Intelligent	Copperback	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Intelligent	Blindfire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Elemental	Centipede, Giant	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Elemental	Wydarr (Bone)	2d6	Altered State
18	Elemental	Spine Dragon	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: Heavy Jungle

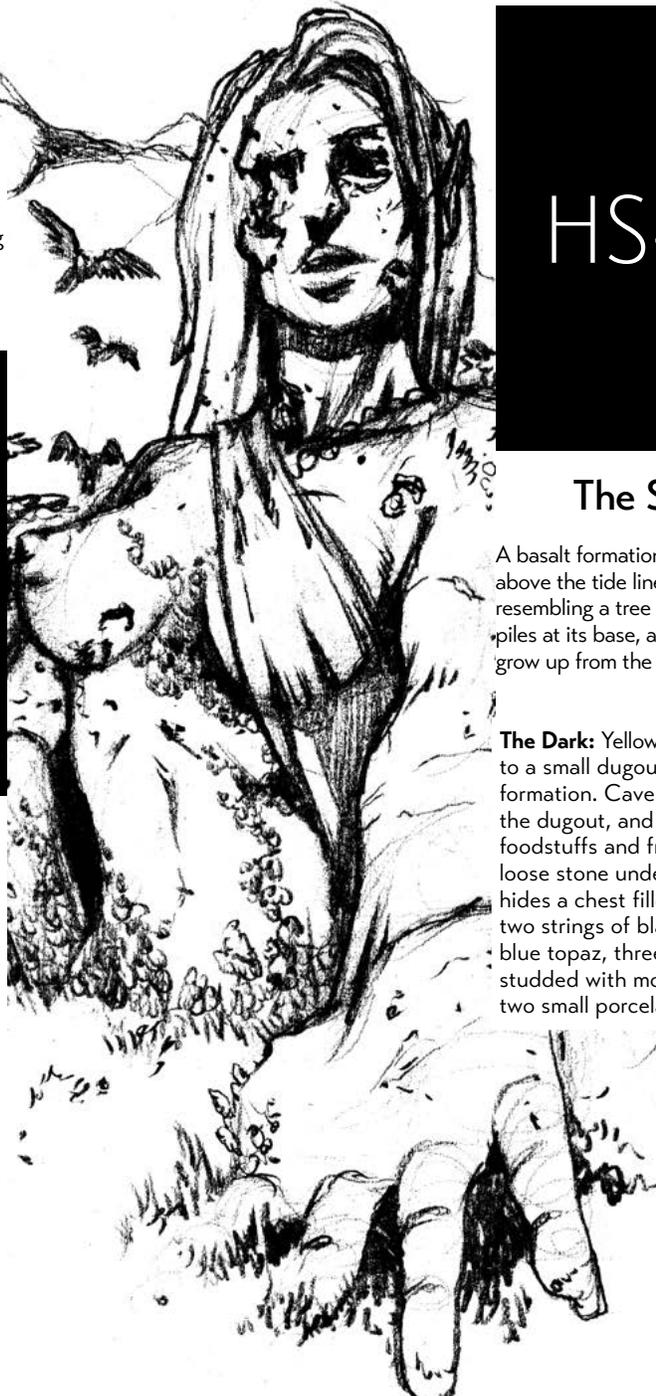
undergrowth	screeches	soft
tangled	decay	stifling
dim	vibrant	infested
uneven	lush	buzzing
howls	abundant	disorienting

HS-13-03

The Stone Stump

A basalt formation rises from black sand well above the tide line, 10' high, 20' in diameter, and resembling a tree stump. Chunks of basalt lie in piles at its base, and twisted, gray tubular plants grow up from the ground throughout the area.

The Dark: Yellow ferns mark a trapdoor leading to a small dugout on the western side of the formation. Cave lilies blanket the ceiling of the dugout, and small crates and barrels of foodstuffs and fresh water line the walls. A loose stone under a large teal-colored crate hides a chest filled with 350 gold coins, two strings of black pearls, a giant flawless blue topaz, three tarnished silver bracelets studded with moonstones, and the heads of two small porcelain dolls.



HS-14-01

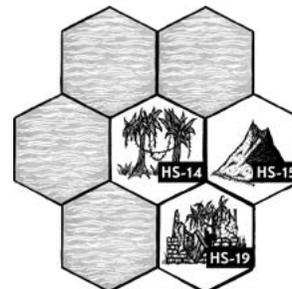
Crab Mouth Lagoon

A lagoon of clear blue water laps serenely at the black sand surrounding it. The barrier island forming this lagoon is a mile-long sandbar dotted with clusters of mangrove trees and snapping grass. On the island side of the lagoon, the jungle-covered ground slopes up sharply toward the old volcano towering in the east.

The Dark: Under normal circumstances, this serene stretch of beach appears to be an excellent spot to build a bungalow. Around sunset, the black sand flashes and flares with golden light as the rays of the setting sun strike uncountable golden shell fragments—the remains of the children of **Joomavesi**, the colossal golden crab (p. 80). Every three to five years, she lays her eggs in the shallow waters of the lagoon. Several weeks later, her golden-shelled children, ranging from the size of a small dog to a small car, swarm across Hot Springs Island attempting to devour anything in their path. The monsters of the island (particularly **coralkin anglers**, p. 190, and **wydarr**, p. 192) are in tune with this great golden migration, and will line the beaches of [HS-14] as the expected time draws near. If Joomavesi's children are not all killed or eaten within 3 days, she is compelled to emerge from the sea to find and consume the remainder. If she manages to eat a hundred of her spawn, she immediately begins to molt and grow 10 percent larger.



3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Intelligent	Crystal Frog	1	Sleeping
4	Intelligent	Flayfiend	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Duecadre	1	Mating
6	Elemental	Muttering Serp.	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Elemental	Broadback	2	Patrolling
8	Beast	Singing Golem	2	Walking
9	Beast	Tabibari	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Centipede, Giant	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Boar	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Beast	Zip Bird	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Beast	Vyderac**	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Elemental	Blindfire Vine	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Elemental	Boar, Dire	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Intelligent	Spine Dragon	2d6	Altered State
18	Intelligent	Poison Dart Frog	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: Light Jungle

enormous canopy	warm humid	aromatic bushy
woop woop	flowers	red mud
bellow rustling	navigable vaulted	shadows sun rays

HS-14-02

Black Urchin Pools

Black sand beaches give way to rocky outcroppings that stretch into the sea for nearly 500'. The rock has been worn down by the waves, creating a myriad of tidal pools. Green algae grows profusely on the rocks, and mats of yellow kelp can be seen when the tide rolls out. Multitudes of spiny black sea urchins fill the pools, and can be seen wandering between them. Vibrant blue starfish, tiny purple urchins, bone-white barnacles, and golden anemones can also be seen in many of the pools.

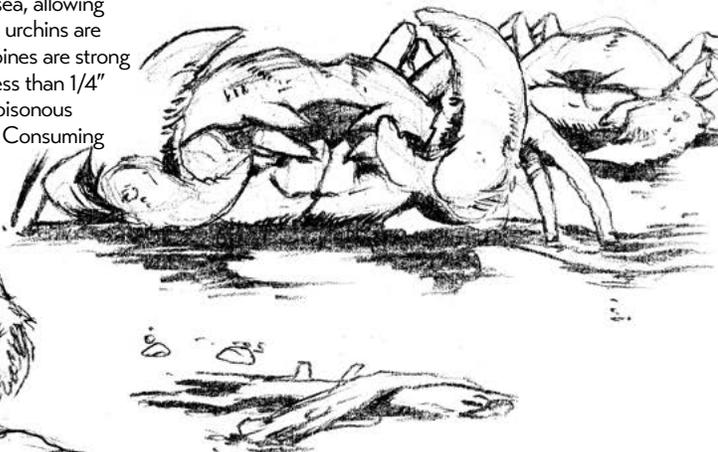
The Dark: Slippery green algae and thousands of black sea urchins moving from pool to pool make the footing here treacherous. At high tide, the pools are covered by the sea, allowing their inhabitants to feed. The black urchins are exceptionally delicious, but their spines are strong enough to pierce through leather less than 1/4" thick. The purple urchins are the poisonous juvenile forms of the black urchins. Consuming their meat numbs, then paralyzes.

HS-14-03

The Yellow Outcrop

The smell of rotten eggs blocks out all other scents in this area. A 100' slope of exposed basalt is covered in large, greasy-looking yellow rocks. Most of the rocks are opaque, but here and there along the slope, translucent yellow crystals grow in tabular formations.

The Dark: This large deposit of natural sulfur was thrust up from the ground during the chaos of the cataclysm. A number of the translucent tabular crystal clusters could be broken off and sold as quality specimens to mineral collectors. However, prolonged exposure to heat—even body heat—can cause the crystals to crack and lose their value.



HS-15-01

Elves

The Old Volcano

The cone of this volcano is well formed, covered in dense vegetation, and rises 2,300' above the island. The opening at the peak is jagged, with the northern lip 500' higher than the southern, causing the whole volcano to resemble a broken tooth. Gigantic boulders and piles of basalt can be seen rising up through the trees in many places on the lower slopes.

The Dark: This volcano has not erupted in over 5,000 years. Looking into the volcano from above, swirling red-and-yellow magma can be seen 3,000' below. Perceptive individuals will notice a faint shimmer in the air 20' below the crater's rim, which stretches across the volcano's entire opening. Powerful elven magic placed a transparent barrier here, acting as a lid for the volcano. This lid is stable, can support the weight of an army, and can be removed only by the most powerful forms of magic.

HS-15-02

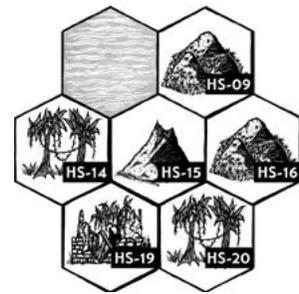
Elves

The Lapis Observatory

A tower is perched atop an isolated basalt outcropping on the side of the volcano, built of bright-blue stone interspersed with swirls of gold and white, and capped by a golden dome. The outcropping is at least 150' high and the tower rises for another 75'. Stairs of some sort once spiraled up to the tower's entrance, but they fell away long ago and now lie broken on the ground.

A full map and details are on [p. 82](#).

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Intelligent	Spine Dragon	1	Sleeping
4	Intelligent	Wydarr (Bone)	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Coppermane	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Bat, Giant	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Elemental	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Elemental	Coppermane	2	Walking
9	Beast	Centipede, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Copperback	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Boar	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Elemental	Zip Bird	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Elemental	Blinefire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Intelligent	Obsidian Digger	2d6	Altered State
18	Intelligent	Poison Dart Frog	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: **Mountainous Jungle**

muted	gentle	immense
crackling	sheer	viney
rumbling	fresh	drippy
perilous	falling	steamy
cool	lofty	wind

HS-15-03

Fuegonauts

Svarku's Retreat

A pillar of obsidian resembling an 8' x 13' door stands in the middle of a small clearing on the slopes of the old volcano. Its surface is polished to a mirrorlike finish, and features small clusters of hexagons made from glowing red crystal, inset in a pattern that resembles dancing flames. The ground around the slab is scorched and blackened, and nearby cachuga pepper bushes appear wilted from the heat.



The Dark: Any intelligent creature touching the stone is momentarily wreathed in flame and instantly teleported to a room inside the old volcano. This room was magically constructed by Svarku ([p. 110](#)) to serve as a temporary shelter, and houses emergency equipment and supplies in case he needs to escape the islands. Svarku wears a gold ring set with rubies that allows him to instantly teleport to or scry the room.

The room is 30' x 30' x 20', with walls, floor, and ceiling of polished obsidian. The north wall is a single piece of clear sapphire nearly a foot thick, providing an excellent view of the volcano's magma pool. A 10' hexagon of glowing red crystal is inlaid in the center of the floor, and a large, lifelike painting of a siren on all fours, wearing a leash and collar, hangs on the west wall. Three portraits of a red-skinned male efreet (laughing, killing, and lounging in the nude) hang on the room's other walls. A wardrobe of polished brass, its doors inlaid with stylized onyx flames, stands against the east wall. A writing desk and chair of the same brass, as well as three large obsidian bookshelves, sit along the south wall. Two plush wingback chairs, large enough to comfortably fit an ogre, sit in the southwest corner of the room, a bronze chest between them. A chaise lounge of black velvet sporting a number of faintly glowing pale-pink stains stands by the west wall.

All the containers in the room are locked, both mechanically and magically, and Svarku is alerted if any are successfully opened. Standing on the red hexagon for 10 seconds teleports creatures out of the room and back to the stone. The leash and collar that summons the siren Oolah ([p. 121](#)) from her painting can be found in the brass chest between the white chairs.

Svarku does not prevent creatures coming here, because:

- He likes showing off his gaudy lavishness.
- It's in a remote location.
- Everything is well secured.
- Night Axe ogres and Fuegonauts would avoid the teleporter stone because of its obvious association with Svarku.

If the adventurer population booms on Hot Springs Island, Svarku will lock this area down.

HS-16-01

Ancients

The Rusted Hydra

A spire of basalt 30' tall, 20' in diameter, and covered in smooth vertical channels rises from an overgrown slope. A red-brown statue of a seven-headed hydra stands atop the spire, mouths agape in a frozen roar toward the sky. The top of the hydra's highest head is 50' above the basalt pillar, and its tail spirals around the base to the ground. Rainbow-colored flowers bloom thickly around the outcrop.

The Dark: The channels running down the sides of the pillar continue across the ground, radiating out like the spokes of a wheel. **The thick growth of rainbow petals masks the 2'-deep channels, making footing treacherous.** Several times a month, the eyes of the hydra glow bright blue, and thousands of gallons of water stream through the channels and into the terraced valley below. The hydra was created by the Ancients using strong ritual magic to catch, store, multiply, and distribute rainfall. The statue was carved from a single piece of hematite, and only its complete destruction will stop its function.

HS-16-03

Ancients

Cracked Rock Kiva

An outcropping of basalt, 100' high and 300' in diameter, sits atop a slope that rises above the jungle. The south side of the outcropping is split by a 20'-long crack. Geometric shapes are carved decoratively on either side of the crack.

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Intelligent	Spine Dragon	1	Sleeping
4	Intelligent	Wydarr (Bone)	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Coppermane	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Bat, Giant	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Elemental	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Elemental	Coppermane	2	Walking
9	Beast	Centipede, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Copperback	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Boar	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Elemental	Zip Bird	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Elemental	Blinfire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Intelligent	Obsidian Digger	2d6	Altered State
18	Intelligent	Poison Dart Frog	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: Mountainous Jungle

terraced	gentle	immense
maintained	sheer	viney
primal	fresh	drippy
overgrown	falling	steamy
rich	lofty	wind

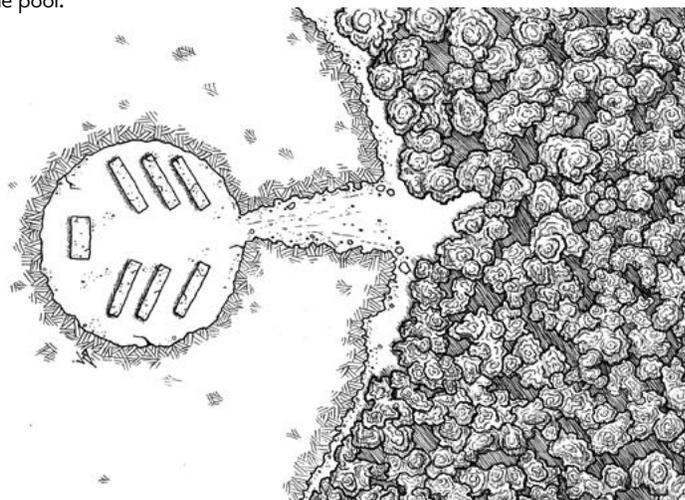
HS-16-02

Ancients

The Primal Ziggurat

A massive ziggurat of black obsidian, 210' x 150', stands amid thick jungle, overgrown with vines. The top of this megalithic structure is hidden by dense jungle canopy 100' above the ground, and a steep 30'-wide stairway climbs the ziggurat's eastern face, disappearing into the trees. Piles of fern-cloaked rubble scattered near the base of the structure appear to be the remains of either relief carvings or statues, and the surfaces of some stones are carved with scales.

The Dark: Above the canopy, the stair travels through a grand archway before ending on the flat top of the ziggurat, 150' above the ground. This upper surface is exceptionally smooth, and polished to a mirrorlike finish. On clear nights, constellations considered sacred by the Ancients are reflected in this surface, and glowing runes name important stars. A smaller ziggurat, 30' x 30', rises on the western side of this large open area, and a round pavilion made of softly glowing red crystal stands atop it. Under the pavilion is a pool of liquid mithral, cool to the touch. The Ancients' priests would bathe in this pool to cleanse and purify themselves before ceremonies, and powerful primal magic still lingers here. Any liquid removed from the pool evaporates after 24 hours, reappearing in the pool.



The Dark: A circular room, 50' in diameter and 15' high, was carved out within the rock by the Ancients to serve as a place for social gatherings, celebrations, and communal meditation. During the day, shafts of sunlight illuminate the kiva's interior. A 5' x 10' altar covered in geometric designs stands at the northern end of the chamber. Two 15'-wide sections of stone benches, separated by a central aisle, fill half the kiva near the altar. One of the stone benches bears an engraving of the letter V and a small six-sided die surrounded by a heart.

HS-17-01

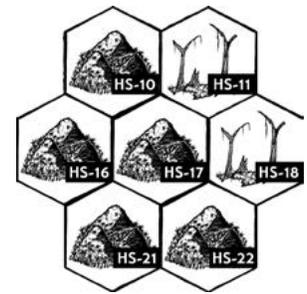
Ancients

The Obsidian Hydra

A perfect sphere of dull bronze 30' in diameter sits atop an overgrown terrace. A statue of a seven-headed hydra made of polished obsidian stands atop the sphere, legs splayed for balance, bright claws digging into the metal. The necks of the hydra rise 50' before arcing down to point gaping jaws at the orb. Redgold's feathers grow here in abundance, the bright red-orange of their blooms peeking out from under green ferns.

The Dark: Several times a month, the eyes of the hydra glow red and jets of fire blast from each mouth to bathe the metal sphere in flame. As it heats, the bronze orb changes to resemble gleaming liquid silver. When the flames subside, water pours off the surface of the sphere in cascading torrents, of sufficient volume to flood the terraces below. The hydra was created by the Ancients using strong ritual magic to pull water up from an aquifer and irrigate the many fields that once covered these terraces. Only the complete destruction of this statue will stop its function.

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Intelligent	Spine Dragon	1	Sleeping
4	Intelligent	Wydarr (Bone)	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Coppermane	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Bat, Giant	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Elemental	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Elemental	Coppermane	2	Walking
9	Beast	Centipede, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Copperback	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Boar	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Elemental	Zip Bird	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Elemental	Blinefire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Intelligent	Obsidian Digger	2d6	Altered State
18	Intelligent	Poison Dart Frog	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: **Mountainous Jungle**

terraced	gentle	immense
maintained	sheer	viney
primal	fresh	drippy
overgrown	falling	steamy
rich	lofty	wind

HS-17-02

Ancients

The Crumbling Wall

A wall of dark-gray basalt 100' long and 30' high stands covered in sleeping ivy and surrounded by ferns and snapping grass. It appears to have once been carved with an elaborate relief, but very little can now be seen, aside from the occasional scaled hand or leg. Large chunks of the western side of the wall have collapsed into rubble, littering the ground.

The Dark: Beneath the covering of vines and moss is the following high relief.

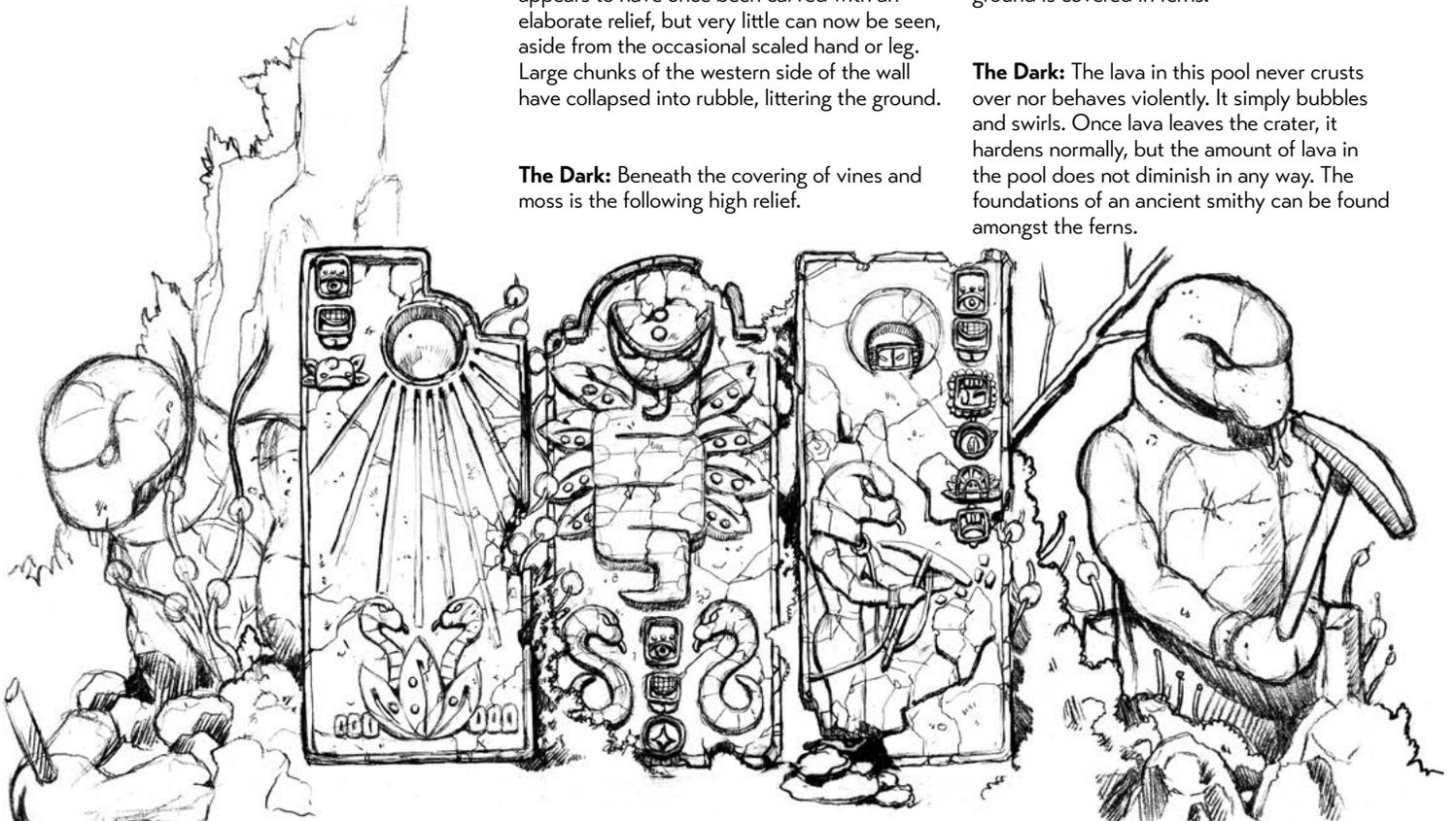
HS-17-03

Ancients

The Lava Pool

Lava bubbles in a crater 20' in diameter in the jungle floor. Clumps of redgold's feathers cluster along its edge, and much of the rest of the ground is covered in ferns.

The Dark: The lava in this pool never crusts over nor behaves violently. It simply bubbles and swirls. Once lava leaves the crater, it hardens normally, but the amount of lava in the pool does not diminish in any way. The foundations of an ancient smithy can be found amongst the ferns.



HS-18-01

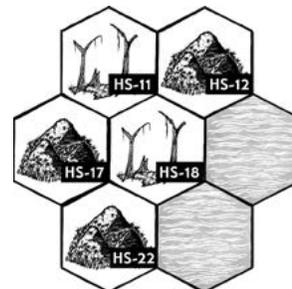
The Lava River

A low rumble drones continually as molten lava pours out of a small, broken rise and flows southeast in a snaking river. The flow is rapid, and its surface cools quickly to a cracked and ashy gray-white. Only the edges of the flow remain a vibrant red-orange, forming clear lines between the river and the cool black ground through which it rushes.

The Dark: The river runs for about a half mile above ground. In some spots, it narrows to as little as 6', while in others, it splays as wide as 200'. The river shifts frequently, never staying in the same bed for long. While the lava river is obviously hazardous, much of the real danger in this area comes from brittle ground that gives way to other pockets of lava. Observant individuals notice rapid rises in temperature, bubbling sounds, and changes in the sounds of their footsteps as they approach these brittle areas. Additionally, creatures such as salamanders and elementals might burst out of these delicate crusts like blackbirds from a pie.



3d6	Basic Encounters	Night Axe Encounters			Motivation
		Ogre	Edge	Bone	
3	Beast	10	4	1	Art
4	Beast	4	9	3	Meditating
5	Intelligent	6	4	7	Ritual
6	Intelligent	5	2	4	Wounded
7	Elemental	--	3	3	Diplomacy
8	Elemental	4	--	1	Laboring
9	Fuegonauts	2	2	--	Lost/Searching
10	Fuegonauts	2	--	1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
11	Night Axe	2	--	--	In Combat*
12	Night Axe	1	2	--	Walking
13	Elemental	1	4	--	Patrolling
14	Elemental	4	2	1	Altered State
15	Intelligent	--	--	2	Hunting/Gathering
16	Intelligent	9	5	4	Mating
17	Beast	7	6	5	Resting/Camp
18	Beast	7	2	5	Sleeping



Hex Type: Volcanic

- crumbling
- thick
- flowing
- fertile
- ash
- at risk
- debris
- thickets
- edge
- monumental
- eroded
- vents
- bubbling
- whooshing
- wheezing

HS-18-02

The Rift Zone

Crunching black basalt ground gives way to a swath of dirt and mud about a half mile across. Sparse trees can be seen in the distance where the jungle begins to grow once more. Small crevices, most no wider than two fingers, spiderweb across the ground, some emitting small plumes of steam.

The Dark: Under normal circumstances, this area is unremarkable. However, though the ground here is solid, it is also weak where natural underground conduits channel lava from Svarku's Volcano [HS-06] to the sea. If Svarku's lava lake were to ever drain, fountain-like fissure eruptions would begin in this zone. The lava lake is very large and heavily enchanted with Svarku's power, so that such eruptions would last for days and carry extremely powerful magical signatures. The **obsidian giants** (p. 116) have been slowly corrupting Svarku's enchantments as part of their effort to eventually wrest control away from him. If this eruption event occurs and the giants are still up to their tricks, the magical signatures of the eruptions would be severely corrupted, and Svarku would immediately realize what the giants have been up to.

Search online for "Hawaiian fissure eruptions" for more ideas on how this could play out.

HS-18-03

The Surrounded Jungle

An island of dense jungle a quarter mile across stands surrounded by the lumpy black ground of recent lava flows. Trees near the edge, where the green earth meets crumpled black stone, stand charred and smoking, their leaves all burned away. The screeching cries and whoops of bird calls ring out from the foliage, but it seems like only a matter of time before this area is burned and paved like its surroundings.

The Dark: This isolated island of life contains the last living kujibirds in all the Swordfish Islands. Fewer than fifty make their homes here, and if they are not relocated soon, Svarku's Volcano will bury them in several feet of molten rock. Kujibirds nest in large bowers on the ground that they weave from sticks and fern fronds. Males decorate the bowers with tiny piles of small, colorful objects such as gems, coins, berries, and even fungus. Once a male kujibird sets its eye on a new decorative object, it will go to great lengths to acquire it.



HS-19-01

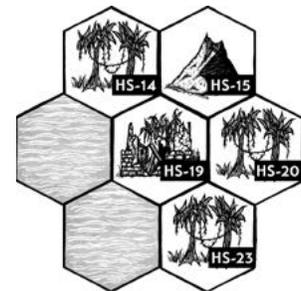
Elves

The Bathhouse

At the end of a wide and prominent street cutting through the ruins of Hot Springs City stands the old elven bathhouse. 50'-high walls of glittering white stone are cut by an arched entryway 20' wide and 30' high, revealing a lush garden overgrown by plants of strange shapes and colors. The facade of the bathhouse is comprised of three distinct layers. The lowest 20' are perfectly smooth and white, uninterrupted by seam or blemish. Above this smoothness is a high relief of excessively stylized elves that rises for 10'. The relief to the left of the archway depicts a great battle of idealized nude elves subjugating squat and twisted serpentine humanoids. The relief to the right of the archway depicts nude elves engaged in a variety of opulent and pleasurable activities. The 20' above the relief is as smooth as the wall next to the ground, but large, evenly spaced archways gape blackly in the white stone. The bathhouse was built directly into the lower slopes of the volcano, and part of what appears to be a colossal crystal can be seen above the walls, embedded into the mountain.

The Dark: **Meltalia** (p. 124) is trapped within the (currently unmapped) bathhouse. The building consists of four floors and two basement levels. A monstrous nereid-drinking plant (p. 96) can be found in the lowest basement, as can one of **Lady Hedonia's** shadow generators (p. 153). The bathhouse also houses an unintentionally deadly trap (p. 98) that might hold the key to Meltalia's freedom. Those who are unable to escape the trap become quality art objects in pristine condition, and can be found throughout the ruin.

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Intelligent	Crystal Frog	1	Sleeping
4	Intelligent	Flayfiend	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Duecadre	1	Mating
6	Elemental	Muttering Serp.	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Elemental	Rat, Giant	2	Patrolling
8	Elemental	Singing Golem	2	Walking
9	Beast	Shadow	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Centipede, Giant	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Zip Bird	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Orange Sludge	d4+1	Walking
13	Beast	Boar	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Elemental	Vyderabad	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Elemental	Blindfire Vine	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Elemental	Boar, Dire	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Intelligent	Spine Dragon	2d6	Altered State
18	Intelligent	Poison Dart Frog	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: Ruins

crumbled	warm	aromatic
statuary	humid	rustling
silent	flowers	bushy
isolated	enormous	shadows
ancient	vaulted	sun rays

HS-19-02

Elves, Fuegonauts

The Iridescent Stair

Terraces of translucent, iridescent stone step down what would otherwise be an unremarkable ancient elven street sloping through the ruins and down to the sea. 175° F water bubbles constantly in a pool at the top of the stair before spilling down through the terraces. Most of the steps contain small pools of the heated water, which sparkles and amplifies the iridescence of the stone. Sloppy chisel marks in some areas show where whole sections of the stair have been chipped away and hauled off.

The Dark: The pool at the top of this stair was once a private hot tub carved with opulent high reliefs for a noble of Hot Springs City. Over long centuries, most of the reliefs have been completely buried in iridescent buildup, but a few scenes of ancient elven depravity remain.

Svarku (p. 110) once sent his minions to harvest stone from these pools as part of a sauna remodeling, but increased pressure on his mining quotas has prevented him from completing the project. The last time he was able to spare a group of Fuegonauts to harvest stone, they were slaughtered to the last. Arva were responsible for the deaths, but the **obsidian giants** (p. 116) convinced Svarku it was the work of the Night Axe.

HS-19-03

Elves

The Steaming Vista

A section of the elven wall that once surrounded Hot Springs City stands pristine and unbroken on the eastern side of the ruins. A flight of stone stairs 10' wide runs parallel to the wall, leading from the ground to the battlements 75' above.

The Dark: Some say that the view from the top of this wall looking east is the most beautiful in all the Swordfish Islands. Jungle-covered cliffs rise 1,000' in the distance, with cloud falls [HS-20-01] glittering across their surface like a ribbon of mithral.

Groups of elves once came to this location to greet the sun as it rose above the cliffs each morning. Engravings detailing their complicated stretches and exercises can still be clearly seen in the stones atop the wall. **Performing these exercises for 1 hour each day for a full lunar month permanently increases a character's agility.**

HS-20-01

Cloud Falls

A ribbon of water shines silver against black-and-green jungle-covered cliffs, tumbling for nearly 1,000' before splashing down into a lake over 500' in diameter. Every 2-5 minutes, great clouds of steam burst out from behind the waterfall and float across the jungle.

The Dark: Several dozen natural springs feed these falls from aquifers thrust up long ago when these mountainous cliffs were formed. Over time, some have carved narrow tunnels through the cliff face, gushing out to join the flow. Pockets of magma heat a number of these flows, causing geysers of steam to erupt from the cliffs.



HS-20-02

Elves

Temples of Reflection

The jungle opens onto a place of ancient trees, garden-like grounds in full bloom, and a small stream. Four large basalt spheres sit amidst this beauty, running in a straight line from east to west, some 100' apart. The easternmost sphere is 40' in diameter, with the size of each successive sphere decreasing by 10'. A 5' tall trapezoidal doorway opens to darkness in each sphere's southern side.

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Intelligent	Crystal Frog	1	Sleeping
4	Intelligent	Flayfiend	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Duecadre	1	Mating
6	Elemental	Muttering Serp.	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Elemental	Broadback	2	Patrolling
8	Beast	Singing Golem	2	Walking
9	Beast	Tabibari	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Centipede, Giant	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Boar	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Beast	Zip Bird	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Beast	Vyderac**	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Elemental	Blindfire Vine	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Elemental	Boar, Dire	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Intelligent	Spine Dragon	2d6	Altered State
18	Intelligent	Poison Dart Frog	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: Light Jungle

enormous canopy	warm humid	aromatic bushy
woop woop	flowers	red mud
bellow	navigable	shadows
rustling	vaulted	sun rays

HS-20-03

Night Axe

The Bubbling Mud

Trees and vegetation thin out and become interspersed with stocky basalt pillars before giving way to an acre of red-brown mud. The basalt pillars, 5' to 10' high and 2' to 5' in diameter, continue throughout this muddy area, and large clumps of green ferns and bushes filled with red-orange cachuga peppers cluster around their bases. Swarms of black flies swoop from pillar to pillar, and loud sounds of slurping and burbling can be heard. Numerous tracks of boot, paw, hoof, and claw can be seen in areas where the mud has dried out. Some of these imprints are so perfect that they preserve minute details about the creatures who left them.

The Dark: The smell of death and rotting corpses becomes apparent after spending a short time at the bubbling mud, and observant individuals might notice white bones beneath much of the vegetation. The ground is stable in most areas, but new eruptions of superheated mud and steam occur frequently. When a new eruption occurs, it is always preceded by an outgassing of steam for 1 to 2 minutes. The ogre witch **Bavmorda** (p. 130) prizes the mud from this area, but many Night Axe ogres fear the place, claiming that some creature that enjoys eating ogres lives in the area. Some say the killings are undertaken by the basalt pillars themselves, but none who tell this story have witnessed an attack firsthand.

The Dark: As soon as any intelligent creature enters a sphere, the doorway slams shut, leaving no seam. The inside of the sphere is pitch black and swallows all light. (Flame still burns within the sphere, but no light is produced.) The interior walls of each sphere are triangles, so that if the interior were lit, it would resemble a geodesic dome. After a short time, a single triangle on the wall lights up, and softly glowing Elvish runes spell out the message: "Look within to find your peace and freedom." Numbers then appear below the message and count down from 100, 1 second at a time. This countdown also appears on the outside of the sphere (where the door was) in a soothing golden light.

If the creature in the sphere begins to meditate in any fashion, other triangles on the walls are also illuminated. Each time a new triangle lights up, another 100 seconds is added to the countdown. Each triangle that lights up after the first shows a twisted and distorted face of the creature meditating. These faces repeatedly whisper doubts, fears, and worries, making it increasingly more difficult for the next surface to light up. If the creature in the sphere is unable to light all the triangles before the timer runs out, the sphere opens and the runes display: "Return when you seek peace." If the meditating creature is able to illuminate every interior surface, a spherical pendant of clear crystal appears in their hands, the door opens, and the outside of the sphere glows in a soothing golden light for the next 10 minutes. The crystal given by each sphere is a different color, and the eastern 40' sphere is the easiest to master.

Note: Anyone meditating on Hot Springs Island has a 10 percent chance of seeing a vision of **Molotek** (p. 68) and the serpent of black flame fighting at the heart of the world. If the vision is seen, the character is roused from meditation by a rumbling sound as the two thrash beneath the island.

HS-21-01

Ancients

Knowledge Stone— Moss Graffiti

A 20'-high basalt wall built of perfectly cut triangular stones runs along a small hill for about 200' before crumbling into a heap. Bright-green moss grows across its length, forming the whorls and pictographic patterns of the Ancients.

The Dark: The runes, grown in moss, detail the Ancients' techniques of using moss to write on walls. The stones making up this wall have been enchanted to maintain this message, so that if the wall is defaced, it will regrow in about a week. The wall also describes a technique incorporating parts from a bioluminescent beetle to facilitate the creation of moss that glows in the dark. The process is quite simple, and the supplies required are abundant throughout the Swordfish Islands. The formula yields about a gallon of opalescent muck that can cover 300 square feet (500 if you stretch it). Once painted on a surface, the muck begins growing moss as soon as water is applied to it, and sustains itself indefinitely in reasonably humid conditions. Materials to create a gallon of moss muck (either bioluminescent or regular) can be scrounged up by spending a single watch searching a hex on any island.

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Intelligent	Spine Dragon	1	Sleeping
4	Intelligent	Wydarr (Bone)	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Coppermane	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Bat, Giant	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Elemental	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Elemental	Coppermane	2	Walking
9	Beast	Centipede, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Copperback	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Boar	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Elemental	Zip Bird	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Elemental	Blinefire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Intelligent	Obsidian Digger	2d6	Altered State
18	Intelligent	Poison Dart Frog	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: **Mountainous Jungle**

terraced	gentle	immense
maintained	sheer	viney
primal	fresh	drippy
overgrown	falling	steamy
rich	lofty	wind

HS-21-02

Ancients

The Headless Statue

A grass-covered hill shaped like a perfect dome rises treeless out of the jungle. The headless statue of a 10'-tall robed figure, its arms outstretched as if to encompass the world, stands atop the hill, facing west.

The Dark: The statue's serpentine head can be found with the **hag** who lives beneath Southspire Island. If it is returned and placed atop the statue, it magically fuses back into place, and its eyes glow continuously with yellow light. Anyone touching the restored statue can clearly see any location within 70 miles as if they were there, and hears a voice whisper, "Focus. I will send you." Upon choosing a destination, the user is transformed into a beam of light and reformed at the new location. These beams of light are exceptionally bright, and clearly visible to onlookers.

HS-21-03

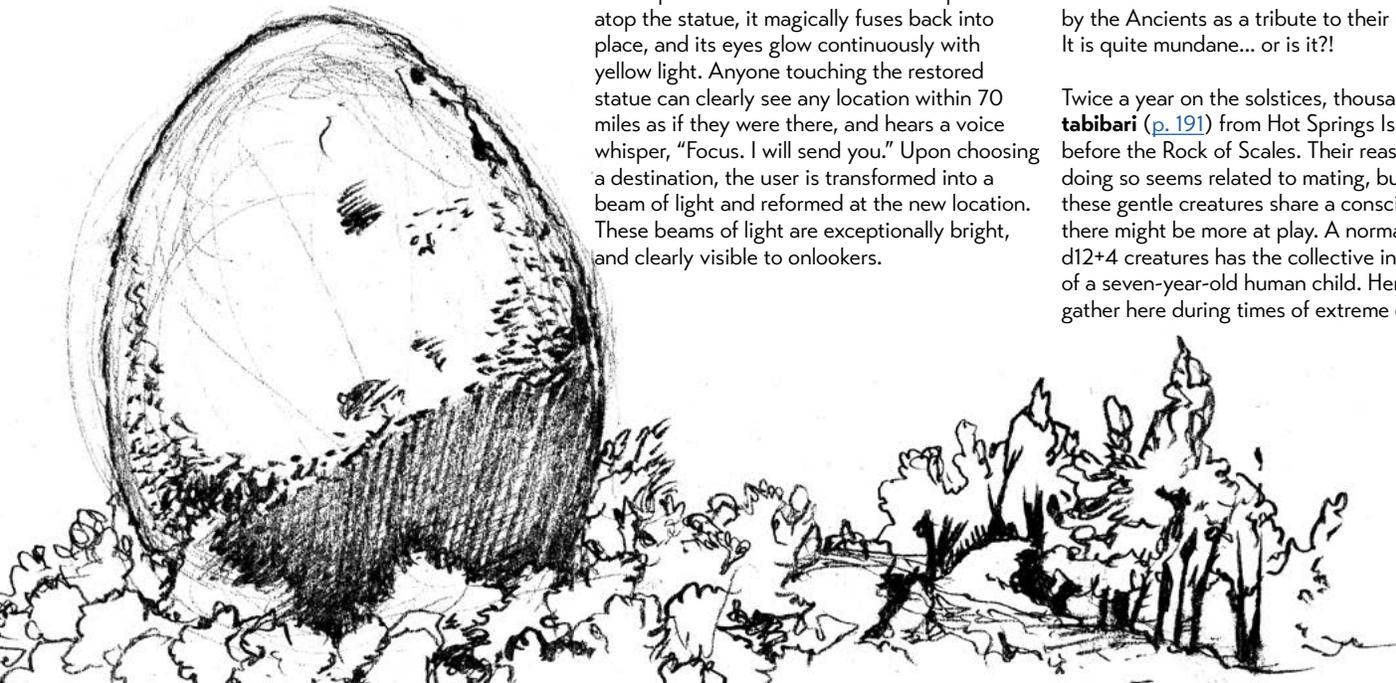
Ancients

The Rock of Scales

A freestanding boulder nearly 300' long and 200' across resembles a gigantic egg sitting in a nest of rustling spiderbushes. The entirety of the stone has been carved with serpentine scales, each roughly the size of a human hand. The boulder appears to be completely free of cracks, divots, and other flaws.

The Dark: This rock was carved and polished by the Ancients as a tribute to their beginnings. It is quite mundane... or is it?!

Twice a year on the solstices, thousands of **tabibari** (p. 191) from Hot Springs Island gather before the Rock of Scales. Their reason for doing so seems related to mating, but because these gentle creatures share a consciousness, there might be more at play. A normal herd of d12+4 creatures has the collective intelligence of a seven-year-old human child. Herds can also gather here during times of extreme duress.



HS-22-01

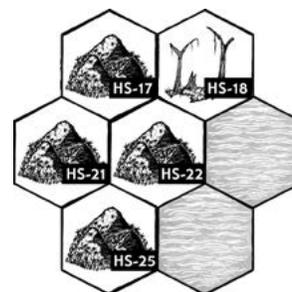
Light Shaft Cave

An asymmetrical black hole 20' in diameter and surrounded by ferns and rainbow petals opens up in the lower slopes of a mountain. Three ashvein trees grow in a tight cluster to its left.

The Dark: This cave entrance leads to an old lava tube that snakes into the mountain for a half mile before stopping at an ancient cave-in. The ceiling of the tube is 30' high in most places, and during the day, it is punctuated by bright beams of light every hundred feet or so, which move across the cave walls and floor like shafts of sunlight.

The light is emitted by clear icosahedral crystals roughly the size of a human head, and set into small alcoves. The crystals have no magical aura, and appear to be quite mundane (though flawlessly beautiful) during the night. During the day, the crystals produce natural sunlight that illuminates a spherical area 60' in diameter. If a crystal is placed into a container with an opening, the light shines through as a tight beam 120' in length. If placed in a fixed location, the shaft of light produced shifts and moves as if the sun were shining through a window at that location.

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Intelligent	Spine Dragon	1	Sleeping
4	Intelligent	Wydarr (Bone)	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Coppermane	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Bat, Giant	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Elemental	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Elemental	Coppermane	2	Walking
9	Beast	Centipede, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Copperback	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Boar	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Elemental	Zip Bird	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Elemental	Blinefire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Intelligent	Obsidian Digger	2d6	Altered State
18	Intelligent	Poison Dart Frog	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: **Mountainous Jungle**

muted	gentle	immense
crackling	sheer	viney
rumbling	fresh	drippy
perilous	falling	steamy
cool	lofty	wind

HS-22-03

The Worn Face

The worn remains of a carved humanoid face 20' across stare into the jungle from the side of a small cliff. The expression on the face is difficult to make out, but it seems to be smiling.

The Dark: Any creature purposefully shining light, either mundane or magical, onto the face is overcome with feelings of insatiable greed, and yearns to acquire and hold objects of value. They attempt to dig into the packs of others if available, and cannot overcome these feelings until they accidentally drop a coin, gem, or other piece of treasure they consider valuable.



Violet Rasp Den

A perfectly round hole 40' in diameter mars a small treeless hill. A ring-shaped mound of rich black dirt surrounds the hole, and is covered in an abundance of vegetation. The red trumpet-shaped blooms of juxi root are interspersed with a thick growth of ferns and snapping grass.

The Dark: The tunnel connected to this hole slopes steeply into the earth, and begins a winding path through dirt and rock for at least a quarter of a mile before opening into a large underground cavern nearly a mile in diameter. At least 20 other tunnels, each 40' in diameter,

radiate off this cavern in other directions, but all slope down sharply (many being almost 90° drops into the darkness). A large freshwater lake fills the center of the cavern, and stalagmites, stalactites, and columns decorate much of the area. Giant worm larvae 5' to 30' long lurch and writhe on almost every surface of the cavern, glowing from within with a dull purple light. The sheer number of worms keeps the cavern illuminated enough that torches are not needed in this area. The **Violet Rasp** (p. 99) comes here occasionally to deposit more larvae, always hoping that one of the thousands will survive the hundred years necessary for it to reach adulthood. When the Rasp is in this cavern, it moves slowly but constantly, squishing its spawn and anything else.

HS-22-02

HS-23-01

Elves

The Buzzing Glade

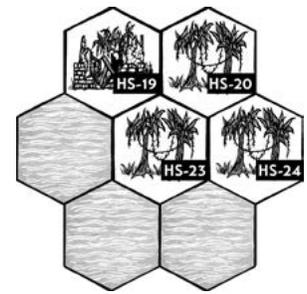
The jungle gives way to what appears to be an orchard of ancient pine trees. There are sixteen pines in total, planted in four straight rows of four, and with eight 3' white stone cubes scattered amongst the trees. Each tree is over 200' tall, 20' to 30' across at the base, and surrounded by clouds of bees. Flows of crystallized honey can be seen near the bases of several of the trees, and the manicured ground is blanketed in tiny, five-petaled purple flowers.

The Dark: The elves planted and enchanted this orchard of pine trees and bees to supply a meadery in Hot Springs City, long ago destroyed. This is the only location in all the islands where these trees grow, and they stand out starkly from the surrounding jungle. Huge hives have been built up here over time, and the bees are ambivalent toward creatures passing through or harvesting their honey.

If the bees feel threatened or if one of the hives comes under attack, all the bees in the glade unite to fight the threat. If a fire appears within the glade (even a simple torch or campfire) the bees mass and flap their wings in such a way as to create gusts of wind sufficient to extinguish the flame. As there are several billion bees in this area, they are able to contain and extinguish surprisingly large fires.

Several times each month, swarms of bees from each colony use the white stone pedestals to dance, vote, and communicate the locations of newly discovered pollen sources. The bees love dancing, and can be engaged in a "dance off." If they are sufficiently impressed by the challenger, they might reveal the locations of objects they believe would be of interest to their new friend.

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Intelligent	Crystal Frog	1	Sleeping
4	Intelligent	Flayfiend	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Duecadre	1	Mating
6	Elemental	Muttering Serp.	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Elemental	Broadback	2	Patrolling
8	Beast	Singing Golem	2	Walking
9	Beast	Tabibari	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Centipede, Giant	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Boar	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Beast	Zip Bird	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Beast	Vyderac**	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Elemental	Blindfire Vine	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Elemental	Boar, Dire	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Intelligent	Spine Dragon	2d6	Altered State
18	Intelligent	Poison Dart Frog	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: **Light Jungle**

enormous canopy	warm humid	aromatic bushy
woop woop	flowers	red mud
bellow rustling	navigable vaulted	shadows sun rays

HS-23-02

Elves

The Temple of Tranquility

Twelve columns of polished obsidian, each nearly 20' tall, stand on a small treeless hill. The ground at the base of the columns is covered in rubble, and the curvature of the broken stone suggests that it might once have been a domed roof. While much of the rubble is covered in flint moss and tickleweed, the columns appear to be in almost pristine condition.

The Dark: This site was originally a temple, that became an aquarium, that was destroyed by the cataclysm, and is now a gambling den run by steam imps (p. 138), which sits atop the prison of a giant albino centipede (p. 104). On the surface, gambling at the "tranq tank" is relatively basic (cards, dice, darts, and so on), but events like monthly zip bird races on the hill outside and replays of fire imp fights (p. 55) can draw huge crowds.

A full map and details are on p. 100.

HS-23-03

Elves

The Copper Arch

An archway of burnished copper, 8' wide and 13' high, stands in the center of a shallow pond filled with white lotuses. High reliefs depicting nude elven women in natural settings cover most of the archway's surface. The copper is in pristine condition, but three areas have corroded over with swirls of blue-green verdigris.

The Dark: This archway is one of a series built by a powerful elven noble to facilitate trysts with the wives of his friends and adversaries. With the appropriate chime, it can transport the user to another arch in the series. Eight were originally constructed, but three were destroyed during the cataclysm. The remaining reliefs depict locations elsewhere in the Swordfish Islands.

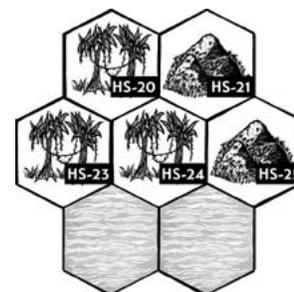
HS-24-01

The Scalding Pool

A thick bank of fog nearly 4' deep completely covers the soft jungle floor in a large clearing. Two wax trees, a cluster of bright-orange pygmy king flowers, and a number of decently sized boulders stick up through the fog, their surfaces glistening with moisture. The air here is hotter and wetter than most of the jungle, and a quiet bubbling can be heard from somewhere nearby.

The Dark: A pool of scalding water, 20' in diameter and nearly 70' deep, bubbles quietly beneath the fog. The steam rising from this pool obscures the ground at all times, and it is very easy to trip over rocks, roots, or the bones of careless adventurers that fell into, then crawled out of, the water. The pool is almost perfectly round, with sheer walls that offer no gradual slope. As a result, any creature stepping into the pool is almost guaranteed to become fully submerged in boiling water. Colonies of bright blue-green algae thrive on the rocks at the edge of the pool, making for treacherous footing and increasing the difficulty of characters pulling themselves out.

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Intelligent	Crystal Frog	1	Sleeping
4	Intelligent	Flayfiend	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Duecadre	1	Mating
6	Elemental	Muttering Serp.	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Elemental	Broadback	2	Patrolling
8	Beast	Singing Golem	2	Walking
9	Beast	Tabibari	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Centipede, Giant	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Boar	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Beast	Zip Bird	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Beast	Vyderac**	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Elemental	Blindfire Vine	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Elemental	Boar, Dire	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Intelligent	Spine Dragon	2d6	Altered State
18	Intelligent	Poison Dart Frog	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: Light Jungle

enormous canopy	warm humid	aromatic bushy
woop woop	flowers	red mud
bellow	navigable	shadows
rustling	vaulted	sun rays

HS-24-02

Elves

The Bark-Bound Golem

Every few minutes, a series of five notes rings out across the jungle. The notes are clear, and sound reminiscent of a hammer striking tiny bells. Many of the trees in this area are particularly ancient, with one standing taller than its neighbors and nearly 12' in diameter.

The Dark: Other than the noise and ancient trees, nothing in this area appears out of the ordinary. The battered torso of a singing golem, once ornately carved, rests near the top of this large tree. During the shattering of the island, the golem was flung to this location, breaking on the jungle floor. Its torso and head remained intact, and a tree that survived the golem's fall lifted and partially enveloped the construct as it grew. The golem is now embedded in a fork near the top of the tree, where it sings its tune every 5 minutes. This golem and its chimes can be used to activate the Copper Arch [HS-23-03] and others like it in the Swordfish Islands.

HS-24-03

The Adder's Hidden Cache

A 30' tall dripping tree stands atop a pile of boulders 20' in diameter that offer a clear view of the sea. The tree's roots twist around the stones and are covered with ferns and tickleweed. A rusted horseshoe, pointed upward to catch the luck, is nailed halfway up the trunk.

The Dark: Closer investigation reveals two other horseshoes nailed to the tree. Bark is beginning to grow around them, and attempting to remove a horseshoe will probably cause it to crumble. Beneath the jumble of rocks and roots on the southern side of the pile is a small hole covered in roots and tickleweed. This tickleweed moves erratically due to the air currents flowing out of the dugout below, once used by the legendary mad pirate known as **the Adder**. Normal-sized humans need to crawl to pass through this entrance, but after sloping down about 10', the tunnel opens up enough to walk with a slight stoop. The tunnel runs due north for about 50' before opening up into a 20' x 20' stone room. Two wooden crates that once contained sabers stand against the north wall, but have rotted and collapsed to spill their rusted contents across the floor. A rat's nest near the east wall is constructed of bolts of blue silk cloth. The torso and arms of a skeleton have been pinned to the north wall, its hand holding a book that has not yet been written.

HS-25-01

Nereids

Crystal Sea Cave

A large river easily 150' across pours over sheer cliffs and into the ocean below. The tree line stops about 50' away from the river, yielding to ground covered in a thick carpet of quickweed. A clump of three ashvein trees stands on the river's western bank, just before the falls.

The Dark: The sheer cliffs of columnar basalt plummet for nearly 300' before reaching the sea. Anyone looking over the edge can see large pink, yellow, and orange crystals jutting from the wall 50' above the water on either side of the falls. The crystals are scattered across large sections of the cliff face and continue down below the waves. The entrance to the nereid's Crystal Sea Cave can be found 50' below the surface of sea. **Full details of the cave are on p. 106.**

HS-25-02

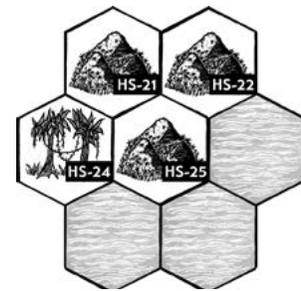
Ancients

The Narrow Stair

The jungle opens onto a small clearing overlooking the sea, and which contains a single witchweave palm tree. Spiderbushes cluster and shift around the tree, and a well-worn patch of packed dirt leads from the tree to the cliff's edge.

The Dark: The path leads to a narrow stair carved into the cliff face, 2' to 3' wide where it hairpins back and forth 300' down to the sea. The stairs were built by the Ancients long before the cataclysm, and lead beneath the waves to what is now the sea floor.

3d6	Basic Encounters	Beast Encounters		
		Beast	#	Motivation
3	Intelligent	Spine Dragon	1	Sleeping
4	Intelligent	Wydarr (Bone)	1	Dying
5	Intelligent	Coppermane	1	Mating
6	Intelligent	Bat, Giant	2	Eating/Eaten*
7	Elemental	Boltforager	2	Patrolling
8	Elemental	Coppermane	2	Walking
9	Beast	Centipede, Giant	2	Territorial Display
10	Beast	Copperback	d4	In combat*
11	Beast	Boar	d4	Wounded
12	Beast	Rat, Giant	d4+1	Walking
13	Elemental	Zip Bird	d4+1	Territorial Display
14	Elemental	Blinefire Vine	d6	Rest/relax/nest
15	Intelligent	Vyderac**	d6+1	Fleeing/Pursuit*
16	Intelligent	Blindfire Carpet	d8+2	Hunting/Gathering
17	Intelligent	Obsidian Digger	2d6	Altered State
18	Intelligent	Poison Dart Frog	3d6	Defecating



Hex Type: **Mountainous Jungle**

muted	gentle	immense
crackling	sheer	viney
rumbling	fresh	drippy
perilous	falling	steamy
cool	lofty	wind

HS-25-03

The Split Rock

A large outcrop of grey rock, pitted with shallow holes and sporting a black vertical stripe up its side, thrusts up from the eastern slope of a small hill surrounded by snapping grass. A patch of yellow ferns spreads 15' farther up the slope, and a number of spiderbushes wander near the tree line.

The Dark: The rock is completely cracked in half, with the black stripe around the crack the result of wood smoke and black powder explosions that occurred at the base of the outcrop, under the ground. A dugout there was created by remnants of **the Adder's** crew—pirates who once sailed with that legendary mad captain. The yellow ferns mark the dugout's trapdoor entrance, but age and plant growth have made it difficult to open. A small 5' x 5' tunnel shored up with rocks and wooden beams runs from the trapdoor to a 30' x 30' room whose far wall is the base of the buried outcrop. Two large red eyes have been painted on the soot-covered outcrop, and the remains of a poorly made fishing net are draped over them like a veil. Rocks, dirt, and other loose debris fill much of the room, and the remains of three broken barrels and two wooden crates sit in the northwest corner. A bloodstained, highly detailed ivory statue of a nude, pregnant elf with her legs behind her head can be found amidst the rubble.



MAPS & EVENTS

45

MAPS & EVENTS



Boar's Head Encampment

Nestled against a 60' basalt outcrop right where the tree line gives way to beaches of black sand, the seven large huts comprising Boar's Head encampment stand for one thing: revenge. As **Srok** (p. 131)—filled with the righteous fury of **Mog'ok** (p. 127)—became more and more consumed by rage against **Svarku** (p. 110), it fell to **Glavrok** (p. 130), leader of the Night Axe, to make a tough decision. To continue fighting Srok's ideas would lead to a schism in the clan, but going along with them directly would risk too many lives. In the end, he ordered Srok and approximately thirty Night Axe warriors and edgsworn to establish a forward base devoted to the eradication of Svarku and the Fuegonauts.

The walls of the seven huts are engraved with the names of every Night Axe killed during Svarku's purge at the Black Spot [HS-05-03], and the ogres recite these names as they perform a series of mental and physical exercises each day. Srok's followers firmly believe that the enemy of their enemy is their friend, making the ogres of Boar's Head more hospitable toward outsiders than those of Glavrok Village [HS-04-01]. Indeed, many would be exceptionally pleased to provide direct assistance to proven enemies of Svarku.

Piles of basalt boulders and lumber are scattered about the camp in anticipation of future expansion, and to serve as impromptu weapons in the event of Fuegonaut attacks. Tall rock formations in the area serve as lookout points, but Srok's main defense is a ring of boar heads on spears encircling the camp. Conch shells are piled

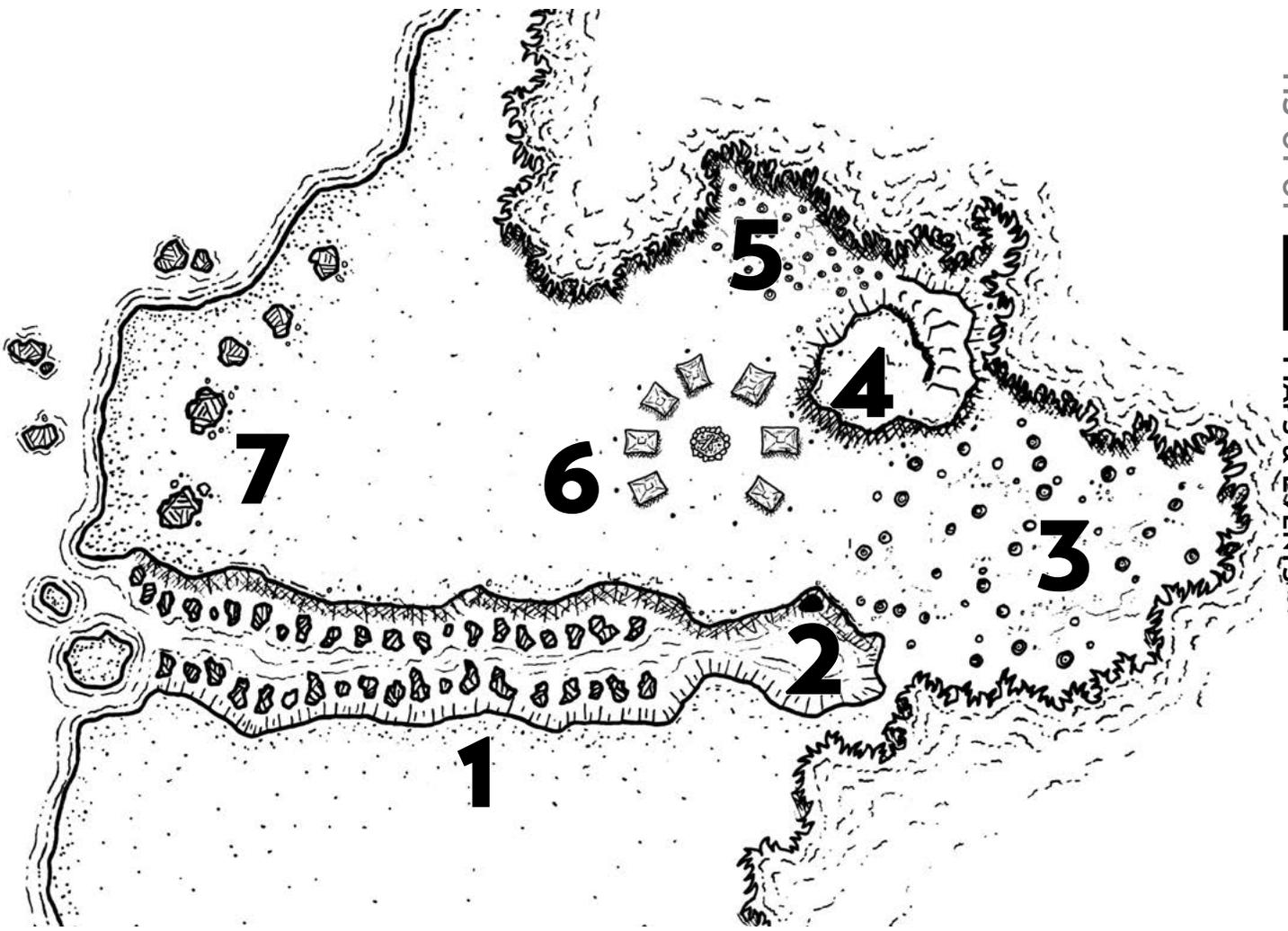
around the base of each spear, and enchanted to serve as an alarm system. If a creature meaning harm to the ogres enters a head's field of vision, the shells at its base begin to sound out as if each were a war horn until the threat has been neutralized. Mog'ok's blessing causes the boar heads and shells to slowly burn up, so the ogres organize weekly hunting parties to replace them.

A Night Axe warrior named **Torka** loads up three domesticated **broadbacks** (p. 189) with goods and runs a trade caravan between Glavrok Village [HS-04-01] and Boar's Head encampment every 10 to 12 days. At least one broadback hauls a full load of whale bones from the whale graveyard [HS-08-01] each trip. The bones are sliced like sandwich bread before being shaped and polished into rings. Once a month, Mog'ok blesses these rings, transforming them into bone chains strong enough to hold an ogre. Most of these chains have been attached to large, weathered basalt pillars on the beach, where they hold Fuegonaut prisoners before their sacrifice to Mog'ok's rage.

Srok runs a tight ship, going to great lengths to keep the ogres constantly active and focused on the goal of crushing Svarku. Idle hands cool the fires of vengeance, so large sections of the jungle have been cleared, a deep defensive trench has been dug and shored up, and stairs are being carved into the giant basalt outcrop called Lookout Point. The encampment is so clean and organized that many adventurers are surprised to learn it's inhabited by ogres.

3d6	What's Happening?!
3	Glavrok is visiting Srok (2d4+1 edgsworn/bonebinder entourage).
4	Fuegonauts are attacking right now!
5	d4 huts are being rebuilt after a Fuegonaut attack.
6	Celebration! d4 new edgsworn have joined the camp.
7	80% of the ogres are away raiding.
8	Preparations are underway for an adventurer recruitment feast.
9	50% of the ogres are clearing trees at [5].
10	General maintenance work throughout the encampment.
11	Ogres are participating in group exercise and guided hate meditation.
12	50% of the ogres are out hunting.
13	d8+1 ogre warriors are visiting from Glavrok Village.
14	Trade day! Torka and his broadback caravan are in town.
15	Celebration! Successful raid against the Fuegonauts.
16	d8 Fuegonaut captives are being chained up at [7].
17	Nereid emissaries have just arrived (4+ nereids and 3d6 water friends).
18	Svarku's first ever diplomatic envoy to Srok has just arrived.

Encounter	Motivation
Salamanders: d4 Tricksters, 3d4 Warriors	Lost
1 Muttering Serpent	Hunt/Gather/Fish
1 Blindfire Carpet	Eating/Drinking
d4+2 Adventurers	Exhausted
d6+3 Zip Birds	Territorial Display
d4+1 Night Axe Warriors	Laboring/Nesting
1 Copperback	Sleeping
1 Night Axe Edgsworn	Meditating
d4+1 Night Axe Edgsworn	Returning Home
2d6 Giant Centipedes	Mating
1 Night Axe Bonebinder	Art
3d10+5 Tabibari	Resting
1 Broadback	Just Passing Through
d4 Boars	Wounded
1 Water Elemental	Delivery
2 Nereids	Diplomacy



1. Watery Trench

40' wide, 30' deep. **Standing water** [2' to 3' deep], **basalt formations** [jagged], **tree trunks** [large, support northern wall], **bones** [salamander]

The nereid **Neelan** can flood the trench once per day to push attackers into the sea.

2. Neelan's Dugout

Only visible if in trench. **Spring** [cold, fresh], **red seaweed** [dried, piles, bed], **ruined painting** [4' x 4', partially buried, ornate frame, depicts burning city], **dirt walls** [damp, clay veins]

Neelan (nereid) wants **Svarku** dead so badly that she came here to join **Srok** directly. Provides fresh water. Floods watery trench. Shunned by other nereids. Doesn't care. Sings to herself constantly. Sounds like a lullaby, but the lyrics are obscene.

3. Leafy Stumps

Deforested. **Stumps** [large, old growth, rotting], **small trees** [-2 years old], **lush leafy ground cover** [red flowers, orange peppers, 30-50 blindfire vines]

Vegetation conceals numerous bones (whale, salamander, imp, ogre).

This area was cleared for lumber, and blindfire vine was planted, fed, and tended by ogres as a natural defensive barrier.

4. Lookout Point

Giant basalt outcrop (60' high). **Gray splotches** [jelly moss], **boar head on spear** [east side], **stairway** [east side, carved into rock, unfinished, halfway, remainder easy climb]

Boar head sprays subfreezing water. Sounds alarm. 10 charges. Save or stun/shock. Triggers if any intending harm to the encampment enter its field of vision. **Neelan** can recharge it.

Atop the outcrop are a cache of rations, throwable boulders, signal torches, and a war horn.

5. Fresh Deforestation

Clear of most undergrowth. **Stumps** [old growth, d8 uprooted], **log piles** [six, neatly stacked], **boulder piles** [three, basalt, neatly stacked], **palm fronds** [strewn about, dried, yellow], **ferns** [large clump]

Palm fronds next to uprooted stumps cover pit traps (20' deep, obsidian spikes, d4 in area).

Ferns conceal wooden crate containing six masterwork obsidian greataxes.

6. Encampment

Bonfire [maintained 24 hr.], **huts** [7, whalebone, mud, boulders, logs], **boar heads on spears** [conch shells at base are alarms], **stockpiles** [crates, logs, barrels, basalt, clean, organized], **nets** [fishing, hanging], **blue cloth canopies**, **tables** [wood, crude, clean]

Huts comfortably sleep four ogres each. Blue cloth canopies shade tables and gathering areas. Stockpiles contain obsidian weapons and 5 weeks of rations for 30 ogres.

7. The Killing Rocks

White chain [bone, stronger than steel, too numerous to count], **basalt pillars** [natural, weathered, two, 50' apart]

White bone chains completely cover almost every surface of the basalt pillars. Fuegonaut captives are chained to—or between—the rocks and sacrificed to **Mog'ok** at sunset. A fresh chain is used for each captive.

Dire Boar Den

This seemingly impossible den, dug into the side of a small, tree-covered hill, is held together by little more than tightly compacted dirt, wiry hair, and roots. A dire boar of magnificent size lairs here, plays here, and—when the season is right—mates here.

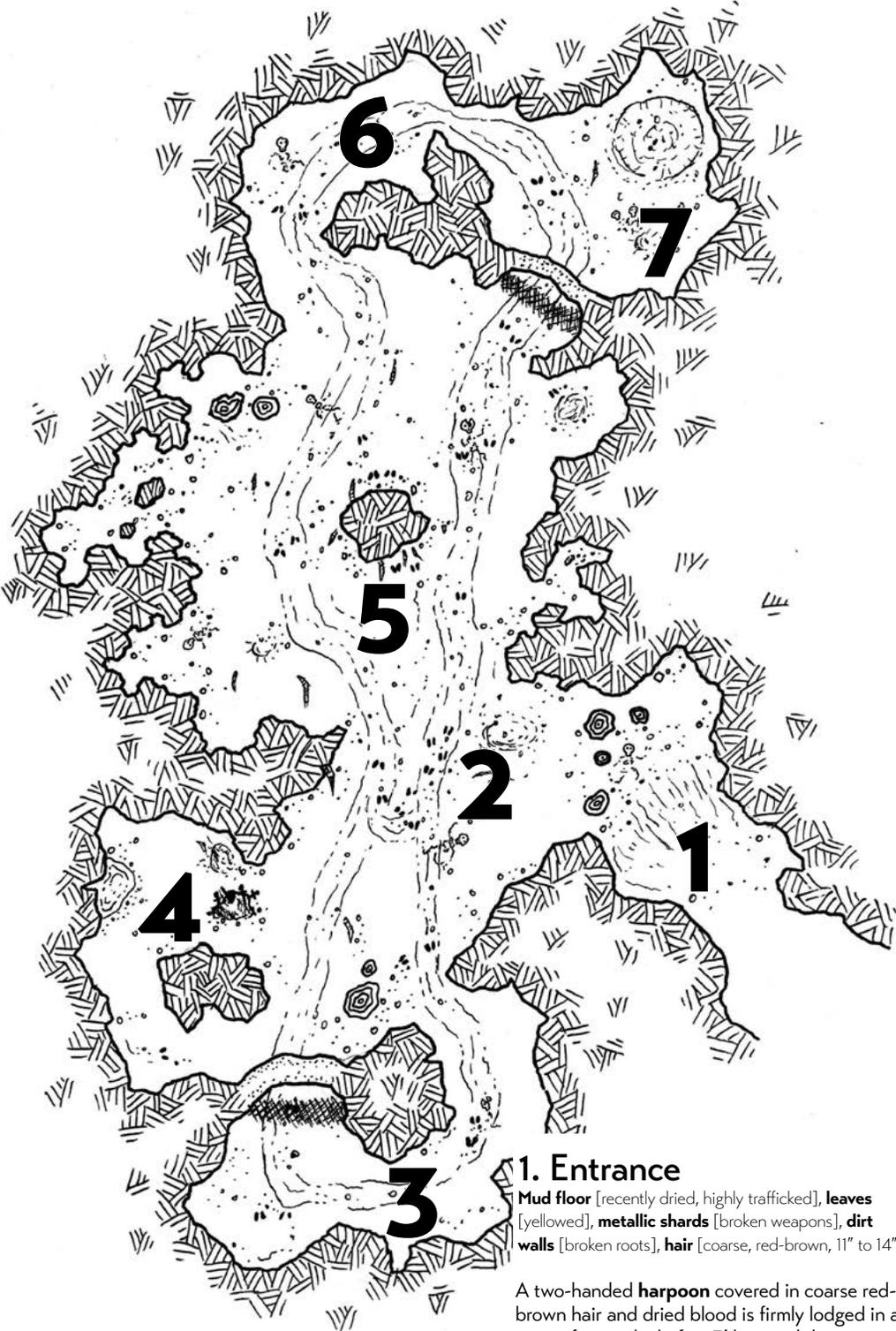
When the boar returns to its den, it rubs its body vigorously along the cavern walls to extract any irritants stuck in its hide. This ritual keeps the walls well decorated with blood, hair, and weapons ripped from a (probably deceased) owner's grip.

If the walls are insufficient to remove an irritant, the boar rubs itself on a large half-buried boulder deeper in the den. The gray stone, striped with bands of rust, is highly magnetic and able to extract even the finest shards of shattered steel from thick hide. A large column of iron-rich stone, resembling the boulder but lacking its magnetism, stands near the center of the den and is used by the dire boar to sharpen its tusks.

Because of the abundance of weapons both mundane and magical that end up stuck to the walls and the magnetic boulder, treasure seekers guard their knowledge of this den closely. The boar is home infrequently enough to make visits here worthwhile, but numerous skeletons trampled into the dirt demonstrate the very real risks of poor timing.

The ceilings of this den are covered in a carpet of cave lilies, masking much of the stench of dire boar and rotting bodies. Some looters talk of trips to the den that were successful only because they caught a drop of cave lily nectar on the tongue and had a vision of the creature returning. But most call bullshit on these stories, attributing successful runs to luck and luck alone.





2. Sunken Trail

Dirt floor [hard packed, uneven], **large worn groove** [10' wide, 3' deep], **chunks of metal** [broken armor], **hanging roots** [many broken], **hoof prints** [boar, gigantic]

Dire boar runs this trail to rub against the walls at [3] and [6]. Ground around the trail is torn up in chunks, making the 3' drop difficult to notice in low light (**tripping hazard**). A number of armor-clad skeletons are trampled into the dirt of the trail.

3. South Run

Dirt floor [hard packed], **rough walls** [dirt, basalt], **hair** [red-brown, mats, dried blood, covers walls, hides axe]

Obsidian greataxe: 2x damage to fire creatures.

4. Battle-Ready Boulder

10' x 20' boulder [half buried, iron ore veins], **weapons and armor** [mundane, steel, stuck to boulder]

The boulder is extremely magnetic (20' radius).

5. Rusted Column

Stone column [iron ore veins], **dirt floor** [soft, dimpled], **white shards** [ivory, 1/2" to 2" long], **strong sweet odor** [cave lilies blanket the ceiling in profusion]

The dire boar sharpens its tusks here. The floor is dimpled due to the constant dripping of cave lily nectar—45 percent chance to accidentally catch a drop and have brief but intense visions.

6. North Run

Dirt floor [hard packed], **hanging roots** [broken], **hair** [red-brown, wiry], **metallic fragments** [spear and arrowheads], **bright shine** [The Silver Fist]

The Silver Fist: Gripping mat of wiry red hair. Permanently replaces hand and forearm, but increases strength and agility. Can activate an unbreakable grip and pick simple locks.

7. Sleeping Area

Dirt floor [soft, loose], **hair** [wiry, red-brown], **arrows** [bright red, broken; black], **strong musky odor** [boar stink and truffles]

Superior gardening soil. Beet-red truffles grow here. When exposed to air, their musky stench attracts any dire boar within 5 miles. A black arrow with gleaming white fletching creates **2d12** mundane red arrows each sunrise.

1. Entrance

Mud floor [recently dried, highly trafficked], **leaves** [yellowed], **metallic shards** [broken weapons], **dirt walls** [broken roots], **hair** [coarse, red-brown, 11" to 14"]

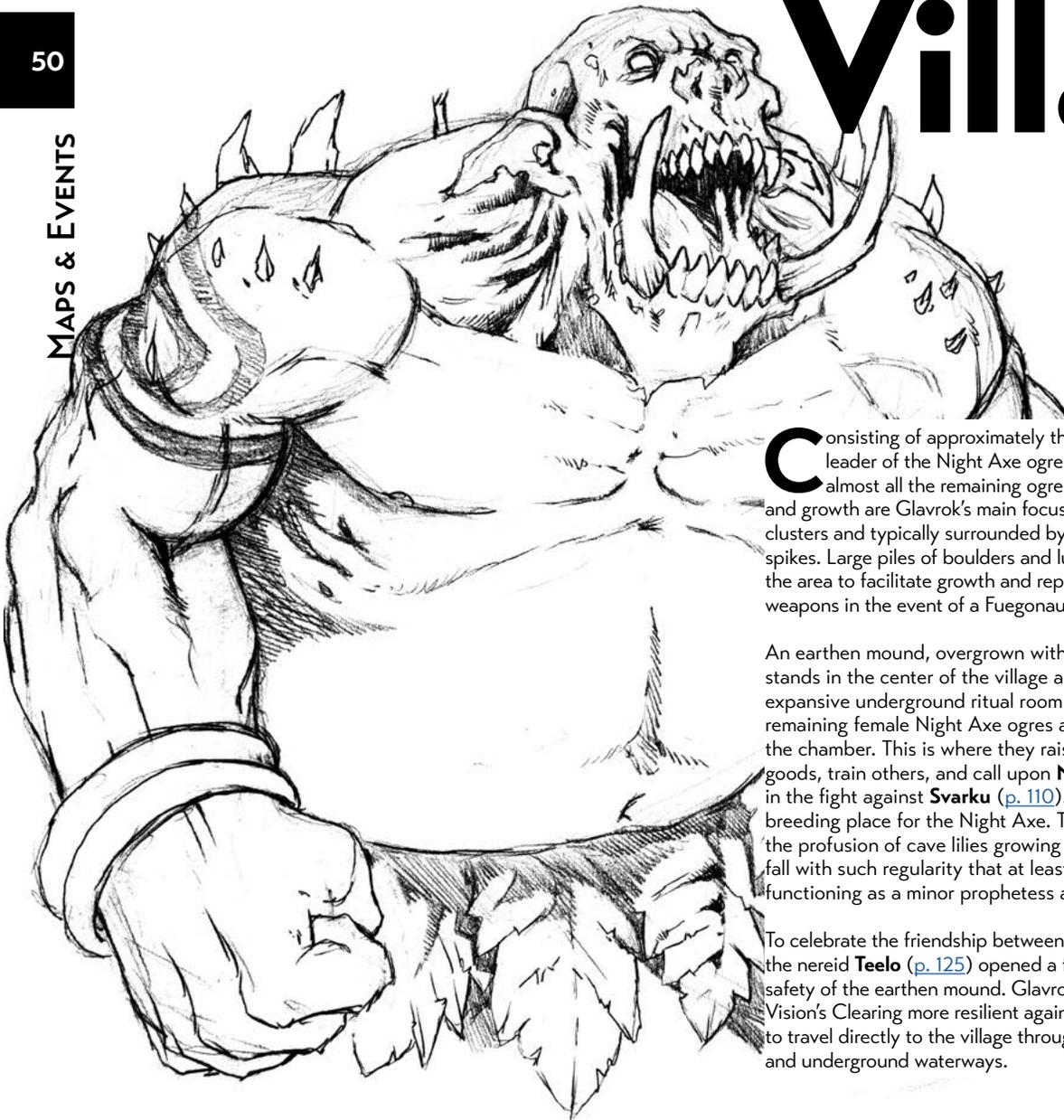
A two-handed **harpoon** covered in coarse red-brown hair and dried blood is firmly lodged in a mass of roots. Its haft is 3' long, solid ivory, and masterfully engraved with whaling scenes.

3d6	What's Happening?!
3	Apparently abandoned, but there are signs of a recent romantic picnic.
4	The whole den has been repurposed into a large zip bird nest (30–50).
5	The den has been repurposed by the Night Axe.
6	The resident dire boar is alive but away for the day. A group of NPCs is investigating.
7	The resident dire boar is home, wounded, and very angry.
8	The den is inhabited by a mother dire boar and her 2d4 young.
9	A dire boar challenger and its posse of d4+1 boars is in the den. Peeing everywhere.
10	The resident dire boar is home right now!
11	The resident dire boar is alive, but not home.
12	CONTESTED! Two dire boars are in the den, fighting.
13	The resident dire boar is home right now!
14	Apparently abandoned. There is a dire boar skeleton missing a tusk, and a broken bone saw.
15	Apparently abandoned. Overrun by blindfire vine.
16	The den has been repurposed by the Fuegonauts.
17	The den was repurposed by rum smugglers, then repurposed by giant red centipedes.
18	Two dire boars are here right now. Mating.

Encounter	Motivation
1 Night Axe Edgesworn	Surveying/Scouting
d6+1 Fuegonauts	Just Passing Through
d4+1 Giant Rats	Altered State
1 Vyderac Seeker	Patrolling
1 Boltforager	Wounded
1 Blindfire Vine	Eating/Drinking
1 Giant Centipede	Fighting*
d4+1 Giant Centipedes	Hunt/Gather/Fish
d6+1 Boars	Resting
1 Copperback	Hiding/Sneaking
d4+2 Zip Birds	Laboring/Nesting
1 Flyfiend	Territorial Display
1 Adventurer	Lost
4d4+2 Giant Bats	Sleeping
d4+1 Adventurers	Dying
d4+1 Night Axe	Ritual

Glavrok

Village



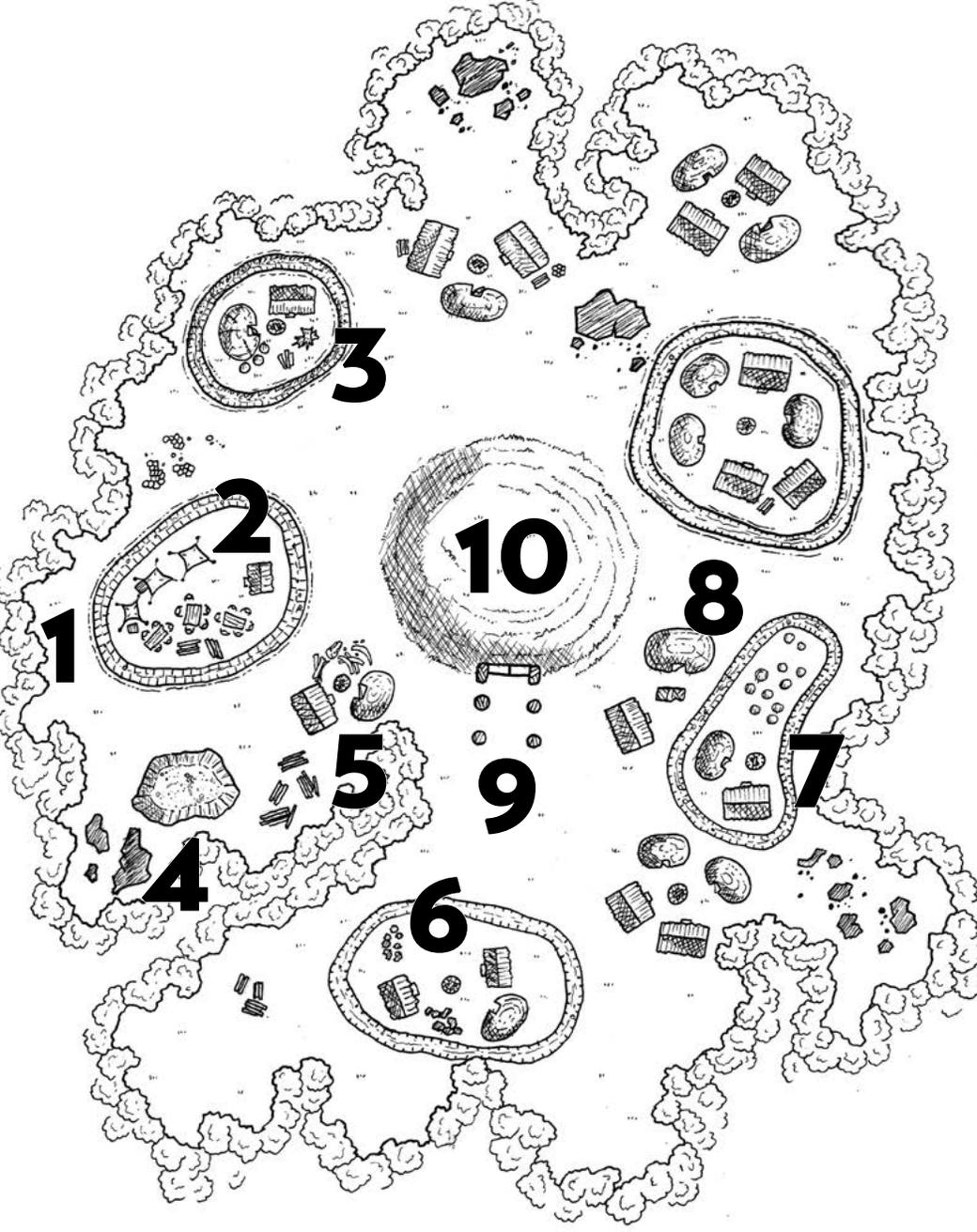
Consisting of approximately thirty huts and named after the leader of the Night Axe ogres, Glavrok Village is home to almost all the remaining ogres on Hot Springs Island. Defense and growth are Glavrok's main focus, so huts are arranged in tight clusters and typically surrounded by trenches filled with obsidian spikes. Large piles of boulders and lumber are scattered throughout the area to facilitate growth and repairs, and to serve as makeshift weapons in the event of a Fuegonaut attack.

An earthen mound, overgrown with the greenery of aromatic herbs, stands in the center of the village and holds the entrance to an expansive underground ritual room called Vision's Clearing. The six remaining female Night Axe ogres and their children dwell within the chamber. This is where they raise their young, craft useful goods, train others, and call upon **Mog'ok** (p. 117) for blessings in the fight against **Svarku** (p. 110). It also serves as the ritual breeding place for the Night Axe. The chamber gets its name from the profusion of cave lilies growing on its ceiling. Drops of nectar fall with such regularity that at least one of the six ogre women is functioning as a minor prophetess at any given time.

To celebrate the friendship between the nereids and the Night Axe, the nereid **Teelo** (p. 125) opened a freshwater spring inside the safety of the earthen mound. Glavrok is pleased by this, as it makes Vision's Clearing more resilient against siege and enables the nereids to travel directly to the village through the island's secret aquifers and underground waterways.

3d6	What's Happening?!
3	Fuegonauts are attacking in force.
4	A child has been born! Village-wide partying!
5	Glavrok is busy resolving internal clan turmoil after a crushing defeat.
6	d4+1 adventurers hide in the jungle preparing to attack the village.
7	d6+1 Night Axe warriors are competing for a spot at the next mating ritual.
8	Sunok and bonebinders are preparing d4 dead ogres for burial and their "return to clay."
9	2d6 ogres are celebrating a small victory.
10	It's a normal day. The ogres are probably eating.
11	Maintenance day! The ogres work in small groups around the village to patch things up.
12	It is a day of remembrance. Many Night Axe have painted their faces with white clay.
13	Trade day! Torka and his broadback caravan are set up at [2].
14	Structures are being rebuilt after attack. Determine ruins by dropping d4+1 dice on map.
15	Srok and an entourage of d6 edgeworkers are visiting from [HS-01-01].
16	d4 nereids are visiting with an entourage of 2d10 water friends.
17	Bavmorda and d4 of her sons are visiting.
18	A diplomatic envoy from the Fuegonauts has just arrived.

Encounter	Motivation
2 Nereids, 4 Water Elementals	Ritual
1 Bonebinder and 1 Ogre Female	Hunt/Gather/Fish
1 Spine Dragon	Sleeping
d4+2 Adventurers	Hiding/Sneaking
d6+2 Zip Birds	Laboring/Nesting
d4+1 Bonebinders, 2d6 Ogre Youth	Social/Creative
1 Bonebinder and d4 Night Axe Warriors	Investigating/Searching
d4+1 Night Axe Warriors	Patrolling
1 Night Axe Warrior	Interacting With*
1 Edgeworker and d4 Night Axe Warriors	Returning Home
1 Night Axe Warrior and d4 Ogre Youth	Repairing/Maintenance
1 Vyderac Feeder	Just Passing Through
1 Dire Boar	Territorial Display
d4 Combustarinos	Fighting*
1 Ogre Youth	Dying
2 Obsidian Bladeguards, 16 Salamanders	Setting Up an Ambush



1. Fuego-No-Go Trenches

5' wide, 8' deep. **Obsidian spikes** [jagged, throughout], standing water [2' deep], **baskets** [at edge, on ropes]

Bonebinders add pure elemental water to every trench and invoke primal magic over them each sunrise. Fire-based creatures exposed to the water take double damage for 15 minutes and cannot get dry during that time. The water is also extremely effective at extinguishing fires.

2. Trade Depot

Market stalls [2, wood, makeshift], **blue cloth canopies**, **huge stack of bones** [whale, organized], **tables** [5, wood], **chairs** [20, wood, bone, stumps, basalt], **campfire**, **logs** [pile], **baskets** [pile]

Ogres eat and relax here on nonmarket days.

3. Tanner

Huts [2, stone, mud, thatched roof], **campfire**, **very large baskets** [20, watertight, lids, soaking hides], **drying rack** [3, stretched hide], **logs** [2, no bark, one end on ground, one raised, scrape hide here], **posts** [wood], **basket pile** [messy, raw hides, brains, flies]

Rimnok (Night Axe) turns hides into leather. Has more work for ogre youth than other professions (hauling water, stretching and soaking hides, turning animal brains into paste, and so forth). The whole area stinks, but Rimnok is good at what he does and the kids love him.

4. Trash Pit

15' deep. **Logs** [shore up sides], **vines** [leafy, green, orange peppers], **bones**, **refuse**, **no odor to speak of**

The pit is full of blindfire vines. Because they eat all organic matter that falls in, the pit doesn't smell like a garbage pit. Trimmed back once a week.

5. Bone Carvers

Huts [2, bone, mud], **campfire**, **huge stacks of bones** [everywhere, whale, clean, bleached], **benches** [bone], **tables** [2, wood], **rough basalt blocks** [4, polish bones], **white dust** [bone, thick lair, heavily disturbed]

Sunok (Night Axe) is one of the oldest Night Axe. He teaches Night Axe young bone shaping, and bonebinders bone magic (p. 129).

6. Obsidian Workers

Huts [2, mud, bone, thatched roof], **workshop** [shaped obsidian blocks], **campfire**, **baskets** [baleen, hold tools], **raw obsidian** [neatly piled], **benches** [6, wood], **ground glitter** [obsidian flakes everywhere], **weapon racks** [obsidian spears, obsidian axes, wooden shafts]

Rak and **Kel** (Night Axe) are brothers. Both are edgewise, and have forgotten their names. They shape obsidian into weapons constantly. Some Night Axe youth try to shape obsidian with their hands, too, but mostly they just go fetch new pieces for the brothers.

Baskets in the workshop hold masterful obsidian figurines of everyone the brothers have met. Some say they do this to remember their names. Others say they do it for **Bavmorda** (p. 130).

7. Watertight Weaver

Huts [2, stone, bone, mud, thatched roof], **campfire**, **baskets** [messy piles, finished, unfinished, decorated], **bones** [tools, whale, awl], **dye baskets** [black, blue-green, orange, full, liquid], **grass** [piled, yellow, drying], **drying rack** [roots, stripped roots, baleen]

Tookoo (Night Axe) makes **d4** watertight baskets from roots each week, and **d8** regular baskets from baleen. Decorates baskets with dyed grass (usually animal or fish patterns). Teaches young ogres to do the same. Wishes he could go fight, but knows his skill is important to pass on. Has fathered a child. Experiments with fabric weaving. Refuses to touch or use any of **Bavmorda's** silver hair (p. 130).

8. Glavrok's Hut

Hut [stone, bone, mud, wood, thatched roof], **campfire**, **standing basalt slab** [8' tall, engraved, Night Axe history/genealogy]

Glavrok (Night Axe) is the leader of the Night Axe ogres (p. 130). Engraves the basalt slab by hand with information about the ogres.

9. The Four Fountains

Basin [basalt, 10' diameter], **pillar** [basalt, 5' tall, center of each basin], **metallic sphere** [on each pillar, 1' diameter, spins, water elemental core], **splashing, bubbling water** [relaxing to Night Axe and friends, rest better]

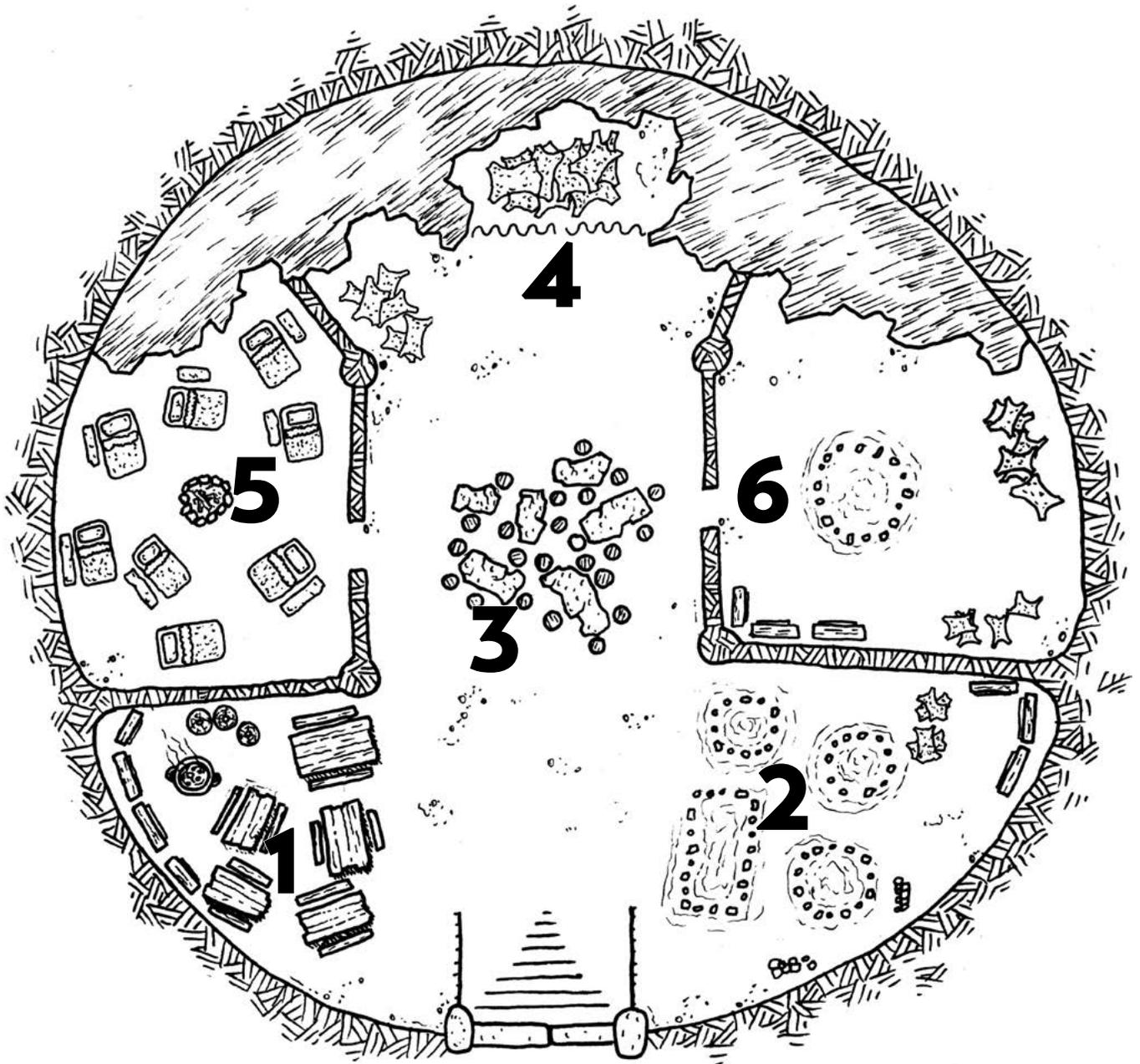
The well-guarded **entrance to Vision's Clearing** (p. 52), home of the females and children.

10. Garden

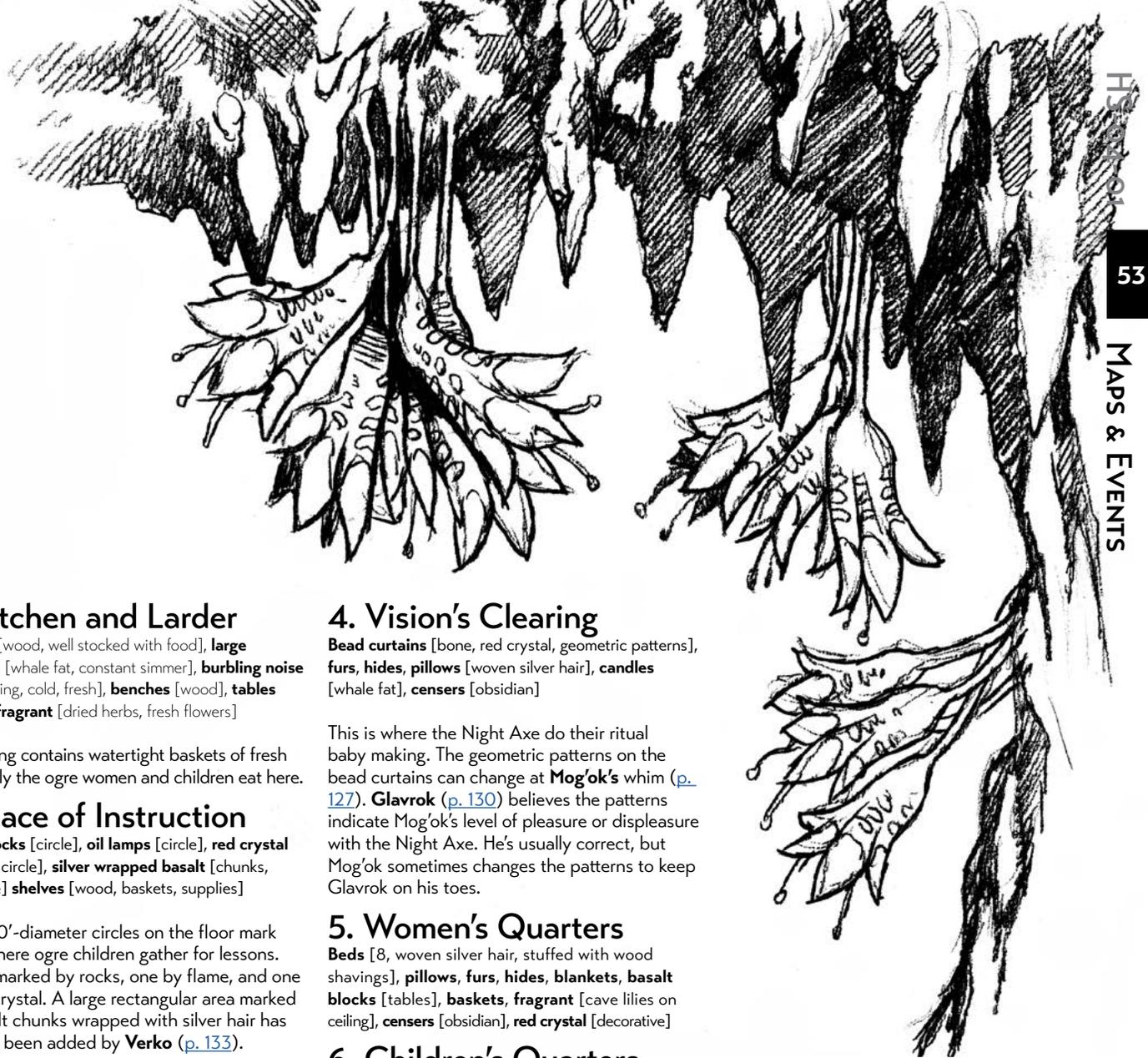
Large earthen mound lush with greenery, **fragrant** [herbs], **squash** [orange, green, yellow, white, abundant], **brambles** [actually cave lily roots], **spiderbushes** [wander, blue flowers]

Vision's

Clearing



Illuminated throughout by an abundance of small, beautifully carved basalt whale-oil lamps.



1. Kitchen and Larder

Shelves [wood, well stocked with food], **large cauldron** [whale fat, constant simmer], **burbling noise** [large spring, cold, fresh], **benches** [wood], **tables** [wood], **fragrant** [dried herbs, fresh flowers]

The spring contains watertight baskets of fresh fish. Only the ogre women and children eat here.

2. Place of Instruction

White rocks [circle], **oil lamps** [circle], **red crystal** [chunks, circle], **silver wrapped basalt** [chunks, rectangle] **shelves** [wood, baskets, supplies]

Three 20'-diameter circles on the floor mark areas where ogre children gather for lessons. One is marked by rocks, one by flame, and one by red crystal. A large rectangular area marked by basalt chunks wrapped with silver hair has recently been added by **Verko** (p. 133).

3. Meeting Area

Hides [boar, copperback], **basalt blocks** [tables], **oil lamps**, **fragrant** [cave lilies on ceiling], **baskets**, **strands of beads** [red crystal, hang from ceiling], **stools** [wood]

The Night Axe meet here for important events and rituals. Normally sit or recline on hides. The baskets could contain games, mugs and cups, everspring gourds, bone necklaces, and so forth.

4. Vision's Clearing

Bead curtains [bone, red crystal, geometric patterns], **furs**, **hides**, **pillows** [woven silver hair], **candles** [whale fat], **censers** [obsidian]

This is where the Night Axe do their ritual baby making. The geometric patterns on the bead curtains can change at **Mog'ok's** whim (p. 127). **Glavrok** (p. 130) believes the patterns indicate Mog'ok's level of pleasure or displeasure with the Night Axe. He's usually correct, but Mog'ok sometimes changes the patterns to keep Glavrok on his toes.

5. Women's Quarters

Beds [8, woven silver hair, stuffed with wood shavings], **pillows**, **furs**, **hides**, **blankets**, **basalt blocks** [tables], **baskets**, **fragrant** [cave lilies on ceiling], **censers** [obsidian], **red crystal** [decorative]

6. Children's Quarters

Hides, **furs** [piles, communal sleeping], **basalt blocks** [tables], **baskets**, **white rocks** [circle], **shelves** [wood, baskets, folded clothes, blankets]

The total number of Night Axe children living in Vision's Clearing has been left open to interpretation. **2d6** per year (over 4 years since the revolt) is a good baseline. Night Axe reach full physical maturity in 6 years, so that the 4-year-olds are just reaching their angsty phase.

The Six Ogre Women

Quick reference. Full details are on p. 133.

Verko is the unofficial leader. Wears flowing silver shawls and drapes. Red crystal pendant on a chain of bone.

Matova is plump and jolly with teeth and tusks of gold. She has an amazing memory.

Koova the Bare-Breasted is the only woman who can enchant bones independently.

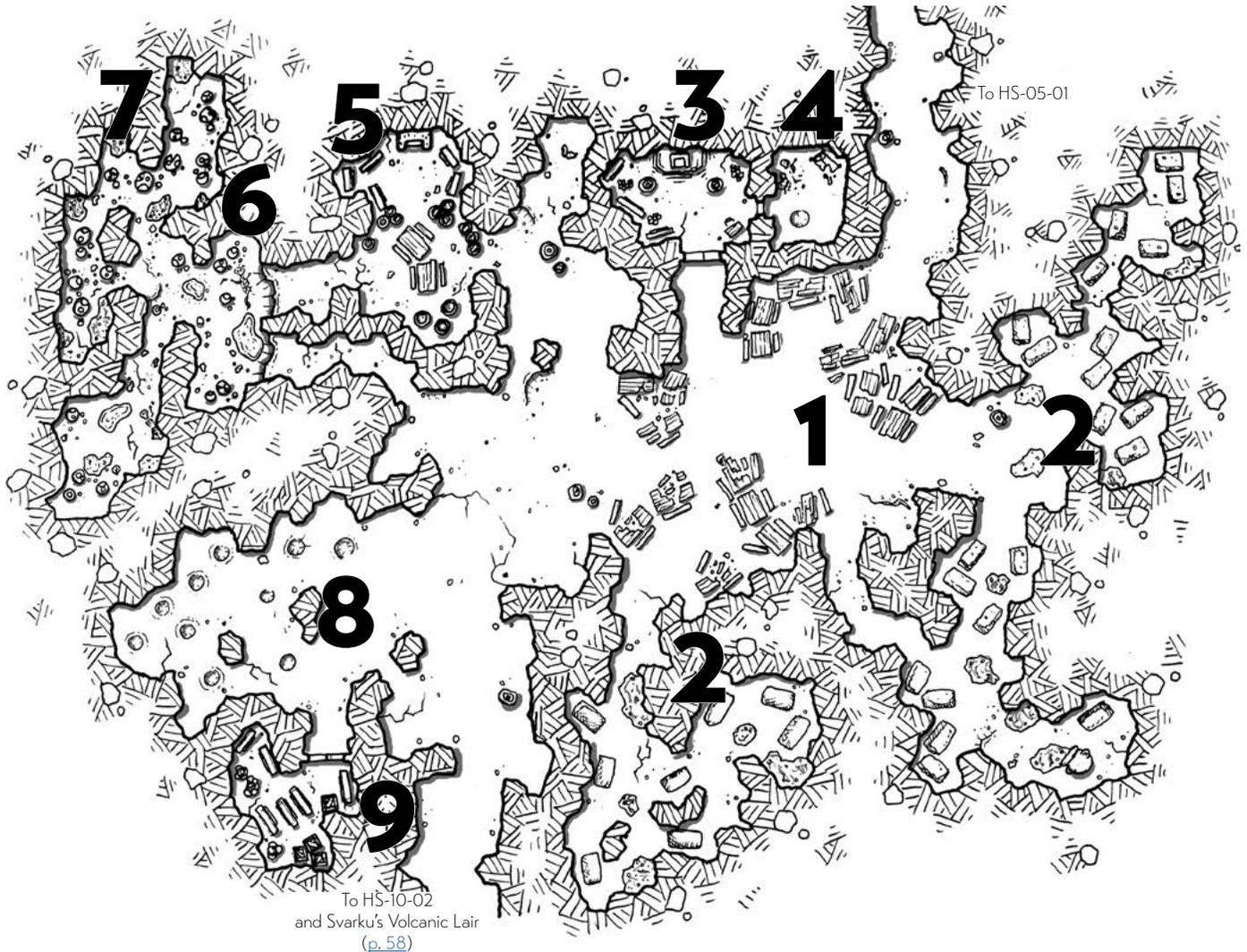
Belanti One-Eye is grizzled and tough and walks with a limp. Amazing cook. The ogre children love her more than the rest.

Meeko loves feathers and bright colors, and has a wonderful laugh. Knows more about the island than just about anyone else.

Bashku is normally smudged with paint. Teaches art and the history of the Night Axe.

3d6	What's Happening?!
3	Clearing is closed. Glavrok , Srok , and Paw'lard are meeting within. The women are gone!
4	A ritual of black lightning and silver hair. Bavmorda floats within. The women are entranced.
5	The clearing seems empty. Koova , seeking new bone magic, drains an adventurer's soul.
6	A ritualized impregnation is occurring. The other five women chant and drum wildly.
7	Bavmorda is teaching silver-hair weaving. All red crystal glows and pulses.
8	The women want to make a dire boar bone construct, but they lack a skull and d4 large bones.
9	The women and d4 Bonebinders are imbuing bones with Night Axe magic.
10	The women are teaching all the children at [2].
11	Belanti and d4 children cook at [1] while everyone else cleans the clearing.
12	The women and children sit in a line, braiding each other's hair as a clapping rhyme game.
13	The women sit in a half circle, waiting for the party. Verko is never surprised.
14	Clearing is closed for "rituals." The women are wrestling. No outsiders today.
15	A humanoid woman is midtransformation into an ogre. She morphs beneath a dire boar hide.
16	Matova is secretly communicating with Svarku using a gem that projects his image.
17	Srok is meeting with Verko and circumventing Glavrok (again).
18	Mog'ok is here to confront Bavmorda personally. She is unaware. He waits in [4].

The Slave Quarters



3d6	What's Happening?!
3	Albino ogre missing. Svarku will detect the Gem of Zumakalis (p. 114) in d6 days.
4	Meena the nereid has escaped [9]. Fuegonauts hunting frantically. Booze is going bad!
5	d4+2 adventurers, hired by an angry steam imp, are here to kill Fatty .
6	Fatty , without telling Svarku , is trying to sublet [2] to 2d6 ooze elementals.
7	Combustarino funeral. No fights today.
8	Svarku has decided to renovate. 2d6 pompous Fuegonauts are here surveying the area.
9	The albino ogre is eating someone in [6]. Slowly. Loud screams echo throughout.
10	4d10 combustarinis are brawling in [1].
11	Fatty is gone. Reporting to steam imps. No fights today.
12	Fatty's throwing a pickling party! The loser of today's fight goes in the brine!
13	Salamander twins Felor and Blix are hawking red crystal dust to a mob of 30+ Fuegonauts.
14	Svarku's been in [9] for hours now. Fuegonauts sober and edgy.
15	d6 Night Axe are here to take rubbings of the names on the walls.
16	Fatty's pickles have been stolen. Or he sold them. He can't remember, but he's pissed.
17	Srok is here, collecting old ogre shackles.
18	All the old hair mats braided by Bavmorda have animated, attacking anything that moves.

Encounter	Motivation
3 Obsidian Bladeguards	Ritual
1 Goa	Just Passing Through
2 Steam Imps	Surveying
d4+1 Night Axe	Hiding/Sneaking
2d6 Giant Rats	Laboring/Nesting
3d4 Fuegonauts	Altered State
2d6 Salamander Warriors	Eating/Drinking
1 Combustarino	Fighting*
d4+1 Combustarinis	Waiting
d4+1 Salamander Tricksters	Mischief
3d6 Fuegonauts	Social/Creative
3d4 Giant Bats	Sleeping
d4+1 Adventurers	Fleeing*
1 Fire Imp	Interacting With*
d6+2 Crystalback Wydarr	Lost
1 Singing Golem	Wounded

This natural cavern of black basalt plainly wears the scars of a turbulent past. Chisel marks mar the walls, showing how the cavern was expanded over time to better accommodate its inhabitants. Broken and rusted shackles are bolted throughout, great swaths of the floor are covered in bloodstains or scorch marks, and the stink of ogre sweat permeates the air.

The Slave Quarters once housed three hundred Night Axe ogres before their eventual revolt. Several generations were born and died here over a period of two hundred years, and every birth, death, and life event was carved into the walls. The ogres' accommodations were poor, and most of their meager belongings were left behind to rot when they escaped four years ago. The most notable refuse is **Bavmorda's** hair mats (p. 130). As her powers grew, Bavmorda discovered she could cut off enough of her hair to braid an ogre-sized rug each week. She braided hundreds of silver mats for the Night Axe to use as blankets and pillows, all of which were left behind in the ogres' rush from the volcano. While many are now filthy, fraying, and rat infested, bright patches of silver still shine in torch light.

The quarters remained empty for a time. But after several months, the area was claimed and repurposed by **Fatty Salamander** (p. 117) and a small group of Fuegonaut deserters. Fatty took over the old

captain's quarters, and spends much of his time pickling anything he thinks might taste good (particularly imps and hands). He also began hosting underground combustarino brawls several times a week. The brawls rapidly grew in popularity, and he negotiated a deal with a group of steam imps so they could watch the fights without attending. Once a week, Fatty leaves the Slave Quarters and heads to the Temple of Tranquility [HS-23-02], where he allows the steam imps to project his memories onto a cloud of steam so they can bet on the fights.

Over time, the Slave Quarters have become a popular Fuegonaut hangout—and a refuge from **Svarku** (p. 110) and all his rules and impossibly high expectations. Svarku is very aware of this (as he keeps a nereid locked up in the booze vault [9]), but allows it to continue since it seems to give his troops much-needed stress relief, and has thus far improved morale among the salamanders. As with most petty dictatorships, booze continues to flow into the area long after all other forms of trade have stopped, and Svarku's booze vault might literally be one of the best collections of elemental alcohol in the multiverse. Even though Svarku is the only one who knows the combination to the vault, large volumes of the booze make their way into the hands of Fatty for distribution. Svarku treats each month's vault restocking request as he treats everything else about the Slave Quarters—with carefully constructed ignorance.

1. Old Mess Hall

Painted hexagons [4, on floor, red, brawling area], **banquet tables** [20, 10' long, wood, heavy, pushed against walls, haphazard, 7 broken, 10 upended], **benches** [wood, two per table(40)], **standing metal braziers** [20, lit at all times], **crates** [wood, piled], **marble pillar** [in shadows, on wall, gold bust of Svarku, sneering, defaced, lipstick], **basalt cubes** [4, grooved tops, whetstones]

Mess hall for ogre slaves repurposed into combustarino brawling area. Crates contain their gear (leather straps, butterfly knives).

2. Old Ogre Quarters

Foul odor [rot], **stains** [floors, walls, large, blood], **refuse** [piles, bones, rotting, organic, rats], **woven mats** [hair, used to be silver, ogre-sized, many], **shackles** [broken, bolted to walls, loose on floor], **carvings** [walls, names], **crates** [wood, broken], **cauldron** [upended, rusting through]

Carvings on walls record names of all ogres born on Hot Springs, and those killed by **Svarku**. Cauldron covers giant centipede (black) corpses. Venom sacs still intact.

3. Captain's Office

Raised dais [stairs, red crystal, gold runes], **throne** [gold, plush, extruded red crystal hexagons], **braziers** [brass, 10' diameter, extinguished], **bookcases** [wood, line walls, jars, glass, pickles, pickled hands, pickled creatures, burlap sacks], **cauldron** [bubbling, books fuel fire], **books** [piles, open, face down, broken spines, haphazard, sticky residue], **ruined desk**, **stuff**

Anyone not explicitly and personally allowed to sit on the throne by **Svarku** will have a bad time if they try. Enchanted shackles of superheated metal shoot out from the throne to grab the neck, chest, legs, and arms of any interlopers, and Svarku is alerted to the intrusion. He can teleport between his thrones instantly, though he avoids coming to this throne because **Fatty** has turned this room into such a disgusting, stinking shithole.

4. Fatty's Lair

Bed [broken, mattress ripped, burned, blankets, mold, feathers, ruined], **skulls** [pile, imp, corner], **bones** [strewn about], **trash** [ruined books, paper, sticky], **concave depression** [floor, 10' diameter, glow, flaming rune]

Fatty (p. 117) sleeps in the concave depression, and the rune keeps him comfortably hot. It can be easily removed but is almost impossible to extinguish. He would miss it tremendously.

5. Old Kitchen

Shelves [wood, spider webs, rancid boar meat], **fireplace** [big enough to roast a boar, dark, unused], **cauldrons** [3, iron, cold, dirty], **dirty sticky floors**, **stench** [rancid boar meat], **barrels** [10, wood, some golden streaks], **banquet table** [2, wood, heavy, scarred, scorched], **cupboards** [3, wood, kitchen supplies, disgusting]

Some barrels (d4) have golden streaking on the outside and yellow mold within. A cupboard has been repurposed as a combustarino arsenal. Raw boar meat intoxicates salamanders, so they keep the kitchen well stocked with it.

6. Trash Pit

Stench, **30' sheer drop**, **mud floor** [standing water], **mushrooms** [pale brown, imp-sized, floor, walls, throughout], **fresh garbage** [piles, stinks], **bones**, **decomposing noxious filth**, **half-eaten bodies** [human, salamanders, imp, ogre], **basalt rubble** [piles, easy climb]

The Gem of Zumakalis (p. 114) is stuck in the cap of a mushroom and partially covered by another. If a mortal touches the gem a flaming portal opens for **Seera** (p. 114). The brown mushrooms smell like burning tires and radiate an aura of magic, but don't seem to do anything.

7. Albino Ogre's Lair

Rough-carved walls [silver paintings, incomprehensible symbols, almost completely cover every surface], **refuse** [piles, strewn about, stinks], **mushrooms** [pale brown, imp-sized, throughout], **metal fragments** [stuck in walls like crystal growths], **mushroom caps** [pile, dried, bed], **rope** [rotted, strung across ceiling, woven patterns]

The **albino ogre** dwells here (p. 56).

8. Deserter Flophouse

Gashes in walls [salamander sleeping alcoves], **bones** [piles, ogre], **weapon racks** [5, d4 golden spears in each], **concave depressions** [10, floor, glow, burning runes, 5' diameter], **standing braziers** [20, always lit]

Salamander "deserters" from the Fuegonauts often stay here for a time before returning to their normal duties and quarters. **Svarku** pretends he doesn't see them when he visits the nereid **Meena** in [9], and they reciprocate the feigned obliviousness. They do their best to clear out if they know he's coming, though.

9. Booze Vault

Vault Door: 20' x 20', **steel**, **heavy**, **combination lock** [gold, 3' diameter, red crystal runes, glow], **gold chain** [many, crisscross door, heavy, locks and gold runes hang on], **cold to touch**, **water droplets**

Inside: Shelves [metal, 20' high], **bottles** [thousands, all shapes, sizes, materials], **kegs** [metal, stacks], **crates** [wood], **painting** [6' x 4', depicts empty iron maiden of gold with jeweled spikes]

The door is sealed with ten different mechanical and magical locks. The giant combination lock opens them all if the current code is entered correctly. Incorrect turns of the combination lock trigger pained shrieks and wails from behind the door. **Svarku** changes the code each time he visits the vault.

Meena (nereid) is one of Meltalia's Fifty Visions (p. 124). She has been locked up in the booze vault to keep both the alcohol and **Svarku's** temper cool. Wears a gold collar. Gems set into the collar spell out the word "Comedian" in Efreet. Incorrectly manipulating the combination lock on the vault door triggers tremendous electric shocks to torture Meena. She has been kept in the vault for almost a year, and is rapidly approaching the breaking point.

The Albino

Ogre

When children are born to the Night Axe, a shaman is called to bless the infant. Several years before the uprising against **Svarku** (p. 112), an albino ogre was born. As the shaman attempted to bless it, his scepter shattered and a bundle of ritual herbs burst into flames. **Bavmorda** (p. 130) was called to consult on the matter, but the witch could not see the child, and her silver hair could not touch it. It was decided that the child was cursed, and the ogres discarded it in the trash pits of the Slave Quarters to die.

But the child did not die. It survived among the refuse, feeding upon the fungus in the pits. Smaller than its kin, the albino ogre stands at a permanently hunched six-and-a-half-feet tall. The creature is basically feral, and its skin is white to the point of translucence. It cannot speak and knows no language, but over time, it has learned to mimic the tones and inflections of a wounded salamander. It uses these cries and whimpers to attract salamanders to the trash pits, so that it might snatch them with its powerful arms and feed upon their fiery flesh. The albino ogre is effectively naked but is powerfully built, and its pale flesh is as tough as the hide of a dire boar.

The albino is not cursed. Rather, it is a living embodiment of antimagic. Its very presence nullifies or disrupts spells and magic items.

What Does the Albino Ogre Want?

- To eat
- To consume

What Does It Not Want?

- Fire
- Light

What Else?

The **Gem of Zumakalis** (p. 114), lost by **Svarku** during the Night Axe revolt, ended up down in the trash pits with the albino ogre. A salamander warrior had found the gem and was returning with it to Svarku when it heard what sounded like a wounded comrade while passing through the Slave Quarters. The albino made quick work of the salamander, and the gem is now stuck to a mushroom in the refuse heaps.

- A number of factors have delayed Svarku's rediscovery of the gem:
- Fuegonauts avoid the trash pits. Though they still throw garbage and bodies into them, they hear unnatural cries from the pits, and none who have ventured into them have ever returned. The pits also feature heavily in the horror stories Fuegonauts use to creep each other out while bored on guard duty.
 - The albino ogre's antimagic nature acts as a mask, hiding the gem's presence whenever the creature is nearby.
 - Things are further complicated because the fungus found in the pits exudes an aura of minor magic. Any magic detected in the pits is attributed to this fungus by the Fuegonauts.

Quite a bit of coin and treasure has accumulated in the pits since the Fuegonauts took over the Slave Quarters. The albino has eaten well.

Steam imps (p. 138) are spreading a rumor that the blood of the "ghost ogre" or "the shame of the Night Axe" has powerful properties.

The albino ogre holds no value for material possessions, but it normally does not attack if given food—specifically, meat.

The ogre could leave the pits easily, but it chooses not to. It views the edge of the pits as the edge of its world, and believes that if it passes beyond, it will become food for others. The pits provide for all the albino's needs, and it is comfortable there. The unknown is terrifying. Over time, the ogre has developed an elaborate mythos about the things that lie beyond the pits, preserving the stories it tells itself with elaborate (and disturbing) silver paintings on the walls and floor throughout the area.

A chance discovery taught the albino ogre that its urine could be combined with crushed mushrooms from the pit to create the luminous silver paint it uses for its art. In reality, this vile concoction is actually liquid astral silver, but so far, no one who has studied the paintings long enough to realize this has made it out of the pits alive.



Svarku's Volcanic Lair

Bro... you don't even know how fresh to death Svarku's volcanic lair is. Two towers of brass and fire and a tower of jagged obsidian rise from a massive basalt monolith in the center of an active volcano. Three bridges of brass and black glass connect the monolith to other caverns, and provide an unobstructed view of the bubbling lava lake below. Shining triangular pavers of obsidian, red crystal, and brass tessellate across the monolith's surface, and Fuegonauts muster on this parade ground weekly to be addressed by Svarku (p. 110).

The central and largest tower is exclusively Svarku's. It holds his glass-floored throne room, banquet hall, gymnasium, harem, and private chambers. Large windows let in the lava light, and expansive balconies allow guests to bask in the hot volcanic air, provide **Fatty Salamander** (p. 117) with a place to barbecue, and give Svarku plenty of opportunity to show off.

Consisting of mostly open space, windows, and timed jets of flame, the second tower of fire and brass was built by Svarku for his combustarinos. The imps sleep in a huge pile on the top floor, and use the rest of the tower to brawl and test their aerial acrobatics.

The third tower of the complex grows from the basalt monolith like a tumor of obsidian blades. Svarku despises this tower, feeling that it

destroys his overall aesthetic with its jagged, organic form. But when the **obsidian giants** (p. 116) formed it after the Night Axe revolt, he had little choice but to go along with the construction. The giants do not live in the tower, preferring to dwell in secret places deeper in the volcano. Rather, this is where obsidian bladeguards are grown, repaired, and stored when deactivated. Bladeguards fuse into the walls and floor of the tower, and Svarku worries that the whole thing might be one giant bladeguard in his blackest moments of self-doubt.

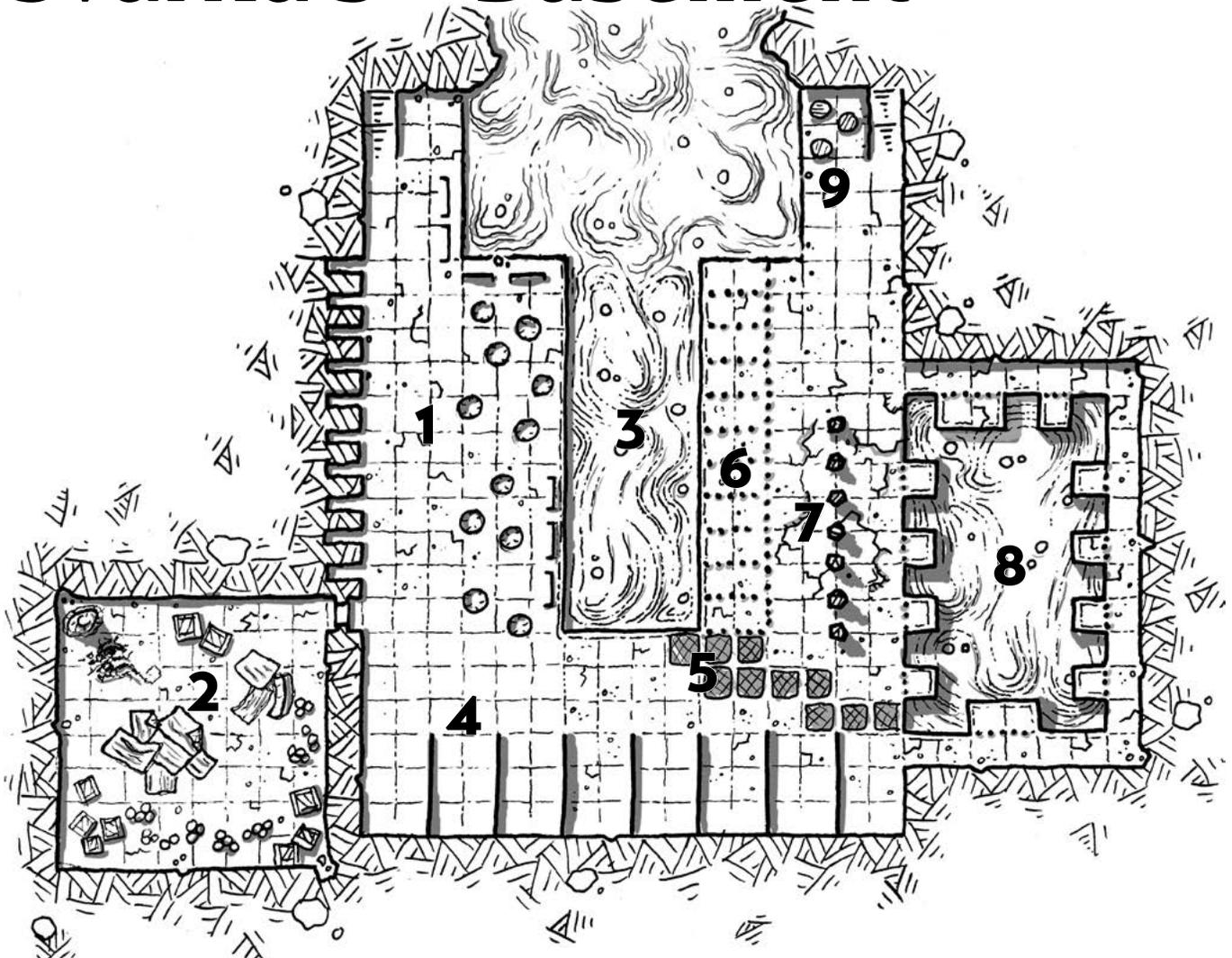
A prison, torture chamber (never used), and storage areas have been carved out beneath the towers, but many of the enchanted brass cages once used to dip prisoners into the lava lake have been repurposed by salamanders into living quarters.

The whole complex is extravagantly posh, in a spiky, fiery sort of way, and it is almost constantly overrun by Fuegonauts going about their daily business. Invited guests are treated warmly—and uninvited guests even more so, with an assortment of lava baths and fire jets. A collection of polished brass mirrors embedded into the walls of the volcano's main vent keeps the entire complex dramatically illuminated by sunlight throughout the day, and by moonlight on most nights.

3d6	What's Happening?!
3	Svarku's been missing for a week. Work stopped 6 days ago.
4	d4 nereids escaped the harem last night.
5	Mission accomplished! Fuegonauts celebrating "total victory." Night Axe not defeated.
6	All bladeguards are gone from the complex to guard a secret obsidian giant meeting.
7	Private party in the harem. No salamanders allowed. They're pouting.
8	Fuegonauts are massed on the parade ground for Svarku's weekly address.
9	d6+1 adventurers are being hauled to the basement for a lava dip. Svarku doesn't know.
10	The crystal is flowing. The Night Axe are calm. The Fuegonauts are bored.
11	The party is expected. Everything is polished and prepared. The Fuegonauts are bored.
12	It's meal time. Fuegonauts are milling about eating whatever it is fire elementals eat.
13	Salamanders on the parade ground are doing calisthenics. Svarku leads from balcony.
14	Random adventurers who refused Svarku's offers are being publicly executed. Mass excitement!
15	Combustarino aerial relay races. They're using adventurers as batons.
16	The crystal quota was successfully met and shipped on time. Mass excitement!
17	d6 obsidian giants forced a meeting with Svarku. Telepathy spam cracks his glass floor.
18	Svarku is hosting d4 Ash Barons. All is chaos and despair.

Encounter	Motivation
1 Obsidian Giant	Ritual
1 Night Axe Edgesworn	Fighting*
1 Earth Imp	Investigating/Searching
1 Adventurer	Just Passing Through
d4+3 Combustarinos	Interacting With*
d6+1 Obsidian Bladeguards	Patrolling
2d4+2 Combustarinos	Social/Creative
1 Combustarino	Delivery
d4+1 Salamanders	"Patrolling"
1 Salamander Warrior	Sleeping
1 Salamander Trickster	Mischief
d4+1 Adventurers	Waiting
1 Flayfiend	Lost
d4+1 Obsidian Bladeguards	Repairing/Maintenance
1 Nereid	Fleeing*
3d6 Salamanders	Laboring/Nesting

Svarku's - Basement



1. Salamander Flophouse

Alcoves [west wall, 2' wide, 10' deep], **weapon racks** [spears, golden, obsidian], **concave depressions** [east floor, glow, flaming rune in each], **chests** [brass and iron], **rugs** [fireproof, intricately detailed, geometric designs], **hookahs**, **beaded curtains** [bone, red crystal, superheated metal]

Salamander tricksters typically sleep in the concave depressions, with warriors in alcoves.

2. Unused Torture Chamber

Steel door [heavy, locked], **crates** [large, wooden], **crosses** [15, †, T and X shaped], **chains** [always white hot, piled, tangled, 2,000'], **hanging shackles** [walls, ceiling], **golden spears** [100, neat stacks], **kegs** [30, metal, small, tar], **wood piles** [shaped boards], **cloth tarps** [40, white, asbestos, 10' x 10'], **large draped object** [white cloth, corner, 12' tall], **dust** [thick layer, undisturbed]

Crates contain never-assembled torture devices such as racks, wheels, and thumbscrew stations. Come with pictographic instructions and an L-shaped assembly tool. The draped object is an iron maiden crudely shaped like Svarku. He hates it. The torture chamber is unused because the Fuegonauts find that dipping people into lava while their friends watch is infinitely superior.

3. The Pit

50' sheer drop into the volcano's lava lake.

4. Practice Range

Shooting galleries [7, basalt walls], **battle scarred** [stains, spell blast marks], **gold lines** [inset into floor, mark distances and report on quality of performance]

Tricksters and warriors use these ranges to practice new tactics, magic, and spear throwing.

5. Drainage

Brass grilles [10' x 10', decorative, tessellated patterns]

Firmly embedded into floor. Enchanted to help drain lava flooding without buildup.

6. Cages

Jail cells [11, 10' x 20'], **brass bars** [flat, 1' wide, floor to ceiling, holes in ceiling and floor between bars]

Another set of brass bars can be dropped to close off the southern and eastern wall of the cages. This makes a lava-tight seal. The western side of the cages is open to the pit [3].

7. Viddy Room

Basalt floor [rumpled, cracked, uneven, like lava has flowed across it repeatedly], **basalt pillars** [7, floor to ceiling, numerous brass shackles embedded]

Prisoners are chained here to watch other prisoners get dipped by the melting pots.

8. Melting Pots

Brass cages [11, finely wrought, suspended], **messy** [trash, weapons, bones], **brass chains**, **pulleys**

A hidden control panel on the north wall can lower any of these cages into the volcano's lava lake 50' below. Salamanders who consider themselves "high ranking" sleep in these cages.

9. Barrel Storage

Heavy shadows, **barrels** [3, wooden, large, back in shadows on north wall]

Barrels contain bodies or body parts to be sent to the Slave Quarters (p. 54) for **Fatty Salamander** (p. 117) to pickle.

1. Parade Ground

Triangular pavers [brass, red crystal, mirror-finish obsidian], **statues** [4, 50' tall, gold, replicas of Svarku's four aspects: warrior, savior, poet, sorcerer], **braziers** [brass, 10' diameter, ♁, flames take on comely naked female forms when approached]

2. Combustarinos' Tower (exterior)

Black basalt door [engraved, high relief, insets of brass and red crystal], **brass and flame** [smooth walls, occasional insets of ever-burning fire]

This imposing door depicts the first combustarino offering its elemental core to a smiling Svarku. A line of fire imps waiting to do the same fills the remainder of the door.

3. Obsidian Spire (exterior)

Obsidian door [mirror finish, translucent, smooth], **obsidian** [jagged, organic, lumpy, blades]

Looking into the door is like looking into forever. **Obsidian giants** can see anything it reflects. Doors slide apart automatically when approached.

4. Svarku's Tower (exterior)

Brass door [high relief], **brass and flame** [smooth walls, occasional insets of ever-burning flame]

Highly detailed carvings on the door depict a powerful and resplendent Svarku beckoning throngs of joyous Night Axe ogres into a bright tomorrow.

5. The Glass Bridges

Obsidian floor [lava visible below], **basalt railings and supports**, **braziers** [brass, 10' diameter, ever-burning, flames take on comely naked female forms when approached]

6. Combustarinos' Tower (interior)

Hexagonal pavers [smooth, matte basalt, mirror-finish obsidian], **brass staircase**, large cross-shaped hole in ceiling high above, otherwise empty

The combustarinos frequently fill the empty space of their tower with floating obstacles of fire to practice their aerial maneuverability.

7. Obsidian Spire (interior)

Obsidian staircase [perfect structure, no adornment], **completely obsidian** [rippled, lumpy, organic-looking walls and floor but smooth and highly polished]

Lumps in the floors and walls are caused by obsidian bladeguards (or pieces of them) embedded just below the surface. Normally they emerge as if they were stepping out of water, but they can also cause the obsidian to shatter outward in a spectacularly destructive manner.

8. The Back Balcony

Stairs [black basalt, brass insets], **low wall** [black basalt], **triangular pavers** [brass, red crystal, mirror-finish obsidian]

9. Molotek's Altar

Dais [brass, smooth], **braziers** [black iron, 10' diameter, swirling lava, no fire], **altar** [basalt, rough, slab, cracked molten cracks, glow] (See p. 68)

10. Path of Audience

Glass floor [smooth, obsidian, lava visible far below], **chandeliers** [angular, red crystal, amalgamation of rectangles, large]

If anyone attempts to fight Svarku, he does everything in his power to ensure that the battle takes place here, where he is most powerful. Not only is this his lair, but he can cause the lava lake below the glass floor to rise, quickly heating and melting the glass to trap and burn his opponents.

11. Formal Seating

Hexagonal pavers [smooth, matte basalt, mirror-finish obsidian], **sofas** [plush, black brocade, gold flame pattern], **standing screens** [brass frame, living fire screen], **censers** [cardamon, cinnamon, pitch], **chairs** [plush, white, fur], **rugs** [high pile, woven brass shag], **large cubes** [red crystal, side tables], **refreshments** [pitchers, goblets, bowls of fruit, hookahs, tiered trays of perfect fondant finger cakes]

Anyone trying to sit here or use any of the amenities is forcibly removed by obsidian bladeguards. The cakes are poisonous to those not invited to eat them, turning the blood to fire.

12. Svarku's Throne

Raised dais [stairs, red crystal, gold runes], **throne** [gold, plush, extruded red crystal hexagons], **braziers** [brass, 10' diameter, ever-burning, flames take on comely naked female forms when approached]

Anyone not explicitly and personally allowed to sit on the throne by Svarku will have a bad time if they try. Enchanted shackles of superheated metal shoot out from the throne to grab the neck, chest, legs, and arms of any interlopers, and Svarku is alerted to the intrusion. He can teleport between his thrones instantly.

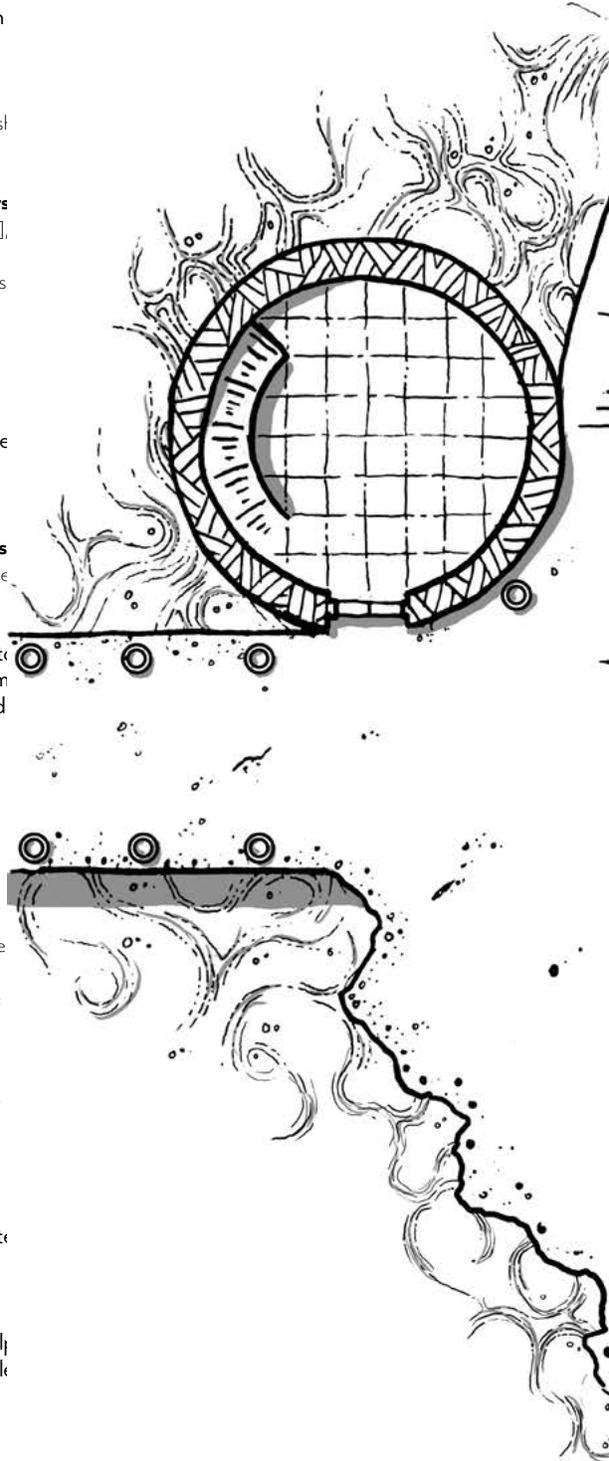
13. Svarku's Secret Room of Affirmation

Completely mirrored [reflections are more attractive than reality], **neriid (Rilla)**, chained, seated, blindfolded], **sofas** [plush, black brocade, gold flame pattern], **cubes** [red crystal, side tables, cracked, broken], **rug** [high pile, woven brass shag]

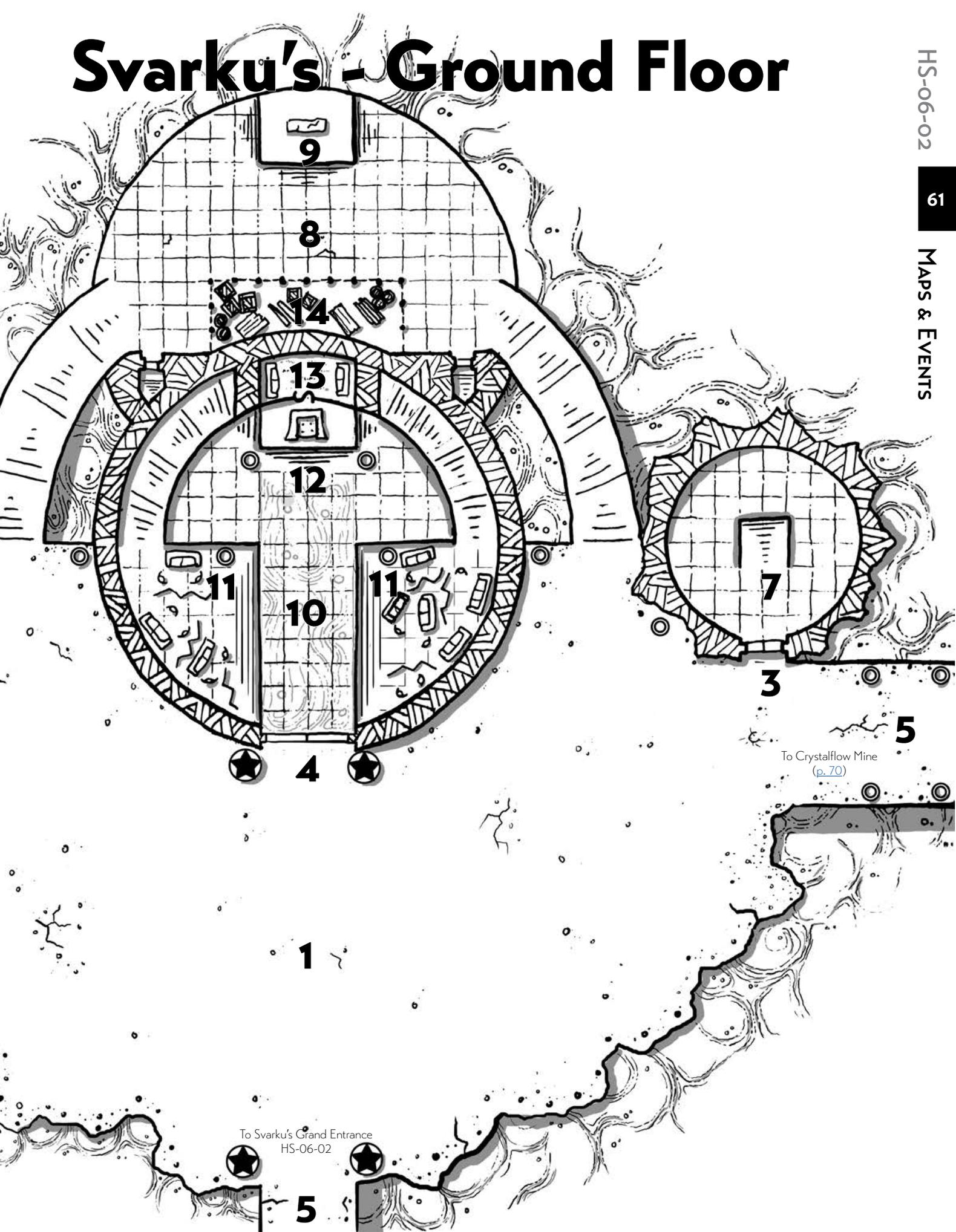
The only entrance to this area is a 1"-diameter hole, lined in gold, behind Svarku's throne. He shrinks himself down and comes here to pump himself up and prepare for speeches and big events. Despite her long and awful imprisonment, the nereid Rilla retains complete control of her mind and has not cracked. She has become exceptionally good at sensing where in the tower complex Svarku is at any given moment, and sometimes calls out for help if she senses strangers in the throne room while the efreit is a safe distance away.

14. New Moon Storage

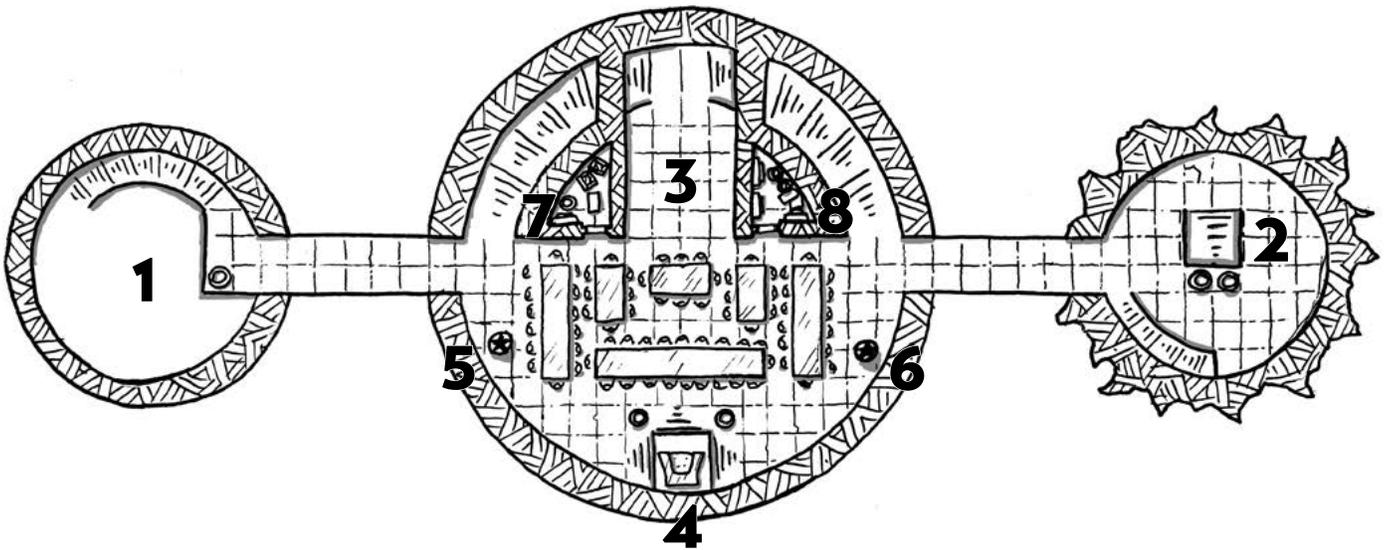
Fence [iron, bars, gate, flames along top], **crates** [large wood], **kegs** [metal, small], **wood piles** [disassembled carnival stalls], **cloth** [white, folded, asbestos tarps], **tables** [wood, stacked], **benches** [wood, stacked]



Svarku's - Ground Floor



Svarku's: Second Floor



1. Combustarinos' Tower

Staircase [brass], **landing** [black basalt, gold C on floor], **brazier** [brass, 10' diameter, ever-burning, flames take on comely naked female forms when approached], **open to below**

2. Obsidian Spire

Obsidian staircase [perfect structure, no adornment], **braziers** [brass, 10' diameter, ever-burning, flames take on comely naked female forms when approached], **completely obsidian** [rippled, lumpy, organic-looking walls and floor but smooth and highly polished]

Lumps in the floors and walls are caused by obsidian bladeguards (or pieces of them)

embedded just below the surface. Normally they emerge as if they were stepping out of water, but they can also cause the obsidian to shatter outward in a spectacularly destructive manner.

3. Grand Banquet Hall

Hexagonal pavers [smooth, matte basalt, mirror-finish obsidian], **fire paintings** [large, changing, pro-Svarku propaganda, hang on walls], **tables** [black basalt, simple, slab, red crystal hexagonal insets on edges], **chairs** [brass, high backed, all metal but surprisingly comfortable, red crystal S on chair back]

4. Svarku's Throne

Raised dais [stairs, red crystal, gold runes], **throne** [gold, plush, extruded red crystal hexagons], **braziers** [brass, 10' diameter, ever-burning, flames take on comely naked female forms when approached]

Anyone not explicitly and personally allowed to sit on the throne by Svarku will have a bad time if they try. Enchanted shackles of superheated metal shoot out from the throne to grab the neck, chest, legs, and arms of any interlopers, and Svarku is alerted to the intrusion. He can teleport between his thrones instantly.

5. Svarku Serves

Gold Statue [10' tall], **goblets** [12, never overflow]

The statue of Svarku holds a giant red crystal keg, whose single stream magically splits to pour firewine into goblets on a tray.

6. Svarku Provides

Gold statue [10' tall]

The statue of Svarku wears a black basalt chef hat and apron, arms wide in welcome as it stands amidst a pile of red crystal food.

7. Kitchen

Counters [steel, cooking supplies], **cabinets** [steel, cooking supplies], **brazier** [10' brass, grill across top], **blood splatters** [large, walls, floor], **chains** [brass, heavy, on walls], **crates** [wood, overflow with garbage]

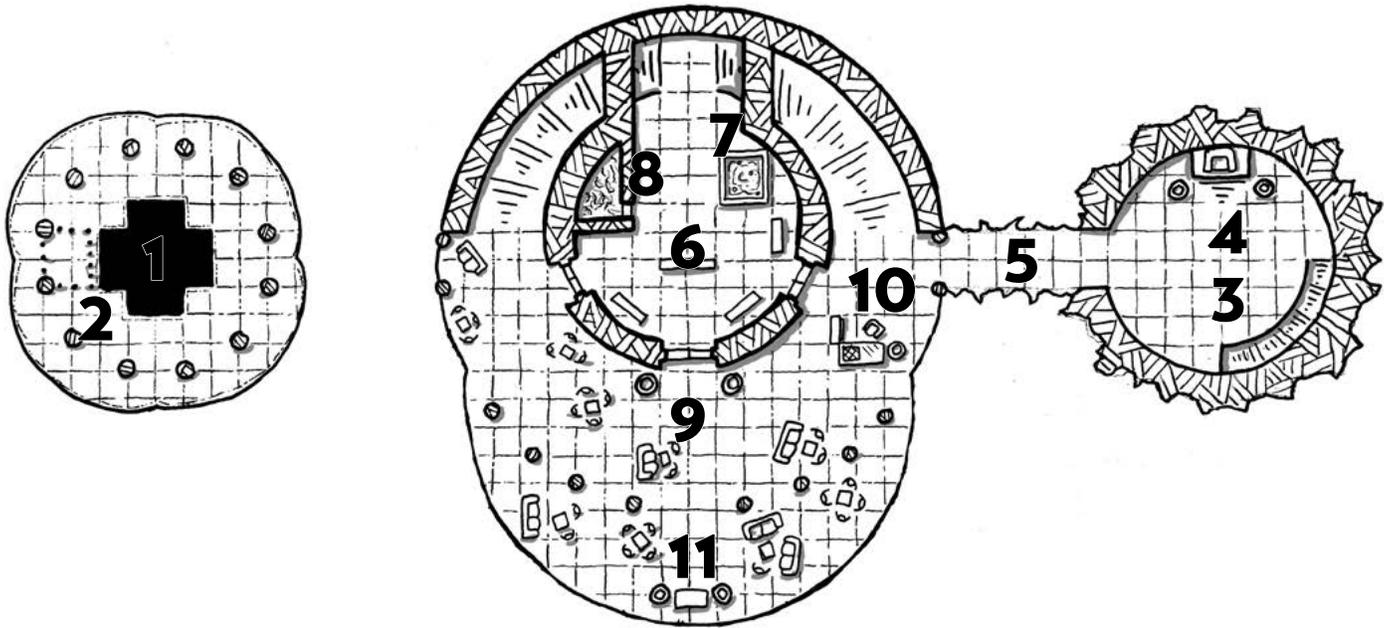
The salamanders have no idea how to cook for humanoids. The food is normally far too sweet, salty, spicy, or burned. Insanely unsanitary. Blood splatters are from creatures live-butchered in the kitchens for "maximum freshness."

8. Larder

Wooden kegs [butter, salt, pickles, lard], **metal kegs** [booze], **sacks** [canvas, flour, sugar, peppers], **shelves** [wood, bottles, miscellaneous foodstuffs]



Svarku's: Third Floor



1. Combustarinos' Tower

Pillars [red crystal, flames within], **hexagonal pavers** [smooth, matte basalt, mirror-finish obsidian], **domed brass roof** [black rope hammocks under dome], large cross-shaped hole in floor, **rugs** [plush, overlapping, fire and geometric patterns]

2. Ash Locker

Black cage [bars of moving elemental ash, dull glow, no door, narrow gaps], **weapon pile** [butterfly knives], **crates** [wood, armor, leather straps]

It is possible to walk through the ash bars, but doing so generates a large ash cloud that permanently stains cloth and leather. The ash clings to skin and hair for 24 hours and is practically impossible to clean.

3. Obsidian Spire

Obsidian staircase [perfect structure, no adornment], **brazier** [red crystal, 10' diameter, ever-burning, flames take on comely naked female forms when approached], **completely obsidian** [rippled, lumpy, organic-looking walls and floor but smooth and highly polished]

Lumps in the floors and walls are caused by obsidian bladeguards (or pieces of them) embedded just below the surface. Normally they emerge as if they were stepping out of water, but they can also cause the obsidian to shatter outward in a spectacularly destructive manner.

4. Svarku's Throne

Raised dais [stairs, red crystal, gold runes], **throne** [gold, plush, extruded red crystal hexagons], **braziers** [brass, 10' diameter, ever-burning, flames take on comely naked female forms when approached]

Anyone not explicitly and personally allowed to sit on the throne by Svarku will have a bad time if they try. Enchanted shackles of superheated metal shoot out from the throne to grab the neck, chest, legs, and arms of any interlopers, and Svarku is alerted to the intrusion. He can teleport between his thrones instantly.

5. Bridge of Blades

Obsidian [jagged, organic, lumpy, blades, smooth floor]

6. Svarku's Gym

Brass doors [red crystal insets, high relief, Svarku flexing, a different pose on each door], **mirrored walls** [floor to ceiling], **rubbery black floor**, **parallel bars**, **pull-up bars**, **gold chain** [coiled on floor, hanging from ceiling], **benches** [metal, black rubbery cushions, flat, inclined], **dumbbell sets** [everywhere, not racked, gold, steel, black iron], **bars** [steel, gold], **weight plates** [steel, gold], **millstones** [3, pink granite, worn]

7. The Flagrante 7000

Hot tub [20' diameter, holds liquid fire], **gold walls** [hexagonal detailing], **black cushions** [around edge, gold S detail], **control panel** [large, 200 buttons and knobs, red, black, gold]

The Flagrante 7000 is so named for its number of temperature and flaming massage jet settings.

8. Sauna

Alabaster ceiling and floor, walls [black and gold triangle details], **black glass pillar** [obsidian, hexagonal holes, steaming, gold flame pattern, gold dial], **shelves** [wood, black towels and robes, gold S details], **benches** [alabaster, along walls]

The gold dial on the black glass pillar forces two trapped steam elementals to regulate the temperature and steam in the sauna.

9. Svarku's Patio

Pillars [brass, spiral, engraved with scale patterns], **sofas** [outdoor, brass frames, black cushions, plush, red S embroidery], **chairs** [outdoor, brass frames, white cushions, plush, black S embroidery], **cubes** [woven brass wire, side tables], **braziers** [black iron, 10' diameter, blue flame, ever-burning, flames take on comely naked female forms when approached], **standing screens** [woven brass, abstract, organic patterns], **planters** [tropical-looking plants made of living flame]

10. Fatty's Cookhole

Gigantic steel barbecue [large enough to fit a whole broadback], **braziers** [black iron, grills, blue flame], **cabinets** [steel, cooking equipment, gold chains, gold hooks], **large sedan chair** [gold, enclosed, plush]

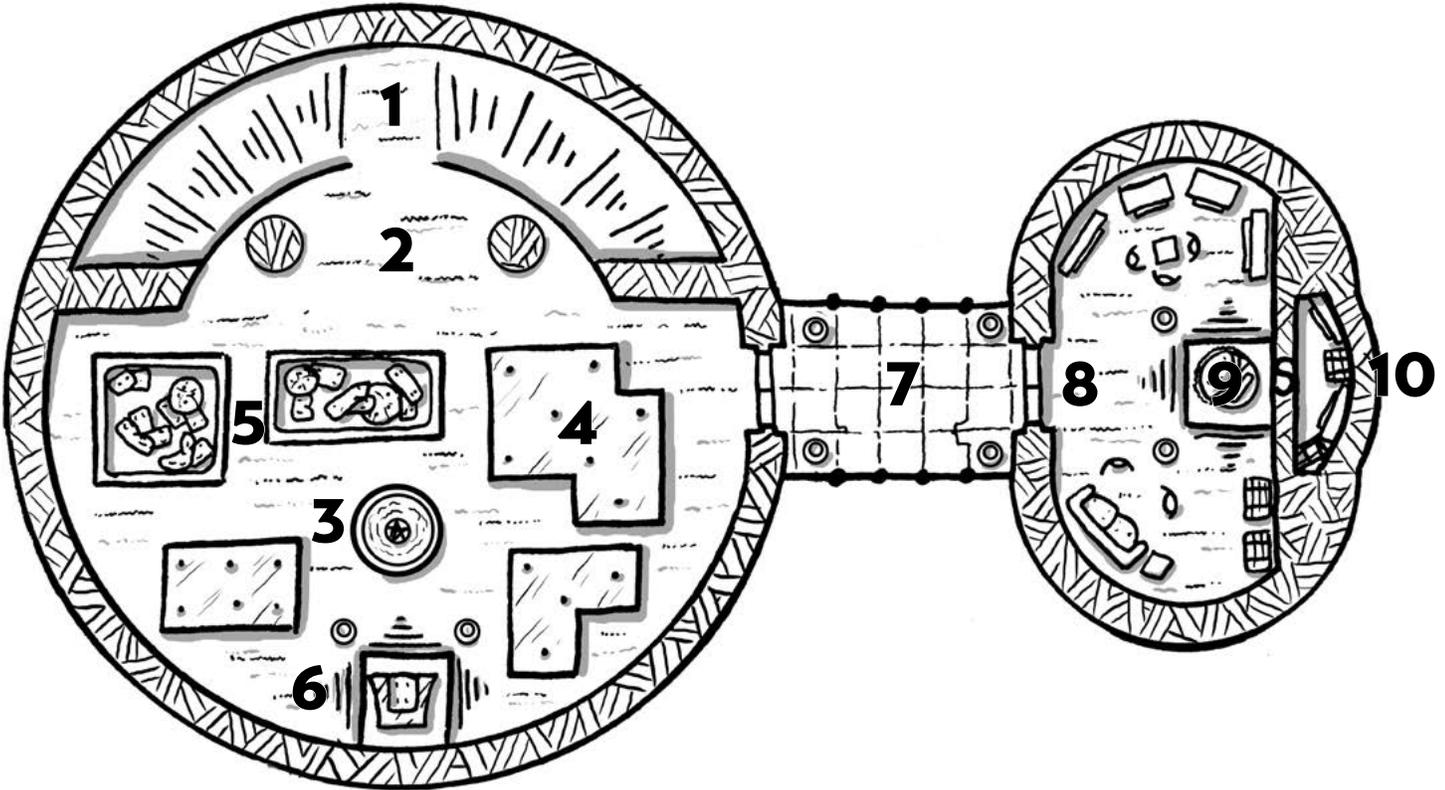
Thirty combustarinos carry the sedan chair to fly Fatty Salamander up and down from the cookhole when he barbecues for Svarku.

11. Svarku's Podium

Podium [brass, red crystal insets, geometric patterns]

Svarku delivers his speeches from here. The vocal volume and charisma of anyone standing at the podium is amplified by 20 percent.

Svarku's: Fourth Floor



1. Harem

Plush black carpet [floor, walls], **curtains** [beaded, red velvet], **paintings** [17, all along walls, depict scenes of pain, fire and despair, nereid "homes"], **chairs** [red, plush, throughout]

2. Pillars of Gold Flesh

Gold pillars [floor to ceiling, slowly rotate, carved to look like a spiral of naked male and female bodies, jumbled, overlapping, no heads visible]

3. Fountain

Low walls [gold, 20' diameter, pool of water], **statues** [gold, white marble, hippocampi, naked women]

Nereids prefer the fountain to their paintings, and often stay in it for long periods.

4. Stages

Stages [3, raised, mirrored, floor-to-ceiling poles]

5. Pillow Pits

Pits [5' deep, can be flooded with water or lava], **stairs, filled with pillows** [all shapes, sizes, materials]

6. Svarku's Throne

Raised dais [stairs, red crystal, gold runes], **throne** [gold, plush, extruded red crystal hexagons], **braziers** [brass, 10' diameter, ever-burning, flames take on comely naked female forms when approached]

Anyone not explicitly and personally allowed to sit on the throne by Svarku will have a bad time if they try. Enchanted shackles of superheated metal shoot out from the throne to grab the neck, chest, legs, and arms of any interlopers, and Svarku is alerted to the intrusion. He can teleport between his thrones instantly.

7. Svarku's Private Bridge

Brass domes, black basalt pillars [inset red crystal spiral], **braziers** [black iron, 10' diameter, white flame, ever-burning, flames take on comely naked female forms when approached], **brass screens** [woven, fire motif, between pillars]

8. Svarku's Chambers

Hexagonal pavers [smooth, red crystal, matte basalt], **sofas** [white, plush, black pillows], **wingback chairs** [white, plush, velvet], **trunks** [black and gold], **armoires** [brass, fire detailing, clothes], **standing screens** [brass frames, living flame screen], **braziers** [gold, 10' diameter, white flame], **shelves** [brass, books, many], **cubes** [red crystal, side tables]

9. Bedchamber

Dais, bed [10' diameter, circular, cloth-of-gold sheets, black pillows, rotates], **ceiling mirror** [imperfect, on close inspection appears to be a gem or crystal], **mirrored wall, bead curtains** [red crystal]

The mirror on the ceiling is actually the bottom of **Jubei's Crystal** (p. 112) that cloaks Hot Springs Island, hiding it from extraplanar creatures not personally invited by Svarku or arriving directly through portals. The **secret door** in the mirrored wall leads to the treasure room.

10. Treasure Room

Shelves [wood, art supplies, amazing alcohol], **trunks** [black and gold, filled with gold, gems, finery and art supplies], **easel, sacks** [burlap, red crystal], **paintings** [all masterfully executed, 5 pornographic paintings of Svarku and various nereids, 3 self-portraits of Svarku, 10 portraits of random Fuegonauts], **broken singing golem pieces** [mounted], **magic weapons** [mounted]

The paintings have all been created by Svarku. They are amazingly well done, but he keeps them highly secret because he doesn't think they're very good. **Zeb** (p. 149) could sell them for a small fortune.

THE 17 NEREIDS

1	Cueta
2	Divna
3	Milla
4	Vera
5	Eva
6	Itzel
7	Trinity
8	Apolline
9	Nikita
10	Amaryllis
11	Danica
12	Naomi
13	Alek
14	Selita
15	Capri
16	Sierra
17	Neoma

New Moon Party

Each night of a new moon, **Svarku** (p. 110) and his Fuegonauts throw a raucous party at their volcanic lair. The **obsidian giants** (p. 116) deploy their bladed guards to fill all normal Fuegonaut duties and patrols that night and the day after, so that Svarku, his combustarinos, and his salamanders can eat and drink to their hearts' content. **Fatty Salamander** (p. 117) acts as both master chef (his barbecued broadback is legendary) and master of ceremonies from his perch on Svarku's balcony at Fatty's Cookhole (p. 63).

The parade ground in front of the towers is transformed into an events field for a variety of competitions and games. These games are good natured but violent, and brawls continue deep into the night, culminating with the combustarinos' "title match" and the salamanders' "volcanic departure."

Recently, Svarku has begun using new moon parties as a recruiting venue for adventurers. He tries to get them to visit on these nights specifically so that he can show off the power and fun of being a Fuegonaut, hosting a "banquet of honor" for any adventurers in attendance.

The Opening Parade and Speeches

New moon parties begin promptly at sunset. All salamanders, armed with their golden spears, assemble in the parade ground and begin a highly rhythmic chant. As the chant progresses in intensity, it begins to break into a round. (Think "Row row row your boat" meets one of those Broadway shows where people bang on garbage cans—but inside a volcano and voiced by a thousand creatures in the language of elemental fire.) At the pinnacle of the chant, something spectacular occurs (usually incorporating an explosion), and **Svarku** appears to give a brief speech. The "something spectacular" is different for each party, and it's always as grandiose as possible.

Possible Spectacular Events

- The golden spears of the salamanders erupt with jets of flame that meet in the air above the parade ground, forming a giant sphere of fire that explodes and releases a thousand screaming combustarinos wielding flaming blades.
- All of the brass, red crystal, and obsidian triangular pavers from the parade ground fly up into the air, spinning and spitting sparks. The pavers are all caught by combustarinos, which then use them to create synchronized images in time with the salamanders' chanting, like a North Korean stadium performance.
- The entire volcano is dark. Even the lava lake emits no light, and there is no chanting this time. Then one by one, flaming

golden spears (held by combustarinos) are seen glowing in the air above the parade ground. The imps throw the spears to salamanders on the ground, and the chant begins. As the chant grows louder, the light from the spears grows brighter, and each time a spear strikes the ground, a ring of flame shoots out.

- The entire volcano (inside and outside) erupts in twenty minutes worth of otherworldly fire works.

The Brawl

Up to 120 combustarinos and potentials enter the flaming octagonal battledome, each wearing nothing but a single piece of large gold jewelry (cuffs and collars are preferred). They then proceed to acquire jewelry from other imps and defend their own. Imps in the battledome not wearing jewelry are illuminated in blue light, and if they cannot acquire a new piece of jewelry within one minute, they are teleported out of the dome. The top sixteen imps with the most jewelry after an hour of combat are declared brawl winners, and are bracketed for the postdinner fights leading up to the title match.

The Pledge

After the brawl, any fire imps wishing to become combustarinos can enter **Svarku's** tower and pledge themselves to his service. This is usually quite structured (as potential pledges have been scouted and prepped for the event), with Svarku resplendent upon his throne as he accepts and consumes the imps' cores to great fanfare and celebration.

Dinner

Fatty Salamander barbecues the entire day leading up to the new moon party. Although the Fuegonauts do not require meat for sustenance, he cooks enough tabibari and boar to feed the whole army. A broadback stuffed with cachuga and blindfire peppers is barbecued for each adventuring party, and with the recent influx of adventurers, two and even three broadbacks have become necessary for **Svarku** to preserve his veneer of effortless opulence and plenty.

Dinner is just as much a part of the spectacle as the other events. Guests of honor dine in the tower with Svarku, while flights of combustarinos zoom about with piles of meat on gold platters beneath fully barbecued boar and broadback carcasses suspended from heavy gold chains. Firewine cascades from the balcony of Svarku's central tower in two five-foot-wide streams throughout the meal, and a group of salamanders (calling themselves **Thrashfire**) keeps the crowds entertained with blisteringly fast, arpeggio-heavy music played on golden sitars.

The Fights

After dinner, the sixteen imps that won the brawl begin one-on-one bracketed fights in the hexagonal battledome.

The Title Match

The last two imps in the bracket matches duke it out for a black crown. Each crown is unique, grown from obsidian each month by **obsidian giants** and enchanted by salamander tricksters to enhance fire-related abilities, physical strength, and agility. Before the match, the combatants can choose to fight to the death—and usually do. **Svarku** never misses a title match, and delivers the crown to the victor personally. It is rare, though not impossible, for a normal fire imp to win the title match and not become a combustarino. Svarku respects these winners immensely, and often gives them additional gifts to celebrate their victory. He encourages them to become combustarinos but never holds it against them if they do not.

The Volcanic Departure

After the title match ends and the victor receives the black crown, all salamanders in attendance gather on the back balcony of Svarku's tower, overlooking the volcano's central lava lake. Once the salamanders have assembled, **Svarku** appears to great fanfare and announces this month's winner of the salamander games. This individual is then honorably discharged and sent home to the **Shah of Fire Serpents** (p. 116).

When the winner is announced, Svarku grows to approximately ten times his normal size, picks up the winning salamander, and appears to throw it into the lava lake. This throw is the last gesture of a spell that first sends the salamander home, then causes the volcano to erupt spectacularly—but never in a way that touches the efreet's lair. Over time, Svarku has perfected the timing of this spell so that he is bathed in the lava-light glow of the eruption as he turns back to face the adoration of his Fuegonauts and shout inspirational phrases about their glory to come.

In the beginning, only salamander tricksters won the trip home. Knowing that they were cheating but not being able to prove it, Svarku has sent only salamander warriors home for the past eight months. Recently, the trickster twins **Felor** and **Blix** (p. 181) have started adding magical applause and crowd noise to the climax of the event, knowing how much Svarku despises artificial adulation. Svarku has tentatively identified the two culprits, and plans to first prove it, then to declare them winners and just throw them to their deaths on the rocks.

The After-Party

After the volcanic departure, the new moon party winds down and the Fuegonauts find their wobbly way back to their bunks. **Svarku**, the musicians from **Thrashfire**, any guests of honor, and a random assortment of handpicked Fuegonauts head up to Svarku's harem to watch the nereids dance and sing until the sun comes up, or until the revelers pass out. A "nobody touches the nereids without Svarku's permission" rule is ruthlessly enforced, and a number of rule breakers have been thrown off the bridge onto the spiked obsidian tower next door.

1. Banquet Area

Tables [wood], **benches** [wood], **standing torches** [iron, ever-burning]

2. Carny Row

Five carnival game stalls are run by steam imps.

- **Balloons:** Throw knives to pop boar-bladder balloons.
- **Undead Ring Toss:** Throw 6" gold rings onto animated skeletal arms.
- **Paint the Imp:** Dip a bat into a paint barrel of your choice, then hit a steam imp. "All you have to do is hit my buddy here before he turns into steam. And just look at how slow he is. Everyone's a winner!"
- **The Blindfire Jungle:** An orb in a pedestal can be rolled to control a claw. Push the orb and the claw lowers. Blindfire vines in the stall have eaten gold jewelry. Grab some with the claw.
- **Duck Pond:** Everyone's a winner! Five hundred toy ducks float on a pool of liquid fire. Pick one up without being burned and claim your prize. (In addition to the plush elemental cores and other junk in the stall, prizes might include geases, curses, or venereal diseases.)

3. Buffet, and Booze Falls

Tables [large, metal, asbestos tablecloths, overflowing with barbecue and other food], **sofas** [black metal frame, red cushions, hexagonal embroidery], **chairs** [black metal frame, red cushions, hexagonal embroidery], **side tables** [woven brass], **pool** [black metal, booze]

Booze pours off the tower's third-floor balcony and into the black metal pools in this area for the duration of the party.

4. Floating Dodecahedron

Outlined dodecahedron [formed of large brass chains, 40' diameter, 30' above the ground]

Combustarinos hold unofficial aerial brawls here throughout the party.

5. The Flaming Octagonal Battledome of DOOM!

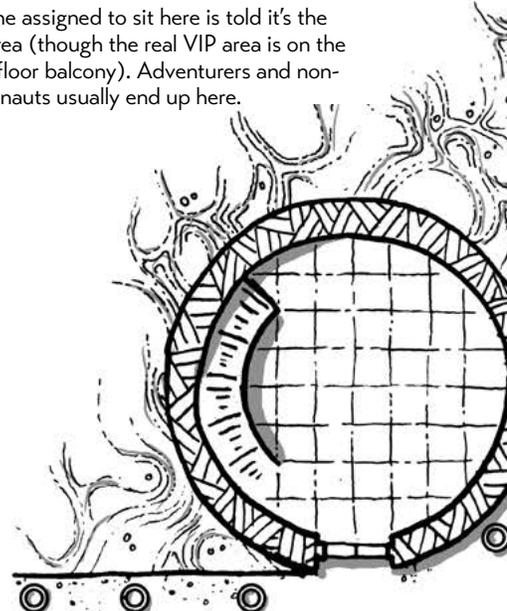
Chain-link walls [black metal, marking perimeter]

As the night progresses, the walls heat up, glowing blinding white hot for the title match.

6. Svarku's VIP Table

Banquet table [40', basalt], **chairs** [brass, high-backed, red crystal hexagon details]

Anyone assigned to sit here is told it's the VIP area (though the real VIP area is on the third-floor balcony). Adventurers and non-Fuegonauts usually end up here.



To Slave Quarters (p. 54)

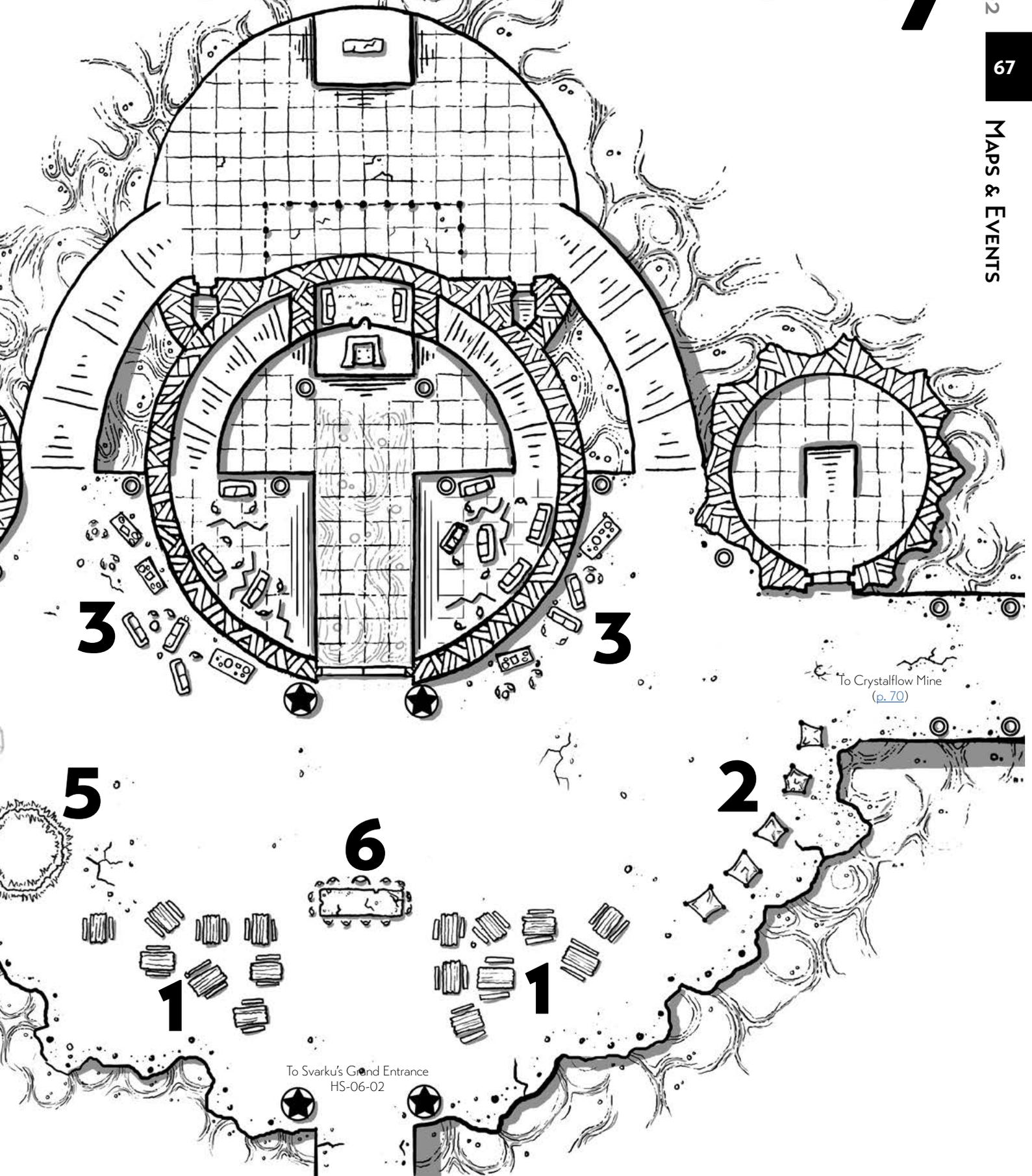
4



3d6	What's Happening?!
3	Svarku lost control of the eruption during the volcanic departure . Mass panic!
4	Bavmorda is in the harem , perfectly disguised as a nereid. Her motives are unknown.
5	Attendance low. Most guests are at Felor and Blix's secret "slave rave." Svarku is despondent.
6	Combustarinos are holding a salamander impersonation contest. Salamanders displeased.
7	A trickster ritual had the new moon come early. Global tidal chaos, but one hell of a party.
8	Combustarinos are pulling ugly guests into the air and ripping them into confetti.
9	A booze waterfall is burning. Fuegonauts dispatched to Slave Quarters for more booze.
10	Spirits are high. So are the guests. New friends welcome!
11	A costume is required to enter. They'll be judged later.
12	Fire imp brawl champs are here with d6 steam imp bookies. Much betting and excitement!
13	An adventurer has been found dead in the harem . A nereid is missing.
14	Fatty didn't show up and the barbecue isn't done. Will Svarku grill? Or cancel everything?!
15	Salamanders are pretending to fly using pulleys and ropes. Combustarinos are pissed.
16	The party is recreated with illusion magic. Guests in lava. Svarku can't stop laughing.
17	Svarku has gotten too high. It's bad. There's already been one uncomfortable execution.
18	A spine dragon fell asleep on Svarku's throne. He's about to flood the place with lava.

Encounter	Motivation
2d6+2 Nereids, 3d10+5 Fuegonaut Guards	Art/Performance
2d4+1 Steam Imps	Mischief
1 Broadback	Dying
d4+1 Adventurers	Waiting
1 Nereid (terribly bored)	Interacting With*
1 Obsidian Bladeguard	Patrolling
1 Adventurer	Dancing
2d10+6 Fuegonauts	Eating/Drinking
1 Combustarino	Wait Staff
d4+1 Adventurers	Social/Creative
1 Salamander	Sleeping
d4+1 Salamander Tricksters	Mating
1 Fire Imp	Altered State
d4 Kiru Rangers	Hiding/Sneaking
1 Obsidian Giant	Wounded
1 Nereid	Fleeing*

New Moon Party



Molotek



Long ago, when the world was new and oldkin walked the land, there was one called Molotek. One day, while walking beneath the trees, he became drowsy, so he found a place with a view of the sea and fell asleep in the warmth of the sun. The oldkin did not stir, so heavy was his sleep, and some say he slept a hundred years.

Molotek awoke to something on his leg. A tiny creature of metal and crystal dug into his flesh. The oldkin flicked it into the sea and rolled over to enjoy the warmth of the sun. But the warmth grew. It spread too fast across his legs, and he knew it to be blood. Two more metallic creatures sliced away with crystal blades. Molotek grumbled and picked them up. "Why do you dig into my flesh? You are tiny and the sun is warm enough for us both." But the creatures did not answer. They snapped their jaws and slashed his hand, so Molotek crushed them and flung them into the sea. He tried to sleep once more, but felt burning in his legs and saw swarms of the tiny creatures.

Molotek could not brush them off, there were so many. So he stood and ran through the jungles, but they just dug their hooks in deeper. His coppery blood painted many of the plants, and this is where redgold's feathers come from. He cried out to the animals, but they could not help. He begged the trees to tell him the secrets of their bark, but they were silent. At last, Molotek cried out to the mountain, "Father mountain, help me! Open up and let me swim in the hot veins of the earth so I can burn out these invaders." The mountain did not speak, but the ground bucked and groaned, and great cracks opened in the mountain's cloak. Far below, Molotek saw the hot red blood of the earth, and he dove into the chasm.

The creatures burned and melted in the blood of the earth, becoming rivers of gold and copper and iron. After a time, the terrors were gone, but still Molotek swam. For he had forgotten the warmth of the earth in the years he walked beneath the trees. The sun was distant and hid its face. The wind brought ice, and the sea was dark and cold as the night. Molotek loved father mountain but hated his stern immobility, for life should not be slow as stone.

Molotek cried out, "Veins of the earth, I am home!" But he was met with silence. So he cried out again, "Veins of the earth, I have missed your life and your spark and your flow." Silence. So Molotek bellowed, "Veins of the earth, I have missed your warmth and your flame and your unending glow. I now know this is where I belong!" This time, two tiny eyes of fire appeared, and a small red creature said, "Be quiet, son of mountain and flame. Danger twists at the heart of this world. We must be quiet lest it hear us and come."

"If you are of fire, then you are my brother, too, tiny one," said Molotek. "But I do not remember you."

"Yes. We came after. You had gone before we flapped our wings."

"Then I will help you. Tell me of this danger."

"A serpent wraps the heart of the earth, squeezing it to the point of death. Its fire is not of this world, and many of our brothers have passed through its jaws. It is a creature of malice that seeks to blacken the heart of the earth and bring forth its own foul brothers."

Molotek looked upon the tiny imp of fire hovering by his hand. "This will not come to pass, little brother. I will crush the serpent and break its jaws even if we fight to the end of time."

Molotek swam to the heart of the earth, empowered by its red-hot blood. He saw the serpent's coils of flickering black and green, and he roared with fury. Grabbing the snake's tail, the oldkin ripped it free of the heart of the earth—and that battle continues to this day.



What Does Molotek Want?

- To defeat the serpent
- To consume everything in fire
- To be feared

What Does Molotek Not Want?

- To be controlled
- To go to sleep
- To lose the fight with the serpent

What Else?

Fire imps know the story of Molotek, and they secretly work to aid him in his fight against the serpent of black flame any way they can.

Molotek taught fire imps how to call upon him for bursts of strength, and even to summon him (temporarily) from his eternal fight. Fire imps that became combustarinos passed these secrets on to **Svarku**.

Svarku does not understand the full implications of summoning Molotek. He simply thinks of it as a trump card. This is partially true, but the oldkin cannot be away from the battle long. (Hours? Days? Weeks? Time is so relative in light of eternity.) So if Svarku manages to successfully control Molotek for too long, the serpent will win.

If Svarku tries to summon Molotek, every perch in the volcano will be filled with combustarinos and fire imps chanting, "Molotek! Molotek!"

Svarku has only a 60 percent chance of controlling Molotek, and he knows it. If he fails to control the oldkin, Molotek will probably immediately kill or at least imprison the efreit.

Molotek could also be a set piece of destruction. Svarku might summon him and successfully control him—but then after a short time (ten minutes or so), the flame serpent could emerge and the two would begin fighting within the volcano. This would doubtlessly lead to an eruption and the destruction of Svarku's towers.

Anyone meditating on Hot Springs Island (for example, in the Temples of Reflection [HS-20-02]) has a 10 percent chance of seeing a vision of Molotek and the flame serpent fighting under the lava. The character will be roused from their meditation by a small rumble caused by the two as they thrash beneath the island.

Crystalflow



To Svarku's
(p. 58)

To Ashfire Mine
(p. 72)

The Crystalflow Mine is located deep beneath the island's central volcano, and is accessible only from within the volcano itself. The tunnel most commonly used to reach it can be found inside Ashfire Mine. Great flows of lava roil through the Crystalflow, making the temperature almost unbearable for creatures unused to harsh elemental conditions. Giant formations of red crystal grow throughout the area, and years of heavy mining have saturated the air with translucent red crystal dust that glitters in the lava light.

Elemental creatures, particularly those associated with fire, are empowered by exposure to the dust, experiencing a boost to their mental acuity and physical speed. Non-elemental humanoid (excluding dwarves and the Night Axe ogres; see below) are able to become ethereal at will after short-term exposure (d10 minutes). Prolonged exposure to the dust (d6 hours) hinders breathing, and death occurs after 72 hours of cumulative exposure. Microscopic shards of crystal embed themselves into the soft tissue of the lungs and begin to grow. At approximately the 72-hour mark, a creature's lungs become solid crystal, and the rest of its body

becomes permanently ethereal. It's perhaps a good thing Svarku hasn't yet realized this occurs, since crystallized humanoid lungs would satisfy his quotas just as well as crystal mined the hard way...

Dwarves are immune to the effects of the crystal, and the Night Axe ogres possess partial immunity. Ogres do not become ethereal or die from exposure, but the crystal still grows in their lungs. During their time as slaves, the ogres would cough up bloody lumps of crystal the size of a human fist, which can still be found scattered throughout the mine.

After the Night Axe revolt, Svarku attempted to have his salamanders continue the operation, since easily harvestable crystal remains abundant in the area—but this did not go well. First, salamanders despise working. Second, exposure to the crystal dust filled them with feelings of bravery, strength, and power, which combined with their low morale to cause Svarku to fear another revolt. Thankfully, before that could happen, crystalback wydarr began flowing into the area from bottomless pits. Svarku used this opportunity to save face and pull the salamanders back, knowing that he could berate them for failure and cowardice.

The mines are currently inactive, but Svarku would give almost anything to reverse that. An independent clan of fire imps has moved into the area, claiming shallow caves on sheer cliffs above the lava river. They brawl frequently at a large open area they call Pyrofight Plateau, and their fights have become a popular attraction for steam imps and rogue Fuegonauts. A pair of salamander trickster twins named **Felor** and **Blix** (p. 181) recently discovered a spell that makes them undetectable by crystalback wydarr. This has enabled them to acquire large amounts of premium red crystal dust, which they move through a combustarino named **Lance**. Their dust racket is quickly becoming an open secret, and they can often be found slinking around Pyrofight Plateau making new friends and avoiding old burned-out ones.

3d6	What's Happening?!
3	The wydarr have won. There are thousands of them.
4	Fire-based inhabitants are alive but trapped in giant, new red crystal growths.
5	All the wydarr vanished last night.
6	A group of 2d8 dwarves have tunneled in and laid claim to [11-13] .
7	[9] has been washed away by lava.
8	Steam imps have organized a title bout at [7] .
9	Fire imps are throwing a redneck barbecue at [7] .
10	A Fuegonaut inspection crew is assessing the scope of the wydarr infestation.
11	Fuegonauts are "blitz mining" easy red crystal pickings.
12	3d6 Fuegonaut crystal huffers are here causing trouble.
13	Casino night at [7] . Games that are illegal in five realities!
14	2d6 Fuegonaut deserters are squatting in [6] .
15	A gathering of 2d4 rare metal elementals is happening at [13] .
16	Chain gangs of 2d4 humans, dead from dust exposure, litter the mines. Svarku didn't send them.
17	All six obsidian giants are here, performing psychic experiments at [10] .
18	All of the crystal is gone. All of it.

Encounter	Motivation
1 Combustarino	Setting Up an Ambush
d4+1 Adventurers	Dying
3d4 Crystalback Wydarr	Mating
1 Crystalback Wydarr	Territorial Display
1 Obsidian Digger	Mining/Collecting
1 Fire Elemental	Just Passing Through
3d6 Fire Imps	Social/Creative
1 Fire Imp	Interacting With*
d6+3 Fire Imps	Resting
2 Salamander Tricksters	Hiding/Sneaking
2d4 Steam Imps	Waiting
d4+1 Salamander Warriors	Altered State
1 Crystalback Wydarr	Fighting*
d6+2 Crystalback Wydarr	Eating/Drinking
1 Obsidian Bladeguard	Wounded
1 Obsidian Giant	Ritual

1. Abandoned Depot

Large crates [wood, stacked, broken], **planks** [scattered on ground, broken crates], **tables** [steel, bladed tops, grind low-quality crystal], **sacks** [leather, cracked, empty], **chain** [coiled, 300', steel], **hanging chain** [attached to crystalelevator], **control panel** [steel, levers, knobs, controls crystalelevator], **crystal dust** [red, thick layer, all over, heavily trafficked]

When the mine was operational, crystals were stored here and packed to be hauled to Ashfire. Broken crates poorly hide a leather backpack overflowing with grade-A red crystal.

2. Abandoned Cart Stop

Carts [30, wood, stacked, no wheels, some broken], **sleds** [3, metal, stacked], **chains** [steel, draped over carts and sleds]

The sled runners appear as continuously melting metal in the heat. Easy to slide. Probably toxic.

3. Crystalelevator

Hanging chains [steel, 20' above floor, evenly spaced, disappear into shadow], **metal pillar** [30', angled, ladder on side, small metal door], **giant wheel** [metal, spokes, large chain]

Control panels at **[1]** and **[5]** control the crystalelevator. When activated, a wheel spins slowly and continuously to drive an aerial conveyor. Crystal carts from **[1]** are hooked to the hanging chains to haul crystal.

Inside the small metal door is a battery powering the system—a cylindrical yellow glowing crystal. Handling it unprotected triggers mutations.

4. Collapsed Crystal

Giant red crystal chunks [shattered, jumbled, looks to have fallen], **planks** [wood, broken crates, partially buried], **chain** [throughout, partially buried], **bones** [ogre, salamander], **yellow rope** [dried salamander tentacle, gold ring, corpse visible farther below]

It would take a small team a full 12 hours of uninterrupted digging to safely reach the salamander corpse. It holds a gold spear and wears a gold cuff on its right wrist.

The Refund: This perfectly balanced throwing spear has a bonus to hit, and boomerangs back to the location of the gold cuff when thrown. Wearing the cuff allows the user to detect and gauge heat sources as a fire elemental.

5. Abandoned Tool Pit

Huge crate [wood, 20' x 8' x 6', symbols, unopened, "FRAGILE" in 40 languages], **pick axes** [ogre-sized, steel, dozens, strewn about], **sleds** [4, metal, broken, one shattered], **chain** [steel, coils, 500'], **crystal dust** [thick layer, mostly undisturbed], **control panel** [steel, levers, knobs, controls crystalelevator]

Crate contains unassembled **megadrill**—a 10'-diameter spiral drill bit with glowing crystal battery (see **[3]**). When assembled, the 20-ton bit starts drilling and never stops.

6. Wydarr Pits

Rough holes [10' diameter, seem bottomless], **deep scoring** [around opening], **gashes** [in walls and crystals]

An untapped crystal mine, now abandoned, this cavern overflows with growths of softly glowing red crystal. Some are so large they almost scrape the ceiling 30' above. Crystalback wydarr emerge from the pits whenever they sense movement in this area, but usually stop and retreat at the two entrances. As many as 10 per minute can climb screaming from the pits. Perhaps they are guarding something.

7. Pyrofight Plateau

Cavernous [100' ceiling], **basalt floor** [cracked, pitted, uneven], **red crystal** [clusters, all over floor, pattern], **boulder piles** [basalt, all along wall], **basalt pillars** [4, 20' high, natural]

Red crystal on the floor in this area has been grown into six 10'-wide hexagonal perimeters. The hexagons serve as fire imp brawling rings, while boulder piles serve as spectator seating. Pillars serve as referee, announcer, and steam imp observation boxes.

Boulder piles conceal 20-30 fireproof sets of imp-sized brass knuckles (contraband).

8. Fighter's Cliff

50' sheer drop to lava, **basalt shelves** [12, crystals, bones, weapons], **caves** [shallow, 30, house **d10+5** fire imps each]

The caves are spartan but comfortable.

9. Bridge

Basalt bridge, grooves [small, like tire tread for grip], **close to lava** [20' above], **crystal dust** [thick, mostly undisturbed], **shimmer in the air** [heat, overwhelming]

10. The Ringing Island

Huge red crystal formations [pillar-like, dancing fire inside], **no dust, very close to lava** [5' above], **ashy ground** [brittle, collapses at edges into lava], **humming noise**

Lava flowing under the island causes the crystals to ring and hum in rhythm with its tidal movements. The sonic vibrations wax and wane each day, and at their fullest, can shatter glass.

11. Mithral Pool

Silvery pool [20' diameter, molten, doesn't look hot]

12. Mercury Pool

Silvery pool [20' diameter, molten, doesn't look hot], **shimmer in air** [mercury vapor], **cracks in ceiling** [vent away some vapor]

Prolonged exposure to mercury vapor leads to madness and despair.

13. Gold Pool

White pool [metallic, 20' diameter, molten, gold], **tiny flames** [appear humanoid, dance on pool], **basalt chunks** [around pool, jumbled, glint from within]

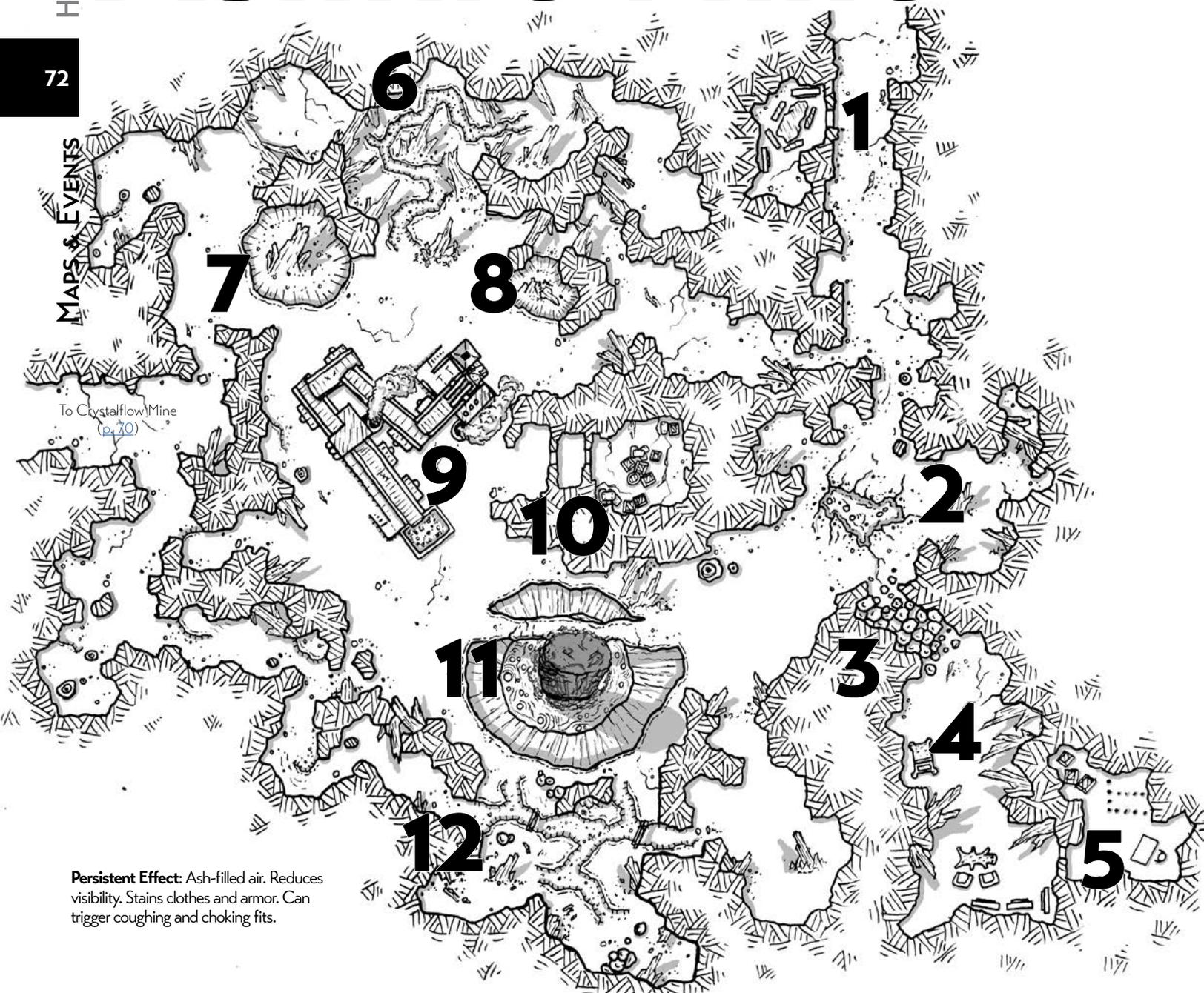
Basalt chunks hide the gold-plated skulls of **1d4+1** ogre children, bound in braided silver hair.



Ashfire Mine

72

MAPS & EVENTS



Persistent Effect: Ash-filled air. Reduces visibility. Stains clothes and armor. Can trigger coughing and choking fits.

3d6	What's Happening?!	Encounter	Motivation
3	[7] has been extracted! It stretches across [9]. Svarku is here to ensure its safe delivery.	d6+2 Salamander Warriors	Repairing/Maintenance
4	[3] has been blown open. Zeb's is gutted and battle scarred. A deal went very bad.	2d6x10 Giant Rats	Fleeing*
5	Panicked Fuegonaut patrols every hour. Srok was spotted and bodies keep showing up.	d4+2 Night Axe	Just Passing Through
6	A trickster knows how to extract [7]. She's right, but no one will listen. The crystal told her how.	2 Bladeguards, d4 Tricksters, d12 Warriors	Returning Home
7	Obsidian diggers are mining where there is no crystal. Obsidian giant subterfuge.	1 Salamander Warrior	Hiding/Sneaking
8	Flaming lightning crackles across [11]. d4 tricksters rehearsing for the next new moon party.	d4 Salamander Tricksters	Altered State
9	2d6 salamanders were tasked to collect acid from [2], but are dredging for loot instead.	d4 Combustarinos	Mischief
10	Ashfire is empty and silent except for the "click click clack" of obsidian diggers mining.	d4 Obsidian Diggers	Mining/Collecting
11	All mining operation is focused on the safe extraction of [7] today. Mostly talk, little work.	d6+2 Salamander Warriors	"Patrolling"
12	[11] is hyperactive. Ash everywhere. Fuegonauts grossed out. "Ash is dead fire! Ewww!"	4d6 Giant Bats	Territorial Display
13	Quota day! Crystal shipments are going into [11]. Heavy Fuegonaut presence.	d4 Obsidian Diggers	Social/Creative
14	Blitz mining in Crystalflow Mine last night was a success. [9] in overdrive.	1 Obsidian Bladeguard	Surveying
15	Fatty Salamander is overseeing a cleaning effort to prep for a visit by the Ash Barons .	d4+2 Adventurers	Investigating/Searching
16	[2] is overflowing. Large areas flooded with acid. Fuegonauts busy shuffling blame.	1 Duecadre	Lost
17	Extraction of [7] failed. Svarku high and angry. Returns to break crystal frequently.	1 Earth Imp	Sleeping
18	Mine empty. Two obsidian giants await the emergence of an Ash Baron . Svarku unaware.	1 Obsidian Giant, d4+1 Bladeguards	Delivery

Svarku (p. 110) began his crystal mining operation in Ashfire Mine. This cavern of black basalt is surprisingly comfortable for humanoids despite being in an active volcano. Almost all easily harvestable crystal has been collected and shipped to the **Ash Barons** (p. 114), but a number of gigantic formations remain in the northern area of the mine. These crystals are at least ten feet in diameter and grow out of the floor and into the ceiling, making their overall length unknown. Like all other red crystal found on the island, these giant crystals appear to contain flickering flames and glow in the darkness.

Obsidian diggers “reprogrammed” by **obsidian giants** (p. 116) and gifted to Svarku flit between collecting the last remaining easily harvestable crystal and attempting to free one of the gigantic crystals. While they could be easily shattered for collection, the value of an intact gargantuan crystal is immeasurable—and Svarku believes that bestowing one on the Ash Barons could get them off his back. It might even inspire them to provide him with another workforce, and forget about his mishandling of the Night Axe.

A pillar of ash thirty feet in diameter grows from a pit in the center of the mine, and contains a portal to the plane of ash. A bridge crossing the pit and passing through the pillar allows Svarku to transport his shipments to the Ash Barons. The pillar grows constantly, spreading across the ceiling before disintegrating into nothingness. The ash is cool to the touch but appears to glow like the dying embers of a fire, crumbling and darkening when handled. Svarku uses a baton of ashy basalt as the portal key, and naturally occurring formations of the “rock that crumbles forever” can be found throughout the mine.

A landslide of basalt boulders in the southeast corner of the mine hides the entrance to Zeb’s Crystal Retreat, where **Zeb** (p. 149) stocks a warehouse of exotic (and potentially illicit) extraplanar goods. The landslide of thousands of tons of earth and rock is completely natural, bearing no magical signature, but moves aside temporarily in response to the correct chord of three to five chimes.

1. Guard Post

Door [steel, heavy, square window, bars], **table** [basalt, rough, stained, shackles, daggers], **benches** [basalt, rough], **weapon rack** [d6 golden spears], **concave depression** [floor, 10’ diameter, glow, flaming rune], **shelves** [stone, in walls, skulls, wooden chests, bags]

This post is guarded by **d4** Fuegonauts at all times—usually salamander warriors, and typically bored and surly about the assignment.

2. Caustic Pit

Fumes [eye and nose irritation], **cracked floor** [at edge], **pit** [10’ x 30’, full of acid, 20’ deep, gleam at bottom]

The acid looks deceptively clear and refreshing, and the floor is ready to fall into the pit with any weight. At the bottom of the pit is an intact singing golem or an assortment of magic items.

3. Cave-In

Rock fall [no dust, no magic]

Attempting to clear the rocks causes more to fall, but the cave-in “opens” if eleven chimes are sounded in the right combination in its vicinity.

4. Zeb’s Crystal Retreat

Red crystal [walls, small, plentiful], **bed** [black, iron, tree shapes for posts, plush], **gold birds** [small, in branches of bed, open mouths as if singing], **chairs** [2, wingback, leather], **shelves** [wood, carved, skulls, books, butterflies in jar, singing golem heads], **painting** [4’ x 6’, Cerberus, army of skeletons], **rug** [bear, white, six legs], **trunks** [3, red lacquer, weird clothes, sacks of ever-fresh food, wine]

Uninvited guests cause the gold birds to sing a haunting tune. They alert **Zeb** (p. 149) of intruders and begin emitting arcane sleeping gas, filling [4] and [5] in 5–10 minutes.

5. Zeb’s Stockpile

Cage [huge, gold, vyderac queen in stasis, labeled “12462”], **cage** [steel, crystalback wydar, copper, stasis, labeled “59857”], **glass cube** [3’ x 3’, flowers, blue, tiny plant man, stasis], **desk** [large, opulently carved, wood, geometric inlay, messy paper stacks], **crates** [wood, straw, fossils, crystal specimens], **singing golems** [broken, mounted, various]

6. The Gargantua

Red crystals [huge, 10’ diameter], **trenches** [encircle some crystals], **basalt** [piles, fine rubble], **scoring** [walls, floor, systematic], **sleds** [metal, broken, chains]

Crystals grow out of floor and into the ceiling. **3d10+10** obsidian diggers work on extraction around the clock. Not being designed to work basalt, their progress is slow but consistent.

7. The Focus

Red crystal [10’ diameter], **scaffolding** [wood, rope], **pit** [30’ deep, surrounds crystal]

This crystal is the current focus of Svarku’s extraction efforts. At 30’ down, there’s no end in sight, and the crystal’s diameter is increasing.

8. The Failure

Red crystal [10’ diameter, cracked, broken, jagged], **pit** [20’ deep, chunks of crystal, “stump”], **scorch marks** [throughout area, numerous]

This crystal was the previous focus. It broke. The scorch marks are from **Svarku’s** resultant tantrum.

9. Central Processing

Machinery [steel, complex, conveyor belts, wheels, crushers, grinders, polishers], **crates** [wood, stacks, numerous, hold red crystal], **sacks** [burlap, numerous, empty], **chains**, **sleds** [metal, broken], **benches** [wooden, scorched], **tables** [steel, cluttered, mining equipment, layer of dust]

Production is infrequent, but when it occurs, **d6+3** Fuegonauts overseen by **2d10+4** obsidian bladeguards work the machine. These numbers are higher after any successful “blitz mining” session in Crystalflow Mine (p. 70).

10. Vault

Steel door [thick, no keyhole, no handles], **runes** [red, glowing, efreet language, awful curses], **obsidian bladeguards** [2, always], **vents** [floor, scorch marks]

Inside: **crates** [wood, processed red crystal], **sacks** [burlap, leather pouches of red crystal dust], **vents** [gold, floor and ceiling]

Processed crystal is stored here for shipment. Vents shoot jets of fire that can fully cover the room. Bladeguards are always here and always active.

11. Ash Pillar

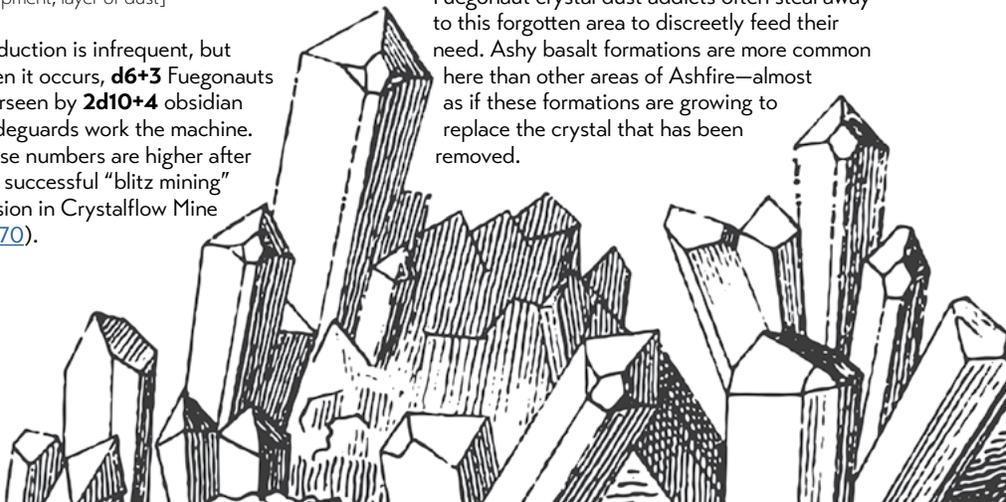
Pillar of moving ash [30’ diameter, shifting, grows up to ceiling, rushing noise, soft internal glow], **pit** [50’ diameter, 100’ deep, glow, lava at bottom], **bridge** [basalt, single piece, 10’ wide, carved with flames, inlaid with gold hexagons, passes through pillar]

The pillar is a portal to the plane of ash and the Ash Baron crystal receiving depot. Good luck!

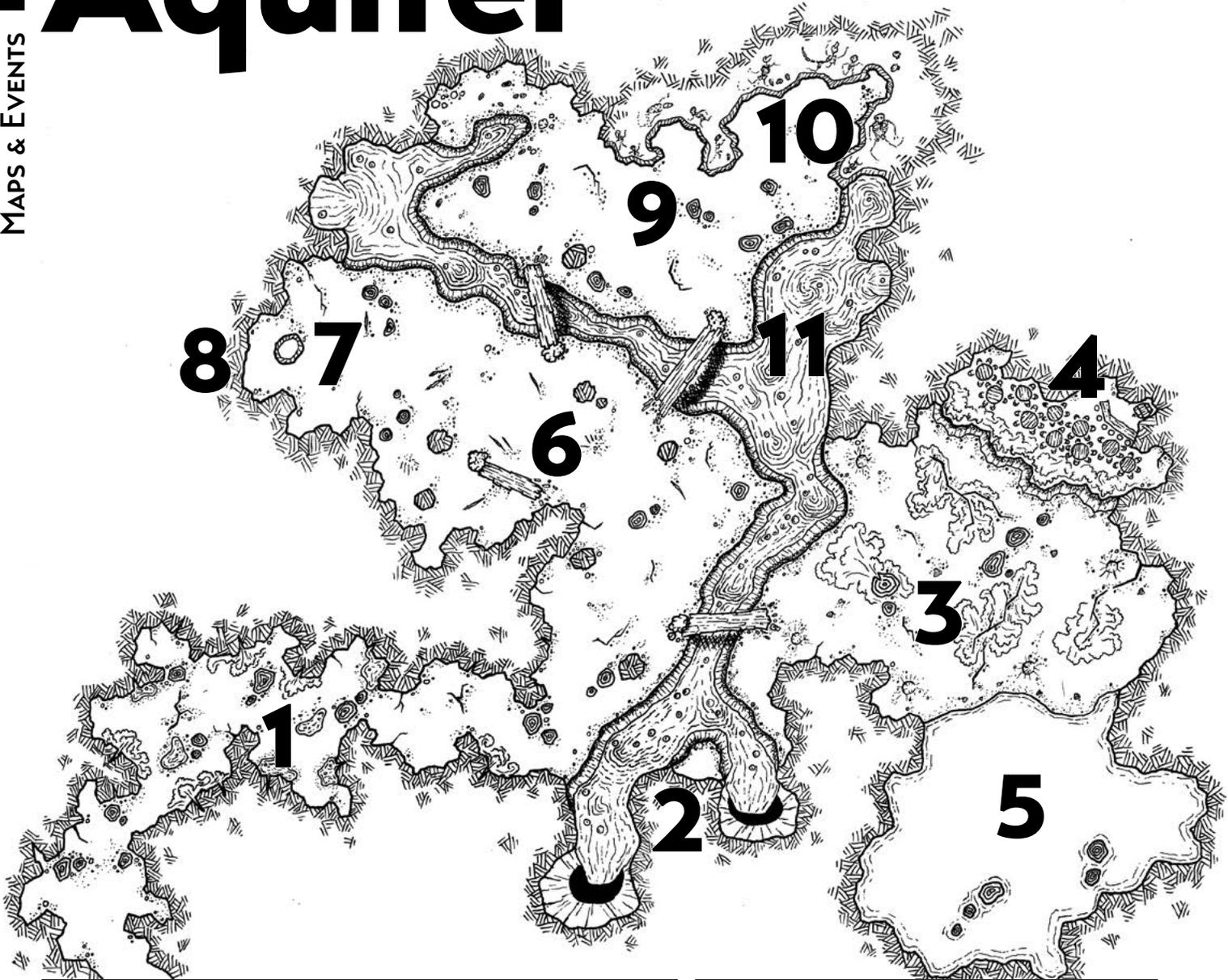
12. Old Mine

Basalt formations [chisel marks, scoring, broken, chipped], **trenches**, **boulders**, **scorch marks** [floor, walls], **planks** [wood, broken crates], **sleds** [metal, broken], **chain** [broken, scattered links], **dust** [thick layer, glitters, ash and crystal dust, mostly undisturbed]

This area is devoid of small crystal formations, but fragments can be found under the dust. Fuegonaut crystal dust addicts often steal away to this forgotten area to discreetly feed their need. Ashy basalt formations are more common here than other areas of Ashfire—almost as if these formations are growing to replace the crystal that has been removed.



The Shattered Aquifer



3d6	What's Happening?!
3	Svarku has commissioned magma imps to make armor. [6] has been repurposed for this.
4	Roderick's skeleton is missing. Sopkatok is furious.
5	The unborn water elemental cores in [5] vanished last night.
6	Magma is winning the war! [3] is crumbling into a new lava river.
7	A Goa is about to fight Sopkatok . d6 Arva lie in wait to disrupt them.
8	A Goa battles Sopkatok . The caverns tremble with their combat.
9	d4+2 adventurers are here to steal flash-frozen magma imp "statues" from [3].
10	The forces of magma and water clash at [3].
11	The forces of magma and water have declared a temporary ceasefire.
12	Steam imps are hosting a prize fight at [3] during a ceasefire.
13	A powerful Goa is here to record new names from [8] and recover fallen Goa or remains.
14	2d4 Night Axe ogres are here to train with the forces of water.
15	Water is winning the war! [3] and [2] are flooded.
16	Sopkatok and Roderick's ghost are at [2], discussing the nature of honor and sacrifice.
17	Svarku and 3d10 Fuegonauts are here to try and enlist Sopkatok to their cause.
18	An emissary from the plane of water has arrived to check on the status of the war.

Encounter	Motivation
Salamanders: d4 Tricksters, d4 Warriors	Delivery
1 Kiru Shaman	Social/Creative
d4+2 Adventurers	Fighting*
1 Steam Imp	Interacting With*
1 Magma Imp	Laboring/Nesting
1 Magma Elemental	Returning Home
1 Goa	Hiding/Sneaking
3d6 Magma Imps	Setting Up an Ambush
d6+1 Water Imps, d6+1 Water Elementals	Patrolling
1 Goa	Wounded
1 Water Elemental	Ritual
2d4+3 Water Imps	Territorial Display
4d6 Steam Imps	Waiting
1 Earth Imp	Lost
1 Nereid	Dying
2d4+1 Night Axe	Diplomacy

Before the cataclysm shattered the Isle of Light, a great, flooded cavern known as the Aquifer of Pythiaria was hidden below the eastern mountains. Portals to the plane of water opened in its cool darkness, and gases from below filled its waters with clouds of bubbles that triggered visions of past and future. A group of nereids, calling themselves the Sisters of Pythiaria, took up residence to guard and share the secrets of its bubbling darkness. They tended beds of giant subterranean mussels under conditions of elemental purity, producing pearls that became the cores of mighty water elementals.

When the island shattered, much of the aquifer was shattered and thrust upward with it. The nereids avoided the destruction, but the vents producing the prophetic bubbles were lost, and great rivers and falls of lava began to cut through the caverns. A portal to the plane of magma opened beneath one of the falls, and the great magma hydra **Sopkatok** (p. 76) came through to serve as its guardian. Sopkatok's attendant magma imps and elementals immediately declared war upon the remaining forces of water, and their conflict continues to this day. Steam imps crowd along high shelves overlooking the battlefield where water and magma clash, betting heavily as the tides turn both for and against those liquid foes.

The tribe of green lizardmen known as the Goa (p. 140) have long used these caverns and Sopkatok as the ultimate test of strength and ability. Sopkatok is immortal, as all true hydras are, and each Goa warrior yearns to take one of his obsidian faceplates to their home on Northspire Island. Deep within the cavern is a pillar of obsidian polished to a mirrorlike finish, which holds a softly glowing claw of ancient mithral. If a Goa places its hand against the pillar and speaks the ritual words, the hand passes through the glass and equips the claw. When the wearer of the claw wins, dies, or flees from the hydra, the claw returns to its resting place and records the Goa's name and result—a line for flight, a circle for death, and a hydra head for victory.

In the final vision before the Aquifer of Pythiaria was destroyed, it was revealed to the Sisters of Pythiaria that other nereids had been trapped on the Isle of Light, and that the coming cataclysm would aid in their release. It was the Sisters of Pythiaria who first pulled Meltalia's nereids from their paintings as the sea swallowed the elven cities, and showed them the secret ways to the Crystal Sea Cave [HS-25-01]. While the nereids no longer consider the shattered aquifer their home, they have never abandoned the old nurseries of their allies, and they aid the water elementals as best they can.

1. Hissing Hallway

Gravel floor [black, basalt, loose], **stalactites, stalagmites, rough basalt walls** [cracks, numerous], **puddles** [water, bubbling, steaming], **rhythmic hissing** [builds to whistling]

Bursts of superheated steam, preceded by high-pitched whistling, shoot out of cracks in the walls.

2. Lava Pits

30' drop to lava river, **stalagmites** [broken], **columns** [basalt, broken, forms natural bridge above lava river], **lava river** [forks, flows into pits], **black island** [basalt, at fork in lava river], **great sword** [thrust into island], **skeleton** [kneeling, grips sword, obsidian veneer], **shimmering** [air, heat, dry], **lava light**

A human paladin named **Roderick** (now a ghost) sacrificed himself by thrusting his sword into the lava river to form the fork and let his friends escape. He does not know why he is a ghost but cannot leave the aquifer. Magnificent mustache.

3. Steaming Battlefield

Cavernous, **50' ceiling** [cloaked in steam], **battle scarred** [ground cracked, stained, small craters], **statues** [3d6, 3' to 4' tall, obsidian, armored, wings, spectacular helmets, internal glow, faint glow in some], **shells** [large, fragments, shattered, pearls, crushed], **metallic fragments** [broken elemental cores]

This is the current front between water and magma. The statues are flash-frozen magma imps that will die if not returned to lava in **d6** days.

4. Cloudy Balcony

Sheer cliff [30' high, steam obscures top], **noise from above** [laughter, cheering, cursing, clattering, jangling]

Tables [10, wood, round, seat 6], **chairs** [wood, fancy, carved like animals], **telescopes** [3, tripods, point down to battlefield], **bar** [shelves, glasses, bottles], **hookahs** [standing, large, vape not smoke, cold]

This invitation-only steam imp joint sees uninvited guests knocked to the floor with bursts of steam. Constant betting on all aspects of skirmishes at [3], but the imps are always looking for a new game or wrinkle to up the ante.



5. Flooded Nurseries

Completely submerged [cold, clear, fresh water], **mussels** [giant, freshwater, filter feeders, blue glow in some], **boulder piles** [basalt], **bioluminescent algae** [blue, throughout], **cracks, cave openings** [appear to continue deeper into the aquifer]

Leelo (nereid), one of the original Sisters of Pythiaria, oversees the birth of new water elementals and serves as resident general in the war against magma. Tight lipped, all business, and unconcerned about anything but this battlefield, she is kind to water sympathizers.

Giant mussels imbue their flesh with blue energy for **d4** weeks before giving birth to water elemental cores. Water imps recently arrived to "help," building pearl-shaped homes among the boulders. Leelo is patient but unconvinced.

6. Black Glass Overlook

Cavernous [50' ceilings], **stalactites** [lumpy, oddly sharp], **gashes** [floor, large, numerous, uneven footing, claw marks], **rubble** [strewn about, lumpy, cooled lava, broken stalactites], **columns** [basalt, natural, fallen, form bridges over lava river]

Goa usually fight **Sopkatok** (p. 76) here. The hydra visits this area to stretch, scratch, and breathe lava at the ceiling to make obsidian stalactite "art."

7. The Mithral Claw

Blue-green glow, obsidian pillar [radiates ancient magic, apparently unbreakable, transparent, reflective], **silvery gauntlet** [in the obsidian pillar, mithral, bracer, five articulated claws]

8. Wall of Names

Goa runes cover a 30' section of basalt wall.

9. Melted Nursery

Black gravel, basalt boulders, shells [giant mussel, shattered, encased in black rock], **lava river** [laps at black gravel, gray crust, lava light]

10. Glass Ossuary

Normal cave structures but all transparent black obsidian, **gashes, cracks, rips, bones** [impossibly encased in obsidian, jumbled, ogre, human, salamander, lizardman, numerous], **stalactites** [obsidian, sharp], **humanoid-shaped hole in wall** [as if someone was encased but walked out], **leather belt** [partially encased in obsidian, undamaged]

Sopkatok buries mortals here by encasing them in obsidian. He is highly selective in his choices, though those choices make no sense to mortals. The hydra avoids fighting here as it damages the glass, but won't hesitate if challenged.

11. Lava Pool and Falls

Lava falls [30', twin streams], **lava pool** [swirls like a whirlpool]

Sopkatok (p. 76) lives here. Where the two lava falls pour in from above, a portal to the plane of magma occasionally forms at their confluence.

Sopkatok

When the Aquifer of Pythiaria shattered with the cataclysm, massive magma pockets cracked open and spilled forth. As lava falls consumed water's territory, a portal to the plane of magma opened at their confluence, and Sopkatok the magma hydra came through.

As an elemental creature of magma, sixty feet long and twenty feet high at the shoulder, Sopkatok spends most of his time submerged within a whirlpool beneath the falls. When he emerges from the pool, obsidian plates immediately crystallize upon his molten form. This can cause him to appear dramatically different each time he appears, and he is extremely particular about his crystallization patterns. If plates form in an uninteresting or unflattering manner, he submerges those parts of his body so they can recrystallize more pleasingly.

While Sopkatok leaves the patterns of his rocky skin to the fractals of chance, he requires grandeur from his obsidian faceplates. Swarms of attendant magma imps descend upon his molten heads each time he surfaces, constructing his new faceplates in thirty seconds or less. The hydra utilizes speedy faceplate changes in combat to both rearmor himself and make it seem like he has more than four heads. Some who have witnessed the flurry of magma imps as they descend upon the whirlpool believe the imps merge together into monstrosities when threatened.

What Does Sopkatok Want?

- To guard the portal and ensure that only the worthy pass through
- To win every engagement against the Goa (though he is proud of any who can defeat him and never forgets their names)
- For others to experience his magnificence
- To better understand the "selfless acts" of mortals
- To continue the ancient and honorable war against water
- The safe return of imps "frozen" on the steaming battlefield [3]

What Does Sopkatok Not Want?

- To lose ground in the war against water
- To see his imps' cores permanently destroyed
- For his imps to associate with combustarinos
- For **Molotek** (p. 68) to ever stop fighting the serpent
- To leave this plane
- For the island to cease being such an interesting place

What Else?

Like all true hydras, Sopkatok is immortal. One of his heads will never die. In combat, if one of his faceplates is removed or if he takes substantial damage, he usually allows his body to melt and flow back to the whirlpool, where he waits to be rebuilt by his imps at a later time.

Sopkatok likes to keep his name secret. Or at least, he despises it when any old riffraff goes around using it. All Goa know his name, but they guard it closely. Sopkatok has recently taken to calling himself **Meltarg** because he loves the way lava dribbles from his jaws as he says it.

Some say Sopkatok himself is the portal to the plane of magma, and that he must consume you if you wish to travel there. He finds this hilarious.

It is unclear what or who started the contest between the Goa and Sopkatok utilizing the ancient mithral claw. Neither side speaks of the event's history openly, but both sides deeply respect and honor the tradition, killing any who disparage it.

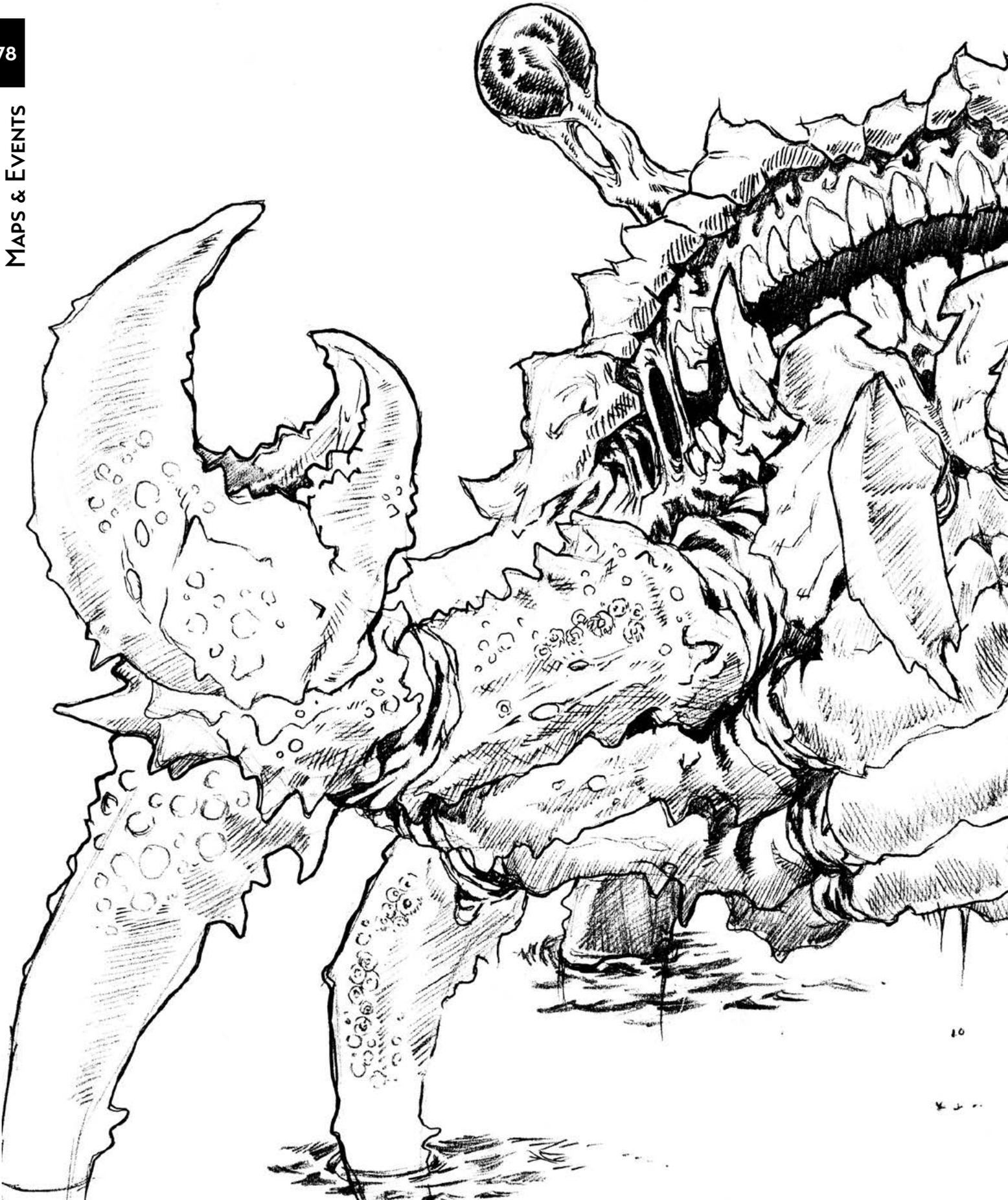
Sometime within the past hundred years, **Sir Roderick Feltower** sacrificed himself to allow his comrades to escape the shattered aquifer. Divine power split the lava river, and Roderick's kneeling skeleton, clutching a two-handed holy sword, can be seen to this day. Intrigued by this self-sacrifice, Sopkatok had his imps preserve the paladin's bones with a veneer of obsidian. Roderick's heightened emotional state at the time of his death trapped him here as a ghost, and over time, he and Sopkatok have become quite close.

Sopkatok despises the Arva. Ever since **Damadar** (p. 142) showed up and empowered them, they've been ambushing Goa in his domain. He knows the Arva are looking for something, but he doesn't realize their target is the source of the "bubble" around the island (p. 112). Sopkatok knows about **Jubei's Crystal**, though, and it's only a matter of time before he makes the connection.





Joomavesi





Joomavesi

Long ago, when the world was new and oldkin walked the land, there was one named Joomavesi. Joomavesi was beautiful, and her black hair rippled and folded like the mountains. For long years, she walked beneath the stars seeking paradise, and she found it on an island where the heart of the earth boiled the sea.

The island was a special place. A magic place, full of life. Joomavesi had walked so far and so long beneath the stars that her stomach roiled and hissed like the steaming ocean. And then, as the sun began to rise, she saw the crabs. A thousand thousand crabs of gold marched out of the water and rushed across the island like a wave.

As the crabs swarmed past her, Joomavesi plucked one from the mass and broke its body in her hands. She ate it raw, such was her hunger, and its meat was sweet with a whisper of the sea. It was delicious! Joomavesi fell upon the crabs. Her hunger was insatiable.

For a year and a day, Joomavesi ate of the crabs. Each morning, swarms of the golden creatures rushed from the waves to cross the island, and each evening, the black sands were dressed in broken shells and claws of gold. Each day, Joomavesi prepared the crabs in a different way. This is why she is the mother of all cooking. She baked them and caked them and spun them on spits. She stewed them and souped them and dried them in pits. She boiled them in pools close to the heart of the earth, and steamed them in the mountain's vents. The piles of shells and claws grew larger, and Joomavesi was content.

And then the crabs did not come. For six days she waited by the sea, and still they did not come. On the seventh day without crabs, Joomavesi cried out to the sun, "Golden One! Where have you hidden your children? They are gold like your rays, and they rise and rush with you each day. What have you done with them?"

And the sun said, "Oldkin! Gold they may be, but they are not my children. I surely loved watching them run each day and seeing my rays bounce off their bodies and dazzle the air. I do not know where they have gone, but I have seen you among them. What have you done with them, Joomavesi?"

She cursed at the sun. "I have done nothing with them, Golden One. You must be able to see them from up there. You are either lying to me, or blinded by your own radiance."

Then Joomavesi cried out to the mountain, "Rugged Pillar of the Earth! Your roots stretch down to the heart of the world and your head rises up to the heavens. Have you seen the golden crabs? Do you hide them in your secret places?"

And the mountain said, "Oldkin! Your hair is as beautiful as my folded basalt, and I wish I could help you. But I, too, have not seen the crabs since seven days. On that day, I heard you laughing and heard them screaming in my steaming vents. I miss the way they tickled as they ran across my face. What have you done with them, Joomavesi?"

She cursed at the mountain. "I have done nothing with them Pillar of the Earth! You must be hiding them in the folds of your stone cloak." In her fury, Joomavesi struck the mountain and broke his crown. The mountain cried out in rage and shook with anger, but no golden crabs could be found. This is why the hot red blood of the earth still pours from cracks in the mountain.

Then Joomavesi cried out to the sea. "Mother! Do the golden crabs hide in you? Where have they gone? I have not seen them in seven days, and the sun and the mountain say they have not seen them either. Surely you must know where they are."

And the sea said, "Oldkin! You are of me. You know my secret ways and can hear every song in my currents. You know in your heart what has happened to the crabs."

And Joomavesi cursed the sea. "Long have I been gone from you. You cast me out upon the land, and your songs are soft and forgotten in my memories. I will find where you hide them. Whether you help me or not."

Joomavesi dove into the sea. She listened on the currents, but the songs were like faded dreams. She swam for three days and three nights before she heard the song of gold. It was so faint and tinged with so much sadness that Joomavesi almost missed it. She followed it and found a single golden crab perched on a rock above a forest of red seaweed. Joomavesi licked her lips. She could wrap this one in the seaweed and steam it in one of the mountain's vents.

But the crab cried out to the oldkin, "Wait!" And Joomavesi paused. Never had the other crabs spoken. "You have eaten my children, oldkin. Let that be enough. Do not eat me, for I am cursed, but I am old and tired and death draws near. Please. Let me die."

Joomavesi laughed. “Do not lie to me, little golden one. I have seen a thousand thousand others. You cannot be the last. You must be trying to delay me as your kin run over the horizon, but it will not work. I am hungry, and once I eat you, I will chase your friends.”

“You are a fool, oldkin,” snapped the crab. “I was once as you, with soft skin and beautiful hair. I lived with my people in a village by the sea, and we, too, ate the golden crabs until only one remained. The gold mother. She begged me to let her die, but I, too, did not listen. I ate her and became her. It was my curse to bear as many children as the stars and not die until they were gone. I ask you again, let me die.”

Joomavesi paused. “Gold mother? I am a child of the sea. Never has there been a gold mother. Where do the others hide? Are they in the forest of red seaweed? No matter. I shall find them after I steam you in the vents of the mountain and eat your sweet meat.”

“You are a fool, oldkin. Let me die, and the curse along with me.”

Joomavesi laughed and gathered seaweed. Then she bundled up the crab and returned to the mountain, where she steamed it in the vents of the earth. It was the most delicious crab she had ever eaten. Sweet, tender meat kissed by the flavor of the sea.

The next day as the sun rose, Joomavesi stretched her supple arms and laughed. Her skin was soft, and her hair was as beautiful as the mountains, but the crabs still did not come from the ocean. She returned to the place where she had found the gold mother and looked for crabs in the red seaweed forest, but she found none.

The next day as the sun rose, Joomavesi smiled and watched her beautiful hair float upon the ocean currents. Her skin was soft and her limbs were strong. But the golden crabs were nowhere to be seen, and so she traveled over the horizon, for that is where they must have gone. Days turned to weeks, weeks turned to months, and still Joomavesi looked for the golden crabs.

Near the anniversary of steaming the gold mother, Joomavesi grew tired. She had never managed to find another golden crab and was beginning to despair. Perhaps the crab’s words had been true. As weariness overcame her senses, Joomavesi saw a large rock outcropping surrounded by a forest of red seaweed. It looked comfortable, and her arms felt so heavy. So she lay down and slept.

When Joomavesi woke, she felt strange. She tried to stand but immediately fell. Her legs were no longer her own. They were the shape of crab legs. Her arms were claws covered in a golden carapace, and her belly was covered in a thousand thousand tiny blue-gray eggs that squirmed with life.

Three days later, hordes of golden crabs swarmed across the island once more. The sun was happy to see his rays bounce off their bodies and dazzle the air. The mountain was happy as they tickled his face, and the sea was filled with a new song.

What Does Joomavesi Want?

- To crush
- To kill
- To consume
- For all her children to be eaten
- To eat all her children (a compulsion she cannot resist)

What Does Joomavesi Not Want?

- To be a crab any longer, but she cannot communicate
- To lay eggs and make many children (a compulsion)
- To eat all of her children

What Else?

Joomavesi the golden crab is now colossal in size. She hungers and is compelled to eat her children. Like an addiction. However, if she eats more than one hundred of her brood, it causes her to immediately molt and grow, inducing the type of pain and terror only gods can bear. She now wants her children to be killed and eaten by others, which is why she lays her eggs in the Swordfish Islands.

Joomavesi is currently hibernating at the bottom of the sea, overdue to produce a brood. Her progeny are giant crabs in their own right, and about a thousand of them normally grow large enough to swarm across the islands, attempting to eat everything in their path. Most fall victim to flora and fauna that consumes them instead.

If her children are not all killed and consumed within three days, Joomavesi emerges from the sea (preceded by tsunamis) to find and consume all that remain. She is drawn to their location and cannot resist the compulsion to destroy.

Monsters (especially wydarr, [p. 192](#), and coralkin anglers, [p. 190](#)) are in tune with the cycle of the golden swarms. They begin to gather in anticipation along the beaches of HS-14 some days before the event.

The swarms of golden crabs normally emerge from the sea at Crab Mouth Lagoon [HS-14-01] and rush across Hot Springs Island.

The Lapis Observatory

The Lapis Observatory was first built to observe the heavens. Then as the elves began visiting the planes, the observatory was adapted to assist with that exploration, providing vital data. In time, though, the elves outgrew the services provided by the arcanodemics, and the mappers of stars and planes were pushed out to make way for more modern elven pursuits of decadent excess.

Like most things that make money, the Lapis Observatory was most profitable when it was most useless. Much of its magical research apparatus was removed with the arcanodemia, and the tower was converted into a highly exclusive hotel and event venue. The lower levels were converted into posh sipopa lounges, a grand ballroom, and a swanky restaurant. These areas were open to any who could afford them, and parties were held almost every day of the week. Some historians say **Lady Hedonia** herself (p. 152) hosted a party here shortly after the observatory's remodeling, but others insist that the mass orgy/suicide of the Kitflare Trading Company was outside her influence. The upper levels of the tower were converted into "Hotel Lapis," and only the most powerful and best connected could secure a room or visit the Conservatory of Extraplanar Delights. The observatory itself, situated atop the tower in a golden dome,

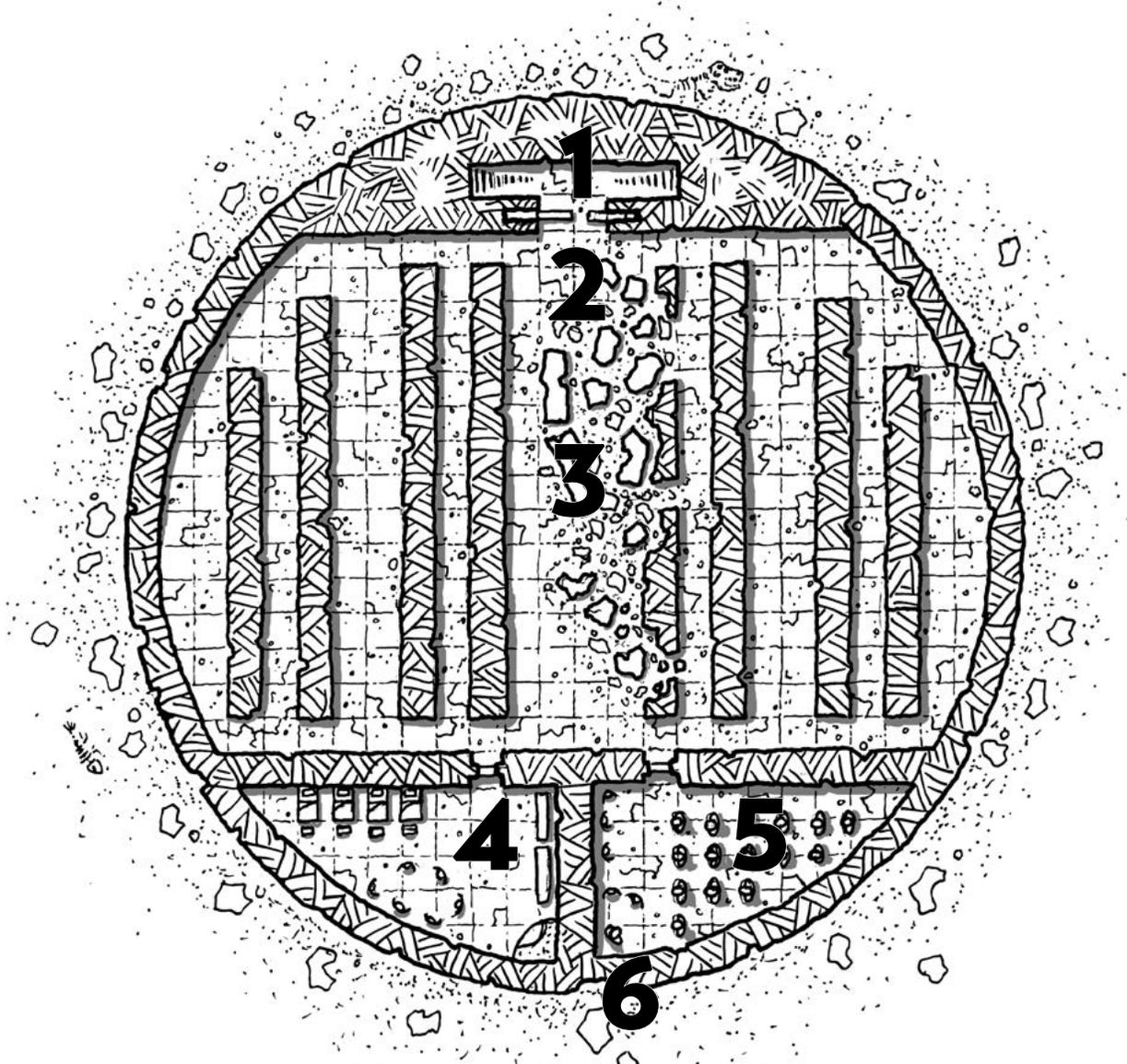
was packed with the remaining magical research apparatus and occasionally opened for wealthy, museum-loving eccentrics. Despite the observatory's shuttering, the theme of astronomy persisted throughout the tower in art, architecture, trinkets, and small personal scrying or viewing devices.

When the cataclysm struck the Isle of Light, the giant floating staircase encircling the basalt outcropping that holds the Lapis Observatory crumbled and fell away. Many elven revelers (most at the height of a sipopa binge) melted into orange sludge and remain trapped on the spire to this day. Almost every surface in the lower levels is coated in thick layers of translucent orange crystal. Much of the ancient opulence of elven society has been preserved beneath these protective layers, and the tower's relative isolation has deterred would-be looters throughout the ages. Any treasure hunter not put off by a 150-foot climb up a sheer basalt spire is typically finished off by one of the approximately two dozen orange sludges roaming the observatory's halls. Flocks of boltforagers nest among the tower's windows and balconies, and spawn from the Conservatory of Extraplanar Delights, now overgrown with warring ember coral and salt vine, grow wherever they can take root.

3d6	What's Happening?!
3	All orange sludges have retreated to the ballroom . Salt vine covers all other rooms.
4	Zeb is trying to rent the observatory. He's here with prospective tenants right now.
5	Tuning day! Functioning singing golems tune each other while sludges try to break them.
6	3d6 adventurers are camped outside, intending to survey. Likely all dead in 24 hours.
7	d4+1 Goa are rock climbing the basalt outcrop on which the tower sits, for sport.
8	d4+1 extraplanar partygoers have arrived thinking Hotel Lapis is still open.
9	3d6 orange sludges try to leap out the windows, and are furious that they cannot die.
10	Half the sludges inhabit broken singing golems and pretend to be elves. The rest are pissed.
11	The tower is lit for a party. Music plays. Fireworks at night. Auto-party magic functional.
12	2d12 Fuegonauts camp below the tower to collect gems from the broken stairway.
13	Steam imps sent d6+1 adventurers to save imps in the kitchen , but bet against them.
14	All the golems in storage have reactivated and are attempting to clean the tower.
15	Zeb is hosting d4 extraplanar business associates in the observatory .
16	d4x100 migrating boltforagers roost here for the night. The stench is overwhelming.
17	A nature deity's avatar has arrived to reclaim something powerful from the garden .
18	A roc roosts atop the observatory.

Encounter	Motivation
3d6 Orange Sludges	Art/Performance
1 Kiru Shaman	Wounded
1 Blindfire Vine	Setting Up an Ambush
1 Adventurer	Fleeing*
1 Singing Golem	Delivery
d6+2 Astral Spinners	Laboring/Nesting
3d6 Boltforagers	Eating/Drinking
1 Orange Sludge	Investigating/Searching
d4+5 Orange Sludges	Social/Creative
1 Muttering Serpent	Interacting With*
d4+1 Adventurers	Fighting*
1 Singing Golem	Repairing/Maintenance
1 Boltforager	Territorial Display
3d6 Astral Spinners	Returning Home
1 Goa	Just Passing Through
1 Crystal Frog	Waiting for Characters

Lapis: Basement



1. Sliding Doors

Double door [engraved panels, 20' x 20', white stone, highly detailed, left panel broken, passable, crawling, engraved with: stars, constellations, sipopa flower fractals], **rubble** [door chunks, statue fragments: arms and heads], **orange crystal** [thick sheet, covers rubble and bottom third of door]

The orange crystal is brittle and shatters loudly.

2. Warehouse

20' ceilings, **dark, giant shelving structures** [7, stone and metal, 20' high, 4 tiers], **trunks** [wood, metal, broken, fallen, ransacked, goblets, jewels, lace, drug paraphernalia, preserved under orange crystal], **webs** [d4, large, silver, bright, astral spinners]

3. Fallen Shelf

Rubble [stone, metal, jagged, chunks], **planks, statue fragments** [arms, legs, heads], **orange crystal** [thick]

Rubble contains **d4+1** broken singing golems. Orange sludge in the area might animate them to break through the crystal layer.

4. 'Servant' Quarters

Door [oak, heavy, gold sipopa flower detailing], **beds** [4, four poster, lace or velvet curtains, crystal coating, shattered], **chairs** [6, wingback, velvet, fallen, ruined, broken, crystal coating], **trunks** [ransacked, wood, impossible clothing], **fireplace** [stone, cooking, large], **shelves** [wood, mostly fallen, books, ruined], **cupboards** [ransacked], **kitchen implements** [strewn about], **drug paraphernalia**

For a time, it was fashionable for elves to pretend to be servants. The wealthy would vie for the privilege of "roughing it" as the help.

5. Golem and Sedan Room

Door [steel, heavy, engraved, high relief, golems], **4d10+10 singing golems** [deactivated, stand in rows and columns], **2d8 sedan chairs** [posh, weird construction, gaudy with gold and jewels]

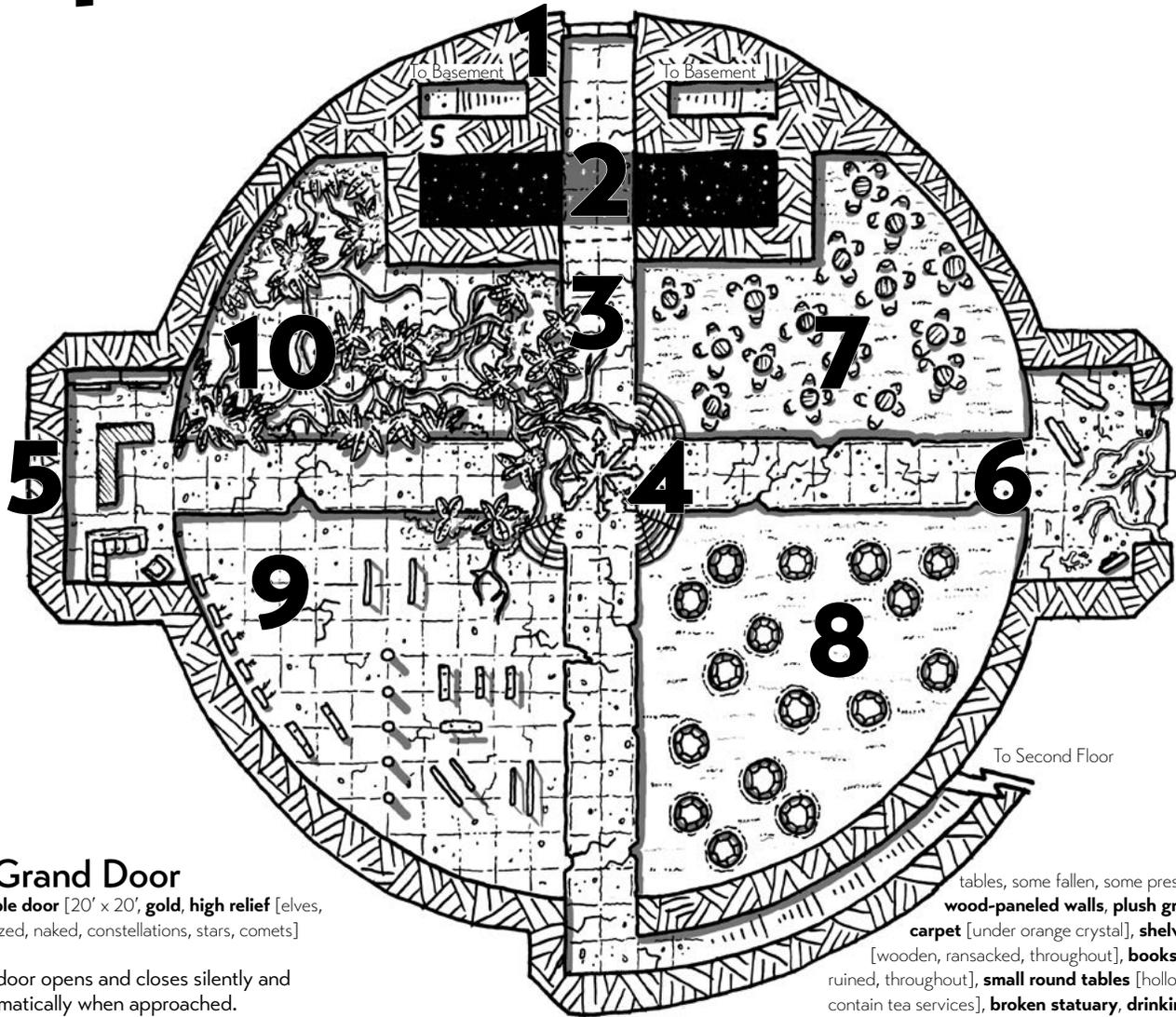
Sludges have not made it into this storage area. Any nonstone objects are in exceptionally poor shape due to their extreme age.

6. The Herald

Singing golem [elf, male, black basalt, perfect body structure], **gold shorts** [removable, fully functional sexbot]

The herald possesses numerous chimes, granting access to **3d10+10** locations throughout the Swordfish Islands. It says "Hello, who are you?" on a loop in 30 different languages, and can function as a perfect translator. It bonds to the first person to answer its question, and serves that individual to the best of its ability. Whenever other intelligent creatures are around, the herald loudly announces its master's name along with an assortment of wildly exaggerated titles and accolades, based on events it has witnessed or been told about. If the herald recognizes other individuals in the vicinity, it loudly announces their name, titles, and accolades, but in a way that is as diminishing as possible without causing direct offense. The herald can recognize the previous identities of the orange sludges in the Lapis Observatory, and loudly introduces its new master and those former elves according to its protocols.

Lapis: Ground Floor



1. Grand Door

Double door [20' x 20', gold, high relief [elves, idealized, naked, constellations, stars, comets]

The door opens and closes silently and automatically when approached.

2. Space Room

The room is enchanted with ancient magic to show detailed depictions of galaxies, nebulas, comets, asteroids, and planets. It feels as if you are **actually** in space. The scenes are depicted on a 72-hour loop. The room has no apparent exits.

After a short time, a glowing, translucent **automated phantasm** appears, resembling a strikingly beautiful male or female elf. If acknowledged, it speaks in a language the guest can understand: "Welcome to Hotel Lapis. Please, unburden yourself and relax. Servants will come for your luggage. Would you like to enter?" An affirmative will open a door to [3].

3. Walkway

White marble, columns, railings [carved, "impossible" lattices, mathemagical], **sheer curtains** [partially preserved under orange crystal], **orange crystal** [varying thickness]

4. Directions

Arrows [8, gold, in floor, elven runes move], **stairs down, orange crystal** [lumpy], **white marble**

Orange crystal partially preserves the remains of sheer cloth curtains.

5. Front Desk

Lapis lazuli walls [gold hexagonal mirror insets], **desk** [obsidian, mirror finish, glowing line insets], **vases** [toppled, shattered, porcelain, detailed, otherworldly flowers, preserved beneath crystal], **books** [disarray, piles, under crystal], **sofas** [partially burned, partially preserved], **painting** [nereid, trapped, depicts desert scene, stagnant oasis, sandstorm]

Delfina (nereid) was once one of the Fifty Visions' most accomplished dancers. She killed a powerful elven trader just before the cataclysm and has been left in the painting ever since. Although the elf she killed deserved it, guilt consumes her, and her fearful emotional state is as tight as a drum.

6. Gift Shop

Ransacked, **windows** [large, gaping, no glass, stained sills], **jungle debris** [leaves, vines], **brick-red feathers** [boltforager], **bones, shelving** [wood, toppled, broken, burned, preserved, red lacquer], **desk** [obsidian, mirrored, glowing insets, secret cash box], **orange crystal** [part of room, preserves some shelves], **stench** [rot, death], **splatters** [dried blood, throughout], **drug paraphernalia**

7. Drinkers Library

High-backed chairs [groups of 4, around small round

tables, some fallen, some preserved], **wood-paneled walls, plush green carpet** [under orange crystal], **shelving** [wooden, ransacked, throughout], **books** [piles, ruined, throughout], **small round tables** [hollow, contain tea services], **broken statuary, drinking paraphernalia** [kettles, goblets, mugs, wooden boxes], **orange crystal** [thick layer, throughout]

Empty kettles fill with hot water if on a table.

8. Smokers Den

Hanging cubes and spheres [10' x 10' x 10', metal, woven, hang at different heights, circular openings], **pillow pits** [3' deep, 10' diameter, under each cube or sphere, ransacked, pillows, boxes, containers, hookahs, censers], **pedestals** [by each pit, obsidian, gold inlay of sipopa flowers, button], **shag carpet** [gold, walls, floor], **orange crystal** [thick layer, throughout]

Pedestals raise and lower the smoking "nests."

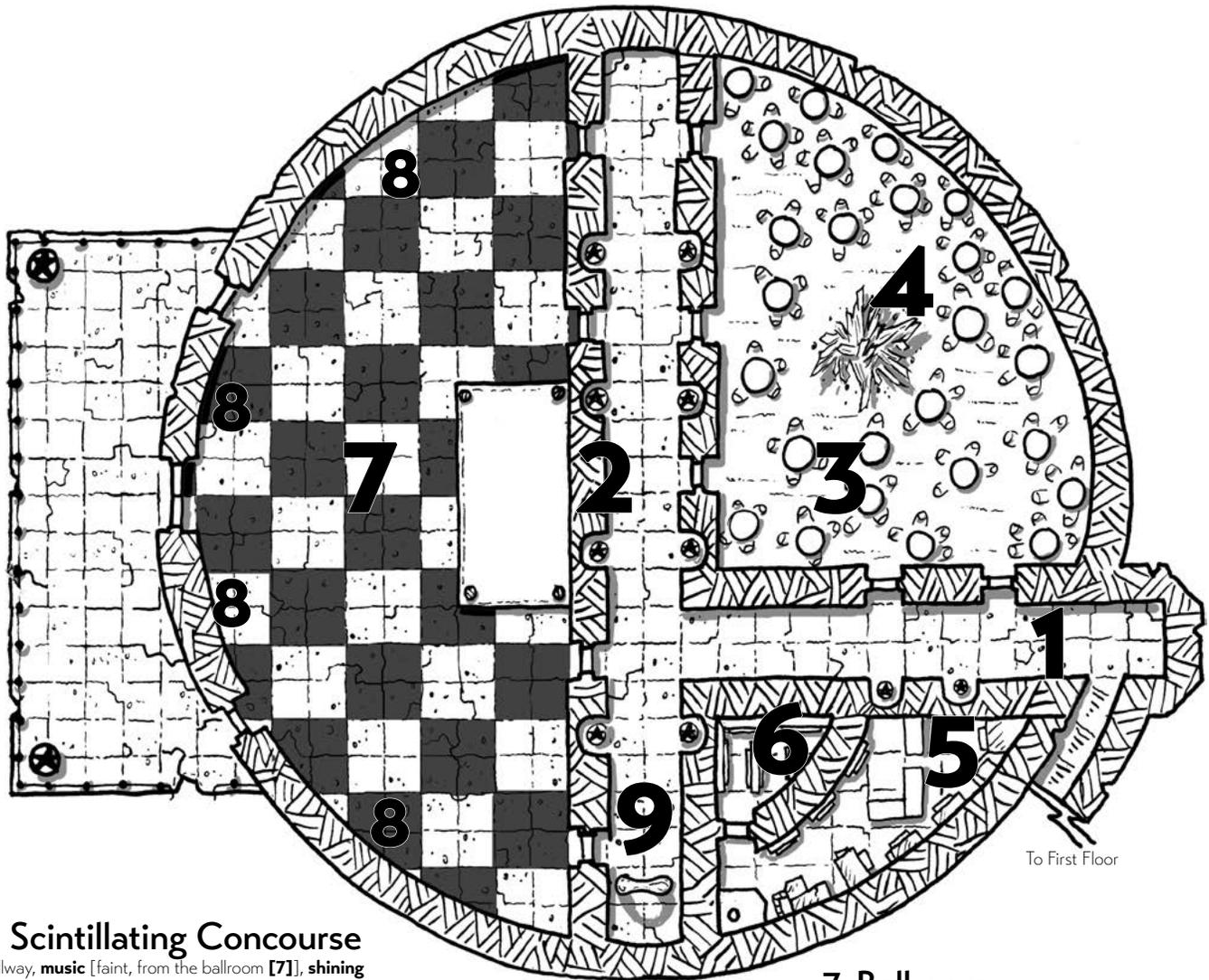
9. Dusters Gymnasium

Wooden floor, mirrored walls, standing tables [20, mirrored], **targets** [along north wall, darts and archery], **rings on poles, gymnastic equipment** [pommel horses, uneven bars, parallel bars, broken, fallen], **pointed sports equipment** [lawn darts, javelins, arrows, bows, atlatls, fallen, disarray], **orange crystal** [thick layer, throughout]

10. Chasers Stone Garden

All carved of white stone, **stone sipopa bushes** [seed pods are beds for one], **forest creatures** [stone, stylized birds and animals, d10 are singing golems], **orange crystal** [thick layer, throughout]

Lapis: Second Floor



1. Scintillating Concourse

Hallway, **music** [faint, from the ballroom [7]], **shining movement on walls** [small triangles, gold, lapis, obsidian, tessellation, kinetic sculpture], **alcoves** [12, black basalt, arched, statues, elves, gold plaques, prominent arcanodemics, broken, rubble, legs remain standing], **rubble** [statue pieces, faces, drug paraphernalia, black basalt chunks], **orange crystal** [thick layer, throughout, partially up walls]

Kinetic “wallpaper” of gold, lapis, and obsidian triangles moves when passed by intelligent creatures, except where coated in orange crystal.

2. The Crack

Cracked opening [in wall, size of two fists], **orange crystal** [thick, heavily trafficked]

3. A Taste of Space

Doors [basalt, fallen, broken], **orange crystal** [thick], **room ransacked**, **carpet** [plush, white], **chairs** [-100, white, nondescript, fallen, broken], **tables** [25, white, nondescript, fallen, broken], **china** [broken, food on some, extravagant], **glasses and goblets**, **goldware**, **vases** [giant, otherworldly pompom flowers]

Thick orange crystal coats almost everything, preserving the opulence beneath. The ceiling shows views of the stars and planets, playing on the same loop as [2] on the first floor.

4. Jagged Crystal Column

Milky-white crystal column [floor to ceiling, 10' diameter, jagged, uneven, chunky, translucent, soft glow]

Up to three times per day, the column changes all the fixtures in the room (but not the ceiling) to an extravagant theme—oriental, medieval, underwater, elemental, surreal, and so forth. The clothing and armor of guests is likewise **permanently** changed, to coordinate with the room’s overall effect in a revealing but high-fashion way. Changed garments still afford the same warmth or protective qualities.

5. Kitchen

Secret doors [between two statues in hallway], **industrial kitchen**, **tables** [metal, prep work, utensils], **cabinets** [metal, broken doors, empty], **small waterfall** [from crystal egg into stone basin, water imp visible in egg, nonresponsive], **large metal ovens** [three, egg-shaped, hinged doors, two contain trapped steam imps, nonresponsive], **orange crystal** [thick layer, throughout]

6. Pantry

Door [steel, sealed], room empty, **metal shelving**, **no crystal**

7. Ballroom

Interior doors [white stone, heavy, engraved, high relief, constellations, naked elves, sealed], **exterior doors** [metal and glass, fractal patterns]; **balcony: telescopes** [4, point west, gold, ornate], **statues** [2, 10' tall, male and female elf, naked, hold gold jugs, pour water endlessly], **jungle debris** [leaves, vines, flowers]; **ballroom: floating orrery** [ceiling, gold, gems, accurate, planets glow], **orange crystal** [thick layer, throughout], **obsidian stage** [mirror finish], **pillars** [4, on stage, chunky, abstract, glowing insets, play to movement on dance floor]

d10+1 orange sludges are here at any given time, enraptured by the mirrors [8].

8. Mirrors

Mirrored wall [4, floor to ceiling]

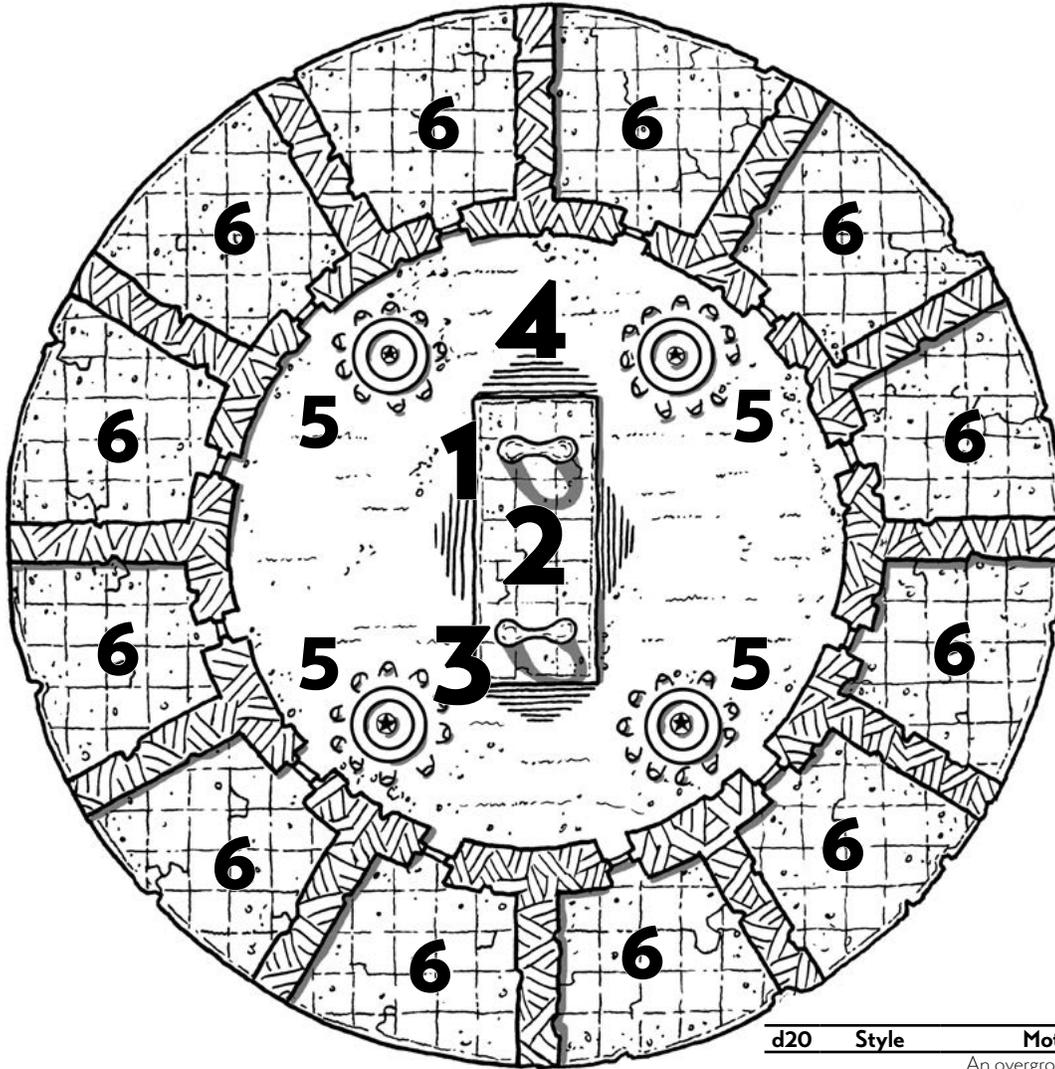
Each mirror shows a creature looking into it as their most perfect and idealized potential form. Others appear not quite as perfect. Each makes an effective sludge trap.

9. Gold Arch

Gold arch [10' x 10', abstract tessellations, chunky], **shimmer** [purple, inside arch]

Anything passing through the arch teleports to the other gold arch on the third floor.

Lapis: Third Floor



1. Other Gold Arch

Gold arch [10' x 10', abstract tessellations, chunky], **shimmer** [purple, inside arch]

Anything passing through the arch teleports to The Gold Arch on the second floor.

2. Raised Platform

Lapis platform [smooth, blue, gold and white veins], **orange pillars** [4, crystalline, translucent, chunky], **stairs** [lapis], **orange crystal** [thick layer, throughout]

3. Orange Arch

Orange arch [10' x 10', crystalline, translucent, chunky, abstract tessellations], **shimmer** [white, inside arch]

Anything passing through the arch teleports to the other orange arch on the fourth floor.

4. Hotel Lapis

Carpet [plush, black, silver constellation patterns], **ancient finery** [ruined, rotted], **art** [defaced, ruined], **chandeliers** [crystal tubes, broken, fallen, glowing], **rubble** [throughout, lapis chunks, statuary fragments], **orange crystal** [thick layer, throughout]

5. Sipopa Bars

Circular bar [alabaster, smooth, 20' diameter], **tall chairs** [gold, plush, fallen, bent, broken], **pedestal** [center of bar], **statues** [alabaster, elf, some shattered, no orange crystal on fragments], **orange crystal** [thick layer, throughout]

In ancient times, the statues were bartenders and security golems, but they are now the **alabaster guardians** (p. 91).

6. Rooms (d20 table)

Roll or drop dice on the map to determine which of Lapis's rooms are ruined, then roll **d20** to determine the feel and style of rooms not yet ruined. The external wall of each room is a magical floor-to-ceiling wall of force, allowing a maximal view of the jungles and island. In ruined rooms, these walls have failed, with boltforagers or other horrid creatures probably having moved in.

d20	Style	Motivation
1	Drinkers	An overgrown private patio decorated with exhibits of impossible weather
2	Drinkers	Limestone hearths decorated with exhibits of undead creatures
3	Drinkers	A stone gazebo in an aquarium of aquatic cacti
4	Drinkers	Limestone hearths in a library of mechanical songbirds
5	Drinkers	Pub booths in an aviary of iridescent beetles
6	Smokers	A collection of small beds encircle soil-filled pits
7	Smokers	Screens of wood and pearls hide embroidered cotton tents
8	Smokers	Enclosed opium beds hide embroidered cotton tents
9	Smokers	A collection of small beds hide small private rooms
10	Smokers	1,000 floating lanterns hang above soil-filled pits
11	Dusters	A swimming pool made of ever-shrinking fractal flowers
12	Dusters	A shooting range covered in glowing petals
13	Dusters	A squash court of glowing petals
14	Dusters	A dance floor decorated with distorted golden statuary
15	Dusters	A gymnasium of kinetic sculpture
16	Chasers	A column of ringing glass sarcophagi
17	Chasers	A pile of multicolored sipopa pods
18	Chasers	A pile of bladed metal hexagons
19	Chasers	Illuminated crystal skull beds
20	Chasers	A sphere of floating multicolored stasis tubes

Lapis: Fourth Floor



The conservatory of extraplanar delights was once one of the most beautiful gardens in the multiverse, but time has not been kind to it. Ember coral and salt vine have grown wild throughout the area, leaving most of the floor uninhabitable for mortals except for the opalized forest [3] and a small strip where neither plant can firmly establish itself before being killed by the other.

1. Other Orange Arch

Orange arch [10' x 10', crystalline, translucent, chunky, abstract tessellations], **shimmer** [white, inside arch]

Anything passing through the arch teleports to the orange arch on the third floor.

2. Glory

10' statue [alabaster and gold], **elf** [female, nude, arms outstretched, triumphant, face appears rapturous, wavy hair made of gold but moves and feels like hair], **dais** [lapis, inset gold Elvish runes spell "GLORY"], **orange moss** [on dais, ambermoss]

With the correct chime, the statue and dais will rise 10' and open a portal arch to the fifth floor.

3. Opalized Forest

Gravel floor [polished semiprecious tiger's eye], **trees** [17, appear as pillars, no branches, petrified/opalized], **benches** [5, black iron, floral styling], **jagged boulder** [semimetallic, like oiled bronze, sleeping spine dragon], **orange moss** [on trees and benches, ambermoss]

Standing next to a tree for 10 seconds causes it to split apart in spectacular fashion. Some split horizontally, some vertically, and some come apart into many floating pieces. Information about the tree and its particular petrification is engraved on each. Ember coral and salt vine do not grow on the tiger's-eye gravel, but whether because the gravel is enchanted to prevent growth or the plants are eaten from time to time by the spine dragon remains unknown.

4. Glass Vivarium

Glass cube [7' x 7' x 7', embedded into floor], **miniature pastoral scene within** [hills, pastures, streams, purple grass, neon-green fungal "trees," terra cotta village of spheres, 100% self contained]

Tiny green mold men and their black mildew dogs tend flocks of fuzzy white mold sheep in the purple pastures.

5. Pod People

Pods [7, planted in circle, horizontal on ground, mottled green-brown-yellow, 5' long, clearly humanoid in shape]

The pods contain the remains of the last members of a race of plant men. Resuscitation is unlikely, and each pod might contain only dust.

6. Dead Oak

Large tree [reaches ceiling, dead, no leaves, scorched, cracked, 20' diameter, ancient oak]

This was once a dryad's tree. If she is not dead, the dryad is well beyond insane.

7. Acorn of Yggdrasil

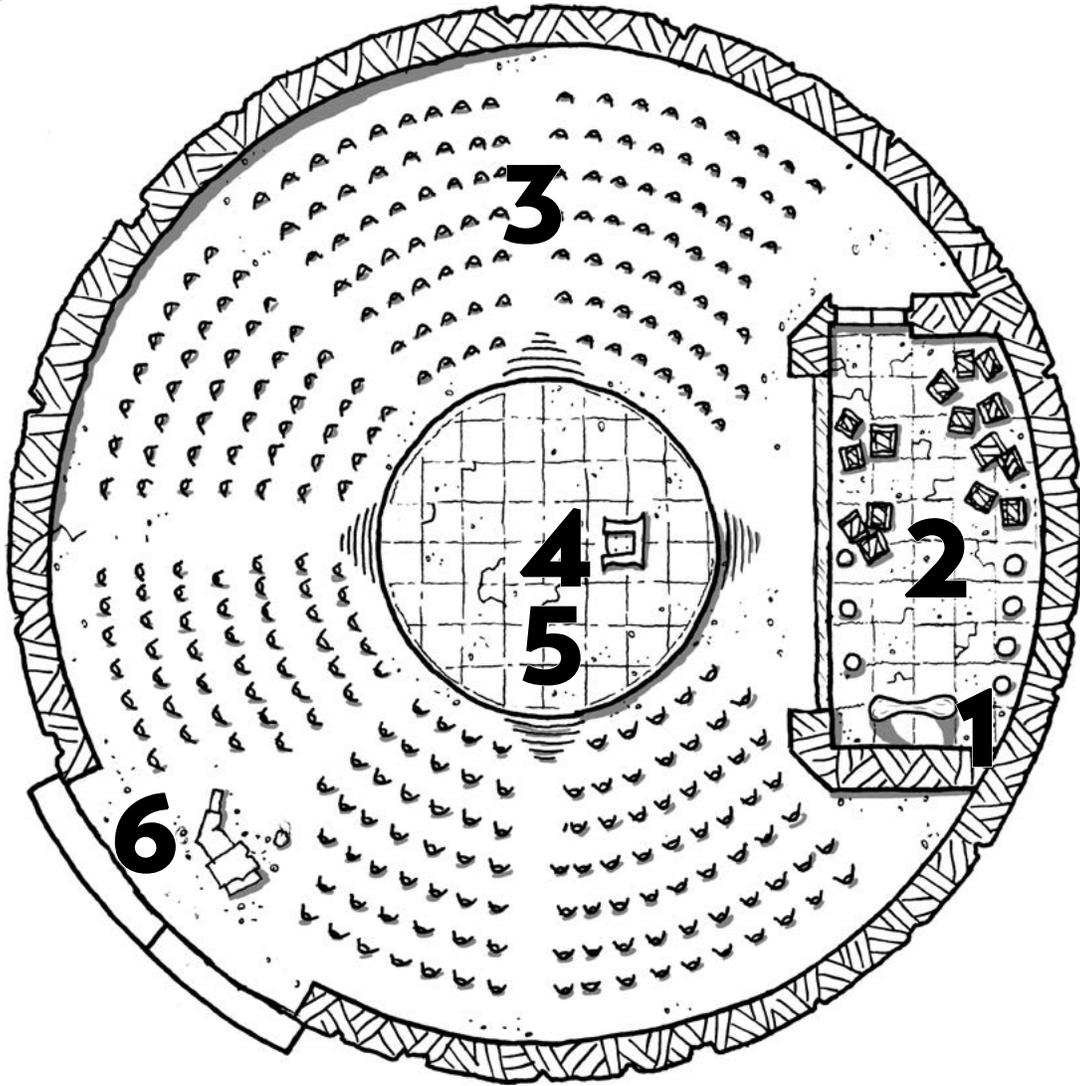
Giant acorn [10', looks like a bronze sculpture, rings beautifully if struck]

8. Gold Grove

Trees [fill area, aspens, white bark, leaves are real gold], **pink boulders** [throughout, pink quartz, translucent]

All the trees are interconnected by roots and are a single dying colony. The leaves are real gold, but they grow only once. If any leaves are picked, their branch drips black blood until stunted, or until all connected trees die.

Lapis: Fifth Floor



1. Silver Arch

Silver arch [10' x 10', chunky, abstract tessellations], **dark shimmer** [inside arch, star fields, space]

Anything passing through the arch teleports to glory [2] on the fourth floor.

2. Empty Museum

Glass walls [clear view of the observatory beyond], **display cases** [glass, empty, no dust], **pedestals** [lapis, empty, no dust], **crates** [14, wood, contain straw], **plaques** [gold, Elvish runes]

3. Observatory

Domed roof [gold, 20' to 30' high at apex, panels on south side appear to open], **stage** [center of room, lapis, silver chair], **theater seating** [low, reclining, magically bolted to floor, seat folds down, distinct seating groupings—gold, basalt, lapis, alabaster]

4. Star Chair

Large reclining throne [platinum, chunky, abstract tessellations, covered in runes and star maps]

Sitting in the chair activates the star map [5] and causes engravings on the chair to glow softly. Speaking while seated can be clearly heard throughout the entire room, and causes Elvish runes to appear on the map (like subtitles).

5. Star Map

Image on dome [above the stage, visible only when the star chair is in use, darkens other lights on this floor]

This magically generated image is a three-dimensional map of the galaxy and the top layer of **d10+3** populated planes of existence. Known portal locations (accurate as of several thousand years ago) light up and provide information on how to reach that destination, what the inhabitants buy or sell, a count of known elven deaths at the location, and basic survivability requirements. The map is controlled by hand gestures (swiping, zooming, rotating),

and basic instructions are found on the chair. The map moves rapidly, and without training, it is easy to induce vertigo in onlookers.

Specific location maps are low resolution and provide only a general feel of the area (prominent terrain features such as mountains or deserts are typically all that is visible), but the high-level galactic map is exceptionally accurate with stellar distances and locations.

A secret map showing large chunks of Yggdrasil's root and branchways can also be accessed through the dome.

6. Disassembled Telescope

Stairs [black iron, 10'], **golden tube** [gold, 20' long, resting on floor, engraved, runes, "28889," looks like it connects to another (missing) piece], **crates** [20, wood; contain straw, 18.5' mirrors, 2 self-ringing bells, gold gears, gold tubes, gold mechanical parts, sheet music (incomplete symphony)], **tool chest** [fallen, tools, screws, strewn about]



Alabaster Guardians



Four eleven-foot tall golems of translucent white stone stand on the third floor of the Lapis Observatory, ready to serve sipopa to the tower's guests. Time has not been kind to the statues. Their forms are cracked and broken, and their stores of sipopa ran out long ago. Under normal circumstances, aside from their larger size, the alabaster guardians are no different than other singing golems found throughout the Swordfish Islands. What sets these apart is the orange sludge found in the observatory.

Any orange sludge defeated in the tower but not thoroughly slain (burned, melted in acid, frozen and shattered, and so forth) furtively retreats up to the third floor and into one of the guardians. When the sludge has regenerated sufficient bodily mass after **2d12** hours, it awakes, and—in its sipopa-starved insanity—believes itself to be a beautiful elf once more. The sludge-filled guardian will want to leave the tower and return to its posh home, so the statue walks downstairs.

So far, none of the oozing guardians have managed to leave the observatory or make it past the ballroom on the second floor. The ballroom's floor-to-ceiling mirrors of idealized self have thus far enraptured every sludge attempting to pass with perfect visions of their old forms. Standing still and unfocused for a prolonged time causes the sludge to drip out of the golem. Once a golem is no longer under a sludge's control, it returns to its post on the third floor.

What Do Active Guardians Want?

- To destroy beautiful non-elven humanoids
- To collect beautiful objects
- To be friends with other elves, commiserating with them about how beautiful they are, and how tough it is to be so beautiful in a world that doesn't have the capacity to understand
- To get laid (has a "You're welcome, I'm interested" mentality)

What Do They Not Want?

- To see what they actually look like
- To be rejected
- To feel slighted, irrelevant, or ignored
- To not get the joke (over-the-top laughter at the wrong time)
- To see the truly ugly or physically deformed
- To see sipopa use

What Else?

The wants and not-wants of the alabaster guardians are considerably flexible, and should reflect the personality of an insane elf who has lost much and now thinks they have regained it.

If orange sludges are rapidly defeated inside the Lapis Observatory, up to six sludge remnants can inhabit the same guardian. This is sufficient biomass to control a guardian without needing to spend any time regenerating. The most dominant personality will control the guardian—and will probably be extremely angry.

The sight of dwarves makes the ooze-filled statues physically ill, as all dwarves are reprehensibly ugly.

Orange sludges are capable of inhabiting other broken singing golems, just as they do the alabaster guardians. They prefer the guardians, however, because of their size, beauty, and "status."



Hot Springs City

HS-19

92

MAPS & EVENTS

Hot Springs City lies in ruins. Spas, saunas, baths, palaces, and other buildings once dedicated to sophisticated pleasurable pursuits crumble into dust amidst the picturesque, jungle-covered lower slopes of a dormant volcano. When the cataclysm destroyed the Isle of Light, the sea swallowed much of the city. Now the waves, jungles, and warm mineral-rich springs work to reclaim the remnants of this coastal ruin.

Like all elven cities of the Isle of Light, Hot Springs was surrounded by a massive wall of smooth white stone, thirty-four feet high and twenty-one feet thick. Though the wall has collapsed in many areas, long stretches still stand, untouched by time but for the vines that curl and blossom in their joints. The wall is easily accessible from within the city by broad flights of stairs at most major thoroughfares. A number of large balconies extend from the wall at particularly scenic viewpoints, and once served as meeting places or exclusive restaurant patios.

During the city's heyday, every residence and most commercial buildings featured spring-fed baths and fountains. An elaborate—and unmapped—system of pipes and tunnels carried the water up from boiling aquifers to these pools. Many of the tunnels and pool walls broke with the island, but water continued to flow. Over time, natural deposits of glittering white stone have transformed large areas of the city. Flows of stone stair-step down the streets, or encase rubble in translucent domes. Shallow caves have formed in areas near the beach where hot springs built stone up over the tops of partially collapsed buildings. The white stone is translucent, creating dimly lit streets of underground ruins. Water in the natural pools is a bright blue, and pleasantly warm. Where this water flows, no plants grow, so when the city is viewed from afar, the green of encroaching jungle is cut with stripes of white stone and blue pools. Walking on the white deposits is dangerous because their surfaces are slick, and because they could break and give way to a tunnel or sunken street.

To the elves, Hot Springs City was a beautiful and luxurious resort. It was a place to relax, unwind, and prepare for extraplanar travel. The great bathhouse, standing at the highest point in the city, served as a purification and transportation hub. Elves would detox and then supersaturate their bodies with sipopa before flickering off to their destinations. It was also the place most elves chose to set as a return destination at the conclusion of their planar travels. Think of the bathhouse as a hyperbusy airport for the elite in a place like Dubai, Singapore, or New York, and of Hot Springs City as the lounges, galleries, boutique hotels, and eclectic restaurants frequented by drugged-out jet-setters.

The ruins of Hot Springs City can be played in a couple of ways. A GM can treat the ruins as any other hex on the island, utilizing its three points of interest (p. 38). Or they can use the city map (p. 94-95) and crawl it with Patrick Stuart's ruin generator:

- **Super Fast & Simple:** Roll a **d30** for a complete building
- **Fast & Less Simple:** Roll a **d4, d6, d8, d12, d20, or d30**, depending on how far the characters have pushed into the city (assuming they approach from the sea)
- **Slow and Complex:** Roll one die (as above) seven times, once for each column. This gives you a very random building.
- **Fast In-Sector:** Choose a sector, roll a **d6**, and read across.
- **Complex In-Sector:** Choose a sector and roll **7d6**, one for each column. This gives a sector-appropriate but random building.
- **The 'Decay' Roll:** Roll one die, but instead of reading in a line, take one step up (towards 30) with each column. Culture, building materials, and usage all improve as you go up the table, so reading down (towards 1) simulates the decay of the civilization and gives you a greater range of options if you are running out of quick rolls.

DAY

3d6	What's Happening?!
3	2d6+2 Night Axe ogres are scavenging the ruins for workable metal.
4	All functional singing golems attempt to decorate for a citywide celebration.
5	The springs are overflowing. Boiling water floods the streets and flows into the sea.
6	Zeb has glamoured d10+3 locations to a precataclysmic state for d4 days, to show clients.
7	d4+1 dying adventurers are strung up on the city's ruined wall. Will not stop screaming.
8	d4+1 adventurers have established a camp in the ruins. Visible from the sea.
9	d4+1 adventurers have been captured by Arva. They're still alive, but not for long.
10	Plumes of smoke rise from d6 locations in the ruins.
11	It is utterly silent and cool in the ruins, regardless of the weather elsewhere on the island.
12	Arva ritual day. Flashes of green and black light shoot up from the ruins with regularity.
13	2d6+1 dried-out corpses are hung along a street.
14	Storm clouds make it dark enough for shadows to stalk the streets. No Arva in ruins.
15	d4+1 rival ships are in the harbor. Base camps are being established.
16	The tabibari migration is moving through the ruins. There are thousands of them.
17	3d6+12 extradimensional traders were left at a "trade summit" here by a rivals as a joke.
18	60+ Fuegonauts hunt an escaped nereid. Terrified of Arva, they stay in groups of 10+ .

NIGHT

3d6	What's Happening?!
3	Astral spinners everywhere. The streets are an obstacle course of silver webbing.
4	Festive lighting, fireworks, and music throughout. Shadows are gone. Sludges in turmoil.
5	d6 groups of d4+1 Arva search the ruins, surrounded by spheres of light. They hate it.
6	6d6 falling stars strike the city every 10 minutes, but cause no damage.
7	All water in the ruins is orange and viscous.
8	The sun shines at night on d10+3 ancient parks within the ruins.
9	All shadows have red eyes, and they attempt to kill foes immediately.
10	The sky is frozen in sunset. It's still dark enough for shadows and sludge, though.
11	The sky is clear for meteor-shower viewing. All spell effects increased by 20%.
12	Fire and spellcraft flash in the ruins with some regularity.
13	A ship in the harbor is firing indiscriminately upon the ruins.
14	d6+3 Arva were unable to leave the ruins before nightfall. They are panicked.
15	d4+1 rival ships have called a truce to mount a joint rescue of people trapped ashore.
16	Thousands of tabibari sleep peacefully and unmolested in the ruins.
17	A thick layer of orange crystal coats the entire ruins. No orange sludge can be found.
18	The ruins are filled with hundreds of obsidian bladeguards. The air feels purple.

Encounter	Motivation
1 Coppermane Prowler	Lost
2d4+3 Kiru Rangers	Hiding/Sneaking
2d6 Arva	Social/Creative
3d6 Duecadre	Just Passing Through
2 Adventurers	Interacting With*
d4+1 Arva	Hunt/Gather/Fish
2d6 Adventurers	Laboring/Nesting
2 Arva	Fighting*
d4+1 Adventurers	Wounded
1 Astral Spinner	Setting Up an Ambush
d6+1 Arva	Surveying/Scouting
1 Muttering Serpent	Territorial Display
1 Adventurer	Dying
3d6 Tabibari	Sleeping
1 Obsidian Bladeguard	Ritual
1 Vyderac Matron and Colony	Eating/Drinking

Encounter	Motivation
3d6 Singing Golems	Art/Performance
1 Arva	Lost
1 Vyderac Seeker	Patrolling
d4+2 Adventurers	Fleeing*
1 Singing Golem	Wounded
1 Muttering Serpent	Eating/Drinking
d4 Orange Sludges	Fighting*
d4+1 Shadows	Mischief
1 Orange Sludge	Investigating/Searching
d6+2 Shadows	Setting Up an Ambush
2d6 Astral Spinners	Waiting
3 Shadows	Hiding/Sneaking
1 Arva	Dying
3d10x10 Vyderac Swarmers	Just Passing Through
2 Adventurers	Mating
1 Muttering Serpent	Sleeping

AREA	(d6)	(D-)	A	BUILT FROM	WAS A..	AND NOW	AND HIDES	GUARDED BY	AND YOU MAY ENCOUNTER..
Broken Quarter	1	1	Small Building	Whalebone and Canvas	Hovel	You Could Push It Over	Well-Concealed Shadow-Repelling Totem	Rat Tied to Stick	Mad Hermit
Broken Quarter	2	2	Giant Elves Fucking	Force-Grown Coral	Flop House/Slum	Half-Drowned	Hidden Bone or Coral Weapons	Fake Curses	Ruined Junkie Sailors
Broken Quarter	3	3	Miniature Tower	Mud Bricks	Watch House/Torture Center	Mound of Fungus and Weeds	Scraps of Gold	Written Pleas Not to Steal	Shadows
Broken Quarter	4	4	Huge Pregnant Elf	Force-Grown Coral	Paupers Temple/Orgy House	Only Held Up by Rot	A Few Hidden Gems	Broken Golem Appendages	Natives (Giant Rats)
Broken Quarter	5	5	Tenement House	Drystone Coral	Slum/Rookery	Colonized by Ambermoss	Personal Jewelry	Cage Traps and Wire Snares	Giant Centipedes
Broken Quarter	6	6	Giant Elf Head	Force-Grown Coral	Drug Den/Flop House/Squat	Huge Gaps in Facing	Some Well-Preserved Drugs	Cachuga Pepper Powder Trap	Outcast Lizardmen
Iridescent Stair	1	7	Collapsed Building	Drystone Rubble and Coral	Slum/Rookery	Partially Exposed at Low Tide	Carved Bone Knives and Hidden Semiprecious Gems	Old Snares and Roof-Fall Traps	Coralkin Spawn
Iridescent Stair	2	8	Collapsed Giant Elf	Force-Grown Coral	Temple/Orgy House	Partially Submerged at High Tide	Coral-Carved Toys in Foetus Coffins	Gem-Flower Psycho-Pollen	Nereid
Iridescent Stair	3	9	Badly Shaped Whale	Plaster (Whalebone Joists)	Temple	Only Held Up by Plant Growth	Prayer-Carved Semiprecious Gems	Broken Child-Golems with Carved Weeping Eyes	Shadow
Iridescent Stair	4	10	Huge Pregnant Elf	Force-Grown Coral	Torture Center/Orgy House	Colonized by Quickweed	Personal Effects in Sealed Jars	Auto-Torture Golems	Mad Lizardman Shaman
Iridescent Stair	5	11	Building with Water Running through It	Drystone Obsidian	Shop	Walls Are Full of Holes	Mixtures of Foreign Coin	Skin-Marking Gas	Blindfire Vine
Iridescent Stair	6	12	Giant Elf Head	Force-Grown Coral	Orgy House	Walls Are Easily Breakable	Sexual Sculptures in Marble and Lapis Lazuli	Sex-Curse Glyphs	Ooze Imps
Crumbling Infestation	1	13	Huge Pregnant Elf	Mud Bricks	Orgy House	Being Ruled Apart by Constrictor Vines	Petty Decorative Magic	Gender Switching 'Cursed' Mirrors*	Orange Sludge
Crumbling Infestation	2	14	Giant Elf Head	Force-Grown Coral	High-Status Home	Riddled with Climbable Cracks	Preserved Clothes and Books	Memory-Eating Portraits	Duecadre Nest
Crumbling Infestation	3	15	House with Rippling Sides	Brick and Timber	Museum	Badly Tilted, Could Collapse	Maps to Treasure and Danger	Confusion Symbols	Zip Birds
Crumbling Infestation	4	16	Glass-Roofed House	Obsidian Bricks	Library	Corners Are Going	Rare and Valuable Books	Salt Vine Everywhere	Astral Spinners
Crumbling Infestation	5	17	Tower with Whale-Shaped Minaret	Carved Hardwood	Temple	Colonized by Jelly Moss	Mostly Used Coral Wands	Loud Alarm Locks	Muttering Serpent
Crumbling Infestation	6	18	Square Tower Twisted 45 Degrees	Scrimshawed Whalebone	Magic User's Home	Roof Is About to Fall In	Magic Books	Species Polymorph Glyphs	Shadows
Ruined Marketplace	1	19	Many-Sided Colonnade	Brick and Timber	Forum-Type Marketplace	Some Walls Can Be Forced Through	Gold Coins	Steam Pipe Traps	One Massive Sleeping Ogre
Ruined Marketplace	2	20	Nest of Narrow Streets	Sandstone and Hardwood	Bazaar-Type Marketplace	Rainbow Mold Erupts Everywhere	Trade Gems	Insanity Spikes	Shadows
Ruined Marketplace	3	21	Cubic Building	Carved Hardwood	Merchant's House	Murals Rot and Run, Insane Stains	Crystal Medicines	Skin-Tearing Traps	Rival Party
Ruined Marketplace	4	22	Cylindrical Building	Sandstone and Hardwood	Restaurant	Frames and Doors Badly Warped	Chiming Golems	Screaming Golems	Steam Imps
Ruined Marketplace	5	23	Pentagonal Building	Red Brick	Boutique Hotel	Lintels Sag and May Collapse	Elemental Tracts	Loud Alarm Locks	Goa Patrol
Ruined Marketplace	6	24	Building Set into the Hill	Sandstone	Bank/High-Value Storage	Flagstones Collapse into Drains	Aboriginal Relics	Linked Sets of Elemental Cores	Edgesworn
The Baths	1	25	Garden-Roofed Palace	Red Brick	Elite Spa/Club	Orchids Grow in Every Crack	Planar Travel Key	Masked Decadents	Astral Spinners
The Baths	2	26	Domed Tower	Sandstone	Noble Home	Spiderbushes Crawl Across It	Accurate and Comprehensible Prophecy	Soporific Blooms and Dream Hunters	Shadows
The Baths	3	27	Square Colonnade	Limestone	Bathhouse/Theater	Bound by Sleeping Ivy	Sacred Writings/Maps of Heaven and Hell	Flickering Stasis Trap	Arva
The Baths	4	28	Small Stepped Pyramid	Granite Megaliths	Bathhouse	Colonized by Redgold's Feathers	Medical Texts/Cures For Incurable Plagues	Automata of Temperate-Climate Animals	Sleeping Spine Dragon
The Baths	5	29	Multi-Towered Palace	Seamless Basalt	Courthouse	Covered by Climbing Sipopa	Historical Secrets/Campaign Meta-Info	Lawful Good Alignment Curse Trap	Playfield
The Baths	6	30	Circular Tower	Petrified Non-Native Trees	Temple	Like New, Untouched	Ancient Temperate-Climate Cultural Relics	Ancient Temperate-Climate Spirit Animals	Major NPC

*Probably not considered a curse by the originating culture.

Hot Springs City



THE BATHS



Bathhouse: The Plant

A great monstrosity of a plant grows in the humid dark beneath the bathhouse. It has no intelligence to speak of, but its size, powerful tendrils, hunger, and sense of self-preservation make it dangerous nonetheless. On the main floors of the bathhouse, the plant's tentacles spread across rooms like common jungle vines, but the primary danger to adventurers is restricted to its main body in the basement below. The plant's large pale "roots" are sticky, and secrete an acid that melts through most metals. It can slowly digest creatures wrapped in its roots, but it has recently grown a maw and gullet that can transition organic life to nutrients more quickly. The plant's singular eye normally fills its maw, but can be fully retracted to facilitate some manner of chewing and swallowing.

Waste—mostly bone and plant-based materials such as cloth and wood—are excreted through pores on the plant's head and large roots. Fuzzy symbiotic moss grows thickly around these pores, feeding on the feces. When struck, the moss releases clouds of spores that slow mental and physical speed (saving throw for no effect). By the fourth failed save, a creature becomes so sluggish that it falls asleep. These mossy patches catch and hold large amounts of indigestible material, and provide the plant with a rough sort of armor. Since it hurts less to be struck on these spots, the plant actively attempts to position these patches between attackers and itself.

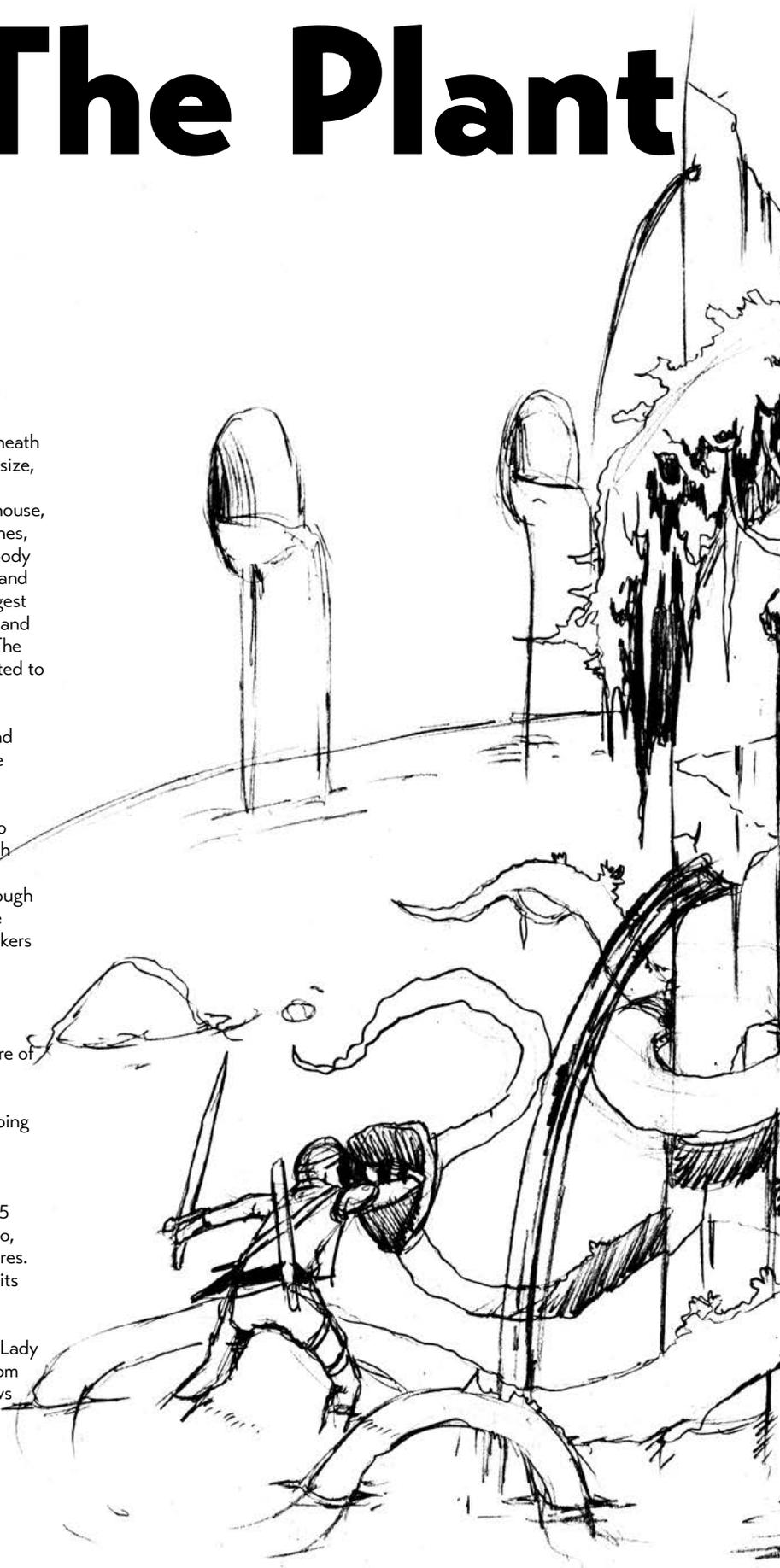
What Else?

The plant is highly fire resistant due to the humidity and moisture of its environment.

If it takes too much damage, the plant attempts to flee by dropping into the aquifers below. It takes **d6+2** days to regenerate.

The plant drinks nereids, and always targets them first. If it successfully consumes a nereid, it increases its mass by 50 to 75 percent. It can attack them with its leafy above-ground vines too, making the bathhouse exceptionally dangerous for those creatures. It has drained at least two so far, and their cores are trapped in its gullet.

The plant's body completely engulfs one of the elven shrines to Lady Hedonia. This is a five-foot statue of a rampant horse carved from swirling purple shadowglass. Each sunset, it erupts with shadows ([p. 153](#)). This is also the object of power that **Damadar Deodan's** Arva sense in the ruins of Hot Springs City ([p. 142](#)).





Bathhouse: The Trap

The bathhouse [HS-19-01], prison of **Meltalia** (p. 124), houses an unintentionally deadly trap. When the Isle of Light shattered in a magical cataclysm, the spell trapping Meltalia's essence wavered for a moment. The marid was unable to free herself, but in that instant, she managed to create a small, looping pocket dimension that she hopes holds the key to her freedom.

One staircase leading from the first to second floor of the bathhouse is completely intact, dust free, and covered in the opulent, decadent ornamentation of elven high society. It radiates old, powerful magic, and it cannot be damaged or disassembled through normal means. If the stairs are ascended by a mortal, the user is transported to the looping pocket dimension created by Meltalia.

The pocket dimension contains an almost perfect replica of the bathhouse's first four floors, all the people who were there, and the events that took place in the two hours leading up to the capture of Meltalia. The marid grasped at this window of time because she believes the key to her freedom can be found in the ritual itself, or in the last-minute preparations that must have taken place in the bathhouse before it occurred. Meltalia is unable to access or influence the time loop. If a character goes up the stairs, it will seem as though they have gone back in time. The bathhouse is resplendent and full of partying elves. Trapped characters can interact with each other normally, but they appear as ghosts to the elves, and can be walked through. Looking through doors and windows to the world outside is like looking into the depths of an endless ocean.

The Trap

The bathhouse was filled with an almost unending amount of ornamentation and all manner of artwork. When anyone ascends the stairs, their nude likeness will be incorporated into a work of art somewhere in the bathhouse. In order to escape the trap, the character needs to find and touch their likeness. If they cannot do so within twenty-four hours, they die. If a character leaves the pocket dimension and returns, their likeness appears in a different form and location each time. When a victim dies, their art object appears in the real-world ruined bathhouse in pristine condition.

For example, a half-orc warrior enters the trap. A marble statue, perfectly depicting his nude form, appears in the Tepidarium on the first floor in the pocket dimension. To the warrior, it seems as though he is trapped in the past as a ghost, surrounded by horrible, decadent elves throwing an insanely lavish party. Every two hours, the elves and events experience a hard reset, and begin again. If the orc does not find and touch the statue of himself within twenty-four hours, he dies. When he dies, the trap expels the statue, which will thereafter be found inside the ruined Tepidarium in perfect condition.

For the most part, the elves depicted only elves in their artwork. The presence of a small number of unnaturally realistic artworks depicting non-elves (humans, ogres, lizardmen, and so forth) in the ruined bathhouse should create a sense of mystery that serves as a hook and a warning to would-be explorers.

Itinerary of the Trap

- **11:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m.:** One hour before **Meltalia's** concert, the bathhouse is becoming crowded. **The Starfall** is making its move to claim power, murdering their rivals in secret and "accidental" ways. Rivals not killed during this time are seated in the front rows of Meltalia's concert, which Starfall members quietly refer to as "the splash zone," from the expectation that Meltalia will fight back and kill indiscriminately for a brief period.
- **12:00 p.m. to 12:15 p.m.:** Meltalia meet-and-greet with ranking Starfall dignitaries in the theater on the second floor. She is given a beautiful tiara of platinum and diamonds. Ranking Starfall involved in the ritual must physically touch her. Most do so in the theater, while others do so on her way to the grand chamber on the first floor where her performance will take place.
- **12:15 p.m. to 12:30 p.m.:** Meltalia descends to the first floor and arrives backstage. The nereids perform their last-minute preparations. Meltalia spends a quiet minute with **Oolah**.
- **12:30 p.m. to 12:45 p.m.:** The show begins. The Starfall's ritual begins in earnest at the end of the first song.
- **12:45 p.m. to 12:59 p.m.:** The second song begins. Elves sing the song backward as part of the ritual. Nereids are pulled into paintings. Meltalia attacks. Mass death in the splash zone, but it is too late. Meltalia is pulled apart and her essence is placed into two separate statues. The tiara she was gifted sits atop one.
- **Time Loop Restarts:** Everything in the bathhouse turns to water and instantly reforms as it was at 11:00 a.m. Victims trapped in the loop do not move from their current position.

d20	Art Object	Location
1	Large Golden Statue	First Floor—Garden
2	Fresco	First Floor—Grand Chamber
3	Fine Tapestry	First Floor—Inverted Plunge Bath
4	Floor Mosaic	First Floor—Spa
5	Ornamental Furniture	First Floor—Laconicum
6	Caryatid Column	First Floor—Caladarium
7	Painting	First Floor—Tepidarium
8	Lacquered Screen	First Floor—Locker Room
9	Stained Glass Window	First Floor—Hot Spring Pools
10	Standing Lamp	First Floor—Grotto
11	Finely Woven Carpet	Second Floor—Suites
12	General Ornamentation	Second Floor—Theater
13	Fountain	Second Floor—Theater Lobby
14	Painting	Second Floor—Casino
15	Small Marble Statue	Second Floor—Garden
16	Topiary	Third Floor—Frigidarium
17	Beaded Curtain	Third Floor—Lounges
18	Small Platinum Figurine	Third Floor—Plunge Bath Exit
19	Set of Fine China	Third Floor—Shops
20	Carved Door	Fourth Floor—Extrplanar Travel Center

The Violet

HS-22-02

Rasp

6

MAPS & EVENTS

Behemoths writhe in the quiet darkness far below the islands, in the stone beneath the sea. They do not breach the surface of the world with any regularity, but when they do, the event lives on in the legends of any who witness it. The Goa call it "The Maw." The Kiru (p. 141) know it as "The Woolly God of the Deep." And a botanist hired by the Martel Company (p. 10) to scout the Swordfish Islands described it in her reports as "the Violet Rasp."

This great worm is a true giant, measuring twenty feet across and nearly three hundred feet in length. Its skin is a deep purple, but much of the creature's body is covered in thick, black fur, exposing only a single stripe of violet flesh. The woolly black hair is coated in a sheen of acidic slime that eats away earth and stone as the rasp swims through it, and if the worm stops moving for too long, the acid starts to eat its flesh. The acid has a pungent, sour odor like spoiled milk, which some swear they can smell through hundreds of feet of rock. Rings of curved teeth funnel everything in the rasp's path into its gullet, no matter its organic nature.

Because the violet rasp never stops and never sleeps, the network of tunnels it has created is almost unimaginably vast. Some among the Kiru believe the tunnels of the Woolly God connect all of the Swordfish Islands. The tunnels are mostly dry, but they intersect natural caverns with such regularity that only fools count on consistency in their shape or contents. As the rasp passes through an area, the acidic slime secreted by its fur solidifies into a white glaze on igneous rocks. Boiling water reverts this glaze to its slimy and acidic form, making it highly prized by certain professions. But both the glaze and the rehydrated goo must be stored in glass, as they eat through most other materials.

What Does the Rasp Want?

- To eat

What Does the Rasp Not Want?

- To stop moving

What Else?

Young violet rasps secrete a milder form of acid than their parents, but they produce a lethal venom that adults do not have. Victims suffer fever and increased cranial pressure over **d6** days. If not treated (traditionally by drilling a hole in the skull), the brain of the afflicted creature is literally pressure cooked.



Temple of Tranquility

The Temple of Tranquility is an underground steam imp village that sits atop the prison of a giant monster (p. 104). Its four floors were originally hewn from black basalt to serve as a place of meditation, but as the elves grew more decadent, it was converted into a public aquarium. Strange aquatic life pulsed and swam here, illuminated in the dark behind heavy panes of enchanted glass.

When the cataclysm broke the island, much of the temple shattered along with it. The dome that once covered its entrance collapsed, and its fourth floor fell away into deep caverns below. Its structural integrity is questionable at best these days, and its large rooms are riddled with loose stones and fallen pillars. The cracked walls sweat continually, coating the entire ruin in a sheen of glistening water. Nearby magma chambers heat the temple, continually transforming the water into drifting clouds of steam and intense humidity.

During the aquarium's heyday, terrariums of luminescent mold were incorporated into the floors to softly illuminate walkways and displays. Many of these still glow, including some that have cracked open, and organic splotches of soft blue-white light spread across the stones throughout each level. The mold is harmless, but after **d4** hours of exposure to it, the skin of organic creatures glows for the following **d12** hours. Locals refer to this as "gambler's glow."

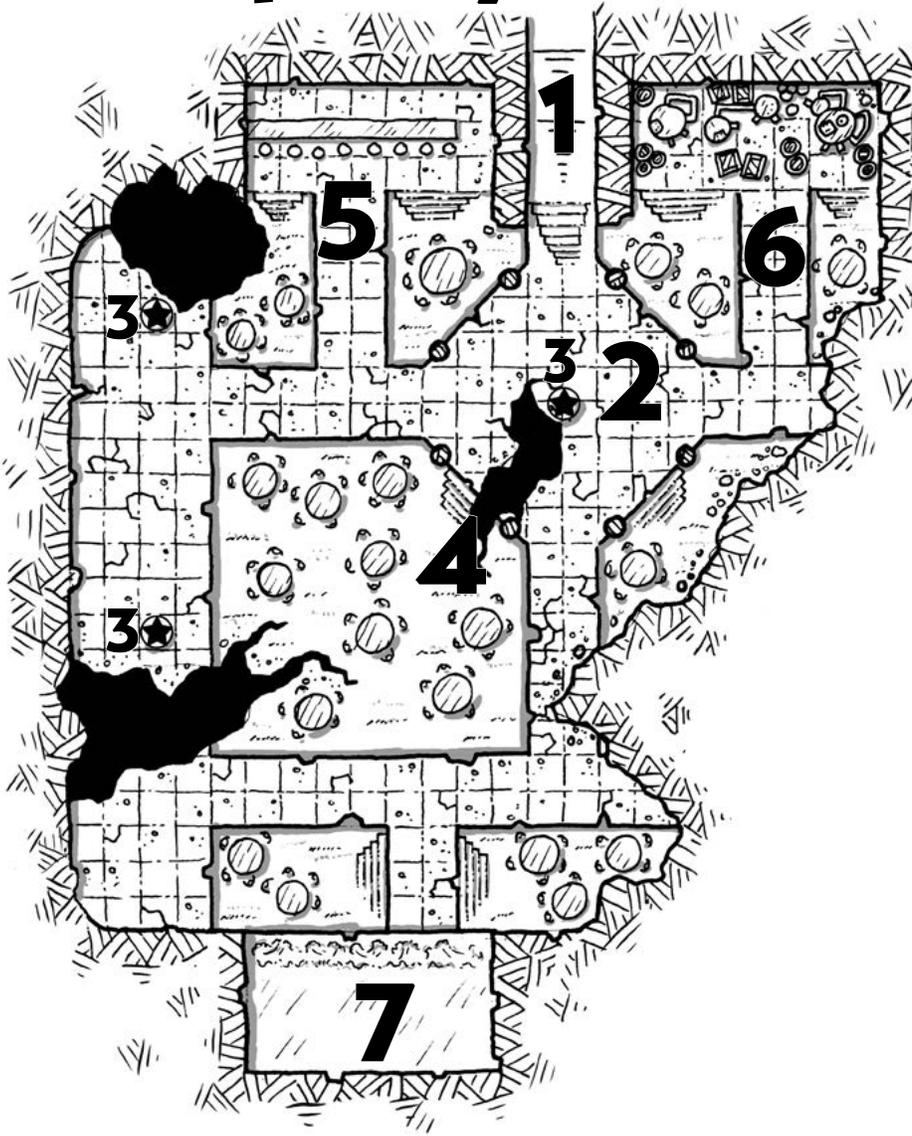
Sometime after the cataclysm, a steam imp known only as "the House" (p. 138) set up shop in the ruins of the Temple of Tranquility. He converted the upper level into a place of amusement and gaming for steamimps. But, firmly believing that there's more money to be made (and more fun to be had) by remaining neutral in all conflicts, the House slowly opened the doors to any who might like to place a bet. Only Arva lizardmen and Svarku (p. 110) are banned from visiting. The Arva start too many fights, and Svarku has a habit of trying to kill anyone he loses to. Not wanting to lose the patronage of all the Fuegonauts, the House was able to make Svarku forget the existence of the ruin. The efreet has wandered back to the gambling den during a couple of major events, excited to have "heard about this new place," but he remembers nothing by the next time he wakes up.

On the surface, gambling at Tranquility (also known as "the tranq tank"), is pretty basic: cards, dice, darts, and the occasional exotic fad game. Events such as monthly zip bird races and **Fatty Salamander's** replays of fire imp fights (p. 55) draw good crowds—but the real draw for the steamimps are the crowds themselves. While typically mundane ("When will the next gaming fad begin?"), steam imp bets can quickly get out of hand ("Who's going to survive if we flood the place?"), and they constantly work to encourage ever-wilder behavior from their guests. Even though a night at the tranq tank might begin with a hand of cards, it'll almost never end that way.

3d6	What's Happening?!
3	Steamimps are stoically packing up their things and leaving. They will not speak.
4	Zeb is here collecting dividends and discussing debts owed by Starfall personnel.
5	Steamimps won't let anyone in unless they can pass tickleweed without it moving.
6	The albino centipede is asleep and cannot be awoken. All centipede bets are off.
7	An earth imp has found its way into the temple. Will not shut up. It's not funny anymore.
8	Steamimps need people to get coralkin spawn for their upcoming apple bobbing contest.
9	It's open mic night. Tough crowd for anyone not an ooze imp.
10	The steam imp theme of the day is card games.
11	The steam imp theme of the day is dice games.
12	Zip bird races are being held on the hill outside.
13	The House needs a dozen fresh albino centipede legs for a new brew he's been working on.
14	Steamimps are hosting a 3-hour Easter-egg style "topaz hunt."
15	d6 adventurers are camped up top. They fear theimps and are hunting "a sea monster."
16	Steamimps are bored. Current bet: When will a blindfire vine give up trying to eat a steam imp?
17	The centipede is trying to tunnel out. Most games cancelled due to the shaking.
18	The coralkin angler population has exploded. They keep climbing up from below.

Encounter	Motivation
A nereid	Singing/Dancing
A Goa	Hunting
A steam imp	Crying
d4 Night Axe bonebinders	Trading
d4 steamimps	Settling a Debt
2d4 giant centipedes	Mating
d4 adventurers	Drinking
2d6 steamimps	Gambling
d4+2 adventurers	Spectating
An ooze imp	Performing
2d4 zip birds	Fleeing
A salamander trickster and 2d4 warriors	Partying
An earth imp	Talking
Two bonded Kiru rangers	Mischief
A steam elemental	Repaying a Favor
A self aware obsidian bladeguard	Lost

Tranquility: First Floor



1. Entry Stairs

Stairway [10' wide, black basalt, pristine, slippery], **moisture** [humid, steam], **glow** [blue-white, mold, organic splotches, wall, ceiling]

2. Worn Columns

Columns [8, heavily worn, fragments of Elvish runes], **illumination from floor** [blue-white, glass rectangles inset in floor, mostly intact], **glow** [columns, blue-white, mold], **tinkling sound** [large metal rings hang from ceiling, rope], **breeze** [from hole in floor]

The columns were once covered in Elvish runes talking about various aquatic exhibits, but these markings are almost completely worn away or obscured by glowing mold. Each ring hanging from the ceiling is from an expedition to the lower levels of the temple that failed. The ceiling is incredibly sticky (installed by an ooze imp to hold the rings and ropes), and it takes great strength to remove anything from it.

3. Descent Points

Pit [uneven, crumbling edge, 40' drop, dark], **mist** [floats across, trapped, alarms], **pillar of limbs** [10' diameter, singing golem parts, fused, haphazard]

The mist floating across the pits slows and slightly damages (d4) the **albino centipede** (p. 104) only. Any living creatures entering a descent point cause all the rings at [2] to wave and clang against each other. Each pillar is made from an assortment of broken singing golems—mostly arms and legs. If characters decide to visit the lower levels of the temple, the steam imps provide them with a rope attached to a ring. The ring is to be placed around one of the pillar's appendages. The rings of failed expeditions are hung from the ceiling at [2].

4. Gambling Den

Tables [stone, round, smooth, various seating/sizes], **chairs** [stone, smooth, different shapes and sizes], **games** [boxes, cards, dice, more], **hookahs** [vape]

The tables and chairs were grown by an earth imp. They are permanently attached to the floor, but can be dragged around and rearranged like normal furniture. Chairs and tables snap together to form benches and larger tables if less than six inches apart. Can be dangerous for non-steam or earth-based creatures. Chairs reshape themselves to fit their users.

5. Bar

Arched entryway [carved with elaborate aquatic life], **keystone** [gray, huge, swirls, glows slightly], **basalt bar** [perfectly smooth, shelving carved into back, filled with mismatched cups and mugs], **mirrored wall** [floor to ceiling, misty reflections], **stools** [stone, smooth, attached to floor], **chandeliers** [platinum and glass, form constellations of current night sky], **glass feather lamps** [sit on bar, glass ostrich feathers, warm glow]

The arch's keystone is the elemental core of the **House** (p. 138)—easily three hundred times the size of an average core. The temple will collapse if it is removed, or if he loses 20 percent of it. The mirrored wall is solidified steam, and can become a portal to the plane of steam.

6. Stills

Copper stills [3, huge], **crates** [wood, full of bottles], **pleasant odor** [fermentation], **barrels** [many different shapes and sizes, supplies, honey, yeast, dried flowers, tickleweed, glowing mold, flint moss, more]

The steam imps brew three types of alcohol:

- **Sun Mead:** Made with honey and flowers from the buzzing glade [HS-23-01]. Enables drinkers to see ultraviolet light.
- **Glowdka:** A glowing vodka made from tickleweed and the glowing mold found throughout the Temple of Tranquility. Affects users with gambler's glow, and inebriated users can sense subtle shifts in the ambient temperature.
- **Cinderschnapps:** Insanely flammable cinnamon schnapps infused with flakes of real flint moss. Will combust from open flame, but not from heat alone.

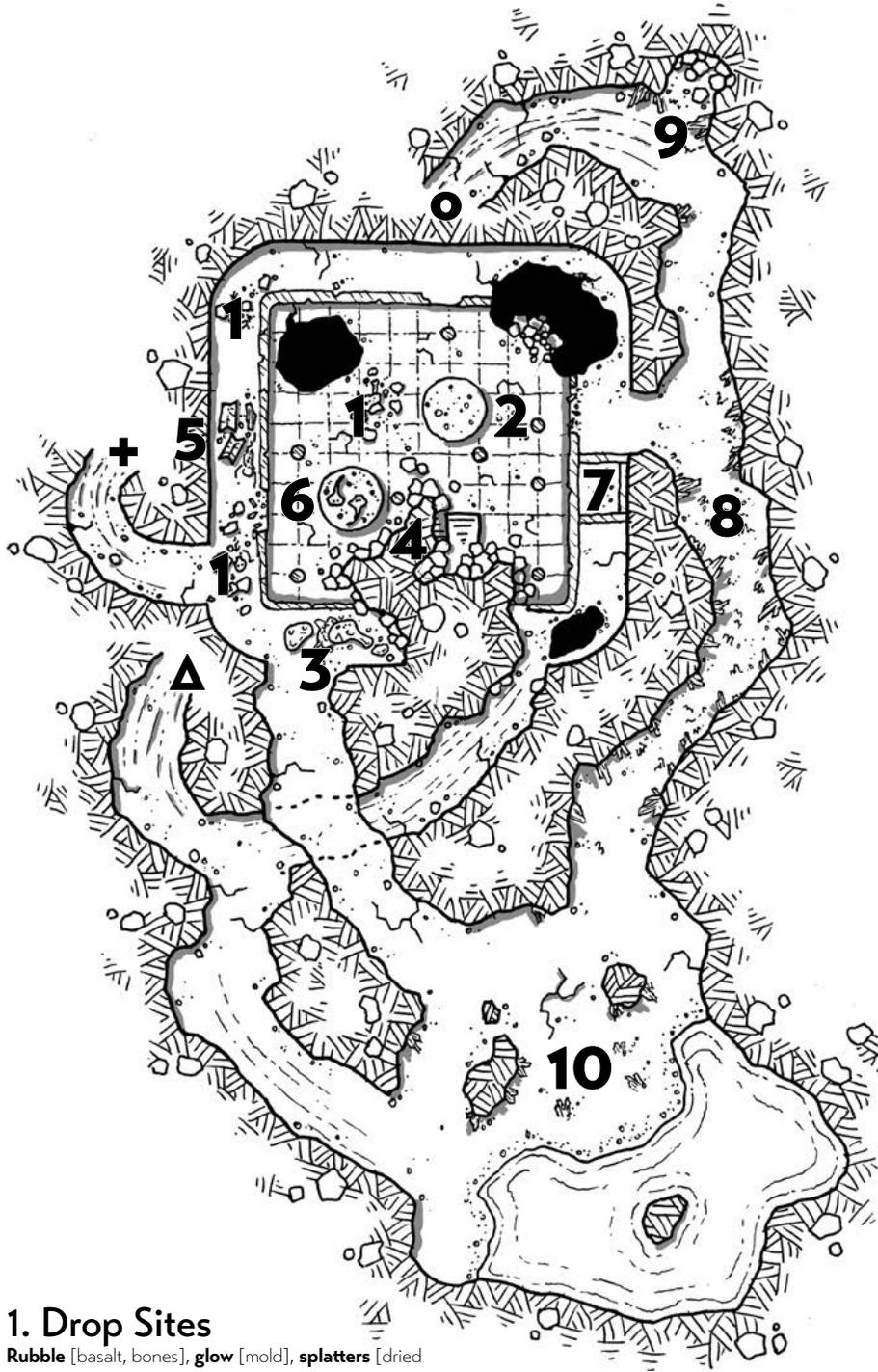
7. Stage

Curtain of water [silent waterfall, hides stage, becomes steam before touching ground], **stage** [basalt, smooth, seamless], **gold dolphins** [3, hanging, spotlights]

The stage can tip to drop performers forty feet to the second level. Open mic night is rough.

Rez (fire imp) has been confined inside one of the spotlights and must power it for six months. He was accused of throwing a major fire imp brawl. He swears he's innocent, but agreed to serve time instead of going before a steam imp jury. If **Fatty Salamander** (p. 117) is in the temple, he makes it a point to taunt Rez and poke at him with a stick.

Tranquility: Second Floor



1. Drop Sites

Rubble [basalt, bones], **glow** [mold], **splatters** [dried blood, poison], **junk** [ruined gear, broken weapons]

Each site connects to a descent point forty feet above.

2. Working Info Pad

Glass circle [in floor, glows when stepped on]

Stepping on this information pad projects a glowing 3D hologram of a giant, exotic-looking betta fish. A female elven voice describes it in an unintelligible Elvish dialect. Layers of the fish peel away, presenting its muscle, skeletal, and nervous systems. This takes about 5 minutes and attracts the **albino centipede** [104].

3. Fail Spot

Splatters [blood and poison], **lumpy purple mounds** [soft, shock-absorbing ooze, safe], **glow** [mold], **limbs** [hands, heads, feet, pieces missed by centipede], **broken props** [mandolins, ventriloquist dummies, torches, mismatched juggling balls]

Poor performances on the stage [7] on the first floor are dropped forty feet to this spot. Piles of soft purple ooze cover 30 percent of this area, and prevent all falling damage if landed on. A golden wand of *random splendor* with **2d12** charges is stuck in a pile of ooze.

4. Collapsed Stair

Rubble buries the stairs leading up to the first floor. A perfectly preserved right arm stuck in the boulders once belonged to bard **Meridian Flux**, who was dropped during an awful singing ventriloquist performance. She tried to polymorph into a snake to escape the **albino centipede**, but the monster interrupted her spell and her arm became trapped in the scree. She distracted it long enough to cut her trapped arm off (causing tumultuous applause on the first floor). Then, playing her lute one handed, she charmed the centipede long enough to run up it like a ramp to the first floor. Twenty-seven steam imps lost their cores that night, and Meridian became an absolute legend. **The House** preserved her lost arm here as a memento to that amazing performance.

5. Trampled Camp

Tent [canvas, stained, blood, trampled], **5' topaz chunk** [contains longsword], **adventurers' gear** [ransacked], **half-eaten corpses** [d4 days old].

Three adventurers, knowing nothing of the **albino centipede**, lost their wager that they could spend the night downstairs. The fact that they tried to actually camp was a tremendous surprise upset for many of the steam imps.

6. Pristine Tube

Enchanted glass aquarium [30' diameter, floor to ceiling, glows, **4d20** stingrays, all colors/shapes/sizes]

This aquarium was set up by the elves and has a perfect internal ecosystem. It is 120' tall and continues through the third and fourth floors.

7. Pristine Tank

Enchanted glass aquarium [40' cube, **3d6** giant sea turtles, kelp, **2d4** giant black glass carp, white gravel]

This aquarium was set up by the elves and has a perfect internal ecosystem. The white "gravel" is actually pearls of exceptional quality, each about the size of a pinky fingernail.

8. Crystal Tunnel

An old lava tube is slowly being covered in growths of **red crystal**.

9. Dig Spot

Rubble [basalt], **red crystal**

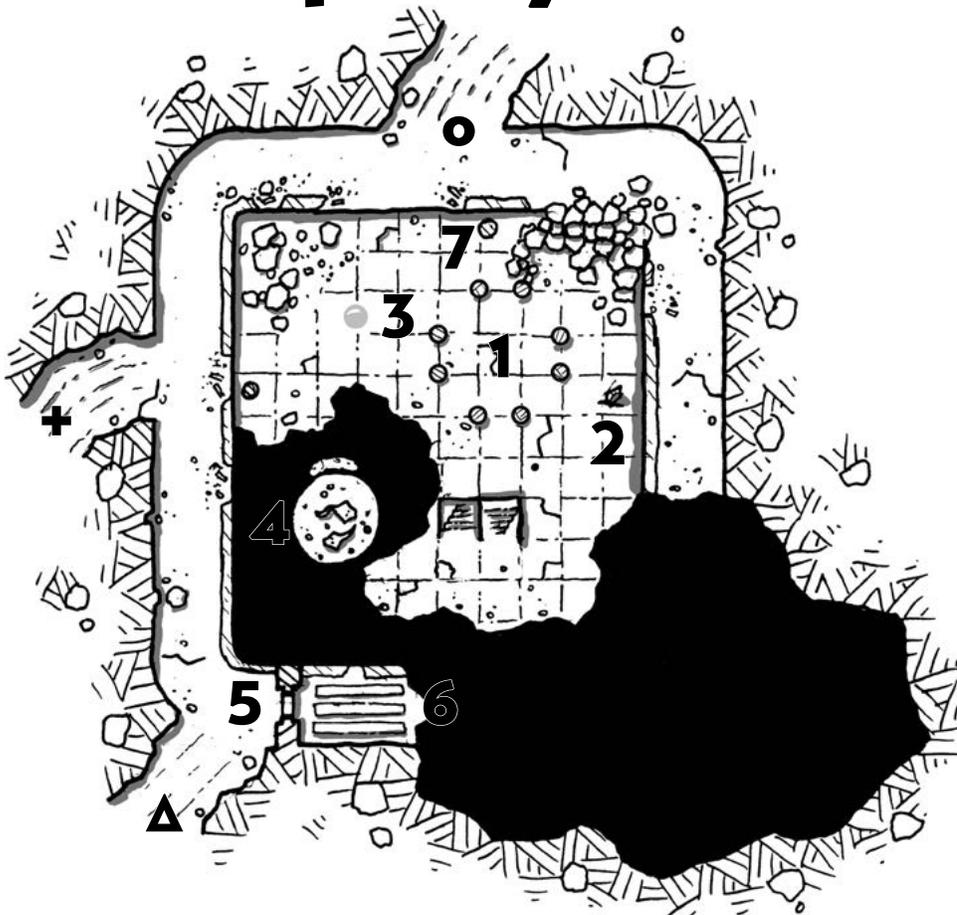
The lava tube collapsed here long ago. Medium-sized red crystals grow in the rubble. The tube reopens one hundred feet beyond this cave-in, and if the **albino centipede** could dig through it, it would be free. **The House** is mildly concerned that the red crystals are growing bigger, and that the centipede eats them more frequently.

10. Centipede Lair

Topaz [flawless chunks of various sizes, **d4+1** contain weapons or armor], **bones**, **broken weapons and armor**, **natural basalt columns** [10' around], small lake [10' deep, blind fish]

The **albino centipede** most frequently sleeps and defecates in this cavern.

Tranquility: Third Floor



1. Worn Columns

Columns [6, heavily worn, fragments of Elvish runes], **fallen column, glow** [mold]

Like the columns on the first floor, these once provided information about the exhibits here, but the runes are almost all worn away.

2. Delwyn's Sacrifice

Kite shield [heavily dented, red gold, fused to the ground]

The cleric **Delwyn Shorn** was trampled to death on this spot by the **albino centipede** while praying for protection. He had come down here wagering for the lives of his friends, held captive by a group of Arva. Some say that Delwyn's death and the events surrounding it caused **the House** to permaban Arva from the Temple of Tranquility. A ten-foot radius of holy power still surrounds the shield, and has the following effect once per day:

- **If Good:** The **albino centipede** cannot come within 10' of you for 10 minutes per level, or until you leave the shield.
- **If Neutral:** The shield flashes with light, blinding and disorienting the **albino centipede** for 1 minute per level.
- **If Evil:** The shield flashes red and emits a high-pitched keening that immediately attracts the **albino centipede**.

3. BONUS!

Silver disk [gleaming, 3' wide, embedded into floor, gray, swirls, glows slightly]

This disk is actually the top of a column of solidified steam. When any intelligent creature comes within five feet, it pops up like a jack-in-the-box, with a wild variety of **6d6** weapons embedded in the column's sides. Flashing lights spell out "BONUS!" near the top of the column. Each character can take one weapon. Fifteen seconds after a weapon is selected, the column reverts to mist form for that character. A character can swap the weapon during that time, but if they try to take a second weapon, both weapons immediately turn to mist.

The weapons are magical and made of solidified steam. When a weapon is taken, roll **d6**. If a 1 is rolled, the weapon explodes on its first hit like a fireball of scalding vapor, then is destroyed. If a 6 is rolled, consult the table on [p. 138](#), choose a word, and determine a spell-like effect related to that word. Once per day, the weapon can cast that effect with a power level similar to a fireball.

4. Pristine Tube

Enchanted glass aquarium [30' diameter, floor to ceiling, glows, **4d20** stingrays, all colors/shapes/sizes]

This continuation of the aquarium tube from the second floor is forty feet tall and continues down into the pit for another forty feet. A 30-foot lip of stone stands where the floor used to be, and can be reached with a running jump.

5. White Wall

White stone wall [perfectly smooth, red door]

The door appears to be sized for any creature who sees it. But as creatures approach, it grows smaller and smaller until it is the size of a thumbnail (its actual size).

6. Bleachers

Smooth stone bleachers [grown from the ground, three tiers]

Steam imps only! A three-inch tube runs from the bleachers to the bar [5] on the first floor. This allows steam imps to rapidly move back and forth, and amplifies the sounds from the bleachers so the commentary/laugh track can be clearly heard upstairs.

7. Working Info Pad

Glass circle [in floor, glows when stepped on]

Stepping on this informational pad projects a glowing 3D hologram of six types of penguins. A female elven voice in an unintelligible Elvish dialect discusses their various mating habits with changing and detailed projections. The presentation lasts 15 minutes, and restarts at the beginning if interrupted. As long as the **albino centipede** lives, the steam imps will offer any character their weight in gold to play this presentation from start to finish. They also safely transport the winner and their gold to a destination of the winner's choice.

BELOW THE TEMPLE

When the cataclysm struck, the Tower of Tranquility's fourth floor fell two hundred feet, crashing into a large underground lake. There is no easy way down (or back up), but unmapped tunnels lead to the southern coastline of HS-23. Coralkin anglers and their spawn inhabit the lake, building lumpy igloo-shaped homes throughout the area. The **albino centipede** avoids the stench of the anglers, and does not attempt to leave through the lower levels.



Albino Centipede

A gargantuan sixty-foot-long translucent centipede with a carapace of milky white rules the lower levels of the ruined Temple of Tranquility. Its only color comes from the pale pink of its eyes and tail—and anything it is digesting. Viscous red fluid drips from a maw-like opening on its pink tail, paralyzing any creatures it touches.

The centipede was not always so massive or pale. An elven merchant named Rowana is said to have returned home from a successful trading expedition with a six-inch centipede sculpture carved from a single orange topaz. Over the next week, she found the statue in different locations throughout her house. One day it would be on a table near the door. The next, it would be atop a bookshelf. Intrigued, she tried to read its nature with her spells, but could discern nothing more than a sort of quasi-life within the crystal. She watched the statue for a day and a night, but it never moved. Just as she was about to give up, a servant brought Rowana a plate of fruit and cheese and inadvertently set it near the statue. To her delight, the centipede animated and rapidly consumed the food. To her further delight, it defecated a small uncut topaz of exceptional clarity shortly after eating. The merchant ordered her servants to bring all the food in the house to feed the centipede. It was insatiable! When it ate meat, it grew slightly and passed even larger chunks of topaz. Amazed, Rowana bought all the meat she could find, feeding the centipede whole herds of livestock to acquire larger and larger chunks of gemstone.

When the creature finally turned against Rowana, it was too formidable to defeat. Most of her spells glanced feebly off its shining carapace as it consumed her. The centipede then went on a killing spree, consuming elves and transforming them into lumps of topaz. It was eventually stopped and placed into a stasis, but not before growing to over fifty feet in length. The topaz creature was hung and illuminated as a display piece in the darkness of the Temple of Tranquility, where the elves discovered that legs and segments harvested from the sleeping creature would grow back over time, and could be cut into gems of exceptional quality.

When the cataclysm broke the island, the temple walls broke along with it, revealing caverns filled with red crystal. Magma pockets formed in other areas, transforming spring-fed pools into steaming cauldrons and attracting steam imps. At some point, the imps decided to break the stasis holding the centipede. With limited food sources, the creature began to feed upon the red crystal and underwent a physiological transformation. The clear, deep amber color of its body became a pale, organic, milky white, and the monstrosity has begun to secrete paralytic venom. It hungers.

What Does the Centipede Want?

- To eat meat

What Does It Not Want?

- To be around bright lights
- To be paralyzed, slowed, or have its movement impaired. In such circumstances, it goes berserk and will damage itself to be free. It remembers the stasis with pure hatred.

What Else?

The albino centipede still defecates topaz when it consumes meat. The gems are huge and of exceptional clarity and quality, but they often contain bones, weapons, and other items.

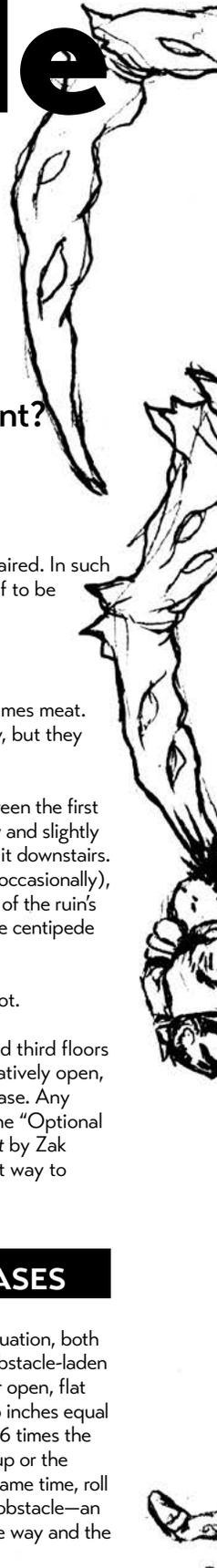
The steam imps maintain misty wards over the holes between the first and second levels of the Temple of Tranquility, which slow and slightly damage the centipede. These are usually enough to keep it downstairs. Even if it chooses to break through the wards (and it has occasionally), it is too large to squeeze through rubble that blocks most of the ruin's entrance. The coralkin anglers and their spawn prevent the centipede from leaving through the caverns below the temple.

The centipede may have “gambler's glow” (p. 100), or not.

The albino centipede is typically alone on the second and third floors of the Temple of Tranquility. Because these areas are relatively open, encounters with the monster almost always include a chase. Any chase mechanic can be used to govern this event, but the “Optional Rules for Chases” from *Vornheim: The Complete City Kit* by Zak Sabbath for *Lamentations of the Flame Princess* are great way to handle it (reproduced below with permission).

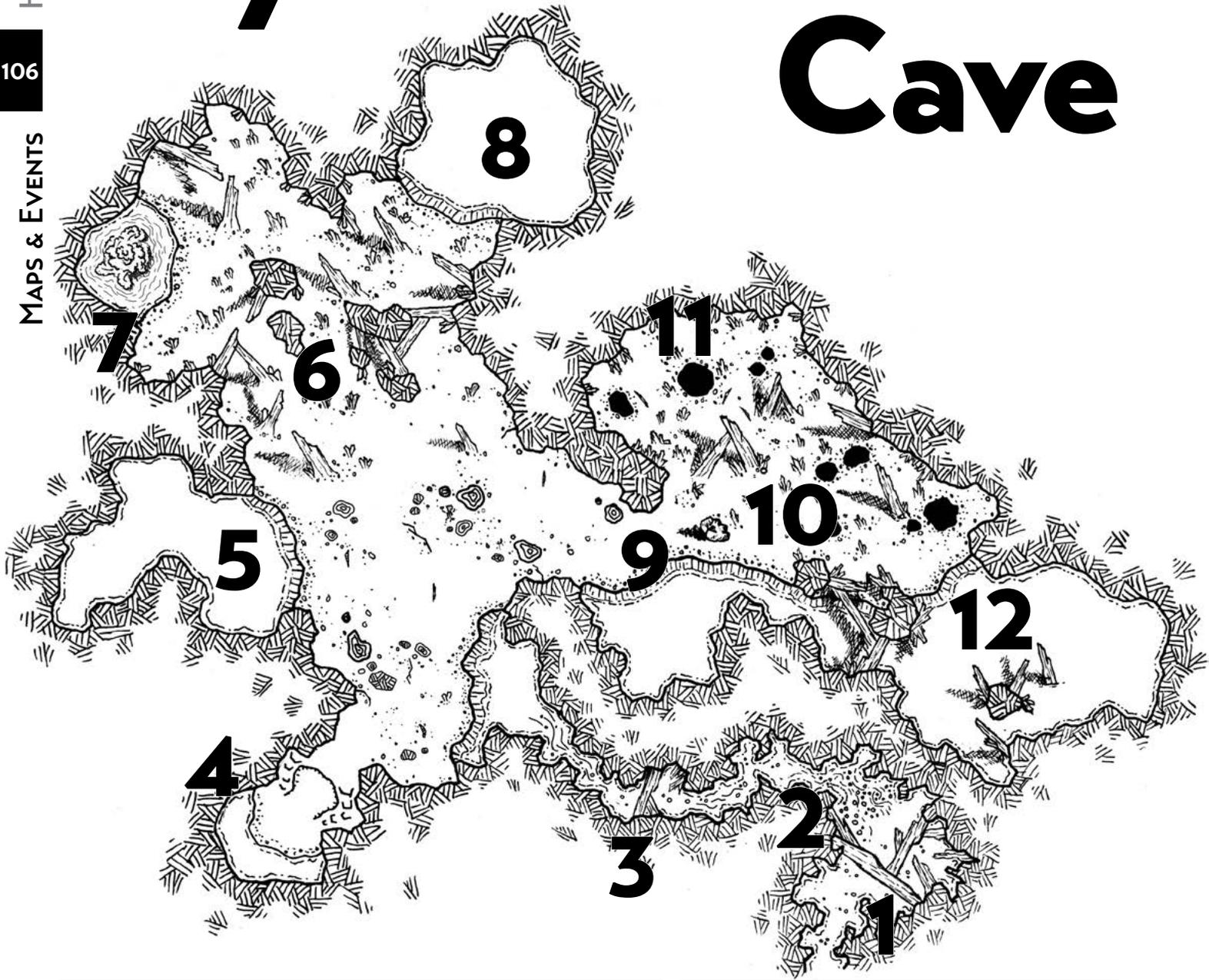
OPTIONAL RULES FOR CHASES

If two parties moving at the same speed are in a chase situation, both roll **d10** and add Dexterity (if running across uneven or obstacle-laden ground like a marketplace or building) or Strength (if over open, flat ground). Whoever rolls lowest loses a number of tabletop inches equal to the difference in the rolls, or a number of feet equal to 6 times the number rolled. Do this every round until one party gives up or the parties meet. If both parties roll the same number at the same time, roll an encounter. If either party rolls a 1 at any time, then an obstacle—an applecart, overweight vicar, and so forth—has fallen in the way and the party must make additional rolls to avoid it.





Crystal Sea Cave



3d6	What's Happening?!
3	The siren Oolah is free and singing at [4]. The caverns resonate with emotion.
4	The black coral is "suggesting" extreme violence. Nereids are angry but don't know why.
5	[7] has not erupted for 3 days. Terror grips the nereids.
6	A salamander trickster cursed the cave's crystals to ring discordantly with the Lament.
7	All nereids are trancelike, harmonizing the Lament. The cave is subzero. Wydarr sluggish.
8	The nereids are holding an adventurer "job fair." They plan to push against the wydarr soon.
9	The nereids are busy resetting traps and growing new crystal defenses with their songs.
10	Wydarr expansion. Tensions are high, but the forces of water hold their own for now.
11	The wydarr seem to be retreating. Skirmishes are rare. The cave is mostly at peace.
12	One-third of the nereids are away aiding an ally or potential ally.
13	d4+1 Goa are here to hunt the wydarr in their own manner.
14	d4+1 Fuegonauts opened a portal to capture more nereids, but landed in a wydarr tunnel.
15	[9] is awake and nuzzling wydarr to death.
16	An unannounced emissary from the plane of water arrived 3 days ago, but says nothing.
17	All traps and alarms in the cave are triggering on the honest and not the deceptive.
18	Crystalback wydarr fill the cave. The nereids are gone. The Lament has been broken.

Encounter	Motivation
Night Axe: d4 Bonebinders, d6 Edgesworn	Returning Home
1 Goa	Setting Up an Ambush
3d4 Crystalback Wydarr	Mining/Collecting
1 Crystalback Wydarr	Fighting*
1 Adventurer	Delivery
1 Nereid	Meditating
2d6 Water Imps	Repairing/Maintenance
2d6 Water Imps, d4+2 Water Elementals	Patrolling
1 Water Imp	Interacting With*
1 Earth Imp	Social/Creative
1 Nereid, d4+1 Water Imps	Ritual
d4+1 Adventurers	Resting
1 Crystalback Wydarr	Fleeing*
d6+2 Crystalback Wydarr	Exhausted
1 Kiru Shaman	Art
1 Ooze Imp	Mischief

When the cataclysm shattered the Aquifer of Pythiaria [HS-11-02] and destroyed the Isle of Light, it broke open an entrance to what is now called the Crystal Sea Cave. The nereids of the Sisters of Pythiaria and the rescued Visions of Meltalia retreated from the ruins of the aquifer and made this their new home. Over time, they have left behind their old distinctions of “Sister” or “Vision,” but they mourn the fate of **Meltalia** (p. 124) to this day. Since their arrival in the cave, at least one nereid has always sung a lament in her honor. The song echoes throughout the caverns, and has been performed unbroken for so long that the crystals themselves resonate and amplify the emotions of longing, loss, tenacity, and hope.

Much of the cave is illuminated by softly glowing black coral, its light reflecting off geode-like walls and ceilings. Even though the entrance to the cave is under the sea, all water within is kept exceptionally fresh and almost perfectly pure. The nereids can lower water temperatures well below freezing when attacked or threatened without triggering the formation of ice.

No doubt as a result of the trauma they experienced at the hands of the elves, the nereids are insistent that visitors to the cave have only pure intentions. A number of traps trigger only in the presence of deception, and many of the crystals (usually yellow) respond to deceit or masked minds by cracking, ringing, or growing cloudy. Pure intentions do not necessarily mean good intentions, however—merely honest and straightforward. A visitor to the cave openly seeking its destruction would not trigger a response from the crystals until they denied or attempted to obfuscate this intent.

Recently, crystalback wydarr have begun to dig into the cavern from below. While most of their incursions have been contained by the nereids attendant water imps and elementals, there is growing concern that the wydarr cannot be held off forever. The concerns are exacerbated because the holes they create lead only to darkness and dry heat, preventing the nereids from gathering much intelligence on the true scope of the threat.

1. Golden Crystals

Fully submerged. **Gigantic yellow crystals** [10' to 20' high, transparent, glow softly], **jagged walls and floor** [yellow crystals], **clear water** [it's like it's not there]

The crystals cloud in response to masked minds.

2. The Curtain

Fully submerged. **Wall of bubbles** [fully blocks tunnel, extreme turbulence, swirling, foam, riptides], **vents** [ceiling, floor], **pearls** [6, 2' diameter, embedded in wall], **coral** [fan, black, shimmer], **anemones** [colorful]

Extreme currents prevent passage, and can push swimmers back to [1]. Creatures able to move like a water elemental can push past. The pearls are hatches to small water imp caves, where **2d4** water imps are stationed at all times to ask individuals why they are visiting. Once intentions are proclaimed, the imps part the bubble wall no matter what answer is given.

3. Freeze Point

Fully submerged. **Tight corners, low ceiling, jagged walls and ceiling** [tiny yellow crystals, transparent, soft glow], **clear water** [cold], **bubbles** [floor, vents]

The nereids can target individuals identified as deceptive with temperature drops to far below freezing. The cold is sufficient to kill an ogre-sized creature before it reaches the tunnel's end. Bubble jets in the floor can burst rapidly to push threats into the jagged walls or ceiling.

4. The Lament

Amphitheater [obsidian, steps, walls, mirror finish], **partially submerged** [stage and first three rows], **coral** [fan, black, shimmers], **lavender crystal** [large, stage, ceiling], **glow worms** [blue-green, hang from ceiling like a thousand stars], **pillows** [woven kelp]

The amphitheater is always occupied by **d4** nereids, who sing a wordless song of grief and hope from the stage in shifts. This lament has been unbroken for a thousand years.

5. Sleeping Chambers

Fully submerged. **Enclosed beds** [ivory, verdigris, crystal, obsidian, carved, detailed, masterwork], **curtains** [kelp, bubbles, threaded coins, pearls], **trunks** [carapace], **coral** [black, fan, silver shimmer], **colorful plants, anemones, mirrors** [large], **benches** [basalt], **paintings** [ruined, shredded, broken]

All the nereids share this communal living area.

6. Crystal Cavern

50' ceilings, crystals [wall, floor, ceiling, pink, lavender, yellow, soft glow, some tiny, some huge], **humid, warm** [comfortable for humans]

7. Geyser

Standing water [3' to 4' deep], **crystals** [large, soft glow, yellow], **rushing noise, coral** [black, fan, silver shimmer]

Every **d4** hours, a 10'-diameter geyser erupts and serves as a portal to the plane of water.

8. Secluded Nursery

Fully submerged. **Mussels** [giant, freshwater, some glow blue], **coral** [fan, black, silver shimmer]

Giant mussels imbue their flesh with blue energy for **d4** weeks before giving birth to water elemental cores.



9. Sleeping Spine Dragon

Most everyone thinks it's just a lumpy, metallic boulder. Only roused by intense heat.

10. Shattered Cavern

Crystals [wall, floor, ceiling, pink, lavender, yellow, flickering glow, many, large, fallen, cracked, pieces, rubble, sharp], **humid, deep scoring** [floors, crystal], **battle scarred** [black blood, splatters, stinks], **metallic fragments** [shattered elemental cores], **metal plates** [gold, verdigris, rusted iron, bent, broken]

Battles between wydarr and water have taken a toll here.

11. Wydarr Pits

Rough holes [floor or wall, 10' diameter, seem bottomless], **deep scoring** [around opening], **gashes** [floor, walls, crystals], **piles of crystal** [near openings, pink only], **shimmer** [over holes, heat waves], **hot, dry air** [stink, tar]

Crystalback wydarr attack from these apparently bottomless pits. They climb by embedding their sickle-like arms into the walls.

12. Embattled Nursery

Fully submerged. **Mussels** [giant, freshwater, filter feeders, some glow blue], **boulders** [basalt, piles], **crystals** [giant, yellow, pink, most fallen, cracked, pieces], **rock spheres** [20-30, 4' diameter, pink, black, blue, gold, water imp homes, doors, aquatic gardens]

4d10+10 water imps live here and guard infant water elementals against wydarr incursions. Most crystals are broken or unstable.



FACTIONS

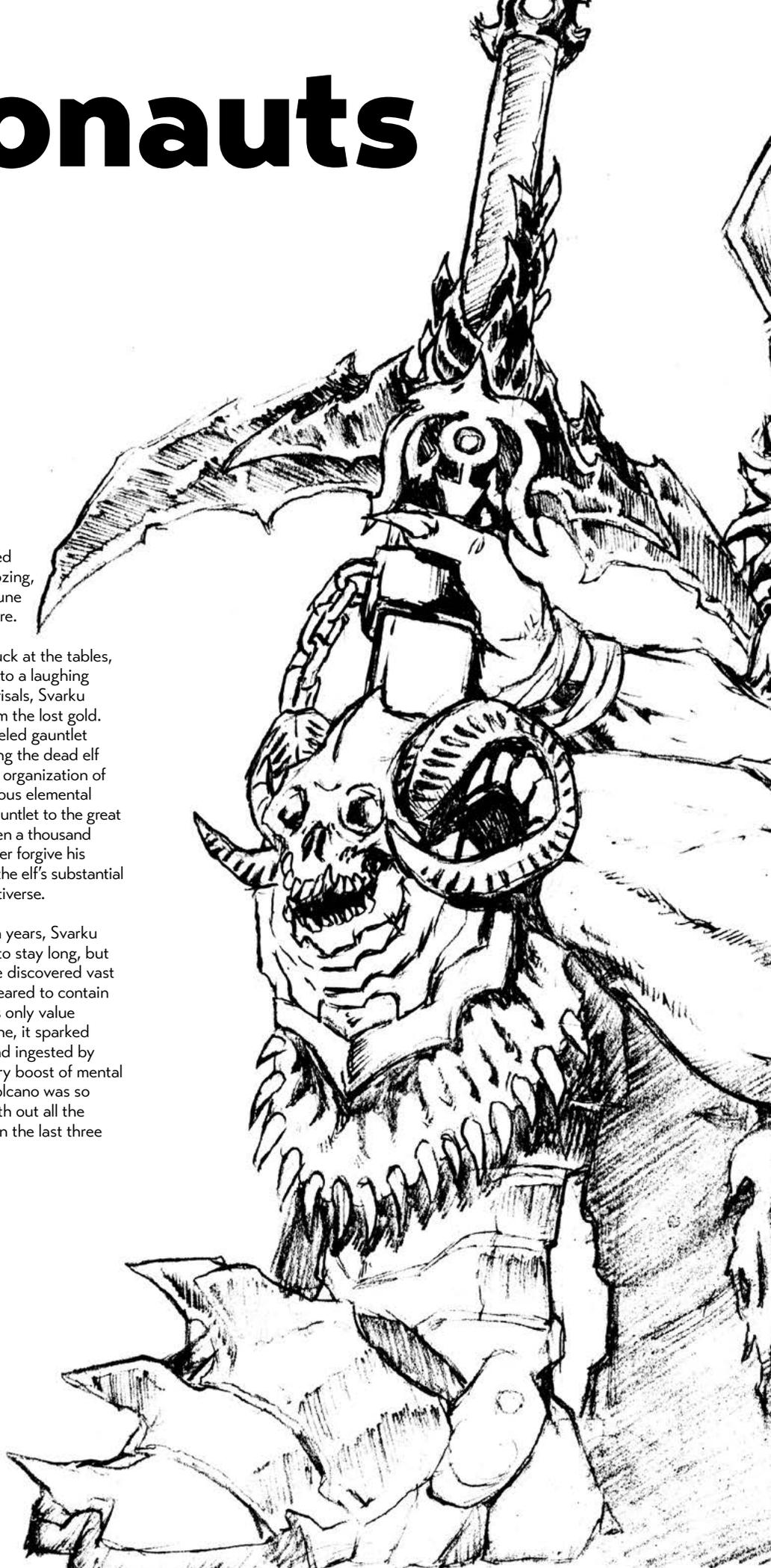


Fuegonauts

Once upon a time, there was an efreet named Svarku. Svarku spent most of his days boozing, whoring, and squandering his father's fortune in the gambling dens of the grand efreet cities of fire.

One day, after a string of failed exploits and bad luck at the tables, he lost a significant amount of coin in a dice game to a laughing elf. Enraged by his loss and fearing his father's reprisals, Svarku killed the elf in an alley behind the casino to reclaim the lost gold. As he searched the body, Svarku discovered a jeweled gauntlet of great power and a sheaf of documents identifying the dead elf as an emissary of **the Starfall** (p. 114)—a powerful organization of extradimensional traders and diplomats. A mysterious elemental lord, acting through the Starfall, was sending this gauntlet to the great Efreet Council as the final gift in a deal that had been a thousand years in the making. Knowing the council would never forgive his transgression, Svarku took the gauntlet, along with the elf's substantial winnings, and fled to the distant reaches of the multiverse.

After running for seven hundred and twenty-seven years, Svarku arrived at Hot Springs Island. He had not planned to stay long, but upon entering the volcano at the island's center, he discovered vast caverns filled with translucent red crystal that appeared to contain dancing flame. On the physical plane, this crystal's only value was beauty. But when exposed to the ethereal plane, it sparked and became a volatile magical fuel. If powdered and ingested by elemental creatures, the crystal granted a temporary boost of mental clarity and euphoria. The potential wealth in the volcano was so great that Svarku believed he could use it to smooth out all the troubles he'd caused. So he took a risk and called in the last three favors he could.





First, Svarku called upon **Jubei**, a minor trickster god. Jubei gave him a gigantic mirrored crystal that would prevent extradimensional creatures from seeing or approaching the island. Extradimensional creatures could still reach the island by direct portal, or if personally invited by Svarku, but surprise visits would be eliminated.

Second, Svarku called upon the **Ash Barons**. The barons, specializing in the discreet and anonymous trade of raw materials, immediately recognized the potential of Svarku's find and agreed to help him exploit it—for a cut. They gave Svarku one hundred and twenty-five male and female pairs of their strongest, most resilient, and most docile slaves, with the stipulation that exports would increase with the slave population. The barons called these ogre slaves the "Night Axe," whose first task was to open a portal to the plane of ash through which the crystal would flow. Svarku, having never managed a workforce, was nervous but excited. The portal opening was a success, the slaves began carving out quarters for their clan, and the first shipments of crystal began.

Knowing the ranks of the Night Axe would grow and not wanting to deal with the pressures of monitoring them, Svarku called in his third and final favor. The **Shah of Fire Serpents** had long owed Svarku a debt, and was delighted to finally be able to pay it. He sent a thousand of his salamander warriors and tricksters to serve as Svarku's bonded guardians and slave masters for six hundred years.

For a time, all was well. In fact, things were the best and smoothest they'd ever been in Svarku's life. The riches pouring in from the crystal trade enabled him to build an opulent tower of brass and flame in his new volcanic home. Fire imps, native to this world, became enamored of his power and pledged their service and elemental cores to him. Svarku called his new band of bloodthirsty idolaters the Combustarinos, and built them a tower of flame and brass next to his own. In return, they whispered secrets of the island into Svarku's ear. The elves who had once lived there had trapped nereids in paintings as their personal playthings, and the combustarinos brought many from the ruins to fill Svarku's harem. They told Svarku of a molten god who battles beneath the volcano—and the secrets to control it.

And then, things changed. The Ash Barons discovered Svarku's true identity and began to squeeze him, slowly but inexorably increasing his quotas. Some say it was a salamander, jealous of the combustarinos' treatment, that leaked Svarku's true name. Others say that Svarku became careless with his parties, and that a guest or escaped nereid told the tale. No one knows for sure how the barons learned the secret, but as soon as they had it, they used it against the efreet to great effect.

Svarku was incensed. His profits dwindled to almost nothing, and he began to fear that he could not meet demand. He began tormenting his salamanders, insisting they make the Night Axe work even harder. Dissenters were ripped apart by combustarinos or sent back to the Shah of Fire Serpents in disgrace, their defiance never forgotten.

His efforts with the salamanders were not enough, though. As quotas continued to rise, Svarku fell into black despair and began abusing his personal stores of red crystal. In addition to giving elemental creatures a boost of euphoria and mental clarity, ingesting the crystal brings them closer to primal chaos, triggering dramatic mood swings and partial etherealness.

At the peak of a trip, in a moment of utter clarity, Svarku knew what he had to do. He ordered the salamanders to bring all the ogres into the jungle for fresh air and fresh inspiration. Once outside, he had the ogres divided into two groups—those who met their daily quotas and those who fell behind. He spoke about the importance of productivity, meeting daily metrics, "full crystal recovery," and understanding the key performance indicators that had led to the formation of these two groups. Then, at the height of his impassioned speech, he burned the poor performers alive.

As the flames ate the corpse fat and stained the jungle black, Svarku waited for the survivors' wails of terror to prove they had gotten the point. But the wailing never came. Instead, a storm blew in from the west, with wind that ripped branches from trees, and rain that spit and stung like hail. Svarku retreated to the volcano, his elation gone.

Three days later, the Night Axe ogres revolted. Svarku failed to realize that the group of poor performers he had executed had been almost entirely women and children. He had never even realized there actually were female ogres, considering all of them to be equally ugly and repulsive. And there was simply no way he could have known that there were ogre children in the group either, seeing as they were all at least nine feet tall. Svarku loudly and repeatedly declared it was all "Just a bunch of bullshit," even as the remaining Night Axe slaughtered their guards and fled into the jungle.

A powerful jewel from Svarku's stolen gauntlet, many salamanders and combustarinos, and a great deal of Svarku's pride were all lost that night. When the Ash Barons learned of the revolt, they were stunned. No group of Night Axe ogres had ever rebelled against a master, no matter how abusive, stupid, or cruel, since the barons first molded the race ten thousand years before. They did not depose Svarku, though, because they had (jokingly) guaranteed that the slaves would never revolt. They also secretly had to admit that, despite his mistakes, the efreet had given them an absolute stranglehold on the crystal market, and there was no one they could currently replace him with that could be so easily controlled.

The barons hired a cabal of obsidian mercenaries to assist Svarku with the mining and Night Axe recovery operations. Seven **obsidian giants**, each with a retinue of **obsidian bladeguards**, were sent to Hot Springs Island. They were not presented as mercenaries, and Svarku was initially pleased by their addition to his team. Then the giants grew a tower of obsidian next to Svarku's tower of brass, escalated hostilities with the Night Axe, and tried to turn the salamanders into miners. This made the honeymoon period brief, but the obsidian ones mostly keep to themselves, and Svarku has still never missed a shipment.

Outwardly, Svarku appears as confident and bombastic as always. Inwardly, his attention is split a thousand different ways. Now that adventurers have begun to regularly appear on Hot Springs Island, he has begun focusing on the potential they bring with them. Will they tip the scales back in his favor, find his missing gem, patch things up with the Night Axe, and drive off the obsidian interlopers? Or will their incessant hunt for loot and eternal desire to identify a "big bad evil guy" further destabilize the island against him and into chaos?

SVARKU

What Does Svarku Want?

- To find the Gem of Zumakalis, lost during the Night Axe revolt
- To extract himself from his arrangement with the **Ash Barons**
- To remain hidden from those who hunt him
- To stay on Hot Springs Island in his sweet volcanic complex
- To arrange for hostilities with the Night Axe to stop
- To have the entourage to end all entourages
- To be flattered, adored, and enabled
- To casually show flesh (his body is legitimately very nice)
- To have a large harem, nereids or otherwise
- To be fully pardoned by the Grand Efreet Council
- To find out what those **obsidian giants** are actually up to
- To throw more parties
- To successfully extract the Focus from Ashfire Mine ([p. 73](#))
- To "hire" some dwarf miners (he just doesn't know that; [p. 70](#))
- For everyone to be afraid of him summoning **Molotek** ([p. 68](#))



What Does Svarku Not Want?

- To be caught
- To die
- For his face to be injured
- To be the butt of any jokes
- To lose face, especially in front of the Fuegonauts
- More slaves
- To **see** his troops slacking off (though he doesn't care if they do)
- To actually summon **Molotek** (p. 68). Svarku knows he has a greater chance of losing control of Molotek without the Gem and Gauntlet of Zumakalis.

What Else?

Svarku is made of physical strength and charisma. He has the body of a men's fitness magazine cover model, the charm of a used car salesman, and eternally perfect hair. He knows how to play angles and looks to exploit any situation. He attempts to persuade powerful individuals to his side with grand, showy gestures and gifts of their hearts' desires—especially if they seem powerful enough to destroy the **Ash Barons**.

Svarku doesn't like having slaves. Their adoration and enthusiasm is forced. He can tell. He can always tell, and it eats at him. It's very important that he is genuinely liked by the creatures working for him, and he begins to obsess if he feels their adulation is hollow.

He is lavish with gifts and praise, but his mood can flip at the most imperceptible slight, making him become lavish with cruelty.

He is vain, haughty, and opulent. He imagines he is magnanimous, but his pettiness and fragile self-confidence will never truly permit it.

Svarku feels genuine remorse about killing all the ugly Night Axe women. He really thought the ogres were going to respond well to his extermination of the weak, because they're naturally such a tough race. Why can't the ogres have just a little sexual dimorphism? Damn it. He wants the hostilities to stop and kind of wants to just be friends, because he has quotas to meet and those are so much more important than all this silliness. He's pretty sure he fucked things up too badly, though, and that sucks so much. But it is what it is, so he'll probably just have to kill them all eventually. =(

He doesn't like these new obsidian things. The tower they grew next to his is really chafing the aesthetic he was going for, and the way the obsidian bladeguards are little more than automatons is downright disturbing. Svarku is beginning to suspect the giants might be at the root of the escalating hostilities between the Night Axe and his Fuegonauts, and thinks they may even be undermining his orders. He hasn't been able to prove any of this yet, but something is definitely off with those "ugly, creepy psychic rocks."

Svarku finds the situation with the **Ash Barons** beyond frustrating, but he plans to deal with them in the following way:

- **Preserve the Status Quo:** Mine and ship as best he can.
- **Convince Adventurers to Kill the Ash Barons:** If he can ever find any adventurers good enough to do so. They've all been so disappointing so far.
- **Extract a Megacrystal from Ashfire Mine:** This might be impossible to pull off, but the first option won't work forever, and the second has been slow going. The giant crystals in Ashfire are so perfect and so gigantic that if he could get one out, whole and unblemished, it would easily be worth twice as much as all the crystal he has exported so far, all on its own.

He knows the salamanders have become unhappy. Overwhelmed by their unhappiness (and his own), Svarku turns a blind eye to the ways they act out. He spends a great deal of time, effort, and money trying to buy their temporary happiness with anonymous gifts, whose source he has managed to keep a secret so far.

Shortly after the Night Axe revolt, the Fuegonauts began throwing a gigantic party at Svarku's tower each night of a new moon. The party was suggested by the **obsidian giants** as a way to improve plummeting Fuegonaut morale, and Svarku, anxious to try anything, loved the idea. Full details of this party can be found on [p. 65](#).

The efreets tend to touch people he likes in a casual, friendly, jocular way. Unfortunately for some, his hands are extremely hot.

If things start to go poorly, Svarku is likely to begin abusing his stores of red crystal. This will make him partially ethereal and prone to violent mood swings, outbursts, and increasingly poor decisions. He has incorporated large amounts of the crystal as ornamentation in his volcanic complex. It'll be a dark day in hell before he ships that off, but it's there in case of an absolute emergency.

THE ZUMAKALIS DEAL

The Heart of Zumakalis is a weapon of war created from the core of a dead star. It is so dense that anything coming into contact with it is instantly crushed and broken into its component subatomic parts. It is a sphere of indescribable color, just under one hundred feet in diameter. When controlled by the Gem and Gauntlet of Zumakalis, it can effortlessly destroy worlds. The Heart currently sits, cold and inert, in the Fifth Luminous Vault beneath the smoking chambers of the Grand Efreet Council, and it is **Seera's** shame.

Formerly a princess, Seera was a longtime commander of the efreet army in the eternal conflict against the djinn. She was approached millennia ago by an emissary of an organization calling itself **the Starfall**, which had been hired by an anonymous elemental lord to broker a deal with the efreet. This lord desired djinn slaves to work his secret mines deep in the elemental planes. The lord could buy or capture djinn himself, but engaging in such affairs could put his operation at risk. His plan was to provide the efreet with a powerful weapon of war and a constant stream of gems if then-Princess Seera would funnel djinn captives taken in battle to his mines, instead of sending them to their usual fate in the Molten Pools. Seera indicated that she would hear out the terms of this arrangement, and so began a thousand-year negotiation. Countless sums of money and gifts flowed across the cosmos to grease the wheels and palms of the parties involved, and Seera's personal triumph with these negotiations was having the Heart of Zumakalis delivered to the council. She was certain its actual presence would sway the final holdouts on the council, and she was right.

The final votes came, the deal was agreed to, and the final gifts were to be exchanged. Over the last hundred years of the deal, plane-walking mortals ("adventurers" they had called themselves) had put pressure on the caravans of loot transported by the Starfall, even managing to take some for themselves. The final gift coming to the efreet was the Gem and Gauntlet of Zumakalis. While the gauntlet was powerful, the gem was the true prize, as it was the piece that could activate and control the Heart. Seera's final stipulation was that the gem should be enchanted or alarmed, so that if a mortal (especially a human) touched it, Seera would be immediately alerted and a portal would open, allowing her to communicate with and instantly travel to the holder of the gem. The gauntlet and gem made it safely to the efreet cities of fire, but a lowlife efreet named **Svarku** killed the courier over a gambling debt, and fled with the prize into the far reaches of the multiverse without ever alerting the commander.

Her thousand-year deal destroyed by one of her own kind, Seera was humiliated. After their considerable investments, the council stripped her of her rank and titles until the gauntlet and gem were recovered and the Heart of Zumakalis could be activated. The Starfall suffered a significant blow to its reputation, and the ongoing investigation into the Zumakalis case has destroyed many of its best employees.

Svarku, never knowing the item's true intent, thought he had acquired a powerful gauntlet that augmented magical abilities and compelled its wearer to build and create. He could effortlessly bend and manipulate gravity with it, and he used the gauntlet to harvest the first shipments of red crystal and build his volcanic lair. At some point during the Night Axe revolt, the Gem of Zumakalis fell out of the gauntlet (p. 54). He believes it might have happened during one of the times **Bavmorda** flung him about with silver shock waves, but he does not like to recall that night of multiple failures. Now that the **Ash Barons** are raising the crystal quotas, Svarku is becoming more and more fixated on the idea of this gem being a solution to his problems. He hates that it would require him to mine crystal himself, but since none of the adventurers sent to the plane of ash have managed to kill the barons, it's beginning to seem like the only solution. Svarku has had no luck finding the gem, though, and its magical signature seems to have vanished completely (p. 56).

THE STARFALL

The Starfall is an extradimensional organization of traders and diplomats. It was originally started by elves from the Isle of Light, but this is a secret unknown to all but those at the highest levels of the organization. This is a secret not so much because the founders have anything to hide, though, but more that it's become an irrelevant detail since their home was destroyed by a cataclysm. **Svarku**, destroying the Starfall's thousand-year deal between a secretive elemental lord and the Grand Efreet Council, was a huge public relations disaster for their organization, but they have mostly recovered from the (external) embarrassment by this point.

The Starfall's current concern revolves around the absolute monopoly one of their rivals, the **Ash Barons**, have over a certain type of red crystal that has been super hot on the ethereal markets recently.

What Does the Starfall Want?

- Power, influence, and profit for their shareholders. The usual.
- To know full details of the source of this red crystal
- To understand the **Ash Barons'** red crystal monopoly
- To recover the Gauntlet of Zumakalis and restore that failed deal

What Does the Starfall Not Want?

- Another public relations disaster
- For the **Ash Barons'** crystal monopoly to continue uncontested

What Else?

Internally, no Starfall employee wants to be put on the Zumakalis case. It's proven to be career suicide for anyone even looking at it.

SEERA

The fallen princess Seera is the efreet responsible for the Zumakalis deal. Ever since **Svarku** destroyed it, her life has been devoted to recovering the gauntlet. But despite her sizable network of informants, she has had no luck in her hunt, and is beginning to lose hope of ever restoring her name. Her hope now rests on the "mortal safeguard" she applied to the gauntlet's gem as part of the original deal. Her early concerns had always been that an adventurer would steal the gauntlet from her, and she finds it sadly funny that now all she hopes for is that a mortal will steal it from the current thief.

What Does Seera Want?

- To recover the Gem and Gauntlet of Zumakalis
- To restore her honor and title

What Does Seera Not Want?

- Any more delays

THE ASH BARONS

The Ash Barons are a small group of elemental lords from the plane of ash who deal in the discreet trade of exotic raw materials between anonymous extraplanar interests. It is unclear how many barons there are, or if they are lords, ladies, or otherwise. When they find it necessary to meet for negotiations, they always appear in pairs, their physical forms and dress resemble a crumbling, ashy version of the individual they are meeting, and they wear a mask made from the material being traded. As the meeting progresses, their masks begin to crack and crumble into ash. When the masks fall away completely, the meeting is over and the barons disintegrate on the wind. The masks last no longer than fifteen minutes, but most who deal with the barons attempt to end negotiations even before the masks decay, knowing that the figures have only swirling nothingness where a face should be. The masks always appear to be smiling or laughing.



The Ash Barons' commitment to privacy, anonymity, and an uncanny ability to deliver has allowed them to slowly climb to a place of secret prominence in many circles. Beware their connections.

What Do the Ash Barons Want?

- As much red crystal as they can get their hands on
- To maintain their undisputed monopoly on the red crystal
- To expand into other markets. Cautiously.
- To understand what happened with **Svarku's Night Axe**
- To make **the Starfall** look bad
- New materials with unique applications (for example, jelly moss)
- To know exactly who else is moving red crystal
- For **Svarku** to get his shit together. Things had been so smooth and easy, and it should have stayed that way!

What Do the Ash Barons Not Want?

- To lose their supply of red crystal
- To be forced to replace **Svarku**. (He's not really that bad.)
- For **the Starfall** or anyone else to know their red crystal source
- For the hostilities between the Fuegonauts and the Night Axe to continue. Mainly because they're tired of hearing **Svarku** whine.

What Else?

The Ash Barons' dirty little secret is that **Svarku** has exported so much red crystal, he could stop shipments for a hundred years and they could still meet constantly growing demand. But if the situation worsens and they haven't found an equally exploitable replacement, they know they can remove some of the pressure. They have not yet decided on a way to do this (as clemency could be viewed as weakness), but it might not be necessary if **Svarku** continues meeting quotas—and as they enjoy seeing him sweat.

Recently, some red crystal the Ash Barons did not control showed up on the market. It was a minuscule amount, but at current market rates, the anonymous seller was able to undercut them and still make a significant fortune from the sale. This is keeping the barons up at night because it indicates either the existence of a new source they do not control, or a leak within **Svarku's** organization. It's all questions but no answers and they hate that, even though they know for a fact that it is not **Svarku** himself. (See **Zeb**, [p. 149](#).)

The Ash Barons created the Night Axe ogres almost ten thousand years ago, and bred them over that time into the perfect slave race. The ogres became exceptionally resilient, strong, and utterly in love with doing what they were told. The barons won numerous awards for both the ogres and the vaguely shamanistic religious structure they created as a control mechanism. That religious structure ensured the systematic identification and removal of radical cultural elements from each Night Axe tribe. It has proven so successful that a number of minor devils licensed it for use on their gold mining worlds on the physical plane, and some Salt Lords from the White Mirror Flats are said to have even developed a knock-off. No group of Night Axe ogres had ever rebelled—until **Svarku**. While this concerns the barons, they have convinced themselves it is a residual side effect of these lesser creatures' prolonged exposure to red crystal, and they have begun testing this theory with a small group of slave stock. It is such an anomaly that they feel confident they can ultimately ignore it as a one-off. If they knew the truth (the direct intervention of **Mog'ok**, god of vengeance; [p. 127](#)), they would be tremendously pleased with the situation, as the group has taken out a number of insurance policies against the "fickle whims of petty gods" disrupting their slaves' guaranteed performance levels.



THE OBSIDIAN GIANTS

Seven obsidian giants were hired by the **Ash Barons** and sent to Hot Springs Island to assist **Svarku** after the Night Axe revolt. They do not speak, communicating exclusively by telepathy, and each commands a troop of twenty-five to fifty obsidian bladeguards. The giants operate as a council of equals, and in the hierarchy of the Fuegonauts, are second only to Svarku. Giants see and know what their bladeguards see and know, and they occasionally deputize lesser creatures with glowing orbs of obsidian that enable direct communication and sight. Although the barons presented these giants to Svarku as another gift workforce, they were ordered to secretly report back on the efreet and his Fuegonauts.

The giants have become utterly terrified and fixated on the Night Axe edgesworn and **Bavmorda** because of their ability to shape and destroy obsidian with their bare hands. In their fear, they have begun issuing secret orders that escalate hostilities between the Fuegonauts and the Night Axe. To accomplish this, the giants attract the most devious, vicious, and selfish salamander tricksters, promote them into leadership roles among the Fuegonauts, and then manipulate them to further the obsidian agenda and interpret Svarku's orders in the most brutal way possible. The giants even go so far as to give their current favorites false orders and private-reward missions. In the event of an order conflict, Svarku's increased suspicion, or an unwieldy trickster, the giants will dispose of the salamander—usually publicly, and usually after planting incriminating evidence of rebellious intent in the trickster's possessions, to be discovered by their peers or subordinates.

What Do the Obsidian Giants Want?

- For **Svarku** to fail already, so their assignment can end
- For **Svarku** to suffer, but never suspect their involvement
- For all Night Axe ogres to die
- To understand how Night Axe edgesworn and their witch **Bavmorda** are able to exercise direct control over obsidian

What Do the Giants Not Want?

- Peace
- For local Night Axe to communicate with any on other planes
- For **Svarku** to resolve anything without their input
- For **Svarku** to realize how constantly they undermine him
- For the **Ash Barons** to become suspicious of their actions
- For **Svarku** to ever summon **Molotek**
- For the **Ash Barons** to learn of the power these Night Axe have over obsidian. "The barons could use them against us!"

What Else?

Requiring neither sleep nor rest, the obsidian giants have no lair. The obsidian spire is for bladeguards only (p. 118). When not tasked by **Svarku**, they wander in the dark places beneath the volcano. There are multiple locations in these depths where the giants secretly convene to plot face-to-face, their telepathic communications cloaked in storms of dark psychic energy.

Recently, one of the giants was destroyed by **Bavmorda** and her four sons (p. 130). This has driven the remaining six giants into a panic, and they believe they must strike the Night Axe immediately. **Svarku** has no idea one of the giants was slain because they all look similar and never appear before him as a group. When the giant died, all forty-seven of its obsidian bladeguards stopped in place, and the other giants have not been able to control them. It's only a matter of time before these frozen bladeguards are reported to Svarku.

Obsidian giants normally avoid the field of battle, giving telepathic orders to their bladeguards and to Fuegonaut chosen. When they do engage in combat, they use their immense size and jagged bodies to sow as much chaos and destruction as possible. Their favorite attack is to charge across the field, flailing their arms and trunk and trampling anything in their path. Giants will always attempt to line

up a charge to run past—or over—as many enemies as possible. On rare occasions, giants wield massive polearms or swords of enchanted brass, but they consider their claws, tusks, and legs to be more than sufficient to destroy most puny, fleshy opponents.

The new moon parties (p. 65) suggested and facilitated by the obsidian giants were devised as a way to distract **Svarku** and the Fuegonauts. The giants use this night to gather and plot in the depths of the volcano (usually in Crystalflow Mine, p. 70).



THE SHAH OF FIRE SERPENTS

All one thousand salamanders working for **Svarku** were sent to him by the Shah of Fire Serpents. The Shah owed Svarku a favor due to a night of gambling gone wrong, and was pleased to be able to pay it off so simply when it was finally called in. He is relatively simple (in the extravagant way of all creatures from the plane of fire) and cares little for the petty concerns of mortals.

What Does the Shah Want?

- To ensure his reputation is never tarnished

What Does the Shah Not Want?

- To have to deal with **Svarku** again. His debt has been paid.
- For his salamanders to make him look bad through their failure

SALAMANDERS



Salamander warriors and tricksters comprise the bulk of **Svarku's** Fuegonauts. They are cruel and simple creatures whose goals revolve around comfort and not being the "low man on the totem pole." They love being bullies, and so have started to really hate their jobs ever since the Night Axe revolted and the obsidian things showed up. With the ogres gone, many salamanders have become quite lazy with their daily tasks, seeking alcohol, raw meat, and bribes instead of enforcing Svarku's edicts. They are fickle toward adventurers, fluctuating between ignoring them, killing them, or shaking them down in the absence of specific orders.

What Do Salamanders Want?

- To go home
- To feel tough
- More slaves
- To be the bully

What Do Salamanders Not Want?

- To be returned to the **Shah** early for bad behavior
 - To be bullied
 - To work too closely or frequently with those obsidian things
 - For the current situation with the Night Axe to last much longer.
- The salamanders are getting slaughtered out there!

What Else?

Raw meat, particularly raw boar meat, intoxicates salamanders.

It sucks to be a salamander right now. From their perspective, **Svarku** is being really inconsistent with his approach to this Night Axe problem, telling them he wants peace but then ordering attacks and ambushes (**obsidian giant** intrigue).

They want **Svarku** to get his shit together. They liked the good old days before the revolt, even if this world is colder and wetter than they prefer. They wish they could express their frustration to the efreet but know they cannot, especially after one salamander known as Blackclaw publicly got his tail cut off and stuffed down his throat when he tried to. The phrase "By Blackclaw's Tail!" has become a multipurpose emotional expression among the salamanders, and is frequently used to indicate fear, anger, shock, and wonder.

A small number of salamanders have deserted the Fuegonauts completely to hole up in warm, fiery spots around Hot Springs Island. Most return to the ranks after a few months, so **Svarku** turns a blind eye to their sabbaticals.

FATTY SALAMANDER

Fatty might be the only salamander pleased by the outcome of the Night Axe revolt. He technically defected from the Fuegonauts the day before, and somehow ended up looking like a hero when he fell out of his hiding place in the Slave Quarters and crushed the legs of a bonebinder about to attack a distracted **Svarku**. Learning that Fatty could cook delicious barbecue, and for "saving his life," Svarku has given him free reign to come and go as he pleases.

The salamander has taken up residence in the old Slave Quarters (p. 54) where he pickles anything he can (especially hands), and referees an underground fire imp brawling league. A group of steam imps had always wanted to watch (which is to say, bet on) these matches, so they worked out a deal with Fatty. The steam imps get Fatty what he wants and help him travel discreetly, and Fatty enables them to watch the fights. Once a week, he visits the Temple of Tranquility [HS-23-02] and an imp called **Gopher** turns into a cloud of steam, enters Fatty's head, and projects his memories of the fight onto the cloud for all to watch and wager on.

What Does Fatty Want?

- To be comfortable
 - Cronies to kick around
 - To feel like he's important
 - To pickle new things
 - To watch great fights
 - For his residence in the Slave Quarters to be opulent.
- Unfortunately, he doesn't know what that means. He just knows **Svarku** says it a lot, so it must be good.
- To know why the obsidian bladeguards keep escalating hostilities whenever Fuegonauts and Night Axe ogres meet

What Does Fatty Not Want?

- To miss the new moon parties or important Fuegonaut events
- To go back to being a regular salamander
- To go back to the **Shah of Fire Serpents**
- To work
- To be devalued by the steam imps
- To expend any of his own energy

What Else?

Fatty describes distance based on how many pounds he would lose getting there. ("Oh, it's about three pounds away.")

He has definitive proof that the **obsidian giants** are escalating hostilities with the Night Axe, but he doesn't realize how important or valuable this information would be to **Svarku**.

COMBUSTARINOS

FUEGONAUTS

118

FACTIONS



Combustarinos are to bloodthirsty Lost Boys as **Svarku** is to Peter Pan. As Svarku's favorite Fuegonauts, they can do no wrong in his eyes, and are frequently rewarded for any mischievous viciousness directed at non-Fuegonauts. They are just as likely to engage in conversation with an adventurer as they are to flay the skin from their bones for a new set of leather bracers. Combustarinos never fight fair, live for killing, and laugh about pain. They particularly enjoy running adventurers into spike-filled pits covered by thin sheets of obsidian and dirt (which they call "playpens") so they can attempt to cauterize each bleeding wound with jets of fire. They make this into a sort of game, awarding points based on the number of wounds that can be sealed without killing the victim, plus a scream multiplier.

What Do Combustarinos Want?

- To ride **Svarku's** wave of utter success to complete victory
- **Svarku's actual** respect (and a seat at the VIP table is nice)
- To stay on this gravy train as long as they can
- To constantly have things to kill

What Do Combustarinos Not Want?

- To go back to what they used to be
- To be perceived as a normal fire imp
- To lose favor or respect from **Svarku**
- To lose one's butterfly knife or chest emblem

What Else?

A new combustarino's first assignment is to create a chest emblem in **Svarku's** honor. Each is unique and closely guarded by its owner.

Combustarinos have recently begun collecting elemental cores (particularly water), which they stockpile and gift to **Svarku** in large batches. He likes to use them for "skeet shooting" from his tower.

OBSIDIAN BLADEGUARDS

Obsidian bladeguards are little more than automatons or vessels for their giant's thoughts and commands. Each bladeguard comes equipped with a number of generic routines related to self-preservation, and can follow additional routines sent to it

telepathically by their giants. These routines are followed exactly. Any bladeguard behaving in a complex manner is being controlled directly by its giant, by **Svarku**, or in some cases, by a salamander trickster. Obsidian giants are able to simultaneously control **3d4** bladeguards (depending on their personal power level) and can instantly shift control from one bladeguard to another. They use this "change of focus" to great tactical effect on the battlefield, spreading a group of bladeguards across the field so their enemies have difficulty adjusting to the current area of true threat.

The giants provided Svarku with a necklace of obsidian orbs he can use to issue commands to bladeguards. He was pleased with this until he began to realize just how specific he needed to be when issuing orders. (Mortals who have received wishes from Svarku would be surprised to learn of his surprise at the specificity required.) A number of bladeguards were destroyed when they walked off cliffs, and long-distance paths have been cut through the jungle when the efreit told a bladeguard to clear the way without ever telling it to stop. Svarku now takes control of bladeguards one at a time so as not to worry about his orders being misunderstood. The giants can override this control, and have done so when he might witness them circumventing his orders. This has led Svarku to believe the bladeguards are ultimately useless, just waiting to malfunction.

Bladeguards do not require sleep or sustenance, and can regenerate lost or broken limbs by spending time deactivated in the obsidian tower in Svarku's lair [HS-06-02]. Their weaponized arms can self-repair up to three times between stays in the tower, even if detached. Bladeguards can grow stronger by consuming elemental cores, but consuming too many can trigger autonomy and self-awareness, so the giants attempt to prevent this behavior.

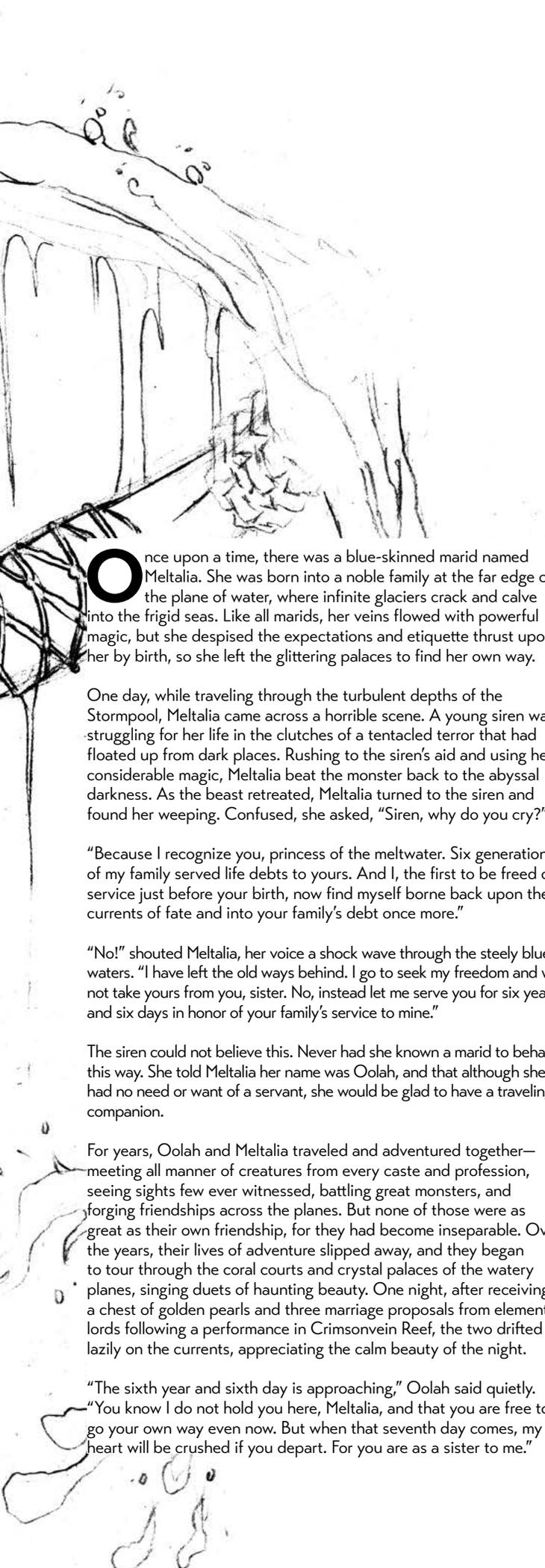
The eyes of an obsidian bladeguard can be used to augment spells and items related to telepathy, especially helms and circlets. If an eye is swallowed whole, there is a 20 percent chance the user will permanently gain minor telepathy (voluntary communication only)—but there is a 40 percent chance the new telepath will become a bladeguard after seven days.







Nereids



Once upon a time, there was a blue-skinned marid named Meltalia. She was born into a noble family at the far edge of the plane of water, where infinite glaciers crack and calve into the frigid seas. Like all marids, her veins flowed with powerful magic, but she despised the expectations and etiquette thrust upon her by birth, so she left the glittering palaces to find her own way.

One day, while traveling through the turbulent depths of the Stormpool, Meltalia came across a horrible scene. A young siren was struggling for her life in the clutches of a tentacled terror that had floated up from dark places. Rushing to the siren's aid and using her considerable magic, Meltalia beat the monster back to the abyssal darkness. As the beast retreated, Meltalia turned to the siren and found her weeping. Confused, she asked, "Siren, why do you cry?"

"Because I recognize you, princess of the meltwater. Six generations of my family served life debts to yours. And I, the first to be freed of service just before your birth, now find myself borne back upon the currents of fate and into your family's debt once more."

"No!" shouted Meltalia, her voice a shock wave through the steely blue waters. "I have left the old ways behind. I go to seek my freedom and will not take yours from you, sister. No, instead let me serve you for six years and six days in honor of your family's service to mine."

The siren could not believe this. Never had she known a marid to behave this way. She told Meltalia her name was Oolah, and that although she had no need or want of a servant, she would be glad to have a traveling companion.

For years, Oolah and Meltalia traveled and adventured together—meeting all manner of creatures from every caste and profession, seeing sights few ever witnessed, battling great monsters, and forging friendships across the planes. But none of those were as great as their own friendship, for they had become inseparable. Over the years, their lives of adventure slipped away, and they began to tour through the coral courts and crystal palaces of the watery planes, singing duets of haunting beauty. One night, after receiving a chest of golden pearls and three marriage proposals from elemental lords following a performance in Crimsonvein Reef, the two drifted lazily on the currents, appreciating the calm beauty of the night.

"The sixth year and sixth day is approaching," Oolah said quietly. "You know I do not hold you here, Meltalia, and that you are free to go your own way even now. But when that seventh day comes, my heart will be crushed if you depart. For you are as a sister to me."

"Oh, Oolah! Crisscrossing the thousand currents and singing by your side has brought me joy such as I never expected to know. I could stay with you six thousand years and it would not be enough."

Laughing her musical laugh, Oolah spoke carefully. "Well, Meltalia, I have been thinking. You have surpassed me. No, do not blush, for it is true. Your voice can warm the most bitter currents and transform them into something different. Something more. Something magical."

"My life dream has been to see the worlds beyond these infinite seas. On the day you saved me from that vile beast, I was on my way to leave these waters and drift across the cosmos, singing where I could." Oolah became more animated as she continued. "But now, with your skills and talents, I believe we could do so much more."

"I have written a show. A show based on the story of your life and our adventures together. At first, I thought we could sing it as duets, starting simply as we have here on the plane of water. But then I added up the gifts we have already been given, and the standing invitations we have received from elemental lords and dignitaries. Meltalia, we have enough to create a spectacle of sound and magic the likes of which the multiverse has never seen. With you as its star! Your story of freedom and kindness can touch the hearts of thousands with each performance. Will you do it, Meltalia?"

"Only with you by my side," the marid replied, smiling radiantly.

And so the siren and the marid traveled far and wide throughout the blue-green currents, recruiting and training a chorus that could transform the show into a true spectacular. They auditioned many in the watery depths, but time and again, it was nereids who proved themselves equal to the lyrical and magical demands of Oolah's opus. In time, fifty nereids signed on to the show, and so began Meltalia and the Fifty Visions.

The first performance happened before an audience of two hundred elemental lords and ladies in the Misty Palace of Lady Zephyria, where soft banks of fog are forever tinged with the rosy colors of dawn. Before the hushed crowd, Meltalia rose from the golden mist holding a gleaming amphora of beaten silver, then began to sing a song of hope and longing. The water she poured from the vessel sang with her—harmonizing, amplifying, and gracefully transforming into the fifty lovely nereids. By the time all had poured forth and the song reached its apex, the assembled audience was beside itself with rapturous enthusiasm and thunderous applause. The elementals shouted for an encore, tossing gems and pearls onto the stage. Stunned by the reception, the performers obliged, singing

through hours of encores. Word of the show—its sublime beauty, the emotional thrills and astounding magic—spread quickly across the planes. Invitations, requests, and demands came pouring in from every corner, and within the month, Meltalia and the Fifty Visions were booked solid. For a thousand years, they toured, performing before sold-out crowds in the most exclusive venues in the cosmos.

Then the reywish craze began. Reywish was an impossible shade of blue that many claimed could only be truly appreciated by creatures with an affinity to water. It could change with the weather, change with obscure cosmic alignments, and even change with its wearer's mood. Each change rendered it ever more beautiful, and every batch of cloth was unique. No one could determine exactly how it worked or successfully replicate it, and it was sold only by a group of elves from some backwater on the physical plane they called the Isle of Light. It became an overnight symbol of ultrafashion, posh exclusivity, and was nearly impossible to acquire.

Meltalia became aware of reywish during a performance at the Palace of a Thousand Stone Faces. The Archdevil Xanthos, lord of the flayed and drowned, was in attendance that night wearing a smoking jacket in reywish velvet. Also in attendance were Archdevil Azazel and his three hundred and forty-fifth wife, Nymtel the Egregious. Xanthos and Azazel had been embroiled in a war over control of the Field of Iron Souls for centuries, and had not been seen in the same place for years. Gossip quickly spread that Nymtel (having recently been bumped down on the reywish waiting list) orchestrated the event to get her hooks into Xanthos's reywish cloth.

As Meltalia and some of the nereids peaked from backstage during the first intermission, they spotted Xanthos and Nymtel in a quiet corner of the theater. The archdevil taunted her cruelly, dangling the jacket just beyond her reach and burning holes in the fabric with his looks of bestial lust. As the game went on, Nymtel's frustration mounted until she threw herself at the jacket, ripping it in several places. Xanthos merely laughed, watching her stomp back to her seat as the next act began.

Much to Xanthos's delight and Nymtel's horror, as Meltalia began to sing, the reywish dye reacted. The jacket grew even more beautiful, the burn marks and rips slowly disappearing. By the end of the show, the color was enchanting, and unlike any seen before. Xanthos, wagering that Nymtel's heightened rage would distract her husband from an upcoming battle, waited until Azazel and Nymtel were close by. Then, with an ostentatious display of gratitude, he presented Meltalia with the jacket. Meltalia was hooked.

Later that evening, she begged Oolah to get them cloth of reywish blue. Not only would Meltalia's songs cause the color to respond and grow more beautiful, their show was one of the hottest in the cosmos. Surely, there had to be a way to acquire a bolt of this fabric. So Oolah began her inquiries. The elves were sympathetic, but they drove a ruthless bargain. Eventually, they offered to provide Meltalia, Oolah, and all fifty nereids with enough fabric to create three gowns each if they would come to the elves' home on the Isle of Light, perform at the grand opening of their new bathhouse and extraplanar travel center—and cancel every other show for the next three hundred years. Oolah was stunned by the audacity of the elves, who were little more than lucky bumpkins from a sleepy corner of the void. Agreeing to these terms would mean canceling shows at Sin Loo's Platinum Pleasure Palace, the Gilded Valkyrie's First Mead Hall, and nearly a thousand other venues of esteem. But Meltalia was enraptured, and argued that at even half the current market rates, a fraction of that much reywish-blue cloth could buy the pleasure palace from Sin Loo. And so the deal was struck.

When they arrived, even Oolah had to admit there was a certain captivating beauty to the Isle of Light. Alabaster spires rose almost impossibly high above tropical greenery, and every spot of open ground seemed covered in colorful, exotic blooms. The bathhouse and the surrounding city were undeniably well crafted, in a quaint geometric style reminiscent of the domed city of Galador in the Enchantment of Silver Rain. The elves greeted the troupe warmly,

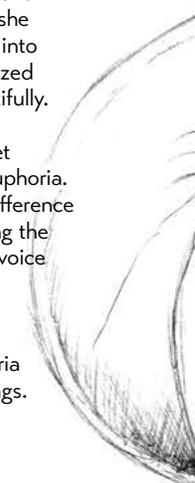
offering them lovely gifts and showing them to well-appointed accommodations. The magic wielded by these elves was remarkable, and they effortlessly combined it with their springs and saunas to pamper and pleasure their visitors in every way their hearts desired. Meltalia was quickly enamored, and even Oolah's skepticism fell for the charms of the island and its elves.

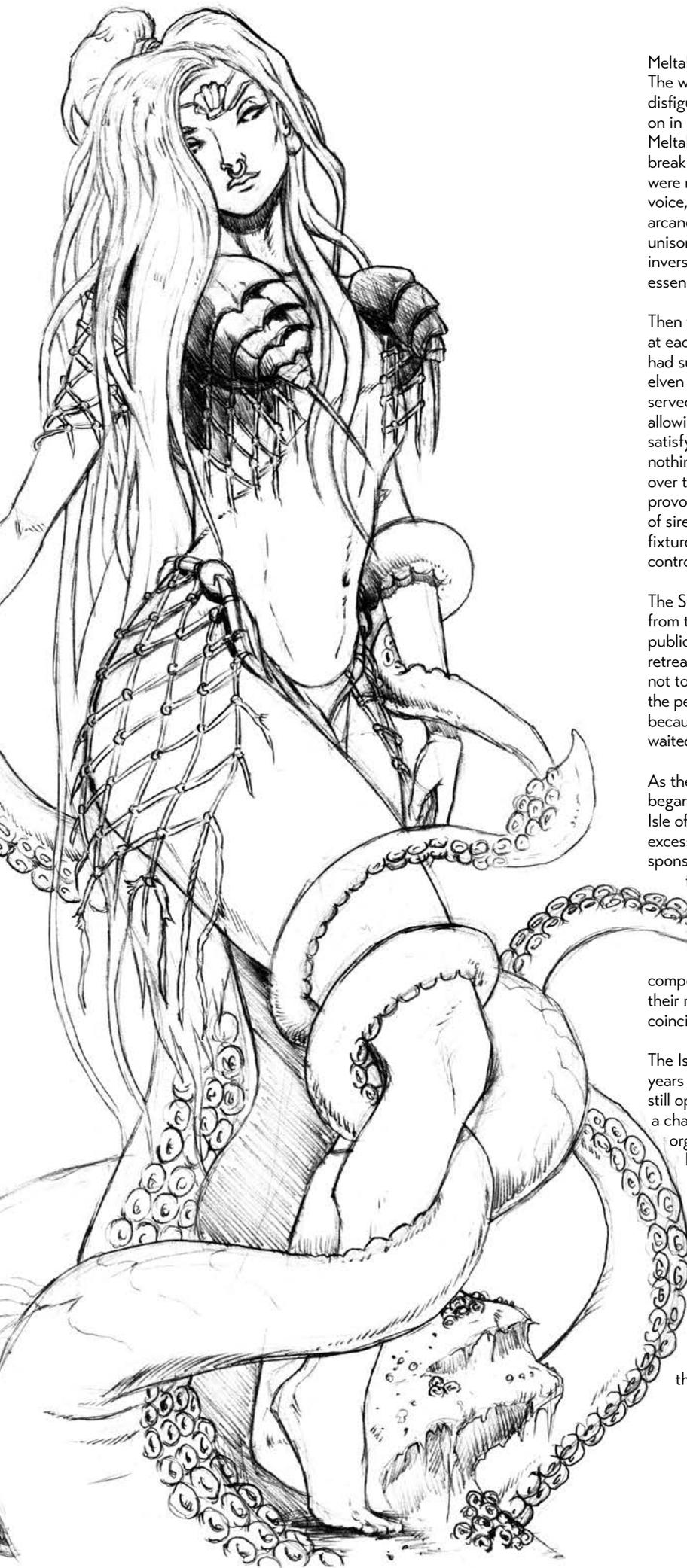
In the week leading up to the performance, it seemed that every elf on the Isle of Light had descended on Hot Springs City and filled it with an air of festive anticipation. They were masterful artisans, particularly when it came to carving and animating stone so that it resembled flesh, and their entire culture seemed to revolve around music and soothing chimes. Meltalia felt that she had made the right decision to pause her tour, and began to think she should spend much of her three-hundred-year break here with the elves, who she now thought of as kindred spirits. Her hosts were overjoyed at the mere suggestion of this, and threw a feast in her honor.

As the day of the bathhouse's opening dawned, the excitement in Hot Springs City reached a fever pitch. The twelve ranking emissaries of the elven trading organization known as the Starfall, controllers of the reywish trade, began to arrive in procession. The retinue of each emissary contained a gigantic animated stone beast carved in excruciatingly perfect detail. Each beast bore a chest of gold upon its back, and each chest contained a single bolt of reywish blue. Although Meltalia recognized the giant stone bear, frog, lizard, and horse, there were many fanciful creatures she could not place. But that only magnified the splendor of the column as it filed by. When the twelfth emissary arrived, the walls surrounding Hot Springs City erupted with fireworks, and the bathhouse's opening ceremony began in earnest with a series of speeches and feasts.

Not having been invited to these events, and not being particularly interested in what would likely be self-congratulatory speeches, Meltalia was surprised when the leader of the Starfall asked if she and her troupe could join them before the show. Meltalia, Oolah, and all the nereids were ushered to the front of the festivities, and after a slightly long-winded speech of thanks and deference, the elves revealed that they had commissioned works of art in their honor. As drapes of reywish were magically lifted all around the proscenium, life-sized portraits of Oolah and each of the nereids were revealed. The portraits were stunningly lifelike, each one capturing its subject's form exquisitely. Lastly, with much fanfare and celebration, two even more lifelike statues of Meltalia were unveiled at center stage. Meltalia, blushing at how well they had captured her nude form, was impressed and deeply moved by the elves' kindness. They had more than made up for the temporary postponement of her tour, showing themselves to be thoughtful and hospitable. As Meltalia thanked them for their kindness, she announced her intent to linger on the Isle of Light for a time and was met with thunderous applause.

As the show began, Meltalia was overflowing with an excitement and exuberance she hadn't felt since her first performance in the Misty Palace. As she stood in the warm spring water, singing and pouring forth the nereids from her amphora of beaten silver, she began to hear an unfamiliar sound. As the last nereid flowed into the pool and the song rushed toward its climax, Meltalia realized what it was. Every elf in attendance was singing along. Beautifully. Harmoniously. But differently, in some way she could not pinpoint. Beaming with pride at the dedication of these sweet fans, Meltalia rode the first great crescendo of the show in euphoria. As Oolah began her descent, Meltalia began to realize the difference between her song and the assembled elves. They were singing the piece backwards! Her body flushed with confusion, and her voice quavered as she felt the almost imperceptible tug of arcane magic on her essence. She watched in horror, the song dying on her lips, as Chlora and Daphne were yanked by invisible threads into the portraits that bore their likenesses. Then Floria and Teelo flew screaming from the pool and into their paintings. Then Zora. Then Oolah!





Meltalia's voice returned as a wordless howl of fury and command. The waters of the spring boiled and exploded, scalding and disfiguring the first five rows of elves. But the rest of the mass sang on in backwards mockery, continuing their terrible ritual of binding. Meltalia searched frantically for a flaw in the spell she could use to break its effect. All around, the faces that had once smiled graciously were now frozen in cold-blooded determination. She magnified her voice, booming enchantments and spells of destruction to break the arcane chains with death, but it was not to be. The elves, in brutal unison, sang louder and louder, and at the climax of their perverted inversion of her song, the waters of the spring ripped Meltalia's essence in half and stuffed it into the statues carved in her image.

Then the bathhouse grew silent. The elves stood glancing smugly at each other, wry smiles appearing as they realized their trickery had succeeded. The Starfall distributed the paintings amongst the elven social elite and quietly returned to their homes. The paintings served as a sort of stasis chamber for the nereids and Oolah, allowing their new owners to take them in and out of each image to satisfy their whims and pleasures. The portraits originally contained nothing but the image of a beautiful figure, nude and reposed. But over the years, as the elves gave their playthings gifts of horror and provocative finery, they filled with opulent terror. Meltalia, the singer of siren songs and master of ethereal magic, was reduced to a mere fixture. Trapped within the two statues, she was used by the elves to control the temperature of the bathhouse's two main pools.

The Starfall spoofed the departure of Meltalia and her entourage from the Isle of Light. The terms of their arrangement had been publicly known, so no one was surprised when the ensemble retreated to the exclusive and luxurious Pools of Loova and asked not to be disturbed. Because so much reywish had been given to the performers, its market value quadrupled, while demand doubled because of Meltalia's endorsement. The elves prospered as the cosmos waited for Meltalia to return to the stage.

As the three-hundred-year sabbatical drew to an end, the Starfall began clamoring eagerly and publicly for Meltalia's return to the Isle of Light—now a burgeoning extraplanar hot spot of fashion and excess. They began a bidding war with Sin Loo over who would sponsor her triumphant return tour, and Meltalia's return was at the forefront of the minds of the planar elite. When she did not return, the Starfall led the investigation into her disappearance with the full support and funding of her wealthy family. Although they could not solve the mystery, the Starfall managed to crush a competing trading guild with the aid of Meltalia's relatives, by tying their rivals to her disappearance with little flames of innuendo and coincidence.

The Isle of Light was destroyed by a cataclysm several thousand years ago, and is now known as the Swordfish Islands. The Starfall still operates and names bardic colleges in Meltalia's honor, hosting a charity banquet for her safe return every hundred years at the organization's headquarters on the plane of water. The crumbling bathhouse still stands in the ruins of Hot Springs City, and Meltalia remains trapped within her statues. The nereid portraits, left to the elements, are still scattered around the ruined island.

When the pulse of magical energy shattered the Isle of Light, Meltalia was able to harness some of it to create a small time loop in the bathhouse. This replays the two hours leading up to her imprisonment. Only mortals are able to enter this loop, and Meltalia hopes that one day, someone will understand and find a way to free her without becoming trapped in the loop themselves.

MELTALIA

NEREIDS

124

FACTIONS



What Does Meltalia Want?

- To be free
- To find **Oolah**
- To rescue or recover the cores of all fifty of her companions
- To resurrect her career and perform once more
- To atone for the deaths of any mortals who were trapped in the bathhouse and died because of her spell
- To punish those who have wronged her and her nereids. While her immediate postfreedom fury would be directed at **the Starfall**, she will not be pleased to learn what **Svarku** has done.

What Does Meltalia Not Want?

- For any of her nereids to suffer for one moment longer
- To be trapped or restrained ever again
- To be forgotten
- To conquer or take any land for herself

What Else?

If Meltalia is freed, she knows the approximate location and status (alive, wounded, dead) of all of her nereids. She does not know where **Oolah** is, or her condition, and finding her will be a top priority.

Freeing Meltalia quickly becomes a major public relations disaster for **the Starfall**. But although it hurts their interests, it cannot destroy the organization, as their roots are now too deep. They'll simply rebrand, changing their name to something like "Blackwater."

Wishes are only the start of how Meltalia will thank her saviors.

THE NEREIDS

The nereids of Hot Springs Island can be traced to one of two groups: Meltalia's Fifty Visions or the Sisters of Pythiaria. The sisters were oracles who once dwelled in a hidden aquifer before the cataclysm shattered the Isle of Light. The remains of the aquifer can be found in [HS-11-02], and are detailed on [p. 74](#).

The Sisters of Pythiaria rescued a number of Meltalia's nereids just after the cataclysm, and brought them to their new refuge in the Crystal Sea Cave [HS-25-01]. With both groups having effectively lost everything, the nereids came together effortlessly, redefining themselves in a more primal, elemental sense to advance the goals of water. Viewing **Svarku** as an enemy—both as a creature of fire and because he collects paintings of the Fifty Visions nereids for his harem—the nereids have allied themselves with the Night Axe ogres. They do not often join the conflict directly, choosing to play an advisory role, but they raise water elementals to aid the Night Axe in their battles.

For a time after the cataclysm, the nereids scoured as much of the Swordfish Islands as they could to find trapped nereids. But then Svarku came along and installed **Jubei's Crystal** ([p. 112](#)). The crystal prevents extradimensional creatures (including nereids) from seeing or reaching the island unless they have been personally invited by Svarku, or arrive by direct portal or summoning. Nereids who leave are able to return eventually, but it can take more than a year to find another portal to the plane of water, and then find a portal that connects directly to Hot Springs Island. The Fuegonauts, with their superior numbers and fire-based abilities, have proved more effective at recovering trapped nereids than the nereids themselves. The good news is that seventeen of the trapped nereids of the Fifty Visions are now together in one place. The bad news is that they're part of Svarku's harem ([p. 64](#)).

What Do Nereids Want?

- To free **Meltalia**
- To find **Oolah**
- To get the wydarr out of the Crystal Sea Cave [HS-25-01]
- To see the Night Axe ogres prosper
- To free the nereids of Meltalia's Fifty Visions who remain trapped in paintings
- To gain new allies and spread the influence of water
- To reclaim the shattered Aquifer of Pythiaria [HS-11-02]

What Do Nereids Not Want?

- For **Svarku** to gain more power
- To lose any more ground in the aquifer or the Crystal Sea Cave
- To be seen by mortals, especially elves
- For their lament to be interrupted ([p. 125](#))

What Else?

Twenty-nine free nereids live on Hot Springs Island. Fifteen were once Sisters of Pythiaria, while fourteen were among Meltalia's Fifty Visions. Seventeen nereids are known to be trapped in **Svarku's harem**, leaving nineteen of Meltalia's nereids unaccounted for.

Knowing their numbers are small, nereids refuse to travel alone. They almost always journey in pairs, or with water imps, elementals, or animal companions. If a nereid is ever encountered alone, it is because bad things have happened.

Nereids are unable to be away from water for an extended period of time. This limitation colors most of their decisions, and a nereid suffers the following conditions if not kept appropriately hydrated:

4 hours: A nereid suffers general fatigue

8 hours: She leaves watery footprints behind.

12 hours: Extreme difficulty keeping her shape. Her limbs appear malformed, and fingers and toes meld and blend. Her face becomes featureless, and her core can break the surface of her skin.

20 hours: A nereid can no longer communicate verbally.

24 hours: All that remains is a spherical, pearlescent elemental core in a puddle of water. If the core is placed in a water source, the nereid reforms in **d6** hours.

Nereids always know exactly how far they are from water, and can tell if it is above ground, below ground, fresh, salt, flowing, or still. They use this ability to navigate in the material realm, making their directions practically impossible for other creatures to understand.

The nereids trapped in paintings by the elves were able to hear and see everything that occurred around them (assuming their painted eyes had an unobstructed view). They might possess a surprising knowledge of elven history and society because of this.

The nereids have also grown despondent because they can no longer visit **Meltalia's** statues without facing extreme danger. The waterways leading into the bathhouse [HS-19-01] have become clogged over the past five hundred years with violent **plant life** (p. 96)

There is growing panic amongst some nereids over the intrusion of **crystalback wydarr** (p. 192) into the Crystal Sea Cave (p. 106). The caves beneath the Refreshing Spring [HS-08-03] are not ready for them to move into, and they know of no other place to retreat.

Nereids prefer to appear as beautiful humanoid women, but they can take on any humanoid form. Drastic transitions of form take about twenty-four hours. The nereids imprisoned by **Svarku** all wear magical gold cuffs or collars that prevent unexpected shifting.

LEADERS OF THE NEREIDS

The nereids do not have a leader per se, but **Solaria** (originally a Sister of Pythiaria), **Teelo**, and **Daphne** (both of Meltalia's Visions) are the alphas of the group and act as an unofficial ruling council.

Solaria was one of the original Sisters of Pythiaria, and it was she who had the vision of the coming cataclysm and the trapped nereids. She is kind to those she knows well, but can be perceived as aloof or even elitist when dealing with anyone outside her tight social circle, especially mortals. Solaria enjoys crafting and wearing elaborate headpieces incorporating beautiful objects she finds in the sea. She changes them frequently, and typically imbues them with minor magic related to divination.

Daphne served as the Fifty Visions' stage tech. Her arcane skills are better than all other nereids with magic, and she specializes in light, darkness, and illusion. When the cataclysm struck, she was able to use her skills to break the enchantment on her painting, freeing herself and then **Teelo**, who happened to be in the same building. Daphne created most of the nereid treasures (p. 168) that deal with light, and she is most proud of the sunbeam bangle. She presents herself with bright-green hair, and reacts more favorably toward characters who wear that color.

Teelo was the head choreographer for Meltalia's Fifty Visions. Both **Meltalia** and **Oolah** loved her ideas, especially those involving "quick shifts," where the nereids would cause parts of their body to transform into water so they could pass holds through one another's arms for rapid and spectacular transitions. She was involved in interviewing prospective group members, which combines with her deep empathy to let her know the strengths and weaknesses of every nereid on the island. Over time, White Rock Spring [HS-03-03] became Teelo's private retreat, and she was there when **Mog'ok** appeared to the Night Axe ogres (p. 127). Sensing Teelo's seething fury at the abuses she had endured, the god of vengeance offered to bestow his blessing upon her, too, and proposed a friendship between the nereids and

the Night Axe. Teelo gladly accepted, but has kept the influence of **Mog'ok** secret from her sisters. Unlike other nereids, Teelo is now able to maintain her form with fury, and does not need to stay near water at all times. She could even survive in incredibly hot or dry places, but she is waiting to reveal this until the time is right. These days, Teelo uses her choreography skills to help train nereids and water friends in highly defensive and evasive combat maneuvers.

THE LAMENT

To honor the memory of **Meltalia** and signify their ongoing commitment to her rescue, the nereids sing an unending song in the Crystal Sea Cave [HS-25-01]. Each nereid can sing without pause for weeks at a time, usually singing solo for two weeks before performing a duet with their replacement for one week. The song has persisted for a thousand years, and the crystals of the cave now glow, grow, and respond to its sounds. Feelings of longing, tenacity, and hope are amplified by the lament, and rage is transformed into resolve in most creatures after a few minutes of listening.

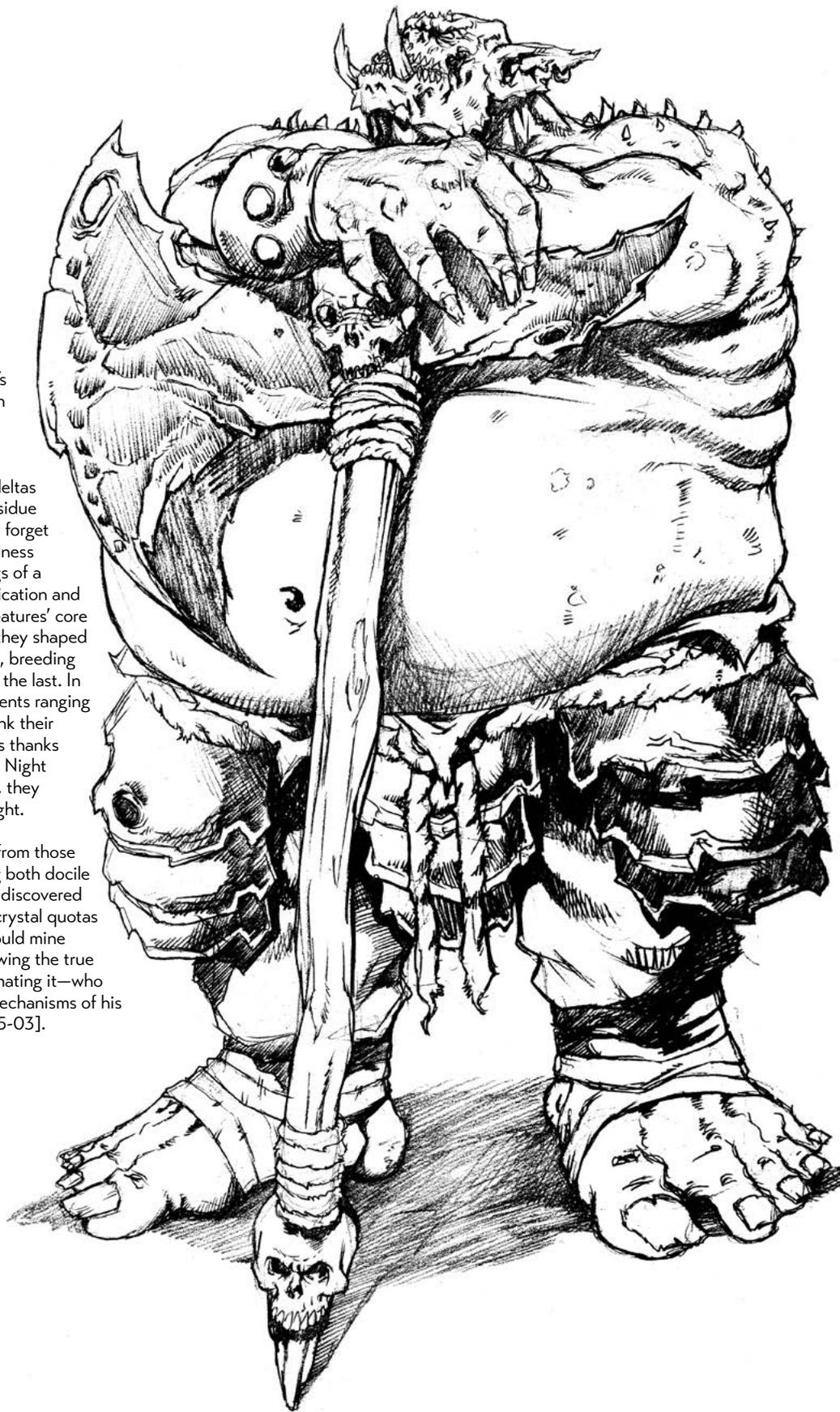


Night Axe

Night Axe ogres are one of the most sought-after slave races in the multiverse. They were created by a group of extraplaner trade magnates called the **Ash Barons** to meet the market's eternal demand for a strong but passive race that can withstand horrific conditions and breed like rabbits.

The barons' attempts to fill this demand failed repeatedly until they used clay from the flooded deltas of the Lethe to form the bodies of their thralls. Residue from the river caused the slaves' bodies to quickly forget inflicted pain, even as their minds retained the fullness of its sting. To this, the barons added the trappings of a vaguely shamanistic religion that made the identification and removal of radical cultural elements part of the creatures' core consciousness. Once the formula was perfected, they shaped the slaves to mimic the form and strength of ogres, breeding each successive generation bigger and uglier than the last. In the end, these new ogres could thrive in environments ranging from icy to molten to highly acidic, and would thank their masters for their beatings. (The earnestness of this thanks actually hindered sales in certain hells.) When the Night Axe ogres finally hit the extradimensional markets, they were a runaway hit, selling millions of units overnight.

The Night Axe given to **Svarku** were no different from those that had sold so well throughout the planes, being both docile and exceptionally efficient. When the Ash Barons discovered Svarku's true name and began increasing the red crystal quotas (p. 112), they knew exactly how much his ogres could mine and squeezed accordingly. It was Svarku, not knowing the true potential of the Night Axe—or perhaps underestimating it—who overreacted to the pressures and destroyed the mechanisms of his fortune with the incident at the Black Spot [HS-05-03].



THE INFLUENCE OF MOG'OK

Mog'ok, a god of vengeance, happened to be in the vicinity of the Swordfish Islands as **Svarku** burned his poor-performing Night Axe ogres alive. Sensing a mass death but feeling no waves of fury or tumultuous thumos, Mog'ok was intrigued. Taking the guise of a storm he considered commensurate to the level of atrocity, he flew toward its source. Upon reaching the burning ogres and jungle, Mog'ok was puzzled by the survivors' apparent apathy to the situation, so he chose to walk among them for a night. Disguised as an ogre, he asked questions that planted ideas of fury, vengeance, righteous indignation, and rage. His questions resonated most deeply in the hearts of **Glavrok** and **Srok**, who became the first Night Axe ogres ever to feel the burning purity of anger.

Glavrok, filled with the fire of Mog'ok and aided by **Bavmorda** and Srok, led the Night Axe in a surprise midnight revolt against Svarku and the Fuegonauts. Their mental conditioning broken, the ogres slaughtered many salamanders and combustarinos before escaping into the jungle of Hot Springs Island. Mog'ok appeared to the surviving Night Axe as the sun rose, red-orange and as fiery as salamander blood, following the night of carnage. The ogres had sheltered at White Rock Spring [HS-03-03], and the god, taking their form but with a skull-like visage and elaborate headdress, addressed them from atop the great white stone. He spoke of freedom and unveiled three gifts as he promised to lend his support.

First, Mog'ok told the assembled Night Axe ogres of a beach of black sand due east [HS-08-01] that he had blessed for their use. Whales of this world, leviathans of the deep, would begin to beach themselves upon its sands but would never spoil after death, so the ogres might have a source of food as long as Svarku ruled the island.

Second, he taught the ogres the ritual of the edgesworn (p. 128) so they might become even mightier warriors. As edgesworn, the ogres gained dominion over obsidian, so that its abundance on Hot Springs Island meant they would never want for weapons. Knowing that not all ogres could pass his tests, he blessed Bavmorda with this power immediately, so that she could begin equipping the Night Axe.

Finally, he brought forth the nereid **Teelo** from the spring, and told the ogres that her people had also suffered at the hands of Svarku. Teelo told them of her plight and proclaimed that as she found more nereids and creatures of water, she would work tirelessly to ensure they supported the Night Axe in the fight against the efreets.

What Does Mog'ok Want?

- For the Night Axe to fully utilize the fury he has unleashed

What Does Mog'ok Not Want?

- To see his gifts wasted

What Else?

Mog'ok is tied closely to obsidian in the minds of the Night Axe ogres, but the god has no special love of the stuff. He blessed the ogres with power over the black glass because of its abundance on Hot Springs Island, and the damage it can do. His blessings are dependent upon the circumstances of his chosen. In an alternative scenario where iron ore was abundant, he might bless those seeking vengeance with the ability to heat their hands and melt the metal from the ore. He gifts tools to sustain and empower the hunter.

THE NIGHT AXE NOW

The Night Axe revolt and the blessings of **Mog'ok** occurred four years ago. In that time, the ogres have claimed much of the northern jungle of Hot Springs Island and founded a village named after their leader **Glavrok**. Despite a frighteningly small population, they have managed to hold their own through a combination of strength, perseverance, and strong alliances with the elemental forces of water.

Their tactics focus on killing the enemy and breaking Fuegonaut morale. With such a small population, the Night Axe have no qualms about fleeing the field when they are outmatched, but so far, they have never lost ground for long. The Night Axe have suffered no major defeats, and many children have been born in Glavrok Village, keeping morale among the ogres high.

Because the Night Axe population is so small, every ogre knows every other, and each death is mourned by the entire tribe. They use no currency to speak of, trading with one another directly in goods and favors. The realities of war against a singular enemy and the possibility of total cultural annihilation have kept most internal strife to a minimum. The main disagreements that arise center around "vengeance now" versus "vengeance later," so a stint on the front lines quells most of the hotheads. If a terrible personal disagreement arises between ogres, the Night Axe women adjudicate the matter as a council, led by **Bavmorda**.

Under Glavrok's guidance, the Night Axe seek a better life for themselves and their children. Though currently motivated by revenge, they do not seek to oppress weaker creatures. They walk a path that is their own, striving to build a society valuing respect, courage, discipline, and honor for the blood of their fallen. But while they might grasp at nobility, savagery still defines much of their culture and emotions. Smaller races, so quick to attack, are ruthlessly eradicated, their bones used for spells and their skulls for decoration. The Night Axe welcome potential allies and trading partners, but have grown to expect humanoids to attack without provocation.

NIGHT AXE WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Only six ogre women (not counting **Bavmorda**) survived the incident at the Black Spot [HS-05-03], and are now kept under constant dotting guard in Vision's Clearing (p. 52) in the center of Glavrok Village [HS-04-01]. As part of their legacy as a designed slave race, Night Axe ogres reach full physical maturity in only six years. Because this is a relatively short time, and because of a deep belief that their race should rebound and thrive despite **Svarku's** stupidity, the six surviving women unanimously decided to sequester themselves and create as much new life as possible.

The ogre youth reside with the women, and are educated in the ways of crafting and warfare from the time they can walk. Every ogre with a skill must teach it to every child and ensure their basic competency. Each morning, the young ogres shadow their current trainer to study and practice, returning to the village center at sundown. The first group of children just turned three, and the women are excited to have reached the halfway mark of their continual pregnancies.

THE ABDUCTION OF WOMEN

To speed up the ogres' repopulation and minimize inbreeding, the Night Axe have begun to abduct humanoid women.

Abducted women are permanently polymorphed into female ogres by **Bavmorda** through a ritual that can occur only during a new moon. The ogres specifically hunt the largest and strongest humanoids, as it eases the transformation. Once the change is complete, the woman's original memories are deeply hidden, and she now wants nothing more than to make lots of ogre babies. Because of the Night Axe's reverence for their remaining females, these memories frequently stay forgotten.

For a time Bavmorda's transformation ritual was unsuccessful, resulting in dead, deformed, and even inside-out ogre women at the end of the process. But she recently discovered that shoving a lock of her hair down the subject's throat leads to complete success.

The six surviving Night Axe women are original ogres, and are detailed on [p. 133](#). The number of recent additions is left to the determination of the GM.

NIGHT AXE WARRIORS

Warriors comprise almost the entirety of the Night Axe clan. They are strong, efficient, and dedicated to their people—but they have to be, as there are so few of their kind left. This fills the warriors with pride, and they put in endless effort on any task that needs doing. But because of their endless years of slavery, they are reliant on having a plan. Freedom and the concept of rage are still too new, and without direction, their work slows. Each ogre knows and is comfortable with what they can and can't do, and although they need to be kept on task, they never need to be reminded of their capacity.

What Do Night Axe Warriors Want?

- To be busy. The drive to do work never left them.
- To provide a safe environment for the clan's children
- The approval of **Glavrok**, **Bavmorda**, and **Srok**
- To be fathers
- To ensure the kids become more self sufficient than they are
- To provide the best for the tribe, no matter the personal sacrifice

What Do Warriors Not Want?

- To feel the sting of a whip or lash
- For their (in)actions to cause the death of another Night Axe
- To ever let their guard down. Celebrations begin muted.
- To make new enemies

What Else?

Warriors constantly seek new uses for plants and creatures.

They gossip like a sewing circle, sharing any and all information, but never actively seeking to embellish their stories or humiliate others. There are few secrets within the clan because of this.

Once the clan has befriended outsiders, the warriors seek to trade with those characters whenever possible.

A small but growing number of warriors are attempting to learn the languages spoken by adventurers. The bonebinders encourage this behavior so they do not have to devote their bone magic to this task.

NIGHT AXE EDGESWORN

Night Axe edgesworn are best thought of as clerics of a god of vengeance. They do not actively cast spells or openly call upon their god, but as they grow in power and please **Mog'ok**, he grants them passive boons. All edgesworn are gifted with the ability to shape obsidian with their bare hands, and advance down the path of **speed**, **fury**, or **terror**, depending on their personalities.

Those who embrace **speed** can move and attack faster, and eventually their presence can bolster the speed of those around them. Those who embrace **fury** can eventually enter a berserk state, and are capable of short bursts of insane strength during moments of great peril. The edgesworn who run the path of **terror** are the most rare, because eventually their very presence terrifies all living beings—friend, foe, or otherwise. Although their lives involve necessary isolation, they can break apart the ranks of their enemies like a bomb.

Edgesworn must eat constantly, as they are little more than bone and muscle knitted together by fury. If they don't consume enough calories, their bones become obsidian, and their bodies erupt in black flame before exploding in a hail of glass.

BECOMING EDGESWORN

To become an edgesworn, Night Axe warriors must swear themselves to **Mog'ok** and pass through pain and death into unending fury. Because the ogre population is so small, and because not all who pledge themselves to vengeance will be accepted, **Glavrok** permits only warriors that have distinguished themselves in battle and successfully fathered at least one child to be eligible for the trials.

Once they have proven themselves and publicly sworn their intent, warriors are taken to the whale graveyard [HS-08-01], where they must sit among the insects and vermin without eating, sleeping, or moving for a full week. If they pass this trial, they return to the village and present themselves to Glavrok, who performs the transformation ceremony at the next **full moon** before the whole tribe.

At the height of the ceremony (which involves drums, fire, and dancing), Glavrok reaches into each warrior's mouth and rips out their tongue. As this happens, his ceremonial assistant (usually **Bavmorda**) strikes the warrior in the back of the head with a heavy war hammer, shattering their skull and killing them. The bodies are then taken into the jungle and hidden, but each warrior that Mog'ok deems worthy awakens in **2d6** days in the waters at White Rock Spring [HS-03-03].



What Do Night Axe Edgesworn Want?

- To experience the thrill of battle when it satisfies vengeance
- For the Night Axe to bring glory to **Mog'ok**
- To always seek revenge, no matter how petty
- To eat all the time
- To always be within reach of a weapon, or to craft one if not

What Do Edgesworn Not Want?

- To be required to rationalize
- Situations where violent wordless screaming is not the answer
- Their old names. Each has no name now but vengeance.

What Else?

Edgesworn occasionally use their ability to shape obsidian to create furious objects of art, prized by collectors of brutal obscura. However, they almost always break them immediately after creation.

Glavrok does absolutely everything in his power to ensure that those offered up to **Mog'ok** return from death. This infuriates some Night Axe warriors, but that's probably what they need.

Edgesworn that can transcend their all-consuming fury and grow their tongues back become bonebinders. It is unclear if **Mog'ok** or some other god makes this path of redemption available, and it isn't easy, because the rage is just so satisfying.

NIGHT AXE BONEBINDERS

While some Night Axe shamans arise from the ranks of the edgesworn, most are born with the gift of magic. Every ogre child born is tested for the gift, and those identified are raised by a bonebinder and trained until adulthood in the ways of bone magic. Since teaming up with the nereids against **Svarku**, water elementals have become a mainstay in shaman huts and ceremonies, and most hope this relationship continues once the war is over.

Bonebinders are the leaders of the Night Axe, both culturally and tactically, and their goal is the long-term success of their people. Originally, the shamanism of the Night Axe was used to control the tribes and eliminate disruptive elements. Now that they have been freed from their bondage, the ogres are able to tap into the full range of shamanistic magic, and much of the past four years has been spent figuring out where in the spiritual world they might belong.

BONE MAGIC

Bonebinders are so called because they bind their spells into bones. This process is not elaborate, and the larger the bone, the more powerful the spell that can be contained within it. Stored spells are released by breaking the bones, and since anyone can do this, the shamans are very careful with the bones they give out. Bird bones work best and are used most frequently, but any bone will do as long as shamans kill and process the creatures themselves. When bonebinders give out spells, they usually hand out useful assortments strung as a necklace. Sample bonebinder spells include:

Crazy Bone: Non-Night Axe are confused. Night Axe are enraged.

Lazy Bone: Objects worn or held by the target become heavier and heavier, until the target must stop and rest.

Wish Bone: The target is able to change their fate in a minor way.

Flesh and Bone: Temporary bone spikes grow on the target's knuckles, elbows, knees, or forehead. These spikes have a tendency to splinter and break off when forcefully thrust into flesh.

Busy Bone: The target moves and attacks at an accelerated rate.

What Do Bonebinders Want?

- Peace. But this cannot be achieved while **Svarku** lives.
- To think, see, and plan long-term
- A self-sufficient Night Axe with no unbeatable enemies
- Mutually beneficial alliances

What Do Bonebinders Not Want?

- For blind vengeance to overtake the entirety of their society
- To remain reliant upon the gifts of **Mog'ok**. The bonebinders appreciate what he has done for them and respect his boons, but they know they cannot live on whale meat forever.
- For any other faction to take up permanent residence on Hot Springs Island. Visitors and allies from abroad are great, but as far as the bonebinders are concerned, there are no vacancies.

What Else?

A few bonebinders have developed strong personal friendships with some of the nereids, and regularly leave **Glavrok Village** to seek their counsel and company. Glavrok does not like how vulnerable these solo treks make his bonebinders, but he understands the long-term usefulness of strengthening these relationships. Some of the more hot-headed members of the clan have misinterpreted Glavrok's poorly hidden displeasure, and whisper that the bonebinders are forging deeper, more secret pacts.

Bonebinders pushed aggressively for the boar farm [HS-08-02] to be established. Glavrok worries that it exposes ogres to unnecessary risk, but the bonebinders insist that the warriors need to learn to work the land, and that expansion does well for the clan's morale.

Bonebinders value the counsel of the Night Axe women over all else, and they rarely take a course of action that goes against their wishes.



GLAVROK

NIGHT AXE

130

FACTIONS



Glavrok's parents died in the mines not long after his birth, and he was raised by **Bavmorda**. The silver-haired witch, sensing latent magical abilities in the young ogre, taught him to harness shamanistic powers and cared for him as if he were her own.

Glavrok is a born leader, and the first chosen of **Mog'ok**. He puts the prosperity of the Night Axe above himself and is completely focused on the "long game" of revenge. Some younger ogres, notably **Srok**, disagree with his calls for patience and precision strikes against the Fuegonauts, but this does not diminish their deep respect for him. He usually remains in the village that shares his name [HS-04-01], focusing on strategy, defense, and charting the genealogy of the tribe to minimize inbreeding in generations to come. Revering Bavmorda's opinion, he travels to see her [HS-07-03] each waxing crescent moon to discuss tribal business, but they have been at odds on more than one occasion.

Glavrok is optimistic about the future but doubts he will live to see the death of **Svarku**.

What Does Glavrok Want?

- For the Night Axe to prosper and repopulate
- More ogre women, so there can be more ogre children
- Better defenses
- A more versatile food supply
- For **Srok** and the others at Boar's Head [HS-01-01] to be patient
- For all the ogres to be trained, skilled, and powerful
- To please **Mog'ok**, but to serve the dish of vengeance cold
- To keep the Night Axe women safe
- For others to know the Night Axe are not to be trifled with

What Does Glavrok Not Want?

- For one more ogre to die on this island
- To fail his people
- To fail **Mog'ok**
- To quickly accept or dismiss adventurers in his territory
- To die knowing his efforts were in vain
- To be forgotten
- Infighting among the tribe
- To go against **Bavmorda's** wishes if he can help it

What Else?

Glavrok spends much of his personal time "just happening to pass by" areas where young ogres are playing or training. He does this to aid in their protection, and to glimpse the hope he's fighting for.

He dislikes the practice of secretly kidnapping humanoid women and polymorphing them into ogre women (considering it unsustainable), but he has not yet come up with any alternative ideas.

He has heard of magic that can infuse weapons with cold that is more solid and dangerous to the Fuegonauts than water. Having lived his entire life in tropical or volcanic climates, he wants to learn as much as he can about this so-called "ice."

He has a hidden stockpile of powerful bone magic for trade with outsiders who have proven to be true friends of the Night Axe.

BAVMORDA



Bavmorda, the ogre witch with silver hair, was among the ogres given to **Svarku** by the **Ash Barons**. She is more than two hundred years old, and knows much about her people and their past. Her mate

was one of the first killed in the mines, and something about this island and her sorrow at his death awoke powers within her, long before the arrival of **Mog'ok** or the incident at the Black Spot.

Bavmorda's hair turned silver and began to grow rapidly and unendingly. It remained soft and pliant but became strong, like steel wire. She began to cut her hair and weave it into useful objects for the Night Axe, such as bedding and rope. Once a week, she could create a braided sleeping rug from her hair large enough for an ogre, but the length of her hair would never appear to change. As she grew in power, she learned to move her hair and control its growth, discovering that she could use it to help her work—and even to kill.

At the Black Spot, Mog'ok sensed Bavmorda's power and capacity for violent rage, so he imbued her with the power to shape obsidian into blades with her bare hands. Her magical powers have grown tremendously since the revolt, and while she does not fully understand their source, she does not hesitate to use them for her own ends as well as those of the tribe. She grew the spire of obsidian her hut sits on [HS-07-03], and although she lives outside the village, she has no problem defending herself or her home.

Bavmorda continues to make obsidian blades (usually fifty a week) and creates useful goods from her silver hair for the tribe. These are normally delivered to the village by her **four sons** (p. 26).

What Does Bavmorda Want?

- For all Night Axe to be free
- To have an obsidian giant as her personal mount
- Revenge against the **Ash Barons**
- Powerful, capable, and morally ambiguous spellcasting allies
- To grow the bonebinders' capacity for magic

What Does Bavmorda Not Want?

- For anyone to learn the secret of her sons
- For the **obsidian giants** to realize she is on the island
- For anyone to probe the source of her powers—even herself

What Else?

Bavmorda claims to have four sons (**Skato**, **Logar**, **Krogu**, and **Mukot**). They live beneath her hut [HS-07-03], and she claims that she hid them and raised them in the jungle. The secret truth is that these four ogres are Night Axe from other planes. Since using her growing powers to bring them here, Bavmorda has worked tirelessly to break the Ash Barons' conditioning, but has had no luck so far.

Each morning, Bavmorda cuts several inches of her hair and burns it as an offering, apparently to **Mog'ok**. In truth, **ancient hags**, trapped on other of the Swordfish Islands, sensed great potential in Bavmorda and imbued her with part of their power. She does not completely understand where her powers come from, or realize how this "favor" might one day be called in. Though this isn't specifically important for Hot Springs Island, the GM should be aware that Bavmorda's actions have a dark, subconscious undercurrent to them, and she is slowly, circuitously, and unconsciously corrupting things.

Bavmorda and three of the ogre women (**Verko**, **Matova**, and **Koova**) have inadvertently begun to form a coven. The four women work bone magic to aid the clan, but as Bavmorda is slowly corrupted, darker magic creeps into the ritual spells packed into the bones. The four have not consciously noticed what's happening, but the three other women have begun to pine for the times they get together and enchant bones. It's only a matter of time before something terrible happens, probably starting with still births or the emergence of powerful but terrible deformities in ogre babies.



Srok's mother and sisters were killed at the Black Spot, and he took the events of that day harder than most other Night Axe. **Mog'ok** almost considered speaking to Srok instead of Glavrok, but Srok's grief at his immediate loss was too great and inconsolable for the god's liking. If **Glavrok** serves revenge cold, Srok dishes it lava hot.

He burns to kill **Svarku** personally, and dreams of bathing in his blood. He was the first of the Night Axe to devote himself to Mog'ok as an edgeworker, and no other edgeworker has yet reached Srok's level of power or fury. He has never grown his tongue back (or even tried to), using hand gestures and drawings when he has no choice but to communicate. The other Night Axe, and those blessed by Mog'ok, are able to understand him, but he is an ogre of few words.

Srok disagrees with Glavrok's approach to dealing with the Fuegonauts, preferring open warfare and repeated, direct attacks filled with bloodshed. These opinions, combined with his fighting prowess, have made him a hero among the younger ogres. Knowing that not all of the Night Axe want to achieve vengeance in a methodical way, and knowing that Srok's growing following could cause a schism in the tribe if left unchecked, Glavrok ordered Srok to found Boar's Head encampment [HS-01-01] to serve as a forward base of attack in the war against the Fuegonauts. Glavrok was not pleased to do this, but he knew an internal revolt would kill them all. Srok is no fool, though, and is highly respected by Glavrok.

Knowing the power of Svarku's forces, Srok embraces assistance from anyone even remotely trustworthy, and is much more inclined to trade or open relations with adventurers. He knows the potential adventurers possess, and is unafraid of their weapons and magic.

What Does Srok Want?

- To win at any cost
- To personally dismember **Svarku** and bathe in his blood
- For **Glavrok** to be more open to outside help
- To attract adventurers to Boar's Head encampment
- More weapons, magic, and supplies
- To open up trade lines wherever possible

What Does Srok Not Want?

- To lose
- For Glavrok to drag his feet and miss opportunities
- For the Fuegonauts to gain one more inch of territory
- To wait any longer

What Else?

Srok has learned to understand the Common Tongue, but few realize this (either Night Axe or adventurers) because he always keeps an interpreter present. He finds that this secret knowledge allows him to better judge the true character of his warriors and potential friends.

He has recently taken to melting the knives and breastplates of fallen combustarinos into ingots for the purpose of trade. He is also one of the few Night Axe ogres to accept gold as a currency because of how much outsiders value it, but his prices are ridiculously high.

Even though he cannot speak, Srok loves to “talk shop” with other battlefield commanders, and he gladly shares and discusses tactics with any who desire it. He draws maps in the dirt and uses blocks, rocks, and easy-to-discern gestures to accomplish this.

Srok sees the value of adventurers and trusts outsiders quickly. But he kills them just as quickly if that trust proves misplaced.

PAW'LARD EEAN

One of the few heavy-lifters left, Paw'lard was in charge of hauling crystal shipments through the portal in Ashfire Mine [HS-07-02] when the Night Axe were **Svarku's** slaves. His strength and stamina were beyond that of other ogres, allowing him to haul crystals three times his own size. For this, Svarku lavished him with praise, extra rations, women, and semiprivate quarters with thick sleeping mats.

The incident at the Black Spot [HS-05-03] changed everything. As the screams of his fellows faded, Paw'lard realized the hollowness of all the praise and special treatment he had received. While he had been rewarded, the other's lives had never improved, and now so many of them were dead. Crushed with regret, self doubt, and despair, he was beaten mercilessly for the next two days as his melancholy kept him bedridden. But when the revolt began, his strength returned in full, and he slaughtered countless salamanders using nothing but his fists. They say that in the end, Paw'lard had to be physically pulled away from the fighting by **Glavrok** and **Srok**.

After **Mog'ok** appeared to the Night Axe, Paw'lard was the first to head to the beach of dead whales [HS-08-01]. He used his immense strength to carry a whale back to the clearing that would become Glavrok Village [HS-04-01], butchered it before the other ogres, and began cooking the giant, fatty hunks of meat. Over time, he has found great joy in cooking for his people, setting up an elaborate (by ogre standards) outdoor kitchen he calls the Rendering Spot [HS-04-02]. Here, he processes Mog'ok's whales into food, fuel, and useful items.



What Does Paw'lard Want?

- To taste and eat great foods
- To keep the Night Axe well fed
- Better access to herbs and spices
- To learn new recipes and constantly improve his cooking skills
- To sell his line of whale-based products (soap, gum, oil, and more)

What Does Paw'lard Not Want?

- To be taken off cooking duty
- For any harm to come to the ogre kids that help him
- To fight

What Else?

Paw'lard never wants to have to fight again, and when it seems combat will be necessary, he pretends he has a bum leg. **Glavrok** knows he's faking, but lets him get away with it for now. Paw'lard often gloats privately that he is a master of deception. Hee hee!

Most of the food Paw'lard cooks is deep fried in whale fat, and it's delicious. He keeps his giant cauldrons bubbling twenty-four hours a day at the Rendering Spot [HS-04-02], and experiments with new ways to fry things up all the time. He also makes exceptional whale-meat jerky that melts in the mouth.

It's possible that Paw'lard maintains a secret truce and relationship with **Fatty Salamander** (p. 117). Their love of cooking overcomes the hatred their people expect them to have for one another.

Paw'lard has figured out how to create many useful products from whale carcasses and native flora and fauna, and he's always working on a new idea. Sometimes there are explosions.

THE SIX SURVIVING WOMEN

Matova is plump and jolly, with tusks and teeth of gold enchanted to be as strong as steel. Those chompers were a gift from **Svarku** long ago, and she keeps them because they are a formidable weapon and she likes their flash. Matova has an exceptional memory, and once accurately named every salamander in Svarku's army. He was so impressed by this unexpected feat that he gave her the gold teeth. In the village, she organizes and coordinates the education schedule for all the children, and memorizes all the stores and supplies. **Glavrok** makes it a point to include her in most planning sessions, both military and mundane.

Koova the Bare-Breasted wears nothing but a long skirt of sinew and bone. Aside from **Bavmorda**, she is the only woman who can enchant bones without the aid of others. She does all the standard enchantments, but has begun to secretly experiment more and more. Most of her experimental enchantments are with fragile fish bones, and they often pack a dark punch. Her recent infatuation is with rot, but only **Verko**, **Matova**, and **Bavmorda** know of this. Koova is often quiet to the point of sullenness, and many of the children fear her but cannot explain why.

Bashku has a memory almost as good as **Matova's**, and from an early age, she was taught the oral history of the Night Axe. She knows the details of Night Axe contracts, with lineages and family stories going back a thousand years. Now that her tribe is free, she passes this knowledge on to the children. However, she has begun to feel like she should downplay her people's legacy of slavery, and has started retelling some of the stories in a more "child-friendly" way. Bashku loves to paint and draw, and she always carries a large bag of brushes and pigments. Her face and hair are smudged with paint, and she wears a large hide cloak the ogre children have painted with scenes of their history.

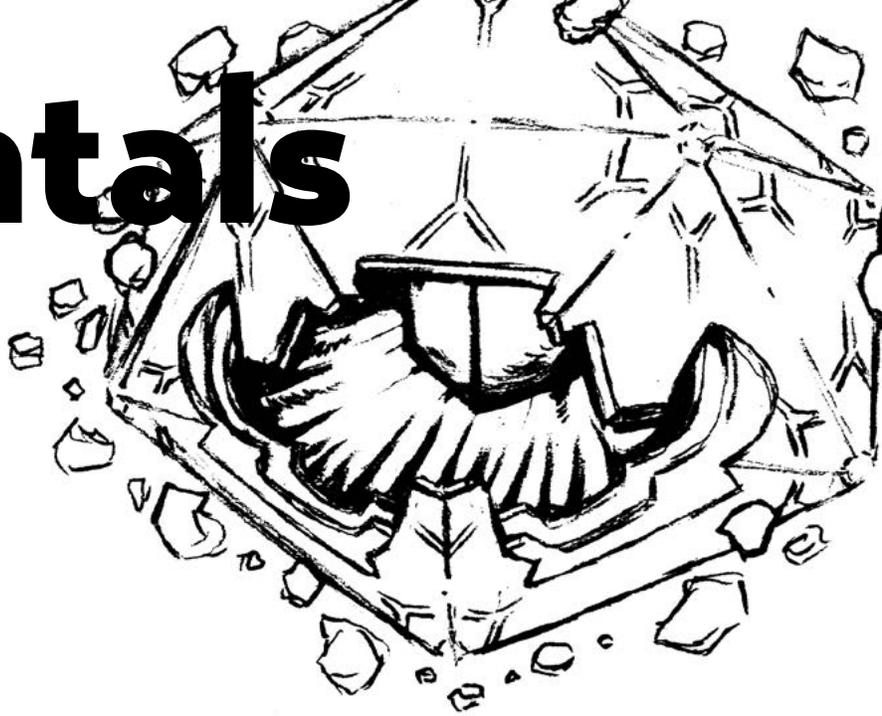
Meeko loves feathers, wears the brightest colors she can find, and has a deep, booming laugh. She teaches the ogre young about the plants, animals, and known locations on the island. When not teaching, Meeko actively seeks out men in the village who have just returned from assignment elsewhere on Hot Springs Island. She legitimately loves hearing about their exploits, and incorporates the knowledge gained from these discussions into her lessons. Meeko is also very open about her love and enjoyment of sex, and most of her meetups with returning warriors go long into the night. If **Glavrok** Village ever comes under attack, it is likely that the men of the village would aid Meeko before the other women.

Belanti One-Eye is grizzled and tough and walks with a limp. She was mauled and then thrown by an obsidian giant during the Night Axe revolt, and her heroic actions saved many that night. The ogre children adore her, and when they are frightened or upset, they often seek her out over their own mothers. She is an exceptional cook, and makes almost all the meals for the women and children because she loves doing so. Belanti has a strong friendship with **Paw'lard Eean** that began with their shared love of cooking, and some whisper they may life-pair after the first group of children come of age. She has served as a midwife to almost every birth in the clan, and plans to do so for as long as she can.

Verko is the oldest of the six women, and acts as their unofficial leader when **Bavmorda** is not around. She wears flowing shawls and drapes of silver cloth that she wove from **Bavmorda's** hair, and a large pendant of red crystal on a chain of bone. Bonebinders often seek her out for advice, and in many ways, her job is to make sure everyone else is doing theirs. She helps out when needed, but avoids tedious or repetitive work.



Elementals



Elementals are ageless creatures one step removed from primal chaos, and their nature, abilities, and motivations are generally defined by their element. Much has been written about elementals in other books by other people, and due to the infinite and shifting nature of these creatures, most of what has been written is probably correct, especially when it seems to contradict. Their research and debate can be used as desired to support the specific lore of elementals in the Swordfish Islands.

What is an Elemental?

An elemental is any creature originating from a plane of existence only partially removed from primal chaos, and defined by a single, tangible, physical substance—water, fire, smoke, and so forth. Planes of existence defined by ideas, belief systems, or feelings do not produce elementals. In other words, while there are ash elementals and ice elementals, there are no terror elementals or valor elementals.

Cores

When elementals come to the physical plane, they always possess a core. Elemental cores appear to be made of metal, but they are actually a solid and pure form of the element, no matter how impossible that might be. It is unclear if the appearance of an elemental on the physical plane causes a core to be created, or if a core appears first and an elemental binds to it.



The Personable

Some elementals choose to clothe themselves and (normally) their cores with flesh. These elementals are defined by their personalities and are more prone to meddle in mortal affairs.

Because of this meddling, mortals of the physical plane typically name these elementals, calling them “salamander,” “nereid,” “undine,” “sylph,” and so on.

The Powerful

Other elementals refuse to limit themselves to a fixed form, appearing as a core floating amidst their element. They care little for the concerns of mortals, and are defined by the superior levels of power they possess over their element. Mortals refer to these fleshless manifestations as “elementals.”

Elemental Perception of Time

Being ageless, elementals perceive time much more slowly than mortals, which can lead to problems in communication and expectations. Most fleshy elementals attempt to take these differences into consideration when dealing with mortals, but during periods of emotional excitement or stress, they can forget how different their versions of “very soon” or “be right back” can be.

Death on the Physical Plane

When an elemental is killed on the physical plane, it returns to its home plane. Its core remains but becomes dark and lifeless. If the core is intact, there is a 30 percent chance the elemental will return and reinhabit it after seven days. If a core is placed in a matching elemental source (a roaring fire, a pool of water, and so forth), there is a cumulative 25 percent chance per week that the elemental returns.

Breaking Cores

Dead cores can be broken into pieces by other elementals and those deeply attuned to magic. Breaking a core prevents an elemental from returning to the physical plane until the core is reassembled, and serves as a key strategy in the eternal elemental-versus-elemental wars. Pieces from the same broken core automatically and forcefully reconnect if they are within three feet of each other.

Batteries

Magic users can potentially repurpose broken elemental cores into elemental “batteries.” These batteries are frequently used to create magical items, but can also be used to directly apply that element’s power to places and mundane things. For example, earth batteries can make barren soil fertile, water batteries can create springs in the desert, and fire batteries can power a blacksmith’s mundane forge indefinitely. While these batteries have magnificently powerful potential, their construction is time consuming, complicated, and dangerous. With great power comes great explosions.

Elementals on the Swordfish Islands

The Ancients, loving and honoring all things natural, maintained a deep friendship with the elementals, and would often work side by side on projects of creation. By contrast, the elves subjugated and hunted elementals for their cores, and batteries became one of their major trade goods. Most elves had elemental “pets” and possessed a myriad of magical devices that would not only enslave elementals, but force them to assume specific shapes. When the cataclysm destroyed the Isle of Light, many elves not vaporized by the magical pulse were slaughtered by elementals freed during the blast.

Elemental Abilities

The powers elementals have are not magic. They do not cast spells (unless they have taken the time to learn the arcane arts), and their abilities do not adhere to a standardized or limited ability list. Rather, they directly manipulate their element to behave in a certain way or take a certain shape. The size of an elemental's core determines the volume it can manipulate and create from nothing each day.

Since elementals are not locked in to a specific set of abilities, those abilities can and should change based on the situation they are in. Twenty common words associated with each element are listed below each type of elemental imp. When elementals need to attack or if there's any question about what they can do, the GM can use these lists as a starting point.

What Do Elementals Want?

- To expand the domain of their element
- To increase their influence with creatures on the physical plane
- To take over and control territory
- To slowly convert their territory to resemble their home plane

What Do Elementals Not Want?

- To lose ground
- To be rushed
- To have their focus diverted from their goal of conquest
- To hear anyone trivialize the importance of their goals
- Fleshless elementals are much more focused on the home plane's cause than their fleshy brethren are.

What Else?

They are absolutely fixated on expanding the territory of their plane. But though this often puts them into conflict with the other elements, their goal is always territorial expansion, not the destruction of other elementals. That is just a side effect.

When involved in a territorial conflict, elementals are extremely patient and engaged to the max. They know only confidence, and are convinced that whatever they are working on is the "game winning move" of the current conflict. The only time an elemental loses its patience is when it is summoned. "Why did you take me from the front?! We were just about to win! I'm going to kill you!" Thus, those most adept at summoning and controlling elementals are most effective at using an elemental's on goals against them.

If an elf assembles a broken elemental core found on the Swordfish Islands, there is a 25 percent chance that its elemental suffered at the hands of an elf before the cataclysm. If so, the elemental attacks the elf at its first opportunity.

EARTH IMPS



What Do Earth Imps Want?

- To be friends with everyone
- To hear the experiences and stories of others
- To tell their stories and experiences to others
- To be invited along for the journey

What Do Earth Imps Not Want?

- To be ignored
- To be left alone
- To be openly mocked
- To see anyone or anything die

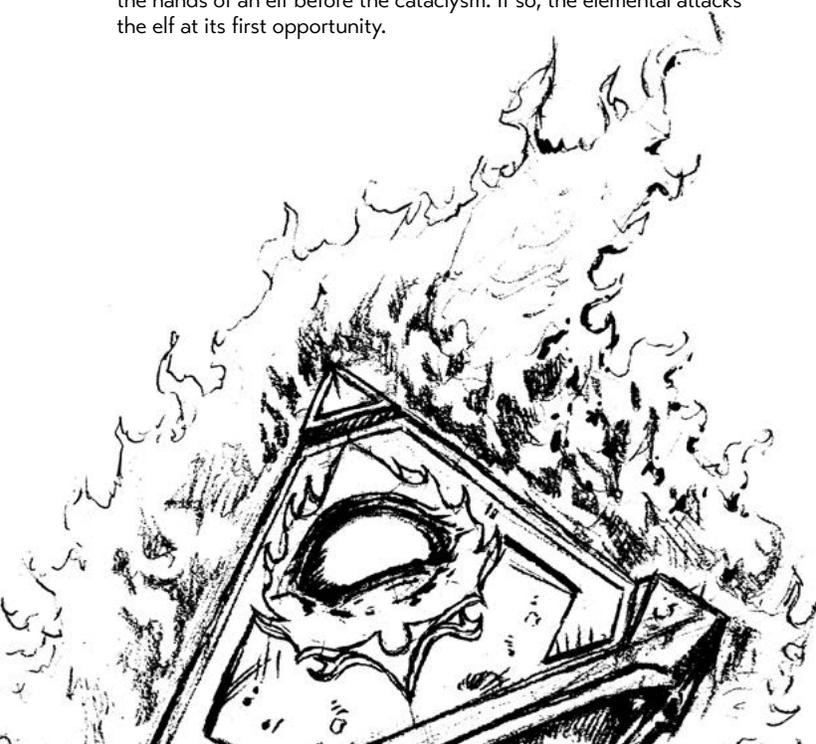
What Else?

If there is someone around to talk to, an earth imp basically doesn't stop talking. Ever. And they don't need to breathe.

Earth imps really want to be helpful. Unfortunately, they don't normally understand what would actually be helpful in most situations, and frequently destroy plans relying on subtlety or stealth. "Oh hey, there's that lizardman you were looking for. HI, LIZARDMAN! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! I THINK YOU DROPPED SOMETHING BACK THERE."

Death makes earth imps unhappy. To alleviate this sadness, they petrify anything that has been mortally wounded. Crushed rats. Half-eaten birds. Limbless humans. Earth imps petrify to save. They leave those petrified creatures wherever they found them, knowing they are safe, and never forget their locations. Beware asking an earth imp about this, though. Once they start listing creatures and locations, they don't stop until they've listed them all. This can take days.

d20	Earth Words	d20	Earth Words
1	Avalanche	11	Pebble
2	Boulder	12	Scree
3	Bury	13	Shard
4	Chasm	14	Shatter
5	Clump	15	Shield
6	Crag	16	Sinkhole
7	Crush	17	Slide
8	Earthquake	18	Smother
9	Envelop	19	Spike
10	Harden	20	Swallow



FIRE IMPS

WATER IMPS



What Do Fire Imps Want?

- To fight! To brawl! To scrap!
- To watch fights (even those to the death)
- To start fights
- To win fights

What Do Fire Imps Not Want?

- To cheat or be called a cheater
- To participate in a fight to the death (except for self defense)
- For fights to end quickly
- Unnecessary complexity or pomp about fighting

What Else?

Fire imps believe all fights should be fair fights—even those between others. They will go so far as to interrupt shady tactics they see in combat (such as backstabbing), and particularly enjoy intervening in fights between humans because of their proclivity to cheat and to use metal weapons and armor. The imps can heat these items up from afar, interrupting a shady attack, and be filled with feelings of both righteous satisfaction and amusement.

Combustarinos (p. 118) are fire imps that have given their elemental cores to **Svarku** in exchange for more power. Unlike normal fire imps, combustarinos want to kill, not just fight. Fire imps usually distrust and stay away from combustarinos because of this.

d20	Fire Words	d20	Fire Words
1	Ball	11	Light
2	Blast	12	Melt
3	Burn	13	Pillar
4	Cannon	14	Pyrotechnics
5	Color	15	Ray
6	Dry	16	Scorch
7	Ember	17	Spark
8	Flare	18	Star
9	Forge	19	Warp
10	Jet	20	Whip

What Do Water Imps Want?

- To feel safe
- To know why a decision was made or why something happened
- To clearly understand anything newly encountered
- To clean fouled water

What Do Water Imps Not Want?

- To be too far from water
- To be taken advantage of
- To be alone
- To be around ooze imps, as they're both messy and tricky

What Else?

Water imps love mysteries, riddles, and sleuthing around. They often see mysteries where there are none—yet still manage to solve them.

A water imp's favorite personal challenge is purifying alcohol back into water. If the alcohol is owned by someone, the imp believes the owner should thank it when the purification is complete.

Though it is exceptionally rare, a water imp and a nereid can form a bond so strong that the imp's core merges with the nereid's. If the imp is killed, the nereid can reform it in **d4** hours. Some say the imp can do the same for the nereid, but no one has ever witnessed this.

Because water imps are naturally odorless, they have no sense of smell, and some really struggle with the whole concept.

d20	Water Words	d20	Water Words
1	Bubble	11	Scald
2	Dilute	12	Simmer
3	Drown	13	Splash
4	Geyser	14	Spout
5	Globe	15	Spray
6	Gush	16	Squirt
7	Hurricane	17	Tsunami
8	Pool	18	Wave
9	Purify	19	Whip
10	Rain	20	Whirlpool

Ooze Imps



What Do Ooze Imps Want?

- To pull pranks and stunts and laugh all the time
- For their next joke to be funnier than the last
- For their next prank to be bigger than the last
- Reactions from others

What Do Ooze Imps Not Want?

- For anything to stop being funny
- To be the one that doesn't "get it"
- For their jokes to be messed up or interrupted
- For someone to tell one of their jokes incorrectly

What Else?

If ooze imps find a specific gag or trope to no longer be funny, they hold a funeral for it and go into mourning for a time. As such, they despise and avoid desensitization and anyone promoting it.

Unlike other imps, ooze imps enjoy morphing their forms. They love squeezing into jars and containers to surprise others.

Just about any ooze imp can be bribed with a gift of partially broken but structurally sound pottery, especially if it has multiple holes. Ooze imps consider tiny humanoid limbs sticking out of these broken objects to be the absolute height of comedy, and they'll pay well for it.

d20	Ooze Words	d20	Ooze Words
1	Absorb	11	Morph
2	Amorphous	12	Mudslide
3	Asphyxiate	13	Quicksand
4	Clot	14	Rubbery
5	Coagulate	15	Slimy
6	Deflection	16	Splat
7	Elastic	17	Sticky
8	Glob	18	Thicken
9	Lubricate	19	Undulating
10	Melt	20	Viscous

Magma Imps



What Do Magma Imps Want?

- To always be building or making something
- To be a needed part of a team
- To know how things work and what they're made of
- To prove to themselves they can make anything

What Do Magma Imps Not Want?

- To see anything left unfinished
- To see their creations senselessly broken by intelligent creatures
- To be unneeded or without a project
- To repeatedly fail at building, making, or creating something

What Else?

Magma imps work together like a ruthlessly efficient pit crew. They relish the challenge and process of creation, caring little for the object that is ultimately created. They do not like to see their stuff stolen or destroyed, but will probably give it away if asked.

They love trading objects they have created for objects created by another creature, and enjoy "talking shop." However, magma imps can become exceptionally snobby if they like something a character possesses only to discover that the character did not make it.

Magma imps do not like working on projects that are not their own (or their team's), but they are highly susceptible to being goaded into creating. "You're right. It would be impossible to build a road across that lava lake that a spiderbush could walk across without catching fire."

d20	Magma Words	d20	Magma Words
1	Bubble	11	Melt
2	Bulge	12	Molten
3	Erupt	13	Shield
4	Flow	14	Slag
5	Forge	15	Splatter
6	Form	16	Spout
7	Fountain	17	Spray
8	Geyser	18	Torrent
9	Glass	19	Vent
10	Harden	20	Wave



What Do Steam Imps Want?

- To win
- For the least likely thing to happen
- To be “in the know” or have the “inside scoop”
- To influence the odds and outcomes of situations
- To successfully set up and execute a long, multilayered con

What Do Steam Imps Not Want?

- To ever, under any circumstances, be surprised
- For anyone to know their actual wager or bet
- To run out of things to bet on
- To be alone (since you can’t bet against yourself)
- To be caught influencing the odds and outcomes of situations
- For someone to call that influence “cheating”

What Else?

Steam imps always make good on a bet, becoming insanely angry if anyone skips out on them. Unless that’s what they were betting on...

Steam imps love exceptionally complex interpersonal or political situations. As a result, they are drawn to conspiracies.

Steam imps bet pieces of their cores with each other—and unlike other elemental creatures, they can increase the size of their cores by fusing other steam imp core pieces to them. They can stay on the physical plane with an infinitesimally small piece of core, but when a steam imp loses its entire core, it fades into mist, never to return.

A group of steam imps pass core pieces back and forth constantly during any interaction, and their bets are obscure to the point of absurdity. “Can we get the fighter to talk about his mother? And who will get him to do it?” “Will the thief notice when Jack picks her pocket, or when Sam adds gold to it?” “Can we get the cleric to lift his robe? Is he wearing underwear? What color is it?”

d20	Steam Words	d20	Steam Words
1	Blanket	11	Pressure
2	Blast	12	Quiet
3	Burn	13	Rolling
4	Burst	14	Scald
5	Cloud	15	Scream
6	Deceive	16	Sweat
7	Expand	17	Vapor
8	Explode	18	Vent
9	Humidity	19	Warp
10	Obscure	20	Whistle

Few people realize the House exists, and most assume that steam imps are using betting terminology to explain their extraplanar nature if he does come up in conversation. Those who have managed to parse all the doublespeak whisper that the House is the first of all steam imps, and that he doesn’t have a core. The rumors about him are wild, but everyone agrees that you never want to bet against him.

The reality is that the House is old and he’s won a lot. So much so that his core is about three hundred times larger than the average steam imp’s. He first came to the Swordfish Islands back when it was the Isle of Light to oversee gambling at the bathhouse in Hot Springs City (p. 98). When the cataclysm struck, he decided to stick around and bring in many of his people, as long as they would give him an infinitesimally small percentage of their winnings. Even though he is an imp, the House has the power level of a gigantic steam elemental or even a minor demigod, but he doesn’t let that go to his head.

Currently, the House runs all the action in the Temple of Tranquility (p. 100), and at the Cloudy Balcony in the shattered Aquifer of Pythiaria (p. 74). The reason most mortals don’t notice him is that he presents himself as a veritable army of clones that serve as the wait and janitorial staff (simultaneously) in all his establishments. As such, he sees and hears just about everything, but never lets on.

What Does the House Want?

- To keep the good times rolling here in the Swordfish Islands
- For the betting to never stop
- New alcohol to brew. He’s been really pleased with the reception of sun mead, glowdka, and cinderschnapps (p. 101).
- To prevent steam imp wagers from becoming too ridiculous, since that could slow down or even stop betting

What Does the House Not Want?

- For **Svarku**, **Damadar Deodan**, or other overly powerful creatures with fragile egos to know his establishments exist
- For steam imp influence to upset the natural chaos of the world too much. A little grease makes it fun. Too much makes it boring.

What Else?

The House’s elemental core is displayed in plain sight as the keystone of a load-bearing arch in the Temple of Tranquility. In his experience, this most obvious place is the least obvious place for it, and so far he’s been right. If it is removed or if he somehow loses 20 percent of it, the whole temple will collapse into the caverns below.

He has the final say in the outcomes of any contested bets involving steam imps, and he is incredibly rational, objective, and just.

He’s great friends with **Zeb** (p. 149). And **Fatty Salamander** (p. 117) has really been growing on him lately, but Fatty still has no idea.

The House normally has **d6+2** patches of mist, clouds, steam, or fog inconspicuously floating around interesting locations on Hot Springs Island. He can hear and see anything within one hundred feet of them.

Lizardmen

LIZARDMEN

139

FRACTIONS



THE GOA

The Goa are a race of brutal, intense, green-scaled, female lizardmen that dwell in mountainside villas on Northspire Island. They believe personal transcendence can be achieved only by reaching the point beyond physical exhaustion, so their entire culture revolves around extreme physical trials. They are honorable and honor-bound to the point of frigidity. But they do not immediately appear to be so because they never aid those in trouble unless specifically asked for help—which admits personal weakness and failure.

Near the center of Northspire is a megalithic building the Goa simply call the School. Once a year, every Goa in the Swordfish Islands travels to the School, lays an egg in the sacred pools of the Chamber of Life, and wraps it in a leather band bearing their family sigil. After the eggs are laid and accounted for, the assembled Goa engage in ritual games of strength and agility, followed by a feast. At the feast, the Goa that has proven to be the most powerful warrior over the previous year is announced before the assembled and tasked with fertilizing all the eggs in the Chamber of Life. This warrior undergoes rituals to swap their sex and carry out the task, returning to normal upon completion of the event. At the end of the feast and ceremonies, all Goa return to their villas, likely to never see the children they created that year.

Beginning the day after the feast, Goa children start to hatch from eggs laid the previous year. School elders allow eggs to hatch for three days, after which any unhatched or partially hatched eggs are destroyed. Hatchlings are wrapped in the leather bands left by their parents and given a thorough physical examination. Any hatchlings with visible defects are destroyed. Training of the hatchlings begins immediately. It is remorseless, and the penalty for failure is always death—but never dealt out by the instructors. If a three-day-old hatchling cannot swim, it drowns. No one helps it. If a two-year-old hatchling loses its balance during certain exercises, it will fall three hundred feet to its death. This is the way of the Goa. There is no right way for the hatchlings to complete most challenges. They must get to the end and not die. The strong, clever, and resourceful survive. The weak do not. This is the way of the Goa. When not training, the Goa meditate through dance. They create percussion instruments, preferring large hide-bound drums, and are masters of rhythm. They train and they dance and they push themselves to exhaustion and beyond, ever hopeful that they can find transcendence in that point beyond the final collapse.

Hatchlings live and train in the school for sixteen years. At the end of that year, the survivors are sent naked to the island known as the Shimmering Jungle and tasked with collecting a number of objects. If they return to the School with these objects, they are declared Goa, given a true name, and sent to join the villa of the parent who left them a leather band all those years ago. This is the way of the Goa.

WHY THE GOA COME TO HOT SPRINGS

The ultimate test of the Goa, attempted by only the mightiest warriors, is to travel to the shattered Aquifer of Pythiaria [HS-11-02], take an obsidian face plate from the magma hydra **Sopkatok** (p. 76), and return with it intact to the School on Northspire Island. This is practically impossible, and any Goa who can achieve this is effectively assured to be given the task of fertilizing that year's eggs.

The Goa might also come to Hot Springs Island to hunt or challenge themselves in some way. Ooze imps and steam imps occasionally start betting rackets revolving around convincing Goa to submerge themselves in quicksand or mud pits as a time trial, but normally only the rash or stupidly committed fall for this. The Goa also have a fierce love of cachuga peppers, which grow only on Hot Springs Island.



What Do the Goa Want?

- To push their limits
- To find new ways to push their limits
- Meaningful, honorable trophies
- To retrieve a faceplate from **Sopkatok**

What Do the Goa Not Want?

- To interfere in any fights not their own
- To allow underhanded combat tactics to be successful
- To tarnish their honor by engaging in combat with foes that are not their equal or stronger

What Else?

The Goa despise dishonorable combat. If they witness a situation unbalanced by deceit, they attempt to rebalance it—but in the most minimal way possible. For example, a Goa hidden in the undergrowth might shout a warning or suddenly emerge from hiding to foil an ambush, before quickly melting back into the jungle. There is deep mutual respect between Goa and Fire Imps over this.

THE ARVA

In the language of the Goa, "Arva" means one who has been cast out. Not all Goa are able to live up to the binary cultural demands of disciplined physical superiority or death. Some flee. Some are exiled. Some become filled with hate and leave their villas behind. No matter the reason, any who have failed but not died are shunned and collectively referred to as Arva. Traditionally, the Arva found refuge in the ruined elven city on Northspire Island, falling into a tribal system alternatively governed by violence and despondency. With the arrival of **Damadar Deodan**, however, the Arva living in the ruins have begun to unify into a powerful force beneath his opulent claws.

What Do the Arva Want?

- To fight only when the odds are in their favor
- Accurate maps and information about Hot Springs Island
- To find power sources for **Damadar**
- To figure out why **Damadar** cannot see Hot Springs Island
- Trophies of everything they kill
- To kill Goa and bathe in their blood. Literally.

What Do the Arva Not Want?

- For any non-Arva to know who or what their leader is
- To be tracked or followed
- To lose their power
- To lose **Damadar** as a benefactor
- To waste time or energy on lesser creatures (adventurers)
- Anything as common or boring as gold or slaves

What Else?

The Arva have recently been swarming the elven ruins of Hot Springs City [HS-19] (p. 92), as they believe they might have located the source of power **Damadar** seeks. The buried object they have detected is one of **Lady Hedonia's** sources of ancient shadow-generating corruption (similar to the one found by Damadar on Northspire), but they do not yet realize this. The power Damadar actually seeks is **Jubei's Crystal**, currently located in **Svarku's** bedchamber (p. 64).

THE KIRU



The blue-scaled lizardmen known as Kiru live on Southspire Island, and are distantly related to the Goa. Kiru have a smaller, more lithe frame than their green-scaled cousins, and their speed, agility, and stealth in the jungles is unmatched. In place of teeth, Kiru have a bony beak-like ridge, and some of the males sport colorful crests on their head and neck in bright shades of purple, yellow, and orange.

Unlike the Goa, Kiru are born physiologically as either male or female, and typically pair for life. Their society is a highly structured matriarchy revolving around a fungus known as silvermist. When ingested by female Kiru, silvermist fungus grants visions. However, male Kiru are unable to have silvermist visions, even if they consume the fungus and go through the necessary rituals. Most male Kiru are rangers, crafters, artisans, and fishers, but some are able to tap into shamanistic magic. All Kiru females are considered priestesses in their religious structure, which fills the traditional roles of church, education network, and bureaucracy. Even the Kiru females who choose to work with their husbands or family are considered to be only temporarily away from their priestly duties.

The Kiru, like the Goa, actively seek personal transcendence. But unlike the Goa, who believe that transcendence is found through physical exertion, the Kiru believe it can be reached only spiritually. Meditation, contemplation, personal reflection, and attunement or sensitivity to nature are highly important to all Kiru. Likewise, the acquisition and free dissemination of knowledge to all who seek it is a deeply ingrained value among the blue lizardmen.

WHY THE KIRU COME TO HOT SPRINGS

Only on rare occasions do Kiru shamans or rangers make the trek to Hot Springs Island. Shamans come on personal quests for knowledge or to commune with the elements, while rangers visit because of the rugged and unspoiled natural wonders of this primal isle.

Kiru myths and legends venerate the golden kujibird, but they are thought to be extinct throughout the Swordfish Islands. Some say the birds can still be found on Hot Springs Island, so young Kiru rangers who believe in fairy tales come to seek them. The rumors are true, though, and the last kujibirds can be found in the surrounded jungle [HS-18-03]—but probably not for much longer (p. 37).

What Do the Kiru Want?

- Knowledge
- To know what a place was, is, and will one day be
- To experience and understand other cultures and ways of life
- To find a kujibird or prove they are still alive (rangers)
- To bolster their reputation with the elementals (shamans)
- Keepsakes to remind them of their experiences
- To study and understand crystal frogs, because the Kiru know they have not always been alive

What Do the Kiru Not Want?

- To find themselves making snap judgments
- For hostilities to ever arise between the Goa and Kiru
- To make a bad first impression

What Else?

Kiru wholeheartedly believe they are cultural ambassadors for their people, and always try to leave lasting, positive impressions.

Kiru rangers encountered on Hot Springs Island are typically in pairs that have undergone a ritual "spirit bonding." This process creates an experiential link between two Kiru, causing them to share thoughts and senses until they have completed or failed their mission. It is often used on young rangers with a personal rivalry, so that the pair must overcome their rivalry in order to act as one seamless, deadly consciousness in two places at the same time.

Kiru shamans are always interested in learning unique skills or techniques, and can use their magic to facilitate a perfect knowledge exchange between themselves and another intelligent creature in **dB** days. This connection can be made only once per lifetime for any individual, and the shamans are eccentric, preferring to learn only obscure knowledge of a mundane but beautiful nature.



DAMADAR DEODAN

Damadar Deodan is a hookah-smoking, jacquard-wearing tiger rakshasa struggling under the weight of eternal boredom. Or at least he used to struggle under the weight of eternal boredom. A year ago, Damadar was traveling by spell to some volcanic moon in a remote area of the physical plane to attend a Doomsday party. A supervolcano was due to erupt, or the moon was about to be sucked into a black hole, or its star was going nova, or whatever. The theme is never important when **Lady Hedonia** is rumored to be a confirmed attendee, and since Damadar was looking to pick up a new habit, all he cared about was seeing her current obsession.

But he never made it. Damadar's spell path clipped through the protective bubble **Svarku** erected around Hot Springs Island, causing the rakshasa to crash "in the middle of fucking nowhere" and tear his new jacket. He could tell a powerful magical source had disrupted his travel, and he could tell approximately where it came from, but he could neither identify nor find it. When he got to the spot where he thought it should be, there was nothing but empty ocean. Damadar was furious. And he loved it. He hadn't been legitimately angry in over a hundred years, and had forgotten how enjoyable waves of hate could be. Just as he was beginning to truly revel in his rage, he noticed a green-scaled lizardman appear in open ocean, swimming toward the island where he had crashed. Something was clearly not right. The lizardman had been in midstroke as he appeared. Almost as if it had passed through a veil, or wall, or the anomaly that had caused him to crash on this damp little dust speck in the void! Damadar was legitimately intrigued. First anger, and now this? This world might not be so mediocre after all. He followed the lizardman, an Arva, to the elven ruins on Northspire Island. Then, after secretly observing the angry, passionate, forgotten creatures, he decided it might be fun to play god for a while. He could use these Arva to solve his mystery—and to bring pain and despair to the person, place, or thing that had caused him to miss his party and rip his jacket.

In the elven ruins, Damadar discovered a source of ancient corruption that spewed forth black shadows. After harnessing this source, he began using it to augment his control over his new Arva devotees—and to increase their power. Damadar encourages and rewards nudity and self mutilation, and the Arva who seek his favor rip scales from their bodies in intricate patterns. He then paints their bare flesh with living shadows of bubbling inky black. The application of shadows makes the Arva faster, angrier, and more susceptible to Damadar's suggestions. If a sufficient amount of shadow has been applied, it can even enable an Arva to drain the life force from living things.

Having not yet grown impatient or bored, Damadar has established a sumptuous home (those elves had surprisingly decent taste) in the ruins on Northspire. From there, he sends his Arva to the patch of cloaked ocean to hunt the source of power that brought him there.

What Does Damadar Want?

- To know what disrupted his spell and caused him to crash
- To solve the mystery and make someone suffer for it
- To know more about the "invisible" island that everyone native to this world can see and visit. How and why is it special?
- To continue growing the power of his Arva followers
- To smoke the most exotic thing on this planet in his hookah
- To claim the finest elven salvage to deck out his new pad
- The good stuff
- To watch and enjoy others at their worst
- To be feared

What Does Damadar Not Want?

- To have to explain himself, ever
- To give up his standard of living
- To be bested
- To miss **Lady Hedonia's** next party

What Else?

If he needs to travel, Damadar normally does so on a litter.

He has recently decided to build himself a harem. He really likes these adventurers. Especially the bearded paladins.

Damadar was a (brief but splendid) consort of Lady Hedonia's. He has not yet realized that she was ever involved with these islands, but if he eventually recognizes that connection, he will be able to effortlessly control the elven shadows—and might even reach out to Hedonia herself if it makes sense to do so. On the flip side, if meddling adventurers begin destroying Hedonia's shadow creators, she might look at these long-forgotten islands, see that Damadar is there, and have him fix her little problem ([p. 152](#)).



Ancients and Elves

ANCIENTS AND ELVES

143

FACTIONS



A SUPER SPEEDY HISTORY

They're all dead now, but they left a lot of junk behind. It might prove problematic or helpful, depending on what's found or fallen into.

THE ANCIENTS

Everything starts with a tropical island inhabited long ago by a race of serpent folk utterly obsessed with plants, life, and growing things. Many of the plants now found throughout the Swordfish Islands are the result of these Ancients' botanical experiments. In addition to plants, the Ancients were able to exert considerable control over obsidian and basalt, using it to construct megalithic structures across the island. For millennia, their civilization prospered and they were happy. Then, in their ongoing quest to push the boundaries of botany, a fungus was crossed with a tree. The experiment was successful and initially unremarkable, until it began to reproduce. The resultant clouds of shimmering hallucinogenic spores wreaked havoc on the serpent folk, reducing them to little more than highly aggressive feral monstrosities. By the time the full effects were realized, the trees had spread too far, too fast, and the Ancient civilization rapidly collapsed.

A small group of survivors managed to escape the shimmering apocalypse, rebuilding an echo of their former glory in hidden mountain valleys far to the east. But in time, these survivors vanished too, leaving their terraces and ziggurats blanketed in jungle and watched over by great stone hydras. See [HS-16], [HS-17], and [HS-21].



THE ELVES: BEFORE SIPOPA



Sometime after the fall of the Ancients but before the disappearance of the last surviving serpent folk, elves came to the island. By this time, much of it was covered with the Ancients' shimmering trees, and the jungles were constantly blanketed in sparkling clouds and kaleidoscopic explosions of color. The elves, possessing a natural immunity to the spores, found the island heartbreakingly beautiful. They called it the Isle of Light, in celebration of the spectacular effects caused by the floating iridescence.

The elves, focused on trade, used the fast-growing white wood of the shimmer trees to build a considerable fleet and trade network that quickly spanned the globe. At its heart, their culture remained a simple one focused on beauty, particularly through mathematical forms. But their pursuits were tainted by fear. The Ancients, now twisted and feral from generations of living under the effect of the shimmer trees, waged a steady war of terror and unfocused aggression upon the elves. Despite a lack of leadership (and possibly even sapience), the broken serpent folk managed to slaughter elves by the thousands. This had several cultural effects:

- The elves sought to increase their power. As part of this initiative, they began actively researching and experimenting with many of the plants from the island and the world.
- They began to turn away from wood and embrace the strength and safety of stone. Schools of masonry and sculpture were founded, and grand walls were built.

- Deforestation efforts were supported and culturally rewarded.
- Fertility and reproduction were encouraged and promoted, to replace the elves killed by the twisted ones and raise an army that could compete with the fast-breeding snakes.
- For a time, the elves and twisted Ancients remained at an effective stalemate. Then the elves discovered Sipopa.

VICTORY AND THE BLACK BLIGHT

Sipopa is a bushy, medium-sized plant three to five feet in diameter, with thorny branches and leaves that are almost black. The flowers are fuzzy and vibrantly orange, and the plant blooms continually in the tropics. It was created by the Ancients in an attempt to make something that could produce honey without bees, and stronger, more resilient natural fibers. Its fibrous stalks were considered a huge success by the Ancients, who transformed sipopa bushes into luxurious fabrics, but the nectar was deemed too bitter to replace honey. The elves, not realizing the fiber's potential, focused on the more obvious nectar instead.

When pollinated, each sipopa flower produces a pod filled with tiny seeds, similar in shape to that of a poppy. Each seed is surrounded in a globule of transparent orange flesh, similar to a pomegranate, but sipopa's ratio of fruit to seed is much higher. The seed pod fills with a yellow nectar that increases in volume, until the seed globules and nectar dribble out.

It was the elven sorceress **Alastaria** who first discovered sipopa's potential as a powerful drug. With light processing, it effectively doubles any character's primary characteristic. The quick become quicker. The strong become stronger. The charismatic become even more charming, and those who can wield magic become utterly terrifying.

Sipopa first spread through the elven populace as a beverage. A combination of nectar and fleshy globules were processed into syrup and cut with chilled cider. Competing variations of this "drink of drinks" sprouted overnight. Within a week, almost every elf on the Isle of Light was a joyous, happy user, with dilated pupils and phenomenal personal powers. In a week and a day, sipopa use was declared mandatory for all members of the elven army, to aid in the war against the twisted ones. In fourteen days, twenty square miles of jungle filled with shimmer trees was converted into gently rolling plains, and the cities were filled with stacks of perfect lumber, fifty feet high. On the twenty-first day, **General Rusamind** and her Scintillating Company, ten thousand strong, marched into the City of Light and hung festive bunting made from more than thirty thousand serpent folk skins, in every public square and marketplace. On the night of the twenty-first day, the elves threw a party that would be remembered for a thousand years. Then, on the twenty-eighth day, the first cases of the blackness were reported.

It began at the fingertips and toes, tracing veins and capillaries in black, and filling those afflicted with severe, uncontrollable cravings for sipopa. With each subsequent use, the blackness spread—and when it reached the heart, the user died. The elves never discovered a way to stop or slow the spread, but they quickly realized it only happened to those who could not use magic. Within six months, the elven population was reduced by nearly 75 percent. For those who remained, sipopa became as second nature as breathing, and over time, the population recovered. Only now, every elf on the isle was an undisputed master of the arcane.

REYWISH AND THE STARFALL

As the population recovered from the black blight, the elves invested heavily in the creation of stone golems to maintain their vast, now largely empty cities and lands. They pursued art, leisure, and pleasure, placing emphasis on sound and music because of the way sonic vibrations focused and sharpened senses highlighted by sipopa. They continued to travel and trade—only now they looked beyond the limitations of their world and cosmos, seeking inroads with the denizens of the infinite heavens, hells, and other places.

The key to their acceptance among the extradimensional elite was a blue dye from a remote area of the elves' home world, far from the Isle of Light, known as reywish. Reywish blue, called an "impossible and indescribable color," became a runaway hit in certain fashionable circles, and its limited nature and secret source caused obscene amounts of wealth to pour into the Isle of Light. The elves, fueled by sipopa and ambition, quickly leveraged their reywish monopoly into a full-fledged trading empire. Gold, magic, slaves, and all manner of cosmic oddities began to find their way to the isle, and the elves and their cities grew opulent. Over time, the most powerful traders and merchants joined together, calling themselves **the Starfall**.



THE FOUR STYLES OF SIPOPA USE

As the years passed, four distinct styles of sipopa usage emerged, influencing everything from art and architecture to dress and treasure.

The Drinkers

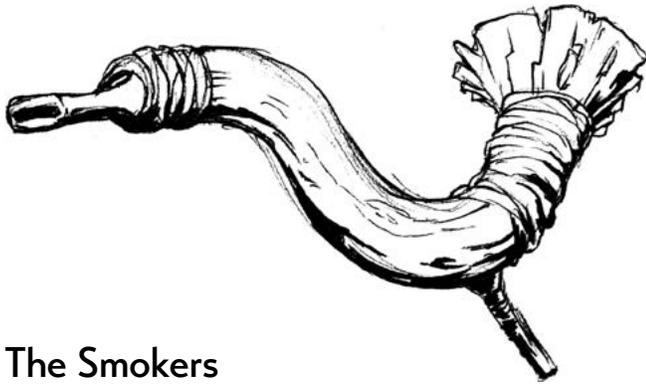
Sipopa syrup cut with chilled cider was the original method of imbibing, and it remained popular among the elves until the cataclysm. Drinking became highly ritualized, with users gathering daily at 10:00 a.m., 2:00 p.m., and 4:00 p.m., usually in places with spectacular views. The discussion of “heavy ideas” was an important and celebrated part of these gatherings, and drinkers devised magical portable libraries meant to resolve their frequent disagreements with well-sourced documentation at a moment’s notice.

Architectural Legacy of the Drinkers

Drinker ruins are often situated in locations with stunning natural vistas, and are built with many nooks where small groups could gather to sit and discuss matters over a drink. High-backed chairs, expandable tables, and plenty of methods for rapidly chilling or heating liquids set these ruins apart from others. Highly focused but eccentric collections of books, art, and biological specimens were often placed where drinkers gathered, to serve as both conversation starters and argument enders. Shelves, pedestals, cages, and display cases were frequently built into the places they enjoyed.

Quick Drinker Dens (d6 or 3d6)

1	Reading nooks in	a library	of statuary
2	Tables for four in	a museum	of iridescent beetles
3	Pub booths in	an aquarium	of undead
4	Limestone hearths in	an aviary	of mechanical songbirds
5	Overgrown private patios in	a garden	of cacti
6	Small stone gazebos in	a trophy room	of impossible weather



The Smokers

Some elves dehydrated sipopa’s fleshy globules to eat like raisins, until it was discovered how potent they were if smoked. Smoking caught on rapidly—both collectively using hookahs and censers, and individually with pipes and papers. The smokers, unlike the sitting drinkers, preferred to recline while enjoying sipopa. Perhaps because of this, they heavily incorporated fornication into their usage.

Architectural Legacy of the Smokers

Smokers built low, enclosed areas with terrible ventilation to facilitate “hot boxing.” Because this process quickly coated all objects in the room with thick orange residue, smokers eschewed permanent ornamentation and furniture for things like curtains and pillows that could be replaced. Pillars, hooks, and small pits are typically all that remain in smoker ruins not preserved by orange sludge (p. 154).

Quick Smoker Dens (d6 or 3d6)

1	Heavy velvet curtains	hide	small private rooms
2	Screens of wood and pearl	hang above	soil-filled pits
3	Carved stone pillars	encircle	embroidered cotton tents
4	Enclosed opium beds	hang above	plush conversation pits
5	A collection of small bells	hide	alcove beds
6	A thousand floating lanterns	encircle	pocket pillow dimensions

The Dusters

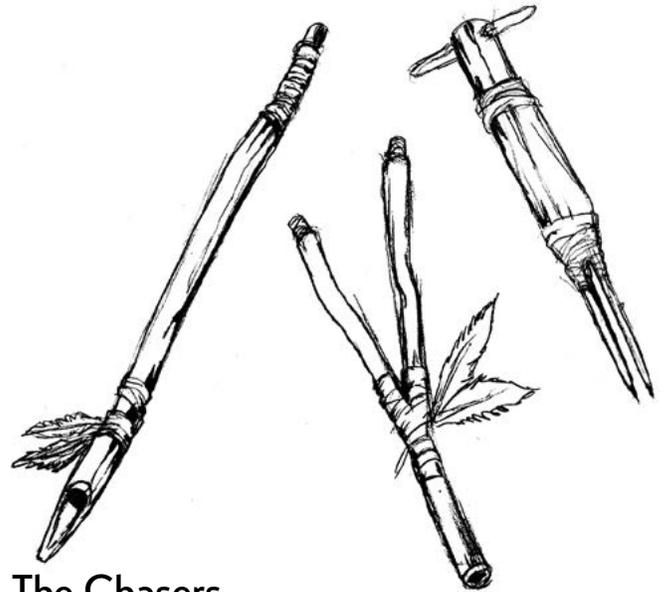
Some elves took to crystallizing sipopa nectar before grinding it into powder and snorting it (usually through Y-shaped tubes). Dusters, as they called themselves, were normally overcome with feelings of restlessness and increased alertness, and were always at least standing, if not running, playing, or dancing.

Architectural Legacy of the Dusters

Intricate movement defined duster style, and their spaces were either built of it or allowed for it. Open areas with standing tables, mirrored walls, golden rococo fractals, and collections of small objects that could be sorted or organized were their hallmarks. They loved curves and organic shapes (particularly floral), and incorporated them in their constructions at every opportunity.

Quick Duster Dens (d6 or 3d6)

1	A racetrack	made of	mirrored spheres
2	A gymnasium	covered in	visible sound waves
3	A dance floor	decorated with	ever-shrinking fractal flowers
4	A squash court	made of	kinetic sculpture
5	A swimming pool	covered in	glowing petals
6	A shooting range	decorated with	distorted golden statuary



The Chasers

Chasers sought sipopa’s highest highs and found them in the crystallization of sipopa nectar. The youngest style of user to emerge (first documented only five hundred years before the cataclysm), chasers would either melt the crystals and inject the sludge, or embed crystals beneath their skin as elaborate body modifications. It is likely these two methods would have split apart eventually, but the Isle of Light beat them to it. Chasers spent the majority of their days in sipopa-induced comas where they could more easily astrally project. When awake, they craved violence, and would go on bloody, hedonistic benders until their newest subdermals were absorbed.

Architectural Legacy of the Chasers

Chasers funded the construction of numerous blood-oriented buildings (such as arenas) and popularized the use of blades as decorative objects, though they rarely if ever made use of them. Their true places of congregation were constructed like well-defended Japanese capsule hotels, where an individual could stow their body to safely trip through the astral for months at a time.

Quick Chaser Dens (d6 or 4d6)

1	A spiral of	hanging	multicolored	cubes
2	A wall of	graven	crystal	hexagons
3	A sphere of	floating	metal	sarcophagi
4	A pentagram of	ringing	marble	sipopa pods
5	A pile of	bladed	giant	skull beds
6	A column of	illuminated	glass	stasis tubes

USING SIPOPA

It is entirely intended that if sipopa is used by the characters, it should be a game changer. Like all other things in this book, the mechanics of sipopa use are at the determination of the GM, but the following guidelines provide a starting point.

Using sipopa doubles a character's primary class-related skills, bonuses, and saving throws. Thief? Dexterity-related bonuses times two. Multiclass or something like a paladin? Pick an ability score, but it's always that same ability. Magic users, in addition to an Intelligence bonus, also have their spell effects, spell damage, spell duration, and so forth doubled.

Having the effects last for 4 hours synchronizes sipopa use with the exploration system (p. 12), but this is entirely optional.

Everyone who knows about sipopa's effects is long dead or gone. None of the current factions living in the Swordfish Islands are aware of its intoxicating boons. The Kiru use its fibers for cloth, but most everyone else ignores the plant, considering it beautiful but useless.

Sipopa requires processing to use. Eating or drinking the plant or its parts does nothing. Learning how to process sipopa is not effortless, and should take time and dedicated research. During the peak of the elves' civilization, sipopa was much like running water is to modern society. It could be accessed anywhere and anytime, but very few people know where the water truly comes from, how it's processed, or how the various steps in the system work. While that knowledge could be found in technical documents and locations related to the infrastructure, the average elf would almost never have instructions on how to make the stuff. "But what about cookbooks?" the inquisitive player might ask. Sure. There are likely a ton of cookbooks and cookbook-type items, but these will probably be of little use. A recipe might call for whipping cream, but it assumes that the cook will simply buy some at the store. Rarely, if ever, does a cookbook offer instructions on how to process raw milk to get cream, or on how to identify cream from the other outputs of milk processing—even on the inherent assumption that the cream called for comes from cow's milk, and not goat, horse, or human milk. In short, it's entirely reasonable to lock sipopa behind a door of time and research before it's introduced to the game—if it's even introduced at all.

Typically, if a character uses sipopa and is not a magic user, that character is dead. Not immediately. But once the character has become addicted to the stuff, the clock starts ticking and there's no known way to stop or reverse the effects. Learning to harness magic might do it (i.e., multiclassing into a magic user). But there likely isn't enough time, and the addiction cycle would be tough to get over.

Good luck.

Sipopa Mechanics

- Use sipopa
- Up for 4 hours (double primary bonuses/saves/skills)
- Down for 4 hours or until next use (roll on Sipopa Negative Effects table)
- After three uses, save against addiction after each use
- Once addicted, choose or roll for a **permanent** negative effect from the table. This effect occurs whenever sober.
- Black Blight begins in **d4** weeks for addicted characters who are not magic users.

Black Blight

- Extremities (fingers and toes) turn black at the tips
- Intensity of permanent negative effect is amplified
- Primary bonuses/saves/skills **halved**
- Blackness grows along veins toward heart after each use
- Blackness reaches the heart in **d4+1** months, causing death



SIPOPA NEGATIVE EFFECTS

1. You hear the sound of bees buzzing constantly. (Headphones and "12 hours of bees" is a good online search to help with this.)
2. Things seem normal, but when a person you care about speaks, all you can hear is awful noise.
3. Your vision is inverted. Everything is upside down. Nausea and penalties to actions requiring sight.
4. All living creatures appear to you as being inside out, and you can smell it all. On the plus side, if you can get over your revulsion, you can check everyone for tumors.
5. You are struck blind whenever you attempt to do something significant. The rest of the time, everything is tinted orange.
6. There is orange powder all over your body. And in your things. And in your hair. And you can't get rid of it.
7. In order to move any of your appendages, you must concentrate on it directly. ("I pick up my left foot and leg and set it on the ground in front of my current position.")
8. You can feel everything. Every hair. Every dust mite crawling in your nose. Every itching fiber in your clothing. Only total nudity, shaving off all your body hair, and a strong constant wind can bring you anything resembling relief.
9. You are compelled to vocalize every thought. All the time and in any circumstance. No matter how petty or inappropriate it might be.
10. You are mortally afraid of water. And the color orange. If you see orange-colored water, you must make a saving throw or lose half your health and be stunned for **d6** minutes.
11. You are compelled to speak obscenities in the presence of holy people, places, or objects until they leave your line of sight.
12. You have severe narcolepsy.
13. You have severe agoraphobia. Being in any room or space larger than 10' x 10' x 10' is terrifying to the point of paralysis.
14. You cannot find anything you're looking for. Ever. You also become irritated to the point of irrational fire-breathing anger if anyone else gives you the thing you seek, because you could have found it on your own, damn it.
15. You have reverse kleptomania, and must put this object into that character's pocket.
16. You cannot speak in the presence of any person or thing that could understand you.
17. You can speak only in a second language.
18. You have an unquenchable thirst. Unfortunately, your body doesn't know this, and you can still die from water poisoning.
19. You reek. Your odor is pungent enough to kill insects and small animals, and to make children vomit.
20. You now have an imaginary friend. They understand you better than anyone else you've ever known, and after about a week, you are hopelessly in love with them. There is a 25 percent chance that your imaginary friend isn't imaginary.





Zeb is one of the few elves to have survived the destruction of the Isle of Light and remain unaffiliated with **the Starfall** organization. As extraplanar trade increased, a sizable number of elves, bankrolled by the Starfall, expatriated themselves to sparkling cosmopolitan centers throughout the multiverse, expanding the influence and power of both the burgeoning trade empire and their pockets. Their opulent homes and crystal greenhouses, overflowing with sipopa, can be found in the most exclusive areas of these impossible cities to this day. But unlike those other elves, Zeb went his own way when the extraplanar travel craze began.

He prefers dealing in information over objects, and is known to spend exceptionally long periods of time observing and recording natural magical phenomena, then selling the data to wealthy arcane researchers. At the time of the cataclysm, Zeb claims to have been charting ley line configurations on the ten dead worlds of Zol. He swears he witnessed the aftershock ripple through their patterns—though only unknowingly. Research from this trip catapulted him into riches and renown, and it was only after his prepared stores of sipopa ran out that he discovered the fate of his home.

Zeb had always loved the Isle of Light, and he mourned its destruction. He spent fifty years exploring the ruins, creating a number of secret stashes and retreats for himself, and outfitting them with the finest objects he could collect and preserve. He then left again, traveling, researching, trading, and fencing goods and information. He returns to the islands with some regularity to secure goods, replenish his supplies of “natural grown” sipopa, or just get away from it all (that is, lay low till things blow over).

Zeb is terrifically diplomatic, especially after smoking sipopa, and is one of those rare individuals who can effortlessly whip up passionate emotions in the hearts of others with words alone. His connections are extensive, and many powerful individuals owe him favors—especially those affiliated with magical research. When not embedded for research, Zeb is a fancy dresser, preferring stylish, colorful, loose-fitting clothes. Much of his body is covered in elaborate, shifting tattoos that can transform into weapons and armor at his command. He prefers magic from the schools of transmutation and alteration, is tricky, slippery, and great with a sword, and will do most anything to stay alive and keep learning about the multiverse.

What Does Zeb Want?

- To understand how things work so he can sell that knowledge
- High quality art objects he can trade for quality information
- Access to important individuals
- To watch the Isle of Light/the Swordfish Islands change over time, and record those changes in an endless scroll
- To continue selling red crystal anonymously on the extraplanar markets. He has not yet been tempted to sell information regarding the crystal’s source to **the Starfall**, as the **Ash Barons’** monopoly has made his shady dealings obscenely lucrative.
- To understand what the **Ash Barons** are holding over **Svarku**. He suspects the information could be used against both **the Starfall** and the Ash Barons, but so far, it is only idle curiosity.

What Does Zeb Not Want?

- For his secret caches to be found
- To traffic/trade in slaves
- For **Svarku** to know he exists
- For the **Ash Barons** to know he exists
- For **the Starfall** to know **Svarku** exists
- For anyone to know that the small, anonymous supplies of red crystal that occasionally hit the extraplanar markets are his
- For **Svarku’s** protective bubble to fall (p. 112). Not because he really cares, but because it would be a nuisance to rearrange the things he likes keeping hidden underneath it.

What Else?

Zeb doesn’t spend much time on the islands, and when he does, he’s almost guaranteed to spend the entire duration of his visit inside one of his retreats. He doesn’t really know or care about the details of what’s going on in the world. Any interest he expresses comes from a detached, long-term view of history. He cares about things on a thousand-year time scale, not a five-year or five-day scale.

Before Zeb was a researcher, he dreamed of being **Meltalia’s** agent or manager. He was not aware of the plan to trap the marid, and has made no attempt to save or rescue her because he believes her to have been destroyed in the cataclysm. In fact, witnessing the subjugation of Meltalia and the Fifty Visions is what turned him against slavery and set him out on his own instead of with **the Starfall**.

If Zeb were to get his hands on the Gem or Gauntlet of Zumakalis (or hear that it was associated with **Svarku**), everything would click into place for him. The Zumakalis deal is legendary, but Zeb’s relative aloofness has thus far prevented him from making the connection between the efreet in a tabloid scandal so long ago and “just another efreet living in a volcano.”

CHIMES AND SINGING GOLEMS

The Isle of Light was a place without keyholes, but this is not to say the elves did not lock up their homes or valuables. Quite the opposite. Their locking mechanisms were often ostentatiously complex and numerous to the point of absurdity. But instead of using keys to manipulate a lock’s tumblers, the elves struck enchanted metal tubes near the door or object they wished to open and let sound do the work.

Most chimes were simple metal objects, but porcelain, bone, wood, crystal, and other materials came into use as different fashions rose and fell. Individual chimes were often attuned to a single door or chest, but could be set up like regular keys. For example, an elf might have had a chime that opened every lock in her house but a separate one for her lab. If she stayed in a swanky hotel, she would receive a chime to her room (and maybe a separate one for the sipopa minibar), and the hotel staff would have a skeleton chime for all the locks. Locked objects were typically inlaid with decorations of the same material as their chime, so a door unlocked by a chime of gold would normally be adorned with gold in some way.

Symbols on or around the object might also have indicated the resonant frequency required for opening it. This was not absolute, though, and a knowledge of both the elves' language and music would be necessary for decoding. All elven locks could be brute forced (they're more mechanical than magical), but would still require a chime (or chimes) of the correct material and resonant frequency. Elves typically kept



only important and showy chimes on their persons, using singing golems (chime-filled stone golems) as their key rings. Show chimes became increasingly important cultural objects in the centuries leading up to the cataclysm, with elves constantly striving to shock and awe one another with the latest prestidigitative memes.

After the elves were almost wiped out by the black blight, they turned to golems to help maintain their civilization. Almost all golems made by the elves were stone, with cavities in the chest or head to hold some of their master's chimes. Early golems were simple and utilitarian, but later models grew more decadent and elaborate.

Many golems remain in good working order on Hot Springs Island. Being simple automatons, they attempt to carry out their last programmed routine from before the cataclysm occurred. Very few singing golems were programmed or equipped to fight, but contrary to popular belief, **all golems will defend themselves against attacks** (as a normal stone golem) unless specifically programmed otherwise.

Random Elven Chimes (d100 or 3d100)

Roll	Made of	Engraved with	Special Effect
1-2	Red Crystal	Constellations	Four-dimensional
3-4			Glow softly
5-6	Mithral	Animated Constellations	Hums
7-8			Covered in glitter
9-10	Gold	Nude Elven Women	Drops glitter when sounded
11-12			Covered in small mirrored disks
13-14	Platinum	Nude Elven Men	Covered in cubic crystal growths
15-16			Covered in hexagonal crystal growths
17-18	Silver	Feathers	Covered in growths that resemble fan coral
19-20			Wrapped in braided thread of astral silver
21-22	Bronze	Sipopa Flowers	Orbited by a Saturn-like ring
23-24			Orbited by an X-shaped dual ring of small gemstones
25-26	Copper	Glowing Runes	Ends in a spike, can be used as a dagger
27-28			Shaped like a dick
29-30	Black Basalt	Skulls and Bones	Shaped like a woman's body, neck down, with gems for nipples
31-32			When held, looks and feels to the holder like it's melting. It isn't.
33-34	Alabaster	Nude Elven Children	Material is translucent and gel like. Only rings when thrown against something. Doesn't stick, but feels sticky
35-36			Shaped like a mouth. Sings "scat" style instead of chiming.
37-38	Pink Granite	Scenes of War and Death	Occasionally sings the name of its current owner instead of chiming
39-40			Attempts to float up and behind its current owner's shoulders
41-42	Lapis Lazuli	Nude Tortured Elves	Attempts to orbit its current owner's head, shoulders, or torso
43-44			Freezes water it touches
45-46	Opalescent Stone	Hunting Scenes	Shaped like a cone. Greatly amplifies sound. Functions as a megaphone.
47-48			Surrounded by a constant cloud of soap bubbles
49-50	Animate Star Metal	Nautical Scenes	Launches d4 stunningly beautiful but otherwise mundane golden fireworks
51-52			A pint of dark ale appears in the user's hand. No sound is made until the beer has been completely drunk by the user.
53-54	Mother of Pearl	Stylized Clouds	The material making this chime has been cut into strips and woven together like a basket.
55-56			Ring the chime causes its owner to grow vampire-like fangs for d6 hours.
57-58	Abalone	Stylized Waves	Ring the chime causes someone within a 50' radius (not the holder) to appear as an old crone for d10 minutes.
59-60			A small orb of perfectly clear ice, 1" to 2" in diameter, appears in the user's hand.
61-62	Bone	Stylized Flames	Air within a 10' diameter is instantly purified and smells vaguely of ozone.
63-64			Shaped and sounds like a small song bird. To ring, press the feet.
65-66	Iridescent Chiton	Stylized Lightning	The user is surrounded by a light fog while in possession of the chime.
67-68			A small rain cloud forms over anyone currently in a bad mood (50' radius).
69-70	Porcelain	Stylized Lace	Fragrant orange sipopa petals cascade from the heavens over members of the opposite sex for 3-5 minutes (50' radius).
71-72			Possessing this chime nullifies the special "on ring" effects of other chimes (50' radius).
73-74	Terracotta	Candies and Sweets	Delicate paper flowers bloom from the ground and are consumed by golden flame that does not burn (10' radius).
75-76			The user's eyes glow with golden light.
77-78	Horn	Bees and Honeycomb	Feathery, angelic wings sprout from the user's back and immediately disintegrate into golden light.
79-80			The user's nails become perfectly manicured and painted with bright-orange lacquer.
81-82	Petrified Wood	Scales	All members of the same sex as the user within a 20' radius become clean, groomed, oiled, and pleasantly scented.
83-84			If outdoors, all creatures within a 10' radius of the user see the sky change to night and fill with shooting stars.
85-86	Fossilized Bone	Swordfish	d20 nightingales fly up from behind the user, singing sweetly.
87-88			Straps, buttons, clasps, or knots on clothing of members of the opposite sex of the user come undone (30' radius).
89-90	Pink Salt	Geometric Shapes	Instead of chiming, a small pebble within 20' cracks open and sings a single line of garbled poetry in sonorous tones.
91-92			After ringing, if a different chime was rung less than 1 minute before, the holder of that chime is covered in orange paint.
93-94	Coral	Birds	Instead of ringing, another creature within 30' sounds out the tones with a bout of severe (but not wet) flatulence.
95-96			Golden waves of visible sound radiate from the chime and fade away.
97-98	Baleen	Jungle Scenes	All prepared fires, candles, censers, and so forth within 20' of the user are set ablaze.
99-100			Sensual-smelling purple smoke rolls out from the user to a radius of 20', rising to their knees. Lasts about an hour.

BLANK VERSE GOLEM GENERATOR

Written by Patrick Stuart

Roll **5d20** to get a descriptive poem in blank verse about a singing golem. The first line describes what its chimes **sound** like. The second line is what it **looks like**; the third, what it is **made of**; the fourth, what it **does**; and the fifth is an **unexpected reaction** it will probably have.

d20	Sound
1	The creak of fresh young trees in morning breeze
2	The soft companion calls of nesting birds
3	Sinister children, laughing at a crime
4	Agonizing, deep, monotonous drips
5	The laughter of a party through a wall
6	The plinks of prowling claws on polished stones
7	A high-voiced something moaning in its death
8	A slow creaking door that's suddenly slammed
9	Low irregular muttering of your name
10	Very occasionally, blades, secretly drawn
11	Tempo, regular, rhythmic, with no end
12	An asinine melody with hidden clicks
13	Daft jingly crap, interrupted by screams
14	Gulls wheeling, dislocated from the source
15	A duet with the world's ambient sounds
16	A dance tune, fast enough to break your legs
17	A bubbling, babbling, cackling screaming stream
18	Stumbling music, sleepily played and drawn
19	Apes making mockery of elfish tunes
20	Companion to the thoughts inside your mind

d20	Shape
1	A maiden, snakes and flowers wreathed in her hair
2	A woman, naked, toothless mouth stretched wide
3	A girl with puppy molded in her arms
4	A black-eyed pregnant girl with fist-clenched hands
5	A crone curled like a hoop on hands and feet
6	A bowed-head female slave, ceramic chains
7	A happy child held in a tiger's mouth
8	Mutilated male, artisanal scars
9	A grinning child that rides a frightened hound
10	Fine-featured boy leading a lumbering ape
11	A whorish woman carved with broken limbs
12	A girl, pecked by flocks of bolted-on birds
13	A king, carved crippled and deformed, no eyes
14	A shivering old man, stick sharp and cool
15	A woman engulfed in hand-crafted burns
16	A haughty noble, naked from the waist down
17	A hunter whose head is swapped with his catch
18	A vacant-featured priest, belled like a fool
19	A blind teacher and bright functionless child
20	A builder muted with a face-struck brick

d20	Substance
1	Built of cinnabar-stained terracotta
2	Carved from whinstone, its features celestite
3	Assembled from rough handfuls of gray clay
4	Beautifully carved by hand from green siltstone
5	Made from gray porphyritic dacite bands
6	Molded from veined, slow-cooled obsidian
7	Sculpted greasy clinkstone that rings with blows
8	Half-carved from lumpen pegmatite in black
9	Assembled from rough trachyte with pink bands
10	Baked and glazed from white clay, then rudely inked
11	Hacked rudely from yellow-black needlestone
12	Carved from green marble with chabazite face
13	Handmade from gray-black skarn, its crystals smoothed
14	Scrimshawed from one white impossible bone
15	Hand cut from polished black peridotite
16	Made in grays and greens from banded rhyolite
17	Fired slow from oddly colored sectite clay
18	Constructed of nephrite and limestone
19	Made of granite, picked out in kyanite
20	Carved from sandstone with blue pygmatic veins

You hear something, chimes maybe, or perhaps...

d20	Does
1	Who follows strangers, picking up lost things
2	That chases shadows with a mirrored lamp
3	That picks out yellow flowers and braids in wreaths
4	Collecting coins held in an upturned skull
5	Chasing butterflies of one exact shade
6	Who skins a house, rebuilding it elsewhere
7	That twists up any shining metal thing
8	Who tends a garden hidden out of sight
9	Lighting lamps each night, in daytime, repairs
10	Does single surgeries on every corpse
11	Endlessly carving pebbles with a pin
12	Makes pipes, fills them, lights them, leaves them burning
13	Building a pyramid of songbird skulls
14	Carefully milking venom from caught snakes
15	Polishing glass lenses in its hands
16	Digging traps, random deadfalls, back to back
17	Invites you to a ruined home, sits down
18	Steals food and takes it to a guarded corpse
19	Grabs glass to mass reflections of the moon
20	Hunts animals and starves them in clay pots

d20	But...
1	And hates the sight of oddly fingered hands
2	But maddens and spirals on sight of gold
3	Attacks in wild zigzags if spoken to
4	That flails, goes mad, when it hears the word 'why'
5	Will track you till it hears a lie, then strike
6	Kills only the first person to draw blades
7	Will drag you to an underwater cell
8	Tries plucking every seventh eye it sees
9	Loves magic, extracts mage brains when it can
10	Compulsively breaks the symbols of gods
11	Seeks death in the volcano, with you too
12	Castrates the smallest person in a room
13	Fears teeth and attacks all smiles instantly
14	Will rage against you till you scream, then leave
15	Thinks cries for help are music, makes them so
16	As well as eating knives, it grabs by force
17	Needs to strip everybody of their shoes
18	Must strike once for every sentence it hears
19	Must kill its own reflection in your eyes
20	And loves to make wanderers lost, then watch

EIGHT QUICK SINGING GOLEMS

Written by Patrick Stuart

Smashed-up man's shape,
Chimes like wheel's squeak
Made from cheap Teak
Builds bees from bone
And burns down homes

Waterfall chimes
Baby with spines
Cast Iron and Steel
Spins like a wheel
Squeals. Bites nine times.

Sharp-edged rock forms
Skinned child with horns
Sounds like slow storms
Cuts plants it mourns
Gardeners:- scorns

Sounds like dropped plates
Shaped like sad priest
Grown from grey glass
Makes a fake feast
Chokes those it hates

Chimes weep in time
Face fine and deep
Body of Quartz
Cures warts with thoughts
(Does crimes in sleep)

Bird-holding girl
Bells buzz like hives
Mother-of-pearl
Cuts things with knives
(Limbs tend to whirl)

Blackbirds fight song
Mad-eyed child slave
Clay bricks built wrong
Digs weird-shaped grave
Needs corpse 'this long'

Nightmare-faced male
Makes his chimes wail
Shakes ebony case
Runs endless race
Against a snail

LADY HEDONIA

Because of the nature of their position, gods of hedonism tend to be transient and disposable as compared to other gods. Since they almost always transition into a god of despair, corpulence, or disease, most renounce their godhood in spectacularly divine suicides at the apex of a party. Lady Hedonia, a marilith, has lasted longer than most because she is incapable of remembering physical experiences until they are locked into muscle memory. When not throwing the most lavish parties in the multiverse, Hedonia leads her fiendish armies against her on-again/off-again lover, a purveyor of decay and abandonment, the demon lord **Kilzar**.

Unlike other gods associated with bacchanalian celebrations, Lady Hedonia never wants the party or its focus to be about her. She is the facilitator, enabler, and encourager of self destruction, and can be found at the fringe of the most intense partying. To use contemporary conventions, Hedonia is like the patron saint of slasher movies. When the sorority girl decides to leave a flyer for the party with a passed-out hobo (that is, a serial killer) in the quad because "It'll be funny"—that's Hedonia. When the party winds down and a couple decides to go fuck by the pool but forgets to lock the door

granting the killer easy access to the house, that's Hedonia. When the drunk guy decides to backflip off the roof for the crowd assembled below, and the crowd becomes distracted and forgets about him just as he lands wrong and breaks his spine, that's Hedonia. Her powers of suggestion, distraction, and targeted forgetfulness can sow terrific amounts of chaos into any emotionally charged event. She loved the elves of the Isle of Light tremendously, back when she remembered they existed. And it really is just too bad about that cataclysm. They knew how to party.

What Does Lady Hedonia Want?

- More power
- Immediate access to the newest drug or experience
- To witness the sobering clarity mortals experience when they realize they've gone too far, but it's far too late

What Does Lady Hedonia Not Want?

- To be bored
- For the party to stop
- For the land war against **Kilzar** to stop being fun

What Else?

Lady Hedonia has forgotten that the Isle of Light/the Swordfish Islands ever existed, or that she partied there. She has also forgotten there was a cult on the island creating relics in her name, augmenting her power in the standard worshiper/god arrangement. If her war against **Kilzar** goes poorly and those relics are destroyed, she will be surprised at the amount of latent energy they provided. She might investigate their disappearance by proxy (for example, sending **Damadar Deodan**, [p. 142](#)) or even personally if it's bad enough.

Because of Hedonia's insatiable appetite for the new, she is one of the multiverse's leading tastemakers. **Zeb** ([p. 149](#)) unknowingly supplied one of her agents with red crystal for personal recreational use, and might have inadvertently started "the next big thing." If it takes off, it will undoubtedly draw the attention of **the Starfall** and the **Ash Barons**, and could lead to both factions redoubling their efforts to discover the source of the crack in the barons' red crystal monopoly.

Recently, some barmy philosopher attending one of Lady Hedonia's supernova parties, posited the idea that land wars in the infinite hells mean less than nothing. Since realms can be infinitely large or infinitely small, and since infinite is infinite, land is never truly gained or lost in the conflict, since the size of all realms is static. That is, infinite. **Kilzar** had the philosopher immediately barbecued into the next round of hors d'oeuvres, but the idea has planted itself deeply into Hedonia. Kilzar worries that the smell of existential despair has clung, ever so lightly, to their recent skirmishes.



THE CULT OF THE VEIL

A group of elves from the Isle of Light inadvertently crashed one of **Hedonia's** feasts when a planar travel spell took them to her domain instead of returning them home. Their sudden arrival alarmed Hedonia's bouncers, but the elves managed to hold their own. Impressed with their audacity, fine physical forms, and taste in dress, Lady Hedonia brought the interlopers to her private chambers. At the time, she was infatuated with collecting pretty creatures for a shadowglass menagerie, so she seduced them with their heart's desires in exchange for their souls. The elves, succumbing to her advances, received the powers of telepathy and were sent home.

After a while, the elves sought a way out of the bargain. Hoping to increase the size of her menagerie so that **Kilzar** might seethe with envy, Lady Hedonia instructed them to convince others to take their place in the pact. With each new recruit, the elves found their powers increasing. Telepathy became the power of suggestion. Suggestion became domination, and all the while, the elves kept being invited to the most unbelievable parties. New followers were promised powers and VIP invitations to Hedonia's parties depending on the number of souls they could sign up, but the founders guarded the true gifts closely, handing out little more than telepathy.

At the cult's peak, a number of shrines were constructed in plain sight in each elven city. Hedonia blessed the shrines as conduits to a small measure of her power and debauchery. But after losing a number of key battles in her war and becoming bored with soul collecting (no longer amused by tiny figures dancing in gems), her focus shifted away from the island, never to return.

The cult continued to thrive despite her absence. Veils, distorted mirrors, the serpent womb, and the serpent in the shadows became fashionable iconography. The founders, never realizing they had been forgotten, continued to push for new recruits and centered their rituals around the shrines, bonding fresh aspirants to these foci.

SHADOWS

When the cataclysm destroyed the Isle of Light and death blossomed outward from the Tower of the Sun, elves who had been ritually bound to one of **Hedonia's** shrines ignited and burned. Because their souls had been pledged through sipopa and dark rituals to Hedonia, and because Hedonia had destroyed the shadowglass menagerie that was to store those souls, the elves became trapped somewhere between life and death. As they burned, they left behind the sooty outlines of their bodies and disintegrated into hate-filled shadows.

Shadows hunger for magic. If one kills a magic user or an innately magical creature, it reverts back to its beautiful elven form and can cast a single spell. But their desire to wield magic is so great that a shadow is rarely able to remain in this form for more than a second. At the completion of the spell's casting, its flesh blows away once more on ethereal winds and it becomes enragel, feeling the fresh sting of loss. The shadows in each ruined elven city are bound to Hedonia's shrine, reforming at sunset the day after their destruction. Cleaning away the outlines left at the sites of their transformation or destroying the shrine will free them permanently.

What Do the Shadows Want?

- To cast magic. Desperately.
- To inflict fear. Pain is an acceptable but lackluster alternative.
- To get their old lives back, and to be whole once more
- To clean the places where they burned out during the cataclysm. These sites call to the shadows but they cannot touch them.

What Do the Shadows Not Want?

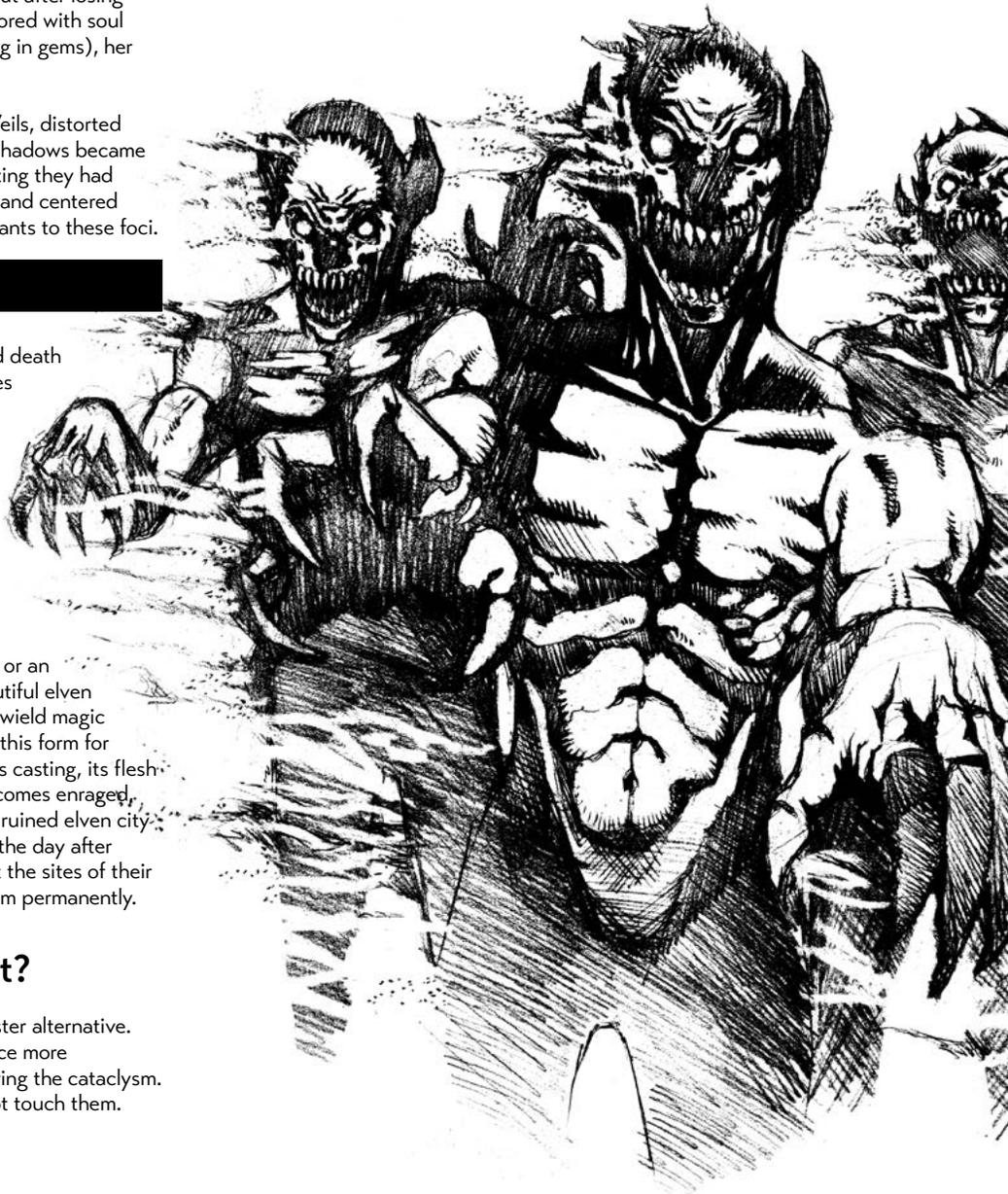
- To see anyone else finish casting a spell. Masters of interruption.
- To fail **Hedonia**, but each shadow defines this differently
- For anyone to live in the ruins
- For anyone to discover **Hedonia's** shrines
- To be reminded of what they have become. They will break or deface any reflective surface.

What Else?

Shadows are not technically undead, and they cannot be turned or driven away as such. They can, however, be pushed back and harmed when struck directly with fire, silver, or magical weapons.

It is possible that each time a shadow is "killed," the remaining shadows become more terrible and powerful until the defeated are reformed by the shrine at the next sunset. These more powerful shadows might be capable of consuming magic from items. But the GM should be advised that this could lead to tears and be derided by players as game breaking, so use this idea with caution.

Some shadows, desperate for freedom from their torment, can invade people's dreams to try and encourage them to clean away their sooty outlines from the cataclysm. Cleansing the spot is as easy as writing the elf's name on the charred blackness, but the elves forgot their names when they burned without a soul to remind them.



ORANGE SLUDGE

The orange sludges that gloop and schlorp about the Swordfish Islands used to be elves. When the cataclysm struck, those at the height of a sipopa bender melted and deformed into slop. Hate-filled, ravenous, violently insane slop. The sludges hunger for sipopa, fiending for it as only Tantalus understands—yet cannot consume it.

The insanity of the orange sludges is multifaceted. First, they are elves—ageless things that were once beautiful and powerful, but are now anything but. They miss their bodies and hate their forms, and their minds have snapped accordingly. Additionally, each sludge suffers from a permanent negative effect because of its unfulfillable sipopa addiction. These effects can manifest in many different ways, including the possible effects found on [p. 148](#).

In many ways, a sludge is one big sensory organ. Sludges can smell sipopa from long distances and are drawn to it, even though they cannot consume it. When they are touched, it hurts. Tremendously. The rain stings them. The wind burns them. Loud noises are explosions, and in their burning and twisted despair, they must engulf the offender and make. It. All. Stop.

What Do Orange Sludges Want?

- Sipopa
- To be what they were, find what they lost, and go home
- To take their agony out on the world

What Do Orange Sludges Not Want?

- This continued existence
- To die
- To experience pain
- To be reminded of what they were and what they lost
- To see their reflections
- To see anyone using sipopa, or making motions similar to those made when using (drinking, smoking, dusting, chasing)

What Else?

Sludges prefer to be where they will be protected from the elements.

As they move, sludges leave behind a translucent orange residue. In darkness or shadow, this residue hardens like amber. This has preserved many delicate elven artifacts (wood, cloth, paper) in transparent orange crystal, which otherwise would have rotted away long ago. In sunlight, this crystal melts and evaporates completely.

Instead of attacking with shapeless pseudopods like common slimes and oozes, an orange sludge strikes out with vaguely humanoid appendages (head, legs, bones, hands, and so forth).

Some sludges inhabit broken golems in an attempt to be a normal elf.

Seeing its reflection or an elf throws an orange sludge into a ballistic rage. If a sludge kills an elf, it spends a great deal of time with the body, trying in vain to shape itself into the elf's image.

ASTRAL SPINNERS AND THE HOST

Astral spinners and their hosts are an aberrant symbiote attracted to the ripples of planar disturbances caused by frequent, rapid magical travel. They came to the Isle of Light during the heyday of extraplanar trade, and still weave their silver webs throughout the elven ruins. Although their webs are located on the physical plane, spinners dwell in the astral.

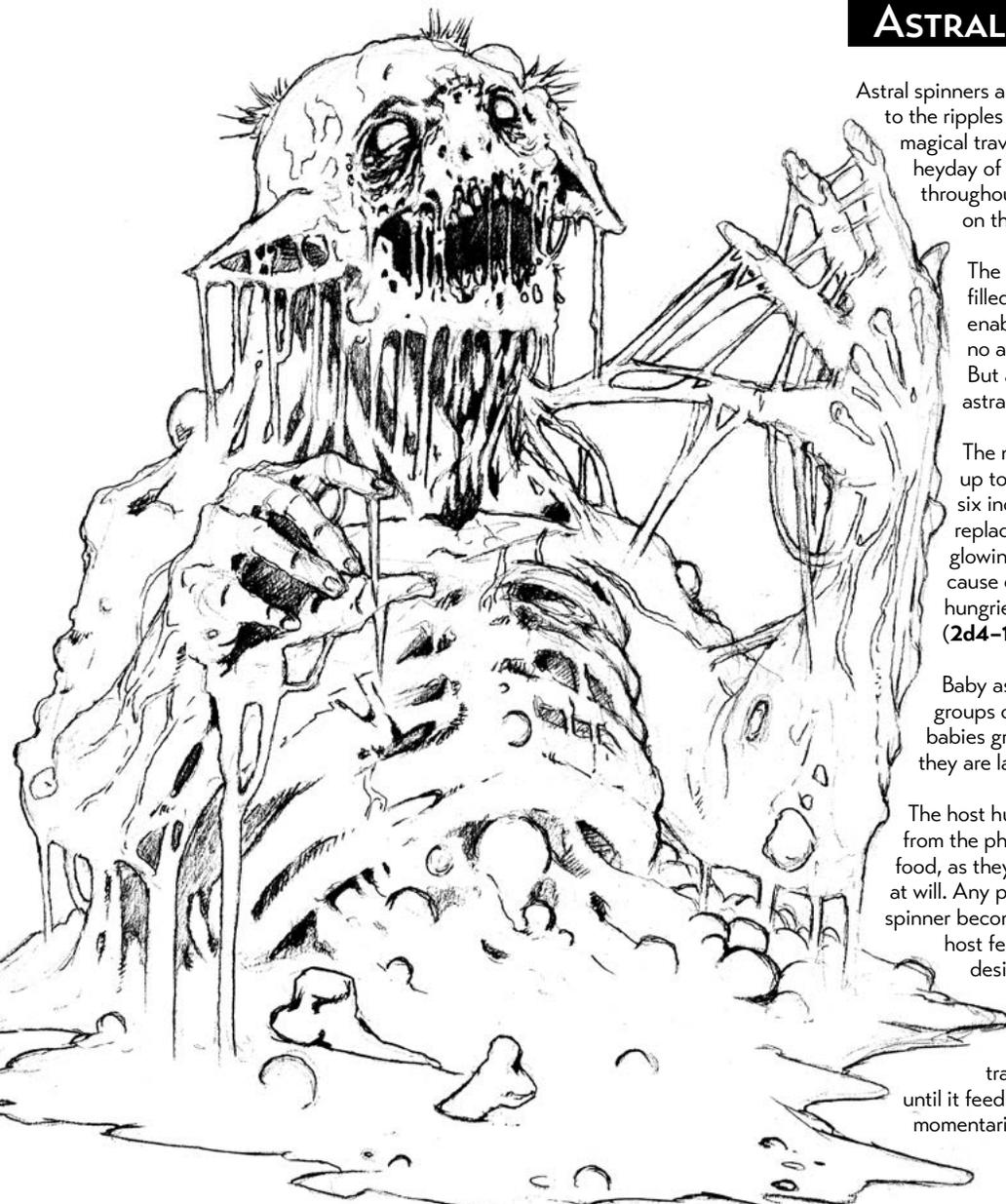
The thorax of every spinner holds a glowing, liquid-filled orb of red, blue, or purple. Consuming the liquid enables a creature to astrally project for **d4** hours with no apparent side effects (the juice tastes like candy). But after **d12+2** uses, a creature becomes permanently astral and is transformed into a host over **d6** days.

The new host's body becomes emaciated, stretching up to two feet. Fingers and toes lengthen by at least six inches. Ears, nose, and nails fall off, and teeth are replaced by hollow fangs. The host's eyes change to glowing, liquid-filled orbs of red, blue, or purple that cause extreme irritation unless plucked out, and the hungrier a host is, the faster these globes grow back (**2d4-1** hours).

Baby astral spinners are vomited forth by the host in groups of fifty to a hundred, twice per day. These silver babies grow rapidly, killing and consuming one another until they are large enough to claim an orb.

The host hungers constantly but can feed only upon creatures from the physical plane. It sends its spinners forth to find it food, as they are able to phase between the astral and physical at will. Any prey fully wrapped in the webbing of an astral spinner becomes a physical entity in the astral plane, and the host feeds. After all the juices have been drained, the desiccated corpse is returned to the physical plane and the silver webbing disintegrates.

The true curse of the host is that after the transformation, it does not remember its past until it feeds. At that point, all its old memories rush back, momentarily paralyzing it with total clarity and despair.





OBSIDIAN DIGGERS



The small, softly glowing assemblages of shards known as obsidian diggers were created by the Ancients to assist with common botanical tasks. Though their movements and behavior might seem strange and erratic on a day-to-day basis, diggers operate on a thousand-year time scale, and the tasks they perform maximize the amount of plant life that can grow in a given area. Individuals with a strong background in farming or gardening might be able to piece together the eventual effectiveness of the tiny holes, dirt mounds, and channels they create, but to most, these actions seem frivolous.

Diggers develop infatuations with people, places, and things. It is never clear why an obsidian digger develops a fixation, and they rarely, if ever, crush on the same thing twice. The root of their infatuation might be a person's laugh, or the way something smells, or the way sunlight reflects off a certain rock at a certain time of day. If the thing an obsidian digger loves ever changes, even slightly, the infatuation ends and the floating knot of shards goes its own way. While under the influence of an infatuation, a digger attempts to maintain close physical proximity, and it often creates tiny objects or shapes the ground in celebration of what it loves.

What Do Obsidian Diggers Want?

- To dig
- To slowly shape earth and plants
- To help anyone or anything it is crushing on
 - Crush gathering sticks? It will dig a fire pit.
 - Crush pouring water on the ground? It will dig ditches.
 - Crush holding tiny objects? It will dig seed holes.

What Do Diggers Not Want?

- To witness erratic or impassioned behavior. This confuses them, causing them to become an orb and "shut down."

What Else?

Obsidian diggers automatically dig graves next to anything that appears dead (even if it's just sleeping or unconscious). If the "dead" thing falls into the grave, the digger buries it. Passing out drunk and rolling into such a grave has killed any number of adventurers.

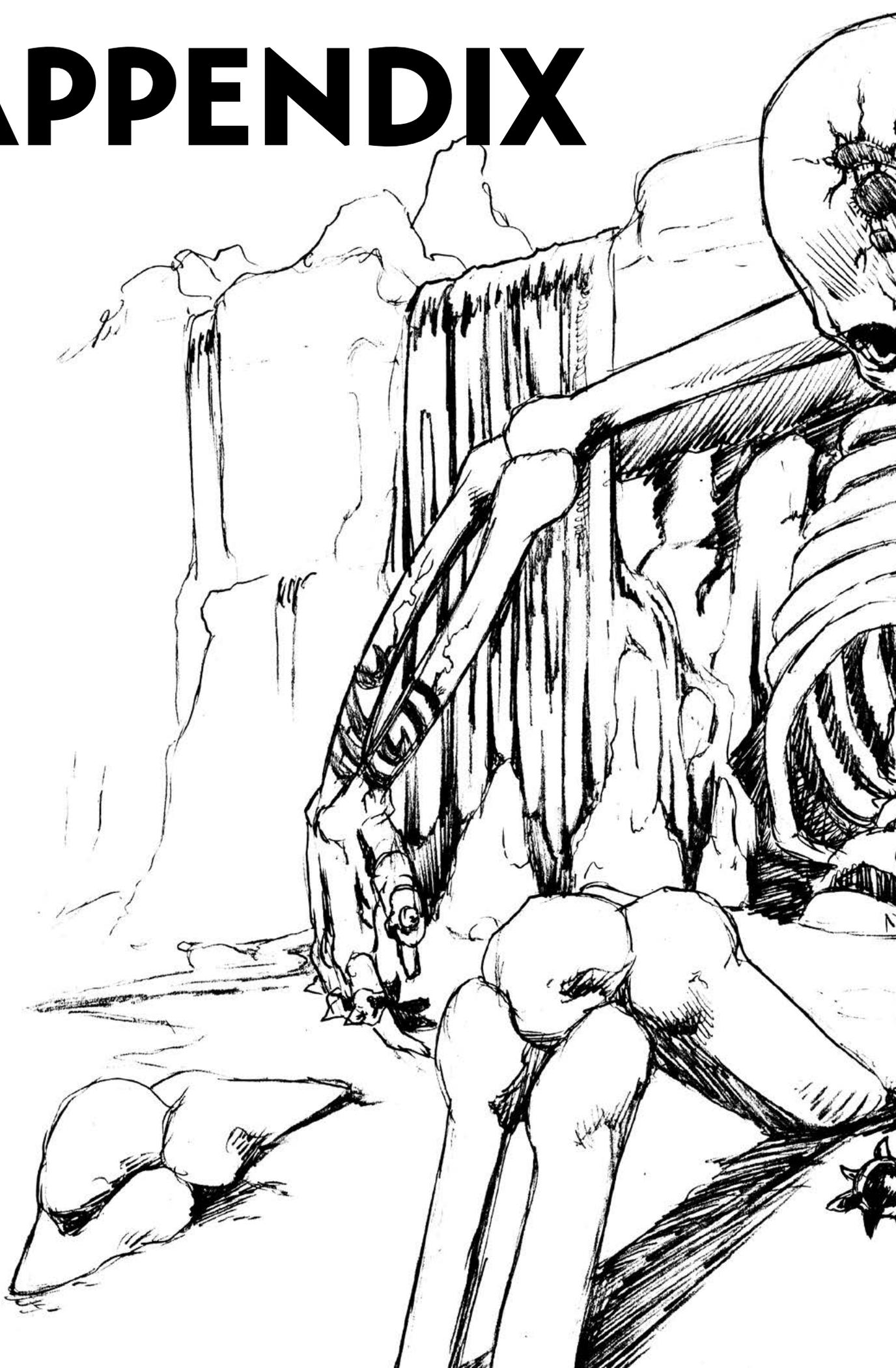
Diggers maintain any Ancient knowledge stones they come across (including at [HS-09-03] and [HS-21-01]). Some say they actually travel between knowledge stones and other Ancient ruins on a schedule.

They can follow simple instructions written in the Ancients' language.

APPENDIX

156

APPENDIX





Treasure

Item Illustrations by Eric Quigley

TREASURE

158

APPENDIX

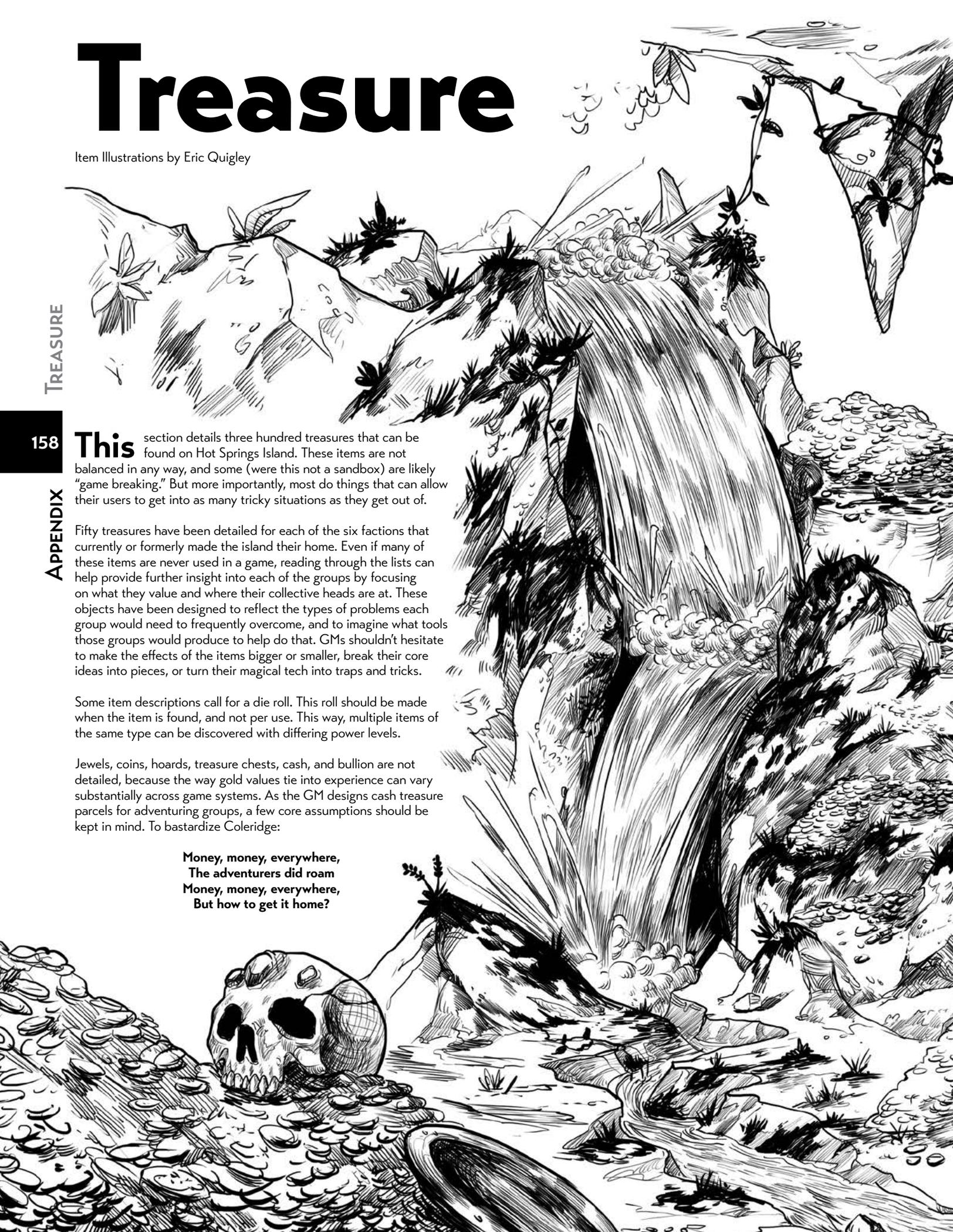
This section details three hundred treasures that can be found on Hot Springs Island. These items are not balanced in any way, and some (were this not a sandbox) are likely “game breaking.” But more importantly, most do things that can allow their users to get into as many tricky situations as they get out of.

Fifty treasures have been detailed for each of the six factions that currently or formerly made the island their home. Even if many of these items are never used in a game, reading through the lists can help provide further insight into each of the groups by focusing on what they value and where their collective heads are at. These objects have been designed to reflect the types of problems each group would need to frequently overcome, and to imagine what tools those groups would produce to help do that. GMs shouldn't hesitate to make the effects of the items bigger or smaller, break their core ideas into pieces, or turn their magical tech into traps and tricks.

Some item descriptions call for a die roll. This roll should be made when the item is found, and not per use. This way, multiple items of the same type can be discovered with differing power levels.

Jewels, coins, hoards, treasure chests, cash, and bullion are not detailed, because the way gold values tie into experience can vary substantially across game systems. As the GM designs cash treasure parcels for adventuring groups, a few core assumptions should be kept in mind. To bastardize Coleridge:

**Money, money, everywhere,
The adventurers did roam
Money, money, everywhere,
But how to get it home?**



Ancients The Ancients had abundant access to mithral and used it in most of their creations. Detailed mithral and obsidian beads were used as currency.

Elves They were loaded like gods and fetishized gold. It's everywhere. Gold gold gold gold gold! Some areas of their ruins could easily be plated in it. Gold was so abundant that it was boring. As their civilization tapped into extradimensional markets, the elves could access whatever they wanted. And as time went on, their true currency became attention. Expeditions to floss gold out of the ruins would be insanely profitable, but the orange sludges, the shadows, and the Arva would be exceptionally problematic. Establishing a permanent base would attract the attention of the Fuegonauts and the Night Axe, who would work to recruit humanoids away from "boring old digging" and onto their side. Obviously powerful groups would attract the ire and paranoia of **Svarku**, who believes (perhaps rightly) that his crystal mines are worth far more than the old-but-tasteful elven junk. As such, he would assume that these powerful individuals would come after him sooner or later. Surviving the ruins and getting cash back to civilization should be difficult and problematic. Moreover, a couple of successful "show up, loot, and leave" missions could absolutely lead to wide-scale inflation and economic destabilization back in the home country, echoing Spain's conquest of the New World. Consequences and chaos!

Fuegonauts **Svarku** is vain, extravagant, and prone to opulent displays of excessive grandeur. It's safe to say that he's got Smaug-style wealth in his volcano complex, but most of his "cash" takes the form of red crystal. Gold is abundant and adored by Svarku and his Fuegonauts (aside from the obsidian monstrosities who trade only in psychic terror). But it's more frequently woven into draperies or shaped into thrones and statues than found in coins and bars. Looting the volcano would be very much like looting an ostentatious and self-aggrandizing drug lord's Miami compound. Sure, there's cash, but most of the wealth is locked up in drugs, furs, guns, art, boats, cars, and the most mind-blowing collection of liquor imaginable. As soon as a player says, "OK, seriously, how can we move this statue?" you know you're doing the Fuegonauts as intended.

Night Axe The ogres are the most objectively poor of all the factions. Their numbers are so small that they can get by on the barter system, and they're highly self-sufficient because they have to be. Robbing a Night Axe village would be like robbing a romanticized Amish village. Not much cash, but plenty of finely crafted, useful objects. They would likely have a decent number of items from the Fuegonaut treasure tables, but any cash on hand would be almost entirely incidental.

Nereids Were it not for access to and enjoyment of the "treasures of the sea," the nereids would probably be as objectively poor as the Night Axe. They're defeated and defensive, but they did have glory days in the distant past. Looting the Crystal Sea Cave would be like looting a refugee camp—very little cash and the occasional small object of deep personal or monetary value. These resources, along with caches of pearls, would be pooled to reward their champions, but on the whole, the nereids have no need for currency on a day-to-day basis.

Lizardmen The three types of lizardmen (Goa, Kiru, and Arva), should be treated similarly to adventurers. The Goa and Kiru are effectively civilized, and come from places with robust trade using mithral and red crystal beads as currency. The Arva, on the other hand, enjoy killing other creatures and taking their stuff.

Finally, when it comes to monsters and beasts, their body parts are valued by the different factions, and a detailed table of who wants what body part can be found on swordfishislands.com or in *A Field Guide to Hot Springs Island*. So if a body has nothing to loot, just process it!



FUEGONAUTS (p. 162)



ANCIENTS (p. 164)



NIGHT AXE (p. 166)



d100	Fuegonauts
1-2	Acidic Grog
3-4	Belt of Shrunken Skulls
5-6	Blez's Rings
7-8	Box of Snuff
9-10	Bouncing Magnetic Balls
11-12	Bracer of Most Elements
13-14	Brass Grinder
15-16	Butterfly Blade
17-18	Chain Mail Tank Top
19-20	Dancing Shackles
21-22	Deck of Gold Cards
23-24	Double-Headed Spear
25-26	Drug Box
27-28	Dwarven Dominoes
29-30	Explosive Corundums
31-32	Flaming Whistle
33-34	Flaming Wizard Statue
35-36	Goblet of Acid
37-38	Gold-Coated Halfling
39-40	Heatproof Dagger
41-42	Heatproof Mirror
43-44	Heatproof Pouch
45-46	Home in a Can
47-48	Jerky Bag
49-50	Jug of Black Ale
51-52	Lava Rug
53-54	Lockpicker's Loupe
55-56	Obsidian Caltrops
57-58	Obsidian Eyes
59-60	Obsidian Pipe
61-62	Obsidian Pitons
63-64	Ogre Hand Dagger
65-66	Ogre Trash
67-68	Onyx Snake Statue
69-70	Petrified Deed
71-72	Pickled Tongues
73-74	Pickpocket's Hand
75-76	Pink Crystal Pyramid
77-78	Pouch of Fingers
79-80	Pouch of Gems
81-82	Red Crystal Dust (Pouch)
83-84	Red Crystal Dust (Box)
85-86	Signet Ring
87-88	Six Gold Cups
89-90	Sulfo's Dirty Journal
91-92	Skull of Tom McCray
93-94	Tito's Lost Insignia
95-96	Unmeltable Ice
97-98	Watchful Necklace
99-100	Wooden Bucket of Elements

d100	Ancients
1-2	Balanced Yoke
3-4	Belt of Birds
5-6	Berry Basket of Satiation
7-8	Bladeless Scythe
9-10	Blooming Flute
11-12	Blooming Memory
13-14	Blooming Snake
15-16	Blooming Transplanter's Pot
17-18	Bracelets of Shared Touch
19-20	Cape of Fratricide
21-22	Ceremonial Dagger
23-24	Circlet of Rest
25-26	Crystal Snake Spike
27-28	Drain Pipe
29-30	Drum of the Harvest
31-32	Ever-Sharp Obsidian Dagger
33-34	False Feathers
35-36	Finder Snake
37-38	First Strike
39-40	Grass Bedroll
41-42	Grass Cap of Hydration
43-44	Grass Cloak of Camouflage
45-46	Harvester's Friend
47-48	Hot Water Decanter
49-50	Insecticide Cube
51-52	Iridescent Feather
53-54	Jug of Irrigation
55-56	Knowledge Stone Carver's Kit
57-58	Mithral Mask
59-60	Mithral Mirror
61-62	Moonshard
63-64	Mosquito Pot
65-66	Necklace of Instruction
67-68	Obsidian Shears
69-70	Obsidian Sipopa Flower
71-72	Once More
73-74	Pipes of Floral Attraction
75-76	Plates of Purification
77-78	Really Big Bag
79-80	Sauna Box
81-82	Scaled Basalt Bowls
83-84	Scaled Walking Stick
85-86	Scroll of Farming
87-88	Seedling Tray
89-90	Serpentine Cuff
91-92	Serpentine Statue
93-94	Shit Stick
95-96	Specimen Basket
97-98	Spit Snake
99-100	Tablets of the Past

d100	Night Axe
1-2	Bait Pouch
3-4	Basket of Regrowth
5-6	Blade of Martok
7-8	Bluescale Hood
9-10	Bluescale Slippers
11-12	Bone Mallet of Straight Flight
13-14	Bone Necklace of Salamander Blindness
15-16	Bonespell Necklace
17-18	Bubble Bracelet
19-20	Candle of Relaxation
21-22	Censer of Learning
23-24	Coppermane Prowler Feathers
25-26	Counting Pouch
27-28	Cube of Ants
29-30	Fireproof Blanket
31-32	Giggling Sling Stones
33-34	Gourd of Water
35-36	Lady Finder
37-38	Obsidian Shrapnel
39-40	Obsidian Water Grenades
41-42	Paw'lard's Perfume
43-44	Paw'lard's Wooden Spoon
45-46	Red Crystal Firestarter
47-48	Red Scale Boots
49-50	Redball
51-52	Rockcracker
53-54	Runed Bird Skull Helm
55-56	Runed Bird Skull Pauldron
57-58	Runed Bone Haft
59-60	Runed Bone Torch
61-62	Runed Head of Obsidian Blindness
63-64	Runed Salamander Jawbone
65-66	Salamander Deceiver's Dice
67-68	Scrimshawed Ear Gauges
69-70	Silver Gloves of Obsidian Artillery
71-72	Silver Hair Belt
73-74	Silver Sack of Nuggets
75-76	Silver Tongue Skull
77-78	Silversight Hood
79-80	Silverzip Bola
81-82	Singing Rope
83-84	Slipshine Oil
85-86	Stay Fresh Bag
87-88	Strap of Faces
89-90	Training Axe
91-92	War Horn of Friendship
93-94	Watertight Basket
95-96	Whalebone Lock
97-98	Wind Glove
99-100	Wooden Multitool

NEREIDS (p. 168)



d100	Nereids
1-2	Barb of the Ethereal Ray
3-4	Bellvia's Gift
5-6	Black Coral Oar
7-8	Bladed Flute of the Waves
9-10	Brooch of Patronage
11-12	Calcified Turtle Eggs
13-14	Circlet of Allegorical Sight
15-16	Circlet of Anemones
17-18	Comet Loop
19-20	Conch of Many Sounds
21-22	Coral Salt Bowl
23-24	Coral Starfish Brooches
25-26	Crystal Canteen
27-28	Crystal Claw of Regeneration
29-30	Crystal Glow Sticks
31-32	Eel-Skin Hair Tie
33-34	Fish-Friend Earring
35-36	Freezing Starfish
37-38	Glass Sea Apple and Black Mesh Veil
39-40	Gown of Aquatic Temperament
41-42	Jar of Octopi
43-44	Lightbloom Anklet
45-46	Message Pearl
47-48	Movement Strap
49-50	Narwhal Spear
51-52	Quick-Release Cuffs of Choreography
53-54	Red Coral Harp
55-56	Ring of Coral Armor
57-58	Sea Turtle Rings
59-60	Seahorse Ring
61-62	Sealhide Cap
63-64	Seaweed Hair Tie
65-66	Seaweed of Enchantment
67-68	Sheer Tunic of Hydration
69-70	Shell of Lament
71-72	Shelled Alarm System
73-74	Shimmering Paint Pots
75-76	Silk Mask
77-78	Silver Dolphin Nose Clamp
79-80	Speech Fish
81-82	Sphere of Aquatic Transport
83-84	Starfish Climbers
85-86	Stingray Bracelets
87-88	Sunbeam Spotlight
89-90	The Fifty-One Tears
91-92	Tiny Gold Crabs
93-94	Unborn Dryad
95-96	Vial of Home
97-98	Water-Friend War Horn
99-100	Watery Gown

ELVES (p. 171)



d100	Elves
1-2	Barren Mother
3-4	Bezzeel's Core
5-6	Blank Crimson Tome
7-8	Book of the Lost Boy
9-10	Box of Bladed Scars
11-12	Catfish Helm
13-14	Codpiece of Sustenance
15-16	Crystal Romance
17-18	Cubic Focus of Shame
19-20	Daphnee's Vambrace
21-22	Decadence and Greed
23-24	Decanter of Tears
25-26	Diamond Harp
27-28	Druidic Robes
29-30	Dvorak's Songbird
31-32	Embroidered Bloodcoat
33-34	Euphoric Top
35-36	Gaudy Purple Hat of Obscurity
37-38	Gavel of Agreement
39-40	Gold Faceball
41-42	Gold Glasses of Flesh
43-44	Honeypot of Hallucination
45-46	Iron Satyr
47-48	Lover's Mirror
49-50	Lucid Dreamer's Blackout Bag
51-52	Mirror of Assets
53-54	Moaning Chime Holders
55-56	Monkey Phones
57-58	Nonstick Chain
59-60	Orgy-in-a-Bag
61-62	Ornamental Shortsword
63-64	Pipe Bombs
65-66	Portable Platinum Puddle Bag
67-68	Provocateur's Belly Chain
69-70	Quill of Automatic Records
71-72	Rock Reshaper
73-74	Sensitivity Gloves
75-76	Spiked Jock of Confidence
77-78	Starry Cigarette Holder
79-80	Stormgasm Medallion
81-82	Sweetest Sound Earrings
83-84	Tapestry of Summers Past
85-86	The Rough Night
87-88	The Seasons
89-90	Traveling Treven
91-92	Vinlay's Catalogue
93-94	Voyeur Ring
95-96	Yellow Glove of Desire
97-98	Yvelia's Bloom Kit
99-100	Zeb's Lost Coin Collection

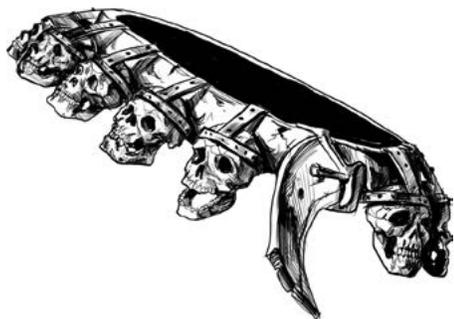
LIZARDMEN (p. 174)



d100	Lizardmen
1-2	Arva-Bag of Eyes
3-4	Arva-Cavalry Stick
5-6	Arva-Flask of Purification
7-8	Arva-Glove of First Impressions
9-10	Arva-Hunter's Headdress
11-12	Arva-Juniper Juice
13-14	Arva-Purple Swashbuckler's Hat
15-16	Arva-Shrapnel Spears
17-18	Arva-The Gentleman's Blade
19-20	Arva-Trap Kit
21-22	Goa-Auto Hammock
23-24	Goa-Candle Box
25-26	Goa-Duecadre Tongue Sponges
27-28	Goa-Field Butcher's Friend
29-30	Goa-Foldable Canoe
31-32	Goa-Frog Strap
33-34	Goa-Hurricane Wraps
35-36	Goa-Mithral Zip Fist
37-38	Goa-Rainbow Snack Pouch
39-40	Goa-Renewable Stone Spear
41-42	Goa-Rip-Proof Sack
43-44	Goa-Salt Apple
45-46	Goa-Serpent Grapple
47-48	Goa-Shimmershift Blade
49-50	Goa-Sleeping Salve
51-52	Goa-Stay Fresh Satchel
53-54	Goa-Tears of the Mountain
55-56	Goa-Unbreakable Bow Drill
57-58	Goa-Vest of Refreshment
59-60	Goa-Water Extractor
61-62	Goa-Zoom Reed
63-64	Kiru-Ancestral Orbs
65-66	Kiru-Beaded Will
67-68	Kiru-Blowgun and Darts
69-70	Kiru-Bluescale Rope
71-72	Kiru-Bug Blaster
73-74	Kiru-Cloak of Light and Shadow
75-76	Kiru-Cloth of Aversion
77-78	Kiru-Fletcher's Kit
79-80	Kiru-Focused Filter
81-82	Kiru-Junk and an Antidote
83-84	Kiru-Leash of Companionship
85-86	Kiru-Magma Imp Helm
87-88	Kiru-Minimap
89-90	Kiru-Mood Changer
91-92	Kiru-Moss Poncho
93-94	Kiru-Muzzle of Sustenance
95-96	Kiru-Pinion of Understanding
97-98	Kiru-Wood-Friend Pitons
99-100	Kiru-Zip Bird Call

Fuegonaut Treasures

Acidic Grog: A large obsidian hip flask engraved with a scene of two fire imps toasting. Contains a quart of acid. Replenishes in **d4** days.



Belt of Shrunken Skulls: This black leather belt is adorned with the shrunken skulls of **d12** humanoid races. If a humanoid whose race's skull is on the belt is within 50' of the belt, the matching skull begins to laugh. Heads can be added and removed from the belt, and are held in place by leather thongs. Some wear this belt to identify threats, while others use its laughter to intimidate by wearing skulls of their own kind.

Blez's Rings: A translucent obsidian box always blisteringly hot to the touch. Contains **d6** gold salamander tentacle rings. The interior of each is engraved with: "For Blez with Love. Always."

Bouncing Magnetic Balls: Five dense dull-gray balls 5" in diameter. Each ball weighs 2 lb. and has a healthy bounce if dropped or thrown. If two balls are separated but remain within 3' of each other after 30 seconds, they snap back together with enough force to break bones.

Box of Snuff: A small snuff box of red crystal, filled with powdered water elemental cores.

Bracer of Most Elements: A bracer of glossy black leather embossed with elemental runes, and wrapped in a multicolored chain of different metals. Its wearer is immune to targeted elemental attacks except fire.

Brass Grinder: A small airtight canister of dull brassy metal, engraved with the face of a laughing efreet. It separates into two pieces, with the inside of each piece covered in spikes that interlock when the canister is closed. The two sides rotate against each other effortlessly, and can finely crush, grind, and powder almost anything placed inside (even diamonds). Currently contains a fine powder of red crystal.

Butterfly Blade: A butterfly blade the size of a shortsword. When opened, the blade ignites.

Chain Mail Tank Top: This tank top of black-and-red chain mail fully heals wounds, curses, and diseases if worn while submerged in lava for 24 hours. Does not protect against lava.

Dancing Shackles: A pair of brass shackles etched with dancing salamanders. While shackled, a creature is compelled to dance.

Deck of Gold Cards: A deck of solid gold, intricately engraved playing cards. The cards repair themselves if bent or damaged, and return to the deck if stolen or lost. Pressing the central spade on the ace of spades shuffles the deck. Anyone who fails to make good on a bet made during a game played with these cards is cursed until they make good (severity of curse should be in line with wager), but the deck helps any who use it to cheat. The cards can only change hands if lost in a bet or if their owner is killed.

Double-Headed Spear: A lightweight golden ceremonial spear. Tapping it against a hard surface causes it to spit a jet of fire from its tip and ring like a large gong.

Drug Box: A small tin (5" x 3") of dull orange metal. Impervious to heat. Contains drug paraphernalia.

Dwarven Dominoes: A scorched leather case containing a set of mithral dwarven dominos. About half the pieces are clearly bloodstained.

Explosive Corundums: A pouch made of blue leather, embossed to resemble salamander scales, contains six rubies and six star sapphires. These gems explode in a violent burst of blue or red fire if they are thrown and the word "catch" (in any language) is spoken.

Flaming Whistle: A gold whistle. Shoots out a 6" jet of fire when blown and attracts **2d6** combustarinos from within a half-mile radius.



Flaming Wizard Statue: This crude obsidian statue of a wizard, 4" tall, stretches forth its arms as if casting a spell. An inextinguishable flame, like that of a candle, constantly jumps between the statue's open hands.

Goblet of Acid: A wooden cup engraved with flames and set with golden efreet runes meaning "eternal." When held, the cup will fill with concentrated acid three times per day.

Gold-Coated Halfling: A burlap sack containing the burned corpse of a halfling. It was holding a sword at death, and the gold hilt has melted to fuse its hands together.

Heatproof Dagger: A three-bladed dagger of dull orange metal on a matching 2' chain.

Heatproof Mirror: A hand mirror of dull orange metal on a matching 2' chain. Creatures from the plane of fire are reflected more beautifully.

Heatproof Pouch: A belt pouch of dull orange chain. Contains a dozen gemstones.

Home in a Can: A large brass canister, roughly the size of a coffee can, erupts with a roaring, crackling 4' flame when opened. Originally sent to Hot Springs Island to help homesick salamanders get to sleep.

Jerky Bag: This crumpled, oily, brown leather bag holds 21 lb. of savory jerky (human). Any fresh meat placed into the bag becomes delicious jerky in **d4** hours.

Jug of Black Ale: A pear-shaped terracotta jug with bands of obsidian inlay, 15" tall and 9" in diameter at its widest point. If emptied, the jug fills with a putrid-smelling, highly potent, flammable black ale after 1 hour.

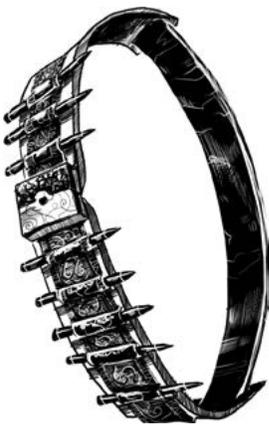
Lava Rug: This 5' x 8' rug is finely woven in geometric patterns that glow, move, and give off heat as if they were lava. Flammable materials touching the rug are quickly ignited.

Lockpicker's Loupe: A 3" monocle attached to a 2' long chain of an unknown metal. The chain makes no sound no matter how much it moves. Looking through the monocle will reveal the inner workings of any mechanical lock.

Obsidian Caltrops: These black stone caltrops (**3d4** handfuls) grow barbs when they dig into flesh, and can be removed only by saying, "I'm sorry" in any language.

Obsidian Eyes: A fireproof black silk pouch contains **3d6** obsidian marbles that are actually the eyes of an obsidian bladeguard. May trigger telepathic powers if consumed ([p. 118](#)).

Obsidian Pipe: This obsidian pipe has been carved to resemble a salamander. Anything smoked in this pipe triggers feelings of relaxation and happiness in the smoker.



Obsidian Pitons: A hide bandolier of exceptional quality holds **d8** obsidian spikes. Each can be used to pierce stone three times, no matter its hardness, before shattering.

Ogre Hand Dagger: The hand of a Night Axe edgesworn is attached to a dagger hilt like a blade. Cuts through obsidian like butter. The hand's original owner is alive and well in Boar's Head encampment [HS-01-01].

Ogre Trash: A dirty hide sack contains **d4** broken water elemental cores, **d10** ogre tusks, and a Night Axe bone magic necklace.

Onyx Snake Statue: A small onyx statue of a four-armed snake, wearing robes made of gold and mother-of-pearl, holds its arms as if in benediction.

Petrified Deed: A palm-sized piece of black petrified wood is engraved with glowing runes in the language of fire. This is the deed to a posh apartment in one of the wealthiest areas in the Sultanate of Fire Serpents.

Pickled Tongues: A jar holds 23 pickled tongues.



Pickpocket's Hand: A twitching humanoid hand attached to a 10' braided leather cord. If not kept in a dark place, the hand attempts to pick pockets as if it were a high-level thief. If treated well and given an opportunity to pick pockets frequently, the hand can be trained to work mostly on command after **d4** weeks.

Pink Crystal Pyramid: A 3" pyramid of pale-pink crystal. If the tip is pressed down, the pyramid glows to light a 25' radius, and appears to contain an endless universe.

Pouch of Fingers: A hide pouch contains **d4** fingers, **d12** toenails, and **d6** iron salamander tentacle rings. The fingers do not rot.



Pouch of Gems: A hide sack contains **2d4** small chunks of red crystal, **3d6** emeralds, and a flawless diamond the size of a fist.

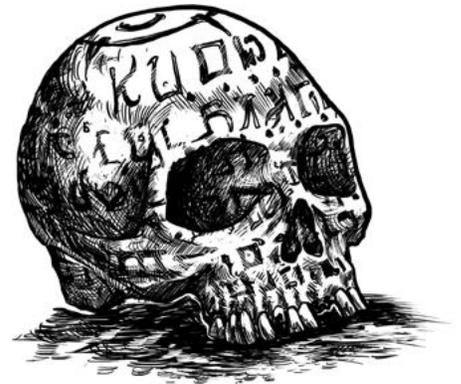
Red Crystal Dust (Pouch): A hide pouch containing half a pound of high-grade red crystal dust and a Y-shaped gold tube.

Red Crystal Dust (Box): A small box of obsidian, polished to a mirror finish, contains **3d6** glass vials of red crystal dust.

Signet Ring: A heavy, flat-topped gold ring set with a cracked red crystal S. The ring can shoot two fireballs each day, but always hits a random spot within 20' of its intended target.

Six Gold Cups: A small backpack of fragrant burlap. It's covered in scorch marks but is fireproof, and currently contains six gold cups that can hold any liquid, no matter how hot.

Sulfo's Dirty Journal: A small notebook of drawings. It mostly contains crude pictures of salamanders in suggestive poses and piles of gooey eggs, but occasionally notes Fuegonaut patrol schedules and locations.



Skull of Tom McCray: A humanoid skull carved with elemental runes. Ever since he was a little boy, Tom wanted to become a floating flaming skull when he died. A salamander trickster told him he could make that happen, but instead, it forced the skull—and Tom's lingering intelligence—to answer any question it hears with a mockingly incorrect reply. Tom's skull can shoot a 10' jet of blue-hot fire from its eye sockets each day, but only for people Tom likes.

Tito's Lost Insignia: A combustarino's insignia—a gold plate set with red crystal in geometric patterns. Always hot enough to ignite paper or cloth. Engraved with the name **Tito**.

Unmeltable Ice: A 3" hinged onyx cube is engraved with the efreet rune meaning "pain." Contains a block of ice that never melts.

Watchful Necklace: A necklace of humanoid eyes, set in black steel and strung like pearls. The eyes look toward hidden dangers, but jitter and roll constantly during any conversation.

Wooden Bucket of Elements: A wooden bucket lined with glowing elemental runes. If a magically attuned individual reaches into the bucket, they can pull out a handful of any element, but the bucket does not protect them from the element's natural effects.

Ancient Treasures

Balanced Yoke: A wooden yoke with indentions to hold four buckets. Filled buckets hanging from it will not tip or spill while the yoke is worn.

Belt of Birds: A wide belt of hard, wine-colored leather has **2d6+1** small bird skeletons fused to it. The wearer can project their vision directly upward 500' for a 5-minute bird's-eye view, once per day times the number of skeletons.

Berry Basket of Satiation: This small basket appears to be filled with translucent raspberries. None can be poured out, but a hungry person can pull out handfuls until they are satiated.

Bladeless Scythe: An 8' pole of dense white wood. Notches are evenly carved along its length, and a hole is bored at one end where a rope can be passed through, allowing it to be easily swung. Grass or crops touched by the pole will be cleanly cut, with notches calibrating the height.

Blooming Flute: A polished wooden flute carved with winged serpents. Any song of moderate difficulty played well on the flute causes all plants within 20' to bloom.



Blooming Memory: A memory matching game featuring **3d12+1** basalt tiles, each 2" x 2". Their backs are engraved with an identical pattern of scales. Their fronts blossom with tiny living flowers.

Blooming Snake: A snake made of wood and flowering moss. When discovered, it looks dead and brittle. If touched by an intelligent creature, it rejuvenates, bursts into bloom, and behaves like a living pet snake. It requires daily attention (water, sunlight, love; and it enjoys music), or its flowers wither and die. Once "dead," the snake can be rejuvenated only by another person.

Blooming Transplanter's Pot: A planter's pot of transparent obsidian. If the pot is filled with dirt and planted with a single seed, it will grow a seedling ready for transplanting in 24 hours. Flowering plants never lose their blooms while in the pot.

Bracelets of Shared Touch: Each of these **d12** woven grass bracelets is decorated with mithral and obsidian beads. Anyone wearing a bracelet can feel what others wearing the bracelets are currently feeling with their hands. Originally used as a teaching aid for pottery, baking, animal husbandry, and stone carving.

Cape of Fratricide: A small cape of silvery snake scales. Anyone wearing the cape will have vivid visions of killing a snakeman with a stone hammer on a clear night full of stars; dragging the body through terraced fields while chased by white-furred apes; skinning the body with a curved obsidian blade; and through it all, knowing this snakeman is your brother.

Ceremonial Dagger: A dull obsidian dagger resembling a serpent (hilt) breathing fire (blade).

Circler of Rest: A circler of petrified oak leaves and unknown flowers. The blooms change each season. Its wearer benefits from a full night's rest when sleeping on fertile soil for at least 1 hour.

Crystal Snake Spike: A 1' stylized snake statue carved from a single piece of crystal. Its head is bent forward and its body is straight like a tent stake. Inserting the statue in the ground overnight cleanses the area within a 20' radius. This cleansing removes anything that would hinder the growth of plants, and piles those impurities neatly along the edge of the effect.

Drain Pipe: A 25' hollow vine with rubbery walls, and one end that resembles roots. The roots dig in if placed on soil, and after a time, water flows from the tube. If there is any fresh water in the world, it will eventually be drawn to this vine. Skilled users can target water sources and relocate them, given enough time.

Drum of the Harvest: A polished wooden drum carved with strange fruits. Well-played rhythms of moderate difficulty cause all flowering plants within 20' to produce seeds or fruit.



Ever-Sharp Obsidian Dagger: This blade never dulls, and can be broken only against basalt.

False Feathers: A 10' leather cord decorated with a variety of red and yellow feathers. The wearer believes they are being worshiped and adored by everyone they interact with.

Finder Snake: A 3" mithral spike is topped with a ring shaped like a serpent eating its tail. Holding the ring allows the user to recall the last one hundred inanimate objects the spike was double tapped against. The memories enter the mind in a rush, causing an unskilled user to be temporarily overwhelmed. If a skilled user focuses on one object, the spike gently tugs in the direction of the object's location.

First Strike: A 4' octagonal obsidian pole with a chisel tip. If the chisel is struck against uncarved stone with no dimension larger than 4', the stone cleanly splits along its largest plane.

Grass Bedroll: A simple but well crafted 7' x 4' bedroll of sweet-smelling grass. It is worn and comfortable, but will not fall apart. If the bedroll is placed on soil and a creature near death lays upon it, the body will be pushed 6' down into the earth (or until it hits something). The process takes about 15 minutes, and all that remains is an empty grass bedroll on the ground.

Grass Cap of Hydration: A circular cap of freshly cut woven grass. Water from the area flows up the wearer's body and into their mouth whenever they are less than optimally hydrated.

Grass Cloak of Camouflage: A long cloak made of extinct grass. It perfectly camouflages the wearer in dark or natural surroundings—but if it gets wet, it turns a lurid purple until dry.

Harvester's Friend: An obsidian hand sickle with a wooden haft. Ancient runes spelling "see" are carved into the haft. If the command word is spoken, the sickle flies off and harvests any crops within the wielder's line of sight.

Hot Water Decanter: A clay decanter painted with faded flames. Any water poured into it can immediately be poured out boiling hot.

Insecticide Cube: A polished 1" wooden cube has no seams and a single small hole. An ultrafine white powder can be poured out, causing any insects (fist-sized or smaller) to die within 1 hour of contact. Doesn't seem to run out.

Iridescent Feather: A 1' feather of iridescent purple and yellow. Holding the feather enables one to float instead of fall. The feather seems to "tug" its holder toward and into the sea on the western side of Hot Springs Island.

Jug of Irrigation: A 3' tall, pear-shaped clay jug with two angular handles is painted with scenes of farming. When commanded, the handles descend and perfectly irrigate 1 acre of crops in 1 hour, to a maximum 10 acres per day.



Knowledge Stone Carver's Kit: A backpack woven from fresh blue flowers contains a variety of obsidian chisels, polishing cloths, a stone hammer, a 3' vine net, and a stone tablet engraved with runes matching those found at [HS-09-03]. This kit can be used to create or modify ancient knowledge stones.

Mithral Mask: A serpentine mask mosaicked in obsidian and mithral, and set with two large fangs. Clearly designed for a nonhuman face.

Mithral Mirror: Solid mithral, engraved with scales.

Moonshard: This translucent stone of milky blue the size of a human thumb radiates such old magic that even non-magic users can feel it. If tossed upward, it stops at the highest point of its arc, hangs in the air, and emits moonlight similar to the current moon phase. The moonshard stays aloft for 1 hour, and floats along with its user if the moon likes them.



Mosquito Pot: An elaborate, chipped terracotta decanter partially covered with growths of sickly looking purple fungus. Every morning, the pot fills with five gallons of foul-smelling stagnant water. If poured out, the water attracts giant clouds of mosquitoes. Eating the fungus repels mosquitoes and vyderac for 8 hours.

Necklace of Instruction: A necklace woven from fresh pink flowers. Its wearer feels driven to teach a skill they know. Receptive students can pick up the skill in half the normal time.

Obsidian Shears: If used to take cuttings of plants, the cuttings survive and thrive if planted within 24 hours. The shears cannot cut flesh.

Obsidian Sipopa Flower: Exquisitely carved and delicate, but breaks only against basalt. It can float on water and is light enough to be carried away by a strong wind.

Once More: A large serpentine skull etched with ancient runes and missing its lower jaw. The runes seem to spell out gibberish except above the eye sockets, where they read: "Once more." This was once the skull of a powerful agrimancer (a farm wizard) whose spirit lingers. If the spirit detects a potentially sympathetic individual, it communicates with them telepathically. The spirit is friendly and sincere, and has a tremendous knowledge of plant and animal husbandry. Eventually, it will ask to possess a sympathetic owner for a year and a day. It is unclear what motivates the agrimancer, but the spirit would be happiest if confronted with a challenge like terraforming a desert.

Pipes of Floral Attraction: A set of wooden panpipes bound with green twine. Playing these pipes causes nearby plants to turn toward the player as if they were the sun.

Plates of Purification: Three heavy terra cotta dinner plates, with small chips revealing a mithral interior. Any food placed on a plate becomes safe to eat for the species holding it. Beware of cross-species sharing!

Really Big Bag: This 3' x 2' x 1' sack of fine gray cloth is waterproof, mostly flameproof, can't be cut by metal, and stretches to 10 times its size.

Sauna Box: A small hinged box of red-hued petrified wood contains a superheated fist-sized ruby. When opened, it rapidly raises the temperature within a 20' x 20' area to 175° F.

Scaled Basalt Bowls: Carved to depict the decapitation of a giant humanoid, the bowls show ancient constellations if filled with liquid.

Scaled Walking Stick: A 6' staff of polished white wood carved with scales. Its user never tires while hiking or walking in the wilds, but tires twice as fast when running or on paths.

Scroll of Farming: A beautifully illustrated scroll depicting ancient terrace construction and farming techniques, held in a mithral scroll case.

Seedling Tray: A 1' square of basalt, carved with nine cylindrical depressions. A seed placed in a divot becomes three seedlings in 24 hours.

Serpentine Cuff: A serpent-shaped mithral arm cuff breathing flames of red crystal.

Serpentine Statue: A 6" red crystal statue of a robed snakeman holding a hooked staff.



Shit Stick: A 2.5' billy club of rune-etched red wood. A creature hit with the club has a 35 percent chance to immediately void its bowels.

Specimen Basket: A 2' x 2' lidded cylindrical basket. Three pairs of obsidian shears are strapped inside the lid, and reform in 1 day if lost or broken. The basket contains three wooden trays divided into forty-five slots. Plant or insect specimens enter a timeless stasis while in a slot. **d20+4** of the slots are filled.

Spit Snake: A detailed 1.5' resin snake engraved with the word "spit" in ancient runes. A creature that spits on the snake can control it as a real snake for 1 hour per day. All the snake's senses transfer to the user, and other animals treat it like a real snake.

Tablets of the Past: Four basalt tablets bound by a mithral ring. The tablets depict serpent folk kneeling to a giant humanoid; the giant humanoid, decapitated; beams radiating from a winged serpent; serpent folk farming crops.

Night Axe Treasures

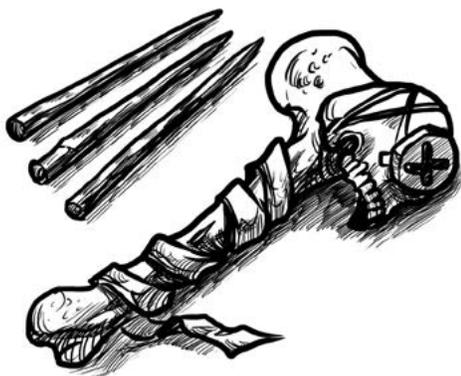
Bait Pouch: A hide pouch covered with white zip bird feathers containing chunks of raw meat. Meat placed in the pouch stays fresh and becomes an irresistible intoxicant to zip birds.

Basket of Regrowth: A large watertight basket woven from baleen and silver hair. It contains warm whale fat and has a number of tightly braided silver cords around its mouth. If tied around the stump of a missing limb, the limb regrows after a week and a day. The limb functions normally, but **Bavmorda** can control it.

Blade of Martok: A one-handed obsidian axe with an ornately carved bone handle. Tufts of moss grow on the haft and head, but its blade is razor sharp. The axe does not break or dull, and once belonged to Martok, the first edgeworker slain by Fuegonauts. All Night Axe ogres instantly recognize this weapon.

Bluescale Hood: A hood of blue salamander scales. A flap seals the hood's face, enabling the wearer to see through most illusions.

Bluescale Slippers: A pair of giant but comfy blue salamander-scale slippers. The wearer appears to be standing **d4** feet to their left.



Bone Mallet of Straight Flight: A heavy mallet of bone and **3d20** pencil-shaped obsidian spikes. Hitting the back of a spike shoots it forward in a perfectly straight line for 100'.

Bone Necklace of Salamander Blindness: A 3' leather necklace set with twenty-four salamander vertebrae. The wearer goes unheard and unseen by salamanders.

Bonespell Necklace: A 3' hide necklace strung with **d8** large bones. Each bone contains a random bit of Night Axe bone magic (p. 129).

Bubble Bracelet: An arm band of braided gray leather and ever-wet seaweed decorated with **d4** round white stones. Each stone can absorb one nonmagical killing blow by expanding to surround the user in a bubble of water.

Candle of Relaxation: Anyone sleeping within 10' of this large ambergris candle gets a full night's rest in 1 hour. **6d6** hours of burn remain.

Censer of Learning: A deep terracotta bowl is painted with images of ogre children and marked by soot. Any herbs burned in the bowl emit a calming smoke that doubles knowledge retention.

Coppermane Prowler Feathers: A pouch holding thirty-three perfect copper feathers.

Counting Pouch: A pouch of obsidian beads carved with a unique symbol. Though nonmagical, they enable rapid calculation. A respected bonebinder is looking for these.



Cube of Ants: A seamless 4" crystal cube contains a swarm of ants that never stops moving. This object is blessed by **Mog'ok**, and any Fuegonaut or sympathizer touching it is stung by each ant within.

Fireproof Blanket: A fireproof ogre-sized blanket of braided hide strips and silver hair.

Giggling Sling Stones: A rough canvas sack holds **d12+1** basalt sling stones. When thrown, the stones giggle and grow **d6** feet in diameter.

Gourd of Water: A large drinking gourd is full of exceptionally cold water and the core of a moderately powerful water elemental called Skoh-low. His bonebinder **Klon** was recently killed by Fuegonauts and he is in mourning.

Lady Finder: A 1' square of hide. At night or in shade, an arrow of silver hair embroiders itself onto the hide and points toward the largest non-ogre female on Hot Springs Island.

Obsidian Shrapnel: A pouch holds obsidian shards and 3 gold salamander whisker rings.



Obsidian Water Grenades: These **3d6** obsidian orbs make sloshing noises if shaken. Each explodes like a fireball of water and glass.

Paw'lard's Perfume: A small gourd filled with a surprisingly sophisticated-smelling perfume.

Paw'lard's Wooden Spoon: A 3.5' wooden spoon with a crude but legible "PAW" carved along the haft. The spoon is fireproof and substantial enough to be wielded as a mace.

Red Crystal Firestarter: A small bowl of cut red crystal. Any flammable material placed within catches fire in 10 seconds.

Red Scale Boots: This pair of giant red-orange salamander-scale boots is thickly lined with silver hair. The wearer can step on lava to cause it to solidify. Ogres dislike the boots, however, as they must move much slower than normal to cool enough lava to support their weight.

Redball: A crude wooden bucket is covered by a leather flap held shut with an obsidian toggle. When opened, a glowing orb of colored light shoots out and flies to a random location 1 mile away, where it remains for 1 hour or until touched by an intelligent creature. Touching the orb causes the creature's hand to glow that color for 1 hour or until the hand is inserted into the bucket. Up to eight different colored orbs can be released, but the first is always red. This game is most frequently played by edgesworn.

Rockcracker: The large, rippled molar of a broadback is affixed to the end of this 3.5' club of heavy black wood. Once per day, it can be used to shatter massive stone walls or boulders with ease. The tooth cracks when the stone does, but the molar slowly repairs itself over 24 hours. Once the crack is no longer visible, it is ready to strike a mighty blow again.

Runed Bird Skull Helm: The skull of a duecadre is decorated with bright-yellow feathers and fitted with a chinstrap of braided silver hair. The skull's eye sockets glow with dark energy, and in times of extreme duress when physical strength is needed, the hair of the straps grows down along the back of the wearer's arms and legs. This grants the strength of two ogres, like an exoskeleton of silver hair and dark magic.

Runed Bird Skull Pauldron: The skull of a coppermane prowler is etched with sparking runes and fitted with straps like a pauldron. Small arcs of electricity dance across the wearer's torso, giving the protective equivalent of leather armor. Each time a missile is aimed at the wearer, there is a 10 percent chance that a bolt of lightning shoots from the skull to intercept it. There is also a 30 percent chance that the electricity from the skull stops the heart of anyone who wears it for the first time.

Runed Bone Haft: A 4' axe haft of rune-scribed bone. Slamming it against stone causes it to grow or retract a razor-sharp obsidian axe blade.

Runed Bone Torch: A 3' whale bone is etched with blackened runes. Tapping either end against obsidian causes the bone to ignite like a torch, producing up to 8 hours of flame per day (4 hours at each end).

Runed Head of Obsidian Blindness: A black sack of chain mail is cinched shut by silver hair and sealed with mud. The sack holds the rune-scribed head of an obsidian bladeguard. While the sack is sealed, anyone carrying it goes unseen and unheard by obsidian bladeguards and obsidian giants.

Runed Salamander Jawbone: The jaw bone of a salamander has been fitted with leather straps and carved with rough runes that glow with a watery light. If the bone is worn upon the face, its wearer is protected from heat and flame.

Salamander Deceiver's Dice: A small leather pouch contains 10 eight-sided dice carved from salamander bone. The bearer of this pouch can tell one lie to one salamander once per day and be completely believed.

Scrimshawed Ear Gauges: A small wooden box contains 2d8 spiral-shaped ear plugs of bone, scrimshawed with stylized grinning lizards.

Silver Gloves of Obsidian Artillery: These ogre-sized gloves are woven from silver hair. Anyone wearing the gloves can pick up obsidian and set it afloat in midair, where it remains for 1 minute. Night Axe ogres use the gloves to set up rows of floating obsidian spikes, then hit them toward their enemies.

Silver Hair Belt: An ogre-sized belt made of tightly braided silver hair. Six obsidian meat hooks are woven into the belt, one of which impales a pair of salamander feet. If the severed feet of an enemy are impaled on a hook for a day and a night, the feet can walk to one requested location visited by their previous owner.

Silver Sack of Nuggets: A small sack of woven silver hair decorated with twelve jeweled rings. The pouch is closely guarded by bonebinders and brought out only to settle negotiations or Night Axe debts with scummy adventurers. The sack always contains twenty gold nuggets of various sizes—but once removed, those nuggets transform into chunks of feces in 3 days.

Silver Tongue Skull: A salamander skull is etched with crude runes, a cord of braided silver hair running through the eye and nose sockets. If the skull is pointed toward salamanders, it acts as an interpreter between them and the user. While it does so, the braid of silver hair flaps and grows. If the hair touches the ground, the skull belches black smoke and shatters.

Silversight Hood: An ogre-sized hood of burlap is adorned with obsidian beads, and a curtain of silver hair hides the wearer's face. In darkness, the wearer can see as if by starlight, but any light greater than candlelight is blinding.

Silverzip Bola: A bola of three blackened zip bird skulls and cords of braided silver hair. Entangled targets are lifted 10' into the air and held upside down for 4 hours.



Singing Rope: A 1' leaf-shaped piece of obsidian is tied to the end of a 12' long cord of tightly braided silver hair. When spun horizontally, the rope emits an eerie multiphonic scream. Night Axe women play a game in which one spins the rope, chants in a fast rhythm, and begins standing and squatting. Other females approach and attempt to match the chant and movements. The first ogre then passes the spinning singing rope to another, who must keep it spinning and start a new chant, while all others move away to begin again.

Slipshine Oil: Found as d6 skins, this oil is nonflammable, noncorrosive, extremely slippery, and smells like fish.

Stay Fresh Bag: A 6' sack of whale leather with no seams and a drawstring closure keeps food fresh indefinitely. Contains 300 lb. of boar meat.

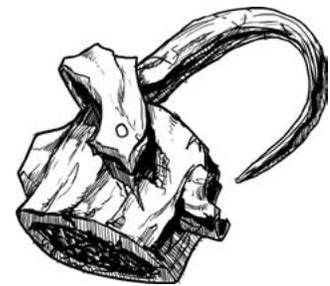
Strap of Faces: An 8' leather strap is adorned with masterful bone carvings of thirty-six ogre faces, the eyes of which are set with glowing red crystal. **Glavrok** carved the faces, but the strap has been missing for a year. Some say it could be used to commune with **Mog'ok**.

Training Axe: This 8' iron bar weighs 450 lb. but is perfectly balanced. Anyone able to lift it has visions of an ogre warrior (**Srok** before he lost his tongue) demonstrating two-handed axe techniques. The vision lasts 30 seconds unless each move is perfectly replicated, which causes 30 more seconds to appear. Only the best can make it through the bar's full hour of training.



War Horn of Friendship: A war horn decorated with runes and strips of whale leather. It can be heard only by trusted friends of the sounder.

Watertight Basket: A large watertight lidded basket is made of black baleen and silver hair woven in a zigzag pattern. If the basket is placed in fire, the fire quickly goes out. If fire is placed in the basket, it explodes out like a fountain.



Whale Bone Lock: A crude lock of whale bone has no keyhole and is as strong as steel. Any Night Axe ogre can open it with a touch.

Wind Glove: An ogre-sized left-hand glove made of broadback hide. Anyone who puts it on finds that it fits snugly, as their hand is cushioned by air. The wearer can grab hold of the wind and jump to move along with it. It is not possible to guide the wind, but the user can jump higher or lower in the gust they are riding, and experienced users can jump between gusts.

Wooden Multitool: A 2'-long, 9"-wide log of red-hued wood is set with obsidian whorls. If it is carved into a functional tool, that tool has the properties of steel. Can be recarved each day.

Nereid Treasures

Barb of the Ethereal Ray: A 2' barbed spike of mithral appears to have come from a stingray. Holding the barb calms emotions and aids rational thought, but triggers feelings in the holder that they should stab the barb into their heart. If they give in to these urges, the spike turns ethereal as it stabs, and a great ethereal stingray judges the wielder's heart. If the ray determines the wielder is decent, it bonds with them for a year and a day. If it determines they are evil, the spike instantly changes back into mithral once embedded. Bonded users can place the barb in their heart four times per day to have the ethereal ray fly them to a destination up to 1 hour away.

Bellvia's Gift: This stylish porcelain teacup and saucer will not break if dropped. Pouring water from the cup into the saucer enables the user to scry any location where there is water, as long as the user has touched that water before. An inscription once covered the bottom of the saucer, but only "Love, Bellvia" remains.



Black Coral Oar: This 7' staff of polished black coral resembles an oar, being perfectly straight and flaring out like fan coral at one end. Skilled users can weaken or strengthen currents, create a strong wave, or propel small water vessels at 5 times their normal speed.

Bladed Flute of the Waves: An edgeless knife of silver is shaped like low waves and colored with a gradient of oxidation. Holes enable skilled musicians to play the blade like a flute, but nereids can use it like a high-powered water jet capable of cutting through steel up to 6" thick.



Brooch of Patronage: A brooch of twisted and spiraled platinum set with sapphires allows free movement and breathing underwater to one who wears it. Only twenty are known to exist, given as gifts to early patrons of **Meltalia** and the Fifty Visions. Nereids likely treat anyone wearing the brooch with extreme suspicion.

Calcified Turtle Eggs: In the long-forgotten past, a great war was fought on the plane of water. The forces of water won, but their losses were great. Also great was their anger at all the watery creatures who could have fought with them but did not, so they cursed those creatures and bound them into turtle eggs. A water friend can throw one such egg into water to hatch a giant aquatic creature that must aid the user for a day and a night to regain its freedom. The creature is random but defined by **d4** of the following aspects:

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Teeth | 5. Terrible Beauty |
| 2. Tentacles | 6. Swarm |
| 3. Toxic | 7. Pincers |
| 4. Bioluminescent | 8. Mammal |

Circllet of Allegorical Sight: A delicate-looking circllet grown from branching golden coral. With 1 hour of meditation, the user can see glimpses of the future for a specific person, place, or thing. These glimpses are presented allegorically, however, using animals in farmyard settings. For example, an ogre wondering if a dangerous mission will be a success might see a cat being eaten by four rats in a vegetable garden.

Circllet of Anemones: A circllet of polished white coral adorned with small pink and white sea anemones. Words spoken within 50' sound half as loud as normal as the anemones catch and eat them, analyzing these words and passing their opinion to the wearer. They are excellent at catching truth, lies, and distortion, but terrible with jokes and sarcasm.

Comet Loop: This 18" gold chain has a sparkling orb at each end resembling a comet. The orbs lock together, and if the resulting circle is spun underwater, it can be used to scry.

Conch of Many Sounds: A conch horn carved to resemble a hexagonal mesh and dipped in silver. It can sound like any wind instrument the user can clearly visualize. Though these conches were created for the Fifty Visions' performances, they have more recently been used to replicate gigantic war horns and pipe organs.

Coral Salt Bowl: A bowl of polished black coral. If filled with seawater overnight, it will be filled with 1 lb. of salt in the morning.

Coral Starfish Brooches: A pair of pink coral brooches masterfully carved in the shape of starfish are adorned with a large gold eye on their undersides. Two creatures wearing the brooches can experience one of the senses of the other (sight, touch, taste, smell, or hearing) once per hour for **d6** minutes.

Crystal Canteen: A small but heavy canteen of cut crystal. A nereid or other water elemental can fit comfortably within and not evaporate.

Crystal Claw of Regeneration: A 6" crystal crab claw can regrow a lost body part in 1 week if attached to the stump. Single use.

Crystal Glow Sticks: A bag of silvery mesh contains twelve hexagonal gemlike rods. Each rod glows a different color when submerged, and illuminates an area 20' in diameter.

Eel-Skin Hair Tie: A hair tie of bright-orange eel skin covered in an organic pattern of black dots with white centers. The wearer can summon **2d6** flying electric eels once per day, which obey the user to the best of their ability.

Fish-Friend Earring: A sizable gold star hangs from a 2" gold chain. If the earring is fully submerged, it glows softly and attracts small, brightly colored fish. Experienced users can cause the light to strobe in ways that attract sharks, rays, squid, and octopus.

Freezing Starfish: A set of twelve glass starfish the size of a thumb. Each one has eight arms and is colored with swirls of blue, gray, or fuchsia. If placed into water, the twelve link up to form a circle. All water within the circle and in a 1' cylinder below is purified and then chilled to temperatures well below freezing. This process takes about 5 minutes.



Glass Sea Apple and Black Mesh Veil: An almost spherical, organic-looking fist-sized lump of brightly colored flesh resembles a pomegranate, but is covered in swirls of lilac and blue, and lines of tiny yellow nubs. If a glass sea apple is removed from water and left in a dry place, it extrudes feathery glass tentacles that vibrate at an ultrasonic frequency. Some call this vibration a song, and if a special veil of black mesh is worn, the user has a three-dimensional view of anything within 50' of the apple. Glass sea apples dry out completely in 48 hours, but if they are kept in water when not in use and fed regularly, they can live for years. Small animals behave erratically in the presence of the glass apples' ultrasonic frequencies.

Gown of Aquatic Temperament: An exotically cut, form-fitting gown covered in silver sequins. The sequins—as well as any body of water the wearer is standing in—undulate in a way that matches the wearer's mood. Enough rage can whip up a tempest, but the constant chop of cheerfulness can be dangerous in its own right.



Jar of Octopi: A jar filled with seawater and eight golf-ball-sized octopi. Swallowing an octopus whole enables the user to comfortably survive in any environment for 30 days. Nothing about this boon feels temporary.

Lightbloom Anklet: An anklet of small polished seashells on a chain of silver. When worn, any water touched by the anklet glows with light that blossoms outward from the wearer. The color of the light matches the wearer's mood, with deep purple tied to anger and happiness tied to pure white.

Message Pearl: This large, perfect golden pearl, roughly the size of a kiwi fruit, enables telepathic communication with the holders of other pearls of this sort. Up to six pearls can be linked into a single communication channel.

Movement Strap: A 6' strip of gray-and-black furred and spotted seal hide. It is lustrous and shines as though freshly oiled. When wrapped around an arm or leg, it enables the wearer to move freely in water and ooze.



Narwhal Spear: A golden spear tipped with a 2' narwhal horn. It can pierce fully astral and ethereal creatures (dealing double damage), and doubles its wielder's natural swim speed.

Quick-Release Cuffs of Choreography: These heavy silver cuffs resemble shackles. They have no keyholes, but putting pressure in the right spot pops them open in a way any performer will immediately recognize. The cuffs are frequently found in sets of **d6+2**, with everyone wearing them able to flawlessly copy the movements of the first person to put them on. **Meltalia's** Fifty Visions would use the cuffs to change up their routines nightly, but these days, they are most often used to create lethally synced melee combat teams.

Red Coral Harp: A hand harp of polished red coral strung with black and gold. Requires no tuning, and can be heard 1 mile away underwater.

Ring of Coral Armor: A ring of rough red coral. If its wearer is about to be struck by a weapon, red coral sprouts from their skin to block or catch the blow. This effect can occur **d4+1** times per day, with the coral covering the entire area that would have been hit. The user must eat an extra pound of food for each such growth, which remains on the user for 7 days before sloughing off. Coral growths will rip through clothing and armor to block incoming attacks.

Sea Turtle Rings: These seven silver rings are engraved with scenes of sea turtles. If a nereid wears two of the rings, anyone wearing the other five will be able to breathe and move freely underwater within 20' of the nereid.

Seahorse Ring: A heavy gold ring in the shape of a perfectly detailed seahorse. If worn for a full lunar cycle, it gives birth to a clutch of **d20+4** tiny seahorse rings in various metals. If the baby rings are left in salt water for a week, they grow into full-sized rings.

Sealhide Cap: A swimming cap of fuzzy white sealskin. The wearer can hold their breath for 30 minutes, move in water like a seal, and empathetically communicate with sea life.

Seaweed Hair Tie: This hair tie of brightly colored seaweed looks wet enough to drip but never does. The wearer of the tie is always perfectly hydrated, but always feels as though their skin is covered in a thick layer of mud.

Seaweed of Enchantment: A bundle of wet seaweed held together by an ivory ribbon. When touched by anyone with a command of enchantment magic, the seaweed transforms into a resilient 7' staff. As a staff, it improves the wielder's enchantment-based magic by 50 percent (effect, duration, targets, and so forth), but no heat-related magic can be cast.

Sheer Tunic of Hydration: This tunic of sheer white fabric is bound at the waist by a chain of blue-tinted metal. The tunic keeps its wearer perfectly hydrated at all times.

Shell of Lament: A 14" conical seashell with green and white banding. The nereids' lament, sung in the Crystal Sea Cave [HS-25-01], can be heard emanating from within the shell.

Shelled Alarm System: Fifteen flawless black pearls on a mithral chain necklace. Each pearl can be used to touch a shelled sea creature and show that creature a mental image of someone or something. If the shelled one senses the thing sought, its corresponding pearl begins to hum.

Shimmering Paint Pots: A small satchel of woven seaweed contains **d6** lidded clay pots of shimmering pigment, along with numerous brushes. Adding water to any pot generates enough paint to cover 100 square feet. Pots refill with the full moon.

Silk Mask: This 2' square of white silk always appears wet but leaves moisture only on skin. If worn as a mask over the nose and mouth, the wearer can take on the full physical appearance of anyone they wish. They must have a clear mental image of the person, and the ruse can be used for 1 hour each day and night.

Silver Dolphin Nose Clamp: A silver nose clamp engraved with dolphins. Its wearer can swim effortlessly underwater, jump up to 25' out of the water, and hold their breath for up to 15 minutes. Frequent use causes the wearer to require four times as much food each day, and gives them a taste for fresh, raw seafood.

Speech Fish: A tiny, bright-orange dried fish with large eyes. Swallowing it whole enables the user to speak and understand any language until the fish passes through their system. Nereids can kiss the fish to gain its benefits for 1 hour. Holding the fish gives one a sense of being on the cusp of a brilliant idea that never comes.

Sphere of Aquatic Transport: A 2" glass sphere filled with pure water. When shattered, anyone splashed with the water is teleported to the nearest body of fresh water within 5 miles that can comfortably fit everyone affected.

Starfish Climbers: This pair of hand-sized metallic purple starfish are so well crafted that they appear to be alive. Their tiny feet grip any surface with extreme suction. This can cause severe hemorrhaging if attached to fleshy creatures, but they're great for climbing sheer surfaces or holding on in turbulence.

Stingray Bracelets: A set of five bracelets made from stingray hide are dyed a bright white and closed with a silver star clip. If no clothing or armor is worn (weapons and jewelry are fine), the bracelet enables its wearer to breathe underwater, swim effortlessly, and comfortably survive in temperatures up to -20° F.

Sunbeam Spotlight: This bracelet of translucent blue resin glows softly and is pleasantly warm to the touch. Its magic functions only during the day, and during that time, tiny sunbeams drift slowly through the resin. If the wearer is submerged in water, they can spin the bracelet to have a sunbeam illuminate them like a spotlight, no matter how far beneath the waves or how deep underground they are. The wearer can also grab the beam and pull it along as they move. Up to 6 sunbeams can be active at a time, and they last until sunset or until they are dismissed.

The Fifty-One Tears: A necklace of fifty-one flawless pear-shaped diamonds on platinum chains resembling a waterfall. This was given to **Meltalia** when she arrived on the Isle of Light. It is mundane but beautiful—possibly even priceless. Each time a person wears the necklace, there is a 90 percent chance they suffer terrible nightmares with themes of capture, imprisonment, or torture. However, there is also a 10 percent chance that the person has an immediate, intense vision of the capture of Meltalia, and can communicate with her for 5 minutes. If this happens, the wearer is physically incapable of removing the necklace until Meltalia is freed. The nightmares continue, and removing it by force kills the wearer.

Tiny Gold Crabs: These d6 tiny gold crabs are perfectly detailed. If placed on land, a crab quickly scuttles toward the nearest fresh water source and waits within it to be retrieved.



Unborn Dryad: A globe of water 8" in diameter contains an oak sapling. The globe feels wet to the touch but does not burst unless it is placed on fertile soil, whereupon the oak within takes root and grows at 10 times the normal rate. After 10 years, the tree will birth a dryad.

Vial of Home: A vial of cut crystal is etched with a symbol the nereids read as "home." If the vial is filled with water, then poured out, the user can step into the puddle and be transported to the water source used to fill the vial. If the vial is emptied into a body of water, up to twenty individuals can be transported.

Water-Friend War Horn: This giant spiraled shell horn has a shining gold mouthpiece. The exterior of the horn is completely covered in barnacles. Blowing the horn underwater generates a tremendously loud sound that can be heard for 2 miles. Nereids, water elementals, and other water friends can hear the sound up to 100 miles away, and will interpret it to mean that the elemental forces of water are under attack by another element and losing.

Watery Gown: A dressing gown of sheer silver fabric dyed with streaks and swirls of dark blue. It keeps its wearer protected from the effects of heat, no matter how severe. There were originally fifty matching gowns, but many were destroyed when the Fifty Visions were captured. Most of the remainder have been brought to **Svarku's harem** (p. 64), and the efreets will pay handsomely for any others that can be found.



Elven Treasures

See also **Chimes and Singing Golems** p. 149–151



Barren Mother: A fist-sized terracotta statue of a naked, weeping pregnant elf. If it is gifted to a woman who has borne no children, she becomes barren. If it is gifted to a pregnant woman, she will miscarry before the sun sets.

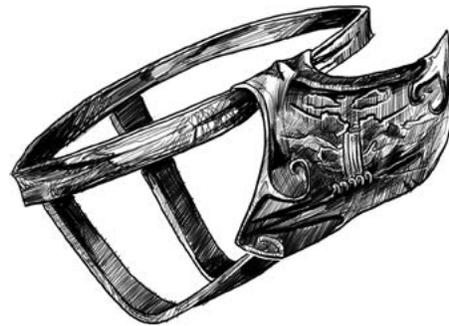
Bexzeel's Core: A simple but finely crafted leather pouch contains the elemental core of a steam imp and a note that reads "Bexzeel the magnificent, never lost a bet." The pouch stops the reformation of any elemental whose core it holds. Bexzeel was tricked by elves who cheat, and his skills and notoriety make this core priceless to denizens of his home plane.

Blank Crimson Tome: A hardbound tome of crimson leather bound with a platinum clasp. The pages are empty, but if the book is held and the phrase "I demand [book name]" is spoken, it will fill with a copy of the book demanded.

Book of the Lost Boy: A book with a porpoise-skin cover and gold-leaf pages. Beautiful illustrations animate to act out each scene of the story of a boy lost in the woods.

Box of Bladed Scars: An ornate gold box engraved with scenes of nude figures in martial combat, all of which have a distinctive spiral tattoo on their forearms. The box contains six belt-sized strips of fresh, bloody skin branded with Elvish runes. Two say 'longsword.' Two say 'shortsword.' Two say 'dagger.' If a strip is held, it starts to move toward the holder's dominant forearm. If not stopped, it spirals around the arm, fuses to the flesh, and turns bright orange. Once the strip is fused, a flick of the wrist places its named weapon in the dominant hand. The weapons are silver, and phase out of existence after 10 minutes of inactivity.

Catfish Helm: A catfish-shaped mithral helm with long gold whiskers and two large eyes. It amplifies all water-based magic by 10 percent to 25 percent. Each opalescent eye is half of the core of a powerful water elemental, whose pieces are kept apart by the helm's potent magic. If freed, it demands to be called **Flourish** but immediately swears to help its emancipator accomplish any three tasks that will advance the cause of water on this plane.



Codpiece of Sustenance: A highly exaggerated silver codpiece engraved with a scene of a waterfall. Its wearer does not need to eat, drink, sleep, or excrete waste. However, the leather straps holding the piece are always just a little too tight to be comfortable, and the device stops functioning if covered by clothing.

Crystal Romance: A 1' hexagonal rod of violet crystal. Elvish runes spell out "Light my fire" along one side. Speaking the phrase causes the rod to explode into nondamaging fragments that become scented candles when they land. In the presence of sexual climax, the candles give a brief but extravagant fireworks display.

Cubic Focus of Shame: A seamless, unbreakable 2" glass cube appears to contain twenty-seven cut diamonds of exceptional quality. A spellcaster can use the cube to cast spells without expending their own energy. However, this triggers deepening feelings of shame, regret, and guilt. After five uses, the despair can cripple even a person of strong will for **d4** days. After ten uses, the cube winks out of existence and reappears elsewhere.

Daphnee's Vambrace: A delicate, decorative gold gauntlet. Any articles of clothing (but not jewelry) touched by the gauntlet are consumed and stored. If the wearer says "clothe me," the gauntlet dresses them in something fresh and stylish. Up to 65 tons of clothing can be stored this way. The glove can also spew forth a torrent of clothing the wearer has stored but which is now considered outdated. Once expelled, the gauntlet refuses to store those clothes again, for its wearer's own good.

Decadence and Greed: A pair of masterfully crafted fighting knives engraved with Elvish runes. One has a thick straight blade, while the other has a thin curved one. They do double damage against magical creatures and elves. The blades were crafted and used by an elven serial killer who would preach against corruption and excess during the day, then kill "sinners" at night. The blades vibrate in the presence of anyone who has accepted a bribe.

Decanter of Tears: A sapphire decanter shaped like a tear drop can pour forth 20 gallons of salty water a day. This water is the tears shed by the widows and mothers of those killed in battle.

Diamond Harp: A hand harp carved from a single diamond and strung with astral silver. "Play" is carved along its base, and causes the harp to play beautiful music if spoken.

Druidic Robes: A large leather map case is embossed with fighting stags in a forested scene and sealed with translucent amber wax. The case contains a fine set of robes embroidered with Elvish and elemental runes. Normally green and white, they shift to match the colors of natural surroundings if the wearer keeps still for 10 minutes. The robes amplify the effects of any nature magic by 10 percent.

Dvorak's Songbird: A small windup nightingale of astral silver. Once wound, the bird flies in an outward spiral to a distance of 20', singing sweetly. All but the winder must save or fall asleep.



Embroidered Bloodcoat: A slender, short coat of pure white with geometric red embroidery on the cuffs. The coat never dirties, but as fresh blood is spilled upon it, the embroidery grows and expands. The coat cannot be removed until it is completely covered in red, which normally takes about ten humanoids' worth of blood.

Euphoric Top: A 3" toy top of purple crystal. Anyone who spins the top is filled with euphoria and dizziness of the best kind. The "high" dies down as the spin does. Nonaddictive. Probably.

Gaudy Purple Hat of Obscurity: A gaudy, wide-brimmed hat of thick purple leather is decorated with green, yellow, and pink lace. Remaining motionless for 15 minutes renders the wearer unnoticeable until they make any sudden movement. Hiding for too long might attract mischievous extradimensional creatures.



Gavel of Agreement: This oversized ivory gavel has a gold and silver head. It sounds ten times louder than any normal gavel when struck, and any who hear it are inclined to agree with anything the "judge" says for 10 seconds.

Gold Faceball: A smooth sphere of gold about the size of a human head. When it is held with both hands, a face extrudes from the sphere and acts randomly (roll **d6**):

- **1.** The face yells the holder's deepest, darkest, most scandalous secret.
- **2-5.** The face vomits forth a cloud of 100 translucent, iridescent butterflies.
- **6.** The face yells the deepest, darkest, most scandalous secret of the holder's sworn social enemy.

For a time, this was an exceptionally popular game on the Isle of Light.

Gold Glasses of Flesh: Eyeglasses with polished disks of gold in place of lenses. When worn, a person's vision functions normally, but all humanoids appear completely nude except for their weapons, which are clearly visible.

Honeypot of Hallucination: A glass jar decorated with tiny platinum bees holds a platinum honeycomb-shaped dipper. Any honey placed in the jar becomes highly hallucinogenic. Whoever holds the dipper can guide the hallucinations of all who have eaten the honey.

Iron Satyr: A 6" iron sculpture of a satyr with a large erection and a large grin. Its arms are outstretched and hold a bowl engraved with the words "GIEF GOLD." If gold is placed in the bowl, the statue turns red hot, melts the gold, drinks it, and then acts randomly (roll **d4**):

- **1.** The satyr masturbates to golden completion.
- **2.** It sings a lewd song about a fisher, her husband the whale, and her lover the octopus.
- **3.** It bends over and recites a random filthy limerick from its buttock.
- **4.** It spews the most masterful string of profanity for 5 minutes straight.

Lover's Mirror: A golden clamshell opens to reveal a hand mirror opposite a concave slot. If a token of true affection is placed in the slot, the gifter can be scried in the mirror.

Lucid Dreamer's Blackout Bag: This hood of fine silver mesh has no face hole, and is easily mistaken for a bag. Its wearer believes they are in a candy forest that the evil sun threatens to melt. The wearer's body goes limp (as if asleep), and the hood cannot be removed unless another pulls it off (1 hour of disorientation follows), the wearer defeats the sun, or the wearer realizes they are dreaming.

Mirror of Assets: An oval hand mirror of astral silver is surrounded by stylized vines and six jeweled sipopa flowers. Touching a flower shows a current view of a set location. Only three are currently set—a sunken house, the Copper Arch [HS-23-03], and the sky.

Moaning Chime Holders: A bundle of eight capped 1' tubes of pinkish leather, **d6+1** of which hold a random chime (p. 149-150). Chimes cannot be removed except by fondling the tube's opening. When a chime is inserted or removed, the case emits a soft but audible moan.

Monkey Phones: A set of two hand-sized monkey statues, expertly carved from wood that is fuzzy to the touch. One is seated, its mouth open as if laughing. The other is stretched out, mouth open as if yawning. Both statues' right ears are large and exaggerated. Speaking into the ear of one statue causes the other to repeat the words it hears in loud, ancient Elvish. The statues function within 1 mile of each other.

Nonstick Chain: A 2' chain of gold, platinum, and pink metal has sharp-toothed alligator clamps at either end. Nothing sticks to the chain, which does not tarnish. The clamps can be released only by the person who applied them.

Orgy-in-a-Bag: A large green leather satchel is completely embossed with scenes of an elven orgy. It contains six thick 1' pink candles that smell of musk. When lit, the candles produce a pinkish haze and do not melt. After 5 minutes, the haze from one candle fills a 10' x 10' area like a slow smoke bomb. Prolonged exposure to the smoke leads to a pleasant but persistent arousal, a hatred of clothing, and... well...



Ornamental Shortsword: Made of gold and onyx, this shortsword looks like two highly stylized, entangled birds. Their crossed feet decorate the hilt, and their wings form the cross guard and ornamental blade.

Pipe Bombs: A polished wooden box with velvet lining holds six glass pipes. The clear glass of the pipes contains free-floating metallic specks of color that drift and swirl constantly. Any smokable substance put into the pipe ignites immediately. The pipes do not break if dropped, but if they are purposefully thrown or crushed, they explode like a couple of fireballs.



Portable Platinum Puddle Bag: A small sack of ultrafine woven platinum wire is decorated with tiny glass bubbles. Anyone with a natural affinity for magic can reach into the sack and pull out a sphere of pure water 2" in diameter. The water stays together as a gently swirling orb until placed in a living creature's mouth (where it is instantly absorbed) or until thrown or crushed. The orbs can normally withstand being dropped 10' to 20' without bursting.

Provocateur's Belly Chain: A platinum belly chain adorned with diamonds and small dangling bells every inch. Increases the wearer's agility and enables them to flawlessly execute three new, highly provocative dances.

Quill of Automatic Records: A bone quill inlaid with geometric gold patterns. If placed on or near paper, it immediately begins transcribing any speech spoken within 100', using Elvish runes and different colors for each speaker. Too much speech can heat the quill to the point where it ignites the paper it writes on.

Rock Reshaper: A fist-sized lump of iridescent clay that never cracks, falls apart, or gets dirty. A caster of moderate skill can focus on a nearby rock while shaping the clay to reshape that rock.

Sensitivity Gloves: Translucent white gloves. Increase the wearer's sense of touch tenfold.

Spiked Jock of Confidence: A platinum-and-leather jockstrap inlaid with jeweled spikes. Its wearer is filled with great confidence, but that falls to lower-than-normal levels for 24 hours if the item is covered or removed for 4 hours.

Starry Cigarette Holder: A long cigarette holder made of crystallized void swirls with tiny galaxies and is capped in gold. When placed in the mouth, a lit cigarette appears. It is doubtful that the user has ever tasted finer tobacco, but the cigarettes are impossible to remove.

Stormgasm Medallion: A palm-sized gold medallion depicts an elven orgy aboard a ship in calm seas, with storm clouds in the distance. Holding the medallion causes extreme arousal upon boarding a ship, and a 100' bubble of fair weather and calm seas surrounds and follows the item. If the medallion changes hands, or if its possessor has an orgasm, the bubble pops and normal weather rushes in to fill the void. It takes 5 minutes for the medallion to reactivate. For a time, these medallions were part of a popular game. Elves would sail pleasure yachts into dangerous reefs and conjure up a storm. The team with the most orgasms and the least damage to its yacht won.

Sweetest Sound Earrings: A pair of large pearl earrings set in platinum magically adhere to the ears of anyone who tries them on, even without piercing or clasps. Their wearer hears all negative sounds as their positive opposites, and all words are distorted so as to stroke the wearer's ego.

Tapestry of Summers Past: An 8' x 13' tapestry depicts a field of grass and flowers viewed through an open window. Anyone within 10' of the tapestry feels the warmth of the sun, hears birdsong, and smells fresh-cut grass.

The Rough Night: A small blue bottle is filled with 8 oz. of lemon-flavored juice. Taking a drink causes the imbiber to mentally and physically forget the past hour. Multiple drinks have a cumulative effect, and 3d6 doses remain.

The Seasons: A 2' x 4' sentimental painting depicts a water mill in soft colors at sunset in the countryside. To the right of the mill, in a small clearing, the nereid **Elorinth** is being burned at the stake while figures in strange robes look on. The foliage in the painting changes with each season to resemble spring, summer, autumn and winter.



Traveling Treven: A leather-bound popup book detailing the many sexual exploits of "Traveling Treven." It holds fifty tales in total, but displays only one at a time. The first page has a table of contents and the lewd phrases that must be spoken aloud for the book to present a story.

Vinlay's Catalogue: A 6' x 4' standing mirror shows anyone standing before it stripped of their normal clothes and dressed in what was once the latest elven fashion. It cycles through seventy-five androgynous looks. Large Elvish runes say "Property of Vinlay's" on the back.

Voyeur Ring: A platinum ring set with a large emerald resizes itself to fit anyone perfectly. The wearer can choose to mark anyone they shake hands with. For the next 24 hours, the wearer can enter the consciousness of the marked person. The wearer is a passive and undetected observer, but they hear, see, smell, feel, and taste everything the marked person does. Up to six individuals can be marked at a time.

Yellow Glove of Desire: A left-handed glove of bright-yellow velvet, made to cover only the back of the hand, part of the palm, and the thumb, index, and pinky finger. It fits anyone who tries it on. Anyone repeatedly touched by the glove becomes utterly fixated on pleasure.

Yvelia's Bloom Kit: A 3' x 2' rosewood case is inset with the name "Yvelia" in gold Elvish runes. The kit holds a hand spade, pruning shears, and a half-filled jar of fuzzy white orbs. Plants (except trees) in areas dug by the spade grow to maturity in one lunar cycle. Blooms cut with the shears regrow on their parent plant overnight (but plants die after d4+1 clippings). If a white orb is placed on soil, it grows four spindly legs and can move as fast as a cockroach. Yvelia used the fuzballs to collect seeds, but they can be ordered to collect any small plant life within 100' of their master. After completing its mission, a fuzball dies, but planting one with the spade yields 3d6 more.

Zeb's Lost Coin Collection: A solid, rectangular tile (1' x 2' x 3") of hard, seamless clear material. Five rows of eight coins are evenly spaced throughout. "Zeb" is etched on the edge of the tile. Each coin is of a different mint, shape and material. The languages on the coins are esoteric and extradimensional and they appear to be worth a considerable amount wherever it is they originated.



Lizardmen Treasures



Arva—Bag of Eyes: A translucent, lumpy red membrane is stitched with sinew to form a pouch, and holds **2d10+3** humanoid eyeballs with the optic nerve still attached. If an eye is removed from the pouch, it orbits the user's head for **d10+10** minutes, observes from the perspective of that type of humanoid, and relays that information immediately. The eyes are typically used for translation purposes, and read lips flawlessly. Advanced users can suss out motivations from cultural clues and body language. The magic is in the pouch, and new eyes are empowered after 24 hours.

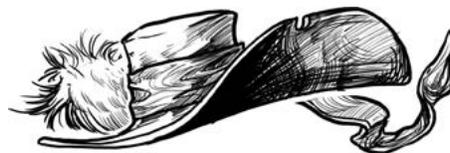
Arva—Cavalry Stick: This 6" obsidian tube is decorated with tiny infernal runes. Anyone holding the stick except those of truest heart feels the urge to break it, and strongly believes that doing so will be beneficial. Breaking a stick notifies its Arva creator and tags the breaker with an easily tracked infernal aura for 3 days.

Arva—Flask of Purification: A small metal flask covered in tiger-striped leather. One drop from the flask can completely purify a 10' x 10' x 10' volume of stagnant water. However, any intelligent creature drinking from this source is marked with an easily tracked infernal aura for 3 days.

Arva—Glove of First Impressions: A large fingerless glove of coppermane prowler hide, decorated with tiny infernal runes and broken prowler feathers. Anyone touched by the wearer receives an electric shock that grows in intensity each second. The glove can identify how much charge would stop its victim's heart, and always pulls back just before that point.

Arva—Hunter's Headdress: Once this was the headdress of a Kiru shaman. Its feathers have been smeared with blood and feces, and decorated with at least fifteen strips of blue- and green-scaled flesh branded with infernal runes. Its wearer can immediately sense all life larger than a sparrow within half a mile. The rush of information is initially overwhelming, but after a month of constant use, the wearer can pinpoint the location of specific individuals. Removing the headdress, even for a second, restarts this process. Each strip of flesh comes from an individual Kiru or Goa who was killed, desecrated, and then consumed by the maker. As such, non-Arva lizardmen usually attack the wearer of such an abomination on sight.

Arva—Juniper Juice: A wooden jug, corked with bone, that feels like ice to good-natured people. Each drink tastes like the imbiber's favorite flavor and refreshes as completely as a good night's sleep. The aftertaste, however, triggers feelings of intense shame and makes a person more susceptible to suggestion.



Arva—Purple Swashbuckler's Hat: This bright purple hat has a white plume and a bright-pink sash. Its interior is tiger-striped orange and black silk. Anyone wearing the hat cannot be directly harmed by any Arva, but the wearer can feel a set of predatory eyes looking at the back of their neck (**Damadar**, p. 142).

Arva—Shrapnel Spears: A sheepskin quiver is painted with swirling black designs that slowly move, and holds twelve thin javelins with heads of obsidian on a small steel spike. Impact causes the glass to shatter. In addition to causing grievous wounds, Arva often throw shrapnel spears at the ground for a caltrop-like effect.



Arva—The Gentleman's Blade: A beautifully crafted 43" steel-basket rapier has a blood-red gem for its pommel. In the hands of a good person, any attack that lands will always be the most excessive, over-the-top, gory wound possible. A hit that should have been a scratch becomes an artery gushing blood or a skewered limb. In the hands of the brutishly evil, the blade is dull and the hilt pinches. In the hands of a purely self-serving person, it is a powerful magical sword, capable of piercing most anything and landing a flurry of critical blows.

Arva—Trap Kit: A broadback hide sack contains three spiked leg-hold traps of rusted steel, four 30'-long wire snares, and a leather cuff. Half the cuff is covered in red beads, and half in black. Touching the red rapidly opens and closes the traps. Touching the black electrifies the wire snares. Both effects transfer a small amount of life force from the victim to the user. This transfer is highly addictive.

Goa—Auto Hammock: A 10' x 6' canvas, soft but rough looking, with small mithral chains on each corner. It can hang itself on any nearby supports to form a hammock, tarp, or platform that supports the weight of three humans.

Goa—Candle Box: A small wooden box carved with crude, monstrous ape faces. Contains three lumpy orange candles that regenerate each sundown if returned to box.

Goa—Duecadre Tongue Sponges: A cloth sack containing $3d6+1$ rune-scribed duecadre tongues. These act as super sponges, one of which can absorb an entire barrel of most liquids (notably blood and booze). A filled tongue is the size and weight of a human arm.

Goa—Field Butcher's Friend: A rune-marked skinning knife with a 4" curved blade. If used on quarry killed by the user, it skins perfectly and purifies the meat from diseases and parasites.

Goa—Foldable Canoe: A wooden sphere, 1' in diameter, made from curved boards. A pressure sequence causes it to pop open and form a 7' canoe. It takes $d6$ minutes to repack, though.

Goa—Frog Strap: This 27" leather strap is embossed with the words "strength," "life," and "air" in lizardman runes. Wrapping it around an arm or leg enables the wearer to jump and spring $d4+1$ times higher and farther than normal. The wearer always lands on their feet, and the strap absorbs the shock.

Goa—Hurricane Wraps: A pair of 30" strips of coarse, dark-blue burlap are decorated with mithral raindrops and embroidered with "run" and "water" in lizardman runes. Wrapping them around an arm or leg enables the wearer to run across the surface of water like a waterspout. Does not work at speeds slower than a jog.

Goa—Mithral Zip Fist: The skull of a zip bird has been made into a fist weapon. The beak has been replaced with mithral, trimmed in unbreakable obsidian blades.

Goa—Rainbow Snack Pouch: A small belt pouch covered in red-orange duecadre scales is filled with fleshy rainbow petals. Enough of the nutritious petals can be pulled out to feed $d4+1$ people each day.

Goa—Renewable Stone Spear: A stone-tipped spear with bright-yellow lashing. A fist-sized stone of any type attached by the yellow leather strip begins to rapidly flake into a razor-sharp spearhead. These heads can be removed, but only twenty can be made each day.

Goa—Rip-Proof Sack: A supple 2' leather sack. It cannot be cut, ripped, or torn; only pierced.

Goa—Salt Apple: A smooth lump of translucent pink salt that resembles an apple. Rubbing it over raw meat or hides for 10 minutes preserves or cures them.

Goa—Serpent Grapple: A 12' snakeskin with silvery scales and red-hued diamond markings. It feels rubbery, and its mouth is filled with many hooked teeth. If the snake's tail is held and its head is thrown toward a target, the mouth opens to grab it. The snake can stretch up to 48' and support the weight of six humans.

Goa—Shimmershift Blade: An obsidian throwing knife in a vine-embossed fuchsia scabbard. If it is thrown and embeds in anything, it quickly reappears within the scabbard. The blade does not break unless it strikes basalt, which shatters it into glittering shrapnel.

Goa—Sleeping Salve: A fine wooden container, 4" in diameter with a screw-top lid, contains lime-green salve smelling strongly of bergamot. If applied to an open wound that is then bandaged, the wounded creature falls into an unwakable 4-hour sleep. Upon awakening, the wound will be fully healed. The salve does not mend broken bones, but it regrows scales.

Goa—Stay Fresh Satchel: A large gray satchel of broadback hide has a wooden toggle. The inside is lined with soft, silvery fungus that constantly emits sweet-smelling purple spores. Meat placed in the bag is kept fresh indefinitely.



Goa—Tears of the Mountain: A wooden crate containing black sand and $d8$ obsidian rocks with glowing magma cores. Great sling stones.



Goa—Unbreakable Bow Drill: A bow drill with four sizes of mithral bits that never dull or break.



Goa—Vest of Refreshment: This leather vest of broadback hide is decorated with coppermane prowler feathers. When at the brink of physical exhaustion, the wearer can remain still and hold their breath for 10 seconds to become completely revitalized and refreshed. When this occurs, the coppermane prowler feathers discharge a small burst of electricity in a 5' radius. This can be done only once per week. Attempting to use the vest's powers more frequently causes a handful of feathers to fall off and decreases its effectiveness.

Goa—Water Extractor: A translucent red vyderac feeder sac is adorned with a mithral lizardman "W" rune. Any water scooped into the sac is purified in 4 hours. The process starts immediately, and anything not water oozes out of the rune. It can even be used to extract water from things like blood or beer. Goa legend says that an ooze imp was placed into an extractor once, and after a day and a night, a water imp was found in the bag and an earth imp outside it, but this has never been replicated.

Goa—Zoom Reed: A hollow reed, 3/4" thick and 1' long. A small mithral rod runs down its length, causing it to function as a spyglass. If the reed breaks, the rod can confer its powers on another tube of similar shape.

Kiru—Ancestral Orbs: A fine wooden box carved with a funerary scene contains four rune-scribed 3" orbs of wood, obsidian, basalt, and mithral. Once per week, a person attuned to the orbs can roll them across a patch of ground open to the sky, and ask their ancestors about a current problem. Any ancestors that have an opinion for their descendant speak their mind. If not, the orbs roll back to the box.

Kiru—Beaded Will: A small bag containing 127 fingernail-sized, rune-marked beads of wood, obsidian, mithral, and red crystal. The bag also contains a wooden square with five hooks on one side, and the name "Hessru" on the other. Hessru was a ranger of renown on Southspire Island, and these beads are his last will and testament. Any Kiru recognizes this immediately, but only their shamans know the rituals to spell out the bead's various messages.

Kiru—Blowgun and Darts: A small hide pouch trimmed in mithral beads contains a blowgun, 2d6 darts, and a miniature self-sustaining terrarium with a violet poison dart frog.

Kiru—Bluescale Rope: This 1/4" rope is 100' long and covered in blue snake scales. It supports 2 tons and never causes friction burn.

Kiru—Bug Blaster: A thick glass lens 4" in diameter with a scaled mithral handle. Bugs and parasites glow when viewed through this lens, and scales become invisible. If paired with a light source, the lens emits a heat beam of bug death, able to vaporize bugs up to the size of a human thumb in about 10 seconds.



Kiru—Cloak of Light and Shadow: A large, roughly woven, hooded cape in a black and white zigzag pattern. If its wearer remains perfectly still for 1 minute, the pattern shifts to match the light and shadow of its surroundings. Requires at least partial sunlight to function.

Kiru—Cloth of Aversion: A 2' square of silk-like cloth, as black as the void of space, that never dirties. A crude orange sludge has been rendered at its center, but it's hard to tell whether it's painted on or is part of the cloth. Orange sludges actively avoid (but don't ignore) its wearer.

Kiru—Fletcher's Kit: This fletcher's kit contains all the tools necessary to make arrows from scratch. This includes one bag of uncut white zip bird feathers and a smaller bag of cut green feathers that have been coated with green dart frog poison. It also contains d12 blunt obsidian arrowheads that burst on impact.

Kiru—Focused Filter: A round 1' sieve made of mithral and ultrafine iridescent cloth. If the user sweeps it through any sort of liquid or gritty solid (water, lava, dirt, sand, and so forth) while concentrating on something, the sieve only catches the objects sought. All other material passes through. Things can only be caught if they are actually there. For example, the cloth cannot be used to sieve for gold in a stream where no gold is found.

Kiru—Junk and an Antidote: A hide pouch decorated with red crystal mushroom-shaped beads. Contains six saltwater crocodile teeth and twenty-four dried mushroom caps that counteract dart frog poison (except green).

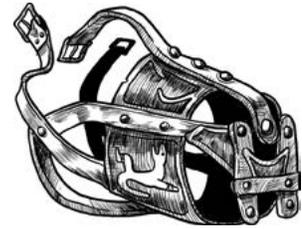
Kiru—Leash of Companionship: This 4' leash of embossed leather and mithral can expand to fit any unintelligent animal. Any animal wearing the leash becomes loyal to the user—bonded for life after a week and a day, even if the collar is later removed. The bond breaks (badly) if the master uses the leash on another animal.

Kiru—Magma Imp Helm: A half-burned burlap sack contains the elaborate helm of a magma imp, but large enough to fit a humanoid. Wearing it enables one to comfortably survive in extremely hot environments and splash about in the hottest water. The helm was given to the Kiru shaman **Golthax** before he was murdered by Fuegonauts. All magma imps instantly recognize their crafting, and are exceptionally displeased to see it worn by any but Golthax.

Kiru—Minimap: A rolled 2' x 2' hide map is held closed by a red crystal ring. The map updates when unrolled to show a rough 2-square-mile area centered on the user. Sources of fresh water and food (tailored to the species of the user) are marked on the map.

Kiru—Mood Changer: A small tambourine with mithral cymbals that makes no noise. However, if wielded by a skilled musician, it can shift the mood of an audience to match the musician's.

Kiru—Moss Poncho: A woven poncho covered in a patchwork of at least twenty types of moss. Under the light of a full moon, tiny silver mushrooms sprout and spew iridescent spores just before dawn. Anyone within 10' of the poncho is healed of most physical, mental, or spiritual afflictions if they inhale the spores. It can bloom d4+1 times before withering.



Kiru—Muzzle of Sustenance: A leather muzzle for a snouted creature. Embossed with a bound lizardman, it morphs to fit anyone. The wearer cannot speak, but does not need to eat or drink.

Kiru—Pinion of Understanding: A 1' white feather, partially dipped in silver paint, glows in the moonlight. Wearing the feather allows the user to understand the language of the Kiru.

Kiru—Wood-Friend Pitons: Two obsidian pitons are driven into a block of wood. Removing them leaves no holes behind, and they can be securely embedded into any wood without damaging it.

Kiru—Zip Bird Call: A palm-sized terracotta whistle shaped like an O. It perfectly imitates the "woop" call of a zip bird, and if blown three times in quick succession, has a 65 percent chance to attract any zip birds within a half mile.



Telecanter's Table

Long ago in 2010, the blogger Telecanter posted a roll-all-the-dice table to determine random spell-like effects for a magic item called the *Crown of Cedifer the Sullen*. While brainstorming for the Swordfish Islands, your authors greatly enjoyed rolling on this table and collaboratively turning the results into magic items. It proved to be an excellent warm-up for our sessions, and even if we did not use the items we crafted, it brought our minds into the same creative space. Next time you're creatively stuck, you might try pairing the constraints of your world with the constraints of this table to get unstuck!

Die	d4	d6	d8	d10	d12	d20
Roll	Mode	Intent	Range/ Degree	Duration	Effect	Medium
1	Wielder	Attack	10	Instant	Alter	Animal
2	Touch	Defense	20	1 round	Animate	Vegetable
3	Distance	Utility	30	d6 rounds	Compel	Mineral
4	Area Effect	Transport	40	1 turn	Conjure	Metal
5		d4 Twice	50	d6 turns	Delude	Fire
6		d4 Thrice	60	1 hour	Dispel/Disappear	Earth
7			70	d6 hours	Distort	Water
8			Sight	1 day	Divine	Air
9				d6 days	Evoke	Shadow
10				Permanent	Shield	Light
11					Summon	Sound
12					Transmute	Dead
13						Infernal
14						Time
15						Space/Dimension
16						Human
17						Demihuman
18						Humanoid
19						Monster
20						Terrain

<http://recedingrules.blogspot.com/2010/03/spell-like-effect-spur.html>

Examples

AE, Attack, Sight, 3 hour, Summon, Terrain

A pair of yellow leather boots. The user can stomp their feet to summon twenty rocky stalagmites or a 20' pillar of earth from the ground. These last for 3 hours, then crumble to dust and reset the boots.

Distance, Attack x2, 30', 1 day, Conjure, Sound

A tiny gold birdcage can conjure a small stone owl once per day. If removed from the cage, the statue emits a sonic burst (cone, damage TBD) whenever any human-sized creature passes through its field of vision.

Touch, Defense, Sight, 3 hours, Animate, Air

A small woolen cape of white and gray woven into complex fractal patterns. It fits small humanoids perfectly, but looks foolish on humans or larger. The cape can be activated to animate the air surrounding the user into a whirling shield of wind that deflects normal missiles. This wind is quite loud (damaging hearing with prolonged exposure) and wreaks havoc on nearby flames.

Wielder, Transport/Defense/Utility, 10, 5 days, Delude, Vegetable

A set of horseshoes that pass through heavy vegetation without leaving any trace of your passage. Plants smaller than a tree actively move out of the way of these shoes and then return to their location. Negates any movement penalties related to undergrowth.

AE, Transport, 70' range, 3 hours, Dispel, Space/Dimension

A large green gem can be used to teleport the user and anything within 10' directly forward 70'. Somewhere else in the world is a small treasure room surrounded by 70' of solid rock, marked by a pedestal, a carved face, or something else appropriate.

Nonplayer Characters

Illustrations by Juan Ochoa

Charlie (Thief): A young thief with sandy blond hair and brown eyes who seeks the “Luck Jewel” and, hopefully, his fortune. Wears a light-brown shirt, loose blue pants, an oversized black leather belt, and wields a dagger. His ship crashed off the coast of Hot Springs Island when another adventurer beat the helmsman with an oar. Fearing for his life, Charlie leaped overboard and swam ashore. He recently evaded capture by a group of ogres, and his only bag is full of whale meat that never spoils.

Joni (Ranger): A young archer with sandy-blond hair and blue eyes, accompanied by a few friends to find her missing younger brother, Charlie. They secured passage by hiring on to protect Jack the Jeweler, who hopes to find a magical forge rumored to be on Hot Springs Island. Joni wields a horn longbow and shortsword and has the capability (unbeknownst to her) to befriend coppermane prowlers.

Bryan (Cleric): A close family friend of Joni and Charlie. He is middle-aged, with hazel eyes and graying hair he wears in a pageboy haircut. He retired from adventuring to run an orphanage years ago, but when Joni sought help to find her missing brother, he gladly suited up once more. Bryan wields a blessed war mace he calls Justice, in addition to his faith.

Trevor (Fighter): A longtime friend of Charlie’s who worked as a caravan guard for many years. He has brown hair and eyes, and wears a matching steel helm and breastplate. Trevor was the first person to tell Charlie the legends of the Luck Jewel, and when Joni told him Charlie had gone missing to find it, his guilt compelled him to join up. He normally wields an axe and shield, but is skilled with polearms.

Ada (Wizard): A supremely skilled evoker, and Joni and Charlie’s first cousin. Ada has dark eyes, and braids up her black hair with small silver chains. She wears the blue sash and purple robes of her order, and if her spells fail, she wields a quarterstaff of enchanted holly.



Jack the Jeweler (Thief): Light-fingered and known the world over for his quality crafting and whimsical jewelry designs, Jack was personally invited to the islands by **Jeremy Rand’s** adventurers guild. Before heading to Rand’s Retreat, he recruited a party of adventurers to recover a small mystical forge rumored to be on Hot Springs Island. Jack has wavy red hair, green eyes, and usually dresses in bright greens and yellows. He normally lets his bodyguard Audrey fight for him, but his daggers and poisons are lethal in a pinch.

Eunice (Wizard): A petite wizard of wealth and repute, convinced to fund an expedition to Hot Springs Island by her lover, Jack the Jeweler. She wears a large brown floppy hat with matching robes and slippers, and keeps her short hair tucked behind her ears to show her golden eyes. Jack promised she could keep the forge and return to her tower if she doesn’t like the Swordfish Islands, but she knows better than to put too much stock in his word. She hopes to use the forge to make a perfectly spherical and reusable heart for a terracotta golem design she has been working on. Eunice makes clever use of illusions to confuse her opponents before blasting them away with a chain lightning spell of her own design.

Audrey (Fighter): Jack the Jeweler’s bodyguard. Audrey is over six feet tall, with long black hair she normally wears in a tight ponytail. Muscles ripple beneath her smooth olive skin, and her attire of light armor and loose pantaloons is well suited for tropical climes. She believes Jack’s decision to visit Hot Springs Island is a mistake, but she’s the first to admit that she’s paid for her fighting skills, not her opinions. She is terrifyingly good with twin shortswords, and occasionally breaks out a small crossbow when the situation calls for it.



Baxter (Thief): A skilled thief and learned scholar who uses his knowledge of the past to locate big scores. Baxter has deep ebony skin, hazel eyes, and always wears a surprisingly clean red shirt. His research and inquiries with **Martel Company** contacts confirmed the existence of a mystical jeweler’s forge in the elven ruins on Hot Springs [HS-19]. He sold this knowledge to his old friend Jack, but demanded to come along for the adventure too. Baxter is rarely caught off guard, and works tirelessly to identify all the angles in a situation. He prefers to fight with gadgets of his own construction, such as a wrist-mounted crossbow, blinding powder, poisoned darts, and anesthetic-injecting daggers.



Claire (Wizard): The first apprentice to a powerful wizard flung to Hot Springs Island when her spell was interrupted by witch hunters. Claire has platinum-blond hair, green eyes, and a terrible sunburn that her tattered blue-gray robe and floppy green palm-frond hat do little to prevent. She was attempting to summon a creature to protect herself and her master from witch hunters, but Neville (one of those hunters) disturbed her in the spell's final moments. When the two were flung to this remote place, they were forced to overcome their differences in order to survive—and after a series of adventures, have fallen in love. In addition to an exceptional intellect, Claire wields an ancient elven spell book she found in the ruins [HS-19] and a slim metal wand of lightning.

Neville (Fighter): Oldest son of an ancient family of witch hunters. Neville was part of an expedition to kill Claire's arcane master, but during the battle, he disrupted her spell and they both wound up on Hot Springs Island. He has chestnut-colored skin and smooth, black, shoulder-length hair. His clothes and armor were once bright red, but they are stained and streaked with mud. He has come to love and respect Claire deeply during their time on the island, and never wants to go back home. **Svarku** has been trying to recruit Neville to kill an Ash Baron, but he doesn't think the efreet's offer is sweet enough. Neville is terrifying with a spear, and he currently wields a golden Fuegonaut model with a superheated head.

Tabitha (Monk): A monk attempting to find true solitude. Tabitha's skin is a rich chocolate brown, and she decorates her braided hair with large beads and thick coatings of red clay. She wears lose-fitting flowered robes of rusty brown and spends about 60 percent of each day in meditation. She holds her body in special poses of her own design and faces the sun throughout the duration of her meditation. Her inner peace and self control are such that small objects within ten feet of Tabitha levitate a few inches off the ground around her. During her time on the island, she has become aware of the ongoing conflict between **Molotek** and the serpent at the heart of the world (p. 68), and wonders if she might help. If she must fight, Tabitha prefers to use heavy clubs that trees will gift her from their heartwood.

Benedict (Fighter/Thief)—Pirates: A sailor by trade, Benedict was marooned on Hot Springs Island several months ago after leading a failed mutiny. He is a stout man, bald, but with a thick red beard and hair all over his body. His shirt wore out long ago, and all he wears now are a tattered pair of blue-and-white striped pantaloons held up by a red sash. He is skilled at catching boars and using dripping trees defensively. He even survived a couple of Arva attacks using his wits and cutlass. Benedict has discovered the location of kujibirds [HS-18-03], but he doesn't realize how valuable this information would be to the blue-scaled Kiru.

Alphonse (Thief)—Pirates: Well into his seventies, Alphonse does not look a day over thirty. He has shaggy blond hair, tanned skin, and milky blue eyes, and wears rags insufficient to cover his decency. A crazy hermit, he has survived on Hot Springs Island for almost fifty years. Once a dashing young cutthroat, he sailed with **the Adder**—a legendary and insane pirate captain who possessed an elixir that unnaturally extended his life. But one night, after witnessing the extent of his captain's madness, Alphonse grabbed a jug of the legendary potion and jumped ship in the Swordfish Islands. He is so convinced the Adder will find and kill him that he has gone insane, raving about it constantly. Alphonse guards his jug of longevity juice jealously, but five doses (one per year) remain.



Jenny (Fighter)—Martel Company: A beautiful young cook on a Martel merchant ship marooned on Hot Springs Island after rebuffing her captain's advances. She has dark skin, curly black hair, and dark eyes. She was wounded by a boar shortly after arriving, and her cream-colored blouse is ripped and bloodstained. Jenny has taken shelter in a large tree, but her untreated wounds leave her weaker every day.

Ivan Blackhand (Fighter)—Martel Company: A former marine separated from his company during a Fuegonaut ambush. He has dark hair and heavy bags under blue eyes. He wears a chain shirt over a sleeveless leather tunic, and the veins in his hands and feet are visibly black. He recently took shelter in a ruined elven building where a partially functioning singing golem served him food and sipopa (p. 147). Ivan has no idea what the "thick orange drink" was, but he liked it enough to steal a small barrel. He wields a saber and dagger in combat.

Horatio (Thief)—Martel Company: A Martel Company acquisitions specialist sent to Hot Springs Island to retrieve an important shipment stolen by an ex-marine (Travis). He has brown hair, green eyes, and wears piecemeal leather armor with a dark-green bandana around his neck. His informants believe a rogue trader will pick up the stolen shipment at the next full moon, and he hopes to find the thief long before then. Though Horatio normally works alone, he is a pleasant individual and will accept help or offer his services to others if their goals align. He wields a pair of custom enchanted shortswords with slots in the blade that can catch and break the swords of his adversaries.

Travis (Fighter)—Ex-Martel Company: Once a ranking marine with the Martel Company, Travis led a successful mutiny against a company ship, killed the captain, and stole several important pieces of magical apparatus from its cargo. He rowed them ashore to Hot Springs Island, where he has arrangements to meet a rogue trader at the next full moon. Travis wears a blue-and-white bandana to cover his bald head, and a standard-issue Martel Company outfit, complete with saffron jacket, because he forgot to steal new clothes. He fights with a harpoon and a silvered sword, and is terrified of the creatures on the island. No one warned him how dangerous it was, and he plans to double his price for the merch once the trader shows up.

Ruben (Fighter)—Martel Company: A Martel Company marine shipwrecked when the civilian transport he was guarding got caught in a storm off Hot Springs Island. He is young and strong, with wavy black hair, a patchy beard, and brown eyes. The only survivor he found was Benjamin, but they salvaged a good deal of supplies and shelter in the wreck on the beach. Ruben wields a cutlass with a broken tip, has a few throwing daggers, and hopes to pay for safe passage off island for himself and Benjamin with rum and a small chest of gold jewelry. Each night, Ruben builds a large bonfire to signal for help, but it's only a matter of time before it attracts Arva.

Benjamin (Fighter)—Martel Company: A hired blade running from his past. Benjamin has light-brown skin, black hair, dark eyes, and the remains of a well-groomed mustache about to be swallowed in a shipwreck beard. He wears a fine scale mail tunic that is clearly missing a chest insignia for a holy order. Years ago, Benjamin was forsaken by his order and blamed for crimes he did not commit. He regrets not fighting for his innocence, but felt honor-bound to cover for his mentor as the scandal broke. With nowhere to go and a past to escape, he hired on with the Martel Company. After the shipwreck, he and Ruben developed an intense bond and became lovers. Ben has begun to wonder if maybe this was part of his god's plan all along, and has begun work on a small shrine as his faith rejuvenates. He wields a scimitar and buckler, and with his extensive knowledge of plants, he can heal most ailments with something from his bag of dried herbs.



Gretchen (Wizard): A powerful hydromancer drawn to Hot Springs Island due to legends of mythical aquifers. Gretchen has red hair and blue eyes that are hardly ever seen, as she dresses in robes and veils of dark green set with crystals on tinkling chains. An adjunct professor at the **Royal College of Banuvo**, she had secured a number of grants for what she hoped would be groundbreaking research. Unfortunately, her first drill hole unleashed a torrent of crystalback wydarr and her party was slaughtered. Not content to simply survive, Gretchen maps springs on the island and knows the complete lay of the land in **d4** hexes. The nereid **Daphne** (p. 125) has begun to secretly observe Gretchen, and plans to enlist her aid if she proves to be a true water friend. Gretchen wields an enchanted staff with crystal inlays, and she suspends herself from the branches of a tree in an orb of water to sleep.

Wild Eye (Barbarian): A barbarian with no memory of how she came to be on Hot Springs Island. Wild Eye may have little knowledge of the Common Tongue, but she is a killer through and through. She wears little more than rags with hide wraps on her feet, but has made a magnificent cloak of feathers from the birds and coppermane prowlers of the island. Half of one eye is bright blue and the rest is golden brown. A crystal frog lives in a tiny green pouch she wears around her neck on a braided leather cord, and it sings sweetly to her every night. Wild eye trusts few, and fights with a wooden club and obsidian dagger.

Marcia (Fighter): A skilled warrior who once commanded an army of five thousand. Marcia has a heavy build, brown eyes, and a mane of black hair. She wears a set of steel-and-leather armor, and wields a large two-handed axe she calls Bloodfiend. Her forces lost an important battle, so she took a break from the postwar political fallout and returned to her roots as an adventurer. She heard that ogres on an island far to the south were skilled smiths, so she hopped on a **Martel Company** ship to acquire one of their gleaming black axes.

Ulysses (Fighter): The only survivor of a group that came to Hot Springs Island to find living statues made of gold. Ulysses wears a steel breastplate over studded leather armor, and has black hair and noble features. In the ruins of Hot Springs City [HS-19], spiders (actually astral spinners) appeared from nowhere to wrap up and eat his party. Ulysses was wrapped up, too, but his enchanted sword and martial prowess saved his hide once again. He managed to recover the map the party leader had been following, and he plans to hunt the statues once he figures out how to get off the island. Ulysses fights with an enchanted long sword that grows hotter and hotter the more he fights with it.

Dale (Cleric): The only survivor of a group that came to Hot Springs Island in search of riches. Dale is tall and muscular, with dark skin and light eyes. He wears a heavy chain shirt over a ripped orange tunic, and defends himself with prayer and a blessed hammer that crackles with lightning. One day near the Temple of Tranquility [HS-23-02], he stepped away from his group to relieve himself. When he returned, his friends had vanished without a trace. After a fruitless week-long search, he built a small shelter and shrine to his god, where he prays daily. Dale's companions were slaughtered by a band of Arva, and steam imps decided it would be fun to hide all traces of the combat and bet on his reactions. He has proven supremely interesting (three imps lost their cores when he built a permanent structure), and if he can make it a few more weeks, the imps plan to help him out.



Luther (Sorcerer): A powerful sorcerer from a distant land, banished to the Swordfish Islands to die. Luther single-handedly slaughtered every member of a noble family using his dark magic, but was betrayed and captured. The wizards who captured him could not kill him directly, so they slapped him in rune-scribed metal bracers that cover his forearms, then teleported him away. The bracers limit Luther's magical abilities to cantrips, and they are lined with spikes so that a slow drip of blood leaves him constantly red-handed. He has sworn eternal vengeance upon the fools who let him live, and he seeks new fools to free him. Luther is large and balding, with pale dead eyes and an unkempt beard. He wears ragged black robes of once-fine material and is incredibly skilled with a sling.

Jus (Druid): A flock of starlings came to Jus as he wandered the wetlands of his homeland, telling him of a dying dryad trapped on an island half a world away. He left immediately, and now wanders the jungles of Hot Springs Island seeking the dryad whom nature called him to find [HS-15-02]. Jus is a large, jolly man who wears a robe of living woven blindfire vine. He speaks to the animals and laughs with the trees. Even though he has a deeper connection to nature than to his fellow people, he is kind hearted and always offers a warm smile and a helping hand. Jus wields a gnarled staff of ash and calls upon nature for aid in combat.

Sssa (Ranger)—Kiru: A Kiru ranger who has come to Hot Springs Island to hunt the mythical kujjbird. Sssa's scales are a deep midnight blue, and he wears nothing but a bright-yellow loincloth and a shell necklace. He dreamed he would find the birds in a cave with crystals that glow like the sun [HS-22-01], so he fearlessly enters every cave he finds. Sssa fights with a bow and a wicked obsidian blade, and he can make almost any tool he needs within twenty minutes.



Horoch (Ranger)—Kiru: Horoch was spirit-bonded to his childhood rival, the Kiru ranger Jola, and the two were sent to Hot Springs Island to overcome their personal differences. Unable to overcome his resentment, Horoch murdered Jola as he slept in the ruins of Hot Springs City [HS-19]. He has light-blue scales and wears a necklace of bright-red feathers that once belonged to Jola. Knowing he can never return home and feeling nothing but emptiness and hatred, Horoch has begun stalking a group of Arva and is trying to work up the courage to ask if he can join their ranks.

Six (Steam Imp): Six the steam imp has only two minuscule fragments of his elemental core left, and he rubs them between his fingers constantly. His skin is a smoky blue-gray and most of his left ear is gone, leaving only a few ragged tatters attached to his head. The only rule steam imps have is that you must always make good on your bets. However, when Six was faced with losing his core, he ran for his life. He is terribly depressed as he wanders the island muttering, "But I didn't lose... that wasn't the wager." He will forever worship anyone who can get him back in with the steam imps, or find him the six steam cores he now owes **the House** (p. 138).

Golok (Ogre Bonebinder)—Night Axe:

Golok, also called Gold Bone, travels across the island collecting bones for his spells. He wears large gold rings in his ears and nose, and four of the large bones on his necklace have been coated in gold. He actively seeks adventurers and offers them gold dust in exchange for salamander bones (particularly vertebrae). He wields obsidian daggers and always has **3d6+3** enchanted bones on his person.

Bokel (Ogre Edgesworn)—Night Axe: Bokel fights like a small army was melded into one being, and is becoming one of **Mog'ok's** favorite Night Axe. He walks through the jungles naked but for two crossed hide bandoleers to hold his backup obsidian blades. He prefers to be alone, and feels called to seek out the remains of fallen Night Axe to give them proper burials.



Orrin (Ogre "Sage")—Night Axe: The Night Axe ogre who calls himself Orrin found an enchanted circlet of black metal set with a large sapphire in a pirate dugout on Hot Springs Island. The circlet granted him the ability to speak, read, write, and understand all known languages. After experiencing this awakening, he renamed himself Orrin, wove a kilt of leaves and grass, and began painting his large stomach with blue swirls every morning. He made the dugout his new home and has begun stealing all the books and writing supplies he can get his hands on. Orrin has fashioned a makeshift writing desk and is working on his magnum opus detailing the struggles of the Night Axe. It has just passed five hundred pages in length, and he likes to joke that now that he's completed the first 90 percent of his book, it's time to begin the next 90 percent.

Bamvo (Ogre Warrior)—Night Axe: Bamvo is one of the youngest Night Axe ogres, and he believes that **Glavrok** does not respect him because of his youth. The truth is that Bamvo is not ready to become an edgesworn, and Glavrok knows he will not pass the test. Unable to accept this, Bamvo stole a number of powerful items and headed out to kill **Svarku** himself. He is trying to find a secret way into the efreet's lair that will bypass most of the Fuegonauts. Bamvo wears a stolen boar headdress, bleached whalebone shin- and armguards, and two enchanted obsidian-tipped spears.



Zulok (Ogre Bonebinder)—Night Axe: Zulok, a particularly emaciated bonebinder, recently lost an eye to the Fuegonauts and gained a scar from forehead to mouth. In the unconsciousness that followed, he saw a vision of an artifact that could aid his people. It resembles a statue of a woman, hidden in a magnificent structure filled with pools and strange people [HS-19-01]. Zulok fights with a curved staff adorned with enchanted bones, trinkets, and the core of his bonded water elemental.

Rocky (Combustarino)—Fuegonauts: Rocky lost his special insignia and butterfly blade during a skirmish with the Night Axe at the Scorched Earth [HS-12-01]. It now hangs atop Glavrok's South Watch [HS-12-02] with other Night Axe trophies. Right after Rocky became a combustarino, **Svarku** publicly praised his insignia, and now the imp feels he must retrieve it before returning to the volcano. Svarku has no memory of this event.



Felor and Blix (Salamanders)—Fuegonauts: The twin salamanders Felor and Blix are identical in every way but color. Felor's scales are a light orange, whereas Blix is the blue of burning gas. They eat together, sleep together, go everywhere together, finish each other's sentences, and are a huge thorn in **Svarku's** side. The twins delight in pain, death, and fire, and have ruined a number of the efreet's plans with their actions. They enjoy kidnapping solitary Night Axe and taking them to a collapsed lava tube near the coast. Once there, they use bladed golden gloves to flay and then eat their captive alive. The twins have also begun selling red crystal dust to other salamanders, and to undermine **Svarku's new moon parties** (p. 65) by hosting their own on the same night.

Skletch (Salamander Trickster)—Fuegonauts:

Skletch is normally found along the coast, carrying or eating swordfish. Several months ago, he killed a group of adventurers cooking a swordfish in their camp and became hooked on the flavor with his first bite. After realizing this delicious food came from the sea, Skletch crafted tentacle rings that would protect him from the cold and wet, and decided to become a fisher. His light-blue scales and white underbelly gave him excellent camouflage in the ocean, and he has taken to swimming more and more. He hunts swordfish with a golden spear custom-made for the job.

Fruess (Salamander Warrior)—Fuegonauts: Fruess granted himself a leave of absence from the Fuegonauts and decided to explore Hot Springs Island. Or that's what he tells people. In truth, he lost a bet with a steam imp over some underground fire imp fights in Crystalflow Mine (p. 70), and has been in hiding ever since. Luckily for him, he found an old pirate dugout filled with spiced rum, so his temporary exile has been quite pleasant. Fruess's scales are a deep red-orange and he wears broken porcelain doll heads on his face tentacles. He fights with a golden spear and three-pointed dagger, and is deathly afraid of fog, mist, and clouds.

**Jelex (Salamander Trickster)—Fuegonauts:**

Jelex is so disappointed with **Svarku**. When she first came to Hot Springs Island, she was enamored with the charismatic efreet, but her infatuation has cooled with his dithering. Svarku has lost his way. He has forgotten what all creatures of fire know: that the cold, wet worlds in the void of the physical plane exist solely to be burned. But Jelex has not forgotten, for she is the conduit of fire! She recently started a secret group to further her ends, and has even attempted to recruit mortals to the cause. Jelex has white scales that blaze like a magnesium flare, and has pierced her back spines with heavy gold hoops.

Unknown (Obsidian Bladeguard)—

Fuegonauts: Six months ago, this obsidian bladeguard was struck by lightning during a storm. The powerful bolt freed it from its control by the **obsidian giants** and caused them to think it was dead. Overwhelmed by sudden sentience, the bladeguard hid in the jungles for several months as it attempted to construct a mental framework with which to process reality. It recently returned to **Svarku's** lair, where it poses as a normal bladeguard. It has not yet been discovered, but some salamanders are beginning to note that it is always slightly out of sync with the other obsidian monstrosities. It doesn't like what's happening to the nereids, but it can't yet articulate why.

Rumors of the Elven Ruins

Written by Patrick Stuart
Additional Illustrations by Scrap Princess

1. Immortals have no ghosts; they simply attenuate with age. The silver shapes inside the mist are the still-living remnants of that people.
2. There was a population explosion at some point, but the new buildings were badly made and decayed fast. So remember, if it's ruined, it's new. If it seems in good condition, it's old.
3. Water shadows in the pools at dawn bring stilled fish to the hunting gray herons that were born from their songs long ago.
4. The elves' tombs are invisible whorls of silence beneath impossibly balanced stones. The only treasure there is peace.
5. Their silver is unloosed in time. If you steal it, invisible spirits carry you instantly into the past, where you are tried, sentenced, and imprisoned. On your release, you are carried back to the exact time and place you left, aged twenty years and traumatized. Wizedened victims attest to this.
6. There are hidden messages in abandoned places many hundreds of years old. They claim to be from people escaped from imprisonment in the ancient past, but they have modern names. Some sound like those who have just arrived on the island.
7. The moon was a member of the royal family. They traced their descent from the moon, and hollow thrones were built to hold its image in the sky. Moonlight serves them still.
8. Enemies of the state were cursed into the forms of black panthers with golden claws and teeth, then set to guard the island's secret paths. If a panther ignores its duty, its teeth and claws soften like real gold, and it starves to death. Some still guard the ways.
9. They taught the birds to sing laws and legends as a living library. If you spend an hour every morning for a week meditating on birdsong in the same place, you can decipher fragments of corroded elven lore in the song.
10. They were corrupt, and the criminal underclass smoked drugs purified from the ground-up brains of poisoned dwarves. They still haunt the ruins of slums as highly specific, low-level junkie wraiths.
11. Monkeys around the hot springs were trained as butlers. If you encounter them, you might find yourself trailed by packs of wild monkeys that insist on carrying your bags and compulsively toweling you down, and which attack if not tipped.
12. Working-class elves in the Petalled Age used normal keys that function as ours do. They were so ashamed that they made them look like tuning forks that sound when struck. Such locks never guard treasure because those elves were poor, but they can open utility spaces.
13. In the First Age, criminals wore chains of gold with single links of iron. In the Petalled Age, the jails and chains went unused. But the shackles are still there.
14. Some of the island's reefs are bone piles encrusted with coral growth. Smash them, and the piled-up bones of elven children slither into the sea.
15. The volcano didn't break through the stone cap the elves made. It was released at the climax of a titanic and decadent concert. Nearby civilizations record the low-frequency vibrations of that day from a thousand miles away.
16. Elves gave their voices to the tide. If you address a whitecap of the sea with the correct name, it speaks. But watch the time; the tide is coming in.
17. If you dig into the mud floors of the lower baths, you find finger bones. Lots of them.
18. The older baths and pools higher up the volcano have straight-edged geometrical shapes. Shadows don't like to go there. Only a few remain intact.
19. The volcano is a sonic lock—the biggest one on the island. You just need the right sounds to set it off. It all makes sense! The island is a door, and they tried to open it! Listen to me!
20. Musical instruments were banned during the Petalled Age as tools of theft. Elves found singing were drowned. Except pregnant women—they had to sing.
21. If you leave logs overnight and the natives take a chew on them, sometimes the chew marks look like letters from the Elvish language.
22. All the kids went into the sea, and the women went into the fire, and the men just ran around fucking and killing each other until angry ghosts finished them off. It's true—a lizard told me. Yes, it was in a dream! Look, I'm not the one spends his off-hours talking to a fucking frog!
23. If you make pipes from a comrade's bones and play music on it, the shadows will dance and caper as long as you play. They kill you afterwards, anyway. Because I played till dawn, that's how I know! I played till dawn!
24. The language changes halfway through. The letters are the same but the words are different, and nothing written in the language mentions it or says why.
25. The old buildings are built by elementals and for elementals and with elementals. It's why everything makes sense. It's all triangles and squares and rings and things. Then they just went away...

26. If a woman gives birth on that island, all that comes out of her is dead flowers and thorns. They don't live through it. Oh no? Then why does nothing decent settle there? It's petals and thorns, and it tears 'em right up.
27. If you speak the elf tongue out in the forest, birds go silent for a mile around, like the world's biggest hawk just flew by. They're scared of nothing else.
28. They're not shadows; they're just veiled. That's what she did for them. She put veils over those terrible things so they could act with them like people. If you saw the real thing straight on, it would burn you up inside.
29. Some of the very old statues are of stags and bears and animals you don't find here. But they're all together in big houses, like museums.
30. They made the moon their queen and commanded the tide to cough up foundations for a great city. Well, the sea gave it to them. Then they forgot their queen, and the tide took back in an hour what it took centuries to build.
31. It's all supernatural claptrap. If a society of immortals starts having lots of kids on an isolated island—well, that writes its own story, doesn't it? Do the maths.
32. Look, if you base your economy on songs, mint currency from moonlight, and build your banks out of bells, frankly, you deserve whatever happens to you.
33. There are too many predators around here. What are they all eating? It doesn't make sense. It's like someone's giving away free meat whenever we're not around.
34. The water in the remaining pools reflects sunlight in the day and starlight at night, but never the moon. Like it isn't there.
35. You never see a really pretty female statue, do you? Not one of the naked ones. It's because they've had their faces and their tits and their parts smashed in. You check. It ain't time that did that.
36. All those carved wreaths are code. Each flower means something, and read together, they make a language. But we'll never work it out. Wreaths are poems, gardens are songs, and short, sharp bunches are threats.
37. It was a woman who started it all, they say. She came from somewhere else, a criminal. They threw her in the volcano, she came rising back up one day on pale roses of flame. That's when it started to change.
38. How can an elf get old? They live forever, right? But you see 'em in those paintings, though, in the crowds, right at the back, on their own. Old elves.
39. They thought glass caught memory like the shadow of a murder on the wall. That's why you never see glass in the windows. It's not smashed; they removed it and hid it all somewhere. If you find that glass, you'll know their secrets.
40. We caught one of our lads wanking on one of those dirty-necked statues. We hid, were gonna jump out on him as he finished up to teach him a lesson. But then the statue moved!
41. Whoever they were, they never got bored of porn. My lads are sailors, and even they got tired of those frescoes after a while.
42. Every statue is carved looking at another statue. If there's a wall between them, it looks through the walls like they're not there. If you follow the eyeline, you'll find another one eventually—even if you move 'em!
43. You can tell when someone's been too long in the ruins, because their eyes start reflecting a flame that isn't there.
44. They say nothing survived the fall, but I reckon there were gangs living as scavengers in the ruins till they died out. Just a handful, like.
45. Those chimes are the stolen voices of singing slaves.
46. I've seen cages in the children's bedrooms, and they weren't for animals.
47. There are overgrown gardens out there in the jungle. Well, they're not gardens—they're camps. Fences made from sleeping lily, salt vine, constrictor vine, and rusted iron. Watchtower trees in the center, and bonepits of wet, crawling undead.
48. I reckon they knew society was going to go bad somehow. That's why they damaged time around a few sacred things. So nothing could touch them. But they live forever, so it's not like the next generation was going to go bad. It's the same people. So it must have been inside them all along. Like an addiction you know will never go away.
49. No one ever says how the elves got here to begin with, or why. This whole culture was like rehab for immortals. It was meant to get them clean of something. It failed.
50. Out there in the harbour where the shoreline used to be, about eight fathoms down, you can see a golden bell shining when the sun hits it at noon. Folk used to dive for it, but whenever you touch it, it swings, and whatever sound it makes down there summons every shark in a hundred miles. Thousands of them, like they've been trained. Ships have been lost, and now captains ban diving for the golden bell.
51. If a golem follows you and you make for the ship, it walks down the ruined street and into the sea like it isn't there. Then it follows the plans of empty roads and stands under the ship, ten fathoms down and looking up. But they won't go beyond the sunken town.
52. I've seen lines of skeletons down there in the drowned murk under the keel. Linked by shining chains that never rust. But they're gone when I look back.
53. Our old navigator could find islands by the ring of birds. Pulsing in and out fifteen miles into the sea on every side, feeding twice a day at dawn and dusk. But this island has no ring. The birds don't leave. It's like they're trapped. Or hiding the place.
54. Some of the buildings are perverted. The rooms are painted tricks, with the real rooms hidden inside the walls. The doors are fake, fastened over solid stone but bare walls swing open when you sing. Big spaces have perspective tricks that make them seem small. Small ones have hidden reflectors and screens to make them feel big. It's like the whole place is a trick, and it's laughing at you.
55. Where the fuck are the sewers? They had to shit, didn't they? Everything alive has to shit or die. Even elves. So where are the sewers? Are they secret? Hidden? Actually, it's elves, so yeah, they probably are.
56. Elven utilities are always hidden in the most pretentious way possible. It's why you can never find a toilet. Just find the most ridiculous and ornate piece of crap there, and start poking. Even chance it's a toilet or a broom closet. (50 percent chance informant is an elf.)
57. The brooms of the elven folk are made from single hairs pulled from the heads of fair maidens of the twelfth rank. (Informant is a drunk elf explaining why they won't clean up.)



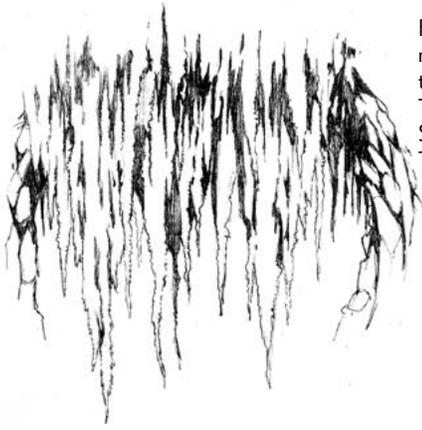


58. Every dangerous plant and flower on this island is the relic of an ancient elven sin. They learned from the old ones how to make their sins grow outside their bodies. That's where the killer greens come from.
59. The old men, the silver ghosts, they know secrets they're not telling. I saw one make this map here. Led us to a bare stone, and underneath, a golden cup. Must have been there five hundred years. But all they want is off the island and never to return. If you can offer them passage, they might cough up a secret or two. How did old men get here anyway?
60. There's a jewelled flower in there, hidden in a locked labyrinth under the town. It's a foot across. I got close and saw a death of mine in every facet. It's a trap. Avoid it. Dodged two deaths so far, though. So there's that.
61. Every time they had a funeral, they had an orgy. Every time they had an orgy, they killed a few people. Every time they killed someone, they had a funeral, and that's how it went till they were all gone. The last orgy must have been good, though.
62. There's a hidden pool of eternal steam, and it's carpeted with abandoned blades. The imps gamble on whether you'll be boiled or sliced. If you survive, you can snatch a naked sword from the pit. They're fucking deadly—the swords—but never let them feel sunlight or they'll turn on you.
63. I saw a bronze shield for an instant, on a stand like it was art. There was a city in the shield, or a reflection of one, like tall towers reflected in clear water. It was the hour just before dawn in that place, and it wasn't tropical like here. It was from somewhere north. The streets were dark, the sky was paling, and the light was white like weak milk, not this butter yellow.
64. We found this clasp in the shape of a flower. When you snap it shut, the flower blooms. When you open it, it closes. Doesn't do anything else. Pretty, though.
65. If you see any children's toys, don't touch them. They grow spikes and climb to your face.
66. We found this room of whips, I don't know where it was. I took one. I was playing with it on the shore and struck the sea. The water scarred. Like a cut that wouldn't heal, and the tide went out a bit. I burned the whip. But what if she remembers I struck her? How do I get home?
67. If you look right at the top of the volcano, just as the sun comes up, there's a spear lodged standing up at the highest point. It's gold, and its blade burns in the fresh rays. It's only there at dawn. I'm gonna get it!

68. The shadows walk around in the city under the water, as well you know. They're down there in the sunken streets at night. Right under the ship!
69. If you go out into the overgrown slums and find the secret places and dig down, you can find hidden instruments carefully preserved. If you play them, silence tumbles from the strings—but different kinds of silence, like notes. They were rebels!
70. High-class elven writing nibs are single vampire incisors with ink running through. If you can get any back to the mainland, goth aristocrats pay big money for them. I'm actually a long-standing vampire expert, so I know.
71. The inner city is a star map. If you want to find your way out, learn the constellations of the elves and look up. Assuming it's night and not cloudy. Plus, newer additions don't follow the plan. Plus, if it's night, you're probably being chased by shadows, so you'll want to take care of that. But otherwise, it works fine. Oh, and the elven constellations are lost. But I'm sure I'm right!
72. There are museums in there with suits of full armor made from perfect triangles of obsidian linked together. If you walk in them, the black glass makes sounds like faint chimes.
73. Doors carved with lilies have traps. Doors without lilies also have traps, but the ones with lilies always do.
74. Old Charlie Stumps found a pool of crystal koi that carved him a new leg of pearly stone. Worked fine. Course, he lost his left hand to the traps getting out of there. Then someone stole the leg. Least he can keep his nickname. 'Charlie Pearls' sounds bent anyway.
75. Captain I knew had a severed head he said was from a snake. Looked just like him, though! Kept it in a glass jar in his bedroom. Said he used it instead of a mirror, to shave. That wouldn't work, would it?
76. Doctors like those black-bladed scalpels when you find 'em boxed up. Blades never get blunt. Don't tell 'em about the stuff you always find with 'em, though. That gear ain't for healing.
77. It's the crystal you're lookin' for. If you're robbin' an apothecary's (for instance), the stuff inside the jars is what you want. The glass ain't nothing. But here, if you find a place, it's the crystals in the wet stuff, gone like cloudy fruit, all in rows. Get the crystals out. That's yer hit.
78. There are hidden torture rooms in the better new houses, but the doors to them have no locks. They just swing free.
79. If you measure the angles, the buildings never corner at 90 degrees. It's always 92 or 93, yet they seem dead on. The buildings bulge. There's more in there than there should be! The angles! THE ANGLES!
80. The elementals can't remember what happened because of a curse. But they do in dreams. So if you catch one dreaming, pay attention. You might learn something.
81. They gave out statues for champion fuckers. Like ours are heroes and people from the government, theirs are all professional shaggers. Had the right idea if you ask me.
82. They used these bright songbirds as a message service. Sent 'em back and forth all day till they dropped dead, then stripped 'em of feathers and got more. If you find an unrotted wardrobe, it's all feathers and silk.
83. If you see a ghost in a bright feathered dress, wearing a veil of smoke, don't worry. She won't hurt you.
84. There was a point just before the end when they all wore veils. Even hung them on the statues. A fashion thing? From the way they did it, it seems more like a religion thing.
85. Feathered clothes are wearable scrolls that sound continual low-level spells from color and sound as they move. Dance, and the spells kick into high level.
86. To beat the snakes, have a friend make you a strange mask and keep it secret in a box. You do the same for them. Open it, put it on with your eyes closed. Don't look in a mirror. Wear it in the ruins. When the snakes whisper for you, you don't recognize the face, so it has no effect. That'll learn 'em!
87. There are slaved and mutilated nereids made entirely of liquid poison. They're locked in glass jars under the town.
88. Every night you spend in that town, the shadows learn one syllable of your full name. When they can say your whole name, they can find you anywhere, and they'll scream it while they hunt you.
89. Classy places have amazing swag, but you'll never survive grabbing it. Aim low, just like in normal life. Go for the scraps. Let the heroes die.
90. When the tides are right, those Kiru lizardmen ride the waves on smooth planks of wood. They go rocketing right up the sea-facing streets and beach in the sandy plazas.
91. Ignore all the explorer marks for 'safe' or 'dangerous.' The first ones were legit, but then the lizardmen learned them somehow and started altering them to get people killed. Or one of us is doing it to keep their secrets.
92. If you see a clan mark or coat of arms with an animal that's not from here, like a stag or bear, that's old blood, old money, dangerous traps. Look out. Course, the nouveau riche are fucking deadly, too.
93. When the volcano goes off, everyone within a thousand miles will orgasm spontaneously. I read it in a book.
94. Don't forget you can smash through the walls in shit houses. Saved my life more than once. Just don't try it with stone.
95. If you swallow one of those peppers whole, you hallucinate the land of the dead. If you have a friend there, they can tell you the next thing that's going to kill you, and you can avoid it. It gives you permanent ulcer, though.
96. There's art that's not ancient or decadent. Not much of it. Hidden paintings and sculptures of nature, local animals, even lizardmen and elves together. That age didn't last long, though. A thin slice of time. If you find it, may as well leave it be. All the market wants is gold and gaudy shit. That's where the bounty is.
97. The oldest temples have the skeletons of saints blocked up in the foundations. I think even the elves didn't know about them. They're all lich-saints, and are all that stops the island sinking into the sea under the weight of evil.
98. It's not even about the elves. How did they find this place? Did they discover ruins and muse on them? And now we come. The whole island is a trap. A trap for cultures. There's something deeply wrong here, and all the vibrant life on top is just a veil.
99. Once you taste danger and gold, it's worse than any drug. Set foot on that black sand and one way or another, you won't leave. My advice? Turn back now before it's too late.
100. Actually, I was hoping you had some rumors for me. I'm new, you see. Gosh, you do look awfully tough!



AMBERMOSS



Fuzzy, gooey, orange moss. Goo is toxic when touched with bare flesh. Triggers a roll on the Sipopa Negative Effects Table (p. 148).

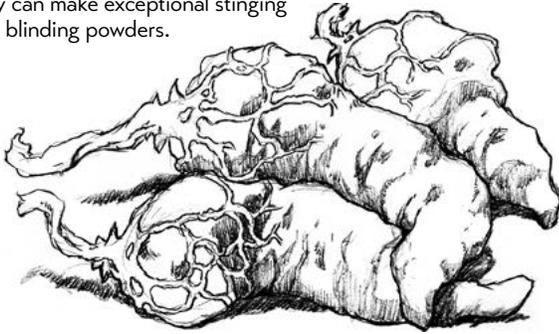
ASHVEIN TREE



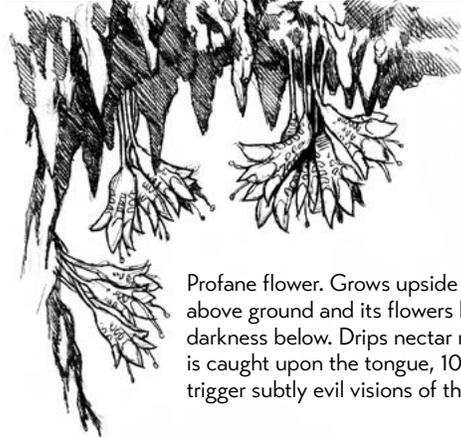
Papery, ash-colored bark. Boiled and powdered bark can be used to remove the flavor from almost anything.

CACHUGA PEPPER

Marbled red-orange hot peppers. Delicious. If dried and crushed, they can make exceptional stinging and blinding powders.

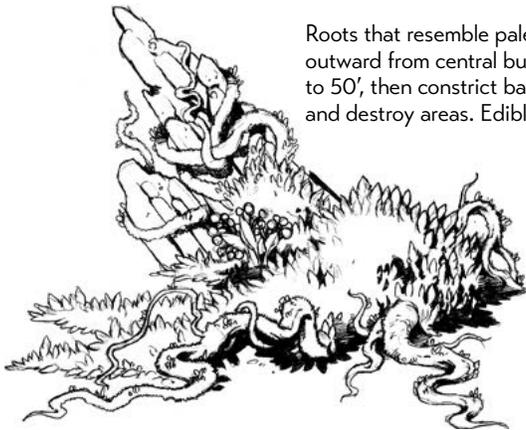


CAVE LILY



Profane flower. Grows upside down with its roots above ground and its flowers blooming in the darkness below. Drips nectar regularly. If a drop is caught upon the tongue, 10 percent chance to trigger subtly evil visions of the past or future.

CONSTRUCTOR VINE



Roots that resemble pale hair grow outward from central bush for 30' to 50', then constrict back. Reshape and destroy areas. Edible berries.

DRIPPING TREE



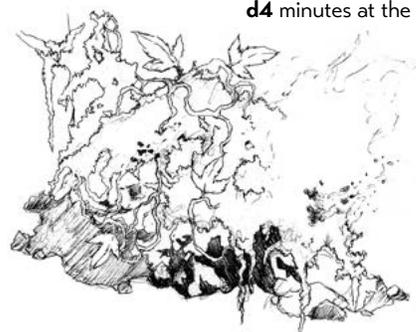
Carnivorous tree. Drops 10" sticky orbs of mucous on things that touch its exposed root system. Once it senses constant pressure on an area of its roots, the tree begins dripping digestive acids on that spot.

EMBER CORAL



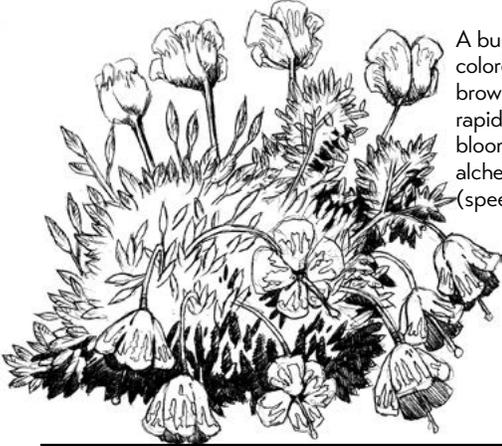
5' to 7' branch coral made of lava. Extrudes its fiery guts to digest prey. (Search for videos of coral fighting, but imagine with lava.) Produces light, and if carefully harvested and treated, can continue to produce light indefinitely. Excellent raw material for crafting magical items related to heat and light.

FLINT MOSS



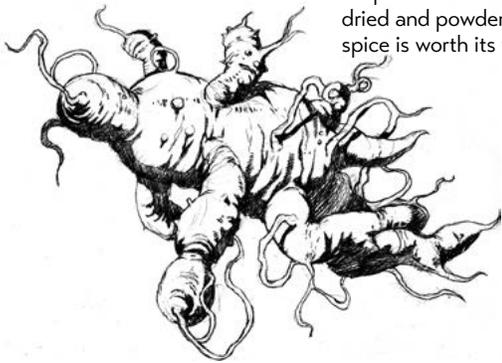
Gray moss with flecks of rust. Often grows on loose rocks. Ignites into a hot flame for **d4** minutes at the smallest spark.

HIDDEN HIBISCUS



A bush with brightly colored blooms that brown if they detect rapid movement. Bright blooms have useful alchemical properties (speed and disguise).

JUXI ROOT



Red flowers above ground, pig-shaped roots below. If the roots are dried and powdered, the resultant spice is worth its weight in silver.

QUICKWEED

Grass that grows and dies so fast it can be watched "moving" through an area in real time. Has useful alchemical properties (time, speed, travel).



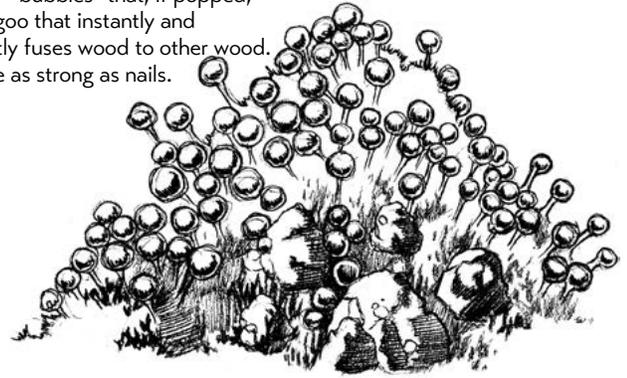
REDGOLD'S FEATHERS



Feathery, coppery plants that grow near heat. Feathers release a small amount of gas when crushed that cures unconsciousness/dazing/disorientation.

JELLY MOSS

Small slimy "bubbles" that, if popped, contain a goo that instantly and permanently fuses wood to other wood. Wood glue as strong as nails.



PYGMY KING FLOWER



A large, brightly colored carnivorous flower. The blooms are prized by the tiny mold men who live on the Isle of Blooms elsewhere in the Swordfish Islands.

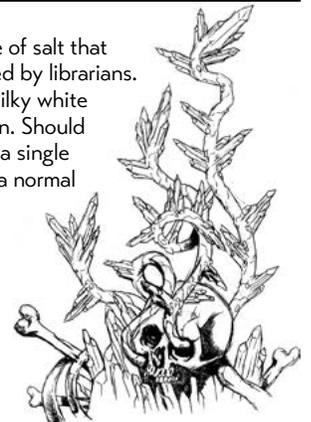
RAINBOW PETALS



4' to 8' flowering plants that, when full grown, can function as a single-use spear. Their flowers are nutritious, and the petals from one spike can feed a person for a day.

SALT VINE

An elemental plant from the plane of salt that absorbs water and humidity. Prized by librarians. Its crystals begin clear and turn milky white once they've absorbed all they can. Should be handled with extreme care, as a single handful of crystals can desiccate a normal human in about four hours. Some larger specimens may link directly to the plane of salt, and have an unquenchable thirst as a result.



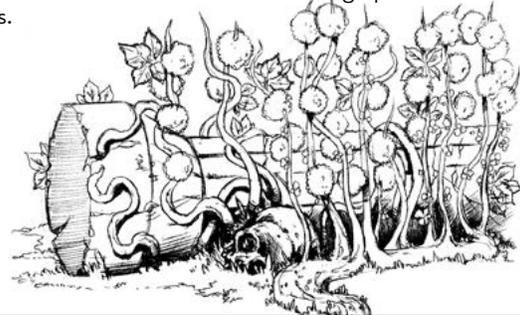
SHADOW LILY



A lily of pure shadow that can be picked only by accident. Consuming their pollen enables someone to see in the dark for 24 to 48 hours.

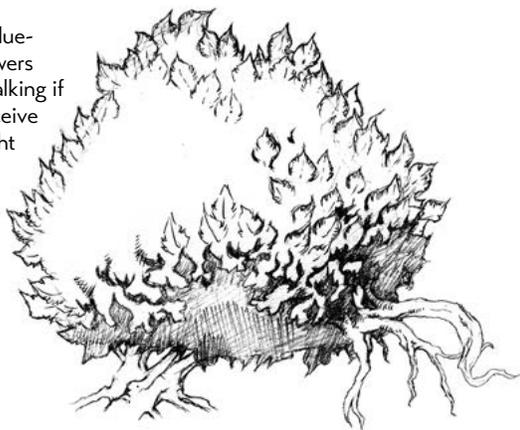
SLEEPING IVY

A vine with golden leaves covered in blue-violet puffball flowers. Touching the flowers causes a horrific bubbly rash that does not hurt, but triggers lethargy and makes it harder to wake up. Victims fall asleep forever if the rash is not washed with high-proof alcohol within 7 days.

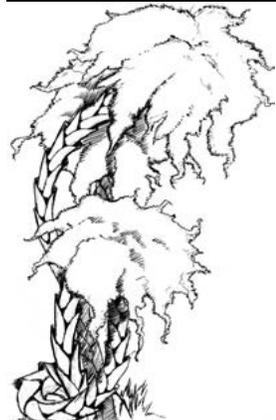


SPIDERBUSH

A bush with blue-and-white flowers that begins walking if it does not receive enough sunlight for 24 hours. Clumsy and unintelligent. Lengthy storms can trigger the migration of thousands.



WAX TREE



This tree has fuzzy white leaves, and its branches contain waxy purple goo. The goo can be used like beeswax. It can also create a putty that can permanently reshape flesh, but has a 35 percent chance to melt flesh when used like this.

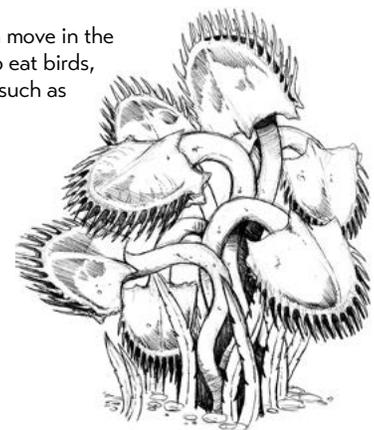
SIPOPA



Sipopa bushes look like a fuzzy orange poinsettia crossed with an opium poppy. This plant empowered and destroyed the elves who once lived on the Swordfish Islands. For more details, see [p. 145](#).

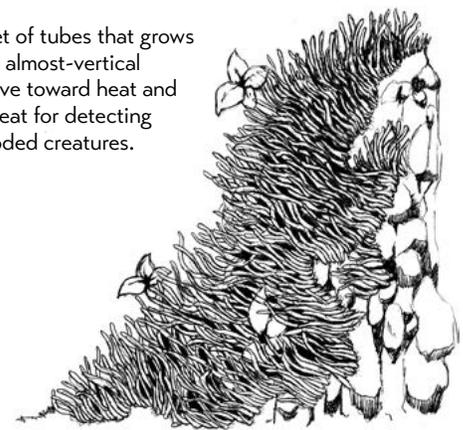
SNAPPING GRASS

Like a venus fly trap that can move in the manner of a snake. Lunges to eat birds, rats, and small shiny objects such as gold and jewels.

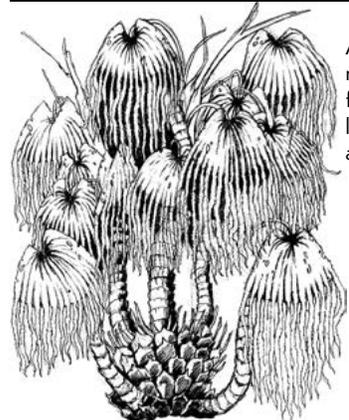


TICKLEWEED

A dark-green carpet of tubes that grows on rubble piles and almost-vertical surfaces. Tubes move toward heat and away from cold. Great for detecting invisible warm-blooded creatures.



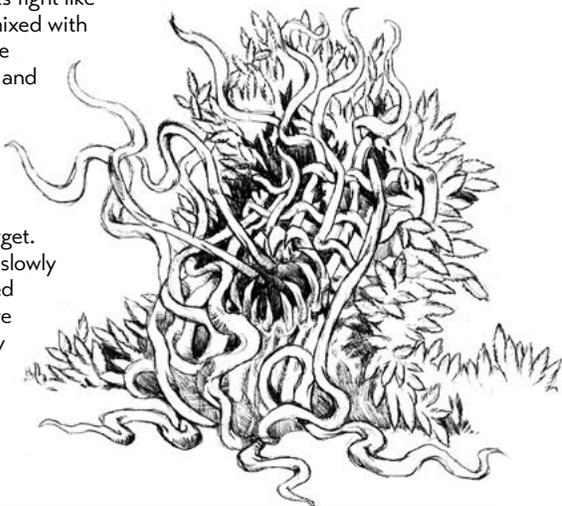
WITCHWEAVE PALM TREE



A palm tree whose leaves make phenomenal rope. Its fruit, if dried and burned in its leaves, creates a sweet-smelling anesthetic smoke.

BLINDFIRE CARPET

Maw 3' to 10' in diameter. Carpet of woven vines 5' to 20' in diameter. Blindfire carpets fight like an avalanche mixed with an octopus. The carpet rises up and simultaneously attempts to grab, constrict, smother, and consume its target. The plants can slowly regrow damaged portions and are most effectively killed by targeting the maw.



BOLTFRAGER

2' to 3' tall with a 4' to 5' wingspan. Boltforagers are covered in dust and the eggs of parasitic worms. They dive-bomb, slash, and shake their feathers to infect prey, then fly away. The worms hatch in **d6** days and immediately begin boring into the bones of the victim. On death, the corpse fills with foul-smelling gas that attracts boltforagers to feed and pick up new worm eggs.



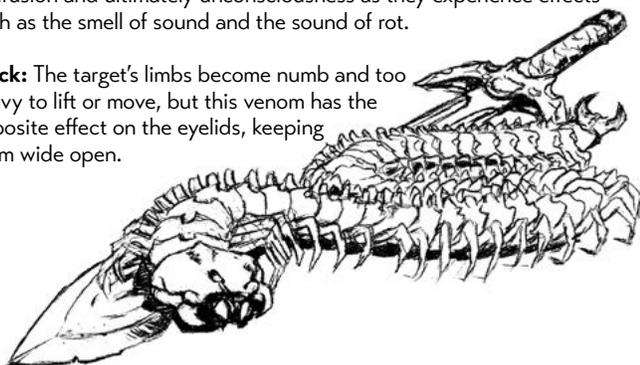
GIANT CENTIPEDE

Giant centipedes and their venom come in three varieties.

Red: Skin begins to itch and feel as if it is on fire. Pain increases in intensity, eventually causing unconsciousness. Blisters appear on the target's flesh and have a small chance to release a contact poison variant when popped.

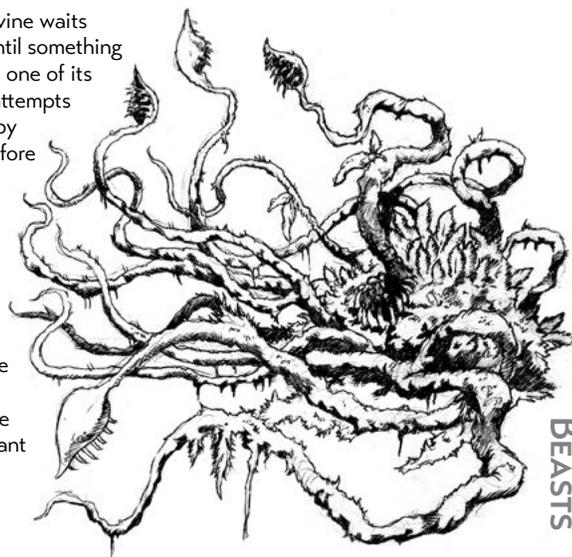
Yellow: The target begins to lose control of their senses, leading to confusion and ultimately unconsciousness as they experience effects such as the smell of sound and the sound of rot.

Black: The target's limbs become numb and too heavy to lift or move, but this venom has the opposite effect on the eyelids, keeping them wide open.



BLINDFIRE VINE

A blindfire vine waits passively until something large moves one of its tendrils. It attempts to kill prey by crushing before consuming it. The vines (and carpets) produce spicy peppers that become more delicious the more the plant kills.



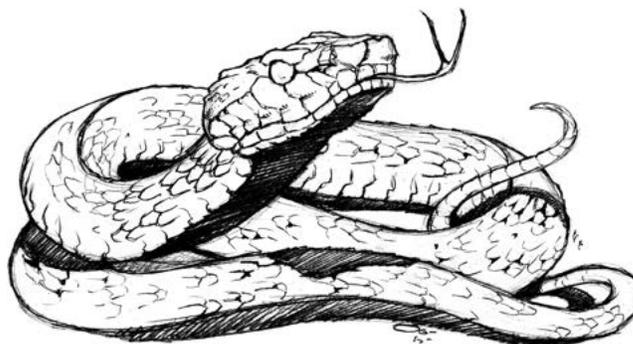
BROADBACK

Standing 20' to 30' tall at the shoulder, broadbacks are giant, gentle herbivores. They mate every three years, during which time they bellow loudly as they trek through the jungles to find each other.



COPPERBACK

Copperbacks are 3' to 6' long with scales made of actual copper. Most of their scales are swirling blue-green verdigris, giving them excellent camouflage in bushes, shadows, and in and around water. The snakes eat only small animals, but if startled by larger creatures, they can strike faster than a whip cracks. Their venom is a powerful sleeping agent that can knock out a human in **d6x10** seconds.



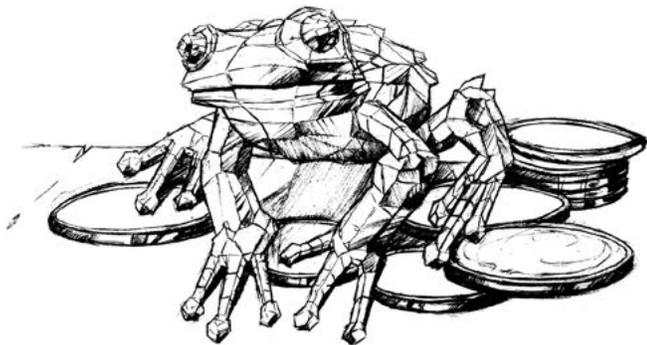
COPPERMANE PROWLER

Wingless gryphons with manes of copper feathers. They build electric charges by shaking their ruff and can stun, paralyze, and even stop the heart by transferring that electricity with a bite. Three times per day, with sufficient charge, a coppermane prowler can teleport **10 x d4+1** feet, leaving a trail of lightning in its wake.



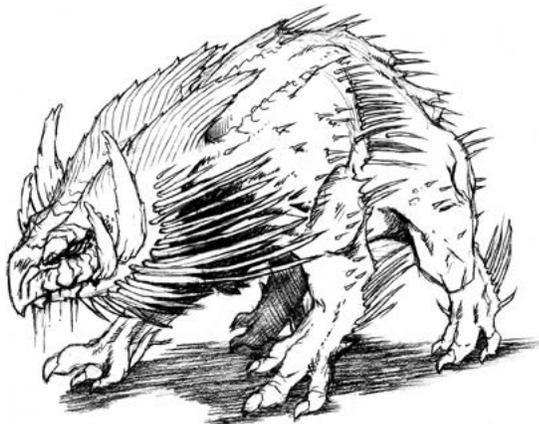
CRYSTAL FROG

Crystal frogs are magical constructs capable of reproduction, and almost never larger than a human thumb. They bond with intelligent creatures if given attention, and once per day can heal their companion of one disease, curse, or poison by singing a special song in their ear.



FLAYFIEND

Flayfiends are about 12' long and 6' tall at the shoulder. They are so named because they frequently only eat the skin off their kills. Their spines are hollow, break easily, and are covered in tiny barbs, making them particularly awful to remove from flesh.



CORALKIN ANGLER & SPAWN



A "fishman" living in the caverns below the Temple of Tranquility [HS-23-03]. Has teeth and jellyfish-like stingers in its mouth. It kicks with its powerful legs and can launch a normal human 10' to 20' if it grapples them for a short time. Enjoys kicking victims against the low cavern ceilings of its home. Out of the water, its breathing sounds like laughter.

Coralkin spawn are up to 1' long and mostly mouth. Normally found in schools of **d12+6**, they swim constantly and do not sleep. They have a venomous bite.

DUECADRE

Duecadre are 7'- to 9'-tall stocky flightless birds. Their legs are insanely strong, and the birds can carry up to five times their own weight. They occasionally hunt broadback, have elaborate mating dances, and have a call that sounds like "qwop qwop qwop."



KUJIBIRD

Kujibirds are about 3' tall, with dark-navy plumage and exposed patches of golden scales. These scales, and the tail feathers on the males, are actual gold. The species are nearly extinct, and the last survivors can be found in small bowers on the ground in [HS-18-03]. Can they be saved? Or will they be paved over by the volcano?



MUTTERING SERPENT

The head of this 15' to 20' snake always looks like the head of the person viewing it, even after death. Its scales are mirrored and it secretes an oil that smells like fresh wood shavings. Muttering serpents can read the surface thoughts of intelligent creatures and communicate telepathically. It only ever asks questions, and with light suggestion, attempts to get individuals to go off alone. It can communicate with eight people simultaneously.



SPINE DRAGON

Spine dragons are 6' to 15' long, 2' to 5' tall, utterly docile, and effectively invulnerable. They are the observers of a long-forgotten god, and are frequently found in places where major events are on the cusp of occurring. They do not normally interfere with anything, but might occasionally kill wydar. They dislike cold and will go to sleep until it is warm again.



VYDERAC MATRON



Vyderac matrons are gigantic 50'+ insectoid queens that birth and house a "storm" of vyderac. Each queen can hold a territory of about 5 hexes, and is permanently fused in a high, secure place near its center. Queens take in blood and use it to feed and birth new vyderac. In addition to her claws, a queen can spit streams of acid that kill and attract her brood. As a final defense, a queen can emergency gestate a new matron larva, then self-destruct using acid explosions.

POISON DART FROG

RED: Ingested—Blood stops coagulating.

BLUE: Ingested/Inhaled—Lungs fill with fluid causing suffocation in 30 minutes.

GREEN: Contact—Black fungus begins to grow on and eat living flesh. Will consume a human in 6 days.

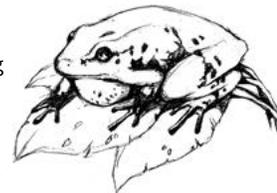
YELLOW: Contact—Enter a stupor lasting up to half a day. During this time, the poisoned target is highly susceptible to suggestion.

ORANGE: Ingested—Immediate and uncontrollable vomiting.

WHITE: Ingested—Hear and see static for 1 to 2 weeks.

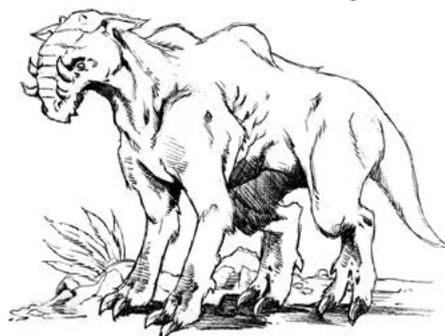
VIOLET: Contact—Violet frogs appear to be covered in tiny stars. When one is touched, the victim astrally projects 5' to 10' behind their body for up to 12 hours. Pain and sensitivity are numbed during this time, and the victim functions at maximum efficiency and power.

BLACK: Contact—Immediately lose the last hour's memories.



TABIBARI

Tabibari are about 6' long and 3' tall. They are plant-eating herd animals, and normally found in groups of **d12+4**. Tabibari share consciousness, and a normal herd has the collective intelligence of a seven-year-old human child. The more there are, the more this collective intelligence increases. Twice a year on the solstices, thousands of tabibari on Hot Springs Island gather at the Rock of Scales [HS-21-03], ostensibly for mating. They also gather there in times of great duress, but their reasons for doing so are unknown.



VYDERAC MAGGOT

All nonmatron vyderac begin as maggots, which stay with their matron until death or until they are chosen for evolution. They produce a mild acid and are able to slowly chew through wood and stone. Maggots also produce stony secretions, similar to coral, that let them build cylindrical blood reservoirs and defenses for the matron and the vyderac storm.

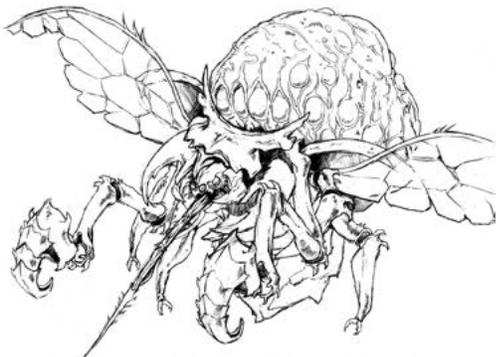


HYDERAC SEEKER



Hyderac seekers are about 1 foot long and some of the fastest-moving creatures in the Swordfish Islands. They are able to sense the flow of warm blood inside creatures. When they detect it, they engage in a series of rapid fly-by passes and spit out clouds of fine powder. The powder causes extreme itching on exposed skin, and when it enters the blood stream, leads to numbness and eventually paralysis of the extremities. The powder is also laced with pheromones to attract hyderac swarmers and feeders.

HYDERAC FEEDER



Feeders are the largest and slowest of the mobile hyderac, and their bodies resemble a deflated balloon. Their two forelegs end in hooks and can be explosively extended toward a target to help a feeder close the final gap. The slow speed of a feeder almost always guarantees that it arrives at the scene of a fight well after the creature targeted by a seeker has been completely dealt with by swarmers. Feeders can drain 2 pints of blood per minute, and comfortably hold the blood of one normal human (about 10 pints).

CRYSTALBACK WYDARR

Crystalback wydarr have crystal where boneback wydarr have bone. They are found only in hot, dry locations below the surface of Hot Springs Island, and rarely venture to the surface. The forelimbs of a crystalback wydarr grow continually and end in scythes, which cause it extreme pain and duress if they are not constantly ground down. As such, digging is these creatures' only source of relief. They dig in tandem to leave behind tunnels 5' high and from 9' to 24' wide. Each crystalback wydarr is encased in metal plates. Most are iron or steel, but occasionally an individual will be encased in a precious metal.



HYDERAC SWARMER

Hyderac swarmers are about the size of a large grapefruit, and travel in packs of no less than **2d20+10**. They usually crawl or climb, but are capable of short bursts of flight, which they usually use to leap onto creatures targeted by hyderac seekers. When swarmers bite flesh, they lock onto a victim with their huge mandibles and do not let go. They inject a spike that pumps venom into their target, preventing blood from clotting and causing internal organs to liquefy.



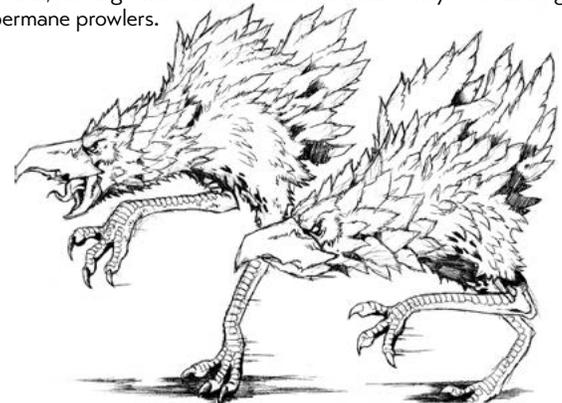
BONEBACK WYDARR

Wydarr are vile abominations about 4' tall, originally created by **hags** who dwell elsewhere in the Swordfish Islands. Boneback are so called because of their oversized, exposed spine. The fleshy parts of their body hang from it and flop around when they run. The front limbs of a boneback wydarr end in long, bony hooks that grow throughout its life. The growth of these hooks causes terrible pain that can be relieved only by grinding them down, normally by digging.



ZIP BIRD

Flightless white birds with powerful red legs, zip birds stand around 4' tall. Although they do not fly, they can leap up to 30'. They cruise through rugged terrain at 15 miles an hour in packs of **d6+1**, screeching "woop woop woop." Packs generally harass potential enemies by zipping past them one bird at a time from multiple directions, leaving their true numbers uncertain. They love hunting coppermane prowlers.



Index

Compiled by Martin Ralya

- Adventurer's Guild [10](#), [18](#)
 Jeremy Rand [10](#)
- Alabaster Guardians [91](#)
- Albino centipede [104](#)
- Albino ogre [56](#)
- Ancients [144](#)
 Rumors [182](#)
 Treasure [159](#), [164](#)
- Arena—See *New Moon Party*
- Arva, The [140](#)
- Ash Barons [114](#)
- Astral spinners [154](#)
- Bashku [133](#)
- Bathhouse
 Plant [96](#)
 Trap [98](#)
- Bavmorda [26](#), [130](#)
 Sons [26](#)
- Beasts [189](#)
 Encounter tables [16](#)
- Belanti [133](#)
- Black Blight [145](#), [147](#)
- Boar's Head Encampment [46](#)
- Bonebinders [129](#)
- Bounty [10](#)
- Bubble, the [10](#)
 Crystal [64](#), [112](#)
 Damadar Deodan [142](#)
 Jubei [112](#)
 Nereids [124](#)
 Svarku [112](#)
 Zeb [149](#)
 See also: *Overview of Hot Springs Island*
- Characters—See *Leaders; NPCs, major/minor*
- Chases [104](#)
- Chimes, Elven [149](#)
- Combustarinos [118](#)
 See also: *Elementals*
- Crystal
 Ashfire Mine [72](#)
 Crystalflow Mine [70](#)
 Crystal Sea Cave [107](#)
 Jubei's [64](#), [112](#)
 Orange [11](#)
 Red [11](#), [58](#), [70](#), [73](#), [114](#), [149](#)
- Crystalflow Mine [70](#)
- Crystal Sea Cave [106](#)
- Cult of the Veil [153](#)
- Damadar Deodan [142](#)
- Daphne [125](#)
- Dark, The [12](#)
 See also: *Points of Interest*
- Dire Boar Den [48](#)
- Drugs—See *Sipopa*
- Dungeons
 Ashfire Mine [72](#)
 Bathhouse [96](#), [98](#)
 Crystalflow Mine [70](#)
 Crystal Sea Cave [106](#)
 Dire Boar Den [48](#)
 Lapis Observatory, The [82](#)
 Shattered Aquifer [8](#), [74](#)
 Slave Quarters [54](#)
 Svarku's Volcanic Lair [59](#), [61-64](#)
 Temple of Tranquility [100](#)
 Vision's Clearing [52](#)
 See also: *Locations*
- Edgesworn [128](#)
- Efreets
 Grand Efreet Council [110](#), [114](#)
 Seera [114](#)
 Svarku [110](#), [112](#)
 See also: *Fuegonauts*
- Elementals [134](#)
 Albino centipede [104](#)
 Earth imps [135](#)
 Fire imps [136](#)
 House, The [138](#)
 Magma imps [137](#)
 Molotek [69](#)
 Ooze imps [137](#)
 Portals to Planes [73](#), [75](#), [76](#), [101](#), [107](#)
 Shattered Aquifer [8](#), [74](#)
 Sopkatok [76](#)
 Steam imps [138](#)
 Temple of Tranquility [100](#)
 Water imps [136](#)
 See also: *Ash Barons; Combustarinos; Salamanders; Shah of Fire Serpents*
- Elves [144](#), [149](#)
 Alabaster Guardians [91](#)
 Astral spinners [154](#)
 Bathhouse [96](#), [98](#)
 Chimes [149](#)
- Cult of the Veil [153](#)
- Golems, Singing [149](#)
- History [144](#)
- Lady Hedonia [152](#)
- Lapis Observatory, The [82](#)
- Obsidian diggers [155](#)
- Orange sludge [154](#)
- Rumors [182](#)
- Shadows [153](#)
- Sipopa [145](#)
- Treasure [159](#), [171](#)
- Zeb [149](#)
- Encounters
 Events—See *Events*
 Tables [16](#)
 See also: *Hex Key*
- Events
 Alabaster Guardians [91](#)
 Albino centipede [104](#)
 Albino ogre [56](#)
 Bathhouse plant [96](#)
 Bathhouse trap [98](#)
 Joomavesi [80](#)
 Molotek [69](#)
 New Moon Party [65](#)
 Sopkatok [76](#)
 Tables [16](#)
 Violet Rasp, the [99](#)
 See also: *Hex Key*
- Exploration—See *Travel*
- Factions iii, [109](#)
 Alabaster Guardians [90](#)
 Arva, The [140](#)
 Ash Barons [114](#)
 Bonebinders [129](#)
 Combustarinos [118](#)
 Edgesworn [128](#)
 Elementals [134](#)
 Elves iii, [144](#), [149](#)
 Fuegonauts iii, [110](#)
 Goa, the [140](#)
 Kiru, the [141](#)
 Lizardmen [139](#)
 Martel Company [10](#)
 Nereids iii, [121](#)
 Night Axe ii, [126](#)
 Night Axe warriors [128](#)
 Obsidian diggers [155](#)

- Orange sludge [154](#)
 Obsidian giants [116](#)
 Salamanders [117](#)
 Shadows [153](#)
 Starfall, The [11](#), [114](#), [122](#), [123](#)
 See also: *Leaders*; *NPCs*, *major*
 Facts about Hot Springs Island [10](#)
 Fatty Salamander [117](#)
 Fauna—See *Beasts*
 Flora—See *Plants*; *Sipopa*
 Fuegonauts [110](#)
 Ash Barons [114](#)
 Combustarinos [118](#)
 Fatty Salamander [117](#)
 History [110](#)
 New Moon Party [65](#)
 Obsidian bladeguards [118](#)
 Obsidian giants [116](#)
 Salamanders [117](#)
 Seera [114](#)
 Shah of Fire Serpents, The [116](#)
 Starfall, The [11](#), [114](#), [122](#), [123](#)
 Svarku [110](#), [112](#)
 Svarku's Volcanic Lair [58](#)
 Treasure [159](#), [162](#)
 Zumakalis [114](#)
- Gambling
 “Gambler's glow” [100](#)
 Shattered Aquifer [75](#)
 Temple of Tranquility [100](#)
- Generators
 Chime [150](#)
 Golem [151](#)
 Ruins [92](#)
 Shadow [38](#), [153](#)
- Getting lost—See *Travel*
 Giants—See *Obsidian Giants*
 Glavrok [130](#)
 Glavrok Village [50](#)
 Goa, the [140](#)
 Gods
 Jubei [112](#)
 Lady Hedonia [152](#)
 Mog'ok [127](#)
 “Wooly God”—See *Violet Rasp*
- Golems, singing [43](#), [150](#)
 See also: *Alabaster Guardians*
- Groups—See *Factions*; *Guilds*
 Guilds
 Adventurer's [10](#), [18](#)
 Ash Barons [11](#), [114](#)
 Martel Company [10](#)
 Starfall, The [11](#), [114](#), [122](#), [123](#)
- Hex Key
 Brief [14](#)
 Detailed [20](#)
- Hot Springs City [92](#)
 Bathhouse [96](#), [98](#)
- House, The [138](#)
- Imps—See *Elementals*
 Investigation [12](#)
 See also: *Points of interest*
- Invisible island—See *Bubble, the*
- Jeremy Rand [10](#)
 Joomavesi [80](#)
 Jubei [112](#)
 Crystal [64](#), [112](#)
- Kilzar [152](#)
 See also: *Lady Hedonia*
- Kiru, the [141](#)
 Koova [133](#)
- Lady Hedonia [152](#)
 Lament, the [125](#)
 Lapis Observatory, The [82](#)
 Leaders
 Elves [152](#)
 Fuegonauts [110](#), [112](#)
 Lizardmen [142](#)
 Nereids [124](#), [125](#)
 Night Axe [130](#), [133](#)
 Steamimps [138](#)
- Lizardmen [140](#)
 Arva, The [140](#)
 Damadar Deodan [142](#)
 Goa, the [140](#)
 Kiru, the [141](#)
 Treasure [159](#), [174](#)
- Locations
 Ashfire Mine [72](#)
 Bathhouse [96](#), [98](#)
 Boar's Head Encampment [46](#)
 Crystalflow Mine [70](#)
 Crystal Sea Cave [106](#)
 Dire Boar Den [48](#)
 Glavrok Village [50](#)
 Hot Springs City [92](#)
 Lapis Observatory, The [82](#)
 New Moon Party [65](#)
 Shattered Aquifer [8](#), [74](#)
 Slave Quarters [54](#)
 Svarku's Volcanic Lair [59](#), [61-64](#)
 Swordfish Bay [10](#)
 Temple of Tranquility [100](#)
 Vision's Clearing [52](#)
 See also: *Hex Key*; *Points of Interest*
- Ma Martel [10](#)
 Magic
 Bone magic [129](#)
 Items [162](#)
- Maps
 Ashfire Mine [72](#)
 Boar's Head Encampment [47](#)
 Crystalflow Mine [70](#)
 Crystal Sea Cave [106](#)
 Dire Boar Den [48](#)
 Glavrok Village [50](#)
 Hot Springs City [94](#)
 Hot Springs Island [ii](#), [13](#)
 Lapis Observatory, The [83-88](#)
 New Moon Party [67](#)
 Shattered Aquifer [8](#), [74](#)
 Slave Quarters [54](#)
 Svarku's Volcanic Lair [59](#), [61-64](#)
 Temple of Tranquility [101-103](#)
 Vision's Clearing [52](#)
 See also: *Hex Key*
- Martel Company [10](#)
 Ma Martel [10](#)
- Matova [133](#)
 Meeko [133](#)
 Meltalia [124](#)
 Bathhouse [96](#), [98](#)
 Fifty Visions [124](#)
 Lament [125](#)
 Sisters of Pythiaria [75](#), [124](#)
- Meltarg—See *Sopkatok*
- Mines
 Ashfire [72](#)
 Crystalflow [70](#)
- Mog'ok [127](#)
 Molotek [69](#)
- Monsters
 Albino centipede [104](#)
 Beasts [189](#)
 Violet Rasp, the [99](#)
 See also: *NPCs*, *major*
 Motivations—See *Factions*; *Hex Key*; *NPCs*, *major*
- Natural resources—See *Resources*, *natural*
- Nereids [121](#)
 Bathhouse [96](#), [98](#)
 Bubble, and the [124](#)
 Crystal Sea Cave [106](#)
 Daphne [125](#)
 History [121](#)
 Lament [125](#)
 Leaders [125](#)
 Meltalia [124](#)
 New Moon Party [65](#)
 Solaria [125](#)
 Svarku's harem [64](#), [112](#)
 Teelo [125](#)
 Treasure [159](#), [168](#)
- New Moon Party [65](#)
 Night Axe [126](#)
 Abduction of women [127](#)
 Bashku [133](#)
 Bavmorda [26](#), [130](#)
 Bavmorda's sons [26](#)
 Belanti [133](#)
 Boar's Head Encampment [46](#)
 Bonebinders [129](#)
 Bone magic [129](#)
 Edgesworn [128](#)
 Glavrok [130](#)
 Glavrok Village [50](#)
 History [126](#)
 Koova [133](#)
 Matova [133](#)
 Meeko [133](#)
 Mog'ok [127](#)
 Paw'lard Eean [132](#)
 Six surviving women [133](#)
 Srok [131](#)
 Treasure [159](#), [166](#)
 Verko [133](#)
 Vision's Clearing [52](#)
 Warriors [128](#)
 Women and children [127](#)
- Non-player characters—See *Leaders*; *NPCs*, *major*; *NPCs*, *minor*
 NPCs, major
 Albino ogre [56](#)
 Albino centipede [104](#)
 Bavmorda [26](#), [130](#)
 Damadar Deodan [142](#)
 Fatty Salamander [117](#)
 Glavrok [130](#)
 House, The [138](#)
 Joomavesi [80](#)
 Meltalia [124](#)
 Molotek [69](#)
 Paw'lard Eean [132](#)
 Seera [114](#)
 Sopkatok [76](#)
 Srok [131](#)
 Shah of the Fire Serpents, The [116](#)
 Svarku [110](#), [112](#)
 Zeb [149](#)
 See also: *Factions*; *Leaders*
- NPCs, minor [178](#)
 Bavmorda's sons [26](#)
 Bashku [133](#)
 Belanti [133](#)
 Daphne [125](#)

- Jeremy Rand [10](#)
 Koova [133](#)
 Matova [133](#)
 Meeko [133](#)
 Ma Martel [10](#)
 Solaria [125](#)
 Teelo [125](#)
 Verko [133](#)
- Obsidian bladeguards [118](#)
 Obsidian diggers [155](#)
 Obsidian giants [116](#)
 Ogres—See *Night Axe*
 Orange crystal [11](#)
 Orange sludge [154](#)
 Organizations—See *Factions*; *Guilds*
 Overview of Hot Springs Island [5](#), [18](#)
- Patrick Stuart [92](#), [182](#)
 Paw'lard Eean [132](#)
 Plants [186](#)
 See also: *Sipopa*
 Points of interest
 - Adder's hidden cache [43](#)
 - Alabaster stair [28](#)
 - Ashfire Mine [26](#), [72](#)
 - Ashy slopes [24](#)
 - Bark-bound golem [43](#)
 - Bathhouse [38](#), [94](#), [96](#)
 - Bavmorda's blade house [26](#)
 - Black spot [24](#)
 - Black urchin pools [33](#)
 - Blasted tower [29](#)
 - Boar farm [27](#)
 - Boar's Head encampment [20](#), [46](#)
 - Bone pile [21](#)
 - Bone tree [21](#)
 - Bubbling mud [39](#)
 - Burning jungle [26](#)
 - Buzzing glade [42](#)
 - Claw marks [20](#)
 - Cloud falls [39](#)
 - Copper arch [42](#)
 - Crab mouth lagoon [33](#)
 - Cracked rock kiva [35](#)
 - Crumbling wall [36](#)
 - Crystal Sea Cave [44](#), [106](#)
 - Decaying statue [32](#)
 - Dire Boar Den [22](#), [48](#)
 - Crystal spike circle [21](#)
 - Glavrok's North Watch [22](#)
 - Glavrok's South Watch [31](#)
 - Glavrok Village [23](#), [50](#)
 - Headless statue [40](#)
 - Iridescent stair [38](#)
 - Jerky fields [31](#)
 - Knowledge stone—moss graffiti [40](#)
 - Knowledge stone—wildberries [28](#)
 - Lapis Observatory, The [34](#), [82](#)
 - Lava fall [30](#), [74](#)
 - Lava pool [36](#)
 - Lava river [37](#)
 - Light shaft cave [41](#)
 - Mound of geodes [30](#)
 - Narrow stair [44](#)
 - Obsidian hydra [36](#)
 - Old volcano [34](#)
 - Pile of giant obsidian boulders [25](#)
 - Plaza of the Four Aspects [25](#)
 - Primal ziggurat [35](#)
 - Refreshing spring [27](#)
 - Rendering spot [23](#)
 - Rift zone [37](#)
 - Rock of scales [40](#)
- Rocky field [23](#)
 Rusted hydra [35](#)
 Scalding pool [43](#)
 Scorched earth [31](#)
 Slave Quarters (north) [24](#), [54](#)
 Slave Quarters (south) [29](#), [54](#)
 Spiderbush clearing [20](#)
 Split rock [44](#)
 Steaming beach [32](#)
 Steaming falls [29](#)
 Steaming vista [38](#)
 Stone stump [32](#)
 Surrounded jungle [37](#)
 Svarku's Grand Entrance [25](#), [58](#)
 Svarku's Retreat [34](#)
 Temple of Tranquility [42](#), [100](#)
 Temples of Reflection [39](#)
 Three geysers [28](#)
 Trail of black glass [30](#)
 Violet Rasp den [41](#), [99](#)
 Whale graveyard [27](#)
 White rock spring [22](#)
 Worn face [41](#)
 Yellow outcrop [33](#)
 See also: *Investigation*
- Port [10](#)
 Portals [10](#), [112](#)
 - Elemental [73](#), [75](#), [76](#), [101](#), [107](#)
 - Map of [88](#)
 - Nereids [124](#)
- Quick reference [13](#)
 - Encounter tables [16](#)
 - Island map [13](#)
 - One-line Hex Key [14](#)
 - Overview of Hot Springs Island [18](#)
- Red crystal [11](#), [58](#), [70](#), [73](#), [114](#), [149](#)
 - Ashfire Mine [72](#)
 - Crystallflow Mine [70](#)
- Resources, natural
 - Plants [186](#)
 - Red crystal—See *Crystal*
 - Sipopa—See *Sipopa*
- Rumors of the elven ruins [182](#)
- Salamanders [117](#)
 - Fatty Salamander [117](#)
 - Shah of Fire Serpents, The [116](#)
 - Slave Quarters [54](#)
- Sample expedition [6](#)
 Seera [114](#)
 Shadows [153](#)
 - Generators [38](#), [153](#)
- Shah of Fire Serpents, The [116](#)
 Shattered Aquifer [8](#), [74](#)
 Sipopa [145](#)
 - Black Blight [145](#), [147](#)
 - Lapis Observatory, The [82](#)
 - Mechanics [147](#)
 - Negative effects table [148](#)
 - Orange sludge [154](#)
 - Starfall, The [145](#)
 - Styles of use [146](#)
- Six surviving women [133](#)
 Sisters of Pythiaria [75](#), [124](#)
 Slave Quarters [54](#)
 - Albino ogre [56](#)
- Solaria [125](#)
 Sopkatok [76](#)
 Srok [131](#)
 Starfall, The [11](#), [114](#), [122](#), [123](#)
 - Sipopa [145](#)
- Svarku [110](#), [112](#)
- Bubble [112](#)
 Harem [64](#), [112](#)
 New Moon Party [65](#)
 Retreat [34](#)
 Statues [25](#)
 Volcanic lair [58](#)
- Swordfish Bay [10](#)
- Tables [5](#)
 - Chimes, elven [150](#)
 - Encounter [16](#)
 - Example of use [6](#), [7](#), [9](#)
 - Golems, elven [151](#)
 - Hot Springs City [92](#)
 - Ruins [92](#)
 - Sipopa Negative Effects [148](#)
 - Telecanter's [177](#)
 - Treasure [160](#)
 - See also: *Hex Key*
- Teelo [125](#)
 Telecanter's table [177](#)
 Teleporters [34](#), [55](#), [60](#), [62-64](#), [85-88](#), [98](#), [170](#)
 Temple of Tranquility [100](#)
 - Albino centipede [104](#)
- Terrain [5](#), [16](#)
 Time [5](#), [12](#)
 - Tracking [12](#)
 - Watches [12](#)
- Travel [5](#), [12](#)
 - Chases [104](#)
 - Getting lost [12](#)
 - Sample expedition [6](#)
- Treasure [158](#), [162](#)
 - Ancient [164](#)
 - Elven [171](#)
 - Fuegonaut [162](#)
 - Lizardmen [174](#)
 - Nereid [168](#)
 - Night Axe [166](#)
 - Tables [160](#)
- Verko [133](#)
 Violet Rasp, the [99](#)
 Vision's Clearing [52](#)
- Watches—See *Time*
 "Wooly God"—See *Violet Rasp*
- Zeb [149](#)
 Zumakalis
 - Deal [114](#)
 - Gauntlet [114](#)
 - Gem [6](#), [56](#), [114](#)
 - Heart [114](#)

