

Lost Artifacts of Greyghast



MAGIC ITEM COMPENDIUM

THE LOST ARTIFACTS OF GREYGHAST

(A 5TH EDITION MAGIC ITEM COMPENDIUM)

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IN THE 45TH YEAR AF (AFTER THE FOUNDING)

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Special Thanks: Every single one of our backers on Kickstarter, the community over at /r/dndnext on Reddit; all the fans of manysided-dice.com; and everyone who has ever rolled some dice to play a storytelling game of adventure



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DEDICATION

*To the Late Night Shift,
Without whom I might not know what d20's are*

*To Jimsy, Jeff, Ronnie, and Roger,
We played beautiful games*

*To Dad,
For being my hero and saving me*



INTRODUCTIONS

SPECIAL THANKS

First, I want to thank the whole team at Lost Artifacts of Greyghast for their efforts. If you're reading this, oh Constant Reader (to borrow a jib from the King), it may seem like we're taking a little bit of a victory lap here... you're not wrong. That's exactly what it is. But, everyone that worked on this book deserves a few moments to take their bow.

Hold your applause, though, until the end. In no particular order (because a tiny bit of chaos just feels more natural):

Kathleen O'Hara, Illustrator

Many-Sided Dice Publishing
kathleenohara.us

"My favorite pieces are Render, Great Bear's Folly, and Green Rider's Wale. All of these have an epic quality which I love. I've created the best work in my current portfolio while working on this project. It gave me a means to create beautiful and amazing illustrations that are completely in line with what I want to do as an artist."

Ken Kokoszka, Illustrator

Ken Kokoszka Illustration
kenkokoszka.artstation.com

"My favorite pieces for this book were the Worms of Purgation because it was my first commission for the project and set an awesome tone for the world-building that we as artists were allowed to contribute to; Shudderwein because nothing says 'Fantasy Roleplaying Art' like designing an awesome greatsword; and the Zephyr Spines because I had the opportunity to push myself artistically to render an interesting perspective and landscape."

It really is an honor to be able to create the artwork that will give those stories a shared visual language and cement those tales in the minds of the players."

Katy Grierson, Cover Artist and Illustrator

Kovah's Art
kovah.co.uk

"I think my favourite part is still the front cover for the book itself, it was an enjoyable challenge to do especially with the lighting and I feel it is a super successful image overall. In terms of illustrations, my favourite is certainly Lament of Naamah, there is something gloriously spooky about a gnarly leg bone magic staff!"

I've loved working on every aspect of this project, a big thanks to Flannel for the great art direction for the cover and helping me push it to final as well as being brilliant to work with. The rest of the team have all be great, art feedback has been spot on and it has been great for me to work with so many talented people as and it's been refreshing for such a big project to be so well organised!"

Paula Wiśniewska, Illustrator

Aiane ART
aianear.com

"I extremely enjoyed working on unusual items, which were more challenging in terms of its design. Things like tools (Shandalplai), musical instruments (Harp of Cerwyn Ebonflowerwood and Kortholt of the Brigh Delac) or wonders (Promise, Liar's Dice and Faahngheim Birken)... brainstorming and designing them was something I enjoyed greatly."

Working as a part of Creative Team was satisfying and joyful. The best part of working in team is to meet new people, exchange experience and get productive feedback stimulating improvement of art skills. I love that I was able to work on pieces which were connected with each other and even if each one represents different story, all of them create the beautiful world full of amazing objects, ready to be grasped by the readers. Artwork which is carrying the meaning is the best outcome of creative process I could have wished for."

Amber Kommavongsa, Illustrator

Many-Sided Dice Publishing
amberwavesofrice.artstation.com

"My favorite finished pieces are the Shattered Standard of Wex, Thunderhaed, the Kel-Orian Surcoat, and Rage of the Mountain because of the lighting set up and the process it took to find the right angle to showcase these artifacts. As for favorite piece to work on I'd have to say Blisterkrau Shroud and other unusual items, they really stretched my creative muscles.

Working on the art team has been a pleasant time and a positive learning experience. Everyone has been so helpful providing feedback and ways to improve as we brought these artifacts to life. It's been a joy overall to see the work and effort that has gone into making this book happen."

Daniel Johnson, Illustrator

Many Sided-Dice Publishing
danjohnsonart.carbonmade.com

"Amongst the art I've created for the book, my favourite would probably be Aegiaen Scepter, I found it pushed my abilities while also being the most enjoyable to do. Interpreting the more interesting items like Hood of Lazy Kill and Stick of Brute has also definitely been a highlight.

Being the first large project I've worked on, I've loved the whole process. It's given me the opportunity to create art I'm proud of, and work with a team of very talented artists."

Stephanie Brown, Illustrator

Offbeatworlds
offbeatworlds.com

"My favorite pieces for this book were the Revealers, Braed's Cage, and the Draught of Perfect Health. They all had elements of them that were challenging and pushed my creative abilities, such as painting a new creature, trying to show what each item actually does in a still image, or just creating a glass bottle that is shaped like a heart (not an easy feat!).

This was the first freelance project I've had where I was also working with other artists and it was great to be able to talk to them and give and receive feedback in a very professional but friendly way. If anyone was stuck with an idea, it was very easy to bounce thoughts off of each other and create some very epic finished art. It was a very fun experience."

Nathan D. Paoletta, Layout Designer

ndpdesign
ndpdesign.com

"This scope and scale of this book is what made it so fun to work on for me. Not only did I have the challenge of presenting a lot of information in a usable way for you at your table, I had to figure out ways to unify this collection of amazing art produced by the rest of the team.

By keeping the layout elements of the book clean and simple, the art gets to shine at a glance; then once you get into reading the text, you find so many unique elements to play with!

Working with the team has been a very collaborative and positive experience, and being able to bounce thoughts off of everyone and get input from experienced eyes improved the design every single time."

Jake Tacito, Illustrator

Jake Tacito Comics and Illustration

jaketacito.com

"I had an absolute blast working on this book. I don't typically do a lot of traditional fantasy artwork so obviously this had me breaking out of my comfort zone a bit, but I quickly grew to love it. It was also great working with a team of artists for the first time, as we were able to draw ideas and inspirations from each other's work, which was a very unique opportunity.

I think my favorite piece I worked on was the Hand of the Pact. At first I had a hard time thinking of ideas from a pretty short description, and I ended up doing several sketch renditions without being happy with any of them. I then took a more vague approach and took a lot more of the lore into account and ended up with something I'm really happy with. Also I learned that demon hands are really fun to draw."

DS Blake, Illustrator

Idle Toil

idletoil.co.uk

"The Skyfire Hraick was a piece that just fell together perfectly from the description of the item; showing use and purpose as well as appearance. This is my first professional experience working in tabletop gaming art, a field that has long been a great inspiration to me, and it was an excellent introduction and a fine working experience."

Mike McMullan, Editor

Many-Sided Dice Publishing

manysideddice.com

"I was, as an editor, in the unique position of reading every single part of every single entry, and that makes it very hard to pick a favorite. The items that most stick with me, and make me consider what they say about the games they are in, are those that have a tendency to change how the player views the game or radically alter a character's point of view. Items

like Abin's Course, the Barony of Haverwood, McNarb's Crest, and the Unbroken Chain.

Working on this book was a big undertaking, but the creativity and hard work of everyone involved made it easy to stay excited at every step. I got to dive into flavorful, strongly voiced text about unique gaming material every day for weeks, and I learned more about editing in that very intense time than in months of other work. This project was a blast."

Flannel J. Gary, Author and Project Lead

Many-Sided Dice Publishing

manysideddice.com

"My favorites are the the Blisterkrau Shroud and the Barony of Haverwood. Not only is the artwork on point, for both, but they bring something new to the table for magic items in fantasy roleplaying—they really say what I want to say about where a game's own creativity can go. One attunes by overthrowing a government... how cool is that? That's a whole adventure arc, NPCs, encounters, scheming, and rich roleplaying opportunities—all to attune something! The other is a magic item that is, literally, an empty place—a verdant patch of land that rewards the player who attunes to it with divine "right of kings" sorts of bonuses over time and with investment. If I can make a tiny mark on a 5th Edition game of any kind? It's there... things like that.

Many-Sided Dice Publishing—everyone on the team—loved the collaboration with other artists and designers. We appreciate the Kickstarter community and all the Twitch channels, Youtube gamers, Twitter folk, and fellow publishers that have supported us. We hope to continue making content for years to come."

HOW THIS ALL CAME TO BE

I won't give you my whole history—you didn't pick up this book for all that rambling on. Maybe in another supplement, I'll go through that (it's a long story, but a good one—my "coming to gaming" tale involves skydiving and romance and meeting Christopher Reeve).

For now, I'll just give you the recent stuff. Less "the origin story" in all its rich narration and more of a "how did we get here" monologue.

Sound good?

This book started out as a series of posts on Reddit, in the /r/dndnext subreddit. Fifth Edition had just come out and old and new players, tenured and spry DMs, and everybody all ooh'd and aah'd at how pretty it was and how fresh it felt.

You remember that, right? Well, if you were around for the days of 3rd and 4th Edition, the clean lines and vibrancy of 5th was like cool water after a day of hard work. All the grit and sweat of running those games washed clean with the coming of something that swept away the dross. If you weren't around then? I suggest one of these days getting your group together to dive deeply into the fantastic work of the early 3rd Edition days.

If you've been around far longer?

I salute you, you old soldiers and queens and cutthroats. You don't need me telling you what's what.

Anyhow, the homebrew world was young that Fall. 5th Edition promised a lot of great tabletop experiences, but the Unearthed Arcana cycles had not yet really kicked in yet. People like me and dozens of others just took it upon ourselves to share and share and share. New monster idea? No problem. New items? Why not?

The creative homebrew content community—both from the "author" end and the "reader"

end—was and still is humming along. This is a great credit to those folks over at WotC, right? It's a challenging dance to give the fans enough structure to keep it all working and strong while giving them enough space to "make it their own," and I am giddily impressed with the D&D team for knowing how to do that two-step jig just right.

So, after about two dozen such posts from me on Reddit about Magic Items, Adventure Ideas, and how to play some Monsters, I got it in my head to start a blog to archive it all. So, I kicked off manysideddice.com and started posting up week after week, participating in the Internet's rich roleplaying game communities. While I loved going to the places where my collections were referenced—blogs and forums all over the Internet—home was always /r/dndnext. It's a great community and the moderators deserve some praise here for their curation of it.

(and not a small amount of forbearance... I posted up hundreds and hundreds of bits of content, adventure, etc.—it's a wonder nobody grew too tired of me)

I took a break from updating Many-Sided Dice in early 2016. Like any passionate social hobby, sometimes you need a breather. 2016 was mine. That year involved a lot of adventures in real-space and if we ever meet at a convention or something, I'll be happy to regale you with the weirdfun I had for those thirteen months. I'm a chatty Cathy, as it goes.

But, during that year "off", I still got email maybe twice or so a month from a fan or a wanderer-by asking "hey, could you put all these items into a PDF?" Once or twice, someone would offer to do it for me. A few people wanted our Trap collection compiled or wanted us to start creating Archetypes. By far the most popular request was "Have you thought about Kickstarting a book?"

The site kept a regular pace of traffic, pretty decent traffic, too. It wasn't any real effort to let that make it's server costs back without me at all. All in all, my mood was the same... hesitation. It just sounded like a lot of work. A LOT of work.

I didn't have dozens of items. I had hundreds.

I didn't have sentences of content for each, I had paragraphs. Heck, for some, I had PAGES.

And, if I'm honest? I'd probably only ever playtested about a third of them, myself or with my usual group.

No, I thought. No.

To make a book? What the heck do I know about making a book?!?!

But, 2016 wound down and there I was, Spring 2017... bored. Super bored. I wanted to get back into a game or something, pick that D&D fun back up, but my usual group was a bit scattered (we've all been there, right?). I looked over the messages from Many-Sided Dice.

Book.

Book.

A book.

How about you make a book?

Why not make a book?

I'd love a book.

I'd back a book.

Etc.

Eventually, I found myself giving excuses to people around me—friends and associates in real life—about how I didn't know about Kickstarter and I wasn't sure I could get it all going. I was making my excuses to friends who just shrugged back—who was I trying to convince, afterall? At some point, you're really only arguing with yourself.

So, on a quiet Tuesday, I reached out to an illustrator and asked them "how does art work?"

It was an honest and naive question, sure. And it can be a nervous experience to seek the opinion or advice of strangers, but at the heart of me is my work. I'm a Project Manager by profession and I'm used to not knowing everything (or sometimes anything) about an objective. That's what subject matter experts are for. If you want to know how printing works? Ask a printer. If you want to know how playtesting works? Ask successful playtesting groups. If you want to know how "art" gets done? Well, just go ask some artists.

In the end, I couldn't have had a better and more helpful informant than Ken (who is an illustrator for this book). Between him and the many others I talked to after, I sketched out a project plan and making my assumptions. The ball started rolling and I put together the collage of work needed from not a few people. A dozen. More. This wasn't going to be a delicate thing, this was going to be a monster of a book.

Well, I thought at the time, once I saw all of it laid out in my fancy software and in Gantt charts and crudely translated process templates... I thought "good." Had it looked like a small thing, a simple thing? I probably wouldn't have done it.

The group of players that shrug off bothering with a townmaster who needs some orcs hunted? They're the same group that hears the word "dragon" and races off into the countryside without a second thought.

This book was my dragon.

And I couldn't have asked for a better party to help me chase it down and kick it right in the teeth.

Later w/Love,
Flannel

CHAPTER ONE

HOW TO READ THIS BOOK

Each item comes with six elements:

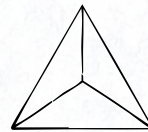
- A **Title** (that you are welcome to change if need be);
- A short snippet of **Narrative** to give flavor to the item, it's effects, or maybe just the emotional tone of how it could be used by a PC;
- An **Appearance** describing what anyone seeing it or picking it up might notice (with a few Perception challenges to notice especially weird or subtle details);
- An **Origin** that tells you some details about where the item comes from or how it was made in our own very generalized world—for the vast majority of the items, the Origin also comes with a special and necessary condition for attunement;
- A paragraph or two of **System** information to let you know how the mechanics work; and
- An **Illustration** of our interpretation of how it might look.

Any of that can be changed or reinterpreted by you, the DM, as you need and we encourage you to fit our items into your world as you like.

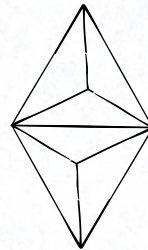
However, the reason we include all these parts is to help DMs (who already have a lot to do) with the heavy lifting of item creation or explanation. Sure, you could come up with an origin for that magic hammer all your own, but we include a history, NPCs, distant geographies, conflicts, motives, and references to lost ages or great wars from ancient times that make it easy to give players a sense that the item comes from somewhere and is important without putting a lot on the DM's plate.

Additionally, you'll notice that the power level of the items in this book aren't explained in the same way they are in other magic item books or supplements—this is on purpose.

Instead of "rarity," each item in Lost Artifacts of Greyghast is given a rating for "complexity." Complexity is indicated with the following symbols at the header of each item:



SIMPLE



MODERATE



ADVANCED

All items are safe for virtually any power levels, but for those that want to meet their players' expectations and keep their games running smoothly, we suggest that **Simple** items will offer the least amount of rules and the quickest play. These are great for new players and

veterans that don't want to be bogged down in complicated mechanics and options.

Moderate items will have straightforward rules for how to use them, but do come with exceptions and sub-rules that may not be ideal for new players or casual players. We suggest that, as a rule of thumb, anyone not properly familiar with their own character's class, race, feats, etc. might not be a good candidate for a Moderately complex item. But, for those with a good footing in the rules of 5th Edition, they're perfectly fine.

Advanced items require being very familiar with the normal rules and very confident in how combat, spells, and checks work. These items often have dual purposes, unconventional trade-offs, and sometimes risks from NPCs. Advanced items may be ones that require long term investments that more seasoned players may be better equipped to judge or effects so wild that casual players might not appreciate the real risks involved.

And if you're still desperate to sort this all by recommended class level (which you don't need to do, to be sure), our best advice is to bring in Simple items between 3rd and 6th level; Moderate items between 7th and 12th; and Advanced items at 13th and higher. But understand that, for higher level characters, most of the items in this book—while they'll be fascinating and useful—might not be worth sparing an attunement slot that could be better used for a +3 sword. Food for thought.

In the end, we offer that virtually all of the items in this book should be safe for your game. We encourage you, as the DM, to interpret them as you see fit and adjust or rule accordingly to suit you and your players. We provide the item, but how it really exists in your own world? That's your choice.



CHAPTER TWO

VARIANT RULES

All of the items in *Lost Artifacts of Greyghast* are perfectly compatible with 5th Edition, they demand no special rules for Identification or use, and they are all setting-neutral.

The attunement requirements are included in the Origin section because we want to highlight that they're not a requirement of the System for those games that don't want to deal with all the fluff. You can use normal "standard rules" for attunement instead of our own special tasks and efforts and still enjoy the items.

Just taking the System section for the item, a DM or player can make full use of the fun and function of the artifact. We want to emphasize that clearly.

But, for those who are willing to slip into the warm waters at the deeper end of the pool? The additional content sections are there to give the items, as they may exist in your game, a rich context and opportunities for excellent roleplaying.



To support that, we have two Variant Rules we welcome you to adopt or adapt to your own game.

VARIANT RULE – ACTIVE IDENTIFICATION

The Active Identification system of magical artifact discovery and adoption relies on the extra sections provided for each item in this book beyond just the System mechanics.

First, all items have an Appearance. This is the normal description that should be read out upon seeing and finding the item. It takes no special check or ability for the DM to reveal the item's Appearance. Some items indicate a Perception check (Passive or Active, pending your game) that reveals a strange additional sensory experience when either handling or being close to the item.

Second, all items have an Origin. The use of the term "artifact" here in this book is different than how the term is used in official books like the *Dungeon Master's Guide*. Rather than indicating rough power-level and rarity, it represents only rarity. The items in *Lost Artifacts of Greyghast* are either all unique or very nearly so, intended to be a singular remaining magical item from a lost time or a secret group. As such, their Origin stories give details about their age, creators, journey through the world, or meaning.

After being given the Appearance, a player should get an opportunity (just one) to see if their character has ever heard of or read about the item. By thinking back through their formal and less-than-formal education and experience, a player may roll one of the Knowledge-related

Ability checks listed with the Origin of the item.

Note, if the character is not Proficient in any of the Knowledge-related Abilities listed, they may not roll. The Origin also indicated certain classes or backgrounds that grant the character advantage on the attempt.

On a success, the character gets to know the Origin of the item in full detail. The narrative or history provided may be completely true or may be the folklore that surrounds the item (a combination of truths and mystery), this is up to the DM. Regardless, the Origin reveals how the character may attune the item and whatever details the DM wishes to reveal about the System for it—either a summary of the major theme or the whole System in detail.

On a failure, the character simply doesn't know the history and Origin, nor anything of the attunement and System. They just never learned anything about it at any point in their life. It is a mystery.

STEPS OF ACTIVE IDENTIFICATION

1. Discover the item, the DM shares the Appearance
2. DM confirms which Knowledge-related Abilities are key to revealing the Origin
3. Player(s) confirm which Knowledge-related Abilities they are Proficient in
4. DM grants advantage to any Player whose character fits the profile for advantaged Class or Background based on the Origin
5. Player(s) roll against the appropriate DC listed with the Origin. On a failure, they do not know what the item is. On a success, the DM reveals the whole Origin and attunement for the item along with as much of the System mechanics as they deem relevant.

For those who failed their Knowledge-related Ability check, there may be options available to try again, but those must come with a significant change in the source of the information.

The initial roll represents everything the character knows. If they were to conduct research in a library or seek out the knowledge of a wise scholar, they may have another chance to reveal the Origin. DMs are encouraged to consider the merits of backgrounds like Sage or the resources available to Acolytes and Criminals to find the right books or scrolls that might be a key to revealing a long lost knowledge.

Active Identification does not interfere with the utility of the Identify spell, which reveals the item's System section and attunement requirements; but, the spell cannot give the Origin. That should be left to other forms of Divination or pure Knowledge checks.

Nobody needs Knowledge to get the instructions for the item's use, with that spell, but it may be a character doesn't realize that the magical pipe they use to cloud the minds and thoughts of others was created by an Archfey in the old times to sow chaos and discord in the world in preparation for their invasion of the mortal plane.

DMs are encouraged to consider the story opportunities for those that aren't sufficiently curious about why that artifact exists in the first place.

VARIANT RULE – ECHOES OF THE PAST

Each item has, swirling within it, Echoes of the Past—memories of the times it was used and the people or creatures that wielded it.

The narrative short story and the Origin that accompanies each item can be used for some flavor when high level Divination magic is used in your game or for characters connected to powerful Beings.

For spells like Legend Lore, both the narrative and Origin have ready flavor and pre-provided details you can weave into compelling visions and portents. The narrative may be an event that happened long ago in your campaign's history or far more recently (begging the question of where that encounter, death, horrific event,

or dungeon may be in your world). The Echoes of the Past, for these sorts of spells, give life to the item and are a rich bed for everything from rumors to dreams, both before they're found (lying in wait in some dungeon) and after (as the owner dreams of old lost kingdoms and their item used to slay monstrosities).

DMs should feel encouraged to expand on the Origin and narratives to fit their game world and story.

The Origin can be taken as folklore or real history, depending on the details of your own game world—after all, not being 100% true doesn't mean it isn't descriptively or poetically true (whether a person from some ancient time truly existed and did the things in the Origin or not, the stories told about them still point to the item's actual power).

Most of the items in this book share character names here and there across each other (in no particular historical order), most of the Origins have recurring events or references to prior ages.

For those characters connected to a supernal force or power like Clerics, Druids, Paladins, Warlocks, and even Sorcerers, DMs may wish to grant favor or fortune to those individuals that cross paths with a powerful artifact whose Origin intersects with the wants, fears, needs, or history of the Great Being or Force they're intertwined with. This can come in the form of Inspiration, visions of quests to follow, or even experience points.

For example, the Shudderwein—a sword that was forged to kill deities in the ancient past—may bring heightened interaction and attention from the Patrons of some Warlocks or those gods or goddesses that recognize it. A Cleric that carries Shudderwein may be given visions or divine instructions as to its destruction or use against the divine minions of a rival evil god. A Fiendish Warlock may find their devilish Patron trying to manipulate them into adventures where it might be used to strike down Celestial creatures. The Echoes of the Past in the item are apparent to class-connected NPCs and Great Powers.



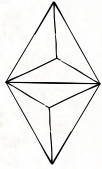
CHAPTER THREE

ARMORS & SHIELDS

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NOTES



ARMOR OF GUILF



Paulo laughed and laughed and laughed, wading through the attacks and cackling like a mad drunk the whole way. Arrows splintered to pieces off of his magnificent breastplate. His side ached from gales of guffawing as the soldiers charged him, spears at the ready. He very nearly soiled himself in glee as he saw the great loping bugbear roar in frustration at how deftly the magnificent matching shield deflected the big gob's woofing swings.

Paulo had waded into their camp an hour ago and was beside himself with joy imagining the accolades he would get from the King... and the presents... and the gifts... and

the—ahem! His was a smug satisfaction at the invulnerable splendor encasing his body, right up until his squire, Willis, started squinting quizzically at him. The look on the old, toothless man's face went from curiosity to disbelief to annoyance to determination as he walked up close, drew his rusty old knife, and put it right through Paulo's heavy steel gorget, mail, leather, and throat. As the young warrior bled out on the ground, the old thief spat.

"Lying twat."

APPEARANCE

An unfashionable, lightweight, green and pink silk scarf roughly five feet long. The material is delicate and expensive, but garishly colored.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 13, History DC 15; Advantage for Illusion School Wizards and anyone with the Charlatan background

The long-dead Gnomish kingdoms of the far North were famed for their artistry in both the Real—mechanisms and inventions that made them the dominant power of the Third Age—as

well as the Unreal. It was their broad theory and true belief that illusions were not (as most arcane scholars believe today) false things, but were the truest magic of bringing into being a thing that wasn't yet real. They believed virtually all magic, from conjuration to evocation, was just a more rote form of this practice: the imagining of a thing not real, the weaving of it into this world, and the effects playing out against the collective disbelief of that world (including the specific individuals confronted with it).

The Armor of Guile was one of their finest proofs; the armor itself is nothing so much as

a lightweight scarf that one must wrap around their midsection. Attunement requires sincere belief on the part of at least one other sentient and intelligent creature, within sight or hearing range, that the wearer can conjure magical armors.

SYSTEM

The Armor offers no protection from the elements or natural hazards and is extremely fragile (an Athletics check of 15 would be enough to rip it into pieces, destroying the item; a natural fire that does even 4 damage ruins the Armor). The Armor heals itself from such damage slowly, over 1d4 days, and cannot be the target of spells intended to hasten the process.

So long as the Armor is attuned and intact, however, any and all attack rolls against the wearer are made against an AC appropriate to the illusion the wearer chooses to employ, and any damage from direct attack rolls (not area effects nor things Saved out of) may be reduced by illusory Resistances. The more unbelievable and rare the armor imagined, the lower the DC for the Wisdom Save required to disbelieve it.

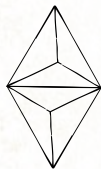
Using a Bonus Action, the wearer may create illusory armor around themselves, bound only by their imagination and the wit of those observing. Simple and common light armor starts at a DC 25 to disbelieve and looks to be of basic craftsmanship, the sort of item one would expect any cheap armorer to have. Well-crafted and more common medium armor starts at DC 20. Master-crafted and heavy armors start at DC 15.

Every Resistance added to the armor decreases the DC of the Wisdom Save by 5 and must be accompanied by an appropriate visual on the part of the wearer. The DM is encouraged to set a high bar for quality description, so Necrotic Resistance may require dark, hideous skulls for rondels while Bludgeoning Resistance might require abundant heavy underpadding. Succeeding on the Save means the creature is completely unaffected by the illusion and may act as though it isn't there; to them there is no armor, only a pale pink and green scarf (ugly at that) wrapped around the wearer's midsection.

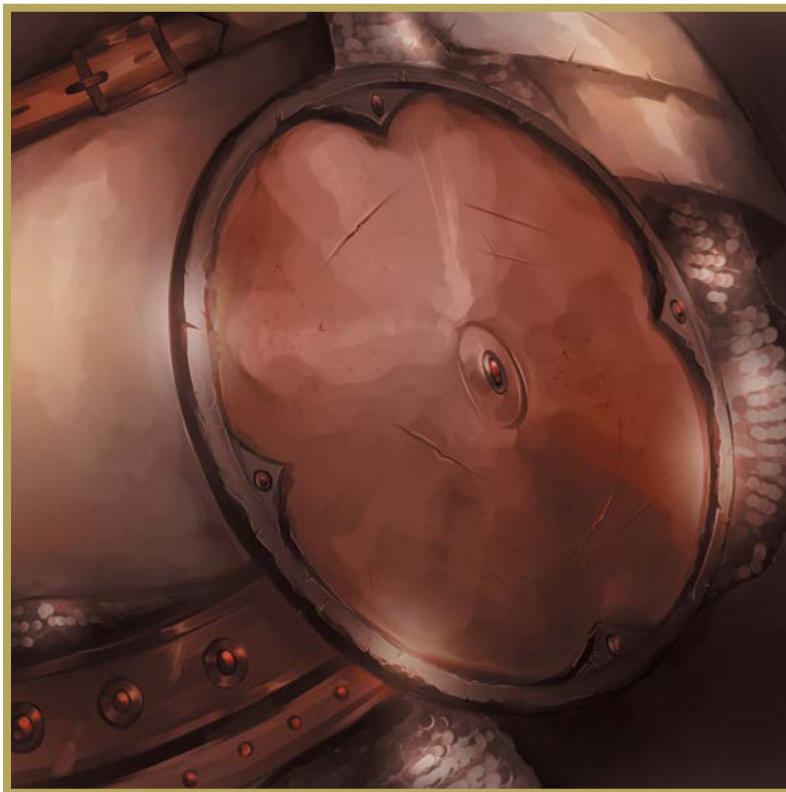
Failing on the Save means the creature not only believes it is real but will subconsciously pull their attacks and finesse their damage to the extent appropriate to the illusion. So, a cultist who fires off Necrotic blasts fails their save and believes the wearer has Necrotic damage Resisting armor on; that means they will do damage as though that Resistance were real (halving it and rounding up).

Out of combat, once per scene, a creature may have a Wisdom Save to disbelieve an illusory Armor upon first seeing it after being away from the wearer's illusion for a significant time between exposures. Constantly being in the wearer's presence means there's no chance for a new Save. Whenever the Armor is "different" or has been changed, all creatures that see it immediately get a new Save. The illusion stays even when the wearer falls or is unconscious, but fades away very slowly over the course of an hour.

NOTES



BADE OF INX



“You don’t want to do this,” Darkraven grumbled at the guards—bows drawn and gleaming, sharp points of a dozen arrows aimed with military precision at his chest.

Broadways was three paces behind the grim and—frankly—overdramatic halfling. It seemed like every time they ended up in a twist he’d start in with the mysterious and harrowed demeanor. The old paladin was convinced the man was too in love with his own reputation.

It was exhausting, in no small part due to the fact that thirty minutes ago the rogue was making fart sounds during breakfast trying to get laughs.

It was indecent. If he had it in him to hate anyone, Broadways figured, he’d come close to hating Darkraven.

He’d bet money the little thief gave himself that name, too.

As the soldiers drew their bows back another inch, Darkraven ran his finger along the edge of his buckler—small, shiny steel thing it was. Milking the suspense for everything it was worth.

APPEARANCE

A simple, round, bronze buckler eighteen inches across with a pitted and notched surface betraying hard use over some years.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 14, History DC 18; Advantage for Arcane Trickster Rogues and anyone with the Sailor background

The Bade was one of many shields created by the ancient empire of Inx, used primarily by their fighting men and women at sea. When ships would clash out in the far blue and crews of shiphands and soldiers would surge at each other, back in the age many thousands of years before proper siege weapons or ballistas, spears and axes and bows were the great threat to both boarding parties and those repelling them.

Few exist anymore, those that do being lost to sea and time, but the rare remaining ones have been a powerful tool for the quick and close killer.

Attunement requires a short rest of being shot at by, or otherwise subject to projectiles from, an expert or master of ranged weapons, learning the weight and balance of the Bade while it learns its bearer. DMs are encouraged to have a strong definition of what expert or master might mean here, as the individual should be extraordinary and may be the subject of the party seeking out such a paragon on a side-adventure.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Bade counts as a +0 magic shield. At the beginning of the bearer's turn, they may forego the normal AC bonus offered by a shield in favor of using the Bade to reflect incoming projectiles (any, so long as they come from ranged attack rolls—including magical projectiles or forces).

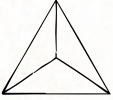
During this turn, should the bearer be the target of a ranged attack that misses, they may use their Reaction to deftly interpose the Bade and send the attack back in the direction it came from, the projectile or force strikes the surface brilliantly and bounces back at a perfect angle to return the attack.

The range limits of the attack are still counted from the original source, including the distance of the projectile or force in returning to the attacker; should the remaining range fall short, they are not struck by it (i.e. a ranged attack spell with a 60 ft. range limit and sent from 30 ft. away could be reflected back on the attacker, but if done from 40 ft. away the blast would travel 20 ft. directly at the originator before being spent).

Should the returned attack strike its original source, it does half its normal damage (rounding down) before any other modifiers are applied (like Resistances and features).

NOTES

BANEFUL PARMA



The camp was quiet, but the old paladin was not.

“You can come out. I know it’s time... I’ve been waiting.”

The moon was new and the forest dark, and had there been a fire it would have been helpless against the flowing night spilling out from the treelines. Broadways was cinching his last gauntlet, breathing even and slow while sounds—inhuman and uneven—spat and hissed and shuffled around him.

There were... twenty? Maybe more. His old campaigner’s ears knew their business, and the things in the dark were waiting. If they were autonomous, they’d either chatter or rush all together. If they were only minions of some chief evil, he’d be chiming in right about now...

“Huuuuuman... yooooooo naaaaawt weeeelcomb... naaaaawt heer...” a voice from over his left drawled out—the Night’s Tongue. He’d heard it often enough that he could place it easily. And, as he picked up his small oval shield and tapped the rim on his chestplate, the flash of light bought him two things:

A split second advantage to rush the bastard, and a moment of joy as he heard the horde scream in pain.

APPEARANCE

A small oval leather shield—not quite twenty inches long and fifteen at its widest part—with an irregular polished white stone, nearly six inches across, in the middle. Perception DC 15 notices the leathery patches on the surface are herring-bone patterns of aged humanoid skin and the stone is the top of a skull.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 14, History DC 16; Advantage for Paladins, Necromancy School Wizards and anyone with the Acolyte background

The Parma is an artifact of The Haxian, a zealous cleric who three-hundred years ago was responsible for cleansing the Ophea of the monstrous undead that dwelled there. Each patch sewn into its surface was cut from the forehead of an undead creature slain by his wrath.

In the center of the shield is the cleric's own crown, the bone dome of his skull, ivory-white and polished to a high-gloss shine.

Attunement to the shield requires the killing of a necromancer, his last moments of life leaving his body while on the shield. The Haxian was said to have done this ritualistically, strapping the dark mage down onto the shield to ensure they died squarely upon it. For this reason, as well as the oddly horrific materials of the shield, most of the faith's champions—even the most righteous and intense—find themselves unequal to bearing it.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the shield counts as a +0 magic shield and provides two boons to the bearer.

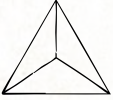
First, on any round the wielder is considered surprised, they may still roll initiative despite not being able to take a turn. After what would be their turn, they may use their Reaction to

smack the rim of the shield against a hard surface and cause a flash of pure, radiant, divine light to arc out around them. This light has the effect of causing any undead creature that hasn't yet acted to lose its turn. This divine vigilance may not allow the wielder to do anything else during that round, but the power bound to the Parma gives them at least this much of an instinctual edge. Anything both faster than and surprising the wielder will avoid this, but anything slower than they are will be affected.

Second, the wielder may perform a shield bash by taking an Action to use the shield as an improvised +0 magic weapon, doing 1d4 + Strength modifier in Bludgeoning damage (unless any features, feats, or other rules the character is able to employ allows for a shield bash with Proficiency Bonus). A successful shield bash forces Exhaustion 1 on undead creatures, if the hit is a critical hit, it forces Exhaustion 2. Note, Exhaustion does not stack, the shield bash only imposes either Exhaustion 1 or 2.

NOTES

CORWISS HEIRS



The pass is narrow. The pass is everything. Nothing may come through the pass.

The words Meilla told her were ringing in her ears, while her heart thumped in her chest. She'd been at it for a half-hour. Teller had fallen back. Stecksie was down and she shouldn't spare a moment to see if he was going to get back up.

All that mattered was the pass, and—choking it, filling it—the countless bodies and somehow less countable mass of conscripts behind them. She'd held off dozens and dozens and dozens... maybe hundreds. She'd felled many, but turned back many more. Some had fallen down the cliff, and she wondered between grunts of pain and screams of challenge if they survived.

A big one came through the line, leaping two dead things that used to be soldiers, lying on the ground in a lover's embrace; she turned his sword and then broke his jaw and still she held the pass.

APPEARANCE

The two shields are bold, curved rectangles (three feet high) of blemishless gold, bright and shining. They bear no seams, no ornamentation, but on their surface are faint shadows that seem to move this way and that. Perception DC 15 to notice that the shadows are those of children playing

ORIGIN

Religion DC 13, History DC 18; Advantage to Paladins and anyone with the Folk Hero background

During the Third Age, when the war reached the lands of Daelt ir'Corwiss—a violent storm of blades and rage and magic and fire from the South, on it's way North with no great care for

what lay between—it took his fields, his smallfolk, and his two children: Cora and Teirk.

He waited four years, until the war had died, and divested himself of all his wealth. Turning to the gods, he asked for vengeance and sacrificed everything to get it. His screams and pleading were met by a conflagration from on High. The scar in the land from where the High touched him cradled his body, and he woke to find the Heirs laying beside him.

And with them, Daelt roamed the lands of common men and women, protecting the weak from the strong and weeping for those he had long ago failed.

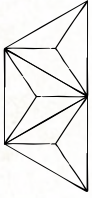
Attunement requires an oath, made to any Gods or Goddesses that may care, to protect a child from all malicious mortal harm. This act replaces the Bond for the shieldbearer to an appropriate Bond regarding the child.

SYSTEM

So long as the oath is kept, the Heirs are usable to their fullest. They count as +0 magic shields and, when strapped to each forearm, they grant the wielder the ability to use the shield bonuses for both at the same time (rather than being limited to one shield bonus). In addition, once an attack is declared against the wielder by an adjacent opponent, the shieldbearer may use their Reaction to pre-empt it and deliver their own Shield Bash with one of the Heirs (1d4 + Strength Bludgeoning damage, plus an additional amount of Radiant damage equal to the number of months one has been protecting the child up to the shieldbearer's Proficiency Bonus).

The wielder may use the Heirs (either) to Shield Bash as an attack (should they have an option to attack), but doing so means that one shield is not being used to grant the normal AC bonus until the beginning of their next turn.

NOTES



CRAY OF THE DEAD GOD



Teller started the careful process of wrapping the long strap of boaxhide around her midsection. Around, then over, then around, then over—the motions were familiar to her, as common as brushing her hair out of her eyes. It was more than a ritual, it was the only truly peaceful moment she had these days. The armies were spread out below them, this morning and every morning.

The rest of her comrades were tired, they'd spent the night in fitful watches, waiting for hell to climb the hill.

Today, the lower encampment was—-if anything—larger than the last one; they had charged up toward Teller and

her comrades yesterday, nearly succeeding in killing them all. Now? Soldiers, pink-faced and ready, were lined up to storm the earthy mound again and give them all a death long in the coming. But that wouldn't be until the horn signaled an advance and that never came before dawn.

Without worry and almost without care, Teller continued the ritual, taking her time and doing it right, wrapping herself in the protection of her clan and family and preparing herself for the blood to come.

If the Emperor wanted this hill, she'd make his very best bleed for it.

APPEARANCE

An extremely long, single piece of hide, irregular in width and ranging from a few inches to a little broader than foot here and there. Much of the surface is blackened, seared by flame here and there. Perception DC 14 notices that it is always warm to the touch.

ORIGIN

History DC 18, Arcane DC 22; Advantage for Barbarians and anyone with the Outlander background

When the cultists of the Child God came to the windswept tundra of the southlands, they were escaping persecution from the Old Empire and seeking a place to call forth the horror that stood as the center of their worship.

The Child had never touched this world directly, though its servants had murdered nations in the past in an attempt to bring that about. Generations of perverse arcane and divine ritual labored to birth the creature into our world, and if they had succeeded—had it not been for the sacrifice of nearly every living member of the Intuer Clan in fighting back the first few steps of the infant demigod into the world—there would be no living thing left today.

Lanaria of the Wild, the Clan's matriarch, fought it back through the rift in reality the cult's ritual had created to spawn the horrific thing. The Clan slaughtered every witch and warlock that night, and—from the hide of the arm that Lanaria had severed from the Child—their Sayers fashioned a ceremonial cray as a trophy to be passed on to the champions and heroes of their people for centuries to come.

None of the Inteur survive. The last of their Clan died long before even the Elvish nations had formed a civilization. The Cray has served heroes and horrors alike, ever since.

Attunement requires a deliberate, ritualistic wrapping of the leather around one's body in a ceremonial observance of one's own possible and welcomed (if the spirits demand it) death. It is only this acceptance, honestly made, of the bearer's potential demise that brings the Cray to life.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Cray grants the wearer an inconsistent, but powerful, defense against mortal harm. So long as the wearer of the Cray is otherwise unarmored and carries no shield, these benefits come into play.

The DM should deal nine cards from a conventional deck of cards to the wearer (the numbers 2 through 10). With a Reaction, taken after a successful attack and damage are rolled (but before damage is resolved), the wearer may play one card and add that number to their AC. When a card is played, it must be set aside. The value on the card is the AC bonus the Cray grants the wearer until the start of the wearer's next turn.

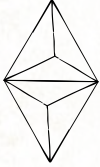
Once all of the cards have been played, the Cray must be re-wrapped to earn them all back—this requires 10 minutes of careful concentration and both hands.

The Cray provides no protection against Psychic damage, however, and must be ceremonially re-wrapped each morning before dawn in order to maintain attunement. Should the Cray become unattuned, it does not work for the possessor ever again.

Should the wearer deliver the killing blow against any creature with Legendary Actions and pass the Cray along to a worthy new champion, some of the Cray's power stays with them. Any armor they wear is considered at least +1 and magical for the rest of their life. Note, this does not add additional bonus to any armor (wearing +1 magic armor does not grant one +2 bonus) and armor with a higher magical bonus overrides this effect (+2 armor would replace the +1 magical bonus).

NOTES

HALNIFAR'S BREASTPLATE



Broadways looked up.

Hrast and his horde of flapping monstrosities soared high over him, headed right for the now tired and enraged darkgnawer. It bled a rancid ichor down its side and panted through yellow and rotted teeth, staring hate at the old paladin, catching its breath and looming enormous over the trees. With him, Meila was flying, encased in purple light, the tail of her comet streaking proudly behind her. Those two were as different as water and oil, but they charged in together.

To his left, Teller and Wyatt were sprinting for the monster. Teller's eyes were serious and dark, her greatsword held high. She cut the picture of the fury of the wild, the strength of her people, and the rage barely contained beneath. Wyatt's lanky frame bounded with her, three arrows nocked in his bow, the casual and smart grin he usually sported replaced by grim dedication.

To Broadway's right Oakley was a great and ferocious bear, bounding over rocks and fallen trees, teeth bared and a purposeful intelligence behind the eyes. His head was low, his gaze never moving from the thing. Chrimstin raced along with the bear, daggers drawn. So, he hadn't run after all... even facing certain death. Some people, Broadways mused, just surprised you.

And, as the paladin stood there, with everyone charging toward the demon, he called its name. As the thing roared back, crouched to unleash that unholy power again, the old warrior smiled. There was no better way to go out, than beside old friends.

APPEARANCE

The charcoal dark breastplate bears a large, single symbol upon it—a character in some long forgotten language that glows and pulses lightly with an irregular rhythm.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 13, History DC 19; Advantage for Paladins and anyone with the Soldier background

The stories of the great heroes and legends of the Old Empire, before the reign of the Exiles, are filled with tropes written boldly.

Clad head-to-toe in gleaming armor, Captain-General Halnifar, of the Children of the Morning, killed the Greater Lord Demon of the Skhiux, whose true name cannot be known, and cast its body into the darkness between worlds—the great echoing chasm of nothing that keeps the heavens apart. For his valor, Halnifar was raised, bodily, to serve as the hand of The Highest, guarding the fabled Great Temple of Light. His heavenly raiments replaced his earthly ones, and Halnifar took his place as a Deva of the highest order.

His armor, weapons, and the tools of his work were taken by the faith, held as sacred artifacts and spread throughout the world. Eventually, in the Purge, these artifacts were all lost.

Attunement for the breastplate requires killing a demon while wearing the armor.

SYSTEM

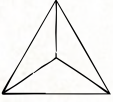
Once attuned the breastplate counts as +1 magical armor, and at the start of the wearer’s turn they may grant their Action, Bonus Action, or Reaction to an ally within earshot. This can allow that ally to have two Actions, Bonus Actions, or Reactions in their own turn as a result (as the wearer loses that action until their next turn).

In granting the additional action to an ally, the wearer must define what should be done with it. If an attack, they must verbally direct what to attack and how. If a spell, then which spell and where to cast it. If a feature or special ability, that must be called out along with the desired effect. Even Reactions must be framed as granting the action to the ally for a specific hypothetical—i.e. “If that goblin tries to run, kill it” would grant a Reaction to an ally to use for an Opportunity Attack should that goblin trigger one, or “keep your Shield ready” could grant a Reaction to an ally for casting Shield, should they need to. At minimum, the wearer should define whether the receiver of an action should use it to attack, cast a spell, move, defend, use an ability, or use it for some other clear combat purpose.

The ally does not have to use the granted action, but if they do not it is lost at the start of the wearer’s next turn. As the order must be heard by the ally, DMs are encouraged to consider the Perception challenges of different environments. Should the ally not use the action as directed, or at all, the breastplate loses the power to grant another one for 1 hour.

NOTES

HERALDIC SHIELD OF MARQUIS STASCH



Patrician Fylo von Crenum stood in the practice yard with his peers and sworn mortal enemies. The young men stood about in the very finest hose and boots and waistcoats with perfect silk blouses. Their manicured, perfumed, and oiled style dripping with the weight of money and privilege. Not a one of them knew the first thing about a real sword fight, but then... none of them much needed to, either.

As they stood, Baron ir'Dalla's son (Fylo's least favorite cousin) showed off his rapier—tempered steel embossed in gold filigree with a circle of pearl in the heart of the tapper-peak. Tasteful. Fylo was hardly jealous though, he'd seen the same weapon in a gentleman's shop at the capital last season.

Wotley (of the Haverwood Wotley's) sighed and flapped his hand, dismissing the artisan's work as he brandished his shield: a thing of elvish design, shaped like a woman's hip and elegantly flowing into rings of pure silver toward the hem, the steel enameled a bright green with emerald dust mixed in to give the whole thing a glittering shine.

Hamlin (the son of a bitch) shrugged at all the bold showing off and nodded over to Marquis Stasch's firstborn over by the fence, his heraldic shield over his shoulder in the perfect display of casual affluence and feigned disinterest.

It was stunning. Bold lines with a thick golden border—daring, challenging the eye to look away. The steel was polished to a mirror shine. Subtle. The crae of the peak was—oh, gods—was that bone? Pure bone? Glossed to a piercing shine? And it had a shadowmark. That complete cunt had a damn shadowmark...

Fylo felt woozy and nearly fainted. He found himself shamed and aroused and angry and jealous. It was perfect.

APPEARANCE

A handsome, crested steel shield with a white enameled surface and thick rolled golden edges. Perception DC 15 notices the hint of a crown in the shadows that play across the surface.

ORIGIN

History DC 14, Religion DC 19; Advantage to Clerics and anyone with the Noble background

The Marquis Chance Stasch, famously wealthy and indiscreetly ambitious about one day joining his house with the royal family in a distant kingdom to the East, was the most exquisitely defined man of his time. His line stretched back to the Old Empire, his progeny were born into levels of sovereign prestige most nobles spend a lifetime acquiring.

The goddess of coin and prosperity, one of the newer deities that appeared in the heavens during the Second Age, fell in love with him and as a token of her love, kissed his shield and promised him generations of plenty and her own protection. For centuries and through many political and national upheavals, the House of Stasch survived. Most loved and most blessed by the lady of opulence.

Gods and goddesses, however, are fickle. The House of Stasch fell, quickly and within a generation, when her eye turned to a young priest of her faith in the West. A young man who would one day spread her name to all continents, to all people, and place her name on high over an empire that spanned half the world with him as her lover and Prophet.

Few of the Marquis' prized possessions survive today. But, the heraldic shield of his family does

and it still bears some of the power of the kiss of a goddess.

One may attune to it only if one is noble blood, titled as nobility, or after participating (win or lose) in a duel with such nobility.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, however, the shield allows the bearer to use their Charisma Bonus instead of normal shield AC, given that the bearer is unarmored and wearing clothing worth at least 1000 gp. It is a dueling shield, and loses its power (and the granted AC bonus) if the wearer is obscured or unable to show off their finery.

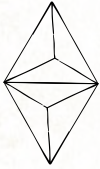
At any time, the bearer may choose to retire the shield. Doing so means it may never work for them as a magic shield again, however, a secondary effect takes hold.

So long as the shield is hung in a place of honor (visibly) on property owned legally and fully by the shield's owner, it grants the owner a faint glimmer of the blessings the lady once granted the Marquis and his lineage. After taking a rest (short or long) either within sight of the shield or in the same building or structure as it, any rolls for random treasure, gold, valuables, income from businesses, etc. in relation to the owner are made twice and they may pick the result of their choice. This lasts for a number of days equal to the owner's Proficiency Bonus.

DMs should note, this means random gold gets two rolls and the shield's owner may select the value from those two results, but also if there are treasure tables in play for items then they may select from two results as well. Such are the subtle benefits of the blessings of a goddess of coin and wealth.

NOTES

HOLLOW OF WAR



The sound was a deep well in the winter, long and empty and without life.

Raxback Will, four feet of thick muscled Clansire to the dwarves of the Bronzeway Valley, stood before several dozen chattering and fierce warriors of the tunnelers. Their claw-like hands gripping staves and clubs, waiting to pounce at the first twitch.

The sound was a crisp haunting wail, the sound of a mother mourning a child.

A few leaned back away from the stout warrior, their chiefs clacking angry sounding admonitions while the thing before them scowled and beat his shield again.

The sound was death, pure and focused, the sound of a high sky wind sweeping alone and broad through the Bronzeway, calling the end of life and the unconcern of the turning of the world.

APPEARANCE

A thick, brass shield bearing a strange cuneiform and resembling a gong as one might find in some mountain monastery. Perception DC 15 notices names in dozens of languages etched into its surface.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 17, History DC 19; Advantage to Paladins and anyone with the Hermit background

The Hollow of War is a relic from the days when the Dragonborn ascetics of the peaks shared common cause with the dwarves of the Western mountain range. Against the purges of the Empire, in the days of the line of Exile, they traded, mingled, and fought together. Even their broader theologies found places to overlap.

Several generations of cultural exchange had benefited both by the time of the Cataclysm.

The Hollow was repurposed during the Battle for Toren Stream, it sent hundreds fleeing into a red rout in terror.

One must be proficient in heavy armor to use the Hollow, due to its weight and the manner in which it manacles to one's arm. One must also have at least a Strength of 17 to wield it. Lacking either requisite leaves it largely useless.

Attunement requires adding one's name, in one's native high written language, to the surface. DMs should note the difficulty in etching magical steel and may incorporate significant challenges to accomplishing this.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the shield counts as a +1 magic shield that allows the user to beat its call with any metallic object and strike fear into one's foes.

The challenge and effect are greater depending on whether the wielder chooses to use their Action (alone), both their Action and Bonus

Action (both), or the Action and Bonus Action and Reactions (all three).

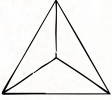
Using one's Action, beating on the shield in just the right place with a Performance check DC 10, one may force a Wisdom Save DC 10 for all creatures around them. If incorporating their Bonus Action as well, beating a haunting counter-tone to the brassy ringing sound, the DC for both the Performance check to be made and the Wisdom Save increase by 5 to 15 each. If incorporating their Reaction on top of it all to scrape a jarring scream against the metal of the shield, they increase the DCs again by 5 to 20 each.

Once which actions are being used is decided, the Performance check should be rolled. On a failure, nothing happens. On a success, all creatures that can hear (within 60 ft.) are forced to make the Wisdom Save. On a failed Save, they are Frightened for 1 minute. On a success, they are unaffected. Note the investment of actions is declared first, before any roll.

If used this way, the shield may not grant an AC bonus for that turn. Once used, the ability can be used again only after a Short Rest.

NOTES

HORNWAIL CORD



“What’s to stop us just clubbin’ that pretty face flat and tossin’ whats left into the brine, neh?” First Mate Sorka’s face was a deep rouge leather, hard-baked by decades of sun out on the open waters, and Courser had never known it to hide a lie. The old boatswain meant it. They’d kill him as easy as sinning and leave him lost at sea, just another cautionary tale for the boys at the docks that dreamed of plunder.

Still, he held onto the rigging of the shilemain, the tension in the air almost thick enough to taste. Twenty hands of all shapes and sizes, a few officers, a dead captain, and a locked captain’s chest that held the promise of easy money nobody would be looking for out here.

“You’re a piece of right dung,

Sorka,” was all Courser could think of and, rather than sound fierce, it came across as simply buying time. The old sailor laughed, deep and true, and casually motioned for one of the deckmates to walk over and bring Courser off that rail with prejudice.

Those two quick, thoughtless handwaves were enough to make the young man grin, even as the grizzled thumper unfurled his club.

APPEARANCE

A light-weight armor—made to cover the torso and hips—made from intricate and tightly braided, twisted, laced, and wrapped pieces of hard, aged brasscord rope.

ORIGIN

History DC 17, Religion DC 19; Advantage for Druids and anyone with the Outlander background

The Svimm Empire, a distant and ancient power crushed by the expansion of the Exile kings, were an unlikely power in the old world. Metal being rare in those lands, their war-criers and artisans created impossible and arcane weapons to fight their battles with. Svimm Cord Armor

was fabled to have been made using alchemical techniques that were considered forbidden by the Exiles when they conquered half the world.

The Far Walkers of Svimm (a sect of outlanders that roamed the wilds hunting for cults and conspiracies in service to the Black Spider in the days before the Bending of the Heavens) are depicted in several old texts as wearing such armor.

Attunement requires spending more than half of one's time away from other intelligent humanoids, over the course of a week. The Far Walkers were isolated wanderers and warriors, this World using them as antibodies for the infection of dark magics, and their tools cease working when exposed too long to civilization and each other. Attunement can be lost should the bearer spend more than half their time around other intelligent humanoids in any particular week.

SYSTEM

Hornwail Cord counts as +0 magic light armor, allowing 12 + Dexterity modifier for AC, and weighs 20 lbs. While attuned, however, the armor subtly affects those around it: those

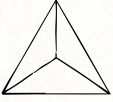
wishing to harm the wearer (in any way) find they cannot approach close while the wearer is fighting another. Once a creature makes an attack on the wearer (successful or not), all other creatures with an Intelligence of at least 4 find they cannot approach within melee range, and if they are already in melee range they take the opportunity to move away from the pair as soon as they can, if they have the ability to do so safely (they may feel they are not fleeing in fear, so much as compelled gently in their subconscious to move for an advantageous reason).

There is no Save or Resistance for this effect, such are the irresistible powers of supernal Reality. Should the creature in combat with the wearer die, fall unconscious, or otherwise flee, the effect goes away for all. Also, being affected does not prevent anyone from using ranged attacks against the wearer or using Ability checks that don't require melee range.

Constructs, Beasts, and Undead ignore this effect.

NOTES

LASSITER'S CONVICTUS



For a man his size, Broadways was fast. Always had been; it was an advantage he'd carefully cultivated for years, and times like this reminded him of how lucky he was to have been born with fast feet. He managed to cover a third of the distance between the great stone doors and the raised dais on the far side of the chapel stretch before the congregants had even noticed the clamor.

His friends stayed back, and wisely. They knew the drill. Raveller Thorpe had to be stopped, and this dark ritual with him. The sallow faces in the crowd went from surprised to annoyed to furious in moments, and the armored old paladin hurled himself up the processional. One hundred yards, maybe... keep going.

He felt the sting of some hex or curse tossed at him and still raced on. He knocked two thin-armed cultists out of the

way—hearing a satisfying “crack” as he shattered one of their jaws with his shield. Seventy yards. And another sting. Fifty. Yells. Screams. Another. The pain was intense, but still he ran on.

And as Ravell looked in bewilderment at the large metal figure barreling towards him, he croaked one word more glorious than any Broadways had heard in weeks...

“...crap.”

APPEARANCE

A set of half-plate armor, seamless and without rivet or joint, the pieces hovering loosely over and next to each other in a haunting and unearthly perfection, with a faint wind (no more than a light breeze) surrounding it silently.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 13, Arcane DC 19; Advantage to Oath of Devotion Paladins and Divination School Wizards and anyone with the Soldier background

The Convictus was found, not created.

Lassiter was the old soldier of the Lost Country, a fabled hero that walked the hills and plains and forests of that now cursed place bringing retribution and peace wherever he went. His end at the hands of the great winged death that was the Black Tyrant is a story told by old bards to somber men of righteous mien. A cautionary tale that the greatest of heroes die, that not all stories are bright.

A century after Lassiter died, it was said, a token of respect and honor was carefully placed where he had fallen so long before. Whether by gods or men, priests or sages, nobody knows who laid the armor on the ground he died on all those years past. The Convictus is, but evidently not as a part of this world at all.

Attunement requires forswearing the tides of fortune entirely: making an oath to the cosmos, and any caretaking deities or powers that govern them, that one walks an orderly path. The renunciation of Fate is no small matter to the Hosts above.

SYSTEM

Attuned, the armor counts as +0 magical half-plate. The wearer now has advantage on Saves against magic—all such Saves. The spirit of the old soldier steels them, body and soul, through the unearthly armor. All spells requiring a Save by the target, however, cause the wearer to suffer from flashes of ancient memories—of Lassiter and his crusade. When forced to make a Save against a spell, after the effects are resolved, the wearer takes 1d4 Psychic damage.

In addition, the wearer may not spend Inspiration for any reason. The only thing they can ever do with it is give it to another (represented by their giving an encouraging gesture of some kind). They may still earn Inspiration, and grant it to others in this way, but cannot spend it themselves.

NOTES

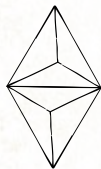


PLATE OF GAW



“I’ll give you one free hit, Peele. Make it count, because after that I’m going to come over there and twist your head around backwards,” the low rumble of Wilkerson’s voice reverberated from within the stout and unforgiving-looking armor. Most men had cowered back and away when he came to collect for the King, but there was always one fool who thought himself especially clever.

As Peele stared, questioningly, at the large man in the grey metal, he found in himself a well of courage few would have dared; clenching the long steel in his hand, he stepped and then walked and then ran, holding it overhead and bringing it crashing down on the fighter’s helmeted head.

The sound was like an axe hitting an anvil, as the sword screamed its ineffective defiance and Peele stared, terrified at what he’d just done. Not a scratch. Not rocked an inch. This, truly, must be his death. His folly.

Inside the armor, Wilkerson whispered a prayer and hoped nobody tried anything for a moment or two.

APPEARANCE

A set of full plate armor with intricate grooves along the surface in a labyrinthian pattern over each piece.

ORIGIN

History DC 14, Arcane DC 16; Advantage to Fighters and anyone with the Entertainer or Noble backgrounds

If the bawdy stories told by the drunks, and encouraged by the Bards tell any truth, then the

Duke of Gaw’s son—centuries ago when that duchy could still be found on a map—was a weak man more comfortable with a wine glass than a sword. But, intent on winning some glory by conquering their neighbors in the kingdom of Hoff (which most Sage’s agree probably was not a real place, but such are stories), the Duke tasked his sorcerers and smiths to make the most brilliantly protective suit of armor their crafts could manage.

Despite the eventual owner's unworthiness of their talents, they went to work crafting one of the most defensible war-garments in existence.

Attunement requires the taking on of a squire of at least modest birth, and the armor only works when helped into it and out of it by the squire. Should this habit be broken, the armor no longer works for the owner ever again.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the armor protects the wearer as +0 magical full plate armor and, in the event of massive amounts of damage, will alter itself to protect even more.

If (after all Saves, Resistances, Immunities, and Features) the amount of damage (from any

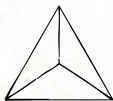
source other than Psychic and Poison) to be taken by the wearer is over twice their Class level, the armor plates thicken dramatically in response. The joints stiffen and the leather and padding swell within the suit, almost too constrictively. Reduce the amount of incoming damage by twice the wearer's Class level as the armor shrugs off the force and power behind it.

Until the armor returns to normal, the wearer is considered Grappled and is disadvantaged against being Shoved prone. The armor returns to normal at the end of the wearer's next turn, though if the attack was a Critical Hit the duration is one turn longer (ending at the conclusion of the turn after the wearer's next turn). Any damage taken while in this state is reduced in the same manner as in the initial strike.



NOTES

PLATE OF THE LOST EMPEROR



Lightning flashed over the empty leagues of hills and wastes.

Kix Boyd had spent the last four weeks wandering this desolate place, and regretted the adventure that brought him to it. Alone and wet and tired, he walked on, almost praying the storm would strike him down. At least he wouldn't have to put up with the chaffing of wet leather against his skin and could get a decent rest, then. Gods know the open grasslands aren't much for shelter and this ruin of a place didn't even grow what one could call a grass.

A fire, oh, he'd sell his firstborn (if he had one) for a decent fire. Already, his feet were numb with chilly wet.

As he made his way in the dark, in the distance an armored figure glinted with the latest crash of sky fire. Standing sentinel and quiet, Kix thought it a man until he got closer. The

hooves of his old swayback squelching the mud as they cautiously approached. Bizarre, that.

Just armor.

Who stands up a scarecrow of empty armor in the middle of—wherever this was?

From head to toe, it was a dull bronze—the color of a rich man's bathtub. And, from the top of the hill it stood on, Kix imagined he could've seen for miles around in every direction had it not been for the dark and downpour. With each flash of lightning, the patterns of wasted trees and scorched ground, rocky crags and sheared hills all seemed to orbit this one spot as though the armor were some poor soldier, given orders to stand a lonely watch over the desolation. Rumor had it that a great empire once stood here, in these dead lands. Something about a folly of heroes as well, blighting the place.

Kix didn't believe in folklore, but profit? Kix Boyd started counting the bottles of wine this thing would buy as he pulled a tarp out of his saddle-bag to get to securing the bundle.

APPEARANCE

A dark, bronze armor—seemingly hand-beaten—with small indentations over the entire surface. The style is noticeably archaic. Perception DC 15 notices a stillness and quiet that comes on around the armor when it is touched.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 17, History DC 19; Advantage for Knowledge Domain Clerics and anyone with the Noble background

The Himdan Dynasty—great emperors and empresses that ruled the lowlands to the East during the earliest days of the Dwarvish Dominion—is gone. Proud and old, their lineage refused the orders of annexation from the Dwarves for decades, defiant in their belief that their own people were not going to sacrifice their will to the strange new god the Dominion’s theocracy was centered around.

In those days, so many centuries past, the new empire had more zealotry than power and most of the nations and kingdoms in their expansionist path laughed off the threats. But, during the reign of the last of the Himdan emperors, the Dominion chose to make an example of the largest of the cities in the Eastern lowlands.

Details about how it was done, or how quickly, vary between scholars of our era. The most skeptical stories, however, still speak of giant engines of destruction raining down pestilential chaos on the hundreds of thousands of people that had not yet fled the city. And, in the aftermath of this extermination, every building and tower and wall was crushed to pebbles and dust. An erasure of a thriving port city, and the

only thing they left was the armor of the last Himdan emperor, standing alone amidst the ruination his defiance caused.

Attunement requires a vow to protect a city, made to the gods and goddesses that still hear such prayers. The vow must be honest and, while the maker need not stay there, they must dedicate their lives—so long as they have the Plate of the Lost Emperor—to its people, prosperity, protection, and governors. DMs should alter the wearer’s Bond to reflect this connection.

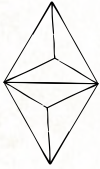
SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Plate of the Lost Emperor acts as a +0 magical full plate armor that requires a Strength score of 18 to wear properly (or else all Ability checks, Saves, and attacks are at disadvantage).

The armor spurns magical and martial power—the lament of the last Himdan ruler lives on inside of it. All spells cast by a creature within 5 ft. of the armor fail: any spell slots or points spent are not lost, nor the Action considered used, but (if caught by surprise while trying to cast near the armor) the Action they replace it with is disadvantaged. For example, a wizard may attempt to cast next to the armor—not knowing its properties—but while they would find out they cannot, they would still get to take a different Action like attacking (and that Action would be disadvantaged).

In addition, the wearer of the armor may extend this radius to 10 feet for one round, if they take no Action and no movement—letting their stillness amplify the negating effect.

NOTES



SHATTERED STANDARD OF WEX



The glade was quiet, the air still and empty. Though overgrown, and rich with life, there was something more than menacing about the way the vines coiled down from the trees. Something almost sinister about the color of the moss—not simply green, but a green that one saw and almost tasted in seeing it. The place was old, the stones, weathered as they might be, looked like pieces of broken pottery lost to the ages.

Halwayte had spent his entire adult life looking for this place, where heroes fought monsters and both fell to the dull ache of history. What injury they wrought here was healed—but healed perversely. It would be a surprise if anyone in a thousand leagues knew what it was or that it was here.

The shield lay on its side, worn and weathered, wood rotted, smelling like the green of the moss. The last thing Wex would have remembered was the sweet rotting smell, of a thing alive that should not have been, and realizing it was everything.

APPEARANCE

An old and beaten wooden shield, circular but for the large gash roughly the size of a boot on one side.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 16, Nature DC 22; Advantage for Druids, Great Old One Warlocks, and anyone with the Hermit background

In the time of Uday Vet'Verain, the high acolyte of The Listener at the Door, during his reign of terror over the lowlands—fully four thousand years before the Exile Kings—his war against the Wayfarers ended up devastating the land and bringing an unholy and unspeakable touch of the other side to this world. The result was the instant screaming death of everyone in the

surrounding countryside. Everyone, and everything. Such are the horrific powers of the Great Old Ones.

The shield of a thoroughly unremarkable casualty in that cataclysm, a youth named Wex who was the first to fall to the horror, lay in the glade that has grown around the forgotten site. The power of the Wayfarers, along with that of the Elder Thing that blighted the land and then evolved with it, fused into a shattered metaphor: the natural-and-unnatural thing that was that wooden shield.

Attunement is required for its deeper mysteries, and is achieved through an active—potentially lethal—encounter with a servant of a Great Old One or aberration in a purely natural place (not a city or a location permanently inhabited by intelligent creatures).

SYSTEM

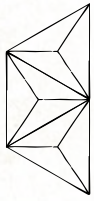
To use the item as a wooden shield requires absolutely no attunement, so long as one is proficient. If doing so, given its fractured and

broken dimensions, it offers only a +1 bonus to AC rather than the normal +2, though it does count as a magical item.

Once attuned, the shield provides the bearer with the ability to draw upon the horror of that fateful battle. They may, using their Reaction, will the shield to form the rest of itself from the swirling, chaotic energies that broke it. The cracks and gaps in the shield fill in with a hard, glowing, gold and green energy that brings the shield's AC bonus to overall +3 (2 for a full shield, +1 for magic). The shield lightly vibrates with power and maintains this state for 1 minute.

While the Standard is activated, the wielder may spend their Reaction in a given round to use the shield as protection from an incoming Necrotic or Poison attack's damage—doing so grants the bearer Resistance to such damage from that single attack, though they may repeat the process for attacks in upcoming rounds. This use is declared before the attack is rolled, after it is declared.

NOTES



SPRINGMAIL



When the dark knight put his lance through Wendel's chest, it seemed as though all the joy of the world was gone. The warrior's last desperate act was to take Wendel with him as he died. To the others, it—that terrible strike—happened almost in slow motion. There would be no great laughter ever again, this mad adventure would only haunt them all for the rest of their days.

The Prophet of Lindelwood, the Mad Walker of the Green. Wendel, what his parents named him. If anyone of them had deserved to see this out, it was him.

That's what they thought, anyway. The lot of them gathered

around his body, the knight lying dead in the rain by the clearing. They stood around as the skies soaked them, and shook their heads grimly. Paulo wept.

The druid's body started changing, rotting away before them, more quickly than should be possible—the sight of his teeth baring from drying and moldering lips a horrifying sight. His body caved in, and maggots and insects crawled out of orifices. His eyes shriveled in their sockets beneath the lids and even his bones appeared to fall apart into dirt and dust. Wendel had decomposed into nothing within moments, and daisies began to grow from where his body had fallen.

As they stood, dumbstruck and confused, they heard movement from where the knight had finally died. The four of them all spun around quickly, drawing weapons and ready for their vengeance only to find a naked Wendel, Prophet of Lindelwood, pulling off one of the knight's boots.

He stopped for a moment, rain making his usually pale skin even pastier looking... "What...? They're better than mine."

APPEARANCE

A scale mail armor made of small, flat stones—each perfect and immaculate. A maroon stripe runs diagonally across the chest. Perception DC 15 notices this stripe is dried blood.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 15, Nature DC 19; Advantage for Circle of the Land Druids and anyone with the Hermit background

The Springmail of the Farthest Reach is an artifact of the time when the Zeal Riders fought their endless war against the Principalities of the Mad and the Feyland Courts. The Wild was alive with great titanic conflict then—the Glass had shattered in the forgotten places of the world—and the Arch-Fey raced to spread their domain into our reality. Decades of blood and madness followed, the Druids of the Reach died by the hundreds. Then, as unpredictable as they had come, the Fey—one quiet morning—vanished. Whether by some great ritual, repairing the wall between our world and theirs, or some alien logic that no mortal could hope to understand, the result was the same.

The Druids that remained watched the old places, and watched them for centuries, in case the fey returned. The Springmail was only one of their fabled artifacts created during this long period, and the only one to survive the thousands of years since the last Zeal Rider passed on from this world.

Attuning to the Springmail requires burying it no deeper than a foot under loose soil and leaving it there, unguarded and unhidden, for a full turn of the moon. One cannot come within a mile of it, nor have anything come on one's behalf, for this time. The Riders of old had a much easier time of this, when the world was all wild and vast.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the mail counts as +1 scale mail (though made of stone) and weighs twice as much as normal scale mail. The first time the wearer is reduced below 0 hit points in a given day, their body begins to decompose rapidly where it lay over the course of 1d4 rounds.

The DM should roll 1d10 to determine distance (multiplying the result by 5 feet) and 1d12 to determine direction (like a clock face); at that distance, in the indicated direction, a rootball starts growing over the same time as the body is decomposing. Once the decomposition is done the rootball, now a large 5 ft. diameter weave of thick and strong vines and branches, cracks open. The owner of the Springmail comes spilling out, covered in a gelatinous slime, wearing nothing. They spend their first turn "back" Prone and Blinded, unable to take any action other than moving. If they have at least one Hit Die available, they must roll it and replenish that many hit points (as though spending one during a Short Rest); if they do not have any remaining Hit Dice, they have 1 hit point.

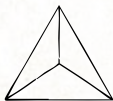
When they are reborn in this manner they have 1 Exhaustion, but regain any missing body parts, lose scars or blemishes, and remove all other conditions they were under the effects of (except the temporary Blindness and Prone, which go away after their first turn "back").

Should they reach their own remains, now rotted to dirt and dust, they may take their full turn kneeling over them in thanks and with blessings to the power of the wild. Doing so recovers half of their current maximum hit points.

Should the direction and distance for the rootball be over a chasm or hole, it forms somewhere on the side of that gap as many feet down as would measure the rest of the distance. DM's are encouraged to be creative in these situations; emerging from the ball will not ever be immediately, naturally hazardous (like falling or the like) but moving from that spot may present such hazards.

NOTES

THUNDERHAELD



Teller stared at the great, lumbering man. He'd only been with the group for a week, and already she couldn't stand him. Huge, ugly axe on his back and a feathered leather shield over it, scraggly-haired and thick-bearded—he was everything her tribe hated. When the people of the Reaches and High Places come to the kingdoms, most take them for brutes and illiterate savages, and Brau was why. He was crude, filthy, and little more than an animal most of the time.

No self-respect there, she rolled her eyes at the lazy way he scratched himself while they walked on. Here, truly, was a savage. May the Mountain Gods and the Death Bear eat his whole clan.

To her surprise, the skies cackled and rumbled, and a soft rain began falling on them. Groans of dismay from the rest rose above the whish of the summer storm. Oh, yes, boots would get soaked. But from

Brau there was only a belly laugh as he stripped his vest off and ran about catching the rain in his mouth, greasy hair plastered to his head. He howled something into the sky, with a grin on his face, and gave Teller a wink.

APPEARANCE

A beaten, leather-covered shield of a very irregular and asymmetrical shape, with eight crooked sides of different lengths and large eagle feathers along one side.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 18, Nature DC 23; Advantage to Path of Totem Warrior Barbarians and Druids and anyone with the Sailor background

In the oldest time, the time before the true First Age, the gods and goddesses had not yet carved

up the world and argued about who would rule what. Some fought bitterly over the domains of war or longevity, some over who would be loved by the mages, some wanted to lord over the turning of civilizations. Grandfather Thunder only wanted to rule the clouds and the rains, and in the bargaining over the great things the rest let him have his want in favor of his support of their machinations.

In the end, they laughed. For what is the rain when one rules War? Grandfather Thunder only said, "All armies must march, and it is I that will have say over how far, how fast, and if they will reach battle at all." And Grandfather whispered the story of that happening through the winds and distant storms to his first follower, a clansire of a tribe lost to memory and time. That clansire went on to create the Thunderhaeld ("haeld" meaning "shield" in that old tongue of the high places), to mark the day he was touched by his god.

That story, in its many variations, can be found in the barbarian clans and goblin tribes of the high mountains of the North.

Attunement requires a pledge to the Great Spirit of Grandfather Thunder that one will bring the haeld to a worthy successor, made during the height of his fury (in the middle of a storm, when he is closest to the world). It is a promise, with all the consequences of invoking the name of a sleeping god, to not let the haeld fall out of history, but to always find it a worthy bearer when one can no longer carry it.

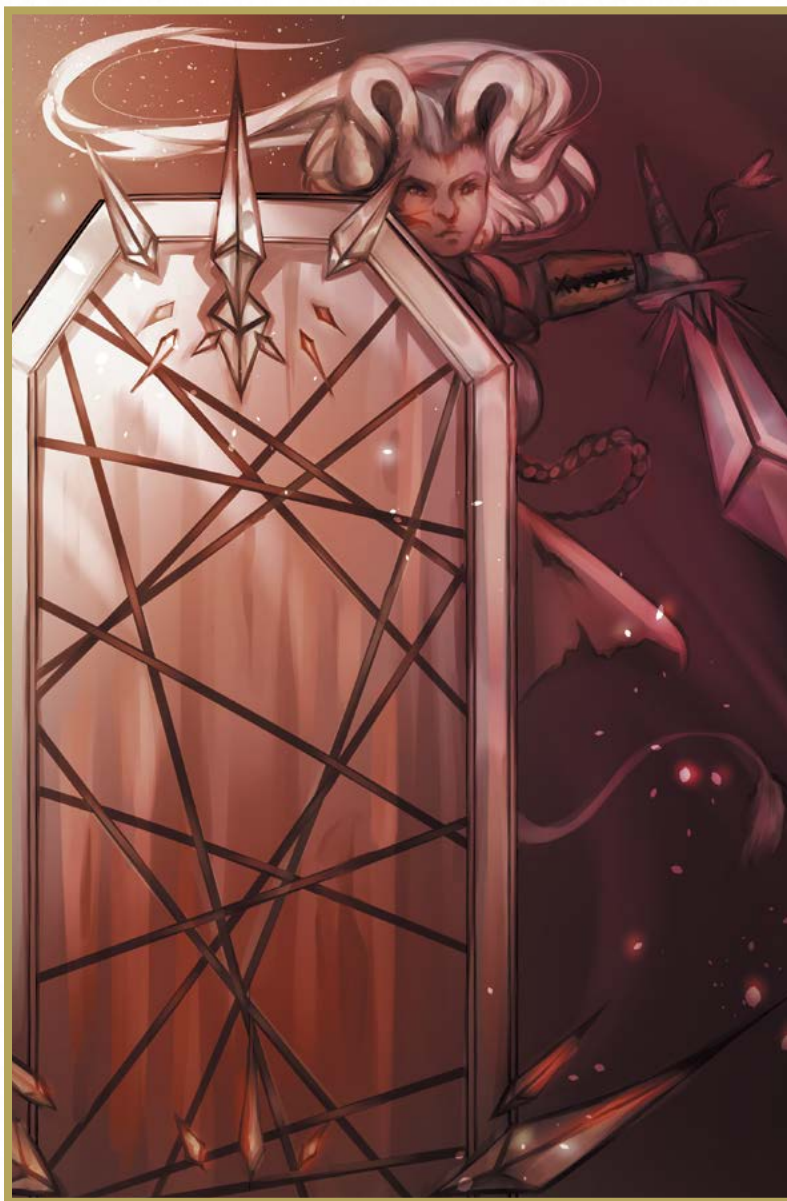
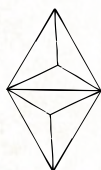
SYSTEM

Once attuned, the bearer may treat the haeld as a +0 magical shield that offers them a choice to either "stand tall against the storm" (gain Resistance to Cold, Lightning, and Thunder damage) or "find solace in the storm" (natural rain from high clouds heals 5 hp at the start of every turn, if standing in it wholly; being struck by natural lightning from a storm cloud cures Disease, Poison, any Petrification, Curse, or Exhaustion). The decision is made when the winds or rain of a storm first come.

If one does not give the haeld to a worthy successor when one knowingly crosses paths with them, they may earn the wrath of Grandfather Thunder (and be harassed and cursed until they find that person and give them the haeld).

NOTES

WIDDERSTAD'S PAVISIS



“Try again you ugly, thrice-blind, wankers!” Dirty Vronn shouted down the hill at the fast approaching hobgoblins. They kept a tight formation, their heavy shields effortlessly deflecting Windsong’s arrows as she dropped them down on their heads.

“Dennis, we should fall back,” the elf cautioned. She was the cautious type. Also tall. Too tall, really. And she called him Dennis, and he hated that.

“You don’t bring a knife to a swordfight, Winnie,” the gnome was beside himself in glee as he fired another bolt and punched an angry hole through one of those hob shields with it—the faint sound of a bastard catching it in the chest was satisfying.

And, then, smooth as water, he slid back behind his shield, muttered a word, and rolled back around the other side, crossbow reloaded and maniacally exuberant.

“I got more for you right here!” he screamed down the hill, “Bastards!”

APPEARANCE

A four-foot high shield, criss-crossed on its dark, polished oaken surface with strands of various kinds and widths of metal in a curiously chaotic fashion. The bottom of the shield has two cross braced rails, allowing it to stand on it’s own.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 15, History DC 18; Advantage for Illusion School Wizards and anyone with the Soldier background

The pavisis was one of the single most devastating inventions during the time of the first Great War, after the reign of Malleus Exile I. The Gnomish clans and artificers came together to

take all they learned of siegecraft, battle from countless skirmishes, and conflicts between other people and nations and distilled that knowledge down into some of the most definitive scholarly essays on the next thousand years of military technology.

Attunement requires reading a book (even a basic primer) on Gnomish siege warfare or stories of great Gnomish battles. Doing so requires several hours with the appropriate tomes.

SYSTEM

Being a standing shield, it does not need to be wielded to gain its benefits. It provides mobile cover all by itself (Light, +2) but takes one Action to deploy or pack back up.

Once attuned, however, its true power becomes evident and one finds it easy to understand how

the Gnomes of the old kingdoms fought off the encroaching Empire of their age. As a Bonus Action, the shield-bearer (once it is deployed) may use it to automatically reload a ranged weapon they are holding. The arrow or bolt, however, is illusory in nature. The bearer must not move more than 5 ft. away from the pavisis after it is deployed or it will need to be re-attuned before it can be used this way again.

Each shot taken with illusory ammunition has a chance of failing to completely materialize in the minds of those watching. Should the damage rolled be minimal (the lowest damage possible for that weapon, usually just a 1 on the dice) then everyone witnessing it (those conscious, and active, even if not paying direct attention) is considered to have Resistance to any further illusory ammunition for 1 minute.

NOTES

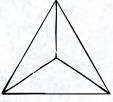
CHAPTER FOUR

CLOAKS, CLOTHES, & ROBES

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NOTES



BILLOWING CLOAK OF FATHER WIND



The lions were released and skulked across the sand at him. Thumping. Prowling. Snarling. Stalking. The stranger only walked towards them. The crowd murmured, a great grumble of knowing. They'd seen this show before.

As the first great cat bounded once, twice, and then leapt at the stranger it turned in the air and slammed onto its side—squawking and wild-eyed. The beast clawed the air and had difficulty finding its feet as the stranger plunged a casual knife into its neck, smooth and silent.

The other two raced in, intent on tripping the man-thing down. But as they approached they were shunted right and then left, chaotically. They clawed, they missed. They roared and the sounds were muffled under the din of the wind now howling about the arena.

The stranger looked up to the stands, and the crowd went wild... spinning the dagger in his hand, he looked back down at the fearsome things trying to murder him. His eyes went wild and his hands dropped their weapons. His fingers clawed at his throat, he stumbled—first right and then left—and fell... eyes bloodshot... turning blue...

Hours later, the servants were throwing buckets of water on the blood-soaked earth and picking up pieces of the now very dead young hero. Into the pile the bloody beige cloak went along with some decent leather pants and a boot from another fight. Lord Ahnash would have them cleaned and given away to the poor, as all the clothes of the fallen were.

APPEARANCE

A heavy beige cloak with a dark blue stain across it. Perception DC 13 notices that the stain is the enormous blood spatter of some inhuman creature.

ORIGIN

History DC 21, Arcane DC 24; Advantage for Way of the Elements Monks and Nature Domain Clerics

It was hatred that ended the Empire of the Skylord, back when the Arch-Elementals still fought their eons-long wars and played their cosmos-spanning games of intrigue. The irreconcilable differences between the Primordial Elementals and the gods and goddesses of the world they were creating led to jealousy and anger and spite and, eventually, pure loathing.

And when the then-young deity, the Mother of Earth, kidnapped the children of the Arch-Elemental Skylord of the Winds, and bound them to serve the mortals of the soon-to-be world, the Creation War began and lasted for a small eternity. The world we have is not the world that was meant, and the sorrowful artifact of the Billowing Cloak of Father Wind is one of the last remnants of the proto-world that was before.

Attunement requires breathing the cool, high winds that chase each other amongst the peaks of the mountains.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the cloak imposes disadvantage on any non-magical ranged attacks against the wearer, as the immediate few feet around them are filled with swiftly blowing but silent winds.

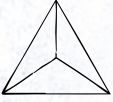
In addition, the wearer may will the bound winds to do their bidding, though at some risk to themselves; every time the winds are called to do anything the resulting air pressure changes, pockets of vacuum, and seething psychic rage of the elementals imposes Exhaustion.

By using their Reaction, the wearer may take 1 Exhaustion to have the winds interrupt a creature's turn at any point and impose a Shove on them (the winds are considered to have an Athletics bonus equal to the wearer's Proficiency Bonus and are always advantaged). The attempt causes the Exhaustion, whether it succeeds or not.

When making a melee attack, the wearer may take 1 Exhaustion to have the winds add force and speed to the strike. This advantages the Attack roll and adds 1d6 Force damage.

NOTES

BLISTERKRAU SHROUD



“I do not love you, Quix. I don’t even hate you. I regard you in the same way I regard the paper on which I scribble my careful messages or the base metal I forge into something of use. You are mortal, which means you’re one of millions times millions of pestilential, short-lived things in the world and all others that I may use for a larger purpose but have no time to fret about if not.

“Should I tell you my purpose? Again? I’ve told you before, of course. Your mind cannot hold its grandeur, and naturally burns itself free of the knowledge each time. You used to speak clearly, that stutter is a sign you’re slipping more. Your soul cannot handle the burden of my majesty. But, because it makes me laugh and happy, I’ll tell you again.

“Sshhhhh, careful boy, shhhh. No crying yet. I haven’t even started. You’ll need to steel yourself, you always scream at the end...”

APPEARANCE

A pink and white robe, made with some fine and light material, and sized for someone with a slight frame.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 17, Religion DC 19; Advantage for Fiendish Warlocks and anyone with the Sage background

The wars of mortals are won with diplomacy, bargaining, and some military force—the fool thinks it requires only the last. Great rebellions have overthrown powerful entrenched authorities only to themselves fracture and dissolve for

lack of a solid web of support built by friendships, allies, and the careful sale of power, prestige, and resources to enemies. Paper wins wars, as they say in the old country.

In the vast expanse of the planar hells, it is no different. The Fiends have brokered the Great War for eons, serving no side while facilitating treaties, exchanges, and accords. The Blisterkrau, a Fiend of the Eighth Gate who brokered the exchange of the Lands of Inx to the Lost Powers, took his reward and turned his eye toward the ruination of another sort. His warlocks have worked, both knowingly and unwittingly, for millennia towards this new end. His Shroud has been passed from cult to cult, from Warlock to Warlock, and grants its bearer a part to play in the great plan.

Attunement requires the overthrow of a legitimate government or institution of authority--this may be in the form of the disgraceful ousting of a mayor, the bankrupting of a town's

administration, the institution of a different form of rulership, the ruination of a governing authority, etc. It can be a large scale chaos (as in a great city), or a very small one (as in a remote and tiny village or tribe).

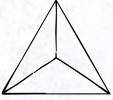
SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Shroud grants the wearer a Fiendish Inspiration dice. Complementary to one's own Inspiration—which can be used to grant advantage one's own roll—the Fiendish Inspiration may be spent after an Action is declared but before it is rolled, but only to disadvantage someone else's roll. The wearer can only store 1 Fiendish Inspiration at a time and regains it only by turning down Inspiration offered by the DM.

Note, the DM must grant the player Inspiration and that player may turn it down to gain a Fiendish Inspiration. Of course, once an Inspiration is so corrupted and stored, they may keep the next Inspiration gained as normal.

NOTES

BLUEHORN CLOAK



He'd come a long way, and the hulking things he followed no more registered his presence as out of the ordinary than they would their own. They grumbled about the weather, about the low quality of the weapons they'd been given by their commander. They bristled about something (another soldier?) doing something (it sounded like a bad bargain?) the week before with some group (who knows?). They were, though monstrous and hideous, like any common warriors in any army. Concerned with wet boots and boredom, hoping to go home, talking about husbands and wives.

But Reinhardt had to follow them, had to find their leaders and then follow those leaders, and on and on up the chain to

the real authorities. The war had gone on so long. Too long. He'd been skulking after goblins and bugbears and ogres and worse for months. Learning. Thinking. Waiting for the right time to strike the head off of this whole evil empire.

APPEARANCE

A deep and dark blue heavy cloak. Perception DC 15 notices the garment has no seams at all.

ORIGIN

History DC 16, Religion DC 18; Advantage for Battlemaster Fighters and anyone with the Sage background

When the Great Powers fell in the First Age, pieces of them were cast to the winds and carried off into the world: a hair from the head of the Golden Lady would resurface in many hundreds of thousands of years as a rope of pure radiant light, used by a great hero; a fragment

of the Unseen Vocker's last angry gasp becomes the quintessential foundation for a common spell conjuring fire; and on, and on.

A piece of the Lord of Skies' great cloak, a pure and brilliant blue scrap of unearthly cloth, lay dormant for eons until found by Gnomish adventurers in the Third Age. Passed down through generations—worked by Gnomish magewright apprentices that stumbled across it in a storeroom—it became a finely draping princely cloak to present as a gift to the King on his son's Becoming Day, in the times of the Old Empire of the Fifth Age. From there it was lost

to time, only to be found by grave robbers in the far East and traded away as frippery.

The Bluehorn Cloak can be attuned only by a soldier, and only one who has fought in a war. Anyone with the Soldier background, or experience in formal martial conflict between nations, may attune it with a night's rest by sleeping on top of it. While sleeping they will see visions of the Great War of the Powers in the First Age in their dreams—a violent and bloody clash of Metaphor and Dimension and Plane and Hosts long forgotten.

SYSTEM

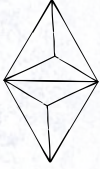
Upon attunement, the cloak itself is impermeable to nearly all forms of damage. The wearer, in normal course, is considered to have Light Cover, though anything ignoring cover ignores this bonus. Should the wearer use a free hand to grab the hem of the cloak and raise it as a shield, or draw it around themselves as if for protection, they may take advantage of Heavy Cover; however, doing this will also cost them the use

of their Reaction for the turn as they are peeking from behind the cloak and somewhat wrapped up in it. Bludgeoning and Psychic damage will ignore these bonuses entirely.

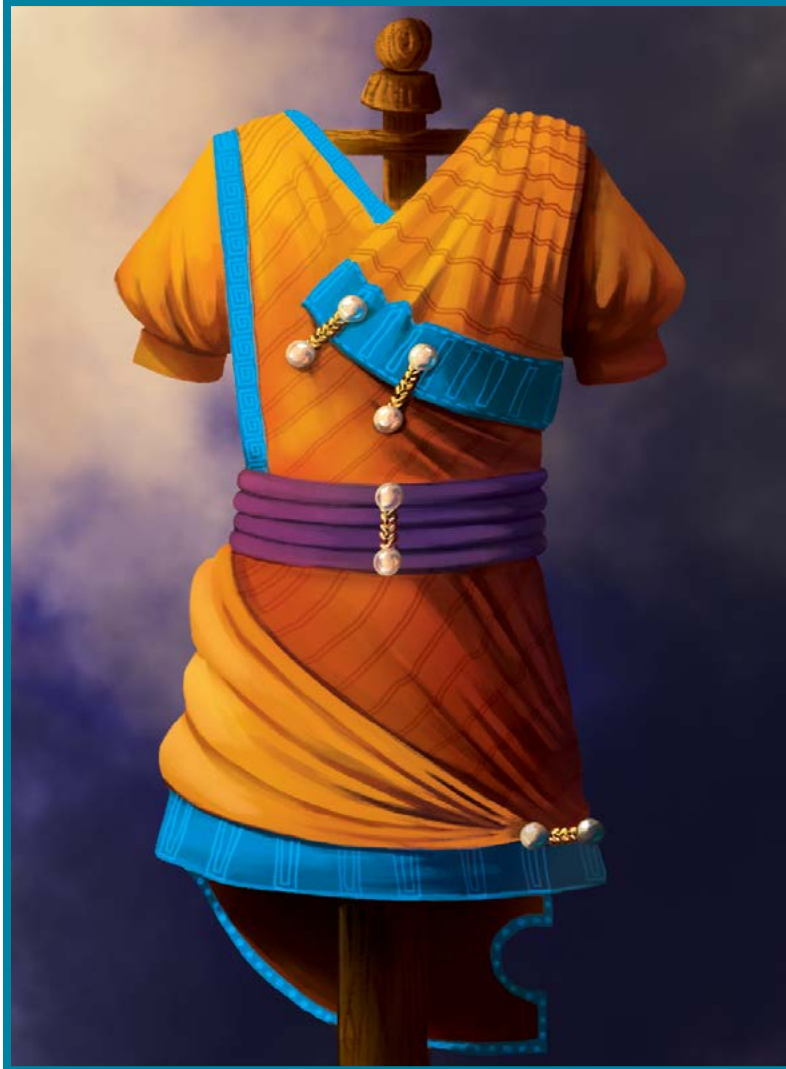
The wearer may also, with both hands, draw the cloak tightly around themselves and—at the cost of their Bonus Action, keeping in mind that they will have sacrificed any Reaction for the round, just as the Heavy Cover example—may crouch and huddle within it for Total Cover. While wrapped up in the cloak for Total Cover they are immune to all damage types except Bludgeoning and Psychic and are disadvantaged regarding non-attack activities against them like Grapples or Shoves.

To unwrap and uncover one's self takes 5 ft. of movement (representing the wearer rising from their deeply crouched position while keeping their balance). Also, given the brilliant color of the cloak, individuals or creatures with line of sight are advantaged against a wearer attempting Stealth.

NOTES



CLAN TARSAINN



Unfurling the woolly over-wrap delicately, Teller breathed deeply, her chest rising and falling three times in careful rhythmic patience. The war would begin tomorrow, the blood and the battle, the maimed and dying. She would be responsible for many of them; children would hate her, and wives and husbands would years later recall the spectre of death that took their loved one. That spectre having a long braid of blonde hair and a howling fury in her eyes.

The garment was precious to her, she supposed as she ran a hand along the bright blue edge. She remembered wearing it during the Long War, and during the Purge. She hated it, and loved it. It was the purest essence of her responsibility in this world. To be the hero her people demanded, and to carry the burden of the bodies that heroism made.

As she wrapped it around her midsection and over her shoulder, she prepared the day's events in her mind. Talk first—bargains, promises. Brodie and the others were counting on her for this. Then, when the deals were made, battle. But here, at least, was her chance to save a few before then.

APPEARANCE

A greyish, woolen short robe, with several cords of similarly greyish wool apparently used as ties.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 15, History DC 19; Advantage for Barbarians and anyone with the Outlander background

Every tribe and clan of the far South, and the high places in the West, has a Tarsainn: a ceremonial garment of wool worn loosely as though

a toga or short robe. In the second age, when magic poured itself into the world through the holes and sieves of a fracturing cosmos, these ritualistic trophies were infused with the great spirits of their wearers and became not just the ritualistic clothing of their honored warriors, but the embodiment of the history and destiny of the whole tribe.

Woven into the fabric of each is a thread of destiny itself, from the Plane of All Futures.

Attunement to the Tarsainn requires joining the ranks of the tribe's honored. Birthright means little, which means that, if the elders of the tribe that owns that Tarsainn accept the wearer as one of their sacred protectors, the garment will become flush with its power.

SYSTEM

Two things happen upon attunement:

First, the wearer gains advantage on social interaction rolls (Persuasion, Insight, etc. or otherwise noted by the DM) with any creature

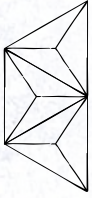
that has a class level in Barbarian, has a Savage Attack, is orc-blooded, or worships ancestors, spirits, or totems. The garment simply commands the respect of those who, even if only in their soul, understand it.

Second, once per Short Rest the wearer may use the result of the most recent d20 roll in a combat (regardless who rolled it or what it was rolled for, so long as it was "official") on their very next Action, Bonus Action, or Reaction (whichever comes first). For example, if the last attack the monster rolled was a 17 on their d20 (and the wearer's turn is next) the first Action, Bonus Action, Reaction the wearer takes may use that 17 in lieu of rolling. This does mean—however unlikely—that if the wearer rolls a 20 on an attack, has not expended their "once per day" use of this ability, and gets another attack for any reason, they may elect to re-use their own 20.

The strands of fate are subtle, but ever present.

NOTES

CLOAK OF THE ELDEST



The mire is all mind.

The ocean is vast.

The universe wide.

*The brain-think-breath-pulse-
things breed and fall apart.*

*The master of all blesses his
truest.*

The drip is forever.

The acidic moist is truest.

The mire is all mind.

*Warmth and cold and hard and
soft.*

The mire is all mind.

APPEARANCE

A swirling, multi-shade grey cloak with a shiny and wet look to it.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, Nature DC 23; Advantage to Warlocks, Circle of the Moon Druids, and anyone with the Hermit background

There are things that darkle and tinct on the other side of the wards and walls that guard this Reality from the Great Powers that lost the Creation War. When the gods and goddesses we know ended the life of the last Fiend and Outsider, they erected great barriers to keep their kind out; these barriers, however, have cracks and crevices that are endlessly probed in the Vast Dark.

Sometimes, a trickle of power works its way through in the form of the Patronage some grant mortals. Even more rarely, though, a piece of that

other side is pushed through a seam in the Universe and falls into this world. The Eldest—perhaps the oldest of all the Great Powers, and most alien—slowly dripped a creature into the world, over eons untold. Drip by drip, drops separated by ice ages of time. And, when enough had seeped through, it was taken up by a cult that worshipped the Eldest through an aspect of Its True Being—that of an ooze-like god.

The liquid creature lived at the center of a century of ritual and craftsmanship, the cult eventually turning it into the Cloak of the Eldest, granting their most honored the chance to join the great ocean of Primordial purity and master death itself. The Cloak was last seen before the Purge, before the Old Empire banned magical artifacts and burned witches that hoarded them.

Attunement requires the ability to speak to the Cloak in Primordial and give respect to the Great Old One that birthed it into this Reality.

SYSTEM

The wearer, once attuned, is blessed to survive their own death through a harrowing transformation the Cloak forces upon them.

Should the wearer drop below 0 hp, for any reason, roll 1d4 and consult the table of changes:

1D4	DESCRIPTION
1	Wearer turns into a Black Pudding
2	Wearer turns into a Gray Ooze
3	Wearer turns into an Ochre Jelly
4	Wearer chooses which ooze to turn into, roll again as they become more than one ooze

So long as the roll keeps turning up 4, the wearer turns into more and more oozes. Keep rolling until no more 4's are rolled.

This gives a bizarre opportunity to turn into several creatures. All oozes that are the wearer have the stats of those oozes from the Monster Manual along with documented abilities and limitations. Due to the low Intelligence of oozes, it is hard for the wearer to remember they are a person, and not be lost in the swimming and dark fluid thoughts of an ooze. It is easy to forget one's self.

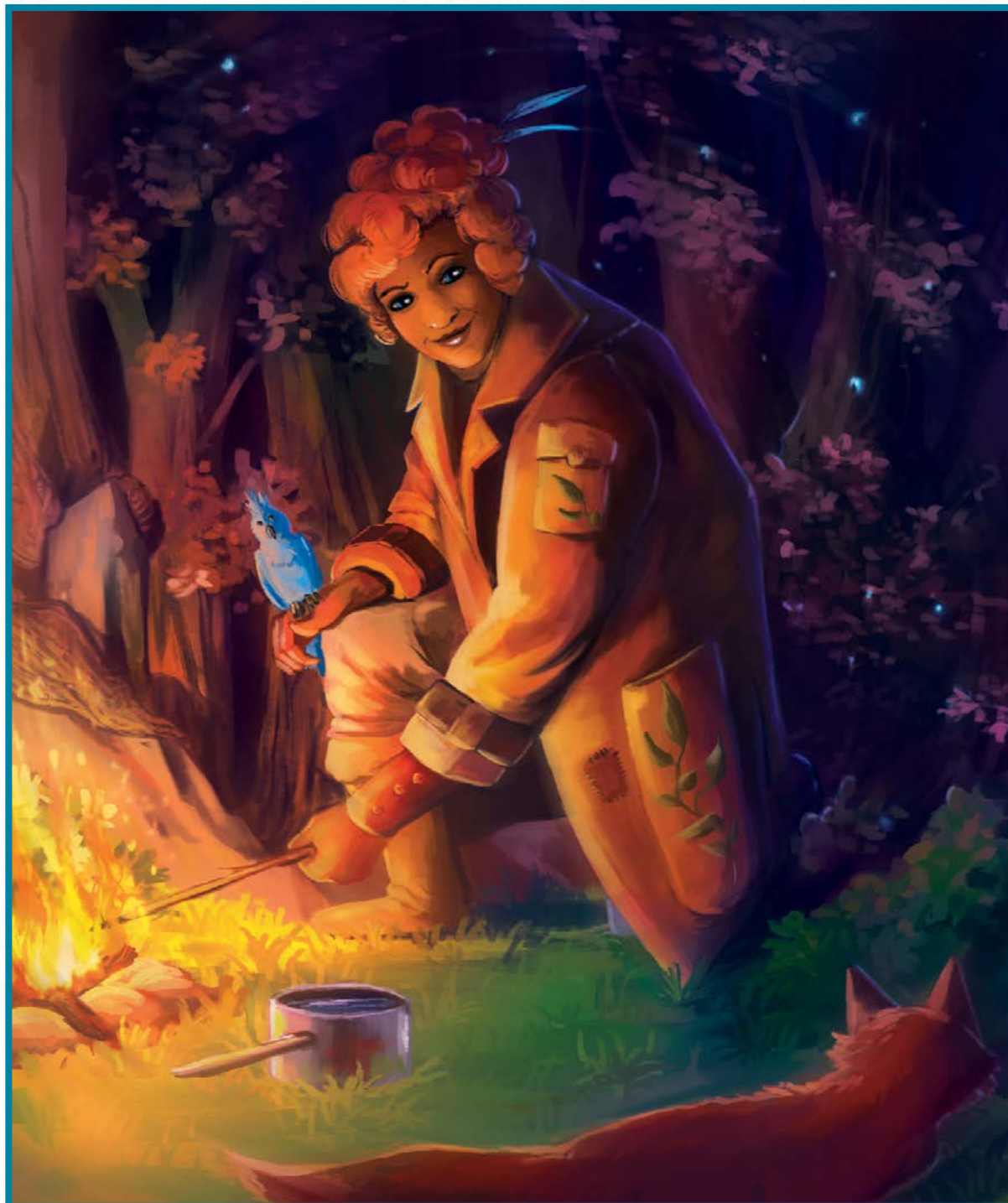
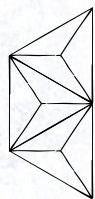
At the start of their next turn, and the beginning of each of their turns, the wearer must roll an Intelligence Save DC 10. On a success, they remember who they are for the moment and may direct the ooze or oozes' actions (as they all occupy the same space to start, they must at least move to occupy their own spaces on the first turn). On a failure, the wearer is lost in The Mire—the subtle mind of the Eldest, grandfather of all oozes. The DM is encouraged to have the oozes act in accordance with their own nature for that turn. The wearer may assert their control instead of rolling their Save by spending 1 Inspiration, but this must be done before the roll.

The only way to turn back is with the destruction of the ooze or oozes the wearer turned into. Even self-destruction will cause this, should the wearer be able to take enough control to do so. Upon the last ooze being destroyed, the wearer is born screaming mournfully from the muck with only 1 hp; the wearer may elect to spend 1 Hit Dice at that time (should they have one unspent) and roll for additional starting hp. They are covered in vile oily substances, vomiting onto the ground while crouched on their hands and knees.

The Cloak's abilities may be used once per day, recharging its connection with the great beyond at midnight.

NOTES

COAT OF THE VAGABOND



“Stranger,” Father Brickell’s voice broke the silence, “a gift for you.” The old devout offered the man a freshly baked pot pie.

The man rose, slapping dirt off of his hands—planting the last of the saplings had left him smelling of rich earth and a hard day’s work.

“Thank you, Father. I greatly appreciate it.”

Both of them laughed nervously, each remembering in his own way how they’d met. The man took the pie and tucked it away inside his coat. The awkward silence continued for a heartbeat, and then another; Brickell broke the silence.

“I— I apologize, sir. I was untoward and afraid when we first...”

The man waved his hand. “Apologies are unnecessary, Father. I arrived during a wrong time. I understand how it can seem... well, a stranger from afar, a lingering curse plaguing your village. I’ve— Well, let’s just say I’ve dealt with the like before. I’m just glad I was able to help.”

From the porch of the old priest’s bare but well-kept temple house, the two surveyed the village; the building itself stood firm, as did the local tavern. The rest? Well, the rest would take time and work. The only cure for these things, after the cancer is cut away—time and maybe years of work.

“Good for that,” replied Brickell, “You know, that pot pie was made by Miss Jessica, she’s quite fond of you; even before you were exonerated, she defended you ardently. I’ve no idea why she’s turned so shy all of a sudden.”

The man allowed himself to look over to the tavern. He saw her standing there, trying not to stare back, her golden hair flowing down upon soft shoulders. He allowed himself a moment to dream... her head resting upon his chest... a ring... a home... a child... a primeval forest sickeningly perverted with the acrid odor of 100 burning sacrifices set to summon a Gate Crasher to bring horror and death... He stopped dreaming and returned to the now.

Three hours later, countless leagues away from Father Brickell and Jessica, the Vagabond finished his pot pie, snapped sparks from his fingers, and entered a primeval forest.

APPEARANCE

A long, weathered coat with two deep pockets in the front. Perception DC 15 notices that the color of the coat shifts depending on the environment and the time of day. Perception DC 17 notices a faint and ever-present smell of ozone permeates the air around it.

ORIGIN

History DC 19, Arcane DC 19; Advantage to College of Lore Bards and anyone with the Folk Hero background

In the Third Age, hundreds of years gone, the theurgists of all of the great civilizations gathered in conclave. Neither before nor since has

there been such a meet, where those that guide the course of mortal nations and cities would send their wise and learned to congregate and consider the course of history.

Guided by the desire for common understanding—and defense—in a world increasingly hostile to magic, these theurgists created powerful arcane wonders to safeguard order, and established a secret cabal of the wise and devoted to watch over the rise and fall of nations. Their mandate was written on the stars, their oaths given to the concert of heavens, and those Great Powers that stood against the chaos and rage of a world in anarchy.

Their original name was a closely guarded secret amongst the theurgists, their existence largely unknown beyond that conclave, but stories would crop up from time to time of their travels and deeds—the only name ever attributed to them was “the Vagabonds”.

Those stories hint that they come out of seemingly nowhere to quell border skirmishes or stem the tide of disasters. Some tales have them turning away horrors that tried to claw their way into our world from far flung hells or saving lost wayfarers in the wilderness.

What became of the Vagabonds is unknown. There are some credible stories that such people

still exist, descendants of the original compact, while less credible stories exist that say some of the Vagabonds learned to escape death and wander mortal lands still. The only treatise on them, in the possession of a College of Lore, was written by a rural harvest priest in the West and tells a story of a stranger that came through during a time of blight and famine claiming to be the last Vagabond before vanishing in the night, never to be seen again.

Attunement requires taking up the mandates of the compact, made so long ago. After donning the coat for one day, the wearer begins to have visions of past, present, and future cataclysms.



These visions come during times of calm, when resting or sleeping, and do not stop. Some visions may be of terrible battles, easily recognizable as historical events, but some depict destruction or tragedy that have clearly not yet happened like the destruction of villages known to be fine today. The visions interrupt any rest and one cannot get the benefits of a rest while they happen.

The visions only stop when the wearer agrees to become a Vagabond or removes the coat.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the visions stop invading the mind of the wearer so intensely and often, though they still occasionally dream of these things. These dreams do not interrupt or interfere with the benefits gained from resting, and may come during any rest—Short or Long.

The Coat grants the wearer the effects of Comprehend Language and serves as a minor Bag of Holding, with roughly half the space of a normal one. There is space comparable to a large backpack or moderate size trunk.

In addition, the Coat grants Advantage on any Saves to resist or survive the effects of natural environments and exposure to natural weather. This includes freezing or blistering temperatures, parching dry wastes or sweltering humidity, and any natural climate or conditions related to them.

The dreams the wearer has become focused, and are always of things soon to come to pass—glimpses of a future horror or disaster whose certainty in the skeins of Fate is not yet certain. These dreams come inconsistently but, after having one, the wearer may choose (after the rest is complete) to teleport themselves and a number of other creatures to or in the direction of the vision's location.

If the wearer chooses not to teleport they may or may not have another vision, but can only teleport immediately after one—while the dream is still strong in their mind. The teleportation takes the individual or group to where they must be, which may be the middle of a catastrophe or somewhere nearby. The magic that governs the ultimate destination always brings the Vagabond to where they must be, at that time, even if it isn't where the wearer thinks they should. Not all roads are straight. Note that while the visions and dreams are intense, they are not dependent on being unconscious—it is possible to move and speak while having them, though anything strenuous would break the mild trance.

The magic that the Coat draws from, and the compact that allowed its creation, are more fragile now than in eras past. A failure to heed the dreams too often risks the Coat unattuning and possibly losing the last of the wondrous power it was created with.

NOTES

DILANSUITE REGALIA



Viscount Echeleon II, in splendid form and fashion, swirled gracefully around the ballroom, flitting one way and then another. Parting and returning, twirling his partner so closely one could swoon at the daring flourish, he stamped a backturn and paced away with such bravado that it was like watching a play in three acts.

All the very best people were here, the birthday of a Peer was a time of careful courtly gamesmanship and everyone who was anyone was playing. Baroness Troot and her husband, well didn't you hear about the new commission he bought for their son? The entire Horwale family were present, with their signature emerald brooches, and of course they had a son who was of an age to wed...

Echelon gripped his partner's waist and bent him back to the floor, dipping low enough for the young man's hair to whisper-swish the immaculate white floor. The music stopped, and the gentry clapped and the Viscount stood—dismissing the boy—and bowed. Finally, with an exceedingly precise and graceful bow, he burned the life from everyone within the Chateau with fire and screaming bright lights, breaking the whole manor apart in horrific devastation

APPEARANCE

A set of semi-formal clothing, of an old fashion but made for someone of privilege or wealth: cross patent shoes, blue thielecloth chased in silver, navy short coat with dynes of silver, and a pench collar over braids of ribbon. Very fine hose and colia.

ORIGIN

History DC 19, Arcane DC 22; Advantage for College of Lore Bards and anyone with the Noble background

Lord Bauer, the Marquis ir'Dilansuite of the Last Ghat (a city in the north several centuries ago), was a forward-thinking and innovative theorist. His wealth and status afforded him the luxury of finding, researching, and studying the near-forgotten (and sometimes lost) arcane

mysteries of houses and civilizations long dead. And, in his thirty-fourth year, he had fashioned a wardrobe of painstaking detail and magecraft.

Few pieces still exist from his frippery, but his Regalia—in its entirety—does. The Regalia is a set of exceedingly nice clothes of a style that would be seen today as “charmingly anachronistic” in noble circles. They are the attire of a gentleman or noble, on their way to a day’s coffee with the best class of peer.

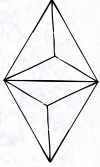
Attunement requires an almost ritualistic donning of the Regalia while carefully repeating the mystical words Dilansuite himself had woven—and virtually coded—into the garments.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the clothing serves as an arcane focus for the wearer and can be called upon to replace a material component with a gold cost (consumable or not, so long as it’s a “gold cost” to the spell) less than their Proficiency Bonus x 1000gp. Each time it is used in this way (replacing a material component with a cost), a slight tear can be found in some of the seams or threading of the attire. This damage causes the whole outfit to cease to work as an arcane focus and cannot replace gold cost components until mended.

Mending the garment requires either 1d4+1 rounds of care with appropriate Tailor’s Tools (no roll is necessary, but one’s Actions must be used) or can be done easily with the spell Mending. Dilansuite himself was rumored to have at least one master tailor in his entourage at all times.

NOTES



DRIFTCLOAK



“Do NOT look down, Harold!” Hax’s voice was a mixture of fear and commandment.

“Whatever you do, just keep your eyes shut and do not look down!”

Harold did as the mage bid, had learned long ago that it was just a good idea to do as he was told. He could slip a purse as well as anyone and skiv a rope and hide in a pickle barrel, but when it came to doing fancy things or weird stuff...

...well, better led than dead.

He felt a hand grab his arm and pull him.

“There we go, just keep ‘em shut, pal,” the wizard’s soothing demeanor took over for the shouting one.

Eyes (and fists) clenched tight, Harold tried not to think about the fall that must be down there—and then screamed like a tiny, pretty girl when another hand grabbed his ankle.

APPEARANCE

A knee-length, mustard colored cloak with a high collar. The clasp is large and round and bears a rune-like symbol.

ORIGIN

History DC 14, Arcane DC 19; Advantage for Transmutation School Wizards and anyone with the Guild Artisan background

The Driftcloak was an unlucky experiment of the College of Builders—the stonewright academy of fame which oversaw the creation of wonders in the Last Age. The Builders labored under the desire to construct a better world, one magnificent architectural project at a time.

The hope had been to create a cloak that would mimic the soft falling abilities some wizards were able to conjure up with a little practice, but where they had vision and desire they lacked foresight.

As word spread throughout the continent of their hubris, in studying arcane techniques to augment their material expertise, they were attacked in a brilliant and devastating cataclysm by the Entropists, a cult of mages from the South who jealously hunt those that would expand upon the arcane arts they believed was their own birthright.

The Driftcloak must be attuned after a fall—unaided and natural—of at least 20 ft., in order to fully expose the garment to a free fall moment.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the cloak allows the wearer to spend their Reaction in response to falling to arrest that fall entirely, so long as they do not

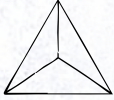
look down and keep their eyes shut. This does not grant any flight or movement; the wearer is treated as having 0 movement and the Blind condition. So long as they keep their eyes shut and take no Actions, they do not fall.

The effect can be kept up for as many rounds as one has Proficiency Bonus, or can be ended earlier—at the moment the wearer opens their eyes. Though the wearer cannot move about on their own power (in any way, naturally or arcanelly), they may be moved by others and appear to be virtually weightless for those purposes.

If the wearer attempts to use their Reaction to arrest their fall just before hitting the ground (like deploying a parachute in a controlled, last-second moment), they must succeed on a Wisdom Save, DC equal to $10 + 1$ for every 5 ft. of fall (up to a maximum check of 25). For example, if attempting to arrest their fall before they hit the ground on a 40 ft. fall would require succeeding at a Wisdom Save DC 18 (40 divided by 5 = 8; $8 + 10 = 18$).

NOTES

FINERY OF THE DUKE OF GAW



CLANK

The Paladin's sword stracked against the marble post, reverberations sending angry and violent objection up Sir Broadways' arm. The young woman just grinned at him, almost lazily leaning against the stoney pillar while the large man's companions stood waiting for word of what the hell to do next.

"Are you done?"

Broadways snapped the greatsword back faster than any man his size had any right to, a blur of martial form, and thrust it forward at the witch.

The scraping sound of the point against the column made everyone wince, save her, and he could not begin to understand what kind of cruel sorcery this must be. She beamed up at him.

"I think we're done."

APPEARANCE

Very fine vestments: a silken tunic in black and gold paisley fringed in brindenlace, a pair of royal blue herringbone breeches, doveskin leather bootlets, and a spillory cloak of pure white farmalan fur.

ORIGIN

History DC 13, Arcane DC 18; Advantage for Enchantment School Wizards and anyone with the Noble background

The Duke of Gaw—ruler of a wide, rich land of dark soil and excellent vintages—was known centuries back for his extravagances, and, most notably, his wardrobe was the envy of both peers and the King himself. It was said that none could match him in splendor.

His finery was made by his personal sorcerer, a dark figure who made them for dark purposes.

The Duke died in battle, ominously, when his tent was overrun by wolves in the night.

Attunement requires, as a precaution on the part of the artificer, being carefully dressed in the Finery by a sorcerer who themselves must be at least basically familiar with the manner in which a servant dresses their noble master (requiring the Noble background or some significant exposure or upbringing in being a noble or aristocratic attendant).

SYSTEM

Once outfitted properly, the wearer is infused with an aura of awe and respect; the finery—including all of the jewelry, lace, and other minor elements—grants an AC of 18 against attacks made by anything with an intelligence

higher than 6. The splendor elicits such feelings of either awe or avarice that, minor as they might seem, any attackers subtly attempt to harm the wearer without injuring the finery.

The clothes are perfectly gaudy and overwrought. They restrict movement such that any roll based on the Dexterity modifier is disadvantaged, due to the cut and stitching of courtly attire. This is also why the AC is a flat number and the wearer cannot add their Dexterity modifier, despite being unarmored.

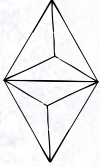
Anything with an Intelligence Score lower of 6 or lower is immune to this. Such creatures do not understand or appreciate the finery on that level, and one's AC with respect to them is 10.

Donning takes 10 minutes, doffing takes 1 minute.



NOTES

GREAT BEAR'S FOLLY



As Quinn looked over the field, he wondered if he'd ever get it plowed in time. Only a few weeks left of the right weather, and he'd hardly enough money to feed himself and the family, much less pick up extra hands.

He watched with sad and serious eyes as his younger brother pulled the plow through the south field. Though half his age, Brenn was twice Quinn's size—a giant of a man, really. Rumor was, in town, that Brenn's father and Quinn's could hardly have been the same, but the old boys that were still around did a fine job hollering at such gossip and correcting those what said so. Brenn was a runt as a child, if anything, the spitting image of his older brother made small. Quinn remembered taking him out when the boy was 15 or so and telling him he better plan on buying a good mule, as he weren't big enough to do much on the farm his own self.

To look at him now, though, you'd never guess it that boy was this same man.

Brenn ran away shortly after that, joined up with some brigands and turned to a hard life. A few years ago, he turned back up as a great strapping lad, large as an outhouse. Brenn was, as a youth, inquisitive and bright, but the man that returned seemed to have lost all the fire and light the boy'd had. Quinn thought on it, while Brenn put down the plow to drink water from the barrel by the treeline—like a horse or cow might. The great big lout could hardly string two sentences together, these days, and oft as not soiled his own pants while working the plow.

Strong, sure... but slow. Ate enough for four. Cried at night, with a haunted look in his eye like he was mourning the passing of some part of himself.

Quinn shook his head. The world was big, and every time he thought about leaving this damned farm behind, he'd look over at Brenn and find himself (for the time being) cured of the curiosity about what lay out there in the world.

APPEARANCE

An overlarge bear-fur cloak with a braided leather tie. Perception DC 17 notices a cool breeze passing when the fur is touched.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 15, Nature DC 19; Advantage for Path of the Totem Warrior Barbarians and anyone with the Hermit background

The old folks say the Death Bear's own cub wandered out from the Den—the secret place, high in the mountains, where she has hibernated for hundreds of thousands of years, waiting to wake and devour the world.

The cub, larger than the greatest ancient wyrms and towering high over the trees, roamed the northlands, searching for its mother and bringing earthquakes and storms wherever it went. The old people have stories of this or that village, these or those people from the ancient songs, laid to waste by (or saved by a hero from) the careless travels of the child of the Death Bear.

One tale, about a heroine with golden hair and the strength of twenty grown men, has it that the cub was driven back to the mountains with fire and steel but, just as it was about to back into the high places where the Den was rumored to be, it slipped and tumbled down the mountain and was impaled on a great fir tree. The story claims the lament of its mother brought a frozen era that lasted until the Second Age.

The heroine, however, skinned the bear's tail and fashioned the hide into a cloak. She alone survived the long winter, and carried the subtle curse of its mother: to be strong, to wander, to fade.

These are the tales of the people of the north. Scholars find them an almost impenetrable mix of metaphor, truth, and hearsay.

Attunement requires capturing a bear and returning it to its den. The totemic symmetry of this act is pleasing to the spirits that still remember the Death Bear and her cub, though neither lives anymore.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the cloak grants the wearer Resistance to both Cold damage and adverse wintery conditions. In addition, whenever the wearer rolls a Critical Hit on an attack they may choose to do maximum damage on that hit, or not.

If they do not choose to do maximum damage, they roll damage as normal.

If they choose to do maximum damage then, after the damage is resolved, roll 1d20. This roll cannot be the subject of spells, abilities, features, or other influence. If the result is higher than their Proficiency Bonus, they grow (physically) 1/2 inch taller and gain 2 lbs. of mass. This growth is painful, and the wearer may not take a Reaction until their next turn. If the result is lower than their Proficiency Bonus, they must subtract 1 from either their Intelligence or Wisdom score.

In lieu of losing Intelligence or Wisdom, the wearer may spend an Inspiration point; but may only do this once per day.

Should either Intelligence or Wisdom reach 3, the wearer loses the ability to gain Inspiration.

NOTES

HABERDASHER'S MAEL



It had taken most of the night, but the whole set was finished. A week's take went into the new threading and hem, those cuffs had been a huge bother of course... but now? Perfect. More than that, the whole thing just felt "right."

Leigh shook the garments out, knocking bits of this and that off of the splendid cloth and admiring his handiwork. He was anxious to get started, tomorrow was going to be cleverly done.

All that was left was a good night's sleep, and a bit of preparation, and he was going to walk right up to the Archduke at the gala tonight. Him, Leigh of Wetside, son of a failed brewer and king of the useless people of the streets in the cheap part of town. He'd walk right through the door and drink the fine wines and then put fourteen inches of steel in the old Archduke's neck and get away scot-free.

APPEARANCE

A set of clothes—including breeches, hose, doublet, and more—that are of oddly different styles. The breeches, shirt, and waistcoat appear to be part-way through a process of being tailored from a comfortable arrangement of gentleman's day-clothes to a more rugged design suitable for travel.

ORIGIN

History DC 19, Arcane DC 21; Advantage for Divination School Wizards and anyone with the Charlatan background

The Mael came from several strides of fabric, commissioned by a king in the old empire a century ago, intended to provide royal tailors and seamstresses with the highest quality material possible to create the most wondrous clothes they could imagine. Ultimately, the enchanted cloth was found disappointingly unexciting once turned into a set of clothes—whether due

to a lack of skill or too-high standards, no one now knows—so was tossed away into a chest and left to the dust.

When the empire fell to the invading hobgoblins of the younger kingdoms, the chest was taken and the boring (seemingly useless) clothes were traded away to eventually be lost, sold and transported all over the continent. It wasn't until a young sorcerer bought them on sight from a fripperer in Greyghast, many years ago, that anyone discovered their hidden properties.

Attunement requires expertly re-tailoring the clothes into a new outfit that speaks to the sort of abilities the next wearer would want, and, once donned, the clothes are attuned to that person until re-tailored again. Re-tailoring the Mael requires a check of DC 25 with appropriate tools, and this check can be attempted by anyone on behalf of the intended wearer.

SYSTEM

The clothes were made from stretches of fabric that were magically seasoned in the drifting extradimensional waters of the Plane of All Possibilities itself. They draw into themselves the intended, and imagined, qualities of the people whose garb they resemble.

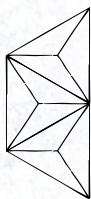
Once the Mael is re-tailored the wearer may select one—and only one—new Proficiency that corresponds to the proficiencies of the sort of person that would wear that garment (a Save, check, weapon, armor, skill, etc.), and when wearing it they have advantage on Deception and Performance checks to maintain a facade that they are that sort of person.

For example, if re-tailored with charming and fashionable buttons and regalia, one may pass as aristocratic (and could choose to be Proficient in a particular Gaming Set, to reflect their high-class forms of entertainment or a language displaying high-speech); or, if done in a style reminiscent of a Master of Arms with appropriate militaristic adornment and severe cut, one may pass as a weapons and combat expert (and gain a Proficiency in a particular weapon or possibly an ability like Intimidation).

The clothes must be re-fashioned to re-attune and cannot grant the same Proficiency twice in a row. Should the tailoring check roll a 1, the clothes are damaged and require advanced arcane reconstruction (beyond simple Mending) to return to a functional state.

NOTES

HAND OF THE PACT



Krehl looked on as his body hit the ground with a horrific crack. There he lay. The battle raged on, but there he was. Eyes open, by the gods, just staring at himself. Someone should toss something over his head, really. It was unsettling.

Krehl paced back and forth, wanting to bite his nails, but unable to—after all, they weren't nails. He didn't know what a soul was made of, but he could confirm it didn't have nails one could bite.

Back and forth. Slow and nervous. He knew better than to scream or cry out or try moving anything. Not since last time. He just watched, watched

them fight, watched them run from here to there and back. Watched the shadow over his body grow longer. Watched as the clock ran out.

APPEARANCE

A shawl, made of a dusky grey cloth, with swirling black spirals that can be seen in bright light.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 14, Arcane DC 21; Advantage for Fiendish Warlocks and anyone with the Acolyte background

The Endless, a cabal of Fiends from the Greater Fourth Malebolgia, had been—back before the even the old tribes were young—the most active in recruiting cultists and warlocks to their cause in our world. Where their counterparts raged and terrified the mortals, using heavy-handed tactics like great demonic monsters and insidious evil mages, the Endless had found that the universe polices subtle plans far less than bold ones.

The watchful eyes of other Great Beings could, and often did, miss the quiet movements, so focused were they on the cataclysms and wars that their minions and followers engaged in.

The Endless and their servants survived like a cancer in mortal villages and proto-nations, whispering dark things to the right people and turning their little pockets of the world into the sort of hells that soften the gates keeping the Fiendish out. With the rise of the New Pantheon, however, several crusades decimated their number, and with the fall of Aluat, one of the Endless's favored avatars, the cults that followed the Fiends all fell away and vanished in time.

The Endless exist yet, but their power is greatly curbed. The Hand was Aluat's own favorite gift to the faithful, a way of both empowering them and keeping them well in check.

Attunement requires forming a minor pact with one of the servants of the Endless. This happens when the Hand is worn while taking a long and restful sleep. An emissary from one of the hells they control comes in dreams, a beautiful man with gold eyes, in a banquet hall of fine marble and abundant joy—a party, with music and rich food, delicious wine, polite chatter amongst dozens of guests. The emissary offers to awaken the Hand, but only if you will stay at the party for a time. He assures you that you can leave when you like. If agreed to, the Hand is attuned when one wakes up.

SYSTEM

The pact is simple. The Fiends want the wearer's soul, but are perfectly happy to wait until the wearer decides they do not wish to live anymore. The Hand grants the wearer Resistance to Fire and preserves them from Death for a time.

When worn in bright daylight, the wearer's shadow does not cast a mortal form, but resembles a giant, dark clawed hand grasping gently. Unless distracted by conversation or other spectacle, Perception DC 12 notices this bizarre occurrence.

So long as the Hand is worn over any other clothes and armor, the wearer does not age. Any natural or supernatural attempts to age the wearer fail. Any unarmed attacks by fiendish or celestial creatures are made at disadvantage—very few want to touch an artifact made by the Endless for fear of their trickery. In addition, the wearer no longer rolls Death Saves. When the wearer is reduced below 0 hp (and would trigger Death Saves in upcoming turns), they instead must roll to see how long their soul lingers outside of their body before moving on and resolving the pact.

For Warlocks that have made pacts with Fiends already the terms are generous and they roll 3d6+1, while any other Warlocks roll 2d6+1 and all others classes roll 1d6+1. The result is the number of turns one's soul remains on this plane before being pulled to whatever dark dimension the Endless have in store. The soul may take no physical actions during that time, nor cast any spells, and is invisible, and inaudible. Limited movement around the body and some Intelligence-based actions are possible.

All healing or restoration of hp for the empty body is reduced by 1, but if the body ends up (after this reduction) being healed for 1 hp the soul returns—being pulled gently back into one's own form. If not healed then, at the end of the duration, the soul is lost and the body truly dead. No resurrections or reviving is possible.

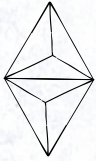
Every time the dead body is struck with Radiant damage the time until the soul is taken is reduced by 1.

Unattuning to the Hand requires thinking of it before going to sleep. In dream, the golden eyed man and the party are waiting, and he will graciously accept that the wearer must leave. The guests will be disappointed, but they applaud the wearer as servants show them the door. When the wearer wakes, if they conducted themselves gracefully and well during the party, the Hand is no longer attuned—and may never be attuned again by them. If they made a fuss or were ever rude, the Hand is still unattuned but they wake up covered in hellish symbols and wicked runes of declared vengeance. DMs are encouraged to make of that what they will.

The pact is simple and one can “walk away” at any time.

NOTES

KELORIEN SURCOAT



The Half-Flyers had gotten away with a good score in the fading light over the Shrikespire. As the sun dropped behind the horizon and the chill of an evening breeze blew across the faces of the gang, their leader—Mac Laeiee, King of Scourges and Scroungers—leaned against the chimney of the four-story corner building and caught his breath, panting puffs of mist with each grinning exhalation.

Good bit of robbery. Breddert grabbed the little one's purse and Gamthem (indelicately) tore the pack off the big fellow, tripping him in the process. A scramble around the building, while the rubes yelled for help, and up the ready ropes for a frantic climbing. By the time those bastards find a way up, the 'Flyers would be gone... easy as—

A groan from the south face of the building turned into a

hushed series of murmurs and whispers. Mac froze. The murmurs turned into the sound of swords being unsheathed. Then grunting. As he made his way cautiously over to the ledge (not wanting an arrow in the face), expecting to see angry foreigners sixty feet down, he was met with a sharp kick to the jaw that brought stars to his eyes.

The sight of the little wiry man with his great hulking friend riding on his back, climbing angrily over the lip, would stay with Mac for the rest of his life as a lesson in how little he knew about the world.

APPEARANCE

A fine, tawl and cotton, light robe in striking blue and gold cheque.

ORIGIN

History DC 14, Arcane DC 18; Advantage for Rangers and anyone with the Criminal background

The Surcoat is one of the lesser known artifacts cultivated by the fabled adventurer and bounty hunter, Count Ecol. An excellent artificer in his own right, the Count hunted criminals for years in the northern mountains and created a number of worthy tools to help in that work. The Surcoat was perhaps the most useful in those deadly passes.

After losing most of his party on a dangerous hunt for a gang of outlaws, during a violent storm up in the peaks, the Count took shelter with his remaining comrades in deep cavern where they waited for several days for the winds and freezing rain to calm. Of all the Count's fabled tools and weapons, nothing he had created or commissioned would have saved them; a wagon tipped over, causing several men and women to be pulled off the side of the mountain while trying to hold onto the ropes and keep it from falling.

When he returned to his manor, he worked with his sages and adepts to create the Surcoat as a form of both penance and wisdom—learning from his mistakes, preparing for future hazards. What was the County of Ecol is gone, fading over the centuries while the wonders the Count created were thrown to the winds: traded, sold, lost, and found over and over. Few of his creations remain.

To attune to the Surcoat, one must—swearing before gods and men alike—take on the business of hunting a fugitive pursued by a lawful official offering a bounty. Whether one ever catches them or not is immaterial, though oaths tend to be heard by Beings, great and small, who may not take lightly to one ignoring them.

SYSTEM

While wearing the Surcoat, one's encumbrance maximum and related limits are divinely enhanced. This affords two key benefits.

First, the wearer's encumbrance weight is increased by ten times. While the weight of objects are not a problem up to that new limit, balancing very large things can be a challenge all by itself. If carrying any object or mass of objects larger than one's own size category (Small, Medium, Large, etc.), a Dexterity Check DC 10 will be required at the end of any full movement and after taking damage from any source. For every size category larger, past the first, the DC for the check goes up by 5. On a failure, the load of objects is dropped.

For example, if the wearer is Medium sized, the DC to keep balance and grip after a full movement with a Large sized object would be 10. If a Huge sized object (or mass of objects), the DC would be 15.

DMs should consider the damage to objects that weigh so much and are so large from even short heights.

Second, Athletics and Acrobatics checks for activities like climbing, jumping, swimming, etc. treat extra weight carried by the wearer--within their new encumbrance--as normal. The wearer would not be disadvantaged to carry people on their back as they swim a lake or climb a cliff face. Heavier armor does not present such penalties, either. DMs should note, however, that holding onto the wearer when performing these activities may require those passengers to make occasional checks of their own.

NOTES

LEADEN MANTLE



Paolo wasn't as worried as most would have been. The creature was inside, and no doubt there were horrors that would come out of the walls and dust and shadows to plague them as the gang charged. The thing was unclean, and its lair was no better.

It had been a quarter mile since he'd seen a living plant and the woods—gnarled and grey—nearest the tomb were silent and still. One can forget the sounds of a living wilderness, but when they vanish entirely what their absence creates is somehow even more cacophonous. Or maybe that was just his pulse thundering in his own ears.

He heard Timik vomit, doubled over and groaning, as they approached the door. The few minutes that followed were harrowing and bloody, and the screams would stay with him for the rest of his life. As his comrades fell, one by one, he alone made it to the inner sanctum and its master, ready inside. He shook out his cloak, took a deep breath, and prayed as he made his way inside.

APPEARANCE

A cloak of flexible strips of a deep grey springy steel, each partially overlapping another. The lining is a thick leather. Perception DC 15 notices the leather is some kind of dragonhide.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 17, Nature DC 21; Advantaged for Warlocks and anyone with the Outlander background

The Mantle is an artifact of the wild experiments of the Blackwood Coven, a collective of wizards and warlocks that sought to perfect their mastery of the world, and the things in it, through almost reckless study of the deepest magical

secrets. Most magic is a matter of careful scholarship and study, but for the Blackwoods it was trial and error and consorting with dark powers for knowledge mortals aren't yet meant to have. Theirs was the work that laid waste to the island nations that ruled the eastern seas, so long ago. Their actions blighted the northern mountains in the time of the Voghunbeast.

The world is only better for that cabal turning on itself, but even the fallout from the Coven's own internal wars led to centuries of fear and mistrust of arcane study without state-sanction. The Exile Purges of the Old Empire might never have happened had the common folk not feared magic as much as they had in the days

following the Blackwood Coven's experiments seeking mastery of the land itself.

Attunement requires a day and night spent within the domain of a Dragon or other deeply arcane creature; one need not see the thing or intrude openly, but must spend the entire time in whatever place the creature's power and presence truly touches.

SYSTEM

Wearing the cloak gives disadvantage to Stealth Checks, as it softly ticks and tinkers against itself and catches (if faintly) the light too easily. Once attuned properly, however, the broad and heavy

cloak calms and severs the ghastly connections between the great beings of the world and their lairs.

So long as it's attuned and worn, the wearer may be protected from the effects of a Lair Action that targets them. When they are the target of a Lair Action, before rolled or enacted, the player may roll 1d20: on odd results, the effect works as normal, but on evens it is completely ignored. Note that any effect that does not target them and instead affects the overall landscape or an area (earthquakes, floods, etc.) may still impact the character, but they are advantaged on Saves against these such effects.



NOTES

MANTLE OF CHARITY



Sophia pulled her worn leather boots off with all the groans and aches of an old woman lowering herself into a bath. She hadn't seen her twentieth birthday, but she'd seen enough in the last year to make her friendly with a bottle on those nights the group camped without a fire.

Wendell was showing off his new warhammer to Teller. Broadways was already snoring in his small pavilion. Sophia pulled up her worn bedroll and settled back to count the coins they'd taken from the brigands that jumped them earlier today. Eight imperial silver, thick and heavy. Enough that there'd be threats. And, sure enough, right on cue—

“Hey, Sister... hey! Are we gonna do this every time?” Squib Tanker, their tracker, called from across the fire. eyes locked onto the money she held in her hand.

Sophia just closed her eyes and made sure to say loud enough, “It. Isn't. Ours.” to the groans of half the camp. She eased up, aches and pains and all, left hand clutching the purse, right hand slipping around her well-pitted and weathered mace.

“Just like last night. One apiece. The rest we donate at the next village. Anyone has a problem with that, I start loosening teeth—also, just like last night.”

Furrowed brows turned into resigned nods, and at least one vulgar hand signal. Sophia leaned back and prayed for them.

APPEARANCE

A sturdy-looking robe of coarse, but well-made and heavily stitched, cloth. It is broad and wide

in the shoulders. The cloth is nearly white, apparently sun-bleached. Passive Perception at a DC 15 notices it smells faintly of oranges.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 16, History DC 19; Advantage for Clerics and anyone with the Guild Artisan background

In the earliest times before the Old Empire, when the Divine Council was newly formed in the heavens and the world had not yet known the terror that comes from the priests of fiends, clerics and faithful divines were said to have been clad in miracles and walked the earth bringing prosperity and blessings to all.

By and large, this is a farce—those times were as bloody and dark as these—but when the faiths were stronger there were still some greater works. Amongst these were the Mantles of Charity; something between a penance and a gift, these were bestowed on wandering clergy who ministered to the poor and remote peoples. Those who wore the Mantle were well-loved and respected by villages and towns, especially by the governors, rulers, and elders who saw to the prosperity and wellbeing of the community.

Attunement requires a week of temple service, as an initiate. Many priests have long seen those days behind them: fetching water, lighting candles, copying texts, servicing the departed, etc. It is somewhat boring work, but it is the work that keeps the faith going. Failure to devote one's self to these duties, or making glaring mistakes, may require doing it over (a full week). The would-be wearer of the Mantle should attempt this for one week in game and then roll Religion DC 15 to determine if the work was done well; failure means they must start all over again.

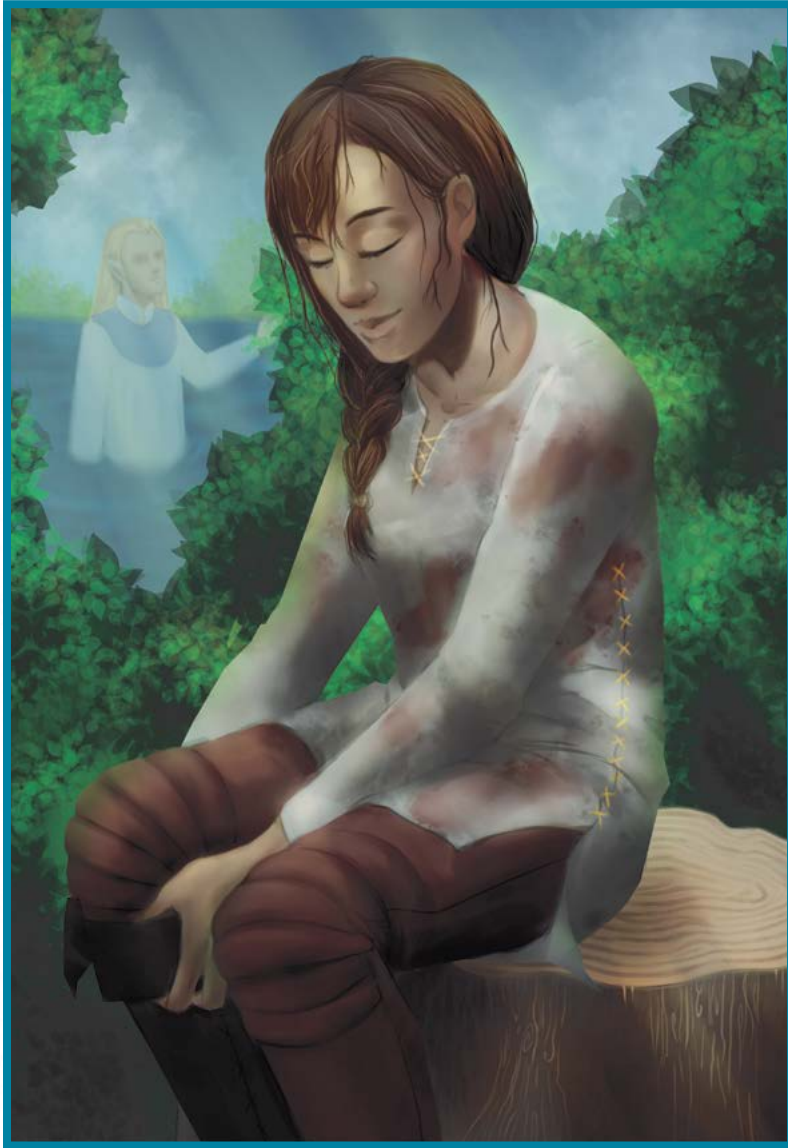
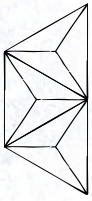
SYSTEM

The robe thrives when one is prudent, charitable, and selfless. For every 1000 gp donated to the needy or to the faith itself, the robe gains 1 charge. There is no maximum to the number of charges the Mantle may hold.

From then on the wearer may spend 1 charge and 1 Action simultaneously, in a moment of focused and clear personal devotion, and all creatures within 5 ft. gain 1 hp.

NOTES

MARTYR'S SHIFT



The others were drunk or laughing or both, a high fire popping and hissing while they celebrated. The road had been long, the journey fraught with peril, and today they won through. That... thing... was dead. And the long miles and weeks of hunting it back to its manse, dispatching its minions—even with the losses they suffered and the friends they buried—all worth it. As Sir Broadways watched them all smiling and cheering each other through the gap in his tent, he felt the costs more than the joy.

He took off his heavy golden armor, piece by weighty piece, and slowly lay each down with care and respect. He took his padding off, the old quilted garment common to thick plate, and knelt in his shift. The old blood stains—here, from that crossbow bolt last year; there, from the ax of that vile dark thing from his youth—were accented by a fresh one, still red and damp and sticky. The creature had conjured some

fierce and dark lance and there is where it would have killed him, had the old paladin not stopped it.

A cheer went up in the camp, along with the explosive and infectious laughter of Tanner. Let them enjoy themselves, Broadways thought, I can still pay the costs...

APPEARANCE

A sweat-stained long undershirt with faint, but visible, rusty-brown stains in various places. The stitches and seams are made in golden thread.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 12, History DC 18; Advantage to Paladins and anyone with the Acolyte background

The old orders of knights and The Faith from the long fallen Northern Empire still carry some of the artifacts of power or piety with them. Among these few and far flung pieces of careful, and divine, blessing are Martyr's Shifts—seemingly normal, though well-made, cloth long-shirts. One would mistake them for any such shifts, which an armored or active individual might wear under their clothes in any part of the world.

But these were created through an extended and deliberate pledge, to their now half-forgotten goddess, that their wearer would trade their life—in what bits and pieces they must—to fight righteously on for Her glory and to protect Her people. They're the simple clothes of a long dead pious warrior, as venerable as the bones of a Saint. One must be baptized, wearing only the shift, in natural waters (no given faith or creed required, only a rebirth and personal oath to live to protect the weak) in order to attune.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the shift allows the wearer to negate damage against themselves after the damage dice are rolled.

After a successful attack hits them, and after the damage dice are rolled but before they are applied to the character, the player may use

their Reaction (assuming they have it available) to remove as many of the rolled damage dice as they want.

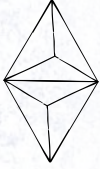
For example, in the case of a greatsword attack against them that hits and does 3 (dice one) + 5 (dice two) +2 (strength) damage against them, they may elect to use their Reaction to activate the shift and take the 5, the 3, or both away—this has no effect on the remaining non-dice related damage.

Doing so, however, runs a 10% chance of removing 1 permanent maximum hp from the character for every dice removed. So, removing 1 dice of damage is a 10% chance, removing 2 dice of damage is a 20% chance, etc. These hp removals aren't a curse (and cannot be fixed by removing curses or magical restorations), they're a cost. They may not be wished or miracled back in any conventional magical sense as they aren't "lost." They're freely given away, divinely.

Finding and returning the shift to a priest or temple of the old Northern faiths (virtually non-existent, but a few old hermits or communities might remember those gods) may restore those "paid" hp to the character at the cost of ever being able to use it again. DMs are encouraged to make finding such people or places whole adventure arcs on their own, as worship of those old gods is rare.

NOTES

PATCHWORK CLOAK



Varain told the shopkeeper he was from the Far North, about what life had been like in the village by the Stone Hill as a child with the wars raging on and on and on farther South. He talked about an old sway-back horse he missed—his father's—and shared a joke about the unreliability of barbarian tribe cast-offs.

Verain told the innkeeper he was from the North, about what a childhood in the capital had been like and how strange country ways still seem to him years later. He talked about never having known his family or anything of them, growing up just another street creature.

Verin told the captain he was from here in the Midlands, about his family's money and how he missed the simplicity of the country estate. He talked about the fickle nature of the gentry during the war.

Vorin told the shopkeeper he was from South...

APPEARANCE

A cloak made of dozens and dozens of small and irregular patches of fabric: some ruddy and worn wool, some fine silks, some shiny like metal, and some leathery or furry.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 15, Arcane DC 20; Advantage to Bards, Trickery Domain Clerics, and anyone with the Charlatan background

The God of Beginnings and Ends had a daughter and, in a calamity lost to time, she took her own life in grief (for, you know, this is why we have winters and why the folshop birds sing their mournful song as the cold comes). Such was his despair that he wandered for a time

in the mortal world, taking the stories of those who had also lost loved ones or things precious to them and stitching them into a cloak of many vibrant and dull patches. It served to remind him of the size and richness of his world.

And when he had heard all the stories of the world, tasted the pain and resolution of those who had lost their own loved and precious ones, he slit his own throat and ascended back into the Heavens. The cloak was carried off by a beggar who became a king and then a hero and then nobody again.

These are the tales the Bards tell, the story of the Patchwork Cloak and the power to be had in the stories of others.

Attunement requires divesting one's self of all their worldly possessions, with no expectation of their return, and then one day of travelling amongst only strangers.

SYSTEM

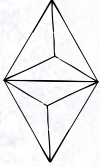
Once attuned, the wearer may select an individual (a stranger or someone they already know) and derive Inspiration from their Backgrounds as well as his own: earning Inspiration for their Personality, Ideal, Flaw, and Bond and able to use the Proficiencies from the individual's Background (though at only half of the wearer's own Proficiency Bonus).

Every new change in Season, they may add another individual (maximum of four) and benefit from their Backgrounds as well. This gives the wearer many more opportunities to earn Inspiration, and they may now hold up to 2 Inspiration rather than the usual 1.

The wearer's mind, however, becomes more and more clouded and crowded by the personalities and backgrounds they collect and histories that fill them. They lose touch with their true selves and what is real. Saves against Illusion and Enchantment magic are disadvantaged.

NOTES

POACHER'S CLOTHES



“Can we set a fire or not?!?”

Harris was now yelling up at the old Paladin, who towered several good feet over him. They’d been at it all night. The group had picked up the delver down in Farahtown: solid reputation, could charm the pants off a lock., knew his way through hob ruins. Expert, you could say. But, with a good reputation comes some bad spots. Bit of a lazy thing, hear tell. Bit of a priss.

And from the looks of it, Broadways was about two seconds from slapping the teeth out of the little gnomish gander. Hardly started this adventure and they were ready for a fight. The others just turned away, suddenly finding the grass more interesting than the coming ruckus.

“I said we can’t. Too dangerous. We’ll eat cold and sleep cold. You can have my tent, Mister Pale, if you must. But no fire,” Sir Broadways — Brodie as the gang called him — was patient and kind, but his thick brow was furrowed enough to plant corn in. This sorta thing had been going on since breakfast.

All the while, Wat reclined against a stump of a gnarled oak tree, pulled his hood up against the light rain, and worked himself to a nap, listening to the coming scrap. City-boys and girls, the lot of them. All shivering and miserable. What a useless bunch.

APPEARANCE

A set of common tan hunting or exploring clothes: trousers and long-shirt that are loose and outfitted with clever ties to cinch close to the joints when needed, a longcoat that folds down for easy carry with a waterproof hood, and a three-tailed scarf of robust design that unfolds to a short poncho. Passive Perception DC 15 notices that, when watched too long, the clothes seem to shift in hue and texture.

ORIGIN

History DC 10, Nature DC 15; Advantage for Rangers and anyone with the Criminal or Sage background

Outlawed nearly two centuries ago in most of the settled world, the works of the Tailor of Cragg were burned and classified as subversive artificing by virtually every nation and empire. Still, you can no more take quality larcenous goods out of the market entirely than you can

take piss out of a beer once the halfling pisses in your beer.

Poacher's Clothes were the least of his creations, truly. An alchemical and arcane-enriched suit of travelling clothes that were specially designed to help the crook on the run.

Attunement requires outfitting one's self and being away from populated civilization for at least 12 hours; the magic that empowers the clothing was designed to keep the set from being used in urban and settled towns and areas (the Tailor of Cragg was careful that they should seem mundane to any authorities when he was in town). If one is within a major settlement of people (defined by the DM, but must be limited to areas incorporated as formal cities or towns, or large settlements at least), the clothes only appear to be ill-fitting beige drapery and have no magical properties at all. Once attuned, they regain their properties the moment they're a stone's throw away from the settlement.

SYSTEM

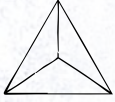
The Poacher's Clothes grant the wearer Resistance to the natural elements—naturally occurring heat, cold, wet, arid landscapes, etc.—which grants advantage on all checks to resist

damage or Exhaustion from exposure. The clothes retain much of the wearer's natural body moisture and they need only drink water once a week (rather than once a day). One is also advantaged on Stealth checks in natural environments, and need not have tents, blankets, or bedrolls to enjoy a comfortable full night's rest.

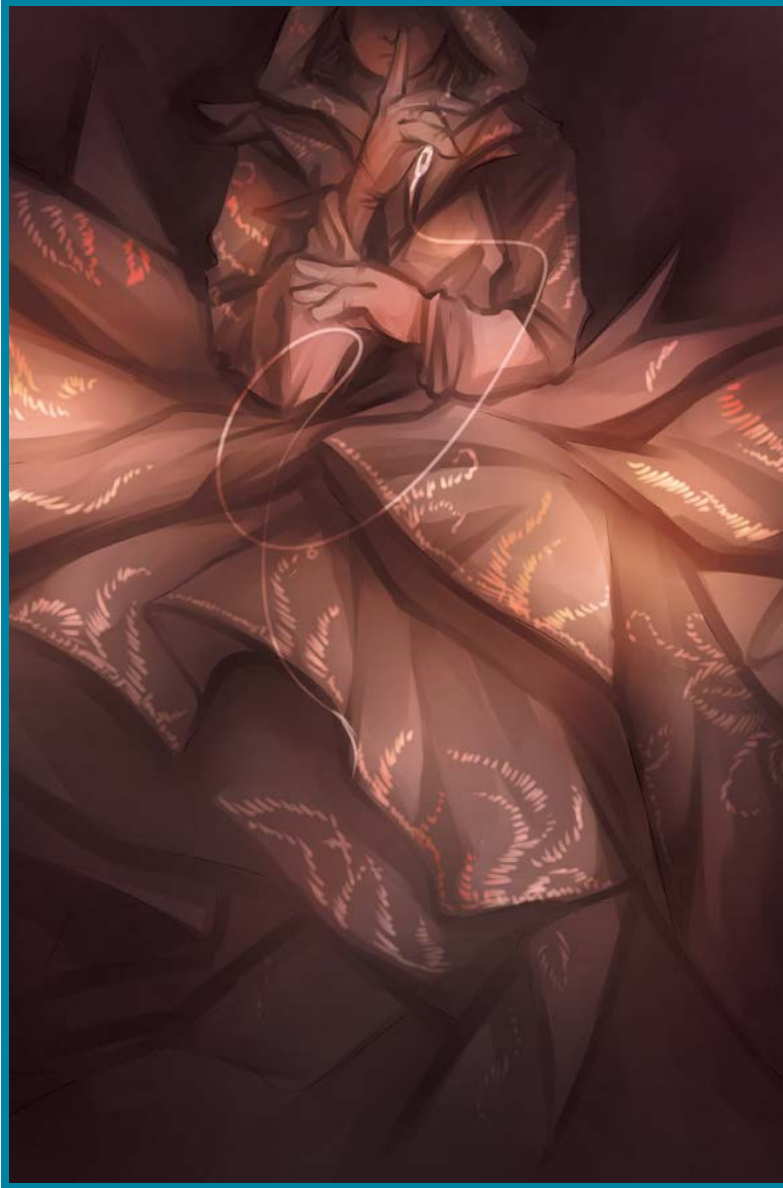
In addition, the Poacher's Clothes shift and adapt (as an illusion) in the eyes of any given viewer and even let the wearer attempt to hide in plain sight. On one's turn, one may take an Action to focus the effect on one target, forcing them to make a Wisdom Save DC 15 (though creatures with an Intelligence Score of 3 or less are immune). On a failure the wearer is considered hidden from the target until the start of their next turn (the effect is brief). Attacking or otherwise drawing new attention to one's self will break this concealment, as normal.

To the target it suddenly becomes very hard to distinguish between the wearer and other things in the background, the mind constantly forcing itself away from the confusion. If so hidden, and not changing targets, the wearer may maintain the concealment without granting a new Save by neither moving nor acting.

NOTES



PONTIFIX



“Brother! I have come from the eastern islands, from our mission there. Please! Oh, Righteous Hand, please help us! My initiate, here, is hurt. We were attacked by brigands on the road. Sorea calum natura, Vei? Desol dite?”

“Comrades! There’s a border clash to the north, near the mountains. We’ve only just come from the slaughter. Help my novice, here, he took several unworthy to their graves early, bless the Mailed Fist and his chosen. And I need fresh raiment, and a bath. Duty bound, Honor bound, Faith bound, eh?”

“Priestess of the Mael! We have snuck here under the cover of the Lady of Darkness, blessed be her impenetrable shadows. The oppressors of the Golden Light were all about to the south of the city, and we had to shed all our possessions to throw them off the trail. Help my darkpage, please— he’ll need some coins as well— just a few to buy our passage to the Far Mount. May Blindness Be Our Guide!”

“Keyholder! The vessels trapped us in Olycon last week, we only just managed to escape here, to the grand temple. Harbingers of the Beast destroyed the gifts we were bringing to pay for passage and give in donation to the Farer above. Do you have any manner of wand or perhaps scrolls we would borrow? Yes? Thank you. Blessed be the River!”

APPEARANCE

A flowing robe of shimmering slivers and polished brass sewn onto cream-colored linen.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 21, History DC 27; Advantage for Clerics and anyone with the Acolyte background

The Pontifex was one of the great banes of the faithful in most cities. There are many layers to a given temple and faith—the interior mysteries, the secret rituals, the hidden words and vestments—most of them hidden from outsiders or common members. The Pontifex was created by the priests and devotees of the Lord of Stories, the God of Thieves and Lies, and was intended to advantage his faithful in a world full to the brim with ritualistic and dogmatic organizations.

The Pontifex is, religiously speaking, so heretical as to be almost beyond the definition, and the theocracies of the world would kill anyone found with it in their possession on sight.

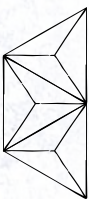
Attunement to the Pontifex requires a loyal, intricate oath to serve the God of Lies and deceit; this oath may be a lie, itself, but being insincere requires a Deception check DC 25 to be sufficiently convincing. Reneging on true oaths, faithfully sworn, may be dangerous (DM's are encouraged to bring to bear all manner of hell for that).

SYSTEM

When attuned, and so long as it's worn, one may use the robe once per day to use the domain spell list of another faith or pantheon as though it were one's own, sneaking and stealing power from the gods themselves under cover of the God of Lies and his considerable ability to cover up such indiscretions. So long as the wearer possesses a symbol or artifact of the other faith (their holy book, their sigil, etc.), they may use the domain spell list the DM references for that faith. If one cannot normally cast domain spells, the robe grants a use of one of the 1st level spells on that list.

Additionally, the wearer is also advantaged on all Religion checks for that faith or pantheon and in any social rolls against members of it.

NOTES



RAVEN'S STOLE



I want to tell you a story.

I know you're not much for the faith, and I'm not going to press you about that today. Not today. Don't tell your mum I let you off the hook about that, neither. She worries about you, you know.

Anyhow—the story's one I never told you when you was little. I didn't figure you'd understand it. But, strapping and grown as you are, off in the world coming to and fro, maybe I should stop underestimating you, huh? You're a big lad, near about as big as me, maybe it's time you learned a thing.

So, the gods are real—I know you know that, but you don't know it in the way I do. Your mum tells you the nice stories, like the one about the world coming together or the fancy tales of this or that miraculous blessing. And those are true enough, or in their way true. I'm not saying she's lying, or wrong, but its folktelling for sure.

The real gods, the real and true ones? They have no fancy stories, boy. They live lives of great immortal conflict and pain, treachery and war. They're forever destroying each other and themselves and still find time to save us all, when saving's what we need.

So, I'll tell you about your ancestor—a giant himself, or mostly one—who followed one of the dark stars of the heavens, a goddess of death. But not a cruel death. She was the calling bird in the night, that led those who passed to the next world, and her war was against the infernal forces that bound her.

This story is about a time she was trapped, bound to a form here in the world, and how your great-great-great-whatnot grandsire saved the true Lady of Death, who then saved us all from the worst of hells. It's not a tale your mum would tell you... it's a true one.

APPEARANCE

A thickly-knitted, coal-black shawl of the sort an old woman of distinction might wear, though slightly threadbare.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 14, History DC 19; Advantage for Trickery Domain Clerics and anyone with the Folk Hero background

There are many gods and goddesses, or beings so old and powerful that they might as well be regarded the same, and even amongst only the deities that govern this or that part of our world. There are many. The gods of war are many. Lesser and Greater, known by many and few names, worshipped by these or those people. Mortals rarely know it, and temples still observe their rituals and rites, all unaware of the pantheons in the heavens that all listen together.

There are many deaths: brutal ones, terrifying ones, even fateful and benign ones.

One goddess of death, in particular, embodies death as change. Her fables, those that can still be found, feature her as a mortal woman—sometimes bound in the form of a crone by other jealous deities, sometimes willingly taking the form of a young lady. They all tell similar stories, usually of her finding a hero or heroes and leading them to some great challenge or reward.

The stories are the trite narratives of old poetry; the reality is more ominous by far.

Disguised as a young woman, a goddess of death made her way through the world seeking a long and brutal revenge. She connived and pursued her prey quietly, adopting new forms and staying below the attention of her divine peers.

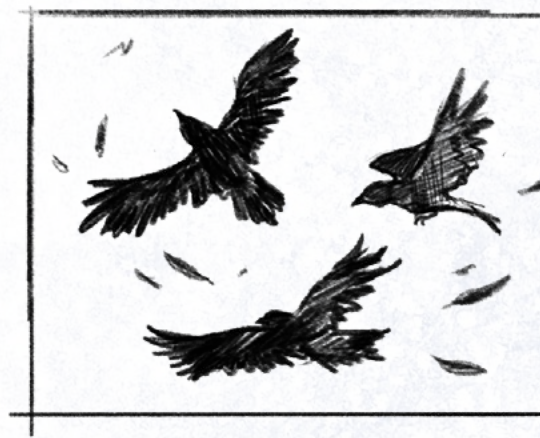
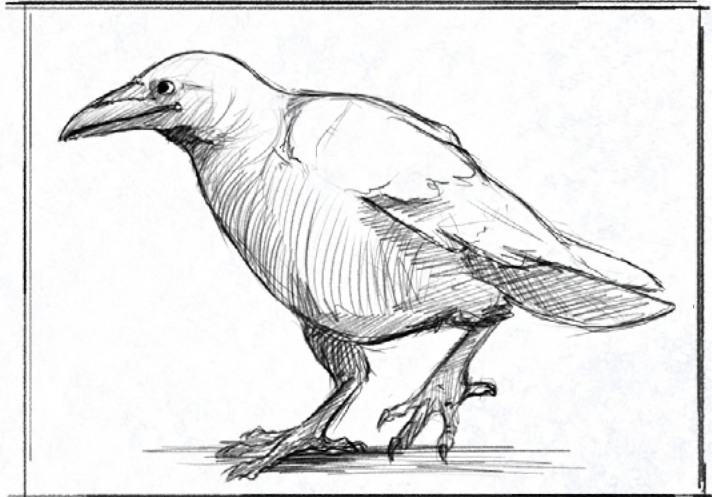
And when she and her followers finally triumphed, her true self revealed, it was her siblings—aligned in the heavens—who trapped her.

Bound her to the form of a crone, cursed to wander.

The Raven's Stole is a piece of a goddess of death's own power, bound to physical form. Whether she ever returned to her place in the godhead, or was lost, is unknown. But this piece of her being survives, and has made its way through our world for millennia.

Attunement requires abandoning one's own identity. This renunciation requires they cease using their given name when meeting anyone new, keep their true place of birth and origin secret, adopt a new personae, and distance themselves from their past. Those who already know them do not count for this oath. DMs are encouraged to note that an NPC recognizing the individual's accent or manner as being from one place or another is no great violation, nor is use of one's background traits for Inspiration, but a genuine change of name and apparent identity is required.

On any day this is significantly violated the wearer cannot, while attuned, gain Inspiration.



SYSTEM

Once attuned, the wearer may use their Reaction, in response to an attack, to release the power bound into the Stole. Upon doing so, the shawl explodes into an unkindness (flock) of dark celestial ravens that rush the would-be attacker.

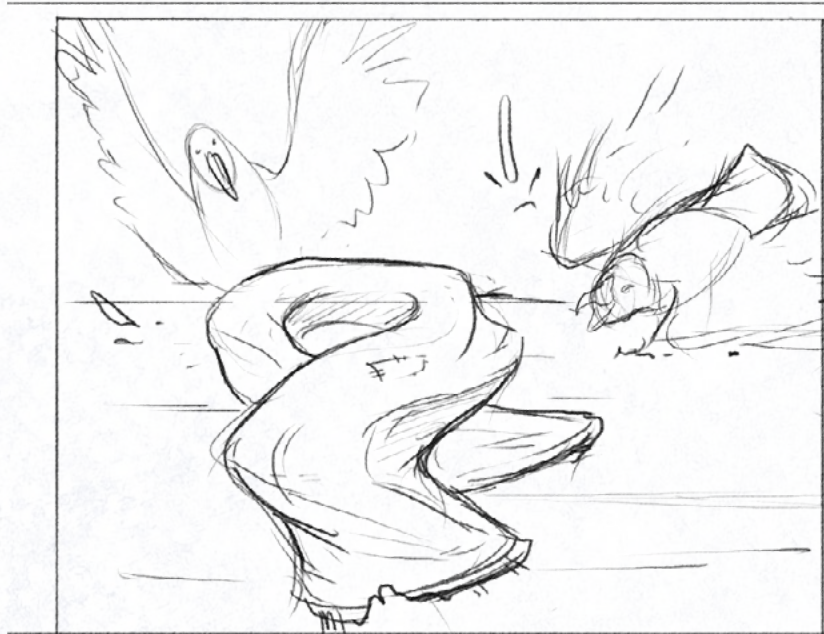
If the attacker is a living creature, the unkindness explodes through them immaterially and the creature is filled with visions of their own death—or a possible one. The visions are harrowing, and cause their attack to be made at disadvantage. At the start of their next turn, the creature must succeed on a Wisdom Save DC 15 or their attacks during that turn are also made at disadvantage, their mind filled with agonizing depictions of their own demise.

If the attacker is undead, the spectral unkindness flies into them and swells with power

inside their body. A deep purple light glows from their eyes and mouth, while whatever spark of life keeps their form going is given the Frightened condition (even if the creature is Immune). At the start of that creature's turn, they may attempt a Wisdom Save DC 15 to expel the unkindness. They may attempt a new Save at the start of each of their turns.

Should the creature—living or undead—succeed in their Wisdom Save or take damage from a living attacker after while affected by it, the Stole's power has no effect on them ever again. In either case the Stole falls to the ground by the target, returning once again to the form of a normal knitted garment.

Anyone touching the Stole who is not attuned feels a deep, bone-chilling coldness and takes 1 Necrotic damage.



NOTES

SHADE OF LIFE



The thing flapped its spongy pink wings and murmured a sound like something between breaking glass and a minor chord played on a menacing viola. The haunting rhythm of its words made Brother Service cry out as blood dripped from his nose.

The whole party was brought to its knees by the sound, Meilla began beating her own head against the smooth stone floor over and over, trying to escape the pain and torture. Even Broadways backed away a step, falling to one knee and cursing through the undulating echo in the chamber.

It moved forward, an irregular lurch on feet hidden, thankfully, behind a flowing purple robe. The grey tentacles around its mouth groping forward, a manic and evil look in its glowing white eyes. Never had such pure light felt so horrific.

Charles Doyle, whom the eldest of the glade called Edewan — though he was uncomfortable with that name, as it sounded incredible stupid — moved nervously forward as his friends anguished, pulled his axe from his belt, and slammed it home with full force between the eyes of the damned creature.

APPEARANCE

A toga-like robe, made of many yards of a pale yellow cloth that glistens as though wet.

ORIGIN

History DC 17, Nature DC 23; Advantage for Fighters and anyone with the Outlander background

The Shade is a robe, made in the open and loose style of the kingdoms of the West, woven from the fine threads of wispvine that blanket the jungles in the farthest corners of the Far Reach. It was formed, over millennia, by the great expanse of untamed green.

A whole garment slowly, slowly, slowly grown into existence over thousands of years by the spirit that moves the whole world. Its purpose, to trap and kill alien things that come from beyond the Planes and stars. The wars of mortals are brutal and fast, but the war of realities is eons slow in its maneuvers, and each move to keep the horrors at bay is measured in generations.

Attunement requires the careful, ceremonial donning of the robe, which takes nearly two hours. Once donned and attuned, it empowers the wearer to oppose the monstrous forces that seek to pervert this plane of existence. One becomes an agent of this reality, even if not one of its true champions.

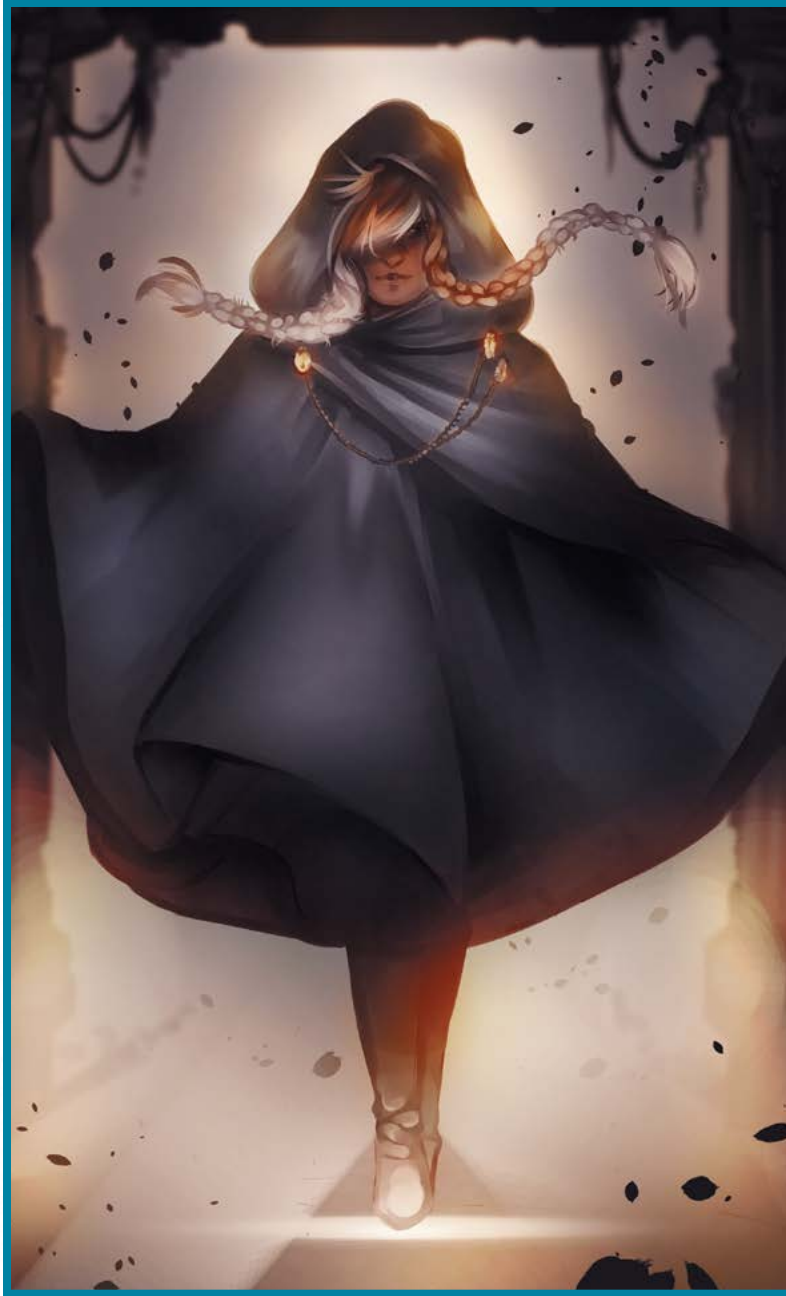
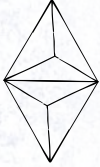
SYSTEM

So long as it is worn properly, and attuned, the Shade grants the wearer a Resistance to Psychic damage and makes them hazy and almost imperceptible to aberrations and monstrosities; all attacks and ability checks made physically against them by such creatures are made at disadvantage.

One cannot Dash, however, while wearing the Shade, too delicately is it wrapped and too easily will it come loose. Should one Dash, the wrap comes undone and must be carefully donned once more to benefit from the magic.

NOTES

SHAED OF SECRETS



“Where’d you get it?”

“I really don’t remember. What does it matter?”

“Well, if I’m buying something special like this, I want to know—now don’t start with me, Karl—I want to godsdamned know nobody is going to kick in my door because some fool, let’s call him Karl, sold me some young lordling’s favorite cloak.”

“I didn’t steal it, get off my back. How much can you give me for it?”

“Where’d you get it?”

“From a guy.”

“What’s his name?”

“I’m not that good with names. Besides, I’m not sure it was his real one. What does it matter, honestly?”

“If it were a shoe, it wouldn’t. But this thing keeps—I dunno—shifting about. It’s... Look, I don’t want any part of this, alright? Thing gives me the creeps.”

“Well, if it helps any, he was young and looked kinda poor; a nobody.”

APPEARANCE

An inky black cloak of some high quality cloth. Perception DC 15 notices that the black is unnaturally dark and deep, and the cloth seems to twitch very subtly when approached.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 13, History DC 18; Advantaged Bards and anyone with the Entertainer background

Nobody knows where it came from, a rare enough thing in a world of Diviners and Sages, but suffice it to say it is old and it is strange and the cleverest minds in the Young Kingdoms have failed to completely unlock the secrets of its craftsmanship or purpose. It moves and flows at the merest thought, and seems to quiet and be soothed in the presence of music.

The stories about it come from every land. Worn by a mysterious hero on the road or a travelling minstrel or a powerful wizard or a cut-throat in the dark alleys. There are hundreds of tales of the Shaed. None of them known to be true, but all told and retold in the rural inns and taverns of a dozen nations and cities.

Attunement requires a night spent away from all light, no matter how dim or distant, which is no easy task near cities or even farms; the wild itself can pose a challenge, given stars and moonlight.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the cloak grants the wearer advantage on Stealth and Intimidation checks (from the cunning and subtle movements it makes in response to the wearer's conscious and unconscious whims).

It may serve as a blanket, and shortens or lengthens by up to 50% at a thought. If the wearer takes a Bonus Action to grab the hem and draw it around themselves it grants Resistance to Slashing and Piercing (non-magical) damage. While not Vulnerable to Fire damage it loses its special properties for one minute should it come into contact with any flame (magical or non-magical).

In addition, any fey creatures that see it for the first time must succeed at a Wisdom Save DC 15 or lose their next Action. They still keep their turn, may move or speak or use Bonus or Reactions, but cannot use an Action.

NOTES



SLIPQUICK SILKS



Kelvin moved like ink poured over a polished stone—every turn was as slick as oil and his shape in the half-light was dark and fluid. The Houngang lunged this way and that, trying to wrap their large, powerful hands around an arm or a shoulder or anything, but every time they touched him, they found him slipping away.

Four giants, all grasping at a man moving like water, cackling taunts and pissing them off beyond all measure.

As one guffawed in triumph, wrapping the thief in a bear-hug and lifting him six feet off the ground, Kelvin stared up into its elated (but somehow still angry-looking) face,

and called him a name so offensive it doesn't translate into the common tongue at all, before falling through his thick and strong arms onto the ground—hitting the creature in the fruits and slipping between his legs. Cackling wildly.

APPEARANCE

Silk leggings, long shirt, gloves, and slippers all dyed a deep and smokey charcoal grey. The baggy clothes are cinched with white silk ribbons at the joints.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 14, History DC 18; Advantage for Transmutation School Wizards and anyone with the Sailor background

The Silks are a careful combination of sartorial (“of and pertaining to the craft of tailors”) genius and Transmutational alchemy, made during the Rebellion, in the First Reign of Malleus Exile of the Old Empire. Only a few full suits were created by the magewrights outlawed by that

regime and most historians believe none survived the end of that age.

Originally intended for assassins, the last known set of Silks was written about by a corsair over a century ago, in a travelogue describing the pirates of the Eastern seas, and one particularly lethal altercation his crew had with buccaneers led by a darkly dressed man. They repelled the boarders, capturing many, but the darkly dressed man evaded capture on the vessel (not a large place) for nearly an hour.

Attunement requires a morning calisthenic routine after donning them, stretching and twisting methodically to get just the right fit. This takes several hours the first time, but can be

maintained daily with only 20 minutes of routine. Failure to keep the schedule results in unattuning the item.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the silks feel almost frictionless and allow the wearer to escape all Grapples, grant advantage to avoid being Shoved at (so long as they use Acrobatics to defend), squeeze through narrow spaces without movement penalties (if they could wiggle through at all, they

can move through flawlessly), and even move through enemy spaces without needing to make a check.

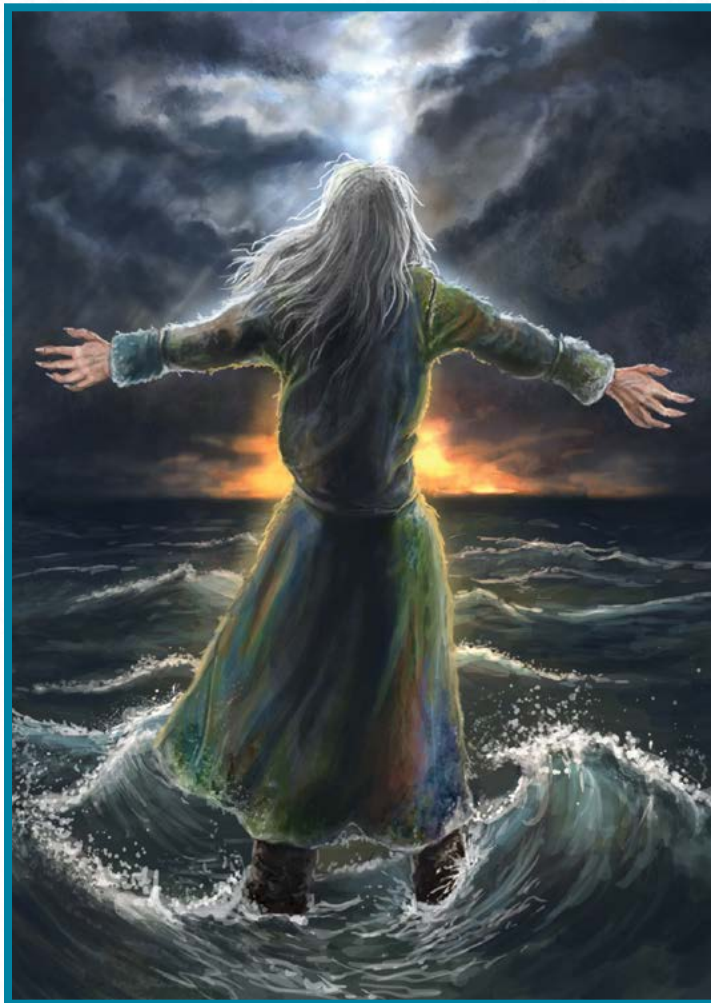
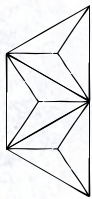
Should the wearer slip from an attempted Grapple or Shove, they may use their Reaction to take an Opportunity Attack against the creature that attempted it.

Wearing anything (backpack, armor, belt, etc.) over the suit negates its benefits for as long as that item is in place.



NOTES

SKYFIRE HRAICK



Teller held Broadways upright while the old paladin coughed up the last of his life into the cold, coarse sand. Remy refused to look at him, standing over near the waves. The sound of them breaking over and over helped, it made it harder to hear the man's ominous groans. Nobody held it against him, Remy's attitude, that is. They were close—him and Brodie—and losing their leader wasn't half as painful as losing one's partner.

Nevertheless, Teller propped him up and whispered some of the songs of her people, rough men and women that wrestled death and fought the spirits with bone knives in their teeth—glorious stories. Most thought she did it to soothe his pain, but she did it to guide his passing.

Only Viyan Vronn refused the solemnity of the occasion, though she'd given them their few minutes of expressive sorrow. The old woman waited as long as she could—out of respect for their heathenry and lack of faith—and when it seemed they were

done sobbing and keeping their lips stiff, she started calling into the wind a low and dark and bellowing chant that sounded like whatever whales humping must sound like.

The skies darkened. The winds picked up. And twelve bolts of lightning, one right after the other, crashed down onto the paladin—the shattering sound of a mountain of glass exploding.

The scorched earth around Broadways steamed and spit the falling rain back, Teller was a mess of burns, but all the shock and anger flowed away as Sir Broadways of Gaw took a deep, full breath and—to the gasps of everyone but Viyan—opened his eyes.

APPEARANCE

A hair robe, course and scratchy. The color is a motley of green, brown, blue, and grey dyes. There is a crust of salt at the hems, as though it was washed in the ocean.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 17, History DC 21; Advantage for Tempest Domain Clerics and anyone with the Sailor background

The people of the northern seas are hard and cruel, both to each other and (far more) to outsiders. Their land is cruel. Their god, even, is cruel. The storms that come to their shores are violent and frigid. They have been settled there for longer than recorded history allows for, in the libraries and academies of the world. However, as their land offers little in the way of riches or wonders, resources or materials, they are a lone people and no useful study of them would make practical sense.

That being said, one travelogue does mention them with some passion and depth. In it, the writer—a learned woman from one of the colleges of the now long gone western kingdoms—detailed their peculiar faith; a true and deep hatred of, and bizarre love for, their storm god was a center of their society. They speak of him like a customer might speak of a vendor with whom a long, detailed, complicated contract existed for hundreds of barely connected services.

In the book, the writer describes their magic as being angrily ripped from the clutching, greedy hands of the storm god and how death and disease was his natural payback against his people when their guard was down. She wrote about their ceremonies being often fatal, even weddings, and how they took omens from their deity as being trickery as often as portent.

The writer went on to detail their sacred objects and places. The Hraick was one.

Attunement requires surviving being struck by natural lightning, not caused or sent by mortal. Natural lightening called down by a deity would be acceptable, even if this action was requested by a mortal, but no magic can be used by any mortal to cause it (and natural lightning is not the same as a bolt from a spell). Unless Immune to Lightning damage, the DM should roll 1d20 upon the would-be attuner when they are struck: if the struck individual is Resistant to Lightning, they are instantly killed on a 1; if the struck individual is not Resistant to Lightning, they are instantly killed on a 1-3. Revivals or Resurrections may be possible, but there are no

Death Saves involved. If the would-be attuner did not die, they are at 1 hp.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the wearer can feel natural coming storms ahead of time by several hours and the robe takes on the faint smell of ozone.

In addition, the Hraick grants the wearer the ability to call down the grace of the old storm god through his skyfire—it is not natural or even genuinely magical lightning, but some other force that arcs down from the sky in a brilliant icy blue conflagration. The fire judges the worthy and unworthy, it heals and burns.

Calling the skyfire requires the target to be within 120 ft. of the wearer, with an open and clear view of the clouds in the sky on the part of both the wearer and target. Using an Action, the wearer must beseech the storm god (or whomever of his servants may be listening now) to judge the target's worth. If asked to judge their worth as true, what follows will be an attempt to heal the target; if asked to judge their worth as false, it will be an attempt to harm the target.

The target will either gain or lose hp based on the request, but the source of the healing or damage is the wearer's own hp. The wearer must roll 1d4: a 1 means 25% (rounding up) of the wearer's current hp is applied, a 2 means 50%, a 3 means 75%, and a 4 means 100% of their current hp is used. For example, this means a wearer that had 60 hp remaining and attempted to harm an enemy with this ability, then rolled a 3, they would apply 45 damage to their target and lose that same amount of hp themselves.

If the wearer is reduced to 0 hp, they fall Unconscious and must be doused with cold water (at least a gallon) to rouse them. This healing or damage is brought in a violent and brilliant display that Stuns anyone within 30 ft. of where it strikes, unless they pass a Constitution Save with a DC equal to 10 + the wearer's Proficiency Bonus + the result of the d4 roll.

The skyfire can only be called once per day.



TRUE WARD OF THE ARCHMAGE



“Then do it, Kalacus! Do it! If you think you’re so bad! Come on! I knew your mother when she was worth two pennies, you mangy dog! You’re made of weak stuff and you look like whatever I emptied my own bowels of this morning, here here! Wanker!”

Sage Millen shouted from across the room, his bushy grey eyebrows dancing up and down with each punctuated insult. Rocking side to side, from one foot to the other, bouncing almost, he taunted the young mage mercilessly, in his own amateurish fashion.

“I suspect you have relations with hogs, I do! Yes, yes, hogs! You like that? Come on, stop

trying to conjure and do something. I have had more difficult pisses than this, you stupid man-boy!”

He was almost laughing and cackling as the young magus threw increasingly serious discharges of lightning at the doddering old bastard. All striking true, but none doing anything. After the fourth, the younger fellow nearly passed out. After the sixth, he did.

Sage Millen walked over to the upward-facing, half-lidded wizard—groggy and moaning in his exhaustion—and pulled a small coin purse free of his belt, jingling the contents greedily with half-toothed smile.

“Idiot,” he whispered, to the cheers of the old men standing all around. It’d be fine drinks for the old bastards tonight.

APPEARANCE

A long black robe of matte black wool, with white cuffs and hem. It appears to be the sort of garment a magistrate or a person might wear.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 17, History DC 23; Advantage for Wizards and anyone with the Sage background

The inner sanctum of the Scholam, the great school of magic in Greyghast, is home to several fraternities of study. The most secretive, and least known in the broad world, are those

old wizards that came years ago and never left. None of them ever seeing the world at large, and having no interest in it, they are (almost entirely) old, cynical, learned, and now longer concerned with any serious study of the arcane arts. They spend their time gambling and drinking and hazing the younger adepts. One of their fantastic creations, only whispered about in quiet libraries and never confirmed, is the True Ward.

Under its plain black exterior, beneath the fabric itself, every inch is laced with tightly stitched arcane words and symbols in bright stunning purples and yellows, glowing with intent.

Attunement requires a patient preparing of the robe (taking nearly an hour) and casting one's entire allocation of spells into it (if one cannot cast any spells, it cannot be attuned).

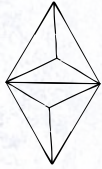
SYSTEM

Once attuned, the robe grants the caster immunity to one spell that's been cast into it—the garment absorbing the energies of the magic as they come to clash against the wearer. This lasts so long as the garment is worn and, so long as one has an Inspiration unspent, the wearer may select a second spell from those cast into the Ward to be immune to. If that Inspiration is spent, the second Spell no longer holds in the robe and the wearer is no longer immune to it.

Spells from scrolls do not work with this effect, only those spells one knows and can cast. Reconfiguring the spells in the robe requires going through the attunement procedure again.



NOTES



VOCA CAPARISON



Mad Hanz stared at the goblet: inewiss crystal cupped at the base by a twisting silver stem. The cup was worth more than the entirety of Hanz's earthly possessions combined. Even serving him a drink with it, as tattered and unkempt as he usually appeared, was an extraordinary act of either inattention or manipulation.

Given that the Duke was not known for foolish behavior or careless error, Hanz figured it was the latter.

The man was no friend of the free powers and had a reputation for brutality: against the green mages, the wild seers, even the less orthodox of the priests here in Gaw. That Mad Hanz of the River would be invited to discuss urgent matters meant he was next. Or, at least, that was what the moon had said, and the fish had shown him the same in their dances.

He took a drink, and another, the conversation light and uninter-

esting. As his body slowed and grew more rigid, as the muscles hardened and his fingers froze, the Duke grinned. He let out a triumphant laugh, cackling at his victory and brilliance. He would raise the power of the Academy high, he would crush these so-called "free powers" of the world.

Hanz sat, unblinking, and let him have his joy. Then, unmoving, expressed a word made of unutterable speech and set the treacherous man on fire.

APPEARANCE

A pair of overlarge trousers and similarly loose-fitting shirt. The cloth is sack-weave and the whole garment seems like it would need ties and belts to wear it properly.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 19, Religion DC 22; Advantage for anyone with the Acolyte background or Sorcerers

The Voca Caparison, clothes worn by the last son of the Rivermaster in his travels throughout the world, are a powerful and rare artifact. They represent how the burden of the arcane in this universe was once on those of will and breeding, rather than those of study and engineering. Once, it is frequently said amongst His adherents, the Rivermaster—the great Being from which all magic flows—invested arcane power in the flesh itself, and only later did mortals learn to evoke it.

The style of the outfit is old and the cloth, though sack-weave in appearance and texture, is made from the echoes of raw arcane power made physical as it passed into this world. Attunement requires spending a number of weeks equal to the wearer's Proficiency Bonus in silence. Saying nothing. No intentional, or unintentional, verbiage at all. The Caparison requires contemplation, abhorring the lying words of men and women.

SYSTEM

When attuned, the wearer is proficient in both Deep Speech and Primordial for as long as the clothes are worn. In addition, while worn, the clothes may speak from the mind of and will of the wearer in the somewhat haunting unknown tongue of the Supernal realms: words laced with power, ancient beyond time, and impossible for a mortal to be proficient in.

The words the clothes may speak for the wearer satisfy the Verbal component of any spell, and require the barest thought to be used in this way, even though the language itself is incomprehensible to others (any Arcane check made to know what Spell the wearer is casting is made at disadvantage, due to this strange otherworldly lexicon). Being Paralyzed or otherwise rendered mute does not affect the Caparison—so long as one can think it, the clothing may speak for you (though spells causing silence in an area will still be a problem).

NOTES

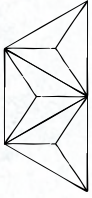
CHAPTER FIVE

HEAD, NECK, & EYEWEAR

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NOTES



ASH OF YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW



Diogenes knelt in the grass where he'd built his small fire as the others waited patiently. His ritual was small, but it was his and it was important to him. To know the ways of the world and hear the waves of reality crashing over the rocks—so one knows where they are—one must take delicate care to prepare delicate truths.

He took his hand to the fire and tamped it down; the burn was not severe, and if it were he could heal that later with one of the leather pouches on his pack, but it felt nice—it always did. The burn reminded him of what it was like to smoke back before he was... this. When he had another name and did not know the truth of things. Useless thing, he was. It would shame him, were he capable of feeling shame anymore.

The grey ash was warm as he tucked it into an envelope of raw, untreated owlskin. He mused on how hard it was to make leather from owlskin and how little any of his companions knew of it. He must have found people like them normal once, but now they were just strange, blind, deaf things. If they hadn't shared a common goal... well...

He slipped a pinch of the ash out of the pouch and rubbed it over his eyes until he felt sure they were dark and his eyelids were well covered. He took a breath, eyes clenched shut, and opened them again to see what delicate truths the day held.

APPEARANCE

A delicate greyish-pink pouch of thin and worn hide with a few pinches of ash inside.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 17, Arcane DC 26; Advantage for Druids and Divination School Wizards or anyone with the Hermit background

The Druids of the Long March have passed on the knowledge of making it for more millenia than anyone could count, and how they've done

that is beyond mortal reckoning—even amongst themselves. One always knows, just one in the whole world, and when they pass another dreams. Such is the way the slow, rumbling hand of the universe works.

There is no craft. No spell. No instruction. Just visions, and those just for the single, unlucky person charged with the knowing. Finding the pouch in this reality is akin to finding a needle in a world of haystacks; it is not so much powerful as it is one of the rarest things in creation.

Attunement to the pouch requires abandoning all of one's possessions. Whatever the wearer owns and has on them at the time it is touched counts as a possession. Once they part with all of them—giving them away, losing them, leaving them, but not selling them or trading them away—the pouch is attuned.

SYSTEM

Any ash tucked into the pouch and left for a day grants the wearer the ability to look on any natural creature and divine their lineage. The ash must be applied like eyeshadow, thickly over the eyes and the bridge of one's nose, and doing so (with any practice) takes only moments. While wearing the ash, faint images flicker and haze in the surrounding area for the ashmarked, wisps of things that used to be and ghosts of things that have yet to occur. Note that the ash is a focus, the power comes from the pouch.

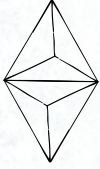
When ashmarked, and regarding a creature or person, details about its past, present, and future become more real. So long as they take no Actions, after the first round of Concentration (at the end of their turn), the DM may reveal hints and obscure information on where the creature is from ("from" could mean a literal birth place, the wispy visions showing a city or identifiable geography, or mean something more recent and glaring, like faint images of a cave with a creek running by it to represent a bandit's hideout).

A second round of Concentration, having taken no Actions, and the DM may reveal the health or Resistances of the subject (but always indefinite, like saying they are at least twice as vigorous as the ashmarked to represent roughly twice the hp, or seeing hazy visions of the creature shrugging off firebolts in some fight to represent a possible Fire Resistance).

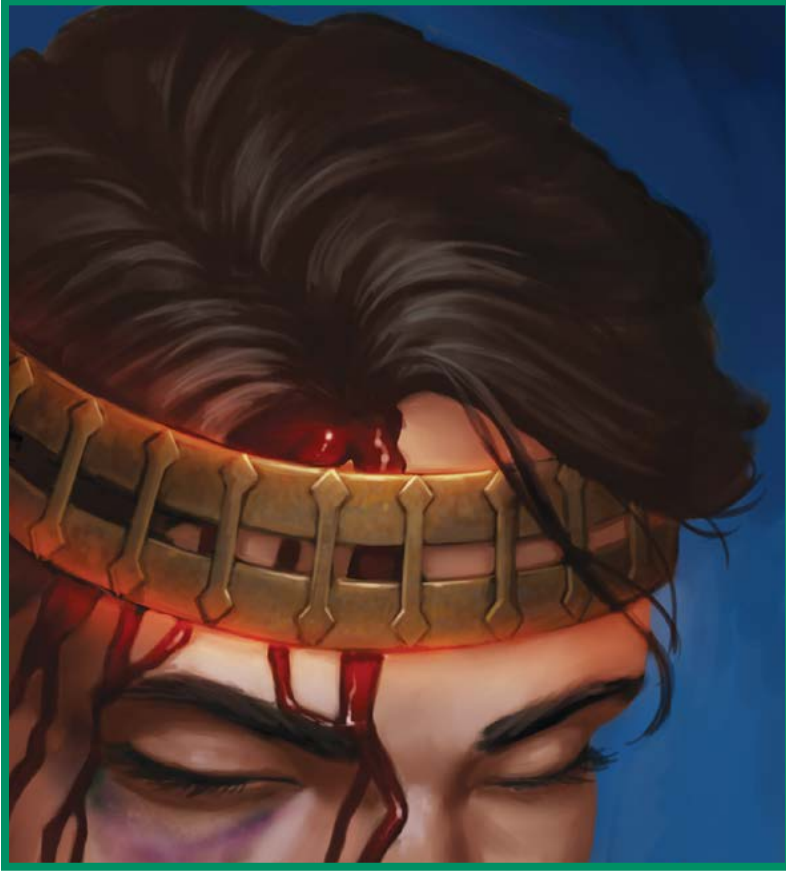
After the third round of Concentration, having taken no Actions, the ashmarked sees brief glimpses of what will be and the DM may reveal the next action the creature will take (in combat that may mean showing them vague images of using a breath weapon on the fighter over there, out of combat it may be that the the shopkeeper is about to lie).

If Concentration is broken (no Feats or Features may offer help with this particular Concentration check), the ash ceases to work for the rest of the day.

NOTES



BRAED'S CAGE



Vargenheim was a torn and bloody mess, a walking horror. His long hair plastered to his head and neck, with bare bloody patches where it had been pulled out, his body a catchism of lacerations, bruises, broken parts.

With great exhaustion (and a low growling moan) he swung his axe high over his head and turned a slow walk into a rolling stride, then into a sprinting ferocity, as he raced back towards the Long Strider and his cabal of gibbering golems. There was fire in Vargenheim's eyes and a certainty that he would kill the abomination, and its spawn, and no doubt die in the attempt.

And as they swarmed—biting and clawing him from all

angles—his axe ripped their master in two, from groin to chest, and Vangheim died satisfied that he'd done one last turn in the world properly.

APPEARANCE

A circlet of hammered bronze, wide-rimmed and thickly made.

ORIGIN

History DC 18, Arcane DC 22, Advantage to Barbarians and anyone with the Soldier background

Braed is a folk hero of the Western Shores, a figure said to have been a giant and a king, who rescued the Dragon Princess and toppled the Old Warlord of Inx. His story is one of myth, primarily. In truth, Braed lived eight thousand years after Inx was an empire fallen, and was a martyr—at best—who died protecting his tribe from a dark monster with a name lost to time. His Cage, a ring-like crown forged by his own

hand in the fires of his village when the darkness first came, is all that is left of his legacy.

The circlet is attuned when the wearer is brought down from full to half of their hp by one attack from a creature the wearer has never spoken to. It goes from cold and inert to eerily warm and very faintly humming.

SYSTEM

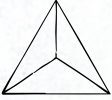
Once attuned, any time one is attacked with a weapon in battle, one may elect to (after the Attack and damage rolls are resolved) take an additional 1 hp of damage for every damage die rolled in the Attack (example: 1d6 rolled,

can take +1; 4d6 rolled, can take +4). Once they have taken 5 extra damage in this way the wearer may use their Reaction, triggered when any attack reduces them to 0 or less hp, to call on that pain and suffering and remain at their Proficiency Bonus in hp instead.

This may allow the wearer to survive extraordinary punishment, and even mass-damage instant death, living to fight another round. Once they have taken advantage of the Cage's power of endurance, the wearer may go through the cycle again--taking extra damage to fuel a new Reaction to remain standing.

NOTES

CENSER OF LOVE



“Keep them off me just a little longer!”

Brynn Ebonflowerwood knelt in the grass while his comrades up ahead clashed with the giants. They weren’t supposed to be this close to the Rahnwater. Brynn thought he’d have more time, maybe tonight at the soonest...

He pushed the thoughts out of his head and raised the vile of pulpy-red liquid. Holding it up to the light, he confirmed it was the right tincture. Can’t be too careful, of course. As the battle raged on up ahead, he poured a little of the mixture into the hollow of the gold bauble around his neck, a cinnamon and lemon scent filled the air.

Snatching up his uncle’s rapier, he raced for the treeline.

“Alright... everyone... make some room!”

APPEARANCE

A gold chain with a small censer attached to it. The censer has three holes and a depressed cavity on one side.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 13, History DC 16; Advantage to Trickery Domain Clerics and anyone with the Criminal background

Amongst the prized possessions of Mercy of Renoa was a necklace given to him by the Duchess Anastasia Al’Alberata, also known in later years as the Witch Hag of the Lost Mire. In her youth, and before her change, she was a dabbler in the arcane arts and bestowed the brigand king with a trinket of her own design, intended to entrance him and lure him to her to love her forever.

What she hadn't realized at the time was that, of all the heroes and villains in the world, the gods—most notably, the God of Chance, Ill Fate, and Great Luck—had chosen Mercy to be a confounder of plans (great and small) made by those around him all his days. The charm did not work as intended, and the resulting folly drove Anastasia to drown herself, leading to the wide-known story of the Witch Hag.

The trinket went on to be passed down, from father to son to uncle to nephew, for generations of his bastard line.

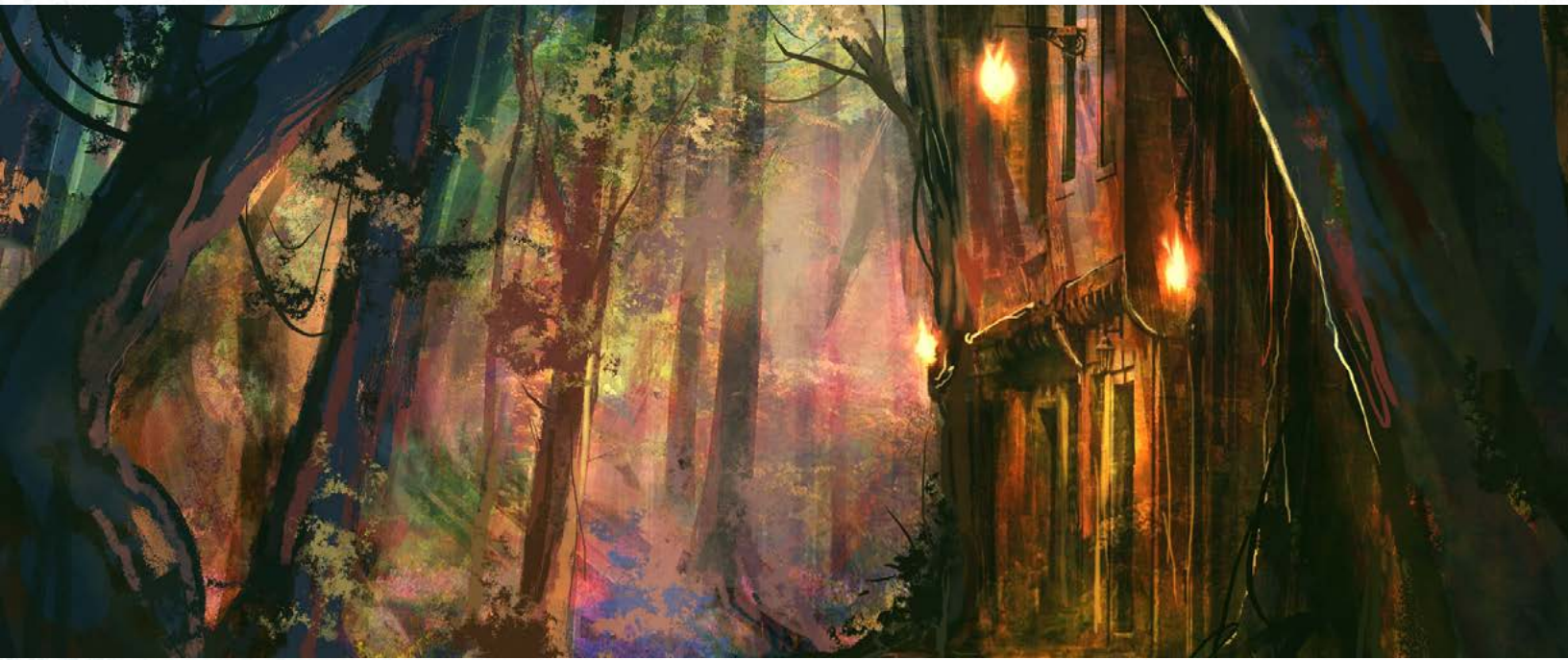
Attunement requires the attention of the God of Chance and trickery, by either winning or losing a fortune in gambling. A fortune, here, being goods and money equal to at least ten

times the worth of a capable man or woman in a year (if a skilled hireling could make 500 gp a year, then 5000 gp; DM's are encouraged to select an appropriate number for a fortune). They must lose it or win it, completely, and all in one evening.

SYSTEM

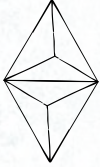
When attuned, and once the owner has poured some wine or spirits (even crudely made) into the hollow, the censor treats all Inspiration dice rolls as being at least a 10 for the next minute. When rolling with advantage from Inspiration, pick one d20 to be the Inspired die; if it rolls less than 10, count it as having rolled 10.

The God of Chance doesn't mind tipping the scales once in awhile.



NOTES

CIRCLET OF ENDINGS



As the beast swung its massive axe in a brutal downswing, akin to a tree falling, he roared his rage and pain into the blow. So heavy was the strike, so fast did the great sharp head of it arc through the air, that the Green Knight's squire gasped—forgetting his instruction, dishonoring himself with fear.

And as the blade struck the knight's armor with all the force of a storm on the ocean, the world burst into the flapping of countless birds—ripe with life and hope and promise—flying up and up... and then descending on the giant like an angry rebuke from the sky itself.

The heavy axe was nothing to the whirlwind of white, like fighting the wind with your bare hands.

APPEARANCE

A bangle made from supple and green holly branches with tiny flowers here and there, not large enough to wear on one's head, but too large for a wrist. Perception DC 16 notices that the very small flowers fall and new ones grow slowly in their place every few minutes.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 13, Nature DC 19; Advantage for Oath of Ancients Paladins and Druids or anyone with the Soldier background

The Green Knights were mistaken for Druids in oldest times. Where the Druids were chosen, passionlessly and as part of a great unending

chain of destiny, by the immense will of the universe itself to serve as though the antibodies of this world—cold, distant, mysterious, and inscrutable—the Green Knights were raised up by gods and goddesses who so loved the world they required champions to save it. The Knights were given gifts of the land and sea and sky, but those gifts more personal than the strange and often dark powers of their counterparts.

The time of the Knights ended when a Druid member of the Stones—a conclave of them from the South—embarked on a century long hunt and slaughter of every last Blessed of the Green. On slaying the last, Myer of the Wind, the Stone Druid's last words were, "I am sorry,

but it was my Purpose.” She weaved the Cirklet and left it on the Knight’s body. The magic that preserved her for those decades waned, and she crumbled to dust—her task in this world finally complete, never knowing why or for what ultimate reasons. Such are the ways of Druids.

Attunement requires dipping the Cirklet into pure and natural flowing water during the first rays of morning, at which point the cirklet expands and can be worn on the head.

SYSTEM

Every morning, the Cirklet must be watered lightly; a half-a-handful of any water will do. Any morning it is not watered, its beneficial effects cannot be used.

When worn, and upon the first critical hit the wearer takes, instead of the attacker rolling damage the wearer may choose to explode into a fantastic number of white and tan hillsparrows—tiny, common birds found in most forests. Each flock of birds take up one 5 ft. space, the number of flocks the wearer turns into is

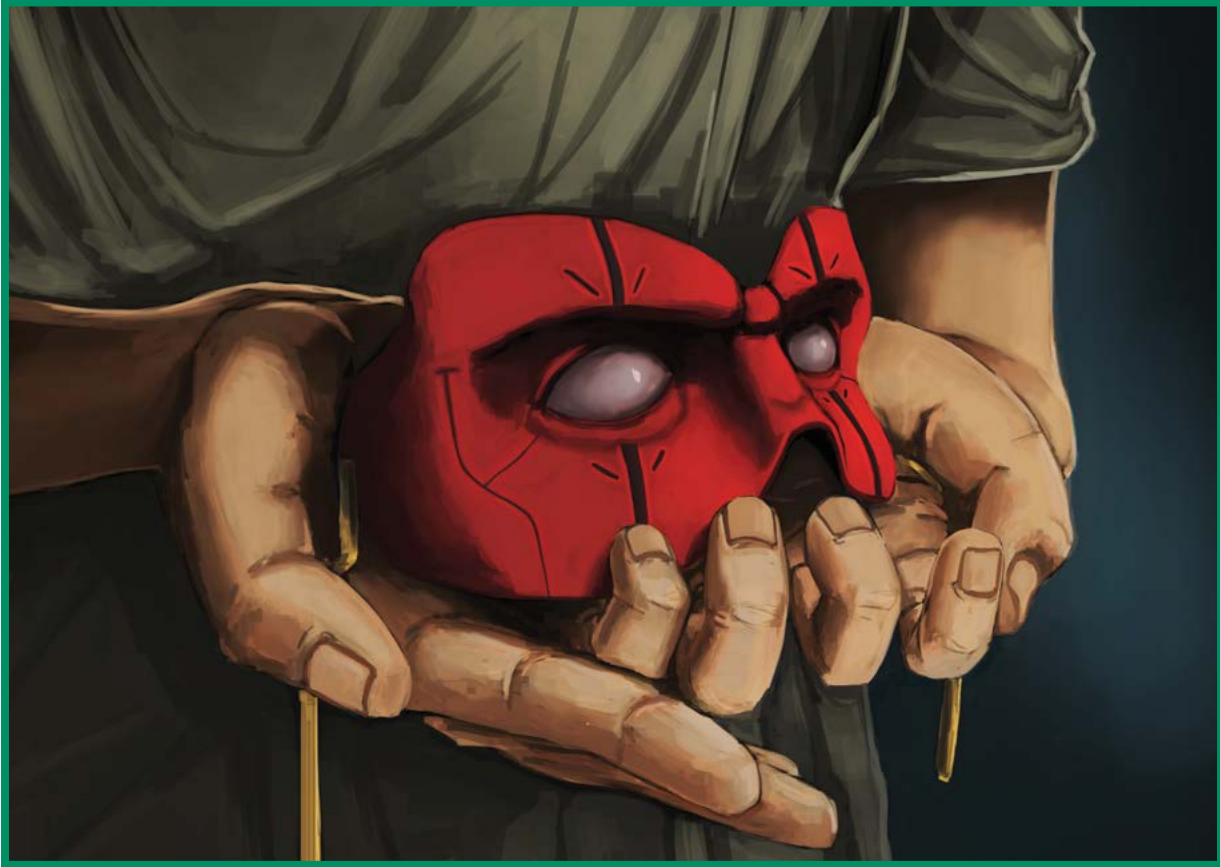
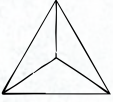
equal to their Proficiency Bonus. The wearer turns back into their normal form after a number of rounds equal to their Constitution Modifier—and no sooner.

A flock of hillsparrows has the same stats as a Raven, but with 4 hp each and without the Mimicry special ability. No flock may be more than 10 ft. away from another—they must maintain a rough cohesion together. Flocks may not take Actions different from each other in a given turn; either all flocks take the same action or some of the flocks take no action, but one flock may not choose to Dash while another chooses to attack a creature. This doesn’t mean the flock must all target the same creature, only that if some are going to attack then each flock must attack something or do nothing as opposed to some other action.

At the end of their change the wearer may choose to rematerialize in any space occupied by a flock. If all the flocks are destroyed before the wearer comes back, they come back at the location of the last flock and are at 0 hp.

NOTES

DOCKER'S SHIELD



"Come on, now, Master Vacheck, surely you didn't think I was going to simply let you and your band of petty thieves and murderers just walk into my Daima and sack it like common burglars in a jewelry shop?"

"I've waited for this moment for weeks—you didn't know that, did you? I was watching you when you crossed the Faetan Peaks, I sat in the grass and watched you sleep under that great oak. My creatures will take your friends, those still alive, down into the dark and play with them like dolphins might play with a baby floating in the sea."

"...so. Do your worst."

"..."

"..."

"...well? Are you just going to stand there?"

"...are you... slow?"

"This is getting awkward."

APPEARANCE

A soft black and red quarter-mask designed to fit over the eyes—but without any holes to see out of.

ORIGIN

History DC 17, Arcane DC 22; Advantage to Way of Shadow Monks and anyone with the Criminal background

The Blackworks of Greyghast may have been the foremost suppliers of dark and nefarious magic artificery in the world at one point, but their chief rival—the Wainsguild—were a close second. The guild was a thieving outfit in the second capital of the Empire of Shadows, a great city ruled by the monsters and alien things that perverted the land in the Years of Terror long ago. What’s an enterprising heavy to do when darkness pervades everything? The guild had their own solution, and created Docker’s Shields to make the most out of the perpetual night that covered the Empire. Most of them have been lost in the years since, though some are still sacred to certain monasteries of shadow in the North.

Attunement to the Shield requires wearing it for an uninterrupted week and then succeeding in a Wisdom Save DC 15—on failure, the process must be started over again. Sitting in pitch and blind darkness (which is what it feels like, as it blocks all light from the eyes) can unnerve even the bold.

SYSTEM

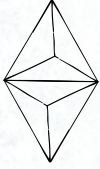
Once attuned, the Shield grants the wearer deeper power than mere sight ever provided. Wearing the Shield renders one somewhat blind, though a form of Blindsight takes over in a 10 ft. radius around them within which one can make out forms and objects like echo location.

This is enough to sense and interact with solid things nearby without issue and largely as normal, though it is not sensitive enough to make out things as small as ink-raised letters on a page or the swirls of paint on a canvas. One would sense the dimensions of a coin, but may not know what kind it is.

While wearing the Shield, when in the presence of eminent danger (enemies around, traps or hazards, and/or reasons a person might be wary for more than imagined reasons), the wearer may spend an entire round standing in one place and Dodging incoming attacks while listening to the movements of the air, the smells of sweat, the trembling on the ground, etc. If they do so then, at the start of one’s next turn, they gain 1 Inspiration. Note that they could spend multiple rounds in this way to gain multiple Inspirations, either back-to-back or throughout the combat.

Any Inspiration beyond the first is lost after 10 minutes.

NOTES



FIRE OF LIFE



Wyatt died on that bridge. He felt his bones snap and the weight of the giant club crushing him against the stones like you'd crush a beetle under your thumbnail. The pain was real, and the echo of it in his mind was more torturous than the impact had been.

He saw, for a moment, his friends rushing forward to attack the giant... and then Wyatt of Dew Point saw nothing.

Darkness, smoke, heat, fire, stink, grinding and roars in the distance.

The darkness gave birth to a blasted outcropping of grey and ragged stone crushed under a red and acrid sky, and Wyatt found himself surrounded by every hell he'd ever imagined.

"Ho' Wyatt..." the grumble and grind shaped itself to words, "You trouble again?" The grind turned into a low cackle—the sound like dropping gravel into a pond—deep, round, and and full of finality.

"You trouble. I give you back?" it asked. It always asked. The answer was always the same, and It insisted on asking each time.

It just wanted him to beg—to plead—so he did. He lamented his fate, he squeezed out insincere tears, he spent days beating his breast and wailing for help. It denied him. It toyed with him. It lied and cajoled him. It watched him scream himself hoarse—again.

After days in that hellscape, Wyatt returned.

Appearing out of nowhere, naked, just moments after he left, watching his friends attack the giant and force it back on the bridge to the other side. Wyatt took a deep and labored breath of air that now seemed so fresh as to taste sweet. He knelt over the polished grey amulet laying on the ground, his clothes and arms surrounding it.

Every time it got worse; to the others he seemed to be the man that never died, but he remembered finding the wonder in a pile of clothes, untouched for decades. He often wondered why that man had never come back.

APPEARANCE

A amulet of brilliant gold with a round, polished red stone set in the center. The chain is long and exquisitely braided.

ORIGIN

History DC 18, Arcane DC 21; Advantage for Fiendish Patron Warlocks and anyone with the Acolyte background

Of the many sins of the Fiendish during the First Age, their pollution of and theft of control over the River was the most egregious. It might have been the case that the Great Powers, during the wars for Creation, would have paid them all little notice—schemers they might be—but when they stole the current of magic that flows through all realities for themselves? A temporary truce was called, and the forces that levelled mountains and gouged new oceans in the world in a struggle for domination stopped to punish the Fiends for their hubris.

Their battle was swift by the reckoning of the times—only a few of what we would think of as millennia—but it was enough time for the dark underbosses of the Fiendish to steal away what they were truly after. It was worth the death and blood and pain to pluck from the River one of the deepest stones it held, a polished red gem that held the key to escaping the hell they saw coming for them at the end of the War.

The Fire of Life was made to save them from being locked away in the darkness, but the gods and goddesses were not so easily thwarted. Rather than allow the amulet to free the Fiendish to come back to our World, it would only allow those from here to escape there. Useless to all of them, so they first thought, but the Fiendish found other ways to use it, and spread their own influence in the world.

Attunement requires finding one of the many hells in the planescape; one need not go to a hell, but intimate knowledge of how to get there is the key. Once the wearer completes this planar study and research, the amulet glows faintly. DMs are encouraged to consider what arcane maps, ancient texts, or long lectures might be necessary to learn the coordinates and paths to another plane.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the wearer is protected from Death in this world. Before the gods and goddesses of death, or their servants, can claim one's soul it escapes to the hell it now knows the location of.

When the wearer's hp drops below 0—and they are subject to Death Saves as normal—they are immediately transported from where they were in that moment to one of the many hells of the Fiendish. As this isn't the wearer's own teleportation, the magic originating with one of the underbosses of hell themselves, any force or spell that requires a Charisma check (or any other check or Save) is ignored.

None of the wearer's clothing, items, or equipment comes. Even the Fire is left behind.

Once there in the underhell, they wearer spends a number of days communing with the Fiend that is lord there, trying to bargain for their return. Every day, the amulet's owner may attempt a Persuasion or Deception check DC 20. If they fail, the "day" spent is for nothing and the Fiend taunts them and lets them starve and waste away. While the owner cannot truly die there, the pain and torment of deprivation is real. They may lose weight, grow pale, etc. After their failure, the next day happens immediately—for storytelling purposes—and they may roll again. This continues until they succeed in the check.

Success indicates the Fiend is sufficiently pleased, and with a simple gesture returns the wearer to the place and, roughly, the same moment they left. Roll 1d4: the result is how many turns they were "gone" before they can re-enter play. For the wearer, days (or weeks or months) may have passed—and they do age—but for everyone else? It was moments.

The owner returns with half of their hp (rounded down) and Exhaustion 1.

The difficulty of the check to convince the Fiend goes up by +3 every additional time one is transported within the same day. When the DC exceeds the owner's ability to succeed on the check, they never come back.

GUISE OF THE DEATH BEAR



There was nobody left. Sarkani was dead—not dying, but gone. His body, there in the grass, a wet mess of ragged flesh and protruding bone.

Deserae was dead as well. Four hundred miles together, so far from home, bright eyed and willful, and now her face was a cold surprise—staring off to nothing, her spirit vanished.

Even Braut, the Giant of the Vanguard and the Breaker of Stone, lay in the tall grey weeds—not long til the next world.

Arcasta, the witch that laid waste to the people of New Haven, stood on the precipice of the stoney cliff overseeing it all and laughed wildly into the storm.

Grau barely survived the hurricane of malevolent energy, but it took its toll. Burns, at least two broken ribs, and he could feel his jaw dislocated. It all hurt. And it was all nearly over. And he would never hear his friends laughter again.

So, he gave himself over—one last time—hunching in the alien weeds and rocky purple soil. Staring up the cliff at the evil thing that brought them to this, he felt the cold rush behind his heart and the emptiness spread through his muscles. He felt light for a moment, one painful and long moment, and then felt his body tearing itself half-apart. The sensations were always the same, and the pain would fade. But, for now, it was agony. The agony roused the Bear.

A deep-throated howl rose up from down in the valley while Arcasta posed at the lip of the drop, around her an ugly, inhuman fury that sounded like the breaking of a world raged with wild energies.

But below, down in the darkness, something with terrible red eyes began ascending hand-over-hand with ravenous purpose.

APPEARANCE

A headdress made from head of a great black bear. The fur is stiff and dark, and the hide reaches down just past the shoulders when worn.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 14, Arcane DC 18; Advantage for Path of the Totem Warrior Barbarians and anyone with the Folk Hero background

When the world was young the spirits of the Wild and the Wastes fought their petty wars for dominance, and the Great Beings, the Totem Lords, and all the other fabled powers of the world were born from them—child-demi-gods conceived in conflict. Amongst them (if the stories are to be believed) was the Rahl, the Father Bear, the Long Walker, the Keeper of the Streams. He refused to take sides and, for that, both the Wilds and the Wastes hated him. Some stories say one or the other did him in, but none truly know which killed him. Both sides blamed each other, and used it as a pretense for more war, but—some time into the Third Catanthia of Pace when the conflicts were at their peak—Father Bear’s body was found broken and lifeless in the high places.

A turn of the moon later and both the Wilds and Wastes were driven from the peaks by a dark, monstrous fury. A spirit of revenge and pain, in the form of a giant black bear. Or... so the stories say.

Several tribes in the high places kept to a small worship and honoring of the Death Bear: a symbol of revenge, a symbol of great sorrow. The Guise has been handed down from tribe to tribe, from champion to champion, always to those who have suffered greatly, and the last stories of a bearer date back to well before the Old Empire’s fall.

Attunement requires exacting brutal revenge upon someone that has wronged the would-be bearer. The vengeance must be for a genuine loss, such as the death of someone they care

about, the ruination of some significant aspect of one’s life, or an injury to one’s reputation in a non-trivial way. The Death Bear is a spirit of not only what comes after life, but of furious vendettas, and only satisfying one can wake the Guise.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the headdress feels cold (not painfully, just clearly unnaturally) and one dreams every night of hunting betrayers and avenging slights from one’s past.

Once per day, when an ally rolls a Death Save, the wearer may use their Reaction to give themselves over to the underlying and seething fury of the Death Bear that keeps itself barely hidden beneath the wearer’s consciousness.

On doing so, the wearer first gains a number of temporary hp equal to 1d4 x the Proficiency Bonus of the ally that is dying. Their hands and feet grow long and powerful claws, knotted and bony joints, and irregular cords of muscle. Treat unarmed attacks as +0 magic weapons doing 1d6 Slashing damage.

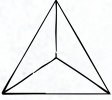
Their face twists in a rictus of teeth, rage, and madness—with bristling tufts of black fur sprouting all over—while their eyes become blazing, bright unnatural things that grant Dark-vision to 240 ft. and advantage on visual Perception. Every time they take damage in excess of their Class Level, they gain 1 Inspiration point, though they cannot exceed their maximum. The wearer is also considered to have the monster type Beast instead of Humanoid.

This form lasts for a number of turns equal to their Constitution modifier.

Any remaining Inspiration is lost after the Guise drops away.

Should the bearer of the Guise find a worthy champion to pass it on to, the old spirits of the world bless them for remembering the ancient ways; the now-former wearer gains a permanent Resistance to Cold damage.

HAND OF ZEAL



“Foul creature, brought from below to hound and plague us, there is no place for you or your kind in this world. You’re a disease in the field, a blight in the orchard. You’re the swarm that comes from the autumn winds, but this one—here—is protected by the Mother herself and you have no power anymore.”

Brother Service watched the old priestess banish yet another one... he felt his own faith weak that he could not so gloriously do the righteous work he’d dedicated himself to.

He’d never seen someone so filled with power and so secure in its use. He’d never seen a true cleric before, it seemed. More the shame.

APPEARANCE

A taqiyah, or fez-like hat, brimless and flat on top, made of pure white wool.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 12, History DC 14; Advantage for Clerics and anyone with the Acolyte or Sage backgrounds

The Hand of Zeal was not always an uncommon item; created by senior priestesses and divines of the True, they were intended to promote greater passion and promote greater devotion to the faith itself, rather than the power that comes with it. The Sisters of the True are long gone now, buried under the weight of the centuries of war and conquest that felled the West, but some of their Hands are rumored to still hide in sacred places in the world.

To attune to the Hand one must be able to cast divine spells, and conduct formal religious observances (prayers, blessings, giving counsel, sharing the word) to a community of people (numbering at least a dozen) for one month.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Hand catches the attention of the divine caster’s deity with every spell. The caster must verbally call for their god or goddess’ assistance when casting a spell, it must be topically appropriate for the deity in question (a god of war is unlikely to care for pleas to calm and bring peace to foes, but may respect an earnest need to befuddle enemies or lure them into lowering their guard), and the player must fashion a plea, request, or demand using at least eight words.

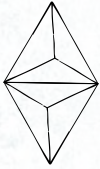
When this is done in conjunction with casting a spell there a chance, equal to their Proficiency Bonus (so a 4% chance if the bonus is +4), that the spell works as normal—hit or miss, so long as the spell itself wasn't stopped—and the the spell-slot is not lost. For particularly

impassioned or perfectly framed invocation that hit just the right desires of that deity, the DM may allow the roll to have double the chance this happens (so the example Proficiency Bonus of +4 would give an 8% chance).



NOTES

HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN



The old warrior trod slowly up the hill, his companions dodging and weaving behind him. The beast's first volley—a boulder the size of a wine cask—crushed and shattered against Ser Broadway's thick armor.

With a grunt, and a barely audible sigh, he pressed on—one foot, and then another. Up the hill, ever up the hill, as the creature's allies rained stone down upon him. The rest of the group hunkered tightly behind their paladin as he continued his ascent.

Another stone, lobbed in a high arc, similarly shattered against Broadway's, him the unrelenting storm. He faltered only a moment, cursed from within his metal shell, and slowly continued up the path.

APPEARANCE

A thick helmet of rough and ugly stone, accented with the glint of minerals and thin veins of a light-colored ore.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, History DC 24; Advantage for Fighters and anyone with the Sage or Acolyte backgrounds

During the Creation War, when the Great Powers struggled for this universe and the right to shape it to their will, the champions of the Elementals were the first to fall. Their play in the Contest was short, so narrow and focused as they were. What separates this world from the worlds found in the endless Planes above is the

influence of those Powers not so wed to static wants and needs.

The Beings that shaped the Planes of Elemental Earth held out the longest, stubbornly digging in and refusing to be moved. The least of their warriors would make the mightiest of those Elementals found in this world today look like a child beside a giant. Such were the old Powers that tossed up Mountains and flooded continents to make oceans.

Some of the gods and goddesses that won and laid claim to this world chose to rule benignly and allow the other Powers that opposed them to leave unharmed. Some, however, were cruel. From the tip of one finger of one of the great

Arch-Elementals of Earth and Stone, a divine trinket was made—an insult to the Elementals that believed this world could be theirs. Thousands of years later, this trinket was fashioned into a powerful helm.

Attunement requires learning the Primordial name for the stone and elements contained in the helmet and speaking them into the bowl of the helmet, an act of respect to the great Being that died in the War. One must be Proficient in Heavy Armor to wear it.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the wearer may activate the Heart with a thought. The wearer gains a damage reduction against critical hits at the end of their turn equal to 6 minus the number of 5 ft. spaces they moved during their turn. For example, if moving 30 ft., they would benefit from no damage reduction ($6 - 6 = 0$); moving 15 ft. means they would get a damage reduction of 3 ($6 - 3 = 3$). If not moving at all, the damage

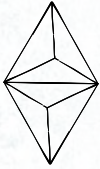
reduction is 6 ($6 - 0 = 6$). This damage reduction lasts until their next movement taken.

This damage reduction can be against all critical hits from all damage types except Radiant, Lightning, Force, and Necrotic.

If damaged by a critical hit from one of those four damage types, the Heart grows and begins covering more of the head; another, and it starts to cover parts of the neck more broadly; after the third, it extends onto the shoulders and imposes a disadvantage to Athletics and Acrobatics; after the fourth, it covers the upper body in rigid slabs of heavy rock and further imposes 1 Exhaustion after wearing it for longer than 1 minute. On the fifth, the helm becomes too heavy and overgrown to use, now completely unwearable, and the wearer must succeed at an Escape Artist check DC 15 or be stuck and trapped within.

The loss of the War comes with consequences—even the artifacts from it suffer them still.

NOTES



HELM OF PREY



The trail had been long and horrible. Seventeen weeks on the road, patrolling up and down the Kline Trail, all exhausting. Half the group had been a grumbling and tired mess barely a month in, and at this point almost everyone was ready to quit. Mutiny was at hand, surely; they all knew it, they were only waiting for the first of them to suggest it in more than a joking way.

But Ser Broadways was hard to turn against. Not just because the old paladin was a straight shooter, a decent leader, and as trustworthy a chief as any of them had ever worked under, but because the giant golden sword on his hip and the fluency with which the tall man wielded it served as a fair deterrent.

Finally—just when the mood of the group was about to break—he called for them to trek back to the village. Just two more days of bad food and cold weather and they’d all get some coins and try and forget how rough this gig had been. The only one of them who hadn’t complained a bit was Oakbreaker, but the wildman hardly said anything one way or another for months. He was a quiet, slow, trudging figure. Behind the helmet, he could be old or young—none of them, save Brodie maybe, had ever even seen his face.

So when he stopped in the middle of the road, listening for something on the breeze, and then sprinted like the wind toward the treeline, what should have been a cause for alarm only left the group of enforcers staring, mouth-agape, and the loping figure.

And then the arrows came.

APPEARANCE

A solid steel armet with broad steel antlers extending from its crown. The helm is polished to an almost mirror-like shine.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 16, Arcane DC 21; Advantage for Druids and anyone with the Outlander background

The wars against the Fey continue, quietly and in the dark and forgotten corners of the world.

The druids and divine champions that fight the encroaching madness live and die unknown and forgotten, year after year. The battles have grown smaller, and more brutal, as the Glass grows thicker between our world and theirs. The wild creatures and provocateurs that come through are more desperate, more destructive than ever before, but the time of great battles spanning weeks and months of blood and magic have passed.

One day, the Glass will be impenetrable. It is a war of attrition.

But of the many weapons and wonders the countless sects and coterie of champions on our side—the Knights of the Green, the Wanderers, the Lost Circle—have made or wielded over the millennia, most have been lost. Some on the far side of the barrier between our worlds, some destroyed, and many simply left in the far and forgotten places where their bearer died—none there to pick them back up. The Wild takes them. And few know how or where to find them.

The Helm of Prey was worn by the last champion of the Lost Circle; she died standing watch over a crack in the Glass for eighty years, dying a sharp-eyed old woman, ready as ever to protect us from the mad things that would come and make a brutal game of the world.

Attunement requires sleeping for one night amongst a collection of wild prey animals: deer, doves, squirrels, and any other animal not a significant predator of others. The necessary behavior can be compelled magically, but DMs should note the duration of most animal-influencing magic. Physically binding or injuring the animals to accomplish this causes the Helm to lose the last of the magic it retains from those old times.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, wearing the Helm causes the perception of the wearer to shift, taking on the manner that prey animals perceive the world (like deer or bison), rather than predators (like wolves or cats).

The wearer's sight ceases to be binocular and forward looking (predator's eyes are arranged this way, to gauge distance and depth for hunting), and instead they find that they see peripherally as though their eyes were on the sides of their head. Their field of vision is greatly increased, despite no physical changes taking place.

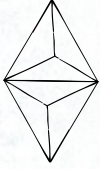
Similarly, their ears pick up sounds more omnidirectionally and with greater sensitivity, while their sense of smell becomes heightened. Physically, the wearer feels alert and calm most of the time, as though their body is storing energy for when they may need it in an instant.

The Helm grants advantage on Perception with respect to detecting stealthy or hiding creatures—so long as they can be seen, heard, or smelled—within 120 ft. Any sneak attacks or surprising attacks made against the wearer are made at disadvantage and, with a Reaction (after either such an attack, whether a success or failure), the wearer may immediately take a Movement without provoking Opportunity Attacks (as their body is primed to flee with the least provocation during surprises). Note, this doesn't pre-empt the attack, only offers a free Movement afterward and only for attacks that the wearer could not anticipate.

In addition, the wearer may use their Reaction in response to a declared ranged attack, that they can see and anticipate, to force the attacker to make their roll at disadvantage.

NOTES

LAFFETR'S PINCE-NEZ



"He's over there..." Sabya called out, pointing with his larian-made sword toward the outcroppings overlooking the long valley. His comrades tensed. They did not like this place, nor did they like the things that crept and hid in the shadows around it.

While they made their way down the gully, and watched the sun fade behind the peaks of the far end of the lost and lonely stretch, they gripped their leather-wrapped handles and nocked their arrows and glanced nervously left and right and up and down — waiting for the ambush they knew would come.

All, save Sabya.

He strolled and hopped down the face, lightly and without much care. Not that he was brave (he wasn't) and not that he was unworried (he was), but he knew the things were still gathering. Their assault was only half-formed and this was poor ground to make their stand should it soon come.

He could see them floating this way and that, flitting by with curiosity and malice. They didn't know he could see them, and that was the only advantage they'd have when the time came.

APPEARANCE

A nose-bridge pinching set of spectacles, made of a dull tin-looking material. The lenses are bifocal, of a rose-tinted glass.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 16, Religion DC 19; Advantage for Sorcerers and College of Lore Bards

Corona Laffetr wrote all seventy volumes of her Survey of Things Unseen in the field, in the muck and mire and hazard of the world, over one hundred and eighty years ago. Dying an old woman, surrounded by grandchildren, she

passed her eyepieces onto the College of Lore and from there they've found their way into the stories of dozens of would-be successors to her legacy.

Her own creation, the Pince-Nez were painstakingly crafted over several years with help from the last devotees of the Temple of the River, the sorcerers and natural mages who worshipped a goddess of magic long since gone from the world whom they believed would one day return.

Attunement requires careful cleaning and polishing of the lenses with magical cloth: really any will do, so long as it has an inherent magical property (only passive properties that don't require activation or choice count as inherent, anything requiring decision or are "turned on" for effect do not).

SYSTEM

While wearing the Pince-Nez, one is disadvantaged on Perception as well as on all Actions where clear visual perception and targeting are necessary (ranged attacks, spell attacks, throwing things, investigating at some distance, leaping down from a ledge, etc.). Actions that do not require acute visual perception or the judging of distance are not affected (conventional melee

attacks, even lockpicking done chiefly by feel or sound, etc.). The bifocal arrangement of the lenses simply impedes one at range, making far objects tricky to properly see and judge.

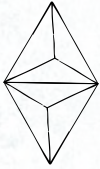
However, while wearing them, one receives a number of benefits: advantage on Intelligence and Investigation checks and Saves vs Illusions, the ability to read any written language as though they had that Proficiency if they succeed on an Intelligence Save (DC 10 for any common Humanoid language and DC 15 for all others), and Truesight to a distance equal to their Proficiency Bonus in feet.

Taking the glasses off causes the lenses to cloud and requires polishing again—a process that takes at least 1 minute, but may be done with any cloth.



NOTES

MEDALLION OF WRATH



Chang hated “adventuring.” She hated monstrous things, by and large, with their strange looks and worse smells. She really hated the open road. She hated scavenging and the cold and the wet and—oh, Father on the Mountain—did she ever hate dungeons and crypts and tombs.

Why the others insisted on kicking in the door and exploring every dark hole in the ground was beyond her.

Chang thought all this over (yet again) as she drank her beer and waited. She heard a man stumble into a table in the corner behind her—her heart leapt in her chest—but he apologized and the others invited him to sit. She watched the skulking little Halfling girl

make her way around acting far more drunk than she was, but nobody noticed her lifting their purses. Chang rolled her eyes, what a disappointment.

And then...

She heard someone to her right call someone else a bastard, their voice starting to take on that edge of warning to whomever he was talking to. And the recipient of the insult retorted with a slander about someone’s mother.

Chang hated adventuring, but this—this coming carnival of blood and regret—oh, she did love that.

APPEARANCE

A broad and ugly medallion, large enough to eat a meal off of. The whole piece is a crudely beaten bronze with cuneiform-like writing stamped into the center-piece.

ORIGIN

History DC 14, Arcane DC 19; Advantage for Barbarians and anyone with the Outlander background

Not all people, or communities of people, beyond the circle of what the Midland empires

and nations call “civilization” are truly barbaric. The term itself is a catch all, often an unfair one, for anyone who doesn’t speak a common tongue (common to whatever kingdom chooses to claim its own speech as civilized) or hold to the social assumptions of the vast cities or countries that dominate most of the world.

The Clan of Rath, a tight and isolated collection of tribes in what is understood to be the distant West, discovered the more mysterious workings of Enchanting a thousand years before the Elvish made their transition from natural sorcery to more

lettered studies of magic. They were amongst the first people to document schema for artificery and the creating of imbued works of both art and war.

One of their more martial creations was a chest-piece of bronze, round to honor the fury of the sun (which their land of grass and desert well respected), to be worn by their clansires and champions in battle. When a mighty warrior took the field wearing it, their prowess was truly put to the test as all the rage and bloodlust would turn on them.

The Clan of Rath died out. The last known descendent having passed centuries ago, beaten by a mob in the streets during the Purge of the Old Empire—their works lost to time and dust.

Attunement requires picking an honest fight (compelled neither magically or through deceptive means) with as many able and experienced strangers (they must have an attack bonus of at least +1) as one's Proficiency Bonus, all while wearing nothing protective (no armor). Killing any of the combatants is not allowed, and if one dies then the medallion cannot be attuned at all. When the last opponent falls unconscious or yields, however, the medallion hums lightly (Perception DC 25 to notice).

SYSTEM

Once attuned, any creature within 30 ft. of the Medallion that is naturally (absent magical compulsion) intending or attempting an act of violence against anyone else finds they are compelled and advantaged to instead attack the wearer. They feel confident and strong, seeing the wearer as the ideal or necessary victim of their hostility, and will attempt to attack the wearer to the degree they'd intended for the original target (if they only mean to shove the original target,

they only want to shove the wearer instead; if they meant attack with a sword, they will swing the sword). DMs should note, this is a compulsion that takes over for only (and literally) the hostile act the subject had in mind; killing someone isn't an act, but the result of one.

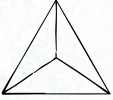
This hazy manipulation of their mind continues until they achieve their original objective and complete the act. For example, as long as the wearer remains unshoved by the subject who wanted to shove the target (by superior Athletics or being hard to reach), then the subject will continue to be compelled and advantaged to attempt it, and will continue to try. The subject may elect to stop at the end of any of their turns and shake off the effects of the medallion by taking a number of Psychic damage equal to the Attack or Ability bonus they were compelled to perform—the strain of exerting one's own will takes its toll.

Once the compulsion is over, in any case, the subject knows something strange happened to them and may believe, depending on the circumstances and creature, that a madness took them over or that someone was controlling their will. DMs are encouraged to consider what an average, undereducated person might think of having a fit of rage against someone that lead them to attack someone else, as well as what a learned, magically experienced person might think. DMs should also note, while this may cause someone to attack the wearer instead of another person, the effect is subtle and small and they are under no compulsion to do so again.

Should the wearer leave line of sight for the subject, the effect is broken and cannot be used on them again (ever). Should the medallion be taken off, they lose attunement and may not attune the item ever again.

NOTES

MONOCLE OF VICE



“My Lord Gaw, this is very fine wine—have I not said so?” Barris Channen, Baron of Underwood, sipped from his cup demurely, the smoke from the Duke’s pipe hanging in the air above the finely wrought bellwood desk, smelling of lemons and grass, the whole affair richly intoxicating to the eye and taste.

“You have, Barris, and I will pass your compliments to Stevris; he had some delivered last winter and I rarely get so fine a company as yours to enjoy it. Another?”

“Oh, no... no, no. I’ll lose myself and end up flashing my arse to the crowds from your balcony, I’m afraid.” They both chuckled. A fine evening’s distraction.

Barris adjusted his eyepiece, in fashion these days for those of means and peerage, and spent

a half-a-heartbeat quiet while he sipped again. Ah... well, that was interesting.

Clearing his throat, he leaned forward conspiratorially.

“Have you ever thought about—and forgive me if this is forward—new leadership on the council?”

Duke Gaw raised a hint of an eyebrow and drank deeply, buying a moment to consider this unexpected turn in the conversation.

“Again, no offense to Lord Boht, but it seems you are the stronger hand when the council meets. I only thought that you might have interest in a change...”

APPEARANCE

A thick monocle of smokey glass, with a rim that resembles braided strings and ropes in a lovely silver metal. The chain appears to be woven strands of a silvery metal, like a very loose, thin rope.

ORIGIN

History DC 16, Arcane DC 21; Advantage for Sorcerers and Warlocks or anyone with the Noble background

The Monocle was part of the court of Empress Terani IV, one of the last of the Exile queens that conquered much of the known world ages ago. The empire had been founded on a mistrust of—and aversion to—magic, plunging the world into a dark age of power where bloody wars raged and nations fell.

Toward the end of the Exile dynasty, many of the descendants relaxed the prohibitions of their forefathers and Terani was said to have fondness of shoring up her own power through the creation of arcane instruments, both illegal by the charters of the empire for generations and considered taboo by the culture at large. In exchange for the help of a cabal of sorcerers in the empire (secretive, and traditionally killed under the law), Terani turned the hatred and disgust of the kingdoms on the witches and warlocks that consorted with forbidden powers, sparing the outright persecution and extermination of the sorcerous.

The Monocle gave its wearer unnatural insights into the strands of fate and desire that turn and twist around the hearts of mortals, having been made from an actual piece of the skein of Fate—drawn into this world by powerful sorcery and the sacrificing of dozens of witches and warlocks.

Attunement requires watching the death of a witch, warlock, or cultist through the Monocle. Whether by one's own hand or someone else's doesn't matter.

SYSTEM

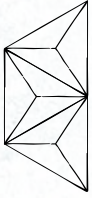
Once attuned, the monocle allows the wearer to learn the hidden desires of a sentient and intelligent creature after a few moments of study. To do so, the wearer spends 1 Inspiration to make an Insight Check against a DC equal to the Intelligence Score of the subject.

On a success, the wearer gets a brief flash, from the subject's imagination, of them having accomplished the thing they most want in the world at that moment. This says nothing of the reasons, only an image of them triumphant in whatever manner makes the most sense to the subject. When looking at a woman through the Monocle, the wearer may seem glimpses of her walking through a finely made manor with servants dotting on her—which may imply that she desperately wants to be wealthy or perhaps only that she desperately wants to live in that specific place (which may exist).

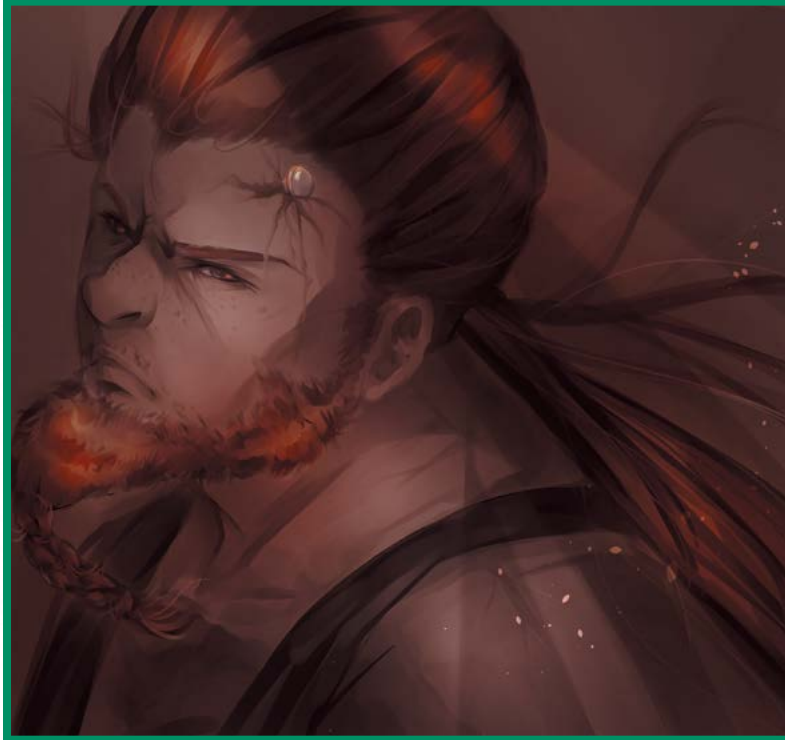
DMs should note that, while some creatures may only focus on immediate wants and desires, the more intelligent the target the more grand or complex those desires are likely to be. A common man may simply want to live a long life or avoid a conscription into a war, an ancient dragon may have some considerable and epic desires that are not easily attained (otherwise, why wouldn't they have attained them?).

On a failure, the subject is immune to all such future attempts to use the Monocle on them. If the Monocle is used on a creature with an Intelligence less than 10, the wearer takes 1d6 Psychic damage (regardless of success or failure on the Insight roll).

NOTES



NAIL



The massive, mailed fist crashed into Ubaid's face again—loosening a tooth and welling copper-tasting spittle in his mouth. He stared at the half-orc, the soldier's knuckles must be aching by now.

"Where is it?" the pale green sergeant of the Emperor's Finest barked again. Ubaid spit, a pink foamy splat, onto the stones and looked up into his captor's face. There was no joy in this. None. None of this made him happy. He figured he might ask again...

"I cannot give it to you. Please," Ubaid tried pleading, why not? He had no pride left, he's lost that a long time ago.

"You do not want it. It is a heavy blessing. Your life is worth more, officer. Please... I will leave and take it with me, the Emperor has no fear from it being in his lands. Let me take it away and die with it, let it claim no other foolish young man."

The fist crashed into his nose, again, and as Ubaid felt it break... and then unbreak... he wept.

APPEARANCE

A heavy, thick, roughly hewn iron nail roughly two inches long.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 17, History DC 22; Advantage for Monks and anyone with the Guild Artisan background

The Builder. The Great Smith. God of civilization itself—of the great achievements of stone and steel and sail—chose a young man to be his paragon, to bring creation to the uncreated wilds and domain to the domainless tribes. To aid him, he drove one solitary nail into his forehead to pierce his brain and provide a conduit to the heavens of the Smith.

That young man brought irrigation to the nomadic people of the west, taught stone cutting to the dwarvish clans, pointed the first sailors in the direction of a near land they could sail to with their primitive boats, and helped the Old Empire develop steel before any others. Those that still remember the Builder, a faith now long abandoned, remember these stories. Sometimes the young man is the same that was first touched and sometimes there are stories of new people taking up the work.

But all of that is in the past, and Nail is all that's left—an artifact possessing a fraction of the power it must have once had to raise the great cities of the world from the nothing that had existed before.

Attunement requires driving the Nail into one's forehead.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, and so long as it remains in the head of the bearer, any Critical Hit the bearer is subject to from a non-natural source is treated as a normal hit. Swords, arrows, other weapons, magical attacks generally, spiritual attacks, etc. are considered non-natural; fists, claws, etc. are considered to be natural.

In addition, so long as the bearer of Nail has an unspent Inspiration point, Nail grants advantage on Saves against magic and magical effects.

Should the bearer not have an unspent point, they lose this benefit, but regain it the moment they earn another Inspiration point.

Should the bearer ever part with Nail, it ceases to work for them ever again, even if re-attuned. Should the bearer find someone else to take it, willing to attune to it without magical influence over the decision, the bearer may pass Nail on. Upon the new person's attunement, roll 2d6. If both results are even numbers, the now former-bearer may add the higher of the two to their maximum hp. If both results are odd numbers, they subtract the lower of the two from their maximum hp. If one is even and one is odd, nothing happens.



NOTES

OBSCURANT VANE



“You’re damned, you know that, right?”

Wexel Don Specci held his crossbow level at the approaching figure. The same one he’d seen around down the last few weeks. The same one that made a bloodbath out of the mercenaries he sent to get rid of the guy. The same one who came here to revenge himself on the killing Wexel had paid for down in the villages of the Marshes.

Chickens were coming home to roost, but Wexel—coward he might be—wasn’t going to let this stranger have the last laugh.

“I’ll— I’ll pay you! Yes? Look, how much would it really

take? You’re unarmed and I may not be much of a soldier, but I’m a good enough shot to put this bolt through you,” Wex was rambling. He cursed himself silently, this man wasn’t going to be scared of a bumbling aristocrat.

“You better aim for the heart, then. You do it. Or I’ll never stop coming for you,” the stranger replied, never missing a pace or a step as he came closer and closer.

Wexel experienced three great revelations before the darkness took him. First, that it was his own greed that had brought him to this place. Second, that the world was full of strangers, and one never knows who is bringing one’s death with them. Third, that some of those strangers, it would seem, cannot die.

APPEARANCE

A beautiful jade box with a braided gold lanyard fixed to the top.

ORIGIN

History DC 13, Religion DC 19; Advantage for Monks and anyone with the Noble background

The last Emperor of Ave Cro, nestled undisturbed amongst the peaks of the far western mountains, lived for seven hundred and thirty years—longer than all of his progeny and long enough to guide the course of his corner of

civilization to advancements other nations saw as miraculous and awe-inspiring. He served as counselor to his descendents' reigns—building the future one year at a time. He was known during those centuries as “the old emperor,” all record of his name erased from their history (though a few scrolls and tomes survived in other places in the world).

The Vane was the product of his own study and communion with the heavens. It gave him the longevity to be wise and the resilience to withstand the brutal politics of his age.

When the empire fell, the Vane passed from scholar to opportunist and back again, over and over. The last recorded sighting of the Vane was almost a century ago in the distant free cities of the east, though the veracity of that is hard to determine.

Attunement to the Vane requires a day and a night, alone, telling it all of one's secrets and failures and hopes. None can overhear, or it does not take. But, when attuned, the Vane knows one's name (their truest name, writ on the heavens) and keeps it safe.

SYSTEM

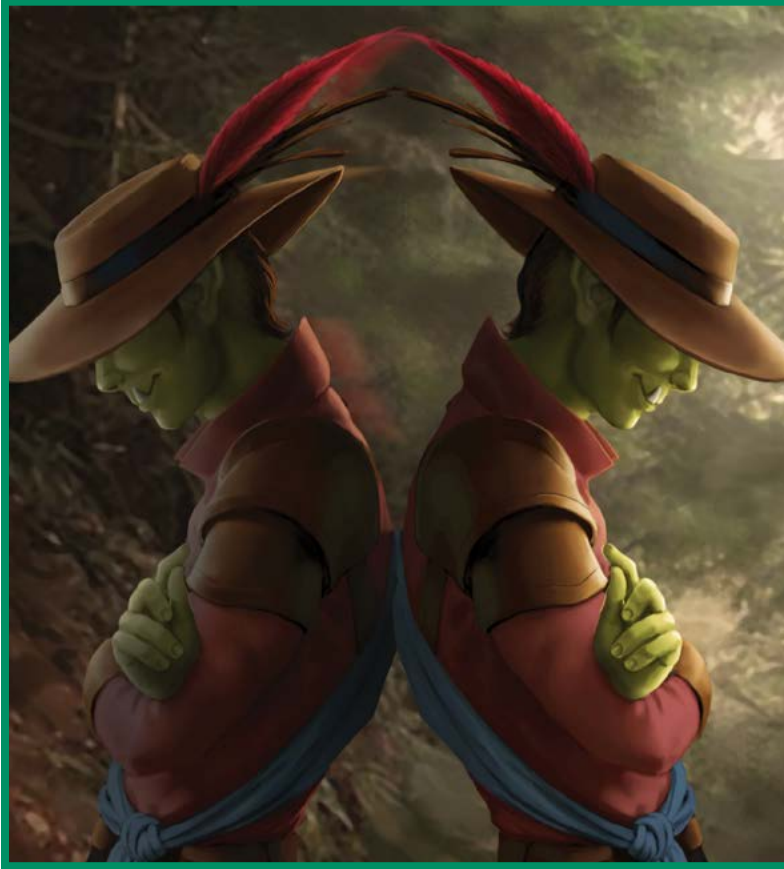
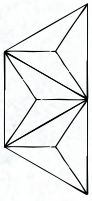
Once attuned, the Vane prevents the owner from aging either naturally or magically and will not let them die a natural death. While disease, illness, starvation, dehydration, exposure, etc. all affect the owner, none of these can ultimately kill them. Instead of dying from these effects, the owner takes 1 Exhaustion. Should the condition or affliction persist (like continuing to starve another few days or be damaged by a disease to the point of dying again), the owner takes another Exhaustion.

This continues until the owner takes 5 Exhaustion—they cannot earn a 6th.

This protection has no effect on violent or unnatural deaths from magic, weapons, attacks, etc. DMs should note that for the purposes of the Vane, even suffocating or falling a great distance counts as “natural.”

NOTES

PAOLOS' CROWN



“So, you kill the whole tribe?” the angry, pink-faced drunk shouted from the high balcony while patrons nodded and shook their heads and drank their drinks and grew bored.

“I did! The whole lot of them. I juked and jibbed and jived— Thank you, dear,” Wrench Livers took the cup from the barmaid, and gave her a cocked eyebrow of interest, before turning back to his story.

“And I jibbed and jived, you see. And then, just as they had me surrounded, I called out from behind the trees,” he paused for effect—it was always good to pause during this part. He reclined in anticipation, kicking his legs on the large table and snuggling with his newfound lady friend.

The crowd stared at him in various states of interest and boredom... which turned to curiosity... and then confusion.

The angry man garumphed. “See, now you can’t even tell it straight: you were surrounded, but then was behind trees? You’re a fool, liar as like, too,” he turned to walk off.

“He may be a fool, but you’re the dandy little girl I’m going to have licking my boots in a minute,” Wrench said as he walked into the tavern—wet from the rains, his sword already drawn.

APPEARANCE

A wide-brimmed hat made of oiled leather. The style is old, but fashionable—something a young lordling might wear on a long hunt.

ORIGIN

History DC 15, Arcane DC 19; Advantage to College of Lore Bards and anyone with the Entertainer background

The story of the crown is told and re-told, but few think it is real. As it goes, a bard during the days of the Republic—nearly a thousand years ago—crowned himself with it before Emperor Paolos II himself as a joke. The most common version of the tale goes onto say that the Emperor was so amused that he had his great viziers enchant the “crown” so that the bard could perform even more splendid comedy.

A truer and deeper story, however, is that the Emperor saw little humor in the act—vain and insecure as he was—but, knowing the popularity of the man, the Emperor waited three days before taking any action. Smiling and applauding the joke the whole time, secretly waiting for the right opportunity.

As a token of his favor, he offered to have his adepts and viziers enchant the hat, to which the wily bard agreed, but not before burning an arcane symbol under the brim to disrupt whatever curse might be in store for him. Always acting the fool, he was, but not truly a fool at all.

The hat was enchanted to kill the bard when worn next, but—with the disharmonious rune perverting the curse—instead the bard both died and very much did not. How that is possible is subject of some debate amongst those who study folklore. Was it a metaphor? A resurrection? Is the story a lie? This is the trouble with stories and why Sages despise the songs that keep some history alive.

The Crown can be attuned by the appreciative, genuine, entertained, and simultaneous applause of at least 100 individuals (uncompelled by magic of any kind). This requires a Performance check at DC 20; one may try again with disadvantage if one fails, but must wait a week before attempting this again.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the wearer may take 1 full turn to split themselves into two people. Doing so requires unbroken Concentration until the start of their next turn.

One “self” remains where they are standing, while their other “self” may appear at a distance of up to 10 ft. times their Proficiency Bonus. For example, if their Proficiency Bonus is +2 then the other self may appear up to 20 ft. away.

Each self has the natural skills, proficiencies, and class features the wearer has, but only an equal division of any bonuses or hp. Divide the current (and maximum) hp of the wearer in two (rounded down) and give the result to each self. The wearer’s Proficiency Bonus is, along with any Ability Score modifiers, similarly split in two—which does mean that negative modifiers are also reduced by the process.

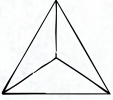
The Crown duplicates any non-magical object carried by the wearer. The two selves share the same pool of spells, slots, points (like Inspiration or spell points), features, and any per day or per rest abilities. Each self may act independently of the other, help each other, or do anything the wearer could do. They look exactly like the wearer, and any attempt to determine otherwise based on appearance or manner fails. The wearer may keep this split active for up to 1 minute.

Should a self be dropped to 0 hp, they simply disperse into nothing. Should both selves be dropped to 0 hp, the wearer replaces the last one to do so, re-forming themselves with 1 hp.

At the end of 1 minute, the wearer may re-form into one of the selves while the other dissipates. All objects created with the Crown vanish as well. The current combined hp of both selves is added together to establish the wearer’s current hp.

NOTES

PERIAPT OF UNDERSTANDING



“What yer donn anderstan, Broodie, issa ter bate sooch a theng rai, yer naed isser rai tools an thang,” Burchester droned on in his overwhelmingly generous accent while Ser Broadways tapped a golden-armored finger on his knee. Sitting around the fire, a long day of travel ahead, it seemed impolite to interrupt the dwarf while he explained the finer points of the especially incomprehensible martial arts of his people.

“Tek a bigbig raed on—”

“Wait... a what?” impatience overruled the old paladin’s politeness. He was tired and the headache of trying to decipher the squat man’s jargon was not helping that.

“A. Big. Big. Raed. Won” the stout, and not a little drunk, ranger parsed.

“A red one? A big red, what? A Dragon?”

“Rai. Yea. Bigbig. Saw, yer wanna wha? Bigbig sward it? Shet planner, Broodie. Raed ons, them, best ter fait wit a wegen-acks”

“A... what?”

“A wegen-acks. Ar, um... whassat... witter rawlin?”

“A wegen?”

The dwarf was red-faced now, and not entirely from the whiskey, He pointed over to the cart they’d been using to carry the goods and made a pantomime of it rolling back and forth.

“Wait... a wagon axle?”

“HAH! YEA!” the round, puffy-faced man slumped down and took another drink, pleased with himself and looking for all the world like he’d solved some great arcane mystery. Ser Broadways sat, looking confused... then frustrated... then near to angry...

“What kind of stupid damn nonsense is that? A Wagon axle? You’re saying I should refrain, sir, from attacking a bloody dragon with a sword in favor of a damned cart-shaft?!?!?”

“...tha’s righ’, ayup.” and the dwarf went back to his drink.

APPEARANCE

A circle of thick and square silver links. Perception DC 15 notices that each link is seamless and feel warm to the touch.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 13, History DC 17; Advantage for Clerics and anyone with the Hermit background

The Periapt is a Dwarvish creation from the barbaric tribes that roamed the Southern mountain. Pursued and subjugated by the Dominion for centuries, the tribes survived by thin fortune and a hard, brutally defiant culture that found what weapons they could where they could.

Their champions would wander the peaks and crags and bring justice and order to the many clans and tribes that had already fallen to the God-King of Stone and Bone, freeing them from the tyranny of the Dominion.

Attuning to the Periapt requires a full night's rest and speaking Dwarvish for a few minutes. One does not have to know the language to parrot it, but doing so may require a Performance check at a DC 15, which is only possible after being coached by someone that does speak the language, to get "right."

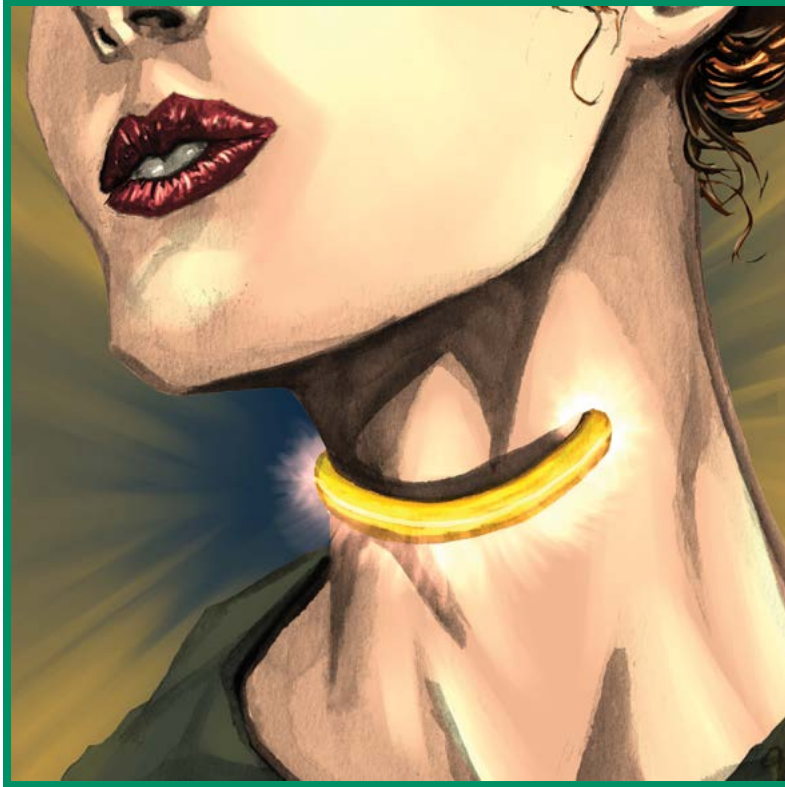
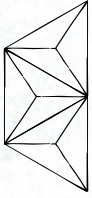
SYSTEM

Once attuned, though, the wearer finds they are superiorly gifted with insight into the many ways common objects around them may be used in personal combat. While wearing the Periapt, any improvised weapon starts with a rating of 0. For every successful hit against a creature (actively fighting back, in genuine combat), add 1 to the rating of the item. For every critical hit, add 20. Once the rating reaches 100, the bearer gains Weapon Proficiency in that item in particular, and those exactly like it with minimal variation (the DM is final judge of similarity). Appropriate new damage dice and weapons properties should be created by the DM (Proficiency in "Tavern Stool" may wind up making tavern stools 1d6 bludgeoning weapons, for example).

Also note, this would make it possible to gain Proficiency in Martial Weapons if used as improvised ones over time. If the Periapt is taken off, any items in progress (those with less than a 100 rating) return to 0.

NOTES

PRICE OF MORNING



One foot. Two. One foot. Two.

Sabyah walked. (One foot. Two.)

Gleal was dead. (One foot.) So was Brother Service of the Radiant Order—and a good one he was. (Two.)

Over years and over miles. (One foot.) They had come and fought the hordes of Kalanji. (Two.) The monsters had devastated the villages of the high places. (One foot.) Families dead, burned thatch huts worth nothing to most (Two.) but worth everything to the poor souls that lived there. (One foot.)

His master had told him on a burnt morning, such as this

(Two.) that he would return and bring with him the (One foot.) vengeance of three generations of subjugation. (Two.) And for miles and years, he had nurtured the Price. (One foot.)

And today, the Great Haggash, itself, would be paid his due.

(Two.)

APPEARANCE

A bronze ring, large enough to fit around a thin wrist; a line runs around the middle, glowing lightly.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 18, History DC 22; Advantage for Knowledge Domain Clerics and anyone with the Acolyte background

After the Creation Wars, when the world was young and the deities not yet defined in their domains and hierarchy, a struggle for what orders to establish commenced—not as bloody

as the wars, but no less passionate: What would they bring to the coming things that would live and breathe and love and die? What kind of world would this be?

A marginal goddess, long since gone or dead—who can know?—created the Price of Morning, fashioning it from her own body. She placed it before the golden and dark gods, the bringers of law and chaos, those that governed the stars or the songs of the earth. By her edict, the only she ever made, the Price could only be wielded by a someone who believed in destiny and—so—believed in the gods.

The deities stood at odds, all together, and bickered over who should carry it—their eons long argument yielded only one agreeable answer out of thousands of disagreeable ones. In the end, mistrustful of each other, they decided to let Fate itself determine who carries the Promise and insist that it pass from mortal to mortal (lest any god or goddess attempt to hoard it).

In all the world, there are few things the gods and goddesses don't touch. But the Price is one. It made its way through history without the influence of divine machination. It may be one of the few pure magics still in existence. Much of its power has dwindled, and the miracles it performed are no longer possible, but what remains is still a wonder.

Attunement to the Price requires placing one's self beyond the influence of deities, and a renunciation of loyalties to any particular god or goddess. DMs should note this does not mean one cannot still pray to deities, or even that one cannot be a Cleric, but only that the would-be bearer would have to remain neutral to the worship of any particular deity. Also, it should be noted, that this may come with some small or severe retribution, depending on what any given god or goddess thinks of such mortal hubris.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Price sinks into the flesh around the bearer's windpipe—encircling it painlessly. To others, the metal ring appears to pierce the neck tightly.

Afterward, every time the bearer gains a level, they must invest at least 1 hp from the hp gained in the Price. They may elect to invest more than 1, but 1 is the minimum. Any invested hp is not applied to maximum hp for the bearer.

The Price creates a charge within itself for every point invested. Every 10 hp that are invested, grants a +1 magical bonus to all of the bearer's attacks.

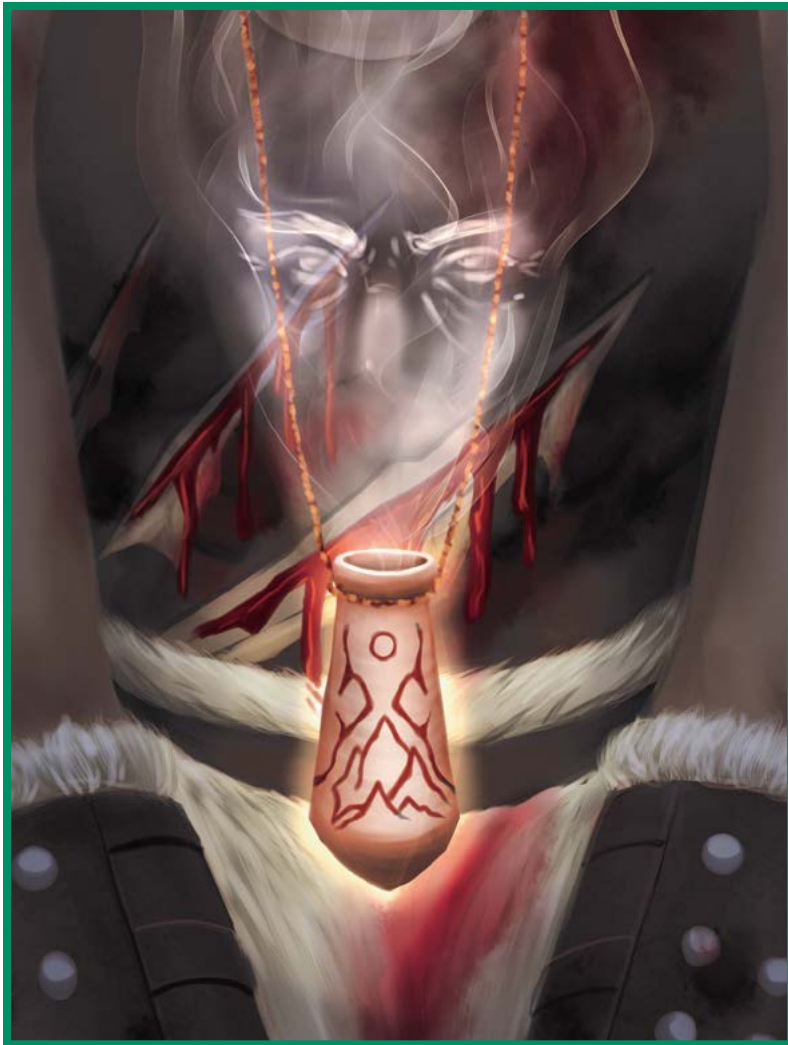
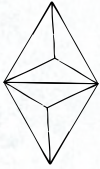
And the bearer may, only once, discharge all of the hp stored within the Price to unleash a devastating explosion of power. The bearer can do this a single time, ever, and must declare they are going to use it before the attack roll is made.

After the roll, but before the hit is confirmed or resolved, the bearer may use hp stored in the Price on a one-for-one basis to improve their roll (if using 2, their to hit result increases by 2; if using 5, then it increases by 5). If the attack is successful, after this adjustment, the remaining hp stored is converted to an equal number of d4's of Radiant damage added to the normal damage.

Once discharged, the Price falls away from the bearer—inert. They may not re-attune it ever again. They regain all of the stored hp back, adding them to their maximum hp (but not current, as they are “spent”) except 1. That, too, is part of the Price.

NOTES

RAGE OF THE MOUNTAIN



Sir Broadways cursed softly under his breath as, once again, the cautious plans and tactics were trashed. A morning's work, plotting and planning, giving directions and orders... all wasted. Myra would be in place up in the tree on the ridge, the Caiat would be masking his presence in that unsettling ritual.

It was going to be a quick and decisive battle, with only as many casualties as needed to get Vogh Farak to yield.

And as the paladin knelt in the brush, ready to charge the encampment, a familiar howl told him that once again, Poda Fin had crapped all over everything.

He watched the barbarian racing toward the clearing—swords over his head and a wild joy in his face. Screaming his name over and over. Screaming in that strange tongue of his. Broadways cursed again.

That fool was going to get himself killed.

Complete. Horse's. Arse.

APPEARANCE

A clay vial on a long bronze chain.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 17, History DC 22; Advantage for Barbarians and anyone with the Sage background

The spirit of Rage, a legendary tribal warrior of the lost peoples of the north, was so central to the faith of thousands of nomadic tribes and clans—back before the Third Age—that to this day an able scholar can find dozens of

interpretations of his adventures or accomplishments in a dozen languages.

The most popular story involves his descent into hell, the parlay with the great demon spirits of the earth, and his saving dragons from death in the dangerous places deep below. The figure of Rage is one of defying death, and much of the mythology of those savage peoples involved a great fear of dying, so it would only be natural to deify a character that could walk into lethal hazards and underworlds and return unscathed.

But the stories of Rage go on for centuries. In different times and places. Sometimes he is depicted as a bold and ancient savage, sometimes a wily and sneaky thief, sometimes from the north, and sometimes the west. His defiance of death, and the necklace he wore, are the only constants in all the tales through all the cultures he is found.

Attunement to the Rage of the Mountain requires falling to near death in combat with strangers. In this way, the spirit that inhabits the vial is woken up and blesses the wearer.

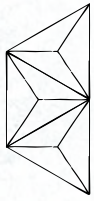
SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Rage rewards those who tempt Death. Whenever the wearer falls in battle and makes Death Saves, there is a small chance of them gaining bonuses to their maximum hp.

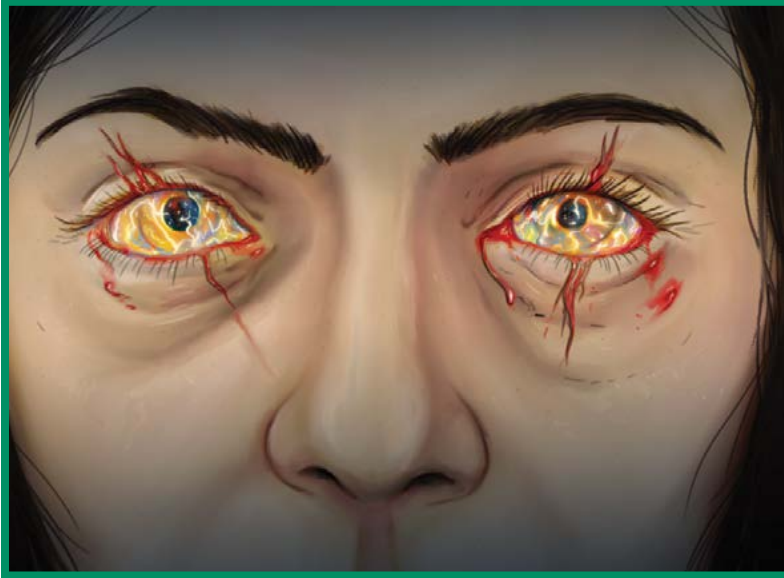
For every Save they choose to fail on purpose, they have a cumulative 25% chance of gaining 1 maximum hp afterward. This gain won't save them from death, but should they be revived they may keep it. So, for example, when forced to make their first Death Save, they may elect to auto-fail it (25% chance, later). On their next turn, they may elect to fail again (total 50% chance). If they are healed or if they die, they may roll a percentile dice to see if they gain 1 maximum hp or not (50% chance). Note, if they die, this may raise their maximum but does not change their current hp.

The spirit in the vial is old and wise, any attempts to "game" the system through petty combats or collusion with allies fails. It has been around long enough to see the liars and petty deceivers try and try again. If a particularly egregious attempt to take such an honor undeserved happens, the spirit may steal maximum hp away permanently.

NOTES



RIVERSTONES



Wain glanced back at the door behind him—the pounding was emphatic now. They really wanted to get in.

“I said I know what I’m doing!” he called out to his friends.

“Dammit, Blinda, knock it off! Give me a little more time, that’s all...” Blinda was trying to sound reasonable. The witch was always trying to sound reasonable. More study, caution, care. Her kind, her and even Meilla, they were scared of magic. They feared it, that’s why they held it at arm’s-

length in books and beakers. None of that mattered and she wouldn’t understand. He had to show her.

He looked over the door one more time, and the heavy shelves he pushed over to block it. Once they heard the scream they’d really try to bust it in. They’d try to blow the door, no doubt—such a waste of a spell and a door. But, it looked solid, and with a few motions he did his best to ward it against entry for at least a few minutes. With one hand, he gripped the spoon and with the other, the stone.

From outside the room, Blinda and Meilla listened to horrific screams within and felt cold all over as hoarfrost formed on the old oaken door.

APPEARANCE

Two smooth semi-regular stones, as one would find along the banks of a cold creek in the mountains, identical in size and no larger than a robin’s egg each. Perception DC 14, in low light, reveals they glow with chaotic patterns of colored light; Perception DC 24 may notice this in daylight.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 14, Religion DC 18; Advantage for Wild Magic Sorcerers and anyone with the Acolyte background

Rare is it that a piece of the great River of magic, which flows through and around this world (and others), comes to this plane by itself. Sometimes by hazard, and sometimes intention,

the pure quintessence can take many forms: a brightly glowing water, pale white reeds, even small ethereal fish and dragonflies that flit silently through the air.

The sorcerers of the old times, who kept the river pure and secret, they were closest to their goddess. But, as with all things, the greedy and curious and proud would come to lay claim to it and pervert it for their petty wants and needs. It was a rare priest of the Waters that could pull manifestations into this world, and the wonders they drew from the flowing power fell into the hands of wizards and warlocks who sought power but not understanding.

Riverstones were the rarest of these wonders, and the last recorded appearance of them predates even the discovery of steel.

Attunement requires removing one's eyes, using only natural means and by one's own hand, then placing the stones in the sockets to heal around them without interference or magical assistance. DMs should note that mustering up the will to do this may require Wisdom Saves of a significant difficulty (DC 25); on a failure one must complete at least a Short Rest to try again. If one is not Proficient in Medicine they lose 2 hp from their maximum hp permanently, as they do terrible additional harm to themselves.

SYSTEM

Once healed sufficiently (usually one day, during which one is Blind), the faint light the stones give off washes over their surface and the stones appear to shift and flow chaotically from color to color, and even material to material (shifting from stone to metal to skin to bone to energy in various patterns, shades, and hues).

The Riverstones allow the owner to adopt the sight of almost any beings in existence.

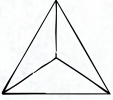
When chaotic and swirling (the resting state for the stones), sight is as normal vision for that character (if the owner normally has Darkvision or other vision abilities inherently, they lose them).

By spending 1 Inspiration, however, the owner may shift the stones to a specific Type of vision. Returning the stones to their resting state (and purely normal vision) takes an action.

In addition, whenever a spell (at the maximum level a caster is naturally capable of) is cast within 120 ft. of the possessor of the stones, the deep chaos of the River takes over and changes them to a random Type of vision. Roll a d12 and consult the table below (note that unless listed with Blindsight, one's normal vision also still applies to any Types):

D12	TYPE	DESCRIPTION	VISION RULES
1	Aberrant	Soft pink tentacles sprout from the eyes	Darkvision 60 ft., can "see" the class and/or type of any creature
2	Bestial	Deep brown, wolfish eyes	Darkvision 120 ft., advantage to Perception (vision)
3	Celestine	Gold, glowing eyes	Truesight 10 ft., can identify any divine spell cast by sight
4	Constructed	Chiseled stone eyes	Blindsight 30 ft., immune to Illusions
5	Draconic	Red, reptilian eyes	Darkvision 240 ft.
6	Elemental	Swirling fire and water eyes	Tremorsense 30 ft., can tell the difference between natural and magical substances on sight
7	Fey	Polished and shiny white eyes	Cannot disbelieve any Illusion; can see, with disadvantage, through materials less than 1 inch thick
8	Fiendish	Void black eyes	Truesight 5 ft., Darkvision 120 ft., can see alignment
9	Monstrous	Yellow eyes in black sockets that move independently	Darkvision 120 ft., cannot be surprised in combat
10	Primordial	Bubbling grey sludge eyes	Blindsight 10 ft., disadvantage on Intelligence
11	Dead	Rotting, pustulant eyes	Darkvision 30 ft., can only see living creatures and non-magical objects
12	Lost	Inert, black eyes	Blind

TRUST



His breathing was slow. He could feel them all around, edging closer and panting noisily.

He could smell their sweat (that they sweat at all said a lot) and hear the sound of grating metal on a softer and more muted... something. He could hear the tendons in their hands creak. He could feel the heat from their bodies as they approached—also telling.

And as the first one raised its arm (the drift of air upward with a soundless whoosh rather than a whiiip) told him something flat had just moved upward. The groan of leather boots and sound of a pulse racing told him he should move.

Shifting barely a hand's width to his left, he felt the... ah, it was an axe. He felt it glance down his side harmlessly.

It was what he needed—context. With that kiss and those motions, he knew where best to drive his fingers. Finding the thing's eyes. Taking them from it. Hearing it scream.

The sound of feet shuffling at him—its friends—made him smile. They smelled more scared than dangerous.

APPEARANCE

A form-fitting blindfold mask, made of dark green leather, crafted to resemble a stern and open-eyed gaze.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 14, History DC 19; Advantage for Monks and anyone with the Sage background

When the Hallow Street Monastery was formed in the first days of the reign of Hazzan Exile II, the devotees took it upon themselves to teach

the initiates and novices of their order that the world they lived in was foul and dangerous, and the best way to reinforce that was by handing out blindfolds the first day. Their order eschewed the more esoteric instruction their monastic counterparts developed over the centuries in favor of a brutal and clear training.

Let the mountain gardens and hidden temples teach meaning and form and various philosophies of oneness—Hallow Street would teach its students to reshape the world into a better place. No matter the cost.

The allure of a pretty man or woman, of shining gold armor or expensive weapons, even the joy of a bright and clear day... all of these things betray the Truth, that the world is made of the stench of the wicked and the grime of the squalid. After two years, initiates were allowed to take their masks off, having endured (and committed) atrocities without the weakness of having to see it.

The order was responsible for some of the most horrific riots and slaughters in the capital's history, as well as some of the bravest service in times of woe.

Trust is one of the few remaining blindfolds from that ancient time. Each mentor gave their initiate's blindfold a name, to guide them on their path. Trust was special, worn by one of their heroes (or one of their horrors, depending on whose history you read).

Attunement requires wearing the blindfold. Taking it off, one loses all the benefits of the item and may not re-attune it. Using remote or other

arcane sight to mitigate the blindness also unattunes the cloth permanently. While worn and attuned, one is considered Blind—with all that condition entails.

SYSTEM

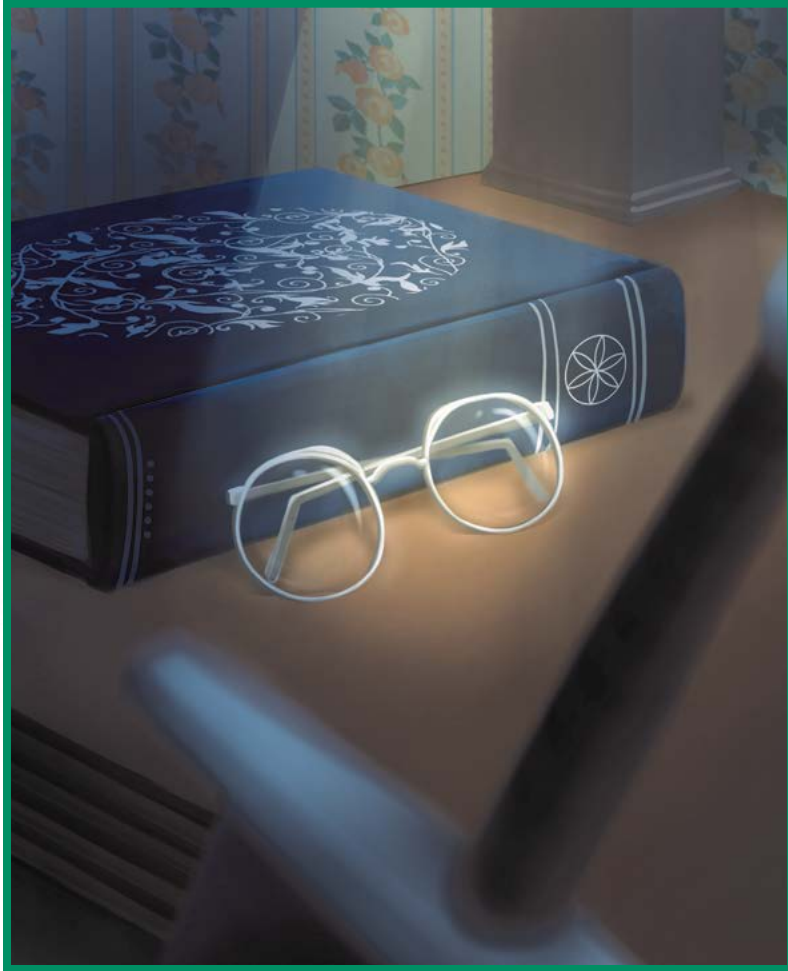
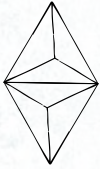
Trust grants the wearer three abilities.

First, the wearer may take as many Opportunity Attacks as their Proficiency Bonus (and are assumed to have as many Reactions as needed to do this). Second, the wearer may attempt an Opportunity Attack using a Reaction against anyone within 5 ft. that makes a successful attack against them. Third, by spending a Hit Dice, the wearer gains Blindsight at 5 ft. for one minute (negating the negative effects of the Blind condition for that range and duration).

The wearer may only gain these benefits during a turn they do not move. If they move under their own power or anyone else's (through a Shove action, for example), they cannot take advantage of these abilities.

NOTES

VALORIOUS BRILLE



“Do it again, Teller,” Savien Manyfold’s rich and upbeat tenor sang out in contrast to the otherwise dreary and cloud-smothered day. The fat drops of rain that slipped and slopped through the trees had long ago soaked them all to the bone. Everyone was surly, save the barbarian and the Manyfold. They played at wooden swords as the group stumbled up the narrow road, joking in Teller’s native Seriak to the consternation of the rest.

“Like this? With both hands? Or like we did before?” Teller’s long hair was plastered to her head and shoulders and her boots squelched as they walked along, but to look at her, you’d think she was as happy as a pig in a mud-puddle—joking and dancing back and forth with her long wooden creft, play-acting a fight with the bard.

Meilla watched them chatter on back and forth in that savage tongue, more than a little frustrated at having no idea what they were saying. They’d done the same two maneuvers over and over. If the rain hadn’t pissed her off enough, and their buoyancy hadn’t pissed her off enough, it was the two hours of the same theatrical sword moves over and over that did.

If yesterday was any indication, they’d be at this for hours yet. Teller was easily twice Savien’s size, and Meilla couldn’t figure what the point of it all was. Artists... what was the point of them?

APPEARANCE

A pair of steel-rimmed eyeglasses.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 19, History DC 23; Advantage for College of Valor Bards and Battlemaster Fighters or anyone with the Charlatan background

The College of Valor has two faces. The most public one being the sort of finishing school for

nobles' sons and daughters learning the gentle and honorably ways of leadership and martial refinement. Those that come out of that instruction go onto promising careers in the military, or even governing. They adeptly fence, and excel at the sport of dueling.

The other face, however, is more secretive. It is less about the fine art of finessing maneuvers with blades against other high born aristocrats, and more interested in killing monsters with weapons in the dangerous and dark places in the world.

The Six-Point circle, hidden in the corner of the College's heraldry and most of its tomes, represents the many dangers of the world: the warlord, the witch, the aberration, the beast, the ethereal, and the darkness. Initiates into the deeper mysteries of the College are taken through careful education, folklore, and fear of the danger represented by these incarnations and dedicate their lives to keeping them at bay.

The Brille's lenses are made of polished, thin, transparent, and flawless discs of diamond—clear and hard. By themselves, to those unaware of their magical properties, they'd appear to be worth a small fortune; the truth is that finding anyone wealthy enough and willing to pay for such a lavish item, usually only affordable to those in the highest echelon of society, is so hard as to make them nearly worthless.

Attuning them requires memorizing the six forms martial combat from Master Requis' Treatise on the Purest Form, a rare book available only through the College of Valor or those with

extraordinarily close ties to them. Memorization takes one week per form, and at the end of each week an adherent must make a Performance check DC 10. Should any fail, that form will take an additional week of practice and memorization.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Brille lays bare all the hidden truth in the world regarding an opponent, and the real and true name of that one moment—which the wearer may call upon themselves.

One per day, upon being attacked, the wearer may use their Reaction to perfectly and seamlessly mimic the attack in return—including the Attack roll and damage done. The only requirement is the ability to do damage of at least one of the types of the attack (so, if someone attacks the wearer with a Slashing weapon the wearer must be able to do Slashing in return; but in the case of someone attacking with a Slashing weapon that does additional Poison damage, the wearer still only needs to be able to do Slashing to mimic the attack).

Any damage type the wearer's weapons cannot do are lost, but any additional damage types the wearer's weapon can do have effect (so, with our previous example: if in addition to Slashing, the wearer's weapon has Cold damage, the Cold damage could apply as well).

This attack is made after the damage dice are rolled and before damage is applied, as even an overwhelmed wearer may strike back—with perfect form—before they fall.

NOTES

VISOR OF THE GLADIATOR



The large man stalked Paolo around the ring. The smell of sweat and mud and money filled the air of the basement of the Four Horse Inn, as dozens of gamblers and pimps and brutes all crowded the rail. Paulo knew the odds were hugely in his favor, the large man was lame with a pronounced limp and moved like he was a full 80 years old. He banged into the rail once or twice, following the nimble Paulo around and around.

This was going to be easy. That visor on his helm, the large man's helm, was simply a dumb idea. Paulo liked going into these bouts armored, but lightly—speed was important in these underground brawls.

This guy clearly didn't get the notice, though. The whole bronze visor seemed to obscure his vision to the point of blindness—Paulo didn't see why he didn't rip it right off. It must be impossible to see more than a foot in front of you with that thing on.

Nevertheless, the large man stumbled left and right and followed the rogue about. Paulo started to bore of the chase and darted in suddenly, so fast the crowd didn't even have time to react. But, as he swept low and leapt up into the thrust, the large man—even more quickly—put all three feet of his sword through Paulo's neck... twisted... and then stumbled back, tripping over his own feet.

APPEARANCE

A bulky and thickly crafted bronze visor, made as though for a full plate helmet.

ORIGIN

History DC 13, Arcane DC 17; Advantage to Champion Fighters and anyone with the Criminal background

The Visor was made by Baron Hollock, an infamously wealthy former-pirate-turned-noble, to rig gladiatorial contests in his youth. It wasn't long, however, before the bookies and managers realized the ruse and banned such equipment. Of the many schemes Hollock juggled in his long and notorious life, the Visor was far from

the worst, yet in the centuries since the fall of the Eastern Kingdoms... it's the only one still circulating amongst opportunists and the greedy.

Any respectable underground fight, in these modern times, has appropriate mages or checks on the introduction of arcane advantages. The Visor eludes them all. Say one thing about the Robber Baron Hollock, he knew how to cheat a contest; the Visor can be made to fit nearly any helmet with a sturdy and rigid structure, with even basic smithing skills.

Attunement requires winning an honestly-fought single combat, against a challenging opponent, while wearing the Visor (a challenging opponent will have an equal attack bonus to the wearer, victory being the only one of the two above 0 hp). The Visor, without attunement, imposes enormous visual challenges; the wearer must roll 1d20 at the end of each turn, on 1-10 the Visor imposes Blindness until the beginning of their next turn.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the wearer may elect to visually sight a creature to target with the Visor raised and then use drop it into place (raising and lowering the Visor takes a draw or stow action, the wearer's normal limitation of how many they may make per turn still apply).

Once having sighted their target and dropped the Visor and, so long as it stays down, the wearer may make one attack at advantage which does their maximum damage on a hit. They may take this immediately or in any turn the Visor is still down (saving it for a later round or action). If the wearer moves more than half their normal movement in any turn after the Visor is down, they fall Prone at the end of that turn.

NOTES

CHAPTER SIX

GLOVES & FOOTWEAR

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NOTES

ABIN'S COURSE



Watching Ferail hop down from his horse, one leg swinging wider than it needed to and two quick pats to the old grey's neck, before pulling free—the whole series of otherwise forgettable motions made Broadways both elated and enormously sad. Chorom Zaet had been his friend, his confidant, had been the one to start him on his own Path, had shared with him the Way, and his passing had been particularly hard on the old paladin.

Ferail took the opportunity for the break and fed the old grey horse. Oatcakes, looked like. Chorom hated oatcakes, wouldn't eat them and

wouldn't have fed the grey any, either. Broadways felt the urge to stop the young man, right then and there, but stopped himself instead—such a trivial thing, not worth confusing the boy.

It had been three weeks together, Ferail with the group, and not once had the young man said more than two words to Broadways in that time. He had jokes for Meila and traded news with Teller, but he'd been avoiding the old man at every turn. It made Broadways suspicious. It wasn't until last night that he'd let all that wariness melt away to whatever this melancholy was.

In the middle of the meal, when the others were turning their bedrolls out, the young warrior took a bare moment and whispered.

"I'm sorry I left you, Brodie—I'm sorry to have put all this on you. The Way is a circle, and long is its course."

APPEARANCE

Lightweight black leather boots, designed long and high—almost to the knee—with bold buckles on the sides in a distinct military fashion. On each ankle is a pale gold circle.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 14, History DC 18; Advantage for Monks and Paladins or anyone with the Sage background

Abin of Hoff was a priest of the Order—a sect in the Third Age that believed their duty and purpose to be the upholding of the ideals of their heavenly goddess. Before their great Cataclysm—which shattered the Order into the

hundreds of squabbling rival (and sometimes warring) faiths that brought unintentional chaos to the world for centuries in their struggles for purity—his oath and promise to Her Most Divine was held to be the truest sacrifice and most honored service ever taken on.

He would give his life, suffer the pains of death, and forego the rewards of the great heavens for eternity in his love and devotion to her mission to bring peace and justice to this world. He has been with us ever since, in different names and times, a divine soldier of order and peace (though that peace is sometimes bloodily fought for). His boots are the last of his artifacts, those things imbued with this promise; they are all that is left to anchor him to the world

The boots are only ever found in dangerous or remote places. Sometimes, places no mortal has ever trod.

Attunement requires a choice, and that choice can only be made in the first minute upon touching the boots. The choice is simple: either you accept the burden—The Way, an oath and path of conduct blessed by the sovereign gods and goddesses of this world—or you do not. If rejected, the boots slowly vanish and cannot be located again by the same person. They manifest somewhere else in the world, waiting on the right person to come.

If accepted, the PC must take their next level or levels in Monk or Paladin until they select a Monastic Tradition or Sacred Oath. If they already have a Monastic Tradition or Sacred Oath, they must progress their levels in Monk or Paladin until they have an archetype from

both. If they already have both, they are granted a +1 to their Wisdom score. The player may not choose to avoid this progression afterward, and the DM may level their character for them if they do not execute this Divine mandate themselves.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, and so long as they are worn, the wearer becomes the next link in the great chain of being that Abin started. It is revealed to them that they are his reincarnation. Somewhere in the world, a previous reincarnation of him just died—moments before. And the wearer's whole life has been a prelude, preordained, to be the vessel for the next rebirth. The wearer is still themselves, but they are also Abin and the hundreds of others who he has become over millennia.

The wearer of the Course is granted two powers. First, they are Resistant to Radiant damage (as the Heavens watch over them). Second, the wearer's relationship with death changes and they have the chance to live on.

The wearer fails Death Saves on 1-15 instead of 1-10; and, on their third failure, their body dies and the boots vanish. The wearer's soul is lifted from their remains and moves (instantaneously) across space and back in time to the birth of a child.

The rebirth comes with five anchors to the soul, of which the DM may select two to keep unchanged while the Player may choose to keep the remaining anchors the same or change them (to the extent possible, given the new character is one level lower than the previous).

ANCHORS	DESCRIPTION
Conception	The natural Race of the previous character (including sub-race) and homeland
Incarnation	The current, natural Ability Scores of the previous character and name
Incubation	The Background of the previous character (including personality, flaws, etc.) and childhood details
Maturation	The Class/Archetype of the previous character and alignment
Expression	The Feat selections of the previous character and languages known

Where there is a conflict of level or RAW, the DM may adjust elements of the Rebirth to accommodate, reasonably.

The new character will have been born, lived, and possibly even adventured in the world. Their whole life, they never knew the destiny

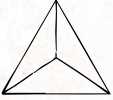
that awaited them. And then, sometime recently, a pair of boots crossed their path—perhaps on an adventure somewhere dangerous or in a mysterious place—but they took them on and accepted the choice. They are the rebirth of Abin and all the people he ever became (including the previous wearer). DMs are encouraged to give a plausible story, working with the player, on the visions or dreams the new wearer may have had or turns of fate that occurred to bring him to this party.

Not all who are born again find their way to where they last fell, but most do. This is one of those times. One may pass the boots onto a worthy successor to escape the cycle, and DM's are encouraged to think of who such a person might be and the challenges it might take to convince them to take up the blessing and burden of eternity. If one finds a worthy successor and leaves The Way, the now previous wearer gains +1 Wisdom and dreams occasionally of things the new wearer or subsequent wearer's of the Course are doing in the world for the rest of their life.

The Way is a circle and its course is long.

NOTES

BAXEAE ROOTGIANT



The hulking figure of Sir Broadways came racing out from the tree line, and just as quickly lurched to a halt as the paladin saw the Creature. Scales and gaping maw, its breath the smell of ozone burning and charred bodies. His rag-tag group had come all this way to stop it, but now... so close... he wondered how.

The dragon towered over him, easily twice his height (and Broadways a startlingly tall figure, himself), and its baleful eye looked down on the golden armored threat. It spoke in waves of hate and the sound of continents moving.

"I... remember you. Yes, I remember. You were the one

that felled Kharixax those years ago! You and—" her speech was cut short by the bellowing challenge shouted from behind the old soldier. A half-elf, stripped to the waist, and stripping yet more, and marching without care toward the indigo monstrosity.

"Ho! Foul thing. Ho! You are not wanted! You are not wanted! I cast you out!" Seenlie was hoarsely calling out over and over, walking closer and closer, passing a dumbstruck Broadways and castigating the dragon.

"I will break you over my own knee and the knee of my mother and the wild will end what perversions you've done to this place. Face me! FACE ME, YOU M****F****!"

And the mostly-naked unarmed half-elf charged.

APPEARANCE

A pair of lorenwood bark sandals, delicately made with thin strips tightly woven together. The sole appears to be made of intergrown roots of a darker shade.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 14, Arcane DC 19; Advantage to Druids and Necromancy School Wizards or anyone with the Outlander background

Lorenwood trees used to grow in great wild forests that blanketed the Western marshes in the time before Krin the Profane blighted the region in his pursuit of dark immortality. Very

few letters and studies survive documenting that sorrowful time when heroes still roamed the West and fought back the undead minions of the legendary Necromancer. It is the rare Sage or Bard that knows of the Lorenwoods anymore, and even more rarely of the Druids that cultivated them.

When Helm of the World Tree was still a mortal man, touched by the wild powers to fulfill his destiny but not yet one with the great earth, he fought his way through the unliving throngs—protecting their master in his quest for lichdom—to steal away one sapling. And from it he preserved the last of the power of the Lorenwoods by crafting it into the Baxeae.

Though delicate and light, fragile and thin, the Lorenwoods' roots were the purest magical connection to the World itself in existence. So the Baxeae were handed down from Druid to Druid, to stand firm against the darkness until the End.

Attunement to the sandals requires taking a blessing from a Druid, anointed by them in the service of this Reality. Some have their own

complex rituals, some may choose to do little more than say a few words, but no true blessing can be coerced, and what the last of the Greenwalkers want for it (or why) is as inscrutable as they are.

SYSTEM

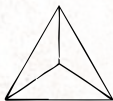
The Baxeae offer the wearer the strength to remain unmoved, unimpeded, and unthrown from where they stand on natural ground (raw earth, sand, even unpolished stone). While wearing them, one cannot be knocked Prone, Shoved down, thrown, or propelled away physically from where one stands.

Further, all Grapples initiated by the wearer while on natural ground are made at advantage—even against creatures up to 2 size categories larger than the wearer—and breaking the wearer's Grapple cannot be advantaged on the part of the creature held. The spiritual roots of the Baxeae, like the physical ones of the Lorenwood trees, run impossibly deep.

These benefits are lost to the wearer if carrying more than 10 lbs. of gear, arms, or equipment.

NOTES

BOOTS OF PROTEAS



Kirig Vul had been murdering in these forests for nearly twenty years and was regarded far and wide amongst the gobs and hobs as one of the most dangerous warchiefs in their collective history. Sure, he hadn't any of the high weaponry or infrastructure of his more distinguished cousins in the any of the hob nations, and didn't have the brutish might of the bugbears either, but his band of gobs were no less lethal in their element. Theirs was the warband that turned this corner of the Emperor's domain into a no man's land where even the Emperor's own elite soldiers avoided scouting.

And here, the gods of the dark and warm were blessing Kirig. A lone stranger, mashing a turnip in a pot just as bold as you please. It'd be a quick kill, then, maybe a look at what's in his pack, then maybe take the head and leave it at the edge of the wood for a solid message to the Emperor that his subjects were not welcome. It'd been years since they'd done that.

But, the stranger... wait... he was gone. Suddenly, as though he'd not been there at all, and were it not for that pot Kirig would have thought it all an illusion. He felt a panic rise; the unknown was bad business for a brigand. As he stood and started backing away, he bumped into someone behind him. Someone tall. Someone that had not been there a moment before.

APPEARANCE

Woven boots, made from a thick and dark blue grass.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 16, Arcane DC 18; Advantage for Druids and Arch-Fey Warlocks or anyone with the Sage background

In the time of the Weylthia Courts, which ruled the Great Circle of the Fae before the Planar Godlings and Material Powers grew the universe, an Arch-Fey of the Hard Green formed a proto-world for its own amusement and curiosity. The worldling was small and simple, bizarrely vibrant wild grasses grew and strange beasts grazed it and in the flash of an eye, after centuries of gardening, it was voided from existence as the Fey found a new distraction. Such is the fickle nature and power of the Arch-Fey

Just as carelessly, it took a pair of boots made by a primitive sentient tribe that had developed there and dropped them into the now-expanded real world. Maybe for a whim, maybe for a purpose—hardly a mind existed that could penetrate the motives of one of the Court.

The boots are made of the bare substance of pure Creation and they grant the wearer an affinity for the earth in ways no arcane or divine powers

can truly duplicate. Attunement requires being buried alive in the boots for three days. No food or water, no external assistance, just the ability of the wearer left communing with the soil and the earth on a deep and somewhat maddening level.

SYSTEM

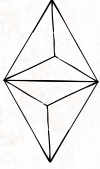
Once attuned, the boots allow the wearer to sink into and merge with natural ground for extended period of times.

Using an Action, the wearer may drop into natural ground they are standing on, falling deep below the surface and merging with the soil, roots, clay, sands, and/or rocks underneath. One is immune to all damage types while merged except Necrotic—which is a Vulnerability now should the patch of ground or any space within 10ft. of where the wearer merged be the target of Necrotic damage.

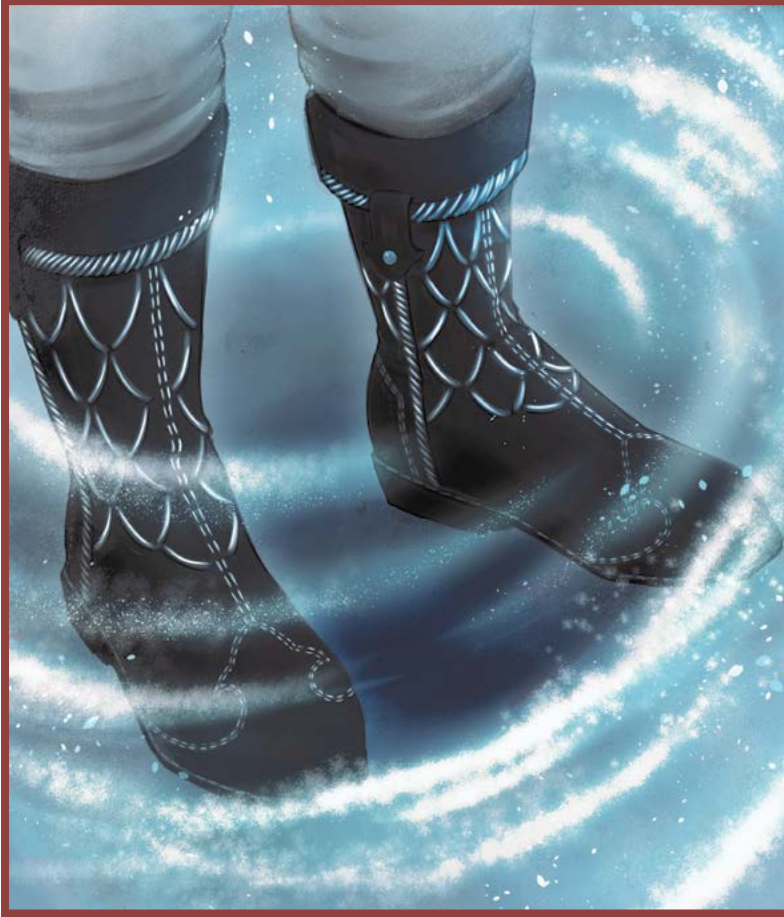
The wearer has a movement while merged equal to twice their Proficiency Bonus in feet per turn. While merged with the ground, the wearer may spend Hit Dice to heal with their Action as though in a Short Rest, but at the rate of one per turn.

Emerging imposes 1 Exhaustion on the wearer and requires a Bonus Action.

NOTES



CALLING BOOTS



“Let me go or I will burn you all, each of you, one by one. Ashes and charred, sticky bones the lot of you. I will call the red river flows of the deep and violent turning of the world to my aid and watch you die as easily as chopping apples for grinning children.”

Kevick stood before the gallows while the guards and officials watched, while the crowd murmured.

They had doubt. Worry. Fear.

“Premier Kaine, I’ll leave this town and never return—I give you this one chance, and only this one chance—unbind me or die.”

The sweaty-browed governor looked uncertain, the Regulators unwilling to come much closer, the crowd at a near panic. Kevick hated lying to

these country bumpkins, but he was damned if he was going to hang for trying to save this stupid little village. Taking one slow breath, he looked at the Premier, squinted in silent apology, and set him alight with a dazzling explosion of smoke and brimstone and fire and light from the ground.

APPEARANCE

Black leather boots with thick steel stitches.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 17, Nature DC 22, Advantage for Sorcerers and anyone with the Sage background

The power of sorcery is not the power of wizardry. The simple think them the same, spells and pinches of powder and rattles of trinkets and great flames and winds and creations abound, but the adepts and sages of the Scholam draw from their science, and the true sorcerers

draw from the River Beyond. The power is everywhere, in everything, in the air and the flesh and the trees and the unseen things.

Cleric Valhorphian Smoot, the last priest of the fabled Golden Scales, who took his pilgrimages to the eight corners of the world to have the great Wyrms bless him and his quest (now forgotten), died nearly a thousand years ago. Over the centuries that followed, the cults and religious orders that worshipped and revered him as the greatest prophet of the Draconic lines held his staff, stone, clothes, and boots as relics to be honored with great ceremony.

His boots, the Calling Boots, are the least and last of those treasures, all others lost to time.

To attune the boots one must have the blood of a dragon. Draconic Heritage Sorcerers automatically have this requirement, as do Dragonborn themselves, but all others must imbibe a vial of pure dragonblood from a pureblood dragon. This can be difficult to find on even the most exotic black market.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the boots call upon the deep well of power in the blood of a dragon—the damage type is based on the dragon blood in an appropriate way (DMs are the final arbiter, but red dragon blood is Fire, white is Cold, etc.). While wearing the boots, at the start of one's turn, one may take an Action (before moving, if moving at all), and bring into effect a minor and localized special Lair Action by drawing the natural magical energy of the world around one's self into sharp focus and giving it definition.

MINOR LAIR ACTION

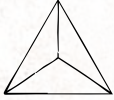
Evocate 1 damage of that type to every 5 ft. space adjacent to one's self (one's own size may influence this, clearly) with fire and magma exploding in small fits and pockets all around or icy hail and winds whipping about one's self, etc.

Evocate all the damage from the previous option on a 5 ft. space one is adjacent to by creating an isolated and intense version of that effect: a serious gout of lava and brimstone in one tight place or a thick, oily cloud of poison, etc

Once one has drawn power from that area (the surrounding 5 ft. spaces) there is none left to draw until the next day. But, so long as one moves around to new and wholly untapped areas (sharing no space with a spent area), one may do this every turn.

NOTES

CONQUEROR'S TREAD



“The Overhand does not judge you. He does not hate you. You are not his enemy. You should count yourself lucky, as he destroys his enemies. You, creature small and ill-made, are his property. You are his mule and his sword and his toy and his tool, you will never see another day under the sun as a thing free to roam and walk the land. You will not know a moment of selfishness. He releases you of your selfishness.

“He gives you the gift of living for others and for giving your youth and vigor and fire and industry and, ultimately, life to the betterment of a great nation. You are blessed. And I am blessed.

“For I serve my god well and he raises me to glory.”

APPEARANCE

A dark, iron armored boot (only one) chased in silver. The bottom of the boot is made with shallow treads of the same smokey-grey iron.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 14, History DC 18, Advantage for Clerics and anyone with the Soldier background

The cleric Banto Homeikas, servant of the Overhand—God of Subjugation from the old time—read the stories and liturgy honoring Vox the Profane—also called the Butcher of Lindalewood—and regarded it his most holy mission to return the faith to its roots after the Great

Schism. This relic was his greatest creation, and a much sought after artifact of power among those that idolize the old ages when the theocracies of power reigned most supreme.

The Tread is a boot, armored with dark iron and chased in silver edging. A left boot, made with no fellow. Attunement requires the successful memorization of the laws regarding slavery, indentured servitude, and acquisition of living property of at least two nations (requiring Proficiency in History and Religion), and six months of proper study with appropriate texts. After study the wearer may attempt one knowledge-based check of their choice at DC 20, and a failure means they must study for another six months.

SYSTEM

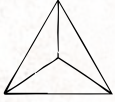
Attuned, the boot allows the wearer to Grapple a creature already Prone while using a Bonus Action, by placing the tread of the boot over its neck or face (if it has one) and pinning it to the ground. This leaves the wearer's hands free while the Grapple is made and the hold is considered maintained with advantage.

Should the creature escape the Grapple themselves (unassisted by others), the boot ceases to be able to Grapple that creature ever again. The Tread recognizes strength and dominance, and obeys not the weak.



NOTES

COWARD'S SHIELD



Kerg stalked the little man around the chamber. Every time he got close, the little man would bounce away from him and Kerg would hit a soft invisible wall.

But, Kerg was clever. The master's always said so. And he noticed the little man getting tired. Breathing hard. Slowing down. Eventually, this soft wall thing would stop getting in the way and Kerg would smash the little man's little head.

Swing after violent swing hit nothing and hit it hard. Kerg's confidence waned. Oh, Gods, did he hate the little man. Why wouldn't he just stand still!?

APPEARANCE

A pair of leather gloves, with odd-shaped metal plates of different sizes and materials riveted to various parts.

ORIGIN

History DC 13, Arcane DC 19; Advantage for Arcane Trickster Rogues and Sorcerers or anyone with the Folk Hero background

Horatio Gold—self-proclaimed Greatest Thief of the Southern Baronies, nearly a century ago—was a hated figure in mercantile and noble circles for decades. Between his pure hubris in preying on the wealthy elite and passion for

arcane tinkering, he made a large and almost folklorish reputation for himself that survives to this day.

Horatio the Untouchable. Horatio the Blessed.

Were it not for a coalition of mercenary sorcerers hired by the Dukes of the capital, in the last year of the Long Summer, he might have retired safely and well. But, while one can threaten either the pride or money of the powerful, one shouldn't tempt Fate so much as to threaten both.

The natural mages and their sorcerous powers proved too much for the old rogue, his body left in a pauper's grave.

Attunement requires surviving a critical hit, from a martial weapon, by someone unaware the wearer just stole money from them. Horatio, himself, paid a drunk to take their best swing at

him with their sword using coin he lifted off the dumb brute a few minutes before.

SYSTEM

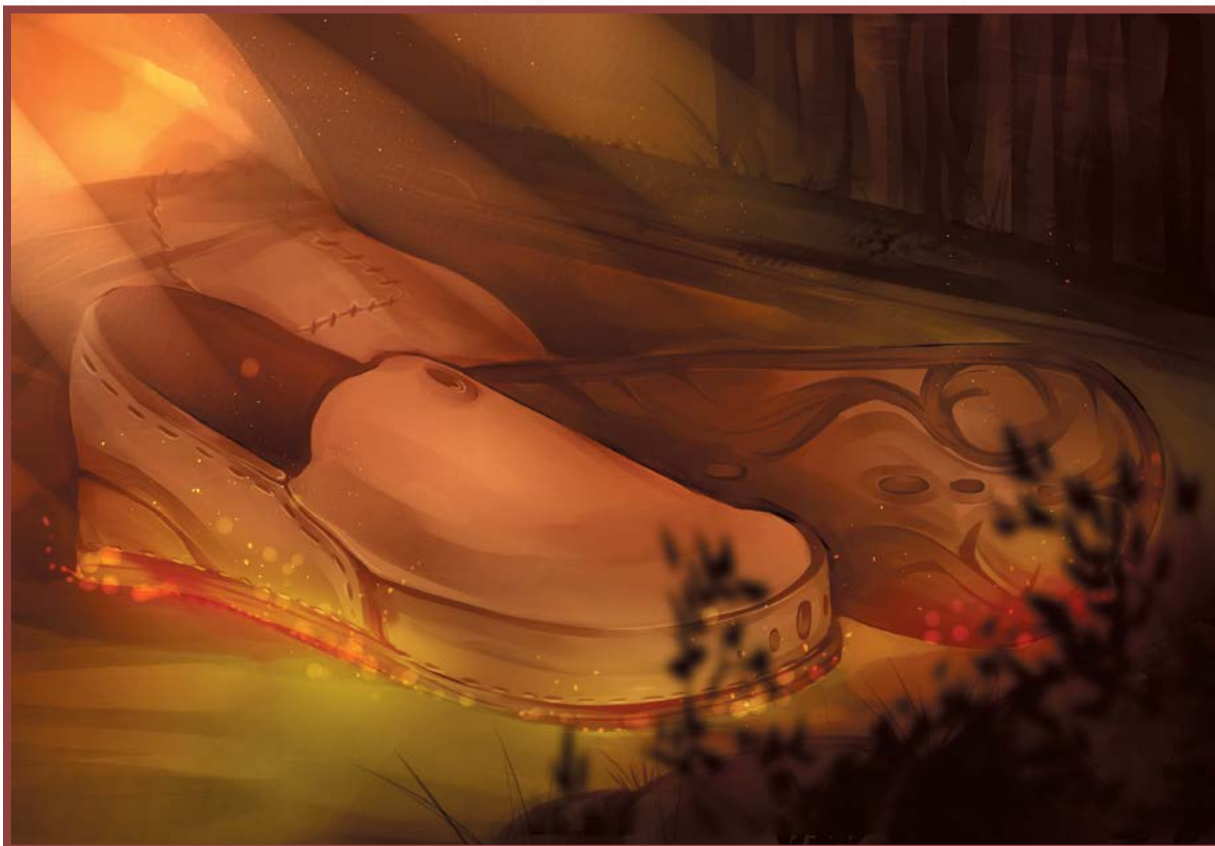
The gloves count as +0 magic weapons for the purposes of unarmed and improvised weapon attacks. In addition, the wearer may use their Reaction, in response to a declared attack, to back away from the attack 5 ft. and throw an invisible wall in their place. The wall imposes disadvantage on the attack, which is then resolved.

This back away does not impose an Opportunity Attack on the part of creature already attacking, but may cause one from others if the wearer leaves their adjacency in their move.

Holding anything in one's hands removes this benefit.

NOTES

FIRMAMENT



Callie lifted herself off the ground, spitting out blood and taking a quick inventory of her injuries. Nothing broken too badly, although her jaw felt as though it was fractured. On hands and knees, pushing herself upright, she looked out across the cavern and saw the creature tear Saidalon apart. Two great clawed hands gripped him like a child would a toy and pulled him apart with a roaring glee. She grimaced as she found her feet, and willed herself forward, one painful step at a time.

The others were fighting and losing. Broadways took a hit that sent him flying across the chamber and crashing into the high corner so hard Callie knew he couldn't have survived it. Another step, and another, and she was jogging, limply.

Meilla conjured an enormous dark creature and it leapt at the dragon, as the others were doing their best to avoid its bite and breath. Still, Callie picked up the pace; the aches gone and her ankle feeling fine again, she brought herself up to a run.

And with every step, faster. More certain. She was sprinting. She was almost flying. As as the beast looked up at the figure racing toward it, it paused. And as she took a careful hop, turn, and flipped into the air, it raised its clawed hands to shield itself. Her jaw felt fine, she was pissed, and as she crashed into its enormous spined head, it roared in shock and defiance.

APPEARANCE

A pair of well-made, but commonly styled, brown slippers. Perception DC 15 notices that the material is oddly warm to the touch, as though always in sunlight.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 16, Nature DC 21; Advantage for Monks and Circle of the Land Druids or anyone with the Outlander background

The monks of the Eastern Mountains traded for centuries with the Wandering People, the mysterious men and women who moved from place to place in the far kingdoms, held conclaves in the forests, and formed secret covens in the hills. These secretive people were as chaotic and free as the wind, and wherever they went they brought joy and terror. During the reign of Mal-leus Exile the III, they were hunted to the peaks of the mountain range and there found common cause with one of the last holdouts against the regime—the quiet, secluded monastery of the Order of Natsu Copperblood.

One of the gifts the Wanderers gave the monastery, to form their bond, was a pair of thin, immaculately constructed slippers. The material feels warm to the touch and, though smoothly made, one can almost make out the coarse sensation of raw packed earth when wearing them.

Attunement requires a pilgrimage to the ruins of the monastery, long abandoned and fallen some eight hundred years ago. Nothing but lush and overgrown foliage lives there now. It is a peaceful, lost garden, nestled amongst the harsh wintery slopes of the mountains.

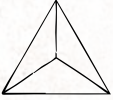
SYSTEM

Once attuned, the slippers bless the wearer with every step they take on natural ground. Whether tundra or grass, uncut natural stone or desert sand, every 20 ft. of movement the wearer takes on natural ground grants them 1 hp at the start of their next turn (up to their hp maximum). However, if wearer starts their turn on unnatural ground, ground under the influence of a magical effect (a persistent effect like the Grease spell, for example), or in the air (due to flying or falling or other such circumstances), they do not gain the hp generated the previous turn.

Mindful of the dangers of too much power, the creators of the sandals also made the effect stop working should the wearer grow too strong. Should any Ability Score exceed 17, the sandals no longer grant hp; but if then passed on to a worthy young hero, otherwise unknown to the current wearer, it gives the previous owner a number of permanent hp as a final blessing equal to their Proficiency Bonus.

NOTES

GLOVES OF INX



Through the roar of the crowd and the snorting, angry demonstrations of violence from his soon-to-be opponent across the Callway, Soren was cold and quiet. They did not love him, and he did not love them. They did not come to share his victories, but to see his death. He was not any more interested in giving them their wish this week than last, or the week before that.

He slipped the fingerless leather gloves on, then his boots, his mail... all while the booing and cheering and booing and cheering washed over him. The stationer handed him the most useless halberd he'd ever seen. Dented, pin bent, rusted and pocked with misuse. The haft even rattled cheaply. The Lord of Games must be getting very tired of his wins, indeed.

His opponent swung a vicious looking flail of gleaming—and was that glowing?—steel. He looked for all the world like a shaved bugbear, skin all and pink and oddly loose. His weapon was in stark contrast, shiny and new and sharp.

It didn't matter, though. Broken halberd or not. Rusted sword. Crack handled mace. It never mattered. The shame, though, was the constant reminder that this was all, truly, he was good for.

APPEARANCE

Fingerless sailcloth-like gloves with leather patches sewn into the palms and knuckles.

ORIGIN

History DC 18, Arcane DC 19; Advantage for Abjuration School Wizards and anyone with the Soldier background

In the Essence Wars, the great ages-old and ongoing conflict between the major schools of magic (taking the form of friendly rivalry in

certain cultures and times, but the form of devastation and slaughter in others), there was a time when the Abjurers of Inx—the empire that ruled the South in the Second Age—dominated the Conjurers amongst the mages of that land.

It was then footsoldiers of Inx were given items such as this: The Gloves. Many other enhanced and powerful trinkets abounded amongst the Abjurer armies, but only the Gloves (and few pairs of those) have survived this long.

Attunement requires practice and training with a different Martial Weapon each morning for week; adequate training is determined by rolling a successful attack vs AC 10 after each practice, each day. Should any of them fail, the practices must start over fresh.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, gloves grant the wearer a greater lethality with whatever weapon they hold.

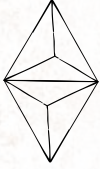
The damage dice for whatever non-magical (non-silvered) melee weapon the glove-wearer is using is increased by 1 size (d4, d6, d8, d10,

d12). In the case of a weapon with more than one dice (Greatswords, for example), then only one of those dice goes up 1 in size, not both. The wielder is also granted Resistance to the damage type of their weapon, but only from mundane sources (i.e. if using a sword then it grants Resistance to Slashing damage, but not Magical Slashing damage).

The benefits are only granted if the wearer is using one weapon. Should they use more than one weapon in a given round, they lose attunement.



NOTES



GLOVES OF THE WINTER COURT



Londa stood nose-to-nose with the king's champion. There in the middle of the palace hall, her comrades fending off the guards still pouring into the chamber, she moved with the deliberate confidence of an experienced fighter. His face, in contrast, was a vivid and bright impressionistic painting of rage and pain and fear. She felt in control, the music was playing and she could feel the warm approval over her shoulder like a father's love.

He squirmed and screamed as she moved back and forth, listening to the clashing of swords and yelling of orders. She trusted the rest, they'd keep these two-penny soldiers from interrupting.

With great pain, the large man raised a mailed fist and drove it into the side of her face—it moved faster than it had any right to. She felt something crack, the world went spinning bright, but still she held on. She could feel his pulse. She wanted to scream out in agony, both from the savage blow and the loathing she felt at that moment for herself.

As he rained blow after blow upon her, he grew slow and clumsy, bleeding profusely, lips turning blue. When he fell, and she with him, Londa was a motley of cuts and blood and bruises, teeth missing, part of her scalp torn away.

And all the while, she felt love and heard music and wept through the shattered eye socket for how well she had done. She grinned out her whisper, "Enjoy hell, bastard."

APPEARANCE

Lace gloves, of a kind a wealthy aristocrat might wear to a dinner with royalty. Perception DC 14 notices they are chilly to the touch and never warm.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, Nature DC 23; Advantage for Arch-Fey Patron Warlocks and anyone with the Noble background

The Winter Court of the First Lord of the Saeling Talanal was a hidden palace (in a hidden valley) high in mountains no living intelligent creature

dared go. The fey are mad—all the stories say so, of course—but those of the Saeling Talanal are a truly alien form of madness. The court is littered with the perfectly frozen, anguished faces of those who have fallen to the devoted of the Lord. A great garden and menagerie of excruciating pain forever preserved in perfect, icy beauty.

The Arch-Fey, herself, carved her kingdom from the rocks and peaks and was spoken of in hushed tones amongst even others of the Fey. Most courts have their passions—rage, lust, a fascination with chaos or conquest—but the Winter Court was shocking, even to the other bright luminaries of the Arch-Fey. She is Lord of the Court, her own form mutable and beyond our definition, and she tends her garden with cruelty. Her warlocks, in our world, are some of the most dangerous. The gloves were her own creation, sent to her loyalists to find her new and interesting pieces for her gallery.

Attunement to the gloves requires dying of exposure. One must reach exhaustion level 6 due to extreme cold and the elements, after which (should one survive) the gloves are attuned and the Lord of the Court takes special notice of the sacrifice. DMs should note this does not mean the wearer lives, and that might require exceptional medical skills or reviving magic to accomplish.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the gloves allow the wearer to initiate a Grapple with a creature (all normal restrictions, like size, still apply here) and, on a success, the wearer's hands sink into the

creature's flesh effortlessly—past armor, skin, and muscle—grabbing them by their bones and viscera and causing excruciating pain. While Grappled in this way, the creature is disadvantaged on any Concentration checks.

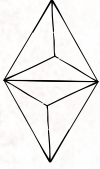
At the start of the creature's turn, if the Grapple is maintained, they take 1d4 cold damage for each hand used in the Grapple. The number of hands used for the Grapple must be decided when initiated. Only by releasing the target and doing it again can one change that.

DMs should note that if both hands are used, they do 2d4 Cold damage, but this makes any other attacks or use of the hands impossible (spellcasting, drawing or stowing, etc.). If both dice from a two-handed Grapple (individually) get a 4 the creature must succeed in a Constitution Save, DC equal to the glove-wearer's Charisma score, or take 1 Exhaustion. If the glove-wearer only uses one hand, there is no Constitution Save against Exhaustion required.

Should the creature fall to Exhaustion 6 (and die) their body vanishes, transported through the Glass between our world and the Feyvion (the lands of the Fey). Their body becomes a fresh novelty in the frozen gardens of the Lord of the Winter Court. If the Lord is delighted by the new trophy (be it something she has never seen, or something particularly spectacular), she grants the glove-wearer an Inspiration point.

If, however, she is not just unimpressed, but decidedly annoyed with the piece she may develop an enmity for the wearer. DMs are encouraged to consider the ways an Arch-Fey might hunt for, find, and punish those that trifle with them.

NOTES



GLOVES OF YNX



Love is war. That's what Grekvoke believed and in this moment, close enough to see every bead of sweat on his opponent's brow—each weary line of the Captain's weathered face—he really felt close, emotionally, to the man. They were locked in the most honest moment of their lives.

Raef would likely try and ruin it, the child-like sneak would be circling around to the soldier's flank, and it lit a spark spite of in Grek. It would only spoil this. The ache in his arms as he held his nicked and scratched falchion in two large hands, his shoulder forward and bracing? It was sweet and dangerous. The Captain's own axe kissing his sword and the old man leaning into it just as deliciously... divine.

They were entwined in their rage and gamble. This was skill and vigor at work. This was true combat. The spells and hexes and sneaking arrows in the dark were all unholy and cheap... but this moment, snarling back and forth with a true warrior? Not giving an inch, risking evisceration. This was love. And he wanted to savor it for as long as he could.

APPEARANCE

Very thin, very finely crafted red leather gloves that extend down to the forearm, in a style that wouldn't be out of place in a fencing bout.

ORIGIN

History DC 17, Arcane DC 25; Advantage Champion Fighters and anyone with the Soldier or Noble background

In the days before the old empire, during the great Purges with their rival, the kingdom of Ynx trained and deployed the Swordsmarche—an

elite, mage-twinning knight that championed their ancient tradition of war with the finest blades and utmost skill. Ynx was a kingdom of subjugators and paladins, Inx was the land of eternal rebellion and revolution, thieves and striders. The two served as the tempest that gave birth to heroes that would come to be many of the gods we know... at least, if you believe the oldest stories of lost cultures.

The Gloves of Ynx were once a common item amongst the Swordsmarche. Attunement requires a morning prayer at dawn with one's

avored weapon and the abandonment of Proficiency in three weapons of one's choice (selected from those one is Proficient in on the Martial Weapons list).

Once selected, one may regain those Proficiencies as any other character might through Downtime or Feats. The wearer, like the ancient Swordsmarche, eschews all lesser instruments of their warfare for their truest weapon.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the gloves grant the wearer the ability to engage in specialized maneuvers with an attacking, armed foe. In Reaction to a weapon attack against them, the wearer of the gloves may use their already in-hand weapon to check the strike. One must choose to use this ability when the weapon attack is declared.

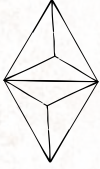
Using their Reaction, the wearer may interpose their weapon in mid-strike, the wearer and the opponent now locked in a fierce weapon-to-weapon clash by an unseen force. This Grapple

has the added condition of preventing either party from moving the other (all movement is 0 for both) as well as requiring both hands of each to maintain (thus, no further weapon attacks while locked together).

At the start of each participant's turn, they may attempt to overpower the other with an Athletics check versus the opponent's Athletics—this counts as their free object interaction for the round. The larger weapon (determined by damage dice) is considered to be advantaged on this check. If the weapons are the same size, no advantage from size is granted. On a successful overpower the opponent is either knocked prone or shoved back 5 ft. (winner's choice). On a natural 20 on the overpower roll, the winner may choose to do both.

After combat, the survivors gain 1 Exhaustion for every such overpower they succeed at. This exhaustion may be removed with 1 hit dice for each point, without the need for a short rest, and via normal rules and spells.

NOTES



HANDS OF FATE



“The skein of the world is tightly woven from the ambition of great men and the tyranny of greater ones. The book of Chance Mislaid tells us that the only way forward, through, and above the fray of what the common people think of as Chaos is to wrestle with that skein and wrest control of this thread or that from those that would pursue their mortal and tawdry ends.

“We, who sit athwart history are charged with the duty to commit great crimes... stealing the successes and failures of men and turning them to a more pious purpose. Heroes must spare some heroics, monsters some monstrosity. Fools some folly. Paragons some exceptionalism.”

—Fourth Canon of St. Raius of the Temple of Chance

APPEARANCE

A pair of silver-threaded gloves. Perception DC 15 notices they leave a very brief ghostly image of themselves as they move.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 18, History DC 21; Advantage for Trickery Domain Clerics and anyone with the Charlatan background

Blessed by the God of Chance and Fate, the Hands were worn by the fabled Mercy of Renoa, who stole freedom from a destiny he didn't want—wresting it from the fabric of reality itself. Or, so the story goes. Regarded by most as a long-dead Brigand King (at best) or just

another thieving elvish scum (more commonly), the Renoan nevertheless earned his reputation in those years (long gone now) for escaping consequence far too often.

Attunement requires the sacrifice of the wearer's ability to channel divine power to turn the undead; Fate does not see the dead, and one must turn a blind eye to them to be seen by Fate. Once done, the god of risks allows the wearer to steal Fate from others. But, as a Being of chaos and passion, the wearer may also sacrifice someone else's ability to channel divine power so long as that creature agrees to it, technically, for even a moment (no mind-controlling magics, but any mundane methods are acceptable). No take-backs.

SYSTEM

The wearer, once attuned, may then spend Inspiration to steal a dice roll from another within sight. Upon seeing an Action taking place, the wearer of the Hands may use their Reaction to reach out and pull on the strands of Fate (visible as ephemeral threads and strings made glowingly visible in the air itself when touched),

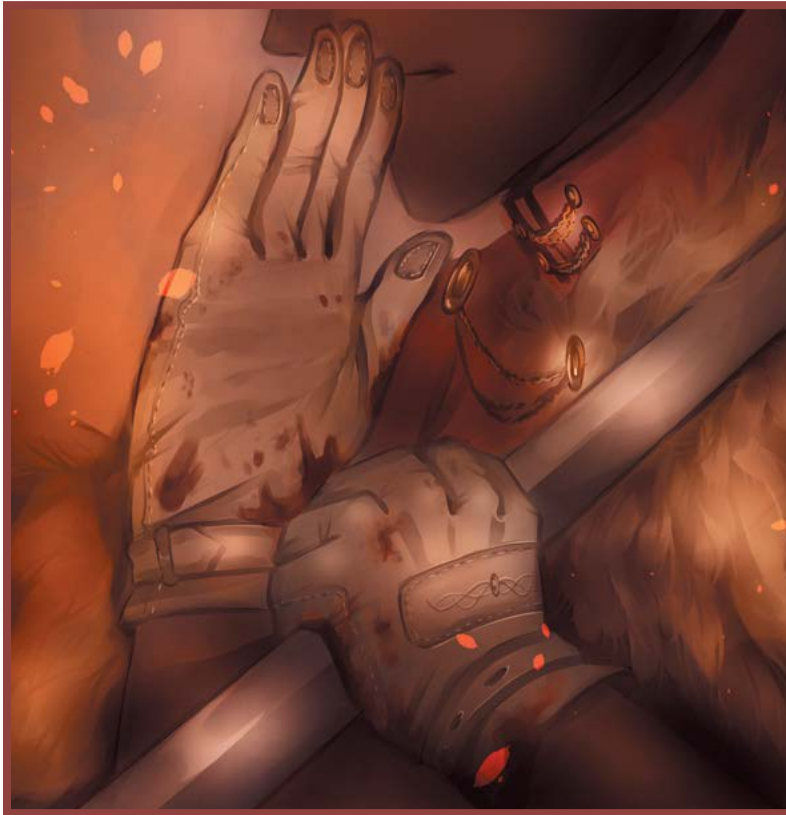
which bind all events together, to capture that actuality for themselves. Doing so requires one spend an Inspiration point.

After any dice is rolled, but before the result is fully described (one may interrupt during the description), the individual performing the action has their dice value stolen from them. This could be the d20 from an attack or a d6 from the damage of a sword or even the Recharge roll for a breath weapon. The value is "stolen," and in its place is nothing. Most of the time, this will mean a failure or "no damage" given that a stolen value is essentially "rolling 0."

The wearer "keeps" the total from the dice that was stolen (keeping in mind that, if a roll required more than one die, they can only keep one of them). They may hold onto that value until they get another Inspiration point (which removes the retained value). Until that time, though, they may use it in the place of a single dice roll of the same dice type (if a d20, can use in the place of one of their own d20 rolls; if a d6, then one of their d6 rolls, alone or amongst others) for their own actions and activities.

NOTES

HOARDING GLOVES



The sword cleaved through Vogh Maute's gorget and clanged against the sandstone floor, exploding tiny drops of blood all around as the chunk of metal bounced and bounced and lay still.

Bishwat rolled around Vogh Korda's left as the hobgoblin raised his mace: the dread Mali's Fury that felled dozens in the battle of The Five Plains. Behind the soldier, Bishwat reached up—straining on his toes to reach the haft held high—and twisted it free of the old campaigner's grip, bringing it sailing around in an underhand swing that broke through the plate greaves and crushed the bastard's knee in from the side.

As the Vogh's screams died into gurgles of pain, Bishwat looked across the hall at the officers and their staff: all dead or maimed or crawling away... He bent at the waist, propped his hands on his knees and felt all the old aches and pains come back. He was getting too old for this, and so young.

APPEARANCE

Rough and thick leather gloves, sun-bleached grey. The fingers appear to be stained with old dry blood.

ORIGIN

History DC 18, Arcane DC 22; Advantage for Rangers or anyone with the Soldier background

The mad ranger Vetter Wex held off thirty years of armies, from the Imperial First of Old Empire to the raids of the Yellowhand and Smallwood tribes to the devastatingly driven hobgoblins of

the Western Marshes. Nearly single-handedly, he survived famine and cold and curses and plagues, roaming up in the passes in a murderous spree. The Old Soldier—the god of war once worshipped by the martial cultures of the West in the Second Age—blessed Wex on his death (of old age, unbeaten) and the pale grey gloves he wore took to divine power.

Attunement requires developing a Proficiency in the Goblin language. If one already has it, the gloves attune with only a few minutes of proper fitting.

SYSTEM

The gloves confer the ability (if not otherwise possessed) to attempt disarms against opponents with special considerations, only possible if their hands are free going into the disarm—wielding no weapon, shield, or item.

To Disarm requires an Action and an opposed Athletics vs. either Athletics or Acrobatics check against the opponent. If the targeted weapon is held with two hands the attempt by the wearer is disadvantaged. Upon successfully disarming an opponent, separating them from their weapon, the glove-wearer is considered to be holding the weapon themselves in a ready manner; this is considered their “Draw or Stow” as well for the turn. If they do not have the freedom to draw or stow (having already used it), they cannot perform this Disarm.

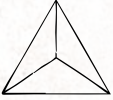
If successful, then on the same turn they Disarm, and now have ready an opponent’s weapon, they may use their Bonus Action to attack with that weapon as if Proficient. If the weapon has any magical properties that are passive (require no decision to use, options to do things with charges, etc.), the wearer may use those properties even if Class, Race, attunement or other restriction would normally prevent them. Any active abilities (ones that must be chosen or activated to work) cannot be used.

At the start of the wearer’s next turn, if they are wielding the disarmed weapon, they gain 1 Exhaustion. Avoiding this is as simple as dropping the weapon at the end of the previous turn’s activities. Dropping, in this manner, can be done in their own square or any adjacent one.



NOTES

PATH OF LIGHT



“I saw the path...” the girl said, “I saw it and I followed.”

She was a slip of a girl, and the large man in his beaten but polished armor breathed heavily as he towered over her. These woods were no place for children. Her presence would only make this harder. His colleagues were startled when she came bounding out of the bushes and Kilrock nearly put an arrow through her tiny beating heart before catching himself and shuddering at the thought of what he’d almost done in haste.

“Get behind me,” the large man said in a weary tone that brooked no argument. Losing her smile, and listening for the first time to the sounds of branches breaking behind her, she went pale and scrambled behind the towering armored man.

The bounding creatures leapt fallen trees and scrambled faster than any man or beast Sir Broadways had ever seen. Long limbed and hairy, hunched and running low like wolves, but he knew that when they stood they’d tower over even him and he was, himself, a giant of a man. Changers. Evil, slaver-ing beasts made from cursed lineage. His colleagues armed themselves and crouched waiting while a horde of them crashed through the twilight trees. Following the glowing footsteps, they couldn’t help but find their prey.

APPEARANCE

A pair of dark kurian-leather boots, almost black, stylized with brilliant gold filigree.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 12, History DC 15, Advantage for Clerics and anyone with the Acolyte background

The boots were crafted and seasoned by the higher order priests of the Growing Dawn. Only a few pairs have ever been created (making them very rare) and virtually none are ever seen off the feet of the truest champions of that small and obscure faith.

The wearer must attune to the boots over the course of a full, out loud, reading of *The Light* (the Church's holy book). Though not long, as religious texts go, doing so would take an earnest speaker most of an afternoon.

SYSTEM

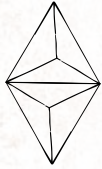
Attuned, the boots slip on easily and allow the wearer to increase their base movement by 10 ft. In addition, the wearer may ignore any damage from stepping on or through things lower than the boots (mundane obstacles like caltrops, magical damage from Spike Growth, etc.). Any

difficult terrain, entanglement, grappling, Saves, or other such challenges may still apply.

However, each step taken in the boots—no matter the circumstances—leaves a perfect boot print glowing in the ground that lasts roughly 20 minutes. The boots leave a trail of glowing footsteps that leads directly to the wearer. For many the curiosity of a trail of glowing and radiant footprints is too tempting not to investigate, and the Dawn intended this effect to bring people to his servant that they might follow the light and then follow *The Light*.



NOTES



PORTER'S GLOVES



Lernxt followed the half-orc around and he grumbled. He thought he was hot stuff, of course—a prince of thieves and a master assassin. Showing off for the rest of the group, making everything a contest between the two of them.

Men. Orcs. “Assassins.” All the same, really, and he was all three—and always have to be “the best.” Well, fine; let him harumph and bother about everything she did, check up on every lock she picked. She’d been stealing keys from his pouch one at a time all morning—at some point, something good was bound to come out of it.

Some groups form out of righteous causes, some out of common goals. Lernxt and Boyd were only part of this gang for a short while and only for the money. Few adventurers survive having two rogues eyeballing each other night after night, waiting for the other to break out the knives. Well, she wasn’t going to be caught sleeping, that’s for sure. First, a few more of his keys.

Then it was just a matter of not getting killed.

APPEARANCE

A pair of gloves with cutouts over the palms and the underside of the fingers, leaving them bare when worn. The material is metallic and gives an almost mirror shine to them.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 14, History DC 19; Advantage for Thief Rogues and anyone with the Criminal background

Made by Manastag Reinch, an innovator in the area of general high-magic burglary (hanged twenty years ago for committing several

unforgivable acts of larceny, accomplished through high-magic), the Porter’s Gloves were one of his less useful—but most popular—artifacts. Reinch might still be alive today had he not turned down the (very sobering) request to join the Blackworks of Greyghast’s underworld.

The artificers of the Blackworks don’t ask twice.

To attune them, one needs to wear them for a solid week (never removing them) and steal (from the unwary and unallied) at least one item per day, worth no less than 1 sp but no more than 2 sp. The calibration of the gloves, for attunement, is very precise.

SYSTEM

Afterward, the gloves have 5 charges and replenish 1d4 charges per day.

By taking an Action, cupping one's hands together, and spending 1 charge, the wearer gets a mental picture of an object a target creature possesses that they may choose teleport into their hands. The object must be small (it can be no heavier than 1 lb.) and worn or carried on this Plane. The object can be only a few feet away (if using a grid, an adjacent square/hex).

The DM will describe the object, but they are encouraged to keep their description vague. It

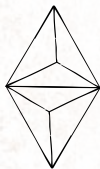
must be accurate despite this, using two physical descriptors (shape, size, material, texture, color, location on the victim, etc.).

By spending more than 1 charge, the would-be thief gets a mental picture of a number of objects equal to the number of charges they spend. The wearer may pick one of the described objects to teleport.

Noticing the loss of an item, if in the hand of the target, is immediate. Noticing the loss if carried on them directly requires a Perception check DC 15, though this check is disadvantaged if the item was inside another object (purse, sack, pouch).



NOTES



RUSHBOOTS



Now that the brush was cleared away (thanks to Meilla's controlled inferno) what they saw was arresting and ominous. A long hallway cut right into the side of the hill, tiled with clever small colored stones depicting a winding red path that extended farther than any of them could see. The little crimson stones almost pleaded "walk on me, for I am the safe way through this hell." Mosaics and frescos on the walls ahead, too dark to make out perfectly, said this was the horrible tomb they'd sought.

Simon stared down the hall, into the dark. The others were restless and more than once Broadways seemed to want to stride right in, but he knew

better. They all did. This hall was death and one that might go on for a thousand feet or more. And if reputation was to be believed, none of them — not even Simon, who'd kept them safe through the lost temples and hidden gardens of adventure — would be able to spot or disable all the security built into this place.

Giving the old paladin a knowing look and a stern nod, and giving the rest of his comrades a slow and patient glance that said "if I don't make it back..." Simon kicked the mud from his boots, took a deep and lasting breath (could be poisonous clouds down there) and took off like a rocket, ignoring the entreaties of the red path.

APPEARANCE

A pair of well-worn hide boots with a pronounced tread underneath them. Rather than laces, the boots have many oddly positioned buckles and straps to ensure a tight and custom fit.

ORIGIN

History DC 19, Arcane DC 22, Advantage for Arcane Trickster Rogues or anyone with the Criminal background

In the underguilds of the middle-empire, there are two major schools of thought regarding dungeon delving: one holds that it should be done only by the most skilled engineers of deadly traps, but a younger movement that has a more practical view of it all. For this second

group, the best way to disable a mousetrap is to trip the damn thing—so long as one can avoid the hammer.

For four hundred years, these two factions fought a silent war of one-upmanship between each other, cracking open the dark places of the world and bringing back the treasures and idols as a sign of philosophical (and skillful) superiority. It was friendly rivalry that only caused a few deaths and skirmishes.

Rushboots were created by the latter faction. A difficult enchantment to bind to footwear, nevertheless some of their Arcane Tricksters and sympathetic Abjurers made them as a fad for nearly two generations.

Attunement requires escaping (not disabling, but surviving) a trap, activated without knowledge or care, that has the potential to outright kill them. From a DM perspective, it must be a trap they aren't actively trying to trip that they simply come across through speed, guile, or luck and might manage to survive—the potential damage outcome, however, must be enough to outright kill them.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, and so long as the wearer has moved 10 ft. in one direction prior to tripping a trap or a hazard not immediately caused by a creature (like a bridge plank breaking), they may spend an Inspiration point to pre-empt the trap's effect by moving an additional 5 ft. in any direction (potentially putting the wearer outside the range, path, area, etc. of the triggered effect). This expenditure of an Inspiration must come with a suitably relevant description of how the wearer jumps, jukes, twists, flips, or otherwise squeaks out an extra bit of momentum, as related by the player. In the case of traps that cause attack rolls (firing darts, as an example) the attacks are at disadvantage should the wearer take their 5 ft. adjustment.

The wearer may increase the 5 ft. to 10 ft. by electing to take an Exhaustion along with the required Inspiration expenditure, which represents the physical exertion and possibly minor injuries associated with such death defying athletics.

NOTES



SANDALS OF PATH



Sun Ko walked through the marketplace, ignoring the hustle and din of the hundreds of people, animals, and excitements as he made his way towards the old Shaw building at the far North corner. People, unwittingly, parted before him—avoiding his gaze and going about their day of buying and selling and yelling and clamor as though he were not there.

Cutpurses and thieves all moved past him, like water around a stone. Merchants and barkers turned their attention to others. Horses stepped aside.

As he approached the shambled building, long ago turned to a privileged haunt of the underground parasites of this bazaar,

even the heavies stationed casually about the perimeter found this or that more interesting than Ko; it wasn't until he stood there, before the Grim Shaw himself, and his retinue, that anyone thought to protest the interloper's presence.

"Grim," Ko addressed the old dwarf softly, "...it's over."

APPEARANCE

A pair of wood-soled sandals with twine toeholds.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 15, History DC 17; Advantage for Monks and anyone with the Urchin background

The Sandals of Path, a low artifact of the distant East once worn by courtiers and diplomats in service to the Great Skychild Emperor, were made from the leather of the Tinuk—aged and tanned over a mortal man's lifetime in the wind-swept passes of the high places. Intended to

invest the wearer to pass with dignity through the unclean and unwashed of the world, they are the last remnant of that finer time and noble people.

Attunement requires the wearer rest amongst a great crowd for a full day (sunrise to sunset) while quietly and unresponsively sitting in contemplation of the needs and greeds and wants and wills of the living creatures around them. Observing their nature, meditating on their behavior, the wearer must not react to any of their abuses or questions—pressing for peace and silence inside themselves.

SYSTEM

Attuned, the sandals allow the wearer to move through crowds of people without molestation, barely noticed.

Anyone not actively (violently) aggressive towards the wearer, actively pursuing them, or anyone who does not know their name within 15 ft. of them simply moves aside, unwittingly captivated or distracted by other events. The effect is maintained so long as the wearer is moving no faster than a walk, aggressing against nobody, and saying nothing. It is not the same as Stealth, as all are aware of and see the wearer, they just regard him or her as another face in the crowd and go about their business normally.

Those affected will remember the wearer as well as they would remember any perfectly random

stranger walking down the street that they were uninterested in remembering. Vague, unspecific.

For those actively pursuing the wearer, their Passive Perception is disadvantaged. The sandals also protect from violence and aggression by imposing disadvantage on the Ability checks and Attack rolls against the wearer.

Note that all of these benefits require the wearer to move no faster than a walk (maximum 5 ft. per round), attack nobody (though Ability checks may be allowed against anyone aggressing against them), and say nothing. Should any of those be done on the wearer's turn, the sandals lose their beneficial properties until the wearer can take a quiet 10 minutes to meditate.



NOTES



TIDES OF WILE



Lyra's form was perfect, each movement written in space and punctuated with certainty. Khyrax, dreaded golden wyrm and the Harrower of Bright-keep, raged silently with each blow. The beast rocked back on her haunches and her gaze narrowed in concentration and barely disguised fury.

But, still, the quiet and somber elf planted a hand and threw her body over it, landing in graceful pose on point long enough to bring her other leg around in a spin that struck the dragon above her knee—the Harrower rocking off-balance again.

Over and over, back and back, feet and yards and more... the monk pressed the silent attack and the dragon hardly had a

moment to unleash the death she held in her breath. She suffered strike after strike, waiting for an opening, waiting for the small thing to tire. Every time an opening presented itself, it was gone in a flash. For the rest of the group, watching on behind the rocks, it was a dramatic tension... a brutal assault hidden behind the guise of an almost artistic series of movements.

Lyra turned and braced, bringing her elbow up above her brow, knocking the beast's chin backward, and continued to drive the fight deeper and deeper into the cavern.

APPEARANCE

Two tightly woven, thin ropes (barely thicker than string) of brilliant white and silver threads. Each is several feet long.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 19, Arcane DC 25; Advantage for Monks and Wild Mage Sorcerers or anyone with the Acolyte background

There are some who see their connection to the Great Elements in terms of their raw substance, such as the wizard who sends icy blasts or the priest who calls the lightning. But, for those of the deeper way, they know the chill and the sky fire are only the physically-forced representations of the Truth. The heart of the planes from where these forces come are not bathed in energy, but in essence. And essence is neither ice nor electricity.

The monastery of the Heart of Elemental Essence teaches their chosen to understand the meaning behind the raw power and, in contemplation and study, to harness their body to evoke that Truth. That all force is one force, that words are also fire and motion is a storm. A thousand years before the fall of the Old Empire, they gave those with the potential such things as the Tides, and finding them now is like finding a coin in a world filled with desert sand. Rare. Precious.

Attunement requires tying the Tides in an intricate pattern around the fingers and thumb, forming a sort of net-like groove from the long strands with precise knots decorating the design. There are a few (very few) tomes or persons that know the pattern, but they exist. With the help of either, this tying is easy.

SYSTEM

Once tied properly, the Tides attune themselves and the wearer can call upon two powers.

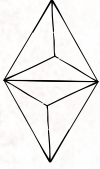
First, the wearer is advantaged on Perception and Investigation checks when using their hands directly. Fingers that could feel nothing but smooth stone can now feel the well-hidden cracks and imperceptible texture distinctions that were unclear before. They can feel the vibrations of conversation or movement through a door, though unable to hear it directly.

Second, the wearer may use their Action to knock an opponent back with careful and deliberate and irresistible force. The wearer must declare this use and then roll an unarmed attack, on a successful hit they forego all damage (even if a critical hit) and the creature is knocked back a distance based on their size.

SIZE	DISTANCE
Tiny	15 ft. knockback
Small	15 ft. knockback
Medium	10 ft. knockback
Large	10 ft. knockback
Huge	5 ft. knockback
Colossal	5 ft. knockback

The wearer cannot take movement or Bonus Actions during the remainder of the turn (though those may be done before taking this action) and if something gives the wearer an additional turn or Action they lose that as well. This attack is always the final Action they take in the turn. They get their Reaction as normal.

NOTES



WARBOOTS



Colonel Drey, chief of General Westrauch's own staff, stood in the middle of the battle and tuned out the blood and death and screaming and the smell of excrement and crying of the boys too young to have to go through this very necessary business of national pride and valor.

Every once in awhile, as the fight raged on and the man walked through the lines, some bastard would think to make themselves a name and Drey would have to kill him. A half-dead pikeman boldly charging, left with half a face. A pair of farmers with leather poorly strapped to them, and what might have been cleavers, running into the officer's shield and then the officer's mace running into their heads at high speed.

War was sad. Death was depressing. And Drey was tired. Ten thousand men in these hills, slicing and beating each other to death on a crisp autumn morning. And as a boy, no more than ten, raced up his hill, screaming his nonsense tongue in defiance and glory, Drey kicked his chest in, watched his body roll and tumble down, and wanted to go the hell home.

APPEARANCE

A pair of heavy, dark brown boots with thick brass banding about the ankles and calves. A stylized crown on a plate of silver serves as a topbuckle over the shin.

ORIGIN

History DC 14, Arcane DC 20; Advantage for Eldritch Knight Fighters and anyone with the Noble or Soldier backgrounds

The elite guard of Emperor Malleus Exile II, formed after his father's death and during the years of the Second Purge, were known as Marchers. Units of no more than eight or nine, led by an officer of renown, all armored and perfect, and always marching. Drills. Ceremony. Procession. Investigation. Patrol. Murder, some whisper. Genocide. Worse.

Their official name was the Emperor's Own, but the common folk knew them as the Marchers, and their coming meant celebration and fear. Their officers were equipped, at great expense, with Warboots. A careful creation of Iarno, the chief sage to the Emperor.

Attunement requires Proficiency in heavy armor and walking 100 miles in the boots, at which point their unique properties come alive.

SYSTEM

On attunement the wearer's base movement is reduced by 5 ft., as the boots are heavy and not designed for true running or sprinting. However, while wearing them, one suffers no Exhaustion for overland travel while walking and may receive the benefits of a Short Rest while walking (though any other normally prohibited activity, like fighting, may interrupt that rest).

The boot wearer gains a direct Immunity from damage coming from anything underfoot, and Resistance to damage centered around the lower legs by half, rounded up. One may ignore all of the damage from caltrops outright, for instance, but only half from thigh-high fire. DMs are encouraged to consider traps and area effects and whether the damage comes from the ground, is simply low to the ground, or comes from another direction. Fireballs are a whole omnidirectional area and should not be Resisted, but a field of thorns may be.

In addition, one may use a Bonus Action to lash out a kick (considered an unarmed attack roll that does no damage) against a creature Medium or Small that, on a hit, forces a Constitution Save on the target DC equal to one's own Strength. On a failure, the target is knocked down.

NOTES

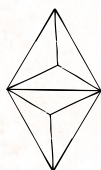
CHAPTER SEVEN

RINGS, BELTS, & ADORNMENTS

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NOTES



ACCURSED RING OF KRIN THE ARCANES



As the earth came pouring and tumbling down—a dark flood of soil and stone and mud and sand—Belinda recited the half-remembered parable of the day the Spider riddled to the wandering man about the nature of what is beautiful.

The dark was moist and warm, the cavern rumbling and grumbling its collapse. She felt the pressure around her—at first an embrace, then a seamless prison—and felt her body grow distant and cool. The sensation was like sleeping in a room where the fire went out: ever colder and colder, but subtle and slow, until the dry, chilly feeling was deep in her flesh.

As the rumble slowed and muffled—dozens of feet of earth all around—she meditated to drown down the perfectly normal panic, and hoped her comrades would be along soon to dig her out.

APPEARANCE

A dark black ring with a wide band, on top is a spider-like figure made from small bones.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 13, History DC 18; Advantage for Necromancy School Wizards and anyone with the Sailor background

Krin the Profane. The Twice-Cursed. The Devoured. The Arcane.

Krin, who travelled the world with a coterie of heroes, smiting demons and mad creatures in the far corners of the world. Krin, who whispered in the dark—across the stars and beyond—to a power from beyond our universe and traded service for survival. Krin, who ventured forth into the Tomb, a place of horrors and

death, and there killed a god and birthed the Spider into our world.

Krin, who hides, having sacrificed his soul with his mortality, blessed and cursed to serve the darkness and live to see the end of time.

The stories and fables are old, now. Old enough that most people, most cultures have forgotten them. But, the ring of Krin the Arcane survives and the power over the death it brings comes from far beyond this world—beyond even the might of gods.

Attunement requires an old and obscure ritual, once practiced by the followers and cultists that worshipped Krin centuries ago, whereby the ritualist promises his body to the will of the Spider—the God-killer, the Devourer

of Worlds—upon their own death. DMs are encouraged to note that the ritual is needed for attunement, whether anyone’s listening or cares about the promise cannot be known.

SYSTEM

The ring, once attuned, allows the wearer to take an Action and arrest their own life and biological processes (breathing, eating, excreting, the need for warmth or water, etc.). Their body becomes, for all intents and purposes, a corpse for up to their Proficiency Bonus in hours. Once they enact this change, their current hp is set to half of their maximum hp, rounded up—regardless of whether it was higher or lower at the time of the change.

Should they choose to rest—do absolutely nothing, go dormant—they will return to full life and health (maximum hp) at the end of the period automatically, but no sooner. While in this state, they are indistinguishable from a dead body (both mundanely and magically). They perceive nothing, they can do nothing.

Should they choose to remain aware, they may still take some Actions (all at disadvantage, no exceptions) and movements (always as though Difficult Terrain, also no exceptions). They lack the fine motor controls to perform dexterous activities like using most tools or even satisfying somatic components for spells, but other basic physical activities are possible. Given their labored speech, due to a dry and unresponsive throat and tongue, they may speak in a hushed whisper at best and all of their social Ability rolls are at disadvantage. They are Immune to disease and poison, and Resistant to magic. They may return to normal with one minute of concentration. While in this state, creatures may notice they are not truly dead with a Perception check DC equal to the Passive Deception of the ring-wearer (10 + full bonus for Deception).

If their body takes enough damage to be reduced below 0 hp while changed, they die. Resurrection or similar magic may or may not work, depending on what the Spider is offered in return.

NOTES



ARTHA'S BELT



Watching Herzorie take the risks she did made everyone uncomfortable, she knew that. Racing past Sir Broadways toward the gaping maw of some diabolical horror, kicking in doors that Kurt was careful to tease open, even smarting off to the constables in this town or that.

They thought something was wrong with her, or maybe a madness was tucked away at the back of the bard's mind. Even when Behera or Brodie or the others would corner her about a night spent drinking too much, or fighting too much or provoking too much, it was all noise to her. She didn't want to die, not at all. There wasn't a woman half so much in love with life as she was—she knew that to her bones—but they didn't understand, and couldn't. It was a tiresome argument.

Only Marcus saw her... or it... or, hell, Herzorie didn't even know how to frame it. Only he saw the Reason, and him only that one time. Unlike the others, Marcus knew something about loss; he never talked about his brother, or why he couldn't go home, but that couldn't stop the details from coming out over the years in a dozen tiny ways. Herzorie had never heard the first story of the boy, but she knew the brother's name—knew he had been taller than Marcus and a bit older. She knew he'd had a wife and child, and she knew he was dead.

Marcus understood. The rest didn't. Herzorie shook her head: there was more important work to do than worry about those that worried about her.

She unfurled her bow, there in the black shadows of the treeline. Kurt and Brodie had said to wait until they gave the signal from the other side of the goblin camp, but all this thinking had roused an emptiness in Herzorie's heart. Maybe she'd see her again, today.

The bard smiled, and aimed at the closest creature.

APPEARANCE

A greying, broad, hardened leather belt—creased with use, and ringed with dull and pitted steel studs. Perception DC 15 notices that despite the age, a blood stain on the front remains fresh—never entirely drying or dulling.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 14, Nature DC 17; Advantage to Barbarians and anyone with the Outlander background

In prior ages, the gods and goddesses that rule all of the heavens still listened closely to the wants and needs of mortals. Those ages were times of miracles, of holy wars led by beautiful celestial giants and avatars of the most high. The seasons were blessings and punishments, feast and famine were part of the tapestry of prayer, indulgence, vanity, and sin. The many dozens of hands of the divine—this god or that

goddess or this pantheon or that deity—tightly gripped every corner and aspect of existence.

It was both a time of great order and great chaos, as the heavens fought each other as much as the things that live beyond our world. That time is mostly past, heaven hears less than it once did.

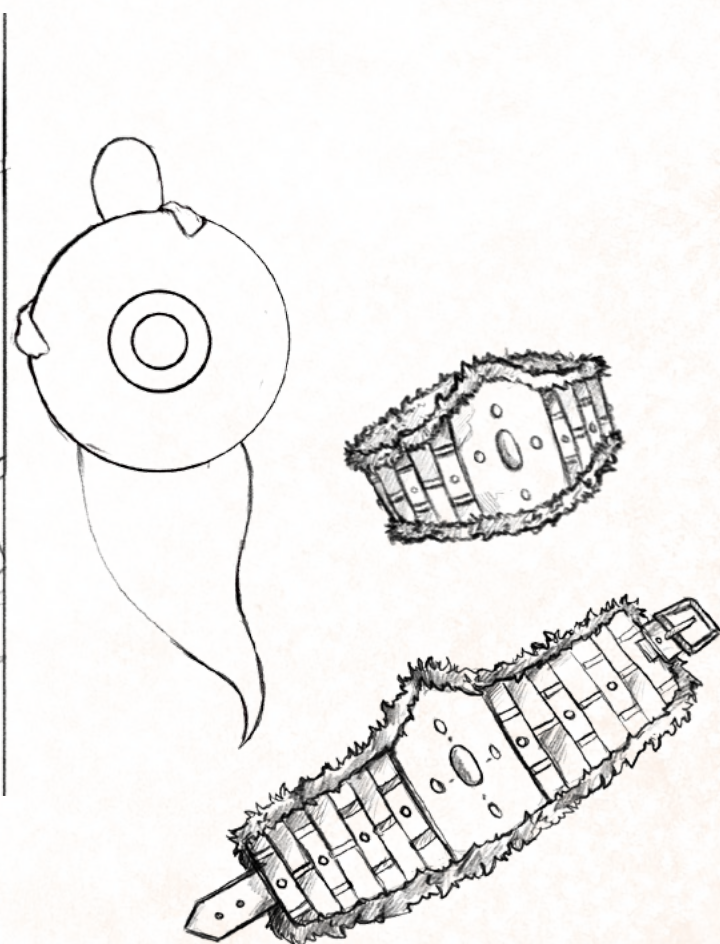
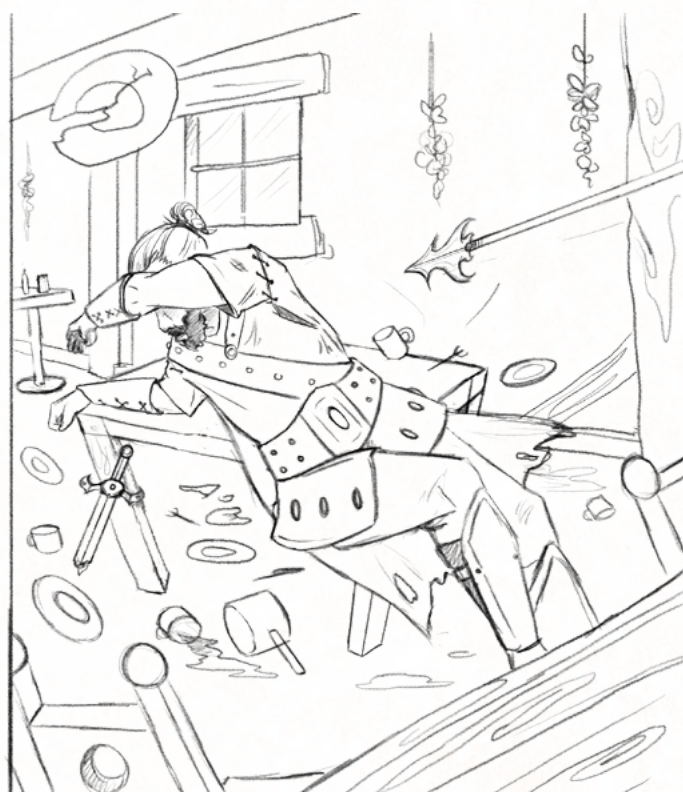
In a remote corner of one of the southern lands, in a village of farmers and clansires, a boy named Sindar grew up under the dutiful care of his older brother, Arthas. Their father—a great warrior for the clan—having passed when they were young, Arthas raised his younger sibling in their father's place: teaching him how to fish and forage, how to lead a mule team, and how to wield a sword. The boys were close companions, despite their age difference. As Sindar grew strong, and near as tall, as his brother he looked more like his mother than father, and Arthas was proud of him.

On a cold Autumn day, in an afternoon practice with half-sharp swords and the beaten and hardened leather armors the family had handed down for years, the two sparred and quipped. Arthas was trying to teach a particularly complicated maneuver he'd learned in the years before their father died, Sindar struggled to perform it.

And by accident—by chance—the younger boy lost his footing, or perhaps overreached his thrust. Perhaps the older boy was distracted by something or the sun got in his eyes. In a moment, a flash, young Sindar's sword tore a gash out of Arthas' midsection. The began wound bleeding profusely, both of the boys shocked. Keeping pressure, trying to stem the tide, tears streaming from his eyes, Sindar held his older brother as he passed and screamed to anything and anyone that could hear for help.

The gods hear little anymore, but the totemic spirits that still watch over the clans and tribes of the world were listening that day. And their help, while not always what is wanted, is nevertheless just.

Attunement requires letting the belt bring the spirit of a departed loved one, or what is left of them, back from whatever resting place or final reward they have been in since passing away. This cannot be a stranger, or even a simple friend; the power of the belt—touched by the great spirits of the sun and moon and sky and earth—only works if there is a strong personal connection between the wearer and the soul of the departed. DMs should note, bringing someone back is not a selfless act; the departed are not their full selves, having moved on from mortality too much to truly appreciate it again. They come, and willingly enough, out of love



for the wearer, but they are leaving a deserved heaven and, so long as the wearer keeps the belt attuned, they are kept from returning to it.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the belt provides a +1 bonus to AC for the wearer, given it's wide and thick leather providing considerable protection. The spirit called by the belt is ever-present; and though not visible or audible most of the time, their presence can be felt on occasion. When the

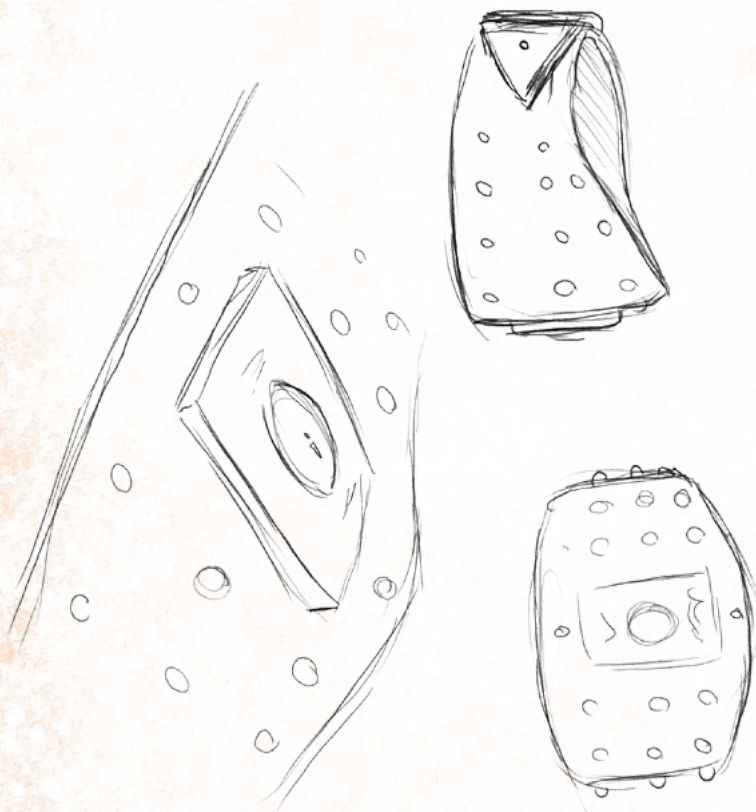
wearer is in danger, of any kind, they yearn to help, and the feeling is clear to the wearer.

In addition, if the wearer suffers an attack that drops them below 0 hp, the spirit manifests and intercedes. The spirit steps into the incoming blow or attack—into the path of the arrow or into the swing of the axe, for instance—and takes all of the damage themselves. Only those who have lost someone truly close, as close as brothers, can see this manifestation. To any other observer, it looks like the wearer simply ignores the devastating attack and its effects.

While the spirit appears, for those who can see it, it looks as though the spirit dies—the arrow pierces their chest, they bleed, wounds fell them, etc.—the apparition is smiling. For them, this is not a death, it is saving the life of their loved one. There are feelings of joy at this that can be sensed by the wearer, and they gain 1 inspiration.

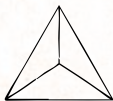
The spirit cannot manifest in this way again for a number of days equal to half of the wearer's Proficiency Bonus, rounded down (For example: if the wearer's Proficiency Bonus is +2 or +3 they may manifest this way every day, but if the bonus is +4 or +5 they may only manifest every other day). As the wearer grows up, grows stronger and more able, the spirit comes forth less and less.

The wearer may choose to release the spirit at any time. Doing so unattunes the belt, and they may not re-attune it ever again. If they release the spirit, they gain +1 Wisdom, permanently.



NOTES

HARROWER'S LINE



In the Summer of Holstace, brave Captain Culpa charged the breach at Manverwald. Despite the horrors of war, the almost impossible defense of the Hobs, and the explosions and death all around... the day was won.

In the Fall of Shanth, fearless Captain Culpa rooted the dark arcanist Memnon from his tower, losing half his company in the ascent and personally dispatching a dozen vile creatures conjured from the Seven Hells to protect their evil master. As the mage was cast down from the very top with Culpa's shortsword in his chest... the day was won.

In the Winter of Lingam, the unshakable Captain Culpa walked into the den of Helix, the winged fury and destroyer of the village of Demos. Alone, unaided, he hesitated not a bit as he made his way into the maw of the cavern and then made his way out with the beast's sizzling head. And as he dropped it from the bridge... the day was won.

In the Spring of Aiden, the courageous Captain Culpa—in the midst of the battle of Fartown's Grael against the rebel uprising there—knelt in the soft green grass and watched with dim and sad eyes as the war raged around him. He saw the young soldier, no more than fourteen if a day, run at him screaming something... something... and closed his eyes as he let the youth stab him in the chest. His last thoughts were that he deserved it, and peace followed by pity as the darkness came for him and he felt the boy's knife begin to pare away his fingers.

APPEARANCE

A set of five rings made of twisted metal, with bars and sharp edges folded and beaten at odd angles, made to be worn on one hand.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 18, History DC 25; Advantage for Knowledge Clerics and anyone with the Acolyte background

In the time before the current Pantheon came to be, the gods and goddesses we and all creatures now know, the world endured several generations of change amongst the heavens. Much of this happened long before any creature could read or write, when the world was a quiet place and all the turmoil happened above it. Most do not know the gods and goddesses that rule us now were, once upon a time, not the only ones.

A soldier in the wars for creation itself, one demigod—a being of light and truth whose name cannot be spoken in this world anymore, but references to whom still exist in forgotten places—lost himself so deeply in the war, and the pursuit of order and truth, that he never saw the perversions that overtook him through the wily corruptions of the Fiends he would capture and question.

Question turned to interrogation. Interrogation to torture. And, by the end of the wars, the creature that had once been glorious was a dark and twisted cruelty—a god of mutilation and screams. History does not know what happened to him, save that his name is lost and barred by the celestials from ever being uttered again. All his works were destroyed. All his followers burned. All his tools annihilated, save one.

Only the Harrower’s Line remains, a perverse artifact from the fall of something beautiful.

Attunement requires putting on all five rings—a painful process as the inside of the band is as jagged and barbed as the outside. Once put on, the rings sink deeply into the flesh, doing 1d4 piercing damage. Removing the rings requires removing the fingers and thumb, and (even should they be regenerated in any way) the rings may not work for that person ever again.

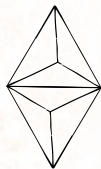
SYSTEM

Once attuned, the ring allows the wearer to automatically succeed in any Save against being Frightened, Stunned, or Charmed. This does not apply to anything that imposes those conditions without a Save. The wearer feels a numbness inside of them, a reservoir of cool dispassion.

The ring subtly jades the mind the wearer with wisps of memories, the gruesome horrors of the forgotten demigod and his torturing of devils and demons. The sufferings, terrors, pain, and death of this world are simple children’s illustrations of the things that happened in the old times, amongst the Great Powers.

So pervasive is this feeling, however, that any Action the wearer wishes to take to directly help, assist, heal, or support any other creature requires a Wisdom Save, DC 15. On a success, the Action may be taken as normal. On a failure, it cannot be taken and the Action is lost. They are only subject to this once per desired Action (for example, if they fail the Save to muster the will to heal a party member, they may still take that Action as normal on their next turn without rolling for a Save). Any day such a failure happens, the wearer has nightmares during their next sleep of the suffering of gods and their own failures.

NOTES



PYRE



The smell of decay was pervasive. It seemed to come from everywhere, and so thoroughly infested this place that even a man strong of will found himself claustrophobic from the stench. Amidst the wafting fumes of rotting bodies, one felt trapped. And Horace was no exception. Could be no exception.

The dark thing seemed to float (a horrific non-walking hover, likely only barely an inch off of the smooth floor) that reminded both Horace and Qual that no matter what face this arcane monstrosity wore, or how sweet its words, it was not of this world. The face it wore was that of a comely lady, albeit clad in ragged grey and black robes, and the words it used were dripping with sincerity. Granted, they'd been chained for seven weeks.

No matter how perfect the room looked, or how pretty their captor, it still smelled like the foul of bodies left in the sun for a week and she still moved with the alien grace of a secret, hidden monster.

Seven weeks, and nothing. Seven weeks and they were no closer to freedom. Qual had whispered for Horace to do it, but the sorcerer could not bring himself to. He promised to get them free. He promised every night. And this morning, he woke in his shackles to find Qual dead.

Horace waited for their captor to return, and readied to set the whole world on fire.

APPEARANCE

A segmented ring, long enough to cover a third of a finger, made of living flame.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 16, History DC 22; Advantage for Sorcerers and anyone with the Sage background

The Pyre was forged from the screaming rage and pain of a thousand sorcerers and mages, those of natural and deep magic: the Conflagration. It is a rumor only, because few know of it and those who have doubt it actually happened. They doubt that a cult of personality surrounding one powerful and unknown woman, long ago in the southern valleys, ever existed. They

doubt that the cult had brought together the greatest gathering of magical might ever seen in the world. They doubt that any outpouring of power into her being was possible, or that it occurred. And they doubt that the resulting loss of life—so many dead, in a purple and red storm of furious cyclonic lightning—created a craggy and cruel artifact of their power, in the form of the ring she would then wear on her finger.

But it happened.

It was the Conflagration that drove the forebears of the Exile Emperors to breed a hate and distrust of magic into their offspring. Generations of family scholars and sages kept record of the event alive for a century and, when the rebellion spilled out over the kingdoms, Malleus Exile (soon to be Malleus I) destroyed all knowledge of it. It wasn't just the confiscation of magical artifacts, or the slaughter of those who knew arcane secrets: the Purge, as history forgets, also involved the systematic destruction of all lore, stories, and record of such miraculous or devastating power.

The dark age lasted for centuries, the Third Age a black stain on both the Old Empire (now gone) and all the nations that bowed to it.

Pyre, however, survived, secreted away by unlikely allies: the orders that had originally fought the cruel witch who created it. As the ring found its way from one surging power to another over the years, serving one new master or mistress and then the next, most of its history has been forgotten.

Attunement requires the permanent sacrifice of one's Bond. Whatever kept one tied to this world must be renounced, and the wearer can not have a Bond ever again—such is the unearthly

nature of the ring. It requires giving up all care for any person, place, or thing that might have connected one's humanity to the world.

SYSTEM

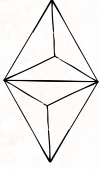
Once attuned, the ring allows the wearer to, once per day, expend every iota of arcane power in their body and soul in order to burst into an immolation of pure quintessential power—engulfed in a raging, swirling typhoon of magical energies that hiss and crackle about the wearer.

Using an Action, the wearer of the Pyre may activate the ring and discharge at least one Spell Point or Spell Slot, at which point they lose the ability to cast any magic and their Proficiency Bonus (which drops to +0). The storm lasts a number of rounds equal to their normal Proficiency Bonus and extends a number of feet outward from the wearer equal to their Charisma Score.

At the start of any creature's turn, if they are inside the radius of the storm, they take an amount of Fire damage (which ignores Resistances and Immunities) equal to the wearer's Charisma modifier. Any mundane items that are flimsy and flammable (paper, cloth, wood no thicker than 1/2 inch, rope, etc.) catch fire and burn. Any mundane items that are flammable but not easily consumed (leather, thick wood, heavy clothes, blankets, etc.) singe, char, and are lightly damaged; DMs are encouraged to apply appropriate wear and tear on such items. Anything the wearer has on their person during this time is immune to this effect. If the wearer is reduced to or below 0 hp, this effect continues through the end of its duration.

The wearer may not access any Spell Points or Spell Slots for 24 hours.

NOTES



REVEALERS



While Occam let the demon swing away at him, fiery axe trailing a comet of light and smoke this way and that, the stern and scarred warrior stepped out of the way over and over in a physical taunt that enraged the dark prince.

Beniss circled wide behind it, staying out of its reach, out of its line of sight, trying to get around it and hoping it wouldn't notice. Chains wet with blood (Its own? One of its victims'?) whipped gracefully through the air, so smoothly that Occam nearly forgot they were hundreds of pounds of arcane steel that would slap a man in half on impact.

As Beniss found his opening (and Occam took a searing cut across his already horrifically

puckered and lined chest), he ran a finger along the rings on his right hand. Hard, ghostly images flew around him, symbols of light and wisping smoke keeping a perfect uniform distance from his fingers as though locked in orbit around them. Once satisfied with whatever they were saying, he took a deep breath and pressed his other hand against the giant thing's leg.

The symbols danced and changed, and Beniss had enough time to call out four short words before a bloody chain broke most of his ribs and left him dying on the dry, hard ground.

APPEARANCE

A set of three gold rings, with pearl inlay around the bands, meant to be worn on the first two fingers and thumb.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, History DC 22; Advantage for Divination School Wizards and anyone with the Sage background

The single most dangerous mage that ever lived, by the reckoning of the Scholam of Greyghast, was Anna Braun: a Diviner from a distant Southern coast responsible for the eradication of the League of Hoyerwood, a collection of city-states whose influence was once felt throughout the world, but whose history was burned to ash long ago.

Though the culture of avarice for arcane power in the South has been the incubator for dozens

of powerful factions over the centuries—the Evokers, the Entropists, the cult of the Black Spider, etc.—it was Anna Braun that more terrified kings and archdukes throughout the world than any other.

The League had fought off empires, including the Old Empire, resisted invasion, survived rebellion, and held off the Exile kings for ten years of bloody conflict before a truce was declared. With weeks of preparation—using powerful Divination magic and spellwork not seen since—Anna executed every member of all ten royal households within the span of an hour and set Cladia (the largest city of the League) on fire. By morning, nothing lived within the walls. It is a foolish thing to trifle with those that can pluck the strings of Fate to their favor, even more foolish to do so with someone for whom Fate is as malleable as soft, wet clay.

Though Anna Braun is centuries gone, some of her creations and tools still exist. Most held securely by arcane collectors and archmages, to protect them from misuse, but a few—like the Revealers—have slipped through the hands and pages of history.

Attunement requires calibrating the rings in just the right manner (turning them this way and that until the unseen power that connects them gently vibrates). If one is Proficient in Arcane, this succeeds automatically after a few minutes of tinkering. If one is not Proficient in Arcane, it

cannot be done by the one's self (though someone who is Proficient could do it on the wearer's behalf).

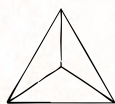
SYSTEM

Once attuned, the rings allow the wearer to draw forth knowledge of a creature by bringing its anima (its pattern) into focus.

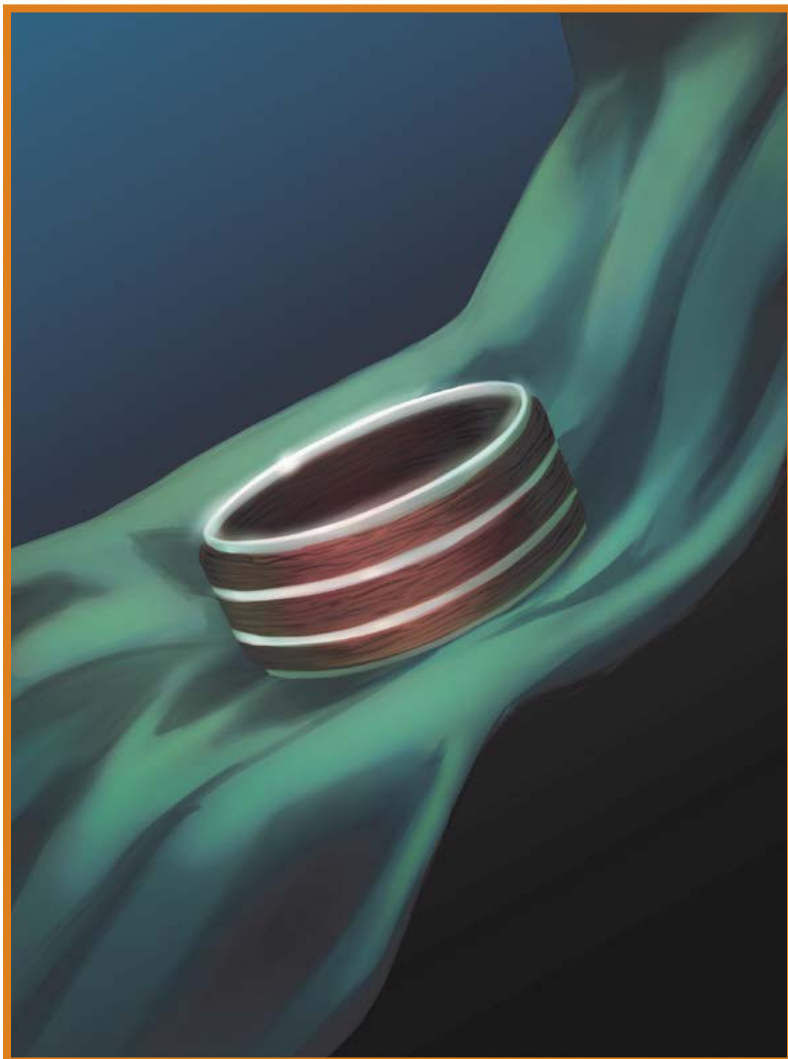
The rings must be calibrated to the creature one intends to target and it must be in sight, requiring 1 Action, as the wearer turns them this way and that to focus on the chosen subject. Once done, thin grey smoke swirls about each of the rings, showing symbols and runes that describe the creature's anima. The ringed hand must be free and held relatively stable for the symbols to be read and the effects to work. The wearer gets to know either the creature type or alignment of the subject—this and all subsequent choices are made by the wearer.

If touching the subject with their off-hand (non-ringed hand) for one round, they get to know either the subject's name or lowest Ability Score (which ability and the score). If they continue to touch the subject for a second round, they learn of any Immunities or Vulnerabilities. If they continue for a third round, the symbols in the whirling smoke reveal deeper truths about the nature of the subject; the wearer gains Advantage in attacks, Saves, and ability checks against the creature for 1 minute.

NOTES



RING OF BHAA



The bow thrummed and the crowd gasped and the shaft flew and the kingdom faltered from the low hills of the Athurlands to the peaks of the Reedling Mountains. A thousand people stood, mouths agape in fear and wonder as the bowman's voice carried high above them.

"Nobody move. I am Monil, the last son of the Panrani, and I am here to end your accursed line!"

The Palace guard started forward in a clanking and clattering horde of pride and anger before the King spoke and stilled them with a hand wave.

"Monil? I do not know you" he started, calm and even, before he felt the shaft of the first arrow against the side of his neck and a small gasp of blood trickle down the side from the tiny cut it left as it travelled. Quite a feat, really, from so far away.

"You have a grievance, let's speak on it, there's no need for theatrics," the old king smiled his best, and the guards looked poised to race through the crowd—brutally if need be—to catch this assassin.

The bowman sighed. "There will be no talk. I will put this next one in your eye, you switchbacked snake, and free the realm from your lies!" he said as he drew the arrow back far, straining against the weight of it.

The old king just chuckled, "You're mad, of course; one shot maybe, when you had the jump, but now? Nobody is that good. A wary target? You gave yourself away and signed your death!"

Monil whispered to himself for a moment.

"Watch me."

APPEARANCE

A ring made from alternating layers of silver and wood. Perception DC 15 notices it hums when worn.

ORIGIN

Arcane or History DC 28, Advantage to Wizards and anyone with the Hermit background

There, truly, is nothing like it in the world. The ring hums as it's worn in a low, inaudible, furious excitement. Few could say what it does. Its history is long and its owners have been various. No faith claims its making, Priests swear it is not of their god, the wizards understand it is not even truly arcane, it is no alchemical

technology, and it has been part of the stories of bakers and writers and blacksmiths and warriors and kings and fishermen.

It is a humble, pretty thing.

To attune to the ring, one must wear it for one week for each level of their Proficiency Bonus (i.e. Proficiency +3 means 3 weeks to attune).

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the ring grants the wearer an additional Inspiration point slot. If the ring is ever taken off, the wearer loses this second slot in addition to their first slot, meaning they can gain no Inspiration, until the ring is attuned by another (in which case, the former wearer gets their one Inspiration slot back).



NOTES

RING OF FORGIVENESS



The first cut opened the creature's thigh, the second dropped it to its knees. It howled in pain and blew fetid gales of poison at its persecutor.

Wilkinson spun left, darted right and stabbed it deeply in its shoulder while the creature stumbled. Nearly there. His own visor cracked open, his armor a tatter of mail and leather, he could feel his left boot filling with blood and he knew he had little left in him.

Sweeping under the monster's next lunge, he moved quick as the wind, and thundered a backhand with his bare fist across the thing's irregular and

toothy maw. Dagger-like teeth snapped and a deep crack resounded through the chamber. The beast tottered, mewled, and settled over, slowly nudging away from the champion.

The crowd cheered, and his hand felt numb from where he'd broken it—the last two knuckles pushed in and flat, the whole area a dark purple.

APPEARANCE

An iron ring made to resemble a manacle, with short chain hanging from it that is no longer than an inch.

ORIGIN

History DC 15, Arcane DC 18; Advantage for Champion Fighters and anyone with the Outlander background

The ring was a creation of Luaddin of the Al'Ahara Vast, last advisor to the Dins of the West—a dynasty of rulers that began before the earliest recorded histories we have today, and finally ended shortly after the rise of the new kingdoms. In contrast to the fear and superstition of the rest of the world, by all accounts

the Al'Ahara Vast and surrounding lands were vibrant with exploration, and normalization, of the arcane arts.

In a time before artificing was completely understood, practiced by only a few small and isolated cultures, their lavish expenditure of magical power in all areas of their society put them generations ahead of the empires and kingdoms throughout the rest of the world. The arcane prominence of Al'Ahara was well known for a thousand years. Though many of their creations are long since bereft of any lingering magic or long since destroyed by rivals, some remain.

The Ring of Forgiveness was one of the least of these creations, a token of the Dins' appreciation to those who would win their freedom in

some high profile gladiatorial contests. As the contests were originally for criminals to earn favor and pardon through martial combat, the ring was a gift given the champions to cement that pardon.

Attunement requires defeating a creature one size-category larger than one's self without weapons, armor, or magic. Killing the creature causes the ring to cease to work for the wearer, and it will never attune to them thereafter. Subduing the creature (knocking out or making them yield) causes the ring to glow with a soft white light.

SYSTEM

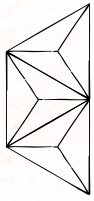
Once attuned, the wearer may use their Reaction, in response to taking damage from a

successful weapon attack, to strike their assailant back. The wearer's hand must be unoccupied (no weapon or shield or other item or device being held). The strike may take any reasonable form of unarmed strike for that hand: a punch, an elbow, even a full backhanded slap. The strike counts as a +0 magical unarmed attack (no magical bonus, but using the wearer's normal unarmed attack bonus) that does $1d4 + \text{Strength Bludgeoning}$ damage.

If the damage rolled is 4, the die explodes and the wearer must roll again (adding the new value to the previous). The dice must be rolled and added until no more 4s are rolled. If the total damage is greater than 10, the wearer gains 1 Exhaustion.



NOTES



RING OF THE GRAY



Wyatt squatted in a lonely alley, in the dry, arid city of Al-Shalaa. He'd pawned his sword that morning—notched and loosely-rattling thing that it was. The clay bottle was heavy, the liquor inside it strong, and the hand that clasped its neck dirty... a three-fingered, sand wracked, yellow-nailed gnarl of a hand.

As he tipped the bottle to his lips, to escape the memory of what he'd had and what he lost, Wyatt lingered on his butchered hand and whatever good it was for now. He looked down at his other, missing one finger itself (the fore). He thought about the ring in his pocket as the wind scalded him

and the sun punished him and the liquor fought its way down, threatening to come back up and slap the pavement. His head swam. He was flat broke, but he still had a few fingers by the gods... and odds on him in the fighting pits would be long, indeed...

APPEARANCE

A ring, the band a beaten oxidized-green copper.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 18, Arcane DC 23; Advantage for Druids and anyone with the Charlatan background

The city of Manoj was a jewel, spreading out wide in a sprawling lack of concern all over the southern valleys, deep within the mountains that once dominated the landscape. The city was well protected from nomads and invaders, due to the peaks that surrounded it. Never before nor since has such a strangely wonderful culture grown to maturity without the pain of war and loss that comes with that growth. Rather than grow around, the city snaked through the

valleys and hugged the riverbanks wherever they led.

The end of that city, the end of those people, came from a wanderer.

Centuries before they would be known as the Wayfarers by the barbaric tribes beyond the mountains (and many more centuries before the word "druid" would make its way to the language of mortals), the servants of the wild and the agents of the World roamed free, and where they went miracles and horrors went with them. As impossible as it is to explain to an infant why the knife must be used, why the flesh cut and the pain must be had—all to root out the infected rot in a bad snake bite—so too are the movements of the druids inscrutable. Some understand their purpose, some do not.

Some believe they see the larger picture of how their movements and Actions link, in the great chain of being, with those that will come after them, some do not.

The wanderer that came to the city of Manoj found a lush and rich land, a happy people, and peaceful culture. Bearing gifts, the wanderer stayed for three days and three nights. Tools to better till the soil. Beautiful pottery to hold water for those that fetched it from the river. Jewelry to adorn their honored families and rulers. The people of Manoj held celebrations for the stranger bearing gifts. He honored them, and they honored him.

In the years after he left, the sages and wise amongst the people of Manoj began to realize the tools had poisoned their soil. That the pottery brought the many afflictions that had spread disease and suffering to their children, the jewelry had cursed and damned them.

The city was abandoned, the people left and the rulers stayed to die as a form of penance. The descendents of the people of the lost city of Manoj would become part of the many empires that have since risen and fallen. One of their descendents, a thousand years later, raised in the martial culture of the Old Empire, would begin a rebellion that would establish the dynasty of Exile Kings for three hundred years and destroy great horrors in that time.

And the cost was the destruction of a city, now lost to time. In this way, the druids fulfill their tasks.

The Ring of the Gray was found in the ruins of what was Manoj, nearly a thousand years ago. Its power dwindled, its purpose fulfilled, but what magic still exists inside of it grants the wearer glorious—if sometimes costly—abilities

Attunement requires forswearing ever having children. The cost is dear to those who don't seek glory and want only a simple life, while the ring was made to attract the vanity of the champions of a lost culture. It has nothing to give common men or women.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the ring cannot be lost. If one throws it away, it will reappear in their pocket or palm moments later.

Removing the ring, when worn, requires an Action and an Escape Artist check DC 5. On a success, the ring comes off with some difficulty, but on a failure it does not and cannot be attempted again for at least two hours. Donning the ring does not take an Action. When worn, it bends the forces of reality, and the firmament of the world itself, to unleash devastating damage when the wearer scores a Critical Hit.

Upon rolling a natural 20 on any weapon attack, the wearer must choose—immediately—to either reserve the right to reroll the damage from the hit or do maximum damage. They must declare the moment the roll is confirmed by the DM. Any hesitation and the attack is only treated as a successful hit, not a Critical Hit.

If the wearer chooses to reserve the right to reroll the damage, then after they roll damage they must choose to keep it or roll again. If they roll again, they must take the second result. Afterward, the DC to take off the ring increases by +5.

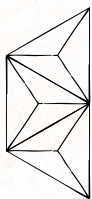
If the wearer chooses to do maximum damage, they do not roll damage and instead do whatever the maximum possible damage would be from all appropriate dice. Afterward, the DC to take off the ring increases by +10.

If the DC increases to 30, the ring pinches the finger upon which it is worn off, doing 1d4 Bludgeoning damage in the process. The ring painfully squeezes the finger more and more until bone is crushed and a painful wrenching tears the finger free. Digits lost in this way cannot be regenerated, short of extremely high level magic (miracles, wishes, etc.).

DMs are encouraged to consider at which point the loss of certain fingers, critical to normal operation of weapons or tools, would disadvantage Actions.

Should the wearer seek to return the ring to a druid whom they do not know and have never met, and should that druid accept the ring, it unattunes and one's fingers can be regenerated.

RINGS OF BARROW



Dosh wiggled his toes in his boot, checking... always checking... and then wiggled his fingers in his fists... checking. Everything in place. Ready. Alright. Let's go.

Dagger in hand, he sprinted across cavern floor, dodging the swings and swipes of the goblins as he made a beeline for the evil priest that ruled them. As he closed fast the dark cleric smirked, for Dosh was small and no warrior and wearing only loose-fitting canvas pants and the barest of leather armors... wielding — "Oh, gods, really?" her expression said — a dagger of no great authority.

Three steps. Dosh held his breath. Two steps. He tucked his head down. One step. He closed his eyes.

And, had they been open when he barreled into the cleric, he would have seen an expression of surprise and disbelief on the old elf's face. But he grabbed the bigger man, held on tight, and felt his hands and feet go numb.

As the two kicked and slapped at each other to get away, Sage took a cautious step back... Dosh stood, wearing a dark plate armor identical to the clerics', wielding a glowing mace quite the same.

APPEARANCE

A set of four segmented rings of blackened steel, with a white symbol, resembling an eye with an "X" over it, stylized into the surface of each.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 17, Religion DC 18; Advantage for Transmutation School Wizards and anyone with the Charlatan background

The cutthroat and highly illegal Blackworks, a collaboration of exiled and criminal artificers in Greyghast, has been a source of black-market arcane items for years. Even kingdoms that have never heard the name, on the other side of the world, find themselves contending with

the chaos that comes from even one of their creations finding its way into the wrong hands.

Barrow Hocklong was a con artist most famous for robbing temples and churches, a highly risky and extremely lucrative trade if one could make a convincing enough case for needing access to the most sacred and private sanctums of a given faith. To this end, he commissioned an artifact that would give him some leverage in his travels, and though intended to be used to pose as a champion of this or that god or goddess, he never got to use it. After stiffing the Blackworks Barrow, Hocklong was never heard from again.

His rings, however, have been a favorite of the deceitful ever since.

Attunement requires a week spent without wearing or carrying anything heavier than 20 lbs. total, while wearing the rings. One must be worn on a finger of each hand and a toe of each foot.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the wearer may conjure replicas of the arms and armor of those they touch.

The ring wearer (so long as they do not don armor, carry weapons with a damage greater than 1d6, or have a total encumbrance is more than 20 lbs.) may use their Action to engage a target with a Grapple, while the ring begins altering the wearer's attire and one weapon they are carrying to mimic the armor and one weapon (ring wearer's choice) of the target.

Should the defender win the contested roll, the ring discharges the power it had been building; the ring wearer then takes Psychic damage equal to the difference between the two checks.

Should the ring wearer maintain the hold until the start of their next turn, however, they find themselves clad in armor and equipped with a weapon nearly identical to the ones the target has. The ring wearer is always Proficient in these phantom armors and weapons. DM's are encouraged to make slightly less potent version of the armor and weapon of the target: the armor rating is always one less (if a +1 armor for the opponent, the phantom armor is +0 for the ring wearer; if it grants AC 17, the phantom armor is AC 16), and the weapon damage dice are always one less (if 1d10, then the phantom weapon is 1d8; if 2d6, then the phantom weapon is 2d4). Any natural effects of either the armor or weapon apply to the phantom armor or weapon (if the weapon does an additional 2d4 fire damage, so does the phantom weapon), but any activated effects do not transfer to the phantom items (if the armor grants spells or an activated effect, those don't come with the phantom armor).

This transmutation lasts for a number of rounds equal to the ring wearer's Proficiency Bonus. Once used on a creature, it never works on that creature again—even if they wear or have different items the next time.

NOTES

CHAPTER EIGHT

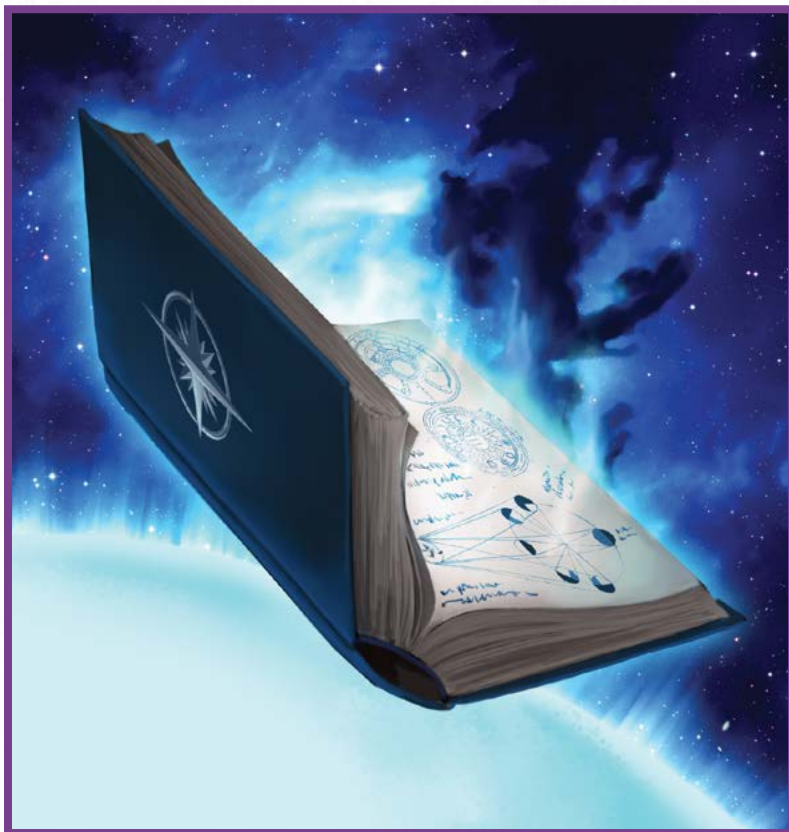
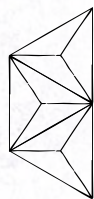
TOMES & CANONS

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NOTES

ATLAS OF FOREVER



“A man is surrounded by danger. Those who guard and protect him are dangerous, and the world is made of violence. In the forest, alone, one need not fear the armed men of violence. That one has given up the burden of worry and wealth. Instead, he is free to protect himself with his own peace and with the shield of deep wisdom.”

“Kings understand this. The story of a recluse in the woods, one who is dedicated to the perfection of his knowing is easy to grasp. All tales tell it. Kings and wise men both love seclusion; one must have it to rule those subject to their choices— at a distance—while the other has it to rule themselves.”

“But, what separates kings and wise men, truly, is what comes of their seclusion and growing wisdom. For the former, they find the calm needed to protect those around them from the dangers of the world. For the latter, they find harmony with the universe and are reborn in majesty.”

—the Last Tale of Thenn Kujari

APPEARANCE

A small book, very thick but only as wide as a grown adult’s hand. It is simply bound and filled with esoteric philosophy and explanations of the movements of the heavens, in complex verse.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 15, History DC 18; Advantage for Monks and anyone with the Sage background

The Kujari brotherhood was the second most respected order of servants and courtiers in the days of the Silverhanded Prince, stepping

aside only for the royal house’s own revenants. Renowned for their knowledge and patience, they were the wise old, and young, men and women of the Court who revealed the wonders of heavenly movement and taught great kings and queens the deepest ways of the celestial choirs.

It was at the height of their influence, in the Third Age, that Thenn of the Winter—one of their own who came to them a stranger but lived with them in full respect for forty years and a day—penned the Atlas of Forever in bright, crackling blue ink. The words he wrote were powerful, the diagrams and study conducted

carefully. The Atlas was a treasured artifact of the order for millennia, long after the Silver-hand rulers gave way to the modern nations and city-states of today.

Attunement to the Atlas requires a full study of its contents. This takes a number of weeks equal to 12 minus one's Wisdom bonus. If the reader has formal monastic or ecclesiastic training, they may subtract their Proficiency Bonus as well.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Atlas grants advantage on any Religion checks after being consulted for 10 minutes.

In addition, so long as it is periodically studied—requiring between one and two hours in a given day—the Atlas provides the reader with a metaphorical and metaphysical roadmap back to life from the nearest areas of what lies beyond death.

On failing one's Last death Save, and within the first 30 seconds thereafter, the reader—as a spirit now far flung out into the expansive astral realms of near death—may opt to navigate the path through the Realm of Dancing Grief, the Planes of Silence, the Underglass Fields, the

Yawning Heavens, and the fourth Hell (amongst other such dimensions) and back back to one's body. This journey takes 1d6 turns in real-time.

Upon returning, one may choose three of four Aspects of one's self to keep.

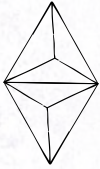
Any day the Atlas is not studied, one may not use this benefit. The illumination of how to return from near-death is forgotten until the next day they study.

Resurrection also has its price, and the more boldly a soul is written in the fabric of the cosmos, the harder it is to return. Every use of the Atlas to come back to this life has a chance of failure after the Aspects are chosen equal to the reader's Proficiency Bonus expressed as a percentage (so a Proficiency Bonus of 4 would mean there is a 4% chance). Should this failure happen, they are lost forever amongst the planes and afterlives of a thousand worlds.

Should the reader ever choose, or be forced, to unattune to the Atlas, then forever after their first Death Save in any encounter counts as a failure automatically—the allure of leaving this world is subtle, but real, for those that know what lies beyond.

ASPECT	EFFECT
Fullness of Body	The reader may keep their body and make it whole once again, returning to full hit points, rounded down (if not, they return with 0 hit points and Unconscious)
Fullness of Form	The reader may keep their existing Ability Scores (if not, they must choose one score to reduce by 1d6)
Fullness of Soul	The reader may keep their current level (if not, they lose one level)
Fullness of Fortune	The reader may increase the number of Inspiration points they can have by 1 (if not, they lose all Inspiration and any such increases)

NOTES



BOOK OF NAMES



“Are you ignoring me, y’ maggot? Are you all damneds well ignoring me, now?”

The large, and drunk, half-orc had gone from asking for a few coins for a drink to demanding, and now had quickly crossed the line into threatening while Tina ignored him and continued scribbling away in her book. The tavern had quieted, starting to take notice of the fight to come. His grey-green face was blushing a purple with rage.

She wrote about how the half-orc was tall, perhaps a hand taller than Ser Broadways, but had a brow twice as thick.

“Fancy thing too good to listen, huh? How about I take that book

and shove it right up your a—” his screaming was cut off by a gentle raise of her left hand, as she continued with her right—tongue poking out of the corner of her mouth a bit in concentration. Brow furrowed.

She wrote about the timbre of his voice, how it sounded like he was from somewhere East, and had picked up some of the accents found in the villages in those hills.

“I will END YOU! DO YOU UN—” abruptly, Tina stood up smiling.

“Hello, you’re... is it Rey or Garoc? Which do you go by?” her voice was flat, but pleasant.

“...my... I mean, Rey. Nobody calls me Garoc since I was a child, though,” he said, demeanor changed in an instant. The purple cheeks were fading and he seemed uncertain as to why he’d been yelling in the first place.

“Rey, then. Rey, I’m really not going to buy you a drink, you should think about cutting down on that as well; it makes you angry and rude. I’m going to go visit with my friends now, goodnight.” She turned, and walked calmly out of the tavern to the disappointed groans of the crowd, and the confusion of Rey.

APPEARANCE

A thin book, roughly one foot square: the cover is a regal dark blue bordered in a smooth white metal. The cover also has a dozen small white

fingerprints on it. The pages have names at the top, and scrawled words that are indecipherable beneath. Perception DC 15 notices there is a faint song eerily playing when it is touched.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, Nature DC 22; Advantage for Arch-Fey Warlocks and anyone with the Sage background

The old things that live beyond the Glass, a barrier between this world and the underlying realms of the fey that hide behind it, see this world and struggle in vain to consume it. In the time before the rise of mortal empires, when clans of humans and elves and countless such lesser species roamed and spread and carved out their petty history, one of those great beings—the Whispering Lady—pushed a book from her great library into the world.

Though the least of the wild and dark tomes in her collection, it would wreak a chaos and spark a series of dramas so madly delightful to the alien fey that the sages and adepts of the Scholam have mapped its path through mortal history clearly. Its journey through our world is punctuated by the actions of great heroes and terrifying villains and ever the laughter of things behind the Glass.

Attunement requires pressing one's thumb to the cover for a minute, listening to the unearthly tune emanating from the book. DMs are encouraged to roll d100 for the number of names contained inside.

SYSTEM

There are only 100 pages in the Book of Names. Each page has one at the top and, once attuned, the previously unreadable script reveals that strange snippets and phrases describing the named character fill their page. Reading back through these pages causes headaches and

trying to read more than a few lines at a time may cause the new bookkeeper to pass out.

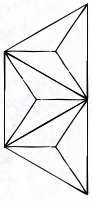
But with a fresh page, by focusing on an individual in sight and writing in the book, the bookkeeper may let their instincts take over and begin writing down the obvious traits of their subject. The content is not important, it only needs to be specific to one being described: the way they look, act, sound, etc.

After one minute of continuous, uninterrupted communion—by observing the subject and writing—the bookkeeper must roll an Intelligence Save DC 25. On a success, appearing at the top of the page is a portion of the True Name of the subject; to the bookkeeper these words reveal the subject's birth name and common name (what they are called, what they call themselves). On a failure the page goes blank and they must start again from scratch. If a 1 is rolled on the d20, the true name of the subject is impenetrable forever in this manner.

Having someone's name will give the bookkeeper advantage on any Charisma checks for Persuasion, Deception, Intimidation, or other social challenges and disadvantage the named creature similarly against the bookkeeper. Should the bookkeeper leave the book with pages still blank unprotected, and it be attuned by anyone new without interference (a truly random person, a truly random time), then—no matter where they are otherwise in the world—their Charisma increases by 1. DMs are encouraged to think of who might have picked up the book, and perhaps give mad visions of the new owner to the, now former, bookkeeper.

NOTES

CHRONICLER'S BOOK



“Dammit Wally, we could all use some HELP DOWN HERE!” thundered Old Prash Cudgel, their little warband’s resident grumpy bastard. The big man was hip-deep in goblins, sweating more than any three men, and whining as always. Primitives, thinking only with their weapons.

The looks on the faces of the priestess and her outlander friend (Were they sleeping together? Lovers? Friends? Whatever, wasn’t any of Wally’s business) said they weren’t happy with the young mage crouching behind the stump, either—but wars are won with more than steel, after all. Marcus the Vigilant, of the Eastern Rebellion, wrote that. Not that anyone was interested in scholarship way out here in the middle of nowhere.

“WALLY! I will twist your little peck—OOMPH” Old Prash

took a club to the midsection from a hairy, equally sweaty, thing that had managed to slip his side. The creature was taller than Cudgel and just as ugly. Something like a hobgoblin, but bigger.

This was what Wally was waiting for... can’t waste paper after all. He pulled his ready quill out and started scratching in his pale green book.

“The club doubled the barbarian over, but Cudgel’s upswing broke the creature’s jaw,” Wally mouthed, while the ink sparked and flashed.

APPEARANCE

A faded green book, thick, and of a skewed geometry: five unequal sides, bound in a spiral along one short edge. The cover appears to be made of a rough leather.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 15, Nature DC 20; Advantage to Warlocks and Divination School Wizards or anyone with the Sage background

The Emperor of The Long Night, one of the oldest of the Arch-Fey, bound the Chronicler’s

Book with threads from the skein of Fate itself. Its crafting took most of an ice age, when the world was quiet and even the great gods and old patrons slept. Had any of his peers amongst the Great Powers known he was stealing from Fate to create it, another War would have been the least of the consequences.

In dreams, he passed it on to his last Warlock—a mad creature, alone in the mortal world and old, dying of the cold and desolation. Cults came and went in the ages since, but the book always found a new master. The trouble it has wrought has been the subject of long study ever since.

Attunement requires making a pact with the Emperor of The Long Night to protect the book and pass it to his servants; simply speaking the promise is sufficient. This promise need not be completed on a specific timeline, as the reckoning of time for such beings is inhuman and almost non-linear. DMs are encouraged, however, to bring the Arch-Fey's wrath one day should the owner forget the deal.

SYSTEM

By taking an Action and Concentrating until the effect takes place, the scribe may write a simple sentence into the book describing an action, on the part of anyone else whose name they know, which they intend to have happen the next turn. Should that written action involve another individual—or individuals, or truly improbable outcomes—the chances become less favorable.

For coincidental actions and activities that are plausible, or “would have happened anyway” with some certainty, and involving only one individual, the actor in question is granted advantage or disadvantage (as the sentence dictates) on attempting it. Writing that someone will succeed

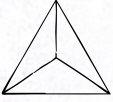
in an unopposed Ability check will advantage them, as an example. Writing that someone will fail a Save (triggered by an external event, not directly caused by someone else) will disadvantage them. If writing that a shopkeeper appraises an item slightly higher than they should, they would be disadvantaged in their Investigation. DMs are encouraged to keep this use for truly plausible and simple events and require some creativity in what actual words are to be written when describing it in the book.

For unlikely events and wildly improbable things, or for actions that are opposed by others, the actors in question are similarly advantaged or disadvantaged (as the case may be), but should the outcome not come to pass as written the writer takes 1 Exhaustion after the event plays out—the discord in Reality unwinds bits of their own pattern. For example: if writing that one individual successfully attacks another, the attacker has advantage in the next turn—but, should they miss, the writer takes the 1 Exhaustion penalty. Or, if writing that all of one's allies Save against an incoming area effect, everyone is advantaged—but should one person fail, the penalty is activated. Or, should one write that the shopkeeper (who is a professional that runs a successful business) appraises an item as worth considerably more than its value, they are still disadvantaged on their Investigation of the item—but, if they still succeed, the penalty takes effect.

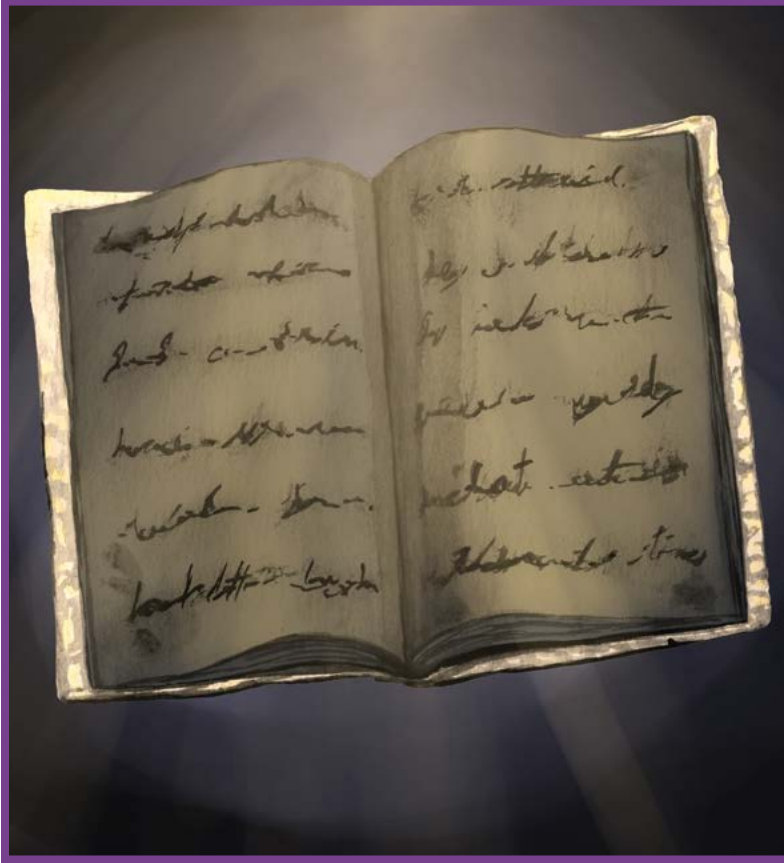
DMs are reminded this applies only to actions or activities where a PC or NPC (or more than one) would roll a d20, and anything automatic or impossible (requiring no roll) can't be affected.

As with spells, if Concentration is lost during the period of writing and focusing on the event to come the attempted change in Fate fails.

NOTES



DARKLE FAS



Wyatt let them walk right into the path of the swinging log. Served them right, after all. Always on about him. Always judging. Them with their noses high and their ways. If he'd had rich parents and all them trappings, he'd have done better than alright—been more lordly than their erstwhile bard, son of some count something or other—and that's a fact.

And that paladin wouldn't be so high and mighty. If Wyatt'd been taught proper as a young thing, he could have set his mind on the gods and being fancy with that sword and whatnot. He could have owned the world, but here he was, sneaking and thieving for this group of right and full bastards.

So, the log did the lesson today—ole Wyatt wasn't useless after all. No big hurt, but enough of a wallop to get their attention. As he thumbed the small book from his pocket, he barked at them all to get back and let a professional get to the job. Called them all the vulgar names he remembered from his days in Renoa while he disabled the thing, too.

Only thing Wyatt hated more than uppity folks like this was being broke. World wasn't fair, he thought. Not by half.

APPEARANCE

A very small book, with black parchment pages and an oily-feeling cover of ribbed white wyrmhide. Perception DC 19 notices writing in dark ink on the black pages, but not clearly enough to read properly.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, History DC 22; Advantaged for Great Old One Warlocks and anyone with the Entertainer background

Written on the stars, etched on the radiant stone walls of the heavens, is the truth of all things.

The answer to a boy asking for a hand in marriage is already known and there. The answer to the engineering challenges of tomorrow.

The answer to, “What is the noblest sacrifice?” There, like all things. And Can-toi, through His cruel and otherworldly will, had a loyal servant—his name long forgotten now—that travelled this reality to please his monstrous Patron and sow havoc across the continent.

The bard, a dark figure many folk tales refer to, was fabled to know the hearts of men and women, to whisper truths to kings and queens and watch them suffer a future unfolding beyond their ability to change it. Though folktales about of such a character are ubiquitous, those who make serious study of history and lore know that the creature was real. His powers were not inherent, but granted by a Great Old One who so hated the world that he birthed into it a tome of incredible power and corrupt purpose.

The bard’s book told the truths written on the underside of this dimension. It drove him mad.

Darkle Fas (“volume of raw truth” in the old tongue) can only be attuned by tasting the madness that took the bard that studied it, by spending an evening straining to read and feel the words on the pages: the shell of sanity that protects one’s mind cracks, opening it to the wide universe of knowledge and the creeping horror of knowing that—somewhere here in the

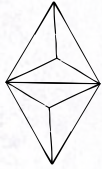
volume—there must be a passage revealing the time and means of one’s own death. DMs are encouraged to draw from the Dungeon Master’s Guide’s Madness Tables and/or replace the character’s Flaw with an appropriate disorder like Paranoia or Obsession.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the book provides advantage on any Ability check after 1d6 rounds of consultation. Questions about the arcane history of dragons (Arcane check)? How to best pick this particular kind of lock (Dexterity check, with appropriate tools)? The clearest path through this specific forest (Survival check)? How to optimally Grapple a hobgoblin wearing precisely that kind of armor? Any check involving a skill that can be referenced, but only good for the very exact circumstances it is used for. The book reads the blueprint of all that is or ever was or will be. This does not grant Proficiency, of course, only advantage.

Should any of the d20’s rolled for an Ability check from this use result in a natural 1 on the dice, the reader takes a number of d4’s of Psychic damage equal to their Proficiency Bonus. The check is resolved as normal, but mortal minds were not meant to be omniscient—even for a moment.

NOTES



LORD OF STORIES



Hensie Flashwood didn't fear death. Mostly because he would never, ever taste it. He thought that was what he wanted — at least it was what he said he wanted all those years ago. Immortality is attractive for those who think mortal concerns are the only ones.

This world was dusty and old and smelled of paper. It was dark and cold and was nothing like the fanciful place he imagined it to be. Hell describes itself as a paradise, but it's a liar. And maybe in the end, all stories are.

Hensie laid down, back against the rough wood, staring up at the ceiling of white and brown and black above him. Waiting and waiting for some liars to tell some lies.

APPEARANCE

A very old book with a wood cover, deeply grained and aged. Painted on the surface is a well-dressed figure in the midst of an oration of some kind.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 13, History DC 17; Advantage for Knowledge Domain Clerics and College of Lore Bards or anyone with the Entertainer background

Priests say the gods and goddesses are kind or cruel, but, above all else, they are invested in this world. It is one of the things that sets them apart from the other Great Powers—while some may want to wreak chaos or subjugate others, they all care for this Reality. They, after all, own it. But the Lord of Stories, whose proper name has been long lost to time, loved it most of all.

In his mind, all stories live. All the tales and songs, every poem and fiction, fire through his thoughts and inspire the mortal bards and singers alike. For he so loved the world, and those that would tell tales in it, he sought to keep them forever and ever.

His temple is gone, centuries long since fallen to ruin, but the brothers and sisters that worshipped him in the old times took his Blessings and crafted the book that would bear his name for as long as the world still saw a sunrise. In its pages, immortality waits for those carefully chosen and sanctified.

Attunement requires recording in the Lord of Stories, on a few blank pages (there are always just a few at the end, blank), the whole tale of one's life and deeds. Doing so requires eight hours per year of age the writer is, as the details matter and must be complete. DMs are encouraged to consider what Flaws or dark secrets some characters have and make sure the writer does not skip them.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the writer cannot truly die. In effect, their soul cannot be removed from their body and their body ceases to age. They can still be hurt, injured, rendered unconscious, even

brutally mangled, but they will heal and live (albeit, with scars or missing limbs, potentially).

If brought below 0 hp or subject to an effect that causes death, the writer is transported in that instant to the other-dimensional space the book represents in this world. The place is a lonely, isolated, and empty space—an infinite expanse that seems, from the writer's perspective to be what a flea might perceive sitting on the page of a continent sized book. The ground is an expanse of forever stretching pale white fibers as big around as a logs, crisscrossing each other tightly in an irregular plane. Some darkly stained stretches of ground as big as a town would appear as letters from a high vantage point. Above is a faint ceiling, barely perceptible through a haze and hundreds of feet up, of another page. Time passes here at the same rate as in the real world.

Returning requires someone reading the story of the writer aloud, in a grand oration; how long the story takes to tell is based on how much was written. If the writer is 10th level or lower, it takes a Short Rest; if 11th or higher, it takes a Long Rest's worth of time. At the end, a Performance DC 20 check is required. On a success, the writer returns with 1 hp. On a failure, nothing happens and one may start over and try again.

The writer may remove themselves from the book and unattune it only by ripping out their pages. Doing so reduces their maximum hp by 1d0, permanently; such is the disfavor of gods. DMs are encouraged to consider restoring this loss only through some truly divine miracle.

NOTES



PACTKEEPER



"...and I'll be able to save her?"

"Yes, of course, just sign—there—and I really need you to take your time with this. You should read it over, I can recommend some folks to help if you... can... wait, can you... can you read?"

"Aye, sir, a bit—enough. I was charge'o keeping books with Master Filis on the Marrow Wind for a two year stretch. I can read enough for this."

"Good, right. So, here it spells out—and I really insist you read this and get back to me, truly. That you will be able to cure her of her affliction. That you will be granted these miracles. That you may use them

as you will, of course you can't say where you got them—that's best for the both of us—and after one year and one day, all is normal. But, really, you should take this home and read it carefully."

"And... I'll be... damned?"

"Well... sort of. No. Not really. Not how you think. I mean, yes, you will be—but not eternally or anything. When you die, your soul lies in the balance of the gods, as is, so that's really on you."

"I'll sign it, sir."

"Take your time. Really. It serves us both if you take your time with this."

APPEARANCE

A perfectly cut, perfectly crafted black leather book with crisp, fresh parchment and simple, but masterful, silver binding. The cover bears an arcane symbol in silver, that glows faintly with a white light.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 16, Religion DC 19; Advantage for Fiend Warlocks and anyone with the Acolyte background

The Pactkeeper was made by a defiant and angry Warlock of Szzzathenai, a minor Fiend of the Chains of Order in what used to be known as the Underhell. The Warlock—whose own name was erased from both history and lore by the cult she founded—spent years studying

her mistress' Patronage and the movement of the stars that allowed it (and the failures of the edicts of this world's deities that made it possible) to make a ledger by which she could one day rise to murder not only her Patron but the entire Order with her.

It didn't work; the machinations of even powerful mortals must needs wake up early in the morning to get one over on the wily Great Powers of the Fiendish. However, the result was an artifact Szzzathenal plucked from the charred hands of her wayward cultist and into the hands of fresher minions for centuries. The Underhell is gone, and all their Fiends, but the tome survives in our world with all of its power. Great cults were grown in previous ages due to the powers of the Pactkeeper.

Attunement requires buying a soul, as though a broker. Any mortal will do, so long as they can consent to such a thing. It cannot be compelled from them, nor stolen, nor threatened. They must barter it away willingly and honestly. The broker cannot lie, nor cheat. They must pay something for it, goods or services. The consequences of having sold one's soul in this way are unknown; the broker is not a devil or a god. DMs should emphasize the difficulty of convincing someone to sell their soul when the buyer neither knows the consequences (if any) nor can lie about them.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the broker may use the Pactkeeper to keep a ledger of Fiendish Deals in the future. These may be made with anyone and at any time, and they are always finite in duration and transparent to the contractor.

A Fiendish Deal involves the exchange of one of the broker's spells or Ability proficiencies to a willing client in exchange for whatever suits both parties. What the client offers in payment or exchange can be virtually anything, so long as it is a thing they do or have; so performing a service, or even learning a profession, would be legitimate payments but "believing" something would not be.

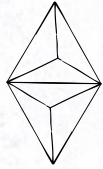
The broker must choose a spell they can cast (at the time of finalizing the contract) or an Ability they are proficient in. Then the terms of what is to be done are exchanged, negotiated without mind-controlling magic or even rolled compulsion (Persuasions or Deceptions, etc.). And, finally, duration: the only two durations are "until the next night with no moon" or "for one year and a day."

Once agreed, and both parties sign the book, the broker loses the ability to cast that spell or use their Proficiency Bonus with that Ability for the duration while the client gains it. If a spell, they are considered able to use it once per day. Any number of Fiendish Deals may be in execution, so long as the broker has something yet to offer.

At the end of the duration, the loaned spell or Proficiency returns to the broker. The client is considered cursed (as though the effects of Exhaustion 1) until a Remove Curse or similar magic is used on them—this being the only part of the arrangement that need not be discussed during the deal if the broker does not wish to.

Should the client die during the duration, the broker is cursed instead.

NOTES



VISCOUNT ECCHLI'S REGISTER



"Ain't you gonna shiv 'im, Bearl?" the brick-jawed brig-and asked, mouth agape and still half-drunk from this morning's little bit of robbery.

"Yea, Bearl. Jus' stick it in 'im, go on. Or, lords, I'll do it mine own self, if yer want," more suggestions from the gallery of idiots Bearl Webb had managed to gather in his five years of clean highway banditry.

Two of his mutton-headed gumps held the fellow: still proud (even with twenty feet of crap covered road all over his fine breastplate), still handsome (even after Bearl let Duncan smack him around a little), still haughty (even after Bearl himself relieved him of most of his prized possessions).

Bearl looked him over, pulled out his little book and flipped through it. After a pregnant

and long-drawn out pause (during which Luncan and Duncan started quietly chatting over the paladin's head about whether that armor would fit either of them), Bearl shook his head, slapping the folio shut.

"Nope. Let him go. I'll kill him..." he quickly flipped open the book, scanning the pages, "Ah, tomorrow. I'll kill him tomorrow. Alright. Go on... bugger off in... oh... THAT way."

APPEARANCE

A small brown book, no larger than a man's hand but as thick as a wrist, with the word "Ecchli" on the cover. The pages have tiny, unreadable words tightly compacted together on every page.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 15, History DC 18; Advantage for Divination School Wizards and anyone with the Noble background

Famed bounty-hunter, and adventuring legend, Viscount Emarilious Honstanton Aurelius Ecchli kept a stable of well-provisioned and well-respected wizards at his beck and call, advising him on state matters constantly. Through their divinations and portents, he

managed to hold onto the County of Herod for decades and help his people prosper.

So generous was Ecchli rumored to be to his advisors, that it is said they pooled their brilliance and experimented for a year to present him with a gift on his 50th birthday: the Register. It took dozens of adepts, hundreds of explorers, and powerful magic that has been all but forgotten today—all that in a time when the river of arcane energy that courses through the unseen around us was stronger.

With it, Ecchli would come to be greatly feared by those empires and agents that would prey on his people. Even moreso than before. As though a surgeon, and with meticulous care, his foes all met their end precisely and without even one single exception. All things die, and the Register knows when.

Attunement requires comprehending the opening chapter on how the Register works, which is written in a coded arcane language that may require considerable study to unravel. DMs are encouraged to either make this forgotten magical notation its own Language (and require developing a Proficiency through Feats or Downtime) or create a side adventure to find an ancient primer on it to help.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the script becomes fully comprehensible and the text on the pages even shifts to accommodate the reader. After 1 minute of perusing the book's many hundreds of thousands of names, written in tiny script (Perception DC 15 to read one, advantage if using something to assist with seeing the writing better

like a magnifying glass), and while focusing on someone they can see clearly and in unimpeded detail, the book will show the ideal time or day to kill them.

Roll 1d12 and consult the table for "when":

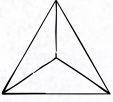
RESULT	IDEAL TIME
1-2	On the next turn, within seconds
3-4	After ten minutes, but within the next hour
5-6	After a couple of hours, but within the next day
7	Tomorrow
8	Next week
9	Next month
10	Next year
11	Next decade
12	Never

Any Attacks, by the reader only, during the ideal time to kill them do maximum damage. Attacks, by the reader only, before or after that time do only half of normal damage, rounded down. The reader may use Inspiration to roll twice, picking one result.

Once an ideal time to kill is established, it never changes for that subject.

NOTES

XANDERGRAPHEIS



They walked along the road, Kakri Mung and The Teller, and tried to forget the ambush. It wasn't the first time they had been robbed. Sometimes, hell, stuff just happens.

Teller (or THE Teller, pending who you talked to) had been one of the fiercest warriors in the north before coming to these warmer lands, and she hardly knew what to make of some of the inhabitants. Kakri Mung was the biggest, greenest orc-est man she had ever met, and yet his speech, manner, and interests... stranger than strange.

"So, dear lady, how it works is you tell me what you want and then I tell you what you have to do and then you get it. Simple, uncomplicated, pure..."

He trailed off, staring far into the distance with his black eyes. He sighed.

"...I wish..."

He took her by the shoulder and stared into her hard eyes.

"...I wish you could see the River," he whispered, almost tenderly, before turning and flipping back through his book like nothing had happened.

Teller frowned. Stranger than strange, indeed.

APPEARANCE

A round and platinum-covered book. A large hoop of iron binds the cover and pages together.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 16, Arcane DC 21; Advantage for Wild Magic Sorcerers and Knowledge Domain Clerics or anyone with the Guild Artisan background

Magic is a force, a flowing current of power that constantly surges past us, through us, around us like a wind we cannot feel. The River is vast

and ever-moving and its caretaker, the goddess of arcane magic itself, has no more blessed children and servants than the sorcerers who are born from it.

In the Second Age a quiet faith grew up around the worship of the Lady of the River, a brother-and-sisterhood of Blood and Water that eventually vanished from recorded history nearly a thousand years ago with no trace of why. Of their lingering artifacts is the Xandergrapheis, a raw and wild power bound to a book. They used it to chart the course of Destiny for matters great and small.

Attuning to the book requires a symbolic baptism in a flowing river, during which one must leave at least one magical item behind in the waters to be lost forever.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the possessor may consult the book once per week, communing with the eddies and currents of the River, in order to divine exactly what one must do to get a thing one wants. This is not a bargain; the possessor gets nothing directly out of the arrangement. The possessor may not consult the book for themselves.

The arrangement is simple. A willing, uncompelled, and interested mortal creature may ask for anything. Anything at all. The possessor may open and search through the book (taking 1d4 minutes) until they find that exact thing, alongside which is a description of what must

be done in order to get it. The writing is indecipherable and causes headaches to anyone that isn't attuned.

What must be done is usually a task or series of tasks that seemingly have nothing at all to do with what is desired. So long as the task or tasks are done, the willing person will inevitably and unfailingly get what they wanted. There is no guarantee of when, but it will happen. They must do this task themselves (though they may sometimes get assistance, it cannot be done for them).

The DM is encouraged to write down the tasks on notecards and hand them to the book's owner for any given request. A given mortal may have only one such agreement at a time, and they do not have to fulfill it.

Examples include "I want 100,000 gold"... and they must marry and have a child. Or, "I want a very particular sword from legends"... and they must learn to fly under their own power. Or, "I want to know the layout of that dungeon" and they must win an election for governor of a distant city-state. The DM is encouraged to make the tasks completable, seemingly unrelated, and in need of some effort. The more unrelated the task seems from the objective, the more challenging the chain of reasons as to why one would lead to the other. But, no matter what, the task's completion should either give them what they want or cause the chain of events that eventually does.

NOTES

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CHAPTER TEN

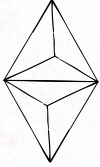
INSTRUMENTS & TOOLS

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NOTES

ADZE OF BECOMING



“All things have a destiny. It is the fate of the mountain to waste away to nothing and the fate of the wind to grow into a storm. But more deeply than that, the creations and objects of the world want to be things beyond their destiny. Those things we make with our hands and hearts, they too want to Be.

“The hammer wants to be a sledge, or the door wants to be a gate. If you know how to listen, you can hasten this becoming,” Himlaf droned on, his deep baritone voice never rising or falling in pitch. The perfect empty sounds of a one-sided conversation.

“So... this will make the plate harder? I don’t get it,” Broadway hated talking to the arcanist and most mornings just ignored him, but a mood

had struck the old caster and he was asking about improving the paladin’s dented armor. Seemed like a fine enough thing while the roads were washed out.

“Yes. It will make the plate more Becoming. Its truer self.”

“So... harder? Better?”

“More real.”

“What’s that even mean, Him?” Oh, but gods above, this is why he avoided speaking to spellworkers.

The squat man laughed, breaking his monotone philosophizing for a pure moment of genuine bemused resignation.

“Oh, I haven’t any idea—but, let’s get started, anyway.”

APPEARANCE

A handheld tool that resembles a cross between a hand-axe and a small pick, like one might use for fine stonework. Perception DC 15 notices the air around the edge of the blade wavers and distorts, as though a mirage on the desert.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 15, History DC 21; Advantage for Sorcerers and anyone with the Guild Artisan background

The Fourth Smith is a mythical figure found in a few of the oldest cultures in the world—though it is given different names, the stories are all much the same. The artisans and mageswrights of those ancient peoples held the figure in not only esteem, but a sort of reverence; it was the Fourth Smith that supposedly taught the earliest wonderworkers to craft the earliest wonders.

The First Smith, as the legends go, formed the firmament of the Universe. The Second lit and blew power into the first forges of Creation: the Sun, the Stars, the tectonic forces beneath the world. The Third assembled the creatures, great and small, with painstaking care. And the Fourth showed the favored amongst them how to draw from the currents of magic that thread all things together to craft miracles.

Few remember the stories anymore, of heathen tales of powerful beings that stand taller than gods or goddesses, but the Adze—created by one of those now long forgotten peoples—remains. The last monument to a time of wonders.

Attunement requires crafting 1000gp worth of arms, armor, or durable goods, all of a superior quality. DMs are encouraged to consider the necessary time, materials, and effort required to create masterful things carefully. As a guideline, however, a serious craftsman with the appropriate tools and time should be able to do this within a few weeks if dedicated to it full time, and over the course of a few months if not.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Adze—when used to inscribe and etch the symbol of the Fourth Smith upon a wood, stone, or metal surface—connects the object to a piece of its own destiny, granting it power and inherent magical abilities. Carving the symbol takes one hour, and it can only be placed on an object with enough space and thickness (1/8th of an inch deep, nearly 2 inches in diameter)

The DM should provide two cards or pieces of paper, one for them and one for the artisan using the Adze. Each will write one of three

words on their card or paper in secret (“Khil,” “Lade,” or “Rove”).

On the count of three, both the DM and artisan reveal their words.

If both words match, the item is enhanced; the symbol glows and a fraction of the power that flows through the universe is successfully focused through the Adze as the armor, weapon, tool, instrument, or other physical object is brought slightly closer to whatever true being it wants to become.

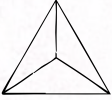
This will grant +1 and the “magic” property (greatly enhanced durability, counting as magical for damage or Resistance purposes, etc.) to arms and armor. Tools, kits, gear, and other objects will offer advantage when used for their purpose and gain the “magic” property as well. DMs are encouraged to describe the subtle aura of power that an item gains, either visually or otherwise. Also, while “magic” items are brilliantly durable and resistant, they are not indestructible.

Should the words not match, the dissonance created reviles the object’s essence. Arms and armor become -1 and magically fragile; tools, kits, gear, and other objects become more fragile and impose disadvantage when used for their intended purpose. While these objects may still have faint auras or signs of being magically touched, they also look and feel slightly wrong somehow. Like looking at a bad copy of a painting and being unable to appreciate the work due to its imperfections.

The artisan may use the Adze and their deep attunement to it salvage a failure (mismatched words of power), turning it into a success by sacrificing 1 hp from their permanent maximum hp. By burning the raw power of their own essence, they may help the object remember what it wanted to become.

The symbol of the Fourth Smith cannot be removed from the object, the properties gained (positive or negative) cannot be undone short of very high level magic. Final success or failure is permanent. The symbol cannot be redone, the item is enhanced or slightly ruined.

AUBRITAN'S SACRIFICE



When they brought the woman, her voice was a silent churn of hacks and dry, silent screaming. She'd torn her own vocal cords in wild pain, roaring her anguish for hours. The temple was too far into the forest, and Silvia knew it. Delirious with pain, the woman rocked back and forth while her companions held her against the gurney. Her leg was a motley of bruises, bloody gashes, and broken bones.

One of the men heaved onto the temple floor when a bone pierced through the woman's thigh. It was a grisly situation, and Silvia's heart wept. She drew forth a silver-lined knife—hardly bigger than her

palm—and took the woman's wrist. Her companions protested for a moment as Silvia cut a deep gash in the woman's hand, and then stood confused as she cut a twin gash in her own. Silvia grasped the agonizing woman's hand and whispered some words to the Lord of Silver Linings.

"Please, one more time."

APPEARANCE

A silver knife with a curiously short, but extremely sharp, blade. The handle is beautifully engraved with two snakes intertwined together.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 14, History DC 19; Advantage for Life Domain Clerics and anyone with the Solder background

A tradition of martyrdom, complete service, and sacrifice of one's own life to the glory of this or that god or goddess arose in the Western Deserts only a few centuries ago. In response to the increased persecution of the wandering people

of that unforgiving land by the Old Empire, their priests and priestesses—across many faiths—developed a resilience and willingness to stand by their deity's edicts even in the face of pain and death. It was a time of great strife and great miracles that ended with the coming of the faiths of the New Pantheon.

One sect of those long-dead people worshipped a goddess of blood, often depicted as weeping tears or easing pain. Captain-General Aubritan dul Grade, a mercenary at the front of a thousand paid swords, was paid to wipe them out to a man, and succeeded in this task. The Sacrifice was one of the trophies of war he kept.

For reasons unknown, Aubritan abruptly left the company and dedicated his life thereafter to a penance for the horrors he'd wrought. He started a temple in the North, worshipping no particular god or goddess, and lived the rest of his days quietly caring for a community of farmers and tradespeople in a local village. On his passing, his personal effects were buried with him.

Attunement requires sacrificing 1 permanent hp from one's maximum hp. The pain of that moment is intense, but afterward only ever serves as a dull ache on the odd morning.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the owner feels an ache somewhere in their body (back, wrist, etc.) on any day where a mortal threat is imminent. This is not to say that all violent situations trigger this, as many of these sorts of events are a function of chance and most are not truly life-threatening.

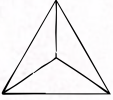
It is possible to feel nothing in the morning on a day when some great battle ends up taking place. But any day the ache comes, there is certainly going to be a mortal hazard waiting down the path.

In addition, by taking an Action to cut matching gashes in the palm of both their own hand and the hand of a creature that is not resisting (they do not have to be willing, they only need not be struggling against the effect), and grasping those hands together, the owner may take any Disease, Poison, Curse, or Paralysis onto themselves (any future Saves against these will be made at disadvantage for the owner). They may also transfer a number of hp to the other creature up to twice their Class Level.

This ability may be used only once per day and refreshes at dawn. Each use grants 1 inspiration the following morning.

NOTES

BOX OF PRINCELY COMELINESS



“How do I look?” Flynn peeked up from his case, cutting a fine profile against the morning sun while the others looked on.

The motley crew just stared at him, he’d been at it half the morning and none of them really appreciated just why he felt the need to dress up and shine when all they were going to do was walk another twenty miles through this hellishly humid jungle.

But, like clockwork—fine and uncaring—the bard had woken up without fail at the crack of dawn, fogging the tiny camp with the smell of vessayne perfumes and leaving traces of

conalite powder across this or that while he puffed and primped and oiled his way to a sense of normalcy... every morning.

Mad. Truly.

APPEARANCE

A lacquered cherry-wood box filled with various powders, bottles of oil, and grooming accessories.

ORIGIN

History DC 13, Arcane DC 18; Advantage for Bards and anyone with the Noble or Entertainer backgrounds

Amongst the many open rumors of the courtly in the Old Empire was that the aristocracy had wasted enormous fortunes in the pursuit of lavish comforts and fine living. That not only was this frivolous, but it was done to such an extreme that half of the empire was in barely concealed debt so deeply that a whole economic crash was likely at any time.

Were it not for the ever-expanding borders and constant wars, that crash might have come. The instruments and automata, artwork and arcane novelties all vanished when the nations fell to the rebellion. But, a few wonders from those lavish times still exist.

The Box was the result of a generation of work by master artificers, commissioned by the Viscount Blackwood—whose vanity was the subject of many bawdy songs and stories back in the Third Age.

Only one Box is known to exist. Last been seen in the hands of a genocidal cult a century ago.

Attunement requires a careful cleaning and organizing of the contents of the box, and having one’s first makeover done with it—performed

by a trained man servant or lady in waiting. Thereafter, they are not needed.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the box is much like a Disguise Kit (but, obviously, filled with make-ups, blushes and rouges, oils, and perfumes). Each morning, taking an hour, the owner may use the make-up box and its magical properties. The box makes the ugly comely, the tongue tied more dashing, and the wallflower into an alluring magnet of attention.

So long as nobody has seen the owner (no sentient creature) yet that day, after the hour of prep, the owner may roll a Wisdom check at disadvantage. If they wish, they may replace their

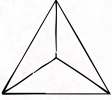
Charisma score for the day (and only the day itself, the effect vanishes by sundown) with the result (though they need not choose to do this and may let the Wisdom check result simply not come into play at all). If they elect not to swap out the score, their Ability scores remain normal and the box may not be used until the next day.

The box replenishes its stock of powders, oils, lotions, and accessories at dawn. Should the preparations and make-up be ruined, the effects go away instantly—this includes going underwater, being caught out in a moderate rain, subject to high humidity, excessive sweating, dirt, grease, and mud, etc.



NOTES

CAUFWEIN STRADGART



It was an old song she knew from when she was a girl. In the camps, after they finished the work in the village, they'd gather and bloody each other with sticks and rocks. When someone won or everyone stopped trying, she'd go home and her mother would be playing the tune. It was the song of her people, it would remind her forever of home.

And so, covered in someone else's blood and watching the others pull themselves up from the muck. The beast's chest still and yet steaming with the lightly misting rainfall... she sat on the grass, a dry patch raised from the mud, and pulled her caufwien free. The tune she played was the tune of home and it reminded her that this—all of this horror—would pass one day.

APPEARANCE

A wind instrument of some old sort, with a broad round base like an especially fat smoking pipe. It is off-white and made of a hard material.

ORIGIN

History DC 16, Religion DC 19; Advantage for Barbarians and Bards or anyone with the Entertainer background

The tribes of the East, the famed savages and peoples of the winter deserts, are amongst the most stalwart and dangerous in the world. From the youngest times, they stood at the gate of hell itself, the Rack Chasm, and kept the horrors at bay. Generation after generation, fighting back

the darkness that would consume the whole world.

Their warriors were strong, their elite swordswomen a wonder of death, and their spell-singers able to accomplish magic that any wizard would give their right hand to have returned to this world. But, like all civilizations, theirs passed. And what is there now is a shadow of what once was.

The caufwein is a wind instrument made from yak bone, roughly the size of a potato. Carved precisely, it produces a sound like a long, low, hooting owl and is still played with some seriousness by the last of the old tribes. The

Stradgart is one of the last of the instruments of the fabled barbaric spellsingers of old.

Attunement requires whispering the appropriate blessing, in the old tongue, as one kills a creature of the dark. DMs are encouraged to make finding that blessing and what the old peoples of the East considered a “creature of the dark” to be accessible and interesting. Possibly, the focus of it’s own adventure.

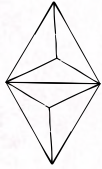
SYSTEM

Activating the caufwein requires 10 minutes of playing the long, haunting, sad notes that it makes in a strong, but simple tune; at the end of 10 minutes, roll a Performance check. The higher the check the more strongly the music aids the player.

RESULT	EFFECT
5	[Self] Heal 1d4 hp
10	[Self] Remove 1 exhaustion
15	[Self] Suppress effects of a Poison or Disease (and those Conditions) for 12 hours
20	[Self] Suppress effects of a Curse for 12 hours
25	[Self] May spend Hit Dice as though during a Short Rest
30	May extend these effects to one other person in sight

A higher check returns all the benefits of the lower Results. Once played, the caufwein requires a Short Rest in order to evoke the magic of the music again.

NOTES



FERANIMUS JOINERS



The sounds of battle raged on and on. Broadways held the line against the creature, pestilent and reeking of abyssal corruption. While Gainsway's comrades fought back its minions and the old paladin kept the hulking monstrosity at bay, she was busy with her satchel and its precious contents.

Gainsway was scared, it was impossible to not be, of course—but still, she had faith in her friends and knew the secret to turning this tide would be found in the Box.

Sinking to her knees behind the corpse of one of the pitbeasts Brodie had smited, she fished the Box out of her bag and placed it almost delicately on the blood-soaked grass. As she raised the lid, she felt a wash of heat to her side—Brodie was locked tightly in close quarters with the thing and either he or

it ignited a conflagration of fire all about them. The thing's minions hackled and chottled their foul language while the rest fought them back.

Inside the Box, neatly arranged on velvet rainers, side-by-side, was a collection of carefully wrought iron wands—she'd found them years ago, back when she and Broadways had first met. Her brow furrowed and her fingers danced over each. Maybe this one... no. That? It almost felt right... but... ah! Her eyes went hard and clear, she selected the third from the left.

Spinning around and sprinting toward the unclean thing, she murmured a word and the short iron poker came alive in bright white fire.

APPEARANCE

A copper box, nearly eighteen inches on a side and cubical, with truly ancient cuneiform-like symbols stamped into the smooth faces and smooth, reinforced corners. It has no handles

and weighs nearly 30 lbs. Inside are over a dozen iron wands, dark and gothic in design. Each bears a different symbol, runes of an ancient culture.

ORIGIN

History DC 14, Arcane DC 18; Advantage to Abjuration School Wizards and Sorcerers or anyone with the Guild Artisan background

In a quest for a more permanent solution to the problem of elemental power held by the reckless and natural mages of the wild lands, a conclave of wizards from the Old Empire came together to purge the sorcerers from every city, nation, and kingdom under the control of the Throne.

Sages disagree on exactly why the Old Empire fell to the Exile Rebellion, which installed the dreaded Malleus Exile I on the Throne, began the years of Purgation, and started two centuries of cruel order in which magic was virtually eradicated from the empire (and nearly the world, given the size of that nation). But they agree the inquisitorial attacks by the wizards, upon the sorcerers and druids in the pre-Exile years, were a catalyst for the fear and hatred of magic—as practiced by those not of the Faith—that fueled the fire to come.

The Feranima were created as tools of torture and suffering, intended to force the wild and dragon-blooded mages to confess and betray their kind. After the Purge they were lost. After the fall of the Old Empire and the death of the last of the Exile, they slipped into an obscured history—centuries of being lost and found, only to be lost again.

Attunement requires spilling the blood of a sorcerer or druid upon the lid.

SYSTEM

Once the box is attuned it draws power from the surrounding forces—light, heat, sound, motion, etc.—and focuses all of it into the wands. Should

the box be left in a place devoid of these forces, it will become unattuned over the course of a few days.

The wands are used as though branding irons and strip Resistances and Immunities from the creatures they are applied to.

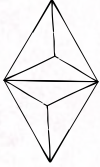
To use a wand, one must remove it from the box (only one wand may be outside of the box at any given time, or else the delicate arcane mechanisms break down and the entire box becomes unattuned). There is a wand for each type of magical damage (Fire, Necrotic, etc.). The wands are attuned to the owner as much as the box is, and may not be used by anyone else. Once removed from the box, the wand draws on the reservoir of power the box creates and the end with the runic symbol glows a bright hot white.

One may only brand a creature whose movement is 0, as any significant moving about ruins the attempt. Applying the brand requires an Athletics check DC equal to the creature's Constitution Score, and a full round, ending on the beginning of the wielder's next turn. Holding the brand requires Concentration as the wielder channels the power of the wands into the brand; losing Concentration results in the brand not working. Should the creature move away during this process, the brand fails.

On a success, however, the brand will reduce any Damage Immunity the target has, of the type corresponding to the wand used, to a Resistance. It will reduce a corresponding Damage Resistance to no resistance. This brand is permanent, and may not be removed with anything less than miraculous or extremely high magic (wishes, the intervention of powerful beings, etc.).

NOTES

FIDDLE OF THE MAD GOD



“Bold lines, a walnut patina, craftsmanship that would impress even the most jaded artisan. The brass roundels and pure white gut... truly, this is a fiddle made for a courtly musician, my lord. I can only tell you that it wasn’t crafted by any mortal hands. The Fiddle was conjured into being by The Lord of the Blue Tower... I shouldn’t say much more than that; the Fey are jealous and it is best if we don’t speak too much of the Lord of the Blue. His, though, are the hidden places of the Yanlands, beyond the setting sun. And he dropped it into the world to sow chaos and confusion...”

“...oh, that? That’s just my troupe in the woods practicing, my lord. Would you like to come and join the dance? We float, you see... we all float there...”

APPEARANCE

The fiddle takes on the appearance most pleasing to whomever looks at it. Where a noble musician might see exquisite filigree and rich lacquer, a country entertainer might see strong, durable stock and practical brass knobs. Perception DC 15 notices that the fiddle wavers in appearance subtly.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 13, History DC 19; Advantage for Arch-Fey Warlocks and anyone with the Entertainer background

Not all fey are mad. Some, and this is true, evolve well beyond what mortals understand madness to be. In the aftermath of the First Age, after the wars for control and dominion amongst the powers of the world, the Fey were chased into the hidden places between places in

this world. There they grew beautiful and dark kingdoms, always in the periphery of the ones we see in this reality.

Do the fey kingdoms move ours? Or do the changes in our world manipulate theirs? Nobody knows, but the Lords and Ladies of the Fey Courts and their grand empires harbor a jealousy all the same; being shackled to our world chaffes. And the oldest amongst them, who remember best the times before the walls were erected by the deities and demigods of our world, they seethe at their prison in the world behind the Glass.

After eons of staring at our world, barely and rarely able to touch it, the Lord of the Blue Tower—one of the oldest of the Arch-Fey—cut out his own heart, and sacrificed it upon an altar of his children’s bones, to shatter the Glass. But

the power of the pantheons of gods and goddesses is not so easily challenged. He cracked the wall between our worlds, and a sliver of that glass fell into this one. It has no form, no true substance, and took its first shape (the one it is now bound to) from a wandering minstrel whose name has long since been lost to time: his own fiddle, which he had thought was lost the day before

The Lord of the Blue is still dying, groaning his last breath on the other side of the Glass. Time does not pass the same here as there, and his death has lasted millennia. Will last for millennia yet to come.

Attunement requires developing the Flaw "Recklessness." As the fiddle only plays for those who truly let go, whether they should or shouldn't. DMs are encouraged to let the player know that only through several overt and risky acts of recklessness (involving real potential mortal harm to themselves, or others they would not wish that on) can one truly change their Background Flaw.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, no matter the intention of the player... the song played from the fiddle is always the same: a slow, droning hum, the soft musical scream of a mad immortal raging against their captivity and dying alone. Anyone hearing this song feels unsettled, unless truly mindless. If listening for too long, the madness of the tune starts to permeate their being.

The fiddler may play either with Focus or not. Playing with Focus requires them to maintain

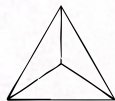
Concentration as they resist the effects of the song. Playing without allows them to achieve the effect without the risk of losing Concentration, however they become subject to it as well.

Playing the fiddle requires a full turn during which the fiddler may move, but take no other Actions. During the first round the song is played, all creatures within 60 ft. who can hear and are not mindless suffer movement penalties as though moving through difficult terrain, and this cannot be overridden by any creature, class, race, or spell effects or abilities. The unsettling warp of reality makes it difficult to walk, run, climb, swim, or fl on a physical and metaphysical level. The fiddler may elect to stop playing at the beginning of their turn.

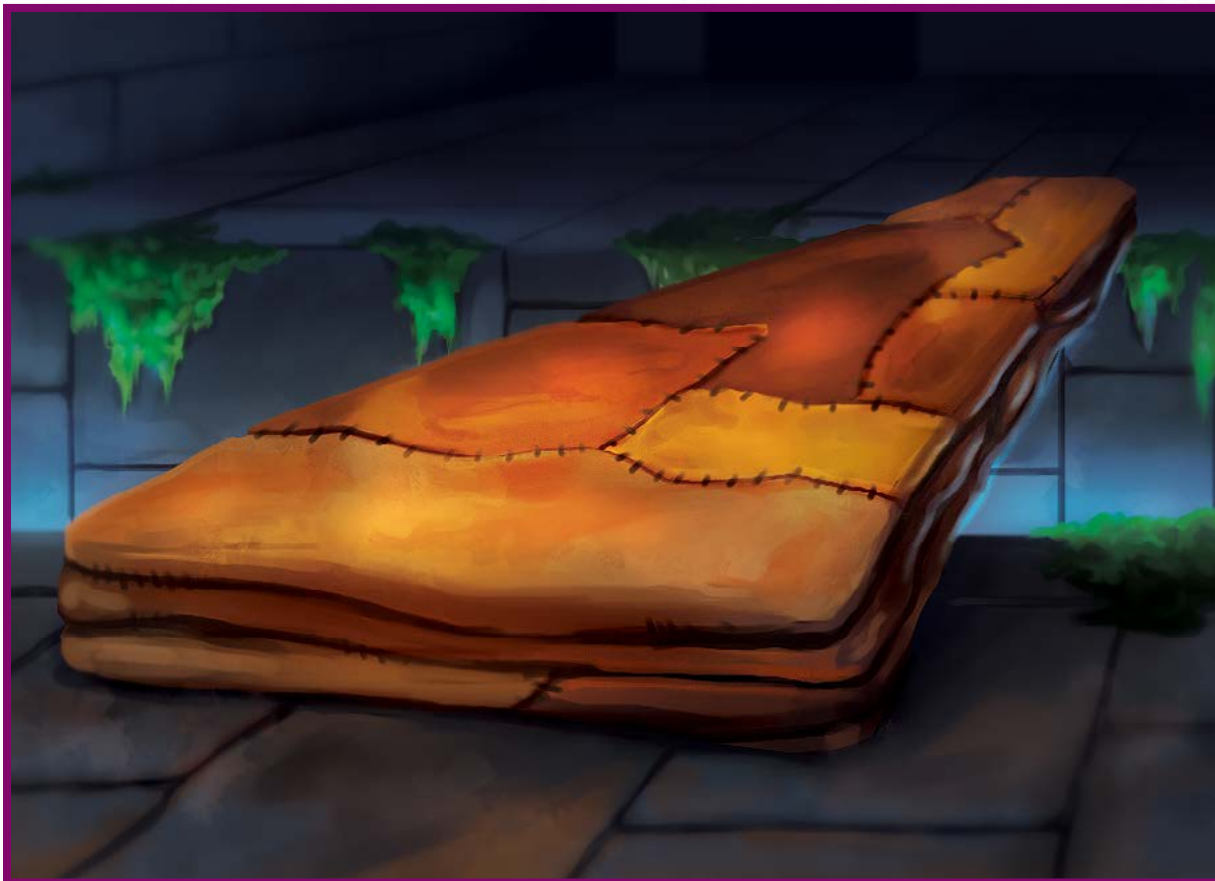
During the second round the song is played, the fiddler may bring the power of the song into play to cause all creatures within 60 ft. to have movement 0. Any creature wishing to break free from this hold must succeed in a Charisma Save with a DC equal to the fiddler's Passive Performance (10 + full bonus for a Performance check). On a success, they move as though in difficult terrain and cannot be reduced to 0 by the song for 24 hours. On a failure, their movement is 0. They may repeat this check every round, at the beginning of their turn.

The fiddler may continue playing for up to a total of ten rounds; but if they play for all ten, the song ends abruptly, all listeners take 4 Exhaustion, and the fiddle may not be played again for one day.

NOTES



FREELL TARP



Broadways had come to listen very closely to what Quick Bill said. The rotten, lying ne'erdowell was as likely to take your purse as shake your hand and nobody in the camp gambled with him anymore, but when it came to delving into the dangerous places, there wasn't a more self-centered and selfish bastard in five nations. One thing you wanted out of the guy leading you through dark passages was that guy having a high opinion on the value of his own life.

More than once, Broadways had been grateful to have the old brigand about. Usually when he found or uncovered some hidden menace they'd have walked right into.

So, when the lazy old gnome spat his chew on the floor in the middle of the deep and cavernous hidden temple they'd been exploring, and said that seven quick moving things had just run across that pit they'd avoided the day before, the old paladin pulled his steel and forgave the bastard for most of his sins.

Whatever was coming would be in for a surprise.

APPEARANCE

A tarp made of irregularly patched and stitched together pieces of oiled leather with a soft cloth backing.

ORIGIN

History DC 12, Arcane DC 16; Advantage for Rangers and anyone with the Criminal and Sage backgrounds

Freell Breneshlibidon was a gnomish inventor, more interested than most in practical applications of arcane technology as it related to the careful acquisition of goods not-necessarily-purchased. In the thieves guilds and cabals of the Western kingdoms and cities, his was one of the most common names when tradesmen and women of crime talked shop and compared methods.

He was, of course, unceremoniously hanged from the walls of the capital in the seventh year of the reign of Malleus Exile. Nevertheless, some of his works are still around.

Thin and flexible, well-oiled and maintained, to the casual observer it would look like a common

tarp—the sort of thing a traveller might use to keep the rain off or make a tent of—though it's a bit larger than it needs to be at 20 ft. by 20 ft.

Attunement requires the investment of 1 inspiration point spent to the item and maintained with a similar cost of 1 inspiration per week, thereafter.

SYSTEM

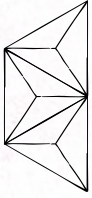
Once attuned, the tarp may be folded and kept rigid and willed to rigidity. Loosening it again requires physically unfolding it and willing it pliant. The tarp is able to hold its rigidity with weight on it up to 150 lbs. per layer of thickness. For example, one can fold it in half (10 by 20 ft.) and it will stay rigid like a board with up to 300 lbs. on it. One can further fold it in half (5 by 20 ft.) and it will hold up to 600 lbs.

In addition, the owner senses anything touching the tarp as though they had Tremorsense.

One can, it should be noted, attune multiple tarps... if one were to find them.

NOTES

GAMBLER'S BOX



It was an addiction.

At least, that's how it started. Jain stared at the simple box by his feet and tried to tune out the noise and bustle of the gambling hall. He ran a finger over the grey and puckered scar that ran the length of his forearm and did his best to ignore all the shouts of glee, and groans of disappointment, amidst the clatter and clinking of coins and mugs and dice.

He'd nearly died—he should be dead. The thought wouldn't escape him. He should be dead. He should be dead. The moment the thing played its final set, before Jain could even look up from the cards, the gaping maw of a horror from some dark and perverse hell leapt out at him in

the otherwise still and quiet comfort of his quarters. He barely fought it off, throwing himself out of the third story window and praying he'd bought enough time.

He had.

It was gone again in moments, and as he laid there on the street with broken bones and a violent gash ripped through his arm, his heart thudded adrenaline and terror.

For the third time this month, he brought the box here. A den of gamblers and con artists, all. His conscience wouldn't let him leave the damned thing somewhere an innocent kid might find it; at least these men and women knew how to play—had a chance—and besides... they were scum anyway. Who'd miss them?

It was the third time he'd sat in this hall and contemplated leaving it. But something niggled in the back of his mind, a voice that might have been its or his... surely, his luck might change, right?

APPEARANCE

A plain, clean, unfinished pine box the size of a loaf of bread. Perception DC 17 notices the box never quite touches anything else around it. displaced by a fraction of an inch.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 16, History DC 19; Advantage for Fiendish Patron and Arch-Fey Patron Warlocks, and anyone with the Charlatan background

The Great Powers that hide behind the world—from the heavens, from beyond the stars, from

beneath the firmament—play out their power struggles against each other, and mortal civilizations rise and fall in the balance. Sometimes they sow chaos, sometimes they invent new order. Sometimes, they bring war, and sometimes a profitable peace.

But, despite their conflicts being vast and long, they aren't strangers to petty personal vengeance. It is a fair and great mistake, on the part of mortals, to think they only seek grand designs.

The Gambler's Box started its tenure in our world as a Fiend's curse; it conspired with cults and witches and warlocks to create and deliver the Box, passing it to a former follower who had turned to a new path. Despite the cost (as such beings can only reach our world occasionally, and with great difficulty), and despite the waste of arcane and material resources (in the form of dozens of the dozens of mortal servants that died in its creation), so very much did it lust for its revenge that it burned most of its power on the Box.

Though intended to lure the wayward follower to it and unleash a hellish creature upon them, the Fiend failed to account for the follower's new Patron and its interest in her survival. The Arch-Fey, from their vantage point beyond the Glass, perverted the Box and its design. Rather than the owner of the box facing the Fiend (and their god-like power) in a test of wills and wits—one which the owner would doubtless fail—the Box would summon a lesser fiend. In this way, the games would be more amusing and their newest minion greatly advantaged to win.

The enmity between the Fiendish and the Arch-Fey is a history of twisted, chaotic, and brutal betrayals. Mortals would do well to avoid them.

Attunement requires dipping one's pointer finger in the blood of a Fiend and one's middle finger in the blood of a Fey, then drawing a circle on the lid of the Box with them. Whether freshly collected, found, or purchased—or otherwise conjured—does not matter.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Box can be opened at midnight only. Prior to that, it may be opened, but it appears empty.

Should any other intelligent creature be within sight or sound of the gambler when they open the Box, it remains empty. But, when opened by the owner without any other intelligent creature around, the Box has all the pieces and components of a game inside, and the fiend bonded to the Box is summoned to play. Winning the game earns the gambler a prize, losing brings them closer to unleashing a small hell.

If the gambler has an unspent Inspiration point, the game is random: roll 1d4 and consult the table to see what game the Box reveals that night. If the gambler does not have an unspent Inspiration point, the fiend chooses (and DMs are encouraged to pick one that is least favorable to the gambler). Either way, the fiend remains invisible and intangible; they play through their own form of telekinesis and cannot be the target of spells or effects.

Whole Bones - The Box contains irregular bone dice, and the first to roll a total value of 7 on 2d6 wins. The fiend begins the game by rolling 2d6. The dice float out of the box and jangle together with a dull clicking sound before they are dropped into the open Box. Because the bone dice are lopsided and roughly hewn, a skilled

D4	GAME AND DESCRIPTION
1	Whole Bones - a game of pure chance using dice
2	Dragonchess - a game of intelligence and strategy
3	Portents - a game of deception and misdirection
4	Thanty - a game of perception and attention

legerdemain artist could manipulate the roll. With a successful Sleight of Hand check, DC equal to the Passive Perception of the fiend (18), the gambler may change the value of their roll by their Dexterity modifier. Should the check fail, the fiend notices and the game is forfeit; the gambler loses, and a disembodied chuckle of disapproval can be faintly heard. Should the fiend roll 7 before the gambler, the gambler loses. Should the gambler roll 7 (assisted by their Sleight of Hand or not) before the fiend does, they may treat the roll of any d6 the next day as an automatic 6 without having to roll it (this is declared before they have to roll). They can grant this automatic 6 to someone else by having them touch the Box at any point that day. If it isn't used, it goes away at midnight. If the gambler is Proficient in Dice Sets, they may make their Sleight of Hand with advantage.

Dragonchess - An illusory (but very real-feeling) set of ivory and bloodstone pieces appear in the box, and hovering above it is a similar illusion of the familiar round and checkered board. Over the course of an hour, a game is played by the gambler and the fiend. At the end of that hour, the gambler rolls an Investigation check, DC equal to the Passive Deception of the fiend (18). If the check fails, the gambler loses. If the check succeeds, the gambler is advantaged on Investigation or Deception checks for the rest of the next day (they must choose one, however, when they win). If the gambler is Proficient in Dragonchess Sets, they may make their Investigation check with advantage.

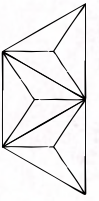
Portents - A simple deck of cards appears in the Box, and the game is played on the lid. Portents is a game of skepticism and bluffing, and the use of illusion is a legitimate part of the game. The goal is to make your opponent select poor cards from the face up piles either by insinuating and maneuvering your own play to fool them or outright masking the true card's value with magic. The game takes two hours to play. At the end of the game, the gambler makes a Wisdom Save, DC equal to the fiend's Passive Wisdom (19). Should the Save fail, the gambler loses. If they succeed, the gambler may auto-succeed at one Wisdom Save the next day. If the gambler is

Proficient in Playing Card Sets, they may make their Save with advantage.

Thanty - Three three bent cards appear in the Box, and the game is played on the lid. One card is the black dragon and two are white chalices. The cards are turned over, face down—the backs are a distracting whirl of colors and light meant to entrance. The fiend moves the cards around, beside, over, and under each other at a faster and faster pace for 10 minutes. At the height of the flurry of motion, they stop with the cards lined up—side by side. The DM should write a letter on an index card—either an L, M, or R—and keep it secret: this is the true location of the black dragon. The gambler should roll a Perception check. For every 10 on the result, they get one guess at where the black dragon is (for example, if their check is a 13 then they have one guess, if their check is a 28 then they get two guesses). If the total of their check is under 10, they automatically fail, having been led to answer incorrectly by the fiend through deft movements. If the total of their check is at least 30, they automatically succeed. After their guess, or guesses, the DM should flip over the index card. If the gambler got it wrong, they lose the game. If they get it right, they are immune to the Blinded condition for the rest of the next day. If the gambler is Proficient in Three Dragon Ante Sets, they may make their check with advantage.

Every loss by the gambler adds a counter to the Box, indicated by a deep gouge in the lid. When there are more losses than gambler's current character level, the fiend materializes and may take a full turn before initiative is rolled for combat. Their CR is equal to the gambler's current character level and is not bound to a particular form; DMs are encouraged to select fiends, devils, demons, etc. as they will for the fiend to manifest as (so long as the CR is correct). The fiend is permitted to escape its prison for as many rounds as the gambler's Proficiency Bonus, after which it returns to the Box, the count returns to 0 for losses, the gouges vanish, and the Box unattunes.

GOODFELLOW EDGE



Gwendolyn held the mask in her hands and cried.

The rest of the fellowship were sleeping, but she told them she'd take the watch and spent the time finishing the stitching. In truth, she needed most of that time to settle herself.

She stared into the empty eye holes, holding it in such a way that she looked it directly in the face. The hairline was straight, better than she'd ever done with socks or dresses in her former life as the eligible daughter of the great Baron dul Rath. The knife saw to that, too, it seems. Unmaking a person as well as making one.

If the Keyholder or Weilon of Kor woke and saw her with the

mask—saw how she had to create it—she was done for. It was all she could do to hide the excesses of her Pact from them. She didn't want to, but they wouldn't understand.

They had hints, of course, but vague hints of her Patron were safer than knowing. If they knew what she'd done... what she'd had to do...

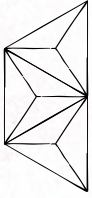
The thought shamed her, and doubly so as she realized how normal it all seemed now. She no longer had bad dreams of the things she'd done, and enjoyed the fruits of them more and more. That's what It wanted, It even told her that this would happen. She hadn't believed It. And that was sad, a sadness that wouldn't leave her.

She slipped the mask on, felt the warm kiss and embrace of the Master of Revels, and her crying turned to joy and her sadness to a madness that felt like springtime and tasted like whatever kissing a god must taste like.

The Keyholder woke first, as always, and frowned at the gruff, unshaven mercenary standing watch over by the fire.

"There's something... unnatural about that, Gwen." he said as he slipped on his socks and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. He didn't approve of this sort of thing, however she did it.

Gwen, her voice deep and gravelly with that same Western accent that mercenary had, laughed and smiled.



“Lighten up, Burton,” he hated when she called him by his old name, “You just miss my irresistible... mmm... self. Maybe I’ll stay this way, huh?” She lewdly joked and chuckled while grabbing her crotch. Others, waking, laughed along with her. That Gwen, always full of life and mirth. Not a care in the world.

APPEARANCE

A seamstress’s trimming knife, a hooked blade no more than a few inches long, thin and sharp for ripping seams and paring away overhangs. The handle is a deep black with a beautiful pattern of silver lines wrapping around it in a swirling pattern.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 19, History DC 25; Advantage for Warlocks and anyone with the Hermit background

The Changer-of-Ways is gone. Whatever It was and whatever Its wants, all was lost to even folklore and myth thousands of years before the coming of the great nations and civilization. Neither fey nor fiend, not a god nor a great outsider, It swallowed whole many of the powerful divine and dimensional creatures mortals now worship or follow. The last reference to It came in the form of a warning from one of the holy servants of the Most High.

In a desperate act of love for the creatures and things that lived and breathed, the angelic figure fell from the heavens in a screaming comet and levelled the mountains that once towered over the lush grasslands of the South—only desert sands and cruel, starved trees have ever grown there since. And, in the middle of it all, the giant charred husk of a herald of glory still clutches its message in one hand: “The Changer lives.”

Only one cult, now long since extinct, ever followed the Changer-of-Ways. All lost to madness and despair. The Goodfellow Edge, a humble looking tool and the only existing horror from those warlocks, is also the sole remaining artifact of the Patron exiled beyond the Planes themselves.

Attunement requires speaking the true name of the Changer. DMs are encouraged to consider the difficulties of learning about a Great Power even the other Great Powers fear to name, and the consequences for a world where such a creature is heard of again.



SYSTEM

Once attuned, the owner may use the Edge to temporarily become another person.

By carefully using the Edge to cut the face from a living humanoid—around the jawline, behind the ears, along the hairline, etc.—the owner may remove it and keep it with them. This scrap of face is warm to the touch, it twitches and moves silently, all the signs of being somewhat alive. The owner may keep a number faces in this manner equal to their Proficiency Bonus.

The person it is taken from may well die afterward, but so long as they are alive through the process of their face being removed the magic works. Should they live, however, the magic of the Edge prevents any arcane, divine, or other spellwork from regenerating or regrowing their missing face.

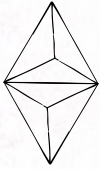
When the face is sewn into a proper mask—to make it wearable—the owner may take 1 minute to carefully don it (lining the eyes and mouth and edges up just right) and steal some of the true being of the person whose face it was.

This becoming changes the owner's appearance to the original person's—not as an Illusion, but physically; they change height, skin tone, hair color, build, etc. Any scars, tattoos, or other physical essentials to the person are made real. Their voice changes to that of the original person, including accents and common idioms they may have said often. Their race changes (DMs are encouraged to select one item from the original person's race as a trait the owner now has and remove one from the owner's own race; this may be an Ability bonus change or other inherent trait at DM's discretion).

As long as the original person is still alive, the owner is advantaged on any Ability checks both they and the person whose face they are wearing are Proficient in.

Removing a mask takes 1 minute and the owner must make a Dexterity Save, DC the number of hours they've been wearing it. On a failure, the face and mask are ruined and cannot be mended or used again. On a roll of a 1, the mask cannot be removed short of miracles or high level magic (like a Wish) and the Edge cannot cast off its attunement, and cannot be re-attuned.

NOTES



HARP OF CERWYN EBONFLOWERWOOD



called down a dark spell woven of deep entropy and the stuff of nightmares, and as the crackling purple and black lightning arced out from its body, Flynn plucked a minor G. The room exploded in light.

“Stop it!” the rot-toothed thing screamed in a voice made of equal parts whales-humping and whiney old woman.

“But,” Flynn mused as he plucked another string, “I’m not done with the...” he paused for dramatic effect so obviously that everyone else in the room—including the otherwise terrifying wights giving his friends a’whoopin’—rolled their eyes in consternation.

And still pausing.

And one more pregnant beat.

“...accompaniment!” he jabbed with a cocked eyebrow and ruthless bon vivance.

The lichling howled in fury,

APPEARANCE

A serving-platter sized stringed instrument (something between a half-harp and lyre), in grey ironwood with shining metal strings. Perception DC 15 notices the strings are white gold.

ORIGIN

History DC 16, Arcane DC 20; Advantage for College of Lore Bards and anyone with the Urchin background

Cerwyn Ebonflowerwood—of the Renoa Ebonflowerwoods, half-elf bards and brigands and ne’er-do-wells of the seas and shanties—was the only progeny of that clan to bother with the proper study of the arcane arts, and that to no

great effect. His signature achievements were isolated to helping sailors and ships’ mates with scrolls to mend this or move that. A good business, and it kept him away from his family of ill-repute.

However, he had a secret love for music, and a never-fulfilled desire to see the world as his forebears never did. His Harp was his failed chance.

The Harp is made in the style of the old Free Cities. Attunement requires proper tuning of it (Performance check DC 20) and taking at least a short rest that’s spent picking and plucking to feel it’s quirks. After, the marvelous thing grants the player a transformative power.

SYSTEM

When within 30 ft. of a spell being cast (this doesn't include spell-like abilities some monsters have, like Dragon breath weapons or the natural psychic and magic damage of Mind Flayers, for example), the player may use their Reaction to play a chord of such powerful delight and enormity to change the damage type of that spell as it comes into being.

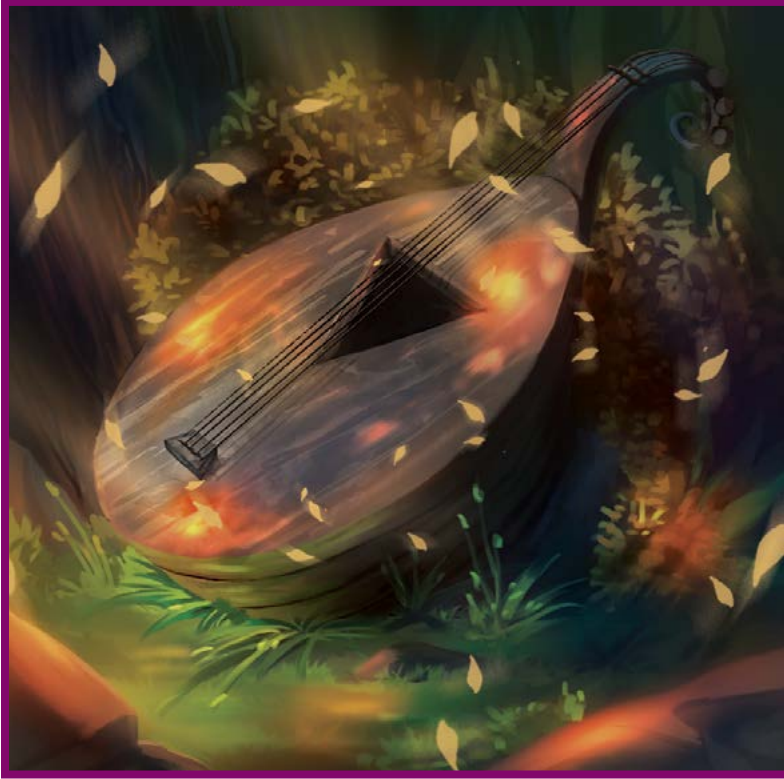
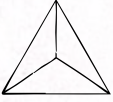
The player must make a Performance check against the spellcasting Save DC of the caster and if successful they may change the type of damage (or one of the types if more than one) to another type of damage randomly (roll 1d10 and consult below table). If using an Inspiration Point while attempting this (declared before the roll), the player may (on a success) pick the type of damage instead of it being random.

D10	TYPE
1	Acid
2	Cold
3	Fire
4	Force
5	Lightning
6	Necrotic
7	Piercing
8	Poison
9	Radiant
10	Thunder

This ability does nothing to spells without a damage type.

NOTES

HURRICANE GALLICHON



*“The storm had come, and
come and come,*

*As the old people said it would,
with their oft-wrong stories,*

*And we, none, took serious—
for were they not wrong so oft?*

*Nothing left in its wake, our
doubt was no shelter”*

— the Bard of Gilleland

APPEARANCE

A lute made of cyrewood, splotchy-grained and hardened with age.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 11, History DC 15;, Advantage to College of Lore Bards and anyone with the Entertainer background

The Hurricane Gallichon was made before the great cataclysm and is now a faded and ghostly grey, almost as though the wood itself had petrified, though it doesn't feel stoney or especially hard.

It once brought a harmonious peace, its sound was the crisp and thriving tone of music in motion and melody light on the breeze. Now, however, its sound is muted and quiet, the brightness in its strings given way to a calm. Little is known about where it came from, but, in the years after, it was carried by a wild mage to comfort his sanity as he walked through the harrowing lands beyond the mist.

Attunement to the gallichon requires a day of careful meditation and never speaking above a conversational tone: speaking too loudly on purpose will break this attunement.

SYSTEM

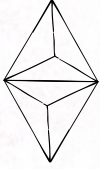
Attuned, the instrument brings a quiet and calm to an area, like the eye of a storm. Using a Reaction, one can strum a tuneless melody through the gallichon and attempt to counter a spell or Wild Magic surge. To do this, use a Reaction

and make a Performance check. The total of the check represents the percent chance the instrument casts Counterspell or negates (entirely) a Wild Magic Surge about to happen.

If spending an Inspiration Point after the check is made, the percentage chance is doubled.



NOTES



KORTHOLT OF THE BRIGH DELAC



“The Congregation wiles and pomps,

For ever day and shine again,

When Revelrie and Revelire,

Set to dance the feet of men,

The king! The king! In tally grey!

No clever boy denies the fey.

While the song pipes on and on,

And while the lights burn bright and strong,

And breathless servants play along,

There’s no time left to die today.”

—written in blood in the under-jail of Kremen Hold

APPEARANCE

A wind instrument nearly fifteen inches long, as thick around as a lady’s wrist. The body is a pale, bone-white stone with ribbons of gold twisting their way down the length.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 15, Arcane DC 18; Advantage for Arch-Fey Warlocks and anyone with the Entertainer background

The Grey Dancer, an Arch-Fey of the Near Twilight Courts, brought blood and madness to the freeholds of men and dreaming things during the Seventh Falchion of the Lording. The carelessness of those that kept safe our world led him to turn dozens of cities and villages into terror-filled chaos for half-an-age.

He brought wild song and wild fire, started wars and genocides that ended with the death of a god. Such are the games the Great Powers play.

In the eons since, the fey have locked him away in their own realm behind an adamant wall of lightless black stone where most of his power is checked. Not all beyond the Glass are evil, not all seek the ruin of mortals—though their motives are nevertheless inscrutable to our minds.

This prison held perfectly, until the rise of the gnomish kingdoms in the Third Age. Peering into the world at the artificery of the gnomes, their brilliance and innovation, the only son of the Dancer—Brigh Delac—crafted the Kortholt and imbued it with arcane powers discovered

by the tinkers he watched through his scrying mirror. When Delac was conjured from the fey realm by a cabal of warlocks, he presented the instrument to them as a token of respect from his lord father, and into the world the Korholt went.

Attunement requires playing a full Revelrie for fey creatures. This takes one hour in the company of at least three of them, delighting and pleasing the audience on a Performance Check DC 20. Should the d20 show an odd number, the Revelrie turns into a Revelire and the joy turns to anguish and rage and madness and blood. The fey won't attack the player, but their madness causes them to seek out any other victim for their dark designs. On a failure, they are unimpressed, and teasing the fey may not be wise.

SYSTEM

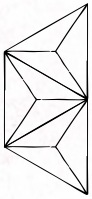
Once attuned, the instrument grants the player a form of limited and temporary immortality. So long as the player spends a full round playing, and so long as they continue playing and taking no other action, they cannot drop below 1 hp. They can move as normal, but the song cannot be interrupted (teleportation, changing forms, etc. likely interrupt the song) to keep this benefit.

Should the player be attacked while playing and take damage that would reduce them below 1 hp, all damage beyond the amount required to bring them to 1 hp is ignored, but the player must make a Concentration check as though it were all taken. If the player loses Concentration, The Korholt ceases to work until midnight.

All the damage ignored in this way instead thunders and pounds against the obsidian prison of the Grey Dancer. One day, when enough is applied, the walls will shatter. DMs are encouraged to consider the implications of an Arch-Fey bent on genocide of his kind being released into the worlds.

NOTES

LESSERIE LUTE



It gave Prence dreadful headaches every time, but then again... why would the gods have given us wine if not for the pleasure of headaches? That sounded almost wise. He'd have to (ouch) remember that one.

Kendra charged forward, ancestral Sword of Whateveritwas held high. The Tattler strode forward, Book of Thingsandsuch in front of him like it was a holy relic. Shorty Shortpants—he name escaped Prence for the time being—dug his heels into the dog he was riding and hollered the name of some place that was, no doubt, stupid and pointless.

Prence, however, closed his eyes (damn, that was a bad headache) and strummed lightly, content to let the great and small do their whatever. He missed the College, not half so full of themselves there as these “adventurers.” The giant, lumbering horror lurched forward—its skin blotched and rotting, its face a slack of unthinking hunger.

It even (oh, word) smelled horrid. Still, however, while the group pressed on with the cutting and slashing and poking and screaming and lights and whatnot, Prence just plucked about with his lute.

Waiting.

As the enormous undead monster raised up, screaming its rage against the scratches and nicks and burns it'd been given, Ponce grinned widely, raised his hand, and strummed a chord that blew its head clean apart.

APPEARANCE

A broad lute with a deep redwood bowl, a bright oiled birch neck, and strings of several different materials: platinum, silver, copper, steel, brass, and gut. It is a garish looking instrument.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 14, History DC 16; Advantage to College of Lore Bards and anyone with the Entertainer background

The Lesserie Lute is a delicate, arcane wonder. Created during an almost enlightened age, back before the rise of the Eastern Kingdoms and their brutal notions of civil order and security,

the Colleges of Lore collaborated on an exploration into the power of harmonics. Specifically, on creating devastating arcane effects from the potential dissonance of countermagic.

It wasn't enough that they studied counter-spelling and anti-magic, that might have been acceptable to the Schools and Academies of arcane lore that used to dot the coastal cities along the whole stretch of the East. No, instead they sought to push the boundaries of both and create forces that would actively release raw arcane power in the collision of magical phenomena.

For this, and other less academic reasons, the wizards and mages petitioned various governors, kings, and courts to ban the Bardic studies of those institutions. The political squabbles were one of the key factors in the fall of virtually all such collegiums—even amongst the wizards—by the beginning of the Third Age.

But, the Lesserie Lute survives—named for the city of its birth, now long since turned to ruin.

Attunement requires playing the lute in the style of the Lesserians for a few minutes. DMs are encouraged to make it a challenge for the would-be player to find appropriate music or guidance to duplicate the style of a culture now dead for so long.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, and so long as the player keeps the Lute tuned each morning (requiring a careful ten minutes of focused effort, only possible if Proficient), one may use it for the rest of the day to unleash truly devastating forces.

Any turn during which the player uses an Action to play the Lute, striking just the right harmony with the sounds and noises going on around them, they may target a creature vocalizing any

audible and well-projected sound (screaming, roaring, loudly growling, talking, etc. but not whispering or humming or purring). While targeting them, the Lute shifts tones and textures to a harmonic accompaniment to the target's sound. The player need not be able to see the target, only hear them.

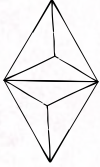
During that targeted creature's next turn, if they continue to make vocalized and audible sounds—even if briefly—the player may use their Reaction to twist the harmony into a dissonance that shreds the fabric of reality around the target.

The DM should roll 1d20, with the result as the target number. The player then must roll 1d20; should the two match, the target takes a number of Psychic damage equal to the player's Passive Performance (10 + the full bonus for Performance checks). Every round before this that the player maintained their playing on the same target, without using their Reaction, the range for what counts as "matching" increases by 1 in both directions

For example, if harmonizing for two turns on the same target, and then using their Reaction, the player rolls 1d20 and the result is 14. They may then count all numbers with two steps of what they rolled as "matching": from two less than their rolled number to two higher—so 12-16 would count as "matching" the DM's result.

Should the player roll a 1, however, several strings on the Lute snap under the weight of the power it is channeling. Both the player and the target take the Psychic damage and the Lute will need to be re-stringed before using it again. DMs are encouraged to consider the difficulty of finding some of the types of string.

NOTES



RODINGS BENCH



“Master Blakk, I assure you, this is our finest.” the pale-faced elven shopkeeper stood and bowed, seemingly at the same time, in a graceful display of respect and expectation. His grey hair still had a few shocks of yellow, and the large glasses he wore served to make him seem far younger than he likely was. Blakk appraised him as much as the box. The magewright had to be north of two-hundred; that said as much about the quality of his work, the longevity of his business, as the fine chest’s woodwork did.

It was three feet high, stained an almost purple-red with a hol-oil and walnut mix. Pinned in oak. The corners braced with bronze chaffing. It was beautiful, there wasn’t a doubt.

“And inside... while it will not replace a proper forge, foundry, and libricum? It will serve for most purposes.”

As the old elf unlocked the box, opening it like a flower to the sun in the morning—its hinges silently swinging wide and the unfolding of the shelves and levels quiet and smooth and certain—Blakk smiled. It was perfect.

APPEARANCE

A heavy trunk with fine decorative steel corner moldings, eighteen inches wide as well as deep, and nearly three feet tall with thick leather straps on the back.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, History DC 22; Advantage for Transmutation School Wizards and anyone with the Guild Artisan background

A Rodings Bench is more than a portable Tinker’s Tools or Woodcrafter’s table. Far more. The trunk never weighs more than 100 lbs. Based on a two-hundred year old (and carefully

guarded) design from some of the finest artificers in Greyghast, the bench is named after Hox Rodings—who made his living as an independent artificer to several mercenary groups in the wars.

Once opened (a simple lock and key are provided), the interior unfolds mechanically—with spring steel, gears, and strong hinges—into a workbench 6 feet wide and nearly 2 feet deep with numerous shelves and alcoves rising above the work surface. A tiny forge is set into the left alcove, the heat from it encased within its own Brentine field, with an aperture large enough to move an object into and out of it (provided

its no larger than a grown man's forearm); on the right is a series of clamps and vices over an adamantine plate shaped to the size of a small anvil-top, allowing one to hammer and bend and fix objects in place for brute manipulation or arcane infusion.

The shelves are lined with pillhide, providing a soft and secure grip on glass and clayware. The underdrawers are partitioned for reagents: liquid, solid, even gaseous.

The whole bench is a magnificent set of Alchemist, Poisoner, Tinker, Woodworker, Arcanist, Jeweler, Leatherworker, Smithing, and general crafting Tools as well as an enormous spell component pouch. It is magically durable (objects inside the bench, when stored, are invulnerable to external forces), and, even if tumbled violently, the contents inside never shift out of the place they were in when closed up.

It takes thirty minutes to pack or unpack the bench, and one must have their own seating

or be content to hunch over it while standing. Its real utility is in its ability to reduce the time needed to craft objects once one is attuned to it. Attunement requires the creation of five different items using the various represented tools (something alchemical, something wooden, something with leather, etc.). Once done, the bench is attuned.

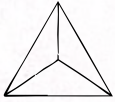
SYSTEM

For the attuned owner, then, the gold (and, subsequently, time) required to craft a magical or mundane item is reduced by 20%. It can only craft appropriately sized objects (the forge, for instance, can only handle things roughly a foot and a half or two feet long, while the bench couldn't be made to build a suit of plate armor) and only up to Rare scarcity.

It cannot be placed within any magical hold or other-planar storage space.

NOTES

ROTOOL OF THE FLETCH SENDER



Hildie watched them have at the door. Legs crossed, sitting demurely, trying not to laugh and hurt their bruised egos.

Manus pounded at the door with his warhammer, scuffing and then denting the haft, cursing in that prudish way he had; the Bitterbalt twins tried shoving, then incanting, and eventually just blasted it with fire in a futile attempt to burn it down (centuries old, four inch thick, oak is not so easily dismissed). Even the Scrimmage-of-Power, their lofty and pretentious wizard, found his incantations to be less than sufficient.

She let them take the time, watched them fail, and eventually when they all gave up and looked to her for help, she let them have it.

Standing up, and pulling a bizarre device from her pack, the tiny Rogue elbowed them

all out of the way. "Next time you guys want to make fun of my kit, remember... none of you know anything about doors." A slam of the metal rod, a crack, and the oaken door broke wide open to the frustration of most of the crowd.

APPEARANCE

A strange tool that looks like a combination of a gardener's spade, crowbar, and metal crossbow covered in haphazardly placed runes and symbols. Perception DC 15 notices the crossbar is pure adamantine.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 17, History DC 21; Advantage for Wizards and anyone with the Guild Artisan background

The Rotool is one of the cleverest inventions of the Halfling engineer Fletch Maninhollersendivoll. A complexly enchanted tool, of a design that took several years to finalize, it's rare to see them outside the hands of more adventurous

delvers from the young Halfling free states in the North.

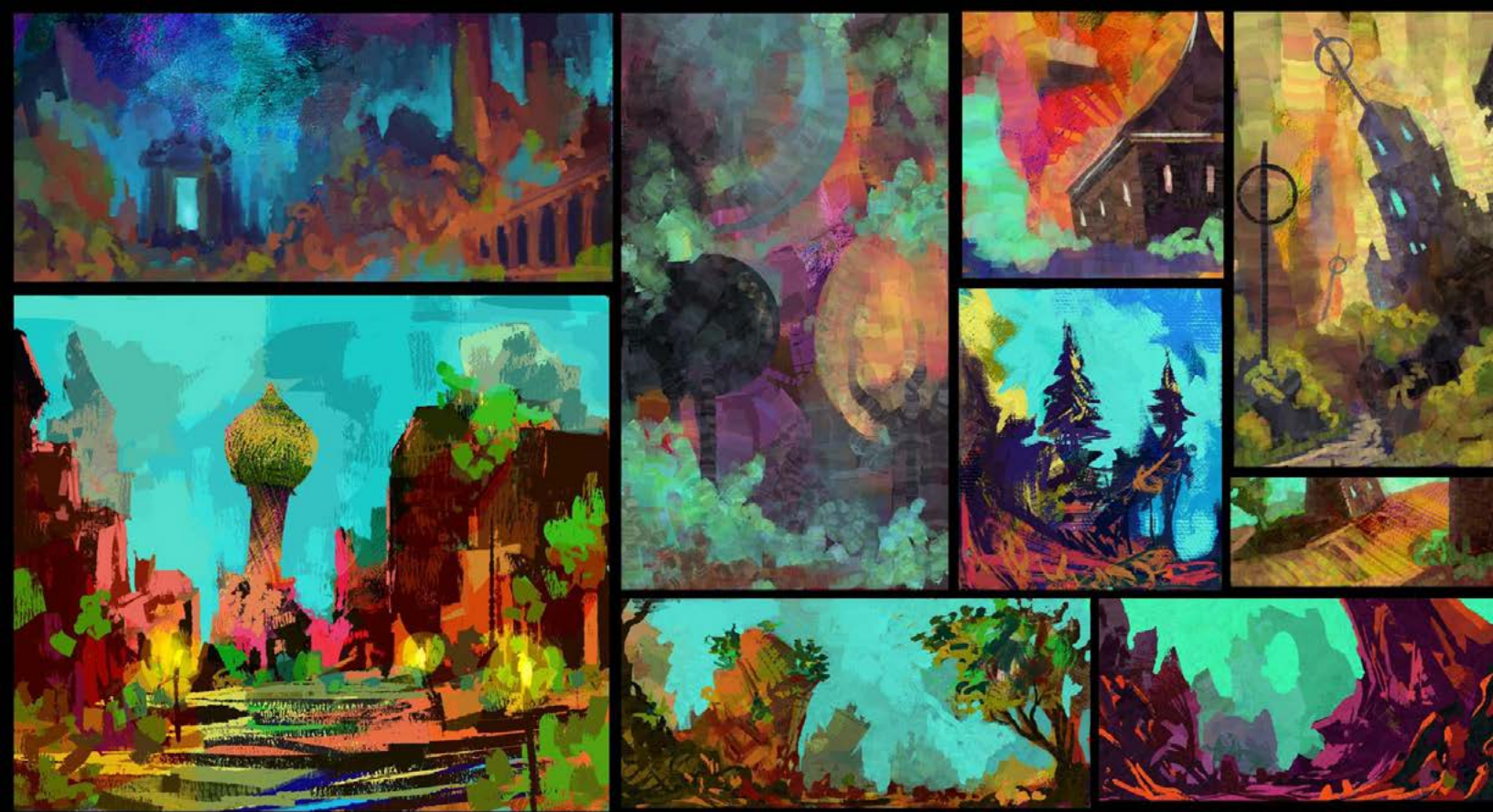
Attunement requires a developing Proficiency in the Rotool, which may require appropriate Downtime or the Skilled Feat to gain.

SYSTEM

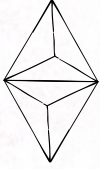
Once attuned, the Rotool weighs 25 lbs. and can serve as a pick, shovel, crowbar, chisel, pile, grapple, and brace (able to brace a doorjam

with crossbeams up to 5' wide extending from the arms of the Rotool). Based on specific command words, known to the attuned owner, the metal shapes and rebalances itself for the task. The DM is the arbiter of whether a non-mechanical tool would make a task easier, and if so then the Rotool is able to shift to accommodate.

When wielding it for any of these tasks, or related ones, the owner is advantaged.



NOTES



SCORPION LUTE



As the Hobgoblin shakhac—war captain—howled and pointed... as his men charged, weapons oiled and gleaming... as the sheer enormity of being cornered at last dawned on Silvertongue Songsteven of Scarlet-town (a name he'd come up with himself, of course), he nearly broke himself in half with laughter. This couldn't have been better. Four weeks tweaking noses in hob country and the best he'd managed was a bar brawl and some minor thank yous from some commoners. This, though!?

This was perfect.

Songsteven unpacked his fine and polished walnut lute, and tuned it casually while watching the horde race at him a few hundred yards off. He looked behind him at the crevasse and the river below. At least a couple of hundred feet. Rocks. Certain death.

His comrades looked shaken. The Wizard was flipping madly through her book.

A smile, the plucking of a perfect sharp note, and the bard turned to leap magnificently over the cliff's edge.

As the wind whipped his hair and cloak back, he could almost make out the shock of his (former?) comrades as they yelled. He smiled. He hoped they made it through this one; the story would travel so much better if there were a few witnesses to this daring leap.

He held the lute under him as he fell, laughing madly all the way down.

APPEARANCE

A gorgeously designed lute, the bowl of which is painted a swirling pattern of reds, oranges, and blacks and polished to a mirror-like shine.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 10, Religion DC 14; Advantage for Rogues and anyone with the Entertainer or Folk Hero background

The Scorpion Lute, in contrast to many wondrous artifacts of the old ages, is broadly famous. In fact, the name of “The Scorpion Lute” has been misattributed to many instruments. The stories speak of golden songs from golden strings that bring fires from the heavens or the conjuring of great beings with a brightly glowing lute.

The truth is simpler and less colorful.

The God of Chance, in his never-ending game of lethal roulette with members of the more avaricious and thuggish bloodlines of Half-Elves in the East, dropped the lute in the world to tempt them to high adventure and dramatic risks.

Attunement requires playing one perfect A chord. No check is required for anyone with Proficiency in the instrument. For anyone else, even ten minutes of careful help from someone who is Proficient should suffice.

SYSTEM

The lute cannot be destroyed. This is its only real power.

It is preserved by divine favor, arcane luck, and tightly woven pacts with the skies and the earth. The lute doesn’t injure back, it simply cannot be injured, and the effect is much like striking a sword against a hard, dirt packed ground. If one were to hit a rock wall with it, the lute will be intact without a scratch, though for the wall it is like being hit with handheld stones thrown by

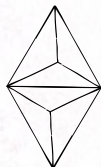
an average person. The lute is ornate and beautifully sculpted.

The lute floats in any water or water-based environment, not because it’s airtight or truly buoyant; it simply cannot sink, which says nothing about the holder being strong enough to hold onto it while they themselves are sinking. When something harmful is imminent from a direction, it simply doesn’t happen on the opposite side of the lute and reality wraps back around that fact with minor pushback on the incoming source of damage

The lute, then, when one holds it flat and tucks tightly behind it, is +2 cover (though not a shield). An inferno on one side of it is simply room temperature directly behind it (though the heat blast the lute isn’t blocking is still lethal). If one were to stand on it and fall 100 ft., one would hit with all the speed appropriate, but the lute would immediately negate the force on impact (and no force means no damage). However, if one simply held it close while falling, whatever part of the body hits the ground or isn’t directly over the lute would not be protected at all by the instrument.

It cannot be transformed. It cannot be altered. It counts as a magic weapon (though still an improvised one), and the owner could hold up a city’s multi-ton gate of iron if they propped the lute under it.

NOTES



SHANDALPLAI



“We lost everything, don’t you understand that you hoke-jumped layabout!”

To watch the unbridled rage of a “master of the arcane arts” was something more than funny to Pret. Of course, the quiet permission from his rain-soaked and weary comrades for this display of pure frustration was less funny. Soon enough they’d get to sniping at each other and, at the first sign of trouble, they’d all be well and truly screwed. Still, the old tracker just leaned against the wet tree and paired another sliver of wood from the stick he’d been working this last hour.

Somewhere four hundred feet down the gully, their wagon,

and everything they had, was smashed and buried and soaked. Still, Pret carved his stick and listened to the short mage rail against the wind and rain and fate.

“And you just sit there whittling! That’s the gall of it! Why aren’t you helping!?!”

Pret spit over to his right and ran a thumb along the edge of his stick—now resembling a thin but cleverly cut sword.

“Things out there right now. A few of ’em. Figure I could baby you for the last hour or start doing something useful.” He stood and twirled his wooden sword, nodding at its weight and balance, and then dropped into a low crouch and charged into the thick of the trees while something shrieked its own attack.

APPEARANCE

A complex woodworking tool with several sharp and well-oiled blades, like a small finger-plane joined to an angle bore, with a whittling knook on the side.

ORIGIN

Change Origin Mechanic to “Nature DC 16, History DC 21; Advantage for Rangers and anyone with the Guild Artisan background

The gnomes of the hill villages north of the city are well-known for holding onto the older artifacts of their fallen empire. For generations clockwork and tool-making had been mainstays of their artisan guilds, but a lesser known tradition of woodcraft took hold centuries back and—while mostly ignored by the master governors and councilors of their cities and towns—they too made wonders.

The Shandalplai is perfectly useless as a weapon, but magnificently useful in making them.

Attunement requires earning Proficiency in the Shandalplai (this may require appropriate downtime or the feats).

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the owner may make weapons on the fly and much faster with greater effect.

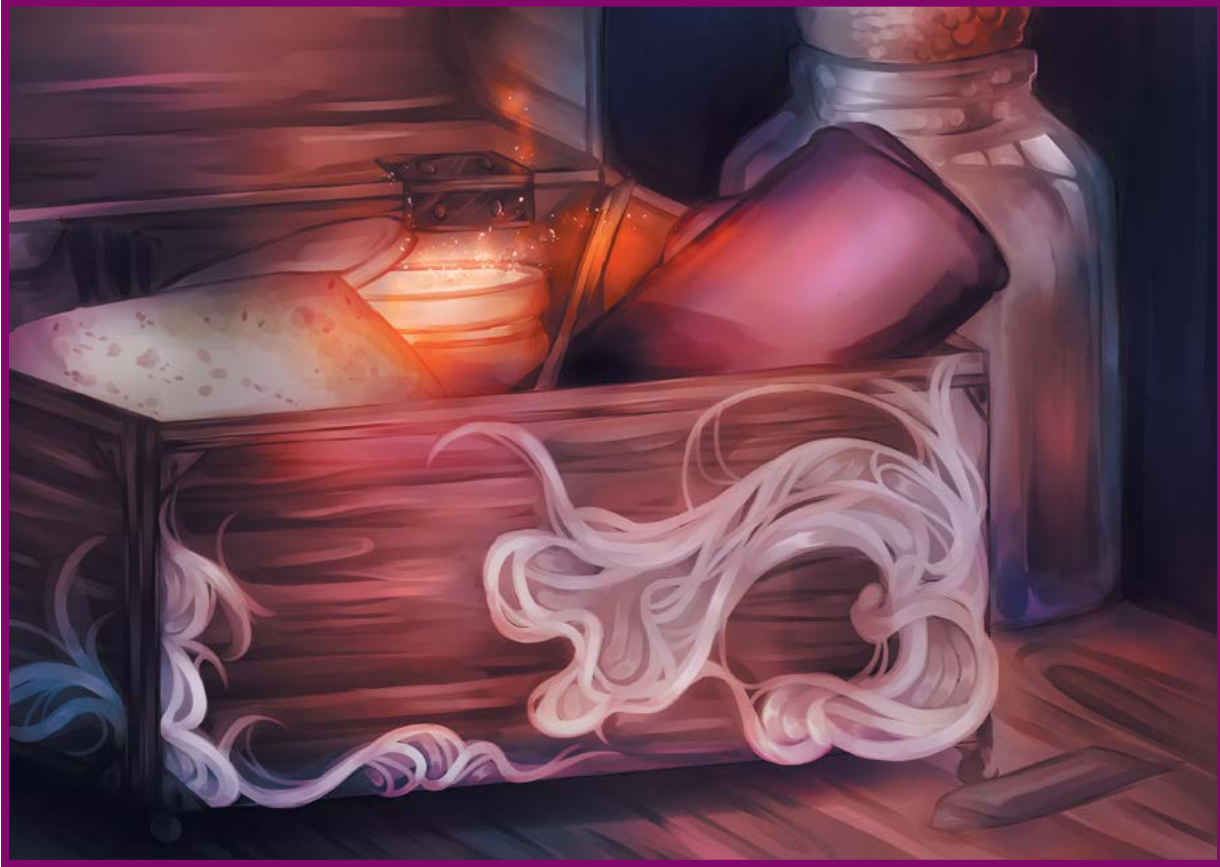
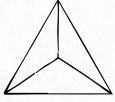
With a sufficient length of straight wood (which could be difficult to find) and an hour of effort, one may roll a Dexterity check DC 15. On a success, one may craft a one-edged, sharpened wooden weapon with the stats of a short sword and half the weight. This wooden sword is fragile, and can only survive a number of successful attacks equal to one's Proficiency Bonus before being dulled and ruined.

The wooden sword is considered a +0 magic weapon that does Slashing damage for all strikes except the last one (growing more blunt, the last strike inflicts Bludgeoning damage). These swords look completely mundane, even a bit childish, resisting even Divination detection.

Magical wooden swords created in this way retain their magic for up to a number of weeks equal to the user's Proficiency Bonus.

NOTES

SHORT SUPPLY OF LAVISHNESS



Brand hummed a tuneless old melody that he couldn't have hoped to have placed, or recalled where he'd picked it up. The sort of song that was lost to flat notes and rousing cups in any tavern on any night, but no less enthusiastic for all of that.

"We're pulling out! Hurry up, for Pete's sake!"

He could hear Grier shouting in that piping voice of his and soundly ignored it. Setting out on the trail a half hour early wouldn't make any difference in the world, but a good pink scrub was positively divine.

Bathing twice a day was only civilized, after all.

APPEARANCE

A rosewood box, delicate looking, around the size of a two-handed loaf of trailbread, and with various bathing supplies inside: a half-bar of a soft lavender soap, a silkwine kerchief, a shockingly tiny straight razor, a dish and cover full of a white powder, and a number of pinky-finger-small parchment envelopes of bits of

this or that. Perception DC 15 notices it smells like cinnamon and something a bit sweet, even when closed.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 11, History DC 14; Advantage for Clerics and anyone with the Noble background

The Short Supply of Lavishness is one of the many common artifacts of a tiny cabal of high elves in the far Western forests. Contrary to their counterparts in virtually every other part of the world, civilization found them—and they it—and theirs is a culture that eschewed petty crime and common culture.

Opening the box allows one to rummage through and use the items however one wishes, within reason, however opening it while standing in at least one foot of water causes the items to go to work on the opener.

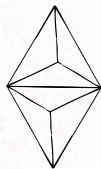
Attunement requires maintaining a truly aristocratic style of living for at least a week, and then continuing to do so thereafter to remain attuned. Basic tents and bedrolls won't do, but exquisite pavilions and furs might. Trudging along a road for days is hardly of class, but a good horse and master-crafted saddle should be fine. DMs are encouraged to keep the owner well-aware of dipping too long "below their station" to maintain attunement.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, and upon standing in at least one foot deep water, the cover opens and the powder rolls lazily out of the dish, traveling up one's arm and neck and flowing into one's mouth (keeping one's mouth closed can stop it). The soap begins dipping into the water, activating both the bar and flowing streams of fresh water (no matter what the state of the water is naturally). The water pours into one's mouth, the powder works to a gritty froth, the suds aggressively scrub themselves into the skin, and the water rinses and cleans. The razor shaves clean any beard, mustache, or stray hair on one's entire body below the eyebrows. The process takes about 30 minutes and will ruin and damage clothes to the point of unsuitability if worn during this process (including any soft armor like leather or hide; even magical armors of these kinds).

Every two times the Supply is used (it replenishes and refreshes itself after a short rest), remove 1 exhaustion and take 1 inspiration. Cleanliness is next to godliness, they say.

NOTES



SKIRLFLUTE



*TEWWWWEEEEEEEEEE
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
EEE!!!*

The sound was maddening and seemingly without end. Every time the man in the hat played the flute something inside of Lawler died a bit. He could feel blood seeping from his ear. He couldn't quite remember what day it was today.

*T W E W W W W W -
WEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!*

The migraine was intense. He was crying and sobbing and couldn't think past the pain of the moment.

In a rough, choked voice he thought he managed to beg—to plead—to be allowed to answer any question. If only the sound could stop...

It must have been a hallucination (his mind searching for relief through lies) though, because the tune came back again.

APPEARANCE

A small flute, barely larger than a hand, made of a charcoal grey hardened clay. The holes along the body release a white smoke constantly. Perception DC 13 notices the flute is always slightly warmer than the room to the touch, as though generating its own heat.

ORIGIN

History DC 19, Arcane DC 22; Advantage for Fiendish Warlocks and Bards or anyone with the Criminal background

The Fiendish lost the most in the wars for Creation, their numbers pared down over the course of that bloody Age before the first mortal thing ever took a breath. Alliances and treacheries were common in the titanic clashes above the firmament, amongst the stars, and behind the dimensions all folded into each other—the

only constant being every other Great Power's mistrust, fear, and hatred of the Fiends.

Without allies, given no opportunity to compromise, allowed no room for negotiation or even service, they were cast out of our world to seethe in the dark and organize their complete and total revenge. Revenge against every Arch-Fey, Outsider, Deity, Old Power, and Entity that crushed them beneath the wars and left them to rot in their hellish dimension.

Even amongst other Patrons, none match the incendiary hate the Fiendish have for those that stole the world from them. And the Skirlflute is one of the more perfect examples of the cruel power they wish to unleash through their cultists and followers. Its true origin isn't known, only that an underboss of the Fiendish raised a cabal of warlocks and sorcerers, in the days before the dwarvish Dominion came to power in the North, and one of their dark adepts was captured and hanged after "conjuring horrors and torment while playing a flute, laughing and thanking his master for the privilege of service" (as written in a constable's ledger, shortly before the entire town was burned to the ground).

Everywhere the Skirlflute is found, in this or that story from this or that culture, it always accompanies stories of terrors and fire.

Attunement requires placing the flute in an intense fire (as hot as a forge) for an hour, with care to make sure the inferno continues as hotly as possible.

SYSTEM

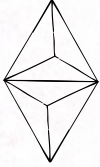
Once attuned, should the Skirlflute be played by any competent flautist (requires Proficiency), the quality of the sound is mediocre at best. Compared to other instruments of its kind, this flute always sounds slightly off in pitch, but not jarringly so.

But the flautist may use their Action to blow as hard as they can into the Skirlflute, forcing every creature with an intelligence greater than 13 that can hear the screech to make a Charisma Save, DC 14. On a failure, the creature becomes Vulnerable to Psychic damage for a number of rounds equal to half the flautist's Proficiency Bonus rounded down. Should an affected creature be Immune to Psychic damage, it is reduced to a Resistance; if they have a Resistance, it is reduced to normal. The victims of the screeching sound feel intense headaches, may end up with ruptured blood vessels about their eyes or ears, and find it harder to think and focus.

Celestials, Elementals, and Fey creatures take 1d4 Psychic damage on the beginning of any turn they are within 5 ft. of the Skirlflute. The smoke and heat from it, though barely perceptible to mortals, burns its rage into them for the sins of their forebears.

After the Skirlflute is used, it must be attuned again.

NOTES



SOLA SCRIPTURA



“Oh, you young idiot, to be seventeen again! Your whole life ahead of you! And with all those possibilities, you decided to serve the god of laughter and chance? Are you a complete moron?”

“If you wanted to be pious, you should have headed—do you see down the street there? That big building with the golden eagle on top? That one? There. That’s where you should have gone if you wanted to impress your family and that girl that probable spurned your advances when you realized what your pecker was for.”

“This priesthood ain’t the kind you write home about, kid. Our god is a precocious and, frankly, a jerk; may he be praised and our fortunes light. You will be very fortunate to die with—wait, how much money do you have? That much, then. Yeah. If you die with a penny more than that,

you’ll have made it out ahead. What kind of damn fool joins the Church of Chances? Honestly?

“Eh? What kind of debt? Wait, how much do you owe? On a horse? Lord almighty, boy, bum deal that—welcome to the brotherhood. I’ll get you a rulebook, but the next decade is going to suck, I’m afraid. Safest way through, just stick to the book and try not to make any decisions yourself.”

APPEARANCE

A rectangular piece of white doeskin leather with soft straps around the corners.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 19, History DC 23; Advantage for Knowledge Domain Clerics and anyone with the Acolyte background

The Sola Scriptura was one of the last creations of the magewright Artemis Shoi before the collected faiths of the capital murdered him and

his journeymen by Imperial decree for theft of ecclesiastic secrets. Master Shoi's only real crime was finding a way to communicate with the beings most regard as gods and goddesses, opening a conduit to the Planes far above where these mighty beings ruled and lived. While the few he contacted were surprised that a mortal should have found ways to speak with them, none were angry and virtually all were amused.

That didn't stop the temples and churches from banding together in a rare display of cohesion, petitioning (paying) the crown, and launching a week-long holy war against the heretics. Such is the nature of things, so often, between the faithful and their faith.

The Sola Scriptura is a leather book cover, the perfect size and material for wrapping a holy book with convenient cinches and ties to keep it attached without damaging the contents. While wrapped, any book has Resistance to all damage types.

Attunement, by the bearer, requires genuine and proven faith and the holy text of a divine being placed inside the wrap. Possessing divine powers is sufficient enough, but those without them will be required to perform a true demonstration of devotion.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the holy book inside communes with the divine being whom the book is devoted to and allows the bearer to request answers to questions, using the text as their guide. By

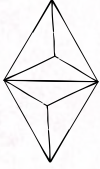
spending an Inspiration and thinking of a question or problem, one may flip the book open randomly and read from the nearest full passage. The passage will hold the key to solving the problem or answering the question posed.

Scripture is often written in archaic languages and translated repeatedly, to say nothing of the mythical and folklorish nature of the prose itself. The DM is encouraged to evoke parables, morality play elements, symbolic language, etc. to offer the reader so long as the information is, essentially, true.

The answers found will always be, technically, true even if the book (and the god or goddess of it) may flavor that information beyond immediate comprehension. A book of devotions to the Goddess of Death, when asked about the location of an ancient treasure, may open to a strange story about a boy who follows his mother into the afterlife by climbing down a well, accidentally falling and breaking his neck: in this case the boy may share the name of a cartographer who once drew a map to the location in question, the well may be an actual well somewhere in the world that leads there, or the "accident" may indicate that the place can only be found when not looking for it.

DMs are encouraged to make the use of this item less powerful than proper Divination spells, and should not hesitate to have the random passage be the same over and over if necessary. It just has to have truth in it.

NOTES



VESSEL OF MEN



“Brother, you should be proud...” Halbeck grinned as he heated the pipe and needle again. He’d been delicately warming the inks and considered this tattoo to be his finest one yet.

*“Everyone is going to s***, I swear. Going. To. S***.” On and on; he loved the sound of his own voice, Crawshaw mused, as the burning and stinging continued up and down his back.*

I shouldn’t complain, Craw thought as the needle pricked him again. He’s good enough people, him and the brotherhood. And if tomorrow went well, the Emperor would favor him with a reward, no doubt.

Craw wasn’t sure if he could really go through with it, and some of the brothers seemed absolutely excited to storm the Academy.

It was for the greater good, and he told himself that often, but some of those mages were just kids...

*“All done, my man!” Hal beamed at his work and slapped Craw wetly on the back. “Yes, sir, everyone is going to absolutely s***, tomorrow!” His grin was warm, and Craw would forever remember that grin with shame and regret.*

APPEARANCE

A silvery fluid, the consistency of ink, in a large clay pot.

ORIGIN

History DC 14, Arcane DC 17; Advantage for Eldritch Knight Fighters and anyone with the Sage background

Before the coming of the Exile Kings, and the dark age of magic with them, the old kingdoms were alive with arcane power and study. Though reserved for the upper class and wealthy, the

advances and discoveries they made were a critical factor in the successful centuries of the middle kingdoms.

The Vessel was a regal suit of silver armor, crafted in the old style of the von Hortenaire Monarchs, with bold rondels and great, thick plates inscribed with the royal litany. Worn by the prince, the hereditary leader of the armies of those times by tradition, the Vessel was a brilliant symbol riding out amongst the kingdom’s soldiers.

However, with the coming of Malleus Exile and his Rebellion, no artifact of the old times was safe. The Exiles spent decades eradicating magical influence and invention from their Empire, and they began publicly with the destruction of the Vessel after the fall of the Citadel.

Malleus Exile himself, fabled warlord and bringer of a brutal sort of order that lasted centuries, melted down The Vessel while the people of the capital watched. The message was clear. This new age of men would reject the old, reckless ways of arcane corruption. Malleus liquified The Vessel with the crown prince still inside it, in a display of power that would be remembered for generations.

What remained of the armor, now a strange, shifting silvery pool, was used by the Exile family's imperial assassins; the power in the armor lived, and the people came to fear the men with silvery tattoos, perversely named the Vessels of Men.

Attunement requires using the liquid to tattoo one's body, and the artist must be Proficient in Calligrapher's Tools. It takes roughly eight hours of application to use enough of the substance for the effect to take hold, at the end of which the tattoo artist should roll a Dexterity

Check (with Proficiency) against a DC equal to 10 + the Class Level of the person being tattooed (the Vessel is not easily applied to great power). On a failure, the Vessel is wasted and unusable; one more artifact from ancient times and places gone now in the world. If successful, DMs should note, such an attunement is not easy to later remove.

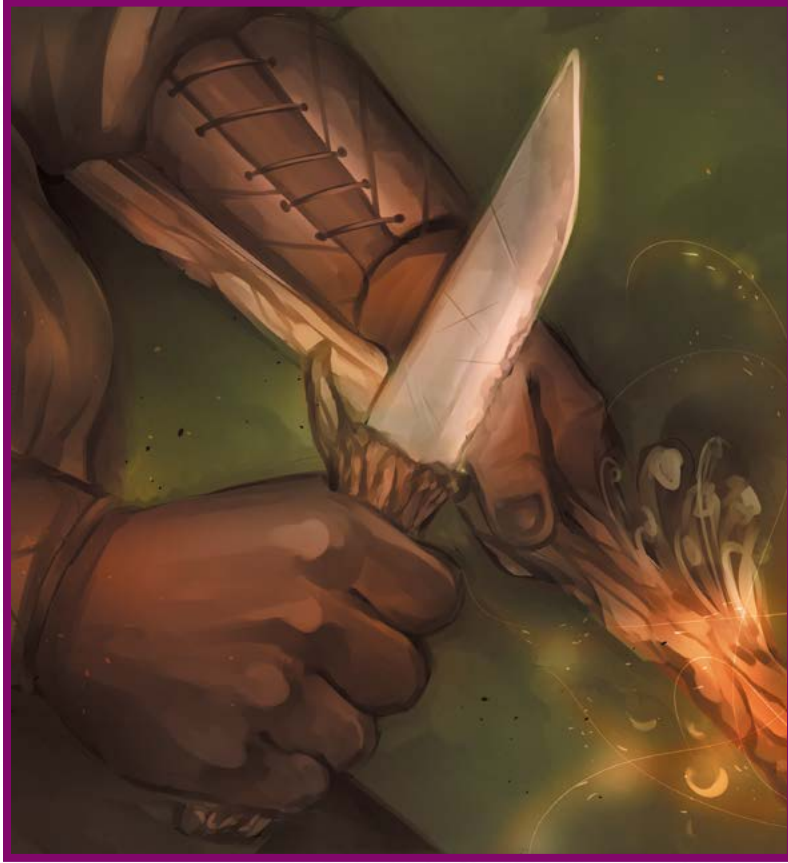
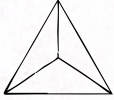
SYSTEM

The Vessel, once applied, grants the wearer Resistance and advantage on Saves versus spells. However, this also applies to effects the bearer would benefit from or choose to be affected by. Any spell that designates a willing target or creature, or has a beneficial effect (healing, buffing, enhancing, etc.), has a 50% chance of failure when targeting the bearer. Should the bearer be one of several people targeted in this way, the 50% fail chance applies to the entire spell (targeting everyone). This does not apply to Race, Class, Feat, or Ability effects unless specifically coming from the use of a named spell.

For example, Druid Wild Shape is not a named spell, nor is a Dragon's breath weapon, but a Death Knight's use of "hold person" or a Flame-skull's "fireball" both are.

NOTES

WOODSMAN'S KNIFE



Travel light. Travel fast. That's the difference between living and dying in the wild. That's what Faber said, years ago, and that's what Wexel took to heart.

He'd won the knife in a game of Demon Dice in the low streets of Renoa. The halvesie that lost it was awfully mad, that's for sure. It took the better part of a day to figure on what was so precious about it, but ever since then ole Wex had been happy as can be to have it on his belt.

Let the great bastards of the world scramble for money and jewels and load their packs—the smart money's on travellin' fast and light. Just like Faber used to say.

APPEARANCE

An antler-handled knife, roughly four inches long.

ORIGIN

History DC 19, Nature DC 22; Advantage for Rangers and anyone with the Outlander background

The Woodsman's Knife was made by a former Ranger who took up his luck with the Rock-seeker dwarves and helped with security at their mine. As a reward for his loyal service, he

was granted one boon—and being the practical sort, he asked for a piece of a magical forge hidden within the mine. More as a novelty and luck charm than anything, truly.

Years later he'd worked that bit of steel into a crude, simple knife, and it's made its way through the world ever since.

Attunement requires visiting the mine the shard came from. Whether anything is left of what was there once is a mystery... it could be thriving operation still, it could be long abandoned to nothing.

SYSTEM

The Woodsman's knife has only one property, with an Action and a shaft of wood adequately straight and sized, the knife can be used to put a magically sharp point on the end and imbue the shaft with true, straight flight as though an arrow.

Making a Survival check with the knife, with a total result of at least 10, the shaft counts as a +1 magical arrow doing Piercing damage for the next two rounds. With a total of at least 20 the shaft counts as a +2. A check total of 30 would create a shaft with a +3 bonus. The short-lived magic arrows cannot be preserved for longer by any spell or effect.



NOTES

CHAPTER ELEVEN

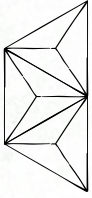
RODS, STAFFS, & WANDS

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NOTES

AEGIAEN SCEPTER



Cormin missed his sister. He hardly remembered what she looked like, it was a long time ago, and he forgave himself (as always) for losing that mental picture of her. They'd survived the war, the purge... and he'd been the only one to survive the bare winter that followed. She had red hair. She liked climbing trees.

That was nearly two hundred years ago, and it felt longer. Every sacrifice made the years seem longer, and even now—as he stared at his son, foolish and weak thing that his progeny was—he was reminded of why he did this. Reminded of the long game. Reminded that empires are not destroyed with a few bold fights, but with the force of the ages and a will to press on in the face of difficulty. Especially the difficulties of his own conscience.

His followers were many, carefully chosen over the generations—brought into the great circle of being. They knew how he prolonged his life, they knew about all of his children over the centuries. They honored them. He honored them. The fawn that falls to the wolf is a part of the larger destiny of the wild.

He would bring the empire to its knees. He was the wolf that leads the pack, the pack would devour this weak, false, kingdom. He would do it because that was his purpose, and—if he must destroy thousands—then it is to save the whole of the world and all who live or ever will live in it, and not a little for the redhaired girl on whose bones that salvation was built.

APPEARANCE

A two foot long shaft of hewn obsidian, the glassy surface bearing the marks of being fashioned by hand with small chipping tools. Perception DC 18 notices that, when held near a light source, the naturally dark black rock shines a translucent shade of deep canopy green.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 14, History DC 19; Advantage to Circle of the Land Druids and anyone with the Sage background

The druids have more in common with the fey than most realize: both are inscrutable, hide secrets and mysteries, and devote themselves to works that defy explanation. Razing a village, blessing a king, burning all the trees of a forest, fighting villains and heroes alike... both are strange and sometimes alien creatures to other mortals. But that's where their similarity ends.

Where the fey serve the whims of their lords and ladies and courts, the druids were raised up by the inexhaustible will of the universe itself,

this Reality, to check the power of those beings Great and small that would pervert it or shape it to their own wants. This world has a will and a destiny it wishes to fulfill for itself, and the druids are the expression of that will and the agents of that desire.

One of the oldest of those touched and raised up to hear the call was a lowly farmer (his old name was never recorded), a husband and father whose fate would have been working the soil as his own mother did, as his forebears had for generations. But the world needed him—why it had to be him, and why it had to be then, is one of the great mysteries of their kind—and Aegias was born.

His task, his purpose, would not yet be possible for centuries, and so he created his Scepter as a way to extend his life long enough to serve it. The stories of Aegias, the horrors and wonders he was said to have performed, are common to many myths and cultures. Despite many mentions of his Scepter, however, very few stories ever speak of its real power, and fewer still know anything of where he came from—or how unbelievably long he lived before causing the Cataclysm that destroyed what used to be the City of Praxia, taking him with it.

Attunement requires blessing a willing person with the Scepter. In this act, a connection through space and time is made between the wielder and the person. The person must be made aware that they may lose their life, cannot be magically compelled and cannot be coaxed through Ability checks to agreeing. DMs are encouraged to consider the level of dedication or selflessness that must be had to be willing to give one's life for another.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Scepter grants three abilities. First, the wielder may bequeath a spell to another. The wielder may remove a spell that they may cast, from the number they have ready and unused (including the spell slot, if relevant).

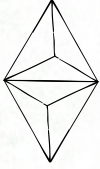
By doing so, they lose the spell slot and the spell. This means, if bequeathing a cantrip, the wielder may not use that cantrip; if bequeathing a second-level spell and slot, they lose that spell slot and the ability to use that spell. The individual who is given the spell may cast it themselves, as though they were the wielder (using their relevant Spell Save and even consuming the wielder's components). The spell may not be taken back and the spell slot stays with the recipient until the spell is cast (it comes back as used). This effect may last as long as the spell is not yet cast, even if that takes years. If the wielder cannot cast spells or does not have slots, this ability is simply unused.

Second, the wielder may use their Reaction to speak a phrase in Druidic (even if not Proficient in the language) in response to an ally making an Ability check within 10ft. of the wielder to advantage them. By calling on the true words that govern life, the wielder coaxes the target's own body to simply perform optimally. To the target, it feels faintly as though one is not entirely in control of their own body, despite following through with the action they intended. It is an eerie sensation.

Third, upon the wielder's death, their body crumbles into an earthy and fragrant soil. Their new body grows, instantly, from the person they attuned the Scepter with. Their own form in tears free of the person's body in a terrifying transformation, bloody and birthed from the abdomen. Whatever they had on their person when they died remains with their old body except the Scepter, which appears in their new hand. The wielder's new body is as they were when they were just past their adolescence, and begins one level lower than when they died.

If the person attuned with the Scepter is biologically related to the wielder, there is a 50% chance of gaining +1 to their Constitution score (to a maximum of 20). If the person is the wielder's own child, the chance is 100%.

The Scepter must be re-attuned after a rebirth.



BANESLAYER



Brother Service gripped the thin reed in his hand so firmly that his knuckles—bleeding and scraped—went white. The fury of righteous judgment flowed through him and, in its power, he felt elation and pain. That he might die never crossed his mind, not because he was certain he would live, but because he had long given up the mortal concern of caring for more days in this sad and brutal world. He lived and died by his cause and his faith. And if he were to die here, then he would simply die here.

The rotted archmage's tattered robes flapped and swirled with the gale of energy barely contained within him. It screamed with every step. He saw Meilla charge in with incantations, her hands dripping with violent energy, and Broadways charge with his greatsword held high. Some small part of him, not yet given over to his cause, hoped they did survive. Hoped they would live long enough to see another dawn and see love and some happiness. But, it was a fleeting feeling.

A bright and dark typhoon enveloped him—burning his flesh, rending his skin, tearing his clothes, breaking his body. He couldn't quite breathe. He only stared, teeth gritted together, and waited for either him or it to fall.

APPEARANCE

A shaft of light, glowing brightly enough to make a dark room dim. Perception DC 18 notices that waves of comfort can be felt by being near it.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 14, Arcane DC 19; Advantage for Light Domain Clerics and Necromancy School Wizards or anyone with the Acolyte background

The Baneslayer was created by a close cabal of gods and goddesses, infused with their hopes and placed in the hands of one of their favored messengers, a Deva of the Middle Orders,

whose sole mission was to find a worthy champion to deliver it to. The Deva's mission took her through every corner of the world a thousand times over, over years and decades and centuries. The speed at which mortals are born and die is flicker-fast to those whose lives are measured in epochs and ages, and after nearly seven hundred years she feared she would never find her charge.

But new orders and faiths rise and fall, new people come and go, and eventually—in the unlikely tribes of the ancient barbaric ancestors of the Hobgoblin kingdom of today—the messenger found a girl. Hundreds of years of

ceaseless searching, so long in this mortal world that the Deva knew nearly every inch of it by heart, and seeing this young girl—only ten—was like being shown the Meaning of Life. Though the messenger had never questioned her task, it was only then she understood the scope of its necessity.

Koriana would grow up to be the Warlord that united the first goblin proto-nation, and so thoroughly cleaned her lands of the influence of dark magics and vile darkness that it wasn't until the rise of the Old Empire that hobgoblins even had to develop words in their language for undead or necromancy.

Attunement requires an oath, to those gods and goddesses still listening, to cleanse the world of the curse of Necromancy and all those who employ it. DMs are encouraged to consider the consequences of failing a deity, and consider whether any of those who had a hand in the Baneslayer's creation even care or are around anymore.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the wand emits a radius of heavenly light as bright as a torch for a number of feet equal to half-again (1.5 times) the bearer's Proficiency Bonus, rounded up. For example, if

a bonus of two, then the radius is three feet; if the bonus is five, the radius is eight. .

Any undead creature within the radius of this light, even in part, loses their Reaction.

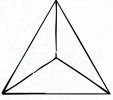
In addition, the wand allows the bearer to Grapple an opponent from a distance using nothing but focused Divine power. By using an Action on a target within 30 ft., the bearer may initiate a Grapple using substituting Religion for Athletics or Acrobatics. If successful, the target is Grappled and an unmistakable and bright shaft of light holds them in place. Maintaining it requires Concentration and the bearer may not move. If they move, or are moved from where they stand, the Grapple ends.

If the target is Undead, the bearer is Advantaged in this check.

The bearer may attempt to Grapple more than one target in this way (up to number equal to their Proficiency Bonus), but they are disadvantaged on their check unless all of the targets (not just one) are Undead. The check is made against the highest bonus of all those targeted. If successful, multiple shafts of light lock the targets in place. If the bearer moves, is moved, loses Concentration, or any one of the targeted creatures shakes off the Grapple, the effect is lost for all.

NOTES

BATTLEWALE



Wyatt saw them first and, in that fraction of a second, he threw up his ward and stopped a pitted and jagged axe in mid-air—only inches from his face. The rest of the battle was chaos and screaming.

At the center of it all, Teller stood boldly, daring the squabbling and yipping creatures to come forward. Wyatt was ever in awe of her; she was more than just a warrior, and while she dodged and weaved around flimsy and reckless attacks, she barked out clear orders and warnings.

“Wyatt, to your right!”

And a quick glance saved the sorcerer from a heavy club, whipping through the air where his head would have been a moment before. The others were holding the line as Teller shouted. She was the best of them, having taken up for Brodie after... well, after it happened. She was the bright star that guided them. And Wyatt wasn't going to let her down.

APPEARANCE

A rod of turned oak, stained a deep and bloody red, with an ivory crown atop it. Perception DC 13 notices the color is identical to freshly spilled blood.

ORIGIN

History DC 14, Arcane DC 19; Advantage for Battlemaster Fighters and anyone with the Soldier background

In the Fourth Age, when the giants came down from their cloud-wrapped peaks and waged bloody war against the Last Exile, the nations and kingdoms of the world held their collective

breath. An end to the Reign. An end to the dark power of what the Empire had become. But, despite the odds and in the face of all reason, the nations of men fought them back, hounding the giants back up their mountains—never to be seen again.

The Battlewale was forged to lead armies, and the rod bears the heraldic marks of the Exile line of emperors—conquerors and great generals all. It was Cora Dantus Exile, sister of the Empress, who led the march against the giants. Weeks later, coming down from the peaks with her army, Cora returned with great wagons loaded to bear with enormous bloody skulls and presented them to her sister: a trophy of conquest. And, as the people gathered below the palace—filling the streets to witness Cora’s promotion to General of the Imperial Armies—Cora Dantus Exile ran the Empress through and toppled her body over the ledge. The Battlewale, not yet presented to her, was lost in the ensuing chaos and confusion that overtook the royal guards, who battled traitors in their midst, and the riots that ensued.

The reign of the Exiles did not long outlast that one final treachery in a history of suffering, but their standard—the Wale—survives.

Attunement requires wielding it during the entirety of a battle (with no less than fifty participants, done in service to a cause or objective). The gods of war and victory, conquest and strength (good and evil ones alike), all bless the wielder with insight and authority while wielding the rod thereafter.

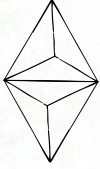
SYSTEM

Once attuned, while held, the bearer may use their Reaction to grant all allies within earshot an additional Reaction to use (meaning allies have two that may be used, normally). Additionally, this extra Reaction may be used by any who have it to immediately move 5 ft. in any direction. This may invoke its own Opportunity Attack, however, from enemy combatants within range as per normal rules.

This is all accomplished through verbal orders and warnings from the bearer, if the allies cannot hear them then the power does not work.

Should the bearer of the Battlewale fall first in any combat involving more than three individuals, the blessings it bestows vanish and it may not be attuned by that person ever again. The Wale respects only the strong.

NOTES



BLESSED MANY



*“I said, maybe I come over there and whip your a**, how about that?!?”*

The young pups were barking, again—new day, new batch of passers-on-through—and the inevitable moment over lunch at the Blackstone Inn when someone would test their mettle against the Stalker. Stupid name, “Stalker,” because he never stalked anything—he was just a killer. One very much gifted with, and gifted for, the killing.

As Wes ate his mutton, he tried to ignore the howling of the adventurous and arrogant.

“Old man! I’m talking to you! You know, you’re not half so scary as they say back in Tendale! Just an old bastard without so much as a sword on his hip. I bet I could come over there and thump some reputation out of you, how about it?”

Sighing, and pushing his bowl slowly out-of-the-way, Wes

took to his feet like every bit the grey-haired bastard he was, slid his empty sheath from the table, and began holy murder.

APPEARANCE

A two foot sheath of hard worn leather. A thick smoke seems to fill the hollow of it, occasionally spilling out and floating downward.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 14, Arcane DC 18; Advantage for Monks and anyone with the Sage background

The Many was a solemn creation from the monastic Order of Eternity—a sisterhood of devout priestesses and scholars that made study of the flow and forces that govern time itself. Diviners and scholars during the Third Age regarded the Order as the foremost masters of chronomancy in the world, and they survived the wars and purges of other wonderworkers in their now long lost monastery,

believed to be hidden somewhere still in the Northern mountains.

The Many was given to their guardian, during the one year of service that chosen servant would spend defending the path to the monastery from interlopers and those who would do them harm. It was handed down from chosen to chosen and regarded as a great honor. The sheer volume and variety of weapons fed to the Many continues to be a point of arcane speculation to this day.

Attunement requires feeding at least three different melee weapons to the Many. Any weapon no more than eight inches wide, which is as far as the mouth of the sheath may stretch, may be fed to the Many. Pushing it in, the weapon vanishes into the smoke filled cavity. All of these weapons must be without flaw, knick, or damage—in pristine condition.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, using a Bonus Action, the owner may grasp the smoke seeping from the Many and draw forth a weapon stored inside of it, randomly selected from all of those ever given to it (see the table below). The space inside the Many is beyond time, the weapons inside of it are in exactly the condition they were when they were stored, but pull free from the small wrinkle of spacetime within the sheath.

The weapon, once pulled, counts as a +3 version of that weapon until the beginning of the owner’s next turn—it may be used to attack as a Reaction only until then. The weapon is cold to the touch, feels hard and brittle. At the beginning of every turn, the weapon loses 1d2

bonus (if rolling a 1, it becomes +2; if rolling a 2, it becomes +1; etc.). Once it reaches +0 bonus, the weapon begins to rust and rot away, becoming useless.

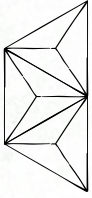
On a critical hit, the weapon does 1d4 cold damage to both the wielder and the target as it shatters—no other damage is resolved.

Only one weapon may be pulled at a time, if a second weapon is pulled from the Many, the temporal magic is disrupted and the item becomes unattuned to that person forever. DMs should note that many of the weapons stored in the Many may be from Exotic cultures or peoples long since lost to history, many of the weapons that can be pulled may be too obscure for anyone to be Proficient in at all.

D10	TYPE
1	Club
2	Dagger
3	Handaxe
4	Quarterstaff
5	Spear
6	Halberd
7	Longsword
8	Rapier
9	Shortsword
10	Exotic (no Proficiency possible)

NOTES

BODY OF POWER



"It won't work, you know," Miles grinned over his half-eaten capon.

"Oh? Why not?" Walks-In-Terror hardly glanced his way, as he drained his third cup of the night, and snapped his fingers for one of his abominations to serve him.

"Well..." he seemed to think deeply, the halfling, "What if I mastered death?"

His host guffawed in riotous laughter, spilling wine over half his dinner and causing his usually stone-faced horrors to break into what appeared to be smiles.

"You? Oh, Miles, don't lie please. I appreciate your company, tonight, and adore your pluck, but only I," he droned

on in-between gasps of catching his breath (which Miles suspected was simply a matter of habit, as the creature hardly needed to breathe anymore), "...you know."

The halfling shrugged and pulled his wand free.

"So, you want to do this, then?" he asked, eyes quiet and face bored.

The ghastly figure at the other end of the table sighed (or whatever that was supposed to be, it sounded like a wheeze) and pulled free an orb of crackling energy from his robes.

"If we must... I'll miss your stories, old boy."

And the world erupted in light.

APPEARANCE

A shard of glass, nearly four feet long, the whole length of which shines in shades of purple and refracts rainbows in the light. Perception DC 14 notices that it shows the reflection of no mortal face in any of its facets, no matter how it is turned about.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, Religion DC 22; Advantage for Sorcerers and anyone with the Acolyte background

The Body of Power was created by an early sisterhood of the goddess of the River, the font of magic that flows through all worlds. The Body was a symbolic representation of a piece of the actual body of the deity, passed from the higher

priestesses and clerics to the newer generations of leaders in a complex ritual—in this way, they kept their Lady with them. In truth, though, it was a shard of bone the goddess broke off of herself during the wars for Creation. She gave it to her favored champion, and bound him with the sacred mission to destroy the gods of death (a betrayal that her servants failed to accomplish).

The Body, and its original purpose (the destruction of Death itself), was lost for an age but, eventually, drawn back to the loyal mortal servants of the goddess. As it always will be. From there they invented their own mythos, and the Body’s true purpose remained a secret—and rare—shame amongst the heavens.

Attunement requires the permanent investment of one hit point, subtracting it from the owner’s maximum hp. Once the hp is invested in the Body, it begins to glow a dull purple.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the wielder of the Body may invest up to 10 hit points in the wand. This may be done at any time, all at once or in portions over time, but any hp invested may not be withdrawn.

Upon death—failing the last Death Save—the wielder may call upon the Body to resurrect them (though, preferring to pass on from this life, they may choose not to).

Each hit point invested in the Body grants a 10% chance of success when being called back from near death; at 10 points invested, this becomes a 100% surety. The wielder of the Body may choose two of three Factors for their return, the DM selects the third from the table below.

The DM is encouraged to consider the risks in whichever Factor the wielder leaves to chance.

If they let go of control over Time, they may not

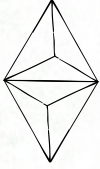
be able to return in time to continue a combat. If they let go of Place, they could return in a precarious or dangerous locale—hanging from the side of a cliff, stranded in the middle of traps, on the back of a dragon, etc. If they let go of Condition, they return with 1 hp and may roll 1d20: on a result of 10 through 20, they are restored (shed all their negative Conditions, regrow limbs, remove Exhaustion and curses, and generally other impairments), but on a result of 1 through 9 the DM should grant them Vulnerability to the the damage type that felled them for one day (if more than one damage applied, select the more damaging of the two). This Vulnerability can only be removed with high magic (wishes, miracles, etc.).

As one invests more and more hit points in the wand, one finds their consciousness starts to slip and the line between the object and their own form dissolves. At 3 hit points, one can see and hear from the wand as though using their own eyes and ears (this is not activated, this is on all the time, so be mindful of stowing it away in a remote and dark place as one might incur penalties with Perception using their actual eyes and ears). At 7 points, one’s mind is so diffuse across the Flow that one is advantaged on Intelligence Saves versus magical effects. At 10 points, the wand may hold an additional Inspiration point (in addition to the normal one per character) and the wielder loses one Proficiency earned from their Background, permanently.

The Body automatically prevents any other attempts at magical resurrection. Note that this does not mean Revival.

Divorcing the Body of Power can only be done by divine intervention, either directly by gods or through their servants. Once unattuned, it cannot be re-attuned by the same person.

FACTOR	DESCRIPTION
Time	The wielder may return at the time of their choosing (at any point in the next hour, even immediately)
Place	The wielder may return at the place of their choosing (anywhere within sight of their body)
Condition	The wielder may return free of Conditions, loss of limb, damage, Exhaustion, curses, and other impairments



CORESTAFF



"He's coming pretty fast, can you hurry up a little?"

"I said don't rush me! It's not like they wear signs around their neck about this sort of thing! This would be a lot easier if I could examine it closely for even a few minutes, Pravin."

"He's going to eat us alive! There is no 'for a few minutes!' Just give me your best guess! Hurry!"

"Shshhh... alright... so... maybe 35 yard tip to tail, eight prominent horns arranged in a sapphire pattern, so it's a... maybe a Svimozian variety..."

"Pravin!"

"It's important, they grow large quickly, more quickly than you'd think! So, given its mass and speed and color... Maybe just over two-hundred years old?"

"Are you sure?!?"

"No! I am NOT sure. Oh! Oh, it's quite fast isn't it?"

"Fine, be quiet. I need to concentrate. Two-hundred... 35 yards... horns... home... please let this work."

APPEARANCE

A long, knotted staff of thick vine as hard as old oak, polished down by hand and use over the years. It stands as high as a tall man and has aged to a bleached light grey.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 22, History DC 25; Advantage for Abjuration School Wizards and anyone with the Hermit background

The Corestaff was created by Willum of Oaths, an Abjurer from the young kingdoms of the northwest centuries ago. A court wizard in his youth, he retired to a distant and quiet rural

land after nearly forty years of service to the Naswan Queen. Willum's life was quiet afterward, his studies into the secrets of protection and life benefited the hamlet that came to know him as "the old man" well.

But, in his 70th year, a dark cataclysm came—a pestilence spread by a dark mage designed to set the stage for a great ritual to a nightmare from beyond the stars. Some stories feature a hero, reluctant or not, who races out to fight the monsters back. But Willum's story was one of failure. The village was destroyed, the land blighted.

Willum of Oaths spent the rest of his life having nightmares of that time. His failure weighed heavily upon him. His last desperate act was creating the Corestaff, hoping to one day find a chance to protect himself and buy him time to redeem his soul.

One must attune to it by expending 10 spell levels of Abjuration spells into it. These can be cast from one's own ability, naturally, or from scrolls.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the staff serves as a +0 magic weapon (Two-Handed, 1d6 Bludgeoning, Reach). The staff has 5 charges (replenishing 1d4 per day) and the staffbearer may expend a charge to call a special ward, which appears and must stay adjacent to the staffbearer. A creature, known so deeply as to know its soul and bones and mind, can be repelled and barred from approaching or harming the staffbearer by the ward.

By using a Bonus Action and spending 1 charge, the staff-bearer raises the ward—its size determined by how well they know the creature they wish to block.

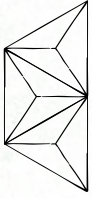
The player must correctly guess the Type, then Alignment, then maximum hit points, and then name of the creature (the DM is encouraged to write these down on an index card and set it aside before they guess, to keep it fair). The first correct answer creates a 5 ft. wide by 10 ft. tall wall, faintly wavering but perfectly clear (like the surface of a pool of pure icy water). The wall is impassable to material and magical objects and effects.

While this faintly empyreal wall is between the creature in question and the staffbearer, it counts as granting full cover to both. The exact dimensions of the wall are difficult (but not impossible) for creatures to perceive short of Truesight; if the creature's Passive Perception is greater than 14 they can make out where the wall ends, but if not then it will largely be a matter of trial and error.

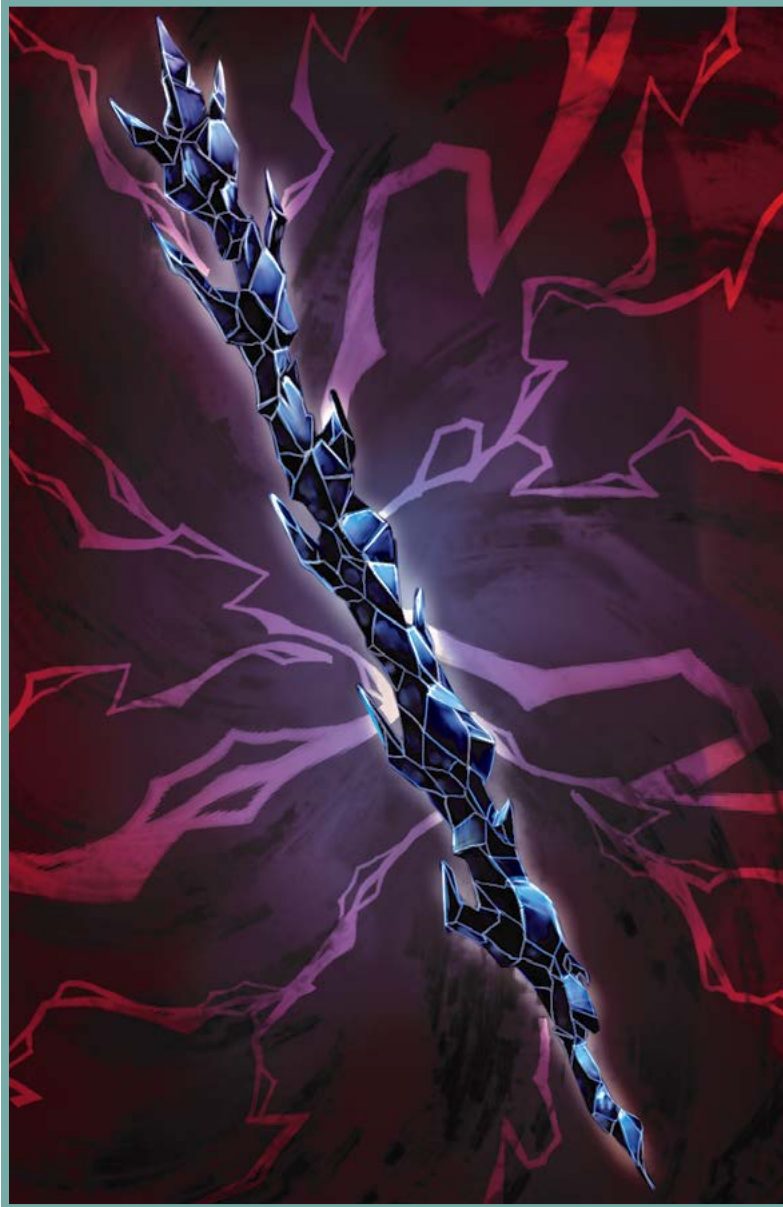
Each correct answer after the first doubles the width: 1 additional correct answer means it is now twice as large, 10×10; 2 correct means it is now 20×10; 3 correct is 40×10. The ward is only able to so block the creature in question, for all others it is as permeable as air.

The staffbearer must spend a charge at the beginning of each turn to keep the ward up.

NOTES



EIGHTH WAND OF THE GOOD MAN



APPEARANCE

A wand, made of a cruel and jagged black ice.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 14, History DC 18; Advantage for Druids and anyone with the Sage background

The Good Man was the last Son of the Bound—a druidic sect that sought to eliminate virtually all life in a great plan to return the world to its

“The world hates you. I hear it. You think the green is the only power in the world? You think the circles and spheres of the wild are only rich and vibrant and warm? You. Are. Wrong. I am the teacher sent from the Last Places to instruct you in what the skies and seas and secret lands really are.”

“The desert is vast.”

“The ocean is crushing.”

“The mountains choke life from the ambitious.”

“The skies are filled with rage.”

“The earth is home to its own monsters.”

“I am who was sent to bring all of these to you and hear you scream your sins to a world that drinks them like wine.”

“I am the true wild.”

most primordial and simple state. Their ambition wasn't just to eliminate mortal life, but every life—including the lives of the Great Powers that sought to claim dominion over our universe.

When the Bound were eradicated, mercilessly and in every corner of the world, the Good Man escaped. He eluded capture by the agents of the Wild and the Heavens both, sowing seeds of destruction and raising cults (to the great purpose of the Bound) for nearly a century before he was caught by inquisitorial agents of the Exile dynasty.

The great irony is that the Good Man, hunted for decades by the druids and priests of dozens of sects for the crime of attempting an apocalypse on earth and in heaven, was felled by a patrol of constables hunting an unrelated witch. Fate itself, it seems, had intervened.

One of the weapons of his crusade, the least of them, was a wand he fashioned from the firmament of what existed before even the gods walked the earth.

Attunement to the wand requires surviving one month, a full turn of the moon, without any trappings of civilization or magical support. A month of natural ability, crafting no tools, using no technologies, relying on no divine or arcane assistance. Pure survival in the wild. The would-be wielder must make a Survival check DC 25. On a success, they survive the excursion just fine—handling any and all adverse problems well. On a failure, they may choose to either stop their month early or press on. If they stop early, they must start over to attune the wand. If they press on, the difference between the DC and the check's result is the number of maximum hit points they lose due to the harshness of the struggle. They may regain these hit points at a rate of one per night of full, comfortable, and uninterrupted rest.

SYSTEM

Once attuned the wand allows the wielder to bring to bear, on their surroundings, the fury and inhospitable effects of the worst of natural environments.

With an Action, one may manifest around themselves the dry, blistering heat of the Infinite

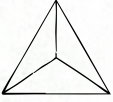
Desert. All creatures within 30 ft. must succeed in a Constitution Save, DC 10 + the wielder's Proficiency Bonus: on a failure they take 1 Exhaustion from the intense dehydration they feel, but on a success they take 1 Fire damage from the intense heat that fills the area.

Or, with an Action, one may bring about the surging, powerful and rolling power of the unforgiving sea in a storm. All creatures within 30 ft. find themselves choking on chilly sea-water (suffocation rules may apply, if the creature requires breathing) and feel slowed and crushed by ghostly waves. Movement within the radius is considered difficult terrain, and anyone wishing to leave the affected area must succeed on a Strength Save, DC 10 + the wielder's Proficiency Bonus, or find they cannot escape the force of the ghostly tides that surround them.

Or, with an Action, one may inflict the worst of the high tundras and great barren peaks of the mountains upon a single target. Whirling beneath them, and rising, is a draft of ancient and frozen air that drops the temperature around them to frighteningly low levels. The creature must succeed on a Dexterity Save, DC 10 + the wielder's Proficiency Bonus: on a success they may move 5 ft. in any direction to avoid the rising frigid gust, but on a failure they are caught in it and are Vulnerable to Cold until the start of the Wielder's next turn.

The targets of these effects are advantaged in any non-natural environment (cities, buildings, caverns of cut stone, dead lands, most lairs, etc.). Should the target of an effect succeed in their check, they are immune to the wand for one day.

NOTES



HOLY ORDER



The witch had made the rest kneel. Brother Service listened to her babbling, and the curious non-words she mouthed into the air with haughty demeanor. Broadways knelt, which surprised Service on every level. He almost laughed at the sight of the old paladin grimacing and staring hatred into the magus as his body forced itself down in supplication.

All of them did it. And while she laughed and cackled, green energies raking the walls, her gaze fell upon Service, leaning on his staff and smiling a dull and tired smile.

She called him a willful one and said she had something in mind for him. She went back to gurgling nonsense into the air with the careful determination of a professor at lecture. All nonsense, and Service raised his face to the sky and whispered his thanks to the Lord of Light and Truth.

She had just enough time to realize her incantations were useless as he lashed out and broke her jaw.

APPEARANCE

A pale quarterstaff, the surface of which is covered in large, grooved patterns. Perception DC 16 notices they resemble giant fingerprints around the surface.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 14, Nature DC 18; Advantage for Clerics and anyone with the Hermit background

The True, may his word hover over all and bring civilization to the minds of all things, plucked one perfect and powerful branch from the World Tree itself, with the blessings of this world and the choirs of magic all looking on, and rolled it between his great fingers until it was smooth and straight and perfect.

And with this union of forces, a congress of powers rare to see come together in this way, he dropped his Order into the hands of the priest of the first temple to worship him. With the Holy Order, the Sanction of the True brought the disparate faiths of the world together, and for a time peace and honor ruled.

The return of the Great Old Powers, long ago banished, chipped away at this order and the world has been a place of competing wars and machinations ever since. The Holy Order finds strong men and women to carry it, but as the True has not been heard from in millennia, it has lost much of its former power.

Attunement requires a blessing and devotion to serve the principles of the long extinct Sanction of the True. One need not be a cleric and may worship other deities or even other Great Powers, but so long as one pledges and holds to keep to honesty and deceive nobody, the Order may stay attuned. DMs are encouraged to recognize that, in this case, any use of the Deception ability counts as breaking the covenant.

SYSTEM

So long as the Holy Order is attuned, it acts as a +0 magic quarterstaff.

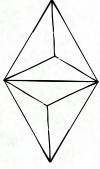
In addition, its real power lies in the divine grace that permeates it. While held, the staff grants the bearer an immunity to mind-altering spells and mind-altering magic done through verbal or auditory means.

A dragon's Frighten ability would still work, even though it might be a magical effect, as it is visual and presence based; a Charm command might simply auto-fail. One would be subject to an illusion of a bridge, but wouldn't be subject to an illusory voice talking and would simply know it isn't real. A fireball has a verbal component, but is not mind-altering magic, so the Order has no protection there.

One still hears things, but the lingering power of the True intervenes and what one hears is the utterances and underlying false sounds that reveal it as magic. Keep in mind, this would also make one immune to a colleague's Bardic Inspiration as much as their Dissonant Whispers. The DM should take some care in identifying whether a spell or monster effect is relying on mind-altering language or primarily on sound.

NOTES

IRRESISTIBLE WIND



To the outside observer, the gesture was small and uninteresting. The quiet man in the road only flicked his stick away while unshouldering his pack, just as the brigands demanded. His calm was infectious, and his manner deferential. There was all the concern and excitement of an old woman easing into a bath.

The stick, however, shot out impossibly quick and caught the leader across the throat, driving him back with incredible force and fury, the sounds of choking and gagging followed soon by a crack that sickened the few quick enough to notice anything had happened at all.

A day later, seven men were found dead in the road.

APPEARANCE

A primitive hewn rod of nearly petrified wood, as long as a human arm. The surface is weathered smooth, with bands of beaten copper around the ends.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 18, Arcane DC 21; Advantage for Nature Domain Clerics and anyone with the Outlander background

The Listeners of the Storm, a sect of penitents and ascetics in the windswept plains of the Western desert, spend their whole lives in quiet contemplation of what has never come—the fury of the storm, the rage of the Great Fathers of Wind. It is part of their mythos, of their folklore. Their cult has grown and shrunk in the centuries since its creation. They have gone through

periods of power and servitude. The only constancy in their entire system of belief being that the spirits of the wind and storm will one day come for them and the world—the gales without end, making a harsh tundra of everything.

The last time the Great Fathers blew was nearly three hundred years ago, when the Elemental Demigod of the West Wind himself came to destroy the mortal creatures that had spread throughout the world since It last awoke—a time before even the ancestors of the dwarvish, and they an old race, first left their caves and caverns. The ice age that followed gave birth to the lore that would one day inspire the Listeners.

And from their devotion to the spirits, and their wish for the coming apocalypse, their shamans created an artifact of destiny, a tribute to their strange gods.

Attunement requires bringing the rod into the domain of one of the West Wind's favored servants, blue dragons. Once within one mile of a blue dragon, the rod practically vibrates with life.

SYSTEM

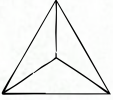
Once attuned, the wielder may spend 1 Inspiration point to throw the rod (20/40), at a creature no more than one size category larger or smaller than them using a ranged attack roll; a gust of wind flings the rod towards its target with great force. The hit does no damage, itself, but the struck creature may not move forward on their next turn—such is the force of the rod and wind. Their Perception is also disadvantaged due to the roaring of the harsh gale in their ears and the grit blasting their eyes.

The target may move backward freely—the rod, however, continues to press against them as they do. If they wish to move to one side or another, they must succeed in an Escape Artist check DC 15 find themselves again unable to disengage from the effects and unable to move. If they fail, the condition continues; on a success, the rod flies past them as they shuffle out of the way. Effects that would knock the target back do not disengage it from the rod's force.

Should they be backed up against a solid, heavy surface (walls, boulders, Huge objects, etc.), they take 1d6 bludgeoning damage for every turn they fight against the wind.

NOTES

LAMENT OF NAAMAH



As Raxaia took her first step toward the throngs of buzzing, salivating, angry things she could feel the tension in the air behind her. They were out-numbered ten or twelve to one, if not more. The twisted creatures of the deep chattered angrily at the group, their dead and pale eyes focused on nothing, but their keen hearing more than able to locate the intruders.

Broadways frowned, holding his shield before him, waiting for the tide to break and the things of the dark to swarm. He mouthed a prayer; the very act of piety made Raxaia uncomfortable. He barely tolerated her on the best days, and for her to bring her Partner's influence to bear here was almost too much for him. It was a fortunate thing he knew enough of the world to tolerate a good tool, even if it had a dark origin.

Each step she took seemed to buy them more time, the creatures flowed away and into the cracks and crevices of the cavern. Thirty more feet and maybe they could make the bridge before hell broke loose.

APPEARANCE

A lightly made staff resembling a skeletal leg, but twisted, warped, and elongated cruelly. The surface is charred on one side. Perception DC 17 notices there are faint screaming sounds that emanate from the staff when one's ear is close.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, Nature DC 22; Advantage for Fiendish Warlocks and anyone with the Hermit background

Naamah Warmaker. Naamah the Breaker of the Realms. Namaah of the Bright Lightning. The greater Fiend of Cacerat was old when the world was young and has been one of the principal antagonists of the Riders, the New Pantheon, and the Elder things beyond the stars. She is ancient and her plans reach far into the future. Four-thousand years ago she was

caged by the cultists and warlocks of the Blue King—an Arch-Fey gone drunk on power in the world of men—and from her prison in his ethereal tower, she called out a rage and sorrow across time. Those words found her first servant and partner.

Her name is lost, that warlock, as are the details of their dark pact. Upon being freed, however, Naamah fashioned a staff from the bones and sinew of the Blue King, and over the years it has passed from loyal servant to loyal servant.

Attunement requires a day and a night in the lands or domain of the fey—not easy to find and, once there, not easy to survive. This very act of hubris powers the staff and the bearer walks with Naamah’s terrible mein.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, so long as it is wielded visibly, the first round (even if surprise) of any creature with fewer maximum hp than the wielder’s current hp is spent in an existential dread they cannot avoid. Even resolute creatures, planning an ambush and seeing the wielder approach, would feel feel fine only until they tried to advance on the bearer.

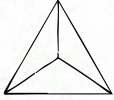
This dread disadvantages them on their first round of attacks, though once it passes they cannot be affected by it again.

The wielder may temporarily lower their own Charisma by 2 to continue this effect for another round, and may continue to do so each round until such a lowering would reduce them below Charisma 10.

These temporary Ability point losses return after a Short Rest.

NOTES

KEEPER OF RAVIN



"I've got ya'. I've got ya'. Breathe—in and out—that's it. And don't move. You don't want to know what that leg feels like when you try and move." Crawss cradled the young captain's head in one thick hand and put pressure on his chest with the other. All around them, the sounds of chaos and battle shrieked and clanked and screamed and groaned on.

Kwile was dying. Or had been. He wasn't sure. He remembered the blow, remembered the moment the world when bright and painful white and then dropped into pure quiet darkness. He remembered the smell of saffron and had no idea why.

And then, like being born, the fork-beaded savage was holding him and looking at him with soft eyes of concern. And he wasn't dead. And everything hurt. And he started crying, because he was afraid of dying here in the middle of nowhere fighting a war he had no interest or stake in. He sobbed, in anguish, he blubbered and lost control of all the worry and fear and anger.

And at the end, the dwarf patted him on the chest, like a mother burping a baby, "...right, then. Your service to the Throne is not yet done, brother. But we'll leave the last bit out when we catch up with the fella's later, eh?"

APPEARANCE

A large staff, nearly eight feet long, made of a sinuous wood too thick for a man's hand to close around. Three places along its length appear to be worn smooth as from years of handling.

ORIGIN

History DC 17, Arcane DC 21; Advantage for Monks and anyone with the Acolyte background

The Keeper of Ravin was the last promise of the Storm Giants of the Raging Eastern Gale to the dwarves of the Dominion when it was young. The then-growing empire, in service and worship to their dead god-king of Stone and Bone, sought to cleanse the world of the great abominations of the Gale. Their war against each other had lasted millennia, the battles regarded as folklore and epic clashes remembered in songs and poems told the night before battles in lesser, petty, modern conflicts. The Peace that was brokered between the Furious and the Protector was hammered into place with years of negotiation, then pinned with the Keeper.

The staff, itself, is almost comically large, far too large to be used as a conventional walking stick or staff.

Attunement to the Keeper requires the slow, chanted devotional to the God-King of Stone and Bone—the focus of the Dominion’s whole martial culture of conquest—in a combination of Giant and Dwarvish with a thick and aggressive

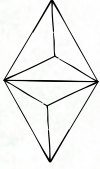
rhythm; those unfamiliar with either language will find it impossible to recite properly (Proficiencies or arcane assistance may be necessary). Part of the devotional is the promise to keep and protect one’s people. In ages past that meant whole kingdoms, today it means one.

SYSTEM

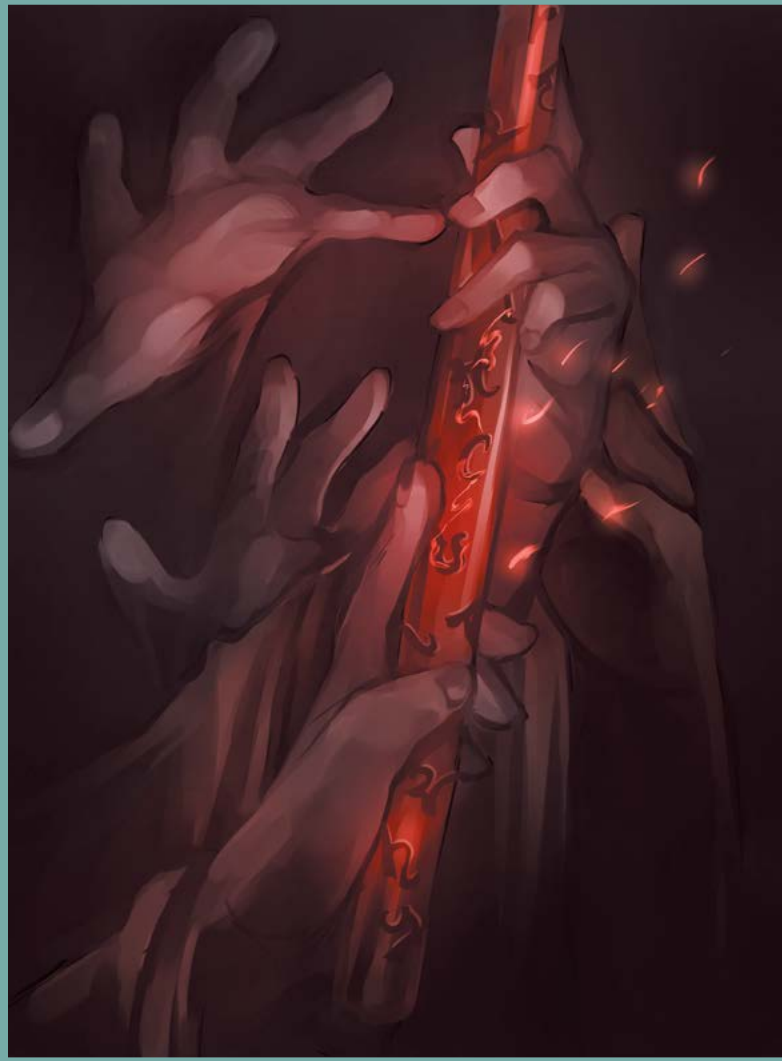
With Attunement, the wielder identifies one person they are now sworn to protect—it does not have to be a willing target. The wielder of the Keeper is now advantaged on all Ability checks made for the assistance, protection, or preservation of the target (from an Athletics check to carry them up a cliffside to a Persuasion check to convince them not to steal something that might risk their safety).

In addition, the wielder may make a Medicine check DC equal to the target’s CR or Character Level to bring them from 0 hp to 1 hp by using a Bonus Action. The Keeper counts as a +0 magic weapon, Two-Handed and Heavy, doing 2d6 Bludgeoning damage on a successful hit.

NOTES



KNOCKSTICK



Broadways shouted above the clatter and clanking of everyone's feet on the stone, his voice both powerful and laced with some worry.

"Raffi, how many?!?"

The halfling kept pace, barely, chest roaring and burning as he struggled with the exertion of racing along with the talls up the stairs of this gods-forsaken crypt. He stole a glance back, went pale, and wish he hadn't.

"Too many, boss!"

The six of them clawed their way up the stairs, slipping here and there on the wet stone. Meilla screamed an elvish curse Raffi didn't know as she nearly toppled over the side, having lost her footing for a moment.

Eight of the white, clear-eyed things were coming, and fast. They'd killed Braccus, a hired sword, in seconds with their fast and long knives. These

were no mindless zombies, these were knowing things. Skilled killers. Things that came out of graves with purpose, with cunning, with murder in their minds. Braccus had opened one up with a fierce swing, belly wide, and it only chuckled a foreign tongue and put two feet of thin bone sword into the half-orc's eye. Dead. And they were coming on fast.

Raffi pulled his trusty tripstick out of his pocket as they cleared the doorway at the top of the stair, juked to the side as the rest raced on across the courtyard, and got ready to give someone a tumble.

APPEARANCE

A short rod of copper, perfectly cylindrical and rounded at the ends, nearly two inches thick and eighteen inches long. The surface is covered in etched runes and sigils.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 13, History DC 18; Advantage for Thief Rogues and anyone with the Criminal background

Leave it to the underartisans of the Blackworks—an illegal “guild” of magical wonder-makers that cater exclusively to the thieves and assassins and smugglers in Greyghast—to mass produce an annoyance and encourage its use for profit. The Lesser Immovable Rod was an arcane project at the Scholam a dozen years ago, the hope being to assist the 1st Company with a more martial application, but the adept managing the research ended up skipping out on the academic work and took it to the more profitable (and less legal) organizations in the city.

The Lesser Immovable Rod quickly lost its formal name in light of the slang term its users gave it on the black market of magic items. The “Knockstick” is a 20 lb. shock of copper, and many of the symbols on its surface are completely pointless (on purpose, to confuse the finder).

Attunement requires tracing the appropriate runes—like a combination lock—with one’s finger. DMs are encouraged to make finding the right black-market adept or criminal organization its own side adventure; though the “combination” can be worked out over time for anyone with patience. It takes one week for someone of Intelligence 20, and an additional week for every 1 point lower, to play with the device long enough to work out the puzzle of it. Divination magics can reveal the combination, however, quickly enough.

SYSTEM

The only use for the Knockstick is to stay put and in place for a few seconds. The effect is very temporary. Activation of its power requires no more than a thought, with it is a split second

delay between activation and the power kicking in that makes it possible to toss the stick into the air a foot or two before it “locks.”

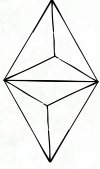
Using any type of action (Action, Bonus Action, or Reaction) one may “lock” the stick in place for 1d2 rounds (flip a coin: heads for one round, tails for two). It cannot be unlocked “early,” so if the result is two rounds it will fall to the floor as normal once the second round ends.

The most popular use, in the criminal community, for the Knockstick is to use a Reaction to toss the rod out and lock it while an opponent is in motion such that they will run face-first into it or trip. After a creature’s movement ends, should the bearer of the stick choose, they may spend their Reaction in response to a creature moving within 10 ft. of them to toss the Knockstick out into their path. The creature then must make a Dexterity Save DC equal to the number of feet they moved during their turn up until that point. This is done to gauge “how fast” and how distracted they might be as they were moving. On a success, they take 1 Bludgeoning damage for every 5 ft. of movement taken before running into the stick. On a failure, they take the damage and are tripped or knocked Prone.

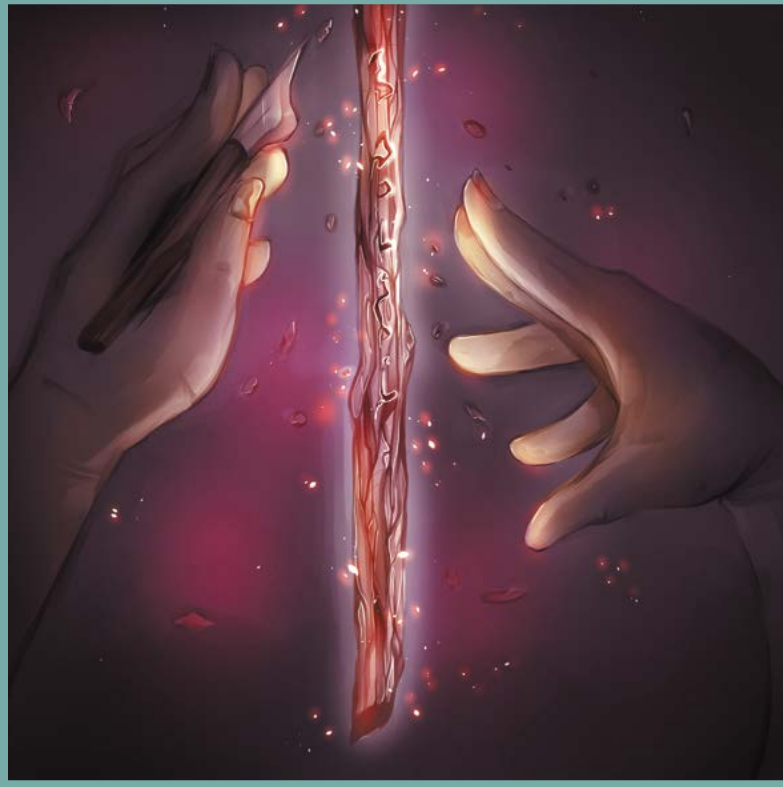
Large creatures are advantaged on this Save with respect to being knocked down and any creature bigger than that ignores that part of the fail condition. All still take the damage, though.

DMs are encouraged to explore other, more conventional, uses as with an Immovable Rod—understanding that the shorter duration of the stick’s power, and unpredictable duration, makes it extremely difficult to use for Climbing or other common activities.

NOTES



LIGNUM OF AEG



Every morning, without fail, Pensi wakes with the dawn. Neither before it breaks the horizon, nor after it has woken the great and many faces of the flowers and grasses and leaves and vines in its full calling rays. And every morning, also without fail, she takes out her mother's shorknife and crouches in her polite oilskin tent and inspects the familiar lettering and symbols on a handheld stick of verawood, smooth and straight and dark and blemishless. Where they are marred or faint, she delicately fixes them.

She made the mistake of answering Nalan, yesterday, when he asked why she took such care of it; she'd been tired

and had forgotten, for a moment, she was speaking with those who had never been Touched. She was halfway through explaining that there was a girl not yet born in the South, a girl whose parents are children today (5 and 3 years old). Parents who will grow up in the cult their parents had founded to a dark being. A cult that had already fouled the blood of a distant emperor. And that Pensi would need to be at the girl's birth on Ejaz Hill—a place she did not know where it was. It would be the only chance Pensi would have to-

Nalan stared, horrified. Pensi shook her head and made something up about giving gifts. And kneeling over the wand, this morning, she felt her uncertainties fade. As always. The ritual, its simplicity. It reminded her that the stakes have always been high. And they would always be high.

APPEARANCE

A one foot long shaft of glossy brown verawood, as thick as a pinky, the grain swirling and distinct.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 19, History DC 24; Advantage for Druids and anyone with the Hermit background

When the Last Valley was burned, only the verawood trees survived and they remembered the devastation. They remembered the monstrous things that caused it. It was there, from them,

that the first Wanderer forged the first Lignum (archaic Western tongue for “calling wand”).

Of them, the Aeg (meaning “protection” or “salvation”, pending the usage) still survives in the world.

Attunement requires the careful carving of the original symbols and runes of power the Lignum was crafted with. Anyone who has been touched by the world, as Druids have, can see the ghostly left-behind shades of where and what those runes were. Anyone else will require some significant Divination magic to reveal them, as the Aeg is old and far removed from even folklore. DMs are encouraged to use this as an opportunity to have the finder seek out any Druid or Diviner—which may be an adventure in and of itself.

SYSTEM

If the symbols are re-carved into the wood, the wand gains a number of charges equal to one’s Proficiency Bonus.

In response to a successful Attack (before damage is rolled) that the bearer can see coming, they may—with a Reaction—draw any unheld and natural wood, from up to 30 ft. away, in front of them as though shield. The force of the strange gravity that draws the wood is enough to move any individual pieces that weigh less than 25

lbs. (which may include most chairs, wooden handled tools, small barrels or crates, firewood, etc. but wouldn’t be enough for most tables or carts). The wooden flotsam flies in quickly enough to act as a buffer for the damage. These pieces cannot be drawn from objects carried or worn by others, nor anything secured down.

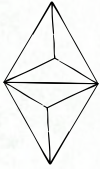
The DM should determine whether there is No natural wood in the area (in which case, there is nothing to block the attack), Some (a few things), or Sufficient (enough that the pieces could overlap and make a roughly 3 ft. by 3 ft. “shield”).

If there is Some debris, the hp of the impromptu shield is equal to one’s Proficiency Bonus. If there is Sufficient debris, the hp of the shield is equal to twice one’s Proficiency Bonus. Any damage in excess of the shield is applied to the bearer as normal. The remains of the debris are considered destroyed afterward and cannot be called upon again. The shield falls apart after the damage is resolved.

Should the attack be of purely natural means, however (claws, teeth, fists, anything that is a completely natural extension of the creature themselves and not a spell or spell-like ability), the shield carefully parts and refuses to block it at all.

NOTES

MANIKANTA'S STORM



Kudu did not like this place. Its ceilings looked like the broad arched cathedrals of the capital, the glass panes in the grand windows were pristine and showed hints of light and shadow on the other side of their multi-colored mosaics. The air inside smelled like summer breezes and fresh rain, but here—hundreds of feet underground, deep in the underdark—it was all false. Its perfection was all the more menacing for how strange it should be in this place.

He could hear them coming, creeping in the shadows of the great temple, in its corners and behind its walls. There were dozens. Too many, really. The rest of the group was tense and it would take very little for much to go wrong. It felt like a trap. Whoever made this shrine to the gods and goddesses of life and purity knew

their business—the tapestries were (or at least seemed to be) fresh calawan-grass woven mats. The food on the altar was (seemingly) fresh natural harvests, the basin full of clean water.

It was a worship of life, the pulse of the Green, but as Kudu heard the shuffling of small feet and the chattering of demonic voices, he grimly set himself to remind whoever was master here that the world begets life... but also, to the peril of the forgetful, brings death. He was the storm. He slipped the rod into his hand and embraced the gale.

APPEARANCE

A twenty inch long, carefully hewn, shaft of sandstone with small and regular chisel marks all about its surface like an intricate pattern of divots and depressions that are subtle against the fingers.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 17, Religion DC 23; Advantage for Druids and Way of the Four Elements Monks or anyone with the Sage background

The ruler of the distant and long-lost land of Manikanta, the Haja, carved her kingdom from the wastes and diaspora of the world. Where other queens and emperors fought for the greenest valleys and flowing rivers, she followed a more ascetic path and built her kingdom in the great desert where few bothered (much less dared) to challenge it. Her people suffered, she suffered... but through the power of her will, and her devotion to the lesser worshipped aspects of the Great Circle of the World, she settled a great city, The Jewel of Manikanta, and enjoyed peace and the contemplation of obscure aspects of her Druidic heritage. She and her caste ruled the Jewel until the rise of the Old Empire, and the Druids of the Waste were much feared until that time.

The Storm was the favored symbol of power of that line and were enchanted to last as long as the great desert itself. Even the most knowledgeable Adept at the Scholam (with extensive experience with magical items) would be shocked to learn how old the stone really is. They are unmatched in their endurance against the weight of time.

Attunement to the rod requires communion with the creatures, with the deities, of the harsh wastelands of the raw desert while surviving its rigors. The bearer must spend one week with no food and no water, and may only take such sustenance as is given (unasked for) by a great being. A god may bring water to the lips of their priest in need, but the priest may not ask for it. A far wanderer may be brought food by the creatures of the wild, but may not direct them to hunt. Placing one's faith in the powers of the world is risky, but this is how the Stormbearers proved their worth.

DMs are encouraged to make such a journey and meditation truly challenging. Even a few days without food should reduce most characters to at least one or two Exhaustion. A full week should bring them very close to death—barring external intervention. Water is both the biggest threat (a few days without could be lethal) and

the easiest miracle (rain). However the week plays out, their journey out of the wastelands is likely to be made with at least 4 or 5 Exhaustion, and possible short- or medium-term Madness.

SYSTEM

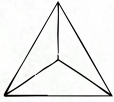
Once attuned, the rod acts as though a small club (+0 magical weapon, 1d6 bludgeoning damage, doing maximum damage versus constructs) and allows the user to spend an Action to embrace the storm.

Embracing the Storm is giving one's self over to the deep and earthy magic that the Stormbearers used to commune with their destiny in the universe. Doing so causes the bearer to turn and spiral into a small sandstorm (5 ft.) for a minimum number of rounds equal to their Proficiency Bonus.

While in this form, they may move through other creature's spaces without penalty, bringing the wind and sand and fury of the wild with them. Any creature one passes over entirely must pass a Constitution Save with a DC equal to the number of feet the bearer traveled in a straight line before entering that space (the total resetting after occupying any other creature's space). So, by example, if one moves 20 ft. and then into a creature's space, the DC is 20. If one moves 10 ft. then into a creature's space; then another 10 ft. and into another creature's space, each would have a DC of 10 (count the square you move into as part of the distance).

On a failure the engulfed creature takes 1d4 damage and is Blinded until the start of their next turn. On a success, the bearer may choose either the damage or the Blinded Condition, but not both, to apply. While "storming" the bearer is Resistant to non-magical damage. Upon coming out of a storm, the bearer gains 1 Exhaustion until they drink at least half a skin of water, as they feel dehydrated much like their time in the Wasteland. This effect is cumulative, should they "storm" multiple times before drinking.

PASSTAFF OF THE WANDERING BROTHER



His feet were hardened leather, dark from years of sun and road. The sands of Eastern desert were hot for most feet, even through shoes, but he barely felt it anymore. The tundra of the North was cold for most, but he did not note it. The rocks of the Western peaks were hard and sharp and offered him no trouble. The marshes of the far continent were harsh and teeming, but nevertheless he passed through them without issue.

Through it all, the old man passed. He passed the towns and the people and the hopeful and the foolish. He walked from one sunset to another and then another. He saw the great cities of the world, he saw the cursed ruins in the corners. He walked. And his stick propped him up over the years and miles and decades and leagues.

He was old, true, but healthy and wiry. Clear eyed and not yet done with this life. Destiny and the gods, always another people behind the next rise.

APPEARANCE

A five foot long stick, twice as thick as a man's thumb, with a bend or crook in the upper third of the length.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 13; Arcane DC 17, Advantage for Monks and Knowledge Domain Clerics or anyone with the Outlander background

Of all the places beyond this world, the Fifth Heaven is the sole pocket of calm amidst the chaos and determination that consumes the rest of the cosmos and all the worlds. Grudges between deities vanish there, hatred and malice cannot enter, and the white sun that shines

down on those who come to walk its fields and forests and gardens brings a quiet bliss.

The Gardener, a proto-Elemental that took no part in the great wars for Creation, settled the heaven and protected it from the horrors that came during the First Age and with a watchful eye they sought (and seek still) to bring the gentle harmony of their realm to the mortal worlds—all of them.

The Passtaff came from a tree planted in the dark and rich soil of the Fifth Heaven, during a period of reflection when the gods and goddesses mused on the wonders of life. It was placed carefully and with great care into the path of a wandering monk and has touched nearly everyplace mortals go ever since.

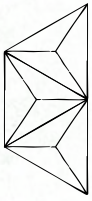
Attunement requires a journey between two cities, and afterwards the staff opens itself to its bearer.

SYSTEM

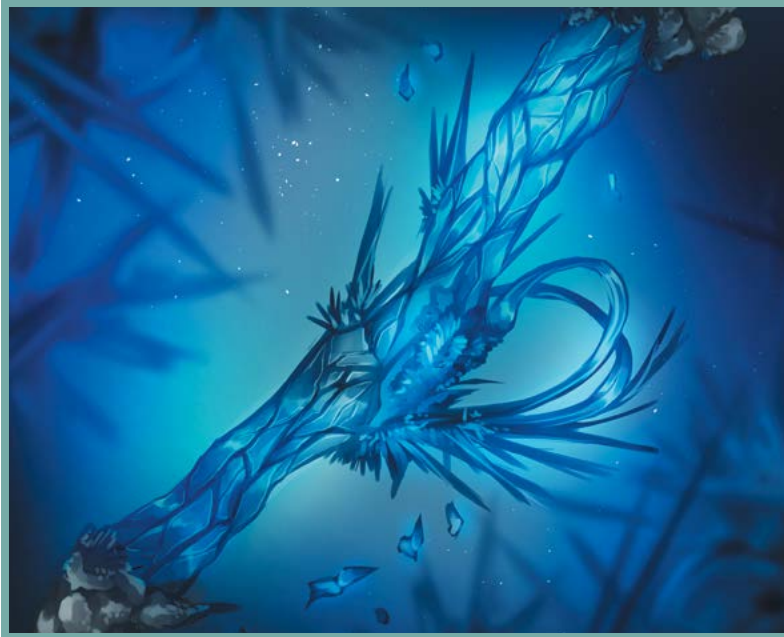
First, it serves as a +0 magic staff. Second, so long as it is in hand, one does not suffer Exhaustion or fatigue from unassisted travel (walking, running), and is advantaged in Saves against Disease and Poison (natural ones). Third, so long as the bearer rests next to it, they need not sleep at all to gain the benefits of a Full Rest, though sitting and doing nothing strenuous is still necessary for this benefit, and time spent in this relaxed and calm state may still be equal to the time necessary for a Full Rest.

In order to keep attunement to the Passtaff, it must be carried to a new population center each month or it forever loses its properties for that individual (though not for new ones) after. These places may be big or small, so long as they are new.

NOTES



ROD OF DIVINE FAVOR



There was, truly, nothing left. No other option. No other way.

They were going to die (certainly) when this ship went down; Sophia knew it. The storm threw them from fore to aft, the saltwater flooded their nostrils and drenched them again and again as the waves crashed high over the deck.

There had not been sight of land for weeks. There was no special luck to save them. And, heaven help her, her goddess has quieted and silenced herself to Sophia's pleas and demands.

Mysterious ways.

It wasn't just herself she worried for, but the rest—those who had travelled so far and had only begun to see the more righteous path.

She held fast to the borline and, though the wet rope was thick and coarse, it offered her an anchor in the great swaying of the ship. If the Lightbearer could not hear her here, she thought as she pulled the heavy slipsteel rod from her pack, she would know who else might be listening.

APPEARANCE

A two foot long scepter made of a crystal, capped on each end with crude and irregularly shaped iron.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 17, Arcane DC 23; Advantage to Knowledge Domain Clerics and anyone with the Sage background

In the Times before, when the world was a mass of conflicting principles and dissonant assertions in dialogue, discourse, and dissent amongst the Great Being—all finding their purpose and projecting it on the malleable clay of the Expanse—there were wars unlike anything mortals have ever seen. Whole dimensions, physical and distinctly not, winked into and out of existence. What form there was changed from moment to moment, expressing the tides of battle in abstract ways.

And when it settled, when the harmonies and thoughtforms and violent unmakings ended, the remaining powers came together and made a pledge. Evil and good, order and chaos, elemental fury and philosophical demand, purpose and conservation, deities and patrons and things even stranger... they all agreed that their conflicts must always be kept above the realm of mortals, lest they ruin what was left of the universe they all fought over. Even the losers of this War for Creation abided the terms; plotting and planning a coup from beyond the world only made sense if there was a world one day to conquer.

That accord was written on the shifting substance of the Mountain of Creation (not a physical place, but a deep metaphysical foundation as old as the planes themselves), a sliver of which, chiseled from its enormous face in the scribing of the deal, fell into the world.

Devotees of one of the most powerful of the marginalized and fallen Great Beings—the Elemental Superna of Iron, who was cast out by the deities that won the Creation War and fled to the planes he had come from—found the shard and crafted it into a rod meant to carry the pledge and check the power of the gods themselves. The rod passed from devout follower to devout follower, but, as mortals do, they eventually forgot their worship and tore their own cult to ruins with in-fighting and time.

There are no more followers of the Superna in the world, and he long ago gave up on this world for the domination of others, but the rod still contains a fraction of his power and still holds a piece of the compact in itself.

Attunement requires learning the induction ritual of the cult to the Elemental God of Iron. One need not perform it, only learn it in full, in order for the Rod to be properly attuned. DMs are encouraged to consider the difficulty in finding a lost ritual of a lost cult.

SYSTEM

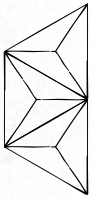
Once attuned, the Rod allows the bearer to seek favors from the Great Powers that signed the compact of creation. Some are gone, having been replaced by other Gods or creatures. Some are new, having taken their place as a Great Power either in this world as a god or goddess or in the spaces just beyond it as a Patron. Some are smaller and less powerful, while some are far older and more devastatingly capable.

The wielder may use an Action to call upon a special form of the Cleric ability “Divine Intervention.” Instead of contacting one’s own god or goddess, however, the Rod makes the request of any of the Great Powers of the world or beyond. First, the wielder should roll 1d20 to determine if anyone responds. If they roll equal to or under their character level, something hears them and the wielder should roll 1d10 and consult the table to see which kind of power responds. If they roll over their character level, then nothing happens and the Rod cannot be used to call for intervention again that day.

1D10	DESCRIPTION
1	Great Old One
2	Arch-Fey
3	Fiend
4	Chaotic Evil deity
5	Neutral Evil deity
6	Lawful Evil deity
7	Lawful Good deity
8	Neutral Good deity
9	Chaotic Good deity
10	Supernal Elemental being

The specific Power that comes is up to the DM. What they want or need in order to help is also up to the DM, but they act in accordance with their nature; a Chaotic Evil goddess that hears the call is open to helping, maybe because the party or wielder will suit her purposes later, and may destroy the creature plaguing the party or simply teleport the party to some remote and barren wasteland. A Lawful Good goddess is likely to be helpful, but could very well strip the party’s Rogue of anything they’ve ever stolen and return them in an instant to wherever they came from—she might bind the wielder to an oath of service. Patrons have their own schemes and DMs are encouraged to consider what kind of transaction would make sense to them, what sort of geas or pact might they ask of the wielder for help. Elementals have few petty wants and desires, and the greatest—the Supernals of their race—care even less for material things or promises, but they are jealous and have enemies. They may want the wielder to forswear a god or goddess or accomplish some task that may put them at odds with a deity or a Patron.

The only condition is that the called Power both can and will intervene, the extent to which it’s completely or partially useful, costs little or much, is up to the DM.



PATTERN OF ETERNITY



“I knew what I was. I think I always knew, in some way, Daxa. I can remember the dreams I had when I used to dream. I can remember the visions from the greater World, and the flashes of Truth warned me over and over that to Be—to really and truly Be—I would have to touch that state.”

“I fought it, the temptation to Be. That gave way to curiosity and the ever-present drive and desire to try. It is in us, those that can feel and hear the currents of the River, to want to join it. Do you know that feeling, when standing on a ledge far above something? That feeling of urge and want? As though something deeper than

yourself is reminding you that all you are is the fall and an almost overpowering urge to leap? That’s the feeling, except it is bolder and more true and more right than anything.”

“I don’t regret the leap, Daxa. I love Being. I don’t really miss much of what I was before. I don’t think or dwell on it. That is love. Sometimes, though, when all is quiet and still, I try to remember the taste of a wine I had in the Winter of ’24. More and more, I seem to forget it. All I recall now is that it tasted like blueberries. I think... I think I liked blueberries.”

APPEARANCE

A wand of irregular and brilliantly shining white crystals. Perception DC 18 notices that the sound of waves can be heard when near it.

ORIGIN

History DC 14, Religion DC 20; Advantage for Knowledge Domain Clerics and anyone with the Criminal background

During the Purge, the destruction of magic and persecution of those that could manifest it in the time of the Exile Kings, one cabal of

sorcerers came together under the protection of the priests and priestesses of the temple of the God of Order and Civilization—they meant to secret the arcane-blooded away from the horrors taking place nightly. The faithful had saved dozens, and that particular evening was to be no different. The few men and women hidden beneath their floorboards stayed quiet, as soldiers and constables ransacked the temple (within the bounds of dignity) and left to harass others that might be hiding enemies of the state.

At least, that was the plan.

But chance or fate or accident intervened, and instead of vanishing into the night as they had always done, the soldiers suspected foul play. They encircled the temple, calling for the faithful to send out the criminals. The priests and priestesses gave the only thing they had to give: their lives and their prayers that perhaps their god may save these innocents. And, in their sacrifice, salvation came. The Great Builder reached into the mighty river of magic that flows through the world, and drew forth a small piece of the riverbed. Placing it within the temple, manifesting it amongst the sorcerers in hiding, he gave them a chance to escape the fires that awaited them above.

Attunement to the Pattern requires saving the life of an arcane caster. It is an act done to respect an old god, and cannot be done falsely.

SYSTEM

The attuned wielder often dreams of what they may Become, there being no one clear certain version... the comfort of this allows the wielder of the Pattern to remove 2 exhaustion with a long rest instead of the normal 1. The wielder is also granted a number of Artifact Points equal to their Proficiency Bonus. These points can be used to become an object, body and mind and soul, congruent with the a pattern the heavens intended for them—whatever that may be.

The wielder must choose a simple object to turn into: anything that is no larger than their original form, without moving parts, and mundane (a weapon, armor, a tool, clothing, jewelry, a book, etc.). Spending an Action and an Artifact Point, they may turn into a perfectly mundane version of that object. Changing back requires another Action and another point. Each additional point spent beyond the first may draw more arcane power from the great river into their new form.

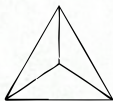
For one additional point the object may offer either a +1 magical bonus (in the case of weapons or armor), a Resistance, or advantage in the normal use of it (in the case of tools or other gear). DMs are encouraged to consider Common and Uncommon bonuses granted to other magic items for inspiration.

For two additional points the object may grant an Invulnerability, or the use of a low level spell with no charges or spell slots needed (no higher than 2nd level). DMs are encouraged to consider Rare bonuses granted to other magic items.

For four additional points, DMs should allow the wielder to turn into a Legendary version of that object.

Should the wielder not have enough Artifact Points to return to normal, the wand unattunes and they may not return to their mortal form.

NOTES



SHANHIGHTER



"This one, oh... oh, yes. Eleven inches long, made of silbite wood—hearty stuff—with a bindlemoat core. A fine crafted piece of magic, would you care to try it?"

"What?"

"The wand, sir, would you care to try it? Test its balance?"

"Why would I need to test its balance?"

"Wands are like people, sir; they have their own moods and temperament. They are drawn to certai—"

"It's a device, wandwright, not a shoe or a horse. What does it do?"

"I'm sorry?"

"What. Does. It. Do?"

"Do? Well... you mean to say, by itself?"

"Yeah."

"Oh... well... not much of anything, I'm afraid. It actually, I suppose, can be instrumental in the undoing of minor effects."

"...as in? Undoing a curse?"

"Um... much more... er, modest effects, sir. But, I could tell you more about the length..."

APPEARANCE

A wand of brass, precisely cut with strong angles giving it an almost machine-like appearance.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 14, History DC 18; Advantage to Abjuration School Wizards and Arcane Trickster Rogues or anyone with the Sage background

Shanhighlighter is an old wand, made for an unknown purpose some four hundred years ago by the artificers in what are now the fallen and ruined free cities of the East. Though the hunt

for artifacts lost in the world is a lively business, especially here in Greyghast, the Shanhighlighter is on very few treasure hunters' radar. Likely used, primarily, as a tool in the hands of arcane crafters to defuse or strip minor properties from their creations during the testing phases, it has never been associated with any stories of folklore or adventurous valor.

Attunement requires the creation of a magical item, no matter how common, but done flawlessly. The tools of those old artificers recognize only skill.

SYSTEM

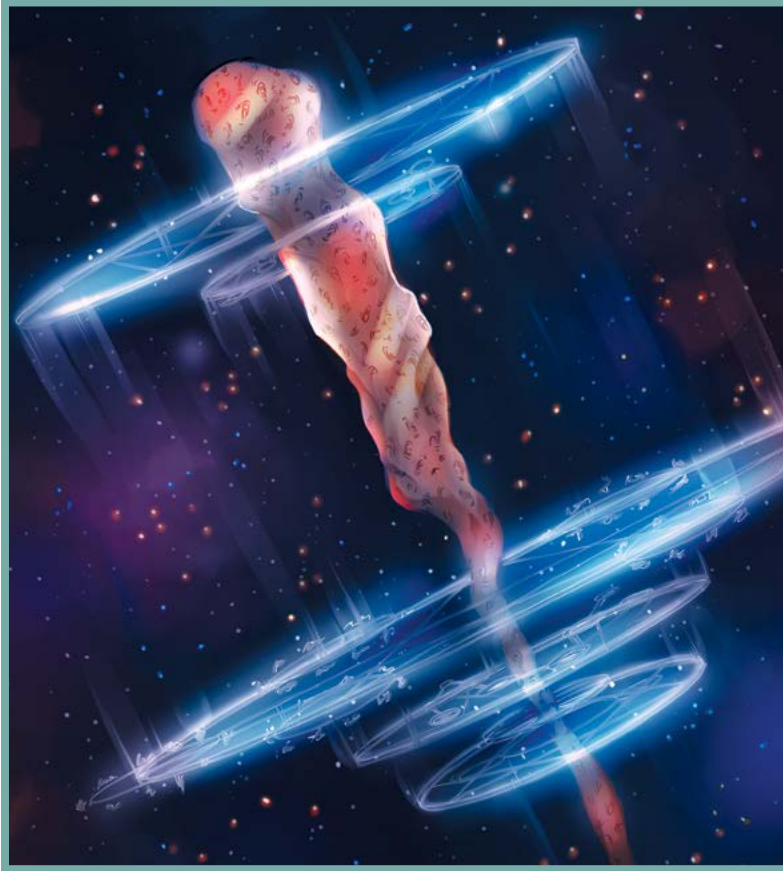
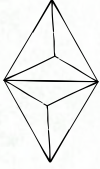
Shanhighlighter serves as an arcane focus so long as it's held in one hand and, with a Reaction, may be used to conjure a Counterspell a number of times per day equal to the wandbearer's Constitution modifier—but only for cantrips or spells cast from magical items.

DMs should note that not all magical effects from magical items are spells, Shanhighlighter only allows for the countering of named spells.



NOTES

SOLACE OF CONTINUUM



The hob soldier put two feet of strong Dekar steel through Belladonna's head and—as he saw her body fall to the ground and the soldier move fluidly past and into the next melee on the hill—Sir Broadways felt anger, horror, fear, and panic wash over him.

The magus had been endlessly cryptic and strange, but she'd saved his life a dozen times. To die so quickly, so damn meaninglessly...? Broadways shoved his opponent off of his shield, opened the creature's throat in a brutal and efficient backswing, and charged up the slope to the bastard who killed Bell.

As the large man crashed into the yellow-skinned warrior, roaring his rage and frustration over the sound of armor scraping

and groaning. As Broadways held him down in the mud, screaming his curses and raising his shield to bring the rim down into the shocked face looking up. As the moment hung. As the battle raged on...

The hob put his hands up in front of his face, laying on his back under the hulking golden-armored man and said, in a choked and gutturally uncertain voice, "Brodie— Brodie, it's ok. Just— It's me. Help me get to my body."

APPEARANCE

A gentleman's hraesh: a cane too short to be a walking stick, carried for decorative purposes. The shaft is a gleaming copper, as thick as a wrist towards one end and as thin as a pinky finger at the other. Perception DC 16 notices that there are subtle faces reflected in the surface, of strange people that are not present.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 17, Arcane DC 22; Advantage for Wizards and anyone with the Noble background

Warrick von Craed, one of the foremost arcanalogists of the Free Cities, was part of the original founding of Greyghast's Scholam—a place of arcane research and experimentation. His focus, in his early years, was in the laws and principles that exist in the upper cosmos for surviving death.

Necromancy having been long banned in the better cities of the east, his studies were mostly theological in nature. His work amongst the devout of the Goddess of Eternity and the muses of Fate were well documented in surveys he completed for various colleges all along the coast. Some of that work still exists today.

Given his noble upbringing, and considerable fortune, he was able to bring together artificers and mages from half a dozen nations with expertise in the movements of a soul after it has departed the body. Upon their mastery of some of the very basic principles of spiritual resonance, they created the Solace. The work was commissioned by von Craed and took the better part of a year.

There are few modern artifacts, things created in the last century or so, but the Solace is one of those shining examples of careful and lasting brilliance.

Attunement requires having an out of body experience. Any form of astral projection, being inside the mind of another, or even frequent use of remote seeing all train the soul to understand and better know how to move free from the body. DMs are encouraged to see even low levels spells as ways to practice being “out of body” for this purpose.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the rod allows the wielder to leave their body, at the moment they begin dying, and inhabit another.

After any attack that reduces the wielder below 0 hp, the wielder’s spirit is transferred

immediately to the body of the creature that attacked them. At the start of the wielder’s next turn, their body still rolls a Death Save as normal, but their spirit may attempt to take actions with the body of the creature they inhabit.

To take a turn with the inhabited creature’s body, the wielder must take an Action and make a contested Charisma check. If they succeed, they may take a Bonus Action or Movement with the body, and if they succeed by a margin of 10 or greater they may take both a Bonus Action and Movement with the body. The wielder’s spirit is not considered proficient, however, with the body of the creature and all ability checks (except the contest of Charisma against the creature), all Saves, and all attacks are made with disadvantage. The creature is aware of the presence of another spirit inside of their body (even if they cannot explain that feeling), and are aware of who it is.

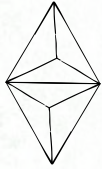
This form of possession does not impart telepathy, or any mind-reading abilities, and is instead a struggle for dominance every moment.

The creature still gets to take their own turn as normal, and dispelling the magic on their body can remove the wielder’s spirit from them and force it back to the wielder’s own body.

If the wielder’s body dies, their spirit releases into the whatever afterlife awaits it and the creature is free of them. If the wielder’s body stabilizes at 0 hp and they remain unconscious, they may stay in the creature’s body indefinitely, but if the wielder gains 1 hp their spirit returns immediately.

The Rod only imparts this ability once per day.

NOTES



STAFF OF PRIMORDIAL WINDS



Like something out of a fairy tale, Warlord ir'Brecht—the Calamity, the Leveler, the Twice-Revived—stormed across the broad courtyard. The city had fallen, the walls breached by his engines of war, and now the last of the King's Own stood silent in the waning light ready to meet their death on their feet and refusing to give an inch of ground past the plaza.

But, stalwart though they were, the Calamity came. A heavy boot. Another. A relentless march, by himself, that knocked aside the guards who still thought they had a chance. Beneath the dark grey plate, a low laugh and growl frightened back the rest. A stride

became a trot, then a run, and then a wild sprint—the King's Own holding, grimacing at their coming doom.

And like the unseen hand of God himself, the Warlord's pace was broken and interrupted and his hunched strain against the facing wind that appeared from nowhere caused him to scream out in rage. He attempted a step, but nothing. Mere feet from the line of soldiers, and with a hateful scream, the giant was halted and found he could go no further.

APPEARANCE

A solid, pale sweetwood walking stick roughly four feet high with several subtle swells along its shaft. Perception DC 15 notices the whole staff vibrates when the wind picks up.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 15, Arcane DC 21; Advantage for Druids and anyone with the Sailor background

When the far Wanderers and the wild talkers first came to this world, it was overrun with

the great creatures of Creation. Rock giants, typhoon braels, the ground-breakers, the grasping jungles. They tamed all these spirits, and those they couldn't they bound.

The Staff of Primordial Winds vibrates with the forgotten gale-lords that were bound to it. Attunement requires speaking the names of all the ancient dark winds and gales that plagued the world in the time forgotten.

Recalling them requires a disadvantaged Knowledge Nature DC 20 (failure means one

cannot ever recall them on one's own again, a gap in one's knowledge). If using a library, or researching them in a place of old scholarship, one may attempt the check normally (not disadvantaged). If a Druid asks the living winds, themselves, for the names they share what they know freely with no check at all.

SYSTEM

The staff counts as a +0 magic improvised weapon that does Bludgeoning damage, not being particularly balanced for combat or designed for striking things with.

Once attuned, so long as the staff is held with both hands (requiring Concentration), one may use their Bonus Action to command one of the hateful gales in the staff to attack a creature. The staffbearer's Proficiency Bonus determines the size of the gale one may call upon and control (one can call any equal to or lower than one's Proficiency Bonus):

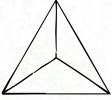
BONUS	WIND	SIZE	DC
+2	Spiteful Whiff	Small	10
+3	Hateful Breeze	Medium	12
+4	Dire Gust	Large	14
+5	Baleful Gale	Huge	16
+6	Vengeful Cyclone	Gargantuan	18

The wind flows out from and around the staff, and initiates a Grapple with all creatures in the area you designate (max range is 60 ft.). Targets get to resist with Athletics or Acrobatics as normal against the appropriate size DC. Once a target succeeds against the DC, they are immune to the effects for a day afterward. Maintaining the Grapple requires Concentration. Targets larger than the wind trying to grapple them auto-succeed on their opposed check.

One may call only one wind at a time. All winds return to the staff when not called upon. A target that breaks the grapple of one wind is not considered immune to a new wind (a genuinely different wind, not the same one). The winds are cruel and old powers and, while bound to this particular service, they are not otherwise obedient or friendly. Any ranged attacks "through" or "into" one of them will be done either as normal or with disadvantage based on their own whim (DMs are encouraged to keep this truly chaotic; the wind may let an enemy shoot a firebolt through it to hit the staffbearer and mess with an arrow shot by the staffbearer's ally trying to hit a grappled target, or the reverse. They are fickle).

NOTES

WAND OF THE SKY



Broadways and Teller looked at each other grimly—this would be no picnic. Hunched in the darkness, four-hundred yards from the castle wall, it seemed impossible.

“Too much open ground, Brodie” the barbarian whispered. She’d taken on poor odds before, and her people were well-known for their lack of caution in the face of them, but there’s a difference between bold and foolish. And a near quarter-mile of flat and clear ground with muskets on the walls? That was suicide. Even if they could manage to not be seen, the ground was a frost and snow crusted expanse. The noise alone would give them away.

“Not enough cover” the old paladin grimaced to himself softly. There was no choice: live or die, this wa—

“Cover? Do you need cover?” the piping voice of their gnomish companion broke the grave quiet. Both Teller and Broadways slumped a bit in their crouch. It’d work, they knew, and the tinkerer had been looking for a reason to use the thing for weeks...

APPEARANCE

A long switch of willow, green and pliable. Perception DC 15 notices it smells like it was freshly cut.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 17, Arcane DC 21; Advantage for Druids and Arch-Fey Warlocks or anyone with the Folk Hero background

The old wars in the kingdoms of fey, between those who would remake the wild into their toys and those who would save it such perversion,

are long gone. But, the weapons they made and wielded still exist in the old places. The City of Bright Sky, under the benign rule of the Sunlit King, invaded the city-states in the far South for centuries.

Every generation, the fey would come with brilliant light and ornate garb to make a campaign of terror and blood in the streets. After nearly two hundred years of fighting them, waiting in fear of them coming, attempts and failures to stop them, it was a lone Druid who offered a terrible salvation.

When the dukes and magisters all agreed to let her fight the fey back, the next time they were to come, and to promise to respect that which she had to do, she stayed and built a small hut on a hill. The lady of the hill lived for thirty years, hardly leaving her little house except for food or water. The people that lived in nearby villages regarded her as strange and eventually, even those in power started to doubt the wisdom of letting this bizarre woman stand sentry with their promises of support.

And when the fey came back, and the Sunlit King marched his beautiful armies again, the lady of the hill called the storms and the rains. The flood washed away and drowned half the fey in three days of deluge, the King never returned. Four whole villages washed away, hundreds of people died.

When the sun returned, the great dukes and magisters assembled to revenge themselves on the lady, but found only her hut and some of her effects. Salvation at a cost.

When brought to bear in the world, the Wand of Sky wields the truly awesome effect of bringing the rains and clearing the blue above. Attunement to the wand requires a rest under the open

sky for a full eight hours. This must be done with nothing (clothes included) between the individual and the high open skies.

SYSTEM

At nearly two feet long it is difficult to handle and stow easily, doing so takes a Bonus Action to properly retrieve or tuck it away without damaging it.

Once attuned, the wand begins with 1+1d4 charges each day (it changes day-to-day). Any given time of day is either cloudless, typical, overcast, raining, or torrential (note this does not account for wind or thunder or lightening, only precipitation). The wandbearer may use one charge (as an Action) to move the condition of the sky one direction either way.

As an example, it would take four Actions and four charges to turn a cloudless day into a torrential downpour or vice-versa. The change in precipitation lasts for one minute and the weather returns to normal.

Lighter and heavier rains may have adverse effects on Perception, travel, or other elements at DM discretion.

NOTES

CHAPTER TWELVE

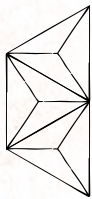
WEAPONS

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NOTES

BLAQUE RIDER



The world was silent, a slow motion thudding of blood and smoke.

The creature was getting away, its wings beating a storm down the tower and across the plaza. Rizik squinted against the dusty gale, bow cocked, whispering to the Grandfather of Knives that his shot find its way.

As the verdant beast pounded up into the sky, hurt and angry, seething and wounded, Rizik could make out the ragged and burned gash in its flank from the sorcerer's bolt. He pulled back hard, near enough to worry that the string or bend might break and this would all be for nothing...

that Mira, laying torn and bloody in the grass, gone and growing cold... that it would all amount to folly and nothing more.

But, from the corner of his eye, he saw Himlaf—drained as he was from his magical assault—pull the Rider free and, in a great overhand throw that threw him off-balance and tumbling to his knees, send the dart flying at Rizik's profile. The ranger winced at the coming pain, and smiled.

APPEARANCE

A finely-tooled throwing dart with a strange, alien pattern of straight lines intersecting all around its surface. The body is a dark and smokey metal with a tip of sharply chiseled white marble.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 20; Religion DC 24; Advantage for College of Lore Bards and anyone with the Sailor background

The earliest stories of the Blaque Rider are from the people of the eastern shores. There, sailors and fisherfolk still tell tales of the things that

come from the deep. These are mostly folklore, the stories that the old tell the young to make them behave: "be good, young'un, or the shlothgowaits will come from the sea and take you away to their murky kingdom beneath the waves."

While the villages along those shores all have their tales, and the details vary as wildly as the tellers' imaginations, the seeds of those stories are all the same. Long ago, longer than anyone's grandfather or great-great-great-great forbear ever lived, back when the world was young and filled with more dark places and unknown lands than now, a star fell to the sea—burning

straight through a thousand feet of water and slamming into the floor in an instant.

The impact caused the mountains to tremble and brought things from below up to the surface, waking ancient horrors that had been asleep since the most primordial times. For a thousand years, or more, great things would climb from the sea—giant creatures that screamed unknown languages and looked like the nightmares of children. Villages were swept away by their great tentacles, people melted to rotting slime with their breath.

One faithful servant of one of the gods of the seas—for back then there were many, because the seas were vast and mortals few—stole a ship called the Avinash and made her way to the place the old people said the star had fallen ages ago. She sailed for one hundred days and nights—around and around, searching for the site through divine augury and visions in her dreams—until one day her god gently parted the waters and her ship eased around and around the empty column in the middle of the ocean. And on the floor, now laid bare and open, the stories say she found the ruins of a castle of bizarre stone. And inside that castle, she found equally bizarre artifacts of power.

The Rider was one. Laying amongst thousands of dead creatures, hidden away in a ruin, a thousand feet beneath the waves.

Attunement requires casting one's thoughts to the Rider. This can be done by targeting it with a spell that allows for any form of telepathy or message sending to a creature, targeting it with Psychic damage, or a number of weeks of careful meditation and practice (an hour a day) equal to 20 minus the would be owner's Intelligence Score.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Rider counts as a +1 magic dart. With an Action, the owner may make an attack that transfers some of their vitality and power into another: pouring their own life's essence into the connection with the target, to

bolster the target's own ability. The owner may use the Rider as a weapon only, if they wish, as the decision to use its deeper power is completely voluntary.

If calling on the Rider to transfer power, the owner must decide—before rolling to hit—which Ability Score will be affected (Strength, Intelligence, Charisma, etc.). Once that is decided, and the attack made, a successful hit allows the owner to roll 3d6: the result is the number of points of that Ability that are temporarily transferred to the target. Note that if the target is made aware of the attack and willing to be hit, the attack is advantaged. If unaware or otherwise avoiding it, the attack is made as normal.

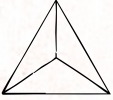
For example: if Strength is selected and the owner rolls a 6, then the target adds 6 to their Strength and the owner deducts 6 from theirs. Modifiers and anything based on the Ability change accordingly and in an instant.

The transfer lasts until the start of the owner's next turn. The owner may opt to extend the duration by rolling an additional 1d6 with the 3d6 rolled to determine the number of points to transfer (so, if rolling 4d6 to determine how many to transfer, the effect will last for 2 turns, but if rolling 5d6, it will last for 3 turns, etc.). The owner may only roll a number of extra d6s less than or equal to half of their Proficiency Bonus (if the Proficiency Bonus is +2 they can only roll 1 extra, and if +4 then they may roll 2 extra, etc.).

If the number rolled exceeds the Ability Score points of the owner (a result of 15 when the owner's Ability Score is only 14), then it only transfers up to what the owner has (14) and the remainder is lost.

Should the owner's Ability Score be reduced to 0, they fall Unconscious. They cannot regain consciousness until their Score is no longer 0. Upon regaining consciousness from this experience, the owner gains 1 Exhaustion.

BLEEDER



Poke.

The fight started fiercely and all the money was on Brate to win. Four hundred pounds of angry, thick-browed, hornet-mad half-giant versus one bold-talking halfling. Both stripped to the waist. One weapon each. No funny business. First to toss in or die, loses. That's the rules at Pann's Delve—at least, them's the rules in the basement where the low brawls and cheap fights go down. It only paid 5 to 7, but all the smart money was on Brate.

Poke.

Not because he was bigger or even had a great record (in truth, he was known to be a glass-jawed wanker), but the huge brawler had put on a pair of leather gloves wrapped in shards and spikes and wire and glass which looked for all the world like the enormous hands of a vengeful titan... the halfling, however, brought a knife more suited to breakfast than a battle.

Poke.

The little bastard just kept darting in and touching the big one with that knife. Lightly. Again. And Again. And again.

And after five sweaty minutes, Brate went to a knee. Poke.

And then both knees. Poke.

And laid down and waved a hand, slack-jawed and panting while the halfling climbed on top of him—standing arrogantly atop the bloody, pained brute—unlaced his breeches and peed in the direction of an angry and slightly less wealthy crowd.

APPEARANCE

A small knife, only a few inches long and made of a strange brass-like metal with a wrapped leather hilt.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, History DC 25; Advantage for Warlocks and anyone with the Acolyte background

The Bleeder is a vile thing. It's origins are dark, hellish: a cataclysm, the fall of a nation, the death of a god, the birth of a horror, the destruction of a whole world and the eternal screams of its people. A great cackling mad demon laughing and feasting on the flesh of the innocent. A foul dimension of pain and purgation. The world before this one, before the First Age—gone. And amongst the precious few things that have breached that reality to this is The Bleeder

Once a sliver from the Great Blade of Shologonoth that severed the Heavens, since fashioned into an almost harmless looking knife by dark conspirators of the Old Empire.

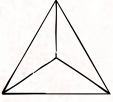
Attunement to the knife requires the slow death of an enemy by using, it and only it, over a number of hours equal to one-fifth of their maximum hit points. For many, such sadism should be hardly possible.

SYSTEM

The knife counts as a +0 magic weapon (given its short blade and small handle, it's not particularly wieldy and counts as an improvised weapon dealing 1d2 Piercing damage). With a successful strike the knife pokes a small hole shallowly into the target. Undead, Constructs, and largely Immaterial or Ethereal creatures are unaffected. But, if it lives and it bleeds, the Bleeder reduces their hp maximum by 1 (in addition to the damage dealt) and forces a Constitution Save DC 8 or else the target gains 1 Exhaustion.

And somewhere, with every painful strike... some creature from the depths looks on, only looks on, and feasts on the joy of the screams.

NOTES



DIVIDER



“It looks like they’re all grouped together, Marius.”

Something about the grizzled brawler made Brother Service uncomfortable. Where most of their group seemed to at least pay lip service to the True and the Way, or act with charity and mercy—hells, or at least not appear to enjoy the sometimes necessary slaughter they found on their way to the old keep—Marius was different.

Boring and quiet and seemingly depressed most of the time, given to rant about the injustices of his brutish life on the roads back when he worked as a caravan guard and prone to drink more than a little, their brawler came alive and joyous at the idea of cinching his leathers tighter and bringing pain and death to others.

It was, Brother Service thought, of questionable moral quality, that behavior.

But, times like this, looking down at the throngs and teeming horde of hobgoblins, all close-packed and ready to charge in seamless phalanx, well, the priest could appreciate the unique talents of a bastard such as Marius. He watched the old boy walk down into the path of the coming storm, gripping his weapon, ready to scatter them to the winds.

APPEARANCE

A heavy adamantine rod, a full two feet long and weighing nearly 40 lbs., with criss-crossing grooves covering its surface.

ORIGIN

History DC 16, Arcane DC 19, Advantage to Fighters and anyone with the Soldier or Sage background

The Lord Marshall of Inx, back during the earliest ages of the world, had his Master Smiths and Magewrights spend four years on its construction, intending it to be the central figure of his command and something he could pass it down from office-bearer to office-bearer. And (maybe, one day) a descendent might sit a throne with it. But, old arbiter that he was and not a stranger to the work on the streets of his grand city, he wanted it to be as useful as it was beautiful.

Attunement to the Divider requires the lawful apprehension of a dozen different criminals using nothing more than the rod, which—until attuned—counts as an improvised weapon. On the apprehension and incarceration of the last, the rod seems to shift its balance, magically, to the bearer.

SYSTEM

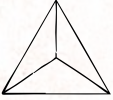
Once attuned, the Rod counts as a +0 light mace and on a successful attack where the number on the d20 used to confirm the hit is even (2, 4, 18, 16, etc.) the target is knocked backward, with preternatural force, directly away from the incoming blow. The knockback distance for a medium-sized creature or smaller is 10 ft. For every size category larger, subtract 5 ft.

On a critical hit, do not double the damage dice, instead double the distance. Should the knocked-back creature collide with any substantial terrain or object (something that does not “give”) they take 1d6 Bludgeoning damage from the impact for every 10 ft. of travel.

For any creature knocked more than 10 ft, they are also Prone. The knockback does not incur an Opportunity Attack from the wielder, and any Opportunity Attacks made by others due to it are done at disadvantage—the enveloping force is so strong and sudden as to make reacting to it fast enough extremely difficult.

NOTES

FATHER OF TRIBES



His mother told him, when he left for the world, that it would be up to him to keep his tribe safe. That the great blessings of The Grandfather were many and spilled generously to those who paved the way for the young to grow old. She was wise, his mother. She died the following winter, after the soldiers came. The humans, ever clever and always marching. Always searching. Always pushing farther and farther into places that were not theirs.

He ran with his crew—well, not his, really. It was Ank'so Thurak's crew, he was only one thane in the bunch. Fourteen of them. All bloodied and all grown. They sprinted across the night-haden field, quiet as winter and twice as cold. The light of the camp was ahead. No doubt some human crew. Some pink and brown-faced bunch of interlopers.

He'd been young once, he recalls telling Makala, the old spithead chief he ran with then,

that the humans could be reasoned with and that they didn't need to kill them in the dark like savages. The spithead was tired and weak and easily swayed, and the next day they were ambushed with light and fire and roaring and polished steel. He'd lost an eye, then. He'd thought of it as his greatest lesson.

The spirits were not wrong. The Grandfather took his eye so that he might see.

They were not bad. But they were many, and they were greedy, and as he unslung his axe—ready to keep their brutes from pressing past the line of his crew—he resigned himself to the truth that there was only the wild. And one must kill or be killed.

APPEARANCE

An extremely large greataxe, the blade nearly as big as a cart-wheel, with a haft made from polished bone.

ORIGIN

History DC 15, Religion DC 19; Advantage to Barbarians and Rangers or anyone with the Noble background

The Father is an orcish great axe, old as the line of Sag'thorak Gat, the last high king of the orcs of the Southern Hills. He reigned for nearly fifty years—several generations—and his standard was a bold black axe on a field of grey. The Father is that axe, the fabled arms of one of the orcish people's greatest heroes, who held off the invasion of human and elf alike with his words and piety and the Father.

Before their civilization fell, the orcs of the Southern Hills proudly fought back the Blight—an otherworldly force invading this world from beyond the stars. Many of their fables and epics tell tales of Gat leading his warriors bravely into battle... clash after clash and horrific slaughter either of his own people or the creatures that sought to infest us all with their madness and death.

The manner in which he fought his wars, the brilliance and strength he showed, became the

basis for many studies of defensive and bold tactical warfare for centuries.

Attunement requires the retelling of the story of the Gat, front to end with no interruptions or mistakes, at a fireside packed with eager listeners. The orcish tribal gods respond to nothing less.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the great axe gives the wielder advantage in Charisma checks meant to inspire, bolster confidence, and instill bravery in others. It also allows the wielder to use their Reaction to interpose the blade of the axe (broad and thick as it is) between a successful attack made against them—or an ally within 5 ft.—and its target. Doing so grants the shielded person (self or ally) a +2 to their AC, as though under light cover.

Once per day, should an ally be subject to a Charisma Save, they are advantaged on it if the Father of Tribes is in its owner's hands and in sight. This benefit is invoked by the ally at the point of attempting the Save, however, not the owner.

The whole axe is unwieldy to anyone with less than 17 strength, imposing disadvantage on attacks.

NOTES

FINGER OF MADNESS



“You can’t possibly win this, Gallie. Don’t make me do it!” Broadways called as he brought one great lobstered gauntlet around, and the Rogue could feel one of her teeth go loose as he shouted at her.

Clinging to him closely, she spat blood across his bare jaw, “It’s too late, Brodie. I’m sorry, but it’s too damn late.” Her voice was pained, her face a grimace of bruises and regret.

Again and again, the warrior brought his fist down. Refusing to draw his greatsword, maybe hoping he could save her from... from whatever this was.

And with each blow, his knees grew a little weaker. With each strike, his vision dimmer. And as he stumbled, he looked up into her battered face and split scalp—at what he’d done to her.

“I can’t... let... you... will... stop... you...”

She choked back raw emotion as she motioned to his side where her dagger remained lodged between the plates of his armor.

“I killed you a minute ago. I’m... gods damn it all, Brodie, I’m sorry.”

And his world faded to blackness and void.

APPEARANCE

A dagger of blackened steel with a white and sunbleached wooden hilt. Perception DC 15 notices that the dagger is always cold to the touch.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, Religion DC 21; Advantage for Life Domain Clerics and Necromancy School Wizards or anyone with the Acolyte background

The old gods and goddesses of the world are nearly gone, while many new ones have replaced them here and there over the ages. They had many names. One stole their way through the millennia and was a powerful presence in this reality as recently as the Fourth Age—if the Sages and Priests are to be believed.

The Decider, the Mad God of Violence and Ends... his greatest servant was the archmage Tolio of Pensk, who loved death as he loved himself, but eschewed the fancies of necromancy as nothing more than the weak practicing magic tricks to comfort and console their fears about the finality that awaits us.

The archmage crafted a dagger, and took his own life at the end of its making in offering to the Decider. As modernity came the works of Tolio have been lost and the mad god seemingly vanished, or was replaced by other high beings and deities. But the dagger remains.

Attunement requires, by one's own hand, recreating the death of Tolio on one's self. Alone in a room, casting Prestidigitation to remove the hair and clean the spot on the neck, and then ending one's life with dagger by plunging into the throat.

SYSTEM

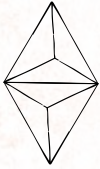
The Finger counts as a -1 magic dagger (yes, negative). Against Constructs or Undead the weapon does normal damage, but on a successful attack against all other creatures the dagger pierces the flesh of the target and may be held tightly buried to the hilt with effort on the part of the wielder.

At the start of each of the victim's turns they may attempt (with an Action) to force the dagger out of their body (opposed Athletics checks between the wielder and victim) or back away from it by moving at least 5 ft. away from the wielder. Backing away automatically pulls them free of the dagger.

At the end of each of the victim's turns, if the dagger is still piercing them, they must make a Constitution Save (equal to the wielder's Spell Save DC; if the wielder does not have one, then DC 8) or gain 1 point of Exhaustion.

NOTES

FLASHWOOD RAPIER



Polly Flashwood raced across the rooftops of Renoa, cackling madly while the Docksidiers leapt and sprinted after her.

“Humans,” she muttered behind gleaming teeth. She’d only relieved them of their money, but when you took a human’s purse, her mother had always said, it’s like taking their balls. So here she was, making the best of a midnight chase.

*They shouted and growled after her, cursing and promising all manner of a**kicking when they caught up. Worst part, they were succeeding. She glanced about as she took another leap to the short two-story tannery across the narrow alley. Damn, the Racks... spaced out buildings over wide streets. They’d crowded her to the worst place to continue this dance.*

Polly ran, and slowed as she saw the thoroughfare-wide gap between the tannery she was on and the candleworks she needed to get to... the ruffians were closing and laughing.

Pulling old great-uncle Mercy’s rapier, she said a quick prayer to damned-horrible-but-please-just-don’t-let-me-die god of chance — something like “oh please, oh please, don’t be a complete bastard right now” — and she sprinted for the edge.

Three steps. Then two. Then one... and, as she pumped her legs, she thrust the rapier out in front of her boldly — like the masthead of a great ship — and less than elegantly found herself dragged through the air, like an arrow shot forty feet across the road into the side of the candleworks. Hanging by the hilt. Feet some twenty feet off the ground. Sword stuck in the old wood. God, it seems, is not without a sense of humor

APPEARANCE

A beautifully ornate silver bladed rapier, a gold half basket cage surrounds the slightly curved hilt. A beautiful polished emerald serves as the pommel.

ORIGIN

History DC 16, Religion DC 19; Advantage for Rogues and anyone with the Criminal background

The robber-baron Mercy of Renoa, sire to generations of criminal half-elves in the Eastern free cities over three hundred years ago, was the favored follower of the capricious God of Chance and Luck. An unlikely priest of the fickle deity, Mercy and his progeny were subjects of great amusement and drama in the ruthless urban sprawls of those states. Amongst the many artifacts collected (stolen) by Mercy (who stole them) and handed down to (also, actually, stolen by) his children and nieces and nephews after his death (no body ever found), was his famous rapier—the Mercy’s Edge.

Eventually, the rapier passed on (due to a heist) to a lesser branch of his descendants, the Flashwoods. His great-nephew, Celanon, renamed it the Flashwood Rapier and fled Renoa and his larcenous extended family on his own adventures. Eventually, the Flashwood rapier was traded for a minor noble title in the city of Greyghast and, from there, has been lost ever since.

Attunement requires recovering it from a thief who successful stole it (without intending to ever give or sell it back). It is this peculiar act that attracts the lingering amusement of the god of fortune and reckless mirth.

SYSTEM

The rapier counts as a +0 magic weapon normally, and a +1 magic weapon whenever an attack is Advantaged through any magical influence (spell or other such effect). The God of Chance does love a little cheating.

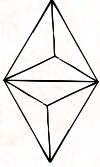
In addition, by spending a Bonus Action, the wielder may thrust the sword in a direction and then roll 2d6. The result is the number of 5 ft. increments the wielder is dragged by the weapon in the indicated direction. The pull of the sword is like the firing of a crossbow bolt, sudden and jerking. Anyone not Proficient in either Athletics or Acrobatics has a 50% chance of losing the sword and not being able to hold on tightly enough or throw themselves just right with the pull.

Keeping one’s footing afterward (if staying on the ground level) requires a Dexterity Save equal to the result from the 2d6 roll. A failure means the wielder falls Prone.

Colliding with a creature or object while traveling along this path stops the flight immediately, and both the wielder and the creature or object take 1d4 Bludgeoning damage for each 5 ft. the wielder travelled up to that point.

NOTES

HARTLIGHT BEACON



They had been chasing him for near an hour, and Dwight had all but given up trying to flee. The wet cobblestones of the Stacks were hard and his boots soaked—every slap sent a powerful jarring shot through his body. His chest rose and fell like an over-excited bellows, he was lost and there was nowhere else to run.

As he put his back to the wall in the long alley, and watched the snarling bastards close in, he felt more sorrow than anger (though there was a little anger). He felt more pity than fear.

The big one ordered the other three to stay mindful and told Dwight to hand over all of it: the purse, that ring, and especially the large black flatbow over his shoulder.

With quiet care, Dwight pulled the drawstring on his purse and heard the coins clink and chitter along the stones in the wet, pulled off the ring with a heavy sigh and let it fall into a splash of a puddle, and unslung the polished, menacing flatbow and clenched his eyes tight as he pulled the trigger.

APPEARANCE

A heavy crossbow made from mirewood and ebony. The mirror shine of the lacquered wood is complimented by exquisite shining filigree depicting screaming faces and howling spirits writhing in agony. A haunting white skull braces the bow on the end of the barrel.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 16, Religion DC 19; Advantage to Wizards and anyone with the Acolyte or Sage backgrounds

The Beacon is a crafted delight from the followers of the Hidden, a doctrine and faith from the most distant nations in the South and all but banned in those lands. Countless necromancers and arcanists have tried over the years to pry its secrets free for more universal purpose, but the gifts of gods are not so easily dismantled.

Attunement requires picking up the Flaw “Easily frightened,” as even handling the weapon for too long wears down the nerves and causes the owner to jump at even the smallest stimuli.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Beacon serves as a +0 magic heavy crossbow with only one range increment at 30 ft. The Beacon reloads itself (though it still takes the same time as reloading a normal heavy crossbow) so long as one maintains Concentration on it during that time (as a for Concentration spell). Conventional ammunition cannot be fired from the Beacon, its bowstring being long atrophied, but it summons its own.

When the owner pulls the trigger in an attack against a sentient, intelligent creature there roars forth from the Stygian depths a deep, howling scream (audible through 5 ft. stone) as the servants of the God of the Dead release a tortured

soul—pained, mad, and angry—into the world amidst a cacophony of terror and sorrow.

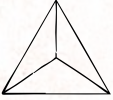
The area around the shooter goes cold, and a black and white screaming spectre flies out of the end skull like a cannon shot, through the target and any creatures in the path of the shot.

The target takes damage as from a heavy crossbow plus 1d4 Necrotic damage. If the shot hits the target and there are creatures in a line behind them, and within 30 ft. of the Beacon, the spectre does 1d4 Necrotic damage to those as well. In this way, the Beacon excels more in close quarters.

The passing spectre dissipates afterward, its essence destroyed—a harrowing thing, to annihilate a soul. This reality takes its toll on the shooter’s own spirit, and they only earn ½ of an Inspiration point when they are given Inspiration; it will take two Inspiration awards to equal a full Inspiration point that may be used.

NOTES

HOOD OF THE LAZY KILL



“Oim tellin’ yers... he come staaaaaahkin’ in the noight. Roight up ter yer baid whil yer slaepin’. His ole gnarly hains reddy ter chalker loif outer yer.”

The rest of the group lazed about the campfire, ignoring the old ranger’s stories... and that ridiculous accent. It was always stories, more and more terrifying—or at least that’s what he intended. Whoever heard of a half-orc assassin, honestly, and where the hell was Grimsy? He’d only left to tend the horses for a moment.

“Yer think yer safe, neh? Thank yer made’a claaaaaaayne get-awee, neh? An ‘en? Pow! Games’r ov’r, mahn.”

The younger ones were wide-eyed with rapt attention. Now

the old hunter was just showing off. He told the same story every time they knocked over some rich man’s baggage train in this part of the empire. They’d never had a problem before.

Where the hell was Grimsy?

APPEARANCE

A black silk hood with little lead weights sewn into the hem with a leather thong threaded through the rim.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 15, History DC 19; Advantage for Assassin Rogues and anyone with the Urchin background

Odom Boyd is a name that still commands some fear, though he’s been dead for at least two or three hundred years (pending the stories you hear). A half-orcish wretch, found on the streets

of the capital of what used to be the old Dodan city-state, he was—through the benevolence and manipulations of the Lochers, a cult of death that once commanded fear and respect in those times—raised to murder and was regarded as one of the finest assassins for hire of his time.

The hood was created by several of the cult’s more inventive devotees, and was to be presented to their highest priest as a gift to celebrate their god’s high holy day. Boyd killed every last member of the Lochers during the ceremony; an excellent student is not necessarily a convert. The hood went with him, wherever he went.

There are stories of its use on four continents. Even in the last few dozen years.

Attunement requires using the hood to strangle an unsuspecting victim to the point of unconsciousness.

SYSTEM

One attuned, the hood can be dropped around the head of the wielder's victim with an Action, assuming the victim is Medium size. This requires an opposed Athletics versus either Athletics or Acrobatics check. This check is, if the victim is surprised, advantaged for the would-be assassin and disadvantaged for the victim. Once the hood comes down, no hands are needed to constrict the opening, as the leather thong tightens itself.

So long as the hood is deployed over their head, the victim has the Blind condition and begins to asphyxiate rapidly. If not released from the hood, they will fall unconscious in a number of rounds equal to their Constitution score, and every round after that they take 1 Exhaustion until dead.

Every time the victim takes damage from a successful attack, the number of rounds needed to knock them unconscious reduces by one.

Escaping from the hood requires an Action and succeeding in a Strength Save DC equal to 10 + the number of rounds it has been tightening around their neck. If the owner takes no other actions, using their turn to interfere with the victim's attempts to escape, this Strength Save is disadvantaged.

NOTES



LENMA'S DIRK



Kurt had no patience for the enthusiastic young bucks and bonnies that they tended to pick up in little piss bucket towns like this one.

The old rogue was closer to fifty than forty and near sprained his eyes—rolling them hard as he did—every time a fresh-faced plucky welp with a sword or bow approached their table at this or that inn.

This time it was grinning pair of elves, or some such. Sir Broadways was always glad to have fresh and eager companions for their journeys, and he'd judge them in the field and train them patiently. The others found gambling partners, or talent among the newcomers worth befriending.

Kurt just saw a statistical increase in the likelihood of being killed every time they welcomed a new comrade. They thought it was all constables and robbers, all dash and daring, and had no idea what sorts of hells and horrors waited out in the far places—the dark places. Kids. Dumb kids, really.

“So... Master Kurtwain—” one of them piped up as Kurt grimaced. Nobody called him by his birth-name, not for years, “the good Sir is your martial and tactical leader, and the lady Meilla is the expert on the underworkings of the arcane. And you? We didn't catch what fine skill or talent you champion to keep the light of peace and life burning in these lands.”

Kurt looked at him, doe eyed and eager thing, and pulled his dagger from his ratty belt, throwing it on the table in front of them. Half-rusted, blunt, and cracked as it seemingly was, their grinning dimmed in confusion.

“I kill gods,” the old rogue growled back, eroding their youthful joy and optimism down to a nub with his hard stare.

“Maybe I killed yours, once.”

APPEARANCE

A dagger with a deep crack going up the aged blade. The hilt is worn black leather, with a cloudy and dull rough-cut gem on the pommel.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 17, History DC 22; Advantage for Thief Rogues and anyone with the Charlatan background

Some wonders are created by powerful beings, used as weapons against each other in wars long forgotten or passed on to mortals to further schemes or plans in secret. Some are forged by mages and adepts to steal power from the workings of the universe and put it into the palms of their own hand. Some are gifts from above. Some are blessings from well beyond this world.

But a few result from confluences of events—accidents of time, space, power, and influence—that twist the supernal and natural laws of the world into a dangerous weapon of destiny. Lenma's Dirk was one such accident.

The Crystal was a remnant of the oldest times, when a single facet of the soul of a god was trapped in a faceted stone by the Arch-Elementals during the wars for Creation. For what purpose, or to what end, nobody knows. Which god or goddess lost some of their soul to the gem, nobody knows. The Crystal was said to whisper lies and false bargains, to speak truths of little worth and manipulate mortals to cruel purpose.

Itself a powerful artifact, the Crystal is no more, destroyed centuries ago by a common halfling with an uncommon penchant for deceit and fraud. Whether Lenma knew the truth behind the Crystal, knew anything of the oldest wars



for reality, knew the name of the bound god, or even cared... none can say.

The Crystal was carried by Lenma and his colleagues across many adventures, all the while the bound god working insidious deals and making Faustian bargains. Then, in one shining moment of opportunity, in the middle of a chaotic battle, the Crystal was dropped.

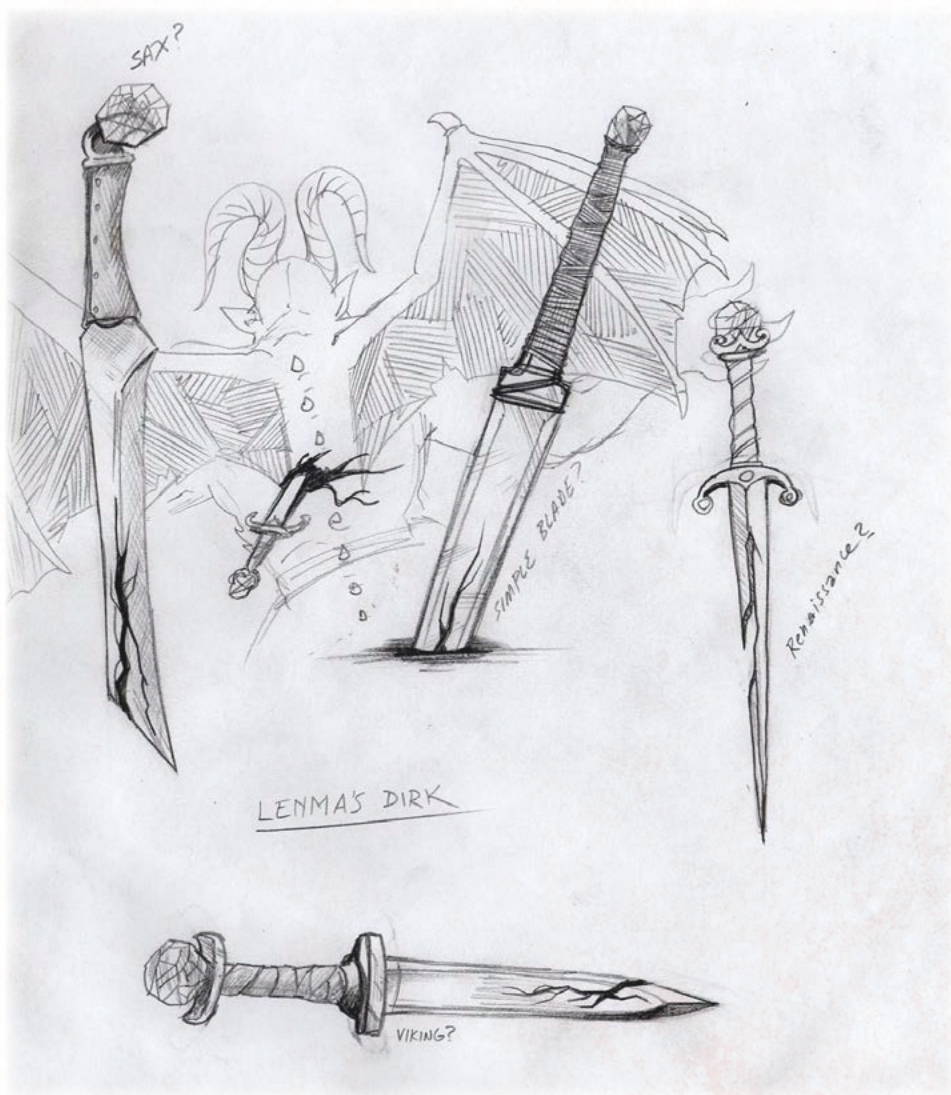
Lenma, opportunist that he was, drew his dagger and rammed it down hard into the stone, nearly shattering the blade in the process. The conflagration of power and rage consumed the battle and... stories diverge on the outcome.

Some say the Crystal was destroyed, a poetic end: the deceitful mortal betrays the lying god.

Some say Lenma failed, and went on to pledge uneasy loyalty to the bound god and serve the Crystal thereafter.

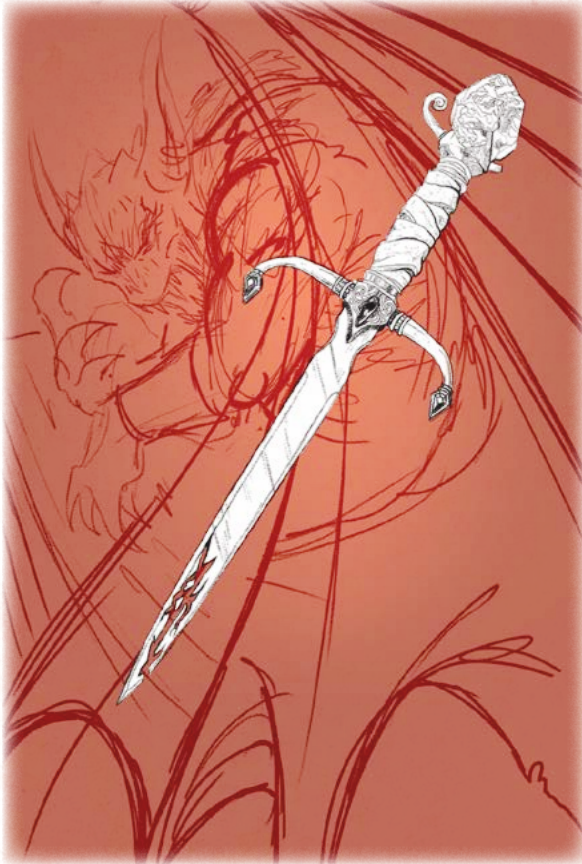
Lenma's Dirk, though, was forever changed by the brush with raw divine power. It has passed on from cult, to assassin, to collector and back countless times in the centuries since.

Attunement requires honing and sharpening the dagger with a stone wet with the blood of the faithful. The confluence of respect for the elemental power that bound the god to the Crystal in the old times, and the divine conflagration that birthed the Dirk's strange abilities, must be attended in this manner.



SYSTEM

Lenma's Dirk counts as a +0 magic dagger and grants the wielder a special ability when using it against Celestial, Fiendish, Fey, or Elemental creature types. The artifacts of the oldest time were made to destroy and confound those creatures, and some of the Crystal's purpose lives on in the Dirk.



On a successful attack against a creature possessing one of those types, before damage is rolled, the wielder may elect to do no damage at all and instead leave the dagger plunged deeply into their body—all the way to the hilt. The creature feels a strange cold, deep in their bones, as though the dagger is stealing away their life force.

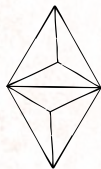
Removing the Dirk requires an Action and a successful Athletics check against a DC equal to 10 + the CR of the most powerful Celestial, Fiend, Fey, or Elemental the Dirk has ever been in as that creature died. Only creatures that die while the Dirk is plunged into their body count, and the value of the highest CR is the number you add to 10. If that's a CR 2 Fey? The DC is 12. If it is a CR 6 Fiend? The DC is 16. The DC cannot exceed 25, total.

If the Dirk is plunged into a hard-to-reach area like the small of the back, or some other place where it cannot be easily reached by limbs or appendages, the Athletics check is disadvantaged. The Athletics check may also be disadvantaged should one or more individuals spend their action to hold the Dirk in place.

So long as the Dirk is buried deeply into them in this way, all attacks made against them by the wielder have advantage and the wielder may reroll damage—taking the highest total.

If the wielder ever causes damage with the Dirk to a creature of any other type the Dirk becomes unattuned, forgets the creatures it's been used to kill (the highest CR for it is 0), and cannot be re-attuned by the same person.

NOTES



MARTYR OF INX



His body told the story of a man the world had not yet stopped trying to murder. Long gashes, short puckered grey scars, scabbed-over cuts all crissed and crossed his tan skin. Missing an ear. Missing an eye. To see him was to pity him, and yet when he turned that lonely eye on you, a fear took hold of you deep.

The scarred man carried his spear as though it weighed as much as he did, the butt dragging in the dirt and his knuckles white in a heavy grip. The locals didn't know his name, though he'd lived in those parts for years. He rarely spoke to anyone when he came down from the hills; his time in town was always short. Some of the

old men spread hushed gossip that he was a mighty warrior, that they remembered him young and fine—not the ragged thing he was now.

Most knew, though, whoever he was, he was all that stood between them and the howling.

APPEARANCE

A long spear of smooth, hand-worn oak. The tip is a gleaming, well-oiled blade of silvery steel.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 15, History DC 19; Advantage for Life Domain Clerics and anyone with the Sage background

The Martyr was a heretical item created by a small cult devoted to a minor god during the long ago First Age, when the empire of Inx fought its great wars with devastating arcane might. This cult, name long lost to history, practiced divine magic—frowned upon by the

empire—and pledged to save the innocents ravaged by the generations-long wars.

The god blessed them with the Martyr, the purest expression of their mission in this volatile time. This god no longer lives, and only the eldest deities remember his name. His was the sacrifice that allowed the world to move on from the horrors of bloody conflict and enter a new age of civilization.

Attunement requires a pledge to the heavens to take the life of no creature. DMs are encouraged to consider the ramifications, be they warnings or something more brutal, for defying gods in this pledge.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the spear counts as a +1 magic weapon. It is Versatile and Heavy: the tip does 1d8 (1d10 if used two-handed) Piercing damage and the butt (if the tip is not used to attack with) does 1d6 Bludgeoning damage. The spear has Reach and the wielder may use it to perform a Trip attack (opposed Athletics vs. Acrobatics) on anything the same size, or up to one size category larger or smaller.

So long as the wielder is attuned, the spear cannot take a life. Any strike from it that would reduce the target to 0 hp or lower instead leaves them with 1 hp. Should any creature successfully attacked by the wielder die as a direct or indirect result of the wielder's own actions

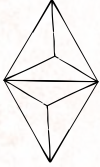
(pushing them over a ledge to die when they hit the ground, poisoning them, using other weapons after to "finish it"), the wielder suffers the damage and effects instead. Note that as the spear cannot bring a living creature to 0 hp, knocking them out with the weapon becomes impossible.

Causing (directly or not) the death of living things and suffering the damage from those actions leaves marks on the wielder. DMs are encouraged to explore permanent scars or injuries from these transgressions, even after being healed. Only divine intervention may remove these wounds or scars.

Note that the undead and constructs do not count as being "alive," in this case.



NOTES



ODOMIC DART



Every hit counts. Move fast. Don't pause. Keep moving. Keep moving. Keep moving.

The young half-orc pulled his cloak up against the wind and stayed to the snowdrifts, to the side of the street. The four men were dragging his friend off, presumably to kill him or worse (and when you've seen the things that exist in the darker corners of the world like he had, there was definitely worse), so this place was absolutely burnt. Why were they here?

He pulled the dart out, with its grooved edges and sharp short point, and muttered something in crude Elvish. The dart came to life, glowing a faint orange. He breathed heavily. One. Two. Three.

Go.

As he left the shadow, and closed the distance to the man in the back, he cocked his arm and shot the dart forward like a bolt from a flatbow... fierce and strong and heavy.

The dart flew true and straight and sunk three quarters of the way into the bastard's skull. He started falling, but the rogue skipped forward, placed a hand on the man's shoulder, grabbed the end of the dart and yanked it out before he'd dropped more than a foot or two. His colleagues had barely noticed the silent murder and as they stopped, the half-orc had already spun into the shadows of the next alley, muttered that Elvish word again.

Holding the spike close while they frantically saw their friend fall, he watched as the ruffians began searching around the area for whatever had just killed their man.

Move Fast. Don't pause. Keep moving. One. Two. Three.

Go.

APPEARANCE

A spike of metal, roughly eight inches long and as thick around as a thumb. The sides are fluted and the tip hammered into a short point. Perception DC 17 notices it twitches whenever someone speaks Elvish.

ORIGIN

History DC 16, Arcane DC 18; Advantage for Assassin Rogues and anyone with the Criminal background

Created by the elves that settled the Western forests during the halcyon days of that race's great sprawling kingdoms, the dart was a dark and quiet secret amongst their kind. Satisfied to be seen as haughty, noble, and benign, the darker deeds they committed to maintain their power were buried under many layers of intrigue and cover-ups. Most popular history regards their period of prosperity as a function of gracious rulership and peaceful collaboration with their neighbors, but it is now an open secret that their death squads and assassins were just as responsible for sowing the very useful chaos in other empires as their diplomats were in exploiting it.

After the fall of those kingdoms to treachery and betrayal, one tool in their clandestine arsenal survived the coming purges of their culture and scattering of their people. The Dart was found and carried for years by Odom Boyd, an

almost folklorish figure in criminal circles today. The Dart took his name in the retelling of his stories, and has been rumored to be responsible for several deaths over the centuries.

Attunement requires commanding the Dart in an obscure Elvish dialect known to very few anymore—even amongst the oldest sages of their kind. DMs are encouraged to consider who might know, or have a tome about, something as forgettable as that one ancient Elvish word for “hunt.”

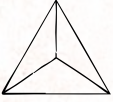
SYSTEM

The Dart, once attuned, counts as a +0 magic weapon whose damage ignores all Resistances. After speaking the command word it counts as a +1 magic weapon for one round.

With a Bonus Action the owner may recall it, with a beckoning gesture, so long as they are within 15 ft. But if left stuck in a living creature for at least one round after a successful attack, and while the owner maintains Concentration, the Dart inflicts a number of Piercing damage equal to half the owner's Proficiency Bonus rounded up.

The Dart may be removed by the creature with an Action and, if held by them, the recall requires a contested roll between the creature's Athletics and the owner's Charisma.

NOTES



OLAF'S ROCK



"The legends say that Olaf the Great Bearded One, chief of the hill giants of Hardar Rem Kor, had the tribe's greatest shamans — Wallace, just shut up... alright? Look, you want to hear this or not?"

"Hah... hoo... yeah, sorry. No, really, I'm sorry, Kendel. I just— Come on. Shamans of the hill giants?"

"Yes, gods damn it all, shamans. They have shamans, Wallace. And he had them bless it."

"But — Come on. We just ran off some hillies last month, you saw them. They haven't got so much as two wits between them."

"Do you want to hear this or not?"

"Heh... sure. Yeah. I guess. Go ahead."

"So-, the shamans blessed the rock. And with it in hand, they say Olaf beat his enemies about the head and fa — fine, screw it, fine. No. You tell a story, then. I'm done."

APPEARANCE

An small irregular boulder, roughly the size of a man's head, with several worn grooves across broken ridges in the stone.

ORIGIN

History DC 15, Arcane DC 18; Advantage for Barbarians and anyone with the Sage background

Olaf's Rock is a favorite subject of the Adepts at the Scholam. An example of how the cultures and peoples of the world are more the same than different, even across the Ages. The rock has been a sacred artifact of the hill tribes to the West, but before that it appears to have been a weapon of destiny for a clan of Hill Giants, and before that an altar the primitive hobgoblin empire of the Third Age used to sanctify their holy wars... before that it was a monument...

and before that it was fabled to have been a thing that fell from the sky.

It's origins are unknown, only that it is—simple thing it may be—the oldest artifact of it's kind in recorded scholarship.

The rock weighs nearly 25 lbs. Attunement requires carefully cleaning it of all debris and

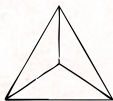
dust, getting a feel for its irregular surface in quiet meditation.

SYSTEM

Attuned, the rock can be used as a +3 magic improvised weapon that does 1d4 + Strength in Bludgeoning damage. One may never gain Proficiency in its use. If thrown, it loses its magical bonus.



NOTES



REGULATOR



“Cold rolled steel, sir. A process—I assure you—few true weapon-smiths in the whole circle of the world could replicate. I admit that what it lacks in ornamentation it more than makes up for in practical effect.”

The thick necked gnome was going on and on, while Dove only turned the very smooth length of metal in his hand over and over. It was unpolished, still had that dull grey look that all the fine folk and genteel yahoos spurned; mirror finishes were all the rage, you know.

Still, it felt good. Better than good, it felt real. One might mistake the thing for a small wagon axle, but to Dove it felt like a cold, impersonal, unmagificent specter of a death. It helped that it felt heavy enough to cave a skull in—metaphor is nice, but open a man’s head and you win the argument.

“...and— apologies, sir” Dove was brought back to attention with the gentle poke from the smith, “But, the—er— modifications? I had them made. I will need to make it clear that if you are found with something like this, I will deny—”

“If I’m caught, they won’t care where it came from; Malleus will have me hanged from the high tower of the palace. Where I got it will be the least of anyone’s worries.”

He paid the smith’s price, a box he’d killed six men for in the high places. The steel felt good, as he walked through the bazaar on his way out of the city. Seven angry damns, but it felt good.

APPEARANCE

An inch thick dull grey stick that looks like aged wood, but has the heft of solid steel.

ORIGIN

History DC 14, Arcane DC 19; Advantage for Fighters and anyone with the Sage or Soldier background

Created during the Third Purge of Malleus Exile—the First Emperor of the Manifest Compact that swept through the Middle Empire centuries ago, after the end of the Dynasty of Blood—the Regulator was one of the few weapons of destiny that escaped the sweeps of the royal elite guard and the Inquisition during that arcane dark age.

Attunement requires keeping the weapon visible and in hand for one week (a potential challenge come time to rest). Stowing it, dropping it, and otherwise not having it in one's hand at any time will require starting over. At the end of that time, the Regulator may be stowed as normal.

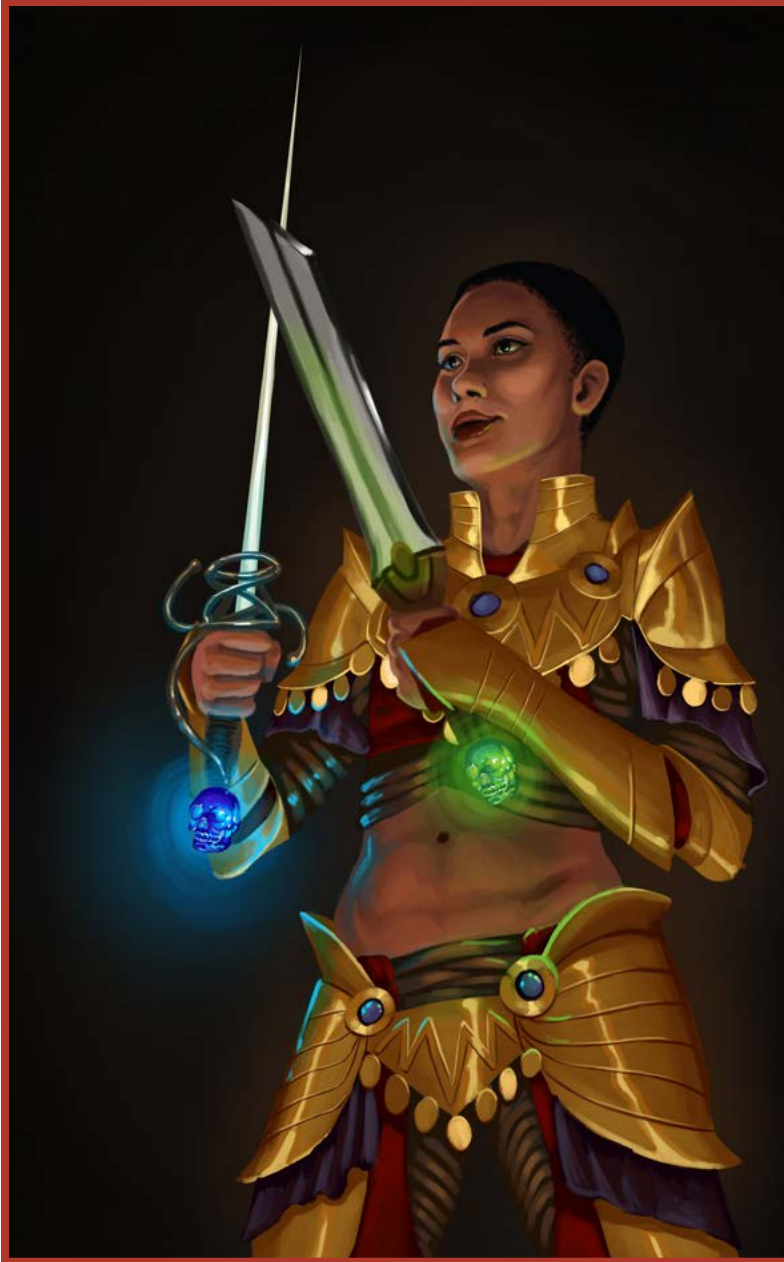
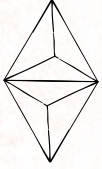
SYSTEM

Powerful illusory magic was coked deeply into the iron of the Regulator. When carried or held by the attuned owner, it is perfectly invisible (short of Truesight). The attuned owner can always see it (and senses its location within 100 ft., even if it is hidden by another or the environment). It acts as a +0 magical club dealing 1d6 Bludgeoning damage and grants advantage when used as a ram or hammer to break things.

Additionally, once per rest, the first successful attack on a foe who is not aware that there is an invisible weapon in the owner's hand is made with advantage, as the magic of the Regulator numbs their mind to even the hint of the wielder holding anything.

NOTES

RAPTOR AND THORN



APPEARANCE

A pair of swords. One, an elegant white-bone rapier, but with a solid and opaque handguard of black steel; the other a shortsword with a rigid and blocky style to it. The rapier and the

shortsword have matching pommels of carved, and glowing, translucent skulls: the rapier's skull radiates a steady blue, the sword's a constant green.

Broadways groaned as Tanu turned a tense situation into what now promised to be a bloody and expensive one. The governor's own guard stood unmoving and impersonal, like an iron gate barring anyone from getting too close to the aging tyrant.

Then, so low even Broadways—standing right next to him—had to lean in to hear...

"Tell your boys to put down..." —ugh. The paladin hated the way Tanu did that husky thing with his voice. Around the fire he was a perfect second tenor, and here he sounded grim and dark and old.

"...their toys." Sometimes, Broadways was glad his helm had a visor, as he blew his cheeks out a bit and rolled his eyes behind it—solidarity and all that. Besides, what was no doubt coming next was going to be equally over-the-top (it always was) and it'd be a good thing to be the stoic one if there was a chance at finding a diplomatic way around a fight with twenty elite pikemen.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 17, History DC 22; Advantage for Battlemaster Fighters and anyone with the Acolyte background

Raptor and Thorn were created by an especially dogmatic sect of the Dominion, a dwarvish empire that codified their reverence for a great emperor (who long ago united their disparate tribes and nations) into a zealous faith that threatened half the world. Under the direction of one of their highest Warmasters, the Cardinal of Stone, the weapons were blessed with light and fire drawn down from the heavens themselves.

These artifacts represent the height of that sect's attempt to empower champions able to overtake the whole Dominion, and bring finality to and absolute authority over everything that walked and breathed in this world.

Attunement to the pair of swords requires the death of a heretic (by the reckoning of the Cardinal of Stone's particular dogma). So long as the victim is touched by any heretical deity, which would include virtually every faith in the world, their death at the hands of the wielder of Raptor and Thorn completes the price.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the pair act as +1 magic weapons (rapier and shortsword) and were designed to work together, and with fury. All attacks with either must be made together, in a flourishing and intricately paired maneuver.

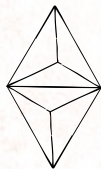
Both must be used in the same turn (using an Action and Bonus Action, as per two weapon attack rules) and rolled together, at the same time, to count as +1 and magic. If attacking with one or the other individually, they count as +0 and do half-damage (rounding down).

Should either weapon critically succeed, during an attack when both are rolled together, both are considered to critically succeed.

The wielder of the blades loses their Reaction during any turn he holds one of the swords. The litanies of combat of the Dominion sect that created them honored brutal offense and spurned what they considered to be the pitiable theatrics of counter-attacking a foe through cheap maneuvers.

NOTES

RATHIAN ARQUEBUS



"Don't do it, Beck."

"No, I'm gonna do it."

"It isn't necessary at all, though! Look, we have this; there's only the three, and Teller can handle two of them herself. You don't have to."

"What if they've got another one hiding somewhere? Huh? Or two? Remember there was one guy in a tree at Deimhold—I got him outta that tree."

"There's just the three, though—seriously."

"I'm gonna do it."

"What if you hit Teller?"

"She's ain't as soft as you, she'll understand—alright, I'm loaded, let's scatter some bandits."

APPEARANCE

A large, shoulder braced three-barreled musket. The barrels are a swirling pattern of dark steel and shining brass, braced together every six inches of its nearly three foot length with steel bands. The stock is a polished rosewood with button-tacking and a shining brass buttplate.

ORIGIN

History DC 14, Arcane DC 19; Advantage for Evocation School Wizards and anyone with the Criminal background

The Arquebus is a more recent artifact, created by the Blackworks of Greyghast—an underground cabal of artificers and cutthroats across the sea. It was a favored weapon given to their Regulator—the head of security—to use should the constables or, worse, other gangs come looking to launch an assault on the magewrights.

Only one was ever created, confiscated by a patrol of constables many years ago and later stolen from the Scholam that kept it under lock and key while studying its peculiar construction.

Attunement requires working and practicing with the Arquebus long enough to develop a Proficiency in it; its arcane technology and unconventional operation put the weapon in a

class by itself. DMs are encouraged to see this as an opportunity to explore Downtime rules and consider how much practice (surely more than one day) it may take to figure out a complexly designed machine.

SYSTEM

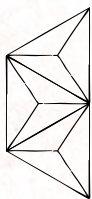
The Arquebus counts as a +0 magic ranged weapon with a very short range (15/30) and the Heavy and Two-Handed properties. Useless at any meaningful distance, the Arquebus was designed for close-quarters mayhem and confusion.

With a successful ranged attack roll, the weapon discharges all three barrels and does 1d4 force, 1d4 fire, and 1d4 thunder damage to the target. If the shooter rolls the same value on all three dice, everyone within 30 ft. of the shooter must make a Constitution Save, DC 12 + the shooter's Proficiency Bonus or be Stunned for 1 round.

However, in addition to that, if the shooter rolls all 1's on the dice, the Arquebus misfires and fills the immediate area (a 5 ft. radius around the shooter) with black smoke that obscures sight for 1 round. The Arquebus must be cleaned and recalibrated after this in order to work normally again, taking 1 minute of focused attention.

NOTES

RENDER



“Hurry! Arla! Wensel! Hurry the hell up!” Teller screamed over the din of the storm and the crashing horror of the castle’s slow-but-quickening tumble to pieces around them. She was no clever one, she’d never claimed it, but she could see the signs all around. They were too deep into this monstrous place, far too deep. It’d be several hundred yards of climbing and twisting stairs back up and there’d be no guarantee that anyone would be able to get them all out after that.

Wensel was a capable magician, but even he had his limits.

The trio ran up the stone stairwell, dodging tumbling bricks and shoving away the occasional panicked cultist who was no less terrified of the falling palace than they were. And, as they crested the path that led up from the catacombs into the grand hall that marked (to Teller’s reckoning) halfway out, Teller went cold and froze at the hopeless sight.

The whole place was a cauldron of red and orange flames, and the searing, naked heat of their devouring rushed her back to her senses in the next moment.

No choice. No damn choice at all. Gripping the long-handled sword she bid everyone stand back, and, in a perfect and fluid and flowing arc, the ebon stone greatsword tore a black bloody gash through the world—and shook the mountain itself with its furious cut.

APPEARANCE

A heavy, six foot long, greatsword made of chipped black igneous rock. The long handle is wrapped in pale leather in a primitive style.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, History DC 21; Advantage for Necromancy School Wizards and anyone with the Acolyte background

The Calcikai was a cult of death mages and ash priests during the days of the Old Empire. Though magic was more prominent, and those who played with arcane power honored and respected, the necromantic arts were as reviled then as now. In low slums and secret aristocratic parties, those looking to explore the limits of

darker magic congregated—eventually giving rise to the Calcikai.

Always a step ahead of their enemies, and those faiths that would purge every last one of them to a man or woman, the Render was both their best defense and means of escape. The empire hunted them for generations, to no avail. It wasn’t until the Purge and the rise of the Exile Kings, with their indiscriminate hate for virtually all magic, that the Calcikai fell.

Their last devotee was hanged from the walls of the capital, one of several wizards that day. The magistrates and inquisitors of the Exile Dynasty that caught him did not even know the cult existed, did not care. He and his cabal died alongside street magicians, alchemists, and petty conjurers.

Attunement requires sleeping, sword held close, on a fresh grave for one full night's rest. A fresh grave is any formal burial plot that has been overseen or consecrated by a member of a recognized faith, no more than one week buried.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the sword counts as a +1 magic greatsword. Due to its weight, unless the wielder has a Strength greater than 15, all Attacks are disadvantaged with it.

By spending 1 Inspiration point, the wielder may attempt to tear a gash through the barrier between this world and the Lands of the Dead: a mirror of our world, but perpetually twilight and devoid of all true life. A gash between these two worlds is short lived, and closes within a number of rounds equal to half the wielder's Proficiency Bonus rounded up.

To tear through, the wielder must make a special attack with the weapon against a solid surface using an Arcane check. Sensing the proper angle and point to attack is tricky, and constantly shifts. The DC for success is determined by the concentration, complexity, and types of living things in the area.

Once a gash through reality is created, anyone may move through it until it closes itself. If anyone has Inspiration when entering the Lands of the Dead, they lose it.

The Lands of the Dead, for most, are uninteresting. It is a shadow of this world, and while mostly solid it has a slightly blurry and soft feeling to living creatures that visit it. Shadows of people move to and fro in the dim light, but with

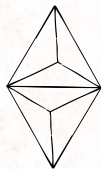
no distinguishing features—this is the shade of their own death. There are no spirits here or ghosts, no undead creatures. The world is quiet, void of life, and filled only with the dark representations of a reality nearly like ours. There is no food here, nor water.

One may stay as long as one likes, though starvation or dehydration might be an issue over time. The creation of or conjuring of anything organic fails here, automatically, whether creatures or food: magic feels as dead here as anything, and the gods do not care about this place. Refreshing divine or Druidic spells is not possible here. Patrons cannot reach this place and Warlocks may not replenish theirs. Any disease, curse, poison, or other effect that relies on the passage of time stops while in the Lands of the Dead.

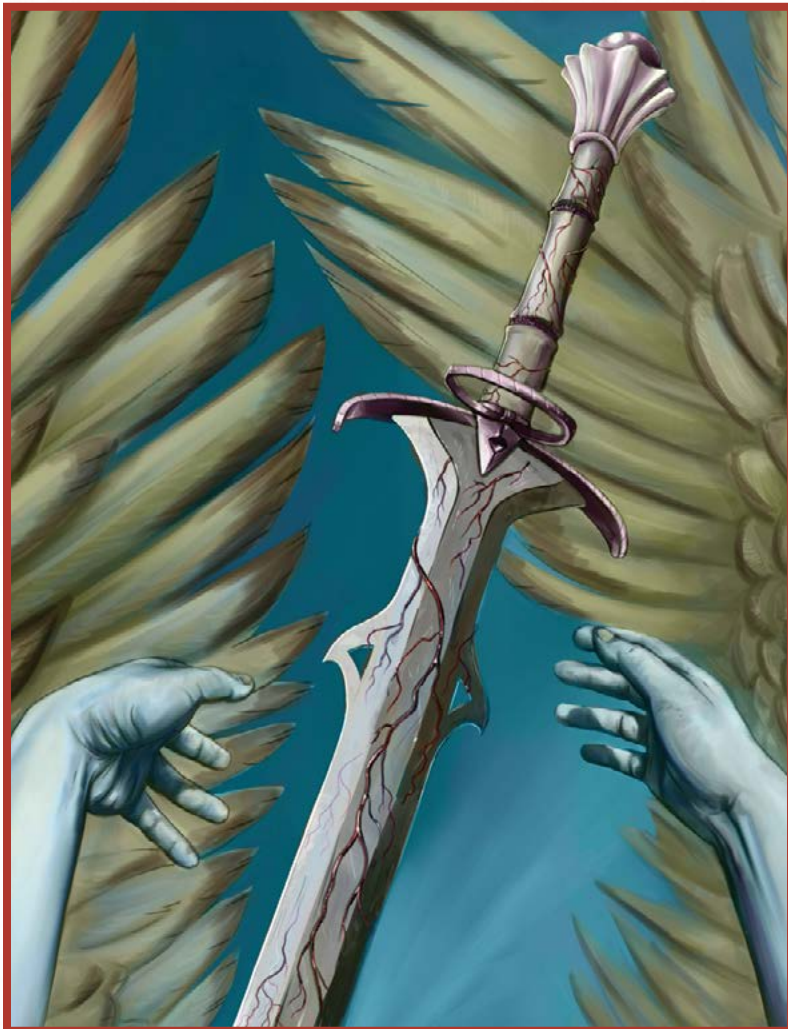
Returning from the Lands requires tearing another hole through to our world again—though doing it from the other side requires no check and no Inspiration expenditure. Time moves differently over there. The DM should roll 1d4 upon the return: however much time was spent in the Lands multiplied by the result of the roll is how much time has passed in the real world.

Too frequent use of Render to travel to the Lands makes the subsequent attempts harder, as the Lands resent the intrusion more and more. If used only once a month, there is no increase to the DC to tear the gash through to them. More frequent use increases the DCs to do so by 1d4 for the wielder, and they do not go back down.

DC	TYPE
30	Heavily populated with intelligent creatures and natural wildlife (a city surrounded by vibrant terrain)
27	Moderately populated with intelligent creatures and natural wildlife (a town surrounded by vibrant terrain)
24	Lightly populated with intelligent creatures and natural wildlife (a village surrounded by vibrant terrain)
21	Abundant natural wildlife (remote thriving natural habitats)
18	Sparse natural wildlife (places occupied by a mix of unnatural and natural creatures, lands partially corrupted)
15	Wastelands (places nearly devoid of natural life, barren, heavily influenced by unnatural power)
12	Profane places (corrupted domains of dark creatures, areas laden with death)



SHUDDERWEIN



How do you kill a god?

Teller didn't know. She'd killed giants and monsters and horrors. She'd killed the Great Black Bear and the Creeping Death of the Irewood. But, standing before this creature, its wings gloriously spread in an almost peacock-like fashion, perfectly made and without a hair or blemish or sign that he'd ever stepped foot into the world of real things... she was cowed.

Even if only for a moment. There was a glory to it. A majesty. Every graceful beat of its wings felt like the first boy she'd ever kissed and the last time she'd laughed in joy. It was her father's pride and the summer days with her mother, practicing over and over the forms and martial arts of her people. It was a stew she'd eaten in Renoa. It was the only joke she ever saw Broadway tell. It was being born.

It was dying loved. And it was telling her she was loved now, and to come to the light.

She was lost. In that moment, lost, and lowering the sword.

Scael Grotte, their warlock, stood (wisely) behind the barbarian as she stared at the angel floating silently and seriously toward them, great flaming sword in hand.

"Use the thing, Tel," Scael whispered in his oily, gurgling bass, "Trust me... we can't beat him, but we can convince him to go away. Use the thing. I had a talk with the Great Devourer, and he thinks it's a fine bet."

She shuddered at the thought of the warlock's Patron having any opinion at all, unnatural thing it was, and equally at the thought of using the thrumming dark weapon it birthed into the world and placed in her hand.

APPEARANCE

A greatsword, the blade and the hilt both white, with unearthly purple veins. The hilt feels like cold, clammy flesh and the entire sword has its own pulse. Perception DC 18 notices that the pulse speeds up when closer to anyone that can cast Divine spells.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 16, Religion DC 21; Advantage for Warlocks and anyone with the Acolyte background

The Shudderwein fell from the Outer Stars, one of the dimensions of grey and infinite wailing that borders the lands of the dead and the realm of the God of Night and Darkness, in the time before the first creatures learned to read or write. The war of Creation was over, but the Great Devourer—a Great Old One, an alien thing locked out of this reality in the aftermath—sought to tear through the Pact that exiled it and its kind in the aftermath.

Its memory, ponderous and long, would not forget the treachery of the gods of darkness, those who promised the world and delivered betrayal.

Sacrificing a portion of its power, it tore a stripe of flesh from its own back and forged it into a weapon of destiny whose great purpose it was to murder the deities that owned this universe, one by one... and any who serve them.

Attunement requires renouncing a god or goddess. Any will do, and the oath to oppose them must be honestly given. DMs should note, deities are of course larger than life and hardly care about the anger of every single mortal in the world that hates one or the other of them. But, some will remember the Shudderwein and the dangers of a mortal wielding it again. Some may choose to strip them of it, some may choose to point them in the direction of rivals or enemies. Weapons of destiny are no small matter.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Shudderwein is a +1 magic greatsword that destroys the essence of a creature as surely as it destroys their body. Every successful attack against a creature splits the sword's full damage without a roll (after any Features, Feats, Spells, or Bonuses).

Half the damage (rounding up) applies to their body as normal, deducting hp after Resistances and Immunities. The remaining damage applies to their Essence, their pattern in this reality; deduct the remaining damage from their maximum hp and ignore all Resistances and Immunities. When their body reaches 0 hp, they die as normal. When their Essence reaches 0 hp, their pattern is annihilated and the pieces devoured by an ancient alien horror beyond the stars.

Note that while magical healing may restore the body, nothing restores one's Essence except time.

NOTES



SLIRK'S TONGUE



The creature screeched a noisome laugh as Sir Frum's longsword sailed down the chasm behind him. He did not hear it hit bottom. Even one step back would send him down to join it, and the cackling demon before him blocked the only exit.

Exhausted, disarmed, the paladin tallied his options and found little to be happy about. There was only the Thing. The Thing he had been sent to retrieve. The Thing his temple asked him to bring back, to cleanse and destroy.

The fiend seemed to consider Frum's position, savoring its imminent victory, and that alone gave Frum time. Reaching back, his hand found the pommel; the others had chided him for carrying the heavy weapon, insisting he tuck it away in a bedroll, but he whispered a precious thanks for the prudence the heavens had given him. It wasn't safe, meaning keeping it with him was the only option, and now? That caution may be what saved his life. Wrenching it free with a grunt, his eyes never leaving the void-like gaze of the creature, the world seemed to slow to a brutal ballet.

The Thing tore itself free of the boot and buried itself nearly two feet into the creature's chest, by way of a great cleaving slash down through its shoulder. It didn't have time to scream.

A cloying, sickly joy welled up in Frum's heart: like a choir singing hymns to the dissonant sound of an organ out of tune. It felt right... but, somehow, also wrong. A laugh, deep and strong, welled up from the usually stern champion's belly. As the wretched horror twitched and evaporated into oily black smoke, Frum found himself cleaning the blade almost lovingly.

He didn't remember drawing the cloth to do so, or having started.

APPEARANCE

A long, blackened steel sword. The blade is heavy and wide, the grip is wrapped in a pale leather, and the guard features two tusks from some beast—one badly broken. Perception DC 14 notices the leather is skin from a humanoid.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 14, Arcane DC 19; Advantage for Fiendish Warlocks and anyone with the Acolyte background

Slirk was folklore.

A brutish, demon-spawned wanderer that hunted his own kind in the First Age. A mad ranger, joyfully devoted to the destruction of Fiendish minions and those that would enable them, the stories that feature him are most often morality plays where some protagonist hopes

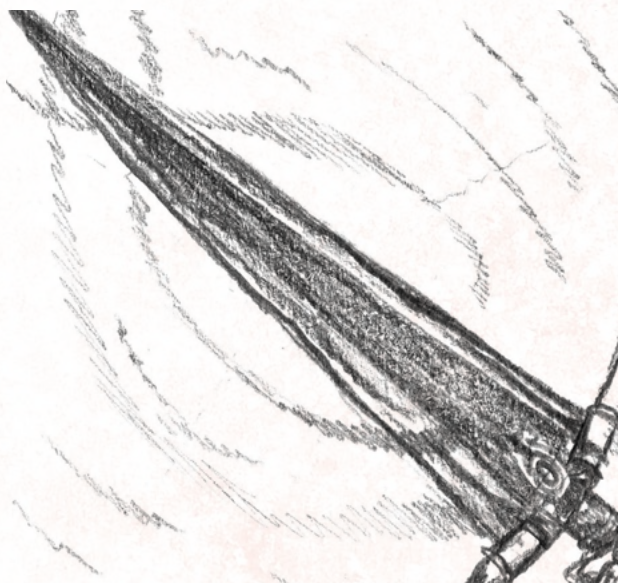
NOTES

to find devils for desperate purpose while the stalking and cruel form of Slirk makes their quest a race against time. Such is folklore.

But several cabals and cults with long memories know the truth of it. Slirk was real, and a bane to their kind and their plans—a marauding psychopath driven to destroy demons and fiends wherever they might be found in the world. Slirk was not a champion of any gods, nor the agent of peace or order; his slaughter was indulgent and reckless. Warlocks, demons, and those communities that harbored them. All destroyed with great passion. Slirk was nearly as much of a monster as those he fought, and several tomes

detail his cannibalistic urges and the depraved games he would make of his prey.

His death can be found in a few rare and forbidden texts—all of those under lock and key with one temple or another. How he died, however, is less important than the blessings bestowed on his sword by the god of madness. Unable to grant Slirk immortality or eternal unlife, like some of his siblings, he kissed the sword to preserve some fraction of the beautiful chaos the mad ranger brought to the mortal world. A sliver of Slirk's soul bound to the weapon that made an art of death and terror.



Attunement requires using the Tongue to kill a fiendish creature and reveling in the joy of dispatching it from this world.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Tongue functions as a +0 greatsword. The tongue cannot benefit from spells or magical enhancements of any other kind. When attacking a fiendish creature, or those imbued with their power, the wielder's attacks are made with advantage: the sword knows the secret ways and subtle weaknesses of such foul things.

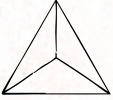
But, so deep is its hatred and so overwhelming the fury and delight of the soul bound to it, that, once the wielder attacks any creature successfully, they must use their next Action to attack again—slashing and thrusting with joyous bloodlust, taken by the passion of the fight.

Should the target die or fall below 0 hp, the wielder must still use their next Action to attack the remains—hacking and chopping at them, lost in the moment. Rolling a Critical Hit, or spending an Inspiration Point, can break through the mad cycle and allow the wielder to use subsequent turns normally.



NOTES

STICK OF BRUTE



“I sent him do it, Ha! I sent him do it. He walked right up to that guy, the big one there—no the one on the ground—but he wasn’t on the ground then.”

“And then— Wait a sec, Rek, I can tell this... so, like he said we saw him walk up to that big bastard there and they had words. Couldn’t make out what they’d said, but the big guy was mad and all his friends was mad. And then the big guy just snatches a big ole nasty axe from one of his friends and comes at the other guy.”

“No, he had it on his back, Pil— Tell it right if you’re gonna tell it. So he pulls his axe from his clutch on his back and swings once or twice, but the other fella is quick. And then that fella, he takes his stick in his hand, right? And he just swings it like you was swinging anything and lops the big bastards head right off. With a stick! Damndest thing I ever saw!”

APPEARANCE

A four-foot tall walking stick of gnarled and bleached wood, notched and dented from years of hard use.

ORIGIN

History DC 15, Arcane DC 18; Advantage for Illusion School Wizards and anyone with the Entertainer or Hermit backgrounds

Brute was a vain and famously ill-tempered sorcerer from the Low Lands in the Eastern Desert—the historicity of his actually existing as stories say is much in doubt, but someone like him almost assuredly was alive and had some reputation around that time. He was fabled to

be solitary and uninterested in the difficulties of society. Many plays and stories that feature him emphasize this fact to almost absurd levels.

His walking stick was his way of avoiding most conversations (when they got rough) on his journeys to the city. It was enchanted so heavily that it tore the barriers between the supernal and material realms in its very essence.

Attunement requires fully disconnecting from one person genuinely close to you—siblings, close friends, parents, one's benevolent employer—and it is not enough to simply vanish, the disconnect must be assertive. One must spurn the relationship, burn the bridge, and scatter those ashes. And only then, does Brute's Stick come to life.

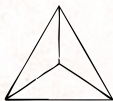
SYSTEM

The stick itself counts as a +0 magic weapon and looks and feels and sounds for all the world (even in the face of strong Divination magic) like a dry-rotted and thin club of wood barely long enough to use as a walking stick for a short man. For the bearer, however, the reality of the stick wanes just a fraction... and they can see that the stick is really a viciously crafted longsword with a razor's edge.

The sword is a few inches longer than the overlay of the stick, granting advantage to the bearer in Opportunity Attacks against retreating targets (as they will completely misjudge the reach of the bearer). The stick, however, is treated as being made of wood as far as much of reality is concerned: it floats, it can even burn. If engulfed in flame doing more than 20 damage within 3 Rounds, the stick is destroyed—one more artifact lost in the world.

NOTES

SWORD-BREAKER DAGGER



There was no lazier bastard of a con man than Hillicks Dale. Nor was there a better man with a knife. And, while he dodged and weaved around the great brute's slashes and thrusts, he delicately parried aside the shiny castle-forged blade—all the while thinking about dinner and whether the money would be good enough for chicken tonight.

The warrior swung hard and fast in an overhand chop, but Hillicks tapped it away with his knife. He was tired, so hopefully this wouldn't last much longer.

As the fighter spun and arced his blade upward from a crouch, Hillicks tapped it higher and heard the satisfying crack that meant payday.

A blacksmith, carting some wares to a client, happened to pass by while the soldier stared at his broken blade and lamented that he'd no time to replace it.

As he sped away down the back alley, before he could be spotted, Hillicks heard the smithy drawl on about how fortunate the timing was, as he'd had a surplus of these fine swords from only this morning and could let one go at a steal...

APPEARANCE

A plain-looking triangular-bladed steel dagger.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 11, History DC 16; Advantage to Wizards and anyone with the Criminal background

Sword-breaker Daggers are almost exclusively made and used by the better-off criminal element of Greyghast. While magical weaponry is illegal within the city, the penalties are light and fines easy to absorb, except for Sword-breakers. They are confiscated on sight and sent to be destroyed. Such is the level of annoyance they produce.

Attunement requires carrying no other weapon and a careful day of practice with it against various swords and maces and clubs, all wielded by capable and earnest opponents.

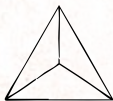
SYSTEM

The wielder may use their Reaction to parry an incoming weapon attack with blinding magical accuracy. The dagger reduces incoming Bludgeoning or Slashing damage from non-magical weapons by an amount equal to $1d4 + \text{Dexterity modifier}$, and imposes a -1 penalty (cumulative) to the attacking weapon if incoming damage is reduced to 0. The penalty is only on non-magical weapons, as magical ones are far more durable.

Swords chip and dull, maces become marred and unbalanced, hafts chopped up, etc. When the attacking weapon's penalty equals their smaller damage dice (-8 penalty on a longsword, for example), then the weapon is ruined and may only be used as an improvised weapon unless repaired.

NOTES

TRAPPER'S BOW



As the Band of Fellows tracked the dwarf through the crags and outcroppings for the third day, they began to feel more than a little worried. This was the second time they'd run across one of the Emperor's soldiers there in the pass. Like the last one, he was well enough alive, but tired and bolt-shot through the leg, barely strong enough to stand.

They tried their best, as ever, but (also like the last one) nothing they could do would remove the bolts or help the soldier. The projectile looked no more interesting than any ash stick, but the thing seemed to weigh a ton.

On the fifth day, they saw the remnants of the squad sent up here last week... moaning and half-dead men pinned to the ground like flies in a physicker's case. They delivered mercy.

On the twelfth, Louis took a bolt in the chest from some far shot, and it was as though he'd been struck by a double-handed swing of a giant's club. The cleric went flying and not all their strength could get him up again.

It was on the fourteenth day that they turned around and went home, never having found the dwarf they'd come for. It wasn't the cold or the sun or the mountain that made their choice for them, it was the great big dragon, shot through with a dozen bolts, howling its last breath... unable to stand.

APPEARANCE

A large heavy crossbow, built with a standing bipod, nearly chest high and made of steel and trimmed in copper along the bow.

ORIGIN

History DC 16, Nature DC 18; Advantage for Rangers and anyone with the Noble background

The Trapper's Bow is an artifact of pre-Dominion dwarvish culture. When the clans were independent and spread throughout the peaks and

valleys of the far ranges, competing benignly with each other, their engineers and priests created miracles of technology that would be appropriated by the new empire centuries later for more warlike purposes.

A heavy crossbow, the Trapper's Bow was fashioned to catch large and dangerous predators. All on its own the crossbow weighs nearly 100 lbs. It is made of solid steel scribed in dwarvish runes and trimmed in copper that doesn't rust.

SYSTEM

The stock of the weapon holds 12 bolts, and serves as its quiver. Any crossbow bolts kept in the weapon become enchanted after 24 hours.

The crossbow counts as a +0 heavy crossbow. On a successful hit, however, the bolt becomes metallic and weighty—increasing in diameter to stay stuck in the flesh, increasing in density and weight until it is 100 lbs., and threatening the encumbrance of the target accordingly.

The target may use their Reaction to quickly remove the bolt from their flesh while it agitates and vibrates with the coming transformation. Doing so causes 1d4 Slashing damage.

The Trapper's Bow cannot be placed in an extra dimensional space, like a Bag of Holding or the like. Nor can it leave this plane (any magical movement that involves planar travel succeeds but leaves the crossbow behind).



NOTES



WICKED GENTS



“Well, he just sort of come in here, as you like—kicked that door in entirely and asked for the biggest and meanest one here,” Wex was eight shades of beaten and his face bore the marks and bruises and lumps of a man that took a horse’s hindkick to the face and then went back to see if that was the best it could do. A few times.

Marshall Fenxes listened carefully. The run-down shack was a reputed hideout for some of the less savory folks in lower Wetside, but a little harmless mugging here and there was hardly worth days of reports and interviews outlining just how many people “didn’t see nothing.” This morning, however, to see four grown men lying about and near tears over some other bastard? Well worth the trip.

“Do you have anything more than that? What he looked like? Did he have any marks? Tattoos? Anything unique?”

Wex looked to the far wall, where a wineskin sagged against the panel, a vicious looking hatchet pinning it to the wall right through the middle—the smell of stale wine hung in the air and purple stains spread from the floor underneath.

“...well, he’s got the other one of those things.”

APPEARANCE

A pair of twin short-hatchets with a steel ball on the opposite side of the blades for balance.

ORIGIN

History DC 15, Arcane DC 17; Advantage to Battlemaster Fighters and anyone with the Charlatan background

The Wicked Gents are uncommon in the greater underworld of Greyghast due to their rather unimpressive look. Most thieves would rather a fancy dagger or a serious edged sword rather than some crude hand axes.

But the Magewright—and prolific gambler—Ennis dur Aleour enchanted these two in his youth as payment for a boat race gone bad, and they've been passed through the criminal network of wannabes ever since.

Attunement to the pair takes a week of hiding them on one's person such that nobody (at all) notices they are there (Sleight of Hand, roll sets the DC against the Passive Perception of everyone one interacts with; if they are noticed at any point, one must start all over).

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the hatchets count as +0 light magic weapons that do 1d4 + Strength Slashing damage on the foreswing and 1d6 + Strength

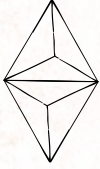
Bludgeoning on the backswing (this is not an additional attack, this are just the two damages the wielder can choose between).

They can be thrown (range of 10/20) and, once per hatchet per day (twice overall), one may attempt to throw a hatchet to Disarm an opponent. If within 5 ft. the throw (using one's attack roll) is disadvantaged, at 10ft. it is normal, and at 20 ft. it is advantaged.

Regardless the distance, the hatchet thrown goes up to an additional 20 ft. in whatever direction it had been going, though this cannot be used to injure an additional creature, skipping across the floor if nothing is there to obstruct it. In the event of there being no additional distance for it to go (as when within that additional 20 ft. is blocked by a wall), it's blade bites deeply into the surface, potentially pinning the disarmed object there.

Pulling the hand axe free requires an Athletics check DC equal the thrower's Strength score.

NOTES



ZEPHYR SPINES



Reed leaned back against the straw, the wind howling outside made the inside of the old barn almost peacefully quiet by comparison. He'd outlived the Far Wars, robbing the weary refugees blind in the hills, and stood his own against countless bounty-hunters and trackers. He liked to boast, when half-drunk with his gang, that there wasn't a man or woman fast enough to put a knife to him. As he slumped back, the smell of wet hay everywhere choking him, he could hardly believe he'd been so wrong.

He saw, against the half-light of the lamp beside him, a figure.

The thick-shouldered woman stood over him, looking down with cold, dead eyes. In the moment he'd closed his eyes to get comfortable, out of nowhere, she appeared—like some kind of spectre of ill tidings.

"Just who the hell are you?"

"Rita."

Reed blinked away the confusion between the pain in his side and the conflicting estimations in his mind.

"I... I thought you was dead."

The elf took a harsh step forward into the light.

"Not hardly."

APPEARANCE

Two, fifteen inch long lengths of polished white bone. The surface etched in a flowing and gilded pattern from end-to-end and coming to a sharp point.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 17, Religion DC 25; Advantage for Arch-Fey Warlocks and Barbarians or anyone with the Sage background

The gods of the wind and storm, the Corners, the Fey Court of the Skies... all came together in the old time to murder the Great Father Wind, the being that ruled the Plane of Air. The treacherous murder took eons to plot and execute and the details of it are long lost to whatever passes for history in the stars.

But to keep him from coming back, they tore his body to pieces and spread them out over a thousand thousand domains in the heavens. And from one of these fragments, the Spines of Zephyr were created four hundred years ago in the distant Eastern lands past the Bay.

Attunement requires a leap (from something high) and fall (for at least 100 ft.) unassisted by any magic.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Zypher Spines count as +0 magic daggers that pre-empt Reactions taken against the wielder.

After a Reaction is declared by the creature, the Spines' wielder may pre-empt that Reaction with one of their own. This pre-emptory Reaction must employ the use of one of the Spines in some way, most commonly using them as an Opportunity Attack, though other abilities through Feats or Features may be used (so long as they are Reactions and would use the Spines in some way).

When a Shield or Parry is declared by a creature as part of a Reaction, as an example, the wielder of the Spines may take their own Reaction to strike with one before the Shield or Parry is resolved.

NOTES

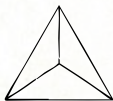
CHAPTER THIRTEEN

WONDERS

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NOTES



AGATE OF TIME



Nera and the rest climbed down into the labyrinthine ant hill of tunnels and passages. The omnidirectional nature of the paths betrayed the alien nature of the thing that lived here. As they carefully lowered themselves down a sheer hole in the bedrock that opened to a series of off-angled other paths, she could feel the thing watching them.

It wasn't the feeling of being watched by a mind, it was this whole place.

This lair, so long and deeply infused with the thing's own wrongness and evil, was watching them. It was reading them and staring at them through a thousand flecks and facets in the rocks they passed.

When time came, she was sure the vain thing would call upon horrors here in the heart of its power. It would toy with them. Like a cruel child with a fly—plucking wings and laughing.

She'd seen it before. Been trapped in a world that worked to destroy them as surely as the beast that lived there.

But she had a trick up her sleeve that might just give them all a chance...

APPEARANCE

A brilliantly complex geode, the stone irregular and chunky, with dazzling crystalline minerals growing well past the edges of rock. Perception DC 13 notices the faces of hundreds of people in the reflective facets, sleeping.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 17, History DC 22; Advantage for Circle of the Land Druids and anyone with the Sage background

The world speaks not in prose but in action—not over moments but eons. The Druids, called forth from the swarm of mortals that live on it, are but thousands of tiny ants working towards a goal greater than their knowing and often over a time longer than their lives.

It became known as The Pilgrimage amongst some of their own. To outsiders, it looked like a form of madness; a boy wakes up and knows he must travel to a distant mountain and spend a year hammering at a rock-face with a stone and by hand. Years later, a woman of means abandons her family to go there, doing the same. Centuries of this. A man wakes up from a drunken stupor and travels to that cliff (now showing a vague tunnel-like shape).

Over the millennia, hundreds of people—chosen by the World to be its Druids, its keepers—would have this geas upon them. None knowing why. None questioning it. Such is the way of Druids.

Eventually, several hundred meters deep in the rock and hundreds of years ago, a young girl (hands bloody and raw, having pounded at the rocks for months already) broke through to reveal a cavity in the mountain, a cavern, where a fist-sized chunk of mineral lay that would be known as the Agate of Time.

That girl would grow up to be a great Archdruid, and the Agate was one of her greatest tools.

Attunement to the Agate requires speaking the Druidic name for stone. One need not know the language to be able to speak the word, but for those not already a Druid it may be a challenge to get one to share its pronunciation.

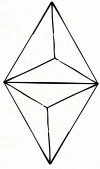
SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Agate's only property is forcing the unnatural and alien nature of Lairs to cleave to the character's own Initiative and activity.

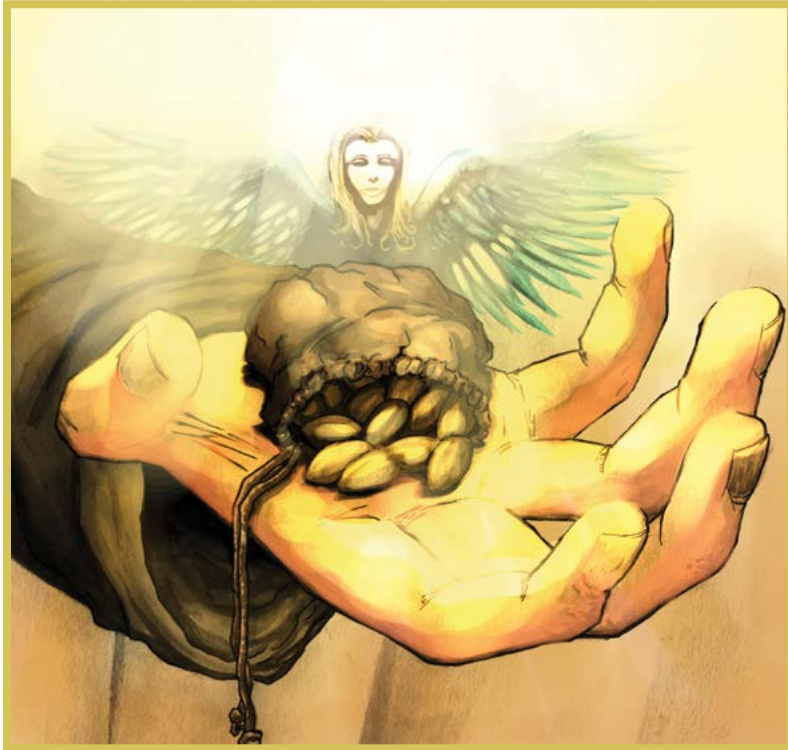
All Lair actions taken within a mile of the possessor of the Agate take place after the bearer's own turn, and never any sooner.

If the possessor does nothing during their own turn—neither speaking, nor moving, and taking no actions—then the Lair cannot take its turn. Should the possessor be affected by external means (shoved, magically controlled, etc.) they count as having still not, themselves, done anything and the Lair cannot act.

NOTES



AMBROSIA



It was a quiet, serious, and frequent communion.

Every morning, when the dawn broke over the trees or peaks or horizon or walls, Favian Crossley could be found kneeling already. Head bowed, a simple cloth sack spread before him like a small, ugly blanket, he would take his peaceful ritual of the day. With great care and great ceremony, he picked up a wooden bowl no larger than a man's cupped hand and rotely filled it with his own breath. The deep inhale and exhale was a comfort to him, he visibly smiled and relaxed. This was, as always, his calmest time.

Then, as methodical as always and unwavering from one morning to next, he poured some grain into the bowl from a small pouch by his right knee —always his right. And, holding that pose, hands by the bowl resting in the center of the flat sack, pouch to his right, head down, he sat. And sat.

And sat.

The fire came —again, as always —and leapt from his chest. It burst him into light. It was wonderful.

APPEARANCE

A pouch of hard white seeds, like over-round and over-large grains of rice. Perception DC 15 notices, when in the light, the seeds smell of citrus and appear to swell.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 15, DC Nature 20; Advantaged for Druids or anyone with the Acolyte background

Ambrosia seeps into the world in the few places the gods and goddesses have touched directly. At the junction between the eternal

divine realms and this world there grow both the Weeds of Discord and the Flowers of Harmony—it is from these flowers that Ambrosia comes.

For the unbelievers (rare, they are) and the enemies of grace (far more common, those individuals who have given themselves over to the chaotic free powers of the earth or the Great Beings that seek to wrest control of it from outside), Ambrosia is a lingering proof that faith is not truly gone nor its power truly spent in this world.

SYSTEM

Fortunate heroes have found small pouches of the seeds, in the past. Never more than a few together, of course, but even those crudely educated in the mysteries of Temple and Church custom (Religion Proficiency) know they can be made to multiply by ritualistically exposing them to the first rays of dawn; doing so causes 1d4 seeds appear with the others.

If there are no seeds left on a given sunrise the pouch crumbles, what divine power keeping it eternally supple and fresh is gone. The seeds cannot be eaten at night.

The first seed of Ambrosia eaten in any given day provides 1 hp of magical healing. The seed, soft and plump, dissolves in a summerfruit-like sweetness in one's mouth. One can use this on others, even those who cannot chew it—assuming one can get it into their mouth at all.

The second seed of ambrosia eaten in the same day provides 1 inspiration, as none can taste the food of the heavens and not feel strong, content, and calm.

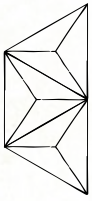
The third seed eaten in the same day provides immunity from the effects of the first Exhaustion one has or gets, though it won't remove the condition. Thus, if one has two Exhaustion, the effects of level 1 are ignored while level 2 is still felt.

The fourth seed eaten in the same day grants a Resistance to radiant damage.

Should anyone who is not sanctioned by a deity (unable to Channel Divinity) eat a seed, however, there is a chance that the following dawn an emissary of the heavens will come to reclaim the Ambrosia from the owner. For every seed fed to someone not sanctioned in a given day, there is a cumulative 5% chance a Deva will show; this roll also made at dawn. First, they will ask; then, they will demand; and finally, they will—if not given the seeds—attack.

DMs are encouraged to explain to the owner that fighting a divine agent may draw the attention of beings greater still. Additionally, it may be possible to retain the Ambrosia through sufficient promises and oaths; after all, keeping what is Theirs should require doing something They want.

NOTES



BARONY OF HAVERWOOD



“Well, I’ll tell ya’, ok? Plucky Jim never did like Cromwell. They’d spent the last few years running up and down the countryside and the little gentleman was useful—no doubt there—but he was also a bit of a dandy and whined endlessly about life on the trail.

“So, when Crom comes back from their last stint in the Greyghast and says he got himself a house with all the money he’d saved from their treasure hauls and some lucky gambling, that was fine. No issue. Let him be, that’s what Big Brick said to Jim and that was fine.

“However, as of late, bastard kept insisting over the fire that he was BARON Cromwell now. Kept at it. Correcting everyone all the time. On and on, like a real bastard. Over and over. Even when Plucky Jim went and saved his skinny tail from that raid last week. Jim says ‘Damn, Crom! I worried we’d near lost you’ and what’s the little differ say while he’s all bleedin’ all over? ‘Baron, Pluck, Baron.’”

“If that wasn’t bad enough, His Majesty was the only one of them who didn’t spend the last two nights soiling himself over the bad water they’d had a drink of from that new cask. Lucky, stupid git.”

APPEARANCE

An undeveloped tract of land.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 17, History DC 23; Advantage for Clerics and anyone with the Noble background

The Barony is a holdover from the ancient days when the gods had been promising with breath and sighs their assurances to the raw of Creation—long before they started fighting each other directly and through proxies for who gets to rule it. The Barony was a stretch of firmament before mortals ever set foot on the ground, one

of several, touched by the hopes of the Divine that have all but forgotten it. It is a product of the oldest times, and hardly any culture or kingdom remembers.

Stretches of land, like the Barony, are imbued with the Divine Right of Kings—a promise the gods made to raise up mortals with a piece of their power. To set an order to the world more directly than with priests and more remotely than by touching it themselves.

The Barony exists outside what is now known as Greyghast, having sat dormant for centuries. DMs are encouraged to place the Barony wherever they like, but to also remember that it is collection of real acreage in the world. And whether or not the world has kings anymore doesn't matter, the power is the power regardless the politics of mortals.

Attunement requires being nobility or very high aristocracy—either by birthright or by the granting of such titles by a nation, kingdom, or empire that has ruled for at least as long as one's own lifetime—owning the land, and sleeping one night within its grounds. If long abandoned to the wild, it may be forests and pastures with bare hints of ruined buildings. If more recently maintained, it may have a manor or a few farmhouses owned by other NPCs. DMs should keep the Barony small, but functionally realistic and worth “developing.”

SYSTEM

First, the Barony, once attuned, grants the owner a Resistance of their choice—this is now a natural part of them wherever they go for as long as they own the Barony.

Second, while within the bounds of the domain, if the owner or anyone the owner allows levels up (i.e. goes from 3rd to 4th level; and in this case meaning the moment character stats, proficiencies, feats, etc. are recalculated and finalized) then, instead of rolling for hp (if they choose to roll), they roll twice and take the higher total. For some cultures and kingdoms this may be as much as anyone ever gets out of it anymore. The last vestiges of power.

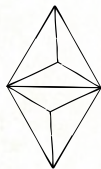
However, should the land be expanded upon or developed, Divine Right empowers the owner yet more. If grown to a County (requiring at least 50,000gp of improvements or territorial acquisition, with many ideas for improvements in the *Dungeon Master's Guide*) and backed by the nation, kingdom, or empire in question, the owner may select another Resistance to have.

If grown to a Duchy (requiring an additional 150,000gp of improvements or territorial acquisition) and also backed by the nation, kingdom, or empire in question, then the owner may convert one of their Resistances to an Immunity.

If grown into a Kingdom (requiring at least 500,000gp of improvements or territorial acquisition), the owner is coronated by a temple or faith's highest officers, and the territory successfully secedes from whatever nation, kingdom, or empire it came from, the owner may convert their second Resistance into an Immunity as well.

DMs are encouraged identify the value of improvements and adjacent lands, and work with players on the expectation that the Barony is both very expensive to grow and takes years. It is a very slow ladder of reward.

NOTES



BASTARD SAND



Slips heard them arguing from across the tavern. The wizard and the cleric were going at it all the time, these days—all the time. Arguments. Threats. Accusations. They really hated each other, and if it weren't for their leader's need and the debt all of them owed him, those two would have already unleashed hell on each other over where someone's bedroll went down on any random night. Children.

As it happened, Brother Service had saved his life yesterday and Slips would be damned if he was indebted to that pompous jerk forever. Besides... Lauran was kind a shrill harpy and had threatened to turn him into a stump a few weeks ago on the road to

back to the city. "To match your height and your thick head, Slip," she'd said. She was not nice. By all the five powers, how did he end up with these folk.

He waited until the two were right at that point where they'd start peacocking at each other with more threats and demonstrations. Egging the other on. Service tapping his great mace against his palm, shouting at the wizard, while it glowed a pure white. Lauran making the tables shake and the lights dance, a mystery of unearthly energies swarming around her, begging him to take a swing so her "eldritch might can teach him that lesson he never learned in the dirthole he grew up in."

Slips walked up, casually, while wooden chairs smoldered and that vein in the cleric's forehead nearly popped. He reached into his bag, the one he'd been saving for just such an occasion, grabbed a handful of sand—not that either did much noticing—and hit Lauran in the face with it.

In an instant, a beautiful and almost hilarious instant, the tables stopped quaking... the lights went to normal... the purple lightening vanished... and Lauran was spitting sand out of her teeth and cursing, her expression going from rage to a moment of concentration, to surprise.

"She's all yours, mate," Slips winked at Service and walked back to his chair to watch the finest beating he'd ever witnessed in his life.

APPEARANCE

A pouch of sand that glitters subtly in the light.

ORIGIN

History DC 12, Arcane DC 19; Advantage for Rogues and anyone with the Criminal or Guild Artisan backgrounds

The criminal black markets in Greyghast are home to a special brand of nuisance in the way of the Blackworks: an illegal artificing conclave the city has been unsuccessful in breaking up for years. The Fellows, the Greyghast mafia and empire of gang activity, do a thrifty trade protecting the magewrights and cultists at the Blackworks in exchange for equipage that keeps them several steps ahead of the law—and well-rewarded for what crime they organize.

The pouch itself is non-magical. The container can be anything, but the sand inside of it regenerates so long as it is not entirely used up.

Attunement to the sand requires the weapon- and magic-free beating of an arcane caster; such is the sense of humor in the Blackworks. With no magical assistance, and no third-party assistance of any kind, the prospective attuner must physically beat up a person who can cast arcane spells until they either give up or go unconscious (or die, if doing it particularly ruthlessly).

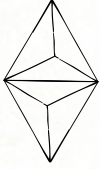
SYSTEM

A half-a-handful (enough to fill an egg) is all it takes to achieve the sand's effect. The sand regenerates 1d4 handfuls per week, to a maximum of 6, so long as any sand remains. Once the last is used, it's gone.

With a ranged attack (as though an improvised weapon, thus no Proficiency Bonus) from up to 10 ft. away, one may use their Reaction—in response to a spell being cast by a caster within range—to toss a handful into their eyes, mouth, or airway. Should the creature lack any of those, the sand does nothing. Similarly, if the spell being cast is from an item, the sand does not work against it.

On a successful hit, the sand bursts into a spray that causes a localized Counterspell. On a roll of a 1 to hit, however, the sand is badly fumbled (it is slippery and difficult to hold onto) and is spilled on the user in which case any magical effects or items the user is wearing are considered dispelled and/or inert for at least 1 round, just until the sand is shaken off properly.

NOTES



BASTIAN CHURN



The tiefling panted and gasped for air, exhausted from the beating she'd given the young gnomish conjurer. Sweat dripped off her brow and she felt her heart thundering its protest in her chest. She just wasn't made for this sort of thing.

As Tilbuck lay on the ground, a motley of bruises and a squeeze-box of whimpers, Trystal stumbled her way over to her pack.

It was here somewhere. Somewhere. No. Maybe in the pocket, there. No.

She stopped to catch her breath while Tilbuck stopped groaning and finally fell unconscious. Taking a few minutes to cool off and even pull her boots free

(it looked like she split a toenail on the gnomes helmet, crap), the warlock felt much better and far more collected. She went through her packs until she found it—an unimpressive, small, dark brown egg.

To anyone else, it'd have looked like a half-rotten sparrow's egg. To Trystal, it was a gift worthy of a king. Or a Tilbuck, as it were.

She spent the next few minutes propping the little gnome up, opening his mouth, and using an old flatbow bolt to plunge the hard little egg down his throat. The gnome choked once or twice, still unconscious. It was a brutal sight, as the darkly cloaked and horned witch rammed a stick down the smaller man's throat over and over, ignoring involuntary spasms. When Tilbuck came to, throat raw, cheek torn a bit, spitting wooden splinters into the grass and speaking hoarsely, Trystal only beamed.

"So..." the gnome hacked and coughed as he groaned his way to his feet, "...did it work?"

Trystal smiled brilliantly, "Like a charm."

APPEARANCE

An irregular, rounded object resembling a lump of rotted fruit, but hard and petrified. The brown and grey coloration is broken up by pits and hollows.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 19, history DC 22; Advantage for Warlocks and anyone with the Soldier background

During the Creation Wars, when the gods asserted their claim to this world, the Lord of

Plagues cursed The-Speaker-of-the-Stars to suffer a slow and cosmically agonizing death that would play out over eons beyond number. The Great Old One would not truly die until the moment before the end of this universe, but it would rot from the inside with a divine cancer that would cause it a seeming eternity of suffering.

The Churn is an intestinal polyp from the body of that dying Great Old One, an alien piece of hardened rot cast off from one of its great convulsions hundreds of thousands of years ago. Those that still worship and work at the machinations of the creature have secreted it to each other for thousands of years as cults rose and fell. The last known warlock to have the Churn was a royal attaché to the army of the Old Empire named Bast, hundreds of years before the rise of the Exile kings. It bears his name still, he was said to have been instrumental in raising champions for the Empire.

Attunement requires swallowing the Churn. Between the rotted flavor and size, this is nearly impossible for any creature of Small or Medium size to accomplish; the revulsion one feels isn't just chemical but existential. The Churn itself resists ingestion, and even Large creatures find it difficult. The intended swallower may get one chance to try (only one), and the Constitution Save to swallow and keep it down is made against DC 20 for Large creatures, DC 24 for Medium creatures, and DC 28 for Small creatures. DMs should note that just because a creature cannot swallow it themselves, this does not mean it cannot be forced (dangerously) down their throat by others.

SYSTEM

Once successfully attuned, the Churn stays in the stomach of the host forever, unless removed surgically or post-mortem. Any attempts to regurgitate or teleport it out of the body fail as it lightly adheres to the wall of the stomach and chooses to ignore the attempts.

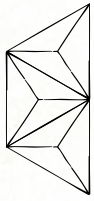
The Churn relieves its host of the need to eat or drink, and grants them a Resistance to Poison and Necrotic damage. Unfortunately, the unloving alien stone also robs them of the ability to enjoy food or drink; they lose their sense of both taste and smell (disadvantage on Perception with respect to those senses, and any Investigation or identifications that would rely on them like identifying potions or the like).

No melding of such different organisms is perfect, and should the host suffer a critical hit, roll 1d4. On a 1, their movement is reduced to 0 for the next turn and their Action is taken up by them hunching over in pain, vomiting a pale grey pus, ribboned with trickles of their own blood and bile, onto the ground.

The pus bubbles and smokes and, should it land on natural ground of any kind, a malformed and otherworldly creature (ranging in size from a finger to a fist) rises from the muck—a parasite of some alien origin. These are never the same each time: sometimes they are eleven-legged spider-like things with pale red eyes that clack a strange language with beaked mouths, sometimes a bat-like creature with one eye off-center on their pink head that flaps poorly away while trailing a veiny rat-like tail several feet long.

These creatures die quickly—within minutes of exposure to this world—and melt into a foul smelling dust. They have no attack.

NOTES



BLOOD JAR



“Don’t go in yet,” the Keeper told Kurt in a hushed whisper that was a touch too loud.

Kurt nodded and pressed in close next to the witch. Craning his neck to get close to her ear.

“Alright, but you need to keep it down. You can’t know if someone in there has sharp hearing. The reports say they’ve got one of them magic-like folk in there; don’t ya’ll have ways of hearing stuff through walls and all?”

The Keeper looked puzzled for a moment and then leaned close to Kurt’s ear, much more quietly than before.

“Right, sorry. I don’t usually do it this way. The sneaking around. Their master in there is supposed to be an Evoker, though— ”

“A what?”

“Evoker.”

Kurt just looked puzzled. The Keeper leaned in again.

“Fire magic, blowing things up.”

The old rogue just nodded slowly. Fire magic. Sure, he thought, but don’t they all do that?

Seemingly able to read his mind, the Keeper smiled: “Not all of us do that. The package I let them steal doesn’t do that, they’re not likely to know what it actually does. Watch this...”

Both eased up to peek into the window, the room was filled with thugs and murderers all unpacking their loot and showing things off. As one lifted an ugly jar free from a crate, the Keeper murmured a few strange words and waggled her fingers.

The lid flipped sharply into the air, and then the screaming started.

APPEARANCE

A large glass jar, filled nearly three-quarters of the way full with maroon and murky brown blood. The lid is a flat gold cap with an alien and maddening symbol carved crudely into the surface.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, History DC 23; Advantage for Great Old One Warlocks and anyone with the Soldier background

Ascension—the act of rising from this mortal state to something higher—is the preoccupation of many cults. The Great Powers outside of our world, clawing and scheming to get in, all promise it in some form. They whisper and darke across the stars and glass and shadows, telling the faithful that if only they try, give, do... they can have it.

The inquisitorial witch-hunts of the Old Empire were most often political and full of blind hatred. Occasionally, though, they did work that could be considered ultimately good, even if for poor reasons.

Stopping the Ascension of Wanyi Blighe was one such incident.

Blighe was a devout follower of the Pinnixis Vorghal, the Keeper of Screams. The Great Old One—a betrayer of Its own kind during the great wars for creation, and a chaotic star-spawned force that breeds madness and suffering in its wake—is written about in rare tomes as being a Power that even the most nihilistic or insane of warlocks would avoid dealings with.

But, the creature had raised Blighe up, granted him raw and horrific power. It was Blighe that spearheaded the only Rebellion to the order of the Exile Dynasty in their entire tenure as masters of the Empire; seventeen thousand people died in one long, sweltering Summer. The Terror is remembered to this day, and while history tells us that the Imperial armies and saboteurs took down Blighe's cult and rebellion, the truth is far different.

Blighe had no interest in ruling any mortal world, and his campaign was built on fear and lies intended to serve him enough death and suffering that he could complete a long and dark ritual—eventually Ascending and joining his perverse Patron in the constellations of power over worlds.

The Pinnixis is fickle and cruel, however, and (for reasons none can fathom) It stole Blighe's Ascension and locked him away in a sort of half-life as an embryonic star-spawn. The Terror was over, the Empire wrote the history on the matter, and the Blood Jar—Blighe's prison—was lost to the ages.

Attunement requires killing a creature the possessor has befriended, or at least one that believes they have been befriended by the possessor. This betrayal wakes the mindless thing in the jar and completes the attunement. This doesn't mean the possessor must kill an innocent creature, they could be well deserving of it, but the creature must die thinking they were betrayed by the bearer.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the jarspwan that lives inside the blood can be seen moving about within. Perception DC 20 may notice the occasional tiny fist or foot against the glass for a moment or two when jostled. No attempt to open the jar by anyone other than the owner can succeed, nor can the jar be broken.

Opening the jar requires an Action and succeeding in an Athletics Check DC 10. Anyone other than the owner within 5 ft. of the jar when it is open must succeed in a Constitution Save DC 10, or suffer from the Poisoned condition for one turn—the noxious smell and gurgling vat of alien blood causing them to almost double over and vomit from nausea.

At the start of the owner's turn, after the jar is opened, the jarspawn begins to crawl out. It is covered in slimy brackish blood, a malformed creature with a vaguely humanoid shape. The head is withered and eyeless, barely smaller

than the opening of the jar, like an oversized rotted peach. The body is small and wiry, with abnormally long and skinny arms. Its knotty, boney hands pull it free from the jar and it begins to move towards the nearest living creature. DM's should note, it will target the owner if the owner is closest.

The jarspawn has an AC of 8 and as many hit points as twice the number of days since it was last released from its interdimensional prison. Its base movement is 10 ft. and it always moves towards the nearest living creature on its turn.

Once it reaches a living creature, it begins to climb them—hand over hand with surprising strength. Climbing takes one full turn. Once the jarspawn is climbing the creature, it may still be the subject of attacks, though half the damage the jarspawn takes is automatically delivered to the creature it is climbing. With an Action, the creature may try to shake off the jarspawn by succeeding in an Athletics Check DC 15. If they are unable to use two hands (or similarly dexterous appendages) to remove it, the check is disadvantaged.

At the end of the jarspawn's climb (1 turn), it attempts to force the mouth of the creature open and crawl inside of them in a horrific contortion

of limbs. The creature must make a Strength Save DC 15, or the jarspawn succeeds in prying their mouth open and crawling in. The jarspawn will continue to try this on each subsequent turn until cast off physically or dead.

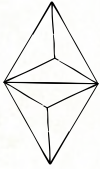
Once inside a creature, it burrows—painfully—deep into them. The creature is considered to have Exhaustion 1 from the pain and discomfort. At the end of the creature's turn, so long as the jarspawn is inside of them, they take 1 slashing damage that is not subject to Resistance or Invulnerability. If the creature is at rest, calmly doing nothing strenuous, they take this damage once every ten minutes.

Getting the jarspawn out of one's body requires intense vomiting and a Short Rest. This level of vomiting can be induced by some diseases, imbibing excessive amounts of very strong alcohol, or even magically-induced sickness.

Once regurgitated from a body, the jarspawn quickly dissolves into a white mucous that gives off an alien smoke that smells like over-ripe fruit—cloying and disconcerting. The moment it dissolves a Perception DC 20, notices movements within the Jar as the spawn returns to its home.



NOTES



BRUCKER'S PIPE



"You have no idea who you're dealing with," the dark elvish woman spat as she stared down her adversary.

He paced back and forth, the firelight casting cruel shadows behind him that seemed to dance and play with every word he spoke.

"You're nothing. And I won't be cowed, woman." His voice was cold and accusing.

As the witch steadied herself, and the large cultist prowled, the rest of the group gave them space. This had been brewing for days, really. And not even the old paladin had the endur-

ance to keep breaking them up, night after night after night. They'd stare each other down for a while and then everyone would get back t—

...

The large man's screams lasted half the night. And the lady made him thank her, between labored breaths and great spasms of pain, for letting him live long enough to go tell his "daddy."

APPEARANCE

A glass and ebony wood pipe, masterfully constructed with engraved flowers around the bowl.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 14, Nature DC 19; Advantage for Arch-Fey Warlocks and anyone with the Hermit background

The Magister of the Bright Sun made a mark on this world three centuries back with a simple, but mysterious, polished walnut and bone pipe. While his warlocks roamed the lands, wreaking havoc and horror and hope and salvation, they were summoned by the winds to come to the

Glade. And when they came, the great Arch-Fey left for them a gift—and told them nothing about how to use it.

As the dozen devout seers communed with each other, speaking of mysteries... debating rights... testing each other... arguing about who is best-loved of the Bright Sun... sharing their adventures...

A flash of lightning and, on the ground, a simple polished pipe amidst a scattering of violets.

At first, they took it as a sign of favor from their great Patron, but soon they turned on each other as disagreements, debates, and arguments turned to blades, blows, and eldritch fire. The

last warlock standing, Brucker of Kawl, kicked over the bodies of his “fellows,” looting what interesting things they had and high on his supremacy over these lesser cultists of the great Magister. He saw the pipe, took it up, and left.

Weeks later he would pull it out of his satchel, while in a small boring town of no great interest, and buy a few pinches of tobacco from a traveling merchant. He’d never much liked smoking, but boredom took him and it reminded him of the slaughter he’d survived and proved himself in.

And he lost himself.

Four years later the great and powerful warlock gasped into the rain, and—withered and tired, choking on his own vomit—he died in a gutter by an outhouse in a village he never learned the name of. A rattle. A gasp. And he was gone. The pipe tumbled from his hand into the mud, and where it fell new violets sprung.

Attunement requires declaring an oath to destroy the followers of an otherworldly Patron—a specific one. DMs are encouraged to consider the risks of defaulting in the face of this promise by the Magister’s name.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Pipe counts as an arcane focus and grants advantage on any contested rolls against Warlocks (of any Patron) or cultists that can cast spells higher than a Cantrip. So long as the pipe is carried closely to the owner’s body, it need not be held or brandished to be used as a focus.

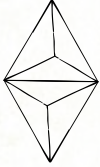
Every time such contested roll is made, add a counter to the Pipe (so long as someone possesses it). Every time a long rest is taken, the possessor of the Pipe takes one Psychic damage for every counter. So long as they survive, the long rest concludes normally and the damage is healed normally.

For example, if the owner uses it 3 times then as she starts her long rest, she’ll take 3 psychic damage. If she never uses it again, but still has it, the next long rest? 3 more. The long rest will heal all of this normally.

Eventually, with enough uses over time, taking too much Psychic damage before the rest could kill the owner. Unattuning to this item resets the counter, but the same owner may not re-at-tune it.

NOTES

DOME OF THE LOST



Pria lunged, and the skitterling gurgled its last at the end of her sword. Behind her, the rest of her comrades were bloodied and weary—the whole night had been spent pushing and pushing forward through the cavern. Harold, their guide and tracker, died back in the round room she would always remember as “The Point of No Return.” Billit Fortenue (“Handsome Bill” they’d called him back home) was not likely to survive the day.

The ambush, the entrenched defense, that rotten pit... their shaman... gods above and below, she was tired. But, if legend and their maps were correct, just through the next broad passage—marked with gold veins in the coal-black stone—would be the end. And somewhere in there, no doubt, the Hexmaster waited.

Her fellows followed quietly in the dark as she navigated the passage, and, hours later, she was hunched at the grand oak doors. Picking, oiling, and quietly—so quietly—she slid into the barest of openings.

A circular groove cut into the stone surrounded a field of dead. Bones long dry and mail long rusted. Nothing moved. The place was desolate. To her horror, some of the remains bore the distinctive mark of human teeth.

APPEARANCE

A polished black hemisphere of obsidian, with a gold ring around the edge of the bowl.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 18, Arcane DC 25; Advantage for Knowledge Doman Clerics and anyone with the Acolyte background

The Dome is a cruel device made for a virtuous purpose. A compact between the feuding gods and goddesses in the earliest times caused it to be forged from the first firmament of this world. It was to be a place beyond their powers, a place that was safe from their manipulations

and wars. The Arch-Fey sent their Third Vanguard against the deities when they heard of its creation, and the oldest of those mad creatures still search for it still.

After the passing of the First Age, the Dome was lost in world of mortals.

Attunement requires the rejection of worship of any one particular god or goddess in favor of a pledge to respect and pray to all of them (at least in part, and once per year). Having a favorite is acceptable, but the Dome was a neutral ground amongst them and all want the glory they are due.

DMs should keep in mind that observing a ritual, blessing, holy day, or formal prayer is not likely to enrage other gods (they understand the purpose, though they are jealous things). However, failing to make observances for all of them in a timely and routine fashion may incur some wrath. DM's should also note the challenge in learning at least one simple ritualistic practice or observance for every significant deity. Obscure gods or goddesses entirely unknown to the owner failing to get their attention shouldn't represent a problem, but as knowledge of the many deities that are worshipped becomes better known to the owner, they must keep up.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the bearer may place the Dome on the ground carefully with an Action, focusing on bringing about its power (which counts as a spell requiring Concentration). After 1d4 rounds, a large impenetrable black dome will appear in a 20 ft. radius at the end of their turn. The dome has a floor even with where it lay. Anything within the radius is sealed into a giant, empty obsidian black hemisphere.

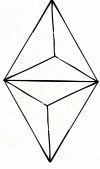
Alternatively, the bearer may throw the Dome up to 15 ft. away, also concentrating on it, and at the end of 2d4 rounds the dome will appear.

The dome is black, allowing no light through. It is impenetrable to physical attacks, and any transmutation or attempts to affect the dome fail (though the dome as a whole can be pushed from the outside should a strong enough force be able to shove the 4 ton, smooth creation). Magical travel into or out of it fails. The inside acts as an anti-magic field ("deactivating" magical items within).

Spells and spell slots cannot be restored, regenerated, or regained while inside the Dome. Anything partially within the radius or partly outside is gently pushed out of the way.

The Dome lasts for as many days as the bearer has current hp.

NOTES



DRAUGHT OF PERFECT HEALTH



The beast lay dead, growing cold and smelling like five different species of crap. Kalie, their Diviner, had taken the worst of its attention along with Sir Hoot—the band’s loud and brash corsair. The thing’s fangs were sharp, and both adventurers groaned as they stood, large wounds from the bite weeping blood and pus. But, where the old swashbuckler—green and sickly—looked as though he might keel over and die any moment, the wizard only seemed to grow more animated and solid with each passing second.

Sarah, their priestess, limped over to bless and cleanse their bodies of the cruel venom coursing through their veins, when Kalie rolled her eyes and motioned for the cleric to take care of the moaning—and now passing out—brigand. And

just as certainly, the Diviner hunched down in some bushes to relieve herself, thinking all the time that Hoot was hardly worth the trouble of saving so often.

Sarah looked on, uncomfortably. Moments ago, Kalie was at death’s door, but now she was buoyantly talking to herself while squatting near that tree, her face flush with health and hands making motions as she practiced her spellwork—looking the whole time as though they hadn’t just nearly met their makers in a bloody battle.

APPEARANCE

A glass bottle in the vague shape of a human heart, with a deep maroon liquid inside as thick as molasses. The stopper is broad, and sealed with what looks like melted gold.

ORIGIN

History DC 15, Religion DC 18; Advantage for Paladins and anyone with the Sage or Acolyte backgrounds

The ancient nation of Inx’s most powerful citizens, now long since lost to time and history for all but the most learned sages, struggled to overcome their own mortality in the waning

days of their empire. The gods had abandoned them for their hubris. Their neighbors fought desperate wars for survival. The old, arcane masters that ruled Inx sought to change the very nature of mortality through their transformative experiments.

Many horrors were created from those times, monstrous things born of ambition and cold calculation on the part of mages who lost their caution and grew to love their own power.

But, of those forgotten schemes and atrocities, the talented mages of Inx discovered how to distill the very essence of godhood from the capture and torture of a Solar. The Draught was said to bring a mortal yet closer to the perfection of an angel, to bring fire to the heart and mind. Even one Draught found now would be as rare as the birth of a new god.

SYSTEM

The potion increases the natural metabolism of the drinker to extraordinary levels.

The negative effects include a need to eat roughly ten times a day (failing to do so will result in a required Constitution Save, DC equal to 2 x every meal missed; so missing one of ten is a DC 2, but missing five of ten is a DC 10, and missing all of them is a DC 20) and drink roughly five gallons of water a day (failing to do

so will result in a Constitution Save, DC equal to 5 x the number of gallons missed; so missing one of five is a DC 5, but missing three of five is a DC 15, and missing all of them is a DC 25).

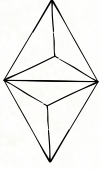
Failing any required Constitution Save from this results in gaining 1 Exhaustion. In addition, the drinker feels fidgety and restless most of the time, and to such an extent that it can be a distraction. On any turn in which they can move at least 5 ft, they must move at least 5 ft. or be disadvantaged on their next Action. All Perception checks are disadvantaged due to the restlessness that comes from the Draught.

The positive effects include Immunity to the Poison Condition (though not Poison damage) and Saves against disease, as one's body processes pathogens and toxins so rapidly that their effects don't have time to take hold. And should the drinker drop to half (rounded down) hp or below for any reason, they automatically and instantly spend one Hit Dice to heal as though from a Short Rest—this is involuntary—so long as they have one HD to spend.

The effects of the Draught last until the first time the drinker fails the second of two Death Saves (they may fail one many times, but on the second failure of a set the effects end). Perfect Life is for the living and likely to live.

NOTES

EXECUTIONER'S SILKS



Malaia ran as fast as she could, which for a halfling wasn't nearly as fast as she'd like.

It didn't help that the orcs behind her had a pack of dogs or wolves or some such leading them through the brush, and every time she tried to lose them, she could hear the guttural commands and call outs a few minutes later. She couldn't continue this pace; her lungs were burning with exertion and her heart felt like it might just decide to meet her in the next world if she didn't stop.

This wasn't how it was supposed to go.

The others were somewhere out here, somewhere in the deep grasses and hills. She could have kicked herself for her own bravado, if her legs weren't otherwise occupied trying to save her life.

Dozens of them crested a far hill, and she could hear the horn blow—thank all the special gods! Brodie and the others would hear it! Malaia tumbled to a halt, turned, and sprinted back in the direction of the orc patrol. Now, all she had to do was not be killed for an hour or so and all would be right with the world. She grinned, red-faced and sweating buckets, as she tucked the ring she'd stolen into an inner pocket of her trousers.

And, as she ducked behind a tree, hearing the patrol approach, she fell to pieces.

APPEARANCE

A collection of fourteen silk scarves, each a deep and rich red. Perception DC 14 notices they very slowly gravitate toward each other when kept apart.

ORIGIN

History DC 14, Arcane DC 18; Advantage to Sorcerers and anyone with the Noble background

Dane ir'Prell was the son of a minor noble in the city-state of Raske Vol, a port town known for its

lax customs and legal scrutiny back during the old wars. Raske Vol collapsed and was eventually destroyed by its own greed and avarice as generations of criminal activity, public corruption, and dark dealings led to it being annexed almost effortlessly by one of the great nations of the east.

During its independence, though, the rulership of the city changed hands often and bloodily. It was said that to be Prince of Raske Vol was the best way get revenge on one's enemies—the throne and its thousand intrigues would get you long before they exacted any satisfaction.

When Dane ir'Prell took the throne, as a compromise candidate and temporary Prince of the city while the nefarious and jealous powers that be squabbled over the permanent successor, he ruled blandly and almost anonymously. No parades, no sculptures of himself, no attempts to put the bureaucracy under thumb or take money from any gangs. All ir'Prell ever did was assure the true bosses of the city that he had no interest in staying in power, asked for frequent updates about when he could be allowed to step down, and busied himself day to day with creating stylish garments—a peculiar hobby for a Prince, but less troublesome than the peculiar hobbies most Princes had engaged in over the years.

And, inevitably, when the royal guard arrested him for treason and conspiracy (it was always treason and conspiracy) and took him to his public execution, he was offered the only dignity any deposed monarch was offered—by custom—and allowed to select the clothes he would die in.

Wearing a simple commoner's outfit, cinched all over with red scarves, he knelt with his head on the block without complaint (to the consternation of the city bosses, who ruffled at not having a good show of it). The executioner brought his axe down and removed Dane ir'Prell's head; stories say the blow was so savage that it tore his limbs off as well.

The body was left, as is also custom, where it lay—pieces haphazardly piled up for public viewing.

It wasn't until the next morning, looking at the footprints leading away from the now missing pile, that anyone thought to check on whatever Dane ir'Prell had been doing for those many long months in the palace.

Attunement requires using the silks to bind the joints of the body. If receiving assistance from someone, or using some magical form

of telekinesis, this represents no challenge. Attempting to do it by one's self requires succeeding at an Acrobatics check, DC 19 given the sorts of contortions necessary to tie hard to reach areas. The silks go around the neck, where the arms meet the shoulders, elbows, wrists, waist, where the legs meet the torso, knees, and ankles. They may be worn over or under clothing.

SYSTEM

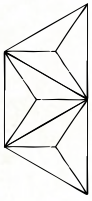
Once attuned, the wearer may use their Reaction, in response to an attack that drops them to 0 hp or below, to cause the silks to magically dismember them.

Their body separates everywhere the silks are tied, falling into a jumble of parts. The wearer is treated as having 1 hp and is conscious, but can manipulate nothing but their head. An observer looking at any piece of the body will notice it is growing cold, that there are no bodily processes going on (no heartbeat or breathing), and that the wounds (while they don't bleed) are visibly unhealed.

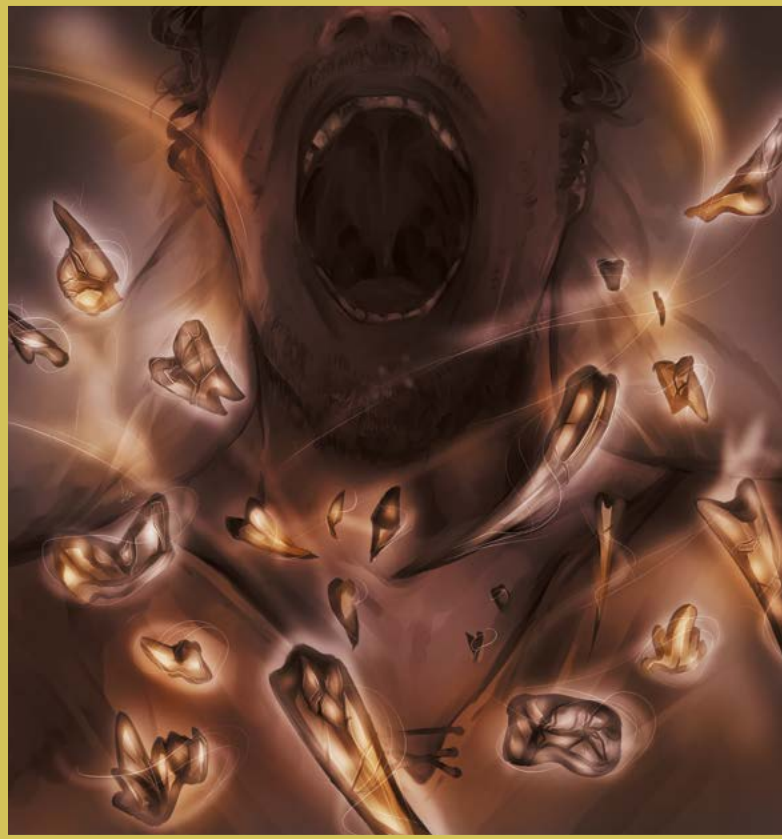
DMs should note that attempts to “play dead” may require a Deception roll in some circumstances, but—given the very clear appearance of a dismembered body—those attempts are made with advantage if they must be made at all.

If left undisturbed, with no physical barriers between the parts, the body slowly gravitates back together in the right form over the course of several hours—any part that is a considerable distance away travels at a rate of one inch per hour. If the body is placed in roughly the right form by others, returning to whole takes only 1 minute; if this is done with magical healing, this process is instantaneous. The returning is painful, akin to severe muscle cramps at every point of separation.

Should the head be the target of damage, after the dismemberment, the wearer makes Death Saves as normal.



FAAHNGHEIM BIRKEN



Rage-on-the-Mountain was not scared. Six times, he had fought the Kwearanim. Six times, he had broken their backs and made a gift of their lifeless shattered bodies to his people. The scars on his pale flesh, the great silver and pink puckers where sharp claws frantically tried escaping his might... his body was the story of his victory.

This would be seven. The spirits would favor this number.

The teeth in his mouth were dry and he kept his lips tight and his jaw set to hold them. That was the way Leiflen taught him back when he had a name. It was the way.

The beast was ready, in its den. Frozen chunks of meat and

shards of bone littered the entrance. The steam from its breath flowed softly in waves from the lip of the cave. It was wary. It knew Rage-on-the-Mountain had come to crush its vicious mein between his strong hands. The spirits of all of his ancestors and those of his people were with him. He breathed deeply, and silently sprinted into the darkness.

APPEARANCE

A handful (roughly 35 or so) of various teeth: beaver, lion, human, ape, rat, wolf, etc. a wide variety of sizes and all aged to either a sun-bleached white or a miserly yellow, with a few grey littered about.

ORIGIN

History DC 16, Arcane DC 18; Advantage for Barbarians and Monks or anyone with the Folk Hero background

The great spirits of the land and air and sea (and places deeper) were children during the wars

for Creation, taking little part—without a world fully realized, there was little to draw from.

But in the aftermath, when life flourished in all corners, the spirits found purpose and joy, flowing throughout the world. They were the beings that made us all possible, from the moss on the stone to the man who takes his rest sitting on it. Some of the great spirits governed the winds or storms, some the wolves or fish, and some played amongst the work of their peers bringing change and—sometimes—disruption.

The Crocula, the spirit of hunger and wiles, watched the rise of mortals with curious glee.

When the first elves scratched their primitive pictograms on tree bark, it was there. When the proto-orcs first gathered to watch the storms on the high mountain, it was there. Carefully, the Crocula collected a tooth from the mouth of dozens of spiritual champions—the powerful avataars of its kin, creatures that walked and stalked the world carrying a piece of their spiritual patron with them. The Undying Wolf of the North, the Fire Tiger of the distant East, the Salt Terror of the First Sea, etc.

Through guile and theft, the Crocula collected them and waited for a mortal to come, prideful and arrogant enough, to act on her behalf. Over centuries, the Crocula waited. And before the end of the Second Age, in a remote snowy forest in the distant Northern Wastes, she found the Faahngheim Clan—primitive humans, still hunting their prey with crude wooden spears and stone knives.

And, true to its nature, the Crocula dropped the Birken into their tiny village, and delighted at the sport she would make amongst the great spirits. It has been lost and found, over and over, ever since.

Attunement requires killing a beast larger than one's self with one's bare hands and offering it as a sacrifice to the old hyena spirit that created it.

SYSTEM

The teeth must be held in the mouth, and maintaining this requires Concentration checks along the line of spell-casting (though does not count as a Concentration Spell in any other way). One cannot talk (or fulfill verbal components of spells) with one's mouth full. Should a Concentration Check fail, the teeth spill out all over the ground and require 1d4 rounds to collect again. The effects of the teeth only work while in the mouth (all of them).

The benefit granted is the ability to engage in a special Grapple, targeting the head of the creature, if it has a discernible head. This Grapple may be done with creatures up to one size category larger than usual (after any Features or Feats).

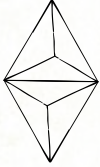
The keeper may choose to Grapple with one or two hands (and may change this choice at the start of each turn after maintaining the Grapple).

If one-handed, bite attacks (from the head grappled) against the keeper are disadvantaged. If two-handed, the keeper has the creature's head in a double-armed vice-like grip and may not be bitten by them at all.

By using their Action, the keeper may apply a number of d4's equal to their Strength modifier in Bludgeoning damage to the creature's head. This damage is not applied to the hp of the creature, but rather to their maximum Bite damage. If the creature has no Bite attack, this damage does nothing. This damage is cumulative.

Should the damage equal or exceed the creature's maximum Bite damage, their head gives way to the strain and pressure. Their mouth and jaw and lower skull are a ragged pulped mess of broken teeth, bones, and tendons. The creature takes a number of Bludgeoning damage equal to the keeper's Strength score that cannot be Resisted (though Immunity would still apply) and they may no longer make Bite attacks.

In the event that the creature uses breath weapons or other abilities requiring a functioning mouth and jaw, DMs are encouraged to halve their range, advantage others to withstanding the effect, and/or hinder the recharge time as appropriate. Some such abilities may become impossible, but many other might simply be less coordinated or harder to do.



FATEBOX



“Duke Enaigria Ol Lorcciano, I am pleased to report that our mission has gone splendidly. You’ll be pleased, my liege. The townsfolk of Lesser Kensbro have been little difficulty. We had some bit of fortune in negotiating for the local mayor to ally himself with our growing forces in the north—rather than side with the inevitable losers of this war.

His ties to Duke Elsange are strong, but we convinced him in short order, and managed to uncover some incriminating evidence of corrupt dealings to keep him in line should his loyalty fail in the coming months. The local thieves proved to be easily cowed, and the merchants have accepted our offer of protection and taxation.

Altogether, my liege, it could not have gone better. Thank you for asking about my health, it continues to improve though I really am feeling more exhausted by our travel. Hoping to come home, soon, by your leave.

Your humble servant,

Alfonso of Pelachi, Court Diviner”

APPEARANCE

Finely crafted pieces for a puzzle-box, made of several contrasting colors of well-lacquered wood.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 14, History DC 18; Advantage for Divination School Wizards and anyone with the Noble background

The Southern kingdoms and duchies were famous for their love and use of arcane power, and the Entropists—a faction of wandering hoarders of magical artifacts today—are the last remnants of those long gone nations and cultures. The Duke of Enaigria, a city lost now to

time and history, voraciously pursued expansion and control over the South through his cabals of magicians and seers.

He believed all magic useless in the face of knowledge, except magic that allows one to truly own what is True.

Several hundred fortune-telling street conjurers, card readers, diviners, and fate-weaves died in the creation of the Fatebox—a wondrous artifact he hoped to use to establish an entire empire. The coming of the Exile kings, however, put his ambitions to an end, along with most all of the treasures of the kingdoms and duchies of the South.

Attunement to the Fatebox requires solving it—putting all the pieces together carefully and perfectly. Doing this requires an Investigation check DC 22, and this roll cannot be advantaged. On a failure, one may not try again for one day.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, and so long as the box is together (solved), it must be held tightly either in one's hands or wrapped fully without undue disturbance. Should the box fall apart to pieces, attunement must be attempted again.

However, the owner may drop the box or throw it up to 15 ft. away on their turn with a Bonus Action and unleash the power within it. The box falls to the ground and the pieces fly apart,

exploding out in all directions with bright wisps and ethereal anima surrounding them for a number of feet equal to twice the owner's Intelligence score. Glowing strands weave their way around objects and individuals in a loose and chaotic manner awaiting the merest thought from the owner

For up to one minute, the area is filled with this web of light and wispy tendrils of magical ether.

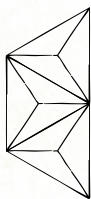
With a Reaction, the owner may spend any of their Hit Dice to alter an Attack or Ability check taken by anyone else within the glowing web, provided they have them to spend, as the strands of Fate assist or impair the target. How many they spend must be decided at one time.

Use of this ability is declared before the target's roll takes place, after it is declared; the owner may not consult the target on this expenditure. The owner rolls the dice and either adds or subtracts the total from the coming Attack or Ability check (depending on whether they're assisting or impairing the Fate of the roll). The target then rolls as normal and the total is adjusted as appropriate.

At the start of the owner's next turn, they must roll those Hit Dice again; for every 1 that shows up, they take one Necrotic damage that ignores Resistance and Immunities.

Fate, it seems, exacts its toll.

NOTES



FEAST



When she was young, she enjoyed the stories about dark and mysterious monsters in the bare and somber hills to the north, or the most savage parts of the jungle. Her father used to tell her about The Witch Hag and Krin the Profane, stories about power corrupting the vain and greedy—stories to help children grow up rightly.

She loved them. The stories.

She imagined (wickedly, and in that way only children may do without fuss) growing tall and powerful, finding dark powers and ruling over those that bullied her in the town market or those that hurt others. She'd be a glorious and just monster. If there was any point where it could be said she stepped onto the path that took her here, it was the moment she realized one could aspire to be a just monster. A noble horror.

A necessary evil.

There would be more—more would come, more always came. More young and idealistic men and women. Boys, really. Girls. Thinking they knew better and best. They'd come for her. They'd come to devour her.

They'd come to kill the beast she was and think themselves righteous. And they'd be wrong.

Their kind was made of power, and power only corrupts. Not that she was ready to go, she wasn't. She'd murder them all as they came, as she always did. Further cementing her reputation. The folktales would continue to call her a monster, but dispatching these heroes was the last noble act she knew.

She was a just monster, after all.

APPEARANCE

A dark, velvet bag big enough to hold a large melon. The drawstring is a glowing green cord that gives off a wispy smoke. Inside are a number of preserved body parts.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 16, Religion DC 19; Advantage for Necromancy School Wizards and anyone with the Acolyte background

Not all powers are goodly. Some come from dark places.

A cabal of sorcerers, the Sons of Retainment, created Feast to share a communion of power in the form of their leader, a charismatic caster named Alaludin, from the days of the First Empire. Seeing the river of magic that flows between worlds as a resource to control—to dam, to use as an engine of power—they fought great battles against other sorcerers in their day, including other sects and temples. There are no Sons anymore, the world is better for it, but some of their precious artifacts remain.

Feast was created in defiance of the gods and goddesses, an act equal parts insult and sacrifice; Alaludin brought them together and shared with them a ritual he'd devised, intended to give the Sons a gift they could pass on to their acolytes and adepts for thousands of years. An empire ruled by the Sons—that was his vision—and to those noble scions he would leave Feast.

In a long night of careful planning and congregation, the Sons ceremonially dismembered Alaludin's body and placed him in the sack—enchanted to store it perfectly and timelessly. Over the years, during their reign of terror, they powered their natural gifts to obscene heights by devouring parts of their leader's arcanelly charged flesh. In the centuries since their eradication by the the empire of Inx, the sack found its way from one sorcerer to another—none able to harness its original power—while the magic that created it grew warped and weaker.

Attunement to Feast requires carving the symbols found inside the bag into one's flesh. If Proficient with Leatherworking Tools, or similar equipment, this does not require a roll. If the keeper of the Feast is not Proficient in any such tools, it may require finding someone who is. On attunement, the DM should roll 1d20 and add the keeper's Proficiency Bonus. This represents the number of charges (morsels of flesh).

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Feast is made available in full to the keeper. If the keeper is a sorcerer, they may replenish a number of spell points equal to the number of morsels of flesh they eat from the contents of the bag. Doing so takes one Action, and the keeper may consume up to 3 at a time.

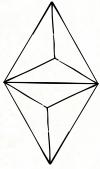
If the keeper is not a sorcerer, eating a morsel of flesh may either grant advantage on a spell attack the keeper casts in the next round or disadvantage the Save versus a spell the keeper casts in the next round.

If the keeper cannot cast spells of any kind, eating a morsel of flesh imposes the Poisoned condition on them for one day.

Once all the morsels have been eaten, the keeper becomes the next Feast. They gain Resistance to Necrotic damage so long as they keep the empty bag with them, and every sorcerer or natural arcane caster with an Intelligence score greater than 5 within 10 miles is bombarded by dreams of power and triumph, seeing themselves worshipped as arcane gods and having all the things they could ever wish for.

The dreams show the cannibalization of the keeper as the path to that future. They see the dismemberment of the keeper, and their remains being kept in the bag, and know it will give them everything they ever wanted. No matter where the keeper goes, so long as they are attuned to the empty bag, these dreams happen all around them. DMs are encouraged to imagine the risks associated with this, and what sorts of creatures may come to claim their prize.

Unattuning the Feast requires thoroughly, and deeply, burning the symbols off of one's flesh. To do this, the keeper must apply hot iron and press it deep within the flesh to eliminate all of the arcane power contained in them. Roll 2 hit dice, and permanently subtract the lower of the two rolls from the keeper's maximum hp. They will bear the scars forever, but are free. The dreams stop.



FELSHEET QUALITY PARCHMENT



“Just say the words on the paper.”

Meilla was tired, beyond doubt, and yet there was no chance of making camp in this forgotten place. Her back ached and complained to her as she bent over her case and carefully drew rolled papers from it, setting them aside delicately one-by-one.

“Melly, I don’t like this.” Broadways was tired, too. The old paladin had one or two broken ribs still and there was at least one mile—maybe two—to go before they were out from this dark hell. The mage kept sorting through her scrolls and, after a minute of careful discipline, she handed him one.

“Just say them, Brodie, that or we keep walking and Tuck won’t make it,” their tracker was throwing up every few

minutes. The most ominous part of it all, for Meilla, was that by now, after an hour of this, he should be heaving dry—but more and more watery phlegm came each time. Meilla was certain whatever curse this was would kill him soon if they didn’t get out.

She’d given Broadways her best work, calmed Tuck enough to keep him at a low moan, walked them through the procedure. She bit her nails as she watched them unfurl the scrolls...

APPEARANCE

A sheaf of extremely fine quality paper, chased on the edges in a gold threading.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 15, History DC 18; Advantage for Wizards and anyone with the Guild Merchant background)

High priced felsheet is a very rare luxury. Very few people use it—often there’s no need. But, for the discerning and cautious (and decadent) individual, nothing is better for schema, schola, or spell scrolling than felsheet parchment.

Made, painstakingly, by hand using the old methods of the Entropists of the south, each sheet is perfectly blemish free and perfectly evenly weighted: the paper is exactly 30 lbs. grade (30 lbs. per 500 sheets of 20" x 40" parchment), with not a single irregularity across its bone white surface. It costs 100 gp per thicket (10 sheets) in most markets so opulent as to even carry it. Only the most privileged arcane institutions hold a chance of having some and even then they are unlikely to carry more than one or two thickets.

SYSTEM

Its properties for schema and shola work (conventional writing and archives) are often unnecessary, but nice; the paper never rots (or at least none have ever been found to in the decades since its invention), does not burn (short of prolonged exposure to intense flames like forges, the heart of a burning building, or a raging inferno), is resistant to acids and arcane methods of decay or destruction, and is foul-tasting

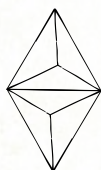
to virtually all animals and insects. Things written on felsheet are guaranteed to be preserved for a long, long time.

When it comes to spellwork it is useless for making books, as the parchment loses much of its quality on cutting or shaping. However, for scrolls it truly shines; any scroll scribed onto felsheet completely ignores Scroll Misfire rules (found in the Dungeon Master's Guide, if your game uses it) as it is so well infused with the spell's magic that it may fail, but it will never cause mishap.

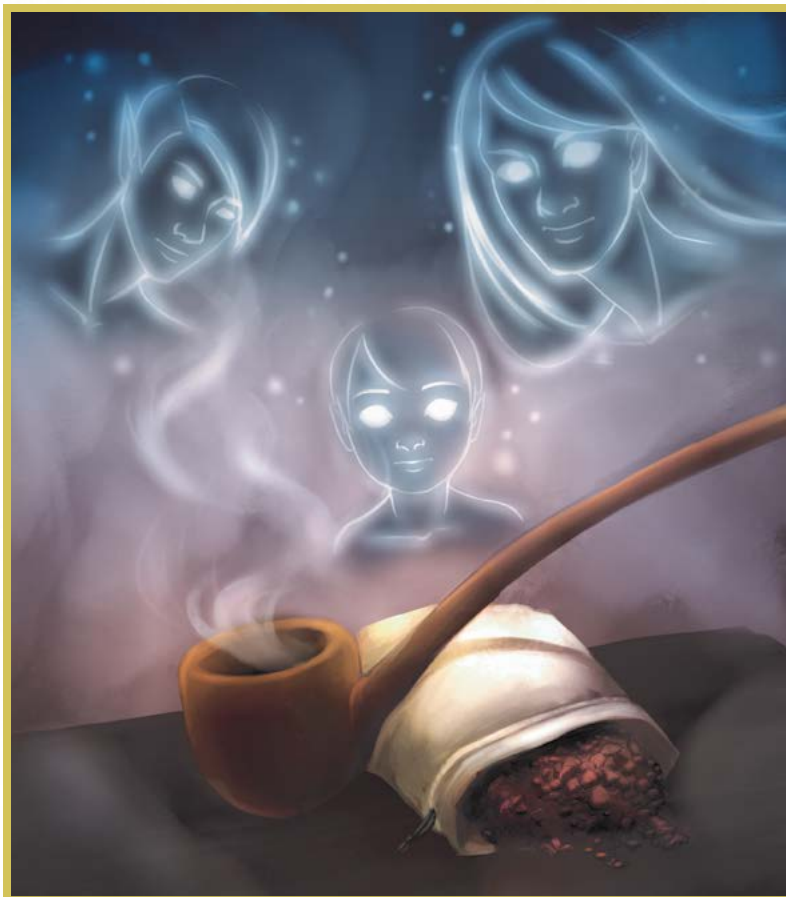
In addition, there is a low percent chance that the scroll will not consume itself upon casting if written on felsheet. When casting a spell from the scroll with a level lower than one's Proficiency Bonus, roll 1d12. If the result is also under one's Proficiency Bonus, the spell is not consumed and may be reused.

Felsheet is considered a mark of high status and distinction.

NOTES



FINGERSMOKE



Brendel coughed a rough, brown plume out over the fire while Gus and Bornia laughed their throaty and condescending laugh. It tasted like wet hay and the green things you find sometimes in that stew they make down Southways—like pepper, but not. He frowned to himself, the name o’ that stuff was going to be slippin’ him for days, most like.

It tasted awful and Brendel couldn’t think for the life of him why anyone would ever try it. While horking and spitting (and puffing, damn them if he’d let them see how thin his bite was over a smoke), the flavor muted... the smell as well. All the smells, really. The world went smooth and clean. The air felt close, and his feet felt light.

He saw Gus grinning, yet couldn’t hear a word he was saying. Silent. Smooth. The whole world seemed to be finely muted. The tiny, reedy greeting of the enormous shadow surrounding his companions, however... that was clear as a bell.

APPEARANCE

A pouch of crumbly and dried mushrooms that smell like fresh-turned soil.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 18, Arcane DC 21; Advantage for Necromancy School Wizards and Barbarians or anyone with the Outlander background

Fingersmoke is a concoction, made from the caps of a rare brown fungus and some magical treatment over the course of several weeks: drying and infusing and soaking and tanning, in a very particular set of small ritualistic maneuvers. It was once a popular component of many tribal and barbarous religious observances, most notably those clans with strong ancestor worshipping traditions.

After the Purge and the later Dominion Heresy, it was declared diabolical by the Old Empire and the species was burned on sight everywhere the Dominion's reach went. It is now virtually impossible to find, except in the those far lost corners of the continent.

SYSTEM

Cultivating and curing the fungus, itself, requires nearly a month. After each of the first three weeks, a Nature check DC 20 should be made; an Arcane check DC 20 should be made at the end of the fourth. These checks may be assisted by others who are Proficient or even done by different people—but, only one roll gets made.

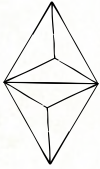
Failure on any results in wasting the batch entirely. Success yields one pouch (10 uses) of the crumbly, brown smokable fibers.

Smoking it requires a Constitution Save DC 10; on a success the effects are merely pleasant and mildly euphoric, like several good drinks, but on a failure one gains the ability to see, hear, and speak to spirits of the departed.

Language is no barrier, they cannot become invisible to you, and even telepathic conversations are “audible” to you. Spirits can—in turn—see, hear, and understand you as the same otherworldly force makes you especially clear to them. The effect lasts for one hour, during which you suffer one point of Exhaustion, and should the Exhaustion be removed (through “restoration” magic or just time) the other effects are removed as well.

NOTES

GREEN RIDER'S WALE



Newton saw them coming long before the others. There were — hell, there were too many. The circle was going to end today and the part of him that still remembered his humanity reminded him sorrowfully that the best he could do for his comrades was to simply not tell them. There would be only fear and anger in that knowledge. Them, so purely... mortal. They had their vices and vanity and if they were to live out the coming storm of haggard bodies and menaces on quick approach, they'd need their delusions as well.

Meilla and Teller were playing dice, the early morning camp was still wet from the misty rains the day before, and nobody was in a great rush to stomp through the mud. All eyes were on the food cooking and the game being played. Newton sighed, unfurling the deep hunter green wale from his pack.

He focused for a few moments while the rest went about their distractions, crouching behind the barbarian's lopsided tent and, minutes later, as the bear approached, he hoisted his green saddle and steeled himself for his quiet lonely charge. Perhaps, he thought, he could buy the others some time.

APPEARANCE

A saddle, but too short for a horse or pony and too large for a dog, colored a deep and rich hunter's green (nearly black). The saddle has no horn, belt, cinch, or reins.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 16, Nature DC 24; Advantage to Druids and Paladins or anyone with the Soldier background

The Wale was a gift from the Lost Druids of the East, a sect famously aggressive in their pursuit of war against the terrors and creatures of the

Mire (a horrible place lost to history now). A thousand years ago, the *Wale* was given to a knight of the *Shallows* who was on a quest to kill one of the great undying giants that plague that land—a common cause between the righteous *Lost* and the righteous *Shallow* knights.

An Order of paladins was birthed from that collaboration, handing down the Oath to rid the world of the unclean and drawing allies for this war from the *Green* itself.

To attune to it, one must pledge the Oath that all *Green Rider's* pledge: the eradication of all undead, without question or contemplation, and renouncing any reward or seizure of anything that has ever touched that foul magic. The exact words are almost forgotten—a DC 20 Religion or Nature check may reveal them or DM's may have those words be the focus of their own quest.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the *Wale* allows the *Rider* to call a creature (a *Beast*, naturally existing) that can be used as a suitable mount. It arrives in 1d4 minutes, prepared to take the *Wale* and ready for air, land, or aquatic warfare. The species is not

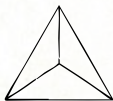
selectable by the *Rider*, but something appropriate will come if one can be found within a few miles. The DM is encouraged to be creative and, where possible, fulfill the request—the *Green* calls the best it can.

Once it arrives the creature will allow the *Rider* to place the *Wale* over it, and will follow commands from the *Rider* for 10 minutes. After that time, the creature may or may not decide to leave based on its own survival instincts and needs: if this happens, the *Wale* falls off and the creature is free. While riding the creature with the *Wale*, the *Rider* cannot fall off accidentally or due to the Actions of anyone other than themselves or the creature (so unmounting a *Rider* is impossible for others, but the mount may buck the *Rider* on its own) and any Attack against the *Rider* is disadvantaged so long as the creature took their full movement on its turn.

The *Wale* is a battle artifact, designed for a specific War. Should no undead be destroyed by the *Rider* and/or mount within those 10 minutes, the *Wale* may not be used again for one month. Those who will not fight the War are unworthy of its tools.

NOTES

HALLFALLEN'S SCRAED



Black Grage sat outside the camp, listening to the others. He heard them tell their jokes and share their wine. He heard the stories. He even heard them find a little comfort in the night, here and there. And all the while, for those hours, he sat with his back against a tree in the dark—he made them uncomfortable, he made them sad. He knew that. And so, it was best if he didn't interrupt their night.

Grage reached down and pulled up a handful of dirt and leaves. Fall was coming on hard, and the crackle and rus-

tle of the dry foliage in his hand made him feel almost normal again. Morning was coming, the sun was warming the air and the dark was receding.

Grage turned onto one knee to stand. He still found it difficult to keep his balance—one would think after all this time that would get easier, but it didn't—and, as he made his way toward camp to greet the others, he put a false smile on his face. Good old Grage. Ever ready with a joke.

As he walked in, he leaned down and patted one of the horses on its head—he missed riding almost as much as he missed everything the hell else.

APPEARANCE

A glass jar filled with a thick, bubbling dark green ink.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 15, Nature DC 19; Advantage for Barbarians and anyone with the Charlatan background

Hallfallen was a champion of the Deep Green, a great man who heard the turning ways of the world and led a mighty clan of savages in the farthest corners of the Western Marshes and jungles. Folklore said he was a giant, twenty-feet high, and that he would pull up great trees to

use as spears as he hunted the giant lizards of the roaming lands.

In truth, Hallfallen was a great coward—a symbol for his people, but little else. The scraed, or “pattern” in the old tongue, was an intricate tattoo of dark, living inks branded on his skin by a shaman of the grey places beyond the Last Grove. The shaman promised him strength and power, promised he would be a great giant of a man and tower over his enemies.

All true... mostly.

The scraed is a barely living necrotic cocktail made from the blood of a long-dead and alien god from the Outer Mysteries. When applied to

the flesh of a mortal, the body is infused with power flowing from the unholy union between the substance and the host—the natural and wholly unnatural. The flesh chars and burns as the ink bonds with the bearer.

Attunement requires applying the whole jar to one's skin. No great care need be taken regarding the pattern, but DMs are encouraged to consider the difficulty of applying burning pitch-like goo in straight lines or with care by one's self.

SYSTEM

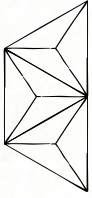
Once applied and attuned, requiring a day of application and some recovery from the pain, the tattoo stops bubbling and smoking. The next morning, the bearer of the scraed grows to Large Size and stands between 8 and 11 feet

tall (DMs should specify the exact height). Their natural and unenhanced Strength is raised by 2. The effect goes away when the scraed is burned and/or cut from the flesh of the wearer.

The bearer of the scraed is disadvantaged on Dexterity Saves; and advantaged on Strength Saves and Grapple attempts against medium creatures. Their size (and weight, easily over 600 pounds) may prove to be difficult to accommodate in most situations. They are either disadvantaged or find it impossible to use some weapons and tools, due to the discrepancy in size (DM discretion). Their skin, thicker now, grants 1 damage reduction to all except Psychic and Radiant damage. However, they wake up with challenging aches and pains, their joints never quite get used to the transformation.

NOTES

HOARDSTONES



It was bliss. Pure bright, flying bliss. The coins scraped against Willis's skin and scales. He could feel the gems between his fingers and the bag of salt he had his left foot in tickled and made him almost purr.

The rest of his companions were sleeping in their tents or on their rolls and lumpy blankets—tossing and turning to get comfortable—and Willis found himself coming to and going, falling in and out of consciousness. Dozing and grinning and dreaming of the sky.

Over a thousand Bradian copper... four-hundred aaaaaaaaand... thirteen? Yes... of that thick Kragg silver coinage... another nineteen of the Keyes silver with the old king's face on it... ninety-one delightful gold sovereigns... oh... oh, no, ninety-two...! mmmm...

Willis noticed when his friends woke up just before dawn. He noticed them packing and staring sideways at him. He noticed them exchange annoyed glances. He absolutely couldn't have cared less... lazily, he eased up onto his feet, shaking off the tiny rubies in his hair carefully and started scooping the treasure back into his bag.

The warm air seemed to melt away as the brisk autumn morning breezed through camp.

APPEARANCE

Three irregular stones, covered in a hardened amber or a translucent and thick lacquer of some kind.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, Nature DC 23; Advantage for Conjuration School Wizards and anyone with the Sage background

The scholarly and sage of the great academies think Hoardstones are a product of some digestive or naturalistic, alchemical process incubated in the stomach of dragons. In truth, they

are the infused and warped pieces of volcanic rock found closest to a dragon's lair, bathed for decades in the river of arcane connection between the creature and its haven. The sorcerous followers of the goddess of magic know them for exactly what they are, and hunt for them throughout the world.

By and large, though, they are myths. Few scholars have ever seen one or know of any who have.

The most serious students of magic in the world wouldn't know enough to mention them as a

footnote, but those for whom magic flows as naturally as blood dream of them from time to time. These rare pieces of the true way of things.

Attunement requires the bearer to keep a hoard of treasure with them for three nights. A hoard is an amount of treasure made up of coins, jewels, and other valuables worth at least 10 x the bodyweight in pounds as the bearer, in gold. For example, if the bearer weighs 150 lbs., then their hoard must be worth at least 1500 gp in order to count. In addition, the hoard must be made of enough objects to cover a 5 ft. square entirely. 1000 coins is sufficient to do this, though the DM is encouraged to consider how odd combinations of objects in a hoard compare.

To become attuned, the hoarder must sleep atop the hoard each night, with nothing between them and their treasure.

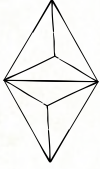
SYSTEM

Once attuned, the stones may be placed around the periphery of the keeper’s hoard and (so long as the hoarder rests on the cache of riches) they gain a Minor Lair Ability and their hoard gives off gentle echoes of a draconic heritage in the form of very mild environmental changes. If a red dragon heritage, then the hoard always feels slightly warm to the touch; if a blue dragon heritage, mild static electricity stands hairs on end from time to time while near it, etc.

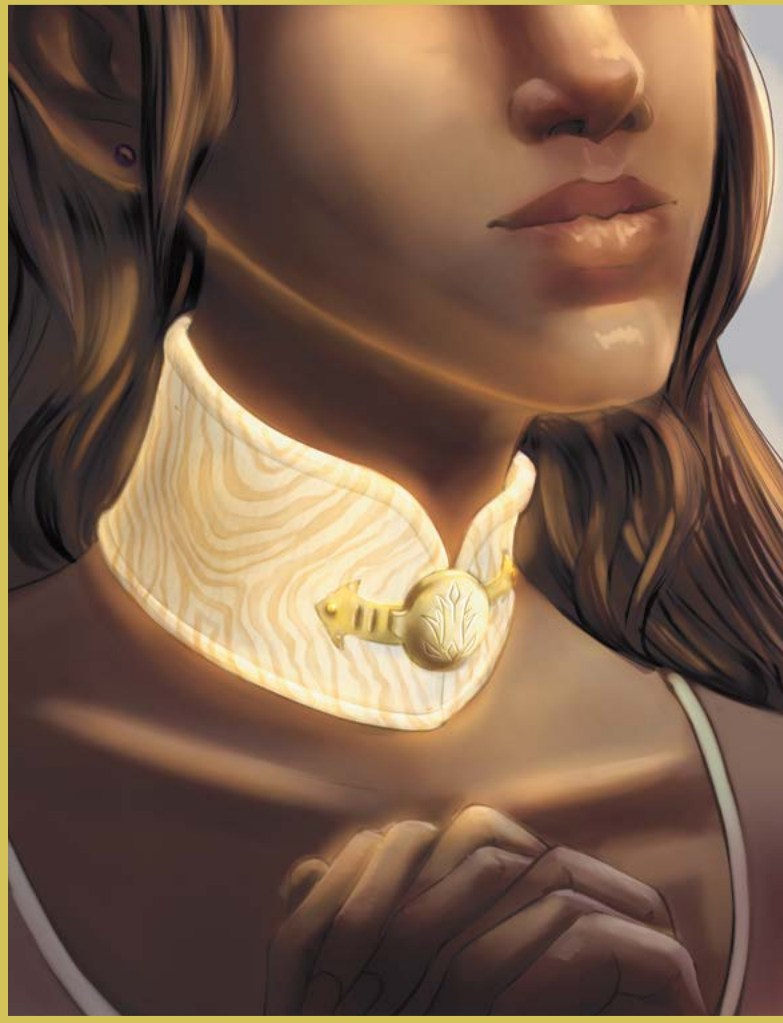
The Minor Lair Ability may be selected anew by the hoarder at the beginning of every rest; the DM selects the draconic heritage the hoard takes on at that time (which may or may not change with environment, times, or even proximity to actual dragons).

These Minor Lair Abilities do not interfere with the fulfillment of the rest, for the hoarder, if used. In addition, occasional scales corresponding to the draconic heritage the hoard has an affinity for form on the hoarder’s skin during the rest. They slough off easily, like a mild eczema.

MINOR LAIR ABILITY	DESCRIPTION
Green Envy	While resting, the hoarder senses any mind within 120 ft. the moment it thinks of stealing from them. The hoarder gets a glimpse of what they look like and a simple 8-point compass rose direction of where they are (North, Northeast, East, etc.)
Cruel Knowing	While resting, the hoarder learns all the properties and values of all the items in their hoard as though they cast Identify. This will reveal even cursed items for what they are, though not necessarily all of the elements of the curse.
Eerie Warning	While resting, the hoarder may extend the effects of the draconic heritage their hoard has echoes of. While laying upon their hoard, after ten minutes, they are immune to the associated damage type of that heritage (fire, cold, lightning, etc.)
Jealous Wrath	At the end of their rest, the hoarder may grasp a handful of coins at random (DMs should select which, up to 10) and imbue them with their hoard’s heritage. Until the next rest, the coins (together) count as a ranged weapon (10/20 range) that do 1d6 magical damage of the type of heritage the hoard had an affinity for during that rest. For every 1000 coins in the hoard beyond the first 1000, add an additional 1d6 up to a maximum of 5d6.



HOLY



Wat knelt in the middle of the chaos, the battle raging all around. He dropped to his knees, ran his fingers through the dirt, and prayed. One of the hobgoblins hacked through the conscripts holding the line, and charged the cleric—sword held high, determination on both of their faces.

As the hobgoblin ran his sword through Wat's body, the cleric coughed blood onto the packed earth—the pain was great, but he continued his litany. He felt the weapon withdraw and then plunge into his shoulder. Still, he spat the words out and felt the world tumble to darkness.

His last breath spoke the name of his god.

APPEARANCE

A pale wooden collar, several inches wide and designed to comfortably contour around the neck. A simple cord hinge at the back allows for it to be donned, and a clasp bearing a holy rune holds it tight.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 16, Nature DC 20; Advantage for Life Domain Clerics and anyone with the Hermit background

Gods are not immutable.

Of the deities that won out during the oldest times—that cast the demons and devils and alien things from the world they now called their own—some exist still and some do not. Some changed—a shift in paradigm, the force of ages, the fickle mortal memory. Some abandoned what they were, to crystalize into something new. Some died. Some, even, were born.

This doesn't happen often, and one can go thousands of years before any such change happens in the heavens. But one such change took place quietly, and recently (as the timekeeping of gods goes). Only a few centuries ago, a new god was born—springing forth into the paradise and

higher reality they occupy. A child of new life, and a god of sacrifice.

The stories of this genesis—none committed to paper—can be found in a few temples, passed down like an apocrypha from old priest to young or wise matron to new acolyte. A sign of a new age, the coming of new gods. And what does it portend for the future that this one is a great power, caretaking the lives of mortals and taking on the burdens of our folly-filled time in this world?

Something beautiful.

There has never been a temple or church raised to this new god. He has no name, yet. He has not brought forth any champions or insisted on any true control of the world. He has, yet, no rivals. No enemies in the stars. He may not exist at all, given how little evidence of him has ever been found, save for the Holy.

It began with one rural priest, having nearly lost his faith with the destruction of the small parish he cared for, lost not through horrific monstrosities or brutal warfare but simple natural accidents. A hard winter and a long drought, sickness, and eventually those who lived left and those who died stayed buried. And, as he castigated the gods and goddesses for their indifference and looked to cast his paper collar aside (for that was the symbol of his now former faith), the heavens parted and made his cheap paper collar into a beautiful god-touched promise.

The Holy has made its way through the world ever since. The first wonder of a god not yet ready to be known.

Attunement requires making an oath to this nameless and new god to save mortal lives where possible, to advance the cause of caretaking the people of the world, and to bear the brunt of sacrifice should a time come where it need be borne. Upon then placing the Holy around one's neck, the collar cannot be removed. The symbol that acts as a clasp glows faintly with white light, and can be read. It is an ancient form of Celestial that says "faith."

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Holy allows the wearer to spend their Hit Dice for themselves or others, without a rest.

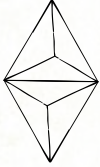
The wearer must drop to their knees in prayer, not raising their voice above a whisper; they remain in this state for a number of rounds equal to 6 minus their Charisma modifier. While in this state, they are considered both Prone and Grappled.

So long as they do not harm another creature, they may use their Action to roll one of their Hit Dice and use the result to heal anyone within their line of sight. This does not mean they cannot perform Bonus Actions or other free interactions, or that they cannot target enemies for confounding or offensive purposes, only that if they harm (cause damage to) another creature while in this prayer-like state, they may not spend their Hit Dice in this manner.

The wearer may continue to stay in this state past the required duration and continue the effect, but they are not forced to by divine power.

NOTES

LESSER PHYLACTERY



“One day, you son of a bitch, one day you’ll kneel and scrape and call me master!” Willie snarled at his companion in the cart, as they rolled along under the Fall sun with the breeze at their back and the scent of plum trees from an orchard a quarter mile behind them.

“Daughter of bitch, please... and I’m sure I will.” Teena peeled a plum carefully while the cart rocked back and forth—her paring knife deftly shaving a thin layer from the nearly overripe fruit.

They rode in silence for another mile, while the sorceress noisily finished the delicious treat (after a week of corn rations,

she savored it). The air was pregnant with Willie’s discomfort and his posture shifted this way and that the whole time.

Another hour passed before he spoke up.

“I’m sorry I called you a bitch, T. It’s just so hard, you know? So little sleep, all the reading, I’m almost out of ink...”

“You—to be clear—called my mom a bitch, Willie, and I don’t know what you’re complaining about. Seems like a lot of trouble to go through just to live forever. All that study and drawing and all that... pfft. I’d get bored.”

The pair rolled along the road, Willie had wished he had nicked a plum as well.

APPEARANCE

An emerald ball, six inches across, cut with magnificent facets and features—like a giant round gemstone.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 15, History DC 19; Advantage for Necromancy School Wizards and anyone with the Guild Artisan background

There are only three ways to live forever.

By sanction of the gods and goddesses, receiving their blessing and being raised to immortal heights by their grace, is the safest and most rare. Being embraced by the Wild itself, the energy of the world transforming one into a perpetual avatar of itself, is another, but very few are so chosen and those that are lose their purpose to the greater will of Destiny.

The last way is through arcane trickery and dark magic, stealing a form of life from the raw material of creation and the river of magical power that flows between worlds. Lichdom is like tapping into a great volcano, hidden by the mountain; it is dangerous and costly, an explosion of power that leaves nothing but death and destruction in its wake.

One of the foremost necromancers, a cursed figure known as the Devourer (and as the Profane, Krin the Spider, Krin the Forsaken, etc.) considered this in an effort to escape his own death and to escape the accounting for the horrors he wreaked on the world that he knew waited for him. Still, the Arch-Necromancer knew that embracing eternity as a lich was a curse of its own.

Brilliant arcane mind that he was, Krin forged an arcane focus for his power in the form of the Lesser Phylactery. It tempered the surging power of unlife through magic, and preserved his immortal form for several hundred dark years. Hated by gods, and reviled by the world, Krin earned the enmity of ancient liches and undead lords by succeeding where they failed: granting himself an unlife without the horrors of leaving his mortal shell.

Of all the arcane technology from the Profane's collection, his Lesser Phylactery is amongst the most sought after.

Attunement requires sacrificing the hit points one would normally roll and add to their character on their next level up. Whatever method of hit points generation used is still used, but

those hit points now apply to the Lesser Phylactery instead of the owner. This investment of life force awakens the Phylactery.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Phylactery works for the owner no matter where it is, so long as it is on the same plane.

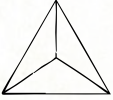
The Phylactery has an AC of 10, is Resistant to all forms of damage, and has a number of hit points equal to the investment made at attunement. Should the Phylactery be destroyed, the owner is reduced to Exhaustion 5 instantly, wherever they are, and the hit points invested in the Phylactery are lost.

As long as it remains intact, however, the Phylactery grants the owner genuine immortality. So long as they have a body, or parts of one, their flesh will regrow and regenerate slowly from the largest such piece, and (over the course of a turn of the moon) they return to life. If the body is entirely disintegrated this benefit cannot be used, but being burned away isn't enough to stop it—the body will reform from bleached bone, a fingernail, any piece. If the owner loses a limb, it regrows within the hour. They cannot starve, suffocate, or drown. Poison can injure them, even impair them, but it cannot kill them.

In addition, the Phylactery grants a Resistance to Necrotic damage and a Vulnerability to Radiant damage. Upon witnessing the effects of this immortality, any creature may attempt the Origin roll (should they have the appropriate Proficiency) to recognize the distinct traits of the Lesser Phylactery at work.

NOTES

LIAR'S DICE



“Listen, Charlonso... before you go to their sad colony, know that tieflings are the great pariahs of the world. Outcast. Cursed, some say. Known by their look, but a person despite all of that; a tiefling is just as much a person and you or me. Sure, there are some that take their demonic look as a sign that they must shed their commonality entirely, seeing their strange gifts as reason enough to devolve into all the horrible things expected of them. When you look as a demon, sometimes it’s just easier to play the part.

“But, the Dice... the Dice make that all too easy. They have something I need, boy. Take them these and tell them ‘The Eldest remember...’”

APPEARANCE

A set of three perfect six-sided obsidian dice—heavy and dark grey—with white platinum dots.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, Nature DC 22; Advantage for Arch-Fey Warlocks or anyone with the Charlatan background

Dropped into the world by the Lady of White Wind, an Arch-Fey of the Sweetwaters and Mistress of the Cracked Mirror, it is a blight on Order and a violence to Fate.

Her effort was to undermine the influences of her Fiendish counterparts, deeply perverting their designs on the world through the existence of tieflings. The dice, whether history is aware or not, are one of the reasons tieflings developed such a poor reputation for mistruths.

Attunement only requires rolling them once. The first one, they say, is free.

SYSTEM

The dice, when rolled, hold back the strands of fate and time, divert the course of the great river of the cosmos for just a moment while the possessor changes its skein. Once per day, roll 3d6—tossing the dice and letting the universe speak for a moment about its malleability.

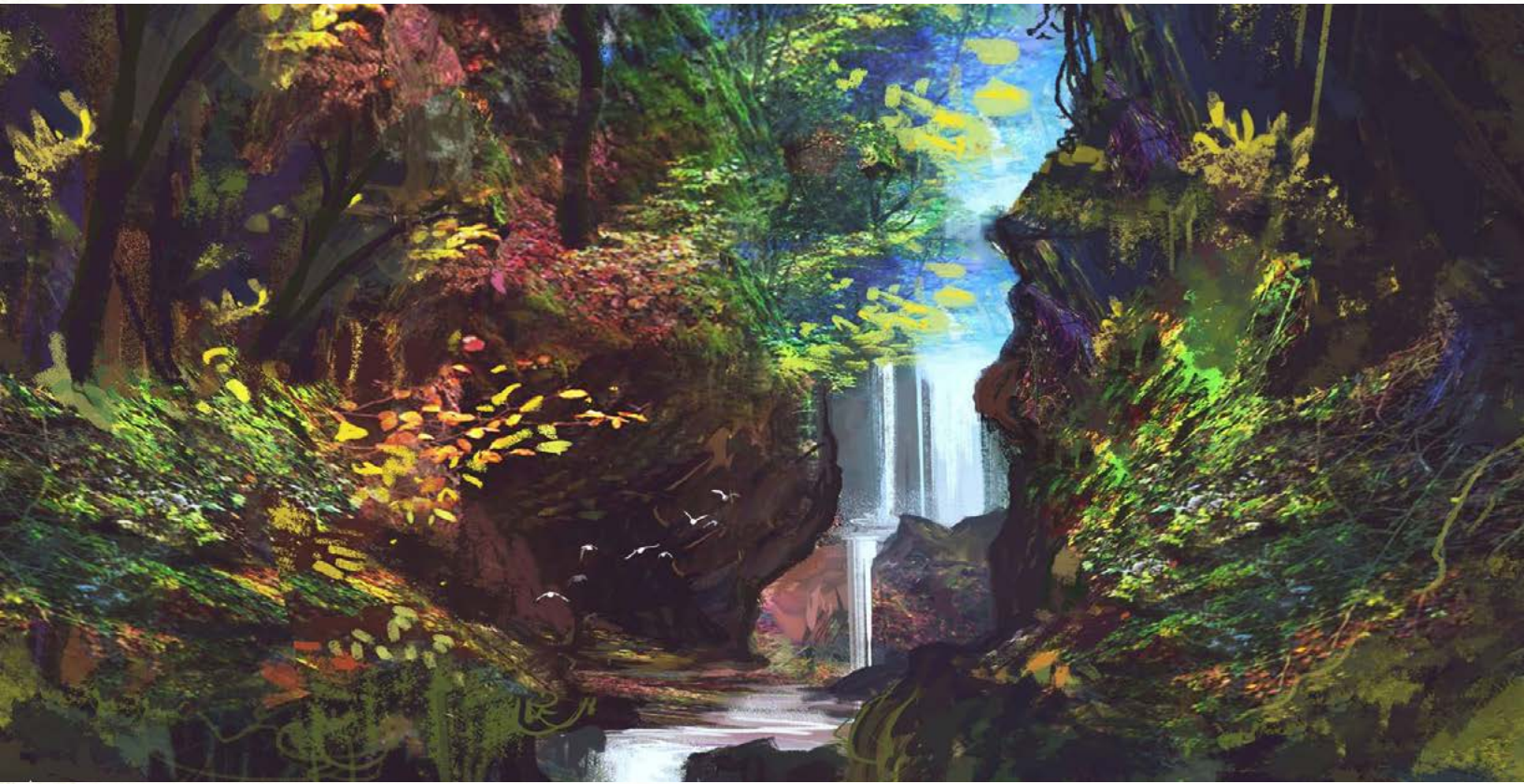
On a 3 (total), the possessor may make one minor lie (involving themselves, at least in part) that was told in the previous day true and real.

On an 18, the dice no longer work for the possessor at all and never will again.

“Minor” should be up to the DM: money, to a particular amount; claiming to know someone famous, then having that be true; small edits to one’s own history (like not having been arrested that one time and instead one was just taken for questioning, or how some lady gave you her favor once, or how you found a key to that door

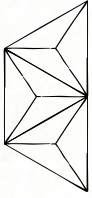
years ago, etc.). As a rule of thumb, it should not be a lie more valuable than the owner’s current net worth, should not be more capable than the owner’s ability, and should not be enough to change any game-related statistics (hp, stats, bonuses, levels, etc.).

The name common name for the dice comes both the way in which a previous day’s lies are made true and the seeming con artistry that comes from a possessor trying to trade them or sell them to another after they stop working.



NOTES

LIFEDUST



The battle raged around Tiberius. The smoke from the fire, the screams like a low tide crashing over and over against distant rocks—everything about a battle was chaos and yet he knew where the order was.

His comrades surrounded him—shoulder to shoulder. The naive might have thought they were defending him, but the truth was only that they were hiding his actions from the soldiers (on both sides). Tiberius's abilities were... unnerving to the ignorant. But, they had to know if the dark dancers were here, hidden themselves in the chaos and driving this battle to a bloody fury.

Tiberius knelt over the soldier's body, squatting just above his pelvis, pulled his knife, and began cutting.

APPEARANCE

A hollow bone as big around as an axe-handle, five inches long, inside is a grey and maroon dust.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 21, Nature DC 25; Advantage for Divination or Necromancy School Wizards and anyone with the Sage background

The dust comes from the bone. What part of what creature it came from and how old it must be is a mystery—but, the story that follows it is known amongst the better arcane institutions. Legend says that it was a favored fetish of a ancient Necromancer so cold and inhuman that their name and deeds have been all but wiped

from history—not lost or forgotten, but blacked out and stricken out of shame or arcane intrigue.

Much of what we know, mundanely, about medicine and physik can be traced to the studies of the Nameless and their eventual intellectual descendents in the forms of cults that have risen (and fallen) over the many years to explore the darker secrets from old handwritten yellowing notes or institutions of learning and scholarship that still have the rare book or scroll outlining miraculous tinctures and treatments. The Nameless's experiments into Divination—revealing the tides of the future—and the cruel magical horrors they used as their conduit to that knowledge are a source of great pride and great shame for many Wizards and scholars to this day.

Attunement requires the careful preparation of a dead body for burial in accordance with the wishes of the departed. This must be an act that actualizes the desires of the living (and soon to die) without manipulation (neither mundane persuasions nor arcane control). The act of honoring the dead, in this way, brings the bone to life.

SYSTEM

The hollow cavity of the bone—when stoppered for a night—generates a ghostly white and color-flecked dust (in contrast to its yellowing bone container). There is one palmful of dust inside the cavity every morning, never more.

The dust, when sprinkled over the splayed organs of a recently deceased humanoid—done in a very orderly and ritual-like fashion—necrotizes the flesh in a pattern that may be read by the ritualist. Performing this quick ritual and spreading the dust just right takes one Action. The following round, the ritualist may read the strange rotting patterns and blackening veins and spots to divine the presence of life (no matter how alien or strange) around them.

After the ritual is done, the ritualist may take an Action and attempt an Arcane check DC 15 to trace their fingers over the patterns in the flesh in a careful rote. On a success, they “know” the current position of every living thing in a 60 ft. radius (this counts for anything even barely alive or unliving; if it has a creature Type of any kind, it has at least a spark of life such that the dust “sees” it). It does not matter if the creature is ethereal, invisible, stealthing, or otherwise hidden—the dust does not lie.

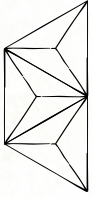
This knowledge is only “good” for that exact moment in time when the pattern is “read” successfully—should a creature move, the flesh only says where it was before (when the pattern was “read”).

If the ritualist is a Wizard of the Divination or Necromancy Schools, the radius is 120 feet. If the Arcane check is advantaged for any reason (including Inspiration), the pattern also indicates the Types of each creature.

On a natural 20 roll for the Arcane check, the pattern reveals the primary cardinal direction of the most vigorous and strong of the creatures in the area (determined by which has the highest current hit points).

NOTES

LONG BREATH



Sir Broadways could hear his own pulse thundering.

The chime of that clock—so regular, so familiar—a comfort. Rath was fending off the advance of most of the goblins up the southern path, Miranda continued to direct a spectral... thing... to shove and blast those that had made it into the grove. Broadways effortlessly lanced his pike through the nearest gob, and it screeched its bastard tongue as it died.

Waiting.

As the battle clattered on and the creatures closed in, their master tore free from the trees that hid him. Eight feet tall, clad in hard leathers and rusted plates, the skulls of others caught in that trap hanging from his belt next to a mace with a head like a smithy's anvil.

Broadways breathed. Listened to the thunder in his chest. And again. Thunder. And again... and the woods and the battle went silent.

The paladin gripped his pike, stepped forward, and prayed to the Knight of Heaven himself, to grant him the strength to save them all or—barring that—to let his friends escape while he took as many of these bandits with him as he could.

APPEARANCE

A scarf of simple, worn cloth—undyed and of common design.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 17, Arcane DC 22; Advantage for Oath of Devotion Paladins and anyone with the Charlatan background

While most orders of paladins and champions suffer the vanity of vainglorious raiment—shining armor, golden barding, ornate robes and vestments, etc.—these stereotypes ignore the

history of most of the chivalric and godly orders that have made it their grand purpose to fight back the evil and dangerous things that wait to consume us all.

The Garte of Braum was an order of knights, raised to prominence during the Old Empire. Despite the many political and social abuses of the rulers of that nation, and the Garte were (if for only so long) largely separate from the goings on within the borders; their divine and state-sanctioned mandate was to hunt for the minions and monstrosities that served the

star-spawned anti-gods that plagued the mortal world—the Great Old Ones.

The Garte did not last long, the order disbanding during a heretical rebellion and being outlawed afterward. They operated fully for only forty years, but most of what we know now—so many centuries removed from that time—about the cults and practices of Great Old Ones comes from their work.

Their approach to their mission lacked the pomp and pretension of their chivalric cousins; the Garte wore common arms and armor, preferring to go unnoticed by their prey, and often travelled as scribes or bookbinders to better explain the tomes and materials they used to root out and study cults. Most of their wondrous tools were easily mistaken for commonplace goods as well—no gleaming swords or swirling ioun stones. The Long Breath was one such item, blessed by their god and kept by the Sergeant of the Watch on any given mission. Many such Breaths existed, but all have been lost or destroyed, save one.

Attunement requires learning the names and desires of a dozen Great Old Ones, being able to recognize their followers and signs. DMs are encouraged to consider the difficulty of finding such information and, once finding it, who else might be searching for such forbidden lore.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the wearer may call upon the Breath to warp reality around them. The lingering power the gods of order and strength imbued into the scarf allows the possessor to hold time, itself, still.

Once per day, at the start of their turn, the wearer may activate the Breath and roll 1d4. This determines the duration, in turns, of the Breath's effects.

Taking the Breath, and stopping time, comes with some limitations: the wearer may not take Bonus Actions, or Reactions, and may only move at half their Speed during the duration. The world becomes not just slow, but silent and still around them. They may physically interact with or manipulate outside objects, anything not on their person when they took the Breath,

only with difficulty: for Tiny objects an Athletics check DC 5 is needed to move them in any way, and for every size category larger the difficulty goes up by +5. If attempting to manipulate a living creature, this check is disadvantaged.

Any damage done to objects or creatures, during this period, is held until the Breath is over. A cup thrown fiercely to the floor won't break until the duration is complete. Stabbing a creature won't cause a wound until the duration is complete. The objects collide, but a strange superimposition of possibilities—as though reality has not yet decided how to handle the matter—becomes blurry and visible where they do.

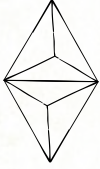
Attacks during the breath are not advantaged due to the immobility of the target, because (while they are stationary) affecting changes in this state is challenging. This does not prevent, however, the wearer from gaining advantage in other ways—like the use of Inspiration, magic, etc. Any damage done to objects or creatures should be written down to resolve later.

After the wearer has taken their turns—taken all of their Actions and Movements in extra turns as determined by the 1d4 rolled when the Breath was activated—time catches up quickly. Objects move and break, spells come into full being from being cast outside of time, and wounds appear on creatures damaged by attacks. All the damage, and any Conditions forced on a creature, all happen at that moment. Total up the damage and apply it all together (Resistances and Immunities still apply to this total). In the event of a Condition or spell effect having an effect on damage, use the order in which they were caused during the Breath to resolve any dependent results.

The wearer should make a Constitution Save, DC 5 times the duration of the Breath (for example: if lasting for 1 turn, then the DC is 5; if lasting for 3 turns, then the DC is 15). On a failure, the wearer takes a number of Exhaustion equal to the duration of the Breath. On a success, they take half of that amount (rounding up).

As this was activated at the start of their proper turn, the wearer may continue to take their turn as normal after using the Long Breath.

ORICHALCUM'S RAIN



Cyndia's pack always looked like it was about two seconds from ripping apart under the weight of whatever was in there. She was no slouch, though, and Dawn was always impressed by how the older woman effortlessly lugged it around.

She'd seen how heavy that ruck was, first hand; the sorceress had let her curiosity get the better of her and tried to sneak the pack over behind a tree to peek inside without interruption. It had to weigh twice what she did, as the modest pack didn't budge an inch. And, ten minutes later, Cyndia slung it over her shoulder like it was filled with straw.

It radiated magic, whatever was in there. It felt pure. Seamless. It felt like whatever magic kept the sun burning. Simple. Natural. Deep. As though a dew drop beading on the surface of our world and rolling down the blade of grass.

APPEARANCE

A vaguely bronze-colored ball 18 inches across. Perception DC 15 notices it is a perfect and unblemished sphere.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 17, Nature DC 21; Advantage for Transmutation School Wizards and Sorcerers or anyone with the Sage background

From the para-elemental Plane of Metal itself, a drop of rain crossed through into our world, falling perfectly spherical and heavy on the ground. It bears no mark, no rune, no message—it is simply a pure drop of rain from the heart of a reality that births the concept of alloys itself.

The ball weighs nearly 300 pounds, if carried, and can be moved (rolled) along at a rate of 10 ft./turn if handled manually. Attunement requires touching something metallic to it for 10 minutes.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the bearer may hold Concentration on the Rain with their Action and roll it around within a radius of 60 ft. with a thought. The ball may move up to 20 ft. a turn, but only in straight lines (it cannot curve through spaces, only move and stop linearly within one turn). Any creature the ball rolls into must make a Dexterity Save, with a DC equal to the number of feet the Rain moved before rolling into them that turn. On a failure, they are knocked Prone. On a success, nothing happens. Only

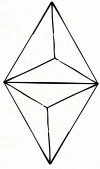
creatures completely in the path of the Rain are so affected; those only partially in the path are unaffected. The ball may knock through multiple creatures, but it should be noted that the first one will have a necessarily lower DC than the last due to this distance travelled.

If it collides with an object, treat as though it was hit with a sledgehammer used proficiently by someone with Strength 18.

It cannot discern allies from enemies, and will force a check from any creature it rolls into.



NOTES



MASTER KEY



Bray and Kara were the only two left. The rest had... fallen. Maybe died. It was hard to tell in the thick of it. They'd made short work of the amorphous stalking creatures, but were unprepared—gods, so unprepared—for the Fourth Chamber. For the horrors inside. Already Bray could sense the things closing in, more of those shadowy figures that leached life from Billings and caused Handel to go insane.

They were coming. And there was only one way to save themselves.

"Kara..." he started, reaching for the key.

And, with grim determination, the thief clenched her jaw shut and barked two words as the darkness moved in...

"Do it."

The word was said, the wizard collapsed, and the slaughter began.

APPEARANCE

A large, thick, and heavy black wrought iron key, with no teeth on the end.

ORIGIN

History DC 15, Arcane DC 18; Advantage for Enchantment School Wizards and anyone with the Soldier background

The key was one of a few objects that stood between an old and great kingdom and the perverse and wild savagery of the elvish,

back during the Second Age. Chree Dola Von Chenitch, the Master Enchanter, created it in the early days of the Fallen Empire in the West to protect his servants from the Elvish hordes that invaded and cast their foul, fae-like magics.

The Elvish had long learned the value of chaos, the bloody wars they fought in their early years against the Fallen are well documented. Villages burned, towers collapsed, rivers poisoned. To cross them was to curse the fate of your own lands and people for a hundred years.

The Master Key was one of the few weapons of destiny that escaped the utter destruction of that great nation, and stories of its use have found their way to distant places in all four corners of the world ever since.

Attunement requires acquiring a follower or servant who is dedicated to the keyholder for life. They may not be magically manipulated into this (nor threatened or bound to it), and must pledge themselves wholly of their own volition, but may be paid for their service. This is more than a hireling, though, this is a true follower. So long as they live and call the keyholder their own master, of their own will, the key is attuned.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the keyholder may use their Reaction to lock the mind and soul of one willing creature by brandishing the key at them and turning it in mid-air—releasing a sharp sounding “clack” from seemingly nowhere as ethereal bands of heavy-looking but ghostly pig iron wrap themselves around the target’s head.

Doing so makes the creature immune to mind-influencing magic and spells, including most Enchantments and Illusions, and possibly even some Divinations or other effects (DMs are encouraged to consider whether any spell or spell-like effect genuinely influences the mind of a subject or their will when ruling). They are also Immune to Psychic damage and being Frightened.

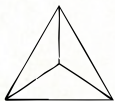
While locked, the creature is disadvantaged on any mundane Intelligence or Wisdom Ability checks, as they struggle to think their way through the arcane shield over their mind.

Unlocking a creature requires the expenditure of 1 point of Inspiration.

If the target should fall to 0 hp while locked, the keyholder takes 1d4 Psychic damage at the beginning of every turn they remain at 0 hp or lower. If the target should die while locked, the keyholder loses 1d4 from their maximum hp points.

NOTES

MCNARB'S CREST



The room was filled with the smell of leather and liquor. The low garbling buzz of conversation filled every corner of the old tavern, punctuated by lively moments of boisterous laughter and singing from this or that corner. It was a good night, old Halfspan thought, as long as nobody decided to start a brawl like last week.

The Tallow Hand Lads were rolling dice by the hearth, betting away the better gear they copped off of some brigands on the western road. Crowburg, their chief, was over at the high table laughing it up with some other old regulars, trading shots and stories of their recent exploits.

All the Kraggladies were in force, playing that bizarre game of theirs at the bar—well past drunk and cackling with amusement while they took turns throwing the odd elbow or fist at one or another in between fast chatter in their guttural tongue. Halfspan gave up, months ago, trying to figure out how their brutal game was played. It looked for all the world like they were telling limericks, downing pints, and taking cheap and brutal shots at each other. One of them had a broken nose and was laughing along with the rest.

The Hardies were there. The False Doxies over there. That group of constables, off hours, at the wobbly table in the corner. Three or four rookie soldiers from the 1st Company eating a hot meal and talking animatedly about something. There was a long table of adepts from the Scholam already drunk enough on weak beer to start showing off some of the strange magic they learn there.

Halfspan wiped out another mug, looking on. Chances were, more than a few of these ladies and gents wouldn't be here tomorrow. Some gang or patrol or group of them would come in the next day, some would be gone for weeks. Some might not ever return. They'd walk in for rest, food, a little commiserating. They'd barter and sell the strange things they'd find out in the world. They'd swap stories of dangers and horrors and pretty princes in castles that needed a little saving.

Halfspan thanked the Lady of Fortunes, as he did most nights, for saving him from that farm and a life working the fields. This, right here, this was where he wanted to be. Ever at the edge of adventure.

APPEARANCE

A wooden shield, richly painted and glossy with lacquer. The shield displays a green dragon, upright and majestic, against a field of ivory.

ORIGIN

History DC 16, Arcane DC 19; Advantage for Wizards and anyone with the Guild Artisan background

One of the greatest academies that ever existed, the Silium of Crostol, was home to a now lost school of magic—a study of artificing and manipulation of metaphysics that goes far beyond simple conjuring or fortune telling. The secrets of that nameless course died with the Renunciation, an invasion by planar horrors that swept through the region in the Third Age.

Aberrant creatures, led by strange and alien things bent on the subjugation of worlds.

Sages today debate the causes for the Renunciation, the motivations behind the quick and brutal destruction. Prevailing theories have it that the Silium's studies attracted the attention of jealous schools of magic and colleges of lore and together they conspired to bring ruin to Crostol. Perhaps they believed the incursion would destroy the archmages of the Silium or weaken them, teaching them a lesson in humility and forcing them to seek compromise with their peers—but unleashing things from beyond the stars is a dangerous gambit, and the resulting devastation laid waste to several cities and tens of thousands of soldiers in the weeks that followed. Had it not been for several heroes

intervening, the invasion might have reached across continents and the world.

In the western wastes, amidst the now weathered-smooth ruins of what was once Crostol, one building stood—the only surviving structure for miles. Empty, save one remaining artifact of the Silium’s works, hung on the far wall, unblemished as ever. The Crest that attracted those eventual saviors, that shielded the old tavern from harm, waited for centuries in that desolate place for new champions to claim it.

Attunement to the Crest requires building an enclosed structure at least 1000 square ft. by hand, and hanging the Crest upon a wall. The construction can be assisted by others, but at least 10% of the effort must be made by the would-be owner.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Crest grants the owner benefits, by virtue of the mood and number of individuals inside the building, as well as offering those that rest there a number of enhancements.

The owner gains 1 temporary hp for every 10 humanoids that took a rest the previous day inside the building. This can be a Short or Long Rest, but it must be completed. The total of all the individuals that rested in the building the previous day divided by 10 (rounded down) is the number of temporary hp the owner gains at dawn. These individuals may not be conjured, or magically compelled to rest in the building, but may be convinced to using purely mundane means.

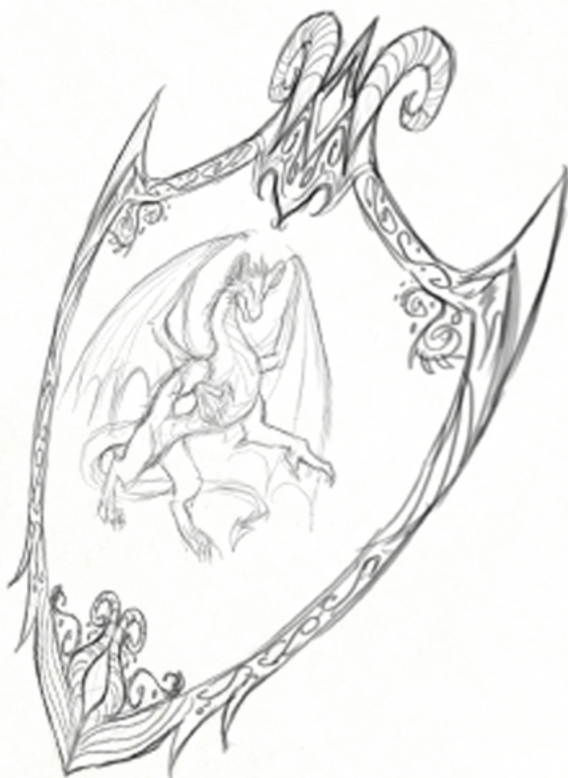


In addition, for every 1000gp worth of coin or other valuables left in the building by the end of the day, the owner gains 1 Inspiration the following dawn. Any of this Inspiration may be freely given to any other creature at that moment, instead of being kept. Any valuables left behind due to magical compulsion do not count toward this total.

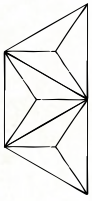
The building itself becomes Resistant to all damage types and anyone inside is immune to mind-altering magic. The effects of most curses and disease are arrested while inside the building, though particularly high-level or extraordinary instances may overpower this protection.

All individuals who take a Short Rest inside the building may spend one Hit Dice to heal, as normal, but don't lose it; they may continue to use Hit Dice to heal, but always get to roll the first one for free. All individuals who take a Long Rest inside the building earn 10% more experience points than normal for a number of days equal to their Proficiency Bonus.

The Crest both subtly calls to and rewards the talented, ambitious, and powerful once they arrive. In the past the Crest has hung on the walls of ancient temples to old gods, peculiar taverns on the side of forgotten roads, and bustling guild-houses of mercenaries and adventurers. Pious champions, gangs of ruffians, bands of mercenaries, noble heroes... the Crest attracts the people who shape the world. DMs are encouraged to consider the variety of hirelings that might flock to such a place.



NOTES



MURIA'S JESSAMINE



Kwen Chi knelt over Twidward's body, holding his hand as the dwarf slowly succumbed to his injuries. He was dying. Whatever foulness the creature tainted him with would kill him. There was no doubt about that, and all the monk's stern resolve, all the cleric's prayers... none of it would save him.

Yarbi took some of the green leaves from her pouch, carefully stripping the stems— which were more than a little poisonous—and tearing the

tiny leaves into a fine pinch. As she walked over, packing her pipe, the rest of her group parted.

She drew the smoke into her mouth with deliberate and relaxed puffs. There was something soft, but serious, about the way she did it—like each tiny "pah" was a lyric to an old solemn song. Yarbi leaned over and breathed out the smoke, which smelled of oranges and wafted in cool drafts and settled into a cloud over the dwarf's body. And, as he gasped his last, the smoke filled his mouth and (as she knew) would change his entire life.

APPEARANCE

A pouch of leafy sprigs of jessamine—deep green and lush—with a few yellow petals here and there.

ORIGIN

Nature DC 18, Arcane DC 22; Advantage for Circle of the Land Druids and anyone with the Acolyte background

How are Druids found or made or revealed?

For some, their purpose is revealed to them in visions and dreams; they leave their life behind and begin on the task they were created for in an eons-long chain of destiny. This is the most common. The World itself called up agents to its single great plan as it will.

For others, they pursue the knowledge and secrets so deeply that they are brought into the

fold, though this is rare and the risks are high. To know their mysteries isn't to be bound quite the same as others are to the Call.

But, even more rare than that, some are made. Whether it is cruelty or hope, a mortal can be made more than they are by the wonders of the Green and Forgotten. And, back in the oldest days, this practice was both terrible and widely feared. Many of the stories we now attribute to fey—taking children or bewitching men and women to abandon all they have—possess a truer origin in the times the Druids took the unwary and brought them into a life beyond mortal concern. The fabled Archdruid, Muria, was said to come like a dark thing in the night and prey on the weak and dying, taking them to the wilds of the Druids afterward and brain-washing them into zealous devotion.

Such things do not happen anymore, and happened too often in previous Ages, but the tools they used in those times can still be found. The wonders of life and death and rebirth still exist. Muria's Jessamine, perhaps the last of the enchanted grove that grew in the Far Reaches, passes from one mortal to another—always serving the Purpose and creating converts in its wake.

Attunement to the Jessamine requires making an oath, written in the dirt and mud with one's own hands, to give the World strong champions and raise new heroes that it may exert its will. This oath requires the keeper to bring a number of new Druids into the world equal to their Proficiency Bonus at the time of the attunement. If they die before fulfilling this oath, their soul is destroyed—no resurrection or revival is possible.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the sprigs of leaves may be used to create a smoke in any conventional pipe or small container used for a similar purpose (like a censer). New leaves grow to replace the old each morning at dawn. The pouch holds only one pipeful of leaves at a time. Any leaves taken from the pouch will crumble to dust within minutes if not used.

When taking an Action to burn the leaves, the keeper may breathe the smoke in and hold it for up to a number of turns equal to their Constitution modifier. They may use a subsequent Action to breathe the smoke into the face of a recently dead creature. The smoke flows out and slips into their mouths, nostrils, ears, and

eyes: unless their soul has truly moved on, they return to life in 1d4 turns (and with only 1 hp).

The Jessamine is not a true resurrection, though. Some part of the deceased is left behind every time it is used.

The first through fourth time it is used on someone, they lose one of their Background traits (Ideal, Personality Trait, Bond, Flaw). The DM selects one "slot" and blanks it out. The character may not benefit from that background trait again and may not fill another in its place. They may not gain Inspiration from that trait again. The individual feels a strange numbness to the idea of it, like a half-forgotten memory.

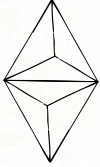
The fifth time it is used on the same person, their entire Background (Acolyte, Criminal, Soldier, etc.) is removed from their character sheet. Whatever Proficiencies, Languages, Feature, etc. they gained are all gone and the memory of their life before is hazy and ephemeral.

The sixth time, their race and ability scores remain, but they restart their character as a level 1 Druid. An appropriate new Background should be chosen based on the recent adventuring of the party (often Folk Hero is most appropriate, but other ones may be as well). Any new equipment or money, however, is ignored during the creation process.

The character remembers vague things about their previous life, their previous skills or history, but it is far easier to remember things that happened after their first taste of the Jessamine. And each time thereafter is easier to remember. After this sixth time, the Jessamine ceases to work on them.

NOTES

PENITENT'S CHAINS



The clink. The rattle. The sounds of shame and loss. Arin shuffled along behind the group, his chains making their subtle and audible reminder that he was lost and still searching for his own “found-ness.”

Wikniss, the tiny man with the fine toolkit, had offered to at least loosen them—but Arin had bowed his head and politely declined. The chaffing hurt, it was true, and he had long forgot what it must have been like to raise his hands well above his head, but to lighten his burden was to deny it. And the gods would not allow such a thing. And Arin wouldn't have done it even if they had.

His chains were a comfort, a reminder that he was working

toward something; without them... his mind blanked. He found he couldn't even imagine not carrying them, now. They simply were, and he was both proud and shamed by that.

APPEARANCE

Beaten copper manacles, to be worn around wrists and ankles. Six foot long chains connect them to each other.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 14, Arcane DC 19; Advantage for Paladins and anyone with the Outlander background

The Chains were forged by the hands of the Truest himself, a God of Rightness and Purity. With his own hands, he fashioned a set of manacles intended to help his champions to learn their place. One of service in the world, fighting evil, not of self-aggrandizement. His first great

heroes and ambassadors in the world were clapped in these divine shackles, giving rise to the martyr faiths of the East in the Second Age.

Over time, as the faith waned in popularity, as people gave themselves over to new gods and new pantheons to worship and ask their petty favors from, the Truest burdened his greatest servant to wear the Chains for a thousand years. A last gasp of hope for the deity that mortals might not forget him.

It did not work. And the Last Servant of the Truest died in some abandoned corner of a world that did not care. The Chains have found their way from wretch to wretch ever since.

Attunement requires confessing all of one's moral sins—no matter how small—honestly and truly to at least a dozen people together. A public shaming brought on by one's self, which must be earnest or the magic will not take hold.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the shackled may not benefit from magical items that they wear so long as the Chains are attuned, aside from the Chains themselves.

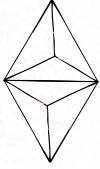
The shackled may wear only such armor that they can don, given the restriction of the chains (breastplates, probably, but a chain shirt would not be possible). All Stealth checks are disadvantaged and the shackled may not take the Dash Action.

However, while the True wanted to humble his Paladins and servants, the god did not forsake his followers: all attacks against the shackled are disadvantaged (before any abilities or effects that might advantage the attack, causing it to be rolled as normal), and all Death Saves they may roll are made with advantage.

Until another willing and completely uninfluenced (by magic) character takes the burden of the Chains themselves, the shackled collects only half of the normal XP (bank the other half) and stops aging. Upon relieving themselves of the Chains, they collect the banked XP + 10%. The additional 10% is also earned by any number of allies in sight when the bearer finally gives the Chains to the new bearer.

Once removed, the Chains may not be attuned ever again by the same person.

NOTES



PROMISE



Fancy Hal Brookwood strode into the lair as though he had not a care in the world—teeth white and dashing as ever.

“Oh, your greeeeeatness... it is I, Hal Brookwood, renowned wordsmith and adventurer extraordinaire! I have come for a drink!” His voice echoed into the dark over and over: “drink... drink...drink.”

A warm rush of air coincided with a bellow.

“Aren’t you... confident,” it said.

“Confidence I have, and fine gossip to share. I’ve heard tales that you kill bold warriors on

sight, but never miss a chance for dinner conversation. As you see, I’m unarmed and only interested in some wine and sharing the latest word of the provinces... come now, you can’t tell me you’re not curious...”

The darkness paused deep in the cavern. Hal could see glints of arcane wards powering down and could feel the whole passage relax its defenses. He strolled in, hardly a care in the world. A half-mile away, Sir Broadways knelt in the mud, sword in hand, waiting for the tugging at his guts and breathing steadily.

APPEARANCE

A pair of brass rings, like metal washers: one is two inches across, the other as wide as a hand. Perception DC 18 notices the very faint indentations of Druidic runes on the surface.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 15, Arcane DC 17; Advantage for Paladins or Druids and anyone with the Outlander background

The Promise were made during the reign of the Old Empire, when the Exiles banned virtually all forms of magic and the world was plunged

into a dark age of suspicion and violence over the edicts from the throne. Jealously, the Emperors and Empresses of the Exile line confiscated what magical artifacts they could under the very public declarations of keeping the people safe from dark forces.

Few groups held out against this Purge, but one such faction, a small order of Druids that escaped the inquisitorial dragnets time and again, were the Keepers. Focusing their talents and in pursuit of a destiny that required they and their kind survive this horror, they created the Promise.

For their kind, being so closely linked—on such a deep level—to another was no matter. For those who have found the artifact since, it requires tremendous courage.

Attunement requires the Promisekeeper to have the larger ring placed over the ribcage and muscle where their heart is, the skin sewn and healed over it. The smaller ring must be similarly implanted in another, though it requires no attunement.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the life forces and essence of the two individuals are linked on a metaphysical and magical level. When the bearer of the smaller ring is reduced to 0 hp, the Promisekeeper is transported to them immediately. They momentarily become one with the air and

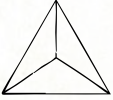
light and forces of the world (this is not considered planar travel); so long as light or air may pass, so may they.

On arrival, the fallen individual gains hit points up to the remaining current hp of the Promisekeeper, who loses those hit points. Should this reduce the Promisekeeper to 0 hp, they may roll 1d6 and gain that many hp. This transportation does not take any actions and happens instantly.

The smaller of the rings may be removed and placed within another, but if the larger ring is removed from the Promisekeeper, neither ring of the Promise may be attuned or used, by any who have experienced its power, ever again. The Promisekeeper feels subtle hints of the mood and emotion of anyone they have ever shared Promise with, even after they part with it.

NOTES

SEED OF TRUE SIGHT



“Stop snacking, dammit!” the gruff paladin had spent the last half a year yelling and threatening and menacing the gnome. Barker was awful bloody tired of it, honestly, as he meandered about the ruined hills with the party. And, as they approached the dread wasteland of the elvish blood-mages, he felt half-conflicted.

“Master Barker... get BACK IN ORDER!”

More screaming, what a jackass.

Barker wandered left and then right and then straight and left

and right, his pet crow sitting quietly on his shoulder the whole time, tapping his owner’s cheek randomly every few moments... all to the frustration of Sir Broadways, dumb crow.

Just as the old paladin was about to raise his voice in crass offense one more time, the ground exploded underneath him and the armored warrior crashed into a tree some twenty feet away; the sound was the overturning of a cart full of pots mixed with the dull groan of someone who’d broken something.

Barker cleared his throat and stroked old Wing’s feathered head. “Everyone? Just come over to me and step where I step... I think I can get us out of this one.”

APPEARANCE

A small bag of wheat grains with a crude harvest symbol on it.

ORIGIN

Religion DC 12, Nature DC 15; Advantage for Nature Domain Clerics and anyone with the Acolyte or Folk Hero backgrounds

While homely, the seeds are blessed by one of the wandering priests of the goddess of the fields and infused with the divine perception

of heaven. Earthy priests and priestesses, rural clerics, and those who administer the low rituals to the common folk all over the land know these grains well.

While not entirely commonplace—one isn’t going to find them in a shop or a city—any devout of the growing or harvest or herd (in virtually any culture in the world) is familiar enough with them to point the worthy in the right direction.

SYSTEM

By feeding a small amount of grain—several kernels—to a Tiny or Smaller animal (must be a natural creature, not conjured and not a familiar or a class granted companion, with Beast as a Type), that creature gains Truesight to a distance of its normal Perception (if it has more than one, the greater of them).

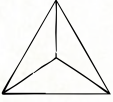
This does not work on any other creature, or thing, posing as a creature (through Wild Shapes or other means). The goddess herself, the Great Midwife of the Green, meant for this to bring her great clerics and the earth closer together.

The effect lasts only for an hour. The bag holds a number of feedings of grain equal to the owner's Proficiency Bonus.



NOTES

SORCAGE OF HILLOCKS VON GRATT



“I never liked the histories all that much, if I’m to be honest. They were too sad and I never could abide the sadness.”

“Why sad, then?”

“Because history is life. It’s just a great ant-hill of life with little things—so many little tiny people—all clamoring over each other to accomplish some tiny little thing. But, all the while, their lives are just a series of closing doors and shutting windows. They work and toil and sweat and try and fight and... really for nothing. Nothing at all. Because they look back, the little tiny many people, and only see those things that they can no longer do and then they look forward and see their end coming. It is sad. And I admit, I’m moved by it.”

“That is something to think on, Dedrict. I’ll consider it. Until next time, then? Maybe a lively talk about wines again? I enjoyed our last.”

“That would be nice, Eran, that would be nice. I look forward to it.”

“I’ll see you then, Dedrict. Thank you for your time...”

“Eran?”

“Yes, Dedrict?”

“If I get free of this... I will sup on the tears and screams and defilement of all you know. I will have a thousand lifetimes of revenge on you and Stella and Banx and your children. I will give you years to contemplate the slow peeling of your skin from the soft fat and wet muscle underneath it—a maddening contemplation, between hoarse and silent raw howls of pain. I will play and dance and make games of you.”

“...yes. Yes, I suppose you will. IF you get free, of course. Goodnight, Dedrict.”

APPEARANCE

A glass bottle (of a size with a very large wine bottle) ribboned through at chaotic angles with strands and slivers and strings of raw, hand beaten copper. Red and green veins of it swirl around the otherwise clear crystal. Inside is a boiling and rolling cloud of noxious green and grey gas, speckled with particles of unknown matter—seething and teeming, never still and ever in motion.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 17, History DC 23; Advantage for Necromancy School Wizards and Life Domain Clerics or anyone with the Noble background

Hillicks von Gratt took his studies in Abjuration and Transmutation to dizzying heights, the culmination of his life's work being his Sorcage. Reviled as a dark mage amongst his peers in the city, a delver into forces best left alone, his search for power and meaning took him well past what he considered to be the parlor tricks of conventional Necromancy.

He was executed during the Inquisitions of the Fourth Age.

Attunement to the Sorcage requires spending a day and night in contemplation of its contents, its rolling and dancing smoke and the mysteries inside. Sleeping will interrupt this process such that it must be started over again.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, one may use the Sorcage to trap the souls of the newly dead within its confines,

severing their connection with the world and any and all divine (or otherworldly) beings of note that might empower them.

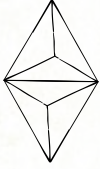
From within the Sorcage, they cannot be transported, teleported, planar-travelled, or resurrected in any way. They are trapped, and trapped until they are freed by the possessor of the prison. While inside, they are also immune to all magical effects from without.

To speak with a soul so trapped, the possessor need only think of it and its consciousness rises to the surface. The Sorcage itself provides a slightly muted, but clear enough resonance when the spirit tries to speak. The words are clearly heard up to a number of feet away as the listener's Perception score. Whether it chooses to speak is up to the soul, as it cannot be compelled to do anything except be brought to the fore of whatever dull and boring hell they're now trapped in.

To trap a soul, one must activate the Sorcage with a Reaction, done while one hand rests on it and the other touches a creature that has been dead no longer than one turn. There is a 10% chance of failure the attempt is made, but should it succeed the soul is trapped. Releasing it is a free action, at which point it vanishes to whatever plane or appropriate afterlife awaits it.

An enemy or opponent whose soul is trapped after defeat (for the purposes of normal combat) yields only half of the normal experience points at the end of the encounter instead of all of it. When their soul is released (if it is ever released), the remaining experience points are disbursed.

NOTES



STOPCHALK



"It's goddamn gaining on us!!!" Meilla shouted from somewhere behind him--oh, but hell that woman can scream when she wants to. It's all murmurs and mystery right up until the shit hits the fan, then it's "halp, halp, save us!" Bruze really did not at all like magicians and wizards and the like. If it were up to him, he'd leave the bookhumpers at home when these sorts of jobs came up.

Spelljockies... complete waste of breath in the deep places.

His pulse barely above a mild country two-step, he slowed his run down just enough for her to catch up.

"Get through that door, I got this," he drawled. Her normal cool and placid face was flush with fear and exertion. Bruze rolled his eyes as she loped furiously toward the archway. Running. Who dies of a heart attack while bloody running?

As she leapt through into the next room, with Bruze right behind her, he skidded to a half-crouched halt and spun around to see the great lumbering troglodyte hunch its shoulders and lean into a charge. Pulling the chalk from his pocket and trying to ignore the frantic, panicking screams of his companion as she realized this was a dead end room, he swiped a line across the floor with casual grace and leaned back onto his haunches.

The thing barreled toward Bruze and, to meet the crouching halfling full on, it dove the last ten feet with claws and teeth bared.

Barely eight inches away, Bruze winced as it broke its dumb neck and hoped Meilla would hyperventilate or something because he'd had it waaaaaay up to here with the freaking out today.

APPEARANCE

A stick of chunky white chalk. Perception DC 15 notices it gives off a light, and faint smoke, when you make any marks with it.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 16, History DC 21; Advantage for Rogues or anyone with the Guild Artisan background

There are two things you can count on finding in the great free cities of the Bay to the distant

East: (1) new and exciting ways to be robbed, and (2) some of the most practical and least flashy enchanted tools and items anywhere in the world. The thieves and gangs and syndicates of those chaotic towns long ago saw to it that the one variable in their criminal equations they did not control—magic—would be brought to heel.

The Purge killed or drove out virtually every wizard, warlock, and sorcerer around the Bay, and the Arcane Tricksters and Artificers employed by the gangs went to work on their own school of magic, which they dubbed The Black Art (more for hype than it being particularly “dark”). The Black Art is focused on practical and material magic with simple, potent effects that run a low risk of being abused (the bosses wouldn’t want underlings to get too big for their britches) or dangerous (consorting with outsider beings, evoking explosive magic, controlling minds... all very risky stuff).

Stopchalk—items of the Black Art are fairly literally named—was invented, originally, to quickly secure an area, though some have found more painful uses for it.

SYSTEM

A full stick of Stopchalk has 10 uses and doesn’t replenish. When drawn across a (mostly) horizontal surface (like a floor made out of stone, wood, or a combination of the two) the line

drawn becomes a completely impassable and invisible physical barrier as wide as the line drawn and as tall as the ceiling—could be 10 ft., could be 100 ft. If one gently places their hand on the “barrier” it will feel diamond hard even though there is no visual effect.

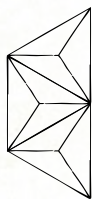
The limitation of Stopchalk, however, is that barrier, once created, only lasts for as long as nothing impacts it physically in a significant way. If one presses even a finger to it, it will exist and then immediately vanish afterward. Whether a delicate touch, a hammer strike, or a runaway mining cart, it will stop (as though the object hit a perfectly invulnerable wall) whatever touches it... but then anything may pass as though it was never there. DMs are encouraged not to debate physics here; air is fine, even dust, but any material pressure should kick in the effect.

The barrier has no effect on magic unless, by stopping some physical object (fire, lightning, etc. do not count as physical objects for this purpose), it stops the magic: a magic sword is blocked because the sword (the delivery mechanism for the magic) is still a somewhat physical object, a conjured creature would be stopped, etc.

Every 5 ft. of line counts as one “use.” In combat, drawing a line is an Action. If drawing a line shorter than 5 ft., it still counts as one “use.”

NOTES

UNBROKEN CHAIN



Young Broadways watched as old Captain Grenaldi charged into the maw of the great beast. Its black teeth, scorched by centuries of flame and corruption, spread wide enough to swallow a horse and cart and the old paladin leapt from one foot to the other, almost weightless as he raced forward still.

The boy, still reeling from the side kick his master had given him, was sure there was a piece of his half-plate bent into and piercing his side—the pain was intense, sharp. As he lay there, struggling with con-

flicted emotions from his master attacking him unjustly and then running to certain death valiantly, the chain around his neck began to purr.

The creature engulfed the old warrior in a sudden swoop and reared high in choking triumph. While the boy looked on it gurgled, turned, and receding into the tunnels it had come from. Brodie felt a slow, warm trickle of memories pour into his mind, and—in the quiet dying light of the mountains—he knew the responsibility was his now.

APPEARANCE

Three links of a gold chain, thick and heavy looking. Any handling of them reveals they are deceptively light.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 18, Religion DC 22; Advantage for Bards and anyone with the Entertainer background

The Chain came into being four hundred years ago. The old soldier, Jerack Hightower—the same Jerack who rid the world of the Conclave of Shadow and burned Halwynmire to the ground—was stopped on a road through the southern swamps by a trio of earnest seeming women begging for help. As he approached, he saw them for what they were.

The coven of hags tried to beguile and bewitch him, but his duty proved a more powerful charm than their hedge magic and he bound them to a tree, ready to execute them for their trickery. One, the youngest of the three, offered her body in the guise of whoever he wished in exchange for her life, if only he'd kill the other two for their folly. Another, the middle, offered him all their money and trinkets and treasures if he'd only kill the other two and spare her. The third offered him a gold chain she had stolen from a great golden dragon long ago.

He asked what she wanted for it, and—eyeing the other two and remembering what they'd said—she asked that he kill all three of them, but to start with the other two. He agreed, nodding grimly, to the shock of her sisters. As the

paladin swung his sword, the old crone smiled as she watched her treacherous kin meet their end first. Their bodies evaporated after their heads were removed, revealing that each of them wore the same necklace.

A thing of the Fey, older than most recorded history, this is the oldest tale of the Chain. It linked the hags together, and their fate, but whose hands made it are unknown.

Attunement requires three mortals, together, making an oath before a weak part of the Glass—the wall between this world and the fey realms. Such places are most often found in wild and vibrant areas, like thriving jungles with abundant life or the most bustling and dramatic places in a given city. Finding one can be a challenge, but DMs are reminded that it isn't necessary to find a gap or break... only a place where the things on the other side might like to peer through from time to time.

The oath is made to the gods and goddesses that govern the world and represents a giving over of their lives to each other. A promise to share their fates and entangle their souls. DMs are encouraged to consider the potential hazards of making such promises lightly, or failing to live up to them. Once the oath is made by all parties, the Chain vanishes. Whenever out of sight of the others, the faint image of one of the links can be seen (like a faded tattoo) at the hollow of a chain-bearer's neck.

SYSTEM

Once attuned, the Unbroken Chain imposes two changes on the three individuals that wear it.

First, any Death Saves made by any of the three are made at advantage.

Second, with a Reaction, any one of the three may choose to "take" the negative effects of a spell upon themselves in place of another chain-bearer, assuming they are not otherwise affected, and is treated as the sole target. For example, if one of the three fails a Save against being Charmed, another may spend their Reaction to instead be Charmed for them. If two of the three were affected by charm, the third may use their Reaction to take the effects of the charm for both of them, and any redundant effects are ignored (the one taking the effects on behalf of the others is not hit by Charm twice).

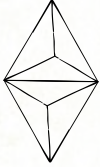
Third, and unfortunately, this bond also comes with a price. The first two that die are barred by the heavens from any revival or resurrection of their body. On the third failed Death Save they die and their soul remains bound to the remaining wearers of the Chain.

The two remaining, after the first chain-bearer dies, may select a Proficiency the third had and add it to their character sheet (this could be anything that is a specific Proficiency). Both the remaining Chained must take the same Proficiency, however. When the second one dies, the last remaining person selects a Proficiency possessed by the second to die and adds that to their character sheet. Some of their memories swirl about in dreams or intense situations, occasional visions of their passing invade as nightmares.

On the death of the last of the Chained, the Chain unattunes and the links from the first two that died appear and rejoin the third. The last chain-bearer may still be revived or resurrected, but the pact is over. The Chain ceases to work for them ever again.

NOTES

WORMS OF PURGATION



Baast knelt over the fallen soldier and repeated himself (for the third time)—his voice a chipper, but heavily accented warble

“You. You will eat this.”

The pink and grey things in his fist wriggled and dripped a pale white and oily substance that seemed to flow friction-less through the grass and dirt.

The emperor’s edicts on dark magic extended even to this village, so far out near the edges of the empire. The witch was here, somewhere. Half the squad was dead from the lumbering horrors she raised to stop them and the unit’s attaché—a very peculiar tiefling (even for a tiefling)—seemed entirely untrou-

bled by the destruction and waste. Baast was as relaxed as ever, despite the carnage around them. Karl, for his part had been vomiting blood and watching his extremities blacken for an hour.

Karl, according all who saw him and by his own opinion, was dying.

The Warlock seemed genial and had been politely reminding him every few minutes to “eat” a horrific, writhing mass of... things... unnatural things.

“It is medicine. It is good. It will taste bad, but this is what you must eat,” the tiefling smiled and pushed the squirming alien things toward Karl’s mouth again. A sudden surge of nausea rose, and Karl vomited on the soft grass. He felt his gut wrench as he saw a tooth in the pool of blood he’d just heaved up. As the young lieutenant grimaced at his own sick and before he could protest, Baast shoved a handful of the things into his mouth.

“I know... shhhh. I know. It is bad taste. I know, shhhhh.” The tiefling cooed at him like a child, wrestling his head and mouth shut in a surprisingly strong grip.

Karl’s mouth was filled with the flavors of burned licorice and whatever rotting fruit does to your nostrils. As he chewed and convulsed, to his horror, he could feel the pieces of them go cold and try wriggling their way back out of his mouth.

APPEARANCE

A mostly-opaque glass jar with a wide rim (with a lid), covered in symbols. Perception DC 15 notices there are creatures alive and wriggling inside of it.

ORIGIN

Arcane DC 22, History DC 26; Advantaged for Great Old One Warlocks or anyone with the Sage background

In the First Age, when the powers of the world were not yet settled, and Fiends and Goddesses and Great Winds and Unrealized Music from the hearts of stars all struggled in the creation of Order itself, Ebliss, the Great Old One of the Bright Reach (Dark Heart of the Sky, Mind of the Bridge) incubated a tendril of Its dying glory in the heart of a Solar—a creature of the highest heavens of this reality. Though unable to come to our world *Itself*, it would spawn Its blessings and curses into our dimension through cruel incubation inside our most glorious beings.

The angel died, and its dying brought on thousand years of rage from the heavens. From its decomposing body, worm-like creatures gnawed their way out and devoured the carcass over centuries. In the Second Age, a cult to the Mind of the Bridge came to the desert where the great sun-bleached skeleton of the Solar lay and collected the last remaining worm. They fashioned a home for it, the Jar, and it has passed through the hands of one witch or warlock to the next ever since.

The Worms are a true and perverse horror from the greatest of those Beings that scream from beyond stars. Attunement requires feeding the jar a drop of one's own blood, Ebliss's blessings come at a cost and the cost is *Its* knowing so deeply as to know your taste. DMs should consider the extent to which a Great Old One (or *Its* servants) would notice or care about that drop of blood, so meager a gesture lost in the noise of the universe. It may come with some risk, but it is unlikely to attract too baleful an eye (though, "unlikely" doesn't mean "impossible").

SYSTEM

The jar itself demands a Charisma Save DC 15 the first time it is touched in a given day. While keeping it in a box would help the possessor to move it about without counting as a "touch," cloth would not. Failure brings Madness.

If using the *Dungeon Master's Guide*, consult the tables for Madness. If the person is a Warlock, it is short-term (from the Short-Term Madness table). If they are an arcane caster of any

other kind, it is from the Medium-Term table. All others, it is Long-Term.

If not using the DMG, then this Madness takes the form of how many times during the day the DM may choose an Action for the possessor. If a Warlock, then one time (at some point during the day), the DM may take over one Action to do anything they want so long as it is an activity the character could normally perform (saying things, running, dropping items, being distracted, even casting a spell could count). If the possessor is any other kind of arcane caster, then the DM may take over two Actions that day. For all others, the DM may take over three Actions that day. DMs are encouraged to consider that this insanity need not always be detrimental, but it should always feel nerve-wracking—it is the loss of rational control.

For example, madness could take the form of forcing the character to run away from something out of a self-preserving fear—in a situation where that may well save their life. Or, it could take the form of a paranoia that forces them to be unusually scrutinous and skeptical of a calm crowded market (potentially Advantaging their Perception).

There are 1d2 handfuls of worms inside the jar, when opened initially. Ingesting a handful of worms removes curses, poisons, diseases, Frightened conditions, and the effects of being Charmed. The ingestor heals for 1 hit point, as well.

The ingestor must make a Constitution Save DC 15 at the end of any turn after chewing and swallowing the handful of worms. On a failure, they feel a rising nausea and vomit bad blood and pus until the end of their next turn, yielding 1 Exhaustion afterward (though the worms still "work"). While experiencing this nausea they may otherwise act as normal, but may not move. Forcing the worms into someone's mouth, against their will, may require an opposed Athletics vs. Acrobatics check.

The jar never permanently runs out. It replenishes 1 handful every 24 hours to a maximum of 2.

APPENDICES

ITEMS BY TYPE

ARMORS & SHIELDS			
ITEM NAME	PAGE	ITEM NAME	PAGE
Armor of Guile	20	Hornwail Cord	36
Bade of Inx	22	Lassiter's Convictus	38
Baneful Parma	24	Plate of Gaw	40
Corwiss Heirs	26	Plate of the Lost Emperor	42
Cray of the Dead God	28	Shattered Standard of Wex	44
Halnifar's Breastplate	30	Springmail	46
Heraldic Shield of Marquis Stasch	32	Thunderhaeld	48
Hollow of War	34	Widderstad's Pavisis	50

GLOVES & FOOTWEAR			
ITEM NAME	PAGE	ITEM NAME	PAGE
Abin's Course	159	Gloves of Ynx	178
Baxeae Rootgiant	162	Hands of Fate	180
Boots of Proteas	164	Hoarding Gloves	182
Calling Boots	166	Path of Light	184
Conqueror's Tread	168	Porter's Gloves	186
Coward's Shield	170	Rushboots	188
Firmament	172	Sandals of Path	190
Gloves of Inx	174	Tides of Wile	192
Gloves of the Winter Court	176	Warboots	194

CLOAKS, CLOTHES & ROBES			
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Billowing Cloak of Father Wind	54	Leaden Mantle	82
Blisterkrau Shroud	56	Mantle of Charity	84
Bluehorn Cloak	58	Martyr's Shift	86
Clan Tarsainn	60	Patchwork Cloak	88
Cloak of the Eldest	62	Poacher's Clothes	90
Coat of the Vagabond	64	Pontifex	92
Dilansuite Regalia	68	Raven's Stole	94
Driftcloak	70	Shade of Life	98
Finery of the Duke of Gaw	72	Shaed of Secrets	100
Great Bear's Folly	74	Slipquick Silks	102
Haberdasher's Mael	76	Skyfire Hraick	104
Hand of The Pact	78	True Ward of the Archmage	106
Kelorien Surcoat	80	Voca Caparison	108

HEAD, NECK & EYEWEAR			
ITEM NAME	PAGE	ITEM NAME	PAGE
Ash of Yesterday and Tomorrow	112	Monocle of Vice	136
Braed's Cage	114	Nail	138
Censer of Love	116	Obscurant Vane	140
Circlet of Endings	118	Paolos' Crown	142
Docker's Shield	120	Periapt of Understanding	144
Fire of Life	122	Price of Morning	146
Guise of the Death Bear	124	Rage of the Mountain	148
Hand of Zeal	126	Riverstones	150
Heart of the Mountain	128	Trust	151
Helm of Prey	130	Valorous Brille	154
Laffetr's Pince-Nez	132	Visor of the Gladiator	156
Medallion of Wrath	134		

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Accursed Ring of Krin the Arcane	198
Artha's Belt	200
Harrower's Line	204
Pyre	206
Revealers	208
Ring of Bhaa	210
Ring of Forgiveness	212
Ring of the Gray	214
Rings of Barrow	216

TOMES & CANONS	
ITEM NAME	PAGE
Atlas of Forever	220
Book of Names	222
Chronicler's Book	224
Darkle Fas	226
Lord of Stories	228
Pactkeeper	230
Viscount Ecchli's Register	232
Xandergrapheis	234

INSTRUMENTS & TOOLS			
ITEM NAME	PAGE	ITEM NAME	PAGE
Adze of Becoming	240	Kortholt of the Brigh Delac	264
Aubritan's Sacrifice	242	Lesserie Lute	266
Box of Princely Comeliness	244	Rodings Bench	268
Caufwein Stradgart	246	Rotool of the Fletch Sender	270
Feranimus Joiners	248	Scorpion Lute	272
Fiddle of the Mad God	250	Shandalplai	274
Freell Tarp	252	Short Supply of Lavishness	276
Gambler's Box	254	Skirlflute	278
Goodfellow Edge	257	Sola Scriptura	280
Harp of Cerwyn Ebonflowerwood	260	Vessel of Men	282
Hurricane Gallichon	262	Woodsman's Knife	284

RODS, STAFFS & WANDS			
ITEM NAME	PAGE	ITEM NAME	PAGE
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Baneslayer	290	Lignum of Aeg	312
Battlewale	292	Manikanta's Storm	314
Blessed Many	294	Passtaff of the Wandering Brother	316
Body of Power	296	Rod of Divine Favor	318
Corestaff	298	Pattern of Eternity	320
Eighth Wand of the Good Man	300	Shanhighter	322
Holy Order	302	Solace of Continuum	324
Irresistible Wind	304	Staff of Primordial Winds	326
Lament of Naamah	306	Wand of the Sky	328
Keeper of Ravin	308		

WEAPONS			
ITEM NAME	PAGE	ITEM NAME	PAGE
Blaque Rider	332	Regulator	358
Bleeder	334	Raptor and Thorn	360
Divider	336	Rathian Arquebus	362
Father of Tribes	338	Render	364
Finger of Madness	340	Shudderwein	366
Flashwood Rapier	342	Slirk's Tongue	368
Hartlight Beacon	344	Stick of Brute	372
Hood of the Lazy Kill	346	Sword-Breaker Dagger	374
Lenma's Dirk	348	Trapper's Bow	376
Martyr of Inx	352	Wicked Gents	378
Odomic Dart	354	Zephyr Spines	380
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WONDERS			
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Agate of Time	384	Hoardstones	420
Ambrosia	386	Holy	422
Barony of Haverwood	388	Lesser Phylactery	424
Bastard Sand	390	Liar's Dice	426
Bastian Churn	392	Lifedust	428
Blood Jar	394	Long Breath	430
Brucker's Pipe	398	Orichalcum's Rain	432
Dome of the Lost	400	Master Key	434
Draught of Perfect Health	402	McNarb's Crest	436
Faahnghheim Birken	404	Muria's Jessamine	440
Executioner's Silks	406	Penitent's Chains	442
Fatebox	408	Promise	444
Feast	410	Seed of True Sight	446
Felsheet Quality Parchment	412	Sorcage of Hillicks von Gratt	448
Fingersmoke	414	Stopchalk	450
Green Rider's Wale	416	Unbroken Chain	452
Hallfallen's Scraed	418	Worms of Purgation	454

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Clan Tarsainn	60
Great Bear's Folly	74
Braed's Cage	114
Guise of the Death Bear	124
Medallion of Wrath	134
Rage of the Mountain	148
Artha's Belt	200
Caufwein Stradgart	246
Father of Tribes	338
Olaf's Rock	356
Faahnghheim Birken	404
Hallfallen's Scraed	418

BARDS	
ITEM NAME	PAGE
Coat of the Vagabond	64
Dilansuite Regalia	68
Shaed of Secrets	100
Laffetr's Pince-Nez	132
Paolos' Crown	142
Valorous Brille	154
Box of Princely Comeliness	244
Harp of Cerwyn Ebonflowerwood	260
Hurricane Gallichon	262
Lesserie Lute	266
Blaque Rider	332
Unbroken Chain	452

CLERICS			
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Heraldic Shield of Marquis Stasch	32	Lord of Stories	228
Plate of the Lost Emperor	42	Aubritan's Sacrifice	242
Mantle of Charity	84	Short Supply of Lavishness	276
Patchwork Cloak	88	Sola Scriptura	280
Pontifex	92	Baneslayer	290
Raven's Stole	94	Holy Order	302
Skyfire Hraick	104	Irresistible Wind	304
Censer of Love	116	Rod of Divine Favor	318
Hand of Zeal	126	Pattern of Eternity	320
Periapt of Understanding	144	Finger of Madness	340
Price of Morning	146	Martyr of Inx	352
Conqueror's Tread	168	Barony of Haverwood	388
Hands of Fate	180	Dome of the Lost	400
Path of Light	184	Holy	422
Harrower's Line	204	Seed of True Sight	446

DRUIDS	
ITEM NAME	PAGE
Hornwail Cord	36
Shattered Standard of Wex	44
Springmail	46
Ash of Yesterday and Tomorrow	112
Helm of Prey	130
Baxeae Rootgiant	162
Boots of Proteas	164
Ring of the Gray	214
Aegiaen Scepter	288
Eighth Wand of the Good Man	298
Lignum of Aeg	312
Manikanta's Storm	314
Staff of Primordial Winds	326
Wand of the Sky	328
Agate of Time	384
Ambrosia	386
Muria's Jessamine	440

FIGHTERS	
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Plate of Gaw	40
Bluehorn Cloak	58
Shade of Life	98
Heart of the Mountain	128
Visor of the Gladiator	156
Gloves of Ynx	178
Warboots	194
Ring of Forgiveness	212
Vessel of Men	282
Battlewale	292
Divider	336
Regulator	358
Raptor and Thorn	360
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Billowing Cloak of Father Wind	50
Docker's Shield	120
Nail	138
Obscurant Vane	140
Trust	151
Abin's Course	159
Firmament	172
Sandals of Path	190
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Atlas of Forever	220
Blessed Many	294
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PALADINS	
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Corwiss Heirs	26
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Lassiter's Convictus	38
Martyr's Shift	86
Circlet of Endings	118
Draught of Perfect Health	402
Green Rider's Wale	416
Long Breath	430
Penitent's Chains	442
Promise	444

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Coward's Shield	170	Hood of the Lazy Kill	346
Porter's Gloves	186	Lenma's Dirk	348
Rushboots	188	Odomic Dart	354
Scorpion Lute	272	Bastard Sand	390
Knockstick	310	Stopchalk	450

SORCERERS	
ITEM NAME	PAGE
Voca Caparison	108
Monocle of Vice	136
Riverstones	150
Calling Boots	166
Pyre	206
Xandergrapheis	234
Adze of Becoming	240
Body of Power	296
Executioner's Silks	406

RANGERS	
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Kelorien Surcoat	80
Poacher's Clothes	90
Hoarding Gloves	182
Freell Tarp	252
Shandalplai	274
Woodsman's Knife	284
Trapper's Bow	376

WARLOCKS			
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Blisterkrau Shroud	56	Kortholt of the Brigh Delac	264
Cloak of the Eldest	62	Skirlflute	278
Hand of The Pact	78	Lament of Naamah	306
Leaden Mantle	82	Bleeder	334
Fire of Life	122	Shudderwein	366
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Book of Names	222	Zephyr Spines	380
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Pactkeeper	230	Brucker's Pipe	398
Fiddle of the Mad God	250	Liar's Dice	426
Gambler's Box	254	Worms of Purgation	454
Goodfellow Edge	257		

WIZARDS			
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Armor of Guile	20	Solace of Continuum	324
Widderstad's Pavisis	50	Hartlight Beacon	344
Driftcloak	70	Rathian Arquebus	362
Finery of the Duke of Gaw	72	Render	364
Haberdasher's Mael	76	Stick of Brute	372
Slipquick Silks	102	Sword-Breaker Dagger	374
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Accursed Ring of Krin the Arcane	198	Felsheet Quality Parchment	412
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Ring of Bhaa	210	Hoardstones	420
Rings of Barrow	216	Lesser Phylactery	424
Viscount Ecchli's Register	232	Lifedust	428
Feranimus Joiners	248	Orichalcum's Rain	432
Rodings Bench	268	Master Key	434
Rotool of the Fletch Sender	270	McNarb's Crest	436
Corestaff	300	Sorcage of Hillicks von Gratt	448
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ACOLYTES			
ITEM NAME	PAGE	ITEM NAME	PAGE
Baneful Parma	24	Baneslayer	290
Billowing Cloak of Father Wind	50	Body of Power	296
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Martyr's Shift	86	Bleeder	334
Pontifix	92	Finger of Madness	340
Voca Caparison	108	Hartlight Beacon	344
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Hand of Zeal	126	Render	364
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Riverstones	150	Slirk's Tongue	368
Path of Light	184	Ambrosia	386
Tides of Wile	192	Dome of the Lost	400
Harrower's Line	204	Feast	410
Pactkeeper	230	Muria's Jessamine	440
Sola Scriptura	280	Seed of True Sight	446

CHARLATANS	
ITEM NAME	PAGE
Armor of Guile	20
Haberdasher's Mael	76
Patchwork Cloak	88
Valorous Brille	154
Hands of Fate	180
Ring of the Gray	214
Rings of Barrow	216
Gambler's Box	254
Lenma's Dirk	348
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Long Breath	430

CRIMINALS	
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Censer of Love	116
Docker's Shield	120
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Flashwood Rapier	342
Odomic Dart	354
Rathian Arquebus	362
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Caufwein Stradgart	246
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Lesserie Lute	266
Scorpion Lute	272
Stick of Brute	372
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FOLK HEROES	
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Corwiss Heirs	26
Coat of the Vagabond	64
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Guisse of the Death Bear	124
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GUILD ARTISANS	
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Mantle of Charity	84
Nail	138
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LOST ARTIFACTS OF GREYGHAST

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Shattered Standard of Wex	44
Springmail	46
Cloak of the Eldest	62
Great Bear's Folly	74
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Goodfellow Edge	257
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Lament of Naamah	306
Lignum of Aeg	312
Brucker's Pipe	398
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SAILORS	
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Bade of Inx	22
Thunderhaeld	48
Slipquick Silks	102
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Accursed Ring of Krin the Arcane	198
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Plate of Gaw	40
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Monocle of Vice	136
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Gloves of the Winter Court	176
Warboots	194
Viscount Ecchli's Register	232
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Father of Tribes	338
Trapper's Bow	376
Barony of Haverwood	388
Executioner's Silks	406
Fatebox	408
Sorcage of Hillicks von Gratt	448

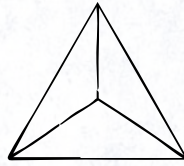
OUTLANDERS	
ITEM NAME	PAGE
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Hornwail Cord	36
Clan Tarsainn	60
Leaden Mantle	82
Shade of Life	98
Helm of Prey	130
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Passtaff of the Wandering Brother	316
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SOLDIERS	
ITEM NAME	PAGE
Halnifar's Breastplate	30
Lassiter's Convictus	38
Widderstad's Pavisis	50
Braed's Cage	114
Circlet of Endings	118
Conqueror's Tread	168
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Gloves of Ynx	178
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Battlewale	292
Divider	336
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Blood Jar	394
Green Rider's Wale	416
Master Key	434

URCHINS	
ITEM NAME	PAGE
Sandals of Path	190
Harp of Cerwyn Ebonflowerwood	260
Hood of the Lazy Kill	346

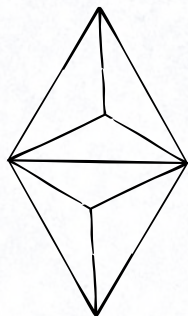
SAGES			
ITEM NAME	PAGE	ITEM NAME	PAGE
Shanhighter	322	Vessel of Men	282
Blisterkrau Shroud	56	Aegiaen Scepter	288
Bluehorn Cloak	58	Blessed Many	294
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Book of Names	222	Orichalcum's Rain	432
Chronicler's Book	224	Worms of Purgation	454

ITEMS BY COMPLEXITY



SIMPLE ITEMS

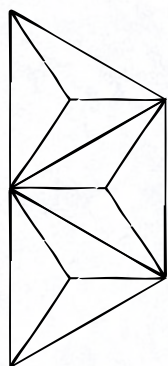
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Harrower's Line	204	Seed of True Sight	446
Ring of Bhaa	210	Sorcage of Hillicks von Gratt	448
Ring of Forgiveness	212		



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Halnifar's Breastplate	30	Hoarding Gloves	182
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		Manikanta's Storm	314
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