

ARCHANGEL STUDIOS™

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CAMPAIGN READY NPC'S



REQUIRES THE USE OF THE
**DUNGEONS
& DRAGONS**
PLAYER'S HANDBOOK,
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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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ARCHANGEL STUDIOS™

PRESENTS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:
CAMPAIGN READY NPC'S

A SUPPLEMENT OF NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS
FOR YOUR D20 FANTASY CAMPAIGN



From the makers of the triple
Eisner Award nominated
comic book, **THE RED STAR®**

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INTRODUCTION

Dramatis Personae is a D20 supplement created to provide you, the GM, with numerous NPC's ready for use in your fantasy campaign. Within its pages are a wide variety of personalities specifically created to fit a wide variety of campaign needs. You will find companions to assist a party that is in need, villains to challenge your player characters in combat, story hooks to spark off many an adventure, and numerous new magic items to add an element of surprise and uniqueness to your world. Feel free to use these NPC's as you see fit; place shops, guilds, taverns, etc., wherever best suits your world. Modify these NPC's in power and scope, add or subtract anything you want in the name of good storytelling. Nothing is carved in stone. This supplement is but a tool, and you are its master. Happy gaming!

This book requires the use of the Dungeons & Dragons® Player's Handbook, Third Edition, published by Wizards of the Coast®.

BOOK CONVENTIONS

As you read this book you will encounter certain repeated conventions. For your convenience, and in an attempt to conserve space, these conventions are defined below:

OPEN GAMING CONTENT (OGC): All material found in this book is to be considered Open Gaming Content (OGC), and so may be used, modified, or derived from as delineated in the Open Gaming License (OGL) v1.0a (please see Appendix I: Open Gaming License for all pertinent information).

BONUSES AND MODIFIERS: For ease of play, all bonuses found throughout this book take into account all possible modifiers. The final bonus represented is the correct bonus to apply to any die roll. For example, Atk Longsword +7 has been calculated using all possible modifiers including Strength, Feats, Enhancement Bonuses etc. The +7 modifier would be applied directly to any attack die roll made during the course of the game.

SYMBOLS & ABBREVIATIONS: Various symbols and abbreviations can be found throughout this supplement. They are listed below for quick reference.

♦ - This symbol denotes an entry unique to this supplement; it will follow new magic items, new feats, or new spells. All entries so marked will be defined in the back of the book, under New Magic Items, Spells and Feats.

AC - Armor Class.

CF - Class Features; any special features attributed to a character due to his/her class.

CR - Challenge Rating.

(D) - Denotes a Domain spell.

GM - Game Master.

gp - gold pieces; usually indicates how much loose coin a character has on his/her person.

Italicize - Any italicized possession indicates that the item is magical.

RF - Racial Features; any special features attributed to a character due to his/her race.

Str 17
Dex 12
Con 16
Int 15
Wis 8
Cha 10

TURIGAR

Orc Hammer



Race: Human ♂ Size M
Class: Fighter CR4
Alignment: Lawful Neutral

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 43
Initiative: +5 (Dex, Improved Initiative)
Speed: 30 ft
AC: 15 (Armor, Dex)
Melee: Longsword: Atk +9 (1d8+6)
Ranged: Heavy Crossbow: Atk +5 (1d10)
Saves: Fort +7, Ref +2, Will +0

Skills: Craft (Armorsmithing) +9, Craft (Blacksmithing) +9, Craft (Weaponsmithing) +9, Intimidate +3, Ride +6, Swim +4
Feats: Blind-Fight, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Weapon Focus (Longsword), Weapon Specialization (Longsword)
Languages: Common, Dwarven, Orc
Possessions: Chain Shirt Armor, Longsword +1, Heavy Crossbow with 20 bolts, Ring of Sustenance

DESCRIPTION: Turigar is a sturdy man of middle height, with the powerful build of a smith. His sandy brown hair, thinner now and graying, grows long behind him, spread carelessly over the polished steel links of his chain shirt. At his side, the hilt of a sword—exquisitely fashioned of etched silver—rises above a well-worn leather scabbard. Outwardly dressed for war, Turigar's demeanor is every bit as grim: his jaw firm beneath a neatly trimmed beard, his blue eyes restlessly measuring the surroundings as though half expecting an attack. He eats and drinks in moderation (and that more from habit than need, due to a *Ring of Sustenance*) and seems to require little sleep.

BACKGROUND: Years ago, Turigar settled with his wife and daughter in a small village on the frontier, where he labored as a blacksmith. Increasingly, raids by an orc warband demanded reprisal, however, so he led much of the town's militia on a punitive strike—but underestimated the enemy numbers. While they battled one group of orcs near their caves in the hills, another, still larger host sacked the village, overwhelming the remaining garrison. The survivors returned to find their home aflame... three days later the ground had cooled enough for Turigar to pick through the remains. He found the bodies of his family and buried them, keeping a finger bone from each in an exquisite wooden box he carries with him always, awaiting the day he will have the means to have them resurrected.

COMBAT: Turigar is reckless in a fight, particularly in defense of friends. He engages enemies with a crossbow when convenient but, lacking the patience for it, prefers melee—where a power attack can bring down his foes more quickly. Against orcs, he advocates total war: slaying every member of a tribe without exception even for women or children ("They showed no mercy to my wife and child", he'll say, "so I offer none to them...").

4
FIGHTER LEVEL



Str	13	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█
Dex	16	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█
Con	10	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█
Int	14	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█
Wis	11	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█
Cha	17	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█

EVITHYAN

Woodland Spy



Race: Elven ♂ Size M
 Class: Bard CR5
 Alignment: Chaotic Good

COMBAT FEATURES

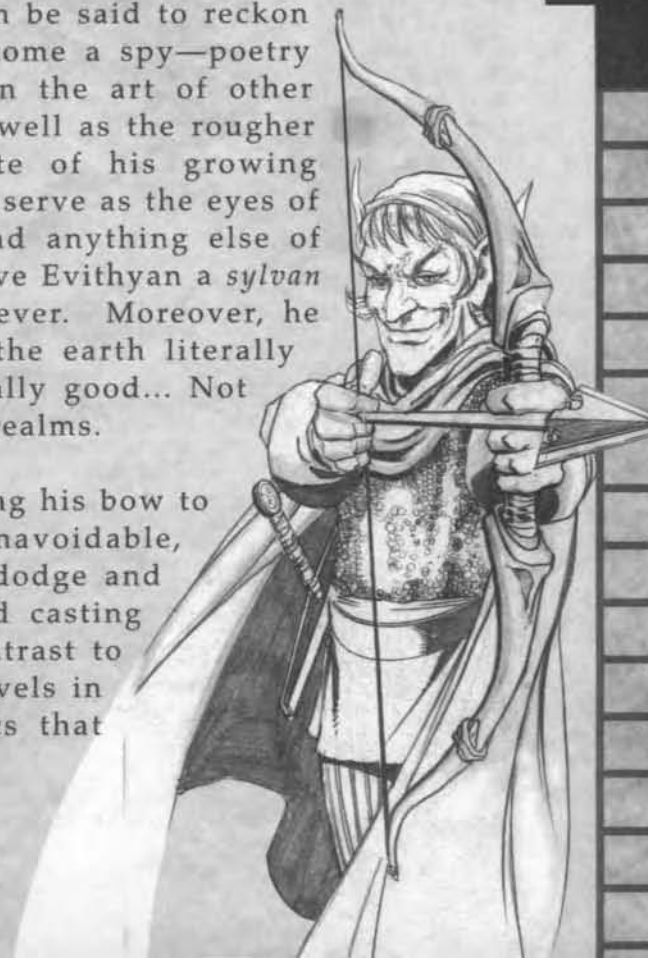
Hit Points: 22
 Initiative: +3 (Dex)
 Speed: 30 ft
 AC: 18 (+5 armor, Dex)
 Melee: Longsword: Atk +5 (1d8+1)
 Ranged: Composite Longbow: Atk +6 (1d8)
 Saves: Fort +1, Ref +7, Will +4
 Skills: Bluff +5, Craft (Bowmaking) +4, Diplomacy +5, Gather Information +7,

Feats: Hide +15, Knowledge (Nature) +7, Listen +5, Move Silently +15, Perform +11, Sense Motive +5, Wilderness Lore +4
 Dodge, Expertise
 CF: Bardic Music
 Spells (3/4/2): 0 - Detect Magic, Light, Prestidigitation; 1st - Charm Person, Cure Light Wounds, Hypnotism, Sleep; 2nd - Invisibility, Sound Burst
 Languages: Common, Draconic, Elven, Orc, Sylvan.
 Possessions: Elven Chain Armor, Masterwork Longsword, Composite Longbow with 20 Arrows, Pouch of 30 Arrowheads, Flute of Silver and Gold (Worth 1,500 GP made to look like a tree wrapped with clinging vines), Cloak and Boots of Elvenkind

DESCRIPTION: Evithyan's hair is warm and golden like a sunbeam, cut short as archers do to keep it from his eyes while aiming. When traveling, he often scouts ahead, his face camouflaged with mud and paint, against which his sharp green eyes burn yet more brightly; twigs and bits of moss hang from his bow and cloak. In civilized lands, though, he adopts an entirely different guise, draped in finery appropriate to any noble's court (where in fact he spends much of his time).

BACKGROUND: When he was young, if elves can be said to reckon their age as such, Evithyan never expected to become a spy—poetry and music were his passions, so he left to learn the art of other cultures, performing before knights and nobles as well as the rougher common folk. His queen, Ulshanya, took note of his growing popularity abroad, however, and asked Evithyan to serve as the eyes of his people, noting troop movements, alliances and anything else of possible interest. To assist him in this task, she gave Evithyan a *sylvan flute*, which made his music more beautiful than ever. Moreover, he acquired a reputation that wherever he played, the earth literally bloomed around him and harvests were exceptionally good... Not surprisingly, he is much in demand throughout the realms.

COMBAT: Evithyan is cautious in battle, preferring his bow to close combat whenever possible. If melee is unavoidable, though, he assumes a defensive posture with the dodge and expertise feats, striking foes opportunistically and casting *Invisibility* to escape if he must. Ironically, in contrast to his own very careful style of fighting, Evithyan revels in epic war ballads and greatly admires the heroics that inspired them....



BARD LEVEL 5

Str 16
Dex 16
Con 18
Int 10
Wis 8
Cha 16



VARIABLE CLASS LEVEL

MAXIMILLIAN DAVENPORT

Heir to the Raven Throne

Race: Human ♂ Size M
Class: Varies with personality (see below) CR 5

Possessions: Longsword +1, Large Steel Shield +1, Leather Armor +1, Signet Ring of Protection +1 worth 3000 gp, Light Crossbow with 20 Bolts, Adamantine Dagger, Ornate Flute worth 2000 gp, Spell Component Pouch, Thieves' Tools, 200 sp, 200 gp

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 50
Speed: 30 ft
Languages: Common

All other pertinent statistics vary with Maximillian's current dominant personality (please see description below).

BACKGROUND: King Alderbain Davenport, emperor of the Raven Throne was severely ailing and ready to pass the crown to the eldest of his two sons, Maximillian. Maximillian's younger brother, Revane, who had always despised his older brother's weak sentiments, felt that he was the true heir apparent that could make the tough decisions necessary for a thriving kingdom and therefore deserved to be king. Revane plotted with the resident wizard, Dolorius, to get rid of Maximillian, which would allow him to assume the throne upon his father's death. Dolorius worked nonstop on a spell that would render Maximillian incompetent instead of killing him outright which would only incur an unwanted investigation into the matter.

One day, when Maximillian and Revane were out riding, Dolorius magically spooked Max's steed to throw him. He then cast his twisted spell on the dazed prince. The incantation that the wizard had developed was one of magical schizophrenia; it would permanently sunder the personality of anyone it was cast on into several fragmented personalities. Revane simply explained to his father that Max had bashed his head on a rock and hasn't seemed at all well. Distraught with the news, King Alderbain naturally sought the advice of his wizard who assured him that absolutely nothing could be done for the poor prince. Shortly thereafter Revane was crowned King and Alderbain died suddenly from mysterious ailments.

Revane wasted no time in banishing his brother from the kingdom. He disguised him, placed him on a merchant ship destined for some far off shore, and bid him good riddance. King Revane has ruled the kingdom with draconian tyranny ever since.

Maximillian Davenport remembers nothing of his true identity as prince to the Raven Throne. He neither remembers his family nor his real name, and instead goes by the name of the most dominant personality of the day; something dredged up from the recesses of his subconscious. Every morning Maximillian wakes, one of his four personalities becomes dominant for the day. His personality may also change whenever you, the GM, think this would best further the current story line, or simply be fun. His personality may also suddenly shift whenever he is subjected to a severe trauma: *Fear*, 10 hit points of damage in a single blow, etc. For ease simply roll a four sided die to determine the personality of the day: 1=Sumaris, 2=Vern, 3=Fallbrook, 4=Wintrel. Note: while Max's statistics and hit points do not change from personality to personality, his feats and his skills do. When Max's personality changes, he remembers all that has transpired before the change, but remembers from the perspective of his current personality. He is completely unaware of his other personalities and no amount of questioning or coaxing will convince him otherwise. For instance, if questioned about a shield that he can't use, or a flute that he can't play, or magic components that he can't identify, he will simply explain that these are his good luck charms and that without them he fears he would surely meet with an untimely death. If questioned about exact details of his distant past he will respond that he "just doesn't remember."

ADVENTURE HOOK: Revane was thorough in erasing his brother from the kingdom's memory but not completely so. He forgot to remove his brother's signet ring, a golden raven carrying a massive ruby in its beak. If the party notices this obviously priceless piece of jewelry they may research its significance (perhaps consulting with the Sage Ulfennesh, see page 26) and learn that this ring is only given to an heir-prince of the Raven Throne. They may investigate further and learn of the kingdom's shady history. The only way that the party can cure Maximillian of his schizophrenia is to get him to submit to a *Heal* spell, which he may be reluctant to do considering he believes nothing is wrong with him. Once *Healed* however, Maximillian will remember everything concerning his life, including his brother's treachery and collusion with Dolorius. Maximillian will be committed to regaining the throne, and will reward handsomely any party that helps him in this goal. Maximillian, once healed, proves to really be a 9th level lawful good fighter (use his fighter personality for all pertinent information adding as necessary).

DESCRIPTION: Maximillian is a charismatic man with a solid physique. He has short brown hair and light brown eyes. He stands an impressive 6'6" tall and weighs approximately 250 pounds. Max dresses as someone more of royal blood than a common adventurer. His social graces are also well refined past the average common adventurer's habits. These subtle aspects are sure clues to the party that something isn't as it appears. He wears a great blue cloak over his ornate leather armor.

PERSONALITY 1 (FIGHTER) - SUMERIS

Class: Fighter
Alignment: Lawful Good
Initiative: +3 (Dex)
AC: 20 (Armor, Shield, Dex, Ring)
Melee: Longsword: Atk +10 (1d8+6)



Ranged: Light Crossbow: Atk: +8 (1d8)
 Saves: Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +0
 Skills: Climb +5, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (Nobility) +4, Spot +2, Wilderness Lore +2
 Feats: Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Focus (Longsword), Great Cleave, Power Attack, Weapon Specialization (Longsword)

Sumeris is a bold and impulsive warrior. He prefers to take the lead in any given situation as he feels that others are generally incapable and unqualified. If he is not given the lead he will become visibly agitated and will constantly question the party's decisions. Only after the party demonstrates that they are capable adventurers will he submit to their collective leadership. Once completely integrated into the party (once all roles have been sufficiently demonstrated for Sumeris) they will find him a courageous and useful companion to have on hand.

PERSONALITY 2 (BARD) - VERN

Class: Bard
 Alignment: Neutral Good
 Initiative: +7 (Dex, Improved Initiative)
 AC: 20 (Armor, Shield, Dex, Ring)
 Melee: Longsword: Atk +7 (1d8+4)
 Ranged: Light Crossbow: Atk +6 (1d8)
 Saves: Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +3
 Skills: Appraise +3, Decipher Script +3, Diplomacy +6, Gather Information +6, Knowledge (Arcana) +5, Knowledge (Religion) +5, Knowledge (Nature) +5, Knowledge (Nobility) +5, Perform +11, Subtle Gestures†, Dodge, Improved Initiative
 Feats: Feats:
 Spells (3/4/2): 0 - Detect Magic, Light, Prestidigitation; 1st - Cure Light Wounds, Detect Secret Doors, Protection from Evil, Sleep; 2nd - Blur, Cure Moderate Wounds

Vern is a dandy's dandy. He struts around as if he is constantly performing on some grand stage making speeches about the social state of affairs, the weather, the time of day, the sad political state of the world, and various other topics that pop into his head. If pressed however, Vern will demonstrate that he is quite knowledgeable in the areas of religion, arcana, nature, and nobility. If insulted or upset at all Vern will demand that he is of noble birth and should be treated accordingly (he actually thinks that he is making this up to get attention and of course knows nothing of his real heritage). If forced into a fight Vern is a valiant fighter. While he prefers to sing to gain any sort of bardic magical effect he will occasionally produce a flute of exquisite make (encrusted with emeralds and rubies - approximate sale value of 2000 gold pieces) and play.

PERSONALITY 3 (ROGUE) - FALLBROOK

Class: Rogue
 Alignment: Neutral
 Initiative: +7 (Dex, Improved Initiative)
 AC: 17 (Armor, Dex, Ring)
 Melee: Longsword: Atk +7 (1d8+4)
 Ranged: Light Crossbow: Atk: +6 (1d8)
 Saves: Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +0
 Skills: Balance +9, Climb +11, Disable Device +8, Escape Artist +7, Hide +9, Move Silently +11, Open

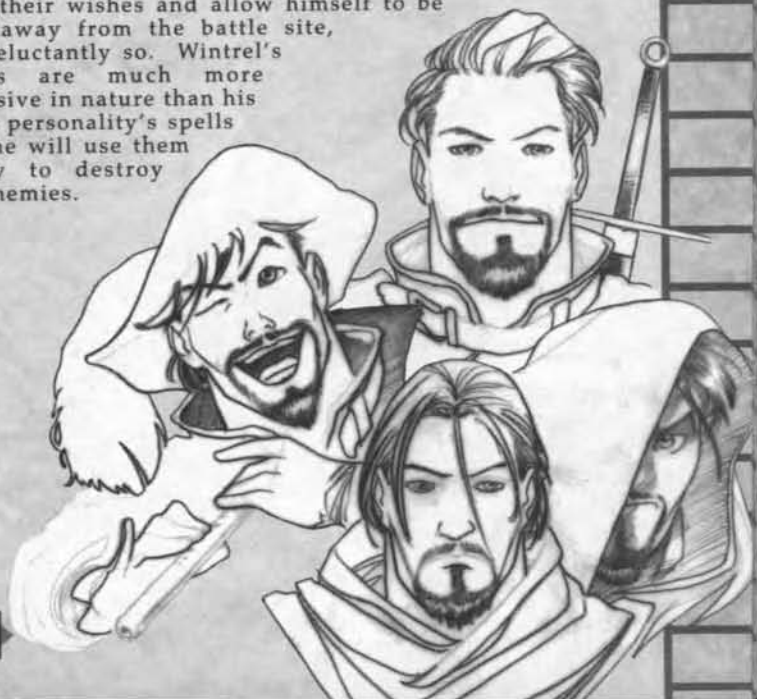
Feats: Lock +11, Pickpocket +11, Search +8, Spot +7
 Improved Initiative, Martial Weapon Proficiency (Longsword), Quick Draw
 CF: Evasion, Uncanny Dodge, Sneak Attack +3d6

Fallbrook is a somewhat cold and standoffish sort. While generally friendly when spoken to he tends to stay quiet and shies away from initiating conversation himself. Even though he is a Rogue, Fallbrook will not steal from the party as he finds this to be ethically questionable. If, however, he finds some treasure away from the prying eyes of the group he won't hesitate to liberate a few choice items for sale at a later date. Fallbrook is well versed in the Roguish arts and will bring his skills to bear for a party he finds worthy of such assistance.

PERSONALITY 4 (SORCERER) - WINTREL

Class: Sorcerer
 Alignment: Chaotic Neutral
 Initiative: +3 (Dex)
 AC: 17 (Armor, Dex, Ring)
 Melee: Longsword: Atk +6 (1d8+4)
 Ranged: Light Crossbow: Atk: +5 (1d8)
 Saves: Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +3
 Skills: Concentration +12, Spellcraft +8, Spot +3
 Feats: Armor Proficiency (Light), Subtle Gestures†, Martial Weapon Proficiency (Longsword)
 Spells (6/7/5): 0 - Daze, Disrupt Undead, Flare, Light, Ray of Frost, Read Magic; 1st - Burning Hands, Color Spray, Mage Armor, Magic Missile; 2nd - Melf's Acid Arrow, Web

Wintrel is a taciturn and cynical individual. Being essentially a recluse by nature he finds human company abrasive and intolerable. He chooses to stay with a party mainly because he enjoys seeking power and recognizes the need for additional companions to fulfill his goals. Wintrel is fascinated with death and dying, and will linger around the site of a recent battle just to study the strange contortions of the corpse's faces. If the party gets forceful enough he will comply with their wishes and allow himself to be torn away from the battle site, but reluctantly so. Wintrel's spells are much more offensive in nature than his other personality's spells and he will use them freely to destroy his enemies.



Str 15
Dex 16
Con 14
Int 12
Wis 18
Cha 9



KU' TAI SHO

Betrayer of the Sky Dragon



Race: Human ♂ Size M
Class: Monk CR5
Alignment: Lawful Evil

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 38
Initiative: +3 (Dex)
Speed: 40 ft
AC: 20 (Bracers of Armor, Dex, Wis, Level)
Melee: Unarmed Atk +5 (1d8+2)
Ranged: Heavy Crossbow Atk +5 (1d10)
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +8
Skills: Balance +8, Climb +5,

Diplomacy +2, Escape Artist +6, Intimidate +1, Jump +8, Listen +10, Move Silently +9, Spot +6, Swim +5, Tumble +8
Feats: Blind-Fight, Deflect Arrows, Dodge, Run Unarmed Strike, Stunning Attack, Evasion, Still Mind, Slow Fall (20') Purity of Body
Languages: Common, Elven
Possessions: Heavy Crossbow (20 Bolts) Bracers of Armor (+2), Boots of Speed, Sash of Zephyrs†

DESCRIPTION: Ku' Tai stands about 5'4" tall and weighs a solid 200 pounds. Being short of stature Ku' Tai takes any comment of his height (no matter how innocent) as an invitation for an unarmed duel. If the offender refuses the duel he will wait for the perfect opportunity to strike his new found enemy down (he will usually do this when his foe is at his weakest; either injured or drunk). Ku' Tai is an albino by birth and takes great pleasure in the unease that is generated by his unusual ghost-like appearance. He can be quickly identified by his cloud white braid and the Sash of Zephyrs which he wears openly in his arrogance.

BACKGROUND: Ku' Tai had always been somewhat of a problem student at the Lin Sang Sky Dragon Monastery. He often took pleasure in injuring his training partners for seemingly no reason as well as sneaking away at night to commit theft against the local villagers. After several trespasses too many, and after they could no longer make necessary reparations with the slighted villagers, the elder monks decided to dismiss Ku' Tai dishonorably, and to exile him from the local village as well. Days ahead of the scheduled discharge Ku' Tai learned of the elders' plans and plotted a heinous revenge. On the night before the news was to be announced to the school of Ku' Tai's dismissal he murdered two students and one teacher while they slept. The *Sash of Zephyrs*, which he now wears, used to belong to the teacher that he slew. Ku' Tai then fled into the night avoiding prosecution for his evil deeds and hasn't been sighted since. Rumor has it that he has been recruiting rogues and assassins in the hopes to return to Lin Sang and finish what he began. The elder monks of the Sky Dragon monastery have posted a 5000 gold piece reward for his capture and return, dead or alive.

COMBAT: Ku' Tai prefers to attack his opponents when they are what he considers an easy target. If he is outclassed or outnumbered he will simply try to flee the point of conflict. If attacking he will use his *Sash of Zephyrs* to maneuver to a point of superiority, usually to higher ground, or to suddenly fly in a surprising maneuver which can grant him a +1 circumstance bonus for an unexpected combat move (GM's discretion). Other than this Ku' Tai fights as any other experienced Monk, flurrying his blows and stunning his opponents as necessary.

MONK LEVEL 5



Str	13	■■■■■
Dex	18	■■■■■■■
Con	15	■■■■■■■
Int	16	■■■■■■■
Wis	9	■■■■
Cha	18	■■■■■■■

SINRIK OF HOUSE ILVAADRIDA

The Dark



Race: Drow ♀ Size M
 Class: Sorcerer CR 6
 Alignment: Neutral Evil

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 22
 Initiative: +4 (Dex)
 Speed: 30 ft
 AC: 16 (Dex, Ring)
 Melee: Shortspear: Atk +6 (1d8 +1)
 Ranged: Hand Crossbow: Atk +6 (1d4 and Drow poison: Fort DC 17 or fall unconscious -- after 1 minute, roll a second save DC 17 or remain unconscious for 2d4 hours)
 Saves: Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +4
 Skills: Alchemy +8, Concentration +8,

Hide +7, Knowledge (Arcana) +8, Listen +4, Move Silently +7, Scry +7, Spellcraft +8, Spot +3
 Feats: Exotic Weapon Proficiency (Hand Crossbow), Weapon Finesse (Short Spear)
 RF: Darkvision 120 ft., Spell Resistance +16, Light Blindness, Poisoned Arrows, Spell-Like Abilities
 Spells (6/7/5): 0 - Daze, Detect Magic, Detect Poison, Mage Hand, Ray of Frost, Read Magic; 1st- Magic Missile, Obscuring Mist, Ray of Enfeeblement, Shield; 2nd- Melf's Acid Arrow, Web
 Languages: Common, Elven, Undercommon
 Possessions: Ring of Protection +2, Shortspear, Hand Crossbow with 20 poisoned bolts, Slippers of Spider Climbing (fashioned as boots), 500 gp, 2 Black Pearls worth 500 gp each, Platinum Torque worth 600 gp

DESCRIPTION: Sinrik is a dark elf of stunning beauty. Even her red eyes and white hair lend themselves to an overall exotic demeanor of grace and style. Her movements are always relaxed and intentionally seductive. Those that falter at her beauty, for even a moment, often find themselves the victim of a treacherous and often fatal stab wound to the back. Sinrik dresses mostly in black and red form fitting clothes made of velvets and leathers. Her jewelry, while tasteful, is extremely expensive. Studying her closely will reveal her to be nobility of some sort; she prefers to be treated as such.

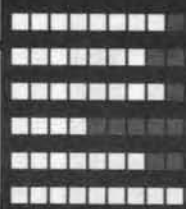
BACKGROUND: Sinrik The Dark is the surviving sibling of the Ilvaadrída Noble House. At its height the Ilvaadrída family was the reigning house in the vast caverns of the Underdark. After several failed coups weakened the house, several successful, and and fatefully planned assassinations ensued. With key figures missing as pillars of the family structure, infighting began, and continued until the Noble House of Ilvaadrída crumbled under both internal and external pressures. All remaining family members were tortured and executed for their weaknesses. Sinrik's own priestess sister was horribly transformed into a Drider and cast out into the above world to try to make her way. Sinrik escaped the executions and has been looking for her sister, and revenge over the houses now in power.

COMBAT: Sinrik prefers cunning and surprise to the more heavy-handed approaches to mundane combat. She relies on her *Slippers of Spider Climbing* to gain a tactical position over her opponents, usually somewhere high enough to be out of melee range, where she rains down ranged spells, such as *Magic Missile*, one after the other. If her opponents prove to be slightly stronger than she can handle, she will use her hand crossbow to bring them down with poison.



SORCERER LEVEL 5

Str 16
Dex 15
Con 16
Int 9
Wis 14
Cha 18



SIR LOGAN

Loyal Servant of the Purifying Flame



Race: Human ♂ Size M
Class: Paladin CR 5
Alignment: Lawful Good

Feats: Spot +8
Lightning Reflexes, Extra Turning,
Great Fortitude
CF: Turning, Lay on Hands, Detect Evil,
Smite Evil, Aura of Courage,
Remove Disease

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 55
Speed: 20 ft
AC: 19 (Dex, Armor, Shield)
Melee: Longsword: Atk +10
(1d8+5 and 1d6 fire)
Ranged: Longbow: Atk +2 (1d8)
Saves: Fort +11, Ref +9, Will +7
Skills: Diplomacy +9, Heal +7,
Knowledge (Religion) +5,

Spells(1): 1st - Divine Favor
Possessions: Banded Mail, Large Steel Shield,
Longsword +2 *Flaming*, Longbow with
20 arrows, Holy Symbol inset with a
single ruby worth 500 gp, 100 gp

DESCRIPTION: Logan Kourash, by his very presence, demands respect. He is a tall (6'5") tower of a man with handsome red hair and matching moustache. As with most paladins, Logan's golden colored arms and armor gleam in the light from being polished repeatedly by their master. His shield bears the symbol of Cevarin, a flaming longsword. When he walks, his body seems to glide rather than bob or jolt to and fro. Logan's eyes reflect a deep reddish color, one of the telltale signs of a paladin of Cevarin.

BACKGROUND: Early on, Logan Kourash, son of the village blacksmith, showed signs of divine favor. He began to receive strong visions of a burning woman, who urged him to travel far to the west and meet with his destiny. Years later, still racked with visions and dreams, Logan unconsciously and spontaneously healed his father, who had badly burned himself in the smithy's forge. The local villagers, hearing of this miracle, began to flock to Logan to heal their minor wounds and ailments. Once Logan reached his eighteenth birthday the visions began to grow in nature and duration. The Goddess who had been visiting him revealed herself as The Goddess Cevarin, Keeper of the Purifying Flame and instructed Logan to finally take up his destiny and travel far to the west as she had urged him so many times in the past. Logan, fearing that insanity or death would overtake him if he didn't obey his liege, decided that it was indeed time to travel away from home. His father presented him with some gifts on the morning of his departure: a sword, a shield, and a suit of armor that he had forged himself for just this occasion. And so, armed and armored, Logan set out toward the west to follow his destiny. Logan eventually found the temple of his visions and was indoctrinated, through secret rituals and ceremonies, into the service of the Goddess Cevarin, a fledgling goddess of fire seeking to expand her influence on the prime material plane. These rites included "The Crucible," a ritual whose side effect adds to the prospective paladin's eyes a reddish hue. Logan to this day is a loyal champion of Cevarin, and travels to distant lands purifying them of their evil. Due to his vows to Cevarin Sir Logan will not call a mount and so must seek evil on foot rather than mounted.

COMBAT: First and foremost, Logan seeks to destroy evil in all of its vile incarnations. When entering a tavern or common room the first thing he will do is utilize his *Detect Evil* ability seeking any that may be of evil origin. If anyone in the room is indeed evil, Logan will attack him or her relentlessly, without quarter, and to the death. On the first round of such an attack he will cast a *Divine Favor* and then use his *Smite Evil* ability. He will then rely on his standard abilities as a paladin to bring his enemy down.

PALADIN LEVEL 5



Str	18	■■■■■■■■■■
Dex	15	■■■■■■■■■
Con	16	■■■■■■■■■■
Int	10	■■■■■■■■■
Wis	10	■■■■■■■■■
Cha	12	■■■■■■■■■■

HURON SABERLAIN

Captain of the Southern Legions



Race: Human ♂ Size M
 Class: Fighter CR 6
 Alignment: Neutral

Feats: Gather Information +3, Ride +4, Spot +3, Swim +7
 Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency: Spiked Chain, Leadership, Power Attack, Weapon Focus: Spiked Chain, *Weapon Sainthood*: Spiked Chain, Weapon Specialization: Spiked Chain

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 62
 Initiative: +1 (Dex)
 Speed: 20+ ft
 AC: 17 (Armor, Dex, Medallion)
 Melee: Spiked Chain Atk +16/+11 (2d4 +12, spiked chain)
 Ranged: Longbow Atk +8/+3 (1d8)
 Saves: Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +2
 Skills: Bluff +3, Climb +3,

Languages: Common
 Possessions: Banded Mail Armor, *Spiked Chain* +2, Longbow with 20 arrows, *Gold Service Medallion of Protection* +2, *Ring of Superior Enhancement* +2†, 300gp

DESCRIPTION:

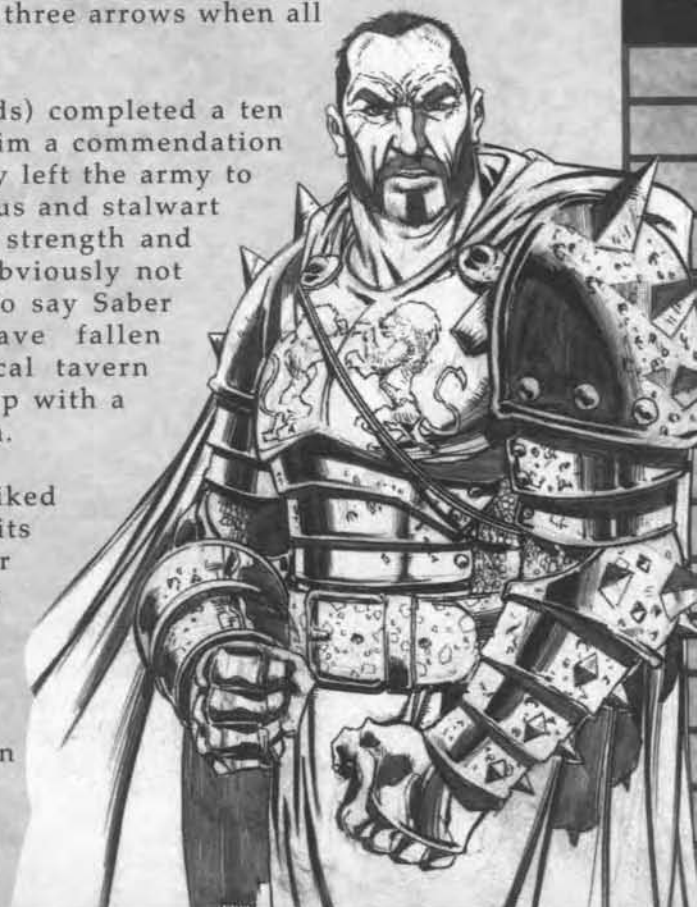
Saber talks loud, drinks hard, and fights like a Storm Giant gone berserk. He is a swarthy figure that is no stranger to a tavern brawl, or to initiating one. Flamboyant banded armor adorned with golden rampant lions hangs on his large frame along with a billowing crimson cloak. This last article was given to him for his courageous service in the army. Saber loves to dress in such a way as to draw as much attention to himself as possible. He keeps his beard and hair cropped close to the skull in the recognizable style of the Southern Legions (or whatever military body best fits your campaign). A large spiked chain hangs amidst his gear. His dress, hairstyle, and general attitude all lend themselves to an overall militaristic and arrogant air that surrounds Saber at all times. When first encountered it is almost certain that he will be telling some military tale to someone he has found to share a tankard of ale with. Once on an adventure Saber will invariably relate any current adventuring conditions to a military story in his past: "Orcs huh? I was in a situation just like this, oh, four or five years ago. There I was alone and down to my last three arrows when all of a sudden..."

BACKGROUND:

Huron Saberlain (Saber to his friends) completed a ten year tour of duty with the Southern Legions earning him a commendation for bravery and the rank of Captain. Huron eventually left the army to seek his fortune as an adventurer. Saber is a courageous and stalwart fighter who considers every adventure to be a test of strength and endurance; those that die on a dungeon crawl were obviously not properly prepared and are best forgotten. Needless to say Saber does not believe in resurrecting those that have fallen adventuring. He can usually be found in any local tavern drinking, brawling, and awaiting the chance to meet up with a party seeking adventure and an adventuring companion.

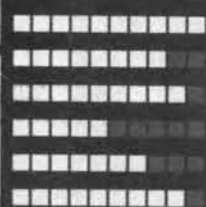
COMBAT:

Saber has trained in the use of the spiked chain for many years and is considered a master in its use. He prefers to attack those positioned in a manner that allows him to take full advantage of his reach with the spiked chain. Saber will also try to tactically position himself to maximize attacks of opportunity against his enemies by forcing them to pass through his threat range. His *Combat Reflexes* combined with his *Weapon Sainthood* should be enough to finish even the most hardened of opponents.



FIGHTER LEVEL 6

Str 20
Dex 17
Con 19
Int 10
Wis 14
Cha 18



MIR' DRALL

He Who Greet's with Fire



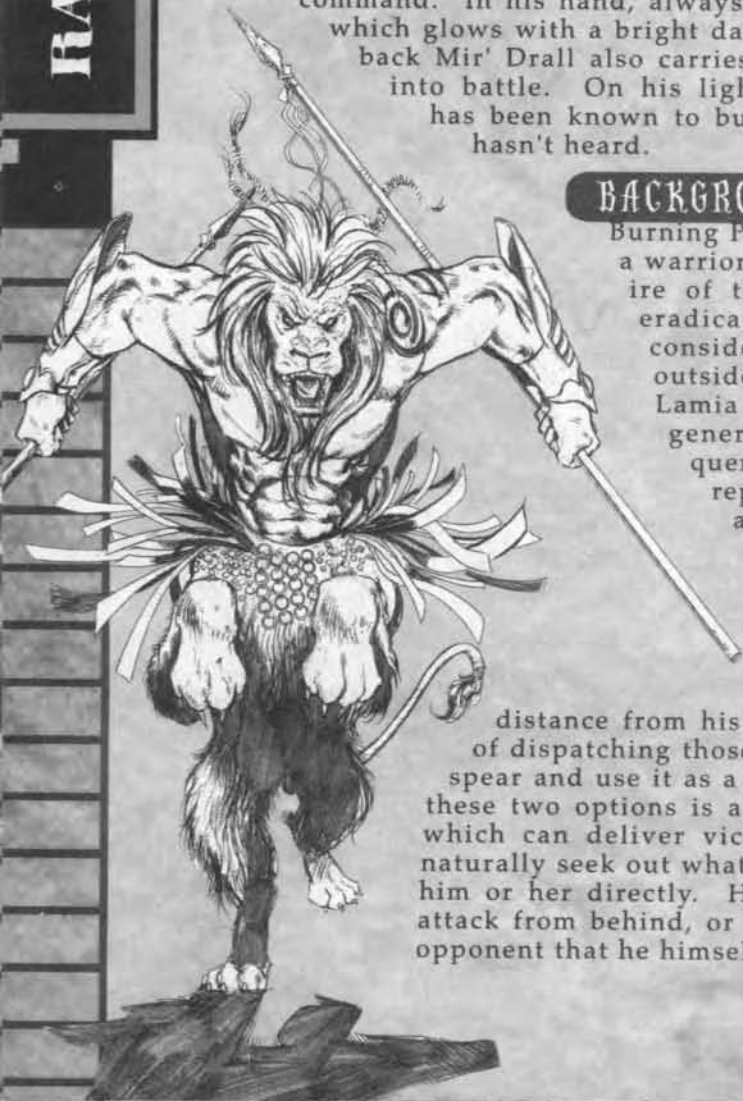
Race:	Liontaur ♂ Size L	Saves:	Composite Long Bow +9/+4 (1d8+4) Fort +10, Ref +5, Will +6
Class:	Ranger CR 7	Skills:	Balance +7, Climb +11 Handle Animal +9, Heal +7, Jump +12, Knowledge (Nature) +5, Listen +6, Spot +6, Wilderness Lore +6
Alignment:	Neutral Good	Feats:	Power Attack, Iron Will, Great Fortitude
COMBAT FEATURES		RF:	Scent, +2 Jump, +2 Listen, +2 Spot, +5 Natural Armor
Hit Points:	70	CF:	Track, Favored Enemies: Magical Beasts (+2), Undead (+1)
Initiative:	+3 (Dex)	Spells (2):	1st - Entangle, Resist Elements
Speed:	40 ft	Languages:	Celestial, Common, Draconic, Elven, Undercommon
AC:	20 (Armor, Dex, Size, +3 Natural)	Possessions:	Bracers of Armor +3, Archam's Spear +2 ♣, Mighty Composite Longbow (+4)
Melee:	Longspear: Atk +13/+8 (1d8+7), or Shortsppear: Atk +11/+6 (1d8+5), or 2 Claws: Atk +11 (1d4 +5)		
Ranged:	Shortsppear: Atk +9/+4 (1d8+5), or Mighty		

DESCRIPTION: Standing proud and strong is the Liontaur ranger known at Mir' Drall: 'He Who Greet's With Fire'. His muscular body is covered in a coat of well kept dark tan fur. His face, while lion-like in disposition and form, is uniquely kind and intelligent. A great reddish mane surrounds his face like a flaming nimbus. He moves with the unwavering grace and stealth of a grown lion, fluid and calculating. On his body are numerous swirling tattoos, all in black, representing his homeland, his tribe, his clan, his family and lastly his birth command. In his hand, always at the ready, is the legendary weapon *Archam's Spear*, which glows with a bright daunting inner light. Tucked into a largish quiver on his back Mir' Drall also carries several short spears used for hurling short distances into battle. On his lighter side though, Mir' Drall loves a great story and has been known to buy a round of ale for anyone that can tell one that he hasn't heard.

BACKGROUND: Mir' Drall is a fierce Liontaur warrior of the Burning Plains. As is his birth command (a single wish put upon a warrior at the moment of birth that must be obeyed or face the ire of the ancestral spirits), Mir' Drall has been sworn to eradicate the world of the lowly and hated Lamia, a race considered to be an abomination by all the tribes. Many outsiders often confuse Mir' Drall with the vile race of the Lamia and treat him, if not with outright violence, than with general suspicion and revulsion. This does nothing to quench Mir' Drall's burning hatred of the Lamia and all he represents. After meeting Mir' Drall first hand however, and witnessing his inherent nobility of character, people gladly change their prejudices of him and accept him into their lives.

COMBAT: Mir' Drall is a close combat specialist, and prefers to use his longspear over any other weapon at his disposal. If he happens to be at a distance from his enemies (which usually happens after several rounds of dispatching those that would challenge him) he will switch to the short spear and use it as a ranged weapon. If ever in a situation when neither of these two options is available Mir' Drall will attack fiercely with forepaws, which can deliver vicious wounds. On the field of battle Mir' Drall will naturally seek out what he considers the most formidable opponent and attack him or her directly. He abhors unfairly attacking, and will therefore never attack from behind, or flank his opponents directly. If ever an ally flanks an opponent that he himself is engaging, he will break off and seek other conflict.

RANGER LEVEL 8



Str	6	■■■■■■■■■■
Dex	18	■■■■■■■■■■
Con	10	■■■■■■■■■■
Int	13	■■■■■■■■■■
Wis	18	■■■■■■■■■■
Cha	19	■■■■■■■■■■

MOONDROP

Child of the Crescent Goddess



Race: Pixie ♀ Size S
 Class: Druid CR7
 Alignment: Neutral Good

Feats: Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw, Rapid Shot
 CF: Wild Shape (2/day), Woodland Stride, Trackless Step, Nature Sense
 RF: Natural Invisibility, Spell-Like Abilities
 Spells (5/4/4/3): 0—Cure Minor Wounds, Detect Magic x2, Light, Purify Food and Drink; 1st—Cure Light Wounds, Entangle x2, Goodberry; 2nd—Delay Poison, Resist Elements, Speak With Animals, Summon Swarm; 3rd—Cure Moderate Wounds, Neutralize Poison, Speak With Plants.
 Languages: Druidic, Elven, Fey, Sylvan.
 Possessions: 10 Daggers, *Dust of Illusion*, *Circlet of the Sun and Moon*†, 200 sp, Platinum Comb worth 300 gp

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 30
 Initiative: +4 (Dex)
 Speed: 20 ft, fly 60 ft
 AC: 16 (Dex, Size, +1 Natural)
 Melee: Dagger: Atk +3 (1d4 -2)
 Ranged: Dagger: Atk +9 (1d4 -2)
 Within 30 ft. Atk +10 (1d4 -1)
 Saves: Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +9
 Skills: Animal Empathy +9, Concentration +5, Handle Animal +11, Heal +9, Knowledge (Nature) +5, Listen +6, Move Silently +6, Spot +6, Wilderness Lore +13

DESCRIPTION: Moondrop is a stunning fey of unparalleled beauty. She stands a scant 2 1/2 feet tall with slightly lavender iridescent wings and long flowing silver hair which is braided with moonstones of varying size. As her namesake suggests, her very skin seems to shimmer with the pale light of the moon. Her voice is as soothing as a lyre, even though she is a loquacious sort and will go on and on about whatever strikes her fancy at the time. Whenever traveling, Moondrop loves to flit from tree branch to rock to shoulder talking the entire time.

BACKGROUND: Moondrop is a sprite, curious and mischievous by nature. She loves adventuring and will even brave a densely inhabited town or city just to hear the exciting tales of the various adventurers that may be passing through. Once inside a tavern or local bar, Moondrop will make herself invisible and eavesdrop on the various conversations that weave themselves from table to raucous table. If, by chance, she hears of plans for an upcoming expedition to a dungeon of some sort she will follow the party around (invisibly) until they set off. During this time, she will cast several *Detect Good/Evil* spells to make sure the party is well suited to her. If so, once the party is far enough out of town, she will appear to them and declare that she accepts their offer to join the party in their upcoming endeavor (even though no such offer was ever made). To turn her away is a grievous mistake as she will find it necessary to make the party's upcoming stay in the wilderness an unpleasant one (a pixie druid causing mischief in the woods could make even a stalwart ogre flee shrieking). Once the party agrees to let her come along (a forgone conclusion) they will find that not only has their poison-oak rash gone away, but that she is a capable and indispensable ally.

COMBAT: With her natural abilities and powerful magic Moondrop makes a formidable opponent and invaluable ally. In combat she always takes advantage of her natural *Invisibility* power to remain invisible; thus unseen by her adversaries, she can remain in Point Blank range with little danger to herself and use her *Circlet of the Sun and Moon* to its full potential. Other than severely damaging her opponents with her powerful circlet, and whenever the chance reveals itself, Moondrop loves to cast *Entangle* or *Summon Swarm* to disorient and divide her enemies.

DRUID LEVEL 6



Str 10
Dex 16
Con 16
Int 17
Wis 10
Cha 14

SELRAN SILVERBOUGH

Master of the Luminescent Arts



Race: Half-Elf ♂ Size M
Class: Wizard (Illusionist) CR6
Alignment: Lawful Neutral

CF: School Specialization: Illusion;
Prohibited School: Enchantment

Spells (4+1/4+1/4+1/3+1):

0 - Ray of Frost, Light, Dancing Lights, Detect Magic, Read Magic;

1st - Burning Hands, Change Self, Color Spray, Mage Armor, Silent Image;

2nd - Blur (x2), Hypnotic Pattern, Invisibility, Minor Image;

3rd - Displacement (x2), Invisibility Sphere, Leomund's Tiny Hut

Celestial, Common, Draconic, Elven, Undercommon.

Languages:

Possessions:

Robe of Scintillating Colors, Dagger, Light Crossbow with 20 Bolts, *Carpet of Flying* (3ft. by 5ft.), Silver Rings x2 (50 gp each), Gold Rings x3 (100 gp each)

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 32
Initiative: +3 (Dex)
Speed: 30 ft
AC: 13 (Dex)
Melee: Dagger: Atk +3 (1d4)
Ranged: Light Crossbow: Atk +6 (1d8)
Saves: Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +5
Skills: Concentration +11, Heal +2, Knowledge (Arcana) +8, Listen +4, Spellcraft +9, Spot +4, Use Rope +6
Feats: Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (Illusion), Toughness

DESCRIPTION: Being a practitioner of the colorful art of illusion, Selran maintains a rather flamboyant appearance. He loves to wear that which is flashy and considered gaudy by commonly held opinion. If given the chance Selran will invariably show off his silver and golden rings along with his colorfully striped pants and shirts of various hues. Aside from his overly colorful wardrobe Selran likes to maintain a pristine appearance: well kept beard, combed blond hair, and clean, polished, boots are trademarks of his.

BACKGROUND: Selran spent his youth and adolescence training under his master to become a famous illusionist. Since his graduation from his master's tutelage he has sought adventure in every shape and form. He has found a great love for adventure and will engage in it with whoever has a map, lead, legend, or whisper to go on. Selran will gladly lend his impeccable skills as an illusionist (in his own inflated estimation) to the party for a fair and reasonable share of treasure or magic. Since he is fascinated with those things that are visually stimulating and interesting Selran will choose items that either look interesting or produce effects having to do with light or color.

COMBAT: Once engaged in combat, Selran will activate his *Robe of Scintillating Colors* if his adversaries seem particularly strong. His favorite tactic, once this is completed, is to jump on his *Carpet of Flying*, get safely away from any melee, and cast his spells from on high. He has found in the past that this tactic proves to be extremely useful in staying happily uninjured. One of Selran's favorite tricks is to cast the illusion (*Minor Image* or *Major Image*) of opening up a vast pit between him and his enemies. This usually keeps his enemies at bay and renders them more vulnerable to the party's ranged attacks.

ILLUSIONIST LEVEL 6



Str 18
Dex 15
Con 18
Int 10
Wis 10
Cha 8

SLAYNE MAL' ROTH

Warrior of the Granite Wind



Race: Human/Demon ♂ Size M
Class: Barbarian CR 8
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Listen +5, Swim +4, Wilderness Lore +4, Spot +3

Feats: Power Attack, Cleave, Improved Bull Rush
CF: Rage 2x/day, Uncanny Dodge (cant' be flanked), Fast Movement

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 85
Initiative: +2 (Dex)
Speed: 30 ft
AC: 19 (Armor, Dex, +4 Natural)
Melee: Greataxe: Atk +12/+7 (1d12+5)
Ranged: Shortbow: Atk +9/+4 (1d6)
Saves: Fort +9, Ref +4, Will +2
Skills: Climb +6, Intimidate +4, Intuit Direction +5, Jump +7,

RF: Cold, Fire, and Acid Resistance 5, Damage reduction 5/+1, SR 10, Withering Eye (see description)

Languages: Common
Possessions: Hide Armor, Greataxe +1, Shortbow with 20 Arrows, Murlynd's Spoon*, 200 gp, 2 aquamarines worth 100 gp each, Onyx clan pendant worth 50 gp

DESCRIPTION: Slayne has thick fissured skin, the color of brick that is almost scale-like in appearance. He is an imposing man weighing 230 pounds and standing a full 6'6" tall. He is completely bald, adding to his already fearsome visage. A single white eyepatch covers his right eye. Should he ever lift the eyepatch from his eye one would see a blinding green star set far into a deep black socket. This eye has a special power as described below. He wears simple hide armor that is dyed a deep blood red. In his hands he carries a massive great axe that glows a pale red.

BACKGROUND: For many years the barbarian clans of the Eastern Plains (Plahnes det Hogrant - Plains of Honor) lived peacefully without internal strife and without external conflict. Elsyn, daughter of King Kaler Mal'Roth of the Granite Wind Clan, was scheduled to marry Prince Falsain from the neighboring Griffon clan. This would bond the two clans even tighter together and ensure an era of further peace and prosperity. Late on the eve of the wedding Falsain entered Elsyn's hut and proceeded to methodically seduce the princess into a premarital tryst, a practice forbidden for centuries by the clans. As he tried to sneak into the night, the king, the clan shaman, and several stalwart guards stopped him. It seems that the real prince had been found dastardly murdered near the river. The imposter then announced himself as the Demon Masegosa, a succubus from the nether regions, and teleported away. Elsyn, fearing reprisal, never mentioned the tryst, instead claiming that the two were simply engaged in anticipatory conversation the night through. Several weeks later, however, the truth of her pregnancy was impossible to hide, and when further questioned, she lied again and reported that her and Falsain were indeed intimate before the wedding, but weeks before the horrible demon had ever shown his hideous face; she was pregnant with his child. The pregnancy did not last long though, she grew in size and gave birth within but a few weeks. Slayne Mal'Roth was born and appeared to be a normal human male child. Life in the clan continued as normal until Slayne's 13th birthday, when everything drastically changed. Slayne woke up as a horrible demon-child. Some said that it had to do with the number thirteen, others puberty. None really knew. What they did know however, was that Slayne must be cast out of the clan for the demon that he was, and his mother banished as well. The two were bound and cast out of the tribe, but at places and in separate directions so that they may never know each other as mother and son again. Slayne has been seeking both his mother and his father for 15 years now to no avail. He vows that he will never cease in his mission to reunite with his mother and slay his father.

COMBAT: In combat, Slayne relies primarily on his strength and prowess with his greataxe to decimate his enemies. When faced with many foes he will initiate his *Barbarian Rage*. Due to his demon blood, however this rage differs from a normal barbarian rage; Slayne temporarily receives a +6 to Strength and a +6 to Constitution. However, once initiated there is a 25% chance that he will not be able to control the rage and that he will attack the nearest living thing until it is dead. Slayne chooses to initiate this only when in dire straits, as it is reckless and dangerous. Aside from these differences, all other benefits from the *Rage* are the same as for a normal *Barbarian Rage*. Further, Slayne's demon eye, when exposed, casts a sickly green light upon his enemies that drains them of their hit points and transfers them to him (Supernatural, Range: 25 ft., Area: Cone, Saving Throw: Reflex half). Roll 2d4 points of damage and transfer this amount to Slayne's total for each creature affected (half if save is made). If his hit point total goes over his max, treat these points as temporary points that are removed first when damaged. Slayne may evoke this power only once per day. Note: if Slayne is killed and his eye removed properly (Knowledge Arcana DC 10), it may be preserved and placed into a magic item that yields the same power as above.



BARBARIAN LEVEL 8

Str 11
Dex 17
Con 12
Int 16
Wis 10
Cha 11

WHISPER

The Opportunist



Race: Human ♀ Size M
Class: Rogue CR6
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 32
Initiative: +3 (Dex)
Speed: 30 ft
AC: 17 (Armor, Dex)
Melee: Rapier: Atk +4 (1d6)
Ranged: Shortbow: Atk +7 (1d6)
Saves: Fort +3, Ref +8, Will +2
Skills: Appraise +8, Bluff +5, Climb +10, Decipher Script +8, Disable Device +14, Escape

Feats: Artist +8, Forgery +8, Gather Information +8, Hide +15, Listen +5, Move Silently +15, Open Lock +13, Pick Pocket +14, Read Lips +8, Search +12, Spot +8
Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Rapid Shot, Run
CF: Sneak Attack +4d6, Uncanny Dodge (can't be flanked), Evasion
Languages: Common, Dwarven, Elven, Orc
Possessions: *Rogue's Wrap*†, Rapier, Shortbow with 20 normal arrows and 10 *Sleep Arrows*, Masterwork Thieves' tools, Climber's kit, 1000-4000 gp in coin or gems, 5 Fake Treasure Maps

DESCRIPTION: Whisper is a tall (5'8"), rowdy lass who enjoys drinking and gambling as much as any man—and is more than willing to prove it to any would-be challenger. Ever ready with a smile or bawdy joke, she is perfectly at ease amid strangers (though in truth, this may be because she has no close friends). She has a slim build and simple beauty, using what few natural gifts she possesses to the fullest...

BACKGROUND: Sioned (zhuh'ned), or "Whisper" as she's come to be known, has always been competitive, what she can't win fairly, though, she'll just as happily take covertly. If she fares poorly at gambling, for example, the evening's winner may find his profits stolen soon after. If in need of coin or to pay off a debt, she carries several forged treasure maps, convincing others of their authenticity with a well-rehearsed bluff. More than a few people have fallen victim to this scam, including Turigar (see page #4), who unbeknownst to her had been saving money to resurrect his murdered family; his desperation (she thought greed) made him an easy target... Whisper rarely stays in the same town long.

COMBAT: Whisper strongly favors her bow—especially from point blank range. Alone, she ambushes foes if she can; if fighting with allies, she flanks opponents, in either case attempting a sneak attack. Though something of a thrill-seeker, Whisper will use her armor's *Mislead* ability to escape if outmatched; alternately, since this temporarily protects her with *Improved Invisibility*, she may let the illusory double retreat as a distraction while continuing to fight... While invisible, her enemies are denied any bonus to AC from dexterity, allowing her to sneak attack with impunity. Note that Whisper's sneak attack damage is 4D6 due to the *Rogue's Wrap*. If she must flee, however, she can usually outrun all but a mounted pursuer.



Str 8
 Dex 19
 Con 10
 Int 17
 Wis 10
 Cha 13

CORA

Matron of 'The Woven Hearth'



Race: Halfling ♀ Size S
 Class: Wizard CR 7
 Alignment: Neutral Good

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 22
 Initiative: +4 (Dex)
 Speed: 40 ft. (Boots of Striding and Springing)

AC: 15 (Dex, Size)
 Melee: Dagger: Atk +2 (1d4 -1)
 Ranged: Dagger: Atk +5 (1d4 -1)
 Saves: Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +8
 Skills: Alchemy +13, Concentration +5, Hide +13, Move Silently +11, Profession (Cook) +5, Tumble +9

Feats: Brew Potion, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Scribe Scroll,

Alertness (Familiar)
 Spells (4/5/4/3/1):

0 - Detect Magic, Detect Poison, Ghost Sound, Read Magic; 1st - Burning Hands, Mage Armor, Magic Missile, Mount, Sleep; 2nd - Blindness / Deafness, Hypnotic Pattern, Protection From Arrows, Web; 3rd - Hold Person, Haste, Slow; 4th - Phantasmal Killer

Languages: Common, Draconic, Elven, Gnome, Halfling.

Possessions: Dagger, Boots of Striding and Springing, Baccob's Blessed Book
 Familiar: Rat ("Ruby"); hp 11; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 15 ft., climb 15 ft.; AC 15; Atk +4 melee (1d3-4, bite); SQ: Scent, Improved Evasion, Empathic Link, Touch, Speak with Master, Speak with Rodents; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +5

DESCRIPTION: Cora's face is round and cheerful, almost boyish in appearance, draped with shoulder-length curly brown hair. Her mannerisms, however, are entirely matronly, always offering customers tea and biscuits, and engaging them in the day's gossip or just as likely scolding them for gambling too much, failing to wear warm clothing on a cold day, etc. This has endeared her to her predominantly human neighbors, who call her "mother." Cora has a familiar named Ruby, a white rat with red eyes, who is never far from his mistress.

BACKGROUND: Like most of her folk, Cora much prefers the simple comforts of home. Chief among these is a good meal; she is an excellent cook and carries with her an assortment of spices. It was a desire for new recipes that drove her from the sleepy halfling village of her birth... She always meant to return, but opened an apothecary (The Woven Hearth) to brew and sell various potions, and never left. Though well known for her fine ales, her most popular offerings are magical: *Bull's Strength*, *Endurance* and *Heroism* to warriors; *Glibness* and *Truth* to local merchants; and *Charisma* to nervous young suitors (she won't sell *Love* potions, but has in her self-appointed capacity as match-maker occasionally invited those needing a gentle push to "tea", being conspicuously absent while they drink...).

COMBAT: Cora never willingly engages in melee, preferring instead to disable opponents with *Hold Person*, *Sleep* or *Blindness/Deafness*—and that only if she must. Given an opportunity, she happily runs from conflict altogether using her magic boots, perhaps casting *Web* or *Slow* to hinder pursuit, then hiding until the danger has passed. If cornered, though, Cora will not hesitate to use *Phantasmal Killer*.

7
 WIZARD LEVEL



Str 14
Dex 12
Con 10
Int 16
Wis 18
Cha 16

CYRUS KNOWLES

Seeker of Truth

Race: Half-Elf ♂ Size M
Class: Cleric CR7
Alignment: Chaotic Good

Feats: Combat Casting, Leadership, Martial Weapon Proficiency (Warhammer), Point Blank Shot, Weapon Focus (Warhammer)

Domains: Strength, Fire
Spells (6/5/4/3/2):

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 48
Initiative: +1 (Dex)
Speed: 20 ft
AC: 15 (Armor, Dex)
Melee: Warhammer: Atk +11 (1d8+5)
Ranged: Throwing Axe: Atk +8 (1d6+4)
Saves: Fort +8, Ref +3, Will +9
Skills: Concentration +10, Craft (Weaponsmith) +7, Diplomacy +8, Knowledge (Arcana) +11, Knowledge (Religion) +10, Scry +10, Spell Craft +8, Sense Motive +8

0 - Create Water, Detect Magic, Detect Poison, Guidance, Light, Read Magic; 1st - Bless, Burning Hands (D), Command, Protection From Evil, Sanctuary; 2nd - Bull's Strength, Heal From Afar[†], Produce Flame (D), Zone of Truth; 3rd - Dispel Magic, Magic Circle Against Evil (D), Searing Light; 4th - Tongues, Wall of Fire (D)

Languages: Common, Elven.
Possessions: Scale Mail, Warhammer of Defending +3, Keen Throwing Axe +2, Ioun Stone (pale blue rhomboid), Potion of Cure Serious Wounds

DESCRIPTION: Cyrus is 40 years old, stands at 5'9" with more distinctly human, than elven, features. His long brown hair lies in a wavy ponytail, often braided for ease during battle. He is often heard grumbling about the encumbrance of such a braid, but it is well known to his cohorts to be his prized feature. His striking brown eyes are curiously close set, giving his face a slender and youthful appearance. He is of medium build, but looks larger due to the fact that he carries everything he owns on his person, "never know when you're gonna need to pick up and go." He is quite loaded down with a heavy backpack, full of essentials for weapon repair and healing. He is also known to carry extra gear, just in case a party member forgets something essential for adventuring. His belt pouches are full of spell components, with some extra room for tithing treasures. The predominant equipment feature is his large warhammer, slung over his left shoulder for easy access, and attached loosely to his backpack. Upon very close observation, a small holy symbol of Cirtai (arrow and warhammer) is nestled close to his neck on a short thin rope tie.

BACKGROUND: Cyrus Knowles was a child of faith, born to an Elven mother, Ahlea, and traveling human and clergyman, Rocerg Knowles. The two met during a chance encounter, him on a quest to bring the word of his God to the scattered elven regions of the North, her, a shy and enchanting member of one such random tribe. When Cyrus was born, Rocerg was long gone, carrying the word to countless new strangers, unknowing that he had left more than a sermon in his path. Ahlea raised Cyrus to worship like his father, and love like herself. Cyrus was determined to carry on the work of his father, and studied earnestly to prepare for such a life. He has spent most of his life learning the art of war and the fine skill of combat, both hand-to-hand and from afar, by aiding his allies with the help of his goddess. He has a tender spot for adventuring parties, knowing his father was often a member of such wandering groups. He almost always agrees to join and aid parties, if he feels their motive kind and just. Adventurers are, after all, another opportunity to display the power of fire and war, the two domains he has spent his life devoted to.

COMBAT: Cyrus sells his melee ability to adventurers, downplaying his devotion until his presence is invaluable. He specializes in hand-to-hand combat with warhammer, but when the party begins to suffer, he heals whomever possible with the *Heal from Afar* spell. This allows him to heal from a distance, even when teetering on the brink of death himself. His extreme loyalty to the welfare of his traveling partners (and leadership skill) has earned him the respect and following of three companions, described below. Seemingly ridiculous company at first glance, these four have worked miraculously to escape near-death encounters on more than one occasion. They are bound to each other by friendship and loyalty, and will only travel separately on very rare occasions. The three followers can advance in level as the GM sees fit.

FOLLOWERS:

PERAND HANDWALKER, Elf Male Bard CR4; SZ M; HP 30; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 20ft; AC 16 (Ring, Buckler, Armor); Atk +5 Melee (1d6 +2, Rapier), +6 Ranged (1d8 +1, Longbow); AL CG; SV: Fort +1; Will +3; Ref +6; STATS: Str 12, Dex 15, Con 8, Int 16, Wis 9, Cha 17; Skills: Balance +5, Bluff +9, Diplomacy +7, Disguise +6, Gather Info +8, Perform (Ballad)+7, Tumble +4, Knowledge +7; Feats: Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot; Spells (6/3/2): 0 -Dancing Lights, Daze, Detect Magic, Ghost Sound,



CLERIC LEVEL 7

Magic Hand, Prestidigitation; 1st - Charm Person, Magic Armor, Ventriloquism; 2nd - Cure Moderate Wounds, Invisibility; Possessions: *Longbow +1, Ring of Protection +2, Rapier of Wounding +1, Leather Armor*

Description: Perand Handwalker is the one true cohort of Cyrus Knowles. He began his patronage four months ago, in a small town outside the Tombs of Pelior, where Cyrus liberated him from the clutches of an angry mob of townspeople who did not take kindly to his tavern show tricks. Generally a very serious individual, Perand has latched on to Cyrus in an attempt to "find the true way." Although quite skilled at Bardic spells and performance, he rejects them as a serious method of getting along in the world, and secretly (and sometimes, openly) regards himself as a charlatan, "singing his way through life," without true purpose.

KARL JACOBSEN, Human Fighter CR3; SZ M; HP 25; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30ft; AC 18 (Buckler, Armor, Dex); Atk +7 Melee (1d8+4, Light Flail), +6 Ranged (1d8+1, Light Crossbow); AL NG; SV: Fort +4, Will +1, Ref +3; STATS: Str 16, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 11, Cha 10; Skills: Climb +2, Intuit Direction +2, Listen +2, Swim +1, Use Rope +2, Craft (sculpture) +4; Feats: Blind Fighting, Expertise, Improved Disarm, Power Attack; Possessions: *Light Crossbow +1, Potion of Cure Moderate Wounds, Potion of Spider Climb, Light Flail +1, Buckler +1*

Description: Karl found himself in the company of Cyrus and Perand quite by chance, after the skirmish in the Tombs of Pelior. He had joined the adventure in order to escape an angry innkeeper demanding rent for the past three months, and in an attempt to sober up from months of imbibing Dwarven ale in said Inn. Although his fighting skills were a bit rusty from months of slovenly behavior, he made a significant contribution to the party as a protector and friend, and was unanimously requested to continue traveling with Cyrus and Perand. Cyrus paid the Innkeeper for Karl's months of neglect, and promised not to return anytime soon.

THE GENERAL, Dwarven Fighter CR3; SZ S; HP 37; Init +3 (Dex); Spd 20ft; AC 18 (Dex, Armor); Atk +8 Melee (1d8+5, Warhammer), +8 Ranged (1d6+6, Throwing Axe); AL N; Saves: Fort +8, Will +3, Ref +4; STATS: Str 18, Dex 16, Con 20, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 9; Skills: Climb +4, Handle Animal +4, Jump +1, Craft (Armorsmithing) +7; Feats: Cleave, Expertise, Improved Bullrush, Power Attack; Possessions: *Throwing axe +2, Warhammer +1, Potion of Cure Light Wounds, War Pony ("FLOWER"), Pendant of War Luck*

Description: The General is a gnarled old dwarf who began his wanderings quite late in life, after serving in many land wars to protect his home. After discovering that his town council was not only secretly collaborating with the invading tribes, but also supplying them with weapons of war and tactical plans, he gathered his belongings and left. He packed everything of any value to him (his axe and hammer, magical pendant of "War Luck") on his war pony's back and trudged off to find people of more substance. Of note, the pendant is merely an old family talisman, handed down through four generations with the myth that it helps its wearer with strategic planning. In truth, it possesses no magic beyond that which the wearer believes it to possess. Because of the strong oral myth that has followed the pendant, all of its owners have studied war strategy extensively, thus accounting for their brilliant successes. When any individuals try to cast detect magic on it, he claims their skill is of question, and continues to wholeheartedly support the magic he believes it to possess. The General is truly good at heart, despite his alignment of Neutral, but does have a recently acquired sense of world bitterness to contend with. He is tremendous in battles, the larger the better. He believes Cyrus, Perand and Karl to be good folk, despite the natural suspicion of their races, and is along for the ride with his new found family.



Str 14
Dex 18
Con 15
Int 19
Wis 12
Cha 17

MORAGA

Mistress of the Black Markets



Race: Medusa ♀ Size M
Class: Rogue CR14
Alignment: Lawful Evil

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 80
Initiative: +4 (Dex)
Speed: 30 ft
AC: 20 (Armor, Dex, +3 Natural)
Melee: Rapier: Atk +9 (1d6+4), Snakes: Atk +10 (1d4 and snake poison)
Ranged: Shortbow: Atk +11 (1d6+2); Within 30 ft. Atk +12 (1d6+3)
Saves: Fort +4, Ref +9, Will +3
Skills: Appraise +9, Balance +9, Bluff +13, Climb +7,

Feats:

CF:
RF:

Languages:

Possessions:

Decipher Script +9, Diplomacy +12, Disable Device +9, Disguise +15, Gather Information +8, Hide +9, Intimidate +10, Listen +6, Move Silently +14, Open Lock +9, Read Lips +9, Sense Motive +11, Spot +11, Use Magic Device +13 (+2 with scrolls)
Point Blank Shot, Weapon Finesse (Snakes), Weapon Focus (Snakes)
Sneak Attack +4d6, Uncanny Dodge, Evasion
Petrifying Gaze, Snake Poison (Fort DC 14, Initial damage 1d6 strength, secondary damage 2d6 strength)
Languages: Common, Draconic, Undercommon, Abyssal, Infernal
Possessions: Leather Armor +1, Rapier +2, Bow of Sundering[†] +2 with 20 arrows, Thieves' Tools, 5000 gp

DESCRIPTION:

Moraga has a perfectly proportioned body that she uses to her full advantage. She is a practiced and deadly seductress. Her hair is composed of snakes of the Coral variety (alternating bands of red, yellow, and white on black). Her face, while scale-like in its appearance, is actually quite beautiful (if one can see past the scowl that is permanently branded on it). Moraga prefers to dress with the flair of aristocracy, although her clothes are chosen specifically for ease of movement.

BACKGROUND:

Moraga leads the Moraga Guild of Thieves, a group of thugs and scoundrels that functions in the underbelly of the city. (GM Note: place this band of thieves anywhere that is most useful to your campaign. It is a group of about 20 rogues mostly human of middle to low level). This group of rogues deals mainly in robbery and smuggling, but has been known to host illegal gambling games and to dabble in counterfeiting from time to time. Some of her business comes by way of Dauble Kwillin (see page 22) who uses her to get rid of his (or someone else's) ill gotten gains while other business she finds for herself. Moraga is the sworn enemy of the pirate Captain Tiberius Drake (see page 28). Moraga does all she can to ruin his reputation--spreading rumors to the authorities that he is a murderous savage, and telling the captain's fellow privateers that he is, in fact, a spy for the law. Moraga's guild growth overseas is consistently thwarted by Captain Tiberius, fueling the eternal vendetta between the two. Any insubordination within her organization is met with swift and uncompromising judgment; usually she turns the offender into a statue as a display to those that would cross her. Like Dauble Kwillin, if she runs into trouble that she can't handle (an extremely rare situation) she will hire Nobody (see page 30) to quietly and discreetly make the problem go away.

COMBAT:

Moraga relies heavily on her opponents' inability to gaze directly at her. As her enemies are effectively blind, they are denied their Dexterity, leaving anyone facing her open to a devastating sneak attack. Aside from this strategy, whenever possible she will try to *Sunder* her opponents weaponry or shields with her *Bow of Sundering* to further render them defenseless before her.

ROGUE LEVEL 7



Str	12	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█
Dex	16	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█
Con	14	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█
Int	19	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█
Wis	10	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█
Cha	10	█	█	█	█	█	█	█	█

TANGRIN GREATSANDS

Shaman Warrior of the Seven Deserts



Race: Dwarf ♂ Size M
 Class: Wizard (Conjurer) CR7
 Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 38
 Initiative: +3 (Dex)
 Speed: 20 ft.
 AC: 16 (Bracers of Armor, Dex, Familiar)
 Melee: Quarterstaff: Atk +4 (1d6+1)
 Ranged: Light Crossbow: Atk +8 (1d8 +2)
 Saves: Fort +5, Ref +4 (+6 vs. Fire), Will +5
 Skills: Alchemy +12, Concentration +12, Hide +5, Intuit Direction +1, Knowledge (Arcana) +9, Knowledge (Nature) +7, Search +8, Spellcraft +10, Spot +6, Wilderness Lore +3
 Feats: Alertness, Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Endurance, Scribe Scroll, Quick Draw
 CF: School Specialization:

Conjuration; Prohibited Schools: Enchantment, Illusion
 Spells (4+1/5+1/4+1/3+1/2+1):

0 - Detect Magic (x2), Prestidigitation, Ray of Frost, Read Magic; 1st - Burning Hands, Endure Elements, Magic Missile, Shield, Summon Monster I (x2); 2nd - Cat's Grace, Protection From Arrows, Summon Monster II (x2), Web; 3rd - Lightning Bolt, Slow, Summon Monster III (x2); 4th - Summon Monster IV (x2), Wall of Fire.
 Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Giant, Orc, Undercommon
 Bracers of Armor (+2), Quarterstaff, Crossbow of Desert Graves[†] with 20 Bolts, Bag of Tricks (rust), 500 gp Fire Mephit ("Spark"); HP 19; Init +5 (Dex, Improved Initiative); Spd 30 ft. Fly 50 ft.; AC 16 (Size, Dex, +4 Natural); Atk 2 claws +4 melee (1d3 and 2 fire); SA: Breath Weapon, Spell-like Abilities, Summon Mephit; SQ: Fire subtype, Fast Healing 2, Damage Reduction 5/+1; SV: Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +3; STATS: Str 10, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 15, Skills: Bluff +5, Hide +11, Listen +6, Move Silently +7, Spot +6; Feats: Improved Initiative, Special: Grants +2 to Fire Saves, Grants +1 Natural Armor

DESCRIPTION: Tangrin Greatsands in all ways resembles a hardened desert raider. He has rough, dark skin that has baked under the desert sun through many seasons. His sand colored clothing, consisting mostly of billowy sashes and robes, hangs around his stout frame in many layers. Tribal tattoos, dark and foreboding, adorn his stern face and body. One of Tangrin's more flamboyant weapons is his bone *Crossbow of Desert Graves*, which he always has in hand and ready to fire. Tangrin is fiercely independent, and known for his explosive temper and ferocity in battle.

BACKGROUND: Tangrin was born the illegitimate son of a powerful dwarven baron's daughter. To avoid bringing embarrassment and dishonor down on his house, the baron cast Tangrin out from the mountain holds of the dwarven homeland to survive or die as the Gods desired. Luckily for Tangrin he was found by a nomadic tribe on the eastern steppes and raised as a human tribesman. As he grew older however, Tangrin's wanderlust rose in his blood and he sought out to further test his fortune in the desert wastes. He was quickly taken in by a human raiding tribe where he would spend the next 100 years of his life learning his craft and hardening himself against the world. After this time, seeing his tribal brothers and sisters grow old and die, wanderlust again sprung up in his veins, and he left his tribal family to find fortune elsewhere. As a going away present, Tangrin was presented with a ruby colored egg. When he broke the egg open a *Fire Mephit* emerged and has served him as a familiar ever since. His wanderings have now led him to the infamous 'city', a strange collection of rules and bizarre cultural customs. Tangrin runs his life by what he calls the 'Desert Code'—essentially a mode of ethics that is nothing more than a complicated and ritualized version of 'an eye for an eye...'. Having been raised his whole life by humans, Tangrin loses all dwarven benefits that rely on cultural upbringing such as: *Stonecunning*, +1 racial bonus on attack rolls against orcs and goblinoids, +4 dodge bonus against giants, +2 racial bonus on appraise, +2 racial bonus on craft and automatic languages. He does however gain the human bonuses of extra skill points and an extra feat at first level.

COMBAT: Tangrin is a specialist in *Conjuration* magics, and therefore a great Summoner. Being such, his favorite tactics include casting several *Summoning* spells back to back before otherwise engaging in combat. Once his enemies are occupied with the various creatures of his, he will open fire with his deadly crossbow. He finds that the combination of his bow's powers with the tenacity of his summoned creatures is enough to settle any score. Of course if the creatures are not enough there's always a *Lightning Bolt*...



7
WIZARD LEVEL

Str 11
Dex 18
Con 12
Int 16
Wis 10
Cha 16

DAUBLE KWILLIN

Fence for Hire



Race: Gnome ♂ Size S
Class: Rogue 4/ Sorcerer 4 CR8
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Feats: Search +8, Spot +9
CF:
Spells (6/7/4): Dodge, Expertise, Run, Alertness (Familiar)
Evasion, Sneak Attack +2d6, Uncanny Dodge

0 - Daze, Flare, Dancing Lights, Mage Hand, Detect Magic, Read Magic; 1st - Change Self, Sleep, Spider Climb; 2nd - Invisibility. Common, Dwarven, Elven, Gnome, Orc
Possessions: Short Sword +2, Masterwork Light Crossbow with 20 bolts, Bag of Holding (bag 1), Crystal Ball, Goggles of Night, Ring of X-ray Vision, Masterwork Thieves' Tools, Masterwork Magnifying Glass, Spyglass, Huge Canary Diamond "The Song of The Sun" worth 7000 gp, 5000 gp stashed throughout The Burnt Scroll
Familiar: Rat ("Inkpot"); hp 19; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 15 ft., climb 15 ft.; AC 15; Atk +4 melee (1d3-4, bite); SQ Scent, Touch; SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +5;

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 38
Initiative: +4 (Dex)
Speed: 20 ft
AC: 15 (Dex, Size)
Melee: Short Sword: Atk +7 (1d6+2)
Ranged: Light Crossbow: Atk +10 (1d8)
Saves: Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +5
Skills: Appraise +14, Concentration +6, Disable Device +10, Escape Artist +9, Hide +13, Listen +11, Move Silently +15, Open Lock +17, Pick Pocket +14, Profession (Cartographer) +8, Scry +10,

Languages:
Possessions:

Familiar:

DESCRIPTION:

Kwill, as he is nicknamed for the hours he spends pouring over old scrolls with dirty stylus in hand, is an unassuming portly gnome who wears a pair of small square spectacles that seem to constantly teeter on his rather largish nose. He has brown unkempt hair, and matching beard. Kwill prefers to dress in velvet or silk vests that are intricately embroidered and obviously very expensive. Patrons of his usually find him deep in thought, reading some map while smoking his favorite tobacco. The keen observer will also notice a small black and white splotched rat scurrying around in the shelves above. This is 'Inkpot', Kwill's curious rat familiar.

BACKGROUND:

Dauble Kwillin runs a small shop in the downtown market district appropriately named The Burnt Scroll. Scrolls of all shapes and sizes line the shelves, desks, and assorted vertical surfaces of his cluttered shop. Here he plies his trade as a map maker and map trader. If one is willing to part with the correct amount of gold any manner of map can be acquired here: maps of ancient tombs, forgotten cities, and untouched dungeons. Other more commonly used maps can be obtained here as well: known cities, sea routes, and large-scale regional maps are but a few. This unassuming business however, is really a front for Kwill. The Burnt Scroll is actually where he acts as a fence of illegal, illicit, and stolen merchandise for any entrepreneur engaging in the art of larceny. For a commission of 30% of an item's value, 40% for well known or recently 'hot' items, Kwill will simply make the item disappear (he is a member in good standing of the local Thieves Guild and has connections with Moraga and her ilk, see page 20). Kwill has been known to enlist the services of Nobody (see page 30) to take care of anyone bold (or foolish) enough to double-cross him. To date, no one has successfully ripped him off and lived to tell about it. Aside from this Kwill is an excellent cat burglar, and uses his abilities as a sorcerer to enhance his superb skills as a rogue. He uses his many city and sewer maps to learn the location and best approach of a merchant's or aristocrat's mansion. With his *Crystal Ball*, and other

magic items and spells at his disposal, planning a heist has proven to be rather easy. If he ever encounters any guards he will try to cast *Sleep* on them, rather than kill them (a personal point of professionalism). Once he has gained access to a home he will quickly don his *Goggles of Night* (if the lighting is too low for low-light vision) and scan the place using his ring of *Ring of X-ray Vision* (all the while Inkpot stands lookout). If he comes across anything of potential value, he will immediately appraise it, and if it is indeed valuable, throw it into his *Bag of Holding*. Once he has stolen enough goods to satisfy his avarice he will cast *Invisibility* on himself (and Inkpot) and vanish into the night all the richer for his nocturnal endeavors.

COMBAT:

Kwill does not delude himself into thinking he is a valiant fighter. Instead, when confronted with danger, he relies on his vast skills at evasion, to save his hide. He will try to *Sleep* his opponents before anything else. If this fails he will try to escape using *Invisibility* or *Spider Climb*, or cast *Change Self* to fool his pursuers. If these last tactics fail he will reluctantly engage his opponents using his *Short Sword* +2 until he sees a proper opening to run.



ROGUE 4/ SORCERER 4 LEVEL



Str	20	■■■■■■■■■■
Dex	12	■■■■■■■■
Con	14	■■■■■■■■■■
Int	8	■■■■■■
Wis	16	■■■■■■■■■■
Cha	9	■■■■■■■■

SARTVA'AL

Warbringer



Race: Half-Orc ♂ Size M
 Class: Cleric CR8
 Alignment: Chaotic Evil

CF: Strength (granted power- strength domain), Rebuke Undead
 Spells (6/6/5/5/3):

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 59
 Initiative: +5 (Dex, Improved Initiative)
 Speed: 20 ft
 AC: 18 (+7 armor, Dex)
 Melee: Shortspear Atk +13/+8 (1d8+6)
 Ranged: Shortspear Atk +9/+4 (1d8+6)
 Saves: Fort +8, Ref +3, Will +9
 Domains: Strength, War
 Skills: Concentration +7, Knowledge (Religion) +5
 Feats: Cleave, Martial Weapon Proficiency : Shortspear, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Weapon Focus :

0- Create Water, Cure Minor Wounds, Detect Magic, Detect Poison, Purify Food and Drink, Read Magic; 1st- Bane, Cure Light Wounds, Detect Good, Divine Favor, Magic Weapon (D) , Protection From Good; 2nd- Bull's Strength (D), Cure Moderate Wounds, Endurance, Silence, Sound Burst; 3rd-Bestow Curse, Cure Serious Wounds, Dispel Magic, Magic Vestment (D), Prayer; 4th-Divine Power, Poison, Spell Immunity (D) Common, Orc
 Possessions: Adamantine breastplate armor, *Shortspear +1 (named "Gramimond", with returning and spell storing abilities)*, Holy symbol on leather thong around his neck and painted on shield, Vestments, Vials of holy water x 2

DESCRIPTION: Huge by any measure, Sartva'al would be taller still but for a slight stoop betraying his orcish lineage. If he is perhaps a little slow of speech or wit, his intuition makes him a good judge of character - as useful on the battlefield as it is in his own camp, fending off the occasional tests of his leadership. Clad in flat black breastplate, Sartva'al is an imposing figure whose every step conveys a sense of his own self-importance, as though to defy the world around him to stand in his way....

BACKGROUND: Unable to find acceptance in human lands, Sartva'al became progressively embittered, harboring a deeper resentment for mankind than is usual even among full-blood orcs. Orcish society, however, abides by simpler rules: the strong dominate the weak. Sartva'al thus devoted himself to the gods of his father's people; their divine favor seemed to sanction his power in the eyes of the orcish tribes he is now gradually assembling. Already his forces amount to a small army and his numbers continue to swell: a pair of trolls have agreed to join him, as have several ogres... less willing were the kobolds he coerced to serve in menial capacities. Soon petty border raids will give way to more concentrated assaults. Oddly, his one flash of tenderness is toward his mother, a human living with him among the orcs (known derisively among them as "ghost" when neither are within earshot).

COMBAT: If anticipating battle, Sartva'al will fortify himself with *Bull's Strength* and *Endurance*, improving his bonuses in combat and granting him additional hit points; he casts these every day, so there is still a 50% chance they will be in effect if he is encountered randomly. He begins battle with *Prayer*, followed by *Divine Power* or *Silence* (at enemy spellcasters) as circumstances dictate. For his first melee attack, he invokes strength granted by his deity: a +8 enhancement bonus (which does not stack with *Bull's Strength*) lasting only for the round... Sartva'al uses his power attack to the utmost, reducing attack rolls by 6 and adding 6 to damage done; should his opponent fall, cleave allows an additional strike at any remaining foes nearby. Sartva'al's pride is his spear, a magnificent weapon named "Gramimond"; he typically stores inflict serious wounds (3d8+8) in it, the spell being loosed on a successful hit. As a ranged weapon, Gramimond's returning ability allows Sartva'al to attack from behind a mass of his own troops. Sartva'al uses his shield (+1 AC) only while making ranged attacks, discarding it during melee combat.



CLERIC LEVEL 8

Str 13
Dex 20
Con 12
Int 17
Wis 11
Cha 19

KARTHALIA

Sister of The Shadows



Race: Drow/Tallfellow ♀ Size M
Class: Bard 7/ Shadowdancer 2 CR9
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 46
Initiative: +5 (Dex)
Speed: 30 ft
AC: AC 15 (Dex), (17 with cloak activated)
Melee: Rapier, Atk +11 (1d6+4)
Ranged: Blowgun: Atk +15 (1+2 and Drow poison: Fortitude save DC 17 or fall unconscious. After one minute the subject must succeed at another Fortitude save, DC 17 or remain unconscious for 2d4 hours; 10 ft increment).
Saves: Fort +3, Reflex +13, Will +5
Skills: Alchemy +1, Appraise +3, Balance +11, Bluff +12, Climb -1, Concentrate +7, Craft +3, Decipher Script +8, Diplomacy +4,

Feats:

RF:

CF:

Spells (3/4/3/1):

Possessions:

Disguise +12, Escape Artist +11, Hide +16, Jump +1, Listen +1, Move Silently +10, Perform +13, Pick Pockets +4, Search +12, Spot +6, Tumble +10, Use Rope +12
Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Mobility, Martial Weapon Proficiency (Blowgun)
Ranged Weapons +1, Darkvision 60 ft, Poison Darts, SR14
Hide in Plain Sight (10'), Evasion, Darkvision, Uncanny Dodge
0 - Daze, Detect Magic, Mage Hand, Light, Read Magic, Flare;
1st - Cure Light Wounds, Expeditious Retreat, Feather Fall, Sleep;
2nd - Cat's Grace, Detect Thoughts, Mirror Image, Undetectable Alignment;
3rd - Greater Magic Weapon, Cure Serious Wounds
Blowgun +2 with 20 Poison Darts, Rapier +3, Bag of Holding (25 lb), Cloak of CalandaleW, Dust of Disappearance, Enchanted Mandolin of O'Melveny†, 100 platinum pieces, 500 gp ruby, rings on both hands with black stones shaped like lillies (100 gp each)

DESCRIPTION: Karthalia is 150 years old, and most striking in appearance. She is a mixed race, Drow and Tallfellow. Dark skinned, and petite, standing just 4' tall, her long black hair is nearly as concealing as her unusual black leather cloak. It is difficult to catch site of her, unless she wants you to, as she is constantly in motion, gliding in and out of the shadows, a dark ethereal presence. Her moods strike her as randomly as the wind chooses its direction, but she is always looking for ways to get other people into trouble, and expand her own underground fortune. Travelers, men and women alike, find themselves completely enamored of her charms, often fooled into believing her bluffs about needing help, or possessing some jewel of information they may be seeking. It is in this way that she finds herself joining parties, sneaking off to find the finest treasure, and still maintaining her welcome throughout.

BACKGROUND: Karthalia was raised in an obscure hovel in the East, from a small clan, known to the surrounding areas as the "black and tans" They are a rare mixed race of tallfellow halflings and drow elves. Most of this clan is quite inbred, and the offspring are odd, at best. Many of them are downright evil, and even the most forgiving are merely neutral in alignment. In her youth, Karthalia joined an outlaw band and left the village to pursue wealth, and instigate general mayhem. Her bardic training began before she left her village, where she was taught cursory skills by an old, terrifying and mostly retired halfling bard named Erlot. She quickly surpassed Erlot in skill, as his age and ornery style had long since stripped him of the charismatic allure he possessed and abused in his youth. Karthalia has picked up and polished her more advanced skills on the road, befriendng other performers as she saw fit, acquiring performance savvy and skill from a wide array of sources. Because of the chaotic nature of her schooling, she is knowledgeable about the music and style of numerous cultures, races and peoples. Her charm has paved the way for her into some of the most influential circles in the land, leaving her ever hungry for more knowledge and wealth. Her bardic skills include singing, dancing, and mandolin; since acquiring her skill as a shadowdancer, she appears and sounds magical in her performance. Her most recent travels landed her *The Enchanted Mandolin of O'Melveny*, which when played, enhances her charisma.

COMBAT: Prefers to avoid conflict, but will fight to protect herself, or to bluff allegiance to a party. She prefers to *Fascinate* audiences with her mandolin, and will make *suggestions* that land her in favorable situations. She will often agree to use her exemplary hiding skills to "scout" an area ahead, but usually this ploy is to evaluate treasure before the party arrives. She will not often steal things before the party arrives, but will bluff when asked to determine magical ability of items. She is also known to quickly disappear after an adventure ends.

BARD 7/ SHADOWDANCER 2 LEVEL 9



Str	17	■■■■■■■■■■
Dex	15	■■■■■■■■■■
Con	11	■■■■■■■■■■
Int	9	■■■■■■■■■■
Wis	18	■■■■■■■■■■
Cha	15	■■■■■■■■■■

MALADOR

Son of Hypsiglena



Race: Human ♂ Size M
 Class: Cleric 5/ Fighter 4 CR9
 Alignment: Lawful Evil

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 53
 Initiative: +6 (Dex, Improved Init)
 Speed: 30 ft
 AC: 18 (Dex, Armor, Amulet)
 Melee: Unholy Dire Flail:
 Atk +13/+8 (1d8+6 and 2d6
 against good alignment)
 Ranged: None
 Saves: Ref +4, Fort +9, Will +9
 Skills: Concentration +4, Heal +6,
 Knowledge (Religion) +3,
 Scry +1
 Feats: Ambidexterity, Combat
 Casting, Cleave,

Domains: War, Destruction
 Spells (6/5/4/3): 0 - Create Water, Detect Magic (x2), Read
 Magic, Resistance, Detect poison;
 1st - Bane, Command, Doom, Entropic
 Shield, Magic Weapon (D);
 2nd - Desecrate, Shatter (D), Bull's
 Strength, Undetectable Alignment;
 3rd - Contagion (D), Bestow Curse, Summon
 Monster III (fiendish constrictor snake)
 Common
 Possessions: Dire Flail +3, Amulet of Natural Armor +2,
 Brooch of Shielding, Candle of Invocation,
 Cloak of Charisma (+2), Holy Symbol, 2000 gp

DESCRIPTION: Clad in full black scale mail, Malador is frightening to behold, wielding his dire flails around his body like thick-bodied cobras. At 39 years old, he weighs an impressive 210 pounds, and stands at a mighty 6' 4". A black pearl amulet bearing the serpent of Hypsiglena is tied close to his neck, acting as a holy symbol. He carries no ranged weapons, believing ranged combat to be the choice combat of weaklings. His black hair, cropped short and flat, is obscured by his helm of heavy brushed steel and engraved with a serpents body. His facial features, on a good man, would be attractive; a chiseled, thick square jaw, dark forest green eyes and a cleft chin. On Malador, however, they are shrouded in a darkness that characterizes his presence.

BACKGROUND: Malador was born in the dungeons of the Castle Brynwal. Malador's mother was a mean, dirty and pitiful beggar on the streets of the nearby township, and was seven months into her pregnancy when she was arrested by the city guards for the theft of Dwarven ale. Thrown into the dungeons primarily for the protection of her in utero child, she spent the end of the gestational period cursing her externally imposed sobriety and threatening her cellmates. Thus, Malador's first life experiences were spent on the cold concrete floor of the cell, starved and hated by his mother. When he was old enough to work, he was taken from the dungeons, and brought to the surface to serve as a slave in the castle. He took every opportunity to sneak away from the kitchens and play in the fields outside the castle. Here he began to find solace in the creatures, especially the serpents that found their homes in the castle underbrush. Early in his adolescence he developed a fascination for Hypsiglena, the beautiful goddess of nocturnal snakes. At the age of 16, he was freed from the castle (local law provides for mandatory slavery of children of prisoners only until the age of 16) and descended again into the underground to worship and learn secretly at the temple of Hypsiglena. He has not seen or heard from his mother for 23 years. He is driven to ridding the Southern Region of all who oppose the rule of the Temple of Hypsiglena, and has worked furiously and mercilessly to slay those who stand between him and total annihilation of other Temples.

COMBAT: Malador will only participate in hand to hand combat, and will fight in almost a Barbarian like fashion to see the death of his foes. The cause of Hypsiglena is inseparable from his own psyche, and he is blinded by rage in a fight with others opposing his cause. He will always cast *Bull's Strength* on himself before engaging in melee to assure his victory. Only in very rare circumstances will he retreat to use ranged spells, and will first attempt to heal himself in order to return to the fray and kill his enemies.

CLERIC 5/ FIGHTER 4 LEVEL 9



Str 11
Dex 15
Con 12
Int 18
Wis 14
Cha 8

ULFENNESH

Voice of the Fallen

Race: Human ♂ Size M
Class: Wizard (Necromancer) CR9
Alignment: Lawful Neutral

CF: School Specialization: Necromancy;
Prohibited School: Evocation
Spells (4+1/5+1/5+1/4+1/3+1/1+1):

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 37
Initiative: +2(Dex)
Speed: 30 ft
AC: 17 (Armor, Dex)
Melee: Quarterstaff: Atk +6 (1d6+2)
Ranged: Light Crossbow: Atk +10 (1d8+4)

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +7, Will +8
Skills: Concentration +6,
Knowledge (Arcana) +16,
Knowledge (Geography) +16,
Knowledge (History) +16,
Knowledge (Nobility) +16,
Listen +5, Scry +9, Spellcraft +10, Spot +5.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (Light),
Craft Magic Arms and
Armor, Craft Wondrous Item,
Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus:
(Necromancy), *Subtle
Gestures*[†], *Weapon
Focus* (Ray)

0 - Detect Poison, Disrupt Undead, Mage
Hand, Open/Close, Prestidigitation;
1st - Burning Hands, Cause Fear,
Expeditious Retreat, Identify, Ray of
Enfeeblement, Shield; 2nd - Endurance,
Ghoul Touch, Invisibility, Melf's Acid
Arrow, Protection From Arrows, Web; 3rd -
Flame Arrow, Haste, Slow, Tongues,
Vampiric Touch; 4th- *Enervation* (x2),
Dimension Door, *Fear*; 5th - *Commune With
Dead*[†], *Feeblemind*.

Languages: Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Giant,
Goblin, Orc, Sylvan, Undercommon
Special Abilities: Comprehend Languages, Detect Magic,
Read Magic (through use of Permanency)

Possessions: *Leather Armor of Fire Resistance* +3, *Cloak
of Displacement* (minor) fastened with a
Brooch of Shielding, *Quarterstaff* +2, *Light
Crossbow of Thundering* +2 with 20 bolts +2,
*Amulet of Proof against Detection and
Location*, *Boots of Levitation*

Familiar: Weasel ("Sprue"); hp 18; Init +2 (Dex);
Spd 20 ft., climb 20 ft.; AC 15; Atk +4 melee
(1d3-4, bite); SA Attach; SQ Scent, Touch,
Speak with Master; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +6;

DESCRIPTION: Ulfennesh was never comfortable around people. He is a gaunt, middle-aged man, economical in his movements and yet unusually graceful. His red-tinged leather armor looks out of place on his frail body; likewise, he seems less to wear his cloak than be engulfed by it, but grasps his staff with a firm, resolute grip, as though somehow drawing strength from it. Ulfennesh addresses visitors politely, though he often makes them somewhat uneasy.

BACKGROUND: Ulfennesh has all but abandoned his travels for life as a sage. The local populace is perhaps understandably suspicious of the necromancer in their midst—rumors abound that the undead serving in his tower include deceased residents of nearby towns. He is consulted nevertheless on matters of history and arcana, to identify (by spell or a DC 30 knowledge [arcana or history] check) or even craft magic items, or in some cases, to assist bereaved relatives *Commune with Dead* to hear the voices of recently departed loved ones.

Flanking his imposing tower door is a pair of hill giant skeletons draped ceremoniously in great white robes; they fight if attacked, but otherwise on seeing visitors approach, one holds out a skeletal hand as though gesturing to halt, while the other strikes a drum once, loudly, to signal the arrival.

Ulfennesh conducts his research in a library on the uppermost floor where the light is better; to one side are scattered shelves of books, scrolls and maps, on the other, racks of skulls—his "friends", as he prefers to call them. He spends much of his time consulting or in idle conversation with the latter through *Commune with Dead*, using his boots to levitate to anything not immediately within reach. A few favorites from his collection are:

BRANWEN: A half-elven ranger, Branwen was an expert on the many beasts she encountered on her travels. She was an experienced healer, too, with great insight in the use of herbs in her craft. Died 90 years ago.

ENGELARD: Engelard was an accomplished assassin who failed in his last mission, to kill Ulfennesh! Unfortunately, Engelard didn't know the reason for the assignment, so the necromancer's queries have yielded little more than a name... which if investigated turns out to be one of Moraga's (see page 20) low-level assistants: she is not widely known and often acts through intermediaries. Several months ago, a stranger brought a fresh corpse to Ulfennesh's tower, seeking information; given the circumstances, the wizard declined to offer his services, and unknowingly incurred the Guild's wrath. Ulfennesh does not see a connection between this incident and the attempt on his life, nor does he know anything about Moraga (even Engelard

never knew about her); he is, however, too busy to spend much time away from his tower and may hire others to assist him... Regardless, this addition to Ulfennesh's collection adds familiarity with poisons and, of course, the methods of administering them. Died one month ago.

GODRIC: A dwarven stonemason Ulfennesh consults on matters of architecture and engineering. If Godric's clan learns his skull is kept in the library, they will send emissaries demanding its return for proper burial—or take it by force if cooperation is not forthcoming... Died 315 years ago.

HYGLAK: Hyglak was a barbarian warrior from a mountainous region far to the north. He can recite all the bloodlines of his clan, knowledge lost 120 winters ago when his people were destroyed by Tattered Wing (a white dragon that was scarcely an adult while Hyglak lived but is now old). The ancestral crown worn by his kings, a simple silver circlet, currently rests in the dragon's hoard; it is known to scholars as *Hrothgar's Crown*, granting a +4 enhancement bonus to charisma and functioning as a ring of major elemental resistance (cold). Died 460 years ago.

MARAVEESI: A sorcerer-merchant from a nation that no longer exists, Maraveesi trafficked in armor and weapons, some of which were enchanted, and was well versed in lore of many other lost treasures of his day. One item known to Maraveesi is *Hautclaire*, a +3 *Short Sword* with the keen and defending abilities that remains in a distant tomb. He is also aware of the approximate location of a shipwreck in which a suit of *Studded Leather* +2 with spell resistance (15) sank in 100 feet of water off the coast. Died 970 years ago.

RANVAIG: A courtesan and talented bard, Ranvaig learned some embarrassing secrets about several local noble families over the course of her short career. The most damaging is that a nearby baron is *not* the rightful heir to the territory he rules, but is instead the son of his mother's lover... Died 20 years ago.

THU'ULYAR: An orc chieftain, Thu'ulyar has detailed knowledge of the various tribes and their territories, including secret entrances to the caves used by his own people. Died 30 years ago.

VALMERANYAN: This elven warrior lived during the Time of Strife, when a territorial dispute between elves and dwarves led to intermittent warfare for over forty years, ending with a treaty banning both parties from the mithral mine at the root of the conflict. The mine was deemed to rest within elven lands; once per century, a representative of each race visits the site in tribute to peace—and to ensure adherence to the treaty. Died 2,625 years ago.

YONEC: Yonec was a scribe at a temple to the sun god. After long years at his trade, he amassed considerable knowledge of religion as well as the various planes of existence. Died 60 years ago.

COMBAT: Ulfennesh casts *Endurance* each day to boost his hit points, insurance of a sort against the rare belligerent client. If he must fight, he attempts to *Slow* opponents then, using his boots, levitate above the reach of melee weapons the same round; he follows with *Fear* or *Web* if outnumbered, *Enervation* or *Feeblemind* if he isn't. Against warriors, *Ray of Enfeeblement* is a favored tactic (as the resulting loss of strength may render some feats unusable, if the prerequisite is no longer met). He is at +1 to hit with ray attacks (like *Enervation* or *Ray of Enfeeblement*); similarly, the DC of any necromantic spells he casts is increased by 2. Ulfennesh uses *Dimension Door*, *Invisibility* and *Expeditious Retreat*—in that order—if forced to flee.



WIZARD LEVEL 19



Str 16
Dex 20
Con 15
Int 14
Wis 9
Cha 16

CAPTAIN TIBERIUS DRAKE

Buccaneer

Race: Human ♂ Size M
Class: Fighter 5 / Rogue 5 CR10
Alignment: Chaotic Good

Perform +5, Pickpocket +10, Read Lips +6,
Swim +6, Tumble +8, Use Rope +6

Feats: Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Mobility,
Spring Attack, Leadership, Power Attack,
Quick Draw

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 74
Initiative: +5 (Dex)
Speed: 30 ft.
AC: 20 (Armor, Dex, Cloak)
Melee: Cutlass: Atk +14/+9 (1d8+6)
Ranged: Dagger: Atk +13/+8 (1d6+4)
Saves: Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +1
Skills: Balance +23, Bluff +5, Climb
+19, Diplomacy +5, Escape
Artist +9, Hide +11, Jump
+13, Move Silently +10,

CF: Sneak Attack +3d6, Evasion, Uncanny Dodge
(Dex Bonus to AC)

Languages: Common, Elven, Aquan

Possessions: *Cutlass of the Ancient Mariner*†, *Leather
Armor +1*, *Cloak of Protection +2* (Fashioned
as a leather coat), 10 Daggers, Galley *'The
Alexandria'* fully equipped with ram and
firing platforms, 30,000 gp, 15,000 sp and
10,000 cp (all in the ship's holds)

DESCRIPTION: Captain Tiberius Drake is a handsome man of tanned skin and solid frame. While he is not considered to be in keeping with current standards of physical beauty, the many women who have secretly plotted to secure his hand in marriage (or at least his tenuous stay in their beds) would describe him, in hushed tones, as 'exotic.' His beard is trimmed to a navy man's exacting specifications, yet his hair is left long in the front so that 'the winds may comb it as they see fit' (the back is tied into a ponytail in case the winds are feeling a bit too mischievous that day). Tiberius' manner of dress is chosen to be light with moderate protection for ease of movement on the decks of his pitching ship. His black long coat serves as further protection, against both the elements and unwanted projectiles from the local law when such confrontation ensues.

BACKGROUND: Tiberius was not always the clever pirate that he is now infamous as. Years before he was a decorated captain of the standing Navy's flagship 'The King's Blade,' in good standing with his superiors, and well on his way to promotion to higher office (a personal dream as he was the last in a long line of naval officers). Time and again he had single-handedly decimated the vile trading routes of Moraga's (see page 20) guild of smugglers (some times sinking as many as five ships in a night). Moraga, enraged at the losses (of profit) and of valuable routes of drugs and slaves, schemed to have the do-gooder brought low. After months of careful planning and infiltration into the royal court, she hired Nobody (see page 30) to murder the King's daughter, Princess Alexandria, and secretly place her body on board Tiberius' ship. She also bribed several of the King's court to swear that they had last seen her in the captain's company. The King, harboring a horrible fear of magic of any sort, refused to have a *Discern Lies* cast on the captain and ordered him incarcerated immediately. Forewarned of the King's order by some of his loyal crew, Tiberius fled the kingdom only to return as the notorious pirate, Captain Drake, commanding the war-galley he appropriately christened *The Alexandria* in honor of his slain princess. To this day he is hunted by the King's navy for his alleged crime—a black mark on his record that he seeks to remove by confession of his most hated enemy, Moraga, Medusa of the Black Markets. He has vowed never to rest until Moraga, and all of her vulgar cohorts, are killed, or brought to justice.

COMBAT: In combat, Tiberius will throw his daggers if at a sufficient range, using his enhanced abilities at jumping and climbing to take full advantage of his ships rigging and masts to gain cover and surprise. If he is forced into close combat he gladly draws his *Cutlass of the Ancient Mariner* and slashes away at his enemies. If a boarding ship somehow gains the advantage, Tiberius prefers to use the sword's *Control Winds* ability to blow the offending ship away, leaving ample opportunity to dispatch any left-over intruders. Tiberius is a brave fighter, and will protect any of his crew that is in danger regardless of the possible hazard to himself. Even though his First Mate is more than capable, Tiberius likes to keep an eye out for Victoria during a scuffle—just in case.

FOLLOWERS:

Captain Drake's crew consists of 15-20 1st level fighters and rogues, along with approximately 180 rowers. The more outstanding members of his crew are described below:

SERGEANT BRITANICUS: Lizardfolk Fighter 4; CR 5; Size medium, hp 45; Init +0; Spd 30ft.; AC 19 (+5 natural, +2 large shield, +2 dex); Atk 2 claws +8 melee (1d4+4) or greatclub +8 melee (1d10+4), bite +4 melee (1d4+2); AL Neutral; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +1; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 9

Languages: Common, Draconic, Aquan

Skills: Climb +9, Jump +13, Swim +13, Balance +9

Feats: Endurance, Power Attack, Improved Bull Rush, Multiattack

Possessions: Greatclub, Large Shield, 200 gp.



Description: Britanicus (so nicknamed by Captain Drake after several unsuccessful attempts to pronounce his real name in his native tongue) was orphaned in a drawn out battle with human slavers that eventually claimed his entire tribe. If not for the intervention of Captain Tiberius Drake, Britanicus would surely have perished or been captured as well. Tiberius suspects that Moraga (see page 20) is behind the slave ring responsible for this raid and for the hundreds of other raids on the local islands which capture and sell thousands of humanoids each month. Having nowhere else to live, and fearing he would end his days in a slaver's cell, Britanicus joined Captain Drake's crew and has sworn to put Moraga and her vile crew to a most unpleasant death. Britanicus is a hulking figure, standing a full 7'2" tall and weighing in at 270 lbs. His scales are a deep greenish-gray on his back and head, fading to a light gray on his chest and neck. Having grown up in human company, Britanicus chooses to dress in simple clothing, usually leather or cotton.

DIVINER CRANE SELEMAR: Half-Elf male Wizard (Diviner) 5; CR 5; Size medium, hp 25; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atk Trident +4 melee (1d8+2); AL CN; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +4; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 18, Wis 11, Cha 10

Languages: Common, Elven, Aquan, Orc, Abyssal, Infernal

Skills: Alchemy +9, Concentration +7, Knowledge (Arcana) +9, Knowledge (Nature) +9, Knowledge (Geography) +9, Craft (Shipmaking) +9, Profession (Navigator) +5, Spellcraft +9, Balance +4, Spot +3, Listen +1, Search +1

Feats: Scribe Scroll, Brew Potion, Martial Weapon Proficiency (Trident)

Spells (4+1/4+1/3+1/2+1): School specialization: Divination; Prohibited School: Illusion 0 - Detect Poison, Dancing Lights, Light, Mending, Detect Magic; 1st - Endure Elements, Mage Armor, Obscuring Mist, Comprehend Languages, Burning Hands; 2nd - Fog Cloud, Locate Object, Web, Darkness; 3rd - Sleet Storm, Clairaudience/Clairvoyance, Fireball

Possessions: Trident +2, 300 gp, 1 Pearl worth 200 gp, Spell component pouch, 2 flasks alchemist's fire

Description: Crane is an old salty dog who grew up living more on merchant ships than in a proper home. Consequently, he knows a ship's deck almost better than he knows a tavern's layout. Crane met Tiberius Drake years back, at the tail end of a bar brawl; once outside, Tiberius watched as Crane fireballed the pub's roof, muttering something about the barkeep never touching his trident again. Tiberius knew immediately that this grisly warship of a man would be invaluable to his crew and asked him to join. Crane accepted on the grounds that no one ever touch his precious 'Emma' (his mother of pearl handled trident). Tiberius and he have been friends ever since. Crane is an unkempt man; he wears torn clothing, is often dirty, and neglects to maintain his wild hair and beard which are severely tangled from the ocean winds. All of this aside, Crane has proven himself time and again, getting Captain and crew out of jam after jam with his well placed thaumaturgy.

FIRST MATE VICTORIA: Human Female Fighter 4; CR 4; Size medium, hp 40; Init +7 (Improved Initiative, Dex); Spd 30ft.; AC 16 (Armor, +2 Dex); Atk Falchion +7 Melee (2d4+4); AL CG or Longbow +6 Ranged (1d8); SV Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +3; Str 16, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 10, Cha 15

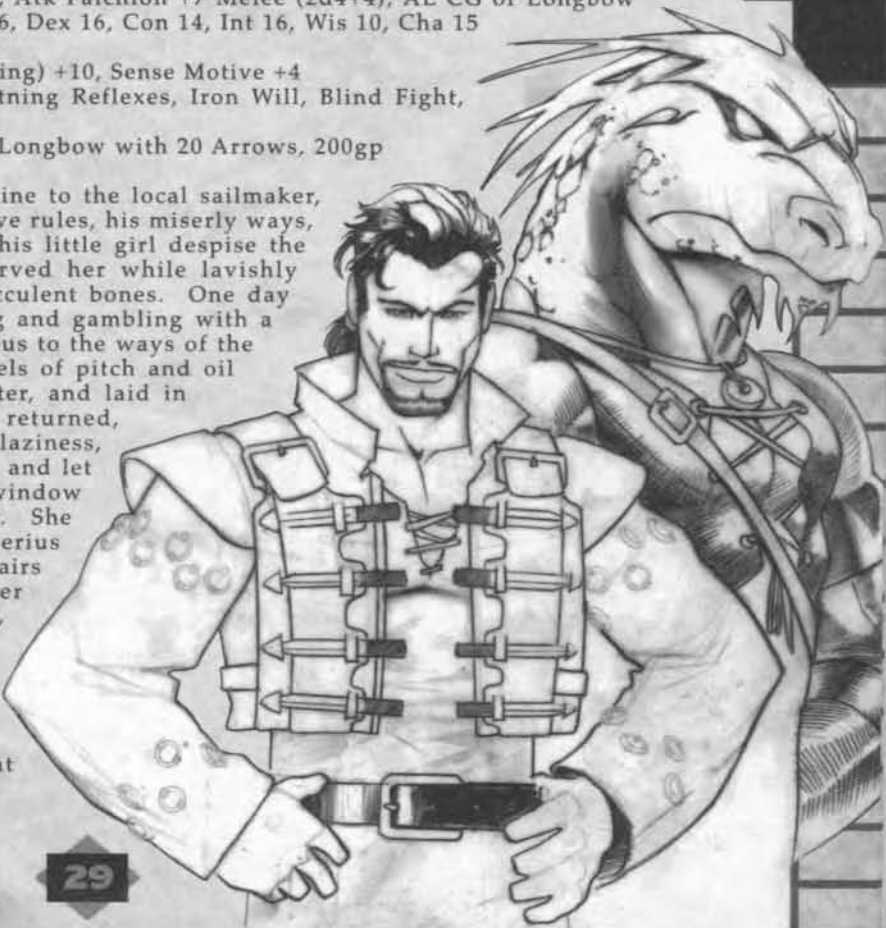
Languages: Common, Draconic, Aquan, Elven

Skills: Climb +9, Jump +9, Swim +5, Craft (Sailmaking) +10, Sense Motive +4

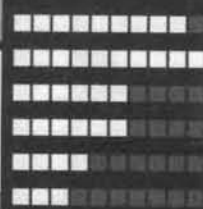
Feats: Improved Initiative, Great Fortitude, Lightning Reflexes, Iron Will, Blind Fight, Quick Draw

Possessions: +1 Falchion, Studded Leather Armor, Longbow with 20 Arrows, 200gp

Description: Apprenticed at the early age of nine to the local sailmaker, Victoria longed to be free of her master's oppressive rules, his miserly ways, and his unpredictable temper. In all ways did this little girl despise the sailmaker who beat her regularly, and who starved her while lavishly feeding his dogs portions of salted meat and succulent bones. One day years later, while the sailmaker was out drinking and gambling with a crew that had sailed in, Victoria, long grown callous to the ways of the world, plotted revenge. She spread several barrels of pitch and oil around the shop and living quarters of her master, and laid in wait with a blazing torch in hand. When he returned, drunk and surly as usual, cursing at her for her laziness, she waited until he was in the center of the room and let the torch fly. She quickly jumped from a high window into the waters below, hoping to end her misery. She awoke on board a ship commanded by Captain Tiberius Drake (his was the crew that had sailed in for repairs and revelry). Not wanting to return to her wretched life as a slave, she joined Tiberius' crew, and owing to her courage and quick wits, moved through the pirate's ranks rather quickly. She is now Tiberius' First Mate (some tell of a pending love affair, but to mention this in front of the captain means a sure tour of duty scrubbing the bilge). She has yet to tell him that when she was a little girl, she killed a man.



Str 18
Dex 22
Con 12
Int 12
Wis 8
Cha 7



NOBODY

The Relentless Death



Race: Mantoid ♂ Size M
Class: Rogue/Assassin CR11
Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Skills: Balance +16, Climb +19, Disguise +2, Gather Information +3, Hide +26, Jump +14, Listen +9, Move Silently +28, Open Lock +14, Search +6, Spot +7

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 52
Initiative: +10 (Dex, Improved Initiative)
Speed: 30 ft
AC: 22 (Armor, Dex, Ring, +1 Natural)
Melee: Short Sword: Atk +14/+9 (1d6+6 and 1d6 cold)
Ranged: Light Crossbow: Atk +12/+7 (1d8 and Wyvern Poison - Fort DC 17 Initial damage 2d6 Con, Secondary damage 2d6 Con)
Saves: Fort: +3 (+5 vs. Poison), Ref +14, Will +1

Feats: Alertness, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse (Short Sword)
RF: +2 Jump, +2 Move Silently, +5 Climb, +1 Natural Armor
CF: Evasion, Uncanny Dodge (can't be flanked), Sneak Attack +6d6, Death Attack, Poison Use, Spells
Spells (2/1): 1st - Obscuring Mist, Spider Climb; 2nd - Alter Self
Languages: Common, Mantoid
Possessions: Light Crossbow with 20 Poisoned Arrows, Leather Armor +1, Iron Bands of Bilarro, Short Sword Icy Burst +2, 1st and 2nd Shadow Bands of Sel Kurr, 3 Vials Wyvern Poison, 5000 gp

DESCRIPTION: Nobody is a bipedal black mantis warrior that stands approximately 6'0 tall. His exoskeleton is glossy black, like that of a black widow spider, and has been inlaid with silver tattoos; he has added one each time he has executed a contract successfully. Nobody carves the tattoo and pours the molten silver himself. His head resembles a giant preying mantis' head with large bulbous black eyes and glossy mandibles. Unlike a mantis however, his hands are similar to those of a human—four fingers with a single opposable digit. Nobody wears an oversized black cloak that hides his features from the casual observer.

BACKGROUND: Although destined to lead the Mantis Warriors of the Equatorial Tribes as High Shaman, Nobody, as he would later be called, showed early tendencies toward unprecedented bloodthirst, and cruelty. The tribal council, deeply concerned with the maturation of events, decided in their collective wisdom to seek a new, more benevolent prodigy, and to oust the current Shaman-to-be. Mantis Law dictates that any shaman of high birth may not be executed by the tribe under any circumstance. Bound by this law the council had Nobody teleported to the densely populated cities far to the north, where he would hopefully never learn of his heritage, and would cause untold havoc among the Mantis' natural enemy—The Human.

Since no one can pronounce his name in his native tongue, those that deal with him professionally have given him the nickname 'Nobody'. It was awarded to him when certain key witnesses of a high profile assassination, rightfully fearing for their lives, reported that they saw 'Nobody' around the night of the murder. The nom de guerre has stuck ever since. Nobody has successfully collected the first two rings of the *Five Shadow Bands of Sel Kurr*. Finding the next three has become an unwavering obsession for him.

Anyone that has even the most remote information concerning the whereabouts of any of the remaining rings may find themselves in Nobody's good graces. He has been known to carry out an assignment pro-bono for someone who has simply heard of a possible map that could lead to one of the rings' locations. Of course to lie to him is to commit the most delayed of suicides.

COMBAT: Nobody uses his amazing hiding abilities to best utilize his assassins *Death Attack*. After the necessary time he will try to move silently into position and strike from behind. If the sneak attack damage doesn't kill his victim the death attack usually does. To hedge his bets, his short sword is always treated with Wyvern poison for the first blow. Sometimes Nobody is called upon to bring in a victim alive. In these cases he will use the death attack to paralyze his opponent and then bind them with his *Iron Bands of Bilarro*. Nobody's services are extremely expensive, as he is efficient, discreet, and has never failed to complete an assassination.

10
ROGUE 51 ASSASSIN 5 LEVEL



Str	20	■■■■■■■■■■
Dex	17	■■■■■■■■■■
Con	17	■■■■■■■■■■
Int	15	■■■■■■■■■■
Wis	12	■■■■■■■■■■
Cha	18	■■■■■■■■■■

MISTRESS KANO

Ronin of the Four Winds



Race: Human ♀ Size M
 Class: Fighter CR11
 Alignment: Lawful Good

Feats:

Knowledge (Code of Honor) +6, Knowledge (Court Etiquette) +6, Ride +13, Spot +4, Swim +10
 Blind Fight, Cleave, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (Katana), Great Cleave, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Weapon Focus (Katana), Weapon Saint (Katana), Weapon Specialization (Katana)

COMBAT FEATURES

Hit Points: 105
 Initiative: +3 (Dex)
 Speed: 20 ft
 AC: 20 (Armor, Dex)
 Melee: Katana: Atk+22/+17/+12 (1d10+13 and 1d6 Sharpness)
 Ranged: Longbow Atk +14/+9/+4 (1d8)
 Saves: Fort +12, Ref +8, Will +5
 Skills: Climb +7, Craft (Bowmaking) +6, Intimidate +8,

Languages:

Possessions:

Common, Giant, Elven
 Breastplate +2, *Katana of the Four Winds* +4†, *Kabuto of Ravaging*†, 2 Ruby Rings worth 1000 gp each, 2 Topaz Hair Combs worth 800 gp each, *Platinum Necklace*†, Star Sapphire worth 120 gp, Longbow with 20 arrows

DESCRIPTION: Mistress Kano is the embodiment of exotic beauty. Her dark eyes shine brightly from a curtain of flowing dark hair. While her visage is one that rarely shows mirth, when she smiles all others pale and dull in comparison to her overwhelming radiance.

Upon her head rests a great *Kabuto* adorned in silver and jewels. A black lacquered breastplate, adorned with sacred knots and tyings, protects the rest of her slender body. At her side hangs the *Katana of the Four Winds*. While not readily known in these parts, in the far off lands of her birth this blade is revered as one of the greatest blades ever forged. The hermit that housed her and taught her the skills of the warrior gave it to her as a parting gift. It is worth the ransom of ten great kingdoms combined.

BACKGROUND: Emperor Kano, Mistress Kano's grandfather on her father's side, ruled his kingdom with a fair and just hand. Once he died, however, the kingdom was thrust into an era of chaos and war. The emperor's four sons warred over control of the kingdom for 15 years. Eventually Kodani Kano, the youngest of the four brothers, was victorious over his siblings and declared that the three families be executed for their treason against the throne. Mistress Kano was quickly smuggled far from the kingdom, and given into the care of a mountain hermit. This mountain hermit was one of the kingdom's greatest sword masters. Believing that the land was in terrible torment, he trained Mistress Kano to be a defender of justice, and to eventually heal the wounds that the land suffered under the now Emperor Kodani Kano. In a dream, the hermit witnessed Mistress Kano falling in battle in a far off land only to be resurrected in fire and snow. It was at this time that she would realize her true destiny to return to the kingdom of her birth, avenge her father's death, and claim the throne for herself.

Currently, Mistress Kano is a ronin samurai who has traveled far from her homeland in a never ending quest for justice. If a cause is worthy, if it somehow forwards the greater ideals of morality and ethics, Mistress Kano will lend her sword to those in need. A party must first convince her of not only their own unwavering virtue, but the strict virtue of their quest to enlist her invaluable aid. If all is satisfactory the party will have gained a very helpful ally. If not, the mistress has little patience to spend on any continued negotiations. Be warned however that if ever unduly pressed, or insulted in any way, Mistress Kano will challenge the offender to a duel of might—she rarely loses such a confrontation. With Mistress Kano, politeness is the first, and best, policy. To be on the wrong end of her katana can prove to be a very uncomfortable position.

COMBAT: Mistress Kano prefers the frontal assault approach to combat. To her, ranged attacks are for those that are incapable of effective melee and should be used only as a last resort. If confronted with multiple combatants Mistress Kano will invoke the power of her *Kabuto of Ravaging* and *whirlwind* on those that are foolish enough to tempt her wrath. If this proves a failing strategy she will call upon the power of her *Katana of Four Winds* in addition to her helmet to ensure that her first opponent is felled quickly so that she might move on to other unfortunate souls to conquer.



11
FIGHTER LEVEL

NEW MAGIC ITEMS

ARCHAM'S SPEAR

This mighty +2 long spear, forged in the fires of Gold Dragon breath, has passed from warrior's hand to warrior's hand throughout the millennia of its existence. Its mithril head still glows white-hot as if it had never been quenched after its forging. When it strikes an opponent's armor, sparks shower the ground in a bright flaming flash of energy. This fearsome spear has such penetrating power that it halves the Armor Class of an opponent granted from armor, shield, or natural armor. Those bonuses gained from Dodge, Dexterity, or magic spells such as *Mage Armor* are not halved in this manner. For example, an opponent with an AC of 20 (magical chainmail +3, Dexterity +1, utilizing Dodge +1) has an effective AC of 16 ($10 + 8/2 + 1\text{Dex} + 1\text{Dodge} = 16\text{AC}$) when struck with this spear.

Caster Level: 10th; *Prerequisites:* Craft Magic Arms and Armor, true strike, continual flame; *Market Price:* 72,305 gp; *Cost to Create:* 36,150 gp + 2,892 XP.

BOW OF SUNDERING

This +2 shortbow has been constructed from the hardest steel, yet has been enchanted to bend as easily as the most supple of woods. Upon initial use the bow functions as any ordinary +2 shortbow. When an opponent's weapon or shield is aimed at however, the bow's true enchantment is revealed. The bow allows the wielder to Sunder (as the feat Sunder) at a distance (within 30' only, any farther and the wielder is unable to fire accurately enough to initiate the power). Using this power does not instigate an attack of opportunity. If the wielder of the bow wins the opposed attack roll the damage applied to the opponents weapon or shield is 3d6+2.

Caster Level: 8th; *Prerequisites:* Craft Magic Arms and Armor, shatter; *Market Price:* 25,000 gp; *Cost to Create:* 12,500 gp + 1,000 XP.

CIRCLET OF THE SUN AND MOON

This diminutive circlet (perfect for those of Fey blood) was carved from a single piece of amber and has been enchanted to be as strong as iron. Embedded along the front of the circlet are five moonstones of varying size each of which are endowed with a different power as is the circlet itself. The powers that are available to the wearer change with the time of day. During the day the circlet glows with a soft golden light while during evening hours the glow shifts to a faint silver. The circlet contains the following powers:

Flaming Sun: Two times per day, during daylight hours (whether actually in the sun or not) the wearer may fire a streaking miniature sun with a great flaming tail from the center of the circlet. Upon striking its target (a successful ranged touch attack) the sun bursts in a 10' radius and delivers 5d6 points of fire damage to the target (Reflex save for half damage) and an additional 3d6 to all within the effected area, including the original target (Reflex save for half damage). If the wearer so chooses the damage may be applied to a single target instead of an area. Undead struck by the flaming sun suffer double damage (10d6+6d6 respectively).

Moonbeams: Once per day, during nighttime hours, each moonstone may emit a blinding ray of silver energy. Each of these rays inflict their respective damage with a successful ranged touch attack (no saving throw). The centermost, largest stone can emit a beam with a 100' range that inflicts 5d4 points of damage to a single target. The next two smaller moonstones can each emit moonbeams with an 80' range that inflict 3d4 points of damage. The last and smallest pair of stones may each emit a beam with a range of 50' that inflicts 1d4 points of damage. Only one beam may be emitted per round as a standard action except for the last two which may be emitted as free actions.

Caster Level: 10th; *Prerequisites:* Craft Wondrous Item, Creator must be of Fey blood, fireball, magic missile; *Market Price:* 30,000 gp; *Weight:* —.

CLOAK OF CALANDALE

This cloak appears as a normal long, soft black leather cloak and upon command transforms into black magical leather armor +2, with damage reduction from normal missile weapons 5/+2. The cloak may be switched between its two forms at will as a standard action.

Caster Level: 10th; *Prerequisites:* Craft Wondrous Item, protection from arrows; *Market Price:* 25,000 gp; *Weight:* 15lb./—.

CROSSBOW OF DESERT GRAVES

This +2 light crossbow has been fashioned solely from the bones of various desert dwelling predators. As the bow is employed throughout the day, after several loosed arrows, the bow will first grow cold to the touch. As the bow is used more frequently, as in battle, a visible mist will form around the bow and drift gently to the ground. This has no effect on the wielder and is simply a byproduct of the magical forging.

Four times per day the bow can imbue an arrow with power such that it does standard arrow damage plus an *Inflct Light Wounds* as a 5th level caster (for a total of 2d8+5). Three times per day the wielder may opt for an *Inflct Moderate wounds* (for a total of 3d8+5), and once per day an *Inflct Serious wounds* (for a total of 4d8+5).

The desired function must be stated before the arrow is loosed. If it misses its target the number of times the function may be used per day is still reduced by one. If a critical hit is scored only the original arrow damage is multiplied, not the spell-like damage.

Caster Level: 6th; *Prerequisites:* Craft Arms and Armor, *inflict light wounds*, *inflict moderate wounds*, *inflict serious wounds*; *Market Price:* 18,335 gp; *Cost to Create:* 9,160 gp + 735 XP.

KABUTO OF RAVAGING

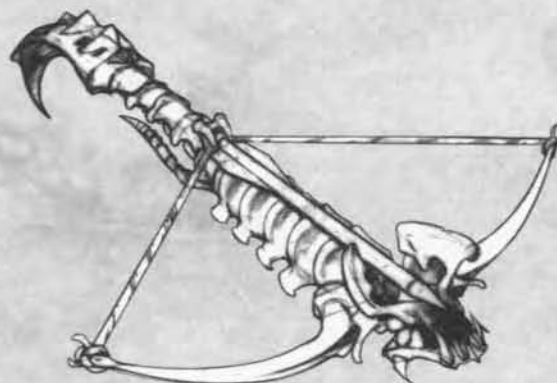
This lacquered great helm has been inlaid with magnificent silver runes of power. A massive golden kashira date (front crest) is fashioned to resemble iconic representations of the gusting wind. When worn, the helmet grants the wearer the *Whirlwind Attack* feat. She need not have any of the prerequisites to utilize the feat when the helmet is worn.

Caster Level: 10th; *Prerequisites:* Craft Wondrous Item, *haste*, *true strike*; *Market Value:* 35,000 gp; *Weight:* 3 lb.

MANDOLIN OF O'MELVENEY

This mandolin appears completely common in form and sound to any musician with a charisma of less than 16. However, for the musician with a charisma of 16 or greater, the instrument emanates a bright blue aura when played. In the hands of such a musician, the mandolin enhances the character's charisma by +2, and adds +5 to *perform* checks when played.

Caster Level: 5th; *Prerequisites:* Craft Wondrous Item, *charm person*; *Market Price:* 4,500 gp; *Weight:* 5 lb.



NEW MAGIC ITEMS CONTINUED...

RING OF SUPERIOR ENHANCEMENT

This type of ring, upon first inspection, appears to be made of a crystalline substance such as quartz or diamond, but types made of emerald or amber have been found as well. Other than this, the simple band is usually unadorned. Once the ring is donned, however, its true nature will reveal itself. A tiny faint green trail of energy will begin to dance within the ring. When a weapon is grasped in the hand that bears the ring small tendrils of green energy will begin to writhe along the weapon's framework. This has the effect of enhancing, to the bonus of the ring, any magical enhancement bonus a weapon may already have (i.e. a +2 weapon enhanced by a +1 ring of superior enhancement becomes a +3 weapon when wielded while the ring is worn). If a non-magical weapon is grasped it takes on the properties of a +1 weapon regardless of the worn ring's superior enhancement bonus.

Caster Level: 5th; *Prerequisites:* Forge Ring, greater magic weapon, caster must be of a level three times that of the bonus of the ring; *Market Price:* 4,000 gp (+1); 16,000 gp (+2); 36,000 gp (+3); 64,000 gp (+4); 100,000 gp (+5).

ROGUE'S WRAP

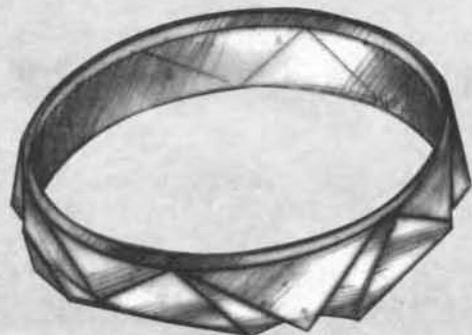
This magical leather armor +2 confers a +5 competence bonus to *Hide and Move Silently* checks, and allows the user to cast *Mislead* (Wiz6) once per week. If the wearer is actually a rogue, he also gains one additional die (D6) of damage on sneak attacks.

Caster Level: 11th; *Prerequisites:* Craft Magic Arms and Armor, greater magic weapon, *mislead*; *Market Price:* 25,160 gp; *Cost to Create:* 12,580 gp + 1,000 XP.

SASH OF ZEPHYRS

This six foot long red satin sash has been embroidered with dozens of stylized silver clouds in the ancient calligraphic styles of the east. To activate the sash's powers the owner must tie the sash around her waist in the proper style of knot. Failing to do this renders the sash just another piece of flashy apparel (if this exact knot is not known it may be researched just as any other magic item). Once the sash is tied around the waist with the proper knot its powers become known and available to the wearer. The sash allows the wearer to have limited flight. The wearer may move, as per a *Fly* spell, with a speed 50 feet (25 feet if the wearer is also wearing medium or heavy armor). The wearer may fly up at half speed and descend at double speed. This power may be initiated at will by the wearer.

Caster Level: 5th; *Prerequisites:* Craft Wondrous Item, *fly*; *Market Price:* 20,000 gp; *Weight:* —.



SYLVAN FLUTE

This mithral flute is fashioned to look like a tree wrapped with clinging vines. Anyone playing the flute gains a +10 competence bonus to *Perform* checks. The music grants all within 60' a +4 morale bonus on saving throws against fear effects. Finally, once per week, the user may cast the enrichment version of *plant growth* (Drd3) with a one mile radius.

Caster Level: 7th; *Prerequisites:* Craft Wondrous Item, Creator must be an elf, *plant growth*, *remove fear*; *Market Price:* 3,000 gp; *Weight:* 1 lb.

MINOR ARTIFACTS

CUTLASS OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Cutlass--Martial Weapon--Melee, Cost: 15gp, Damage: 1d8, Critical: X3, Weight: 4 lb, Type: Slashing.

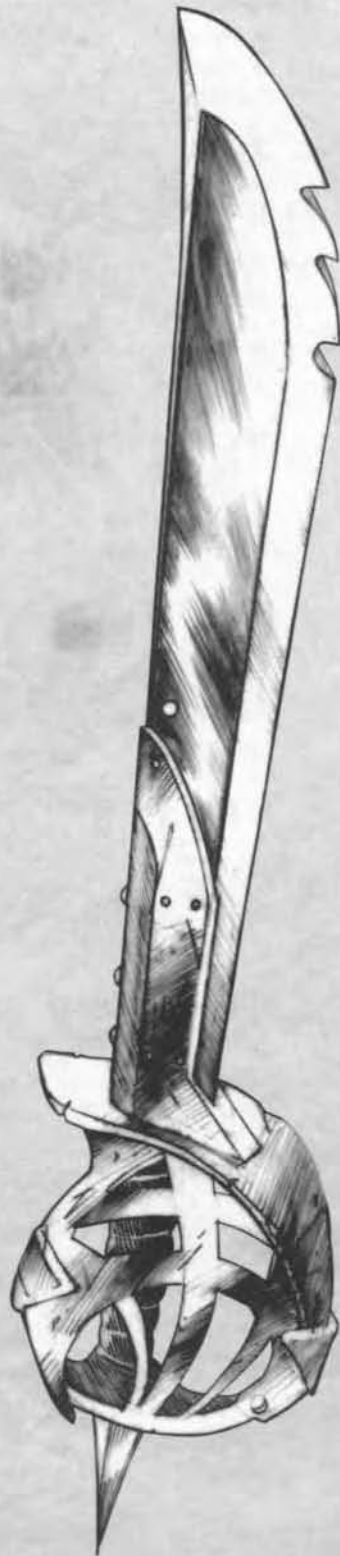
As legend would have it, decades ago the feared pirate, Copperpiece the Avaricious, commissioned the hermit-wizard Avamar, The Keeper of the Lighthouses, to fashion a blade for him in exchange for the one treasure the hermit coveted most--a locket that once belonged to his beloved wife Elana who was lost at sea in a terrible storm. Since then, Avamar has single handedly manned all of the Lighthouses of Southern Highbrook in hopes to prevent any from meeting the fate his sweetheart met so long ago.

Once the blade was fashioned however, Copperpiece absconded with it without paying the promised commission. Avamar, distraught over his own foolishness, waited patiently to exact revenge on the dastardly coward. Years later a storm, as if hand delivered by fate, descended upon Southern Highbrook. And, as if planned by the gods themselves, Copperpiece's ship was caught in the violent turbulence. Avamar had been waiting for this moment for years. He quickly cast several illusions of false lighthouses in the distance to confuse the old sea dog. His trick worked and Copperpiece's ship was dashed on the surrounding rocks, sending him and his crew to the frigid depths below. After a decade, acting on the history of Southern Highbrook, Captain Tiberius Drake retrieved the blade from the depths of the sea, and has wielded it ever since.

This +3 Cutlass, constructed of the finest adamantine, glows with a subtle aqua blue when drawn. The blade confers to the wielder a +10 competency bonus to all *Balance*, *Climb* and *Jump* checks (the blade need not be drawn to bestow these bonuses). Additionally, when the blade is drawn the wielder may, once per day, *Control Winds* as the 5th level Druid spell of the same name. Treat the spell as if it were cast at a 12th level of ability (120 minutes duration).

Perhaps the most desired power that the sword possesses is its ability to transform precious metals from one type, to another, more valuable, type. Once per week the wielder may transform 1000 coins (or their equivalent) to the next most valuable type of metal, i.e. copper to silver, silver to gold, gold to platinum (platinum cannot be so transformed). Not all 1000 coins must be transformed at one time, the transformation may be spread out over time (100 coins at one time 500 the next etc. to a total of 1000). If an object (rather than simple coin) is to be so transformed, simply figure the equivalent amount of coin the object would consist of and apply that amount against the maximum for the week. For example, a silver goblet is judged to be approximately 200 silver pieces in weight; The goblet may be changed to gold leaving a potential of 800 coins to be changed for the week. The command word 'Elana' must be uttered in order for this power to work.

Caster Level: 20th.



NEW MAGIC ITEMS CONTINUED

MAJOR ARTIFACTS

THE FIVE SHADOW BANDS OF SEL KURR

These legendary rings together comprise one of the most powerful magic items ever forged. Each of them was constructed in the deep shadow fires of Sel-Kurr's hidden forges. According to legend, Sel-Kurr himself forged the rings to help defeat the Sun Sorcerers of the Luminescent Crest. He was defeated in battle after causing untold harm to the enemy and the bands were cast to the many corners of the world. The rings themselves are smoky gray and semi-translucent like a bent and shaped shadow; when held, though, each ring feels as heavy as a large piece of lead. While each of the five rings are indistinguishable from one another once they are put on the exact powers of the individual ring are revealed to the owner. Each band bears a specific power unto itself, but when worn with other rings additional powers manifest themselves. Note: This unique item allows five rings to be worn on one hand. Once all are worn, however, no additional rings may be worn on the other hand.

THE FIRST SHADOW BAND

Shadowy Nature: Once the first ring is donned the wearer becomes shadowy and insubstantial. This has the immediate effect of granting the wearer a +10 Circumstance bonus to *Hide* and *Move Silently*.

THE SECOND SHADOW BAND

Protection: When the second ring is worn the wearer becomes even more insubstantial and shadow-like than when wearing the first ring. This has the effect of bestowing a +2 shadow bonus to Armor Class. This bonus stacks with all other armor class bonuses the wearer may have.

THE THIRD SHADOW BAND

Ray of Shadow: Three times per day the wearer of the ring may generate a ray of shadows from his hand. This dark swirling ray of various shades of gray and black has a range of 200 feet and instantaneously deals 5d6 points of cold damage to a single target (ranged touch attack to hit your target).

THE FOURTH SHADOW BAND

Shadow Aura: Once the wearer dons the fourth ring he becomes deeply enshrouded in a dark aura of shadow. This aura functions as an absorptive shield that grants the wearer damage reduction of 5/+5. Additionally, the wearer becomes invisible to undead, as per the 1st level cleric spell *Invisibility to Undead* cast at 10th level of ability. This last power may be turned on and off at will.

THE FIFTH AND FINAL SHADOW BAND

Shadow Walk: This ring grants the wearer the ability to *Shadow Walk* as the 7th level wizard spell. The wielder may use this power once per day. The spell is treated as if cast at 12th level of ability (duration of 12 hours).

Shadow Transformation: Once per day the wearer of this ring may take on the form of a shadow. His body along with all his gear becomes as insubstantial as shadow, bestowing upon him all of the benefits of a *Gaseous Form* spell (treat as if cast at 12th level of ability; duration of 24 minutes). Note: the damage reduction bestowed upon the wearer from the fourth ring, and that granted from this ring do not stack when in shadow form (*Gaseous Form* reduction of course takes precedence).

RING COMBINATIONS

RINGS ONE AND TWO

Shadow Bind: Once per day the wearer of this pair of rings may call upon the shadows in an area to *Entangle* his opponents (treat this power as the Druid 1st level spell *Entangle* for all pertinent information, only substitute shadows for plants) The power is treated as if cast at 12th level of ability (duration of 12 minutes).

RINGS TWO AND THREE

Meld Into Shadow: Once per day the wearer of this pair of rings, along with his possessions, may meld with the surrounding shadows. The wearer must be able to fit completely within the area of a shadow for the power to function. Once entirely melded into a shadow (the wearer actually merges with the shadow and disappears from sight) the wearer is completely aware of his or her surroundings; he can see, hear, and even smell the area around him, although sight is limited to a spectrum of greys and blacks, and all sounds seems to echo and reverberate. During the duration of the power (ten minutes, which may be used in whole or in part up to the total), the wearer may traverse the shadows at his normal rate of movement; once the edge of a shadow is encountered the wearer must exit the shadow and enter another to continue movement. If, at any time, a bright enough light is cast upon the shadow to eliminate its existence (*Light*, *Fireball*, etc.), the wearer is automatically cast forth from the shadow and suffers an immediate 5d6 points of damage (no saving throw allowed). Note: movement is not limited to simply horizontal shadows, if a shadow is cast upon a wall, for instance, the wearer may traverse up that shadow at no penalty to movement. If he chooses to exit such a shadow, and has no ability to climb or levitate, he or she falls to the ground and takes the subsequent damage associated with falling.

RINGS THREE AND FOUR

Shadowtell: The wielder gains the ability to communicate with shadows. The shadows can completely relate what has transpired around them (20-foot radius) within the last year. In order to initiate the power the wearer of the ring must thrust his hand into the shadow that he is speaking with. The shadow's voice always resembles that which is casting the shadow. This power may be used once per day and has a duration of 10 minutes.

RINGS FOUR AND FIVE

Shadow Banishment: Once per week the wearer of both rings four and five may attempt to banish one opponent to the Plane of Shadow. The wearer must attempt a touch attack against his opponent. If successful the victim must succeed at a Will saving throw (DC 15) or be banished to the plane of shadow along with all his gear.

RINGS ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, AND FIVE.

When the set of the five rings is complete, great power is conferred upon the wielder as described below:

Shadow Blade: Once per day the wearer of the complete five ring set may generate the *Great Shadow Sword of Sel Kurr*. This 6' long greatsword, made entirely of shadow, is as lightweight as a shortsword and can be wielded by anyone proficient in shortsword, longsword, or greatsword. Being this light it can be wielded with either one hand or two by preference. The weapon has several features: It is treated as a +4 keen weapon (threat range 17-20) that delivers an additional +1d6 cold damage on a successful hit. Additionally, for every 10 points of damage delivered by the sword to a single target (not necessarily in a single blow) the sword drains 1 point of temporary strength and transfers it to the wielder. The gained strength fades at a rate of 1 point per hour. The victim regains the drained strength at a rate of 1 point per day.

Shadow Healing: When completely shrouded in shadow (the character's body must fall completely within the boundaries of a shadow; no light, sunlight or firelight, may be touching the character in order for this power to work) the ring confers the power of *Fast Healing 3*.

Disperse: The owner of the five rings may, at any time, will the rings to scatter throughout the

NEW MAGIC ITEMS CONTINUED

world. The rings will randomly teleport themselves to the greater reaches of the planet simply with the owner's desire. This is a free action and may be initiated at any time (even as a dastardly dying wish). The exact final resting places of the rings is entirely up to the GM, but no two will ever be found in the same place.

KATANA OF THE FOUR WINDS

This +3 Katana was forged over the course of an entire century by several generations of master weapon smiths and tribal shamans. Every twenty-five years the weapon smiths, along with a powerful shaman, would ascend Mount Kigogi, the Mountain of Steel Tempests, and call down the reigning wind of the season. After weeks of flattery, coercion, bribery, threats, (and some trickery), the wind would eventually submit to have an aspect of it forged into the sword. Once all four of the Winds were cast in this form of immortality, the blade was finally complete. The blade itself is a translucent blade humming with the power of the concentrated winds and is therefore incredibly sharp (add +1d6 sharpness bonus on a successful hit). Each time a wind's power is initiated a sudden gust of wind springs up from the appropriate direction and sweeps through the area. The sword has four main powers, each based upon one of the four winds:

Northwind, the Wind of Conflict: Once per day the wielder may call upon the powers of the Northwind; she may *Haste* herself as if effected by the 3rd level wizard spell *Haste*. Treat the power as if it were cast at 10th level of ability (duration 10 rounds).

Southwind, The Wind of Perception: Once per day the wielder may call upon the powers of the Southwind; she can see as if effected by a *True Seeing* spell cast at 12th level of ability (duration 12 minutes).

Eastwind, The Wind of Journeys: Once per day the wielder may call upon the powers of the Eastwind; she can cast a *Wind Walk* upon herself (and four other creatures), as per the 6th level Cleric spell *Wind Walk*, at 12th level of ability (duration 12 hours).

Westwind, The Wind of Restoration: Once per week the wielder may call upon the healing powers of the Westwind. She can cast a *Heal* spell, as per the 6th level Cleric spell *Heal*, at 12th level of ability.

Additionally, once per week the wielder may choose to loose the power of one of the four winds upon her enemies. When this power is called upon the sword roars with an unnatural rending as a Greater Air Elemental tears itself free from the quivering blade. The elemental appears immediately in front of the wielder and obeys her completely to the best of its ability. However, if the elemental is killed or forced back to its home plane, one of the four powers listed above is lost forever (player's choice). If not defeated in such a way, the elemental returns to the sword after 10 rounds (or sooner if the wielder so desires, as a full round action); the amount of energy needed to initiate such a monumental power takes its toll on the sword however, one of the above four powers (again player's choice) is rendered useless for a period of one month after the elemental returns to the sword.



NEW SPELLS & FEATS

NEW FEATS:

Weapon Saint [Special]

You are considered a master with a chosen weapon.

Prerequisites: Weapon Focus, Weapon Specialization, Power Attack, base attack bonus +6 or higher.

Benefit: You add +1 to attack rolls and +2 to damage rolls when using a chosen weapon. You must have Weapon Focus and Weapon Specialization with that weapon to take Weapon Saint. The effects of this feat stack with Weapon Focus and Weapon Specialization. If the weapon is a ranged weapon the damage bonus only applies if the target is within 30 feet.

Special: You may gain this feat only one time.

Subtle Gestures [General]

You are experienced casting spells while wearing armor.

Prerequisites: Arcane spellcaster, Dex 13+.

Benefit: Reduces arcane spell failure chances by 10%.

Special: You may gain this feat only one time.

NEW SPELLS:

Commune with Dead

Necromancy

Level: Sor/Wiz5

Components: V, S, F

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: 10 ft.

Target: One dead creature

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: Will negates (see text)

Spell Resistance: No

You restore some of the former life essence to a corpse, allowing it to communicate. The creature may answer questions, limited to the languages and information it knew while alive, but cannot learn anything new—failing to remember even conversations which occurred by means of this spell. Its voice, coarse and labored, emanates from the skull; only you may speak to it, assuming you speak a language understood by the deceased, though others within range may listen to the responses. The creature is granted a Will save (as if it were alive) if its alignment differs from yours.

Both the frequency and duration with which any particular creature can be communed with depends upon the length of time it has been dead:

SUBJECT DEAD	FREQUENCY	DURATION
Less than 100 years	1 / week	4 minutes / level
101 - 250 years	2 / month	3 minutes / level
251 - 1,000 years	1 / month	2 minutes / level
Over 1,000 years	1 / month	1 minute / level

If a corpse has previously been turned into an undead creature, it cannot be spoken to through *commune with dead*.

Focus: The creature's skull, which must be mostly intact.

Heal from Afar

Conjuration (Healing)

Level: Cl2

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30' + 10'/lvl

Target: One creature

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

The spell allows a cleric to cast a healing spell from a distance. The spell affects only one creature, which the caster must be able to see at the time of casting. The target regains 1d8 points of damage +1 point per caster level (up to +5).

APPENDIX 1

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THE RED STAR

• Triple Eisner Nominee •

IN A WORLD AT WAR...

THE FATE OF
A NATION

RESTS IN ONE
WOMAN'S HANDS

AN ONGOING
SERIES

FROM



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