

FROSTLANDS OF FENRILIK

Yenie's Journal



SLARECIAN
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CREDITS



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EXPANSION MATERIALS FOR FROSTLANDS OF FENRILIK, A SETTING GUIDE FOR THE SCARRED LANDS

BY SARAH L. STEWART

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Contents

Credits.....	2
Contents.....	3
Introduction.....	3
Chapter One: Arrival in Fenrilik.....	4
Chapter Two: Kovokimru.....	12
Map of Kovokimru.....	14
Kovokimru Locations.....	14
Chapter Three: Sundry Details.....	18
Characters.....	18
Yenie Koneru.....	18
Lwazi.....	20
Pitzo.....	21
New True Rituals.....	22
Affirm the Flesh.....	22
Refigure the Flesh.....	22
New Spells.....	23

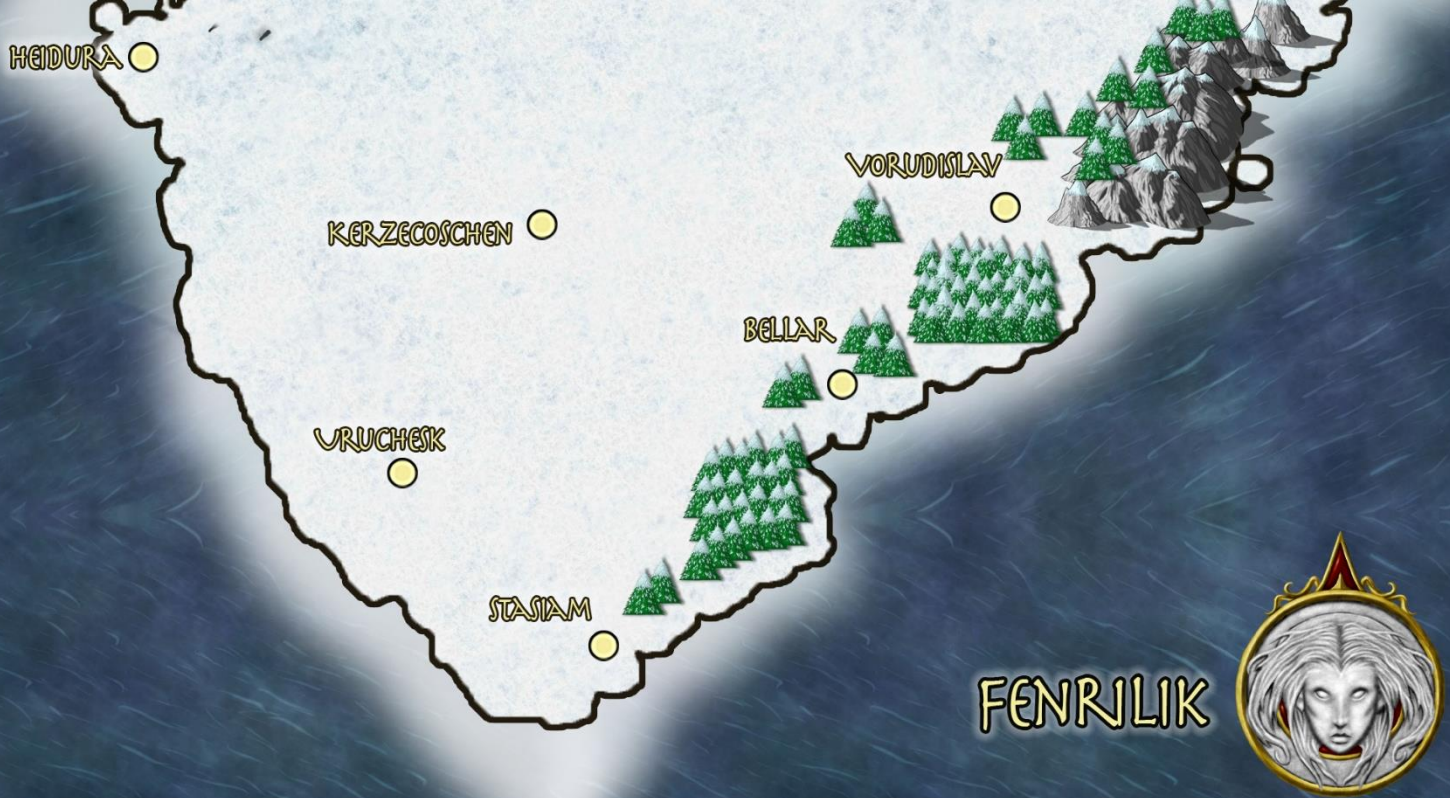
New Spell Descriptions.....	24
OPEN GAME LICENSE Version 1.0a.....	26

INTRODUCTION

This book compiles the journal of Yenie Koneru, a Vera-Trean researcher, anthropologist, and adjunct wizard of the Ganjus Vigil, as she writes about her travels to the continent of Fenrilik. This book can be used alongside the *Frostlands of Fenrilik* campaign book or as a standalone resource for any arctic adventure. It extends the original journal excerpts from the campaign book, with the original text in lighter blue.

This book includes more details not only about Yenie and Lwazi's travels, but about the peoples and cultures they encounter and the locations they visit. There are also a new map of the Fenriliki city of Kovokimru, detailed stat blocks and descriptions for Yenie and her companions, and other new materials.





CHAPTER ONE: ARRIVAL IN FENRILIK

The Stiffened Sea is aptly named. This icy expanse along the north of Ghelspad seems endless. Yet, over the course of several weeks, I and my companion – the manticora scholar Lwazi – were able to cross it with some Albadian traders to reach the mysterious land to the far north: Fenrilik, the roof of the world, and long thought a myth.

We sought the truth of Fenrilik after learning that Albadians travel there on occasion. The voyage can only be undertaken once a year, during the short period when the ice of the Stiffened Sea is at its thinnest and the Albadian ice-cutter ships can cross.

While it is a dangerous journey, I trust my magic will be enough to protect us. Lwazi is certainly grateful for my wards against the cold. Despite our warm winter clothing (and his natural fur) we both know immediately whenever the spell wears off. Lwazi was initially thrilled to make the journey to collect artifacts and knowledge for the library in Leoní, but this long voyage across the frozen sea is proving difficult, even for a hearty manticora.

Relief at last! We've reached land, and the (tiny) fishing village of Stasiam on the southernmost tip of the continent. They were surprised to see us, but welcoming, nevertheless. They had never seen a manticora or elf before! The local tribe are called the Intiluk. There was only room for a few of us to stay in the village proper, and the rest of the sailors made camp in their own weatherproof tents, but at least we are all on dry land. The village had a feast in our honor; the Albadians contributed some of the fish they'd caught on the way here. The village elders fed us meat they said came from "fell" deer (whatever that means) that they had traded for with another inland tribe.

The villagers marveled as much at myself and Lwazi as we did at them. Tall, fair humans of similar stock as our Albadian companions. Distant relatives, perhaps? They wear thick, fur-lined clothing. We traded for some of these outfits to help protect us better from the cold.

The language barrier was a potential problem, but my magic once again helped. The Fenriliki tongue felt familiar to me; I thought it was rooted in Ahna at first, like our Elvish and Albadian languages, but it was Lwazi who recognized that they spoke a dialect of Druuidic, the secret druid language! Not so secret here. I've started building a Fenriliki to Elvish dictionary as I learn their words.

Our Albadian companions could only stay a short while before the ice floes refroze. Lwazi and I will rely on my teleportation magic to return us to Ghelspad. After saying goodbye to our Albadian companions, we acquired passage on a fishing ship to head up the coast.

Our ship set off several hours after dawn (if you can call it dawn; the sun merely touches just below the horizon this time of year, its upper corona still visible even at the darkest hour). We stayed as close as possible to the coast as we traveled, with the great coastal cliffs of snow and ice rising far above the chilly waters. We slowly sailed through channels between small floating sheets of ice.

Long, rotund creatures with flippers and fishlike tails lay upon some of the ice floes, most twice the size of a person. They looked like a strange cross between a dolphin and a sealion, types of airbreathing aquatic beasts I have encountered on the Blossoming Sea. A few made loud grunts or trumpeting sounds at us as we passed. The fisher-folk's name for them translates to "small breathing-hole swimmers," referring to the fact that they breathe air. They say that larger varieties grow bigger than even the largest Albadian trading ships, but those stay in the water.

Along the shoreline we saw massive flocks of three-foot-tall waddling creatures with long flipper-arms, beaks, and webbed duck-like feet. They were cute and clumsy on the ice, but fast and graceful as they dove into the water. Another type of airbreathing water beast, it seems. Our Fenriliki companions explained that they aren't good for hunting, as their meat is apparently unpalatable, but their eggs are a delicacy.

Often when wildlife was scarce, the fisherfolk we travelled with would fall utterly quiet. I could feel the silence, like a physical thing; only the distant wind, cracking of the ice, and a far-off rumble in the unseen distance. The first time it happened, I wondered if they were afraid to make a sound lest they alert some type of threat we could not see, and remained anxiously quiet myself. But they seem relaxed, at ease.

It is so quiet in these moments that my own heartbeat roars in my head.

We paralleled the coast north-westward until we reached a second village, Hediura. This village is less used to seeing strangers, but they still welcomed us.

The next part of our journey will mean striking inland to Kovokimru, the only city on the entire continent. I wanted to hire a guide to help us get there—preferably someone that not only knows the region, but who speaks a shared language with us to spare me constantly casting language spells. I was delighted to discover that the dwarves who comprise much of Hediura's population speak the Keldar dwarvish tongue, in which both Lwazi and I are (mostly) fluent. But when I asked about hiring a guide, they recommended someone named Pitzo, who is what they call an "ice walker."

"Pitzo's not just the best ice walker in Hediura," said the grandmotherly dwarf who runs the mining exchange, "they're the best I've ever met." Everyone I spoke to agreed. Knowing better than to argue with the locals, I asked for an introduction.

We met Pitzo that night in the miners' dining hall. I nearly dropped my plate. Pitzo is a slitherin. It They are a slitherin who lives among—is welcome among—dwarves. I was thunderstruck.

Ratfolk are native to Ghelspad: titanspawn in the truest sense, created by the Divine War through exposure to the viscera or essence of the fallen titans. Until recently we had only thought of them as enemies. Monsters. My brother, Yeshi Koneru, spent decades fighting slitherin swarms in the Mourning Marshes in service with the Veshian Vigil.

But all of that also changed while Yeshi was there as well. The events that befell the vigilants led to Yeni's transfer back to the Ganjus (long overdue, in my opinion), but also the revelation that not all slitherin honor their murderous titan creators. Even now the Vigil strives to make peace with these slitherin who've turned their backs on the titans' madness. Veshians call them the "redeemed." But what was a slitherin doing in Fenrilik? And living among dwarves, no less?

All these thoughts flashed through my mind upon seeing the creature. But Pitzo greeted us warmly and was most excited at the prospect of our planned journey. They certainly seemed nothing like the monstrous cannibals and diseased raiders that Yeshi described—or even the few bitter, angry redeemed he met.

Unable to deny my curiosity, I asked Pitzo if they were one of the redeemed. Of course, they had no idea what I was referring to; the term is new even in Ghelspad, and I'm not sure if it's even used outside Vesh. I kept trying to find ways to rephrase the question, but Pitzo and my hosts just shook their heads in confusion.

Lwazi rescued me here (he is so much more diplomatic than I; I could not have gone on this journey without him) and asked Pitzo and the dwarves what they knew of the Divine War.

Most of the dwarves know little of it. A couple of the oldest dwarves had heard rumors of a long war in the south over a century ago but knew few details. It seems no battles (or at least none they'd heard of) took place on the shores of Fenrilik.

Pitzo was more familiar with the Divine War. They explained that their great-grandmother was part of a large caravan of slitherin refugees seeking a new home. Their high priestess (some sort of powerful mage, it seems) used her powers of divination to find a place far, far away from the “god followers” where the slitherin could live in peace. She then opened a magic portal to that place, which revealed a harsh land of ice and snow. Many of her followers chose to stay behind rather than chancing such a cold climate, but some, including Pitzo’s ancestor, followed her through the gate. It led to Fenrilik, where the gods are barely rumors. They soon met and were welcomed by the people who already lived here, eventually incorporating themselves into various local tribes.

While still somewhat uneasy, Lwazi and I agreed to hire Pitzo as our guide. I expect there is much more to this story. Our travels will certainly be an excellent way to learn more about their people and culture. I’d feel like a failure as an anthropologist if I missed the chance to learn about how the slitherin approach the complexities of gender!

The journey across the frozen tundra is both exhausting and amazing. At first Lwazi thought this place boring: an expanse of never-ending white. But soon we noted signs of life. Off in the distance, sparse and skinny evergreen trees hug the upper slopes of the hills. Grasses and scrubs peep up out of patches in the snow. Lwazi also pointed out the massive tracks of some enormous beast, and a great bird flew by overhead when we stopped for our mid-day meal.

Lwazi’s opinion has changed completely. “It’s a **desert**,” he told me tonight. “Not lifeless at all, but full of hardy species. Probably more life here than in the Haggard Hills!”

It is hard to believe it is still high summer back in Ghelspad. A blizzard hit us some hours ago with such force that the winds were bitter even with my protection magic, and we could barely see each other walking shoulder to shoulder. Before I could conjure a shelter with my frost-numbed fingers, Pitzo had built a cozy one made of ice and snow to wait out the storm in (They are incredibly resourceful!) and we huddled together inside its icy walls. Pitzo used a pole to keep open a small hole in the roof. “For air,” they explained, “in case the snowdrifts bury us.”

I took the opportunity to ask Pitzo more politely about themselves and their life here in Fenrilik, and have learned more about their history and sense of gender.

Gender with humans or elves is usually obvious, but it **can** be less so with dwarves and orcs—I suppose with slitherin, too. Yet now that I think of it, I’ve met humans who couldn’t tell male and female elves apart, so maybe it’s a cross-species issue.

Pitzo had an “uncle” (not their actual relative), a dwarf, who was raised female but who grew a beard. That is rare, but not unheard of for dwarf women, apparently—quite different from my kind, where only very rare **males** can grow facial hair. This uncle came to feel more of a man than he did a woman. Eventually he traveled to Kovokimru and found a wizard to cast a ritual that let him express that truth with his body. Pitzo felt a strong kinship with their uncle, but as they grew older, they began to realize that they didn’t fit in as **either** male or female. Eventually they decided they preferred to be addressed neutrally.

I've met a handful of similar people in my extensive travels (Ayshella, the high cleric of Enkili in Shelzar, to name the most well-known), and when I mentioned this Pitzo excitedly pressed me to tell them more. I talked about Enkili, and how they shift fluidly between male and female at their whim. Pitzo said they had considered the ritual their uncle found, but that would still mean choosing a single gender to embody, which isn't who they are. I mused that since there are cursed rings found on Ghelspad that force such changes, it should be possible to create an enchantment to change one's body this way at will. Pitzo's eyes went wide with joy and excitement at the thought. I've known others for whom their body didn't reflect their inner truth before, but I'd never really thought about what that meant for their lives and their feelings until Pitzo.

I believe I have made a lifelong friend in this slitherin now. If their fellow slitherin are like them, I'll have to visit the Walled Warren after we return to Ghelspad.



When we resumed our travel yesterday, we encountered a group of eschek, also heading to Kovokimru. They are a curious people: small like halflings, with elf-like facial features, but marvelously, their bluish flesh appears to be made of ice or snow! Some type of fey perhaps? Certainly not elementals or constructs. It is clear the cold does not bother them, as they wear little clothing: ornaments and jewelry, belts and pouches, shoes. A few wear protective hide armor and headgear. Most donned a type of loose skirt or robe when we joined them (more for our sakes than theirs, I expect).

Pitzo's dwarvish name for them is "winter gnomes." A distant cousin of the jungle gnomes of Termana, or a misnomer? I couldn't say, though they bear a strong resemblance to the Termanan people that I met years ago on my travels there. They are friendly, regardless, and traded us special wooden frames to wear on our feet that help us walk on top of the snow.

The eschek have invited us to travel together for the rest of our journey to Kovokimru. They happily share stories with us in exchange for ours about Ghelspad and its people, and I hope to learn more about their land and people along the way.

The origin of the eschek is a bit of a mystery. Some of their legends say their mother / creator was a great "ushadani," (what we would call a titan) but they cannot (Will not?) name her. Curious indeed! It could hardly have been Mormo, but I described both Mother Denev and Lethene to them and they refused to recognize either of them as their creator. Eventually they changed the subject. I sympathize, as elven origins are also lost to time. Many elves claim Mother Denev as our creator; yet there is no explicit proof, and Denev isn't talking.

In any case, the eschek clearly did not migrate here like most other species. This group's elder, Firnfinder, described their ancestors being born fully formed from the ice. Their history is rooted on Fenrilik itself, and their culture has changed little since that early time: hundreds (likely thousands) of years ago.

Firnfinder tells me that the very first **human** settlements have been on Fenrilik at least as long as the eschek. The older human tribes came from somewhere far to the southeast, not from Ghelspad, it seems. Termana perhaps, or some other faraway land? Perhaps even Asherak, the same continent rumored to be the cradle of Ghelspad's humans. It would have been many thousands of years ago if humans first arrived here near the same time they first settled Ghelspad, which would make civilization in Fenrilik very old indeed!

Most of the human tribes are peaceful, Firnfinder says, although there have been conflicts over resources in the past, mostly over metals. Strife between humans and eschek are rare, as the two species depend on different resources (foodstuffs in particular). But metal is valuable to most everyone here.

More stories today.

A sizable migration to Fenrilik occurred over the course of forty years about a hundred-sixty years ago: a mixture of many species including humans, halflings, dwarves, orcs, and (of course) slitherin. Given the timing, there is no doubt in my mind these were titan-worshipping refugees from the Divine War.

Worship (or even knowledge) of the gods is rare in Fenrilik. Firnfinder speaks only of honoring the ushada. I had **thought** that meant the titans, but she corrected me. Ushada refers to the energy, the consciousness, within living things, like souls or spirits. She said the greatest of these ushada are indeed the titans, but that the eschek (and indeed all the tribes of Fenrilik) revered many ushada, not merely the great titans. Firnfinder even referred to the ushada of a certain forest, animal, glacier, or mountain. I described dryads and elementals to her, but she insists that ushada are not like those. She understands what elementals are. Ushada, while similar, are distinct. They can take an interest in people's lives and will grant (or take away) favor, particularly the ushada of one's ancestors. The elves of Termana I have visited told similar stories of tribal folk from that continent who worship spirits as well, so perhaps there is some truth to it.

And more confusion: I asked Firnfinder today what sort of difficulties befell her people during the Divine War. She did not understand the question. Fair enough; sometimes even magical translation can fail. I recounted some of the global events of the time: how I watched the stars fall from the sky as a child and didn't see them shine again for decades. The winterless and summerless years I survived. How the sun sometimes moved backwards. How the very essence of magic changed almost overnight, and the abilities of druids dramatically altered.

The eschek do not have the long lives of elves, but Firnfinder recalls stories told to her grandmother by **her** grandmother. She agreed there was a time of no stars, but the ushada made other lights in the sky for them instead (Which I am watching as I write this - great beautiful waves of green that cross the sky. While the stars are beautiful, this is breathtaking!)

She also agreed that druid powers changed, but said this has happened before, many times; I now recall incarnates who have spoken of such things. And, I realize, what does a summerless or winterless year mean in a land that is always winter, where the “changing of the seasons” means only blizzard-time or dry-time? And when the sun doesn’t set or rise for weeks, who notes what direction it travels?

I attempted to continue my argument, that the titans were defeated and walked no more, but Lwazi dissuaded me. “It matters little to them,” he said. “There were no battles in this land. They’ve always had other worries, like basic survival.”

I acquiesced to him with frustration. Why, indeed, would the eschek note events that had no impact on them, important as they were to the rest of us? But I worry, nevertheless, that they’re not safe from the war’s consequences. Rumors persist that the remains of one or more of the titans were entombed by the gods in the “most remote” parts of Scarn. What place is more remote than Fenrilik?

As we continued north towards Kovokimru the terrain to our west rose sharply, as though it had been pushed up from underneath the earth. I wondered aloud if this was a scar from the Titanswar like those that litter the landscape in Ghelspad, and if a battle did happen here.

Pitzo told us that this place marks the edge of the Tobor Gorge, a deep and wide crevasse that cuts across the entire continent from north to southeast, coast to coast. They explained that it was here long before the War, and our eschek companions concurred: it (and a similar, smaller feature in the east called Divluk Gorge) has existed as far back as history goes. Earlier this evening the eschek elders shared stories with us of their grandsires who first explored the Gorge long ago. Lwazi is writing the stories down for his archives.

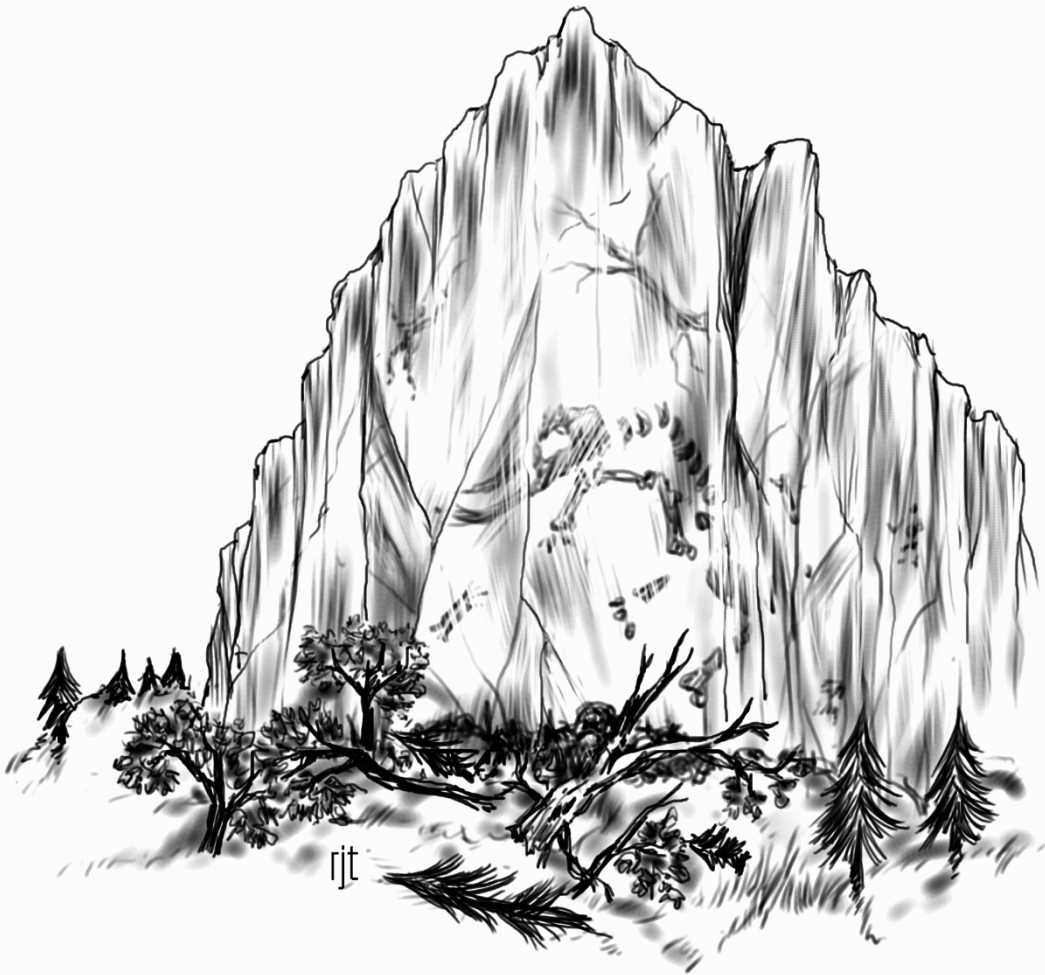
Later, after everyone else had gone to sleep, I asked Firnfinder (who sleeps as little as I do) what more she could tell me about the oppressive skerrai, the villains in many of the stories. She hesitated for the first time in our many conversations, and I feared I had asked a forbidden question. But then she explained that the skerrai are the one constant threat to the eschek, to all the people of Fenrilik. Yes, there are dangerous creatures aplenty (Lwazi has catalogued garamond, frost maidens, rime witches, and more in his records), but none so diabolical, so organized, and pervasive as the skerrai. The other dangers of Fenrilik keep to their own regions: forests, caves, or frosty tundra. The skerrai invade **homes**. Half-humanoid, half-scorpion, they hunt all life in Fenrilik (animal or sentient) to use as food, slaves, or hosts for their larval young. They have kidnapped and enslaved (or worse) many eschek over the years.

The skerrai first appeared nearly 120 years ago, swarming out of Divluk Gorge (the smaller, sister gorge to Tobor) and raiding the nearby villages. They drag their prey underground. It is said they have a city under Divluk mountain, but their underground caverns and tunnels reach across Fenrilik, even deep within Tobor Gorge. Few places are safe from them, save possibly Kovokimru. Firnfinder thinks it’s only a matter of time before the skerrai attack the city, bursting up from underground. I can only hope it doesn’t happen during our visit.

Today we saw something astounding: a massive block of snow-covered ice in the distance that was visibly moving south, paralleling our route northward. We felt it before we heard or saw it, a vibration within the earth. Then there arose a great grinding sound that reminded me of the distant grumble of the sea ice when we sailed up the coast, only much louder. The size and distance of the thing was hard to judge at first, until it reached a tree. It towered over the tall evergreen, slowly ripping it from the ground and grinding it under.

Pitzo estimated it was about a mile away. Our eschek companions didn't seem too worried or even surprised, but they encouraged us to keep moving and we quickly left the monstrosity behind.

Pitzo later explained that these are called **crawling glaciers**, a type of enormous ooze-creature. They move very slowly (except compared to an **actual** glacier): just over a mile per hour. But they are relentless and basically unstoppable, and ram through anything in their way like a slow-moving storm. The wisest option, Pitzo explained, is to just stay out of their path. Such creatures have destroyed several settlements in Fenrilik. Adventurers have found ways to redirect the glaciers to new courses to avert such destruction, but it is difficult and dangerous to do.





CHAPTER TWO: KOVOKIMRU

At last we have arrived at Kovokimru, Fenrilik's only city and its hub of culture and commerce. As we approached, Lwazi and I both marveled at how warm it is here, at least after what we've experienced in Fenrilik so far. While we're still bundled in our coats, we no longer need my constant climate protection spells. The vegetation surrounding the city matches this warmer terrain – more trees and plants, brilliant flowers. Some of the trees resemble ash and birch, quite different from the cedars and pines we saw on the way here. There are also birds and signs of small animals.

As the trees thinned out, we saw the city wall in the distance, a glistening blue-white barrier. At first, I thought it was stone, but our eschek traveling companions proudly told us it was made of their special iceworks – ice treated with magic so it can be carved and will not melt. Another marvel of this land.

As we approached the gates, I beheld an animal large enough to entirely fill their width as it exited. It had two long horns that curved down from its head and swept out in front of it, which

became apparent as it swung its head from side to side. The beast had long brown fur, decorated in some way that was too difficult to see from a distance.

Distances are difficult to judge in Fenrilik, especially with most of the foliage covered in white snow and frost. A figure walked beside it, which at first I took for a halfling until I saw a much smaller eschek step up beside them. I stopped in shock. The beast I had thought was merely large, perhaps 15 feet to the shoulder, was **enormous**. As we moved closer it became apparent that the gateway into the city, and thus the beast, were both close to 30 feet tall! No domesticated creature in Ghelspad or Termana reaches such a size. Not since the Divine War, in any case.

"A fell deer," Pitzo told me. "Those are traders from the Felldyr tribe." I could hear a subtle difference in the way they said the words: the creature and the tribe.

Pitzo continued. "The name means 'the mountain that walks.' The human is likely one of the dragdyr, 'the mountain men that walk.'" Pitzo laughed as they said it, as if at some private joke. "They walk alongside, helping to guide the fell deer, while most of the tribe rides on top. They likely just dropped off their trade goods in the market, and now the dragdyr will lead the beast into the stockyard. Fell deer are too big to pen within the city."

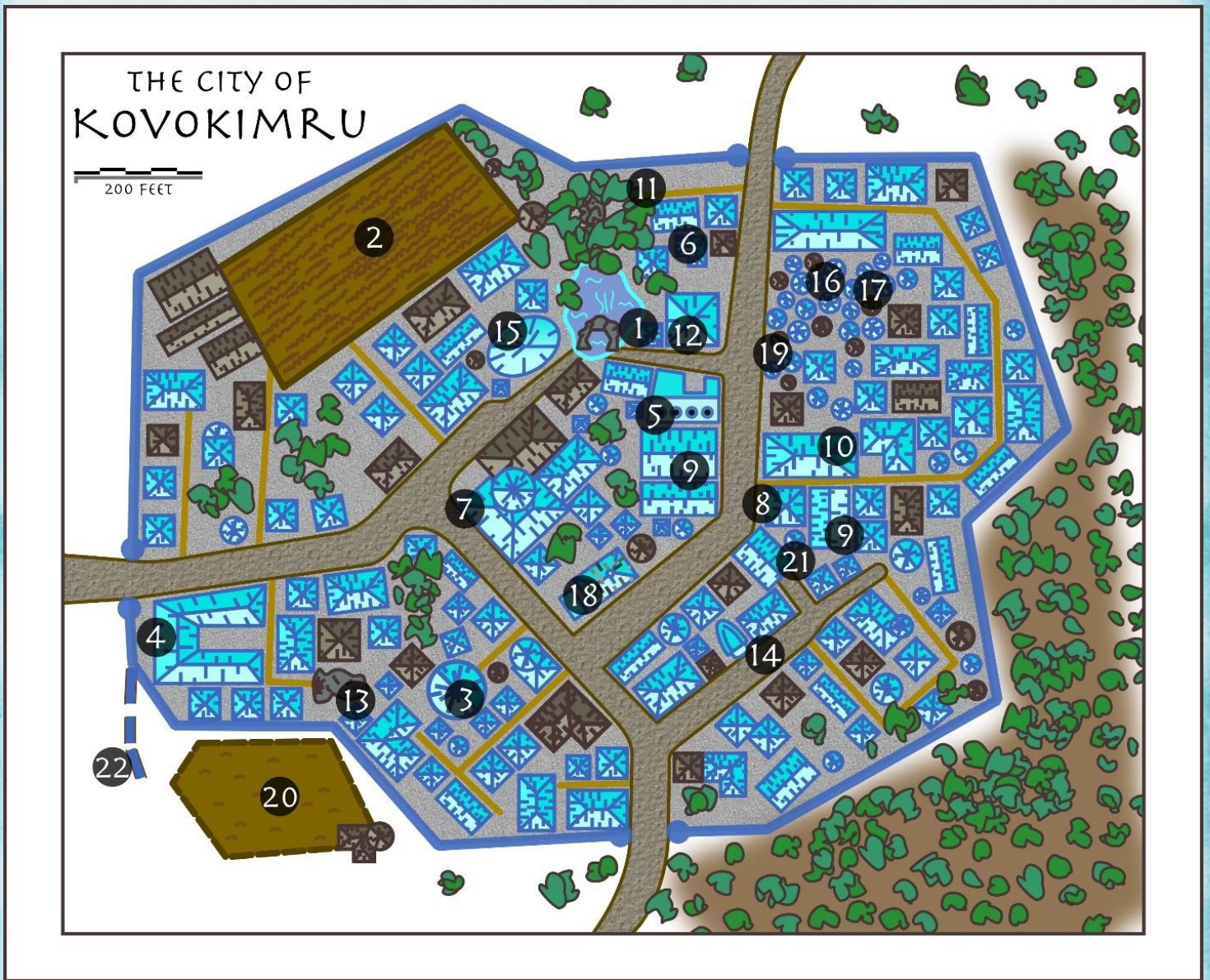
As we walked closer to the gate and the fell deer, Lwazi gasped, "That creature is **truly** massive!"

"Oh, that's nothing," Pitzo said. "This one is domestic. The fell deer in the wild get much bigger. There are frequent hunts for the wild ones. Just one can feed a tribe for weeks, and a set of horns can fetch a year's supplies from traders."

Lwazi ran ahead to get a closer look at the beast. He caught back up with us as we reached the city gates. His toothy grin was so broad that I have no doubt he's scheming to take some fell deer samples back home to Leoni.



MAP OF KOVOKIMRU



KOVOKIMRU LOCATIONS

- | | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Stazadlov, the Wellspring | 9. Warehouses | 17. Mormo's Shrine |
| 2. Farms | 10. Tribal Hall | 18. Djurmivikka Inn |
| 3. Mage's Guild | 11. Denev's Shrine | 19. The Scaly Tail Tavern |
| 4. Iceworks halls | 12. Hrinruuk's Shrine | 20. Fell Deer Stockyards |
| 5. The Smelter | 13. Lethene's Shrine | 21. Helif's Warehouse |
| 6. The Children's School | 14. The Ice Mother's Shrine | 22. City Wall Extension (In Progress) |
| 7. The Market | 15. The Shrine of the Ushada | |
| 8. Trade House | 16. The Warrens | |

We followed our *escheke* companions to an inn in the middle of the city. Luckily, the place had enough rooms for all of us. Like many of the buildings in Kovokimru, the inn was also partly made from iceworks. It's cold to the touch, and I was concerned we would still need weather protection spells within the city. But despite that, the iceworks doesn't suck away the heat. The inn has a bulky chimney in the center of the common room made of the stuff. Two vents on either side billow moist, toasty-warm air from the hot spring in the basement, yet the chimney itself does not even have a drop of condensation on it indicating a temperature difference. Later, I will have study its magic auras.

Lwazi estimates that Kovokimru is about the size of Leoní, assuming you don't count Leoní's college and great library, of course. I have only been to Leoní during festival season, so I cannot say. Kovokimru is certainly smaller than Vera Tre, much more a large town than city. My guess it's about the population of Amalthea.

After we'd made arrangements at the inn, I decided visit the city mage's guild and meet Lwazi and Pitzo later at the market. I noticed the mage's tower during our walk to the inn. It's difficult to miss: the tallest building in Kovokimru, it spirals upward nearly a dozen stories. Not as grandiose as other wizard's towers I have encountered, but still an impressive and unusual construction, being one of the only buildings in the city built with stone; most appear to be timber and iceworks.

When we entered the city the guards told us that it has two central rules: one, anyone who needs shelter is welcome as long as they commit to contributing to the city's welfare, and two, anyone who threatens the city will be ejected into the freezing cold, presumably without any resources. Being a spellcaster, I figured it best to notify the local wizards of our presence, as, should a crisis actually occur (a *skerrai* attack, perhaps) it would be best if the authorities understood our capabilities. I'm no evoker, but I've been in more than one siege in my time and can sling a potent fireball when required.

Just past the entrance I was welcomed by an animated young human wizard who led me into her workshop on the first floor. Greeting visitors to the tower is part of her job, which keeps her near the entrance most of the time. This land is full of things both familiar and strange. Her workshop was pleasant, if cluttered, but I was surprised to find she keeps several domestic long-haired house cats in residence. I hadn't expected to see cats in this far-off place. Clearly not native to the region; likely transplants like the dwarves and slitherin. Lwazi will be amused.

The wizard, Frethí, serves as a researcher and assistant to the city's archmage. I have a difficult time determining the age of humans sometimes, but I guess her to be between twenty and forty or thereabouts, likely on the low end. She has bright red curly hair, a pleasant and helpful disposition, and is in **constant** motion. She grew even more excited after I described our journey and intentions and may be interested in hiring us for a sort of exploration project into Tovor Gorge, if we're still available when it's launched. It does sound very much like it falls in our area of expertise. I look forward to sharing Frethí's plans later with Lwazi (although it goes beyond what Pitzo signed up for).

After having a pleasant afternoon tea with Frethí (hopefully one of many) I made my way to the market, another building that is difficult to miss.

If the mage's tower is the tallest building in Kovokimru, the market is the largest. As it's too cold here for an outdoor market, the city built one massive structure that contains everything you would normally find in a market square. Certainly not, by far, the largest building I've ever seen, but (at the size of a middling keep) larger than anything else in **this** city (possibly on this continent). Wooden steps led up to wide double doors, which opened into a brightly lit iceworks hallway. Permanent small shops lined each side of the hallway, selling wares of all types: clothing, foodstuffs, sundries, and more.

Stairwells led both up and down: two more stories of shops above, and a subterranean level with presumably yet more. There was a wider area towards the center of the building with booths and less permanent stalls for traveling traders to sell their wares when they visit the city. On the far side of that, I saw even more hallways, and even a wooden section! I have the impression that the place has sprawled and been added to tremendously as the city has grown. I'll have to ask about that.

I found Lwazi before too long, dickering over a trinket he'd found, with Pitzo translating for him. Much to our inconvenience they don't use money here in Fenrilik (making our coins nearly useless), but luckily, we also carry some trade goods. The shopkeeper, however, insisted that we take the little parrot-feather earrings Lwazi was bartering with to the trade house office first, since otherwise he might mis-value these objects he'd never seen before.

The woman at the trading office explained it better: profit from a trade is always the goal but taking unfair advantage of ignorance leads to a bad reputation. She asked us to explain the purpose and value of our trade goods. After a minute of watching Lwazi's torment trying to exercise his charm through translation, I took pity and cast **tongues** on him.

It is always exciting to watch Lwazi's skills in action. Even without understanding what they said, I could see Lwazi captivated the administrator as he showed off the beauty and features of the goods and trinkets we had to trade. Pitzo certainly looked surprised, and I think the administrator, for all she was taken in, enjoyed the game as well. I doubt Lwazi lied, though I suspect there was at least a little exaggeration, but due to our ignorance of Fenriliki customs it was important that he squeeze all the value he could out of everything else that we had if our expedition was to succeed.

I suppose their way makes sense; there's little value here in things you can't eat, burn, or make tools out of. Hopefully we can gain some additional credit with our skills, some spellwork here and a song or story there, like we did for the eschek. That should be enough to pay for our room and board.

We met with Frethi today to learn more about the task she wanted our help with. It seems the people of Kovokimru are constructing a new wonder: a lift to take them down into Tobor Gorge. We were taken on a tour of the edge to see the work.

It's a short hike a mile or so west of the city, on a well-worn, wide dirt road to the site. Wagons rolled past us hauling stacks of iceworks girders, ropes, wooden planks, and steel bars and pitons. The lift at this end is already taking shape: a complex, glittering scaffold on the edge of...well, I can honestly say that I've never seen anything like Tobor Gorge.

The view of the gorge is staggering, as the crevasse cuts northwest and southeast as far as we can see for miles. Its width is incredible, but at least in the distance we can see the far side and the bridge that crosses over to it. Looking down, however, is dizzying, and none of us can see the bottom. Not only is it far, it is lost in mist. Our escort says this mist has always concealed the bottom.

I know I will want my spells properly prepared before we head down – feather fall for sure. But will that be enough, or would the spell end before we reached the bottom? And if any of us did fall, how would we climb back up?

I am happy to wait until they finish constructing the lift, which should be very soon, before making any attempt. In the meantime, we've been invited on a Fell Deer hunt. It sounds exciting. Lwazi is especially interested and hopes to take home one of their horns (although how we will travel with it, even with our magic bag, escapes me. I fear even the bag won't have the room).

We'll see more of the gorge when we return.

Continue Yenie's story in **Into the Gorge**, the adventure section of *Frostlands of Fenrilik*, available on DriveThruRPG.



CHAPTER THREE: SUNDRY DETAILS

CHARACTERS

YENIE KONERU

Yenie Koneru was born in Vera Tre in the Ganjus forest several years before the start of the Divine War. She was too young to fight, but not too young to remember the devastation the war inflicted on the world, even protected as she was in the Ganjus. Both of her parents fought in the war as part of the Ganjus Vigil, frequently leaving her and her older brother, Yeshi, to be cared for by extended family. Yeshi studied arms and archery while Yenie developed a talent for magic.

Once Yeshi was old enough he joined the Veshian Vigil and served in the Mourning Marshes after his training. Yenie continued her studies in magic and developed a strong interest in the cultures and history of Scarn. Following in her parents' and brother's footsteps, she joined the Veshian Vigil for the opportunity to learn more. She signed up as a mage adjunct, not as a proper "vigilant," but she represents

Veshian Vigil interests on her missions and can leverage their resources.

Yenie soon found herself travelling across Ghelspad on diplomatic missions on the vigil's behalf. Not much of a diplomat herself, she usually travels with others, assisting with her capable spellcasting and taking copious notes on the peoples and cultures she encounters. She has even travelled the lands of former enemies like the Jeweled City, Tu-Drog-Na, and the Iron Court. She has yet to visit the Walled Warren, however, discouraged from doing so by her brother (who fought slitherin in the Mourning Marshes for years).

She first heard about the "Roof of the World" on diplomatic visits to Albadia. After three successful trips to Termana, where she traveled the elven and human nations and even among the tribes of the wild areas, she convinced the vigil to fund a trip to Fenrilik. After exploring and learning so much about the people and cultures of Ghelspad and Termana, Yenie craved the chance to learn about this mysterious land.

Like many Ganjus elves, Yenie has a dark brown complexion and extensive tattoos, including some magical ones. Her primary studies involved conjuration magic, but she has also picked up new spells from across Scarn, sharing them with her vigil superiors. She prefers to avoid combat, but she was trained by vigilants and is more than capable of defending herself when the need arises.

Yenie's spellbook contains every 1st and 2nd level wizard spell, and all conjuration spells through 6th level (and others at GM discretion). Yenie favors utility over combat spells.

Note to GMs: This version of Yenie is more powerful than her statistics in *Frostlands of Fenrilik*, even without her spell slots. If you use this more detailed version of her in the adventure **Into the Gorge** and she participates in the final battle, provide an additional enemy that occupies her attention and have krampek NPC reinforcements from the village help the PCs if needed.

Do note that this final battle is deadly for a second level party without the expected assistance from NPCs. If no NPCs will assist the party for whatever reason, reduce the number of monsters.

YENIE KONERU

Medium humanoid (Ganjus elf woman), neutral good

Armor Class 16 (mage armor, or 21 with shield)

Hit Points 198 (36d8 + 36)

Speed 35 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10	16	12	20	12	10
(+0)	(+3)	(+1)	(+5)	(+1)	(+0)

Saving Throws Int +10, Wis +6

Skills Arcana +10, History +10, Investigation +10, Perception +6, Religion +10, Stealth +8

Senses darkvision 30ft., passive Perception 16

Languages Dwarvish, Elvish, Ledean, Termanan, Veshian

Challenge 12 (8,400 XP)

Benign Transposition. Once per day, Yenie can use her action to teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space that she can see. Alternatively, she can choose a space within range that is occupied by a Small or Medium creature. If that creature is willing, she and the creature both teleport, swapping places.

Durable Summons. Creatures that Yenie summons or creates with a conjuration spell have 30 temporary hit points.

Fey Ancestry. Yenie has advantage on saving throws against being charmed, and magic cannot put her to sleep.

Focused Conjuration. When Yenie is concentrating on a conjuration spell, her concentration cannot be broken as a result of taking damage.

Sign of the Deer. Once per day, Yenie can use a standard action to activate this tattoo to gain advantage on Dexterity checks and saving throws for 1 hour. During that time her walking speed increases to 40ft.

Spellcasting. Yenie is a 14th-level spellcaster. Her spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 18, +10 to hit with spell attacks).

Typical spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *fire bolt, mage hand, message, prestidigitation, quick sober**

1st level (4 slots): *comprehend languages, create coffee*, detect magic, endure elements*, mage armor, shield*

2nd level (3 slots): *enlarge/reduce, misty step*

3rd level (3 slots): *fireball, protection from energy, sending, tongues*

4th level (3 slots): *confusion, conjure minor elementals, wall of fire*

5th level (2 slots): *conjure elemental, hold monster, legend lore*

6th level (1 slot): *true seeing*

7th level (1 slot): *teleport*

*New spell included in this book

Staff of the Wayfarer. Yenie has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) and Wisdom (Survival) checks against any creature she has damaged with this staff for 24 hours after she inflicts the damage. Yenie can also use an action to expend 1 or more of the staff's 10 charges to cast one of the following spells: alarm (1 charge), create food and water (3 charges), hero's feast (6 charges), or tiny hut (3 charges). The staff regains 1d6 + 4 charges at the start of each day. Yenie also uses this staff as her spell focus.

Witch Eye Pattern. Once per day, Yenie can use a standard action to activate this tattoo, enabling her to cast the spell arcane eye.

ACTIONS

Yenie can take one of the following actions.

Dagger. Melee Weapon Attack. +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d4+3) piercing damage.

Firebolt. Ranged Spell Attack. +10 to hit, reach 120 ft., one target. Hit: 16 (3d10) fire damage.

Staff of the Wayfarer. Melee Weapon Attack. +6 to hit, reach 5ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d8+1) bludgeoning damage.

LWAZI

Lwazi is a manticora researcher and scholar from the manticora city of Leoni. Since graduating from Leoni's College of Lore, he has wandered Scarn gathering artifacts and lore for the Hunter's Library, filling several volumes now found in the library's expansive stacks.

Lwazi first met Yenie Koneru when they journeyed together as part of a diplomatic mission to Termana. While not a member of the Veshian Vigil, Lwazi charmed his way onto the mission, knowing the vigilants could use his recording, storytelling, and diplomatic skills (and that access to their resources would make the journey much easier for him).

Lwazi and Yenie are a well-matched pair. His diplomacy skills and charm balance her slight awkwardness, while her depth of knowledge and powerful magic offset his inexperience. When Yenie's expedition to Fenrilik was approved, she insisted upon taking Lwazi with her. He jumped at the opportunity, though he has regretted his decision a few times during difficult parts of their adventures.

Lwazi carries a bag of holding where he and Yenie store the many artifacts they find in their travels to bring back to the library.

LWAZI

Medium humanoid (manticora man), neutral good

Armor Class 15 (studded leather)

Hit Points 153 (16d8+16)

Speed 30 ft., 40ft. when empty-handed.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12	16	12	12	10	20
(+1)	(+3)	(+1)	(+1)	(+0)	(+5)

Saving Throws Dex +7, Cha +9

Skills Acrobatics +7, Animal Handling +4, Deception +9, History +9, Insight +8, Intimidation +9, Perception +4, Performance +13, Persuasion +13

Senses darkvision 60ft., passive Perception 14

Languages Dwarvish, Ledean, Leonid, Termanan

Challenge 8 (3,900)

Countercharm. As an action, Lwazi can start a performance that lasts until the end of his next turn. During that time, Lwazi and any friendly creatures within 30 feet of him have advantage on saving throws against being frightened or charmed.

Inspiring Words (Recharge 6). During a combat encounter, Lwazi can use a bonus action to inspire one

creature other than himself within 60 feet who can hear and understand him. That creature can add one d10 Bardic Inspiration die to one ability check, attack roll, or saving throw it makes within the next 10 minutes. The creature can wait until after they roll the d20 (but before finding out if they succeeded) before deciding to use the die. Once the die is rolled it is lost. A creature can only have one Bardic Inspiration die at a time.

What My Friend Meant... Three times per day, when someone Lwazi can hear and speak to fails a Charisma (Deception) or Charisma (Persuasion) check against someone else he can also hear and speak to, Lwazi can make his own roll on the relevant skill and substitute it for the failed roll.

Jack of All Trades. Lwazi adds +2 to all skill checks for skills he is not proficient in (i.e. any skills not listed above).

Spellcasting. Lwazi is a 10th-level spellcaster. His spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 17, +9 to hit with spell attacks).

Spells known:

Cantrips (at will): *Filch**, *Message*, *Prestidigitation*, *Vicious Mockery*

1st level (4 slots): *Alter Self*, *Charm Person*, *Cure Wounds*, *Hideous Laughter*, *Identify*, *Magic Missile*, *Spider Climb*, *Unseen Cartographer**

2nd level (3 slots): *Calm Emotions*, *Enthrall*, *Lesser Restoration*, *Rend the Sovereign Soul**, *Suggestion*

3rd level (3 slots): *Hypnotic Pattern*, *Major Image*

4th level (3 slots): *Confusion*, *Freedom of Movement*

5th level (2 slots): *Hold Monster*

*Spells found in the Scarred Lands Player's Guide for 5e.

ACTIONS

Lwazi can make one attack with his rapier and one with either his bite or claw gauntlet. Alternatively, Lwazi can make one ranged attack with his bow.

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack. +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d4+3) piercing damage.

Claw Gauntlet. Melee Weapon Attack. +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 6 (1d6+3) slashing damage.

Rapier. Melee Weapon Attack. +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d8+3) piercing damage.

Shortbow. Ranged Weapon Attack. +7 to hit, range 80 ft., one target. Hit: 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage.

Pitzo

Pitzo is a slitherin ice walker and Fenrilik native.

Pitzo was born in Hediura, a fishing village in the southwest corner of the continent whose dwarves and slitherin also mine ore in the mountains nearby. The dwarves have learned to appreciate the slitherins' natural digging abilities, and the two species have built a solid partnership in the small community.

While Pitzo's parents were miners, Pitzo never felt as at home in the mines as they did. Pitzo preferred the outdoors, especially during the summer months when the sun stayed long in the sky. Their parents realized being a miner wasn't a good fit for their child and sent Pitzo off to Kovokimru to train with the ice walkers.

Pitzo was a natural ice walker and picked up the skills quickly. They excelled at the techniques of shaping the ice and can create almost anything a traveling party might need to survive. Today, they make a living as a guide, primarily for traders traveling between the southern coast and Kovokimru, but occasionally in western Fenrilik as well.

Pitzo

Medium humanoid (nonbinary slitherin), neutral good

Armor Class 16 (studded leather)

Hit Points 180 (19d8+19)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14	18	12	10	16	12
(+2)	(+4)	(+1)	(+0)	(+3)	(+1)

Saving Throws Str +6, Dex +8

Skills Perception +7, Stealth +8, Survival +7

Senses darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception +17

Languages Dwarvish, Fenriliki, Titan Speech

Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)

Biting Cold. Once per turn, Pitzo deals an extra 5 (1d10) cold damage on one of their attacks.

Contortionist. Pitzo has advantage on Dexterity checks to escape from bonds or being grappled, as well as Dexterity checks to squeeze through tight spaces.

Disease Resistance. Pitzo has advantage on saving throws against disease.

Favored Enemies. Pitzo has advantage on Wisdom (Survival) checks to track, and Intelligence checks to recall information about, skerrai or elementals.

Hide in Snow. If Pitzo spends 1 minute camouflaging themselves with snow, are in snowy terrain, and do not move they gain a +10 bonus to Dexterity (Stealth) checks as long as they remain still and take no actions.

Once they move or take an action or reaction, they must re-camouflage to regain this benefit.

Spellcasting. Pitzo is a 6th-level spellcaster. Their spellcasting ability is Wisdom (spell save DC 15, +7 to hit with spell attacks).

Typical spells prepared:

1st level (4 slots): *cure wounds, fog cloud, hunter's mark*

2nd level (3 slots): *lesser restoration, misty step*

3rd level (3 slots): *sleet storm, slow*

Tundral Survival. Pitzo receives a +4 to all Wisdom (Perception) and Wisdom (Survival) checks related to arctic terrain.

While traveling for an hour or more in arctic terrain, Pitzo gains the following benefits:

- Difficult terrain doesn't slow their group's travel.
- Their group can't become lost except by magical means.
- Even when engaged in another activity while traveling (such as foraging, navigating, or tracking), Pitzo remains alert to danger.
- If traveling alone, Pitzo can move stealthily at a normal pace.
- While tracking other creatures, Pitzo also learns their exact number, their sizes, and how long they passed through the area.

Winter's Mantle. As an action, Pitzo can create any simple tool or weapon from ice, if enough ice is available for it to be made. These items cannot have moving parts and must only require one hand to use. The item lasts 1d6 hours unless it is melted or destroyed by fire.

With 10 minutes of channeling and enough available ice, Pitzo can create a small shelter that accommodates up to 8 creatures of medium size. The shelter provides immunity to the effects of extreme cold weather and resistance to cold damage for all within it. Any fire built in its central firepit will not melt the shelter walls.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Pitzo can make three melee attacks or two ranged attacks.

Shortsword. *Melee Weapon Attack.* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d6+4) slashing damage.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack.* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d3+4) piercing damage.

Longbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack.* +8 to hit, ranged 150 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8+4) piercing damage.

NEW TRUE RITUALS

AFFIRM THE FLESH

5th-level transformation (arcane, true ritual)

This ritual, or ones like it, has been discovered and rediscovered over and over again all across Scarn. It is a subtle, ancient magic that reaches deep into a willing being's soul, reshaping their body to reflect that soul. There are obvious risks to this, and history has stories of charismatic rulers twisted into terrifying monsters, their inner grotesqueness now reflected in their appearance. This is an old magic, a wild and unpredictable magic, more like reincarnation than polymorph.

However, there are always those for whom these risks are acceptable: souls in maimed or mis-fitting bodies, victims of curses or simple ill fortune, people for whom every mirror cruelly taunts them and leaves them feeling more like a possessing spirit than a living being with a body. Such people are willing to hunt through tomes of lore, visit obscure mages' enclaves, or prostrate themselves before Enkili for a chance at hope. A chance to look in the mirror and see their true self looking back.

The ritual described here is the arcane version, though there are many others.

Casting Time: 4 hours

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (a personal item belonging to the recipient which is destroyed as part of the ritual)

Duration: Permanent

Upon successfully completing this ritual, the willing recipient's body flows and reforms. The new body may be of a species, appearance, and gender the recipient specifies. If the recipient chooses, the new body sheds scars or tattoos, and this spell un-does the effects of any permanent shapeshifting magic cast or cursed upon the recipient. The recipient may

also choose to recover missing limbs or organs. The recipient is essentially reincarnated into a new body the same age as their previous one.

This spell does not change a recipient's class or experience levels. Casting this spell a second time on a previous recipient has no effect unless the recipient has been maimed or transformed in the meantime; the spell simply matches flesh to soul.

At the DM's discretion (though only with agreement by whoever is playing the recipient), this ritual may have unexpected effects. And of course if this ritual un-does the will of a god, there may well be repercussions.

This ritual, while easy to cast, should not be easy to find. Giving flesh to one's true soul should be a portentous and dramatic event undertaken once in a lifetime.

REFIGURE THE FLESH

3rd-level transformation (arcane, true ritual)

This relatively simple ritual, known across much of Scarn, alters the sex of the recipient.

Casting Time: 1 hour

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (a wax figurine representing the recipient)

Duration: Permanent

Upon successfully completing this ritual, the recipient chooses a sex. The recipient's body reshapes itself to have all the common primary and secondary physical characteristics associated with that sex as if born to them. If the recipient was capable of sexual reproduction before, they are equally capable of fulfilling their new reproductive role.

NEW SPELLS

Bard Spells

Cantrips

Quick Sober

1st Level

Create Coffee

Endure Elements

Cleric Spells

Cantrips

Quick Sober

1st Level

Endure Elements

Druid Spells

1st Level

Endure Elements

Ranger Spells

1st Level

Endure Elements

Paladin Spells

1st Level

Endure Elements

Sorcerer Spells

Cantrips

Quick Sober

1st Level

Create Coffee

Endure Elements

Warlock Spells

Cantrips

Quick Sober

1st Level

Create Coffee

Endure Elements

Wizard Spells

Cantrips

Quick Sober

1st Level

Create Coffee

Endure Elements

NEW SPELL DESCRIPTIONS

Create Coffee

1st-level conjuration

The alchemist Duncan Sweet and a mage named Folger the Impatient, both of Shelzar, first created this spell, a modification of *create and destroy water*, to obtain the brew they love so much more quickly. It rapidly became popular among wizards, bards, and arcane tricksters throughout Ghelspad who enjoy a little “pick me up” after a long night.

A *create tea* version of this spell also exists, requiring a leaf of the desired tea variety. Some herbal teas may not imbue the same benefits described below but confer other benefits instead, depending on the variety.

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Components: V, S, M (a single coffee bean, plus a thimble-sized amount of sweetener and milky substance of choice, as desired)

Duration: Instantaneous

You create up to 10 gallons of dark coffee, or 1 gallon of sweetened coffee (with any flavored sweetener or milky combinations of your choice), in an open container you can see within range. The exact flavor and temperature of the beverage is up to you to determine when casting, from icy cold all the way up to scalding.

Each gallon of coffee provides 16 servings. Drinking a single serving of magical coffee (independent of the flavor or sweetness) removes one level of the drinker’s exhaustion. For each additional serving drunk beyond the first within the 24-hour period, the target must make a Constitution saving throw versus the caster’s Spell Save DC. On a successful save, the target recovers an additional level of exhaustion and gains advantage on all rolls for the next hour. On a failed save, the target becomes jittery, takes 1d4 psychic damage, and cannot gain the benefits of a short rest until after they complete a long rest. On a failed save the target must also rest an additional hour for each serving they drank beyond the first to gain the benefits of their next long rest, as they find it difficult to fall asleep (or meditate, or other sleep equivalent).

Alternatively, the dark coffee falls as a rain of liquid in a 30-foot cube within range (this only applies to dark coffee, not sweetened). Each creature within the area must make a Dexterity saving throw. With iced coffee, a target takes 1d4 cold damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. With scalding coffee, a target takes 1d4 fire damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. With any other coffee the target takes no damage but on a failed save is wet and sticky.

At Higher Levels: You can use higher-level spell slots to create *stronger* coffee. In this case, each serving removes

additional levels of exhaustion: 2 for a 3rd-level slot, 3 for a 6th-level slot, up to a maximum of 4 exhaustion levels for a 9th-level spell slot.

Alternately, when you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can create 10 (or, if sweetened, 1) additional gallons of coffee, or increase the size of the cube by 5 feet, for each slot level above 1st. The damage for iced or scalding dark coffee also increases by 1d4 for each slot level above 1st.

Endure Elements

1st-level abjuration

This spell is essential for survival in Fenrilik and is frequently used by rangers, druids, and arcane spellcasters for protection. Ice walkers prepare this spell for those they escort through the brutal cold. Eschek, while immune to cold, are known to use this spell in warm human environments that would otherwise harm them, at least until they can obtain or create a frost ring, the more permanent solution.

A version of this spell is also found in Ghelspad among Veshian Vigilants who often travel through inhospitable terrain.

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: 8 hours

The willing creature you touch suffers no harm from hot or cold environments. They automatically succeed on all saving throws made to resist the effects of extreme cold or extreme heat weather conditions*, as determined by the caster at the time of casting. The creature’s equipment is likewise protected. The spell provides no protection from fire or cold damage, nor does it protect against other environmental hazards such as smoke, lack of air, and so forth.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot above 1st. In addition, when you cast this spell using a spell slot of 3rd level or higher, the spell protects from both extreme cold and extreme heat at the same time.

*See **Weather Conditions** in Chapter 5 of the *Dungeon Master’s Guide* (pages 109 to 110).

Quick Sober

Transmutation cantrip

Drunkenness is a leisure which, while many people love to indulge in it, can be highly inconvenient. Everyone from mages and clerics who suddenly need a clear head to spies and courtesans who want to fake intoxication have found this spell useful over the years. *Quick sober* not only neutralizes the intoxicant but cures the effects of the associated hangover.

Alas, the spell's magic is only powerful enough to handle recreational drugs and alcohol. Malicious poisons overwhelm it.

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

A creature you touch is completely cured of any effects from a single intoxicant affecting them, including alcohol or other mind-altering chemicals (whether drunk, inhaled, or otherwise). This spell negates both the detriments and benefits of said substance as if the substance was never imbibed. The spell does not end the poisoned condition or cure any disease the substance may have inflicted. The spell also does not heal any damage (physical, emotional, or social) that the target may have suffered due to the substance.

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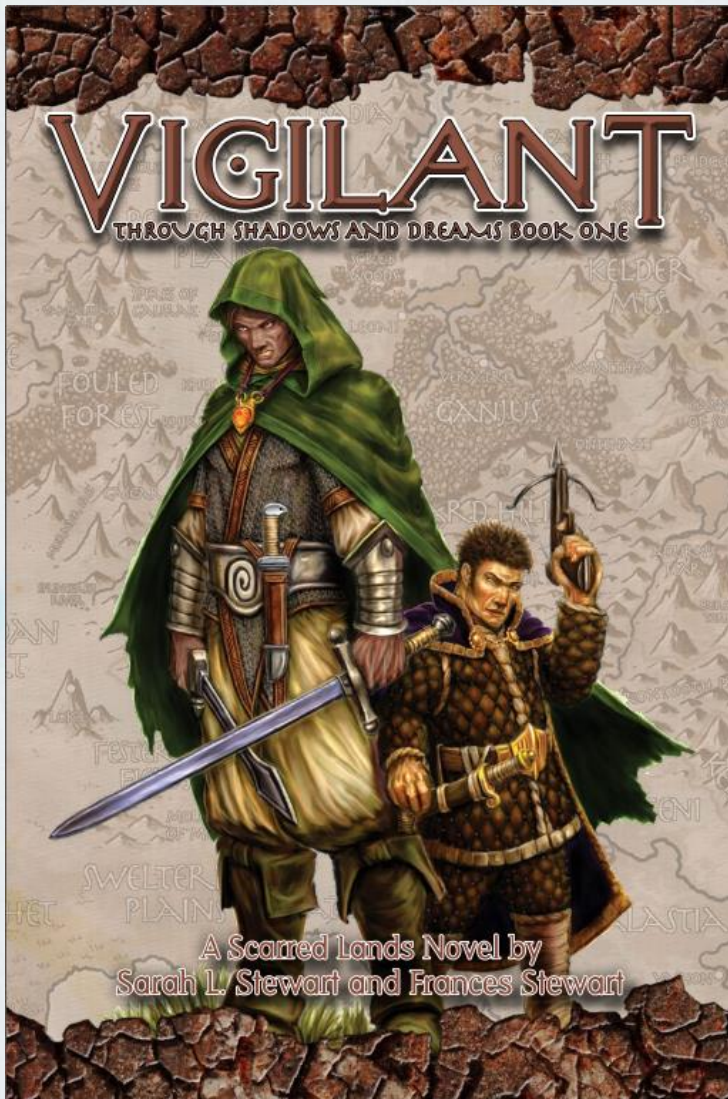
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