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The DIVINE AND The DEFEATED



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THE DIVINE AND THE DEFEATED™

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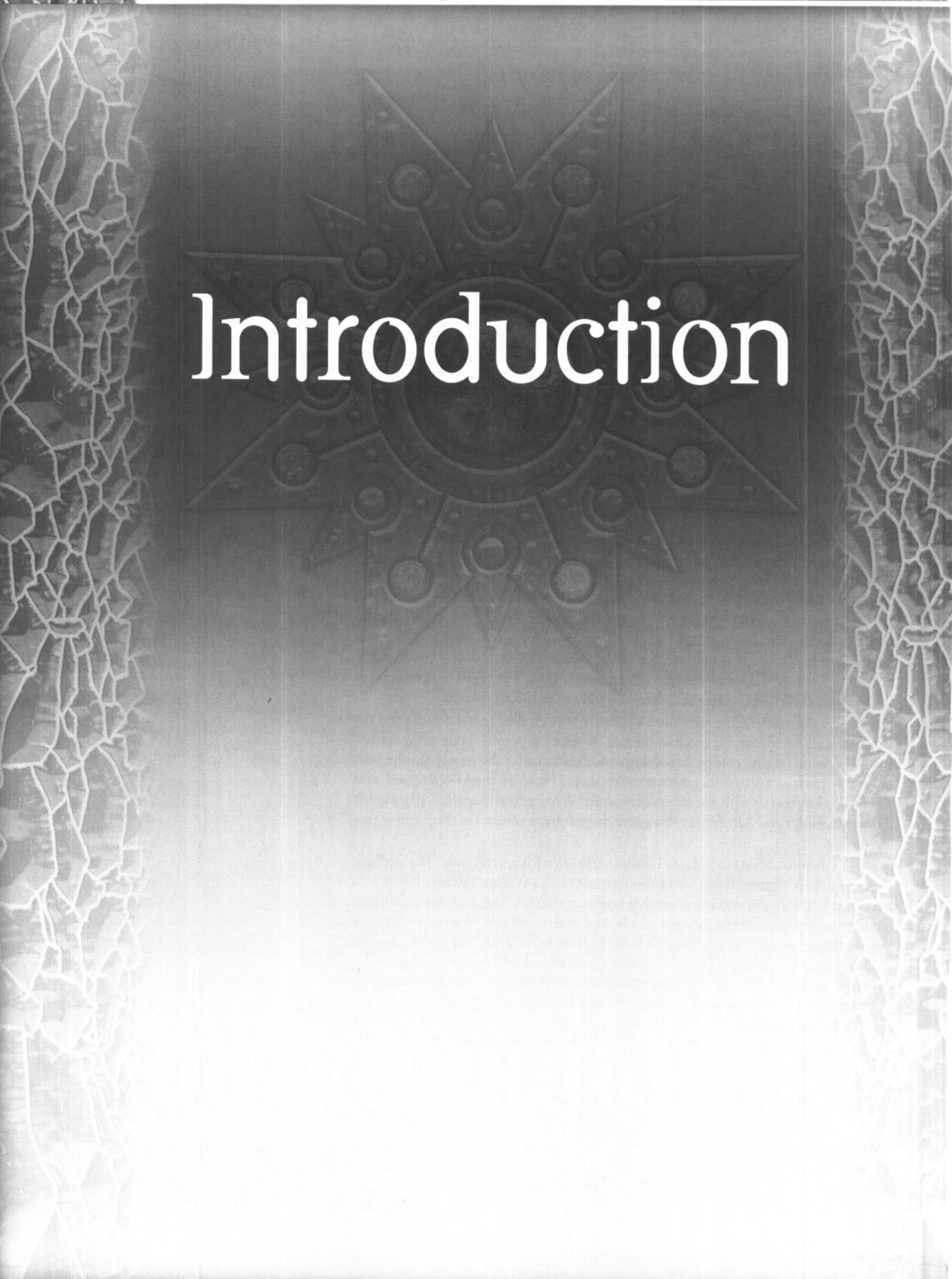
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Introduction

My brothers and sisters:

We give praise every day that the eight gods rose up against their forefathers and, by vanquishing the titans, provided us with an opportunity to secure a prosperous life for all. We need only work diligently, act morally and pray faithfully. This humble volume seeks to facilitate a greater understanding of the nature of these gods and the Earth Mother Denev, whom the gods command that we revere.

The information contained herein came from many sources, most prominently the sage Yugman, who, despite his occasional attempts at humor (largely unsuccessful to my view) and his somewhat cynical view of history, has provided us with much insight into the causes and events of the Divine War. Church historians penned our other chapters, though I have instructed them to present their information as impartially as possible so that we may better understand the followers of Lord Corean's fellow deities and the delusions of the titanspawn.

With this book, we hope to derive the knowledge and wisdom necessary to help the Champion and his minions maintain the Divine Truce and to frustrate the efforts of the foul titanspawn. The titanspawn, in their blindness, continue to seek that which we know would be a disaster — the return of their masters. This book was conceived and written to give the faithful the knowledge and the courage that they need to confront the titanspawn, wherever they may be, and prevent their deadly schemes from coming to fruition.

It is equally important to me that Corean's chosen use the information in this book to learn and practice mercy. There is joy in these pages, true. But there is much sorrow, for the tragedy of the Divine War is still with us, and its suffering still haunts our memories. Yet through forgiveness and understanding wounds are healed, or so teaches our mother Madriel, whose sanctity is second in our hearts only to Lord Corean. Some of those creatures we call titanspawn have turned from the darkness and now embrace the gods, and these worthy individuals deserve our praise and support, not our hatred. The same can be said for the titaness Denev and her followers, who aided the gods in their struggle and bravely turned their backs upon the titans.

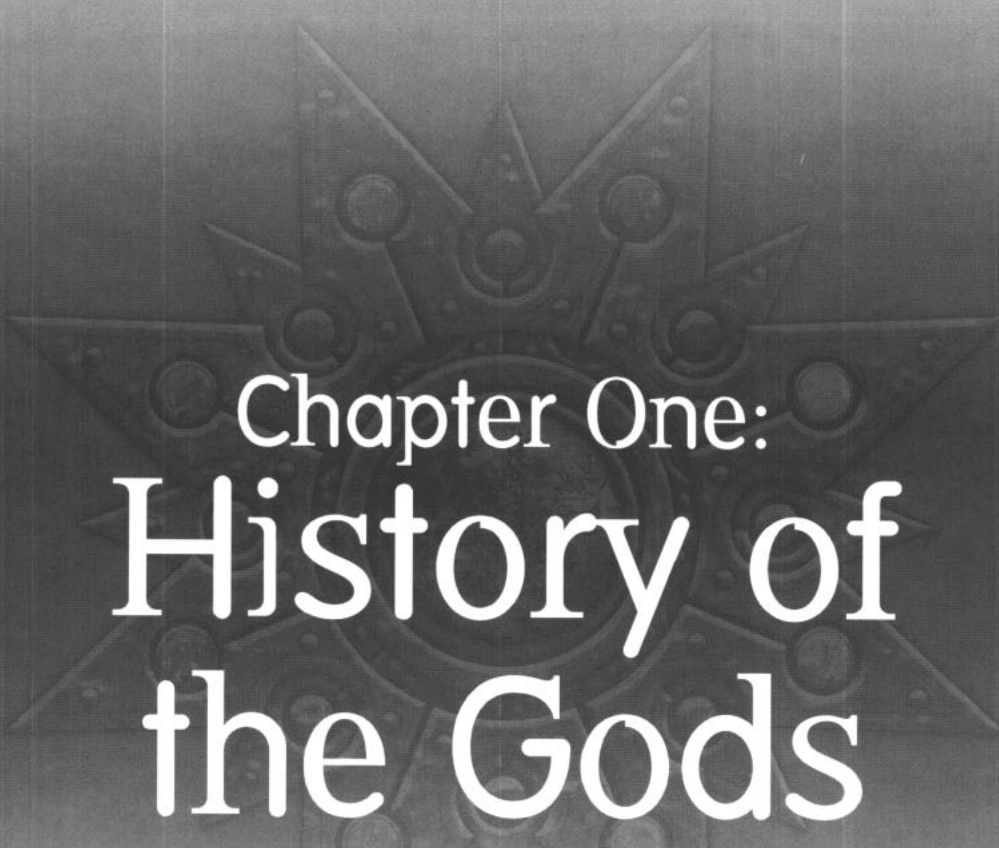
However, if there is any single piece of wisdom that I wish the faithful to gain from this book, it is that, although our enemies are defeated, they nevertheless live on through the will of their wicked followers. Yugman does not believe that titans can ever be destroyed — not so long as Scarn itself endures — and if this is the case, our task is not merely rebuilding the world and spreading the word of Corean to its four corners. Our other task, every bit as vital as the first, is eternal vigilance against the return of the titans and constant awareness of our foes and their schemes.

As the wounds of the Divine War slowly heal, and the Scarred Lands slowly transform back into the paradise that they once were, we must never falter in our devotion, never pause in our pursuit of justice, and never cease in our watchfulness, for we are the chosen children of the gods, and the defense of our world is our most important and sacred duty.

Corean be with you,

Emili Derigesh

Mithril, 150 AV



Chapter One: History of the Gods and Titans

*A History of the Divine War
To His Holiness, Emili Derigesh
From Yugman the Sage
Your Holiness,*

In response to your request for a detailed history of the Divine War, I have prepared the following report. I admit that it is somewhat cursory, as in the space requested I cannot begin to convey the horror, majesty and vast scale of that conflict. Suffice to say my feeble words are as a candle against the sun when compared to the actual events.

The Titans

How magnificent the world was before the coming of the gods! The air was sweeter, the water bluer, the birds gave voice to songs that have never been heard since. The trees bore fruit of every color, and all living things existed in harmony, peace and love. When the titans walked upon Scarn, all was perfect and beautiful.

I am, of course, being somewhat facetious here, and I hope that Your Holiness forgives me. Yet there is some truth to my exaggerations. The world of the titans existed beyond time and the laws of the cosmos that we know today. It was like a laboratory where a wizard or scholar observes the activities of rats or insects, taking notes and performing experiments, with some being beneficial and some being malevolent.

But this laboratory was called Scarn, and the rats and insects were the humans, dwarves, elves, orcs, and other inhabitants. And, of course, the capricious scholars were none other than the titans.

And who could blame them? They had existed before any of us. No one knows what cosmic forces gave them birth — such events lie far beyond even my knowledge or ability to relate them. This was their world, and they saw it with the same emotions that an ordinary peasant sees his vegetable garden or a wealthy matron views her flower beds. Scarn and all its contents were theirs to watch, toy with, torment, reward or destroy as they chose.

Who Made Whom?

I have always been amused by the moniker “divine races” that the rebel races applied to themselves in the Divine War. Even more amusing is the idea that those who were not “divine” were mere “titanspawn” and worthy of only contempt and swift extermination. In reality, all of the old races were titanspawn, for the titans created all. Of course, those latecomers who called themselves “gods” created their own races — the ferals, the belsamaug, manticora and others — but the humans, elves, dwarves, halfings, orcs and others were created by the same beings who crafted the hags, the proud and the gorgons. It is a source of endless fascination to me that the divine races are traitors to their makers, while the hated titanspawn’s only real crime was remaining loyal.

For the sake of those scholars who must know everything, I include here a list of the various gods and titans, as well as the races that they created or are reputed to have created. Please note that this list is neither complete nor necessarily accurate, for my stock of knowledge focuses primarily on Ghelspad; I leave distant continents such as Termana to other, more capable researchers.

Chern

If diseases could be called living things, then Chern probably created more than any other titan. Reveling in the agony that his diseases caused, the Titan of Plagues also crafted a number of foul creatures, among them the horrific spirit of the plague and the voracious worms known as Chern’s children. During the Divine War, Chern’s forces numbered among the most feared on Scarn, including locust demons, touch corruptors, and flying pestilites that spread sickness far and wide. Chern’s enemies also had good reason to fear the deadly and nightmarish skullworms, also created by Chern.

Denev

The Earth Mother commanded the elements and created both the djinn races and the major elemental creatures. Most of the djinn are imprisoned on their home planes now, while major elementals can be brought to Scarn only through spells of summoning.

After Mesos, Denev is the leading candidate for creator of the elves; certainly she has become a major god among them since the death of the elven deity at the hands of Chern. Many also believe that the halfings bear the marks of her gentle hand, as well. Originally a relatively peaceful race, the pisceans were tainted by exposure to the blood of Kadum, but they are likely children of Denev as well, though their origins are quite ancient and no one knows for sure.

Races created by the Earth Mother might include the treants, centaurs and many sylvan races such as the satyrs, unicorns and griffons. Some find it possible that such fey as nymphs and dryads originated from the Earth Mother as well, though, for my part, I suspect that many fey are actually creatures from a nearby alternate plane of existence who were unfortunate enough to be trapped on Scarn during the Divine War. The mischievous filchers and the fearsome forest walkers are also Denev’s children, as are the unitaurs, who ultimately abandoned their creator and sided with the titans.

Gaurak

The Glutton was responsible for the creation of the orcs, in whom his hunger for sustenance was transformed into a hunger for violence. Other creatures such as the disgusting fatlings (and the equally revolting gauntlings), carrion hounds and arch lurkers also reflect the Glutton’s boundless hunger. Of Gaurak’s creatures, among the most troublesome are the vengaurak, who plague the Plains of Lede and the city of Mithril. Some speculate that Gaurak created the ubiquitous ogres, for they are huge and known for their vast appetites. If this is so, then they and the orcs are among the titan’s most successful experiments.



Golthagga

Legend claims that Golthagga created the dwarves, who are skilled at metalworking and able to withstand harsh conditions, for use as forge-slaves, but some claim the dwarves were children of Thulkas and still others believe Kadum created them. As with the elves, halflings and humans, the truth may never be known for certain. The trolls, with their celebrated toughness and ability to recover from damage, bear the mark of the Shaper's hand, as does the dangerous flailing dreadnought and the rare but terrifying tempus twins. A few of Golthagga's most bizarre creatures — the blade beasts — still roam Scarn, attacking villages and blacksmiths, stealing weapons and carrying out their master's wishes even though the Shaper has not walked Scarn in a century and a half.

Golthain

The weakling of the titans, and along with Denev, the only one to speak out against the titans' maltreatment of mortals, Golthain created the deryth, a gentle and peaceful race that the titans tore asunder during Golthain's agonizing punishment. The deryth live on as scattered but still-aware pieces of flesh and tissue, wandering Scarn and seeking to rejoin and

recreate their race. Golthain's other creations are few — some believe the bat devils are his children, and others say he created the shadowravens to help him view the world around him after his blinding and mutilation at the hands of his titan brethren.

Gormoth

The Writhing Lord created the first of the servitor races, the apelike viren, now known as the abandoned. After being poisoned by his treacherous lover Mormo, Gormoth preferred to use his powers to twist existing races and beings into strange and fearful shapes. Most of his creations are gone now, but the ettins may be the result of his tinkering with giants or ogres, and the sundered mages were originally one of Mesos' creations, twisted into new shapes by the vengeful Writhing Lord.

Gulaben

Like Lethene, Gulaben was a wild force of nature, and her few creations reflected this. The cloudsting, stormchild and windrider all contain the raw fury of nature. Only one intelligent race, the slime reavers, claims descent from the Lady of the Winds, though evidence exists to support that Chern actually created them.

Hrinruuk

An amoral and cruel member of a particularly amoral and cruel race, Hrinruuk created many beings, but most were beasts made merely to provide sport for the Great Hunter. The proud, who today roam the Plains of Lede, number among his intelligent creations, as do the gnolls. Many of his monstrosities, intended as challenges (and often unique abominations) were wiped out in the years following the Divine War. Today, the blood reapers continue to plague the lands around the Hornsaw Forest, while two species of hounds — Hrinruuk's hound and the night-touched hound — exist. Other survivors of the massacre of the Hunter's children include the Ukrudan stalker, the savage taurons and possibly the ferocious shadowcat. Some scholars believe that the Great Hunter also made the chuul and umber hulks to give a challenge to both him and his other creations.

In some tales, Hrinruuk claims to have created humans so that his creatures could have easy prey, but if he did, the scheme certainly backfired (as did many of Hrinruuk's notions), as humans became the dominant race of Scarn and played an important role in the titans' defeat. Most scholars doubt Hrinruuk's boast in any event, pointing out that the titan created only creatures that he, himself, could hunt, and never gave any thought to their sustenance or entertainment. Along with the other mystery races, humanity's origins remain uncertain.

Kadum

The titan called the Mountain Shaker is known today as the father of the giants. He made many different races of these great humanoids, each a twisted parody of his own colossal form. He grew frustrated and impatient with most of them and smashed them like a child with a broken toy. A few survived, and one of his races — the fire giants — actually turned on him, siding with Vangal and helping the Reaver as he and Chardun chained Kadum and flung him out to sea. Today, however, the fire giants serve Chardun, whose lawful nature reflects theirs. The hill, stone, cloud, storm and frost giants have all turned from their creator, as well, though some stone giant tribes still revere him. Kadum also made the race of minotaurs and is credited by many with crafting the multi-headed hydra.

Lethene

The wild Mother of Storms created few creatures, as she lacked the patience to craft intelligent beings. The storm kin and stormchildren may number among her offspring, but Lethene's chaotic and untamed nature prevents us from knowing anything for certain.

Mesos

The Sire of Sorcery fathered several magic races, but ended up destroying most since they displeased him by showing limited mastery of spells and rituals. As a result, Mesos was one of the most prolific of the titans, creating such magically imbued creatures as the murdersprites, arcane devourers, arcane symbiotes, gallows eyes, howling abominations and pilfer sprites. The race today known as the sundered mages were among proudest creations, but in his madness and anger, Gormoth the Writhing Lord twisted and perverted them into new and terrible shapes. His last creations, the vertigen, showed great promise, but the titan's dismemberment left them without guidance. Today they exist in small numbers, living as rogues, thieves, assassins and spies.

Some believe that Mesos created the fey races, for they are all imbued with a certain amount of natural magic. As noted above, however, I have doubts as to whether fey are even native to Scarn, though it is likely that many fey species that exist today are a result of titan tinkering with their natures and physiologies.

No one is certain who or what is responsible for the fell energies that created the various races and types of undead, but Mesos is a likely suspect given his delving into all the various aspects of magic. The magic of death is an especially powerful form, and it's unlikely that Mesos was unaware of its possibilities. The early sorcerers, granted their powers by the Sire of Sorcery, may have discovered the means of raising the dead on their own. However, Mesos may have purposely created other races such as ghouls and vampires.

The elves are one of the mystery races whose origin remains uncertain. Many believe that their inherently magical nature indicates that they are children of Mesos, but so far no one has determined the truth.

Mormo

The mother of serpents was aptly named, for she created many ophidian creatures that still plague our world. The asaathi, gorgons and nagas numbered among her children, but her best known creations are probably the hags, those horrific parodies of femininity who even now seek to find the gory chunks of their mother and return her to life. The lizard folk and troglodytes keep well clear of civilized regions, and these too are probably children of Mormo. Foul creatures such as bloodmen, charfiends, corpse whisperers and dark wombs also bear Mormo's taint.

The Gods

The children of the titans, who were called gods and were to lead Scarn to freedom, numbered eight in all, with each reflecting a distinct aspect of the universe and each serving a different side of mortal nature. But I have asked myself the question often: Are the gods a reflection of us, or we of them?

Corean

Called Avenger and Champion, Corean the Lord of Chivalry, Craftsmanship, Strength, Protection and Wisdom was the mortals' greatest defender and the titans' most dedicated foe. Leader of the gods during the Divine War, he seemed to be everywhere at once, leading armies across Darakeene one moment, battling Golthagga in the shadow of the titan's own forge the next. Today, Corean's paladins are the prime champions of justice and mercy throughout the Scarred Lands, and his name is blessed from one corner of the world to another.

Madriel

The Mother of Mercy appears as a beautiful armored angel armed with a spear of white sunlight. She is the kindest and gentlest of the gods ever forgiving and ever loving. During the war against the titans, she offered healing, comfort and protection to the divine races, and she fought only when absolutely necessary. Alone among the gods, she called for peace and understanding for the titans and served as Denev's greatest advocate when other deities demanded her destruction. Her priests serve as healers and are often seen tending to the poor and downtrodden. Along with her daughter Syhana, Madriel is also a patroness of agriculture and is beloved of those who work the land.

Tanil

The Huntress is one of the first victims of the Divine War, for her brutal rape at the hands of her father Hrinruuk proved to many of the gods that peace with the titans was impossible. Since her violation, Tanil has been a wanderer, seeking worshippers in the wilderness and wandering the distant places of the world. Foe of Belsameth and enemy of lycanthropes and other unnatural shapechangers, Tanil also took on the role of protector of the elves after Chern slew their patron deity. Together with the slumbering Denev, the Huntress strives to protect the wild places and living things of Scarn.

Hedrada

The stern deity known as the Lawgiver was the first god to call for war against the titans. Well did Hedrada know the consequences of this decision, but as an impartial judge, he saw that conflict

was inevitable, and that the titans would never bend to the law. Hedrada suffered terribly in this conflict, for Hrinruuk slew his daughter Miridum and many of his loyal followers. The Judge remains an important deity today, especially in the city of Hedrad, where his priests oversee a perfectly impartial lawful state. Clerics of Hedrada find themselves in great demand as judges and intermediaries, for none can dispute that they embody both the wisdom and impartiality of their deity.

Enkili

The offspring of Lethene and Gulaben, two female titans who rarely manifested themselves physically, Enkili was the living stuff of chaos. Fortunately for the gods, what little loyalty he possessed remained with them during the war. After the titans' defeat, his random and capricious nature made many wonder whose side the Jester was truly on. Since the war, primarily gamblers, criminals and the unfortunate have worshipped Enkili. These folk beg him for favor, even though they know he is fickle and could just as easily turn against them.

Chardun

The offspring of Mormo and Gormoth, Chardun became known as the Slaver and the Great General. He was fearfully abused by his parents, which leads some to speculate that his violent and evil nature sprang from this abuse. I myself consider this to be so much nonsense — a hag is not a hag because she had an unhappy childhood, after all, but because it is in her nature to be a hag — but the theory has many adherents, particularly among softhearted academics and social reformers. Regardless of his motivations, Chardun proved a capable, if ruthless, leader during the war, sending legions of his charduni dwarves and human followers into battle, smashing army after army of titanspawn. In the end, the Great General took bloody vengeance against the parents who had tormented him, holding Gormoth's arms behind his body as Vangal split the titan in twain and binding Mormo so that the other gods could rend her body into pieces. Worship of Chardun continues to be popular among soldiers, generals and tyrants across Scarn. Many suggest that should the Divine Truce end, the Great General will be the first to declare war on his fellow deities.

Belsameth

The Mother of Assassins, twin sister to merciful Madriel, Belsameth reveled in the blood and violence of the Divine War, sending her minions against titanspawn leaders and gloating as they perished in agony. She remains one of the most

feared of the gods, worshipped in secret by the women of Albadia, the fearsome Cult of Ancients, and others. Her followers are not warriors — poison, the garrote and a knife in the dark are her favored weapons. Belsameth's worship is most common among monsters — particularly harpies, goblins and evil shapechangers. Her two aspects — that of a seductive, raven-haired beauty and a twisted, vulture-winged crone — reflect her dual nature, which is at once beautiful and pleasing while also warped and ugly, but always deadly and worthy of fear.

Vangal

The most violent of the gods is also the oldest. The offspring of Thulkas, Lethene and Chern, Vangal the Reaver was the first child of the titans and the first being to display truly

divine qualities. His divinity was one of blood and violence, however, and when the other gods declared war against their progenitors, Vangal was in the forefront. He was driven not by the need for vengeance or the desire for peace, but by his own sheer love of destruction. When he turned his vast, wicked powers against the titans, they surely came to regret bringing him into existence. He split Gormoth asunder, helped to imprison Kadum, and sundered Hrinruuk's animated, headless corpse. Some say that his blow ultimately destroyed Mesos, Sire of Sorcery. After the war, most feared the mighty Reaver — even some of the gods. Today he has few formal worshippers, save madmen, warlords and the ferocious Horsemen of Vangal.

Thulkas

Best known as the father of the goblins (and goblin-like creatures such as barghests, hobgoblins and bugbears), Thulkas rose out of his molten flesh like fleas from the hide of a mangy dog or emerged like newborn babes from the scorched land as he passed. He was also a fairly prolific titan, crafting the sutak, the hell hounds, and the thulkans (such modesty the titan displayed in naming these creatures for himself!). The race of iron devils lingers on, driven by hatred for their creator, among other things. Additionally, many metalworkers on Scarn use forge wights, which may have come from Thulkas as well, to aid them in their labors.

Some claim that Thulkas also created the dwarven race, but suggesting this in the presence of dwarves is guaranteed to get the speaker into a fight.

The Mystery Races

The four races who made up the core of the Divine Alliance — the humans, dwarves, elves and halflings — are collectively known as the mystery races, for no one knows for certain which titan created them. Their existence predates the gods, but the chaotic and timeless nature of the pre-divine world makes it hard to pin down exactly who their progenitors are. Some suggestions are provided above (suggestions, I hasten to add, that one should not make in the presence of the races so described), but

even I, with my near-limitless wisdom and resources, have not drawn any satisfactory conclusions.

As noted above, I believe that many of the fey races are not native to Scarn. This may be the case with another group of powerful creatures — the dragons. I don't mean the wrack dragons that served the titans, of course. I'm speaking of the chromatic and metallic dragons who, though rare or unknown on Ghelspad, linger on in other continents such as Termana. No one is certain who created these ancient beasts — possibly Denev, who created other elementally based creatures. Possibly, the dragons represent a collective effort by the titans, who pooled their resources to create servitors to rival the gods. Like the humans and other intelligent races, the dragons remain an enigma, and no one has yet received a satisfactory answer from the great wyrms themselves.

It's entirely possible that, in the aftermath of the Divine War and knowing as we all do that history is written by the victors, fanatical members of the four "mystery" races expunged all records of their origin to further the "Divine Races" fiction and further distinguish themselves from the "evil" titanspawn. If this is the case, some records may well still exist and might be located in the labyrinthine depths of the Phylacteric Vault or the Library of Lokil. So far, no one has uncovered such evidence. As for myself, I am not receiving remuneration nearly sufficient to risk a dangerous and difficult journey to these places.

The old fraud! All he needs do is mumble a spell and be anywhere in Ghelspad! Insufficient remuneration indeed!

— Barconius

But I digress. While it is true that the world before the Divine War was — at least compared to the world of today — a paradise, it was little more than a playground for the titans. Scarn was their property, and they used it as such. If Kadum did not like a mountain range where it stood, he flattened it or dragged it to a new location. If Chern invented an entertaining new plague, he sent out hordes of rats to spread it. If Gaurak grew hungry, he ate a few villages. If Hrinruuk the Hunter was bored, he created a horrific species of monster to hunt, then left it to ravage the land after he grew bored with his sport.

And so on.

And the people of Scarn — the hapless humans, dwarves, elves and others — could do nothing about it. The titans were invincible. They could not be slain, nor could mortal weapons do more than annoy them. And, believe me, no one wants to be near an annoyed titan.

The secret of the titans' power was the land itself. They were as integral a part of Scarn as the mountains, the rivers, the seas and the forests. They would endure so long as Scarn endured, for they were the living embodiment of its spiritual force. The mortal inhabitants of Scarn, those sad beings created by the titans for their own amusement, never would be more than playthings — tiny fish in a great glass bowl. Scarn would always be, unchanging and unchangeable.

Then came the gods, and the titans learned that even the unchangeable can sometimes change.

The Coming of the Gods

The gods' pedigrees vary, but all were children of the titans. The first born was Vangal, who was created by an unholy union of the titans Thulkas, Chern and Lethene (how they accomplished this I will never know, and I am not certain whether I want to). Impressed by the new being's power and ruthlessness, the other titans set to producing their own offspring, an act that would eventually destroy them.

The gods came into being for myriad reasons — jealous of Thulkas for creating Vangal, Kadum mated with the earth mother Denev, siring Corean the Champion. Chaotic beings of pure natural fury, the titanesses Lethene and Gulaben came together and produced Enkili the Jester. Mormo the Snake Mother and Gormoth the Writhing Lord (in happier times,

before Mormo poisoned her lover) made Chardun, who became their plaything and the object of sadistic torment to test the limits of divine power and endurance. At length, eight of these strange new beings came into existence, each representing a different aspect of the cosmic balance, from blessed Corean to the chaotic and wicked Vangal.

Other races resulted from the titans' couplings as well. The djinn, beings of enormous elemental and magical power, were the children of Denev and Mesos. Many djinn were of near-divine power, but they did not seek worshippers among the mortals of Scarn and so were denied true godhood. Mistress of the four elements, Denev also created the elemental creatures to serve her djinn.

At first, the titans were unsure what to do with their new children. Truly, these were different beings. They were gifted with the same powers as their parents, but their psyches had more focus, and their natures were less changeable. And, most alarming of all, they drew power not from the land, but from the *people*. The more adoration and worship they received, the more powerful the gods became, and the more they began to rival their parents.

And now, fired by hope and inspiration, the people flocked to worship these new beings. And the gods welcomed them, for it was in their interest that the people of Scarn prosper and multiply. They knew in their mighty divine souls that without worshippers a god would sicken and perish.

Although any sensible observer might see this as a problem, the titans, who killed thousands of mortals, either for sport or by accident, seemed incapable of comprehending any potential pitfalls. While the gods slowly came to realize that they needed mortal worshippers for their very existence, the titans continued to carry on as they always had — reshaping continents, changing the course of rivers, sinking islands beneath the waves, unleashing horrific monsters just to watch the results, and carelessly stepping on their followers.

Tied to the living, thinking beings of Scarn, the gods began to feel twinges of pain and suffering every time a titan slew a mortal. It was as if their own parents had given them life, then carelessly taken it away.

Hedrada, the first to speak openly against his progenitors, pointed out that the titans treated mortals in a similar fashion. Long had he tried to reason with the titans, asking that they restrain Kadum in his destruction of mortal cities and attempting to speak on behalf of other gods who had been wronged by their parents. Now, at last, he realized that the titans' very natures could never accept the gods as equals or as anything but servants or even pets.

At first, not all the gods agreed with the Judge. Both Corean and Chardun — in agreement for once — were of a lawful nature, and they recoiled from the idea of defying the titans. This was a world of laws, they said, and the titans and their works embodied those laws.

But Hedrada was not alone for long. Many of the gods had good reason to grow to hate the titans. Chardun had endured horrific torment at the hands of his parents. Madriel had seen and felt her people suffer, and she wept on behalf of the slain innocents.

Tanil, the wild goddess of the hunt, had especially good reason to hate her father, Hrinruuk, for the Hunter, viewing his daughter as another toy for his amusement, had stalked her through the wilderness of Scarn, then raped her, leaving her bruised, bleeding and with child. The product of this union, the demigoddess Idra, was not born for nearly two years; divine beings' pregnancies tend to be of divine duration, after all. Some believe that Hrinruuk's crime marked the real beginning of the Divine War.

The gods had other reasons to be concerned about the titans as well. Like Tanil, many of the divine beings now had families. Hedrada himself had fathered the demigoddess Miridum, mistress of lore, magic and learning. No one has ever determined who her mother was; perhaps it was an especially dedicated priestess, a lawful creature such as a lammasu or an unknown extraplanar being.

Belsameth, offspring of Mormo and Mesos and twin to Madriel, was also half-sister to Manawe, demigoddess of the sea. Drendari, mistress of shadows, was said to be the result of a union between the unpredictable Enkili and a siren. The so-called Old Man of the Desert, the demigod Tamul, who himself created the race of sage camels, is said to be a son of Corean, but his priests deny that tale to this day (would that I knew the truth of that particular story... the fun I could have...).

And so it was that the gods' connection to Scarn continued to grow. Their love of the mortal races — for even the hateful Vangal loved his followers, more so when they shed the blood of his foes — and their steadily expanding families of demigods and powerful creatures wove the gods into the very fabric of Scarn.

The Defeat of the Slarecians

The Divine War might have started far sooner had it not been for a conflict that involved both titans and gods in the same cause.

No one knows where the race known as the Slarecians came from. Perhaps a renegade titan created them, or maybe they came from a failed experiment by one of the gods. Perhaps they were

interdimensional interlopers who paid homage to neither side. Or, as some (including myself) speculate, they were Scarn's original inhabitants and predate the divine races, the gods, and the titans themselves.

Little is known about this enigmatic race other than the fact that they dwelled underground and possessed mastery of strange powers that resembled neither divine nor arcane magic. Cruel and emotionless, they treated other races, at best, as slaves, and, at worst, as vermin to exterminate. Their creations — Slarecian gargoyles, shadowmen, worms, muses and the mysterious language virus — plagued the inhabitants of Scarn. Surface raids by the Slarecians and their allies grew more and more frequent. The Slarecians — known also as the "ancient ones" — were hard to pursue and harder to exterminate for, utilizing the strange life form known as the Slarecian gatekeeper, they moved at will across Scarn, easily evading any pursuit by mortal races.

The gods were troubled by the deaths of their followers at the hands of the Slarecians, while the titans' antipathy toward the Slarecian race grew as the Slarecians refused to acknowledge the titans as the world's true rulers. Instead, the Slarecians continued to dig tunnels and exercise their strange powers. Then Mesos, Sire of Sorcery, discovered that the Slarecian's otherworldly energies — particularly those created by the dangerous Slarecian dragons — actually damaged the structure of Scarn itself. Had the ancient ones merely threatened the people of Scarn, the titans might not have cared. But as the entire world and the titans' connection to it might be threatened, the titans decided to act.

Initially, the titans directed their children to destroy the Slarecians, hoping that this would provide the gods with something to keep them occupied for a time. The gods' first targets were the Slarecian dragons. The dragons were a troublesome group that had been growing in power. Additionally, they performed increasingly dangerous experiments that threatened Scarn's stability.

In the beginning, the battles went well. The gods slew several of the mighty beasts and drove the rest from their lairs on Scarn's surface. Descending into the depths, the gods met with little resistance at first, but were then waylaid by the dragons and their normal Slarecian allies, who attacked through a series of gatekeepers. Utilizing powers that attacked the very minds of the gods, the ancient ones forced the gods to retreat, and in the fight the demigod Hadarus, son of Belsameth, was slain.

Then the Slarecians, who hoped to wrest the secrets of shadow magic from her and use it against the gods, captured Drendari, Mistress of Shadows and

daughter of Enkili. A group of spellcasters who had made contact with the Slarecians gained the knowledge of some of these spells on the assurance that they would use them against the gods. These individuals, who would become the penumbral lords, betrayed the Slarecians and failed to come to their aid, however.

Shocked at the strength of Slarecian resistance, the gods sought the aid of their mortal allies, raising great armies and unleashing them against the Slarecians. Though the ancients and their dragons possessed great power, the mortals were numerous and filled with faith in their divine leaders. These devoted mortals pressed forward despite heavy losses. Enkili and Tanil combined forces to rescue Drendari from her captors.

For their part, the titans were surprised at this — while mortals had fought before, the sight of great armies marching under colorful banners, bristling with weapons and singing brave songs, was a new and novel one. After a time, however, as the gods and their mortal allies slowly gained ground against the Slarecians, the titans grew envious and (though few would admit it) nervous at their children's power. When the divine armies encountered stronger resistance near the Slarecian's capital cities, the titans themselves decided to intervene.

Kadum was the first to join the fight, smashing the gates of a major Slarecian fortress and slaughtering its inhabitants. Fascinated at the sight of such carnage, the other titans joined in, and soon it was clear that the Slarecians were doomed. A handful of survivors fled, leaving behind such horrors as their ghouls, shadowmen and muses, locking themselves away in some unknown stronghold where the gods and titans could not follow.

No one knows whether the Slarecians will ever return. Certainly, their defeat was all but total. A handful of survivors may linger on in secret, forgotten places, and rumors of Slarecian dragons occasionally surface, though even with my not inconsiderable resources I have never been able to confirm the truth of these tales.

What was most important was that the gods learned they could work together, that their mortal followers were a potent military force, and — most disturbing of all — their power rivaled that of the titans.

The Fate of Mesos

Within a few years of the Slarecians' defeat, the world had returned to its normal state — an uneasy peace among the gods and titans. The wisest of the gods, however, knew that it was only a matter of time before matters reached a breaking point.

The final act that triggered the gods' rebellion began simply enough. Enkili the Prankster, a being of pure mischief and capriciousness, had taken to tormenting Mesos, the Sire of Sorcery, an especially dour and humorless titan. After an incident involving Mesos' magic cloak, the enraged titan struck back at the Jester, stripping him of his divine powers and cutting off his connection to his followers.

Stricken and weakened, Enkili came before the other gods and demanded retribution. Horrified, the other gods saw now that the titans considered them no better than the short-lived mortals who swarmed across Scarn.

"We are as nothing to them," intoned Hedrada. "It is only a matter of time before our creators grow bored with us, as they grow bored with all of their creations, and destroy us as well. I say we fight now, for this may be our last chance for survival."

(Mind you, Hedrada's exact words are largely speculation on my part, for I was not at this fascinating council, but even the most critical of readers will have to admit that it certainly is something he might have said.)

The other gods, even the law-abiding Chardun and Corean, finally agreed that they had no other option. Their choice was to fight or perish. And fight they would. Their first victim would be Mesos, who had so unfairly punished one of their number.

Endless epic poems, heroic plays, scholarly dissertations and bardic songs have been written about the terrible day when the titans' paradise first began to be transformed into the Scarred Lands. My own feeble voice can scarcely do it justice, but for the sake of completeness, I present the facts as succinctly as I can.

The gods sent messengers to Mesos, ostensibly on Enkili's behalf. The Jester, they said, was sorry, and wished to make amends in return for the restoration of his divine powers. At first, busy with his own affairs and uninterested in Enkili's fate, Mesos ignored the gods' entreaties. At length, however, he agreed to meet with them. Many believe he did so intending to strip them of their powers as well, for he had long since come to think of the gods as a nuisance and wished to rid Scarn of them. Arrogant to the last, the Sire of Sorcery never imagined that others might have chosen him for destruction.

Arriving at the appointed meeting place, alone and unarmed in his vainglorious pride, Mesos was taken aback when he saw the eight divine beings arrayed for war. At first he laughed, but when Corean drew his sword, *Vindicare*, and Tanil nocked a *screaming arrow*, the truth of the situation finally came home to the titan. Still, he refused to believe that these petty beings had the power to defeat him, and he began to cast a mighty spell even as the gods ad-



vanced on him. Before he could utter the last syllable of his incantation, one of Tanil's arrows struck him in the throat, and Corean's sword slashed at him, cutting him deeply and sending his black blood gushing across the land.

The fight was fierce but quick, ending at last as the gods held the Sire of Sorcery down, allowing Vangal to chop him to bits. They then scattered his magical essence across Scarn, dispersing the titan on the very winds.

Rebellion

And so began the great conflict called both the Divine War and the Titanswar. It was a war for survival, with quarter neither asked nor given, and it would end with the total defeat of the arrogant titans.

The stakes were high, for the gods were somewhat handicapped. The titans, bound to Scarn itself, could not be truly slain — sundered, decapitated, imprisoned or banished, yes — but not slain. Even Mesos, his soul chopped into countless pieces and scattered, lived on in the forces of sorcery, though the gods hoped he would never reform himself again.

The gods, on the other hand, were vulnerable. True, unlike their parents, the gods could travel to other planes and many maintained dwellings there. However, they had yet to learn how to manifest

themselves as avatars, and they still existed as physical beings. They were immortal, vastly powerful beings, but things of flesh and blood that, unlike the titans, could truly die.

Only by working together, Corean and Hedrada insisted, could the gods defeat the chaotic and disorganized titans. The gods' own differences needed to be set aside, they said, for the question of survival was far more important than any disagreement. Even Enkili, his powers restored with Mesos' destruction, agreed to this, and from that point forward the gods — even those of a chaotic nature — fought together in what was called the Divine Alliance.

The priests and prophets of the gods went forth, shouting the call to arms, and soon armies of the so-called divine races joined the gods — the humans, the elves, the dwarves and others — all traitors so far as the titans were concerned.

Though shocked by the destruction of Mesos, the titans nevertheless carried on in their usual arrogant manner. They moved against the divine armies without retinues of their own, seeking to crush the gods and their mortal allies by themselves.

Alone among the titans, Denev opposed the war, seeing the devastation that it would cause to the very spirit of Scarn. Desperately, she begged her fellow titans to negotiate, and to acknowledge the

gods as equals, but the titans ignored her pleas or treated them with contempt. Believing that the titans could not win the war, Denev began to contemplate her future.

At first, things went poorly for the Divine Alliance. The titans slew several minor demigods and threw back the gods' mortal armies, causing much disorder. Vast stretches of Scarn were broken and rendered into wastelands. Even the divine races' few victories were mixed blessings. Though forced to retreat by Madriel and Corean, the Iron God Thulkas devastated the land behind him, and thousands of foul goblins sprang up in his wake, killing and plundering. Chardun succeeded in driving Chern from the great city of Matheun, only to find its population slain by the Plague Lord's rat-borne diseases upon his return. Some wondered if the war would ever end, or whether the gods had made a foolish mistake in rebelling against their masters.

Against the Djinn

It was then that Denev approached the gods. The titans were wrong, she said, and now she was willing to declare common cause with the Divine Alliance. Her offer was greeted with enthusiasm by some, such as Corean and Madriel, with suspicion by Hedrada and Chardun, and with open hostility by Belsameth and Vangal, who demanded that the titaness be imprisoned or killed. Corean intervened and accepted Denev's aid.

Now allied with the gods against her cousins, Denev appealed to her favorite creations, the djinn and their elemental servants, to join the fight against the titans. To Denev's surprise and disappointment, the djinn lords refused, since they were angry at the death of their father and unwilling to be subordinate to the gods. They were creations of the titans, the djinn lords declared, and to the titans they would remain loyal.

Believing themselves unassailable in their cities on the elemental home planes, the djinn settled in for a long war. Enkili, Chardun and Miridum, demigoddess of lore and magic, besieged the elemental cities, but they discovered that only a member of the appropriate djinn race could open the cities' mighty gates.

Frustrated, Enkili and Miridum discussed the situation while Chardun carried on the siege. At last, Enkili hit upon a scheme, and detailed Miridum to create the means of carrying it out. The demigoddess labored for many days, and at last created an entirely new kind of magic — the spells of summoning and binding.

Using Miridum's newly created spells, Enkili summoned forth representatives of each of the four djinn races and forced them to open the elemental

cities' gates. Chardun's legions swarmed into the cities, quickly conquering them and imprisoning the djinn lords. Lacking the resources to occupy or exploit the cities, Enkili and the other two gods instead cast powerful magic, sealing the djinn lords in their fortresses. They also cursed the lesser djinn who remained at large so that they could never open the gates and free their lords. Some lesser djinn also found themselves sealed in prisons such as jars, bottles or lamps.

Victory

With the defeat of the djinn, the titans realized at last that they were truly in danger. They discovered that even though most could not truly die, they could be rendered helpless and banished to horrific fates. They began to raise their own armies of titanspawn — orcs, goblins, trolls, asaathi, gorgons, hags, thulkans, sutak and other, even more frightening creatures. The divine armies met the titanspawn hordes in furious battles, and the blood of the slain flowed like rivers.

Of all the titans, Hrinruuk the Hunter took the war the least seriously, seeing it as yet another invitation to sport. Alone, he stalked demigods and mortals, killing them when he found them and bringing untold sadness to the gods. When he slew Miridum, the demigoddess of lore and magic, however, the Hunter went too far. Finally moved to rage, the normally calm and rational Judge allowed Tanil to draw out Hrinruuk and confronted the Hunter himself. Beset by the enraged Hrinruuk, Hedrada was nearly defeated, but Corean's blade decapitated the titan, and Tanil helped hunt down his headless body and destroy it.

Slowly, the gods formulated ways to defeat the titans, and learned of ways to fight their titanspawn minions. With divine guidance, and the gods' heralds and pages to lead them, the divine armies began to push their enemies back. Occasionally, titans would intervene directly and help defeat the Divine Alliance's armies, but they could not be everywhere at once, and their forces began to fail.

Golthain the Faceless, cruelly mutilated by his fellow titans, at first chose not to participate in the war, shunning both sides. Eventually persuaded to act as a spy against the Divine Alliance, he was finally captured by the gods and allowed to voluntarily merge with Denev, ending his pain-filled existence in the arms of the Earth Mother.

More titans were sundered or imprisoned. Corean crafted a new sword at Golthagga's forge and used it to slay the Shaper himself. Belsameth cut out Kadum's living heart, enabling Chardun to chain him and Vangal to throw him far out to sea. Chardun the

General also took vengeance against his father Gormoth, holding the titan fast while Vangal split him in twain, and was instrumental in the defeat and dismemberment of Mormo, Chardun's mother. A band of gods cornered and destroyed Gaurak the Glutton, tearing his teeth out one by one.

When Chern slew the elves' patron god (whose name has been lost to all, save perhaps a handful of long-lived sages, who might be willing to determine the name to anyone who meets their price), the enraged elves struck back, dragging the Lord of Plagues down and tearing him to pieces. The price was high, however, for the elves had lost their deity, and many of their number found themselves transformed into the sad race today known as the forsaken elves. With Chern's corpse safely sealed away, the gods returned to battle.

Only a handful of titans remained, and the full significance of the war finally came crashing down upon them. Gulaben, Lethene and Thulkas sought to rally their forces and drive the gods from Scarn, but their cooperation was too little and too late. Corean and Tanil combined forces and turned Thulkas into a great iron arrow that the Huntress shot into the sun. At Vangal's request, the captured Lethene was not destroyed, but instead banished to a distant realm of pure chaos, from which she can never escape.

Now, the gods could set themselves to finding and defeating the last titan, Gulaben. With great effort, the Lady of the Winds was captured and imprisoned, and at last the terrible Divine War was at an end.

Aftermath

The mortals were free, and the gods undisputed rulers of Scarn. As their subjects counted the cost, the gods relocated to their homes on adjoining planes of existence, where they could live in absolute safety and power, sending only avatars — magical personae that reflected their power — to the material world. In many ways, the war's aftermath was as terrible as the war itself, for many mortals perished when twisted weather patterns destroyed crops, or fragile geologi-

cal formations, weakened by the battles between god and titan, collapsed.

Though their masters were banished, the titanspawn were not defeated, and vast armies still roamed Scarn, seeking vengeance. Often, the gods and their servants intervened directly, destroying marauding titanspawn or helping their mortal followers defeat them.

For a time, it seemed that the suffering of the Divine War was in vain, for it was possible that Scarn itself, battered and injured beyond repair, might perish altogether. But the world was saved when Denev, stripped of much of her former power by the suspicious gods, rejoined with Scarn, her peaceful slumber stabilizing and healing the Scarred Lands.

Other events, such as the demigoddess Syhana's discovery of the quillflies and her creation of the race of skyquills, helped restore some fertility and beauty to Scarn, and within a few decades the healing had begun in earnest.

Even the most wicked of the gods knew that the titans were not truly slain, and that their surviving minions would quickly exploit any conflict between the divine powers. Accordingly, all agreed to avoid fighting each other directly and to settle any conflicts in the mortal world through the actions of mortal followers. This agreement, known as the Divine Truce, holds until this day, though many see signs that it is fraying and may one day be abandoned.

This, then, was the history of the Divine War, and the events that made our world what it is today. As we gaze at the scars that have yet to heal, and see the evidence of the titans' cruelties, we should all give thanks to the gods and their servants that this world remains free and we are no longer the playthings of capricious and uncaring titans.

Yes, give thanks to the divine, Your Holiness. But remember always that even the most powerful of beings is capable of error, and even the strongest heart may fall prey to evil. In the darkness of our souls, the wickedness of our creators lives on, and even today we wonder whether the divine are truly divine, or if the defeated will truly remain defeated.

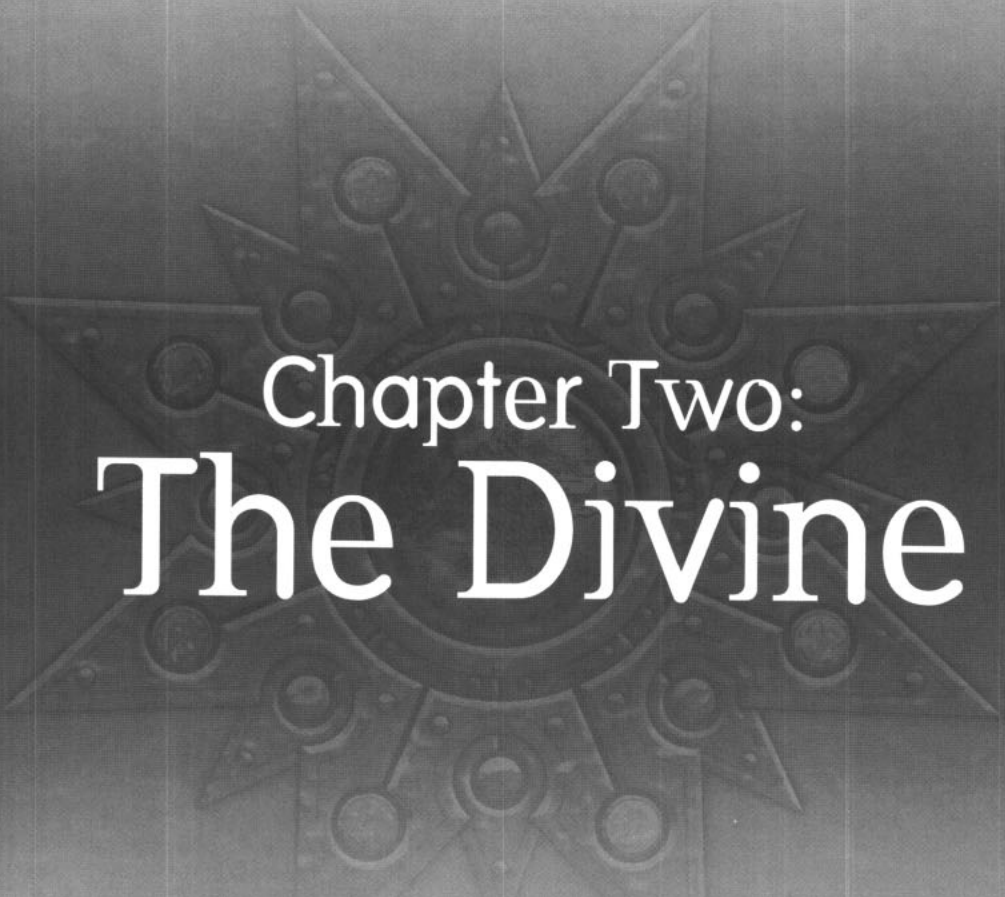
Sleep well, Your Holiness.

Sincerely,

Yugman the Sage

Barconius — This Yugman is as impertinent as he is learned! At times I wish that we could obtain facts from a less annoying informant!

— ED



Chapter Two: The Divine

The Scarred Lands are a place where the gods are a very real and substantial presence, and one still can see the evidence of their great struggle against the titans. It's also a place where ordinary adventurers have a chance to become true heroes — and true heroes cannot help but run afoul of the gods and their servants.

Introducing gods into any fantasy campaign is a tricky proposition, but in the Scarred Lands, the gods go so far as to regularly take an active hand in worldly affairs. How then to use the avatars and servants in this book without overwhelming your campaign?

Encountering the Gods

In most cases, the gods make their presence known in small things and in the ordinary life of the common folk. Farmers give praise to Madriel. Blacksmiths invoke Corean. Thieves ask for Enkili's sometimes uncertain blessing. Hunters look to Tanil to guide their arrows.

In this manner, the gods become a fixture of everyday life. Almost everywhere on Scarn, adventurers will encounter peasants and commoners calling upon the gods and seeking their blessing. With the nine major deities as a constant presence, player characters can soon learn how important and ubiquitous these powerful beings are.

Also remember that all of the gods are acknowledged to exist and be equally powerful. There is no single "true god" on Scarn. Although a worshipper of Corean feels hatred and disdain for those who follow Vangal, he must at the same time acknowledge that the Reaver is nevertheless a very real and potent deity, with powers and knowledge far beyond mortal ken, and as worthy of respect as the Champion. Most worshippers do not like the fact that opposing deities exist, but they have no choice but to acknowledge them and pay at least grudging tribute. At the same time, most mortals have a single god whom they revere over all others.

Conversely, the vanished titans are a constant source of fear and apprehension. Tales of their cruelty and callousness are told commonly, and most godly mortals hate and fear the servants of the individual titans. The terror that most inhabitants of the Scarred Lands feel at the prospect of the titans' return should also be emphasized, for the resurrection of even one of these dread creatures would be a disaster of truly epic proportions.

As the gods are sworn to never confront each other directly or declare open war, lest they go the way of the titans, they leave their mortal servants to carry out their will. The paladins of Corean ceaselessly battle the Horsemen of Vangal, and the assassins of the Cult of Ancients slaughter the faithful of Madriel in the name of their fell mistress, Belsameth. In this manner, the gods of Scarn, who once stood shoulder to shoulder against the threat of the titans, have found themselves locked into a seemingly endless cold war, unable to confront each other directly, but also increasingly unable to make peace or find common ground.

When not waging war through proxies, the gods rely upon the services of heralds and pages. A god's herald is a being specially chosen to carry out divine will and to precede the god's avatar when it manifests in the material world. Pages are ordinary mortal followers chosen to protect the gods' interests and those of their followers. Some pages are publicly known, while others are not. However, they are always active in aiding their deity's worshippers and

in seeking to thwart the god's enemies. A character, especially a cleric, who declares allegiance to one deity, has a built-in set of foes, many of whom will stop at nothing to thwart their rivals' schemes.

While most mortals acknowledge the existence and power of all gods, each is expected to adopt a single patron deity who is revered above all others. Such gods grant clerical spells, deliver good and bad fortune, and provide a community of like-minded individuals who can provide aid and friendship in times of need.

The player character's deity might play a further role, for departed souls join with their chosen deity in his or her extraplanar realm. On occasion, however, rival gods (particularly evil ones) have snatched the souls of other followers during their celestial journey and use them for their own nefarious purposes.

Player characters can encounter the deities in several forms, from their mortal followers to their supernatural heralds, to the mighty avatars themselves. Below are some guidelines and ideas for how these individuals can be handled.

Mortal Followers

Adventurers are, of course, most likely to encounter a god's ordinary worshippers in the material world. These range from peasants and commoners — farmers, merchants, soldiers, sailors, beggars, artist, rogues and others — to the high-ranking members of a god's church — priests, clerics, paladins and monks. These individuals may simply be bystanders, passersby or minor NPCs, or powerful allies and foes of the player characters. While the Divine Truce prevents the gods from openly warring on each other, their followers can and do engage in acts of espionage, intrigue and violence. Player characters can easily become involved in such conflict.

Pages

Pages are the gods' mortal representatives. They are the individuals most likely to be encountered by low- to mid-level player characters. Pages often travel, seeking information on behalf of their patron deities, though some receive specific missions from the gods' heralds. A god's page is an excellent contact for player characters and a good source of divinely inspired adventures.

Heralds

Heralds are potent beings in their own right whose existences are dedicated to preparing the way for the gods' arrival on Scarn. Their duties include carrying out their god's will in the mortal realm, as well as on alternate planes of existence. They appear to large gatherings of followers or to the important priests of their patron deities. If a herald appears to player characters, it is usually on matters of great importance to the gods, usually delivering significant messages or quests. If a quest or task is important

enough, the herald may accompany adventurers for a time and possibly use its powers to assist them.

Avatars

The gods manifest upon Scarn in the form of avatars — powerful projections of their will that are the most potent and challenging beings that player characters are likely to encounter. As the gods of the Scarred Lands are not omnipotent (though they certainly come close), they can't be sending avatars hither and yon at the drop of a helmet. As a result, avatars typically manifest only in the face of truly epic events or major crises. Wars, natural disasters, the appearance of other powerful creatures, a major threat to their worshippers, or — worst of all — the return of the titans are examples of such crises.

Fighting a god's avatar is, as a rule, a useless endeavor for, while the occasional powerful character might actually succeed in hitting (or even wounding!) an avatar, the deity's overwhelming power is almost certain to destroy all normal opponents. Far better for player characters who encounter the gods' manifestations to offer tribute and talk respectfully. Often, an avatar totally ignores the mortals who swarm at his feet, as he is intent only upon the task at hand, which makes it difficult to get his attention.

In rare instances, when dire events warrant, an avatar may manifest itself in response to a character's direct appeal. A god's attitude when summoned depends upon its alignment and nature — Madriel is kind and sympathetic, Corean stern but fair, Belsameth suspicious and vengeful, Vangal violent and bloodthirsty. If the task asked of the god is sufficiently critical to the world or its worshippers, it is carried out, but the more vengeful or rigid-minded gods might demand tribute or a major quest in exchange.

The Gods Themselves

During the Divine War, the gods didn't have the benefit of avatars and, like their titan forebears, ran the risk of actual physical harm or even destruction. After the war, the gods moved permanently to their extradimensional homes. Today they manifest themselves on Scarn only as avatars. As such, they are encountered only in their personal abodes on their home planes. While on these planes, even the demigods are beings of near-limitless power, able to change time, space and matter with a whim. Mortals who visit the gods in their planar homes are well advised to do so with all due politeness and respect.

Running the Gods

This volume provides game masters with statistics for the gods' and demigods' avatars. As noted, these material forms are awesomely powerful, but they have limitations that the gods on their home planes do not. More than in most fantasy campaigns, the adventurers of the Scarred Lands are agents of

their gods, carrying out the divine will, as well as slaying monsters and gaining treasure.

Characters do not have to select a specific patron deity, but such individuals will find themselves constantly tempted, pressured or threatened by the gods and their representatives. Clerics, by definition, must choose a patron deity. If a cleric's devotion to a god wavers or he behaves in a manner contrary to the deity's alignment, that cleric may find himself deprived of domain spells at the very least, or robbed of all divine abilities at worst.

A worshipper can be one alignment step away from her god's own alignment. Madriel, a neutral good goddess can, for example, be worshipped by neutral good, lawful good, chaotic good or true neutral followers. Corean, the paragon of all that is lawful good, can have worshippers of lawful good, neutral good or lawful neutral alignment.

The statistics of the gods' avatars are presented in the standard format introduced in *Core Rulebook III*. As you can see, they are more than just "monsters" — their basic statistics alone set them above even the most ancient dragons and deadly of demons. They include several new statistics and other non-standard information, as detailed below. These statistics also include the god's domains and holy symbol. New domains detailed in this book are marked with an asterisk.

Invocation Benefits

A god's worshipper can call upon the power of the deity when in need by taking one or more full rounds to chant, meditate, pray or otherwise contact the god's spiritual essence. To invoke a god, the character must do nothing else during the entire round. Each round spent so invoking the deity grants the character a benefit, typically a +1 bonus on a specific die roll. Multiple bonuses may be created by invocation for several rounds, but in most cases this benefit is limited to a maximum of +3. Details on each god's invocation benefits are listed in the god's description.

How long the invocation bonus can be "stored up" before it is lost is entirely dependent upon the situation and is left to the GM's discretion. In almost all cases, the task, feat or endeavor for which the worshipper desires the god's boon must be specified and be undertaken immediately. A ranger facing a charging band of trolls might invoke Tanil to guide his arrow and find that his first shot has divine accuracy. The same ranger praying every morning just in case he should happen to go into battle that day won't find his prayers answered. Also, worshippers who invoke their god too often will find he develops a deaf ear to their nagging pleas.

Divine Qualities

Gods and demigods also possess extraordinary abilities that are detailed below. They are collectively included under the heading "Divine Qualities,"

and vary depending upon the deity's powers and specialties. Adjustments to statistics based upon these abilities are included in the avatar's statistics and don't need to be added. Please note that the "X" in many of the names of the qualities refers to something specific detailed within each quality description.

Divine Creation (Su): With this ability, the avatar can imbue items with the power of magic. By empowering normal items, the avatar creates any nonrelic, nonartifact magic item of its choice. The avatar loses one hit point for every 1,000 gp in base cost of the item. The avatar cannot recover this hit point loss through normal regeneration unless it reabsorbs the magic of the item. The hit point loss does not remain if the avatar is disrupted and forced to reform elsewhere. This magic item is permanent unless the item so imbued was not of masterwork quality, in which case the magic fades in a number of days equal to the hit points expended to create it.

Divine Empowerment X (Su): Divine empowerment requires a full round action on the part of the god. When the god uses this ability, all worshippers within 1,000 yards of the god's avatar have their divine spells completely replenished as though they had just finished preparing their daily allotment. Note that this applies only to divine spellcasters who are dedicated primarily to the deity. Clerics and druids of other deities are not empowered, even if they pay homage to the deity using the ability.

Similarly, as long as the avatar has a number of worshippers equal to his or her caster level within this range, the god's avatar replenishes all of its divine magic as well. For example, Corean possesses the divine magic of a 20-level cleric in addition to his other powers. Therefore, if at least 20 faithful worshippers are within range when he activates divine empowerment, he can restore his prepared spells fully.

The "X" in the description indicates how many times per day the avatar can engage in a divine empowerment action.

Divine Favor X (Su): The avatar can grant its favor to one of its followers in the form of a +5 sacred or profane bonus on any specified type of roll, lasting until the next dawn or dusk. The roll so imbued must be specified and cannot be changed. It must refer to a specific, individual roll such as an attack roll, a Fortitude save, or a specific skill (such as Jump or Move Silently). It also can be applied to the follower's AC. Using Divine Favor is a free action.

The avatar can also imbue one of its followers with a single spell that it normally can cast; treat this ability as an innate *imbue with spell ability*, though the manifestation is not limited in what level spells it can grant.

Divine Immunity (Ex): Deities' avatars are immune to blindness, mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis and stunning, and are not subject to

critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Divine Initiative X (Ex): Avatars are, of course, far swifter and quicker to respond than mortals. Each level of divine initiative grants the avatar +8 to its initiative score.

Divine Knowledge X (Ex): A god's avatar can draw on a portion of its creator's knowledge, and while this is but a mere fraction of actual omniscience, it easily can exceed that of any mortal's learning. Rather than rely on its listed skill levels, an avatar with this power has a number ranks in *any* Knowledge skill equal to $X \times 5$.

Divine Language (Ex): Gods can speak and understand all languages. They can communicate even with nonsentient creatures. Gods with the Divine Language quality can allow any follower within hearing distance to likewise speak or understand any language if they desire.

Divine Presence (Su): Enemies of the god and servants of its foes may be terrified by the avatar's appearance. Creatures of an alignment opposite that of the god, or worshippers of the deity of opposite alignment who are within 100 feet of the avatar, must make a Will save (DC 35) or be affected as if by a *fear* spell. Corean, for example, is a lawful good deity — therefore creatures of chaotic evil alignment, or those who serve the chaotic evil Vangal, must make a Will save or be subject to the divine presence effect. Likewise, Vangal's avatar affects lawful good opponents, or those who serve Corean, in the same manner. Effects such as a paladin's aura of courage are useful against divine presence.

Divine Protection X (Ex): The avatar gains a $+5 \times X$ deflection bonus to AC and damage reduction of $10/+1 \times X$.

Divine Puissance X (Ex): The avatar can declare any one roll that it makes to be a 20. While it is most often utilized in combat, this ability can apply to any roll that the deity makes. This ability can be used after the roll is made. The avatar can use this ability X times per round.

Divine Resistance X (Su): The gods are entities that walk on the surface of the sun, swim the cold depths of space, and wrestle daily with forces that would consume even the mightiest dragons. Their avatars receive a portion of their great resistances. An avatar with this power receives acid, cold, electricity, fire, and sonic resistance equal to $X \times 5$.

Divine Retribution (Ex): Each god's avatar automatically gains a +10 divine bonus on all to hit and damage rolls against any titanspawn who was created by or altered by either of his titan parents. Furthermore, all saving throws against and all skill rolls related to that titanspawn gain a +10 divine bonus. These bonuses also apply to all manifestations of the titan in question, though they are no longer necessary against the imprisoned titans themselves.

Divine Size (Su): The statistics listed are for the avatar when it manifests as Medium-size. The god can manifest its avatar at any size greater than Medium-size if it so desires. Note that manifestation at larger sizes affects the avatar's attack bonus and Armor Class as noted on pages 118–119 of *Core Rulebook I*. The avatar's weapons, armor and other equipment change size along with their owner.

Demigods' powers are somewhat less than their divine cousins; they can manifest only as Medium-size to Gargantuan.

Divine Speed X (Su): The avatar receives X additional partial actions per round.

Divine Summoning (Su): The avatar or can summon allies, servants and other minions or worshippers to its side as a full-round action. These beings need not be willing. The number and type of creatures that the deity can summon is listed under the quality's description, as is the number of times that the avatar can use it per day.

Divine Telepathy (Su): Avatars can communicate telepathically with any creature within 500 feet that has a language.

Divine Vision (Ex): Avatars see as per the spell *true seeing*. In addition, the avatar has unlimited low-light and darkvision, and can see normally even in magical darkness.

God's Avatar (Su): These statistics represent only those of the deity's avatar. On its home plane, the god's power is almost limitless. If his avatar is destroyed on the physical plane, the god cannot create another one for 1d4 days. If the avatar is imprisoned, it can be destroyed voluntarily by the god, in which case it cannot manifest for one full day. (Note that this quality is subdivided into *god's avatar* and *demigod's avatar*. The demigods' version of this quality is described in the following chapter).

Divine Skill Ranks

In addition to the Divine Knowledge divine quality, the skill ranks listed under each avatar's and some heralds' statistics often far exceed the normal maximum for creatures of their hit dice. These divinely high skill ranks reflect the avatar drawing upon the god's full knowledge of the skill. The god's appearance in the material plane as a "mere" avatar does not hinder the deity's full divine knowledge of skills. As such, the skill ranks are often ridiculously high to the point of being meaningless for game system use. If it is possible to forge an item, then Corean will know how to smith it. If a wound can be healed, then Madriel will know the means to do it. Tanil will never lose a wilderness trail, etc. If you prefer a campaign where gods are more fallible in such pursuits, feel free to modify these ranks accordingly for your own campaign.

The Parents of the Gods

Corean: The son of Denev and Kadum, Corean helped to persuade his mother to join with the gods, and led the fight against his father. In the end, his mighty mithril golem helped hold Kadum as the other gods bound and imprisoned him.

Madriel: This gentle daughter of Mormo and Mesos learned mercy and compassion that were alien to the titans. Though she understood the necessity for their defeat, she often felt sadness at the destruction of the gods' parents.

Tanil: Born of Hrinruuk and Denev, Tanil combines her mother's love of nature with her father's hunting skill. Brutalized by her father before the war, Tanil turned her abilities against him and was instrumental in his destruction.

Hedrada: Another child of Denev the Earth Mother, Hedrada the Judge takes after his father Golthain, who was one of few gentle and just titans. Though Hedrada is just, he is also a harsh and unyielding deity who refused to ask leniency from the other gods on behalf of his father.

Enkili: This wild storm god is both male and female, as befits the offspring of two formless female titans. Son or daughter of Lethene and Gulaben, Enkili continues to be a raw force of nature, first benevolent then wicked, sometimes male and sometimes female, and as unpredictable as his titan parents.

Chardun: The god of lawful evil is a son of Mormo and Gormoth. Cruelly mistreated, the Great General took vengeance on both his parents and continues this legacy as patron of militaristic states and tyrants across Scarn.

Belsameth: Twin sister of Madriel, Belsameth is daughter of Mormo the Serpent Mother and Mesos the Sire of Sorcery. She inherited her parents' worst qualities, even as Madriel inherited their best.

Vangal: The oldest of the gods, Vangal is the product of an unholy union between Chern, Thulkas and Lethene. As might be expected, Vangal is pure evil and destruction personified, and he remains the most terrifying and least worshipped of the gods.

Artifacts

Those weapons and unique items carried by the gods, their avatars, heralds and pages are listed with the appropriate individual. Some of these items, noted in the text, can be "loaned out" to deserving mortals, but they most often remain in the possession of the god or its servants.

The gods and their servants' spells are listed in their statistic blocks as well. Spells from the *Relics and Rituals* book are marked with one asterisk (*), while

new spells detailed in this volume are marked with two (**).

Character classes use the following abbreviations:

Bbn: Barbarian; Brd: Bard; Clr: Cleric; Drd: Druid; Ftr: Fighter; Mnk: Monk; Pal: Paladin; Rgr: Ranger; Rog: Rogue; Sor: Sorcerer; Wiz: Wizard; War: Warrior; Exp: Expert; Com: Commoner; Ari: Aristocrat; Adp: Adept; Bwt: Blood Witch; Cld: Crypt Lord; Inc: Incarnate; Pen: Penumbral Lord; Swt: Sea Witch; Sum: Summoner; Vig: Vigilant

Corean's Avatar Description

	Special-Size Outsider (Avatar)
Hit Dice:	42d10+680 (1,100 hp)
Initiative:	+25 (+9 Dex, +16 Divine Initiative)
Speed:	30 ft.
AC:	67 (+9 Dex, +13 armor, +25 deflection, +10 natural)
Attacks:	<i>Corean's Honor</i> +64/+59/+54/+49/+44/+39/+34/+29 melee or <i>Adamantine Lance</i> (at further +13 to hit for one attack per round against evil); +49/+44/+39/+34/+29/+24/+19/+14 ranged (generally used only with ranged touch spells)
Damage:	<i>Corean's Honor</i> 1d8+24 melee, <i>Adamantine Lance</i> 1d8+24 melee
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Spell-like abilities, spells, magic items
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 50/+5, immunities, re generation 40, SR 45, field promotion, pre eminent paladin, soulforge
Divine Qualities:	Divine creation, divine empowerment 3, divine favor 5, divine immunity, divine initiative 2, divine knowledge 5, divine language, divine presence, divine protection 5, divine puissance 5, divine resistance 8, divine retribution, divine speed 3, divine summoning, divine telepathy, divine vision, god's avatar
Saves:	Fort +52, Ref +44, Will +51
Abilities:	Str 47, Dex 29, Con 45, Int 38, Wis 42, Cha 36
Skills:	Alchemy +35, Animal Empathy +34, Appraise +35, Balance +32, Climb +39, Concentration +33, Craft (armorsmith) +35, Craft (blacksmith) +35, Craft (jeweler) +35, Craft (weaponsmith) +35, Decipher Script +35, Diplomacy +36, Disable Device +35, Handle Animal +36, Heal +37, Intimidate +34, Intuit Direction +37, Jump +41, Knowledge (arcana) +35, Knowledge (architecture and engineering) +35, Knowledge (geography) +35, Knowledge (history) +35, Knowledge (metal lurgy) +35, Knowledge (nature) +35, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +35, Knowledge (planes) +35, Knowledge (religion) +35, Knowledge (war and tactics) +35, Listen +37, Open Lock +30, Perform (oration) +34, Profession (stablehand) +37, Ride +32, Scry +35, Search +35, Sense Motive +37, Speak Languages (all), Spellcraft +35, Spot +37, Swim +39, Tumble +32, Wilderness Lore +39
Feats:	Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Expertise, Forge Ring, Leadership, Mounted Combat, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Ride-By Attack, Sunder, Trample
Climate/Terrain:	Any
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	42
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always lawful good
Domains:	Fire, Good, Law, Protection, War
Holy Symbol:	Four swords pointing outward, one at each compass point
Advancement Range:	None

Of all the gods, none has provided for his mortal servants so much as Corean, who is known as the great protector, the great crusader and the leader of the gods during the Divine War. Corean was born of the union of Kadum and Denev, and he possesses the strength of his father and the wisdom of his mother, yet transcends them both. Many common folk look upon him as the ultimate champion, but Corean's goal is even higher than that — he aspires to perfection in everything. Save perhaps for his cousin Madriel, Corean felt the pain of the titans' victims more than any other and continues to protect the divine races while trying to move them toward enlightenment in crafts and justice.

When his mother Denev spoke out against her siblings, the Shining One strode forward valiantly into battle to cast off the shackles of horror and primeval chaos that tortured his adopted children amongst the divine races. Knowing that without the proper weapons the gods might not survive their parents' wrath, Corean traveled to the terrible forge of Golthagga, which was contained within a mountain of fire. The Shining One entered Golthagga's mountain fearlessly yet with the full knowledge that he might never return. He expected to do battle against the titan forger, only to discover that the titan's anvil lay silent and Golthagga was nowhere to be found. Corean gathered the cast off fragments of the titan's works and began shaping them into a powerful weapon. Four times he forged and reforged the blade until it was perfect to him, but as he waited for it to cool, Golthagga returned. The enraged titan sought to slay Corean for his trespass. Armed with his new blade, called *Corean's Honor* by the priests of his faith, the god triumphed. Ultimately, the spoils of this singular battle proved important to the war time and time again, including the use of Golthagga's anvil in the binding of Thulkas and the beheading of Hrinruuk by Corean's newly forged weapon.

In a sense, Corean is the ultimate symbol of renaissance for the divine races. His skill in crafting weapons and armor matches his might in battle, while his stunning works in the finer metals match his exquisite orations of inspiration and leadership. Similarly, the Shining One's dedication to duty combined with his inestimable sense of justice stands as a beacon of hope for everyone, anchoring the bulwarks of good in a sea of continuing war. His protective hand is seen in such holy fortresses as found in the city of Mithril and innumerable way stations along dangerous routes. His tenets teach of leadership through service, strength through justice, power through purity, perfection of craft and self, sacrifice for the good of all and might through righteousness. The god practices a powerful blend of guardianship coupled with teaching others to fend for themselves and build their own perfect world upon the Scarred Lands left by their forebears.

Corean's popular representation is that of the ultimate champion, and indeed he often appears to his followers in such a form. Other times, however, the god appears as a crafty smith clad only in breeches and a leather apron and bearing a hammer and tongs. Sometimes he appears as a simple priest, accompanying the faithful on dangerous journeys or healing the sick. Tales tell of times he has manifested as a divine voice speaking from flames, whether a forge's coals, a hearth fire or the flickering of a candle. One can find Corean's avatar accompanied by his herald Permenthes, working with paladin NPCs, hidden among a band of pilgrims or crusaders, or working away in a smithy.

Invocation Benefit

Followers of Corean invoke his aid whenever they engage in acts sacred to the god. Blacksmiths, armorers, jewelers and weaponsmiths call upon him to guide their hammers in the crafting of magnificent works of metalurgy. Warriors defending their homes and families from evil call upon him to help overcome their foes. Stablehands call upon him to bless the animals in their care. Travelers trying to start campfires sometimes call for his aid as well. Authorities attempting to minister justice to the wicked also often call upon his wisdom.

Each round that a worshipper invokes Corean, she can add +1 to any of the following die rolls: Craft or Profession rolls involving blacksmithing, forging or creation of weapons; Wilderness Lore rolls used to start campfires or light torches; Knowledge or Profession rolls related to smithing, war or fire. Those in battle can also invoke Corean, and for each round spent invoking the Champion, +1 can be added to their next attack roll. The maximum benefit derived from invoking Corean is +3 in all cases.

Combat

Corean is the Avenger and the Champion. His avatar does not enter combat unless he believes that he can achieve some greater good by doing so. Should he choose to fight, then Corean moves toward the foes at full

speed, deflecting any ranged attacks or spells as he bears down upon the enemy. Enemies are shown mercy if they surrender and cast down their weapons, but otherwise evil foes will receive no quarter until they have been subdued. If he is mounted, then his initial charge is with the *Adamantine Lance*, otherwise it is with the mighty longsword, *Corean's Honor*. The *Adamantine Lance* appears only when Corean's avatar is using a mount, otherwise it rests in



his forge at the heart of his heavenly fortress. Corean's avatar fights valiantly and honorably, preferring to use fair and physical means, but wisely supplementing his efforts with divine magic. Certainly, if he anticipates battle, a full array of defensive spells surround his being in as thick a cloud of divine power as he can muster.

Should someone slay Corean's avatar, his corpse and divine equipment burst into flame, transform into smoke and fade away to Corean's home plane. Anything earthly he might have been holding remains behind.

Spells: Corean's avatar casts spells as a 20th-level cleric with the domains of Fire, Good, Law, Protection and War. He does not need to prepare these spells; he simply selects which spell he wants and casts it. These spells do not need components or foci — Corean's avatar casts them without a word or gesture.

Spell-Like Abilities: In addition to his clerical abilities, Corean can cast any paladin spell at will as often as he wishes, no more than once per round. Treat this ability as the paladin spell as cast by a 20th-level paladin (save DC 23 + spell level).

Divine Summoning (Su): Three times per day, Corean's avatar can summon 3d6 lantern archons, 3d6 hound archons, 2d6 trumpet archons, 1d6 astral devas, 1 planetar or 1 solar.

Field Promotion (Su): On the fields of battle during the Divine War, Corean personally blessed hundreds of worthy souls, endowing them with the powers of mighty holy warriors. Today, his avatar sometimes gifts an honorable mortal with the chance to serve as a noble paladin.

With a single formal touch of his sword, Corean's avatar can grant the holy powers of a paladin to a worshipper whom he deems worthy. For one day per character level, the recipient of this blessing gains the weapon and armor proficiency of a paladin, and the special powers, base attack bonus and spell-casting abilities of a paladin of the same level. Her hit points and normal save bonuses do not change. Thus if Corean promoted a 3rd-level commoner, for the next three days she would gain the special powers, weapon and armor proficiency and base attack bonus as though she were a 3rd-level paladin. Such a blessing allows even a common villager to temporarily serve in defense of her community and still return to her life when she wishes.

Some of the blessed choose to convert to Corean's ideals as a way of life; should a recipient actually swear to abide by the code of the paladin forever, then the changes become permanent. At that time she changes her alignment to lawful good, if it is not already such,

and can exchange any number of current character levels for paladin levels. A 5th-level rogue, for example, could exchange her rogue levels for 5 levels in the paladin class. If the change is permanent, then all of the class abilities are changed to those appropriate to a paladin, from feats to skills to hit points to special powers to spell-casting ability. This change once accepted is irrevocable, and any future loss of paladin class is handled as per normal rules in *Core Rulebook I* — Corean does not take lightly those who break their word.

Preminent Paladin (Su/Sp): Corean's avatar wields the powers of a paladin at divine levels as described here.

Detect Evil: At will, as a free action spell-like ability, Corean's avatar can *detect evil* as though he had been concentrating for 3 full rounds.

Divine Grace: Corean's avatar receives his Charisma bonus of +13 to all saves. This has already been figured into his save bonuses listed above.

Lay on Hands: Corean's avatar can heal wounds with a touch. He can use this to heal himself or another creature for 40 hit points of damage once per round as a spell-like ability that requires a standard action. Alternatively, he can use this power to cause 40 points of damage to an undead creature, treating this attack as a touch spell. There is no limit to the number of times per day Corean's avatar can *lay on hands*.

Divine Health: Corean's avatar is immune to all diseases, even magical ones like mummy rot and lycanthropy. Furthermore, anyone within 10 feet is protected from disease as well. Creatures whose nature is dependent upon such a disease, such as lycanthropes, are held at bay as though by a *magic circle against evil* except that it operates without regard to alignment.

Aura of Courage: Corean's avatar is immune to all *fear* and *charm* effects (magical or otherwise). Furthermore allies within 10 feet are rendered immune to *fear* and gain a +4 morale bonus against *charm* effects. This morale bonus is a supernatural ability. It is effective against divine presence.

Smite Evil: Once per round Corean's avatar can attempt to smite evil. This ability can be used any number of times per day. Against evil creatures, the avatar's smite evil power grants an additional +13 to hit and +20 damage. This is not reflected in the combat statistics above.

Remove Disease: Once per round Corean's avatar can *remove disease* as the spell. This is treated as a spell-like ability and can even cure magical diseases such as mummy rot or lycanthropy.

Turn Undead: As a free action, once per round, Corean's avatar can turn undead as a level 20 paladin.

This effort benefits from the +5 bonus granted by his avatar's divine form.

Spells: As noted above, Corean's avatar can cast any paladin spell at will. Furthermore, his caster level is treated as 20 when casting paladin spells.

Special Mount: At will, Corean's avatar can summon a paladin mount. Usually he does this only to gift another paladin with a mount, which he can do even if the other paladin has lost his steed. His favored mount is the herald Permenthes, whom he can summon at any time should he wish. The *Adamantine Lance* is summoned automatically to the avatar's hand any time he calls for Permenthes.

Code of Honor: No outside power can ever force Corean's avatar to act dishonorably or in an evil fashion. This means that charms and mind controls of any kind fail against Corean's avatar. While he theoretically could be tricked, his divine wisdom and intellect make this unlikely.

Soulforge (Su): When he entered Golphagga's forge, Corean saw the discarded lore of the titan craftsman. Among the scraps cast aside by the Forger, Corean found many greater qualities — wisdom, courage, mercy and justice. Where Golphagga focused upon the physical and the arcane, Corean saw that he could shape the very soul of a being for the better, in the same manner that he can reshape a weapon into a tool of peace. Many titanspawn came to Corean, seeking to escape the whims of their shapers.

If a willing participant, or an unprotected magic item, stays in the presence of Corean or his avatar for a full day, he can remake the soul or essence in one of a number of mystic ways. A being or object reshaped in this manner might lose some elements of its original identity, however. Thus, Corean is loath to remake a soul beyond the point of redemption unless there is truly no hope for it.

In 24 hours, the avatar of Corean can make any one of the following changes to a being or item:

- Grant a +5 enhancement bonus permanently to Wisdom, Intelligence or Charisma.
- Remove undead or lycanthropic status from a victim, returning them to normal.
- Steel the mind so that is permanently immune to all *fear* type effects and magic.
- Remove all titanspawn taint from a victim, turning the forged person into a member of one of the divine races or a normal creature of equivalent level and ability.
- Reshape any metal or stone item into any other shape without harming its magical powers.
- Perform an *atonement* upon the soul being forged.

- Bind a lawful good soul to a physical object after death of its living body. This often results in lawful good intelligent items, usually with additional powers. It has been used other times differently with powerful effect, as when Corean created the Hollow Knights (see *Creature Collection*, page 109).

- Add the *holy* magical attribute to any weapon. Forging a *Holy Avenger* would be a separate task.

Corean's Honor (Major Artifact)

Description: Corean crafted this perfect mithril blade in the forge of the titan Golphagga, using the qualities that the Shaper had cast aside as useless — mercy, justice, love, honor, pity. Some say that he forged the weapon four times, each forging more potent than the last, until the titan Golphagga returned and sought to slay him for his trespass. The blade is keen of edge and without flaw despite decades of use and thousands of battles during the Divine War. It shines with the brilliance of the forge fires of the gods. Only the most foolhardy or insane of foe would not feel a sense of awe and impending doom upon realizing that she must stand against such perfection.

Powers: *Corean's Honor* is a +6 flaming holy keen vorpal longsword. The sword is quite nearly a part of Corean, and it appears in his hand or the hand of his avatar from any location at the merest exercise of his will. Some say that the only way to destroy the blade would be for Corean himself to lose his honor, and even then the weapon could be shattered only upon the anvil of Golphagga itself.

Upon its final forging, Corean invested the weapon with the greatest power of all — turning it into the literal sword of justice. Each time a foe attacks the wielder of *Corean's Honor*, even if he misses or the wielder makes his save and is unharmed, make all damage rolls and record them. Also record the effects of any spell or spell-like ability. Once three such attacks are recorded, the next successful hit by the sword's wielder against that foe is a retributive strike that automatically inflicts all the accumulated damage and spell effects on its target. This is in addition to the normal damage inflicted by the weapon.

There is no limit to the number of foes whose damage can be stored in the weapon, but only the most recent three attacks by each foe are unleashed by the retributive strike on that foe. Area effect attacks held for retribution affect only the specific foe and do not actually strike the surrounding area again.

Corean's Armor (Minor Artifact)

Description: Some say that this item, a suit of smoke-colored field plate, was a gift to Corean from his mother Denev. Others claim it was one of his first

works upon the forge. Certainly the spirit of the earth resides within the armor, granting it a will and purpose — the defense of Corean and his avatar. Alternately, the armor blazes with fiery heat, smolders like glowing cinders or waits in readiness.

Powers: Corean's Armor is +5 field plate with a number of other abilities. In perfect tune with Corean's movements, the armor has no maximum Dexterity bonus or armor check penalty. Seemingly possessed of its own intelligence, the armor can cast *heat metal* or *pyrotechnics* spells once per round at will, acting to defend Corean against attack. Any smoke created does not interfere with Corean's senses.

Once per day the armor can cast a *wall of iron* spell, usually to prevent foes from flanking or backstabbing Corean or his avatar. Also, once per day the armor can cast a *heal* spell upon Corean or his avatar. Corean's armor turns into smoke and fades away into the heavens upon the death of his avatar, returning when his avatar once again walks the earth.

Adamantine Lance (Minor Artifact)

Description: When mounted, the *Adamantine Lance* is the first weapon that Corean brings to bear against his foes. It is not commonly described in legends, and the only tale in which it plays any great part is in the destruction of the vampire lord Saneus during the Divine War. According to religious scholars, Saneus, a servant of Mormo, was wreaking havoc upon the divine races, enslaving them into his service and drinking their blood at will. Corean heard of this injustice and rode forth against the great vampire lord, piercing the monster's heart with his lance. A single blow from Corean's *Honor* then decapitated the creature. Some legends whisper that Saneus' lieutenant still seeks vengeance against the Champion.

Unlike Corean's *Honor*, the lance is sometimes given to loyal followers. Sometimes Corean sends his herald to aid the forces of good in battle, armed with the *Adamantine Lance*. Other times, a paladin simply finds his prayers to Corean answered when this mighty weapon appears in a puff of forge smoke, inspiring the knight to charge fearlessly into battle.

Powers: The *Adamantine Lance* is a +6 holy lance of wounding forged from nearly pure adamantite. As such, it gains a +2 bonus even within antimagic fields. The lance is treated as wood for the purposes of attacks upon vampires. Further, the lance never encumbers Corean or his avatar. It appears in his hand

when he summons his herald Permenthes, then disappears back to the heavens when he no longer has need of it.

Vindicare, The Sword Corean Left Behind (Minor Artifact)

Description: A precocious child once asked during a feast at a chapter house of Corean about what had happened to the sword Corean had carried before he forged Corean's *Honor* upon the titan's anvil. As embarrassed parents tried to apologize to the paladins present, a wizened old priest winked cheerfully at the child and said that indeed a thing existed. Before the Divine War, the god Corean bore a mighty longsword that was perhaps the first *Holy Avenger* of all time. While the Master Forger worked to craft a blade capable of defeating the titans, upon Golthagga's very own anvil, the Shining One set aside the blade he had wielded for ages. When the titan returned and grew wrath at Corean, a battle ensued that tore apart the very mountain in which the titan's forge lay. The sword Corean once wielded against the hordes of evil was lost. "Fear not, though, young child," the old priest said. "The name of Vindicare is still whispered in the halls of honor, and perhaps someday even you might bear it up against the darkness."

Vindicare is a stunningly beautiful longsword, crafted of shining mithril with an adamantine crossguard inlaid with a fiery ruby. It is a wise and noble blade that sorrows at the loss of its place in its master's right hand, but which faithfully serves Corean's cause forever, even in the hands of another.

Powers: *Vindicare* is a *Holy Avenger* with Intelligence 24, Wisdom 24, Charisma 18, speech, telepathy, and the ability to read all languages and *read magic*. It can detect evil and see invisible at will. It can cast *resist elements (fire)* upon its wielder at will. Twice each day it can cast *stoneskin* on its wielder for 10 minutes per use. Once per day the wielder can cast an *avatar (Corean)* spell, though doing so fatigues her as normal. *Vindicare's* special purpose is to defeat evil, and should its wielder fall in battle, the sword can perform *true resurrection* on the wielder one time only per person. Should this ever occur, *Vindicare* will ask that the resurrected wielder pass it on to a new suitable wielder in order that its power never potentially be wasted. *Vindicare* has an Ego of 40, and it is unswervingly lawful good, being completely willing to enforce its will upon a wielder who is not living up to the standards of Corean.

Permenthes, Herald of Corean

Hit Dice:	20d10+78 (288 hp)
Initiative:	+7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)
Speed:	55 ft. (plus Run feat)
AC:	28 (-1 size, +3 Dex, +16 natural)
Attacks:	Bite +28/+23/+18/+13 melee, 2 hooves +26/+21/+16/+11 melee
Damage:	Bite 1d3+8, hooves 1d8+4
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 10 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Spells, smite evil
Special Qualities:	Scent, detect lie, immunities, speak with the faithful, paladin defenses, darkvision, low-light vision, resistances, damage reduction 10/+3, SR 25
Saves:	Fort +22, Ref +19, Will +20
Abilities:	Str 26, Dex 17, Con 23, Int 12, Wis 18, Cha 18
Skills:	Animal Empathy +14, Concentration +16, Craft (blacksmith) +11, Diplomacy +14, Handle Animal +16, Heal +14, Jump +18, Knowledge (equine) +11, Knowledge (geography) +11, Knowledge (nature) +11, Knowledge (religion) +11, Listen +16, Profession (stablehand) +14, Ride +15, Search +11, Spot +16, Swim +18, Wilderness Lore +14
Feats:	Alertness, Improved Initiative, Multiattack, Run, Trample
Climate/Terrain:	Savannah
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	22
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Lawful good
Advancement Range:	None

Description

A young paladin named Permenthes traveled the fertile plains of Scarn in the years before the Titanswar. He was known far and wide for his seemingly unlimited good deeds. However, he was susceptible to the deadly sin of pride, which drove the young Permenthes to erect a great temple to Corean upon a hill in the middle of what were once the vast, fertile plain of Merses. Pride also drove Permenthes to demand that his workers labor ceaselessly on the fane, finally even going so far as to order them to put the construction of Corean's temple before all else in life.

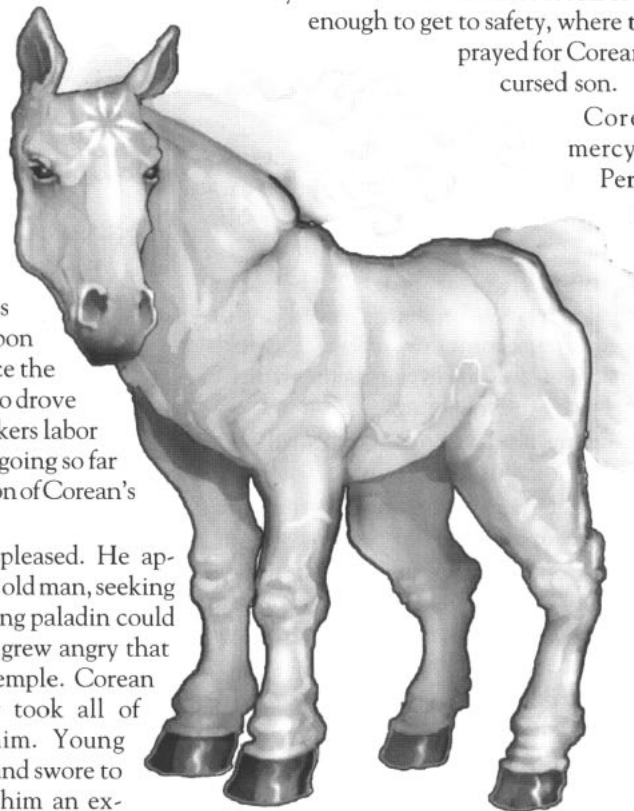
Corean saw this, and was displeased. He appeared to Permenthes disguised as an old man, seeking aid and shelter. In his pride, the young paladin could not see the holiness of his god and grew angry that Corean was not working on the temple. Corean then revealed himself and justly took all of Permenthes' divine gifts from him. Young Permenthes begged for forgiveness and swore to atone for his deeds. Corean made him an example to all, transforming him into the first of the

Coreanic steeds. Permenthes' descendants still wander the lands that are now called the Bleak Savannah.

Permenthes served faithfully as a steed for many great paladins of Corean and dutifully sired generations of chargers to serve the Shining One's holy warriors. His deeds of glory were almost numberless, yet each was naturally attributed to those who rode him into battle. Permenthes' last deed as a mortal steed was not an act of glory or fame, but it was telling of the lesson he had learned from his divine lord. The great white stallion had grown old and yet his strength had not faded. He traveled far and wide beneath the spurs and stirrups of mighty heroes. One fateful day in the bleak wastelands, his rider had fallen to the poisoned arrows of titanspawn and Permenthes entered a desolate village, riderless and crestfallen.

There, he found a starving old woman who attacked him with a pitchfork. Shrugging off the blows, even in his wounded state, Permenthes easily smote the elderly lady to the ground. Pausing, however, he spoke to the aged one and discovered that the old woman was merely trying to feed her starving family, left without sustenance by the depredations of the titanspawn. Permenthes offered to carry the elder and her family to safety and dragged their rickety wagon through the dangerous wastelands toward the plains. Knowing that he could not get them to food soon enough to save them, Permenthes offered himself to the old woman and told her to feed upon his flesh to survive. The starving family consecrated the great white steed to Corean and ate for the first time in days. Permenthes' sacrifice let all of them live long enough to get to safety, where the old woman prayed for Corean to forgive his cursed son.

Corean showed mercy and carried Permenthes soul to the heavens, even



offering to restore his former position of glory. Permenthes refused, asking only that he be allowed to continue to serve as he had done for so long. Corean relented, and to this day Permenthes serves as Corean's personal paladin warhorse and herald, travelling into the world to aid the good and deserving against the evil of the titans and their ilk. The herald of Corean still bears the form of a great white steed, swift of form and beautifully muscled. His dedication to those who serve Corean unswervingly is limitless, his wrath against evil is legendary and his compassion for humanity knows no bounds. If he isn't in attendance to Corean or an NPC paladin, he runs with a herd of Coreanic steeds.

Combat

The herald of Corean fights enemies as a powerful warhorse. He can bear Corean's avatar or another paladin. If this is the case, he defers to their actions and supplements their attacks with physical actions and supporting spells. On his own he fights valiantly to destroy evil and protect the innocent. Should foes employ warhorses of their own, Permenthes brings his *command* ability to bear, causing steeds to throw their riders or flee.

Detect Lie (Sp): Once per day Permenthes can detect lies in a 20-foot radius for a duration of 1 minute.

Immunities (Ex): The herald of Corean is immune to *charm* spells due to his fierce loyalty to his god. He is also immune to fear-based attacks whether magical or otherwise. With respect to his god's role as a master of the fire domain, he is also immune to fire in all its forms. Furthermore, if Permenthes is slain in the material world he is merely banished to Corean's heaven for a year, after which time he can return to Scarn.

Speak with the Faithful (Ex): Permenthes can speak with any paladin or cleric of Corean in a magical and secret tongue understood only by the faithful.

Paladin Abilities (Su or Sp): The herald of Corean was a paladin before becoming a steed, and he has grown only more powerful over time. He wields all of the powers of a 20th-level paladin with his attributes, including the following:

Detect Evil: this ability can be performed once per day in a 20-foot radius for 10 minutes.

Divine Grace: Divine grace grants Permenthes +4 to all saves (already figured in save bonuses above).

Lay on Hands: Though he has no hands, Permenthes can heal 80 points of damage per day as a spell-like ability or cause up to 80 points of damage per day to undead as a touch-based spell attack.

Divine Health: Permenthes is immune to all disease, even magical diseases such as mummy rot and lycanthropy.

Aura of Courage: Permenthes is immune to fear (magical or otherwise) and grants those within 10 feet of him a +4 morale bonus against fear effects.

Smite Evil: Twice per day (due to his celestial nature) Permenthes can attempt to smite evil with one melee attack, giving a +4 to hit and +20 damage on a single strike against an evil creature.

Remove Disease: Six times per week Permenthes can cast *remove disease* as though cast by a cleric at his caster level.

Turn Undead: Permenthes has the supernatural ability to turn undead 7 times per day as a cleric of level 18.

Spells: The herald of Corean casts spells as a 20th-level paladin, thus performing 4 spells per day of each level from 1 to 4 at a caster level of 10.

Special Mount: Permenthes can serve as a mount for any paladin including the god Corean, gaining mutual benefits as though that paladin were level 20 (see *Core Rulebook I*, page 43).

Note that the herald of Corean has these paladin warhorse powers at all times, but that many of them work only in conjunction with having a rider. Should Permenthes be serving as a paladin's mount for Corean's avatar, all paladin warhorse benefits operate continuously so long as he is within a one mile range. Anytime that the herald of Corean serves as a paladin's mount, the rider gains the use of Corean's *Adamantine Lance* until the first charge into combat is finished.

Resistances (Ex): Acid, cold and electricity 20

Coreanic Steeds

Permenthes is one of the forebears of the Coreanic steeds, which to this day wander the Bleak Savannah and answer the call of faithful paladins who follow Corean. (See *Creature Collection*, page 46)

Page of Corean

Feris: Feris is an aging priest of Corean. He has not gained the incredible divine might available to some of his compatriots, but he has gained the respect of the paladins who serve within the chapter house he administers. Feris possesses equal skill at crafting words that heal and succor the soul as he is in forging weapons and armor for his charges upon the temple's anvil. The Order of Iron chapter house he maintains upon the Cordrada Corridor is one of the best prepared, and many travelers who have rested within its walls consider it a true safehouse and very secure from the attacks of orc warlords.

Feris, Chapter Master of Cordrada, Male Human, Clr5/Exp5: SZ M (6 ft. tall); HD 5d8+5d6+20; hp 63; Init -1 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 17 (-1 Dex, +6 armor, +2 shield); Atk +6 melee (1d8+2, +1 longsword); AL LG; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +4; Str 13, Dex 8, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 15, Cha 12.



Skills: Concentration +7, Craft (armorsmith) +6, Craft (blacksmith) +6, Craft (weaponsmith) +12, Diplomacy +1, Heal +6, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Knowledge (religion) +6, Profession (blacksmith) +6, Scry +6, Spellcraft +6. *Feats:* Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Leadership, Mounted Combat, Skill Focus (weaponsmith), Skill Focus (armorsmith)

Possessions: Robes, +1 chainmail, shield, +1 longsword.

Domains: Law, Good

Cleric Spells per Day: 5/4+1/3+1/1+1.

Corean's Followers

While the god Corean can represent perfection, his worshippers receive such divine inspiration in innumerable ways. Four predominant paladin orders follow his teachings, as well as a mystic smithy fellowship, an oracular fire cult and various priesthoods dedicated to different domains of his divinity. When they listen, Corean speaks to his followers of ways they might better serve the betterment of humanity, but sometimes even the gods despair watching the machinations of the unholy. It is then that the Shining One takes to his forge and crafts his greatest works, for red-hot iron never shuns his touch.

Foremost among Corean's followers are the four orders of paladins and the priests who serve with them, who are called the Swords of Corean. The

Order of Mithril is thought to be the first of the knightly chapters to form in dedication to Corean, and they trace their service to the Shining One back to the times when they protected the Flourishing Flats as the cradle of the divine races. The desolation of their lands by the titans, with Chern's fall creating the Mourning Marshes and Kadum's blood polluting the sea itself, troubles the mighty knights of the Order of Mithril, but they do not forsake their duties. It is with no small measure of pride that the knights of the Order of Mithril can look up to the tremendous Mithril Golem standing in Corean's city and know without a doubt that their god is with them at all times. The order treats Mithril as a sort of holy city, and encourages pilgrimages to its greatest temple wherein the great Mithril Golem rests. The Knights of the Order of Mithril serve as templars to the priesthood of Mithril and strive to cleanse the devastated lands once forming the Flourishing Flats of the corruption of the titans. A few of their number have traveled far from their city to carry the holy war to new places, including one chapter house as far away as the city of Fangsfall.

The second order of the Swords of Corean is the Order of Iron. The paladins of the Order of Iron are sometimes called the Iron Knights, and they possess unparalleled mastery of weaponry and siege warfare. All of the Swords of Corean tend to organize themselves into chapter houses, which are fortress-temples

that guard the soul against evil and the faithful against harm. Chapter houses of the Order of Iron ring with the sound of hammers and anvils at work, and every paladin proves faithful to the memory of Corean's role as the Master Forger. The Iron Knights chapter houses tend to be the most well constructed and heavily armed of the fortress-temples of the Swords of Corean, and the paladins who serve the Order of Iron bring their marvelous masterworks into battle with frightening efficiency.

The third order of the Swords of Corean is the Order of Silver. The order takes its name from the reputed ability of silver to harm many supernatural evils. Priests of Corean warn of the evils posed by demonic creatures all too often summoned into service by the evil gods and titans. The paladins of the Order of Silver become steeped in the forbidden lore of their enemies and learn the secrets of the evil planes, summoners and possession. The chapter houses of the Order of Silver are usually cloistered away from their fellow man and contain dark libraries and treasures carefully guarded lest they be abused. The Silver Knights, as they are sometimes called, bear every bit as much honor as their fellow Swords of Corean, but they know that sometimes they must move swiftly and in secret. One cannot be deceptive and remain true to the principles of Corean, but there are things that common men should never hear or see — the names of demons are dangerous things. The knights of the Order of Silver travel as unobtrusively as possible, seeking word of the encroachment of evil and moving to erase its presence as quietly as possible. They are often silent, taciturn individuals who bear the burden of fighting a war against creatures whose very existence is better left unknown by common folk whose souls might fall too easily to dark masters.

The fourth order of the Swords of Corean is the Order of Gold. The order's existence stems from a legend that Corean learned the arts of healing from Madriel. The golden symbols of the order, representing the divine metal they associate with the sun, honor the goddess' wisdom in teaching the Champion. Chapter houses of the Order of Gold are usually smaller and less fortified than those of other orders. They are certainly more widespread, however, as the Knights of the Order of Gold travel far and wide to ensure they bring the healing hand of Corean to all who need it. Travelers returning from Termana report that the Order of Gold already is spreading into that continent or that perhaps it was already there. The Gold Knights are the greatest missionaries of the Swords of Corean as well, being happy to proselytize the wonders of Corean and aptly demonstrate his divine power through their healing arts.



The majority of the priesthood of Corean serves as part of one of the four Swords of Corean orders. This does not necessarily mean they are part of one of the chapter houses, however. Just as often a cleric of Corean is the sole priest in a small village, working perhaps as its blacksmith and holding mass on Corean's holy days. His parish may be hundreds of miles from any chapter house, but the cleric is still likely to know where the nearest one can be found and probably even who its master knight happens to be.

Some of Corean's priests are far more independent of the Orders. A prime example of this is the ecstasies who seek to find the Shining One in the element of fire. Such individuals may travel to forsaken places with volcanic activity or engage in dangerous activities such as fire walking. Sweating profusely, covered in soot and filled with searing pain, they touch the sorrow of Corean at his children's suffering and the sacred agonies he endures while forging the future. The orders do not look kindly upon what they see as lunatics, but some cultures, especially primitive ones, are far more impressed with the raw worship of the god of fire than they are with their more "civilized" cousins.

One faithful following of Corean's stands apart from his priesthood and claims to represent his true works. The Ancient Order of the Anvil is more of a mystery cult wrapped in a smith's guild. Blacksmiths in cities across Ghelspad become initiates of the Ancient Order of the Anvil and progressively learn its secrets. One's rank in the Anvil depends upon service to the order and success at various ordeals. Typical ordeals include crafting one's first masterwork item, bringing a piece of star metal (meteorite) to a Master or accepting a relative of another order member as an apprentice. The members of the Ancient Order of the Anvil learn various secret signs that let them identify each other, and some believe that every blacksmith's guild in Ghelspad has at least a few members of the Anvil within its numbers. Some people whisper that the Anvil has some secret purpose, known only to its own members, while others note that the Ancient Order often has access to many of the greatest nobles in the land, personally serving as armorers and weaponmakers for the mighty. Telos Asuras in particular has taken an interest in the Anvil as he sees a potential to create a monopoly of skilled metalworkers.

Corean's Heaven

—from the Book of Silver:

And the House of Corean stands upon a great stone plateau in the heights of heaven, its adamantine walls towering into the sky and its gates of mithril stand open to the hosts of heaven. The gates stand ever vigilantly guarded lest the hordes of the abyss seek entrance, when

they would be cast shut and the beasts of hell would rain curses upon them as they stood in impotence before their mighty bars, until every soul was safely gathered from the fields of the Shining One. Then the gates would spring open to emit the legions of heaven, accompanied by the trumpets of a thousand angels, and the Swords of Corean would reap the fields, and evil would fall as grain before a scythe.

And standing in peace once more, the House of Corean would ring with the resounding noise of a thousand anvils turning the riches of the earth to the hand of man, wrought with the stone blood of the earth and quenched in the purest snow. The celestial archons set forth upon great wings to carry Corean's word to the faithful, as the great Champion surveys the limitless lands below, where his people peacefully till the soil and live eternally with the families they lost upon the earth in heaven forever and forever. His eye casts forth, to and fro, and anywhere that the wicked seek to disturb the ways of heaven he descends as the Avenger and casts the dark ones screaming back to their hells. Wherever evil lurks within the earth, his faithful abide it not. One day the earth shall be as the valleys of heaven, and the good shall be free of fear, and the wise will turn their swords into plough shares and till the fields of plenty, knowing that evil is no more.

And I traveled down into the valleys, as the Shining One instructed me,

and came upon a fair village. My heart leapt within me for it felt like the home I lost as a child when the orcs of Lede burned us out. But nothing prepared me for the weeping of joy that set upon me when my eyes fell upon the beloved faces of my grandparents. I shall never forget the way my mother's eyes shined with love for her son not yet taken by heaven. My duty recalled me to the earth, but my heart remains in heaven waiting for my return.

The Order of Silver secretly notes that the end of the Crusade of Corean, should its end ever come, will be far off indeed, as the wars of man are but moments in the eyes of the gods. Over the centuries, a few of them have visited Corean's heaven, however, and returned with an unquenchable faith that honor and virtue are embodied in the fields of paradise. Their tomes write of celestial beings, called archons, some in the forms of hounds and others winged and beautiful, which serve the Shining One in his Great House. They speak of magnificent lands that stretch for thousands of miles around the mountain fortress of Corean, wherein magic beasts are not titan terrors, but are wise and wonderful creatures, dedicated to protecting their lands and peoples. Shining dragons lair upon the slopes of Corean's mount and in great caves throughout the lands. Wise lammasu, feathered serpents (couatl), packs of flickering yellow-furred hounds and wandering lantern flames which sing with the music of Corean's forge ensure that even the deepest forest is never completely dark and that anyone can walk safely about paradise without fear.



Madriel's Avatar

	Special-Size Outsider (Avatar)
Hit Dice:	45d8+450 (810 hp)
Initiative:	+19 (+11 Dex, +8 Divine Initiative)
Speed:	40ft., fly 200ft. (perfect), swim 40ft.
AC:	59 (+11 Dex, +13 full plate, +20 deflection, +15 natural)
Attacks:	<i>Spear of the Sun</i> +61/+56/+51/+46/+41/+36/+31/+26/+21 melee, or +58/+53/+48/+43/+38/+33/+28/+23/+18 ranged; or <i>Madriel's Feathers</i> +51/+46/+41/+37/+31/+26/+21/+16/+11 ranged.
Damage:	<i>Spear of the Sun</i> 1d8+16 and special qualities (see below), <i>Madriel's Feathers</i> special qualities (see below)
Face/Reach:	5ft. by 5ft./5ft.
Special Attacks:	Spell-like abilities, spells, magic items
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 40/+4, SR 38, regeneration 15, aura of mercy, feathery touch, redemption
Divine Qualities:	Divine creation, divine empowerment 5, divine favor 3, divine immunity, divine initiative 1, divine knowledge 5, divine language, divine protection 4, divine puissance 3, divine resistance 4, divine retribution, divine speed 3, divine summoning, divine telepathy, divine vision, god's avatar
Saves:	Fort +36, Ref +40, Will +45
Abilities:	Str 32, Dex 33, Con 30, Int 30, Wis 48, Cha 40
Skills:	Concentration +58, Craft +58, Diplomacy +63, Gather Information +39, Handle Animal +63, Heal +67, Intuit Direction +43, Knowledge (arcana) +58, Knowledge (religion) +58, Knowledge (geography) +34, Knowledge (history) +34, Listen +43, Perform +39, Ride +38, Scribe +58, Search +34, Spellcraft +58, Spot +43, Swim +54, Use Rope +38
Feats:	Alertness, Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Combat Reflexes, Craft Wondrous Item, Empower Spell, Extend Spell, Forge Ring, Improved Initiative, Maximize Spell, Power Attack, Quicken Spell,
Climate/Terrain:	Any
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	42
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral good
Domains:	Air, Good, Healing, Plants, Sun
Holy Symbol:	A spear with a tassel of peacock feathers.
Advancement Range:	None

Description

During the Divine War, both the land and the people suffered terribly. Whole races were wiped out, titans and their allies brutally slaughtered men, women and children, and those who survived were often horribly mutated or deranged. Through the entire bloody history, one figure inspired hope, compassion and peace in those lucky enough to see her. Madriel, the Redeemer, was perhaps the most revered Goddess on all of Scarn. When not fighting the titans directly, she was among the war's victims, raising slain faithful to fight again, making the broken whole, healing the wounded, curing the sick and destroying any undead

that crossed her path. Hers was a righteous, yet compassionate fury, fueled by her sorrow and anguish.

Since the end of the Titanswar, Madriel has come to be known as the First Angel of Mercy, due in large part to the manifestation of her avatar on Scarn — that of an armored angel held aloft on lustrous wings with exotic feathers. Her armor glows with the divine radiance of the heavens, and when forced into combat, she wields a spear forged of pure sunlight.

Madriel is especially popular among the common folk of Scarn, who pray to her for good harvests, plentiful rains and abundant sunlight. These prayers, especially for those of rain, became so numerous that the Redeemer bequeathed responsibility for the clouds, rain and rainbows to her only daughter Syhana. Since then, more of the farmers' prayers have been directed toward Syhana, leaving Madriel time to tend to other duties.

Today, Madriel sends her avatar to Scarn to bring mercy and ease the suffering of the truly devout and to thwart the schemes of her wicked sister, Belsameth. The Divine Truce prevents her from confronting Belsameth directly, but many beings of great power serve the Mother of Mercy, and they often find themselves pitted against the minions of the Slayer. In fact, Madriel's avatar is often accompanied by her herald and various planetars, trumpet archons, avorals or lantern archons.

Invocation Benefit

The devout of Madriel who spend a full round invoking the Redeemer's name gain a +1 bonus on saves against negative energy attacks as well as the ability to heal one extra point of damage per healing spell. Worshippers can pray for three consecutive rounds for a maximum of +3 on saves or can pray for one round for a maximum of +1 per die for healing spells (no bonus for cantrip level spells).

Combat

Madriel's avatar possesses combat skills equal to a 20th-level fighter. Nevertheless, she despises armed conflict and avoids it if at all possible. Her youth as the twin sister to the cruel and merciless Belsameth taught her to hold her own in battle, but Madriel has never learned to take pleasure in bloodshed. She prefers to tend to the sick and wounded, giving them strength, easing their suffering, and, in certain cases, giving them new life to continue a crusade.

However, Madriel's avatar can be pushed too far. If moved to anger on behalf of her followers, or by the suffering of the innocent, she attacks with blinding speed, impaling foes on her *Spear of the Sun*, which often destroys undead instantly. Fallen comrades can be raised with a touch of the Redeemer's wings, and Madriel's avatar can use her long flight feathers for both creation and destruction.

Spells: Madriel's avatar can cast any spell accessible to clerics, bards, or paladins, all as a 20th-level cleric. She does not need to prepare her spells normally; she selects the spell she wants and casts it. She does not need any components or foci — she simply casts the spells with a thought.

Spell-Like Abilities: In addition to her normal spellcasting abilities, Madriel's avatar can cast healing spells (*cure*, *heal*, *restoration*, *resurrection*, and so on) or any spell from the domain of Sun at will, no more than once per round. These are cast as by a 20th-level cleric (save DC 25 + spell level).

Aura of Mercy (Su): Madriel is compassion and mercy personified. As such, when she manifests on Scarn, her avatar exudes a circle of divine energy in a radius of 200 feet. Any evil creature within this radius suffers the effects of a *doom* spell (Will save DC 30). Undead creatures receive no Will save and automatically suffer the effect of the *doom* spell, but all penalties are -4 instead of -2. Any good-aligned cleric within this radius gains the benefits of having all healing spells maximized as per the *Metamagic* feat, with no increased casting cost or time. Madriel's priests and worshippers gain double the maximum effect of any healing spell cast, as long as they remain within the 200-foot radius (this effect stacks with the *Maximize Spell* effect described previously). This ability takes the place of divine presence for Madriel's avatar.

Feathery Touch (Su): Once per day, if an ally Madriel deems worthy dies in combat within view of her avatar, the First Angel of Mercy's avatar can bring him back from the dead by spending a full round touching his lifeless body with her wings. Madriel's avatar is subject to attacks of opportunity during this time. At the end of the round, the person is restored to full

health, with full hit points, all diseases cured and all negative levels removed. Madriel reserves the use of this ability for times of great need or for when she wishes to raise a truly deserving hero.

Redemption (Su): Madriel is a goddess of mercy, and she believes that even her most stalwart foe has a chance at salvation. In the goddess' eyes, no soul is

too corrupt that it cannot be saved. The soul of any foe slain by Madriel or her avatar is given one last chance to turn away from the darkness and convert to the worship of Madriel. Such creatures are then affected as by a *resurrection* spell, but they must return as a suitably aligned worshipper of Madriel. Most creatures, once free of magical compulsion, choose redemption over damnation. Especially evil creatures, or those with close ties to evil deities, often turn down redemption, counting on their wicked masters to deal with their souls appropriately. This ability has been known to result in the creation of such strange creatures as good-aligned titanspawn.

Divine Summoning (Su): Three times per day, Madriel can summon 3d6 hopes (see *Creature Collection II*, page 94), 2d6 avoral, 1d6 astral devas or 1 planetar.

Spear of the Sun (Major Artifact)

Description: When the Titanswar began, Madriel realized that she would be forced to take up



arms. To prepare for this, she traveled to the sun. Flying into its fiery heart, she forged a mighty spear from pure sunlight.

Powers: This +5 *flaming holy ghost touch longspear of returning* is made from a shaft of pure sunlight and radiates light as per a *daylight* spell, even in magical darkness. Any undead struck by the spear take quadruple damage, and must make Will save (DC equal to the amount of damage inflicted by the spear) or be destroyed outright. The weapon has no weight and can be thrown to its maximum range without suffering any range increment penalties. It can also be used as a reach or melee weapon, unlike most other longspears. The spear instantly returns to Madriel's (or her avatar's) hand after its attack roll. Anyone other than Madriel and her avatar who tries to wield the spear takes 30d6 per round, with no saving throw allowed. Madriel can voluntarily suspend this effect, and she occasionally lends the spear to a favored follower, but this is very rare.

Madriel's Feathers (Minor Artifacts)

Description: The avatar of Madriel possesses angelic wings that are lined with feathers resembling those of a peacock. When she is too far away to personally administer healing, or, in some instances, righteous justice, one of these feathers can be used instead.

Powers: Each of Madriel's avatar's wings is lined with what appear as male peacock feathers. Instead of

a normal attack action, Madriel can choose to pluck one of these feathers and hurl it at friend or foe. She hits automatically with one of seven effects of her choosing that are cast at 20th-level and which occur upon impact. The effects she can choose from include *heal*, *mass heal*, *greater dispelling*, *disintegrate*, *hold monster*, *fireball*, *true seeing*. A Fortitude save (DC 35) can be made to resist these effects. Each wing has 24 such feathers, which regenerate every morning at sunrise.

Full Plate of Redemption (Minor Artifact)

Description: Madriel manifests on Scarn in the form of an armored angel. Madriel's armor is of godly make and is awe-inspiring, adding to the already powerful presence of the Redeemer. It also affords superior magical protection to the goddess.

Powers: This +5 *full plate* shines brightly. It has no maximum Dexterity bonus, 0% arcane spell failure, and no discernable weight. In addition, it has a special variant of the *blinding* power (*Core Rulebook II*, page 181). At will, the Redeemer can cause the armor to emit the divine light of the goddess, blinding anyone within 60 feet. Affected creatures must make a Reflex saving throw (DC 30) or be permanently blinded. If a Reflex save is successful, the subject is blinded for 1d4 hours. This permanent divine blindness can be cured only by a *cure* or *wish* spell cast at 20th level.



The Healer, Madriel's Herald

Hit Dice:	Medium-Size Outsider (Good) 19d8+114 (228 hp)
Initiative:	+10 (+6 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)
Speed:	80 ft., Climb 40 ft.
AC:	26 (+6 Dex, +10 natural)
Attacks:	<i>Holy Touch</i> +24/+19/+14/+9 melee, or +25/+20/+15/+10 ranged touch
Damage:	<i>Holy Touch</i> 1d6 +5 plus 2d6 damage against evil-aligned creatures
Face/Reach:	5ft. by 5ft./ 5–15ft.
Special Attacks:	Greater turning, channel of health
Special Qualities:	Damage Reduction 18/+3, SR 20, positive energy
Saves:	Fort +17, Ref +17, Will +18
Abilities:	Str 20, Dex 22, Con 23, Int 19, Wis 25, Cha 16
Skills:	Alchemy +15, Climb +16, Concentration +29, Diplomacy +26, Escape Artist +17, Gather Information +14, Heal +30, Intimidate +14, Intuit Direction +18, Knowledge (arcana) +27, Knowledge (religion) +27, Knowledge (undead) +27, Spellcraft +25
Feats:	Alertness, Brew Potion, Combat Reflexes, Extra Turning, Power Attack
Climate/Terrain:	Any land
Organization:	Solitary (unique), or accompanying Madriel's avatar and/or followers.
Challenge Rating:	16
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral good
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Madriel once involved herself far more in the daily lives of her people, and she was once more bound to the land than she is today. Farmers would pray for her aid and be rewarded based upon the depth of their faith. She was invoked when couples were married and almost always made her presence felt when her worshippers were about to cross over the threshold between life and death, entering her Citadel of the Sun. She would often send envoys or, on occasion, appear on Scarn itself to administer healing or restore life to a slain follower. Then the gods rebelled against the titans — whole civilizations were wiped out, populations decimated — the land itself took grievous wounds and cried out for healing.

At first she tried to care for her people, but within a few years, it all became too much for Madriel. She could not keep the wanton destruction in check, and whenever she walked the land, thousands cried to her for succor. She had no choice but to comply, healing the masses and fighting the titans, often to the limit of her ability. While fighting on behalf of the dark elves, Madriel was sorely wounded by Chern. Drained beyond the ability to defend herself, the Redeemer would have perished at the hands of the titan of plagues were it not for the timely intervention of Corean and Vangal. The pair drove Chern off, allowing Madriel to escape. Frustrated, Chern turned

his fury upon the elven demigod, and the deity's enraged followers destroyed him.

Madriel then realized that she could not continue in this manner and survive the Titanswar. The Redeemer retreated to the farthest corner of Scarn and vested a part of her power with sentience, giving it form and substance. Thus, Madriel gave birth to her herald, a genderless being composed of the positive energies that fuel the goddess' righteous mercy.

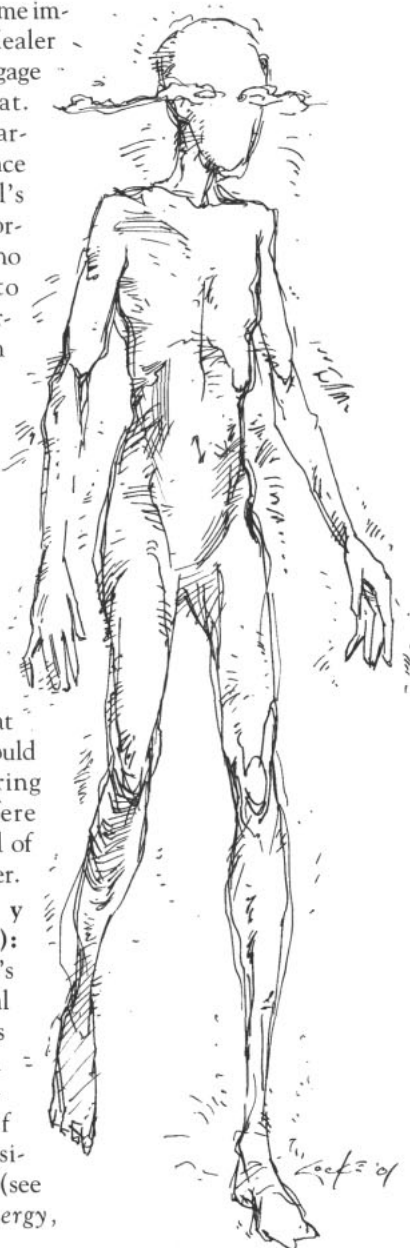
Known only as the Healer, Madriel's herald wordlessly walks the Scarred Lands, curing the sick and healing the wounded, restoring the dead to life, and granting rest to the undead. Allies of the Redeemer rejoice at the sight of the Healer, for they know that it bears a portion of their goddess' power.

Combat

As its name implies, the Healer does not engage in combat. Rather, it arrives in advance of Madriel's avatar, restoring those who need it to health, clearing the path of suffering so that Madriel can attend directly to the business at hand.

If provoked, however, the Healer lashes out at those who would cause suffering and interfere with the will of the Redeemer.

Holy Touch (Ex): The Healer's only physical attack allows it to reach out with tendrils of brilliant positive energy (see brilliant energy,



Core Rulebook II, page 186). As such, it allows the Healer to ignore armor but renders it unable to strike undead. On a successful hit, undead take damage only from the holiness of the Healer's attack, rather than the full damage an ordinary evil creature would receive (*holy*, *Core Rulebook II*, page 186).

Positive Energy (Ex): As a being composed entirely of positive energy, the Healer can turn or destroy undead as a 19th-level cleric. Additionally, because the herald is so attuned to positive energy, it receives the maximum benefit of any positive energy spell cast upon it, such as all *cure* spells. This energy affinity also renders the Healer immune to any negative energy or death effects.

Greater Turning (Su): Instead of a normal turning attempt, the Healer can choose to perform a greater turning for one or more of its normal turning attempts. Any undead turned in this manner are automatically destroyed.

Channel of Health (Su): The Healer, being composed entirely of positive energy, can choose to channel a portion of this energy as a standard action. By channeling its energy into another being, in the form of hit points, it can reproduce any effect from the domain of healing. The more powerful the effect, the more hitpoints the herald must sacrifice (see table for exact costs). The herald cannot use these powers on itself.

Channeling Costs

Hit Point cost	Effect
1	Cure minor wounds
2	Cure light wounds
4	Cure moderate wounds
8	Cure serious wounds
16	Cure critical wounds
20	Healing circle
32	Heal
44	Regenerate
64	Mass heal
114	True resurrection

Madriel's Page

Jolarian Highsong, Priest of the Order of the Morning Sky, Madriel's Page, Male Human, Clr 10: M; HD 10d8+20; hp 80; Init +4 (Improved Initiative); Spd 20 ft.; AC 21 (+11 adamantine full plate); Atk +10 (+12)/+5 (+7) melee, +9 ranged (1d6+3, +5 vs. titanspawn, quarterstaff, 1d6+5, crit 18–20/x3, double damage to undead, returning *Sunray Spear* halfspear; AL CG; SV Fort +9, Ref +3, Will +12; Str 13, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 11, Wis 20, Cha 16

Skills: Concentration +15, Diplomacy +10, Knowledge (religion) +13, Heal +11. **Feats:** Brew

Potion, Cleave, Extra Turning, Improved Initiative, Power Attack

Possessions: *Sunray Spear* (see *Relics and Rituals*, page 207), Adamantine Full plate, *Periapt of Health*, incandescent blue *Ioun stone* (+2 Wis), golden holy symbol (*Sunray Spear*)

Domains: Healing, Sun

Cleric Spells Per Day: 6/5+1/5+1/4+1/4+1/2+1

Born in the town of Sengia in AV 127, young Jolarian seemed gifted with the blessings of the First Angel of Mercy. Growing up, the child showed a natural aptitude toward healing and martial skills. In his 16th year of life, he left his parents' farm and traveled north, seeking out the nearest temple of Madriel in the hopes of becoming a healer.

It was around this time, however, that a great morgaunt infestation began in southern Vesh. The creatures poured out of the Mourning Marshes in droves, and the infestation spread quickly throughout the land. Jolarian, who was just completing his clerical training, learned that his hometown had been infested and returned home to aid his parents. At first, all seemed well.

Unknown to Jolarian, his father had been bitten a week earlier while fighting a neighbor-turned-morgaunt. Another six days passed without incident, but on the night of the sixth day, Jolarian awakened from his sleep to find himself attacked by his own father, now a fearsome morgaunt.

Sickened and fearful, Jolarian fought back and slew his father. Rushing to his parent's bedchamber, his worst fears were realized — his mother had been slain by her infected father. Filled with sorrow, Jolarian burned the corpses of his parents, then blessed and buried the ashes. Then he waited.

The next morning, a cleansing patrol from the Order of the Morning Sky arrived in Sengia with orders to burn the town to the ground, the only sure means of preventing the infestation from spreading. Jolarian met them at the edge of town and aided them as they purged his childhood home.

Not wanting the obviously afflicted boy's deeds to go unrewarded, Captain Sephoj Stormshield brought the child to a Madrielite temple for cleansing. It was, however, to no avail. The morgaunt grubs had infected Jolarian for too long. When the healers told him the somber news, Jolarian simply asked that Stormshield kill him quickly.

Before Stormshield could carry out this selfless request, Madriel's avatar appeared with a flash of light as brilliant as the sun. With a gentle caress of her angelic wings, the Redeemer healed Jolarian, and when he awakened, informed him that he was her newest page, giving him one of her legendary *Sunray Spears*.

Jolarian takes his position very seriously, and his actions speak for him — healing the sick, comforting

the grief-stricken, and smiting undead with holy vengeance, always seeking to embody the mercy and justice of his patron.

Madriel's Worship and Worshippers

Where Corean is the most respected god in the Scarred Lands, Madriel is probably the most beloved. Popular among the commoners, she is viewed as the one god who is truly compassionate to her followers. Her shrines are among the most numerous on Scarn, ranging from small roadside shelters to fortress-like temples constructed by the Order of the Morning Sky.

It is informal worship, however, that creates the unbreakable cornerstone of Madriel's power. While it is true that several nations hold Madriel as their official goddess, she gains her greatest strength from individual worship by the common folk.

Farmers invoke her daily for aid in tilling their fields, hoping that the goddess will smile upon them and grant them a bountiful harvest. The Redeemer also occasionally instructs her daughter, Syhana, to bring rain to a particular field, so that the farmer can know that his faith has been rewarded. It has been said that the Redeemer once blessed the farmlands of the nation of Darakeene, which accounts for the nation's plentiful harvests. However, enemies of Darakeene whisper that this boon is actually the work of sorcery.

Weddings are a joyous occasion for all involved, especially for the First Angel of Mercy. When not actively thwarting titanspawn or attending to other godly business, Madriel takes time to view and bless weddings. Some scholars credit the goddess with the invention of weddings, whereas cynics see them as yet another means for the nations of Scarn to tax their people.

Because of her affinity for marriage ceremonies, it has become the common custom among worshippers of Madriel, if not throughout Scarn, to leave the first seat at the wedding banquet unoccupied. This is out of respect for the goddess, and it allows her an honored place to sit — next to the bride's family — should she choose to grace the proceedings with her presence.

The Redeemer appears to the dying souls of her faithful, escorting the departed to her Citadel of the Sun. As Madriel's clergy explain it, the Redeemer acts as a ward for the soul against the depredations of the gods Chardun and Belsameth. Either of these two would think nothing of snatching a soul during its journey and twisting it to serve them as undead. Belsameth, in fact, takes great pleasure in doing such things; only through the intervention of Madriel can souls safely reach their eternal resting-place.

The one time that people always invoke Madriel is during healing rites. Without her blessing, no

living thing on Scarn could mend itself. Yet, she is not a harsh deity. The First Angel of Mercy knows that there are times when invoking her name during healing might only bring greater hurt upon the invoker or the recipient. It is then acceptable *not* to invoke Madriel's name.

Otherwise, if a priest or herbalist does not routinely invoke Madriel's name when healing, he can expect one of two punishments. The first is the lesser punishment — the temporary loss of healing spells until the next sunrise. The second punishment is more severe, and is imposed only if a healer consistently and willfully ignores Madriel. In this case, the healer loses all healing spells permanently, unless he prays to Madriel and asks forgiveness. If the Redeemer chooses to recognize such an individual, she gives the offender a quest, which, if successfully completed, results in the restoration of the petitioner's healing spells. This quest is usually difficult, and involves offering mercy or aid to a particularly beleaguered group of Madriel's followers.

Being a god, Madriel maintains a planar domain, although she would much rather be among her worshippers on Scarn. Her true form resides in Aolib, which is a portion of the divine planes also known as the Realm of the Ever-Shining Sun. Her Citadel of the Sun is found *her*, and it serves as the final dwelling place of Madriel's loyal followers.

Like her sister, Belsameth, Madriel also keeps a palace in the Material Plane. It is a projection of the Citadel of the Sun from Aolib, and it either circles Scarn's sun or rests upon its surface. There are three ways to reach the Citadel: by receiving a direct invitation by Madriel, by visiting as a waypoint on a redeemed soul's journey, or by following one of Syhana's rainbow paths.

When Madriel is not in her citadel, her herald presides over it. He keeps order and provides comfort to all who visit. The Citadel is also home to ghaele, trumpet archons, astral devas, planetars, solars and the few hopes that were not corrupted by Chern. The Citadel is always a cheerful place, full of light and life, with warmth radiating from the walls, floors, and even the ceilings.

One section of her domain consists of nothing but farmland blessed by Madriel and tilled by those who wish to continue their service in the next life. Occasionally, the Redeemer gifts a farmer with a plant from this holy farm; the mortal who receives such a gift is guaranteed a plentiful harvest for the rest of his life. The farm contains plant life no longer found on Scarn; some say that it is actually a portion of the Flourishing Flats, which was saved by Madriel from destruction.

Deep within the Citadel of the Sun, at its very heart, lies a small room. It is Madriel's greatest accomplishment, and only four other beings alive, besides herself, know of its existence. The room, called the Healing Halls, contains the healing power of the

goddess magnified a thousandfold. Those who enter this place are instantly cured of any injury or disease, and the dead are restored to full health.

Madriel's holy righteousness is exemplified in her one sanctioned order, the Order of the Morning Sky. Founded in 6 AV, the order exists to end the suffering of innocents in the name of Madriel. Because of this vision and because of the current state of Scarn, it is no wonder that this group consists of the most militant of Madriel's worshippers. Referred to by detractors as 'chaotic paladins,' the order seeks to spread the influence of the Redeemer throughout all of Scarn. It has in large part succeeded, due mostly to its current leader, High Priest Vincent Adriam. He has adopted a no-nonsense attitude with most of the nations of Scarn, most of whom (at least grudgingly) allow the order to travel where it needs to without interference.

To the order, the ends truly do justify the means. They do anything within their power to strengthen the people's opinion of Madriel. One can find mem-

bers of the order anywhere; they heal the sick and tend to those that need other assistance, all in the name of the Redeemer.

The order also serves as the front line of defense against the undead. They also combat leftover diseases created by Chern and often destroy more powerful undead, such as vampires or mummies. Some feel that the order's treatment of villages with morgaunt infestations — the inhabitants have three days to destroy the infection themselves or be subject to utter destruction — is at odds with the goddess' merciful nature, but members of the order insist that such practices are necessary to prevent greater evil.

The Order of the Morning Sky charges nothing for its services, but does request two things whenever beginning an undertaking — that their proposals and tactics be implemented immediately and without question, and that a temple dedicated to Madriel be constructed upon completion of their mission. In Vesh, those who do not join the Vigils often become priests of the Order of the Morning Sky.

Tanil's Avatar

Hit Dice:	Special-Size Outsider (Avatar) 40d8+774 (1094 hp)
Initiative:	+39 (+13 Dex, +16 Divine Initiative)
Speed:	50 ft.
AC:	63 (+23 Dex, +20 deflection, +10 natural)
Attacks:	Longsword +59/+54/+49/+44/+39/+34/ +29/+24/+19 melee; <i>Hunter's Longbow</i> and <i>Arrows of the Huntress</i> +70/+65/+60/+55/ +50/+45/+40/+35/+30 ranged
Damage:	Longsword 1d8+16, <i>Hunter's Longbow</i> and <i>Arrows of the Huntress</i> 1d8+16
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Befuddle, spells, spell-like abilities
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 40/+4, SR 35, regeneration 30, heal werebeast, song of Tanil
Divine Qualities:	Divine creation, divine empowerment 2, di vine favor 3, divine immunity, divine initia tive 2, divine knowledge 3, divine language, divine presence, divine protection 4, divine puissance 5, divine resistance 6, divine ret ribution, divine speed 4, divine summoning, divine telepathy, divine vision, god's avatar Fort +32, Ref +46, Will +45
Saves:	Str 42, Dex 56, Con 47, Int 33, Wis 54, Cha 35
Abilities:	Animal Empathy +58, Balance +46, Climb +39, Concentration +37, Craft (bowmaking) +19, Craft (fletching) +22, Craft (leatherworking) +18, Craft (trapmaking) +19, Handle Animal +58, Heal +65, Hide +61, Intimidate +32, Intuit Direction +61, Jump +34, Knowledge (arcana) +15, Knowledge (geography) +20, Knowledge (nature) +23, Knowledge (the planes) +14, Knowledge (reli gion) +18, Listen +70, Move Silently +69, Per form (singing) +27, Perform (pan pipes) +31, Profession (fisher) +30, Profession (herder) +29, Profession (hunter) +41, Search +58, Sense Mo tive +68, Spot +70, Swim +38, Tumble +45, Use Magic Device +20, Use Rope +61, Wilderness Lore +68
Skills:	
Feats:	Alertness, Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (melee arrows), Expertise, Far Shot, Mobility, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Run, Shot on the Run, Track
Climate/Terrain:	Any
Organization:	Solitary (unique) or with 1d6 hounds of Tanil
Challenge Rating:	25
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always chaotic good
Domains:	Animals, Chaos, Luck, Plants, Travel, Trickery
Holy Symbol:	Three bronze arrows lying parallel.
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Tanil, goddess of hunting, travel, music and freedom, has changed somewhat since the Divine War. To ensnare her evil father so that Corean could defeat him, Tanil was forced to employ the cruellest trickery of her long existence.

Once a laughing maiden, her eyes gleaming with a mischief that rivaled even Enkili, the cruelty of the Divine War and its aftermath transformed Tanil





forever. She is more serious now, and her songs are sadder. Perhaps when the land has healed she will return to her old self, but for now the wounded state of the Scarred Lands consumes her. The power she once devoted to frivolity and games is now directed to healing of the land and to the protection of all that is good and pure.

Since birth, Tanil has been very close to her mother, Denev, and from this bond, she gained a love of nature and all living things. Corean's worshippers sometimes complain that Tanil prefers animals and trees to people, and indeed there may be some truth to this — she certainly spends more time away from intelligent beings than near them. All animals adore her, for though she is a huntress, they know she would never harm any natural or good creature without the greatest need or without the creature's willing sacrifice. Anyone who needlessly harms the good and the natural, however, is free sport in Tanil's eyes.

Tanil's love of nature is exemplified in her dislike of cities, which she feels disturb the pristine peace of her forests and plains. Her avatar manifests only in cities when absolutely necessary, and some believe her to be openly hostile toward city-dwellers, risking the enmity of Hedrada, Lord of Cities. In truth, Tanil does not hate cities or their inhabitants, but neither does she harbor much affection for them.

Yet, while Tanil's compassion has remained unchanged her birth, the violence of the Divine War has somehow changed her once mischievous and rebellious nature. Today the Huntress suffers from an aching wanderlust and a deep-seated need for freedom. She can never remain long in one place, and rumors relate that her avatar travels to the other continents of the Scarred Lands on occasion, spending months at a time away from Ghelspad. The imprisonment or enslaving of any living thing horrifies her. Some even whisper that Tanil's love of freedom goes too far, and that she and her followers' plot the release of one or more titans. Given the anguish that Tanil herself suffered at the hands of the titans, her followers are likely to react violently if any such thing is suggested in their presence.

Tanil wears many guises in the mortal world. As well as being the tireless champion of all animals, plants and natural places, Tanil also grants painless release to the old and sick, delivering her chosen servants or other worthy creatures into the care of Nemorga, and asking only that the Lord of the Dead treat each soul with fairness and mercy. Though she might prefer it if no animal ever had to die, she also cannot see a living being caged in a body wracked by pain or disease. Many feel that Tanil's compassion is another result of her experiences before and during the Divine War, when countless innocents suffered at the hands of the titans — far more than Tanil could offer succor by herself.

It is not really true, however, that Tanil loves animals more than people. She is a great defender of mistreated women and children, and she has been ever since the unwilling and incestuous union that produced her daughter, the demigoddess Idra. Harmony in the home and family are important to her, and she is always ready to avenge victims of rape, abuse or injustice of any kind.

In addition, Tanil is the champion of all misfits and orphans. This aspect of her being was born of the shame and sorrow that she felt when her father, Hrinruuk, slew Hedrada's daughter. Though Tanil had nothing to do with Miridum's death, her remorse at her father's actions knew no bounds. As though to atone for Hrinruuk's wrongs, Tanil approached the elves, who had also recently lost their god, and vowed herself to succor them in their mourning and pain. From that point onward, Tanil became an important protector of the elves and, along with the titan Denev, a kind of surrogate deity who helps to ease their grief.

Tanil's devotion to the wronged and abandoned did not cease with the elves. She has also become the divine protectress of many good and neutral titanspawn, such as dryads, unicorns, and griffons. Social misfits often turn to Tanil as well. Ugly creatures, people with physical deformities, good people outcast for political, religious or cultural reasons — all find Tanil's arms open and her bow ready in their defense.

Legend has it that long ago, before Idra was conceived, Tanil was a goddess of sex, fertility, nature and abundance all together in one glorious aspect. She had inherited Denev's powers of nature and the earth as well as Hrinruuk's inherent charm, whimsical nature and talent for pleasure (though none of his cruelty). Some even claim that Tanil was the greatest of all the goddesses in those early days; certainly she was the most beautiful.

Even though she was his daughter, however, Hrinruuk found he could not resist Tanil's divine allure. In spite of her protests, struggles and the bitter scars she inflicted upon him, Hrinruuk gave in to his selfish lusts and raped his own daughter, the embodiment of spring, delight and all beautiful living things.

After her violation, so claim the ancient myths, Tanil disappeared from the land for two years, and all of Ghelspad was shrouded in winter and darkness for many months. Countless people, plants and animals died from cold and starvation, and when spring finally came again, Tanil herself was changed almost as deeply as the ravaged land. Though she retained her powers of nature and joy, and though she could still provide her followers with food and safety, her beauty had faded somewhat, as had her ability to

grant pleasure to all those who worshipped her. Instead, she brought back with her a young daughter, Idra, who had absorbed from Tanil all the pieces of herself that would otherwise have been destroyed by Hrinruuk's terrible crime.

Tanil's avatar now appears as a boyish and athletic humanoid huntress or bard. Her dress, race and features generally reflect whatever culture she encounters. As a huntress, she carries the mighty *Hunter's Longbow* that she stole from her father before Corean slew him, as well as the bronze shafted and silver tipped *Arrows of the Huntress* that she used during the Divine War. Several hounds of Tanil often accompany her. As a bard, she carries a magnificent set of panpipes and usually one or two other musical instruments. Her singing voice is extraordinary.

Invocation Benefit

For every round that a character spends invoking Tanil, she gains a +1 bonus on attacks with ranged weapons or a +1 bonus on any roll involving music. The maximum invocation benefit gained in this manner is +3.

Combat

Tanil's avatar avoids melee if at all possible, preferring to use her bow and spells while encouraging followers with bardic songs. If forced into melee, Tanil's avatar fights two-handed, as a ranger, with whatever weapons are available to her. She has defeated mighty monsters using only an *Arrow of the Huntress* in each hand as melee weapons.

In addition to the *Arrows of the Huntress*, Tanil's avatar usually carries 1d4+1 *Tanil's Screaming Arrows* (see *Relics and Rituals*, page 207), and uses them at need. These arrows are not affected by the magic of the *Everfull Quiver*.

Befuddle (Su): Once per round, Tanil's avatar can choose to sacrifice three of her regular ranged attacks to make a single Befuddle attack. To do so, she first explains to her arrow what she wants and then shoots a target. She receives the highest attack bonus of the three that she sacrifices, but all damage bonuses are negated. If the arrow hits, it inflicts 1d8 points of subdual damage and the creature must make a Will save (DC equal to Tanil's attack bonus for the shot). A successful save still leaves the creature *staggered* for one round (see *Core Rulebook II*, page 85). If the save fails, the creature becomes confused and disoriented and acts randomly (see table) its following round. At the beginning of every round thereafter, the creature makes another Will save (cumulative DC -3 per round after the first). As soon as the creature makes the save, it returns to normal. If the roll is a failure, the GM rolls again on the Random Actions table.

Random Actions for Befuddled creatures or characters (d20)

1–3	Target sings, dances or capers madly about, and can take no action.
4–5	Target runs away screaming, making a running directly away from the avatar. It can take no other action.
6–7	Target begins to sob and howl uncontrollably and cannot attack.
8–10	Target falls to the ground, laughing hysterically. The target is prone and cannot move or attack.
11–12	The target immediately attempts to eat the nearest inedible object — a rock, piece of wood, a weapon, and so on, and can take no action.
13–14	Target sits silent and motionless even if in melee. The target is prone and considered stunned.
15–16	The target wanders a full move directly away from the avatar and can take no other action.
17–18	The target begins to groom and preen itself or a nearby companion. A companion being preened suffers a –4 penalty to attack and AC.
19	No effect; target acts normally this round.
20	Roll again twice and, if possible, combine the two actions.

Spells: Tanil casts spells as a 20th-level ranger and 20th-level bard. She has access to all bard and ranger spells. She does not need to prepare these spells; she simply selects the spell she wants and casts it. Tanil casts her spells with a thought — she needs no components or foci of any kind.

Spell-Like Abilities: In addition to her normal spellcasting abilities, Tanil can cast any spell from the Plants or Animals domain or any druid spell of 6th level or lower at will, no more than once per round. These abilities are as the spells cast by a 20th-level cleric (or druid) (save DC 22 + spell level).

Heal Werebeast (Su): Tanil considers werebeasts to be an abomination and a perversion of the natural creatures she loves. She prefers to avoid violence and pain whenever possible, but she cannot allow her forests to be polluted with Belsameth's horrors. When Tanil's avatar encounters a werebeast, she always tries to purge the land of its poison without harming it. Any werebeast she touches must make a Fortitude save (DC 22) or be permanently changed from a lycanthrope into a natural creature. If the original transformation into a werebeast was involuntary, the werebeast has an opportunity to choose whether to return to its original form or to permanently take animal form, so a human werewolf could choose to become either human or wolf. If, however, the being chose lycanthropy deliberately, it receives no choice in the matter and is irrevocably changed into its beast form. This is not an enchantment and can be "reversed" only by a *polymorph any object* or *wish* spell.

Song of Tanil (Su): Tanil's singing voice is far beyond any mortal's ability to duplicate, and those unaffected by her songs are few indeed. Once per day, Tanil's avatar can invoke the power of Divine Song. All who hear her must make a Will save (DC 22) or become incapable of deliberately harming Tanil's avatar in any way for the duration of that avatar's existence in the mortal realm. Those immune to *charm* spells remain unaffected by this ability. The enchantment breaks if Tanil's avatar harms or attacks the creature, if a *break enchantment* spell is cast by a cleric of at least 20th level, or if the avatar leaves the mortal world.

Divine Summoning (Su): Three times per day, Tanil's avatar can summon 5d10 HD of chaotic good creatures. She usually summons woodland or wild animals, but in extreme situations she calls up outsiders or other supernatural beasts.

Hunter's Longbow (Major Artifact)

Description: This composite longbow was created by Hrinruuk long before the gods were born. Tanil tricked him into giving it to her during the Divine War and she has used it as her own ever since. It is delicately carved with all manner of animals and crafted from what appears to be polished ebony and ash. The material of the bow is actually some unknown form of magic wood that is much stronger and more flexible than that of any known tree. Legend has it that the bow was once much more powerful than it is now, but Hrinruuk's heartless usage of the artifact had twisted it so deeply that Tanil, in purifying it, had to reduce its powers to their current levels.

Powers: The *Hunter's Longbow* is impossible for any character with a Strength under 35 to use, and for anyone with strength under 40 it is so difficult to draw that it imposes a –1 to hit. The incredible power behind every shot allows the wielder of the *Hunter's Longbow* to add her strength bonus on all damage rolls (as a mighty composite longbow, *Core Rulebook I*, page 113) with a maximum strength bonus of +20. In addition, the *Hunter's Longbow* grants its bearer a constant *danger sense* as the 9th-level spell, *foresight* (see *core rulebook I*, page 207) and *prey sense* as the 4th-level spell, *locate creature*, cast by a 20th-level sorcerer (see *core rulebook I*, page 223). Some say the *Hunter's Longbow* can be harmed or destroyed only by its maker, Hrinruuk, who is of course in no position to do so.

Arrows of the Huntress (Minor Artifact)

Description: The *Arrows of the Huntress* have bronze shafts, silver tips and gray fletching. Tanil created them long ago and occasionally lends one out to great heroes for mighty quests. Originally, Tanil crafted 21 arrows, each with its own special power, but several were destroyed during the Divine War, and only 13 remain today. These chaotic good, intel-

lilent weapons are absolutely identical to one another in appearance, and only Tanil can tell them apart. In personality, however, they are very different. Some are friendly and others more churlish; some are helpful and others mischievous. In general, however, the *Arrows of the Huntress* are fairly cooperative for chaotic good characters. All characters of nonevil and nonlawful alignment can attempt to use them, but each arrow must be befriended carefully. Naturally, shooting an arrow against its wishes does nothing to improve its feelings toward a character. The arrows always submit to Tanil's will if she is present.

Powers: The *Arrows of the Huntress* grant a +4 to attack rolls. On a critical hit, they have a 10% chance of killing evil mortals outright (DC 35). The arrows are also intelligent, but most of the rules for intelligent weapons do not apply to them. All of them are chaotic good, and each has a Wisdom of 2d4+10 and an Intelligence and Charisma of 1d6+7. Each can understand the languages of all of the divine races. Instead of the usual forms of intelligent weapon communication, the arrows make themselves understood through squeaking and rustling sounds. This is effectively the same as if they communicated through empathy, except that others can hear and understand them as well. These relatively noisy arrows are generally silent if politely asked, but they scream horribly, dealing 1d4 points of sonic damage per round in a 2-foot radius if anyone of lawful or evil alignment touches them intentionally.

If requested, the arrows can invoke their slaying power on nonevil creatures while hunting, so the prey can have a greater chance of experiencing a quick and painless death. The arrows do make their own decisions on this matter, however. If they disapprove of an action they refuse to use their powers or even cause up to a -4 to hit. Even worse, they hold a grudge. Of the 13 *Arrows of the Huntress* still in existence, each has one of the following additional powers: *cure light wounds* on

contact 6/day, *detect magic* at will, *detect secret doors* at will, *dismissal* 1/day, *dowsing* at will, *heal* on contact 1/day, *intoxicate* at will, *light* (itself only) at will, *locate object* in a 120-foot radius at will, *neutralize poison* on contact 3/day, *polymorph other* 3/day, *remove resistance* 3/day, or *shout* 3/day. Powers are invoked by touching or pointing at the desired target with the arrow and asking it to activate its powers. If it approves of the action, it grants the bearer's request to the best of its ability. Ego scores do not apply with these weapons; they are more like NPCs. If they don't like something, they simply don't do it or even try to stop it within their abilities to do so. Only major artifact weapons can destroy the arrows.

Everfull Quiver (Minor Artifact)

Description: During the Divine War, Tanil often found herself losing or running out of arrows. After a particularly dreadful battle with Golthagga, in which four of Tanil's beloved *Arrows of the Huntress* were destroyed and the Huntress herself was forced to retreat, Tanil crafted this special quiver to make certain she would never be without ammunition again, and also to help keep her arrows safe. It looks like a totally plain and somewhat worn quiver, slightly larger than usual (it can hold 30 arrows instead of 20), but otherwise ordinary.

Powers: Any arrow pulled from this quiver returns to it immediately after making its attack roll. There are no limitations for distance or duration on this power. The power does not work for bent, broken or otherwise damaged arrows. While resting in the *Everfull Quiver*, arrows cannot be stolen or marred in any way. If someone attempts to steal the *Everfull Quiver* itself, the item immediately appears on the shoulder of its rightful owner and the owner becomes aware of the attempted theft. The complicated procedure required to destroy the *Everfull Quiver* is impossible without first stealing the artifact, so it is effectively indestructible.

Garra, Tanil's Herald

	Huge Magical Beast
Hit Dice:	20d10+140 (280 hp)
Initiative:	+7 (+7 Dex)
Speed:	40 ft.
AC:	24 (-2 size, +9 Dex, +7 natural)
Attacks:	2 claws +24; bite +19
Damage:	Claw 2d4+6, bite 2d6+6
Face/Reach:	10ft. by 20ft./10ft.
Special Attacks:	Pacifying gaze, spells
Special Qualities:	Damagereduction 15/+2, empathy, fast healing 2, scent, understand languages
Saves:	Fort +19, Ref +21, Will +14
Abilities:	Str 22, Dex 28, Con 24, Int 23, Wis 26, Cha 20
Skills:	Climb +8, Concentration +7, Diplomacy +9, Hide +13, Jump +10, Knowledge (nature) +8, Knowledge (religion) +7, Listen +19, Move Silently +14, Search +12, Sense Motive +14, Spot +18, Swim +9, Wilderness Lore +15
Feats:	Alertness, Dodge, Mobility, Multiattack, Spring Attack, Track
Climate/Terrain:	Any land
Organization:	Solitary or pack (2d6 hounds of Tanil)
Challenge Rating:	16
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always chaotic good
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Tanil's herald, Garra, is the alpha female of the hounds of Tanil. Humanoids are incapable of pronouncing the name she uses among the other hounds, but all good and neutral canine creatures know it instinctively and sometimes call it out like a prayer. Garra is larger and more powerful than the other hounds, as well as being more intelligent and having certain special qualities that the other hounds do not possess. Like them, she is incapable of non-animal speech, but she understands all languages and can make herself understood to any intelligent creature through her empathy ability.

Though some of Tanil's detractors often make light of her choosing a "dog" for such a significant position, Garra has several times proven herself to be an excellent herald. Her calming presence, infinite patience, and her means of simple communication have made her a surprisingly adept diplomat. Also her skill and valor during the Divine War saved the lives of many warriors fighting alongside the gods.

Under most circumstances, Garra is loving and compassionate, and she adores being scratched behind the ears.

Combat

It is difficult to do battle with Garra, for her gaze is soothing and pacifying to almost everyone she encounters. Those few who can stay angry in her presence, however, are soon faced with ferocious attacks from the herald's claws and teeth. Also, Garra can choose not to

use one of her attacks in a given round so that she can cast any of the single-action spells in her repertoire. Garra is sometimes accompanied by a pack of 2d6 hounds of Tanil (see boxed description below).

Pacifying Gaze (Su): Any hostile being who meets Garra's gaze must make a Will save (DC 20) or be affected as by the 2nd-level cleric spell, *calm emotions* (Core Rulebook I, pg 182). Garra does not need to concentrate to maintain it, and the effects last a full 20 rounds. Unlike the listed spell, Garra's gaze is a supernatural effect and is therefore unaffected by spell resistance.



Spells: Garra can cast spells as a level 20 ranger.

Empathy (Su): Garra can communicate with any creature of Intelligence 3 or greater through a simple form of telepathy. Creatures within 20 yards of the herald can feel strong emotions or see simple pictures in their mind that communicate the herald's needs or feelings. Garra can choose which creatures in this area receive her communications.

Understand Languages (Su): Though she cannot speak or write beyond her empathic abilities, Garra can understand the written, visual, or spoken languages of any creatures with an Intelligence of 4 or greater. She cannot read minds or even emotions (except with other hounds of Tanil who project communication as she does), so she must hear or see the language to understand it.

Hound of Tanil: Large Magical Beast, HD 15d10+90; hp 172; Init +8 (Dex); Spd 40 ft.; AC 23 (-1 size, +8 Dex, +6 natural); Atk +19 melee (2d4+5, 2 claws); +14 melee (2d6+5, bite); SQ damage reduction (10/+1), empathy (works only with other hounds of Tanil, and Tanil herself), pacifying gaze (six times per day), scent; AL always chaotic or neutral good; SV Fort +15, Ref +18, Will +12; Str 21, Dex 27, Con 23, Int 21, Wis 25, Cha 19.

Skills: Climb +6, Concentration +5, Diplomacy +7, Hide +11, Jump +8, Listen +15, Move Silently +12, Search +10, Sense Motive +12, Spot +14, Swim +7, Wilderness Lore +13. **Feats:** Dodge, Mobility, Multiattack, Spring Attack, Track

Tanil breeds the hounds to be her hunting companions. She rarely has more than one pack (3d6 max) living on Scarn at a time, and it is unusual to see more than 2d6 together. When forced to do battle, the hounds fight as would ordinary canines.

Tanil's Page

Kevi, Tanil's Page, Male Unicorn, Large Magical Beast: HD 11d10+55; hp 115; Init +3 (Dex); Spd 60 ft.; AC 18 (-1 size, +3 Dex, +6 natural); Atk +18 melee (1d8+8, horn); +13 melee (1d4+2, 2 hooves); SQ *magic circle against evil*, immunities, empathy, understand languages, spell-like abilities; AL CG; SV Fort +12, Ref +10, Will +8; Str 20, Dex 17, Con 21, Int 11, Wis 21, Cha 24.

Skills: Animal Empathy +12, Listen +13, Move Silently +11, Spot +12, Wilderness Lore +13. **Feats:** Alertness, Multiattack

Spell-Like Abilities: Kevi can *detect evil* at will as a free action, *teleport without error* 3/day without the usual unicorn restrictions, *cure light wounds* 6/day, *cure moderate wounds* 3/day and *cure serious wounds* 1/day as an 11th-level druid by touching a wounded creature with his horn, *neutralize poison* 2/day as a 13th-level druid with a touch of his horn.

Understand Languages (Su): Though he cannot speak or write beyond his empathic abilities, Kevi can understand the written, visual, or spoken languages of any creatures with an Intelligence of 4 or greater. He cannot read minds or even emotions, so he must hear or see the language to understand it.

Kevi is very new to his role as Tanil's page, and he is the first nonhumanoid to have held the position. Tanil's pages are usually human or elven rangers or bards, though occasionally clerics take on the role. Tanil's choice of a unicorn shows her growing devotion to her good titanspawn followers, as well as her new commitment to healing the land. Tanil has blessed Kevi with greater skill than most unicorns, as well as the same communication skills as Tanil's herald. Kevi's appointment has been well received thus far, and many believe that he is only the beginning. Perhaps a dryad or even a copper dragon will be next. Kevi is doing a great deal to strengthen relations between good titanspawn and the divine races, as well as to remind people that not all unicorns have gone bad.

Tanil's Worship and Worshipers

Two main factions exist among Tanil's worshipers, who call themselves Tanil's Chosen and the Handmaidens of the Huntress respectively. While no violence has ever been recorded between the two organizations, it is well known that they dislike each other. The Chosen are more widely spread than the Handmaidens, with their largest concentration in Vesh. The Handmaidens, by far the more radical faction, while slightly more numerous than the Chosen, have a larger concentration in a few areas, including Darakeene, the Ganjus, and the forested foothills of the Kelder Mountains.

All over Ghelspad, but in Vera-Tre and Vesh especially, Tanil is worshipped equally by the men and women of Tanil's Chosen. Her clergy in these areas are celibate and usually neutral good or chaotic good ranger-clerics. The Chosen believe that Tanil possesses so many scars from Hrinruuk's mistreatment that she can no longer bear the thought of sexuality in any form. Her clergy have vowed to share her pain and abstinence, believing that this grants them wisdom, focus and a closer connection to their goddess. They tend to be a sober group that is very conscious of freedom and the healing and protection

of the land. In many ways they resemble the more reserved aspect Tanil has taken since the Divine War. In Vera-Tre, vegetarianism is popular among Tanil's followers, though most will eat meat rather than starve during the winter.

The Handmaidens of the Huntress, appearing mostly in Calastia, the Heteronomy of Virduk, and a particularly extreme sect in Albadia, believe that Tanil was indeed scarred by the outrage her father committed against her. However, they feel that rather than an aversion to sexuality, Tanil has developed an aversion to men. No fertile males are allowed into the clergy, and even eunuchs rarely gain any real standing in the religious community. These women believe that men are spiritually polluting, and that if enough women all over Scarn rid themselves of all male influence in their lives, Tanil will bless them with the ability to bear children asexually, as well as great wisdom and long life. Most are, like the Chosen, neutral good or chaotic good, but a few are of chaotic neutral alignment.

The Handmaidens show less interest in healing the land than the more widespread Chosen. Instead, they celebrate nature by exploring their own natural drives. Many of them revere either Enkili or Tanil's passionate daughter Idra alongside the Huntress. The Albadian Handmaidens are known for weeklong

passionate revels and for seducing happily married wives away from their homes and husbands. Some Handmaiden cults even go so far as to become militant in their rejection of all that is male, though this usually occurs only in areas where women are oppressed or mistreated. These savage, nomadic bands tell an especially brutal version of Tanil's vengeance upon Hrinruuk, describing certain sensitive (and disturbing) body parts that Tanil took from him and kept for herself when he was finally defeated and dismembered.

The Handmaidens are disliked and sometimes even hunted in any area where men dominate the social order. They are not all vengeful madwomen, however. Some of the more diplomatic Handmaidens have greatly improved conditions for oppressed women by working with the local governments, establishing care temples for beaten wives, and adopting orphaned girls who would otherwise have been abandoned to die. These less frenzied Handmaidens have sent missionaries to any areas where women are not respected — even to other continents, or so it is rumored.

Tanil has never indicated which of her factions she favors, or even if she cares for either of them, but the recent appointment of Kevi as her page has marked the first fertile male follower of Tanil to ever



be accepted by both factions without qualm. As a unicorn, he apparently does not offend even the Albadian wild-women. Some find it interesting, though, that Tanil's pages are only rarely clerics, and have been both men and women, none of whom have taken a vow of celibacy.

As can be guessed from this, many of Tanil's worshippers do not follow either of her two main factions. Indeed, a majority of Tanil's followers practice their beliefs in very small eclectic groups or in solitary rites. By nature, her believers tend to be wanderers and loners, and that includes only the divine races. Intelligent creatures also worship Tanil extensively — some say from all over Scarn.

In spite of all this, Tanil's followers observe a number of common practices. Worship is always out of doors, and careful attention to the cycles of

Belsameth's moon is nearly universal (like other followers of the good deities, Tanil's worshippers shun the nameless orb and consider it ill-omened). Also, most of her followers always say a prayer before any hunt for food, asking Tanil's permission to go hunting and requesting that she lead the hunters to animals willing to sacrifice themselves to the community's need. After every kill, followers offer up another prayer and bury a small portion of the best meat as an offering to the earth. Many of Tanil's followers pride themselves on using every part of every creature they hunt, thus honoring the creatures' sacrifices by making certain they were not in vain. At puberty, it is typical for followers of Tanil to spend a few days in the wilderness by themselves, learning survival skills and appreciating the peace and beauty of nature untouched by civilization or the death of titans.



Hedrada's Avatar

Hit Dice:	45d8+765 (1,125 hp)
Initiative:	+26 (+10 Dex, +16 Divine Initiative)
Speed:	90 ft., fly 90 ft.
AC:	55 (+5 Dex, +25 deflection, +15 natural)
Attacks:	<i>Final Judgment</i> +63/+58/+53/+48/+43/+38/+33/+28/+23 melee; or 2 fists +57
Damage:	<i>Final Judgment</i> 4d6+24 or fist 3d6+12
Face/Reach:	10 ft. by 10 ft./15 ft.
Special Attacks:	Magic items, spells, spell-like abilities
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 50/+5, regeneration 25, SR 40, aura of law, hammer of law, perfect defense, lawgiver's insight, strength of the masses
Divine Qualities:	Divine creation, divine empowerment 5, divine favor 5, divine immunity, divine initiative 2, divine knowledge 10, divine language, divine presence, divine protection 5, divine resistance 8, divine retribution, divine size, divine speed 3, divine summoning, divine telepathy, divine vision, god's avatar
Saves:	Fort +41, Ref +34, Will +41
Abilities:	Str 35, Dex 30, Con 45, Int 45, Wis 45, Cha 45
Skills:	Alchemy +66, Animal Empathy +56, Appraise +66, Balance +59, Bluff +47, Climb +61, Concentration +66, Craft +66, Decipher Script +66, Diplomacy +66, Disable Device +66, Escape Artist +59, Gather Information +66, Handle Animal +66, Heal +66, Intimidate +66, Intuit Direction +66, Jump +61, Knowledge (all) +67, Listen +66, Open Lock +59, Perform +66, Read Lips +66, Ride +59, Scry +66, Search +66, Sense Motive +66, Spellcraft +66, Spot +66, Swim +61, Tumble +59, Use Magic Device +66, Use Rope +59, Wilderness Lore +66
Feats:	Ambidexterity, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Deflect Arrows, Empower Spell, Enlarge Spell, Expertise, Great Cleave, Improved Unarmed Strike, Maximize Spell, Power Attack, Spell Penetration, Sunder
Climate/Terrain:	Any
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	43
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always lawful neutral
Domains:	Judgment*, Knowledge, Law, Protection
Holy Symbol:	Stylized two-headed hammer.
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Great Hedrada, Wisest of Gods, The Judge, The Lawgiver, has always been active in the lives of mortals. He loves mortals best when they strive to live side by side under common laws, sacrificing some freedoms in the interest of the community. It should come as no surprise, then, that his avatar is perhaps the most recognized of any; during the Divine War, Hedrada was most active around cities, defending the civilization he had nurtured even during his parents' reign. Thousands upon thousands of men, women and children saw the shining figure of the Lawgiver, crowned with gold, as he raised his great hammer

against those who would have ground the cities to dust and barbarism.

But despite his role as the guardian of cities, Hedrada is no god of war. He was the first to foresee that all the world would be dashed to bits if the titans so willed it, and he was the first to warn his siblings that war might have been necessary. But he was not the first to take up a weapon in the war. He supported and helped plan the attacks of his more martial siblings such as Vangal, Corean and Chardun, but did not himself enter the fray personally until the death of his own daughter. Hrinruuk the Hunter, in one of the opening battles between god and titan, slew the goddess of magic Miridum with one of his hellish arrows. Finally stirred to battle, Hedrada fought Hrinruuk, and with the help of Corean the Champion defeated him. When Corean presented the still-living head of Hrinruuk to Hedrada as repayment, the Champion was surprised to see the rage in the Lawgiver's eyes as he armed himself and strode to battle. Justice, it seemed, could sometimes bear a sword.

Today, Hedrada's avatar is rarely seen on the face of the Scarred Lands. Hedrada favors a strong, well-regimented hierarchy, and he is more prone to delegate important tasks to his servitors than to handle each and every crisis personally. Since the Divine War, Hedrada has sent his avatar to the material plane only in situations where a major city of worshippers is directly threatened. If need be, his avatar can swell to the size of a mountain, or shrink to the size of an ordinary man, but Hedrada prefers to manifest in a form that is sufficiently regal while remaining relatively accessible to his mortal worshippers.

Invocation Benefit

The devout of Hedrada who spend a full round invoking the Lawgiver gain a +1 bonus on any rolls made to determine the truth (such as Sense Motive) or to resist outside emotional manipulation (such as most Will saves). This bonus is increased by +1 for each additional full round of invocation, up to a maximum bonus of +3.

Combat

Hedrada's avatar enters combat decisively, as a lawful deity should. It strives to defend whatever city to the best of its abilities, but considers a moderate level of civilian casualties perfectly acceptable (or even inevitable).

Spells: Hedrada's avatar has the spellcasting ability of a 20th-level cleric and a 15th-level wizard. He does not need to prepare or memorize these spells; he simply selects the spell he wants and casts it. The avatar casts these spells by thought alone; no foci or components are necessary.

Spell-Like Abilities (Su): In addition to his normal spellcasting abilities, Hedrada can cast any spell from the Judgment and Law domains at will, no

more than once per round. These are cast as a 20th-level cleric.

Aura of Law (Su): Hedrada's avatar emanates a field of almost palpable law and inevitability, drastically reducing the ability of chaotic opponents. Any chaotic creature taking action directly against the avatar must make each relevant die roll *twice*, taking the lower result each time; this applies to all attack rolls, damage rolls, rolls to overcome spell resistance, and so on.

Hammer of Law (Su): Hedrada's avatar is treated as having the lawful special trait; all its physical attacks do +2d6 points of bonus lawful damage against anyone or anything of chaotic alignment.

Perfect Defense (Ex): Hedrada's avatar is seemingly without any weak points or flaws. It cannot be flanked or caught flat-footed, nor does it have any need to breathe.

Lawgiver's Insight (Su): With but a moment's study, Hedrada's avatar can know more about its opponents than they themselves do. Hedrada's avatar has full knowledge of any and all equipment, prepared spells, active spells, magic items, special abilities, skills, feats and abilities possessed by his opponents, making it all but impossible to surprise him.

Strength of the Masses (Su): If standing within the walls of a city, the avatar's Strength rises to 50, with all the attendant increases in attack and damage bonuses.

Divine Summoning (Su): Three times per day, Hedrada can summon 5d10 HD of lawful creatures.

Final Judgment (Minor Artifact)

Description: Hedrada's weapon, *Final Judgment*, is a greathammer crafted of black iron. One of its two mallet heads has the form of a demon's skull, while the other takes on the shape of the skull of an angel.

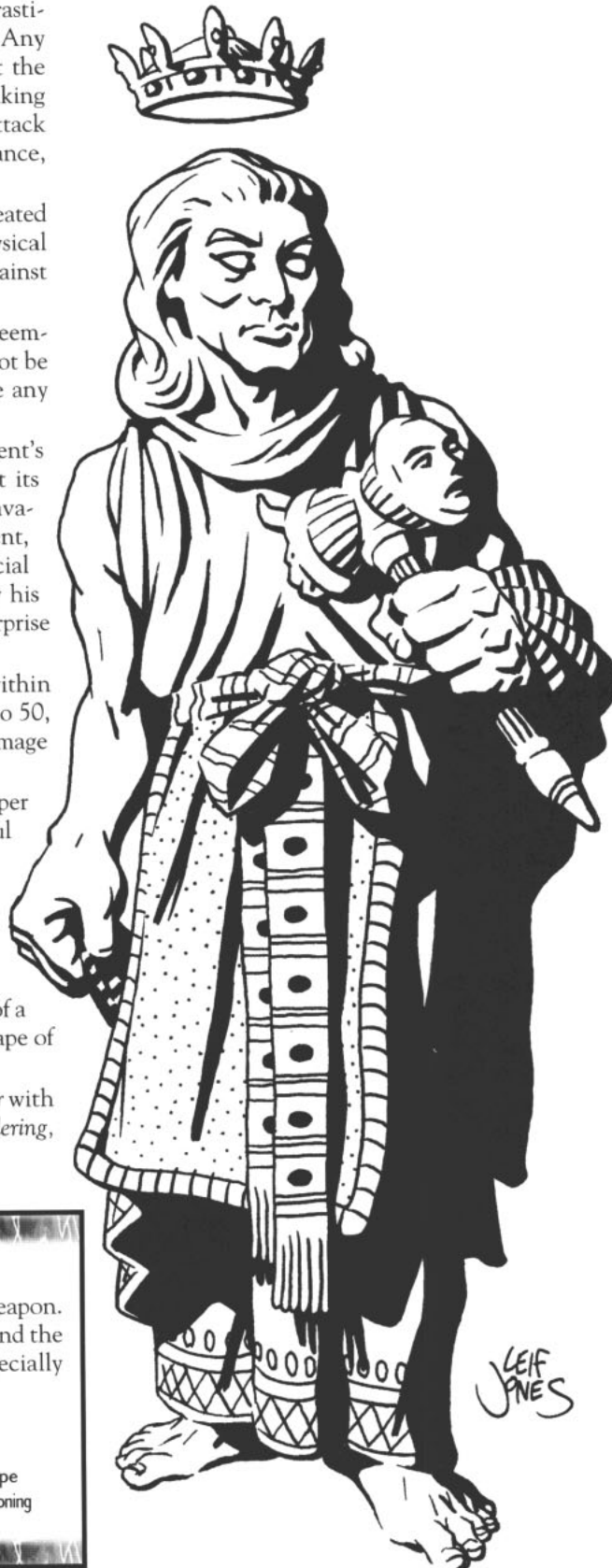
Powers: *Final Judgment* is a +6 greathammer with the special properties of *mighty cleaving*, *thundering*, *throwing* and *returning*.

Greathammer

The greathammer is Hedrada's sacred weapon. His clerics often carry these fearsome items, and the Judge himself bears *Final Judgment*, an especially powerful enchanted greathammer.

Martial Melee Weapon

Name	Cost	Damage	Critical	Weight	Type
Greathammer	20 gp	1d10	x3	20 lb.	Bludgeoning



Taurosphinx, Hedrada's Herald

Hit Dice:	Large Outsider (Lawful) 16d8+112 (208 hp)
Initiative:	+0
Speed:	60 ft., fly 90 ft. (average)
AC:	29 (–1 size, +25 natural, +5 divine)
Attacks:	Gore +24 melee; 2 claws +19 melee
Damage:	Gore 2d8+9, claw 2d6+9
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 10 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Hammer of law, pounce, rake, charge, bellow, spells
Special Qualities:	SR 28, damage reduction 15/+3, protective aura, multilingual, telepathy
Saves:	Fort +19, Ref +12, Will +17
Abilities:	Str 28, Dex 10, Con 24, Int 18, Wis 20, Cha 17
Skills:	Concentration +26, Diplomacy +22, Intimidate +22, Jump +28, Knowledge (history) +24, Knowledge (religion) +24, Listen +24, Sense Motive +24, Spot +24, Wilderness Lore +24
Feats:	Alertness, Cleave, Flyby Attack, Great Cleave, Power Attack, Track
Climate/Terrain:	As needed
Organization:	Solitary (unique), or with 2–5 silver golems
Challenge Rating:	17
Treasure:	Double Standard
Alignment:	Always lawful neutral
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Sages have long held the race of sphinxes to be favored by the gods, as demonstrated by their leonine bodies and great wings, both common signs of godly favor. This is, sadly, not always true; sphinxes tend to place their faith in themselves, not in whomever or whatever created them. But exceptions always exist.

It is unknown exactly when the androsphinx Ptarmenaskes began to worship the Judge, but legend holds he guarded an abandoned shrine to Hedrada for ninety-nine years without ceasing, each day saying the 101 sacred prayers to the Lawgiver without fail. When Hedrada's previous herald fell in battle, the Judge, well pleased with the sphinx's unsolicited devotion, elevated him to the position of herald, changing his head to that of the sacred bull (one of Hedrada's many emblems) and imbuing him with an added measure of godly power.

The Taurosphinx, as he came to be known, first appeared three generations ago in the city of Hedrad, when the ruling quartet of high priests offended Hedrada by abusing the powers of their positions. The herald alighted on the roof of the Great Court and pronounced in a resounding voice the crimes of the priests and the punishment about to be visited on them and those who had driven them to indiscretion. Since then, he has appeared regularly in Hedrad during certain holy days to indicate that the god once more favors the city. After that, he spent the rest of his time doing Hedrada's work in the field. The

herald delivers the god's pronouncements to a city's populace if need be, but is most adept at defending the temples of Hedrada against those who would defile them. In the years since the Taurosphinx's first appearance, many Hedradan temples have carved bull-headed sphinx statues to guard their temples, in hopes that they will increase the odds of Hedrada's herald appearing in time of need.

Combat

When pressed to battle, Hedrada's herald typically opens combat by pouncing on a spellcaster. The following round, it bellows as its enemies rush to engage it. After that, it can take to the air and cast spells to aid itself or impede its enemies, charge particularly dangerous targets, or engage softer targets with horns and claws as needed. It will not bellow a second time unless faced with truly dangerous opponents, and it will not bellow a third time in the same combat unless its life is in clear danger. If all else fails, it retreats to lick its wounds — unless a shrine or temple of Hedrada is in danger, in which case it fights to the death, trusting in the Lawgiver to resurrect it or bring its soul to Aureon as he sees fit.

Hammer of Law (Su): Hedrada's herald is treated as having the lawful special trait; all its physical attacks do +2d6 points of bonus lawful damage against anyone or anything of chaotic alignment.

Pounce (Ex): If the Taurosphinx leaps on a foe during the first round of combat, it can make a full attack even if it has already taken a move action.

Rake (Ex): If the Taurosphinx pounces onto a creature, it can make two rake attacks with its hind legs in addition to its normal attacks. It can continue to rake its prey each round that it continues to make a full attack against the creature it pounced upon; if it leaves this target, it cannot rake again until it has pounced on another target. Its rake attacks are resolved at attack bonus +19 melee, with damage of 2d6+5 points.

Charge (Ex): The Taurosphinx can make a special charge attack, using its fearsome horns as impaling weapons. It must move at least 10 feet and can move double its normal rate. If the charge attack hits, the herald inflicts 2d20+9 points of damage, which is then doubled. If the herald uses this attack, it cannot use its claw attack.

Bellow (Su): The herald's bellow surpasses the roar it had as an androsphinx. It can bellow three times per day. Each time produces the same effects. All creatures within 500 feet that are not worshippers of Hedrada must make Will saves (DC 21) or be affected as though by a *fear* spell for 15 rounds. All creatures within 250 feet must succeed at a Fortitude save (DC 25) or take 2d4 points of temporary Strength damage for 2d4 rounds. All creatures within 90 feet take 2d8 points of sonic damage and are deafened for 3d6 rounds (no save); stone or crystalline objects within 90 feet not blessed by a Hedradan priest take



50 points of damage (see *Core Rulebook I*, page 135–136).

Spells: The Taurosphinx casts divine spells as a 16th-level cleric with access to the Knowledge, Law and Protection domains. The DC to save against these spells is 15 + the spell level.

Protective Aura (Su): Hedrada's herald is consistently surrounded with an aura of divine protection, giving it a +5 divine bonus to Armor Class and a +3 divine bonus on saving throws. This bonus is taken into account in its statistics above.

Multilingual (Su): Hedrada's herald can speak and understand the language of any intelligent creature.

Telepathy (Su): The Taurosphinx can communicate telepathically with any creature that understands language within 60 feet.

Hedrada's Page

Kideera Halant, Hedrada's Page, female human, Brd3/Clr7: SZ M; HD 3d6+7d8+20; hp 68; Init +1 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 19 (+1 Dex, +6 armor, +2 deflection); Atk +10/+5 melee (1d6+2, +2 rapier); +9/+4 Ranged (1d4, sling); AL LN; SV Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +10; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 16.

Skills: Appraise +10, Concentration +6, Decipher Script +10, Diplomacy +8, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Knowledge (geography) +12, Knowledge (history) +12, Knowledge (religion) +12, Listen +5, Move Silently +6, Perform (storytelling) +10,

Spellcraft +10, Spot +6. **Feats:** Alertness, Expertise, Iron Will, Scribe Scroll, Weapon Finesse (rapier),

Possessions: Divine token of Hedrada, +2 rapier, +3 studded leather, +2 ring of protection, masterwork sling, 2d4 spell scrolls (divine)

Domains: Knowledge, Protection

Cleric Spells Per Day: 6/5+1/4+1/3+1/1+1

Bard Spells Known: 3/2

Although Hedrada has many mighty servants in his favored cities, he has also found it useful to have those who serve as his hands in the lawless lands of Ghelspad. One of those who deliver his word to the lawless is Kideera Halant, journeywoman to the Library of Lokil. Kideera is not a militant priest, but instead serves Hedrada in his aspect as god of knowledge.

Kideera, like most journeymen of Lokil, was born and raised in the library city-state. She excelled at her studies, and her teachers were pleased to note that she was just as adept at making old tales come alive as she was at recalling them in full detail. They appointed her journeyman in due speed and released her with the usual contingent of bodyguards on her first knowledge-gathering mission as soon as they deemed her capable of surviving the trek.

Kideera traveled to Hollowfaust, and then to Virduk, gathering more information than expected of most first treks undertaken by those of her rank. But instead of returning to the Library at first opportunity (as many journeymen do, as much for the safety of the knowledge they carry as for their own welfare), Kideera continued to wander the land still

The Staff of Perfect Wisdom (Major Artifact)

Description: The Hedradan faith recognizes a number of saints — holy men who have sacrificed much to bring the blessings of law and justice to their fellow mortals. The four theocrats of Hedrad are technically those with final say over whether any given person is worthy of sainthood or not (barring, of course, a decree sent directly from Hedrada himself). However, the theocrats have never once argued over the worthiness of a saint who was proven to have carried the *Staff of Perfect Wisdom* in his lifetime. Those given the honor of carrying this sacred artifact, said to be worked from the scales in Hedrada's own court, are unquestionably among the greatest of Hedrada's followers on Scarn.

The *Staff of Perfect Wisdom* does not reside on the material plane. It is given to a mortal only when that mortal has a major task to undertake in Hedrada's name, then collected and returned to Aureon at the completion of that task. The staff has been lost once before, when the priest carrying it fell in battle; the herald of Hedrada immediately informed the priesthood, which set out at once to recover the major artifact. It's said that three entire communities of Slitheren were put to the hammer during the quest to regain the sacred staff.

The staff is 6 feet long and is crowned with a balance of two weighing pans. The other end is capped with a silver spike. The entirety of the staff, save the silver spike, is worked of the finest gold and engraved with elaborate runes and glyphs.

Powers: The wielder can fight with the *Staff of Perfect Wisdom* as though it were a *lawful heavy flail* +4. Clerics of Hedrada are automatically considered proficient with the artifact. In addition, while the wielder has both hands on the staff, he gains spell resistance 20.

By touching the silver spike to any object or person and asking the staff to judge them, the wielder can invoke any of the following effects, one at a time: *detect chaos*, *detect evil*, *detect good*, *detect law*, *detect magic*, *detect scrying*. These effects reveal the presence or absence of the asked-for element only on the target involved. The wielder can also invoke a *dispel magic* three times per day, as if cast by a 20th-level caster, on whatever he touches with the staff's spike.

Finally, by speaking one of the staff's secret names, the wielder can invoke a *miracle* at no cost to himself. However, using the staff in such a way drains all of its powers until it has been returned to Aureon to recharge its power.

Anyone trying to pick up the *Staff of Perfect Wisdom* who is not a devout worshipper of Hedrada gains three negative levels for as long as they hold the staff. Chaotic creatures who grasp the shaft of the staff take 2d6 points of damage, and the three negative levels of damage stay with them even after they have set down the artifact.

farther. Eventually, she came to Hedrad — and was enlightened.

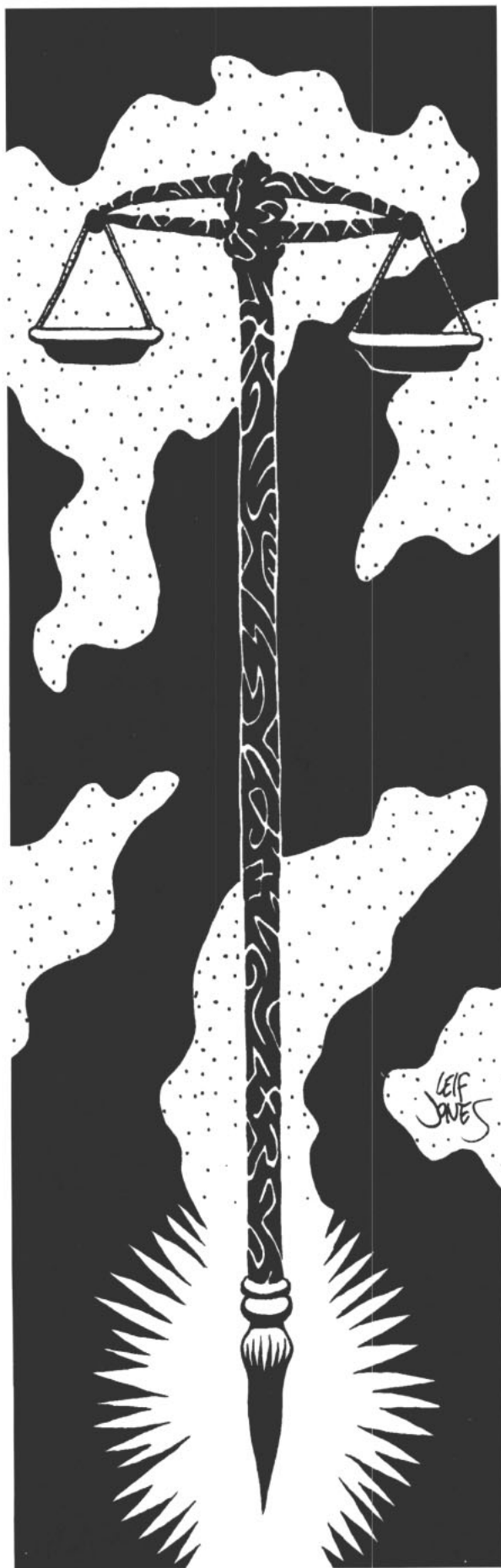
No document or scroll had properly documented the splendor of the magnificent city. As she wandered the streets, listening to sermons and browsing libraries, she came to realize that the Library of Lokil had only a fraction of the knowledge recorded — and not yet recorded — in the world.

At this time, Hedrada's herald came to the city, walking the four great streets as a sign of the god's favor. Not knowing why, Kideera pushed through the crowds that surrounded the great beast, and she suddenly found herself face-to-face with the mighty herald. The Taurosphinx lowered its head, and touched its horn gently to her forehead. Its voice, rich and golden, echoed in her mind:

"You are chosen."

Although she was given no more explanation than this, Kideera is passionately sure that Hedrada has chosen her to continue her now-sacred mission of gathering as much knowledge as possible. She has yet to report her now-elevated status to her superiors at the library; she is aware that news of her pagehood would certainly change the parameters of her mission. Kideera has returned to Lokil twice, each time bearing volumes of information, but never staying long. At present, she wanders the Scarred Lands with no particular destination in mind. Anywhere she goes, she's sure to learn something new — a joy that never fades for her. It chafes at her that she isn't strong enough to enter an asaathi city or Slitheren den to pry out the secrets hidden there — but perhaps, with friends...

Kideera is decidedly attractive, but in a warm rather than sensual way. She wears her chestnut hair



cut straight across the forehead and the nape of her neck, and tends to wear practical travelling clothes dyed royal blue. She always wears the hammer-shaped pin that is her *divine token* openly and dons the priestly robes stowed in her packs when called on to officiate over a ceremony.

Hedrada's Worship and Worshippers

As the god of cities, law, wealth and justice, Hedrada enjoys the worship of a significant portion of the world's population. Everyone who wants their city's walls to remain standing, keeping the titanspawn at bay; everyone who wants to be certain that a wrong done to them will be punished in turn; everyone who wants to have enough to eat and a roof over their heads — all crave the favor of Hedrada. Hedrada does not offer unrestricted freedom, but he offers security and fair treatment. In the troubled Scarred Lands, this is often more attractive than words can describe. His faith is strongest in Hedrad, the theocratic city-state founded by his priests, but Hedradan worship is also quite strong in Ankila, Lokil, the Gleaming Valley. Additionally, it remains healthy in almost every other country, city-state or town in Ghelspad. The few places where Hedradan priests are less than welcome are Dunahnae (where the Chardunite priests look less than kindly on competition), Amalthea (where the locals prefer their rural lifestyle), Mansk (a stronghold of Enkili's followers) and Shelzar (where the locals look on Hedradans as "spoilsports" and the Hedradans look on the locals with disgust).

Hedrada prefers regular, organized worship; his priests hold a morning and an evening service each Hedraday like clockwork. The stronger the Hedradan faith is in a given city, the more complicated the religious calendar becomes; fair Hedrad has no less than a score of holidays dedicated to different aspects of Hedrada and his saints, as well as various commandments governing the behavior of the faithful during each season. However, most cities remain content to hold feasts in the Lawgiver's honor on the first days of Hedrer and Hedrot; these holy days are commonly known as Highwalls and Plentyfest, respectively. Highwalls is a winter celebration of the security of a town; every able-bodied Hedradan citizen assists the local guardsmen by helping stand watch for a time, and a mock battle is held at sunset. Plentyfest, on the other hand, is a time to celebrate the prosperity of an area. Artisans and merchants traditionally offer their wares at a slight discount for the morning, then celebrate with the profits in the afternoon — commerce is thick each Plentyfest morning, and there's usually plenty to celebrate by night.

Hedrada, like other gods, takes many forms and has many symbols associated with him. The bull is his sacred animal, as a symbol of strength wedded with domestication, and thus an emblem of his role as a civic deity. The two-headed hammer is his primary symbol, but worshippers also mark his presence with

Prosperity Coin (Minor Artifact)

Description: It's said that at the close of the Divine War, Hedrada leaned upon his hammer and looked down on the torn world of Scarn, and was saddened to see the wretched lot of the people. Though he was weary from battle and from calculating the gods' stratagems, he stretched out his hand and showered a final blessing on the mortal races. This blessing took the form of the *prosperity coins*.

Powers: A *prosperity coin* seems to be a gold coin like any other, with its face worn down by much use. It has no real powers to aid its owner in battle or trickery; rather, its power furthers the fortunes of all those who use it in fair trade. If the coin's owner uses it as full or partial payment for goods, the coin's blessing passes onto the transaction. Goods purchased at full price with a *prosperity coin* as part or all of the payment become of the finest quality (and can become masterwork quality, if applicable), with their appearance changing only slightly (and rarely noticeably) to reflect their new status.

These coins are meant to promote *fair* trade, though. If an owner is aware of the coin's properties and seeks to use it to purchase quality items at a discount without passing some of the saved wealth onto the seller, the coin's blessing does not function. Similarly, *prosperity coins* were not meant to be hoarded, and no two ever share the same purse. If a person who owns a *prosperity coin* picks up a second, the first one vanishes from his possession to be found by someone more in need. Finally, if a person pays for goods with a *prosperity coin*, then deliberately tries to get the coin back by any means, the coin not only vanishes when he touches it, it leaves a lingering *curse* of some sort to punish his avarice.

depictions of scales (important to both his justice and wealth aspects), open books, crenellated walls, crowns, scrolls, shields, towers, roads and bridges. Hedrada is commonly viewed as the patron god of cities of all sizes, from the humble crossroads town to the mighty metropolis. He serves in particular as the patron deity of scholars, judges, barristers, merchants, engineers, guardsmen, strategists, bookbinders and wagonwrights.

The credo of Hedrada's clerics varies according to the laws of their native land; as a civic deity, Hedrada is unwilling to encourage his clergy to disobey the local laws. The dogma of the faith can be excessively complicated, depending on the area and the sect in control. However, much of the Hedradan creed boils down to four simple laws:

Obey the laws of the land and change them only when there is great need.

Give to each person that which he or she has earned, good or ill.

Share the blessing of learning with all who will listen.

Always respect the bond of ownership.

Regrettably, no edict encourages charity in the Hedradan creed. Even the most generous Hedradan priest is unwilling to give alms just for asking. The closest thing to a Hedradan charitable institution is a workhouse, where the destitute go to be given employment. Those who cannot work, and have none to support them, are rather short on luck when it comes to dealing with the Judge's priests; just as Hedradans frown on unjust punishment, they dislike the thought of supplicants receiving unearned blessings.

If the actions of Hedrada's priests are an accurate indicator of their god's ambitions, it would seem that the Lawgiver is less than pleased with the current state of the Scarred Lands. The world of Scarn has become quite inhospitable to the advancement of mortal civilization, with constant threats imperiling reliable commerce, dissemination of knowledge and even the survival of the existing cities and nations. Like many of the other gods, Hedrada is quite interested in returning the Scarred Lands to their former health. However, Hedrada's vision for a rebuilt world varies somewhat from that of Denev and some of his fellows. The Lawgiver's priests preach of a world where the wilderness has been tamed, and the wastelands made whole and productive — a gentle land that offers up its resources to its mortal caretakers.

Hedrada's clerics encourage rulers to build and maintain good roads between cities, so that nations can benefit by more easily trading their resources. They pay for the training of new shipwrights, smiths and engineers, hoping to promote new technological discoveries that could give the mortal nations an edge against the hostile world outside the city walls. These ambitions have failed to endear the Hedradan priesthood to the various circles of druids who insist on taking the new land as it is — but so it goes. For now, the Hedradan priesthood is content to patiently push for steady but sure progress, although the more fanatic among them are less than convinced that civilization will last much longer without swifter development.

A large part of Hedrada's church follows the Doctrine of Four, the creed that calls for worshipping Hedrada in each of his four aspects as Judge, Lawgiver, Great Sage and King of Wealth. The four-part

theocracy of Hedrad is the most widely recognized outgrowth of the Doctrine of Four, although the creed is popular in most Hedradan temples. Of course, not all temples see the need (or have the means) to maintain four separate high priests, one for each aspect of Hedrada. In such places, people expect a priest to be well versed in the creeds of justice, law, knowledge and wealth, perhaps specializing in one but remaining strong in the others.

As the god of knowledge, Hedrada is also noted for sponsoring oracles. These priests specialize in divination and are quite rare outside large cities (where they are most commonly needed). An oracle who is required to travel — most often on some sort of mission to locate a lost relic — always does so under a heavy bodyguard of faithful soldiers and a few militant priests. Hedrada's oracles identify themselves by wearing white hoods at all times. One often sees them given to a slightly distracted demeanor; it's not uncommon for an oracle to deliver a pronouncement while staring fixedly past his supplicant.

Sect Rules

Most Hedradan clerics are lawful neutral, although Hedrada accepts lawful evil and lawful good priests (and even some paladins). Neutral clerics of Hedrada are very rare, but possible (and usually then only in areas of sparse population).

The Doctrine of Four is one of the "default" Hedradan philosophies. Its adherents are usually standard clerics of Hedrada.

Oracles always take Knowledge as one of their domains.

Exemplar monks as well as other types of exemplars will be detailed in future Scarred Lands books. For now, with the GM's permission, a monk PC can be an Exemplar monk. The monk does not immediately gain any of the Exemplar powers listed in the *Creature Collection*; she simply advances as a monk and may take the Exemplar feats listed in the *Creature Collection* in lieu of feats normally gained through level advancement.

Justicars are often multiclassed fighter/clerics of Hedrada; some also take a level of rogue to increase their investigation skills. Almost all take Judgment and either Protection or Law as their favored domains, and most wield hammers of some sort. A few Justicars are in fact paladins.

Cultists of the Sacred Bull can choose the Strength domain if they choose, but they cannot choose the Knowledge or Judgment domain.

Although Hedrada has many mighty servants in his favored cities, he also finds it useful to have those who serve as his hands in the lawless lands of Ghelspad. Of these, the most famous are the Exemplars. These ascetics forgo actually spreading the word of Hedrada,

Beast of Law Template

Most of Hedrada's servitors can be simulated by adding the "beast of law" template to a mortal creature. Although most of the statistics remain the same, the infusion of Hedrada's energies works the following changes:

- Beasts or animals with this template become magic beasts, but other than that the creature's base type is unchanged. The creature gains the subtype "Lawful."

- The GM should never roll for hit points. All beasts of law have slightly better than average hit points: creatures with d6 Hit Dice have 4 hit points per die, creatures with d8 Hit Dice have 5 hit points per die, creatures with d10 Hit Dice have 6 hit points per die, and creatures with d12 Hit Dice have 7 hit points per die. Thus, all guardian naga beasts of law with 11 Hit Dice have exactly 55 hit points before adding Constitution bonuses.

- The creature's alignment becomes lawful neutral.

- The beast of law retains all special attacks of the base creature and also gains the following:

Smite Chaos (Su): Once per day the creature can make a normal attack to deal additional damage equal to its HD total (maximum of +20) against a foe of chaotic alignment.

- The beast of law gains darkvision to 60 feet.

- If the base creature had 4–7 Hit Dice, it gains damage reduction 5/+1. If it possessed 8–11 Hit Dice, it gains damage reduction 5/+2. If it possessed 12+ Hit Dice, it gains damage reduction 10/+3. If the base creature already possessed damage reduction, the superior value should be used.

- The beast of law gains an additional +4 bonus on Will saves.

- The challenge rating of the beast remains the same for base creatures of 3HD or less, increase by +1 for base creatures of 4 HD to 7 HD, and increases by +2 for base creatures of 8 HD or higher.

choosing instead to focus their energies inward and attain personal perfection. Although rightly famed across Ghelspad, the Exemplars lack any real power within the church — and are glad of it, condemning such distractions as they do.

A somewhat less single-minded (though no less committed to their faith) militant Hedradan sect is that of the Justicars, who are one and all dedicated to bringing law to the lawless with bell, book and candle — and, if need be, with hammer. Most Justicars work alone, gathering together only once a year, on Grim Day, to do communal penance, report on their progress (or share news of fallen brethren) and make new plans for the coming year. Sometimes a Justicar will travel with an apprentice, teaching the young one the ways of investigation and law-bringing, but two full-fledged Justicars never act together. Justicars wear no formal raiment over their armor, but are recognizable by the simple brand of the hammer on their foreheads. Although most are grim of voice and demeanor, a few Justicars are, under their formidable exteriors, as noble and compassionate as any Coreanic knight.

Finally, one of the more unusual sub-sects of the Hedradan church is the Cult of the Sacred Bull. These Hedradans worship their god in his bull aspect and attempt to emulate his strength rather than his wisdom. The theocracy of Hedrad has condemned the cult as “misguided,” but has yet to excommunicate or otherwise punish the odd sub-sect. For their part, the Cult is famed for nothing more than their lack of subtlety; a bull cultist tends to strive for as much glory as possible, dedicating each victory or new shrine to Hedrada at the top of his lungs. One of the cult’s greatest ambitions is to arrange for Hedrada’s herald to mate with a gynosphinx (or two), thus producing an earthly line of taurosphinxes to carry on the work of the Lawgiver. A few doughty priests have set out in search of gynosphinxes with this quest in mind, hoping to beat the sphinxes at riddling games and thus compel them to “assist them” in this endeavor. Time has yet to tell if this quest has had any results other than a few better-fed gynosphinxes....

Hedrada’s astral abode is the magnificent city of Aureon, a resplendent metropolis filling almost an entire plane, where the streets are literally paved with gold. All the mortal cities of the world, even splendid Hedrad, are but imperfect shadows of the perfection of shining Aureon. Sculpture stands at every street corner, libraries flourish in every quarter, verdant parks and elaborate fountains fit neatly within the pattern of streets, and precious metals and gems shine from the very buildings and cobblestones. Even the humblest artisan’s home (for in Aureon, the souls of the lawful dead are not idle) consists of shining white marble and adorned with tasteful reliefs and statues

recording the virtuous life of the soul who resides there. The city stretches for countless miles in all directions, yet the souls that walk the streets can arrive at their destinations as quickly as they need. The fields and orchards outside the shining city walls are neatly organized and carefully irrigated, each near-identical to its neighbor. The city’s layout is likewise organized to perfect symmetry, with all roads leading eventually to the heart of the city, where the Hedragos, the Hill of Hedrada, supports the monolithic palace of the Lawgiver. Hedrada himself sits in state within, listening to the prayers of his faithful and administering his hierarchy of divine servants. Technically, he also sits here to grant audiences as needed to the citizens of Aureon, but in such a paradise of perfect law, who has any complaints?

Aureon, being the promised afterlife for the industrious and diligent, is a place of constant activity. The day is long and filled with activity; the night offers a few hours of leisure before the souls begin their day’s work again. Here souls do as they did in life; farmers grow grain without fear of blight or insects, artisans practice their crafts; sculptors continue to add to the city’s splendor, and builders make Aureon larger with every passing day. Though the blessed deceased have no bodily need for food, clothing or shelter, they can enjoy these things as fruits of their labors still. One also can see Hedrada’s divine servants moving through the streets

and buildings on errands for the Lawgiver; soul guardians, inquisitors, ascended exemplars, azer and semi-sentient constructs of all sorts (especially silver golems) all serve in Hedrada’s hierarchy. Aureon also boasts various “beasts of law,” law-infused outsider variants of mortal creatures much like the celestial and fiendish monsters of other realms. Hedrada’s favored beasts of law include guardian nagas, sphinxes of all sorts, steel giants and various dragons.

Hedrada fosters good relations with as many other gods as he can. Although he has an innate preference for the lawful philosophies of his brothers Corean and Chardun, he realizes that having each of the other gods serving their function allows for a more orderly and well-run universe. He even tolerates the mercurial behavior of Tanil and Vangal as need be, though he would prefer them to have a less chaotic outlook. However, his patience tends to fray the most in his dealings with Enkili; the shapeshifting god/goddess of chaos and mischief has almost nothing in common with Hedrada, and the two find themselves unable to agree on almost anything since the Divine War. His relations are much the same with the various demigods, most of whom willingly listen to the knowledge-god’s words even if they don’t view him with especial fondness. Hedrada treats Denev with a son’s respect for his mother, but the two are rarely allies; the Lawgiver’s prejudice toward mortals and their cities is something of a gulf between them.



Enkili's Avatar

Hit Dice:	Special-Size Outsider (Avatar) 40d8+600 (920hp)
Initiative:	+43 (+19 Dex, +24 Divine Initiative)
Speed:	60 ft., climb 40 ft., fly 100 ft.
AC:	59 (+19 Dex, +15 deflection, +15 natural)
Attacks:	<i>Lightning Flail of Enkili</i> +61/+56/+51/+46/ +41/+36/+31/+26 melee, <i>Neckbane</i> +60/ +55/+50/+45/+40/+35/+30/+25 melee, or unarmed +54/+49/+44/+39/+34/+29/ +24/+19; +59/+54/+49/+44/+39/+34/ +29/+24 ranged.
Damage:	<i>Lightning Flail of Enkili</i> 1d8+20, <i>Neckbane</i> 1d6+19
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft
Special Attacks:	Magic items, spells, spell-like abilities
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 30/+3, regeneration 35, SR 40, uncanny dodge, Enkili's kiss, fortune's folly, mayhem's mishap, passing the unluck, subtle trickery
Divine Qualities:	Divine creation, divine favor 3, divine immu- nity, divine initiative 3, divine knowledge 5, divine language, divine presence, divine pro- tection 3, divine puissance 3, divine resis- tance 6, divine retribution, divine size, di- vine speed 3, divine telepathy, divine vision, god's avatar
Saves:	Fort +42, Ref +47, Will +32
Abilities:	Str 38, Dex 49, Con 42, Int 46, Wis 21, Cha 52
Skills:	Balance +59, Bluff +71, Climb +54, Concentration +58, Craft +58, Decipher Script +59, Diplomacy +61, Disguise +66, Escape Artist +69, Gather Information +61, Heal +46, Hide +46, Intuendo +46, Intimidate +61, Intuit Direction +46, Jump +54, Knowledge +59, Listen +60, Move Silently +59, Perform +61, Search +58, Sense Motive +51, Spellcraft +63, Spot +60, Tumble +64
Feats:	Alertness, Ambidexterity, Combat Reflexes, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Wondrous Item, Dodge, Expertise, Heighten Spell, Improved Criti- cal, Improved Trip, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Focus (flail), Weapon Focus (scimitar), Whirlwind Attack
Climate/Terrain:	Any
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	40
Treasure:	Triple Standard
Alignment:	Always chaotic neutral
Domains:	Air, Chaos, Luck, Travel, Trickery
Holy Symbol:	A mask decorated with lightning shooting from its eyeholes.
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Enkili arrives on the wings of a storm, heralded by a thunderclap and a lightning flash. He appears in the marketplace as a rich trader with an offer you cannot refuse. She is the savior of a sailor beset by a typhoon, who then asks him to carry out a scheme, which in the end kills him. He is the young man in the traveling leathers who changes a gambler's luck. She is the stunningly beautiful courtesan fought over by kings.

Enkili's form is mutable, and he can appear in the guise of nearly any creature, female as often as male, switching gender as night into day. The Jester favors human form, but as with most things regarding this strange and chaotic deity, nothing is ever certain. The form of Enkili's avatar can change even during a single encounter, shifting from human to dwarf, to albatross, to monkey to dragon and back again. One moment, Enkili is a young elven maid standing at the prow of a ship, the next she is a fish leaping into the sea.

Enkili is extremely fickle. One day he will aid worshippers against raiding titanspawn. The next day, she might unleash a raging tempest upon the same followers. Enkili appears anywhere and at any time in the Scarred Lands. He is the Trickster, and the embodiment of Chaos. She is the Mistress of Fortune and the Storm Goddess.

Legend holds that Enkili was born of the two female titans, Lethene and Gulaben — both were primal forces who rarely manifested themselves physically, and the Trickster's unpredictable nature surely reflects this wild heritage. Some of Enkili's more fanatic followers claim that this tale is a hoax perpetrated by the titans and their allies. They believe that Enkili sprang into being from the universe itself, a physical manifestation of the raw stuff of the cosmos.

Some say that the Trickster is on no one's side, not even his own. His goals are shrouded in mystery and depend upon who is telling the tale. Only Enkili knows the truth. Perhaps she regards Scarn and all who dwell upon it as her pieces in a vast game of chaos she wages where the goal is not to win, but to disrupt the games of others. Disruption takes many forms, like Enkili himself. It may mean aiding a king to thwart the designs of another ruler, or it may mean sowing havoc among another god's followers. Even the other gods may be subject to Enkili's trickery.

Certainly Enkili's motives are known only to Enkili. His aid may save the day or prove utterly disastrous. To worship such a god strikes many as folly, yet some eagerly entreat the Trickster. Trickery and fortune, however fickle, can prove equally decisive in adventure or battle — the Jester might change at a crucial moment into a seemingly innocuous creature, such as a rabbit or a dove. At that instant, a tide of misfortune might befall an army, or the rogue which called Enkili might be left alone to face a silver golem guarding a wizard's treasure room. Battle mages casting fireballs at an enemy realize instead that they have cast *haste* on the enemy soldiers. A cleric healing a wounded companion discovers instead she has cursed her fallen comrade.

Such meddling can and often does raise the ire of the other gods, forcing Enkili to flee from the scene of the crime. Some say Enkili has succeeded where no one else has in angering all the other gods. Corean,

Hedrada, and Chardun have reason to dislike if not hate the Trickster and the Sower of Chaos. Yet the other gods, including Belsameth and Vangal, also loathe Enkili. There is an old Shelzar saying which applies to Enkili, "Misfortune has no friends." Only the Divine Truce which, for reasons of her own Enkili respects, has kept Enkili from suffering the same fate as some of the titans.

Yet, during the Titanswar, Enkili greatly aided the eventual victory of the Gods over their parents. This may well have been due to Enkili's mistreatment at the hands of Mesos, Sire of Sorcery. After a minor prank involving Mesos' cloak, the titan responded by stripping Enkili of his divine powers, cutting off his access to mortal followers, and subjecting the god to true death or destruction. Even the most chaotic of beings possesses the will to survive. Enkili's decision to join with the gods in rebellion was probably a result of his realization that he existed only at the titans' pleasure and that his destruction would be a far greater prank than he could ever conceive. Whatever the reason, the Titanswar represented the only time that Enkili cooperated with his fellow deities for any significant length of time.

Again and again, Enkili lured Titanspawn armies into ambush and destruction. He matched the ferocious storms of his mother Lethene with tempests of his own. Although the storms ravaged the land below, they also kept the Untamed One from aiding the titans with her own powers. At the end of the war, some say that Enkili bore Tanil across Scarn, helping the Huntress gather up the many portions of the titaness' essence.

Enkili continues to make mischief throughout the Scarred Lands, sowing fortune both good and bad across all of its varied continents. Although he is called the King of Fools, he has enough sense to know that violating the Divine Truce will bring his own swift demise, or at least his dismemberment and imprisonment. So Enkili's pranks remain annoyances — never enough to provoke the gods to open conflict.

Invocation Benefit

For each round that a worshipper invokes Enkili, he receives a +1 to any of the next of the

following rolls — skill rolls for Balance, Bluff, Disguise, Jump or Tumble; +1 to Reflex saves. The maximum bonus obtained in this fashion is +3, but in keeping with Enkili's chaotic character, these bonuses can be applied to any of the skills or saves listed. A worshipper can invoke for three rounds, then apply +1 each to his next Reflex save, Bluff and Tumble skill rolls.

Combat

How Enkili fights depends upon his guise. As the Trickster, Enkili uses guile, underhanded tactics and weapon at hand. Often that weapon is his scimitar *Neckbane*, but Enkili uses any trick or deception to outwit his foes. More importantly, since the death of his avatar would be no more than an inconvenience, the
Trickster



fighters to not be thwarted.

To battle the Storm Goddess is to battle thunder and lightning. Enkili wields a thunderbolt-hurling flail that can strike friend as well as foe, with equal destructiveness. She fights with a wild, reckless abandon, hurling lightning, hail storms, and raging winds at opponents and allies alike. This is Enkili at her most awesome — sending hurricanes to sink entire fleets and creating cyclones to destroy whole towns.

In the guise of a courtesan, either male or female, Enkili is subtle but deadly nonetheless. Here the fight is one of playing off opponents against one another. She might seduce a general and set him to slay a high priest of Hedrada who would otherwise stop her trickery. Or she might set two princes to dueling over her beauty, simply to sow chaos. Certainly her courtesan guise would have no shortage of willing defenders.

Spells: Enkili's avatar casts spells as a 20th-level sorcerer and a 20th-level cleric. He has access to all arcane and divine spells. He does not need to memorize spells; he simply selects the spell that he wishes to cast. These spells are cast without foci or components of any kind, with a mere thought from Enkili's avatar.

Spell-Like Abilities: In addition to his normal spellcasting abilities, Enkili's avatar can cast any spell from the Chaos domain, or any spell from the Illusion school at will, but no more than once per round, as a 20th-level sorcerer.

Enkili's Kiss (Su): Once per day, Enkili's avatar can transform one creature into his page (see page 63). This creature must be a living, mortal being and cannot be an outsider. Enkili's avatar must make a touch attack to kiss the creature. If successful, the creature becomes Enkili's page for one full day. There is no saving throw — the creature is transformed as per the Enkili's page template. The page carries out Enkili's will, to the degree that Enkili has explained what her purpose is, but otherwise still has independent thought and speech. A Will save (DC 35) is required to for the page to resist Enkili's will.

Fortune's Folly (Su): Up to nine times a day, Enkili's avatar can reroll any one roll and use the better of the two rolls. Enkili's avatar can also use this power to reroll any one roll made by another and force the target to take one of the two rolls — Enkili's choice.

Mayhem's Mishap (Su): Once per day, Enkili's avatar can increase the DC of all skill checks by up to

20 within one mile of her avatar, for up to half an hour. Enkili's avatar often capriciously applies this to her own followers just for her own amusement.

Passing the Unluck (Su): Once per day, Enkili's avatar can redirect the results of a failed saving throw roll from any single creature to another. Both creatures must be within 400 feet of Enkili's avatar. The target of the redirection then suffers the result of the failed saving throw.

Subtle Trickery (Su): Once per day as a standard action, Enkili can take one action made by a creature, and choose a different one, provided it was one the creature can take. Both the old and the new actions must be something that involve a die roll — an attack, a spell, a skill check, and so on. The creature must make a Will save (DC 35) to realize that the intended action had changed, otherwise he believes that the action Enkili choose for him was one he had meant to take all along. If he makes his Will save, he suffers the effects of *confusion* for 1d6 rounds.

Lightning Flail of Enkili (Major Artifact)

Description: Enkili created her *Lightning Flail* for her storm goddess aspect, forging it in the heart of a colossal thunderstorm that was lashing the plane of chaos. On occasion, the *Lightning Flail* attacks allies as well as enemies and is not always restrained by Enkili. The Storm Goddess tends to lose herself in the heat of battle and often lets her flail dance while she unleashes the raging fury of her storms against the enemy.

Powers: The weapon is a +6 *thundering dancing chaotic flail* that grants its bearer the ability to cast the spell *Enkili's lightning* at will. The weapon has a mind of its own (Int 15, Wis 9, Cha 16, Ego 27, align CN) whose purpose is to sow confusion.

Neckbane (Minor Artifact)

Description: When fighting as the Trickster during the Titanswar (when he wasn't leading foes on a merry chase across half of Scarn), Enkili slaughtered giants by the hundreds and ogres by the thousands with his deadly magic scimitar, *Neckbane*.

Powers: The trickster disliked using a flail in battle, so crafted *Neckbane*, a +5 *keen vorpal scimitar*. The vorpal quality is not effective against outsiders and titans.

Rhissa, Enkili's Herald

	Medium-Size Outsider
Hit Dice:	19d8+95 (247 hp)
Initiative:	+12 (+8 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)
Speed:	Fly 100 ft. (perfect)
AC:	28 (+8 Dex, +10 Natural)
Attacks:	+19/+14/+9/+3 melee
Damage:	Slam 2d8+5
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft./5ft.
Special Attacks:	Air mastery, spell-like abilities, whirlwind
Special Qualities:	Aerial aspect, cold resistance 20, damage reduction 10/+2, electricity resistance 20, locate element
Saves:	Fort +24, Ref +29, Will +22
Abilities:	Str 21, Dex 26, Con 20, Int 22, Wis 16, Cha 19
Skills:	Concentration +30, Intimidate +39, Intuit Direction +38, Knowledge (arcana) +26, Knowledge (nature) +31, Listen +38, Search +36, Spellcraft +37, Spot +33
Feats:	Dodge, Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility.
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	19
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always chaotic neutral
Domains:	Air
Advancement Range:	None

Description

During the Titanswar, Enkili could not be everywhere at once. Sorely pressed on the land, he found himself forced to concede more and more control of the skies to his parents, Lethene and Gulaben. During this period several divine war fleets were smashed at sea and coastal cities laid waste by cyclones. Then Lethene and Gulaben's aerial forces ambushed Enkili's avatar after he came to the aid of a human army.

After the battle, Enkili had exhausted his magic and was almost destroyed by the titans. For four long days afterward, Enkili hid beneath the eastern ocean and brooded. She needed a herald, as many of the other gods now possessed — an entity to represent her when needed and to precede her when necessary. On the fifth day, healed and determined, Enkili went forth across Scarn looking for a suitable candidate.

On Ghelspad, Enkili found what he was looking for. A druid of Lethene, an elf woman named Rhissa, had been abandoned by her titan mistress for refusing to destroy a halfling village. Lethene's titanspawn followers raped and mutilated the former druid and then lashed her to a hilltop as a storm brewed, bringing Lethene's vengeance upon the unfortunate elf.

But then the Trickster appeared and spirited the dying elf back to his abode. There, she was transformed into an outsider and the herald of Enkili. She became a creature of air and gained the ability to control weather and hurl storms at Enkili's foes. Rhissa, known to Ghelspad at large as Enkili's herald, possesses divinely derived powers, which is fitting for

the herald of the Storm Goddess. Enkili's herald often takes the place of her mistress when a storm rages or when a battle occurs that figures into Enkili's plans.

Combat

Enkili's herald fights with courage but not with the wild abandon of her patron. Depending upon the situation, she changes into one of her other aerial aspects — in the middle of battle if necessary. Enkili's herald does not wield a magic weapon, instead unleashing the elemental fury of storms against a foe. She prefers to fight at a distance so that she can use her deadly elemental powers.

Air Mastery (Ex): (See *core rulebook III*, page 82) Airborne creatures suffer a -1 penalty to attack and damage rolls against Enkili's herald.

Whirlwind (Su): (See *core rulebook III*, page 82) The herald can transform herself into a whirlwind.

Spell-Like Abilities:
At will:
control weather,
gust of wind,



lightning; 3/day: Enkili's lightning storm*, whirlwind; 1/day: Plane shift. As cast by a 19th level sorceress save DC (14 + spell level).

Aerial Aspect (Su): Once per day Enkili's herald can shapeshift into one of the following forms for up to 8 hours: a Cerulean Roc (Creature Collection, page 38), a greater air elemental (Core Rulebook III, page 81), or a storm hag (Creature Collection, page 99).

Enkili's Page Description

I am a simple trader, lately of Fangsfall, who had an encounter on the road through New Venir two years ago — an encounter still vivid in my memory. The caravan I journeyed with reached a crossroads when we were attacked by a band of marauders, who were aided by strange sorcerer whose visage was that of an elf, but whose skin was jet black. It looked as if our lives were forfeit when suddenly a slender youth in travelling leathers appeared on the wagon seat next to mine, with a sly smile on his handsome face.

"Aleshin," he said, "I'm here to help you, and in return, you can help me." How he knew my name didn't matter at that moment, not with our caravan guards dropping in flames before the dark elf's spells, and the marauders' arrows falling like rain around me.

"I'll do anything," I cried out as an arrow narrowly missed my left ear.

The stranger smiled. "Of course you will. You would anyway, but fair is fair, at least this time." He winked at me, then turned toward the dark elf sorcerer, who stood 50 yards away from us, raising his hands to conjure another spell. The sorcerer chanted something, and then a rainbow of colors sprayed out at his companions, blinding them. One of our surviving guards loosed a crossbow bolt which struck the dark elf in the head, killing him. Our remaining guards cut down the blinded marauders, and we were saved.

It was then that I learned who the stranger was, and what he wanted. He leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. Abruptly, I felt a surge of vitality, and, somehow, different.

"For the next day," he said, "you work for Enkili. That is to say, me." He waved a hand over my face and I felt my muscles grow larger, my ears lengthen, my feet turn into hands, and my arms sprout leathery wings.

"Yes," Enkili said in response to my look of horror and the screams of my fellow travelers. "You're a bat devil. Just because. Oh, and you're my page for the next day."

"There is a scroll case on the body of that dead sorcerer that I want you to deliver to a young wizard's apprentice living in a village in Zathiske. Aid her until tomorrow at this time." Somehow, I knew the village's location and who the apprentice was. I flew there and delivered the scroll to her, then assisted her in stealing an item from her master, and finally spirited her away to

another village. I possessed magic I had never dreamed of and used it to accomplish my task. I had knowledge of things once unknown to me, and an acute awareness of Enkili.

And then, the next day, I became myself again, just a simple trader, marooned in Zathiske. Eventually, I made my way to Fangsfall, only to learn that Enkili was worshipped there. I worship him now and hope that will be enough for him. Certainly he has not visited me again. Not yet.

Aleshin Delgada, merchant of Fangsfall

In keeping with his chaotic nature, the Prince of Fools has no specific page. Instead, she chooses an individual that suits her needs at moment, or whom she thinks would make an amusing choice. The page can be any creature Enkili chooses — a human milkmaid, a wretched halfling cutpurse, a scholar, a dwarf warrior or a forsaken elf. Often, she chooses an animal — anything from a hawk, a pig, or a fish springing from the sea. The creature chosen need not even worship Enkili; in fact he often purposely chooses the followers of other gods just to irritate his divine cousins. He is especially fond of choosing paladins of Corean, an act that the Champion finds endlessly annoying.

Enkili kisses her chosen page (see Enkili's Kiss), gifting him with increased mental and physical attributes, as well as certain special abilities. Most importantly, her page now has an acute awareness of Enkili's purpose. This purpose may be as specific as swindling the local Temple of Madriel out of its treasury, sowing confusion amongst King Virduk's court during the spring festival or stealing a spell book from a certain Calastian battle mage. Or it may be something as vague as boarding a ship headed for the Blossoming Sea or walking the dangerous road to Amalthea.

The Trickster can choose to shapeshift his chosen page. During the Titanswar, Enkili repeatedly transformed his pages to work mischief upon the titans. A favorite trick was to transform a human page into an animal, which could more easily spy upon the enemy and infiltrate their camps. In one incident, Enkili went further and transformed a human soldier into a male winter wolf who proceeded to lead a massive wolf attack upon an enemy supply train. The wolves led by Enkili's page utterly destroyed the convoy.

Another tactic was to take a clever and crafty creature, such as a ferret, and shapeshift it into something far more powerful, such as an invisible stalker or a forsaken elf. The creature still possessed the ferret's nature and went forth to steal items, or it simply wreaked havoc and confusion among the enemy.

Since the Titanswar, Enkili uses her pages as pawns in her game of subtle trickery. She continues to choose whoever suits her and enjoys reaping the

maximum effect from her kiss. Lately she has taken to shapeshifting her page into a doppelganger (*Core Rules III*, page 60), for even greater amusement and utility.

Creating a Page of Enkili

The Page of Enkili is a template that can be added to any mortal, non-outsider creature (referred to hereafter as the "base creature"). The creature's type changes to "Outsider." It uses all the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

Hit Dice: Increase Hit Dice by one type, and increase to 8 HD if the base creature had fewer than 8.

Speed: Same as base creature

AC: As base creature

Attacks: Add +1 to the base creature's attacks (due to Str increase). Recalculate creature's base attack bonus if its HD were increased to 8.

Damage: As base creature +1 (due to Str increase).

Special Attacks: The base creature retains all of its special attacks and gains the following:

Spell-Like Abilities: The page can cast *Enkili's luck**, *Enkili's prank**, *obscuring mist* and *protection from law* each 3/day as a sorcerer of level equal to its (increased) HD total.

Special Qualities: The base creature retains all of its special qualities and gains the following:

Uncanny Dodge: If it did not already have the quality, the herald receives Uncanny Dodge as a 6th-level rogue.

Abilities: Add the following to the base creature's stats: Str +2, Dex +3, Con +2, Int +4, Wis +0, Cha +3

Saves: Same as base creature

Skills: The base creature receives an additional +2 to Listen and Spot

Feats: The base creature receives the following feats, unless it already has them: Alertness, Lightning Reflexes

Challenge Rating: If base creature was less than 8 HD its CR rating increases +1 per HD it gained. Base creatures of 8+ HD have +1 CR

Sample Page of Enkili

This example uses a weasel, which Enkili decided to adopt as his page during discussions with King Virduk of Calastia. The king was not amused, but he didn't really have much choice in the matter.

Sneaky the Weasel, Page of Enkili

	Tiny Animal
Hit Dice:	8d8 (50 hp)
Initiative:	+4 (Dex)
Speed:	20 ft., climb 20 ft.
AC:	16 (+2 size, +4 Dex)
Attacks:	Bite +10/+5 melee
Damage:	Bite 1d3–3
Face/Reach:	2 1/2 ft. by 2 1/2 ft./0 ft.
Special Attacks:	Attach, spell-like abilities
Special Qualities:	Scent, uncanny dodge
Saves:	Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +1
Abilities:	Str 5, Dex 18, Con 12, Int 6, Wis 12, Cha 8
Skills:	Balance +10, Climb +11, Hide +13, Listen +3, Move Silently +9, Spot +6
Feats:	Alertness, Lightning Reflexes, Weapon Finesse (bite)
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate forest, hill, mountains, and plains
Organization:	Solitary
Challenge Rating:	1/4
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral
Advancement:	None

Description

Once an ordinary weasel scurrying happily through Geleeda's Grove, Sneaky was, for one day at least, an especially influential and important rodent. When Enkili wanted to treat with King Virduk (whose enforcers had arrested a number of Enkili-worshipping rogues in one of the tyrant's many law-and-order campaigns), he selected Sneaky and transported him to the king's palace in Vashon. There he chattered Enkili's displeasure to the bloody monarch. Confronted with the Jester and his perverse sense of humor, Virduk relented and ordered the rogues released, but exiled them to Lageni, where he left them to the tender mercies of Duke Traviak. His work done, Sneaky returned to the forest where, presumably, he lives happily today.

Attach (Ex): If Sneaky hits with a bite attack, he uses his powerful jaws to latch onto the opponent's body and automatically deals bite damage each round he remains attached. While attached, Sneaky has an AC of 14.

Spell-Like Abilities (Su): While he is Enkili's page, Sneaky can cast *Enkili's luck**, *Enkili's prank**, *obscuring mist* and *protection from law* 3/day each.

Skills: Weasels receive a +4 racial bonus on Move Silently checks and a +8 racial bonus on Balance checks. They use their Dexterity modifier for Climb checks.

Enkili's Worship and Worshippers

Oh, Goddess of Luck, Lady of Fortune, I plead most humbly for a favor to change my fortune. Do so and I pledge a year of my life in your service, to be spent as you choose.

— A gambler's prayer to Enkili

Enkili! Please protect me from your storm's wrath! Save me from the hurricane. Bring me to a peaceful shore!

— A sailor's entreaty to Enkili

Sly one, please come to me and aid me in this endeavor

— A schemer's request to Enkili

Scholars and clerics of the other gods wonder why anyone, no matter how desperate, would ever worship the Trickster. Such worship, they reason, could draw only unwanted attention from an unpredictable deity in the form of misfortune, chaos and death.

Many who come to Enkili do so out of desperation. A sailor caught in a storm, whose ship threatens to disintegrate under the ocean's assault, will beg the Storm Goddess to relent. Men facing the abyss will grasp at any hand, however dangerous doing so might be in the long run.

Enkili is a god with many faces, and those seeking his aid each worship in their own way. The desperate turn to the Trickster. Those loathing the

law entreat the Shapeshifter. Gamblers down on their luck beg the Goddess of Fortune. A gambler who earns his livelihood rolling the bones and winning other games of chance might dedicate any winnings to Enkili after paying off his debts. A thief prays for good luck, or equally, for bad luck to befall his target. A card player could pray for the same result. A con artist wants Enkili's aid in tricking others.

Worshipping Enkili is usually an individual activity in Ghelspad. The entreater requests Enkili's aid, often promising a boon in return or offering to later play some mischief on Enkili's behalf. Sometimes this results in the worshipper becoming Enkili's page for a day, and other times the worshipper ends up involved in one of the Trickster's divine pranks. Enkili's imagination is truly boundless when it comes to exacting service from a follower.

Secret shrines to Enkili exist throughout Ghelspad. Some sit on storm-tossed shorelines or in the midst of crowded cities, while others stand at crossroads, and still others exist near places of great fortune, such as a spring, or waterfall. These latter locations can also be places of misfortune, but the desperate often overlook this fact.

A typical worshipper sneaks alone to the shrine, either at dawn or dusk, or during a storm, and there prays to Enkili. The prayer may be a song, a poem, or an outright entreaty. Crude directness works as often as eloquence with Enkili.



Enkili has a priesthood, but the task of being the mortal representative of a fickle and capricious deity is a challenging one indeed. They serve to maintain Enkili's shrines, oversee the raucous celebrations of his worshippers, and carry out mischief of their own on the Jester's behalf. Enkili's clerics often multiclass as rogues.

Enkili is worshipped in the Heteronomy of Virduk, in Ontenazu, in Zathiske and in the cities of Fangsfall, Mansk and Shelzar. Again, such worship, even by the ruler, is a lone activity. The Shelzarians have private rites they follow when entreating Enkili's aid, which are highly stylized and intended to placate the God of Fortune and Misfortune. In Fangsfall, worshippers pray to Enkili in any fashion they choose. Again, just as Enkili has many forms, so does her worship. Enkili's worship is even tolerated in stern Hedrad and in the holy city of Mithril, where a small chaotic tangle of vegetation serves as the Trickster's shrine.

Little truly organized worship of the Trickster aspect exists anywhere in Ghelspad, at least not openly. In Fangsfall and Shelzar temples stand to the Storm Goddess, a seeming contradiction to the observation that all worship of Enkili is a solitary activity. However, even at the temple of the Storm Goddess, prayers and entreaties are performed in private. Often in Fangsfall, the court and many of the citizens of that city beg Enkili not to send a hurricane, but they do so individually, and in turn. Long lines form outside her temples in Fangsfall, and followers of the Trickster aspect prey upon the waiting worshippers of the Storm Goddess. The populace considers this part of worshipping Enkili and those waiting in line each have a small amount of coin or jewelry intended for the thieves and schemers who come to steal and swindle them. They believe it pleases Enkili.

In Shelzar they sacrifice treasure to the Storm Goddess by leaving it for a "masked schemer," who takes the gold and goes forth to work some great plan in the name of Enkili. Thus both cities acknowledge Enkili's different aspects.

In the Heteronomy of Virduk worshippers hold a chaos festival during the month of Taner. During the festival, merchants exchange places with laborers, lords switch roles with peasants, and husbands exchange wives. Some scholars believe this chaos festival is in fact the result of a divine prank played by Enkili on the populace there long ago, but the citizens of the Heteronomy do not dare break from tradition.

Enkili's relationship to his daughter, Drendari, is also shrouded in mystery. Some believe that the

Trickster begat his daughter through congress with a siren, but the truth of Drendari's parentage is known only to the Mistress of Shadows and her true mother (see Drendari's entry for more information). Certainly aspects of Drendari are similar to her father. She, too, is worshipped by rogues. But she is the Demigoddess of Shadow, which seemingly puts her between Madriel and Belsameth. What does shadow have to do with Storms and Chaos, some have asked. The answer may be in the role Drendari plays in the struggle between light and dark (and also in Drendari's true heritage, known only to her). She uses trickery and cunning to play the two goddesses off against one another, exactly like her father does to the universe at large. And like Enkili, Drendari acts alone.

Enkili's abode in the chaotic plane of Limbo is a region of constantly shifting realities — a place

that mirrors her own ever-changing nature. Here the very ground shifts suddenly and storms that howl across a flashing sky batter the land. Enkili's dwelling itself constantly changes forms. Sitting on a rocky island in the midst of a storming sea, it can be massive castle of a thousand rooms. On a lush, tropical island, his abode appears as a graceful palace of marbled columns. Sitting on sandy atoll, her dwelling might be a twisted spire towering over a white-capped ocean.

Inside Enkili's abode, some say the corridors twist unexpectedly, and rooms and hallways shift and disappear, mirroring his own nature. At the center lies a gigantic cavern where winds blow endlessly. A spring fountains at the very heart of the cavern. The spring itself has many guises, depending upon Enkili's mood. It may be a gurgling hot spring when she is feeling seductive, or a scalding geyser when she is angry. Another time, it might be icy cold or even frozen over. On yet another occasion the spring may run cool and deep, like a sweet mountain spring. Drinking from the fountain can cause any number of strange changes in the imbiber, some good, some horrific, depending upon Enkili's mood.

Enkili has several names for her dwelling: the shifting house, fortune's heart, the storm palace, the twisting manse. Like Enkili, her dwelling is fickle.

Enkili's herald dwells there, a fitting place for a creature of storm. Mortals find the plane of chaos a great challenge indeed. If they arrived at Enkili's abode, their fate might well depend on the Trickster's shifting moods. Adventurers could be slammed against walls of granite by a screaming gale, while a follower might cross a verdant garden to a shadowed veranda opening into an inviting mansion. Anything is possible in the realm of the Jester.



Chardun's Avatar

	Special-Size Outsider (Avatar)
Hit Dice:	46d8+540 (908 hp)
Initiative:	+5 (Dex)
Speed:	30 ft.
AC:	61 (+1 Dex, +20 deflection, +20 armor, +10 natural)
Attacks:	<i>Dominion</i> +72/+67/+62/+57/+52/+47/+42/+37/+32 melee
Damage:	<i>Dominion</i> 1d10+27+domination+poison
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Aura of hatred, spells, spell-like abilities, strike of vengeance, gaze of fear, eternal servitude, magic items
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 40/+4, SR 40, fast healing 20
Divine Qualities:	Divine creation, divine favor 5, divine immunity, divine initiative 2, divine knowledge 4, divine language, divine presence, divine protection 4, divine puissance 4, divine resistance 6, divine retribution, divine size, divine speed 3, divine summoning, divine telepathy, divine vision, god's avatar
Saves:	Fort +37, Ref +30, Will +37
Abilities:	Str 50, Dex 20, Con 34, Int 32, Wis 34, Cha 32
Skills:	Bluff +43, Climb +40, Concentration +52, Diplomacy +55, Heal +32, Innuendo +53, Intimidate +62, Jump +50, Knowledge (arcana) +31, Knowledge (architecture) +41, Knowledge (history) +57, Knowledge (law) +60, Knowledge (planes) +31, Knowledge (religion) +60, Knowledge (royalty) +60, Listen +32, Profession (soldier) +52, Ride +25, Scry +51, Search +51, Sense Motive +52, Spellcraft +41, Spot +52.
Feats:	Cleave, Empower Spell, Endurance, Great Cleave, Heighten Spell, Improved Critical (warseparator), Power Attack, Quicken Spell, Specialization (warseparator), Spell Focus (enchantment), Spell Focus (necromancy), Sunder, Weapon Focus (warseparator),
Climate/Terrain:	Any
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	30
Treasure:	Double Standard
Alignment:	Always lawful evil
Domains:	Law, Evil, War, Strength, Domination*
Holy Symbol:	A blood-soaked golden scepter crowned with a thorny laurel wreath.
Advancement Range:	None

Description

The avatar of Chardun appears as a huge, handsome man, his blonde locks graced by a circlet of laurel leaves. He is clad as a conqueror, in a white toga, but the garment's lower half and hem are stained with blood and bone dust, as are Chardun's hands and sandaled feet. He carries the golden warseparator *Dominion*, whose bloodstained head is encircled by a wreath of thorns. The avatar's eyes are its most frightening aspect, however — they are red, deep-set and haunted, burning with what could be rage, pain or a combination of both.

Chardun is more active than many of his fellow deities, frequently dispatching his avatar to answer the prayers of high-ranking worshippers such as King Virduk of Calastia, the One in White of the Charduni and his Dunahnaean archpriests. While Chardun revels in the destruction of his worshippers' enemies, he also appears to manifest on his own initiative, exterminating powerful titanspawn or their allies. In battle, he normally leads from the rear, but if sufficiently enraged or otherwise motivated, the Great General leads his minions into battle personally, with his warseparator *Dominion* shattering skulls and dispensing deadly poison to his foes. A few sages suggest (far from the ears of Chardun's followers, of course) that the Great General is still fighting the Titanswar and reliving the days when he was seen as a hero and a valiant warrior, not a black-hearted tyrant.

Some claim that Chardun's cruelty and violence are a result of the treatment that he received at the hands of his parents. Certainly Mormo and Gormoth were among the most diabolical and sadistic of the titans, and they beat and tormented their child for the fun of it. Might the god's tyrannical nature, ask the sages, simply be Chardun's attempt to dominate and abuse others just as his parents had done to him? Perhaps the war was Chardun's ultimate act of defiance and vengeance — striking back at his tormentors. Perhaps the god cannot face what he has become since the war, a deity every bit as cruel as his abusive parents. In many ways, they say, Chardun is a being to be pitied rather than feared.

Others, particularly Chardun's worshippers, claim this is all claptrap and that the Great General's nature is simply a reflection of the forces that he embodies — war, conquest, pain and avarice. Like the other gods, he is a manifestation of one of the eight basic alignments of the cosmos, and all that Mormo's and Gormoth's abuse did was bring his true character to light.

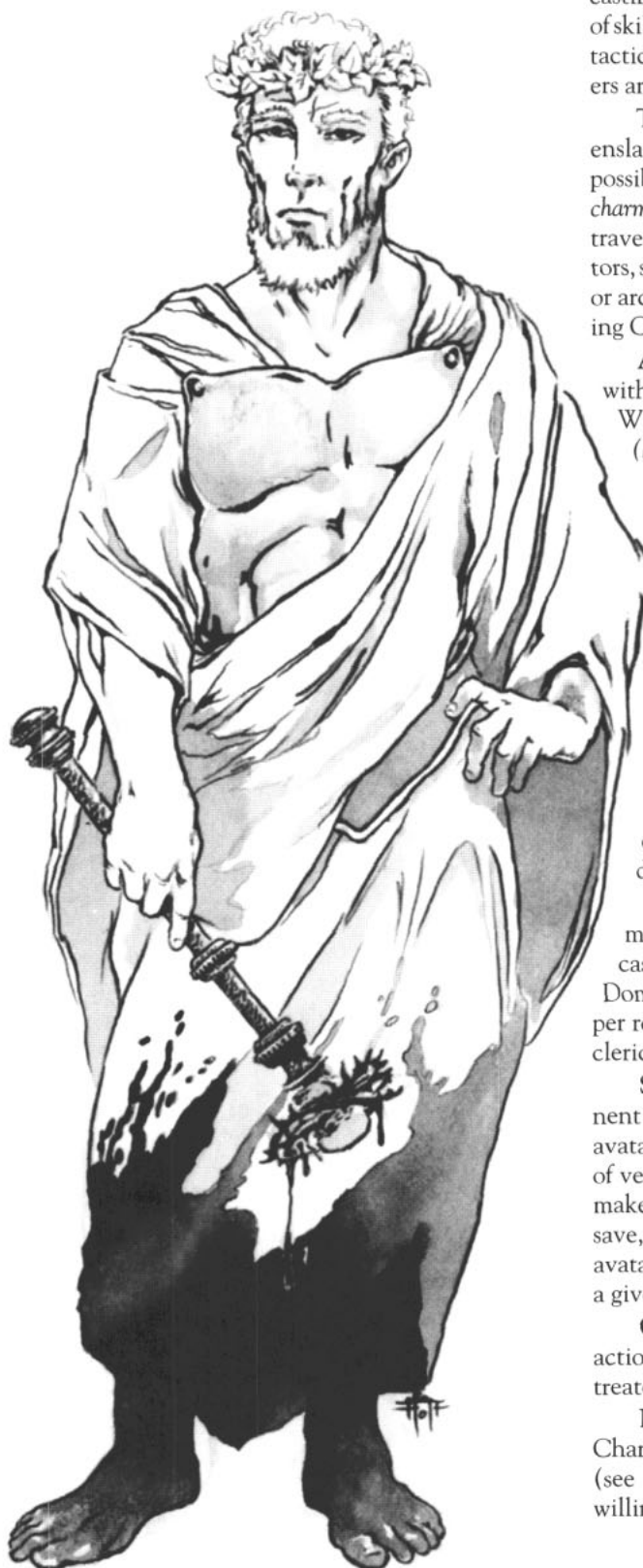
Some say that Chardun often visits the chasm where his father's two halves struggle vainly to reunite. Perhaps he wishes to see the Writhing Lord suffer, or maybe he considers that fate can defeat even the most powerful of beings.

Invocation Benefit

Each full round that a worshipper of Chardun spends invoking his god, he receives a +1 bonus on any of the following rolls: skill rolls for Concentration, Diplomacy, Intimidate or Sense Motive; rolls to any skill that involves military tactics or strategy; any attack roll; and any roll to inflict damage using a spell. The maximum bonus obtained in this fashion is +3, and the entire bonus must be applied to one of the rolls listed above.

Combat

As any good general should, Chardun shuns personal combat unless provoked or unless fighting an especially powerful enemy. He prefers to maintain personal command of his armies of charduni and



undead, relaying orders to his commanders and overseeing the battle through magical means. If provoked or confronted with a challenging foe such as a demon lord, powerful titanspawn or deity-level being, Chardun wades into combat with enthusiasm, bludgeoning his foes with his golden warscepter and casting devastating spells. Chardun knows the value of skilled warriors, but sacrifices them if it works to his tactical advantage. For their part, Chardun's followers are happy to give up their lives for the Overlord.

The avatar prefers to employ spells that directly enslave his enemies, forcing them to join his cause if possible. Such spells include *dominate person*, *convert*, *charm person*, *incite* and *suggestion*. Chardun rarely travels without a full complement of powerful servitors, such as charduni champions, devils, high priests, or archmagi. Such followers act as his officers, relaying Chardun's orders to his minions.

Aura of Hatred (Su): Anyone approaching within 60 ft. of the avatar must make a successful Will save (DC 30) or suffer the effects of an *emotion (hate)* spell. The spell affects victims as long as they remain in the avatar's aura. Upon leaving the aura, victims receive a save against the effect once per round. This effect often causes armies or groups that assault the avatar to fall into bickering, which prevents successful coordination of attacks. Chardun can voluntarily suspend this power when dealing with allies or during parlay.

Spells: Chardun's avatar can cast spells as a 20th-level cleric and a 20th-level wizard. He has access to all divine and arcane spells and does not need to memorize spells; he simply chooses the spell that he wishes to cast. Chardun does not need foci or components of any kind.

Spell-Like Abilities: In addition to his normal spellcasting abilities, Chardun's avatar can cast any spell from the Law, Evil, War, Strength or Domination domain at will, but no more than once per round. These spells are cast as if by a 20th-level cleric.

Strike of Vengeance (Ex): Whenever an opponent inflicts damage upon Chardun's avatar, the avatar's next attack against that opponent is a strike of vengeance. If the attack hits, the opponent must make a Fortitude save (DC 30) or die. On a successful save, treat the attack as if it were a critical. Chardun's avatar can make only one Strike of Vengeance against a given opponent per day.

Gaze of Fear (Ex): Once per round as a free action, Chardun can make a gaze attack that is treated as a *fear* spell (save DC 30).

Eternal Servitude (Su): Any opponent killed by Chardun rises within 1d10 rounds as a Chardun-slain (see *Creature Collection*, page 41). These undead willingly serve Chardun and fight his enemies.

Divine Summoning (Su): Three times per day, Chardun can summon 6d10 HD of devils or lawful evil outsiders.

Dominion (Major Artifact)

Description: Chardun wields *Dominion*, a warscepter and an artifact of tremendous power. It resembles a heavy golden scepter, and it is crowned with a wreath of thorny leaves that constantly drip blood.

Powers: *Dominion* is a +5 unholy lawful warscepter (1d10 dmg/crit x 3). Anyone that is struck by *Dominion* must make a Will save (DC 30) or instantly become dominated as per the *dominate monster* spell. In addition, Chardun's warscepter constantly drips the *blood of the meek*, which is a virulent poison. An opponent damaged by *Dominion* must make a Fortitude save (DC 30) or take 3d6 points of temporary Strength damage. One minute later, the victim must save again or suffer 1d6 points of permanent Strength drain.

Warscepter

Followers of Chardun often honor the Great General by wielding mighty warscepters, his chosen weapon. Among the Charduni, warscepters resemble the wielder, often with an angry or sneering demeanor. Other followers of Chardun wield warscepters etched with a thorny wreath encircling the weapon's head. Either type of warscepter can serve as a holy symbol of the Overlord, but not until the weapon has tasted the fresh blood of an enemy, slave or underling. Smaller symbolic scepters can also be used as Chardun's holy symbol, but some say that the Great General looks upon those who use them less favorably.

Exotic Melee Weapon					
Name	Cost	Damage	Critical	Weight	Type
Warscepter	30 gp	1d10	x3	15 lb.	Bludgeoning



Jerol, Chardun's Herald

	Medium Outsider (Law, Evil)
Hit Dice:	25d8+200 (350 hp)
Initiative:	+14 (+10 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)
Speed:	60 ft., fly 150 ft.
AC:	35 (+10 Dex, +15 natural)
Attacks:	+32 touch; +35 two ranged bolts
Damage:	Touch 2d10+25, Black Bolts 2d10+13, Shadow Poison
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Shadow Poison, Shape Change, Spells, Charming Gaze, Sneak Attack
Special Qualities:	Damage Reduction 40/+4, SR 30, Regeneration 5, Outsider, Vulnerability
Saves:	Fort +20, Ref +24, Will +19
Abilities:	Str 24, Dex 30, Con 22, Int 26, Wis 20, Cha 31
Skills:	Bluff +38, Concentration +31, Diplomacy +38, Disguise +40, Hide +30, Innuendo +33, Intimidate +33, Intuit Direction +20, Knowledge (planes) +28, Knowledge (religion) +33, Knowledge (royalty) +28, Move Silently +30, Scry +23, Sense Motive +30, Spellcraft +33, Spot +33,
Feats:	Dodge, Empower Spell, Expertise, Extend Spell, Flyby Attack, Mobility, Spell Focus (Enchantment), Spell Focus (Necromancy), Spring Attack
Climate/Terrain:	Any
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	20
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always lawful evil
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Chardun's herald was once a human named Jerol, a paladin devoted to Corean, the Avenger. During the Titanswar, Jerol helped to defend a pastoral region in what is now Darakeene, organizing its inhabitants into an effective fighting force. Proclaimed leader of the region, Jerol was at first a benevolent and skilled leader, helping his people to battle the titanspawn and eventually taking the fight to the enemy. His abuses were subtle at first. Beginning with compulsory military service "for the good of all," the paladin slowly ceased to care about the lives of his people, dedicating himself instead to the struggle against evil. Jerol's forces occupied surrounding regions and impressed their citizens into his growing army.

Jerol's tolerance for those who would give his foes aid and comfort grew less and less; soon, any who opposed him or resisted his army were all lumped together as titanspawn, and the violence of his crusade grew. As Jerol's "Army of Justice" traveled, it ravaged the land, slaughtering and pillaging once peaceful villages. The shining paladin had become so obsessed with his own vision that he failed to consider the lives of those he supposedly defended. Jerol's army, grown rich and powerful, now looked to profit

from those villages that refused to join them. It became little more than an army of brigands.

Jerol's saga has been used by priests and paladins of Corean for generations to demonstrate the folly of self-righteous hubris. The following is an excerpt from the *Annals of Light*, a book of allegories often used to train new priests:

4.2.1 And it came to pass that the mighty Corean felt his dark son's heart turn against him. And in doing so, it dimmed the Light of the Champion.

4.2.2 The Avenger thus raised a great army from among his paladins and champions.

4.2.3 And lo, paladins of light did rally to the banner of Corean, for they had seen one of their own disgraced and great indeed was their shame.

4.2.4 Upon seeing this great gathered army, the flaming Champion did raise his fist and did swear that he would see his errant son banished from the land.

4.2.5 Thus did Corean's Army of Light set out upon the face of Scarn.

4.3.1 It came to pass that the Army of Light, led by the mighty Corean himself, did encounter the forces of the dark son whose name shall not be spoken.

4.3.2 And thus, the army fell upon their enemy like the crashing of a wave.

4.3.3 Titanic was the battle, and the glory of Corean drove like a knife through the heart of the soulless forces of the nameless one.

4.3.4 And the Light did quickly drive the corrupting darkness from the land.

4.3.5 The champions of the Avenger then brought the nameless one before the Avenger himself.

4.3.6 And the betrayer could not look upon the light of the Champion for it had blinded his eyes.

4.3.7 Lo, the great god did ask "What hast thou done in my name, foul one?"

4.3.8 And lo, only silence did answer the merciful Corean's plea for repentance.

4.3.9 Thus the Avenger did cry "So you prefer the darkness to my radiant light? Then you shall dwell in it always."

4.3.10 And it came to pass that the light was torn from the dark one's soul and his form was rent asunder.

4.3.11 And the betrayer was filled with the cold hunger of darkness for all eternity.

But that was not the end of Jerol's tale. Chardun's black bible, *Chronicle of the Overlord*, purportedly written by the god's own hand, fully describes the manner in which the fallen paladin entered the dark god's service:

10.7.1 It came to pass that I came upon a land decimated by the ravages of the Titanswar. But then I sensed a great darkness pervading the area. Being able to sense variations in the patterns of Darkness and Light, I felt the influence of My cousin, Corean. And I wondered aloud, "Why was this place forsaken by you, Flaming One?"

10.7.2 And a voice did answer from the surrounding darkness. "It was I who ravaged this land, great

Chardun. I who have become forsaken by the accursed Corean and now exist in shadow by will alone."

10.7.3 And I questioned the being who had once served the Avenger. Thus did he reveal unto Me how Corean had betrayed him for his success in arms. My cowardly cousin had forsaken one of his greatest champions due solely to pride and weakness.

10.7.4 Long had I sensed this pathetic weakness in My brethren, and long did I lament for this poor soul who had suffered at the Avenger's whim. Oh, pitiful Corean, so mighty and yet so weak of will.

10.7.5 And so I took up this fractured soul and breathed life into him that he might serve Me. And I proclaimed, "Now you shall be My herald, remade one. You shall venture unto the people before Me and proclaim My glory. And you shall remind all that I respect cunning, power, and success. And you shall remind Corean always of the true nature of his 'justice'."

The herald of Chardun appears as a man-sized humanoid mass of swirling darkness. His eyes burn with a deep blue fire, and a hazy black aura surrounds his dark form. The herald rarely takes this form on Scarn, however, preferring to take forms more suitable to his purpose.

Chardun's herald often precedes the Great General's armies and announces his lord's coming where Chardun manifests his avatar. He can demand that Chardun's worshippers submit to the command of their deity (a demand that is invariably obeyed) or inform a population that they are now the slaves of Chardun, who will do with them as he chooses. Chardun does not especially care how his herald accomplishes this task so long as he finds a compliant and obedient group of worshippers or slaves when he arrives. For two centuries, the herald of Chardun has performed admirably in his task, enslaving the people he once protected.

Combat

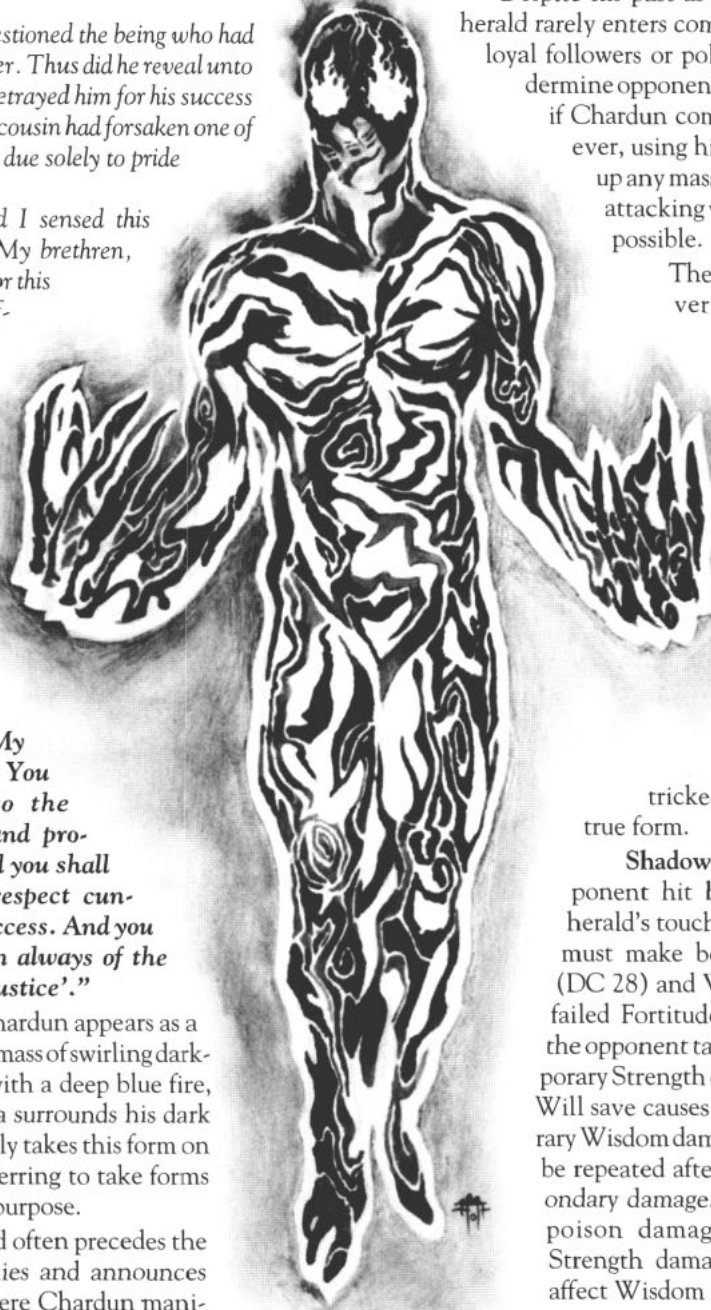
Despite his past as a paladin, Chardun's herald rarely enters combat, preferring to use loyal followers or political pressure to undermine opponents indirectly. He fights if Chardun commands him to, however, using his black bolts to break up any mass attack by his foes and attacking with stealth whenever possible.

The herald of Chardun reverts to his true form immediately after entering combat if possible. If others stand around him and he wishes to keep his true form a secret, the herald instead attacks using available weapons or magic. The herald is very canny and usually cannot be tricked into revealing his true form.

Shadow Poison (Ex): Any opponent hit by one of Chardun's herald's touch attack or black bolts must make both a Fortitude save (DC 28) and Will save (DC 32). A failed Fortitude save indicates that the opponent takes 2d6 points of temporary Strength damage, while a failed Will save causes 2d6 points of temporary Wisdom damage. These saves must be repeated after one minute for secondary damage. Effects that prevent poison damage can prevent the Strength damage, but they do not affect Wisdom damage.

Shape Change (Su): Chardun's herald can change his appearance, as the *alter self* spell, at will. He appears in a variety of guises, from an armored warrior to a powerful priest. He is almost always human; he never takes the form of a titanspawn.

Spells: Chardun's herald can cast arcane spells as a 15th-level wizard and divine spells as a 20th-level cleric including any spell from the Law, Evil, War, Strength or Domination domains.



Charming Gaze (Ex): Chardun's herald is inherently fascinating to look upon. In any form, any creature looking upon the herald falls prey to the *charm monster* spell (DC 32). Treat this as a free gaze attack each round. Any being that successfully saves against this ability is immune to it for the rest of the day.

Sneak Attack (Ex): Chardun's herald can make sneak attacks as a 9th-level rogue, dealing an extra 5d6 points of damage on a successful sneak attack. The herald can make ranged sneak attacks as long as he is within 30 feet of the target.

Vulnerability: Chardun's herald takes damage from some divine spells, such as *cure* spells or *sunspear*, as though it were undead.

Regeneration: Chardun's herald takes normal damage only from fire and from divine spells to which it is vulnerable as specified above.

Chardun's Page

Alexia the Scourgeblade, Chardun's Page, Female Human, Ftr4/Clr6: SZ M; HD 4d10+12+6d8+18; hp 97; Init +5 (+1 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative; Spd 20 ft.; AC 23 (+1 Dex, +12 full plate); Atk +17/+12 melee (2d4+12, scythe); AL LE; SV Fort +12, Ref +4, Will +9; Str 20, Dex 12, Con 16, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 15.

Skills: Concentration +16, Diplomacy +12, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (religion) +14, Ride +11, Spellcraft +12,

Feats: Cleave, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Great Cleave, Improved Critical (Scythe), Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (Scythe), Weapon Specialization (Scythe),

Possessions: *Scourgeblade*, +3 full plate of light fortification, a holy symbol of Chardun that can cast *dispel good* once per day as a 10th-level cleric.

Domains: Evil, War

Cleric Spells Per Day: 5/4+1/4+1/3+1

Alexia grew up in the camps of Calastia's army during the height of King Virduk's expansionist period, born to a camp-following prostitute. After giving birth to Alexia, her mother pursued Duke Traviak the Steelfisted, a young and wealthy nobleman whom she claimed had fathered the child. The duke had turned her over to his troops when he had finished with her. Alexia never learned the truth of the matter, however, because when the duke's servants heard the accusations, Alexia's mother was slain and the young girl enslaved.

Alexia passed from owner to owner, serving sometimes as a concubine, other times as a servant. One night, while tending a banquet for Sir Fiel, one of Duke Traviak's favorites, she stumbled, spilling wine upon the Steel Duke himself. With an emotionless gesture, Traviak pointed to Alexia and commanded Fiel to slay her. As Fiel drew his sword,

Alexia heard a powerful voice in her head. "Slay him," it said. "Prove that you are not weak."

With amazing speed, Alexia snatched a knife from Duke Traviak's table and plunged it into Sir Fiel's throat. The knight fell, choking on his own blood, even as the enraged Traviak commanded his guards to seize the slave. Sir Fiel's falchion tumbled to the ground and, unbidden, Alexia swept it up, fleeing from the hall, praying to Chardun for salvation. Miraculously, the slave evaded Traviak's guards and escaped into the night.

Alexia doesn't remember much of that night, but she has always believed that Chardun heard her prayers and allowed her to escape. As a tribute to her savior, Alexia set the stolen falchion atop a curved pole, creating a crude but effective scythe. As Alexia gave thanks for her escape, the scythe glowed brightly, imbued with Chardun's power, convincing her that she was the Slaver's chosen servant.

With her new magic blade, Alexia roamed the Scarred Lands as a mercenary, quickly gaining a reputation for ruthless efficiency. Before long, the *Scourgeblade*, as Alexia had come to be known, found mercenaries flocking to her banner. This did not surprise Alexia — people considered it more evidence of Chardun's favor. After many years of fighting for the highest bidder, Alexia found herself once again serving Lagani.

Duke Traviak had hired her mercenaries for a series of raids against the dwarves of Burok Torn. As Alexia was preparing to set out, she was surprised to see the Duke himself oversee their departure from Castle Durm. Traviak's words and his cold yet familiar voice have haunted her mind ever since: "If you succeed I may have a permanent position for you, Alexia. I see you have put that blade to much better use than that old buffoon Fiel ever did."

Scourgeblade (Minor Artifact)

Description: Crafted from her former master's falchion, the *Scourgeblade* has served its master Alexia well for over 20 years. Using the scythe, Alexia has cut a bloody swath across Ghelspad at the direction of the highest bidder. Under the bloody banner of the Great General, might makes right, and Alexia is among the mightiest of Scarn's mercenaries. But how long can Alexia last before a rogue mercenary slays her and claims the blade? Regardless of which of Chardun's followers wields the scythe, it is certain that the *Scourgeblade* will continue cutting its swath of destruction across Scarn.

This scythe appears rather poorly constructed, with a notched and pitted falchion crudely lashed to a curved pole. It is rumored that Alexia tied the blade to the shaft with cords woven from the threads of her old slave's rags. Despite its appearance, the *Scourgeblade* is exceedingly sharp and sturdy, making the weapon a deadly surprise for those who underestimate it.

Powers: The *Scourgeblade* is a +3 *keen unholy scythe*. In addition, once per day the wielder can declare one attack to be a retribution strike against an opponent who has previously wounded her. In addition to normal damage, the retribution strike deals any damage that the victim inflicted upon the wielder in the previous round back upon the victim. In return, the wielder regains this number of hit points, not to exceed her normal maximum. If this attack misses or is used against an opponent who has not harmed the wielder, the power is wasted for that day.

Chardun's Worship and Worshippers

Though he is one of the youngest of the gods, Chardun has legions of followers all across Scarn. Entire nations owe Chardun fealty, and he is respected and feared for his power throughout the Scarred Lands. Chardun's followers fall into two main camps: ambitious people who worship him to gain power and dominate others, and weak souls who fear for their safety and want to placate the Slaver.

Chardun's fame and popularity spring from the many victories he and his forces gained against formidable odds during the Titanswar. No other god, save perhaps Vangal, embraced warfare as readily as the Great General. Sages speculate that his parents' mistreatment of him caused him to rebel against the titans, though of course Chardun's own followers quickly rebut such arguments. Mormo, the Mother of Serpents, came to see Chardun as the image of the hated Gormoth and was exceeding cruel to him, slaying his important worshippers or poisoning her son with various venoms simply to watch the results. Gormoth, whom Mormo had forced to father Chardun during his torment, unleashed his rage on Chardun when he escaped from his imprisonment, seeing the young god as a hateful byproduct of his centuries of agony. Chardun nursed a cold rage against the titans until the Titanswar gave him the opportunity to act upon it.

Before the war, the Great General gained followers among several different races, but none were so loyal as his favored people, the Charduni dwarves. These resolute warriors fought with absolute loyalty, sacrificing themselves happily in the hope of being chosen to rise again and fight as undead. Though these tactics, coupled with Chardun's own military skills, proved successful against the titanspawn, the Slaver overused his original Charduni forces, decimating their populations and sending the race into a decline from which they have yet to recover. To this day, the Charduni — ever loyal to their patron god — still work to reclaim the territory they possessed before the Titanswar.

After the Titanswar, mercenaries and soldiers spread the worship of Chardun. It was not long before the Slaver had servants in all levels of society in the Scarred Lands. Today, Chardun's most numerous worshippers are humans, but other races owe him

fealty. Primary among these are the Charduni dwarves and half orcs.

Other divine races have little love for the Slaver, making Chardun's missionaries especially zealous. These missionaries live by the motto that "if they won't serve alive, they'll serve dead." Such missionaries prowl through the highest levels of society, hoping to corrupt or convert people with resources and influence who will then force Chardun's worship upon their subjects. Worship of Chardun remains popular among soldiers and mercenaries, who spread the faith to other lands.

Countries with special reverence for Chardun include Dunahnae, Calastia and Lageni. The Great General knows that power and influence comes through consolidation and cooperation, so he encourages his worshippers from many nations to work together. Reports to the Vigilants of Vesh suggest that the varied supporters of Chardun on Ghelspad may be banding together for some great purpose. Indeed, an increased level of correspondence has been noted between the dark nation of Dunahnae and representatives of Calastia. An alliance between the Lord High Priest Aarixthic and King Virduk would soon spell the doom for the city-states of Fangsfall and Shelzar, as well as threaten Darakeene.

Once King Virduk completes his conquest of Durrover and Burok Torn, the forces of Chardun may control the entire southern half of Ghelspad and the continent's only ports to Termana. If the forces of Vesh and other freedom-loving nations do rally greater opposition soon, Chardun's followers may come to dominate all of Scarn.

Most of Chardun's worshippers in the military and among nobles practice their faith in secret, as they are reluctant to attract the attention of the Great General's foes. Such followers often offer a prayer to the Great General before battle or while planning political intrigue and chicanery. Many soldiers believe that such prayers help bring Chardun's favor upon the army, helping them to enslave or slaughter their enemies. Chardun is a jealous god, however, and followers who serve him in secret cannot worship another god — even to maintain their cover. A soldier who dies uttering praises to Chardun will have a special place in the Great General's black heart, while those who turn from him, even falsely, will find their experiences in the afterlife to be painful, indeed.

In countries where followers worship Chardun openly, formal ceremonies often commemorate great victories or particularly bloody battles, and regular religious worship occurs every Charday. Worship includes long and intricate chants praising Chardun, oaths of obeisance and loyalty and, in the case of Chardun's more fanatical followers, hours of self-flagellation (a common theme in Chardun's worship is the belief that to dominate others, one must first successfully dominate oneself). Important religious

events feature tournaments that display the participants' skill at arms. Typically, the champion of such a tournament is granted command of the gathering for one day, during which he rules the proceedings with an iron fist.

Chardun's holiest days occur during Chardot and commemorate his destruction of Mormo and Gormoth. This month-long holiday begins on Divinities Day, the first Corday of Chardot and ends on the last Vanday of the month. The Great General's followers have renamed these days Moroth and Goroth, respectively, symbolizing the death of each titan on that day. Moroth is celebrated with drunken revelry among the soldiers and mercenaries who worship Chardun. His higher-ranking worshippers, however, use the holiday to plan military campaigns, believing that Chardun's favor on this day will lend success to their efforts. Until Goroth, on which the sundering of Gormoth is celebrated by cutting slaves and war prisoners in half, Chardun's followers rampage across the land, conquering as much as possible in his name. The month of Chardot is greatly feared in areas surrounding nations where Chardun is venerated because of this yearly crusade. Chardun's foes, however, are aware of the month's significance and are rarely surprised by the Slaver's forces.

Chardun is not popular with his fellow gods. The good gods hate the Overlord for his cruel nature, his wanton taking of slaves, and his raising of the dead. A special enmity exists between Chardun and Tanil. Not only are the gods diametrically opposed in temperament, but their followers in Calastia and Vesh often come into open conflict. Among the neutral gods, Hedrada respects Chardun's lawful nature but feels that open warfare is incompatible with law-abiding behavior.

Meanwhile, Enkili, ever a patron of freedom, opposes the Slaver's tyranny and finds his rigid lawfulness to be both oppressive and annoying. Belsameth and Vangal have worked closely with the Great General, as they did during the Titanswar, but both are wilder and less doctrinaire than the Slaver, and they rarely see eye to eye on important matters. Finally, Chardun is very antagonistic toward the last remaining titan, Denev. The Slaver believes in the

domination of nature as well as intelligent beings, and his followers care little for the land they ravage in their blind pursuit of power.

Chardun's most hated rival, and indeed the only god he truly respects, is Corean the Champion. While Corean is seen as just and bright, Chardun is known only for his dark and cruel character. Corean represents everything Chardun envies but can never have because of his own inner being. While the Champion gains respect through good will and love, the Overlord holds his position through fear and tyranny alone. For these reasons, the followers of Chardun oppose Corean's paladins, though Chardun's lawful alignment prevents his followers from using excessive deception or subterfuge. It would not do to defeat so worthy a foe as Corean with base trickery — instead Chardun must, for the sake of his own identity, oppose the Champion in a fair and equal manner. While the Divine Truce holds, the two gods cannot come into conflict, but should the agreement ever collapse, war between Avenger and Slaver may be inevitable.

Chardun's Hell is a bleak and dismal wasteland where the powerful crush the weak and all are dominated by the Overlord's iron fist. The plane's sky is filled with acrid smoke and darkest shadow. Armies rage across the land, locked in eternal violent war. Away from the battlefields, pitiful souls of Chardun's followers — specifically those who broke one of the god's innumerable laws — fills the realm. These slaves are continually abused and tormented by Chardun's devils, but no soul trapped in Hell is ever truly destroyed. Instead, souls that are 'killed' exist in a terrible state between life and death, becoming more and more devil-like as the centuries pass. After sufficient torment, a few of these may be fortunate enough to actually become devils and serve the General directly, but this is a long and arduous process. This dark realm's most dominant feature is the Stronghold, Chardun's grim fortress. Legions of slaves labor on the structure, carrying huge obsidian and onyx blocks to add to its ever-growing sprawl. Inside the Stronghold, Chardun sits on his black throne, smiling cruelly as he ponders the day that the other gods shall be his slaves.

Belsameth's Avatar

	Special-Size Outsider (Avatar)
Hit Dice:	42d8+420 (756 hp)
Initiative:	+34 (+18 Dex, +16 Divine Initiative)
Speed:	50 ft., fly 60 ft. (perfect)
AC:	63 (+18 Dex, +20 deflection, +15 Natural)
Attacks:	<i>Night's Strife</i> +61/+56/+51/+46/+41/+36/+31/+26/+21 melee; (werewolf form) 2 claws +55 melee, bite +50 melee
Damage:	<i>Night's Strife</i> 1d6+13 (vorpal); claws 2d8+13 and curse of lycanthropy, bite 1d10 and curse of lycanthropy
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Corrupt form, heart burst, spell-like abilities, spells, spell repetition
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 40/+4, moon madness, regeneration 40, serving dead, SR 36
Divine Qualities:	God's avatar, divine creation, divine empowerment 4, divine favor 4, divine immunity, divine initiative 2, divine knowledge 5, divine language, divine presence, divine protection 4, divine puissance 3, divine resistance 6, divine retribution, divine size, divine speed 3, divine summoning, divine telepathy, divine vision
Saves:	Fort +36, Ref +44, Will +44
Abilities:	Str 37, Dex 47, Con 30, Int 52, Wis 46, Cha 40
Skills:	Alchemy +66, Animal Empathy +45, Appraise +63, Balance +60, Bluff +60, Climb +50, Concentration +60, Craft +66, Decipher Script +62, Diplomacy +48, Disguise +60, Escape Artist +63, Forgery +66, Gather Information +55, Handle Animal +51, Heal +63, Hide +63, Innuendo +62, Intimidate +60, Intuit Direction +49, Jump +47, Knowledge +66, Listen +63, Move Silently +63, Scry +66, Search +66, Sense Motive +63, Spellcraft +66, Spot +63
Feats:	Alertness, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Combat Casting, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Dodge, Empower Spell, Enlarge Spell, Extend Spell, Great Cleave, Heighten Spell, Improved Critical, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Maximize Spell, Mobility, Power Attack, Quicken Spell, Silent Spell, Still Spell
Climate/Terrain:	Any land
Organization:	Solitary (unique); or with retinue of ghosts of those slain by the avatar
Challenge Rating:	27
Treasure:	Triple Standard
Alignment:	Always neutral evil
Domains:	Death, Evil, Magic, Trickery
Holy Symbol:	A thin silver circle on a black field
Advancement Range:	None

Description

As might be expected for a goddess revered by lycanthropes, Belsameth's avatar is not limited to any form. In the Scarred Lands, however, she is usually encountered in one of two shapes: a beguiling, raven-haired beauty or a vulture-winged hag. As a beauty, Belsameth's avatar's alabaster skin radiates a pale inner light, like that of the full moon rising on a cloudless night. In this guise she is the dark mirror

image of her sister, Belsameth—where the Angel of Mercy's hair is golden, Belsameth's is black; where Madriel's eyes are pale, Belsameth's are dark and beguiling. Belsameth's eyes are those of a temptress, and her lips are full of passionate promises. Those succumbing to her wiles often find themselves locked in the hag's embrace instead, without a prayer of escape.

The avatar's hag form is reflective of her worship among the harpies and witches. Two black vulture wings grow from her back, their feathers dripping with the blood of those sacrificed to the dark goddess. Her greenish scales glitter in the moonlight, and her red eyes shine with unfettered malevolence. She is hunched and bent like an old woman, but her mind is as sharp as a serpent's tooth.

Belsameth's avatar changes forms at will, shifting in an instant from a pleasure for the eyes to a pain for the soul. Tales tell of Belsameth assuming other shapes, specifically those of her were-children. Her favored were-form is a true monster—a great lupine as tall as a giant, with claws and teeth half a man's height that glint like steel. The beast uproots trees and tosses houses about like children's toys. Belsameth assumes this shape when the Nameless Orb is full, when thoughts of death and fate consume mortals' thoughts. The wolf's howl is death come calling.

Belsameth enjoys taking one other form when walking among men, but her enjoyment stems from the chaos the form causes, not the shape itself. Belsameth was born the identical twin of her hated sister, Madriel, and so close were the twins in appearance that their attitudes alone distinguished them. Where Madriel was clean and pure, a shining beacon, Belsameth was a dark blight wrapped in a shining package. As they grew, Belsameth altered her appearance to spite her sister.

Belsameth returns to her true shape occasionally, but mortals who see her in this form almost always believe Madriel has come to bless them. Only when Belsameth's anger engulfs them do they realize their error. Madriel halts in the middle of a battlefield to offer compassion to a dying soldier, while Belsameth steps upon his broken body without a second glance. As the warrior-wizard Vode Nilan of Valmatas discovered too late during his pleas to enchant the greatsword *Wicked's Edge*, simply because a goddess tells you she is Madriel does not necessarily make it true.

Although not known for her sense of humor, Belsameth sometimes plays tricks worthy of the chaotic Enkili, disguising herself as an ordinary mortal creature and carrying out elaborate deceptions. She is most proud of the day when, disguised as a siren, she actually seduced the trickster himself, conceiving the demigoddess Drendari. To this day, Enkili and the world at large believe that the Goddess of Shadows was actually born of a siren — only Drendari and Belsameth know the truth.

Invocation Benefit

Worshippers of Belsameth who spend a full round invoking the Slayer's name gain a +1 bonus to their next saving throw from an attack from or on their next attack roll against followers of the good-aligned gods. Belsameth's worshippers invoke this ability when facing priests of Madriel and Tanil (hated for slaying werewolves). A worshipper can pray for three consecutive rounds for a maximum bonus of +3. Worshippers gain the +3 bonus after only one round if the invocation occurs during a full moon or lunar eclipse.

Combat

Belsameth attacks with *Night's Strife*, her +6 *vorpal Dagger of the Moon*, the blade that cut the heart from Kadum. The jet-black blade is carved from the basalt of Belsameth's home on the dark side of the moon and has an edge that slices cleanly through any object—stone, steel, titan or titanspawn. The victim might not even know it is dead—until it moves and its body slides in half. Belsameth uses the dagger to deadly advantage, attacking multiple foes simultaneously and casting spells on those out of reach.

Corrupt Form (Su): Belsameth corrupts those attacking her, changing them into any lycanthrope she sees fit with a successful touch attack. A vicious warrior likely becomes a werewolf, while a sneaking thief changes into a wererat. Belsameth's choices are limitless. She never changes anyone into a were-vulture; she despises the ugly creatures enough to make sure no more populate the world. A victim can attempt a Fortitude save (DC 41) to resist the lycanthropic change. Any who change into were-creatures immediately serve Belsameth, possibly protecting her from the new creature's former allies. This curse can be removed only by a *wish*, *miracle* or *remove curse* spell.



Divine Summoning (Su): 3/day, Belsameth can summon 10d6 hit dice of neutral evil creatures.

Heart Burst (Su): Belsameth was forced to cut the heart from the titan Kadum because of the titan's near invulnerability. Titanspawn who attacked the Slayer were not so lucky. Belsameth can literally pull the heart from any being attacking her with a successful touch attack, killing the victim instantly. The victim gets a Fortitude save (DC 41) to withstand Belsameth's power but still takes 3d8 points of damage if successful. Belsameth crushes any titanspawn heart she claims; other beings' hearts vanish and are said to decorate a sanctuary in her palace on the moon.

Moon Madness (Su): Belsameth instills a full-moon frenzy in her opponents, causing them to randomly attack those nearby, not distinguishing friend from foe. Belsameth might still be the target, although she is then likely to obliterate the offending attacker for its insolence. To resist, a victim must succeed at a Will save (DC 46). The target gains +1 to hit and damage because of the frenzied attacks made during this madness. The victim immediately attacks whoever is closest. The frenzy lasts 2d6 rounds, after which the victim is *fatigued* (see *Core Rulebook II*, page 84). This power is in effect only when Belsameth's moon is full.

Serving Dead (Su): Those slain by Belsameth's avatar rise within 1d4 rounds as ghosts to serve the Slayer (see ghost template, *Core Rulebook III*, page 212). Anyone slain by a spell or melee attack by the avatar can avoid rising by making a successful Fortitude saving throw (DC 41). Those who save can be raised normally, while the bodies of those whose souls are stolen to become Belsameth's ghosts are empty husks that reject all attempts at restoring life. Belsameth's avatar can have an unlimited number of undead in her service.

These ghosts are released from service when any immediate danger to the avatar is removed or if the avatar is destroyed or leaves Scarn. Victims whose ghosts are released can then be raised normally.

Spells: Belsameth casts spells as a 20th-level sorcerer and 16th-level cleric with access to all spells. She does not need to memorize or prepare spells; she simply selects the spell she wishes to cast. Belsameth casts her spells without components or foci of any kind and she may apply meta-magic feats to high level arcane spells that raise their effective spell level as high as 13.

Spell-like Abilities: In addition to her normal spellcasting abilities, Belsameth may cast any spell from the domains of Evil, Magic and Trickery at will, no more than once per round. These spells are cast as if by a 20th-level cleric.

Spell Repetition (Su): Belsameth normally needs only one spell-like power per round to destroy her foes. During the Titanswar, extra power was sometimes needed to fell the titanspawn unleashed in hordes by their titan masters. Many of the gods thus traded physical attacks for extra magical powers to clear battlefields before damage was done to them. This saved them from engaging weaker forces before a titan took the field. If Belsameth casts a spell, she can cast it again on her very next action without it counting against her daily allotment of spells.



Sashanae the Corrupted, Belsameth's Herald

	Medium-Size Outsider (Evil)
Hit Dice:	18d8+90 (198 hp)
Initiative:	+9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)
Speed:	30 ft., fly 50 ft. (average)
AC:	33 (+5 Dex, +18 Natural)
Attacks:	+3 <i>Unholy heavy mace</i> +27/+22/+17/+12 melee, wing sweep +19 melee; 1d8 bone missiles +23 ranged
Damage:	<i>Unholy heavy mace</i> 1d8+9 plus 2d6 points damage against good-aligned creatures; wings 2d8+3; bone missile 1d8
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Bone shower, spell-like abilities, stun, tortured scream
Special Qualities:	Celestial qualities, consort, damage reduc- tion 15/+2, SR 30, uncanny dodge
Saves:	Fort +16, Ref +16, Will +14
Abilities:	Str 23, Dex 21, Con 20, Int 23, Wis 17, Cha 22
Skills:	Concentration +26, Escape Artist +26, Hide +24, Intimidate +27, Intuit Direction +21, Knowledge (any three) +24, Listen +24, Move Silently +26, Sense Motive +21, Spellcraft +23, Spot +24
Feats:	Alertness, Cleave, Great Cleave, Improved Initiative, Power Attack
Climate/Terrain:	Any land
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	16
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always neutral evil
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Belsameth's herald is a masterpiece in the goddess' twisted eyes.

At the beginning of the Titanswar, Belsameth needed a champion. Despite her success at creating servitor minions, she felt none truly worthy to carry her name against the titans.

Instead, Belsameth found an unlikely ally—an astral deva, cursed to seek a mortal's love.

The deva, Sashanae, was a sad being, her situation all the more pitiful for the object of her affection. Iz'mael of the Gray Spires, a callous wizard with few cares besides magic and comfort, desired Sashanae as nothing more than a plaything. But after a year of her prattling, he had long since tired of her devotion.

Belsameth offered the perfect solution.

The cunning goddess knew the deva would not willingly follow her, so Belsameth assumed the form of her hated twin, Madriel, and appeared as a glowing angel to Iz'mael and the fawning Sashanae.

The wizard knew it was not Madriel; there was a hunger in the avatar's gaze that the true goddess could never manifest. But Iz'mael held his tongue, waiting for explanations.

"Poor child," the goddess said. "Your love is strong, yet you are met with only scorn. Give your soul to me that I may teach you the way to obtain your most heartfelt desire."

Sashanae, her mind clouded by her curse, didn't recognize the deception. The deva's attention was focused upon her love, and her mind was too confused to penetrate the ruse. Blinded by love, Sashanae agreed wholeheartedly.

Thus, an astral deva became Belsameth's pawn and found herself on the the Slayer's moon, in thrall and bound to service.

Belsameth trained her new herald mercilessly, breaking her will and refashioning her body to a more suitable form. Sashanae attempted many escapes, but each was foiled as Belsameth tracked her and dragged her screaming to the moon's far side. In the end, what had once been a creature of beauty was now a testament to the nightmares and madness of death. Horrid wings spread behind the transformed deva, each composed of tiny, delicate "feathers" of bone that could nevertheless slice the head from an enemy. Her blonde hair, once as soft as feathers and as golden as a ray of sunlight, was now bone white, falling in strands about her face and shoulders. A shake of the herald's head sent bone fragments radiating about her, each a deadly arrow against her enemies. The deva's once sky-blue eyes now were dark and stormy, tinged with madness. Her mouth twisted into a snarl from years of torture. She was still beautiful, yes, but it was a perverse and morbid beauty, a deathly reflection of her mistress.

And over the years, Sashanae learned something akin to wisdom. She saw the truth of her curse and Iz'mael's cruelty and treachery.

And it came to pass that she discovered her most heartfelt desire.

Revenge.

Borne on wings of jagged bone, Sashanae flew across the empty gulf down to Scarn.

The wizard never knew what hit him. Sashanae descended on Iz'mael in a shower of bone fragments, the deva's wings tearing the life from the wizard before he uttered a spell. In his final moments, Iz'mael came to regret his callousness and harsh treatment of the beautiful deva, but it was too late. Sashanae left the wizard a bloody ruin, and when she returned to Belsameth, her conversion as the goddess' herald was complete. When next she soared, it was against the titans and their spawn. Her tortured screams echoed over Scarn's battlefields, the deva raining death in Belsameth's name.

Sashanae is not a typical herald. Belsameth uses her as a pawn and demoralizing force against the champions of goodness. The Slayer's herald is a terrible, almost unbeatable force that Belsameth flaunts in the faces of Madriel and the other gods



every time she sends the fallen deva forth. Belsameth is supremely confident in her own abilities and doesn't feel a need to announce her coming through her herald, as Madriel and the others are wont to do. Instead, Sashanae protects and serves the Slayer and acts as a symbol of her final corruption

of all things good and pure.

Combat

Belsameth's herald attacks with her *unholy* heavy mace and deadly wings, preferring to swoop down on unsuspecting foes. She blasts opponents with her scream and showers sorcerers with bone missiles as she flies overhead.

Bone Shower (Ex): By tossing her head, Sashanae creates a cloud of small, dart-like slivers of bone. The herald produces up to 1d8 shards per round in this manner.

Celestial Qualities: Protective aura; fire resistance 20; electricity, cold, acid and petrification immunity

Consort (Su): Belsameth's herald seeks affection, even in her twisted form.

Sashanae exudes a need for compassion, despite her appearance. Any male feels an aching desire to embrace the fallen deva. Of course, Sashanae's love doesn't last long, and woe to any still within her embrace when her anger erupts. Males meeting her must make a successful Willpower save (DC 25) or be stricken as if by a *charm person* spell.

Spell-like Abilities: At will—*Aid*, *bestow curse*, *cause fear*, *detect good*, *discern lies*, *dispel good*, *invisibility sphere* (self only), *polymorph self*, *sacrificial heart**; 3/day—*See invisibility*, *cure light wounds*; 1/day—*Heal*, *blade barrier*. These abilities are as the spells cast by a 12th-level sorcerer (save DC 16 + spell level).

Stun (Ex): If Belsameth's herald strikes an opponent twice in one round with her mace, that creature must succeed at a Fortitude save (DC 24) or be *stunned* for 1d6 rounds.

Tortured Scream (Su): Three times per day, Belsameth's herald can unleash a tortured scream that causes beings to collapse and die, blood streaming from their ears and eyes. The cry is similar to a *wail of the banshee*, affecting up to eighteen people at a time in a 50-foot radius. A successful Fortitude save (DC 24) negates the effect.

Uncanny Dodge (Ex): Belsameth's herald is never caught flat footed and cannot be flanked.

Belsameth's Page

Teshan Scray, Mistress of the Crescent Aerie, Belsameth's Page, Female Harpy, Clr 9/Rog 2: M; HD 9d8 plus 2d6 plus 22; hp 84; Init +6; Spd 20 ft., climb 20 ft., fly 90 ft. (poor); AC 17 (+2 Dex, +5 [Amulet, ring]); Atk +12/+7 melee (2d4+4 plus 2d6 vs. good aligned, [+2 unholy scythe]); AL NE; SV Fort +8, Ref +8, Will +9; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 17, Cha 11

Skills: Appraise +2, Bluff +2, Concentration +5, Disable Device +2, Heal +6, Hide +3, Intimidate +2, Intuit Direction +4, Knowledge (religion) +3, Knowledge (nature) +2, Listen +7, Move Silently +3, Search +3, Sense Motive +4, Spellcraft +3, Spot +8, Ritual Casting +4

Feats: Alertness, Combat Casting, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Improved Critical

Possessions: +2 unholy scythe, amulet of natural armor +3, ring of protection +2, ring of invisibility, potion of charisma (x3), wand of change self

Domains: Evil, Trickery



Cleric Spells per Day: 6/5+1/5+1/4+1/2+1/
1+1

Teshan Scray, Mistress of the Crescent Aerie, is a harpy priestess of Belsameth who lives in the nest of worship in the Kelder Mountains. She is noted for her cruelty toward her followers, having sliced the wings from two acolytes after a perceived slight. Even her harpy nestmates avoid her.

Scray trained as a rogue early in her time at the aerie, gaining enough knowledge to make her dangerous. Opponents do well not to discuss plans when she is about, as she has a habit of "over-hearing" secrets. Scray's true calling came when she received a vision of the goddess Belsameth soaring through the skies of the Scarred Lands, her vast vulture wings bringing darkness and pain to the humans cowering below. When she awoke, Scray began an intense worship of Belsameth that has not wavered since.

Belsameth's avatar has visited Crescent Aerie twice, once to repel an organized sortie of Vigils from Vesh that threatened the nest, and once to anoint Scray with the mark of a crescent moon burned into her right wing. Scray has led the aerie's harpies since her marking, ruling through fear, intimidation and sacrifice. Her foes among the harpies either come around to her leadership or have their wings bound to their shoulders before being tossed from the Kelders' high peaks.

Scray occasionally leaves the Crescent Aerie to lure sacrifices into the Kelder Mountains where she can offer them to Belsameth. Scray finds an unassuming tavern, alters her appearance to that of a beautiful woman (using her *potion of charisma* and *wand of change self*) and lures the unsuspecting or drunk into the foothills where they are set upon by flocks of harpies. Scray leaves the killing field as her victims fall and flies to the aerie to prepare an altar for the coming sacrifices. When the harpies of the hunting nest return with one or two survivors, Scray is fully a harpy again and ready to pay homage to her goddess through blood sacrifice.

Scray has contacts with the sorcerers of Glivid-Autel, providing them directives from Belsameth. She also maintains relations with a number of isolated witches venerating Belsameth who are scattered throughout the Scarred Lands. Scray is a very active worshipper of Belsameth and is not afraid to get her talons dirty offering tribute to the Slayer.

Belsameth's Worship and Worshippers

Belsameth has found her niche among the cruel and immoral of the world, servants who do not question her sometimes-mad directives. She has gained many worshippers who once turned to Mormo for succor, converting them to her style of divinity. Some hags are counted among Belsameth's followers, although they are rare. Other races, such as thebelsamaug and corpse whisperers, owe the goddess their very existence.

In the Scarred Lands, Belsameth has gained a foothold in a few cities and gets token respect in many others. Among her supporters is a large contingent of Albadian women offering sacrifices and prayers to the Slayer. Although not recognized as the nation's predominant deity, the goddess gains ground each year. Many nomad tribes of Albadia have a secret altar to Belsameth that the women carry with them, often hidden right under their men's noses.

New Venir is now fully under the goddess' sway. Some say Belsameth drove Emperor Derizian mad, allowing Urlis to snatch the throne and hand the nation to King Virduk. The decadence rampant in New Venir has driven many more to madness and has killed many others, a fitting tribute indeed to Belsameth. Worship of Belsameth is open and expected within New Venir, with heavily decorated temples to the Slayer sharing space with brothels and gambling dens. Some gamblers and vice-lords pray to Belsameth for luck and offer some of their winnings to her priests after a lucky night.

The renegades of Glivid-Autel swear allegiance to the goddess and her half-brother, Vangal. Enough madness and death result from the machinations of these necromancers that Belsameth should have received her fill of bloodshed many times over. But the depredations continue within the sovereign state, the atrocities increasing, as if the necromancers seek to praise Belsameth with too much affection.

Belsameth's true worship, however, is not hindered by the boundaries of the cities and nations. Roving bands of twisted creatures, from the foul coal goblins to harpies and witches, venerate Belsameth. These pockets of worship are found in every locale, although most of her inhuman faithful avoid cities. Devotion takes place in solitary areas, the deep woods of the Hornsaw Forest or the isolation of the Haggard Hills. Travelers beware—Belsameth's monstrous devotees truly follow the goddess' tenets of death, darkness, witchcraft and madness. Travel through the Haggard Hills is dangerous any time, but doing so during a full moon is tempting fate.

Belsameth's attitudes toward her followers are ever changing, one day granting deepest desires, the next flying into a fit of rage at their impertinence in calling upon her. Those who would invoke the goddess' name remember to do so only in dire need, wary

of bothering the goddess for something frivolous or trivial. Belsameth is quick to anger if disturbed. Some forget this and find themselves subject to the goddess' ire, however. Lord Sabu-meht, a particularly outspoken nobleman of New Venir, often took Belsameth's name in vain for things as small as the servants burning the daily bread. The noble eventually made one too many calls on the Slayer and found all manner of ills visited upon him and his house. The noble shone at night, sheathed in moonglow, even when the moon was hidden. His servants laughed openly in his presence, and merchants and loyal friends turned away. One friend reported Sabu-meht for a developing scheme to bilk the royal coffers of a substantial sum. Finally, horrid nightmares tormented the noble until his mind could take no more. When the crown's soldiers came to collect him for hanging, they found him begging forgiveness from the shadows in his bedroom.

It is best to pay attention to the near moon to determine whether invoking Belsameth is a good idea. When the moon takes on a crimson hue, the people of the Scarred Lands know the goddess is truly angry. Smart worshippers don't invoke the goddess' name during blood moons for fear of reprisals.

Belsameth is a multiplanar deity, maintaining a realm in Tarterus for the damned, who come before her and a real-world throne on the dark side of the near moon for her most-prized creations and worshippers. Belsameth's Ebon Throne hides in the shadowed valleys of the moon, a waypoint for souls bound for the darkest realms under Belsameth's sway. Despite its name, the Ebon Throne is a full palatial home rising from the moon's surface. Belsameth spoke a single word to create her sanctuary, a word so powerful and far reaching that the near-impregnable structure rose of its own accord in the time the moon circled the globe a single time.

Inside the Ebon Throne's myriad, dimly lighted halls, Belsameth's minions serve their patroness with a fanatical loyalty. Nearly every type of Belsameth's creatures is found inside the Ebon Throne, although some not entirely by choice. Belsameth keeps a large number of "failed" servants in a macabre museum like flies in amber, a museum she sometimes visits and always leaves smiling. Witches of all sorts reside in the halls, as do a few sorcerers who crossed through the shadow plane and survived. Harpies nest in the upper spires, and belsamaug act as servants and pages.

An ancient sorcerer called Zule-Talen (when Belsameth calls him anything at all) serves as major-domo of the Ebon Throne. Zule-Talen lived before the Titanswar in Aurimar and is kept alive by Belsameth's will. How the sorcerer has managed to stay in the Slayer's graces for so long is a mystery. Zule-Talen is old, although quick and commanding. The sorcerer knows the Ebon Throne's many exits and entrances to the shadow plane, although he won't impart the information to someone not favored

by Belsameth. Zule-Talen is not without resources; the aged sorcerer has gained many skills through the goddess' goodwill throughout his centuries of life.

For all others, gaining access to the Ebon Throne is an arduous task—even if one knows the paths through the dangerous shadow plane. Any shadow in the Scarred Lands leads to the Ebon Throne eventually, if the traveler is patient and persistent, although the dangers prevent many from completing the journey. Those foolish enough to think they can simply step through with impunity are grievously mistaken. Moon giants and plague angels compose the palace guard and make sure no one enters or leaves without Belsameth's approval. The guardians are particularly watchful around the gate of bone that grants access to the Scarred Lands. Aiding the guardians are hordes of Belsameth spiders under the goddess' direct control. Within the walls of the Ebon Throne, eyes are everywhere.

When in her palace, Belsameth lounges upon a throne in the abode's inner sanctum. This hideous creation stands 30 feet high. Rising from its sides are carved representations of Belsameth's vulture wings, which hover over all standing before the throne. The wings sheath the throne in continual darkness and wave gently to extinguish all magic that comes under their sway. Before the throne rests a misshapen black

lump still oozing a foul-smelling ichor. Few visitors recognize Kadum's heart for what it is. Belsameth kept the still-beating organ as a trophy when she sliced it from the titan's chest and uses the heart as a footstool.

Immoral or cruel souls are welcome in the Ebon Throne as they await Belsameth's judgment, although their stays usually end unpleasantly. Any who come before the Slayer should not expect or seek mercy; the damned face little hope of salvation. Belsameth decides between two fates: condemnation to her realm in Tarterus or revival in another form to serve her. Priests of Madriel claim the condemned are the most fortunate. In all cases, whether a soul is sent screaming into Tarterus for torment or reshaped into a terror to shamble through the Scarred Lands, Belsameth's mocking laughter is the last sound the damned hear.

Belsameth's enmity toward her sister is legendary, with the Slayer in a constant struggle to gain the upper hand over her more-revered sibling. Her hatred, while not totally reciprocated, has driven Belsameth to near madness. Her machinations now focus on getting rid of the Angel of Mercy, some schemes designed to subjugate and replace Madriel entirely. In doing this she skirts the limitations of the Divine Truce, using her minions to work mischief against her sister. So far, Madriel has not fallen prey



to these plots, although Belsameth continues trying. Sages and clerics of many gods worry Belsameth might one day succeed, then step into the role of both goddesses—one redeemer, one destroyer—in a split personality that could further punish the Scarred Lands. Corean and Tanil are wary of the dark goddess' treacheries—Tanil especially, as Belsameth goes out of her way to create were-creatures despite Tanil's penchant for destroying or healing them.

Belsameth considers her renegade "son," Erias, to be her greatest failure. This debacle still weighs on her, primarily because of the power she sees Erias spending on useless "dreams." Her tryst with Mesos before the Divine War was designed to provide a child that merged trickery and cunning with the titan's magical ability. Such an offspring would surely have been a boon to her had that child followed in her footsteps.

Erias did not, however, and Belsameth would gladly correct that mistake given the chance, especially if she knew there was another to replace him. Rumors suggest Chardun has twice rejected the Slayer's advances. Many attuned to the gods hope Belsameth's half-brother, Vangal, is wise enough to do the same if Belsameth comes to him.

Many in the Scarred Lands still find merit in worshipping the Slayer, despite her fickleness. The Cult of Ancients is Belsameth's chief enforcer. Belsameth walks among the order's members twice a year during full moons. Being so near the goddess drives some members mad. In the Cult of Ancients, this is considered a blessing, and the afflicted are sacrificed to the patroness' appetite during the next full moon.

Composed of assassins, rogues and some sorcerers, the members of the order cultivate their lives to fit the mold established by their goddess. Outsiders sometimes complain about the costs of hiring the

order, but any who pay the exorbitant fees can expect the elimination of their target. Belsameth supposedly sets high fees on some leaders' heads, whispering this information to her servants through their dreams when the moon is full. Why Belsameth wants certain people left alive is another mystery of the goddess of trickery, but one assumes Belsameth has some plot under way revolving around the person.

The harpies of the Crescent Aerie also venerate Belsameth, spreading the goddess' values throughout the Kelder Mountains and environs. The fact that most who hear this "message" are killed is of little concern to the harpies. Belsameth is a death goddess, after all.

The Crescent Aerie is hidden somewhere in the Kelder Mountains, near the Blood Basin and Kelder Steppes. Three nests compose the aerie: the nest of worship (priests), the hunters' nest (fighters and rogues) and the burning nest (sorcerers). The harpies are highly protective of the aerie's location and kill anyone who discovers the nests. The aerie's proximity to Vesh makes it particularly troublesome for that nation, and some Vigils report sighting harpy spies, well out of arrow range. Given Vesh's devotion to Madriel, speculation is Belsameth's winged women are keeping an eagle eye on Madriel's powerful servants.

While most of the members of the Crescent Aerie are clerics of Belsameth, some are powerful sorceresses in their own right, able to assume human shape. Tavern tales scare patrons with accounts of beautiful women turning up in town soliciting aid for a journey into the Kelders to uncover a lost shrine to Madriel. Adventurers who take up this quest are seldom seen again, although one band that escaped after taking heavy losses said it was ambushed and outnumbered by magic-wielding harpies—and the woman who led them was nowhere to be found.

Vangal's Avatar

	Special-Size Outsider (Avatar)
Hit Dice:	45d8+765 (1,125 hp)
Initiative:	+36 (+12 Dex, +24 Divine Initiative)
Speed:	50 ft.
AC:	67 (+12 Dex, +25 deflection, +20 Natural)
Attacks:	Vangal's Battleaxes +71/+66/+61/+56/+51/+46/+41/+36/+31 melee (each axe attacks separately; see Vangal's fury below)
Damage:	2 Vangal's Battleaxes 2d8+26
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Aura of Menace, barbarian abilities, chaos touch, curse item, Vangal's fury, spells, spell-like abilities, summon demon, surge of strength
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 50/+5, regeneration 40, spell resistance 34
Divine Qualities:	Divine empowerment 5, divine favor 5, divine immunity, divine initiative 3, divine language, divine presence, divine protection 5, divine puissance 5, divine resistance 10, divine retribution, divine size, divine speed 4, divine summoning, divine telepathy, divine vision, god's avatar
Saves:	Fort +39, Ref +36, Will +37
Abilities:	Str 50, Dex 35, Con 45, Int 30, Wis 35, Cha 40
Skills:	Balance +63, Bluff +62, Climb +68, Diplomacy +67, Intimidate +65, Jump +70, Knowledge (geography) +58, Knowledge (history) +58, Knowledge (planes) +58, Knowledge (religion) +58, Listen +60, Scry +57, Search +58, Sense Motive +59, Spellcraft +57, Spot +60, Tumble +63
Feats:	Ambidexterity, Cleave, Dodge, Great Cleave, Improved Critical, Leadership, Power Attack, Spring Attack, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (battleaxe), Weapon Specialization (battleaxe), Whirlwind Attack
Climate/Terrain:	Any land
Organization:	Solitary (unique) or with 20d10 Horsemen of Vangal
Challenge Rating:	30
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always chaotic evil
Domains:	Chaos, Destruction, Evil, Strength, War
Holy Symbol:	A split shield, soaked in blood
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Vangal is different from the other gods. Where they derive their power from the faith and devotion of their followers, the Ravager draws strength from the bloodshed and mayhem committed by his devotees.

It is said that the Ravager is the oldest and most primal of the gods, born of a mysterious union between the titans Lethene, Thulkas and Chern. At first, his parents were pleased with the creature that they had created, for his rage was that of the storm, his strength like the fire of the world's birth and his vengeance like a cleansing plague. It soon became clear that Vangal, destruction in its purest form, was far more than just another minion of the titans,

unleashing violence upon the people of Scarn for their amusement.

At first, Vangal proved a perfect diversion, smashing cities and laying waste to entire nations. When he crafted the race of ferals from the evil souls that populated his domain, however, Thulkas and Chern began to feel misgivings. Here was a being almost as powerful as they were who slaughtered for the pure joy of it, and even had the power to create thinking beings to carry out his will. Even as they experienced the first traces of unease, however, it was too late, for the other gods had been born as well, and their power was growing.

If Vangal gained power only from slaughter, he might never have joined the other gods in rebellion. But the fact was that he, too, needed worship—although that worship invariably took the form of death and violence. Despite this, many wonder why Vangal chose to throw his lot in with the gods. Perhaps he felt that the slaughter and horror that sustained him would be greater in a world ruled by the gods. Perhaps he felt some small loyalty toward the other gods and reveled in the freedom that the death of his parents might bring. What is most likely, however, is that Vangal simply seized upon the opportunity to slay an entirely new kind of foe—the titans themselves.

And slay he did. Vangal aided in the ambush of Mesos and struck many of the blows that shattered the Sire of Sorcery. He hacked Gormoth in twain, hurled Kadum into the Blood Sea, pulled the teeth of the ever-hungry Gaurak and slew countless thousands of titanspawn in battles that raged from one corner of Scarn to the other. Truly, the deaths of titans were pleasing to the Ravager, and more than any other god, he reveled in their destruction.

Whatever his motivations, Vangal has prospered since the end of the Divine War, feasting off of the slaughter and mayhem of the titanspawn and divine races and rarely having to foment his own. He has few worshippers, save madmen and the blood-thirsty Horsemen of Vangal, but these seem to satisfy him, and he is well pleased by the slaughterhouse that Scarn has become.

Still, no one knows the limits of Vangal's thirst for death and blood. It is possible that he will grow bored with the violence of the world and seek even greater diversions, turning his endless desire for slaughter against his brothers and sisters, the gods. Many wonder if the war with the titans was only a precursor to an even greater battle yet to come.

Vangal appears as a tall, massively built man with dark features and a perpetually enraged expression. His hair is woven into crude dreadlocks matted with dried blood. He is never without his mighty battleaxes, which still gleam with the blood of slain titans. He also sports a short, thick beard, also thick with blood. The Ravager adorns himself with the

skulls of fallen enemies and wears crude, scarred armor, also covered in gore.

Invocation Benefit

Worshippers of Vangal who invoke his name for one or more consecutive rounds gain a bonus to strike normally invulnerable targets, such as those with damage reduction, incorporeal foes, and the like. Each round spent praying in this manner grants the user's weapon the *ghosttouch* ability and the equivalent of a +1 enchantment bonus for the purpose of determining what can be hit by it, up to a maximum of +3. This bonus does not apply to attack rolls or damage, does not stack with other enchantments or bonuses and lasts only for a single round. If the worshipper is wielding two weapons, both may be so enchanted, so long as they are axes of some sort.

Combat

Vangal's power is immense, and he has never known defeat. During the Divine War, he was involved in the destruction of more titans than any other god. His axes became the symbol not only of destruction, but also of victory. It should come as no surprise,

then, that while the bulk of Scarn's population pays tribute to Corean as the champion of the gods, many also call upon Vangal in the heat of battle. For his part, Corean does not like this but chooses to do nothing about it to avoid angering his brother god.

Vangal's lust for destruction and mayhem knows no bounds, and there is no foe who can resist his destructive will. He is a very physical combatant and never attacks from range if he can help it. Similarly, he typically avoids magical combat, even though he has access to many spells and spell-like capabilities.

Vangal rides into battle upon a great chariot pulled by eight ferocious bloodmares, each capable of assuming the form of a beautiful, raven-haired woman (see the description of the chariot below for details). In addition to these steeds, Vangal may also be accompanied by a group of twelve 12 HD leonine

demons known as Vangal's Pride. These demons are capable of assuming the form of dire lions at will, as per the spell *polymorph self*. Members of the pride serve as Vangal's emissaries throughout the outer planes and as his lieutenants while on Scarn. On rare occasions, one of
t h e



pride responds to a cleric of Vangal's request for aid, appearing if the request is important enough to merit Vangal's attention.

Aura of Menace (Su): A maleficent aura surrounds Vangal's avatar whenever he engages in combat. Any hostile creature within 100 feet of the avatar must succeed at a Will save (DC 47) to resist its effects. Those who fail suffer a -2 morale penalty to attacks, AC, and saves for one day or until they successfully hit the avatar with a melee attack. A creature that has resisted the effect cannot be affected by the aura for one full day.

Barbarian Abilities: Vangal has all of the special attacks and qualities of a 20th-level barbarian.

Chaos Touch (Su): Vangal's avatar is treated as having the chaotic special trait. All of his physical attacks do +2d6 points of bonus chaotic damage against foes of lawful alignment.

Curse Item (Su): Vangal's two fathers, Thulkas and Chern, gave him, respectively, an affinity for weapons and forged items and the ability to corrupt. These gifts are manifested in Vangal's ability to curse magic items. Three times per day, Vangal may lay a curse upon any magical item that touches him, using the guidelines in *Core Rulebook III*, page 231.

Spells: Vangal's avatar casts spells as a 20th-level cleric with access to all spells. He does not need to prepare his spells; he simply selects his spell and casts it. Spells are cast with a thought or gesture; Vangal needs no foci or components.

Spell-like Abilities: In addition to his normal spellcasting abilities, Vangal can cast any spell from his domains at will, no more than once per round, as a 20th-level cleric.

Divine Summoning (Su): 3/day Vangal's avatar can automatically summon 6d4 ferals, 3d4 leonine demons, 1d4 blood horrors or one blade or locust demon.

Surge of Strength (Ex): Three times per day Vangal's avatar can, for one round, draw on reserves of strength such that he gains +20 to his Strength score, affecting attack and damage bonuses and skills accordingly. This bonus stacks with that gained from barbarian rage.

Vangal's Fury (Ex): Vangal is perhaps the epitome of the barbaric berserker, and when armed with his mighty battleaxes, he is almost unstoppable in combat. Each axe receives all nine of Vangal's attacks.

Vangal's Battleaxes (major artifacts)

Description: These mighty axes were forged by Golthagga shortly after Vangal's birth, long before the titans recognized the threat he posed.

The titan of the forge infused a bit of Vangal's mother Lethene's essence into the weapons, and as a result they crackle with lightning and roar like thunder when wielded in combat. They are constantly blood soaked and filthy.

Powers: Each of these +6 battleaxes has a critical threat range of 15–20. On a critical hit, each weapon inflicts quadruple damage.

Each axe may also be hurled up to 150 feet, with a range increment of 30 feet, and return immediately to Vangal's hands after attacking.

Though the axes are powerful individually, they are meant to be used as a pair. If both axes score one or more critical hits in a single round, they emit a mighty peal of thunder, instantly killing their target unless it makes a successful Fortitude save (DC 32). The soul of a target so slain is destroyed as if affected by a *shatter soul** spell. Reforming the victim's soul, or otherwise returning him to life, may not be done without Vangal's permission. He has been known to give this permission in the case of an especially worthy foe, but in most cases he simply slays those who petition on the victim's behalf.

Vangal's battleaxes may not be wielded by anyone save Vangal himself without his express permission, and in fact may not even be grasped without a successful Strength check (DC 30). Anyone who successfully grasps one of the axes without Vangal's permission suffers 6d6 damage per round until the weapon is released. Only the axes' creator, Golthagga, is unaffected by these restrictions, and he is in no position to pick up anything, let alone axes.

Vangal's Chariot (major artifact)

Description: Vangal's Chariot has been used as the primary means of transport for the Ravager since shortly after his birth, when the chariot was created for him by Golthagga of the Forge. The artifact's capabilities are legendary—indeed, its mere appearance has oft been enough to turn the tide of a battle, so terrible are the tales surrounding its martial pow-



ers. Vangal allows mortals to use his chariot when he is occupied on his home plane, as he has no need for it when slaying foes in single combat.

Powers: Vangal's Chariot itself is a mighty vehicle of finest manufacture, crafted of enchanted ebony that is all but indestructible. Only a feat of prodigious strength by a being such as a titan might destroy the chariot, and even then it receives an item saving throw at a +5 bonus to resist the attack. The chariot holds up to four medium-size passengers, and Vangal must take medium size in order to ride in it. At least one rider must be skilled in handling animals. In addition, the chariot has the following powers:

Vangal's Chariot is pulled by four *obsidian steeds* when it is summoned by mortals. The steeds function as described on page 217 of *Core Rulebook II*, and together they may pull the chariot and all of its occupants at a speed of 60 feet. Each time one of the steeds is destroyed, the chariot's speed is reduced by 20 feet. The *steeds* may use their powers to allow the chariot to *fly*, *plane shift* and become *ethereal*. These powers function even if only one of the steeds re-

mains. Vangal replaces these items with his own consorts, four enchanted were-bloodmares (see sidebar), when he rides the chariot into battle.

The chariot's wheels bear whirling, wicked blades. When the chariot is in motion these create a deadly barrier, and when the chariot moves within 5 feet of an opponent, the foe must make a Reflex save (DC 22) or take 5d6 damage from the spinning blades.

Individuals riding in the chariot are treated as though they have 50% cover and are granted a spell resistance of 18.

Individuals riding in the chariot may strike opponents as though they had the Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat, Ride-By Attack, Spirited Charge and Trample feats. These feats are allowed only for so long as the individuals actually occupy the chariot.

Once per day, the chariot may be used to invoke the cleric true ritual *thirst for war* (see *Relics and Rituals*, page 136).



Vangal's Consorts

When Vangal rides in his chariot, it is pulled by four unique creatures. These are chaotically aligned bloodmares that are each capable of taking the form of stunning, raven-haired women at will. The four are fanatically loyal to Vangal and serve as his consorts in the outer planes and as battle maidens when he manifests on Scarn. On occasion, Vangal has been known to send one or more of his consorts to ride with the Horsemen of Vangal, where their malicious deeds put even the most rapacious of Vangal's Horsemen to shame. Each is of different class, has maximum hit points and has been granted +5 natural armor by Vangal. If slain, Vangal's consorts return to the Citadel of Pain and cannot manifest on Scarn for 1d4 weeks.

Vangal's consorts have the following statistics when in animal form:

Bloodmare Form: CR 6; SZ L Beast; HD 10d10+50; hp 150; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 240 ft.; AC 15 (-1 size, +2 Dex, +4 natural); Atk +11 melee (1d8+2, bite), +6/+6 melee (2d6+1 hooves); SA equine lure; SQ tireless, damage reduction 5/+1; AL CE; SV Fort +12, Ref +9, Will +3; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 20, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 15

Skills: Listen +5, Move Silently +10, Spot +9, Track +7

Feats: Alertness, Blindfight, Trample

SA—Equine Lure (Su): The bloodmare has the ability to call a horse that can hear its cry. Any horse hearing the call must make a Will save (DC 17) or do everything in its power to follow the creature. If someone is riding the horse at the time, the rider may make a Ride check (DC 19) to keep the mount under control.

SQ—Tireless (Ex): Bloodmares can run from sundown to sunrise without tiring.

The four consorts, Elda, Ingird, Elrjgot and Hyylgard, have the following statistics when in human form:

Elda, Consort of Vangal (Human Form), Female Human Bbn10: CR 10; Size M (5 ft. 4 in. tall); HD 10d12+20; hp 140; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 40 ft.; AC 16 (+1 Dex, +5 natural); Attack +13/+8 melee; Dmg 1d8+3 (longsword); SV Fort +9, Ref +4, Will +5; AL CE; Str 17, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 19

Skills: Bluff +3, Craft +6, Handle Animal +8, Hide +1, Intimidate +13, Intuit Direction +10, Listen +11, Move Silently +1, Profession +2.5, Ride +11, Spot +2, Swim +12

Feats: Combat Reflexes, Endurance, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Weapon Focus (longsword)

A ferocious and cruel Albadian barbarian, Elda was slain on the field of battle during the Divine War but taken up by Vangal to be the first of his consorts.

Ingird, Consort of Vangal (Human Form), Female Human Clr10: CR 10; Size M (5 ft. 8 in. tall); HD 10d8+10; hp 90; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 16 (+1 Dex, +5 natural); Attack +7/+2 melee; Dmg 1d8 (warhammer); SV Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +10; AL CE; Str 11, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 17, Cha 18

Skills: Concentration +13, Diplomacy +12, Hide +1, Intimidate +6, Listen +3, Move Silently +1, Spellcraft +12, Spot +3

Feats: Brew Potion, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Quickened Spell, Still Spell

Domains: War, Death

Cleric Spells per Day: 6/5+1/5+1/4+1/3+1/2+1

Ingird was an especially fanatical cleric of Vangal. Surrounded in a burning fortress by her foes, she nevertheless fought fearlessly and was finally carried off by Vangal's herald, who presented the woman to her master. As the cleric met with his approval, Vangal made her a consort, and she has served faithfully ever since.

Elrjgot, Consort of Vangal (Human Form), Female Human Sor10: CR 10; Size M (5 ft. 8 in. tall); HD 10d4+30; hp 70; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 16 (+1 Dex, +5 natural); Attack +5 melee; Dmg 1d6 (shortspear); SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +9; AL CE; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 14, Cha 17

Skills: Climb +2.5, Concentration +16, Handle Animal +8.5, Hide +6, Intimidate +5.5, Knowledge (arcana) +15, Listen +2, Move Silently +1, Profession +15, Ride +3, Scry +16, Search +3.5, Spot +2

Feats: Craft Wand, Dodge, Maximize Spell, Spell Penetration, Still Spell

Sorcerer Spells Known (6/7/7/7/5/3): 0—dancing lights, detect magic, ghost sound, light, mage hand, open/close, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic; 1st—charm person, grease, magic missile, silent image, true strike; 2nd—bull's strength, hypnotic pattern, Melf's acid arrow, summon monster II; 3rd—magic circle against good, slow, suggestion; 4th—lesser geas, polymorph other; 5th—wall of stone

An Albadian sorceress who converted from the worship of Belsameth to Vangal, Erljgot was slain by her own sisters for the treachery. Vangal took her soul and returned her to life at the head of a band of ferals, who hunted down and slew the murderous sisters one by one. So pleased was Vangal by the slaughter that he made Erljgot the third of his consorts.

Hyylgerd, Consort of Vangal (Human Form), Female Human Rog10: CR 10; Size M (4 ft. 10 in. tall); HD 10d6; hp 60; Init +4 (+4 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 19 (+4 Dex, +5 natural); Attack +7/+2; Dmg 1d6 (scimitar); SV Fort +2, Ref +11, Will +7; AL CE; Str 10, Dex 19, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 15, Cha 17

Skills: Appraise +9, Balance +15, Climb +10, Concentration +2, Decipher Script +14, Disable Device +14, Escape Artist +10, Forgery +13, Hide +4, Jump +10, Listen +4, Move Silently +17, Open Lock +8, Read Lips +12, Search +14, Spot +4

Feats: Alertness, Blindfight, Dodge, Iron Will, Martial Weapon Proficiency (scimitar)

Hyylgerd wandered northern Ghelspad, killing and stealing, eventually was captured by a band of Vangal's Horsemen who subjected her to terrible torments. Rather than perishing, she instead embraced the violence and evil of the Ravager, and when the horsemen sacrificed her on a burning pyre, she descended to join with Vangal, who himself tested her with fearsome cruelties before finally deciding to make her the last of his four consorts. Her love of violence and torture is well known, and of the four, Hyylgerd most enjoys carrying out her lord's will on Scarn.

Vangal's Herald

Large Outsider

Hit Dice:	24d8+132 (240 hp)
Initiative:	+4 (Dex)
Speed:	50 ft.
AC:	35 (-1 size, +6 Dex, +8 armor, +12 natural)
Attacks:	Greatsword +34/+29/+24/+19/+14 melee, bite +26 melee, barbed tail +26 melee; or two claws +31 melee, bite +26 melee, two barbed tails +26 melee
Damage:	Greatsword 2d8+15, bite 1d4+4, two tails 1d10+4; or two claws 1d12+4, bite 1d4+4, two tails 1d10+4
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 10 ft.
Special Attacks:	Poison tails, diseased bite, aura of fear
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 30/+3, spell resistance 28
Saves:	Fort +19, Ref +19, Will +17
Abilities:	Str 26, Dex 22, Con 23, Int 18, Wis 19, Cha 24
Skills:	Balance +25, Bluff +26, Climb +27, Diplomacy +26, Intimidate +26, Jump +27, Knowledge (geography) +23, Knowledge (history) +23, Knowledge (planes) +23, Knowledge (religion) +23, Listen +24, Search +24, Sense Motive +26, Spot +24, Tumble +25
Feats:	Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Great Cleave, Improved Critical (greatsword), Multiattack, Power Attack
Climate/Terrain:	Any land
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	20
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always chaotic evil
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Vangal's herald began life long ago, during the most ferocious battle of the Divine War. Born of Vangal's chosen race, the mantichora, the herald was possessed of all her species' ferocity, and quite a bit more besides. Pleased with her initial efforts as his herald, Vangal soon elevated her status to that of general of his armies, freeing him to engage the titans directly. The herald served capably in her chosen task and won many victories.

Soon, however, disaster struck. The herald's armies were crushed by the serpent children of Mormo, and the herald herself was gravely wounded by Mormo. Filled with disdain at her failure, Vangal left his herald where she lay and rallied his troops, leading them to victory and shattering Mormo's legions.

Broken and defeated, Vangal's herald crawled into the Abyss to reflect upon her failure. She resolved to regain Vangal's favor and spent the following years rebuilding her strength so that she might once more serve the Ravager.

In her absence, many of Vangal's devout followers took up her role in the service of the god. Of particular note was the warrior Galdor, leader of the Horsemen of Vangal, who had been raised into a sort of living death so that he could serve the Ravager for

all eternity. The herald found this state of affairs intolerable and so forced her recovery at an accelerated pace. She retrieved her mighty sword, *Fellblade*, which had been lost during the Divine War, and used the demonic energies of the Abyss to further enhance her strength and powers. Though weaker than she had been at the height of her power, she was still a match for Galdor.

Or so she thought.

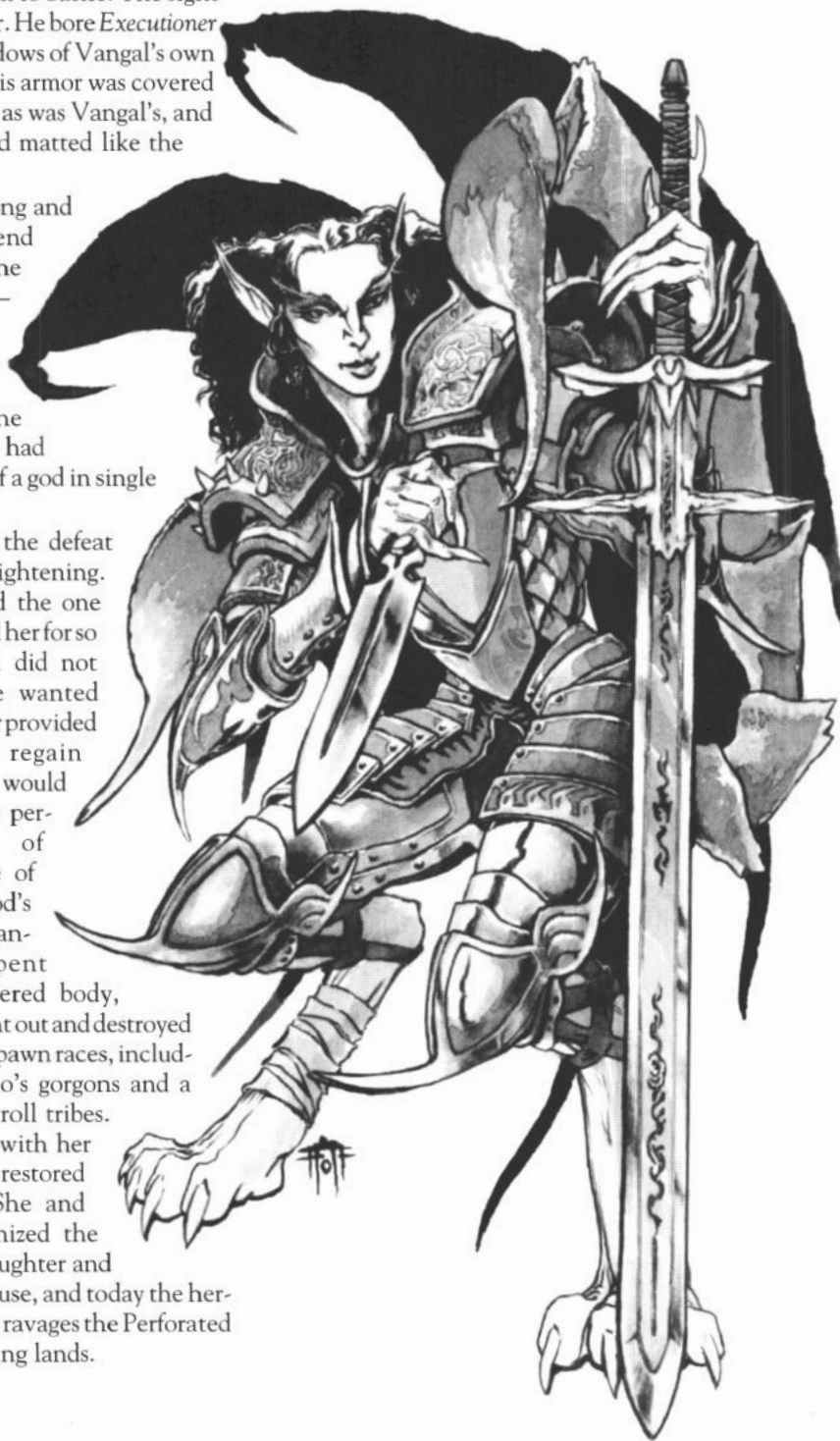
When the herald found Galdor, she bellowed a challenge, calling him to battle. The sight of Galdor enraged her. He bore *Executioner* and *Gravedigger*, shadows of Vangal's own mighty battleaxes. His armor was covered with blood and filth, as was Vangal's, and his hair was long and matted like the Ravager's.

The fight was long and furious, and in the end Galdor—filled with the spirit of his dark lord—emerged victorious. The battle has become legendary in its retellings, for it was the only time a mortal had defeated the herald of a god in single combat.

For the herald, the defeat was galling, but enlightening. She now understood the one thing that had eluded her for so many years: Vangal did not want devotion. He wanted slaughter, and Galdor provided that. In order to regain Vangal's favor, she would have to become the perfect instrument of destruction, capable of feeding the dark god's lust for blood. After another decade spent reforging her shattered body, Vangal's herald sought out and destroyed entire tribes of titanspawn races, including a host of Mormo's gorgons and a number of orc and troll tribes. Vangal was pleased with her efforts and has at last restored her to his favor. She and Galdor have recognized the common bond of slaughter and declared common cause, and today the herald leads a horde that ravages the Perforated Plains and surrounding lands.

Combat

Vangal's herald is a savage combatant and is known throughout Scarn for her fearsome fighting ability. Only the greatest archfiends and celestials can match her in power, and her natural abilities are only enhanced by sword, the mighty *Fellblade*. This +3 *greatsword* delivers wounds that cannot be magically healed without permission from Vangal himself. Vangal's herald fights only at the behest of her god



and otherwise ignores potential foes unless she is herself threatened. When bade by Vangal to engage a foe she thunders into battle, often riding Vangal's Chariot. If her foes are worthy she meets them in single combat, slaughtering them one by one and leaving a blood-soaked battlefield in her wake. If she finds the mortals in question are beneath her notice, however, she is fond of summoning ferals and demons to make her lord's wishes unmistakably clear.

Spells: Vangal's herald casts spells as a 12th-level priest with access to the chaos, destruction, evil, strength and war domains. She casts these spells with but a word, a thought or a gesture and does not need to provide material components or foci to cast them.

Spell-like Abilities: At will—*Battle cry**, *contagion*, *detect magic*, *greater dispelling*, *tongues*, *Vangal's touch**, *Vangal's wounding**; 3/day—*Circle of doom*, *power word thunder**, *slay living*; 1/day—*Storm of vengeance*

These abilities are as the spells cast by a 20th-level sorcerer.

Fellblade: The herald wields *Fellblade*, a +3 *greatsword*. The wounds that it inflicts may be magically healed only by clerics of Vangal, who are only rarely inclined to do so.

Aura of Fear (Su): Any hostile creature within 60 feet of the herald must make a Will save (DC 29) or flee in terror for 2d6 rounds. Creatures with 12 or more hit dice are immune to this effect.

Poison (Ex): Foes struck by one of the herald's tails are subject to their poison—Fortitude save (DC 28); initial and secondary damage 1d6 temporary Constitution.

Diseased Bite (Ex): The herald's bite carries a debilitating disease. Victims must make a Fortitude save (DC 28) or suffer 1 point of Strength and Constitution drain each day until cured. If either ability score reaches 0, the victim dies.

Summon Ally (Sp): Once per day Vangal's herald can automatically summon 3d4 ferals, 1d4 leonine demons, or one blade demon.

Vangal's Page

Hurak, Vangal's Page, Male Human, Bbn8: SZ Medium-size; HD 8d12+40; hp 92; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 40 ft.; AC 19 (+2 Dex, +5 armor, +2 magic); Atk +13/+8 melee (1d12+7, +1 greataxe); +10 Ranged (1d8+4, mighty composite longbow); SQ Rage 3/day, uncanny dodge (can't be flanked); AL CE; SV Fort +11, Ref +4, Will +3; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 20, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 15

Skills: Climb +6, Handle Animal +9, Intimidate +12, Intuit Direction +7, Jump +6, Listen +9, Ride +12, Swim +6, Wilderness Lore +9

Feats: Alertness, Improved Critical (greataxe), Power Attack, Weapon Focus (greataxe)

Possessions: A climber's kit, a silver dagger, three flasks alchemist's fire, a +2 *breastplate*, a +1 *greataxe*, two potions of *lesser restoration*, two potions of *cure serious wounds*, two potions of *neutralize poison*, boots of the winterlands

Tattoos: Mark of the kinslayer

Description

It is said that at birth, the Albadian barbarian Hurak was touched by the Ravager. His rages were far fiercer and more violent than those of his fellow berserkers and often resulted in the deaths of one or more companions. When he fell into a black rage and slew his entire family, the act was too much for his tribe to bear. Forever tattooed with the *mark of the kinslayer*, Hurak was exiled to the wastelands.

Stripped of his immunity to the cold, Hurak would surely have died had he not encountered a band of Vangal's Horsemen who had been patrolling the Perforated Plains. When the horsemen descended on him, hoping for a few moments of sadistic sport, Hurak slew three of their number, laughing and bellowing, taunting the warriors and calling them to battle. Impressed, the leader of the band proposed a truce and asked him to join them.

Hurak felt a strange compulsion to take up the horsemen's offer, and when he stepped forward to accept he felt as if the rage he had always felt at last had a purpose—the glorification of Vangal the Ravager. Within a few years, Hurak had a warband of his own. Soon after taking command, he led his horsemen back into Albadia to pay a visit upon the village of his birth. He did not even leave ruins behind—the village, its people, its buildings and its animals were buried beneath rocks and ice, and its very name has since been forgotten.

The tale of Hurak's revenge has filtered all across northern Ghelspad, and today his name is a byword for violence, terror and bloodshed. So successful was Hurak that Vangal himself appeared to him in a vision, granting him the status of page, with the proviso that some day he would die as a result of the violence that he created. Although he had no choice in the matter, Hurak made a great show of acceptance and now sees himself as Vangal's greatest champion. Luminaries such as Galdor and Vangal's herald might disagree, but they don't argue the point, as all know that their primary mission is the shedding of blood in Vangal's name.

Currently, Hurak and his horde dwell in the Bleak Savannah, slaughtering Hrinruuk's creations and the inhabitants of neighboring lands with single-minded ferocity. Strong though he is, however, it is Hurak's fate that someday he pass on to Vangal's bloody afterlife. Until that time, however, the blood will flow on the northern plains, and humans and titanspawn alike will have cause for fear.

Vangal's Worship and Worshipers

Perhaps more even than the titan Denev, Vangal is an outsider among the gods. The first of their number, born when the world was young, Vangal was forged in the fires of creation, birthed in the violence of the storm and infused with the decay that infected all of Scarn. His parents, the titans Lethene, Thulkas and Chern, created him as the embodiment of wanton destruction and death itself. This was one of the titans' most terrible mistakes, for the vast power that the three had created proved beyond their—or any other being's—power to control.

In contrast to the other children of the titans, Vangal does not gain power from his worshippers directly; if this were true, his flock is so small that it could not sustain him for long. Instead, Vangal gains strength from the violence created by his followers and, to a lesser extent, the violence committed by all of Scarn's beings. Scholars are uncertain exactly how Vangal draws sustenance from the strife of others, but it is nonetheless clear that he, like the other gods, relies on living beings to survive, instead of drawing power from the land in the manner of the titans. Where the other gods seek to protect their flocks, however, Vangal urges his worshippers to sow the seeds of chaos and war so that he might feed off of the misery thus generated. It is even said that he draws strength from the deaths of his own followers, especially when they are very powerful or die in a particularly bloody or mighty struggle.

No nation worships Vangal as its state religion. As a god of destruction, he is not typically the first choice as patron of a land. He does, however, find favor with the more demented and destructive elements of Scarn's kingdoms, in particular the most bloodthirsty tribes of Albadia, various sects of forsaken elves and dwarves and fanatical human cults in such realms as Calastia and the Heteronomy of Virduk, where such practices are tolerated by corrupt or decadent rulers. Most major cities maintain at least a small shrine in the Ravager's honor, even Mithril, stronghold of Vangal's greatest rival, the lawful-good god Corean and his paladins.

The best known of the Reaver's human followers are the barbarous legions of the Horsemen of Vangal. These warriors embrace Vangal's bloodthirsty nature to its fullest, riding on the fringes of Scarn's civilizations and spreading war and death at every opportunity. The horsemen's various hordes can be found all across northern Ghelspad, from the Perforated Plains to the Bleak Savannah, Albadia and the Plains of Lede, where the ferocious Galdor the Deathless leads the largest and most violent of the horsemen's three great hordes. Vangal seems particularly fond of this horde. Showing uncharacteristic compassion, the Reaver brought Galdor back from the dead after a treacherous lieutenant betrayed him.

Worship of Vangal is becoming popular among the orcs of the Plains of Lede, who rely on their god's support in their efforts to rid the land of titanspawn races such as the proud. The orcs have yet to unite in the manner of the horsemen, and spend much of their time warring with each other. This, of course, pleases the Ravager, who draws enormous power and joy from the violence committed by his orcs, but they do not yet please him in the same manner as the horsemen. Should a great leader ever arise among the orcs of Lede, and should they then rid Vangal of the proud, children of the hated Hrinruuk, he may well grant them blessings in excess of his human followers.

Vangal rarely shows himself on Scarn for more than the duration of a single battle. When he does appear it is by invocation only, in battles of great importance or when the worshippers of the titans threaten to unleash some horror that the gods simply cannot ignore. In this last case, Vangal will not hesitate to fight even alongside his hated rivals such as Corean and Chardun, for despite his chaotic nature, his hatred of the titans outshines all else. Calling the Ravager to an ordinary battle is problematic, for when he appears he often slays friend as well as foe for the mere joy of it, and unlucky summoners sometimes find themselves carried away to Vangal's home plane when he departs.

Vangal makes his permanent home in the Abyss. Here, his palace, known as the Citadel of Pain, is a great volcanic caldera, its vents continuously spewing fire and destruction. At the foot of the volcano is a great battlefield where Vangal and his creations participate in a never-ending orgy of destruction. The souls of unworthy followers must fight here, be slain and return in an endless cycle of bloodletting.

Though his lust for bloodshed and misery is second to none, Vangal has no interest in the politics that occur within the Abyss, largely ignoring the demon-lords and other powerful beings that dwell there so long as they serve him when summoned, a rare event. The tanar'ri common elsewhere in the Abyss are largely absent from the Citadel of Pain itself. Instead, Vangal maintains armies of his own creations—ferals, leonine and scythe demons and especially powerful mantichora.

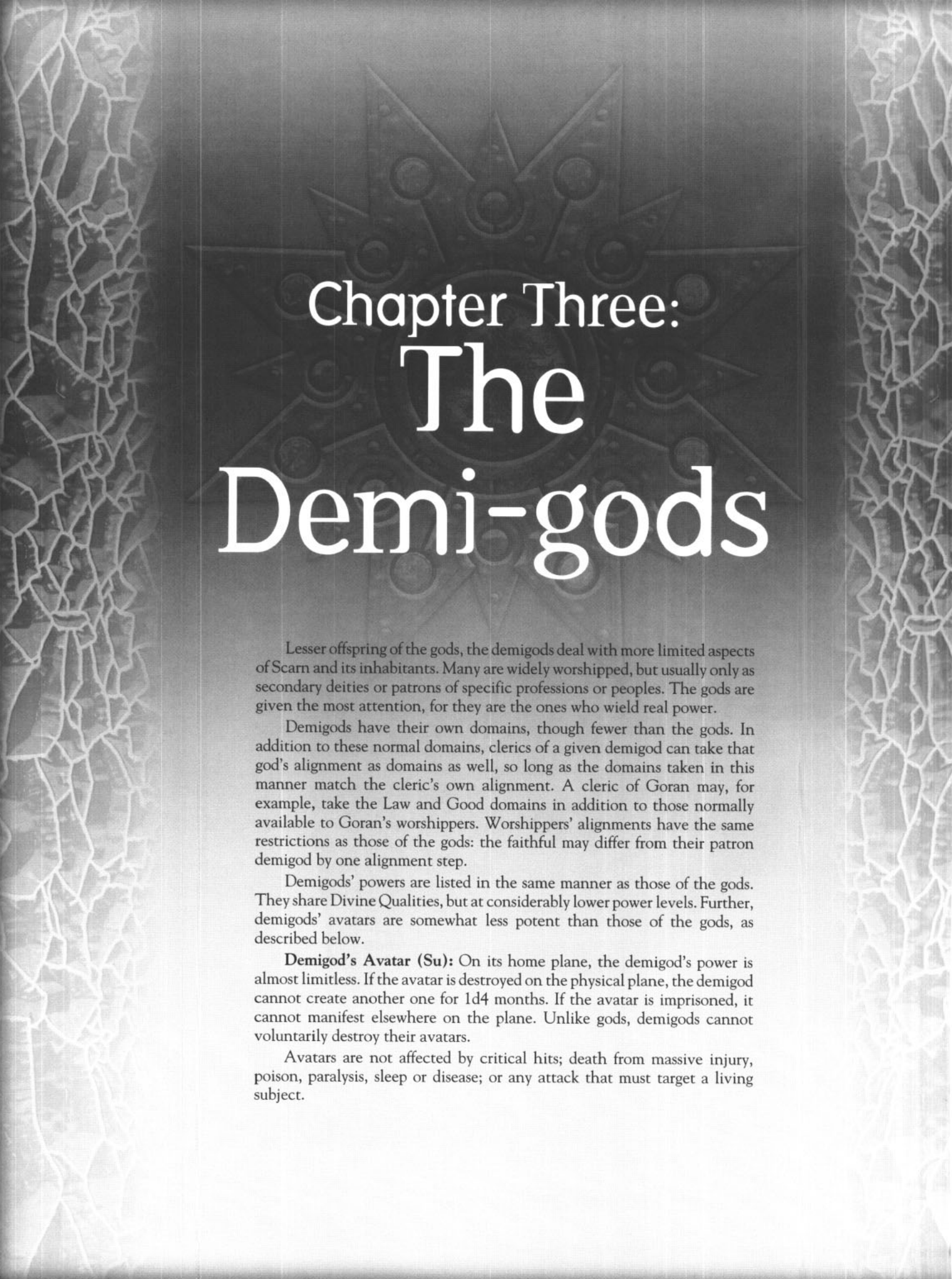
Vangal has little interest in the politics of the other gods, and this applies on Scarn as well as in the outer planes. The treachery of Belsameth and the tyranny of Chardun do not impress him in the slightest, and he finds their plots tiring and insipid. The neutral deities, Hedrada and Enkili, are far too bland for the Ravager's tastes. The Judge, he feels, has no soul or passion, while the Jester is a mindless force of chaos without direction or purpose.

Corean's lawful nature grates particularly on Vangal's chaotic soul, and he someday hopes to see his horsemen or orc tribes breach the gates of the

great city of Mithril and put its populace to the sword and the axe. Madriel is an enigma to Vangal, due to her obsession with healing others, an alien and somewhat disturbing concept to a god of destruction. Alone among the gods, Tanil the Huntress seems to have some measure of Vangal's respect. Her concern

in maintaining the naturally chaotic state of the world suggests that he and Tanil are part of the same order, opposite sides of the same chaotic coin. To the Huntress' chagrin, Vangal gives her more leeway than he does most of the other gods when it comes to the affairs of Scarn.





Chapter Three: The Demi-gods

Lesser offspring of the gods, the demigods deal with more limited aspects of Scarn and its inhabitants. Many are widely worshipped, but usually only as secondary deities or patrons of specific professions or peoples. The gods are given the most attention, for they are the ones who wield real power.

Demigods have their own domains, though fewer than the gods. In addition to these normal domains, clerics of a given demigod can take that god's alignment as domains as well, so long as the domains taken in this manner match the cleric's own alignment. A cleric of Goran may, for example, take the Law and Good domains in addition to those normally available to Goran's worshippers. Worshippers' alignments have the same restrictions as those of the gods: the faithful may differ from their patron demigod by one alignment step.

Demigods' powers are listed in the same manner as those of the gods. They share Divine Qualities, but at considerably lower power levels. Further, demigods' avatars are somewhat less potent than those of the gods, as described below.

Demigod's Avatar (Su): On its home plane, the demigod's power is almost limitless. If the avatar is destroyed on the physical plane, the demigod cannot create another one for 1d4 months. If the avatar is imprisoned, it cannot manifest elsewhere on the plane. Unlike gods, demigods cannot voluntarily destroy their avatars.

Avatars are not affected by critical hits; death from massive injury, poison, paralysis, sleep or disease; or any attack that must target a living subject.

Drendari's Avatar

	Medium-Size Outsider (Avatar)
Hit Dice:	35d8+140 (297 hp)
Initiative:	+17 (+13 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)
Speed:	40 ft.
AC:	38 (+13 Dex, +15 natural)
Attacks:	<i>Sword of Shadow</i> +32/+27/+22/+17/+12 melee
Damage:	<i>Sword of Shadow</i> 1d6+7
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Charming song, rogue abilities, spells, spell-like abilities
Special Qualities:	Blindsight, damage reduction 20/+3, keen senses, shadowcloak, spell resistance 28
Divine Qualities:	Demigod's avatar, divine favor 3, divine telepathy, divine vision, divine language
Saves:	Fort +22, Ref +31, Will +25
Abilities:	Str 16, Dex 36, Con 18, Int 22, Wis 24, Cha 35
Skills:	Appraise +25, Balance +36, Bluff +37, Climb +33, Concentration +37, Decipher Script +34, Disable Device +35, Disguise +31, Escape Artist +37, Forgery +30, Hide +47, Innuendo +22, Intimidate +28, Knowledge (arcana) +23, Knowledge (geography) +24, Knowledge (history) +27, Knowledge (planes) +27, Knowledge (religion) +34, Listen +33, Move Silently +37, Open Lock +27, Perform +26, Pick Pocket +32, Read Lips +25, Scry +20, Search +28, Sense Motive +14, Spellcraft +17, Spot +34, Swim +19, Tumble +30, Use Magic Device +23
Feats:	Ambidexterity, Blindsight, Combat Casting, Dodge, Improved Critical, Improved Initiative, Silent Spell, Spring Attack, Still Spell
Climate/Terrain:	Any
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	16
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always chaotic neutral
Holy Symbol:	A black silhouette of a human's left hand.
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Said to be the daughter of a siren and the wild chaos god Enkili, Drendari, Mistress of Shadows, is something of an outcast among the goddesses, being the patroness of thieves, spies, rogues and others who live by night and lurk in shadow.

It is said that Enkili, while wandering along the shores of one of Scarn's more remote oceans, spied a beautiful siren and suggested to her the perfect way to help him recover his strength. The Trickster was somewhat surprised, and not altogether displeased, when, a year later, the siren appeared to him and presented his daughter, a strange and dark little girl already able to twist the shadows to her will.

Within a few years, the young demigoddess, first called merely the Shadow Child, later known as Drendari, had honed her skill with shadows into powerful new spells. Hard pressed by the gods, the Slarecians kidnapped the young demigoddess, seeking to steal the secret of shadow magic from her. They

were able to obtain some of her spells and pass them on to their sorcerous allies, the Penumbral Lords, but before Drendari could give up the greatest of her secrets, she was rescued by her father and Tanil the Huntress. She then joined with the gods and titans to help destroy the Slarecians.

Drendari grew quickly to maturity, her power over shadow growing, and soon joined the gods in their struggle against the titans. In keeping with her nature, she did this not out of love for freedom or justice, but because the titans offered such sport. The Mistress of Shadows, as she was now called, also retained no small amount of affection for her father and was determined to help him defeat the enemies who had so humiliated him.

Drendari worked from the shadows during the war, finding a special affinity for the beings and creatures that dwelled there. Soon, a corps of rogues and scouts sprang up, known as Drendari's Faithful, and their work helped gather vital intelligence for the divine armies. A number of prominent enemy leaders also met their end at the hands of the Faithful, for the Mistress of Shadows counted several assassins among her followers (though nowhere near as many as wicked Belsameth).

Drendari did not fight directly, save on rare occasions; her weapons were stealth, confusion and misdirection, and her followers excelled at leading enemies into traps and ambushes. In time, spellcasters began to join her ranks, crafting the gloom that was her essence into powerful new spells. The deadly Penumbral Lords, who had helped the Slarecians steal Drendari's shadow spells, became dedicated foes of the demigoddess and have continued to pursue ever more dangerous researches.

After the war, Drendari's worship remained popular among the covert and criminal classes of Scarn and among those who found the strictures of the gods to be too confining. Now called the Shadow-walkers, Drendari's Faithful continue to operate as an informal and secretive alliance of freelance rogues, scouts, spies and assassins. For his part Enkili remains affectionate toward and even proud of his daughter's achievements, but his vanity prevents him from producing more offspring, for fear that they will eclipse him entirely.

What even the trickster does not know is that he himself was the victim of an incredible deception. Drendari's siren mother was not what she seemed — in truth, she was actually the goddess Belsameth in disguise, and to this day only Drendari and the goddess of Deception know the truth. For her part, Drendari is not overly concerned that she conceals the truth from her father — despite her affection for her father, she feels that it is poetic justice for Enkili's smug arrogance toward her and the other gods. Belsameth keeps the secret to herself, although she is sometimes tempted to share the joke with her loyal followers. From time to time, mother and daughter have come into conflict,

and Drendari's relationship with Belsameth has been growing increasingly stormy of late.

Drendari is mischievous and enjoys sowing dissent among the gods, though like her father, she stops short of creating open violence or conflict. She is especially fond of exploiting the rivalry between Madriel and Belsameth, often spreading rumors about one so that the other will hear, then watching the fun as their mortal supporters fall into bloody conflict.

Invocation Benefit

Drendari's worshippers who invoke her for one full round receive a +1 to their next Hide, Move Silently, Open Lock or Pick Pocket. As described in *Creature Collection*, thieves who regularly pray to Drendari (at least once a day) receive a +2 bonus to Hide for as long as they remain faithful.

Combat

Drendari prefers to observe and, if necessary, encourage her followers, but when she manifests on Scarn, she uses her Shadowcloak ability to remain unseen and uses spell-like abilities to escape from combat or avoid it altogether. If she does engage in combat, it is through the use of her spells and sneak attacks with her Sword of Shadow.

Blindsight (Ex): Unless an area is in absolute light or darkness, Drendari can sense her surroundings through communion with the shadows.

Charming Song (Su): True to her mother's lineage, Drendari's voice can charm any male humanoid that hears it. All victims who hear her song may attempt a Will saving throw (DC 18) to resist the charm.

Keen Senses (Ex): Drendari has darkvision up to 200 feet. She may also see invisible and ethereal creatures.

Rogue Abilities: Drendari possesses all the rogue class special abilities. She can be treated as a 20th-level rogue.*

Shadowcloak (Ex): As a free action, Drendari may wrap herself in supernatural shadow, hiding her from all forms of sight. She is effectively treated as being invisible whenever she likes. Divine spells that create light or darkness may counter the Shadowcloak effect for 1d4 rounds.

Spells: Drendari uses magic as a 12th-level cleric and a 16th-level sorcerer.

Spell-like Abilities: Drendari may use any spell whose name contains the word "shadow" or "shade," or other spells whose main function deals with shadow, an unlimited number of times per day, no more than once per round. Drendari may also use any spell from the Shadow and Entrancement domains, one per round, an unlimited number of times per day.

*This level limitation can take precedence over that listed in *Creature Collection*, if the GM so wishes.

Sword of Shadow (minor artifact)

Description: Drendari's weapon resembles a short sword crafted from pure shadow. It seems to change shape and flows like inky darkness when it strikes a foe.

Powers: The wielder of this +4 *short sword* may strike at any single opponent within 60 feet if the opponent is casting a discernable shadow or if there is some other shadow within 5 feet of the opponent. The wielder must also be in shadow or casting a discernable shadow to use this ability. As the strike is essentially made through a mystical bridge between the wielder's and the opponent's shadows, the opponent is considered flanked by the shadow strike unless he actively defends against attacks coming from nearby shadows. Sometimes Drendari loans the weapon to her herald, Twilight.



Twilight, Herald of Drendari

Hit Dice:	20d6+20; hp 140
Initiative:	+6 (+6 Dex)
Speed:	30 ft., climb 20 ft.
AC:	16 (+6 Dex)
Attacks:	<i>Sword of Shadow</i> +26/+21/+16 melee, <i>Sap of Subdual</i> +21/+16/+11 melee, or +21/+16/+11 ranged
Damage:	<i>Sword of Shadow</i> 1d6+5*, <i>Sap of Subdual</i> 1d6+4, dagger 1d6+1 (thrown)
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Sneak attack
Special Qualities:	Spell-like abilities
Saves:	Fort +7, Ref +20, Will +8
Abilities:	Str 12, Dex 23, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 18
Skills:	Appraise +21, Balance +12, Disguise +20, Escape Artist +29, Forgery +17, Gather Information +23, Hide +17, Jump +24, Listen +2, Move Silently +12, Open Lock +29, Pick Pocket +19, Search +22, Spot +14, Use Magic Device +25
Feats:	Improved Critical (sap), Improved Unarmed Strike, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Quick Draw, Run, Weapon Finesse (short sword), Weapon
Focus (sap):	
Climate/Terrain:	Any
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	16
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always chaotic neutral
Advancement Range:	None

Description

First of the Shadow-walkers, Drendari's Herald is a figure as steeped in legend and mystery as his beloved mistress. His original name has been lost, and neither he nor his mistress cares to tell. He is variously known as Shadowhand, Nightcloak and Drendari's Beloved. His most common nickname, however, is Twilight, and it suits him well.

All agree that Drendari's Herald was once a rogue of exceptional ability and talent, as well as great physical beauty and charm, who caught Drendari's eye. He operated at twilight, always favoring the shadows, paying homage to the Mistress of Shadows.

The most popular tale of Twilight's origins claims that, soon after the end of the Divine War, the thief who would be known as Twilight stole into the palace of a powerful king, intending to steal the wicked monarch's crown (or, more bawdy versions of the story claim, to sample the pleasures of the royal harem). Regardless of his intentions, he eventually found himself in the royal gardens when the alarm was raised. Guards and mages surrounded the gardens, trapping Twilight within. The enraged tyrant was determined

to make the interloper suffer a slow death, and so ordered his capture.

A horrible death was sure to be Twilight's fate at this point. That was when Drendari intervened, cloaking him in shadow and spiriting him away to her realm, where she made Twilight her herald. The rest is unknown, a mystery wrapped in shadow, though the legends that pertain to Drendari's Herald all claim he is no longer human. Some stories claim she actually fell in love with him and transformed him into a creature of shadow, while others say his courage and stealth impressed the demigoddess enough that she decided he would make a suitable herald, since she did not yet have one.

Twilight is said to be Drendari's eyes and ears. He visits the Shadow-walkers, bearing messages from the demigoddess. If a scholar or wizard is prying into secrets of shadow, Twilight attempts to steal that knowledge away, or murder the researcher, if necessary. He is an important player in the struggle between the Shadow-walkers and the



Penumbral Lords, who have come to thoroughly despise the Mistress of Shadows and her herald.

Combat

Drendari's Herald prefers stealth and subtlety to open combat—he considers being forced to fight a failure. If he must fight, Twilight tries to strike the first blow, usually from shadow using the Quickdraw feat and his *sap of subdual*. If he needs to kill, he uses the *sword of shadow*. Twilight uses his shadow abilities to ambush a potential foe and to escape a fight, if necessary. He is brave, but not foolhardy, and would fight to the death only to protect his mistress.

Sneak Attack (Ex): If Drendari's Herald catches an opponent who is unable to defend himself effectively (target is denied Dexterity bonus) or flanks a target, he can deal an extra 10d6 points of damage with a sneak attack (as per a 20th-level rogue). Extra damage is not multiplied by critical hits.

Spell-like Abilities: Drendari's Herald may cast any spell from the shadow domain up to 6/day, except for *eclipse*, which he may cast once a day. He may cast any spell from the enchantment domain up to 3/day. Twilight is considered the equivalent of a 17th-level cleric when determining caster level.

Sap of Subdual

Drendari's Herald wields a sap stolen from the titan Gormoth's followers, the Cult of the Twisted. The Twisted created a weapon that allowed them to capture a victim for their hideous rituals. During the Titanswar, Drendari snuck into the Writhing Lord's sprawling camp and stole the *sap of the subdual* from the druids during the writhing. When she made Twilight her herald, Drendari gave him the weapon as a sign of her favor.

The *sap of subdual* is made from the skin of a flayed elf, aged to a dark gray.

Anyone hit by the *sap of subdual* must make a Fortitude save at DC 25 or fall unconscious. On a critical, the target automatically falls unconscious, with no saving throw allowed.

Drendari's Worship

Considered a minor demigoddess in Ghelspad, Drendari in fact has a close relationship with her followers. Her faith is an individualistic one, more like a passionate involvement than a religion. Rogues worship her, and rogues alone. Stealing through shadow, they come into contact with Drendari more than any other class and, as such, form a secret bond with her.

Worship is a matter of dedicating oneself to Drendari and holding her in mind when using the shadows to carry out thieving. Drendari's followers are few, but they are secure in the knowledge that the Mistress of Shadows will aid them. Many rogues pay at least passing homage to Drendari and receive her aid on occasion, but her most devoted followers, descendants of the elite corps known as Drendari's Faithful, are now known as the Shadow-walkers and are the Mistress of Shadows' special representatives on Scarn. All of her priests are members of this order, and most are multiclassed as rogues.

The Shadow-walkers are not numerous but are found all across Scarn in ones and twos. A few small, secret temples to the goddess exist, and these sometimes act as gathering places or meeting halls for Drendari's local adherents (casual worshippers as well as the more dedicated Shadow-walkers). The goddess' chaotic character means that these enclaves have little in the way of real organization, with priests serving as de facto leaders and high-level rogues taking important positions, but in general groups of Drendari's worshippers exist in a sort of benign anarchy, banding together for the greater good.

A secret war rages between the Shadow-walkers and the Penumbral Lords, however. The Slarecians gave the lords some of Drendari's stolen shadow spells, expecting them to be used against the gods, but the Penumbrals betrayed their allies and followed their own path, refusing to aid the Slarecians and later refusing to choose sides in the conflict between the gods and the titans. Today the lords strike at the Mistress of Shadows' followers wherever possible, and the walkers take the fight back to the Penumbrals just as often. Few know about this war due to the extremely secretive nature of the participants, but it is a bloody and violent war nonetheless, one where quarter is neither asked nor given.



Erias' Avatar

Hit Dice:	Special-Size Outsider (Avatar) 26d8+200 (408 hp)
Initiative:	+6 (+6 Dexterity)
Speed:	60 ft., fly 180 ft. (perfect).
AC:	31 (+6 Dex, +15 natural)
Attacks:	<i>Dagger of Soul Slaying</i> +38/+33/+28/+23/ +18/+13/+8/+3 melee, +42/+37/+32/+28/ +23/+18/+13/+8 ranged
Damage:	<i>Dagger of Soul Slaying</i> 1d4+6 + sends astral traveler to random plane
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Dream presence, slumber, spells, spell-like abilities, summon dream beings
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction +3/20, dream reality, dreamsight, immunities, prophecy, SR 36
Divine Qualities:	Demigod's avatar, divine creation, divine favor I, divine size, divine telepathy, divine language
Saves:	Fort +25, Ref +26, Will +23
Abilities:	Str 14, Dex 22, Con 20, Int 24, Wis 26, Cha 30
Skills:	Alchemy +50, Animal Empathy +30, Bluff +54, Concentration +31, Craft (painting, sculpture, jew eler, fine metalsmith, calligraphy, illumination, woodworking, illusion art, tattooing) +30, Diplo macy +30, Disguise +30, Forgery +36, Handle Animal +30, Hide +30, Knowledge (arcana) +36, Knowledge (folklore) +36, Knowledge (mortal dreams) +36, Knowledge (religion) +36, Knowl edge (planes) +36, Knowledge (nature) +28, Move Silently +30, Listen +32, Perform (storytelling, poetry, acting, sing, riddling, pup petry, reed pipe, and 27 others) +32, Pick Pocket +30, Profession (beggar) +22, Profession (sooth sayer) +22, Scry +30, Sense Motive +32, Spellcraft +36, Spot +30, Wilderness Lore +30
Feats:	Brew Potion, Craft Rod, Craft Wondrous Item, Forge Ring, Inscribe Magical Tattoo, Scribe Scroll, Silent Spell, Still Spell, Quicken Spell, Spell Focus (enchantment), Spell Focus (illusion)
Climate/Terrain:	Dreamlands, other regions of the astral plane, and any place where there are people who are dreaming
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	24
Treasure:	Double Standard
Alignment:	Always chaotic good
Domains:	Dream*, Magic
Holy Symbol:	A crescent moon surrounded by a ring of eight stars
Advancement Range:	None

Description

The demigod of dreams normally appears as a lanky, dreamy-looking youth with long, unkempt hair and wide eyes that glitter and gleam, seemingly with the light of other worlds. Erias usually appears clad in long robes of midnight-blue silk that flicker with multicolored pinpoints of light. His manner is always distant and aloof, and when he speaks, his tone is dour and imperious. Enkili, who feels some disdain for the Dream Master, has suggested that, for a god of the unreal, Erias certainly seems to take himself seriously.

Erias was conceived when the titan Mesos disguised himself as a giant black swan and tricked his daughter Belsameth into coupling with him. Some religious scholars believe that Mesos deliberately created Erias as part of a plan to undermine the power of the gods at one of its major sources—the dreams and nightmares of mortals. If this was the titan's plan, it clearly backfired, for Erias' power over dreams has made him an important, if lesser, member of the divine pantheon, and his loyalty remains squarely with the gods.

Erias holds domain over the Dreamlands, a large region of the Astral Plane where the souls of mortals go when they sleep. It is said by Erias' faithful that this is where mortal hopes and fears first take shape, and where buried truths are hidden. Enkili, however, says it's where mortals hide the things they're ashamed of, but most put this down to the antipathy that the Jester feels for his younger cousin.

The Lord of Dreams rarely manifests on Scarn, preferring to appear in the dreams of his followers, offering inspiration, insight and prophecy. However, he also defends the Dreamlands against any that would attempt to interfere with them. Even gods fear to disturb the Dreamlands too greatly, for although his realm is small, Erias is nearly all powerful there.

Invocation Benefit

Devout followers of Erias, who make frequent sacrifices of incense and small gems, may seek aid from the demigod of dreams. Erias is normally invoked for one round before a worshipper goes to sleep for the night. One of several mantras is chanted, and if Erias chooses to favor the worshipper, he experiences a vivid dream that provides aid when he awakens. For any invocation to Erias to be successful, the invoker must sleep peacefully for at least an hour after uttering the mantra. If he is awakened before the hour passes, all benefits of the invocation are lost. Unless otherwise noted, each mantra may be used once per day, but only one may be used at a time.

Mantra of sweet dreams: The invoker has dreams of contentment, joy and peace. After awakening, the invoker is healed of 1 extra hit point.

Mantra of dream warding: While the invoker sleeps, she receives a +2 bonus to saving throws against spells such as *nightmare* and against the abilities of monsters that attack through the victim's dreams.

Mantra of insight: The invoker is granted special guidance and knowledge. During the day after he dreams, the invoker may reroll one failed Intelligence- or Wisdom-based skill or ability check, even if such a check normally does not allow a retry. Usable once per week.

Mantra of inspiration: The invoker dreams of some new artwork, handicraft or piece of music. She

may take a +2 modifier to one performance or craft roll on the following day.

Combat

Erias is a nonviolent god and shuns direct combat. He has been known to grow angry, however, and has an ironic and merciless sense of justice. He normally uses his illusion and enchantment magic to confuse, trap and disable foes without actually attacking. When dealing with those who have committed crimes against the Dreamlands or his followers, Erias uses his magic to ruin the transgressors' life, plaguing their dreams and visiting them with bad luck, embarrassing and impoverishing them or, in extreme cases, driving them mad.

Dream Presence (Su): It is through his dream presence that Erias is most frequently encountered. As a standard action the demigod may enter the dreams of any sleeping being and shape those dreams as he sees fit. Although it requires only a standard action on his part, Erias' dream presence may last the whole night, and he may seem to be present in the dreams of many beings at once. From within a subject's dreams, Erias may deliver a message, grant a prophecy, cast any mind-affecting enchantment (for which the saving throw incurs a -8 circumstance penalty) or cause a nightmare, which affects the dreamer as per the spell *nightmare*.

Dream Reality (Su): A portion of the fabric of dream reality travels with Erias' Avatar, allowing him to warp the physical world to some extent. Each round, as a free action, the demigod's avatar may do one of the following: choose the result of one die roll, *teleport without error* up to 90 feet or be in two places at once, provided the two places are within 90 feet of each other. Although this last power allows Erias to act from two locations and has in effect doubled his number of actions, he is still only one being and has only a single hit point total, a single set of attributes, and so on. Damage to one of his avatars is counted against his total hit points, for example.

Dreamsight (Su): May sense the presence of any sleeping being in the Scarred Lands, and the god of dreams can effectively "see" the being even if it is invisible or ethereal.

Immunities (Ex): Erias is immune to mind-affecting spells and all spells from the schools of Illusion and Divination.

Prophecy (Su): Time flows in all directions through the Dreamlands, and the mind of the demigod of dreams naturally follows these many currents. Erias is always assumed to be under the influence of a *foresight* spell. In addition, Erias may prophesize the fate of another being that he can see as a full-round action, as per the clerical *divination* spell. This information has a 99%



chance of being accurate due to Erias' caster level, but even demigods are sometimes subject to the whims of fate, leaving a small chance of error. Erias is given to speaking in difficult metaphors, and so mortals often find it difficult to make use of his predictions.

Spells: Erias may use magic as a 20th-level wizard, and an 18th-level cleric. Erias prefers healing spells, spells that alter time and space (such as *bottomless pit* and *timestop*) and spells that combat other extraplanar entities. Erias does not need to select the spells that he casts in advance, but instead may use up the appropriate spell slot to cast any spell that he knows, augmented by any desired meta-magic feats that he knows. It can be assumed that Erias knows any spell, provided somewhere in the scarred lands there is a being who dreams that knows that spell. The saving throws for Erias' spells are DC 22 + spell level (DC 24 + spell level for illusion and enchantment magic). The spells are cast at 20th level of ability.

Spell-like Abilities: Erias can cast spells from the Dream domain at will, no more than once per round. He casts these spells as a 20th-level cleric.

Slumber (Su): At will, when in avatar form, Erias can cast a *sleep* spell that affects up to 72 hit dice of creatures within a 240-foot radius. Resisting the ability requires a Fortitude save (DC 33). Sleeping creatures cannot be awakened by normal means until the demigod chooses to release them from slumber, although the effects of this supernatural ability can be dispelled with sufficiently potent magic.

Summon Dream Beings (Su): The god of dreams may open a passage to the Dreamlands at any time and may use this passage to summon various dream creatures. Each round, Erias may summon 1 dreamwrack (see *Creature Collection II*, page 65), or up to 4 dreamwraiths (see *Creature Collection II*, page 66). This ability's range is effectively infinite: Erias may use it even if he is on another plane, summoning his creatures to any location on Scarn.

The god may also summon any other denizens of the Dreamlands as per the spell *monster summoning IX* cast by a 20th-level wizard. Other denizens of the Dreamlands include night hags, dream snakes and dream folk.

Dagger of Soul Slaying

Belsameth, Erias' dark mother, gifted her son with this weapon a year after he was born. It is a +4 *ghost touch mithril dagger* that randomly transports an astral traveler to another plane if it scores a hit and the traveler fails a Will save (DC 30). Erias is loath to use this weapon and keeps it only to avoid offending his mother.

Otillos, King of the Owls, Herald of Erias

	Large Outsider (Good, Chaos)
Hit Dice:	16d8+64 (160 hp)
Initiative:	+12 (+8 Dexterity, +4 Improved Initiative)
Speed:	30 ft., fly 240 ft. (excellent)
AC:	26 (+8 Dexterity, +8 natural) when material/26 (+8 Dexterity, +8 deflection) when incorporeal
Attacks:	+24/+19/+14/+9 melee; +24/+19/+14/+9 ranged
Damage:	2 Talons 1d6+4, Beak 1d8+4
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Spell-like abilities
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 10/+2, incorporeal, SR 25, bard abilities, telepathy
Saves:	Fort +14, Ref +18, Will +17
Abilities:	Str 18, Dex 26, Con 16, Int 20, Wis 26, Cha 26
Skills:	Animal Empathy +20, Appraise +20, Balance +28, Bluff +25, Concentration +21, Diplomacy +28, Heal +15, Knowledge (arcana) +25, Knowledge (geography) +25, Knowledge (planes) +25, Knowledge (religion) +25, Listen +35*, Move Silently +32*, Handle Animal +20, Hide +29, Perform (storytelling, song, riddle, acting, poetry, dance and 9 others) +23, Pick Pocket +28, Search +25, Sense Motive +25, Spellcraft +25, Spot +35*, Tumble +28, Wilderness Lore +20. (*Includes giant owl racial bonus.)
Feats:	Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse (claw), Alertness.
Challenge Rating:	14
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always chaotic good
Advancement Range:	None

Description

The Herald of Erias appears as a giant horned owl with silvery gray feathers that sparkle with stars, and wide violet eyes. It exudes an otherworldly feeling and never seems to be entirely in the material world.

Before the Divine War, the giant owls were among the great races of Ghelspad. Renowned for their wisdom and knowledge, they counted among their numbers some of the great teachers of the continent. For over a century, Otillos ruled as the philosopher-king of the owls. When Erias was born to Mesos and Belsameth, Otillos sought out the young demigod, hoping to learn more of the magic of dreams. Impressed by the owl's wisdom, Erias passed on much of his knowledge, and after many decades, Otillos became the most learned and powerful of his kind.

The titan Hrinruuk had hunted the owls before the Divine War, but once the conflict began he slaughtered the species mercilessly. The few survivors gathered in the Hornsaw under the leadership of Otillos, who called upon his people to make one last sacrifice on behalf of the gods and the living things that opposed the titans. As Mormo assaulted the Hornsaw, these last owls launched a feint against her

hag-led forces. The faint bought the divine races some much-needed time, but at a terrible cost. The owls were all slain, and Otillos himself was mortally wounded. Otillos retreated to the Ganjus forest, crashing in a copse that would eventually become the sacred grove of Soos. He lay for days on the forest floor, slowly dying as a venom ate at him.

Whatever forces of imagination and belief that give a god its power are visible to the demigod of dream. Erias could sense that the owl king was dying. He appeared in the grove of Soos and tried to heal Otillos' broken body, but the



damage

was too great.

Without his people or the will to live, the sorely wounded Otillos would surely perish.

Feeling mercy and sorrow for his friend, Erias gave substance to the old owl's dreams, adding all that he could salvage of Otillos' mind and soul. As the new creature rose up on shining wings, Erias gave him the scepter of dreams, so that the dream body of the owl would have some power in the material world as well. Thus Otillos, once the king of the owls, became the herald of the demigod of dreams.

Seeing the owl king reborn, Tanil the Huntress, who had felt the pain of the great owls' passing, took up the scattered feathers of the owl king and shaped them into living beings, imbuing them with the souls of the departed owls, who had come to her for succor. Thus was the race of giant owls reborn, who live on today and praise the name of their greatest leader, Otillos, Herald of Erias.

Combat

Unlike his master, Erias, Otillos is not particularly nonviolent. If angered, the owl-king attacks using his natural stealth, augmented by magic. In a single round he makes a surprise attack, then uses a free action to become incorporeal. Against foes that cannot fly, or that cannot affect incorporeal beings,

Otillos attacks from a distance, incorporeal and aloft, peppering the enemy with spell-like abilities.

Spell-like Abilities: Erias granted Otillos many spell-like abilities, which he now uses when aiding his patron god. At will—*blink*, *blur*, *cure moderate wounds*, *curse*, *death ward*, *detect (good/evil/chaos/law)*, *detect magic*, *detect thoughts*, *fairie fire*, *obscuring mist*, *nondetection*, *remove blindness*, *silence*, *speak with animals*; 3/day—*animal shapes*, *commune with nature*, *control winds*, *cure critical wounds*, *improved invisibility*, *restoration*; 1/day—*control weather*, *heal*, *shape change*, *symbol of sleep*, *weird*. All spells are as cast by a 16th-level sorcerer with a save DC of (18 + spell level).

Bard Abilities: Otillos has the bardic song and knowledge abilities of a 16th-level bard.

Incorporeal (Su): By shifting his material form into the Dreamlands, Otillos may render himself incorporeal. Shifting forms is a free action that Otillos may make once per round. Incorporeal creatures can be harmed only by other incorporeal creatures, +1 or better magic weapons, or magic, with a 50% chance to ignore any damage from a corporeal source. When incorporeal, Otillos can pass through solid objects at will, and his own attacks ignore all armor. When incorporeal, Otillos always moves silently.

Telepathy: Otillos can telepathically communicate with any creature of Intelligence 2 or greater within one mile. Otillos is in constant telepathic communication with Erias.

The Scepter of Dreaming (major artifact)

Description: Erias crafted the scepter of dreaming from precious materials found in the heart of the Dreamlands. It was given to the owl-king Otillos when that being agreed to become Erias' herald, and today the artifact is most often seen in the dream herald's talons when he has business on Scarn. The scepter is also sometimes given, temporarily, to worthy mortals.

The *Scepter of Dreaming* is a two foot-long silver rod decorated with ornate spirals, butterflies, stars and flowers and inlaid with small, rainbow-hued

gems. It is difficult to look at, seeming to blink away into nonexistence when it is not stared at directly.

Erias may call the scepter back to the Dreamlands at will, causing it to immediately vanish and appear anywhere in his domain or on the material plane. Otillos has developed the same connection to the scepter of dreams that Erias has. Should the herald become separated from the scepter, he may call it back into his possession, and within a day he will find the scepter somewhere in the Dreamlands.

Powers: The scepter allows its bearer to enter and leave the Dreamlands at will. The creature simply begins to walk and slowly the environment shifts into a dream version of itself. The dream then begins to diverge from reality and become stranger, less logical, and more dreamlike. Once in the Dreamlands, the wielder may talk with Erias, experience prophetic dreams of his own or use the scepter's powers to transport himself anywhere on Scarn. The scepter can manifest the following powers: At will—*astral projection*; 3/day—*shades*, summon 1d3 dreamwraiths (as per *summon monster IX*), *prismatic spray*; 1/day—*temporal stasis*. All powers are as an 18th-level sorcerer.

Erias' Worshipers

Many beings of the Scarred Lands pay homage to Erias, usually when troubled by nightmares or when seeking an explanation for enigmatic dreams. Few worship him as their primary deity.

Erias' priesthood is small. His clerics devote their lives to the understanding of dreams and to the dissemination of that understanding to others. Erias' holy symbol is the lotus flower, and his most common holy weapon is the shuriken (representing the stars that shine while beings dream), which is often coated with a narcotic sleeping drug (Fortitude save, DC 20).

The orafauna of the Solemnaic Vale are among the most famous of Erias' priests. These gentle creatures are known for their ability to grant understanding, hope and healing through their magic. The orafauna have no holy symbols themselves, but the human and humanoid priests from around the Solemnaic Vale sometimes use the creatures' likeness as a holy symbol. Many of Erias' human priests take

sacred pilgrimages to the Drifting Isle, seeking to commune with their god at the Fane of Erias.

Humanoid clerics of Erias attempt to make a pilgrimage to the Fane of Erias at least once in their lives. Most seek guidance and advice regarding their dreams, remaining several weeks before returning to their homelands. Some, however, stay longer and become acolytes to the orafauna. As creations of Erias, the orafauna have access to many domains that are denied to Erias' other clerics. Clerics of 3rd level or higher who become acolytes of the orafauna may receive access to an additional domain. Clerics desiring this knowledge must make a sacrifice, usually involving large quantities of precious gems (at least 5,000 gp worth), and spend at least a year in the Solemnaic Vale. They may then use one of their available feats to gain an additional domain selected by the cleric from any of Chaos, Dream, Good, Luck, Magic or Trickery.

Another holy site of Erias is the grove of Soos, in the Ganjus forest. This is where Otillos, the demigod of owls, died. Fifty years ago, the great sage Tokus established at this sacred grove a temple to Erias, and later, a school of dream wisdom. Several powerful clerics of Erias have gathered here to form a council to study dreams and spread what hope and knowledge dreams have to offer. The high priests of the grove of Soos intensely dislike the Darakeene onieromancers of the Phylacteric Vault, whom the priests see as both selfish, in that

they seek power over the realm of dream for their own ends, and dangerous, in that they disturb the natural function of the Dreamlands. Clerics from the high grove of Soos have as their holy symbol an owl. Like many priests of Erias, shurikens are what they regard as their deity's favorite weapon.

The oldest human worshippers of Erias are the lotus eaters of Shelzar. These folk spend their days drinking blue lotus wine and are wont to speak in riddles. They frequently earn their livings as soothsayers and have a reputation for being uncanny in their accuracy as long as one manages to interpret their ramblings correctly. Lotus eater clerics usually have the domains of Dream, Magic or Chaos. Like many clerics of Erias, they have the lotus as their holy symbol. They regard the net (the net of dreams) as the sacred weapon of their deity.



Goran's Avatar

Hit Dice:	Medium-Size Outsider (Avatar) 22d8+154 (330 hp)
Initiative:	+8 (+4 Dex, +8 Divine Initiative)
Speed:	35 ft.
AC:	17 (+4 Dex, +3 breastplate)
Attacks:	+3 Greataxe +40/+35/+30/+25/+20 melee
Damage:	+3 Greataxe 1d10+18
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Clattering axes, earthen embrace
Special Qualities:	Regeneration 15, spell-like abilities, SR 30, damage reduction 30/+3
Divine Qualities:	Demigod's avatar, divine favor 2, divine immunity, divine initiative 1, divine puissance 2, divine telepathy, divine vision, divine language
Saves:	Fort +20, Ref +17, Will +20
Abilities:	Str 40, Dex 18, Con 25, Int 21, Wis 24, Cha 17
Skills:	Animal Empathy +17, Appraise +21, Balance +24, Climb +32, Diplomacy +22, Intimidate +28, Intuit Direction +30, Jump +34, Listen +32, Move Silently +29, Search +28, Sense Motive +27, Spot +23, Use Rope +18
Feats:	Endurance, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (greataxe)
Climate/Terrain:	Any land, underground
Organization:	Solitary (unique) or with retinue of dwarven warriors and priests
Challenge Rating:	18
Treasure:	Triple Standard
Alignment:	Always lawful good
Domains:	Earth, Strength
Holy Symbol:	Two silver axes turned handle to handle, one blade up, one down, both axe heads facing outward on a reddish earthen circle
Advancement Range:	None

Description

The patron of the dwarves is seldom worshipped outside the earthen halls of Burok Torn, drawing his strength from the devout followers besieged in the dwarven city-state. Those outside Burok Torn think of Goran as little more than a dwarven imitator of Corean. He even stole his name from Corean, detractors claim, changing it subtly for the dwarven language.

Goran's origin and parentage, if any, are uncertain, and the average dwarf of Burok Torn will reach for the nearest warhammer if the topic ever comes up. Scholars claim that he might be the offspring of one of the imprisoned elemental lords, perhaps an earth spirit or dao and a lawful deity, possibly Corean. (That the Champion allows Goran to maintain a home in his planar domain is often cited by supporters as proof of this theory. Of course, Corean's worshippers are nearly as touchy when discussing his possible offspring as are the dwarves regarding Goran's parentage, so the real story of the dwarf god's origin remains a mystery. It is known that he fought in the Divine War and was wounded by a vengaurak.)

The dwarven champion's tenets are decidedly less exacting than the Avenger's, but he once was as shining a beacon as Corean. Few realize how warped Goran's attitudes about the outside world and the deep underground have become with the constant attacks upon Burok Torn, and the dwarves themselves are just beginning to understand this facet of their god.



Goran manifests as a taller and sturdier version of the dwarves, wearing what remains of his black beard. One long braid falls off the left side of his face and whips about the demigod's head when he is enraged or fighting. The right side of Goran's face is bare, the skin red and covered with barely healed scars, the result of a fight between him and the dark elven god. The dark elven god yanked one of Goran's braids, tearing it away by the roots after the tragic Battle of Gambedel's Bridge. Goran seethes at the loss of the portion of his beard, which so far refuses to grow after the dark elven god's touch. Goran suspects the dark elven god, stricken with Chern's plague, passed along some of the disease. Whatever the case, Goran's Avatar cannot grow so much as stubble upon his right cheek, and even his divine form is marred by the loss.

Goran's dark hair falls between his muscular shoulders, but the top of his head is bald. Goran's eyes are steel gray and spark when the demigod is angry. The little finger from Goran's Avatar's left hand is missing after a battle with Gaurak the Glutton's creations. Goran keeps the head of the vengaurak that bit off his finger as a trophy.

Today, Burok Torn is a battered, weary place, a far cry from the perfect vision of the dwarven home that Goran maintains as a planar dwelling in Corean's realm. Goran spends little time there, however, the past haunting him with too many painful memories. He instead spends his time protecting Burok Torn and his faithful, manifesting his avatar directly inside the dwarven citadel. Reports of dwarves encountering his lone figure wandering the halls of the fortress are increasing, as are the number of dark elf bodies found crushed, beheaded or both. The dwarves are not complaining, but they are a little concerned what the future portends when their demigod walks so casually among them.

Legend holds that the dark elves hate Goran and his people due to some terrible betrayal in the past—for their part, the dwarves of Burok Torn are not talking. The war with the inhabitants of Dier Drendal troubles Goran, forcing him to answer the prayers of his faithful as they seek to halt the dark elven threat. Goran is so angry at the seemingly endless attacks, in

fact, that his mind has become consumed by plans to rid the underground of the dark elven menace once and for all.

Goran and a few of his priests in Burok Torn know of the deteriorating health of the dark elven god, but the dwarves of Burok Torn have so far been unable to press their advantage. Goran blames Calastia, and King Virduk in particular. Now that attacks by Calastia have ebbed, however, Goran is refocusing his energy on the dark elven god. Many of Goran's priests expect it won't be long before they receive visions directing them to assemble the dwarven armies to take the fight to Dier Drendal directly.

For their part, the dwarves of Burok Torn would gladly join such an invasion. They want the dark elves gone as fervently as does their demigod. Many don't understand why the dark elves have become so obsessed with the idea of taking Burok Torn, but it is not their place to question Goran's will.

Goran is well aware of the reason behind the assaults. Deep within Burok Torn, in the ancient burial vaults and forges of the dwarven ancestors, lies a marble gate leading to the planes—a gate that stops diseases from passing into the gods' realms. The dark elven god would need only to pass through this portal to leave Chern's sickness behind and reclaim his power.

Goran fervently hopes the dark elven god is not long for this world, but he is all the more adamant that the gate not fall under dark elven control. He would rather his entire people die than let the elven god heal himself.

Goran's symbol is two silver axes turned handle to handle, one blade up, one down, both axe heads facing outward on a reddish earthen circle. The red is a new addition and symbolizes the blood of the dark elves soaking into the ground. The symbol decorates Goran's breastplate.



Invocation Benefit

Worshippers invoking Goran's name gain a lust for battle. Dwarves call upon Goran before marching off against the invading forces of the dark elves of

Dier Drendal. Worshippers gain a +1 bonus to attacks after spending one round invoking the demigod (maximum +1).

Combat

Goran attacks with his greataxe and spells, hacking at his foes with a single-minded fury until none stands against him.

Clattering Axes (Ex): Any time during combat, Goran's Avatar can pull either or both of the axes from the symbol on his breastplate and throw these weapons into melee. Each axe expands to a normal dwarven waraxe and attacks with a mind of its own. Each axe dances through the air as if wielded by Goran himself, although the demigod's avatar doesn't need to concentrate to control them. Each is a +3 *dwarven waraxe*. During dire times, Goran's Avatar removes these axes and gives them to worthy champions. The waraxe remains with the servant until the danger passes, then vanishes in a flash of light that heals all wounds of the wielder.

Earthen Embrace (Sp): Goran can collapse a section of tunnel centered on him in a 100-foot radius, with a 20-foot slide zone of falling debris immediately beyond. Beings inside the initial 100-foot radius take 12d6 points of damage, or half with a successful Reflex saving throw (DC 31) and are pinned, unable to move until freed. Characters in the slide zone take 4d6 points of damage, or none if a successful Reflex saving throw (DC 31) is made. Beings in the slide zone who fail a save are pinned. Pinned beings take 1d6 points of subdual damage per minute pinned. (See *Core Rulebook II*, page 114).

Spell-like Abilities: At will—*dig*, *elemental swarm* (earth), *passwall*, *maze* (of underground tunnels), *meld into stone*, *move earth*, *soften earth and stone*, *spike stones*, *stone shape*, *stone tell*, *wall of stone*; 3/day—*Bottomless pit*, *earthquake*. These spells are cast as if by a 15th-level sorcerer.

Thaal Mareken, Herald of Goran

Medium-Size Construct

Hit Dice:	14d10 (140 hp)
Initiative:	+2 (+2 Dex)
Speed:	30 ft., climb 20 ft.
AC:	24 (+2 Dex, +12 natural)
Attacks:	+3 Dwarven Waraxe +20/+15 melee
Damage:	+3 Dwarven Waraxe 1d10+10
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Sneak attack
Special Qualities:	Construct, liquefy weapon, seep through walls, spell-like abilities, spell resistance 24
Saves:	Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +8
Abilities:	Str 24, Dex 15, Int 19, Wis 18, Cha 12
Skills:	Hide +11*, Jump +11, Listen +9, Move Silently +10*, Spot +8
Feats:	Cleave, Power Attack
Climate/Terrain:	Any underground
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	9
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always neutral good
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Goran's Herald appears as a stocky, heavily muscled dwarf male with "skin" varying from bright silver to a burned black. The herald has no hair or beard, and its head appears to be chiseled from rock, which is not far from the truth. The herald's eyes are facetless, round-cut diamonds that grant him darkvision up to 100 feet.

Once, years ago, Goran went among his people, spreading cheer and hope. But as the Titanswar neared, Goran's attitude darkened, and the demigod saw deadly times ahead for the dwarven people. His worst fears were the end of the dwarves of Burok Torn—and possibly an end to Scarn itself!

The dwarves, fearing Goran's predictions, took matters into their own hands. Since they had crafted many fine weapons in their forges over the years, why couldn't they create a living weapon for their god in his time of greatest need?

Goran's Herald was a true engineering wonder. Created in the dwarves' image, the herald was molded from silver that the dwarves spent fifteen years mining, rejecting whole veins when slight impurities were uncovered. The actual creation of the herald's body took five more years to complete, but finally, the dwarves had a weapon Goran could use.

But crafting weapons and creating life was the difference between dwarf and demigod. The dwarves had created a perfect imitation of a dwarf, but even their clerics could not imbue it with true life.

After a council of elders was convened, a solution was decided upon: one of the dwarves would give

himself to Goran to awaken the herald. The only question that remained was who would be the one.

A number of prime dwarven fighters volunteered, and as many dwarven clerics stood ready to serve their god. The council rejected each dwarf, knowing that if Goran's predictions came true, the dwarves would need their best warriors and healers on the front lines to save Burok Torn, no matter if the herald stood with them or not.

When the bent and elderly weaponsmith Jhoc Mbud came before the dwarves to plead his worthiness, laughter spread among the assembly. But Jhoc stood proud, waiting until the snickering died away. Finally he spoke, reminding the skeptical dwarves of his proud heritage and his past ability with a waraxe. He told them of his years in service to Goran and his continued devotion to his god. And lastly, he told them that it would be will that empowered Goran's Herald, not simple brute force or piety.

The dwarven elders were wise enough to know they had found their dwarf, but Goran made it clear. The demigod appeared before Jhoc and clasped the aged dwarf to him, smiling at his words and deeds. Light brighter than the hottest forges filled the room, and when it was vanished, Jhoc was nowhere to be found.

But before the assembled dwarves could wonder at the appearance of their god and the disappearance of the elder, the silver dwarf raised its head and spoke with Jhoc's clear voice: "I am ready."

Goran's Herald has one problem: the lifespan of a captive dwarven soul is not infinite. As the dwarven spirit powering Goran's Herald ages, the construct fades from bright silver (for a new spirit) to black (for one nearing its end). The dwarves are long lived, but even their souls cannot linger forever in the mortal world.

The spirit powering Goran's Herald must be replaced roughly every hundred years. The current herald contains the dwarven elder Thaal Mareken, who replaced Jhoc about a century ago. He is currently a deep black color, and the dwarves know they must soon send another elder into Goran's graces.

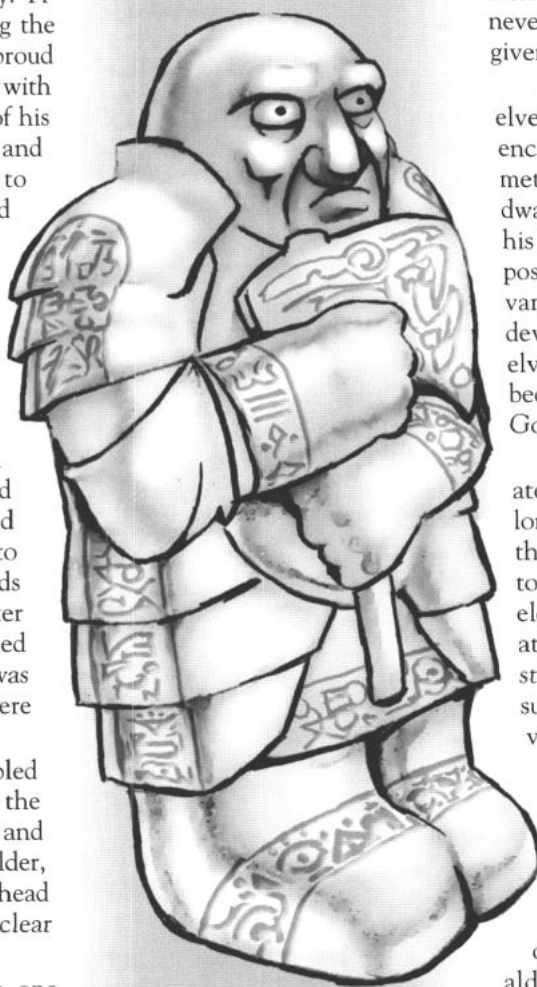
Already, dwarven families are jockeying for political power, promoting the strengths of their eldest or wisest. The family of Goran's chosen gains considerable prestige and renown within Burok Torn, after all, and many dwarven families desire seizing this fame for themselves. But these schemes threaten to erupt into a civil war inside Burok Torn, an internecine conflict the dwarves have never experienced—and cannot afford, given their current embattled state.

Ironically, Goran believes the dark elves of Dier Drendal stole the idea of encasing their god's mind in a shell of metal from the rituals the ancient dwarves of Burok Torn used to create his herald. Goran is not open to the possibility that his own dwarven servants in their zeal to create his herald devised the means whereby the dark elven god was preserved. This has become another sore point affecting Goran's views of the dark elves.

While Goran's Herald was created as a construct by the dwarves long ago, it has evolved into something much more than that thanks to the intelligence of the dwarven elder that powers it. The herald's attacks and special qualities remain static whenever a new dwarf assumes control, but its skills and feats vary based on the dwarf who sacrifices himself to Goran. The herald can never have more than five skills and two feats, however; the transition to the construct body forces many memories from the dwarf's mind, leaving only those essentials that the herald may draw upon. The herald receives 30 skill points to divide among its remembered skills. The construct's abilities remain constant, except Charisma, which is equal to that of its occupant.

Combat

Goran's Herald attacks with its dwarven waraxe, favoring stealth to catch creatures off guard. The herald approaches quietly, moving through the walls or floor, attacks without ever making a sound and is gone as quickly.



Construct: Impervious to mind-influencing effects, poison, disease and similar effects. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain or death from massive damage trauma. Fire and acid attacks deal half normal damage.

Liquefy Weapons (Su): Any weapon striking Goran's Herald might as well be thrust into a dwarven forge. The herald's body liquefies weapons hitting him, absorbing the weapons to heal damage it has suffered. Any weapon striking the herald must succeed at a Fortitude save (DC 24) or melt. Goran's Herald regenerates 1d10 hit points plus any magical bonuses per weapon absorbed, though never more than its max hit points (see *Core Rulebook II*, page 136).

Seep through Walls (Su): As a single action, Goran's Herald can pass through walls and floors by melting his body into a silver puddle and flowing through cracks in the bedrock. Goran's Herald moves normally while in this form. He appears as a pool of silver that moves with the consistency of mercury. Goran's Herald uses this ability to drop from overhead into the midst of an elven raiding party to attack. Goran's Herald has a speed of 20 when moving through rock or walls in this manner.

Sneak Attack (Ex): If Goran's Herald catches an opponent who is unable to defend himself effectively (target is denied Dexterity bonus) or flanks a target, he can deal an extra 7d6 points of damage with a sneak attack (as per a 14th-level rogue). Extra damage is not multiplied by critical hits.

Spell-like Abilities: At will—*dig*, *flash* (on himself), *move earth*, *soften earth or mud*; 3/day—*Invisibility*, *smite*, *wall of stone*

Spell resistance: Goran's Herald's body has a chance of reflecting spells cast against it. Any spell that fails to overcome the herald's Spell resistance is reflected back on the caster, as per *spell turning*.

Skills: Goran's Herald gains +10 to its Hide and Move Silently skills when underground.

Goran's Worship and Worshippers

Goran is almost unknown outside the halls of Burok Torn. The common people of the Scarred Lands remember the dwarven demigod but have a hard time recalling such details as his name and appearance. Some even think him dead since he has not appeared in the world away from Burok Torn for many years.



Inside Burok Torn, Goran is considered the pinnacle of perfection among the dwarves, despite his disfigurement at the hands of the dark elven god. This atrocity adds further fuel to the dwarves' hatred of the dark elves, keeping Burok Torn in perpetual readiness for war.

Goran's plans for the Scarred Lands have taken on a very narrow focus. While still deeply devoted to the protection and welfare of his people, he now also actively seeks ways to remove the dark elven god from power, further diminishing the dark elves. Goran constantly stirs the passionate dwarves of Burok Torn to war with visions directed at his high priests, but even his clerics are at a loss as to why the demigod seems so determined to march against Dier Drendal so quickly. Burok Torn is still recovering from the assaults by the dark elves and Calastia, and some clerics whisper it is madness to throw the armies back into battle so soon. Many are still grieving their losses from the last skirmish with the dark elves and shrink from adding new suffering to the community.

Goran secretly fears the dark elven god will someday heal himself, through the gate or some other means, and warfare between Burok Torn and Dier Drendal will escalate to truly horrific levels. He doesn't want his followers feeling their god would attack a weaker opponent, but Goran doesn't relish the thought of waiting for the elven god to recuperate before launching his attacks.

Worship of Goran reigns supreme within Burok Torn, and while individual dwarves might sometimes question Goran's path, they stand wholeheartedly beside him as he walks it.

Goran's planar dwelling mimics Burok Torn in its glory years, as it was during the reign of King Thain's great-great-grandfather King Noraim. Goran's version of Burok Torn includes the mighty runic pennants that flew from the upper peaks of the citadel and the elaborate, lifelike carvings of the rulers situated in the upper crags, two features long destroyed by human conflict and the Titanswar.

Goran's re-creation of the heyday of Burok Torn rests on Corean's plane, since Corean and Goran shared many of the same virtues before the dark elven menace began consuming Goran's mind. But Corean's graces have been stretched nearly to breaking with Goran's incessant hatred of the dark elves and their god. Corean allows Goran's home to remain in his realm of purity, but the god now questions Goran's newfound attitudes and penchant for genocide. Goran dismisses these inquiries, waving them away with the four fingers of his right hand. Many suffered during the Divine War, so why shouldn't he help set things right by eliminating one of the prime threats dwelling in the Scarred Lands? The facts that the dark elves are a divine race and aided the gods against the titans are for the most part lost on the obstinate dwarven demigod. To Goran, Corean has abandoned his principles—and thus his people—by not participating in the extermination of the dark elves.

Hwyrdd's Avatar

Hit Dice:	20d6+80 (200 hp)
Initiative:	+15 (+11 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)
Speed:	20 ft.
AC:	22 (+11 Dex, +1 size)
Attacks:	<i>Hwyrdd's Blade</i> +23/+18/+13/+8 melee; thrown rock +34/+29/+24/+19 ranged
Damage:	<i>Hwyrdd's Blade</i> 1d6+3; thrown rock 1d6+1
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Thrown weapons
Special Qualities:	Spell-like abilities, incredible luck, protective ward, immunities, faultless skill, rogue abilities
Divine Qualities:	Demigod's avatar, divine puissance 1, divine vision, divine language
Saves:	Fort +13, Ref +36, Will +17
Abilities:	Str 10, Dex 33, Con 18, Int 20, Wis 18, Cha 18
Skills:	Appraise +13, Balance +19, Bluff +17, Climb +13, Craft (locksmith) +13, Decipher Script +13, Diplomacy +12, Disable Device +13, Disguise +12, Escape Artist +19, Forgery +13, Gather Information +12, Hide +23, Innuendo +12, Intimidate +12, Intuit Direction +12, Jump +10, Listen +17, Move Silently +23, Open Lock +19, Perform (storytelling) +12, Pick Pocket +19, Profession (farmer) +12, Read Lips +13, Search +13, Sense Motive +12, Spot +12, Swim +8, Tumble +19, Use Magic Device +12, Use Rope +19
Feats:	Improved Initiative, Dodge, Mobility, Lightning Reflexes, Far Shot
Climate/Terrain:	Any land or underground
Organization:	Solitary (unique) or accompanied by a band of halflings
Challenge Rating:	21
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral
Domains:	Luck, Protection, Trickery
Holy Symbol:	An acorn
Advancement Range:	None

Description

According to the rare halfling priests, who keep the stories of Hwyrdd and tell them late into the night to lighten the troubles of their people, the halfling god was born of a union between Denev and the god Enkili. Certainly the Rogue combines a natural love for the earth with a strong mischievous streak. The halfling race is often severely abused in the lands of Scarn, especially in Ghelspad, where noble dwarves disdain them as weak and evil humans like King Virduk seek to enslave them. Nevertheless, the lighthearted people who follow Hwyrdd seem strong spirited

and fearless in the face of adversity. While they desire nothing more than peace, others seem determined to keep them from it.

It is possibly every halfling youth's dream to follow in his god's footsteps. Some might think to overcome King Virduk with some crafty ploy such as Hwyrdd concocted when he led Kadum on a merry chase, dodging boulders the size of mountains with ease, before that titan fell to Vangal, Chardun and Belsameth. Other young ones think to bring down one of the villainous king's warriors with a single stone as the Rogue once did to a mighty storm spirit of Gulaben that ravaged his people's fields. Older halflings usually abandon such dreams as foolish and dangerous, but none ever truly lose the spark of life that causes them to continue to find joy in the best that life can offer the downtrodden. Militant halfling heroes like Orzu are regarded with a combination of amusement and respect, seen as the true followers of their god yet reckless beyond all wisdom.

The faithful priests of Hwyrdd tell of the pleasant fields and dales that await them in the promised lands once they pass from this world. Here they promise that all of the plenty Denev could possibly provide to her son awaits them, from the most fragrant of spices to the most delicious of food and wines. Certainly the Rogue seems to have servants of sorts who are oddly suggestive of his mother's blessing.

Holy Symbol: An acorn

Invocation Benefit

A follower who spends one full round invoking Hwyrdd can add +1 to his next Climb, Jump, Listen, Move Silently or Bluff roll or +1 to his next missile weapon attack roll. This is the maximum benefit available from the demigod.

Combat

Hwyrdd fights only when absolutely necessary to protect his people. More often he talks or tricks his way out of a situation, feeling no remorse whatsoever for fooling an abusive foe. If forced into battle he wields his special short sword and throws stones at his foes while employing magic to drive them off or convince them to leave him alone.

Spell-like Abilities:

Hwyrdd may cast each of the following spells once per day as a 20th-level cleric: *entropic shield*, *aid*, *protection from elements*, *freedom of movement*, *break enchantment*, *mislead*, *spell turning*, *holy aura*, *miracle*, *sanctuary*, *shield other*, *spell immunity*, *spell resistance*, *antimagic field*, *repulsion*, *mind blank*, *prismatic*



sphere, change self, invisibility, nondetection, confusion, false vision, mislead, screen, polymorph any object and time stop.

Incredible Luck (Su): Hwyrdd may choose to reroll any one roll that he has just made. He must take the result of the reroll even if it is worse than the original roll. He may use this ability any number of times per day, but he is limited to one reroll per round.

Protective Ward (Sp): Once per day, Hwyrdd can place a spell-like *protective ward* upon someone, granting that person a +20 resistance bonus to her next three saves. Activating this ward is a free action, and the ward is an abjuration effect with a duration of one day that is usable three times per day.

Immunities (Ex): Hwyrdd is completely immune to all fear effects, magical or otherwise. Furthermore, all halflings loyal to Hwyrdd within

1,000 feet triple their racial morale bonus against fear.

Faultless Skill (Ex): Once per day Hwyrdd can choose to enhance a single skill to an almost perfect level. For that skill check, he gains a +20 luck bonus and of course can attempt to roll a second time as normal, if necessary. Faultless Skill is limited to Climb, Jump, Listen, Move Silently or Bluff checks.

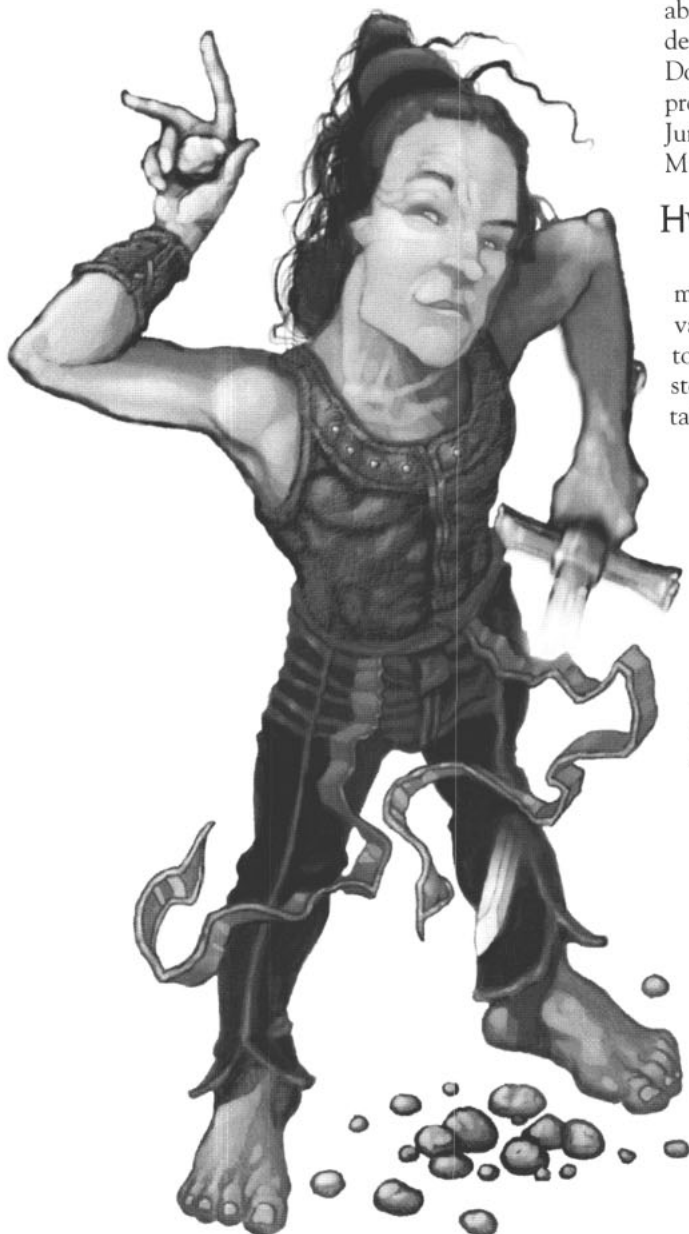
Thrown Weapons (Sp): Any stone cast by any halfling loyal to Hwyrdd, including himself, at any foe within 1,000 feet of him is automatically enchanted as a *magic stone* as a free action. Furthermore, Hwyrdd is so adept at throwing stones that he can throw them in his off-hand while still using his short sword without any penalty, though he must choose where to divide his four attacks.

Rogue Abilities: Hwyrdd possesses all of the special abilities from the rogue list at the level 20 ability, including Sneak Attack +10d6, the ability to detect traps with a Search roll, Evasion, Uncanny Dodge +4, Crippling Strike, Defensive Roll, Improved Evasion, Opportunist, Skill Mastery (of Climb, Jump, Listen, Move Silently and Bluff), Slippery Mind.

Hwyrdd's Blade (minor artifact)

Description: The Rogue's tiny sword figures in many stories about his efforts to save his people from various foes. Given his role as a trickster, it is difficult to be exactly sure what it is capable of doing, but storytellers enjoy making up the most outrageous tales of its cleverness.

Powers: *Hwyrdd's Blade* is a +3 *keen dancing throwing returning* short sword that flickers into and out of visibility the entire time the Rogue uses it in combat. This flickering invisibility grants the sword an additional +2 bonus to hit against foes who cannot see invisible, and negates any Dexterity, shield or dodge bonus they might normally receive. The sword is covered in a permanent *nondetection*, and the Rogue can hide it upon his person such that nothing short of *true seeing* can find it. The sword *teleports* to Hwyrdd's hand from any distance at his command. At will, Hwyrdd can use *ventriloquism* to make it seem as though the sword were speaking, although when he does so he is usually careful to disguise his voice.



Ackeran, Herald of Hwyrdd

	Huge Plant
Hit Dice:	16d8+35 (109 hp)
Initiative:	-1 (Dex)
Speed:	30 ft.
AC:	20 (-2 size, -1 Dex, +13 natural)
Attacks:	2 Slams +21/+16/+11 melee
Damage:	Slam 2d6+9
Face/Reach:	10 ft. by 10 ft. / 15 ft.
Special Attacks:	Animate trees, trample, double damage against objects
Special Qualities:	Acorn size, plant, fire vulnerability, half damage from piercing
Saves:	Fort +15, Ref +4, Will +7
Abilities:	Str 29, Dex 8, Con 21, Int 12, Wis 15, Cha 12
Skills:	Hide -9, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (nature) +8, Listen +9, Sense Motive +9, Spot +9, Wilderness Lore +9
Feats:	Iron Will, Power Attack
Climate/Terrain:	Any land
Organization:	Solitary (unique) or with Hwyrdd or a group of halflings
Challenge Rating:	9
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral good

Description

Ackeran is a faithful servant of Hwyrdd from the ancient days. The aged treant was a gift from the Rogue's mother and has never shirked its duties. Today, it appears to aid the halflings of Ghelspad when they are threatened by titanspawn and other enemies, such as the soldiers of King Virduk.

Combat

Ackeran fights as a treant as described on page 178 of *Core Rulebook III*. It also receives the treant special qualities and attacks as described below.

Animate Trees (Sp): Ackeran can animate trees within 180 feet at will, controlling up to two trees at a time. It takes a full round for a normal tree to uproot itself. Thereafter it moves at a speed of 10 and fights as a treant in all respects. Animated trees lose their ability to move if Ackeran is incapacitated or moves out of range. The ability is otherwise similar to *liveoak* as cast by a 16th-level druid.

Trample (Ex): Ackeran or an animated tree can trample Medium-size or smaller creatures for 2d12+5 points of damage. Opponents who do not make attacks of opportunity against the treant or animated tree can attempt a Reflex save (DC 20) to halve the damage.

Double Damage against Objects (Ex): Ackeran and his animated trees inflict double damage against objects or structures when they make a full attack.

Plant: As a plant, Ackeran is immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and polymorphing. He is not subject to critical hits.



Fire Vulnerability

(Ex): Ackeran takes double damage from fire attacks unless the attack allows a save, in which case it takes double damage on a failure and no damage on a success.

Half Damage from Piercing

(Ex): Piercing weapons deal only half damage to Ackeran, with a minimum of 1 point of damage.

Acorn Size (Su): As a free action Ackeran can change to or from his form as a tiny acorn or his full treant form. Many tales tell of him lurking in the pocket of Hwyrdd or some seemingly helpless halfling only to be thrown at an enemy who regretted attempting to harm his charge.

Idra's Avatar

	Medium Outsider (Avatar)
Hit Dice:	22d8+110 (286 hp)
Initiative:	+6 (Dex)
Speed:	30 ft.
AC:	26 (+6 Dex, +10 natural)
Attacks:	Whip +23/+18/+13/+8 melee or daggers +23/+18/+13/+8 ranged
Damage:	Whip 1d2+9 or +1 daggers 1d4+1
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Spells
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 15/+1, divine dance, fast healing 6, seduction, spell-like abilities, spell resistance 20
Divine Qualities:	Demigod's avatar, divine puissance 3, divine size, divine speed 1, divine telepathy, divine vision, divine language
Saves:	Fort +12, Ref +21, Will +18
Abilities:	Str 18, Dex 22, Con 20, Int 26, Wis 21, Cha 36
Skills:	Bluff +33, Concentration +20, Diplomacy +35, Disguise +32, Escape Artist +22, Gather Information +34, Innuendo +30, Knowledge (poisons) +30, Listen +22, Move Silently +22, Perform (dancing) +38, Profession (courtesan) +30, Read Lips +23, Scry +22, Sense Motive +30, Spot +20, Tumble +24, Use Rope +28
Feats:	Endurance, Expertise, Improved Disarm, Improved Trip, Iron Will, Weapon Finesse (whip)
Climate/Terrain:	Any
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	16
Treasure:	Standard (all money is in the form of jewelry)
Alignment:	Always chaotic neutral
Domains:	Entrancement*, Secrets*
Holy Symbol:	A grail with a dagger resting in it, point down
Advancement Range:	None

Description

A child of violence sired by Hrinruuk upon his own daughter, Tanil, Idra has very little in common with either of her parents. Unlike the reserved Tanil, Idra is the lascivious goddess of sex, passionate love, physical affection, prostitutes and, to a lesser extent, secrets. Also unlike her parents, Idra loves the trapings and intrigues of civilization and tends to take an interest in nature only during certain annual outdoor fertility festivals. Also, though none could call Idra either predictable or in any way conservative, she is possessed of an inner core of stability and balance that both her free-spirited mother and her wildly careless father always lacked.

Perhaps because of the demigoddess' violent conception, Idra's Avatar is always marked by some minor flaw. Often, this consists of an interesting, but never unattractive, birthmark or streak in her hair. Sometimes the avatar may have a missing toe or

finger or even something more extreme. These markings are never debilitating in any way, nor are they ever truly ugly, no matter how strange they may be. Usually they only serve to enhance Idra's beauty by making her more exotic. While most believe these small deformities to be a manifestation of the horrible union that created her, some feel that they are not involuntary and that Idra adds them to her appearance deliberately as a message to her followers. Some say they are a sign that everyone is beautiful no matter what and deserves to experience physical affection. Others feel that Idra is declaring her lack of shame in spite of her sad beginnings and stating that her unloving family has only made her unique—never weak or worthless.

Indeed, Idra's Avatar is always remarkably beautiful, and the sight of her has inspired much all over Ghelspad, including impassioned (and often risqué) poetry from smitten mortals, and the annoyed jealousy of the goddess Belsameth. While the power of the dark goddess would always overshadow the much weaker Idra, there is no doubt that Idra's Avatar is always the lovelier of the two. It is lucky that Idra is far too weak to ever threaten Belsameth in any other way, for if their rivalry extended beyond mere seductive prowess, actual battle might result.

Idra is not solely a goddess of sex, however, in spite of jokes, legends and "literature" to the contrary. In fact, Idra has a second aspect, much more conservative in demeanor and appearance (though no less appealing), which is shrouded in mystery. This aspect has rarely been seen on Ghelspad, and her purpose and principles are unknown to all, save perhaps the enigmatic Courtesans of Idra. Since one of Idra's domains of divine influence is the domain of secrets, it has been postulated that Idra's second aspect may be as a goddess of secrets. It is true that even her usual passionate aspect enjoys intrigue, but unless the Courtesans know more of their goddess than they are telling (which is undoubtedly the case), no one really knows what Idra's curious second aspect represents or seeks.

In any case, Idra is the patron deity of prostitutes and illicit lovers, newlyweds and eager virgins. She shares one thing with her Huntress mother: hatred for all rapists and those who abuse children or family members. She has been known to curse such offenders hideously, and unlike her mother she is less concerned with the fate of women than with the offender's punishment. It is possible that Idra's mysterious second aspect is really that of a goddess dedicated to keeping sexuality pure and good for everyone, for while Idra does not discourage willing sexual exploration, no matter how extreme, she abhors all that is nonconsensual, dangerous or even simply not enjoyed.

Strange as it may seem, Idra is not universally liked in Ghelspad. Some of Tanil's followers take the tale of Idra's conception deeply to heart and revere Idra almost as a lesser aspect of their Huntress, but other faiths revile Idra's worshippers as lazy and selfish pleasure seekers. The degradation of Idra's name and the defilement of her temples are far from unheard of in many lands.

Idra's Avatar can manifest itself in the form of any divine race, though she tends to favor half-elven or Albadian appearance. She is usually "dressed" in a few flimsy scarves of sheer silk and bedecked with magnificently crafted jewelry, though her mysterious second aspect wears long, plain dark robes, and during the Divine War she was seen a few times in minimal black leather "armor" and sporting a magical whip and throwing daggers. Certainly, she was more helpful to the other gods as a distraction to their foes than as a warrior.

Invocation Benefit

If a character spends a full round invoking Idra, she will get +1 added to her Charisma bonus, which can be applied to any appropriate roll.

Combat

Direct conflict is profoundly contrary to Idra's nature, and her avatar will not fight unless accompanied by powerful allies or if she simply cannot avoid it. Most of the time she charms and manipulates her way out of bad situations, and she's very good at it.

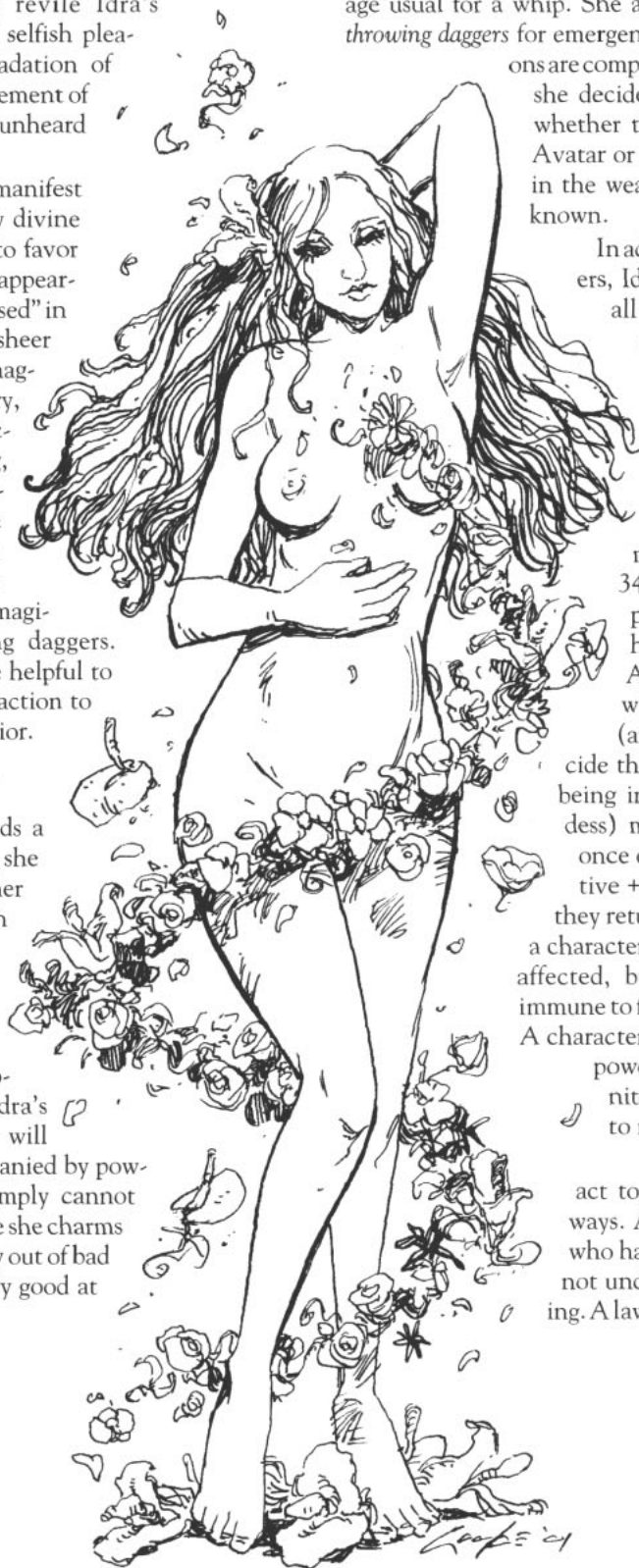
When absolutely forced to do battle, however, Idra makes use of a +5 *whip*, and she always strikes with great skill for her foes' most sensitive areas, dealing normal damage instead of the subdual damage usual for a whip. She also carries up to 15 +1 *throwing daggers* for emergencies. All of these weapons are completely undetectable until she decides to use them, though whether this is a power of Idra's Avatar or some property inherent in the weapons themselves is unknown.

In addition to her other powers, Idra's Avatar can call on all the spells and abilities of a 12th-level bard and a 10th-level rogue.

Divine Dance

(Sp): Once per day, Idra can perform a Divine Dance. All who view her must make a Will save (DC 34) or fall helplessly and passionately in love with her for at least 24 hours. After this time, those who wish to resist the effect (and some players may decide that their characters *enjoy* being in love with a demigoddess) may make another save once each day with a cumulative +3 bonus per day to see if they return to normal. Any time a character makes a save she is unaffected, but she never becomes immune to further uses of the power. A character who does not resist the power will love Idra indefinitely but can always choose to resist later.

Different characters react to this power in different ways. A chaotic evil character who has never known love may not understand what he is feeling. A lawful good married woman



might be very confused indeed. Both of these will most likely resist their feelings, whereas an unattached and hopelessly romantic wandering bard might not ever resist.

Naturally, if Idra mistreats a character, he or she will begin to resist until back to normal. All characters affected remain favorably inclined toward Idra, even if they are resisting. None will willingly do her harm, though they will defend themselves if the avatar attacks them for some reason (as unlikely as that is), and all will do anything within reason to carry out her commands. Being in love with Idra never affects a character's ability to fall in love or remain in love with others in any way. Characters are never aware that their feelings are the result of magic, though their companions may be.

Seduction (Ex): Idra is fond of seducing mortals and is nearly irresistible. A character actively resisting her charms must make a Will save (DC 34) to refuse her (this roll is voluntary; those who don't object to being seduced by the demigoddess give in automatically). Those who succeed resist her charms, and Idra cannot attempt another seduction for one full day. Sex with Idra is always highly enjoyable and invigorating, heals all damage to a character and cures all nonmagical diseases.

Spells: Idra can cast spells as a 16th-level illusionist with access to all spells. She does not need to memorize spells; she simply selects the spell that she wants and casts it. She does not need components to cast these spells.

Spell-like Abilities: In addition to her other spells and abilities, Idra can perform the following as a 20th-level cleric: at will—*charm person*, *daze*, *detect secret doors*, *hypnotism*, *message*, *prestidigitation*; 6/day—*commanding presence**, *dead man's eyes**, *detect thoughts*, *enthrall*, *mind raid**, *siren's song***, *suggestion*; 3/day—*discern lies*, *emotion*, *inquisition**, *mind fog*, *mirror safe**, *prying eyes*, *Rie's dance of seduction**; 1/day—*incite**, *mass suggestion*, *sequester*, *true seeing*; 1/week—*convert**, *discern location*, *mass charm*, *mind blank*, *mind share***.

Sonnuniel, Herald of Idra

Medium Fey (Satyr)

Hit Dice:	10d6+10 (55 hp)
Initiative:	+3 (Dex)
Speed:	40 ft.
AC:	17 (+3 Dex, +4 Natural)
Attacks:	Gore +5 melee, +1 dagger +1 melee; shortbow +8 ranged
Damage:	Gore 1d8, +1 dagger 1d4+1; shortbow 1d6
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Pipes
Special Qualities:	Pipes, spread the word, skills
Saves:	Fort +4, Ref +10, Will +8
Abilities:	Str 11, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 19, Wis 13, Cha 21
Skills:	Bluff +13, Hide +15, Listen +15, Move Silently +15, Perform (amorous) +17, Perform (dance) +13, Perform (panpipes) +18, Perform (storytelling) +13, Spot +15
Feats:	Alertness, Dodge, Endurance, Mobility
Climate/Terrain:	Any (prefers temperate forest or cities)
Organization:	Solitary (unique), or with 1-6 humanoid or satyr admirers
Challenge Rating:	6 (with pipes)
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always neutral
Advancement Range:	None

Description

The satyrs of Scarn suffered terribly during the Divine War. Unsited for war, they were persecuted by both sides, divine and titanspawn alike. Most survived by fleeing to the far corners of the world and hiding in distant wilderness areas. With the end of the war, and the return of relative peace, some satyrs began to reemerge and explore the newly born world.

Sonnuniel, Idra's Herald, is a charming, attractive satyr with a great love for the many pleasures in life. Calmer and less mischievous than other satyrs, he enjoys the company of other humanoids but is nevertheless a hero to the satyrs of the Scarred Lands due to his skills, magnetism and most of all for being consort to the goddess of sex. Even among humanoids, young men often hold him in a kind of envious awe, and young women whisper, giggle and sigh, wishing they could find out firsthand why the goddess likes him so much.

Indeed, there is nothing Sonnuniel would rather do than fulfill the wishes of every sweet young thing who gives him cow's eyes, and when duty permits he does very little else. He has been known to gently and joyously awaken the passions of many a tender virgin as well as to lovingly heal the spiritual wounds of former slaves, prisoners and social outcasts. Tales even circulate of him revitalizing marriages, and one Amalthean legend goes so far as to claim that once, long before the Divine War, Sonnuniel saved the whole city from ruin with his singular charms. There are many versions of the story, some racier than others.

Sonnuniel is never jealous, never forceful and is always a generous lover. He pretends not to understand the concept of monogamy (and certainly behaves that way), but in truth he prefers not to be dishonest or to fly in the face of local tradition. Asking a bewildered spouse or parent for permission is not uncommon, though he's not above using magical means to obtain such permission. After all, he does feel it to be his sacred duty to spread the word of Idra wherever he goes.

Even those with great aversion to Sonnuniel's morals, however, find him to be a pleasant, funny and extremely accepting friend. He seems to like everyone equally and to judge no one. Though his reputation precedes him, it is rare for him to be met with any form of hostility beyond fathers locking up their daughters and husbands keeping a close eye on their wives. He's such an affable, unruffled fellow, it's hard not to enjoy his company.

In addition to his other gifts, Sonnuniel is an excellent entertainer and loves to tell tales. Most agree he was probably the original author of many of the fantastic rumors about him, but none of his lovers has ever complained.

Combat

Even more so than most satyrs, Sonnuniel prefers to avoid combat, and he is not above running away when the charm spell wears off and the husband changes his mind. He is adept at hiding, and when forced into battle, he prefers to use stealth and craft to surprise and confuse opponents. He is reasonably proficient with the shortbow or his +1 magical dagger, and he also makes use of his horns for powerful head butt attacks.

Pipes (Su): Like all satyrs, Sonnuniel can play magical melodies on his pipes, but in addition to the usual *charm*, *sleep* and *fear* abilities (see *Core Rulebook III*, page 160), he can also play songs of (1/day) *commanding presence*, *enthral*, *emotion* (lust only) and (1/week) *mass charm*. These spells are cast as if by a 15th-level sorcerer, but all other regular satyr rules apply.

Spread the Word (Ex): Sonnuniel is so skilled that after any erotic encounter with him, he may attempt to convert a person to worship of Idra. He makes an opposed Charisma check to see if his partner is susceptible to conversion. If he succeeds, this power works as the 9th-level *convert* spell (see *Relics and Rituals*, page 60), except that the target never receives penalties to her will save from Sonnuniel's efforts.

Skills: Satyrs receive a +4 racial bonus to Hide, Listen, Move Silently, Perform and Spot checks

Idra's Worship and Worshippers

Since Idra is a goddess of sex, most of her worship is straightforward and somewhat self-explanatory. Many regions of Ghelspad such as Albadia, Shelzar and Vera-



Tre hold annual outdoor fertility festivals, usually at midsummer. While these festivals usually honor other deities besides Idra (the elves of Vera-Tre are careful to include Denev and Tanil in most of their rituals) and are about crops just as much as sex, legend has it that every year, Idra's Avatar attends one of these festivals in person. Some regions are forced to be very secretive about the sexual aspects of such celebrations, but others have a remarkably large turnout. Many hundreds of people seem to convert to the worship of Idra for only a few weeks out of every year.

Some of Scarn's more open-minded cities such as Shelzar and Vashon also have temples dedicated to Idra's regular worship. Depending on the city and the section of town the temple occupies, these establishments can range from ordinary brothels to highly spiritual schools of sacred sexuality. While Idra's scripture asserts that the demigoddess honors and blesses any temple dedicated to her name, the same scrolls also make it obvious that the true worship of Idra involves a great deal of sexual study, skill and spiritual training. More conservative and doctrinaire cities such as Hedrad and Mithril have absolutely no interest in maintaining a temple to such a libertine deity. The Courtesans of Idra are active in many of these cities, however, providing the faithful with regular worship for a price.

Aside from a few introductory paragraphs about Idra and how to worship her, the Scriptures of Idra are like extensive educational manuals with information relating to every aspect of romantic relationships. The majority of the scrolls are explicitly sexual in nature, but they do include council for reawakening the passion in marriages, helping newlyweds create lasting bonds and how to tell the difference between real love and passing obsession. They have no magical properties, but a copy of the scrolls in the hands of a priest of Idra can be used interchangeably with a holy symbol as a divine focus.

To advance in Idra's priesthood, a great deal of familiarity with Idra's scrolls is required. A priest of Idra must always have a number of ranks in Profession (courtesan) and Perform (amorous) that, when added together, exceed the priest's cleric level. If for any reason this requirement is not met, the priest cannot gain another cleric level until he gains more skill ranks in one or both of these areas. Like the scrolls, these skills apply mostly to erotic activities but also help with all aspects of romantic love and relationships. In other words, they cover the theory of love as well as the practice. Idra's priests often multiclass as bards.



Followers of Idra have a strange relationship with the followers of other gods. Idra is not a jealous deity, so where open sexuality is accepted (in Shelzar, Calastia and similar places), many people worship her alongside their other deities. While Idra is not the main goddess in the lives of very many such people, she tends to have the occasional worship of a large portion of the population. In other areas, however—Hedrad and Lageni, for example—worship of Idra is socially discouraged or even completely outlawed. Even some worshippers of Idra's own mother, particularly Tanil's Chosen, hate the worship of Idra and disdain or even sometimes persecute Idra's priests. In these areas Idra is worshipped in secret, and congregations devoted to her often take the form of sex cults. These secretive and extremist groups tend to be involved with mind-altering drugs as well as sexuality and are often highly addicted to both.

In addition to all the usual means of worshipping Idra, and completely different from all the others, are the Courtesans of Idra, rumored to be one of the most effective spy networks on Ghelspad. The Courtesans span the continent and consist more of women than men, and no one has yet been able to determine exactly what the group's real goals and beliefs are. Most assume that they worship Idra's more mysteri-

ous and secretive aspect and hope that, whatever their purpose, they mean the world no harm. It has been suggested that Queen Geleeda of Calastia may hold an important position among Idra's Courtesans, but this rumor is as yet completely unsubstantiated.

Whatever form it takes, the worship of Idra is increasing dramatically all over Ghelspad and has been ever since the end of the Divine War. Before the war, Idra was denied her full powers by the spells of her mother and grandmother that protected the young demigoddess from her father/grandfather Hrinruuk, who lusted after her. The spells that obscured her were dropped during the war, in part to lure Hrinruuk from hiding and in part to allow Idra to use her powers in support of the divine cause.

Now that Hrinruuk has been defeated, Idra is free to make her presence known all over Ghelspad, which she has certainly done. Worship of Idra has probably doubled in the last sixty to seventy years alone, and who could blame the people of these Scarred Lands? Idra demands only that her followers enjoy themselves and accepts almost anyone as her own, so long as she can maintain some kind of neutrality in her outlook.



Manawe's Avatar

Hit Dice:	35d8+245 (525 hp)
Initiative:	+11 (+7 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)
Speed:	30 ft., swim 120 ft.
AC:	35 (+7 Dex, +8 shell armor, +10 natural)
Attacks:	<i>Wavebreaker</i> +48/+43/+38/+33/+28/+23/ +18 melee; <i>sand javelins</i> +46/+41/+36/+31/ +26/+21/+16 ranged
Damage:	<i>Wavebreaker</i> 1d8+11 + special; <i>sand javelins</i> 1d6+9 + special
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Call of the deep, horn of the seas, javelin- forming, spells, spell-like abilities, magic items
Special Qualities:	Blindsight, body of the waves, damage re- duction 20/+3, cold and electricity resis- tance 20, fast healing 5, improved evasion, spell resistance 25, divine language
Divine Qualities:	Demigod's avatar, divine empowerment 3, divine favor 1, divine size
Saves:	Fort +26, Ref +26, Will +25
Abilities:	Str 25, Dex 25, Con 25, Int 18, Wis 22, Cha 35
Skills:	Bluff +50, Concentration +45, Diplomacy +50, Handle Animal +50, Hide +45, Knowledge (reli- gion) +42, Listen +44, Profession (all applicable) +44, Scry +42, Spellcraft +42, Wilderness Lore +44
Feats:	Chain Spell, Dodge, Extend Spell, Improved Initia- tive, Improved Critical (spear), Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Focus (spear)
Climate/Terrain:	Any aquatic (seas and oceans only)
Organization:	Solitary (unique) or with 10d6 HD of sea creatures
Challenge Rating:	25
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always chaotic neutral
Domains:	Chaos, Water
Holy Symbol:	The seaclaw (/)
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Born of Mormo's dalliance with a prince of the genie courts of Water, Manawe is the goddess of the seas. She is called the Mother of the Oceans, Queen of Sirens and the Lady of the Deep. She is worshipped by sailors, fishermen and any others who make their livings on or near the ocean. In addition, most of the aquatic races of the Scarred Lands, from the merfolk and sirens to the locathah and kuo-toa, all worship the Queen of the Shifting Seas. The myths that feature Manawe tend to portray her as a creature of extremes, much as the sea can be furious and stormy or calm and peaceful.

In her lighter moods, she is seductive and beautiful, the Queen of Sirens known for luring a particularly handsome sailor into her watery embrace. There, the man so favored knows sheerest ecstasy for as long as he pleases Manawe. The goddess is a fickle lover, though, and she casts aside those who begin to bore her; unfortunately, this often occurs at the most lightless of depths within the ocean, spelling doom for the scorned one.

In her darker moods, she is a reaver, raising great and powerful storms and causing massive waves. Horrors such as dragon turtles and kraken rise to her call and lay waste to those things that have displeased her — or that simply have the misfortune of standing in her path of destruction.

Manawe despises the Blood Sea, for Kadum's taint has removed it from her dominion. Manawe's faithful know that she favors sacrifices of creatures warped by the Blood Sea. She especially despises the pisceans, a race of aquatic creatures whose great empires once served her but have since been subverted by their caste of red pisceans, tainted by the blood of Kadum. Now, their civilization is dominated by worship of the Father of Monsters, an insult that Manawe does not take lightly. Though not as organized as the pisceans, those oceanic races still loyal to Manawe regularly wage war against the Kadum-worshipping empire.

Invocation Benefit

Worshippers of Manawe whose livelihood depends on the ocean are able to call upon her blessings, granting them a +1 to the appropriate Profession skill. Those in danger of drowning often call upon Manawe for mercy, granting them a +1 to Swim rolls.

Combat

Manawe prefers to use weather magic and other natural forces to fight her foes. When fighting directly, she usually *shapeshifts* to a larger size and attacks with her spear, or summons powerful aquatic creatures to aid her.

Body of the Waves (Su): Manawe's body is as protean as the sea over which she is mistress. She is capable of assuming any size as a free action, though she has never appeared as a smaller than Medium-size creature. The statistics above assume Medium size. She is also able to change her appearance, as though by an *alter self* spell at will, as a free action. She is capable of walking upon the surface of seawater at her normal movement rate.

Manawe is also capable of *shapeshifting* into a water elemental of Gargantuan, capable of destroying all but the strongest of ships.

Finally, as a standard action, she is able to merge her form with the ocean around her. She is then able to reform, rising from seawater in any other location within her domain, whether leagues or mere feet away. Performing this action allows Manawe's Avatar to heal up to 60 percent (1d6 x 10%) of the damage she has taken.

Call of the Deep (Sp): Manawe is able to sing the Call of the Deep, a wordless melodic song that charms all who hear it. Manawe is able to choose who hears the song, even if he is but a single person in a crowd. Those so affected run immediately to the water and enter it, seeking out the source of the music. The urge to do so is equal parts compulsion and



charm—the victim has no choice but to enter the water, but firmly believes that he does so of his own free will. Though a bard with sufficient skill may counter this ability, he must be able to hear the Call of the Deep himself to do so. The Will save DC to resist this effect is 39.

Horn of the Seas: Manawe always bears at her side a conch shell. It is not itself a magic item, and does not function for anyone other than the demigoddess. Any shell she chooses can be used for this purpose. By blowing on this shell, she is able to summon a number of sea creatures whose hit dice equal a total of 35. Though she uses this to summon numbers of locathah or merfolk, she does not hesitate to call upon some of her greater children, such as kraken or dragon turtles. She can also use this horn to *control weather* at will, often blowing up massive storms. Races opposed to Manawe, especially the hated pisceans, do not respond to this call.

Javelin-Forming (Sp): By reaching out toward the ocean floor, Manawe can cause sand and shell fragments to swirl up to her, forming sharp, javelin-like weapons that she throws with deadly accuracy. These javelins are considered to be +2 *javelins* with the *chaotic* enhancement. These javelins immediately revert into sand at the end of their flight, whether the attack misses or hits. Manawe forms javelins as a free action, allowing her to make her full allotment of javelin attacks without pause. She sometimes gives these javelins to her followers.

Spells: Manawe casts spells as a 16th-level cleric with access to all of her domains. Though she must prepare spells, she is able to spontaneously cast any of her domain spells by expending one of her prepared spells.

Spell-like Abilities: Manawe is constantly under the effects of *magic circle against law* and *freedom of movement*. She can also enact *ship snare** at will and *word of chaos* three times per day.

Wavebreaker (minor artifact)

Description: Manawe fights with *Wavebreaker*, a mighty spear taller than she is. It is crafted of gleaming blue-green metal and set with pearls along its hilt.

Powers: *Wavebreaker* is a +4 *longspear* enchanted with the *chaotic*, *shock*, *shocking burst* and *thundering* enhancements, as well as those of a *trident of fish command* and a *trident of warning*.

Poraphia, Herald of Manawe

Description

	Medium Outsider (Aquatic)
Hit Dice:	12d6+36 (78 hp)
Initiative:	+8 (+4 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)
Speed:	30 ft., swim 100 ft.
AC:	19 (+4 Dexterity, +5 natural)
Attacks:	Longspear +12/+7 melee; merfolk heavy crossbow +13/+7 ranged
Damage:	Longspear 1d8+2; merfolk heavy crossbow 1d10 + poison
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Bardic abilities, spells
Special Qualities:	Bardic abilities, lowlight vision
Saves:	Fort +7, Ref +12, Will +11
Abilities:	Str 15, Dex 18, Con 17, Int 15, Wis 16, Cha 21
Skills:	Balance +7, Bluff +11, Concentration +13, Diplomacy +15, Hide +9, Knowledge (religion) +10, Move Silently +9, Perform +20, Sense Motive +10, Spellcraft +10, Tumble +12
Feats:	Alertness, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Mobility, Quicken Spell, Weapon Focus (spear)
Climate/Terrain:	Any aquatic (oceans), any land (usually within one day of coasts)
Organization:	Solitary (unique) on land, or with 2d6 large sharks at sea
Challenge Rating:	14
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always chaotic neutral
Advancement Range:	None

The *Liturgy of the Tides*, the holy scripture of Manawe kept in the Temple of the Eternal Sea, details the rise of Manawe's Herald:

And in the dying days of the Titanswar, Kadum was chained and cast into the deepest trench of the Eastern Sea. The blood of titans flowed from the hole in his chest and stained the waters crimson.

All the creatures of the seas beheld the blood-marred waves in horror. Those nearest the deepest trench were overcome by the blood of the Sire of Monsters. Some died, choking on the thick, cloying ichor. Others were changed, warped and made bestial.

Ere long, the great merfolk City of Pearls was stained red, and even the magics of their greatest magicians could not stem the ineffable Crimson Flow of Kadum. The children of the City of Pearls were stillborn, or born with deformities of mind and body. The blood in the water did create a thirst for savagery in the merfolk of the City of Pearls. In time, all of the pure merfolk were slain by their mutated brethren and the City of Pearls became the City of Scarlet.

Only one of the merfolk remained untouched by the Blood of Kadum, a songstress and holy siren of Manawe called Poraphia. She watched as her people were killed and made monstrous by the Blood of Kadum, and she hid herself in the spires and trenches of her city.

Poraphia hid from the creatures that had once been her kinsmen.

But the time came when the creatures found her and beheld her untainted body.

They grew wroth and gave chase to her. Not even the sweetness of her music could calm them and she was forced to flee.

Greatly afraid, she fled to the surface, where the crimson waters were yet thin. Still the creatures gave chase, forcing her upon a great rock. There, she took her spear in hand and prepared to die.

And as the beasts rose from the deeps with clawed hands and clotted gills, Poraphia was overcome with grief at how far her people had fallen, and her spear fell from her hands. Instead, she raised her voice to Manawe, a song of grief and pain:

Why have you forsaken us,
O Mother of the Sea,



Our kin are beasts, our children slain
 Did we forsake thee?
 At hands of my kin do I die,
 and unheard, my lament weep,
 My blood to join the Bloody Waves
 and feed the Crimson Deep!
 Care you nothing for your faithful,
 O Fickle Mother of the Blue?
 More faithful am I, your last siren,
 My last words are in praise of you.

And as she spoke these words, the red waters retreated from the rock, replaced by pure waves of green-blue. The Kadum-tainted creatures died in the salty purity of the True Seas and lo, did the Mother of all the Oceans rise from the depths.

"My faithful child, none is so grief stricken at the fate of your people than I. Can you truly believe that a mother would not weep to see her children made sick and mad? Can you truly believe that I have not done all in my power to save the legacy of my beauteous City of Pearls? Are you yourself not untouched by the Blood of Kadum?"

Poraphia wept then, with tears as pure as the sea. And the Mother Manawe gathered her into her arms and wiped the gory droplets of water from her hair and kissed her upon the brow. And where her lips touched, there appeared the mark of Manawe upon the mermaid's brow, and she was filled with the grace and power of Manawe's Herald.

"Know this, my child. I have spared you Kadum's taint that you might carry on the legacy of your people. The gods have decreed that some must be sacrificed, that the Father of Monsters may be imprisoned—and it was people who made that sacrifice. But I choose you, my sweet daughter, to be my herald in this world. You shall travel among the peoples of the lands and the seas both, working my miracles, spreading my word.

"And in your memory shall live the City of Pearls. Your memory and your life shall last until such time as the City of Pearls might be restored to her former glory, cleansed of the taint of Kadum. And your mission shall be to fight the destruction of the sea-bound folk, that they might not suffer the fate your kin did."

And the two stepped into the blue waters, which closed over their heads. The clot-stained waters of the Blood Sea closed over the pure blue and consumed the rock upon which Poraphia sought sanctuary, that no trace of the Mother of the Pure Waters might remain.

Combat

The Herald of Manawe engages in combat if she is forced to, though she prefers to avoid it through the use of her magic and special abilities. If pressed, she summons allies to aid her and engages enemies with her *spear* +2, *chaotic*, and her *heavy crossbow* +2, which is crafted of shells and coral in the merfolk fashion and launches poisoned blowfish quills (Type: Injury DC 14; initial damage 1d4 Dex; secondary damage 1d6 Dex). She is quick to use such spells as *haste* and *mage armor* to increase her defenses.

Bardic Abilities: The Herald of Manawe is able to use the following Bardic Music abilities: inspire courage, countersong, fascinate, inspire competence, suggestion, inspire greatness. She may use Bardic Music 12 times per day. She is also able to use Bardic Knowledge at a +14 to the roll. Unless the topic of the Bardic Knowledge roll is under the aegis of another god, consider all topics of information "Uncommon." Those topics that have something to do with the ocean or areas near the ocean are considered "Common."

Spells: The herald of Manawe casts spells as a 12th-level bard. Her spells per day roster is as follows: 3/5/4/4/3. Her spells known are: 0—*dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *ghost sound*, *light*, *mending*, *read magic*; 1st—*charm person*, *cure light wounds*, *mage armor*, *sleep*; 2nd—*cure moderate wounds*, *hypnotic pattern*, *song of heroes**, *suggestion*; 3rd—*call aquatic humanoid I**, *charm monster*, *curse of terror**, *haste*; 4th—*cure critical wounds*, *song of the gods**, *summon monster IV*

Spell-like Abilities: Manawe has granted her herald a number of abilities. Once per day she is able to *teleport without error* from one area of the ocean to another. Once per day, she is able to *blink* while in the water, appearing and disappearing beneath the waves. Additionally, once per day, she is able to summon 2d6 large sharks that obey her mental commands unerringly. Manawe's Herald also has the ability to cast any spell from any of Manawe's Domains by spending a bardic spell slot of the appropriate level. She is, of course, limited to 4th-level spells when doing so. Finally, Manawe's Herald is instantly *plane shifted* back to Manawe's extraplanar abode should she be reduced to negative hit points.

Outsider: As an outsider, the herald of Manawe is immune to poison, sleep, paralysis, drowning and disease. She is not subject to ability damage, energy drain or any attack that must target a living victim. In addition, the herald of Manawe is immune to aging effects, whether natural or magical, and is effectively immortal. She may still be slain by normal means, however. Even in such an event, Manawe's Herald is returned to life as though by a *true resurrection* spell, with no loss of levels.

Manawe's Worship and Worshipers

The organized worship of Manawe is rare outside of the city of Rahoch. She is revered by those who live or work near the ocean that is her dominion. Prayers to Manawe take two forms: prayers for her blessings, and supplication to avert her ire.

Fishermen, sailors and dock workers often etch a rough symbol called the *seaclaw* onto their gear, vessels and even bodies through scarification. The seaclaw, which is actually a simplified trident form, is made up of three lines: two diagonal and one vertical that meet at the bottom. This is done as a means of identifying themselves to Manawe and her servants so that they might avoid her ire and gain her favor. In Rahoch, these etchings can be found nearly everywhere—from the bow of every ship to the jamb over the door of most dockside houses, and even some buildings farther away from the sea.

The Orders of Manawe

The order a cleric of Manawe belongs to determines what domains that cleric has access to, as well as what skills, feats and equipment are favored:

The Tidebrethren: Favoring leather scale (which should be treated as studded leather in all ways) and the spear, mace or trident, the Tidebrethren learn the Domains of Travel and Water. Many of them learn such skills as Profession (sailor) and Rope Use.

Sisterhood of the Siren: The Sisterhood of the Siren favors the Domains of Entrancement and Water. The Sisterhood often concentrates on social graces and seduction, teaching its members the subtle nuances of diplomacy. The Sisterhood also includes a number of bards, wizardly enchanters and rogues.

Society of the Waves: The Society concentrates on the Domains of Entrancement and Travel. The members are usually bedecked in fine clothing and, like the Sisterhood of the Siren, are well versed in diplomacy. The Society is also known for its creation of magical items, so most members learn at least Scribe Scroll, if not other Item Creation Feats.

Children of the Shifting Seas: The only thing that the Children have in common is that they have access to the Domain of Chaos. They must be of chaotic alignment themselves.

Manawe's faithful maintain a number of practices involving the ocean, often fairly physical competitions. During the Festival of the Sun, many of Manawe's faithful celebrate their ties to the ocean with great ocean races, both swimming and boating. Rahoch is famous for its Sun Festival Races, honoring Manawe and her sister Madriel by racing beautifully decorated boats. On the Denday of Belot, Manawe's faithful observe the Rising of the Tides, a ritual that thanks the seas for the bounty they will provide in the upcoming spring and summer months.

Those followers of Manawe who are given to more martial pursuits sometimes undertake expeditions to hunt down those creatures hated by Manawe, such as most creatures of the Blood Sea. In particular, Manawe hates the seawrack dragon, a beast composed of the essential essence of the ocean, but in service to the titans. Manawe's faithful declare a Wyrmhunt anytime one of these creatures is heard of. Also, one of the quests Manawe's church imposes on those it assists in major ways—such as raising the slain from the dead—is something that promotes a Wyrmhunt. Sometimes this is an actual hunt itself; in other instances, it is a quest to discover the whereabouts of a seawrack dragon and report it back to the faithful.

Though many seaside towns will have a small shrine to Manawe, manned by a few of her clerics, only Rahoch maintains a true temple to the Mother of the Seas. The Temple of the Eternal Sea, located directly in the middle of the famed Sea Walk overlooking the ocean, is overseen by Amabrath of Manawe (CN male human Clr16).

There are three religious orders in Manawe's faith. Though these individual orders started in Rahoch, most of Manawe's clerics now claim allegiance to one of them, though it is not required. Generally, a cleric belongs to the order in which he was trained.

The Tidebrethren are undoubtedly the most populous of the clerics. Indeed, when most folk outside of Rahoch think of Manawe's clerics, they tend to imagine one of the Tidebrethren: well armed with spear, trident or mace and armored in leather scale. Tidebrethren often can be found aboard ships, aiding crews with their magic against the rigors of sea, weather and monsters as their goddess directs them. Tidebrethren are the sworn enemies of the sea witches, and rumors of one of these titan-worshippers invariably attracts the attention of one of the Tidebrethren.

The Sisterhood of the Siren is based primarily out of Rahoch. An order dedicated to preserving the beauty of the ocean and defending those aquatic races that dwell within it (especially the sirens and merfolk), the

Sisterhood teaches that answering the Call of the Deep is the greatest of honors—those that die in Manawe's embrace are guaranteed the ecstasy of her afterlife. Known for their hedonistic ways, members of the Sisterhood of the Siren are often found among the dockside prostitutes that haunt Rahoch's nights, aiding them and protecting them where they can. The Sisterhood is rumored to have ties to the Courtesans of Idra.

The Society of the Waves is in many ways the opposite of the Sisterhood: where the Sisterhood ministers to the poor and common, the Society of Waves mingles among the rich and noble. The smallest of the organized factions in Manawe's church, the Society maintains many incredibly luxurious seagoing vessels that travel between Rahoch and Shelzar quite often, promising a pleasure-filled cruise with all manner of entertainments. The Society also caters to the clerical and spiritual needs of the wealthy—many

ship owners and nobles are known to seek advice from the head of the Society, Ambrath.

Though not necessarily an organized faction in and of themselves, the Children of the Shifting Sea worship Manawe in her most primal form. Believing that Manawe is inherently as unknowable as the vicissitudes of the deepest ocean, the Children celebrate and warn of Manawe's inherently chaotic nature, teaching that rote belief and ritual will not gain her favor. Rather, the Children believe in celebrating Manawe's power in their every action, acting to defend the sanctity of the ocean by destroying shipping vessels on one hand and preserving the lives of sailors who are in danger of drowning on the other. The Children are known for tattooing the seaclaw on their right cheeks.



Nalthalos' Avatar

	Gargantuan (Tall) Outsider (Avatar/Construct)
Hit Dice:	22d12 (264 hp)
Initiative:	-4 (Dex -4)
Speed:	30ft., Climb 5ft.
AC:	32 (-4 size, -4 Dex, +30 natural)
Attacks:	<i>Pulverizing Fist</i> +38 melee; +2 claws of wounding +29/+24 melee
Damage:	<i>Pulverizing Fist</i> 4d12+16; +2 claws of wounding 1d10+18
Face/Reach:	20ft. by 20ft. / 20ft.
Special Attacks:	Poisonous gas, ability absorption, pulverizing fist
Special Qualities*:	Damage reduction 45/+3, spell resistance 33, spell-like abilities, golem control, demigod's avatar (limited), construct, magic immunity
Saves:	Fort +21, Ref +9, Will +18
Abilities:	Str 42, Dex 2, Int 20, Wis 20, Cha 2
Skills**:	Alchemy +30, Appraise +17, Area Knowledge +10, Climb +28, Concentration +33, Craft (metal working) +30, Knowledge (arcana) +13, Knowledge (religion) +30, Spellcraft +10
Feats**:	Cleave, Craft Wondrous Item, Power Attack
Climate/Terrain:	Any land or underground
Organization:	Solitary (unique), or accompanied by herald, 6d6 dark elf warriors or priests and d6 golems
Challenge Rating:	20
Treasure:	Double Standard
Alignment:	Always lawful evil
Domains:	Constructs*
Holy Symbol:	A stylized black serpent, laid horizontal, its body rising and falling in waves
Advancement Range:	None

*Nalthalos has no divine qualities due to being trapped in his golem's body. Should he return to his domain, he gains some of these qualities.

**The skills and Feats of Nalthalos are half of what they should be in order to reflect the mental trauma of having his consciousness transferred from a dying body to that of a golem.

Description

The patron god of Dier Drendal and of dark elves is not worshipped by any other race. Even the other elven races do not pay him heed, and some even perpetuate the rumor that Nalthalos was slain by Chern, the Scourge. While most dark elves cry out against this lie, the high priests and archmages of the race know how close they came to sharing the fate of their forsaken cousins.

The two deities of the elves once fought together against Chern. But one day, Nalthalos and his followers were forced to battle the Scourge alone. Chern unleashed horrific diseases upon the demigod, and his body was rent by ferocious scythe blows. His wounds festering with magical disease, the likes of which no elf had ever experienced, Nalthalos crumpled to the ground. His life force ebbed, eaten away by Chern's plagues. There, the god of the dark

elves might have perished, had it not been for the timely arrival of Madriel, Vangal and Corean, who drove Chern from Ghelspad to Termana, where he slew the god of the elves, and was himself destroyed.

Panicked and fearing for their very existence, the high priests of Nalthalos rushed to his aid, many sacrificing themselves to heal his rotting body, and holding the diseases at bay. Meanwhile, the archmages used their powerful magics to craft an enormous lead golem out of the wreckage of others strewn about the battlefield. Within 2 hours, the mages had created a gigantic lead image of Nalthalos.

Knowing that time was running out, the priests and wizards combined their powers in a true ritual that consumed their very life forces, leaving only five survivors. Through this mighty ritual, the dark elves were able to transfer Nalthalos' divine soul into the lead golem. The ritual was in no way perfect; Nalthalos lost much of his divine power and knowledge during the transfer. He also lost the ability to travel between the planes. But the result still had its desired effect: the dark elf god lived.

Invocation Benefit

Dark elves who invoke their god become more adept at creating constructs. They typically invoke Nalthalos when creating golems and other constructs in his image. Worshipers get a +1 circumstance bonus to any craft checks made while building constructs (maximum of +1).

Combat

Nalthalos combines his tactical intelligence with the awesome strength and power of his golem body to terrorize any enemy he meets in battle. Should the day begin to go badly, he has no compunctions against retreating to fight again at a later date.

Spell-like Abilities (Su): Because his essence is within the body of a lead golem, Nalthalos has lost the fine motor control to cast spells. He instead relies upon his supernatural abilities. These abilities are as the spells cast by a 20th-level sorcerer.

At will—*shockwave strike**, *smite*, *meld into stone*, *spell immunity*, *vampiric touch*, *enervation*; 3/day—*heal construct*** (self only), *reverse gravity*, *disintegrate*

Pulverizing Fist (Ex): Any creature successfully hit with Nalthalos' gigantic fists must make a Reflex save (DC 37) or take an additional 3d6 points of crushing damage and be knocked to the ground. After a successful Pulverizing Fist attack, the target is prone.

Poisonous Gas (Su): See Golem, Lead (*Creature Collection*, page 83).

Ability Absorption (Su): If Nalthalos successfully strikes a creature in combat, he may choose not



to inflict damage. Instead, he may choose to drain 1d6 points from any of the creature's abilities and add them to his own. Nalthalos may add a total of 24 ability points in this manner. Once this maximum has been reached, he can continue draining points, but they are not added to his own. The stolen ability points return to their owner at a rate of 1 per hour if the owner is alive. Otherwise, Nalthalos simply loses the points at the same rate.

Magic Immunity (Ex): Nalthalos' construct body is immune to all magical and supernatural effects except mind-affecting magic (as he is an intelligent construct) and spells which specifically transmute metal such as *transmute metal to wood* which *slow* Nalthalos for 2d4 rounds. Of course, Nalthalos still receives his spell resistance and any applicable saving throw to resist such spells to which he is not completely immune.

Golem Control (Su): Nalthalos can control any golem as per the spell *steal control***. The controller of the golem gets one will save (DC 26) to retain control. If it fails, Nalthalos controls the golem. However, he does not have to maintain concentration to keep a captured golem within his grasp. The

only way to regain control of a golem stolen by Nalthalos is to destroy him, or hope that he tires of the golem and releases it. Nalthalos can control only a number of golems equal to his Intelligence, however.

Demigod's Avatar (limited) (Su): These statistics represent Nalthalos in his current form, trapped within a lead golem's body. Due to the destruction of his natural body, Nalthalos has lost the ability to travel the planes, existing solely in the Material Plane. If his avatar form is destroyed, Nalthalos dies. However, if he could somehow reach the astral plane, he would be able to regain his former power.

Avatars are not affected by critical hits, death from massive injury, poison, paralysis, sleep, disease or any attack that must target a living subject.

Construct: See Golem, Lead (*Creature Collection*, page 83).

Farazon, Herald of Nalthalos

	Small Outsider (Evil, Lawful)
Hit Dice:	8d8+8 (56 hp)
Initiative:	+5 (Dex)
Speed:	20ft., Fly 50ft. (perfect)
AC:	20 (+1 size, +5 Dex, +4 natural)
Attacks:	2 claws +4 melee; sting +12/+7 melee
Damage:	2 claws 1d4+1; sting 1d6+1 and poison
Face/Reach:	5ft. by 5ft. / 5ft.
Special Attacks:	Spell-like abilities, poison, touch of construction
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 10/+1, fire resistance 25, poison immunity, polymorph, regeneration, darkvision 90 ft., spell resistance 15
Saves:	Fort +7, Ref +11, Will +7
Abilities:	Str 12, Dex 20, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 10
Skills:	Concentration +12, Craft (leatherworking) +14, Diplomacy +5, Disguise +5, Gather Information +5, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (religion) +14, Knowledge (planes) +14, Scry +14, Spellcraft +14
Feats:	Dodge, Weapon Finesse (sting)
Climate/Terrain:	Any land and underground
Organization:	Solitary (unique), or with 6d6 dark elf warriors and priests
Challenge Rating:	9
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always lawful evil
Advancement Range:	None

Description

When Nalthalos awoke after his ordeal, it took him several minutes to adjust to what had happened. He saw his broken, bleeding body lying some 50 feet away, but he had a strange sense of detachment. He also felt weak and weary, an odd sensation for a god. His priests and mages explained what had happened.

Nalthalos was shocked but thankful to be alive. He blessed his priests and mages for their quick thinking and then told them that he would be retreating to his fortress in the astral plane to rejuvenate and devise a plan of attack that would destroy Chern, once and for all.

Summoning his powers to himself, Nalthalos made to travel to his astral home, only to find that he no longer could. After several more failed attempts, cold realization washed over him. He could not return to the astral plane; he was trapped in his golem body.

Since that time, Nalthalos' herald, an imp named Farazon, has become his most trusted attendant and his liaison between the material and astral planes.

Farazon dotes on Nalthalos' every whim, hoping for the day when he will once again be able to travel the planes and reclaim his waning sphere of influence. Farazon has done an admirable job of keeping the other deities from raiding Dier Myrstate, Nalthalos'

astral home, but he cannot keep them out of the other places of influence over which Nalthalos once held sway. Were it not for Farazon's insistence, perhaps even the gods would have forgotten Nalthalos.

Farazon is also indirectly responsible for the dark elves' war with the dwarves of Burok Torn, for it was he who discovered the portal deep within the bowels of the citadel, the portal that could restore his master to his former greatness. Farazon met with both Goran and the rulers of Burok Torn in an attempt to gain admittance to the portal for his master, but the dwarves proved hostile and he was denied and almost killed. After hearing his herald's story, Nalthalos began his campaign against Burok Torn and his now-hated adversary, Goran.

Combat

Nalthalos dreads those few times when Farazon is pressed into combat. He fears that if his herald is destroyed, then he will lose all connection with the astral plane and become an all but forgotten deity, worshipped by a fanatical cult, much like the god of the forsaken elves. However, the little imp refuses to be coddled and once and a while engages in battle for no other reason than to prove that he can take care of himself.

Spell-like Abilities (Su): These abilities are as the spells cast by a 10th-level sorcerer (save DC 10 + spell level).

At will—*detect good*, *detect magic*, *dispel magic*, *improved invisibility* (self-only), *see invisibility*, *deeper darkness*; 1/day—*suggestion*, *dominate person*.

Poison (Ex): Sting, Fort save DC 18; initial damage 1d4 temporary Con; secondary damage 2d4 temporary Con.

Touch of Construction (Su): Like his master, Farazon can forgo damage in any round if he strikes a foe with both claws. Instead of doing damage, he can choose to inject molten copper into his victim's body. The victim must make a Fortitude saving throw (DC 15). Success means that the quicksilver did not take effect. Failure, however, means that the victim begins to change into a copper golem. At the time of the failed save, roll 1d6 to determine how many days until the transformation is complete. At the end of this time, the victim must make a Will save (DC 20) to retain sentience and control of its body. If the roll succeeds, the victim does not transform. Otherwise, the victim is transformed into a copper golem (*Creature Collection*, page 82) loyal to Nalthalos. Thankfully, for those who oppose him, Farazon can employ this ability only once a day. This transformation can be reversed by a *wish* or *remove curse* spell.

Polymorph (Su): Like all other imps, Farazon can assume other forms as a standard action. This



ability functions as *polymorph self* cast by a 15th-level sorcerer, except that Farazon can assume only three specific shapes larger than Medium-size. These are a copper golem, a large earth elemental and a replica of Goran's Herald. This last shape has proven useful to Farazon countless times, and he only adopted it after Goran tried to have him killed. Farazon's favorite form, however, is that of a dwarf of Burok Torn. This guise allows him free access to the citadel and lets him sow all manner of chaos.

Regeneration (Ex): Farazon takes normal damage from acid, and from holy and blessed weapons, if enchanted.

Nalthalos' Worship and Worshippers

Few creatures outside of the dwarven citadel of Burok Torn seriously believe in the dark elves' existence; some think them extinct. Even the Veshian Vigils, paragons of exploration and justice, have yet to meet one, and the dwarves are reluctant to reveal any information on the race. But the dark ones do exist, and they are slowly regaining a degree of their former glory. This is due in large part to their god's participation in daily events. Since Nalthalos is trapped on Scarn's plane, he has no choice but to live with those that worship and venerate him.

While the god does not mind this closeness to his worshippers, he does realize that it seriously affects the way in which his people live their lives—they must always be reverent and often supplicate and entreat Nalthalos, even when there is no need to. He secretly fears that if he regains the ability to travel the

planes, his people will be lost, robbed of their most powerful leader and centerpiece of their culture.

There are days when Nalthalos wishes for nothing more than solitude. On those days it is wise to steer clear of him. Those who forget this often are served with a warning first and, if that is not enough, a crushing blow from his huge fists. During these times of depression, Nalthalos turns to his faithful servitor and companion, Farazon, for information on the events of planes, the surface and in Dier Myrstate. Nalthalos sorely misses his glorious city in the realm of Chardun and is afraid that he will eventually lose control of the place.

Were it not for the silver tongue of

Farazon, this may have been the case.

At one time Dier Myrstate was the celestial version of Dier Drendal; situated high on a mountainside, it looms like a shadow over the landscape and is totally inaccessible to anyone without the express invitation of Nalthalos. Since the demigod lost his ability to leave Scarn's plane, the daily management of Dier Myrstate has fallen to Farazon, who tries his best to keep the city exactly as his master remembers it.

Dier Drendal, on the other hand, has changed drastically since the Divine War. No one outside of the dark elves themselves knows where Dier Drendal lies, not even the dwarves of Burok Torn. Rumors claim that the city is in a constant state of movement to avoid detection, with thousands of golems moving it brick by brick underneath the Kelder Mountains. Whether this is true or not no one knows, and the dark elves aren't about to share that information.

Whatever the case, the city and the fate of the entire race of dark elves rests in the hands of Nalthalos. His people, once they realized that their god could not return to the astral plane, gave him the only fitting position, that of undisputed ruler. Nalthalos does not relish this responsibility. He would rather his people make decisions for themselves than rely on his divine insight. The position also takes away from his ability to research ways to

escape the prison his followers unwittingly trapped him in.

Nalthalos also worries because he alone knows that his position is only a temporary solution. Every day he feels a tiny bit more of his power ebb and there is nothing he can do about it. At his and Farazon's best estimations, he has another twenty decades to find a solution before he becomes a mindless golem.

This is why Nalthalos is so adamant about gaining access to the portal contained within Burok Torn. His time is extraordinarily limited (at least by the scope of a deity's life span) and he becomes more desperate every day that he cannot gain access to the portal. Although he knows the portal will allow him back to the astral plane, even Nalthalos is unsure of what will happen then. He fears that if his intelligence is too far gone when he crosses the threshold, he will be unable to repair the damage to his psyche and his body.

It should be noted that the dark elf god is worshipped nowhere else in the Scarred Lands even by the other elves, although many dark elves feel that it is time that their Termanan cousins chose a new deity—one that could help restore them to their former glory. This scheming is twofold. Should Nalthalos perish and the forsaken elf god return, then at least his people would be secure, with a powerful

deity to worship. The dark elves also hope to sway their cousins to their cause because a swelling of the dark elven ranks by the forsaken elves would almost assure total destruction of Burok Torn.

To this end, several careful overtures have recently been extended to King Virduk of the Calastian Hegemony. If the dark elves cannot take Burok Torn alone, or with the help of their forsaken brethren, then the Hegemony may be their last resort. However, they are not stupid and realize that courting the favor of Virduk is akin to sleeping in a bed full of vipers. The overtures, no matter how carefully constructed, show the true desperation of the dark elves.

Within the ranks of worshippers of Nalthalos are a large number of arcane spellcasters, particularly sorcerers. However, like in most religions, the bulk of his worshippers are clerics, who can always be identified by their somewhat conspicuous holy symbol, a piece of misshapen lead hanging from the neck by a gold chain.

There also exists a fanatical cult of Nalthalos' followers who believe that their god has achieved true transcendence. These elves work to modify their bodies, slowly encasing themselves within metal or rock until they resemble golems themselves. While this practice is officially frowned upon, no elf doubts the combat efficiency of these seemingly superintelligent golems.



Nemorga's Avatar

	Medium-Size Outsider (Avatar)
Hit Dice:	20d8+240 (400 hp)
Initiative:	+15 (+7 Dex, +8 Tempus Fugit)
Speed:	120 ft., fly 360 ft. (perfect), swim 120 ft.
AC:	40 (+10 Dex, +4 haste, +8 natural armor, +8 deflection)
Attacks:	<i>Terminus</i> +31/+26/+21/+16 melee; or vampiric touch +20 melee; or slam +27/+22/+17/+12 melee
Damage:	<i>Terminus</i> special; vampiric touch 10d6; or slam 2d8+7
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Vampiric touch, magic items, spells
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 30/+3, mastery of undead, permanent haste, spell immunity, spell resistance 33
Divine Qualities:	Demigod's avatar, divine knowledge 4, divine size, divine telepathy, divine vision, divine language
Saves:	Fort +24, Ref +22, Will +27
Abilities:	Str 25, Dex 30, Con 35, Int 25, Wis 40, Cha 25
Skills:	Balance +30, Concentration +32, Diplomacy +27, Heal +35, Intimidate +30, Jump +27, Knowledge (arcana) +27, Knowledge (religion) +27, Listen +35, Move Silently +30, Scry +27, Sense Motive +35, Spellcraft +27, Spot +35, Use Magic Device +27
Feats:	Improved Unarmed Strike, Deflect Arrows, Spell Focus (necromancy), Dodge, Mobility, Spring Attack
Climate/Terrain:	Any
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	23
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral
Domains:	Death, Gateways*, Knowledge, Travel
Holy Symbol:	A closed book with a sheathed sword closed in it, bookmark style.
Advancement Range:	None

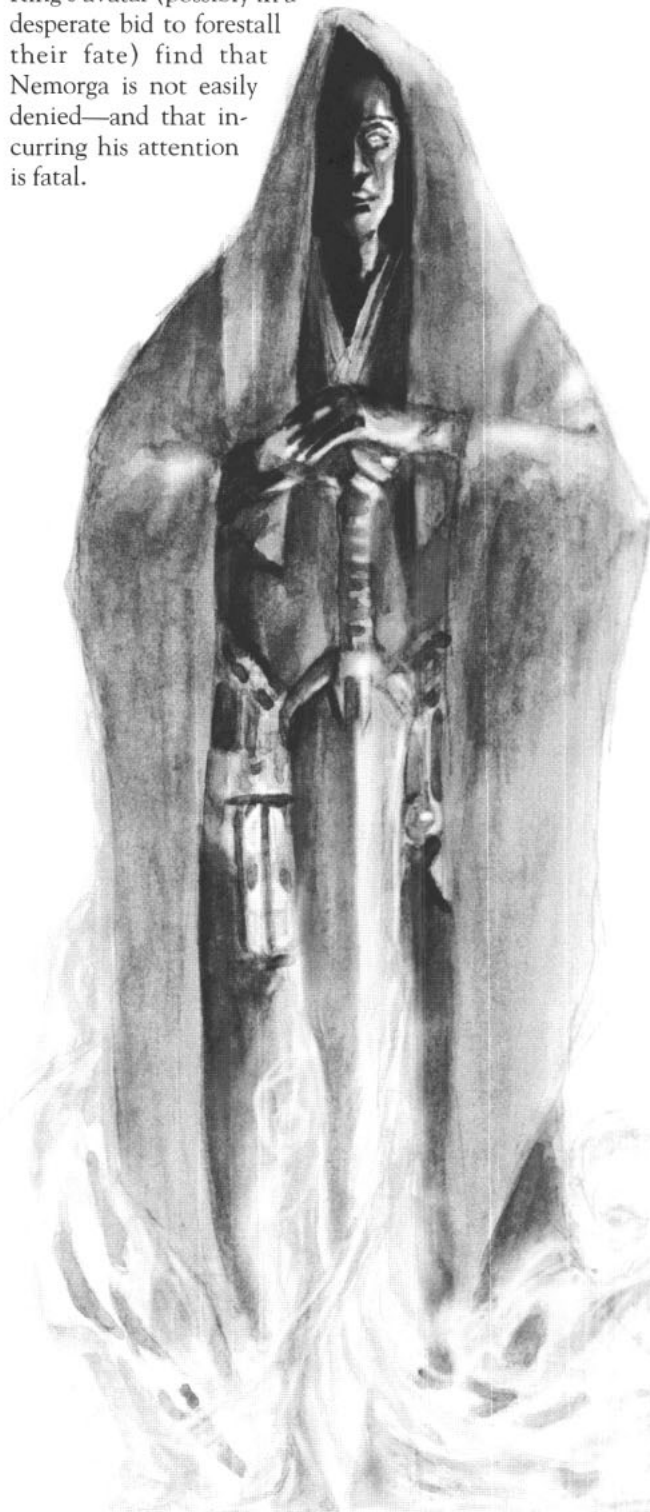
Description

Although Belsameth is the goddess of murder and a jealous hoarder of evil souls, Nemorga, the Gatekeeper, the Executioner, the Grey King, is the god who guards the gates to the Underworld. He is the god of the deaths that must be, and the deaths that simply are; he is the shepherd that guides each errant soul to the destination it has earned. He has few actual worshippers, but many pray to him to be merciful. Even so, Nemorga is not merciful—he is just, and there is a difference.

Nemorga, being a patient deity, rarely sends his avatar to intervene in mortal affairs. The mortal races of Scarn are all too capable of dying at their appointed time without his help. However, the avatar of Nemorga has been known to appear simply to observe at the time of a particularly significant death, although the god's definition of "significant" does not always coincide with that of mortal society. Nemorga has sent his avatar to observe the deaths of kings, conquerors, midwives and madmen—all in accordance with the

inscrutable rules written in his tome. His priests do not attempt to explain his motivations; they simply smile serenely and state that once one has passed the final gates, all will be revealed.

Nemorga's avatar is not invincible in battle, at least not compared to those of the Eight Divine Victors. However, even as a lesser embodiment of the god of death, it has powers any mortal would do well to fear. Those foolhardy enough to attack the Grey King's avatar (possibly in a desperate bid to forestall their fate) find that Nemorga is not easily denied—and that incurring his attention is fatal.



Invocation Benefit

Priests of Nemorga who spend a round invoking him receive a +1 bonus to any rolls made to turn or rebuke undead in the next round.

Combat

Nemorga has never been known to send his avatar to Scarn for the purpose of engaging in battle; the patient god of death is content to act as an observer, not as an instigator. However, that does not mean his avatar avoids conflict if the conflict is directed its way. If attacked by those that Nemorga has no desire to kill, his avatar will attempt to subdue them with spells and physical blows. Those that threaten the god's very affairs will compel the avatar to draw *Terminus*, a merciless blade that can do nothing less than kill with a touch.

Mastery of Undead (Su): Nemorga's avatar may turn, rebuke, destroy or command undead as a 20th-level cleric an unlimited number of times per day.

Permanent Haste (Su): In combat, Nemorga's avatar acts as if under a permanent *haste* spell. It also receives a +8 bonus to initiative rolls. It cannot be caught flat footed, nor can it be flanked.

Spell Immunity (Su): Nemorga's avatar cannot be affected by any necromantic spell or spell-like ability unless he wills it.

Vampiric Touch (Sp): Nemorga's avatar may at will invoke a *vampiric touch* effect, stealing 10d6 hit points from an opponent on a successful touch attack.

Spells: Nemorga's avatar casts spells as a 20th-level necromancer, although he has no need for material components. He has access to all arcane spells.

Terminus (major artifact)

Description: The longsword *Terminus* carried by Nemorga's avatar is a shadow of the actual god's blade, a weapon forged from the End of All. It resembles a great, black-bladed sword, its heavy pommel crafted in the shape of a silver demon's skull.

Powers: Anyone so much as touched by the naked blade must make a Fortitude save (DC 42) or immediately die; if the save is successful, the victim instead takes 3d6 + 20 points of damage, just as if struck by a *finger of death* spell cast by the avatar. Constructs, undead and other creatures immune to death effects instead take 3d20 points of damage from each of the avatar's sword blows, as *Terminus* dissolves their physical (or ectoplasmic) forms. Nemorga's avatar cannot be disarmed, nor can *Terminus* be destroyed while the avatar exists. If Nemorga's avatar is slain, *Terminus* boils into vapor along with the avatar's form. Nemorga's avatar never strikes with *Terminus* more than once per round, instead using only its free partial action from its permanent *haste* to strike with the sword in addition to its other actions.

The Silent Angel, Herald of Nemorga

Medium-Size Outsider

Hit Dice:	12d8+60 (156 hp)
Initiative:	+5 (Dex)
Speed:	40 ft., fly 90 ft. (good)
AC:	30 (+5 Dex, +5 deflection, +10 natural)
Attacks:	Flail +20/+15/+10 melee; or death touch +17
Damage:	Flail 1d10+8
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 10 ft.
Special Attacks:	Death touch, turn/rebuke undead
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 15/+2, death ward, extraordinary senses, regeneration 5, shapeshift
Saves:	Fort +13, Ref +13, Will +13
Abilities:	Str 18, Dex 21, Con 20, Int 18, Wis 20, Cha 18
Skills:	Bluff +14, Concentration +20, Disguise +18, Hide +15, Knowledge (arcana) +4, Knowledge (religion) +14, Listen +17, Move Silently +15, Scry +14, Search +14, Sense Motive +15, Spellcraft +14, Spot +17
Feats:	Combat Reflexes, Expertise, Flyby Attack, Weapon Finesse (touch attack), Whirlwind Attack*
Climate/Terrain:	Anywhere needed
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	13
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Nemorga's Herald, the Silent Angel, serves her master's purpose by ensuring that powerful mortals meet with their ordained fate. She does not act as an assassin—rather, she is the one who makes the path of destiny flow more easily. If a hero meant to meet his enemy in mortal combat seems in danger of losing the trail, Nemorga's Herald leaves him an anonymous clue describing where to seek his foe. If the Grey King's book foretells that a conqueror will be poisoned by a slave girl, the Silent Angel ensures that someone places the poison in the slave girl's hand. Like Nemorga's own avatar, she serves as a witness to many deaths of great importance but can also serve as the subtle hand of correction should someone be striving too hard against her fate.

The Silent Angel's origins, like so much of Nemorga's doings, are unknown to most mortals. She has the appearance of having once been human, although the changes worked on her were great indeed. She was given six wings to travel with great speed, and the great flail *The Silver Pendulum* to defend herself. Her eyes have been bound up against the sin of mercy, and her mouth has been bound up against the blasphemy of telling mortals the truth of their final fate. She is not cruel, but neither will she sway from her duty to the Grey King. No amount of pleading or threats will prevent her from completing an assignment.

Nemorga's Herald usually walks the earth in disguise, accomplishing her tasks in the form of an ordinary (if mute) mortal. In the rare occasions that Nemorga sends her to act as a herald proper, appearing in her true form to carry news from the god, she remains as silent as always, communicating only by simply pointing as needed. She rarely carries a message more complicated than the one implied by her presence: "Nemorga's eyes are upon you."

demihuman or humanoid species at will. She remains mute in this form and has access to all her powers (although she always reverts to her true form during battle).

Spells: Nemorga's Herald casts spells as a 9th-level necromancer. She does not need to speak or wield material components to cast these spells, although she must still gesture. The DC to save against these spells is 13 + the spell level.

Combat

If pressed into battle, Nemorga's Herald fights with guile and tactics; she is not above retreating from a combat, only to strike when her foes least expect it.

Extraordinary Senses (Su): Though blindfolded, Nemorga's Herald can "see" as well as the keenest-eyed mortal, even to the extent of determining subtle differences in color or reading fine print. She is immune to all gaze attacks, blindness effects and other sight-affecting stimuli, and her vision is unaffected by darkness.

Turn/Rebuke

Undead (Su): Nemorga's Herald may turn or rebuke undead at will, as if she were a 15th-level cleric.

Death Touch (Sp): Three times per day, Nemorga's Herald may make a death touch. This is resolved as a melee touch attack against any living creature; if successful, the herald rolls 12d6. If the total equals or exceeds the creature's current hit points, it dies.

Death Ward (Sp): Nemorga's Herald is protected by a permanent *death ward*, making her immune to all death spells and magical death effects.

Shapeshift (Su): The Silent Angel may take the form of a normal woman of any human,



Silver Pendulum (minor artifact)

Description: Nemorga's Herald wields *The Silver Pendulum*. It is a heavy flail with a black-leather-wrapped grip, a silvery chain and a flat black spiked head.

Powers: *The Silver Pendulum* is a +3 heavy flail worked from a divine alloy of steel, quicksilver and raw temporal force. It can extend its reach up to 20 feet and allows the herald (and only the herald) to use the Whirlwind Attack feat. Anyone struck by the *Pendulum* must make a Fortitude save (DC 18) or take 1d4 temporary Constitution damage. Anyone other than Nemorga's Herald who grasps the flail's handle takes 4 negative levels until the flail is set down.

Nemorga's Worship and Worshipers

Nemorga, the Grey King, has seemingly always remained aloof from his divine brethren. He did not participate in the Divine War, although some insist that he was the one to gather the slain gods and escort them to wherever gods go upon death. (The Nemorgan church has decreed the rumor that Nemorga absorbed said gods' strength into himself to be slanderous to their god, and therefore blasphemy.) He has no proven parentage; some rumors call him the child of Hedrada and Belsameth, but the churches of both gods actively deny any such relation.

Many of Nemorga's faithful believe that the Gatekeeper is far from a demigod, or even a god born of the titans—according to some church doctrines, Nemorga is older than even the titans, an entity as old as Time itself. His power is said to lie not on the earthly plane, but in the flow of time and entropy. He does, however, keep watch over Limbo, that portion of the underworld reserved for those deceased who have not earned a place with any of the other gods.

The gods of Scarn accept only their faithful into their realms; those who loyally served more than one god in life are generally taken into whatever realm suits their personalities best. These faithful never stand before Nemorga's judgment; they are brought quickly to their destined afterlives upon death. The truly evil or good also win their way into heaven or hell as appropriate, even if it was in no god's name. But those who cared nothing for the gods, or who venerated the gods in lip service only, never committing to good or evil, are destined for Limbo. The misty gray plains of the Underworld stretch out toward infinitely distant horizons, marked only by slightly rolling hills, eternally silent brooks and the occasional gray tree. It is a place without suffering or joy; shades consigned to Limbo have nothing to fear or anticipate, save perhaps eventual reincarnation if the gods decide they are worthy.

According to Nemorgan doctrine, the Grey King keeps a palatial mansion of black and white marble at the heart of Limbo, atop a towering mountain—the

only dwelling like it in the whole realm. This mansion, the size of a tremendous city, houses those souls who served Nemorga in life; the Gatekeeper himself is never at home. Instead, he remains eternally at his post before the horn gates to the Underworld, seated in an immense throne of pale stone, poring over the massive book in which the life of every mortal is written. To either side of the throne crouch Nemorga's messengers, immense otherworldly sphinxes as much greater than their mortal kin as an archon is greater than a human peasant. As each dead soul comes to him for judgment, the god reads the page that bears that soul's life story.

Nemorgan priests insist that each time priests pray for a soul to be returned from the dead, Nemorga must first give his permission. If the deceased's page in his great book is already full, then the deceased has already completed his allotted tasks and is sent to his final fate rather than returned to the living. If the soul has earned a place in a heaven or hell, Nemorga sends one of his messengers to carry the soul to its proper place. If the soul is marked for immediate reincarnation, a messenger takes it to the Gate of Wood, by which the soul enters the world once more. But if the soul has earned no fate at all, Nemorga bids the horn gates to open, and the soul passes into Limbo.

Most depictions of the Gatekeeper show him in much the same fashion: an ageless man in heavy hooded robes, with a mask concealing his features, a weighty book before him and a scabbarded sword at his side. Sometimes the mask is omitted (although his face is almost never revealed), and sometimes he is even depicted as a skeleton in a robe, a grinning Grim Reaper wielding sword and hourglass. It is as this last aspect as the Reaper that most unlettered folk of the Scarred Lands picture their god of death.

The Nemorgan Church

Most people invoke Nemorga at least a few times in their lives, particularly if praying that an ailing relative's end might be painless, or to ensure that a dead loved one reaches the heaven he deserves. The truly devout are much rarer. Nemorga draws the largest portion of his true faithful from nonevil necromancers (evil necromancers tend to favor Belsameth), physicians, widows and widowers; he is also patron deity of (and thus venerated by) gatekeepers, astrologers, embalmers, gravediggers, historians and executioners.

Although most village priests invoke Nemorga in funeral rites, actual empowered priests of the Grey King are rare. Nemorga has few agendas that involve Scarn itself, and it's a rare city that has more than a handful of devout worshippers of the death-god. Many clergy of Nemorga have no spellcasting powers and perform simple funeral rites and burial services as part of their service to the community.

Those priests actually blessed with spells and powers over undead are usually wanderers, either fulfilling obscure quests for their god or finding their

way to villages having trouble with the undead. Though Nemorga's faith does not condemn undead for their very existence (the god is patient and can wait for their second death, or so the refrain goes), the church knows that assisting the local population with such threats is excellent public relations. A traveling Nemorgan may well lay troublesome spirits—or bind them to follow him—and ask little in return but a few prayers to the Gatekeeper. Quests laid on a Nemorgan priest might involve retrieving necromantic artifacts of great power, offering last rites to dying sphinxes or other such great beasts, or even fulfilling the last wishes of such creatures in exchange for a promised place in Nemorga's realm.

The Nemorgan priesthood has no true central seat; the Gatekeeper's priests are not very ambitious and generally aspire to little more than the freedom to play their role. In terms of numbers and influence, the center of Nemorgan worship in Ghelspad is assuredly Hollowfaust, the City of the Necromancers. There the clerical order of Nemorga serves as one of the seven governing guilds of the city. The Guildmaster there (and to many eyes, thus also the default high priest of the Nemorgan faith) is Yaeol, a quiet and reserved man who is said to consult with the spirit of his deceased predecessor for advice. The Hollowfaust Nemorgans believe their city, the remnants of dead Sumara, to be sacred to their god, and many Nemorgan clerics from other lands make pilgrimage to the Hollowfaust temple, the Book of the Hours, at least once in their lives.

With so few priests, it should be hardly surprising that there are few real subjects of the god. There have been a few death-cults founded in Nemorga's name from time to time, most notably the Council of Cracked Bones, but Nemorga pays these cults little attention, and they are usually subverted by Belsameth's followers. (The Slayer knows full well that it's actions, not lip service, that determines one's true loyalties, and such death-cults provide her with far more souls than Nemorga receives.) Nemorgans tend to be a solitary, self-motivated order; only the most independent and fearless are willing to offer their lives to the often terrifying god of death. Truth be told, Nemorga seems to prefer it that way.

Nemorgan Clerics

Nemorga's favored weapon is the longsword, and his holy symbol is a closed tome with a scabbarded longsword resting within, in the manner of a bookmark. His priests may be of any neutral alignment.



Sethris' Avatar

Hit Dice:	Special-Size Outsider (Avatar) 20d8+105 (225 hp)
Initiative:	+12 (+4 Dex, +8 Divine Initiative)
Speed:	60 ft., climb 60 ft.
AC:	30 (+9 Dex, +11 natural)
Attacks:	Longsword +19/+14/+9 melee; +24 ranged
Damage:	Longsword 1d8+4; longbow 1d8+4
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Poisoned blade, sneak attack +8d6, spells, spell-like abilities
Special Qualities:	Arachnid form, colossal spider form, damage reduction 25/+3, evasion, immunities, spell resistance 28, summon spiders, uncanny dodge
Divine Qualities:	Demigod's avatar, divine initiative 1, divine size, divine speed 2, divine telepathy, divine vision, divine language
Saves:	Fort +16, Ref +18, Will +14
Abilities:	Str 18, Dex 28, Con 24, Int 20, Wis 21, Cha 25
Skills:	Bluff +32, Diplomacy +30, Hide +22, Gather Information +32, Jump +27, Innuendo +30, Intimidate +25, Knowledge (arcana) +25, Knowledge (religion) +25, Listen +27, Move Silently +22, Scry +30, Search +30, Sense Motive +32, Spellcraft +25, Spot +28
Feats:	Improved Initiative, Heighten Spell, Maximize Spell, Spell Focus (necromancy), Spell Penetration
Climate/Terrain:	Any land
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	20
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always neutral evil
Domains:	Vengeance*, Death
Holy Symbol:	The silhouette of a curved silver dagger on a black circle, covered in a silver spiderweb
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Sethris is known to many as the Spider Queen, and it is an apt description, for she lives at the center of a web of violence and vengeance. Born of violence and steeped in death and bitterness, Sethris rarely deigns to take part in mortal affairs. Rather, she seeks to punish those who have offended her, and to see that the guilty are rewarded for their wicked deeds. Typically, her vengeance is much crueler than the actual deed, but Sethris pays this no mind. Retribution is all that concerns her, and trivialities like justice are beneath her notice.

Sethris is cruel, but she is not incapable of compassion. Demigoddess of revenge, she is the deity to whom people turn when they seek retribution against those who have wronged them. If their plight is great enough, Sethris might well take it upon herself to intervene. But the Spider Queen is a fickle deity and often scoffs at those who cry out to her, especially if they themselves have spurned the Spider Queen in the past.

Sethris manifests as a lovely woman with lustrous, purple-black hair and lips, and bitter, hate-filled eyes. Her demeanor is usually mocking and filled with scorn, and it is this bitter attitude that mars her otherwise attractive features. She adorns herself in black clothing, typically dark, form-fitting garments that blend into the shadows around her, eschewing most other adornments.

Combat

Sethris prefers to manipulate foes rather than fighting them directly. If forced into combat she commands her servitors to attack while she strikes from a distance with spells or missiles from her enchanted bow.

Invocation Benefit

Worshippers who spend one round invoking Sethris may make one extra sneak attack against a vulnerable target.

Spells: Sethris' Avatar is a 15th-level cleric with access to the Vengeance domain. She can cast spells with but a word and needs no material or somatic components to do so.

Spell-like Abilities: At will—*animal friendship* (spiders only), *glue*, *greater magic fang* (spiders only), *mending*, *poison*, *Sethris' potency**, *spider climb*, *summon swarm*, *web*; 3/day—*animal growth* (spiders only), *charm monster* (spiders only), *insect plague*, *nightmare*, *rune of poison*, *verminplague**; 1/day—*animal shapes* (spiders only), *creeping doom*, *shapechange* (spiders only)

Arachnid Form (Su): As a standard action Sethris may split apart into a host of tiny spiders, one for each hit point remaining to her. Each spider has 1 hit point, and the avatar may not be destroyed so long as any of the spiders live. The spiders are too small and weak to cause damage. Sethris uses this form to escape combat and to travel to remote or inaccessible places. The spiders reform into Sethris' Avatar as a standard action. Any spiders killed while the avatar is in this form manifest as lost hit points when Sethris reforms.

Colossal Spider Form (Su): As a free action, Sethris may transform herself into a colossal monstrous spider with maximum hit points (see *Core Rulebook III*, page 210). The spider is exactly the same as described in the *Core Rulebook* entry and has none of her special abilities or qualities. If slain in spider form, however, Sethris immediately returns to her divine form with the same hit points and abilities as she had immediately before changing. She can also transform back to her divine form as a free action. Any damage inflicted upon the spider is retained for 24 hours and remains if Sethris transforms back into the spider during this time. If the spider form is slain, Sethris cannot use this ability again for 24 hours.

Immunities (Ex): Sethris is immune to acid, poison and death magic. She has cold, fire and electricity resistance 20.

Poisoned Blade (Ex): Sethris wields a +3 *longsword* that inflicts a *poison* spell (DC 24) upon the sword's victim with every strike.

Rogue Abilities (Ex): Sethris has all of the abilities of a 15th-level rogue, including the *Crippling Strike* and *Opportunist* special abilities.

Summon Spiders (Sp): Three times per day Sethris may summon up to 24 hit dice of monstrous spiders (or wolf spiders) in any combination. Thus, she could summon one 24 HD spider, two 12 HD spiders, twenty-four 1 HD spiders or any combination thereof. Alternately, she may summon a *narleth* (see *Creature Collection*, page 141) in the spiders' stead.

Evasion (Ex): If exposed to any effect that normally allows her to attempt a Reflex saving throw for half damage, Sethris takes no damage with a successful saving throw.

Uncanny Dodge: Sethris retains her Dexterity bonus to AC if caught flat-footed or struck by an invisible attacker.



K'kkal, Herald of Sethris

Hit Dice:	12d8+60 (132 hp)
Initiative:	+7 (+4 Improved Initiative, +3 Dex)
Speed:	60 ft., climb 60 ft.
AC:	15 (-1 size, +3 Dex, +3 natural)
Attacks:	Bite +17 melee, 4 claws +12 melee, web spitter +10; or scimitars +13/+13/+13/+13/+8/+3 melee, bite +12 melee web spitter +10 ranged
Damage:	Bite 1d8+5 and poison; claw 1d6+2; scimitar 1d8+2
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 10 ft.
Special Attacks:	Acid venom, command spiders, spell-like abilities, strike of vengeance, web spitter
Special Qualities	Damage reduction 15/+1, fast healing 5, spell resistance 22
Saves:	Fort +13, Ref +11, Will +9
Abilities:	Str 21, Dex 17, Con 20, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 13
Skills:	Balance +10, Bluff +6, Diplomacy +10, Intimidate +10, Hide +10, Jump +12, Knowledge (religion) +12, Listen +8, Move Silently +10, Search +12, Sense Motive +6, Spot +12
Feats:	Improved Initiative, Leadership, Multidexterity, Multiweapon Fighting
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate forests, foothills
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	12
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always neutral evil
Advancement Range:	None

Description

The being who would become Sethris' Herald began life as a narleth named K'kkal, a hideous amalgamation of spider and human with a penchant for eating elves and their children. Fleeing from hunters, the creature found itself in the swamps of Kan Thet, where it befriended the spider-eye goblins. For a time, the narleth lived relatively happily, but when the goblins were wiped out by the asaathi and their trogon allies, K'kkal cried out for vengeance.

In her shadowy domain, Sethris heard the narleth's plea and, after some thought, decided to transform the narleth into her herald. She increased K'kkal's intelligence, gave it a fraction of her divine power and bade it gather and protect the few goblins that remained in the swamps. The narleth agreed and became a protector and savior of the goblin tribes. An arachnid civilization began to grow in the swamps, and the asaathi have begun to once more take notice. If they attack again, however, they will find the goblins ready for them, and aided by the herald of a demigoddess.

As Sethris' servant, the herald often finds itself called upon to undertake various tasks on behalf of her deity, often involving assassination, a task for which K'kkal is particularly well suited. To guard its interests in Kan Thet, K'kkal has amassed a sizable number of spiders and narleths, all loyal to the goblins that reside there. Travelers to the region had best

beware, for neither the guardians nor the goblins are friendly toward outsiders.

Combat

Sethris' Herald is a powerful opponent and eagerly engages its foes in melee combat. K'kkal typically charges into battle mounted upon a giant wolf spider, whirling its four scimitars in deadly unison, often striking an enemy dead before it can react. If pressed, the herald licks its swords with its potent venom, even though the venom's acidic properties will destroy them once the battle is done.

Spell-like Abilities: At will—*greater magic fang* (spiders only), *jump*, *Sethris' potency**, *spider climb*; 3/day—*nightmare*, *rune of poison**; 1/day—*animal shapes* (spiders only), *shapechange* (spiders only)

Acid Venom (Ex): The venom of the narleth is extremely potent and highly acidic. Any victim (including elves) bitten must make an immediate Fortitude save (DC 18) or be completely paralyzed. If the victim is subjected to multiple bites, the poison builds up in the person's system and begins the horrifying process of dissolving flesh and bone. For each subsequent bite after a failed save, a victim loses 1 point of Constitution. This loss is permanent ability drain.

Command Spiders (Su): Sethris' Herald may rebuke or command spiders as a cleric of its level would rebuke undead.



Strike of Vengeance (Ex): If Sethris' Herald is damaged in combat, the next successful strike it makes against the foe who inflicted the damage will deal maximum damage.

Summon Spiders (Sp): Once per day Sethris' Herald may summon up to 12 hit dice of monstrous spiders (or wolf spiders) in any combination. Thus, it could summon one 12 HD spider, two 6 HD spiders, twelve 1 HD spiders or any combination thereof.

Web Spitter (Ex): The narleth can spit a stream of sticky webbing from an orifice located between its mandibles. The webbing strikes anyone directly in front of the monster up to a distance of 40 feet, unless a target can make a successful Reflex save (DC 17). Anyone hit by the webbing is entangled immediately, requiring no less than three successful Strength rolls (DC 16) to break free. Each attempted Strength roll takes the place of a move action.

Sethris' Worship and Worshippers

Sethris is an extremely bitter goddess. Spawned from a malignant coupling between Belsameth and a demon-lord, the Venom Queen's birth was anything but pleasant. Because of her violent heritage, Sethris found little acceptance among the divine folk of Scarn. As a result, her life was largely one of pain and misery, since she was effectively denied the worship that sustained the other gods. During the course of the Divine War, however, she sought an end to this miserable existence. After the death of their god, she approached the elves, offering to become their patron. She thought the match a good one, as she had a penchant for retribution, but the elves spurned her advances, leaving her bereft of worshippers yet again. This angered her so much that she created the vile narleths, arachnid beasts meant to hunt down and destroy all elves.

Soon after her disastrous encounter with the elves, Sethris encountered the strange tribe of spider-eye goblins, deep in the swamps of Kan Ther. Though initially repulsed by these ugly beings, she was surprised to find that they had come to revere her, granting her power and connection with the mortals

of Scarn. And so she and the goblins nursed their hatred and bitterness toward the world together, and the Spider Queen was content to retire to her own corner of the ethereal plane thereafter.

Sethris dwells on the ethereal plane, in a great web that connects to other planes, to Scarn and even to worlds beyond. Her realm is a labyrinth of fine, silky strands. At the center of this great web lies the only place that might rightly be called Sethris' home: Nathal, the city of webs. It is here that Sethris brings her faithful when they die, and it is from here that she scrys upon the many happenings of the mortal world. This is a place that mortals see in their nightmares and where even gods fear to tread.

Nathal is a dark, forbidding place. The only illumination comes from luminescent, silky webs that are the only means of movement from place to place. Travel is difficult, since a single wrong turn can end with the traveler being trapped in the web. Travel is

also dangerous, since all manner of arachnids reside in Nathal's strands, including spiders of all sizes, as well as bebeliths, narleths and retrievers. Some are loyal to Sethris but others are merely visitors, exploring the web in the hope of finding exciting prey.

Visitors are welcome to Nathal, so long as they prove able to navigate its twists and turns without incident. Most beings who wind up here come in search of vengeance, though Sethris is infamously fickle and has been known to place unworthy petitioners in the depths of her web, from whence it is unlikely they will ever escape.

Sethris does not get on well with most of the other gods; her mother, Belsameth, cannot stand the sight of her due to the wretched memories it evokes of her time with the demon prince who became the Spider Queen's father. Vangal and Chardun would destroy her if they could, for slaying so hated a demigoddess would do little to disturb the divine truce. Corean and Madriel find her unclean, and Tanil wants to exterminate all of her creations. Even those most sympathetic to her position find her difficult to deal with. Hedrada, though he appreciates just vengeance, considers her petty and chaotic, and Enkili thinks her far too miserable to be any fun.



Syhana's Avatar

	Medium Outsider (Avatar)
Hit Dice:	20d8+60 (220 hp)
Initiative:	+17 (+13 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)
Speed:	40 ft., fly 120 ft. (perfect)
AC:	38 (+13 Dex, +5 natural, +5 deflection, +5 dodge)
Attacks:	<i>Prismatic blade</i> +33/+28/+23/+18 melee; +33/+28/+23/+18 ranged
Damage:	<i>Prismatic blade</i> 1d6+8; <i>Quills</i> 2d10+12 + <i>prismatic spray</i>
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Quills, voice of butterflies, cloud mastery, spells, robe of rainbows, prismatic flash
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 30/+3, fast healing 6, spell resistance 30
Divine Qualities:	Demigod's avatar, divine favor I, divine size, divine telepathy, divine vision, divine language
Saves:	Fort +15, Ref +25, Will +19
Abilities:	Str 16, Dex 36, Con 16, Int 20, Wis 24, Cha 34
Skills:	Animal Empathy +36, Balance +30, Climb +32, Concentration +26, Diplomacy +20, Gather Information +24, Heal +18, Intuit Direction +18, Jump +22, Knowledge (arcana) +20, Knowledge (nature) +20, Listen +30, Move Silently +22, Scry +24, Search +28, Sense Motive +20, Spellcraft +20, Spot +20, Wilderness Lore +20
Feats:	Chain Spell, Empower Spell, Flyby Attack, Weapon Finesse (rapier), Improved Critical (rapier), Improved Initiative, Twin Spell
Climate/Terrain:	Any
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	20
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always neutral good
Domains:	Air, Fey*, Rainbow*
Holy Symbol:	A rainbow
Advancement Range:	None

Description

During the Titanswar, the skies above Scarn were as horrible and bloody a battlefield as the land. The world was covered in darkness for weeks at a time as Enkili and Lethene battled each other with ever greater and more violent storms. Madriel and Gulaben cast spears of sunlight and sent fearsome cyclones against each other. Gradually, the divine forces began to gain the upper hand, but the devastation wrought by their aerial battles remained.

Vast stretches of Scarn were reduced to wasteland. Ravaged by floods, baked by the sun and scoured by fierce windstorms, once fertile regions were transformed into deserts. Plains became swamps. Lightning-blasted forests were transformed into smoldering ruin. Crops were wiped out and thousands starved. Knowing that, although the divine races had won the war, their efforts would be in vain if the people of the land perished, Madriel turned for aid to her consort, a powerful fae noble with substantial elemental powers named Syl. Together, they hit upon a scheme to aid the people of the land.

The pair produced a divine offspring who would maintain and guard the clouds and bring fair weather to Madriel's followers. This new goddess, Syhana, quickly grew to maturity and set to restoring Scarn's weather to its normal state. Under her father's direction, Syhana also assumed the guardianship of those good-aligned fey who had survived the war, aiding them as they went into hiding and struggled to survive.

Restoring Scarn's proper weather proved a near-impossible task. Enkili and Lethene's cyclones still raged, spawning dozens of lesser storms. Chaotic weather lashed Scarn, seemingly at random, and only Syhana's direct intervention could prevent it. While she could easily create clouds, Syhana could not prevent the winds from scattering them before they produced rain, and she could not be everywhere at once.

Frustrated, the goddess began to despair until one of her fey allies told her about the quillflies, a rare species of insect whose nectar could be used to seed clouds and bring rain. Seeking out the quillflies, Syhana found their numbers severely depleted but also, to her delight, discovered that the reports were true—the creatures' nectar could indeed be used to summon rain.

The Cloudmaiden took several of the quillflies and imbued them with divine power, causing them to grow into man-size crystalline butterflies with a fey intelligence. These she called skyquills, and they were charged with the task of raising and protecting their cousins, the quillflies, then using their nectar to seed the clouds and so bring forth rain. Since that day, the skyquills have been seen as sacred emissaries of both Syhana and her mother, Madriel, and their appearance is considered a good omen. The planting of butterfly bushes to attract quillflies is considered a highly auspicious act by Syhana and Madriel's faithful.

Syhana's avatar manifests on Scarn as a tall and beautiful young woman dressed in a flowing iridescent robe. The Cloudmaiden has long black hair and crystal-bright eyes, but her multicolored butterfly wings are her best-known feature. Protruding from the edges of the wings are Syhana's deadly quills, which regenerate about as fast as she can shoot them.

The Lady of Color manifests in the Scarred Land in response to disruptions in the normal weather or danger to her servitors. When she manifests, Syhana rarely walks the land of Scarn, instead preferring to travel her rainbow paths. Syhana is a very friendly and good-natured goddess, and her avatar may often be found visiting the castles of powerful cloud or storm giants, the cloud lairs of important aerial creatures or even Scarn's few remaining fey courts.

Invocation Benefit

A worshipper who invokes Syhana for one full round casts any spells involving weather or chro-

matic effects (*fog cloud*, *lightning bolt*, *prismatic spray*, *whirlwind*, etc.) as if she were one caster level higher. Only one level can be gained for each use of this benefit.

Combat

Syhana, ever a peaceful demigoddess, shuns violence and combat, using misdirection and magic to confuse her foes or simply flying away to avoid needless battles. The Cloudmaiden usually travels with an entourage of skyquills and other good or neutral fey. When expecting danger, the Syhana may travel with powerful cloud-dwelling creatures, such as cloud and storm giants or even small silver dragons.

Quills (Su): In ranged combat, Syhana releases a spray of colorful quills from her wings in a 60-foot cone. Any opponent within the cone must make a Will save (DC 32) or be blinded for 2d4 rounds in addition to taking normal quill damage. Alternately, a single quill may be shot at an opponent within 200 feet without any blinding effect. An opponent struck by either type of quill is affected as though struck with a *prismatic spray* (DC 32).

Voice of Butterflies (Ex): Syhana's buzzing-crystalline voice has a disorienting effect on her opponents. If Syhana casts no spells in a round, she may sing to confuse her opponents, as the spell *confusion* (DC 30), within 90 feet. In addition, Syhana may perform any bardic music talent as a 20th-level bard.

Cloud Mastery (Su): Syhana may tread on clouds or walk the rainbow paths at will. She may create or alter clouds at will as a free action (treat as the *fog cloud* spell). The Cloudmaiden may see through any fog or cloud as if it did not exist.

Spells: Syhana casts spells as a 20th-level sorcerer. She does not need material components for these spells.

Spell-like Abilities: Syhana may cast color, rainbow, weather control or prismatic spells at will as spell-like abilities. These spells are cast as if by a 20th-level sorcerer.

Robe of Rainbows: Syhana's robe of swirling light and color provides her with a +5 deflection bonus. In addition, the robe changes color to blend in with the surroundings, providing a constant +10 circumstance bonus to the Hide skill. As a standard action, the robe may bend light around the wearer, functioning as an *improved invisibility* spell.

Prismatic Flash (Su): Syhana may release a powerful flash of prismatic energy from her wings as a full round action once every 2d4 rounds. Every being within 60 feet is affected by this flash and must save as if touching a *prismatic sphere* spell (DC 32).

Prismatic Blade

Description: Syhana's sword is imbued with the essence of the rainbow, causing the infinitely thin blade to rapidly shift colors.

Powers: An opponent hit with this +5 *keen rapier* is also affected with a *prismatic spray* spell (DC 29).



Korlan, Herald of Syhana

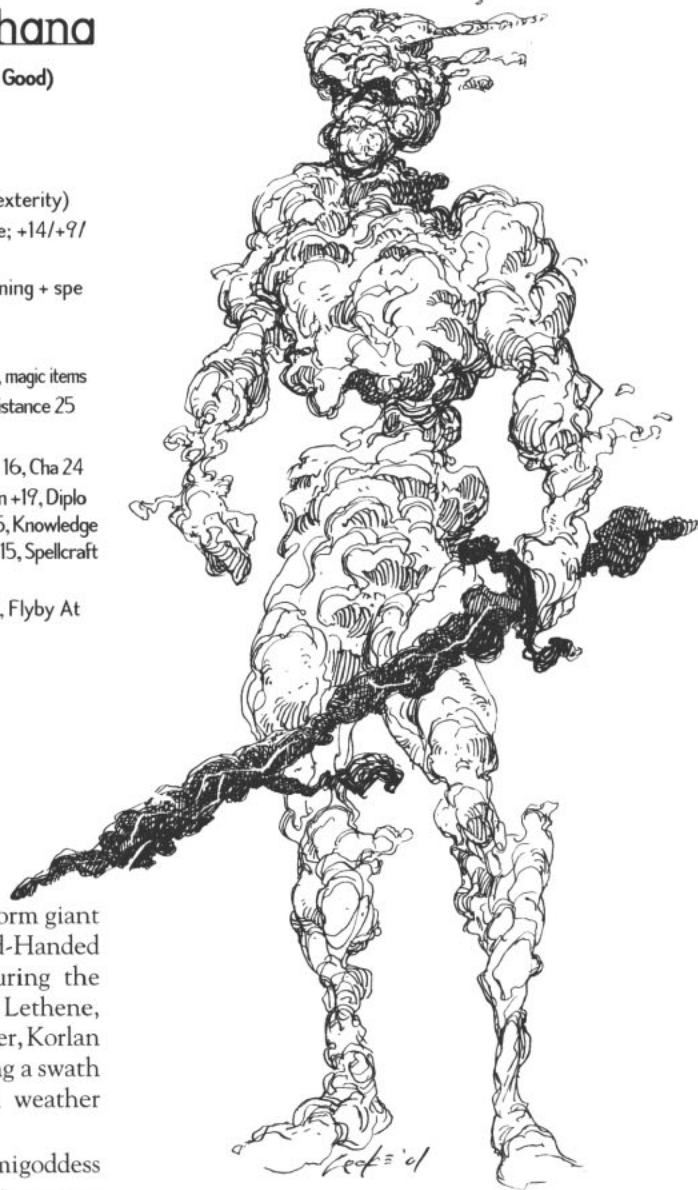
Hit Dice:	Huge Outsider (Air, Electricity, Good) 12d8+48 (120 hp)
Initiative:	+2
Speed:	50 ft., fly 50 ft. average
AC:	14 (-2 size, +4 deflection, +2 dexterity)
Attacks:	<i>Storm's Edge</i> +21/+16/+11 melee; +14/+9/+4 ranged
Damage:	<i>Storm's Edge</i> 4d6+9 +1d6 lightning + special; <i>Lightning Bolts</i> 6d6
Face/Reach:	10 ft. by 10 ft. / 15 ft.
Special Attacks:	Weather control, spells, lightning bolts, magic items
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction 20/+2, spell resistance 25
Saves:	Fort +12, Ref +10, Will +11
Abilities:	Str 25, Dex 14, Con 19, Int 20, Wis 16, Cha 24
Skills:	Listen +18, Spot +18, Concentration +19, Diplomacy +26, Knowledge (religion) +15, Knowledge (arcana) +15, Knowledge (planes) +15, Spellcraft +17, Sense Motive +18, Bluff +22
Feats:	Combat Reflexes, Enlarge Spell, Flyby Attack, Quicken Spell
Climate/Terrain:	Any
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	10
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always neutral good
Advancement Range:	None

Description

Syhana's Herald was once a mighty storm giant named Korlan, a member of the Hundred-Handed Ones, giants who served the titans. During the Titanswar, Korlan fought in the name of Lethene, Dame of Storms. When Lethene fell, however, Korlan knew his time was short and he fled, carving a swath of destruction across Scarn, casting foul weather upon peaceful villages and farms.

At last, Korlan came upon the demigoddess Syhana and flung himself upon her, hoping to avenge himself upon Syhana's mother, Madriel. Try as he might, however, Korlan could not hit the agile demigoddess. She flew from his grasp, all the while laughing and making rude gestures at the frustrated Korlan. Then the Cloudmaiden began to sing a haunting melody about love lost to the ravages of war. So enchanted was Korlan that he found himself unable to move or look away. By the time he regained his senses, Korlan stood before Enkili along with the other Hundred-Handed Ones, given over for judgment by the wily Syhana.

Enkili inflicted a terrible punishment upon the giants, transforming their flesh into clouds, their blood into rain, their voices into thunder. Even as his fellow giants writhed in agony, Korlan stood tall, accepting Enkili's judgment without fear. Thus he and the other giants were transformed into celestians, beings without substance, their existence controlled by the random whims of nature.



For decades, Korlan wandered the Scarred Lands, contemplating his fate. Unlike the other celestians, Korlan felt no anger toward the divine races, for he had grown tired of meaningless destruction. As he wandered, his sorrow grew, for he saw the pain and suffering that he and his masters had created. And it came to pass that Korlan repented of his transgressions, tormented by the fact that he could do nothing to make amends.

One day as Korlan was walked across a vast wasteland, he once more encountered Syhana, the Cloudmaiden.

"Look behind you, Korlan," whispered Syhana. As the celestial turned, his eyes grew wide as he beheld a wondrous sight. His every step had brought rain and life back to the devastated wasteland, cutting a green swath through the ruined terrain. Flowers bloomed, eager streams rushed and sparkled, birds sang and grass grew. The music of Syhana's voice echoed in Korlan's ears.

"Your sorrow and contrition have brought life and beauty back to the land. Serve now as my herald, Korlan, and together we shall heal this broken realm."

Feeling emotions that he had thought long dead, Korlan fell to his knees, and his tears rained down on the land. With a touch, Syhana reformed the giant's body, bringing solid form to the celestial's clouds. While the demigoddess could not entirely counter Enkili's curse, Syhana did what she could to restore the giant's sundered form.

Since that time, Korlan has served as Syhana's Herald. The giant now appears as a huge humanoid made of semisolid clouds. Lightning crackles up his arms and in his pure blue eyes. Korlan wields a deep blue greatsword called *Storm's Edge*. He is often found on Scarn bringing needed rain personally to drought-stricken areas. Korlan acts as Syhana's messenger to convey her directions to skyquill servitors, fey allies and powerful cloud-dwelling creatures.

Combat

Syhana's Herald knows that Enkili's curse makes him physically weaker than many of the aerial creatures. Because of this, the Herald has become an expert diplomat, talking his way out of difficult situations. When forced into battle, Syhana's Herald keeps his distance to maximize his long reach and lightning bolt ability. The herald has no qualms about fleeing combat if his opponents gain the upper hand.

Weather Control (Su): The herald is capable of surrounding himself with strong winds as a free action. Anyone within 50 feet of the herald moves at half his normal speed. Thrown or missile weapons used in the area of effect suffer a -6 to their attack rolls. Tiny or smaller flying creatures within the area are blown out of the air and injured by falling (see *Core Rulebook II*, page 112).

Spells: Syhana's Herald may cast spells as a 12th-level sorcerer. He prefers spells that channel lightning or are air- and weather-related.

Lightning Bolts (Su): Syhana's Herald is able to throw 6d6 lightning bolts at opponents at will.

Storm's Edge

Description: The herald wields a huge sky-blue greatsword called *Storm's Edge*.

Powers: The weapon acts as a +3 greatsword of shocking burst. Any creature struck by the weapon must make a Reflex save (DC 18) or become caught in a whirlwind that stuns and immobilizes the victim for 2d4 rounds.

Butterfly Familiars

Syhana often grants her wizard and sorcerer followers butterfly familiars as a sign of her favor. These butterflies are about the size of a closed fist and are usually very colorful. Rumor holds that if a wizard were to abandon or betray Syhana, his familiar would leave him, never to return.

Possession of a butterfly familiar allows the spellcaster access to Syhana's rainbow paths. In addition, the familiar grants the character +1 Dexterity and Charisma.

Butterfly: SZ D Magical beast; HD 1/4d8; Init +3 (Dex); Spd fly 20; AC 17 (+4 size, Dex); Atk none; SV Fort +2 Ref +2 Will +0; Str 3, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 0, Wis 10, Cha 14. Skills: Spot +10, Move Silently +12.

Syhana's Worship and Worshippers

Syhana is worshipped primarily by farmers and rural inhabitants who rely upon rain and fair weather for their livelihood. These worshippers often plant a few butterfly bushes on their lands to honor the goddess. (However, the quillflies' secret is known to few, if any; the insects are considered sacred to Syhana and Madriel.) Many desert tribes pay homage to the Cloudmaiden, as well. Such tribes see rainfall as a sacred event marked with raucous celebrations and feasting.

Because of Syhana's patronage during the Titanswar, many good and neutral fey ally with the demigoddess. While these fey are not true worshippers, they often act in Syhana's interests and respect her followers. Finally, Syhana has many powerful cloud-dwelling allies, such as cloud and storm giants. Rare on Scarn and all but unknown on the continent of Ghelspad, silver dragons are among Syhana's most powerful friends. Not all of these creatures venerate the Cloudmaiden, but Syhana can call upon a significant number of such creatures if needed.

Some scholars say that Syhana creates rainbows after storms to remind the divine races that she opposes any who would try to control the weather. The truth, however, is that the Cloudmaiden maintains pathways crafted from the rainbows themselves so that her servitors may travel around Scarn. Any of Syhana's nonhumanoid servitors may employ these pathways if they so desire. It is unknown where these colorful bands begin or what secret lies at their

destination, but the roads allow the Cloudmaiden's servitors a degree of safety and organization as they proceed with their work.

Syhana has no organized church on Scarn. Priests of the Cloudmaiden include farmers, shamans of desert tribes and mountain-dwelling folk. In large towns or important farming villages, it is not uncommon to have a full-time priest of Syhana associated with a local temple to Madriel. Priests of Syhana are well respected because of their role in helping the goddess bring rain and good harvests.

Syhana does not possess her own planar realm, instead occupying Rainbow's End, a huge and colorful castle located in Madriel's realm, the Citadel of the Sun. It is said that the rainbow paths of Scarn all lead to this castle, allowing Syhana and her servitors to travel the breadth of the Scarred Lands.

The Cloudmaiden maintains excellent relations with her mother, Madriel, and the two often work together. She also gets along well with Tanil and respects Corean, though she finds the Champion a bit too stiff and lawful. Unlike most gods, who tend to distrust Denev, Syhana has very good relations with the Earth Mother, often visiting the slumbering titaness in dreams.

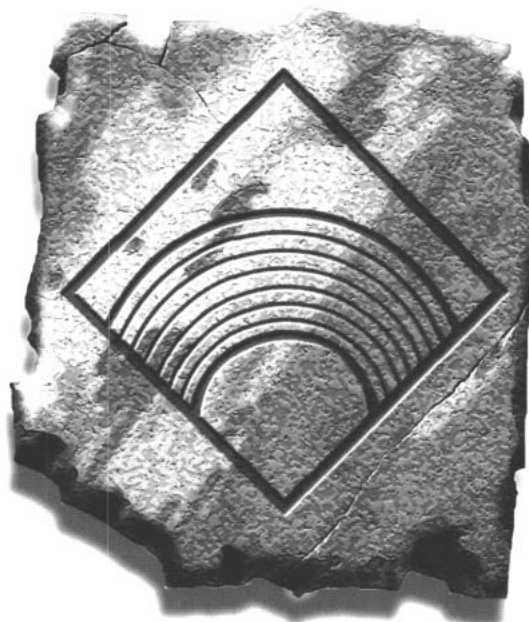
Syhana does not get along with any of the evil gods, and there is a special animosity between her and Belsameth. The Slayer brings only darkness and death and is the polar opposite of Madriel, so Syhana cannot help but despise her evil. The Cloudmaiden has a mixed relationship with Enkili, who also controls storms and winds, but whose whimsical nature sometimes leads to chaos that Syhana is often charged with correcting.

The Rainbow Paths of Syhana

Syhana, as the demigoddess of clouds, maintains rainbow paths that crisscross the skies of Scarn. These paths connect in major stormy areas, and they allow the Cloudmaiden's followers to quickly travel across Scarn to perform their duties. It is said that the rainbow paths often deteriorate in areas of little rainfall, such as deserts, making them dangerous to travel in those locations. Active, low-lying paths can sometimes be seen from the ground in the form of rainbows.

Syhana grants some mortals the ability to walk these paths. Beings traveling the rainbow paths treat them as well-made roads for the purpose of determining how far they can travel per day. The rainbow paths are full of twists and turns, making them very confusing to travel. Any creature that has been granted the ability to travel the path, however, knows instinctively which direction to travel as long as he keeps his destination in mind. Furthermore, travelers of the rainbow paths are well protected against attack, as the paths are guarded and maintained by skyquills.

Legends hold that the rainbow paths begin at the base of Syhana's castle in the Citadel of the Sun. Creatures that are able to successfully navigate the confusing twists of the paths may find themselves in Rainbow's End standing before the Lady of Color herself.



Other Demigods

A number of other lesser demigods are worshipped on Scarn. Most are even more local or specialized than the gods previously discussed and are not really players in the power struggles of Scarn. These deities are listed here in abbreviated form.

Aspharal, Demigod of Flowers

Said to be a skyquill raised to demigod status by Syhana and Madriel, this deity is in charge of overseeing the blooming of flowers in the spring and the maintenance of their color and beauty for as long as possible. She is worshipped by some elves, good-aligned druids and clerics of Madriel.

Alignment: Neutral good

Domains: Plants

Holy Symbol: A multicolored collection of flowers

The Beastlords

It is said that the more intelligent and advanced of animals worship the Beastlords, perfect examples of their species who serve the gods in their various domains and look to the health and safety of their followers on Scarn. These paragons include Cat, Dog, Wolf, Eagle, Bear and a number of other shamanic/totemic creatures. They have few human worshippers, though a number of druids pay them tribute. As neutral deities, the Beastlords have no domains.

Alignment: Neutral

Holy Symbol: A stylized image of the creature represented

D'shan, the Desert Wind

The Ukrudan tribesmen believe that D'shan is the living embodiment of the ferocious winds that scour their lands. Others have suggested that D'shan might actually be a surviving fragment of a titan, such as Lethene or Gulaben, that either has become a sentient entity on its own or seeks to reunite with the imprisoned titan.

Alignment: Lawful neutral

Domains: Air, Earth

Holy Symbol: The image of a small whirlwind or tornado

Fraelhia, the Snow Queen

Some Albadians and other dwellers in cold northern climes believe that neither the gods nor the titans cared about their realm, and so worship a god of the snow and cold, whom they believe protects her followers and punishes the unfaithful with death by freezing. Fraelhia is portrayed as a beautiful, white-haired woman swathed in white huor fur and crowned with a circlet set with icy blue gems.

Alignment: Chaotic neutral

Domains: Air, Chaos

Holy Symbol: A single perfect snowflake

Imal W heatsheaf, Demigod of Farms

A more personal and limited deity than Madriel, Imal is worshipped in the agricultural regions of Vesh and Darakeene. Some claim that he is a son of Denev and an earth elemental or dao lord, but that his parents have kept this secret for fear of provoking the gods, who imprisoned the elementals and djinn.

Alignment: Neutral good

Domains: Plant, Earth

Holy Symbol: A single stalk of wheat

Katashama, Demigod of the Hearth

Widely considered to be more a household guardian or protective spirit than a true deity, Katashama is most popular in Dunahnae, Darakeene and remote portions of the Calastian Empire. Katashama has few clerics—his worshippers are peasants who maintain a small shrine in his honor, hoping that his protection will bring luck, prosperity and large, healthy families.

Alignment: Lawful good

Domains: Protection, Fire

Holy Symbol: A hearth with a lit fire

Laathsaal, the Crawling One

In addition to honoring the memory of their creator, Mormo, many asaatthi also worship this wicked demigod, whom they believe to be one of their own number, elevated to divine status by Mormo in a last act of defiance as she was torn apart by the gods. In the Serpent Mother's absence, Laathsaal protects his people and helps them in their quest to find and reunite her sundered corpse. Laathsaal is also worshipped by a small number of hags.

Alignment: Chaotic evil

Domains: Animal, Death

Holy Symbol: A fanged serpent's mouth

Luchanig, Demigod of the Miredwellers

The evil and dangerous miredwellers worship this beast, which is said to actually live on Scarn. A huge, vastly powerful miredweller, Luchanig is also an expert in poison and teaches his people how to use the various herbs and dangerous plants, fungi and molds found in the swamps.

Alignment: Chaotic evil

Domains: Earth, Water

Holy Symbol: A red serpent's eye

Otossal, the Bone Master

Unlike the relatively benign Nemorga, Otossal is an evil demigod of death, worshipped by some necromancers, who pray to the Bone Master for aid when casting their foul spells. A small cult of necromancers in Glivid Autel worships Otossal, though

most of their fellows believe that Chardun and Belsameth are better patron deities.

Alignment: Lawful evil

Domains: Death, Evil

Holy Symbol: A horned demon's skull

Tamul, the Old Man of the Desert

Said by some to be a son of Corean (an assertion that is bitterly opposed by Corean's clerics and paladins), Tamul protects the animals of the desert and other arid regions. Some Ukrudan tribesmen and other nomadic groups pay homage to Tamul, hoping that he will keep their camels healthy and happy.

Alignment: Lawful good

Domains: Air, Animals

Holy Symbol: A yellow circle on a pale blue field

Trelu, Demigod of Form and Design

Worshipped almost exclusively in large cities, Trelu is a god of artists, architects, sculptors and

others who rely on the harmony of lines, shapes, colors and shades. He is known to be the supreme artist, capable of giving shape to any image, idea or thought. He is believed to be a child of Enkili, though no one can be sure who his other parent is.

Alignment: Chaotic good

Domains: Knowledge, Luck

Holy Symbol: A paintbrush

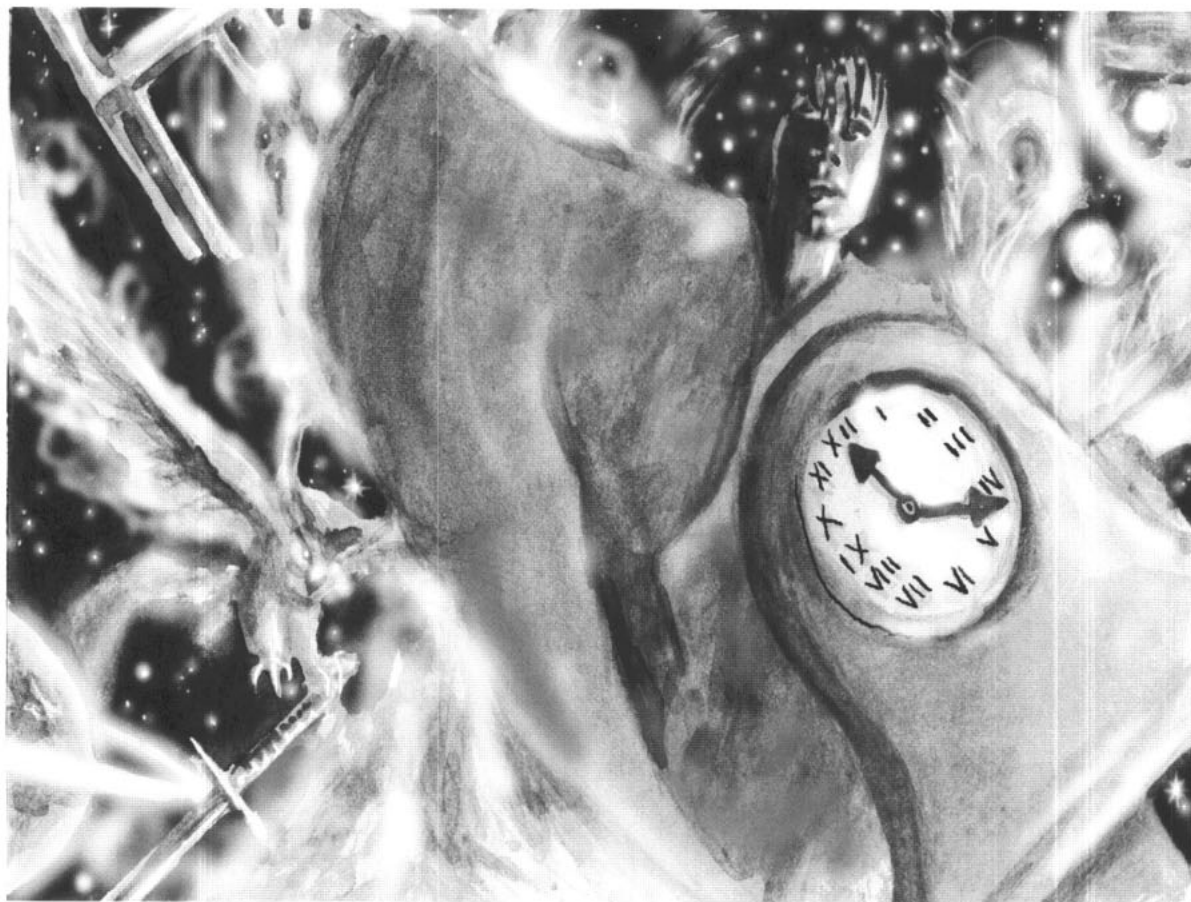
Volskalka, the Rider

The riders of the Kelder Steppes believe that Volskalka was a skilled warrior and leader who was granted immortality and divine powers by Tanil the Huntress. He oversees the health of the riders' horses and aids them in battle and when hunting.

Alignment: Lawful neutral

Domains: Animals, Strength

Holy Symbol: A pair of crossed lances





Chapter Four: Divine Gifts

Let us also give thanks to the gods for those miracles that they grant their followers, for without these powers, these holy invocations, these manifestations of their power, our struggle against the scourge of the titans and their minions might be in vain. Cast ye well those spells, my brothers and sisters, and do so in the knowledge that you are the mortal hands of our blessed and ever-vigilant masters!

—Matalia Lightbringer, priestess of Madriel

The gods grant numerous spells and powers to their followers. This chapter includes those spells and several new domains for the gods and demigods described in this book.

New Domains

Constructs Domain

Deity: Nalthalos

Granted Powers: Rebuke or command constructs as an evil cleric rebukes undead. The cleric may use these abilities a total number of times per day equal to his Charisma modifier +3. This ability may be used a number of times equal to the number of rebuke attempts available to an evil cleric of equal level. Clerics also gain the ability to construct any type of construct, even those that normally require arcane spells.

1 Invisibility to Constructs.** Constructs can't detect one subject per level.

2 Stop Golem.** As *hold person* but on golems.

3 Shout. Deafens all within cone and deals 2d6 damage.

4 Strength of Nalthalos.** Subject gains 1d8+4 temporary strength.

5 Transfer Sentience.** Subject and target golem exchange minds.

6 Heal Construct.** As the spell *heal* but on constructs.

7 Reconstruct.** As the spell *resurrection* but affecting constructs.

8 Iron Body. Body becomes living iron (see *Core Rulebook I*, page 218).

9 Steal Control.** Steal control of any construct in sight.

Domination Domain

Deity: Chardun

Granted Power: The cleric may rebuke or command members of his own race as he rebukes or commands undead. Chaotic- or good-aligned targets may make a Will save (DC 10 + cleric's Cha modifier + half the cleric's level) to avoid the effect. This effect never results in the destruction of the creatures rebuked or commanded. This ability may be used a number of times equal to the cleric's rebuke/command attempts per day.

1 Command. One subject obeys one-word command for one round.

2 Rend the Sovereign Soul*. Weakens victim's Will to resist.

3 Chardun's Torments.** Victim takes subdual damage and suffers penalties from pain.

Fist of Iron.** Transforms one fist into an iron club.

4 Lesser Geas. Commands subject of 7 HD or less.

5 Dominate Person. Controls humanoid telepathically.

Mind Fog. Subjects in fog get -10 Wis, Will checks.

6 Geas/Quest. As *lesser geas*, plus it affects any creature.

Visage of the Overlord.** Surrounds the caster in an aura of command and competence.

7 Incite*. Enlists a large group to achieve a specified goal.

8 Power of the Overlord.** Grants great strength but slowly corrupts the victim's soul.

9 Dominate Monster. As *dominate person*, but any creature.

Dream Domain

Deity: Erias

Granted Powers: Once per night, while sleeping, you may attempt a Scry check (DC 20) to gain the answer to some question, as per the spell *divination*. You require at least 3 hours sleep to use this divine gift. This is a supernatural ability.

Dream Domain Spells

1 Sleep. Put 2d4 HD of creatures into comatose slumber.

2 Minor Image. As *silent image* plus some sound.

3 Modify Memory. Changes 5 minutes of subject's memories.

4 Phantasmal Killer. Fearsome illusion kills subject or deals 3d6 damage.

5 Dream. Sends message to anyone sleeping.

6 Nightmare. Sends vision causing 1d10 HD damage.

7 Vision. As *legend lore* but quicker and strenuous.

8 Maze. Traps subject in extradimensional maze.

9 Weird. As *phantasmal killer* but affects all within 30 feet.

Entrancement Domain

Deities: Drendari, Idra, Manawe

Granted Power: Overwhelming presence: the cleric has the supernatural ability to gain an enhancement bonus to Charisma that is equal to her level. Activating the power is a free action and the power is usable once per day. This power lasts for a length of time necessary to use the bonus granted on a single roll. Thus, it may last an entire evening if used on a Diplomacy roll during a dinner, or but a single round if used to augment an undead turning attempt.

Entrancement Domain Spells

1 Charm Person. Makes one person your friend.

Hypnotism. Fascinates 2d4 HD of creatures.

2 Commanding Presence*. Subject gains 1d4+1 Charisma for 1 hour/level.

Enthrall. Captivates all within 100 feet + 10 feet/level.

3 Suggestion. Compels subject to follow stated course of action.

Siren Song.** Causes one target/level to be drawn inexorably toward the caster.

4 Emotion. Arouses strong emotion in subject.
5 Dominate Person. Controls humanoid telepathically.

Mind Fog. Subject in fog gets -10 Wis, Will checks.

6 Mass Suggestion. As *suggestion*, plus one/level subjects.

Rie's Dance of Seduction*. *Charms* all who view the dancer.

7 Incite*. Enlists a large group to achieve a specified goal.

8 Mass Charm. As *charm monster*, but all within 30 feet.

9 Convert*. Subject gains belief in your god.

Fey Domain

Deity: Syhana

Granted Power: The cleric gains a +4 sacred/profane bonus on all saving throws vs. spell-like abilities used by fey. Knowledge (fey) and Knowledge (nature) are class skills.

1 Charm Person. Makes one person your friend.

2 Invisibility. Subject is invisible for 10 minutes/level or until it attacks.

3 Snare. Creates a magical booby trap.

4 Confusion. Makes subject behave oddly for one round/level.

5 Polymorph Self. As *polymorph other* but you assume the form of a different creature.

6 Amnesia.** Target loses all memories.

7 Summon Nature's Ally VII (Hornsaw unicorn only). Calls creature to fight.

8 Otto's Irresistible Dance. Forces subject to dance.

9 Shapechange. Transforms you into any creature and changes forms once per round.

Gateways Domain

Deity: Nemorga

Granted Power: Open Lock and Search are class skills for you. You receive a +4 divine bonus to all saving throws and attack rolls made while standing on the threshold or doorstep of a door, gateway or other portal.

1 Hold Portal. Holds door shut.

2 Knock. Opens locked or magically sealed door.

3 Glyph of Warding. Inscription harms those who pass it.

4 Dimensional Anchor. Bars extradimensional movement.

5 Wall of Force. Wall is immune to damage.

6 Word of Recall. Teleports you back to designated place.

7 Plane Shift. Up to eight subjects travel to another plane.

8 Greater Planar Binding. As *lesser planar binding*, but up to 24 HD.

9 Gate. Connects two planes for travel or summoning.

Judgment Domain

Deity: Hedrada

Granted Power: Sense Motive is a class skill for you. In addition, you may make a *true strike* (as the spell) once per day against anyone who has wounded you within 24 hours. Invoking the *true strike* effect is a free action, although you must declare it before you make your attack roll. This power counts as a spell-like ability.

1 Prevarication's Bounty*. Causes the tongue of the victim to swell when the victim lies.

2 Hedrada's Balance*. Protects willing recipient from emotional biases.

3 Searing Light. Ray deals 1d8/two levels, more against undead.

4 Discern Lies. Reveals deliberate falsehoods.

5 True Seeing. See all things as they really are.

6 Divine Talion.** Enemies' attacks are revisited upon them.

7 Forcecage. Cube of force imprisons all inside.

8 Mind Blank. Subject is immune to mental/emotional magic and scrying.

9 Imprisonment. Entombs subject beneath the earth.

Rainbow Domain

Deity: Syhana

Granted Power: The cleric gains +2 sacred/profane bonus to all saving throws vs. spells affecting vision and is immune to all forms of magical blindness.

1 Color spray. Knocks unconscious, blinds or stuns 1d6 weak creatures.

2 Glitterdust. Blinds creatures, outlines invisible creatures.

Hypnotic pattern. Fascinates 2d4+1 HD/level of creatures.

3 Fly. Subject flies at speed of 90.

4 Rainbow Pattern. Lights prevent 24 HD of creatures from attacking or moving away.

5 Shield of Color.** Creates a shimmering shield that protects the caster from attack and shadow magic.

6 Control Weather. Changes weather in local area.

7 Prismatic Spray. Rays hit subjects with a variety of effects.

8 Prismatic Wall. Wall's colors have array of effects.

9 Prismatic Sphere. As *prismatic wall*, but surrounds on all sides.

Secrets Domain

Deities: Idra

Granted Power: Once per day, clerics of secrets can receive a truthful answer to any single question. The question can be asked only of characters who share a language with the cleric. The person questioned may omit information or word her answer in a misleading manner, but she must answer and cannot lie. Characters of level equal to or greater than the cleric get a Will save (DC equal to 10 + the cleric's Charisma modifier + one-half the cleric's level) to refuse to answer, but they still cannot lie.

1 Detect Secret Doors. Reveals hidden doors within 60 feet.

Message. Whispered conversation at a distance.

2 Dead Man's Eyes*. View the last minutes of a corpse's life from its view.

Detect Thoughts. Allows "listening" to surface thoughts.

3 Mind Raid*. Allows reading of deep thoughts.

4 Discern Lies. Reveals deliberate falsehoods.

Mirror Safe*. Creates an extradimensional space to store items.

5 Inquisition*. Target must answer three questions truthfully.

Prying Eyes. 1d4 floating eyes +1/level scout for you.

6 True Seeing. See all things as they really are.

7 Sequester. Subject is invisible to sight and scrying.

8 Discern Location. Exact location of creature or object.

Mind Blank. Subject is immune to mental/emotional magic and scrying.

9 Mind Share.** Allows caster to get truthful answers to any questions asked of subject.

Shadow Domain

Deities: Drendari

Granted power: Add your level to Hide and Move Silently skill rolls while in shadow.

1 Reshape Shadow*. Changes the shape of a natural shadow.

Shade's Sight*. Creature touched may look from nearby shadows.

2 Gloom*. Creates an area of shadowy light around a touched object.

Animate Shadow*. Shadows become ropes that entangle.

Shadow Strike*. Damage inflicted on a shadow is transferred to its owner.

Shadow Touch*. Caster has Strength-draining touch.

4 Shadow Form of Lyrand*. Caster turns himself into a natural shadow.

Shadow Shield*. Protects the caster from sight and scrying.

5 Curtain of Darkness*. Creates a black wall that blocks sight and scrying.

Imbue Shadow*. Turns an ordinary shadow into a shadow creature.

6 Shadow Smash*. Permanently turns any object into a shadow version of itself.

7 Shadow Walk*. Step into shadow to travel rapidly.

8 Shadow Twin*. Turns a creature's shadow into a hostile twin.

9 Eclipse*. Causes the sun(s) in the sky to be eclipsed.

Vengeance Domain

Deities: Sethris

Granted Power: If you have been harmed by a target in combat you may smite the foe during the following round, as per the spell *holy smite*. Any creature may be affected by this ability.

1 Shield of Faith. Aura grants +2 or higher deflection bonus.

2 Knock. Opens locked or magically sealed door.

3 Speak with Dead. Corpse answers one question/two levels.

4 Dimensional Anchor. Bars extradimensional movement.

5 Mark of Justice. Designates action that will trigger *curse* on subject.

6 Vengeance of the Scorned.** Allows caster to find and defeat a single individual.

7 Spell Turning. Reflects 1d4+6 spell levels back at caster.

8 Discern Location. Exact location of creature or object.

9 Storm of Vengeance. Storm rains acid, lightning and hail.

Amnesia

The target loses all memory.

Enchantment [Mind Affecting]

Level: Brd 5, Fey 6, Sor/Wiz 6

Components: V, S

Casting Time: One action

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5ft. / 2 levels)

Target: One living creature

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell resistance: Yes

Description

During the Titanswar, Syhana's fey allies employed magical arrows that could destroy an enemy's memory while leaving him relatively unharmed. The Lady of Color was able to coax these otherwise shy creatures to teach her wizard and bard followers this powerful magic. Syhana favors the use of this spell, as it can eliminate a dangerous enemy without the use of force and, occasionally, may even facilitate the conversion of a foe.

Spell Effect

The target of this spell loses all memory of his life. The subject retains his alignment and all of his skills, class abilities, spells and languages but does not remember where they were learned. This effect can be dispelled only with a *heal*, *limited wish*, *wish* or *miracle* spell.

Divine Talion

Enemies attacks are revisited upon them.

Abjuration, Necromancy

Level: Clr 7, Judgment 6

Components: V, S, M, DF

Casting Time: One action

Range: Personal

Target: You

Duration: One round/level

Description

Hedrada's priests have access to many spells that assist them in promoting the word of the Lawgiver. Most of these spells aren't physical in nature; the average priest-judge is backed by local law

and therefore need not do much more than divine the truth. However, sometimes Hedrada's priests find themselves forced to rely on other means of protection. *Divine talion* is a spell that evokes Hedrada's power as god of justice in a very direct fashion. The spell itself invokes the power of classic talion—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. He who strikes a Hedradan priest protected by this spell will feel his sword bite into his own flesh; she who hurls fire at a priest so protected will herself burn in her own flames.

Spell Effect

While protected by *divine talion*, any damage done to the caster by attackers, through spells or physical attacks, is taken by the attackers as well. The spell does not prevent the caster from taking damage; it merely replicates the same wounds on those who inflict them. Anyone who does damage to the caster must make a Will saving throw or suffer the same number of hit points as they inflicted upon the caster.

Replicated attacks retain their original properties; damage taken from a *fireball* will affect the *fireball*'s caster as fire damage as well. This may mean that the attacker will be unaffected by rebounded attacks (such as a devil, which is immune to fire, taking no damage from the *burning hands* effect he used to injure the caster). However, *divine talion* cannot replicate death effects or any other baneful effects that do not inflict hit point or ability damage. If a spell inflicts hit point or ability damage and also has a secondary effect (such as the stunning property of *sound burst*), *divine talion* would strike the attacker with the damage but not the secondary effect.

If the caster is reduced to 0 hit points or below by hit point damage while this spell is in effect, the attacker who caused such damage must make a successful Fortitude save or immediately be reduced to 0 hit points. Creatures that are

not subject to death by massive damage are immune to this effect.

Material Components: A small silver mirror

Fourfold Forging

Transforms the caster's sword into four blades that act in unison

Transmutation

Level: Clr 8

Components: V, S, F, DF

Casting Time: One action

Range: Touch

Target, Effect or Area: Weapon touched

Duration: 1 minute/level

Saving Throw: None

Spell resistance: No

Description

Legend holds that Corean forged his blade four times over upon Golthagga's anvil before the titan returned to assault him. While no priest has since matched the work of the Master Forger, the dedicated smith-priest Pherium did learn to multiply his power in battle through mystically shaping his blade according to Corean's myth.

Spell Effect

Casting *fourfold forging* upon a suitable weapon, usually a sword, causes it to become four identical weapons. The caster continues to wield one of the four blades as normal and the other three duplicate his attack rolls and damage rolls, including any magical improvements the weapon might already possess. Thus, every blow results in four blows and every miss in four misses. Damage inflicted is multiplied by four. The skill of the wielder does not improve, but his effects are multiplied. Any attacks that target the dancing swords not held by the wielder may damage or destroy them as normal, reducing the number of blades that the wielder may bring to bear. Damaged duplicates of the weapon do not harm the original, however,

and when the spell ends the duplicates simply disappear again.

Focus: The weapon upon which this spell is used must either have been forged four times or must have a tiny symbolic sword attached to its pommel that was forged four times.

Fist of Iron

Transforms one fist into an iron club

Alteration

Level: Clr 3, Domination 3

Components: S, DF

Casting Time: One action

Range: Personal

Target: You

Duration: 1 minute/level (D)

Saving Throw: Will negates (harmless)

Spell resistance: Yes (harmless)

Description

Chardun the Slaver rules his followers with an iron fist and bids them to do the same. This spell enables them to literally do just that. Minor clerics of Chardun often cast *fist of iron* before entering combat instead of using their normal weaponry in order to draw their god's attention and favor. More powerful clerics view this use of the spell as a pathetic display of hubris, instead recognizing *fist of iron* as a spell of last resort, to be used under dire circumstances such as when captured or disarmed.

Spell Effect

This spell temporarily turns one of the caster's fists into solid iron. The fist deals damage as a heavy mace in combat, with a +1 enhancement bonus for every three levels of the caster (maximum +3). In addition, the spell grants a 1d4+1 enhancement bonus to Strength. The caster's fist becomes solid iron for the spell's duration, and so he may not hold anything or perform any gestures with the hand affected by the spell (casting spells with somatic components is still possible as long as the cleric's other hand is free). The cleric is considered to have

the Improved Unarmed Strike feat while the *fist of iron* is in effect.

Heal Construct

As the spell heal but on constructs

Conjuration (Healing)

Level: Clr 6, Constructs 6

Components: V, S

Casting Time: One action

Range: Touch

Target: Construct touched

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

Spell resistance: Yes (harmless)

Spell Effect

This spell completely repairs any damaged construct, mending chipped and cracked parts and filling in gouges and pockmarks with fresh materials. It will completely heal any hit point damage suffered by a construct. This spell overrides the magic immunity of constructs.

Hero's Death

Empower a target to accomplish a last heroic feat before dying.

Necromancy

Level: Clr 7

Components: V, S, DF

Casting Time: One round

Range: Touch

Target: One living creature

Duration: 1 hour/level (the recipient's level, not caster's) or until completion of task

Saving Throw: Will negates (harmless)

Spell resistance: Yes (harmless)

Description

Many are those that would give their lives to accomplish some great feat—and indeed, many are those who do so. For those who truly desire to change the world for good or ill, death is an easy thing to accept as the price. And for reasons that remain his own, the Grey King empowers his priests to offer that very bargain to those who desire it. For a brief time, those offered the *hero's death* gain tremendous power to complete one final task, but at the cost of their very life.

Spell Effect

This spell can be cast only on a person who fully understands the consequences of his sacrifice; a potential recipient who does not comprehend that he will die forever as his share of the bargain cannot be affected by this spell. The spell will not work on constructs or those who are bereft of their free will (although free-willed undead can be affected); the recipient must have made the decision to sacrifice his own life by his own free will.

For the spell's duration, the recipient receives a +10 divine bonus to any and all rolls directly related to accomplishing his task. This includes rolls for attack and damage (but not spell damage), but *only* against the foe or organization the recipient is sworn to slay; any underlings, pets or the like are fought as normal. The recipient also gains 15/+3 damage reduction, regeneration 5 and spell resistance equal to the caster's level +5. However, at the end of the spell's duration, or once the recipient's task is completed, the spell recipient dies permanently (even if undead).

Those who die as a result of (or while under the effects of) this spell cannot be raised, resurrected or reincarnated, even if they failed in their task; such is the nature of the bargain. However, dying in direct pursuit of one's goal in such a manner is certain to win a hero (or villain) a place of prestige in the realm of his god.

Divine Focus: A replica of Nemorga's longsword, upon which the spell recipient swears his part of the bargain

Invisibility to Constructs

As invisibility, but affects only constructs

Abjuration

Level: Clr 1, Constructs 1

Components: V, S, DF

Casting Time: One action

Range: Touch

Targets: One creature touched per level

Duration: 10 minutes / level (D)

Saving Throw: Will negates (see text)

Spell resistance: Yes

Spell Effect

Constructs cannot perceive the warded creatures. Nonintelligent constructs are automatically affected and act as if the creatures are not there. Any offensive action ends the spell. Intelligent constructs get one saving throw. They either sense the creatures or they do not.

Judgment of Gold

Transforms target into golden statue

Transmutation

Level: Clr 7

Components: V, S, M, DF

Casting Time: One action

Range: Touch

Target: One creature

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: Fortitude negates

Spell resistance: Yes

Description

The Hedradan legal code contains a large number of proscribed punishments, each one meant to suit the crime involved. Of course, some crimes call out for highly public punishment so that the populace can rest assured that justice has been done. For many such crimes, the more powerful priest-judges rely on this spell.

During a public ceremony, the priests transform the criminal into a golden statue, a shining reminder of the price of transgression. Hedrad's Courtyard of the Punished is lined with such statues, which are both beautiful and chilling to behold. A few justicars have even been forced to use this spell in combat, when bringing a particularly dangerous troublemaker to trial would have been impossible. A few gruesome stories repeat the fate of the bandit-king known as the White Prince, who was transformed into gold by a justicar and subsequently hacked apart by his own avaricious men, who were in

turn horrified to find that they now held the dripping remains of their own leader, flesh once more.

Spell Effect

The subject and all possessions on her person are immediately transformed into an inert, mindless statue made of pure gold. Unlike a statue created by means of a *flesh to stone* spell, any portion of the statue broken off or removed reverts to its original form instantly; a broken-off finger becomes a flesh-and-blood finger, for instance. If the statue is melted down, it dissolves into a wash of blood and melted fat. The subject is not slain by this spell (unless the statue is destroyed) but is not truly alive either. The spell's effects can be broken by successive applications of *remove curse* and *stone to flesh*, if the spells are cast within one round of each other. Only creatures made of flesh and bone (including most corporeal undead) are affected by this spell.

Material Components: An alchemical blend of rare liquids, costing 100 gp; the caster must sprinkle this infusion on his holy symbol and then touch the symbol to the target.

Mind Share

Allows caster to get truthful answers to any questions asked of subject

Divination [Mind Affecting]

Level: Clr 9, Secrets 9, Sor/Wiz 9

Components: V, S, F/DF, XP

Casting Time: 5 minutes

Range: Touch

Target, Effect or Area: Creature touched

Duration: 1 minute/level

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell resistance: Yes

Description

The Courtesans of Idra constantly strive to gather all the information they can. To more easily attain their mysterious goals, some of the Courtesans' most powerful clerics and sorceresses have developed this puissant and dangerous spell. Though the risks

involved are significant, it grants the caster great power over the minds of others.

Spell Effect

The target must have an Intelligence of 3 or greater. With both hands, the caster touches the target's head with the spell's focus and holds this position for 5 full minutes while she recites the incantation. Any break in the physical contact causes the spell to fail, so unwilling targets are usually bound or otherwise restrained. If the target makes his saving throw, it means that for some reason this particular caster cannot penetrate the target's mental defenses. The target is still susceptible to the spell from other casters, but this caster cannot make another attempt with this target for at least a year. The target's saving throw is rolled at the beginning of casting, and if he succeeds both he and the caster are helpless (see below), but the caster expends only half the normal cost in experience points.

Once the spell has begun, the caster has full access to the mind of the target. Every minute of the spell's duration, the caster has a chance of finding the answer to any question whose answer is known by the target. The caster makes a concentration check (DC equal to the target's Intelligence). A failed check means the caster was overwhelmed by the flood of memories and mental images coming from the target's mind. She can try again after 1 minute with a cumulative +1 bonus (on the same question only). Once the caster finds the information, the GM decides how long it takes for the caster to absorb it. Simple questions like, "Who sent you here?" are answered effectively instantaneously with a name and a full mental picture of the person (assuming the target has this information). Something more vague or complicated, like "Why are you here?" can take 1 to 4 minutes, depending on the answer. All questions are answered

fully and truthfully and provide a great deal more information than possibly could be conveyed by speech alone. The target has no opportunity to hold anything back.

If the caster has the time to do so, she can continue to ask more questions until the full spell duration is reached. Alternatively, she can choose to break off the spell after the first question. Every 2 minutes the caster spends melded to the mind of the target carries a cumulative 1% chance (make separate rolls for both the caster and the target at the end of the spell) of permanent madness as the spell *feeblemind* that can be cured only by a successful *heal* or *wish* spell. There is also a 1% chance/minute that either the target or caster will gain some short random piece of deeply personal or secret information from the mind of the other (roll separately at the end of the spell for both the caster and the target). Neither party has any way of knowing whether or not the other has gained information in this way or what piece of information it might be. The target is aware of every answer the caster gains deliberately.

After the spell has ended, both caster and target are helpless and nearly unconscious for 3d4 rounds. If the spell is cut short by outside influence or the struggles of the target, both parties take 2d4 points of damage and no information is gained by either party. Length of unconsciousness, possibility of madness and XP cost are unchanged.

Arcane Focus: An uncut, polished obsidian worth at least 30 gp

XP Cost: 1,000 XP (or 500, see above)

Power of the Overlord

Grants great strength but slowly corrupts the victim's soul

Components: V, S, DF

Casting Time: One action

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5ft. / two levels)

Target: One creature

Duration: One day/level (D)

Saving Throw: Special

Spell resistance: Yes

Description

Few can resist the overwhelming power of Chardun once they have tasted it. Realizing this, clerics of the Great General often cast *power of the Overlord* upon foes dedicated to freedom, justice and goodness. Paladins of Corean are especially susceptible to this cruel spell.

Power of the Overlord grants the target great power, but as has often been said, in the Scarred Lands and elsewhere, absolute power leads to absolute corruption. While the spell lasts, the recipient's strength dramatically increases; however, the subject's soul becomes increasingly imperiled. Clerics of Chardun often employ this spell to convert highly placed soldiers or rulers to the worship of the Slaver.

Spell Effect

The target of this spell receives a +1 enhancement to Strength per two caster levels. In addition, the recipient receives spell resistance equal to the caster's level. Each time the target deals damage in combat to a living creature, he gains one-half of the damage dealt as temporary hit points. These hit points may exceed the target's normal maximum by up to 20 points. The temporary hit points last only until the recipient next sleeps.

While this spell is in effect, at the end of every day that the target kills a foe, he must make a Will save (DC per this spell) or change one step toward lawful evil alignment. The DC for this save increases by +1 for each additional creature killed that day, and this is treated as an enchantment, mind-affecting spell effect. For example, a chaotic good character that fails such a Will save must become neutral good or chaotic neutral (character's

player's choice). These alignment changes are permanent after the spell has ended, although a character may work to regain his previous alignment. *Power of the Overlord* may not be cast upon lawful evil targets.

Raise the Eternal Army

Raises a large quantity of powerful undead to serve in Chardun's name

Level: True Ritual—Clr 6

Components: V, S, M/DF, XP

Casters Required: Five

Proxy: No

Casting Time: One day

Range: Touch

Target: One graveyard or burial place

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: None

Spell resistance: No

Description

During the Titanswar, the Great General was often forced to overextend his forces due to the sheer numbers of titanspawn foes. In one particularly vicious campaign, the Slaver's Charduni and human forces took horrendous losses holding off a rampaging goblin horde. After the assault, Chardun gazed across the field, scattered with the broken remains of goblins and Charduni, and was pleased at the carnage. However, even as he gloated, Chardun felt the titan Thulkas approaching. Knowing that his beleaguered forces could not stand another assault from Thulkas' forces, the Slaver then created a mighty ritual that would soon outrage the "lesser" gods such as Corean and Madriel.

Chardun taught five of his best clerics the secret of raising large numbers of the dead to serve as soldiers. As Chardun held off Thulkas and his goblins, his clerics began the ritual that would raise up his slain army. All around the clerics, Chardun's warriors gave their lives to protect the priests from the maddened goblins spewing from fissures in Thulkas'



mountainous form. Finally, as day turned to night, the clerics completed their spell. Hundreds of undead warriors rose up, an unholy light burning in their eyes. Chardun's undead fell upon the disorganized goblin forces, scattering them. With his victory, Chardun's fame spread and knowledge of this horrible ritual has been eagerly sought among the Slaver's followers ever since.

Spell Effect

This spell raises a large number of undead to serve as part of any army that serves Chardun. Assuming that there are enough local dead bodies, the spell animates ten times the casters' levels in 1HD skeletons. In addition, for each caster level a 5HD Chardun-slain (see *Creature Collection*, page 41) is created. These undead are utterly loyal to the casters and are able to function in an organized manner. Each Chardun-slain acts as a lieutenant, directing ten skeletons. Enemies killed by the Chardun-slain will arise as skeletons

themselves until the army is completely destroyed or the spell ends.

These undead last only for one day per caster level unless they engage in large-scale combat. If the army engages a force of at least half its own size, this time period resets and the army will last for a period of days equal to the caster's level. This may occur any number of times until the duration finally expires.

Material Components: One onyx globe per caster level worth at least 50 gp and used to create the Chardun-slain of the army

XP Cost: 2,000 each caster

Reconstruct

As the spell resurrection but affects constructs

Conjuration (Healing)

Level: Clr 7, Constructs 7

Components: V, S, M, DF, XP

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: Touch

Target: Destroyed construct touched

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None (see text)

Spell resistance: No

Description

Creating a golem is a dangerous, time-consuming process that leaves the creator drained and in need of rest. During the Titanswar, there was little time for rest, or for exhausted spellcasters. This spell was created after Nalthalos' body was destroyed to reinforce his weakened position and ensure that he could be brought back if destroyed.

Spell Effect

This spell restores the physical body of a golem and allows it to be reprogrammed as if it had just been created. Seventy-five percent of the golem must be intact for the spell to work, and the golem cannot have been destroyed for more than a month per level of spellcaster. When casting the spell, the golem reforms, but due to its destruction, only permanently regains 75% of its hit points. At the time of reconstruction, the caster must pay 1/50th of the base

price to create the golem in experience.

Material Components: A vial of holy water and a gem worth 5,000 gp

Restore Creature

Returns one creature to the form its species held before the Divine War

Level: True Ritual—Clr 6, Drd 5

Components: V, S, M, XP

Casters Required: Two +1 per HD of target creature (minimum three)

Proxy: No

Casting Time: 1 hour per HD of target creature

Range: One target creature

Target: Creature encircled

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: None

Spell resistance: Yes

Description

Tanil and Denev love all living things and would love to see the creatures that were warped and changed during the Divine War returned to their natural state rather than killed. To this end, they have granted their followers the ability to enact such changes in a captive creature through ritual. When they have the means to do so without endangering the community, followers of both Tanil and Denev are encouraged to see this ritual performed rather than kill any warped creature.

Spell Effect

One creature that has been marred or deformed as an after-effect of the deaths of the titans and the Divine War is permanently restored to the shape its species took before the war took place. Thus, for example, a Hornsaw unicorn would become a regular unicorn and a ratman would become a rat.

The creature must be restrained or unconscious throughout the ritual, for if it leaves the circle surrounding it, the ritual fails. Indeed, if the

circle is broken for any reason, the ritual is unsuccessful. Casters are also so deep in trance throughout the duration of the ritual that they cannot defend themselves from attack until the circle is broken. An attacked caster breaks out of the trance immediately upon being wounded and can choose to break the circle so the others can fight.

The targeted creature has no saving throw to resist this ritual, but spell resistance operates normally.

Material Components: A creature whose species was warped by the Divine War, such as a ratman or Hornsaw unicorn, as well as something from an already normal creature, like some fur from an ordinary rat or a clipping from the mane of a good unicorn. Cost of the second component varies depending on the creature being changed. Rat fur costs little or nothing, but unicorn mane can cost up to 100 gold pieces.

XP Cost: 750 XP each caster

Shield of Color

Creates a shimmering shield that protects the caster from attack and shadow magic

Abjuration

Level: Brd 5, Rainbow 5, Sor/Wiz 5

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: One action

Range: Personal

Target: You

Duration: One round/level (D)

Description

Syhana has always considered shadow magic the antithesis of her own power. Whereas the Cloudmaiden provides life-giving color to Scarn, shadow magic supplies only life-draining evil and darkness. Syhana's hatred of shadow magic fueled the creation of this spell. It was introduced by priests of the Lady of Color and quickly spread among the few wizards and bards who venerate her. The *shield of color* is often used in conflicts with rogue Slarecian refugees, Penumbra Lords or followers of Belsameth or Drendari, who often use magical shadow and darkness.

Spell Effect

This spell creates a radiant, multicolored aura around the caster that protects against both physical attacks and spells of the shadow subtype. The swirling colors of the shield grant the caster one-half concealment (20% miss chance). Any opponent that has sight and that is engaged in melee with the caster is automatically *dazzled* (-1 to attacks) while in melee and for 1d10 rounds thereafter.

The *shield of color* has random protective effects each round. Each color has a corresponding negating spell, which automatically dispels the *shield of color* if cast while that color is active. Each round, roll 1d8 and compare to the fchart below.

Darkness-creating spells of 3rd level or less automatically fail when a *shield of color* enters

Die Roll	Color	Effect of Color	Negated By
1	Red	+4 AC vs. ranged attacks	<i>cone of cold</i>
2	Orange	Damage reduction 5/+1	<i>gust of wind</i>
3	Yellow	+4 AC vs. natural weapons	<i>disintegrate</i>
4	Green	One-half cover (+4 AC, +2 Reflex saves)	<i>passwall</i>
5	Blue	+2 to all saves	<i>magic missile</i>
6	Indigo	5 points of protection from all elements	<i>daylight</i>
7	Violet	+4 AC vs. melee weapons	<i>dispel magic</i>
8		2 effects at random; roll again and ignore a result of 8. The negating spell for either color dispels the shield.	

their area of effect. Similarly, any shadow spell of 5th level or less has a chance of being dispelled by the shield if the shield enters their area of effect (as per *dispel magic*).

Arcane Material Components:
An iridescent pearl worth at least 100 gp

Silver Sword

Causes a weapon to count as silver for any special attack purposes

Transmutation

Level: Clr 0, Pal 1

Components: V, S, M, F, DF

Casting Time: One action

Range: Touch

Target, Effect or Area: Weapon touched

Duration: 1 minute/level

Saving Throw: None

Spell resistance: No

Description

The Order of Silver teaches that many supernatural creatures are more easily harmed by silver than any other metal. Smith-priests of the order discovered that with the proper blessings from the Shining One, a weapon could be temporarily imbued with the properties of silver even if it was forged of some sturdier material.

Spell Effect

Silver sword may be cast upon any metal weapon. For the duration of the spell, all attacks by that weapon are treated as though they were inflicted by a silver weapon on creatures that have special weakness or immunities regarding silver. The weapon takes on a silvery sheen but is otherwise unaffected. If the spellcaster is a good cleric or paladin, the weapon is also considered *blessed*, which means it has special effects on certain creatures.

Material Components: One silver coin that is consumed in the casting

Focus: The weapon being enchanted

Siren Song

Causes multiple targets to be drawn inexorably toward the caster

Enchantment (Compulsion) [Mind Affecting]

Level: Brd 3, Clr 3, Entrancement 3

Components: V, S

Casting Time: One full round

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5ft. / two levels)

Target: Creatures totaling 2 HD/level

Duration: Concentration + one round/two levels

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell resistance: Yes

Description

One of the most feared spells of Manawe's priesthood, *siren song* lures one or more targets toward the caster. Though the traditional use of this song has been to lure those who have sinned against



Manawe into the ocean to be drowned, it has seen other uses, including luring titanspawn into ambushes and drawing sleeping targets from their beds without their knowledge or consent.

Other clerics are known to use the *siren song*. Clerics of Idra are said to use it to lure to their deaths those who oppose their conspiracies; there are also rumors of Drendari's clerics using it to lure a target into an out of the way place in order to relieve them of their valuables.

Spell Effect

To use this spell, the caster begins singing a wordless, haunting melody. The targets of this spell are permitted a Will save to resist its effects; those who fail the save are caught up in its power. They travel at a shambling, stumbling gait toward the source of the music, moving at half normal speed. If they reach the caster, they will stand next to him enthralled and unmoving unless the caster moves away in which case the target will stumble along to follow. The target does not defend himself and is considered *helpless* (see *core rulebook II* p. 84). A coup de grace may be attempted against victims of this spell, though violence breaks the spell.

Once the spell's effect end, the target comes to his senses with no memory of the time he spent enthralled by the *siren song*.

Steal Control

Steal control of any construct in sight.

Enchantment (Compulsion)
Level: Construct 9
Components: V, S, M, DF
Casting Time: One full round
Range: Any construct in sight
Duration: Concentration
Saving Throw: Will negates
Spell resistance: Yes

Description

Enemies of the dark elves who seek to use golems or other artificial beings against them are always shocked when the elves wrest away control of their constructs. This shock usually changes to terror quickly, as the elves invariably send the constructs back to slay their creators.

Spell Effect

The caster must be able to see the target construct, which receives a Will save to resist the control attempt. This spell overrides the magic immunity of constructs. If control is established, the caster must succeed at a concentration check each minute (DC equal to the construct's HD) to maintain control of the construct. Should the caster fail a concentration check, the spell ends immediately, and the construct returns to its original instructions.

Stop Golem

As hold person but functions against golems

Enchantment (Compulsion)
Level: Construct 2
Components: V, S, DF
Casting Time: One action
Range: Medium (100ft. + 10ft./level)
Target: One golem, size Huge or smaller
Duration: One round/level (D)
Saving Throw: Will negates
Spell resistance: Half

Description

A rampaging golem can ruin even the most powerful spellcaster's day. This spell was created by Nalthalos himself after one of his archmages was killed in a cave-in and the golems excavating the tunnel went berserk, killing the rest of the work crew.

Spell Effect

This spell overrides the magic immunity of constructs. The spell behaves in all other ways as *hold person*.

Strength of Nalthalos

Subject gains 1d8+4 temporary strength.

Transmutation
Level: Clr 4, Constructs 4
Components: V, S, DF
Casting Time: One action
Range: Touch
Target: Creature touched
Duration: 1 hour/level
Saving Throw: Will negates (harmless)
Spell resistance: Yes (harmless)

Spell Effect

The subject gains a portion of the strength of Nalthalos in his current form. The spell grants an enhancement bonus to Strength of 1d8+4 temporary points, adding the usual benefits to melee attacks, damage and the like.

Transfer Sentience

Subject and target golem exchange minds.

Transmutation
Level: Constructs 5
Components: V, S, DF
Casting Time: Two full rounds
Range: Touch
Target: Creature controlling golem
Duration: 1 minute/level (D)
Saving Throw: Will negates (harmless)
Spell resistance: Yes (harmless)

Description

The priests of Nalthalos used a ritual variation of this spell to permanently place their god's mind into the body of a lead golem. This mighty ritual has not yet been duplicated by mortal spellcasters, but this less powerful version of the ritual continues to be used today, allowing a golem and its controller to temporarily swap minds.

Spell Effect

The creator/controller and golem exchange minds, effectively swapping Int, Wis and Cha scores. The creator's body crumples to the ground helpless, and only the most basic life functions are main-

tained. The golem is then under the controller's direct command, able to use all of the controller's skills, feats and other abilities. The golem maintains its usual immunities, except that it becomes susceptible to mind-affecting magic so long as the caster's mind resides within it. The golem uses the caster's Int, Wis, Cha, base attack bonus and Will save, while its other statistics remain as before. When the spell expires, the consciousnesses of the two switch back, no matter the distance. If the caster's body is destroyed then the caster dies upon expiration of the spell. If the golem is destroyed while its controller's consciousness is inside, the controller is likewise killed and can be brought back to his own body only via a *raise dead* or similar spell.

Vangal's Dogs of War

Summons 1 dog/level to serve and fight for you.

Conjuration [Summoning]

Level: Clr 4, Destruction 4

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: One full round

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./two levels)

Target, Effect or Area: One dog/three levels (maximum 5)

Duration: 1 hour/level (D)

Saving Throw: None

Spell resistance: No

Description

Seeking bloodshed, and eager to exterminate more titanspawn, the clerics of Vangal participated in the Druid War, using this spell to find and eradicate the lairs of their enemies. The spell proved successful and has been widely used by clerics ever since.

Spell Effect

This spell summons wardogs of Vangal—a 3 HD fiendish wolf with maximum hit points (see *Core Rulebook III*, page 57–58). The dogs appear anywhere within spell range where the caster designates and act immediately, attacking opponents to the best of their ability and attempting to overtake size Large or greater opponents using pack tactics unless directed otherwise. If no targets are available, the dogs await instructions. They understand any language known by their summoner but cannot speak. They are further capable of tracking opponents; guarding specific areas, items or individuals and performing other tasks normally available to an animal of their size and capabilities. Once the spell expires, the dogs wander off, fading from sight as they go.

Focus: A small carved wolf figurine inscribed with Vangal's sigil



Vangal's Wrath

A wave of divine energy deals 1d6 damage/level in all directions.

Evocation

Level: Clr 6, Destruction 6

Components: V, S

Casting Time: One action

Range: Personal

Area: 25-foot radius (centered on caster) burst

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Fortitude half

Spell resistance: Yes

Description

Vangal created this spell during the Divine War, when he found himself overwhelmed by legions of titanspawn troops. Such individuals were not real threats, but he wanted a way to clear them from his presence quickly. This spell was the result and has been used by Vangal's priests in massed battles ever since.

Spell Effect

Divine power bursts forth from the caster in all directions, inflicting 1d6 damage per caster level (max 15d6) to all targets—friend or foe—within the area of effect (not, of course, including the caster).

Vengeance of the Scorned

Allows caster to find and defeat a single individual

Transmutation

Level: Clr 3, Drd 3, Sor/Wiz 3, Vengeance 3

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: One full round

Range: Personal

Target: You

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: None

Spell resistance: No

Description

Sethris herself developed this spell when she sought to learn about the dark elves of Dier Drendal, and better train her narleths to exterminate them. Since that time, the spell has been used by spellcasters seeking vengeance.

Spell Effect

This spell grants the caster a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls, Gather Information, Bluff and Sense Motive rolls for every three levels of the caster (maximum +5). These bonuses can be used only against a specific individual designated by the caster upon invoking the spell. In addition, the caster may track the individual as if he had the Track feat and Wilderness Lore +25. The individual chosen must be one who has committed a grievous wrong against the caster in the past, one severe enough to warrant that person's death, otherwise the spell has no effect.

The bonus provided by the spell lasts until the target has been destroyed, but the caster must spend the majority of her waking energy tracking her enemy down for the spell to remain in effect. Should the caster call

upon the spell's power for trivial reasons, or willingly abandon her search for the target, the spell backfires, affecting the caster as though she were the victim of a *bestow curse* spell cast by a cleric of her level.

Material Components: A personal effect of the offending individual, plus a 3 hp blood sacrifice and an offering of silken goods worth 5,000 gp

Visage of the Overlord

Surrounds the caster in an aura of command and competence

Enchantment (Compulsion) [Mind Affecting]

Level: Clr 6, Domination 6

Components: V, DF

Casting Time: One action

Range: Personal

Target: You

Duration: 1 minute/level

Saving Throw: None

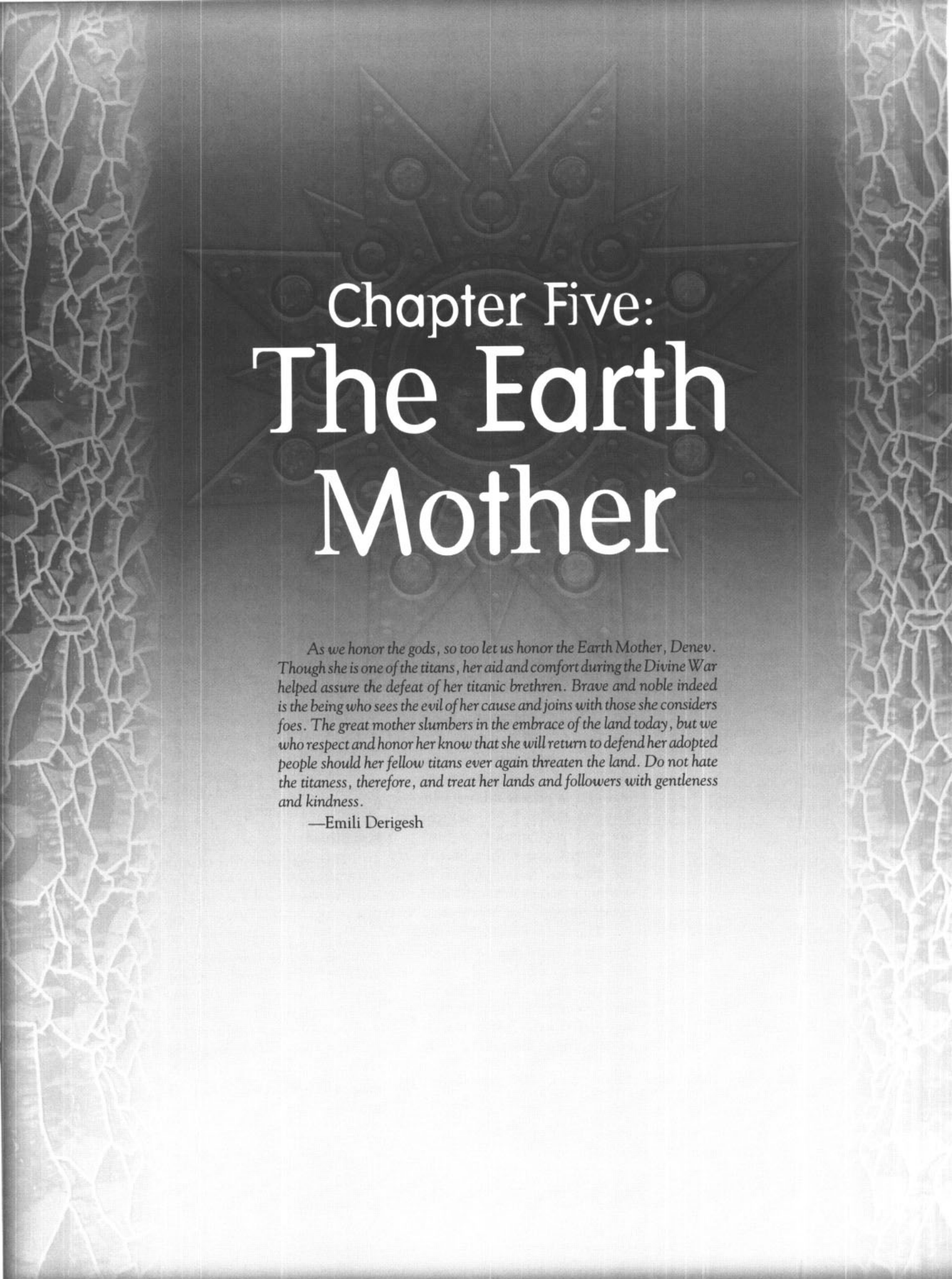
Spell resistance: Yes

Description

A more powerful version of *commanding presence*, this spell was developed by the clergy of Chardun to better control their flocks. Clerics of the Overlord have been known to cast this spell before engaging in sermons or leading troops into combat. The caster's fearful black aura is said to enhance the fighting ability of the cleric's allies and weaken his enemies.

Spell Effect

This spell grants the caster a +2d6 enhancement bonus to Charisma. While the spell lasts, all of the caster's allies within 30 feet of the caster receive a morale bonus to attack rolls, damage rolls, saves and skill checks. For allies who worship the same deity as the cleric or who share the same alignment as the cleric, this bonus is equal to the caster's Charisma modifier (as enhanced by the spell). Other allies receive a bonus equal to half the caster's Charisma modifier.



Chapter Five: The Earth Mother

As we honor the gods, so too let us honor the Earth Mother, Denev. Though she is one of the titans, her aid and comfort during the Divine War helped assure the defeat of her titanic brethren. Brave and noble indeed is the being who sees the evil of her cause and joins with those she considers foes. The great mother slumbers in the embrace of the land today, but we who respect and honor her know that she will return to defend her adopted people should her fellow titans ever again threaten the land. Do not hate the titaness, therefore, and treat her lands and followers with gentleness and kindness.

—Emili Derigesh

Denev

	Colossal Outsider (Titan)
Hit Dice:	60d8+1200 (1,680 hp)
Initiative:	+21 (+5 Dexterity, +16 Divine Initiative)
Speed:	120 ft., swim 60 ft.
AC:	55 (+5 Dexterity, -8 size, +48 natural armor)
Attacks:	Sickle +78/+73/+68/+63/+58/+53/+48/ +43/+38/+33/+28/+23 melee; or slam +72/ +67/+62/+57/+52/+47/+42/+37/+32/ +27/+22/+17 melee
Damage:	Sickle 2d8+17 + special; slam 4d6+12
Face/Reach:	40 ft. by 40 ft. / 25 ft.
Special Attacks:	Frightful presence, titanic trample, verdant touch, spells, magic items
Special Qualities:	Blindsight, damage reduction 50/+5, earth mother, fast healing 50, mother of druids, omnilingual, spell resistance 30
Divine Qualities:	Divine creation, divine empowerment 5, divine favor 3, divine immunity, divine initiative 2, divine knowledge 10, divine language, divine presence, divine puissance 3, divine resistance 6, divine size, divine telepathy, divine vision
Saves:	Fort +32, Ref +17, Will +32
Abilities:	Str 35, Dex 21, Con 50, Int 35, Wis 50, Cha 45
Skills:	Alchemy +75, Animal Empathy +83, Concentration +83, Diplomacy +80, Handle Animal +80, Heal +83, Intimidate +80, Intuit Direction +83, Knowledge (arcana) +75, Knowledge (nature) +75, Knowledge (religion) +75, Listen +83, Ritual Casting +83, Scry +75, Search +75, Sense Motive +83, Spellcraft +75, Spot +83, Wilderness Lore +83
Feats:	Alertness, Chain Spell, Combat Casting, Combat Reflexes, Empower Spell, Enlarge Spell, Extend Spell, Heighten Spell, Hide Spell, Improved Initiative, Maximize Spell, Quicken Spell, Silent Spell, Still Spell, Track, Weapon Focus (sickle)
Climate/Terrain:	Any
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Challenge Rating:	40
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral

Invocation Benefit

None (see sidebar entitled Rites of the Land)

Description

Denev is known as the Earth Mother, a great titaness whose very essence is part of the world itself. In her, all nature is made manifest and all cycles of life are overseen. Hers is a faith of both protection and predation; Denev is said to hold vibrant, flowering life in one hand and cold, hard death in the other, symbolized by her flower-hilted stone sickle.

Denev eschews a form of flesh, instead rising up from the very land that is her essence, forming a body out of her surroundings. Thus, while the Jordeh of Vera-tre describe her as the Lady of the Forest, formed of the strongest trees with the sun bright on her leafy brow, her followers in Albadia describe her

Rites of the Land

As a titan, Denev does not hear or answer invocations directed to her. However, she has ordained various minor rites that her worshippers may use to draw her favor. Using these rituals requires that the one performing them be a genuine (if not exclusive) worshipper of Denev. They also require a skill roll applicable to the rite (DC 15). These include:

The Green Prayer: A prayer used by farmers, orchardsmen and gardeners to ensure success and bounty in their endeavors. Uttered before beginning work, it involves coating the hands in the soil before work and grants a +1 to all Profession rolls applicable to farming and other agricultural pursuits for the rest of the day.

Woodsmen's Supplication: This ritual, which involves leaving a small bit of bread for woodland animals in exchange for their help, assists those who work or travel through the forest. Those who use the woodsmen's supplication find that as they venture through the forest, small animals make noise, aiding them in noticing things they might otherwise ordinarily miss. The supplicant gains a +2 to Wilderness Lore or Listen/Spot checks while in the forest.

Midwife's Blessing: By consecrating the space in which she works with spring water and sigils marked in the juices of berries or tree sap, a midwife draws upon the All-Mother's blessings to aid the healing process. The successful supplicant receives a +1 to all Profession (midwife) or Heal skill rolls. The successful supplicant's patients also gain an additional hit point per day of rest while under the supplicant's care.

as the Snowclad Mother, who wears a resplendent body of strong stone and gleaming ice.

Though one of the titans, Denev found the treatment that her lands and creatures suffered at the hands of her siblings intolerable. Some believe that this is why she sided with the gods. Others claim that her fellow titans committed some grievous wrong against her. Others say that Denev waited to strike until she saw that the gods were strong and capable;

many even suggest that Denev herself set the young gods against her siblings, training them to use the weaknesses of the titans against them. Still others say that Denev simply sided with the gods out of fear when they heralded their rise to power by destroying Mesos.

Whatever the cause, Denev did indeed side with the gods, fighting her own kin. Unfortunately, the titanswar decimated the face of Scarn, turning it into a place worthy only of the sobriquet it now bears, the Scarred Lands. Hideous gashes and swathes of destruction still mar the surface of the world, even after a century and a half. Where titans fell, their blood and viscera warped the land, weakening Denev and leaving the surviving life to fester and become corrupted.

The damage wrought by the Titanswar greatly wounded the Earth Mother, who was forced to retreat into slumber deep in the earth. As she sleeps, she heals both the lands and herself, slowly knitting the wounds left by the titanswar. Despite this slumber, she yet grants blessings to those who worship her—especially her favored children, the druids. In turn, the druids work to use the spells and abilities granted by Denev to heal the lands so that their Great Mother might be healed as well.

In Denev's eyes, all things move inexorably toward their destiny. To deny this fate is to deny the law of nature—all things are brought to birth to fulfill a purpose, great or small. The refusal to find that purpose and work toward it is a violation of the spirit. Preventing others from achieving their destiny is as great a sin as despoiling the land. Under this belief, worshippers of Denev seek to find their purpose, usually by consulting with druids, the fey or other beings close to Denev herself.

Denev's spiritual path is one of reincarnation, the traveling of the soul through myriad lifetimes to learn all the lessons that a soul must, perfecting itself to eventually join with the essence of Denev, the World-Soul. The Mother of All promises neither a glorious afterlife nor eternal punishment. Rather, those who worship her either increase or reduce their understanding during each lifetime, advancing or regressing their soul. Her promise is that those who live their lives in balance with all creation, follow their fates and work to heal and respect the land shall join with the World-Soul, the ultimate embodiment of life, that is a part of Denev, as she is in turn a part of it.

Combat

Denev spends most of her time in a deep slumber, and her dreams sustain both the land and her worshippers. She manifests herself on Scarn only rarely, in the form described above. She responds only if there is a dire threat to the land itself and attacks her

foes in the most direct and effective manner possible, melting back into the ground and returning to her slumbers when the battle is complete. Such manifestations tire the Earth Mother considerably, and worshippers often report that they cannot cast high-level druid spells for days after she has done so. It should be noted that these statistics reflect Denev in a weakened state after the extensive period of healing—at her height, Denev's abilities would be nearly impossible to gauge.

Earth Mother (Su): Denev is a titan. She is capable of manifesting by animating the natural surroundings into a Colossal-size body. She is able to transport herself anywhere on the physical plane by dissolving her physical form in one location and reforming it elsewhere. She may also elect to simply return her consciousness to the land itself, without creating a physical form. Like the other titans, Denev cannot ever truly be killed, though she can have her physical form sundered, which would render her incapable of reforming her body for 1d4 days. If her physical form is somehow imprisoned, she is prevented from appearing elsewhere.

Denev is not affected by critical hits, death from massive injury, poison, paralysis, sleep, disease or any attack that must target a living subject. Should Denev ever fall victim to any spells that affect her mind while in a physical form, her physical form dissolves and her consciousness returns to the land. She may then reform on the next round. Like all titans, Denev has the maximum possible hit points for her hit dice.

Denev's manifestation has its costs; for 1d4 days after she has manifested anywhere on Scarn, her followers have only a 50% chance of casting spells of 6th level or higher. If a druid attempts to cast such a spell, roll 1d100. On a roll of 51 or higher, the spell has no effect, but is lost as if cast, and cannot be regained until the 1d4 day period has passed.

Frightful Presence (Ex): The sight of Denev rising from the very terrain is known to send her enemies into a blind panic. When Denev manifests her physical form within 120 feet of any creature who bears ill will toward her, her servants or her ethos, it is forced to make a Will save (DC 57) or flee in *panic* for 5d6 rounds.

Mother of Druids: Denev has all of the spells and special abilities of a 20th-level druid. These spells are cast as spell-like abilities, never requiring the use of components. In addition, rather than preparing her spells, Denev may spontaneously cast any druid spell she chooses as long as she has unused spell slots of the appropriate level. She applies metamagic feats to these spells as she chooses and is not forced to cast such altered spells at a one-round casting time. Denev is immune to any negative repercussions that come from casting such spells, such as the weakness associ-

ated with the spell Denev's fury (see *Relics and Rituals*, page 66).

Any terrain that Denev has used to manifest her physical form is considered to be a place of power for the purposes of performing druidic True Rituals. This benefit lasts until the next solstice or equinox.

Titanic Trample (Ex): The colossal form of Denev is capable of destroying lesser foes beneath her titan bulk. Those within 20 feet of Denev as she moves take $4d6 + 12$ damage. Those in such areas are allowed a Reflex save (DC 45) to halve the damage. If they choose not to make a saving throw, however, they are allowed to make an attack of opportunity. Note that unlike with the normal Trample ability,

she does not have to take an action to perform a titanic Trample—it is an automatic attack on any creature in her path of movement.

Verdant Touch (Sp): By will alone, Denev is able to cause living things within 100 feet of her to become fertile and abundant. Plants mature quickly, growing at tremendous rates, sprouting flowers and fruits. These plants can be used to encircle and hold foes.

Treat this effect as the entangle spell, with a DC 40 for both Reflex and Strength/Escape Artist checks. Denev and any creatures she designates are immune to this effect. This power can be used at will and remains active until Denev chooses to banish it.

By touch, Denev can transform any animal into a dire version of that creature. These dire animals are unwaveringly loyal and obedient to Denev, who commands them by thought alone.

Undead subjected to this attack are destroyed instantly. More powerful undead—those with 12 or more HD—are permit-



ted a Will save (DC 30) to avoid destruction. Success means that the undead creature still takes 10d10 points of damage.

Stone Sickle of Denev (major artifact)

Description: Denev wields a stone sickle of Gargantuan size with a hilt of flowering wood.

Powers: This weapon is a +5 sickle with the following abilities: flaming, icy or shocking burst (choose one per strike), keen, vorpal and thundering. This weapon inflicts 10d8 (with a 17-20/x4 critical range). This item is an extension of Denev herself. As a result, it is considered an intelligent item with an Ego of 68.

By touching a creature with the flowering end of the sickle, Denev can instantly restore a single being to perfect health. Those touched are healed of all damage to hit points and ability scores, as well as other ailments such as diseases, blindness, deafness and the like. Limbs also can be regenerated. Once per day, the sickle may be used to reincarnate a slain creature without loss of level or Constitution.

Heralds of Denev

Unlike the gods, Denev doesn't maintain a permanent herald. She refuses to "elevate" a single herald, as she will not deny any creature the right to live out its natural span of life and fulfill its fate in the life cycle. Instead, Denev imbues a creature with her power only when she requires a herald to act as her intermediary with the rest of the world.

This chosen herald is often a normal animal. In rare instances, she will choose a humanoid if she needs her work done in civilized areas. Denev appears before the creature and allows it to understand what it is she seeks from it, granting the choice to accept or deny her request.

Those who accept, be they animal or humanoid, are imbued with a portion of her essence. Animals become a silvery white in color, with moss-green eyes and a number of special abilities. It is said that the first unicorns were born from a pair of horses so imbued.

In the rare instances in which Denev has chosen humanoid beings as her heralds, they undergo a similar transformation, becoming albino, fey creatures of great beauty and wisdom. Where they walk, they invariably draw the notice of others, and most folk in the Scarred Lands know that the appearance of such a being indicates the attention of Denev. Indeed, this understanding is so pervasive that those few albino children who are born are considered to be "kissed by Denev" and are assumed to bear great destinies.

For some reason, Denev never imbues those who are already beneficiaries of her direct power when choosing a herald—a druid or ranger of Denev is

never chosen. Rather, she seems to prefer creating heralds from those who live simple, unassuming lives in accordance with her tenets. Druids and other natural philosophers postulate that this is because only those who hold to Denev's ways in innocence, without needing such tangible gifts as spells or special abilities, are pure enough to hold the tremendous power that Denev grants her heralds.

Creating a Herald of Denev

The "herald of Denev" is a template that can be added to any animal, beast or humanoid of any nongood or nonevil alignment (hereafter referred to as the "base creature"). The creature's type changes to "outsider." It otherwise has all the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

Hit Dice: If the creature's hit dice are smaller than d10, they are increased to d10.

Speed: Increase all speed ratings (feet) by 25%.

AC: Herald of Denev gain a +5 natural armor bonus. This stacks with any other natural armor already possessed.

Attacks: The herald's attack bonus is recalculated as if it were a fighter of a level equal to its hit dice. Attacks with natural weapons are made with a +3 enhancement bonus.

Damage: The creature's normal attacks are upgraded by a single die type. If the natural attacks normally inflict subdual damage only, the damage is changed to normal. Additionally, making an attack with a natural weapon never provokes an attack of opportunity. This does not apply to attacks from manufactured weapons or tools.

Special Attacks: In addition to the special attacks possessed by the base creature, the herald of Denev gains all of the spellcasting and special abilities of a 10th-level druid. These spells can be cast as spell-like abilities, however, and never require components. Like their patron, heralds of Denev are able to cast these spells spontaneously, without preparing them beforehand. They apply metamagic feats to these spells as normal for spontaneous casters, however.

Special Qualities: In addition to the special qualities possessed by the base creature, the herald of Denev gains all of the following qualities: Aura of Denev, Blindsight, damage reduction 20/+2, Fast Healing (10), Immunities, Lowlight Vision, Resistance to Energy (10 against cold, electricity and fire), Scent, Spell-like Abilities, spell resistance 20, Tongue of the Wild

Aura of Denev (Su): The Herald of Denev is surrounded by an aura of primal otherness. She always draws the attention of creatures around her.

Animals are inexorably drawn toward her, ensuring that she has a vast entourage of protective animals around her at all times. She is able to command such animals telepathically, and they will fight to the death for her. Natural animals of any kind will not attack her, even if they are magically compelled to do so. A total of 10d10 hit dice of animals are found near the herald at any time. This does not include the animals of other planes (i.e., celestial or fiendish animals).

Wherever the herald walks, plants bloom and grow strong, even if they are recently dead. Living plants react to her very strongly, subtly shifting to reach out to her, much like a sunflower turns its face toward the sun.

Three times per day, she can use the *command plants* spell as a spell-like ability as part of the Aura of Denev.

Immunities: The Herald of Denev is immune to poisons and to *charm* or *hold* spells or spell-like abilities.

Spell-like Abilities: Heralds of Denev can *detect evil* or *detect good* at will as a free action. Once per day, a Herald of Denev can *teleport without error* to any area of natural growth that is untouched by either civilization or the taint of titans.

Three times per day, the herald is able to *cure light wounds* by touch; additionally, she is able to *cure moderate wounds* and *neutralize poison* each once per day. These are all cast as a 10th-level druid. Finally, the Herald of Denev is able to cast *grove of serenity* (see *Relics and Rituals*, page 80) once per week.

Wildspeech (Su): Heralds of Denev gain the ability to speak to any creature with an Intelligence score, regardless of its language.

Saves: As base creature

Abilities: The Herald of Denev's ability scores are increased by the following: Str +2, Dex +4, Con +4, Int +2 (minimum of 10), Wis +4, Cha +4.

Skills: The Herald of Denev grants the following sacred bonuses to the skills of the base creature: Animal Empathy +10, Balance +5, Climb +5, Concentration +10, Diplomacy +5, Handle Animal +10, Heal +10, Hide +10, Intuit Direction +10, Jump +5, Knowledge (nature) +15, Listen +5, Move Silently +10, Scry +5, Search +5, Sense Motive +5, Spellcraft +5, Spot +10, Swim +5, Wilderness Lore +15. These bonuses permit the herald to use skills that require training even if she had no ranks in them originally.

Feats: As per the base creature, plus Alertness, Combat Casting, Dodge, Endurance, Mobility, Multiattack, Run, Spring Attack and Track

Climate/Terrain: Any

Organization: Solitary (unique), though is often found accompanied by 10d10 HD animal and beast followers (see above)

Challenge Rating: As base creature +14

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always lawful neutral, neutral or chaotic neutral

Advancement Range: As base creature

Sample Herald of Denev

This example uses an *Emperor Stag* (see Creature Collection I, page 70) as its base creature.

Emperor Stag Herald of Denev

Large (Long) Outsider

Hit Dice:	10d10 + 90 (145 hp)
Initiative:	+7 (Dex)
Speed:	190 ft.
AC:	28 (-1 size, +7 Dex, +12 natural)
Attacks:	Antlers +19 melee and two hooves +17 melee
Damage:	Antlers 2d8 +7; hooves 1d10 +6
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 10 ft. / 5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Piercing Antlers, Natural Druid (Druid Spells: 6/6/6/5/4/3; nature sense, woodland stride, trackless step, resist nature's lure, wildshape 4/day)
Special Qualities:	Aura of Denev, Blindsight, damage reduction 20/+2, Fast Healing (10), Immunities, Lowlight Vision, Resistance to Energy (10 against cold, electricity and fire), Run like the Wind, Scent, Spell-like Abilities, spell resistance 20, Wildspeech
Saves:	Fort +16, Reflex +14, Will +14
Abilities:	Str 23, Dex 25, Con 29, Int 22, Wis 24, Cha 23
Skills:	Animal Empathy +17, Balance +12, Concentration +19, Diplomacy +11, Handle Animal +16, Heal +17, Hide +23, Intuit Direction +23, Jump +11, Knowledge (nature) +21, Listen +27, Move Silently +23, Scry +11, Search +11, Sense Motive +12, Spellcraft +11, Spot +25, Swim +11, Wilderness Lore +22
Feats:	Alertness, Blindfighting, Combat Casting, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Endurance, Improved Critical (antlers), Mobility, Multiattack, Run, Spring Attack, Track
Climate/Terrain:	Any forest
Organization:	Solitary (unique)
Treasure:	None
Challenge Rating:	20
Alignment:	Always lawful neutral

Denev's Page

Oakthorne, the Page of Denev, Male Human, Brd2/Drd4/Inc5: Medium (6 ft. 4 in. tall); HD 2d6+6+4d8+12+5d8+15; hp 93; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 19 (+1 Dex, +3 armor, +2 shield, +3 Robe of the Earth Mother); Atk: +10/+5 melee (1d6+2, sickle); AL Neutral; SV Fort +11, Ref +6, Will +15; Str 14, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 15, Wis 18, Cha 15

Skills: Animal Empathy +8, Appraise +5, Climb +7, Concentration +10, Diplomacy +10, Gather Information +10, Heal +12, Hide +4 (+14 in armor), Intuit Direction +9, Jump +4, Knowledge (nature) +12, Listen +6, Move Silently +3, Perform +9, Scry +3, Spellcraft +4, Swim +3, Wilderness Lore +14

Feats: Craft Wondrous Item, Quicken Spell, Track, Still Spell

Class Abilities: Bardic Music, Bardic Knowledge; Nature Sense, Animal Companion, Woodland Stride, Trackless Step, Resist Nature's Lure; Fixed Alignment, Reincarnate, Domain (Plant), Spontaneous Casting, Baseform, Venom Immunity, Pastlife Forms (wolf, desert falcon [see *Creature Collection*, page 48], brown bear)

Possessions: Magical tattoos* (Denev's sending, observer's shawl, titanspawn), robe of the earth mother*, wand of cure moderate wounds (38 charges, 3rd level), +1 leather armor of shadow, large wooden shield, masterwork sickle, two potions of cat's grace, two potions of bull's strength, three Quaal's feather tokens (trees), earthen crescent (see below), three pearls (100 gp each), 50 pp, traveler's outfits, spell component pouch, various gems worth 700 gp total.

Druid Spells per Day: 6/5/5/4/3/1

Bardic Spells Known (3/1): 0—dancing lights, detect magic, dowsing*, light, read magic; 1st—feather fall, identify

Oakthorne is a large, burly man with a bushy brown beard and long hair interwoven with thorny vines and the teeth and claws of various animals. He wears leather traveler's gear, covered by a dark green cloak. At his belt hangs a finely crafted sickle, and he carries a rough, oaken walking staff.

Oakthorne is a druid-sage who guards no specific territory. Rather, he has taken as his duty the chronicling of the horrors that the titanswar has left in its wake. These he records in a series of journals that he makes available to the scribes and sages of the cities he visits, allowing them to record his findings and to keep them for posterity.

Oakthorne is an Incarnate. He discovered his past lives when his adventuring company destroyed an old asaathi altar dedicated to the Serpent Queen Mormo. Upon first seeing the bloodstained edifice, he suffered a traumatic flashback to the night when, as a wild dog, he and his pack were sacrificed to the Hag Queen. He parted ways with his companions

after they destroyed the altar and the coven of hags that had taken it for its own. He has since discovered two of his other lives: a desert vulture that lived during the titanswar and a bear that struggled to survive in the Hornsaw Forest in the wake of the war. As a bear, he served Denev as a herald after his mate was killed by titanspawn. Since then, he has roamed the Scarred Lands, communing with Denev in his dreams and working her will. She has rewarded him for his service with a Robe of the Earth Mother, which aids him in his travels.

Oakthorne can be found anywhere in the Scarred Lands, chronicling the horrors and beauties that exist. Oakthorne often seeks out adventurers, recruiting them to assist him in preserving some natural wonder in danger of desecration, or destroying some corrupted tract of nature. In this fashion, Oakthorne serves the Earth Mother, healing her and alerting people to the plight of the Mother of All.

Denev's Worship and Worshippers

Denev is worshipped all over the world, in many forms. Among her most numerous followers are various barbarian tribes—human and otherwise—who revere her as the very land that grants them sustenance. Many of these tribes have shamans who speak the will of the spirits of animal and land, which outsiders personify as a single Great Earth Mother. Though these shamans are sometimes druids, they are more likely to be adepts (see *Core Rulebook II*, page 37).

Many rural areas revere the Mother of the World. Druids tend to be rarer here, as each person worships Denev according to her own spirits and needs, often through the auspices of the small rituals sacred to her (see the "Rites of the Land" sidebar, above). In many settlements, however, there is at least one person skilled in herb-cunning and midwifery who performs the duties of healing. This person, too, is often a member of the adept NPC class.

Though Denev has many worshippers, her druids are perhaps the best known. Looked upon with suspicion by those who worship the gods, druids understand the fear that others feel of them—after all, druids are best known as the servants of titans. As a result, many of Denev's druids wear identifying marks, such as the small stone sickles called earthen crescents (see below) at their belts. Evil druids sometimes use these sickles to impersonate Denev's followers, so many are still suspicious of them.

There is no unified druidic organization in the Scarred Lands, though many of Denev's druids recognize the great druid Tamasis, who defends the location where Denev first entered her slumber. According to whispers, Tamasis was the last druid at Denev's side

when she vanished into Scarn's depths, and he promised to watch over the land in her absence. Tamasis is said to have been given longevity by Denev as part of a decree that he should remain by her side and watch over her grove until she rises once again. Only then should he go to his reward in the cycle of rebirth.

Some druids gather into circles, groups ranging in size from a dozen to several hundred, each responsible for an entire geographical area, be it a single forest, a series of hills, a mountain peak or several miles of shoreline. These druids often work to heal the land if it has been damaged by the Titanswar or

other disasters, or to defend it if the land is whole. Some druidic circles, such as the Circle of the Ram in Amalthea, are kindly toward outsiders, so long as those outsiders respect the beliefs and wishes of the circle and do not try to harm the protectorate of the druids. Others are known for their outright antagonism and hatred of those who do not share their ideals.

Many druids, however, tend to be solitary, either guarding stretches of sacred land or simply wandering, doing what they can to serve Denev in their travels. Wandering druids often become adventurers. Andelais the Incarnate is probably one of the best known of these druids.

The Grove of the Mother

This lush, green grove serves as the heart of Denev's worship on the continent of Ghelspad. Defended and maintained by the Keepers, it is the place where Denev entered her healing slumber in the aftermath of the Titanswar. As such, it still bears some of her powerful essence, granting it the following properties:

Place of Power: The grove is a place of power (as detailed in *Relics & Rituals*, page 140). It is more potent than other such sites, however, granting all druids a +2 effective level for the purposes of spellcasting.

Serene Grove: The grove is treated as though it were under the effects of a permanent grove of serenity spell (*Relics & Rituals*, page 80). This grove is far more potent than those created by the use of that spell; the Grove of the Mother is able to hold and protect up to one hundred people, and its potent energies allow the trees to ripen quickly, creating 1d4 days of food per day. This food seems to contain some of the power of the grove, resisting spoiling and rot for a month and granting an additional hit point during normal healing on a day in which it was eaten.

The Well of Ages: This is actually a pond of deep crystalline water. Those gazing into it who are knowledgeable in the process are able to use it to cast a scry spell once per week (this requires a Knowledge [nature] roll, DC 25, to activate). A mouthful of the water drunk by anyone of neutral alignment serves to heal the imbibor of any diseases, negative levels and ability damage.

Earthen Crescent (minor wondrous item)

Description: This crescent of granite or flint partially wrapped in leather cord is often worn by druids of Denev—indeed, they have in many ways become practically a badge of identification. Some druids have taken to simply wearing unenchanted versions of these, but the association began with these minor magical items.

Powers: The earthen crescent grants its user a number of abilities, especially for those druids who travel extensively. It permits them to have easily accessible spells of utility so that they may prepare spells meant to defend themselves—a necessity in the Scarred Lands.

The earthen crescent grants its user a +5 to all Wilderness Lore checks. It grants the ability to cast create water, mending and purify food and drink each three times per day. It also grants the ability to cast endure elements and goodberry each once per day.

This item can be used only by druids.

Caster Level: 3rd

Prerequisites: Craft Wondrous Item, must be a druid, create water, mending, purify food and drink, endure elements, goodberry

Market Price: 3,245 gp

Cost to Create: 1622 gp + 130 XP

Weight: + lb.

Perhaps the largest single gathering of Denev's faithful is among the Jordeh, the druids of the wood elves in Vera-tre, whose reverence of Denev is so well known that they were the primary target of the Druid War. Their society is built around the understanding of Denev's tenets and their place in the cycle of life. The myriad settlements of Vera-tre are ruled by a reincarnational monarchy, a government ruled by Incarnates who recall a past life as one of the Four Oldest Beasts. When wood-elfen children reach a certain age, they are all tested with a series of questions by the Jordeh that only one who originally spent previous lives as one of these Four Oldest Beasts—and thus, one of the Four Lords of the Verdant Seat—would know. When a youngster is found who has memory of these lives, he is taken in to the Verdant Court and named heir of Vera-tre.

The current Lord of the Verdant Seat is Olith-tagard of the Fiery Wing, whose first memories are of his life as Wings-of-Fire, the First Hawk. The heir is a young woman who has taken the name Mattialla Silvereyes, who was once Moon-in-the-Eyes, the First Wolf. The previous king of the Verdant Seat was Lord Spearbrow, the last incarnation of Stag-of-Seven-Tines, the First Stag. No word has been heard of the incarnation of Fur-like-Dusk, the First Bear.

However, not only humanoids serve Denev. Like the other titans, Denev created a number of creatures as her children. These creatures include various humanoids, such as the forest walkers (see *Creature Collection II*, page 75) and many fey. Others, including the emperor stag and the horror (see *Creature Collection*, page 110) are animal-like creatures that have been granted great gifts in return for their service to the ethos of Denev. Some, like the unitaurs (see *Creature Collection II*, page 200), turned their back on her when she betrayed the other titans.

Shortly after the end of the Titanswar, the druids of Denev appeared among both divine and titanspawn races, seeking to help them recover from the damage inflicted during that cataclysm. Soon, it became clear that Denev's servants were trying to do the impossible: they were working to create some kind of peace between these enemies. The servants of the gods met these attempts with suspicion and sometimes even violence; the titanspawn simply tried to slay them for the treachery of Denev.

In any event, most followers of the Earth Mother attempt to promote peace. Others often cynically wonder what the children of Denev have to gain from this, but her druids are quick to point out that not only does that peace promote the neutral ethos of Denev, but it also helps to prevent large-scale conflicts that destroy even more of the essence of Denev

through the destruction of the land. That, they claim, is reason enough.

Denev and her children are sometimes viewed with suspicion by the new gods and their congregations. After all, in the end, Denev is a titan, and everyone is taught to fear the titans and their influence in the world. Even the fact that she sacrificed as much as, if not more than, any of the gods during the Titanswar isn't enough to dispel this nagging suspicion. Many folk echo the sentiment of Brillith Ironmace, a high priest of Hedrada: "Denev's betrayal of her kind isn't a sign of her benevolence and goodness—rather, it should simply be accepted as yet further proof of the innately treacherous nature of the titans, even against their very own."

Indeed, it might even seem that the gods themselves shared this opinion, for in the aftermath of the war, Denev was stripped of a portion of her powers. Unwilling to allow a titan—even Denev—to exist with its full measure of power, the gods deprived the Earth Mother of a significant portion of her essence. Combined with the sheer amount of damage the Titanswar wrought on the Scarred Lands, Denev was forced into a healing slumber. Many of Denev's faithful claim that the Mother permitted this as a token of her goodwill and willingness to see the horrors of the titans put to rest. Others claim that this was a cowardly blow to the Earth Mother who had already been nearly laid low by the war, a treacherous strike borne of cowardice on the part of the gods.

Druids are often considered dangerous and deranged; many druids spend years away from civilization, becoming out of touch with the mores of normal society. This only contributes to the popular idea of the druid as a crazed defender of the wilderness at best, a raving servant of the titans at worst.

Denev's druids often find themselves at odds with the druids of other titans. No single situation demonstrated this quite like the Druid War. To this day, the druids of Denev are aware that many consider them as much to blame for the war as the titanspawn. Indeed, many do not see a difference between titanspawn and children of Denev.

Ultimately, most followers of Denev realize that their beloved Mother of All placed herself through these agonies, suffered at the hands of the very ones she helped to elevate and even now, from her healing sleep, fights the remnants of her titanic siblings' influence in the lands, all for but one cause: a land at peace where all creatures can fulfill their destinies. The titans proved that they cared nothing for the lesser races; perhaps the gods, who require worship, will be different. Perhaps Denev might even be able to rest and allow the cycle of natural events to take their course, without interference from gods or titans.

Servants of the Lands

Denev is served by a number of groups. Some of them are known for their kindness and willingness to help those who are in need, while others are known as reavers and killers, reflecting all that is brutal in nature in their dealings with outsiders.

The Jordeh

The circle of primarily wood-elven druids of Vera-tre and the Ganjus, the Jordeh are the guardians of the sacred site in the Virgin Woods where Denev merged with the earth, entering her healing sleep. These druids regard this Grove of the Mother as the holiest of groves, for they believe that she yet lies within the soil and will rise from the grove on the day that she returns to full strength.

Other druids are quick to point out that Denev, like all of the titans, has no one physical form and as such when she entered the earth, she relinquished that body, returning it to its source. Thus, there is no actual form beneath the grove—or so they maintain.

None, however, can deny the sheer power of the site, which manifests powerful place-magics.

As the neutral representatives of Denev in a society that worships the Earth Mother first and foremost, the Jordeh are responsible for the Seeking, the series of questions that all young wood elves are asked to determine if they are the latest incarnation of one of the Four Oldest Beasts. Though some maintain that the Jordeh wield an inordinate amount of political power as a result, the Jordeh seem to be genuinely committed only to maintaining the balance of the cycle, leaving dabbling in politics to others. They merely seek to help the people of Vera-tre discover their true destinies in each lifetime, as well as discover the lessons from others they may have lived.

The Incarnates

Though not an organized group per se, the Incarnates of Denev are nonetheless a force to be reckoned with. Armed with the knowledge accumulated over several lifetimes of service to Denev, it is the Incar-



nates who usually commune directly with the Earth Mother.

Normal druids tend to view Incarnates in much the same way that others view druids: slightly fanatical near-madmen who have touched something too primal for mere mortals to understand. In many ways, that is very much the truth. Incarnates are driven by the memories of their previous lives as well as a stern adherence to the balance of the universe, which flies in the face of the tendency toward law or chaos, good or evil.

The Lilliandeli

Founded by the legendary wood-elven archer Lilliandel and her half-elven ranger husband Thoresk, the Lilliandeli are a loosely organized gathering of elves, half-elves and elf-friends—usually rangers and druids—who seek to protect wilderness in need of defense. Usually, this defense is against the predations of titanspawn, but in the past, Lilliandeli have also rallied against settlements that are destroying the homes of animals and fae. Fortunately, most Lilliandeli are charismatic and inspiring speakers, able to forge compromises with those willing to listen to reason.

There is no quarter for titanspawn, however. The Lilliandeli are perhaps best known for the quality of their archers. In Ghelspad, it is generally agreed that the Lilliandeli are the best instructors in matters of archery, whether of mortal skill or magical knowledge.

Chorus of the Ages

A small but renowned order of bards called the Chorus of the Ages also serves Denev. These bards (many of whom are multiclassed as rangers or druids) roam the Scarred Lands, using their music and lore to

help folk remember their duties to the cycle of life and preserve the knowledge of the past. Choristers are masters of history, heraldry, family lineages and other lore, for which they are held in high esteem. Most communities have traditions of offering the best hospitality they can to those members of the Chorus who arrive in their area. The bard is offered food and lodging; in return, the Chorister provides both entertainment and an opportunity for the locals to relate their family histories, reporting new births, deaths and marriages, so that their lineages will be preserved in the flawless memories of these historian-bards. Choristers are known by the fine harps they carry, as well as the tattoo of a sickle and harp upon the hand they play their instrument with. Once a year, during the Festival of the Sun, the Chorus gathers in the Grove of the Mother and recites its findings so that all of the Chorus may commit them to memory.

The Order of the Ram

The mountains around the ruins of Amalthea are known for several things. Perhaps the foremost among them is the Amalthean ram, the great beast responsible for the prosperity and health of many small settlements and villages. This part of the Kelder Mountains is also known for the presence of several ram-horned druids.

The Order of the Ram is made up of five druids. Privy to the secret of the manufacture of the Amalthean helms (see *Relics and Rituals*, page 174), this circle of druids has taken it upon itself to defend these rare beasts from those who would seek to exploit them and their gifts. This group, led by Ionitha of the Mount, very firmly warns off those parties sent out to retrieve either rams or ewes. They resort to guerilla-style warfare, if necessary, aided by their spells, summoned creatures and the rams themselves.

Chapter Six: The Defeated

Though slain, imprisoned or dismembered by the victorious gods, the titans continue to be a fearsome presence on Scarn. While many commoners believe that the titans' threat is gone forever, the wise and learned know that this is not the case: some of the titans are, indeed, destroyed beyond hope of resurrection, but others merely lie dormant, preparing for their return, or patiently wait for their followers to find a way to bring about their return.

This chapter provides histories of the titans and information about their surviving worshippers. As they were beings of near-limitless power and existed physically on Scarn without using avatars, they are given no statistics. A reborn titan, should such a thing ever occur, will be comparatively weak (see Denev's statistics in the previous chapter) but will quickly regain its strength and grow to a level of power that only the gods can oppose.

Titans are served by druids, most of neutral, chaotic neutral or neutral evil alignment. Titanic druids and other servants do not have access to clerical spells, though occasionally the GM may allow the development of druidic spells that duplicate some clerical effects.

Chern

Chern the Scourge was a walking mountain of disease. Open sores and pustules covered his body, and plagues hid beneath his bloody nails. His breath reeked of battlefield dead after a hot summer day, and his saliva foamed with rabid madness. Chern's body was living sickness, malleable by the titan into any form he imagined. Ancient texts also describe him as an amorphous slime and a diseased dragon.

Chern's body was host to thousands of plague carriers—mosquitoes, flies and horrid biting insects—each bearing Chern's diseases. Millions of these vermin swarmed around the titan, drawing sustenance from his blood. Larva birthed from Chern's ichor grew in his welts and blisters. Trying to destroy these harbingers was a monumental task, for Chern created thousands of these in-

sects with every beat of his black heart. When Chern attacked, he grabbed enemies in his massive arms and swept them into this cloud, letting the insects destroy and infect.

Matted strands of black hair fell past Chern's waist. Braided into the strands were the bloated, festering corpses of victims who died of Chern's plagues. He walked barefoot, the better to crush his blisters into the earth and leave a trail of pestilence to blight crops.

The Scourge was not well known for engendering life—his province lay in death and suffering. But over the course of his life, a few races literally sprang



from Chern's body. Most lived short lives, dying once away from Chern. Those surviving were related to his vermin servitors. Skullworms crawled from Chern's ears, and hideous locust demons became the titan's elite shock troops, rising from castoff flakes of Chern's shedding skin.

Madriel eventually sent her hopes against the titan to stop his destructive creations. But in the beautiful creatures the Scourge found the raw materials for yet another weapon. The hopes that returned were twisted despairs that Madriel forever banished. At the height of the

Titanswar, Chern finally perfected humanoid followers, the touch corrupters and pestilites, as footmen. Before his death, Chern also unleashed the spirits of the plague.

After nearly destroying Madriel and Nalthalos the dark elven god, Chern was forced by Vangal and Corean to flee Ghelspad. He then turned his rage against the elves of Termana and their god, who had in the past fought alongside Nalthalos.

The Fate of the Defeated

From the recitation of Storymaster Cenric of the Family Alfael before the Lord's Court of Vesh:

The droning from the sea foretold the Scourge's arrival.

The forsaken elves stood shoulder to shoulder on the Cliffs of Promise, a force Termana had never before seen, allied against the onrushing beast. Our god stood with us, resplendent in shining armor, slender blade gleaming like a ray of purest light. His herald, may his name forever be damned, stood beside our lord.

The droning grew louder, making teeth chatter, swords rattle. We knew the titan neared, could see his harbinger swarm crossing like an oily blur over the waves.

We knew fear then, but we did not break.

Finally, the Scourge stepped from the brine, biting insects swarming him in a disease-filled cloud. Where he stepped, the land died. Many elves perished under his

heel, ground into the bloody loam. They were the fortunate ones.

For how could we know Chern had already sown the seeds of our despair?

The sword of light rose against Chern, and the titan smiled, a mocking grin. The battlefield was strangely quiet—even the hideous droning subdued. Our armies stood restless, eager for battle. The moment held for what seemed an elven lifetime.

And then the traitorous herald struck, driving his blade deep into the heart of his master, our god. Chern's hidden worms had done their job well. Not even the trusted one knew he would become the instrument of his god's death until it was accomplished. Chern's reward? He ripped the herald in half, freeing his worms to rain across our ranks.

Chern fell upon us, his insects and contagion sweeping many to their doom. When elves fell, however, they weren't granted true death. Many rose as hideous plague spirits to share in the chaos Chern had wrought.

The shards were our salvation. Without them, Chern's genocide would have succeeded. Our god's dying will saved us.

Where our arrows and weapons bounced from his pocked skin, the shard carriers sliced deeply into his flesh. The Scourge surely knew fear, for his massive arms destroyed many of the shard carriers before they struck a second time. But we had seen hope and rushed headlong



into the fray to gather the precious artifacts.

Many condemn us for killing Chern on Termana, for unleashing the plagues that sap the life from the continent and its people. Chern's dying gasp sent contagions upon the winds, condemning us more than history ever will. Our children are stillborn, our animals wither, our people die centuries ahead of their time. This is our lot in life, but we would gladly take up arms against the tyrant should he rise again.

One final terror followed the titan's passing. A vast shadow fell upon us, and we watched as the great and monstrous god Vangal strode out of the ocean. When we saw the Reaver, we knew fear, but our lines did not falter.

But the god had not come to avenge the death of his father. He gazed down at the corpse of the Scourge, with an expression on his face that might have been wonder, or triumph or even sorrow. We were not party to the god's thoughts as he lifted his father's corpse, flung it over his shoulders and bore it away.

Did the Reaver, a being of pure violence that lived for blood and suffering, actually feel a trace of pity at the death of his parent? Or was he simply retrieving the Scourge's plague-infested corpse for the other gods so that they could dispose of it? None of us knew, and as Vangal disappeared into the ocean, bearing the terrible corpse home, none wanted to.

And when the last of our kind falls, we hope our true god returns to carry our souls and memories home.

Chern hated the Termanan elves and their deity for supporting Nalthalos and the dark elves of Ghelspad. The destruction that he inflicted upon the elves of Ghelspad, however, was only a foretaste of the terrible fate of the elves of Termana.

Denev chose Chern's burial site in a place where his corpse could do no further harm. She crafted a tomb from the bedrock of the land, tearing apart mountains to form a colossal stone sphere. Madriel pulled air from the sphere, creating a vacuum inside. Vangal placed Chern into the void, and the titan floated to the shell's heart. Madriel froze the titan there, making sure his putrid body would never touch the inside. Denev sealed the tomb, and Chardun and Vangal buried the sphere in the earth beneath the Flourishing Flats. They hoped no contact meant Chern's diseases could be contained.

But Chern's plagues were powerful. Despite the precautions, the Mourning Marshes suffer disease from the titan's tomb. Rumors insist these infections shall worsen as protections erode. Already, the Mourning Marshes are virtually uninhabitable, their once pristine waters brackish and undrinkable, the land tainted by Chern's blood. The fertile land where man sprang forth is now a cancerous blight.

Chern's loyal vermin await his resurrection. Millions of insects crawl around the shell of his tomb, wearing away layers of rock. Pestilites collect bits of Chern, crafting plague coffers from the flesh. After the Divine War, Denev watched Chern's tomb. But

the Earth Mother now slumbers, allowing Chern's children to gather nearer his corpse, and her manifestations weaken and weary both her and her followers. How long until the first insect burrows through, allowing Chern to rise?

The Tainted Travelers might know, as this roving leper band often frequents the Mourning Marshes. The lepers, and their leader Engel Maal, promote Chern's name, but few stay and debate with a colony of leprous fanatics. Chern will not be forgotten as long as the Travelers spread his calling. The Travelers seem to be working with the pestilites and vermin, and a locust demon is thought to meet with the lepers. As most of Chern's children were vermin, the task of resurrecting the titan has fallen squarely on the Travelers and pestilites.

The Travelers worship Chern in hidden locales in many of the swamps of Ghelspad. A former asaatti ruin in the Swamps of Kan Thet serves as a temple, and Chern's followers worship there every vernal equinox (when diseases rise from winter snows to plague the land) and on the day Chern fell. A large sundial is hidden in the ruin, but the dial's shadows do not follow the sun's course. Instead, two shadows approach the gnomon from either side. Travelers claim when the shadows meet, Chern shall rise. No one but Maal knows the time remaining on this infernal clock. Chern is said to appear in a reduced form within the ruins when the hands of the clock move, but this has not been confirmed by the ever-watchful Vigils.

Followers of the Defeated

Engel Maal, the Leper King, Chern's Priest, Male Touch Corrupter, Drd 8: SZ M; HD 8d8+24; hp 72; Init +4 (Improved Initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+3 Dex, +4 [bracers of armor, ring of protection]); Atk +11/+6 melee (1d6+5 plus disease [+2 scimitar]) or +9 melee (1d6+3 plus disease [2 claws]) and +4 melee plus disease (1d6+1 [bite]); SA disease, putrefy; SQ immunities; AL CE; SV Fort +9, Ref +5, Will +9; Str 17, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 8

Skills: Concentration +5, Disguise +8, Escape Artist +2, Heal +5, Hide +7, Listen +3, Move Silently +3, Search +2, Spot +3

Feats: Dodge, Improved Initiative, Improved Unarmed Strike

Possessions: Corruption's Blessing (+2 scimitar), +3 bracers of armor, +1 ring of protection, hat of disguise, pipes of the sewers

Druid Spells per Day: 6/5/4/4/2

A survivor in the truest sense of the word, Engel Maal has walked the Scarred Lands since the titans' defeat. Maal lived through the titans' final days, escaping destruction by hiding. When he came forth,

the Scarred Lands had moved on, for the most part forgetting about Maal and his brethren.

A touch corrupter, Maal imitated many others of his race by hiding among a roving leper band moving from Khirdet to New Venir. As the death march slogged onward, Maal consumed his fill, regaining strength years of hiding had sapped. Of the two hundred who had started the journey, only forty-seven remained when the leper colony straggled into New Venir (only to be thrown out again).

Maal assumed leadership by default, the only member whom the diseases and plagues did not kill. Little did the lepers know most of the ailments affecting them came from their new leader. Maal took the title Leper King and refers to those he commands as the Tainted Travelers.

Maal wears a *hat of disguise* shaped like a bloody scarf tied about his head. He uses it to soften his diseases and better blend with the lepers. A putrid odor surrounds him, however, and no magic masks the smell.

Maal sees the lepers as a means of restoring Chern. Maal is infecting all within his "sovereignty," mixing leper and touch corrupter as Chern's next followers. Maal is also rewriting history, at least among his followers. He claims Chern was not *destroying* the land, but taking plagues upon himself to spare the infected. By slaying Chern, the gods doomed all lepers to a short life of sickness. Maal's Travelers now anticipate Chern's return, believing he will cure them.

Corruption's Blessing is Maal's scimitar, which he carries as if it were a scepter of office. Two lepers who thought they could lead found the hard way that Maal can use the blade—and does not hesitate when his rule is questioned. The blade was wiped with a piece of Chern's flesh when created, and anyone scratched by the weapon runs a risk of disease.

The Tainted Travelers follow a path through the Scarred Lands, starting with the Mourning Marshes (holy to Maal, although he doesn't advertise this), then south to Irontooth Pass. The Travelers head due west to somewhere in the Swamps of Kan Thet. They backtrack along the route to return to the Mourning Marshes.

Watches claim the Travelers bear "flaps of leathery cloth," although no one has stopped the leper band to discover what these items are.

Madriel's priests insist the Travelers carry Chern's dried skin and must be stopped. They believe the Travelers have unearthed Chern's remains and are removing him piecemeal to the swamp to restore the titan. Vigils following the Travelers (from safe distances, of course) report the lepers collect these items in their temple in the ruined asaathi city. What they hope to accomplish is a mystery.

Gaurak the Glutton

The Voracious One was born possessed of an unquenchable hunger. Like entropy itself Gaurak fed upon the world endlessly. The hideously obese titan is even said to have devoured all life from the once verdant moon in a ravenous fit of unimaginable gluttony. Though the titan Mesos was the first of the gods' targets during the Divine War, it is certain that the depredations of Gaurak and Mormo probably caused more anguish to the gods and their divine races than any other. If the gods had not cast down their parents, who knows whether Gaurak might have consumed all life upon the earth as well, leaving a blank slate for his wicked brethren to fill time and time again.

Before the Divine War, Gaurak created many creatures that mimicked his endless hunger. Some provided for him, forever bringing more and more to the Ravenous One's maw, and those that failed him were consumed as well. Others simply reflected his voracious nature and carved barren pathways across the world.

Supposedly he created three great guardian mastiffs, known as the Hounds of Gaurak. It is known that Garabrud the Obsidian Hound still wanders the earth today. It is thankful that the other two are lost, as it is reputed that they were far more terrible than their obsidian kin. The Ivory Hound is said to have fed upon the bones and teeth of its prey while dragging the still living but boneless flesh to feed its master. The Sanguine Hound supposedly drank the steaming blood of its quarry and sent the drained corpses to bring it more. One tale told by pirates of the Toe Islands claims that the Sanguine Hound has been seen swimming in the depths of the Blood Sea feeding upon the ichor of Kadum. The idea of a beast of Gaurak fattening itself upon the blood of his fellow titans is not a pleasant one.

Somewhat more well-known creations of Gaurak the Glutton include his high priests the fatlings, their writhing lard worm parasites, their starved siblings the gauntlings and the insectoid vermin the vengauraks. More frightening to some philosophers is the idea that perhaps a bit of Gaurak the Glutton resides within each of us, carved into our very nature so that we might on occasion share the titan's insatiable hunger.

The Fate of the Defeated

Perhaps more than any other titan, the Voracious One offended Denev, and when the titaness spoke out against her fellow titans her voice was loudest in criticism of Gaurak the Glutton. The Ravenous One departed in anger, and as in all things he took out his anger by feasting. Once the magnifi-

cent darkwood tree was far more common upon Scarn, but Gaurak sought to punish Denev for her words and set about consuming them all. His quest was interrupted when the gods joined Denev in war against the titans, but druids of Denev have never forgiven the glutton for destroying the vast majority of their magical darkwood groves.

Tanil the Huntress tracked the wake of uprooted ground and came upon the Glutton devouring an entire forest, said to have stood tall and proud where the Spires of Gaurak now lie. Angry to find the Gaurak destroying her mother's beloved gardens, Tanil drew back her bow and shot the Glutton three times before the beast could even turn from its feeding frenzy. As the Glutton turned upon the

Huntress and its great fangs grew to enormous proportions in a single heartbeat, even noble Tanil gave ground. Tanil cried out for her brother Corean and her mother Denev as she showered arrows into the beast's gaping maw even as it descended upon her to devour her forever. Corean came upon the scene in time to grasp the Voracious One in his mighty arms and Tanil tore out of the Glutton's mouth through his cheek with one of her deadly arrows. The Huntress drove her bronze arrow deep into Gaurak's jaw so that he could not close it, and Denev plucked his jagged fangs from his mouth one by one.

The battle raged long and the participants were of titanic size, the tremendous teeth falling to the earth one at a time like gargantuan mountains. One hundred terrible fangs smashed into the earth, bringing horrendous earthquakes and shattering the lands beneath. One tremendous tooth crashed into the peninsula south of the Swamps of Kan Thet and was



used by the citizens of Fangsfall to build their city. A row of teeth buried the ground beneath the gods' feet and formed the Spires of Gaurak. Another is said to have shattered and rained across the Perforated Plains in a hail of burning stones. One is said to have fallen into the sea and given birth to the Devouring Reef, while another is said to have flown upward into the sky and to be circling the earth like falling a star waiting to crash down some dark day in the future.

Once Tanil, Corean and Denev had rendered the Glutton toothless and virtually helpless, they bound him within the earth, no longer able even to chew himself free. Religious scholars suggest that the gods did not reveal to their followers where exactly he rests to keep some madman from digging Gaurak free, but many believe that the nature of the Gluttonous Caves on the slopes of the Titanshome Mountains is just too suspicious to ignore. Might the servants of the Voracious One be slowly trying to unearth their dark god, each gaining but a small purchase toward his freedom before being consumed by the ravenous titan and never returning?

Gaurak's worshippers are creatures of excess, whether due to nature or design. His high priests are the hideously grotesque fatlings, whose oily machinations accomplish little beyond increasing their own girth, but who still seem to be his favored children. Those he has punished for some inscrutable reason become the gauntlings, and again their ravenous hunger keeps them from accomplishing any particularly great degree of unity or purpose. The insectoid vengauraks are too simple minded to be more than a relentless tide of beasts that tirelessly hunt and devour the favored races of the divine. It would seem to some of the followers of the gods that Gaurak's minions are so many selfish creatures waiting to be plucked out of the world like the Glutton's teeth, until he is truly left with no mark upon the world.

Alas, the druids of Denev know otherwise. Nature, it is said, abhors a vacuum. Where the mind of Gaurak may be consumed with hunger, perhaps even more so than it was before given his decades of entrapment, he is still a powerful being and his urges reach out to certain base instincts every creature possesses. Even the divine races can fall to his worship, one too many extra meals at a time. Madmen like the smith Galsconigo have forged parts of the teeth of Gaurak into evil artifacts and relics. Natural creatures delving into the fallen teeth of the Glutton sometimes emerge completely changed. Blood alchemists even claim that the dark roots of Gaurak's fangs horde caches of *titan's blood*. Arcane practitioners seek to incorporate the strength of the titan's fangs into their creations, and greedy miners delve into them seeking forbidden wealth.

Druids of Denev despise Gaurak, as his creations destroy entire regions, voraciously devouring everything until nothing is left. More frighteningly they have discovered hunger-mad druids who serve the Glutton almost in the sense of antidruids, intentionally using their attunement with nature to devour and destroy everything around them. Calling themselves the Fangs of Gaurak, these heretical druid cults search for the location of their buried lord and seek to gather all of his teeth together. This is a monumental task, of course, given that some of the Glutton's teeth are the size of mountains. Nevertheless, the insane druids who follow this path cannot resist the fervent dreams of freedom, which emanate from their god during their prayers, nor ignore the ravenous hunger his thoughts inspire in them. A couple of clashes have even revealed strange breeding pits, wherein the Fangs of Gaurak seemed to be attempting to re-create one or more of the Hounds of Gaurak.

Followers of the Defeated

Blubara, High Priest of Gaurak, Fatling, Drd9: SZ Huge humanoid (tall); HD 6d8+27; hp 54; Init -4; Spd 5 ft.; AC 14 (-4 Dex, -2 size, +10 natural); Atk +8 melee Crush (2d4+4); SA spells, envelop; SQ DR 4/-, immunities, oil secretion, SR 15; AL NE; SV Fort +11, Ref -2, Will +7; Str 19, Dex 3, Con 19, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 3.

Additional Abilities: Blubara can cast spells as a level 9 druid. He also has the normal fatling powers of envelop, immunities, oil secretion and harboring approximately one hundred lard words (see *Creature Collection*, pages 73 and 123).

Skills: Animal Empathy +10 (lard worms only), Concentration +5, Intimidate +6, Listen +8, Scry +4, Sense Motive +3 **Feats:** Enlarge Spell, Great Fortitude, Quicken Spell, Toughness

Possessions: An estate on the outskirts of Shelzar, tooth of Gaurak, vanguard mask

Druid Spells per Day: 6/5/5/3/2/1

Blubara is a huge, hideously fat creature. Reputedly the glutton was once a wealthy Shelzarian merchant whose love of fine clothes and women was exceeded only by his hunger for rich foods and wine. On a trip to Darakeene, he came upon a particularly odd mask, and fancying it for the next masquerade ball he quickly purchased the monstrosity. The masquerade ended in disaster, as the *vengaurak mask* made its true nature known and sent guests fleeing into the night, screaming.

Upon discovering the horrible truth about the mask, the merchant became obsessed with it rather than properly afraid. He set about learning its true origins, and soon enough had even paid a large bounty for a living vengaurak. Finally totally with-



drawing from polite society, the merchant became known among certain circles for holding underground blood sports where the debauched could watch unfortunate victims torn apart for their amusement and where the food and drink never stopped flowing. His parties grew legendary amongst the most depraved citizens of Shelzar, until finally the gatherings came to the attention of the authorities.

In Shelzar, everything is for sale, however, and he paid people quietly to look away and had others eliminated. The terrible parties continued, and the merchant grew more corpulent by the day. After a time, he found his vineyards grew strange greasy melons never seen before, so he served them as dinner to a small and private party of close friends. All of them were transformed into Gaurak's chosen—horrid fatlings. The merchant reveled in his new state, abandoning his original name and calling himself only Blubara. Despairing of ever feeding his companions, however, Blubara imprisoned them, feeding them only whatever scraps he deigned unworthy of his attention. Even now they linger as ravenous gauntlings in his cellars. Guests who linger too long at one of his parties may find themselves facing the hungers of Blubara, though only the truly depraved or the doomed are ever allowed past his charmed guards to actually see his hideous mass.

Golem, Fang

	Large Construct
Hit Dice:	12d10 (66 hp)
Initiative:	-1 (Dex)
Speed:	20 ft. (can't run)
AC:	26 (-1 size, -1 Dex, +18 natural)
Attacks:	1 bite +15, 2 grabs +10 melee
Damage:	Bite 2d10+7, grabs 1d10+7 (special)
Face/Reach:	5 ft. by 5 ft. / 10 ft.
Special Attacks:	Grapple, terror
Special Qualities:	Construct, damage reduction 20/+2, magic immunity
Saves:	Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +4
Abilities:	Str 25, Dex 9, Con —, Int —, Wis 11, Cha 1
Skills:	None
Feats:	None
Climate/Terrain:	Any land or underground
Organization:	Solitary (unique) or with priest of Gaurak
Challenge Rating:	11
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral
Advancement Range:	15–21 HD (Large)



Description

The twisted druids of Gaurak sometimes gather thousands of teeth from their prey, piling them together and enchanting them to become a mindless embodiment of the Ravenous One's feasting. The gnashing and grinding teeth of the fang golem are unnerving in the extreme to say the least, and it stands over 9 feet tall and weighs over 2,000 pounds. Driven by the spirit of the titan, the golem seeks to devour its foes, despite the fact that it can derive no sustenance from them. Indeed the shredded remains of victims inevitably slide between the grinding teeth of its torso to ooze to the ground, pulverized into useless gore.

Fang golems obey simple commands up to a sentence in length given to them by their creators. Alternatively they may simply be ordered to devour everything except their creator and set loose upon a gluttonous rampage.

Combat

Fang golems grab their opponents tight and tear them apart mindlessly with their wicked maws. The churning, grinding teeth of the golem inspire fear in their enemies, and even the slightest touch of a fang golem tears flesh into ribbons.

Construct: Fang golems are impervious to critical hits, subdual damage, energy drain, stunning and death from massive damage trauma and are immune to any effect that calls for a Fortitude save to resist, unless the effect specifically affects objects. They are not affected by attacks or spells of mind-affecting nature (for example, enaming or charming spells).

Magic Immunity (Ex): A fang golem is immune to all spells, spell-like abilities and supernatural effects, except as follows: a *gluttony* spell cast with the golem within its area of effect causes it to ignore the spellcaster in favor of other targets within the burst radius; a *magic fang* spell heals 1 point of damage that the golem has suffered, while a *greater magic fang* heals 2 hit points of damage; *shatter* spells work as normal on the golem.

Terror (Su): A fang golem's grinding, gnashing teeth and fearsome visage cause *fear* as per the spell in all who see it.

Grapple (Ex): If a fang golem's initial grab attack succeeds, then its fist retains its grip unless the victim can manage to get away via normal rules for breaking a grapple. So long as one of the fang golem's limbs holds a victim, all of the golem's attacks automatically gain +4 to hit and ignore all dodge bonuses. Furthermore, the grinding teeth of the grasping limb continue to automatically inflict 1d10+7 points of damage per round.

Construction

A fang golem's entire body is composed of teeth from various creatures. Two thousand pounds of teeth are required and the construction costs 80,000 gp to create. The creator must be 16th level and able to cast druidic or arcane spells. Completing the ritual drains 1,600 XP from the creator and requires *greater magic fang*, *reincarnate* and *gluttony*.

Golthagga of the Forge, the Shaper

Golthagga was not the most destructive of the titans; in many ways, he was instead the most creative. He was the first living thing to learn the ways of the smith, to shape objects from the metal found in the mountains. It can be said he was *the* smith, the one that defined all who came after him. Rather than hunt the land with his brethren, Golthagga spent his years crafting strange magical artifacts, living siege engines and other abominations of smithwork upon his colossal anvil. However, his scorn for lesser beings was as great as that of any titan. Golthagga looked upon the world as flawed and saw no joy in anything he had not made or remade himself. He reviled the handiwork of his sister Denev, preferring to gather up her creations, animal or plant, and give them new shapes that amused him better. This was not simply a habit of his—this was the focus of his entire existence.

Legend has it that Golthagga was born of the meeting of Fire and Earth, not fully of either. From his hybrid origin, he gained equal power from both of the elemental forces, and by fusing the two he gained the additional strength of Metal. Though he did not possess the raw might of Kadum or Thulkas, his power was more flexible. Particularly when aided with the forge, hammer and tongs in which he invested much of his personal power, Golthagga could create or destroy with equal facility. Regrettably for the world, his idea of creation was no better than destruction.

Golthagga was not as prolific as his fellow titans, at least as far as intelligent progeny were concerned. Many of his creations were one-of-a-kind creatures, discarded after their forging as unworthy of duplication. Some of these unique beasts still keep lairs in the Scarred Lands, lashing out spitefully at the world in which they do not belong. But still, a number of bizarre creatures owe their new forms to Golthagga's whim. Various texts dating from before the Divine War credit Golthagga with the creation of numerous creatures, of which the chimerae, rust monsters, behir, bulettes, chokers, athach, chuul and xorn have prospered the most. Some fire giant clans claim that they were crafted by Golthagga, being equal infusions of earth and stone, which infuriates their cousins who claim descent from Thulkas. The flailing dreadnoughts, tempus twins, iron devils and skeletal hosts are all certainly Golthagga's doing, sharing as they do his demented malice for all things natural.

Even so, Golthagga did not act as a god-figure to his creations; the Shaper had a poor habit of abandoning his toys once he'd finished with them. A few mighty giants labored in his volcano forge to assist

him, but they were no safer from the titan's attentions than were any other creatures in the area. When Golthagga left the Cursed Mountain (as it came to be known), it was only to gather new materials to bring back to his smithy to work anew.

Some would say it was highly ironic that it was in his own forge, the seat of his attention, that Golthagga met his end.

The Fate of the Defeated

From the Litany of Palash, translated into the common tongue by Marioc Chemmeth:

11: And the distant thunders sounded in Golthagga's ears, and he knew them to be the cries of his kin. Yet Denev still would answer him not, and he grew afraid, though he knew not that he feared, for never had he done so before. And he craved the feel of a weapon in his hand, and he hastened to his forge.

12: But as he drew near, he heard the sound of hammer on metal, and his blood burned to think that someone used his forge without his leave, and he quickened his pace. He mounted the Folded Stair, and he drew aside the Curtain of Hands, and there he beheld Corean the Shining, the Champion, who beat a shining sword upon Golthagga's own anvil.

13: "Why are you here in my home, son of Kadum? I can smell the blood of my brothers and sisters in the air. Now I find you in my home, at my forge, holding my tongs and hammer! What is that sword you forge? Is it meant to be borne against my brothers and sisters?"

14: "It is," said the Shining One. "I have made it from the things that you discarded at your forge. I have made it from beauty and light and hope—all things you have beaten out of your works, thrown aside as dross. And I have forged these things together with strength and justice and wisdom. And the alloy is stronger than anything you could ever make."

15: So spake Corean, and he lifted the glowing sword from the anvil, and he took the white-hot tang of the blade in his hand as though it were a hilt, but it burned him not.

16: "This sword is stronger and sharper than anything made by your or your brothers. And its name is HONOR."

17: Golthagga grew full wroth at these words and took up the hammer that hung above the lintel and ran at Corean to dash his brains out upon the glowing anvil. Yet Corean was swifter than the Shaper, and the hammer-blow fell not upon his godly brow, but upon the great tongs that lay upon the anvil, and they were riven into a thousand shards; such was the strength of Golthagga in his anger. And the shards did cut the flesh of Corean and



Golthagga, and the divine blood fell on the ground.

18: And Corean did fight then with Golthagga, and the mountain was split asunder by the strength of their struggle, and the melted stone ran out like blood. Still they fought in the crater, and with every blow exchanged both the hammer of Golthagga and the sword of Corean grew hotter.

19: And finally the heat was too great, and Golthagga's hammer was made ruin in his hands. But the sword of Corean, called HONOR, had grown harder and sharper with every blow. And Corean did plunge HONOR full into the belly of Golthagga, and cleft him upwards until Golthagga fell in two pieces. And thus quenched, the sword was cooled.

20: Corean took the left side of Golthagga and fled to the utmost north of the world and buried the left side of Golthagga under the ice there. And he took the right side of Golthagga and went likewise to the utmost south of the world, where he buried it likewise under the ice.

21: And, his task completed, Corean then drew HONOR once more and rode the sky to the aid of his brethren.

[Footnote: I'm sure the allegorical refrain of these verses is impossible for all but the most fervent reader to ignore, but it does bear repeating that from all we can tell, this is a moderately accurate account. Of course, we have no eyewitnesses to the heart of this account—none could have survived the destruction of the Cursed Mountain—but the Library has uncovered ample evidence to support the greater portion of these events, such as the unusual conditions surrounding the aforementioned crater (easily attributed to a mingling of spilled divine and titanic ichor), the fragments of metal identified as shards of the hammer and tongs and so on. Indeed, divinations suggest that there

was a titan buried at the poles of the world, and his corpse may well be responsible for birthing the numerous icy monstrosities that plague the far north (see Skaller's *Bestiary of Ghelspad*, work in progress, particularly the "sleet devil" entry). I can't say whether or not Palash had a divine muse or was simply a good detective, but these verses, allegory though they may be, have underpinnings of truth that I advise the reader not to ignore. —MC]

Since the sundering of Golthagga and the destruction of the Cursed Mountain, the Shaper's legacy has somewhat faltered. Many

of the intelligent beings that owed their new forms to Golthagga hated their crafter for it and want nothing to do with any potential resurrection. Of his unique creations, many have been destroyed, and the others hide in the darkest caves under the world. But Golthagga was—is—still one of the titans that made the world, and there are those who would see him walk the face of the Scarred Lands yet again.

If even the wisest followers of the gods admit that the titans were hewn apart and scattered, *but not slain*, then it becomes apparent that the titans could yet live again. Such is the hope of the Shaper's worshippers. But the primary difficulty with restoring Golthagga is that the halves of his colossal body are at opposite ends of the planet, in highly inhospitable regions. Certainly no earthly being could reunite his parts. But, in the lore of Golthagga's druidic circles, there may be another way. The Shaper's anvil still stands, in the great crater that was once the Cursed Mountains. It is said that if the pieces of his tongs are rejoined and placed upon the anvil and struck with the likewise rejoined hammer, the Shaper will be reformed anew. So much of his power was invested in the forge that it seems possible, possible enough to try. Even though the tongs and the hammer would be 30 feet long when rejoined, it is still possible.

If these stories are true, then Golthagga might even be the easiest of the titans to resurrect (although given the Herculean nature of the task, that's saying little). The world is fortunate, then, that he has so few worshippers remaining in the world. The mightiest creatures to venerate Golthagga are giants; the Shaper has a scattered following throughout the various giant races. His faith is at its strongest among the fire giants; many clans have taken to Golthagga's worship, often praying to colossal iron idols fashioned in his likeness and set above their own volcanic forge-chambers. His cult has also found some purchase in isolated dwarf strongholds, where dwarven druid-smiths pray to the Lord of the Forge and attempt to emulate his strength. Human (or other sentient) sacrifice is a common theme among the various circles of Golthagga's druids, who in their crude fashion mimic the Shaper's cruel destruction of innocent lives. In their fiery cavern shrines, to the rhythm of hellish drums, the druids of Golthagga lay their sacrificial victims upon red-hot anvils and break their bodies with heavy iron hammers.

Of these scattered circles, the most numerous—and most dangerous—is the Cult of Reforged Flesh. The cult not only boasts secret members among dwarves, giants and even tempus twins alike, but it has already gathered perhaps an eighth of the shards of Golthagga's hammer and tongs. The cult's cavernous lair holds a great scaffolding where the members assemble what *forging shards* they may and fervently guard the rest.

The cult is led by the Eight-Fingered Hand, an inner circle of powerful druids who were themselves "reshaped" upon the anvil of Golthagga himself and who have survived to the present day since then. Six are elves or dwarves and the seventh is a tempus twin; the eighth is a human child who had the ability to grow old hammered out of her on the Shaper's anvil. She is, ironically enough, the oldest and mightiest of the cult's inner circle—perhaps the greatest druid of Golthagga alive today—and is referred to reverently as "the Thumb." The others, the First through Seventh Fingers, all follow her in their communal quest to reunite Golthagga's hammer and tongs and then to reforge Golthagga anew.

Followers of the Defeated

Vladuk Stoneguts, Sixth Finger of Golthagga, Male Dwarf, Bbn11/Drd5: SZ M; HD 11d12+5d8+90; hp 207; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 21 (+2 Dex, +5 rhino hide, +4 small shield +3); Atk +23/+18/+13 melee (1d8+9, warhammer); AL CN; SV Fort +17, Ref +6, Will +9; Str 20, Dex 11 (15), Con 22, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 6

Skills: Climb +13, Concentration +11, Handle Animal +2, Intimidate +8, Intuit Direction +9, Jump +10, Knowledge (nature) +6, Listen +12, Move Silently +6, Ride +7, Spot +5, Swim +10, Wilderness Lore +14

Feats: Endurance, Improved Critical (warhammer), Power Attack, Run, Track, Weapon Focus (warhammer)

Possessions: +4 chaotic warhammer ("Howlshatter"), rhino hide armor, small shield +3, forging shard (tongs), belt of Dexterity +4 (as gloves), six potions of cure critical wounds, wand of fleshhammer (15 charges)

Druid Spells per Day: 5/4/3/1

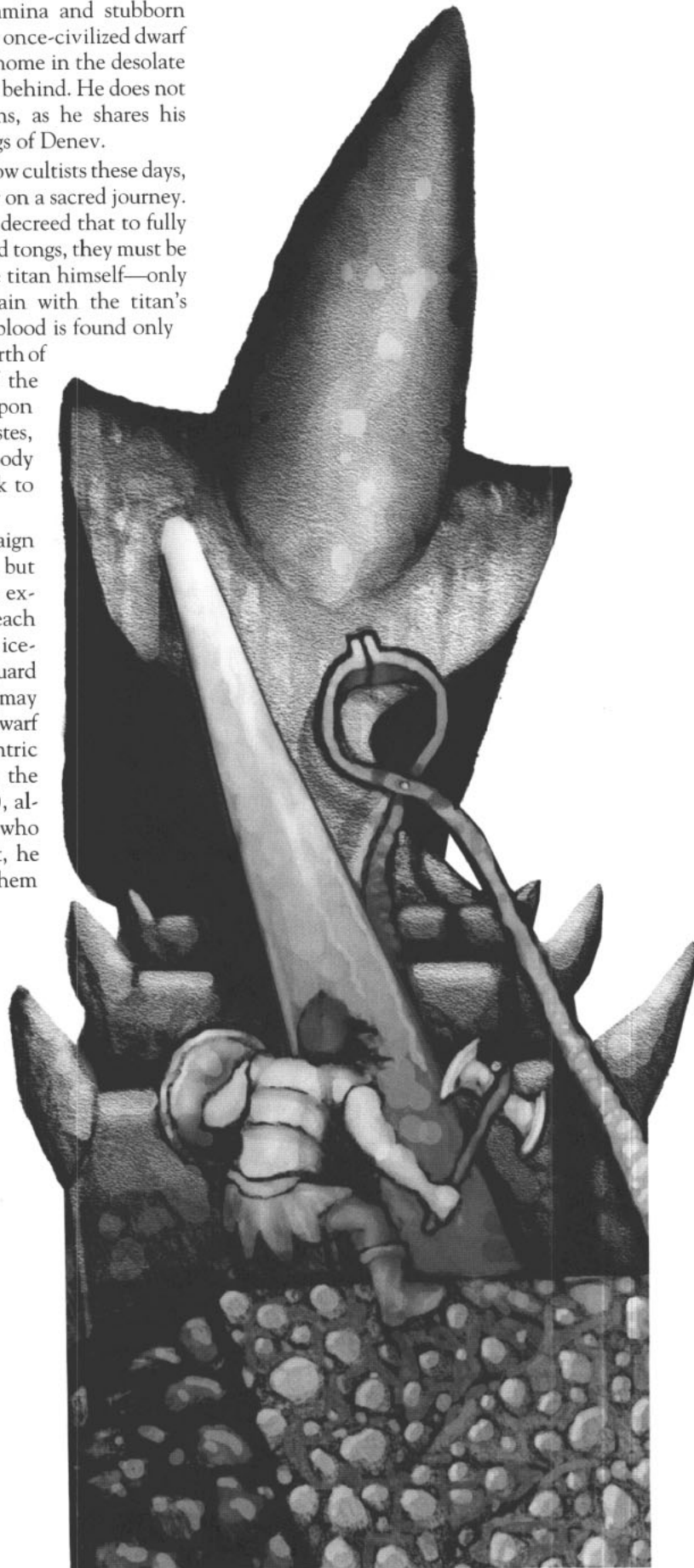
Golthagga's forge was not kind to Vladuk. When the titan grew bored with the dwarf and cast him aside, Vladuk's legs were two different sizes; his left arm was a scaled, gargoylish talon and his face was a mangled mess. For the last two centuries, Vladuk has been forced to travel swathed in heavy clothes, with only his protruding gray beard as proof that he's the overly light-sensitive dwarf he says he is and not a titanspawn. As one might expect, this isn't enough to get him within the walls of most settlements.

However, Golthagga's hammer also beat a preternatural strength into Vladuk; the half-wild dwarf is one of the hardest mortals walking the face of Scarn today. Although he is the weakest druid of the Eight-Fingered Hand, he is physically as strong as three men sharing a single body. He has survived the years since Golthagga's death due not to his great wit,

but rather his tremendous stamina and stubborn refusal to die. All the while, the once-civilized dwarf has become more and more at home in the desolate wastes that the Divine War left behind. He does not travel with animal companions, as he shares his patron's contempt for the things of Denev.

Vladuk sees little of his fellow cultists these days, as he has left their secluded lair on a sacred journey. The Thumb's prophecies have decreed that to fully restore Golphagga's hammer and tongs, they must be anointed with the blood of the titan himself—only then will they pulse once again with the titan's power. However, Golphagga's blood is found only with his body, at the extreme north of the world. As the hardest of the Hand, Vladuk has taken it upon himself to brave the northern wastes, find half of Golphagga's frozen body and bring sufficient blood back to complete the joining.

Vladuk might enter a campaign at any point along his journey, but he is particularly useful in the extreme north, where he plots each fresh expedition and hires both ice-breaker ships and swords to guard them. The player characters may never see the heavily swaddled dwarf as anything more than an eccentric employer (he claims to seek the blood for alchemical purposes), although if they seem the sorts who might oppose his sacred quest, he has no qualms about betraying them at the roof of the world.



Golthain

"He deserves your forgiveness! Golthain, the punished one, the tearful one, the faceless and diminished! His brethen's crimes were not his! If he still had eyes, he would cry for the crimes of Golthagga, Chern, Kadum and Mormo! If he still possessed a body, he would scourge himself for the sins of Mesos, Gaurak and Thulkas! If he still had hands, he would use them to heal the suffering of the world! But he is dead! The kindest of the titans, and he is the only one that is truly dead!"

—Redeemer of Golthain preaching in the wharf market of Fangsfall

Long before the Divine War, the titans molded a world much different from the Scarred Lands. There were many wondrous creatures in this world: a race of slugs that could talk to the stars and ask them questions, birds that were made of light, and a civilization of catlike beings who understood the true nature of magic. The titans eventually grew bored with all these creatures and destroyed them. Time and again this happened.

Golthain was a titan with the ability to project himself into the mind and senses of other beings, allowing him to perceive life as his subject did.



This granted Golthain great insight into the world, but at a cost. The titan could not help but to understand that life had meaning to these other creatures, that the actions of the titans had consequences. When his fellow titans carelessly slew individuals, communities or whole races, Golthain felt their pain.

Eventually, Golthain tried to save one of Scarn's races from destruction. The book of Arnoch, a respected sacred text, says that it was a species of plants known as the world flowers, which grew taller than the mountains and could create new colors. When Kadum sought to destroy the flowers (for he found their colors displeasing), Golthain tried to stand in the Mountain Shaker's way. Enraged, Kadum belted, "They are mine to do with as I wish, for I created them! Your impertinence shall not go unpunished!"

Kadum called his brothers and sisters together. They formed a circle around Golthain, and one by one each titan enacted its punishment. First Mormo flayed apart the members of Golthain's favored race, the deryth. Then Kadum tore away Golthain's face so that he could not see or hear, and Golthagga burned his flesh so that he could not feel. The tortures would have continued, but before Chern could enact his punishment on Golthain, Mesos intervened, saying, "We should let him live, for I see that if we do he will die a true death, and that must not be allowed." The other titans heeded Mesos' wishes, though most did not understand his true meaning.

Stripped of his senses, Golthain nonetheless learned to use the many creatures of Scarn as his eyes and ears. Crippled and saddened, Golthain became a patron of living things, offering them what comfort he could and allowing their presence to ease his own suffering. So many were his minion creatures that when he lived there was no place in Scarn where his senses did not extend.

The Fate of the Defeated

When the Divine War broke out, Golthain's sadness deepened. He hated his brethren for their cruelty to him and the creatures that he loved, but he wanted no part in their destruction, and he hated the gods more than the titans because they had killed Mesos, who was one of the few to have spoken in his favor. He wandered off toward the frozen north lands, seeking only solitude.

Still, the other titans found him and cajoled him into acting as their spy, using his creatures to observe the gods and their servants. It is not known how effective Golthain was or what secrets, if any, he uncovered for the titans, but after the Lady of the Winds was bound into her prison and forgotten, the

gods pursued and captured Golthain. They knew that he had acted as a spy for the other titans in the divine war. Golthain was hated by many members of the divine races as well. Some blamed him for the creation of the deryth and for the making of the bat devils.

Vangal was the strongest advocate for Golthain's destruction. "Any titan who did not aid us is a danger," he said. "Did Golthain try to stop the murder of the divine races? No! Did he use his powers to save the land from torment? No! Instead, he acted as a foul spy for those beings who tortured him and ravaged our land! I say show him no mercy!"

But Madriel, who had won the right to offer any being mercy, did so for Golthain. The titan's own son, Hedrada, also spoke in favor of mercy, though as an impartial judge, he also said that he could not in good conscience ask that his father be spared. Alone among the titans, Golthain accepted Madriel's mercy and gave himself up to the embrace of Denev, returning to the land that he had come to love and protect. It is said that Golthain finally found peace in the arms of Denev, and of all the titans he is the only one thought to be truly dead.

The Followers of the Defeated

Although Golthain is dead, there is one group of druids that continues to worship him. These are the Redeemers of Golthain, who wander the Scarred Lands, doing penance for the titans' evil and seeking forgiveness for their patron. This penance often involves acts of self-flagellation and mutilation, and more extreme worshippers have been known to put out their own eyes. Redeemers also consider it a rare and great honor to act as the host for one or more parts of a deryth (see *Creature Collection II*, page 55).

In seeking forgiveness for Golthain, redeemers chant, rant, preach and pray on street corners and in market squares across Scarn. It is common for redeemers to carry a long scroll, which they call their *List of the Gracious*, and attempt to persuade passersby to sign it. These are written petitions to the gods to forgive Golthain for his crimes and those of his kindred.

Because their patron is dead, redeemer druids are limited to casting spells of 2nd level or lower. However, with proper contrition and the performance of the appropriate true ritual, some eventually obtain the ability to cast spells of up to 6th level of ability. Redeemers are proficient in the use of the whip and light flail but are unable to use scimitars or long spears. There are several druid spells and true rituals known only to redeemer druids.

Gormoth, the Writhing Lord

After the titans created Scarn, they populated it with all the many creatures that walked its surface, squirmed through its earth, swarmed in the sky above it and swam in the watery depths beyond its lands. Gormoth, the being called the Shaper, dared go further. He desired to be served, to be worshiped and, above all, obeyed by an intelligent race of his own design. And so he created the viren, the first servitor race.

The other titans gazed on these strange new creatures with pleasure and, in their manner, envy, and soon all wished to have their own servitors. Many new races were made, but none was the equal of the viren. Unlike the gods, who had yet to be born, the titans derived no power from the obeisance of their creations—the mortal races were created merely for the titans' amusement, to be destroyed when they grew boring.

Of all the titans, none was more jealous of Gormoth than Mormo, the Serpent Mother. Her first attempts at creating her own servitors were unsuccessful, and the sight of the viren filled her with anger and resentment. Relations between Mormo and the Shaper had been stormy for centuries—the pair was sometimes lovers, sometimes foes. Now, as she looked upon Gormoth's creations and saw that her own beings all fell short, Mormo conspired to steal Gormoth's knowledge for herself and to poison her former lover.

Searching Scarn for the instrument of her treachery, she found a species of worms that served the slarecians, a race that dwelled deep underground and may well have inhabited the world before the titans. Gathering up the creatures, the Serpent Mother sent a great horde of them against Gormoth, filling him with burning agony as they fed from his unkillable titan's essence. As he writhed in agony, Mormo and the other titans plundered his secrets, exterminated most of their imperfect servitor races and began to create in earnest.

For centuries, Gormoth lay in torment, buried deep beneath the surface of Scarn. The other titans, contemptuous and cruel hearted, called him the Writhing Lord. Only Denev took pity on Gormoth, occasionally visiting the captive titan to ease his suffering somewhat. Meanwhile, Gormoth's boundless hatred for his treacherous sister sustained him through the seemingly endless pain-filled years. That hatred grew as he saw his fellow titans creating their own races, and he longed to take vengeance on them and make all mortals his twisted playthings. A millennium passed, twisting the Shaper into a spite-filled monstrosity hungering for revenge.

In the midst of Gormoth's suffering, Mormo came to him, taunting her lover, and coupled with him, begetting their son, Chardun. She then aban-

doned Gormoth once more to his endless torment and went forth to work her plots against the world.

After centuries, Gormoth finally overcame the infestation of worms and emerged from his prison to vent his wrath upon the world, one being at a time. The once-handsome Gormoth was changed by his ordeal: his flesh had sprouted tentacles and tubercles, his body constantly twitched and heaved, and the titan was still troubled by endless pain and itching. Though he was free, in some ways Gormoth was still chained by his body, and he sought to take vengeance for his pain.

The knowledge that many races and creatures now existed, and that his own viren had been driven almost to extinction, only fanned the fires of his rage. Gormoth took each individual offering and reshaped it into something unspeakably vile. He warped his druids into fearful monstrosities that roamed the night, seeking victims for their lord. Dwarves became rock burrowing, wormlike creatures. Halflings were transformed into odorous rodentlike skulkers. Elves he changed into man-size lice that infested the great forests. Thus the being that had been the Shaper was now called the Warper, and his rage was boundless.

Despite the horrors he inflicted on other races, goblins and humans were Gormoth's prize playthings. Humans were already varied, flexible and full of youthful vigor. Goblins were supremely malleable, capable of being fashioned into anything Gormoth's madness decreed.

The titan twisted his victims into parodies of their former selves. One man was changed into a hideous combination of giant snake and snail. He transformed an innocent woman into his handmaiden by enlarging her to the size of an ogre, then increasing the size of her arms and hands until they were nearly the size of a giant's. She spent her days applying rivers of salve to his quivering, pain-wracked flesh, until a particularly violent spasm caused Gormoth to roll over and crush her beneath his writhing body. A chorus of tormented women played out a piping melody on their fluted necks, striving to ease the titan's suffering. Goblins he stretched, crushed and twisted into myriad tortured forms that glistened and shuddered in the pale light of the Nameless One: spiderlike shapes, snake creatures, bat-winged things with gnarled limbs, squat crouching creatures, bilious things that throbbed and pulsed, horrors that oozed between his massive toes, while chitinous goblins scuttled in and out of his ears, whispering secrets to him.

Gormoth's madness was limitless and random, for in his altered state, he had forgotten that it was Mormo who had poisoned him. He cared only for easing his own suffering by visiting new torments on others. His druids practiced long rituals nightly, using the colossal power of their master's agony to bring mortals to him.

The Fate of the Defeated

When the Titanswar erupted, Gormoth and his druids sent thousands of his "playthings" throughout Scarn to capture more victims. Gormoth took legions of warriors and shaped them into mindless creatures that crawled around his writhing form, while twisted beggars roamed the lands driven by agony to bring more victims to the Writhing Lord.

Chardun grew angry at this affront, for many of these twisted warriors had been stolen from the Great General's own armies. Gormoth's son surpassed him for calculated cruelty, and he had not forgotten the vicious manner in which he had been treated. Chardun plotted a cruel fate for his titan father.

The eldest god, Vangal, joined him, for Gormoth had rendered his playthings immune to disease and able to feed off nearly anything, enraging the lord of plague and famine. Besides, Vangal had developed a taste for the blood of titans and decided to aid Chardun against his father.

Absorbed in his fiendish torments, the titan was taken by surprise. The two gods rained down mountain-shattering blows upon his gargantuan form. The earth quaked in protest as Gormoth fell. Chardun moved like lightning, pinning his father's arms behind his back and hoisting him up so that Vangal's mighty axes could split

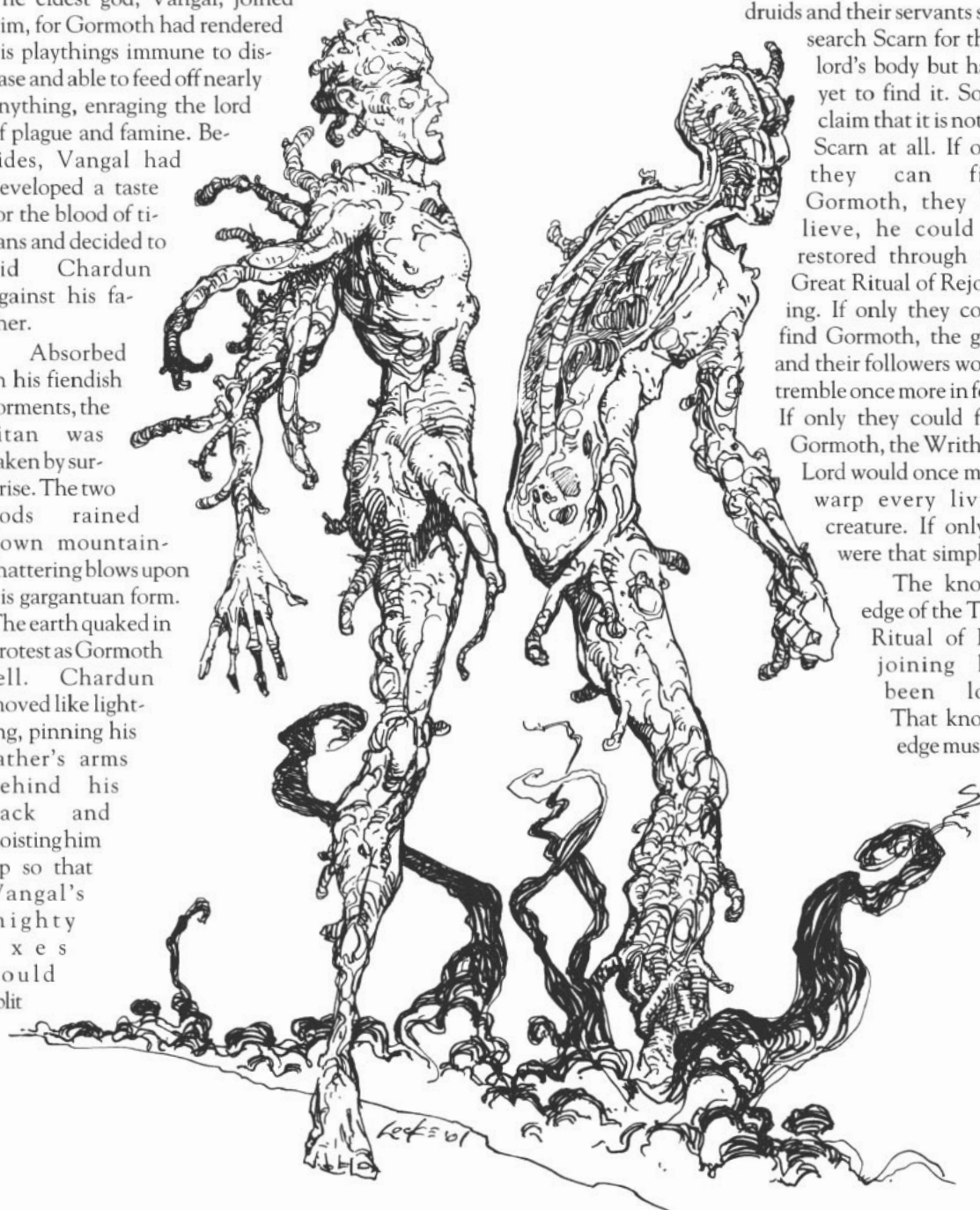
the Shaper in twain. Taunting the Warper and bidding him think of the bitter harvest that his cruelty had reaped, Chardun placed each half of Gormoth's body on opposite sides of a gigantic chasm, leaving his split form to once more writhe in pain for all eternity. Even now, Gormoth's sundered halves struggle to reunite, but the chasm forever divides him in two.

Chardun slaughtered thousands of Gormoth's playthings, while Vangal sent legions of insects after the titan's followers, driving many to suicide and poisoning others. The surviving druids hid away in the forgotten places of Scarn, where to this day they perform horrific rituals in the Warper's name.

The knowledge of the location of Gormoth's sundered body has been lost. Gormoth's druids and their servants still

search Scarn for their lord's body but have yet to find it. Some claim that it is not on Scarn at all. If only they can find Gormoth, they believe, he could be restored through the Great Ritual of Rejoining. If only they could find Gormoth, the gods and their followers would tremble once more in fear. If only they could find Gormoth, the Writhing Lord would once more warp every living creature. If only it were that simple.

The knowledge of the True Ritual of Rejoining has been lost. That knowledge must be



found before Gormoth can be made whole. Furthermore, restoring Gormoth to wholeness will take more than simply finding his sundered body and performing the Ritual of Rejoining on it. The feat will take a massive assembly of his followers. Finally, as Gormoth's druids now understand it, the pages of both Chardun and Vangal must be sacrificed there, to undo the sundering, as part of the Ritual of Rejoining.

Worship is intimately tied to druidic rituals. Druids, wizards and other followers of Gormoth gather at night in secluded, lonely places to work powerful magics. Mountain chasms are especially favored by the Twisted because the Writhing Lord is separated by a lost chasm, but any abandoned place will do. Worship begins with a ceremony known as the Writhing. The Twisted gather in a circle around a single figure and begin chanting, low and quiet at first. The figure in the center raises his arms skyward, then begins dancing as the chanting rises in pitch until it is a ragged shrieking. As the dancer spins in the middle, the circle writhes violently. The chanting breaks into song.

During the "Writhing" Gormoth's followers sing this paean:

Our lord's writhing shakes the universe to its foundation

The very bones of the world creak

The oceans churn violently

his pain enlightens all

Our lord's writhing haunts the dreams of the divine

The arrogant are filled with gripping fear

The gods sleep uneasily

his pain torments all

Our lord's writhing awakens his defeated brothers and sisters

The fallen wish to rise up again

The titans lie restless

his agony awakens all

Our lord's writhing opens the myriad mysteries of life

The many races remain his playthings forever

The folk serve unwillingly

his misery enslaves all

Our lord's writhing grants us power for our vengeance

The agony reshapes us into his vessels

Our bodies twist joyfully

his suffering defeats all

Hidden in desolate ruins, in forsaken swamps and mountain chasms, the Twisted plot to restore the Writhing Lord. Their rituals focus on capturing more victims for Gormoth, transforming those victims into monsters and restoring Gormoth. The Twisted also fight a secret war against the Sundered Mages, former playthings of the titan who now seek to break their bond with Gormoth.

The Twisted are almost entirely human and goblin, with few of the other races in positions of authority. Druids lead the Twisted, while wizards are followers, along with legions of barbarians and the poor and the desperate. The cult is highly secretive, lurking in forgotten corners of Ghelspad and elsewhere.

After the Titanswar, the Twisted became more subtle. Chardun and Vangal and their minions had exterminated Gormoth's creatures, leaving only those followers who had not been blatantly transformed. The obvious warpings of the Writhing Lord gave way to rituals that changed an aspect of a creature, leaving less obvious signs of being transformed. The weakening of Gormoth's magic, along with the need to avoid scrutiny, forced the cult into more subtle manipulations.

Because it is dispersed throughout Scarn, especially across Ghelspad, The Cult of the Twisted is very loosely organized. A high priest leads each local cult, assisted by one or more priests. Spies scour the lands for victims as well as new recruits for the cult, while guardians protect the cult leaders. If a momentous discovery, such as the whereabouts of Gormoth, were to occur, the high priests would gather in a secret conclave to decide how to proceed. Until that time, the cult is dispersed throughout the lands, sustaining itself and carrying out Gormoth's will. Its secret war against the sundered mages is a defensive one. The Twisted ones prefer to remain undiscovered by their foes.

Followers of the Defeated

Froblak, High Priest of the Twisted, Male Spider-Eye Goblin Drd13: CR 13; Size S (3 ft. 5 in. tall); HD 2d8 + 13d8; hp 64; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 17 (+2 Dex, +1 Size, +2 Natural); Attack +13/+8/+3 (+9 Base, +1 Str, +1 Size, +2 Racial) melee, or +14/+9/+4 (+9 Base, +2 Dex, +1 Size, +2 Racial) ranged; SV Fort +10, Ref +6, Will +12; SA poison; SQ darkvision 60 ft, improved peripheral vision; AL NE; Str 12, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 19, Cha 6

Skills: Balance +2, Climb +3.5, Diplomacy +7, Heal +14, Hide +11, Innuendo +5.5, Intuit Direction +20, Jump +6, Listen +10, Move Silently +4, Profession +16, Ride +3, Scry +12, Spot +14, Swim +15, Wilderness Lore +17

Gulaben

Feats: Alertness, Chain spell, Craft Staff, Heighten Spell, Scribe Scroll

Possessions: Robes, ring of protection +2, scorpion whip (see *Relics and Rituals*, page 161), Giant Wolf Spider (mount) (see *Creature Collection*, p. 215)

Druid Spells per Day: 6/6/6/5/5/3/2/1

Spider-eye goblins are prominent in the loose hierarchy of the Twisted. Dedicated to finding Gormoth and freeing him, Froblak is utterly ruthless and without fear in carrying out his mission. He presently dwells with his clan of spider-eye goblins, in the wilderness of the Blood Steppes and the Haggard Hills.

Tonakin, Druid of the Twisted, Female Goblin, Drd7, Sor4: CR 11; Size S (3 ft. 0 in. tall); HD 8d8+8 + 4d4+4; hp 52; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 16 (+3 Dex, +1 Size, +2 Amulet); Attack +10/+5 (+8 Base, +1 Str, +1 Size) melee, or +12/+7 (+8 Base, +3 Dex, +1 Size) ranged; SV Fort +10, Ref +6, Will +15; SQ darkvision 60 ft.; AL NE; Str 12, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 15

Languages Spoken: Druidic, Giant, Goblin, Orc

Skills: Alchemy +8, Concentration +13, Hide +7, Intuit Direction +13, Knowledge +5, Knowledge (nature) +11, Listen +3, Move Silently +10, Profession +16, Scry +9, Spot +3, Swim +6, Wilderness Lore +14

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

Druid Spells per Day: 6/5/4/4/2

Sorcerer Spells Known (6/7/4): 0—chill/warmth, dancing lights, ghost sound, mage hand, read magic, steal sleep; 1st—acid spittle*, ventriloquism, unseen servant; 2nd—hypnotic pattern

Possessions: Robes, amulet of natural armor +2

Tonakin is a typical cunning, fanatical follower of Gormoth, a priestess in the Cult of the Twisted. Like most of the post-Titanswar Twisted, she outwardly appears normal—in her case, as an ordinary adult female goblin. She is most active among the goblin tribes of western Ghelspad, traveling from place to place to promote the activities of the Twisted.

Gulaben was the titan of the upper air, and it was said that her touch was gentle and brought ecstasy beyond any known to mortals. She took a greater interest in mortals than her sister Lethene, but this was not necessarily a good thing, for like most other titans Gulaben was vain and thoughtless. She loved making the mortal races adore and long for her.

But Gulaben was not kind. She would strip the air from creatures' lungs, granting the hapless beings delight even as they died of suffocation. She made the beings known as cloudstings, who before the Divine War would sometimes guide mortals to distant locations where gold was to be found, only to devour the gold and abandon the mortal.

She may even have drained the color and substance from many creatures' living tissue—this, at least, is what the White Wraith slitheren claim as their origin. The Lady of Winds created creatures more openly evil as well—the windigo, the wind riders, the invisible stalkers and the air demons. It is said that the bane clouds were her creation, a gift to the other titans and a punishment for the mortal races that spurned her.

During the Divine War, Gulaben used her powers of pleasure to create an army of devoted slave warriors, many of whom were deserters from the divine armies. They would heed any command from the Lady of the Winds just to hear her whispered promises and feel her touch. This horde became known as the Oblivious Army, the Army of Innocents and the Wind of Flesh. At the height of its power, it was a hundred thousand strong. Gulaben's winds swept over this teeming mass of creatures and they would dance like puppets to the tune of her will, but in the end the forces of Vangal slaughtered most of them. It is said that a few survived, but these were mad, and most perished in the deserts of Ukrudan.

Gulaben was never damaged in any physical sense, and her powers were never truly stripped from her. It is not known whether such a thing is even possible. In a sense, she was both everywhere and nowhere, and having no material form, she could not be dismembered or scattered as were many of her fellow titans.

She was the last titan to be defeated. With all of the other titans laid low, and pitiful Golthain in their custody, the gods turned their full attention to Gulaben. Hedrada built an iron chamber at each of the four corners of the world and inscribed it with runes of binding. Chardun added runes so that the chamber would torment her. Enkili transported Tanil across Scarn, helping the Huntress to track down and capture Gulaben's thousand wisps of being.

Once all Gulaben's disparate parts were captured, Corean bound her and pronounced her punishment: that she would be sealed away in this forgotten place, and her memory would be erased so

that no weak mortal soul would long for her again. Madriel offered her mercy: if Gulaben would destroy herself, she would not need to be imprisoned, but the Stealer of Breath refused. Belsameth, with the help of her renegade son Erias, gathered all the thoughts, dreams and memories of the Wind Maiden of Ecstasy, and Vangal gleefully destroyed them.

The minds of the mortal races were not the only places that the memory of the Lady of Winds resided, however. Her powers, gifts and dark deeds were all recorded in books, on tablets and in works of art. It was feared that if any record of Gulaben existed, there would be those who thought more of the pleasure of her touch and of the wishes that she would grant than of the suffering, destruction and evil she left in her wake. During the first few years after the Divine War, the priests of Hedrada attempted to purge these records from Scarn. These clerics thought it sacrilege to destroy ancient histories and art, and instead locked them all in a vault in the Library of Hedrad. To this day, only the most disciplined and lawful of Hedrada's high priests are allowed access to this secret and dreaded vault.

The Fate of the Defeated

There are no mortal memories of Gulaben, and few even know that she ever existed. Gulaben has no remaining worshippers. There are, however, some who have heard her legends. Among certain circles of summoners, it is believed that if she did in fact exist, and if her prison could be located and she could be freed, the rewards for her liberators would be tremen-

dous: pleasure beyond description, infinite wishes, a position as commander of an army of aerial beings, or even demigodhood. Of course, there are some who believe that if the stories about her imprisonment are true, then the lady of winds has probably been driven insane by her imprisonment and torture, and freeing her would result only in death.

One strange group that believes that Gulaben exists is the White Wraith slitheren. Certain circles amongst the translucent rat folk believe that Gulaben was their creator. Clerics of Hedrada have already foiled several attempts by White Wraiths to steal the forbidden texts and images of the Lady of the Winds.

Although the Hedradan's campaign to lock up all records of Gulaben was largely successful, a few records survived and exist beyond Hedrad's vault. Of these, the most famous is *The Mad Wind Manuscript*, a book that details various beings Gulaben crafted and the ways in which she and her creatures could be summoned. A less well known but far more dangerous tome is known only as *The Locked Book*. This volume was written by Beldaphon, a high priest of Hedrada who, through painstaking scholarship, reconstructed the history of Gulaben, up to and including her imprisonment. It describes in detail the many delights and pleasures that the titan granted, as well as sorrows she wrought. But most important it describes the exact location and manner of her imprisonment, the guardians and traps that the gods set around her cell and the procedure that the gods are to follow if for some mad reason they ever wish to free her.



Followers of the Defeated

Alcuin the Obsessed, Male Human, Wiz6, Sum10: CR 16, SZ Medium human; HD 16d4+16; hp 50; Init +8 (+4 dexterity, +4 improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 24 (+6 *bracers of armor*, +4 *ring of deflection*, +4 dexterity); Atk +12/+7 (1d4+3 +3 *keen dagger*); +13/+8 ranged; SA spells; SQ summoner abilities; AL NE; SV Fort +6, Ref +9, Will +13; Str 10, Dex 18, Con 12, Int 20 (24 with *Iron Flask*), Wis 13, Cha 13

Skills: Bluff +11, Concentration +20, Diplomacy +11, Knowledge (elemental planes) +26, Knowledge (arcana) +24, Listen +9, Ride +6, Scry +11, Spellcraft +24

Feats: Blindfighting, Craft Staff, Craft Wand, Craft Wondrous Item, Extend Spell (summoning only), Forge Ring, Improved Initiative, Maximize Spell (summoning only), Quicken Spell (summoning only), Scribe Scroll, Silent Spell (summoning only), Skill Focus: Knowledge (elemental planes), Spell Penetration, Still Spell (summoning only)

Possessions: +4 *ring of deflection*, +3 *keen dagger*, +6 *bracers of armor*, *wand of dimensional anchor* (16th level), *wand of detect magic* (10th level), *wand of manaspear* (16th level), *Iron Flask of the Djinn General's Mind*, *book of knowledge**, *scroll of gate*, *scroll of perfect teleport x2*, *scroll of prismatic wall*, *scroll of darkstaff*, *scroll of greater dispelling x2*, *scroll of dark flame*, gold belt worth 1,200 gp, white robes, wide-brimmed pointed hat, 12,000 gp in disposable funds, *potion of flight*, *potion of gaseous form*, three *potions of cure serious wounds* (3d8+10), *potion of alter self*, fortified house in Rahoc, library worth 35,000 gp

Wizard Spells per Day: 4/6/6/6/5/5/4/3/1+*summon monster VIII* x 5 has the effects of *summon monster IX*.

Alcuin is a 6-foot, 3-inch-tall, slender human with long, thin, stark white hair that reaches down to his knees, and an extremely pointy nose. He wears a wide-brimmed, pointy wizard's hat and white robes with a girdle of gold. He has spent most of the seventy years of this life learning the secrets of elemental magic. Driven by his obsessive thirst for knowledge, he seeks to recover the powers of Gulaben. To this end, he has hired thieves to steal some of the books in the sealed vault of the Library of Hedrad. Only one thief returned, and then only with some hastily copied passages. But even these have given Alcuin some clues as to the location of Gulaben's prison.

Hrinruuk

Before the Divine War, Hrinruuk was remarkably handsome and charming. He was a fun-loving titan, witty and pleasant to be around, and anyone who spoke with him face to face—titan, god or mortal—had a hard time not liking him. Of course, he regularly created murderous monsters and set them loose in Scarn for his own hunting pleasure. And he sometimes forgot about these creatures, letting them rampage for weeks or months, killing innocent mortals and laying waste vast stretches of Scarn. And, of course, he raped his own daughter, the goddess Tanil, permanently scarring and altering her divine abilities, and would have done the same to Tanil's daughter had not Tanil and Denev magically hidden and protected her from him until the start of the Divine War.

Like most other titans, Hrinruuk was drunk on his own power and obsessed with himself alone. He did whatever he wanted on the slightest impulse and rarely even noticed the consequences, much less thought about them. As far as he was concerned, the world and everything in it really *was* his to do with as he liked. He was the master hunter, and anything that was not the hunt was unimportant. When his followers tell their version of the story, they claim he never even knew he had a daughter by Denev and didn't know who Tanil was when he raped her (and, of course, in their version it wasn't rape). Hrinruuk was so oblivious to the consequences of his actions that his ignorance in this matter is not implausible, though it certainly does nothing to excuse him in the eyes of most.

Before the gods realized the true evil inherent in the titans' conduct, Hrinruuk was on friendly terms with several deities, including Enkili, Vangal and many demigods.

The Fate of the Defeated

Hrinruuk didn't really take the Divine War seriously at first. He was such an adept hunter—even greater than Tanil, some say—that none of the gods could even find him to fight him. Hrinruuk seemed to find their efforts dreadfully amusing and took great pleasure in sneaking about the land, appearing for short rough battles, then disappearing again before anyone could do him any real harm. For Hrinruuk it was the greatest hunt he'd ever been on, until at last he took one fatal step too far and slew the goddess Miridum.

Miridum was the daughter of Hedrada, god of justice, and her death drove the Judge into a cold fury, more terrible than any had ever seen. Seeking to deliver justice to Hrinruuk for his long years of evil and amorality, Hedrada called all the gods to his aid, and for a short time every divine army that could be spared marched against the Hunter alone. Hrinruuk was good at hiding, but nothing is that good, not even a titan.



Forced into battle and badly wounded, Hrinruuk fled. For the first time the Hunter began to fear the power of the gods. At last, as he hid and nursed his wounds, Hrinruuk's daughter Tanil came before him, offering him a chance to escape the wrath of the gods.

Speaking with evident sincerity, Tanil artfully convinced Hrinruuk that she had always loved him and that she had only been angry with him for so long because she was jealous of his fascination with Idra. She could see her folly now, though, and couldn't bear for him to be in danger. Tanil insisted that she had a great deal of influence with the other gods and that, as her father, all he had to do was swear to defend the cause of the gods against the other titans.

Hrinruuk, having no natural loyalty to anyone but himself (and being conceited enough to actually believe Tanil's assurances of affection), agreed to turn traitor. He then gave Tanil his mighty Hunter's Bow, asking that she convey it to the gods as a symbol of his good faith.

Instead of taking it to the other gods, however, Tanil wrestled with the bow until she broke its magical bond to Hrinruuk and mastered it herself, destroying much of its ancient power in the process. Hrinruuk felt Tanil's betrayal as the bow's power was wrenched from his control for the first time in his long existence.

Enraged, Hrinruuk left his hiding place to seek her out and found Hedrada instead. Realizing that Tanil had lied to him from the first and recognizing Hedrada as the first god to rebel (and, being Hrinruuk, not even recalling that he had killed Hedrada's daughter), Hrinruuk flew at the Judge in a passion of fury and terror such as none had ever before seen from the carefree, pleasure-obsessed titan. It seemed that Hrinruuk finally saw his doom and now wished only to take a few of the gods with him when he fell.

So awesome was his ferocity that it was all Hedrada could do to defend himself until Corean and Tanil arrived. The fight was fierce but brief; in his weakened state, Hrinruuk could not hope to defeat three righteous gods. It is said that when Corean smote off her father's head, none could tell if Tanil's shrieks were screams of victory or the keening of a daughter in mourning. Hedrada was presented with Hrinruuk's still-living head, and the gods returned to other battles.

As it turned out, however, Hrinruuk was not yet defeated. Blind and mad, his body rose once more and began to rampage through the land, causing more terror and destruction than any of his monstrous creations ever had. Once the gods realized their mistake, Tanil tracked her father's body and carefully lured it into a blocked canyon in the Kelder Mountains near what has now become the Bloodrain Woods. There she impaled him with arrows shot from Hrinruuk's own bow until Corean and Vangal arrived to finish him off, hacking his body to pieces.



Tanil handled the disposal of his body herself, hiding each dangerous chunk of titansflesh in a different place all over the land. Most she sealed away magically so they could never be found and so they could never harm the land. Despite her best efforts, however, a piece of a still-living titan is a difficult thing to control, and the Divine War was not yet over. While Tanil was distracted by a last attack from the creatures still loyal to Hrinruuk, several bits of him escaped or were stolen. Some of these have since been discovered and destroyed. Others are still in existence, and a few have yet to be found.

Of those known and not destroyed, the most important are the bloodlings. Bloodlings are small, vicious creatures that seem to have evolved directly from tiny gobbets of Hrinruuk's flesh. They infest the mountains just west of the Bloodrain Wood and prey on anything that comes near them. Whether they are purely formed of titansflesh or combined with some flesh-eating insect is unknown. Perhaps they were natural creatures at one time and have simply changed beyond recognition as the ratmen have, or perhaps they were Hrinruuk's last creation—a final outpouring of spite, left behind to torment the Huntress, polluting her precious wilderness just that little bit more.

Among the many other terrible beings that can be blamed on Hrinruuk are the stalker ratmen who fed on his blind body while it slept at night and tried desperately to heal. The rats were long gone in their new forms when Tanil tracked her rampaging father down days later. Rumor has it that after Hrinruuk was

defeated, these same rats journeyed to where he fell, and while Tanil was occupied in battle they stole some other small piece of him and kept it as a sacred artifact. If this is so, none but the ratmen has ever seen it, and it does not seem to grant them any special powers. No one knows which piece it might be.

Aside from the beings spawned by Hrinruuk's death, the Hunter has left an alarming legacy of hostile and perilous beasts behind him. At least two species of evil dragons owe their existence to Tanil's irresponsible father, not to mention vast numbers of dangerous predators, magical beasts and aberrations. His most appalling creation was completed just before the Divine War and is said to be even more terrible than the legendary tarrasque (which may itself have been one of Hrinruuk's creations), being both more intelligent and more magical. Fortunately, although Hrinruuk had finished shaping the unnamed beast, he never had time to breathe life into its huge frame. The gods found its dormant form just after the war and, to their dismay, found themselves unable to pierce Hrinruuk's protective spells. Apparently, Hrinruuk thought he would be coming back one day to play with his pet monstrosity, and he wanted it ready and waiting when he did.

Unable to unmake it, but finding that it would not pollute the land as the titans' bodies had, Tanil magically imprisoned the beast in some secret place. Periodically, a mad wizard takes it into his head to find and raise the creature, but to all our good fortune, none as yet has discovered its whereabouts.

Interestingly enough, most of Hrinruuk's followers do not seek the return of all the titans. Many of them seem to feel that the Divine War was perfectly necessary and reasonable on the gods' part, and they are only angry on Hrinruuk's behalf, honestly believing him to have been grievously wronged. Tanil and Idra, according to them, lied about Hrinruuk to the other gods for their own selfish and power-hungry reasons. He was completely innocent of all his relatives' accusations, and of course, all his deadly creations were really a profoundly benevolent way of strengthening the creatures of Scarn through natural selection. The other titans were bad, yes, but Hrinruuk, they assert, was no worse than Denev, though they claim that Tanil (whom they call the Traitor) would have had Denev killed too if given the chance. Most who are unfortunate enough to hear the ravings of Hrinruuk's apologists react with disgust or, in extreme cases, by reaching for the nearest weapon.

Followers of the Defeated

Taleatha, Priestess of Hrinruuk, Female Elf, Ranger8/Druid8: CR 16, SZ Medium; HD 16+32; hp 140; Init +5; Spd 30 ft.; AC 18 (+5 Dex, +3 magical leather armor); Atk +13/+8/+3 melee (1d8+1, battleaxe) +13/+8 melee (1d6+1, handaxe); +19/+14/+9 Ranged (1d8+1 magical longbow); AL CN; SV Fort +14, Ref +11, Will +12; Str 13, Dex 21, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 18, Cha 15

Skills: Climb +12, Concentration +13, Handle Animal +13, Hide +18, Listen +20, Move Silently +18, Spellcraft +14, Spot +20, Wilderness Lore +19

Feats: Alertness, Blindfight, Combat Casting, Expertise, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Lightning Reflexes, Track

Possessions: +1 leather armor, +1 composite longbow, battleaxe, handaxe, druidic holy symbol (bow and three arrows), 1/2 standard treasure

Ranger Spells per Day: 2/1

Druid Spells per Day: 6/5/4/4/3

It may seem strange that such a lovely, wise and skilled woman would worship any titan, and Hrinruuk strangest of all, but at over 350 years of age, Taleatha remembers Hrinruuk's charm and humor well, and she is still in love with him. Whether they were ever actually lovers is unknown, but Taleatha's dearest wish is to see Hrinruuk restored to his former glory with herself as his bride.

To be sure, she is slightly mad, but no one would know it to see her fight or lead a raiding party. Shrewd and vicious, Taleatha is a formidable opponent. She rarely fights alone, and her followers are known for their stealth and ferocious loyalty. In spite of her madness, Taleatha is apparently an effective mother, as most of her followers are orphans (from all of the divine races) that she has raised to fight for her. Though most of her children turn out slightly mad as well, they love their mother intensely and obey her without question. Most are druid rangers like herself.



Taleatha's band operates mostly out of the Ganjus, periodically raiding any village where Tanil is worshipped prominently and defiling her holy places. With Virduk's troops ever advancing, the Vera-tre militia has little opportunity to hunt these criminals effectively, and they are growing steadily in stealth and confidence.

Bloodling

	Diminutive Aberration
Hit Dice:	1d8+5 (9 hp)
Initiative:	+6 (Dex)
Speed:	40 ft., climb 40 ft.
AC:	20 (+4 size, +6 Dex)
Attacks:	Bite +0 melee; Spit +6 ranged
Damage:	Bite 1d2; Spit 1d6
Face/Reach:	1 ft. by 1 ft. / 1 ft.
Special Attacks:	Acid Spit, Poison, Shriek
Special Qualities:	Damage reduction (10/+1), acid resistance 15, scent, spell resistance 20
Saves:	Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +2
Abilities:	Str 10, Dex 22, Con 21, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 10
Skills:	Listen +4
Feats:	Lightning Reflexes
Climate/Terrain:	Southern Kelder Mountains, on the east side of Corean's Cleft only
Organization:	Pack 2d10
Challenge Rating:	4
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always chaotic neutral
Advancement Range:	2-3 HD (Tiny)



Description

Whether these miniature horrors are the accidental results of insects who fed on Hrinruuk's flesh before he was finally defeated and dismembered or whether Hrinruuk created them deliberately from his own wounds as a last act of bitter defiance is unknown. In any case, these creatures infest the area where Hrinruuk was finally brought down, attacking and feasting on any creature they encounter, so long as it bleeds.

Combat

Bloodlings always hunt in small packs, hiding while they surround their prey completely, then attacking from all sides simultaneously. They never attack where they are outnumbered and they won't usually attack any creature of large size or greater unless their numbers are vast indeed. They are especially attracted to the scent of blood, but they appear on the scene if they smell anything remotely edible.

Once bloodlings decide to attack, the majority of the pack stays at a distance, using spit attacks while one or two bloodlings creep up from behind and attempt to bite the prey while it is unaware. They rarely attack head on unless absolutely certain of easy victory. If the fight turns badly for them, bloodlings usually run rather than perish.

When alone or unable to escape, a wounded bloodling uses its shriek ability, emitting a painfully piercing scream that alerts any other bloodlings in the area to its need. Bloodlings always answer the call of other bloodlings when possible, even if only to help their fellows secure a retreat, though if the new pack feels it has the advantage in the battle, the fresh bloodlings stay to fight it out.

Bloodlings do not feed on a living creature, but they do not eat carrion either. They drink blood rather than consuming flesh, and they don't ever seem to be satiated. Even immediately after a large feast, they still attack and feed from new prey.

Acid Spit (Ex): Bloodlings can spit a thick red acidic substance up to 20 feet. When hit by this acid, a creature must make a Reflex save (DC 10). A failed save means the acid hit the creature in the eyes and it is blinded for the full duration of the acid's potency. The acid does an immediate 1d6 points of damage and 1d6 points per round for the next two rounds, followed by 1d4 points per round for two more rounds. A blinded creature cannot see normally until the damage caused by the acid has healed.

Poison (Ex): A bloodling's bite is poisonous, and in addition to damage taken from the wound, a bitten creature must make a Fortitude save (DC 15) or take an additional 3d6 hp of initial poison damage. Secondary damage for this poison is 2d6 hp, and even if a creature saves it takes 1d6 points. Bloodling poison cannot be collected by any means, as it turns to harmless dust when exposed to air.

Shriek (Ex): A frightened bloodling can emit a horrible shriek causing 1d4-1 points of sonic damage to any nonbloodling creature within a 30-foot radius. The first shriek of any battle also calls any nearby packs of bloodlings to the aid of the threatened pack. There are generally one to three packs in an area and 2d10 bloodlings per pack.

Kadum

Known as the Great Beast, the Mountainshaker and the Father of Monsters, Kadum was the strongest being in the world, and he reveled in his power. When he lived, Kadum roamed across Scarn, killing and destroying at will. His most feared moniker, the Mountainshaker, arose from the fact that the titan loved to move mountains onto the homes and settlements of divine races.

Those fortunate enough to glimpse the titan and live describe him as a vast, scaled humanoid with vaguely reptilian features and a powerful forked tail. The chroniclers of Hedrada write that Kadum sometimes disguised himself as a mountain that pulsed with the beat of his gargantuan heart, and that he would sometimes appear as a deadly moving tidal wave of earth, cutting a swath of pure destruction.

Although he claimed that cities were nothing to him, many felt that Kadum possessed a special enmity for such places, seeing them as impertinent creations of mortals who did not know their proper place. It is said that as Kadum crushed the great city of Ul, he thundered, "Puny ones, even mountains fall! How can you think to endure beyond your miserable span of years? One thing survives, and one thing only—Kadum!"

After this incident, Hedrada the Lawgiver came before the titans, asking that they restrict Kadum and forbid him from destroying cities, but those titans who deigned to acknowledge Hedrada simply replied that Kadum was only speaking the truth and that Hedrada should teach his creations humility, in addition to architecture.



Kadum himself knew no humility, but only pride and vanity. He fashioned many creatures from his own flesh, crafting them into the likenesses of what he considered to be his virtues. These were the giants, and they suffered terribly for their heritage.

It is said that most of the giants who remain alive on Scarn today are those that look the least like their creator. Many legendary giants—the mountain giants, crag giants, triple headed giants, tailed giants, death giants and spider giants—were, as far as anyone knows, all destroyed during and after the Divine War. The dwarves in particular made a point of hunting them down, and many of the survivors retreated into the Blood Sea in search of their father, only to become transformed into terrible flayed giants.

Yet some giant tribes remain. The fire giants survived by swearing allegiance to Vangal, while other giants hid in obscure locations—the frost giants fled to the inhospitable mountains of the north, and cloud giants (who later repented their ways and now serve the gods) hid in the upper atmosphere, while the storm giants (who for the most part now hold Enkili as their patron god) moved to remote mountaintops and undersea caves.

Kadum hated any being with the temerity to challenge him. His rivalry with the titan Thulkas is

well documented. When the Iron God joined with Chern and Lethene to sire the god Vangal, Kadum in turn mated with Denev to create Corean, who was intended to oppose Vangal at every turn.

When Corean was conceived, Kadum shouted, "Only I have the power to destroy. Whatever the child Vangal threatens, Corean will protect, and whatever the child Vangal destroys, Corean will rebuild. This is the destiny I choose for my son." In his arrogance, Kadum did not realize the full significance of his words, but in the end they made Corean a foe of not just Vangal, but of Kadum himself. It is not known whether the Mountainshaker's arrogance ever allowed him to realize what a grievous error he had committed.

Naturally it was Kadum's immense vanity that brought doom upon him. At the height of the Divine War, the goddess Belsamaeth and her giants had just conquered Scarn's near moon and now planned to rid the world of the Great Beast. Kadum's power derived from his great evil heart: as long as the Scarn endured, Kadum's heart would beat, and as long as it beat, the Mountainshaker was invincible. There lay the key to his defeat.

For a month, Belsameth planned and prepared, then under the light of the next full moon she



traveled to Scarn and confronted Kadum on the shores of Ghelspad's eastern ocean, appearing as an exact duplicate of the Mountainshaker himself. Confused, and unable to attack the being that so closely resembled himself, Kadum was unable to act as Belsameth drew a great knife crafted from the black obsidian of the moon and plunged it into the titan's chest.

Kadum staggered as Belsameth tore his living heart from his chest; he still lived, but his fearsome power began to wane. Angrily, he strode toward Belsameth but found himself held fast. Turning, he saw that Corean's mighty mithril golem held his tail in a deathgrip, while Chardun the Great General rose up out of the water, his eyes grim, and Vangal appeared from the earth itself, accompanied by an army of traitorous fire giants. Kadum gripped the golem, seeking to tear away its grasp, but the great machine was almost immovable. The titan's fist crushed the golem's shoulder, leaving deep impressions of his colossal fingers, but still the construct held on.

Perhaps in that moment, Kadum realized he was doomed. Perhaps at last his fearsome vanity and arrogance failed him. No one knows for certain, for Chardun lashed out, wrapping his weakened body with magical chains, pinning him to a great rock. Then, as Vangal's fire giants hacked at the body of their once feared, now hated creator, the Ravager

lifted the great rock and hurled it many miles into the eastern ocean. There the Mountainshaker remains today, his blood staining the waters, his dark soul still brooding and growing even more choked by the black bile of hatred.

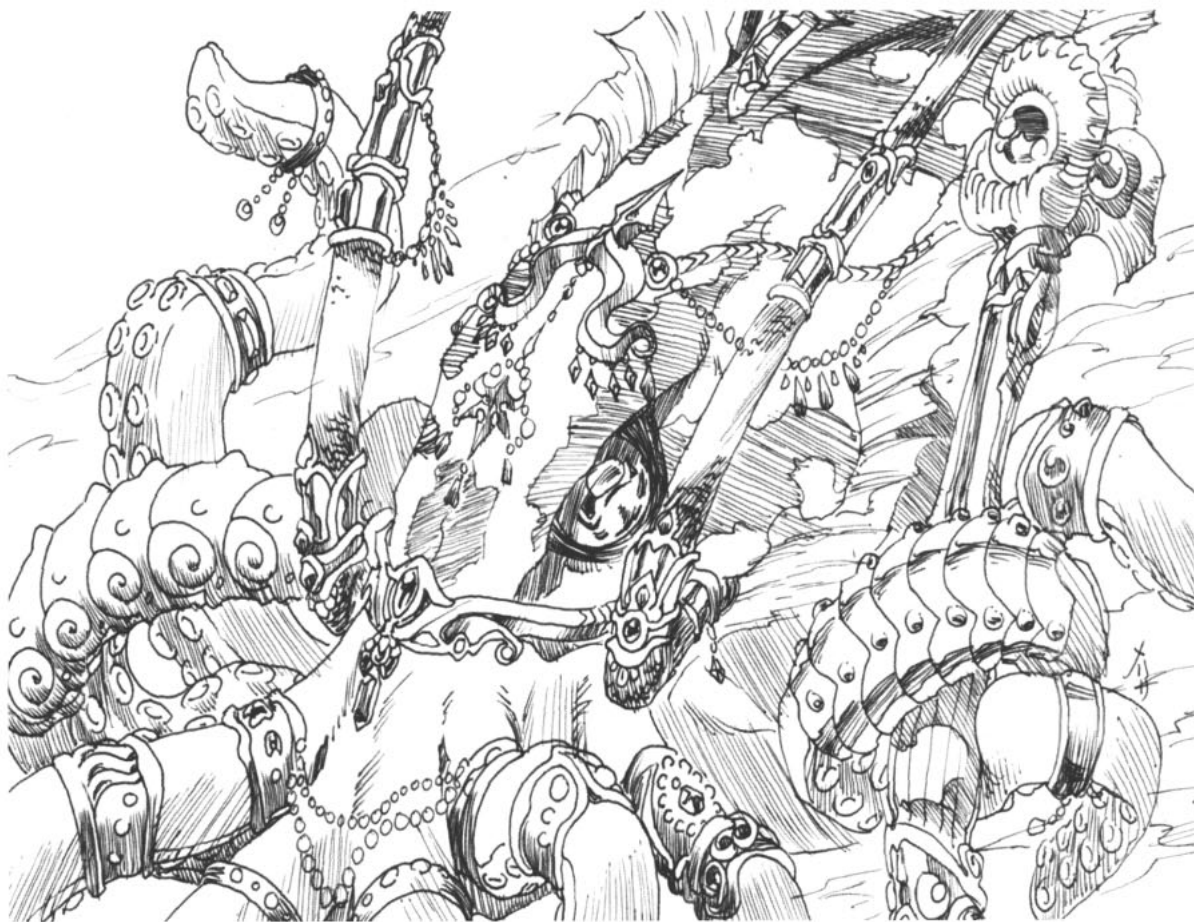
Fatally damaged in the fight, the mithril golem wandered for a time and finally came to rest on the heights above the ocean, where it would soon serve as the center for the great city of Mithril.

The Fate of the Defeated

Kadum's legacy is one of blood. In life the titan created giants and other fell beasts, while after his death, his blood has brought into being many hundreds of monsters. For this reason, the bleeding Kadum has earned the title Father of Monsters.

Kadum's body lies chained to a gigantic boulder in a deep abyss that the sea creatures of the Blood Sea call the Maw of Glory, and also the Maw of Death. It is said that the Maw is so deep that somewhere near Kadum's body there is a gateway to a distant and hellish plane. The presence of demons and devils in the region of the imprisoned titan seems to confirm this theory.

Many creatures of the Blood Sea honor the fallen titan, gaining sustenance and strength from his blood. Of these, the best known are the pisceans, who lay claim to Kadum's body as a holy relic that defines the



beginning of their true destiny on Scarn. Before Queen Ran built her palace on the edge of the Maw, highborn pisceans would frequently travel to the bottom of the abyss to partake of Kadum's holiness. This became more dangerous and difficult when Queen Ran organized the blood krakens, sea hags and shark folk and took control of the abyss. At first, the pisceans worked with Queen Ran but have since turned against her, seeing her as a rival for possession of their deity's body.

Queen Ran and her Krewe of Waves worship Kadum but see his body less as a holy object than an occult resource and a key to power. The pisceans despise them for this and consider them heretics and worse. Ran's Krewe frequently harvests Kadum's blood to sell and to use in rituals and in creation of potions and poisons. Queen Ran built her palace on near the rim of the abyss, but recent defeats, and her current war with the pisceans, have made her control of Kadum's body less certain.

The flayed giants are the oldest followers of Kadum, having loved the titan even before his death bestowed his bloody gifts on the creatures of the sea. They regard any disturbance of the body as sacrilege, a sentiment shared by some druids, merrow (aquatic ogres, see *Core Rulebook III*, page 144) and swamp hags who live around the Blood Sea. However, the flayed giants and their sympathizers are far too weak to blockade the body and instead must content themselves with waylaying and murdering piscean pilgrims, kraken blood merchants and anyone else suspected of having desecrated the fallen titan's body.

Although it is the most notable part of Kadum's legacy, the Blood Sea is not the only place where the Mountainshaker left followers. In the interior of Ghelspad there remain groups of giants who still revere the titan. These include some hill giant tribes of the Kelder Steppes, stone giant clans of the Kelder Mountains and a few evil-aligned cloud giants who maintain homes in various secret places around Scarn. Clerics of Vangal sometimes travel among these tribes and clans, trying to win converts, although such missionaries often end up roasting on a spit.

Most of the other giants have abandoned Kadum. The fire giants were the first to turn their back on the Mountainshaker, allied briefly with Vangal and now mostly worship Chardun, while most good-aligned cloud giants revere Madriel. A few storm giants remain, serving Enkil or Tanil, and the frost giants of the north have turned to Vangal and Belsameth.

Followers of the Defeated

Els'gwin, Missionary Prophet Blood Kraken:

CR 8; SZ Large (Long) Magical beast; HD 10d10+30; hp 85; Init +1 (Dex); Spd 30 ft., Swim 60 ft.; AC 24 (-1 size, +14 natural, +1 Dex); Atk 8 tentacles +12 melee (1d6+3, tentacle), squeeze +12 melee (1d6+3 squeeze); SA ink, sticky grasp, spells; SQ amphibious; AL NE; SV Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +11; Str 17, Dex 12, Con 16, Int 14, Wis 19, Cha 15

Skills: Diplomacy +12, Hide +3, Innuendo +6, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Listen +8, Scrying +6, Spellcraft +5, Spot +3, Use Magic Device +4

Feats: Blindfight, Craft Rod, Craft Wondrous Item, Enlarge Spell, Leadership, Maximize Spell

Amphibious (Ex): Els'gwin may breathe air indefinitely and may walk on land at 1/2 his swimming speed. Moving on land requires the use of four of his tentacles (he only gets four tentacles attacks on a turn in which he moves).

Possessions: Two *Kadum's Pearls of Slaying**, two *Kadum's Pearls of Strife**, two *Kadum's Pearls of Wounding**, 3d6 doses of *Titan's Blood from Kadum**, *Rod of Cancellation*, *Rod of Enemy Detection*, two blocks of *incense of meditation*, religious garb, two 1,000 gp pearls, fourteen 100 gp pearls, twenty-one 10 gp pearls, 13 gp, 12 sp, masterwork cart pulled by two blood mutated oxen, various religious items (altar, candles, incense, prayer wheels, etc.). Els'gwin is usually accompanied by a half dozen or so loyal followers and acolytes to his mission.

Spells: Els'gwin may cast spells as a 10th-level druid.

Els'gwin is a large, richly dressed, amphibious blood kraken with pink skin. He experienced a vision that showed the entire world stained crimson and dripping with blood. The blood spoke, saying that nothing should be untouched by its power. It said that those who helped it would share in its glorious destiny. When Els'gwin told Queen Ran, she saw that the kraken's vision might bring more to her cause, so she made Els'gwin amphibious so that he could act as her agent and spread reverence for the blood. For his own part, Els'gwin is not sure whether the blood that spoke is a manifestation of Kadum or an entity in its own right, but he feels it is not his place to question, but instead to arrange so that the blood can spread across Scarn and drown the world.

Lethene

Of all the titans, none was so consumed with raw fury as Lethene, the Dame of Storms. She was among the first of the titans to walk the face of Scarn, and easily one of the most powerful—even the other titans bowed before her might. Like her fellow storm-titan Gulaben, though she rarely manifested physically, Lethene was always present on Scarn in one form or another. She was the howling of the wind, the crackling of lightning during a summer storm and the fury of the typhoons that wracked the coasts of Ghelspad. She was chaos unbound, and she was unstoppable.

It is said that Lethene was among the first of the titans, born of the fury of the primal elements. No one knows whether this is so, but ancient tales speak of the respect and esteem in which the other titans held the Mistress of Storms. Among the titans, she and Thulkas seemed to revel in destruction the most. Her storms made the lands above and the waters below uninhabitable, and Thulkas' fire burned the surface of the world whenever a titan's creation offended him. They cared nothing for these pitiful creations of their fellows and would not be fettered by such trivial concerns. Lethene especially would have her freedom, and she would war with any titan who dared demand otherwise.

Seeing that conflict would get them nowhere, the other titans ceased their efforts to restrain Lethene and her consorts, instead seeking to work around her fury. They would not oppose her, they said, as long as she allowed their creations to prosper. Lethene cared nothing for the titans' creations, but even as powerful as she was, she realized that she could not oppose them all, and so she assented, asking only to be left alone. Her storms continued, but they were not so severe as before; Lethene contented herself with her freedom and her fury and left the world below alone so long as neither titan, god nor mortal attempted to tame her.

It was not Lethene's way to create other races, as she much preferred to spend her time destroying the works of others. Her storms were legendary, powerful cyclones and hurricanes that scoured vast regions clean of life and transformed the very land of Scarn. She did give birth to one creation of note, however, one that would help change the face of Scarn forever—the child of her fury, coupled with the fiery radiance of her consort Thulkas, and of the corruption and decay of the wicked Chern. The being known as Vangal, the Ravager.

In the midst of her battles with her fellow titans, something unexpected occurred. The spirit-force of the three beings most dedicated to destruction—Lethene, Thulkas, and Chern—gave birth to a new



Unconfirmed report dictated to High Priest Emili Derigesh by the elf Sakra:

Yes, it is as I have said to you in our letters in the past; I do indeed know the truth behind the fate of Lethene, for I was there, and I saw it happen.

You cannot begin to imagine the horrors suffered at Lethene's hands. Her wicked storms rent asunder all who opposed her, and even gods fell before her mighty winds. So strong were they, in fact, that they shattered the land itself. But for all of her strength, the gods found a way to defeat her. Mighty Corean had his father's strength, and he stood fast against the fury of the Dame's winds. And Denev, the titan of the land itself, could not be moved by her sister's fury. While these two confronted the titan directly, Tanil and Hedrada struck from hiding and laid Lethene low long enough for Corean to strike.

His blow, however, never struck its target.

As the Avenger raised his mighty blade, hammered in Golphagga's own forge, the gods heard a voice behind them. That voice belonged to Vangal, the Ravager, and it said, "No." Corean did not understand, and neither did the others. Vangal was the fiercest of the gods, the one the titans feared most, the embodiment of all that was savage and merciless. How, they wondered, could he oppose the defeat of the first titan, the most fearsome one of all? But Vangal was also Lethene's creation, and she alone bore him no ill will. She was chaos in its purest form and was the part of Vangal that he loved most. Though he was a hundred feet tall, and miles away, I could see it in his eyes. He would not raise arms against Lethene, and he would not allow the gods to dispatch her.

There was anger in Corean's eyes, a fury matching Vangal's in all respects. The Ravager's behavior was intolerable; how dare he interfere with such a righteous act? And yet, it was done. Vangal had sided with his mother at the last. The god of destruction and violence wished to spare a foe, for the first and only time in his long existence.

Corean was prepared to take the fight to Vangal, and alone among the gods he might have destroyed the Ravager, but Denev laid a hand upon his shoulder and bade him wait. Then she spoke to Vangal.

"The Mother of Storms cannot go free," she said. "This you know."

Vangal nodded. "Yet I will not allow her to be slain."

The Ravager then created a vast gateway, and beyond it lay the swirling tides of purest chaos—the utter darkness on the fringes of the Abyssal realm. Ravager spoke to his mother's captors and said, "Send her here."

Corean and Tanil shared a look, then nodded; and the Champion of the gods thundered, "Let it be done." And a look of joy spread over Lethene's face, for she realized that at long last she was to be united with the raw forces of primal nature and become a part of its sheer fury. She gazed at Vangal with an expression of gratitude, and then was gone.

I can only imagine what it must be like, trapped in another realm, unable to return. But perhaps that is to the Untamed One's liking, as it is like Scarn was before the coming of the titans. Perhaps this is the only joy she will ever know, and the only way to prevent her from bringing sorrow to others.

type of being, neither titan nor mortal. The process by which these three beings created this new thing is not known but is the subject of many scholarly essays, learned research and filthy tavern songs. Whatever its origin, this creature of destruction was not tied to neither land, sea nor sky, and it fed upon the destructive acts of mortals. Lethene named this being Vangal, and he was a creature the likes of which the titans could not even fathom—he was a god.

The other titans, amazed at the rapacity of this new being, took to siring gods of their own. All of these beings drew their power not from the land around them, but from the devotion of the beings inhabiting it. Some thrived on worship, while others fed on hopes and fears and lust and rage. The titans were fascinated by this and fell into a creative frenzy as they sought to create beings could sustain them in a similar fashion. They gave Lethene free reign to destroy everything she saw, slaughtering imperfect creations so that they could begin anew. But try as they might, the titans remained tied to the land, and every one of their spawn disappointed them.

But as these races perished, the gods cried out, tormented by the agony of their loss. Their ties to mortals were unbreakable, and slowly they began to realize that the titans held the power to destroy them through their worshippers. The titans, however, cared nothing for the suffering of their children. The shaper Golthagga crushed and reformed Scarn's mortal races time and again, always seeking the perfect servitors. Mormo, the Mother of Serpents, simply made manifest every concept that came to her, filling the world with her spawn in hopes that one would give her the strength she so desired. Beautiful Denev nurtured new life, hoping beings birthed in hope would serve where those born of selfishness faltered. Of all the titans, she was the kindest, and she truly loved those races she created.

But all of the titans' efforts failed, and soon the gods tired of having their worshippers so callously swept aside. Fearing for their very existence, they realized they would have to take action to protect their own futures. And to do that, they would have to declare war on the titans.

The Fate of the Defeated

Though the libraries of Lokil are vast, not even they have reliable accounts of Lethene's defeat at the hands of the gods. They do, however, relate the fact that she was one of the deadliest of all of the titans during the Divine War, personally responsible for the deaths of many lesser gods and demigods, not to mention horrendous numbers of mortal beings. Other titans fought with their creations at their sides, but Lethene lashed out with her fury alone and proved nearly impossible to defeat. Defeated she was, however, and with that defeat the Titanswar ended.

Lethene is an obscure titan in the Scarred Lands today, mainly because she was not a prolific creator

and had no real followers to speak of when she left the mortal world. She remains trapped in the chaos of the Abyss to this day and has little apparent interest in escaping. This is not to say, however, that she has not left a legacy on Scarn. Many would see the Dame of Storms return, if for no other reason than to wipe the divine scourge from the face of the world. Chief among these is the Storm Kin, a group of savages that dwells in the bleak Titanshome Mountains, delighting in the ferocity of the elements. Their shamans are said to summon elementals and demons to their service, even though these creatures' existence on Scarn is severely limited. It is said that they are led by twin human children, who command the forces of the storm and fly away if approached. These are surely Storm Children, but their goals and true connection to Lethene is unknown.

Lethene's only other known group of worshippers is, surprisingly, the Blood Sea pisceans. Normally loyal to Kadum, many also revere the elemental forces that Lethene commanded. Their devotion to Lethene gives them rage and power in a way Kadum can never match. Her fury becomes their fury; her indomitable spirit the force they will use to change the world.

Followers of the Defeated

Asir, Male Storm Child, Sor 6/Drd 3: SZ Medium-sized outsider (5 ft. 7 in. tall); HD 6d4+3d8+9; hp 38; Init 0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (Dex); Atk +4 melee (1d6, quarterstaff); SQ Control winds, control weather, fly at will, lightning bolt, foresight 3/day, nature sense, trackless step, woodland stride; AL CN; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +7; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 11, Wis 13, Cha 16

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +3, Concentration +9, Diplomacy +6, Intuit Direction +3, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Profession (sage) +3, Wilderness Lore +6, Chain Spell, Combat Casting, Enlarge Spell, Spell Focus (evocation)

Possessions: Ragged clothes, a crossbow, a quarterstaff

Sorcerer Spells Known (7/4/2/1): 0—chill/warmth, daze, detect magic, flare, mage hand, ray of frost, read magic; 1st—endure elements, flash, shocking grasp; 2nd—cold snap, fog cloud; 3rd—touch of the eel*

Druid Spells per Day: 4/3/1

Asir is a storm child, and as such has a fearsome temper and a strong thirst for vengeance. He is in his late teens but is already a highly skilled sorcerer. He is of medium height, with dark hair and icy blue eyes. He is typically dressed in ragged clothes, a result of his rough and tumble upbringing.

Asir was born to ordinary humans in Calastia, and when his powers manifested his parents and neighbors feared him greatly. Stubborn and recalcitrant, he lashed out at his tormentors, then fled, vowing to one day return and take vengeance. His flight brought him to the Titanshome Mountains,

where the howling winds touched the elemental forces residing within him. It was here he met the Storm Kin, who immediately initiated him into their tribe. As he grew, Asir met other storm children like himself and became more powerful among the Storm Kin. Memories of the Dame of Storms awakened inside him, and to this day he strives to find a way to return Lethene to the world so that he may feel her touch directly. His efforts have thus far proven ineffectual, but he has not given up and will not until the storm within him consumes him.

Siruch, Male Black Piscean, Sor 9/Bld 6: SZ Large humanoid; HD 15d4+45; hp 82; Init +1 (Dex); Spd 20 ft., swim 60 ft.; AC 19 (+1 Dex, -1 size, +3 magic, +6 natural); Atk +11/+6 melee (1d8+4, claws), +6 melee (1d8+2, bite); SQ voice of the sea, cold resistance 10, damage reduction 6/-(bludgeoning or subdual only), amphibious, fast healing 2, nature magic, alter self 1/day, blood enhancements; AL LE; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +14; Str 18, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 17, Cha 21

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +6, Bluff +6, Concentration +17, Diplomacy +9, Handle Animal +6, Intimidate +6, Intuit Direction +6, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Knowledge (sea) +12, Listen +6, Ritual Casting +9, Scry +6, Sense Motive +6, Spellcraft +12, Spot +6, Forge Ring, Heighten Spell, Maximize Spell, Skill Focus (concentration), Spell Focus (evocation), Weapon Focus (harpoon)

Possessions: A bloodstone, bracers of armor +3, a storm ring (as per ring of shooting stars, with *light*, *dancing lights* and *ball lightning* functions only), tattoos (*Lethene's touch*, *titanspawn*, *wraith hand*)

Sorcerer Spells Known (9/5/5/5/4/4/3/2): 0—*chill*, *warmth*, *dancing lights*, *daze*, *detect magic*, *ghost sound*,

light, *mage hand*, *read magic*, *resistance*; 1st—*Buoyancy net**, *flash*, *magic missile*, *obscuring mist*, *shocking grasp*; 2nd—*cold snap*, *commanding presence*, *fog cloud*, *obscure object*, *whispering wind*; 3rd—*dispel magic*, *fly*, *gust of wind*, *lightning bolt*, *touch of the eel**; 4th—*polymorph self*, *pressure sphere**, *water breathing*, *water's embrace**; 5th—*call aquatic monster**, *Dolomar's limited liquification**, *screaming*, *ship snare**; 6th—*awaken lesser titan avatar**, *chain lightning*, *control weather*; 7th—*dark water*, * *power word thunder**

Siruch is a black piscean, one of the ruling caste of piscean society. His skin is a deep, rich burgundy, and he typically travels unarmed and unadorned. He carries himself with a haughty, implacable demeanor. He is a ruler, one of the elite, and he knows it.

Siruch is a powerful piscean who pays proper homage to Kadum but also worships Lethene's memory. His devotion to the Dame of Storms is extraordinary, and his willingness to spill his own blood to bring her power to bear on Scarn has not gone unnoticed by his superiors. As such, he is being groomed to succeed the minister of his region, after which time he will be in a position to gain greater knowledge of Lethene, and possibly the ability to set her free from her prison. He also seeks to call up the fearsome Blood Monsoon, as called up in 112 AV by the now-hated Queen Ran, who has since lost the ability to perform the ritual. If Siruch has his way, the Monsoon will plague the surface world once again, and this time his people will not be defeated so easily.

In this he is opposed by Queen Ran and her krakens, who want to restore her ability to create the Monsoon and destroy the surface world for their own reasons.



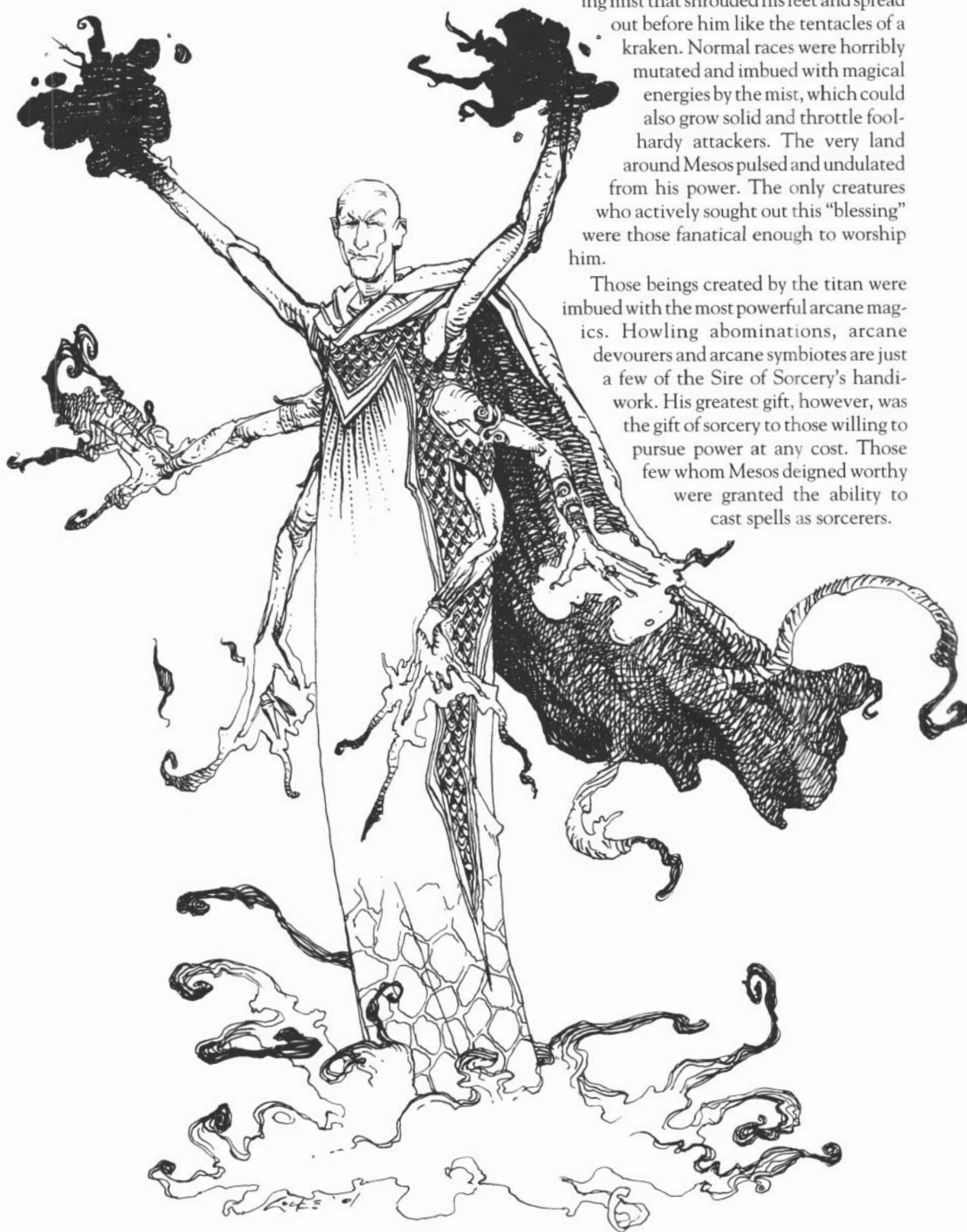
Mesos

The Sire of Sorcery, Mesos was considered by scholars to be the single most powerful titan. While he did not possess the immovability of Thulkas, or the strength of Kadum, he was the undisputed master of all things magical.

Those who saw Mesos and lived to tell about it described him as a gigantic humanoid, bigger than even the largest dragon. When not casting spells, as was his preference, Mesos would arm himself with wickedly edged swords, cutting down those few who survived his magic.

The titan also produced a cloud of creeping mist that shrouded his feet and spread out before him like the tentacles of a kraken. Normal races were horribly mutated and imbued with magical energies by the mist, which could also grow solid and throttle foolhardy attackers. The very land around Mesos pulsed and undulated from his power. The only creatures who actively sought out this "blessing" were those fanatical enough to worship him.

Those beings created by the titan were imbued with the most powerful arcane magics. Howling abominations, arcane devourers and arcane symbiotes are just a few of the Sire of Sorcery's handiwork. His greatest gift, however, was the gift of sorcery to those willing to pursue power at any cost. Those few whom Mesos deigned worthy were granted the ability to cast spells as sorcerers.



The Fate of the Defeated

Mesos was nothing if not arrogant. Able to cast any spell, he was awe inspiring in battle. The Sire of Sorcery literally shone with magical energies, as did those races that he created. Mesos was also the father of a number of gods, their bloodline containing some of the arcane power of their father.

Scholars of the day believe that the gods decided to destroy Mesos first because he was the greatest threat. Able to reshape the fabric of the universe to his whim, the titan was unmatched, even by the gods, in magical combat. And those few times when he was forced to engage in close combat, Mesos won due in large part to the grievous wounds he inflicted with his magics.

The gods knew that Mesos was the one titan who could single-handedly turn the tide of battle, who could, conceivably, destroy them, and who could, with preparation, make a sundered titan whole. This last point, scholars agree, was the reason that Mesos was the first target of the gods' wrath and why he was destroyed so completely. But it was a seemingly minor incident that finally drove the gods to attack Mesos and so begin the Divine War.

Mesos was so well attuned to magical energies that he could manipulate them any way that suited him. So it came to pass, in the year before the Titanswar, that Enkili the Trickster took it upon himself to torment the Sire of Sorcery. He would play tricks on the titan, misplacing whole races that Mesos had spawned, forcing the titan to wander over the face of Scarn looking for them.

The Trickster would then sneak into Mesos' abode, casting his magic upon those items Mesos was most likely to use in the following days. Then Enkili would sit a safe distance away and watch as the items blew up, grew tentacles, attacked the titan or simply disappeared at a touch.

The final straw came when Enkili somehow managed to enchant Mesos' magical cape Vergren. When the titan donned his favorite possession, it began to choke him. Furious, the titan dispelled the magic.

But that was not enough. Not content to let Enkili go unpunished, Mesos sought out the Trickster on the astral plane. Enkili tried to pass off his jokes in his usually relaxed style, but nothing placated the enraged titan. Mesos demanded that Enkili stop his pranks; Enkili threw some choice words at Mesos, regarding exactly what the titan could do with Vergren.

That flippant act so enraged the Sire of Sorcery that he stripped Enkili of all his magical powers, including his mystical connection to his followers. Enkili immediately sought out his brethren and told them what Mesos had done. No one could ascertain

whether Enkili's loss would be permanent; certainly with the loss of his powers, the Trickster was subject to true death and destruction. Hedrada, who had slowly come to believe that war with the titans was inevitable, said that now was the time to strike. The other gods, seeing that their own existence was in peril, could not disagree.

Thus it was that Mesos was ambushed by the gods, his power drained by their divine energies before he could act, and his form sundered by their wrath. His destruction signaled the beginning of the end for the titans and forever altered the way magic operated on Scarn.

After his destruction, as Mesos' power was unleashed upon the world of Scarn, there were huge magical storms, the likes of which the land had never seen, warping reality and tearing rifts between the planes. After the storms finally subsided, wizards' powers and spells were greatly enhanced, and the births of sorcerers increased tenfold. Mesos' very essence was suffused throughout the world of Scarn and today continues to enhance and empower those who would manipulate it.

Followers of the Defeated

Rill Niques, High Priest of the Cult of Mesos, Male Human, Sor 9: M; HD 9d4-9; hp 21; Init +6; Spd 60ft.; AC 19 (+2 Dex, +7 [Sigil enhanced breastplate]); Atk +5 Melee (1d8+1, [Sigil enhanced longsword]); AL CE; SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +8; Str 12, Dex 15, Con 8, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 24

Skills: Concentration +11, Knowledge (arcana) +13, Knowledge (religion) +7, Knowledge (titan lore) +7, Scry +7, Spellcraft +7

Feats: Greater Spell Penetration, Improved Initiative, Maximize Spell, Spell Penetration, Toughness

Possessions: Boots of striding and springing, cloak of charisma +6, two Sigils of Mesos (longsword, breastplate), scroll of prophecy

Sorcerer Spells Known (6/8/8/8/5): 0—chill/warmth*, detect magic, distort shadow*, ghost sound, light, mage hand, ray of frost, read magic; 1st—charm person, flame bolt*, mage armor, magic missile, shield; 2nd—darkness, mirror image, smother*, web; 3rd—haste, lightning bolt, shadow strike*; 4th—shadow shield*, summon monster IV

Rill Niques is not the leader of the Cult of Sorcery because he is the strongest or healthiest individual. He is its undisputed leader because he possesses not one, but two fabled *Sigils of Mesos*, claims to know where a third one lies and also possesses the scroll of prophecy. A relic among Mesos' followers, it details the titan's plans for resurrection, supposedly dictated to his followers as his essence was scattered.



Twice Niques' rule has been contested, and twice he has blasted the infidels with spells not seen since the Sire of Sorcery walked the earth. Rumors among the cultists suggest that Rill has been granted special powers because he carries two pieces of Mesos' body on his person.

Those who know Rill whisper that the two sigils have changed him, making him more like the titan he venerates. It seems that Niques has access to many rare arcane spells, something truly astounding for sorcerers of today, but nothing out of the ordinary for those blessed by Mesos in the years before the Titanswar. Certain parties within the cult say that anyone who finds a living arcane symbiote will be well rewarded by Niques for its capture and delivery.

Rill and his cultists have regular contact with arcane devourers and their ilk, always looking for ways to hasten the resurrection of their fallen master. In fact, Rill is in the process of carving out an astral niche for himself and the Cult of Mesos, to better aid

and direct the arcane devourers in their quest to restore the titan.

At least six times a day, when not anticipating combat, Rill casts spells for no apparent reason. Those who have read the tenets of the cult or count themselves among their members find this no odd occurrence. The "high priests" of the cult routinely engage in what others could only call wasteful arcane practices. In actuality they are giving power back to their fallen patron—arcane devourers follow the cult and its high priests on the opposite side of the material plane, feasting on the arcane energies released.

The future plans of the cult seem well mapped out under Niques' direction: aid arcane devourers in their quest to reabsorb arcane energy; aid the other children of Mesos in their daily lives; venerate the cult and its patron Mesos and overthrow the gods. Only time will tell if any of these goals will pass from mad cultist dogma into historical fact.

Mormo

The Disrupted

Scholars debate why arcane spellcasters generate heat when casting spells. Those of divine persuasion say that it is because arcane magic is a cruder kind of power, one born of the titans, whereas divine magic is more sophisticated, granted by gods. The most vocal of these clerics tell anyone who will listen to them that the use of arcane magic threatens to reform Mesos' shattered spirit. They could not be more right.

A scroll in the possession of the sorcerer Rill Niques, "high priest" of the Cult of Mesos, supposedly chronicling the actual words of the titan, gives one possible explanation:

Behold, my children, I am no more. But fear not, for I am not destroyed, merely scattered. I shall rise again one day—that much is assured by my children, the devourers. It has become their holy task to gather my essence from the cosmos and store it in huge crystalline chambers.

I charge my faithful on Scarn to find my sundered body, whatever form it may have taken, and collect it for transport to the astral plane. Once all the pieces have been collected, once all the arcane energies have been stored, combine the two and I shall be reborn. So it is written, and so shall it be. Then, I will begin my revenge and reawaken any other of my brethren that may have fallen to those craven children calling themselves "gods."

No one outside of the cult knows of this prophecy, but certain circles of mages, most notably those of the Phylacteric Vault, claim to have discovered the reason that arcane magics generate immense amounts of heat in the Material Plane.

It is due to the fact that every time a spellcaster casts a spell, a portion of the arcane energy expended is siphoned off by an arcane devourer, across the barrier separating the planes. This reverse flow of energy creates great amounts of ethereal friction, the result of which is the heat associated with arcane casters.

Whatever one believes, it is best to listen to the scholars and sages and avoid arcane casters so that the gods do not see fit to focus their wrath upon both the casters and those associated with them.

The Mother of Serpents. The Queen of Witches. Corruption's Dam, the Lady of Venom, the Scaled Horror, the Hag's Midwife. By all of these names and more was the titan Mormo known.

Mormo rarely manifested her physical form. Only threats to her servants by other titans and great rituals performed by her worthiest of children induced her to gather her essence into one place. When she came, either in answer to threat or ritual, Mormo called serpents from miles around, gathering them into one place. From this mass of vipers, Mormo formed her body, a towering creature of vaguely feminine shape. The blackest of serpent bodies served to form her wicked gaze, and serpents trailed down to form her writhing, horrific locks.

One such manifestation of Mormo is described by the Incarnate-sage Oakthorne, from a memory of one of his previous incarnations, detailed in his Chronicles:

I was just another beast, lying upon the altar the foul asaathi constructed to the Queen of Serpents. All the night the asaathi exhorters chanted and drummed, calling to the Mother of Venom. The specially prepared torches—soaked in venom and pitch—created a miasma of foul smoke in the air, so befouling it that it was nearly impossible to breathe.

Then, suddenly, my hackles rose and the torches gouted.

A stench overpowered even the smell of the smoke. It was like the musty smell in a burrow of snakes, magnified a thousand times. A low hissing filled my ears as the asaathi stopped drumming and chanting. Then, from all sides, serpents came, slithering into the clearing. They gathered about the altar, writhing one on top of the other, building a mound of scales and venomous fangs that rose ever higher until the creatures crawled onto the altar.

Then, the snakes drew together as though they were the breath of a sudden gasp. The mound trembled, rising impossibly high, seeming as though it might teeter and collapse over on top of us. It roiled and quivered and the only sound that filled our ears was the rasp of cold, dry scales on other scales—even the asaathi looked on in equal parts horror and awe. The mound of vipers took shape and Mormo was among us.

I died that night, my body wracked with a thousand venoms, for the pleasure of Mormo.

Many were the children of Mormo. A prolific creator of life, Mormo wrested the secret of creation from her brother Gormoth by poisoning him after he created the Verin, now called "The Abandoned." Mormo also found that those creatures that suckled at her pendulous, scaled dugs or tasted of her black, foul blood were corrupted to her service. From Mormo came many creatures—the gorgons, both high and low; the medusae; the asaathi; the yuan-ti of Termana.

Witches also gained their vast powers from Mormo, who taught them the foul, slithering secrets that were her dominion. Some of them gained great favor in her eyes—these she infused with her own foul essence, creating the hags of Scarn.

During the Titanswar, Mormo used all manner of vile creatures as her defenders. Though many of these were hideous aberrations, perhaps Mormo's most effective minions were her most innocuous ones. Certainly, Transia's legion of witch-medusae who destroyed the Herald of Vangal's troops were impressive, but their victory was assured through the actions of a single camp-follower loyal to Mormo who laced their stew with venom, weakening them. Assassinations, usually involving poisons, were a favored tactic of Mormo's followers.

Rare were the times that Mormo actually manifested herself physically in the face of her enemy, for after the destruction of Mesos, she knew well the dangers of facing the gods and their servants. This did not stop her from taking advantage of the surprise that her appearance always engendered, however. Bards still tell tales of the Battle of the Scales, a confrontation between the Host of the Forge and a legion of high gorgon-led asaath. The serpent-men were defeated and the high gorgon put to the sword in this battle, an accomplishment that nearly destroyed the Host.

Their victory was short lived, however, for in the night, serpents rose up in their camp and merged into the massive form of Mormo herself, called by the

dying curse and the spilt blood of her high gorgon priest. The devastation that she wrought was total: everyone died, convulsing in agony, save for a lone squire. He was found the next day by a brother-troop of the Host. The clerics of Corean were able to use their magics to calm him enough to learn what had befallen before he lapsed back into catatonia.

Ultimately, only the combined might of several gods, including hated Denev, was sufficient to eventually lay low the Mother of Serpents. Mormo's son Chardun used his powers over slavery and bondage to bind Mormo's essence into her body, preventing her from escaping. Her daughter Madriel countered the poisons of the Hagqueen with her own healing light, while Madriel's twin, Belsameth, crept through the shadows, striking unseen and swaying her mother's witch-servants to her own service. Denev ripped the black heart from Mormo and Vangal rent her body into a thousand-thousand pieces. Thus died the Mother of Serpents.

The Fate of the Defeated

Since Mormo was trapped in her created body by Chardun, rent asunder by the Reaver and the resultant viscera scattered far and wide by divine power, her chances of ever returning herself to full strength, or even simply escaping the thousands of pieces that form her prison, are practically nonexistent.

However, where a mother is not able to care for herself, might not her children do so? That would seem to be the case with the Lady of Venom. Mormo's children work closely together, seeking to gather up the pieces of their serpent-mother and find some way to free her from that gory prison—or to restore her to full strength in that vessel.

The places where Mormo's scattered parts came to rest, staining the land with her black ichor, are referred to as serpentholds. These sites are invariably rich in plant and animal life, even if that life is dangerously poisonous. Malevolent and carnivorous plants, massive serpents and venomous spiders all can be found here, drawn by the call of Mormo's blood. Serpentholds are often rich in plant



The witches who served Mormo were all female, for Mormo accepted only women into her service. They counted roughly equal numbers of druids, adepts and sorcerers among them. All of them made pacts with Mormo through her favored servants, usually hags or high gorgons.

Druids and adepts gained their powers directly from the Hagqueen, usually praying for them in the darkest hours of the night. Sorcerers, on the other hand, found the Mother Mormo an excellent source of new powers, often trading service to the titan in exchange for small tastes of her blood or milk, allowing them to wield greater and greater powers. These powers often manifested in a distinctly serpentine fashion: *mage armor* might create ghostly scales over the body of the sorcerer-witch, and all of her *monster summoning* spells called to vipers.

Mormo's witches were known for their summoning of serpents to accompany and aid them in their service to the Queen of Venom. Druids called ever-increasing numbers of ophidian companions, while adepts and sorcerers were usually known for their serpent familiars. Indeed, to this day, spellcasters who call upon a snake for their familiar are often viewed with suspicion, especially if they are female.

life that bears sweet but poisonous sap, bloody red-black blossoms and choking creepers and vines.

Serpents of all kinds—intelligent and otherwise—are drawn inexorably to those sites where Mormo's remains have tainted the land. Mormo's faithful are known to keep vast pits of serpents in the depths of the Hornsaw and other wastelands where pieces of Mormo have been found. The serpents seem

to be naturally attracted there, and on hot days, when the musky smell of Mormo's ichor is strongest, it seems to drive the serpents into a frenzy, and they writhe and intertwine madly. Any creature that is not itself reptilian—even Mormo's closest and most devout servants and followers—who nears this roiling mass of serpents is bitten multiple times. The asaathi



claim that the smell of Mormo's blood causes them to seek to join into the mass that formed her body.

Mormo's druids, red witches, hags and other spellcasters are also drawn toward these places, for these sites resonate deeply with the power of the titaness. In these places, Mormo's worshippers often dig great pits to house the holy serpents that arrive there. These pits are used in a number of Mormo's rituals. Newly consecrated druids of the Hagqueen are lowered into them on the dark night of the Nameless Orb. If they are still alive when dawn comes, they are considered to have been accepted by the Serpent Mother. Some of these pits are used to grow massive serpents, which are then sometimes crafted into the coveted *snakeskin armor* (see *Relics and Rituals*, page 156); others form the basis of serpent golems (see *Creature Collection II*, page 83).

In a few places, entire complexes have been grown or built over a serpenthold, providing ample protection and living space for Mormo's servitors and worshippers. Some of these places include the Scaly Spire of the Devil's March and Annot Kalambath, the tree-citadel of the Dar al Annot in the Hornsaw Forest.

Ophidians of all kind, from simple serpents to mighty nagas, serve the cause of Mormo's rebirth. Many of Mormo's faithful believe that Mormo whispers to these creatures, promising them the glories of union with her in physical form if they but serve, and

Powers of the Serpenthold

Serpentholds thrum with the power of Mormo, acting as a place of power (see *Relics and Rituals*, page 132) for the purposes of casting True Rituals there—but only for Mormo's servants. Poisons have their resistance DC raised by +2 in a serpenthold, and spells that summon serpents call twice the number of serpents as normal. A *summon swarm* spell always calls vipers, which inflict double normal damage while in the miasma-filled serpenthold.

serve they do. It is not unusual for a naga to simply show up in the groves of Mormo's druids, asking what it might do to aid them. They are glad to obey, so long as those orders accomplish the eventual resurrection of their Mother.

The asaathi also continue to serve the Serpent Mother by hunting down those they consider responsible for her dismemberment—namely, the “chosen of the gods”—and searching ruins and dungeons for ancient magic that might help bring their Mother back. It is not uncommon for adventurers scouring old catacombs to encounter a party of asaathi doing likewise, an event that always ends in violence and



death. Asaatthi usually act as troops for the more powerful of Mormo's children, with entire clans of the serpent-men swearing allegiance to a circle of druids, a coven of hags or a high gorgon. As a result, the asaaththi often can be found anywhere other servants of the Hagqueen are, assisting in matters of battle, forging serpentsteel and crafting enchanted items.

Most of Mormo's servants work closely together—high gorgons (and their low gorgon servants), medusae, sea witches, red witch slitheren, nagas, blood witches, yuan-ti and druids are all known to assist one another in their various goals.

However, the most maverick of Mormo's servants, but potentially the deadliest, are the hags. Most hags seem to prefer to work alone or alongside other hags, gathering in covens to fulfill their myriad purposes. Requests for aid from other worshippers of Mormo are as likely to end in the death of the petitioner as assistance. Entreating them in Mormo's name does no good, as the faithful have discovered—the hags have ingested part of the Serpent Mother as part of the Mysteries of Mormo that made them and believe that Mormo whispers to them still. Many hags seem to be unable to differentiate between their own whims and the will of Mormo; for them, there is no difference.

Nonetheless, that is not to say that the hags of Mormo are indifferent to the quest to return their Mother to health again. Rather, hags go about it in their own way. For most of Mormo's servants, it is usually better to simply join a hag's endeavors than try to sway one of Mormo's crazed witches to join one's own.

The Dar al Annot, or "Those Who Will Find" in an archaic tongue of Scarn, is a large gathering of witches dedicated to finding and raising Mormo. They have taken it upon themselves to be the center of this endeavor for all of Mormo's servants, for they believe it foolishness of the highest order for a dozen differing, rival factions to all individually collect the pieces of their Mother. So, they work to foster communication and assistance to those individual groups that need it; in exchange, they offer a safe place for the trophy pieces of Mormo that are found. Though some groups have tried to reject the overtures of the Dar al Annot, questioning their motives, many have agreed to send any pieces of Mormo they find to this gathering. Those that are approached about doing so and refuse are often destroyed, especially if they already possess a gobbet or two.

The Dar al Annot is made up mainly of blood witches and druids of Mormo, though they count a number of assassins, asaaththi, gorgons and medusae

Serpentsteel

Perhaps best known as the metal used to craft the *asaaththi blades*, serpentsteel is created by a process closely guarded by the asaaththi. They are loath to relinquish that secret, even to other servants of Mormo. The creation of serpentsteel is a process more alchemical than metallurgical, involving the combining of copper, iron and snake venoms to create the metallic green, oily-sheened metal.

A creature wounded by serpentsteel must make a Fortitude save (with a variable DC, depending on the size of the weapon) or lose a point of Constitution for 1d4 hours. Additionally, serpentsteel absorbs venoms quickly, reducing the chance of poisoning oneself when applying venom to a weapon to 3%—the blade absorbs the poison quickly, preventing accidents more easily. Poisons delivered in this fashion unfortunately lose 2 points from their resistance DC, as the poison is more dispersed throughout the blade, but a single dose can be used for multiple strikes in such a blade, depending on the size of the weapon. It should be noted that a poisoned serpentsteel blade inflicts both poisons—each strike requires two saving throws. Items created from serpentsteel are treated as masterwork items with regard to creation times, but the item gains no enhancement bonus.

Serpentsteel has a hardness of 15 and 30 hit points per inch of thickness.

Item	Poison DC	Strikes	Market Price Modifier
Weapon (1d4 damage)	8	2/dose	+750 gp
Weapon (1d6 damage)	10	3/dose	+1,500 gp
Weapon (1d8 damage)	12	5/dose	+3,000 gp
Weapon (1d10, 1d12 damage)	14	5/dose	+6,000 gp

among them. The Dar al Annot maintains Annot Kalambath, a bleak citadel carved from the heart of a massive tree fed on Mormo's ichor that rests in the Ophidian Vale. The branches of this black edifice are hung with the bodies of those who dared to oppose the coven. Storms and dark fogs often fill the valley in which Annot Kalambath rests, and the crows and dread ravens that surround the citadel can be seen for miles. Serpents, poisonous beasts and all manner of Mormo's servitors call this valley home.

Recently, disturbing news has filtered out through the Vigil that oversees the Hornsaw: it seems that the Blood Crone (see *Creature Collection II*, page 19) has abandoned her cottage in the depths of the Hornsaw, gathering her collected bottles and jars of Mormo's viscera, and traveled by magic to the Ophidian Vale. There, she promptly slew the druidess that once led the Dar al Annot and ate her heart, declaring herself the new mistress of Annot Kalambath. When met with resistance, she vomited forth the very thing that was responsible for her transformation as the First Daughter of Mormo—the very heart of the Serpent Queen, consumed decades ago. Offering this as proof of Mormo's favor, she destroyed any dissenters and reconsumed the heart, securing her place of power in the Dar al Annot. Other hags have begun to arrive at the dark citadel in response to the call for aid issued by the Blood Crone.

Though the group was originally referred to as the Renewers of the Cycle, the sobriquet "Cannibals of Khet" has stuck through the years. Indeed, members of this circle of vicious druids proudly wear that title in mockery of the fear and hatred most civilized folk feel for them.

Some rumors have that the Renewers of the Cycle serve Gaurak the Glutton; after all, Khet is near the Spires of Gaurak, and their predilection for anthropophagi, or cannibalism, is easily pinned on worship of the Voracious One. Certainly, some among the Cannibals may well revere that titan, but ultimately, the circle claims allegiance to Mormo.

The Cannibals have a nearly fanatical hatred of Denev and her followers, considering her a traitor to her own kind. They despise her druids, seeking every opportunity to slay them and desecrate their sacred sites. Nearly a century ago, the Cannibals were responsible for the instigation of the Druid War, which saw the destruction of many of Denev's followers, including the peaceful city-state of Amalthea.

The leader of the Cannibals of Khet is Her Most Radiant Majesty, Sharliss Serpent-kiss, a tall and savage druid known for her hooded visage and the long rosary-like necklace made up of the teeth of men she has cannibalized.

The Cannibals are the keepers of ancient ritual magic that allows them to consume the body of a sentient being while the land consumes his soul, ensuring it is lush and fertile, granting it abundance beyond even that attainable with other magics. This

ritual is responsible for the renewed prosperity of Khirdet, which was consumed down to bare rock by the Glutton mere weeks before the gods found and slew him.

Followers of the Defeated

Sharliss Serpent-kiss, Queen of Khirdet and High Priestess of Mormo, Female Medusa, Drd7/Bwt6: Medium (6 ft. 3 in.) ; CR 13; HD 6d8+12 + 7d8+14 + 5d4+10; hp 107; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 25 (+3 [+5] Dex, +4 armor, +2 shield, +1 ring, +3 natural); Atk +15/+10/+5 melee (1d6+3 + serpentsteel poison, *asaatthi blade*), +17/+12/+7 missile (1d4+3 + serpentsteel poison, *composite shortbow* +2); SA petrifying gaze, poison; AL NE; SV Fort +11, Ref +12 (+14), Will +19; Str 12, Dex 16 (20), Con 15, Int 15, Wis 19, Cha 16

Skills: Alchemy +5, Animal Empathy +7, Bluff +8, Concentration +16, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +8, Heal +9, Hide +10, Intuit Direction +9, Knowledge (nature) +7, Knowledge (arcana) +14, Move Silently +10, Scry +7, Spellcraft +14, Spot +9, Wilderness Lore +10

Feats: Chain Spell, Craft Staff, Empower Spell, Extend Spell, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Skill Focus (concentration), Weapon Finesse (snakes)

Possessions: Snakeskin armor*, *asaatthi blade**, Transia's Kiss (*composite shortbow* +2 *elf-bane* [mighty +2]), quiver of twenty-four serpentsteel-headed arrows, *asaatthi battle ring**, Stormwall (darkwood *large shield* +2, *lightning resistance*), *rod of the viper*, five scrolls of cure serious wounds, *wand of gutroot** (43 charges), *gloves of dexterity* (+4), *druid's vestments*, two daggers of venom

Druid Spells per Day: 6/6/6/5/5/3/2/1

Sharliss is the latest in a long line of medusa-witches who have served Mormo. Descended from Mormo's champion Transia, who fought during the Titanswar, Sharliss is a fanatical worshipper of the Mother of Medusae. Standing well over 6 feet in height, Sharliss usually uses her innate *alter self* power to assume the form of an Albadian-looking maiden with dark honey-blond hair and frosty blue eyes. She prefers to go about hooded and cloaked.

Sharliss has a very clear idea of what her destiny in life is—her own mother failed to destroy the elves of Vera-tre and discover the resting place of Denev. She will not. Transia's lineage teaches that if the resting place of Mormo's hated sister, the Earth Mother, can be discovered and transformed into a serpenthold, Mormo will be able to seize Denev's body and free herself.

To this end, the Cannibals of Khet have mastered the rites that allow them to infuse the land with the essence of those they cannibalize. If a victim of this rite is imbued with the powers of Mormo and her essence is merged with the resting place of Denev after it has been transformed into a serpenthold,

Mormo will seize the body of her hated sister and rise again. All members of Transia's line are sworn to fulfill this endeavor, fully prepared to give up their lives so that their Mother may live again, for they know that they shall be rewarded. After all, they shall be one with Mormo.



Thulkas

Even more than the other titans, Thulkas the Iron God (often called the "Iron Lord" by followers of the gods, who dislike giving divine status to a titan) was an extension of the land of Scarn. He appeared as a titanic, vaguely humanoid mountain of glowing iron with black soulless eyes. It is said that where Thulkas passed, great swaths of scorched land and desert lay in his wake. To this day, Thulkas' followers take pilgrimages to blasted wilderness areas of the deserts of Scarn.

The titan's molten iron body was impossible to move against his will. Attempting to budge Thulkas was literally like pushing against a mountain. Even Corean, Vangal and Chardun, the strongest of the gods, could not move the Iron Lord, and few of the gods could even get near enough to Thulkas to fight him. It was only through the concerted efforts of several gods that the Iron God was finally brought low.

It is said that where Thulkas went, the wild heat and elemental energy emitted by his body produced many strange effects on both the land and its creatures. As rocks and stones were broken and trampled upon by the Father of Fire, they often became living things, imbued with Thulkas' raw creative energy. Storms or other energetic natural phenomena interacted with the great titan to produce huge bursts of creative energy, often producing whole races *ex nihilo*. The majority of Scarn's goblinoid races are believed to have come into existence in this way. Other creatures created unintentionally by Thulkas include charfiends, firedrakes, pyres, solar scarabs, stormkin and possibly even certain dragons such as the tar or firewrack varieties.

Many of these creatures do not know that Thulkas created them, and they neither worship nor serve the titan. Though Thulkas was among the most prolific of titans, his children have little or no knowledge of him. The Father of Fire has also created several races of titanspawn intentionally, including iron devils, thulkans and sutak.

The Iron God often wandered across Scarn, carelessly inflicting great harm on everything around him. Never the most intelligent of titans, Thulkas seemed to have few goals save destruction and the occasional creation of a servitor race. Where he walked, farmlands burned to cinders, forests turned to deserts, and living creatures burst into flame. The worst came after the Father of Fire departed, however, as hordes of his goblin-spawn swarmed over the land, attacking all remaining inhabitants.

Thulkas seems to have had a great need to be worshipped, and the races that he created intentionally were expected to pay him the proper obeisance. The Iron Lord was magnanimous with those who worshipped him, often granting them items forged from his own body, or the services of his subordinate

races such as forge wights. Some of the truly favored were even granted protection from the damage caused by Thulkas' body. Thulkas was also a jealous lord and inflicted swift and permanent vengeance on any who turned from him, or worse, betrayed him.

Thulkas got along well with most of the other titans, especially those with some elemental aspect. It is said that Thulkas with the aid of Chern and Lethene created the god Vangal, the Reaver. The Father of Fire actually got along well with his son, as they shared much the same temperament.

Thulkas considered most of the other gods to be young upstarts or worse because of their refusal to worship and obey him. The worst was Corean the Champion, who actually had the audacity to steal away Thulkas' smith worshippers and his mastery of fire. The Father of Fire never truly understood the Avenger; his manner and treatment of his followers puzzled the mighty titan, for he could not comprehend the qualities of kindness and mercy. However, he felt himself much stronger than this upstart fire god, an idea that would soon spell the titan's doom . . .

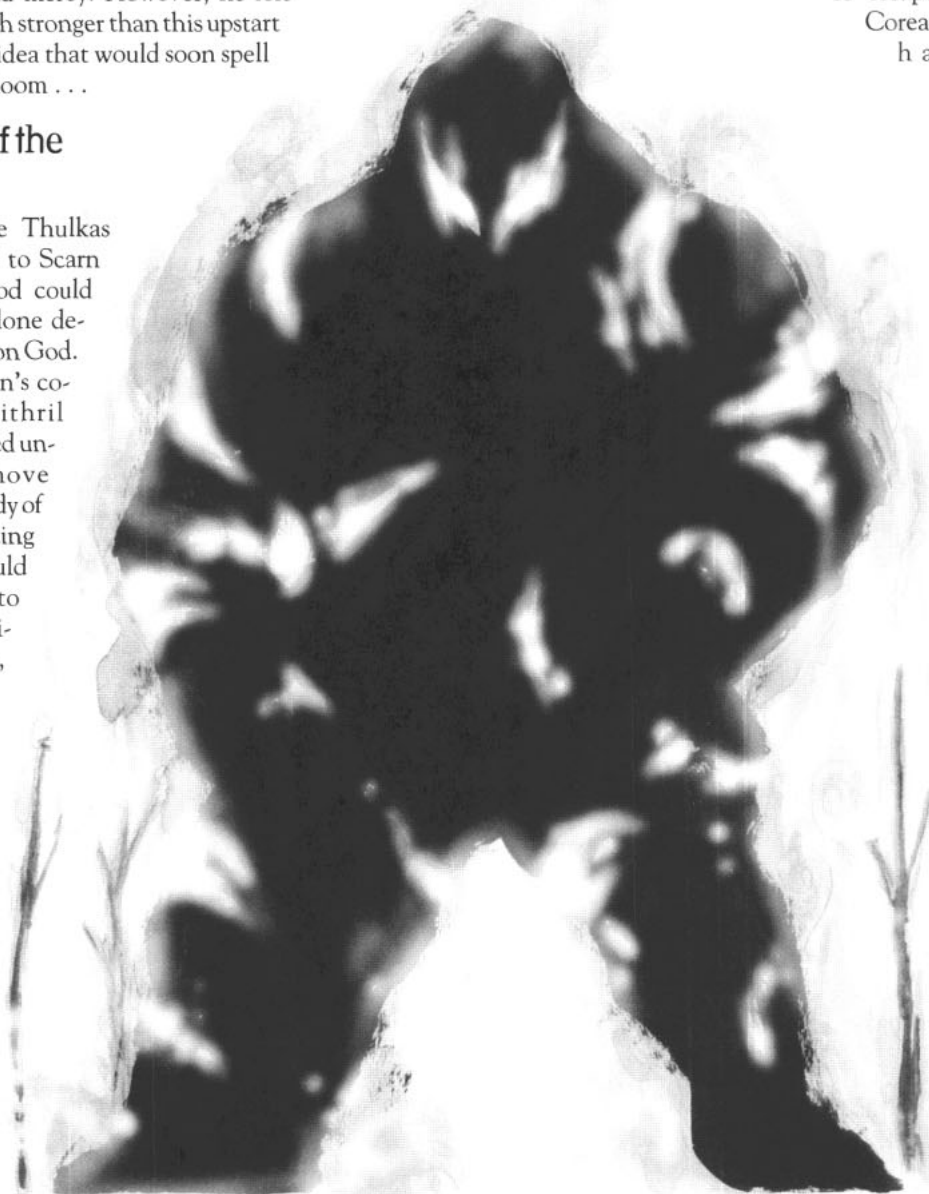
Corean enlisted the aid of Tanil, who fought ferociously against the titans out of rage and the desire to protect her daughter, Idra. Together the two gods conspired to turn Thulkas' own strengths against him.

Tanil pursued Thulkas, harassing him with arrows and leading him on until he reached a region of barren hills near the Blood Steppes, where Corean lay in wait. There she confronted the Father of Fire, quickly drawing her bow and raining wave after wave of arrows upon him. The Iron God laughed at this, as the arrows burned and fell like ash before they could even touch him. Mocking the Huntress, Thulkas did not see Corean sneaking behind him until it was too late.

Corean seized the surprised Thulkas and bent the titan over the mighty forge of Golthagga, which he had hidden nearby. Still grafted to Scarn, Golthagga was unable to escape even as Corean began to hammer upon him.

The Fate of the Defeated

Because Thulkas was bonded to Scarn itself, no god could move, let alone destroy, the Iron God. Even Corean's colossal mithril golem proved unable to move Thulkas' body of iron. Realizing that he could not hope to defeat the titan alone,



His hot iron flesh proved his undoing, as the smith-god was able to work and reform it, shaping Thulkas into a great iron arrow. With a mighty heave, Corean pulled the reshaped titan from the forge, breaking his ties to Scarn. Tanil took up the arrow and, drawing her bow, shot the once mighty titan into the sun. While this is the last that the people of Scarn saw of the titan, it is not yet the end of mighty Thulkas' story.

In the center of the sun, Thulkas felt his connection to Scarn begin to slip away. The Father of Fire's power diminished as he lost his link to the world that had given him birth. But Thulkas could feel an innate power in the sun itself, similar to Scarn's yet at the same time subtly different. As the last of his connection to Scarn faded, Thulkas reached out and bonded himself to the sun, feeling its energy fill him and restore much of his lost strength.

Today, Thulkas still dwells in the sun, rebuilding his power and plotting his vengeance. From his vantage, he can see much of what transpires on the world below, watching his followers maintain his faith and observing the petty conflicts of the usurper gods.

Most of Thulkas' followers on Scarn have long since abandoned him. Because the Father of Fire created most of his offspring purely by accident and never really protected or cared for him, they do not recognize that they are Thulkas' progeny. These include creatures such as charfiends, most of Scarn's goblins, and pyres.

There are also servitors of Thulkas that consciously rejected the titan, such as the iron devils, who hate their creator and now serve Chardun. Only a few races remain loyal to the Iron Lord, most notably the desert-dwelling sutak, the daywalker slitheren and the aptly named thulkans. These races emerged mostly unscathed from the Titanswar and continue to serve the Father of Fire in secret. The thulkans hide underground, working at their forges deep under the Titanshome Mountains. They continue to forge items of power in the hopes that the great titan armies will once again arise and overthrow the divine races. The daywalkers and the sutak both roam the Ukrudan Desert, hunting any enemy of Thulkas they can find while worshipping the Father of Fire.

Certain members of the divine races, most notably humans and dwarves, occasionally follow the Iron Lord as well. Before the Titanswar, evil or greedy smiths would often invoke Thulkas' name to attract a beneficial forge wight or obtain the titan's aid when creating a particularly difficult item. Since the Titanswar, most smiths have turned to Corean as the god of crafts. However, a few have continued to train their apprentices in the worship of Thulkas, thus continuing his line of followers. The paladins of Corean would dearly love to stop these smiths and put an end to the worship of the Father of Fire forever.

Rituals dedicated to Thulkas' worship often involve creating and feeding huge blazes and pyres. Sacrifices are thrown into the fires and include slaves, captured enemies, plants and animals, weapons, household goods and even entire villages. The more valuable or significant a sacrifice is, the more the fire is believed to draw Thulkas' favor. This type of worship is performed mostly by daywalkers and sutak in the Ukrudan Desert, who believe that their worship helps to ease the titan's pain. Since the rituals produce so much heat and light, Thulkas' worshippers reason, the sun need not burn so brightly and the titan does not suffer as much. Little do these worshippers know that Thulkas lives on happily in the flames of the sun and watches their efforts, well pleased.

Thulkans and smiths who still worship the Iron God do so in a much less violent manner. Each day before working at the forge, a smith must first invoke Thulkas to bless his fire. Typically, smiths that still perform this type of worship also call upon Golphagga to sanctify their forges. While forging, the worshippers may also utter rhythmic chants in ancient languages to praise Thulkas and Golphagga. In human or dwarven communities, these chants are often spoken under one's breath or hidden beneath the pounding of hammer and anvil lest the worshipper's comrades discover the secret. In thulkan communities, however, these chants are shouted proudly, an ever-present cacophony of praise to the Iron God. It is believed that through chanting, the item being crafted takes on some magic properties, and considering the magic-crafting abilities of the thulkans, there may be some truth to this.

Followers of the Defeated

Luxus, the Great Maker of Thulkas, Thulkan, Sorcerer 16: SZ G; HD 16d8+112; hp 208; Init +0; Spd 40 ft.; AC 28 (+14 natural, -4 size, +8 armor); Atk +28/+23/+18/+13 melee (2d8+21, hammer); SA Radiant Heat; SQ damage reduction 20/+2, curse item, immunities, forge magic item, darkvision 60 ft.; AL LE; SV Fort +17, Ref +10, Will +14; Str 38, Dex 10, Con 24, Int 15, Wis 18, Cha 22

Skills: Appraise +20, Bluff +24, Concentration +23, Craft (metalworking) +20, Diplomacy +28, Innuendo +14, Listen +14, Sense Motive +14, Spot +14

Feats: Cleave, Craft Magical Arms and Armor, Craft Wondrous Item, Empower Spell, Enlarge Spell, Forge Ring Improved Critical (hammer), Power Attack

Possessions: +8 bracers of armor, +4 flaming huge warhammer, a collection of random magic items that the Great Maker has recently forged

Sorcerer Spells Known (6/8/8/7/7/7/5/3): 0—dancing lights, detect magic, ghost sound, light, mage hand, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic, resistance; 1st—charm person, color spray, feather fall, mage armor, magic missile; 2nd—blazing shield, * blindness/

deafness, blur, invisibility, mirror image; 3rd—dispel magic, haste, hold person, slow; 4th—bottomless pit,* lesser geas, polymorph other, verminplague*; 5th—Doomwail,* hold monster, lesser planar binding, teleport; 6th—Awaken lesser titan avatar, mass haste, move earth; 7th—finger of death, limited wish; 8th—blackflame*

It is said that when the mighty Mesos, the titan of Sorcery, was destroyed by the gods, he infused the very rocks around him with his spirit's magical energies. Hearing Mesos' cries of agony, his brother Thulkas hastened to the place but arrived too late to save the Sire of Sorcery. Angry and vengeful, the Iron God sought a means of vengeance against the upstart gods. Beneath his feet, Thulkas detected a great vein of rare mithril-laced iron and set about transforming it into the instruments of his revenge. The Father of Fire willed the magical metal to the surface, and in his presence it grew soft and pliant. Thulkas worked the metal, reshaping it into a creature that embodied his own essence. Finally, the Iron Lord breathed life into the greatest of his creations, the first thulkan.

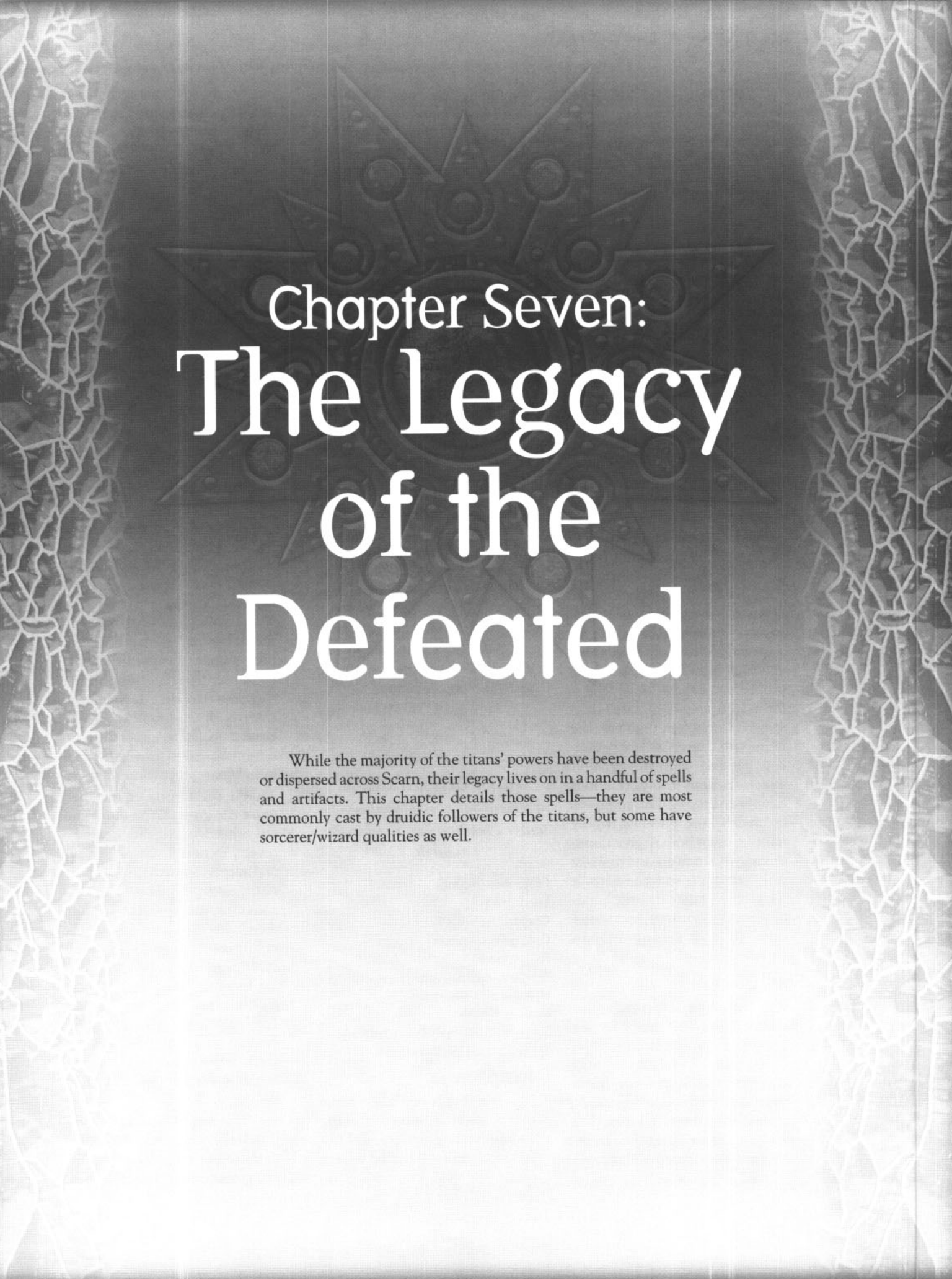
"You will be the first of many," great Thulkas intoned. "You will be my fire of vengeance. Sweep over the land and provide swift destruction to all. You will know when you have succeeded when the land is naught but smoke and fire and these pathetic gods have been bent to my will." Thulkas then began to craft smaller thulkans from other nearby rocks, but they lacked the magic inherent in Luxus, his first creation.

Luxus gathered up his brethren and marched upon the divine races, and the troop blistered and burned the land as it carried out Thulkas' vengeance. Successful at first, the thulkans drove their foes before them, defeating even the most powerful paladins. Then, however, the thulkans learned of the destruction of their lord at the hands of the hated Corean and Tanil. Realizing that no more thulkans could be created, Luxus knew that his people could not possibly win the war and properly punish the gods without being destroyed themselves. The crafty thulkan led the remains of his brethren deep underground, to caverns where the heart of Scarn burned hot and metal flowed like water, where the divine races could not pursue them.

Once safe from pursuit, Luxus altered the very nature of the thulkans to suit their new situation. They had always crafted their own weapons, but Luxus, now known as the Great Maker of Thulkas, taught them to craft magical weapons for the use of the other titanspawn races. In this way, the children of Thulkas could help bring the gods low without endangering themselves.

Luxus has since continued to lead his people, and their skill at forging powerful weapons grows constantly, as does their all-consuming devotion to Thulkas. The Great Maker is preparing for the day when Thulkas will return and lead his children to victory, as he realizes that the usurper gods cannot keep him imprisoned forever.





Chapter Seven: The Legacy of the Defeated

While the majority of the titans' powers have been destroyed or dispersed across Scarn, their legacy lives on in a handful of spells and artifacts. This chapter details those spells—they are most commonly cast by druidic followers of the titans, but some have sorcerer/wizard qualities as well.

Anointment of Blood

Control the manner in which Kadum's blood transforms the subject into a

Blood Sea Titan Spawn.

Level: True Ritual - Drd 4, Sor/Wiz 4

Components: V, S, M, XP

Casters Required: Three

Proxy: No

Casting Time: One day

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft. / level)

Target: One creature

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

Spell resistance: No

Description

Kadum's blood pollutes the Blood Sea and can cause fearsome mutations in creatures exposed to it. By using this ritual, a caster may affect the manner in which Kadum's blood transforms its target. The target must be exposed to Kadum's blood just before the ritual begins. The casters then begin the ritual, part of which involves anointing the target with a special alchemical concoction every 15 minutes. As the ritual proceeds, the target slowly transforms into a blood-mutated titan spawn. More often than not, the mutations caused will be beneficial, but even with this ritual in effect, hideous transformations have been known. This ritual was created by the pisceans, whose nobility use it both to give themselves useful powers and to make interesting pets and guardians. It has recently fallen into the hands of outsiders, however, and is now seen in use among human spellcasters.

Spell Effect

The target of this spell gains the blood mutant template (see *Creature Collection II*, page 216). The highest-level caster may choose the results of the rolls and the special quality, spell-like ability and special attack tables that are given to the target. The caster chooses the desired ability, and

the ability has a base 50% chance of affecting the target. This chance is increased by 10% for every ritual caster over three but is never greater than 90%. If the roll fails, then the ability is rolled for normally. The caster cannot choose the "roll twice on the table" result.

For each special quality, spell-like ability or special attack that the target gains through this ritual, there is a 10% chance of a degenerative transformation. A target that degenerates must make a Fortitude save (DC 18) or die. If the subject survives, the degenerative transformation reduces its Intelligence and Charisma by 6, but never so that either statistic is reduced to less than 1. In addition a degenerate creature will have a tendency toward berserk violence. In combat or when otherwise under stress, the degenerate creature must make a Will save (DC 15) or attack the nearest creature. This rage lasts until the creature is dead or incapacitated.

Material Components: Alchemical ingredients worth 5,000 gp, and 8 oz. of Kadum's blood

XP Cost: 1,000 xp per caster

Arms of the Mother

You and one person/four levels enter a healing sleep within the earth.

Conjuration (Healing)

Level: Drd 3

Components: V, S, DF

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Touch

Target: You, plus one willing person/four levels within a 20-foot radius

Duration: 8 hours

Saving Throw: Reflex negates (harmless)

Spell resistance: Yes (harmless)

Description

The druids of Denev know that Scarn is the source of all life and all healing. Indeed, did not the Mother of All herself retreat

into its embrace to enter her healing sleep? This spell, which is said to have first been granted to the Grand Druid Tamarsis in return for his guardianship over the Grove of the Mother, allows a druid to sink into the earth, entering a stasis that allows him to heal not only himself but his companions as well.

Spell Effect

The druid creates a 20-foot radius circle of stones on the ground, and those who will enter the slumber with him lie down within the circle. Once the spell is cast, all of them enter a deep, dreamless state of unawareness as the plants in the area slowly creep up to cover them. Once they are fully covered, the plants pull them beneath the ground.

Those who are under the effects of this spell cannot be awakened, or even found. It is as though they have ceased to exist—even digging in the spot where they sank will not find them. Divinations performed to find anyone affected by *arms of the mother* reveal nothing, unless the magician is of higher level than the druid who cast the spell. Even then, the results of the divination reveal only vague areas rather than precise information.

As the targets of the spell enter the ground, the druid and any other divine spellcasters who revere Denev (such as rangers and adepts) immediately lose any remaining spells. These spells are converted into a pool of "healing dice." A spell is worth a number of healing dice equal to its level; cantrips are worth one-half a healing level. Healing then occurs, with each healing die granting 1d8 hit points. Once a creature has had all her hit points recovered, ability score damage is healed at a rate of one per healing die.

The druid who cast the spell is healed first. Others are healed in the following order: other druids, rangers, adepts, worshippers

of Denev, those with neutral alignments and finally all others, highest level first. If multiple divine spellcasters are contributing to the healing-level pool, they are healed of any and all wounds before any of their spell levels enter the healing level in general.

Those who are affected by this spell awaken fully refreshed and ready to prepare spells. Druids and other divine spellcasters of Denev (such as rangers and adepts) are permitted to prepare spells while within the earth, allowing them to emerge from the earth with their full allotment of spells. At the end of the spell, the targets are released from the earth just as they begin to awaken. The caster is instantly awake, while the others begin to waken normally.

Feast of Worms

Summons lard worms to attack a victim within range

Conjuration (Summoning)
Level: Drd 2, Sor/Wiz 2
Components: V, S, M
Casting Time: One action
Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)
Target, Effect or Area: One target
Duration: One round + one round/level
Saving Throw: None
Spell resistance: Yes

Description

The loathsome fatlings who worship Gaurak are known to host writhing hordes of lard worms that feed upon the disgusting remains that lie trapped in the folds of their flesh. Long ago one of the more enterprising of the fatlings thought how much more helpful their parasitic friends would be if they could be used to attack at a range. Fangs of Gaurak adopted this spell once they learned of its existence, and its use is spreading all too rapidly.

Spell Effect

Feast of Worms summons 1d4+1 lard worms (see *Creature Collection*, page 123) directly onto the spell's target. The lard worms are possessed of an unhealthy taste for the victim's flesh and attack immediately for the duration of the spell. Victims wearing armor or heavy clothing will discover that the worms appear inside of it, thereby rendering its protection useless. Note that the conjured worms attack another creature only if it somehow pulls from their prey. Fatlings are immune to harm by the *feast of worms* spell, as the lard worms happily burrow into the folds of their flesh without damaging them.

Material Components: A bit of fat or a dead worm

Fleshhammer

Enchants a bludgeoning weapon with the capacity for random ability drain

Transmutation
Level: Drd 6, Sor/Wiz 6
Components: V, S, F, DF
Casting Time: One action
Range: Touch
Target: Weapon touched
Duration: One round/level
Saving Throw: Fortitude negates
Spell resistance: Yes

Description

Those who cross the Cult of Reforged Flesh sometimes vanish, only to reappear as broken, malformed shells of their former selves. Such horrible changes can be attributed only to this spell. Calling on mighty Golphagga's power to mold life itself under his hammer, the druids of the cult are able to enchant their own hammers to remold their opponents' bodies in debilitating and grotesque fashion. Under the strikes of a *fleshhammering* weapon, muscles grow weak and atrophied, joints become stiff with bone growths, internal organs weaken and skin flows like soft wax. A

few blows impair; repeated uses of the spell result in crippling deformity.

Spell Effect

Fleshhammer imbues a weapon (always bludgeoning) with the capacity for ability drain. Each time a *fleshhammering* weapon strikes an opponent, the victim must make a Fortitude save; failure indicates that he permanently loses 1 point from a random ability (roll 1d4: 1=Strength, 2=Dexterity, 3=Constitution, 4=Charisma). On a critical strike, the victim loses 2 points instead of 1 on a failed save.

Focus: The weapon used for the strike, which must be a masterwork bludgeoning weapon inscribed with runes sacred to Golphagga

Golphain's Insight

Use a vermin, animal or beast to sense the world.

Divination
Level: Drd 2
Components: V, S, M
Casting Time: One action
Range: Long (400ft. + 40ft./level)
Target: One animal, beast or vermin
Duration: 1 hour/level (D)
Saving Throw: Will negates
Spell resistance: Yes

Description

This spell is favored by Redeemers of Golphain who have blinded themselves. It is known by few other druids, though some priests of Denev have absorbed knowledge of it from the Earth Mother, who still retains some traces of Golphain's essence.

Spell Effect

The caster perceives the world through the senses of any creature within range that fails its will save vs. this spell. Once per round, as a free action, the druid may either switch her point of perception from her own senses to the creature's, or from the creature's senses to her own.

While sensing the world through the target's senses, the druid is oblivious to the world around her. The druid gains all tactile, auditory, visual, olfactory and gustatory senses of the creature, and all special sensing abilities that the creature possessed. For example, a druid that casts this spell on a dire bat is able to use the bat's power of blindsight when perceiving the world through the bat's senses.

The spell is usually used in conjunction with *animal friendship*, *animal messenger*, *animal spy*, *charm person or animal* or other spells that give the druid control over a creature's actions.

Material Components: Rare herbs worth 50 gp that are placed on the tongue when the spell is cast

Gormoth's Torment

Sends waves of pain through an area.

Level: True Ritual—Druid 8

Components: V, S, M, DF, XP

Casters Required: 10

Proxy: Yes: 10

Casting Time: Three days

Range: Long (400 ft. + 40 ft./level)

Target: Ten square miles/level

Duration: One day

Saving Throw: Fortitude

Spell resistance: No

Description

The darkest and most gruesome true ritual of the Twisted, Gormoth's Torment honors the suffering the Writhing Lord has experienced for centuries. The Twisted use Gormoth's Torment to vent his agony upon others and remind the world that his followers still live. This is risky, since it alerts those who may be seeking to destroy the Twisted, but it also puts those foes at risk of Gormoth's Torment.

A victim is brought to the center of the circle, staked to the ground and forced to drink a slow-acting, lethal poison. Wracked

by agonizing spasms, the writhing victim takes nearly three days to die, during which time the druids draw the victim's suffering into themselves and share in it. The Twisted glory in the pain, and though they suffer, they ultimately survive its effects. The ritual sends out a writhing agony to all humanoid in the affected area, giving them a taste of Gormoth's unending agony.

Spell Effect

Within the affected area, all humanoids must make a Fortitude save. Failing the roll results in a -3 to all rolls for the duration of the spell. Any humanoids that enter the affected area during the spell must make a Fortitude save or suffer the consequences.

Material Components: The sacrifice of a humanoid through a prolonged, painful death—preferably a human, elf or dwarf, but another race will do if necessary.

XP Cost: 2,000 XP each caster

Greater Ritual of Redemption

Allows a Redeemer of Golthain to access 5th- and 6th-level druid spells

Level: True Ritual—Druid 3

Casters Required: Five

Casting Time: 4 hours

Description

This ritual is very similar to the standard *ritual of redemption*, except that the greater ritual is almost always cast in a sacred cavern that has been dedicated to the blinded titan who spent his life in darkness.

Spell Effect

The greater ritual allows the target druid to gain access to 5th- and 6th-level druid spells. The target druid must have undergone the *Ritual of Redemption* and must have heard one thousand additional god worshippers

speak their forgiveness for Golthain. Petitions, self-mutilation, self-flagellation and self-inflicted blindness/deafness can all substitute for forgivers as per *Ritual of Redemption*. The greater ritual is otherwise the same as the standard ritual, except as mentioned above and that a larger number of black goats must be sacrificed.

Material Components: Herbs, black dirt and five black goats, which are sacrificed during the ritual

Divine Focus: As per *Ritual of Redemption*

Oakenblade

You create a blade out of life-filled oak.

Conjuration (Creation)

Level: Drd 2, Rgr 2

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: One action

Range: Personal

Effect: A scimitar-shaped blade of wood

Duration: 1 minute/level (D)

Saving Throw: None

Spell resistance: No

Description

This spell was created to allow the druids of Denev to always have a weapon at hand that does not threaten the sanctity of the forest the way *flame blade* might. Best known for its use by the wood-elven Jordeh, this spell creates a blade of oak that pulses with the energies of life itself. Indeed, it ignores those materials that were never alive, passing through them as though they did not exist. Undead are highly vulnerable to the pulse of life energy in the blade as well.

Spell Effect

This blade is treated as a scimitar, inflicting 1d6 +1/2 caster levels (maximum +5) in addition to damage bonuses from Strength. This weapon gains a +2 sacred bonus to strike undead, and its level-based bonus to damage is doubled against those

creatures. The oakenblade ignores all metal armor and shields for the purposes of striking.

Material Components: An oak twig, used to draw a drop of blood during the spellcasting

Ritual of Redemption

Allows a Redeemer of Golthain to access 3rd- and 4th-level druid spells

Level: True Ritual—Drd 1

Components: V, S, M, DF

Casters Required: Three

Proxy: No

Casting Time: 2 hours

Range: Touch

Target: One druid of Golthain

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Will negates (harmless)

Spell resistance: Yes (harmless)

Description

This spell is cast when a Redeemer of Golthain has undergone sufficient penance on the titan's behalf. By means of this ritual, the target druid becomes able to perceive aspects of Golthain in the Earth Mother, and thus can access more powerful magic. The druid undertaking this ritual will have heard hundreds of people speak sincere words of forgiveness for Golthain. Redeemers of Golthain call this the witnessing of mortal grace, but mutilation, self-flagellation and self-inflicted blindness or deafness can all substitute for this witnessing (see spell effect, below).

Spell Effect

The target of the ritual gains access to 3rd- and 4th-level druid spells. The target must be a Golthain-worshipping druid and must also be one of the casters of the ritual. When the ritual is begun, the casters all join hands. The target then speaks of the forgiveness he has heard and the penance he has undergone. For the ritual to be successful, the target must have heard five hun-

dred god-worshipping creatures, each with an Intelligence and Wisdom of at least 3, speak words of forgiveness for Golthain with complete sincerity.

The target druid may substitute acts of penitence of some of these five hundred forgivers. If the target druid mutilates himself, this counts as one hundred forgivers, but the required mutilation must involve scarring or other painful acts, resulting in a permanent -2 to the caster's Charisma.

The druid may also have chosen the penitence of self-flagellation. Such a druid must have spent at least one year as a flagellant, inflicting at least 1d4 hit points upon himself every day. Each year spent as a flagellant counts as one hundred forgivers. Finally, the target druid may have undergone the penitence of self-inflicted blindness and/or self-inflicted deafness. Each of these acts counts as 250 forgivers.

Material Components: Herbs, black dirt and a black goat that is sacrificed during the ritual

Divine Focus: A sanctified sacrificial sickle for the killing of the goat. A cat of nine tails is required if the target is a flagellant, and the petition is required if the target is a petitioner.

Soul Blight

Wasting disease kills and creates a spirit of the plague.

Transmutation

Level: Drd 7

Components: V, S, M, F

Casting Time: One action

Range: Touch

Target: Single person

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Fortitude negates

Spell resistance: Yes

Description

When the titans realized the power the gods derived from their followers, many titans tried neutral-

izing this base. Chern eliminated enemies while blighting their dead souls so the gods could not use them further.

Spell Effect

Anyone affected by *soul blight* is afflicted by a fever and a wasting disease that runs its course within a halfhour. The victim's body crumbles into ruin as the person dies, but the effects do not end. After death, the victim's soul is assaulted by disease, corrupting it (even a soul as pure as a paladin's) into a spirit of the plague, which rises from the ruin of its body within a day. *Remove curse* or *heal* can overcome *soul blight*.

Material Components: The hand of a plague carrier used to touch a victim

The Twistings

Alters two fundamental aspects of a single creature

Level: True Ritual -Drd 4

Components: V, S, M, DF, XP

Casters Required: Three

Proxy: Yes: Ten druids per caster

Casting Time: One day

Range: Touch

Target: One creature

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell resistance: Yes

Description

After the Writhing Lord was sundered and the titans defeated, the few surviving Twisted went into hiding. With Gormoth's magic weakened, the Twisted's rituals were less potent and more subtle in effect. Where once the titan's magic warped his playthings, now the Twisting changed two related aspects of a creature, to render it, willing or not, more subject to the influence of the Twisted, and more useful to them.

The Rite of Mindless Strength strengthens the bestial nature at the core of a creature, making that creature more physically powerful, and at the same time, more unthinking. The Rite of Rash Quickness renders a crea-

ture more dexterous and less wise, while the Rite of Ugly Vigor makes a creature healthier and less appealing. The Twisted find these alterations well suited for their purposes. These changes are permanent.

Spell Effect

Rite of Mindless Strength:

Increases creature's strength by 2 and decreases intelligence by 3.

Strength and intelligence modifiers are correspondingly adjusted. The creature so altered is quick to anger.

Rite of Rash Quickness: Increases creature's dexterity by 2 and decreases wisdom by 3. Dexterity and wisdom modifiers are correspondingly adjusted. The creature so altered is rash in action.

Rite of Ugly Vigor: Increases creature's constitution by 2 and decreases charisma by 3. Constitution and charisma modifiers are correspondingly adjusted. The creature so altered is stubborn when having decided upon a course of action.

Material Components: A flask of blood from the creature to undergo the Twisting

XP Cost: 500 XP each caster

Magic Items

Forging Shard (minor artifact)

Description: The shards of Golthagga's hammer and tongs have been scattered far and wide—such was the force of the blows exchanged in his final duel with Corean. Many prospectors or wanderers have found these innocuous shards of coal-black metal, as small as a finger or as large as a fist, and thought little of them. However, the *forging shards* still retain a great portion of Golthagga's power.

Powers: The bearer of a *forging shard* receives its powers so long as the shard touches his flesh. Those wearing a shard of the Tongs receive fire resistance 5; those bearing a shard of the Hammer receive a +2 profane bonus to their Strength. Further, if two *forging shards* that share a common break are placed together, they will fuse into a larger shard, like two puzzle pieces becoming one.

Plague Coffer (minor artifact)

Description: *Plague coffers* are created from the flesh and bone of Chern's body. Pieces of the titan were initially stored in metal coffers in case the scraps might someday resurrect the titan. Instead, plague insects grew inside these containers. Now, *plague coffers* are harbingers of disease, allowing the reconstituted vermin to continue Chern's bidding.

Powers: *Plague coffers* contain a portion of Chern, upon which thousands of insects grow. When opened, a *plague coffer* releases a swarm of Chern's children (see *Creature Collection II*, page 38) under the opener's control. A coffer releases a swarm twice a day, but 6 hours must pass between openings so the insects can regenerate. If the coffer is opened more often, the larvae die, and it cannot be reopened for at least 12 hours. The wielder moves and directs the swarm, but the insects never travel more than 500 yards from the coffer. Anyone bitten by the swarm suffers stinging red blisters and can spread the Chern's disease.

The wielder must stand within the swarm and suffers 2d6 damage each round and risks contracting disease. Chern's servants, lepers and plague carriers themselves have little to fear, but others take a horrible risk.

Chern's disease: Fortitude save (DC 16), incubation period one day; damage 1d6 temporary Constitution. The victim must succeed at another saving throw or 1 point of

temporary damage is permanently drained. The victim must be healed magically.

Sigils of Mesos (minor artifact)

Description: What no one outside the Cult of Sorcery knows is that Mesos was not totally destroyed by the gods. A portion of his body survived, altered by the magical energies unleashed by his destruction. The pieces that survived were magically transformed into hexagonal stones, the size of a human hand, and flung across the surface of Scarn.

A sigil can be identified by the unique engraving etched into its surface. These show a six-armed humanoid casting spells, wreathed in verdant light, with lightning striking all around. They are prized as exquisite artworks, but to the initiated, they hold a much greater power, one that allows an arcane spellcaster to greatly augment his power. The Cult of Sorcery believes that about four score sigils exist. To date, five have been recovered by the cult, and rumors tell of another three having surfaced in the past two years. The cult is actively seeking verification of these rumors.

Any arcane devourers or members of the Cult of Sorcery who discover a wielder of a *Sigil of Mesos* will do anything within their power to obtain it (buy, trade, steal, kill; GM's discretion) so that they may try to bring its master back to life.

Powers: By itself, a *Sigil of Mesos* has no magical benefits. However, when a sigil comes into contact with a weapon, armor or a shield, a number of things can happen.

Weapon: If the sigil touches any nonmagical weapon, it instantly bonds to the weapon, melting and grafting to it. The weapon then gains a +2 magical enhancement bonus (+4 vs. Divine races) and gains the toughness of adamantite for purposes of durability and item saves.

The *Sigil of Mesos* grants its wielder the ability to cast one 1st-level offensive spell, from any school, three times per day as if he were an 8th-level sorcerer. This ability lasts for as long as the weapon is in the wielder's possession. If the wielder is a wizard or sorcerer and the weapon is not one that she is proficient with, the *Sigil of Mesos* instantly gives her proficiency with the weapon.

Shield: Should the sigil bond to a nonmagical shield, it melts into the shield, etching itself on the shield face much like a coat of arms. The shield gains a +1 magical

enhancement bonus and becomes weightless. The sigil grants the bearer of the shield the ability to block all missile attacks, including *magic missile*. The bearer adds the AC of the shield plus 10 to determine AC for blocking *magic missile*. The caster must then make an attack roll that beats the target's AC for the spell to hit. The sigil grants a +3 to AC vs. ordinary missile attacks as well.

Wizards and sorcerers who possess a sigil-enhanced shield suffer no chance of arcane spell failure while bearing it. The shield also allows a spellcaster the ability to cast *minor globe of invulnerability* at 12th level once per week.

Armor: If the sigil is bonded to nonmagical armor, it manifests itself as an etching on the chest piece of the armor. The armor gains a +2 magical enhancement bonus and becomes weightless. Sigil-enhanced armor allows its wearer to add the AC of the armor into any saving throws against spells or spell-like effects.

Wizards and sorcerers receive the above benefits as well as the ability to cast spells in armor with no chance of arcane spell failure. The armor also allows the spellcaster to complete a spell being cast, even if he was damaged while in the process of casting.

Mesos' Wrath: Wizards and sorcerers gain one additional benefit from a *Sigil of Mesos*. When the sigil bonds with an item in a wizard's or sorcerer's possession, she gains the supernatural ability to rob another spellcaster of his spells. The sigil's wielder makes a touch attack against any target spellcaster, and that target must make a Will save (DC 24) or be *staggered* and unable to cast spells for 1d6 rounds. While the targeted spellcaster is *staggered*, the bearer of a *Sigil of*

Mesos may cast one unused spell from the target's daily spell list once per round as a free action. In other words, the sigil's bearer can cast her own spell as well as a spell stolen from the target. The stolen spell is cast as though the *staggered* spellcaster had cast it for purposes of determining its caster level and save DC. When the target recovers, he regains the ability to use his spells, but any spells stolen by the sigil's power are lost for the day.

Weight: + lb. (weightless once bonded)

Tooth of Gaurak (minor wondrous item)

Description: Devout followers of Gaurak with a mind strong enough to let them think about anything other than their own stomach often carry a symbol of their fallen god. Some of the most highly valued symbols are carved from actual pieces of the titan's fangs. A few have even been enchanted to inspire the gluttony from which they sprang.

Powers: Once per day the holder of a *tooth of Gaurak* can activate it. Everyone within a 30-foot radius other than the holder of the item is affected as by a *gluttony* spell. The tooth is cursed so that if the being who activates it is not a worshipper of Gaurak, then the *gluttony* affects her as well. The *tooth of Gaurak* does not count toward the space required to hold other items.

Caster Level: 7th

Prerequisites: Craft Wondrous Item, *gluttony*

Market Price: 22,400 gp

Cost to Create: 11,200 gp + 896 XP

Weight: -

Appendix

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LEVEL

PLAYER	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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CAMPAIN

CLASS/LEVEL

EXPERIENCE

HOMELAND

ALIGNMENT

DEITY

RACE

SIZE

AGE

GENDER

HEIGHT

WEIGHT

EYES

HAIR

SKIN

ABILITIES

PHYSICAL

MENTAL

HEALTH

ABILITY NAME	ABILITY SCORE	ABILITY MODIFIER	TEMPORARY SCORE	TEMPORARY MODIFIER
STRENGTH				
DEXTERITY				
CONSTITUTION				

ABILITY NAME	ABILITY SCORE	ABILITY MODIFIER	TEMPORARY SCORE	TEMPORARY MODIFIER
INTELLIGENCE				
WISDOM				
CHARISMA				

HEALTH	TOTAL	DAMAGE REDUCTION	HIT DIE TYPE
HP HIT POINTS			

COMBAT

	DEX MODIFIER	MISC MODIFIER	TOTAL		TOTAL
INITIATIVE MODIFIER				BASE ATTACK BONUS	

SPEED	LIGHT LOAD	MEDIUM LOAD	HEAVY LOAD	LIFT OVER HEAD	LIFT OFF GROUND	PUSH OR DRAG

SAVING THROWS	BASE SAVE	ABILITY MODIFIER	MAGIC MODIFIER	MISC. MODIFIER	TEMPORARY MODIFIER	TOTAL
FORTITUDE CONSTITUTION						
REFLEX DEXTERITY						
WILL WISDOM						

COMBAT THROWS	BASE ATTACK	ABILITY MODIFIER	SIZE MODIFIER	MISC MODIFIER	TEMPORARY MODIFIER	TOTAL
MELEE ATTACK BONUS						
RANGED ATTACK BONUS						

ARMOR THROWS

AC ARMOR CLASS	= 10 +	DEX MODIFIER	SIZE MODIFIER	NATURAL ARMOR	ARMOR BONUS	SHIELD BONUS	MISC MODIFIER
ARMOR CLASS							
		MISS CHANCE	ARCANE SPELL FAILURE	ARMOR CHECK PENALTY	SPELL RESIST.		

WEAPONS

ARMOR

WEAPON		TOTAL ATTACK BONUS	DAMAGE	CRITICAL
RANGE	WEIGHT	TYPE	SIZE	SPECIAL PROPERTIES

WEAPON		TOTAL ATTACK BONUS	DAMAGE	CRITICAL
RANGE	WEIGHT	TYPE	SIZE	SPECIAL PROPERTIES

AMMUNITION _____ □□□□□□□□ □□□□□□□□

AMMUNITION _____ □□□□□□□□ □□□□□□□□

ARMOR/PROTECTIVE ITEM		TYPE	ARMOR BONUS	MAX DEX BONUS
CHECK PENALTY	SPELL FAILURE	SPEED	WEIGHT	SPECIAL PROPERTIES

SHIELD/PROTECTIVE ITEM	ARMOR BONUS	WEIGHT	CHECK PENALTY	SPELL FAILURE
SPECIAL PROPERTIES				

TALENTS

SKILLS

SKILLS

FEATS & POWERS

[illegible][illegible]

CAMPAIGN

MISCELLANEOUS

EQUIPMENT

SPELLS

[illegible]

WEALTH

CURRENCY	TYPE	AMOUNT
----------	------	--------

_____ (CP) _____

_____ (SP) _____

_____ (GP) _____

_____ (PP) _____

OTHER TREASURES

--

LANGUAGES

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines, typical of notebook paper. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

SPELL SAVE

SPELL SAVE DC		SPELLS PER DAY	BONUS SPELLS
	0		0
	1ST		
	2ND		
	3RD		
	4TH		
	5TH		
	6TH		
	7TH		
	8TH		
	9TH		

AN EXCERPT FROM THE UPCOMING
SCARRED LANDS ANTHOLOGY

CHAMPIONS OF THE SCARRED LANDS

from Three Dreams of Belsameth

by James Stewart

Even after 150 years sitting in the darkness of his ruined temple, I cannot remember the name of my dead god. It used to slip gladly from my lips each morning as the first rays of the sun shone in through the east windows and woke me. Now my people call him That Which Abides because we cannot remember calling him anything else. His destruction is so complete that even his divine name has been erased. Not even his most loyal priests can resurrect a memory of what we called him. But it feels like my own fault, like I have lost the name of my father. I awake each morning and feel like I've left something undone. Then I despair. It's a sorry thing to forget the name of your own god.

"Vladawen? Are you still in here, Vladawen?"

Someone calls to me from the darkness. The voice seems familiar. One of my own kind, elvish. A female voice. And a female shape, a red heat in the darkness.

I think it's my wife.

"Avlana?"

"Will you be leaving the ruins of your mighty temple today, great Titanslayer? Isn't 150 years long enough to sulk in the dark?"

"The temple is as splendid as it ever was."

"It's an illusion, Vladawen. Your temple's blasted and ruined like everything else in Termana."

"I'd forgotten."

Avlana throws a rude heat gesture. Even in the dark, the exaggerated motion of her hand is plain to me. She threw it the last time she was here, or the time before. She seems upset.

"Have you also forgotten that we're forsaken? There's no time for this misery, Vladawen. You won't live forever."

I don't want to live forever.

"Your mother could have sewn two coats in the time you've spent here."

"Mother's dead."

Avlana throws the heat gesture for surrender. She turns toward the door of the temple, takes a few steps, then

stops. With my darkvision, I see her reach toward something near her belt. In her hands are two cold blue spheres. She drops them on the floor. As they fall, they leave cerulean tracers in the darkness.

"Here's your food."

Looking to the door and back to the altar on which I sit, Avlana waits, like she expects me to say something. Like I have anything left to say to her or anyone else.

"By the way, Vladawen, I've been sleeping with Arimel for the last sixty years. We're getting married."

"Really. How many of those deformed wretches have you squeezed out for him? Do you steal away to human towns and swap them with human babies?"

"At least I'm doing something to preserve our people. What are you doing, Titanslayer? You're waiting to die."

"Haven't I done enough?"

"Destroyed a titan, lost a god. I realize now that what my father said is true: You're far better at destroying things than revering them."

I bolt off the altar onto my feet. I see Avlana's body explode with heat, turning from a dull red to the bright orange of fear as I streak toward her in the blackness. My knuckles meet her brow and she falls to the ground. She curls into a ball. A scream catches in Avlana's throat, a stifled choking sound in the dark. Cool blue rivulets wash down her face.

"No matter how hard you hit me, Vladawen, what I say is true. You've destroyed everything, including yourself."

Avlana's fingers splay across the floor. She lifts herself up into a sitting position. She cradles her head. She regains her voice. No scream, just a jagged sobbing. I kneel down and extend a hand toward her face. She bats it away.

"I should kill you for saying such a thing to me. But you're right," I whisper. She looks up at me. "I've been here too long. I've lost too many years. It is time for me to redeem myself. Get up now. Bring me my weapons and my boots."

Avlana stands and walks toward the entrance to the temple. She opens the inner doors. She walks to the outer door, turns the key and throws it wide. I see the sun for the first time in 150 years. Now it's my turn to cry.

"You want your weapons, Vladawen? Come out of the darkness and get them."

The sun floats low and orange at the edge of dusk. The light blinds me and I almost let slip the name of god but I stammer with uncertainty. Termiana was once his land. I blink and, as though the last 150 years never passed, the land of That Which Abides lies before me.

Termiana looks just like I remember it. Just like the days before the Divine War. The temple of That Which Abides—the home temple of my order, the host of our people's rituals for a thousand years—has lost none of its majesty. Around the steeple, lines of silver swirl in intricate spirals finer than fingerprints. The windows, thirty feet tall and three feet thick, depict the history of my people. That Which Abides, first among the gods, selecting the elves from all of the races to be his champion and the keeper of his ways. Jillian, the First King, returning from the hunt with the hide of Tanil's Fox. Hezra the Eunuch feeding Denev the Fruit of Winter. The league of elvenkind emerging triumphant from the war with the Saints of Black. Jillian's ghost returning the Amphitheater to sing the Song one last time, in the presence of Belsameth, goddess of the darkness, and her daughter Drendari, goddess of... I forget.

But the temple lacks one window in particular, and this omission makes the rest of the story nothing more than a lie. There is no depiction of the titan Chern laying waste to That Which Abides. There is no depiction of the moment our race was forsaken; of the moment god's name was lost.

The glory of Termiana is nothing more than an elaborate illusion; a closed coffin at the funeral to make us forget that what lies beneath is rotten and will soon be dust. Fake opulence conceals crumbling ruins. To see the windows of the temple as they truly are is to see a zigzagging mess of boards covering the holes where my kind's greatest art once stood. Half of the structures in Termiana, intricate in their detail and sturdy beyond the limits of their stylish construction, are unfit for habitation. Even those buildings that survived the Divine War mostly intact still show hints of their ruin—a draft noticed in the night or a rain of shingles and rafters when a storm blows through. All of Termiana's lies have such inconsistencies.

As I walk through the streets, my forsaken brothers and sisters stare at me as though I'm the most majestic of all of Termiana's illusions. They look at me like some legend that just stepped out of its stain-glassed world. I avoid their gazes and walk with a solemn purpose, aloof, my posture telling the lie that I am the Vladawen they once knew.

My former home offers no false faces to the world. Even before I left for my mourning, I refused the wizards' illusions. Most of the second floor lies in charred tatters. Only a few support beams, splintered and burned, remain of my parent's chambers. The first floor remains inhabitable, but the inscriptions that my great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather spent 3,000 years carving into the rock are worn and unreadable. What remains of my house would seem dull and unadorned even in a human settlement.

When I enter my ancestral home, Armiel—who I have known since birth and expected to know until That Which

Abides called the last dance—sits at my table. He is not my ancestor. Armiel looks like he doesn't know whether to hug me or dash my brains out with a rock. He takes three steps over to the doorway from the foyer to the dinner hall. He gives a false smile.

"Vladawen. You're back."

"Get me a drink."

Neither of us says another word until long after the sun has set. Armiel backs away from me toward the kitchen, never taking his eyes off my hands. He busies himself preparing me a mixture of ale and ganjus tincture. He finds other jobs to distract him while I drink. He takes hurried steps to the other side of my table and picks up a book, closes it, and puts it on a shelf. He stokes the fire. He takes his plates and flagon to the kitchen. He disappears up the stairs. I hear him arguing with Avlana. He returns a few minutes later, his false smile a little worn at the edges.

"Avlana's not feeling well, Vlad. She needs to sleep a little..."

"I don't care Armiel. I really don't. Let's talk about That Which Abides."

"He's gone. Dead. Broken."

"I can fix that."

"No, you can't. He's gone, Vladawen. No one observes the old rituals. Even I can no longer bear to honor him. I feel almost embarrassed after... after we failed him. The favor of That Which Abides is useless. All but the simplest of his blessings fail me. Yesterday I rebuked the ghost of a pit bull that haunted the mill, but my wounds were so severe that I had to see the physician afterward. When was the last time you invoked his aid?"

"Not since that day. Not one little spell. Not one.fo"

"Nothing? Are even the first lessons of the temple lost to you? It must feel..."

"Numb."

"That Which Abides used to be so generous with us. There used to be so many temples in Termiana..."

"And there will be again."

"Vladawen, the darkness has driven you mad."

Armiel grabs my glass and finishes the rest of my drink. Though the night is cool and dark, he sweats like a field hand. He turns away from me and stares into the fire. "How could you possibly do it, Vlad?"

"Begin in Ghelspad. Talk to our kin on Uria or Vera-Tre. I'll need my weapons."

"Some of the years during your sequester were hard years, Vlad. Most of them. We sold both weapons."

"To whom?"

"A black-haired stranger. A human woman. Pretty sure she was human. But that was fifty years ago."

"What about my boots?"

"Sold those too."

Armiel resumes his nervous fidget, as though I would allow him to steal my wife but not my boots.

"Be calm, Armiel. I will reclaim them later. It's more important that I leave tonight, immediately, before I decide to lock myself in the temple once more."

"Take me with you."

"No. But I'll take your boat."

CONTINUED IN
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the Wise
and the Wicked

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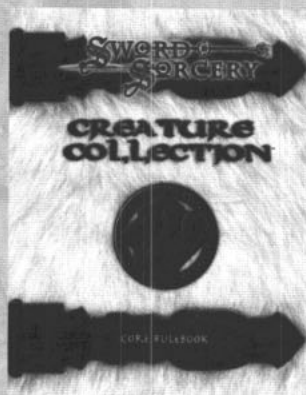
SCARRED
LANDS



MALHAVOC
PRESS



MAIN BOOKS

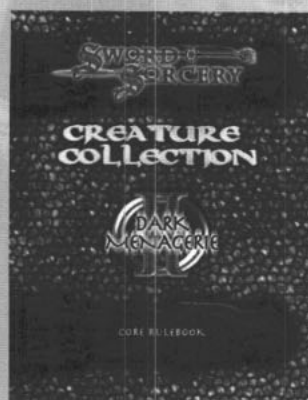
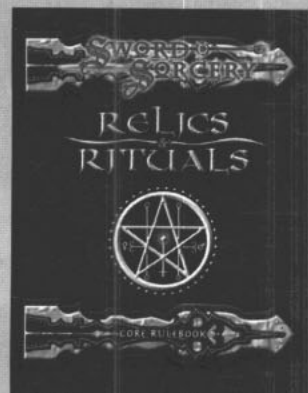


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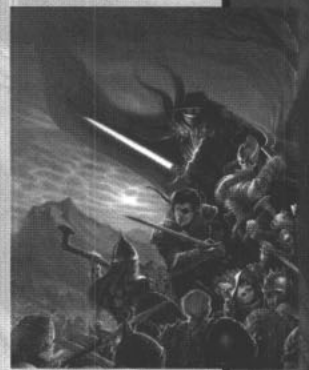
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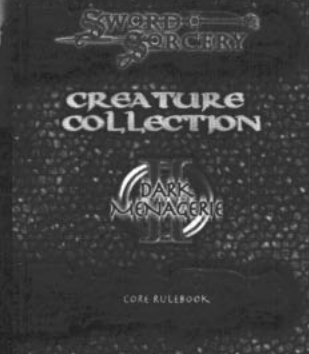
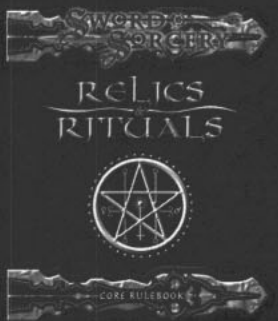
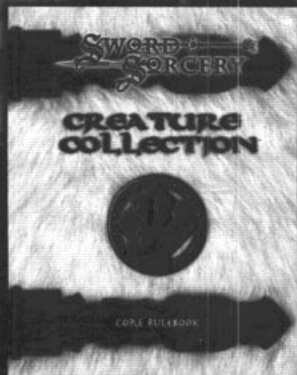
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