

VIOLET DAWN

THE TIME OF THE UNRAVELLING

THE BROKEN ISLES



LOREBOOK



*“He is a barbarian, and thinks the customs of his tribe
and island are the laws of nature.”*

– George Bernard Shaw

THE BROKEN ISLES

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PREFACE

Welcome to the *Lorebook of the Broken Isles*, the companion volume to the *Player's Guide to the Broken Isles*. If you haven't familiarized yourself with the latter book, please do so; this book expands on the information presented therein, answering questions and providing additional context relating to the Broken Isles' various cultures.

Whereas the *Player's Guide* is aimed at both players and DMs, this book is focused on the DM alone. Players may wish to avoid reading this book so as not to spoil certain surprises. That said, DMs are encouraged to copy portions of the text to show to players, as appropriate to their individual games—in particular, sections of the History and Geography chapters can be easily extracted to give players as much or as little infor-

mation as the DM wishes.

This book is divided into four chapters, as follows:

History: The history of the Broken Isles, as understood by the islanders themselves.

Geography: The islands of the archipelago and those who inhabit them.

Monsters: Creatures local to the isles, large and small.

Campaigns: Advice on running a Broken Isles game.



HISTORY

History is a slippery thing in the Broken Isles. The oral traditions of the islanders are rich and beautiful, yet freely mix truth with myth and ethnic propaganda. Calendars are rare, and their dates meaningless. Even the ruins found on Korr and the surrounding islands have been worn down by time and disasters, stripped of telling signs and secrets.

But there is a common narrative found in the isles' histories. Tribals refer to four ages of stories, each chronicling a distinct period and the reign of a distinct people. What is presented below is the skeleton of all the islanders' tales.

THE FIRST AGE

The world was born when one of the old gods fell from the sky and into the sea. His body became the isles and his bones became the mountains. No one can say where the god came from, or what caused his defeat; in all ways that matter, his death was the beginning of time.

Where the god's blood spattered, the skarren sprang forth. They fought and killed one another even as they were born. The god's meat attracted predators to his corpse—beasts the size of giants that fought over their prize, and that turned to devouring the skarren when the meat was depleted. Out of necessity, the skarren repressed their blood lust enough to form kulvraks, and learned to fight back together.

After the beasts had been subdued or slaughtered, the first humans came from far away to pillage the beasts' bodies. The humans took flesh and bone and hide, but they also found metal, wood, and jewels. Where the humans carried their treasures, they carried the seeds of the beasts as

well. The corpse of the god fertilized those seeds, and new gods and spirits were spawned from the earth, spiritual lords of the Broken Isles. It is these beings whom the tribes revere in the present age.


THE SECOND AGE

At the dawn of the second age, there was only one human tribe, and the likes of this tribe has not been seen again. The people of the One Tribe were brave, strong, and wise. They wielded weapons and magic with equal skill. And because they were one people, united, they pushed the skarren to the edges of Korr and carved the rocks with temples and tombs. Today, their work is buried beneath dirt and eroded by water, but traces remain.

Strangers came to the isles in the second age. Some were humans who took refuge in the islands around Korr. These were exiles, driven out of the west for their sins, and they did not reproduce. Some of the strangers were of a bronze-skinned race, and they claimed to be children of the suns. Like the humans, they, too, rarely stepped upon Korr, for they feared the dead god would lash out at them through stones and trees. They built their city upon Thar'teb, but soon left for home.

The last of the strangers were zeidians. They came to the One Tribe and claimed to be the protectors of humanity. But the One Tribe did not trust the newcomers, and turned them away. Instead of leaving, the zeidians sought the isles' most dangerous sites—the spawning pits where monsters grew, the caves where wicked spirits dwelt, and the drowned menhirs that seethed with magic—and declared themselves guardians of these places.





At the twilight of the second age, the skies turned black, and a dark fate befell the races beyond the isles. The One Tribe was not frightened, but the tribespeople saw that their magic lit the world like a campfire lights the night. They did not wish to attract the beasts beyond the isles to their home, so they buried their magic in barrows and cenotaphs. Without that magic, they could no longer hold back the skarren, and the One Tribe was shattered.

THE THIRD AGE

The One Tribe had become many, and its people fled to the dark corners of the isles. The skarren hunted the humans, and it seemed that humanity would become extinct. The humans went to the zeidians for aid, but were turned away; the zeidians had offered their assistance once, and the humans had rejected it. Now, they had other duties.

It was the ngakoi who offered hope. The three-eyed race had lived in the isles for many seasons, but had been too small and quick for the One Tribe to notice. Now, the humans hid from skarren in ngakoi realms, and found themselves receiving the strange people's hospitality. The ngakoi showed humans how to submit to the land, as ngakoi do; to live comfortably in the dark, among the monsters.

So with the knowledge of conflict gleaned from the skarren and the knowledge of surrender gleaned from the ngakoi, humans formed the many tribes to take back Korr. They chose territory they could defend against skarren, and learned to adapt and change to survive in their new homelands. The many tribes were successful, and although they could not safely stray far from their villages, they would not fall easily.

The first shamans, too, appeared in this age. The grave threat of the last age had receded, but corrupt and hungry spirits now feasted on the magic the One Tribe had hidden. To wield magic, a mortal would need to understand the secrets of the cosmos and the tricks of the spirits—or give into corruption himself. So the tribes offered their wisest children the gift of power, and the responsibility to control its use.

For a while, the many tribes endured in this manner. Some thrived, and some vanished. Until at last, a new tribe formed.

THE FOURTH AGE

Each tribe claims that its founding marks the inception of the fourth age of stories. Yet it doesn't really matter which tribe was founded first, or

which was the last tribe of the third age to fade away. Four tribes exist today, and the Azghars, Inuls, Kurs, and Naruks make the isles what they are.

The present age has lasted centuries, during which the tribes have fought and made peace again and again. The tribes' expansion is kept in check by skarren kulvraks. Their trade of goods and lore with the ngakoi is a sacred bond. And they forever resent the zeidians.

Today, wise men and women suspect that the age is changing—either ending, or entering its true beginning. The arrival of the vulnar has altered the balance of power in the isles. Other visitors from across the western sea also come more and more frequently—both allies of the vulnar slavers and unaligned explorers.

Changes originate within the bounds of the Broken Isles, as well. But the stories of those changes have yet to be told....

♦ ♦ DISPUTED HISTORY ♦ ♦

The history presented here is broadly accepted by all the races of the Broken Isles, but each tribe and race also has unique stories and interpretations of events. In particular, nonhumans dispute a few specific points of tribal tales.

Skarren myth casts the defeat of the skarren by the One Tribe during the second age in a different light. Skarren storytellers claim that the One Tribe never forced the kulvraks to retreat, but say instead that the One Tribe rose up during a time when the kulvraks left Korr for a distant battleground called Ba'ath Ral. In this strange place, the skarren learned secrets of war and divinity no other people possesses. Today, Ba'ath Ral is the skarren term used for any place beyond the surface of the Broken Isles—whether the underworld, the sky, or the land of the dead.

Ngakoi tell a different story of the end of the second age and the One Tribe's choice to bury its magic. They say that the One Tribe offered its magic as a sacrifice to something below the isles, and in return was protected from the disasters befalling the world outside. Despite the differences between ngakoi and human accounts, ngakoi don't claim that their story is more accurate; they seem content to accept both, without worrying about how to reconcile them.

Finally, zeidians say that they never denied aid to humanity at the beginning of the third age. Those few who could leave their posts did—but others had discovered the secrets of the sites they guarded, and believed that catastrophe would befall all the isles if they abandoned their work.

GEOGRAPHY

The archipelago that is the Broken Isles consists of several dozen islands within an enormous ocean. The island of Korr is home to the four great human tribes, and would take a skilled traveler several weeks to cross north to south. Korr's neighbors are substantially smaller, and some are so insignificant that they never appear on maps and charts.

The Broken Isles host a temperate climate, though only Korr's mid- and highlands become cold enough during winter to freeze. Storms are common in all seasons, and become especially harsh every spring. Summers are typically warm and humid, but not altogether unpleasant.

Relatively few islanders understand the layout of the isles in anything but the broadest strokes.



Sailors know only those few isles they visit, and can cite only legends about others. Foreigners often carry maps that are less accurate than tribal lore. The only way to be certain about an island's nature or location is to visit it yourself.

KORR

The island of Korr is the largest of the Broken Isles, and is home to most of the archipelago's population. Its varied and dangerous landscape can be roughly divided into three main areas, from north to south: the highlands, the midlands, and the lowlands.

The highlands consist of the unpopulated mountainous region in the far north. Forests creep up the sides of the mountains, disappearing on the higher, steeper slopes. The tops of the peaks are perpetually capped by snow and ice, and are virtually untouched by human influence. The highlands are also known for the power and aggression of the local beasts, and tribal warriors occasionally venture north on dangerous ritual hunts.

The midlands in the center of Korr are primarily made up of high, rocky hills and thick forest, gently sloping into plains along the shore. The Azghar tribe lives along the Dhargon Coast and the western border hills, while the Naruks live within the Cleft—an enormous canyon that winds south through the midlands. The midlands have their share of perils in the form of monsters and vicious flora, but only become dangerous in and of themselves when ice covers the hills during winter.

The lowlands are grassy and wet, centered on the great Southern Swamp and extending toward the beaches. Low hills and stony mounds speckle the area, often serving as nests or warrens for creatures of the south. During spring and summer, the lowlands burst with fresh fruit and vegetables, as well as medicinal plants.

Despite the presence of the tribes, most of the island remains unmapped—each tribe knows its own territory in painstaking detail, but the unoccupied lands are too dangerous to explore without good reason. Those who stray into the wilderness may encounter the ruined villages of forgotten tribes, caves leading underground, secret springs or glades, and other mysterious places.

THE CLEFT

When the fallen god's body became the Broken Isles, one of his wounds became the Cleft—a deep and angry scar upon Korr. The Cleft is a great canyon that runs through the midlands, channeling a deep, swift-flowing river called the Utai. The springs that feed the river originate in the mountains, but the canyon proper begins at a point southwest of the Great Mesa, where several smaller rivers converge and form an enormous waterfall that crashes down between the midland hills. After following a winding course and swallowing tributaries along the way, the river eventually spills out into the Southern Swamp.

Long stretches of the Cleft are bridged by thick roots and vines that reach from one side of the canyon to the other. The Naruk tribe lives within

this unusual forest, along with many other plants and animals. The forest climbs to the Cleft's peak, in places, but only a few dead and fallen branches reach as low as the river. In this realm below the roots, sunlight is dim and spotty, and the roar of the water is everpresent. The tribes do not sail the river, nor do they venture onto the shadowy river banks; it is a taboo place, relinquished to whatever mad shamans, lost tribes, and monsters choose to claim it.



THE DHARGON COAST

The Azghar clans roam the length of the Dhargon Coast, moving between its grassy plains and the low hills to the east. Azghar villages are scattered about the coastline, some inland and some built on the water's edge. Although the coast is mostly free of the plague of monsters that afflicts the hills, the storms that strike there are worse than anywhere else beyond Tor'un. In the aftermath of the storms, the fog is often so thick that safe travel is impossible. Azghar shamans claim that the spirits of the dead emerge during these periods, and that the magical ruins and coves of the region glow with mystic energy and swarm with fey and ethereal beings.

The coastline is also recipient of the sea's flotsam. The wrecks of foreign vessels occasionally wash up on the beach, and Azghar clans fight for their bounty. Yet scavengers have learned to be cautious—along with weapons and tools and crates of food, such wrecks may contain locked chests full of strange magics, spilled poisons and hallucinogenic dusts, the half-dead bodies of beasts, and whatever terrors destroyed them in the first place. Vessels sailing north are renowned for carrying especially unwholesome cargo.

THE FORGE

Within a cave atop a butte rising from the Cleft awaits the Forge of the Four Tribes. It is a symbol of the strength of humanity, and its smoke can be seen throughout Korr. Despite the fact that the tribes have lost the metallurgical knowledge to use it wisely, despite the fact that its flares haven't been used for communication in ages, the forge nonetheless represents the possibility of progress and solidarity.

The forge is one of the few sites shared by all the tribes, and its oversight is a duty that falls to the shamans. Only the shamans possess the knowledge—both mystical and scientific—to care for the forge and to keep the furnace's fires alight. Each season, a shaman from one of the tribes lives at the forge, and devotes him or herself to its protection.

The forge's furnace is a great clay cylinder that rises waist-high out of the ground, carved with a mural of the history of the fourth age. The fires within burn for the length of each season, fueled by coal and maintained through magic. This furnace is by far the hottest on Korr, and is the only one capable of melting iron. However, its use by the tribes is mainly ceremonial—tribal cast iron weapons are of poor quality, and are harder to

make than superior bronze weapons. More often than not, tribespeople journey to the forge to craft ornamental items from meteoric iron or to melt down and cast metals obtained from foreigners.

Zeidians attribute special significance to the forge, as certain zeidian elders possess secret knowledge of metallurgy allowing the creation of exceptional steel. At least one zeidian usually guards the forge from afar, and some zeidians develop cautious friendships with the forge's shaman keepers. Depending on the shaman on duty, a zeidian seeking to use the forge may be welcomed, turned away, or asked for payment in the form of a service.

THE GRAY FOREST

On the eastern edge of the midlands, where the hills descend into coastal plains, a strange forest grows from the stony soil. The trees are gray, hard, and often hollow, much as if they were petrified. Smoke constantly rises from the forest, spawned by small fires in the trees that never cease to burn, nor manage to consume the trees' wood. The trees' azure leaves are caked in sparkling white powder that can cut like a razor, and the streams are poisoned by the same substance. Few animals live within the Gray Forest, and even the swallowed give it a wide berth.

For one minute each day, the air within the Gray Forest turns crimson and the earth shakes violently. All the peoples of the Broken Isles agree that this is the heartbeat of a great beast buried beneath the forest, though they disagree on the beast's nature. Surprisingly, the skarren have the most complex mythology regarding the beast: they believe that it awakens periodically, and that each time it does so they must fight it until its wounds are mortal. But the beast cannot die, they say, and will always awaken again.

The Gray Forest also shelters a small number of exiled druids and monstrous shamans. These beings, alone or in groups, seek knowledge, power, or service from the beast below, or try to tap into the energies of their warped surroundings. Not all the locals are hostile to outsiders, though the tribes believe that no bargain made with the creatures of the Gray Forest can be trusted.

THE GREAT MESA

The Great Mesa marks the northern edge of tribal lands, and the southern edge of the highlands. Beyond the mesa, Korr's hills becomes increasingly rocky and increasingly steep, until they can only be described as mountains. The sides of the mesa



are sheer and treacherous, but its top is broad, flat, and grassy. The mesa is the home of the Inul tribe, and anyone scaling it without an Inul guide should be prepared for a difficult journey.

A number of trails lead up the mesa's side, but the easiest are overseen by hidden Inul sentries. Rougher trails tend to abruptly become impassable, although camouflaged rope ladders aid Inul friends. The caves speckling the mesa are another possible route to the top, but most such caves are shallow; aside from beasts and deposits of crystal, there's little to be found within. The deeper caves are forbidden to Inuls, and while other tribes claim the tunnels lead directly to Itzunal, Inul shamans say they lead to the mesa's terrifying heart.

Itzunal, the Inul capital, stands in the center of the mesa. The stone protrusions that form the city's skeletal body are carved with stairs, niches, and enclosures, and the "ribs" and "spine" of the skeleton are hollowed for easy passage. The skeleton (called Daeroga) houses mainly the stone and metal castes, while the plant and crystal castes reside in huts in Daeroga's shadow. The other Inul settlements atop the mesa are aligned with the positions of the stars, and the star charts carved into stone within each settlement can prove useful for navigation.

Sites such as ruined villages, hidden temples, and the entrances to copper mines dot the mesa, and these, too, can be located by astronomers with access to Inul charts. The sacred mine entrances are especially well-protected: most are sealed by bronze vault doors that require special key-objects or puzzle solutions to unlock. The mines date to before the Inuls' arrival, and the Inuls say their predecessors' looting of the mesa brought about their destruction. Few Inuls are allowed into the mines,

but exiled braggarts claim that the tunnels are walled with polished stone and shining metal—as if the mines were palaces themselves, housing a wealthy, advanced, and forgotten people.

THE LIBRARY OF THULMUS

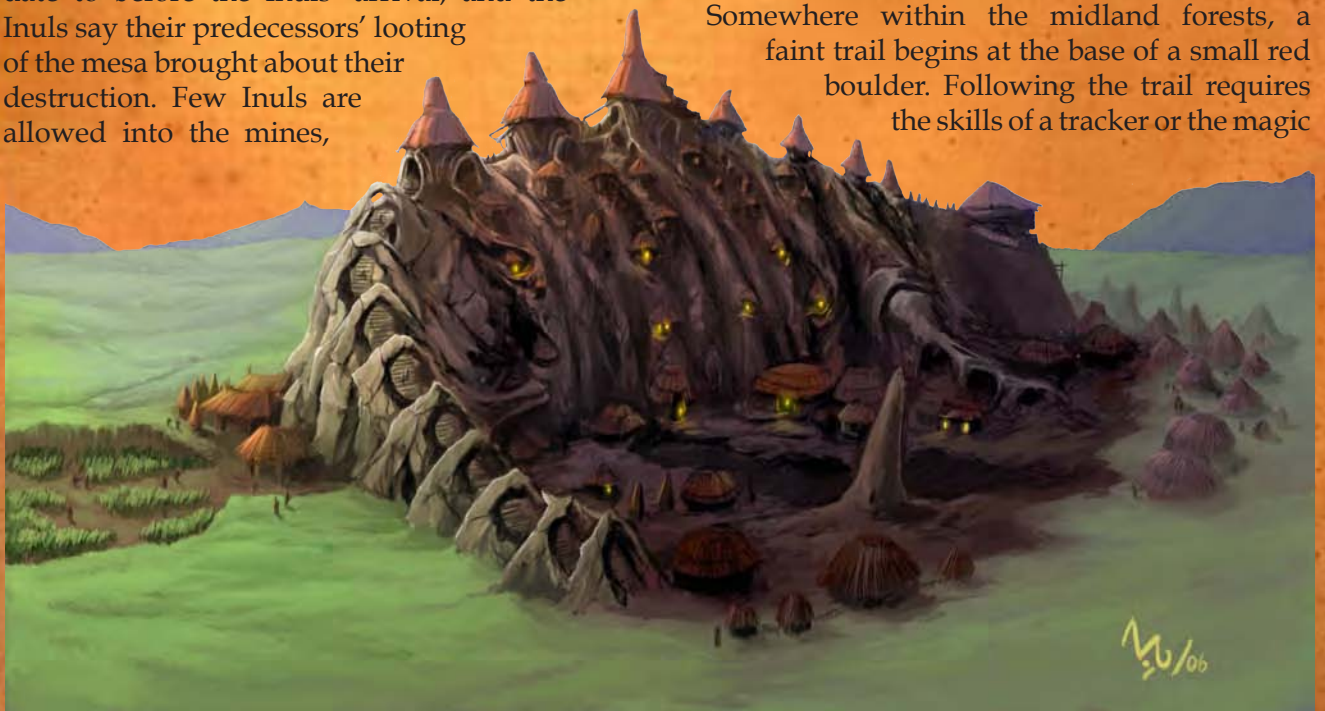
Written chronicles of history are nearly unknown in the isles. Even the scrolls kept by zeidians rarely offer meaning or context to the secrets they record, and the stone-carved writings of the Inuls focus on the present day. Only a select few islanders are aware that a written chronicle of the Broken Isles exists at all, or of the presence of the Library of Thulmus.

The entrance to the library is hidden in a mound of rocks amid the lowland plains, and the door can only be opened by triggering a series of toggles. Stone steps lead down from the entrance into a cavern filled with plants and waterfalls. A few heavy chests contain tomes and scrolls left by visitors over the centuries, but most of the library's "books" are written on the leaves of the plants. These books chronicle the history of the isles as far back as the second age of stories—or so it's said.

In truth, while the legend of the library is secretly kept by a few lines of bards, no one alive is known to have seen it. Nor do the legends say who built the library, or who guards it—although stormkin magic is said to play a role. Assuming the library is even real, who knows what may await inside?

THE PIT OF DEON-YAR

Somewhere within the midland forests, a faint trail begins at the base of a small red boulder. Following the trail requires the skills of a tracker or the magic



of a shaman, but those who walk its winding way eventually find the entrance to a rocky enclave. Two bestial heads carved from stone stand guard over the gateway, each twice the height of a man. In the center of the enclave is a wide-mouthed well carved of black crystal, exhaling a fetid odor.

The story of the well is taught only to shamans and their apprentices, though certain zeidian lineages also suspect that the well exists. The well was dug—or perhaps merely discovered—by a great arcanist from the second age. When fed with the proper components, it gives birth to a monster; the more powerful the components, the more powerful the beast. Many of the isles' predators are believed to have been created in the Pit of Ogon-Yar, and it is regarded as altogether evil.

THE SOUTHERN SWAMP

Where rivers flow out of the Cleft and into the southern lowlands, small hills and deeply-rooted forests divide them dozens of times over. The water becomes shallow and dark, and the Southern Swamp is born. The swamp is best-known as the home of the Kur tribe, but the Kur villages control only a small portion of the marshland. Several ngakoi summer villages sit along the outskirts of the swamp, but even these don't see many visitors; better to wait for an ngakoi trading party to emerge than to rush to face the swamp's perils.

Navigating the swamp is never easy, and outsiders unfamiliar with its landmarks can wander in circles for days. On foot, travelers face quicksand and deceptively deep water. In a canoe or raft, travelers must avoid being swept up by hidden rapids. Strange creatures live within the swamp, as well—everything from common bats to packs of grethell to magic-spawned, inhuman *things*.

According to legend, the swamp is one of the places the One Tribe buried its magic at the end of the second age. Storytellers differ on whether the burial grounds appear as barrows, pits, cenotaphs, or monuments, and on what powers dwell within. All tribes see the buried magic in the swamp as something best avoided, however, even if they regard magic elsewhere in a more favorable light.

THE SPIRIT MOUNTS

Within the northern highlands stands a circle of six low mountains regarded with reverence by the tribes and the skarren kulvraks. These are the Spirit Mounts, said to be home to powerful supernatural manifestations of the natural elements. Enormous beasts gifted with keen minds prowl the trails and dwell within the

mountain caves, while beings of wind, flame, rain, and stone lurk inside the depths of the rock. These beings can be cruel or kind, depending on the temperaments of those who approach and the gifts that they bear. A few Azghar clans blame one of the spirit kings in particular for many disasters, natural and otherwise.

THE TEMPLE OF THE SWALLOWED

At the southeastern tip of Korr stands the largest known structure constructed by the undead swallowed. The temple is built primarily of white stone and coral inlaid with pearls and opals, and consists of a central courtyard, four spires, and a bridge leading out to sea. The courtyard floods every evening, encrusting the stone with salt and littering the floor with seaweed and dead fish. The temple has no barricades or locks; no one has ever tried to breach its walls.

Swallowed shamble about the temple at all hours of the day and night, rarely traveling far from its grounds. Swallowed priests often conduct rituals within the courtyard or at the end of the bridge—often, they create fresh swallowed by drowning captive tribals, or twist the water itself into alien shapes. It's widely believed that great riches are hidden within the temple, but it would take a warlord or a madman to attack the site.

THE UNDERGROUND

Numerous caves and tunnels lead beneath the surface of Korr into a network of underground caverns. These caverns invariably draw the eyes of ambitious chieftains and inquisitive shamans. They offer the potential for treachery and guile: brave warriors could use the passages to creep beneath enemy territory, sprouting from the ground to raze a village or to rescue prisoners. So, too, do the caves offer the potential for wealth and power: the treasures and magic of the One Tribe are said to be hidden in temples and villages sunk below the rock.

But the real dangers of the underworld put an end to most fantasies. The denizens of the caves are powerful enough to rival any surface-dwelling monsters, and few willingly cede their territory. Pockets of poisonous gas, streams of magma, and cave-ins all frustrate adventurers who descend too far. Stranger hazards await intruders, as well—the survivors of failed expeditions report mystical fields that cast the unwary to distant locales, and intricate traps built to protect crypts. Only the ngakoi seem truly free to move underground, and





even they rarely dive deep.

Natural entrances to the underworld—crevices within the sides of the Cleft, openings at the base of midland hills, and so forth—are relatively common, but many lead to dead ends. Those known to lead farther may be watched by tribal shamans or protected for ritual purposes. Unnatural entrances—doorways carved into rock by ancient artisans, or tombs built to disguise stairways into darkness—are rarer. These are normally secret, guarded by zeidian warriors, or both.

For individuals dedicated to entering the underworld, though, there's always a way in. The trick is getting back out.

THE WHITE GHOST VILLAGE

If every story about a hidden tribe on Korr were true—if every secret village of cannibals and hill full of little folk were real—there wouldn't be room left for the four tribes themselves. But some stories persist longer than others, and some rumors are backed by evidence. No "lost tribe" is better known than the White Ghosts, a secretive people said to live in the northern mountains.

Supposedly, the White Ghosts and the Kurs were a single tribe during the third age, when none of the present tribes existed. That tribe's descendants split apart—perhaps peacefully, perhaps not—and while the Kurs traveled south to hide within the swamp, the White Ghosts hid within the mountains. Why each tribe chose to hide, none can say; the Inuls believe the proto-tribe made an enemy of a terrible spirit, and it tears through the mountains in search of the Ghosts to this day.

The White Ghosts are subsistence hunters and experts at camouflage and rock-climbing. Like the Kurs, they do not speak their language among outsiders, but unlike the Kurs, they do not speak the common language of the isles. When they notice trespassers, they're reputed to hide among the rocks and speak through the howling winds. The White Ghosts are also renowned for the sturdiness of their crafts—Ghost cloaks are said to ward off the harshest blizzards, and Ghost bone daggers are said to never break.

BEYOND KORR

Korr is only one of many islands in the archipelago, and humanoids have traveled from one isle to another for as long as they've sailed the sea. Many of the Broken Isles have as important a place in tribal lore as Korr itself, while other islands

contain secrets and treasures yet to be tapped.

In addition to the islands described below, a number of mythical islands have never been mapped. These islands, depending on which stories one accepts, can only be found at a certain time, when approached in a vessel made to certain specifications, or with the aid of magic. One shipwrecked sailor from afar once insisted to Azghar clansmen that the mythical isles were real, but await in distant waters to the north and east.

Among these lost isles are Skay Thol, isle of the dead; Arviskera, home to the Silver Men who regard mortal races as children; Zurnace, the fiery crucible; and Karune, the time-lost isle of portals. Woe to any who come upon them unprepared!

ANUKRANN

Travelers sailing between Thar'teb and Korr face a choice: be devoured by the horrors of Anu'krann to the south, or be destroyed by the storms of Tor'un to the north. For those who believe that nothing short of death can stop them, the waters surrounding Anu'krann are their chosen battleground.

Anu'krann is a bastion of corruption and befouled nature. The ocean around the isle is thick, black, and tarry, and many decaying rafts and canoes are stuck in the murky fluid. The island itself is covered in a similar slime, mixed with sandy soil and pebbles. Withered trees absorb a portion of the moisture, and a few misshapen stone buildings stand watch—perhaps the remnants of a primitive tribe that once inhabited Anu'krann. Bizarre, quasi-humanoid and animal creatures prowl the island's surface, and winged monstrosities often attack seagoing vessels.

Anu'krann was once an island like any of the others in the archipelago, but little is known of its distant past. During the third age, a terrible weapon arrived on the island and was thrust into a stone. The weapon's evil leaked into the rock and the soil, and the isle's transformation began. Two stories about the weapon's nature are most common: one says that the weapon was a black sword, brought from the west by a child of the suns who sought to dispose of it, while the other says that the weapon was a sphere containing mystic runes, created by an exiled shaman.

Zeidians tell another story—one more recent, explaining why zeidians are forbidden to guard the isle. In the past, they say, three zeidians attempted to contain Anu'krann's evil and protect the island from outsiders. The first zeidian was bodily corrupted, his form warped until he could

only serve the isle itself. The second zeidian was corrupted in spirit, and lost the will to defy the evil. The third zeidian remained pure the longest, but found that his meditative and martial disciplines became corrupt—and once this occurred, he saw no reason not to embrace the isle's taint. These three twisted zeidians are said to remain on Anu'krann today.

THE GODSTEETH

"The Godsteeth Islands" is the collective term for the dozens of tiny islands situated about Korr. They go unnamed and uncharted, overlooked or ignored by sailors. The largest of the Godsteeth approach the size of Kust and Anu'krann, while the smallest can be traversed in a matter of minutes. Most sport little vegetation or animal life, though sea creatures often nest in the islands' caves while great birds perch upon crags. Monstrous beings neither fish nor man make their lairs in the Godsteeth, keeping their eggs and their treasures in saltwater pools.

Along with beasts, the Godsteeth also house humanoids looking for solitude. A band of pirates from the far west preys upon vulnar trade ships from a hidden fort in the islands, and exiled tribals often hope to join them. The hermit Lakhon reportedly dwells within the Godsteeth, as well; the mad zeidian is renowned for his unique, frenzied combat style.

GRALL

Grall is a hilly island of dense jungle inhabited by two warring human—or almost human—tribes. The people of Korr view Grall as a place best avoided, a violent realm of madmen and magic. And for the most part, they do avoid it—the precious rocks and rare flora of the island aren't normally worth the trouble of visiting. Nonetheless, sometimes a shaman's vision or a vulnar trader's offer sends boats to Grall's shore.

The northern half of Grall is ruled by the Pyverus tribe. The Pyverenes are a highly religious people who live in the honeycombed tunnels of an enormous bluff. The bluff's pictograph-carved caves course with flowing lava and superheated water, and finding paths around the streams and waterfalls can be maddeningly difficult. The Pyverenes call the bluff "Khistorjan" (translated loosely as "the Font of Life") and believe the burning springs within have magical properties of purification and healing. The storytellers of Korr say that the Pyverenes are cold-blooded, and that the fire of Khistorjan gives them strength

to fight and hunt.

The leaders of the Pyverus tribe are the oracles of Khistorjan, twin sisters who rarely emerge from the deepest caves. Their edicts invariably concern the defense and veneration of Khistorjan, and the Pyverenes believe their tribe exists (and must survive) solely for this purpose. The tribe discourages the arrival of strangers on Grall, but will meet grudgingly with foreigners—save for on holy days, when tribal warriors rain spears down on any non-Pyverene. The oracles even accept petitions from strangers for access to the caves, grant wisdom and prophecies, and induct devoted individuals into the tribe. Legend has it that the oracles possess many magical treasures given to them in return for their favors.

One final fact is known about the tribe: the

♦ ♦ FEATS OF GRALL ♦ ♦

Armor of the Sacred Fruit [Undruyn]

Parts of your body are covered with chitinous purple scales, thanks to the power of the sacred fruit.

Prerequisite: Undruyn.

Benefit: Your scales are the equivalent of a masterwork breastplate, except you treat them as light armor and suffer no speed penalty. You cannot remove the armor, nor can you wear another suit over the scales. You are automatically considered proficient with this armor.

Armor of the Sacred Warrior [Undruyn]

Undruyn artists have thickened and refined your armor tattoos into plates, covering you almost completely.

Prerequisites: Undruyn, Armor of the Sacred Fruit.

Benefit: Your armor improves to the equivalent of chitin armor, except you treat it as medium armor and suffer no speed penalty. You cannot remove the armor, nor can you wear another suit over the plates. You are automatically considered proficient with this armor.

Claws of the Sacred Fruit [Undruyn]

Through the sacred rites of the Undruyns, you've grown a set of chitinous claws from the tops of your fingers.

Prerequisite: Undruyn.

Benefit: You gain two natural attacks with your claws, each dealing 1d4 points of damage (1d6 if you are Large, or 1d3 if you are Small) plus your Strength bonus.

Pyverenes are unmatched in their skill at gemcutting. Pyverenes collect vast stores of gemstones from Khistojan and use them in decoration, magic, and crafts. Even Pyverene weapons are commonly tipped with rubies or mystically edged with diamond dust.

At odds with the Pyverus tribe is the Undruyn tribe, viewed by Pyverenes as heretical intruders on Grall's sacred ground. The Undruyns, naturally, view the Pyverenes as barbarians to be driven away from Grall's bounty. The Undruyns arrived on Grall during the third age, breaking away from one of the tribes of Korr. Their leader—a warrior named Undruyea—received a vision of a lush garden on the island, and sought a strange fruit within. The Pyverenes knew the fruit as a rare, poisonous weed, and since they had eliminated it everywhere but the rocky enclaves in the south of the jungle, it was there that the Undruyns build their huts.

Undruyea's children were the first to learn the fruit's secrets. Ordinarily, if the fruit's seed is ingested, the eater soon dies—pierced from the inside-out by chitinous, purple-blue protrusions. But the tribe discovered that “carving” a person's skin with ink from jungle plants allowed control over the seed's growth. By carefully marking a person with scaly tattoos or sharp claws, Undruyn artists can force the chitin to grow over the marks and permanently bond to flesh. Nearly all Undruyns have at least one such “tattoo,” and many warriors are so heavily marked as to appear monstrous.

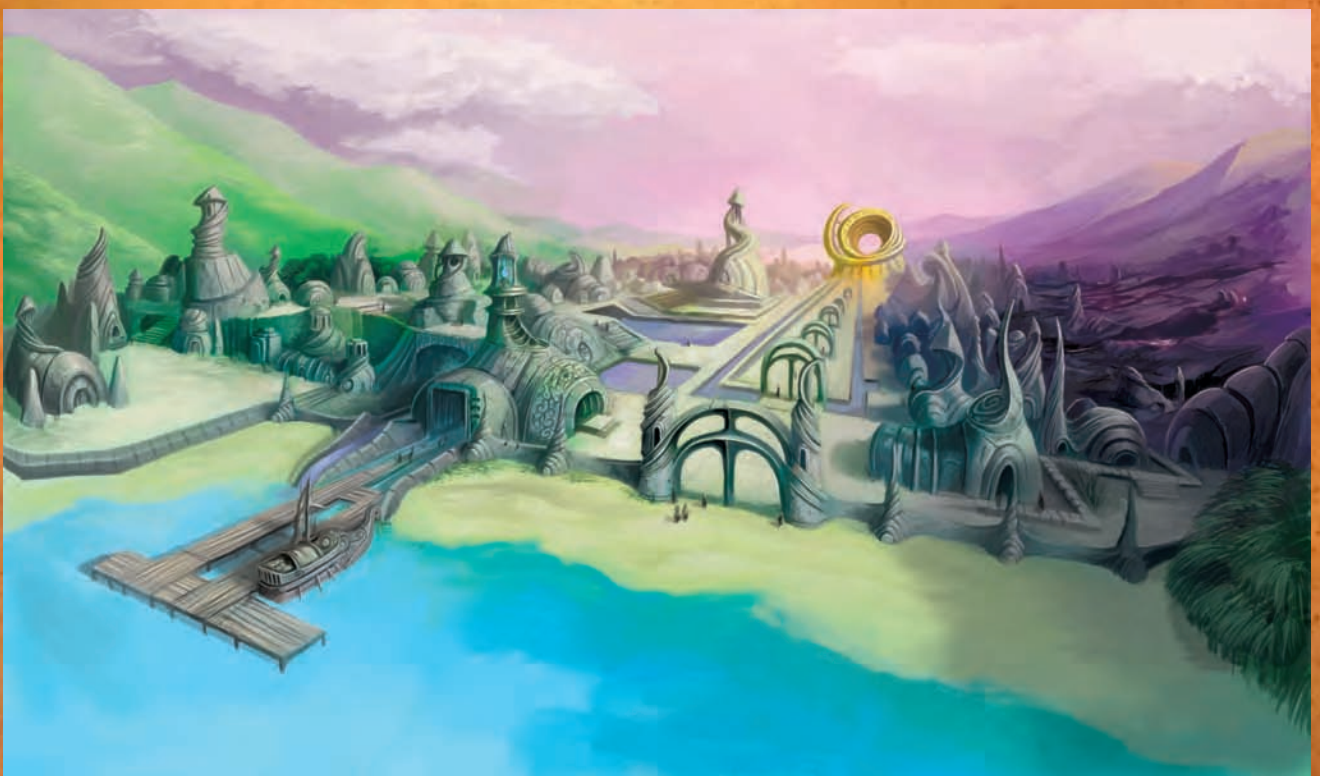
The tribe sees the fruit as a gift from the spirit who guided Undruyea to Grall. Much of the tribe's time is spent cultivating and harvesting the fruit, along with the plants needed to distill their ink. The rest of the tribe's time is spent fighting the Pyverenes. The Undruyn chieftain (always a male descendant of Undruyea) supposedly receives insights directly from his totem, but he says little about the tribe's long-term goals.

To outsiders, Undruyns are commonly seen as even more bloodthirsty and xenophobic than the Pyverenes, with one notable exception: Undruyns offer the gifts of the sacred fruit to anyone who asks, so long as that person swears allegiance to the tribe and its totem spirit. Given the Undruyns' reputation, such a person is unlikely to be welcome among any other tribe again.

KUST

The island of Kust is an anomaly. It rose like a mountain out of the ocean six decades ago, flooding its neighbors and roaring with a sound that could be heard across Korr. Shamans who attempt to scry Kust speak of a cult of powerful wizards who live within the mountain's caverns, practicing black magic and stealing children for their experiments.

Physically, Kust appears to be little more than a jagged mound of stone edged with sheer cliffs. A boat that could navigate the rock-strewn ocean would have difficulty finding a natural harbor, although Azghar sailors report hidden crevasses



that may lead to the interior or an underground lake. Any flat surfaces on Kust are hidden beyond the cliffs, along with any structures or significant vegetation. Ngakoi seers say that Kust and the surrounding skies are “lined with magic,” and no one finds this hard to believe. Tribals even claim to have seen the remains of drowned men swimming nearby and climbing the rocks.

The story of Kust bears some similarities to a zeidian legend of the second age. Among the human exiles from the west who fled to the Broken Isles was a proud acolyte of a foreign god. The acolyte, along with his followers, carved a citadel from a rock within the ocean as a show of his power. When the acolyte’s god turned from him—angered, perhaps, or felled by another deity—the island-citadel sank into the water.

THAR’TEB

Thar’teb is a thickly forested island best known as the gateway to the Broken Isles. It is a place for merchant vessels to dock and replenish their supplies, and for vulnar slave galleys to begin their journey west. Most of Thar’teb is wilderness populated by simple beasts; only the eastern cliffs, with their extraordinary array of rare birds, are notable for their own sake.

The foreigners’ base on Thar’teb is the city of Kyssari. Once a great port used by the children of the suns during the second age, the city was abandoned until its discovery by the vulnar a decade ago. As the vulnar established relations with the Azghar, they made Kyssari their own. Other strangers soon followed.

Kyssari is carved from nulstone, a unique porous mineral indigenous to the isles, and is encircled by a 6-foot-high wall. The city has lost none of its beauty since its former rulers’ departure: its streets are paved with an ivory-white mixture of crushed sea shells and mortar, and its graceful buildings, arches, ramps, and obelisks shine pink, blue, and green. The Issar River flows through Kyssari’s canals, entering through a grate in the west wall and emptying into the ocean. A temple to the suns stands at the north of the city, carved from golden rock and adorned with blue crystal.

The only blemish on Kyssari is a crack in the earth on the eastern side of town. There, buildings have been reduced to rubble, and caves and passages spiral deep below the earth. Tribal myth holds that great creatures once lived underground, and were responsible for the city’s abandonment. The area is avoided by the city’s inhabitants, and guarded by a contingent of mercenaries who lodge in a

nearby barracks.

Over a thousand people dwell within Kyssari, though this is a mere fraction of the total the city could house. These individuals come on great ships from the west; they are merchants, mercenaries, slavers, and vulnar, who trade for trinkets and seek employment. What the foreigners ultimately want is a mystery to the islanders. Some shamans believe they search for magic and treasures left behind by the children of the suns. Others contend they are the first wave of an invasion, seeking to conquer the isles. The truth may never be known, but Kyssari is viewed with deep suspicion and is avoided by most locals. Only the Azghars have cemented an alliance with the vulnar, and Azghar warriors brought to Kyssari as guards are seen by some islanders as traitors.

There are other exceptions— islanders who

◆ ◆ KYSSARI ITEMS ◆ ◆

Silver Bracelet

Silver bracelets are fastened around the wrists of islanders who enter Kyssari. They are fashioned from a silvery-white metal that glows with a ghostly radiance equivalent to that of a candle. The outside of a bracelet is etched with runes. Silver bracelets are normally locked and unlocked with the end of a silver scepter, but can be picked with a DC 35 Open Lock check. A silver bracelet has a hardness of 15 and 35 hit points.


Silver Scepter

Silver scepters are wielded by the guards who stand at Kyssari’s gates. A silver scepter is 3 feet long, inscribed with runes, and topped with a pale blue gemstone. They are fashioned from the same metal as a silver bracelet and glow with the same radiance.

Unlike the bracelets, silver scepters are not merely crafted from magical metal; they are true magic items, presumably forged by the vulnar. When a command word is spoken, a silver scepter’s glow indicates the direction of the nearest silver bracelet. This effect is identical to a *locate object* spell.

Kyssari’s guards use the scepters every evening to search for islanders who remain in the city. The guards keep unused bracelets in lead-lined chests to avoid interference. About a half-dozen silver scepters exist on the island of Thar’teb.

Faint divination; CL 5th; Craft Wondrous Item, *locate object*; Price 6,000 hex.



do enter the city, to conduct trade, to contact the vulnar, or simply to indulge their curiosity. Access to the city is limited, and islanders are fitted with locked bracelets for identification. No more than fifty islanders are allowed in Kyssari at a time, and all must depart by nightfall. Those who overstay their welcome are stripped of their belongings, branded on the wrist with a vulnar rune, and never allowed re-entry—if they're ever seen again at all. What goes on after dark is another mystery; the only clues are the roars of crowds and the clangor of battle that carry beyond the walls.

In secret, certain tribals have suggested infiltrating the city or invoking the Bond of Ceilan to force the vulnar out. One mysterious band of warriors known as Kutuul's Eye despises the foreigners, occasionally conducting raids against the city. These raids have been easily dealt with thus far, and no new raids have been attempted for several seasons. Time will tell whether the band has given up, or whether it is biding its time and plotting a major offensive.

TOR'UN

Travelers sailing between Thar'teb and Korr face a choice: be destroyed by the storms of Tor'un to the north, or be devoured by the horrors of Anu'krann to the south. For those who fear a fate worse than death, the waters surrounding Tor'un are the preferred foe to challenge.

During the better part of each day, Tor'un is surrounded by dark clouds, high winds, and swirling waters. Lightning constantly hammers the island, except for when the lightning is drawn to passing ships instead. It's nearly impossible to get close to the island during these periods, and no sane navigator would try. The storm dies down each night, only to be replaced with a mighty whirlpool that spreads outward from the island, dashing ships against rocky outcroppings.

For a few minutes each noon, however, the storm clears and the water calms. At such times, it's possible to see much of the strange isle. Its beach is covered in glassy patches where lightning has fused the sand, and its flat, grassy interior is spotted with scorch marks. Scattered stands of trees provide habitat for animals.

In the center of Tor'un stands the Unbroken Tower, a cylindrical structure made of colored marble without any apparent windows or doors. The tower's color changes with the seasons, ranging from a verdant green to rose to pale blue.

It rises from an artificial "lake" within a perfect circle of stone; a wide stone path spirals downward into the water, until finally reaching the tower's base at the center of the lake's bottom. Legend has it that a being is trapped within the tower—a spirit of magic bound by physicality—and that the being is the cause of Tor'un's storms.

Although the mystery of the tower draws the occasional brave adventurer, and survivors of shipwrecks sometimes linger on the shore, most deliberate visitors to Tor'un are druidic shamans. Mighty earth magic lingers about the isle, and Naruks in particular revere Tor'un's power. The exact source of the power, though, is known to few, if any, islanders.

ULL

The northernmost island of the Broken Isles, Ull's misty peaks conceal ancient secrets that mystify even the wisest shamans. The primordial landscape of Ull is a beauty to behold: towering mountains, rushing rivers, and lush valleys harken back to an age when the gods still walked the world. Ull remains unblemished by the touch of civilization, and preserves a power and majesty lost elsewhere on Avadnu.

It is believed that Ull existed before the first age of stories, and that the god who became the isles was impaled and broken on Ull's Great Peak. The Peak is the tallest summit in the isles, and the rust-colored Thortur River flows down from the mountaintop and south toward the ocean. Where it winds among Ull's other mountains and gains speed, it turns into a rapid called the Bloodwash. Skarren believe the Thortur runs with the blood of their fallen patriarch, and many kulvrak leaders make pilgrimages to "Olna Koriak" or "the land of the maker" and drink from the river's banks.

Ull is also the legendary home of the Bloodmarked, giant skarren warriors 10 feet tall who sport elaborate bone protrusions. The Bloodmarked reportedly possess the ability to understand and speak all languages, despite the island's isolation and the traditional skarren disdain for words. Skarren storytellers describe their speech as burning men's minds. The Bloodmarked have never been seen beyond Ull; rumors of giants wandering Korr's northern mountains can be easily explained as sightings of adithari or other monsters. The origins and motives of the Bloodmarked are unknown, but many islanders believe that to see one is an honor only surpassed by the chance to be slain by one.

To the tribes of Korr, Ull is a mysterious and sacred place. Steep sea cliffs and reefs make landing difficult, though stretches of rocky beach make landfall possible. No humans dwell there, and few venture near its ragged shores. Only the skarren are bold enough to regularly return to Olna Koriak, and all kulvraks journey to Ull in a great migration every ten winters. Some tribals, especially chieftains and shamans, travel to Ull in their old age to “find the maker” and to see the birthplace of the isles before their passing. None has ever returned.

BEYOND THE BROKEN ISLES

And what lays beyond the Broken Isles? Beyond the ocean itself?

To the west awaits a vast land, many times the size of the isles. This land is home to the vulnar, home to the children of the suns, home to the stormkin, and home to a thousand tribes of humanity. Those rare islanders who have seen this land and returned speak of extraordinary cities greater than Kyssari, magic beyond the reach of shamans, and forests and wastelands unlike any on Korr.

To the people of the Broken Isles, this is a land to be challenged...



MONSTERS

This chapter details some of the most common monsters found in the Broken Isles. As a general rule, the creatures described in the MM v.3.5 are not native to the world of Avadnu (with the exception of some basic animals); therefore, DMs are encouraged to use the creatures that follow or to create new backgrounds and descriptions for traditional monsters (see page 35 for examples).

About half of the monsters in this chapter are excerpted from *Denizens of Avadnu*, the Violet Dawn monster collection. That book has many additional creatures that can be used in the Broken Isles, including a variety of high Challenge Rating monsters.

ADITHARI

Large Giant

Hit Dice: 6d8+18 (45 hp)

Initiative: -1 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft. (6 squares)

AC: 17 (-1 size, -1 Dex, +9 natural)

Touch: 8 **Flat-Footed:** 17

Base Attack/Grapple: +4/+13

Attack: Claw +8 melee (1d6+5)

Full Attack: 2 claws +8 melee (1d6+5)

Space/Reach: 10 ft./10 ft.

Special Attacks: Free swarm

Special Qualities: Amphibious, fast healing 4, low-light vision

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +1, Will +1

Abilities: Str 21, Dex 9, Con 17, Int 4, Wis 9, Cha 6

Skills: Listen +5, Spot +5, Swim +6

Feats: Alertness, Endurance, Power Attack

Environment: Temperate and warm aquatic, hills, and plains

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 5

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Usually chaotic evil

Advancement: By character class

Level Adjustment: +4

This 8-foot-tall giant is covered in a spiny, rust-colored exoskeleton riddled with small holes around its chest and arms. Its skull is large, with two small cracks for its eyes and bone over its mouth. Its arms hang low, each ending in three thick fingers.

Adithari are amphibious armored giants infested with tiny vermin, whose wails can be heard from their lairs among the Godsteeth and the isles' shores.

Adithari have a symbiotic relationship with maggotlike insects called koulusks, which live inside the holes of adithari exoskeletons. When an adithari is ready to feed, these inch-long grubs swarm out and devour the adithari's prey. Once the koulusks have had their fill, they return to the adithari, releasing secretions the adithari absorbs. As an adithari ages, the number of koulusks sharing the exoskeleton grows to such an extent that, in order to give the koulusks sufficient living space, the adithari is forced to tear at its exoskeleton to create wider openings. Despite an adithari's ability to heal rapidly, this process is very painful, and is usually accompanied by loud screams that can be heard across great distances.

When not hunting, adithari avoid contact with other creatures, and live in simple burrows or caves laden with the stinking carcasses of their victims. Although they can breathe underwater, most only descend when hiding from powerful attackers or when hunting aquatic creatures. They are marginally intelligent, but have no real society, and are slow-witted and violent. In general, adithari refuse to converse with anything they think they can kill. The rare exception is when a particularly smart and capable female becomes a shaman; such an adithari usually lives in isolation, but some serve or work alongside other evil creatures.

Adithari speak a crude dialect of Ramshen.



Combat

Adithari claw and swipe at their opponents, only unleashing their koulusks if they are surrounded or otherwise outmatched.

Free Swarm (Ex): As a standard action, an adithari can tear open its exoskeleton, spilling its koulusks into its space. Treat the koulusks as a locust swarm without a fly speed. The koulusks do not harm the adithari, and the adithari can draw them back inside its exoskeleton as a standard action at any time it shares space with part of the swarm. The koulusks disperse 2 rounds after the adithari's death.

Amphibious (Ex): Adithari can survive underwater for 1 hour per 2 points of Constitution. After that, they risk drowning.

AREJL

Medium Monstrous Humanoid

Hit Dice: 4d8+4 (22 hp)

Initiative: +5 (+1 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares), swim 40 ft.

AC: 15 (+1 Dex, +4 natural)

Touch: 11 **Flat-Footed:** 14

Base Attack/Grapple: +4/+7

Attack: Claw +7 melee (1d6+3)

Full Attack: 2 claws +7 melee (1d6+3) and bite +2 melee (1d4+1)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Improved grab, breath drain

Special Qualities: Amphibious, darkvision 60 ft.

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +4

Abilities: Str 17, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 9, Wis 11, Cha 8

Skills: Hide +2*, Listen +4, Move Silently +3*, Spot +4, Swim +11

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative

Environment: Any marshes

Organization: Solitary or pair

Challenge Rating: 3

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Usually neutral evil

Advancement: By character class

Level Adjustment: +3

This creature's spongy, blue-green skin matches the color of the murky water, and its large, clawed feet and four-fingered hands are encrusted with mud and silt. From the back of its head grow long gray tendrils that wriggle in the air.

Argills are amphibious humanoids who drain the breath of their enemies. They nest mainly among the Godsteeth, but occasionally hunt on Korr's shores. Rumors place one particularly large, intelligent argill in the river within the Cleft.

Argills stand 6 to 8 feet tall and weigh between 300 and 400 pounds. Their tendrils extract oxygen from their environment, allowing them to remain underwater for hours before resurfacing. They feed on fish and plants, but attack larger creatures to protect their territory. They are nocturnal, and most live in hand-dug, half-submerged burrows with a single mate. Argill pairs often hunt together, working in tandem to catch their prey.

Argills have no formal society, nor any discernible language. It is unknown how they communicate.

Combat

Argills are strong, and use that strength to their advantage when threatened or hungry. Typically, an argill will sneak up on an opponent from underwater, and try to surprise, grab, and suffocate the creature.

Improved Grab (Ex): To use this ability, an argill must hit a Medium or smaller opponent with its bite attack.

It can then attempt to start a grapple as a free action without provoking an attack of opportunity.

If it wins the grapple check, it establishes a hold

and can try to drain its opponent's breath in the following round.

Breath Drain (Ex): An argill can attach its tendrils to the face of a grabbed opponent with a successful grapple check. The opponent must make a DC 13 Constitution check. The save DC is Constitution-based. The save must be repeated each following round the argill makes a successful grapple check, with the DC increasing by +1 for each immediately previous success the opponent has made. When the opponent fails one of these Constitution checks, it begins to suffocate, falling unconscious (0 hp). If the argill successfully grapples in the following round, the opponent drops to -1 hit points and is dying. After a third round, it suffocates.

Amphibious (Ex): Argills can survive underwater for 1 hour per 2 points of Constitution. After that, they risk drowning.

Skills: *Argills have a +8 circumstance

bonus on Hide and Move Silently checks when underwater.

BOIL SPORE

Tiny Ooze

Hit Dice: 1/2 d10+2 (4 hp)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 15 ft. (3 squares), climb 15 ft.

AC: 14 (+2 size, +2 Dex)

Touch: 14 **Flat-Footed:** 12

Base Attack/Grapple: +0/-8

Attack: Flare +4 melee (1d3 fire)

Full Attack: Flare +4 melee (1d3 fire)

Space/Reach: 2-1/2 ft./0 ft.

Special Attacks: Flare

Special Qualities: Blindsight 30 ft., damage reduction 5/bludgeoning, ooze traits, vulnerability to cold

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +2, Will -2

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 14, Con 14, Int -, Wis 7, Cha 1

Skills: Climb +8

Environment: Underground

Organization: Solitary or colony (2-12)

Challenge Rating: 1/2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 1-2 HD (Tiny); 3-5 HD (Small)

A black, oily sphere lined with orange veins rolls and bounces along the ground. It is no larger than a human head.

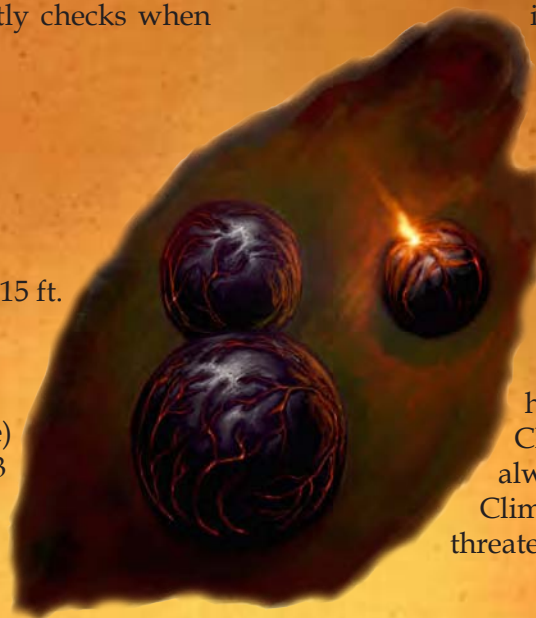
Boil spores are rubbery entities that dwell in and around caves, often near heat sources such as magma streams or hot springs. They are especially common on the island of Grall. A boil spore can open pores in its skin to release spurts of flame from its superheated innards.

Boil spores spend most of their time sitting still on the earth's surface or hanging from cave walls, absorbing ambient heat. They occasionally attack large creatures that send vibrations through the air and disrupt the local environment.

Combat

Boil spores roll into range of their foes and release their flares until defeated. Individual spores never flee, but spores that have not yet entered combat may refrain from doing so if their brethren are clearly outmatched.

Flare (Ex): A boil spore's sole attack is a burst of flame expelled from its interior. A boil spore applies its Dexterity modifier to its flare attack



instead of its Strength modifier, and does not modify its damage based on Strength.

Blindsight (Ex): A boil spore's entire body is a primitive sensory organ that can ascertain prey by scent and vibration within 30 feet.

Skills: A boil spore has a +8 racial bonus on Climb checks and can always choose to take 10 on a Climb check, even if rushed or threatened.

BRAERSHOOT

Small Plant

Hit Dice: 1d8+1 (5 hp)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: Fly 20 ft. (perfect) (4 squares)

AC: 13 (+1 size, +2 Dex)

Touch: 13 **Flat-Footed:** 11

Base Attack/Grapple: +0/-4

Attack: Tentacle +0 melee (1d3) or thorn +2 ranged (1d4)

Full Attack: Tentacle +0 melee (1d3); or thorn +2 ranged (1d4)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Thorn, thorn burst

Special Qualities: Immunity to light, low-light vision, plant traits

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +0

Abilities: Str 11, Dex 14, Con 13, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 2

Environment: Temperate forests

Organization: Solitary, pod (2-7), or grove (8-30)

Challenge Rating: 1/2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 2-4 HD (Small); 5-7 HD (Medium); 8-12 HD (Large)

This floating plant's "stem" is a small globe of yellow light that hovers a yard above the ground. Sprouting from the top of the globe are short, thick vines, each ending in a sharp thorn.

Braershoots are common plants in the Broken Isles, often used for target practice by young warriors.

A braershoot's light is held within a thin, transparent membrane that thickens to



translucency at night. Its vines ordinarily hang limp over the globe, but rise and shoot their thorns with a popping noise when the plant feels threatened.

In a braershoot's case, a "threat" qualifies as anything foreign to its environment, often including humanoids. Whole forests of braershoots once inhabited parts of the isles, drifting with the winds and glowing beautifully in the evenings. Over time, the islanders eliminated most such forests, until the plants became little more than a nuisance. When away from their swamp, Kurs have even sought the plants out, using their thorns to tip darts.

Combat

A braershoot is a poor tactician at best, assaulting any foreign presence without regard for challenge. Once injured, it may try to retreat or release its thorns in a burst.

Thorn (Ex): A braershoot can shoot a thorn from a tentacle at a target within 30 feet as a standard action.

Thorn Burst (Ex): Once per day as a standard action, a braershoot can shoot all its thorns at once. Each creature within 30 feet must succeed on a DC 11 Reflex save or take thorn damage. The save DC is Constitution-based. Once the braershoot has used this attack, it is stunned for 1 round and can no longer shoot thorns for 24 hours.

Immunity to Light (Ex): A braershoot is unaffected by spells and effects with the light descriptor.

CENTIOCH

Huge Vermin

Hit Dice: 8d8+16 (52 hp)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 40 ft. (8 squares)

AC: 17 (-2 size, +2 Dex, +7 natural)

Touch: 10 **Flat-Footed:** 15

Base Attack/Grapple: +6/+18

Attack: Bite +8 melee (2d6+4)

Full Attack: Bite +8 melee (2d6+4) and sting +3 melee (2d4+2 plus poison)

Space/Reach: 15 ft./10 ft.

Special Attacks: Poison

Special Qualities: Darkvision 60 ft., vermin traits

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +2

Abilities: Str 19, Dex 14, Con 15, Int —, Wis 10, Cha 4

Skills: Balance +10, Climb +12, Hide -2, Spot +4

Environment: Underground

Organization: Solitary or colony (2-7)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 9-10 HD (Huge); 11-14 HD (Gargantuan)

An overgrown centipede with huge mandibles scuttles across the ground. It must be 25 feet long, with a thick, black carapace and a rusty orange scorpion's tail topped with a three-pronged stinger.



Centiochs travel through tunnels beneath Korr's surface, devouring living creatures and carrion alike. They paralyze their prey with a fast-acting poison, and their many widespread legs give them excellent balance. They live only a dozen seasons after

hatching and leaving their colonies. Centiochs lay scores of eggs at once, but fewer than one in six newborns survives to adulthood.

Combat

Centiochs rarely eat creatures bigger than sheep, but large slow-moving or injured creatures may tempt centiochs into attacking anyway. Anger and hunger can also drive centiochs to attack. In combat, a centioch bites and stings one creature until that creature falls, then moves on to the next.

Poison (Ex): Injury, Fortitude DC 16 or be paralyzed for 2d4 rounds. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Skills: Centiochs have a +4 racial bonus on Hide and Spot checks, and a +8 racial bonus on Balance and Climb checks.

DARNU

Medium Magical Beast

Hit Dice: 4d10+8 (30 hp)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 50 ft. (10 squares)

AC: 14 (+2 Dex, +2 natural)

Touch: 12 **Flat-Footed:** 12

Base Attack/Grapple: +4/+6

Attack: Bite +6 melee (1d6+3)

Full Attack: Bite +6 melee (1d6+3)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Qualities: Darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent, tongues

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +2

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 9, Wis 13, Cha 10

Skills: Hide +6, Listen +6, Move Silently +5, Spot +5, Survival +2*

Feats: Alertness, Run, Track^B

Environment: Cold and temperate forests, hills, mountains, and plains

Organization: Solitary, pair, or pack (3-7)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral evil

Advancement: 5-7 HD (Medium); 8 HD (Large)

Level Adjustment: +0 (+1 if albino) (cohort)

This harmless-looking canine stands 4 feet high at the shoulder and is covered in thick gray and black fur. Its pointed ears are tipped with thin tufts of white, and its tail is long and bushy. Its stubby muzzle doesn't entirely conceal its large teeth.

Darnu are intelligent canines who trick their enemies by learning humanoid languages.

Korr's darnu population is mostly contained to the upper midlands, and darnu sightings are unusual even there. Azghars and Naruks kill darnu on sight, prizing their pelts as much as the chance to slay a fast and vicious predator. Kurs despise darnu for stealing their secret language, but believe bad luck awaits those who hunt the beasts. Skarren call darnu "dom'chut," or "demon dogs" for their ability to mimic languages and confuse and disorient opponents.

A darnu pack is led by an alpha male, who is the only male pack member permitted to breed. Those who challenge the alpha's leadership fight the alpha in a vicious battle for dominance. Darnu view other animals as lesser beings unfit to share their territory, and prefer to eat intelligent humanoids. Despite their haughtiness, however, darnu can be bargained with; Inuls are reputed to deal with them secretly, using them as spies and sentries in return for gifts of human flesh. The darnu of Korr also possess a deep-seated hatred for the vulnar, and occasionally whisper vulnar secrets to islanders.

Darnu speak all languages common to the Broken Isles.

Combat

When hunting, darnu will track travelers passing through their territory for days or weeks at a time.

When they are ready to fight, darnu call out taunts and chants from

a distance, distracting and unnerving their opponents. At night, the pack alpha may whisper a traveler's name, luring him away from his campsite to be devoured alone.

Tongues (Su): A darnu can speak and understand any language it hears for 24 hours after exposure. After 3 consecutive days during which a darnu is exposed to a language, the darnu gains the permanent ability to speak and understand that language. This ability does not confer literacy.

Skills: Darnu have a +2 racial bonus on Hide, Listen, and Move Silently checks. *Darnu have a +4 racial bonus on Survival checks when tracking by scent.

Albino Darnu

A newborn albino darnu always becomes its



pack's alpha once it matures. Otherwise identical to their kin, albino darnu can use the following spell-like abilities: 3/day—*ghost sound* (DC 10), *message*, *ventriloquism* (DC 10); 1/day—*hideous laughter* (DC 12). Caster level 5th. The save DCs are Charisma-based.

DHARCANEN

Medium Outsider (Native)
Hit Dice: 3d8+6 (19 hp)
Initiative: +9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)
Speed: Fly 40 ft. (perfect) (8 squares)
AC: 15 (+5 Dex)
Touch: 15 **Flat-Footed:** 10
Base Attack/Grapple: +3/+4
Attack: Bite +8 melee (1d6+1)
Full Attack: 2 bites +8 melee (1d6+1)
Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks: Constrict 2d4+1, spit spell
Special Qualities: Damage reduction 5/magic, darkvision 60 ft., swallow spell
Saves: Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +5
Abilities: Str 12, Dex 20, Con 15, Int 5, Wis 14, Cha 15
Skills: Concentration +8, Listen +8, Spellcraft +3, Spot +8, Survival +8
Feats: Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse
Environment: Any
Organization: Solitary, pair, or swarm (3–7)
Challenge Rating: 3
Treasure: None
Alignment: Always chaotic neutral
Advancement: 4–5 HD (Medium); 6 HD (Large)

A two-headed serpent made of crimson flame suddenly bursts into existence. It writhes through the air, tangled in its own tail, and it's impossible to tell whether it has one head at each end of its body or whether its neck divides somewhere. It lashes like a fiery whip and smells of charcoal.

A dharcanen is a physical manifestation of the magic buried beneath the Broken Isles.

Dharcanens appear spontaneously at sites of powerful magic and instinctively guard such sites against intruders. They cannot be reasoned with or bribed; they are extensions of magic itself, given the instincts of a beast protecting its lair. Often, the presence of a dharcanen is the first sign of hidden magic in a region, and shamans have been known to obsess over such clues.

Combat

A dharcanen never flees a battle, biting and grappling

until destroyed. A dharcanen rarely attacks a known spellcaster until other threats are dealt with, hoping to be fed spells it can later spit out.

Constrict (Ex): A dharcanen deals 2d4+1 points of damage with a successful grapple check.

Spit Spell (Sp): A dharcanen can spit out and cast a spell it has swallowed. Treat the spell as a spell-like ability used by the dharcanen. The dharcanen's caster level is 5th. The spell's save DC is Charisma-based.

Swallow Spell (Su): When a dharcanen is the sole and specified target of a spell, it can forfeit the spell's normal saving throw (if any) and make a special Reflex save against the spell's save DC (even if the spell normally does not allow a save). If the dharcanen succeeds, one head swallows the spell without harm and can spit it out on a later turn. If the dharcanen fails, the spell works normally.

The dharcanen can attempt to swallow one spell per round for each head that isn't already carrying a spell. So long as a dharcanen's head contains a spell, it cannot use that head to swallow another spell or to make bite attacks.

GLAMWINE

Medium Magical Beast
Hit Dice: 4d10+8 (30 hp)
Initiative: +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)
Speed: 10 ft. (2 squares), fly 60 ft. (average)
AC: 17 (+2 Dex, +5 natural)
Touch: 12 **Flat-Footed:** 15
Base Attack/Grapple: +4/+6
Attack: Claw +6 melee (1d6+2)
Full Attack: 2 claws +6 melee (1d6+2) and bite +1 melee (2d4+1)
Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks: Dazzling dive
Special Qualities: Low-light vision, deafening ring
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +2
Abilities: Str 15, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 13, Cha 8
Skills: Listen +4, Spot +5
Feats: Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative
Environment: Temperate forests
Organization: Solitary or pair
Challenge Rating: 3
Treasure: None
Alignment: Always neutral
Advancement: 5–7 HD (Medium)

This bird resembles an enormous eagle 6 feet long from beak to tail. Beneath its orange and white plumage shines a far brighter layer of glimmering gems.

One of the isles' most breathtaking sights, glamwings are large birds encrusted with an armor of organic gemstones. Although these gems are not as hard as true mineral stones, they offer significant protection and dazzling beauty. Glamwing feathers are typically blue, red, orange, or white (or a mix of all four), and their gems can be white, green, or red. Glamwings are common in eastern Thar'teb and in Korr's southern lowlands.

Glamwings are relatively solitary creatures, living on a diet of large fish and small mammals. They are antagonistic toward humanoids due to centuries of being hunted; islanders value glamwing gems for use in armorsmithing, while outsiders pay high prices for glamwing gem jewelry. Glamwings make their nests in the sides of cliffs, although few islanders have ever climbed far enough to reach one. Tribal warriors keep trying, though, hoping to capture a glamwing egg—purported to be a fist-sized gem of incomparable cut.

Combat

Glamwings dive and claw at creatures they view as easy prey or as possible threats to their nests.

Dazzling Dive (Ex): When a glamwing dives while outdoors and in daylight, the target of its attack must succeed on a DC 14 Fortitude save or be blinded for 1 round. Even if the target succeeds, it is still dazzled for 1 round. This effect takes place before the glamwing attacks. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Deafening Ring (Ex): When a critical hit or sneak attack is scored on a glamwing, the bird's armor vibrates in such a way as to produce an ear-piercing ring. Each creature (except for glamwings) within 20 feet must succeed on a DC 14 Fortitude save or be deafened for 1d4 rounds. The save DC is Constitution-based.



BORE

Medium Animal

Hit Dice: 4d8+7 (25 hp)

Initiative: -1 (Dex)

Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares), swim 30 ft.

AC: 17 (-1 Dex, +8 natural)

Touch: 9 **Flat-Footed:** 17

Base Attack/Grapple: +3/+4

Attack: Tail slam +4 melee (1d8+1)

Full Attack: Tail slam +4 melee (1d8+1) and bite -1 melee (1d4)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Qualities: Hold breath, low-light vision

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +1

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 9, Con 12, Int 1, Wis 10, Cha 6

Skills: Listen +4, Spot +4, Survival +2, Swim +10

Feats: Alertness, Toughness

Environment: Temperate and warm aquatic

Organization: Solitary or family (3-10)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 5-6 HD (Medium)

Level Adjustment: +2* (companion)

This creature resembles a giant tortoise with a 3-foot-long spiked tail. Its body is armored with spiky plates, protecting its small, beaked head and three-toed feet. Its skin color ranges from light beige to deep bronze, and its shell is marked with dark green and brown patterns.

Averaging nearly 5 feet long, 3 to 4 feet high, and weighing a massive 500 pounds, gorgs make up for their clumsiness with sheer resolve. Generally passive, they spend most of their time asleep or searching for vegetation and small fish to eat. They nest in damp, shallow caves in seawalls and high ocean cliffs, and live in closely-knit families each dominated by the eldest female. This matriarch is generally the largest of the family, and is fiercely protected by the other gorgs. Gorgs usually lay three to five eggs every three summers, and live into their early thirties. A gorg's tail plating calcifies throughout its lifetime, becoming heavier and more dangerous with age.

Kurs view the peaceful and dull-witted creatures with deep respect, believing gorgs to represent the unbreakable serenity of nature. Kurs occasionally craft especially large gorg shells into rafts.

Combat

A gorg generally flees from combat unless cornered or defending its family. Gorgs forced to fight try to drive their attackers off with quick, fierce blows from their tails, and do not pursue fleeing opponents.

*A druid of sufficiently high level can take a gorg as an animal companion, but the character is treated as 2 levels lower for the purposes of determining the gorg's characteristics and special abilities.

Hold Breath (Ex): A gorg can hold its breath for a number of rounds equal to 4 times its Constitution score before it risks drowning.

GREHELL

Medium Aberration

Hit Dice: 3d8 (13 hp)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares)

AC: 14 (+2 Dex, +2 natural)

Touch: 12 **Flat-Footed:** 12

Base Attack/Grapple: +2/+5

Attack: Claw +6 melee (1d4+3)

Full Attack: 2 claws +6 melee (1d4+3)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Rend 2d4+4, spell-like abilities

Special Qualities: See in darkness, darkvision 60 ft.

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +3

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 5, Wis 10, Cha 9

Skills: Escape Artist +6, Hide +5, Listen +1, Move Silently +5, Spot +2, Survival +4, Swim +4

Feats: Stealthy, Weapon Focus (claw)

Environment: Temperate and warm marshes

Organization: Pack (3-7)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral evil

Advancement: 4-7 HD (Medium)

Level Adjustment: +0 (cohort)

This 5-foot-tall creature rises from the muddy ground on a thick stalk of slimy tentacles. Its back is covered with a soft carapace the color of sour milk, black eyes stare from its small head, and its arms end in long, chitinous blades. Its entire body appears soft and jellylike, capable of squeezing through tight spaces.

Grethell are strange predators who hunt in packs and inhabit the Southern Swamp.

Grethell are worshipers and caretakers of

swamps. Kur legend states that their tentacles were created from roots and vines and worms, and that their carapaces were sewn together from dead leaves. Mythology aside, grethell do take a keen interest in the environment, tending to the growth of molds and fungi while making sure

plants remain sickly, but not dead. They use their magic to spread swamp water, and they attack most foreign creatures. The remainder of their time is spent sleeping, hunting, and eating, sinking their tentacles into slain prey to drink up blood and marrow.

Grethell packs live in burrows dug in mud and other debris. Newborn grethell hide inside the folds of their parents' carapaces for six to eight months, until strong enough to move

on their own. Multiple packs occasionally gather at places of magic within their swamp, sometimes to conduct strange rituals that draw upon buried power, but just as often to attack

one another. Surviving pack members join together to form a new pack.

Grethell speak their own language, made of sounds created by rubbing their tentacles together.

Combat

Grethell packs ambush creatures that disturb their territory and hunt local wildlife. They prefer to outnumber potentially dangerous opponents two or three times over before attacking, and will wait until their enemies are asleep if the odds are against them.

Rend (Ex): A grethell who hits with both claw attacks tears at its opponent's wounds with its tentacles. This attack automatically deals an extra 2d4+4 points of damage.

Spell-Like Abilities: Grethell receive access to a number of spell-like abilities dependent on the total number of grethell within 30 feet. All abilities are usable once per day.

5 or more grethell—*darkness, magic circle against good*; 6 or more grethell—*control water, entangle* (DC 10), *soften earth and stone*; 9 or more grethell—*deeper darkness, black tentacles*. The caster level is equal to the number of grethell within 30 feet. The save DCs are Charisma-based.

See in Darkness (Su): Grethell can see perfectly



in darkness of any kind, even that created by a *deeper darkness* spell.

Skills: Grethell have a +4 racial bonus on Escape Artist and Survival checks.

HAKLAA

Large Magical Beast

Hit Dice: 8d10+16 (60 hp)

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares)

AC: 20 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +10 natural)

Touch: 10 **Flat-Footed:** 19

Base Attack/Grapple: +8/+16

Attack: Claw +11 melee (2d6+4/19-20)

Full Attack: 2 claws +11 melee (2d6+4/19-20)

Space/Reach: 10 ft./10 ft.

Special Attacks: Augmented criticals, rage

Special Qualities: Darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +3

Abilities: Str 19, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 13, Cha 6

Skills: Climb +5, Hide +1, Listen +6, Spot +6

Feats: Alertness, Improved Bull Rush, Power Attack

Environment: Any mountains

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 6

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 9-14 HD (Large); 15-16 HD (Huge)

This enormous bipedal beetle has a muscular brown body covered by a shiny, blue-black carapace. Its eyes are red and bulbous, and its horizontally-aligned teeth gleam with acridly pungent saliva. Small horns grow around the monster's legs and shoulders, and its forearms are covered by foot-long curved blades.



Haklaa are chitin-covered monsters who use their vicious claws to bring down prey. They are among the isles' most deadly natural predators, and are native to the highlands of Korr.

Slow to move due to the chitin around their legs, haklaa compensate for their lack of speed with their ferocity. Haklaa consider any creature larger than a goat and smaller than themselves to be prey, and a haklaa that has recently fed continues to hunt, dragging corpses back to its cave for later

feeding. Haklaa caves are uniformly filthy and nauseous, piled high with the bones and decaying remains of past victims. They are often some distance from any water source; haklaa ordinarily pool water in their claws, carrying it to their lairs to feed their young.

Haklaa rarely venture out of the mountains unless desperately hungry, but the tribes and skarren kulvraks of Korr have many stories of the beasts. Every winter, a few ambitious warriors venture north to hunt haklaa, knowing that success would bring them unparalleled fame. Every winter, such warriors fail to return. On those rare occasions when an enormous haklaa rampages through inhabited lands, it can take the effort of an entire village to turn it back. Lastly, a few suits of armor carved from haklaa chitin are buried with the bodies of tribal chieftains—a testament to their skill in battle.

Combat

A haklaa will fight to the death during a hunt or in self-defense, regardless of the capabilities of its foes. Although a haklaa never flees, it will pursue a fleeing creature if not defending its territory against other opponents.

Augmented Criticals (Ex): Haklaa threaten a critical hit on a natural attack roll of 19-20, dealing double damage on a successful critical hit.

Rage (Ex): A haklaa that takes damage in combat flies into a berserk rage on its next turn, clawing madly until either it or its opponent is dead. An enraged haklaa gains +4 Strength, +4 Constitution, and -2 AC. The creature cannot end its rage voluntarily.

HEXACHELA

Small Animal

Hit Dice: 1d8 (4 hp)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares)

AC: 17 (+1 size, +2 Dex, +4 natural)

Touch: 13 **Flat-Footed:** 15

Base Attack/Grapple: +0/-3

Attack: Claw +2 melee (1d4+1)

Full Attack: 2 claws +2 melee (1d4+1) and bite

-3 melee (1d2)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Attach

Special Qualities: Low-light vision

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +0

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 1, Wis 11, Cha 6

Skills: Climb +3, Jump +2, Spot +1

Feats: Endurance

Environment: Any mountains

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 1/2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 2-3 HD (Small)

This six-eyed crustacean stands about 2 feet high and has a burnt-orange carapace. Each of its six legs ends in a sharp hooked claw.

Hexachelas thrive in Korr's midlands, and are commonly hunted by Azghars for their meat and their hard shells. They have wide peripheral vision but very poor depth perception, so they tend to live in wide open spaces where they can easily flee from danger without backing into a corner.

Hexachelas primarily feed on small mammals, reptiles, and birds, but they have been known to act as scavengers and even to attack their own kind. They are deceptively strong for their size, able to grapple human-sized prey when necessary for survival.

Combat

A hexachela slashes with its claws before grabbing onto its opponent to feed. Hexachela mouths are relatively small, forcing them to bite off small chunks of flesh at a time; as a result, victims



remain alive throughout most of the meal.

Attach (Ex): If a hexachela hits with both claw attacks, it latches onto its opponent's body and automatically deals bite damage each round it remains attached. An attached hexachela loses its Dexterity bonus to Armor Class and thus has an AC of 15. An attached hexachela can be struck with a weapon or grappled itself. To remove an attached hexachela through grappling, the opponent must achieve a pin against the creature.

KEHTOR

Large Animal

Hit Dice: 3d8+9 (22 hp)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 40 ft. (8 squares), climb 30 ft.

AC: 15 (-1 size, +2 Dex, +4 natural)

Touch: 11 **Flat-Footed:** 13

Base Attack/Grapple: +2/+11

Attack: Bite +6 melee (1d6+5)

Full Attack: Bite +6 melee (1d6+5) and 2 claws +1 melee (1d4+2)

Space/Reach: 10 ft./5 ft.

Special Qualities: Darkvision 60 ft.

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +1

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 7

Skills: Climb +13, Jump +9, Listen +3, Spot +3

Feats: Alertness, Toughness

Environment: Temperate forests

Organization: Solitary, pair, or family (3-5)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 4-7 HD (Large)

Level Adjustment: +3* (companion)



This large feline is stockier than a leopard but slimmer than a lion. Its white and yellow fur is thick and shaggy, and it appears ready to pounce.

Kehtors are nocturnal creatures native to the jungles of the Cleft. Once wild, they now live in partnership with the Naruk tribe.

Kehtors trade speed and finesse for endurance and power, and their fur comes in shades ranging from deep orange to creamy white to black. A kehtor can live as long as two decades, and normally mates only once or twice during that time. Mated kehtors stay together only long enough to raise a litter.

Most Naruk families are bonded to a kehtor, and treat the beasts as both fellow Naruks and emissaries to the natural world. A kehtor's instinctive reactions to people and places are often enough to sway a Naruk's opinion, and a kehtor's needs are considered as important as those of tribespeople. However, although Naruks attempt to avoid disturbing unbonded kehtors, they do not hesitate to kill kehtors tied to their foes.

Carrying Capacity: A light load for a kehtor is up to 399 pounds; a medium load, 400–798 pounds; and a heavy load, 799–1,200 pounds. A kehtor can drag 6,000 pounds.

Combat

Kehtors pounce mercilessly upon enemies smaller than themselves, and creep away from obviously more powerful opponents. They flee only when badly wounded.

*A druid of sufficiently high level can take a kehtor as an animal companion, but the character is treated as 3 levels lower for the purposes of determining the kehtor's characteristics and special abilities. A Naruk druid with the Kehtor Bond feat does not adjust for level.

Skills: Kehtors have a +8 racial bonus on Climb checks. A kehtor can always choose to take 10 on a Climb check, even if rushed or threatened.

NARYD GRUB

Medium Vermin
Hit Dice: 2d8 (9 hp)
Initiative: +2 (Dex)
Speed: 10 ft. (2 squares), fly 20 ft. (average)
AC: 12 (+2 Dex)
Touch: 12 **Flat-Footed:** 10
Base Attack/Grapple: +1/+0
Attack: Claws +0 melee (1d4–1)

Full Attack: Claws +0 melee (1d4–1)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Spit acid, toxic cloud

Special Qualities: Darkvision 60 ft., death throes, resistance to acid 15, vermin traits

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +0

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 15, Con 10, Int –, Wis 10, Cha 4

Feats: Hover^B

Environment: Any marshes

Organization: Brood (2–5)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 3–4 HD (Medium); 5 HD (Large)

A large insect floats through the air, beating claw-tipped wings to change direction. It's about 5 feet high, and its milky-white innards are visible beneath its translucent skin. Six blue-green eyes top its head, and under its wings are two green, gas-filled organs.

Naryd grubs drift through swamps, buoyed by internal gases. They eat organic material they dissolve with their acid and nest in dead trees. Kurs regard them as blights, fearing that the insects will strip away all local vegetation and piercing them with spears from afar. Ngakoi regard them as mere pests, and lure grubs away from their villages or even learn to live alongside them. Only a naryd grub that is frightened, startled, or has no other source of food will attack animals or humanoids.

Combat

Naryd grubs attack in small groups; a lone naryd grub in danger always attempts to reach the rest of its brood. A naryd grub's normal weapon is its acid, but it will use its toxic cloud if facing a particularly large or dangerous opponent.

Spit Acid (Ex): As a standard action once every 1d4 rounds, a naryd grub can spit a 10-foot line of acid that causes 1d4 points of acid damage to those it strikes (Reflex DC 11 half). The save DC is Constitution-based.



Toxic Cloud (Ex): Once per day as a standard action, a naryd grub can breathe a 15-foot-radius cloud of caustic gas. Any creature in the area takes 1d8 points of acid damage (Reflex DC 11 half) and must succeed on a DC 11 Fortitude save or take 1 point of Constitution damage from breathing the fumes. All creatures damaged by the fumes must also make a second save 1 minute later or take another 1d4 points of Constitution damage. Creatures resistant or immune to acid are immune to the Constitution damage. The cloud disperses after 1 round. The save DCs are Constitution-based.

Death Throes (Ex): When killed, a naryd grub erupts in a burst of acid and gas. All creatures within 5 feet take 4d4 points of acid damage (Reflex DC 11 negates). In addition, all creatures except other naryd grubs within 15 feet must make DC 11 Fortitude saves or be nauseated for 1d4 rounds. The save DCs are Constitution-based.

PAINTED SENTRY

Small Construct

Hit Dice: 1d10+10 (15 hp)

Initiative: +0

Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares)

AC: 13 (+1 size, +2 natural)

Touch: 11 **Flat-Footed:** 13

Base Attack/Grapple: +0/-3

Attack: Small stone spear +1 melee (1d6+1/x3) or Small stone spear +0 ranged (1d6+1/x3)

Full Attack: Small stone spear +1 melee (1d6+1/x3); or Small stone spear +0 ranged (1d6+1/x3)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Elemental incarnation

Special Qualities: Construct traits, low-light vision, vulnerability to acid, cold, electricity, fire, and sonic

Saves: Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 10, Con —, Int —, Wis 10, Cha 5

Environment: Underground

Organization: Solitary, squad (2-8), or legion (9-40)

Challenge Rating: 1

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 2-12 HD (Small)

This 4-foot-high humanoid figurine is covered in chipped, spotty paint, and appears to have been carved from a single piece of rock. Its face, hands, and other features are smooth from exposure to weather, and it is outfitted like a miniature tribal warrior, carrying a spear and dressed in armor.

Painted sentries litter the holy sites of forgotten tribes, coming to life to protect their territory.

Most islanders have seen sentries from afar, guarding the entrances to tombs or ruined villages. A common misconception is that sentries are the work of the One Tribe, but most guarded sites postdate the One Tribe by centuries. Even today, a few shamans know the secrets of creating new sentries.

A second common misconception about painted sentries is the source of their power. The binding force behind a sentry is not its body, but its paint; by destroying only the stone figurine, warriors may accidentally release the elemental energies contained within.

When a sentry awakens, it moves stiffly at first as it adjusts to consciousness. Once fully aware, it is swift and powerful. Painted sentries never speak.

Combat

Painted sentries are intent upon their mission: to guard whatever it is they've been crafted to guard. They do not disturb creatures who keep their distance, nor do they pursue fleeing adversaries.

Elemental Incarnation (Ex): If a painted sentry is reduced to 0 or fewer hit points by an attack that does not destroy its layer of paint—specifically, if it is destroyed by an attack that does not deal energy damage—then it can make a DC 15 Will save to preserve its spirit. If the save succeeds, a Small elemental emerges from the broken stone body.

Roll 1d4 to determine the elemental's type: 1 for an air elemental, 2 for an earth elemental, 3 for a fire elemental, and 4 for a water elemental. The elemental only survives for 1d4 rounds before disappearing.

RANZEPTERA

Fine Vermin (Swarm)

Hit Dice: 4d8 (18 hp)

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: 5 ft. (1 square), fly 30 ft. (perfect)

AC: 21 (+8 size, +3 Dex)

Touch: 21 **Flat-Footed:** 18

Base Attack/Grapple: +3/—

Attack: Swarm (1d6 plus disease)

Full Attack: Swarm (1d6 plus disease)

Space/Reach: 10 ft./0 ft.

Special Attacks: Disease, distraction

Special Qualities: Darkvision 60 ft., immune to weapon damage, pyrophobia, sting death, swarm traits, vermin traits

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +1

Abilities: Str 1, Dex 17, Con 10, Int —, Wis 11, Cha 4

Environment: Temperate and warm forests, hills, and underground

Organization: Solitary or hive (3–4)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: —

A swarm of hairy green insects hums loudly as it flies through the air. Each of the insects is less than 2 inches long, and has a short, thick stinger protruding from its abdomen.

Ranzepteras attack in swarms and inject their victims with a blood-burning toxin. Their nests are common within Korr's midlands and lowlands.

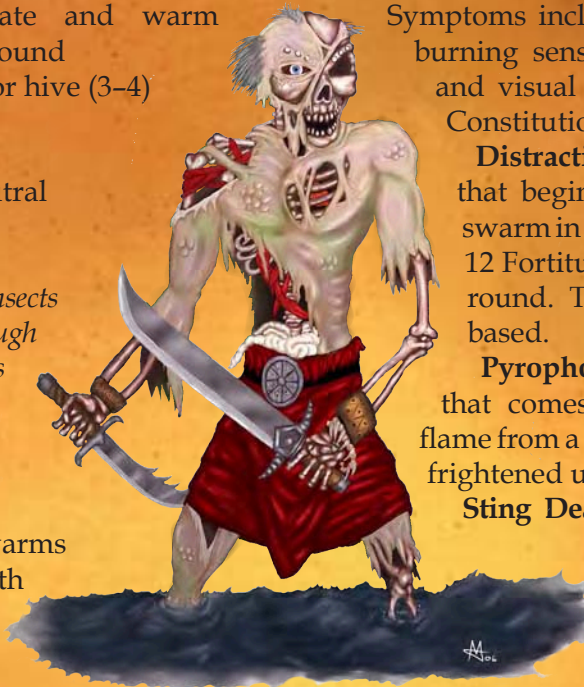
Individual male ranzepteras appear harmless, but their toxin causes a boiling fever that can result in madness and death. Male ranzepteras die immediately after stinging. Female ranzepteras are rare and carry no stingers. They are more than three times the size of a male, and are capable of laying over one hundred eggs each day. All ranzepteras have bone-white mandibles they use to chew through foliage and peel back tree bark. While primarily eaters of flora, ranzepteras hunt grubs and worms when desperate.

Ranzepteras thrive in huge spherical colonies built into the hollows of trees and the walls of caves. Large, rust-colored shells serve as the outer walls of these hives, made from the dried saliva of male ranzepteras. Inside, vast networks of brittle passageways and egg chambers fill a colony. An average ranzeptera hive is 3 to 5 feet in diameter and houses 20,000 ranzepteras, all guarding a single queen and thousands of unhatched eggs. The air around a ranzeptera hive is thick with ranzepteras leaving or returning to their home.

Combat

Although normally harmless while foraging, ranzepteras are fiercely protective of their hives. A Small or larger creature who comes within 20 feet of a ranzeptera hive is likely to be attacked by a swarm of ranzepteras. Ranzepteras protecting their homes will fight to the death, but do not pursue fleeing opponents.

Disease (Ex): Burning fever—swarm attack, Fortitude DC 12, incubation period 1 hour, damage 1d3 Constitution and 1d3 Wisdom.



Symptoms include high fever, flushed skin, burning sensations, minor hallucinations, and visual impairment. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Distraction (Ex): Any living creature that begins its turn with a ranzeptera swarm in its space must succeed on a DC 12 Fortitude save or be nauseated for 1 round. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Pyrophobia (Ex): A ranzeptera swarm that comes within 20 feet of an open flame from a torch or larger source becomes frightened until it leaves the area of effect.

Sting Death (Ex): A ranzeptera swarm that deals damage with its swarm attack loses 1 hit point per creature harmed as the stinging ranzepteras die.

SWALLOWED

Medium Undead (Aquatic)

Hit Dice: 3d12 (19 hp)

Initiative: -1 (Dex)

Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares), swim 30 ft.

AC: 14 (-1 Dex, +5 natural)

Touch: 9 **Flat-Footed:** 14

Base Attack/Grapple: +1/+3

Attack: Slam +3 melee (1d6+2) or by weapon

Full Attack: 2 slams +3 melee (1d6+2); or by weapon

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Hypnotic pearl, salt wounds

Special Qualities: Darkvision 60 ft., undead traits

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +2

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 9, Con —, Int 6, Wis 8, Cha 7

Skills: Intimidate +4, Spot +5, Swim +10

Feats: Improved Sunder, Power Attack

Environment: Temperate aquatic

Organization: Solitary, school (2–6), or inquisition (7–15)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Always neutral evil

Advancement: By character class

At first, this being resembles a shambling, rotting skeleton wearing a hood and mantle sewn from the body of a giant fish. Up close, the ugly truth becomes evident: The scales covering the skeleton's chest and face are part of its skin, and the cloaklike fish tail hanging behind it is an extension of the creature's body. Pearls are embedded in its brow and arms, and it stinks of saltwater and dead trout.

The swallowed are the transformed remains of drowned tribals, forced into the service of a watery master.

When a human drowns in the ocean surrounding the Broken Isles, there's a chance he or she will rise again as one of the swallowed. The swallowed retain a few fragmented memories, but none of the personality of their old selves—shamans believe that a drowned victim's body and soul are reshaped, used like clay by a powerful being who lacks the knowledge to create life from nothingness. This being, they say, is the daughter of a sea god who was a brother to the god who formed the isles.

The swallowed serve their mysterious creator fervently, building bizarre temples of coral, shell, and stone on the isles' beaches. They rarely stray beyond their lands, but kill or (whenever possible) drown trespassers and assault passing ships. Some stories speak of a great underwater swallowed city carved into the sides of Korr, but no one has seen such a thing.

A swallowed wears whatever rags it possessed during life. Tears in the scales covering a swallowed's torso and head reveal bone underneath, and a swallowed's legs are bare and skeletal. Some swallowed carry weapons or wear rusting armor. Islanders claim that the color of a swallowed's pearls indicates its rank, and that each color grants a different power.

Combat

Although not especially intelligent on an individual level, the swallowed are adept at using group tactics to surround and pummel opponents. Swallowed may be led by an advanced swallowed with class levels; in this case, the lessers defer to their commander.

Hypnotic Pearl (Su): By enhancing the iridescence of its white pearl, a swallowed can attempt to fascinate another creature within 30 feet as a move action. The creature must succeed on a DC 11 Will save or be fascinated for 1d4 rounds or until the effect is broken. The save DC is Charisma-based and includes a +2 racial bonus. This is a mind-affecting pattern effect.

A swallowed typically hypnotizes a creature to hold it in place while other swallowed surround that creature, preparing for an ambush.

Salt Wounds (Su): A creature damaged by a swallowed's slam attacks suffers an additional 1 point of damage every hour and does not heal naturally. The infection is eliminated when the creature is cured of at least 1 point of damage (by

a cure spell, a healing salve, or other method) or is the beneficiary of a DC 10 Heal check to clean the wound.

VYLAR, LESTER

Medium Aberration

Hit Dice: 2d8+2 (11 hp)

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: 50 ft. (10 squares), climb 25 ft.

AC: 14 (+3 Dex, +1 natural)

Touch: 13 **Flat-Footed:** 11

Base Attack/Grapple: +1/+2

Attack: Claw +2 melee (1d4+1 plus disease)

Full Attack: 3 claws +2 melee (1d4+1 plus disease)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Disease

Special Qualities: Blindsight 90 ft., darkvision 60 ft.

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +2

Abilities: Str 13, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 6, Wis 9, Cha 4

Skills: Climb +10, Hide +4, Jump +2, Move Silently +5

Feats: Combat Reflexes

Environment: Underground

Organization: Solitary, pack (3-10) or brood (11-30)

Challenge Rating: 1

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral evil

Advancement: 3-4 HD (Medium); 5 HD (Large)

This hunched-over creature resembles a slender, three-armed humanoid. Its blue skin protrudes with bone spikes around its legs and forearms, and its hands end in long claws. From its sloped head stare wide, slanted eyes that glow with azure radiance.



Vylar are denizens of the underworld that constantly expand their territory in search of new prey. They are a danger to any creature venturing beneath Korr, but also raid surface villages and crypts for fresh food and carrion.

Although some vylar are more adept at certain tasks than others, none is capable of an individual agenda; each vylar fulfills its role in the pack without question. The relationship between vylar and all other known life is purely adversarial, and vylar do not speak or understand any languages.

Kurs repel regular attacks by vylar seeking the corpses interred outside Eseth Kurm. Less often, Inuls must confront vylar emerging from the caves of the Great Mesa. Zeidian elders suggest that the vylar commonly known are only the least agents of a mighty colony – that the vylar serve a single hive mind, living only to procure organic matter to absorb into their web.

Combat

Lesser vylar attack in great numbers to make up for their lack of individual strength. Able to run up sheer cliff walls and stalk prey from cavern ceilings, they often fall upon their intended victims, striking hard with their keen claws.

Disease (Ex): Vylar fever – claw, Fortitude DC 12, incubation period 1d3 days, damage 1d3 Strength and 1d3 Constitution. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Blindsense (Ex): Vylar can detect the presence of other creatures within 90 feet by scent, taste, and vibration. Opponents still have total concealment against a vylar unless it can actually see them.

YULNAR

Vulnar, 3rd-Level Wizard

Large Aberration

Hit Dice: 3d4+6 (15 hp)

Initiative: +0

Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares)

AC: 10 (-1 size, +1 natural)

Touch: 10 Flat-Footed: 10

Base Attack/Grapple: +1/+4

Attack: Quarterstaff -1 melee (1d8-1)

Full Attack: Quarterstaff -1 melee (1d8-1)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Spells

Special Qualities: Analyze object, restricted diet

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +5

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 12

Skills: Appraise +8, Concentration +5, Craft (alchemy) +5, Decipher Script +7, Diplomacy +6, Knowledge (any) +7, Spellcraft +7

Feats: Brew Potion, Scribe Scroll^B, Toughness

Environment: Any

Organization: Solitary, cell (1 plus 1-3 1st-level vulnar warriors) or troupe (1 plus 1-3 1st-level vulnar warriors and 1-7 3rd-level Azghar warriors)

Challenge Rating: 3

Treasure: Double standard

Alignment: Often lawful neutral

Advancement: By character class

Level Adjustment: +0

This strange being moves and dresses like a humanoid, but looks more like an insect than a man. It stands almost 9 feet tall, and its skin is blue and violet. Its head is crested with bone, and its eyes glow green. It wears loose black robes over its gaunt body, and it smells faintly of fresh meat.

Vulnar are newcomers to the Broken Isles, chitinous traders who operate from the island of



Thar'teb.

Vulnar average between 8 and 9 feet tall, and weigh around 300 pounds. Their skin comes in shades of dark blue, violet, and white, and their eyes shine green, yellow, or orange. So far as anyone is aware, vulnar lack distinct sexes.

Among their own kind, vulnar appear quiet and withdrawn, expressing themselves through subtle body language and intense stares. When negotiating with other races, however, vulnar are vocal and unrestrained. They are articulate, shrewd, and not above outright deception if they feel so inclined. They enjoy the give and take of bartering, and thrive on interaction and manipulation. A vulnar's bartering skills can apply outside of business, as well, letting them talk their way out of danger and walk away with a profit.

For the most part, vulnar culture is a mystery to the islanders. Individuals who repeatedly deal with the vulnar occasionally pick up on references to competing "clans," but it is unclear whether the vulnar of the isles are from one clan or many. The vulnar seem uninterested in educating outsiders about themselves, despite their eagerness to learn every scrap of information about the tribes. This further deepens the mistrust islanders possess for the alien creatures, and causes many to question what the vulnar are truly after.

The above statistics are for a 3rd-level vulnar wizard.

Combat

Although potentially formidable due to their size, most vulnar disdain dangerous physical activity. They prefer to rely on mercenaries for protection. Nonetheless, when forced to defend themselves, vulnar do so adequately; vulnar wizards are guarded by vulnar wielding large (and often exotic) crossbows or halberds. Few vulnar wear heavy armor, finding it exceedingly uncomfortable.

Spells: This vulnar casts spells as a 3rd-level wizard.

Typical Wizard Spells Prepared (4/3/2, save DC 13 + spell level): 0—*acid splash, arcane mark, daze, detect magic*; 1st—*cause fear, hypnotism, shield*; 2nd—*glitterdust, invisibility*.

Analyze Object (Ex): Through scent and touch, a vulnar can analyze the history of an object. The vulnar must hold and study the object for 1 full round and make a DC 15 Appraise check. If successful, the vulnar can determine the race, sex, and age category (child, adult, middle age, old, or venerable) of the last creature to possess the object for at least 1 minute during the preceding week.

For every 5 points by which the check result exceeds

the DC, the vulnar can learn about an immediately previous owner (still from the past week). A vulnar can recognize the scent of an individual owner whom it has encountered before.

Restricted Diet (Ex): A vulnar who eats cooked meat or drinks alcohol must succeed on a DC 15 Fortitude save or suffer 1 point of Constitution damage and be sickened for 1 hour.

Skills: Vulnar have a +2 racial bonus on Appraise and Diplomacy checks.

Vulnar as Characters

Vulnar characters possess the following racial traits.

- +2 Intelligence, +2 Wisdom, -2 Constitution.
- Large size. -1 penalty to Armor Class, -1 penalty on attack rolls, -4 penalty on Hide checks, +4 bonus on grapple checks, lifting and carrying limits double those of Medium characters.
- Space/Reach: 5 feet/5 feet. A vulnar's size is manifested in height, not breadth.
- A vulnar's base land speed is 20 feet.
- +1 natural armor bonus.
- +2 racial bonus on Appraise and Diplomacy checks.
- Special Qualities (see above): Analyze object, restricted diet.
- A vulnar gains 2 extra bonus languages.
- Automatic Languages: Common and Vulnar.
- Bonus Languages: Any.
- Favored Class: Wizard.

YETHIL

Medium Animal

Hit Dice: 2d8+4 (13 hp)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft. (6 squares)

AC: 17 (+2 Dex, +5 natural)

Touch: 12 **Flat-Footed:** 15

Base Attack/Grapple: +1/+3

Attack: Claw +3 melee (1d4+2)

Full Attack: 2 claws +3 melee (1d4+2)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Rend armor

Special Qualities: Low-light vision

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +0

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 2, Wis 11, Cha 6

Skills: Jump +3, Listen +4, Spot +4

Feats: Alertness

Environment: Temperate land and underground

Organization: Solitary or pack (4-7)

Challenge Rating: 1

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral



Advancement: 3–4 HD (Medium)
Level Adjustment: +1* (companion)

This quadruped is the size of a large dog. Its skin is smooth and grayish-brown, plated with hard scales along its spine. Two pincers grow from its shoulders, twisting and stabbing at the air. Its eyes are large and multifaceted, and its mouth is framed by sharp mandibles.

Yethils are nocturnal beasts with long pincers that can puncture armor.

Although yethils dwell throughout the Broken Isles, they're most common along the coastal plains of Korr. There, they spear fish with their pincers and crack the shells of gorgs that stray too far from water. A yethil's long, tubular tongue allows it to reach through holes created in gorg shells and taste the meat within.

Yethil packs normally retreat to shallow caves or rocky enclaves after sunrise. Pack members often fight with one another, and when food is scarce, this can be taken to an extreme—starving yethils have been known to cannibalize their pack mates.

Combat

When confronted by larger creatures, yethils usually flee. When cornered, yethils attack with their pincers, tearing through armor.

*A druid of sufficiently high level can take a yethil as an animal companion, but the character is treated as 1 level lower for the purposes of determining the yethil's characteristics and special abilities.

Rend Armor (Ex): If a yethil hits with both claw attacks, it pulls apart any nonmagical armor worn by its foe. This attack deals 2d4+4 points of damage to the opponent's armor. Creatures not wearing armor are unaffected by this special attack. Armor reduced to 0 hit points is destroyed. Damaged armor may be repaired with a successful Craft (armorsmithing) check.



MUNDANE ANIMALS

Not all creatures on Avadnu are strange and fantastic. The following animals native to the Broken Isles use the base statistics of animals from the MM v.3.5.

DEEP BAT

Deep bats resemble oversized bats with long, pointy ears and translucent skin revealing their internal organs. They dwell in the deepest parts of caves and the underground, but will venture outdoors to look for rodents and insects when food becomes scarce. Deep bats are actively hunted by Naruks who use a mixture of their blood, poison sacs, and other ingredients to make a special paste. When dry, imo paste markings are visible only to those with darkvision; it is used by Naruks to indicate shelters, provide warning signs, and mark trails.

Deep bats use bat statistics with the following alterations:

Add a bite attack: +2 melee (1d2–5 plus poison).

Add poison as a special attack: Injury, Fortitude DC 10, initial 0, secondary paralysis. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Add Weapon Finesse as a bonus feat.

Increase Challenge Rating to 1/4.

DWELLER

Dwellers are squat, badgerlike creatures with thick fur, long tails, and large eyes. A dweller's coloration is determined by its environment and its species; different species can be found throughout the isles, even in inhospitable regions such as Korr's highlands and the underground. Dwellers are nocturnal, and "sing" at night by making high and low chirping sounds. Tribals take dwellers as pets, use them as guardians (when a dweller is agitated, its singing can be heard almost a mile away), or eat them as a last resort. Dwellers are generally non-combative and flee from aggressors unless cornered.

Dwellers use badger statistics with the following alterations:

Increase base speed to 50 feet (10 squares).

Remove the rage special attack.

Add Burst of Speed (Ex): Three times per day, a dweller can move with exceptional quickness and triple its base movement for 1 round.

FIEWADA

Fiewada resemble rabbits with short ears, long front claws, and beaks (used for digging). Their coloration ranges from brightly pigmented to dully monotoned, with some bearing spots and complex patterns. Fiewada can be found throughout the isles and are commonly caught for food. Inuls offer minor rewards for fiewada ears, as the creatures are a continual nuisance to Inul crops. Because of this, “fie hunts” are popular with Inul youths.

Fiewada use rat statistics with the following alterations:

Add a burrow speed of 10 feet.

Change organization to solitary or family (3–6).

JORIM

Jorims are shaggy mammals the size of a large goat, driven across the Dhargon Coast and through the midland hills by Azghar herdsman. Their squat bodies are tough, but awkward, and their heads resemble a cross between a baboon and a border collie. A few long, prickly spines protrude from their manes. Their fur comes in striped patterns of black, white, and gray, but their faces are streaked with blue, red, and yellow. Jorims are peaceful and stubborn beasts, and rarely openly demonstrate affection to even their favorite humans. Azghars commonly groom the white flakes they shed and mix them with jorim milk as a thickening agent.

Jorims use donkey statistics with the following alterations:

Change skills to Listen +3, Spot +2. Jorims do not gain a bonus on Balance checks.

ORT

Orts are fat herd animals with short, dark brown fur, small eyes, and cloven feet. Males grow short antlers during the spring and shed them in the winter months. Orts are not very intelligent and subsist by moving across the plains of the isles in large herds, looking for suitable areas to graze. One in thirty orts lives to be especially old and large; these elders are denoted by white spotted patterns that cover their flanks. Elders are aggressive, and their primary function is to protect the herd. Orts are used for food and clothing by tribals, and their antlers—particularly those of elders—are sought for use in antler picks and jewelry.

Orts use bison statistics. Treat ort elders as bison advanced by 4 Hit Dice. They typically gain the Power Attack and Improved Natural Attack feats.

ULZA-ORU

Literally “crazy fish,” ulza-oru (called “tusked whales” by foreigners) can be found near the shores of Korr and Thar’teb. Tusked whales resemble sperm whales with two enormous incisors that grow from their lower jaw. Ulza-oru are aggressive and fearless, going into a frenzy if they smell blood and not hesitating to attack creatures or vessels much larger than themselves. Ulza-oru are often hunted by Azghar war parties that bait them into shallow waters with fresh blood, then close in with huge barbed spears that require several men to wield effectively. Ulza-oru are prized on the isles for meat—a single ulza-oru could feed an Azghar clan for weeks—and their tusks and bones are made into weapons and scrimshaw valued by vulnar merchants.

Ulza-oru use orca whale statistics with the following alterations:

Add rage (as the wolverine ability) as a special attack.

Add scent as a special quality.

Replace the Run feat with Diehard.

NON-AVADNU MONSTERS

Although most creatures from the MM v.3.5 are not native to Avadnu and the Broken Isles, it’s possible for a DM to introduce such creatures with minor revisions. The following are suggestions for introducing specific monsters into the Broken Isles, including new ecological, social, and mechanical information. Except where otherwise noted, all creature statistics and abilities are identical to their original versions.

Assassin Vine: Assassin vines mainly grow in dense patches of the Cleft’s jungle, but some have found homes in rocky enclaves in the south. A few ngakoi tribes have learned to pick their fruit safely; however, most islanders keep a safe distance from the plants.

Choker: Tribals say that chokers are the creation of the wizards of Kust—that the children stolen by the wizards are sometimes transformed into these monsters, and that chokers assist in their masters’ rituals and guard their secrets. Some islanders claim that chokers lived below Korr long before Kust rose, however. Clearly, these stories are difficult to reconcile.

The chokers of the Broken Isles suffer a –2 penalty on saving throws against transmutation effects, but have a +8 racial bonus on Use Magic Device checks.

Darkmantle: Darkmantle clutches are common in the underground, particularly in the tunnels said to lead between the Broken Isles. They also occasionally venture outdoors at night in Korr’s

lowlands.

Elemental: Elementals are seen by all islanders as manifestations of the spirit world, but Azghars view them with special reverence. Multiple Azghar sacred sites contain elementals bound to Avadnu.

Lycanthrope: Although beings part human and part animal frequently appear in the stories of the isles, such beings are far less common in reality than in myth. After excluding the obvious fabrications and the confused tales of druidic shapechanging, however, at least two stories remain.

Naruks speak of a warrior who became obsessed with bonding with his kehtor, and who fathered a line of “aminura,” beings neither spirit nor Naruk. This family lives somewhere in the Cleft, and Naruks are warned to be wary of its cannibalistic ways.

Kur shamans have a cautionary tale about one of their own, a man who sought to gain power by devouring the spirits of smaller creatures. When he ate an ancient hexachela, however, its power transformed him. He was exiled from the tribe, and he may live still, scavenging more and more powerful beings.

Mephit: Magma and steam mephits are called “khismar” and “khisrine” by the Pyverenes of Grall, and serve the tribe’s shamans. Khismar cannot fly, while khisrine can fly with perfect maneuverability. Both types of creatures are exceedingly thin and do not speak.

Ooze (all): A wide variety of oozes exists in the isles. Underground, they are a frequent difficulty for expanding vylar colonies.

Purple Worm (Underworm): Underworms resemble purple worms, but their bodies are segmented and colored light beige. They are entranced by singing, and any creature can make a Perform check as a standard action to *fascinate* an underworm as if using the bardic music ability. (*Fascinating* an underworm this way is not a spell-like ability, and does not use up a bardic music performance.)

Sea Cat: Sea cats are a prime danger to sailors in the isles. They eat bone instead of flesh, and many islanders carry bags of animal bones to throw out to sea cats to distract them.

Stirge (Shino-otl): Although many hide within the Southern Swamp, shino-otls are best known by Inuls. The creatures often come to sip and bathe in the spilled blood of Inul sacrifices, and Inuls welcome them as a sign that a sacrifice has been accepted.

Creatures by Challenge Rating

CR	Creature	Type
1/8	Fiewada	Animal
1/6	Jorim	Animal
1/4	Deep Bat	Animal
1/2	Boil Spore	Ooze
1/2	Braershoot	Plant
1/2	Dweller	Animal
1/2	Hexachela	Animal
1	Painted Sentry	Construct
1	Vylar Lesser	Aberration
1	Yethyl	Animal
2	Darnu	Magical Beast
2	Gorg	Animal
2	Grethell	Aberration
2	Kehtor	Animal
2	Naryd Grub	Vermin
2	Ort	Animal
2	Ranzeptera	Vermin (Swarm)
2	Swallowed	Undead (Aquatic)
3	Argill	Monstrous Humanoid
3	Dharcanen	Outsider
3	Glamwing	Magical Beast
3	Ort, Elder	Animal
3	Vulnar	Aberration
4	Centioch	Vermin
5	Adithari	Giant
5	Ulza-Oru	Animal
6	Haklaa	Magical Beast

CAMPAIGNS

As with any campaign, a Broken Isles game has unique strengths a DM can employ and unique pitfalls a DM should avoid. This chapter focuses on running a Broken Isles game within the world of Violet Dawn.

DEALING WITH HOME

Unlike many campaigns, the Broken Isles doesn't assume that PCs are alone and cut off from their homes. With the four tribes, the ngakoi villages, and the skarren kulvraks all around, it's likely that many PCs will have families and friends within shouting distance. So what does that mean for the game?

This product provides no details on specific villages, tribal leaders, shamans, and so forth. In order to make character creation as simple as possible and to minimize the setting information players must learn, PCs are assumed to be from a "generic" tribal or racial background. A Naruk sorcerer PC could be a shaman's apprentice, sent into the world as a test of her skill, while an Azghar fighter PC might be sent away by a chieftain to prove himself worthy of marrying that chieftain's daughter. No further details required; the players can settle in and start gaming.

This doesn't mean that a PC's background has to remain generic, however. His or her home can be fleshed out for later adventures, either through discussion with the PC's player or through DM fiat (depending on the style of the group). A player with little interest in a PC's background could play an outcast or the sole survivor of a razed village, but there's nothing wrong with leaving that PC's home on the "default" setting, either.

PCs may wish to return home for direction or limited aid, and should be encouraged to do so. A shaman might offer some basic spellcasting services when a PC comes home between adventures, and friendly tribal warriors might be convinced to guard an important site against enemy attack. Of course, PCs will be on their own during most of their actual adventures—the tribespeople have

their own troubles to deal with!

A home can also provide motivation and an easy way to introduce adventures. Tribal leaders might send PCs on missions to further their tribes' interests; a family member caught up in a blood feud might need a PC as a champion; an approaching kulvrak might threaten a PC's home village with destruction. But PCs might also fight for their homes independently, battling monsters or vulnar in the knowledge that if they don't, their friends will have to instead.

THE PLACE OF RITUAL

Ritualism can be a useful tool throughout a Broken Isles campaign. Each culture in the isles practices its own ceremonies to relate to the world and to the spirits, and each ceremony has its own power. Many campaigns will begin by bringing the PCs together through the Bond of Ceilan, but the ritualism doesn't have to end there.

Rituals can provide new adventure hooks and extend existing adventures. It might take a ritual journey to a sacred site guarded by monsters, magic, or traps to prove a party's worthiness to meet with a tribal chieftain, and a shaman might require that PCs meet with an elemental in the northern highlands before giving them the sacred spells they need to complete their quest.

Advancement both in and out of game could require rituals, as well. A PC might undertake a quest to become a true shaman or an elder of his or her tribe, but a PC might also undertake a quest to represent a mechanical change in character: a wizard attempting to multiclass into a fighter could take part in a competition of warriors, and a skarren gaining a racial feat could make a pilgrimage to Ull.

Finally, rituals can provide a chronicle of a PC's achievements. A Kur might gain a new tattoo after every adventure, and an Azghar might receive a new title (such as "Storm-Walker," or "Peace-Bringer") with each great accomplishment. Nothing prevents a member of another tribe

or race from accepting a different people's accolades, either: a skarren wearing Inul jewelry and an ngakoi recognized as an honorary kulvrak member each has stories to be proud of.

BEYOND THE BOOK

As described here, a Broken Isles campaign has definite limits. One limit is geographical: this product covers only the isles themselves, and not the wider world of Violet Dawn. A second limit is mechanical: the campaign is designed for characters of levels 1-5, and offers little support for further adventuring.

Other Violet Dawn products such as *Denizens of Avadnu*, *The Avadnu Primer*, and the Inner Circle website provide an easy way to extend the campaign. DMs seeking to transition from the Broken Isles to the rest of Avadnu have many ways to do so: islander PCs might pursue or be taken captive by vulnar slavers, a shaman's vision might reveal a threat across the sea, or a new PC from the mainland might spur the party's curiosity.

What about continuing in the Broken Isles past 5th level? Korr's highlands, along with some of the neighboring islands, house potentially high-level challenges that should keep PCs busy awhile. Advanced and templated monsters and NPCs with class levels can keep pace with PC power levels. Ull, the lost isles of legend, and the ocean floor are all ideal locales for site-based adventures.

Eventually, however, DMs may wish to focus upon PCs' positions as leaders and heroes of the isles. High-level characters are likely to be among the most influential and powerful individuals in the land, and will be accorded appropriate respect. A party made up of adventuring chieftains and shamans is a possibility – a party destined to usher in a new age, defeating threats from the past and defining the future, leading whole armies in the process. It might be a PC who at last seems able to conquer and unite all the cultures of the isles, re-creating the One Tribe – or a resurrected member of the One Tribe with the same goal might be a nemesis for one final adventure.

THREATS AND ANTAGONISTS

The people of the Broken Isles face a number of

threats that can be used to motivate PCs. The ideas listed below can work in isolation or be combined for more complicated adventures.

Internal Strife: In addition to the many external threats to the tribes, there are internal threats as well. In any community, there are people who will scheme to undermine and replace the community's leaders – sometimes for good, and sometimes for ill. Marriage, illness, war, age, famine, and addiction can all shift the balance of power within a group, and such shifts can cause great turmoil. Even zeidians, although they lack a shared home, police and observe one another; in the right circumstances, they might find themselves at odds.

Lost Magic: With the exception of the ngakoi, islanders see magic as something best vaulted and isolated from ordinary people. But there are many sources of magic that threaten to spill into the world. The buried magic of the One Tribe is the most obvious example, but sinister shamans (whether exiles or corrupt tribal leaders), the spirit-filled spell lodges of dead wizards, the islands of Anu'krann and Tor'un, and the mines below the Great Mesa are all possible sources of mystical threats.

Outsiders: The visitors from the west – both human and vulnar – are simultaneously changing the isles intentionally and inadvertently. Whether as marauding slavers or scheming traders, outsiders make easy enemies of many islanders, even as they ally with others. The island of Thar'teb is the ultimate challenge for enemies of the foreigners, and a plan to take the city might unite the tribes for the first time in ages.

Tribal Relations: Tensions between the tribes and the nonhuman races are always high, and it wouldn't take much – a harsh winter, an assassination, a coup, a border skirmish, an alliance of enemies – to bring the tribes to the brink of war. A group of PCs from differing backgrounds might be the best hope of maintaining peace, or even forging bonds between all islanders.

The Wilds: Islanders constantly struggle with nature itself, eking out a living in a dangerous environment. Rampaging beasts, terrible storms, and famine can endanger islanders and force PCs to react. But how does a handful of characters fight nature? Sometimes, it's a matter of cleansing a poisoned food source to change a monster's migration patterns, or seeking a rare herb that a shaman can use to cure disease. At other times, it might require a ritualistic journey to contact a powerful spirit.

VIOLET DAWN™

THE TIME OF THE UNRAVELLING

Welcome to the Broken Isles . . .

Your introduction to Violet Dawn begins here! On a group of mysterious islands isolated from the mainland of Kaelander, primitive humans struggle for survival. They count among their enemies a dangerous and bizarre environment, inhuman slavers from beyond the sea, horrid monsters, buried magic, and—of course—one another. Together with barbarous skarren, moon-blessed zeidians, and adaptive ngakoi, these humans desperately contend with the secrets of their strange land.

The Broken Isles is a standalone mini-campaign setting designed to ease players and DMs into the world of Violet Dawn. Along with details of the isles themselves, this PDF presents four of the core Violet Dawn races (including four distinct human tribes), savage weapons and equipment, and new monsters. The Broken Isles is focused on play from 1st to 5th level, building PCs' knowledge and experience until they're prepared to face the wider world of Avadnu.

A dedicated website offers additional content such as pregenerated characters, adventure hooks, maps, and more.

Requires the use of the Dungeons & Dragons Player's Handbook, published by Wizards of the Coast, Inc. This product utilizes updated material from the v.3.5 revision.

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