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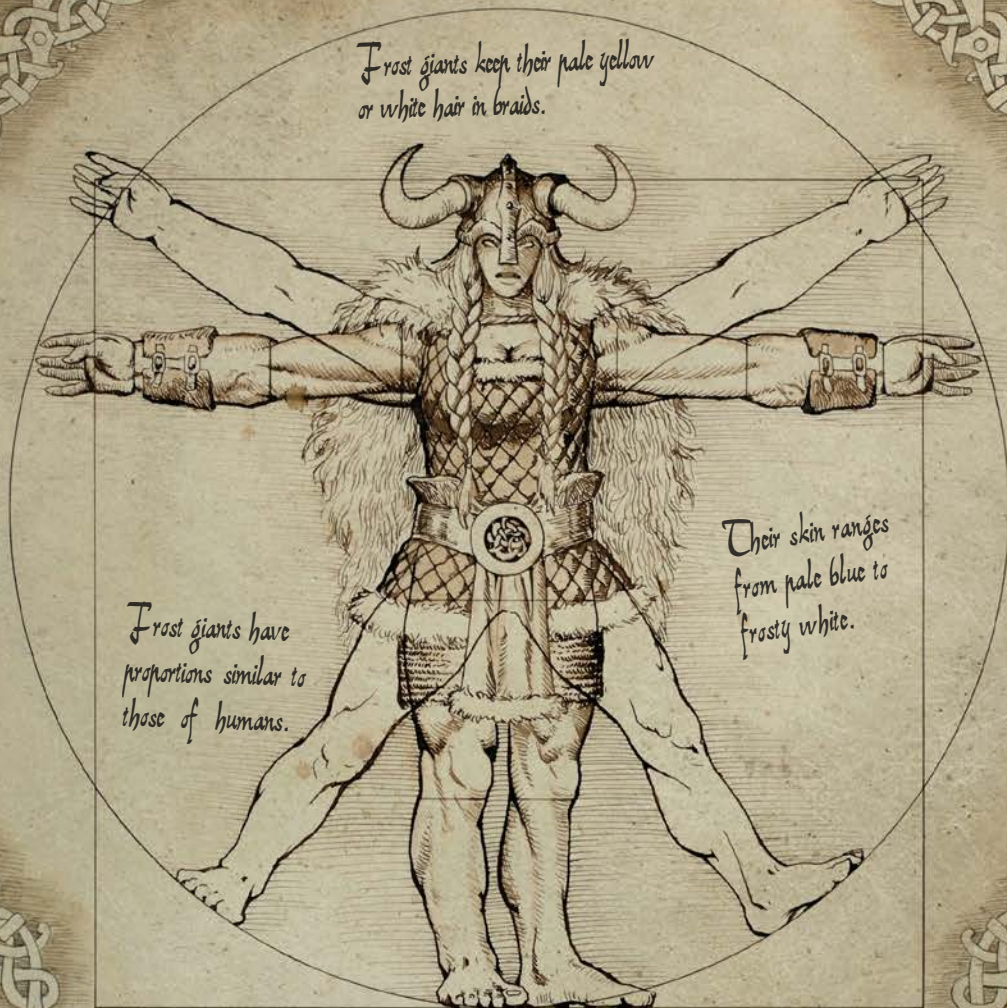


GIANTSLAYER[™]

ICE TOMB OF THE GIANT QUEEN

by Jim Groves

Frost giants keep their pale yellow or white hair in braids.



Frost giants have proportions similar to those of humans.

Their skin ranges from pale blue to frosty white.

2015
ÉÉRAN

Frost Giants

These fearless giants carve out their homes in icy peaks and desolate tundra. They delight in raiding nearby settlements and force tribute from any smaller creatures they can oppress. Their muscular frames, skill at hunting, and immunity to the blistering cold of their homelands make them a force to be reckoned with in the northern reaches of Golarion.






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GIANTSLAYER™

ADVENTURE PATH  PART 4 OF 6

**ICE TOMB OF THE
GIANT QUEEN**

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword	4
Ice Tomb of the Giant Queen by Jim Groves	6
NPC Gallery by Jim Groves	58
Armored Fiends by John Compton	62
Titanic Alliances by Mark Moreland	68
Pathfinder's Journal: Tall Tales 4 of 6 by Clinton J. Boomer	74
Bestiary by Benjamin Bruck, Thurston Hillman, and Mikko Kallio	80
Preview	92



FIRE AND ICE

One of the draws of the Giantslayer Adventure Path is nostalgia—giants have been a classic foe throughout the history of the game, and have been around even longer in myth, fairy tales, folklore, and popular entertainment. The Olympian gods fought the giant titans of Greek mythology for domain over the universe in a series of battles called the Titanomachy. Three out of the nine worlds in Norse mythology—Jotunheim, Muspelheim, and Niflheim—were home to giants; in particular, the fire giants hailed from Muspelheim, while the frost giants came from Niflheim. In England, the Cerne Abbas Giant was carved into a hillside in Dorset, while everyone knows about the beanstalk, the goose that lays golden eggs, and the phrase “Fee-fi-fo-fum!” from stories such as “Jack and the Beanstalk” and “Jack the Giant Killer.” These tales have survived over centuries, and have informed and inspired more modern works such as *Clash of the Titans*, Marvel’s

Thor comic books and movies, the recent *Jack the Giant Slayer* film, and the anime series *Attack on Titan*. Even Bilbo Baggins encountered trolls and stone giants on his way to the Lonely Mountain in *The Hobbit*.

For the Giantslayer Adventure Path, we wanted to tap into that same history and tradition, but at the same time, we wanted our own, fresh take on giant-killing adventures. Looking at the “traditional” giants of the Pathfinder RPG (and earlier versions of the game as well)—hill giants, stone giants, frost giants, fire giants, cloud giants, and storm giants—it would seem at first glance that they’re perfectly suited for a six-part Adventure Path, one volume for each giant type.

On second glance, however, it quickly became clear that such a concept would be untenable. For one thing, the nature of Adventure Paths is that the PCs start at 1st level, and as I mentioned in the foreword to *Pathfinder #92: The Hill Giant’s Pledge*, even the lowly CR 7 hill giant is far too powerful for

such low-level characters to have a good chance of defeating. Secondly, stone giants have already had their time in the sun with the Rise of the Runelords Adventure Path's *Fortress of the Stone Giants*. And of course, there are plenty more giants in the game than just the "Big Six." There are ice trolls and moss trolls, ash giants and cave giants, not to mention even bigger folks like gigases and yai.

That being said, we still wanted to include the six types of traditional giants in *Giantslayer*. The campaign's ultimate villain, the Storm Tyrant, is, unsurprisingly, a storm giant, and the fact that he's got a cloud castle incorporated cloud giants as well. Hill giants are the primary foes of *The Hill Giant's Pledge* and *Forge of the Giant God*, and we even managed to sneak in a few stone giants in places (such as in the Cathedral of Minderhal) without focusing one adventure specifically on them.

Which brings us to frost giants and fire giants, each of which get their own adventure. Frost giants are up this month in *Ice Tomb of the Giant Queen*, and fire giants feature in the next volume, *Anvil of Fire*. These two types of giants are perhaps the most iconic giants in the game. They've got an obvious elemental/energy hook (cold and fire), and they are also among the most easily recognizable giant stereotypes: frost giants are basically giant Vikings, and fire giants are pretty much giant dwarves. Adventures focusing on these two types of giants hearken back to the game's old giant-focused adventures, so I definitely wanted to include them in *Giantslayer*.

I've always liked frost giants; I think it's the Viking thing. I've long been a fan of Norse mythology and Scandinavian history—and I even lived in Sweden for a year—so the image of a 15-foot-tall blue guy with a horned helmet, knee-length chainmail hauberk, and a big freakin' axe is just too cool not to love! Of course, it's pretty clear what the weakness of frost giants is (spoiler alert: it's fire!), and one more frost giant villain at the end of an adventure full of frost giants is kind of predictable, too. So to mix things up, I decided that while the adventure's final boss would be a frost giant, she would also be a graveknight. That would throw a curveball at players who loaded up on fire spells and *flaming* weapons to use against the frost giants, since a graveknight is immune to one energy type linked to its death—in Skirkatla's case, that's fire, the exact opposite of every other frost giant encountered in the adventure. Making Skirkatla undead also gave us an evocative location to add to the adventure: Skirkatla's tomb. Tombs and dungeons are rife throughout Pathfinder adventures, but we don't usually get to see giant-sized ones, so this presented a good opportunity to explore just what a frost giant tomb would look like. It kind of reminded me of old Viking tombs and barrow mounds, so there's still some connection to history there, too. The only thing missing is a giant Viking longship, but frost giants, for all their Viking flavor, aren't really seafarers—though now that I think of it, that's an interesting idea...

ON THE COVER

This month's cover shows a different take on a giant villain. As jarl of the Skirkaling frost giant tribe, the undead frost giant graveknight Skirkatla commands the training camp for the Storm Tyrant's giant armies at the village of Skirgaard. The heroes must delve into her frozen tomb to eliminate the threat she poses—but if even a single link of her armor survives, she may just be back to exact her undying revenge!

I also liked the idea of putting frost giants and fire giants in close proximity—if not geographically, at least in terms of placement in the adventures. Just as frost giants are immune to cold, so are fire giants immune to fire, and PCs coming out of *Ice Tomb of the Giant Queen* are likely going to be loaded for bear with those aforementioned *flaming* weapons, which will be of little use against the fire giants of Ashpeak in *Anvil of Fire*. I don't see this as an insurmountable challenge; by this point in their careers, the PCs should be flexible enough to handle most types of creatures and adjust their tactics and gear accordingly, so long as they have foresight and engage in some basic planning.

Fire giants don't have the cultural and historical hooks that frost giants have, but they're still cool in their own right—they're big, flaming dwarves, after all! Add in their militaristic discipline and organization, and they're a perfect match for the Storm Tyrant's plans to gather and train a giant army for conquest. And just as the frost giants themselves informed the location of their adventure, so too did the fire giants. Because if you're going to have an elite military academy run by fire giants, then there's only one place to put it—inside a volcano!

All of this is not to say that this adventure and the next one only showcase frost and fire giants, of course. We've done our best to keep the selection of giant foes throughout the Adventure Path varied and interesting. Besides the Big Six, there are athachs and ettins, ogres and trolls, ash giants, marsh giants, and more, and plenty of non-giant enemies as well, from drakes and dragons to winter wolves and salamanders. But if your players are like me, they'll love the chance to fight these two classic types of giants and show 'em just what puny humans (and dwarves, elves, halflings, etc.) can do. After all, the bigger they are, the harder they fall.

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ICE TOMB OF THE GIANT QUEEN

PART 1: VILLAGE OF SKIRGAARD

PAGE 8

At a secluded training camp where the Storm Tyrant's giant army is preparing for war, the heroes must employ a combination of espionage and guerrilla tactics to sabotage the camp and force the giants to disband.

PART 2: SKIRKATLA'S CRYPT

PAGE 42

To prevent the giant army from mustering again, the heroes must slay the Storm Tyrant's undead general, a frost giant queen who lairs in a vast tomb built into the side of a frozen mountain.

ADVANCEMENT TRACK

"Ice Tomb of the Giant Queen" is designed for four characters and uses the medium XP track.

10 The PCs begin this adventure at 10th level.

11 The PCs should reach 11th level during their raids on the village of Skirgaard, preferably before visiting the Skirkaling Longhouse (area L) or the Temple of Urgathoa (area P).

12 The PCs should be 12th level by the time they disband the giant village and enter Skirkatla's tomb.

The PCs should be 13th level by the end of the adventure.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

When the storm giant warlord Volstus the Storm Tyrant set his plans for the conquest of Avistan in motion, he realized his need for competent generals to whom he could delegate partial command of the vast hordes he envisioned. Although each individual giant is as valuable in a fight as a whole tribe of Belkzen orcs, Volstus was well aware that hill giants, ogres, and other giantkin lack attention, discipline, and even common sense, and require direction to appropriately channel their talents.

So Volstus began enlisting powerful, intelligent giants to serve as his captains and generals. Among the first he recruited were the king and queen of the fire giants of Ashpeak, Tytarian and Quivixia. Fire giants perpetually train for war, so Volstus tasked them with training the most elite of the lesser giant recruits, yet the majority of the giants who have flocked to the Storm Tyrant's banner required more basic instruction. To drill these lesser giants, Tytarian and Quivixia recommended another potential ally to Volstus, one who was both eternally patient and relentlessly unyielding—an undead frost giant queen named Skirkatla.

Skirkatla was born in the Tusk Mountains over 500 years ago. Exemplifying the frost giant sense of superiority over “lesser beings” during her life, Skirkatla was a notorious killer and enslaver of all humanoid peoples. She was ambitious and scheming, but also disruptive among the tribes of her own people. The frost giant jarls of the Tusks drove Skirkatla from her homeland, so she journeyed south to the Mindspin Mountains. There, she established a tribe of her own and constructed a village called Skirgaard high atop a mountain plateau where the snow and ice never completely melt. Under Skirkatla's reign, the raiding Skirkaling tribe became a scourge upon northwestern Nidal, western Nirmathas, and southeastern Varisia.

Eventually, Skirkatla was confronted by a foe she could not defeat—time itself. As she grew older, her hunger for battle, conquest, earthy pleasures, and the warm spray of human blood was undiminished, but her body's strength started to wane and the challengers to her rule grew bolder. It seemed inevitable that she would fall, but the frost giant jarl vowed she would not quit this world peacefully. Undaunted, the icy queen sought out strange advisors and allies to avert this fate. After years of research, these dark councilors assisted her in a ritual to take her old life in exchange for a new existence as a graveknight.

For decades after Skirkatla's apotheosis, the Skirkaling tribe continued to flourish. Frost giants traditionally revere

their dead, so a palatial tomb was built into a neighboring mountainside in Skirkatla's honor, even though the jarl was neither dead nor truly alive. Time however, is not so easily cheated, and even the most insidious lich may eventually slip into a state of apathetic torpor. Over the years, Skirkatla ventured from her tomb to directly lead her people less and less. Eventually, she became all but unresponsive to requests or demands from her people, leaving a *hersir*, a sort of sub-chieftain, to govern the tribe in her name. Gradually, Skirkatla became a sepulchral oracle to the Skirkalings, an object of ancient reverence and tradition, but little more.

But when the Storm Tyrant sought out Skirkatla, everything changed. Volstus spoke to her of the creation of a mighty giant empire, built upon an ocean of blood by humans in fetters and chains.

The Storm Tyrant's words roused Skirkatla from her lethargy, and the giant graveknight's armor burst into blue flame once more.

Her undead mind swam with visions of warfare all across Avistan. She dreamed of conquest beyond what she once imagined possible for her tribe alone. Skirkatla agreed to serve Volstus and train the lesser giants, instilling within them discipline and tactics. Giants who proved exceptional were sent to the fire giants of Ashpeak for training for command positions in the Storm Tyrant's armies, which are even now being mustered. Upon this lonely mountain plateau, the giants prepare for war.

The Storm Tyrant has delegated considerable responsibility to Skirkatla, and she is a significant lynchpin in his plans, but Skirkatla secretly schemes to renounce her fealty to Volstus once humanity is under the yoke of the giants and the storm giant warlord grows complacent. If Skirkatla is destroyed (or betrays him), the Storm Tyrant's strategies run a serious risk of unraveling.

But another threat to the Storm Tyrant's schemes exists besides the PCs themselves. The giant training camp at Skirgaard has a spy in its midst—a red dragon called Naximarra. A direct descendent of the ancient dragon imprisoned within the *Orb of Red Dragonkind* possessed by the Storm Tyrant, Naximarra is well aware of both the *Orb's* existence and the fact that she is capable of destroying the artifact—provided that she is not detected and dominated by Volstus as soon as she gets too close. Like all dragons, Naximarra abhors the thought of the enslavement of her kind, but for her, it's even more personal—it's about family. She has infiltrated the giant camp in hopes of finding some means of getting close to the Storm Tyrant and the orb, and the arrival of the PCs provides her with a new opportunity to seek allies in her quest, however unlikely those allies may be.



SKIRKATLA

PART 1: VILLAGE OF SKIRGAARD

When the adventure begins, the player characters have dispersed the Storm Tyrant's gathering armies in Minderhal's Valley, but the storm giant warlord remains a serious threat—not least because of the flying cloud castle in his possession. But though the location of his floating fortress remains unknown, the PCs have learned of the existence of a giant training camp in the frost giant village of Skirgaard, where recruits from the Cathedral of Minderhal have been sent for military instruction. If the PCs can shut down this training camp, they can strike a further blow against the Storm Tyrant, and perhaps learn more of his plans—including the location of his cloud citadel.

Skirgaard sits atop a plateau in the Mindspin Mountains approximately 150 miles south-southwest of the Cathedral of Minderhal. Using the map they found in the cathedral in "Forge of the Giant God," the PCs should be able to reach the frost giant village with relative ease. The journey takes about 12 days on foot (assuming a base land speed of 30 feet), but at this point in their careers, the PCs likely have the means to make the trip much faster. As a result, the journey itself is not detailed in the adventure, though you can use the Skirgaard Hinterlands Encounters table on page 81 to create random encounters for the trip if you wish.

Part 1 is structured to encourage espionage and guerrilla tactics. Rather than kill every last creature in Skirgaard, the PCs' objective is to push the giants to lose faith in the Storm Tyrant's military campaign, causing the training camp to disband. To track the PCs' progress toward this goal, two point systems, Sabotage and Outrage, are detailed below.

SABOTAGE

Giants are independent, self-reliant creatures. When they do work together, it is usually in racially similar groups or along tribal lines, so the heterogeneous mixture of different giant races in Skirgaard is unusual, and uncomfortable for many training there. As a result, if the giants become sufficiently dismayed or disheartened with the camp's conditions or leadership, they will quit altogether. Throughout Part 1 of the adventure, the PCs accumulate Sabotage Points, which gauge how discouraged the giants become.

The majority of encounters in Part 1 award Sabotage Points for successful resolution of an encounter. The Development section of each encounter describes how Sabotage Points are earned, usually by disrupting the giants' activities, destroying their stockpiles and infrastructure, or by killing significant enemy NPCs. Once the PCs have earned Sabotage Points from a specific location, they receive no more points from that location, even if they face additional creatures at that same location later.

As the adventure progresses, you should keep track of how many Sabotage Points the PCs have accrued. Once the PCs have accumulated 20 Sabotage Points, they stop

accruing Outrage Points (see below) and the training camp disbands. With few exceptions, this means the giants mostly abandon the village of Skirgaard and return to wherever they came from elsewhere in the Mindspin Mountains, discouraged with the notion of the conquest of the region. Specifically, the following changes occur when the PCs garner 20 Sabotage Points.

No Response to Alarms: The giants cease to respond to calls for help from signal horns or skyrockets (see the sidebar on page 15).

Fewer Patrols: The giants no longer perform night patrols (see page 11). Day patrols are unaffected.

Abandoned Village: The giants and their allies abandon all locations in Skirgaard except for the Skirkaling Longhouse (area L) and Temple of Urgathoa (area P). The GM is free to keep some locations populated if additional encounters are needed. Skirkatla's tomb (area T) is unaffected.

Story Award: Award the PCs 19,200 XP for accumulating 20 Sabotage Points and disbanding the village.

It's possible that especially stealthy PCs might accumulate enough Sabotage Points to disband the giants early and therefore avoid several encounters when the village is abandoned. In this case, you should reward them with an additional story award to give them enough XP to reach an appropriate level for Part 2 of the adventure.

OUTRAGE

Just as the PCs can earn Sabotage Points, certain actions on their part can also generate Outrage Points, representing the giants' perception that they are under direct assault. The PCs accrue Outrage Points through aggressive, blunt-force strategies; conversely, they can avoid gaining Outrage Points with stealth, espionage, planning, and guerrilla tactics. The distinction between Sabotage and Outrage can be subtle, but actions that generate Outrage Points spur the giants to immediately react rather than become discouraged. Outrage causes the giants to alter their routines in order to make a concerted effort to eradicate the threat.

The Development section of each encounter describes how Outrage Points can be accrued. When the PCs earn Sabotage Points without generating Outrage Points, it doesn't mean that the giants stay complacent. Rather, they are maintaining discipline and carrying out their normal business while remaining vigilant for any signs of whoever is terrorizing the village. They are not oblivious to the PCs' actions, but without a blatant confrontation, they don't change or escalate their behavior. Once the PCs have accumulated 20 Sabotage Points, they stop generating Outrage Points (there simply aren't enough giants left in the village to respond effectively to the PCs' actions).

The results of accrued Outrage Points are detailed below. These effects are cumulative.

Outrage Points	Result
1+	For every Outrage Point the PCs accrue (up to a maximum of 5 points), all creatures in the village gain a +1 bonus on Perception and Survival checks and +1 bonus on Will saves to disbelieve illusions (maximum +5 bonus).
6	The chance of a night patrol (see page 11) discovering the PCs' campsite increases by 5%.
7	Watchtowers (area A) are occupied both day and night.
8	The chance of a night patrol (see page 11) locating the PCs increases by another 10% (+15% total).
10	The camp is on high alert. Giants in the watchtowers (area A) sound signal horns or light skyrockets (see the sidebar on page 15) as soon as they spot intruders. At the GM's discretion, other locations may raise alarms as well. In addition, Skirkatla seals her tomb (see area T1). To get inside the tomb, the PCs must discover and use the alternative entrance in area Q .
12	The CR of day and night patrols increases (see page 11).
14	Skirkatla momentarily opens her tomb to release the Baelmourn (see area T5), which replaces a normal day or night patrol.
16	Skirkatla orders the wickerman (see area 5) to patrol the village in search of the PCs.
19	Skirkatla opens her tomb again, releasing the Decapitant Lord (see area T7) to hunt down the PCs.
20	Skirkatla emerges from her tomb to confront the PCs herself. She is mounted on Soulgouger (see area T6) and is accompanied by her retinue from area T19 .

Story Award: If the PCs manage to avoid accruing 10 or more Outrage Points (meaning that Skirkatla never seals her tomb), award them 19,200 XP before they enter Skirkatla's tomb (area **T**) in Part 2.

VILLAGE SANDBOX

The village of Skirgaard in Part 1 is a sandbox location, meaning that for the most part, the PCs can visit locations and encounter opponents in whatever order they wish. In addition, the relatively small distance between locations in the village means that multiple encounters can happen on the same day. As a result, Skirgaard is not a static location. As the PCs explore the village, they must contend with many variables, especially patrols that respond to trouble and encounters that can easily spill over into each other. Locations that the PCs have cleared can later receive

replacement guards, and the giants can employ better defensive strategies as the PCs accrue Outrage Points. You are encouraged to examine adjacent areas before running an encounter, consider how different locations might interact, and improvise if necessary, especially near the village's watchtowers (area **A**). Skirgaard is best represented when its residents change and adapt to events.

Remember also to remain flexible, and allow the PCs to make the best use of the options available to them. Just because a tactic isn't discussed in an encounter doesn't mean that it's not viable; there simply aren't enough pages here to describe every possible contingency. Illusion magic can be incredibly useful and effective in Part One. Likewise, enchantments work well for gathering information, and divinations are great tools for scouting. Magic is not always required, however. For example, hiding inside an unguarded watchtower at night and waiting to ambush the guards as they arrive in the morning can be an effective tactic. You should make every effort to carefully consider and reward any intelligent problem solving on the PCs' part.

Finally, feel free to evaluate and modify the situations that earn the PCs Sabotage Points and Outrage Points. If you feel the players' solutions are creative enough to sabotage the village, or their best-laid plans go sufficiently awry to cause them to accrue Outrage Points, you should trust your judgment. Simply adhere to the same guidelines by granting a point award equal to what could have been earned in another way, keeping in mind that once a specific location has been sabotaged, no more Sabotage Points can be earned from that location.

THE DRAGON SPY (CR 14)

At some point, preferably soon after the PCs first arrive at Skirgaard, the heroes are approached by a potential, though unlikely, ally: the red dragon Naximarra, who is spying on the giants for her own purposes. Naximarra first tries to study the PCs, observing them while invisible or in *beast shape*, if possible, until she has a good sense of their capabilities and potential, and most importantly, how they might react to the sudden appearance of a red dragon in their midst. She chooses the placement of the meeting carefully, keeping away from the village so as to avoid revealing either her presence or the PCs' to the giants.

This is intended to be a diplomatic encounter. Naximarra has a great deal of information to impart to the PCs, and she can be a powerful ally—you should do your best to keep the dialogue going long enough for Naximarra impart her information to the PCs. Nevertheless, Naximarra is a chaotic evil dragon, and the PCs are well within their rights to distrust her or even attack her on sight. Should a fight break out, it will not derail the adventure, but certain choices may not be available to the PCs later in the campaign.

Naximarra, and her role in the campaign, are fully detailed in the NPC Gallery on page 58.

Creature: When Naximarra finally makes her appearance to the PCs, she tries to be as non-threatening as possible. She suppresses her frightful presence but keeps her fire aura active, carefully staying at least 5 feet away from the PCs while conversing. Naximarra explains that she seeks allies to help her oppose the giants, and she is willing to share information as an offer of good faith. Should the PCs wish to use truth detection magic, she submits to it (that is, she forgoes any required Will saves), provided she can first identify the spell with Spellcraft.

If the PCs come to an accord with Naximarra, the most important information she can share is that the Storm Tyrant possesses an *Orb of Red Dragonkind* and has dominated dragons under his command. One of these is the old red dragon Akazerath, but he also uses younger dragons as messengers between his headquarters and his outlying holdings such as Skirgaard. She can tell the PCs that the dragon assigned to the village normally nests in a watchtower near Skirkatla's tomb (area R), but that it has been absent for some time.

Naximarra can also put the village of Skirgaard in a clearer context by pointing out that the giants are too numerous for the PCs to face in a direct conflict and suggesting that the PCs can drive the camp to disband through guerrilla tactics instead. At your discretion, she can also make suggestions about what specifically can be done at certain locations to discourage the giants without pushing them to action (i.e., how to earn Sabotage Points without accruing Outrage Points). While the PCs may be able to garner some clues about the activities of the giants and their allies at specific locations, Naximarra knows enough to tell them outright.

She also explains what little she knows of the frost giant jarl Skirkatla—specifically that Skirkatla is a possibly immortal frost giant of legendary power and resilience, who is certainly capable of reforming the training camp elsewhere if she isn't stopped permanently. Naximarra is not aware of Skirkatla's undead state or private agenda, but she can give clues to help the PCs draw some conclusions later on. Lastly, Naximarra warns the PCs not to confront the giant queen until the threat of the village is no longer at their backs.

If the PCs refuse to treat with the dragon, Naximarra does not let her hope for an alliance affect her performance in a battle. She tries to kill all of the PCs to ensure they cannot reveal her presence to the giants.

NAXIMARRA**CR 14****XP 38,400****hp** 212 (see page 58)

Development: If the PCs ally with Naximarra and establish some measure of trust over multiple encounters, the dragon may offer to use *charm person* to acquire temporary giant allies for the PCs or make her *scrolls of dominate person* available to them. The dragon may even carry out certain actions herself, provided they do not result in revealing her presence to the giants. She explains that if the giants spot her, the situation in the village would soon become much worse, and any victory accomplished by her direct intervention would likely prove short-lived. Even worse, the Storm Tyrant would learn there is free-willed red dragon actively plotting against him. In an absolute worst-case scenario, Naximarra can rescue the PCs if they get in over their heads, but she tries to exterminate every single enemy who sees her. Each time Naximarra comes to the PCs' direct aid, the PCs automatically accrue 5 Outrage Points.

If one of the PCs possesses the *Drakesbane Horn* (*Pathfinder Adventure Path* #93 34), it has no effect on Naximarra, but she does not attack the bearer. The *Orb of Red Dragonkind* is a far greater threat to her kind than the horn, though if the opportunity presents itself, she might attempt to steal the horn to keep it out of non-dragon hands.

Story Award: If the PCs ally themselves with Naximarra, award them 38,400 XP, as if they had defeated the dragon in combat. They should receive this award only once, so if they later choose to battle Naximarra and defeat her, they gain no additional experience for doing so.

SKIRGAARD

The village of Skirgaard is home to the Skirkaling frost giant tribe, but since their jarl Skirkatla entered into her agreement with the Storm Tyrant, the tribe has been ordered to house and train other giants as well. There is no set population for Skirgaard, however. The assumption is that the giants in the village form an overwhelming force, with more giants arriving all the time. Realistically, should the PCs attempt to exterminate every last giant in the village one by one, the village's inhabitants would eventually mobilize to crush the significantly smaller threat that the PCs pose. It should be sufficient to say that there are enough giants in Skirgaard to replenish any patrols and reoccupy cleared locations, at least until the PCs have accumulated enough Sabotage Points to push the giants to abandon the village and desert the Storm Tyrant's army.

Skirgaard sits on a mountaintop plateau at an elevation of approximately 9,000 feet, high enough at this latitude to lie above a permanent snow line. This elevation falls into the low peak/high pass altitude (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 430). It is not assumed that the adventure takes place

in winter, but the prevailing temperature on the plateau is cold weather, below 40° F (*Core Rulebook* 442). Creatures described in this adventure are considered either acclimated or immune to altitude and temperature conditions, but the PCs will need to find ways to adapt to the conditions. Spells such as *endure elements* or *life bubble* (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 230) can alleviate the need for hourly Fortitude saves. In addition, the PCs can leave the village and descend to the base of the mountain, where the temperature and altitude conditions return to normal.

The warmer climate at the base of the mountain allows the giants of Skirgaard to grow additional food on several large plots of land that are naturally irrigated by snowmelt and runoff from the mountain. The giants force captured slaves to plant and harvest potatoes, onions, wheat, barley, and hops, as well as gather grasses and leaves to feed the village's mammoths. Traversing the distance between the plateau and the base of the mountain on foot requires approximately 3 hours. Two optional encounters (The Slopes beneath Skirgaard and Food-Gathering Expedition) are presented at the end of Part 1. These may be run whenever the PCs are traveling between the plateau and the base of the mountain, even when they are approaching Skirgaard for the first time.

The map on page 14 details the village of Skirgaard. In addition, *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Giantslayer Map Folio* (available at paizo.com or your local game store) contains a poster-sized, bird's-eye view of Skirgaard that you can give to your players as a handout to give them a sense of the camp's layout and allow them to plan their raids on the village.

GIANT PATROLS (CR VARIES)

Once the PCs start their assault on Skirgaard, the village and its environs rapidly become hostile territory. Even if the PCs rely on guerrilla-style attacks, the giants do not remain passive and wait to be picked off one by one. They form patrols to search out the source of the attacks and end them. As the PCs run out of resources and need to rest, these patrols may take on a special significance. The giants always have at least one patrol active on the plateau and the mountainside beneath, both day and night, but as the PCs accrue more Outrage Points, the danger presented by those patrols may increase.

If the PCs wish to stay relatively clear of all patrols, they can camp at the base of the mountain, but the 3-hour journey back to the plateau reduces the number of daylight hours they have to explore the village, and allows for the possibility of both random encounters and optional encounters during their travels to and from the village.

Day Patrol (CR 11)

Day patrols meander slowly around the village and the upper reaches of the mountainside near the plateau. The PCs can encounter a day patrol at any time, but the

primary responsibility of these patrols is to respond to the signal horns and skyrockets of the watchtowers and other locales (see the sidebar on page 15). If a watchtower signal horn sounds, a day patrol typically arrives at the scene in 1d4+3 rounds. Once the PCs have accrued 10 or more Outrage Points, the giants in the watchtowers sound the alarm earlier, meaning the patrol may arrive while the PCs are still battling watchtower guards. If the PCs have already departed the scene when a patrol arrives, the giants do their best to follow the intruders' trail.

Creatures: A typical day patrol consists of two frost giants. You should feel free to vary the composition of day patrols, but in general, they should fall somewhere between CR 9 and CR 11 in difficulty.

FROST GIANTS (2)

CR 9

XP 6,400 each

hp 133 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149)

Development: If the PCs have accrued 12 or more Outrage Points, the difficulty of day patrols should increase to a between CR 11 and CR 12.

Night Patrol (CR 10)

Night patrols also make regular rounds of the village and mountainside, but their goal is to seek out intruders wherever they might camp for the night and take the fight to them. This can prevent the PCs from obtaining a full 8 hours of rest, catch the PCs without armor or readied weapons, and potentially interfere with the recovery of spells. If the PCs are active during the night, they can encounter a night patrol at any time.

Once the PCs begin raiding Skirgaard, there is a base 5% chance per night that a night patrol happens upon the PCs' camp, but certain factors can increase the chance of a night patrol. These factors are cumulative, but the percentage chance of an encounter should be reassessed each night. At your discretion, illusions and magical effects such as *tiny hut* can reduce the chance of the PCs' camp being discovered.

The following factors determine the likelihood of an encounter with a night patrol:

- Minimum chance a night patrol discovers the PCs' campsite: 5%
- Camping with an open fire: +5%
- Failing to conceal the tracks of the entire party after they depart the plateau: +5%
- Accruing 6 or more Outrage Points: +5%
- Accruing 8 or more Outrage Points: +10%

Creatures: A typical night patrol is composed of two ice troll barbarians and two advanced winter wolf scouts. Unlike true giants, these creatures have darkvision, as well as the advantage of scent and tracking skills.

ICE TROLL BARBARIANS (2)

CR 6

XP 2,400 each

Ice troll barbarian 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 271)

CE Large humanoid (cold, giant)

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +11

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 12, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +5 Dex, +4 natural, -2 rage, -1 size)

hp 101 each (8 HD; 6d8+2d12+56); regeneration 5 (acid or fire)

Fort +15, **Ref** +9, **Will** +5

Defensive Abilities uncanny dodge; **Immune** cold

Weaknesses vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee heavy flail +14/+9 (2d8+12/19-20), bite +8 (1d6+4) or bite +13 (1d6+8), 2 claws +13 (1d4+8)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks rage (11 rounds/day), rage powers (quick reflexes), rend (2 claws, 1d6+12)

TACTICS

During Combat An ice troll barbarian rages on the first round of combat.

STATISTICS

Str 27, **Dex** 20, **Con** 24, **Int** 7, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 7

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +15; **CMD** 28

Feats Intimidating Prowess, Lightning Reflexes, Skill Focus (Perception), Weapon Focus (heavy flail)

Skills Intimidate +13, Perception +11, Survival +8

Languages Giant

SQ fast movement

Gear +1 studded leather, heavy flail

WINTER WOLF SCOUTS (2)

CR 6

XP 2,400 each

Advanced winter wolf (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 294, 280)

hp 69 each

Development: If Ranfearg has withdrawn his winter wolf pack (see area C), a typical night patrol is composed of four ice troll barbarians instead.

If the PCs have accrued 12 or more Outrage Points, the difficulty of night patrols should increase to between CR 11 and CR 12. Once the PCs have earned 20 Sabotage Points, the giants no longer perform night patrols.

A. WATCHTOWER (CR 11)

This solitary watchtower, enormous by human standards, consists of a wooden, hexagonal platform supported by six poles, each the size of a large tree. A large hut sits on top of the platform. Underneath, a sloping ramp and staircase climb up into the center of the tower.

Eleven watchtowers are placed throughout Skirgaard, forming the central core of the village's defenses (a twelfth tower near Skirkatla's tomb, area R, is instead the nest of a young red dragon). A watchtower's platform stands 20 feet off the ground, and the hut atop it is another 20 feet high—tall enough to accommodate a frost giant. The hut's door is a good wooden door (hardness 5, hp 15, break DC 16). The platform holds a giant-sized bench for giant sentries to use as a seat and is surrounded by a 6-foot-high wooden railing. A skyrocket firework (see the sidebar on page 15) is mounted to the railing. The ramp underneath the platform becomes a steep flight of steps that leads to an opening inside the hut.



ICE TROLL BARBARIAN

If the PCs climb the steps to the top of the platform while a giant is adjacent to the opening, they move through that giant's threatened area (and vice versa).

The giants typically keep a hooded lantern and a chamber pot inside the hut. It is not unusual for the giants to erect a hide tent at the base of a tower to house a second, off-duty sentry, if two giants are posted to a tower. Use the map on page 20 for any of Skirgaard's watchtowers.

Creature: A single frost giant sentry is usually posted to each watchtower during the day. As most giants lack darkvision, the watchtowers are typically empty at night, but this changes if the PCs have accumulated 5 or more Outrage Points (see Development below).

During the day, a frost giant sentry automatically spots intruders who make no effort to conceal themselves at a distance of 170 feet (standard frost giants do so at 100 feet). Otherwise, normal opposed Stealth rules apply. If the PCs are not headed toward another location or are just moving through the watchtower's purview, the sentries typically confront the PCs on their own, without sounding the alarm or signaling for help (see the sidebar on page 15). This tactic speaks to the giants' arrogance and overconfidence, but changes once the PCs accrue 8 or more Outrage Points (see Development below).

On the other hand, should a sentry in a watchtower observe the PCs advancing upon or attacking another locale, the sentry immediately blows her signal horn or lights a skyrocket, makes ranged attacks from the watchtower, and directs the responding patrol (see page 11) to the PCs' last known location.

As there are 11 different watchtowers spread throughout the village, feel free to alter the composition of the guards for variety. The most common alternative encounter is with two standard frost giants. In this case, one of the giants should carry a signal horn.

You should also consider how the sentries adapt to repeated raids. For example, if the PCs repeatedly rely on *invisibility*, it isn't unreasonable for the guards to start looking for footprints that appear without a source, or question changes in the landscape, which may be due to illusion spells. Whatever the exact nature of the PCs' actions and the giants' response, the watchtower sentries should adapt to repetitive tactics.

WATCHTOWER SENTRY**CR 11****XP 12,800**Frost giant ranger 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149)

CE Large humanoid (cold, giant)

Init +1; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +17**DEFENSE****AC** 25, touch 10, flat-footed 24 (+6 armor, +1 Dex, +9 natural, -1 size)**hp** 154 (16 HD; 14d8+2d10+80)**Fort** +17, **Ref** +8, **Will** +10**Defensive Abilities** rock catching; **Immune** cold**Weaknesses** vulnerability to fire**OFFENSE****Speed** 40 ft.**Melee** greataxe +21/+16/+11 (3d6+15/x3)**Ranged** +1 composite longbow +13/+8/+3 (2d6+11/x3) or rock +13 (1d8+15)**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.**Special Attacks** combat style (archery), favored enemy (humans +2), rock throwing (120 ft.)**TACTICS****Morale** Watchtower sentries sound their signal horns or light a skyrocket when reduced to 50 hit points or fewer, but they fight to the death in defense of the village.**STATISTICS****Str** 31, **Dex** 13, **Con** 20, **Int** 12, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 9**Base Atk** +12; **CMB** +23; **CMD** 34**Feats** Alertness, Cleave, Great Cleave, Iron Will, Point-Blank Shot, Power Attack, Precise Shot, Quick Draw, Rapid Shot**Skills** Climb +20, Handle Animal +7, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (nature) +9, Perception +17, Perform (wind) +5, Ride +7, Sense Motive +6, Stealth +3 (+7 in snow), Survival +17;**Racial Modifiers** +4 Stealth in snow**Languages** Common, Giant, Orc**SQ** track +1, wild empathy +1**Combat Gear** +1 dwarf-bane arrow, +1 human-bane arrows (2), *potion of cure serious wounds*; **Other Gear** +2 chain shirt, +1 composite longbow (+10 Str) with 20 arrows, greataxe, signal horn

Development: Unless circumstances prevent it, new guardians are posted to any depleted watchtowers after 24 hours.

Once the PCs have accrued 7 or more Outrage Points, a night patrol of two ice troll barbarians and two winter wolves (see page 11) is posted to each watchtower at night. The winter wolves remain on the ground and immediately engage intruders, while the ice trolls light a skyrocket before descending from their tower to join the battle. If Ranfearg has withdrawn his winter wolf pack (see area C), then the night patrol posted to a tower is composed of four ice troll barbarians instead.

After the PCs accumulate 10 or more Outrage Points, the sentries sound their signal horns or fire off skyrockets as soon as they see the PCs, regardless of the circumstances.

The PCs earn 1 Sabotage Point for dispatching a watchtower's sentries before they can signal for help. Regardless of how many watchtowers the PCs attack or how many times they raid the same watchtower, they can earn only 1 Sabotage Point per tower. Once they have gained a total of 6 Sabotage Points in this way, they no longer earn Sabotage Points from the watchtowers. The guards in the

GIANTSLAYER



watchtowers expect trouble, so accruing Outrage Points here is not normally possible, but you can assign 1 Outrage Point if the PCs' actions warrant it.

B. GIANT ENCAMPMENT

Enormous hide tents litter the landscape here, erected in wavering lines and interrupted in places by large fire pits. The snow is mixed with mud and flattened to the ground from the heavy footfalls of a small army. Even in the open air, the pungent smell of unwashed bodies in close proximity is too strong for any breeze to diminish for more than a moment.

The encampment is divided into two distinct campsites, a lower camp (area **B1**) and an upper camp (area **B2**) to the north. The lower camp also hosts an obstacle course where the giants can develop their skills in moving through human settlements.

Giant recruits live in these camps when not engaging in exercises and drills. During the day, trainees are often marched down the mountainside to practice fields where they skirmish against each other and practice tactics for use against humans and other smaller humanoids.

At morning, early evening, and night, the camps are brimming with hill, cave, and frost giants, as well as ice trolls and a handful of more exotic giant types such as cyclopes and ettins. Attacking the camp when so populated is certain death. Even a well-prepared party of PCs should be quickly overwhelmed, but there are opportunities for sabotage. This encounter focuses on social skills or stealth, challenging the PCs to create trouble without direct combat. It is not intended to be hard; rather, it should be fun.

Tempers run high in the camp, but the Skirkaling frost giants ruthlessly suppress any overt violence. Even so, it wouldn't take much to start a brawl or even a riot, a fact that can be recognized by any PC who studies the camps for a few hours and succeeds at a DC 15 Sense Motive check. There are innumerable ways to start a brawl among the giants. Let the players come up with their own ideas, and be generous in adjudicating their success or failure, though whatever plans the PCs use should either be well staged, fast, or both, so the source of the trouble cannot be traced back to them.

If the players lack ideas, or the PCs are not oriented toward these tactics, you can use allies such as Naximarra to suggest additional options. For example, a hidden character might use a *suggestion* spell to cause one giant to provoke another. A PC disguised as a giant might use Bluff to start a rumor that leads to a confrontation between others. A hidden or invisible PC can set a number of tents on fire. At night, there should be plenty of cover and dim light.

You should do your best to discourage the PCs from attempting to fight the giants in the camps directly, as

SIGNAL HORNS AND SKYROCKETS

The giants of Skirgaard are prepared for troublemakers and do not ignore overt attacks. The giants in some locations have signal horns to raise the alarm across the village, while others have skyrocket fireworks (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Equipment* 109) for use as distress flares. Using either requires a full round of actions: a move action to retrieve a horn or tindertwig and a standard action to sound the horn or light the skyrocket. The giants do not typically use the skyrockets as weapons. The usual reaction to a signal horn or skyrocket is an immediate armed response made by a day or night patrol (see page 11) to that location. The Development section of each encounter mentions any Outrage Points that are generated when an alarm is raised.

a confrontation here would be more akin to a mass combat between a powerful giant army and the overwhelmingly outnumbered PCs—meaning that the giants would almost certainly win by default. Alternatively, if the PCs encounter trouble in the execution of their plan, they might encounter 1 or 2 giants at the fringes of the camp who must be dealt with very quickly and quietly to avoid escalating the encounter to involve additional giants.

Development: If the PCs devise and execute any creative solutions, award them 1 Sabotage Point. They can disrupt the encampment multiple times (for example, to create a distraction), but as in all other locations, they can earn the Sabotage Point here only once. If the PCs are sighted during this escapade, they forfeit the Sabotage Point and instead gain 1 Outrage Point.

This encounter can also provide a useful distraction for the inhabitants of the mess hall (area **E**), the storage silo (area **F**), and the mammoth stockade (area **G**) and can significantly mitigate or even nullify the chance of a patrol responding to those encounters. A hundred giants in a brawl will draw attention from almost the entirety of the village.

After the PCs disrupt the encampment for the first time, Hersir Gregganor (see area **L3**) posts additional frost giant guards to the camps to keep order. Skirkatla herself may even make an appearance the following day to reassert her authority over the gathered troops (see the Parade of Horrors sidebar on page 16).

Story Award: Award the PCs 12,800 XP for coming up with a creative solution that earns them a Sabotage Point at this location.

C. WINTER WOLF WARRENS (CR 10)

A natural path runs west along a rock wall to the north, rising to a wide ledge. Four large cave openings yawn in the face of the

PARADE OF HORRORS

Although the village of Skirgaard is a sandbox-style location, it is also a functioning military base, and it stands to reason that the PCs might catch a glimpse of its leadership. There is no scripted encounter for this occasion, as an early confrontation with Skirkatla might be too deadly for the PCs' current character level, or you might want to reserve the nature of Skirkatla and her secret court as a surprise.

However, allowing the PCs to see Skirkatla or others before they encounter these foes can be a chilling piece of foreshadowing that hints at the underlying story. If the PCs are already engaged in espionage and subterfuge, stage a scene from a distance where they can watch in relative safety. Frost giants stand at attention with a touch of reverent awe as Skirkatla (see page 60) emerges from her tomb. Hersir Gregganor (see area **L3**), revealed from a distance, becomes solemn and slightly anxious. If present, Dybellos (see area **P1**) is exultant after being acknowledged by the queen.

The wickerman (see area **S**), the Baelmourn (see area **T5**), and the Decapitant Lord (see area **T7**) can also be deployed from their adventure locations early. If the PCs have accrued a high number of Outrage Points and the scripted encounters have become routine, substituting these monsters for other creatures can liven up the flow of events. The Baelmourn skitters around the plateau at night like a tireless, unstoppable juggernaut. The giants quickly scramble to get out of its way, and the necrocraft butchers any non-giant in sight. Likewise, the sight of the Decapitant Lord rocketing across the village skyline like a thunderbolt is sure to get any PC's attention. Of course, if the PCs defeat these nightmares early, they will no longer be present in their original adventure locations.

cliff, overlooking the encampment below. The caves extend into the mountainside and vanish into the darkness.

The cave entrances lead to a series of underground tunnels and caverns where Skirgaard's many winter wolves dwell. All of the tunnels and caves are big enough to accommodate Large creatures; one of the four entrances, as well as the primary tunnel and cavern it leads to, can accommodate Huge creatures. A heavy musk of wild, furred animals pervades the air. Humanoid and animal bones are strewn liberally about—most have been gnawed upon and are clean of flesh and marrow. The three Large cave entrances are routinely warded by *alarm* spells that send a mental alarm to Ranfearg (see Creatures below).

Creatures: The winter wolves of Skirgaard use these caves as their lair. Both common winter wolves and the larger winter wolf scouts that go on night patrols can be found here. They are led by a Huge divine guardian

winter wolf named Ranfearg. The wolves in the warrens do not represent all of Skirgaard's wolf population by any measure. The influx of additional giants into the village has made game scarcer, and Ranfearg keeps most of the pack on night patrols or hunting for food elsewhere in the mountains.

When the PCs first enter the warrens, they encounter Ranfearg along with two normal winter wolves. Ranfearg is a divine guardian invested with power from Thremyr, the god of frost giants and their ilk. Ranfearg's sacred site is Skirgaard itself, and his divine abilities function so long as he remains within the village. As the leader of Skirgaard's winter wolves, Ranfearg is the alpha wolf and directly responsible for the management of his pack. He does not have a good relationship with Skirkatla, perceiving the graveknight as an abomination who pays only lip service to Thremyr. Ranfearg acknowledges Skirkatla's historical role in the tribe, but has long suspected her ultimate ambition bodes no good for the tribe, the village, and most importantly, his pack. If the PCs have met her, the red dragon Naximarra (see page 58) can disclose the strained relations between Ranfearg and Skirkatla, but any PC who succeeds at a DC 20 Survival check can realize that the plateau's ecological balance is not sustainable and the wolf pack must be struggling.

Although his initial attitude is hostile, it is possible to start a dialogue with Ranfearg if the PCs make it clear that their intention is to drive the giants and their allies away and kill Skirkatla. If they succeed at a DC 32 Diplomacy check, Ranfearg becomes indifferent and agrees to parley with them. If the PCs promise not to kill any more winter wolves or destroy the shrine to Thremyr (area **O**), Ranfearg pledges to withhold his winter wolves from the night patrols and abstain from joining in the defense of the village. He gives the PCs a pass phrase known to the wolf pack and the thremindyr (see area **O**) that confirms the PCs have made an arrangement with him. Ranfearg can also explain how the training camp is run in general terms, and advises the PCs to attempt to demoralize the giants rather than hurling themselves against the giants' vast numbers. Ranfearg can also provide additional intelligence about other locations, such as their significance and possible actions that would earn Sabotage Points. Otherwise, the giant wolf and his allies attack any invaders in their den on sight.

RANFEARG

CR 9

XP 6,400

Male advanced divine guardian winter wolf (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 4 60, *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 280)

CE Huge magical beast (chaotic, cold, evil)

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent;

Perception +20

DEFENSE**AC** 23, touch 8, flat-footed 23 (+4 armor, +11 natural, -2 size)**hp** 115 (10d10+60); fast healing 5**Fort** +13, **Ref** +7, **Will** +8**Defensive Abilities** ability healing; **Immune** cold, disease, mind-affecting effects, poison**Weaknesses** vulnerable to fire**OFFENSE****Speed** 100 ft.**Melee** bite +17 (3d6+13 plus 2d6 cold and trip)**Space** 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.**Special Attacks** breath weapon (15-ft. cone, 8d6 cold damage, Reflex DC 21 half, usable every 1d4 rounds)**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 10th; concentration +12)At will—*dimension door* (within Skirgaard only)3/day—*alarm*, *knock*1/day—*arcane lock*, *augury*, *clairaudience/clairvoyance*, *commune*, *dismissal* (DC 17), *hold portal***TACTICS****During Combat** Ranfearg uses his breath weapon as often as he can, preferring to coordinate his attacks with another winter wolf—for example, flanking or tripping an opponent within an area threatened by another wolf.**Morale** Ranfearg continues to fight as long as one other wolf remains alive. When reduced to fewer than 30 hit points, or fewer than 60 hit points if all the other wolves are dead, Ranfearg uses *dimension door* to escape to somewhere else in the village.**STATISTICS****Str** 28, **Dex** 11, **Con** 22, **Int** 10, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 14**Base Atk** +10; **CMB** +21; **CMD** 31
(35 vs. trip)**Feats** Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Attack (bite), Iron Will, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Perception)**Skills** Perception +20, Sense Motive +10, Stealth +6 (+12 in snow), Survival +10;**Racial Modifiers** +7 Perception, +5 Sense Motive, +2 Stealth (+8 in snow), +2 Survival**Languages** Common, Giant**SQ** blessed life, divine swiftness, sacred site**Gear** bracers of armor +4**WINTER WOLVES (2)****CR 5****XP 1,600 each****hp** 57 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 280)**Treasure:** Ranfearg does not hoard treasure, but he does possess a few incidental valuables, which can befound in his lair if he is defeated. These items include a *surefooted shield* (see the Surefooted Shield sidebar on page 18), 10 +1 arrows, a *scroll of remove curse*, a *winter wolf runetooth* (*Pathfinder RPG Monster Codex* 69), and 166 gp in a rotted sack.**Development:** If the PCs make a deal with Ranfearg, replace the winter wolves on all subsequent night patrols with two more ice troll barbarians (for a total of four).If the PCs fight Ranfearg and he retreats using *dimension door*, he does not go to Skirkatla's tomb for assistance, but instead finds a place where he can safely heal from his injuries. If he loses track of the PCs or they leave the plateau, he uses *clairaudience/clairvoyance* to watch a likely spot they may pass through and then coordinates with giants or additional winter wolves to ambush them once he is in fighting condition. Ranfearg uses this tactic multiple times as needed, and may go so far as to try to follow the PCs to one of the village's other locations and try to trap them inside with *arcane lock* or *hold portal* while he summons reinforcements.

If the PCs slay Ranfearg or come to an arrangement with the wolf, award them 1 Sabotage Point. If Ranfearg escapes a fight with the PCs more than once, they gain 1 Outrage Point, representing Ranfearg's warnings about them to other inhabitants of the village.

Story Award: If the PCs make a deal with Ranfearg, award them 9,600 XP for preventing the winter wolves from aiding the giants.**RANFEARG**

SUREFOOTED SHIELD

Favored by giantslayers and the like, these heavy-duty shields are built to withstand overwhelming attacks from giants and other large creatures.

SUREFOOTED SHIELD		PRICE 14,200 GP
SLOT shield	CL 6th	WEIGHT 15 lbs.
AURA moderate abjuration		

The face of this +2 *heavy steel shield* is lined with sheets of riveted steel to absorb more impact. A *surefooted shield* grants its wielder a +2 bonus on his CMD versus awesome blow, bull rush, and overrun combat maneuvers and on Reflex saves against trample attacks.

Additionally, up to three times per day, whenever an enemy's melee attack misses the wielder, an enemy fails a combat maneuver against the wielder, or the wielder succeeds at a Reflex save against a trample attack, the wielder can move 5 feet as an immediate action; this movement does not provoke attacks of opportunity and does not count as a 5-foot step.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 7,185 GP
Craft Magic Arms and Armor, <i>abjuring step</i> ^{UC}	



D. TANNERY

A large, flat-topped log building squats in this remote part of the village. A well-trodden path leads to barn doors set in the main structure to the south and east. An area open to the sky stands adjacent to the north side of the building, surrounded by a tall stockade fence that blocks outside view, with a gate set in the northeast side. Built into the north side of the fence stand animal pens designed to let creatures in or out on either side. Smoke rises from the rooftop, and a rank odor pervades the entire area.

While frost giants are immune to the cold conditions atop the plateau, many of their guests are not, creating a demand for processed furs and tanned hides. This makeshift tannery is used to prepare hides for the village's many tents, furs for warmth, and for the production of hide armor. The building is a simple but sturdy log structure, approximately 20 feet tall. All of the doors in the tannery are strong wooden doors that can be barred from within (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 30). The snow around the tannery has been heavily trodden upon, so a successful DC 20 Survival check is required for tracking, provided there is no additional snowfall to cover tracks. Use the map on page 20 for this location.

D1. Slaughter Yard

The giants slaughter large animals, mostly mammoths, in this outdoor stockade. The fence surrounding the yard is 12 feet high with a gate in the northeast corner. The pens built into the fence to the north have simple gates at either end. The butchering is performed on a stone platform in the western side of the yard. Skins and furs are processed here, while meat and bones are delivered to the mess hall (area E) and gristmill (area H) respectively.

D2. Drying Room

This area is filled with numerous racks where furs are allowed to dry and hides are cleaned and stretched during the tanning process.

The racks are large enough to provide cover to the PCs and giants alike, but they can be pushed over as a move action with a successful DC 10 Strength check.

Treasure: Lachnir (see area D3) uses this unpopular site to hide some personal treasures. With a successful DC 20 Perception check, the PCs can locate the following stashed under a pile of hides: an *all tools vest* (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Equipment* 220), an ivory scrimshaw depiction of the frost giant god Thremyr striding into the Steaming Sea (worth 120 gp), a small keg of fine human-distilled rum (worth 50 gp), 15 pp, and 169 gp.

D3. Liming Room (CR 11)

This area contains two large cauldrons that are raised off the ground so that small fires can be lit under them. Trap doors in the ceiling hang open to allow ventilation of smoke and fumes.

The vats have different uses in the curing process and some contain mildly caustic chemicals. The trap doors in the ceiling can be opened and shut with a hooked pole that sits in a corner. A skyrocket (see the sidebar on page 15) is mounted on the roof above the area marked **a** on the map, with a long fuse that hangs down inside to 10 feet above the floor. Once lit, the fuse takes a full round before it ignites the skyrocket.

Creatures: Working the tannery is not a popular assignment among the giants, but work here is necessary for the village to function at its current population. It supervised by a frost giant named Lachnir, who is none too fond of his assignment but is unfortunately familiar with the tanning process. He's assisted by two hill giant laborers, as other frost giants protest that they have higher-priority tasks to pursue.

The giants in the liming room may prepare an unusual attack: as a move action, they can scoop some of the caustic lye solution out of the vats using nearby buckets. This attack requires two hands to prepare and use. Treat this as a ranged

touch attack with a range increment of 10 feet. The solution deals 1d6 points of acid damage, and anyone struck by the lye must succeed at a DC 18 Reflex save or be blinded for 24 hours. Creatures with immunity or resistance to acid are immune to the blinding effect.

The hill giants fight to the death. Lachnir attempts to light the skyrocket when reduced to fewer than 70 hit points, and flees outright when brought down to 35 hit points.

LACHNIR CR 9

XP 6,400

Frost giant (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149)

hp 133

Ranged bucket of chemicals +8 (1d6 acid plus blinded)

Gear *potions of cure moderate wounds* (2), tindertwigs (2)

HILL GIANTS (2) CR 7

XP 3,200 each

hp 85 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 150)

Ranged bucket of chemicals +5 (1d6 acid plus blinded)

Treasure: Lachnir carries a note written in Giant on a sheet of crudely produced vellum. It reads, “You will continue to do as I have tasked you. I anticipate a new group will be sent south to our fiery brethren soon. They’ll have no need for their tents where they’re going, so I will order the tents left behind. Keep the production going and stop your sniveling, or I will ensure the Queen hears of it.” The note is signed by Hersir Gregganor. Characters who understand Giant know that “hersir” translates to sub-jarl or sub-chieftain.

Development: If the giants are slain without an alarm being raised, the tannery makes for a useful, if unpleasant, place for the PCs to hide out and camp. Most of the giants avoid the tannery, any tracks surrounding the structure are difficult to discern, and the chemicals interfere with scent. As long as nothing outwardly unusual happens (like animals not brought into the slaughter yard from the pens), no giant from the camp actually bothers to enter the tannery for a few days. The PCs can hide within and even light a fire inside without immediate detection.

Few other giants are willing to labor here, and production becomes severely hampered with the death of Lachnir and his assistants. Award the PCs 1 Sabotage Point for killing them, even if giants later reoccupy the tannery. The PCs accrue 1 Outrage Point if Lachnir successfully sets off the skyrocket.

E. MESS HALL (CR 13)

Were it not for the pitched roof and stone fireplace, this ramshackle, single-story wooden building could be considered a shack, albeit one of immense size. A covered porch overhangs the eastern side of the structure, sheltering a door and two shuttered windows. A second door exits the building to the west, flanked by two smaller

windows. The snow all around the porch is trodden into mud, and the smell of cooking food wafts from within.

Many of the giants here would normally forage for themselves, but the surplus population of Skirgaard is there to train and eventually depart to an assigned locale. Rather than the trainees scattering in search of food, they’re required to report to this makeshift mess hall, which provides a bowl of porridge or gruel in the morning and a bowl of stew in the evening—the ingredients of which are often captives or slaves who have become unfit to work. The giants line up at the two windows under the porch to receive portions ladled into their bowls.

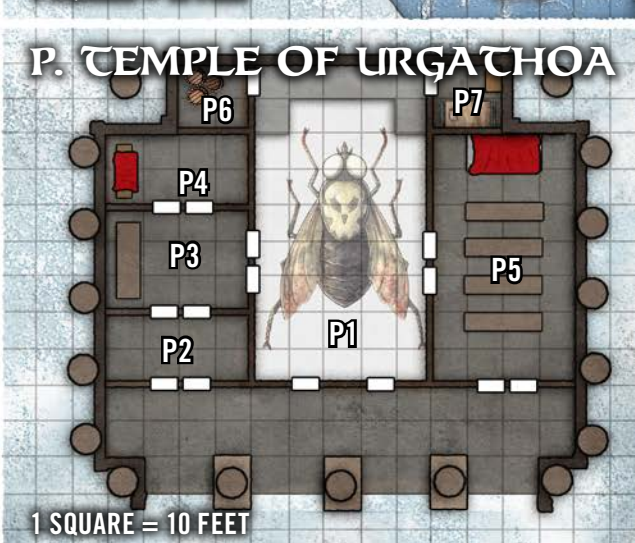
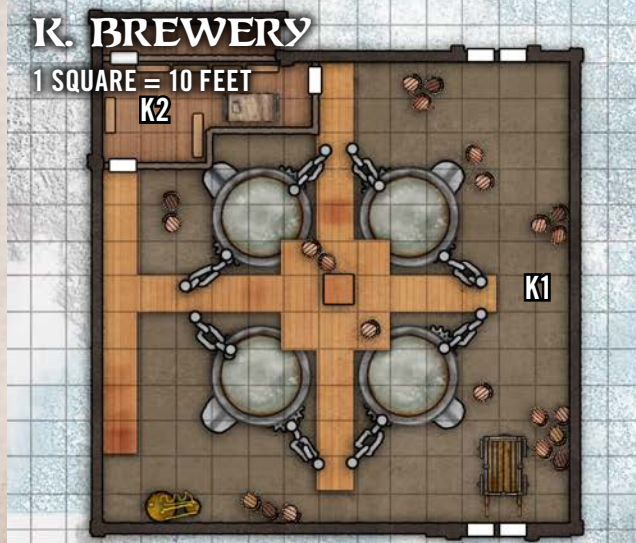
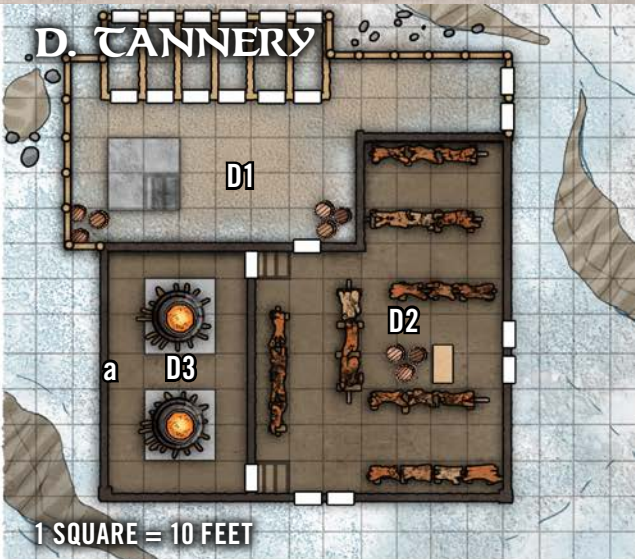
Inside, the mess hall is a simple affair—a large, single room with a few preparation tables, simple cooking implements, and two immense cauldrons resting in a fireplace. Several cowbells hung under the porch are rung to signal when the chow lines are open.

At early morning and evening it is all but impossible to directly assault this location. Enough giants mill around the cantina to make it a suicidal endeavor, even if Naximarra aided the party. The meal schedule is easy to determine, however, given time spent in observation.

Creatures: An athach named Qupenarth oversees the cantina. Qupenarth is a vicious, sneaky, and petulant bully who hates nearly every other giant in the village, but is tolerated by command of Hersir Gregganor. The athach was swept up in a Skirkaling “recruiting raid”—similar to a press gang—and brought to Skirgaard, where Gregganor thought he could be trained and perhaps even eventually promoted to the fire giant training facility at Ashpeak. Qupenarth is miserable in this environment. He quickly installed himself as the camp cook to remain near warmth and have ready access to food. He bullies weaker giants, threatens to withhold food, and generally tries to make life as unpleasant as possible for the other giants in the camp. Nevertheless, Qupenarth is intimidated by the frost giants (and especially their svathurim allies), and tries to ingratiate himself with them while downplaying his misdeeds. Gregganor and the Skirkalings know the true situation all too well, but pretend to be fooled rather than lend the appearance of mollicoddling the spoiled athach.

A rare pair of identical hill giant twin sisters known as the Cackleclutch Twins assist Qupenarth and indulge his other unsavory appetites. The twins actually do almost all the labor while Qupenarth lounges nearby. He chases the sisters about with lewd and depraved suggestions while they giggle at the attention.

It is not difficult to eavesdrop (Perception DC 5) near the western windows, where the PCs can obtain a few clues if they speak Giant. Qupenarth boasts to the twins, “I’m very important around here! It’s already been decided I’m going for special training with the fire giants. Then I’ll get off



this cursed frozen mountain and go someplace warm.” He then adds in softer tones, “Make sure you bring the stew to a full boil this time. Don’t want no one else getting sick. You and I both don’t want to be around here if that happens again.” This line is to give the PCs the idea of poisoning the stew (see Development below).

The Cackleclutch Twins wield huge meat cleavers in both hands (treat as Large battleaxes), and their Martial Weapon Proficiency and Weapon Focus feats apply to those weapons instead of greatclubs. All three giants are quick to attack intruders, likely with the intention of putting them on the menu. The besotted Cackleclutch Twins fight to the death, but Qupenarth is a coward, and he attempts to flee if reduced to 40 hit points or fewer to seek help from other giants (see Development below).

CAKCLELUTCH TWINS (2)**CR 7****XP 3,200 each**Female hill giant (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 150)**hp** 85 each**Melee** cleaver +14/+9 (2d6+10)**QUPENARTH****CR 12****XP 19,200**Male athach (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 33)**hp** 161

Treasure: Qupenarth’s dislike of other giants is reflected in his gear: he wears a *giant-bane torc of enmity* (see the sidebar on page 22), which is one reason nearly everyone in Skirgaard hates him. The other giants would abhor him even more if they were aware of another treasure he carefully keeps hidden in a chest inside the mess hall: a Large suit of *frost giant-hide armor* (*Ultimate Equipment* 127).

Development: As in many locations, there is a watchtower very close to the mess hall. If the giants in that watchtower blow a signal horn, Qupenarth and the twins become very alert and prepare for trouble. They don’t leave the mess hall to respond to threats elsewhere, though they might walk around outside to investigate and check for threats. Note that there are no skyrockets or signal horns at the mess hall itself.

If the PCs eavesdrop on the giant cooks, they may get the idea to poison the giants’ food. This can be accomplished by sneaking herbs and toadstools from area **K2** into an upcoming meal, which afflicts the village’s giants with stomach cramps and diarrhea.

Alternatively, PCs with alchemical or herbal materials and know-how can prepare their own laxative solution suitable for a large number of servings with a successful

DC 20 Craft (alchemy) check. More drastic measures, such as poison, would require a great deal of time consuming and expensive doses to be even mildly effective, and risks affecting fewer giants, as they stop eating as soon as someone becomes drastically sick.

If the PCs use one of these methods, a mob of giants soon descends upon the mess hall and beats Qupenarth and the Cackleclutches within inches of their lives. This earns the PCs 1 Sabotage Point, as most of the camp no longer trusts the athach and the Cackleclutch Twins not to sicken them. Alternatively, the PCs can earn 1 Sabotage Point for discreetly killing Qupenarth and the twins themselves, even if other giants occupy the mess hall later.



TORC OF ENMITY

The Kellid tribes of northern Avistan long ago learned that anger and hatred were valuable tools for combat, and their shamans crafted *torcs of enmity* to allow their warriors to channel their rage and wrath against their most despised foes.

TORC OF ENMITY		PRICE
		9,500 GP
SLOT neck	CL 8th	WEIGHT 5 lbs.
AURA moderate enchantment		

This large neck ring is made of twisted bronze, capped at each end with tiny skulls facing each other. Each *torc of enmity* is attuned to a designated creature type (or subtype) as the *bane* weapon special ability (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 469) and focuses the wearer's hatred toward creatures of that type. Each time the wearer of a *torc of enmity* confirms a critical hit against a creature of the type to which the torc is attuned, she gains a cumulative +1 morale bonus on attack rolls against that creature type (maximum +4 bonus) and 1d8 temporary hit points (maximum 20 temporary hit points) for 5 rounds.

Alternatively, if the wearer is an inquisitor or has the *bane* class feature, she can instead choose to gain 1 additional round of her *bane* class ability. If the wearer has the *rage* class feature, she can instead regain one use of a *rage* power that has been exhausted (a power that is available either once per *rage* or once per day). The wearer can gain only one benefit per round from the torc, even if she confirms multiple critical hits in a single round. These benefits must be used within 1 hour of their accrual; if not used by that time, they are lost as the wearer's hatred subsides.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST
Craft Wondrous Item, <i>rage</i> , <i>righteous vigor</i> ^{APG} , <i>summon monster I</i>	4,750 GP



If Qupenarth successfully flees from a battle with the PCs, he retreats to the encampment to the east (area B2). The athach can run faster than most giants, so the PCs can expect a stampede of angry giants (likely equivalent to a CR 13 encounter) from the camp within 4 to 6 rounds, unless a brawl is already taking place there. If the watchtowers overlooking the encampment and mess hall have not been disabled, the movement of a throng of giants from the camp to the mess hall certainly prompts the sounding of signal horns from the towers. Any sort of chaotic escalation of danger like this earns the PCs 1 Outrage Point.

Story Award: If the PCs poison the stew and manage to turn the village's giants against Qupenarth and the Cackleclutch Twins, award them 25,600 XP, as if the PCs had defeated the athach and hill giants in combat.

F. STORAGE SILO (CR 10)

An unadorned stone building stands here, more a silo than a tower. A steady line of footprints leads to a single large door set in the structure's southeastern side.

This 40-foot-tall circular building is used to house the resources that Berkvildr and her work crews (see Food-Gathering Expedition on page 41) harvest and hunt.

Inside the silo are smaller sub-granaries and bins where crops and produce are stored and skinned carcasses (both animal and humanoid) are salted and hung on chains.

A skyrocket (see the sidebar on page 15) is mounted at the silo's apex, with its fuse running down the length of the wall inside.

Creatures: Quarters inside the silo are cramped, but two ice trolls named Gareg and Snorrak live here full time as permanent guards, along with a trained cave bear named Flint Tooth. The trolls each possess a few tindertwigs to light the silo's skyrocket, if necessary. All three creatures hate Qupenarth (see area E), and many an argument takes place about how much food the athach can requisition at any one time. Typically the trolls nap during the day and Flint Tooth sleeps at night. The three defend their post viciously.

GAREG AND SNORRAK (2)	CR 6
XP 2,400 each	
Ice troll barbarian (see page 12)	
hp 101 each	

FLINT TOOTH	CR 8
XP 4,800	
Advanced dire bear (<i>Pathfinder RPG Bestiary</i> 294, 31)	
hp 115	

Development: The silo's guards can be lured out of the building to investigate a disturbance, and even taunted into giving chase. If the adjacent watchtower's signal horn is sounded, however, they become very alert and stick close to their post.

If the battle starts to go poorly for the guards (such as if Flint Tooth or one of the ice trolls is slain), one of the ice trolls tries to withdraw inside the silo to light the skyrocket mounted on the roof. The end of the fuse is 10 feet off the ground. Once lit, it takes the fuse 3 rounds

to ignite the skyrocket, which attracts the attention of a patrol (see page 11) and may even get the giants in the nearby watchtower and any svathurim at the mammoth stockade (area G) involved. If this happens, the PCs gain 1 Outrage Point.

Clandestine destruction of the silo's stores earns the PCs 1 Sabotage Point, but simply killing the guards does not. More overt acts of vandalism, such as burning the stores or the silo, still earn the PCs 1 Sabotage Point, but they also gain 1 Outrage Point for being so clearly a tactic to undermine the camp.

Story Award: If the PCs avoid combat by creatively destroying the stores so that it appears to be simple misfortune, award them 9,600 XP, as if they had defeated the silo's guards in combat.

G. MAMMOTH STOCKADE (CR 12)

A giant-sized rail fence cordons off this large plot of land. To the north are four large barn-like structures. A barred gate is built into the fence to the south. Bales of grass and other vegetable matter are stacked on either side of the barns.

The giants hunt mammoths for food, furs, and hides, but retain some of the animals for breeding or as mounts. The barns are simple structures to provide shelter. The slave crews that travel down the mountain (see Food-Gathering Expedition on page 41) harvest grass, leaves, and other vegetation to mitigate the need for grazing in snowy months.

Creatures: At least a half-dozen or more woolly mammoths are penned in this yard, but most of them are non-aggressive. The village's svathurims (see area M) take turns shepherding the beasts and teaching other giants to ride them. However, there are about 8 to 12 hours, usually at night, when the mammoths are not directly attended; this period can be determined by observing the stockade for 24 hours. During the day, a single svathurim can be found in the yard, joined by a single bull mammoth that viciously defends the herd. At night, or if no svathurim is present, three mammoths attack to drive off any intruders instead. A PC who succeeds at a wild empathy check (the mammoths have a starting attitude of unfriendly) or a DC 20 Handle Animal check can calm the three animals and keep all of the animals quiet, and allows the PCs to direct the mammoths out of the stockade.

WOOLY MAMMOTHS (1 OR 3)

CR 9

XP 6,400 each

Mastodon (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 128)

hp 133 each

SVATHURIM

CR 11

XP 12,800

hp 147 (*Pathfinder RPG Monster Codex* 76)

Development: Sabotaging this location can be either easy or very dangerous, depending on whether a svathurim is present and whether the watchtowers to the southwest and east are still occupied. Simply releasing the mammoths earns 1 Sabotage Point, even if the animals are later recaptured. A well-timed stampede of mammoths racing through the giant encampments (area B) can mitigate the response time of patrols and the attentiveness of nearby watchtowers, and even provide distractions from confrontations at the mess hall (area E) and silo (area F).

If a svathurim is present, things become more difficult. The svathurim does not flee from combat lightly, but if clearly outmatched or reduced to fewer than 40 hit points, it uses its skyrunner ability to head for one of the towers. Any giants still stationed there immediately signal for help. If the svathurim escapes or the watchtower signals for help, the PCs accrue 1 Outrage Point.

H. GRISTMILL (CR 12)

This building is a wooden, warehouse-like structure. It stands approximately 20 feet tall, with two strong wooden doors that can be barred from the inside (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 30) on the southern side. Use the map on page 20 for this location.

A gigantic millstone lies in the center of this open, single-story building. The device consists of four rollers on a circular stone base attached to a center spoke. Each roller terminates in a ten-foot-long handle mounted with human-sized manacles. A well-worn footpath encircles the millstone. A smaller apparatus with giant-sized handles on either side sits in the northwest corner. A chute opens at the top of the device, feeding into a spiked grinder that yields crushed material in a basin below. A wagon loaded with barrels sits next to the southwestern doors. Throughout the building are piles of materials to be milled, from wheat and barley to heaps of humanoid bones.

The giants of Skirgaard employ slave labor to mill their grain and literally grind bones to make their bread at this horrific site. From dawn to dusk, human slaves are chained to the mill turnstile and forced to walk in a circle to operate the mill.

The wagon to the southwest is loaded with barrels filled with ground grain, each of which can be treated as a rock for the purposes of a giant's rock throwing special attack.

Creatures: A frost giant slave handler named Margrunda oversees the village's slaves, particularly during their labors at the gristmill. She is armed with an earthbreaker and a mancatcher, and paints her body in tribal designs with brilliant blue woad. Another frost giant named Horkt is stationed here with her, also armed with a mancatcher (his Skill Focus feat is replaced with Exotic Weapon Proficiency in that weapon).

Two or three human slaves are manacled to each spoke of the millstone (if necessary, use the pig farmer stat block on page 256 of the *Pathfinder RPG NPC Codex* for these slaves). When the PCs arrive, the slaves stop pushing the device, but they resume if either of the frost giants succeeds at a DC 20 Intimidate check (normally a standard action, though Margrunda can use her *helm of fearsome mien* to do so as a move action if raging; this is an exception to the skill that affects all of the slaves). The slaves move the millstone a quarter of a turn each round on initiative count 10, which crushes anything between the rollers (see Hazards below). The PCs can stop the movement of the millstone by rendering the slaves on two spokes unable to push, either through violence, magic, or a successful DC 20 Intimidate check. To get the slaves to resume pushing, a giant must

succeed at its own opposed Intimidate check with a DC equal to the result of the PCs' check.

The giants are usually preoccupied with their work, but they are confident in the slaves' inability to escape and so can be lured from the site. They have a particular fondness for target practice games in the mine (area I), but remain at their posts if a watchtower signal horn is sounded. If encountered in the gristmill, the giants use their mancatchers to attempt to grapple foes and move them into either the millstone or the grinder (see Hazards below).



MARGRUNDA

HORKT CR 9

XP 6,400

Male frost giant (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149)

hp 133

Melee greataxe +18/+13 (3d6+13/x3) or

mancatcher^{UE} +18/+13 (1d3+13 plus grapple) or

2 slams +18 (1d8+9)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (20 ft. with mancatcher)

TACTICS

Morale Horkt flees if reduced to 40 hit points or fewer.

MARGRUNDA CR 11

XP 12,800

Female frost giant barbarian 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149)

CE Large humanoid (cold, giant)

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 9, flat-footed 21 (+5 armor, +2 Dex, +9 natural, -2 rage, -1 size)

hp 211 (16 HD; 14d8+2d12+130)

Fort +21, **Ref** +9, **Will** +10

Defensive Abilities rock catching, uncanny dodge; **Immune** cold

Weaknesses vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 35 ft.

Melee earth breaker +24/+19/+14 (3d6+19/x3) or

mancatcher +24/+19/+14 (1d3+19 plus grapple) or

2 slams +24 (1d8+13)

Ranged javelin +13/+8/+3 (1d8+13) or

rock +14 (1d8+19)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (20 ft. with mancatcher)

Special Attacks rage (12 rounds/day), rage powers (knockback), rock throwing (120 ft.)

TACTICS

During Combat Margrunda flies into a rage at the sight of armed non-giants. She can use her knockback ability in place of a melee attack every round, or her Awesome Blow feat to knock opponents into the mill or toward Horkt. Quick Draw allows her to throw multiple javelins each round, but she reserves her *javelins of lightning* for spellcasters and other foes at range.

Morale Margrunda fights to the death.

STATISTICS**Str** 37, **Dex** 15, **Con** 26, **Int** 10, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 9**Base Atk** +12; **CMB** +26 (+28 bull rush); **CMD** 36 (38 vs. bull rush)**Feats** Awesome Blow, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (mancatcher), Greater Awesome Blow (see below), Improved Bull Rush, Intimidating Prowess, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Quick Draw**Skills** Acrobatics +12, Climb +20, Intimidate +20, Perception +12, Stealth +5 (+9 in snow), Survival +10**Languages** Common, Giant**SQ** fast movement**Combat Gear** *javelins of lightning* (2), *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of lesser restoration*; **Other Gear** +1 *armored coat*^{UE}, earth breaker, javelins (4), *mancatcher*^{UE}, *belt of incredible dexterity* +2, *cloak of resistance* +1, *helm of fearsome mien*^{UE}, diamond (worth 1,200 gp), 190 gp**SPECIAL ABILITIES****Greater Awesome Blow** When Margrunda makes an awesome blow combat maneuver, for every 5 by which her combat maneuver check exceeds the target's CMD, she sends the target flying 5 additional feet. Furthermore, this movement provokes attacks of opportunity from Margrunda's allies. This feat originally appeared on page 69 of *Pathfinder Adventure Path #91: Battle of Bloodmarch Hill*.**Hazards:** It is normally easy to avoid the millstone's rollers, but any creature in a square in the rollers' path when the millstone turns automatically takes 3d6+6 points of bludgeoning damage.The grinder in the northwest corner is even more insidious. The frost giant witch Rohkinirr (see area **K1**) used a scroll to animate the device so it operates by itself. The grinder activates whenever something is placed in its top chute. A Medium or smaller creature that enters the chute (for example, if moved there after a successful grapple check) takes 3d6 points of damage and must succeed at a DC 25 Reflex save or become caught in the grinder and take another 3d6 points of damage. A creature caught in the grinder takes 3d6 points of damage each round until it succeeds at another DC 25 Reflex save or a DC 25 Escape Artist check to break free. A PC who succeeds at DC 20 Perception check can locate a failsafe button on the side of the grinder that stops the infernal device until the button is depressed again. A successful DC 25 Disable Device check and 2d4 rounds of work permanently ruins the device.**Development:** The sentries in the watchtower closest to the gristmill are accustomed to the sound of the grinder and Margrunda's bellowing, so if a battle is kept out of sight, no alarm is raised.

The millstone is very difficult to destroy, but it can be sabotaged. With a successful DC 25 Disable Device check and 2d4 rounds of work, the PCs can uncouple the heavy stones and knock them out of alignment, effectively putting the mill out

of commission until it's repaired. Award the PCs 1 Sabotage Point for disabling the millstone and grinder. Freeing the slaves without disabling the mill earns no Sabotage Points, as the giants can easily replace them. In the unlikely event an alarm is raised, the PCs accrue 1 Outrage Point.

Story Award: If the PCs manage to avoid combat and still sabotage the mill, award them 19,200 XP, as if they had defeated the giants in combat.**I. MINE AND TARGET RANGE (CR 10)**

This hilly elevation on the plateau is hollowed out in the center, forming a dry basin. A series of sloped ledges wind around to the bottom, where the depression is flat and level. The curvature of the rock walls lends itself to the appearance of a natural arena. At the bottom, several large caves open into the northern rock wall. The ceiling and walls of the caves are supported by wooden beams, visible from the entrances. Across from the caves, on the southeast side, are a series of wooden target dummies. Small piles of round boulders are stacked around the basin's rim.

This is the Skirgaard mine. It is not an extensive mining operation, as the frost giants' demand for ore is normally modest—they need only enough for some weapons and armor. With the influx of population in the village, however, some giants have been posted here to use their skills appropriately.

Following its recent expansion, the makeshift mine is fairly unstable. A PC with stonemasonry or who succeeds at a DC 10 Knowledge (engineering) check while inside the mine can recognize the dangerous construction and locate support beams that can be weakened to collapse the walls and ceilings. The mine can be rigged so that the giants inadvertently collapse the mine on top of themselves with a successful DC 15 Craft (traps) or DC 20 Disable Device check and a few minutes of effort.

Alternatively, magical means such as a *blast glyph of warding* can accomplish the same result. Though risky, the PCs can also attempt to manually collapse the mine by removing a support beam with a successful DC 22 Strength check, but any characters still in the mine have a chance of being caught in the collapse (the rules for cave-ins and collapses can be found on page 415 of the *Core Rulebook*).

The training dummies to the southeast are a makeshift target range for rock-throwing giants. The dummies are heavy duty and designed to be knocked over and stood back up. They are crudely painted caricatures of stereotypical humanoid adventurers (for example, fighters, wizards, clerics, and rogues) with fearful or moronic expressions and rudimentary wooden weapons.

Creatures: Two stone giants from Minderhal's Valley have been assigned the task of operating the mines. Since the giants have darkvision, they can easily be encountered at

night as well as during the day. They defend the mine but are savvy enough to avoid combat near the support beams.

The entire camp uses the basin for target practice, and it is not unusual for the giants to push a slave down to the bottom to serve as a moving target. The PCs could learn this by watching the giants or by speaking with Naximarra or Ranfearg.

The stone giants delight in this game as much as anyone, and it is possible to stage a distraction by exploiting this fact. A PC who does not appear to be armed or armored can easily pretend to be “target practice” by taking the total defense action. The stone giants do not advance into melee combat in such a case, instead roaring in laughter as they hurl boulders at the “target dummy.” A PC who succeeds at a DC 15 Sense Motive check realizes that the giants are more interested in a challenging game than clubbing a slave to death, meaning that such a ploy could keep the giants distracted from the mine long enough to sabotage it.

At your discretion, the giants may also have some humanoid slaves (see area N) working the mine who can provide information about collapsing the mine or the giants’ fondness for target practice, but they will not engage the giants in combat or trigger a collapse themselves.

MINE OVERSEERS (2)

CR 8

XP 4,800 each

NE stone giant (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 151)

hp 102 each

Development: Award the PCs 1 Sabotage Point for collapsing the mine (simply killing the giants does not earn the reward—after all, the giants can be replaced). If the PCs use creativity and imagination to cause the giants to collapse the mine on themselves, award them 2 Sabotage Points instead. The mine is fairly secluded, so provided the nearby watchtower does not signal an alarm, there is little chance for accruing Outrage Points.

J. COLD SMITHY (CR 11+)

A rectangular stone building sits adjacent to a frozen pond. Two wooden walkways lead from the building over the ice. Spurs of jagged metal jut from the ice at odd diagonals.

This area is Skirgaard’s forge and smithy. The facility’s actual purpose is not easy to understand at first glance, especially at night when no activity takes place. There is no anvil, fire, bellows, or chimney flue, but numerous smithing tools and materials can be found inside the building. The smithy’s doors are of strong wood and can be barred from the inside (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 30). Use the map on page 20 for this location.

Creatures: A frost giant “worm friend” named Aerngun does the village’s smith work and sleeps in the smithy at

night. She is assisted by a fire giant named Proath from the military installation of Ashpeak, who has been sent to Skirgaard to help the frost giants craft armor and weapons for the trainees in the village. While Proath is perfectly comfortable working in a hot forge, the frost giants are much more heat sensitive, so Aerngun has an arrangement with a pair of remorhazes. She feeds the massive creatures to make them sessile and encourages them to lie dormant under the ice of the frozen pond. The giants do their forge work on the remorhazes’ fins, which protrude from the ice. The hammering stimulates the creatures even in their sleep and causes the fins to become red hot, thus negating the need for traditional forge fires. The remorhazes are not normally visible, but PCs who observe the smiths working during the day can identify the remorhazes’ plating with a successful DC 17 Knowledge (arcana) check. At night, the DC increases to 27 due to the lack of appreciable heat and context.

Initially, the PCs encounter Aerngun and Proath only in the smithy, as the remorhazes are slumbering beneath the ice. The giants have no signal horns or skyrockets, but once in battle, the two attempt to push the PCs out over the ice where the remorhazes are buried, hoping the sounds of combat above the creatures will trigger their tremorsense and awaken them. The remorhazes are buried under 3 feet of ice and are asleep, so if combat moves out to the frozen pond, roll DC 30 Perception checks for the remorhazes each round. If such a check is successful, the remorhazes burst out from under the ice to join the combat. If the remorhazes do not awaken, the giants fight alone, at least until one of them is slain on the ice. If this happens, the dead giant’s blood seeps into the ice and wakes the hungry remorhazes, which attack 1 round later, granting the PCs no respite. If both giants are slain inside the smithy, this does not occur.

AERNGUN

CR 9

XP 6,400

Female frost giant (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149)

hp 133

PROATH

CR 10

XP 9,600

Male fire giant (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 148)

hp 142

REMORHAZES (2)

CR 7

XP 3,200 each

hp 94 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 233)

Treasure: The giants keep their valuables in the shared quarters inside the smithy. A crude armor stand holds a Medium *breastplate of vanishing* (*Ultimate Equipment* 124) that Aerngun is (unsuccessfully) attempting to resize to Large. A chest under Proath’s bed holds a giant-sized, bronze spyglass

worth 1,500 gp and a small deerskin pouch containing 15 diamonds (worth 50 gp each), 6 pp, and 311 gp.

Development: There are two watchtowers nearby, but the one near the mine (area **I**) is at a lower elevation and the one near the gristmill (area **H**) is a fair distance away. There's no chance of being spotted if the fight remains contained in the smithy building, but if combat moves out onto the ice or the remorhazes awaken, you can allow the watchtower sentries to attempt Perception checks to notice the disturbance.

The PCs earn 1 Sabotage Point for slaying either the giants or the remorhazes (even if the giants are left alive, the forge is useless without Aerngun's remorhaz allies). If an alarm is raised, the PCs accrue 1 Outrage Point.

K. BREWERY

From outside, this wooden structure appears to be a barn or warehouse, its pitched roof rising forty feet above the ground. The oversized double doors in the north and south walls are sized for giants, as is an exterior flight of stairs that runs along the north side of the building.

The doors on the ground floor are strong wood and can be barred from within (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 30), though the southern doors are unsecured as long as Rohkinirr (see area **K1**) is awake and in the building. The door atop the stairs on the north side is locked (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 25, Disable Device DC 25). Each door has a string of bells rigged to it on the inside as a makeshift alarm. PCs who succeed at a DC 20 Perception check can locate these alarms and quietly disarm them with a successful DC 15 Disable Device check. Use the map on page 20 for this location.

K1. Main Floor (CR 12)

A single vast chamber occupies most of this building. Flickering torches set ten feet above the ground are interspersed throughout the building. Tiled stone covers the floor. In the center of the main room sit four huge vats, each ten feet tall and chained to a wooden catwalk constructed above them. Along the west wall, a flight of steps ascends to the catwalk, with a single roof support rising from the center. A smaller room is evident in the northwestern corner of the building, built on a raised, partial second floor. Two doors lead from the northern and western catwalks to this chamber. A strange contraption fashioned from a brass kettle bristling with a series of curling metal tubes sits on the floor to the south near the stairs. The heady scent of fermenting grain hangs heavy in the air. Barrels and kegs litter the floor.



This is Skirgaard's brewery and makeshift distillery, where beer and a smaller quantity of whiskey are prepared. Originally this facility served only the Skirkaling frost giant tribe, but Hersir Gregganor has recently called for increased production. The beer serves as an incentive for obedience and a reward for hard work, plus the yeasty beverage is heavy and rich (though disgusting by human standards) and serves as a dietary supplement. The whiskey is reserved for frost giants only, with an occasional keg sent along with a group of trainees to the fire giant king and queen of Ashpeak. The torches throughout the room are *everburning torches*. The vats are magical, enchanted with a simple permanent *heat metal* spell that can be turned on and off with a command word, and filled with boiling hot beer (see Hazards below). Each vat has a single spigot used to fill barrels when the beer has finished brewing.

Many of the barrels in the brewery are empty, but several are filled with cold beer. Giants can heft these kegs and throw them as substitutes for rocks. If a thrown keg lands on the floor or the ground, it bursts open and creates a 10-foot-diameter area of slippery floor that counts as difficult terrain.

Creature: Skirgaard's brewmaster, a frost giant witch named Rohkinirr, both works and dwells within the brewery. He can be found here much of the time, except when attending to the wishes of the hersir or Skirkatla herself. He holds a position of minor authority as the village's most powerful living spellcaster. Rohkinirr keeps the brewery secured when he is absent, well aware that most giants (and especially the trainees in the camp) are thieves and scoundrels when it comes to his craft. Rohkinirr is arrogant enough to attempt to deal with intruders himself, at least initially. He is well aware how explosive the still is and avoids combat adjacent to it, although if he sees a means to use that knowledge tactically, he does so.

ROHKINIRR

CR 12

XP 19,200

Male frost giant witch 6 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149, *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 65)

CE Large humanoid (cold, giant)

Init +5; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +16

DEFENSE

AC 27, touch 13, flat-footed 26 (+4 armor, +3 deflection, +1 Dex, +10 natural, -1 size)

hp 190 (20 HD; 14d8+6d6+106)

Fort +16, **Ref** +11, **Will** +14

Defensive Abilities rock catching; **Immune** cold

Weaknesses vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee mwk spear +22/+17/+12 (2d6+13/×3) or
2 slams +21 (1d8+9)

Ranged rock +14 (1d8+9) or
mwk spear +14 (2d6+9/×3)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks hexes (cauldron, flight [*feather fall* at will, *levitate* 1/day, *fly* 6 minutes/day], *misfortune* [1 round], *slumber* [6 rounds]), rock throwing (120 ft.)

Witch Spells Prepared (CL 6th; concentration +9)

3rd—*eruptive pustules*^{UM} (DC 16), *lightning bolt* (DC 16),
stinking cloud (DC 17)

2nd—*blindness/deafness* (DC 15), *glitterdust* (DC 16),
ice slick^{MC} (DC 15), *vomit swarm*^{APG}

1st—*ill omen*^{APG}, *mage armor*, *shield of faith*, *unseen servant*

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *light*, *mending*, *message*

Patron Wisdom

TACTICS

Before Combat Rohkinirr casts *mage armor* and *shield of faith* before combat. He also has an *unseen servant* to assist him from approximately noon to dusk.

During Combat Rohkinirr activates his fly hex on the first round of combat to avoid being pinned down in melee combat, to move behind cover from ranged weapons, and to bull rush opponents off the catwalks. He commands his *unseen servant* to open a spigot on one of the vats, making the brewery floor slippery, difficult terrain. Rohkinirr targets dangerous opponents with his slumber hex, interspersed with quickened spells. His Accursed Hex feat allows him to reuse his slumber hex on enemies who successfully save against the hex. He attempts to deafen spellcasters with *blindness/deafness*, and casts *glitterdust*, *ice slick*, or *vomit swarm* against foes who engage him in melee combat.

Morale Rohkinirr attempts to flee using his flight hex to when reduced to fewer than 50 hit points, casting *glitterdust* or *stinking cloud* to cover his escape if necessary.

STATISTICS

Str 28, **Dex** 13, **Con** 20, **Int** 16, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +13; **CMB** +23 (+25 bull rush); **CMD** 37 (39 vs. bull rush)

Feats Accursed Hex^{UM}, Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Spell Focus (conjuration), Spell Specialization^{UM} (*vomit swarm*), Will of Giants (see below)

Skills Acrobatics +10, Climb +20, Craft (alchemy) +20, Fly +15, Intimidate +14, Knowledge (arcana) +16, Knowledge (nature) +16, Perception +16, Spellcraft +16, Stealth +0 (+4 in snow), Swim +13, Use Magic Device +14

Languages Abyssal, Common, Draconic, Giant, Orc

SQ witch's familiar (fox named Mirple)

Combat Gear *lesser quicken metamagic rod*, *potions of cure moderate wounds* (2), *potion of cure serious wounds*, *scroll of clairaudience/clairvoyance*; **Other**

Gear mwk spear, *amulet of natural armor* +1, *headband of vast intelligence* +2, spell component pouch, keys to all locks in area **K**

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Will of Giants Rohkinirr is immune to enchantment effects that target only humanoids, such as *charm person* and *hold person*. This feat originally appeared on page 70 of *Pathfinder Adventure Path #91: Battle of Bloodmarch Hill*.



ROHKINIRR

Hazards: The fermenting brew in the vats is foul to the taste (and only moderately better when finished). Any non-giant who drinks it must succeed at a DC 18 Fortitude save or be sickened for 1 round. A creature submerged in a vat takes 10d6 points of fire damage every round from the scalding hot liquid and must also succeed at a DC 18 Fortitude save to avoid being sickened. A Medium or smaller creature that falls into a vat must succeed at a DC 10 Swim check to grab the rim, and then must succeed at a DC 10 Climb check to climb over the rim and drop to the floor. A Large creature need not attempt a Swim check.

The device on the ground floor in the southwest corner is the still. The still is safe if left alone, but it produces ethanol vapors that are highly explosive—the reason for the non-flame-based heating and lighting solutions in the brewery. The still has hardness 5 and 30 hit points, but a single point of damage in excess of the still's hardness releases the explosive vapor in a 20-foot-radius spread. Once the vapor is released, any fire or electrical source within the radius causes the still to explode. When the vapor explodes, anyone in the area takes 12d6 points of fire damage (Reflex DC 16 half), and the south side of the brewery catches on fire.

A PC who succeeds at a DC 25 Craft (alchemy), Craft (traps), or Disable Device check can rig the still to explode in 1d3 rounds. A successful DC 30 check allows the character to delay the detonation for up to 1 minute.

Development: If done carefully, the destruction of the brewery certainly demoralizes the village. Award the PCs 1 Sabotage Point for accomplishing the task. The PCs can rig the still to explode and burn the brewery down, or they can covertly dump the alchemical reagents in Rohkinirr's quarters (area K2) into the vats to ruin the entire batch of beer. If they cannot avoid a fight with Rohkinirr, detonating the building with his corpse inside also satisfies the requirement—his compatriots assume he blew himself up. If the brewery burns to the ground, it creates a huge distraction and disruption of village activities. A mob of giants soon arrives—they howl and shake their fists at the sight, shedding bitter tears over the loss of their beer.

Opening the vat spigots and smashing the barrels to let the beer drain away does earn the PCs the Sabotage Point, but they also accrue 1 Outrage Point for leaving obvious signs of vandalism. In fact, any evidence of external vandalism upon the brewery at all, including Rohkinirr's escape, earns 1 Outrage Point. If any giant besides Rohkinirr witnesses the PCs' vandalism, they gain 2 Outrage Points instead. The only way to avoid accruing Outrage Points is to frame Rohkinirr for carelessness or stage an "accident."

If Rohkinirr does escape, he heads directly for the Skirkaling Longhouse (area L) or Skirkatla's tomb (area T), then uses his *scroll of clairaudience/clairvoyance* to try to find the PCs. If he is successful, he petitions Gregganor

or Skirkatla to unleash the Baelmourn or the Decapitant Lord to strike at them directly, regardless of the PCs' current number of Outrage Points. Whether these leaders capitulate to Rohkinirr's plea is left to the GM's discretion.

K2. Rohkinirr's Quarters

These are the personal quarters of the frost giant brewmaster Rohkinirr. When outside the brewery, Rohkinirr keeps the two doors that open into brewery proper locked (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 25, Disable Device DC 25). The room contains a giant-sized bed, two tables covered with alchemical and witch paraphernalia, and a number of shelves for personal possessions, including a sizeable collection of herbs, mushrooms, alchemical reagents, and spell components.

Treasure: A *cauldron of brewing* (*Ultimate Equipment* 287) sits on one of the tables, along with the components of a complete alchemist's lab. You can also put any other alchemical items (whether remedies, tools, or weapons) that you think the PCs might find useful in this room.

Development: Spellcasters and alchemists who have lost or exhausted their stores of magical components can replenish their reserves with the supplies here. These alchemical materials can also be used to ruin the fermenting beer in the brewery (area K1) or poison one of the mess hall meals to sicken the camp's giants (see area E).

L. SKIRKALING LONGHOUSE

A wooden longhouse, as large as a human palace, stands in a snowy clearing here. The building is windowless, but has three sets of double doors along its southern face. A plume of smoke rises from a stone chimney on the building's eastern end.

This longhouse is the primary feathall of the Skirkaling frost giants and the residence of Hersir Gregganor, the subchieftain who manages the village's day-to-day operations on behalf of Skirkatla. The longhouse is approximately 300 feet long—large enough to host the village's monthly clan gatherings and for Skirkatla to hold court on her rare excursions from her tomb. The exterior doors are usually left unsecured, a testament to frost giant arrogance and overconfidence.

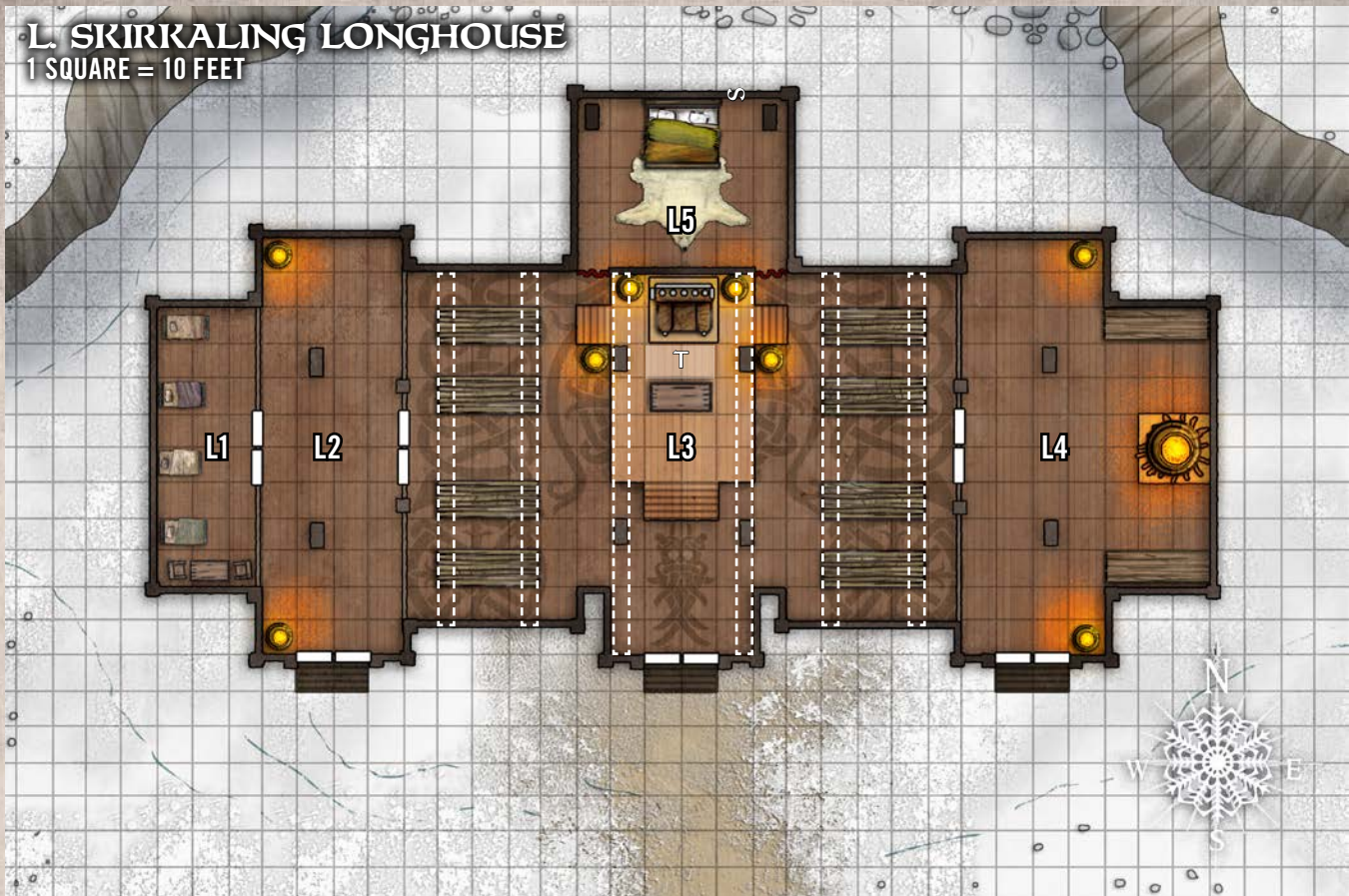
Development: If the PCs have accrued 8 or more Outrage Points, all of the longhouse's exterior doors are barred from the inside (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 30). See the Development sections of the encounter areas behind the doors for the tactics of the guards within.

L1. Guard Barracks (CR 11)

Four giant-sized beds line the western wall of this room, while weapon racks and armor hooks are mounted on the eastern wall.

L. SKIRKALING LONGHOUSE

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



A simple table and chairs are shoved up against the south wall. Double doors exit to the east.

Hersir Gregganor's personal guards are quartered in this chamber. The furnishings are spartan, but there are a few empty tankards and carved bone gaming dice on the table. The doors to the room can be barred from within, but they aren't secured when the PCs first visit here.

Creatures: There are two off-duty frost giants here at any given time. Each carries an *everburning torch* and a signal horn. Depending on the time of day, they might be gambling at the table, fully armed, with their torches ensconced for light; or relaxing, unarmed and unarmored, having either just woken up or begun preparing for bed. At night, they are likely asleep in their bunks. They can hear the sounds of battle in area L3 with a successful DC 17 Perception check, or DC 27 if they're asleep.

FROST GIANTS (2)**CR 9****XP 6,400 each****hp** 133 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149)

Development: If the PCs have accrued 8 or more Outrage Points, one of these guards is in area L2 at all times.

L2. Trophy Hall

This cavernous hallway is filled with the grisly trophies of the frost giant tribe's victories over the centuries. Antler racks, ancient weapons, and shields festoon the walls. Interspersed throughout are stuffed and mounted animals, along with the taxidermied heads of unidentified humans or dwarves. Great braziers sit at either end of the hall and provide a modicum of ambient light. Three sets of double doors exit the hall to the east, west, and south.

This room is usually uninhabited. The braziers shed light via *continual flame*, leaving much of the hall in darkness.

Development: If the PCs have accrued 8 or more Outrage Points, then one frost giant guard from area L1 is posted at the southern doors, which are barred (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 30). Anyone attempting to open the doors is met with a challenge. The PCs can attempt a Bluff check opposed by the giant's untrained Sense Motive check. If they're successful, the guard unbars the door. If the PCs attempt an aid another action on the Bluff check, the check automatically fails, as multiple voices raise suspicions when the guards are already on high alert. Failure means the second guard from area L1 joins his compatriot. One readies an action to attack hostiles, while the other opens the door. They fight to the death.

L3. Feasthall (CR 13+)

This expansive hall is so large that most illumination doesn't reach the other side. Huge tables stand on either side of a massive platform, upon which sits a wooden throne decorated with mammoth tusks. Large metal braziers and piles of boulders flank the throne. Curtains on either side of the dais separate this hall from another room to the north, while sets of double doors exit the hall to the east, west, and south. A stark chill is in the air, cold enough for breath to steam.

The doors to the feasthall are usually unsecured, but all of them can be barred from within (see Development below). The roof is open, its bare peak 50 rising feet above the floor. Five-foot-wide support beams, spaced 20 feet apart, stretch from north to south at a height of 25 feet. The tables can provide cover for Medium and smaller creatures, and if flipped on their sides, can provide total cover. The braziers provide light as *everburning torches*.

Creatures: The Skirkaling hersir, or sub-jarl, Gregganor is usually found here, seated upon his throne while he confers with one of his frost giant guards, who is equipped with both an *everburning torch* and a signal horn. The hersir is a singularly dangerous opponent who does not hesitate to call for aid. An effective strategy to corner him and limit his allies is to use Stealth and quietly bar all the doors from within before launching an assault.

FROST GIANT

CR 9

XP 6,400

hp 133 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149)

HERSIR GREGGANOR

CR 12

XP 19,200

Male frost giant fighter 3 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149)

CE Large humanoid (cold, giant)

Init +1; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +15

DEFENSE

AC 26, touch 10, flat-footed 25 (+7 armor, +1 Dex, +9 natural, -1 size)**hp** 181 (17 HD; 14d8+3d10+102)**Fort** +18, **Ref** +6, **Will** +10 (+1 vs. fear)**Defensive Abilities** bravery +1, rock catching; **Immune** cold**Weaknesses** vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.**Melee** glaive +26/+21/+16 (2d8+21/19-20/x3) or 2 slams +26 (1d8+14)**Ranged** rock +14 (1d8+14) or frost boulder +14 (2d6 cold)**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (20 ft. with glaive)**Special Attacks** rock throwing (120 ft.)

TACTICS

During Combat On the first round of combat, Gregganor leaps to his feet and seizes the dining table in front of his throne to lob it at enemies with his Awesome Throw feat. Treat the table as a thrown rock that can hit up to three Medium adjacent enemies in a line (he must roll an attack roll against each creature in the line). Thereafter, the hersir uses his feats to take advantage of his reach and keep opponents from getting inside the reach of his massive glaive, while making attacks against as many foes as possible.

Morale If he thinks escape is possible, Gregganor flees to his quarters (see Development below) when reduced to 45 hit points or fewer. Otherwise, he fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 39, **Dex** 13, **Con** 22, **Int** 10, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 9**Base Atk** +13; **CMB** +28 (+30 bull rush);**CMD** 39 (41 vs. bull rush)**Feats** Awesome Throw (see below), CombatReflexes, Critical Focus, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (glaive), Improved Iron Will, Iron Will, Power Attack, Pushing Assault^{APG}, Staggering Critical, Stand Still**Skills** Intimidate +12, Perception +15, Perform (wind) +5, Ride +10, Stealth +3 (+7 in snow)**Languages** Common, Giant**SQ** armor training 1**Combat Gear** frost boulders (6; see the sidebar on page 32);**Other Gear** +1 mithral breastplate, belt of giant strength +6, glaive, *everburning torch*, key to pit trap bypass lock (see Trap below), signal horn

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Awesome Throw As a standard action, Gregganor can perform the awesome throw combat maneuver by making a thrown weapon attack with a large, bulky object with a relatively regular shape and a hardness of at least 5 (such as the table in front of his throne). If the attack hits a corporeal opponent smaller than him, the opponent takes damage and is knocked away, flying 10 feet in a straight line away from Gregganor and falling prone. If an obstacle prevents the completion of the target's move, the target and the obstacle each take 1d6 points of damage, and the target is knocked prone in a space adjacent to the obstacle. This feat originally appeared on page 69 of *Pathfinder Adventure Path #91: Battle of Bloodmarch Hill*.



GREGGANOR

FROST BOULDERS

Frost giants sometimes use alchemical weapons called frost boulders instead of their typical thrown rocks.

Frost Boulder. A frost boulder is a large, roughly boulder-shaped version of liquid ice (*Ultimate Equipment* 108) favored by giants. A frost boulder is considered a greater splash weapon (the rules for greater splash weapons are presented in the “Giant’s Toolbox” article in *Pathfinder Adventure Path #91: Battle of Bloodmarch Hill*). A frost boulder deals 2d6 points of cold damage on a direct hit, and 5 points of cold damage from its splash.

Trap: Gregganor conceals many of his valuables in a secret compartment under his throne (see Treasure below). Opening the compartment triggers a concealed pit trap in the 20-foot-by-10-foot area directly in front of his throne—where a potential burglar would presumably stand. A hidden lock bypasses the trap; Hersir Gregganor has the only key. As long as the secret compartment is not opened, the floor in front of the throne is safe to stand on.

CAMOUFLAGED SPIKED PIT TRAP CR 8

XP 4,800

Type mechanical; **Perception** DC 25; **Disable Device** DC 20

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** manual; **Bypass** hidden lock (Perception DC 25, Disable Device 30)

Effect 50-ft.-deep pit (5d6 falling damage); pit spikes (Atk +15 melee, 1d4 spikes per target for 1d6+5 damage each); Reflex DC 20 negates; multiple targets (all targets in 20-ft.-by-10-ft. area)

Treasure: Hersir Gregganor keeps his treasure in a secret compartment concealed in the seat of his throne. It can be found with a successful DC 20 Perception check, but opening the compartment triggers a trap (see Trap above). Inside the secret compartment is a velvet pouch containing a *jailer’s dungeon ring* and a *prisoner’s dungeon ring* (*Ultimate Equipment* 166), two *potions of cure moderate wounds*, a *potion of neutralize poison*, a *scroll of protection from energy* in a bone scroll tube (worth 70 gp), a *wand of slow* (27 charges), 130 pp, and 5,270 gp.

Development: If the PCs have accrued 8 or more Outrage Points, the frost giant guard is posted at the southern doors, which are barred shut (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 30). The guard’s behavior matches that described in the Development section of area L2. Furthermore, if the PCs fail a Bluff check to gain entry, Gregganor stands ready to make an attack when the door is opened.

The hersir does not flee capriciously, but if he does successfully, he runs for the secret door in area L5 and

then to the Temple of Urgathoa (area P) or Skirkatla’s tomb (area T). He pauses only to sound his horn repeatedly and direct all responders to find the PCs and eliminate them. Killing Hersir Gregganor earns the PCs 3 Sabotage Points, but they accrue 2 Outrage Points if he escapes.

L4. Preparation Room (CR 10)

Braziers illuminate either end of this chamber, along with a soft glow that emanates from a huge fire pit in the floor to the east wall. Two enormous tables line the walls on either side of this nook, bearing numerous tankards, platters, and kegs. A massive cauldron hangs by heavy chains above the fire. Double doors exit the room to the south and west.

This is where frost giant feasts are prepared. The door to the south is typically unsecured but can be barred from within (see Development below). The light shed by the braziers and the fireplace is equal to that of a torch. The cauldron is filled with a hearty stew, but careful inspection reveals the meat is from scrawny humanoid slaves.

Creatures: Two cyclops trainees have been conscripted to prepare meals and serve Gregganor and his retinue. A solitary frost giant guard, equipped with an *everburning torch* and a signal horn, keeps them company and drinks from a keg by the fireplace. If a battle ensues, all of the giants fight to the death.

CYCLOPES (2) CR 5

XP 1,600 each

hp 65 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 52)

FROST GIANT CR 9

XP 6,400

hp 133 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149)

Development: If the PCs have accrued 8 or more Outrage Points, the frost giant guard is posted at the southern doors, which are barred shut (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 30). The guard’s behavior matches that described in the Development section of area L2, except it is the cyclopes who stand ready to attack intruders when the door is opened after a failed Bluff check.

L5. Gregganor’s Quarters

An enormous bearskin rug lies before a sleeping pallet covered with furs. Massive beams stand in the northern corners, supporting the roof overhead. Two curtained doorways lead to the south.

Hersir Gregganor lives in this spacious but otherwise simple chamber. A secret door in the north wall of the room leads outside. It can be located with a successful

DC 30 Perception check. The door is unlocked; if he needs to escape the longhouse quickly, Greggator does not wish to be slowed down by having to unlock it. The frost giant guards in the longhouse (though not the cyclopes in area L4) are aware of the door's existence.

M. SVATHURIM LONGHOUSE (CR 13)

A large wooden structure with a peaked roof and two sets of massive barn doors set at either end sits in the shadow of a nearby watchtower. A pair of gigantic ram's horns is mounted above the eastern doors, while gigantic crossed lances are set above the western doors.

The longhouse is approximately 50 feet wide and 75 feet long. Inside, the building resembles a barn without interior walls or stalls, but with workbenches permanently affixed to the sides. The ceiling rafters are open and exposed 40 feet above the straw-covered, earthen floor. There is no fireplace, chimney, or light source. The massive doors at either end of the longhouse can be barred from within (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 30) and the walls are wooden (hardness 5, hp 60, break DC 20).

Creatures: Three living svathurims—centaurlike creatures with frost giant torsos atop the bodies of massive eight-legged stallions—dwell in Skirgaard, but only two are ever found in residence at this longhouse at any given time. The third is often hunting, on patrol, or tending to the mammoths in area G. The svathurims mostly use the longhouse as respite from the snow and wind. They are too ungainly for a complex arrangement of rooms and sleep standing up. The svathurims typically use the longhouse's doors to enter and exit, but in battle, they're quite willing to go right through the walls if necessary. The mighty creatures attack any non-giants entering their home. Svathurims believe themselves superior to the two-legged frost giants and do not seek help from the nearby watchtower. The svathurims fight to the death.

SVATHURIMS (2)

CR 11

XP 12,800 each

hp 147 each (*Pathfinder RPG Monster Codex* 76)

Treasure: One of the svathurims wears a *greater Thremyr's beard* (see the sidebar).

Development: Defeating the svathurims nets the party 1 Sabotage Point. If sentries still occupy the nearby watchtower, they might notice a battle here depending on the circumstances. If an alarm is raised, the PCs accrue 1 Outrage Point and the guards at the slave pen (area N) are alerted.

THREMYR'S BEARD

Crafted in the likeness of the First Jarl Thremyr, ancient god of the frost giants, these mithral helms are worn by canny frost giants, ice trolls, and svathurims who seek an advantage over the foes they face in battle.

THREMYR'S BEARD		PRICE varies
Lesser		35,250 GP
Greater		42,250 GP
SLOT head	CL 13th	WEIGHT 2 lbs.

AURA strong evocation

This mithral helm has a faceplate resembling a frost giant's face, complete with a beard formed from layered, thin metal rods. While wearing a *Thremyr's beard*, a creature gains a +5 competence bonus on Intimidate checks and a +2 circumstance bonus on Disguise checks to impersonate a frost giant or svathurim (though the helm does nothing to increase the wearer's size).

Once per day as an immediate action after being successfully hit by a melee weapon, the wearer of a *lesser Thremyr's beard* can order the helm to animate, whereupon the thin metal rods of the helm's beard reach out to grasp the weapon. This functions as a disarm combat maneuver that does not provoke an attack of opportunity. A *lesser Thremyr's beard* has a CMB of +23; the wearer can use the helm's CMB or her own CMB, whichever is higher.

A *greater Thremyr's beard* functions identically to the lesser version, but offers more protection for the wearer's vulnerable neck. Once per day as an immediate action after a critical hit is confirmed against the wearer with a melee weapon, the wearer can force the attacker to reroll the confirmation roll and take the worse result.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST varies
Lesser	17,625 gp
Greater	21,125 gp

Craft Wondrous Item, *grasping hand* (lesser and greater), *ill omen*^{APG} (greater)



N. SLAVE PEN (CR 11)

Long rows of small wooden shacks huddle together in this fenced-in yard. They are unpainted, crude structures, unfit for long-term human survival in the cold environment. A few communal fire pits are scattered among the sheds. The fallen snow is mixed with dirt and frozen mud, trampled down by the milling of countless feet, both large and small.

These small, pathetic shacks are used to house the humanoid slaves taken captive by the Skirgaard giants. They were constructed from salvaged scrap wood by previous generations of slaves. The shacks offer their occupants little more than a place to huddle for warmth away from the wind, but the PCs might take advantage of them for cover and concealment. The wooden walls of the shacks have hardness 5, 20 hit points, and a break DC of 13. A large or larger creature can knock over one of these huts over with a successful DC 20 Strength check.

Creatures: Approximately 40 to 50 human slaves are kept here, having been captured and marched up the mountain. If necessary, use the pig farmer stat block on page 256 of the *Pathfinder RPG NPC Codex* for these slaves, but they have no weapons or equipment. The giants do not view the slaves as long-term investments, but cruelly work them until they weaken and falter, whereupon they're removed—taken elsewhere for consumption or target practice. Currently, most of the slaves are used to gather resources for the village (see Food-Gathering Expedition on page 41).

Two frost giant slave handlers are posted here night and day. They actively watch for escape attempts but otherwise pay little direct attention to their charges. Instead they occupy themselves with conversation, walking the yard, or playing “darts” by throwing rocks at makeshift targets constructed from the walls of a demolished shack. The giants are armed with mancatchers (their Skill Focus feats are replaced with Exotic Weapon Proficiency in that weapon), and one giant carries a signal horn at all times.

FROST GIANTS (2)

CR 9

XP 6,400 each

hp 133 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149)

Melee greataxe +18/+13 (3d6+13/x3) or
mancatcher^{UE} 18/+13 (1d3+13 plus grapple) or
2 slams +18 (1d8+9)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (20 ft. with mancatcher)

Development: The slaves are too cowed by the giants to be of use in a fight, but are quick to advise the PCs that one giant has a signal horn. If the PCs do not immediately engage that giant in combat when a fight breaks out, she immediately sounds the horn to call for help.

The giants depend upon the slaves for their labor and as a secondary food source. If the PCs release the slaves and direct them out of the village (without being spotted by sentries in the watchtowers or by other giants in the village), award the PCs 1 Sabotage Point. If a general alarm is raised, it is possible for the slaves to still escape, earning the PCs the Sabotage Point, but the PCs also accrue 1 Outrage Point. The slaves' journey down the mountain is beyond the scope of this adventure, but you can flesh it out as much as you like for your campaign.

O. SHRINE OF THREMYR (CR 11)

A set of ancient stone stairs carved from the mountain climbs to a hexagonal stone dais covered in rime, with chiseled runes barely visible underneath. An ice sculpture depicting a giant, bearded figure stands atop the dais. The sculpture's features are angular and chiseled, with an inhuman, almost elemental, quality about them. Jagged shards of ice form the figure's beard and hair. The air in the immediate vicinity is even colder than elsewhere on the mountain plateau.

This is an ancient shrine to Thremyr, the First Jarl—the god of frost giants, ice trolls, winter wolves, and other evil creatures born of supernatural cold. Thremyr remains the nominal patron of Skirgaard, even though Skirkatla herself has turned away from Thremyr's faith in favor of Urgathoa. Even so, the graveknight jarl has not desecrated the shrine, believing her tolerance of it bolsters her tribe's loyalty to her.

The ice statue of Thremyr (hardness 8, hp 60, break DC 25) is recognizable with a successful DC 20 Knowledge (religion) check. The statue is 20 feet tall and weighs over 1,000 pounds. Sculpted from magically hardened ice, it does not melt under normal circumstances, even in a summertime thaw. Magical fire sources of caster level 6th or higher or sonic effects of any level bypass its hardness. The runes chiseled on the dais are written in Giant, and describe Thremyr's birth during the Age of Creation, his subsequent stumble into the Steaming Sea, and the genesis of the frost giants and other frozen folk.

Creatures: A pair of thremindyr's loiter near the shrine at all times, attracted by the likeness of the god they worship as their creator. They hide in plain sight with their indistinct special ability and curiously watch the PCs. If the PCs take any aggressive action toward the shrine, the thremindyr's move to attack.

THREMINDYRS (2)

CR 9

XP 6,400 each

hp 104 each (see page 90)

Development: The thremindyr's are not a formal part of Skirgaard's defense and do not attempt to summon aid if attacked, but you can use these creatures as defenders of the skies above Skirgaard should the PCs engage in extensive aerial attacks on the village. The thremindyr's curiosity might be drawn to other flying creatures, especially if signal horns and skyrockets are employed. They enjoy freezing flying creatures in midair so their victims drop to the ground.

An alliance with the winter wolf Ranfearg (see area C) is not an alliance with the thremindyr's, but if the PCs made a deal with Ranfearg and use the pass phrase given to them by the winter wolf on the thremindyr's, the outsiders pause long enough to demand why they should not attack. The

PCs can persuade the thremindyrns not to attack with a successful DC 28 Bluff, Diplomacy, or Intimidate check on one condition—the PCs must not damage the shrine. The thremindyrns do not negotiate on this stipulation.

Although the shrine of Thremyr is not the source of Ranfearg's power, the site is sacred to the divine guardian winter wolf, and he is instantly aware if the shrine is damaged or destroyed. If the PCs had a truce with him, he magically knows they betrayed him. He becomes a sworn enemy of the PCs at that point and adopts strategies to hamper the PCs while they deal with other threats as punishment for their infidelity. If the PCs do destroy the shrine, they gain 1 Sabotage Point, Ranfearg's enmity notwithstanding. The shrine's destruction demoralizes the frost giants, as many have not yet converted to the worship of Urgathoa. It is not possible for the PCs to accrue Outrage Points here unless their behavior truly warrants it (for example, using large, fiery explosions), at the GM's discretion.

If the PCs made an arrangement with Ranfearg and keep their word to not defile the shrine, he uses *dimension door* to meet them just before they enter Skirkatla's tomb (area T) and gives them the *surefooted shield* and *winter wolf runetooth* (see the Treasure section of area C), provided the PCs did not already loot his treasures. The divine guardian has no love for the PCs, but he hopes they have a chance to destroy Skirkatla and free Skirgaard from her undead tyranny.

P. TEMPLE OF URGATHOA

This colossal stone edifice appears to be sculpted from the living rock. Stairs ascend between massive columns, each carved in the form of a frost giant from a previous age, to a portico where three sets of double doors are set in the southern face of the structure. Additional columns flank the east and west sides.

This was once a mighty temple of Thremyr, constructed with elemental slave labor in centuries past before Skirkatla died. One of the columns to the south depicts Skirkatla herself when she was young and vital. The other columns represent her former consorts, children, and grandchildren. Shortly after Skirkatla's apotheosis, the temple was rededicated to Urgathoa. When the giant queen lapsed into torpor, the temple lay empty, but Skirkatla's revitalization has caused a dark presence return to haunt this accursed structure once again. A PC who succeeds at a DC 25 Knowledge (religion) check can ascertain that this was once a temple to Thremyr and has been altered, though to what faith is not readily discernible from the outside.

The doors into the temple are stone and barred shut from within (hardness 8, hp 60, break DC 30), except the center two doors, which are unbarred. Unless otherwise noted, the ceilings inside are 20 feet high. Use the map on page 20 for this location.

P1. Sanctuary (CR 10+)

The doors leading into this chamber from outside are trapped with a *glyph of warding* (see Trap below).

This spacious main chamber occupies most of the building. The floor is white stone inlaid with countless small colored tiles, forming a mosaic of an immense black fly with the symbol of a skull on its back. Unlike the other locales in the village, the walls here are draped in dark red velvet, except for double doors to the east, west, and south. A series of steps along both sides of the north wall leads to a raised platform where a larger-than-life portrait hangs, depicting a beautiful, nude woman who is skeletal from the waist down and brandishes a large scythe, standing against the background of a moonlit, starry night. Standing candelabras adjacent to the lowest steps illuminate the room.

This room is the primary worship area for the giants who have converted to the faith of Urgathoa. The giants' conversion is not mandatory (yet), but is strongly encouraged. With a successful DC 10 Knowledge (religion) check, a character can identify the portrait as depicting Urgathoa and the mosaic on the floor as her holy symbol.

The ceiling is 25 feet high in this chamber. The candelabras contain 6 candles lit with *continual flame*. Although there is an altar in the nearby shrine (area P5), the portrait of Urgathoa on the north wall is the temple's primary holy symbol. If the portrait falls within the area of Dybellos's *desecrate* aura (see Creature below), she and any nearby undead allies receive the doubled effect from her constant *desecrate* spell-like ability.

Creature: The temple's high priestess, a daughter of Urgathoa named Dybellos, is usually found in this hall, where she conducts ceremonies from the raised platform along the north wall. Dybellos was sent to Skirgaard to serve its queen by means of visions and portents from her goddess, but the daughter of Urgathoa still pines for the company of human disciples. The giants of Skirgaard appreciate gluttony and the unadulterated joy that accompanies violence and dismemberment, but lack sexual refinement. The priestess may eye the PCs wistfully, but she knows their presence could spell trouble for Skirkatla's plans. If attacked, she calls out to her mummified temple servitors in area P5 to join her in a joint attack. Likewise, if she hears the sound of battle in another temple room, Dybellos immediately goes to investigate.

DYBELLOS

CR 10
XP 9,600

Female cleric daughter of Urgathoa (*Pathfinder RPG Monster Codex 246, Pathfinder Campaign Setting: The Inner Sea World Guide 309*)

NE Large undead

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +19

Aura desecrate (20 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 15, flat-footed 21 (+3 deflection, +3 Dex, +9 natural, -1 size)

hp 126 (11d8+77)

Fort +10, **Ref** +9, **Will** +13

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4; **Immune** undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed fly 40 ft. (perfect)

Melee *scepter of divine providence* +17/+12 (2d6+10), great claw +11 (2d6+9/×4 plus disease) or great claw +16 (2d6+9/×4 plus disease), claw +16 (1d8+9)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks channel negative energy 9/day (DC 23, 5d6)



DYBELLOS

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 11th; concentration +17)

Constant—*desecrate* (centered on self)

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 11th; concentration +16)

4th—*divine power*^o, *freedom of movement*, *unholy blight* (DC 19)

3rd—*animate dead*^o, *bestow curse* (DC 18), *contagion* (DC 18), *invisibility purge*

2nd—*death knell*^o (DC 17), *dread bolt*^{um} (DC 17), *hold person* (DC 17), *resist energy*

D Domain spell; **Domains** Death, War

TACTICS

Before Combat Dybellos does not anticipate trouble in her temple unless given cause. If circumstances prove otherwise, she casts *freedom of movement* and *resist energy*, if she has a good indication of which energy type to ward herself against.

During Combat Dybellos stays close to her undead allies so they can take advantage of the benefits of her *desecrate* aura, while trying to stay out of melee combat herself. She also tries to remain within 20 feet of the portrait of Urgathoa so that both she and her allies receive double the benefits of *desecrate*. Dybellos makes early and frequent use of her channel negative energy ability, using her *scepter of divine providence* to increase its range. She targets foes with *contagion*, *unholy blight*, or her *scroll of fleshworm infestation*, and casts *divine power* once she enters melee combat.

Morale Dybellos's religious conviction prohibits her from fleeing from her own temple, so she fights until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 27, **Dex** 17, **Con** —, **Int** 18, **Wis** 20, **Cha** 23

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +17; **CMD** 33

Feats Combat Casting, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Toughness, Vital Strike

Skills Acrobatics +14, Bluff +17, Fly +23, Intimidate +20, Knowledge (religion) +18, Perception +19, Sense Motive +19, Spellcraft +18

Languages Abyssal, Common, Giant, Infernal, Necril

Combat Gear *scroll of fleshworm infestation*^{um}; **Other Gear** Large *scepter of divine providence* (+1 heavy mace; see the sidebar on page 38), *pink and green sphere ioun stone*, *ring of protection* +3

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Desecrate (Sp) The bonuses granted by Dybellos's constant *desecrate* spell-like ability (which is always centered on herself) are calculated into the statistics above. The doubled *desecrate* effect from being close to the portrait of Urgathoa in area **P1** are not incorporated into her stat block.

Disease (Su) *Bubonic Plague*: Great claw—injury; *save* Fort DC 21; *onset* immediate; *frequency* 1/day; *effect* 1d4 Con damage and target is fatigued; *cure* 2 consecutive saves.



Great Claw (Ex) One of Dybellos's hands is a tremendous scythe-shaped claw. The attack deals $\times 4$ damage on a critical hit, and is treated as an evil weapon for the purpose of penetrating damage reduction.

Spells Dybellos casts spells as an 11th-level cleric because of the cleric simple class template, but though she selects two domains to determine bonus spells, she does not gain any domain powers. This replaces the normal daughter of Urgathoa's spellcasting progression.

Trap: Dybellos has inscribed a *glyph of warding* on the exterior doors to this room. The glyph is set to exclude giants and undead, but any other creature passing through the doors triggers the glyph.

GLYPH OF WARDING

CR 4

XP 1,200

Type magic; Perception DC 28; Disable Device DC 28

EFFECTS

Trigger spell; Reset none

Effect spell effect (*glyph of warding* [bestow curse]; each turn, the target has a 50% chance to act normally; otherwise, it takes no action; Will DC 18 negates)

Development: The scourging of the temple is a very clear sign that Skirkatla's power is crumbling while she lurks in her tomb. Award the PCs 3 Sabotage Points for slaying Dybellos. None of the undead in the temple willingly retreat, nor do they possess a means to raise the alarm or summon aid, so the risk of accruing Outrage Points is very slim. If the PCs flee the temple, the undead do not follow, but any living survivors immediately head to Skirkatla's tomb to report what has transpired. If this occurs, the players receive 2 Outrage Points and Skirkatla may even gain some intelligence about them. If Dybellos or Ruthok (see area P3) were not killed, they take up residence in the tomb.

P2. Antechamber

This room once served as a preparation area where the penitent could ready themselves for worship. Murals on the

SCEPTER OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE

Clerics and other divine spellcasters make good use of *scepters of divine providence*, which not only function as weapons and holy symbols, but also heighten the power of the casters' channeled energy.

SCEPTER OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE		PRICE 17,312 GP
SLOT rod	CL 17th	WEIGHT 5 lbs.
AURA strong (no school)		

This iron rod is crowned with a metallic sphere and functions as a *+1 heavy mace*. In the hands of a divine spellcaster, the rod also counts as a holy or unholy symbol and divine focus. If the wielder of a *scepter of divine providence* has the channel energy class feature, she can increase the radius of her channeled energy burst by 10 feet, at the cost of one additional use of her channel energy ability. The wielder can expend additional uses of her channel energy ability to further expand the burst radius, to a maximum of 30 additional feet.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 8,812 GP
Craft Rod, Widen Spell, creator must have the channel energy class feature	

walls depict a titanic figure composed of ice, tall enough to overshadow mountains, stumbling into a vast, mist-shrouded body of water. With a successful DC 20 Knowledge (religion) check, a character identifies the figure as Thremyr and the scene as a creation story that explains the genesis of the frost giants. This room is not being used and is otherwise empty.

P3. Chamber of Gluttony (CR 12)

The sickly sweet smell of blood and viscera is almost overpowering in this room. A long, giant-sized table rests against the west wall. A partially devoured human corpse lies on top of the table like a meal to be served, complete with an apple jammed in its mouth. The floor near the body is sticky with blood; elsewhere, hides and furs cover the floor.

This horrid chamber is where Dybellos encourages giants to indulge in gluttonous feasting, cannibalistic acts, and even more depraved deeds if she can persuade them. Because of this, the room has been magically soundproofed; sound is unaffected within the chamber itself, but no noise passes into or out of the room.

Creature: A tomb giant named Ruthok is praying here, engaging in a holy feast, when the PCs first arrive. He attacks non-giant invaders on sight, but because of the soundproofing in the chamber, he remains unaware of combat elsewhere in the temple.

RUTHOK CR 12

XP 19,200

Male tomb giant (see page 84)

hp 162

P4. Preparation Chamber

A table draped in red cloth sits against the west side of the room. Holy symbols and other objects pertinent to worship and divine sacraments are laid on its surface.

This is where rituals and feasts are prepared before being taken south to the Chamber of Gluttony to be served raw.

P5. Shrine (CR 12)

Giant-sized pews are lined up in front of a large stone altar. Above the altar is a tapestry depicting a great citadel in the midst of a city, surrounded by a vast wasteland. A silver goblet and knife rest on a red cloth draped across the altar.

Dybellos delivers sermons and speaks to would-be converts about the glories of Urgathoa in this chamber. A PC who succeeds at a DC 20 Knowledge (planes) or Knowledge (religion) check can identify the scene portrayed in the tapestry as Urgathoa's realm on Abaddon. *Continual flame* torches are ensconced in holders in each of the four corners of the room.

Creatures: Dybellos created two mummified frost giants to serve her in the temple. Truthfully, the mummies frighten most of the giants in Skirgaard, but Dybellos endeavors to demonstrate that the undead giants have not lost their intellects or autonomy, but rather have received the gift of life eternal from Urgathoa. If they hear the sounds of battle elsewhere in the temple (such as in area P1), the temple servitors move to investigate, joining their mistress in combat.

TEMPLE SERVITORS (2) CR 10

XP 9,600 each

Variant mummified frost giant (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 4 196, *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149)

CE Large undead (augmented humanoid, cold)

Init -1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +8

Aura frightful presence (30 ft., DC 19, 1d6 rounds)

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 8, flat-footed 25 (+4 armor, -1 Dex, +13 natural, -1 size)

hp 105 each (14d8+42)

Fort +11, **Ref** +5, **Will** +8

Defensive Abilities rock catching; **DR** 5/—; **Immune** cold, undead traits

Weaknesses vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee 2 slams +20 (2d6+11 plus 1d6 cold and slow)

Ranged rock +9 (1d8+16)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks chilling touch (DC 19), entangling wrappings, rock throwing (120 ft.)

TACTICS

During Combat If accompanying Dybellos, the temple servitors attempt to remain within the daughter of Urgathoa's *desecrate* aura, from which they gain an additional 14 hit points and a +1 profane bonus on attack rolls, damage rolls, and saving throws.

Morale The temple servitors fight until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 33, **Dex** 9, **Con** —, **Int** 8, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +22 (+24 overrun, +24 sunder); **CMD** 31 (33 vs. overrun, 33 vs. sunder)

Feats Cleave, Great Cleave, Improved Natural Attack⁸ (slam), Improved Overrun, Improved Sunder, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Toughness⁸

Skills Intimidate +9, Perception +8, Stealth +3 (+7 in snow);

Racial Modifiers +4 Stealth (+8 in snow)

Languages Common, Giant

Gear hide armor, *headband of alluring charisma* +4

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Chilling Touch (Su) A temple servitor's slam attack deals an additional 1d6 points of cold damage, and creatures struck by it are slowed for 1d4 rounds (Fortitude DC 19 negates). This variant ability originally appeared on page 71 of *Pathfinder Adventure Path #81: Shifting Sands* and replaces the normal mummified creature's dust stroke ability.

Entangling Wrappings (Su) A temple servitor can unravel and detach some of its linen strips to attempt a grapple combat maneuver check against a creature up to 20 feet away. This attack doesn't provoke an attack of opportunity. It can constrict for 2d6+11 points of damage with a successful grapple combat maneuver check. The linen strips remain wrapped around the victim and attempt a grapple combat maneuver check to pin each round on the mummy's turn. They continue to deal constrict damage on a successful check. The wrappings cannot be damaged by any attack or effect while detached, but turn to dust if their victim escapes or dies, or if the mummy is destroyed. If the mummy still lives, its wrappings reappear at the end of its next turn. The mummy is not inconvenienced in any way while its wrappings are detached and grappling, but it cannot use its wrappings to entangle again until they return. This variant ability originally appeared on page 71 of *Pathfinder Adventure Path #81: Shifting Sands* and replaces the normal mummified creature's burst of vengeance ability.

Treasure: The implements on the altar are a masterwork silver dagger and a silver goblet (worth 50 gp).

P6. Communion Storage

Several crates and barrels are stored in this room. Most are barrels of beer brewed right in Skirgaard, but one contains giant moonshine and another is a cask of fine Varisian wine. Other boxes contain culinary spices, candies, and delicacies confiscated from ambushed merchant caravans and brought here for Dybellos's pleasure. Most, but not all, of the foodstuffs are reserved for ritual use. The rest Dybellos consumes when she wishes to treat herself to a binge.

P7. High Priestess's Quarters

This simple room contains something utterly out-of-place in the giant village: a large bed with a soft mattress, fluffy pillows, and silk sheets. A small nightstand sits against the opposite wall.

Although she does not sleep, Dybellos retreats to this private chamber for contemplation, prayer, or depraved and intimate congress with the living. If she is not in the sanctuary (area **P1**), she is likely to be found in this room.

Treasure: A platinum unholy symbol of Urgathoa (worth 50 gp) and a pouch of black onyxes (worth a total of 750 gp) sit on top of the nightstand, along with several sheets of paper, an inkpen, and a pot of black ink. The papers are personal correspondence between Dybellos and someone named Dulcilene, who appears to be Dybellos's sister. The letter is strangely mundane, addressed to a location called Druanwiet Manor. In the letter, Dybellos asks about the weather, the health of the other's children, and how she misses the autumn in Varno. With a successful DC 15 Knowledge (geography) check, a character identifies Varno as a principality in Ustalav, while a successful DC 15 Knowledge (nobility) check reveals Druanwiet to be a noble estate in the settlement of Redleaf. The letter is actually a coded message, which can be deciphered with a successful DC 20 Linguistics to reveal a short message: "The Frost Queen prepares. We permit the Storm Tyrant to perform our labors. Timetable uncertain. The pawn's citadel requires repair. Then the Pallid Princess's Great Work begins." The true significance of this correspondence, if any, is left for you to detail as you see fit.

Q. FROST DRAKE CAVES (CR 12)

Four large cave entrances gape here, set high upon a cliff ledge that overlooks the village. Their shadowed depths lead directly into the side of the mountain.

The ledge outside the caves is approximately 20 feet wide and covered with ice (*Core Rulebook* 442). The caves lead to a series of chambers which are littered with bones and the refuse of multiple large predators. The northern ends of these chambers slope downward and are covered with rime.

A PC who succeeds at a DC 25 Perception or Survival check can locate a section of the cavern wall that is actually ice, not stone (a character with stonecunning needs only a successful DC 15 Perception check, and automatically receives a check). Although nonmagical, this ice is equivalent to a 10-foot-by-20-foot *wall of ice* (CL 12th). If the ice is melted away or broken through, it reveals a hidden passage that leads to the worm tunnels in Skirkatla's tomb (area T3), providing an alternative means of entry into the graveknight's crypt.

Creatures: A rampage of frost drakes dwells within these caves. Their freezing mist breath has given the ledge outside a permanent slippery coating, and they're capable of adding that same quality to the inside of their lair. The drakes speak Giant in addition to Draconic, and are on friendly terms with the frost giants. The creatures are very territorial, regarding not only their lair, but also the skies above Skirgaard. Should the PCs adopt a routine strategy of flying above the village, it is perfectly reasonable to have the drakes meet them on that battlefield.

SKIRGAARD DRAKES (4)

CR 8

XP 4,800 each

Advanced frost drake (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 292, 108)

hp 100 each

Treasure: Like all dragons, the drakes have a propensity to gather treasure. They have a modest hoard that includes an *escape ladder* (*Ultimate Equipment* 296), two *potions of lesser restoration*, 22 pp, 714 gp, and three garnets worth 65 gp each.

Development: If the PCs get into a pitched aerial battle with the drakes above Skirgaard, they gain 1 Outrage Point.

The hidden passage into Skirkatla's tomb exists to prevent the PCs from being stymied if the tomb is sealed (see Outrage on page 8), though this means the PCs will likely have to face the frost worms in the tunnels, an encounter that could otherwise be bypassed. If the PCs have accrued 10 or more Outrage Points, consider making the hidden passage easier to notice.

R. DRAGON NEST

This watchtower is of identical construction to the other watchtowers in Skirgaard (see area A), but it is currently uninhabited. The roof of the hut atop the tower has been removed, and no skyrocket is present. Bones litter the ground around the tower, and large gouges mar much of the woodwork, as if from large claws. If the PCs investigate, they discover that the interior of the hut has obviously been used as a nest by some large creature, and the interior walls are blackened and scorched from fire.

A dominated young red dragon from the rookery at Ashpeak (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path #95: Anvil of Fire*) normally resides in this tower. It serves as a messenger between Skirgaard and the Storm Tyrant, and was given

this tower to make its nest due to the tower's proximity to Skirkatla's tomb. Volstus has temporarily recalled the dragon to his flying cloud castle to renew the dragon's domination with the *Orb of Red Dragonkind*, however, leaving the tower empty. A character who succeeds at a DC 25 Knowledge (arcana) check can surmise that the nest is that of a Large dragon, though Naximarra (see page 58) can also inform the PCs that the dragon makes its nest here.

Development: If the PCs spend too long in their raids on Skirgaard, feel free to have the dragon return. Although unlikely to be much of a threat to the PCs by itself (a young red dragon is CR 10), it does provide a tangible link to the final two adventures of the Adventure Path, and should it escape the PCs to report back to the Storm Tyrant, it provides the means for Volstus to learn more about the PCs before they eventually confront him.

S. THE WICKERMAN (CR 13)

A towering humanoid colossus crafted of constantly burning wicker and wood stands before the carved doors of the giant tomb overlooking Skirgaard.

Creature: Before Skirkatla's conversion to the worship of Urgathoa, the Skirkaling frost giants crafted this wickerman in honor of their god Thremyr. Slaves were burnt inside the construct as sacrifices to the First Jarl, and giants who brought dishonor to the tribe were placed inside its wicker cage as punishment. Today, the wickerman acts as a final guardian for the approach to Skirkatla's tomb. It ignores frost giants, winter wolves, and undead, but it animates to attack any creatures approaching the tomb entrance. As a result, the other giants in Skirgaard give the construct a wide berth—even the frost giants, who well remember the terror it once engendered. The wickerman fights until destroyed.

WICKERMAN

CR 13

XP 25,600

hp 157 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 4* 277)

Development: A fight with the wickerman out in the open attracts the attention of much of the village, accruing the PCs 2 Outrage Points.

THE SLOPES BENEATH SKIRGAARD (CR 10)

The mountain atop which the village of Skirgaard sits is steep but not impassable for groups that take their time navigating the alternately gradual and steep slopes. The closer to the plateau, the more perils await incautious or hurried PCs. This encounter can take place any time the PCs are traveling up or down the mountain.

Creatures: Two glacier toads lurk on the slopes of the mountain. The influx of giant-sized prey has caused them to be more selective about their targets and avoid groups of Large creatures. They do, however, target the PCs based on

size alone. These beasts have rudimentary intelligence and deliberately trigger an avalanche (see Hazard below) to catch prey. The toads arrive 1d4+1 rounds after the avalanche ends, first targeting any creatures that are not buried, then freeing and consuming any buried creatures later. If all of the PCs are buried, the toads dig them out and attack them one at a time.

ADVANCED GLACIER TOADS (2)
CR 7
XP 3,200 each
hp 87 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 292, 268)

Hazard: The glacier toads deliberately trigger an avalanche that descends upon the PCs. This hazard follows the guidelines on pages 429–430 of the *Core Rulebook*. The avalanche starts 2,500 feet above the PCs' position on a steep slope (*Core Rulebook* 428). The avalanche is 600 feet across; the bury zone consists of 300 feet in the center of the avalanche's area, and the slide zone consists of 150 feet on either end. The avalanche travels at 500 feet per round. The PCs start below the dead center of the avalanche, 300 feet from safety on either side.

Start this encounter with a secret DC 25 Perception check to see whether any PCs notice the avalanche—the earlier it is noticed, the more time the PCs have to react. Every round that no one notices the avalanche, the avalanche advances 500 feet. The Perception DC scales with the distance the avalanche is from the party: DC 25 at 2,500 feet; DC 20 at 2,000 feet; and DC 15 at 1,500 feet. At 1,000 feet, every PC automatically notices the oncoming avalanche.

Once at least one PC notices the avalanche (and presumably warns her comrades), the PCs should roll for initiative. The avalanche advances on initiative count 15. Any PC can spend 2 squares of movement to move 1 square across the steep mountain slope. PCs who wish to move faster can attempt an Acrobatics check. A PC who succeeds at a DC 20 Acrobatics check can run up to four times her normal speed as a full-round action. PCs who fail this check by fewer than 10 (a result of 11 or higher) can move their normal speed but cannot run. Failure by 10 or more (a result of 10 or lower) means a character moves only half its normal speed and falls prone in the square where it ends its movement. PCs who can fly or ignore difficult terrain have no restrictions on their movement.

Creatures caught in the bury zone of the avalanche take 8d6 points of damage, or half that amount if they succeed at a DC 15 Reflex save, and are automatically buried. Creatures caught in the slide zone take 3d6 points of damage, or no damage with a successful DC 15 Reflex save. Creatures in the slide zone who fail their saves are also buried. Buried characters take 1d6 points of nonlethal damage per minute. The consequences of being buried are explained on page 415 of the *Core Rulebook*. The glacier toads (see Creatures above) attack any survivors once the avalanche is over.

Story Award: Award the PCs 3,200 XP for encountering the avalanche, whether they are caught in it or avoid it.

FOOD-GATHERING EXPEDITION (CR 12)

While the giants of Skirgaard universally prefer meat as their primary source of food, the village's recently expanded population has required some alternatives. Hersir Gregganor has made an arrangement with a local hag and a pair of cold riders to assist in gathering resources for the village. While the frost giants also send out their own hunting parties, this is the only group of its kind and is essential to Skirgaard's status quo. The group is not a patrol and does not seek out trouble, instead focusing on the task at hand. The expedition is an opportunity for the PCs to strike a decisive blow away from the dangers of the village. This encounter can be staged on a mountain pass, on alpine hills below the snowline, or in the lowlands at the base of the mountain where Skirgaard's crops are grown.

Creatures: Berkvildr is an annis hag druid and a descendant of the Normugruu Sisters (see area **T19**). Although her heart is mired in evil, she maintains strong ties to nature and the mountains. Periodically, Berkvildr takes a large wagon and dozens of slaves down the mountain paths to harvest the village's crops and haul them back up to the plateau. Typically, 12 to 24 human slaves accompany the gathering party (use the pig farmer stat block on page 256 of the *Pathfinder RPG NPC Codex* for these slaves if necessary). They are kept chained to the wagon and are released only to work in the fields. The slaves are unarmed, but simple farm implements such as flails, sickles, and scythes are kept in the wagon and issued to the slaves at the worksite. Two cold rider mercenaries mounted on woolly rhinoceroses escort the expedition, guarding it from attack, hunting any game they come across, and running down any slaves who attempt to escape.

BERKVILDR
CR 9
XP 6,400

 Female annis hag druid (mountain druid) 6 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3* 16, *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 100)

NE Large monstrous humanoid

Init +3 (+6 in mountains); **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +21

DEFENSE
AC 22, touch 12, flat-footed 19 (+3 Dex, +10 natural, -1 size)

hp 110 (13 HD; 7d10+6d8+45)

Fort +12, **Ref** +10, **Will** +14

DR 5/bludgeoning; **SR** 17

OFFENSE
Speed 40 ft.

Melee bite +18 (1d6+8), 2 claws +18 (1d8+8/19–20 plus grab)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks rend (2 claws, 2d8+12), wild shape 1/day

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th; concentration +8)

 3/day—*alter self*, *fog cloud*

Druid Spells Prepared (CL 6th; concentration +10)

3rd—*burst of nettles*^{UM} (DC 17), *call lightning* (DC 17), *cloak of winds*^{D, APG} (DC 17), *poison* (DC 17)

2nd—*barkskin*, *bull's strength*, *frigid touch*^{UM}, *resist energy*, *stone call*^{D, APG}

1st—*entangle* (DC 15), *faerie fire*, *magic fang*, *produce flame*, *stone fist*^{D, APG}

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *flare* (DC 14), *mending*, *spark*^{APG}

D Domain spell

TACTICS

During Combat Berkvildr casts *barkskin* at the first sign of trouble, and *resist energy* if she witnesses opponents using energy-based attacks. While the cold riders engage foes in melee, Berkvildr casts spells like *burst of nettles*, *call lightning*, *entangle*, and *stone call*. Before wading into melee combat, she casts *bull's strength* and *magic fang*,

and prepares to deliver a touch spell such as *poison* before rending foes with her claws and Power Attack.

Morale Berkvildr flees when reduced to fewer than 30 hit points.

STATISTICS

Str 27, **Dex** 16, **Con** 16, **Int** 13, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +11; **CMB** +20 (+24 grapple); **CMD** 33

Feats Alertness, Blind-Fight, Great Fortitude, Improved Critical (claw), Improved Natural Attack (claw), Intimidating Prowess, Power Attack

Skills Bluff +10, Climb +12 (+15 in mountains), Intimidate +19, Knowledge (geography) +11 (+14 in mountains), Knowledge (nature) +13, Perception +21 (+24 in mountains), Sense Motive +18, Stealth +10 (+13 in mountains), Survival +15 (+18 in mountains)

Languages Common, Druidic, Giant

SQ foothold 7/day, mountaineer, nature bond (Mountain^{UM} domain), nature sense, spire walker, sure-footed, wild empathy +7

Gear *lesser mask of giants*^{UE}, *verdant vine*^{UE}

COLD RIDERS (2)

CR 8

XP 4,800 each

hp 97 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 59)

WOOLLY RHINOCEROSSES (2)

CR 6

XP 2,400 each

hp 76 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 235)

Development: The cold riders fight to the death. If Berkvildr survives and escapes, she never returns to Skirgaard out of shame and fear of punishment at the hands of Skirkatla. Destroying the food-gathering expedition earns the PCs 1 Sabotage Point.

PART 2: SKIRKATLA'S CRYPT

Once the PCs have earned at least 20 Sabotage Points, the giants occupying Skirgaard disband, effectively abandoning the village. However, if the undead frost giant queen Skirkatla is not slain, she can later regroup her forces and resume her previous efforts. In short, the threat of Skirgaard is not over until the PCs eliminate Skirkatla once and for all. At the same time, the PCs should also be interested in gaining more intelligence about the Storm Tyrant's whereabouts. Skirkatla is clearly not the motivating force behind the giant activity in the region, and without more information, the PCs will have difficulty tracking down her master. Exploring Skirkatla's tomb should enable them to achieve both of these goals.

As noted earlier, the PCs may consider entering the tomb to slay Skirkatla prior to disbanding the



BERKVILDR

village. This option is left open to the PCs, but you should point out the dangers of invading an underground complex with an active army still at their backs.

T. SKIRKATLA'S TOMB

Frost giants take the burial of their dead quite seriously, and Skirkatla's status as an undead patron and guardian only intensified the effort spent in her honor. Skirkatla's tomb is finished stone, and displays a quality of workmanship far superior to what living giants typically build for themselves. The architecture is scaled for creatures approximately 16 feet tall; the ceilings are 20 feet high, and often higher where noted. Stone doors (hardness 8, hp 60) are used throughout the complex, which is pitch dark in most places.

T1. Tomb Entrance

Northwest of the village, a wide set of carved stone steps ascends to massive stone double doors set into the mountain itself. Two platforms to either side of the doors hold statues depicting a fierce and proud frost giant woman. Runic writing decorates the carved stonework above the doors.

The writing above the doors is in Giant and is simply the name "Skirkatla Hjotunsdottir" and a date—18 Neth 4171 AR. The date appears to be a birthdate, but no date of death is listed. A successful DC 19 Knowledge (local) check can confirm that no frost giant lives that long normally.

If the PCs have not accrued 10 or more Outrage Points, the doors to the tomb are closed; they open relatively easily, but closing them again requires a combined Strength score of 30 and a full-round action. If the PCs have 10 or more Outrage Points, the doors have been sealed and are almost impregnable. Barred with a stone slab, the tomb doors are equivalent to magically treated, 3-foot-thick walls of hewn stone (hardness 16; hp 1,080; break DC 70). In addition, the doors gain a saving throw against spells (such as *passwall* or *stone shape*) that could affect them, with a +10 save bonus.

Development: If the doors have been sealed, there is an alternative entrance into the tomb through the frost drake caves (area Q), which connect to the worm tunnels in area T3. However, the tomb won't be sealed indefinitely. If the PCs don't go into the tomb themselves, eventually the doors will reopen, and Skirkatla will emerge with as mighty a force as she can muster to eliminate the heroes who have decimated her tribe.

T2. Vestibule (CR 11 and CR 12)

A stark chill pervades this chamber, which is lit by two torches burning with an eerie blue light that hang in the northeast and southwest corners. The east and south walls are covered with hundreds of humanoid skulls mortared into place. A wide

corridor stretched into darkness to the northwest, while three sets of massive stone double doors exit to the north, west, and southeast. Enormous support columns stand along the walls, flanking each doorway.

The doors to the north and west are unlocked; the doors to the southeast are described in area T1. The torches are *everburning torches*.

Two secret doors are concealed behind sections of the skull walls and can be located with successful DC 25 Perception checks, though it is not likely that they will remain hidden for long. Behind each door is a small chamber with a Large chair. A concealed peephole in each door allows occupants of the secret chambers clear views of the vestibule.

Creatures: Two frost giant guards are stationed in the secret chambers here. It is an unpopular post, but Greggator assures his tribesfolk that guarding Skirkatla's tomb is a great honor. Skirkatla, Nephandros (see area T10), and Onenphexia (see area T18) have employed magic and force of will on the tomb's mindless undead, who ignore the frost giants most of the time, but the guards here nevertheless follow strict protocols to stay out of the way of the creatures.

The guards' orders are to remain hidden behind the secret doors, emerging only to confront intruders. They can open their secret doors as an immediate action prior to a surprise round. The guards fight to the death.

FROST GIANTS (2)

CR 9

XP 6,400 each

hp 133 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149)

Trap: A magic trap is located in the northwest corner of this room in front of the exit corridor. The trap uses a *glyph of warding* as a proximity trigger that excludes creatures of the giant subtype and undead type. The trap triggers when a non-excluded creature enters the trigger zone (marked T on the map), filling the room with swirling ice and snow that encases creatures in solid ice. Creatures that are immune to cold are immune to the effects of the trap. The cold-immune frost giant guards are aware of the trap, and they attempt to trick foes into triggering it.

THREMYR'S BREATH TRAP

CR 12

XP 19,200

Type magic; Perception DC 30; Disable Device DC 30

EFFECTS

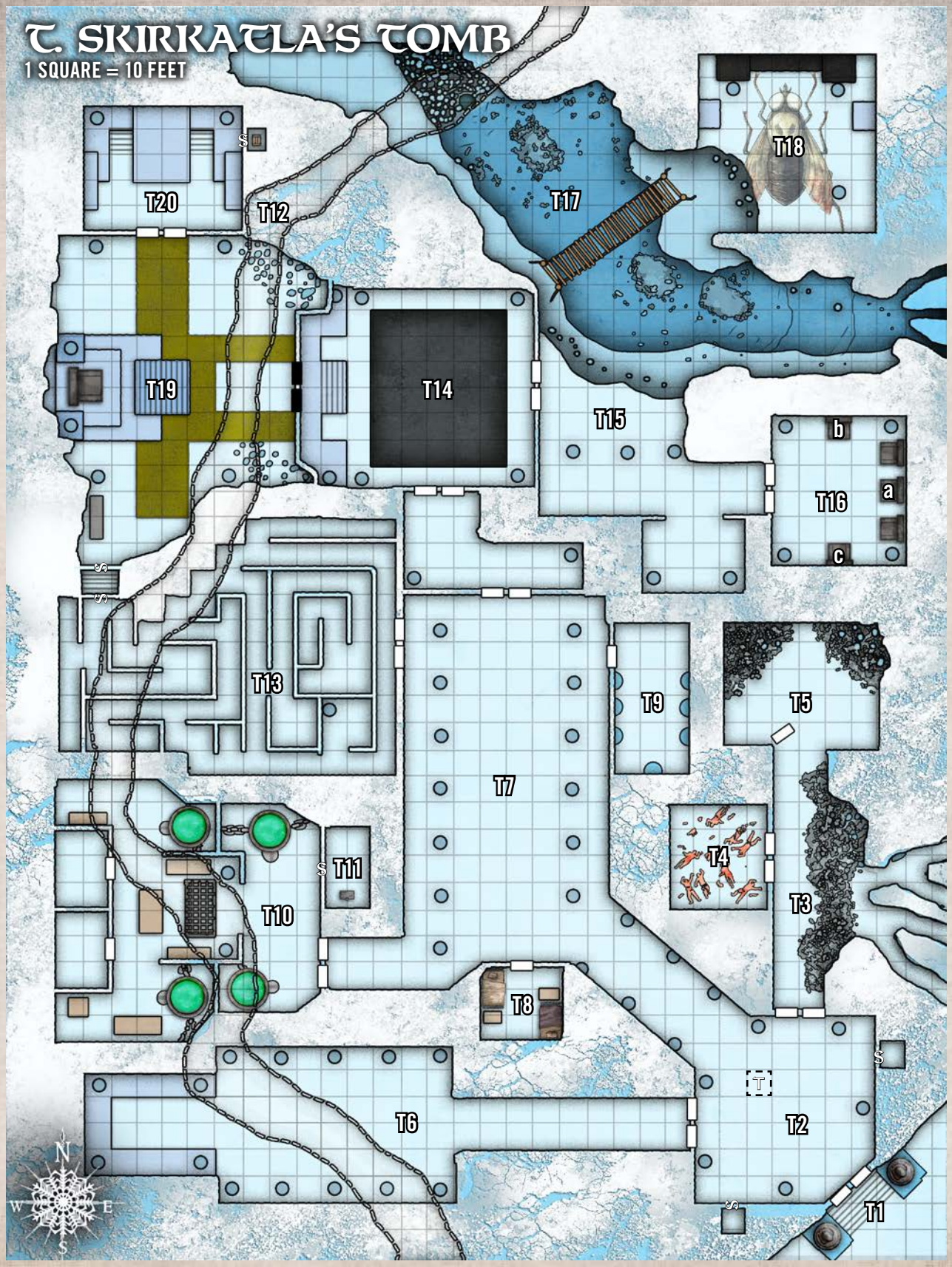
Trigger proximity (*glyph of warding*, 10-ft.-by-10-ft. square);

Duration 9 minutes; **Reset** automatic (1 hour)

Effect spell effect (*icy prison*^{UM}, encased in 9 inches of ice [hardness 0, hp 27, break DC 24], 9 points of cold damage per round, Reflex DC 22 partial); multiple targets (all creatures in a 40-ft. radius)

SKIRKATLA'S TOMB

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



T3. Worm Tunnels (CR 14)

The hewn stone wall of this long hall has partially collapsed to the east, giving way to a series of large tunnels caked with rime and ice that head eastward into the darkness.

This is the beginning of a series of tunnels dug by frost worms that stretch between here and the frost drake caves overlooking the village outside (area Q). The entirety of these tunnels is not represented on the map, and can be expanded as much as needed. The tunnels are roughly circular, between 15 and 25 feet in width, and intersect in irregular patterns or end abruptly. Icy terrain conditions may apply in certain spots from condensation that has now frozen because of the inhabitants of the tunnels.

Creatures: A pair of frost worms have riddled other sections of the mountain with their tunnels. When they broke into the tomb, Skirkatla and the Normugruu Sisters drove them off with fire, and the worms now instinctively keep their distance. They don't try to break through the frost drake caves, but they attack anything that invades their territory. If the PCs hacked their way through the ice wall in area Q without help from magical fire or other expedient means, the frost worms detect the noise and are poised to ambush the PCs as they approach.

FROST WORMS (2)

CR 12

XP 19,200 each

hp 168 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 126)

T4. Meat Locker

Dozens of dead and dismembered humanoids are abandoned in this ghastly, cold chamber, some neatly stacked and others carelessly strewn upon the floor, as if they had been hastily rummaged through. A few rare corpses are those of giants. Heaps of severed limbs and other body parts are piled among the intact bodies. Fortunately, the natural, preservative cold of the mountain dampens the stench of blood and offal here.

Tomb giants of old used this chamber of horrors for storage in their grisly work, and Nephandros (see area T10) follows suit. The corpses of some slaves and captives are stripped and left here for his experiments and the unholy manufacture of the undead. The room is stocked better now than at any time prior, thanks to Nephandros's success with the Baelmourn (see area T5), and there are enough parts here to create several additional undead war machines.

T5. Sorrow's Crypt (CR 12)

A set of double doors leads into this chamber. One of the doors stands partially ajar, while the other, scratched and gouged,

appears to have been pulled from its hinges and discarded in the corridor outside. The support columns that once stood in the northern corners of the room lie in broken stone shards on the floor. Rubble coated with rime is piled in the corners where the walls have crumbled, though most of the room remains intact.

Creature: This room contains the Baelmourn, the first of a series of undead war machines Skirkatla has commissioned from the tomb giant Nephandros (see area T10). This patchwork juggernaut is an artificial undead creation called a necrocraft. It is a nightmare conglomeration of mostly skeletal limbs and joints. Giant rib bones, seemingly bent and fused together, form a skeletal mockery of a spider's abdomen and cephalothorax. Massive humanoid thigh- and shinbones ending in scrabbling, skeletal hands form its arachnoid legs. A bizarre humanoid spine and ribcage not born of nature rise from the creature's body, and three giant-sized skulls are perched on top. The beast has four multi-jointed arms, two ending in bony parodies of crab pincers. Wrought iron is bolted to its limbs for armor. Nephandros created the Baelmourn within the *desecrate* aura of the daughter of Urgathoa Dybellos (see area P1), allowing him to create a more powerful necrocraft than he otherwise could and giving the creature additional hit points. Skirkatla intends to create other such horrors in secret for the day when she eventually betrays the Storm Tyrant.

The Baelmourn is mindless, but partially conditioned by Skirkatla's potent will and repeated use of Nephandros's *control undead* spell-like ability. Though the creature usually does not attack giants, they are careful to stay away from it. Sometimes the necrocraft just breaks things for no discernible reason. It is contained here so it can be easily released outside the tomb, if needed (see *Outrage* on page 8). When such instances arise, the Baelmourn seeks smaller, usually humanoid, creatures and tears them apart.

THE BAELMOURN

CR 12

XP 19,200

Unique necrocraft (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 4* 200)

NE Huge undead

Init +2; **Senses** all-around vision, darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 10, flat-footed 23 (+4 armor, +2 Dex, +11 natural, -2 size)**hp** 161 (17d8+85)**Fort** +7, **Ref** +7, **Will** +10**DR** 5/bludgeoning; **Immune** undead traits; **Resist** cold 5

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., climb 30 ft.**Melee** 2 blade claws +21 (1d8+11 plus 1d4 bleed and grab),
2 claws +21 (1d8+11 plus grab)**Space** 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft.**Special Attacks** constrict (1d8+11)

STATISTICS

Str 32, **Dex** 14, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 14
Base Atk +12; **CMB** +25 (+29 grapple); **CMD** 37 (45 vs. trip)
Feats Toughness^B
Skills Climb +19
SQ Construction Points (additional movement [climb], all-around vision, blade claws, bone armor, constrict, extra attack [claws, 2], extra legs [2], grab, metal armor, mostly skeletons)

T6. Mayhem's Mausoleum (CR 12)

Columns depicting fierce, gigantic figures line the walls of this elongated hall, which opens to a slightly smaller chamber to the west. At the eastern end of the hall, bas-reliefs of additional figures adorn the walls between the columns. In the western chamber, a five-foot-high ledge runs along the three walls. Statues depicting giants lying in state stretch on the ledge between the columns.

This chamber is of newer construction than the rest of the tomb, a fact PCs can recognize with a successful DC 15 Knowledge (engineering) check (a character with stonemasonry needs only a successful DC 10 Perception check instead). It was built well after Skirkatla took up residence in the tomb, during the time when she sat in torpor for a few centuries, and honors the queen's own descendants as well as the hersirs who led the Skirkaling tribe on her behalf.

Creatures: The unique method by which Skirkatla transformed herself into a graveknight did not impart upon her the ability to summon a phantom mount, but on rare occasions, she has needed to ride forth in battle. Recently, the cold riders in the employ of the annis hag Berkvildr (see Food-Gathering Expedition on page 41) found an undead mammoth surrounded by an unearthly miasma of frost wandering the mountains and killing every living thing it came across. They herded it up the mountain and corralled it in the tomb. Skirkatla accepted the beast as tribute, naming it Soulgouger. She commanded it to be stabled here in the mausoleum with a frost giant handler wearing *goggles of night*. The handler's role is less to care for the beast and more to see that it is saddled when Skirkatla requires her mount. Soulgouger appears to be a normal mammoth armored in plates of ice, and its eyes shine with a cold blue light. It ignores its handler, but otherwise attacks any living thing on sight. Both Soulgouger and its handler fight to the death.

MAMMOTH HANDLER

CR 10

XP 9,600

Advanced frost giant (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 294, 149)

hp 161

Gear *goggles of night*

SOULGOUGER

CR 10

XP 9,600

Frostfallen mammoth (*Pathfinder Adventure Path #51: The Hungry Storm* 84)

NE Huge undead (cold)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., lifestense; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 9, flat-footed 24 (+1 Dex, +16 natural, -2 size)

hp 91 (14d8+28)

Fort +5, **Ref** +5, **Will** +9

DR 10/bludgeoning; **Immune** cold, undead traits

Weaknesses vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee gore +21 (2d8+13 plus 3d6 cold), slam +21 (2d6+13 plus 3d6 cold)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft.

Special Attacks cold (3d6), trample (2d8+19, DC 30)

STATISTICS

Str 36, **Dex** 12, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +25; **CMD** 36 (40 vs. trip)

Feats Toughness^B

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Cold (Su) Soulgouger's body generates intense cold, dealing 3d6 points of cold damage with its touch. Creatures attacking Soulgouger with unarmed strikes or natural weapons take 3d6 points of cold damage each time one of their attacks hits.

T7. Great Hall (CR 14)

Two lines of columns, paralleling the east and west walls, support the vaulted ceiling of this enormous, darkened hall. Heavy stone double doors lead north and west, while single doors offer access to the east and south.

This was once envisioned as a great hall where Skirkatla would convene the entire Skirkaling tribe and speak to them en masse. Yet since taking residence here, she has never desired to have the clan this close to her private sanctuary. She especially does not wish them to observe the undead-creating experiments of Nephandros (see area **T10**) and Onenphexia (see area **T18**). Instead, Skirkatla travels to the Skirkaling longhouse (area **L**) when she wants to interact with the tribe, and assumes Gregganor's throne instead.

Both sets of doors on the western side of the room (to areas **T10** and **T13**) are locked (hardness 8, hp 60, break DC 28, Disable Device DC 30). Nephandros (see area **T10**) has keys to both doors. The ceiling is 40 feet high in this chamber.

Creature: This room is the domain of Skirkatla's most powerful lieutenant, the Decapitant Lord. Frost giants typically hold svathurims in a measure of awe and respect. After Skirkatla died, a powerful male svathurim sought to seize control of the Skirkaling tribe as its new jarl. He stormed

Skirkatla's tomb with a small band of rebels he'd recruited. In the doorway to her throne room, Skirkatla beheaded him where he stood, mystically tearing his name away from him and rending his soul in half. Then, in an act of contemptuous cruelty, she deliberately forgot it. With his spirit unable to travel to the Boneyard, the decapitated would-be jarl rose again as an undead creature bound forever to Skirkatla as her slave—a unique svathurim dullahan now known only as the Decapitant Lord.

The dullahan stands vigilant at the north end of the room. As soon as he is aware of intruders, he moves to defend his queen's domain. He can't move between or behind the columns without squeezing, though his lance affords him reach. As a special attack, he can charge a column and strike it with his hooves, crackling the column and causing part of the ceiling to collapse in a 10-foot radius around it. All creatures in this area, including the Decapitant Lord, must then succeed at a DC 18 Reflex save or take 4d6 points of bludgeoning damage from the falling ice and rock, which creates an area of difficult terrain.

DECAPITANT LORD **CR 14**
XP 38,400

Male unique svathurim dullahan (*Pathfinder RPG Monster Codex* 76, *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 111)
NE Huge undead (augmented monstrous humanoid, cold)
Init +8; **Senses** blindsight 60 ft.; Perception +26
Aura frightful presence (30 ft., DC 24)

DEFENSE

AC 29, touch 12, flat-footed 25 (+7 armor, +4 Dex, +10 natural, -2 size)

hp 190 (20d8+100); fast healing 5

Fort +12, **Ref** +12, **Will** +17

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, rejuvenation;

Immune cold, undead traits; **SR** 25

Weaknesses vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft.

Melee +1 keen lance +25/+20/+15 (2d6+16/19-20/x3 plus 1d6 sonic), 2 hooves +18 (1d8+5) or

2 slams +23 (1d8+10), 2 hooves +18 (1d8+5)

Ranged head +17 (1d8+10 plus tenpin toss)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (20 ft. with lance)

Special Attacks death's demand, natural jousting, stormlance, tenpin toss, thunderous trample (DC 24), trample (1d8+15, DC 30)

TACTICS

During Combat The Decapitant Lord prefers to charge, taking advantage of his *belt of thunderous charging*

to increase his damage output, though if enemies use brace weapons, he reassesses the risks of charging. With his mooncharger ability and reach, he can run over difficult terrain and still reach creatures on the ground. He uses his tenpin toss ability to set a target up for a thunderous trample.

Morale Bound to Skirkatla for eternity, the Decapitant Lord fights until destroyed; his body rejuvenates 2d4 days later.

STATISTICS

Str 31, **Dex** 18, **Con** —, **Int** 10, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +15; **CMB** +27 (+31 bull rush, +31 overrun); **CMD** 41 (43 vs. bull rush, 43 vs. overrun, 53 vs. trip)

Feats Charge Through^{APG}, Great Fortitude, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Improved Overrun, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (lance)

Skills Acrobatics +16 (+24 when jumping), Intimidate +27, Knowledge (religion) +10, Perception +26, Sense Motive +16, Stealth +8

Languages Common, Giant

SQ mooncharger, undersized weapons

Gear +3 chain shirt, +1 lance, belt of thunderous charging^{UE}



SPECIAL ABILITIES

Death's Demand (Su) The Decapitant Lord searches endlessly for a replacement for his name, often demanding one that belongs to a future victim, though it never satisfies him. Once per day as a standard action, the Decapitant Lord can place death's demand on a target within 60 feet (Fortitude DC 24 negates). If the Decapitant Lord knows and speaks the target's name, the target takes a –2 penalty on the save. If the victim fails the save, it becomes staggered for 1d6 rounds. For the next 24 hours (or until the Decapitant Lord is slain), all critical threats against the victim are automatically confirmed. Finally, the victim automatically fails all Constitution checks to stabilize while dying. This is a mind-affecting curse effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Mooncharger (Su) When charging, running, or taking a double move, the Decapitant Lord strides across open air as if he were using *air walk*. He is never tired by this action, but can't trample while using this ability.

Rejuvenation (Su) If killed, the Decapitant Lord's physical form reconstitutes itself in 2d4 days. The only way to permanently destroy the Decapitant Lord is to lay the haunt in area **T14** permanently to rest.

Stormlance (Su) The Decapitant Lord is proficient with all weapons in the spear fighter weapon group. When he wields such a weapon, it deals an additional 1d6 points of sonic damage and gains the *keen* weapon special ability.

Tenpin Toss (Su) The Decapitant Lord can seize his severed head by the horns and hurl it as a ranged weapon that deals 1d8 points of damage, with a range increment of 40 feet. On a successful hit, the Decapitant Lord can attempt a trip combat maneuver check against the target as part of the attack. This trip attack does not provoke an attack of opportunity. If the check is successful, the target is knocked prone and is staggered for 1 round. The Decapitant Lord's head is not harmed during this attack and returns to him as if it had the *returning* weapon special ability.

Development: If the Decapitant Lord is slain, he rejuvenates in 2d4 days, returning to serve the queen he tried to depose once more. Although the dullahan doesn't realize it, half of his soul is still smeared on the very spot he died. Should he be slain and the haunt in area **T14** be destroyed, his torment ends once and for all, and he is permanently destroyed. Tragically, even if the Decapitant Lord were to learn this fact, he still could not aid in his own release.

T8. Guard Quarters

Two sleeping pallets, two footlockers, and a small rack for weapons and armor are the only furnishings in this sparse room. Two torch sconces are mounted to the wall. The only exit is a single door to the north.

These are the quarters for the guards stationed in area **T2**. Skirkatla is very particular about the living creatures she admits into the tomb, so when those giants go off duty for sleep or meals here, Hersir Gregganor sends two giants from the village to temporarily relieve them in area **T2**. The footlockers contain only mundane, giant-sized personal possessions.

T9. Sepulcher of Skulls (CR 11)

A series of low pedestals line the walls of this room. Perched atop each is a humanoid skull. A small plaque has been chiseled in stone beneath each skull, like a memorial. Antiquated, sometimes broken, weapons lean against several of the pedestals. None of the skulls or weapons are giant-sized. A single stone door to the west provides the only exit.

Skirkatla and her warriors display the remains of their worthiest adversaries, along with weapons broken in the course of their defeat, in this chamber. This display is not to honor these enemies, but to ensure the giants immortalize their scorn for these foes' eventual defeat.

Haunt: The spirit of Akargrim, a one-time famed dwarven giantslayer, haunts this place. His lingering memories are not evil, but neither are they peaceful. The haunt manifests when anyone approaches within 10 feet of the pedestal against the south wall, which holds Akargrim's skull. When the haunt is triggered, the skull atop the pedestal abruptly bursts into a corona of blue fire and animates and speaks.

"Akargrim was my name in life," moans the skull in a sepulchral voice. "I and those with me fought the savage giant Hhurrun Springbane, who challenged me to single combat. We had nearly defeated the giants, but many of my companions were injured, and so I agreed to face Springbane alone. I had all but slain the brute when Springbane called to his giants, who leapt to his aid and cut me down before my clan could rally to my rescue. With my murder, the tide of battle turned, and Springbane returned to his people to lie about his courage and strength at arms. I charge you, go north from this monument to ignominy, then turn east. Do not veer west. My killer has been made perversely immortal for his so-called courage. Take my axe and bring me Hhurrun Springbane's head, so that I, and these others with me, might remember justice, and find our way peacefully to judgment. If you return, I shall grant you a boon. I can do no more."

When the haunt finishes speaking, everyone in the room is affected by a *geas* spell that commands them to travel to the Vault of Ignobility (area **T16**) and slay Hhurrun Springbane, then return to this location. In addition, the *geas* specifically prohibits them approaching the doors in the antechamber (area **T14**) that lead to the throne room (area **T19**)—Akargrim's haunt does not want to risk the

potential agents of his salvation being distracted or killed by Skirkatla until they have helped him.

The *geas* can be removed normally, but if the PCs complete the quest, they earn a boon (see Development below).

DYING REQUEST**CR 11****XP 12,800**

N haunt (area T9)

Caster Level 11th

Notice Perception DC 30 (to see a glint of light in the eye socket of Akargrim's skull)

hp 22; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 hour

Effect When the haunt is triggered, all creatures in the area hear a sepulchral voice cry out, "Free me!" All creatures within the area are targeted by a *geas* spell (see above).

Destruction Successful completion of the haunt's quest (see above) lays this haunt to rest.

Treasure: A broken masterwork greataxe leans against the base of the pedestal holding Akargrim's skull. If taken to area T16, the axe gains temporary magical properties that can be used against Hhurrin Springbane (see page 53). Once the quest is complete, the axe becomes a permanent magic weapon (see Development below).

Development: If the PCs successfully fulfill the terms of the *geas* and return here with Hhurrin Springbane's head, Akargrim's skull animates and speaks one last time.

"Springbane comes to this hall of shame at last! Long have we waited for him! Leave him here, alone, while we hasten to judgment. I require my axe no longer—it is yours.

"Now listen to my final advice. A terrible spirit malingers on the door to the queen's throne room, the place I charged you not to go. It is the other half of the Headless One's soul, bitter and tormented and a more vicious haunt than I. We have sensed the queen's court traversing the catacombs, just east of this room. I am sure there are dangers there, but there might also be a secret passage that leads to Skirkatla's throne. But if you must assail that black door, consecrate it and demand the Decapitant Lord remember his name! Otherwise he shall return again and again to seek your murder!

When Akargrim's spirit finishes speaking, the blue flames rise from the skull and dissipate, and his axe permanently becomes a +1 *undead-bane greataxe*.

T10. Laboratory (CR 14)

The doors leading into this chamber are locked (hardness 8, hp 60, break DC 28, Disable Device DC 30).

The walls of this chamber angle outward, creating an irregular trapezoidal shape. Large wooden tubs of unwholesome fluids stand to the north and south, their contents slowly bubbling without

an obvious source of heat. Huge worktables surround a large iron grate in the floor in the center of the room. Upon the tables are an odd hodgepodge of surgical tools, saws, balls of twine, and materials suited for a puppeteer's workshop. Two heavy doors provide access to a walled-off portion of the room to the west.

This is the laboratory and workshop of the tomb giant Nephandros (see Creatures below). The fluid in the tubs is embalming fluid with some necromantic spell ingredients; it can be identified with a successful DC 15 Craft (alchemy) or Spellcraft check. It has the same game effects as the lye solution in the tannery's liming room (area D3). The grate is safe to walk over, but it can be lifted with a combined Strength score of 24. Beneath the grate is a 15-foot drop to the drainage tunnel (area T12). Two oil lamps sitting on the worktables flanking the grate light the room.

A secret door stands in the eastern wall, north of the main doors, that leads to area T11. It can be found with a successful DC 28 Perception check and is locked (hardness 8, hp 60, break DC 28, Disable Device DC 30).

Creatures: The tomb giant Nephandros can be found at study here. He assisted Skirkatla in her apotheosis to a graveknight, and is currently the queen's closest advisor. Together, they hatched the plot to aid the Storm Tyrant and then overthrow him. Nephandros is developing powerful undead creatures to serve as weapons of war for that eventual day. He is a cool, collected creature, devoted to Urgathoa, and by proxy to Skirkatla. Nephandros is also a colleague and peer of both his mate Xoyebeta (see area T18) and his occasional lover, Dybellos (see area P1).

Nephandros does not anticipate visitors, but he notices the sound of the lock on the doors to the room being picked if he succeeds at a DC 25 Perception check (remember that he gains a bonus on the check if the PCs have accrued any Outrage Points). If he notices, he opens the cell doors in preparation for a possible confrontation.

The walled-off portion of the room to the west forms two cells holding Nephandros's latest creations, a pair of necrocrafs called gluttoners. These hybridized ghastr-zombies are oversized patchworks with naked, flabby bodies covered in maggoty-white skin. Thick bone plates have been implanted beneath their skin as armor, and each has a third extra-long arm stitched to its side. Their mouths are like a lamprey's, set below a pair of beady, bloodshot eyes. Nephandros designed the gluttoners to invade enemy camps and create hordes of undead through the spread of a virulent form of ghoulish fever. As with the Baelmourn in area T5, Nephandros created the gluttoners within Dybellos's *desecrate* aura to give them additional strength. He views the both the Baelmourn and the gluttoners almost as children—life he brought into existence through his own creativity. Unless released, the gluttoners remain in their cells, as the unfortunate horrors are too dumb to figure out the doorknobs.

In battle, Nephandros either opens the gluttoners' cell doors as quickly as he can, or beckons them out to attack the PCs on his behalf while he supports the undead creations.

GLUTTONERS (2) CR 10

XP 9,600 each

Unique necrocrafter (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 4* 200)

NE Large undead

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0

Aura stench (DC 19, 1d6+4 minutes)

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 10, flat-footed 21 (+1 Dex, +12 natural, -1 size)

hp 147 each (15d8+80)

Fort +7, **Ref** +6, **Will** +9

DR 5/slashing; **Immune** undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee bite +17 (1d8+7 plus disease), 2 claws +17 (1d6+7 plus paralysis), extended claw +17 (1d6+7 plus paralysis)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (15 ft. with extended claw)

Special Attacks paralysis (1d4+1 rounds, DC 19)

STATISTICS

Str 24, **Dex** 13, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +11; **CMB** +19; **CMD** 30

Feats Toughness^B

SQ Construction Points (bone armor [3], cannibalize, disease, extra attack [bite], extra attack [claw], mostly zombies, paralysis, reach attacks, stench)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Disease (Su) *Ghoul Fever*: bite—injury; save Fort DC 19; onset 1 day; frequency 1/day; effect 1d3 Con damage and 1d3 Dex damage; cure 2 consecutive saves.

NEPHANDROS CR 12

XP 19,200

Male tomb giant (see page 84)

hp 162

Gear *cloak of etherealness*, keys to areas T10, T11, and T13

Development: If the gluttoners are slain and Nephandros is injured, the tomb giant uses his *cloak of etherealness* to flee to area T11 to retrieve the link of Skirkatla's armor. If Nephandros escapes, he ultimately flees the tomb, and does not return for the duration of the adventure. He hopes that Skirkatla will pardon his flight if his foresight provides the means for the queen to rejuvenate successfully.

T11. Secret Room (CR 10)

A heavy metal chest sits against the southern wall of this simple, unadorned chamber.

Trap: The chest is locked (Disable Device DC 30; Nephandros carries the key) and trapped with an energy drain trap. Nephandros wanted a means to access the chest's contents quickly in an emergency, so a hidden bypass switch has been installed. It requires only a move action to activate the bypass switch.

ENERGY DRAIN TRAP CR 10

XP 9,600

Type magic; **Perception** DC 34; **Disable Device** DC 34

EFFECTS

Trigger touch (*alarm*); **Reset** none; **Bypass** hidden switch (Perception DC 25)

Effect spell effect (*energy drain*, Atk +10 ranged touch, 2d4 temporary negative levels, Fortitude DC 23 negates after 24 hours)



GLUTTONER

Treasure: Nephandros has been allowed to retain some of the Skirkaling clan treasure here, along with a unique item with which he has been entrusted. The chest contains a suit of Medium +3 mithral chainmail, a Large +3 longsword, a sorcerer's robe (*Ultimate Equipment* 219), a scroll tube containing a scroll of cone of cold and a scroll of fire shield, a wand of chill metal (12 charges), two diamonds worth 220 gp each, 23 pp, and 373 gp.

The chest also holds a single chainmail link from Skirkatla's chain hauberk. With it, Nephandros can provide the graveknight with the means to rejuvenate, even if the rest of her armor has been destroyed. If Nephandros flees a battle in area T10, this is the item he seeks to collect from the chest.

T12. Drainage Tunnel (CR 11)

A rough, circular tunnel twists and winds through the darkness. A small trickle of greenish liquid flows through the center of the passage.

This tunnel was dug by a frost worm long ago, before Skirkatla's tomb was even built. It does not connect to the worm tunnels in area T3. When the tomb giant Nephandros refurbished a Skirgaard cenotaph to become his laboratory, he made use of the tunnel to provide drainage for the embalming fluids he uses in necrocraft creation. The tunnel lies about 15 feet below the floors of the tomb. To the north, the tunnel runs under Nephandros's laboratory (area T10), the catacombs (area T13), and Skirkatla's throne room (area T19) before breaking through the chasm at area T17. To the south, the tunnel has collapsed, ending in a wall of fallen rock approximately 100 feet south of area T6.

Creatures: Two restless spirits called yuki-onnas lurk at the northern end of the tunnel, just past the throne room (area T19). The yuki-onnas are the spirits of two human slaves who were transported, paralyzed and unconscious, to Nephandros's laboratory by the gluttons at the tomb giant's command. Nephandros had intended to use them in an experiment on the very recently deceased, but he was summoned to an audience with Skirkatla before he could begin. While he was absent, the captives awoke, lifted the grate, and fled down the tunnel. Unable to find a safe exit, they hid here and eventually froze to death. Now their angry spirits haunt the tunnel.

FROZEN SPIRITS (2)

CR 9

XP 6,400 each

Advanced yuki-onna (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 290, 287)

hp 112 each

T13. Catacombs (CR 12)

The walls of these passageways are rougher than the stonework in other areas. The ground is dirty, dusty, and bone-chillingly

cold. Giant-sized skulls protrude in clusters from the walls, where they have been mortared into place. Words are chiseled into the rock walls near these clusters, some in short phrases, others merely listing names.

These catacombs are the common graveyard for the Skirkaling tribe. A PC who succeeds at a DC 15 Knowledge (religion) check recalls that frost giants hold the dead in high regard, but the climate they prefer often precludes burial in the frozen earth, and cremation is anathema. So that all contributing members of the tribe have some measure of memorial, the custom of interment in catacombs is not uncommon. The small clusters of skulls represent family units. The words and phrases on the walls are written in Giant and name individuals, describe a deed or quality of the interred, or offer short prayers, usually to Thremyr.

The northwestern portion of the catacombs contains a secret door that can be located with a successful DC 25 Perception check. The door opens to a short flight of steps that climbs up to Skirkatla's throne room (area T19).

Creatures: Three dead frost giants have been given the "honor" of guarding the tribe's ossuary. These giants were some of the Skirkalings' most bloodthirsty warriors, and though they served the tribe well in battle, they also vented their rage on their fellow tribe members. Eventually branded criminals, these three giants were publicly executed, then animated as mohrgs to attend to the tribe in death. The mohrgs were created within a *desecrate* aura in the tomb's chapel of Urgathoa (area T18), granting them additional hit points.

CATACOMB GUARDS (3)

CR 9

XP 6,400 each

Giant mohrg (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 295, 208)

hp 119 each

T14. Anteroom (CR 12)

The floor of this spacious chamber is tiled in black stone, with a large sunken area in the middle. Four columns of white marble, each carved with the faces of giants along its length, stand in the corners of the room, supporting the vaulted ceiling overhead. Double stone doors are set in all but the north wall. A short flight of steps leads up to a raised platform to the west where doors of black stone stand in the wall.

Single petitioners or small groups once waited in this hall for audiences with Skirkatla in her throne room (area T19). The queen rarely grants personal audiences, though, preferring to use Gregganor as an intermediary. None of the doors are locked or barred, but the western set is haunted (see below). The sunken center of the room is 2 feet lower than the edges,

and the ceiling rises 30 feet overhead. The platform leading to the throne room is 5 feet higher than the main floor.

Creature: One petitioner eternally waits here for an audience with Skirkatla. Anthurim Rimebeard was once the queen's consort and fathered many of her descendants. When the Normugruu coven presented their plan to transform Skirkatla into a graveknight, they secretly counseled for the blood sacrifice of her mate to increase the potency of the ritual. Perhaps out nostalgia, habit, or expectation, the queen agreed, but ordered Rimebeard be made undead—albeit less powerful than herself—after his death, befitting his station as her consort. The hags and her tomb giant allies acquiesced, and dragged Rimebeard's soul back from some terrible and distant Outer Plane. What

actually returned from the grave displeased Skirkatla and made her cognizant that mortal concerns were no longer her burden, so she commanded Rimebeard, now a devourer, to leave her throne room. Pining for Skirkatla's attention, Rimebeard refused to go any farther than this chamber, and has remained here ever since. The devourer's presence makes the room effectively unusable by the living, unless they can control or placate the undead.

Rimebeard currently possesses 10 essence points.

ANTHURIM RIMEBEARD**CR 11****XP 12,800**Devourer (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 82*)**hp 133****ANTHURIM RIMEBEARD**

J.P. Tarbela 2015

Haunt: The platform before the doors to the throne room (area **T19**) is the site where Skirkatla's most powerful champion, the Decapitant Lord, was created (see area **T7**). In life, the svathurim was known as Throderinn Skysunder, a name now lost. He recognized that a darkness had grown within Skirkatla that was far beyond the wild and indiscriminate violence of svathurims and frost giants. Skysunder sought to rid Skirgaard of its queen, intent on becoming the tribe's new leader. Skirkatla slew him in his tracks, beheading him, tearing his soul in half, and binding him to her will. Half of the Decapitant Lord's soul still clings to his undead body; the other half remains here, steeped into the spot where he died, forming a haunt that triggers when the doors to the throne room are touched.

The haunt is fearsome in power, but it can be destroyed before even it manifests. To destroy the haunt, the doors must first be consecrated (via the *consecrate* spell), then some means of communication with the Decapitant Lord's spirit must be established to learn his name. A spell such as *Speak with Haunt* (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Class Guide 193*) is ideal for this task, but *Speak with Dead* is an acceptable substitute, even though there is no body present. Since the spirit wants to remember its name and be put to rest, it receives no saving throw against such an effect. Once communication has been established, an image of the Decapitant Lord as he was before his beheading—a powerful, living svathurim—appears. If the PCs ask its name, the apparition howls and struggles to answer the question, before finally stating its name: Throderinn Skysunder. Once it has spoken, the spirit vanishes in a rush of wind, as if drawn into some great vacuous space, and the haunt is permanently destroyed. Akargrim's haunt in area **T9** can provide a clue to this haunt's destruction, but a successful DC 20 Knowledge (religion) check can also be used to identify or clarify the procedure for destroying the haunt.

DEAD AND FORGOTTEN**CR 10****XP 9,600**CE haunt (doors to area **T19**)**Caster Level** 10th**Notice** Perception DC 20 (a thin rime of ice quickly spreads over the doors)**hp** 20; **Trigger** touch; **Reset** 1 minute**Effect** When the haunt is triggered, a ghostly apparition of a female frost giant steps out of the surface of the door and appears to slice through the target's neck with an axe. The target is affected by *finger of death* (Fortitude DC 20 partial).**Destruction** The spirit of the Decapitant Lord must be forced to remember its name by casting *consecrate* upon the doors and using *speak with dead* or *speak with haunt*^{ACG} to ask the haunt its name.

Development: If the dead and forgotten haunt is destroyed, the Decapitant Lord (see area **T7**) immediately loses his rejuvenation ability and can be permanently destroyed.

T15. Broken Hall

A portion of this large room has collapsed into a wide chasm to the north. The chamber's structural integrity remains intact thanks to three support columns that run in a line from east to west. A smaller chamber opens to the south. The settings for hinges in the doorway suggest its intended use for future expansion.

The north wall collapsed after the chasm to the north (area **T17**) opened. A large portion of the rubble was later pushed down into the chasm to clear a path to the bridge over the chasm. The floors in this chamber are heavy with masonry dust.

T16. Vault of Ignobility (CR 12)

Five thrones line the walls of this icy chamber, nestled between support columns in each of the four corners. Runes are inscribed upon the headboard of each throne.

Some of the Skirkaling tribe's most renowned (or infamous) warriors are interred in this chamber, a place of honor and respect. A shriveled giant corpse in armor slouches in each throne. The writing inscribed above their heads is in Giant and names the individuals seated in each throne. The corpse seated in the center throne to the east (marked **a** on the map) is identified as "Hhurrun Springbane."

Creatures: Three of the five corpses—one of whom is Hhurrun Springbane—have been granted the boon of undeath, and now exist as zombie lords. They wait patiently for the Storm Tyrant's conquest to be complete, when they will step from the shadows to serve Skirkatla as generals in her planned rebellion. They are only the first three of a number

of "generals" Skirkatla intends to eventually reanimate. The other two zombie lords are seated in the thrones against the north and south walls (marked **b** and **c** on the map).

If one of the PCs is carrying Akargrim's broken axe from area **T9**, the weapon is magically repaired and becomes a +1 *vorpal greataxe* as soon as it is brought into the room, and the character carrying the weapon immediately becomes aware of this information. It functions in this way only in this room and only for the duration of this encounter. The zombie lords hiss in unison when they catch sight of the axe, but Hhurrun raises his arms in shock and fear. "To arms!" he rasps in Giant, "I know that axe! Doom is upon us!" Hhurrun is considered shaken for the duration of this encounter, even though undead are normally immune to fear effects.

SKIRGAARD PEERS (3)**CR 9****XP 6,400 each**Frost giant zombie lord fighter 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149, *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 4 286)

CE Large undead (cold)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +18**DEFENSE****AC** 23, touch 11, flat-footed 21 (+7 armor, +2 Dex, +3 natural, +2 shield, -1 size)**hp** 139 each (18 HD; 16d8+2d10+56)**Fort** +15, **Ref** +7, **Will** +8 (+1 vs. fear)**Defensive Abilities** bravery +1, channel resistance +4, rock catching; **DR** 5/slashing; **Immune** cold, undead traits**Weaknesses** vulnerable to fire**OFFENSE****Speed** 30 ft.**Melee** battleaxe +23/+18/+13 (2d6+10/x3) or 2 slams +23 (2d6+10)**Ranged** rock +16 (1d8+15)**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.**Special Attacks** rock throwing (120 ft.)**STATISTICS****Str** 31, **Dex** 15, **Con** —, **Int** 12, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 15**Base Atk** +14; **CMB** +25 (+27 bull rush, +27 overrun, +27 sunder); **CMD** 37 (39 vs. bull rush, 39 vs. overrun, 39 vs. sunder)**Feats** Awesome Blow, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Great Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Attack (slam), Improved Overrun, Improved Sunder, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Stealth), Toughness⁸**Skills** Climb +18, Intimidate +16, Knowledge (religion) +10, Perception +18, Sense Motive +18, Stealth +6 (+10 in snow);**Racial Modifiers** +4 Stealth in snow**Languages** Common, Dwarven, Giant**Gear** +1 *chainmail*, mwk heavy steel shield, battleaxe

Treasure: A *manual of war* (*Ultimate Equipment* 310) sits under Hhurrun Springbane's throne.

Development: Once Hhurrun Springbane has been slain, any PCs affected by the dying request haunt in area **T9** realize they need only return to the Sepulcher of Skulls to be liberated from their *geas*.

Akargrim's axe returns to its nonmagical, broken state after this encounter or if taken back out of this room, but it gains new abilities when the PCs return to the Sepulcher with Springbane's head (see the Development section of area **T9**).

T17. Chasm (CR 12)

A broad rift in the earth opens under the mountain here. A finished room to the south, now exposed by a collapsed wall, suggests that the fissure opened after the tomb's construction was complete. Numerous chunks of rock and finished stonework lie in heaps on the floor of the chasm. A wooden suspension bridge stretches across the divide to a partially exposed room on the other side.

A warren of frost worm tunnels once riddled the mountain under this area, destabilizing the foundations of the rooms that were built here during the construction of the tomb. Over time, the weakened stone eventually gave way, creating this fissure and exposing areas **T15** and **T18**.

The bridge over the chasm is fabricated from wood and rope, and is sturdy enough to support even the weight of frost giants (a successful DC 10 Knowledge [engineering] check confirms this fact). There are no handrails, however, to prevent creatures from going over the sides. The bridge is 30 feet above the floor of the chasm; the ceiling is another 25 feet above the bridge. The floor of the ravine is rocky and uneven and constitutes difficult terrain.

At the northwestern end of the chasm is an opening that leads to the drainage tunnel that runs beneath the tomb (area **T12**). The eastern end of the chasm leads to a series of long-abandoned frost worm tunnels.

Creatures: Two undead cyclopes called gholdakos have been posted on the bridge to guard the chapel of Urgathoa beyond. They ignore other undead as well as the cyclops oracle Onenphexia (see area **T18**), but attack any other living creatures attempting to traverse the bridge or chasm. If encountered on the bridge, the gholdakos attempt to use their Awesome Blow feat to knock opponents off the bridge and onto the chasm floor below. They fight until destroyed.

GHOLDAKOS (2) **CR 10**
XP 9,600 each
hp 127 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 4 125)

T18. Chapel of Urgathoa (CR 14)

An ornate stone shrine is built into the stone of this room's north wall, forming a narrow chancel upon which rests an obsidian altar. Placed near the corners of the room are three columns carved

in the likeness of a nude giantess who is skeletal from the waist down and cradles a scythe in her hands. Colored tiles on the floor form a mosaic of a gigantic fly with a death's head symbol on its back. To the southwest, the room has crumbled away to expose an immense chasm.

Skirkatla ordered this chapel be built into her tomb for her personal use, though truthfully, she rarely visits it. The shrine has no unusual properties, but it does count as a religious site for the purposes of the *desecrate* spell.

Creatures: A cyclops oracle of bones named Onenphexia can usually be found here. Like Dybellos, Onenphexia received portents and visions that guided her to the Mindspin Mountains, until she came across giants assembling into an army. She made her way independently to Skirgaard and obtained an audience with Skirkatla, who accepted the oracle into her service.

Now Onenphexia maintains this chapel along with a tomb giant named Xoyebeta, the mate of Nephandros (see area **T10**). While Nephandros takes a more scientific approach to necromancy and is focused on the creation of necrocrafts, Xoyebeta is a devout follower of Urgathoa, interested in the theological implications of necromancy, and concentrates her efforts on creating more traditional undead. Onenphexia and the tomb giants approach necromancy differently, but they have a mutual respect for one another and work together when possible.

ONENPHEXIA **CR 12**
XP 19,200

Female cyclops oracle 10 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 52, *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 42)
 NE Large humanoid (giant)

Init +5; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +16

DEFENSE

AC 26, touch 13, flat-footed 25 (+6 armor, +3 deflection, +1 Dex, +7 natural, -1 size)

hp 175 (20d8+85)

Fort +15, **Ref** +11, **Will** +16; +2 vs. death effects, disease, mind-affecting effects, poison, sleep, and stunning

Defensive Abilities ferocity

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee +2 *scythe* +21/+16/+11 (2d6+9/×4)

Ranged mwk heavy crossbow +15 (2d8/19-20)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks channel negative energy 7/day (command undead only, DC 19)

Oracle Spells Known (CL 10th; concentration +14)

5th (3/day)—*greater forbid action*^{UM} (DC 19), *mass inflict light wounds* (DC 20), *slay living* (DC 20), *telekinesis*

4th (6/day)—*fear* (DC 19), *freedom of movement*, *inflict critical wounds* (DC 19), *unholy blight* (DC 18)

3rd (7/day)—*animate dead*, *contagion* (DC 18), *dispel magic*, *inflict serious wounds* (DC 18), *wrathful mantle*^{APG}

2nd (7/day)—*desecrate*, *false life*, *hold person* (DC 16), *inflict moderate wounds* (DC 17), *levitate*, *minor image* (DC 16), *oracle's burden*^{APG} (DC 17), *silence* (DC 16)

1st (7/day)—*cause fear* (DC 16), *divine favor*, *doom* (DC 16), *hide from undead* (DC 15), *inflict light wounds* (DC 16), *murderous command*^{UM} (DC 15), *shield of faith*

0 (at will)—*bleed* (DC 15), *detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 14), *guidance*, *light*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *purify food and drink*, *read magic*, *spark*^{APG}, *virtue*

Mystery bones

TACTICS

Before Combat Onenphexia activates her armor of bones revelation and casts *false life*, *shield of faith*, and *wrathful mantle* at the first sign of trouble.

During Combat Onenphexia casts *greater forbid action* to prevent foes from attacking, then targets them with *contagion*, *slay living*, *unholy blight*, and the like. She employs her soul siphon revelation against well-armed opponents and targets spellcasters with *hold person* and *silence*. She also uses *telekinesis* to push enemies out of the room and into the chasm outside (area T17). Onenphexia can also summon a fast zombie minion with her *raise the dead* revelation to protect her flank or dispatch fallen enemies.

Morale Onenphexia fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 21, **Dex** 12, **Con** 17, **Int** 8, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +14; **CMB** +20 (+22 bull rush); **CMD** 34 (36 vs. bull rush)

Feats Combat Casting, Command Undead^B, Extra Revelation^{APG} (2), Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Martial Weapon Proficiency (scythe), Power Attack, Spell Focus (necromancy), Weapon Focus (scythe)

Skills Diplomacy +12, Heal +12, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (religion) +10, Perception +16, Sense Motive +12, Spellcraft +10

Languages Common, Cyclops, Giant

SQ flash of insight, oracle's curse (haunted), revelations (armor of bones, near death, raise the dead 2/day [4 rounds], soul siphon 1/day [4 minutes, 10 hp], undead servitude)

Gear +2 scythe, mwk heavy crossbow with 10 bolts, *headband of mental prowess* +4 (Wis, Cha), *ioun torch*^{UE}

ONENPHEXIA'S ZOMBIE MINION

CR —

Fast zombie (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 288)

NE Large undead

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 11, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +3 natural, -1 size)

hp 55 (10d8+10)

Fort +3, **Ref** +5, **Will** +7

Immune undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee slam +9 (1d8+4)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks quick strikes

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 14, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 23

Feats Toughness^B

XOYEBETA

CR 12

XP 19,200

Female tomb giant (see page 84)

hp 162



ONENPHEXIA

T19. Throne Room (CR 15)

The walls of this cavernous room to the east and north are finished masonry, but the rest of the chamber has a rough quality to it, as if hewn from the rock. Against the western wall sits a square stone dais, more a solid block of stone than a platform. A flight of steps is cut into the eastern side of the dais, leading up to a massive black throne. Faded, tattered carpet runners connect the dais to massive stone doors to the north and east. White support columns stand in remote corners of the room, along with a solitary stone bench toward the south end.

This is the throne room of Skirkatla, jarl of the Skirkaling tribe. The ceiling is 40 feet high, the dais to the west is 20 feet tall. The southernmost portion of the chamber contains a secret door in the south wall that can be found with a successful DC 25 Perception check. It leads to a short flight of stairs that descends to another secret door, which opens into the catacombs (area T13).

Creatures: The frost giant graveknight Queen Skirkatla resides here, coldly detached from the village and training camp she governs. Skirkatla is confident of her prowess, but she knows that superior numbers can defeat even her, so she maintains a retinue of advisors and bodyguards. Skirkatla is fully detailed in the NPC Gallery on page 60.

The Normugruu Sisters are a pair of former annis hags whose coven helped Skirkatla achieve her apotheosis centuries ago. After Skirkatla's transformation into a graveknight, the hags became witchfires, shrouded with eerie blue flames, and remained with the queen (the third hag failed in her transformation to undeath). A pair of baykoks also protects the queen. They were created centuries ago from the corpses of would-be elven giantslayers, whose obsession with the murder of giants bordered on its own form of evil. Now they are enslaved servants of Skirkatla. Both the baykoks and witchfires are devoted to Skirkatla; the graveknight doesn't need to use her undead mastery ability to control them.

When combat begins, Skirkatla naturally takes point in front. She strives to control the stairs leading up to her throne and reduce the PCs' ability to surround her. The witchfires fly out of reach and launch witchflame bolts at Skirkatla's targets, potentially creating a vulnerability to the queen's fire-based attacks. The baykoks also take flight and focus their attention on spellcasters, healers, and support PCs who remain at a safe distance from melee combat, attempting to prevent those characters from focusing on Skirkatla or supporting the frontline PCs.

The GM is strongly encouraged to review Skirkatla's stat block and the Bestiary entries for the creatures in this room. While Skirkatla's attack abilities are relatively straightforward, there are significant rule interactions between the three types of monsters—especially when the graveknight's sacrilegious aura is taken into account. As

the exact positioning of the baykoks and witchfires in the room can vary significantly, the bonuses from Skirkatla's sacrilegious aura are not reflected below.

Skirkatla's existence has been dedicated to violence, and her reign has been overshadowed by her unassailable ego. She and her retinue fight to the death.

BAYKOKS (2) CR 9

XP 6,400 each

hp 97 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 35)

NORMUGRUU SISTERS (2) CR 9

XP 6,400 each

Witchfire (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 284)

hp 115 each

SKIRKATLA CR 13

XP 25,600

hp 183 (see page 60)

Development: Even if the PCs are victorious over the frost giant queen, this may not spell the end for Skirkatla. In order to permanently destroy Skirkatla, her armor must be completely ruined as well. This includes the single link of chainmail hidden in area T11; even if only this single piece of her armor survives, Skirkatla can rejuvenate, and the undead jarl may return to plague the PCs again.

T20. Skirkatla's Cenotaph

This chamber appears to be a private mausoleum. Depictions of a frost giant army smashing down the walls of Kellid and Ulfen settlements and leading captives away in chains are carved in bas-relief on the east and west walls. Steps lead up the side of an enormous bier, bereft of coffin or sarcophagus, like a bed of stone. The wall above the dais is engraved with runic writing.

After her death in the ritual that would transform her into a graveknight, Skirkatla's body was laid to rest in this mausoleum, and it is here that she arose as an undying graveknight. She also lay in this chamber, dwelling in silence and dreaming, during her long periods of torpor.

The wall engraving is in Giant and lists the name "Skirkatla Hjotunsdottir." It also includes a single date: 29 Kuthona 4378 AR, along with the term "Ashenmorn." A PC who succeeds at a DC 15 Knowledge (religion) check can determine that is the specific day Skirkatla rose from the dead.

A secret door on the east wall conceals a tiny chamber that holds some of Skirkatla's personal riches and trinkets accumulated over the years (see Treasure below). The door can be found with a successful DC 25 Perception check.

Treasure: An iron chest in the secret chamber holds a treasure trove of items Skirkatla has collected over the years: a



Large frostblood axe (*Pathfinder RPG Monster Codex* 69), a drinking horn of bottomless valor^{UE}, an insistent doorknocker^{UE}, a marble mastodon figurine of wondrous power (functions identically to a marble elephant but the elephant created appears as a woolly mammoth), a staff of frost, a winter wolf headband^{UE}, an ivory cameo of a Chelish woman worth 250 gp, seven amethysts worth 50 gp each, 130 pp, 4,260 gp, and 7,834 sp.

In addition, the secret chamber also contains a map indicating a dormant volcano in the southern Mindspin Mountains, labeled “Ashpeak” in Giant, along with the names “Tytarian and Quivixia” and the words “elite training academy.” Accompanying the map are two lists of giant names. One list is designated “Advance to Elite Training,” and includes a scrawled note that reads: “The athach’s graduation is not an option.” The second list is titled “Competency Course Passed—Need Reassignment.”

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

Once the PCs have disbanded the giants of Skirgaard and destroyed Skirkatla, the threat of the giant training camp is

removed. The Storm Tyrant has suffered a major defeat in terms of organization, resources, and time, even if Skirkatla later returns rejuvenated. If Skirkatla manages to escape utter destruction, she pursues the PCs out of revenge as well as to silence them, in case they have learned of her planned betrayal of Volstus.

But Skirgaard is just one more step toward defeating the Storm Tyrant. With the map and documents from Skirkatla’s cenotaph, the PCs are now aware of the elite fire giant “training academy” of Ashpeak, which must also be eliminated. Thanks to Naximarra, the PCs should also be aware that the Storm Tyrant possesses the *Orb of Red Dragonkind*, a fact that makes him even more dangerous. Volstus’s plot has started to unravel, but the people of Avistan are still far from safe. The next installment of the *Giantslayer Adventure Path*, “Anvil of Fire,” takes the PCs to the dormant volcano Ashpeak, where the fire giant king Tytarian trains the Storm Tyrant’s most promising officers—and, though the PCs don’t realize it yet, where the storm giant’s cloud castle is moored.

NAXIMARRA

The scion of a great and terrible line of red dragons, Naximarra stands defiantly against the Storm Tyrant's machinations. Humanity is not the only race that faces enslavement at the giants' hands, and to ensure the freedom of her kind, Naximarra is prepared to set aside ancient enmities.

NAXIMARRA**CR 14****XP 38,400**Female adult red dragon (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 98)

CE Huge dragon (fire)

Init +4; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., dragon senses, smoke vision; Perception +20**Aura** fire (5 ft., 1d6 fire), frightful presence (180 ft., DC 21, 5d6 rounds)**DEFENSE****AC** 33, touch 8, flat-footed 33 (+21 natural, +4 shield, -2 size)**hp** 212 (17d12+102)**Fort** +16, **Ref** +10, **Will** +15**DR** 5/magic; **Immune** dragon traits, fire, paralysis, sleep;**Resist** cold 20; **SR** 25**Weaknesses** vulnerable to cold**OFFENSE****Speed** 40 ft., fly 200 ft. (poor)**Melee** bite +25 (2d8+15), 2 claws +25 (2d6+10), tail slap +23 (2d6+15), 2 wings +23 (1d8+5)**Space** 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (15 ft. with bite)**Special Attacks** breath weapon (50-ft. cone, 12d10 fire, Reflex DC 24 half, usable every 1d4 rounds), crush (2d8+15, Reflex DC 24)**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 17th; concentration +20)At will—*detect magic*, *pyrotechnics* (DC 15), *suggestion* (DC 16)**Sorcerer Spells Known** (CL 7th; concentration +10)3rd (5/day)—*beast shape I*, *major image* (DC 16)2nd (7/day)—*detect thoughts* (DC 15), *invisibility*, *spontaneous immolation*^{UC} (DC 15)1st (7/day)—*charm person* (DC 14), *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 14), *shield*, *true strike*, *ventriloquism* (DC 14)0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *flare* (DC 13), *ghost sound* (DC 13), *mage hand*, *message*, *prestidigitation*, *read magic***TACTICS****Before Combat** Prior to meeting the PCs, or if expecting combat, Naximarra casts *shield*.**During Combat** If her frightful presence is not already active, Naximarra activates the ability as a free action on the first round of combat, then blasts opponents with her breath weapon and takes flight. She casts *spontaneous immolation* followed with *pyrotechnics* to debilitate a large number of foes before landing, focusing her attacks on a single opponent to reduce the opposition and improve her odds.**Morale** Naximarra has no interest in dying, and tries to withdraw and flee if reduced to fewer than 70 hit points.**STATISTICS****Str** 31, **Dex** 10, **Con** 23, **Int** 16, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 16**Base Atk** +17; **CMB** +29; **CMD** 39 (43 vs. trip)**Feats** Greater Vital Strike, Improved Initiative, Improved Iron Will, Improved Vital Strike, Iron Will, Multiattack, Persuasive, Power Attack, Vital Strike**Skills** Appraise +14, Bluff +20, Diplomacy +25, Fly +10, Intimidate +25, Knowledge (arcana) +20, Knowledge (local) +10, Perception +20, Sense Motive +20, Spellcraft +20, Stealth +12, Use Magic Device +15**Languages** Common, Draconic, Giant, Orc**Combat Gear** *scrolls of dominate person* (2); **Other Gear** *major ring of cold resistance*

Since she was a wyrmling, the red dragon Naximarra had heard tales of her magnificent and dreadful ancestor, the ancient red dragon Baelgoth. For nearly a thousand years, Baelgoth terrorized western Avistan from the Inner Sea to the Stormspear Mountains, until his reign of terror was cut short and he was imprisoned within an *Orb of Dragonkind*. For Naximarra's first 2 centuries, Baelgoth was just a figure from the ancient past, nothing more than the subject of old stories that were half-hearted attempts at cautionary tales for hatchlings—it had nothing to do with her. Naximarra was as selfish and brutal as others of her kind, blindly rampaging, destroying, killing, and gathering treasure for her hoard. All of that changed when the red dragon learned that the *Orb of Dragonkind* containing Baelgoth's essence had resurfaced in the hands of an upstart storm giant warlord who called himself Volstus the Storm Tyrant. Now, Naximarra is a dragon with a mission.

If the Storm Tyrant succeeds in his plan to conquer the nations of western Avistan, the scale of the conflict will only escalate, for it is not just the humanoid populace of the region whose lives are at stake. Red dragons are greedy, voracious, and hateful creatures, but they're also free-willed. As a race, they are sickened by the idea of being exploited as weapons in a conflict they did not plan, start, or more importantly, command.

No dragon can abide the thought of its proud, ancient race enslaved by one of the *Orbs of Dragonkind*, but for Naximarra,

the matter is even more personal, for because she's a blood relative of Baelgoth, her breath weapon has the ability to destroy the orb and potentially free her ancestor. Naximarra has heard of Akazerath, the dominated red dragon that the Storm Tyrant uses as a mount—as an old dragon, Akazerath is well known by most younger red dragons—but she holds no concern for his welfare or his fate. Pragmatic and arrogant as others of her kind, Naximarra believes that if Akazerath was unable to avoid falling victim to the orb, he must suffer the consequences. But, she reasons, if she can be the one to spare all red dragons from the shackles of enslavement at the hands of giants or other lesser beings, then she'll have her choice of the best territory, the most formidable mates, and the most precious treasures, and her name will survive in legends across the millennia.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Naximarra knows she can't come within 100 miles of the Storm Tyrant without risking falling victim to the *Orb of Dragonkind* herself, so she has come to Skirgaard to spy on the giants. She hopes to discover the Storm Tyrant's plans and work out some means of getting closer without detection, though she doubts any normal magic can obfuscate the orb's power to sense her presence.

Unfortunately, Naximarra's ability to gather intelligence is limited. She can't assume the form of a giant, and her size, weight, and scent make *invisibility* a limited gambit at best. Thus far, she has had some success using *beast shape* to scout out the village using the forms of small, harmless animals, but she fears discovery at the hands of a hungry giant on the hunt. The duration of *charm person* is not long enough to be very effective without repeated castings, and the whole village would be alerted to her presence if she ever lost control of her charmed minions or the magic expired. She does have a couple of *scrolls of dominate person*, but she has yet to decide who would make the best target for such magic and is uncertain of her ability to use the scrolls without fail. As a result, Naximarra requires allies whose goals at least overlap with her own.

Naximarra's role in the adventure is to provide the PCs with information and to foreshadow how dire the situation truly is. Her offer of an alliance is genuine. The dragon has no love for humanity, but she refuses to allow her own race to serve as a giant's slaves. Whether or not the PCs ally with Naximarra, at the very least they should learn about the Storm Tyrant's possession of the *Orb of Red Dragonkind* from her.

Given the opportunity, Naximarra can advise and provide support for the PCs for the rest of the campaign, though she won't approach within 100 miles of the fire giant fortress of Ashpeak and the Storm Tyrant's cloud castle, as that would expose her to the effects of the *Orb of Dragonkind*. She is also loath to reveal herself to the frost giants of Skirgaard, as word of her presence would inevitably reach the Storm Tyrant and she would lose all chance of surprise.

If the PCs become antagonistic, Naximarra has a final bargaining chip: she has the unique ability to destroy the orb, if she can get close to it. Privately, Naximarra is undecided as to whether the orb's destruction is something she actually wants, as she would prefer to restore her ancestor Baelgoth to life and thus gain the favor of a potent ally. But in centuries of research, she has found no clue suggesting that is even possible. Nevertheless, the PCs may balk at allying with a chaotic evil red dragon. If this is the case, and the PCs kill Naximarra, they lose the possibility of her assistance at the end of the campaign, but subsequent adventures do not rely on her partnership with the PCs. If she flees from battle with the PCs, Naximarra does not return for the remainder of the adventure.



SKIRKATLA

A terrifying specter from the past, Skirkatla is an undead scourge, awakened to instruct the Storm Tyrant's army in the art of war and destruction.

SKIRKATLA**CR 13****XP 25,600**

Female fighter frost giant graveknight (*Pathfinder RPG Monster Codex* 247, *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 149, *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 138)

NE Large undead (augmented humanoid)

Init +5; **Senses** blindsight 60 ft., darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +25

Aura sacrilegious aura (30 ft., DC 19)

DEFENSE

AC 31, touch 8, flat-footed 31 (+7 armor, -1 Dex, +13 natural, +3 shield, -1 size)

hp 183 (14d8+120)

Fort +15, **Ref** +9, **Will** +12

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, rejuvenation, rock catching; **DR** 10/magic; **Immune** cold, electricity, fire, undead traits; **SR** 22

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee +1 *impervious*^{UE} *keen battleaxe* +29/+24 (2d6+20/19-20/×3 plus 3d6 fire) or
2 slams +25 (1d8+16)

Ranged mwk spear +11 (2d6+16/×3) or
rock +11 (1d8+16)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks channel destruction (3d6 fire), devastating blast 3/day (8d6 fire, Reflex DC 19), rock throwing (120 ft.), undead mastery (70 HD, DC 19), weapon training (axes +3)

TACTICS

During Combat Skirkatla uses Awesome Blow or Improved Bull Rush as necessary to keep opponents off of her dais, while attacking with Power Attack and Cleave (or Great Cleave). She focuses her attacks on opponents affected by the witchfires' witchflame ability, making ranged attacks with her devastating blast.

Morale Skirkatla fights until destroyed, knowing she will eventually rejuvenate. In order to permanently destroy her, her armor must be ruined as well (including the single chain link in area **T11**). Skirkatla's chainmail has hardness 19 and 80 hit points.

STATISTICS

Str 39, **Dex** 9, **Con** —, **Int** 12, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +25 (+27 bull rush, +27 sunder); **CMD** 34 (36 vs. bull rush, 36 vs. sunder)

Feats Awesome Blow, Cleave, Critical Focus, Great Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative^E, Improved Sunder, Lightning Reflexes, Martial Weapon Proficiency (battleaxe), Medium Armor Proficiency, Mounted Combat^E, Power Attack, Ride-By Attack^E, Toughness^E, Vital Strike

Skills Climb +18, Craft (armor) +9, Intimidate +18, Knowledge (engineering) +10, Knowledge (religion) +9, Perception +25, Ride +12, Sense Motive +10, Stealth +0 (+4 in snow)

Languages Common, Giant, Skald

SQ armor training 3, ruinous revivification (fire), tomb-bound

Combat Gear *elixir of black dragon breath*^{UE}; **Other Gear** +1 *mithral warding chainmail*, +1 *light fortification heavy steel shield*, +1 *impervious keen battleaxe*, mwk spear (3), *cloak of resistance* +2

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Sacrilegious Aura (Su) The +2 profane bonus on attack rolls, damage rolls, and saving throws, as well as 28 additional hit points, from Skirkatla's sacrilegious aura are already included in her statistics.

Tomb-Bound (Su) Within the confines of her tomb, Skirkatla gains blindsight 60 ft., 50 additional hit points, and a +2 bonus on initiative checks. This ability replaces the graveknight's normal phantom mount ability.

Skirkatla is the undead leader of the Skirkaling frost giant tribe and commandant of the Storm Tyrant's training camp at the village of Skirgaard. She is responsible for instructing the diverse giant recruits on how to fight with discipline and intelligence, as well as selecting the best of these trainees for advanced instruction with the fire giants of Ashpeak.

Skirkatla was born in the Tusk Mountains and seemed destined to be a jarl from youth. Few frost giants of her generation demonstrated her degree of viciousness and cunning. Skirkatla often broke with tradition and custom, however, preferring victory by any means, whether in battle or other contests. This earned her many enemies, and she was eventually driven from her homeland southward to the Mindspin Mountains. Skirkatla founded her own tribe there, the Skirkalings, and built the village of Skirgaard high upon a mountain plateau. Yet the queen could not ward off the passing of time, and she grew obsessed with retaining her power in her twilight years. To this end, she sought dark counselors—hags and tomb giants—to advise her.

Throughout her life, Skirkatla had followed Thremyr, the traditional god of the frost giants, but her offerings and prayers seemed to fall on deaf ears. So the queen's advisors offered her a new patron: Urgathoa, goddess of gluttony and undeath. Even though Urgathoa relished sensual decadence more than the frost giant was accustomed to, Skirkatla was drawn to Urgathoa's authority over strength, war, and the bloody satiation of hunger. If the Pallid Princess would offer the jarl a means to escape the ignominy of death and grant her a reign unending, Skirkatla was prepared to pay any price.

After years of research and preparation, Skirkatla and the goddess's emissaries enacted a perverse ritual. On a moonless night, the frost giant queen gorged herself on the flesh of her tribe's captives (and her own consort), then immolated herself in a massive pyre to burn away the last of life's limitations. Before her charred bones and blackened armor could cool amid the ashes, Skirkatla arose as a graveknight, an undying champion of terror.

But immortality came at a price. Skirkatla eventually lapsed into a lethargic torpor that has endured over the last century, and the strongest of her living tribe assumed command of the Skirkalings in her absence. The frozen queen became an oracular whisperer in the darkness, rarely offering advice to her people.

The Storm Tyrant's arrival changed all this. When Volstus spoke of the conquest of all Avistan and demonstrated his dominion over dragonkind and the sky itself, Skirkatla roused herself from her dead dreams. The two came to an accord and Skirkatla emerged from her tomb to take command of her people once more.

While the Skirkaling giants have prepared their village to host giants from all over the region, Skirkatla has been silently busy on another task. Her ancient hag advisors, now witchfires, have sought out new allies. In the darkness of Skirkatla's tomb, these necromancers conspire to make her a secret army for when she betrays the Storm Tyrant. Meanwhile, Skirkatla gives every appearance of being a loyal servant of the storm giant warlord, doing her part to aid in the enslavement of the free peoples of the Inner Sea.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Skirkatla is a significant linchpin in the Storm Tyrant's overarching plot to conquer western Avistan. Orcs and giants are notoriously difficult to unite and keep focused, and if the Skirgaard training camp is disbanded and Skirkatla is slain, Volstus must rebuild his army and begin again the process of training them.

As a result, the frost giant queen's death represents a serious unraveling of the Storm Tyrant's plan. However, if even a single piece of her armor is not collected and destroyed (including the link of chainmail she entrusted to Nephandros in area T11), she will rise again in 1d10 days with a rebuilt body and armor. This allows Skirkatla to

return later in the campaign, and more easily than most villains the PCs defeat. Her immunity to fire also makes her a perfect addition to future chapters as she seeks revenge or comes to the Storm Tyrant's aid.

If Skirkatla survives or rejuvenates, the undead queen still has her own schemes. Should the Storm Tyrant even partially succeed in his plans, Skirkatla will inevitably betray him. She was voracious in life, and her appetite for conquest and blood has not diminished in undeath. A rejuvenated Skirkatla must not only reconcile her first defeat, but also silence the PCs before they can expose her treachery to Volstus. If all goes according to her own hidden plans and she succeeds in usurping the Storm Tyrant's throne, Skirkatla advances an undead agenda upon the Inner Sea comparable to the machinations of Geb.





ARMORED FIENDS

When a mortal creature dies, its essence joins the River of Souls and travels to whichever Outer Plane best fits its nature—the afterlife, as some would call it. This is the natural order, and these abominations defy it. The graveknights are no exception, for with each passing year they lose more of the feeling and memories of life, but continue to parrot the crimes that bound their souls to the Material Plane. Each act is therefore a personal challenge to reap joy or any other sensation, and so with each act they commit even greater atrocities. The most ancient of them would raze a city just to feel the faintest emotion, and the most notorious of Golarion’s graveknights have done far worse in the name of less.”

—Nakht Shepses, Commander of the Voices,
from a speech to new recruits

Like so many other undead, a graveknight most often arises spontaneously thanks to some combination of the heinous actions he took in life and the terrible circumstances that resulted in his death. Yet it would be a mistake to assume that a graveknight's individuality fades only to be replaced by some caricature of its strongest emotion, fear, or desire—as is the case for allips, spectres, and ghouls—for the deceased warlord's essence and force of personality maintain a strong sense of its mortal memories and motivations. While graveknights are thankfully rare, the armor that binds their spirits can sustain them on dark crusades that last for centuries, if not millennia. Presented here are three legendary graveknights and a collection of other graveknight threats who continue to haunt Golarion.

Each graveknight is defined as much by her armor and demise as she is by her actions and allegiance, so each description of one of these undead horrors also lists the graveknight's armor type and defining energy type. More detailed rules information about graveknights can be found on page 138 of *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3*.

LEGENDARY GRAVEKNIGHTS

Several graveknights arose under circumstances that granted them unusually great power, and have brutally slashed their way to immortality in Golarion's history.

LICTOR SHOKNEIR, HELLKNIGHT APOSTATE

LE male human graveknight fighter 5/Hellknight 10

Armor: Hellknight plate; **Energy Type:** fire

After Aroden's death, the Chelish Empire gradually fell into civil war. The recently created Hellknights proved an unshakable force of order during the chaos that ensued, and King Gaspodar continued to expand their ranks into the lictor-sanctioned Orders of the Chain, Gate, Pyre, Scourge, and Thorn as recompense for their continued service to the crown. As the Hellknights grew in power, the king, desperate for allies, began mandating additional orders without the Hellknights' direct approval, granting titles even to unscrupulous mercenary bands better known for glorified banditry than upholding the law.

Soon after Queen Abrogail I of House Thrune ascended the throne and ended the war, the true Hellknights called for these unsanctioned orders to disband; however, many of these groups had grown too accustomed to their ill-gained reputation and authority, and refused. The Order of the Crux was one such order, and during the later years of the civil war it had developed a foul reputation across Chelixa as a band of butchers. As one of the few rebellious orders to have its own fortress, the Crux held out against the other Hellknights for several decades before the Order of the Scourge finally stormed Citadel Gheisteno and killed all of its occupants.

Despite being unworthy in the eyes of other Hellknights, the Order of the Crux was nonetheless an organization

bound by its own powerful ideals, and this mighty force of evil and conviction refused to die. In 4688 AR, rumors circulated that the order had returned, led by a trio of steel-clad graveknights—and foremost among them was Lictor Shokneir. Together these graveknights have rallied a small army of undead and rebuilt Citadel Gheisteno in an even darker mockery of its former dreadful glory. There they have lurked for decades; the Hellknights of other orders seem content to let these undead pretenders skulk on the border of Chelixa and Nidal as though awaiting the right moment to take on the undead threat. Some, however, speculate that the Hellknights lack either the resources, will, or courage to purge the Order of the Crux once and for all.

No matter the reason, Lictor Shokneir has embraced his immortal existence as proof that his interpretation of the Measure and the Chain is superior to that of other orders. Those who disagree with his merciless vision are subject to execution—both so that their misunderstandings don't sow dissent in others and as further proof of the inferiority of their philosophies. Just as Nidal awaits a moment of weakness in Chelixa, Shokneir seems poised to exploit any opportunity to overthrow the other Hellknight orders' leadership.

For more on Hellknights and Hellknight plate, see pages 266 and 290, respectively, of *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: The Inner Sea World Guide*.

UNGARATO, THE CHAMPION OF GLUTTONY

CE male human graveknight barbarian 12/fighter 7/marshal^{MA} 4

Armor: heavy piecemeal armor^{UC}; **Energy Type:** cold

The study of necromancy is difficult without a steady supply of corpses, and to Goparlis, the Runelord of Gluttony, the Kellid tribes that inhabited the northern border of Xin-Gastash were an ideal source of flesh and souls. For decades the runelord's forces raided the northland tribes, reaping fodder for countless experiments in animation and defilement. The Kellids seemed unable to fight back, but out of this subjugation was born one of their greatest heroes. From a young age, Ungarato stirred the voices of soothsayers and diviners, who predicted he would become the mightiest warrior of the age and transform his people from weak hunters into an unstoppable force. The fiery-haired youth continued to fulfill this prophecy year after year as he vanquished powerful beasts and performed extraordinary feats of strength and endurance. After he completed his rites of adulthood, he departed into the wilds for 5 years. He finally returned leading a pair of white dragons that called him master, and accompanied by representatives from nine tribes throughout the Tusk Mountains who had sworn to aid Ungarato against the tyrants of Thassilon.

Word arrived that a powerful weapon forged in the heart of the empire was bound for Xin-Gastash, and Ungarato rallied his allies to intercept the convoy. They attacked

along the northern ridge of the Kodar Mountains. The few survivors from the Thassilonian caravan carried the name of the Kellid champion on their lips. The Kellids had acted in defiance of Gastash, and their warlord now carried the Sword of Gluttony. Runelord Goparlis refused to accept failure; he sent a legion of elite soldiers to retrieve the artifact, only to learn that they too had fallen to Ungarato's hit-and-run tactics. The runelord tried again, this time sending an army of necromancers to animate the remains of the legion and continue the pursuit. Again and again, Ungarato and his allies cut down their Thassilonian enemies, depleting Goparlis's treasury and undermining his authority.

However, the war was not without cost to the Kellid warlord, who had fallen in battle years earlier only to rise again as a graveknight infused with the Sword of Gluttony's power. Rather than turn away in revulsion, Ungarato's strongest warriors embraced undeath by throwing themselves upon his blade so that they might fight for him forever. When Goparlis's apprentice Zutha took advantage of his master's weakness to dispose of the runelord and seize power for himself, Ungarato traveled to Xin-Gastash to parley with the new ruler. He offered to exchange the powerful sword for the body of the fallen Goparlis to settle the dire oaths he and his people had sworn against the tyrant. Zutha offered to let the graveknight keep the sword and take the corpse in exchange for Ungarato's service as the new runelord's personal champion.

Ungarato accepted and served Gastash faithfully until the fall of Thassilon. Having predicted the events of Earthfall, the lichlike Zutha split his phylactery, *The Gluttonous Tome*, into three parts and gave one to his champion to guard until the world was again ready for his master's return. Oral histories dating back millennia suggest that Ungarato was defeated—and possibly destroyed—soon after the fall of Thassilon, yet no records can confirm what became of his piece of the tome, nor whether his armor was destroyed completely. It is possible that the graveknight still carries the sword that shares his name while seeking the means to restore Zutha to power.

Tales of Ungarato describe him as an icy malevolence barely held in check by his armor of steel and hides harvested as trophies from a hundred battles.

XIN-UNDOROS, GUARDIAN OF A LOST EMPIRE

LE male Azlanti human graveknight warpriest^{ACG} of Lissala 17
Armor: full plate; **Energy Type:** acid

When Xin, the true emperor of Thassilon, died in –6420 AR, the runelords who succeeded him expressed their public grief by constructing an elaborate tomb called the Emerald Chambers—an underground series of nearly 1,000 rooms linked by opaque portals and maintained by an order of monks and spellcasters. These Silent Devotees were among Xin's most faithful servants and students; they cut out their tongues after speaking oaths of eternal service to the emperor as their final words, before

continuing to serve the dead emperor. The order virtually disappeared soon after Earthfall, yet for some, death was not an acceptable excuse for ceasing their vigil.

Raised in the church of Lissala, the Azlanti orphan Undoros flawlessly absorbed the Sihedron Scion's lessons of duty, obedience, and final reward, and he proved capable of quoting extensive passages from the faith's holy texts at a young age. His continued devotion and unquestioning loyalty to his superiors led to frequent promotions, eventually culminating in his appointment as champion to Xin himself. Agents of the traitorous runelords lured Undoros away from the capital before assassinating the emperor, and the Lissalan priest never forgave himself for his failure to defend his charge. With the construction of the Emerald Chambers, Undoros was the first to volunteer for its honor guard and was one of the founding members of the Silent Devotees. In the centuries that followed Xin's death, Undoros continued his quiet vigil and hardly aged—a phenomenon considered a blessing by many but felt to be a curse by Undoros himself, who interpreted his extraordinary longevity as having been forced on him by Lissala in order that he might redeem himself for his failure in her eyes.

Undoros had premonitions of Earthfall days before it occurred, yet even if he could have warned the runelords, he would not have; the guardian knew that they had corrupted Xin's empire and betrayed his master. Instead, he engineered his own transformation by exposing himself to the raw magic that flows through and links the Emerald Chambers. When the newly risen graveknight regained consciousness, Thassilon was no more.

Now calling himself Xin-Undoros in honor of his fallen liege, the graveknight patrols the halls of the Emerald Chambers and has established himself as chief among the few remaining Silent Devotees. Though in undeath he regained his capacity for speech, the graveknight almost never speaks, believing that doing so would break his undying oaths and further shame him in the eyes of Lissala. Guarding Xin's tomb is integral to his existence, yet Xin-Undoros is rarely violent when first encountered. He often takes intruders on a tour of the site's many relief carvings and crumbling frescos, hoping to show them Xin's virtues and near-divinity. If that fails to convince visitors to leave tribute and depart without further incident, the graveknight does not hesitate to cut them down.

For more on Lissala, see page 193 of *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Gods*.

OTHER NOTABLE GRAVEKNIGHTS

Unlike lichs, who tend to brew far-reaching schemes, graveknights are often content to dominate a smaller region, direct their ire at a single group, or serve a more powerful master. Even so, graveknights with less ambition or more local agendas than those described above are still among the most dangerous undead to walk Golarion.

GALLUS GALONNICA

NE male human graveknight bard 11

Armor: spiked full plate; **Energy Type:** fire

Chelixa's elite consider High Chelish opera one of the finest art forms, and in some circles the performers battle to win the best roles using subtle cruelty that would make a devil sick. In 4466 AR, the aspiring vocal virtuoso Gallus Galonnica sparked an intense, months-long conflict with rival baritone Ocipatio Larguerva, a well-established master of his craft, by bribing a particularly loud-mouthed critic to pan Ocipatio's rendition of the classic "The Lyre of Prince Lazzaro." The two fought a vicious war through sabotage and proxies, culminating in a heated series of challenges when they encountered each other by accident in a tavern in Egorian. After one glass of wine too many, Gallus claiming he would sing the entirety of the mad composer Narmiria's *Echoes of Pharama*, an epic opera whose final aria most believed to be impossible for the human voice to perform.

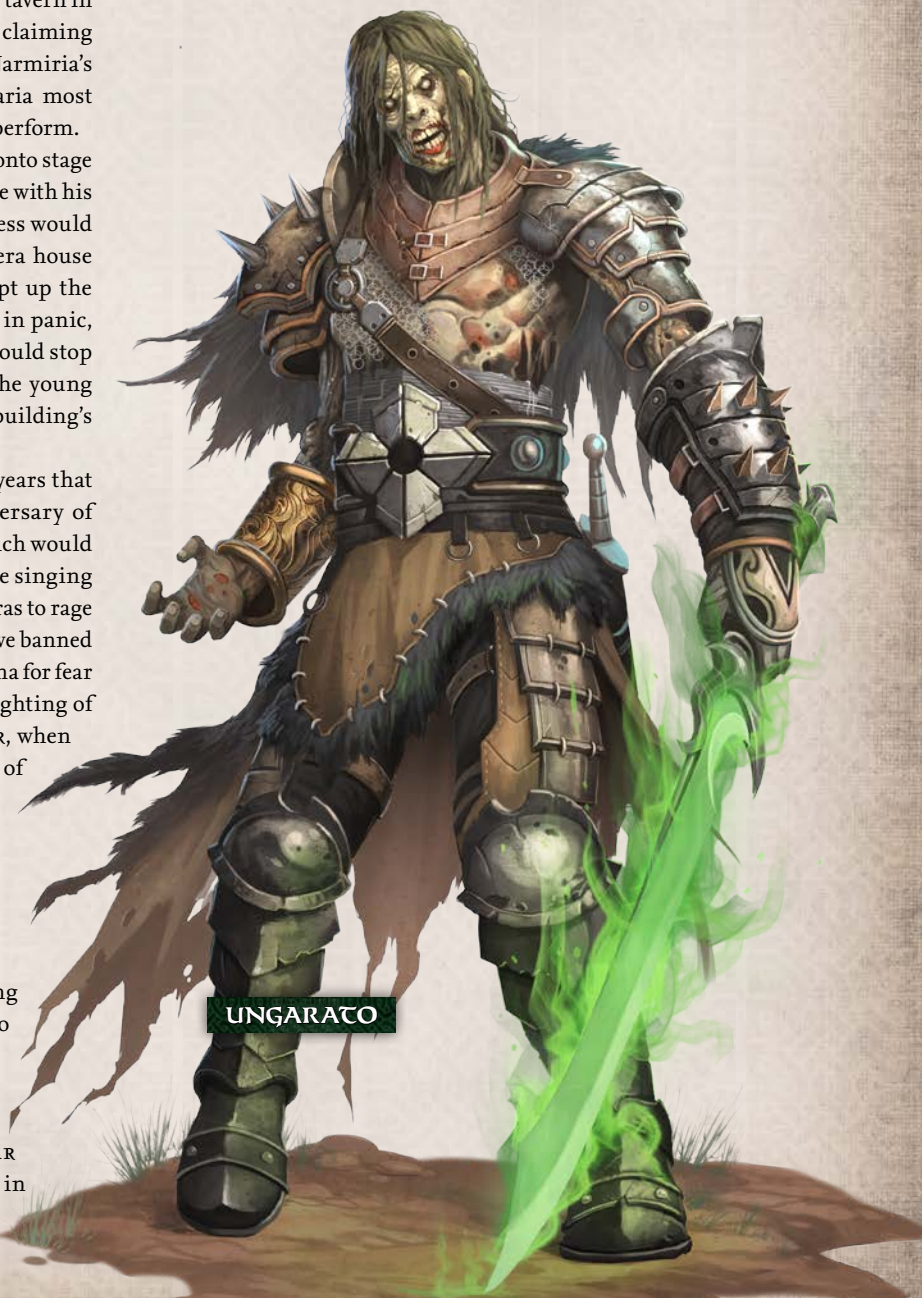
On the night of the performance, Gallus strode onto stage wearing full battle regalia and amazed the audience with his command of the craft. Fearing that Gallus's success would jeopardize his career, Ocipatio set fire to the opera house after the final intermission. As the flames swept up the curtains and licked the walls, the onlookers fled in panic, yet Gallus refused to accept that a mere disaster could stop him from besting his rival. As the story goes, the young singer's crescendo hit its peak just as the burning building's roof collapsed in a shower of sparks.

The artists of Egorian learned over the next 3 years that performing High Chelish opera on the anniversary of Gallus's death could summon his fiery spirit, which would parade about the stage in his charred armor while singing notes that shattered windows and caused candelabras to rage with fiery wrath. Since then, most Chelish cities have banned operatic performances on the third night of Kuthona for fear of invoking the bard's ire. Only one confirmed sighting of Gallus Galonnica has resulted since—in 4620 AR, when King Gaspodar ordered a performance in spite of the superstitions in a desperate show of power to hold together his crumbling kingdom.

HOLGONALE female dwarf graveknight cavalier^{APG} 9**Armor:** stoneplate^{UF}; **Energy Type:** acid

For more than a thousand years, the towering sky citadel Koldukar stood as a testament to the dwarves' triumphant Quest for Sky, their migration from the Darklands to the surface. However, their travel had also pushed the subterranean orcs to the surface, and in -3708 AR the orc warlord Belkzen besieged Koldukar in the Battle of Nine Stones. When it was clear all was lost, the citadel's generals ordered the

evacuation of the civilians through escape tunnels as the remaining warriors sealed off sections of the fortress and guarded the rear. Among these warriors was Holgona, a fiery knight who had seen her closest friends and comrades cut down earlier in the siege. Slowing the orc's advance was insufficient to Holgona's rage-clouded mind, and she threw open the great doors keeping the orcs at bay so that she could cut them down in person. Her actions led to the deaths of scores more soldiers and countless civilians who were unable to outrun the invaders' fury before the orcs captured Holgona for later torture. When they were finally finished, the orcs threw her lacerated, acid-scarred corpse deep into the caverns of Koldukar.



There she reanimated as a graveknight and stalked the lower halls where few orcs wandered, venting her rage and cursing her fate. The recent arrival of rust monsters, which are consuming Koldukar's steel supports, has given Holgona a new purpose, and she now patrols the crumbling caverns, relentlessly hacking apart any rust monsters she can catch. The rust monsters sometimes risk her fury to consume the steel buckles that bind her armor together, leaving the undead dwarf crippled for days before she inevitably reassembles herself and continues her never-ending crusade.

NAHLJARI HALKIRI

NE female human graveknight druid 12

A armor: bronze dragonhide half-plate; **E energy type:** electricity

When the great maharajah Khiben-Sald built monuments and palaces on the Isle of Jalmeray about 4 millennia ago, he displaced thousands of indigenous people. He and the island's former master Nex bribed the local leaders with magic, and many of the natives eventually accepted the

new arrivals and integrated into their Vudrani culture. Those who refused withdrew to the nearby island of Kaina Katakka, where Khiben-Sald and his successors let them live in peace. A few hundred years later, however, the exiled Arclords of Nex sought refuge on Jalmeray and quickly took over. Unlike their predecessors, the Arclords saw the people of Kaina Katakka as squatters in need of eviction.

Having been pushed out of their lands once, the islanders loathed the idea of fleeing again. However, in the years since Khiben-Sald's departure, they had acquired two powerful guardians. The first was the bronze dragon Impranisos, who had witnessed the Vudrani occupation while still very young and had taken an interest in the exiled islanders. The other was Nahljari, a charismatic young woman renowned for her skill with nature magic who was also the favored liaison sent to commune with the community's draconic guardian. When the Arclords threatened invasion, Nahljari and Impranisos mobilized Kaina Katakka to repel the Arclords' attack and defend their way of life. Under other circumstances, they might have stood a chance, but the wizards wielded the *Scepter of the Arclords* and used it to invoke an arcane cataclysm. The rain of spells reduced the island to ash and shattered druid and dragon alike.

Now little more than a ghost-infested wasteland, Kaina Katakka receives few visitors other than daring smugglers who are confident nobody else would ever land here. Even these trips are growing less frequent, for several crews have reported encounters with a bronze-clad warrior who rides upon a skeletal dragon.

RIDERLESS WRAITH

NE advanced combat-trained horse graveknight

A armor: mithral chainmail barding; **E energy type:** cold

Each daughter of Baba Yaga rules the winter-locked land of Irrisen for a century at a time, only to be replaced by a new daughter and led away by the Witch Queen when she returns. But not every ruler goes quietly. During the Harcatha Rebellion in 3937 AR, the descendants of the recently deposed Harcatha tried and failed to overthrow the rule of the new monarch, Queen Sascha. Across the kingdom, Harcatha's kin died by execution and in pockets of futile armed resistance, leaving no survivors. Even the rebels' mounts were slaughtered or captured, including an extraordinary warhorse that Queen Sascha's retainers couldn't subdue. In the end, they released a pack of winter wolves to savage the steed and then abandoned the mutilated remains. Two months later, the local baroness attempted to contact the wolves to no avail, and her agents soon reported that something had killed the entire pack. Goblins living around the Hoarwood spoke fearfully of a demon horse



HOLGONA

that breathed frost, wore rime-slick mail, and sometimes bore an indistinct rider who glowed with blue flames.

Although a few have drawn the connection between the slaughtered horse and the undead horror that stalked southern Irrisen for decades, nobody knows if the beast ever had a name. What does seem clear is that it hates wolves and anything associated with Queen Sascha. When Baba Yaga replaced Sascha with her eighth daughter, Karina, the strange graveknight departed to haunt other lands. Witnesses have spotted it as far east as the outskirts of Port Ice in Brevoy.

Most know the beast as the Riderless Wraith, for the typical observer senses the strangeness of an armored horse without a rider before fully recognizing the creature's undead state. Tales suggest that the same incandescent rider that sometimes appears on the Wraith's back occasionally hides behind a tree and watches impassively as the horse attacks.

SEBASTIUS WRIGHT

CE male half-elf graveknight inquisitor^{APG} of Calistria 6/gray gardener 4

Armor: spiked breastplate; **Energy Type:** fire

Revolutionary fever gripped the young Sebastius Wright as surely as it did Galt in 4667 AR, and the young half-elf quickly found a place among the rebels by tracking down and capturing nobles for their crimes—both real and perceived. The Revolutionary Council rewarded him for his efforts, and promoted him to the recently formed Gray Gardeners. His zeal and ostentatious displays of public justice earned him the Gardeners' approval, which enabled him to survive the bloody overthrow of the first revolutionary government and find a place in its short-lived replacement.

For several years he escorted the *final blade* known as Sanguine Sal from town to town, overseeing beheadings and screaming the new regime's doctrine. However, none of Galt's recent governments have lasted more than a decade, and each coup has seen the execution of the previous generation's most vocal supporters. The third regime identified Sebastius as a possible threat, and the Gray Gardeners who once stood by his side led a mob to subdue and execute the half-elf with the very guillotine he had cherished and operated. He did not go quietly. His furious resistance was so great that the Gray Gardeners were unable to capture him and had to settle for shooting him down, burning his body, and hanging his mangled armor outside Isarn as a warning to others. There it hung for 2 weeks before disappearing mysteriously—an incident that triggered more killings, ostensibly to find the hooligan so brazen as to flaunt Galtan justice.

In truth, Sebastius's armor absorbed the hateful energy beating through Isarn's streets and animated spontaneously, tearing itself free from the city's wall. The graveknight has since stalked the Boarwood and central Galt, hunting Gray Gardeners, innocents, and noble sympathizers alike. On two particularly bloody occasions, he has interrupted

executions in progress, both times setting fire to civilians, killing government officials, freeing the condemned, and handing the criminal a weapon while urging her to take revenge. The Gray Gardeners have responded by placing a bounty on the mysterious graveknight.

Those who have seen Sebastius claim that he carries a terrifying axe built from a guillotine blade, and furrows left near his kills suggest that he drags it behind him.

For more on the Gray Gardeners, see page 24 of *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Paths of Prestige*.

SELDEG BHEDLIS

CE male human graveknight antipaladin^{APG} of Arazni 17

Armor: adamantine full plate; **Energy Type:** fire

In 3889 AR, when the Knights of Ozem sought to push into Geb, Seldeg Bhedlis was one of the six knights chosen to infiltrate Mechitar as a way to rekindle the Shining Crusade. He and the other knights were able to maintain a low profile and pass unmolested in the city—until Bhedlis met a beautiful vampire performer who captivated his mind. Drawn by her allure, Bhedlis eventually fell to temptation and began a physical relationship with the vampire. It was then that his paladin code began to slowly unravel and the knights' true mission began to dissolve.

Even though he knew that he was slipping from his duty, Bhedlis continued visiting the vampire, and one evening his true identity as a Knight of Ozem was revealed. The vampire was a thrall to a Blood Lord, and shortly after Bhedlis's slipup he was captured. While the knight was being questioned, Geb himself came to interrogate the paladin.

Seldeg Bhedlis wasn't worried about being killed on this mission, and steadfastly claimed that he and his people were ready to die fighting evil in the name of Aroden. Bhedlis feared, however, that if his trysts with the vampiric seducer were known to his fellow knights, he would be excommunicated—or worse.

Geb offered a solution to Seldeg's problems: he wouldn't have to worry about his soul being judged in the Great Beyond if he would reveal the identity and location of the other five knights. Bhedlis consented, and Geb incinerated the man on the spot, transforming the once-noble paladin into a graveknight. When the other knights were rounded up, they suffered the same fate. After their transformation, the newly created graveknights worked for Geb in his interests. Their next mission was a defining moment. The six graveknights returned to Vigil and absconded with Arazni's body, bringing it to Mechitar where she was later raised as a lich.

Even now, Seldeg Bhedlis acts as a spymaster and has agents throughout Geb, Lastwall, Ustalav, or anywhere else the Knights of Ozem might roam. In addition to keeping tabs on the activities of the Knights of Ozem, Seldeg Bhedlis is also in charge of hunting down the *Bloodstones of Arazni*.

For more on Arazni, see page 193 of *Inner Sea Gods*.



TITANIC ALLIANCES

I'd come to expect gnomish raids when traversing the vast Meraz, much as I'd grown accustomed to the heat, the unexpected sandstorms, and the stink and sounds of camels. The gnomish threat never seemed so deadly that we needed to hire dedicated guards, though, and certainly not the likes of the Amellas al-Hekbah. I mean, these guards are giants! Actual, literal giants! Now that we're traveling through more remote parts, though, we've hired them. So far they seem to be sticking to the terms of their contract. They stay largely to themselves and have dispatched every threat to accost us thus far with more strength and skill than any hired human guard I've ever seen. I've never felt my precious cargo was as well protected as it is right now."

—Rahim al-Aloukar, Qadiran merchant

Giants, like other races of humanoids, live in complex social structures, ranging in size and scope from nuclear families to alliances of many tribes. Just as individual humans, elves, gnomes, and dwarves have banded together with like-minded individuals to achieve shared goals like exploration, amassing wealth and power, or simply protection, so too do giants form organizations that span borders and accept members from varying species, faiths, and backgrounds.

GIANTS IN INNER SEA ORGANIZATIONS

While relations between giants and their smaller humanoid counterparts are often strained, giants of all races nevertheless do join and contribute to organizations established and run by humans. The number of such giants remains small, even in the most giant-friendly organizations, but in each case they fill a valuable niche within the organization and are generally respected for their contributions.

Aspis Consortium: Whether they come from the wholesale liquidation of priceless relics from an ancient burial site or the manipulation of trade agreements in the organization's favor, money and power are the Aspis Consortium's primary ambitions. Many giants share these ideals, and the Aspis Consortium is more than willing to accept their aid even if it means sharing the spoils of their endeavors. Of the few giants who deal regularly with the Consortium, nearly all are evil, for even neutral giants recognize the treachery of Aspis agents and fear betrayal more than they buy into the Consortium's potentially lucrative schemes. The slave-trading fire giants of Thuvia, despotic cloud giants of the Menador Mountains, and cruel frost giants of the Tusk Mountains are the ones most likely to ally with the Aspis Consortium. However, the jungle giants of the Mwangi Expanse, many storm giants of the Menadors, and the good-aligned cloud giants of Varisia's many interior mountain ranges oppose the Consortium and work actively to hamper its efforts.

Belkzen Tribes: The strongest orcs tribes of the Hold of Belkzen commonly enslave or ally with weaker giants to bolster their armies. Typically numbering fewer than 10 giants per thousand orcs in a given warband, the giants of the Kodar, Mindspin, and Tusk mountains who march into battle alongside the orc hordes can turn the tide of a conflict in their allies' favor. Generally weaker and less intelligent than other giant species, the ettins, hill giants, and ogres whom the orcs employ serve most often as juggernauts, using their strength and size to overwhelm opposing forces. These giants also absorb a large portion of enemy fire, as they make easy targets. In tribes that employ brutal siege engines, giants sometimes lead the siege engineering crews, as one or two giants can more easily reposition the heavy mechanisms, and can assemble or repair the siege engines more quickly than could whole teams of the smaller orcs.

Injured or particularly simpleminded giants are often relegated to more menial tasks, such as pulling wagons and leading teams of warbeasts, and generally serve more as beasts of burden than as members of the orc army.

Pure Legion: A schism has formed among the giants of the deserts and mountains in Rahadoum, with those who recognize the value of the Laws of Man and forbid religion opposing those who remain loyal to the religious traditions of their kind. Though the Oath Wars raged in Rahadoum more than 2 millennia ago (and between religions not generally worshiped by giantkind), the conflict nevertheless affected the cliff, desert, storm, and fire giants who made their homes in the war-torn region. The fire and storm giants adhere fervently to their traditional faiths, while the cliff and desert giants largely eschewed their ancestral religions in favor of a secular life akin to that lived by human Rahadoumi.

The Pure Legion holds that all who dwell within Rahadoum's borders—including giants—should not worship gods. The more isolated giants of the Napsune and Barrier Wall mountains have weathered countless Pure Legion raids over the centuries far better than their desert-dwelling kin, who long ago adopted the same faithless practices. Today, the generally peaceful desert and cliff giants of the nation's vast deserts are known to aid the Pure Legion in attacks upon the giants of the mountains, both out of dedication to the Pure Legion's secular ideals and to keep the ire of the legionnaires firmly aimed away from their own kinds.

Umbral Court: The secretive and sinister Umbral Court of Nidal maintains a firm grasp on the oppressed people of the twilight nation. In addition to countless human, fetchling, and shae servants, the Umbral Court also calls upon several small tribes of shadow giants (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Bestiary* 15) who serve as specialized heavy assault troops. To date, no reports of the shadow giants' activities have spread beyond Nidal's borders, but that may be because they are sent almost exclusively on missions from which the Umbral Court expects there to be no survivors to speak of the giants' involvement.

White Witches of Irrisen: The Jadwiga oligarchs of the winter-shrouded land of Irrisen constitute one of the cruelest, most oppressive regimes in the Inner Sea region. Despite this, several giant races are considered full citizens of the icy nation, and are even given preferential treatment over most non-Jadwiga humans. Most common among these are ice trolls, who live among humans in cities such as Whitethrone, and hold positions of influence and power in outlying provinces. Second in number and influence to ice trolls are the more insular frost giants of the Kodar Mountains and even more isolationist taiga giants of the northern tundra. Larger than trolls, both species of giantkind find it harder to integrate into human society, but nevertheless have been known to serve as army commanders, elite shock troops, and thuggish enforcers of the Jadwiga's whims.

AMELLAS AL-HEKBAH

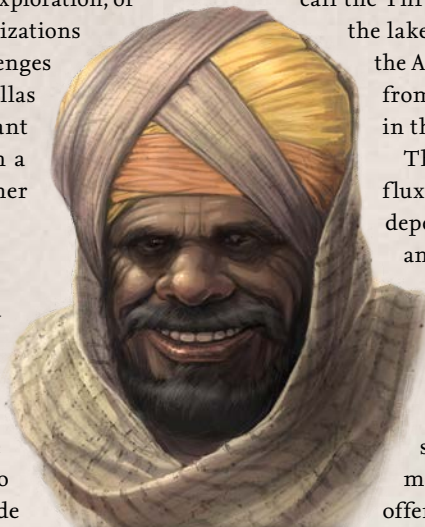
Even to giants who stand twice as tall as the average human, the vast expanses of desert that cover Qadira and stretch east into the heart of the Padishah Empire of Kelesh are unassailably large and intimidating. Yet despite their enormity, the deserts are simply obstacles to be overcome by those who wish to travel for commerce, exploration, or war. Among the many mercenary organizations that aid travelers in surviving the challenges of the Meraz and Ketz deserts is the Amellas al-Hekbah, a following of desert giant tribes who interact with humanity on a much closer level than nearly any other giant organization.

HISTORY

The Amellas al-Hekbah began as merely a following of roughly a dozen tribes of desert giants living around the fertile Jezonna Oasis far to the east of Qadira. The giants remained quietly within the confines of the oasis, sticking largely to their own kind, but were open to trade with passing caravans, which they welcomed warmly into the oasis. And while there was no end to the giants' hospitality within their home, they did not offer aid or interference beyond the oasis.

In 4582 AR, however, an army of efreet that had been rampaging across the desert, terrorizing caravans from Zelshabbar to Sedeq, besieged the oasis. The onslaught lasted for 40 days, during which scores of giants and genies alike lost their lives. The greatest of the giants' warriors was cut down early in the siege, and the situation looked grim. On the morning of the forty-first day of the siege, a Keleshite paladin of Sarenrae who had been traveling with a diplomatic caravan from Katheer to the heart of Kelesh stepped forward to rally the oasis's ragged forces. Under her leadership, and guided by the hand of the Dawnflower, the giants and their guests routed the genies, ending the bloodshed and bringing peace back to the oasis. The greatest tragedy stemming from this conflict is that the paladin lost her life in the battle.

In thanks for their salvation, the giants agreed to end their insular way of life, not merely acting as gracious hosts to those visiting the oasis but also serving as active guardians of their many caravans. The newly formed mercenary company adopted the name of the giants' savior, Amellas al-Hekbah, and took over protection and escort duties for the paladin's diplomatic convoy as their first contract. The desert giants of the Amellas al-Hekbah can now be found throughout the deserts of the Padishah Empire of Kelesh, protecting caravans in the name of the woman who saved them so many years ago.



JANAR MALAKRA

HEADQUARTERS

The center of all Amellas al-Hekbah activity remains the Jezonna Oasis deep in the Meraz Desert, beyond the edge of most maps of the Inner Sea. This large bastion of life amid the endless sands covers roughly 50 square miles, and is situated around a trio of lakes the giants call the Three Wisdoms. From smallest to largest, the lakes are Pride, Loyalty, and Patience, and the Amellas al-Hekbah believe that drinking from the lakes' waters grants one strength in the associated qualities.

The population of the oasis is ever in flux, as contingents of giants come and go depending on the needs of the organization and its many employers. Many of the active guards' families remain in and around the oasis throughout the year, however, and almost all the giants serving in the mercenary company consider Jezonna their home. A circle of sandstone structures with massive decorative gates marking each of the cardinal directions offers supplies, shelter, and other services to caravans arriving or departing in any direction. At the center of the oasis, between the Three Wisdoms, stands a sandstone tower

rising over 200 feet into the air, from which the leaders of the Amellas al-Hekbah coordinate the company's efforts and govern the oasis's permanent residents.

Beyond its headquarters at the oasis, the Amellas al-Hekbah maintains agents and offices in most of Qadira's major cities; the largest offices stand on the outskirts of Katheer and Sedeq. Even in smaller but still influential or strategic caravanserais throughout the region, it's not uncommon to find a single giant representing the company amid the rival mercenary caravan guards vying for new contracts.

LEADERSHIP

The leader of the Amellas al-Hekbah is generally the strongest and most influential of the chieftains whose tribes make up the company and the settlement at Jezonna. Despite the prestige that comes with running the far-reaching mercenary company, competition is generally civil between contenders for the position, and only in cases where no candidate clearly rises above the others does selection of a new leader fall to a vote of all chieftains. The current leader is **Janar Malakra** (LN male desert giant^{B3} ranger 14), from whose tribe have come the most fearless caravan guards in the last century. Janar himself rose to fame when he singlehandedly bested a behir that threatened a wealthy trade prince under his care as they traversed the Ketz Desert south of Katheer.

CHILDREN OF BALANCE

Many of the Inner Sea's varied gods exhibit elements of dichotomy, from Pharamasma's patronage of both life and death, to Nethys's dominion over both destruction and protection, to Gozreh's manifestation as both male and female and both wind and waves. Despite these similarities, few cultures worship these gods specifically for their contradictions and dualities. It is no surprise that the polytheistic faith known as the Children of Balance would arise from a culture in which every member constitutes two distinct personas—the normally brutish ettins of northern Avistan.

HISTORY

Ettins are not a particularly scholarly race of giants, and they rarely preoccupy themselves with history. Thus, no one knows when the Children of Balance first came together, and even the ettins who practice this strange worship of dualistic gods are oblivious to the origins of their faith. What is known is that as long as practitioners of the religion can remember, they have worshiped the "Balanced Ones," a small pantheon of gods whose very nature encapsulates the duality inherent in the ettin experience—Gozreh, Nethys, and Pharamasma being primary among them.

The Children's beliefs provide clues that have enabled scholars to piece together at least a legendary account of the faith's origins, if not a wholly accurate version. In general, the Children speak of the eternal conflict inherent in being—the cycles of life and death, creation and destruction, growth and decay—and the chaos that comes from the veneration of but one of these paired forces. The Children's shamans tell many cautionary tales and fables wherein an ettin allowed one of her personalities to dominate the other, leading to the creature's untimely demise; of ettin tribes that grew weak and complacent by focusing too intently on the peaceful, healing, and nurturing aspects of these dichotomies, and were wiped out by their more brutal kin; and of tribes that relished combat, destruction, and death to such an extent that humanity all but eradicated them in self-defense. In each case, it was the ettins who embraced both aspects of their respective personalities who survived or arose victorious from the struggle. Whether true or mere fairy tales, these fables indicate that the faith arose from ettins generations ago who recognized the inherent strength in their own dual natures and found equilibrium in the faiths of the Balanced Ones.

HEADQUARTERS

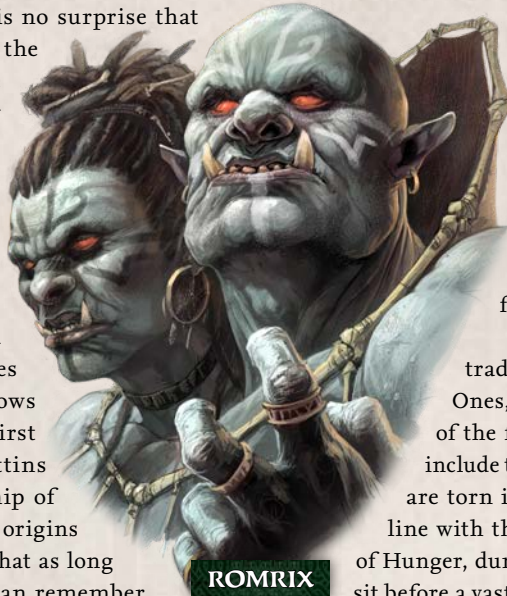
The Children of Balance have but one permanent temple, a circle of crude standing-stones called the Severed Spiral hidden deep in the Estrovian Forest in Mendev. This assembly of 43 menhirs forms a loose spiral around a central circle of seven dolmens. All the stones to the west of an invisible bifurcating line are made of basalt and other dark stones and are rough-hewn; the stones in the eastern half of the circle are made of smooth, rounded dolomite of the purest white. Daily services honoring the Balanced Ones are conducted here, involving primarily clergy, particularly devout laity, and those worshipers seeking a particular favor or blessing.

The Children of Balance eschew the traditional holy days of the Balanced Ones, instead observing unique holidays of the faith's own creation. Such holidays include the Rending, during which sacrifices are torn in two to bring their substance in line with the dual nature of reality; the Feast of Hunger, during which the Children of Balance sit before a vast spread of succulent food for 3 days before finally indulging in the meal; and the Night of Healing Fire, when shamans alternately harm and heal the faithful with their magic, bestowing upon them both the wrath and grace of the gods.

LEADERSHIP

Small pockets of the Children of Balance can be found among ettin populations throughout the Inner Sea region, though most of them live in northern Avistan. Each group of the Children has its own clergy, and variation in worship and holy days exists among the many groups. Holy servitors of the Balanced Ones are most often oracles, shamans, and druids, but clerics of one of the deities of the pantheon, while uncommon, are not unknown. The current Great Shaman of the Severed Spiral is **Romrix** (N ettin oracle^{APG 13}), who further embodies the dichotomy of the Children's faith by possessing both male and female heads. The male head, who answers to Rom, is dedicated to the art of healing, building, and nurturing, while his female counterpart, Rix, revels in destruction, death, and pain.

While their personalities would appear to be in opposition, Romrix exhibits no internal conflict; both heads seem content to share a body with each other. Speaking with Romrix can be a confusing experience, as both heads answer questions posed to either, often giving conflicting responses, and sometimes even speaking over one another.



ROMRIX

ORDER OF THE TITAN

The Inner Sea region is home to many knightly orders, from Lastwall's Knights of Ozem to the merciless Hellknights of Cheliox, to the Risen Guard of Osirion. Yet one martial order often escapes the notice of human military historians—the Order of the Titan. Consisting of good and lawful giants who wish to eliminate their chaotic and evil brethren as a means of purging what they perceive to be a taint upon all giantkind, the Order of the Titan is quite literally the largest knightly order in the world. While their battles take place on a truly colossal scale, the giants within the order work tirelessly to keep their efforts hidden from human perception, lest they themselves be painted with the same fearful brush as their enemies.

HISTORY

As with many knightly orders, the Order of the Titan came into being because of the vision, leadership, and tenacity of a single soldier. In this case, that soldier was the decorated Sargavan storm giant general Larribal Krakenslayer, who earned his title hunting sea monsters throughout the Arcadian Ocean. Upon returning from a particularly long voyage that took him and his crew beyond the southern tip of Garund, he found his fortress home in ruins. While he was away, Chelish explorers had besieged and overtaken it, burning the keep with magical fire until only the foundation remained. Larribal's family and the citizens who served him had been killed, their remains either utterly destroyed or taken down from the mountain to the Sargavan lowlands below.

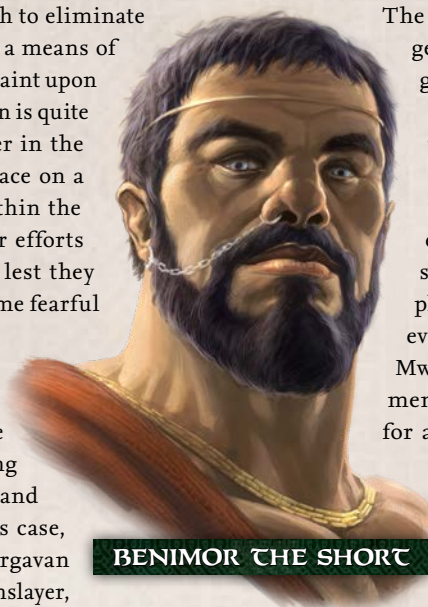
Even in his grief, Larribal tempered his rage. Rather than immediately retaliating against the humans, he attempted first to learn what precipitated the attack. He discovered that 3 weeks before their assault, the Chelish colonists had themselves suffered an unprovoked attack at the hands of giants. But it wasn't his family nor any other storm giants who had descended from the mountains to attack the humans, but rather a rival tribe of fire giants with whom Larribal and his kin had long feuded. The humans, disoriented by their losses and eager for revenge, had then struck out at the first giant community they had found.

Larribal concluded the fundamental problem was not with humanity, but rather the evil giants who gave the entirety of giantkind a bad name. To that end, he tasked his ship's crew—all equally heartbroken over their losses in the attack—with rebuilding the fortress and assembling a new army. This band of dedicated warriors took up Larribal's banner and eradicated the fire giant threat from

the Bandu Hills. As more giants—cloud, desert, jungle, river, storm, and others—flocked to Larribal's side, many having suffered similar fates, what began as a simple band of vengeful giants soon grew into a fully realized order.

HEADQUARTERS

The Order of the Titan has many outposts, generally in settlements of good and lawful giants near opposing giant forces, but its center of operations remains Titanswatch, the rebuilt fortress of Larribal Krakenslayer. In the western reaches of the Bandu Hills, this enormous castle gives members of the order enough seclusion from human civilization so they can operate largely unseen, but it also places them well within striking distance of evil giant activity throughout Sargava and the Mwangi Expanse. Because the order welcomes members of all giant races willing to fight for an untarnished reputation of their kind, it brings giants from all environments and all corners of the Inner Sea region together. Those humans who are aware of the order and recognize its good and noble intentions are also welcome in any of the outposts. A special envoy from the Five Kings Mountains has recently arrived at Titanswatch to potentially end generations of racial tension between dwarves and giants of all species.



BENIMOR THE SHORT

LEADERSHIP

During the process of rebuilding Titanswatch, Larribal took a new wife and started another family, and leadership of the Order of the Titan has been passed down through his line to this day. The current general of the order is **Benimor the Short** (LG male storm giant fighter 10), who earned his moniker due not to his height, but to the length of his temper. Though easy to anger, Benimor is dedicated to the order's cause and chooses to direct his fury at the giants' enemies rather than those who serve him or those he has sworn to protect. Benimor is a capable warrior, but he rarely sees battle these days, instead giving command of the order's armies to his eldest daughter, **Venifray** (LG female storm giant paladin of Torag 4), whose mastery of military tactics rivals even that of her great forebear, Larribal, who first began the noble mission she now carries out. Under Venifray's command, the Order of the Titan has created a network of eyes and ears that report on the movements of evil giants throughout the Inner Sea. When one of these informants relays news of a potential hill giant raid or that a tribe of fire giants is increasing the production of weapons, the Order of the Titan sends troops to put an end to the threat.

THE RESURGENTS

Many are the ruined civilizations that pepper the landscape of the Inner Sea region, from the Azlanti outposts throughout Avistan to the fallen sky cities of the Shory in northern Garund. Yet few have left such massive and imposing ruins as those of the cyclopes, whose lost kingdoms of Ghol-Gan in western Garund and Koloran in Iobaria stand in eerie tribute to the wonders of their former glory. Still, not all cyclopes today are part of barbaric tribes as common belief holds. In distant Iblydos, cyclopes maintain a stable and powerful society, albeit a smaller one than in ancient times. While many Iblydan cyclopes are content with the state of their empire there, a growing number of cyclopes have joined the prophetic order known as the Resurgents, and set out into the wider world intent on rebuilding the fallen empires far from their home in Iblydos.

HISTORY

The Resurgence began simply some 500 years ago, when the elder cyclops oracle Kebekma preached of a vision that had come to her in a terrible fever dream. Kebekma spoke of a great sacrifice the cyclopes must undertake, and a brutal war with those who opposed them. At the end of this trial, she said, would come the reestablishment of the great kingdoms of Ghol-Gan and Koloran, and the positioning of the Iblydan cyclopes as dominant over all three nations.

Most of the cyclopes who heard Kebekma's ravings thought her senile, sick, or insane. The influence she held as a tribal elder was stripped from her, and she found herself alone and naked in the wilderness, outcast from her people. Yet even in her ostracism, Kebekma's words rang true to those cyclopes willing to listen, and she slowly amassed a following of disciples who helped her build a new tribe with a new purpose. Without a home of their own, the new tribe wandered Iblydos gathering more followers, and began calling themselves the Resurgents.

The mission of the Resurgents was not to be completed in Iblydos, however, and when their numbers reached into the hundreds, the cyclopes set out across the expanse of Casmaron toward Iobaria and the ruins of Koloran. Kebekma succumbed to old age during the journey, leaving the zealots who blindly followed her with only the records of her prophecies to guide them. As Kebekma was already well beyond child-bearing years when the destiny of the cyclopes was revealed to her, she left no descendants to lead her people after she died. Upon reaching Koloran, the Resurgents discovered that the native Iobarians had

already largely coopted the ruins of the cyclops empire into their new settlements, and the cyclopes lacked the leadership to restore Koloran to anything even partially resembling its former glory.

In time, the Resurgents outgrew their own capacity to exist as a single nomadic entity, and the cult splintered into dozens of individual groups, each taking up the realization of a specific prophecy from Kebekma's many teachings. In the centuries since this split, Resurgents have traversed much of Avistan, Casmaron, and Garund in search of the locations, individuals, and relics they believe will herald the restoration of their people's influence throughout the world.

HEADQUARTERS

The largest following of Resurgents can be found in the tribal village of Kebkemar on the southern banks of the Castrovin Sea, around the monument erected to memorialize Kebekma, who died at this spot. While the oracles and elders of the Kebkemar cyclopes tribe have no official authority over other bands of

Resurgents elsewhere in the world, their proximity to the movement's founder gives their words and prophecies extra weight. Resurgents who find their tribe's efforts hampered have been known to send envoys thousands of miles for guidance from the cyclopes of Kebkemar.

LEADERSHIP

Not since Kebekma's death over 400 years ago has the Resurgence had a single central leader. Each tribe of Resurgents rules itself autonomously based on Kebekma's original prophecies and its members' divinations. A given tribe communicates with its counterparts in other regions only rarely. Resurgents believe their diaspora was part of Kebekma's original vision, and that their isolation from their brethren is but one of the many sacrifices they must undertake to see her vision realized.

Even the Resurgent tribes in the Inner Sea region fail to cooperate in any meaningful way. In the Sudden Lands, the wind-wracked tribe led by **Netivesk** (CN female cyclops druid 7) believes that at the center of the Eye of Abendego lies an island upon which a Ghol-Gan ruin still stands, and has set out to reach it by any means necessary. Meanwhile, the chieftain of the Resurgents of the Icerime Peaks in Brevoy, **Berekol** (N male cyclops oracle^{APG} 8), holds that the key to restoring Koloran lies somewhere beneath the Lake of Mists and Veils and leads ever more ambitious ventures out on the water in massive boats in search of any clues.



A HUGE AND HULKING DARKNESS

PATHFINDER'S JOURNAL: TALL TALES 4 OF 6

The pale young woman sat silent in the cold and moaning blackness, the firelight flickering off her depthless eyes. Her thin hands, stark white like polished bone, laid folded upon her lap. Her long cloak seemed to pull at her slender, crooked frame, anchoring her to the ground with its dark weight. As Kilig finished his tale, the woman gazed into the dancing amber sparks before her, making barely a movement or a sound. She didn't even flinch at his sausage gag.

Only when the group settled down after Kilig's gruesome story did Ulionestria stir.

She inhaled deeply and let out a slow breath. Her fine silver chain shirt jingled as she stretched her lean, chalk-colored limbs and shrugged off her dusty black traveling cloak. Bangles, baubles, and bracelets made soft music like tiny bells as she crossed her arms over her chest, the firelight catching at the jewels lining her throat and dangling from her ears. The colorful dove emblazoned on her left shoulder's heavy pauldron twinkled, and a gleam crossed the savage, serrated head of the crimson-streaked glaive at her right side. In the dim and ghostly glow of the half-hidden stars, she seemed barely human, like a spirit cast in smooth, waxen flesh. Beautiful and ash pale, the marks of Nidalese nobility were unmistakable on her.

"A fine story," the woman said at last. curls of colorless silken locks spilled like moonlight around her heart-shaped face. She sighed and made a wry grin, her dark gaze drinking in the fire.

"I faced a giant myself—long ago, and far away, in the lands of my birth. A creature not born of Golarion's soil, surely, but perhaps more at home in those cold forests than I ever was. It was all but invisible in the thick shade of the birch trees, and yet as real as the sparks flickering before us now—a creature as solid as stone, and savage as steel. It reminded me of my grandfather in many ways..."

Her voice trailed off. Those assembled held their breaths, almost as one. Ulionestria rarely spoke of Nidal, and more rarely still of her family.

The woman drew a deep breath of her own in the silence, and the tale began to pour out of her. "It was a night not unlike this evening," Ulionestria said, her voice unexpectedly heavy with the weight of sorrow and years her pale skin did not show.

The pair of us had crossed the border into Nidal somewhere low in the southern Mindspin Mountains. I could declare that I had tasted some foul and iron-drenched ichor at the back of my throat when I crossed over the boundary then, or heard some obscene song begin to ring in my mind's quietest depths, or even felt a dark, grinning, and unwanted gaze rake across me. But in truth, I couldn't tell. The night simply wore on as we forged ahead, aching with bone-deep exhaustion. For safety, our lanterns were cold. The stars wheeled pitiless overhead while the once-full moon hid her lovely face behind shifting clouds, the sloping stone of the

foothills glowing faintly between the moving shadows. It was not until the sky began to brighten that I knew we had crossed over into my homeland—never shall I forget the stark beauty of sunrise in Nidal.

Pale fog clung to the land. A hollow wind shrieked through barren fields, and bloodless songbirds croaked tunelessly as we finally came down out of the rough, jagged foothills. We ran to hide, to make camp, to survive the gritty glare of day and to travel again by waning moonlight.

By way of a winding series of caves, switchbacks, and cramped valley passages in the mountains, we had trekked

from Molthune in the east. No army or garrison could possibly march through the tight-woven, ice-rimed, and stone-choked route we took, and it was blessedly unguarded and unwatched—though the way was also torturously slow. It felt like we had walked for months, and there were still many days of travel ahead of us. Our nerves were raw.

We camped, but built no fire; by my magic alone—far weaker in those days—we had enough to drink and some meager food to fill us. No ballads were sung, and we clothed ourselves in lusterless grays. We knew our garb would not fool anyone who investigated too closely, but we hoped to pass for simple peasant travelers if we were observed from a distance.

My guide and escort for that journey was a half-Kellid mercenary, a man willing to take this suicidal job for a pittance, a prayer, and a smile. Kharlock Dane was a badly impoverished tracker, archer, logger, and woodsman. Though only a lowborn laborer native to the Backar Forest and the echoing swamplands that surround it, he was a fellow worshiper of Shelyn with some gift for stealth and a solid sense of direction. This was not his first journey across the cruel mountains, and he hid his fear with skill.

“Rough hewn” describes Kharlock best in both appearance and manner. He was a pitted, bulky, and misshapen creature, built for clearing boulders and raising barns, with skin like old weathered bark and limbs like flame-cured hardwood. He was all scars, creases, and coarse hair—a thing chopped from the untamed earth. He seemed stained in yellows, blacks, and deep browns. His teeth were uneven, where he had them, and his eyes had a dirty film to them, like the stagnant water over a shallow bog. His voice was gravel and iron.

I knew part of the reason he agreed to do this was because he was taken with me; any fool could have seen that.

Surely, it is a sin in the eyes of the Eternal Rose to use beauty as coin, and yet I fooled myself into believing I might come to love him. In my more sober moments, I scolded myself, vowing that I would seek atonement, whipping my back bloody for my deceptions, scoring my flesh in penance. I was still such a child of Nidal, in those days.

Often, I swore to myself that I would repay Kharlock tenfold—a hundredfold, a thousandfold—for his good works, as soon as some money fell my way. But I knew no such fortune would ever come to me again. I had given up any hope of that the night I had forsaken my place at grandfather’s side. In my self-loathing, I even tried to tell myself that Kharlock was afraid of me, of my power, or that he did what he did for love of our goddess, out of sheer generosity.

It was no use. Kharlock led, his heart yearning for me, and I followed like a lamb. With his unwavering aid, I made it across the open and sorrowful lands north of Ridwan, toward a small collection of safe houses—a camp full of refugees defecting from Pangolais, tucked deep and hidden in the Uskwood. I meant to find those people, to lead them

We shared a faith, but I knew his interest in me went deeper than that.



I never would have survived if not for his skill in the wilds.

safely across the border, out of the lands of the Midnight Lord and into freedom. By Kharlock’s skill, we passed undetected by roving Nidalese patrols. Had I been alone, I surely would have been caught—that I can admit now, though it burns to say it.

Kharlock and I traveled wordlessly, marking our progress by half inches along the old map. We moved with little speed, our eyes ever searching for black banners on the horizon, our ears always tuned for the sound of metal-shod hooves behind.

When I slept, I dreamed of my brothers finding us. I woke screaming from those nightmares, biting back sickness.

Terror enshrouded our every step. We both knew not to speak of the hideous torments and dread afflictions that would be visited if we were caught. Our crimes against the state—against the Umbral Court, and the Dark Prince’s faith—were already manifold, although I knew our captors would make us count and regret each transgression ten thousand times.

It is true what they say: treason is the foulest word in the Shadowtongue of my homeland. And I was guilty of it. I felt that guilt deep in my heart, just as I feel it now. I never regretted my choice, but I knew I had betrayed our family name, and I shuddered to imagine my sister scowling down at me with her disappointed, disapproving judgment, just as I did to think of her razor’s kiss.

But I also knew the camp was drawing near, and muttered my prayers to Shelyn ever more fervently. Each morning, I was renewed and emboldened to resume my journey yet again. I felt in my bones I was getting closer, one aching step at a time, to the hidden and shrouded place to which so many bright forces—coded messages, sharp visions, the incense-shrouded counsel of my wise elders, and my

fearsome, burning vows alike—were drawing me. I would make it, Kharlock at my side.

When the great gray forest eventually came into view, stretching out like an ocean of creaking, misty darkness, I very nearly ran toward it. Only the hard hand of Kharlock Dane upon my shoulder stopped me from abandoning caution, and for that I am still grateful.

For two more days we crept forward across the plains as though caught in the grasp of some choking nightmare, dodging patrols and caravans, and finally reached the edge of the wood.

We took one last look at the dull sky.

The shroud of the Uskwood washed over us, and within thirty steps we were deep in the silent wild. Once we were inside the chill forest, Kharlock's value to me redoubled. I would have become lost in hours—or less—without him minding my every step. It seemed that we moved with greater speed once the long, pale limbs of the trees closed around us.

Carefully following both trail sign and augury, we finally found our goal, coming upon it as yet another evening fog set in. All that remained of the camp were twisted parts of huts and little houses, all of them smashed into grisly kindling. Stillness reigned.

We saw that no fire had touched this place. Cold blood soaked the scattered splinters and the bodies that littered the ground were broken, some looking as though they had burst open. It was a massacre.

At first, we suspected this was the work of the grim and strange Shades of the Uskwood. Those cruel druids are the ageless wardens of that forest, unearthly even by the

standards of the Dark Prince's iron-wreathed church and the ruling elite of Pangolais. Some say even my grandfather fears their power. It is said they answer to no one.

Kharlock found us a hiding spot, and we hid. We made something like a camp in the dark, waiting for dawn to come in that haunted and too-quiet forest. He held me that night, and I was grateful.

The next morning, Kharlock left to explore the area around our camp. He returned with a deep frown, nervous eyes, and urgent news. We had missed something in the night: enormous footprints, apparently made during the attack. Kharlock said the tracks were shaped like a man's, yet the creature that made them was heavier than a Mwangi bull elephant. Whatever it was, it had charged the village.

That ruled out the Shades of the Uskwood. We returned to the site of the killings and discovered the wounds upon the many dead were not like those made by claws or unholy spells. They were killing blows, delivered by a heavy blade wider than any human could carry. Food, water, and wine had been taken, as well. In time, as we continued our search, Kharlock found a black shark's tooth the size of his hand lodged deep in the body of one man. Combing through the unburied dead, I likewise found a ragged shard of obsidian, broken off, cracked, and buried in the gut of a headless girl. What could have wrought such destruction? Had the creature meant to keep the refugees from escaping this shadow-covered land?

I decided I needed to speak with a victim.

A more thorough search began, taking up our afternoon, with Kharlock muttering his quiet complaints all the while. We needed to find a body that had not been torn apart, a task that proved difficult. We eventually found the ruptured corpse of a small young man partially crushed beneath a fallen log. From the angle of the body and the blood pooled beneath it, we deduced that the boy must have been the last of the victims to die, and that he might have seen what had occurred.

I pried him out and ran my hands along his ruined body. I washed the boy, anointed him, and then set to work with needle and thread.

That evening, beneath the skeletal boughs, I made what repairs I could to the body of the young man, cradling him to my chest and stitching together his twisting wounds so that he might speak to me. For the first time, Kharlock looked upon me with fear—not of my power, not of my birthright, but of me. That night he slept far from my rocky perch as I took over the last watch.

As the sun rose, I said my prayers. I called on Shelyn for guidance and power, and she answered. My spell moved the broken child like a puppet, and his mind sprang back to something resembling life. Kharlock stood well back, his face drawn. The body of the dead boy twitched, the ritual finally complete.

*It's a hard thing
when truth is
treason.*



*I'd chosen being
true to my faith
over being true
to my family.*

First, I asked the youth what had taken his life, making my query in the quiet parlance of the old Shadowtongue. He spoke back to me.

“My family and I were slain by a huge and hulking darkness in armor of gold. It was twice as tall as a man, and bore a sharp-toothed club. It came for us at sunset, shrouded head to toe in a cloak of blackness.”

Kharlock and I glanced at each other with silent knowing.

I then asked the boy if anyone from the village still lived.

“Only our shepherd, the Varisian crone. Old Alika, priestess of Desna, escaped with her life; she clutched my family’s treasure to her breast. She wept, and then was gone in a flash of moonlight.”

Kharlock asked with measured calmness what the crone had taken with her. The boy lay there, silent.

My limbs numb and fingers trembling, I repeated Kharlock’s question. The dead child stirred one last time.

“Something precious to the Umbral Court. Words on parchment.”

Kharlock and I exchanged a slight nod—an unspoken agreement—and set off to find the crone called Old Alika. For the next several days, we traveled with slow, measured care. Ahead of us, the crone’s footprints leaped through the woods, no doubt aided by her goddess.

For all our care, Kharlock and I had several close calls with various dangers in the deep forest. Days passed as the crone’s trail vanished and reappeared intermittently.

Kharlock, usually so quiet, slowly came alive as the hunt into the woods deepened; he made his distaste for “greasy Varisian vagabonds” abundantly clear, and spoke with loathing of the witchcraft he suspected the crone had employed. All of my soft protests went unanswered. His upbringing in Molthune—and that nation’s old ties to Cheliax—had poisoned him to the so-called Cult of the Starsong, and he kept a close eye on the red-eyed foxes and black rabbits, which he apparently believed Alika had ensorcelled to act as her spies and familiars.

We finally found the hunched and ancient woman encamped near a deep pit in the woods, sitting by a large fire with her feet up, smoking something pungent from a long, curved pipe. Her tiny tent in that pallid clearing was unguarded, save for the sentinels of long shadows cast from the surrounding stones. Arrayed around her lay massive chunks of a fallen tower, all carved with unreadable runes whose very forms somehow suggested indecency. The place felt unwholesome—stretched thin, somehow—and the sunset light held a murky cast.

Alika sat with an idle smile, wrapped in the long folds of a blue-black cloak adorned with whorls of sparkling stars. She was humming to herself, and her milky eyes were heavily lidded in her wrinkled face.

Kharlock crept up on the crone, waving me back as he approached. After a few moments, the big woodsman signaled



The old priestess sat by the fire without fear or sadness. She spoke with calm certainty, like someone who knew exactly what was to come.

that he intended to circle the little camp. He readied his bow, ducked, and vanished into the trees. Just when I had lost sight of my guide, the old woman pinned me with her gaze. Her weathered face creaked into a malformed grin. She beckoned with a talonlike finger, its nail long and gray.

“Come, little one,” said the old crone. “Come, come. I have a nice warm fire, and drinks, and something hot to eat. I’ve dreamed of you, Ulionestria, and of Kharlock and the dead boy. I have dreamed of coming home.”

“You are Alika the Varisian,” I said as I approached, stepping free of the thick, sickly woods. “You were a shepherd to those I sought to free.”

She nodded. “They are free. I had hoped they would live to see many more moonrises before their dreams ended, to fall in love and dance amid the fireflies in far-off, starlit fields. But now they have gone, beyond our help and our regrets. This night, little one, it is you whom I hope to free.”

“Me?”

“Indeed. You, daughter of the darkness. Sit. Sup with me.”

As I approached and sat beside the fire, Kharlock emerged from the ghostly forest, his bow nocked with an arrow. Alika merely nodded toward him.

Kharlock growled. “What’s in the pit?”

“Nothing,” said Alika, and laughed. “Nothing, for a very long way down. Wind, perhaps; wind and darkness.”

Kharlock frowned, his normally dull eyes flashing. “And?”

“And darkness, as I say. First, the simple absence of light... And then, I think, something much stranger. Beyond, the terrible mysteries of Nar-Voth, and long acres of stone, and then the fabled Vaults of Orv.”

“Orv?”

“It is a legend; some do not believe it,” said the crone with a shrug. “Come sit, Kharlock son of Kharfyll Dane, and ask me a more interesting question. Ask me about slaves, perhaps. I know you have such questions.”

He stood, impassive, as my eyes pleaded for him to sit—or, at least, to put away his weapon. “Do you, now?”

“I know many things,” Alika said. “I know you are afraid, and rightly so. I know you are very far from home. And I know, moreover, you will not kill me this night. Even when I tell you that what you seek... is in this very fire.”

She laughed, and Kharlock roared with rage; I was shocked at his fury. Given a single further heartbeat to decide, I think he would have stuck the old woman.

Instead, death fell upon us.

The shadow giant burst from the trees, and Alika smiled as the thing tore toward us. It had been drawn there, I still believe, lured by something the Varisian had done, by something she had thrown into the fire, perhaps. The

I still can't comprehend how such a large creature could move so silently through the forest as to surprise us.



monster's form flickered in the firelight, and I could barely see it for all its bulk—the towering creature was cloaked in rippling shadow.

Kharlock spun with a twitch of his bow, and sank two arrows into the thing's chest as it charged. The arrows shook like tiny darts in the giant's immense, rippling flesh. The woodsman hopped away as the monumental beast brought down a horrible strike with a spiny maul. Kharlock drew his axe and leaped forward, striking the giant in the center of its chest. The towering figure missed again with its next attack, but its mammoth weapon caught the woodsman on the backswing. Kharlock collapsed dead into the grass.

Then the creature turned on me and charged. Startled, I couldn't move, and I felt a sudden agony as the crushing, bone-splitting weight of the thing slammed into me and sent me flying. A tree trunk stopped my fall, knocking the breath from me.

Alika shouted prayers to her own goddess, each breath intoning abjurations and blessings far beyond my own skill. Her songlike pleas caught the monster's attention, and it turned on her. She was no fighter; I heard Alika scream and fall, and the giant turned back to me as I struggled to my feet.

I called to Shelyn and light surrounded me. The giant howled with pain and gripped its eyes. Both fear and rage coursed through me as Shelyn granted me her power, and once again the light took me.

Beams of radiance streamed from my fingers, striking the giant in the chest. The dark hulk dropped to its knees. Emboldened by one of Alika's spells, I felt a surge of power. I looked the great giant in the eyes as I hefted my glaive and sliced its head from its shoulders.

Silence once again claimed the dark woods.

I rushed to Alika, more prayers on my lips, but she forbade me to touch her wounds, saying she was going home, that it was long overdue. She claimed she was finally waking from a nightmare. She smiled. With uneven breaths, the old crone told me to look inside her cloak. There, bundled in cloth, were thick parchments—official documents, stamped with wax seals and gruesome icons of the Umbral Court. My eyes must have conveyed my shock.

“Your guide, your Kharlock... he was never devoted to your goddess, child. He served only his own ambition and hunger.”

“Please, Alika. You're dying.”

“And there is nothing to do about it. Hush. I won't last another hour, even with all the crude ministrations this world could muster. Only a spell cast long ago keeps me alive in this moment. Listen, instead.”

“Your Kharlock, he meant to use the pages you now hold as keys—to the slave trade, to an endless procession of chained bodies led into Molthune from Nidal, and to all the gold that comes with it.”

“I don't understand,” I said.

"The boy's father learned too much..." The woman winced with pain. "Of free Nidalese taken from under the noses of the Umbral Court, to be sold as slaves to Molthune. With that knowledge came a sentence of death. So the man fled with his family and his proof—proof Kharlock learned of and planned to leverage for his own gain."

"But the documents bear the seal of the Umbral Court."

"Forged by the slavers so they could conduct business in Molthune. Whether Karlock wanted payment for his silence or to join the slavers' scheme, I know not." The woman coughed, and a dark foam of blood appeared on her wrinkled lips. "Perhaps Kharlock would have killed you. Perhaps he would have named a price for your own silence."

I couldn't help it. I wept again.

"Enough tears, my daughter of darkness. You are blameless in this—naïve, still, for all the horror you have seen."

The old woman smiled, as though greeting an old friend. "My magic fades... You will grow wiser with years, young one. I beg of you only this—don't grow cynical when you do. Don't give up your lovely dream. You may never see spring and love bloom once more in Nidal. But someday, someone shall. Even a huge and hulking darkness can fall. And perhaps that is enough, yes? Perhaps."

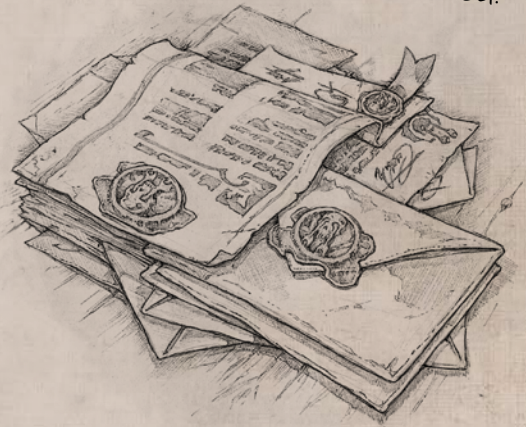
And with that, she breathed her last.

I walked out of the forest alone, following the sunrise. I tried not to let my heart break.

The priestess crossed her arms and once again coiled herself up on the log. Firelight twinkled in her dark eyes and in the tears that streaked her porcelain cheeks.

"And it never has," she said finally. "For I have not forgotten my dream."

I burned them. I couldn't risk someone using them as Kharlock had planned.



ON THE CULTURE AND RELIGION OF SHADOW GIANTS

There is much to be said regarding the peculiar relationship of shadow giants to the greater culture of Nidal. The giants are not of this world, and yet they flock to the pale, cloistered tyranny of the Midnight Lord's garden like quiet, colossal pilgrims.

Along with their great size and inhuman features, the massive shadow giants' bizarre armaments distinguish them most obviously from those who swear agonized subservience to Zon-Kuthon. The solitary, slate-skinned giants wield strange blades, seemingly brought with them from other worlds. The giants show masterful finesse with deadly instruments of all sorts.

Shadow giants' obsession with golden armor and jewelry is remarkably odd. We human Nidalese traditionally prefer silver and platinum to the exclusion of all other ornamentation. Many shadow giants adopt the dress and language of their new homeland with time, but others never do, forever keeping their own council. Even the most gregarious shadow giants harbor a bone-deep desire for privacy. While serving as elite military units in a merciless theocracy, the giants are still noted for being unusually terse and taciturn.

Some say shadow giants hide their heresy in this way, for it is believed they pay nothing more than lip service to the Midnight Lord. It is my theory that the foreign and fundamentalist shadow giants actually worship whatever it is that possesses Shelyn's brother, rather than worshiping the Dark Prince as a united entity. Further, I believe that if the two godlike forces ever separate, the shadow giants will abandon Nidal without a word.



BESTIARY

After discovering the entrance to the catacombs where Malsin was supposed to be buried, we carefully picked our way through the crumbling corridors. We expected that we would have to face undead, considering we were headed into a tomb, but we didn't expect the place to be completely overrun. Thankfully, most of the catacomb's protectors were simple shambling dead or skeletons. The biggest surprise came when we reached the inner sanctum. We encountered towering pale creatures, gaunt as the undead they lived among. At first we thought they were undead giants, but no; these giants were living beings, and they were responsible for the army of undead we had encountered earlier in the catacomb.

—Marliss Nalathane, explorer

This volume's Giantslayer Adventure Path bestiary contains a new sinister giant, a spirit of frost and rime, a living effigy, a monster resulting from unnatural burial practices, and a bestial spirit of nature.

ATOP AN ICY PLATEAU

The random encounter table presented here features a number of typical threats the PCs could encounter in the lands surrounding the frost giant village of Skirgaard. While traveling to or from Skirgaard, the PCs have a 20% chance of a random encounter every 4 hours they are outside the village. When the PCs decide to camp in the region, don't roll for random encounters on this table. Instead, refer to the section of the adventure on giant patrols. The PCs shouldn't encounter more than three random encounters per day. Once the PCs are in Skirgaard, there are plenty of dangers to keep them occupied, so you likely won't need to have them face off against random encounters during this time.

Since this adventure spans a range of levels, some random encounters might be too simple or too difficult for the PCs, depending on where they are in the course of the adventure. If the result rolled is outside the challenge rating appropriate for the PCs, roll again on the table or choose a different encounter.

GMs who wish to learn more about the region or want inspiration for other hazards and encounters should check out *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Belkzen, Hold of the Orc Hordes* or the gazetteer of the Mindspin Mountains found in *Pathfinder Adventure Path #93: Forge of the Giant God*.

Food-Gathering Expedition (CR 12): As the population of Skirgaard grows, the resident giants need to bring more food into the village to support themselves. To aid in this, the giants forged an alliance with a hag and her companions. While this encounter is included in the adventure, it doesn't occur in the village and can be experienced at any time in the surrounding region. For details on this encounter, see page 41.

Giant Patrols (CR varies): As the PCs begin their assault on Skirgaard, the giants respond in kind by sending out patrols with greater frequency. The configuration of these patrols changes depending on the time of day. Furthermore, as the level of Outrage increases, the patrols become more dangerous. For more information about these giant patrols, see page 11.

Skirgaard Drakes (CR 12): A rampage of advanced frost drakes makes its home in a series of caves overlooking the village. This encounter is marked in the adventure, but these drakes can be encountered at any time in the lands surrounding the village. These drakes are particularly suited to attacking the PCs if they use flight to get to and from Skirgaard. For details on this encounter, see page 39.

SKIRGAARD HINTERLANDS ENCOUNTERS

d%	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1-4	1 cold rider	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 59
5-10	1 birelu	10	See page 82
11-15	1d8 glacier toads	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 268
16-21	1d4 ogre mages	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 221
22-29	1d12 winter wolves	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 280
30-34	1d8 wyverns	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 282
35-41	Giant Patrols	Varies	See page 11
42-46	1 elder ice elemental	11	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 114
47-52	1 svathurim	11	<i>Monster Codex</i> 76
53-56	1 thunderbird	11	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 264
57-63	1d4 adlets	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 9
64-68	Food-Gathering Expedition	12	See page 41
69-74	1 frost worm	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 126
75-78	1d8 Skirgaard drakes	12	See page 39
79-84	1d6 threminidys	12	See page 90
85-88	1 tomb giant	12	See page 84
89-94	1d4 frost giant hunters	13	<i>Monster Codex</i> 71
95-100	1 indarugant	14	See page 86

TOMB GIANT BAGS

The following list of random treasure provides a GM with flavorful suggestions for the types of things a tomb giant might have in its lair, among its equipment, or stowed in enormous bags. Whenever the PCs encounter a tomb giant, consider rolling on this table instead of or in addition to awarding the treasure listed for the giant.

d%	Result
1-7	Ebony case filled with surgical instruments
8-13	200 feet of sinew and a silver needle
14-18	3d6 black onyx gems (worth 50 gp each)
19-25	<i>Scroll of control undead</i>
26-31	4 broken Medium tombstones
32-35	Medium coffin filled with apples
36-40	<i>Ring of the grasping grave</i> wrapped in snake hide
41-46	Gnarled quarterstaff topped with ettin skulls
47-49	Jar of ink and a needle wrapped in thread
50-54	Crude doll made from vulture feathers
55-61	28 femurs from Medium humanoids
62-67	Heavy silver chain with a ruby pendant
68-73	Medium obsidian knife
74-78	3 doses of ungol dust stored in an egg shell
79-81	Ceramic pot filled with alchemical grease
82-87	Carved reptilian skull inset with emeralds (worth 700 gp)
88-93	Map of a crypt, titled "Marsin's Rest"
94-100	Journal containing only two entries (written in Giant)

BIRELU

This figure seems caught at the moment of transformation between human and animal. Though its bearded face seems like a man's, its head is crowned with a rack of antlers, and its hunched body is covered in patches of sleek black fur.

BIRELU**CR 10****XP 9,600**

CN Medium outsider (extraplanar, incorporeal)

Init +10; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +17

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 21, flat-footed 14 (+4 deflection, +6 Dex, +1 dodge)

hp 110 (13d10+39)

Fort +11, **Ref** +14, **Will** +7

Defensive Abilities incorporeal; **DR** 10/cold iron; **SR** 21

OFFENSE

Speed fly 50 ft. (perfect)

Melee gore +19 (1d8 plus 2d6 force), 2 claws +19 (1d6 plus 2d6 force)

Special Attacks force of nature, powerful charge (gore, 2d8 plus 4d6 force), spirit walk

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 13th; concentration +17)

Constant—*speak with animals*

At will—*call animal*^{APG}, *charm animal* (DC 15)

3/day—*dominate animal* (DC 17), *moonstruck*^{APG} (DC 18)

1/day—*baleful polymorph* (DC 19), *commune with nature*

STATISTICS

Str —, **Dex** 23, **Con** 16, **Int** 10, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 19

Base Atk +13; **CMB** +19; **CMD** 34

Feats Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Mobility

Skills Fly +20, Handle Animal +13, Knowledge (geography) +16, Knowledge (nature) +16, Perception +17, Sense Motive +14, Stealth +22, Survival +8

Languages Sylvan, *speak with animals*

ECOLOGY

Environment any forest, mountain, or plains

Organization solitary

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Force of Nature (Su) A birelu channels the raw power of nature into its attacks. Its natural attacks are considered to have the ghost touch special ability, and each of its natural attacks deals an additional 2d6 points of force damage. This damage is doubled when a birelu makes a powerful charge.

Spirit Walk (Su) Once per round as a standard action, a birelu can merge itself with a single humanoid or animal. This ability is similar to the *magic jar* spell (caster level 13th), except it doesn't require a receptacle. To use this ability, the birelu must be adjacent to the target. The target can resist the attack with a successful DC 20 Will save. A creature that successfully saves is immune to the

same birelu's spirit walk ability for 24 hours. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Additionally, a creature affected by this ability undergoes a physical transformation, growing either more beastlike or more humanlike, depending on its original form. A humanoid affected by this ability is affected as by *greater animal aspect*^{UC}. The birelu chooses the aspect gained from this effect. This aspect can't be changed, though the birelu can select a new aspect if it merges with the same creature again at a later time. An animal affected by the spirit walk ability is affected as by *anthropomorphic animal*^{UM}. Either effect lasts for as long as the creature remains possessed by the birelu, ending once the birelu leaves the creature's body.

In ages past, humans didn't live apart from nature as they do now. They had no cities, no farms, and no metal tools. In this primitive time, humans lived as beasts, hunting and foraging in the savage wild, living and dying by the cruel whims of nature. To these early humans, a successful hunt sometimes meant the difference between the life of the tribe and utter extinction. For this reason, the land and the animals who lived on it commanded great respect among the tribes. The environment represented more than just food or clothing or territory; it was an ally, an enemy, or even a god unto itself.

There was need in those days for people who could pass from the physical world and into the world of the spirits, where they could intercede with the spirits of the land and the animals to ensure the tribe's survival. From this need came the birelus, manifestations of humankind's desire to bridge the boundary between humans and nature. These ancient beings served as guardians and travelers of the paths between worlds.

A birelu seems to both stand upright and walk upon all fours at the same time, its form shifting and flowing incomprehensibly between the two poses. Even while partially hunched in this manner, a birelu stands over 7 feet tall when in its natural state.

ECOLOGY

Birelus are ancient beings, having existed since time immemorial. It may be that they were born at the very dawn of time, champions of a unity between humankind and nature that would not exist on the Material Plane for eons hence, and simply waited to intrude upon the world when it was ready for them. More likely, they owe their existence to humankind itself, springing to life as the manifestation of ideas held sacred by the early mortal races. Whatever the case, birelus came to Golarion when the mortal races were still young. In those primordial times, they acted as guardians and guides, teaching the first mortal shamans how to cross the boundaries

between the physical world and the spirit world, and bringing terrible destruction upon those who violated that sacred boundary. These early birelus sought to guide humanity, to groom its growth in harmony with nature as a way to restrict the destructive tendencies of civilization. Despite these efforts, humanity marched forward through time to establish cities, discover arcane magic, and usher in the destruction that the early birelus had attempted to hinder.

As outsiders, birelus don't need to eat or drink to survive, though they take great pleasure in hunting and feeding on wild prey. Most often they hunt while possessing the body of an animal, usually the apex predator of the local environment. Occasionally, a birelu stalks its prey in the possessed body of a humanoid, though typically this is done to honor the humanoid host. As much as they delight in such behavior, birelus never over-hunt an area, and they seem to have an innate sense about the state of the local ecology.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Birelus have no set habitat, nor do they hold territory, preferring instead to wander the wild places of the world. Birelus don't often intrude upon inhabited areas, though when they do, the results are often disastrous. They find the trappings of civilized life distasteful, even blasphemous, and focus their attentions on destroying the objects of their ire. Often they accomplish this by possessing people and turning them against their own homes and their fellow citizens. Birelus can sometimes be reasoned with and convinced to depart in peace, but this is rare, as their attacks are often confused for the actions of lycanthropes, and are met with violence rather than diplomacy by mortal humanoids.

For the most part, birelus are solitary creatures. They don't scorn the company of their own kind, but neither do they delight in it or seek it out. Birelus who meet in passing are more likely to ignore each other than to interact in any meaningful way. Some have speculated that there may in fact be only one birelu, and that those specimens encountered on Golarion emanate from it or serve as its avatars.

A birelu's attentions are drawn to animals more often than to any other kind of creature, earning them the title "spirits of the beasts" in some cultures. Birelus seem to delight in possessing animals and using their bodies to explore and interact with the world. Upon entering new territory, a birelu uses its *call animal* spell-like ability to draw in

potential hosts, choosing the strongest and fastest of the native creatures to inhabit. Birelus are very protective of their wild animal hosts, and they abandon a creature's body if the animal is at grave risk rather than fighting to the host's death. Domesticated animals—or those serving as animal companions to the birelu's enemies—don't receive the same consideration.

Birelus' interactions with humanoids are more complicated. Civilized peoples hold no interest to them, and in fact often earn their scorn. Birelus react with hostility toward those who openly bear the signs of civilization, such as worked metal or agricultural tools. A birelu's attitude is much softer toward less civilized humanoids. Primitive tribes of hunter-gatherers and those who shun the cities of the world and live in communion with nature are often able to make peaceful contact with a birelu. In return, the birelu might draw in prey animals to feed the tribe, or guide them to more fertile lands in times of scarcity. It may even join the tribe's warriors in combat against their enemies, leaping from warrior to warrior in order to grant them the benefits of *greater animal aspect*.



GIANT, TOMB

This towering, lean figure is hairless and has smooth, milky white skin. A scythe gleams in her hands.

TOMB GIANT

CR 12



XP 19,200

NE Large humanoid (giant)

Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +15

DEFENSE

AC 28, touch 12, flat-footed 25 (+6 armor, +3 Dex, +10 natural, -1 size)

hp 162 (13d8+104)

Fort +16, Ref +7, Will +10

Defensive Abilities negative energy affinity, rock catching;

Immune death effects, paralysis



OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft. (30 ft. in armor)

Melee mwk scythe +20/+15 (2d6+16/19-20/x4 plus energy drain) or

2 slams +19 (1d6+11 plus energy drain)

Ranged rock +12 (1d8+11)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

Special Attacks energy drain (1 level, DC 18), rock throwing (120 ft.)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 12th; concentration +14)

Constant—*deathwatch*At will—*detect undead*3/day—*make whole*, *sculpt corpse*^{APG}1/day—*animate dead*, *control undead* (DC 19)

STATISTICS

Str 32, Dex 17, Con 26, Int 13, Wis 19, Cha 14

Base Atk +9; CMB +21 (+23 trip); CMD 34 (36 vs. trip)

Feats Combat Expertise, Improved Critical (scythe), Improved Iron Will, Improved Trip, Iron Will, Martial Weapon Proficiency (scythe), Power Attack

Skills Climb +12, Heal +12, Knowledge (religion) +14, Perception +15, Stealth +5, Survival +10

Languages Common, Giant

SQ corpse stitcher, sinister synergy

ECOLOGY

Environment any land or underground

Organization solitary, pair, or cabal (3-13)

Treasure standard (mwk breastplate, mwk scythe)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Corpse Stitcher (Sp) Tomb giants can cast *make whole* as a spell-like ability, but only for the purposes of creating undead creatures. For example, a tomb giant can use this ability to aid in the creation of a necrocraft (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 4* 200), to restore armor to be used for the creation of a phantom armor (*Bestiary 4* 213), or even to repair the armor of a graveknight (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3* 138).

Energy Drain (Su) A tomb giant can channel its energy drain attack through any melee weapon it wields.

Sinister Synergy (Su) Multiple tomb giants can combine their efforts to gain the ability to create undead. When two or more tomb giants are within 30 feet of each other, they can work together to use *create undead* as a spell-like ability (caster level 13th). Three or more tomb giants working in unison in this way can use *greater create undead* as a spell-like ability (caster level 15th). Every additional tomb giant beyond the third who participates in this synergy increases the caster level of this effect by 1.

Since the time Urgathoa first fled the Boneyard, there have been living creatures that have given their allegiance to powers that offer the promise of existence eternal.

Tomb giants are an entire race of humanoids who have given themselves over to necromancy, and in so doing have gained sinister powers. These giants are born as the living agents of undeath, and they show great skill in creating all manner of undead creatures—even from their own kind. Tomb giants fully expect to be transformed after they die, though most don't have to worry about the cost of sacrificing their experiences and memories, for they know their brothers and sisters can raise intelligent undead much greater than shambling zombies or clattering skeletons.

Tomb giants possess an alabaster complexion. They are devoid of all body hair and have smooth, rounded features and marbled skin. Tomb giants often tattoo their pale skin with arcane symbols in stark black ink. The sclerae of their eyes are jet black, and ghostly white pupils glow in the centers. They move with an eerie, silent grace for humanoids of their size, and rarely talk unless it is necessary. Tomb giants favor simple clothing, typically wearing togas at home and hooded cloaks when they emerge from their shadowy lairs. The average tomb giant stands 11 to 13 feet tall and weighs approximately 1,300 pounds. Tomb giants can live for up to 400 years.

ECOLOGY

Tomb giants were created as an offshoot of taiga giants, forged by a Runelord of Gluttony during Thassilon's rule. When this ancient necromancer discovered the taiga giants' ability to sense and direct the life energy that pulses through every living creature, he hid a number of them away a secret complex deep beneath Golarion's surface. Using a now-lost ritual, the runelord altered the essence of these specimens to create the first tomb giants. He wanted to use the new species of giants as a deadly army of necromancers against the other runelords, but the conniving Runelord of Gluttony died before he could enact his plan, and his project was lost to the mists of time. The tomb giants lingered in their isolation for generations before they began to spread throughout the Darklands.

These days, tomb giants are born rather than created, though it would be a misnomer to call their procreation natural. The giants' adaptation to their unwholesome powers has come at a cost, for tomb giants have trouble conceiving except during a small window of time (not much longer than an hour) after they have drained a portion of the life energy from another living creature. It is therefore common for tomb giants to take prisoners and keep them on hand for when they wish to conceive children.

Although tomb giants possess inherent powers of necromancy, they are not undead. They aren't particularly troubled by sunlight (aside from their tendency to sunburn), but they have an instinctual dislike of bright

light and open spaces. They are omnivorous and have no qualms about consuming sentient humanoids. By the time tomb giants are 10 years old, they are as large as an adult human and are capable of hunting and fighting. They reach maturity by age 50 or 60, when they gain full use of their magical abilities. When tomb giants die, their families or friends often transform them into sentient undead creatures or use the deceased giants' parts in the creation of other undead abominations. Tomb giants view their mortal life spans much as humans view puberty: as merely one stage in the development of the individual. An undead tomb giant is likely to be valued as a family elder.

For tomb giants, sentient undeath represents the perpetual continuation of self-identity, and is the highest hope for those still alive. Thus, some of the most feared tomb giant punishments consist of execution followed by the offender's transformation into a mindless undead. Such unfortunates are often turned into an eternal servant, and are sometimes passed down from generation to generation within families.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Tomb giants prefer enclosed spaces and underground lairs. While tombs and crypts can serve as lairs, tomb giants are more commonly found in renovated cave systems near the surface and in scattered pockets in the Darklands.

Tomb giants have no compunction about living among undead, but are circumspect about their own safety and well aware that some undead have no loyalty to the living. It's common to create undead horrors from the corpses of lesser creatures to use as servants or guards—smaller undead are often used as components for necrocrafts.

Tomb giants are a secretive race, and go to extraordinary lengths to pursue and capture anyone they catch spying on them. Surrounding themselves with undead creatures (most of which are under their control) has provided the giants the secrecy they crave, as the dead don't utter secrets. Some folktales speak of silent, pale folk of impossible height who come out of the night in pursuit of a victim who has "seen something no one should see." These stories have a grain of truth to them, and invariably end with the foolhardy individual vanished from his home, never to be seen again. Those few fortunate enough to have escaped with their lives bear scars of their interactions with the sinister giants, and survivors tell tales of pale giants who made light conversation with their victims while preparing to cook them. Darker tales hint at the tomb giants' perverse mating rituals, wherein chained victims are drained of their life force and left hanging on the walls, bearing witness to the giants' frenzied couplings before the pale creatures eat their weakened captives alive. Wherever these alabaster fiends tread, horror and madness is sure to follow.

INDARUGANT

Taut, leathery skin clings to the skeleton of this giant, whose hide garments only partially conceal the simple geometric tattoos and ancient battle scars that decorate his flesh.

INDARUGANT

CR 14



XP 38,400

CE Huge undead

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +27

DEFENSE

AC 29, touch 11, flat-footed 26 (+4 armor, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +14 natural, -2 size)

hp 190 (20d8+100)

Fort +10, **Ref** +10, **Will** +16



Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4; **DR** 5/—;

Immune cold, undead traits; **SR** 25

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft. (40 ft. without armor)

Melee battleaxe +23/+18/+13 (3d6+15/19–20/x3) or 2 slams +23 (1d8+10 plus curse of frozen flesh)

Ranged rock +16 (2d6+10)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft.

Special Attacks curse of frozen flesh, lingering curses, rock throwing (120 ft.)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 15th; concentration +19)

At will—*ill omen*^{APG}

3/day—*bestow curse* (DC 18), *blindness/deafness* (DC 17)

1/day—*cone of cold* (DC 19)

STATISTICS

Str 31, **Dex** 14, **Con** —, **Int** 12, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 19

Base Atk +15; **CMB** +27; **CMD** 40

Feats Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Intimidating Prowess, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Point-Blank Shot, Power Attack, Precise Shot, Toughness, Vital Strike

Skills Climb +17, Intimidate +37, Knowledge (religion) +7, Perception +27, Sense Motive +17, Stealth +14, Survival +24

Languages Common, Giant

ECOLOGY

Environment cold mountains

Organization solitary or warband (1 indarugant and 2–6 taiga giants)

Treasure standard (hide armor, spear)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Curse of Frozen Flesh (Su) Slam—contact; *save* Will DC 24; *effect* Creature gains vulnerability to cold. Anytime the cursed creature fails a saving throw against a spell or effect with the cold descriptor, it is also slowed for 1d4 rounds.

Lingering Curses (Su) An indarugant is an accursed creature, and so has dominion over misfortune and curses. An indarugant can apply the effects of its curse of frozen flesh with its *bestow curse* spell-like ability (in place of *bestow curse*'s normal effects). Additionally, the DC of any attempt to remove a curse inflicted by the indarugant increases by 5. If a caster level check to remove an indarugant's curse fails by 5 or more, the curse appears to be lifted and is temporarily suppressed until the next time the victim enters combat or is otherwise faced with a life-threatening situation (subject to the GM's discretion).

In times of need, the taiga giants of Varisia turn to the spirits of their ancestors for aid, relying on signs and omens from the spirit world to guide them out of danger. Yet sometimes the power and insight of these ancestral spirits is not enough. When invaders overhunt the land, when disease and pestilence run rampant, or when war and slavery threaten to decimate

whole tribes, some giants seek a different sort of aid—one that comes at a far higher price. High above the snow line, trapped within ancient glacial floes, the indarugants wait to be unleashed so they might once again bring disaster and ruin to the enemies of their tribes.

Most indarugants resemble the desiccated corpses of taiga giants, though other types of giants may become indarugants as well. After taiga giants, stone giants are the most likely to follow through with this ritual, though by doing so they risk being shunned by neighboring tribes.

Indarugants stand 20 feet tall, but weigh only 3,000 pounds due to the lack of water in their shriveled, skeletal bodies. The ritual that creates an indarugant involves marking and maiming the body of the candidate, and many still bear these fading tattoos and ancient scars.

ECOLOGY

Indarugants are remarkable among corporeal undead in that they can't be created from a deceased creature's corpse—a creature must be alive and willing to be transformed into an indarugant. This process usually begins with a pilgrimage of a group of taiga giants into the icy mountains. The tribe's shaman or chieftain accompanies the candidate in order to perform the profane rituals necessary for the transformation. Once above the snow line, the candidate is subjected to a week-long ritual designed to sever its connection to the spirits of its ancestors, the intent being that the future indarugant can do whatever must be done to protect the tribe without fear of offending the spirits or bringing dishonor to the tribe. At the ritual's conclusion, the candidate is killed with a single blow to the head, then buried in the ice and snow along with the weapons and tools it will use once it rises as an indarugant. How long it takes the indarugant to rise varies—some rise as early as the following evening, while others remain in the ice for months or even years.

Not all giants who agree to undergo the transformation successfully complete their promise. Many lose their gall at the ritual's outset and attempt to escape back down the mountain to safety. Those who flee are hunted ruthlessly by their fellow pilgrims and the rest of the tribe, who fear offending the spirits. If possible, such escapees are captured alive and brought back to the frozen heights to undergo the ritual at spear point. This forced ritual does not produce an indarugant, but serves as a deterrent to those who would think to renege on their commitments in the future.

Some tribal leaders claim that those who successfully escape their promise to serve as an indarugant are cursed. They say that these traitors to their people transform into even more grotesque and sinister creatures, though no evidence of such monsters exists—these claims are widely thought to be a scare tactic to elicit compliance.

Those that successfully undergo the transformation come back changed. They are no longer constrained by moral concerns such as honor, fear, or mercy. Indarugants are capable of committing any act, no matter how taboo, so long as it furthers the interests of the tribe and its people. They treat their foes with such brutality that even the most wicked of giants cringe at the sight.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Indarugants reside high in the mountains of Varisia, in places where the snow never melts. They hide themselves away in glacial caves, deep foreboding crevasses, and other secluded chasms where only those initiated into the secrets of their creation will know to find them. In times of need, a giant shaman or oracle will journey to the hidden places, braving the dangers of the cold and high elevation in order to beseech the indarugants for aid. Usually this aid comes in the form of exacting violence against the tribe's enemies, as indarugants are powerful warriors and cunning strategists. Rarely, an especially evil or desperate tribe may entreat an indarugant to serve as its chief or shaman, though usually only for a limited period of time, and only when the tribe is leaderless and under dire threat.

Whatever form the indarugant's aid takes, it comes at a steep price. A giant who would petition an indarugant for aid must first swear a profane pact with the creature to someday undergo the transformation and become an indarugant itself. Once the indarugant has accomplished its agreed-upon task, it will lead the petitioner back up the mountain to its desolate home, and perform the necessary rituals to add the petitioner to the ranks of the undead. This serves both as a deterrent to keep the giants from calling on the indarugants too readily, and as a way to ensure the indarugant population grows along with the tribe. In this way, the tribes of giants will always have guardians waiting for them in the high ice, ready to defend them against any threat.

Scholars of giant lore claim that all the races of giants once buried their dead in this manner, or at least created indarugants through similar rituals, if they did not live in icy climates. In Varisia, this changed during the Age of Legend, when the runelords of Azlant enslaved the giants and bent them to their sinister will. Those giants who fought back against the runelords called upon the might of their undying ancestors, sending legions of indarugants down into the plains to defend the giant tribes. Though the undead guardians fought fiercely, they were unable to stand against the might of Thassilon, and all were eventually destroyed. Since that time, only the taiga giants, who largely escaped slavery, continue the practice of creating indarugants. This may not be true for much longer, however, as reports of stone and frost giants burying their dead in the high ice now grow ever more common.

LIVING EFFIGY

Carved from gray stone, this enormous figure is shaped like the head of some primordial giant.

LIVING EFFIGY

CR 8



XP 4,800

N Huge construct

Init -2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +19

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 6, flat-footed 20 (-2 Dex, +14 natural, -2 size)

hp 95 (10d10+40)

Fort +3, **Ref** +1, **Will** +6

DR 10/adamantine; **Immune** construct traits

Weaknesses susceptible to mind-affecting effects

OFFENSE

Speed 0 ft., fly 10 ft. (perfect)

Melee slam +13 (2d8+7/19-20)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

Special Attacks charming gaze

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th; concentration +13)

At will—*detect thoughts* (DC 15), *obscuring mist*, *sound burst* (DC 15)

3/day—*calm emotions* (DC 15), *crushing despair* (DC 17), *good hope*, empowered *sound burst* (DC 15), *stone shape*, *thundering drums*^{APG} (DC 16)

1/day—*arcane concordance*^{APG}, *fear* (DC 17), *witness*^{UM} (DC 16)

1/week—*dream*, *nightmare* (DC 18)

STATISTICS

Str 20, **Dex** 7, **Con** —, **Int** 13, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +17; **CMD** 25 (can't be tripped)

Feats Empower Spell-Like Ability (sound burst), Hover, Improved

Critical (slam), Skill Focus (Intimidate), Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Fly +2, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (history) +10,

Knowledge (religion) +10, Perception +19, Sense Motive +8,

Spellcraft +6; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Knowledge (history),

+4 Knowledge (religion)

Languages Common, Giant

SQ preserved mind, silent watcher, statue

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary

Treasure incidental (offerings, 2 eye gems worth 500 gp each)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Charming Gaze (Su) As *charm person* with a range of 30 feet (Will DC 18 negates). The save DC is Charisma-based.

Preserved Mind (Ex) A living effigy is inhabited by an entrenched spirit that holds on to some aspects of its former intellect. A living effigy can choose two Knowledge skills, typically Knowledge (history) and Knowledge (religion).

These Knowledge skills are class skills for the living effigy, and it gains a +4 racial bonus on checks with these skills.

Shape Self (Sp) Three times a day, a living effigy can shift its facial expression as if using *stone shape*, even though the

construct exceeds the volume the spell can usually affect and is a creature rather than an object.

Silent Watcher (Su) As a standard action, a living effigy can use *greater teleport* (self only) as long as there are no creatures with an Intelligence score higher than 2 within 150 feet that can see the effigy. When using this ability, the living effigy can travel up to 10 miles from its settlement.

Statue (Ex) A living effigy can remain perfectly still and emulate a statue. An observer must succeed at a DC 25 Perception check to notice that the living effigy is alive. If a living effigy initiates combat from this pose, it gains a +6 bonus on its initiative check.

Susceptible to Mind-Affecting Effects (Ex) Unlike most constructs, a living effigy isn't immune to mind-affecting effects.

Resting among countless tribes across the world are strange icons and statues dedicated to the memories of ancient leaders or spiritual guides. Sometimes such figures hide greater intellects, inhabiting essences that watch over nearby settlements. Known as living effigies, these stone statues are possessed by the spirits of deceased chieftains and shamans who managed to partially cheat death by imparting a portion of their souls into stone images. Each living effigy is unique in its features—some resemble the heads of great giants, while others are busts of other creatures. Twin gems are embedded in the eyes of each living effigy; they glow a vibrant color whenever the statue uses one of its many magical abilities.

A living effigy's personality is as unique as its countenance, as the souls inhabiting the massive stones range from kind protectors wishing to continue their vigil over a settlement to brutal tyrants wishing only to reign past death. A living effigy stands 15 feet tall and weighs 40 tons.

ECOLOGY

Despite sharing most of the traits common to other constructs, living effigies are sentient creatures that possess a portion of an inhabiting soul's intellect. Spells and abilities possessed by the originating soul are lost in the transfer, though some knowledge from the soul's past life remains. In addition to possessing this knowledge, the living effigy takes on the personal characteristics of the spirit that possesses it. In most cases, this directly impacts its alignment. The longer an effigy exists, though, the more detached it becomes from material concerns, eventually adopting an impartial stance on most subjects.

Much of a living effigy's existence is spent in unassuming silence, watching over the settlement around it. Unable to move (save for a limited means of supernatural travel that typically draws unwanted attention) these effigies often learn to appreciate their isolation. Preferring that others see them as nothing more than ordinary sculptures, living

effigies act only when their settlements are in danger. Should someone seek to harm it or its people, an effigy uses its charming gaze or its *calm emotions* spell-like ability to ease the anger of enemies and members of the settlement. Though effigies rarely issue direct commands, their gaze make the weak-willed see them in a positive light.

Though living effigies can speak, they rarely do so. Instead, the constructs prefer to rely on their mystical abilities to communicate with those nearby. Their most common means of direct communication are its *dream* and *nightmare* spell-like abilities. Living effigies use these abilities to intrude on the sleeping minds of leaders to influence the direction of their settlements. In situations where approval or rejection is necessary, the effigy uses its *stone shape* spell-like ability to alter its facial expression to an appropriate emotion.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Transferring from a body of flesh to a monument of stone is a trauma that takes a spirit some time to recover from. It takes a living effigy a full week to learn its various abilities, and even after this initial adjustment, the spirit still needs to cope with the solitary nature of its new existence. Cut off from the sensations it once had, a living effigy learns to rely on the surface thoughts of those nearby and minor interaction through dreams. Its eye gems can attract unwanted attention when it uses its charming gaze, but can't be removed until the construct is destroyed.

Settlements guided by living effigies are typically found in remote locations, away from the administration of governments or the intervention of outside agencies. Because of their nature as silent watchers, such effigies are most commonly found in far-flung communities in the Realm of the Mammoth Lords, where they are treated as honored ancestors, and in the wilds of the Mwangi Expanse, where they are sometimes seen as ancestral spirit gods. Worshipers of most deities find the idea of a living effigy worrying, especially if the effigy's settlement has raised a pseudo-religion around the idol. While living effigies aren't technically undead, Pharasmin priests in particular have problems with them and often oppose them once their true nature is discovered, heedless of the protection and aid the living effigies offer to their communities.

CONSTRUCTION

The construction of the stone effigy requires an appropriate amount of stone (at least 40 tons' worth) and a successful DC 20 Craft (stonemasonry) check. If the crafter fails the check, the stone is rendered

useless for this purpose and a new block must be obtained. The creation of the effigy also requires two gems that are worth at least 500 gp each.

A completed effigy acts as a soul receptacle, sucking in the intended target's soul as long as it dies within a mile of the inert statue. It takes the soul a full week to adjust to its new home, at which point the effigy animates and can use all of its abilities normally. During this transition period, the effigy remains a stone statue; it can be destroyed as normal or by removing or destroying the eye gems. Other forms of living effigies can be made of bone, bronze, wood, or similar materials.

LIVING EFFIGY

CL 15th; **Price** 71,000 gp

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Construct, *limited wish*, *nightmare*, *trap the soul*, creator must be caster level 15th; **Skill** Craft (stonemasonry) DC 20; **Cost** 35,000 gp



THREMINDYR

Blustering winds and snow swirl around this white, almost transparent feylike phantom.

THREMINDYR**CR 9****XP 6,400**

CE Medium outsider (air, cold, native)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., sense protection; Perception +15**Aura** cold aura (10 ft.)**DEFENSE****AC** 23, touch 17, flat-footed 16 (+7 Dex, +6 natural)**hp** 104 (11d10+44)**Fort** +12, **Ref** +12, **Will** +9**DR** 10/magic; **Immune** cold, elemental traits**Weaknesses** vulnerable to fire**OFFENSE****Speed** 30 ft., fly 60 ft. (perfect)**Melee** 2 slams +18 (1d6+2 plus 2d6 cold and entrap)**Special Attacks** breath weapon (30-ft. cone, 4d6 cold plus entrap, Reflex DC 18 half, usable every 1d4 rounds), entrap (DC 18, 1d10 rounds, hardness 5, hp 10), shatter protection**STATISTICS****Str** 15, **Dex** 25, **Con** 16, **Int** 11, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 16**Base Atk** +11; **CMB** +18; **CMD** 30**Feats** Agile Maneuvers, Flyby Attack, Great Fortitude, Lightning Reflexes, Toughness, Weapon Finesse**Skills** Acrobatics +15, Bluff +11, Escape Artist +20, Fly +25, Intimidate +16, Knowledge (planes) +10, Knowledge (religion) +10, Perception +15, Stealth +15**Languages** Auran, Giant**SQ** indistinct**ECOLOGY****Environment** cold hills or mountains**Organization** solitary, pair, or blizzard (3–6)**Treasure** none**SPECIAL ABILITIES**

Cold Aura (Su) A thremindyr is surrounded by an aura of intense cold. At the beginning of the thremindyr's turn, all creatures within 10 feet of the thremindyr take 1d6 points of cold damage.

Indistinct (Ex) A thremindyr barely stands out against snow and wintery skies except when it attacks. While in cold terrain, a thremindyr can use the Stealth skill even while being observed.

Sense Protection (Su) A thremindyr can automatically sense when a creature within 30 feet is under the effects of *protection from energy* (cold) or *resist energy* (cold).

Shatter Protection (Su) A thremindyr can pit its intense supernatural cold against another creature's magical protections in an attempt to wear them down or even shatter them completely. As a melee touch attack, the thremindyr can attempt to diminish the effectiveness

of *resist energy* (cold) or *protection from energy* (cold) effects. If the touch attack is successful, the target is affected by a targeted *dispel magic* effect (caster level 11th). If the dispel check is successful, the spell protecting the target ends. This ability can affect only *protection from energy* (cold) or *resist energy* (cold) effects, and it deals no damage to the target directly.

This ability can be used at will, but each use can affect the effects of only one spell. If the target is under the effects of both spells, this ability affects *protection from energy* first; a separate use of this ability is needed to remove *resist energy*.

If a target is under the effects of *resist energy* (cold) or *protection from energy* (cold) as an effect of a magic item, the thremindyr's dispel check must overcome the item's caster level.

Creatures with inherent resistance or immunity to cold are unaffected by this ability. This does not extend to creatures that have immunity or resistance due to the effects of magic items or spells.

Thremindyr are often mistaken for ghosts or some manner of frozen spirits when spotted in the wild. Although they are not incorporeal, these icy elemental beings are pale and wispy, and are easily overlooked in the wintery outdoors where there is little to contrast with their translucent white bodies. If viewed against a dark backdrop, a thremindyr looks like a long-limbed humanoid. Close up, their features have an inhuman, angular, and almost crystalline quality to them. They sport high cheekbones, upward-slanted eyes, and pointed ears. What might represent hair is a swirling mass of ever-roiling tendrils of mist and snow. Thremindyr are usually androgynous, but very rarely some thremindyr sport what appears to be a beard composed of icicles. When agitated, these arctic elementals radiate a flurry of snow in the direction of their attention, especially when they howl and roar. They possess a considerable strength but are ephemeral, like an air elemental. Thremindyr stand roughly 7 feet tall and weigh no more than 15 pounds.

ECOLOGY

The name "thremindyr" roughly translates from the Giant language as "breath of Thremyr," and a connection between the giant god and these creatures appears certain. Students of ancient lore and experts on the planes point to legends that describe how parts of the god Thremyr fell away from the deity and sprang to life, creating the frost giant, ice troll, and winter wolf races, and suggest that thremindyr may have been created in the same way. These legends say that, instead of sloughing off of Thremyr as he staggered into the Steaming Sea, the first thremindyr escaped from Thremyr's lungs as the ancient being sighed, passing through his lips and onto Golarion.

Although this in some ways parallels how thremindyr reproduce on the Material Plane, the theory that thremindyr spawn directly from the deity isn't supported by the evidence. For one thing, thremindyr hail from the Plane of Air, and Thremyr does not reside there. Scholars propose that the thremindyr's existence actually informs one of the nature of Thremyr—and other gods worshiped by giants (such as Gozreh)—far more than the other way around.

Thremindyr are consistently humanoid in shape, unlike many other elemental beings, whose shapes are often chaotic or take on animalistic forms. Thremindyr spontaneously generate on the Plane of Air, but procreate through asexual reproduction on the Material Plane. They seem to thrive on the Material Plane, and by some accounts are slowly evolving to a less elemental state of existence.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

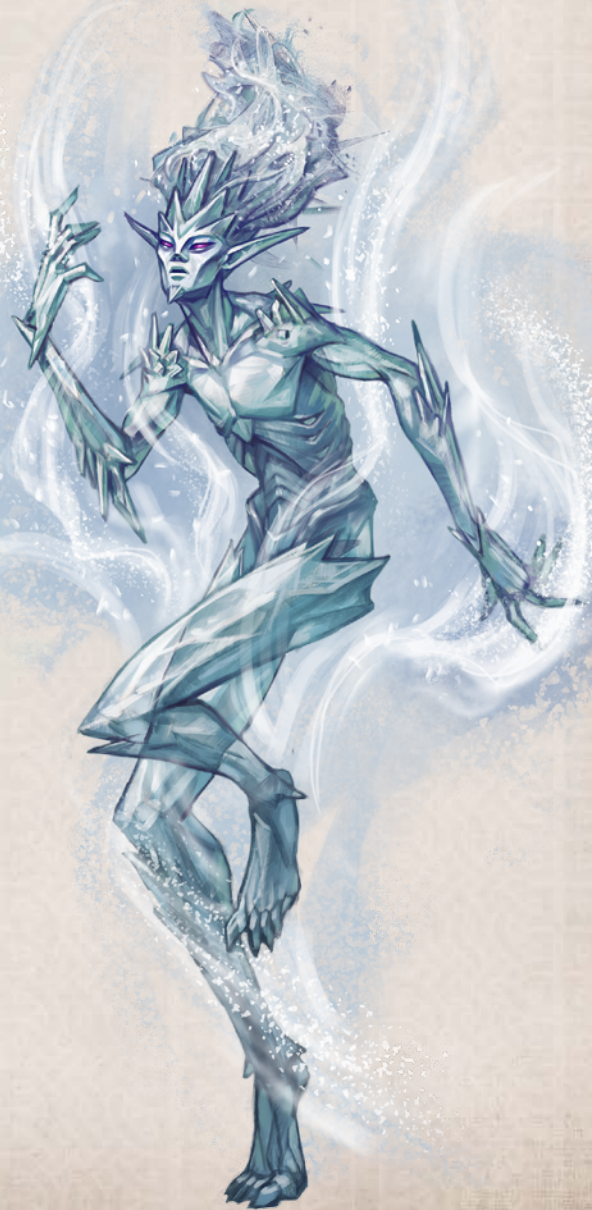
Thremindyr are thought to have originally sprung into existence in the misty zone where the Elemental Plane of Air juts up against the Plane of Water. Whatever their origin, thremindyr have proliferated and are encountered as indigenous forms of life in many places on the Material Plane, especially on Golarion. When encountered outside of the Material Plane, thremindyr possess the extraplanar subtype. Thremindyr who dwell on the Material Plane require air, food, and moisture and have daily periods of inactivity. The creatures wither and die quickly in hot environments, and are found only in environments where water can freeze. Though thremindyr need to eat, the period of time between each feeding can stretch for months.

Thremindyr are curious creatures, but they are contemptuous of beings that can't adapt to the environments in which these outsiders thrive. When they coexist with creatures immune to their bitter cold presence, it is with a reserved indifference or muted curiosity. They are fickle and rarely maintain long-term alliances with other creatures.

Among their own kind, thremindyr are peaceable and demonstrate a willingness to share ideas and cooperate—though they lack any ideas that do not lend themselves to mischief and mayhem. Thremindyr are disastrously curious, and tend to treat any new stimulus as an excuse for playful destruction. A gathering of thremindyr is dangerous indeed; more than one mountaineering expedition has been lost by being frozen to the side of a mountain by these strange elemental beings.

Thremindyr chafe at being summoned—they have little patience for communication with creatures that have no natural inclination to cold or abilities to overcome it. Yet if directed toward an objective or opponent that it can freeze solid, a summoned thremindyr quickly forgets the indignity and sets about its work with malicious glee.

In combat, thremindyr attempt to keep their distance from their enemies. They prefer to fly just out of the reach of their foes and attack with their breath weapons, hoping to entrap those struck. Once an opponent is immobilized, the thremindyr focuses on other foes until they are all coated in rime. Thremindyr can tell whether creatures are magically protected against the cold, and they find these sorts of protections affronts to their icy nature. Thremindyr focus their attacks on protected creatures first, and use their shatter protection ability to break down these defenses. If their enemies fight using ranged weapons, thremindyr soar down and attack using Flyby Attack, sometimes remaining in melee combat long enough for their auras to damage their opponents.



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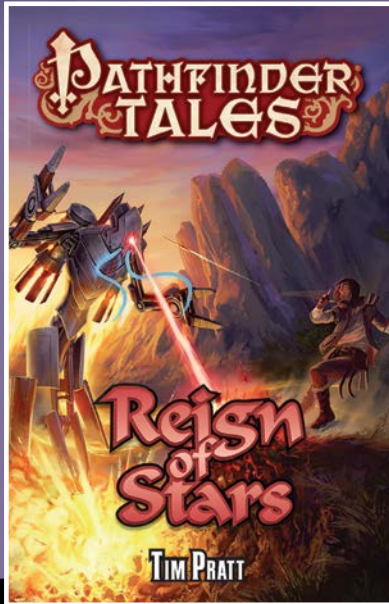
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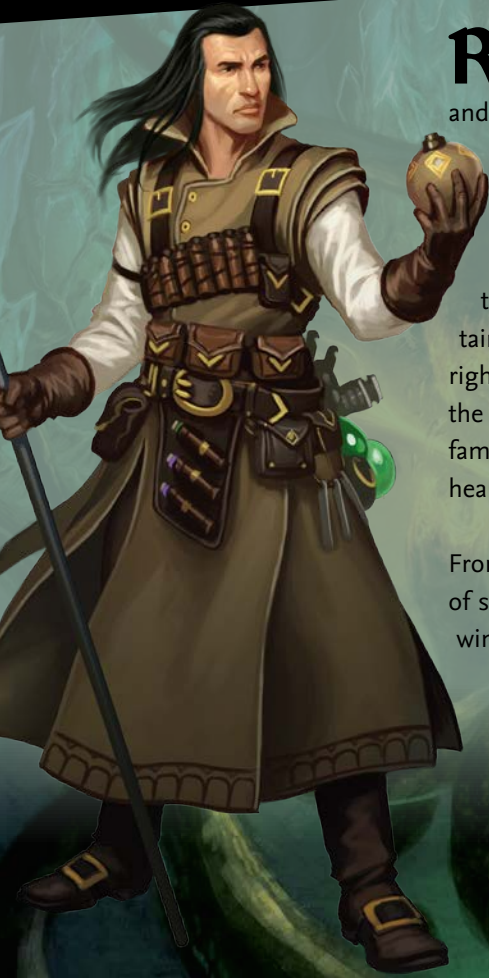
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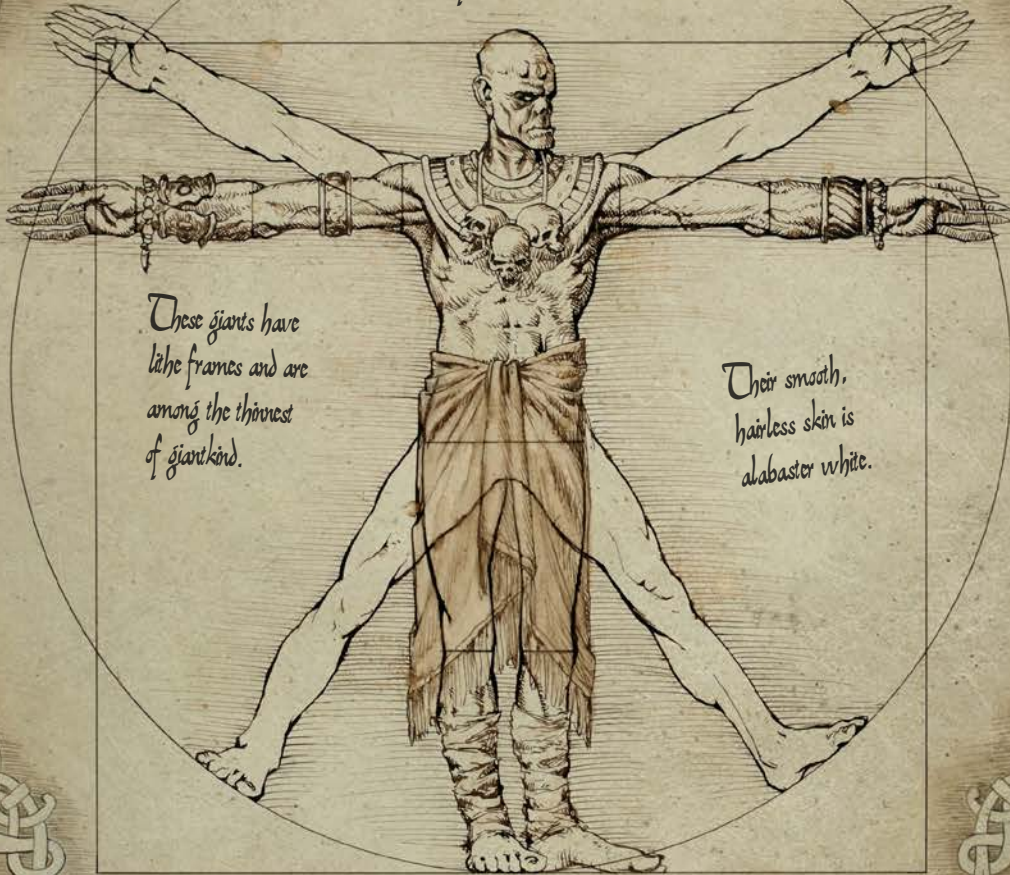
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SEPTEMBER 2015

Tomb giants have slight noses that make their faces look skeletal.



These giants have like frames and are among the thinnest of giantkind.

Their smooth, hairless skin is alabaster white.

2015
CERAN

Tomb Giants

Among the rarest of giants on Golarion, these pale and gaunt creatures appear to be gigantic undead at first glance. They are agoraphobic and prefer to make their lairs underground, particularly in crypts and mausoleums. Tomb giants are harmed by positive energy, and possess an innate ability to create undead, especially when working together.



The Ice Queen Cometh!

Following the trail of the Storm Tyrant's armies, the heroes come to a frost giant village that serves as a training camp, led by a frost giant graveknight who issues orders from within an icy crypt. As the heroes engage in guerrilla tactics to weaken the army of giants and disband the camp, they can ally with a red dragon who seeks to infiltrate the village for her own purposes. Once they've broken the ranks of the giants, the heroes venture into a frozen tomb where they must defeat cultists of the Pallid Princess, morbid tomb giants, and undead war machines before engaging in a climactic battle with the giants' fearsome leader!

This volume of Pathfinder Adventure Path continues the Giantslayer Adventure Path and includes:

- "Ice Tomb of the Giant Queen," a Pathfinder adventure for 10th-level characters, by Jim Groves.
- A look into some of the most fearsome graveknights in the Inner Sea, by John Compton.
- Details on some of Golarion's most prominent giant organizations, by Mark Moreland.
- A tale of shadows and deception in the Pathfinder's Journal, by Clinton J. Boomer.
- A selection of new monsters in the Giantslayer bestiary, by Benjamin Bruck, Jim Groves, and Thurston Hillman.



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