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THE FIRST WORLD **REALM OF THE FEY**

JAMES L. SUTTER



FIRST WORLD

The Watchers on the Shore

Vestige

The Lakeroads

The Dreaming Cliffs

Starcatcher Mountains

The House of Eternity

The Moon Ladder

Wavelace Archipelago

Godsarm

Earis Highlands

The Riddled Sphere

The Wild Garden

Morbrook

Tusk Castle

Palenhyr

Zalumoshi

The Canyon of Faces

Karaphas the Drowned

Simmaron

Flametongue Forest

The Silkwood

Tubehollow

Trileet

Saltblood Moors

The Endless Siege

The Hanging Bower

Amenorian Steppe

The Weeping Wood

Iceline River

Harvester's Deep

Sunbreaker Isles

The Forest Pools

Thrice-Tenth Kingdom

Cliffside House
Wokano Sinkhole

The Cerulean Sea

The Floating Lakes

Hollow Hall

Ulas

Gurminghome

Leneahu Jungle

The Wallows

Thousandbreaths

Yara Waste

Anophaeus

The Evergrove

Tinker's Promise

Emergence

Plain of Doors

Selona

Syrington Downs

Phasetree

Stasi

Sea Without a Shore

Holdweather Sound

Nighthold

Riftwood

Narpora

Spindlewood

The Plain of Leaping Stones

Mockingdell

Stonewep River

The Chattering Tabernacle

The Quickening

Grodmot

The Thoraso Desert

The Dusking Hills

The Crumbling Tower

Alutar Mountains

Thoraso Cracks

The Palace of Seasons

The Broken Peaks

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REFERENCE

New rules elements introduced in this book are indicated with an asterisk (*).

This book refers to several Pathfinder Roleplaying Game products using the following abbreviations, yet these additional supplements are not required to make use of this book. Readers interested in references to Pathfinder RPG hardcovers can find the complete rules of these books available online for free at paizo.com/prd.

<i>Advanced Player's Guide</i>	APG	<i>Bestiary 3</i>	B3
<i>Advanced Race Guide</i>	ARG	<i>Bestiary 4</i>	B4
<i>Bestiary 2</i>	B2	<i>Ultimate Magic</i>	UM



ON THE COVER

Kiki Moch Rizky shows us the danger of going up against a jabberwock on its home turf. If Seelah isn't wielding a *vorpal* blade, she's going to be in a heap of trouble!



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First World Adventures

"People call things 'fairy tales' as if that somehow demeans them. 'Oh, that's just a fairy tale—something to tell children.' Yet those who would dismiss fairy tales forget the truth: that behind our own world lurks a realm of constant change, where anything is possible and nothing is forbidden. A place where even the gods are blind, and nature relaxes her iron laws. The creatures hailing from this place are neither good nor evil, but alien—beings who might grant you a wish or pull you apart to see how you work, without understanding the consequences of either action. Where our world has morality, theirs has only vitality, a state of nature as red-toothed and brutal as it is innocent.

"Yes, we tell fairy tales to scare children. Because we know that a healthy fear may keep them alive."

*—Professor Jubiano Loisnich, "The Truth in the Tales,"
lecture at the College of Dimensional Studies, Katapesh*



Every culture has stories about fey, from pixies and dryads to the mysterious norns who weave fate itself. To the uneducated, these fairy creatures are simply residents of the wilderness, perhaps an expression of the natural world's inherent magic. The more learned, however, understand that fey are not simply nature spirits, but something far more primordial, their home a place both more familiar and more alien than most mortals ever imagine.

The Great Abandonment

In the dim recesses of prehistory, a coalition of deities decided to create a new form of life. Unlike their existing servitors—angels and devils and other creatures created to represent the fundamental forces and truths of the universe—these new “mortal” entities would serve a greater function, acting as filters for the fundamental life energy of the multiverse. The energy would be translated into discrete self-directing portions called “souls,” which would use the experience of their finite lifetimes to pursue different paths. The resulting choices and circumstances would determine how the energy would be divided up between gods and planes, as judged by Pharasma, goddess of death. It was both elegant and fair; since no god could be trusted to apportion the vital energy of existence, the energy would direct itself.

These mortals would need a place to live apart from the domains of the gods, so the deities began work on a new plane of existence, one separate from the endless expanses of the Outer Sphere. They crafted a vast, blank canvas where they could try out different laws and rules for how existence should operate, sending forth near-infinite variations on the designs of mortal life, from the smallest bacteria to the greatest behemoths. Finally, after an age of experimentation, they had a fully functional model for this new universe they would call the Material Plane.

And then, like so many great artists, they painted directly over it.

When the gods finalized their design for the Material Plane, they didn't erase their original experiments, but rather created the new plane “on top” of all that had come before. Their original doodles and half-completed blueprints were not destroyed, but simply abandoned, isolated from the rest of the planes like a room walled off during a building's remodeling.

Thus the rough draft—now called the First World—ran wild like an overgrown garden, its creatures and even the plane itself left to twist and evolve without any intelligent direction from beyond. Those residents sentient enough to recognize what had happened raged and despaired at their creators' departure. Yet over time, they came to understand that this insult was also a gift—for the gods' new favorites on the Material Plane were

finite, flaring and dying like sparks in service to a divine plan, their souls divided up after death by Pharasma's judgment. The creatures of the First World, on the other hand, were left out of the cycle of souls, stuck in a closed loop that let individuals return to life again and again, reshaped from the fundamental essence of the plane. Ironically, this immortality made them even more boring to the gods, reinforcing the divide between the First World and the divine.

Natural Features

In cosmological terms, the First World is coterminous with the Material Plane, meaning that it exists in the same space, but in a slightly different dimension—thus the common description of it being “behind” the Material Plane, like some kind of planar palimpsest. This is also true of the Shadow Plane, though that dark reflection hews closer to the landmarks and geography of the Material Plane, while the First World represents an entirely separate plan for the architecture of existence. Cosmologists sometimes describe the location and relationship of the three planes as being akin to light split apart by a prism. Once all three planes occupied the same space, yet over the ages the pull of the Negative Energy Plane has slowly brought them out of direct alignment, with the Shadow Plane pulled farthest toward that bleak destination, while the First World remains closest to the Positive Energy Plane, giving it a violent and vibrant fecundity.

In practical terms, the First World is a vast landscape representing every sort of terrain imaginable (and many never conceived by mortals). It is a place where nature has more presence: the trees are taller, the oceans are wider, the valleys are deeper, and the flowers are brighter. This is not simple poetics, but objective truth, due to the supercharged vitality granted by the plane's proximity to the Positive Energy Plane in combination with the extreme diversity of its natural laws.

While the Material Plane is governed by a single set of physical laws—principles occasionally twisted by magic but otherwise constant—the First World has no such consistency. Many different systems, tested by the gods but never implemented on the Material Plane, remain in localized regions of the First World, resulting in rules of reality that change between one footstep and the next. Even stranger are those regions where contradictory laws overlap, resulting in unprecedented reactions, or where whatever half-finished laws formerly held sway have mutated or ceased to exist. Even the simplest of natural phenomena on the First World can be confusing: for example, snow can't always be counted on to be cold or rain to be wet. Gravity is a suggestion, the speed of light debatable, and the impossible negotiable. On the First World, change is the only rule.


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To some planar travelers, this chaos seems reminiscent of the Maelstrom, yet such descriptions miss an important distinction. While both represent chaos, the Maelstrom is fundamentally a place of entropy and destruction, breaking down the stuff of the planes into its simplest form. The First World is its opposite, a place dedicated to life in its limitless forms. It is a bubbling cauldron, and while its parameters are frequently reset, it strives always toward complexity and emergence rather than away from it.

Unlike the Material Plane, which is mostly empty space scattered with tiny jewel-like planets, the First World is a comparatively flat plane extending nearly to infinity. While it does have regions of void and stars similar to the Material Plane's outer space, these are more localized bubbles and layers, and a creature ascending into the sky might just as easily find itself approaching an upside-down landscape. Distance is malleable in the First World, yet a creature passing through the planar barrier from the Material Plane usually arrives in a roughly equivalent section of the First World, meaning every planet has its own portion of the First World, complete with local populations and rulers. Creatures could theoretically travel or migrate overland from one Material Plane planet to another via the First World—and some have—but the vast distances involved mean that communication between such points in the First World is almost as rare as it is on the Material Plane. When most Golarion-focused texts speak of the First World, they mean only that most familiar portion of the First World directly “behind” Golarion.

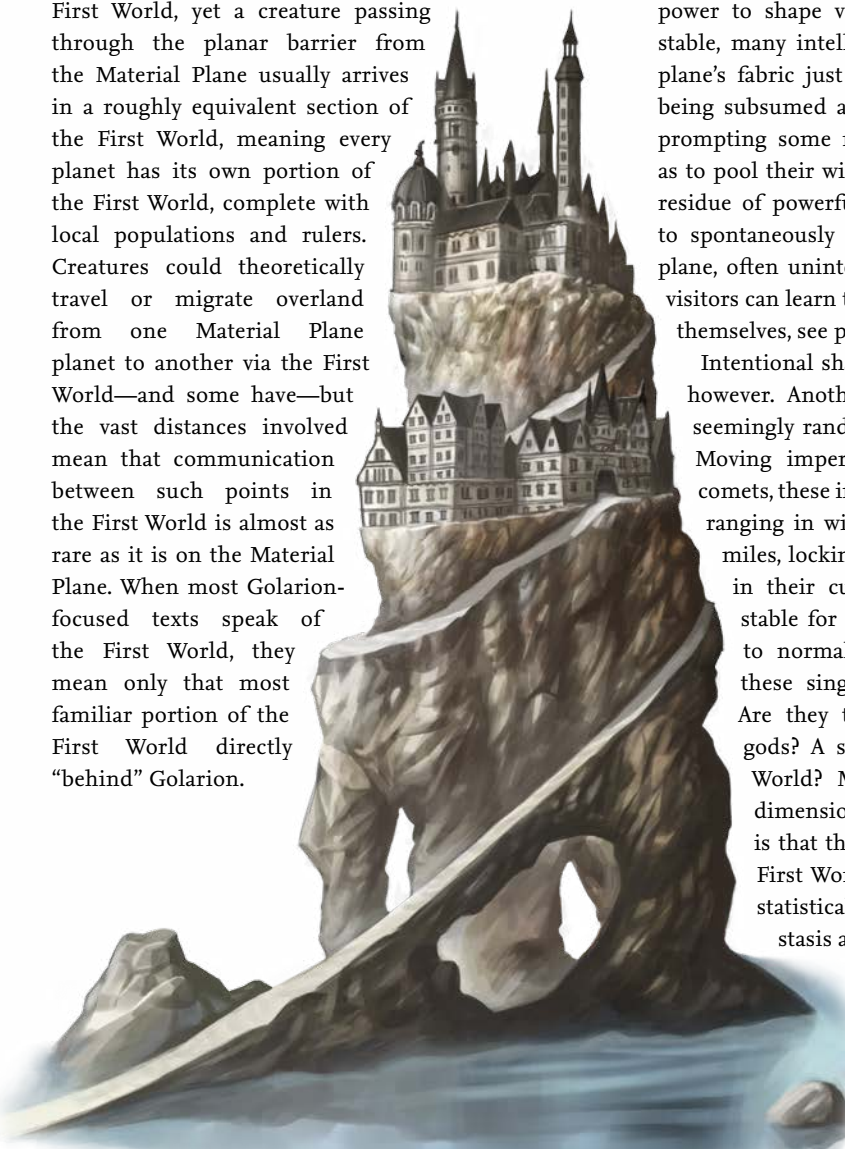
Stability and Shaping


Like a living entity, the First World is always shifting and reshaping itself, rewriting the rules by which any given location works. This is essential to its vitality, for a constantly changing environment means accelerating the cycle of death and new growth, as well as the adaptation of creatures to new environments. Yet it can also make it an exhausting place to live. Even the most novelty-seeking gnomes would likely be upset to one day find their seaside home is now in the caldera of an active volcano or that friction no longer holds its bricks together.

Fortunately, the First World isn't simply changeable, but also malleable. Before the Great Abandonment, the gods constantly rewrote and revised the plane's fundamental fabric, and the First World remains responsive to such instructions, reforming itself to please anyone with enough willpower. While only the godlike fey rulers called the Eldest have the power to shape vast swaths of land and hold them stable, many intelligent creatures can manipulate the plane's fabric just enough to keep their homes from being subsumed and reinvented by the plane's chaos, prompting some residents to congregate in cities so as to pool their willpower. Even some artifacts and the residue of powerful magical workings can be enough to spontaneously enforce order on a portion of the plane, often unintentionally. (For information on how visitors can learn to manipulate the First World's fabric themselves, see page 11.)

Intentional shaping is only one source of stability, however. Another, more mysterious source is the seemingly random phenomena called singularities. Moving imperceptibly across the landscape like comets, these invisible forces create areas of stability ranging in width from a few feet to hundreds of miles, locking the landscape and its natural laws in their current form. These regions remain stable for hours or centuries before returning to normal. Not even the Eldest know what these singularities are, but theories abound. Are they the souls of dead or transcendent gods? A spreading cancer infecting the First World? Mysterious beasts from an unseen dimension? Perhaps the most obvious answer is that the phenomenon is simply part of the First World's chaos, as true randomness will, statistically, produce the occasional burst of stasis and order.

The last form of stability—and the one of most interest to Material Plane residents—is the breach scar. When a portal is opened between the First World and the Material Plane, it is common for energies





to seep across the barrier. On the Material Plane, this is usually called a “bloom,” and is identifiable by a sudden burst of strange growth in the surrounding plants and animals. On the First World, however, the fundamental stability of the Material Plane tends to seep through and lock the surrounding area in its current form. While this gives Material Plane adventurers a conveniently consistent beachhead from which to explore, many locals take unkindly to this imposition of foreign laws, and often do their best to repair such “breach scars” and remove the outsiders. Of course, just as many First World residents are eager to use the portals to explore the Material Plane or set up ambushes—both violent and mercantile—for whatever Material Plane creatures might wander through.

Travel

While the First World is accessible via myriad magical means, from *gate* to *plane shift*, most who travel to and from the plane do so by way of much less predictable and dangerous means: breaches.

Breaches are places where the overlying fabric of the Material Plane has rubbed so thin that it has begun to tear, revealing the First World behind it. These holes in reality can be created intentionally though magical rituals, but are more often the unexpected result of vast energies being unleashed on one plane or the other. Such events might be caused by the creation or destruction of an artifact, the misfiring of a powerful spell, the death of a formidable fey, lightning striking a druids’ circle, or simply repetition of the same spells over time. This can result in a backlash of magical, psychic, or physical energy sufficient to tear a hole between the Material Plane and the First World. Those who know what to look for can easily identify such breaches by the resulting energy seepage, unless they are intentionally disguised. How quickly such breaches seal themselves up again can be hard to determine; some last for decades or centuries, while others close up within hours, and travelers between planes are rarely guaranteed return passage. The vast majority of Material Plane residents who end up in the First World do so by passing through a breach, often accidentally or while investigating the emergence of strange First World creatures, though it isn’t unheard of for heroes to be drawn to the First World by fey unable to find aid among their own kind.

Travel within the First World is both easier and harder than on the Material Plane, with locations constantly shifting in relation to each other. Towns that were just miles from each other one day might be separated by an entire mountain range the next. This mutability comes from the First World’s constant desire to subsume older regions in order to create new ones, and also from the fabric of the plane constantly undulating and folding

itself to bring points closer together or move them farther apart. For some powerful residents, it’s possible to direct the folding of the planar fabric, allowing them to step straight from one location to another. For all others, it’s best to pack for each journey like you might never see home again.

Navigation is just as complicated. Landmarks move or disappear, and cardinal directions like “north” have little meaning on a flat plane that stretches the length of the universe. Sunlight is fairly consistent; most regions of the First World close to Golarion feature day and night, and a sun that travels in an arc across the sky—though it’s more of an aerial phenomenon than a true star. In addition, the First World neither rotates nor orbits, and since the plane lacks a magnetic pole, standard compasses are useless.

Fortunately, the residents of the First World have figured out a different set of navigational constants: the realms of the Eldest, held in place by sheer will. First World natives, especially those who worship the Eldest, often have an innate sense of their position relative to the closest Eldest domains, allowing them to naturally triangulate. Visitors, on the other hand, usually must resort to spells or magic items to gain the same benefits (see page 10). While skills such as Survival, Knowledge (geography), and Knowledge (nature) can still be useful in the First World, their respective DCs can be variable and significantly higher than expected, especially for visitors from other planes.

Magic and Religion

Like everything else on the First World, magic often acts in unpredictable ways, thanks to both the twisting of magic itself and variances in the natural laws it manipulates. A fireball, for instance, might be far larger than expected due to the increased oxygen content in the air, while the sparkles from *glitterdust* might unexpectedly fuse together, slamming into the target like a golden brick. Yet while arcane casters may have difficulty calibrating their magic in the First World, divine casters dedicated to a god have it far worse.

The first thing a priest feels upon entering the First World is a terrifying sense of disconnection, as if her god were suddenly farther away than ever before. While the First World is not a true blind spot for the gods—as beings of deific power can still interact with worshipers on the First World—travelers have effectively stepped off of the cosmic stage and into the wings, hidden from the gods’ direct attention. Most religious casters describe this feeling as intensely uncomfortable and inducing anxiety, and while their magic may still function, it’s often the least predictable type of spellcasting. The fact that it still functions at all is sometimes held up by Material Plane missionaries as proof that the gods haven’t truly



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abandoned the First World, yet cynical fey scholars point out that what appears to be a deity granting spells might just represent the caster's conviction and willpower allowing her to shape the First World directly, without any deific involvement.

Not all divine casters are subject to the effects of the Great Abandonment. Clerics dedicated to the Eldest function normally, and oracles and other generalized divine casters find their spells granted just as mysteriously as before (perhaps by capricious Eldest). While Gozreh has no particular presence in the First World, druids, rangers, and other casters dedicated to the Green Faith and the energy of nature find the First World bursting with verdant power just waiting to be harnessed—though the manifestations of that power may still surprise them. For ways to simulate the unpredictability of magic, see page 10.

Culturally, few First World residents have any regard for the gods of the Outer Sphere, either because of resentment over the Great Abandonment, or simply the understanding that it's easier to get the same magical and social benefits in other ways. Faith in general is rarely seen as necessary, and even those clerics dedicated to the Eldest tend to see themselves as serving their lords directly, without need of extensive church hierarchies. Given the lack of both permanent death and an afterlife in the First World, the whole issue of religious faith isn't a particularly pressing one to the average resident there, and religion is often seen more as a career path or expression of loyalty to a sovereign than a higher calling. As a result, many Material Plane clerics find First Worlders' reactions to their faith insultingly dismissive.

Death and Time

Death is a fuzzy concept on the First World. Due to the plane's separation from the regular cycle of souls, most First World natives who "die" on that plane do not pass on into an afterlife, but rather reform after a variable amount of time from the fundamental energies of the plane, often with their memories and personalities intact. Though this isn't always convenient—sometime they reappear so far away as to never meet anyone who knew them or as newborns with limited or no access to previous memories—it's still a far cry from the mortal concept of death. True destruction is possible, via powerful magic, but few fey are willing or able to go so far as to wipe their enemies from existence.

This chaotic form of immortality has limits, however. First World gnomes who die while on the Material Plane, for instance, generally don't get pulled back to their home realm, but rather find their souls sent on to the Outer Sphere and judged by Pharasma—a terrifying prospect to most fey able to understand it. Similarly,

travelers from the Material Plane who die on the First World are still yanked back into the River of Souls. This concept of death as final is something many First World residents struggle to grasp, as are the true consequences of murderous "pranks."

Just as First World fey don't truly understand death, they also have a different relationship with time. With their lack of bounded life spans, why should they bother to keep track of something when they know they'll never run out? To them, tracking time would be like a human keeping track of air. Yet this is only part of the issue.

Time within the First World runs faster in some areas and slower in others, and like the landscape itself, can sometimes be bent and twisted by the whims of powerful individuals. It can also run faster or slower for individual creatures, with entities occupying the same space but moving at such different speeds as to make the faster imperceptible to the slower, while the slower seems inanimate to the faster.

Fortunately, while such chronological incompatibility happens occasionally—providing the inspiration for some of the First World's greatest tragic romances—it is ameliorated by the fact that time tends to bend itself toward the subjective experience of the most powerful entity in the area, as that being forces its sense of time onto those with whom it interacts. Travelers from the Material Plane have a particular advantage in this regard, as a lifetime of experiencing time as a linear, set rate has left them hard pressed to experience the world any other way, and the First World tends to temporally crystallize around such rigid perceptions. While this makes it significantly easier for such foreigners, it also mires any native creatures that wander into their presence in a potentially unpleasant time framework.

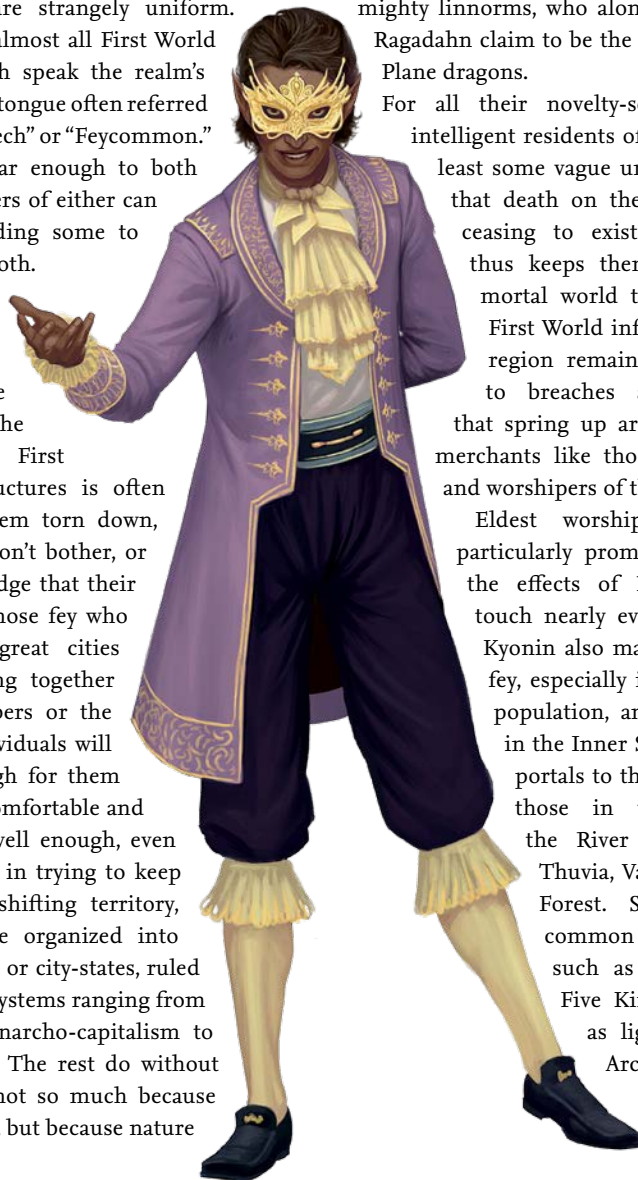
Residents and Culture

While it's common for Material Plane residents to think of First Worlders in terms of the fey they're most familiar with (whether it's satyrs and dryads or pugwampis and mites), to do so is to drastically underestimate the diversity of the First World. Nearly everything found on the Material Plane has an antecedent still living in the fey realm, as well as a horde of close cousins who didn't make the final cut. For example, in addition to familiar wolves, travelers from the Material Plane might encounter hyperintelligent wolves; wolves with tentacles, necks like giraffes, and flippers for diving after fish; or wolves with the ability to spray acid from their mouths. Constant evolution is one of the few immutable principles in the First World, and for every ecological niche, there are a thousand different designs to fill it, in ecosystems that are far more complex than their Material Plane counterparts.

Given all of this, the term “fey” is almost meaningless on the First World, as its only reasonable definition is “an organism from the First World.” While certain properties—like an aversion to cold iron—may be common among such creatures, any attempt to pin down a firmer definition is just asking the First World to present an exception. From dragons to humanoids to magical beasts, if a creature is native to the Material Plane, an analogue likely exists somewhere in the First World. This is even true of humans, elves, and the other intelligent races common on Golarion; while many such populations began as visitors from the Material Plane who settled (or were marooned) in the fey realm, some are actually native, potentially representing earlier prototypes with slightly different traits and abilities. (For advice on handling the rules ramifications of this, see page 57.)

While the residents of the First World are endlessly diverse, their languages are strangely uniform. Racial languages exist, yet almost all First World creatures capable of speech speak the realm’s single unnamed language, a tongue often referred to by outsiders as “First Speech” or “Feycommon.” The tongue itself is similar enough to both Sylvan and Aklo that speakers of either can usually understand it, leading some to believe it’s the ancestor of both.

Fey are often depicted as living in harmony with nature, yet this is less an idealistic stance than a practical one. In the constant upheaval of the First World, building great structures is often seen as asking to have them torn down, and thus most fey either don’t bother, or else do so with the knowledge that their creations are temporary. Those fey who build the First World’s great cities are the exceptions, banding together in hopes that sheer numbers or the patronage of powerful individuals will hold the land stable enough for them to build something more comfortable and lasting. While this works well enough, even the Eldest aren’t interested in trying to keep and hold vast swaths of shifting territory, and most civilized fey are organized into autonomous tribes, villages, or city-states, ruled by a bewildering variety of systems ranging from byzantine socialism and anarcho-capitalism to simple might makes right. The rest do without the trappings of society—not so much because they love the state of nature, but because nature refuses to give them up.



When added together, all of these differences can make First World residents seem fickle, capricious, or untrustworthy in the eyes of Material Plane travelers. Yet whether it’s their seeming disregard for death; their lack of loyalty to a nation, god, or cause; the search for novelty; or their frequent disinterest in achievement and legacies, nearly all of these “chaotic” aspects are in fact merely reasonable and rational cultural responses to their environment.

Around the Inner Sea

In addition to fey, many creatures not traditionally labeled as such first evolved in the First World and later migrated to the Material Plane. While the most obvious of these immigrants are gnomes, evidence also points to everything from plant creatures such as leshys (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 176–180), treants, and vegpepymies, to the mighty linnorms, who along with their dread lord Ragadahn claim to be the ancestors of all Material Plane dragons.

For all their novelty-seeking, however, most intelligent residents of the First World have at least some vague understanding of the fact that death on the Material Plane means ceasing to exist, and self-preservation thus keeps them from colonizing the mortal world too heavily. As a result, First World influence on the Inner Sea region remains generally constrained to breaches and the communities that spring up around them, interplanar merchants like those of the Witchmarket, and worshipers of the Eldest.

Eldest worship among non-fey is particularly prominent in Irrisen, where the effects of Baba Yaga’s fey magic touch nearly every aspect of daily life. Kyonin also maintains deep ties to the fey, especially in their resident gnome population, and many remote groves in the Inner Sea region include small portals to the First World, including those in the Mwangi Expanse, the River Kingdoms, Nirmathas, Thuvia, Varisia, and the Verduran Forest. Such portals are also common in deep mountain lakes, such as those of the Tusk or Five Kings Mountains, as well as lightless trenches in the Arcadian Ocean, or sites like the Coral Caves of Aktet between Osirion and the Isle of Kortos.

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Feysworn

The Eldest appreciate a broad range of talents in their servants. While some of their faithful are traditional divine casters, many more are feysworn—adventurers of all sorts who pledge themselves to the service of one of the fey lords in exchange for magical power. Most common in the First World, feysworn can also be found on the Material Plane among those adventurers and scholars who deal with fey, were raised with a close connection to the First World, or simply appreciate the Eldest's willingness to exchange divine power for souls and service without the burden of excessive dogma.

Hit Dice: d8.

Requirements

To qualify to become a feysworn, a character must fulfill all of the following criteria.

Feat: Fey Obedience (see page 17).

Languages: Aklo, First Speech, or Sylvan.

Skills: Knowledge (planes) 5 ranks.

Special: Must worship one of the Eldest.

Class Skills

The feysworn's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Bluff (Cha), Handle Animal (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (nature) (Int), Knowledge (planes) (Int), Knowledge (religion) (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Spellcraft (Int), and Survival (Wis).

Skill Points per Level: 2 + Int modifier.

Class Features

The following are the class features of the feysworn prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: A feysworn gains proficiency with all simple weapons and with her Eldest's favored weapon. She gains no additional proficiency with armor or shields.

Spells per Day or Spells Known: At the indicated levels, when a new feysworn level is gained, the character gains new spells per day as if she had also gained a level

in a spellcasting class she belonged to before taking the prestige class. She doesn't gain other benefits a character of that class would have gained, except for additional spells per day, spells known (if she is a spontaneous spellcaster), and an increased effective level of spellcasting. If the character had levels in more than one spellcasting class before becoming a feysworn, she must choose to which class she adds the new level for the purposes of determining spells per day.

Feymarked (Ex): Upon death, a feysworn is immediately resurrected and transported to a location on the First World sacred to the Eldest the feysworn worships (at the GM's discretion, the feysworn may be reincarnated instead). From that point forward, the character is held in her living state only by the Eldest's will. While the amount

of service the Eldest demands in exchange varies, if at any point the Eldest becomes displeased enough to revoke this status, the feysworn is immediately and utterly destroyed, her soul energy permanently reabsorbed into the First World. Creatures slain in this manner cannot be resurrected short of deific intervention.

Feysworn creatures are immune to any spell not capable of targeting fey (such as *dominate person*, *charm person*, *hold person*, and any other spells specifically targeting humanoids). This immunity can be voluntarily suspended as per the rules for spell resistance.

Obedience (Ex): A feysworn must select one of the Eldest to worship; once this choice is made, it can't easily be changed (see Ex-Feysworn on page 9). In order to keep the abilities granted by this prestige class (including augmented spellcasting abilities), a feysworn must conduct a daily obedience to her chosen Eldest (see Chapter 2).

Fey Boon: As a feysworn gains levels, she gains boons from her Eldest patron. The nature of the boons varies depending on the feysworn's chosen Eldest. Each Eldest grants three boons, each more powerful than the last. At 3rd level, the feysworn gains the first boon. At 6th level, she gains the second boon, and at 9th level, she gains the third boon. Consult the Fey Obedience feat on



Feysworn

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Reflex Save	Will Save	Special	Spells per Day
1st	+0	+0	+0	+1	Feymarked, obedience	—
2nd	+1	+1	+1	+1	Breacher, feyskinned	+1 level of existing class
3rd	+2	+1	+1	+2	Fey boon 1	+1 level of existing class
4th	+3	+1	+1	+2	Summon fey 1 (<i>summon monster IV</i>)	+1 level of existing class
5th	+3	+2	+2	+3	Alien mind, plane swap	+1 level of existing class
6th	+4	+2	+2	+3	Fey boon 2	+1 level of existing class
7th	+5	+2	+2	+4	Feyskinned (constant)	+1 level of existing class
8th	+6	+3	+3	+4	Summon fey 2 (<i>summon monster VIII</i>)	+1 level of existing class
9th	+6	+3	+3	+5	Fey boon 3	+1 level of existing class
10th	+7	+3	+3	+5	Tear reality	+1 level of existing class

page 17 and the Eldest descriptions in Chapter 2 for details on fey boons. When an Eldest grants a spell-like ability, the feysworn's level for the spell-like ability is equal to her total character level. This ability allows a feysworn to access these boons earlier than normal; it does not grant additional uses of the boons once the character reaches the necessary Hit Dice to earn the boons normally.

Breacher (Ex): At 2nd level, a feysworn gains a constant and instinctive sense of the direction (though not distance) to the nearest breach between the First World and the Material Plane.

Feyskinned (Ex): At 2nd level, a feysworn gains the ability to harden her skin, granting herself DR 10/cold iron for 1 minute per feysworn level each day. This duration need not be consecutive but must be used in 1-minute increments. At 7th level, this DR becomes constant. If the feysworn already has DR 10/cold iron or better, the damage reduction increases by 5.

Summon Fey (Sp): At 4th level, a feysworn can use *summon monster IV* once per day to conjure 1 ekekeh (see page 60) or satyr, 1d3 nuglub gremlins (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2 143*), or 1d4+1 fauns (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3 114*). At 8th level, the feysworn also gains the ability to use *summon monster VIII* once per day to conjure 1 bogeyman (*Bestiary 3 42*), 1d3 nuckelavees (*Bestiary 3 203*), or 1d4+1 escortes (see page 61). At the GM's discretion, specific Eldest may allow feysworn who worship them to summon other fey creatures of equal power with this ability.

Alien Mind (Ex): At 5th level, for a number of rounds per day equal to her feysworn level, the feysworn gains a +4 sacred bonus to one mental ability score and on saving throws against mind-affecting effects. These rounds do not need to be used consecutively. Once selected, the mental ability score affected cannot be changed until the feysworn next performs her Eldest's obedience. Activating or maintaining this ability is an immediate action.

Plane Swap (Sp): At 5th level, the feysworn gains the ability to transport herself and up to one touched willing creature per feysworn level from the Material Plane to the First World or vice versa. This ability can be used once per day as a standard action, and functions as *plane shift*.

Tear Reality (Sp): At 10th level, once per day as long as she is on the Material Plane or in the First World, the feysworn can rip the planar fabric to unleash terrible magical energies. The area of effect is always centered on her (though she may otherwise determine its shape or targets according to the spell's description) and chosen at random from the following spell effects.

d%	Spell
1-17	<i>Incendiary cloud</i>
18-34	<i>Sunburst</i>
35-51	<i>Earthquake</i>
52-68	<i>Fire storm</i>
69-85	<i>Storm of vengeance</i>
86-100	<i>Reverse gravity</i>

Any level-based spell DCs and damage effects are based on the feysworn's total character level (not just her feysworn level). The feysworn herself is immune to the magical effects, but allied creatures are affected unless noted otherwise in the spell.

This ripping of the planar fabric opens a breach to a random location on either the First World or Material Plane, allowing travel between the planes. The breach remains open for 3d6 days before healing.

Ex-Feysworn

A feysworn who goes against the will of her Eldest loses all class features of this prestige class, including all spellcasting ability enhanced by this class (even if that spellcasting ability comes from a class that normally doesn't rely on the approval of a divine patron). She can't thereafter gain levels as a feysworn until she atones for her misdeeds (either through *atonement* or negotiation with one of the Eldest's chosen representatives), or until she appeals to and is accepted by another Eldest (symbolized by an *atonement* spell cast by a worshiper of that Eldest). This is the only method by which she can switch her Eldest patron, and even this may not be sufficient, as the Eldest are generally reluctant to take on unreliable servants.

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First World Magic

Magic on the First World is mutable, confusing, and self-contradictory. The following section attempts to give an overview of some of the issues GMs will want to consider when running a First World game, but should be considered advice and inspiration rather than hard-and-fast rules.

Spellcasting

Spellcasting is unreliable in the First World, especially for religious divine casters, and different GMs may choose to represent this in different ways.

Normal Magic: The simplest way is to ignore the issue altogether—the PCs have such strong wills that they force reality to operate according to their preconceptions, allowing magic to function normally. This is a perfectly reasonable choice for GMs whose parties would find inhibited magic too frustrating to be enjoyable.

Simple Impairment: Spells contacting non-Eldest deities or summoning outsider allies have a high probability (50% or higher)

of failure or acting in unexpected ways. Spells intended to summon non-outsiders summon First World versions instead. All arcane casters must succeed at a caster level check (DC = 10 + the spell's level) to avoid spell failure, while divine casters not devoted to an Eldest must attempt the same check with a higher DC (DC = 15 + the spell's level)—this is in addition to the difficulty discussed above of contacting other planes. Druids, rangers, and others who cast through the power of the Green Faith are unaffected, as are magic items.

Random Magic: Magic is extremely unpredictable. Spellcasters who fail the caster level check presented in

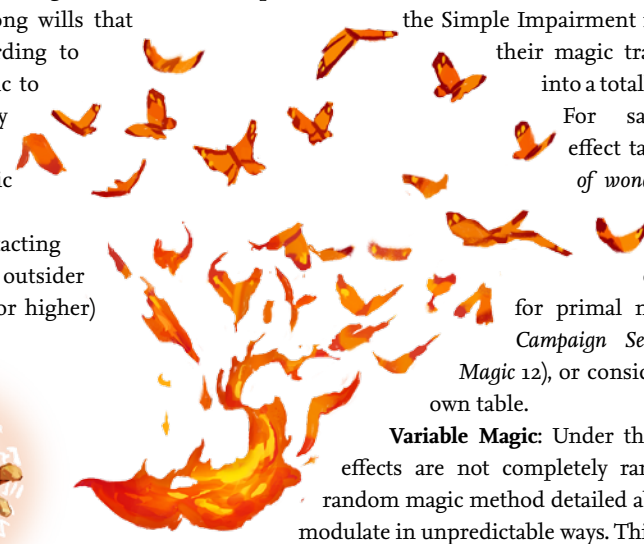
the Simple Impairment rules above have their magic transform instead into a totally random effect.

For sample random effect tables, see the *rod of wonder* entry in the

Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook or the rules

for primal magic (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Magic* 12), or consider making your own table.

Variable Magic: Under this method, spell effects are not completely random as in the random magic method detailed above, but instead modulate in unpredictable ways. This operates as per the simple impairment rules above, but instead of having a spell fizzle, a spellcaster who fails a check rolls on the table below. If a given effect doesn't apply to a particular spell, continue to go down the list until one does. GMs are encouraged to add to or modify the table as they see fit.



d%	Effect
1-7	Damage increases by 50%
8-14	Damage decreases by 50%
15-21	Area of effect expands by 50%
22-28	Area of effect decreases by 50%
29-35	Duration increases by 50%
36-42	Duration decreases by 50%
43-49	Spell affects caster instead of target
50-56	Spell affects caster and target
57-63	Spell affects one additional eligible target (chosen randomly)
64-70	Maximize spell variables
71-77	Summon uncontrolled creature as per <i>summon nature's ally</i> of same spell level
78-100	Random effect (GM's choice)



Shaping

The ability to bend the fabric of the First World to one's whim is an outgrowth of the plane's fundamental mutability and inconsistency, and thus the practice is difficult to codify into a single system of rules. Even on the First World, shaping is an ability learned through trial and error rather than taught—an expression of personality and sheer will—and no two entities go about the process in exactly the same way. The following notes give some general guidelines on how to incorporate shaping into your game, but GMs are encouraged to make the practice as rare or as common as they desire, even changing the rules between encounters to account for shifts in the First World's laws of physics and magic. Some GMs may decide that shaping is strictly for NPCs or First World residents—after all, they've lived their whole lives around the phenomenon, and are naturally more attuned to it than Material Plane visitors. Others may further restrict it to extremely powerful entities like the Eldest.

For those who want to allow PCs to attempt shaping, the key mechanic should revolve around Charisma checks. How many checks are required, how long they take, and the checks' difficulty are left to the GM. As a general guideline, shaping should not be a simple matter—low-level PCs might need to succeed at several checks just barely within their grasp, each one taking a full minute, while high-level PCs might be able to attempt a single moderately difficult (for them) check as a standard action to achieve the same result. Similarly, the complexity or magnitude of a desired result greatly impacts the likelihood or degree of success; a character who wants to shape a bridge across a creek is more likely to succeed than one who wants to carve a path through impassible mountains or make a cliff-top castle crumble into the sea. Whether failure results in nothing happening, partial success (for a near miss), or some unexpected (and potentially unfortunate) side effect is again up the GM.

Most ordinary, low-level residents of the First World are unable to shape the plane beyond the smallest effects, such as shifting the color of a tree's leaves. When they desire larger changes, they generally petition more powerful fey, or else organize a coordinated effort by linking many ordinary fey in a ritual. Most changes made via shaping are temporary unless regularly reinforced by powerful individuals or rituals.

The potential for shaping to unbalance the game by allowing charismatic characters to mimic powerful spell effects means GMs should be very careful in how they implement it, yet shaping can also be a powerful tool for fun. Consider starting out by allowing characters to use shaping to accelerate overland travel, but at the cost of not choosing exactly where they end up (perhaps they arrive in the middle of an interesting encounter).

If you want to experiment with integrating shaping into combat, consider adapting the psychic duels system from *Pathfinder RPG Occult Adventures*, with the resulting manifestations being real (if temporary) rather than strictly mental.

Regardless of how much or little shaping you allow in your game, remember that the goal is for everyone involved to have fun. If shaping is causing problems, you can have it simply stop working, with no explanation required; the First World is fickle that way (and figuring out why shaping no longer works makes for an excellent adventure hook).

Targeting Fey

Since Golarion is a humanocentric world, many common spells developed there were created specifically to target humanoids. On the First World, however, most of the residents are of the fey creature type, making spells like *charm person*, *dominate person*, and *hold person* almost useless. As it would make no sense for a whole plane of fey—notorious tricksters that they are—to be unable to target each other with such basic spells, there are several ways a GM can answer this problem. Both of the solutions below allow fey to cast as one would expect, and allow dedicated PCs to do the same, while still preserving the shock of realizing magic works differently in the First World.

One method is to assume that casters on the First World have different spells uniquely suited to a society of fey. Under this framework, all spells that specifically target humanoids have First World corollaries that specifically target fey. These are unique spells that must be learned as any new spell, with the only difference being the target creature type—see *charm fey* and *hold fey* below, as examples. While fey who deal regularly with humanoids might have the familiar versions of the spells, GMs should feel free to swap out these spells for the fey versions for creatures from the First World, while making PCs learn them the hard way.

Alternatively, if you don't wish to introduce entirely new spells into the game, you can simply replace any spell with “person” in its name with a counterpart with “monster” in its name (i.e., *charm monster* in place of *charm person*) form monsters and NPCs from the First World. While such spells are higher level and may appear to be significant power boosts for creatures receiving the substitution, this shouldn't greatly affect combat with such creatures, as most PCs are humanoid, and therefore already able to be targeted by the lower-level version of the spell. Such a substitution simply adds verisimilitude to fey creatures that primarily interact with other fey in the First World. In this scenario, PCs should still need the versions of the spells that can affect fey to maintain the power curve.



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First World Spells

The following spells may come in handy in the First World, for both residents and visitors.

CHARM FEY

School enchantment (compulsion) [mind-affecting]; **Level** bard 1, sorcerer/wizard 1

Components V, S

Target one fey creature

This spell functions as *charm person*, except it affects a fey instead of a humanoid.

FEY GATE

School conjuration (teleportation); **Level** bard 6, cleric 8, druid 8, sorcerer/wizard 8, summoner 6, witch 8

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)

Duration 1 round/level; see text

Saving Throw none; **Spell Resistance** no

This spell functions similarly to the planar travel function of

gate, except it can be used only to travel between points on the Material Plane and the First World, and comes with additional dangers.

When cast, this spell forms a circular portal between 5 and 20 feet in diameter (caster's choice) oriented in the direction you desire when it comes into being (typically vertical and facing you). The portal is full of gray fog that blocks all sight.

Anyone or anything that moves through the portal is shunted instantly to a random point on the First World (the same point for everything traveling via a particular casting). At the end of the spell's duration, the caster can attempt a DC 30 Spellcraft check. On a success, the portal remains open for 1d4+1 days.

While the spell always deposits travelers on solid ground in the First World, it conveys no protections against whatever creatures or environmental hazards may be present there.

HOLD FEY

School enchantment (compulsion) [mind-affecting]; **Level** bard 2, cleric 2, inquisitor 2, sorcerer/wizard 3, witch 2

Components V, S, F/DF (a small, straight piece of iron)

Target one fey creature

This spell functions as per *hold person*, except it affects a fey instead of a humanoid.

IRON STAKE

School conjuration (creation); **Level** cleric 3, druid 3, inquisitor 2, ranger 2, sorcerer/wizard 3, witch 3

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M (a pinch of iron filings)

Range close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)

Duration instantaneous or 1 round/level; see text

Saving Throw Fortitude partial; **Spell Resistance** no

This spell creates a foot-long spike of cold iron that you fling at your target as a ranged touch attack. The stake is treated as a magic cold iron weapon for the purposes of overcoming damage reduction, and deals 1d6 points of piercing damage for every 2 caster levels you have.

Additionally, if a creature with DR/cold iron takes damage from this spell, it is sickened for 1 round, and must attempt a Fortitude save. If it fails, for a number of rounds equal to your caster level, it must succeed at a concentration check (in addition to any normally required concentration checks) to use any of its spells or spell-like abilities—the DC of this check is equal to 15 + twice the spell's level. If the creature fails the check, its spell is wasted.

LOCATE PORTAL

School divination; **Level** bard 2, cleric 2, druid 2, psychic 2, ranger 1, shaman 2, sorcerer/wizard 2, summoner 2, witch 2

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range 1 mile/level





Area circle, centered on you, with a radius of 1 mile/level
Duration concentration, up to 1 minute/level

When this spell is active, you feel a mental pull in the direction of any active or operable portal leading to another plane within range of the spell. If multiple portals are present, you are pulled only to the nearest one. If moving causes you to become closer to a different portal, you become drawn to that one instead. The spell gives you the direction of the portal only, not a route. Once you are within 10 feet of the portal, you no longer feel the pull, only the portal's presence. The spell does not pinpoint or otherwise reveal hidden portals, nor does it do anything to aid in opening or operating them.

PLANAR ORIENTATION

School divination; **Level** bard 1, cleric 1, druid 1, inquisitor 1, psychic 1, ranger 1, shaman 1, summoner 1, witch 1, wizard/sorcerer 1

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range personal

Target you

Duration instantaneous

This spell helps creatures accustomed to the concrete reality of the Material Plane to navigate within the confusing realities of other planes. When cast, it functions as *know direction*, save that instead of revealing true north, it reveals the direction of the palace or demesnes most associated with that plane or demiplane's ruling god or demigod, as well as a brief and generic vision of that entity's appearance or holy symbol. The spell functions only within whatever plane or demiplane you are located in at the time; for instance, if cast within a specific demon lord's Abyssal realm or on a given layer of Hell, it would point to the seat of power for that demon lord or archdevil, not Lamashtu or Asmodeus. If a plane or demiplane has multiple gods or rulers, such as the Eldest of the First World or Heaven's various Empyrean Lords and deities, it reveals the directions of the closest three, allowing for triangulation.

This spell reveals the location of the god or demigod's official seat of power only, not the entity itself, and if such a location is deliberately hidden via magic of any sort, the spell automatically fails. It does not function on the Material Plane.

Magic Items

The following items can be useful for Material Plane residents traveling in the First World. In addition, GMs looking to take parties to the First World should consider the *astralabe* and the *Witchmarket coin* on pages 16 and 61, respectively, from *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Lost Treasures*.

FEY MAP		PRICE 16,200 GP
SLOT none	CL 9th	WEIGHT —
AURA moderate conjuration		

This stylized and labeled map of the First World constantly

shifts to reflect the relative locations of dozens of major geographical features, settlements, and other key locations. In addition, a tiny icon of whoever is currently holding the map appears at the user's current location, moving to track the bearer's progress as he travels. The map's scale is very large, covering thousands of square miles of territory, and has little detail outside of the artistic representations of key locations. Once per day, the user can fold the map so that his icon touches the icon of one of the named locations; rubbing them together allows the user to instantly transport himself and up to three other touched creatures to a point just outside that location, as per *teleport*.

Most *fey maps* acquired by residents of Golarion show only the region of the First World closest to their world on the Material Plane, but reports of those who have traveled beyond this region suggest that some maps are capable of recalibrating to show new locations unknown even to their creators. It's also not unheard of for strange new locations to appear spontaneously in familiar territory as the First World shifts.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 8,100 GP
Craft Wondrous Item, <i>planar orientation</i> , <i>teleport</i>	

PLANAR GUIDE		PRICE 5,400 GP
SLOT none	CL 3rd	WEIGHT 1/2 lb.
AURA faint divination		



This small brass device is shaped like a compass or clock, and is designed for travel on planes without magnetic poles or set geography. When activated via a mechanical trigger, its geared arms rotate around to point toward the stronghold of either the plane's ruler or the three closest approximations, as per *planar orientation*, with the name or holy symbol of the entity in question appearing on the arm. In addition, pressing a lever on the back side can cause the device to switch over to a portal-finding function that acts as per *locate portal*, with a range of 3 miles.

Planar guides are notoriously tricky to make, and most have a 5% chance each time they're consulted of having their magic twisted to lead the user astray, usually pointing toward a hazard (such as the lair of a dangerous creature). This chance is cumulative each time the guide is consulted, but resets to 5% as soon as the user encounters such a hazard. *Planar guides* without this flaw are rare and can easily cost twice as much as the standard model. At the same time, those with a higher percentage can be significantly cheaper, and are sometimes even given away freely to Material Plane travelers by locals—these last generally direct the user to a specific hazard known by the giver.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 2,700 GP
Craft Wondrous Item, <i>locate portal</i> , <i>planar orientation</i>	



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On the Origin of Gnomes

Gnomes are native to the First World, having risen from the plane's primordial essence when existence was new. (Whether they were created by a specific deity or simply arose by chance depends entirely on which deity you ask, and how generous the deity is feeling that day.) As most Material Plane worlds have a handful of sentient races that dominate each globe through numbers and civilization, so do gnomes form the most populous intelligent race within the majority of the First World. While other fey remain confined to particular ecological or philosophical niches, gnomes appear versatile by design, adapting quickly to nearly any situation and living as comfortably in caves and groves as in vast cities. If gnomes, like other fey, have a concept that defines them, it is this adaptability, the ability to bring civilization (as they understand it) to all corners of the natural world.

Though gnomes have since spread onto other planes—particularly the Material Plane—the First World remains the ideal environment for their creative and spontaneous temperament, with the added advantage of not having to worry about death. Indeed, many gnomes who have gone to other planes refer to the First World as "The Place of No Consequence," and speak of it in reverent and rapturous tones. For those gnomes who reside within the First World, there is neither postmortem judgment nor cycle of souls to interrupt their games. Further, there is no need to worry about the Bleaching, an ailment reserved for those pitiable gnomes on less interesting planes, whose pale thrills and plodding experiences are barely sufficient to keep their spirits alive. For most gnomes on the First World, the tale of gnomes of the Material Plane are themselves a scary, cautionary story to make children appreciate how lucky they are by comparison.

Which leads naturally to the great mystery of the gnomes: if the First World is such a perfect environment for them, why have so many chosen to leave?

Gnomes on the Material Plane

Over the millennia, many different theories have been posited as to why gnomes left their ancestral home in the First World for the drudgery and toil of the Material Plane, where the specter of the Bleaching looms over every interaction, and even the slightest mistakes can have fatal consequences.

Some mortal scholars posit that the Material Plane gnomes left the First World as exiles, banished for rebelling against the power of the Eldest. Others suggest that it was a terrible prank gone wrong or a trick played by the Lantern King. Still others claim it was the result of a plague, a planar quarantine of all those afflicted by the Bleaching, lest that disease spread to the entire First World. The most sensible scholars hold that

Curator's note

Getting a straight answer out of fey is never easy, and thus any text purporting to reveal the secrets of the First World should naturally be suspect. This goes double for pages claimed to have been penned by the Eldest themselves, for it is not in the nature of the fey lords to share their knowledge freely with mortals, any more than our greatest scholars would explain their research to lice. Yet certain verified references in the following folio indicate that these pages may in fact be genuine transcriptions of conversations with—or journal notes from—Shyka the Many, whose incarnations stretch across time eternal. If so, their worth is beyond measure, and an immediate and thorough investigation of the pages' provenance is in order. Given the strange fate of the pages' previous owner, I recommend that the research team include both a magical and a mundane security detail.

—Djavin Vhrest,
Curator of Apocrypha, Forae Logos, Absalom

gnomes simply have it in their nature to explore, and that the presence of breaches allowing passage between the two planes made it inevitable that many gnomes would eventually pass through to see what this strange new place had to offer.

In truth, however, these answers are all right—and all wrong. Gnome immigration to the Material Plane has gone on since the first days of that plane's existence, with individuals passing through for all the reasons posited, from plague to prank. Yet none of these are the reason for the great migration, the gnome exodus that occurred in the year -4202 Absalom Reckoning, which forever established the gnomes as a major part of Golarion's society. For that, we must take responsibility, for it was one of our own, an Eldest, who caused it.

Since the Abandonment, when the gods turned their backs on the First World in order to focus on their beloved Material Plane, our world has remained apart, separate from the workings that connect all the other planes. The River of Souls, which carries the stuff of life from the beginning of everything in the heart of the Positive Energy Plane, through the clarifying filter of mortal existence and thence on to judgment and the realms of the Outer Sphere, does not flow through the First World. We are a backwater, a place infused with too much life yet left without an outlet, endlessly recycling our bits of soul-stuff. Death has little meaning for us, because Death ignores us in turn. Yet while one might reasonably assume that this means the Lady of Graves doesn't care what happens in our little corner of existence, those of us with long memories know better.

Thousands of years ago, one of the Eldest—a brother whose name has now been deliberately forgotten by all but a few—thought to steal from the Gray Lady. Siphoning off a trickle from the River of Souls, he used the energy to give his court of attendant gnomes a semblance of the mortal experience, creating his own miniature cycle of souls. In this scheme, he played the role of judge, setting himself up as the angel of death to a vast cadre of gnomes who worshiped him for the excitement of this new game.

To his surprise, however, his theft did not go unnoticed. Enraged at this hubris, Pharasma plucked the Eldest and his court from the First World, wiping the plane clean of any trace of his mockery. The gnomes she cast into the Material Plane, tying them forever into the cycle of souls, that they might truly know the death and judgment they had been so eager to play at. Whether this was intended as punishment or simply an ironic reminder to be careful what one wishes for is anyone's guess. The Eldest was less lucky. Bound, broken, stripped of his fey godhood, he was taken to serve forever in Pharasma's Court, never again to step foot on the soil of his home—a lesson to all those who would think themselves beyond the reach of the gods.






The Eldest

When the gods abandoned the First World to focus their attentions on the Material Plane and the cycle of souls, they left behind a power vacuum. The fey were like children abandoned by their parents, and like those children, they fought and despaired, tormenting each other in hopes that an authority would appear to make them stop.

Into this void stepped the realm's most powerful remaining residents, creatures that might as well have been gods in the minds of the average fey. Seeking all the same boons that had drawn them to the faith of the original gods—safety, belonging, knowledge, power—the common people not only served these great beings, but worshiped them. In time, these powerful fey learned the trick of granting spells to their worshipers, and thus the Eldest became gods in truth.

*—Kobis Braiarch,
The Lords of the Fey*



Unlike most gods, the Eldest have little interest in their worshippers, save for those who directly serve them. The Eldest are not champions of ideologies or planar warriors, but simply individuals of such massive power that they can afford to throw some of it to the rabble of less important beings on the off chance that they might someday prove useful. Churches devoted to the Eldest are rare, and missionaries almost unheard of—worship of an Eldest is usually solitary, with a prospective congregant seeking to prove himself to an otherwise uncaring god.

Either resenting or appreciating the First World's separation from the other planes, the Eldest have relatively little interaction with the gods of the Outer Sphere or the cycle of souls. (After all, no afterlife is necessary for their First World worshippers.) On the Material Plane, their worshippers—especially fey—are often drawn back to the First World after dying, their soul energy converted into the First World's endless loop of reincarnation. Pharasma, for her part, seems content to allow this, perhaps as part of some ancient deal or reparations for the Great Abandonment. Yet while many mortals might see this as an easy route to immortality, the Eldest are fickle, and are often just as happy to let Pharasma pass judgment on those worshippers unworthy of their attention.

Given the structure (or lack thereof) of their religions, worshippers of the Eldest might be found nearly anywhere on Golarion, but most commonly in regions near breaches or with large fey populations. Such faiths are particularly popular among gnomes, both for the small folk's ancestral ties to the First World and because the general lack of established dogma or strictures makes them easy to adapt to a gnome's particular obsessions. Though the Eldest themselves have nothing against cities or civilization, they tend to be less popular in heavily populated areas, which lean toward more organized and concrete faiths that promise a greater return on investment.

Reading Eldest Entries

Each of the Eldest detailed on the following pages is presented in the same format, starting with a stat block that summarizes the Eldest, gives details on its cult and worshippers, and ends with a list of the three most common boons the Eldest grants to its most devoted followers. This is followed by a brief description of the Eldest's appearance, personality, and relations with other Eldest. Finally, the facing page for each entry contains a detailed overview of the Eldest's seat of power. While many Eldest influence wide regions, or are fundamentally elusive and nomadic, these descriptions represent the sites on the First World most associated with the Eldest, or where they're most likely to be found.

Obedience to the Eldest

While the Eldest rarely seek out worshippers on the Material Plane, it sometimes amuses them to honor the requests of mortal supplicants and bestow great gifts upon them. While not all who offer prayers or sacrifices earn the Eldest's attentions, adherents who make the effort to learn the fey lords' preferred rituals are more likely to pique the Eldest's interests. Even longtime worshippers should be wary of growing complacent, however, for just as the Eldest may assign their favor to seemingly random mortals, they can just as easily take it away if a worshiper's actions no longer align with their unknowable, alien plans.

Proper acts of sacrificial devotion are known as obediences. An obedience is typically an hour-long ritual that must be performed daily, and which does not harm the creature performing it unless stated otherwise. Spellcasting Eldest cultists can integrate their obedience completely with their normal hour-long rituals and methods of preparing or regaining spells—others are free to perform their obedience at any point during the day.

The proper obedience can bring great boons, particularly to the most powerful of an Eldest's followers. The following Fey Obedience feat allows a worshiper of an Eldest to gain access to additional resistances and powers. The feysworn prestige class (see page 8) allows access to the most powerful boons more quickly. In addition, characters using the evangelist, exalted, and sentinel prestige classes from *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Gods* may also use these boons and obediences in order to gain power from a patron Eldest (all three classes receive the same boons).

Fey Obedience

Your devotion to one of the Eldest is so great that daily prayer and offerings grant you special boons.

Prerequisites: Knowledge (planes) 3 ranks, must worship one of the Eldest.

Benefit: Each Eldest requires a different obedience, but each obedience takes only 1 hour to perform. Once you've performed the obedience, you gain the benefit of a special ability or resistance as indicated in the "Obedience" entry for that Eldest.

If you have at least 12 Hit Dice, you also gain the first boon granted by your Eldest upon undertaking your obedience. If you have at least 16 Hit Dice, you also gain the Eldest's second boon. If you have at least 20 Hit Dice, you also gain the Eldest's third boon. Unless a specific duration or number of uses per day is listed, a boon's effects are constant.

Feysworn (see page 8) gain access to these boons at lower levels as a benefit of their prestige class.

If you ever fail to perform a daily obedience, you lose all access to the benefits and boons granted by this feat until you next perform the obedience.



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Count Ranalc The Traitor

CN male Eldest of betrayal, exiles,
and shadows

CULT

Holy Symbol eye with a crescent
moon pupil, often crying a black tear

Domains Chaos, Darkness, Nobility, Travel

Subdomains Exploration, Loss, Martyr, Night

Favored Weapon rapier

Sacred Animal bat

Sacred Colors black, gray

Temples dark places, ruined shrines, sites of betrayal

Worshippers exiles, gnomes, traitors, wayangs^{B4}

Minions ankous^{B4}, bogeymen^{B3}, fetchlings^{B2},
forlarren^{B2}, shadows

Obedience Find or create an area of shadow. While sitting within it, whisper the name of someone you intend to betray or who has betrayed you, and what you wish to do to them. You gain a +4 sacred bonus to AC against attacks whenever you are denied your Dexterity bonus (such as in a surprise round or when paralyzed).

BOONS

1: Dark Deeds (Sp) *shadow weapon*^{UM}
3/day, *death knell* 2/day, or *deeper darkness* 1/day

2: Shadow Travel (Sp) You are one with the shadows, using magic to move easily through the daylight world. You gain the ability to cast *shadow step* three times per day, as well as *shadow walk* one per day.

3: Shadow Army (Sp) Once per day, you can cast *shades*.

Over eons beyond mortal ken, many Eldest have been forced out of power or vanished into obscurity. Yet only one has managed to do both these things and still exert influence over both the First World and the planes beyond.

The creature known as Ranalc—or more often Count Ranalc, for reasons long lost to history—first rose to power in the early days of the multiverse as a physical embodiment of primal darkness and the chaos of creation. Tall and gaunt, constantly wrapped in inky shadow, he was always difficult for the other fey lords to work with,

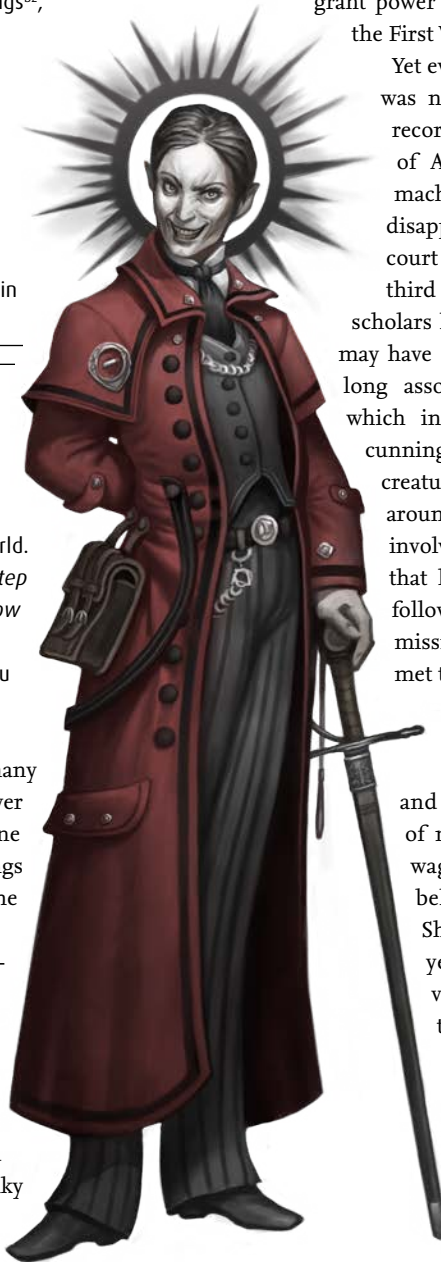


his arrogance born from both power and the knowledge that, in the end, his domain of darkness would consume all things. Still, the other Eldest respected his strength and the necessity of chaos in fueling the fires of existence, which makes it all the more surprising that they eventually banded together to exile him from the plane entirely.

What Ranalc did to rouse the ire—or self-preservation—of the other Eldest remains one of the First World's greatest mysteries, but it was at that point, millennia ago, that he was first given the appellation “the Traitor.” Cast out onto the Shadow Plane, Ranalc shocked the others by refusing to be beaten, instead creating a stronghold within the darkness and embracing his new role as lord of exiles and betrayal. From his darkened realm, he continued to grant power to his followers and influence both the First World and Material Plane.

Yet even then the mystery of the dark lord was not yet complete. Though historical records dating all the way back to the Age of Anguish show evidence of Ranalc's machinations on Golarion, he abruptly disappeared from both his shadowed court and the pages of history in the third century of the Age of Anguish. Some scholars have posited that this disappearance may have something to do with the fey lord's long association with the archwizard Nex, which included periods of friendship and cunning opposition. Certainly the shadowy creatures Nex used to lay siege to Absalom around this time suggest Ranalc's involvement. Whatever the truth, the fact that he continues to grant magic to his followers indicates that, wherever the missing demigod has gone, he has not yet met the same fate as Aroden.

In his absence, Ranalc's followers have been left to their own devices, leading to an even more confusing and self-contradictory faith than that of most Eldest. Some of his followers wage war on creatures of the light, believing that the expansion of the Shadow Plane and its residents may yet return their lord to them. Others view him as a saint of traitors and turncoats, selling their loyalty to those foolish enough to trust them. Still others see him as a tragic figure, martyred to protect the First World from some terrible fate. Regardless of ethos, all receive the same regard—or lack thereof—from their lost lord.





Nighthold

When Count Ranalc was exiled from the First World, his already chaotic realm fell to pieces, his servants turning on each other and structures crumbling as soon as the sentence was pronounced. The ever-churning landscape, however, continued to reflect its former master's personality, his emotions seeming to seep across the planar boundaries even as his new agents used the ruins as a staging ground from which to launch shadowy campaigns in his name.

Today, the realm called Nighthold is a terrifying place of stone ruins and howling winds, its unnatural darkness lit by flames that spring up from the earth. While it once embodied the chaos of creation as well as destruction, its landscape now births only charred and rotted reproductions of its former splendor, its creatures malformed or stillborn. Within Nighthold's borders, the specter of Ranalc's presence looms large, and many neutral and evil fey feel called to the place, while those good creatures who spend too much time within its borders may become twisted and shadowy versions of their former selves. Creatures native to the Shadow Plane are often found here as well, having snuck through frequent breaches and portals that tear themselves open between the planes.

In addition to the shadows created by its residents, roiling shadowstorms constantly rove across Nighthold. These fell phenomena obscure areas as if through large-scale castings of *darkness* or *deeper darkness*, occasionally even accompanied by a cloying substance mimicking the effects of *cloudkill*. Some of the region's most notorious locations are as follows.

The Bleeding Mount: Even during Count Ranalc's residency, his home on the First World constantly shifted, with new buildings rising fully formed or sinking into the ground throughout the acropolis that climbed its central hill. With his exile, however, that hill exploded into fire and ash, sending rivers of mud and lava tearing through the city. While the fury of the initial explosion has never been replicated, the volcano continues to leak fiery streams that wind their way down through the burned-out city. The acropolis remains an eerie ghost town of toppled columns and collapsed cathedrals, home to scavengers, zealots, and desperate fugitives. Though its buildings still vanish into the blasted soil and emerge in new locations and configurations, they always do so as ruins, as if mourning the loss of their lord. This continual recycling and the fact that most of the region's former residents fled or met unexpected ends mean that adventurers bold enough to risk the wrath of Nighthold's rulers can often find recently unblocked or unearthed entrances to chambers sealed for thousands of years, the contents of which have been all but forgotten.

Kyrvost, Shadow of Memory: The shadow-winged assassins known as ankous have only recently come to work as torturers and executioners for all the Eldest. At

the beginning of their race, they knew only one master—Count Ranalc. Under his supervision, they brought death to those who offended their lord, often over and over as their victims were reborn and then slain anew. After Ranalc's disappearance, most ankous sought employment with other Eldest or roamed free, yet a contingent of loyalists remained here in Nighthold, keeping it safe for their master's eventual return. Their residence, Kyrvost, is an enormous well lined with stone and bone, its sides carved with grand chambers and thorned balconies where fresh victims are often impaled while still alive. The ankous' leader **Shoburas** (LE advanced ankou^{B4}) claims to still receive dreams and visions from the missing Ranalc.

Lightline: As it became clear that Nighthold wouldn't simply be swallowed up by the First World's landscape in its master's absence, various Eldest and other residents banded together to create a series of magical lanterns around its edges, as the focus for powerful enchantments keeping the shadowy realm from expanding. Appearing incongruously as tall, elegant streetlamps, these softly glowing artifacts are both a warning to travelers and a mustering point for those who would guard the perimeter against whatever creatures might emerge. Strangely, some of the border's most vehement guardians are lurkers in light, sadistic and malicious fey who nevertheless despise creatures of shadow. Some historians believe that this ancient vendetta is due to the lurkers' sense of betrayal by their former master's establishment of a new realm on the Shadow Plane, or that the Eldest took something from them when he left—perhaps their ability to remain invisible in areas of shadow. According to **Velsik** (NE lurker in light^{B2} rogue 7), the current leader of the lurker defenders, they're simply patriots who don't want to see their home invaded by Shadow Plane filth. Any suggestion that they're searching for something within the ruins is met with a poisoned dagger.

Traitor's Chair: Count Ranalc's literal seat of power remains one of the few sites untouched by Nighthold's constant chaos. Situated on a rocky island in the center of the Bleeding Mount's lava-filled caldera, his throne room stands as a single soaring chamber topped with a dome displaying his crescent-eye crest. While the body of the structure is stone, each of its six walls bears floor-to-ceiling windows of molten glass, its colors shifting to create patterns as it falls in a burning cascade. The throne itself—the Traitor's Chair—sits atop a small ziggurat rising from the floor, its frame composed of solid shadow. Legend says that any creature who can sit in the chair and survive will find Nighthold bending to its will as the newest Eldest, either on their own merit or as a reincarnation of the lost master. Regardless of which theory is correct, so far every creature to risk sitting on the Traitor's Chair has been swallowed up by a sudden expansion of its shadows, never to be seen again.



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The Green Mother The Feasting Flower

NE female Eldest of carnivorous plants, intrigue, and seduction



CULT

Holy Symbol sensual female lips wrapped in briars

Domains Charm, Evil, Earth, Plant

Subdomains Caves, Decay, Growth, Lust

Favored Weapon sickle

Sacred Animal none (carnivorous plants)

Sacred Colors green, red

Temples forests glens, spider nests, tree houses

Worshippers courtesans, druids, hedonists, spies

Minions dryads, mites, nymphs, plant creatures, satyrs, spiders

Obedience Seek out the most verdant plant life in the immediate area and achieve sexual release amidst it, either alone or accompanied. At the moment of climax, whisper a secret belonging to someone else. This secret must be different every time. You gain a +4 profane bonus on saves against mind-affecting effects.

BOONS

1: Compelling Presence

(Sp) *charm person*
3/day, *enthrall* 2/day, or
suggestion 1/day

2: Subtle Influence (Sp) You can cast *dominate person* three times per day, though you don't need to share a common language with the target to give it complex commands.

3: Beguiling Touch (Sp) You can cast *dominate monster* once per day. If you make a successful touch attack against the target as part of the casting, the save DC of the spell increases by 2.

From the elegant flower that draws in the bee to the bioluminescent lures that call deep-sea fish to the slaughter, seduction is an integral part of the natural world, bringing both pleasure and pain. No creature embodies this idea better than the Green Mother.

The Green Mother resembles a beautiful humanoid woman with bark-like skin and green hair, her features a constantly shifting mix of elf, dryad, and

nymph. As befits the Eldest most associated with simplistic human ideas of nature, her body regularly changes to incorporate natural features: hands becoming gnarled roots, hair becoming a literal waterfall, or skin suddenly becoming a mirror-smooth pond capable of sucking in and drowning an unfortunate lover.

Travelers from beyond the First World are often quick to cast the Green Mother in one of two lights: either as the villainous temptress of morality plays or as the equally deadly seductress of bawdy tales (contributing to such thinly veiled sobriquets as “the Feasting Flower” and “the Hungry Blossom”). Yet the Green Mother is not merely a creature of lust. Rather, she is the seduction of nature incarnate, the caution to the unwary. She is the rolling landscape that calls to the wanderer, the primal need that leads salmon to spawn and die, the mantis gnawing on the corpse of her mate. She is both the flower's bloom and the inevitable death that follows. To attempt to define her via mortal concepts of morality is to miss the point entirely.

To the Green Mother, desire and intrigue are two sides of the same coin, and thus her court is the center of news and gossip in the First World. She enjoys entertaining guests, and tolerates her legion of lovers so long as they facilitate the gathering of information and don't try to trade to heavily on her favor. She is a master puppeteer, pulling strings that affect events even far beyond the First World's borders. Though her sense of humor is dark, and many see evil in her tricks and traps, the Green Mother sees herself as merely impartial, helping to guide natural selection by uncovering and exploiting weaknesses. If the practice amuses her as well, surely she deserves such a small reward.

The Green Mother finds it expedient to stay on good terms with the other Eldest, who all value her intellect and information but know better than to trust her beyond her own self-interest. Over the ages, many have tasted the delights of her bower, though in recent centuries she's fixated on the Lost Prince, who has steadfastly refused to acknowledge her advances or schemes.





The Hanging Bower

All forests may rightly be said to belong to the Green Mother, yet her personal domain is the Hanging Bower, located deep within the endlessly shifting Silkwood. Here, the feasting halls and pleasure chambers of the Green Mother's court hang high above the forest floor, suspended from the trees' canopies by ropes of silk woven by monstrous spiders. Even the floors of these chambers are often made of taut silk as strong as iron, combining with innumerable colored lanterns and the forest's perpetual twilight make the Hanging Bower an exquisite realm of half-glimpsed faces and suggestive shadows.

While the Bower is home primarily to the forest fey and enormous spiders that make up the Green Mother's permanent retinue, it welcomes travelers and guests from all across the First World and beyond, and few adventurous souls can resist experiencing its legendary revels. Information and physical pleasure are worth more than gold here, and an adventurer or ambassador capable of keeping her wits about her can learn much of use. Of course, many who have thought themselves masters of their passions and baser urges have found themselves willingly broken in the curtained boudoirs of the fey, forsaking old oaths in favor of new ones more to the Green Mother's liking. Still, the Green Mother's court values novelty, and most of those who come to explore the Hanging Bower are allowed to leave again, provided they show proper respect and are suitably entertaining.

Those entering the Hanging Bower are likely to be stopped by the resident spider guards, and any who seek an audience with the Green Mother must first match wits with her majordomo **Efas Threehorns** (NE male satyr enchanter 9), a limping and quick-tongued satyr whose two large horns sweep up and back like a gazelle instead of curling.

Several of the Bower's notable locations appear below.

The Bloodpetal Throne: As befits the patron of carnivorous plants, the Green Mother's throne is not some construct of wood and iron, but rather a living plant—a flytrap of immense size. The mistress of the Hanging Bower lounges within its fringed jaws on a damp, fleshy tongue the size of a bed. In addition to being the literal seat of power, the throne is also an enforcer within the Green Mother's audience chamber, extending forth on a long stalk to devour those who anger her. Yet there's clearly more to the throne than meets the eye, as the Green Mother will sometimes command the great mouth to close down around her and remain inside for moments or weeks at a time, with no one in the court having any idea what goes on inside. Most rumors assume the throne harbors a portal, or some sort of rejuvenation pod. Occasionally the Green Mother takes others with her into the throne's interior, but other than the Eldest, those around whom the jaws close are rarely seen again.

The Cavern Wombs: Not all of the Mother's realm hangs from the trees. Far below the Bower's silk floors, the forest loam is pocked with openings to a large cave complex. Home to the Mother's pet spiders, as well as mites, gremlins, and other subterranean fey, the Cavern Wombs are heated by deep geothermal springs, making their walls constantly warm and dripping with condensation. Fungus of both intelligent and more mundane varieties grows rampant in the smooth-walled tunnels, and the fey above regularly bring garbage and corpses down here to facilitate both growth and decay—two of the Green Mother's favorite things. While the fey of the Wombs are far from organized, all bow to the will of **Ouro** (NE male awakened advanced giant tarantula^{B2}), King of the Dripping Dark and captain of the Green Mother's defenses.

The Sardscar: While the origins of many of the living weapons called the Tane have been lost to modern memory (see page 54), the provenance of the first great sard (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 237)—also called “the Witch-tree” or “Storm of Insanities”—remains all too clear. Here, at the edge of the Hanging Bower, the forest is blasted and burnt, an entire grove shattered and blackened as if each tree had been struck by lightning. The Green Mother combined the rage of sky and earth in crafting the original sard here, to punish an affront that none were allowed to record or remember on pain of eternal torment. Though other sards have since been employed across the planes by the Eldest, the original sard now stands dormant in the center of the burned-out clearing, a gnarled mass of poisoned thorns and crackling lightning, a fell guardian ready to stride forth should the Green Mother ever again require its tortured service.

The Silkstring Spire: This narrow tower of shimmering gossamer extends up from the tallest tree in the Silkwood, its needle point visible for miles around. From here, the Green Mother observes both her own realm and those of others, either from narrow pocket-balconies or inside the cocoonlike walls, where images from all across the First World and the planes beyond are projected according to her whims.

At the heart of this silken aerie floats the Green Mother's greatest possession, the *Tangled Knot*. Appearing as a ball of thread and twine, it hovers silently in the air, constantly shifting its axis of rotation according to unknown signals. Hundreds of strands of varying sizes extend from the ball, seemingly stretched taut, yet disappearing after only a foot or two into tiny, half-visible portals in the air. By plucking these strands—which she calls her “tethers”—the Green Mother is better able to influence and keep tabs on key individuals under her sway. Legends say that she coerced a triumvirate of norns into giving her the strings for her ball, thereby dooming all those whose fates they originally represented, but no one save the Green Mother knows the truth.



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Imbrex The Twins

LN Eldest of endings, statues,
and twins



CULT

Holy Symbol clasped hands whose forearms bend and merge together, creating a loop

Domains Community, Earth, Law, Strength

Subdomains Family, Home, Metal, Resolve

Favored Weapon dire flail

Sacred Animal animals that hibernate or go into stasis

Sacred Colors gray, silver

Temples arches, standing stones, statues

Worshippers builders, changelings^{B4}, prophets, twins

Minions *escorites*^{*}, *gerbies*^{*}, *leanan sidhe*^{B4}, medusas

Obedience Carve or sculpt a figurine, then split it in two and repair it or bind the pieces together. You gain hardness 1 for the next 24 hours as your skin stiffens and takes on a gray pallor.

BOONS

1: Blessing of the Twins (Sp) *ill omen*^{APG} 3/day, *mirror image* 2/day, or *hold person* 1/day

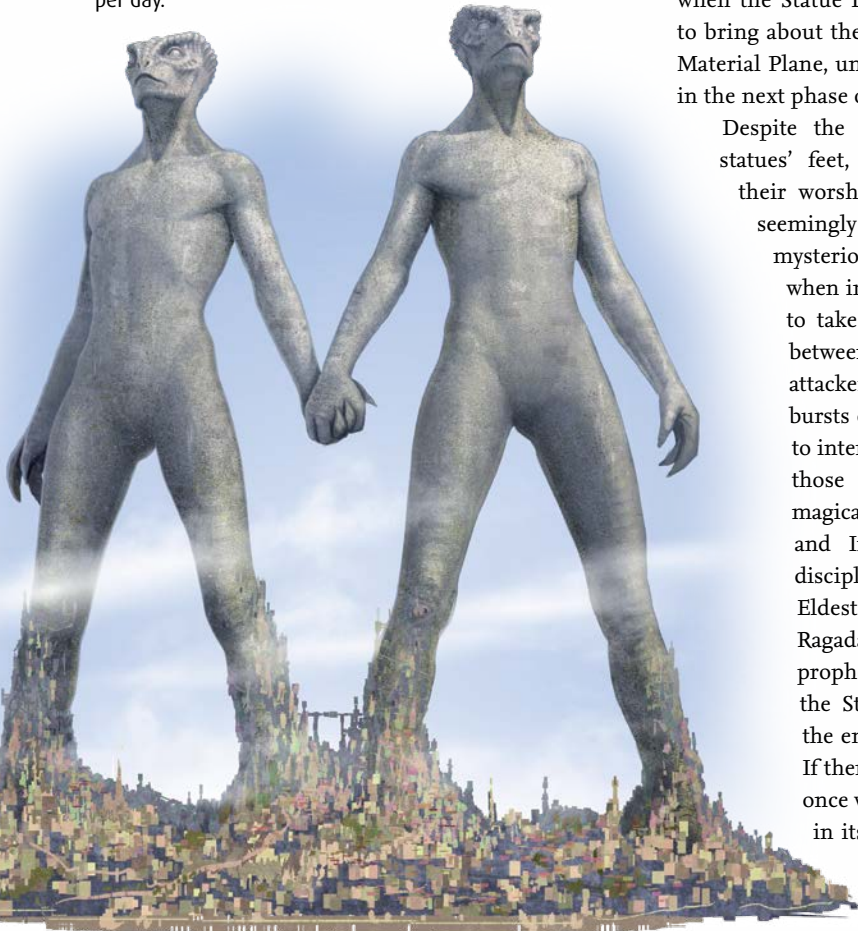
2: Statuesque (Sp) You can cast *statue* three times per day.

3: Endbringer (Sp) You can cast *storm of vengeance* once per day.

Standing hundreds of feet high, the twin statues known collectively as Imbrex are simultaneously the most and least accessible of the Eldest. True, the Statue Lords can be found and approached easily enough, yet even those who live in the city sprawling over and around the Eldest's feet have no idea when or how the unmoving demigod might answer their prayers and questions.

The entity called Imbrex takes the form of two immense statues of identical androgynous humanoids, their abbreviated features and smooth skin suggesting a vaguely reptilian nature. Whether these statues are in fact the Eldest's bodies or simply monuments in which their consciousness resides remains an enigma, as does the question of whether the Twins are siblings sharing some sort of hive mind or a single creature split into two bodies. Regardless, for as long as the Twins have stood, they have never been seen to move or change expression. To most observers, the only signs of their sentience are the booming telepathic commands capable of shattering minds or elevating them, as well as the strange, addictive dreams that leak out into the area around the statues, sometimes taking on physical substance. Though Imbrex has remained silent on the subject, many First World residents—including other Eldest—believe that when the Statue Lords finally deign to walk, it will be to bring about the end of both the First World and the Material Plane, unmaking them both in order to usher in the next phase of creation.

Despite the teeming city of Anophaeus at the statues' feet, Imbrex appears to care little for their worshippers, often rewarding or punishing seemingly random actions with equally mysterious magical effects. On those occasions when invaders or revolutionaries have sought to take the city, the statues have alternated between doing nothing and savaging the attackers with reality-altering dreams or bursts of psychic energy. Many seek or claim to interpret the dreams of the Twins, yet even those few adherents consistently granted magical boons are rarely given tasks outright, and Imbrex seems content to let their disciples pursue their own ends. Of the other Eldest, Imbrex confers most frequently with Ragadahn and Magdh, as their attention to prophecy and lost cultures ties in well with the Statue Lords' only apparent interest—the endings of things both great and small. If there's any truth to the rumor that Imbrex once wore a different shape and was trapped in its current motionless form by another Eldest or an outside god, the Twins either do not seek vengeance, or else already took it long ago.





Anophaeus

Anophaeus is often referred to as the First City, and given both its age and the First World's status as precursor to the Material Plane, there may even be some truth to this claim. Initially constructed ages ago as a sacred resting place for pilgrims devoted to the Statue Lords, Anophaeus is now a bustling metropolis, with all the commerce and politics of a normal city. The city's residents generally call themselves Children of the Twins, but most consider the demigod's dreams more of a natural resource than a source of religious ecstasy, and the Eldest's occasional edicts simply the price of doing business. For other citizens, however, the dreams leaking from the statues' vast consciousness are more vibrant and addictive than any narcotic, and the city's gutters are crowded with those too obsessed with such dreams to properly care for themselves.

Unlike most settlements in the First World, where architecture tends toward the fantastical, Anophaeus's construction is deliberately modest and mundane, and wouldn't look out of place in Material Plane cities. The oldest and most prestigious parts of the city are those districts climbing up over the feet and legs of the god-statues, with the rest spilling out around them in a rough circle. While several builders have found ingenious ways to wrap structures around Imbrex's ankles or otherwise affix their work to the Twins, any attempts to anchor construction by drilling into the demigod's stone flesh is strictly prohibited, for fear of rousing the Statue Lords' ire. Directions in the city are often given using the statues as landmarks. Though the church hierarchy has angrily opposed any attempts to name the statues independently (as Imbrex has never deigned to answer questions about the issue), most citizens describe the statues in terms of right and left (from Imbrex's perspective), and in fact terms like "godright" and "godleft" are more common in the city than nebulous concepts like north and south.

Below are some of Anophaeus's most notable locations.

Church of the Twins: True religion may be rare in the First World, but that doesn't mean that its organizational structure isn't sometimes popular. It is perhaps unsurprising that, as the most distant and inscrutable of the visible Eldest, Imbrex also has the most conventional church. The geographical center for these eclectic ecclesiastics is the Church of the Twins, an ancient cathedral built on the left statue's right foot. The first structure ever constructed in the city, the church is a soaring, bicameral affair, with two identical naves and altars connected by arching footbridges of stained glass. Sermons are delivered from both pulpits simultaneously and in unison, with the presiding priests using magic to link their minds, the better to imitate their mysterious lord. The current heads of the church are **Caehorys** (LN male First World* gnome wizard 9) and **Vashe** (N female First World* gnome oracle^{APG} 11), twins whose piety is

matched only by their cunning in navigating church politics. While many in the city resent the self-proclaimed clergy's meddling in city governance—especially given the cult's preoccupation with apocalypses and other dramatic endings—the church is also the primary group offering charity and shelter to those dream-addled addicts crowding the city's slums, so few challenge it outright.

Dreamshapers' Guildhouse: Not everyone who listens to the dreams of the Twins does so with religious intent. To some, the Eldest's dreams are clearly a source of esoteric power and knowledge, if they can be deciphered. These latter are welcomed by the Dreamshapers' Guild, a secular alliance of arcanists, psychics, and other researchers devoted to oneiromancy and deific cryptography. The guildhall itself is a long wooden building that winds like a vine around the right ankle of the right statue, with tiered, square-roofed towers stretching out from it at extreme angles over the drop. The Dreamshapers welcome everyone, but never for free, and those who wish access to the secrets gathered by senior members had best have something equally valuable to offer in return (even if only their service in dangerous tasks or experiments). Standing in the guild is directly proportional to the quality of discoveries one is willing and able to share with other members. The guild's guiding council is the Synod of Truth in Dreams, usually just called the Synod. At the moment, the most prominent member of the Synod is **Jenway Nightblossom** (CN female leanan sidhe^{B4}), a savvy dealmaker who uses her magic to enhance others' talents in exchange for the chance to share in their discoveries.

Speaker's Steps: Anophaeus's government is relatively small, and controlled in large part by an uneasy alliance between the Dreamshapers' Guild and the Church of the Twins. When decisions need to be made, both parties send delegations to this large recessed brick amphitheater positioned between the two statues in order to make and hear arguments. Decisions are reached by public acclaim, which means bribery and shows of force are common tactics. Regular citizens are also welcome to make speeches, but forcing the two organizations to pay attention to matters not directly affecting their own interests usually involves rabble-raising and bringing enough people to the steps that the issue can no longer safely be ignored.

Twinhome: Twins of all sorts are considered lucky in Anophaeus, and thus the city has an abnormally high number of them. The wealthy merchant **Anopo** (CG male satyr expert 4) takes this tradition one step farther, and twins are frequently invited to live for free in his sprawling manor house, the better to bless his many deals. He also sponsors an enormous orphanage for twin children of all races, even those from other planes, though many have suggested that he is his own best customer, as several of the children share features with both him and recent adult residents of his house.



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The Lantern King The Laughing Lie

CN male Eldest of laughter, mischief, and transformation

CULT

Holy Symbol golden lantern containing colored lights

Domains Chaos, Charm, Madness, Trickery

Subdomains Deception, Love, Lust, Thievery

Favored Weapon dagger

Sacred Animal firefly

Sacred Colors black, gold

Temples solitary lanterns in isolated or unexpected places

Worshippers gnomes, proteans^{B2}, shapeshifters, tricksters

Minions gerbies*, gremlins, pixies, remaceras*, satyrs, will-o'-wisps

Obedience Light a small lantern and tell it a joke or the story of a prank you played on someone—this must be a different joke or story each time. You gain a +4 sacred bonus on saving throws versus illusions.

BOONS

1: Prankster's Touch (Sp) *disguise self* 3/day, *hideous laughter* 2/day, or *suggestion* 1/day

2: Transform Others (Sp) You can cast *polymorph any object* once per day.

3: Anyone and Anything (Sp) You can cast *shapechange* once per day.

Even on a plane filled with tricksters and illusions, the Lantern King is a prankster without peer, making the lives of those he touches more interesting—often at their expense.

The Lantern King usually appears as a 1-foot-wide ball of floating golden light that shifts in color when making a point or expressing emotion, sometimes circled by glowing runes in the shape of a coronet. His form has led many to suggest that he was the original archetype for lantern archons or else the progenitor of all will-o'-wisps—both claims he laughs off without answering. Other than his name, the only outward sign of the Lantern King's gender is his voice, a booming, merry



baritone. While his preferred form as a ball of light is his most common and thus presumably true appearance, the Lantern King is also fond of transforming into the shapes of other creatures for the purposes of mischief, up to and including impersonating other Eldest.

According to the Laughing Lie, his sole purpose is to make the First World less boring, preferably with the injection of a little good-natured chaos and confusion. Unfortunately for the plane's other residents, what amuses the Lantern King isn't always comfortable or pleasant, and even his "good-natured" pranks can be deeply inconvenient. For instance, the Laughing Lie might help a man whose house burns down by hiding a valuable magical sword in the ashes or the Eldest might transform the man into a fish, so that he need never fear fire again. While such japes play into the Lantern King's legend as capriciousness embodied, those who have spent significant time in his company—no small feat—report that beneath the random, manic joviality is a cunning mind capable of working at a scale far beyond that of lesser creatures. Indeed, it's possible that major events across the planes, up to and including the gods' abandonment of the First World, may be the result of a Lantern King scheme that has yet to play out in its entirety. Among the other Eldest, the Lantern King is afforded cautious respect, as not even his equals are entirely safe from his sense of humor. He particularly enjoys tormenting Ragadah and the Lost Prince for being overly serious, and shares a mysteriously close friendship with Ng. He reserves the most respect for Shyka, as the master of time has seen the Lantern King's schemes succeed or fail in a thousand timelines, and is thus difficult to fool. As for lesser creatures, the Laughing Lie cares little for his worshipers, though he's happy to lend power and aid to those whose exploits tickle his inexplicable fancy. To many First World residents, the expression "to meet the King" means to find oneself subject to strange fortune, and those who seek out the Laughing Lie are rarely the same afterward.



The Witchmarket

If the Lantern King can be said to have a realm, it is the wandering roads and pathways of the First World, where unsuspecting travelers may stumble upon him floating slowly along, either alone or in the company of his fairy court. Given the First World's constantly changing nature, the fact that any roads consistently go where they're supposed to is seen as evidence of the Lantern King's hand, though, of course, he's also blamed when such roads lead travelers astray.

That said, there is one settlement of which the Lantern King is particularly fond. Constantly roving the byways of the First World, the Witchmarket is a traveling caravan of merchants and performers that migrates between portals and breaches to the Material Plane, setting up temporary camps in order to sell their wares to planar wanderers. While most of this business is done in good faith—or what passes for it in the First World—both the customs and the wares of the Witchmarket can seem bizarre to foreigners. Gold and other currency rarely hold much interest for the fey, and those who trade in wonders often require magic items, new spells, or dangerous services in return. In addition to these obviously valuable offerings, however, some merchants charge seemingly nonsensical prices: a true love's name, the ability to see the color blue, a single breath, and so on. These “fairy prices” have long been enshrined in Material Plane fables and morality plays—usually with the protagonist discovering the significance of the offering only too late—yet in reality many mortals never learn the ultimate purpose of what they've bargained away. For more sample fairy bargains, see page 53. For information on the planar travel talismans called *Witchmarket coins*, which allow the bearer to pass between the Material Plane and the Witchmarket, see *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Lost Treasures*.

Below are several of the Witchmarket's most legendary locations and occupants.

The Crone in the Cart: Though the membership of the Witchmarket is constantly shifting, with different merchants joining up or abandoning the caravan, the market's undisputed leader is **Aggys, the Crone in the Cart** (N female unique norn^{B3}). An ancient woman in a fancifully painted wagon, Aggys directs the Witchmarket's wanderings—often predicting in advance where a breach or traveler from another plane will appear—and makes sure that the merchants' practices remain generally fair to customers. Her own establishment offers only one thing: the ability to look into customers' futures, determine what they need most, and sell it to them. The fact that these items are often not what petitioners expect them to be, and that the prices she asks are dangerously steep and paid in full before the information is granted, ensure that only the truly driven and desperate seek her out. Yet as far as anyone knows, she has never been wrong.

The Laughing Muse: Artists and spellcasters looking for a quick route to greater achievement often find themselves in the silk-draped chambers of the Laughing Muse. Here, a consortium of leanan sidhe (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 4 180) wearing bird-faced masks use their magic to grant customers dramatic advances in their abilities, often signified via small tokens or discreet tattoos. While the Laughing Muse is full of breathtaking art and items of vast magical power, the sidhe who call themselves the Muses are not paid in gold or services. Instead, they slowly drink the life from their customers at a distance, according to a rate set down in a contract. As this life force can be replaced via magical healing, and the contract is entered into freely, no one within the Witchmarket sees these deals as evil, though the consequences can be significant for signees who don't take precautions.

The Memory Market: Memories have power, and those who seek to buy and sell such commodities can often be found in the cluster of tent stalls called the Memory Market. Here, bottled memories are bought and sold, offering the purchaser rare firsthand knowledge of events both significant and mundane, some thousands of years old. Some stalls, such as Occupo's Flashbacks, sell customers their own memories, magically helping the clients remember things they've forgotten or allowing them to temporarily relive certain experiences. Yet as useful or titillating as such remembrances can be, the most popular area is by far Hoya's Tent of Lost Things, where the mysterious proprietor offers to sell buyers items from their past—things that were lost or destroyed long ago, somehow relocated or replicated the moment the customer enters the shop. While most customers assume that the shop full of familiar and beloved items is an illusion of some sort, the items themselves function normally and appear quite real. Rumor has it that Hoya sometimes sells lost people as well as objects—perhaps through the use of *resurrection* or doppelgangers—though the morality of such deals would be highly questionable at best.

The Questing Tree: This dwarf oak tree rides in a sturdy cart full of dirt, pulled by a team of multicolored oxen. Instead of acorns, however, its branches droop with questing objects, including everything from treasure maps to magic compasses to partially solved puzzles and magic-winged daggers. The Questing Tree's caretaker and proprietor, **Halama** (N female dryad bard 5), personally guarantees that every item plucked from the tree's branches—for a fee, of course—comes ready to lead adventurers to fame and riches, if they're bold and skilled enough to see it through. Halama herself is often able to offer snippets of the lore surrounding each item, but has no interest in pursuing the quests herself. Instead, she prides herself on one hundred percent customer satisfaction (for no one has ever returned to complain).

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The Lost Prince The Melancholy Lord

N male Eldest of forgotten things,
sadness, and solitude

CULT

Holy Symbol crumbling black
stone tower

Domains Knowledge, Madness, Nobility, Repose

Subdomains Ancestors, Insanity, Martyr, Memory

Favored Weapon quarterstaff

Sacred Animal raven

Sacred Colors black, gray

Temples forgotten places, ruined towers, solitary boulders
or standing stones

Worshippers depressed people, hermits, historians, orphans

Minions awakened giant ravens, banshees, escorites*,
expatriates, nihilists

Obedience Write down a memory
on a piece of paper and then burn
it. This must be a memory you've
never used for this purpose or told
anyone about. You gain a +4 sacred
bonus to AC and CMD against attacks
of opportunity provoked by moving
out of a threatened space.

BOONS

**1: Knowledge of the Lost
(Sp)** *identify* 3/day, *locate
object* 2/day, or *crushing
despair* 1/day



2: Forgetfulness (Sp) Three times per day as a standard
action, you can alter a creature's memories as per *modify
memory*, except that doing so takes only a standard
action regardless of how much time is edited. By
expending two uses of this ability at once, you can modify
up to 1 hour of the creature's memory; by expending all
three uses at once, you can modify up to 1 day.

3: Absolute Solitude (Sp) Once per day, you can cast
imprisonment.

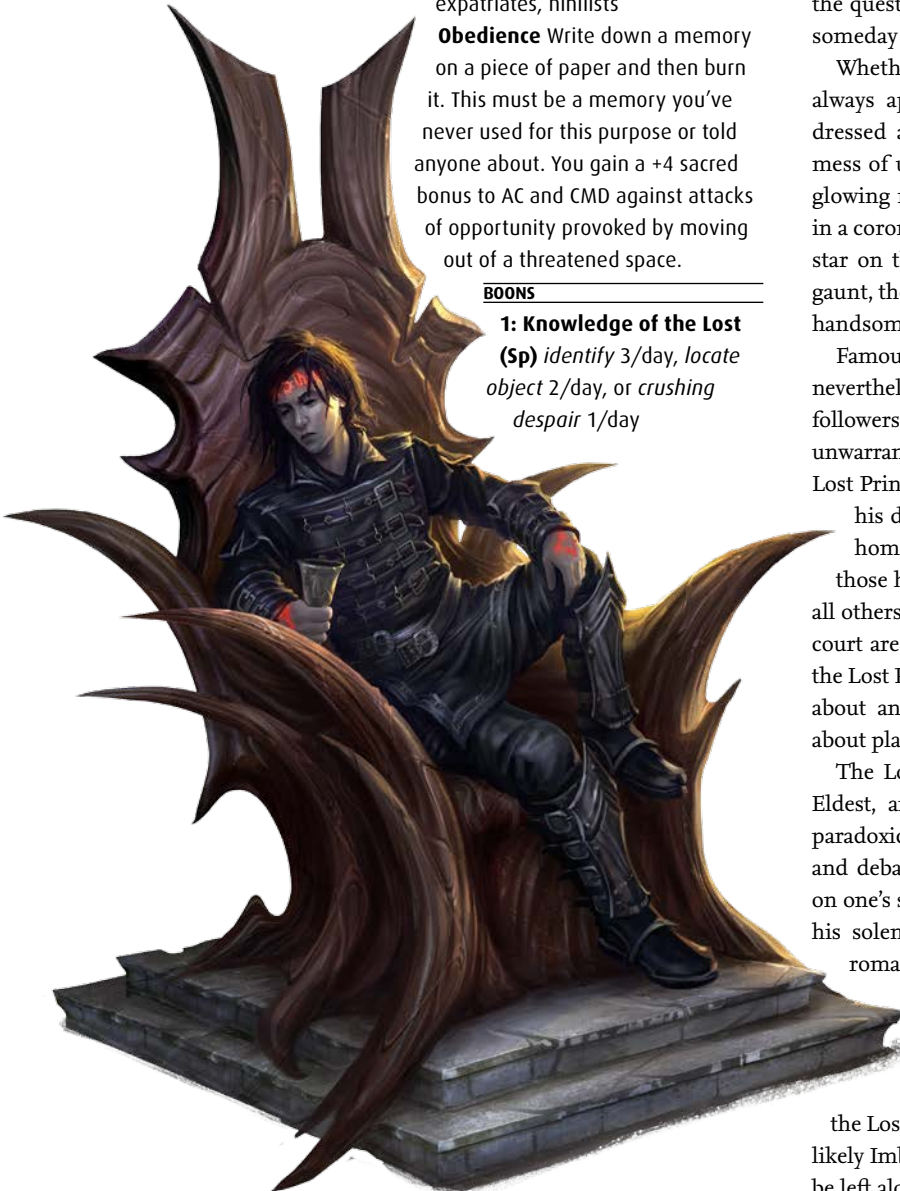
While no one can claim to know the origins of the Eldest, the Lost Prince is persistently rumored to be the only one not from the First World. The nature of his birthplace—some world far distant on the Material Plane, a demiplane long since lost to the Maelstrom, or another reality entirely—is a subject of much whispered debate, as is the question of why he left, and when and how he might someday return.

Whether or not it's his original form, the Lost Prince always appears to his subjects as a pale human man dressed all in black, with completely black eyes and a mess of unruly black hair. The only bits of color are the glowing red symbols that seem tattooed across his brow in a coronet-like band, or the similarly glowing 4-pointed star on the back of each hand. Despite being painfully gaunt, the Lost Prince has delicate features that might be handsome, if not for his constant frown.

Famous for his constant melancholy, the Lost Prince nevertheless has a large coterie of devoted servants and followers. While the love of these attendants might seem unwarranted by the thankless Eldest, the truth is that the Lost Prince has a tendency to quietly aid those who share his depression, particularly those who have lost their homes or families. He never admits to such acts, and those he helps receive the same surface-level disdain as all others, yet those who have found a second home in his court are fierce in their defense of his character. Though the Lost Prince himself rarely expresses much enthusiasm about anything, he has a keen interest in information about planar travel and the history of the multiverse.

The Lost Prince has no particular friends among the Eldest, and remains neutral in most matters, yet this paradoxically makes him the center of many schemes and debates among his peers, as getting the Lost Prince on one's side is a great boon. Magdth and Shyka appreciate his solemnity and knowledge, and the Green Mother's romantic interest is only heightened by his constant refusal. Ng has been known to frequent his libraries—with neither Eldest acknowledging the other's presence—while Ragadahn and the Lantern King find his demeanor intolerable. If

the Lost Prince has a favorite among the other Eldest, it's likely Imbrex, whose stoicism pairs well with his desire to be left alone.





The Crumbling Tower

Tall, brooding, and piercing the sky with its gothic spikes and spires, this jet-black stone tower shifts location regularly, and is usually found far from the homes of the other Eldest. As befits its name, this vertical castle's cracked and crumbling edifice constantly showers the ground around it with masonry, yet never quite collapses.

Below are some of the Crumbling Tower's most notable features.

The Bridge: Whether it's on a lonely mountain peak or hidden in a fog-shrouded valley, the Crumbling Tower inevitably has a single stone bridge leading to its front gate. Narrow and precarious, this smooth stone expanse may stretch across anything from a conventional moat or channel filled with aquatic beasts to thousand-foot crevasses or streams of lava.

The Helix: It's immediately apparent to all who enter the Helix that it must be an extradimensional space or it stretches the elasticity of the First World to its limit, for in no way could it otherwise fit within the Crumbling Tower. Diminishing into seeming infinity in either direction, the Helix is a round, vertical shaft of stone 40 feet across. A freestanding iron staircase spirals up its center, close enough to the walls to access the built-in wooden bookshelves that line the tower's insides in an endless ribbon, corkscrewing up and down like the stripes on a barber's pole. Every 30 feet, a bridge extends to a door in the wall. How the Lost Prince navigates this vast library is anyone's guess, as all the doors are identical, and no matter which one is opened, it always leads back out to the same room in the palace. Similarly, the shelves don't appear to have any obvious organizational strategy, yet the Lost Prince never fails to find what he's looking for. According to some loose-tongued staff, the fact that he sometimes leads petitioners up or down the staircase for hours before finding the correct tome could easily be some sort of joke, rather than a physical necessity. If the staircase has an end, no one but the Lost Prince has ever seen it, and some legends say that the Helix's far ends lie in whichever reality he originated from.

The Parapets: Spiked crenellations and catwalks ring the tower's cluster of steeply pitched roofs. While the entire tower is actively crumbling, this section is the most precarious, with stones regularly sloughing off in a whistling bombardment of those on the ground. Few servants ever ascend to these heights, as they are accessible only by ladders built into the tower's exposed face and protected by intelligent, monstrous ravens that nest in the shadows of its eaves. Anyone foolish enough to attack the tower would also have to contend with the array of unique magical siege engines that grow spontaneously in the roofs' crevices.

The Scaffolding: While the tower's constant decay is a danger to any who might be standing beneath a falling

parapet, the tower itself discreetly regenerates new chambers and walls quickly enough to keep from toppling completely. This does nothing to stop the tower's many servants from showing their love for the Lost Prince by trying to shore up portions of the tower via manual labor, and the scaffolding that frequently wreathes the tower's lower portions are as much a cathedral dedicated to the Lost Prince's worship as a construction site.

The Servants' Floors: Many of the tower's lower levels are given over to housing for the tower's staff—a somewhat misleading term, as most tasks within the tower are handled by half-formed humanoid shadows referred to by the residents as the tower's avatars. Instead, most of the Lost Prince's servants are in fact those orphans or other sufferers who have received his aid at some point and sworn themselves to his service. In addition to symbolic service within the tower, many of the residents often do real work for the Lost Prince by acting as his emissaries to other fey courts or as adventurers tracking down those lost works and magical items that manage to temporarily rouse the Eldest's interests. **Kelamin Sufaya** (NG male human ranger 14) currently leads these latter individuals, who sometimes call themselves the Prince's Hounds. While membership in the Hounds is a sacred duty, Kelamin isn't above hiring promising freelancers to take on jobs when he's short-handed or in need of particular skills.

The Solar: No one but the Lost Prince is ever allowed within his private quarters on the topmost levels of the tower. While the floors have many windows, anyone looking through them sees only a flat plane of darkness, and those foolish enough to reach a limb through find that the darkness appears to be some sort of one-way portal, allowing things in but not out. While it's possible that someone might pass through entirely and be fine, the number of curious servants who have lost a limb from accidental contact keeps most from attempting to spy on their lord's private business.

The Throne Room: When not in his private quarters, the Lost Prince spends most of his time slumped on his throne, quietly drowning his sorrows in the finest vintages of fey wine. The surrounding hall is enormous, with great pillars of black stone rising to the arched ceiling, yet the Eldest keeps the place empty save for a few trusted attendants and those visitors he deigns to meet. Getting such an audience, however, usually involves first convincing **Willin** (LN male First World* gnome bard 11), the Lost Prince's notoriously shrewd castellan. Those who make it inside are often struck by the sight of the throne itself, a massive monstrosity of blackened and twisted wood seeming to grow from the stone of its raised dais. Rumor has it that the throne is more than just a chair, as it pulses with strange crimson energies whenever the Lost Prince leaves it, an echo of the unknown magic in the runes that mark the fey lord's hands and brow.



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Magdh The Three

LN female Eldest of complexity, fate, and triplets

CULT

Holy Symbol green three-pointed knot

Domains Knowledge, Law, Luck, Rune

Subdomains Curse, Fate, Thought, Wards

Favored Weapon scythe

Sacred Animal multi-headed animals

Sacred Colors blue, green

Temples forest ponds, hot springs, oracular shrines

Worshippers oracles, planar travelers, prophets, seers

Minions choxani⁶, faerie dragons⁶³, hags, norns⁶³, multi-headed creatures

Obedience Paint two dots above each ear to represent Magdh's three sets of eyes. Cast leaves, bones, or coins into a bowl of clear water, and attempt to divine meaning from the way they land. You gain a +4 bonus on Intelligence-based skill checks.

BOONS

1: Secret Knowledge (Sp)

identify 3/day, *augury* 2/day, or *clairaudience/clairvoyance* 1/day

2: Sight Beyond Time (Su) You constantly see a few moments down your own line of fate, and thus are never surprised or flat-footed. In addition, you gain a +2 insight bonus to AC and on Reflex saves.

3: Baleful Revelation (Sp) You can cast *prediction of failure*^{UM} once per day.

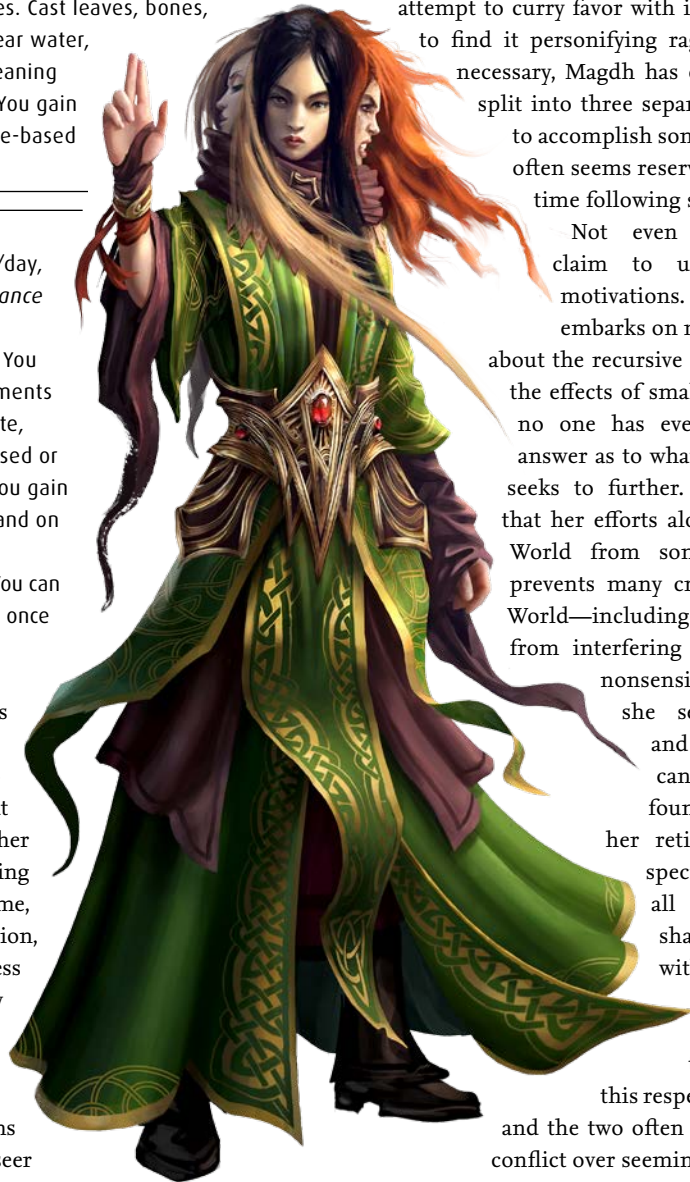
If Pharasma is the goddess of fate, then Magdh is the patron of foreknowledge—and the complications that arise from it. While other Eldest focus on gathering or controlling secrets, time, or forbidden information, Magdh watches the endless tangled lines and interplay between rippling realities, following chains of events back to their origins and into strange culminations on distant planes. She is a seer



among seers, the mother of paradox, and even the other Eldest sometimes beseech her for interpretations of her maddeningly opaque visions, for it's said that in her forest pools Magdh has glimpsed the ends of all things, including the Eldest themselves.

Magdh, often known simply as the Three, takes the form of a robed humanoid woman with three faces set equidistantly around her head, the hair framing those faces by turns black, red, and blonde. These faces swivel to address the object of her attention at seemingly random intervals, sometimes mid-sentence, spinning her head in complete circles without apparent ill effect. Though not actually a collective consciousness like Shyka, Madgh's faces appear to represent different aspects of her personality, though not always the same one—a supplicant who notices the red-haired face radiating maternal affection in one interaction might attempt to curry favor with it the next time, only to find it personifying rage or humor. When necessary, Magdh has even been known to split into three separate women in order to accomplish some task, yet the Eldest often seems reserved or less lucid for a time following such separations.

Not even the other Eldest claim to understand Magdh's motivations. Though she often embarks on meandering diatribes about the recursive nature of reality and the effects of small changes over time, no one has ever gotten a straight answer as to what goal Magdh herself seeks to further. The popular belief that her efforts alone protect the First World from some grave cataclysm prevents many creatures in the First World—including the other Eldest—from interfering with the seemingly nonsensical quests on which she sends her minions, and the Three herself can sometimes be found traveling with her retinue on errands of special importance. Of all her peers, Shyka shares the deepest bond with the Three, due to their shared understanding of time and fate, but this respect can be a tense one, and the two often appear to be in cold conflict over seemingly trivial details.





The Forest Pools

Magdh's personal lair, the Forest Pools, can usually be found deep in the Weeping Wood, so named for the trees' tendency to collect shining coats of fat droplets from the ever-present mist, which they then unload down the backs of travelers' necks or onto attempted campfires. The Forest Pools themselves are a series of ponds spread throughout an open, grassy glen, ranging from pools the size of dinner plates to small lakes, all separated by natural causeways and arching rock bridges. Thick mists rise up to form a ceiling over the clearing, preventing it from being found from the air unless Magdh allows it.

Magdh keeps few retainers, allowing only a handful of norns—perhaps even the same three individuals taking different shapes—to attend to her in reading the future in the prophetic pools. Those pilgrims whom Magdh eventually allows into her presence—usually after an interminable time wandering in circles in the Weeping Wood—are seen to by the glen's only other permanent residents: a flight of multi-headed faerie dragons. These creatures delight in good-naturedly tormenting travelers, but are always instantly serious when it comes to carrying out Magdh's orders. The Eldest, for her part, directs most of her attention to the pools, in whose surfaces and ripples she reads events and warnings beyond any mortal ken. No one knows the criteria by which she decides who will receive glimpses of her opaque knowledge (usually in the form of koans or indecipherable riddles), yet the tolls she exacts for this knowledge can range from a word or a button to one's most cherished possession or the beating heart of a forgotten king. Most scholars believe that the value Magdh finds in these payments is not inherent in the items, but rather the effects that giving them up will have upon the pilgrim's future actions, thus subtly shaping the multiverse's timelines. This similarity to the bargaining tactics of the Witchmarket's Crone in the Cart has also led to rumors that the old woman is Magdh's daughter, but neither entity has ever confirmed or denied this.

Below are a few of the most notable locations within the Forest Pools.

Choircrag: From the center of the glen's largest pool rises a rocky, roughly pyramidal stone crag, atop which stands a gnarled and naked oak. The Pools' resident faerie dragons make their home here, nesting together in a constant rambunctious riot. The island itself takes its name from the tiny dragons' practice of singing together every morning to greet the light, which Magdh allows to pierce the mists in a single bold shaft illuminating the tree. The dragons maintain a rough hierarchy based on both personal merit and number of heads, with the current leader **Yaelorin** (CG female unique fairy dragon^{B2}) having six heads and a correspondingly weighty

wisdom—for, as the dragons say, if she can convince all of her heads of an idea, it *must* be the right choice. While most of the dragons never leave Magdh's realm save on the Eldest's inexplicable errands, occasionally one will attach itself to a visiting spellcaster as a familiar—though whether this is a rebellious personal choice or yet another mission for Magdh is anyone's guess.

The Mist Door: When Magdh desires to leave her home, she usually does so by means of the Mist Door. Coalescing out of the foggy shroud around the pools, this portal can be any size, but always takes the same shape: a trilithon with two stone dragons facing each other across the massive lintel. Magdh has the ability to summon the door at will, either wherever she is or anywhere throughout the First World as both invitation and transportation for those with whom she would confer. Yet the door also appears to have a will or logic of its own, appearing all across the plane and transporting creatures between places for its own reasons. While many presume that its appearance is a sign of Magdh's will, others whisper that the two are more partners than master and servant, and that the door may in fact be the direct manifestation of the will of the pools or the First World itself.

Nornhome: One story regarding Magdh's origin suggests that she was originally three separate norns who—intentionally or unintentionally—bound themselves together into a single powerful entity. Whether or not this tale has any merit, the Eldest does seem to have an affinity for norns, allowing them to assist in her pool-gazing divinations. Nameless as far as any outsiders can tell, these norns dwell in a strange structure that's half inverted tower and half a wasp's nest or cocoon of wood and stone, hanging like a pendulum from the branches of a huge tree at the glen's edge. The norns themselves come to and from this lair via their *wind walk* ability, though a few boastful supplicants claim that the mist itself forms into a staircase for those the norns invite inside.

The Pools: No one knows whether the prophetic abilities of the Forest Pools are a natural feature or a physical outgrowth of Magdh's own powers, but not even the other Eldest would dare to look in their waters without the Three's permission. From the pools' banks or bare stone causeways, a chosen few can peer down through the rising mists into the perfect blue waters and see glimpses of other places and times, but these visions rarely coalesce in any coherent fashion. Several famous fairy tales speak of items contained within the tiny lakes—swords and spellbooks that rise from the waters on misty hands or strange staircases spiraling down into their depths—but just as often these stories end with the drowning of those unworthy who would loot or cheat the Eldest and her domain.



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Ng The Hooded

N male Eldest of the seasons,
secrets, and wanderers



CULT

Holy Symbol silver hood

containing stars and a comet

Domains Knowledge, Magic, Travel, Weather

Subdomains Exploration, Seasons, Thought, Trade

Favored Weapon gauntlet

Sacred Animal migratory animals

Sacred Color silver

Temples crossroads, stones cracked by weather, trees that have partially changed color

Worshippers constructs, farmers, secret-keepers, travelers

Minions brownies^{B2}, bulabars*, constructs, grigs^{B2}, huldra^{B4}

Obedience Wear gloves or a veil at all times. As long as you have followed this stricture for the last 24 hours, you gain a +4 sacred bonus on saving throws against effects that damage, drain, or penalize ability scores.

BOONS

1: Pass Freely (Sp) *expeditious retreat* 3/day, *invisibility* 2/day, or *blink* 1/day

2: Planeswalker (Sp) You gain the ability to cast *plane shift* once per day.

3: Home at the Crossroads (Sp) Once per day, you can cast *maze*—the resulting extradimensional labyrinth takes the form of an endless network of empty roads running through a lonely forest. Conversely, you can also choose to target yourself with this ability, in which case you travel to the same extradimensional crossroads yourself, along with any willing targets within 100 feet, and can stay there indefinitely without needing food or drink. Anyone brought there by this second method can leave the crossroads at any time by willing it, but cannot return without another use of this ability.

Taciturn and mysterious, Ng the Hooded is the patron of those wanderers who—unlike happy-go-lucky Desnans—understand the seriousness of what they do, cognizant of the physical dangers of the open road as well as the larger metaphysical dangers such freedom represents. As with every traveler met on a lonely road far from civilization, the Lord of the Crossroads is an

enigma. While many Eldest and gods like Norgorber concern themselves with secrets, Ng's are perhaps the greatest, as even his most steadfast worshipers have no idea what he truly is, nor what ends he might be pursuing. Indeed, the Hooded rarely acknowledges his worshipers at all, leading some to question whether he's actually responsible for granting spells to those who pray to him.

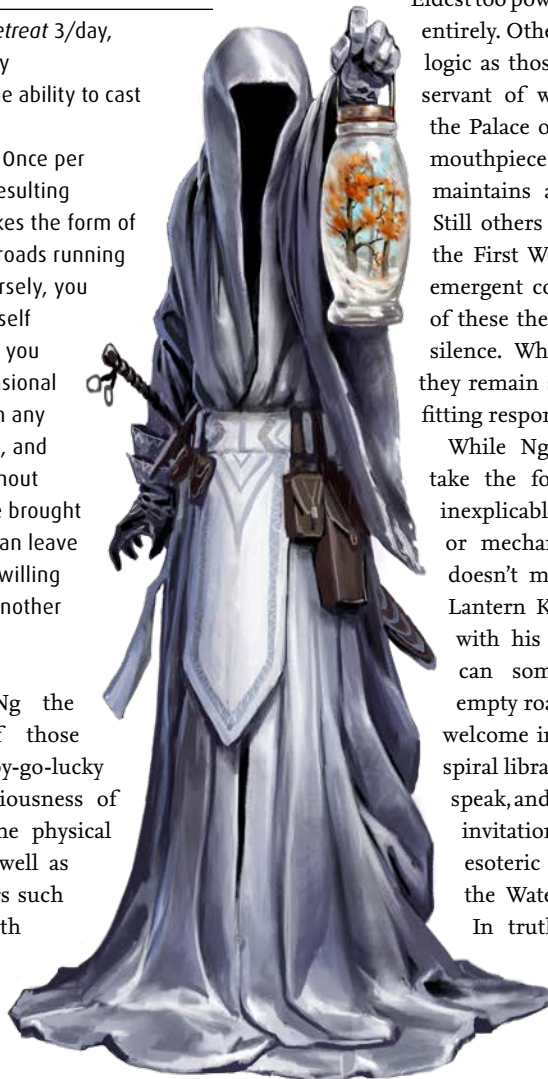
Ng always appears as a humanoid figure draped in flowing silver robes that cover his entire body save for his hands, and whose cowl shields his face in perpetual darkness. Though generally thought of as male, the Eldest is similar to the Lantern King in that the only marker of gender is his voice, which always sounds detached and dispassionate. The only visible part of his body is his hands, always garbed in delicate silver gloves, and those who have noted signs of his passing find just the swishing trail of robes, with no sign of footprints.

Ng's seemingly aimless wanderings and inscrutable questions have led to many theories about his nature. Some paint him as a ghost, the shade of some forgotten

Eldest too powerful to abandon the First World entirely. Others cite his endless patience and logic as those of a clockwork automaton, a servant of whatever distant being created the Palace of Seasons, or perhaps even the mouthpiece through which a departed god maintains a hand in the plane's affairs. Still others believe him to be the voice of the First World itself, the avatar of a vast emergent consciousness. Ng has heard all of these theories, and met them with stoic silence. Whatever his nature or motives, they remain solidly and silently his own—a fitting response for a lord of secrets.

While Ng's social interactions tend to take the form of unexpected questions, inexplicable statements, and either alien or mechanically logical reasoning, that doesn't make him without friends. The Lantern King shares a mysterious bond with his fellow wanderer, and the two can sometimes be found traversing empty roads, deep in conversation. He is welcome in the Crumbling Tower and its spiral library, though he and its lord rarely speak, and he regularly accepts Ragadah's invitations to share and investigate esoteric lore, seemingly unaffected by the Water Lord's tempestuous moods.

In truth, all of the Eldest welcome his visits, albeit warily, for there's no way to know what a social call from the Hooded might portend.





The Palace of Seasons

This onion-domed citadel rises out of the bleak Thoraso Desert, far from any road or track. Walls of dun-colored sandstone curve up and out like the petals of a vast stone flower, broken by enormous golden gates carved with the image of a lotus. Inside, the grounds are barren sand, the perfectly preserved buildings empty save for Ng and the invisible servants that may or may not be purely magical creations. While Ng can often be found within the palace's walls, which is why it is widely regarded as his domain, he maintains that the site is not actually his home, merely a place he is watching over for an unnamed other.

Below are some of the palace's most notable locations.

The Artist's Hall: This long, high-ceilinged corridor, weaves through much of the palace, with occasional porticos and small courtyards filled with stone sculptures of plants. Along the hallway's walls hang large, exquisitely rendered paintings of different types of creatures with their skin and musculature flayed off, enhanced with illusion magic so that the creatures move, the better to show off their inner workings. While grisly, these elaborate images of vivisections seem less a sadist's dream and more akin to blueprints or anatomical diagrams. More unsettling still is the pictures' tendency to spontaneously alter themselves to resemble perfect, half-flayed representations of viewers or their loved ones.

Cathedral of the Unknown: Beneath the palace's largest onion dome lies this churchlike chamber, bathed in alternating stripes of blue and gold light from stained glass set in the dome above. Stone pillars in the shapes of trees line the walls and support the dome, their branches flickering with powerful illusions that garb them in green leaves one moment and autumn colors the next, occasionally interspersed with stranger raiment, such as flames, thorns, or glistening bone. Opposite the arched doorway into this room stands a throne 20 feet tall, its blocky design formed from hundreds of stone cubes exactly 1 foot on a side, each seemingly floating unsupported an inch from any others. Most scholars assume that the throne was made for whoever originally constructed the palace, and while Ng refuses to name that individual, he is quick to acknowledge that the throne is not his. Rumors speak of visitors having glimpsed Ng in this chamber, speaking to a shifting, twisting hole in space floating above the throne's center, but direct questions about these incidents have so far gone unanswered.

The Manifold Door: Three separate staircases lead down to a basement chamber beneath the Palace of Seasons. Humming with electricity, a metal archway of overlapping plates stands here, fed by conduits stretching from its feet to strange machinery embedded in the walls and floor. Within the archway hangs a flat sheet of light, its color shifting at random. According to Ng, this portal is capable of sending travelers anywhere within

the First World or beyond, though without him directing its energies there's no way of knowing where someone entering it might end up. It's for use of this door, more than anything, that the desperate most often seek out the Palace of Seasons, undertaking whatever tasks the Eldest asks in return for being able to step into some faraway place, be it a prison, a treasury, or even a remembered dream. For the shrewd, however, the Manifold Door is not the only portal of interest in this chamber; while three walls are taken up by the stairways leading to the surface, the fourth contains a thick metal hatch with no apparent means of opening it, which only Ng has ever passed through. What lies beyond is anyone's guess, though the sounds of whirring machinery suggest that the ability of the Manifold Door may be the least of the technological marvels hidden beneath the palace.

The Patterns: Not even magic is able to translate the strange hieroglyphics that mark the walls of many of the palace's buildings. While some scholars have thrown up their hands and declared the markings senseless decoration, or the incoherent ramblings of a lunatic, others still believe that the inscriptions—which spiral their way around entire buildings or crawl across courtyards and up columns in seemingly random courses—are in fact a code laid down at the same time as the building's foundations. To solve the puzzle, they insist, would be to uncover the secret of Ng's unnamed other, and perhaps shed new light on the origins of the First World and the multiverse itself. While little progress has been made so far, a repeated image of an orb with a thorn stretching inward is believed to represent the Outer Sphere, with the thorn being Pharasma's Spire.

The Vault of Seasons: Scholars often think of seasons as a purely physical phenomenon, the result of a planet's axial tilt. Yet the laws of the Material Plane were only one potential design of many, and reality could have turned out quite differently. In the heart of the Palace of Seasons, an enormous rectangular hall contains a seven-by-seven grid of stone podiums, each of which supports a heavy glass bell jar, carefully labeled in a neat hand. Floating in stasis within each jar is a pulsing, colorful cloud. These are the nascent seasons that never saw implementation on the Material Plane, and those visitors who stare into their depths can catch illusory glimpses of what they might have looked like if allowed to run free. No one (except perhaps Ng) knows who created these prototypes—or, if they evolved independently, who bottled them—yet each bottle comes with a suggestive title: the Season of Growth and Death, the Season of Mist, the Season of Dreams and Ancestors, the Season of Carnivorous Light, and so on. Near the center stand four empty jars labeled with Golarion's familiar seasons, yet only a few rows away are the shattered remains of an unknown fifth, its label burned into illegibility.



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Ragadah The Water Lord

CE male Eldest of linnorms, oceans,
and spirals



CULT

Holy Symbol blue ouroboros

Domains Chaos, Evil, Scalykind, Water

Subdomains Ancestors, Dragon, Oceans, Venom

Favored Weapon whip

Sacred Animal sea snake

Sacred Color blue

Temples reefs, sea caves, sea cliffs, small islands

Worshippers kelpies^{B2}, linnorms, lizardfolk, sailors

Minions ekekehs^{*}, linnorms, nixies^{B3}, sea serpents

Obedience Use the tooth of an aquatic animal to scratch a spiral into your skin, while letting a drop of your blood diffuse into a body of water or fall into a bowl of clear water. You gain a +4 sacred bonus on saving throws against the spells, spell-like abilities, and supernatural abilities of creatures with the aquatic or water subtype.

BOONS

1: Water Mastery (Sp) *marid's mastery*^{ARG}
3/day, *abolet's lung*^{ARG} 2/day, or *hydraulic
torrent*^{APG} 1/day

2: At Home in Water (Sp) You gain a swim speed of 30 feet. If you already have a swim speed, increase it by 10 feet.

3: Wear the Sea (Sp) You can cast *seamantle*^{APG} once per day.

Many adjectives can describe Ragadah, but “humble” is not one of them. Fond of titles, he is also called the Serpent King, the Water Lord, and even the Father of Dragons. This last is considered heretical by most metallic and chromatic dragons, yet many linnorms pay homage to him as their progenitor, and few of the great dragons—or anyone else—would dare enter the First World’s deep seas and oceans without his permission.

Ragadah himself resembles an enormous, streamlined linnorm with

flippers instead of legs, his scales a deep, shimmering blue-green. While his home is the deep trench-city of Karaphas, he claims all of the seas and lakes of the First World—and, to some extent, of the Material Plane—as his personal realm. All creatures who live in or enter deep waters are thus subject to his authority, though in truth he cares little for the dealings of ordinary fey or mortals, and few ever glimpse his majesty. That said, any land-dwellers wishing to speak with him are best advised to call his name from a sea cliff or peninsula rather than approach his home directly, lest they be accused of trespassing.

Most stories of the Water Lord tend to caricature him as the epitome of draconic arrogance, yet these are quick to note his wisdom as well—for despite his tempestuous nature, Ragadah is a consummate scholar of the unknown and unknowable. He believes that life first arose in the oceans, and that the secrets to eternity and existence remain in their depths. He’s fond of symbolism, particularly the unending ouroboros and the ever-descending spiral, and behind his fearsome facade lies a keen mind and a wealth of knowledge regarding extinct aquatic cultures from across the planes.

In regard to the other Eldest, Ragadah is deeply intrigued by Magdh, and fond of sharing esoteric lore with both Ng and Shyka. He has little patience for the Green Mother, the Lantern King, or the Lost Prince (finding them too petty, irreverent, and pouty, respectively). He says little about Imbrex, but many First Worlders believe the Water Lord knows more about the Twins’ strange goals than anyone beside the Statue Lords themselves.

Of all the Eldest, Ragadah is the one who most frequently leaves the First World to travel the oceans of the Material Plane or peruse the libraries of Axis. He’s rumored to have sired children with mortal creatures of all sorts on these travels, though these powerful offspring receive no particular favor from the Water Lord.





Karaphas the Drowned

Deep at the bottom of the darkest trench in the Cerulean Sea lies Karaphas the Drowned. Built by unknown but obviously non-humanoid residents, the city's soaring bridges and domes have lain at the bottom of the ocean for so long that it's no longer clear whether the city was a surface settlement that sank in a vast cataclysm or one always intended to rest in its current position among the tube worms and scuttling bottom-feeders. Though the city remains lit by globes of magical light, the streets and buildings are corroded and encrusted with mollusks, and few intelligent creatures are bold enough to scuttle through chambers that Ragadahh has claimed for himself.

Just as no one knows who built the city, no one knows why it holds the Water Lord's attention so firmly, though most believe that the Eldest is searching for something within its sunken chambers. No one but Ragadahh himself is allowed within the city's borders without his express permission, and to even request entrance is to risk being devoured. Of course, this pertains only to creatures smart enough to know the rules, and a huge variety of unintelligent sea creatures exist here in a surprisingly robust ecosystem, with many specimens seemingly unique to the area.

Below are some of Karaphas's most notable landmarks.

The Memory Palace: A few structures in Karaphas retain trapped bubbles of air within their chambers, but only the Memory Palace has magic that actively replenishes it. Behind doors of tarnished bronze, the halls of this huge building are as dry as a desert, the better to protect its thousands of manuscripts. Instead of housing shelves, the vaults and chambers of Ragadahh's so-called Memory Palace were constructed to store books and scrolls along the spiraling sides of giant columns that crisscross its vast spaces at strange angles. Ragadahh has steadily added to this chaotic collection with his own horde of texts, many of which are literally priceless. Though Ragadahh is capable of changing his shape into any number of forms more appropriate for traversing this building's labyrinth of corridors and ladders, he finds doing so both inefficient and undignified. To that end, he quietly recruits lesser creatures to act as his custodians and translators. The former he merely blinds so that they can't read his texts, while those whose linguistic skills he requires he magically dominates or binds to his will. While rumors whisper of powerful entities bargaining their way into his stockpile of knowledge, all agree that nothing less than the direct protection of another Eldest allows such a visitor to leave again with her mind intact.

Morpho's Tower: While Ragadahh is legendarily jealous in guarding the sunken city, he's not above making the occasional exception when it suits his interests. For the last

hundred years, **Morpho the Sage-Eel** (N male siyokoy^{B3} bard 5), long regarded as one of the most knowledgeable scholars in the Cerulean Sea, with a specialty in aquatic archaeology, has been allowed to indulge his fascination with Karaphas. This access comes with a price, of course—all information about the city's secrets must be shared with the Water Lord only; this doesn't faze Morpho, who remains amiable and approachable. Like most of his kind, he has a superstitious aversion to living within the city, and instead resides just outside its walls in a tower built from the vacant shell of an enormous auger snail. Within its high-spired, pearlescent walls, he entertains those folk from the Sunken Court who come seeking his advice.

Ragadahh's Temple: Located near the center of the city, Ragadahh's lair is a massive, stone-columned affair stretching five stories high and clearly meant to be accessed via several large, elegant arched bridges now in various stages of decay. Ragadahh himself spends most of his time in the cavernous, tiered space beneath the central dome, a chamber designed to hold hundreds of creatures, though not even Ragadahh truly knows whether it was intended as a temple, a seat of governance, a theater, or something else entirely. Most of the space has been redecorated with Ragadahh's personal collection of curios and artifacts. Halfway up the wall at the room's base, an embedded silver seal depicts a shape like an oil lamp on a wreath of leaves, strangely unharmed by untold millennia of submersion. Those who have been allowed access to the Water Lord's inner sanctum speak of ghostly whispers that echo periodically in its abandoned halls, and of the wing that Ragadahh himself has sealed off and fears to enter.

The Sunken Court: Despite Ragadahh's legendary temper, a wide variety of creatures have flocked to Karaphas to curry favor with the Water Lord. These individuals—both native fey and Ragadahh's faithful from across many worlds—have set up a ramshackle sprawl of temporary structures in a half-moon shape around one edge of the city, careful to never venture past the wall of sentry stones that marks the border. **Linrae** (NE rusalka^{B3} cleric of Ragadahh 3) currently rules the settlement in a role somewhere between queen and high priestess, and it was she who gave it the grandiose title of the Sunken Court. Ragadahh, for his part, has little time for such hangers-on, and happily lets Linrae claim a divine mandate so long as she keeps her people obeying his rules absolutely. He uses citizens and visitors alike as errand-runners, and those mortals seeking conference with the Eldest must either offer some great knowledge in return or take on a task from Linrae's List of Deeds, the items on which range from onerous to near suicidal. Most of the tasks involve undersea exploration or the recovery of ancient items, and some have remained uncompleted for generations.



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Shyka The Many

N Eldest of entropy, reincarnation, and time

CULT

Holy Symbol broken hourglass

Domains Death, Destruction, Madness, Magic

Subdomains Arcane, Catastrophe, Divine, Insanity

Favored Weapon light mace

Sacred Animal communal or hive animals

Sacred Color white

Temples clock towers, hourglasses in unusual places, temporary shrines

Worshippers chronomancers, samsarans^{B4}, would-be immortals and time-travelers

Minions escorites*, remaceras*, people who owe Shyka favors

Obedience Build something small and fragile—such as a house of cards, an ice sculpture, or a sand castle—while contemplating the fleeting nature of existence and the inevitability of entropy. Leave your creation to decay at its own pace. You gain a +2 sacred bonus on initiative checks.

BOONS

1: Twist Time (Sp) *entropic shield* 3/day, *augury* 2/day, or *haste* 1/day

2: Borrowed Memories (Su) Once per day as a standard action, you can gain the effects of *legend lore*, save that the legends are recalled immediately and you gain the most complete level of knowledge (as if the person, place, or thing were at hand, regardless of its actual position). Your recollection of the legend takes the form of a memory borrowed from someone familiar with the subject matter.

3: Pause (Sp) You gain the ability to pause time for yourself or one creature you designate within 30 feet once per day. This functions as *per time stop* but with a duration of 1 round.

Shyka the Many is not just a name but a title, one granted to the Eldest with mastery over time in all its forms. Over the millennia, many different entities have held it—and continue to do so.

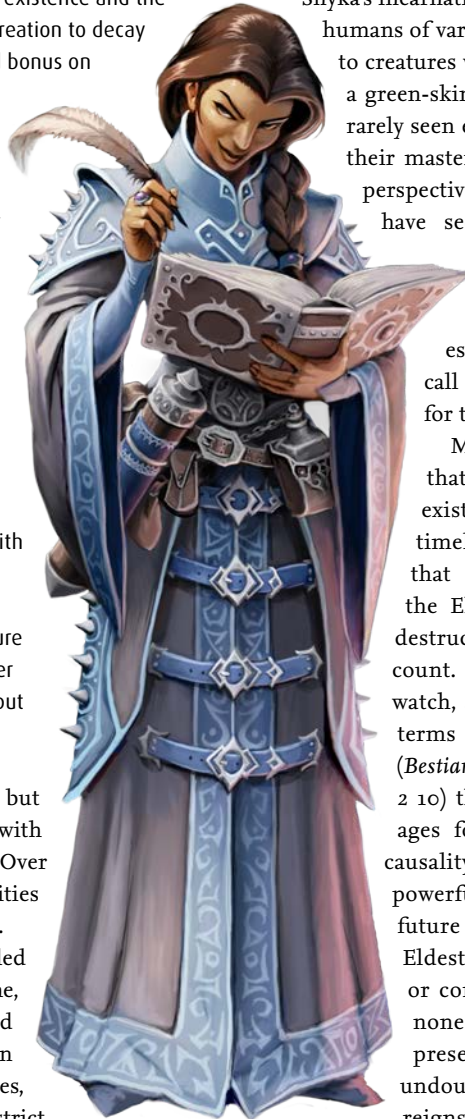
Long ago, the original Shyka called a convocation stretching across time, contacting all those who would eventually bear the title. There, in a place beyond time's boundaries, they made a deal: rather than restrict



themselves to given eras, with one replacing the next in chronological fashion, they would instead share their reign in fits and flickers, that each might experience a representative sampling of eternity. As part of this arrangement—necessary to keep the fabric of time and causality from unraveling—there is never more than one Shyka present at a given time, yet that specific Shyka can change without warning. A single incarnation might remain present for days, only to give way to a dozen others in the space of a single conversation. While the various incarnations retain slight differences in personality, all of them pool their knowledge with the others, and have spent enough millennia living each other's lives that they see little point in maintaining any individuality. They are Shyka, and when they speak, it is with the blessing and insight of all of them, past and future.

Though they seem mostly humanoid and default to wearing similar blue and gray gowns and robes, Shyka's incarnations range from ordinary-seeming humans of various ages, genders, and ethnicities to creatures without known analogues, such as a green-skinned woman with mandibles or a rarely seen entity made entirely of light. With their mastery of time comes a large dose of perspective, for all of Shyka's incarnations have seen both the multiverse's early days and its end, yet the Eldest remains strangely interested in comparatively small events, especially those related to what they call "perceived causality"—their term for the continuum of time.

Many of Shyka's worshippers believe that the Eldest quietly shepherds existence along the best possible timeline, away from those branches that would be disastrous, and that the Eldest has already prevented the destruction of reality too many times to count. Shyka, however, claims to simply watch, and in fact remains on speaking terms with some of the time dragons (*Bestiary* 470) and bythos aeons (*Bestiary* 210) that have attacked them over the ages for perceived infractions against causality. The Many are fond of aiding less powerful fey and mortals in exchange for future service, and while all of the other Eldest seek them out for knowledge or companionship from time to time, none are truly comfortable in their presence, knowing that Shyka has undoubtedly seen when and how their reigns will end.





The House of Eternity

Access to Shyka's mountaintop lair requires either the ability to fly or the willingness to climb one of the many treacherous staircases that twist up the mountainside, slowly flowing together across rock faces and up narrow chimneys before finally forming a single path leading into a narrow courtyard at the foot of the Eldest's palace. Like Shyka, the House of Eternity holds a single position in space, but not in time. The palace is usually a series of narrow spires connected at the base by a castle that seems to grow organically out of the mountain's stone, yet the exact design flickers and changes to reflect its various incarnations, usually when no one is watching. Some petitioners have reported the spires floating free of the ground as crystalline spikes, others as seeming to writhe like living things. Legend has it that some guests have even found the palace ruined and abandoned—a vision of some calamity either long past or yet to come.

Below are some of the house's most notable locations.

The Archives: In addition to a vast library of books by other scholars, Shyka also maintains this private archive consisting solely of journals and manuscripts penned by their incarnations, both past and future. (When asked about the absurdity of consulting books that they will someday write, Shyka notes that it makes the task of writing a lot easier.) Since reading records of the future would likely cause problems in the present, the library is bisected by a shimmering line of force, with the other half dimly visible beyond. On the far side rests the portion of the library populated with future documents, and only Shyka is able to cross over to this—though rumors hold that a book from the future side occasionally gets “forgotten” in the ordinary section. The rest of the archive's contents shift regularly according to which incarnation of the palace is currently ascendant.

The Branching: Shyka may be able to manipulate time on a whim, but that doesn't mean it's always easy. Sometimes, when petitioners convinces the Eldest to aid them in some temporal matter, Shyka brings them to this star-shaped chamber, its walls a dizzying array of perfectly mirrored surfaces displaying infinite copies of anyone within the room. At the center hangs a strangely fractal object like a 2-foot-long silver nugget, each facet of its metallic form acting as a mirror. When activated, the object hums softly and seems to warp the air, creating a window through which the operator can scry on a point in space and time, no matter how distant. Viewers can travel there by stepping through, though getting back is far from assured. While the scrying is supposedly undetectable to those observed, the chamber is hardly safe. The artifact often attracts hounds of Tindalos (*Bestiary* 2 158), and those who remain in the room too long find their reflections beginning to take actions that no longer match their own—some of them aggressive—

or else become suddenly unsure whether they're in their native reality or a slightly divergent timeline. As Shyka is fond of pointing out, “The distinction between original and reflection is entirely a matter of perspective.”

The Communion Hall: This palatial chamber looms just beyond the ornate metal front doors. Totally devoid of furniture or hangings, the room is itself an artistic masterpiece, the walls carved with 1-foot-tall humanoid figures that snake their way single-file across every surface in a grand loop. Above, beneath a circular skylight of gleaming crystal, the chamber's ceiling is embossed with four robed figures, their shapes swirling clockwise as they reach for the window at the apex. Though their bodies appear gendered—two male, two female—their faces are smooth and blank beneath halos of runes.

If Shyka chooses to greet guests personally, it is usually here—yet not every petitioner is deemed worthy of the Many's notice. For all others, opening the doors reveals **Yael** (N female First World* gnome), Shyka's seneschal. Almost as great an enigma as Shyka, Yael always appears to be the same person, yet her apparent age, personality, and magical or physical abilities can vary wildly between visits. Those other Eldest who've looked into the matter theorize that Yael may actually be a number of different versions of herself, rescued from alternate timelines that ended poorly for her and given a new life in exchange for service. Whether or not this is true, her loyalty to Shyka is absolute, and her skills are usually more than enough to deal with uninvited guests.

The Trophy Room: Though they claim to only watch events, Shyka nevertheless seems to enjoy observing great events of history, and isn't above taking souvenirs, perhaps to show those incarnations who couldn't bother to be present. Within this massive hall stand plinths and plaques of all shapes and sizes, bearing trophies from significant events from across the planes. From a shard of the Starstone to a scale from the Tarrasque, Shyka's trophy room holds thousands of items both labeled and mysterious, most of them priceless and some immensely powerful. To fill this room, Shyka often hires adventurers and agents from other worlds, sending them out to collect pieces of which they may or may not know the true significance. (Shyka has admitted that, in some cases, the collection mission itself may have been a key component in making a given item historically significant, but such are the ripples on the pond of time.) Payment for these adventures usually takes the form of glimpses of the future or the chance to undo past mistakes. While the Trophy Room no doubt holds enough riches to make a thief wealthy for a thousand lifetimes, no one has ever successfully robbed the place, presumably because anyone who did so was later “retroactively unconceived” by the irritated Eldest.



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I don't remember the beginning. It's not often that I can say that.

We may be the gods of the First World, but we did not create it. That was the work of our elders, the first ones, Pharasma and the other ancient gods. It was they who made the planes, and they who decided to dam and divert the flow now called the River of Souls, to control that essential energy and use it to build their realms and servitors. It was all there, just waiting to be harnessed. It just needed to be properly treated and filtered first. So they built the tools they needed.

Us.

We were not the first life the gods breathed into the multiverse. They already had their angels, their devils, their cackle-mad proteans, and their endlessly logical axiomites. But we represented a new direction for their creation: entities that didn't come predefined by universal

truths and philosophical laws. We would not represent things; we would simply live, and in doing so would self-direct, transmuting that vital essence into new things. Unpredictable things. We would use the gift of free will to give the gods the novelty they craved, and at the same time our choices would direct the currents of positive energy they coveted, funneling it to the appropriate realms in a way that no god directly controlled. It was a gambling game, a contest: spin the creature around and see where it points—good or evil, law or chaos. Winner takes all. It was crude, but fair... or at least, fair to them. To us, it was simply the way of things.

And then they left.

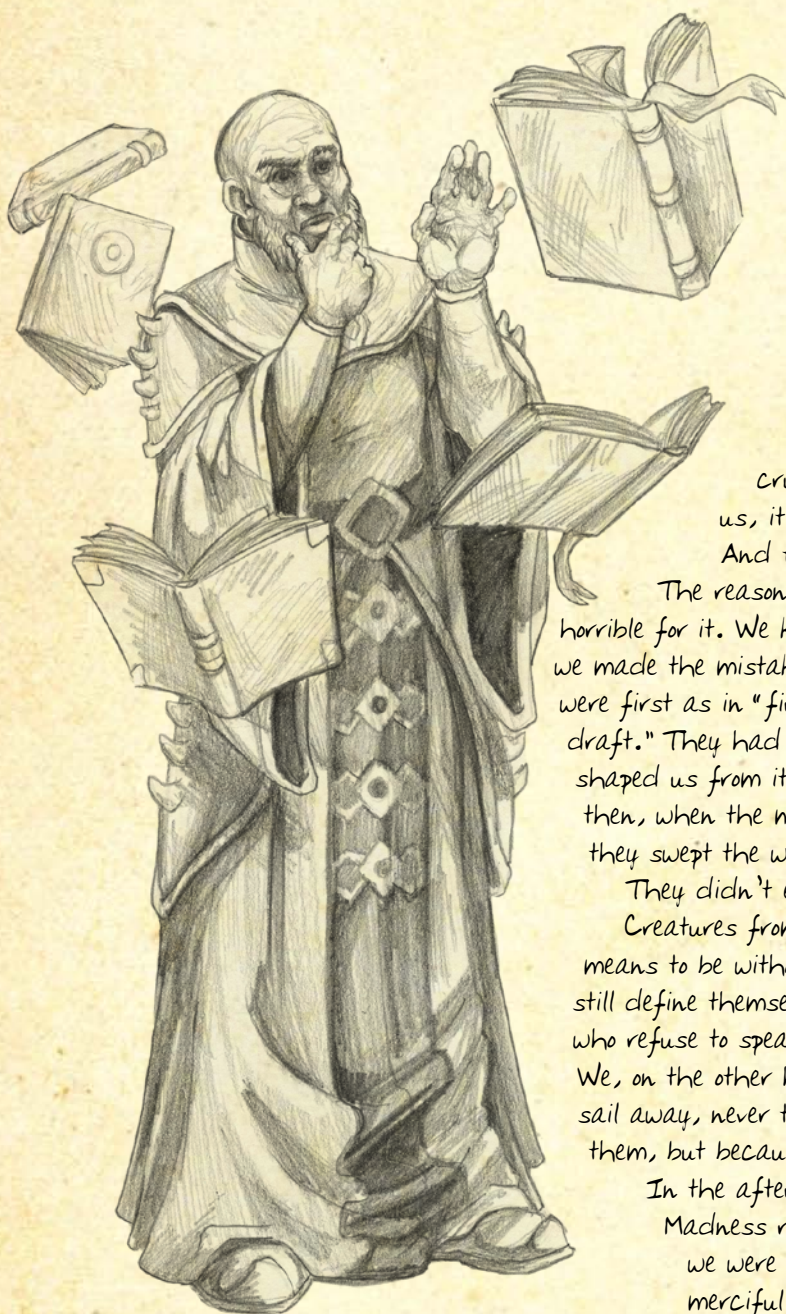
The reason was simple, understandable, and all the more horrible for it. We knew we were the first of our kind, you see, but we made the mistake of thinking that made us special. That we were first as in "firstborn," when really it was first as in "first draft." They had dabbled and practiced, created the clay and shaped us from it, given us life and thoughts and love. And then, when the model was perfected, the practice round complete, they swept the workspace clean and started fresh.

They didn't even bother to lie to us.

Creatures from the Material Plane can't understand what it means to be without gods. Even those who actively reject them still define themselves by their denial. They're like angry children who refuse to speak to their parents, pretending they're not there. We, on the other hand, watched our parents step onto a ship and sail away, never to return. Not because they couldn't take us with them, but because they simply didn't care.

In the aftermath, whole societies tore themselves apart.

Madness reigned. And as the knowledge sank in that we were well and truly alone, that even the supposedly merciful and loving gods had forsaken us entirely in favor of their new children, we came to embrace our fate.



We looked to the heavens and declared our independence. We would not shrivel up for want of a god's love, cut off from the rest of creation. We would create our own. The greatest of our leaders rose up and drew their weaker siblings to their breasts. We would shelter each other. We would create. We would destroy. We would fill every need that a god could, would command every right, and we would do so on behalf of all our forsaken people. We would care for this world, and shape it in our images. For we were the Eldest.

The Futility of History

History is such a mortal concept. A fairy tale—so to speak—that the short-lived use to comfort themselves. "See?" they say. "I may die, but the ripples from my actions will live on."

We who live forever understand this lie for what it is. Time is not a story. The future will not care about the past. Given a long enough time frame, even the greatest of events are forgotten. That is the First World's gift and its curse—since all is endless, all is ultimately meaningless. Why keep track of dates when there will never be either an end or a beginning?

Shall I trot out a list of events for you? The clashes of great powers and falls of civilizations? The war that saw the Tane's creation was the first of its kind, but not the last. Perhaps you wish to hear of the War of Silent Children, or the Bleeding of the Sky. Or perhaps you wish the story of the Corelon, the First Moon, crashing down into the ground and unleashing its air-mad children. Maybe you long for the story of Lemana and Xu the Maker, who in their love and sadness nearly broke reality, wrapping it around themselves like a shroud. As stories go, that's a good one.

But why bother? The world will be the same after the story as it was before it. The past is the past. Life is change, and the First World is life incarnate.

Other Eldest

Yet I may have overstated my case. As one who lives in all times, I know their significance—and their futility. If I love history, it is for that fragility, for the knowledge that each moment knows only itself and then is lost, save for those like me. Yet while moments may be fleeting, their actors are not necessarily so.

There have been many Eldest beyond those most mortals think of—Eldest of past ages, or those whose realms lie so far beyond our own that contact is rare. Some, like Ranalc, have disappeared entirely. Yet it is rarely wise to write off such beings. Below are a few.

Apholine the Flame: Not all Eldest who exit the stage do so as the result of assassination or exile. Apholine the Flame slowly withdrew from the affairs of the fey, caring only for her mysterious obsession with the sun. In the end, she went to it, leaving the cryptic message, "I am close now; yet to fully understand, I must dwell within Her glory."

Baba Yaga: The Witch-Queen makes her home on many worlds and planes, and holds little interest in the rest of us. Yet not even the Eldest dare challenge her control of the Thrice-Tenth Kingdom, and when the witch speaks, the wise listen.

Enchar the Sign: Contact with those Eldest who dwell behind the other worlds of the Material Plane is rare, but Enchar the Sign makes it his business to wander between them, bringing what warnings and tidings are needed for the good of all via his realm, the great Worldship.

Oleron the Cancer: The First World is a place of growth and change. Even here, though, such things can be taken too far. The lord of such runaway growth, Oleron learned from the Great Consumption that he could not stay in one place forever, and so took his terrible children with him to farther reaches of the First World.


Rhoswen, the Fellnight Queen: Overly ambitious, the self-styled Eldest Rhoswen sought to combine her magic with that of the Shadow Plane, endangering not just the other Eldest but the entire First World. The other Eldest were forced to strip her of much of her power and cast her out into a demiplane called the Fellnight Realm.



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"People think of the First World as one big forest full of satyrs and nymphs, drunken pixies and irritable dryads, but that's missing the point. The First World was the rough draft for creation, and thus anything we have here, they have there—except more so, because their world isn't bound by our laws. Trees grow a thousand feet tall. Islands float in the sky or rest on the backs of giant, ponderous river beasts. Rivers flow uphill or feed into themselves. And the creatures... Fools always assume that truly bizarre creatures must have been crafted by some mad wizard, or perhaps an unknowable god. Yet the truth of the First World—and our own—is that nature is stranger and more prolific in its adaptations than we can ever hope to be. No matter what nature designs, it will inevitably come up with something else to replace it—and something to devour it."

*—Oaksteward Herina "Heron" Mollingbloom,
Voice of the Wind for Sevenarches*



New settlements and adventure locations are always being founded or abandoned by the people of the First World. Over time, most of those not currently in use get subsumed by the plane's shifting fabric or broken down by the forces of rot and decay. Some, though, manage to withstand the test of time. Below is a sampling of locations that might be of interest to adventurers from Golarion. Note that the constantly changing nature of the First World means that the map on the inside front cover of this book is a mere snapshot of a moment in time—locations shown as thousands of miles apart one day might be just across the river from each other the next, with the Eldest in particular shifting their strongholds around at will.

Alutar Mountains: This lonely mountain range echoes with the moans of the wind and the rustle of leaves, its valleys and slopes strangely bereft of most animals. This emptiness is often attributed to the abundance of carnivorous plant life in the otherwise peaceful-appearing forests. Yet many travelers in the region also speak of the Edge People—strange humanoids made out of blades, who appear and disappear seemingly at random. Local legend holds that these creatures are fey associated with the unstable elements of reality, their unnatural structure allowing them to tear holes in space and time, simultaneously existing and not existing. Whether or not this is true, the Alutars do have more than their fair share of planar breaches.

Amenorian Steppe: The First World has many prairies and grasslands, yet the Amenorian Steppe is legendary for its skilled riders and large-scale hunts. Generally organized by race, the various resident clans maintain independent fortresses across the plain, hunting the glowing yamenhulks for their armor scales and magical eyes that can be turned into powerful weapons and items. While a wide range of gnomes and fey ride an even greater assortment of mounts, perhaps the strangest of these groups is the Longsign Guild, a group of elves and lashunta (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Bestiary* 25) atop saurian mounts, who claim that their interest is less in the wealth of the yamenhulks than in the mysterious magic that animates them.

Anophaeus, the First City: See page 23.

Blind Land: Beneath the thick loam of the Evergrove, accessed by tunnels beneath boulders or at the bases of great trees, runs the vast network of subterranean caverns called the Blind Land. Similar in some ways to the Darklands of the Material Plane, the Blind Land is not ruled by a single species of fey, but rather is a series of pockets of civilization, the spaces between them dominated by monsters and braved only by the well armed. One of the most prominent of the subterranean fey cultures is Melphor, Kingdom of the Pechs, rumored to have been established long ago as an asylum for

that formerly enslaved race. Also prominent are the Komaswin grub-people, with their spiral-bored cities, and the scattered mite enclaves and vegepygmy tribes. Redcaps (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 233) have been known to inhabit the tunnels closest to the surface, where they can prey upon traders between the two worlds, and intelligent fungi of all sorts—from leshies (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 176–180) and fungus-infected creatures to entire myceloid (*Bestiary* 3 196) colonies—are relatively commonplace. While surface creatures generally access the Blind Land through the Evergrove, its tunnels stretch across the fabric of the First World, and anyone digging down from the plane's surface—or passing through a breach in the Material Plane's Darklands—is likely to wind up in the Blind Land's twisting passages.

Broken Peaks: No one remembers what battle or calamity gave the Broken Peaks their name, but there's no question that many of the mountains appear pocked and blasted, a few even sheared through to create perfectly smooth tops, as if sliced with a knife. Scattered among these scars are hulks of strange machinery, appearing half organic in nature, some still whirring or dragging themselves along for unknown purposes.

Canyon of Faces: The sides of a narrow, uninhabited valley drop off sharply here, becoming a dry slot canyon carved down through bedrock. Just how deep the trench goes is a mystery, however, for the floor here is covered with millions of perfectly rendered stone busts—a layer of jumbled stone heads as deep as anyone has ever managed to dig. Supposedly, any humanoid creature that's ever lived has its face somewhere in the canyon, and finding your own will either grant your fondest wish or kill you instantly (depending on who's telling the story). Owning the likeness of another living creature is said to give you tremendous magical control over that person, and a few unscrupulous explorers regularly dig through the canyon looking for the faces of the rich and powerful. Yet despite the tremendous potential of such magical items, most people avoid the canyon, as other legends say that the stone heads are actually the remains of former treasure hunters, the victims of whatever medusa- or gorgonlike creatures hunt in the eerie valley.

Cerulean Sea: Widely regarded as safer to travel than the Sea Without a Shore (see page 48), the Cerulean Sea still holds plenty of dangers. Though Ragadah'n lairs within its depths, he does little to police the waves, and pirates and ravenous sea-beasts are a constant threat to the many traders sailing between the sea's scattered islands. Unique to these waters are the rare skald fish—tunalike creatures with long, rainbow-colored tails who sing with voices like bells and guide the worthy to adventure, asking only to observe and record the results in their songs.



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Chittering Tabernacle: Deep within the Plain of Leaping Stones, where rock formations launch themselves from the ground like breaching whales, stands the Chittering Tabernacle, the First World's most legendary infirmary. Staffed by the arachnoid *chkchks*—often called “nurse spiders” by vulgar humanoids—the sprawling hospital complex tends to all injured creatures brought to its gates, without regard for species or allegiance. While the uniformed doctors' healing spittle, silk casts, and stitches are offered for free, those brought back from the brink of death or cured of terrible afflictions by the tabernacle's resident oracles are encouraged to provide a year of service or some similar boon to help further the spiders' altruistic cause. Regardless of the service rendered, all patients have a small amount of blood drawn and taken to the tabernacle's central temple for testing by the Sagechoir and their theosophic apparatuses. While the nurse spiders are genuine in their desire to heal the sick, their mission comes from their faith in a prophesied messiah they call the Deathender, who they believe will come to lead them through a time of great hardship into a world without suffering. The testing of blood is thus essential, as the prophecies say that the Deathender will come to them first as a patient, and that her blood will reveal her.

Cliffside House: Exactly 1,000 steps wind their way up the stony mountainside to this elite fey vacation spot. Run by identical gnome triplets and their extensive staff, Cliffside House caters to every possible indulgence, from exquisite feasts and discreet companionship to inventive new artistic and sensual delights, such as bathing in the congealed dreams of virtuous mortals, or synesthetic singers whose every note tattoos itself onto the audience's flesh. The multi-storied edifice hangs precariously over the edge of the Wokano Sinkhole (see page 53), and many

guests spend their days fishing from their balconies for the myriad flying creatures that sail through the air below. Due to the size of some of the sinkhole's denizens, it's not uncommon for guests who improperly secure themselves to be yanked off into the pit below, a tragedy for which the owners are prepared to offer a 10% refund.

Cobyslarni: The gleaming domes and steeples of this magical academy would be impressive anywhere, yet instead of standing on a mountaintop or in a bustling city, the Traveling Academy of Cobyslarni roams the plains of the First World, riding like a howdah atop an enormous, three-eyed elephantine beast. The university's charter holds that its founder, Cobyslarni, decided the best way to foster independent thought was to be constantly moving, unable to be claimed by any given Eldest or city government. In the academy's halls, some of the greatest arcane and occult scholars of the First World gather to teach promising students, peruse the school's extradimensional libraries, or debate the finer points of occult theory upon floating disks in the school's open-air auditoriums. Overseeing the school's daily operations is **Headmistress Bofika Nemesan** (NG female human wizard 11/occultist^{OA} 6), chosen from among her peers by the school's illustrious founder. As for Cobyslarni himself, any student or traveler can ask him questions, yet he rarely deigns to answer these days, being busy contemplating the mysteries of the multiverse and carrying the school upon his vast back.

Crumbling Tower: See page 27.

The Dreaming Cliffs: Rumored to be visited by residents of the Material Plane in their dreams, this network of vast, sheer-walled canyons and buttes has a strange relationship with gravity. Here, any visitor can spend hours soaring through the skies between floating rock islands, darting and diving with the insect-winged birds and island-dwelling gnomes. Any creature willing





itself into the air must attempt a DC 10 Charisma or Fly check. If successful, the creature immediately gains a temporary fly speed of 60 feet (good), similar to the effect of the spell *fly*, for as long as it's within 10 miles of the Dreaming Cliffs. Each minute (or round, if the GM determines the situation is particularly stressful or distracting), the flying creature must attempt the check again to stay aloft. Failure indicates that the creature suddenly drops from the sky at a rate of 30 feet per round, incurring damage as normal should it impact a stationary object. A falling creature can attempt another DC 10 Charisma check each round to arrest the fall and resume flying, but the instinctual terror of the fall imposes a cumulative -2 penalty on this check for each round spent falling. Once the flier resumes control or hits solid ground, these penalties are removed.

Dusking Hills: These rolling hills exist in a state of constant twilight, even when the sky is brightly lit. By far, the most dangerous residents are the roving bands of lurkers in light, who despite their hatred of darkness seem dedicated to occupying the region for reasons no one understands. Local shade-farmers who bottle the darkness for export are constantly on guard against attacks, which usually begin with violent explosions of blinding light. Beyond question, the most notable location within the hills is the Gloaming Caves, crystalline caverns whose larger gems hold armored figures of many different races, encased and preserved for purposes now forgotten.

Earis Highlands: These highlands teem with scrub brush and poison-spined cacti. The eponymous earis—rodentlike fey with naked, blistered skin—are generally avoided by other races, unless needed for their special skill: drawing out or inflicting diseases. From their gem-encrusted palaces, earis Fever-Drinkers suck the afflictions from the well-paying sick, taking the maladies into their own bodies, only to vomit them forth in weaponized form for other clients.

Emergence: While many Material Plane travelers think of machines as inherently unnatural, First World scholars understand that tool use and even the rise of intelligent machines are an inevitable result of evolution and natural selection—and nowhere is this more true than in Emergence. Ruled by the Coalition for Sentient Emergence, this sprawling city of metal and stone is home to robots, constructs, and created life forms of all sorts, banded together for mutual protection and self-governance. Rather than a simple grid, the city's layout is a chaotic, fractal thing that residents nevertheless insist is logical and highly efficient, should one be capable of understanding the mathematics involved. Axiomites and inevitables can often be found in the city's cosmopolitan avenues, as well as emissaries from various inorganic societies on the Material Plane. The city's laws are

both utilitarian and enlightened, with the most severe punishments reserved for those who enslave intelligent creatures. This latter aspect can sometimes be difficult for adventurers, as the machine people's definitions of intelligence might differ from their own, resulting in mounts and familiars being treated as free and equal while inside the city.

Endless Siege: This squat, ugly castle is surrounded for miles by a vast and muddy battlefield strewn with corpses, trenches, and shattered siege equipment in varying stages of decomposition. At any given time, hundreds of ragged fey warriors ring the castle in a rough war camp, attempting to undermine the walls or flinging diseased corpses and flaming missiles into the fortress with well-worn trebuchets.

The architects of this constant strife are the Boralas, a family of aristocratic vilderavns (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 5 268)—shapechanging fey who alternate between the forms of giant ravens and dark-armored humanoids. Obsessed with war, the family constantly vies for control of the ancestral stronghold, pitting their armies of mercenaries and conscripts against each other in brutal combat. When one side manages to take control of the fortress, whichever members held the castle up to that point are set free to begin gathering up a force to reclaim it. The point is not the castle itself—the aristocratic Boralas rarely even bother to furnish its solemn halls—but rather the challenge of taking or defending it. In addition to their usual fey troops, the vilderavns are fond of hiring or abducting powerful mortal warriors from the Material Plane for the purposes of leading their armies. Yet whether they succeed or fail, these heroes inevitably end up as food for the Boralas, who use their innate magical powers to consume the victims' souls.

Evergrove: If there is a place to match mortal conceptions of the First World, it is the Evergrove. Within this enormous, pastoral forest, satyrs and nymphs cavort between ancient trees, while gnomes and pixies drink wine on the backs of living topiaries (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 4 181) as they wander through naturally occurring hedge-mazes or trade jokes with nixies (*Bestiary* 3 201) in still pools. Gingerbread cottages, briar-choked manors, gleaming towers without doors, and fairy-tale castles staffed by leshies dot the landscape, begging for exploration. Yet those who would answer the call had best be prepared, for not all of the forest's residents appreciate visitors, and some of the woodland bacchanals are drenched in the blood of the unwary.

Flametongue Forest: As on Golarion, many trees in the First World need fire in order to properly germinate—some just take a more active role in the process. In Flametongue Forest, a constant firestorm rotates systematically through the mostly circular



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Godsarm

The living gods may have abandoned the First World, but some of those who died in the earliest ages of the multiverse remain where they fell, dotting the landscape and infusing the terrain around them with portions of their magic and spirits. The most famous of these is the nameless corpse that shelters the town of Godsarm in the valley between its left arm and torso. The city's primarily gnome inhabitants adore their dead patron, harvesting natural resources from his stony corpse and believing him to be a god of creative insight who grants resident artists and inventors strokes of genius.

Below are some of prominent locations in Godsarm.

Clockhouse: Governance of the town and regulation of all mining on the god's remains is handled from this rustic town hall, named for its picturesque, solar-powered clocktower. The current mayor of Godsarm is **Libby Apelbayu** (CG female First World* gnome oracle 3/rogue 4), a cheerfully corrupt politician who claims to channel the god's will even as she issues mining rights to anyone with money to pay (or the fortitude for a lusty, no-holds-barred tumble among the ropes and bells in the clocktower's belfry). Despite her liberal bribe-taking, Libby actually cares about the town, and wins each election honestly due to her glad-handing and careful arbitration of disputes.

Godsbod Explorers Lodge: Despite centuries of existence, Godsarm still has the feel of a gold-rush town, its alpine-style buildings bustling with explorers and prospectors hoping to strike a vein of transubstantiated

starmetal or diamond somewhere in the god's unplumbed depths. Most of these hopefuls end up at the Godsbod Explorers Lodge, an inn catering to locals and travelers alike, where prospectors can get a bath and swap stories. **Cableminus "Cable" Guptav** (NG male First World* gnome expert 8), a champion corpse-climber who struck it rich when he found an emerald cyst after a treacherous five-day ascent up the North Cheek, runs the inn. Though he's happy to share most stories, he's haunted by whatever transpired on that venture, and refuses to speak of it save to warn people away from the area, noting that the other two members of his expedition never came home.

Lunghall: While efforts to locate the rumored *Heartstone* have so far met with failure, large-scale mining efforts have granted the town access to a cavern of exceptional size—the god's left lung. Here, surrounded by walls coated in glowing phosphorescence, many residents of Godsarm have built homes, schools, and shops. The neighborhood is particularly popular with fey who prefer darkness, and the population of Lunghall is significantly less gnome-centric than the town's open-air districts.

The Wound: Flowing from an enormous rent in the god's side—an injury most residents presume to be the killing blow—this stream provides the town with water so clean it refuses to mix with contaminants, actively rejecting poisons and disease. And if those who drink from the Wound's banks sometimes fall to their knees, overcome by strange visions, well, it's a small price to pay for not having to worry about giardia.



forest like a hand on a clock, giving each section just enough time to flourish and prepare for reproduction before torching it again. Those creatures who haven't adapted to living within this hellish blaze have learned to constantly migrate in the same clockwise pattern, staying anywhere from weeks to mere hours ahead of the danger, growing fat and healthy off the tender new growth in the recovering burns. At the center of the forest stands the apparent source of the rotating sheet of flame: a tower of twisted roots and gemlike stone. Atop its bulk, an apparatus like a stone sundial slowly turns, projecting its wall of crackling energy all the way to the forest's edge—but no farther.

Floating Lakes: This network of placid lakes and ponds dots a quiet prairie, and appears completely unremarkable save for one aspect. Here, the normal cycle of precipitation is reversed, and the lakes regularly stretch upward in drops and watery tendrils, eventually detaching and flying into the sky, where they gradually disperse to form lake-like clouds. When the clouds become heavy enough, they slowly settle back down into the lake beds, condensing and refilling them. Gravity otherwise functions as normal in this area, and the effect is considered eerie but not dangerous, except for seasonal rainstorms powerful enough to suck fish (or unwary swimmers) up into the sky in their torrents. At one end of the lake system, where the water cycle begins to return to normal, Hourglass Falls provides a breathtaking vista as an upper lake high on a cliff empties into a lower one in the valley, then reverses to resupply the upper. Locals speak of an ancient tomb hidden behind the falls, accessible only at those moments of stasis when the water is in the process of changing direction; entering is a risky proposition at best, given the aquatic monsters reputed to travel between the lakes.

Grodmot: While most grodairs (*Bestiary* 3 143) are solitary, once per year a grand convocation of the land-dwelling fish descends on the dry canyon of Grodmot to combine the water from their extradimensional carrying sacks, creating a sizable temporary lake. Within this lake, the grodairs frolic and mate, only to wander off again a week later, taking their waters with them. Local fey then scour the canyon bottom for items of value accidentally sucked up and then forgotten by the absentminded fish-people. Less scrupulous raiders from the nearby Thoraso Desert sometimes hunt the intelligent fish, either enslaving them as mobile irrigation systems or crafting valuable *bags of holding* out of their extradimensional bladders.

Gurminghome: Most people would say it's folly to build a city in an active volcano—and that's just how the Gurmings like it. Interbred with elementals for centuries, the flame-touched populace of Gurminghome revels in the furnacelike heat of Mount Charydon, using

it to power their forges and factories, including the enormous cannon with which they hope to one day fire a magical ship into the sun to regain communications with their lost Eldest patron, Apholine.

Hanging Bower: See page 21.

Harvester's Deep: The towns along the shores of this picturesque lake gleam with the shells of colossus shrimp and giant freshwater nautilus, and are kept fed by the spears of druids and cavaliers who hunt atop 10-foot-long river otter mounts. While the lake uncomfortably close to Baba Yaga's realm, it's real danger is the terrifying Harvester, who dreams within its depths until roused by earthquakes roughly every 20 years. For locals, the several years preceding each Arising are spent either evacuating to the nearby mountains or stocking special subterranean shelters to wait out the assault.

Holdweather Sound: Named for its tendency to draw in storms of foul weather or wild magic and hold them long after they would normally have dissipated, Holdweather Sound is extremely deep, its sides as precipitously sloped as the mountains that ring it. Geysers of heated water from the seafloor facilitate the growth of the vibrant Reef Stacks, colorful coral pillars half a mile tall and bursting with unique fauna. Yet the strangest feature of the waterway is the town of Bathyscope, a settlement entirely enclosed inside one of the titanic and transparent sounding wurms. The settlement is ruled over by its founder and wurm-wrangler **Shian Buharan** (CN female First World* gnome wizard 14), who vets all potential visitors upon the wurm's monthly surfacings.

Hollow Hall: In life, the tree that formed Hollow Hall must have stood as high as a mountain, its bole hundreds of yards across. No one knows when or how it was cut down—let alone by whom—but today its rotted-out stump forms one of the greatest perpetual parties the First World has ever seen. Shaped like something between a coliseum and a caldera, the stump features a massive central floor open to the sky above, with staircases corkscrewing up the wood of the sides to the various chambers and balconies overlooking it. It's here that the primary parties take place, wine-soaked revels organized by the large population of resident satyrs, which are open to all who want to indulge in the freewheeling fey's excesses. The tree's root system is also inhabited, forming miles of twisting tunnels used for private celebrations, as well as mundane housing and facilities for the satyr's admirers and assistants. Legend has it that the tree once had a proportionally sized and powerful dryad, who was one of the Eldest in her time; with the tree's destruction, however, she disappeared and was forgotten. Some dedicated fey still explore the uncharted portions of the root network, looking for hints as to her fate and ways of bringing her back.

House of Eternity: See page 35.

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PALENHYR



Palenhyr, City of Faith

The hillside city of Palenhyr is a riot of brightly colored tents, ornate stone shops, apartments, and dozens of churches. Though most First World residents have long since seen the futility of worship outside that of the Eldest, Palenhyr is a rallying point for all those who still hold to other faiths. Cults of countless gods, both real and imagined, maintain shrines ranging from gleaming temples to garbage-sculpture devotionals, warring for believers and territory in the city's narrow alleys. Some semblance of organization is maintained by the Faithkeepers, a governing council of leaders from the city's largest sects. While most nonresidents look askance at Palenhyr's zealots, enough divine magic flows through the city's streets to make it an attractive trade destination and a military stronghold. Of late, rumors have surfaced that a secret society called the Covenant has begun work on a magical engine designed to draw a deity back into the First World and bind it there, forcing it to embrace its fey faithful once again.

Below are some notable locations in Palenhyr.

Bloodsands Arena: The fey may be effectively immortal, but they still appreciate a dramatic death. In Bloodsands Arena, bold fey of all sorts compete in blood sports both familiar and bizarre, taking comfort in the knowledge that even the most excruciating pain is usually temporary. As a result of this cavalier attitude, criminals in the city are often sent to fight to the death here for even minor crimes, and residents of the Material Plane are likely to have a hard

time making the audience and officials understand the finality of such punishments. Still, as a place to test one's abilities against a wide variety of unique combat challenges, there are few places better than Bloodsands Arena, with popular events including the Tunche Taunt, the Midnight Massacre, Burning Out the Stars, and the Blood Tunnel.

Frenzy Park: For reasons no one can remember, the city's extensive sewer system doesn't dump directly into the Muroko River. Instead, half a mile short of the flow, it emerges onto the surface, its tunnels becoming a weaving labyrinth of stone-walled corridors open to the sky. This stinking maze is known as "Frenzy Park" for the scavenger feeding frenzies sometimes sparked by particularly choice morsels floating downstream. Walkways to either side of the narrow channels are home to First World versions of everything from chuuls and rat kings (*Bestiary* 4 225) to a gang of wererat thieves calling themselves the Maze Ghosts, who retreat to the safety of the confusing passages after each big score.

Sinmarket: To the residents of Palenhyr, what's the point of salvation without the occasional transgression? In each of this market's colorful Sin Tents, plucky entrepreneurs scour religious texts to find and provide ever-stranger forbidden indulgences, ranging from the sensual to the simply bizarre. Since the tents cater to religions of all sorts, and sin is in the eye of the beholder, some of these services can be quite useful even to patrons of unrelated faiths, such as the Tent of Shared Secrets or the Tent of Unearned Second Chances.



Karaphas the Drowned: See page 33.

Lakeroads: This vast lake of fresh water is crisscrossed with twisting ridges of rock that run just underneath the surface, allowing travelers unafraid of getting their feet wet to wade across rather than spending days or weeks going around. Shallow-draft barges and big-wheeled wagons travel between towns on the lake's shores, pulled by tame iguanodons and one-eyed pink buffalo. That's not to say that the Lakeroads are without danger, however, for between the narrow paths stretch holes and crevasses dropping thousands of feet, capable of swallowing unwary travelers without a trace. The region also plays home to glowing deepsingers and flat-bodied fangskates that rise from the darkness to wait in ambush along the pathways.

Leneahu Jungle: Full of every jungle predator found on Golarion—and many that never made the cut—the Leneahu Jungle is most famous for its skrik nettle (*Pathfinder Adventure Path #36: Sound of a Thousand Screams* 86) breeding grounds. Adventurers regularly mount expeditions into the Leneahu's dense undergrowth seeking to harvest the flying jellyfish creatures' valuable eggs and levitating poison, and small bunkers called "anchors" dot the forest to give such poachers a fighting chance at survival. Still other expeditions regularly follow behind to salvage the magical gear of those unlucky egg thieves who have fallen prey to the creatures and floated away into the sky.

Mockingdell: Always a favorite with local fey, the alpine meadow of Mockingdell is a notorious rookery for the parrotlike changelings called mockingfey (*Inner Sea Bestiary* 31). Any intelligent creature that enters the grove of Mockingdell immediately becomes a source of entertainment as mischievous mockingfey perch nearby and change shape to match the newcomer, spouting gibberish but mimicking the intruder's body language and physical mannerisms perfectly. Though barely intelligent and communicating mostly through gestures and tone, mockingfey are keen observers, and many illusionists and other spellcasters come to Mockingdell hoping to entice its residents into becoming familiars.

Moon Ladder: The curiosity that drives gnomes has led to countless strange experiments, but few are more ambitious than the Moon Ladder. In this twisted metallic spire, gnome sages from far and wide gathered with a singular purpose: to craft a bridge from the First World's surface to the various moons floating in the nearby sky. For generations they worked, until at last the device was completed, the glowing beam of energy it projected visible for a hundred miles in every direction as it stabbed upward into the sky. For 20 years, brave gnome explorers rode unique ships up the column of light into

the unknown, aimed at moon after moon, returning with tales of fantastic discoveries. And then, almost 100 years ago, the voyages stopped, and the great projection device at the tower's tip was locked up and guarded. The gnomes of the Moon Ladder project became recluses, rarely venturing outside their observatory-tower, and more than half of the structure was placed off-limits to visitors of any kind. Those outside scholars still occasionally allowed within the facility's halls speak of strange tics and paranoia among the researchers, and many fear that something dire may have slid down the light-bridge on its last mission to reside deep within the structure's heart.

Morbroom: Founded in the spirit of interspecies cooperation, the buildings in the bustling trade town of Morbroom are constructed to cater equally to both human-sized residents and grigs (*Bestiary* 2 147), atomies (*Bestiary* 3 28), pixies, and other pint-size fey. Colored lanterns replace signs outside of the town's shops, their patterns indicating wares sold and services rendered. This inviting appearance is somewhat deceiving, however, for the city's confusingly baroque system of laws means that newcomers who don't pay attention can easily find themselves brought before the Panel of Judgment, which assigns them punishments as unpredictable and sometimes nonsensical as the crimes themselves. Still, the immense selection of its Blademarket, the strange mounts of the Hostler's Union, and the secrets housed in the caverns beneath the Armored Palace of the Silent Ones continue to draw adventurers of all stripes to the town.

Narpora: Standing atop a sea stack reached by a narrow causeway, the acropolis of Narpora hosts the largest congregation of choxani (see page 59) in the First World. Here the Picture People trade with other races, while also maintaining the vast visual library called the Winding Weave, whose works of art are laden with symbolism and meaning difficult for most verbal societies to understand.

Palace of Seasons: See page 31.

Phasetree: A traveler who approaches the village of Phasetree at night finds a ring of crude huts and cottages, with an empty central green hundreds of feet across. Come dawn, however, the residents—mostly gnomes and bird-headed people called kikifan—emerge from their dwellings to stand in a great circle and sing a complex, wordless melody. As their voices blend, an enormous tree shimmers into existence in the center of the village, its trunk hundreds of feet tall and with branches as wide as roads. The villagers then migrate up into the tree to conduct their daily chores and business, harvesting fruit and wood, weaving bark into clothing, hunting the animals that nest in the branches, and so on. When dusk looms, the village elders usher everyone



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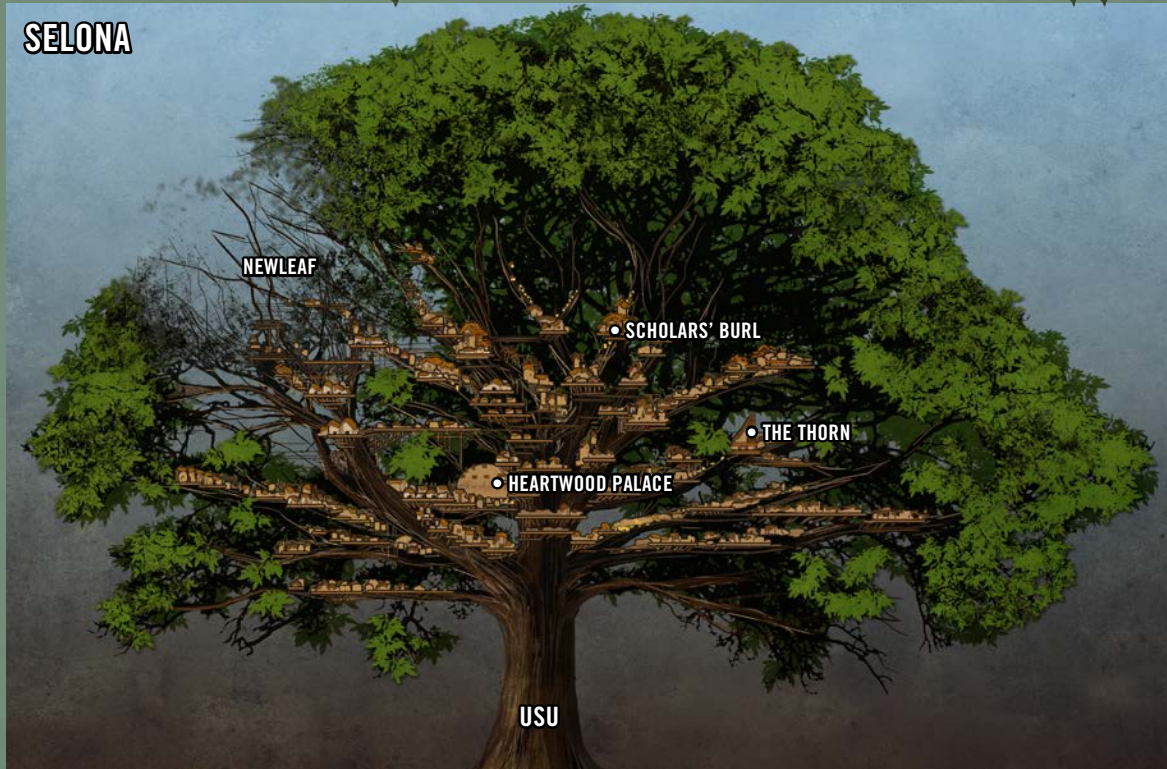
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SELONA



Selona, City of Amber

Legend has it that the great tree called Usu was the first plant to sprout during the First World's formation. Whether or not this is true, there's no question the tree is one of the oldest and largest on the plane, its spreading branches wide enough to bear the weight of the entire city of Selona.

The City of Amber takes its name from Usu's golden resin that, in addition to being a major trade export and food source, is also one of the city's chief building blocks. While cheaper homes are often built of plank-sized bark fragments, Selona's manors and fortresses are sculpted entirely of resin magically shaped and fossilized by the city's urban druids. The greatest example of this technique is Heartwood Palace, from which the Seeds of Usu pass laws and interpret the will of the great tree's spirit. The city's wealthy tend to settle on major branches close to the trunk, where the elite can travel between districts without taking as many of the spiraling stair-roads or precarious hanging bridges, while the poor congregate on the comparatively tender new shoots at the branches' ends, where footing is less stable and attacks by monstrous pests and parasites are more common.

Below are some of the most notable locations in Selona.

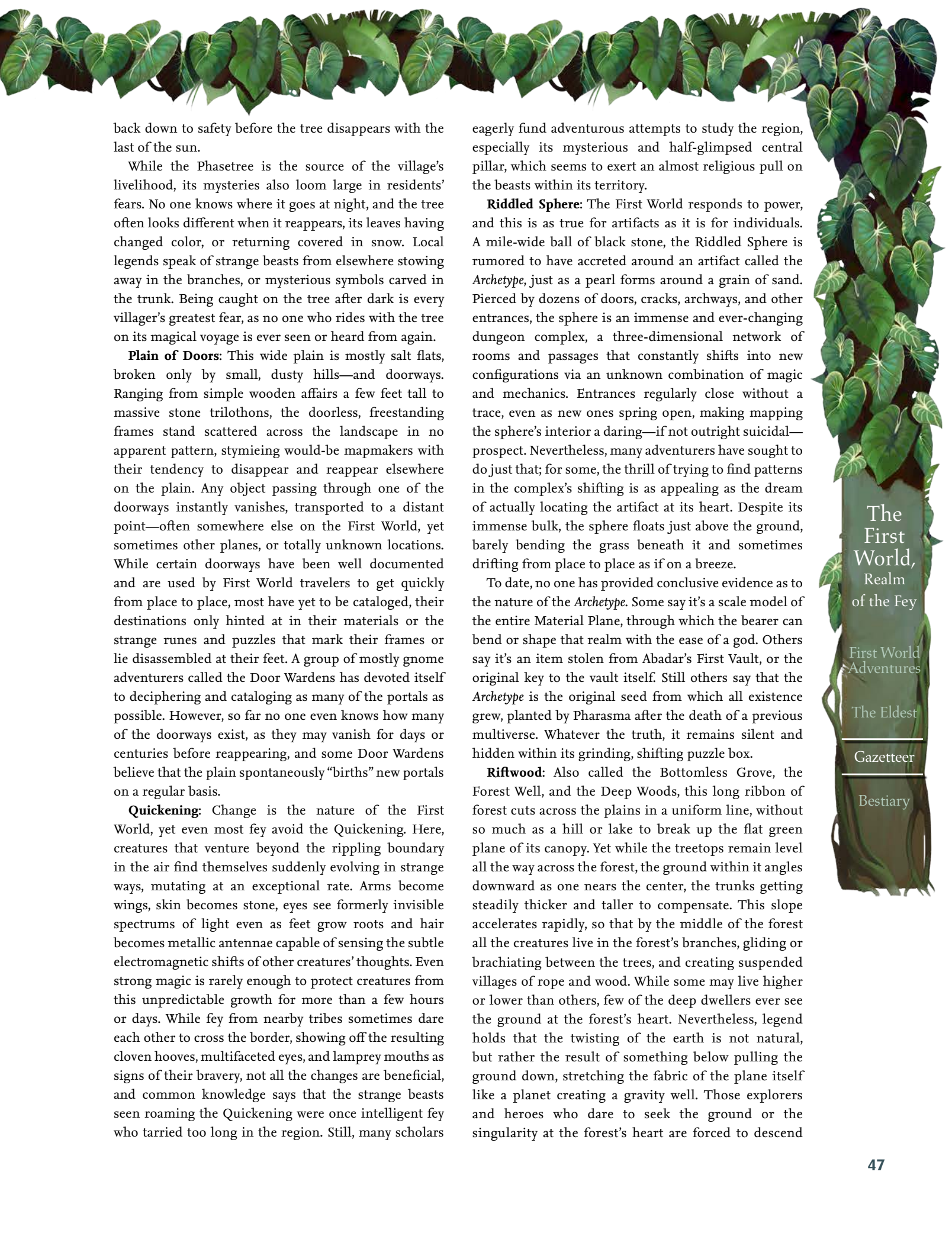
Heartwood Palace: Due to Usu's vast size and spirit, no single dryad can adequately care for it. Instead, the tree and its residents are watched over by a council of hamadryads (*Bestiary* 4 148) chosen or created from members of the city's populace. These Seeds of Usu rule collectively from the vast amber dome of Heartwood Palace, yet the true

business of governing goes on in the tunnels beneath the gleaming exterior, in a chamber called Heartwood deep within the tree's trunk. There, attended by only the highest members of government, the great spirit of Usu makes its sometimes inexplicable desires known. The Seeds then do their best to carry out these cryptic orders, as the tree's memory and foresight extend far beyond anything younger organisms can understand.

Newleaf: Burned out by a lightning strike decades ago, this formerly posh district is now part of an active reclamation project, and has become a center for the city's young bohemians—some of whom hold dangerously subversive notions about how the city should be governed.

Scholars' Burl: This knotted growth was originally the result of an infection in one of Usu's branches, but after a coalition of spellcasters managed to heal the blight, they hollowed out the resulting burl and turned it into a massive university district and marketplace for casters of all sorts. Each individual college or corporation must be run by a spellthane, a title won through magical combat against other spellthanes in the Proving Square.

The Thorn: This sharp amber tower is the headquarters of the Rotguard, Selona's military force dedicated to defending both Usu and the city from fire, parasitic infestation, and all other forms of crime or attack. It's currently run by **Thornmaster Chiel Enkaro** (NG male faun^{B3} cavalier^{APG} 16), a friendly but formidable general who earned his position leading the second dragonfly cavalry regiment in the Battle of Broken Limb.



back down to safety before the tree disappears with the last of the sun.

While the Phasetree is the source of the village's livelihood, its mysteries also loom large in residents' fears. No one knows where it goes at night, and the tree often looks different when it reappears, its leaves having changed color, or returning covered in snow. Local legends speak of strange beasts from elsewhere stowing away in the branches, or mysterious symbols carved in the trunk. Being caught on the tree after dark is every villager's greatest fear, as no one who rides with the tree on its magical voyage is ever seen or heard from again.

Plain of Doors: This wide plain is mostly salt flats, broken only by small, dusty hills—and doorways. Ranging from simple wooden affairs a few feet tall to massive stone trilothons, the doorless, freestanding frames stand scattered across the landscape in no apparent pattern, stymieing would-be mapmakers with their tendency to disappear and reappear elsewhere on the plain. Any object passing through one of the doorways instantly vanishes, transported to a distant point—often somewhere else on the First World, yet sometimes other planes, or totally unknown locations. While certain doorways have been well documented and are used by First World travelers to get quickly from place to place, most have yet to be cataloged, their destinations only hinted at in their materials or the strange runes and puzzles that mark their frames or lie disassembled at their feet. A group of mostly gnome adventurers called the Door Wardens has devoted itself to deciphering and cataloging as many of the portals as possible. However, so far no one even knows how many of the doorways exist, as they may vanish for days or centuries before reappearing, and some Door Wardens believe that the plain spontaneously “births” new portals on a regular basis.

Quickening: Change is the nature of the First World, yet even most fey avoid the Quickening. Here, creatures that venture beyond the rippling boundary in the air find themselves suddenly evolving in strange ways, mutating at an exceptional rate. Arms become wings, skin becomes stone, eyes see formerly invisible spectrums of light even as feet grow roots and hair becomes metallic antennae capable of sensing the subtle electromagnetic shifts of other creatures' thoughts. Even strong magic is rarely enough to protect creatures from this unpredictable growth for more than a few hours or days. While fey from nearby tribes sometimes dare each other to cross the border, showing off the resulting cloven hooves, multifaceted eyes, and lamprey mouths as signs of their bravery, not all the changes are beneficial, and common knowledge says that the strange beasts seen roaming the Quickening were once intelligent fey who tarried too long in the region. Still, many scholars

eagerly fund adventurous attempts to study the region, especially its mysterious and half-glimpsed central pillar, which seems to exert an almost religious pull on the beasts within its territory.

Riddled Sphere: The First World responds to power, and this is as true for artifacts as it is for individuals. A mile-wide ball of black stone, the Riddled Sphere is rumored to have accreted around an artifact called the *Archetype*, just as a pearl forms around a grain of sand. Pierced by dozens of doors, cracks, archways, and other entrances, the sphere is an immense and ever-changing dungeon complex, a three-dimensional network of rooms and passages that constantly shifts into new configurations via an unknown combination of magic and mechanics. Entrances regularly close without a trace, even as new ones spring open, making mapping the sphere's interior a daring—if not outright suicidal—prospect. Nevertheless, many adventurers have sought to do just that; for some, the thrill of trying to find patterns in the complex's shifting is as appealing as the dream of actually locating the artifact at its heart. Despite its immense bulk, the sphere floats just above the ground, barely bending the grass beneath it and sometimes drifting from place to place as if on a breeze.

To date, no one has provided conclusive evidence as to the nature of the *Archetype*. Some say it's a scale model of the entire Material Plane, through which the bearer can bend or shape that realm with the ease of a god. Others say it's an item stolen from Abadar's First Vault, or the original key to the vault itself. Still others say that the *Archetype* is the original seed from which all existence grew, planted by Pharasma after the death of a previous multiverse. Whatever the truth, it remains silent and hidden within its grinding, shifting puzzle box.

Riftwood: Also called the Bottomless Grove, the Forest Well, and the Deep Woods, this long ribbon of forest cuts across the plains in a uniform line, without so much as a hill or lake to break up the flat green plane of its canopy. Yet while the treetops remain level all the way across the forest, the ground within it angles downward as one nears the center, the trunks getting steadily thicker and taller to compensate. This slope accelerates rapidly, so that by the middle of the forest all the creatures live in the forest's branches, gliding or brachiating between the trees, and creating suspended villages of rope and wood. While some may live higher or lower than others, few of the deep dwellers ever see the ground at the forest's heart. Nevertheless, legend holds that the twisting of the earth is not natural, but rather the result of something below pulling the ground down, stretching the fabric of the plane itself like a planet creating a gravity well. Those explorers and heroes who dare to seek the ground or the singularity at the forest's heart are forced to descend


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carefully down trunks hundreds of feet thick, some of which bear ancient, carved steps emblazoned with ancient and contradictory depictions of what creatures may live below.

Saltblood Moors: Once a verdant stretch of coastline, these depressing moors were polluted into their current state by the magical runoff from a short-lived gnome factory-city. Though the residents eventually fell victim to their own leaky power plant and evacuated, the miles of eerie moors around the dead city remain haunted by nuckelavees (*Bestiary* 3 203) and twisted versions of ordinary animals. Salvagers occasionally venture into the city, but the plant itself—a mixture of magic and advanced science—was so well fortified against tampering with traps and guardians that no one has yet been able to reach its heart and either shut it down or recover the three crystalline *Lightning Keys* that act as control rods.

Sea Without a Shore: It might sound strange to stand on the beach and claim that a body of water has no bounds, but those who sail far enough from the coast understand that the Sea Without a Shore touches everywhere and nowhere, and that anyone who leaves sight of the coast may never find it again. Indeed, some believe that the First World has only one true ocean, and that it simply twists itself through space to touch all shores equally. Regardless, the Sea Without a Shore obeys its own rules, with water temperature and behavior shifting radically from mile to mile—tropical waters as smooth as glass may abut iceberg-choked whitecaps without mingling, and warm freshwater rivers may flow through frigid brine. The predators on such borderlands often evolve long tentacles to snatch food from neighboring regions or flee to the inhospitable reaches to stay safe. Settlements flourish both above and below the waves, with many air-breathers who live beyond sight of land gathering together in armadas and floating cities, digging into icebergs or building castles on the backs of uncaring leviathans.

Silkwood: This verdant wood surrounds the Hanging Bower, and is as vibrant and dangerously changeable as the Green Mother herself. For more information, see page 20.

Simmaron: Millennia later, ashes still smolder and smoke on the blackened stones that once held the idyllic forest of Simmaron. Its former rulers, three sisters in three separate palaces, were originally held as some of the most charming and intelligent princesses the First World had ever produced, and fey nobles traveled from far and wide to court or learn from them. Yet over time, the friendly rivalry between the sisters turned bitter, and the three turned so spiteful that the only thing they hated more than each other was anything more seemingly perfect than themselves. The forest that had been their home turned black and rotten, and

the taint spread beyond the borders of their realm. In response, the noble courts of the fey formed a council and banished the sisters to Golarion, where they became the first annis hag, green hag, and sea hag, respectively. Their holdings were burned to the ground and kept from ever being rebuilt, though some fools still seek to sift through the ashes in search of treasures from the lost palaces. For more information, see *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Classic Horrors Revisited*.

Skyhome: The ground can be a dangerous place in the constantly changing First World, which is why the residents of Skyhome forsake it entirely. From conventional dirigibles to vast rafts levitated by magic or gravity-defying skrik nettles, this strange armada floats across the skies of the First World, pushed by pinwheel propellers or towed by flying creatures. Skyhome's ruler, **Queen Nevenda VII** (CG female First World* gnome oracle^{APG} 7), prides herself on the fact that no one in her line has touched the ground in 12 generations, though she's happy enough to let the settlement's traders swoop down on giant owls or "ride the ropes," descending in harnesses via a system of pulleys to hurriedly conduct business before the settlement drifts on.

Spindlewood: Perpetually leafless no matter the season, this forest extends for miles in a vast thicket of twisted branches and straight trunks growing up out of drifts of barren sand. Here the predatory thin men (*Inner Sea Bestiary* 52) lurk in wait for passersby, standing so straight and still that most travelers never notice them until it's too late, or else wear themselves out jumping at every shadow. Given the forest's foreboding look and reputation, one would expect most people to give it a wide berth. In fact, bold adventurers still regularly enter its borders, seeking the fabled Twig Palace, where the mysterious figure called Weeping Jess watches over the magically preserved and briar-wrapped bodies of her lover and her sister, unable to choose which to save and thus dooming both to an eternity of stasis. Legend has it that anyone who can break the curse will have their dearest wishes granted, though the heads of those who've disappointed Jess by trying and failing sit mounted on thorns above the palace gate.

Starcatcher Mountains: So tall are the Starcatchers that their atmosphere grows dangerously thin (or sometimes intoxicatingly thick) near some of the peaks. Rocky in their lower reaches, encrusted with snowfields and glaciers at their heights, the Starcatchers host everything from fey yetis and the Karulinga Stone-People to creatures seemingly more at home in the depths of space. Linnorms dwell in their freezing tarns, and slow-moving tribes of treants tend to the forests climbing up the mountains' feet, paying little attention to the gnomes who build fortresses and silent monasteries in its trackless valleys.

Stasi, City of Vaults: Not all fey are comfortable with the constantly shifting nature of the First World. Not only can it be unsettling and exhausting to never know if you'll wake up to find your home suddenly teetering above a bottomless pit, but such reinvention also makes it difficult to have true confidence in one's security systems. For most such individuals, the answer is often to live near one of the Eldest, where their presence holds the realm in a relatively regular form. Yet for those uninterested in bending a knee, there is Stasi, City of Vaults. Here, the masked fey lords called the Unchanging combine their strange magics to maintain a city of perfect regularity, with great fortress-vaults as secure as anything Abadar's faithful ever built in Axis. As a result of this ironclad control, Stasi has become a primary center for banking in the First World, and the standard clauses that allow contracts to survive death mean that some of the artifacts and treasures secured within the vaults have remained there for ages, forgotten by all but the Unchanging's meticulous accountants. As for who the Unchanging are, or why they devote themselves to promoting the concept of stasis, no one knows. Rumor suggests that the Eldest tacitly condone their work, even using the vaults themselves to store valuable items or prisoners.

Sunbreaker Isles: Deep in the Cerulean Sea, this small collection of volcanic islands takes its name from the ancient magical devices that rise like towers and buboes from their dormant calderas. Long ago, the devices functioned as magical solar collectors, bending light into their great catchment basins and casting the islands into darkness for days at a time. This energy was then funneled down into the mountains' hearts for use by a coalition of powerful arcanists and wizards calling themselves the Radiant Cabal. While the cabal disappeared long ago, their collection devices remain dormant and slowly crumbling. Most locals avoid the cavernous dungeon complexes hollowed out of the mountains by the spellcasters, instead fishing and farming for their livelihood, their houses sloped sideways at extreme angles to avoid the howling storms that frequently batter the islands.

Syrington Downs: Residents of these misty hills rarely leave their homes after dark, for everyone knows that the Headless King—the original dullahan (*Bestiary* 2 111) who inspired the Material Plane's undead versions—rides the hills at night, and those who fall to his baying pack become hounds themselves.

Thoraso Cracks: In the Thoraso Desert, water evaporates quickly, leaving a parched and desolate

landscape. The sole exception to this rule, the Thoraso Cracks are a vast network of canyons spreading out like a spider's web through the sun-baked earth, dropping thousands of feet to dry stone or the thin rivers that continue to carve them. Inside this maze of sheltering passages lie several city-states populated by the reptilian merihza, their ornate dwellings carved from the soft rock and fed by carefully terraced and irrigated hanging gardens. Ruled by the Cleft Lords, these cities guard their meager holdings jealously, battling each other on swift dinosaur mounts and only occasionally venturing up onto the blazing surface to trade with other nations. Despite their standoffishness, however, the cities of the Thoraso Cracks are ancient even by fey standards, and their most frequent visitors are scholars looking to trade for access to the runic sagas carved into the walls of each city's Memory Caves.



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Trileet

The undisputed center of maritime trade for a thousand miles, the city of Trileet spans three adjacent coastal islands—and, just as importantly, the channels between them, for Trileet is as bustling below the waves as above.

Trileet was originally founded by the ekekeh: psychic, aquatic creatures resembling dolphins with a row of electric horns down their backs (see page 60). Though already masters of the deep-ocean trade, their caravans protected from all but the most aggressive predators, they sought the shallows between these three volcanic islands as a place to build an easily defensible settlement while also making connections with surface traders. Local merchants immediately flocked to the islands' craggy shores, and soon the city was in full urban bloom. Catering to a wide variety of residents both aquatic and terrestrial, the dry streets of Trileet are webbed with a network of canals, while the coral spires of the bay are riddled with magical air-filled tubes whose permeable barriers allow "breathers" from neighborhoods like ramshackle Longshoal and the well-to-do Watchrocks to access subsurface districts like Wetmarket and the Reef. The city is always ruled jointly by one aquatic creature and one surface creature, currently **Chancellor Kaweh'i** (CG female ekekeh bard 7) and **Vice-Chancellor Efram Marnabit** (N male First World* gnome rogue 5/aristocrat 4). Though the two roles are nearly equal, some surface-dwellers resent the fact that breathers have never been elected to the senior position.

Below are some of the most notable locations in Trileet.

Concord Spire: Trileet's city hall, formally known as Concord Spire, rises up from the center of the bay to pierce the surface, a tower of brilliantly curated coral grown and maintained by the Bayfaith, a cross-species coalition of druids. Inside, its upper half is filled with air and administrative offices looking out over the city, while its flooded lower half follows a more open layout, its rooms often demarcated by kelp screens. While magic allows air and water breathers to mingle freely, they do so most formally in the Assembly Pool, the half-filled rotunda at sea level where all civic officials can meet at once, the air-breathers floating on tiny skiff-chairs.

Songsea Cathedral: Part place of worship and part opera house, Songsea Cathedral is a cavernous dome built over a geothermal vent. While the volcano that formed these islands has long since gone dormant, warm water infused with strange gases and minerals still seeps up from the deep stone crevice in the cathedral's floor. Though nominally dedicated to Ragadahn, the temple is in fact famous for the Saltsong Oracles, a resident pod of the enormous, whale-like fish called sepugon who exist in a constant narcotic haze gained from the vent's mysterious waters. Beneath the grand dome of the temple, they sing their keening prophecies and revelations for attentive audiences; while not everyone believes in their supposed ability to predict the future, residents and visitors alike agree that the performances are magnificent.



Thousandbreaths: This ancient wood is ruled by the self-styled nymph queen **Nyrissa** (CE female nymph sorcerer 6/mystic theurge 10), sometimes also called the Queen of Forgotten Time. Long ago, Nyrissa sought to use a relationship with Count Ranalc to elevate herself to the status of Eldest, only to find that the other fey lords weren't interested in accommodating an upstart. Some stories suggest that Nyrissa may even have been involved in whatever crime got Ranalc banished from the First World. Regardless of the truth, Nyrissa was cast down and relegated to this small network of forest glades and her palace, the House at the Edge of Time. Unlike most of the First World, Nyrissa's realm is actually tied tightly to a single point on Golarion: a portion of the River Kingdoms known as the Stolen Lands, where she appears to be searching for something that could help her rise above her current station once more. For more information, see *Pathfinder Adventure Path #36: Sound of a Thousand Screams*.

Thrice-Tenth Kingdom: Dotted with dark forests, the pet realm of the Witch Queen Baba Yaga sits at the foot of a spur of the Starcatcher Mountains. Within its borders, strange ogres and inky black beasts hunt those ordinary fey foolish enough to pass through, while talking birds match wits and philosopher elk roam the steppes in search of enlightenment. Beneath the earth, vast caverns stretch on forever, echoing with the screams of those Baba Yaga has punished. The heart of the Thrice-Tenth Kingdom is the Witchspire, a majestic palace of silver and glass that was constructed as a tribute by Baba Yaga's minions rather than the Witch Queen herself, who generally stays in her legendary *Dancing Hut* on those occasions when she visits. For more information, see *Pathfinder Adventure Path #72: The Witch Queen's Revenge*.

Tinker's Promise: While bulabars (see page 58) often live among other races, they also enjoy creating their own settlements, and the greatest of these is the de facto racial capital of Tinker's Promise. Built inside a massive subterranean cavern—or at least one that seems massive to the 2-foot-tall beetle fey—Tinker's Promise is a sea of tiny buildings that covers not just the cavern floor but the walls and ceiling as well. Various tunnels lead into the city from hidden entrances in the nondescript hills above, each sealed by a complex magical-mechanical gate that opens only at a bulabar's touch. Inside the city, structures are lit by everything from magic and glowworm lamps to sparking electrical arc lamps; water carefully diverted from a nearby river provides advanced plumbing and paddlewheel power to most buildings. The city's pride and joy is Bulabar Academy, a bustling tower that rises up from the cavern floor to host dozens of workshops and lecture halls promoting advanced technological education and research. Non-bulabar scholars with information to share or trade are

greeted warmly by the resident professors, and those larger races who can squeeze their way into the bulabar's claustrophobic halls can learn much.

Tubehollow: Nobody knows who built the hundreds of strange pipes—ranging in size from a few feet across to large enough to drive a wagon through—that thrust forth from the ground on this rocky mountainside. Twice a day, the tubes blast forth a barrage of organlike music that hangs in the air as visible color, forming strange synesthetic clouds. Anyone caught in the blast must succeed at a DC 15 Will save or be paralyzed for 2d6 rounds as she experiences a vivid, euphoric memory of her greatest moment of triumph. Furthermore, for the next 24 hours, any character that fails this initial save takes a -4 penalty on any other Will saves—including against further blasts from the tubes.

Though remote, the forest of tubes is relatively well populated. Several fox-tailed huldras (*Bestiary* 4 151) witches maintain a small circle of cottages nearby called Sonata, from which they bottle and sell the tubes' effects as a powerful drug. The tubes also always have a few junkies lying helpless and happy near their openings, heedless of the swarms of tiny "color crabs" that scuttle forth from the tubes to feed on the incapacitated addicts. Over the eons, many adventuring parties have delved into the sewerlike tube maze in hopes of finding the fabled Songmother, the giant wormlike creature responsible for the notes, and whose jeweled teeth allow their bearers incredible psychic power, yet so far only rumors and legends have returned.

Tusk Castle: Most tooth fairies (*Bestiary* 4 262) use the teeth stolen from humanoids to decorate simple lairs inside abandoned buildings or hollow trees. The Kamasatch Tribe, however, is more ambitious. Built almost entirely from stolen teeth, Tusk Castle houses a veritable army of tooth fairies, their chaotic impulses only barely kept in check by their uncompromising leader. From the top of a tower made out of a single enormous mastodon tusk, the Molar King sends his squads of dental thieves across the First World and beyond, bringing back strange and exotic teeth in exchange for his magical blessing and the honor of living in the most spectacular work their species has ever produced.

Ulas, the Mountain That Walks: Many mountains on the First World change location, but only Great Ulas does so under its own power. As large as a Material Plane volcano, with a similar cinder-cone shape, Great Ulas roams across the landscape on millions of tiny green tentacles that hold it just inches off the ground. Capable of traveling up to several miles an hour, crushing anything unfortunate enough to be in its path, the Mountain That Walks might be classified as one of the Tane, if not for the fact that its wanderings do not appear to be targeted or malicious. To the tribes of primitive redcaps, brownies (*Bestiary* 2 49), and warrior


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nymphs who live on its forested slopes, Ulas is a quasi-religious figure, both a parent to be obeyed and a child to be protected and comforted. Honoring their metaphorical parent with prayers and rituals, these mountain-dwellers are willing to go to any means necessary to defend their home from harm. This defense is more necessary than one might expect, as Great Ulas's blood is a powerful magical reagent, and unscrupulous alchemists regularly attempt to drill through the rocks and dirt of the mountainside to the gray flesh beneath. Though the question of Ulas's sentience remains unclear, such injuries cause the mountain to keel with pain and despair, sending its residents into a murderous battle frenzy.

Vestige: The fey of the First World do not die like normal creatures, but that doesn't mean they aren't fascinated by the concept of mortality. In the town of Vestige, this morbidity holds full sway, with houses and businesses built to resemble crypts, cathedrals, and mausoleums, most intentionally leaning or halfway ruined. Residents wear mourning clothes and practice funereal rituals from across the Material Plane—with varying degrees of accuracy—taking turns playing the corpses, sometimes going so far as to inflict slow but deadly wounds on themselves to help them get into character. Those most devoted to this morbid fetish allow themselves to be buried alive in the vast graveyards coating the rolling hills surrounding the town, though the majority of the fey content themselves with purchasing headstones recording their names and deeds.

While the whole place has an air of bizarre pageantry, it would be a mistake to dismiss the residents as sad eccentrics. Vampiric sangois (*Bestiary* 5 219) and other corpse-eaters haunt the graveyards around town, forcing even those playing at death to take pause. Within the town itself, residents sometimes gather to watch the execution of mortal creatures purchased for the purpose, the better to understand their experiences of dying. These murder-plays are often elaborate, academic affairs involving intricate devices, with prisoners flensed or dismantled onstage for the benefit of a silent, black-clad audience. Despite this danger, mortals—and more often undead—still sometimes seek out the town for its extensive libraries devoted to necromantic magic and the study of death in all its forms.

Wallows: Giant toads and hippos lurk within the muddy depths of the Wallows, a swamp so fetid and devoid of charm that it would be totally abandoned by civilized peoples, if not for the Dragonfly Palace at its center. From here, the **Silent Sister** (CE female nymph necromancer 10) and her minions (both living and dead) pull the ancient bones of magical creatures from deep bogs and tar pits, using them to power her magic and raid nearby settlements.

Watchers on the Shore: While the rocky beaches and towering cliffs of this desolate stretch of seashore would be beautiful in their own right, their claim to fame lies a few hundred yards out to sea. Here, massive and intricate structures like floating castles regularly emerge from the ever-present mist to sit, unmoving without any obvious anchors, in a long line among the crashing waves. Though the towers are all different—some whole and delicate, others broken and seemingly ripped off some enormous edifice—each bears a large carving of a humanoid face that stares toward the shore. The seaside village of Eyeswide outfits those adventurers and thrill-seekers who regularly visit to explore and chart the towers' interiors, with local anglers ferrying them out to the floating behemoths, but few locals ever clamber up through the buildings' vacant windows or darkened doorways. This caution is not superstition, but simple pragmatism, as buildings sometimes sink without warning, taking their secrets and any intruders down into the murky trench beneath, making way for a new building-ship to emerge from the fog.

Wavelace Archipelago: Also called the Scattered Lands, Wavelace Archipelago is a riot of cultures and biomes, its myriad islands divided by channels that can be just hundreds of feet across. Though a few bold rulers have united multiple islands—most notably the Island King and his mortal enemy the Empress of the Final Wave—most islands are staunchly independent, and view visitors with skepticism. Some notable islets include Hwinikuk (an island of talking horses); Broadleaf (an island inhabited primarily by leshies and elephant-headed mystics), and the Listening Tower (whose leaders can never leave their aerie and set foot on the ground, lest a terrible curse befall their people).

Weeping Wood: While this forest is technically connected to the Evergrove, it's distinguished by the dense fog that clings to trees and travelers, confusing and inevitably turning back those who aren't wanted within its borders. For more information, see the Forest Pools on page 29.

Wild Garden: While most fey pay little attention to the idea of conservation—for what's a little clear-cutting when death itself is an ephemeral idea?—there are those fey who see the building of cities and other “modern” contrivances as sins against the natural order. One of the most powerful of these is **Joheane the Erlking** (CN male erlking^{B+}). From Lastglen, his fortress of delicately woven trees, he rules over a cadre of dryads and other like-minded fey, preventing all those who represent the evils of modernity—including most creatures from the Material Plane—from entering the nature preserve he's dubbed the Wild Garden. While the Eldest have so far been reluctant to challenge him—either because they fear his power, or because they simply don't care—



terrorist groups claiming to act in his name have lately begun causing serious trouble in cities like Godsarm and Morbrook, and direct conflict appears inevitable. Expendable, unaffiliated adventurers who could take care of the problem while allowing civic leaders to maintain plausible deniability would likely find themselves handsomely rewarded.

Witchmarket: See page 25.

Wokano Sinkhole: This apparently bottomless pit is more than a mile across, its rough stone walls forming an almost perfect circle when viewed from above. Rocky outcroppings and cracks in the pit's side provide ample habitat for tenacious plants and birds, yet the sinkhole's ecosystem doesn't stop there. Flying mammals and colorful fish buoyed by lighter-than-air gases swim back and forth in the pit, riding the inexplicably constant, warm updrafts and drinking from the waterfalls cascading down the pit's sides, wheeling and diving in a manner more appropriate to denizens of a tropical ocean reef. While most of these creatures are small enough to succumb to the nets and tethered spears of more humanoid cliff-dwellers, the sharklike meyeso and furred Wokano leviathans remain enough of a threat that sensible residents retreat to their caves at the sound of the predators' keening hunting cries. The top levels of the sinkhole are thoroughly riddled with steps and ladders, but beyond a certain point the pit remains mostly unexplored, and to rappel beyond the Lower Ring and return is a rite of passage for local leaders, as well as a popular destination for adventurers. Local spelunking legend **Chitl the Amazing** (NG female gripli^{B2} rogue 8), originally from the Material Plane, holds the current record for longest descent, and leads expeditions from her home on the last "civilized" shelf of the Lower Ring.

Yara Waste: While often found high in the mountains, the Yara Waste can seemingly exist anywhere, appearing even in the middle of otherwise tropical jungles. From the outside, the waste appears to be anywhere from a few feet to a few miles across, visible as a shimmering, crystalline border in the air. Anyone crossing through, however, finds herself in a vast, snowy landscape larger than should be possible, extending in all directions. Aside from snowy tundra and the occasional caribou track, the only obvious features are strange, totemlike bone posts rising periodically from the snow, as well as bright red lightning bugs that wink like eyes from the twilight sky. Legend has it that anyone who can puzzle out the dance of those bugs and its relation to the runes on the Bone Signs will find the way to the Tomb of Karumaq, last resting place of a former Eldest of cold and ice, and repository for his great sword *Gloam*. The waste has more dangers than simple exposure, however, as sinister ijiraqs (*Bestiary* 4 155) hunt intruders, and those who don't stumble onto an exit in time may find themselves carved into totems as well.

Sample Fairy Bargains

While the Witchmarket is most famous for its sometimes-confusing prices, many fey merchants are happy to strike strange deals for their goods and services. Below are some sample "fairy prices" a merchant might accept in lieu of gold—things a fey might ask a buyer to give up, procure, or sign over to the fey in a contract, all with the potential for trouble down the road.

- The buyer's ability to wear armor.
- The buyer's ability to see dogs.
- The buyer's middle name.
- The buyer's ability to get drunk.
- The right to use the buyer's family crest.
- The buyer's ability to tie knots.
- The buyer's ability to speak proper nouns.
- The memory of the buyer's best meal.
- Possession of the buyer's body for 1 hour.
- The buyer's ability to heal without magic.
- The buyer's ability to heal via magic.
- The buyer's ability to ride a horse.
- The last day of the buyer's life.
- The laughter of a condemned man.
- A box of spider whispers.
- A letter from a true love.
- A treasure well earned.
- A kiss.
- The buyer's promise to carry a mysterious box without opening it for 1 year.

Interestingly, rumor has it that the ijiraqs' habit of hiding their faces behind caribou skulls is due to the fact that they all bear the same visage as Karumaq, their creator, and to look upon that face would grant secrets useful in navigating the traps in his tomb.

Zalumoshi: From the outside, this rustic gnome town is the epitome of a pastoral community. Together, the residents communally tend to the Steedfields, rolling acres full of trees that birth strange plant creatures, no two of them the same. Ranging from giant bee-things to bark-skinned serpents, these creatures are taken in and trained as beasts of burden by the local wranglers.

From the inside, however, Zalumoshi is a town of constant conflict. On one side are several different breeds of gremlins (*Bestiary* 2 141–145) infesting the nearby Stillnight cave system, which emerge regularly to torment the gnomes and ruin their farming machinery. On the other is a collection of helpful house spirits (*Bestiary* 5 142–143) devoted to defending the town. Caught in the middle of the constant chaos, most of the gnomes would love for someone to put an end to the gremlin threat once and for all, and would be willing to reward such saviors with unique, well-trained vegetable steeds.

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The Tane

I suppose it's natural for mortals to be fascinated by that which could destroy them. While the fey are less so, even they have long been obsessed with the atrocities they call the Tane. More forces of elemental destruction than natural creatures, these entities remain the fiercest and most terrifying dangers of the First World, powerful enough to kill even an Eldest... for that is what they were bred to do.

Origin of the Tane

Everything native to the Material Plane has roots on the First World. Even war.

No one remembers why the First War started, back when existence was young. That knowledge was expunged upon its completion, in hopes that the grudges might be forgotten. Likely it was inevitable, the result of great powers flexing their wings, experimenting with new ideas and emotions never before seen in the Inner Sphere: Love. Betrayal. Genocide. Statehood.

Like children with a new toy, the Eldest embraced the concept of war, exploring its every facet. The beauty of the charge. The tension of a siege. The profundity of a single soldier dying alone, caught on a spike in a muddy ditch. They formed alliances and broke them with equal abandon, reveling in the strength of their hate. For 3,000 years, the war raged, spawning creatures and civilizations never seen before or since.

Then came the Tane. Both sides had dared each other to come up with greater and greater servants, grotesque creations they called the Twisted. Yet in the Tane, the Eldest found they had gone too far. The goliaths that emerged were too powerful. As the first Eldest died, torn to shreds by the claws and teeth of the Jabberwock, the Eldest realized what they had unleashed. As both sides lost leaders to the savagery of the Tane, the remaining beasts became increasingly difficult to control. Horrified, the Eldest forgot their differences, turning all their remaining strength to corralling the Tane and putting them to sleep or scattering them into the remote, uninhabited depths of creation.

I suppose, in that sense, the Tane ended the war after all.

The Five Beasts of Ending

People speak of the Tane as individuals: historical figures or discrete disasters. This is both false and true. The title Tane is like that of Eldest—not a name or breed, but an honorific attached to the strongest of their kind. Yet while there have been many Tane, some remembered and some gratefully forgotten, it is true that in the beginning there were five, and that these five were the progenitors, models for those that would come after. Those specimens that bear these names today are lesser than the originals, yet some of the first may yet live, dreaming beneath hill and mountain, waiting to be called forth.

Bandersnatch: The six-limbed bandersnatch flows like a river between trees, its rippling spines adorned with the skulls of the dead. An assassin built to end an Eldest, it has since given birth to a race of lesser versions, both frumious and otherwise, that stalk the far places of the planes like hunting cats and track the greatest prey they can find.

Jabberwock: First and greatest of the Tane, the jabberwock is a dragonlike creature of madness and ruin, its burbling clouding foes' minds even as its tamed whirlwinds cast aside arrows. The original jabberwock was believed unkillable, forcing several Eldest to create an immensely powerful weapon to counter it—the first vorpal blade. The ensuing battle slew both jabberwock and the champion bearing the blade, yet the ripples from their deaths spread throughout the First World, resulting in the spontaneous generation of lesser versions of both monster and blade, with these echoes proving almost as dangerous as the originals.

Jubjub Bird: People mock the jubjub as the least of the Five, yet only a fool thinks to avoid death by laughing at it. The beak of the jubjub tears the stones from towers, even as defenders' spells roll from its brilliant plumage like rain. From its eggs have hatched many offspring, yet the original still sleeps deep beneath the Bleeding Tree, waiting to be called.

Sard, the Storm of Insanities: The first sard began as an ancient wychwood elm, before magic twisted it into a living siege engine. The sard crushes cities beneath its massive branches, poisoning defenders with its thorns and laying waste with the red lightning that is its sap. Today it stands in the forest of the Green Mother, and its tangled branches prop up her reign.

Thrasfyr, the Dreaming Hill of the Dark: Dread Thrasfyr lies bound by its chains until unleashed, at which point its chains spread out, writhing like bladed snakes. Of all the original Tane, only scaled Thrasfyr understood loyalty—its two heads served not out of fear, but out of love. Yet such is the power of its barbs and flames that none dare awaken it without great need, for once it ceases its dreaming, not even its master can rein in its rampages.

Other Tane

History has seen many Tane, and will undoubtedly see many more before reality ends. No folly is so great that it does not appeal to a fool, and the creation of Tane is a tired and tiring tradition.

Bonefather: None can stand before the earth-shaking rattle of Bonefather, whose body houses the remains of three Eldest. Where he dances, day turns to night and the earth sprouts memories of all that have died upon it, tearing the living apart to strengthen the Bonefather.

Great Ulas: The Mountain That Walks is unique among the Tane, for while many of the living war-engines have thrown off their masters' yokes, only Ulas has abandoned its purpose. Not even the Eldest can say what thoughts, if any, rest inside the Mountain's bulk. It refuses to fight, instead wandering docilely across the landscape—and ironically crushing everything in its path.

Hachan Ke, the Glory in the Blood: Not all Tane are large. Hachan Ke swims within his victims, changing them into beasts fit to rend and tear all they love. From the veins of the triumphant he emerges like a sideways rain, twisting into a three-headed shape so beautiful that observers' eyes burst like squeezed fruit.

Kyrn the Legion: A creature of one and many, Kyrn spreads its selves across the landscape like locusts, mandibles gnawing and spear-hands slicing, as it sings the song of ruin from a thousand mouths.

Leviathan: Not even Ragadahn would dare challenge Leviathan, should he wake from his epoch of sleep. In his hundred eyes rest the thoughts of all who have gazed into them, trapped forever inside his mind. With each stroke of his tail, he churns the fabric of space and time, creating vortices that send foes to everywhere and everywhen.

Mohaba, the Moon Worm: Mohaba floats above the landscape, stretching down writhing tube-mouths to suck up whole cities and raining tears that melt the ground.





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"The creatures of the First World are not like ours. You hunt a gazelle, it runs. A saba boar may fight like a demon once cornered, but when it first smells the hounds, it'll retreat into the bushes. Even desert lions will flee if you wound them badly enough. All of them live with death, and so they understand it. But the beasts of the First World have no such fear. You can fill them full of spears, and they'll keep coming, because what do they have to lose? Death is a stranger to the First World's mindless creatures, and a novelty to the intelligent ones. Those that look familiar are the worst, for they'll trick you, seduce you into thinking you know what to expect. But when that gazelle peels back its skin to unleash the flaming hornets nesting beneath its flesh—then you'll understand. Nothing in the First World is familiar. Nothing is safe."

*—Kuma Kiseyara,
briefing for a Qadiran breach expedition*

First World Creatures

Nearly any fey creature can be found in the First World, but the near-infinite evolutionary paths of that realm offer a huge variety of other beings. Below are some tips for populating the First World in your campaign.

Reskinning and Modification: An easy way to present new First World creatures on the fly is to use statistics for existing creatures and simply change how you describe them, perhaps also making minor rules adjustments as well, such as changing the type of damage a creature deals. A blue-furred bear with three eyes is mechanically the same as an ordinary bear, and a ten-legged scorpion that poisons via kisses with barbed, fleshy lips is still just a scorpion.

Similarly, many otherwise normal animals on the First World are intelligent enough to speak (though they don't necessarily have useful things to say). To model this, use the creature's existing statistics, but increase its Intelligence and add class skills as you see fit—after all, why shouldn't an intelligent beaver have Knowledge (engineering)? You might even want to give it class levels, but don't be afraid to improvise non-combat aspects like skills.

Templates: The fey creature template in *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3* is useful for creating many types of fey creatures, but certain aspects (such as the fly speed) may not be appropriate for the average fey creature. The following simple template is extremely common in the First World, and affects all gnomes born within the First World.

First World Creature (CR +0 or +1)

Creatures with the First World template live on the First World, and can be summoned using spells such as *summon monster*, *summon nature's ally*, and *planar ally*. A First World creature's CR increases by 1 only if the base creature has 5 or more Hit Dice. A First World creature's quick and rebuild rules are the same.

Rebuild Rules: Type the creature counts as both its base type as well as fey for any effects related to type; **Senses** gains low-light vision; **Defensive Abilities** gains DR and energy resistance as noted on the table below, +4 bonus against mind-affecting effects; **SR** gains SR equal to new CR + 5; **Special** a First World creature killed while on the First World does not travel to the Boneyard, but simply reappears elsewhere in the First World 1d10 days later as if raised by *resurrection*, save that the negative level and Constitution drain from that spell cannot force it below 1st level or a Constitution score of 1. At the GM's option, the creature may be reincarnated (as per *reincarnate*) instead.

First World Creature Defenses

Hit Dice	Resist Cold and Electricity	DR
1-4	5	—
5-10	10	5/cold iron
11+	15	10/cold iron

Variant Summon List

Spells like *summon monster* and *summon nature's ally* may operate differently in the First World, with animals and magical beasts appearing as variant versions and outsiders being difficult to summon. While GMs are welcome to modify summoning lists to reflect the near-infinite variety of creatures such spells might summon—for in the First World, nearly everything is nature's ally—the following suggestions can help give these spells a more First World feel. Whether these additional creatures are available to fey-linked casters outside of the First World is up to the GM.

Note that these substitutions apply to both *summon monster* and *summon nature's ally* spells, as indicated on the Variant Summon Lists below. All fey summoned from these lists with a *summon monster* spell gain the extraplanar subtype.

Variant Summon Lists

Summon Monster/Nature's Ally I	Source
Sprite	<i>Bestiary 3</i> 256

Summon Monster/Nature's Ally II	Source
Bulabar	See page 58
Gremlin, jinkin	<i>Bestiary 2</i> 142

Summon Monster/Nature's Ally III	Source
Brownie	<i>Bestiary 2</i> 49
Leprechaun (without <i>major creation</i>)	<i>Bestiary 2</i> 177

Summon Monster/Nature's Ally IV	Source
Choxani	See page 59
Ekekeh	See page 60
Quickling	<i>Bestiary 2</i> 227

Summon Monster/Nature's Ally V	Source
Redcap	<i>Bestiary 2</i> 233
Remacera	See page 63

Summon Monster/Nature's Ally VI	Source
Cold rider	<i>Bestiary 3</i> 59
Escorite	See page 61

Summon Monster/Nature's Ally VII	Source
Bogeyman (without <i>phantasmal killer</i>)	<i>Bestiary 3</i> 42
Nuckelavee	<i>Bestiary 3</i> 203

Summon Monster/Nature's Ally VIII	Source
Nereid	<i>Bestiary 2</i> 198
Rusalka	<i>Bestiary 3</i> 232

Summon Monster/Nature's Ally IX	Source
Ankou	<i>Bestiary 4</i> 10
Hamadryad	<i>Bestiary 4</i> 148

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Bulabar

This small blue beetle stands upright on its hindmost legs and wears a bandolier full of tools and pouches.

BULABAR	CR 1	
XP 400		
LN Tiny fey		
Init +1; Senses low-light vision; Perception +4		
DEFENSE		
AC 16, touch 13, flat-footed 15 (+1 Dex, +3 natural, +2 size)		
hp 7 (1d6+4)		
Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +2		
DR 5/cold iron		
OFFENSE		
Speed 30 ft., burrow 10 ft.		
Melee spear +0 (1d4-2/+3) or 2 claws +3 (1d2-2)		
Ranged light crossbow +3 (1d4/19-20)		
Space 2-1/2 ft.; Reach 0 ft.		
Special Attacks disassemble (DC 12)		
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st; concentration +1) At will— <i>mending</i>		
STATISTICS		
Str 6, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 10, Cha 11		
Base Atk +0; CMB -1; CMD 7		
Feats Ability Focus (disassemble), Toughness [®] , Weapon Finesse [®]		
Skills Appraise +3, Climb +2, Craft (alchemy) +6, Disable Device +10, Knowledge (engineering) +7, Perception +4, Stealth +13, Use Magic Device +4; Racial Modifiers +8 Disable Device, +4 Knowledge (engineering)		
Languages Common, First Speech, Gnome		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any (First World)		
Organization solitary, pair, or team (3-10)		
Treasure standard (light crossbow with 20 bolts, spear)		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		
Disassemble (Ex) As a standard action that does not provoke an attack of opportunity, a bulabar can touch a nonmagical object no more than one size category		



larger than itself, forcing either it or its wielder to attempt a DC 12 Reflex saving throw. On a failed save, the object is reduced to 1 hit point and gains the broken condition. Using this ability on an already broken object has no effect. The save DC is Charisma-based and includes a +2 racial bonus.

Bulabars are the tinkers of the First World, thought to personify the evolution of tool use in nature. Fascinated by mechanical devices of all sorts, they frequently wander the landscape looking for novel ideas, or else set up schools and laboratories where they can research their findings and uncover new ways for machines to better their lives. While other races sometimes resent the bulabars' tendency to disassemble or prod curiously at any device they don't understand—including those owned by strangers—bulabars' good-natured penchant for teaching others, as well as fixing broken items for the sheer joy of it, makes them welcome in most settlements.

The main exception to bulabars' happy-go-lucky attitude is gremlins. Bulabars despise the problematic fey, especially the machine-destroying vexgits (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 145), and attempt to exterminate them whenever possible. This racial hatred is only compounded by the fact that many scholars from other races believe that bulabars may be related to gremlins themselves, an insult that's caused more than one academic gathering to devolve into an un scholarly brawl.

Though they have an uncanny ability to target the weak points of their enemies' weapons and armor, bulabars hate seeing a useful mechanism broken, and are quick to repair any damaged items as soon as hostilities have ended. More often, bulabars prefer to attack from afar with ranged weapons or alchemical items they can throw—the more unusual, the better—and those bulabars with the opportunity to study alchemists, gunslingers, and other such adventurers often take levels in those classes themselves.

The average bulabar is 2 feet tall and weighs 20 pounds. Most bulabars can't bear to be parted from their tools and instruments for even a short time, and can usually be found wearing bandoliers, backpacks, and utility belts crammed with useful devices and spare parts.

Choxani

This faceless, spindly humanoid has dragonfly wings, and its woody skin is covered in shifting colors and patterns.

CHOXANI

CR 3



XP 800

CN Medium fey

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +1 dodge, +2 natural)

hp 27 (5d6+10)

Fort +3, **Ref** +6, **Will** +6

Defensive Abilities all-around vision, **DR** 5/cold iron and slashing

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 40 ft. (average)

Melee discoloring touch +4 touch (1d6 plus energy drain) or rapier +4 (1d6/18-20)

Ranged longbow +4 (1d8/x3)

Special Attacks energy drain (1 level, DC 14), hypnotic colors

STATISTICS

Str 11, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 15

Feats Dodge, Mobility, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +10, Disguise +10, Fly +10, Knowledge (nature) +8, Perception +10, Stealth +14; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Stealth

Languages First Speech (written only)

SQ pattern reading

ECOLOGY

Environment any (First World)

Organization solitary, pair, or convocation (3-6)

Treasure standard (longbow with 20 arrows, rapier, other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

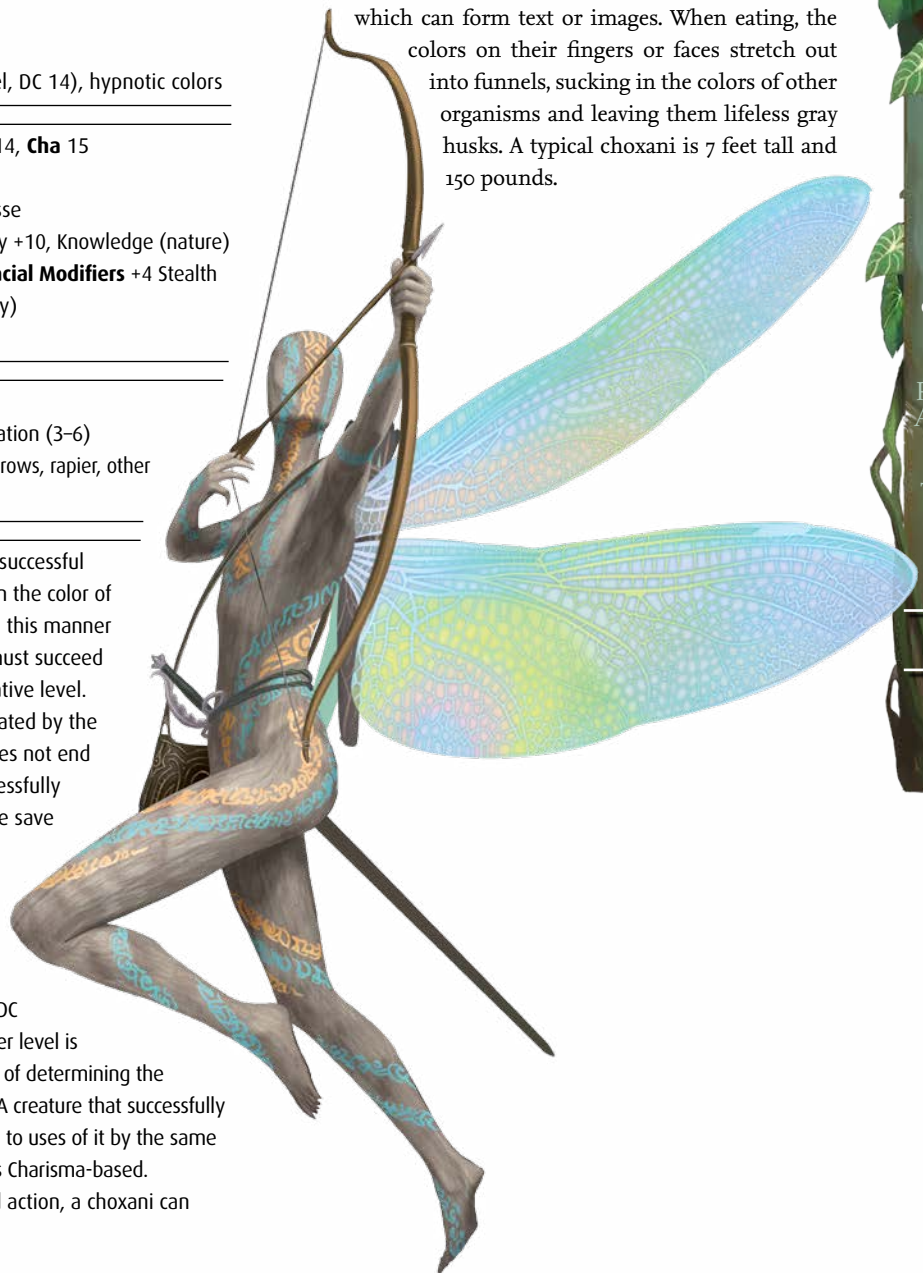
Discoloring Touch (Su) By making a successful touch attack, a choxani can feed on the color of living things. A creature touched in this manner takes 1d6 points of damage and must succeed at a DC 14 Will save or gain a negative level. Attempting to drain a target fascinated by the choxani's hypnotic colors ability does not end the fascination effect, though successfully draining the target's color does. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Hypnotic Colors (Sp) As a standard action, a choxani can swirl its colors in a way that captures the attention of onlookers. This functions as *hypnotic pattern* (Will DC 14 negates), and the choxani's caster level is equal to its Hit Dice for the purpose of determining the total Hit Dice of creatures affected. A creature that successfully saves against this ability is immune to uses of it by the same choxani for 24 hours. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Pattern Reading (Su) As a full-round action, a choxani can

let its subconscious thoughts form patterns on its skin, then interpret the results. This acts as *augury*, save that the chance of a meaningful reply is 10% times the choxani's number of Hit Dice, up to a maximum of 90%. Additionally, if a result would be "nothing"—including as a result of failure—it is instead interpreted as one of the other three results, chosen randomly. The choxani has no way of knowing whether this ability has succeeded or failed.

Also called "picture people," choxani embody those aspects of nature that resemble other things, from a chameleon changing color to a cloud blown into the shape of a dog. Choxani see these moments of representation as proof of the plan underlying all reality, and honor them with religious fervor. They communicate primarily through hand gestures and their constantly changing markings, which can form text or images. When eating, the colors on their fingers or faces stretch out into funnels, sucking in the colors of other organisms and leaving them lifeless gray husks. A typical choxani is 7 feet tall and 150 pounds.



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Ekekeh

This creature looks like a gilled dolphin with a row of spiral horns down its back, arcs of electricity crackling between them.

EKEKEH

CR 4



XP 1,200

NG Large fey (aquatic)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., lifesense, low-light vision; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 12 (+3 Dex, +3 natural, -1 size)

hp 33 (6d6+12)

Fort +4, **Ref** +8, **Will** +5

Defensive Abilities bioelectric shield, **DR** 5/cold iron;

Immune electricity; **Resist** cold 5

OFFENSE

Speed swim 80 ft., telekinetic levitation

Melee bite +6 (1d8+1 plus 3d6 electricity)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th; concentration +6)

Constant—*mage hand*

3/day—*lightning bolt* (DC 14)

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 16, **Con** 15, **Int** 12, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 18 (can't be tripped)

Feats Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (bite)

Skills Acrobatics +12, Diplomacy +10, Knowledge (any one) +7, Linguistics +3, Perception +9, Stealth +8, Swim +18, Use Magic Device +8

Languages Aquan, Ekekeh, First Speech

ECOLOGY

Environment any oceans (First World)

Organization solitary, pair, family (3–6), or pod (7–18)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bioelectric Shield (Ex) At will, an ekekeh can activate an electrical field generated by its body as a swift action.

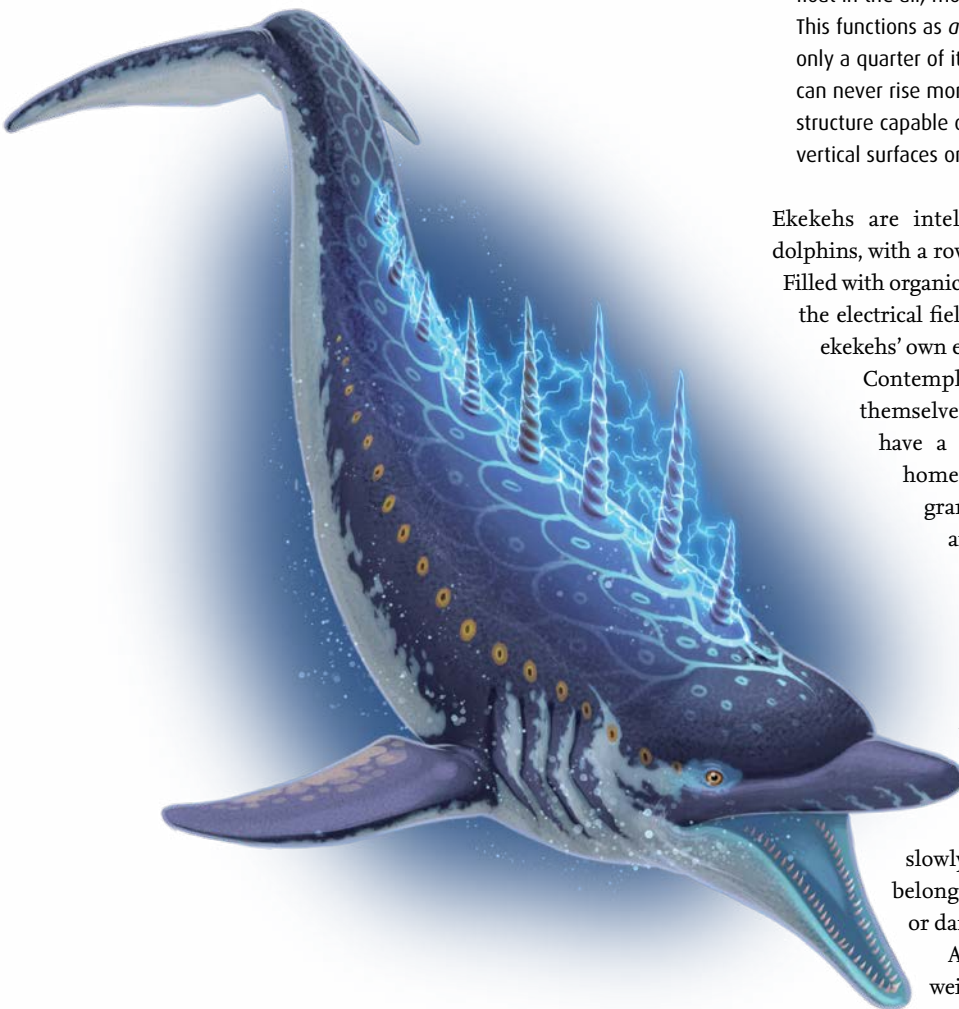
While the bioelectric shield is active, any creature attacking the ekekeh with a melee or natural weapon takes 3d6 points of electricity damage (Reflex DC 15 half). This ability can remain active indefinitely, but most ekekehs employ it only when they feel endangered; deactivating the field is a free action. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Telekinetic Levitation (Su) An ekekeh has the ability to float in the air, moving itself along with pure thought. This functions as *air walk*, but the ekekeh can move at only a quarter of its swim speed (normally 20 feet), and can never rise more than 10 feet above the ground or a structure capable of supporting its weight. It cannot climb vertical surfaces or float over water.

Ekekehs are intelligent aquatic creatures similar to dolphins, with a row of horns that runs down their backs. Filled with organic metal deposits, these horns both sense the electrical fields of living creatures and channel the ekekehs' own energy into devastating attacks.

Contemplative and fun-loving, ekekehs hold themselves up as proof that humanoids don't have a monopoly on civilization. While at home in the open ocean, ekekehs also build grand underwater cities, working magic and employing tools via the same limited telekinetic abilities that allow them to float over dry land, where their gills process air as well as water. The slow speed and limited maneuverability of this flight strikes most ekekehs as terribly boring, if not downright embarrassing, yet it is still common for residents of coastal cities to see ekekehs floating slowly through the marketplace, their belongings stuffed into specially fitted packs or dangling from broad leather utility belts.

An average ekekeh is 10 feet long and weighs 1,000 pounds.



Escorite

This giant moth has a head like a doe skull and six short tentacles instead of legs. Its wings drizzle a cascade of shimmering dust.

ESCORITE

CR 8



XP 4,800

CE Large fey

Init +8; **Senses** low-light vision, see in darkness; Perception +21

Aura inevitability (30 ft., DC 20)

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 14, flat-footed 16 (+4 Dex, +1 dodge, +7 natural, -1 size)

hp 97 (13d6+52)

Fort +8, **Ref** +12, **Will** +11

DR 10/cold iron; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10, fire 10; **SR** 19

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., fly 60 ft. (good)

Melee 4 tentacles +12 (1d6+3 plus 1d4 Con damage)

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

Special Attacks hollow eyes

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th; concentration +9)

At will—*death knell* (DC 14), *dimension door* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *glitterdust* (DC 14), *scorching ray* 3/day—*diminish plants*, *enervation*, *rusting grasp*

STATISTICS

Str 22, **Dex** 18, **Con** 18, **Int** 9, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +13; **CMD** 28

Feats Ability Focus (aura of inevitability), Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Weapon Focus (tentacle)

Skills Acrobatics +20, Fly +22, Perception +21, Sense Motive +21, Stealth +16

Languages First Speech; telepathy 100 ft.

ECOLOGY

Environment any (First World)

Organization solitary

Treasure none

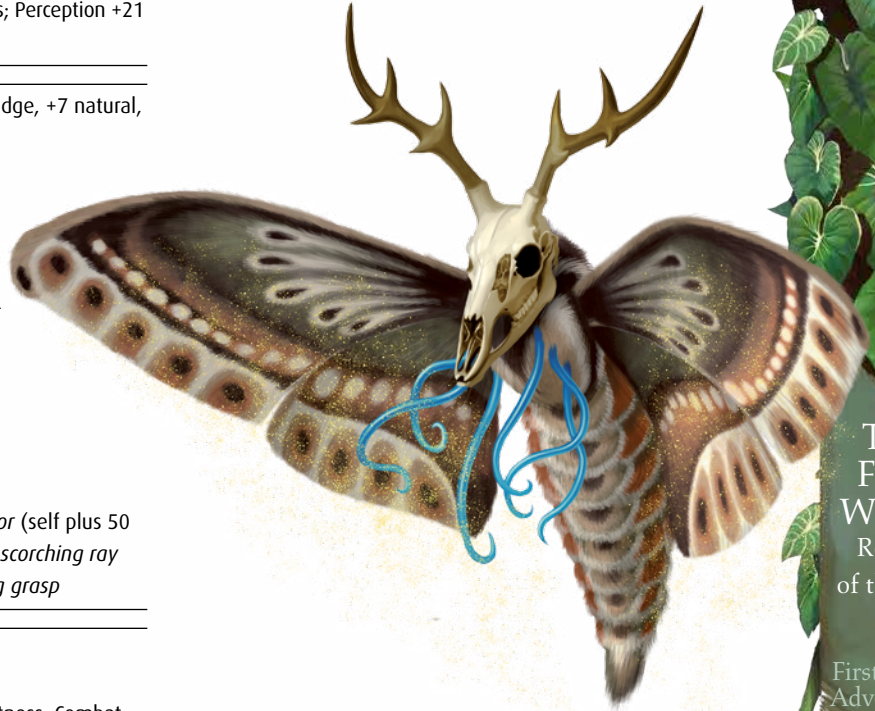
SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aura of Inevitability (Su) Any creature within 30 feet of the escorite must succeed at a DC 20 Fortitude saving throw each round or be shaken for that round as it wrestles with the inevitability of its own eventual nonexistence. This is a mind-affecting fear effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Hollow Eyes (Su) As a standard action, an escorite can focus its eyeless stare on a target creature within 60 feet, dealing 10d6 points of damage (Fortitude DC 18 half). Any creature slain in this manner immediately falls to dust; the only way to restore a creature that has been destroyed in this manner is with *true resurrection* or *wish/miracle*. Magical items carried by a creature destroyed in this manner can each attempt a DC 18 Fortitude saving throw to avoid destruction, otherwise they also disintegrate and cannot be repaired short

of a *wish* or *miracle* spell. The save DC is Charisma-based.

No one knows exactly what causes a remacera (see page 63) to pupate—whether it's witnessing some mind-shattering evil, undergoing a specific number of resurrections, or random hormonal and instinctual triggers. Regardless, on rare occasions, a remacera may begin producing dark silk,



sealing itself inside a black cocoon. A week later, it emerges in the form of a winged and skull-headed escorite.

Where remaceras embody rebirth, escorites represent the inevitability of entropy. Even the boundless multiverse is slowly winding down, losing steam as the millennia roll by, and escorites seek to help this along, teaching the careless immortals of the First World to fear cessation. Even standing in an escorite's presence claws at the mind, and to be the subject of one's full focus is to risk disintegration. Escorites themselves are not immune to this constant decay; in fact, they embrace their decomposition, using the clouds of magical scales that slough off their wings to reveal invisible opponents.

Left to themselves, escorites live just a few years, making no effort to reproduce. Yet in that time, they can destroy tremendous numbers of creatures and their works. Remaceras view escorites as abominations, and do everything they can to facilitate their destruction, yet have a strong racial taboo against attacking them directly, instead preferring to recruit members of other races to the cause. Escorites, for their part, have no compunctions about destroying their former brethren.

The average escorite has a wingspan of 15 feet and weighs 800 pounds.

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Gerbie

This half-mouse, half-lizard creature has large eyes and stands on its hind legs, radiating an air of goodwill.

GERBIE

CR 4



XP 1,200

CG Small fey

Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +13

Aura friendship (60 ft., DC 18)

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 15, flat-footed 13 (+3 Dex, +1 dodge, +2 natural, +1 size)

hp 38 (7d6+14)

Fort +3, **Ref** +8, **Will** +8

DR 10/cold iron; **SR** 15

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee bite +7 (1d4–2) or touch +8 (forget)

Special Attacks forget, mental cacophony

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th; concentration +12)

At will—*calm animals* (DC 16), *calm emotions* (DC 17), *charm monster* (DC 18), *tongues* (DC 17)

3/day—*detect thoughts* (DC 17)

STATISTICS

Str 6, **Dex** 16, **Con** 13, **Int** 11, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 21

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 14

Feats Dodge, Toughness, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (touch)

Skills Acrobatics +12, Diplomacy +19, Handle Animal +12, Heal +10, Perception +13, Perform (comedy) +9, Ride +10; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Diplomacy

Languages First Speech; truespeech

SQ charmer

ECOLOGY

Environment any (First World)

Organization solitary, pair, or party (3–6)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aura of Friendship (Sp) Any creature within 60 feet of a gerbie must succeed at a DC 18 Will saving throw or have its attitude adjusted to friendly toward both the gerbie and any other creatures currently within the aura's area of effect, as per *charm monster*. This positive attitude toward other targets of the ability lasts for 1 day after leaving the gerbie's aura. A creature that leaves and reenters a gerbie's aura can attempt another saving throw. A creature that successfully saves against this ability is immune to that gerbie's aura for 24 hours. Being attacked by another creature

within the aura (including the gerbie) immediately ends the forced friendliness toward that creature and prompts a new save against the aura, with the standard +5 bonus for being threatened while charmed. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Charmer (Su) A creature targeted by the gerbie's *charm monster* spell-like ability does not receive the +5 bonus to its saving throw if being attacked by the gerbie or its allies. This does not apply to the aura of friendship ability.

Forget (Su) A gerbie that makes a successful touch attack on a creature can cause it to forget something, as if it had failed its saving throw against *modify memory*, save that the effect is immediate and the gerbie does not need to spend time visualizing the modification.

Mental Cacophony (Su) As a standard action, a gerbie can force any creature within 100 feet to attempt a DC 18 Will saving throw or be sickened for 1d10 rounds as its mind is overloaded by the surface thoughts of trees, bugs, and any other living things around it. The affected character cannot process or interpret this information, though certain thoughts may stand out at the GM's discretion. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Gerbies are the fey of interspecies empathy and communication, devoted to fostering harmony and friendship. They abhor violence, and attempt to prevent it by granting adversaries the ability to talk to and understand each other. When that doesn't work, gerbies see nothing wrong with direct magical intervention, either forcing the foes into friendship or causing creatures to forget whatever painful memories made them want to fight in the first place.

While the adorable gerbies can make excellent friends and companions—helping further diplomacy, translate documents, and throw parties—gerbies often see it as their duty to “protect and correct” soldiers, rampaging monsters, and others whose professions involve violence, which can lead to no end of hassle for adventurers looking to slay their way to glory. In such situations, the best answer is usually to humor the gerbie until it falls asleep or gets distracted, then slip out of its friendship aura and flee quickly. While gerbie settlements tend to be idyllic places, full of laughter and huts built from hollowed-out mushrooms, many gerbies feel called to wander the world teaching other creatures the value of friendship. Though they understand that some creatures need to eat meat to live, gerbies themselves are zealous advocates of vegetarianism.

A typical gerbie is 3 feet tall and weighs 20 pounds.



Remacera

This enormous, fleshy green caterpillar has the face of a serene human woman.

REMACERA

CR 6



XP 2,400

CN Large fey

Init +5; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +14

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 11, flat-footed 15 (+1 Dex, +1 dodge, +7 natural, -1 size)

hp 85 (10d6+50)

Fort +8, **Ref** +8, **Will** +8

DR 10/cold iron; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10, fire 10

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee bite +13 (1d8+12 plus 2d6 sonic)

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

Special Attacks new growth, reincarnation

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th; concentration +6)
3/day—*plant growth*

STATISTICS

Str 26, **Dex** 13, **Con** 20, **Int** 10, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +14; **CMD** 26 (can't be tripped)

Feats Dodge, Improved Initiative, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Focus (bite)

Skills Acrobatics +14 (+18 when jumping),
Climb +21, Diplomacy +9, Intimidate +6,
Knowledge (any one) +5, Linguistics +2,
Perception +14, Perform (sing) +7,
Stealth +10

Languages Common, First Speech, Gnome

ECOLOGY

Environment any forests and hills (First World)

Organization solitary, pair, or nest (3-4)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

New Growth (Su) As a standard action, a remacera can force any creature within 400 feet to attempt a DC 16 Fortitude saving throw. If the target fails, it takes 5d6 points of damage and is sickened for 1d4 rounds as several tiny, larval remaceras suddenly burrow out of its skin. Once outside their host, the newborn remaceras are harmless, and attempt only to escape. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Reincarnation (Su) Any creature that dies prior to fully recovering from wounds inflicted by a remacera is immediately subject to the effects of the spell *reincarnate*, except that it does not matter whether the soul is willing, and the effect is instantaneous rather than taking 1 hour. Similarly, a slain remacera is subject to the same effect, save that it reappears 1d20 miles from where it died.

Like the caterpillars they resemble, remaceras represent the idea of transformative rebirth. As a culture, they consider it their calling to help keep creatures—and indeed all of existence—from stagnating. Inspired by the scavengers and bacteria that help dead organisms decompose, they roam the land targeting old or settled creatures that seem set in their ways and in need of a change. Such creatures are then attacked remorselessly, as to a remacera, killing a creature in order to let it be reincarnated into a new form is the greatest mercy, even if most creatures are too shortsighted to see it. Remaceras understand that their actions cause pain, yet they liken this to the pain of childbirth—unpleasant, yet ultimately worthwhile.

In combat, a remacera fights primarily by unhinging its jaw and biting opponents, while emitting an ultrasonic ululation that causes their sharklike teeth to vibrate, causing the victim pain beyond that of the bite alone. Their magical ability to spawn new remaceras in the bodies of others is the asexual remacera's sole means of reproduction, and reserved for those who remain out of reach or have particularly impressed the remacera.

Remaceras themselves have no fear of death, knowing that they'll no doubt enjoy whatever new forms they take, and while they defend themselves to the best of their ability, they bear

no ill will toward those who slay them. Indeed, there are stories of remaceras who feel a special bond with their killers, and return in their reincarnated forms to serve as familiars or animal companions.

The average remacera is 12 feet long and weighs 3,000 pounds, and they can often be tracked by the plants that tend to grow quickly in their presence, sometimes bearing strange new blossoms or hybrid fruits.



The
First
World,
Realm
of the Fey

First World
Adventures

The Eldest

Gazetteer

Bestiary

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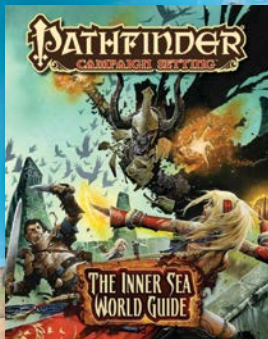
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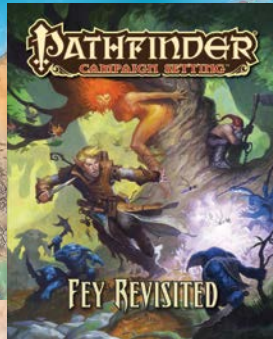
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