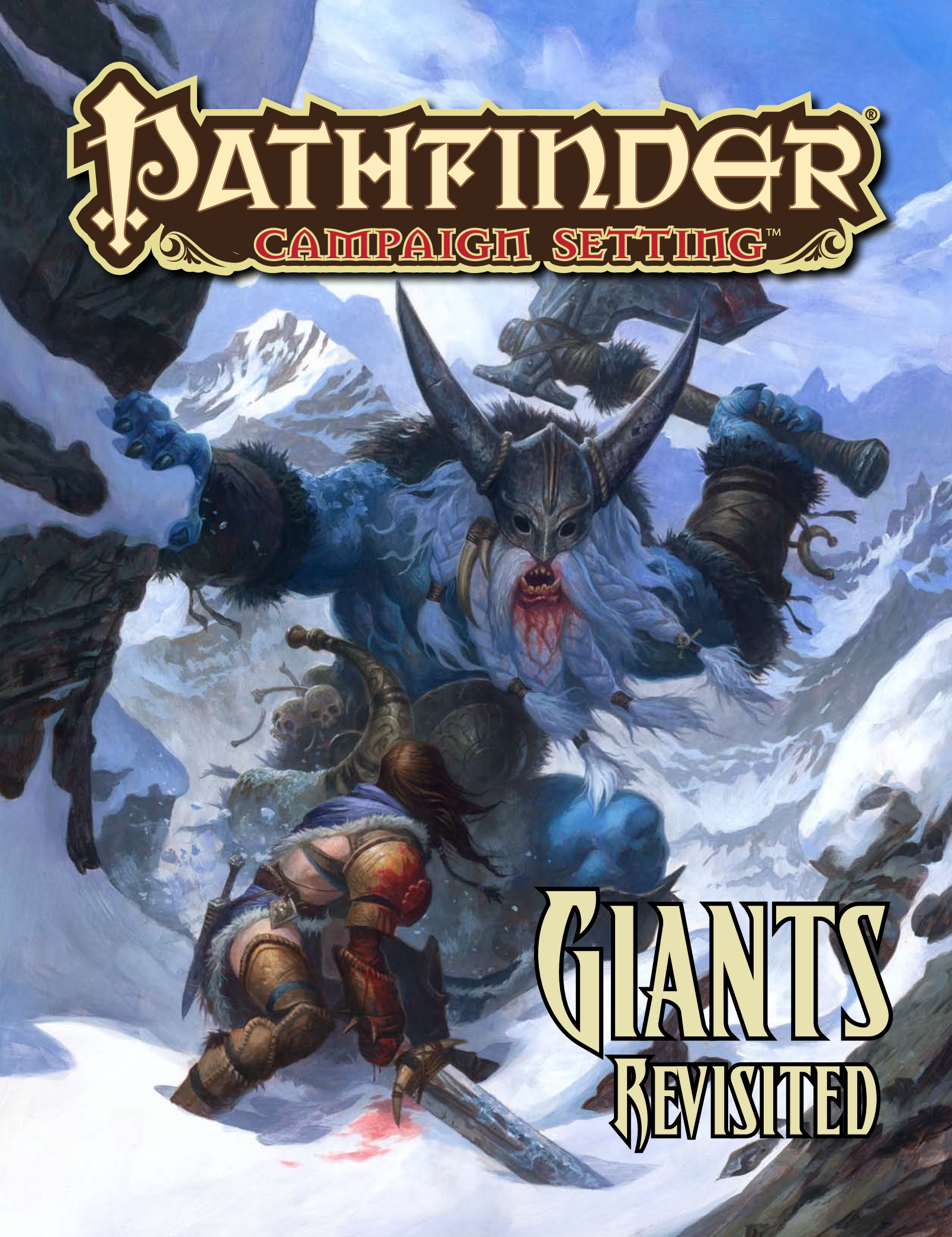


PATHFINDER[®]

CAMPAIGN SETTING[™]



GIANTS

REVISITED

GIANTS



CLOUD GIANT

Diametrically aligned, mountain-dwelling colossi with supernatural powers over the sky and clouds, as well as possible ties to mysterious, mythical cloud cities.



MARSH GIANT

Swamp-dwelling, fishlike degenerates who make sacrifices to a foul demon lord, bringing them grotesque powers and dark alliances with horrid sea-spawn.



CYCLOPS

One-eyed, rage-filled giants capable of glimpsing into the near future, yet whose expansive empires have been reduced to little more than rubble and far-flung enclaves.



RUNE GIANT

Rune-covered, magically crossbred warriors designed for the sole purpose of enslaving all other members of giantkind to build their monstrous monuments.



FIRE GIANT

Legendary crafters of tremendous weapons and invincible armor, whose lust for war and domination drives them to spread devastation throughout the lands.



STONE GIANT

Skilled artisans, hunters, and historians capable of communing with the earth and stones to bring them closer to the spiritual ways of their ancient forebears.



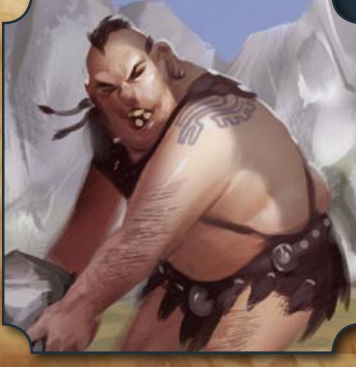
FROST GIANT

Tribal raiders who make their homes in the frostbitten north, following the whims of merciless jarls and waylaying travelers for sport, plunder, and food.



STORM GIANT

Benevolent but tempestuous seafarers who travel the oceans in hopes of vanquishing evil, spreading the ideals of goodness, and engaging different cultures.



HILL GIANT

Dim-witted, inbred goliaths who aimlessly wander rocky lands, preying on nearby villages and raining boulders down on any who tread too close.



TAIGA GIANT

Nomadic, crimson-haired tribespeople who dwell in hoarfrost-rimed forests and hunt down any who dare to intrude upon nature and the sacred lands of their people.

GIANTS REVISITED

A Pathfinder Campaign Setting Supplement

This book works best with the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook*. Although suitable for play in any fantasy world, it is optimized for use in the Pathfinder campaign setting.



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ON THE SHOULDERS OF GIANTS

Perhaps no other beings in the history of humanity have permeated legend and lore so ubiquitously as the towering race known as giants. In Hinduism, the giants known as Daityas wore jewelry the size of boulders and fought against the gods, jealous of the deities' powers. The giants of Ancient Greece were said to be the children of the goddess Gaia, who hoped that her offspring would free the recently captured Titans from their prison in Tartarus. The Old Testament features the story of how young David—future king of Israel—faced off against the champion of the Philistines, an immense warrior known as Goliath. Classic folktales such as those of Paul Bunyan and Jack and the Beanstalk give reimagined life to these characters, ingraining such legends in modern folklore and fiction.

Today, we celebrate the myths of giants in myriad outlets, whether it be through literature and fiction (*The BFG*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Harry Potter*, *The Lord of the Rings*, *The Silver Chair*), popular movies and television (*The 7th Voyage of Sinbad*, *Thor*, *Land of the Giants*, *The Troll Hunter*), or video games (*God of War*, *Shadow of the Colossus*, *Skyrim*). Whether we realize it or not, our culture is steeped in references to these legendary heavyweights, and for whatever reason, people have an undeniable fascination with larger-than-life beings.

Giants occupy diverse places both on Golarion and throughout the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game. Having appeared in each volume of the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary*, giants continue to expand their role with the presentation of more terrains for giant residents as well as stranger hulks tied to ancient mysteries and the secrets of the multiverse. Even as far back as the Rise of the Runelords Adventure Path, giants have taken up an important role in the Pathfinder campaign setting, their massive size and incredible power making them not just intimidating adversaries, but also opponents with a pedigree as epic foes reaching back to some of the best-loved RPG adventures of all time. With that heritage in mind, *Pathfinder Adventure Path #4: Fortress of the Stone Giants* was purposefully designed as an homage to the classic *Against the Giants* adventures of the 1970s, adding stone giants to the ranks of hill, frost, and fire giants with equally colossal adventures. Since stone giants got the boulder rolling it hasn't stopped, and before long taiga giants and rune giants appeared, not just as new monsters, but also as races with an undeniable role in Golarion's history.

Giants also make appropriately sizable impacts elsewhere on Golarion, with ogres and trolls receiving in-depth overviews in *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Classic Monsters Revisited*. The bestiaries of the Jade Regent

Adventure Path and *Bestiary 3* also highlight the Eastern-inspired giant outsiders known as yai. But as one can imagine, it's hard to scratch that giant itch without a full book on these mammoth monsters—and hence this gargantuan gallery of giants was born.

IN THIS BOOK

In addition to sections that detail specific facets of giants' abilities and cultures, each of the following chapters includes an example stat block for a leader of the giants in question, as well as a "Bags" sidebar, which provides a random treasure table of items commonly found about the giant's dwelling, alongside his equipment, or in a gigantic bag he carries along with him. GMs can roll on this table to provide inspiration for flavorful and useful loot that PCs might find after encountering a giant, either in addition to or in place of the treasure normally allotted for defeating a giant of that type. GMs should remember that much of this treasure was created by giants for use by giants—not for puny lesser races—and so items might be too large and unwieldy for PCs of typical races to make use of. That said, many giants—especially those of more sinister persuasions—are murderers and thieves, and so might possess the equipment and treasure of all manner of smaller creatures.

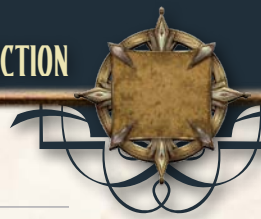
The following pages in this volume feature 10 of the most iconic giants to dwell on Golarion, each titanic being having its own distinct role and legends within the Inner Sea region.

Cloud Giant: Russ Taylor delves into the implications of the unique ethological division that separates cloud giants into both good and evil factions, and explores the myths of their legendary cloud cities.

Cyclops: Though cyclopes were once the rulers of a sprawling empire, Brian R. James explains how the one-eyed brutes can now feel only rage as they attempt to make sense of their sporadic flashes of insight and battle to regain memories lost to their cultural amnesia.

Fire Giant: The destructive fire giants spread their influence through slave-taking raids and burning war campaigns. Jason Nelson describes these giants' industrious kingdoms and insatiable desire for complete dominion over punier races.

Frost Giant: Hailing from the icy lands of the distant north, frost giants are as violent and treacherous as the regions they inhabit. Brian R. James shows us how these barbarians treat foolhardy adventurers who dare to intrude upon their frostbitten realms.



Hill Giant: Ryan Costello explores the crude, animalistic behaviors of the alarmingly stupid and surprisingly dangerous brutes known as hill giants, whose free-for-all “societies” and nefarious use of their own infants as bait make them truly despicable foes.

Marsh Giant: These swamp-dwelling behemoths resemble a mix between humanoids, frogs, and fish. Ray Vallese gives us a look at marsh giants’ brutal and nightmarish rituals, as well as their cults to the demon lord Dagon.

Rune Giant: Jesse Benner presents the mysterious powers and ancient origins of the evil rune giants, colossal monsters created by evil spellcasters millennia ago for the sole purpose of enslaving all other members of giantkind.

Stone Giant: Russ Taylor details the rock-shaping stone giants—once enslaved to work for wizards of a vile and ancient civilization—and describes their tragic past and uncertain future.

Storm Giant: Though storm giants are largely regarded as benevolent, sea-faring beings of justice, Jason Nelson shows us how their capricious tempers can be as unpredictable and stormy as the winds they command.

Taiga Giant: Jason Nelson rounds out this volume’s collection of giants with the noble and elusive taiga giants, whose spiritual connections to their ancestors grant them magic beyond reason as they battle to protect the wild lands they hold sacred.

MORE GIANTS

The Pathfinder campaign setting boasts a formidable array of giants, comprising so many colossal races as to prevent them from all being included in one volume. Below you will find a table of giants not covered in this book, but that have full stat blocks and additional details presented in other Pathfinder RPG products.

CR	Giant	Source
2	Thawn	<i>Pathfinder</i> #31 84
3	Freshwater merrow	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 189
3	Moss troll	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 273
3	Ogre	<i>Bestiary</i> 220 and <i>Classic Monsters Revisited</i>
4	Ice troll	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 271
5	Troll	<i>Bestiary</i> 268 and <i>Classic Monsters Revisited</i>
6	Cave giant	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 127
6	Ettin	<i>Bestiary</i> 130
6	Rock troll	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 272
6	Wood giant	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 132
6	Saltwater merrow	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 189
8	Ogre mage (oni)	<i>Bestiary</i> 221
9	Desert giant	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 128
10	Gholdako	<i>Isles of the Shackles</i> 49

10	Jungle giant	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 129
11	Ash giant	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 126
11	Atamahuta (oni)	<i>Pathfinder</i> #51 86
12	Athach	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 33
12	Great cyclops	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 61
13	Earth yai (oni)	<i>Pathfinder</i> #53 88
14	Ice yai (oni)	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 207
14	Mountain troll	<i>Lands of the Linnorm Kings</i> 62
15	Fire yai (oni)	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 206
15	Hell gigas	<i>Pathfinder</i> #30 84
15	Jotund troll	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 272
16	Abyss gigas	<i>The Witchwar Legacy</i> 27
16	Wind yai (oni)	<i>Pathfinder</i> #54 88
18	Water yai (oni)	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 212
20	Void yai (oni)	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 210





CLOUD GIANT

“MALINDAE GAPPED IN WONDER AT THE GILDED CAGES, DOZENS OF THEM, AND THE BIRDS WITHIN, EACH MORE BRILLIANTLY COLORED AND EXOTIC THAN THE LAST. PAST THE FEASTING TABLES SHE SAW THE GRANDEST TREASURE YET—AN IVORY HARP AS LARGE AS SHE, ITS PILLAR CARVED IN THE SHAPE OF A LOVELY NYMPH. BEFORE HER EYES, THE CARVING AWOKE, SMILED AT HER, AND PLUCKED OUT AN ETHEREAL MELODY UPON HER OWN STRINGS. ENTRANCED, MALINDAE WAS HALFWAY TO THE HARP WHEN THE BIRDS AWOKE AND FILLED THE AIR WITH RAUCOUS CRIES. LOOKING ABOUT IN ALARM, SHE SEARCHED FOR A PLACE TO HIDE.”

—MALINDAE ACROSS THE CLOUD KINGDOMS,
A POPULAR VARISIAN CHILDREN’S TALE



Perhaps nothing defines the whimsical and powerful cloud giants so well as the philosophical rift dividing their kind. Split almost evenly between good and evil, they behave in many ways like two separate races. Evil cloud giants lead reclusive lives, only coming down from their mountain peaks for vicious raids and brutal reprisals, while their good-aligned cousins seek out friendly contact and act as mentors for other species. The victims of attacks view cloud giants as brutal monsters, while the beneficiaries of their aid speak in awed tones of the benevolent colossi. Wise mountain communities hail the approach of one or two cloud giants as cause for welcome and perhaps even celebration, while the thundering approach of more than a couple is often regarded as the harbinger of despair.

Other than their great size, cloud giants closely resemble slender humans. They tend toward muted coloration, with skin of milky white, pale gray, or powder blue. Their hair ranges from ash white to bluish gray, or even pale blond with a hint of red, and most individuals' eyes are gray, violet, or piercing blue. Regardless of the exact combination of features, all cloud giants possess an ethereal beauty and unearthly grace that seems contrary to their massive size and brute strength.

Cloud giants reject the notion of a common ancestor for giants. They acknowledge faint kinship with what they view as lesser giant species (generally, any giant shorter than themselves), but for themselves claim descent purely from the blood of titans and the gods themselves. Though their powers may have been diluted over the generations from the admixture of lesser species, cloud giants believe their strength still derives from a divine lineage. As evidence, they point to their stature, their superior mental development, and their inherent magical powers, all lacking in more common breeds of giants. Other giants, for their part, view the cloud giants' overbearing egos as perhaps their most titanic attribute.

Legends speak of cloud giant cities that float high above the world on the very clouds themselves, and of cloud giants who tread the surfaces of these clouds as though they were solid ground. If such cities exist, few have seen them, and even most cloud giants dismiss them as idle fantasies. Yet some among their kind see a glimmer of truth buried within these myths, and comb the world for signs of the legendary floating cities and their cloud-dwelling kin.

ECOLOGY

A typical adult male cloud giant stands fully 18 feet in height and weighs 5,000 pounds. Females are a bit shorter and lighter, though particularly monumental warrior giants of both sexes exist. These individuals are usually respected among their peers as ideal specimens of their kind, and quickly rise to positions of power in their tribes.

Such warrior giants can reach heights of up to 21 feet, and with their lavish garb and jewelry weigh up to 8,000 pounds—they are sometimes so bedecked in ornaments that they must rely on their *levitation* power to get around more easily.

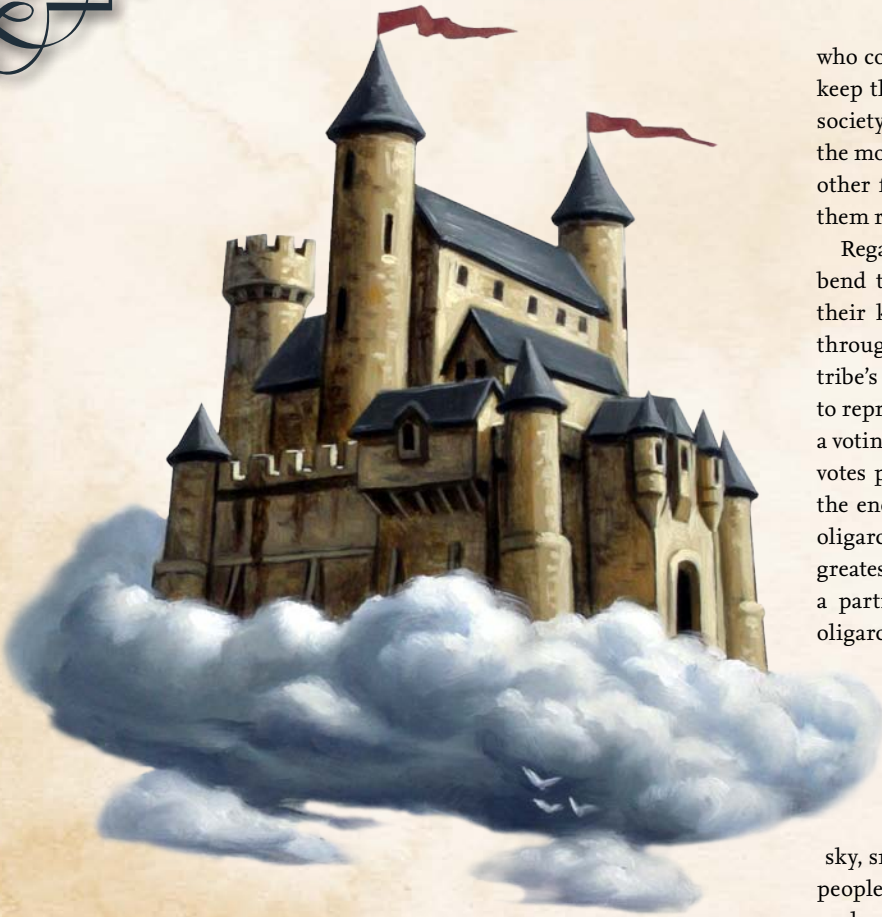
Cloud giants were never a fecund race, and the breeding of new generations of cloud giants weighs heavily on the minds of their ruling oligarchs. Referencing moldering genealogies that suggest ideal partnerships, these leaders strive to arrange advantageous couplings between far-flung communities, at times even between tribes of opposite moral standing. Youth being what it is, many cloud giants ignore the guidance of their leaders and instead follow their hearts. While monogamy is a strict and strongly enforced tradition in most cloud giant societies, this doesn't necessarily extend to times when the population is at risk of irreparably dwindling. Thus, some individuals must sacrifice their partnership's sanctity for the needs of their tribe, and consent to bear or father the child of a different mate.

Young cloud giants learn to speak and walk as young as 2 years of age, but otherwise mature slowly, taking more than 6 decades to reach adulthood. Their magical powers develop relatively early, at about 8 years of age, though such abilities manifest clumsily at best until individuals reach maturity. Nonetheless, the sight of an ogre-sized toddler hovering in mid-air can be startling to humanoids living near a cloud giant settlement; most onlookers either perceive such an anomaly as a boon to be praised or a curse to be heeded. Cloud giants spend the majority of their youths adventuring or warring with their morally opposed brethren, then trail into old age and gradually declining health as they reach their third century, at which point most individuals retire to more scholastic endeavors or become wise elders among their tribespeople.

Cloud giants fancy themselves true epicures. To the palettes of cloud giants, rarer and more complicated dishes simply taste better, and they favor meals with small portions and numerous courses. Fruits, vegetables, grains, and cheeses dominate their tables, with meat (typically mountain-dwelling fowl) playing only a minor part in feasts. Spices and sauces from all manner of culinary techniques find their way into cloud giant kitchens. They wash meals down with chilled nectars, fine wine, and expensive liquors. Good-aligned cloud giants frequently employ at least one humanoid chef, while their evil kin are more likely to kidnap and enslave numerous servants to cook for them.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Like many other giants, cloud giants favor mountains, often dwelling at altitudes inhospitable to lesser creatures. Good-aligned cloud giants favor grand mansions or castles of gigantic scale. Their evil kin eschew such ostentatious



structures as wasted effort, their abodes often little more than crude shelters of rough-hewn stone.

Cloud giants thrive on spirited debate regarding all manner of issues material or philosophical, with such discussions often turning temporarily acrimonious even between fast friends. Occasionally, particularly heated arguments turn to violence, though such disputes usually end before blood is drawn as rivals agree to disagree after an invigorating brawl. However, such rivalries were not always so peaceful, as the greatly opposed moral outlooks of cloud giants suggests.

For countless centuries, a great philosophical divide has sundered the cloud giants into two camps. Though scholars remain unsure as to exactly what debate or feud split them so diametrically, most agree that the argument was over a question of altruism versus pragmatism. The altruistic cloud giants maintained that as an enlightened people, it fell to them to guide and uplift other, less gifted races for the betterment of all. The pragmatic cloud giants, however, believed such treatment to be no gift at all, but rather theft of opportunity to attain one's full potential. Enlightenment cannot be given, they maintained, only earned. Matters turned darker when a splinter group of pragmatists brought forth the idea that it was the right of the cloud giants, blessed as they were, to take whatever they wished, for those

who could not hold their own belongings didn't deserve to keep them. Bitter argument raged throughout cloud giant society, escalating first into bloodshed, then the murder of the most eminent scholars of both camps. Each blamed the other for resorting to violence first, and the rift between them remains unhealed to this day.

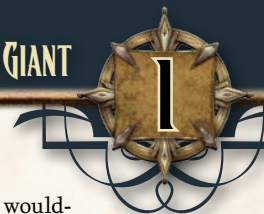
Regardless of their alignment, almost all cloud giants bend to the rule of the wealthiest and most powerful of their kind, leaders known as oligarchs. Cloud giants go through a lengthy diplomatic process to determine the tribe's oligarch. Every 50 years, each family selects a speaker to represent them. All the speakers of the tribe take part in a voting process in which each speaker can cast a number of votes proportional to the value of her family holdings. In the end, the speaker who receives the most votes becomes oligarch of the tribe for that half-century, and has the greatest influence in matters that regard the tribe. When a particularly dire situation affects a whole region, the oligarchs of neighboring like-minded communities gather together to make joint decisions. Oftentimes, these matters relate to declaring war against morally opposed cloud giants, though particularly drastic circumstances may bring such feuding tribes together to combat a greater foe.

Cloud giants have a great love of all creatures of the sky, small or large. Birds in particular are sacred to their people, and individuals who are particularly gifted with such avian creatures, such as druids or rangers, are often referred to as "bird mavens," a position of honor among cloud giants of either alignment. Cloud giants train and breed birds of all sizes, even rocs, along with other aerial beasts such as griffins and hippogriffs. Good-aligned cloud giants likewise keep pegasi and occasionally even dragon horses, while evil-aligned tribes harbor fiercer creatures like harpies and mihstu. Despite the fact that cloud giants often live in close proximity to dragons, most shy away from imposing upon such beasts, finding them too dangerous and independent.

Religion isn't central to cloud giant life, but most individuals—whether good or evil—venerate Gozreh in his male air aspect to some degree. Many tribes worship him as Ioz'om, the Sky Father, a cloud giant of great beauty and stature. They credit Ioz'om with bringing their titan ancestors to the world from the Great Beyond, and with teaching the nascent cloud giant race the ways of civilization. Some evil tribes instead honor Rovagug, patron of destruction, while those individuals with a particular interest in magic sometimes take to worshipping Nethys.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Cloud giants differ from most giants in that their polar alignments allow them to be used as either benevolent allies or devastating foes. The effects of conflicts between warring



tribes of cloud giants can constitute entire adventure arcs, and PCs acting as intermediaries between these two forces can have much to do with the final outcome of the feud.

Like other giants, cloud giants can take a lot of punishment, deliver terrible blows in melee combat, and are at a minor disadvantage in ranged encounters. They function equally well alone and in small groups. In larger groups, their size makes finding space for a battle somewhat challenging. Cloud giant oligarchs tend to be spellcasters (especially clerics, oracles, and sorcerers). Their high Constitution and racial Hit Dice make them more durable and able to take damage, traits that make them more challenging to face than more conventional spellcasters despite the loss of caster levels. With their already high CR, cloud giants with class levels (spellcaster or otherwise) make deadly foes for high-level PCs, especially ones who favor close-quarters combat. Lacking much in the way of defensive abilities, cloud giants offer a break from the damage reduction, spell resistance, and immunities so often encountered in high level play, but aren't pushovers in a fight either.

Direct conflict with a cloud giant is best avoided entirely at lower levels, but they can still play an auxiliary role in lower level campaigns. Good-aligned cloud giants often have amicable relations with nearby settlements and can provide adventure hooks or act as valuable mentors when the PCs are stuck. Cloud giants of more evil intent may masquerade as their benevolent kin, using the PCs as cat's-paws. Such a campaign could drift into more direct conflict as the PCs gain levels, with the PCs either acting against evil cloud giants on behalf of their good-aligned kin, or uncovering the manipulations of a false-faced evil giant.

A search for the floating castles of the cloud giants fits well in the middle and upper levels of a high fantasy campaign. Tracking down clues to their whereabouts might be the work of months or years of in-game time. To further complicate the matter, one might throw in one or more rivals seeking the same castles, perhaps the cloud giants themselves. A particular cloud citadel may hold potential allies or deadly adversaries, and should be filled with fantastic creatures and treasures drawn from myth and legend. While such a mythical city could be the eventual goal of an adventure arc, it could just as easily be the beginning of another campaign altogether, with numerous possible plots stemming from the inhabitants of the cloud city itself.

TREASURE

Cloud giants of any alignment love luxury and overt displays of wealth. Those of high station wear fine clothing and exquisite jewelry appropriate to their status, while less influential giants don the best they can afford. Many cultivate an appreciation for fine art and adorn their halls with paintings, sculptures, and tapestries, works usually crafted by lesser species. While often of great value, the

weight of such artful objects presents a challenge for would-be robbers. Cloud giants likewise appreciate fine music, and typically collect fine specimens of both human- and giant-sized instruments, especially harps. They particularly covet enchanted instruments that enhance performance or evoke magical effects, with self-playing instruments being the most desirable treasures of all.

Magic items of rare or especially singular function evoke the envy of other cloud giants. Each cloud giant seeks to outdo the others in acquiring the most fantastic specimens. Among non-instrumental treasures, nothing pleases a cloud giant more than an intelligent magic item that can speak, particularly one that weaves grand tales. In the wealth-tabulating elections of cloud giants, rarity is just as important as monetary value when determining one's holdings. Good-aligned cloud giants often employ buyers in neighboring cities to accumulate great wealth, scouring the market for valuable items to resell at profitable prices, whereas evil cloud giants simply launch raids and claim desirable treasures by force.

Gourmets that they are, cloud giants value spices and exotic ingredients for more than just their material value. Flavored oils, extracts, strands of saffron, and spices from all over the world might be part of a cloud giant's larder, and the value of such goods often rivals that of gems and jewelry. Items that aid in preparing food or even conjuring it out of thin air, such as a *rod of splendor*, are likewise prized, though not those that create unpalatable meals like a *sustaining spoon*.

Cloud giants favor light armor that gives them full range of motion, especially mithral armor when they can obtain it. Those proficient in heavier armor still rarely don anything more restrictive than a breastplate. Cloud giants claim no special skill in melee beyond that granted by their size and might, and thus favor simple weapons such as morningstars, mostly for their ease of use and downright effectiveness. Those giants with either martial training or a position of leadership seek out magical arms, and generally spurn morningstars in favor of more impressive or effective weapons.

CLOUD GIANTS ON GOLARION

At the height of Thassilon, cloud giants ranged throughout much of Varisia as the favored shock troops of the runelords and their rune giant slavers. Though they were numerous pre-Earthfall, cloud giant numbers never recovered after the collapse of Thassilon and the onset of the Age of Darkness. Most survivors withdrew to castles in the jagged peaks of the Kodar Mountains. Some, however, journeyed far away from their ancestral homeland, choosing to dwell in other mountain ranges, traveling to the Mindspin Mountains, Menador Mountains, and beyond, and yet others chose to inhabit lost Thassilonian outposts and cities such as Xin-Shalast. As the world began to rebuild during the Age of



CLOUD GIANT BAGS

The following list of random treasure includes items one might normally find either on a cloud giant's person or in her dwelling.

d%	Result
1–6	Amphora of scented oil (50 gp, 2 gallons, 20 lbs.)
7–8	Boxed up alchemist's lab (Medium-sized), 1–4 bottles of <i>universal solvent</i>
9–14	Carved wooden box of spices (250 gp, 15 lbs.)
15–20	Cask of good port (500 gp, 8 gallons, 80 lbs.)
21–22	Gem that, when held up to light, projects an image of a cloud giant in fine clothes (moderate illusion, 500 gp)
23–28	Half a smoked goose
29–31	Headband, 10 feet long, white dragonhide or other exotic leather (100 gp, 2 lbs.)
32–37	Huge dagger and scabbard (8 gp, 5 lbs.)
38–43	Huge masterwork musical instrument (roll d%; 1–50: harp or other string, 51–75: pipes or other woodwind, 76–100: other)
44–47	1–8 cones of giant incense (100 gp, 1 lb. each)
48–50	Large hooded lantern enchanted with <i>continual flame</i> (125 gp, 5 lbs.)
51–56	Ivory brush and comb set (200 gp, 2 lbs.), wrapped in sheepskin
57–60	Marble bust, human-sized, somewhat weathered (500 gp, 100 lbs.)
61–64	Masterwork throwing stones (1–2), decorated with intricate carvings (350 gp, 60 lbs. each)
65–70	Painted clay rhyton (drinking horn) in the shape of griffin's head (10 gp, 2 lbs.)
71–76	Personal journal, sketchbook, or poetry book with writing implements
77–82	Philosophical treatise written in Giant, well-worn and hand-annotated (10 gp, 5 lbs.)
83–88	<i>Potion of cure serious wounds</i>
89–94	Silver mirror wrapped in cloth, 4 foot by 2 foot (1,000 gp, 30 lbs.)
95–100	Smoked and spiced meat (25 gp, 5 lbs.)

Anguish, cloud giants slowly renewed contact with humanity. One faction, the altruists, sought to nurture and shape the goodness they glimpsed in humans, that the vileness of the runelords should never be repeated. Those cloud giants who claimed to be pragmatists, however, saw in this new, weaker race of humanity an opportunity to claim in full measure what the runelords had stolen from them. Almost 9,000 years later, the cloud giants remain divided, half regarding humans and the other races of Golarion as allies full of potential, the other half seeing them as little more than prey and chattel.

The Sky Mage **Zoarth** (NE male cloud giant evoker 6) specializes in the lore of the cloud castles and has even reproduced some of their magic. He dwells alone with his countless cats in a floating keep above Mount Kallaris in the Kodar Mountains, hiding a tragic past—he caused the apparent death of his lover, the bird maven Verakas. Despite his evil disposition, Zoarth values knowledge and welcomes learned guests. (More information about Zoarth can be found in the *Pathfinder Module: Curse of the Riven Sky*.)

Every 3 years, the cloud giant known as **Seferin** (NG male cloud giant bard 4) descends from his Fennwall home and offers the sleepy mining town of Baslwief a challenge: a gem the size of a hen's egg for the finest dish, and platinum coins for any that please him. Word of Seferin's contest has spread throughout the region, bringing fine chefs from all corners of Varisia to meet his challenge. Rumor holds that one newcomer in particular has nefarious plans to follow the giant back to his lair and claim Seferin's riches for her own.

SAMPLE CLOUD GIANT OLIGARCH

This blue-skinned giant is outfitted in elegant jewelry and white robes, and wields a lightning-infused spear.

ORANIA

CR 18

XP 153,600

Female cloud giant oracle 12

NE Huge humanoid (giant)

Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +31

DEFENSE

AC 33, touch 13, flat-footed 29 (+7 armor, +1 deflection, +3 Dex, +1 dodge, +13 natural, –2 size)

hp 294 (28 HD; 16d8+12d8+168)

Fort +23, **Ref** +17, **Will** +22

Defensive Abilities rock catching

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft.

Melee +1 *shocking burst* longspear +32/+27/+22/+17 (3d6+19/19–20/x3 plus 1d6 electricity)

Ranged rock +22 (2d6+12)

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

Special Attacks rock throwing (140 ft.)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 16th; concentration +22)

At will—*levitate* (self plus 2,000 lbs.), *obscuring mist*
1/day—*fog cloud*

Oracle Spells Known (CL 12th; concentration +18)

6th (4/day)—*mass inflict moderate wounds*, *sirocco*, *wind walk*

5th (6/day)—*breath of life*, *control winds*, *greater command*,
mass inflict light wounds

4th (7/day)—*air walk*, *death ward*, *discern lies*, *inflict critical wounds*, *river of wind**

3rd (7/day)—*cloak of winds**, *dispel magic*, *guiding star**,
inflict serious wounds, *magic vestment*, *wind wall*



2nd (8/day)—*darkness, gust of wind, inflict moderate wounds, oracle's burden** (DC 18), *share language**, *shatter, silence*
 1st (8/day)—*alter winds, bane, comprehend languages, divine favor, endure elements, inflict light wounds, shield of faith*
 o (at will)—*bleed, create water, detect magic, detect poison, guidance, light, mending, purify food and drink, read magic*

Mystery wind

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

STATISTICS

Str 34, **Dex** 17, **Con** 23, **Int** 14, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 22

Base Atk +21; **CMB** +35; **CMD** 50

Feats *Awesome Blow, Cleave, Combat Expertise, Dodge, Great Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (longspear), Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Power Attack, Silent Spell, Spring Attack, Whirlwind Attack*

Skills *Climb +28, Diplomacy +25, Fly +11, Intimidate +25, Knowledge (history) +17, Knowledge (religion) +17, Perception +31, Perform (string) +22, Sense Motive +19, Spellcraft +17*

Languages *Auran, Common, Draconic, Giant; tongues (understand only)*

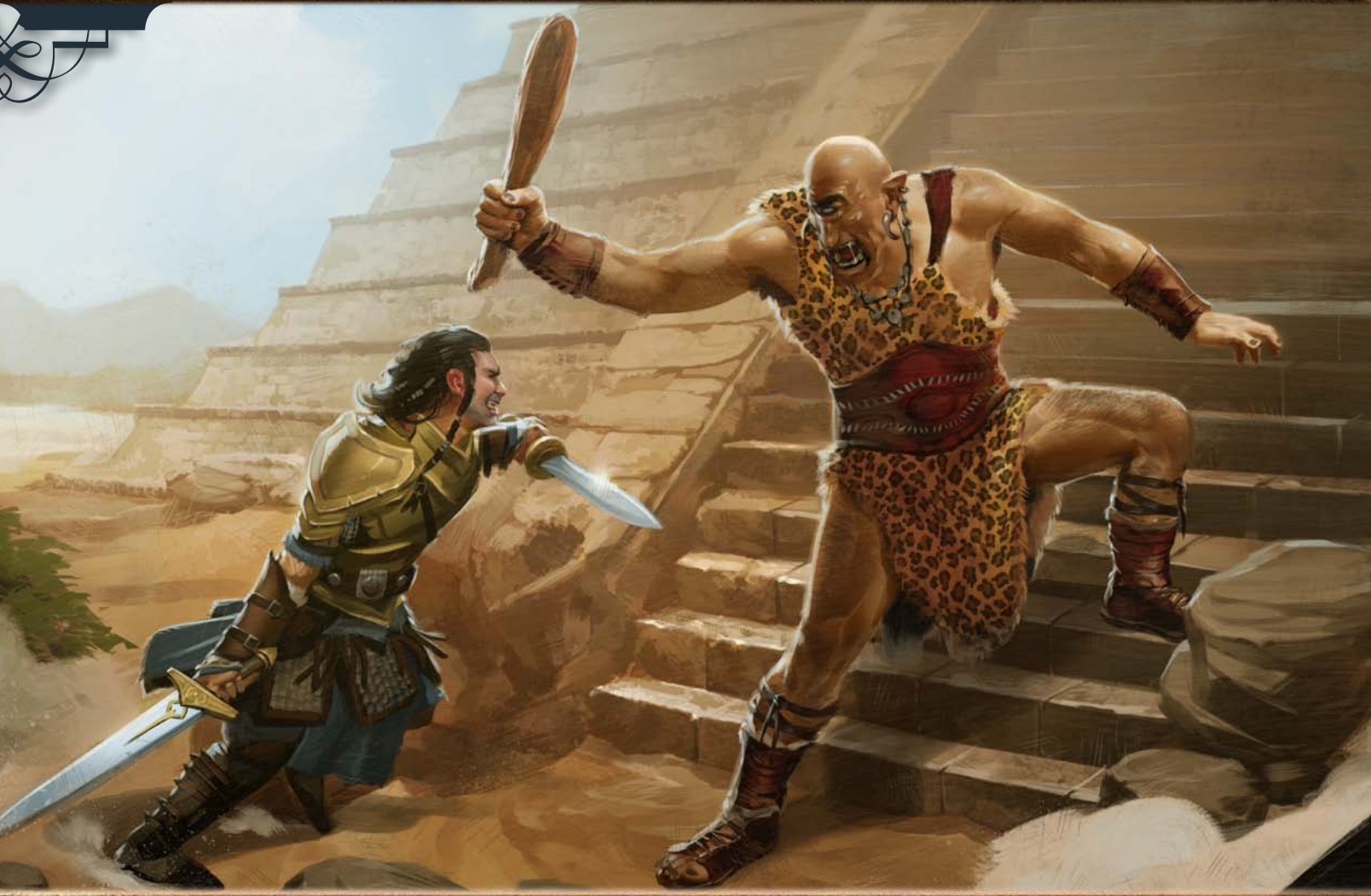
SQ *oracle's curse (tongues), oversized weapon, revelations (air barrier, thunderburst, wind sight, wings of air)*

Combat Gear *potion of bear's endurance, potions of cure serious wounds (2); Other Gear* +1 *moderate fortification breastplate, +1 shocking burst longspear, amulet of natural armor +1, cloak of resistance +3, headband of alluring charisma +4, necklace of adaptation, ring of protection +1*

From her birth during a cataclysmic storm, Orania's parents knew she was destined for greatness. Dedicated to the ideals of altruism, they raised her with lessons of the good in all creatures beneath Ioz'om's skies, and taught her all she'd need to know as a future leader and nurturer. Her innate gifts with wind and air emerged at a young age, but with them came the first hints of a darker fate. When the initial signs of her oracular curse made themselves apparent, many of her fellow tribespeople thought her to be plagued by some great evil. The merest hint of danger was enough to send the skittish child into a frenzy of words and phrases that she had no way of learning. With the pain of rejection first came bashfulness, which slowly evolved into utter hatred. Turning her back on her tribe, she abandoned her parents' cause to gather her own legion of followers among the evil cloud giants. She only returned once, nearly a century after leaving, to burn her home to the ground, torching the citadel and all the benevolent cloud giants within, including her parents.

Now an adult in the fullness of her power, Orania no longer has to fight her own battles, instead sending her minions into combat for her, minions who see her frightful curse of tongues not as a hindrance, but as a god-given gift. Along with her army of cloud giant and mihstu servants, she has traveled along the western side of the Shattered Range for years in search of the fabled floating cloud giant city that lies somewhere within the rocky crags. She has been obsessed with the idea of floating cloud giant castles since she was a child, and sees in these mythic sky towers the means to forever rid herself of her curse. Through her pawns and other agents, she pursues any rumor of a city's discovery, extracting information with torture when lavish gifts won't suffice.





CYCLOPS

O, HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN. IF THESE COLOSSI WERE FORCED TO WITNESS THE VERMIN OF OUR LOST CIVILIZATION—PESTS THAT BRING TO BEAR ONLY THE MINUTEST OF MARVELS AND THAT DEFILE LANDS ONCE HOME TO TRUE WONDERS—THEIR RAGE WOULD SURELY BE FELT ACROSS BOTH THE ARCADIAN AND THE OBARI. WHETHER THE INCONSEQUENTIAL REIGN OF HUMANITY WILL CONTINUE TO PROVE INFERIOR TO THAT OF THE TOWERING ONE-EYED GIANTS OF EONS PAST HAS YET TO BE SEEN; FOR NOW, HOWEVER, THE CYCLOPES BIDE THEIR TIME, THEIR WITS DAMPENED BUT THEIR MONOLITHIC FURY FULLY INTACT, AND ONLY TIME WILL TELL HOW FAR THEY WILL FALL BEFORE THEY RISE AGAIN.

—FROM *TYRANTS OF GHOL-GAN*

Cyclopes are a venerable race of one-eyed giants with a tragic history and an uncertain future. Once the towering rulers of ancient empires spanning some of the most rugged regions of the world, modern cyclopes are but brutish shadows of their former glory. Many humans know more of cyclopes' ancient kingdoms than do the one-eyed giants, who despite their supernatural powers of divination are ruled by a festering rage, a painful hunger that scratches and bites at their minds like an unforgiving flea. Their memories all but wiped, cyclopes gaze unendingly upon the vine-choked monoliths and moss-covered glyphs left behind by their ancestors, if only to glean a taste of understanding from secrets that were lost to them long ago. Intermittent moments of sagely clarity spur most cyclopes to continue their pursuits, though most gain nothing more from these fragments of insight than a lucky strike against a foe. Abandoned by their ancestors and lost among a world of more adaptable races, cyclopes have little hope of reclaiming the might and glory that was once theirs, and so they do the only thing that still makes sense to them: they rage.

ECOLOGY

The average cyclops stands 9 feet tall and weighs 600 pounds. Both genders are virtually hairless, though tufts of dark hair sometimes hang from just above their ears. A single, bushy eyebrow adorns the spot just above a cyclops's eye, and its extremely expressive nature ensures both friends and foes know when exactly to run from an enraged cyclops.

The visible differences between male and female cyclopes are relatively minute, and most non-cyclopes have a hard time telling the two apart. Both have brawny muscles that bulge from the gender-neutral robes and hides they garb themselves in, and both are equally hateful by nature. Even during pregnancy, female cyclopes remain as toned and brutal as their male companions, some even going so far as to brawl until the moment of birth is upon them. More than one cyclops female has given birth on the battlefield, keeping the newly born giant concealed in nearby bushes or tree branches until she has finished her fight and can tend to the babe properly.

Cyclopes' young are remarkably hardy, and can walk and talk as soon as 1 year after birth. By 10 years of age, cyclopes are completely self-sufficient and fully functional members of their conclave or tribe. Cyclopes reach sexual maturity between their second to third decades, at which point they choose mates among either their own tribe (but rarely among siblings or other close family members) or an allied tribe of fellow cyclopes. Gestation is similar to that of humans, taking a little less than a year to culminate in a newborn. Cyclopes can live to be nearly 200 years old, though most consider defeat in battle the only honorable

way to die, and the social expectation to take on ever-greater foes pushes many cyclops warriors toward an early death.

A given cyclops's most distinctive feature, of course, is the great solitary eye embedded in the center of his forehead. In surface area, a cyclops eyeball is even larger than two human eyes combined. The optical organ's massive size and its position on cyclopes' relatively flat skulls provides a greater peripheral range than most humanoids have, as well as generally keener vision, traits which mostly compensate for the lack of depth perception a single eye entails. Though cyclopes occasionally have a difficult time determining distances between sets of objects and creatures, they possess sharp memories and quickly learn to memorize the size of commonly encountered foes.

All cyclopes possess the supernatural ability to glimpse temporarily into the immediate future. In ages past, this gift of prognostication was much more powerful and aided the soothsayers in the founding of mighty cyclops empires. Now, a cyclops's all-seeing eye is as much a curse as it is a gift; with it, a cyclops sees visions of glories yet to come but also the suffering and death that have followed its kind throughout the millennia. To view the world through this great eye is enough to drive the unwary mad, and even those who can make use of such an eye as a dangerous relic think twice before consulting its otherworldly divinations.

In addition to common cyclopes, there exists a stronger, even more bestial breed known as great cyclopes. These shaggy brutes lack the rudimentary intelligence and gift of foresight their kin possess, but make up for these shortcomings with their terrifying strength and unpredictable bouts of horrendous rage. Their primitive nature and barbaric ferocity hark back to a simpler time among cyclops-kind, and scholars debate on the exact origins of these degenerate goliaths. Regardless of the exact reasons for the split between cyclopes and great cyclopes, the former know to fear and respect their larger kin, giving such behemoths a wide berth when encountering them in the wild. For their part, great cyclopes—selfish and crude—rarely associate with their weaker brethren or even their own kind, though they are easily swayed by gifts of food and treasure. Primitive or barbaric humanoid tribes often revere great cyclopes as divine beings, forming strange cults to appease the bestial idols. From the beast tribes of Iobaria to the mystery cults of Iblydos, each practices some variant of the "Adoration of the Eye," and all partake in frequent sacrifices of flesh to their one-eyed idols. Even cyclopes have been known to venerate their greater kin, and especially zealous tyrants often lead cults of their own followers and worshippers of smaller races.

For some worshippers, such adoration is all mysticism and superstition, with primitive shamans seeking insights and power from blood, viewing great cyclopes as prophesied destroyers sent from the heavens. For others, such





eneration truly does offer revelations into the lost ways and powers of the cyclopes, revealing—and in some rare cases granting a measure of mastery over—those forgotten secrets. Still others merely disguise their own cruelties and ambitions in the cloak of faith, drawing influence and might from false ceremonies and the favor of brutal giants they seek to twist to their will. Whatever their form, cyclops cults all dwell on the mysteries of insight, the future, the heavens, and the symbolic eye.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

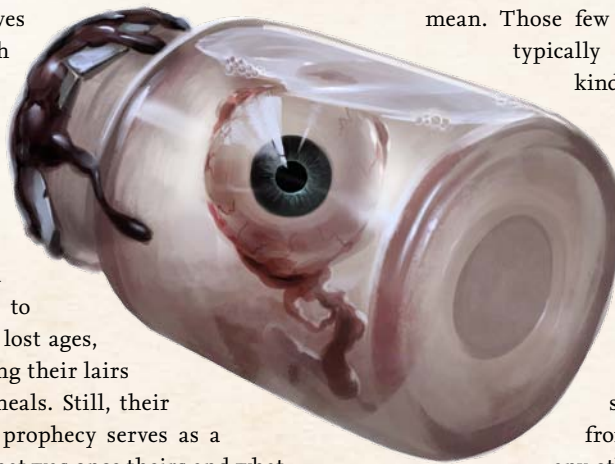
Although their empires have long fallen to the more fecund races that populate much of the world, cyclopes still remain prominent in some pockets of wilderness. The majority lair in the remote, primeval reaches of the world in small conclaves of six or fewer—though such groups often grow into fully fledged tribes given enough time. Possessing but a shadow of their former ambitions, many cyclopes dwell in primitive caves with rudimentary furnishings and tools, giving nary a thought to the near-mythic triumphs of lost ages, instead content with protecting their lairs and seeking out their next meals. Still, their ever-present gift of clouded prophecy serves as a constant, hazy reminder of what was once theirs and what could be again, though only the wisest among their kind know how to interpret such clouded visions.

While small groups of cyclopes usually share the responsibility of protecting the group and seeing to its needs, tribes and larger confederations of cyclopes tend to construct simple hierarchies. The most common form of ruler among small cyclops societies is the tribal chief, a leader known in some cyclops circles as the tyrant. Individual cyclopes rise to tyranny within their tribes by exhibiting the most strength over weaker creatures, typically in the heat of battle. Cyclopes enjoy taking slaves, and place great value on the individual thralls they accumulate throughout their violent lives. Stealing or eating another cyclops's slave is the best way to shame a member of a cyclops tribe, though such depredations are also quick to spur intertribal conflicts.

Cyclopes possess only the crudest forms of agriculture when they attempt it at all, usually restricting such menial labor to the herding of easily domesticated animals such as goats and hogs. The insatiable appetite of cyclopes means that whatever animals they choose to raise are typically quick to fatten and quick to breed. One of the oddest creatures to see domestication at the hands of cyclopes is the

cockatrice, whose cursed bite makes the notion of breeding the beasts utterly ridiculous to most people. Cyclopes, however, appreciate the magical beasts for the meat they provide and their naturally fecund nature, and even when nipped by a penned cockatrice, cyclopes are quick to use their supernatural foresight to avoid petrification.

Even the most learned of cyclopes know relatively little about their ancestors and the ancient empires that once belonged to their people. Most cyclopes of today are content to protect their lairs and seek out food; they give little thought to ideas such as religion or matters of the spirit, trusting more in their own strength than that of any invisible deity. Regardless of their dim-wittedness compared to their ancient ancestors, the human-level intelligence cyclopes currently possess is proof that they were not always so mean. Those few who aspire to greater deeds typically become tyrants among their kind, often driving their tribes to destructive campaigns of war against nearby settlements. Others choose instead to study the ways of their ancestors, referring to the ancient texts scrawled on cavern walls and amid cyclopean ruins. Most of the time, such amateur cyclops sages can decipher little more from these age-old scripts than any other scholar, though sometimes those who have proven especially sensitive to their ancestors' voices may be able to glean something substantial from their ponderings.



CAMPAIGN ROLE

Cyclopes work best as enigmatic figures of myth and legend, placed in the path of adventurers to distill eldritch knowledge or to lure the PCs toward places of antiquity with the promise of forbidden treasure. They often inhabit ancient ruins and the remains of long-forgotten kingdoms, and so dungeon-delving PCs will likely come into contact with these one-eyed behemoths eventually. To cyclopes, such crumbling markers of history are hallowed sites that serve as windows to the past. Many an adventuring company has scoured the ruins of an ancient civilization in search of lost treasure, but few have paused to ponder the peoples who constructed these crumbling edifices and their unknown purposes. A cyclops encounter serves as a great plot device to introduce PCs to the storied legacy of the ancient world without it feeling like a history lesson. A notable cyclops NPC might appear again and again throughout a campaign, either as a recurring villain or as an agent seeking aid from the PCs, perhaps in the form of

retrieving some relics or artifacts pertaining to a cyclops empire's mysterious past.

Though their intentions may appear benign, at heart most cyclopes are callous creatures who view humanoid as little better than vermin or food. Good cyclopes are few and far between, and in the end, most cyclopes will inevitably betray any adventurers they've duped into allying with them, if for no better reason than to secure a tasty meal. Despite their centuries of devolution, cyclopes are cunning predators, and are not above using ambush tactics or dirty tricks to dispose of particularly meddlesome adventurers.

TREASURE

Cyclopes treasure their weapons above all other items, viewing their oversized greataxes, mauls, and clubs as extensions of their own rage and strength. Magical arms are especially prized, and a cyclops who finds herself in possession of a particularly powerful magic weapon usually rises to great power in her tribe. Cyclopes also place great importance on armor, though shields are regarded as the tools of cowards, and any such armaments found or taken from fallen foes are promptly discarded by most cyclopes.

Lone cyclopes separated from a conclave or tribe typically possess numerous treasures of whatever trespassers have wandered too close to their lairs. Caring little for socially constructed systems of wealth, these reclusive cyclopes instead cherish their belongings only for their aesthetic appeal, having especial reverence for spherical objects like gemstones and magical orbs. Some view these hoarding tendencies as substitution for companionship, though hermitic cyclopes are quick to stamp out anyone who promotes this notion to their faces.

Powerful cyclopes seers in particular value magical relics that cure or stifle mental afflictions. Such items help cyclops soothsayers and oracles mitigate the madness that often overcomes them during especially potent trances. Cyclopes also prize potions and other edible or potable magic items, since they both offer arcane boons and sate a measure of their ravenous hunger.

CYCLOPES ON GOLARION

Many thousands of years ago, the solemn cyclopes ruled vast kingdoms—notably Ghol-Gan in Garund, Koloran in northwestern Casmaron, and diverse holdings in Iblydos—yet today their glories are long forgotten. What exactly brought about their downfall is a fact few know, but sages agree that the cyclopes of today possess but a fraction of the honor and power of their ancestors. Various myths purport that the hubris of cyclopes was so great that in time the oracles and seers of their people came to neglect or outright ignore their own visions. Believing themselves no longer beholden to fate, the ruling tyrants of the cyclopes

ALL-SEEING EYE

Cyclopes possess the uncanny ability to temporarily gaze into the future. Most cyclopes only receive occasional flashes of this insight. Some, however, fall into deep trances, receiving detailed visions of events that have not yet occurred. Some scholars claim that during such trances, cyclopes are possessed by the eldritch spirits of their ancient empires, perhaps even by the long-dead gods of those primeval kingdoms. Such heavy trances tend to be violent, with the cyclops convulsing spasmodically, her body given over to involuntary seizures, blood seeping from the ducts of her enlarged, bloodshot eyeball as it rolls into the back of her head. Thankfully for other races, cyclops oracles capable of invoking such potent visions are relatively rare. The ravings of an entranced cyclops are typically composed almost entirely of unintelligible gibberish, though words from a long-forgotten dialect of the Cyclops language can occasionally be discerned by the attentive.

Throughout the ages, numerous peoples and cultures have viewed a cyclops's singular, enlarged eye as a gateway to visions of mysterious and ancient forces. All manner of popular folklore and myths claim that whoever possesses a cyclops's eye can tap into the mystical powers of the one-eyed giants.

The following new magic item can either be crafted by talented spellcasters or might be taken from the heads of particularly gifted cyclops oracles.

ALL-SEEING EYE

Aura moderate divination; **CL** 9th

Slot —; **Price** 5,500 gp; **Weight** 5 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This hardened, oversized eyeball is nearly a foot in diameter. The possessor gains a +1 insight bonus on the saving throw DCs of any spells of the divination school he casts, as well as a +1 insight bonus on dispel checks made against divination effects. In addition, once per week, the possessor of an *all-seeing eye* can cast *commune* as a spell-like ability without the need for a material component. Using an *all-seeing eye* in this way effectively uses up its magic for a week, and the possessor does not benefit from the insight bonuses it grants until a week after *commune* was cast.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *commune*, *guidance*;
Cost 2,250 gp

empires deified themselves in challenge to the gods, and in their overconfidence and vanity, the ancient cyclopes rendered themselves blind to the impending tragedy about to befall them.

After the fall of their kingdoms, the remaining cyclopes scattered across Golarion and quietly descended into



CYCLOPS BAGS

The following list of random treasure includes items one might normally find either on a cyclops's person or in his dwelling.

d%	Result
01–04	Large iron medallion (300 gp, 20 lbs.)
05–09	Cloth sack of oversized earrings (100 gp, 5 lbs.)
10–15	Large greataxe
16–20	Small assorted opals (1d4, 450 gp each)
21–26	Jawbone of a random animal
27–33	<i>Potion of bull's strength</i>
34–36	<i>Elixir of fire breath</i>
37–41	Large broken heavy crossbow
42–45	Necklace strung with humanoid tongues
46–48	<i>Elixir of vision</i>
49–54	Worn iron helmet
55–59	Set of bone needles and leatherworking tools
60–65	<i>Brooch of shielding</i>
66–72	Engraved large leather armlets (200 gp, 25 lbs.)
73–75	Climber's kit
76–82	Decorated gourd (55 gp, 4 lbs.)
83–87	<i>Dust of dryness</i>
88–92	30 feet of rusted chain
93–95	<i>Bracers of armor +1</i>
96–99	Hunks of scrap metal (100 gp, 50 lbs.)
100	+1 <i>hide armor</i>

barbarism. Only in remote locations does evidence of the ancient cyclops empires still exist, and only in recent centuries have cyclopes started to reform any real semblance of cyclops societies in the form of crude tribes. Though tyrants and other powerful cyclopes are relatively rare among their kind, some particularly noteworthy cyclopes have made themselves known in recent years.

An ancient cyclops necromancer by the name of Terokar dwells deep beneath the towering Fog Peaks in eastern Galt. The unusually gifted giant was banished from his tribe when his fellow cyclopes learned of the foul necromantic rituals he had been performing in the graveyard of their people, raising long-dead ancestors in hopes of bolstering their forces for an important upcoming raid. Rather than viewing his innate talents as a boon to the tribe, the cyclopes viewed Terokar's sorcerous gift as a plague upon their kind, and offered him the option of either a swift death or exile. He chose the latter, eventually taking his own life in a ritual to become a lich. After succeeding in his bid for immortality through undeath, Terokar sought vengeance on his old allies, and wiped out his tribe using his vile arcana and undead cyclops soldiers. Now, Terokar seeks to finish what he started, and keeps himself busy

plotting a campaign that spans the southeastern reaches of the Fog Peaks and into Taldor, where the lich hopes to reestablish a new empire resembling that of his cyclops forebears using his necromantic powers.

In the Sodden Lands, a venerable and wise cyclops tyrant wanders the flooded wastelands that were once the farmlands of the now-decimated nation of Yamasa. This cyclops—called Jurakuma by the local Koboto tribes—is said to be over 200 years old. Having witnessed the obliteration of his entire tribe at the hands of the destructive Eye of Abendego, Jurakuma put out his own eye in an act of violent despair, and has blindly traveled the dangerous swamps and floodplains of the Sodden Lands ever since, guided by some unknown eldritch force. The Koboto people maintain that any who encounter Jurakuma are as good as dead, since the towering vagabond leaves only destruction in his wake, and it is said that one word uttered from his dried and withered lips can erase the memories of any who hear his voice.

Ghol-Gan ruins abound on the countless islands that make up the Shackles, reminders of the ancient cyclops empire that once stood there millennia ago. To this day, the flooded treasuries of this ancient civilization remain guarded by undead cyclopes called gholdakos. Charged with protecting the sunken vaults in life, these servants of the Ghol-Gan empire remain faithful to their duties even in death, and are quick to extinguish any intruders seeking to plunder the treasures they guard. (For more information on gholdakos, see *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Isles of the Shackles*.)

SAMPLE CYCLOPS TYRANT

Attired in various hides and with pauldrons made from the tusks of a mammoth, this towering, one-eyed humanoid wields an equally massive flat club.

MARDAHAMMAN

CR 15

XP 51,200

Male cyclops fighter 10 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 52)

NE Large humanoid (giant)

Init +7; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +15

DEFENSE

AC 29, touch 14, flat-footed 25 (+6 armor, +1 deflection, +3 Dex, +1 dodge, +9 natural, –1 size)

hp 210 (20 HD; 10d8+10d10+110)

Fort +19, **Ref** +11, **Will** +8; +3 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +3, ferocity

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft.

Melee +1 *defending greatclub* +26/+21/+16/+11 (2d8+14/19–20)

Ranged +1 *heavy crossbow* +20 (2d8+1/19–20)

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

Special Attacks weapon training (hammers +2, flails +1)

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 16, **Con** 21, **Int** 10, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +17; **CMB** +24 (+26 bull rush, overrun, sunder); **CMD** 39 (41 vs. bull rush, overrun, sunder)

Feats Alertness, Cleave, Dodge, Great Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (greatclub), Improved Initiative, Improved Overrun, Improved Sunder, Intimidating Prowess, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (greatclub), Weapon Specialization (greatclub)

Skills Climb +18, Intimidate +24, Perception +15, Profession (soothsayer) +7, Sense Motive +4, Survival +8

Languages Common, Cyclops, Giant

SQ armor training 2, flash of insight

Combat Gear *potions of cure serious wounds* (2), *potions of bull's strength* (2); **Other Gear** *mammoth hide* (+2 *hide*, as *rhino hide*), +1 *heavy crossbow* with 10 bolts, +1 *defending greatclub*, *amulet of natural armor* +2, *belt of physical might* +2 (Dex, Con), *boots of springing and striding*, *feather tokens* (tree, whip), *ring of protection* +1

Mardatektor was born during a time of great conflict within his tribe. His father, Huratektor, was the ruling tyrant of their tribe, and had recently relocated the tribe to the Bandu Hills, where the mountainous landscape proved more easily defensible than their previous lair within the Kaava Lands. When Huratektor's most outspoken rival—a warrior of low status by the name of Nukamman—assassinated the tyrant, he sparked a civil conflict within the tribe that irreparably split its people into two groups, with Nukamman and his fellow dissenters fleeing further into the mountains, where he was crowned tyrant of his newly created splinter tribe. In the chaos of the conflict, Nukamman managed to abduct baby Mardatektor, renaming him Mardahamman and raising him as his own.

In the decades that followed, the rift between the Huratektor's old tribe and Nukamman's traitors never healed, and skirmishes broke out frequently between the two tribes. When Mardahamman came of age and brandished a greatclub for the first time, his adoptive father brought the youth with him on the final raid against their rival tribe. When Mardahamman experienced the taste of battle for this first time, unknowingly laying waste to his own people, he knew something was amiss, a notion confirmed when he confronted Nukamman about it later.

Shamed by his own actions and angry at the betrayal of the tyrant he had thought to be his father, Mardahamman fled from the hills and into the Kaava Lands, not knowing that his people originally hailed from there decades earlier. In that forest, he met a small conclave of cyclops warriors who had stayed behind when Huratektor took his tribe to the Bandu Hills. Feeling that these rebels

would be the closest he'd ever have to a real family again, Mardahamman joined their conclave and trained to become an expert warrior, eventually coming to lead the cyclops of the Kaava Lands as their tyrant, all in hopes of one day exacting revenge on his treacherous adoptive father, Nukamman.





FIRE GIANT

“IT’S SO STRANGE; FIRE GIANTS DON’T BELLOW, HOWL, OR EVEN SCREAM IN PAIN. THEY JUST LOOK AT YOU WITH THOSE BURNING EYES AND THE SMILE OF A KILLER, A BUTCHER WHO REALLY LIKES HIS JOB. STAB ‘EM IN THE GUTS, AND LIKE AS NOT THEY’LL JUST BREAK THE BLADE OFF STILL STUCK INSIDE ‘EM AND THEN POUND YOU LIKE A PIECE OF CHEAP STEEL. THEY’RE JUST SO... SERIOUS. YOU’D THINK A FIRE GIANT WOULD BE MORE HOT-BLOODED! AM I RIGHT? A GRUDGING NOD IS ALL YOU’RE GONNA GET, AND JUST PRAY THE GIANT DOESN’T CHUCKLE AND SAY, ‘MY TURN.’ TRUST ME—YOU DON’T WANNA HEAR THAT.”

—GERETH TINGROG OF KALSGARD,
LOCAL DRUNK AND SELF-PROCLAIMED SURVIVOR
OF A FIRE GIANT ATTACK

Dwelling in underground strongholds next to subterranean rivulets of white-hot magma, the towering warriors known as fire giants are both renowned and feared for their unceasing lust for battle and remarkable skill at the forge. These traits, combined with their stocky builds, cause many to liken fire giants to dwarves, albeit at a much more massive and violent scale. Males typically sport wiry beards, rarely bothering to comb or take care of their facial hair outside of minor decorations such as plaiting it or weaving metal rings and chains throughout. Fire giants equip themselves in self-made plates of heavy armor and don open-faced helms in battle, wielding either immense greatswords or other massive bladed weapons in their pursuit of doling out destruction. Their skin ranges from the deep red of scorched brick to the sooty black of a crematory chimney, while their hair is usually a fiery orange that—according to numerous folk legends—glows like a blown ember when their volatile tempers are tried. Some lighter-skinned giants have hair the color of hammered lead, and a few are crowned with hair of burnished black, but all have eyes of red, gold, or orange, their jet pupils easily lost in their blazing irises.

Both female and male fire giants are almost uniformly unsightly in the eyes of other races. Warty, psoriatic, and often afflicted with humps, hunches, and misshapen or uneven limbs, these goliaths possess a strength that is as hideous as their appearances. Among fire giants, misshapen or deformed females are regarded as possessing strong blood and divine favor. The ugliest of fire giantesses usually find their way to crowns and thrones, either as rulers in their own right or wooed as consorts or potential queens by fire giant kings.

Fire giants command considerable respect among other races, not only for their strength, but also for their talent at smithing and ironmongery. The best-known fire giant smiths often find their work sought after by other giant-kin, who show off the maker's mark of their purchases with pride and view it as a point of boasting to own so fine a piece of steel. Their ironworks are less renowned among humans and other smaller humanoids, as fire giants rarely dabble in crafting items for the tinier races. Rarely, a particularly impressive non-giant warrior might garner the attention of a fire giant blacksmith, and some civilizations manage to establish tentative trade agreements with fire giants, though such dealings are risky for all involved, and fire giants usually find it easier to simply instigate war and exact tribute from the conquered peoples. Fire giants inclined to trade inflame the rage of dwarf-holds and clans in particular, who not only despise giants of all kinds with historical, cultural, and even religious enmity, but also brook no rivals in the sale and supply of ironworks. Countless skirmishes,

battles, and even wars have been waged between dwarves and fire giants above and below the earth for blood, for honor, and for the primacy of their industry and trade.

ECOLOGY

Fire giants dwell in mountainous regions rife with volcanic activity. The noxious fumes and sulfurous stink of fumaroles, mudpots, and lava pools are sweet savors to fire giants, though visitors to their demesnes might gag, choke, or even asphyxiate from the heavy smoke and exhaust of their furnace fires. Fire giants wade rivers of liquid-hot magma as easily as a human might ford a babbling brook of cool water, and they often sculpt their lairs to feature abundant geothermal and pyroclastic hazards. Such molten features are not only chosen for fire giants' personal comfort, but also for their intimidation value and the entirely practical security they provide against intruders and unwanted visitors. Fire giants never miss an opportunity to remind other races that they are not like such puny creatures, and things that would kill others are their meat and drink and the very air they breathe.

Fire giants eat the same foods that most humans do, but their digestive systems are as powerful and undiscerning as incinerators, converting every iota of what they consume into nourishment. At need, fire giants can subsist on lichen or even ashes, extracting trace nutrients from almost any organic matter. Of course, digesting base matter is far less efficient than consuming more practical sources of food, causing indigestion and distress in fire giants forced to eat such scraps. Since they live in areas where food supplies are often scarce, however, fire giants are prone to delving deep into the earth and cultivating vast fungal gardens tended by ettin or troll thralls, or using trade or tribute agreements with those living on the surface nearby to supplement their food stores.

Fire giants marry for life, and upon wedding, each partner welds a steel ring around one of the other's left fingers to symbolize their union. If a spouse perishes, that spouse's wedding band (if it can be recovered) is removed and refastened to one of the right fingers of the widow or widower. Widows and widowers are free to remarry, forging a new wedding band on the left hand for each spouse; some older, ill-fated fire giants may accumulate half a dozen marriage bands throughout the course of their lives, each hand bedecked in numerous metal keepsakes.

At birth, fire giant children are roughly the size of an adult dwarf, and they grow slowly to full maturity over the course of 50 years, topping well over a dozen feet in height and weighing 7,000 pounds. Fire giant infants are girded with forged armor as soon as they can walk, the plate armaments remolded and replaced as the babes grow, ensuring that they become used to the feel of steel



against skin. Youths' wrought-iron playthings are scarcely distinguishable from deadly weapons, and by the age of 5, fire giant toddlers are as tall as humans and passably proficient with crude clubs and daggers. Rigorous and brutal training regimens make up the majority of fire giants' adolescence, and all are taught the art of war from an early age. Such barbarous childrearing fortifies their natural endowments, fostering the prodigious strength of fire giants and ensuring they will be ready to fight when they are old enough to go to war.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Fire giants are very different from most of their enormous kin for one simple reason: their communal unity of purpose as a race. Whereas most giants are loners or clannish at best, lairing in isolated family holds and allying only rarely in times of war, nearly all fire giants uphold the brutal virtues of battle, and embrace the order wrought by violence and forcing creatures to submit to their will. Fire giants almost universally worship Zursvaater, the Prince of Steel, as their creator and patron deity. The story goes that nearly 10,000 years ago, Zursvaater offered a tribe of stone giants the powers of the blade and forge in exchange for their unflinching worship and complete dominion over their souls. When the stone giants agreed, the Prince of Steel transformed them into fire giants, and bestowed upon them the gifts of fire, steel, and slaves, as well as the ominous and secretive prophecy of the Sword of Twilight.

The Prophecy of Twilight is just one of the numerous social structures implemented by fire giants to reinforce their warlike tendencies. The prophecy foretells the final fiery end of the world, its ruin brought about by the avenging and annihilating flame of fire giants. Fire giants believe it is their birthright to let the thunderous blows of their swords and hammers be heard throughout the world, for every cleaving blow struck in battle, every ringing stroke of hammer on anvil, and every slave laboring to its last exhausted breath over the scorching heat of giant furnaces is echoed in Zursvaater's eternal fires and the forging of the Sword of Twilight. When the doom of the universe is at hand, the Prince of Steel will take up the Sword of Twilight and shatter the arc of the heavens, unleashing the eternal conflagration to consume all that is, was, and ever shall be. These apocalyptic prophecies, handed down from elders to

adolescents (and recounted in veiled legends to children), are little known outside of fire giant society, since the colossal smiths and warriors have little desire to see their destructive goals obstructed by outsiders.

Fire giants are cautious and crafty tacticians on the battlefield, more than happy to let others charge forward recklessly while they strike with overwhelming force at the point of their enemy's weakness. They tend to look down on most of their giant-kin, seeing the barbaric tribes and

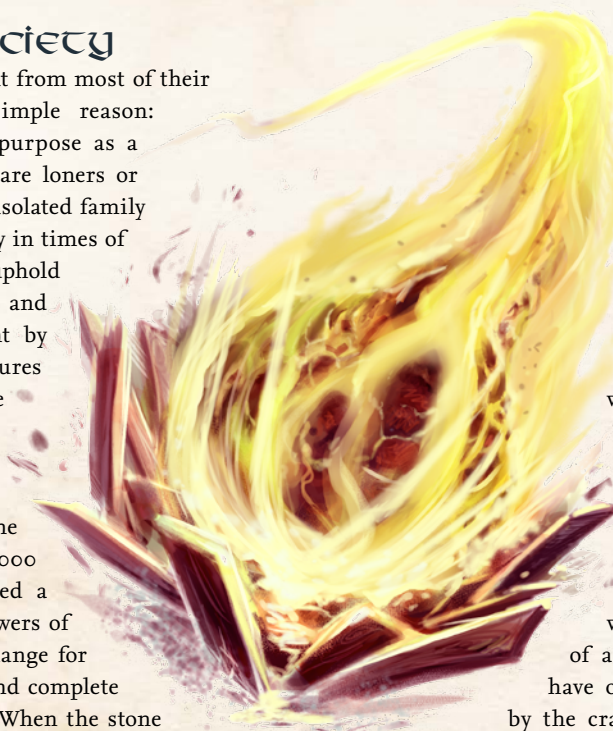
clans of less powerful giants as too wild at heart to accomplish any lasting glory. As far as companions go, fire giants generally prefer the company of creatures they can bully without accidentally killing, such as creatures immune to their fiery attacks (including hell hounds, pyrohydras, or young red dragons) and those they can intimidate into submission with their fires, such as trolls.

While beholden to few, fire giants are fiercely loyal to their kings and the generals these kings appoint, and at their leaders' command have been known to form alliances with other giant races as part of a grand campaign. Fire giants have occasionally been manipulated by the crafty and powerful, from drow to dragons to devils and others, but rarely will they agree to any extensive plans until properly paid, and woe betide an erstwhile ally that betrays them, for one of the only things more frightening than fire giants' masterfully crafted blades is their ability to exact dreadful, flaming retribution.

Consonant with their calculating nature, fire giants much prefer enslaving captives to wholesale slaughter, as a thrall has far greater value than a corpse. They rarely torment their captives for pleasure; far better to simply work them to death, feeding and tending them just enough to maintain the strength of these living tools, and using them as food when they finally collapse from exhaustion. To a fire giant, the sweetest of meats is the flesh of a slave marinated in the sweat of its own fatal labors.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Fire giants are difficult to use in lower-level games; even a very young or vulnerable fire giant is too strong for fledgling parties to overcome without suffering massive



casualties. Fire giants are, however, smarter than many other types of giants, and as bright and charismatic as—and a good deal wiser than—the average human, making them powerful masterminds for larger plots. Since they have a natural tendency toward war and battle, fire giants make excellent generals for lower-level monsters such as gnolls, goblins, and orcs. While their size is difficult to hide, fire giants are capable of using misinformation to mask their true nature when necessary, implementing mundane or magical disguises to pose as ogres, trolls, or similar brutes in service to a figurehead leader who is in fact merely the giant's mouthpiece.

Alternatively, a fire giant leader may be entirely obvious to his influence and power. Whether the head of a mercenary band, the leader of a predatory business concern out to exterminate its rivals, or simply a petty tyrant oppressing a subject people, fire giant masterminds marshal their forces effectively and ruthlessly in response to exterior threats. A lower-level campaign could involve uncovering the identity of a hidden fire giant leader or working against a known fire giant's organization, building up to a confrontation with the giant itself. Against more experienced parties, a fire giant might have better access to equipment or allies to mitigate its vulnerabilities against cold effects and attacks that target his reflexive or mental defenses, and would have minions trained in teamwork feats and group tactics to reflect his fondness for organization and coordinated attacks. Likewise, the terrain where a fire giant is encountered can greatly impact the difficulty in fighting it, as a fire giant surrounded by heated barriers, lava pools, and hot springs is a much greater challenge than one encountered near human-sized buildings and tight caverns. At higher levels, fire giants are excellent enforcers or foot soldiers, able to focus their attacks en masse and support one another in combat, serving as an effective anvil upon which a more powerful leader can strike as the hammer.

Fire giant lairs are solidly constructed of stone and metal, with few places for smaller creatures to hide and none the giants cannot reach. Large stonework and metal traps, such as spiked walls, collapsible ceilings, rolling balls, and of course magical, alchemical, or natural flaming hazards of every kind are strategically placed, and fire giants drag or bull rush enemies into these dangers whenever possible. Their sacred halls and living areas are far more neat and orderly than other giant lairs, and are expertly designed for ease of movement and to avoid bottlenecks; they serve fire giants as defensible strong points to regulate access and stymie invaders.

TREASURE

Fire giants are avid metalworkers and have great skill in crafting their own weapons and armaments. They also

FIRE GIANT FEATS

Fire giants make special use of the boulders they hurl at foes by imbuing their massive projectiles with fire from their ever-burning bodies. The following feats are often taken by fire giants to enhance their rock-throwing abilities.

Blasting Boulder

The boulders you hurl explode upon impact, laying waste to nearby creatures.

Prerequisites: Smoking Boulder, base attack bonus +13, heat rock special attack.

Benefit: You can infuse rocks thrown as part of an attack action with volatile fire energies, adding one of the following effects to a thrown rock affected by your Smoking Boulder feat.

Choking Smoke: All creatures in the affected 10-foot-radius spread are nauseated for 1 round.

Concussive Blast: Creatures in a 10-foot-radius burst are deafened and staggered for 1d4 rounds (Fortitude negates).

Incendiary Explosion: The creature struck by this rock takes 4d6 points of fire damage, other creatures within a 10-foot-radius burst take 2d6 points of damage, and all affected creatures catch on fire. A successful Reflex save halves the fire damage taken and negates catching on fire.

Smoking Boulder

The boulders you hurl burn so hot that they smoke.

Prerequisites: Base attack bonus +11, heat rock special attack.

Benefit: When you throw a rock as part of an attack action, you can cause the boulder to erupt into a 10-foot-radius spread of heavy smoke on a successful hit. The smoke lasts for 1d4 rounds. (See page 444 of the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* for rules on smoke effects.)

appreciate the fine metalwork of other races, and collect such items either as models to build off of or as trophies of the people they've conquered. Fire giants know good work when they see it, and a piece of masterful metalwork is considered far more valuable and useful than a head mounted on a pole. Dwarven metalwork holds particular prestige in fire giant society, and the fiery goliaths claim such expertly crafted goods whenever possible. Since dwarves are loath to give up such treasures, fire giants must usually take them by force, and many a dwarven smith has himself become a trophy in death, his remains mounted above a fire giant's mantel along with the polished and lovingly tended products of his labor.

Fire giants garner many of their metals from the endless caverns below the world's surface and thus traditionally



FIRE GIANT BAGS

The following list of random treasure includes items one might normally find either on a fire giant's person or in his dwelling.

d%	Result
01–06	Large basalt drinking stein
07–11	1d12 polished boulders
12–16	Half-eaten monitor lizard carcass
17–21	<i>Eversmoking bottle</i>
22–27	Collection of 2d10 horseshoes, twisted and bent into a crude chain or tavern puzzle
28–31	1d4 Large hammers
32–35	Wooden box of 1d4x100 large nails
36–40	1d4 sets of human-sized manacles
41–44	<i>Headband of inspired wisdom +2</i>
45–47	+1 <i>heavy steel shield of arrow catching</i>
48–53	1d4 broken suits of random human-sized armor
54–58	Large masterwork greatsword
59–64	Bag of 3d6 humanoid and animal skulls
65–68	Sack of 5d6 ornamental gemstones or nuggets of gold (50 gp each)
69–75	Small cask of brandy (100 gp, 50 lbs.)
76–82	Ornate hilt for a Large greatsword, inlaid with silver but lacking a pommel stone (200 gp)
83–87	1d6 mithral ingots, stamped with the forge-rune of a fire giant smith (500 gp each)
88–92	<i>Oil of magic weapon</i>
93–95	A small adamantite meteorite (600 gp)
96–100	Torn piece of dragonhide (random color)

live near volcanic mountains where the mineral bounty of the world's fiery heart constantly spews onto the surface. They are often great collectors of precious gems and refiners and smelters of raw ore, which they typically cast in ingots stamped with their king's heraldic device. Though too large and heavy for easy use by smaller races, such ingots fit easily in a fire giant's hand or bag and frequently serve as currency in trades with other giants. Fire giants also covet and collect rare and unusual metals such as adamantite or mithral, whether forged into bars as coinage or crafted into finished products.

Fire giants love heavy armors best, half-plate being their most common variety, though particularly showy kings and generals often make use of full plate. They arm themselves with massive greatswords and other long-bladed weapons for melee, rarely using shields but frequently mounting armor spikes on their persons. While these massive works of war are of little practical use to the human-sized fighter, such goods can be sold to knowledgeable blacksmiths to melt down and refashion.

FIRE GIANTS ON GOLARION

Fire giants are most common in the Kodar Mountains of Avistan. They once frequented the Cinderlands of Varisia, and some still roam the Storval Plateau, but most keep their permanent settlements nestled among the towering Kodar peaks. Fire giant fortresses here typically feature stout, thick-walled towers of considerable height, surmounted by beacon fires for signaling their nearby kin, but the bulk of their strongholds are constructed below ground, with halls and individuals' chambers arrayed around a deep central shaft plunging hundreds of feet into the earth. The cylindrical design of fire giant lairs makes them easy to defend, and some clans even manage to construct artificial magma tunnels to channel molten lava through the central shaft of the main chamber. Fire giants rarely emerge from their halls during the chill of winter, though low-ranking giants are occasionally sent out to dump detritus upon the vast tailings and slag heaps that scar the landscape around their diggings.

Fire giants are also plentiful in the Barrier Wall Mountains of northern Garund, where the warmer climate allows most of these southern fire giants to mine in vast open-air pits, stripping open the land in brutal rapine of nature's bounty. Their fortresses are squat blockhouses and walls enclosing vast slave camps along the rim of their pits, where their captives toil in manufacture or rest between shifts. The fire giant kingdom of Kerdreg in southern Thuvia is known for its avid participation in the slave trade throughout the region, and its denizens are willing to pay a fair price or barter weapons and other goods for such humanoid drudges. Both Kerdreg and the other neighboring fire giant kingdoms in the region frequently patrol the scorching deserts of Rahadoum, Thuvia, and Osirion for potential prey to conquer, going on slave-taking raids and occupying oases, extorting caravans or temporarily commandeering them to bring their giant-crafted goods to market and forcibly seize whatever items or peoples they might desire.

Fire giants also dwell alone or in small family groups as miners, mercenaries, or petty tyrants throughout the torrid zones of Golarion, lairing in any region where volcanism and geothermal activity create conditions to their liking, regardless of clime. Many fire giants venture into the Darklands questing for burning veins of Golarion's molten heart, and some travel across the sea to found suitably eruptive colonies on other continents such as distant Tian Xia, mysterious Arcadia, and the volcanic canyons that make up some of the crumbling ruin-islands that once were Azlant. Fire giants have even been seen as far north as the Crown of the World, carving their strongholds within the ash-spewing Hellrung Mountains of Cape Almhult, northwest of the Lands of the Linnorm Kings.

SAMPLE FIRE GIANT KING

This stocky giant has a flaming mane and facial hair, his massive armor and fiery glaive indicating his prowess as a warrior.

ORYNOX MARCHELIN

CR 19

XP 204,800

Male fire giant fighter (polearm master) 9 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 148, *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 106)

LE Large humanoid (fire, giant)

Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +29

DEFENSE

AC 35, touch 14, flat-footed 32 (+11 armor, +2 deflection, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +10 natural, -1 size)

hp 313 (24 HD; 15d8+9d10+197)

Fort +26, **Ref** +14, **Will** +13

Defensive Abilities rock catching;

Immune fire

Weaknesses vulnerable to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +2 *flaming burst glaive*

+35/+30/+25/+20 (2d8+21/19-20/x3) or
2 slams +29 (1d8+10)

Ranged rock +22/+17/+12/+7 (1d8+10 plus 1d6
fire and smoke)

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

Special Attacks flexible flanker*,

heated rock, pole fighting* -3,

polearm training* +2, steadfast

pike* +2, rock throwing (120 ft.)

STATISTICS

Str 31, **Dex** 16, **Con** 27, **Int** 13, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 16

Base Atk +20; **CMB** +31 (+33 bull rush, overrun, sunder); **CMD** 47 (49 vs. bull rush, overrun, sunder)

Feats Blasting Boulder, Cleave, Combat Patrol*, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Dodge, Great Cleave, Greater Weapon Focus (glaive), Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (glaive), Improved Overrun, Improved Sunder, Mobility, Power Attack, Smoking Boulder, Weapon Focus (glaive), Weapon Specialization (glaive)

Skills Climb +25, Craft (weapons) +17, Intimidate +30, Perception +29

Languages Common, Dwarven, Giant

Other Gear +3 mithral half-plate, +2 flaming burst glaive, amulet of natural armor +2, belt of physical perfection +2, boots of speed, cloak of resistance +3, headband of alluring charisma +4, ring of feather falling, ring of protection +2

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

Orynox Marchelin has ruled the fire giant realm of Kragnaroth in the Mindspin Mountains east of Varisia

since his father's death in 4631 AR, and has proven himself as one of the kingdom's finest and most brutal leaders yet. None are excluded from his wrath, and since he took the throne he has killed no fewer than five of his own wives, whether for supposed adultery, insolence, or merely catching him in the wrong mood. Regardless, all fire giantesses within Kragnaroth swoon over the chance of wedding the fierce and ruthless warlord.

Though Orynox seeks to begin a campaign that would expand his empire further across the Mindspin Mountains both south and east, his advisors have noted their king seems especially preoccupied by his latest queen, **Hregana Marchelin** (LE fire giant barbarian 2/fighter 5), a talented warrior who traveled from distant lands to the south to seek Orynox's hand in marriage, and who has proven to be his most formidable wife yet.





FROST GIANT

“WE ARE WARRIORS BRAVE. WE ARE CONQUERORS, LIBERATORS, AND BROTHERS. WE STAND TOGETHER WITHOUT FEAR TO OFFER EACH OTHER STRENGTH AND COMMON PURPOSE. IF ONE OF OUR BROTHERS SHALL FALL, WE DINE ON HIS BODY, AND HIS SACRIFICE FUELS OUR RAGE. FOR THE GLORY OF THREMYR, WE BLOT OUT THE SUN WITH OUR BOULDERS AND WITH OUR AXES RUIN ALL THAT STANDS. AT THE CLOSE OF OUR LONG MARCH, A GLORIOUS EMPIRE AWAITS US, SO THAT WE MAY RECLAIM THE LANDS THAT ARE RIGHTFULLY OURS AND BURY ALL WHO BELIEVE OTHERWISE BENEATH OUR MAGNIFICENT TOWERS. STAND WITH ME NOW, BROTHERS, AND SEIZE THE TRIUMPH THAT IS YOUR BIRTHRIGHT.”

—JARL AEFUIREN OF CLAN RIMESCYTHE

Deep in the frostbitten realms of the north, a race borne of ice and steely hatred lays claim to the frozen lands through conquest and domination. Their brutality knows no bounds, and with each town or small city crushed by their axes and hammers, these raging behemoths threaten to overwhelm the natives of the tundra and establish themselves as the rightful inhabitants of the northlands. These towering, relentless warriors are known to those who fear them as frost giants.

The civilized folk of Golarion know frost giants as horrific brutes bent on murder and ruinous plunder, barbarians whose thunderous war cries deafen the ears as they chill the bone. In their pursuit to claim the land and establish themselves as the strongest inhabitants of the icy northlands, frost giants would first extinguish the plague of humanity that has swept over the world. In frost giant culture, humans and their ilk are viewed as little better than vermin, and are hardly worthy of the crops they grow and the cities they build. Just as a human might give little regard to an insect crushed underfoot, so too does a frost giant view the realms of humanity. In the chillingly ruthless minds of frost giants, if all the nations of the world must be ravaged to claim the lands that are rightfully theirs, so be it.

ECOLOGY

Even among their equally massive giantkin, frost giants are intimidating to behold. They stand about 15 feet tall, their thick, muscular frames weighing in at approximately 2,800 pounds. Most have soft blue or frost-white skin, and their flesh is always cold to the touch, despite the hot blood that courses beneath it. A frost giant's hair typically grows in shades of dirty yellow, white, or light blue, which both sexes often wear long and braided. Their eyes match their hair, ranging from hues of bestial amber to icy cyan. Frost giant males usually grow their beards several feet long, and more than a few intentionally soak their beards with water before battle, so as to encase their facial hair in fearsome daggers of ice.

Physiologically, frost giants are similar to other humanoids, though their eyes are particularly sensitive to the higher end of the visible spectrum, which helps them navigate and identify friend from foe in blinding snowstorms and during the bright, nightless summers of the north. Immune to the blustery cold of their mountain habitat, frost giants have little need for the heavy winter garb most humanoids require in order to survive the harsh climate, and instead prefer to wear animal skins and pelts, along with unassuming jewelry—usually symbolic to the peoples of their clan. Frost giant warriors don chain shirts and steel helmets of their own making, their armor festooned with horns, feathers, and skulls of their prey and enemies. Some choose to eschew armor altogether, instead

painting their bare faces and torsos in intricate tribal designs with dyes of woad.

Frost giants fuel their enormous bodies and exhausting rampages primarily with a diet of meat complemented by vegetables and hearty grains. Much of their caloric intake comes from herds of elk and fallow deer, though arctic fauna such as highland tubers and truffles suffice in particularly lean times. Perhaps one of the more abhorrent traditions practiced by a growing number of frost giant tribes is the act of eating their own kind in order to cull the weak from their ranks. Such cannibalistic tribes have devolved beyond even the barbarism of most frost giants, believing that the strength of others can be absorbed by eating their flesh, and tend to worship foul demon lords or nature spirits in place of traditional giant gods.

Frost giants can live to be 250 years old, but most are lucky to reach their second century, thanks in no small part to their violent lifestyles and the harsh environs they inhabit. Youths reach sexual maturity at about the age of 50, though they are often driven into combat at even younger ages by their fellow tribespeople; older frost giants steadfastly believe that adolescence and inexperience are hardly excuses for prolonging the invigorating joys of war. Both males and females are taken onto the battlefield to taste the blood of their enemies and to feel the rush of victory. Romances between frost giants tend to be as short and passionate as their bloody brawls, and females are expected to do most of the child-rearing within a tribe, though particularly domineering frost giant mothers have been known to pass the burden of parenting onto the male. Thankfully for the impatient frost giants, their young become mostly self-sufficient after only a few years, able to hunt small game and care for themselves among the encampment by their first decade.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Frost giants dwell amid frigid mountains or in the bitter hinterlands of the north. Many subsist in small tribes roaming the frozen wastes, hunting large game, and pillaging remote settlements for spoils. For these itinerate wanderers, glacial caves or earthen dugouts serve as temporary shelters from which they can attack unwary groups of adventurers and tundra-spanning caravans that wander too close to the icy hillsides. Just as many frost giant tribes instead prefer to abide in makeshift settlements year-round, lairing in either abandoned stone castles or crude fortresses carved out of glacial ice. From these holds, frost giants hunt game and raid for slaves and provisions, trekking back to their bases between raids to recuperate and divvy their plunder. Some frost giants even make their homes in vast ruins, carving out meager sovereignties in hopes of one day restoring the fabled kingdoms of their ancestors.



Frost giants are brutal, superstitious warriors among whom only might makes right. The title of jarl inevitably falls to the strongest and most worthy warrior of the tribe, who leads her people to glory through intimidation and violence. At any time, a jarl may be challenged in combat by one of her peers. The winner of such fatal duels is deemed the rightful ruler of the tribe—at least until the next challenger approaches.

The influence of a particularly charismatic jarl can often extend to clans outside her own tribe. In such cases, the leaders of the lesser tribes are typically known simply as chieftains or warlords. These allied tribes often meet to trade goods and arrange marriages, and especially organized collaborations have been known to form massive war bands for devastating campaigns that can span entire mountain ranges before disbanding.

A few frost giants have magical powers and can use runes, sorcery, or foul rituals to cast divinations or bring ruin to their enemies from afar. Such individuals serve their tribes as shamans, earning great standing among their peers second only to the jarl herself. Frost giants take a serious view of their heritage, and in addition to their more oracular duties, shamans are responsible for teaching the tribe's children about their ancestry and the tribe's oral history.

Given their generally warlike nature, frost giants show unusual reverence for their dead. Warriors are buried beneath icy cairns on the battlefield where they met their end, and are placed in their grave alongside their favored weapons. Particularly favored chieftains and jarls are taken back to the frost giants' encampment or base, where a small ceremony is performed before the deceased is buried next to grave offerings such as gold and even live slaves, tributes meant to ensure she is given proper station in the afterlife. In contrast, those who challenge their current jarl in combat and lose the duel are treated as little better than traitors, their bodies desecrated and some part of their skeleton mounted on the jarl's throne or the hilt of her weapon.

Frost giants possess a particular fondness for slavery, and whenever possible take captives from their destructive raids. Bands of frost giants usually keep at least one or two humanoid slaves shackled to a slave handler—a feared and respected position of authority within frost giant society.

Slave handlers are responsible for making sure slaves don't escape, as well as arranging slave trades between other tribes and warlike cultures or divvying out slaves for meals in lean times.

In addition to humanoid thralls, frost giants are quite fond of monstrous pets, including winter wolves and young white dragons, though virtually any creature native to their preferred domain are prone to capture and crude domestication. Mammoths, yetis, and even remorhazes and linnorms can sometimes be found battling alongside frost giant barbarians, as well as guarding frost giant encampments when their masters are out pillaging.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Using the surrounding wintry terrain as camouflage, frost giants make excellent ambushers in random encounters for PCs who find themselves upon icy expanses. Those unfortunate enough to encounter a frost giant are often hard pressed to avoid such a fight, as the children of Thremyr seldom give their victims an opportunity to parlay. Thus, civil interactions with frost giants are typically rare, though PCs might encounter a frost giant outcast willing to aid them if they assist him in exacting revenge on his tribe.

Despite their cunning tactics on the battlefield, frost giants

are often prone to petulant outbursts and fits of rage when not under the guidance of a domineering leader. In melee, enraged frost giants are agents of mindless fury, rarely withdrawing from combat even with overwhelming odds arrayed against them. Thanks to their unending ferocity, frost giants make apt villains for mid-level PCs seeking a bloody brawl, and illustrate the unique dynamic between merciless civilizations and the harsh and unforgiving nature of the frostbitten wilds. The icy strongholds that frost giants sometimes dwell in make for interesting dungeon crawls, the cyclopean nature of the lair's furnishings and its treasures lending an air of overwhelming danger and archaic wonder to a human-centric world that has perhaps become all too familiar to more experienced players.

Playing up the horrific nature of some frost giants' diets can also be a great way to add ambience and dread to an already treacherous campaign set in wintry lands.



It's one thing to be crushed beneath a giant-hurled boulder, it's quite another to be ripped asunder and eaten alive. When stalking humanoid prey, frost giants often pluck off targets one by one, voraciously devouring individual victims out of earshot, then leaving the bones and entrails behind for the deceased humanoids' hapless companions to find. During months when there is relatively little snowfall, the desiccated corpses of such man-eating frost giants' victims can be found all along icy mountain trails near frost giant encampments. Such macabre discoveries provide excellent hooks for players in need of a new adventure, and can also be used to give an established campaign an interesting twist, such as when the PCs discover that their objective has been slaughtered or captured by a brutal frost giant tribe.

TREASURE

Through the course of raiding and pillaging, frost giants accumulate sizable amounts of mundane and magical treasure, often storing such valuables either on their persons or back in their ramshackle lairs. Though they have little use for arbitrary material goods, frost giants' innate avarice drives them to collect precious jewels and other items of great value. They occasionally use their ill-gotten spoils to trade with other warlike societies, though such acts of diplomacy are increasingly rare. Most frost giant warriors simply hoard their gems and magical weapons in secret chambers or icy grottos near their base, out of view from the prying eyes of their equally greedy companions. Some jarls offer their plunder as tribute to persuade powerful white dragons to aid them in their raids, though such alliances are generally short-lived.

As with most giantkind, frost giants craft their own weapons and armor. Though they can inflict considerable damage with their fists alone, most frost giant raiders prefer to wield massive axes and hammers. Some more permanent frost giant settlements boast enormous smelters and forges, and their gifted blacksmiths craft incredible weapons capable of cleaving through solid ice. Though these expertly made weapons are themselves highly sought after by equally enormous warriors and arms collectors, the rare minerals and ores used to forge frost giant weapons and armor can also fetch a fine price for those who know to look for them.

FROST GIANTS ON GOLARION

Impervious to the bitter winds of Golarion's colder regions, frost giants are most commonly found in Avistan's northern latitudes and among the snowcapped mountains of that continent. They are particularly prevalent in the Kodar and Tusk Mountains, where they raid and pillage nearby settlements and traveling caravans for food, valuables, and slaves.

FROST GIANT ORIGINS

Frost giants claim to be the creations of Thremyr, the First Jarl. They say that when Thremyr fell into the Steaming Sea, chunks of his icy body calved off and fell onto the nearby shore, creating the first frost giants. Though his newborn worshipers revered him instantly, the First Jarl cast them away like unwanted bastards, disgusted at the relatively miniature nature of his unintentional creations. When they eventually returned to him with offerings of weapons and freshly spilt blood, he found the tiny beings to his liking after all. From that point on, he listened to his worshipers' prayers, though his unpredictable temper often results in rageful reciprocations for those who fail to properly appease him with gifts of treasure and sacrifice.

Frost giants traditionally venerate Thremyr, the First Jarl and supposed creator of their race. It is the frost giants' firm belief that they alone were chosen by Thremyr to rule the northern marches of Avistan, and for this reason they wage war against any and all other intelligent beings. Some frost giants, especially clan exiles or foundlings raided among Kellids, worship better-known gods such as Gorum and Norgorber, but they always include Thremyr in their prayers, both out of profound respect and disquieting fear. Some profane frost giant tribes instead worship the demon lord Kostchtchie. The so-called Deathless Frost draws the worship of frost giants that seek to emulate his unmatched bloodlust, pushing themselves to ever-increasing displays of brutality. The most devoted of Kostchtchie's servants carve their bodies with demonic runes and boast of channeling their patron's berserker madness in battle. That Kostchtchie was once a human before the witch Baba Yaga cursed and twisted him into a hideous giant seems to be of little importance to frost giants.

Like many giants that dwell in the northern part of Avistan, frost giant youths are occasionally captured by foolhardy Kellid tribes, who rear them to view their captors as their rightful family so that they may serve them in battle decades later. In the Realm of the Mammoth Lords, it is rumored that a small tribe of Kellid barbarians dwelling in the mountains to the east of the Little Tusk is responsible for capturing and raising no fewer than half a dozen such frost giant foundlings, though exactly how long the tribe can sustain such dangerous and voracious adoptees is anyone's guess.

The legendary Jarl Gnargorak also lairs in the expansive Tusk Mountains, from which he commands legions of the towering warriors as the self-proclaimed king of all frost giants. It is said that he took his title as the high jarl after single-handedly slaying a silver dragon that had been lairing in the region, after which he mounted the



FROST GIANT BAGS

The following list of random treasure includes items one might normally find either on a frost giant's person or in her dwelling.

d%	Result
01–07	Large masterwork greataxe
08–15	Preserved mammoth tusk (750 gp, 50 lbs.)
16–20	Charred corpse of Small humanoid
21–23	1d6 bars of rare minerals (for each bar roll d%; 01–40: 150 gp, 41–70: 300 gp, 71–90: 500 gp, 91–100: 1,000 gp)
24–28	Large ice pick
29–34	Large broken leather armor
35–37	Sack of salted tubers
38–43	Set of 1d6 pitons
44–47	Ring of sustenance
48–51	+1 warhammer
52–56	Box of 1d4 potions of cure serious wounds
57–61	Winter wolf pelt (200 gp, 30 lbs.)
62–67	Huge leather belt with 1d6 human skulls strung across
68–74	High quality adamantine ingots (1d3, 750 gp each)
75–76	Set of +1 full plate
77–83	Ruined cold-weather outfit
84–88	Scroll of secure shelter
89–92	Masterwork composite longbow (+3 Strength)
93–95	Pair of matching +1 short swords
96–98	Boots of the winterlands
99–100	Cloak of resistance +2

dragon's horns on his staff and used its hide for the grip of his legendary sword's hilt. Since then, none have disputed Gnargorak's claim that he was chosen by the gods to lead his people. Gnargorak rules from Bos-Phargrumm, a castle of cloud-skirted ice perched high among the peaks of the Tusk Mountains northwest of the Ginji Mesa. There, he maintains a harem of cloud giants who serve as his personal guard and advisors during his stays in Bos-Phargrumm. More often than not, however, the hardy jarl is absent from his throne, personally leading incursions against the Kellid tribes of the Realm of the Mammoth Lords.

The frost giant fortress of Holvirgang sits in Irrisen's far north, where the Winterwall Glacier meets the witch nation's icy tundra. From here, Jarl Grunginnir rules over the frost giants of Irrisen alongside his faithful white dragon companion. Though he maintains a steadfast alliance with Queen Elvanna and fuels her armies with his own frost giant warriors, it is rumored that Grunginnir is a devout worshiper of Kostchtchie, and that he has his own

plans for Irrisen should he ever accumulate enough power to overthrow the nation's ruler.

Demonic frost giants in service to Kostchtchie are also said to have set up camp near the Veil of Frozen Tears, many miles east of Holvirgang. The camp is under the command of Graff, a fiendish, deformed frost giant blessed by Kostchtchie himself, as well as an Abyssal gigas known only as Ferric. It is rumored that the *Torc of Kostchtchie*, a minor artifact with the power to command frost giants, has been secreted away within the Veil. (For more information on the Veil of Frozen Tears and the artifact therein, see *Pathfinder Module: The Witchwar Legacy*.)

The Stormspear Mountains are home to many giant fortresses, but none have the grim reputation of Zar Kragrnaral. Whispered by the giants of the Linnorm Kingdoms to be a mythic throne of power and a shadowy portal to the afterlife, Zar Kragrnaral is the demesne of the Deathless Jarl—a frost giant who claims that Pharama herself granted her eternal life out of fear for what she might do to the Boneyard should she find herself in its crypt-lined pathways. The ruler of this legendary black basalt and blue ice fortress is indeed an ancient creature, and only she, and perhaps her closest advisors, knows her true name. She is said to be strikingly beautiful, almost unnerving in her icy perfection. The Deathless Jarl commands the obedience of countless giant tribes, frost and otherwise, throughout the Stormspear Mountains. What her ultimate goal could be is another secret she has revealed to few, for had she wanted to claim the Thanelands or the Linnorm Kingdoms as her own, she certainly would have begun her war long ago.

SAMPLE FROST GIANT JARL

Thick of limb and torso, this towering female frost giant possesses powerful blue muscles and wields a massive, ice-encrusted battleaxe.

VALONESSE HERGRUT **CR 18**

XP 153,600

Female frost giant barbarian 9

CE Large humanoid (cold, giant)

Init +6; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +29

DEFENSE

AC 33, touch 11, flat-footed 31 (+11 armor, +2 deflection, +2 Dex, +11 natural, –2 rage, –1 size)

hp 305 (23 HD; 14d8+9d12+184)

Fort +23, **Ref** +9, **Will** +11

Defensive Abilities improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +3, rock catching; **DR** 3/—; **Immune** cold

Weaknesses vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee +2 *icy burst greataxe* +35/+30/+25/+20 (3d6+23/x3) or 2 slams +32 (1d8+14)

Ranged rock +20 (1d8+21)

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

Special Attacks rage (26 rounds/day), rage powers (increased damage reduction +1, rolling dodge +2, ground breaker*, smasher*), rock throwing (120 ft.)

TACTICS

Base Statistics When not raging, Valonesse's statistics are **AC** 35, touch 13, flat-footed 33; **hp** 259; **Fort** +21, **Will** +9; **Melee** +2 *icy burst greataxe* +33/+28/+23/+18 (3d6+20/x3) or 2 slams +30 (1d8+12); **Ranged** rock +20 (1d8+18); **Str** 35, **Con** 22; **CMB** 32, **CMD** 46; **Skills** Climb +26.

STATISTICS

Str 39, **Dex** 15, **Con** 26, **Int** 10, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +19; **CMB** +34 (+36 sunder); **CMD** 46

Feats Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Great Cleave, Improved Initiative, Improved Overrun, Improved Sunder, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Perception), Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (greataxe), Furious Finish**, Raging Brutality**

Skills Climb +28, Intimidate +27, Perception +29, Stealth +4 (+8 in snow), Survival +14; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Stealth in snow

Languages Common, Giant

SQ fast movement

Combat Gear *potions of cure serious wounds* (2); **Other Gear** +5 *breastplate*, +2 *icy burst greataxe*, *amulet of natural armor* +2, *belt of physical might* +2 (Str, Dex), *cape of the mountebank*, *ring of protection* +2

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

** See *Ultimate Combat*.

Born nearly a century past, Valonesse barely survived her first months of life. At the time of her birth, much of the Kodar Mountains was suffering under a blanket of winter that had long overstayed its welcome. As many frost giants are wont to do in times of famine, the young giantess's clan had resorted to cannibalism. Valonesse's own father, the last reigning jarl of Thryheim, demanded her sacrifice to sate his hunger, but before his blade could still her heart, Valonesse's mother smuggled the babe away to live in exile. Her mother died several years after their escape, leaving Valonesse to fend for herself for the vast majority of her childhood and adolescence. When she finally came of age as a seasoned warrior and wanderer, the brutal frost giant returned to Thryheim to find the fortress of her ancestors in ruins and the fierce clan that had borne her whittled down to fewer than a dozen cowardly warriors. Her howls shook the walls, so enraged was she to find that the fickle hand of fate had snuffed out her dreams of murderous vengeance.

Over the past decades, Valonesse has channeled her unappeased anger into the reestablishment of her

forefathers' domain, claiming the title of jarl for her own. She claims to be the consort of Thremyr himself, given a divine mandate to see all of Stormflood Vale bow to her majesty. Though few trust the veracity of such a claim, fewer are those who would speak such doubts openly. Jarl Valonesse rules from Thryheim, an ancient ice fortress that rests high upon a glacial peak rich with untouched supplies of mithral and other rare ores. Though some challenged her right to rule in the early years of her fledgling empire, the period for contesting her reign has long passed—the scars that span her imposing body memorialize her countless victories, both in battle and against challengers seeking to claim her throne.





HILL GIANT

“THE SKY DROPPED BOULDERS ONTO OUR TRACKS, SPOOKING OUR MULE. THREE HILL GIANTS BLINDSIDED DANGE BEFORE I HAD MY RAPIER OUT. THEY ABSORBED EVERY BONE-BREAKING PUNCH YURRET THREW BEFORE LAYING HIM OUT NEXT. I WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO THINK I COULD SNEAK BETWEEN THE THREE OF THEM TO CHECK ON MY ALLIES. I WASN’T EVEN AT THE EDGE OF DANGE’S BLOOD SPLATTER WHEN I WAS BEATEN END OVER END BY A HILL GIANT ON HIS WAY TO THE TRUE TARGET: OUR MULE. THEY LEFT TWO OF MY ALLIES DEAD AND ABANDONED A FORTUNE IN PLATINUM FOR A HALF-DEAD BEAST OF BURDEN. THE WORST PART IS, I WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO BE SURPRISED.”

—FORMER PATHFINDER ARTELLA NIGHETTE ON HER RETIREMENT

Hill giants are towering brutes of frightening strength, heartless selfishness, and alarming stupidity. Dwelling in the temperate, rolling regions that give them their name, hill giants prove a constant menace to hillside communities, which suffer the brunt of the monstrous giants' unswayable brutality. Though hill giants raid primarily for food and resources, their depredations are not without a sizeable share of entirely extraneous, meaningless destruction, often as a result of their voracious appetite for mayhem and their insatiable bloodlust. For though they are dull-witted, hill giants are still smart enough to derive pleasure from chaos, and their overwhelming greed and ravenous hunger ensure that as long as there is something within reach that can be smashed, stolen, or eaten, a hill giant will gladly deliver such services.

Hill giants learn at an early age that violence is a universal problem-solver, a notion constantly reinforced within hill giant tribes. From the first disagreement won or lost by a beating, a hill giant quickly realizes that strength is power, and everything else is merely auxiliary. Concepts such as beauty, intelligence, and forethought are nothing short of laughable to hill giants; they rely only on their brutish muscles to find and acquire food or resources, muscles that prove unsettlingly well suited for such purposes. As much as hill giants prize their strength, however, almost all lack the ambition to utilize their power for anything more than personal or tribal gain. They are lazy, and strength is easy. Hill giants toss aside whoever and whatever stand in their way, and make few alliances, trusting to their own strength and primitive superstitions to get them through even the toughest times.

ECOLOGY

Most hill giants stand between 10 and 11 feet tall, although towering individuals of up to 13 feet have been known to lead their tribes. Both males and females weigh between 1,000 pounds and 1,300 pounds, their weight fluctuating greatly depending on the availability of food. The smallest hill giants—fewer than one in every hundred or so—stand about 8-1/2 feet tall. Such relatively short individuals are called “guffs” by their peers, who regard them as the giant equivalent of runts. Being called a guff is a terrible insult among hill giants, who regard stature as directly correlating to strength, and the term is usually reserved for the mockery of humans and similarly puny creatures. Guffs are given the same responsibilities within the tribe as their taller hill giant brethren, and succeed about as often; still, such individuals never fully live down the stigma of their stature.

Hill giants' skin ranges from tan to dusky brown, more as a result of their inclination toward the sunny outdoors than any genetic trait. Their indifference for aesthetics or

even personal health often leads them to sit or stand under the sun for hours on end, and most—male and female—burn their scalps to such an extent that the majority of their hair falls out. Even in thick forests, the tops of hill giants' heads are often exposed to direct sunlight, baking their skin during the day. Their robust upper torsos tend to overcast their lower bodies, denying direct sunlight to their ever-pasty legs even on the brightest summer days. In temperate climates, hill giants' skin is red or bronze from the shoulder up and pale pink or light gray from the waist down. Hill giants in warmer climes often have copper skin tones thanks to decades of year-round exposure to the sun.

Hill giants are nearly as fecund as they are violent, a trait that makes them all the more dangerous to those unfortunate enough to live near their roving bands. Mating within hill giant society is as disorganized as anything else, the only social stricture set in place being that the chieftain gets the first pick from among potential mates. Beyond this, hill giants' sexual activity and promiscuity are limited only by how much stamina the giants can afford to squander between raids. Inbreeding is relatively common in hill giant tribes, though even hill giants are smart enough to realize that too many generations of indiscriminate incest can lead to a weakened tribe. Gestation is similar to that of humans, and rare is the occasion when a female hill giant isn't with child. Unlike humans, however, hill giants have little regard for the condition of their infants upon birth, and a heavily pregnant hill giant will take part in raids and other strenuous activities with little or no thought for the child she carries. Due in part to this recklessness, the rate of live births among hill giants is extremely low, with only about one in every three births resulting in a living child, and even fewer hill giants make it to adolescence. Regardless, their lengthy lifespans and unabashed libidos ensure that more than enough children are born to maintain an individual tribe's population.

Though they can live upward of 200 years, hill giants' brutal and unhygienic lifestyles mean that few—if any—individuals live long enough to die of old age; most perish within their first century as a result of violence, disease, or starvation. Rather than garnering the respect of younger tribesfolk, elderly hill giants are tolerated at best and ridiculed as resource-drains at worst. The chieftain's word is usually enough to keep other hill giants from tormenting their elders, but during particularly harsh winters or in times when food is sparse, even their leader's decree won't stop most hill giants from taking older individuals out to the wilds and abandoning them.

Hill giants primarily subsist on meat and whatever food they can steal. During raids on industrious villages or traveling caravans, hill giants are sure to grab as much food as possible before taking the feast back to their tribe.



HILL GIANT CHIEFTAINS

Occasionally, a hill giant is born with a better head for survival than the rest of his peers. He sees his tribe as both an advantage and a liability, and understands what decisions must be made to ensure the survival of the tribe, as well as how to direct his people's unabashed violence into productive raids and attacks. Such natural-born leaders are usually destined to become their tribes' chieftains.

Hill giant chieftains are not elected. More often than not, a chieftain is named simply because he is the strongest tribe member and because he claimed the title. His word becomes law, and is generally adhered to out of convenience, for those who disagree with the chieftain are also often the first ones culled from the tribe during food shortages. Tribes without chieftains exist, but tend to be poorly organized and even more barbaric than most hill giant tribes. When another member of the tribe thinks she can do a better job of leading (or simply wants the privileges afforded the chieftain, including the most food and first pick from among potential mates), the two brawl to the death for supremacy.

Hill giant tribes are generally too self-destructive and chaotic to establish any sort of government for more than a generation, but under the leadership of a particularly gifted chieftain, a hill giant tribe might come to dominate a small swath of hills or a valley.

When they find roving herd animals or livestock, hill giants tend to simply club a beast and bring its entire body back to camp to be cooked whole and served hot. Though they can digest raw meat better than humans, hill giants suffer indigestion if it makes up the majority of their daily diet. Vegetables, particularly starchy ones like potatoes and corn, are also popular when available. Hill giants have a largely indiscriminate pallet, and often cook stews made up of entirely incongruous food combinations to celebrate particularly successful raids or times of prosperity. The mishmash of flavors hill giants call a meal birthed the common expression "hill giant ragout," a saying used in reference to particularly foul-tasting stews and soups.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Hill giant tribes are largely nomadic, and claim their meager settlements like most other things they do: loudly, lazily, and with surprising swiftness. Granted, "settlement" is a generous word for the places they dump their belongings for a few months. Dwellings consist mostly of found shelters like caves and captured wagons, though in the warm season hill giants occasionally spread animal pelts across trees to act as hammocks on fair nights and roofs in the rain. A chieftain often forces her tribe to build her a private shelter in which to sleep and guard the tribe's treasures.

These crude structures typically consist of little more than shabbily constructed huts built over large mud holes. Treasures are tossed in the hole, beside which the chieftain makes her crude bed on the rough ground; whatever family members the chieftain trusts are sometimes permitted to sleep in the shanty as well.

Among the highly fertile and promiscuous hill giants, family ties are complicated. Though hill giants openly practice polygamous and often incestuous partnerships, they nonetheless remain somewhat territorial regarding their favored mates. Only in the case of the chieftain is such covetousness allowed; any other members of the tribe who show signs of possessiveness over a mate are quickly reprimanded by their peers. The responsibility of taking care of hill giant children largely falls upon the women of the tribe, who nonetheless remain blundering and neglectful in their duties, a contributing factor to the high infant mortality rate among hill giants.

Though births are common in even small tribes, the arrival of a living hill giant baby is often marked with a great feast. The feast is not a celebration of birth, but rather a measurement of the tribe's resources as the giants make preparations for another mouth to feed. If the tribe still has an abundant store or reliable source of food after the feast, the baby is celebrated and ritualistically scarified to symbolize its allegiance to the tribe. If after the meal the chieftain determines the tribe cannot sustain another member, the baby is killed. The chieftain kills the baby publicly to remind the tribe that its future depends on the hunt, and the corpse is used as bait to attract game so the tribe might have more food when the next child is born. This brutal tradition is often so ingrained in hill giant society that the mothers of sacrificed children hardly bat an eye at the barbaric act, and all accept the ceremony as a necessary part of hill giant life, oftentimes reveling in the bloodshed.

Hill giants hold strength above all other concepts, and learn to respect brawn early in their lives. Shows of strength need not necessarily entail spilt blood, and in raids or conflicts hill giants know that accepting the surrender of others can be as beneficial to the tribe as slaughtering such opponents. Rivals who surrender often regret their decision, as most victims are captured and taken back to the hill giant encampment as slaves, where they are forced to build structures, grow food, and commingle to produce even more servants for their ruthless masters. Hill giants apply their simple ideals to what they look for in a slave, and when possible take back only the strongest specimens. Even though their greatest need is for laborers in large numbers, hill giant tribes particularly enjoy enslaving enemy warriors for use in their own battles. Such enslaved fighters are the first to be sacrificed in frontal assaults and hastily

planned raids, and are often set loose as distractions before the tribe makes a more organized attack. Slaves who show their prowess in the fight and manage to live through more than a couple battles may eventually be adopted into the hill giant tribe, though such instances are incredibly rare, and few non-hill giants desire such an allegiance. If a creature showcases power other than strength, such as spectacular magic or cunning tactics, hill giants give the captive no more respect than any other creature of like physical prowess, and set it to work as a common laborer.

Hill giants are barely more intelligent than animals, and their animalistic nature is particularly evident in battle. They intimidate opponents with bearlike posturing, and possess wolflike tactics, often chasing their victims for a short time to wear them down before killing them. It is perhaps unsurprising, then, that hill giants commonly raise wolves as hunting companions, as well as other beasts native to the region that prove both loyal and useful.

Religion is a relatively unimportant fixture in hill giant society, though each tribe tends to have its own origin story. Those tribes that do practice religion usually do so in the form of shamanism or through primitive superstitions, and many make living sacrifices to their brutal gods. Hill giants capable of understanding the concept of divinity usually worship Fandarra, Norgorber, Rovagug, or Urazra, favoring these violent deities for their aid in battle and the hunt.

Particularly independent and wise hill giants have been known to stray from their tribes, seeking something more to life than the brutal and meaningless destruction inherent within the hill giant tribal structure. Such hill giants either wander for the rest of their days as dreamy loners or eventually come into contact with more peaceful races of humanoid; in the latter case, such reformed hill giants may adapt the habits of their new allies, and some individuals have even managed to rise completely above the baser desires of other members of their race. Among other hill giants, independent-minded loners of this sort are shunned at best and hunted down at worst, and a hill giant seen associating with the “puny races” is regarded as worse than a traitor by members of his old tribe.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Hill giants make excellent mid-level threats in physical encounters, and groups of hill giants can pose significant

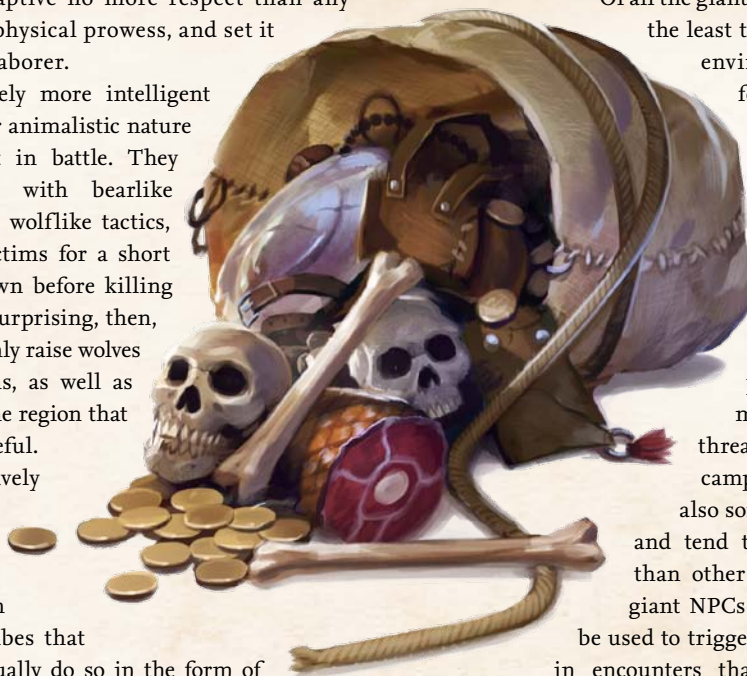
dangers even to parties whose average level is notably higher than the hill giant’s CR of 7. Hill giants deal damage both up close and from incredible distances thanks to their rock throwing ability and handiness with a club. They are easily advanced, and can be customized with combat-oriented class levels to make them even more devastating, and hence useful in significant encounters or as villains for PCs of 6th level and up.

Of all the giants, hill giants are perhaps the least tied to a single theme or environment, and can be found nearly anywhere there are hills and a viable food source. Vile masterminds often recruit hill giants to act as muscle for their extensive plots, and so hill giants can prove a suitable gateway monster to more powerful threats in a long-running campaign. Hill giants are also somewhat morally diverse, and tend to be more redeemable than other wicked foes. Stray hill giant NPCs of a peaceful bent may be used to trigger sympathetic responses in encounters that can be solved with diplomacy instead of violence.

Because of their low Will saves and poor mental ability scores, hill giants are particularly susceptible to manipulation and mind-affecting magic. Even mediocre Charisma-based skill checks and low-level enchantment magic can trick the brawniest hill giants. Battles with hill giants can take a drastic turn when a magic-user casts *charm person* on several of the brutes, and GMs should be prepared for such outcomes and refrain from viewing such trickery as circumventing an encounter. Numerous pieces of folklore about giants feature characters overcoming them through guile, and a silver-tongued bard should be equally rewarded for magically befriending a hill giant as would be a barbarian who deals the killing blow.

TREASURE

Hill giants do not care about gold, have no concept of money, and are baffled by the idea of trading goods for anything other than necessities like food and shelter. Regardless, hill giants substantially exposed to smaller races notice the great importance they place upon coins and other items of arbitrary value, and some mimic such behaviors. These avaricious hill giants loot various





HILL GIANT BAGS

The following list of random treasure includes items one might normally find either on a hill giant's person or in his dwelling.

d%	Result
1–5	Salted animal jerky
6–10	Mangled wizard's spell book, 1d4 legible pages of spells
11–15	Spoiled horse meat (30 lbs.)
16–20	Filthy giant bedroll (5 gp, 20 lbs.)
21–25	Crossbow bolt case with 1d10 cold iron crossbow bolts
26–30	Leather strips (6 lbs.)
31–35	Small exotic riding saddle
36–40	Human gambling chips (140 gp)
41–45	<i>Scroll of detect secret doors</i>
46–50	Ornate painting of an elven maiden (250 gp, 10 lbs.)
51–55	Large broken bastard sword
56–60	Hooded lantern
61–65	Crude necklace of random gems (roll d%: 1–50: 100 gp, 51–95: 250 gp, 96–100: 500 gp)
66–70	Cloth bag of golden pearls (1d12, 100 gp each)
71–75	Large masterwork greatclub
76–80	Small torn noble's outfit (50 gp, 2 lbs.)
81–84	Landmark map written in Giant
85–88	Green dragonhide satchel (200 gp, 6 lbs.)
89–92	5 oversized torches
93–96	<i>Stone of alarm</i>
97–100	Tanglefoot bag

treasures from their fallen foes, but which gems and riches they keep are more a matter of personal taste and a primitive grasp of aesthetics than anything else.

Particularly clever hill giants can recognize magic items when they see them, though such insightful individuals are usually limited to tribal chieftains and shamans. Those hill giants who think to equip themselves with magic weapons and armor soon find themselves substantially elevated in their tribe, and more superstitious groups sometimes regard a magically garbed member as a tamer of wild magic and powerful forces of nature. Bludgeoning weapons such as clubs and maces are particularly prized among hill giant leaders, who use such implements to great effect in combat and often wind up living considerably longer than most hill giants as a result. Other items that may have some use in combat also frequently end up in hill giants' bags, though particular hill giants' intentions can be hard to judge from their collections of seemingly random battle gear, which might include any range of items, from stolen flasks of

alchemist's fire to badly damaged wagon axles. Hill giants' minds work in odd ways, and what treasure they choose to keep is inevitably a reflection of their strange and often misguided mental processes.

HILL GIANTS ON GOLARION

Hill giants span relatively large regions of Golarion, and can be found in many parts of Avistan as well as swaths of Garund. Being nomadic, tribes never stay at a specific location for long, though the regions they roam remain somewhat fixed throughout the generations. The frostbite-ravaged Black Pox tribe in the salt marshes of the Lands of the Linnorm Kings has proven a thorn in the side of numerous settlements in Southmoor, and the people of these scattered homesteads and townships desperately seek a permanent solution to the gigantic raiders. In the Mana Wastes near the small city of Martel, cannon-wielding Hrugor Gurstweld has united a band of mutated followers and led them in commandeering an abandoned dwarven factory, claiming untold numbers of firearms and explosives that they hardly understand—a fact that only serves to make the raiders even more dangerous. Older hill giant tribes sometimes find it an order of duty to settle in Central Varisia near the burial site of Chieftain Ruk Heelcrunch in the northern Storval Plateau, while younger tribes spread to the rural corners of Varisia looking to bully unfortified communities. The gnarled hill giants in the Realm of the Mammoth Lords alternate between warring with and working as mercenaries for the Kellid tribes of the region.

Legendary hill giant chieftains include the club-handed chief Urgo Axbiter, whose influence over as many as 30 tribes earned him infamy throughout Numeria until his death during a final confrontation with the Kellid warrior-queen Queen Boliga Bharsolm. The charismatic chieftain Gorgnak rules the fortress of Thunderhold on the isle of Flintyreach in the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, where he oversees a semi-loyal band of hill giant, ettin, and troll warriors.

Where tribe populations are thin, stray hill giants scatter throughout the wilderness regions of Golarion. Hill giant hunters occasionally return to their tribe only after it has moved on or been wiped out, and enslaved hill giants who free themselves often find themselves stranded and alone in a foreign land. Such strays may stumble into new homes, be adopted by another open-minded tribe, or be quickly slain by fearful locals. A hill giant's naivete allows it to be habituated to the ideals of virtually any culture—from a halfling village in need of brute strength for rebuilding to a sadistic medusa who can supply the hill giant with endless "rocks" to hurl. Coupled with hill giants' ability to survive in myriad climates, such strays are rarely alone for long.

SAMPLE HILL GIANT CHIEFTAIN

This heavily scarred, towering giant wears the hide of a black dragon, and wields a massive club studded with dragon's teeth.

URBURG ARMBREAKER

CR 13

XP 25,600

Male hill giant barbarian (scarred rager) 6 (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Combat* 29)

CE Large humanoid (giant)

Init +1; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 27, touch 8, flat-footed 26 (+9 armor, +1 Dex, +10 natural, -2 rage, -1 size)

hp 218 (16 HD; 10d8+6d12+134)

Fort +21, **Ref** +7, **Will** +11

Defensive Abilities improved tolerance*, rock catching, scarification*, tolerance*

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +2 *greatclub* +24/+19/+14 (2d8+15/19-20) or 2 slams +21 (1d6+9)

Ranged rock +13 (1d8+13)

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

Special Attacks rage (20 rounds/day), rage powers (body bludgeon*, knockback, superstition +3)

TACTICS

Base Statistics When not raging, Urburg's statistics are **AC** 29, touch 10, flat-footed 28; **hp** 186; **Fort** +19, **Will** +9; **Melee** +2 *greatclub* +22/+17/+12 (2d8+12/19-20) or 2 slams +19 (1d6+7); **Ranged** rock +14 (1d8+10); **Str** 25, **Con** 23; **CMB** 21, **CMD** 32; **Climb** +15.

STATISTICS

Str 29, **Dex** 12, **Con** 27, **Int** 6, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +13; **CMB** +23; **CMD** 32

Feats Awesome Blow, Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (*greatclub*), Iron Will, Power Attack, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (*greatclub*)

Skills Climb +17, Intimidate +11 (+14 against non-tribal humanoids), Perception +10

Languages Giant

SQ terrifying visage*

Combat Gear *potions of cure serious wounds* (2); **Other Gear** +3 *dragonhide breastplate*, +2 *greatclub*, *amulet of natural armor* +1, *belt of giant strength* +2, *cloak of resistance* +1, *salve of slipperiness*

* See *Ultimate Combat*.

Urburg Armbreaker was born into a tribe of hill giants residing in the Kodar Mountains near Southmoor in the Lands of the Linnorm Kings. Cursed with an unusually small stature, he was deemed a guff by his peers and tribal leaders. The true implications did not hit him until during

a hunt his own people abandoned him, leaving the young hill giant to die in the wilds of the Grungir Forest.

After nearly 20 years of fending for himself in the untamed wilderness, he reemerged from the woods and tracked down the tribe that had abandoned him so many years before. His people hardly recognized the battle-scarred Urburg, but soon found themselves in a state of dread and admiration when the vengeful giant cleaved their current chieftain's head off with one swing of his mighty club, claiming the title for himself. Anger still burns within the betrayed hill giant, and his people know to fear Urburg's frequent bouts of violent, indiscriminate rage.





MARSH GIANT

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON, THEY DANCED AND GIBBERED IN THE MIRE, MISSHAPEN BRUTES SWAYING WITH AN UNNERVING GRACE THAT BELIED THEIR SIZE. ONE OF THEM Poured BOWLS OF DARK FLUID INTO THE ROILING MUCK, WHICH DISGORGED RUNNELS THAT RAN TO THE WATER'S EDGE. IN THE SEA, GRUESOME ABOMINATIONS SURFACED FROM THE WAVES. THE DANCERS SPUN FURIOUSLY, THEIR LAMENTATIONS BLENDING INTO A PITCH THAT BROUGHT ME TO THE EDGE OF MADNESS, ROARING SO LOW THAT MY HEART SHOOK IN MY CHEST. MY COMPANION ROSE FROM THE BRUSH THEN, QUAKING WITH COMPULSION, AND JOINED THEM IN THEIR HORRID DANCE.

—FROM A JOURNAL RECOVERED FROM THE WRECK OF THE
HAUNTED ROOKERY OFF THE COAST OF RAPTOR ISLAND

The swamps hold numerous perils known to experienced vagabonds and novice adventurers alike. Quicksand, creeper vines, giant stirges, and worse await the unwary, but these dangers pale in comparison to the deformed brutes that lurk in bogs and fens near the sea: marsh giants, the misbegotten offshoots of long-forgotten hill giant tribes.

With their slimy and hairless bodies, their webbed fingers and toes, and their bulbous black eyes, marsh giants resemble a grotesque cross between fish, frogs, and humanoids. Standing 11 feet tall and weighing around 1,500 pounds, these swamp-dwellers convey both sloth and power with their towering, fat bodies. Occasionally, they cover parts of their bare flesh with animal skins or hides, both for decoration and to show off their kills, but most simply disregard clothing completely, as their thick, blubbery skin provides all the protection they need from the stinging insects and harsh elements of their environment.

Marsh giants' moss-green coloring allow them to move stealthily through the swamp without being seen, despite their girth. When they emerge from the muck to attack, the giants prove surprisingly agile for their size, more like lumbering cats than swift cattle. While not as strong as most of their giant cousins, they can hurl logs and tree stumps the way other giants throw rocks, striking with devastating force and accuracy.

To casual observers, all marsh giants are equally ugly; their breasts and genitals being the only ways to tell females from males. Yet inbreeding among tribes and families pollutes their gene pool with deformities and mutations leading to a wide range of appearances and abilities. Some legends among the peoples of swamp-neighboring communities claim that the race is a bastard branch of the giants' evolutionary tree. They say that a tribe of hill giants in the ancient past committed an unpardonable sin against all of giantkind, one serious enough to unite the other giants against them. The desperate hill giants fled far before settling in remote swamps where they were safe from reprisals. Over the centuries, their bodies adapted to life in the filthy mire, and only their language served as a remnant of their former lives—they still speak Giant, though their dialect is colored with bits of Boggard and the languages of other swamp races.

Even if such folklore is true, marsh giants are not to be pitied. They are hateful, violent, repulsive creatures that desire only to fill their bellies, mate, and revel in the degenerate worship of Dagon, their Abyssal patron. Tribes carry out awful rituals to the demon lord and make bloody sacrifices in the open water, part of the reason they prefer to live near coasts or rivers that run to the sea. This vulgar fealty to the lord of deformities is common to all marsh giants on Golarion and is the central force that binds them together in mutual perversion.

ECOLOGY

Marsh giants settle in all kinds of wetlands, including swamps, bogs, fens, marshes, and the like, though they often prefer brackish areas near coastlines. They prefer temperate, moist regions but can adapt to colder and warmer locations as well. They stay away from population centers and stick to their remote, stagnant turf as much as possible. Marsh giants are mostly immune to the diseases that infest their gloomy mires, but might be susceptible to the foreign contamination of other swamps. Thus, few marsh giant clans interact with one another, and such isolation inevitably leads to inbreeding, one of the main causes of their vile deformities and relative stupidity.

Marsh giants are lazy and eat whatever is most readily available: roots, tubers, fungi, and a smorgasbord of bite-sized creatures that crawl or fly within reach of their grasping paws. It can take hours to gather enough small plants or prey to make a satisfying meal, so the males slosh through the fetid waters hunting giant crocodiles, slugs, anacondas, and tougher opponents such as catoblepas and infirm frogheaths. They eat their catches raw and sometimes don't even kill the prey first (though they go out of their way to kill giant leeches and giant mosquitoes, which feed on the bloated brutes at every opportunity). Hunger can drive the tribes into the countryside to raid tiny humanoid villages, which frequently hire mercenaries to defend them or to clean out the swamps. And in times of need—or simply whenever the urge strikes them—the degenerate creatures eat their own kind.

Drinking is easier: the marsh giants crouch just about anywhere and gulp filthy swamp water, not noticing or caring about the sludge (and worse) they ingest. While it may seem like just another of their many disgusting behaviors, such consumption is actually linked to marsh giants' practice of animism, their belief that everything in the world has a spiritual essence. What's more, they believe that they absorb the spirit of whatever they consume—whether living or otherwise—and thus even mud can transmit "the strength of the swamp." Similarly, when marsh giants eat their kin, they are motivated not just by hunger, but by a desire to grow by ingesting the spirits of powerful creatures. In this way, eating and drinking nourishes their spirits just as it strengthens their bodies.

This belief in the concrete value of spiritual essence leads most marsh giants to despise rearing children, thinking that giving birth saps power from the mother and to an extent the father—thus, marsh giant babes are treated with the utmost contempt, making their youths' mortality rates extremely high. Regardless, marsh giants often lack the foresight to consider that their frequent bouts of lust precede the births they so despise. A female's gestation period lasts about 3 months, during which time her belly distends to enormous size and oozes slime (sought by



BRINEBORN

Most marsh giant tribes worship Dagon, the Shadow in the Sea. High priests direct their tribe's profane rituals and lead the dancing and chanting, though these rites usually degenerate into orgiastic frenzies of violence and rutting. The giants also sink wooden idols, animals, and live captives into the sea (or rivers leading to it) to honor the demon lord. Mass sacrifices, held on the unholy nights, darken the waters with enough blood to summon abominations that emerge from the sea the following night to receive the devotion of the giants. These freakish horrors bless the tribe with good hunting and fishing, and they bring deranged prophecies and unearthly gold jewelry to the worshipers. Female marsh giants consort with the beasts, and the resultant offspring befoul the tribe with stranger deformities than usual. These spawn, known as "brineborn," possess myriad mutations, such as tentacles, scales, and other aquatic features, which mark them as different from the rest of the tribe's members, and are regarded as blessed by their dark lord and greatly revered.

Brineborn are advanced marsh giants with the aquatic subtype, a swim speed of 40 feet, the amphibious special quality, and the following additional spell-like abilities: constant—*speak with animals*; 3/day—*confusion* (DC 14), *contagion* (DC 15), *quench* (DC 14).

poisoners as a key ingredient in corrosive toxins). A typical litter has two to five young, many of which die within weeks because of their parents' carelessness, hostility, or appetite. Marsh giants are somewhat unique in that, though they are huge and dwell in brutal environments, they lack the longevity of most giant races. Children who survive their brutal upbringing reach adulthood at the age of 5 and can live for about 60 more years, given ample food and a lack of violence. However, the swamp—and the tribe—rarely offers either.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Marsh giants gather in tribes of roughly two dozen for mutual defense, though they don't seem to care much for each other's company. Swamp predators, infighting, and the giants' cannibal urges keep the population low. Within a tribe, small and distant families take shelter in filthy, mold-ridden shacks made of branches, ropy vines, and hardened mud slathered around rocks and bones. Many hovels are built directly in the shallow parts of the swamp, with interiors a foot deep in fetid muck.

Neither parent shows much concern for their children, and the young die (and are replaced) frequently. Females tend haphazardly to their offspring or gorge on toxic fungus while the males gather food and bring home whatever

portion they don't eat on the spot. When they capture intelligent prey such as a humanoid, they might cage it so the victim can be tortured or sacrificed to Dagon, though just as often the brutes simply eat the unfortunate souls.

Other giants regard marsh giants as foul and reprehensible, with only hill giants attempting brutish alliances on occasion. Such treaties inevitably fall apart, as marsh giants have little love for their own kind, let alone outsiders who don't share their religious beliefs and grotesque features. Most giants simply give marsh giants the wide berth they desire, leaving the crude beings to their swamps and rituals.

When a marsh giant dies, the whole tribe consumes its body, each member trying to gain a small part of its spiritual essence. If a marsh giant breaks a tribal taboo, however, the offender is not killed or eaten. Instead, its tainted spirit is considered poisonous to others and to the swamp itself, so the tribe's leader—called a high priest—drives the transgressor away. These exiles wander the land until they find a small pond or lagoon they can dominate, capturing a mate from a nearby tribe to start a new tribe of their own.

All marsh giants learn to fight with a gaff—a hooked club that can pierce the thick hides of their enemies and swamp-dwelling prey. The dirty hook of this weapon is usually tainted with some disease, imparting virulent illness into any wound it tears open. In a pinch, the giants fight with their meaty fists or use improvised weapons, such as jagged logs studded with dire crocodile teeth.

Brutality is a given in the swamp, but the marsh giants have learned to coexist with other wetlands races of equally primitive bents. They get along well with boggards, many of which also worship Dagon, though this doesn't stop the giants from eating one now and then. The unobservant brutes sometimes mistake lizardfolk or grippli for boggards at first, but bloodshed against these relatively civilized peoples is never far away. A particularly powerful tribe of marsh giants might temporarily ally with (or be dominated by) formidable neighbors, such as sea hags, spirit nagas, or black dragons.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Marsh giants are disturbing creatures that work especially well in games of a horrific nature, and serve as excellent agents to inject an eerie mien into an initially tame game. The brutes are creepy, violent cannibals with revolting habits, and they thrive in a hazardous setting unfamiliar to many heroes. Sloshing through the gloom of a swamp, PCs should feel as if they're in an alien landscape where everything might be dangerous. Gnarled trees, viper vines, and stranger flora grow unchecked. Putrid smells pollute the heavy, moist air. Clouds of stinging insects buzz everywhere. Leeches cling to exposed skin. Slimy

things slide by, just under the surface of the dark water. All the while, marsh giants lurk in waiting, and can make excellent capstone creatures for an unnerving romp through the wetlands.

The brutes use natural swamp hazards to their advantage, easily blending into the foliage as they chase the PCs toward crocodile dens, giant flytraps, quicksand, will-o'-wisps, witchfires, and more. Marsh giants also create banks of fog that can make careless heroes lose their bearings. When they do finally attack, they use their gaffs to rip open foes so victims bleed to death in the filthy muck and the innards feed the swamp. If they are significantly larger than their victims, marsh giants might use their massive bulk to pin foes underwater or trap victims in muddy sinkholes until they drown.

The PCs can encounter marsh giants in any type of wetlands, though the creatures favor warmer regions with conduits to the open sea. Tribes rarely stray from their home swamps, but the occasional exile can serve as a wandering monster. It's easy to have the PCs cross through wetlands on their way to the next part of the adventure, but it's more satisfying to make the swamp brutes an integral part of the plot.

While investigating corruption in a small coastal town, the PCs might stumble across a cult of Dagon that has dealings with a marsh giant tribe in a nearby fen. Perhaps the characters venture deep into a swamp to find rare spellcasting components, recover a valuable heirloom for a wealthy patron, to rescue a kidnapped villager, only to discover that their objectives have been taken by the abhorrent creatures. The swamp brutes might raid nearby villages for sacrifices to their watery god, paralyzing the locals with fear and despoiling the land as they expand their reach.

In general, marsh giants don't make great masterminds or schemers, and work better as servants or enablers of a major threat. Because they worship a demon lord, they can open the door for demonic horrors in your game, creating portals that expose the world to the festering madness of the Abyss. During one of their rituals, the giants could summon a foul creature that crawls from the sea and terrorizes the countryside, or maybe the PCs follow a lead into a swamp and from there descend into the Abyss itself. They might even end up in Dagon's realm, a sunken city in the monster-filled ocean of Ishiar, whose shores touch many other domains of the Abyss. In this way, a minor threat posed by marsh giants can lead the heroes into much bigger trouble.

TREASURE

Marsh giants are more concerned with finding food and fending off predators (including one another) than with collecting and storing treasure. They have little need for material objects that don't contribute directly to their strength. Thus, tribe members are likely to leave valuables from their victims scattered near their kills.

Whenever a humanoid is eaten, buried in the muck, or sacrificed to Dagon, the swamp dwellers strip him of all possessions first and dispose of whatever items seem useless. Coins are flung carelessly into the water, where they sink and settle in the muddy bed. Explorers who dredge the bottom might pick up plenty of spare change and smaller trinkets. If a victim has an object that looks powerful or unusual, the giants might bury it, thinking that its spiritual

essence will feed the swamp. No one but the high priest keeps track of these caches since they don't intend to dig up the items again, but careful explorers can sometimes tell where the ground has been disturbed.

The wetlands' humidity causes most objects to deteriorate over time—paper becomes saturated, wood softens, and metal rusts or tarnishes. To preserve special items, the giants wrap them in treated waterproof skins made from the hides of native reptiles. Sometimes, after bundling up an enticing object, a brute secretly decides to tuck it away in his hovel instead, hoping to absorb spiritual strength from its presence.

A tribe's greatest treasures are the necklaces, tiaras, bracelets, and other pieces of golden jewelry brought by the sea-spawn of Dagon. Some marsh giants wear these unholy gifts as signs of their fealty to the demon lord. The tribe's high priest wears multiple pieces at the same time, which is a reliable way to identify him. All the baubles have sinister, irregular geometrical designs that trigger unease in most other beings. Many non-marsh giant adventurers have attempted to don pieces of such "sea-spawn jewelry," only to descend slowly into violent madness.

MARSH GIANTS ON GOLARION

The lawless Sodden Lands are home to the largest concentration of marsh giants in the Inner Sea region. Tribes live up and down the coast and as far inland as the Napsune Mountains and the edges of the Mwangi Expanse. When the monstrous hurricane known as the Eye of Abendego formed off the coast of Garund, marsh giants flocked to the soggy, storm-battered region.





MARSH GIANT BAGS

The following list of random treasure includes items one might normally find either on a marsh giant's person or in his dwelling.

d%	Item
01–10	Fish bones
11–15	A half-eaten bird
16–20	Chunks of dried humanoid flesh
21–25	Dried moss for chewing or smoking
26–30	Petrified scoop-stick for digging in mud
31–40	Crude wooden unholy symbol of Dagon
41–45	Extra gaff hook
46–50	Mushrooms that have specific effects (GM's choice) when eaten
51–60	Club studded with dire crocodile teeth
61–66	A live poisonous snake
67–72	Piece of swamp creature useful as spell component
73–77	Flask of murky water (acts as ingested poison)
78–82	Loose coins (worth 1d10 × 20 gp)
83–86	Several medium-quality gems wrapped in snakeskin (1d6 × 100 gp)
87–90	Gold necklace from the sea-spawn (700 gp)
91–94	+1 <i>short sword</i> used as whittling knife
95–97	<i>Wand of cure light wounds</i> (1d20+15 charges remaining) mixed in with ordinary sticks
98–100	Withered <i>hand of the mage</i> dangling from a vine

Many interpret the calamity as an attempt by Dagon to establish a beachhead in the mortal world, and believe the center of the Eye is a conduit to the demon lord's Abyssal realm. Despite their large number of tribes, the marsh giants have been too disorganized to join forces with each other or the boggards of the northern Sodden Lands against the aggression of the lizardfolk to the south. Lately, however, the high priest of a prolific tribe at the mouth of the Terwa River has demonstrated particularly strong leadership skills. This high priest, called **Mugslup** (CE male marsh giant oracle 6), is forging alliances with boggard tribes to strike against the lizard kings known as the Terwa Lords and establish dominion over the whole of the Sodden Lands.

On the other side of the whirling Eye, Slitherfish Island is infested with marsh giants. Pirates and traders skirt its shores as they sail around the hurricane and shudder when they recount the horrific rites witnessed. Even the Red Mantis assassins—who train on neighboring Mosquito Island and kill intruders on sight—leave the swamp brutes alone, as do the pirate lords of the Shackles, just south of the storm, though sometimes the boldest raiders go giant hunting.

These freebooters claim that if marsh giant flesh is dried out, it can be powdered to make a hallucinogenic drug that imparts demonic visions.

Marshes and swamps are plentiful in the River Kingdoms, where the independence and unorganized nature of the city-states makes it easy for the giants to thrive in wetlands along riverbanks. A sizeable tribe near Mosswater, allied with the merrows that have laid waste to that kingdom, is trying to dam the West Sellen River and turn the Echo Wood into a massive swamp. Several tribes outside Wilewood brazenly raid settlements along the river, sometimes marauding all the way to Riverton.

Natives of southern Varisia know to avoid the Mushfens, one of the largest wetlands in Avistan, as it is known to teem with marsh giants, boggards, and other swamp-dwellers. Dozens of small goblin tribes from the Lost Coast have been forced into the Mushfens recently, giving the local marsh giants a new source of food and sacrifices.

Marsh giants can be found in unexpected places, too. Freshwater tribes live on the shores of Avalon Bay in Ustalav. Those that have adapted to colder climes inhabit the southwestern moors of the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, near the coastline. In the Worldwound, fiendish marsh giants claim the ruins surrounding the abandoned city of Dyinglight in the Frostfire Fen, and frequently battle the warclans from the nearby Realm of the Mammoth Lords.

SAMPLE MARSH GIANT HIGH PRIEST

This creature has the bulbous eyes of a fish, and his mottled green skin glistens with slime where it isn't bedecked in gaudy jewelry.

Oozlosh

CR 14

XP 38,400

Male marsh giant cleric of Dagon 10

CE Large humanoid (giant)

Init +8; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +24

DEFENSE

AC 28, touch 15, flat-footed 24 (+3 armor, +2 deflection, +4

Dex, +10 natural, –1 size)

hp 209 (22 HD; 12d8+10d8+110)

Fort +21, **Ref** +12, **Will** +18

Defensive Abilities rock catching; **Resist** cold 10

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee +1 *trident* +23/+18/+13/+8 (2d6+8) or

2 slams +22 (1d6+7)

Ranged rock +19 (1d8+7)

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

Special Attacks channel negative energy 7/day (DC 19, 5d6), rock throwing (120 ft.), scythe of evil (5 rounds, 1/day)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 12th; concentration +14)

3/day—*augury*, *bestow curse* (DC 16), *fog cloud*



Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th; concentration +16)

9/day—touch of evil (5 rounds)

9/day—icicle (1d6+5 cold damage)

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 10th; concentration +16)5th—*ice storm*^P, *insect plague*, *snake staff*^{*}, *summon monster V*4th—*chaos hammer* (DC 20), *control water*^P, *plague carrier*^{**}(DC 20), *spit venom*^{**} (DC 20), *unholy blight* (DC 20)3rd—*badger's ferocity*^{**}, *deeper darkness*, *dispel magic*,
prayer, *water breathing*^P2nd—*align weapon*^P (evil only), *death knell* (DC 18), *dread bolt*^{**} (DC 18), *grace*^{*}, *hold person* (DC 18), *silence* (DC 18), *spiritual weapon*1st—*cause fear* (DC 17), *doom* (DC 17), *entropic shield*, *magic stone*, *murderous command*^{**} (DC 17), *protection from good*^P, *ray of sickening*^{**} (DC 17)o (at will)—*bleed* (DC 16), *guidance*, *read magic*, *resistance***D** Domain spell; **Domains** Evil, Water* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.** See *Ultimate Magic*.**STATISTICS****Str** 25, **Dex** 19, **Con** 21, **Int** 12, **Wis** 23, **Cha** 14**Base Atk** +16; **CMB** +24 (+26 sunder); **CMD** 40**Feats** Channel Smite, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Extra Channel, Improved Channel, Improved Initiative, Improved Sunder, Power Attack, Quicken Spell, Selective Channeling, Vital Strike**Skills** Knowledge (religion) +19, Perception +24, Spellcraft +19, Stealth +16 (+24 in swamps), Swim +30; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Stealth in swamps**Languages** Boggard, Common, Giant**Combat Gear** *necklace of fireballs* (type II), *potions of cure serious wounds* (2); **Other Gear** +1 trident, *amulet of natural armor* +1, *bracers of armor* +3, *belt of incredible dexterity* +2, *cloak of resistance* +1, *headband of inspired wisdom* +2, *ring of protection* +2, wooden unholy symbol of Dagon

The grotesque marsh giant known as Oozlosh is the high priest of a large tribe in Varisia's Mushfens. His reputation has spread throughout the entire wetlands, and he regards himself as the unofficial ruler of all marsh giants in that wild region. He earned notoriety by bringing many goblins in southern Varisia under his heel and establishing relations with the swamp's boggards. Little occurs among the marsh giants of the Mushfens that the high priest does not command (or at least tolerate).

The Mushfens are bordered on the south by Conqueror's Bay, forming a long coastline where the brutes practice their frightening rituals to Dagon. They are visited often by

the demon lord's sea-spawn, resulting in many births of deformed brineborn. One of Dagon's horrific emissaries stays with Oozlosh's tribe occasionally, reveling in the giants' vulgar devotion. It has tasked Oozlosh with safeguarding the tribe's brineborn until they are called to fulfill a dark purpose, a secret the high priest guards with his life.

Oozlosh's zealotry for Dagon knows no bounds. He debases himself physically to honor the demon lord and expects his followers to do the same. The high priest's swamp hovel is not grand, but in the muck around his shack, he secretly conceals prizes scavenged from the tribe's victims. Oozlosh also keeps a cage of shocker lizards outside his home, having become addicted to the jolts he receives when chewing the creatures.





RUNE GIANT

WHEN HIROSHI REACHED THE KODAR MOUNTAINS, HE KNEW HIS GOAL WAS WITHIN REACH. HE HAD ALMOST MADE IT TO VARISIA, WHERE HIS FATHER WAS SUPPOSEDLY BURIED, AND THOUGH HIS MUSCLES ACHED AND HIS HORSE BEGGED HIM TO END HIS FUTILE CHASE, HE CONTINUED ONWARD THROUGH THE PERILOUS PEAKS OF NORTHERN AVISTAN. IT WASN'T UNTIL HE WAS ON THE SOUTHERN SIDE OF THE MOUNTAINS THAT HIROSHI REALIZED HE WASN'T ALONE. TURNING TO FACE WEST, HE SAW A GREAT SHADOW IN THE DISTANCE, AND QUICKLY REALIZED JUST HOW FATAL AN ERROR HIS OBLIVIOUSNESS MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

—BAGAR IRAMOLI,
AGANHEI: STORIES OF THE DISTANT EAST

Among the largest of all giantkind, rune giants epitomize domination by force, and subject lesser beings to their foul rule via mind-twisting magic and sheer strength. As tyrannically cruel as they are massive, these terrors sport the tusked visage of a demonic mask, skin as black as volcanic glass, and crimson hair that invokes thoughts of both fire and blood. Their ebon skin is covered in dozens of ancient runes, which range in size from inches to feet. These characters of legend are neither tattoos nor scarifications, a rune giant's markings appear at birth, and serve as the unfiltered manifestations of their unknowable powers over the mind and body.

Rare in the extreme, rune giants remain little more than shadowy boogeymen to most other giants, and smaller humanoids scarcely realize they exist at all. Despite what rune giants see as an imperative to exert their dominion over lesser giants and other humanoids, they are seldom seen by others, because of both their relatively small population and their ability to work from behind the scenes to manipulate those around them. Even hunters, rangers, and other wanderers who have journeyed across the frozen peaks of the world swear that nothing so horrible as the fabled rune giants could possibly exist, even though such explorers may have come within mere miles of a rune giant clan's high and hidden lair.

All other giants fear and loathe rune giants, for it is well known among giantkind that they were created to enslave others of their mammoth race, and many giant tribes still bear the scars inflicted upon their peoples during their subjugation by rune giants thousands of years ago. Some giants of lesser intellect, such as ogres and trolls, revere rune giants like dark gods, knowing that under these colossi's reign they can accomplish great acts of destruction and evil. Others, however, know that to worship such beings is equivalent to slavery, because once a rune giant has made a creature her minion, rare is the day she will grant that pawn any manner of freedom. When rune giants move into an area or are discovered to be nearby, most other giant clans make no attempt at peace, truce, or alliance—they simply leave their own homes and lairs behind and move on. "Easier to reason with an avalanche than make peace with a rune giant," goes the ancient frost giant saying.

ECOLOGY

Rune giants are the progeny of the forced, magical crossbreeding of fire giants and taiga giants at the hands of evil arcanists millennia ago. Though the precise details are difficult to glean, scholars agree that these monstrous brutes were created for but a single purpose: to enslave all other giant races. Facing the whips and shackles of

these fierce overlords, giants from all walks of life were forced to submit to their demands, and under their rule, the bound giants constructed monolithic monuments and cities for their ancient civilization. When that civilization collapsed, rune giants were lost to lack of purpose, and—having taken a liking to their dominant role in giant society—continued to subjugate and command lesser races for generations following their masters' fall.

While many giants possess innate magical powers or have an affinity for arcane or divine spells, few of these colossal beings are as resistant to magic as rune giants. Fire, ice, and lightning bounce off of a rune giant's skin like errant drops of rain, their innate resilience inexorably linked to the body-blanketing runes that cover their stony skin. This latticework of sigils seems to pulse and glow rhythmically with a rune giant's heartbeat, and emits powerful bursts of blinding energy when the creature uses its supernatural powers of domination or destruction. So potent is a rune giant's net of sigils that any use of his magical abilities—even those as non-aggressive as the ability to tread through the winds or see that which cannot normally be seen—causes his runes to flash with the intensity of some inner fire or a bolt of lightning across the night sky. Though the runes depict symbols and characters of a language long lost to time, it is thought that such archaic letters possess some semblance of power in and of themselves, though contemporary scholars have little idea how to tap into such ancient arcana.

Though they are often thought by other giants to be unnatural hybrid monstrosities, rune giants are able to breed true with one another. At birth, rune giant babes are taller than most full-grown humans and weigh nearly as much as an adult ogre. They are born with all the rune markings they will ever possess, which initially crowd their relatively small bodies and spread out as they grow. Rune giants' trademark tusks grow in at about the same time they reach adolescence at the age of 50, at which time the initial ash-gray color of their runes also shifts to brilliant hues of gold and red. Rune giants are as long-lived as they are massive, and many reach the ancient age of 800 before perishing of natural causes.

All rune giants have red hair, a marker of their taiga giant ancestry, but tones can vary from the metallic sheen of burnished copper to the bright red of a rose in bloom. Many males wear their hair in long topknots, shaving the rest of their heads to emphasize the stark contrast between their hair and skin color, though just as many prefer to grow out crimson manes. Short or cut hair is rare among female rune giants, who take pride in their ruby locks and often go to great lengths to adorn it with impressive and intimidating headdresses and ornamental clasps. Both females and males who have



LISSALA

Most rune giants worship an ancient and long-forgotten goddess called Lissala. Brought to ancient Thassilon more than 11,000 years ago by the empire's visionary founder, Lissala was known for her power over the magical runes that Thassilon's rulers used to spread their influence throughout the region. Though many regard the goddess as dead along with the ancient empire of Thassilon, there yet remains evidence that she still exists, and rune giants continue to worship her with cultish fervor. Using their enchanted thralls to build vast temples to their harsh deity, religious rune giants make blood sacrifices to Lissala during their scattered and complicated holidays, typically mutilating lesser giants in a show of faithfulness to their dark goddess.

Depictions of Lissala in art can typically only be found now in the sprawling Thassilonian ruins of Varisia and Belkzen; statues cast her as a serpentine creature with a woman's torso and arms, a quill and a whip in her hands, six wings on her back, and a head shaped like the mysterious Sihedron Rune. Lissala is lawful evil. Her favored weapon is the whip, and she grants access to the domains of Evil, Knowledge, Law, Nobility, and Rune.

dishonored their clans are punished by having their heads shorn as a sign to others of their transgressions, though particularly shameful or treacherous acts are just as often met by exile or execution.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Rune giants live in high and secluded mountain ranges, lairing at the tops of isolated peaks or in desolate valleys cut off from the rest of the world. These secluded realms are typically the resting places of forgotten structures from lost civilizations, which rune giants unearth by utilizing their own massive thews and the broken backs of those they enslave. The largest and hardest of these recovered ancient structures serve as the temples and lodges of rune giant clans, who typically construct their living quarters around a singular grand hall. Slaves are housed in ramshackle buildings made with whatever timber can be found in the craggy peaks of the mountains, and any intrusion of thralls into rune giant-designated structures is strictly forbidden and punished by immediate death.

Despite their tyrannical and seemingly brutish nature, rune giants prize items that show particularly skillful craftsmanship, artistic merit, or scholastic integrity. Such pursuits are always highly disciplined and never without a pragmatic purpose, however. For example, though the ornate bridges they construct are often made of the finest marbled stonework and vaulting, crimson-lacquered

timber available, such aesthetically pleasing architecture is only implemented because these sturdy overpasses can also bear the weight of numerous armored rune giants and their troops again and again. Detailed and nuanced histories of various giant societies and physiological studies of dragonkind are likewise undertaken only because they are useful to rune giants, as they aid in tactical domination of dragons and understanding their enemies' physical and magical weaknesses.

Honor and pedigree are cornerstones of the rigid, clan-based society of rune giants. Clans consist of as few as three to as many as a dozen families and their servants, all located within the same general area and ruled by a single overlord, who is either the strongest warrior or a particularly gifted religious leader. Unlike some of their brutish kin, rune giants judge their strongest warrior on both strength and strategy, and many rune giants enjoy an incredibly complex, chesslike game called kurosho to test one another's tactical skill on the battlefield. In order to play kurosho, rune giants move human-sized statues of ivory, jade, and obsidian across a massive board, strategically maneuvering their troops in order to overcome their opponent. Such a pastime is typically only a minor distraction from rune giants' true lust for domination and destruction—when quarrels break out between rune giants, the last thing on their minds is a civil game of kurosho.

Male and female rune giants alike take up arms in their all-encompassing pursuit for control, and few strictures within rune giant society prevent one sex from doing anything the other can do. Although heavily pregnant rune giant females often swell to massive proportions and become significantly weaker than non-gestating kin, their enormous power is still incredibly daunting, and many female overlords have maintained their throne even during the vulnerable throes of labor. Rune giant birth typically takes place in a solitary temple designed for just this purpose, far from the great hall in the center of a rune giant settlement. This is largely because the destructive force of a pregnant rune giant female is entirely unpredictable during childbirth, and during labor the runes covering her body can pulsate and spark violently, sending shock waves of magical energy throughout her surroundings as she gives life to her terrifying young.

The various giants that rune giants enslave all serve unique purposes within the tyrannical structure of rune giant society. Stone giants work endlessly to mine great heaps of ore from the mountains, while hill giants break their backs to cart the unrefined minerals out of the tunnels. There, fire giants smelt the metals and shape them into the massive weapons and armors used by their rune giant masters, while frost giants guarded the titanic craft of their forges.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Arguably the most powerful of giant kind, rune giants are capable of easily destroying all but the hardiest PCs in direct combat. However, a rune giant's spell-like abilities and power to control other giants present a unique option for GMs who wish to incorporate them into longer running campaigns, as rune giants make for ideal masterminds in larger plots. Low- to mid-level giants like ogres and hill giants are easily overwhelmed and controlled by rune giants, who may use such pawns to rid their lands of nuisances such as nosy PCs or nearby humanoid settlements.

As the PCs advance in levels, their actions might take them closer and closer to a direct confrontation with the rune giant himself, as the overlord sets more and more powerful minions upon these interfering adventurers. In addition, almost any intelligent creature can serve as a rune giant's thrall, offering a long list of able-bodied foes for PCs to fight. Good cloud or storm giants dominated by the party's rune giant nemesis pose more difficult challenges, ones that cannot be so easily resolved with a simple brawl (at least for good-aligned parties). Such players might put themselves in greater peril as they work to subdue their foes, either in hopes of breaking the rune giant's domination without killing a normally benevolent giant, or with the idea of garnering a powerful potential ally.

The ancient ruins rune giants often dwell in also make for interesting and memorable encounters, since these relics of lost civilizations are natural segues into further adventures. Primordial beings of an even more destructive bent may slumber beneath the forgotten catacombs of rune giant commanders, who unknowingly tread upon ruins that house the true face of evil.

Even the specter of a rune giant can be enough to compel a group of low- to mid-level adventurers to swift action. In such cases, avoiding direct confrontation with a rune giant actually becomes the party's goal, and a sort of victory. PCs who successfully prevent a meeting between rune giant emissaries and the messenger of some other evil race might foil a rune giant's plans without the threat of actually battling the behemoth. Similarly, PCs who find a way to rebury ruins perfect for rune giant habitation might spare their lands from the evil giants' attentions for years to come.

TREASURE

Rune giants are avaricious collectors of all manner of treasures, and have a particular fondness for rare metals, gems, weapons, and useful magical items. Such valuables are usually stripped from fallen enemies or plundered from the forgotten ruins where rune giants settle, and are often sold to emissaries from equally powerful and evil societies. Industrious clans often use the strength of their enslaved giant minions to dig for precious ores or gems, and vast mining operations have been spearheaded by rune giants seeking to carve nature's bounty from the land. During such excavations, the relics of ancient civilizations are inevitably thrust up from the earth as well. Rune giants often establish intricate trading channels through their humanoid thralls, and utilize these networks in order to sell exotic and potentially magical goods to buyers in other societies, who may or may not realize the terrifying origin of these illicit wares.

Likewise, rune giants often trade valuable but ornamental treasures for more useful artifacts and items, using their brainwashed slaves as their proxies for such transactions.

Regardless of the source of such treasures, rune giants are not hoarders by nature, and instead typically seek to use such items for the advancement of themselves and their clan. For most rune giants, treasure is used for the upkeep of weapons and armor. The longswords they carry into battle contain more metal than a human blacksmith might work in a lifetime, and rune giants sometimes enslave dwarven artisans to inlay their blades with adamantine or cold iron. The ornate fixtures of rune giant armor require massive metal plates and silk padding thousands of strands thick. Such materials are usually crafted within rune giant settlements themselves, charmed and enslaved servants of all races and builds working to keep up with the grand demands of their rune giant masters, and one might easily find dozens—if not hundreds—of such slaves toiling away in longhouses to make the enormous swaths of fabric, leather, and straps that go into rune giant armaments.

Untold treasures, rare books, and even large stocks of ancient coins are sometimes traded to greedy dragons or other powerful creatures for the materials needed to enchant armor massive enough to protect a rune giant. Indeed, rune giants don't even throw rocks like most of their giant kin, preferring instead to employ massive spears the length of a siege engine's battering ram or longer. The upkeep and upgrading of arms and armor occupy the bulk of a rune giant's funds and free time.





RUNE GIANT BAGS

The following list of random treasure includes items one might normally find either on a rune giant's person or in his dwelling.

d%	Result
01–05	Scroll depicting the ancestry of the rune giant's clan
06–11	Bronze-plated hill giant's skull
12–14	Hunk of mithral ore (2,000 gp, 4 lbs.)
15–22	Gargantuan masterwork longsword
23–24	Ornate lap harp made of red maple (masterwork instrument worth 500 gp)
25–30	Chain of Large and Huge masterwork manacles
31–35	Jade idol of Lissala (2,500 gp, 100 lbs.)
36–42	Intricate clay barrel of rice wine (2,000 gp, 800 lbs.)
43–48	Stone cask or urn of rice wine
49–52	Massive bolt of high-quality silk (750 gp, 60 lbs.)
53–56	Giant bamboo pipe
57–62	1d3 <i>potions of bull's strength, bear's endurance, or cure moderate wounds</i>
63–66	1d6 flawless alexandrites and violet garnets (500 gp each)
67–72	Oversized whetstone
73–77	Marble statuette covered in gold runes (650 gp, 35 lbs.)
78–81	Silver dragon hide
82–84	<i>Potion of haste</i> or <i>oil of keen edge</i>
85–91	Oversized tea set with cups, leaves, and kettle
92–98	Wood-carving tools and 1d4 extra spearheads
99–100	1d4 large gold ingots (500 gp each, 10 lbs. each)

Beyond such practical concerns, some clans use their wealth to employ exotic artisans like duergar stonemasons or drow calligraphers to gild homes or items of personal significance as befits the giants' status or station. And while some clans have the aid of those who craft enchanted items, rune giants often shy away from overly ostentatious or complex items of magic. Such "trinkets" as they are sometimes branded, suggest that the owner or bearer's own powers are not strong enough to vanquish foes or defend the honor of his clan—an implication that would bring shame upon most any rune giant.

RUNE GIANTS ON GOLARION

Rune giants are inexorably linked to the runelords of ancient Thassilon. These foul wizards used their reprehensible magic to interbreed captured taiga giants and fire giants, creating the impossibly powerful beings now known as rune giants. The runelords used these massive giants as generals, servants, and powerful soldiers,

as well as to enslave countless members of giantkind into constructing their legendary monuments and cities. After the fall of Thassilon, many rune giants stayed in the lands that would become the wild frontiers of Varisia, enjoying the seclusion afforded them by the region's high impassible mountains and monster-plagued valleys. Even today they remain some of the greatest dangers to face Varisia, and though scattered and largely unorganized, they may yet pose a threat to the freedom of the wild frontier's denizens.

One of the most infamous rune giants of the Inner Sea lived and died over 4 millennia ago, when the giants of the southern Lands of the Linnorm Kings and the Ironbound Archipelago united under her brutal banner to lay siege to the Linnorm Kingdoms in a campaign that became known as the Giantkin War. Known only as Queen Ledamaru, this rune giant led a lengthy siege against the city of Kalsgard, but ultimately failed to take the human city over, falling back upon the city of Torandey. Here, the rune giant siphoned the arcane energies of Torandey into a devastating weapon that spelled the end for both her reign and the Ulfen armies that threatened to overwhelm her.

In the Kodar Mountains of the southeastern Linnorm Kingdoms, rumors abound of an ancient rune giant named Aeikerr, who has started recruiting the native ice trolls and frost giants of the region under his destructive rule in hopes of rekindling the fierce spirit Queen Ledamaru once instilled in the giants of this realm thousands of years ago. Though little is known about the reclusive Aeikerr, those commoners of nearby Jol who claim to have seen the rune giant in the distant mountains say he is an enormous warrior whose runes gleam an icy white. Upon his head, he supposedly wears a crown made from a taiga linnorm's jawbone. Though the implications of such claims are equally strange and terrifying, local rumormongers say that Aeikerr seeks to become a linnorm king himself and take over the city of Jol, and that if he unites enough lesser giants, he may just be able to do so.

SAMPLE RUNE GIANT OVERLORD

This enormous, ebon-skinned giant is covered in glowing red runes and exotic plate armor.

MALZIARAX

CR 21

XP 409,600

Female rune giant fighter 4

LE Gargantuan humanoid (giant)

Init +6; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +32

DEFENSE

AC 38, touch 10, flat-footed 36 (+11 armor, +2 deflection, +2 Dex, +17 natural, -4 size)

hp 380 (24 HD; 20d8+4d10+268)

Fort +21, **Ref** +9, **Will** +20; +1 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +1; **Immune** cold, electricity, fire

OFFENSE

Speed 35 ft. (50 ft. without armor)

Melee +3 *speed* longsword +35/+30/+25/+20 (4d6+21/17–20) or
2 slams +31 (2d6+16)

Ranged +1 *spear* +18/+13/+8/+3 (4d6+17/×3)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft.

Special Attacks command giants, runes, spark shower

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 20th; concentration +28)

Constant—*air walk*

At will—*charm person* (DC 19), *suggestion* (DC 21)

3/day—*dominate person* (DC 23), *mass charm person* (DC 26)

1/day—*demand* (DC 26), *true seeing*

STATISTICS

Str 43, **Dex** 14, **Con** 32, **Int** 18, **Wis** 21, **Cha** 26

Base Atk +19; **CMB** +39; **CMD** 53

Feats Awesome Blow, Blinding Critical, Critical Focus, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (longsword), Improved Initiative, Improved Vital Strike, Iron Will, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Staggering Critical, Stunning Critical, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword)

Skills Acrobatics +22, Craft (weapons) +31, Intimidate +35, Knowledge (history) +31, Knowledge (nobility) +31, Perception +32

Languages Common, Giant, Tien

SQ armor training 1

Other Gear +3 *adamantine o-yoroi*, +3 *speed* longsword, +1 *spear*, *amulet of natural armor* +2, *belt of mighty constitution* +4, *headband of alluring charisma* +4, *ring of protection* +2

Malziarax hails from a rune giant clan that dwells deep in the northeastern reaches of the Wall of Heaven mountains. The clan had relocated there in the past millennium in search of new lands and creatures to conquer, their original stomping grounds in northern Avistan having grown stale to the ancient tribe. In the past thousand years, the rune giants of Malziarax's people have managed to dominate many of the giants in this relatively new region—including the frost giants of the Tian side of the Crown of the World and several of the mysterious wood giants of the Forest of Spirits. In recent years, however, Malziarax found the icy and often barren realms of the Wall of Heaven not to her liking, and so she set out to reclaim the empires of her ancestors, leading a band of loyal followers back across the Crown of the World to northern Irrisen.

Once there, Malziarax and her new clan trekked across the icy wilderness to the Kodar Mountains, in search of clues that might help them unearth ruins of ancient Thassilon, which would inevitably lead them to even greater powers. Though her ancestors gave up on the wild frontier of Varisia and its surrounding lands, Malziarax claims to see the land for its true potential, and knows that somewhere in these vast mountains lie great stores of treasure for the taking and giants for the enslaving.





STONE GIANT

“WE HEAR WITH OUR SOULS. WE HEAR WITH OUR HEARTS. BUT THE WORLD DROWNS OUT THE VOICE. THE POUNDING OF THE HAMMERS. THE RINGING OF METAL. THE CHISELING OF ROCK. THESE ARE THE WAYS OF THE RUNE ROAD. THEY DEAFEN YOUR SOUL TO THE VOICE, THEY CLOSE YOUR HEART TO OUR ANCESTORS. HOLD TO THE OLD WAYS. WORK WITH YOUR HANDS, BUILD WHAT YOUR HANDS CAN BUILD. CAST AWAY THE TOOLS THAT KEEP YOU FROM THE VOICE. STEP IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF OUR PAST, BEFORE THE SHACKLES OF SLAVERY DROVE US TO THE NEW WAYS SO MANY OF US NOW EMBRACE. THEN, ONLY THEN, CAN THE STONE SPEAK WITHIN YOUR HEART, TO LEAD YOU BACK TO THE OLD WAYS.”

—CONNA THE WISE, STONE GIANT ELDER

To outsiders, stone giants may seem more elemental than truly alive, enigmatic beings of stony silence whose flesh seems hewn from living rock and whose demeanors are as unchanging and tough as the earth itself. Yet the chiseled faces of stone giants are flesh, not rock; their hardened bodies skin, rather than granite; and in their veins runs blood as red as any other, not sand or dust. Myths about stone giants abound, and ignorant travelers in the mountains blame them for landslides, washed out roads, and even thunderstorms. Many flee at the first glimpse of a stone giant, believing such beings to be no better than some of their more destructive cousins.

If others tell tall tales of their kind, the stone giants have only themselves to blame, for they wear enigma as comfortably as their stone-colored hides. Reclusive by nature, stone giants generally avoid contact with outsiders. Those few who do mingle with other societies rarely discuss their own kind or traditions. They make no apologies for their isolationist ways, as the mixing of stone giant culture with those of others has never brought joy to their solemn people.

Stone giants claim to be among the oldest of giantkind, their clay molded by the gods to set precedent for many to follow. Stone giant elders and storytellers say that in ancient times, when they were the only giants, they stayed true to their ancestors and their traditions. That lasted until they encountered humans. The humans coveted their skill with earth and stone, and bent the stone giants to their will. The enslaved giants built countless great structures, architectural wonders destined to be buried and forgotten. In time, these stone giants escaped the yoke of slavery, but the lessons they learned stuck. No more were they simple herders and cave dwellers. They had learned the ways of iron and stonemasonry. Some had even turned from revering their ancestors to the worship of human gods. These modern stone giants find themselves torn between two paths: the crafters and builders who reshape the world with newfound knowledge, and the spiritual giants who respect their ancestors and adhere to the old ways.

ECOLOGY

From a distance, stone giants resemble statues and golems rather than living creatures. Their gray skin, complete lack of hair, and angular faces make them look more like the product of a sculptor's chisel than actual flesh. Even their eyes, with wide, gray irises and little white, resemble stone carvings. Stone giants view their rocky countenances as a blessing from their ancestors, and have nothing but pity for the thin skin and unmanageable hair of less fortunate beings.

Though a typical stone giant stands 12 feet in height and weighs 1,500 pounds, individuals of both shorter

and taller stature are not unheard of. Both male and female stone giants tend toward lanky but muscular builds. Their oversized bones are surprisingly light for their size, which allows stone giants to move much more quickly than one might anticipate. Within the bones themselves, an extensive honeycombing structure helps reduce the weight of the skeleton while maintaining structural integrity and strength. Stone giants have massive chests, prodigious lung capacity, and prominent nostrils, all well suited to the rarefied oxygen of the soaring mountain heights at which they dwell.

Stone giant hides are dusty gray in color and thick enough to turn a blade, hence the stories that their flesh is made of stone. As they age, their hardened skin develops deep cracks and creases and their muscles bulge like rocky nodules—the oldest individuals frequently boasting calluses up to 2 inches thick in some places. Some stories say that young stone giants grow patches of moss on their bodies, but this is a scurrilous rumor likely spawned by the clever mossy camouflage occasionally worn by stone giant scouts. In fact, even without such disguises, stone giants blend in with rock well enough to elude casual observation. Stone giant sentries excel at standing or crouching almost completely motionless for hours on end, and often allow small groups of intruders to pass right by, only confronting the unwanted visitors once they've closed off all avenues of escape and secured their tactical position.

A long-lived species, stone giants live as long as 800 years, and those who develop the magical talents of their elders live even longer. Stone giant youths mature at a similarly glacial rate, with individuals being accepted as adults at the age of 120 for males and 90 for females. The prime of stone giant life lasts from their second century into their fourth or fifth, after which their youthful vigor slowly declines into senescence. Stone giants are only intermittently fertile, despite having a long reproductive lifespan. Couples typically experience only one or two pregnancies a century; thankfully for them, fraternal twins are extremely common, making up nearly half of stone giant births.

Omnivores by inclination, stone giants are expert herders, and tend droves of hardy mountain animals such as sheep and goats, even sharing their homes with their animals during inclement weather or threat of invasion. Stone giants supplement their diet with wild game and gathered vegetation during the warm seasons. They disdain anything more complex than the most rudimentary agriculture, save for growing grapes, which they cultivate for the sour, tannic wines favored by their people. They flavor their food with a mixture of salt and finely ground digestible minerals, making stone giant meals rather gritty fare for weaker teeth and stomachs.



HABITAT & SOCIETY

Stone giant clans are ruled by their eldest couple. This couple claims no special title and receives few privileges, but is responsible for numerous matters that directly affect the well-being of the clan. Both must reach agreement on matters before presenting their decision to the clan, insulating their people from rash decisions and despotic rule. Should one or both members of the ruling couple pass away, stewardship of the clan passes to the next most senior couple, whether they desire the burden of rule or not. Widows and widowers of past couples retain positions of respect as advisors within the clan for the remainder of their days, and it is not uncommon for an elder couple to have several such advisors during their rule.

Though a stone giant clan is ruled by only one elderly couple, many tribes recognize numerous stone giant elders, a title given to individuals both in recognition of their advanced age and their spiritual prowess. Such ancient beings often possess sorcerous powers over earth and stone, taught to them either by previous elders before their passing or by communing with their ancestral mountain and the spirits of their forebears. The distinction between such elders and the ruling eldest couple can be a tricky one for outsiders to grasp. The oldest couple rules the tribe, but are not necessarily elders. Likewise, although old, elders might not be the oldest members of their tribe. Instead, to a stone giant, the term elder denotes an individual who has passed beyond youth, adulthood, and even old age into a fullness of maturity and enlightenment few achieve. In theory, the words of the elders carry no weight of law, but in practice stone giants follow the requests of their elders with little question.

The elders refer to their calling as “hearing the voice of stone.” Each elder bears a responsibility to train promising young giants in the ways of shaping and understanding stone as well as in the history and ideals of their clan. Despite these teachings, few students hear even a whisper of the voice of stone during their lifetimes. Some leave their tribe and wander alone until the stone speaks to them; others join communities of smaller races for a time and find the voice there. Many never return from their spiritual journey. Though most tribes have at least one elder, mishap or violence occasionally leaves a tribe bereft of an elder’s guidance. Such tribes rarely prosper, and often turn from their peaceful traditions to more violent ways.



Stone giant society organizes itself into clans, each clan consisting of a number of interrelated families (usually a dozen or fewer) living in the same region. “One mountain, one clan” goes the stone giant saying. Two clans rarely share the same mountain, and larger clans sometimes claim multiple peaks. Clans with a common bond of blood or history usually have cordial relations and may even share grazing grounds, while unrelated clans rarely cooperate. Regardless, wars between clans are almost unheard of. Any violent feuds that do arise are swiftly decided, and the weaker clan usually concedes to the demands of the stronger rather than perpetuate bloodshed.

Most stone giants worship and revere the spirits of their ancestors rather than venerating gods. Those tribes that have largely abandoned the old ways worship Erastil under the name Estig the Hunter, along with the giant gods Fandarra the Blood Mother and Minderhal. Of late, stone giants of evil nature have increasingly turned from Minderhal to the worship of Urazra, Breaker of Bones. A violent god who speaks to the most bestial aspects of giant nature, Urazra demands frequent sacrifice. Oracles and druids are common among tribes who practice ancestor worship, clerics among those who follow the more peaceful gods, and barbarians among those who pray to Urazra.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Balanced equally between good and villainy, stone giants offer numerous campaign and encounter opportunities beyond simple combat.

Normally nonaggressive, their most natural fit leans toward advice and shelter. In wild lands, a stone giant lair may offer succor to harried adventurers, perhaps leading to the PCs bargaining for assistance or merely winding up privy to the telling of grand tales. Such settlements offer storytelling advantages over the normal humanoid sort, as there need be no question of how the giants survive in such fierce environs, and their long lifespans ensure they possess much wisdom. Such encounters with stone giant lairs can provide numerous adventure hooks in and of themselves; the giants may approach the party to ask for aid against their enemies, or perhaps invite them on a hunt through the mountains, or even permit a shared exploration of the forbidding tunnels beneath their lair.

Solitary stone giants often wander alone in search of penitence or wisdom. PCs encountering such a wanderer

might hear the giant's tales of what she has glimpsed in her journeys. Some wandering stone giants resent any intrusion into their solitude, and might well warn away interlopers with a few well-aimed boulders. Most people have no trouble understanding the message, but a rash PC might well mistake an intentional miss for a clumsy attack. Other wanderers seek wisdom among the other races of the world, and may join the PCs in their adventures for a time.

Evil stone giants can be used to pit the PCs against a giant menace. A small band of stone giant raiders might be causing trouble for highland communities or local miners, whereas a larger tribe of evil giants might pose a threat to towns or even small cities. Such tribes often fall into evil through the leadership of clerics of malign gods like Minderhal and Uazra. Eliminating the influence of these priests and bringing more enlightened or traditional rule to the tribe may be an option for PCs more interested in redemption than brawling.

TREASURE

Great tapestries adorn most stone giant lairs, used to divide their caverns and great halls and to give color to otherwise drab stone. The stone giants weave such great cloths with thread spun from the thick fur of their herd animals. The largest tapestries weigh up to 500 pounds and stretch as far as 20 feet high by 50 feet long, and usually feature scenes of stone giant life, including great hunts, battles between clans, and grand buildings. Their weaving generally avoids religious themes. A tapestry in good condition that depicts an interesting scene might fetch as much as 1,000 gp from the right buyer, while less favorable tapestries still sell for a few hundred gold pieces.

In addition to their ubiquitous stone greatclubs, stone giants favor picks, spears, and hammers. Tribes that work steel craft fine armors to protect their leaders and elite hunters. Such giants often own magical weapons and armor, along with a variety of useful potions, while the rank-and-file members make do with cruder weapons and hide armor.

Stone giants particularly prize magic items useful for building and excavation. Especially sought after is the fabled *mattock of the titans*, usable by stone giants through size-increasing magic such as *enlarge person*. Other favorites include *mauls of the titans* (small compared to the usual stone giant greatclub, but usable in one hand), *lyres of building*, *earth elemental gems*, and *rings of sustenance* (to better labor long hours).

Stone giants prefer stone to metal, and gems to gold. They cut gemstones into lovely and often non-traditional shapes in celebration of the beauty of the earth. Such stones often possess major flaws that would harm their value to traditional jewelers, but for the giants these imperfections merely enhance their appeal. Stone giants' love of gemstones has more to do with appearance than

STONE GIANT FEATS

The following feats are often taken by stone giants to augment their earthen powers.

Earthtouched

You were marked from birth with the gift of magic.

Prerequisites: Cha 15, stone giant.

Benefit: You have a distinguishing feature such as small stature, odd coloration, or crystalline growths on your skin that mark your sorcerous potential. You gain a +1 racial bonus to your caster level when casting sorcerer spells with the earth descriptor. For every 3 sorcerer levels you attain, you add a new spell known of a spell level you can cast. This spell must either be from the abjuration or divination schools or have the earth descriptor.

Stone Awareness

You can sense creatures touching earth or stone.

Prerequisites: Wis 13, Perception 10 ranks, stone giant.

Benefit: You gain tremorsense 15 feet when in contact with earth or stone, including worked stone, and gain all the benefits of the tremorsense universal monster ability.

Stone Magic

Knowledgeable even among stone giant elders, you have unlocked greater mastery over earth and stone.

Prerequisites: Cha 17, stone giant elder (age 700 years or older).

Benefit: In addition to the usual spell-like abilities of a stone giant elder, you gain the ability to use *passwall*, *spike stones*, *statue*, *stoneskin*, and *wall of stone* once per day as spell-like abilities (caster level 10th, the save DCs are Charisma-based).

rarity, and an exotically colored quartz or striated opal is prized more than a flawless diamond.

STONE GIANTS ON GOLARION

Stone giant elders tell tales of Golarion's distant past, claiming that their ancestors walked the world as the first and oldest giants, when they were indistinguishable from their taiga giant relatives. Evil gods seduced some of their kin away to become the frost and fire giants, while deities of weal bestowed their gifts on the cloud and storm giants. But the runelords of ancient Thassilon wrought the greatest change, crossbreeding taiga giants with fire giants in order to craft the mighty rune giants, traitors to their kind. Through these harsh overseers, the runelords enslaved all of giantkind, including many taiga giants not transformed by the wizards' foul magic. With these taiga giant slaves, the runelords built their great monuments,



STONE GIANT BAGS

The following list of random treasure includes items one might normally find either on a stone giant's person or in his dwelling.

d%	Result
01–06	Teeth (2d8, giant-sized) in a soft leather pouch
07–09	Cave bear pelt, well preserved but weathered, no head (100 gp, 50 lbs.)
10–15	Desiccated Small or Medium animal corpse
16–21	1d4 gems (for each gem, roll d%; 01–70: 100 gp, 71–90: 500 gp, 91–100: 1,000 gp)
22–27	Hunting horn (5 gp, 3 lbs.)
28–30	Intricately carved section of tusk (1,000 gp, 50 lbs.)
31–36	Large hammer and chisel (2 gp, 5 lbs.)
37–42	Large masterwork stone dagger (304 gp, 2 lbs.)
43–48	Large waterskin filled with vinegary wine (8 lbs.)
49–51	2d4 masterwork throwing stones (300 gp, 40 lbs. each)
52–53	Marble-sized pellet (<i>dust of dryness</i> already used to absorb 10–100 gallons of water, 425 gp)
54–59	Pair of well-worn knucklebones
60–65	Polished pieces of stone (2d6)
66–68	<i>Potion of bull's strength</i>
69–71	<i>Potion of lesser restoration</i>
72–77	Pouch of rock salt and powdered minerals
78–83	Rough gold nugget weighing 2d4 pounds (40 gp per lb.)
84–89	Vine rope, 100 feet (as hemp rope)
90–94	Well-used oversized toothpick, 8 inches in length (5% chance of being a wand of a random 1st-level spell with 2d10 charges remaining)
95–100	Wheel of sharp cheese (25 lbs.)

and when that corrupt empire finally fell, the newly freed slaves returned to their homelands to find that their relatives who had fled the rule of the runelords were wholly different than their new selves. No longer could the former prisoners talk to the ancestor spirits as the taiga giants did, and soon the cousins drifted apart. Thus did these once kindred people become two distinct races: the taiga giants, who remained true to the old ways, and the stone giants, who had been irreparably transformed after their time under runelord rule.

Thousands of years after the fall of Thassilon, Varisia's Storval Plateau remains the heart of stone giant civilization. Most practice the skills learned in their time in Thassilon, following a way of life they refer to as "stone giant high culture," or the Rune Road. From the Thassilonians, these stone giants learned metalworking and masonry, and many

blended these skills with the traditional teachings of the hunter-gatherer and the herder, the ways of their ancient ancestors. Yet, a few tribes eschew the path of the Rune Road entirely in favor of so-called "stone giant low culture," choosing to live in unworked stone caves and give up the use of metal entirely in favor of the old ways.

The militaristic clans of Varisia's Iron Peaks and Wyvern Mountains reject the old traditions entirely, disparaging them as weak and useless things that betrayed their race into slavery. Spurning the guidance of the elders and their traditional form of government, these tribes serve under ruthless war chiefs, and reject herding and hunting in favor of brutal raids and banditry. Many venerate Urazra, the Breaker of Bones, and sacrifice captured victims to his glory. The most notorious of these bandit chiefs, the self-styled **Lord Mokmurian** (NE male stone giant transmuter 14) rules the fortress Jorgenfist in the Valley of the Black Tower in the Iron Peaks. He holds sway over no less than seven tribes of stone giants, with a number of ettins, hill giants, ogres, and trolls at his command as well. (For more information on Mokmurian, see *Pathfinder Adventure Path #4: Fortress of the Stone Giants*.)

North of the Storval Plateau, the stone giants of the Tusk and Kodar Mountains war frequently with the tribes of the Mammoth Lords. The Kellid tribes that oppose them seek more than mere glory, however—with each slaughtered clan of giants, the tribal warriors adopt the orphaned stone giant youths of the clan to raise as their own. Such foundlings often grow to love their captors as they would their own families, and fight fiercely on their behalf.

SAMPLE STONE GIANT ELDER

This sagely stone giant wears loose furs and a long cloak, and wields a large stone club covered with crystals.

RAHSTALSHAN

CR 14

XP 38,400

Female stone giant elder sorcerer 10

N Large humanoid (giant)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, tremorsense 30 ft.; Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 29, touch 15, flat-footed 24 (+2 armor, +1 deflection, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +12 natural, –1 size)

hp 226 (22 HD; 12d8+10d6+137)

Fort +19, **Ref** +13, **Will** +17

Defensive Abilities improved rock catching

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee mwk greatclub +21/+16/+11 (2d8+10) or 2 slams +20 (1d8+7)

Ranged rock +17/+12/+7 (1d8+10)

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

Special Attacks rock throwing (180 ft.)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th; concentration +16)

1/day—*passwall*, *spike stones*, *statue*, *stoneskin*, *wall of stone*

Bloodline Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th; concentration +16)

9/day—*tremor**

1/day—*crystal shard**

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 10th; concentration +16)

5th (4/day)—*hungry pit** (DC 22)

4th (6/day)—*calcific touch** (DC 20), *mass enlarge person* (DC 20), *stoneskin*

3rd (7/day)—*fireball* (DC 19), *greater magic weapon*, *haste* (DC 19), *shifting sand*

2nd (8/day)—*darkvision*, *glitterdust* (DC 19), *share language**, *shatter*, *stone call**

1st (8/day)—*crafters' fortune**, *expeditious excavation**, *feather fall*, *mage armor*, *reduce person* (DC 17), *shocking grasp*

o (at will)—*acid splash*, *arcane mark*, *detect magic*, *light*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *message*, *prestidigitation*, *read magic*

Bloodline Deep Earth*

STATISTICS

Str 25, **Dex** 19, **Con** 22, **Int** 10, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 22

Base Atk +14; **CMB** +22; **CMD** 38

Feats Combat Casting, Dodge, Empower Spell, Eschew Materials, Heighten Spell, Iron Will, Martial Weapon Proficiency (greatclub), Point-Blank Shot, Power Attack, Precise Shot, Spell Focus (conjuration), Spell Penetration, Stone Magic (page 49)

Skills Climb +16, Intimidate +15, Knowledge (arcana) +13, Perception +8 (+10 to notice unusual stonework), Spellcraft +13, Stealth +6, Use Magic Device +14

Languages Common, Giant

SQ bloodline arcana, rockseer*

Combat Gear *potions of cure serious wounds* (2), *potion of invisibility*, *scroll of invisibility sphere*, *scroll of dimension door*, *wand of blur* (13 charges); **Other Gear** masterwork greatclub, 6 rocks, *amulet of natural armor* +1, *bracers of armor* +2, *cloak of resistance* +2, *headband of alluring charisma* +2, *lesser rod of maximize*, *ring of protection* +1

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

Rahstalshan was scarcely old enough to speak when her parents and clan were slain by a tribe of raiding Mammoth Lord Kellids. The raiders tried to take the young stone giant to raise as their own, but she narrowly escaped their clutches, fleeing deep into the Tusk Mountains, orphaned and alone. For the next 700 years, she wandered throughout the peaks of Avistan, staying briefly with each stone giant clan she met along the way. From the Tusks to the Mindspins she roamed, though she was inevitably drawn to leave each new tribe soon after she discovered them. During these journeys she claimed her giant name, Rahstalshan, "the wanderer in stone."

Despairing of ever finding a true home, Rahstalshan felt the pull of the towering Kodar Mountains. Choosing a peak at random, she climbed and climbed, heedless of the biting cold. Near the mountain's top she found an inviting cave overlooking the sprawling lands of the frozen north. Though she had no way of being sure, the ancient stone giant felt that these mountains were her true homeland. Settled in her cave, at peace, she waited for death to take her. Instead, for the first time in her long life, she heard the whispers in the stone, awakening within her the ancient earth magic of her people. She descended from the heights and soon came upon a fledgling tribe of stone giants, bereft of an elder and as lost as she had been. She has guided their path ever since.





STORM GIANT

“THE SKY CRACKED AND ROARED AS THOUGH THE THUNDERCLOUDS ABOVE WERE AFLAME. MY FELLOW SHIPMATES CLAMBERED UP ON DECK TO GAIN THEIR BEARINGS AND KEEP OUR RIG AFLOAT, BUT I WAS TOO TRANSFIXED BY THE SIGHT ABOVE TO EVEN HELP MY CREW, AND COULD ONLY STAND THERE DUMBSTRUCK.

“I DON’T KNOW IF HE LEAPED UP FROM THE WATERS OR DOWN FROM THE HEAVENS THEMSELVES, BUT WHEN THAT ARMOR-CLAD GIANT MADE HIMSELF KNOWN, HIS BOW DRAWN AND HIS FIST FULL OF LIGHTNING, I KNEW THAT THE STORM WAS GOING TO BE THE LEAST OF OUR WORRIES.”

—HERRA BLINDFELLOW,
RETIRED FIRST MATE OF THE PIRATE BRIG *PLUNDER’S DELIGHT*

Eldest children of sea and sky, storm giants are benevolent colossi who tower over almost all other giants in size, strength, and glory. They garb themselves in armaments that match their imperial beauty, and are masters of all they survey. Wind and water thrum in harmony with the thunderous beating of storm giants' hearts, and their attunement to the natural world is so strong that the goliaths' moods are often reflected in their very surroundings, the calm winds and raging tempests that follow them indicative of their fickle manner.

Storm giants are wild and awe-inspiring—throughout history they have captured the hearts of mortals and immortals alike. Enraptured with the vision of untamed, raw beauty, suitors have given up treasures and birthrights in their usually fruitless attempts to earn storm giants' affections. While storm giants are hardly immune to the charms of other beings, they are haughty and proud, and demand tests of valor or cleverness to prove the worthiness of those seeking their hands. Even the giving of such a quest is often wrapped within a riddle, which must first be deciphered before the suitor's true task can begin. However, while it is incredibly difficult to earn the graces of a storm giant, once they have been befriended, their allegiance is unfaltering, and allies of storm giants can always count on these benevolent behemoths in times of need.

All storm giants possess some amount of wanderlust, and are apt to fall into moody discontent if forced to remain in one place too long. When among their own kind, families of storm giants often travel the world together, though they may drift apart for years or decades at a time before reconvening to reestablish their ties.

Storm giants are legendary figures to most mortals, rumored to dwell in castles or enormous towers on remote islands. They are said to soar through the skies astride tamed rocs, trailing griffons in their wake as a human lord might use a pack of hounds to hunt. Some claim they can change their shape into that of eagles, or even into the semblance of human men and women, and that they walk unknown among the lesser races, testing the hospitality and generosity of those they meet. While such myths are regarded as children's tales by the learned, there remains at least a plausibility to such ponderings, for storm giants are indeed powerful, and their reclusive natures give them an air of mystique few creatures can match.

ECOLOGY

Adult storm giants stand over 20 feet in height and weigh upward of 12,000 pounds. Newly born storm giants average 7 feet tall at birth and weigh approximately 200 pounds. Storm giants are almost always single births, but one pregnancy in a thousand produces twins, which storm giants call *tor-turlinger* ("thunder twins" in their dialect of

Giant). Such births are regarded as great omens, and such giant twins usually develop powers even more prodigious than those of most storm giants.

Storm giant children begin walking and climbing by 5 years of age, and can talk by the age of 10. Adolescents reach physical maturity and the awakening of their magical talents between 50 and 75 years, but are not recognized as adults until they reach 100 years of age. Venerable giants past 500 years earn the honorific "semillennius," and a few live beyond 600 years. While younger storm giants sometimes dally outside their kind, only adults receive the blessing of their elders in marriage, earning the privilege of bringing new storm giant children into the world. Couplings between adolescent storm giants are rare and bring considerable shame upon the lovers, their families, and children they bear.

Storm giants provide for themselves through agriculture, and their gardens, orchards, and vineyards are legendary for their absurdly large produce. They are also fond of meat, and under their care livestock can grow to enormous size and girth, the massive animals sufficient to slake even storm giants' enormous appetites.

Storm giant enclaves are most often found along rugged coasts, sandy atolls, rocky cliffs, and rising atop sea stacks, though some also dwell below the waves in aquatic strongholds. They love mountainous islands with cloud-swathed peaks, plunging cliffs, and crashing seas, and all are adept at hunting in both sky and sea. Some storm giants take to sailing, using their mastery of wind and wave to explore the farthest reaches of the ocean and its depths. Though they are adept swimmers in their own right, storm giants are fond of training whales, sharks, and even sea serpents as mounts or beasts of burden, either for riding or pulling their enormous watercraft. Seagoing storm giants consume vast quantities of kelp and often lair near sargassos or seaweed beds to supplement their diet of whatever maritime creatures they can catch.

Storm giants have unusual variance in their skin pigmentation. Most have dark hair and humanlike skin tones, usually tan tending to a deep burnished bronze. However, some ancient marine storm giant families have skin of pale blue or sea-foam green. Rarely, storm giants are born with lavender to violet skin, lustrous purple or blue-black hair, and eyes of silver or amethyst. These *atropurius* ("star-touched") giants are considered blessed by the gods and possessed of both wisdom and good fortune, and often rise to leadership within their families.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Each storm giant family or clan is guided by its eldest matriarch or patriarch, though all semillennius elders commands authority. Though they keep their collectives relatively small, generally comprising up to half a dozen



individuals, storm giant families will occasionally gather in grand conclaves with other families to share history, memorialize the fallen, or record new discoveries and happenings among their kind. Clan alliances sometimes arise in the face of crisis, often to counter the spread of tyranny and oppression in a nearby region, and one semillennium among the families is elected as proconsul for the duration of the emergency. A few have tried to hold onto power once the crisis has abated, but storm giants enjoy their independence and no proconsul has ever been able to keep separate families together for long.

Acknowledging no rulers among themselves, storm giants rarely attempt to establish dominion over other races. Lone storm giants (and, rarely, storm giant families) sometimes hire smaller races to maintain their farms, fields, and sprawling walled estates while the giants travel the world. With storm giants' long lifespans and habitual wanderlust, decades and sometimes generations may pass without these tenants ever seeing their landlords. Regardless, the colossal nature of storm giants' holdings and their unabashed benevolence mean that workers are never uncompensated, and most servants to storm giants regard their occupations as nothing short of paradisiacal.

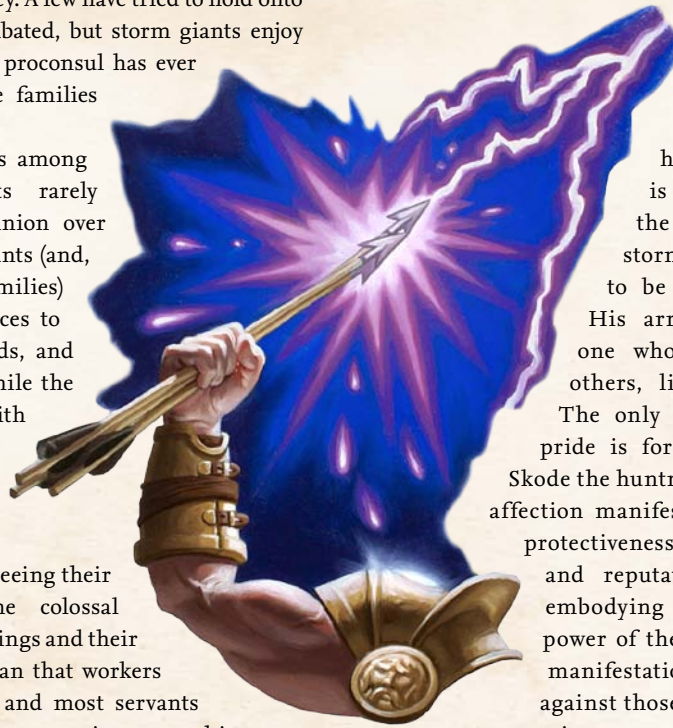
In addition to their unique incarnations of Gozreh (depicted as the father-sky god Hyjarth and the mother-sea goddess Tourithia) and Shelyn (depicted as Syriss, the daughter-musician of Hyjarth and Tourithia), storm giants adhere to a small pantheon of deities and demigods, variously described as children of elder gods, by-blows of besotted godlings mated to storm giant lovers, or storm giant saints who transcended mortality and attained godhood. Matronly Bergelmir is the venerable and staid goddess of wisdom, history, family, and elders, while sly Skrymir is a witty wanderer, god of riddles, trickery, wanderlust, cleverness, and magic; the two are usually portrayed as siblings, cousins, or mother and son. Together, they represent storm giants' urge for discovery and wandering, yet also their innate roots to their families and the hearthstone.

The storm giant demigods Aegirran and Skode are said to be forever wed but forever apart, separated by land and sea. Skode the huntress stalks the land with their three sons, seeking trophies but also the destruction of sinister forces that stalk the night. Aegirran is sailmaster and seadreamer,

leading their nine daughters on endless voyages across and below the sea with their shell-encrusted fleet. Only at the turnings of the season may Aegirran and Skode reunite upon the shore as their children mark the changing weather. The three sons are the deadly fangs of the north wind that bite most keenly the forces of evil, and their daughters the alternately gentle and wild east, west, and south winds,

bringing sun and rain to nourish the coasts and inland fields alike.

Lastly, proud Tjasse is lord of rocs, wind, and high mountain peaks. He is attributed with taming the fearsome rocs to serve storm giants and is thought to be a talented shapeshifter. His arrogance is legendary as one who looks down upon all others, literally and figuratively. The only love that overcomes his pride is for his beautiful daughter, Skode the huntress. This jealous paternal affection manifests as a wild and savage protectiveness for person, possessions, and reputation alike, with Tjasse embodying the angry destructive power of the tempest as the tangible manifestation of brutal vengeance against those who would dare to cross a storm giant.



CAMPAIGN ROLE

Storm giants are rarely villains per se, but may work in higher-level games as adversaries, as their capricious nature and arrogance may lead them to take offense easily and to work at cross purposes with PCs. If not plied with flattery or gifts, they may use their power to interfere in the party's activities or try to embarrass and humiliate them. PCs also may indirectly run afoul of storm giants if their adventures lead them to take some treasure, relic, or location already claimed by a domineering storm giant. Proud storm giants generally believe their claims supersede those of the PCs and demand the surrender of any items taken, either by right or at the very least by bargaining. PCs who do not accede to these demands inevitably earn the haughty giants' enmity.

A rare few storm giants are wholly wild and dangerous, seeing in themselves the incarnation of nature's indiscriminate power and destructive force. These renegade storm giants rationalize their destructiveness as simply acting within their nature. In such giants' eyes, any who suffer when they unleash their inner tempest are

at fault for foolishly trying to defy the storm rather than simply fleeing before it.

Aquatic storm giants often dwell in underwater sea caves or coral palaces, where powerful currents and surges flush smaller creatures out unless they are prodigious swimmers. Storm giants can breathe water as easily as air, but many establish homes that feature air-filled feast halls for entertaining guests from the surface, or else simply seek out abodes that are only partially submerged—such as new volcanic islands—allowing the storm giants to sun themselves at their leisure.

Storm giants are friendly with bronze and cloud dragons, and sometimes dragon turtles as well. They often train animals and magical beasts of limited intellect to serve them, such as rocs and griffons, or sea serpents for aquatic storm giants. They despise warmongering in any race, and may use gifts, bribes, diplomacy, or (when necessary) threats to recruit emissaries, scouts, and sentinels from smaller races—primarily humans and elves on land, and merfolk and tritons below the waves. Storm giants ask these diminutive helpers to keep watch over their domains and alert them to major threats that might require their direct attention. However, the unpredictable nature of a storm giant means she may not always be there to answer her cohorts' summons, placing the burden of protection on these hapless heroes.

TREASURE

Storm giants love to collect trinkets and mementos from the places they wander, and are especially fond of banners, flags, and pennants from localities large and small. Many storm giants take up weaving in their spare time and craft tapestries that depict their journeys or the astonishing sights they've seen, sometimes sewing pennons and other cloth souvenirs into their work. A storm giant tapestry often depicts sweeping natural vistas and landmarks, and can fetch a high price in any market.

Some storm giants also collect coins, fascinated by the various minters' marks and the evolving differences in size, shape, and content of currency. Written materials such as books, scrolls, and maps often find their way into

storm giant holdings, as well as musical instruments and others bits of artistic or technological bric-a-brac that demonstrate the innovations of the cultures they have visited or observed from on high. The sorts of collected souvenirs vary with each giant, but almost all have the impulse to hoard, and a storm giant's treasure trove is more often a strange jumble of obscure and rare artifacts than a glittering pile of gold or gems.

While the greatsword and longbow are the traditional weapons of storm giants and they typically wear breastplates, greaves, and crested open-faced helmets, many storm giants discover exotic weapons and armors in their travels (or maintain the use of ancient arms that have fallen out of common use), and manufacture or even enchant Huge versions for their personal use.

In addition to the relics of civilization, storm giants collect natural treasures that catch their eye, including twisted driftwood, blackened or storm-broken logs, crystal geodes, and even ordinary rocks in interesting shapes or colors. Naturally refractive crystals are polished and strung together in rainbow-casting mobiles with bells or chimes so as to tinkle in the wind. Storm giants highly prize fulgurite, the twisted and branching natural glass tubes formed when lightning strikes sand.

STORM GIANTS ON GOLARION

Numerous storm giants live along the warm coasts of Garund, from the offshore isles of Katapesh to the trackless seas south of Sargava. One of the largest groups dwells among the coastal mountains of Rahadoum and the scattered islands of the Jagged Reach, wracked hard by the Eye of Abendego. The perpetual wrack of Golarion's greatest storm attracts storm giant pilgrims from across the globe, many of who lodge with the mysterious and beautiful **Arrelious Palamara** (CG female storm giant bard 7) in her wave-splashed atoll pleasure palace of *Baid Asif* ("the bather's isle"). Her guests mount expeditions riding the waves and diving the depths of the Eye before returning for feasting and luxurious entertainments. Smaller visitors such as humans are strictly forbidden to enter the premises without a storm giant chaperon.

STORM GIANT DEITIES

In addition to their interpretations of Gozreh and Shelyn, storm giants pay homage to a unique array of demigods and saints.

Deity	Alignment	Areas of Concern	Domains	Favored Weapon
Aegirran	NG	Dreams, sailing, voyages	Good, Travel, Water, Weather	Trident
Bergelmir	CG	Elders, family, genealogy	Chaos, Community, Good, Knowledge	Quarterstaff
Skode	CG	Diurnal beasts, hunting evil, trophies	Chaos, Glory, Good, Sun	Longbow
Skrymir	CG	Riddles, wanderlust, wit	Chaos, Good, Magic, Trickery	Rapier
Tjasse	CN	Giant birds, mountain peaks, pride	Air, Animal, Chaos, Destruction	Spear



STORM GIANT BAGS

The following list of random treasure includes items one might normally find either on a storm giant's person or in her dwelling.

d%	Result
01–07	Collection of polished crystal prisms
08–09	Coin collection (50 × 1d12 coins from many countries and time periods; total average value around 1 gp per coin)
10–13	+1 <i>full plate armor</i>
14–18	Leather satchel containing 2d8 tubes of fulgurite glass
19–24	Dreamcatcher 1d6 feet across decorated with roc or giant eagle feathers
25–29	Oversized spyglass (1,000 gp, 100 lbs.)
30–31	Huge bronze crested, ornamental helmet (1,200 gp, 65 lbs.)
32–38	2d6 × 10 yards of sailcloth
39–43	+1 <i>khopesh</i>
44–46	Chest of 1d6 × 10 books and maps in various languages, including 1d4 random scrolls
47–52	1d3 <i>javelins of lightning</i>
53–57	Collection of 2d6 ancient flags or heraldic crests (1,750 gp)
58–63	Bag of 2d6 enormous fruits or vegetables
64–69	1d6 sunrods
70–74	Drinking horn from a huge aurochs (50 gp)
75–79	Ornamental longbow (550 gp)
80–83	Pair of cold iron or alchemical silver brass knuckles (equal chance of either)
84–90	Large bronze bell or wind chime (200 gp)
91–94	Exotic riding saddle for rocs
95–100	Large brocade or tapestry (1d6 × 100 gp)

Long forgotten by most, a barbaric band of storm giants once dwelt in great numbers in and around the Shackles, allied with the ancient cyclops lords of Ghol-Gan. Calling themselves the Tjong, they showed solidarity with the cyclopes by putting out an eye to signify their transition from adolescence to adulthood, and were known for their ferocity in battle, clashing often with other storm giant clans who deeply resented the Tjong's fall from righteousness. For unknown reasons, the Tjong outlasted Ghol-Gan but began to die out rapidly around the time Chelish explorers first arrived in the isles around 600 years ago. Their last known queen, Elali, is said to be locked in timeless stasis in a sacred vault somewhere on a fog-shrouded island west of the Cannibal Isles, but so far no explorers have found her supposed resting place. Further rumors hold that a handful of Tjong still guard their queen's prison, led by *Asiata* (CN

female storm giant cleric 3) and *Eloeleh* (CG male storm giant barbarian 5), Queen Elali's last living descendants. Yet if this island indeed exists, it must be warded by powerful magic to have escaped the attentions of both humanoid and storm giant scholars and explorers.

Storm giants in Golarion are hardly limited to the tropics, of course. The legendary sailor *Genet Storaasli* (CG male old storm giant ranger 8) is known to have ventured from Avistan to ruined Azlant and beyond to Arcadia at least half a dozen times, and only the impassable seas of Sarusan and the Wandering Isles have thwarted his efforts to map the globe's coastlines. Even as he approaches dotage, his sagely advice, logbooks, and charts are highly sought by those hoping to make similarly epic voyages.

Several reputable families of storm giants maintain mead-halls on the floor of the Steaming Sea and in the storm-blown islands of the Ironbound Archipelago and the westward marches of the Stormspear Mountains. These families are ill trusted by the jarls and huscarls of the smaller races; while rarely malicious, they are seen as haughty and treacherous, unwilling to side wholly with humanity in its battle to survive in a harsh land full of dangers. Even storm giants who battle trolls and linnorms, to the benefit of all civilized peoples (and often with the appreciation of common folk), are seen by Ulfen leaders as stealing the glory that should rightfully be theirs.

SAMPLE STORM GIANT MATRIARCH

This purple-haired giant has dark bronze skin and piercing eyes; she wields an electrified trident and a coral-encrusted shield.

SCYLD HRANNI	CR 20
XP 307,200	
Female storm giant cleric of Aegirran 13 CG Huge humanoid (giant)	
Init +4; Senses low-light vision; Perception +33	
DEFENSE	
AC 37, touch 12, flat-footed 33 (+8 armor, +4 Dex, +12 natural, +5 shield, –2 size)	
hp 380 (32 HD; 19d8+13d8+237)	
Fort +26, Ref +14, Will +24	
Defensive Abilities rock catching; Immune electricity	
OFFENSE	
Speed 60 ft., swim 40 ft. (45 ft., swim 40 ft. in armor)	
Melee +3 <i>shocking burst trident</i> +40/+35/+30/+25 (3d6+18/19–20) or 2 slams +36 (2d6+15)	
Ranged +1 <i>seeking composite longbow</i> +26/+21/+16/+11 (3d6+16/x3)	
Space 15 ft.; Reach 15 ft.	
Special Attacks channel positive energy 6/day (DC 19, 7d6), gale aura*, surge*	
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 15th; concentration +18)	

Constant—*freedom of movement*
 2/day—*control weather, levitate*
 1/day—*call lightning* (DC 16), *chain lightning* (DC 19)

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 13th; concentration +23)

7th—*elemental body IV^D* (water only), *holy word* (DC 27),
waves of ecstasy (DC 27)

6th—*antilife shell, banishment* (DC 26), *cold ice strike*** (DC 26), *heal, sirocco^{D,*}* (DC 26)

5th—*call lightning storm^D* (DC 25), *cleanse, greater forbid action*** (DC 25), *holy ice*** (DC 25), *righteous might, true seeing*

4th—*air walk, aura of doom*** (DC 24), *blessing of fervor** (DC 24), *control water^D, death ward, dismissal* (DC 24), *divination*

3rd—*bestow curse* (DC 23), *blindness/deafness* (DC 23), *create food and water, daylight, dispel magic, magic vestment, water walk^D*

2nd—*augury, compassionate ally*** (DC 22), *grace**, *hold person* (DC 22), *silence* (DC 22), *slipstream^D* (DC 22), *sound burst* (DC 22), *zone of truth* (DC 22)

1st—*command* (DC 21), *divine favor, murderous command*** (DC 21), *obscuring mist^D, protection from evil, remove fear, sanctuary* (DC 21), *shield of faith*

o (at will)—*detect magic, guidance, light, purify food and drink*

D Domain spell; **Domains** Water (Oceans subdomain*), Weather (Storms subdomain*)

STATISTICS

Str 40, **Dex** 18, **Con** 25, **Int** 16, **Wis** 30, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +23; **CMB** +40; **CMD** 54

Feats Bashing Finish*, Channel Smite, Combat Casting, Critical Focus, Deafening Critical, Improved Critical (trident), Improved Shield Bash, Missile Shield*, Point-Blank Shot, Power Attack, Rapid Shot, Shield Master, Shield Slam, Staggering Critical, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (trident)

Skills Acrobatics +22 (+26 when jumping), Climb +36, Diplomacy +26, Intimidate +26, Knowledge (history) +16, Knowledge (religion) +16, Perception +33, Sense Motive +33, Spellcraft +16, Swim +31

Languages Auran, Common, Draconic, Giant

SQ militant, water breathing

Combat Gear *potion of cure serious wounds, potion of haste, scroll of commune, scroll of invisibility purge*; **Other Gear** +2 mithral moderate fortification chainmail, +3 spiked bashing heavy wooden shield, +1 seeking composite longbow with 40 arrows, +3 shocking burst trident, *belt of giant strength* +2, *boots of striding and springing*, *headband of inspired wisdom* +4, *minor cloak of displacement*, wooden holy symbol of Aegirran

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

** See *Ultimate Magic*.

Scyld Hranni is a revered storm giant warrior, her family originally hailing from a small islet just west of the island of Thuryan in Cheliax. The Hranni family gave up their holdings not long after Cheliax bound their fate to the devils of Hell, and since their disbanding, Scyld has searched for purpose amid the vast waters of the Arcadian Ocean, traveling along the coast of southern Avistan and northern Garund. Other storm giants regard her violet hair as a sign of being blessed by the gods, a notion she encourages through her devoted worship of Aegirran. Clad in sleek mithral armor and a barnacle-encrusted shield of driftwood and jagged coral, Scyld trains the myriad sea creatures of the Arcadian Ocean to help her in her search for purpose and her ambitions of eliminating evil throughout the region.





TAIGA GIANT

I WARNED MY COMPANIONS AS STRONGLY AS I COULD THAT WE SHOULDN'T STAY ANOTHER NIGHT IN THE FOREST, BUT THE FOREMAN, HERRIC, WANTS TO PRESS DEEPER INTO THE WOODS TOMORROW. I CAN HEAR THE DISTANT CHANTING OF THOSE GIANTS, THE ONES I TOLD HERRIC I'D SEEN FOLLOWING US TWO DAYS AGO. HE DIDN'T BELIEVE ME THEN, BUT I THINK MOST OF THE COMPANY IS STARTING TO. EVEN NOW, I CAN FEEL THE GROUND BENEATH OUR CAMP SHAKE AS THEY DRAW NEAR WITH THEIR DRUMS AND SPEARS, AND I FEAR WHAT RETRIBUTION WE WILL FACE FOR OVERSTAYING OUR WELCOME IN THE GRONZI.

—LAST JOURNAL ENTRY OF KEDDER BENSTOT,
BREVIC WOODCUTTER FOR THE DURSTWOOD LUMBER COMPANY

Taiga giants are towering, gray-skinned nomads, standing 20 feet tall and weighing 5 tons when fully grown. With skin tones that range the palette of gray from pale dove to slate and sooty charcoal, taiga giants naturally blend into the shadows, mists, and squalls of their hilly forest homelands. Their hair runs from flaming red to auburn, and is typically worn long and loose, or pulled up in a headband or tie fashioned from braided strips of hide and beads of polished wood, bone, stone, or metal. They wear garments of natural materials, cured hides and layered furs in particular, often decorating their garb with beaded tassels. They sometimes go unarmored, or wear simple breastplates or breeches of darkened leather, though in times of war they may don full suits of hide armor and mount great wooden shields, usually painted with the sigil of their totem animal. Their primary weapons are long-hafted spears, which they wield in melee as well as hurl at distant foes, and they are equally adept at tearing up the landscape around them and raining rocky debris on their enemies. While their lower jaws bear sharp, tusklke canines that protrude even when their lips are closed, their teeth are for eating, not fighting, and are only useful in combat for the purposes of intimidating enemies.

Taiga giants build few permanent habitations and tend to live in deep wilderness areas, particularly in the depths of the vast boreal forests that blanket many subpolar regions. From these woodland realms, they venture across the rolling tundra to the high ice; along seacoasts; and into the cold ranges of hills, badlands, and mountain peaks that dominate the chilly landscape. Few have seen taiga giants' homes, for most have no lasting home at all; even those ancestral lodges they build are more places of pilgrimage, retreat, and occasional gatherings rather than permanent lodgings, with only the very old retiring to dwell there near the ends of their lives. To most subarctic nomads and highland peoples, taiga giants are regarded with equal parts fear and respect, and canny travelers passing through their hunting ranges hope only to avoid the unpredictable goliaths' notice, lest the sacred omens in which taiga giants trust portend ill for those strangers they happen across.

ECOLOGY

Taiga giants live primarily in subarctic boreal forests, hunting elk, megaloceros, moose, and big predators like bears, wolves, and even dragons. From their evergreen fastnesses, they roam into cold hills and badlands and the endless windswept tundra. Those near seacoasts tramp the icy shallows hunting seals and walrus, taking hides for cloaks and tusks for their intricate scrimshaw. In the summer, when the migratory herds they hunt for food turn northward, some taiga giants follow them as far as the High Ice, but most return to their woodlands to hunt

smaller, more local game. Entirely nomadic, taiga giants live under the stars in their forest cathedrals, using hide tents to keep out severe weather.

While taiga giants are travelers first and foremost, most families maintain ancestral lodges of hewn planks and logs somewhere in the great forests and hills they wander. They surround these great wooden houses with monolithic poles carved and painted with their individual, familial, and tribal totems. Such giant lodges usually incorporate the original hall of their first ancestor as a shrine adjacent to or directly within a great central hall. Each new generation within the clan builds onto the lodge, expanding the common hall or constructing separate longhouses connected by living arbors, the pine canopies overhead woven together by the mystical songs of clan shamans. While not great gardeners, taiga giants cultivate berry fields and beehives near their lodges, eating the produce and hunting the game their fields attract. Still, they never linger long at their lodges, lest their voracious appetites exhaust the local food supply.

Taiga giants are born the size of an adult human and grow slowly over their first decade. By age 10, they are able to walk and learn the skills of woodcraft and the spear, being taught to kill only what is needed—when game is scarce, nothing can go to waste. Taiga giants learn the manifold uses of every part of an animal: skin, bones, hide, hair, and so on, not merely its flesh. Among a people with little interest in judgment and reproach, waste is the one great sin.

Youths reach physical maturity between age 50 and 70, and even families of taiga giants with young children roam hundreds of miles, never staying in one place for long. Their peripatetic nature is not due to mere wanderlust; taiga giants simply realize that too many mouths in one area requires far too much food for the environment to sustain. Families migrate across large swaths of wilderness in constant search of new prey, crisscrossing the cold lands and only occasionally returning to their ancestral lodges for certain ceremonies or when their wanderings take them nearby. Elderly taiga giants weary of traveling may settle in the clan's lodge; here, they spend their waning years carving massive totem poles that recount their lives, and crafting intricate wooden spirit icons to decorate the longhouses of the lodge. Taiga giants typically live for up to 400 years, though rare ancient elders may linger a century beyond this, their souls hovering on the threshold of the spirit world as their physical bodies gradually wither.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Taiga giants gather in family groups encompassing both their local family and extended family members related by blood or intermarriage. Individual taiga giants each have a small pair of totems that they carry on their persons at all times, one representing *anakot* ("child-self")



and the other *qanukot* (“adult-self”). In addition, they may bear totems of a familial *ulakot* (“family-self”) and a clan’s *nomakot* (“tribe-self”), and most adopt one or more *inuvakot* (“life-self”) totems that represent things they have achieved throughout their lives. A totem is typically a wooden, stone, or bone figurine that represents an animal or living creature, but some clans and families may take sacred mountains, hot springs, canyons, waterfalls, islands, or other natural features as their totems.

Ancestry and family lines are sacred to taiga giants, who keep extensive oral histories and fervently believe in the enduring presence of their ancestors, whom they call *tikshutseen*, “the great cloud of witnesses.” These ancients are said to linger near their descendants, revealing their counsel through portents and omens. Taiga giants are constantly on the lookout for such signs, using a variety of oracular rituals to discern omens and their meaning in the phenomena of the natural world, such as the sudden appearance of one of their totems. Their religion is most closely likened to spiritual animism, with druids or oracles leading their faithful to build upon communion with the natural world and the spirit world. Some taiga giants venerate more traditional nature deities such as Gozreh, or rarely deities of dreams, hunting, natural disasters, prophecy, or spirits, such as Desna or Phrasma. A few venerate Erastil as master of the hunt, or even the Eldest of the First World.

Taiga giants are ambivalent toward smaller races—some are hostile, some are friendly, and most simply avoid them. As long as these diminutive creatures do not disrupt the taiga giants’ hunting grounds with their “civilization” of roads, farms, and towns, the giants usually treat them with indifference. Taiga giants tend to act more hostilely toward other giant races that constitute rivals for territory and prey. A few of the more savage taiga giants may bully ogres, trolls, ettins, and hill giants into serving them, becoming petty kings and warlords, but for the most part they disdain the company of these crude races and may even fight wars of extermination to prevent such beings from despoiling their territory.



Relations are usually more cordial with stone and cloud giants for those taiga giants living in the highlands, or with frost giants for those in the highest arctic reaches. While skirmishing does break out at times, taiga giants rarely desire to war at the fringes of their domain, usually simply ceding control of other giants’ favored territory and returning to their own hunting ranges. Taiga giants despise fire giants, however, for their destructive pillaging of the natural world, transforming pristine wild lands into toxic slag-heaps, scouring the land of game, and enslaving all they encounter. Taiga giants also hate fire giants because it was they whom taiga giants were forced to breed with when both races were made thralls by an ancient sorcerous empire, their seed stolen and corrupted into a splinter race designed to rule all giantkind—the rune giants. Even after the fall of the empire that created them, surviving rune giants still descend from their alpine abodes to hunt and enslave taiga giants and other races as well. The communal remembrance and shame regarding this enslavement and the continued existence of the hateful half-breed race they were forced to sire drives taiga giants to feel lingering bitterness toward both fire giants and rune giants.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Taiga giants are versatile beings in mid- to high-level campaigns; they can serve as sources of information or objects of pilgrimage for PCs, or can be spun as nearly feral nomads who embody all that is dangerous about their wild domain. Their ancestral worship suggests a certain kind of placid mysticism, and may drive players to think of them as little more than noble savages, though such beliefs will surely work against any who might doubt their strength, intelligence, and divine powers.

Taiga giants roam far from the fringes of society, and can be played up as heroic guardians of nature, as they often tame wild beasts and hunt more outwardly evil creatures like dragons, trolls, and winter wolves. Taiga giants may also be protective of those who dwell respectfully in their wilderness and actively defend it from harm, and within

a lower-level campaign they might intervene to turn the tide in a battle too difficult for the PCs. GMs should be careful to avoid upstaging the PCs or forcing them to rely on NPC assistance, and such interventions should more often simply bolster the legendary and mysterious nature of taiga giants and foreshadow the future involvement of taiga giants in a campaign.

While not malicious per se, taiga giants are tribal warriors whose first motive is the protection of their hunting grounds and their own clans. The welfare of humans and their ilk is rarely their concern, and any collateral damage these smaller creatures suffer is simply an unfortunate necessity for the taiga giant race to survive and thrive. From a PC's perspective, of course, particularly heartless taiga giants may seem little more than raiders with no respect for law or private property—the kind of menace adventurers might well be recruited by outside forces to eliminate.

While taiga giant warbands rarely gather in groups larger than half a dozen, enterprising chieftains have been known to gather forces for larger raids or to protect themselves against some greater threat. Some taiga giant leaders believe that culling the fruit of the land already gathered by smaller races is an easier route to survival than hunting wild game. Such mean-spirited taiga giant raiders serve as excellent enemies for intrepid PCs. Taiga giant rangers and druids, even with only a few class levels, gain abilities and spells that make them difficult to track or locate in the wild, and if they are aware of pursuit, such taiga giants may set up false lairs to lure pursuers into an ambush.

In combat, taiga giants are strong at range and in melee. They also have a unique advantage over other giants in that their spirit summoning ability makes them immune to enchantment and illusion magic, protecting them from two areas that are often a weak point for giants faced with spells like *hold person* and *dominate person*. Likewise, spirit summoning provides countermeasures against invisible opponents or summoned monsters, and as a supernatural ability it cannot be dispelled, making combat with a taiga giant extremely difficult for casters who rely on such tactics.

TREASURE

In keeping with their reverence for ancestors, taiga giants keep mementos of past generations. Sometimes these are personal possessions handed down from generation to generation, while others may be simple fetishes, such as a bone taken from a deceased relative and bound to the skull of a totem animal. Some taiga giants lash together bentwood hoops with braided hair from dead ancestors to craft dreamcatchers, spirit-nets intended to capture rogue spirits and ward them away from sleepers as they dream. Others carve elaborate totemic headdresses or masks for the same purpose, as well as for use in tribal rituals

TAIGA GIANT EQUIPMENT

Taiga giants use a wide array of weapons and armor both to hunt prey and to fight enemies. Druids, oracles, and other spellcasters among their ranks evoke the spirits of their ancestors to enchant their warriors' equipment with potent powers. Though such items may be visually unremarkable save for unique shapes and sturdy builds, appearances can be incredibly deceiving—it's hard to argue that taiga giants' arms are primitive with a life-draining spearhead dug into one's side.

The following magic weapon is a favorite among taiga giant shamans.

BLOODSTONE IMPALER

Aura strong transmutation; **CL** 11th

Slot none; **Price** 23,302 gp; **Weight** 9 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +1 *keen spear* has a crimson haft made of petrified redwood, and its blackened stone head sports numerous vicious barbs on each side. Once per day when the wielder confirms a critical hit against a creature with this weapon, in addition to dealing damage, he can command the spear to turn the struck creature to stone. The creature struck must succeed at a DC 19 Fortitude save or instantly become a mindless statue as *flesh to stone*. This effect traps the *bloodstone impaler* in the process, making it unusable as long as it remains embedded in the statue. A *bloodstone impaler* may be removed from a lapidified creature by a humanoid capable of wielding it who succeeds at a DC 25 Strength check; doing so is a full-round action that provokes attacks of opportunity. Removing a *bloodstone impaler* from a petrified victim instantly changes the creature back to its original form.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *flesh to stone*, *keen edge*; **Cost** 18,802 gp

of dance accompanied by flute, drum, and ululating voice. All these relics and more are decorated with native crystals, semiprecious stones, and rings of precious metal. Sold to the right collector, such treasures may be worth a fortune, and at times, the druidic magic instilled in such items make them valuable prizes in their own right.

Taiga giants collect raw nuggets of gold and silver that they uncover in the rocky streambeds of their alpine forests, and some establish camps to sluice and sift for these baubles, but few have the inclination to mine for wealth below the earth. They often smelt these ores to create bracelets and other simple metal items. In combat, taiga giants favor simple weapons that they can craft from readily available materials, with hide armor and spears



TAIGA GIANT BAGS

The following list of random treasure includes items one might normally find either on a taiga giant's person or in his dwelling.

d%	Result
01–04	Collection of tooth necklaces (dire bears, saber-toothed tigers, white dragons, etc.)
05–09	Massive waterskin of elderberry wine
10–13	Large packet of pemmican or smoked blubber
14–17	Huge bone needle and 100 feet of silken rope as thread
18–24	Hide-scraping and leather-working tools
25–27	Flint and steel, plus large bag of wood shavings
28–32	1d6 winter wolf hides (100 gp each, 20 lbs. each)
33–35	Signaling horn carved from an aurochs horn (100 gp, 10 lbs.)
36–40	Hide of a silver or white dragon (roll d%; 01–50: Medium, 51–80: Large, 81–99: Huge, 100: Gargantuan)
41–43	Masterwork exotic pack saddle for mastodons
44–49	Ancestral skull fetish
50–56	1d6 bundles of rune-carved sticks or bones (<i>augury</i> divine foci, 25 gp each), plus 1d6 bags of incense (25 gp each)
57–60	+1 <i>longspear</i>
61–66	Stone pots of body paint powder
67–71	Collection of 1d6 large dreamcatchers (100 gp each, 10 lbs. each)
72–76	Haunch of a mastodon
77–81	1d6 scrimshaw-carved walrus or mastodon tusks (1d6 × 100 gp each)
82–88	1d6 × 10 gold nuggets (30 gp each)
89–94	Huge folded tent of animal hides, with 1d4 × 100 feet of rope
95–100	Stone tattooing tools and inks

being by far the most common. Individuals of a more spiritual or magical bent typically enchant their own possessions, and believe that doing so brings them closer to the spirit world that their ancestors inhabit.

While they enjoy perusing maps and travelogues, taiga giants disdain those who rely upon such utilities to navigate, viewing natural intuition and personal experience as the best means of survival in the wilds. Even so, taiga giants eagerly collect magical aids that help them get by in the harsh realms in which they dwell. Any item that aids in movement, stealth, hunting, or driving out interlopers in their forests is welcome in taiga giant society. Because they commune with spirits from an early age, taiga giants also have an affinity for magic that enhances their ability to

speak with the dead or perform divinations. Many taiga giant oracles and druids collect foci and components for spells like *augury* and *divination* when they require a more direct intervention from the spirits they worship.

TAIGA GIANTS ON GOLARION

Taiga giants are plentiful in the subpolar reaches of the Crown of the World, both in the forested Gaarjuk Hills north of Avistan and the White Woods of Malarkhan north of Tian Xia. The inhabitants of the latter wood are more feral than taiga giants elsewhere, and the forest well deserves its fearful reputation, as the gnarled giant **Athumi Karanjit** (CE venerable taiga giant cleric of Lamashtu 8) holds sway over the savage uplands of the wood beyond nearby Turnback Pass. South of the Rimethirst and Stormspear Mountains in Avistan, taiga giants wander broadly throughout the northwestern realms of the continent, from the Lands of the Linnorm Kings to the Realm of the Mammoth Lords. There they have both warred against and sometimes been adopted into Kellid tribes, and most taiga giants seek desperately to free their captured brethren in the latter cases.

Taiga giants were once common in the northlands of Sarkoris, warring at times with the frost giants of that region, but when the demonic taint of the Worldwound poured forth, most fled or were slain, and some were overwhelmed with the fiendish energy and became enslaved by Abyssal masters. But their rivalry with the fiend-touched frost giants survived, and each side's demonic masters had to separate the giants, lest they completely obliterate one another and ruin the demons' own fun. While some of the fiendish taiga giants were tasked as shock troops along the border with Mendev, most were assigned under the command of **Kanotiq Blacktusk** (CE half-fiend taiga giant ranger 5/barbarian 2) to hunt down fleeing Kellids near the vast tundra border of the Mammoth Lords.

Those taiga giants east of the Worldwound were sundered from their western kindred. Some settled in the Estrovian and Gronzi Forests, while others migrated into Iobaria in search of new forest ranges. One group, led by **Atiq Harhara** (CN taiga giant druid 9) has dedicated itself to replanting woodlands in northern Iobaria and creating forest lands where once there were none, by natural and magical means.

SAMPLE TAIGA GIANT SHAMAN

This towering, gray-skinned giant holds a massive spear, its crimson haft sporting a head of barbed and blackened stone.

TANAQ MAMMOTH-EATER

CR 17

XP 102,400

Male taiga giant druid (mountain druid) 10 (*Pathfinder RPG*

Advanced Player's Guide 100)

CN Huge humanoid (giant)

Init +8; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +23

DEFENSE

AC 32, touch 17, flat-footed 27 (+5 armor, +4 deflection, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +10 natural, -2 size)

hp 312 (25 HD; 15d8+10d8+200)

Fort +26, **Ref** +16, **Will** +19; +4 vs. movement effects

Defensive Abilities rock catching; **Immune** enchantment and illusion spells, petrification

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft. (40 ft. without armor)

Melee *bloodstone impaler* +30/+25/+20/+15 (3d6+19/19-20/x3) or 2 slams +28 (1d8+12)

Ranged rock +20 (2d6+12) or *bloodstone impaler* +22 (3d6+13/19-20/x3)

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

Special Attacks rock throwing (140 ft.), wild shape 4/day

Druid Spells Prepared (CL 10th; concentration +15)

5th—*aspect of the wolf*^{D,*}, *baleful polymorph* (DC 20), *control winds* (DC 20), *snake staff*^{*}

4th—*air walk*, *bloody claws*^{*} (DC 19), *dispel magic*, *rusting grasp*, *wall of ice*^D (DC 19)

3rd—*cloak of winds*^{*} (DC 18), *dominate animal* (DC 18), *greater magic fang*, *protection from energy* (DC 18), *sleet storm*^D

2nd—*aspect of the bear*^{D,*}, *barkskin*, *bear's endurance*, *eagle eye*^{*}, *gust of wind* (DC 17), *stone call*

1st—*cure light wounds* (DC 16), *endure elements*, *feather step*^{*} (DC 16), *frostbite*^{D,**}, *longstrider*, *obscuring mist*, *shillelagh*

o (at will)—*detect magic*, *guidance*, *purify food and drink*, *stabilize*
D Domain spell; **Domain** Arctic^{**}

STATISTICS

Str 35, **Dex** 18, **Con** 26, **Int** 12, **Wis** 21, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +18; **CMB** +32; **CMD** 51 (54 vs. movement effects)

Feats Bloody Assault^{*}, Combat Reflexes, Divine Interference^{**}, Dodge, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Natural Spell, Power Attack, Powerful Shape^{**}, Self-Sufficient, Shot on the Run^B, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (spear)

Skills Climb +28 (+33 in mountains), Heal +27, Knowledge (nature) +16, Knowledge (religion) +14, Perception +23 (+28 in mountains), Stealth +9 (+14 in mountains), Survival +29 (+34 in mountains), Use Magic Device +13

Languages Common, Giant

SQ mountaineer, nature bond (Arctic^{**} domain), nature sense, spire walker, spirit summoning, sure-footed, wild empathy +13

Combat Gear *scroll of hide campsite*^{*}, *wand of neutralize poison* (5 charges), *wand of speak with animals* (13 charges); **Other Gear** +1 *wild hide armor*, *bloodstone impaler*, *amulet of natural armor* +2, *belt of incredible dexterity* +2, *cloak of resistance* +2, *druid's vestments*, *headband of mental prowess* +2 (Wis, Cha), *pearl of power* (2nd level)

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

** See *Ultimate Magic*.

Tanaq Mammoth-Eater is a savage shaman among his clan of taiga giants, and his prowess in both the arctic cold and the towering heights of the Tusks proves the title was rightfully earned. A century ago, he led the tribe from their previous home in Red Rune Canyon in the Realm of the Mammoth Lords when their preferred mammoth-hunting grounds started to reek foully of demonic taint. He wields his father's *bloodstone impaler*, one of the first of its kind crafted by his people, and his hatred for the Kellid raiders who years ago slew his family still burns fiercely within him.



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LARGER THAN LIFE

No creatures demonstrate smaller races' relative insignificance better than the eerie and awe-inspiring giants, whose humanoid visages and cyclopean strengths exude an aura of both familiarity and terror. Standing in the long shadows of these colossi, smaller races can witness a form of primordial power that shakes the earth, churns the skies, and roils the waves.

Giants Revisited explores the traits and habitats of the biggest and meanest humanoids ever to tread the earth, towering beings whose motives and behaviors are as varied as their origins and amazing abilities. Each giant race's entry examines the creature's ecology and habitat, its interactions with other giants and races, advice on how to implement the behemoth in your game, unique stat blocks, and more.

Inside this book, you'll find goliaths such as:

- ▶ Hill giants, the primitive, blundering brutes who plague valley communities and roving caravans in their endless search for food and destruction.
- ▶ Cyclopes, the one-eyed behemoths whose ancient empire's ruins still dot tropical coasts.
- ▶ Taiga giants, nomads who commune with ancestral spirits to guide them.
- ▶ Rune giants, who were created long ago to enslave all of giantkind.
- ▶ Marsh giants, froglike beings who conspire with otherworldly sea-spawn sent from their foul demon lord.
- ▶ Cloud giants, whose mythical cloud cities are as much a thing of legend as their own lofty race.
- ▶ Other herculean heavyweights such as the industrious fire giants, barbaric frost giants, capricious storm giants, and stoic stone giants.

Giants Revisited is intended for use with the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game and Pathfinder campaign setting, but can easily be used in any fantasy game setting.



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